

Prepare to be Amazed



“Really? That’s what you’re wearing to the show tonight?” Laura questioned.

Alan looked down at his attire and shrugged, “What’s wrong with it? Looks formal to me.”

“The shirt is all wrinkled! Go put another one on; one that I ironed earlier this week. And make sure the tie matches...”

“Yes, dear...” Alan chuckled. He returned to their room to change, his wife waiting patiently for his return. They weren’t in a hurry; she usually made a point to give Alan a few extra minutes to get ready.

“You know, usually it’s the *woman* that needs the extra time!” Laura called into their house, “Not the man! Aren’t you supposed to be able to get ready in three minutes or something?”

“I *was* ready in three minutes! But apparently, that wasn’t suitable!” Alan yelled back.

Laura smiled and primped her golden hair in a nearby mirror. “I love that man...” she reminded herself softly.

Alan returned, approaching from behind her and wrapping his arms around her waist. “This better?” He kissed her bare neck playfully and snuck a peek down the neckline of her dress. Laura’s D cup breasts were packed into her dress, a generous amount of classy cleavage returning his gaze.

She giggled at his peck and turned to kiss the side of his head in return. “Better. How do I look?”

Alan’s wife stepped away from his embrace and posed for him, her hands on either side of her hips. She had chosen to wear a somewhat form-fitting red gown, accentuating her slender womanly figure and flowing just to the tops of her matching red heels. Her hair had been done to flow over her neck and shoulders ending in thick locks, making her gorgeous blue eyes pop. Alan noticed that when she took a breath in, her chest would rise and bulge slightly over her dress, making it look like she was swelling each time she filled her lungs.

“Weeeell...?” Laura asked again.

“Smokin’ hot, Hon. I might as well just wear a pair of sweats! People will be looking right past me to get a glimpse of you.”

She blushed slightly as his praise. “You wish. Now come on, we need to get going. You said it starts at 8:00?”

“And doors open at 7:30,” Alan added.

Moments later, they jumped in their car and headed towards one of the largest performing arts centers in the city. Alan was visibly excited, Laura trying to match his childlike energy.

“What do you think he’s going to do?” Alan asked, speeding down the road.

“Shouldn’t you know?” Laura laughed, “You bought the tickets and everything!”

“I just know he’s a magician, and you know what a sucker I am for a good magic show.”

“An *adult* magic show,” Laura corrected, “I saw that this guy had a strict twenty-one and older policy. Is that just because of drinks?”

Alan smiled as his imagination began to run wild. “Maybe he’ll make all the women’s clothes in the audience disappear!”

Laura slapped him on the arm, “You wish. Although play your cards right and I’ll put on a little magic show of my own later tonight... And you can have a private viewing.”

A snort escaped his nose before he responded, “I know of *two* magician’s assistants I would like to see a bit more of!” He looked down at his wife’s chest to really drive his reference home.

Covering her cleavage with her hands, Laura laughed, “Watch the road!” she scolded, “And you might not have to wait very long; I feel like this dress fit much better when I was a cup size smaller...”

“I didn’t want to say anything. Mostly because I love the look it gives you,” Alan smiled.

“Crap, is it really that noticeable? I feel like I’m about to pop out of it! You’re going to have to keep an eye on me tonight; if I slip a nipple I’m holding you responsible.”

Alan’s smile widened, “Yes, Ma-am! I won’t take my eyes off of them. That’s a promise.”

That drew a giggle from her and she continued, the theater visible a few blocks away. “This was the nicest thing I had in the closet; I think we need to go out more. I bought this dress almost five years ago.”

“And what better way to start than by going to see a professional magician?”

Parking their car, the two of them followed the throngs of people walking towards the building, all of them dressed in their finest attire.

“Wow, you really weren’t kidding...” Laura observed, “I think I saw a few men in tuxedos! And here I just thought you wanted to see me squeeze into a dress.”

Alan made an exaggerated gasp, “I would *never*!”

“Better enjoy them while you can; the magician might make them disappear!”

Laura was actually surprised at the look of horror on her husband’s face. “He wouldn’t dare... I would hunt him down and force him to return them.”

