

Expanding the Milky Way

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Sitting in the common space of his spacecraft, the Vanguard, Davis struggled to find even one useful, productive thing he could do anymore. He had hit it decently big in his most recent job and decided to lay low a bit and ride out some of the funds...But a few days off work turned into a week, a week turned into two, and now here he was nearly two months between jobs.

For what it was worth it wasn't even money that was so much holding him back at this point, it was that antsy feeling of not having anything to *do*. Certainly at first there was paperwork to be re-sorted, inspections on the ship to be made, proper refueling and maintenance, tidying up the hull and exterior--for the first few weeks he had made efficient use of his time off. Now, however, it was starting to grate on him. Perhaps it was better to say that it *continued* to grate on him, as the feeling was well worn into his daily grind lately. If there was some way for him to spin wheels for hours on end he'd be first in line to it, that was how far things had taken him.

Luckily enough for him he wasn't alone in this endeavor, however. Accompanying him on this minor moon he and the Vanguard were stationed on was his now quite close friend and on-again-off-again significant other, Vivian. One room over, she was going about changing into her other flight suit as she toiled over cleaning her personal belongings. Without her to satisfy his boredom, Davis sunk further into his seat, as well as into daydreams about how they met.

It was hard for him to remember how long ago they had met, but for what Davis could remember it was at least six or seven jobs ago. Davis, the tall and somewhat stockier pilot and mechanic of his ship, heroically saved Vivian--Viv, as he would come to affectionately refer to her as--from the debris of her former ship. As he remembered it, his short-medium red hair and beard, with those beautiful blue-green eyes near instantly wooed her as he outstretched one of his pale, white hands to grab onto her from the wreckage. As she would remember it, she was just thankful to be able to find *someone* to rescue her and, clinging to him as he pulled her in from the infinite expanse of space, her gratefulness was as immeasurable to him as it would be to anyone who would have saved her.

To Davis's credit, he was a good looking guy and Viv eventually found herself quite keen on him. However, he remembered the rescue as much more heroic and intentional, his swooping in to her aide a byproduct of his stoicism and natural tendency to do good. This wasn't to say he was a bad guy at all, nor was Viv a bad or helpless woman. The reality from her side of things however was that waving him down and his actually spotting her from inside his previous cargo hauler were a product of sheer luck, and while he had gone out of his way to save and house her for a time it was anything but a calculated rescue.

Viv recalled moments after hopping cozily on board Davis's previous ship--a cargo vessel much less glamorous than the current Vanguard they were on--that he stowed quickly away in the cockpit and urged her to help him finish running a quick job before they'd be able to drop by a nearby outpost. Viv was all too happy to oblige after he literally saved her life, the two found a budding friendship turn to a romantic one over time, and now some time into their journey together as compatriots on his ship, the rest was history.

The loudish opening of a door adjacent to his seat location popped Davis out of his idyllic reverie and back, unfortunately, to his boring predicament now. The common space of the Vanguard was abutted on one side by the engineering alcove beside the cleansing space, containing bathroom and shower, the cargo hold to the rear, cockpit to the front, two smaller living spaces opposite the cleansing space, and above it the piloted turret. Coming from one of the living spaces known to be Viv's was none other than she herself.

Eight inches shorter than him at 5'4" her slightly darker complexion and dark hair, reaching to her shoulder blades, contrasted Davis's much fairer features. Kind, brown eyes with a delightfully warm smile lead her into the space, escorting her subtly curvy body in, with breasts on the smaller side of a C cup and a rump which Davis found complimented the curves on top just perfectly.

"Not too bored, are you?" She opened up with, walking and taking over the seat opposite him at the small table that was one of the only props in their common space jutting from an otherwise quite pristine and efficient space. "I've got good news if you are. I was working a little more on the console before cleaning up and I think I've finally figured out the snag I was hitting.

Brilliant in tinkering with computers as Davis was at flying, she tended to handle both the maintenance and upkeep of ship systems and electronics and the turret guns when on combat patrol. Davis took the spot of mechanic on board and otherwise was the lone pilot, of course, as owner of the Vanguard that was a no-brainer. As if to showcase their specialties and skill sets perfectly to any outsider, Viv's heather grey flight suit was in a nearly factory-issued state with no blemishes on it at all, save for the pink LEDs she had fitted to it to differentiate her wardrobe, while Davis's similarly colored one was closer to the line of tattered, being greasy and unkempt and all around in disarray from his hands-on laboring.

Viv dropped a small circuit board onto the table for Davis to see. He recognized it as something she had been tinkering with since their last job. "I loaded onto this the protocols to tap into the nearest station from any low orbit. I haven't tested it out, but it should work as a basic entertainment device when installed to the console, and I can make some adjustments to it I had in mind as well." Viv smiled as she proudly displayed her bubbly charm to Davis.

"Ah...That's what that was you were working on!" He said, warmly but without definite passion behind his words. Perhaps it was just his bored mood lately, but he couldn't really find much else to say to fill the air space.

"Yup~! Pretty proud of it myself, given what we have on board with us here. It was tricky, but I got it all together--I mean, I think, at least."

"I'm sure it'll work, Viv. You've not disappointed on the computer gadgetry before."

There was a pause in the conversation, a punctuating silence that came after his words as Viv found it difficult to work with Davis now. Clearly he *was* intrigued by it, he just needed a bit of a push to remember how to have fun after all this boredom lately, she supposed.

“So, nothing more on the agenda for today? It’s still not even midday and it seems like you’ve got it all wrapped up on your end, huh?” She moved the circuitry aside and leaned in to focus more on Davis, hoping he would be receptive enough to notice her body language.

“Well yeah, I’ve...Cleaned and reorganized the tools in the cargo hold and relatched some of the tethering back there...*again*. For I think the third time.” Yup, definitely in a funk, Viv thought.

“...You know, I was doing some other ‘maintenance’ in the other room, too, Davis~” Viv mischievously moved a clasped hand towards Davis, who finally piped up. Opening it and revealing her hand--literally--he saw within it a small medicine bottle. He knew what this was for.

As bubbly and pleasant as Viv was known to be, part of her near omnipresent uplifting disposition had come from her medication which actually regulated it. She took it regularly, and without it found herself in her own slump of sadness and muted personality. Luckily she was always given an ample prescription and always found it easy to stock up on at any outpost they stopped by. This led her to experiment with her dosages. Curiously, a side effect of the medication was that it induced lactation in her--something Viv was for a long time somewhat embarrassed about revealing to other men. When Davis had stumbled in on her once and made a note of it to her, she froze in absolute embarrassment at first. As it turned out this was a major turn-on for Davis, and from that point on knowing that their romantic endeavors had spiked towards exploring kinks together. Playing with doses became a way for her to tease Davis and bait him into wanting to get frisky when she was really in the mood.

“I think I ‘accidentally’ went a little overboard on the dosage this time.” Viv said, obviously hinting that her ‘accident’ was anything but. “I was using a bit more this time already, but noticed the bottle was so close to empty that I just took it a *little* further even more...I mean, what harm could any more do?” She finished, winking in such a cute way that pierced Davis’s heart.

Davis’s apathy turned instantly into interest at what Viv was going on about now. Physically, he felt warmth all throughout his body but especially flushed on his cheeks. He recalled the last time Viv took her highest dosage and how she seemed sincere in vowing away from that much. He wondered how much of that was a bluff vs this situation they were in now.

“Think you can carve out some time to check up on how my meds are looking today, Dav?” She again winked at this, blowing a slight kiss his way. Make that two piercings through the heart.

