

Peggy barged into the front door of Think Big Incorporated, huffing and puffing. Frazzled, she swiveled her head around the lobby and met the gaze of a room full of people uniform in their casual business wear. She herself was in a tiny spaghetti strap tank top and black yoga pants, a fact she wouldn't have thought twice about from her job at home, but one that gave her pause as she made a spectacle of herself. She did her best to block out the many eyes that were following her and asked the lady at the front desk where the bathrooms were.

"How about on the other floors?" Peggy asked even after she was told about the one that was around the corner. She had special interest in bathrooms other than those available to the public.

"I suppose there are some on every floor, but I can't let you upstairs without being cleared by someone who works here. . ." The older woman did a once over of Peggy from the head to robin egg blue top. She was unable to disguise a frown that was being built on her face.

Brushing off the need to retaliate, Peggy adjusted her glasses and patted down her cloud-like brown hair till it settled into a funnel shape over her right shoulder. "Yea, I know. Thanks anyways."

And with that, Peggy stepped away from a desk and went through a side door. Taking a second to double check the texts she had received, she passed right by the public bathrooms and ended up at a staircase which was trapped behind a locked door. A metal box was mounted to the wall where a doorknob might be, suggesting that some sort of card or code was required to pass. With a testing push, the door latch clicked and caught on its lock confirming Peggy's initial suspicions. She waited for almost thirty seconds, watching over her shoulder and firing off three urgent messages on her smartphone before the sound of clacking echoed on the other side of the door. Then, bursting against the door at the speed of a girl falling down a staircase came Mabel. The whole hallway shook when she banged against the door, her cheek pressing cutely against the tiny window near the top.

Peggy said something derogatory about clumsiness to herself just the girl opened the door for her from the inside. She slithered inside and the sheet of metal closed with a heavy clunk behind her, electronics whizzing as the bolt switched into its locked position. No words were exchanged between the two. Instead, they hurried up the stairs, turned a few corners, and threw themselves at the second-floor bathroom resembling ball players sliding into home plate.

Safely inside, the girls gave a sigh.

"So you got the second interview. Good," Peggy began, too casually ignoring that she was probably breaking a law or two.

"Not good. I'm not ready for a second interview," Mabel answered.

"Of course you are. You've been wanting to work here ever since middle school. You're the most qualified girl I know! And beyond that, you-"

"My tits are exploding over here!"

Peggy was firing on all cylinders, becoming the hype woman that Mabel often needed. Shyness was Mabel on a good day; 'blonde recluse' was her at her worst. It had really been Peggy to push for Mabel to achieve her dreams and to promise her that everything else would be taken care of. But Peggy hadn't suspected

that, in suggesting that Mabel's concerns would be absolved of her, that Peggy herself would be expected to bear the brunt of the responsibility. Even then, Peggy had no way of expecting that her roommate's issues would extend to what was commonly found in the fetish-saturated smut she made sure to delete from her browsing history.

'Exploding tits' was absolutely the title of a story she'd read the night before. She inwardly criticized the thing as it paled in comparison to her real-life antics, showing contempt at the fact that the writer interested in lactation didn't have a girl around with humongous, milky boobs he or she could interview for better detail.

"The nerve," Peggy snorted, rolling her eyes.

Her eye rolling landed where she could get an eyeful of exactly why she felt most writing didn't do great titties true justice.

Mabel came out of the open suit jacket that she was wearing, leaving her in just a white blouse and a high-waisted navy blue skirt. Her tits really were exploding! Mabel's regular size was just as modest as her personality, but now each one of her beautiful tits were the size of her head. The buttons on her blouse had stress lines surrounding them and spaces began to open up between each fastening. Her round, soft orbs were so perky and dominant that they looked like a new bicycle wrapped for Christmas: anyone with eyes could tell exactly what they were, and Peggy could not wait to unwrap the present. With absolutely no padding to speak of, Mabel's needy nipples jutted from the front of her engorged boobs.

"You said you were nervous, but I didn't think you were *this* nervous."

"I did! You should have listened to me. I knew this would happen!" Mabel cried out.