“Twice as big as before, I’m sure,” Laura teased, wrapping herself around his arm as they entered the building.

Alan nudged the side of her bust with his elbow, “You know me so well.”

The building was bustling with people. Banners hung from the ceiling advertising for the magician, Drake King. In recent years he had managed to rise to fame and popularity, rivaling even the greats such as David Copperfield. His tour was big news for Laura and Alan’s small Northwestern town and tickets had sold out in less than two hours.

Laura looked at the performer’s face, grinning down on them from a sign above their heads and laughed a little. “You know, for such a famous guy, he sure tries hard to look like a common circus magician. How can I take him seriously with that haircut and mustache??”

“Laugh all you want, but he’s the real deal,” Alan leaned in and whispered, “I heard that at his last show he had a laser pointer that gave audience members orgasms when he pointed it at them...”

“Nooooo...” Laura brushed off.

“I choose to believe!”

After browsing around the merchandise table and assorted overpriced refreshments, Laura and Alan decided to find their seats. Being the fan of magic he was, Alan had pulled out all the stops on their night, buying tickets in the first three rows of seats. Laura gaped in surprise when she saw how close they were to the stage.

“Hon, these must have cost a fortune...”

“I’m sure it will be worth every penny!” Alan said hopefully, “But I did drain my piggy bank.”

Later after some general people watching and playful glances at Laura’s cleavage from Alan, the lights began to dim. Music played over the speakers, announcing the start of the show. As a grown man, Alan still got goosebumps from the sheer excitement. His wife smiled at him knowingly, always an admirer of his whimsy.

“Ladies and gentlemen...” a voice boomed, “Prepare to be amazed, thrilled, and maybe even sexually excited by the incredible....Drake King!!”

Lights exploded on the stage, illuminating different setups and tools. In the center a man stood with his arms outstretched, dressed in a tuxedo with a mustache finely maintained for his line of work. Its shape was almost reminiscent of Dali’s. He waved to the applauding crowd, stunning them as he whipped his arms around and streams of fire flew from his sleeves.

He laughed at the gasps he received. “Feeling hot yet??” he asked, “If not, don’t worry; you *will*.”

Already the audience was eating out of his hands. It wasn’t hard for Laura to see how he had become so popular so fast; he was a fantastic showman. That, and sex sells. Laura had often considered herself to be somewhat of a prude when it came to publically sexual things and when she had first heard that Alan had bought them tickets to a primarily *adult* magic show, she had been somewhat put off. However, after seeing all of Drake King’s wonderful feats, even Laura had to admit that she was enthralled, leaning forward with her elbows on her knees just to watch all the more closely.

The show had gone on for nearly an hour, a sense of closure starting to surround the auditorium. Drake King was preparing for his finale.

“I’ve had a wonderful time performing for you all tonight,” he laughed over the speakers, “I hope you have enjoyed it all the same!”

The crowd applauded happily, many whistles and whoops filling the air.

“I have one final feat before I must leave, and I’ll be needed a volunteer!”

Countless hands and screams rose into the air, some people even jumping out of their chairs to grab his attention. Part of the reason Drake King had become so famous so quickly was his unbelievable close-up magic, no volunteer ever leaving feeling disappointed from the experience. Alan was vaguely aware of a woman standing up in the row behind him, lifting her shirt to flash the performer in hopes of being chosen.

When Drake’s eyes looked in his direction Alan felt goosebumps and stage fright, even more so when the performer smiled. The magician pointed and said, “How about you, young lady? You appear to be well-suited for this trick!”

Alan suddenly realized that he had been pointing to Laura and both relief and excitement washed over him. Looking over at his wife, he saw that she was leaning forward on her knees, her chest overflowing from her dress as it hung over her neckline. She looked ready to pop out of the dress should she lean forward much more.

Laura seemed stunned for a moment, the spotlight shining on her. Straightening up, she cast a questioning look towards the stage.

Drake laughed, "Yes, you! In the wonderfully tight red dress!"

Laura looked at her husband, unsure of what to do; she had never been one for attention. "What do I do?" Laura mouthed to Alan.