“Why try and carve out some time in our oh-so-busy schedule today, maybe a check-in is in order now?” He responded, finally in on things.

“Now now, you seemed all too happy to just ignore me earlier, what’s given you brevity here?”

“Let’s just say, I like knowing how all things on my ship are operating...” Davis leaned in at this, responding to Viv’s smirk with one of his own, which only built hers up even more.

“Hmm, I just cleaned my last suit, I bet now you know a little bit about why, yes? I wonder if I’m going to need to clean this one then, too? It would sure be a shame if I--” Viv’s next line was cut off, although she was so ready to strike what she hoped was the final nail in Davis’s coffin.

Jerking his head back from being invested only in Viv and what naughty things they alluded to, Davis perked up almost like a dog on alert. Viv noticed from the blinking light in his earpiece what caused this. When a call came in Davis went all serious--especially lately when jobs were all too rare and he was practically drooling more over them than he was over her.

Davis’s eyes scanned in midair as though he was reading words in front of him, trying to latch on to the words spoken to him now. Was it a potential job? A *good* one this time? Viv recalled hearing a call last week but it was more or less a personal request to pick up someone’s shopping list from a station some jumps away. Davis was even more displeased at this, having hoped to toss his cargo runner life away in exchange for the life of a mercenary.

“Yes, but...Well, that’s about--” Davis stammered quick replies to the caller as he clearly got past the description tone that was always read aloud before negotiations. He seemed a little apprehensive at first until being pulled out of it by something. Viv could practically see the light igniting in his eyes. Something about this job was worth taking. He turned and smiled at Viv briefly before signing off the earpiece.

“Well?” Was all Viv had to say to him, hoping to share some of this good news.

“Hop up to the turret, Viv. Got a call about a pirate outpost halfway across the galaxy. It’s not a bad workload, but the reward is...” Davis’s eyes again practically glossed over in glee as he hit a spot of euphoria. He had hardly any time to even finish blurting out the compensation amount, already turning towards the cockpit behind him. Frustrated but excited by seeing some action as well, Viv called out towards him.

“Okay, but *then* you’re giving me a check-up! I promise, this will also be worth your time!”

“Oh, hon, I wasn’t letting you forget about that offer.” He called back jovially, not turning to see her but having Viv know exactly the expression he was making in response.

She smiled and pressed the button to open the turret’s hold before stowing the circuit board she was negotiating with off to the side in a compartment. A platform lowered before her and she hopped inside. The platform was designed to empty directly into the seat of the turret for easy

in-and-out access from within the seat, which Viv wedged herself comfortably in before raising herself up to her own cockpit where she would be isolated physically from Davis.

From her position on high Viv settled herself into the gunner role. The seat was pulled back while ascending, as though lying in a tub, but once it reached the peak of her perch it pulled forward so she was in a more relaxed upright position. The platform sealed below her, leaving her totally in the shell of her vantage and completely cut off from the rest of the ship, save for radio communicator to Davis. Typically, she left herself on a channel she and him would be able to communicate with alone so that he could do all his communications through the different sectors in peace, so a lot of her time up in the perch was spent to herself.

Viv latched up some switches, knobs, and pressed a few buttons to get herself in a good position to be ready. Obviously as they had just gotten the ship warmed up she was in no urgency to get ready for combat now, but typically she was also something of a lookout for suspicious activity outside Davis's periphery, so she wanted to still be on alert as soon as possible. She got herself comfortable and ensured things were ready for some smooth sailing before hearing Davis on the channel.

"Systems all online, untethering from surface now. Viv, are you good?"

"All set~" She responded in a sing-song way as she sat back to leave the heavy lifting for him.

The Vanguard positioned itself in a way that made takeoff easy from a vertical pathway, so Davis took them up much like a helicopter would until they were off the ground enough for him to safely take off from into the outer atmosphere. Given that they were on a small moon the jump power needed was low but Davis still warned Viv in advance for how rough the initial thrust often was, and with that big oomph they were at last off this desolate world to leave their boring days behind them. Adventure awaited now!

Viv swung her chair backwards to bid the hunk of rock they took off from goodbye. Being in the gunner's seat she had always enjoyed being able to slowly see the planetoids they left shrink out of sight. It was something Davis never got to appreciate as much but for some reason Viv always thought fondly on about them as she did. A piece of their lives now fading figuratively into memory while literally into a blip, as she always viewed it. She smiled and felt her heart swoon a bit at the thought of some more excitement again, however, and was eager to move on.

Now that they were in the open expanse of space Davis prepared for quantum travel. Their destination was only half a galaxy away, granted, but that still required some leaps for the Vanguard. Equipped with a very efficient quantum drive but not one that would take them there right away, Davis as pilot usually spent most of his time coordinating stops and negotiations with fuel rigs to be able to afford a smooth mode of travel. It was something Davis was well learned in from his time as a cargo runner and which made his life now as a mercenary a lot smoother.

Part of why Viv had often opted to her own radio channel was because it did mean Davis needed to be in full focus mode and always chattering with nearby help to provide them the fastest trek, but she didn't mind the silence as she felt their ship life through the system.

"Quantum drive ready and prepared now. I'm about to switch channels Viv, you know the drill. Anything to let me know before takeoff?" Davis said through radio.

"All systems go on my end. Will be on standby on channel 413 for the trip."

"Noted. I suspect we'll be going through a couple jumps given the path I'm seeing so far. Doesn't appear to be any resistance or shady sectors we're stopping in so I expect it'll be smooth otherwise. Turning over now." Viv heard a click in her radio channel that signified Davis going back to outside communications, and then flipped to 413 herself.

Awaiting the sudden thrust of the Vanguard any moment now, Viv quietly began humming to herself to curb the silence that she could expect to accompany most of their trip. She bopped her head to and fro, tapping a foot at the beat idly as she conjured some jovial song she usually remixed on their trips. The problem with Davis's strategy and Viv being alone in the turret all the time was that while efficient it did require her to be at least in the ready all the time and so she didn't even have time to efficiently goof off with some trinkets or whatnot while flying. It was a constant state of alert she needed to be in that while not terrible certainly could make it boring.

Viv heard the engines come alive and the hum of the ship picked up before she saw their acceleration jump and then heard the rush of the ship follow suit. As sudden as always, Viv jerked back in her seat at the initial thrust of the ship before settling down as their speed settled. Quantum travel was known to be taxing on some people but Viv had been on vessels quite a bit before this and so wasn't easily bothered by it, though the sudden jerks in and out of it never excited her, admittedly.

Continuing her humming as space around the Vanguard swirled every which way at extraordinary speeds, Viv attempted to pass the time with some idle thoughts about this and that. Focused on no one thing in particular she slowly began to block out the uninteresting landscape passing by them for what would be the majority of their trek. Shortly into this act, however, Viv began to feel a strange sensation from within her chest.

Starting as a slight pressure, Viv paid this feeling no mind. Sharpness of breath was not uncommon during the initial thrust into quantum travel, and while it had been a while since she experienced it herself she chalked it up to just that. She held a hand to her chest and started to steady and slow her breathing in conjunction with this feeling, focusing now on this act. Hoping to ride it out after the initial burst of speed, she continued doing this for a few minutes to see where she would be shortly.

Unfortunately, having a clock visible in front of her she understood those few minutes to actually be a significant amount of time--much more than she reasonably should be feeling this sensation. Trying to self diagnose a bit better now at hoping it wasn't just jump sickness, she held her breath for a bit to feel where the sensation was really forming. Curiously, she noticed that it was something not in her lungs or chest cavity, but rather her chest itself. Specifically, it was her *breasts* feeling off right now.