"Shhh! Just get in a stall and undress," Peggy said without hesitation. The fact that Peggy had such composure in a crisis was both fortunate and telling. "And keep your voice down! The last thing we want is for someone to see what's been happening."

Mabel did as she was told and disappeared into the furthest stall on the right. Peggy remained and thought up a plan. Remembering a janitorial closet they'd passed, she quickly shuffled her way to it and located a cleaning cart. Risking being seen and promptly kicked out, she rolled that cart to the women's restroom and parked it right in front of the door. There, she placed a folding plastic indicator which would let people know that the bathroom was being serviced. Again, the fact that Peggy took such thoughts into consideration only proved her level of knowledge in such urgent, milky emergencies. Perhaps she should write a story or two.

When she went back inside, she heard the whimpers of her best friend. It was a little mean to think, but Mabel made the cutest worrisome noises.

"Hello?" came Mabel's uneasy voice.

Peggy answered and came rushing into the stall which was still unlocked even with a half-naked girl inside. "It's me. Just buying us some time."

Peggy's eyes widened when she came into the corner that Mabel was in. Mabel's blonde ringlets of hair were in her face and her shirt was unbuttoned down to the third button. Still, her boobs looked trapped inside a clothing prison, which only proved how gigantic they had become. To Peggy's surprise, they seemed to have gotten even larger just since her trip to the janitor's closet. She noticed that the cleavage looked even more built up in the middle and more of it pushed out against the center button, spilling over into open air. Just below the line of this spilling point were two reddened nubs, and expanding around them were places where Mabel's shirt was clinging tightly to her body.

"Hurry and get it off!" Peggy said, knowing what the dark circles around Mabel's nipples signified.

"I-I tried. I-I'm just too. . . it feels so-"

"I'll do it."

Mabel braced herself, her hands turning into little white balls at her sides and her button nose scrunching upward. Peggy placed a hand on each side of the V that was now Mabel's white blouse, and with a firm tug, a button was launched up and over the wall of the stall behind her. Mabel made a sound that was a cross between a purr and a scream, and when she opened her eyes again her blouse was off of her shoulders. Peggy relished this visage as her best friend's amazing rack came tumbling free. Each amazing boob bounced on its own and then together several times before settling like water balloons against Mabel's rib cage. The girl's cherry-sized nipples looked droopy and heavy. It took no time before a white dot formed at their tips. This dot grew in size till it was heavy enough and then dropped onto the floor.

Freshly made milk.

Mabel had been at this company all day. She must have been made to run the gauntlet of signing papers, waiting in lines, being interviewed, and any other number of things. It took a lot to get a job at Think Big Inc. But with her nervous tendencies and the constant triggering of her social anxiety, Mabel's body must not have been able to cope with the release of so much stress hormone. The first time Peggy found out about Mabel's secret was during a week of standardized testing in the eighth grade. Every student at their school was stressed beyond what should have been allowed for children and by the end of the three-day gauntlet, everyone was exasperated. Peggy was actually asked to check on Mabel who had spent a good twenty minutes in the bathroom by herself on the very last day. While other students were enjoying their newly acquired freedom, Mabel was tearing up over how much work it was to milk herself. At that age, she could only produce enough to go up to a C cup, but the risk of being discovered plus the stress of taking tests for three straight days had absolutely gotten to her.

Peggy, in her thirteen-year-old naivete, assumed that Mabel was pregnant. In that case, she had no problem helping out a girl who already had a baby to worry about - and at such a young age, too. But after the third or fourth time, things started getting sticky. Peggy posed the question straight up and Mabel came clean about the truth of her condition - which was not pregnancy, Mabel punctuated. From then on, Mabel would come to Peggy with any lactation trouble; whether it be after a long vacation, a long weekend, or simply a rough test week. At that age, it was simply maintenance and goodwill. No girl thought much of their encounters. It was conversation fodder at their sleepovers and simple friendship most everywhere else.

It wasn't until adulthood that true feelings budded then blossomed.

Peggy's hands went straight to the sides of Mabel's exposed skin. Mabel's tits were soft and had expanded to a ludicrous size. Neither of them had much experience with Mabel at her current heft. If a cup size could be attributed to them, they might be K cups but at their rate of growth, they still had a few more cup sizes in them. Peggy immediately noticed a tautness that made Mabel's chest springy while not being as tight as she'd felt before. This only proved that there was more growing to be done.