"Go up! It'll be fun!" he urged.

Biting her lower lip in contemplation, she slowly stood up while people around her clapped for her willingness. A few others groaned in sorrow from not being chosen, but Alan ignored them, eyes fixed on his wife making her way through the seats and to the stage.

Please don't trip, please don't trip..., Alan pleaded with himself. It was a relief seeing Laura make it to Drake's side without stumbling; she had always been a little clumsy, especially in heels.

Drake smiled and put an arm around Laura's shoulder when she approached. "Let's hear it for my lovely new assistant! What's your name, my dear?"

"L-Laura," she responded, her eyes glazing over in stage fright. Looking out towards all the people she could only see darkness, even Alan's face a very dim spot in the crowd.

"Well, Laura, you're not lactose intolerant, are you?"

"No..." She could feel herself becoming overcome by shyness and her dress suddenly felt very revealing indeed.

"Glad to hear it! And I must say, that dress looks fabulous on you. That must be the *breast* neckline I have seen in a *long* time!" the magician said, making an effort to look directly at Laura's cleavage. The audience laughed at his pun, Laura blushing hard under the hot spotlight.

"Laura, you have clearly been gifted with a generous chest, I don't think anyone here would disagree."

A few people whistled from the crowd and Alan felt a small, although odd, sense of pride inside himself. He hoped Laura wasn't regretting joining the magician on stage.

Drake continued, "But, have you ever considered going *bigger*?"

"N-No, I haven't!" Laura stammered. Never before had she spoken about her breasts to a complete stranger, much less in front of a crowd of nearly a thousand people.

"I hope you feel like trying on one or two cup sizes! Or *more*... What do you think, audience, should she do it?"

Laura's face became beet red as applause hit her like a wall. Feeling embarrassed and slightly exposed, part of her wanted to decline and leave the stage. Although another part of her, oddly a much larger part, wanted to stay and find out what would happen. Laura steeled herself, resolving to see it through and pushed what she could of the stage fright away. From the audience, Alan thought she looked like she might faint.

“Let’s do it!” Drake cheered. Leaving Laura’s side he grabbed a large black piece of fabric from his pile of props. Situating it in his hands he continued, “Laura, I do have to warn you, your date tonight is going to lose his mind after this trick.”

Laura giggled along with the laughs from the crowd, remembering how much of a boob-man Alan had always been. Plus he had been eating up her cleavage all night. She watched closely, full of anxiety, as Drake King wrapped the blanket over her front and around her shoulders, covering everything from her neck down. While doing so he leaned in and whispered, "Don't worry, my dear, it's all just smoke and mirrors... Have fun with it!" He said, before situating a small microphone around her ear.

Laura nodded nervously, feeling slightly more assured and calmer than before. *He’s right, this is all just in fun; I should enjoy it and the story I’ll get out of it!*

Drake stood back, presenting Laura’s covered body. “Now, Laura, did you have the pleasure of growing up on a farm?”

"Uh-uh..." she replied over the speakers, no actual words coming to mind. Her vision felt like it was half blocked out.

Drake chuckled, “Well that’s no matter... But surely you know what sound a cow makes?”

She looked at him with a confused look on her face and he nodded gently. "Moo?" she asked.

The front of the cover fluttered over Laura’s bust, seeming to rise up and out by a few inches. “*Oh!*” Laura gasped, her head looking downward instantly. The audience burst into laughter and applause as they saw her swelling projected onto the large screen.

“I’m sorry, one more time... What sound does a cow make?” Drake asked, dramatically leaning in and cupping a hand to his ear.

“M-M-Moo!” Laura cried out in the microphone. “*O-Ooooohh!!*”

Her groans filled the auditorium as her breasts seemed to inflate larger under the blanket, the bottom hem rising higher off the ground from her bust requiring more fabric.

“Audience! What sound does a cow make?” Drake boomed.

“*MOOOOO!!*” the crowd yelled back. Alan would have joined in too, had he not been mesmerized by his wife’s ballooning tits.