At this new observation Viv proceeded to not worry about taking especial care of her breathing. Jump sickness was often not a big deal and if anything should subside by the time their jump stops, but even then the notion of passing out was not a realistic outcome, it was really only discomfort at worst. Better yet, however, with this feeling not being that at all, she assumed it to only be a byproduct of her medication acting up.

As noting all previous times she popped some medication, it led to lactation in her breasts. The amount was usually variable in how much she had taken and also somewhat to do with the time of the month if she was being honest. She *had* taken a larger dose today however, in an effort to spice things up for Davis. Now that they were on a job though, she feared this experiment might go to waste. Would she have dosed herself up only to show, what, some leaky nipples to Davis and the serviceman handling their payout at the end of this job? She hoped not, for her embarrassment's sake. At this thought, Viv began blushing tremendously. It was all she needed to have her meds flash some wetness to a stranger, and with no foreplay payoff from Davis.

With the cause of the pressure in her chest filed away under "potential embarrassment to damage control later on" Viv put the notion beside her. The sensation was hard to ignore, but she really didn't want to face the thought any more and her face was already too hot to want to make it potentially even more steamy in her small cockpit.

Some minutes later, Viv felt a familiar jerk forward which bobbed her head out, and the incredible speeds around them slowed to a comparative halt. They were back to cruising speed and out of their first quantum jump. Viv's eyes dilated at this and she blinked a moment to center herself back in the present time and speed. One jump down and while Viv wasn't sure exactly how many jumped were ahead she was sure it couldn't have been more than about 4 or 5 in total.

The Vanguard, well stocked on engine fuel while not on quantum fuel, continued a modest cruising pattern to a nearby outpost. Noting that this first jump seemed relatively short, Viv assumed that based on the small size of the outpost they approached this was just a middleman refueling to get them a bit of juice. While she wasn't familiar with the systems of quantum travel, she knew some of Davis's tactics to optimize their trek. When he burned a small trickle of their fuel it usually meant that there was a large jump ahead that Davis wanted to take in smaller jumps. While one would assume this made it longer, it actually had the inverse effect as Davis could partition and siphon off one drive to cool down while the other thrust them into smaller

jumps that needed less refueling. What this meant was more jumps and stops but a smaller refractory period at the end of the jump spent cooling off.

Davis took the ship in nice and easy, radioing in that they were there just to pop a new cell and be on their way. Viv poked her head out one side to inspect the spoils of their stop from atop, waving down a technician from aboard the small outpost with a jovial hello before they were on their way in no time at all.

Once they were a safe distance from the outpost Davis prepared them for another jump. This time the suddenness of the action caused Viv to lurch forward a bit more as she could only estimate the point at which Davis would actually initiate the drive. Lights flickered and crawled around her and for the second time now they were pushed headfirst into speed itself.

Not a moment seemed to pass during this drive before Viv noticed the pressure in her chest returned. Curiously, this time Viv was able to actually pinpoint that it began again, after failing to notice the sensation stopped after their last jump ended. The jerking from their previous jump must have spooked the sensation out of her head as she forgot it was going on, as she had barely noticed it left until it started acting up again now.

Viv was sure now that this was not jump sickness. For one, she hadn't experienced it herself in years, why would it come back now? Furthermore, once adjusted to it people rarely experienced it more than once per day, especially not in such a short period of time. Why would it suddenly come back with such meddle now? Something was odd about this.

With the option of it being any form of motion sickness out of her head she had only to assume it was her medication acting up. Against her tight flight suit her breasts clearly were undergoing some swelling. While the suit was designed with some level of purchase in it so as to accommodate snags or wear on the suit inside a cabin, as well as just general comfort, it still felt like they were pressing up on them far too much. Viv readjusted her seat and carefully cupped and massaged her chest lightly to get them situated in a more friendly location.

"There, there..." She mumbled to herself, enjoying the privacy of a lone, small cabin and an empty communication channel. Endearingly, she patted them and rubbed her hands individually over each breast delicately to help dissuade them from aching.

Perhaps all this discomfort really said to her was that she knew the limit of her dosage for next time. While it wasn't a significant amount more than she usually used to induce lactation--and curb her depressive bouts, for what the medication's *actual* intent was worth--she assumed that she had maybe stumbled on an uncomfortable amount worth taking. That having been said, never before has her lactation been overwhelming, maybe she just took herself to a new tier of breast milk production and could see herself providing more for Davis...

Minutes into this jump went by and as they did the discomfort only seemed to ramp up. Definitely not in the realm of painful, the feeling was squarely in a category of being annoying enough to not be able to ignore easily. Looking down at her C cups Viv actually had to admit, the meds worked quickly and today it seemed like they were either in overdrive working even more quickly or she was just gaining way more milk today. Regardless of what the consensus on her production today was, her breasts were noted by Viv herself to definitely be inflated by about a cup size now. It was obviously hard to eyeball on her own, especially only having the ability to look down at herself in the cramped quarters, but she definitely knew enough to see that they sat on her chest differently from even just entering the turret.

Some minutes late Viv noticed they flashed out of quantum travel when, distracted by adjusting her flight suit, she felt her head whip forward and then back into her chair. She twisted up and around to see that space had returned to a normal speed and wriggled in her chair, ending a little more upright this time.

From her new position, Viv was easily able to tell that her breasts were larger. Their weight simply felt different from what she was used to every other day in the gunner's seat, and sitting upright just seemed to concentrate her focus on how they were now heavier. Moments ago she was ready to resign them to a D cup only, but now that she considered how obvious the change was she might be inclined to bump that up to an E cup. Two whole cup sizes difference was definitely not unheard of for those lactating, from what she heard of others doing so, but that was over time, right? Within the span of a day she suddenly blew up that much?

Distracted by the thoughts of logistical analysis on her chest, Viv saw but didn't process this new outpost they arrived in. As before, Davis took them in nice and easy to refuel their one active cell while the other cooled off, or so she assumed. When they docked for a moment Viv was almost too distracted this time to see that the technician on the outpost waved her direction, which she reciprocated quickly and as nonchalantly as possible. As they pulled away she also noted that she hadn't even registered the small outpost's size this time, as she had done before now.

When pulled far enough out from the outpost to begin their next quantum jump, Viv looked blankly at space around her and hadn't time to react at all to this jump. The back of her head slapped her seat back a bit harder this time because of her idle thoughts, which then jerked her back into focus.

The clarity brought back to her now, Viv had only just enough time to register that, as she suspected, her chest pressure had subsided before it actually came back to her again. Able to now cognizantly appreciate the transition from no pressure to definite pressure in her breasts, she knew something was definitely up. Three separate times now she had been able to feel distinct pressure in her boobs building, causing discomfort?

Viv wasn't dumb--far from it in fact, being quite sharp to be able to manage all the technical knowledge she did. She knew that something was definitely up, able to equate her so far three uncomfortable moments now to the so far three jumps Davis took them through. It wasn't this that was stopping her from piecing together what was going on, it was some internal reluctance to accept it was going on. Sure, three jumps causing three bouts of swelling in her breasts was unusual, but did it really mean what she thought it did? Nowhere *ever* had recorded evidence of this happening exist. Clearly it was just her medication being particularly...Active, right? Correlation, not causation, and all that?