"They're so big," Mabel said, shy but still with a sense of pride at her own body. She didn't hate large breasts; she just hated that they only happened to her in times of desperation. "I've never been this huge before."

"You've still got some more growing in you too."

"C-could we wait and see how they look at full s-size?"

Peggy's eyebrows sat crooked. "I thought you were worried about your boobs exploding!"

"Th-the good way, not the bad way," Mabel said. She placed a hand on Peggy's stomach which was flat and featureless, not unlike how Mabel's chest had been before her interview. "B-but if it's too much, I won't make us wait. I don't want to make you sick d-drinking all my m-milk. . ."

Peggy blushed just thinking of her natural response. 'I could never get sick drinking your milk, Mabel', she thought. Being breastfed by a cute blonde had allowed the two to bond. It may have started as a way to help Mabel, but it had helped Peggy understand her own romantic feelings. She hadn't really acted on them yet, and she hadn't really planned on it either. Something about where their relationship was now was good enough for her.

"I've never had any trouble before," Peggy finally answered.

Dropping to one knee, Peggy angled her chin upward and took in the view from the base of Mabel's mountains. A single droplet of milk formed and fell onto the lens of her glasses. It was time. Peggy urged Mabel to lean forward ever so slightly and without another word, Peggy wrapped her plush lips around Mabel's right teat. The instant her mouth made contact, the nipple sent a spray that coated her mouth with sugary goodness.

"Ahh," Mabel strained, using four fingers to keep her curls from blinding her.

Peggy indulged for a few swallows and detached. She'd only wanted a taste. But her mouth had started a flow that would not be stopped, and Mabel's nipples were raining like sprinklers from only a few seconds of effort. It was enough to make Peggy feel like she'd been without water for days.

"God, I'll never get tired of how amazing your body is. . ." Peggy remarked, letting bits of the shower hit her tongue.

Mabel alternated weight from her left heel to her right, her unpainted toenails scratching as her toes curled in her work sandals. "Then d-do it. Hurry," she whined.

"Oh? When did you get so bossy?" Peggy stood.

Teeth showing like fangs, she made herself look as big as possible. She was by no means grand for a woman, but Mabel was merely large in bosom and agreeableness. She was conflict-averse, quick to retreat as Peggy marched forward with no indication of stopping. What Mabel feared was unknown to her, but she fell backward again and again only managing to catch herself barely. At last, her upper back ran into a wall, slinging her neck straight and her chin high. Her legs felt wobbly.

"Peggy?" Mabel mewled.

Peggy said nothing. Her hands slammed just next to Mabel's ears making the smaller blonde wince.

Only after claiming Mabel's full submissiveness did Peggy adopt her pleasant charm again. "Just fooling with you," she smiled, harmless. "But if you keep being so cute, I'm not going to let your boobies grow. I'll just drain you right from the start."

"O-oh," Mabel, who had tilted herself away from the shadow cast by Peggy's bushy brown hair, now faced her partner straight on, though not deficient in the docility that so defined her. "S-so h-how big should we let them grow?"

Her breasts had a way of making themselves known when mentioned. They jumped ahead a few more cup sizes in a matter of seconds. Both girls paused their conversation and watched, rapt with the natural wonder that was expanding tits. They pushed out into the air, defying the pull of gravity, and went about swelling on their flanks as well as further against Peggy's modest C cup chest. They rippled as they inflated, a gurgling audible like a large mug being filled with tea but much more slight. It was self-evident that liquid was what composed much of the twin inflating masses. Nothing could jiggle or bounce like milk being contained by supple, young skin. As a result, nothing could tempt the heart and mouth of Peggy like Mabel's shamelessly delicious body did.

"Did me chasing you down scare you *this* much?" asked Peggy. "If so, I'm going to have to take note of that. We're going to have to start watching jump scare compilation videos together."

"NO," Mabel uttered solidly. It was, perhaps, the only thing she would ever be so solidly against. She hated being scared.

"But you like your boobies when they grow, right? I mean, you're blushing and out of breath already," Peggy noted.