Whatever the cause, it was back, and this time she noted it particularly because of how already swollen she felt after her slightly larger dose of medical milk, as she jokingly called it at times. Stretching her back even more upright, Viv wriggled to and fro in her flight suit and pulled it down to hug her body a bit nicer than it was, given recent developments. She was determined to at least quell the discomfort in her suit as it seemed things were going to get tighter from here.

Viv tried to push the thoughts of this strange affliction ailing her out of her head and tended to the controls around her in the gunner's seat. From her upright position she could access most things while leaning only slightly this way and that, so she was able to push away the notion that her breasts were filling with milk seemingly rapidly pretty easily. She already had things initiated so it was really only a matter of adjusting and calibrating some systems that needed it before being able to engage. She flicked through knobs and switches with intention to get things working right, even trying a few new tricks and settings she had meant to for a while now if it meant just a few more moments focused on this instead of her own body.

After some minutes of this, Viv was only able to distract herself from the feeling in her body for so long. The last setting she worked on she intentionally took more time than she needed to in order to adjust, and so when it became clear that she was really just lollygagging at this point, she pulled out of her attention to the armaments systems and came back to herself.

"Eep!" She audibly gasped now, looking down at herself. Her new developments actually surprised her far more than she expected them to after only a brief break from them.

As she looked down at her chest now Viv was actually astonished to see that her flight suit hadn't shown any sign of deterioration at their newest growth. She knew these to not only be space accommodating but also stretchy, but looking at herself now this certainly pushed the boundaries of what she thought they could withstand.

Easily what she assumed to be two cup sizes larger already, Viv was floored by what was going on, and how she managed to grow so much with little notice on her end. They pulled the suit quite tight against her as she noted the area by her ribcage and armpits to be stretched taxingly to pull enough material to cover them. The flight suit material was already by itself a bit thicker than normal clothing which meant that it actually somewhat concealed her usually C cup breasts

by virtue of having some inherent depth to it. Now some four or more cup sizes larger however, not only was there a clear outline to Viv's breasts to be seen, but from underneath they actually began causing a wide angle of space between where their bottoms rested and her lower ribcage. The effect, even just while sitting relatively upright, gave her that of someone with absurdly perky breasts puffed up from a push-up bra--and this was not to even mention that she currently couldn't even see this effect due to their size.

Marveling at them long enough, Viv made a motion to feel them up to ensure that they were real. Somewhat startlingly, though for no particular reason given that she could see and feel their weight all too well, Viv content in understanding that they were exceptionally real and attached to her own body. On hefting their weight she did note that this much movement only seemed to aggravate their slight discomfort which at this point was really turning out to be a slight throbbing pain if she moved them around too much. She noted their weight although due to being in a sitting position and their ship being currently a bit light on gravity, she supposed they might actually weigh even more when they emerged from quantum travel.

No sooner had she made this thought had Davis taken them unceremoniously out of quantum travel and back to the world of that which could be seen by the naked eye. She jostled her entire body forward, not used to the weight of her chest as it shoved her entire body forward with their girth, it seemed. Viv was strapped relatively tightly into the gunner's seat but no seatbelts equipped over her upper body, in a move to make her more nimble at the controls when needed. It was really only her lower body which anchored her to her seat although she kept it loose on her which sent her chest first into some of the controls.

Now in a more compromising position akin to leaning over her knees, Viv stayed put like this as the universe's normal speed returned to her. She took stock of all the controls she had flipped out of sorts and actually panicked for a moment as some of them put Davis and the Vanguard in a bit of a compromised position as well as herself. She scrambled to undo her chest's dirty work, deftly fumbling at some latches now pulled into an off state and needing to reboot or standby once more, unfortunately.

Through all this mishandled machinery Viv was actually remiss to note that her breasts weighed her down quite impressively. Arching her back at one point to steady herself, she actually felt their weight push into her knees at one point which was *far* lower than they usually dangled when sitting like this. Although she hadn't much time to consider this implication, she stored that nugget of knowledge for later when she didn't have to tend to the guns and used it to fuel her panic in the current situation.

With all but a few switches back into their previous positions Viv was quite taken aback to feel and hear the ship's humming as it rose back to quantum traveling speeds. Her back whipped back against the seat in total surprise. She had completely missed the refueling stop Davis had made in the chaos, or maybe he hadn't refueled at all? It seemed like a bit of a quick stop for it...But maybe that hinted at how distracted by everything she was? Her mind raced with the

possibilities of what Davis was putting her through as she readjusted to the new speed and leaned in to fix the last few controls.

Back in the safety of being prepared, but needing some time still to get some systems like the targeting relay back up and ready, Viv had brought herself back to homeostasis in the ecosystem known as her gunner turret. She sighed, relieved that nothing horrible was sending her or the Vanguard spiraling to oblivion--not that she had that much power on the ship's systems, to be sure. Slumping back in her seat she slapped her back against it satisfyingly and felt the might of her new breasts follow suit in slapping against her.

She looked down at her breasts, now able to for sure feel that their pressure had moved into total discomfort as their apparent growth only clumped up more of her flight suit together to accommodate them. The pressure also formed into tightness as she sensed she was actually feeling their bare flesh expanding against the pliable suit material. The mere thought of this alone scared her. Was it that her breasts were expanding at a speed fast enough to be perceived in this way, or was it that they were approaching sizes that made their growth even more detectable?

Able to now think a bit more clearly, she hefted one breast at a time now, trying to really feel their weight. She chose to move them one at a time now as she was amazed to note that it practically necessitated both hands just to jostle one of them. With this action, she noted that part of their supreme weight and size now was caused by the clearly sloshing milk within them she both heard and felt. More of the story clicked for her now. The rate, amount, and catalyst of growth wasn't making any more sense to her, but the meds were certainly at work here.

Unable to do much now but focus on the growth of her breasts, Viv wondered what else there even was to do about things right now. She moved her still quite limber body around her perch, finding that she was still quite capable of doing all her duties, although certainly her breasts impeded in a much more real way now and took her a little extra time just to heft herself up.

A tinge of pain again shot through her chest as she definitely assumed this to be the suit approaching limits not stretched to until now. Even more telling of this, she heard the now incredibly taut seams crying for help as well. A bit more urgency to her actions now, Viv slumped in her seat in order to get some appropriate leverage to open the suit up and quell some of their pain.

A zipper sat on her collarbone to keep the suit together but a latch secured it in place for times when a suit malfunction really wasn't something you wanted. She struggled at undoing this latch due to the pulling apart of the suit itself. Tightly secured in place she had to pry at it to undo it in hopes at saving her some breaths--a reality that was actually becoming more and more real now as she did feel a tightness in her breathing soon.

She wriggled her entire body for better purchase on the metal, hoping to use her body to practically fling the latch open with a forceful elbow jab away from it. In doing this her breasts only tore at the seams of her otherwise pristine flight suit even more, fighting back against her efforts in their own ways. Their growth was masked by how much tossing and turning she subjected herself to, but it was undeniable as breaths became shorter and shorter against the huge orbs on her body now.

Finally, she unhooked the latch and opened up the way to the zipper to free her from this unrest. As she did she accompanied the victory with a startled but confident “Aha~!” and some practically eternal jiggling of her breasts against the suit too. She grabbed the zipper with one hand, about to tug at her evacuation vessel, when...

Snap! The zipper tore from the inside, right around where her nipples were. Now finally free to some degree, Viv jumped at this and rued the last moments of her flight suit before aggravatedly joining her breasts for freedom from the confines of the suit. She tore at the open hole in her suit and pried a great opening for her breasts--enough for them to emerge but leaving her some modesty to cover her nipples.

Finally exposed to the outside world, Viv compared them now to sizes even larger than her head, or watermelons from what she remembered of them, or hell, even some of the larger medicine balls she remembered at one of the gyms on her previous vessel. They were enormous, and opening the suit up to display the cleavage they possessed...Well, Viv struggled to find a proper word for it.

Looking down at these absolute mammoths from her slumped position practically on her back while cradling them from seeping out of her suit, Viv caught her breath. She found it hard, even with them exposed now, to do so, but she assumed that was partially due to her position practically in a fetal position protecting her new assets. In this way she noted that while her nipples were indeed still covered by the suit, which meant they wouldn't be leaking as they sat tight against the flight suit material, they quickly approached the horizon of her gaze and if they grew much larger she might actually fail to see them at their natural slope. Hell, she might already be there if she sat up a bit.

Before doing so, however, she focused her eyes on the outer limits of them. If she was steady enough to be able to she definitely assumed to be able to see them grow well within her vision, which scared her a bit. She was never so insecure about her body before--sure, all women secretly wanted to change *something* about their breasts, and Viv would've loved some a little larger--but this was just excessive, and now that they surpassed her head they crept closer and closer to eclipsing it.

“Good lord, they're...” She mumbled to herself, when suddenly the ship jolted out of quantum travel once again. Because her center of gravity was low against the seat this didn't jostle and fling her forward, but she did notice the immediate new weight of her body smashing down on

her torso. “Wh-OOF!” She cried at what was basically two massive jugs of milk dropping their full weight down on her.

She sat up as quickly as possible--which was not very much at this point as she also struggled in an effort to keep her nipples still contained within the suit. Snaking her body up against the seat she wasn't actually able to reach a fully upright position. She had certainly tried to, but raising her shoulders and upper body to sit upright pulled them far too little against her immense girth, which grounded her quite literally towards the seat. From a sitting position her hands were buried under their size as she tried her best to heft them up and alleviate some weight from her body, but it seemed like it was of such little use as their weight pooled out from both hands.

Viv leaned forward and her breasts basically spilled out completely onto her lap. She found that she was still able to reach most controls with relative ease, and after a little tugging could definitely hit even the further ones but there was definitely some room for improvement in her quality of life as a gunner right now. This discovery now apparent to her, Viv again felt the Vanguard lurch to quantum travel, panicking as she looked to either side of her.

“What? N-no!” She remarked to herself, noting that this time Davis hadn't even stopped to refuel. They were going back in *again*!?

The ship pierced through the speed barrier again and Viv's jaw was left practically slack at this. The *had* to be close now, right? She wasn't sure how much more of this she was actually able to take!

Her breast only continued growing. Now unearthed from their prison inside Viv's suit as soon as they entered quantum travel Viv could tell that the growth from earlier was only them getting started. She let out a squeak of frustration as her hands beneath them literally got engulfed in their growth this time, at a rate she could actually detect.

Viv wanted to keep some support down under her breasts, but the utility of having a free hand was invaluable to her, in truth. She resigned her left arm to its fate under her breast--knowing that she could probably move it but it would be a bit of a struggle as she leaned in to the left a bit more and might cost her the freedom of her other arm--while she slid the right out and atop her right breast carefully. As she patted it with now the only free hand allowed to her she felt an absolutely sublime excitement at the skin of her breast being touched.

Her face went flush, noting that if she really sat and thought about it she actually had never shaken off the warm feeling from earlier, at least not entirely. Now feeling one breast's exposed skin she whimpered at how sensitive it was to the touch. The thought scared her, but if she were in a bit less of a compromising position she might actually enjoy all this.

Her breasts were absolutely overflowing her now as she lost total sight of her knees and her thighs were long gone. Her turret perch, modeled after some typical race car seats back on the

surface, could actually be felt on either side of her breasts. They were now getting wider than her body. Kicking a foot up as much as she could from underneath her weight but also within the cramped confines of her isolated position, Viv was remiss at only being able to see little more than the ankle. This was getting out of hand, and *fast*.

Her breathing picked up, something close to either hyperventilating or working against the weight of her breasts, though she wasn't quite sure which. By this point, her nipples had clearly exposed themselves from her suit and she could tell not because she felt the cool air against the skin, but because she felt a drizzle of wetness on their underside now. Free from the pressure of her suit they started to pour their fountains free onto her lower body. She squirmed her legs to and fro to try and deflect their flow off of her a bit, but then that would only send them closer to the controls.

She was really in a bind here--literally, she noted. The weight of her mountainous breasts was extreme, but not enough to crush her, at least. She took solace in that. Her lone, exposed arm from forearm to elbow could fit entirely within one breast and that worried her. More than that, however, she found herself in a bind where any shuffle or jerking of her body sent ripples of both pressure and the milk within her breasts all over the place, leaving her on the cusp of practically moaning out now at how good they felt. She cursed how quickly the situation devolved. She was only minutes before able to freely move, but now she was afraid to do so lest she spring a leak and send her to heights near orgasmic.

Her worries faded for an instant as she heard a clicking in her radio earpiece. The sound of someone coming on the line to speak with her. This was it, this was Davis!

"Permission to come aboard channel 413~" Davis's voice alone quelled Viv's overly anxious sensibilities. It was good to hear his voice through all the otherwise overwhelming circumstances. "Viv, we're on the final approach now to the combat zone. Sorry for leaving you dark a bit there. Are you--" He was cut off before being able to say much else.

"NO! No, Davis. Unable to reach my controls all, err...I have a s-situation here. P-please head back, if you--" This time it was Viv's turn to get cut off.

"Everything alright? Viv, you sound worried. We can't go on like this, sending ship back around--" An abrupt cut punctuated Davis's message. Viv wasn't sure exactly what it was but assumed it to be him going back to the previous channel to radio in about the job.

Viv closed her eyes, feeling the growth around her continue. She curiously reached her one free hand to the controls to see if she could reach even one of them, but was reclined in her chair so far that it seemed like she'd have to fight against herself just to manage. As she laid her arm back against her breast in defeat the slapping of skin on skin again ushered a quiet moan from her. She flushed again, embarrassed at her inability to distinguish it as pleasure or surprise.

The next feeling Viv was exposed to was a slight spook as she felt her perch descend now, which was completely unexpected as she could tell they were still jumping now. To her relief, however, it was merely the gunner's seat departing from on high and descending back into the much more open common area. Davis's voice was barely distinguishable below her, and she was a bit rattled at her current state to be able to effectively even try and cover up.

"Yes, unfortunately I must decline the job. I-I know, we're on the last jump now, but I rerouted us to a quiet sector just beyond it to check in on our reserves and see what's what with the ship. Yes, I am truly sorry for what this must inconvenience you, but the safety of myself and my crewmate is more important now." It was Davis, obviously talking about the job posting. Viv would feel a twinge of regret and upset if it wasn't for the fact she was literally growing out of her seat at the moment.

Davis stood at an angle that, fortunately, disguised what state Viv was in as he faced behind her. This made the reveal of her massively inflated body all the more startling when, a mere few feet from the ground, he identified the exposed flesh not as her arms or legs spilling over the gunner's seat, but rather exposed breast flesh. Viv's angle too was a bit removed from seeing Davis as she dropped the final few inches to the ground, but he strode in front of her now.

"Viv!? W-what...What *happened* here?" Davis was, quite simply, at a near total loss for words at seeing Viv now seated before him. She looked all the same as usual, of course, save for the completely exposed top and flesh spilling and pooling practically all over her body, covering her entire lap and yet perky enough to keep their relatively rounded shape and so nearly engulf her head from his gaze.