Her right hand fell from the wall, and she leaned her face in even closer than it was before. She just had to get in on the feeling of growing tits. It never bored her, to feel skin moving in her touch. She went ahead and didn't mind how Mabel stiffened when she made skin-on-skin contact yet again. The underside was always a neutral position, so she started there and let her palm take the weight of the growing mound.

"You're just so *big*, Mabel," Peggy said, lightly patting the bottom of a globe that was steadily pushing farther and farther forward.

Mabel smiled. "Y-you just have small hands."

"Trying to tease me now? I'd think twice about that, in your position."

Mabel's smile grew broader at the warning instead of smaller.

"Hmm, looks like you want something. It isn't for me to drain you right away, is it? You can get bigger than N cups, can't you?"

Intently, Peggy's hooded eyes showed Mabel shadows of the future, of her blazing passion which rose from her core, so that Mabel would know just what fire she was playing with. Mabel met the sun in Peggy's green eyes and accepted with an angelic, soothing surrender. "I can," her lips held the words as Peggy's hand embraced the base and root of Mabel's every-developing mammary.

"Babe. . ." Peggy uttered.

Peggy's forehead was bright with sweat and a swirl of her chocolate hair snaked down her brow between her eyes. She leaned so that their hairlines were flush, mind to mind, connected intimately. Their intimacy communed with sexual tensions as Peggy's groping adopted a circular motion. At its apex, Mabel's glutton, milk-laden orb was easily at both of their mouths and was spraying heavy cream across the bathroom floor like a fountain. When lifted, Mabel's nipple would spritz them with white, heavy drops of sweet, natural lady brew. It wasn't long before the air in the room carried the scent which served to excite the blonde and brunette.

Mabel resumed her adorable whimpering which juxtaposed splendidly with her biting her lower lip in ecstatic bliss.

"Ahh~," the blonde sighed, all anxiety lost to her.

"That feel good?" Peggy adopted a pulling motion, and Mabel's enlarging tit stretched attractively. When Mabel nodded approvingly, Peggy shifted onto her left side, where her forearm could bear her weight against the wall, and truly got to see how boobs being inflated with milk might look from Mabel's perspective. "They sure look good," she commented. Even with her glasses slipping down her nose, she could make out the vast spread of white flesh in a perfect peach shape.

"Y-yea! P-perfect-. . . Aaaaahn~ Mmmmn!~" The ends of Mabel's moans moved up an octave before fading away. She was in bliss.

Mabel's nipples had elongated even further. Her growing had slowed, presumably because it would take more fluid production to fill her new size. Maybe it had to do with her approaching her limit as well, since her moans had a sharpness to them that signified more than pleasure for the sake of pleasure. Each had a grunt at the beginning, and she would curl her body a little further into Peggy at each one. She wanted something to be done soon if not at her very next expression of sexual desire.

She'd blown past N cups, though. Her delicious, white blimps were two feet in front of her, without having to be stretched by Peggy's gripping hand. Each had areola the size of grapefruit that bulged beautifully and added a smooth, pink halo of extra-sensitive flesh. The one that had been mostly left alone served as a suitable control for comparison, and it hung down far enough to obscure Mabel's hip bones. There was no noticeable element of sag to them, but their weight certainly forced their perkiness to angle southward. It only scored sexier points that Mabel's boobs were so stuffed with her yummy production. Other women would have been beyond the point of discomfort but Mabel only started to approach it after her tits began to dump ounces of white fluid on the floor at her feet.

Peggy heard a particularly decisive moan connected to the splash of milk coming from a fully-engorged two-inch nipple and only then did her attention veer from the shelf of lady flesh which seemed to go on for miles.

"Shh, Mabel! Not *that* loud, if you can help it, that is," Peggy said, even though she knew she couldn't blame the girl. "That was a lot of milk, though. You trying to flood the stall?"

Peggy's jokes were lost to Mabel, who had puckered her lips and knitted her naturally blonde eyebrows. Her blue eyes were shielded by tightly clenched eyelids. "I-I'm gonna cum," she cried.