"U-uh, yeah...About that..." All Viv could mutter from her position was a clear lighthearted reference that something was up. Part embarrassment and part bewilderment, Viv honestly wasn't sure where to even begin.

"Well, d-do you need a...Any help getting up?" He offered, extending a hand to her. She slipped her free hand out of the cavernous cleavage she seemed to practically embody now as Davis tugged at it to right her posture. Viv's hand slipped from his grip for a moment and slapped against the flesh of her still growing breast which sent her into a bit of a fit for a moment.

"E-e-ek~" She half moaned and half squealed at this, tightening her body a bit and closing her knees a bit, which moved her flesh around. Davis gave her a moment's reprieve and then reached and helped her the rest of the way to a now fully upright position.

From here as she sat, Viv's size was truly awe-inspiring. It was clear to Davis from looking at her proportions that sitting as she was she was unable to even reach a single nipple without clawing at the skin and pulling it up within reach--and this was not even counting that one entire arm was still lost in the flesh somewhere. Davis could clearly see her slightly darkened and both engorged and widened nipples, but he was confident that Viv couldn't and probably was only

subject to the steady trickle of milk he also spotted dribbling down them and onto one of her knees while the other pooled on the floor below her. To compare the size of her breasts was difficult even having them here in front of Davis, but he supposed them to be as large as smaller yoga balls, or somewhere close to it at least.

"Alright Viv, I can tell you, uh...Well, your meds are working." Davis said, pointing to her nipples. Viv, for her worth, clearly couldn't see over her mounds, but tried to crane her neck to do so regardless, and at least got the point her was getting at.

"Y-yes, very observant." She replied somewhat between sharply and impatiently. "Now help me...Up...Back onto my feet..."

Viv heaved her body forward like one does to get off a couch or chair, but found that her bust was totally unmoving. It was like pushing a boulder off her body with only her abs, and abs alone weren't working. She tried once more, then again, sighing and sulking and extending her hand to Davis again as if to imply to him that his standing there was pointless alone--and it was, truthfully. With a tug or two they managed to get Viv back on both her feet.

"You sure this is the best idea right now? I feel like you--" As if by thinking it he willed the idea into existence, Viv stumbled forward at the sudden shift in weight combined with the fact that one of her legs apparently went to sleep, and tumbled right down on the ground before Davis. With a massive thud and a very crass yelp from Viv she landed, safely, but now was resigned to the floor--hardly an upgrade from being engulfed in the chair. Worse still, Davis noticed she still appeared to be growing.

"Wait, Viv, are your tits still...Are you still getting bigger?" He asked dumbly. Viv moaned as if mimicking a cartoon character who had just slammed into a wall. Soon, milk found its way from underneath her breasts and seeped to either side of her body, creating small rivers to the previous pool of milk that had started from earlier.

"L-listen, Davis. I need...We need to get out of this jump. I...These things are growing, and..."

"Wait, you're *growing* because we're in quantum travel right now!?" Davis said, incredulous over piecing things together, somewhat miraculously. Viv weakly nodded and then turned it into a slight shrug as she realized, she really had no clue herself but the two were obviously related.

Bolting out of sight, Davis rushed back to the cockpit and had barely sat down before turning at knobs and dials on his dash. Before even strapping in himself, Viv saw him tug at the lever above him which initiated the quantum drive. He tugged at it with a lot more urgency than she'd seen him usually use, which sent the Vanguard to a cruising speed faster than she or Davis both were ready for.

The sudden jerk back to normal speeds flung both Davis and Viv forward, but to different effects. For Davis this act meant he practically dove off his seat but managed to steady himself and slingshot his back right into the pilot's seat. For Viv from her position on her boobs and knees the motion snapped her forward so she practically somersaulted over them. Sadly, however, their sheer size prevented her from doing a full tumble and so she landed closer to a handstanding position, if her breasts were her hands leveraging her body off the ground. She kicked and flailed wildly at this, able to bring herself quickly back to her previous position, but it came at the price of a massive spurt of milk from her engorged nipples.

Viv yelped again at all this, followed by her first unhindered moans with Davis around. At least she was no longer growing--she hoped, at least--but it seemed as though she would still have to contend with the pent up sensations and warmth her body was currently going through.

Davis was himself stuck between a point of concern and arousal. On one hand Viv was clearly going through hell right now. On a total other hand, however, she was *hot as hell*. Davis only dreamed--literally--of her being able to produce this much milk, to be able to spray from her tits so much that they'd need a bucket of some sort just to come close to containing her reserves. He was in ecstasy over Viv's tremendous growth, ignoring the downsides of her having a humongous bust now, and instead contending only with if she was okay enough to stand up.

"Viv! Viv, are you okay?" He rushed over to her side, crouching down at the woman who between breaths was biting her lip to keep her arousal from leaking. He reached a hand down to her arm, careful to avoid her clearly massively sensitive breasts.

"...Milk..." She muttered.

"Milk? Yeah Viv, I *know* you're making some milk. You're making enough for--"

"No, milk *ME!*" She commanded now, gaining confidence and poise to direct Davis.

Davis couldn't be happier to hear those words come out of her mouth so soon. He gulped and tugged at the collar of his worn flight suit and shuffled a bit behind Viv, careful not to step on her, the milk around her, or the basically shredded top of her flight suit.

Practically straddling her, he sat over her body as though ready to ride her, but the only action his body was doing was actually milking her breasts free of all their delicious nourishment. He couldn't get enough of the idea, and in an act most closely related to just straight hugging Viv, he pulled all his might behind two massive arms which spewed the milk from her tits.

Viv, unassuming that Davis would go so hard with his first move on her, practically *screamed* her excitement at this. If no one knew any better, they might assume her to be in pain but truthfully she was far from it. With his arms squeezing the milk out of her with such force she

practically shot milk across the common space to hit the cargo bay door, Viv felt her mind melt away in pleasure at Davis's might forcing her bounty out of her.

Davis stopped as Viv's yelps fell down, realizing that he might have literally pushed too hard then but also aware that he was only beginning. He took stock of the situation. Him, awkwardly straddling Viv, Viv unfortunately pinned to the floor, and the floor itself currently rife with a pool of delectable milk. He needed to keep some modicum of cleanliness in his ship and while the common space was already plenty messy he assumed the wiser choice was to move to an area more suited for this degree of wetness.

Getting up from over her, Davis got himself onto dry ground before grabbing at one of Viv's arms which laid limply beside her. Cognizant of what he'd implied but already so spent from this one action, she took a minute before helping herself up with his assistance.

"C'mon Viv, I've got just the place for us..." Davis mumbled, hoisting Viv to a more solid position then. The two were able to waddle her to the room next door with enough of Davis's guidance, Viv's legs shaky and uneasy the whole way as she buckled and struggled the whole length of the way to the cleansing space.

Once inside, Davis moved efficiently over towards the toilet area. Thinking well enough to be able to keep the mess of Viv's milk contained, Davis took a seat on the toilet, itself in an area leading to the shared shower sections and, thus, a drainage unit.

Davis, tired from escorting the gargantuan breasts of his compatriot over here, took a seat on the lid of the toilet. Viv, less able to support herself, slumped onto his lap just after him. Startled by this, Davis noted that along the way Viv's flight suit had been practically discarded, only clinging to her body by a single ankle and leaving her effectively nude now. Her entire luscious body was not only on display for Davis but actually rubbed up against him--something which only furthered the erection he'd been carrying this entire time. From their seated position Davis easily both felt and heard Viv's labored breathing, unsure if it was from the tiresome walk over or her pure arousal, if how sensitive she was earlier was anything to go by.

As if to answer Davis's question about the situation, Viv scooped her rear more onto Davis to press more of her body against his. The two of them faced the same direction and so Viv's back pressed against Davis's chest, skewed and leaning to one side of his so she could slink her body and turn as much as possible to partially face him. Even through the material of Davis's flight suit Viv's moist lower lips practically drooled on his lap. He saw absolutely massive breasts rise and fall with each heavy breath, and not much more beyond them as they remained perky and obstructive to both of them. They not only rest on her lap but overflow them, tapering down her chest and off the sides of her thighs with a pleasing and perky slope that shows their fullness without them looking like they are overfilled, somehow.

“Wh-why the *fuck* aren’t you milking me more, Dav?” Viv said with the most lascivious of tones possible, oozing practically sex itself from the words. Though her words are forward for Viv it gets her intent and mindset across perfectly. Viv followed this up by reaching either arm back towards Davis and practically clawing at his upper and lower body in unison to tear his suit off.

Somehow, Viv struck a lucky stitch in Davis’s suit and made a small tear in it. The tear emerges on his upper body, by his shoulder, and while Viv let out an audible “Oops!” it comes off with the least bit of seriousness and is only followed up by a deeper gnashing of her nails into the opening and a literal tearing of the well worn suit open. One of Davis’s sleeves practically slid off his arm as the hole in his suit deepened, exposing easily half of his upper chest as well. Seeing Davis’s bare chest turned Viv’s tenacious hand movements to delicate, careful ones as she glided it in loving strokes across his sides and up to his collarbone.

Davis noticed her eyes fluttering with desire as she traced the bits of toned masculinity he possessed. Seeing her like this, filled with more passion than potentially ever, drove Davis absolutely wild himself. Firm up against Viv’s bare bottom but with a layer of his suit his cock felt ready to burst from the thin barrier between the two of them. Sensing this he shuffled his hips as best he could with the largest breasts possibly known to man weighing him down and hindering his process.

It took Viv a moment to notice what he was getting at through the cloudy desire in her eyes and mind but as soon as she did she helped as best she could. Knowing where the zipper of these suits ends Viv helped both herself and Davis to freeing his member from its prison. While one hand remained on his chest to stabilize herself and enjoy his presence of stature, she reached the other down to massage his still clothed dick a moment. With the passion from her eyes dancing through her fingertips now Davis shivered and squirmed at the mere teasing of her actually stroking it bare and unhindered. His throat clenched as now he too had become enamored by the concept of the two of them making love together.

After pampering his stiff rod through the now remains of his suit Viv pressed Davis’s chest and hoisted her massively weighed down body with as much of her might as possible, letting her rise from his lap a mere few inches. This was plenty for Davis, who took the hint exceptionally well and dropped the rest of his suit down off his upper body until the majority of it clumped up around his knees. While not optimal, this was plenty for the two of them to commence work with each other.

Viv, straining to even remain on her so far untrained legs with the new weight on her body and the awkward positioning of her body over Davis’s, used her free hand to squeeze her breasts closer towards Davis. The force of this move sent the momentum of them both into him, forcing both his hands up from the removal of his suit and into her in protection of himself. He steadied both arms against the massive orbs of flesh and braced against them, crushing the breast hitting him against his body as well as Viv’s second one and sending a quick stream of milk

spurting out of it like a jet. Viv squealed and shivered at this, yelping as the sensation weakened her enough to fall onto Davis's lap.

With a howl, Viv shrieked as her moist crotch landed directly onto Davis. "AIIIIIEEEE~!" She screamed, piercing Davis's ears as well as the passionate breathing the two of them were panting as if their lives depended on it. Viv's pussy devoured Davis's cock in this motion, having her fall onto it in such a perfect and forceful landing that her nethers took him up nearly all the way in one swift motion. Her shriek only continued, moving on into a groan and convulsing her entire body along with the sounds of her passion.

Davis, for his part, was stunned at what he was experiencing just as much. His knees knocked and trembled with the involuntary thrust up into Viv he had taken, edging him already so close to cumming. He moaned quietly, drowned out by Viv's still continuing throes of passion while she also spasmed her arms and back. This moment, for both of them, seemed to last an eternity and in actuality suspended their near orgasmic bliss far longer than either of them thought possible to sit through.

A single breath to recollect himself entered Davis's throat, with Viv pausing a moment before drawing her own. Davis practically fell onto Viv's bust which jolted her upright again as he caressed her stretched breast flesh with his arms.

"F-f-fucking *MILK ME*, Davis!!" She shouted, head thrown back and raised to the ceiling with eyes closed tightly. Practically riding him sidesaddle now she squirmed her hips closer then further from Davis which drove his dick wild within her tight snatch. This motion slapped her breasts again against Davis but stunned as he was at Viv's uncharacteristic words he couldn't react the same and caught her assault on the side of his body. He used this to wrap both his arms above the titflesh bombarding him and squeezed down against his torso to drain her.

More screams of pleasure escape Viv, though these lasted much less time than a moment before. Milk squirted to the side of Davis against one of the smooth walls of the ship's hull with force enough he swore they knocked objects off shelves--something he and Viv might have to play at later on. Viv was so frozen with the draining of her breast before being able to lift her body up a bit to ride Davis's stiff dick, but the sheer amount and force of her milking kept him rock hard inside her so didn't irk him whatsoever. His arms compressed all the more against Viv and with them getting tighter and tighter and spewing just absolute gallons of milk, Viv's back arched more and more, her head tilting up higher and higher into the ceiling.

Davis raised his arms from Viv's breast and slid them down the bare front of it, feeling the drips of wetness--a combination of sweat and dribbles of milk bounced back onto them--against the massive bounty of flesh they possessed. He admired this and electrifying shocks of excitement ran Viv down from her totally arched back. She realized how this had made her unable to work his cock the same time she realized the other tit needed milking and gyrated her hips against him to reciprocate how well pleased she felt. Moving back and forth, forward and backward,

Davis felt his dick exploring every crevice inside her pussy and threw his head back similar to how she had just moments earlier.

Opening her eyes Viv saw Davis completely taken by her actions and distracted by how well she was moving against him. She brought a hand down to trail his chest with simple motions as his own arms fell to either side of her breast with an unceremonious droop. Seizing this opportunity Viv jiggled her lower body slowly in such a way that continued gyrating against him while her orientation itself moved across him. She lifted herself up and down slowly as, like the arm of a clock, she whipped from one side of his lap straight to the other, sending her breasts flying against his body now from the opposite direction as before. Davis realized this and didn't deflect the massive titflesh bombarding his other side, but latched onto it the same way as before.

As with before, Davis compressed Viv's entire breast within his arms and his thigh, sending a surge of milk seemingly larger than last time into the opposite wall of the first shot of them. Viv, able to anticipate it better this time, continued her gyrations against Davis and smashed her gorgeous, glistening pussy into his crotch. Her back arched and a moan escaped her throat this time as well but she was able to temper these emotions and sustain her motions through them. Davis was driven mad by the concept of Viv's milk flowing with absurd force while his dick was worked more than it ever had been before.

Once again spent from this action, Davis dropped his arms to either side of himself as they lost a bit of feeling from the amount of force he had been pushing them with. He discarded them for a moment as Viv continued moving and grabs up all her titflesh--one in either arm--and moved her position on his lap once more. All her gathered flesh followed her up and off Davis's lap as she forced herself to stand upright for a moment and move to face him.