Peggy felt sparks under her skin like ants marching inside her. Her womanhood trembled at Mabel who had fully succumb to her ravaged state. Her voluptuous tits had done this to her, and it was the most provocative thing to see her losing this battle to her body. In that moment, there was no more apprehension to keep things 'where they were'. Peggy simply dived. Mabel's lips were the safety net. They sought to consume one another in a rapturous kiss.

More splashing, like a hose being taken to the tile floor, as Mabel's gallons of milk stretched her nipples to their limits and gushed out several spurts at a time. The lovers kiss was unbalanced and frantic despite Peggy's efforts to keep it as civil as an orgasmic kiss could be. Twice a second, Mabel would shudder and her tongue would retreat as a breath, free from the prison of self-consciousness, galloped out of her and into Peggy's mouth in the form of a moan. Peggy chased the tongue, pushing hers to its limits inside and soothing with soft, warm, sloppy pats. Mabel seemed to like this as it only pushed the orgasm further. The girl was known to stay on the 'peak' for quite some time, if their history was any indication.

One particularly strong rumble knocked Mabel off her feet. Peggy used her arm as a belt directly under Mabel's gushing melons and wrangled the innocent blond close. Together, they sat atop the lid of the toilet, though it was more of a crash than a proper, classy descent. The trajectory sent Mabel's left tit into the wall shaking the shrinking space which filled with more and more titty flesh. The lowness of the vibrations was identical in her left tit which rippled sensuously before crashing into the right right one, transferring the energy. Everything pertaining to Mabel's chest always happened in slow motion, hypnotically transfixing her one spectator in an unintentional spell. It took minutes before the jiggling from the impact ceased, leaving only the vibrating jostles associated with the endless flow of yummy milk. They were in full geyser mode now, and there would be no stopping until production ended. She may have reached her size limit, sure, and it was a bound that boob-obsessed ladies paid thousands to imitate, but her twenty-four inches of overhanging mam was by no means finished with creating puffy, white stuffing to replace that which was being lost.

"Fuck, Mabel. What the hell! You weren't this afraid, were you?" Peggy gawked, barely able to make out the fronts of Mabel's boobs which were unloading waterfalls that stained the floor in layers of sweet whiteness.

Mabel bent her neck, revealing its smooth, paper-like skin, and lodged her lips and nose just behind Peggy's ear. "I'm not scared at all," she whispered, coolly, still in her throes. She opened and shut her mouth against Peggy, tickling with a softness unique to her. "Not when I feel this good. I can take on the w-world from right here-. . . EEP!"

*Knock! Knock! Knock!*



"Hello?" came a voice, bouncing off of every wall in the spacious employee bathroom. "Is this bathroom *really* being serviced? Or is it just the cleaning lady, 'cause I can totally just use a stall that she hasn't cleaned yet!"

Peggy reasoned that the woman was still outside the bathroom from her statement. The stopgap had been effective. She started to reply and for some reason her voice shifted to a grungy version of itself. "I-It's maintenance! You'll have to use another bathroom, ma'am."

"Is there one stall that maybe isn't broken? I really don't think I can make it up to another floor."

Insistent, this one. "All the plumbing on this floor is funky, so you won't be able to flush. You're better off making a run for it instead of talking with me about it!" Peggy had been impressed by her own gruff, plumbing-lady voice. She suppressed a grin.

"I-I don't have to flush! I just have to *go*," the woman said, her heel clicking onto the first tile.

"Gross!" Peggy's glasses skidded to the very tip of her nose with how forcefully she was taken back. Accidentally, she had shifted back to her regular voice. "I-I mean, no dice ma'am. You'd better skedaddle off to the other bathroom!"

*Click! Click! Click!*

Apparently, her charade hadn't been enough. The lady was coming closer. There was only a wall of sinks keeping her from seeing just what debauchery had gone on for the past twenty minutes. Peggy swore under her breath. There was nothing that would stop the bladder - or worse - of this business woman. Their secret would be found out. But it was worse than that. Mabel had dreamed of this job. What if this particular business woman was in cahoots with the hiring manager? Who would hire a girl who could be such a . . . liability - for lack of a better term? Peggy worried for Mabel's sake. She held the tiny blonde in her arms, hoping against hope, protecting her from a threat that was less physical and more conceptual.

But if even Peggy was worried that could only mean worse for the young, milky job applicant.

The growing pressure actually flew just under Peggy's radar. She'd been busy trying to head off the stranger at the first line of defense. Steadily, like a kettle roiling, the true deterrent was being concocted within Peggy's very grasp. It happened nearly all at once.

Mabel had a charmingly high-pitched voice, to the point where people sometimes didn't take her seriously. But the falsetto sigh that leaked out of her widened mouth, which normally would have been written off as cute, was indistinguishable from a pipe whistling. Then, beyond imagination, her already glutted sweater pillows distended even further, motivated by her distress alone. Peggy couldn't believe her eyes as records were broken and her Goldilocks gal pal grew yet again; this time in one, decisive, steady burst. Her taut skin looked painfully stretched and fragile like ceramic. All the while it kept the firmness and texture of skin as it spilled forward to cover her stomach, then farther forward to begin filling her lap. The lower half of her top briefly troubled the expanding, but was pushed down further her waist as skin conquered space after space, swelling out on both sides. With the consistency and emotive-motion of a waterbed, her pressurized vats of milky, girlish plush tumbled over her still-covered knees. Soon the



weight became enough that the bossy, burgeoning boobies bullied their way down and forced Mabel's legs to spread entirely so they could slump between them.

Mabel lurched forward and Peggy snatched at her middle. Her quick thinking was rewarded, and she kept Mabel from falling onto her tits, squeezing her in a bear hug from behind as if to keep her from going overboard.

"Mabel! Holy shit, how the *hell*," Peggy couldn't tear herself from beholding the wonder of nature before her. It might have concerned most, but she couldn't keep herself from grinning. "You go, you sexy booby doll! Sweet heaven alive!"

Mabel's whistle register persisted, moaning and sighing in a way that broke and shuddered the same way pipes would. Though, faulty pipes that made such noises were bound to break. Little did anyone expect that a similar breaking point was approaching for Mabel.

*Click! Click! Click!*

The bathroom-bound stranger was near. She was absolutely about to go into the stall next to them, based on the tapping of her shoes. Then, as Mabel's amazing rack fully landed on the ground, brushing the wall to her left and nearly bumping the barrier between the stalls, the brunt of the showers of milk finally met Mabel's tips.

But it wasn't just her nipples. The excess ducts on her plate-sized areola also activated. The entire fronts of her tits were lobbing a dozen-pronged barrage in all directions. Milk by the gallon was spread over the floor at fire hose force, creating a flash flood complete with rising rivers and churning waves. Outside the stall, with hand on the aluminum handle, the strange woman leaped away from the door.

"Th-the hell?! Holy shit! Gross! Where on earth did all of-. . . Oh my GOD!" she stammered.

*Clickclickclickclickclick!*

She stumbled in retreat, wailing melodramatically. Hopefully, she'd learned to listen to when a 'plumber' was doing 'maintenance'.

With the obstinate lady gone the two were left alone to kiss and purr at each other. Peggy resolved to calm her frightened lover and over a span of ten or so more minutes, she finally managed to do so. The second Mabel regained some semblance of composure, Peggy couldn't keep from complimenting her. The blond had tits that near filled the whole stall! Better yet, Mabel could only manage to babble cutely and stroke them, no doubt proud of her gorgeous new assets. With not much else to do but sit and wait for the milk to drain from her blimps - which would probably cause an actual plumbing emergency - the two indulged each other in their own ways.

Then yet another voice bounced off the restroom walls. The fright might have made Mabel expand out of fear again - and what a monument to huge tits that would be - but she recognized this new voice.

"Anybody in here? We're looking for a candidate for a follow-up interview!" came a low alto call that Mabel identified as Director Walsh. "We're just about to start."

Mabel looked up and behind her, dismay making faint lines around her eyes. A single palm to her cheek from Peggy erased the lines and dissolved all visible doubt. Her mountainous mammaries didn't harm her confidence, either.

"I-I'm in here! Just taking a personal minute. I'm a little nervous," Mabel answered.