Viv smiled somewhere between sexily and mischievously at Davis, her arms trembling to contain their bounties. She slid a foot forward to Davis but miscalculated the wetness of the floor beneath her and slapped it against the cool floor flinging her center of balance forward. Her body crashed onto Davis, titflesh first. Her boobs encapsulated Davis's entire torso and lap, and with Viv falling onto them her nipples squeezed out a quick spurt of milk on either side of Davis's torso and behind him. Two of the largest breasts he had ever seen were now locked onto his body with one of the most beautiful women he ever had the pleasure of being with attached to and on top of them. His bliss was heavenly. Viv struggled to keep her feet from sliding across the soaked floor and grabbed onto Davis's knees and shins from underneath her breasts.

Stunned in awe of this moment, Davis picked his arms up onto Viv's breasts and rubbed them down on top of their beautifully smooth surfaces. She shivered in pleasure at this mere action as she struggled to keep herself in any sort of position at all let alone figuring out how she was going to get up from here if she was unable to gain steady ground. She resigned herself to kneeling, lamenting the act of getting up from there. Davis smiled as he continued rubbing Viv's breasts and saw her little jerks and spasms of pleasure.

“So, what a titfuck this is, huh?” He said slyly as he slapped against the sides of Viv’s tits.

Viv, inspired by this idea, burrowed her arms deeper under her tits. The movement gathered them up higher against her and smothered her face in their immeasurable size but it was worth it as she felt the true treasure she had sought after. Slick with her own juices, Viv grabbed at Davis’s still hard dick as it was engulfed in the might of all her mammaries. She was able to just grab enough of it to reach from tip to hilt and began working it.

Davis, feeling this, smiled back at Viv but she was simply unable to see his sly reaction to her thoughtful initiation. He swirled his hands across circles on her breasts, going further to either side of them as he continued. Eventually reaching the full width of his arm span, Davis squeezed against them and shot even more milk out behind him. He heard a muffled yelp of surprise and pleasure and felt a clamping of her smallish hands against his cock which caused him to flinch and squish her tits a little harder.

This action had Davis squeezing across Viv’s tits while she dove into her own breasts in order to give him the best handjob she had ever attempted. It seemed with each stroke up his dick Davis squished a little harder against her breasts, causing the two of them to move in harmony in such a way that gave them both a pleasurable rhythm to their sensations. Every now and then, Viv moaned from inside her own cleavage while Davis grunted and jerked in pleasure as well.

Soon Davis got a curious idea and moved his arms closer to the tips of Viv’s breasts. A gap in his squeezes alerted Viv to what he was attempting and she picked her head up from her cleavage to eye Davis. Unfortunately, it was too little too late as she felt an immeasurable pleasure from her nipples as Davis grabbed them with a stern grip and forced them into her breasts, hoping to drive her wild.

Fortunately, it had the desired effect on Viv, who once again screeched in pleasure and tightened his grip on Davis’s dick as she clenched her entire body at this. Her knees gave out and while Davis was still latched onto her she fell fully onto the floor, breasts sliding off his lap and exposing his body anew. The final few squirts of milk from her splashed up in Davis’s face with surprise and he dropped her nipples, letting her entire body fall onto the wet ground.

It was only a moment of riding out the orgasmic pleasure she felt before Viv was filled with the resolve to get another taste of that. She struggled and picked herself up with all her might possible, eventually swaying and stumbling to a standing position. She ignored Davis’s gaze as she shuffled towards him, gathering up her tits like before, but this time sat back on his lap like before and pressed her back into his.

As she sat on his lap Viv felt Davis’s dick, still stiff and still quite slick, rubbing between the tip of her ass and the front of his belly. She dropped her breasts in a heap onto her own lap and wriggled her torso either side, attempting to see if it was even possible to get his cock stiffer

than it already was. She reached her arms back behind her and found Davis's, bringing them up to her sides while lifting her body again.

Quietly, Viv simply managed a simple command "Let's see you do that with my nipples again...This time I'm riding you, though..." Davis felt the wink she was making through her words alone. She lowered her body quickly onto his dick again, wincing before rising up and starting to bounce on it whether he was ready or not.

Viv slammed her body against Davis tightly, inviting his arms to caress her tits as much as he could possibly reach. The wind was briefly knocked out of him from this, but he couldn't tell if it was from her weight against him or the insane skill she showed against his member. Regardless, he reciprocated her motions with his own and forced more milk from her, now firing away from both of them.

Viv moaned, feeling true pleasure from her tits and pussy in tandem. It was like nothing else. Her eyes closed and she hummed quietly to herself, really getting into the situation. Bouncing violently on top of Davis's lap she worked her hips with varied speeds and angles which seemed to keep Davis occupied as he often struggled to get a good grip of her tits to send them milking. This, with her up and down motion, sent milk all over the room and made a mess of it all.

Davis's grabbing continued and he struggled to hold onto himself before cumming. Seeing Viv's nipples as a point of pride to achieve he struggled to achieve the challenge of grabbing her nipples before he could orgasm--but Viv proved a mighty contender. He attempted to leverage his position against Viv and leaned her forward, which did get him more reach and in turn more milk, but also got Viv down for a better angle against him and made it harder for him to keep up.

Through gritted teeth Davis pulled Viv into his body, an orgasm nearing its precipice. Sensing this, he took one last grab at her breasts. Viv bit her lip, knowing fully well what was coming as well. She rose up for a moment to try and escape Davis but a thrust of his own sent the entirety of his dick into her snatch and brought her body crashing against his own. Davis took this moment of vulnerability and reached across Viv's breasts with a final grab.

"O-oh, D-D-Dav...D-Daviiiiis~!" Viv shouted. He had done it. With his final grab at Viv's enormous melons he managed to latch onto her beautiful nipples and took a forceful pinch at them. Viv's calls of pleasure turn once again into shrieks and screams as she achieved another orgasm from this and, along with a steady stream of milk from her tits her pussy gushed girlcum as well. The orgasm she rode clenched her lower lips onto Davis's member and with a final, victorious thrust he too began cumming. The force of this sent his seed powerfully into Viv's snatch as she felt herself fill up with Davis's delicious bounty as her own body let the juices flow.

With a few jerks and spasms Davis's load was finished and inside Viv. The two of them rode out their simultaneous moans. Viv was spent first and her breath heaved as she regained whatever composure was even possible at that point. As Davis lost his own he retired against his seat

and allowed Viv to rise from her own handsome throne. Her pussy dripped with pleasure as her nipples, too, leaked the final drops of milk before she took a step and threw herself to the ground. With a squeal, she slapped her body against the wet floor, laying on her still mountainous cleavage which seemed to not have even gone down in size whatsoever.

Their lungs heaved together and they looked everywhere but at each other, drinking in the delicious afterglow of their most pleasurable and legendary session ever. It's a few moments before either of them are ready to begin speaking again, but Davis eventually broke the silence.

"S-so..." He said through a sigh of relief. He looked around to see the fruits of their labor as the surface of the entire cleansing space was almost completely opaque with a milky filter. Surprised not only at how much they were able to milk from Viv, but also at how much she appeared to still contain herself, he continued. "Tell me, how much more of your meds did you take this time again?"

Viv smiled from within her cleavage, facing away from her lover. "Let's just say...*Enough*."

A smile formed now on his own face, and Davis replied in turn. "I don't know about that..."