"Take every second you need, dear," replied the Director. "We don't come across women as qualified and capable as you every day. We'll wait as long as is necessary." The smile she wore was warm enough to be felt all the way at the back of the bathroom where Mabel and Peggy sat.

"Thank you! I-It might be a while, but I'll be there," said Mabel, finding some resolution.

There wasn't another reply as Director Walsh made her leave.

Peggy rested her head in the divot on Mabel's shoulder. "Atta girl," she congratulated.

"How long do you think I'll be? I don't want to make them wait too long."

"Wait. You're thinking about how long it will take to milk yourself *now*?!" Peggy poked the blond's side beneath her ribs teasingly. "You're excessively large now, so we'll be lucky to finish in an hour."

"Excessively?" Mabel pouted.

"The good kind of excessive. Don't pretend to be grumpy about it. You love it - I love it too!"

Mabel chortled and turned to face her cleavage, following it to where it disappeared at the door of the stall. They were essentially stranded until she lost some milk weight since there wasn't even room to walk around without having to step on some corner of her titties. "I just hate that we're wasting all this good milk."

"Right?! Ugh, I can't believe I won't get to drink any of this. It'd be like drinking four bathtubs of heavy cream, but I'm down for the challenge."

"Later then," Mabel declared, a promise clearly in her subtext.

Peggy loved this girl! "You're already thinking about later? Jeez, how about you score this job first and as a reward I'll drink till you're dry tonight?"

Mabel wiggled her hips in Peggy's lap. It was a date.

Later, fifteen minutes after predicted, Mabel had a seat on a stock office chair in a carpeted room on the far side of a grand walnut desk. She apologized for being late, making certain her ringlets of golden hair were out of her face and spiraling down her back where they belonged. Director Walsh, a middle-aged woman in full suit was friendly. She accepted the apology then started going over a few instructions. The hiring manager was there as well, seated next to Walsh.

"Just between us, this is basically a formality. As far as any other career plans you have, feel free to cancel them. We'll have you in training starting Monday," Walsh winked.

"Really? Th-that's amazing! I-I don't know what to say. . ." Mabel said, her hands folded politely in her lap.

"Start by helping us get to know you better. We at Think Big Inc. have a strong culture of sisterhood and camaraderie with our staff and we'd love to learn more about our brand new recruit," the hiring manager chimed in. The way she talked showed signs that her focus was anywhere but on courtesy. She cleared her throat several times and counted the corners of the room, naming them, scanning and re-scanning. Then she'd sneak a glance at Mabel, blinking furiously as if what she saw was some mirage.

It was no mirage. Mabel was just several factors grander than she had been during her first interview.

Vanity almost cracked Mabel's gait, but she reeled herself in. The shock she brought to the hiring manager would have to be sufficient. "Wh-what would you like to know?"

"What's it like being so miraculously well-endowed? Must spend a fortune on bras," Walsh sat forward in her chair.

The hiring manager thumped her on the shoulder, rolling her eyes.

Yet even with this reproof, the manager herself was fighting the gravitational force of Mabel's rack. Mabel's natural hunch corrected itself as she surged with confidence. As a result, her monumental bazongas were on full display. Her arms usually acted as appropriate frames, but her tits were exploding out of any confines Mabel could have for them. Her blouse was open for four whole buttons. There was one left, just below her belly button, and it shrieked in terror as the east and west sides of Mabel's blouse tore away from each other. Mabel's enormous, glorious, beachball-eclipsing blimps sloshed about as she straightened her shoulders a bit. She didn't quite fill a stall anymore, but there was still three feet to each of her breasts. Her top was near see-through as the fabric stretched over them like saran wrap. Best of all, she was still brimming with twin cauldrons of sweet milk within each one. She'd been adamant against being milked any smaller since she wanted to hold onto enough to give Peggy a tummy ache. It served her girlfriend right for all the teasing she'd done.

That's right. They were official girlfriends now. Peggy had popped the question just as Mabel hauled ass to her interview.

Feeling warmth down below, Mabel pushed her knees together tightly.

"What's it like being well-endowed?" Mabel repeated the question. A vision of the future flashed before her. Her heart thumped hard. Her nipples shivered to life and stood fully erect at her lewd imagination. "It's simply the best."