Drake laughed, his trick playing out famously, standing back and presenting Laura to the crowd. As if a release valve had been opened, two enormous spheres looked to be expanding under the black cover. Her eyes opened wide and her jaw dropped in disbelief, her hands hovering just inches away from the sides of her chest as they expanded outwards. “*A-Ahh!*” she cried out, much to the joy of every man watching, even some women.

“Look at her go!” Alan heard someone exclaim behind him.

“*MOO!! MOOOOO!!*” the crowd chanted.

Each time Laura’s mammaries engorged fuller and fuller. She grunted, feeling a pressure pressing against her breasts under the cloth. However Drake King was doing this, it felt incredibly real to her. Her dress had pulled tight against her back and around her waist, even riding up her legs. “I-It’s still going!!” she gasped over the speakers.

The tops of her breasts rose higher, pushed up by her dress. The cloth mounded, rising above her shoulders and even pressing into her chin as it began to look as if Laura was trying to hide two large beach balls under the cover. Her legs became unsteady and she started to wobble, Drake taking notice.

He stepped forward, gripping the cloth where it wrapped around her shoulder. “Ladies and gentlemen, I present to you, your newest local dairy producer!” He tore at the blanket, ripping it away to reveal a sight that Alan had honestly only dreamed of.

Laura stood on the stage, her arms flared out to her sides in surprise. Her face looked wracked with disbelief, her eyes unable to comprehend the absolute chasm of heaving cleavage that blocked her view of the stage and half the audience. Her tits had blown to enormous proportions, each as full and round as a beach ball and packed so tightly into her dress that it looked fit to explode at the seams and burst apart. Her neckline dug into their curves, making them bulge into tall ovals and fold over into a record-breaking amount of quad-boob. Alan couldn’t help but swallow, his throat suddenly feeling very dry, when he saw two bumps the size of soda cans under the straining red fabric, accentuated by dark, growing wet spots that were spreading across her bust. Licking his lips and shifting in his seat, he realized that Laura’s over-engorged boobs were leaking. Two curves of bright pink were peeking over her neckline, her plate-like areolas too large to conceal. With each breath she took they rose higher, becoming more exposed.



The audience exploded into applause, cheers, and whistles. Someone threw a pink bra onto the stage, landing at Drake’s feet. Even he seemed surprised at the effectiveness of his trick.

“One last time, Laura; *what does a cow say??*”

"M-M-Moo!" she stammered, hypnotized by the jiggling mounds on her body. Only the tops of her breasts moved, the rest too tightly packed under the dress to shift. Instantly her dress strained and her breasts shook, her cleavage rising higher than ever. "A-Ahh!!" she moaned, her hands now flying to their sides and pressing inwards. The pressure she felt inside of her chest was incredible, and she hoped the audience couldn't see how wet her crotch was getting through her dress.

“‘Moo’ indeed!” Drake boomed. He raised a hand and loudly snapped his fingers, Laura suddenly feeling something very different.

The two dark patches quickly grew before a few tiny streams of liquid starting to leak from her front. In an instant they increased their rate of flow, starting to gush out enough to drench the stage and those in the first few rows. Laura continued to press onto the sides of her breasts, urging the milk out with soft gasps of pleasure.

“Woah, watch out, folks in the front rows! This is why your tickets had ‘splash zone’ written on them!” Drake laughed gleefully.

“Ohhh... *Ooohhhhh*...” Laura groaned, squeezing her tits empty. The entire front of her dress was drenched in milk and she stood in a puddle of white.

As her cleavage receded back to its natural state and her distended, globe-like breasts withdrew back to her D cups, Drake took one of her hands and held them up, saying, “Let’s give a big hand to Laura, everybody!” He laughed and then said, “Bet you didn’t know you had it in you, huh?”

N-No!" Laura giggled. With so much weight gone she felt light on her feet. Everything seemed hazy, the entire experience feeling like a dream, She had to keep looking down at her over-stretched dress to reassure herself that it was a reality. The overtaxed dress began to slide down her body, now unable to stay up, and she had to wrap an arm across its front to keep her body from being revealed. Laura thought it felt like trying to keep a loose, wet towel wrapped around you in front of countless people itching to see your chest.

“Feel free to send your dry cleaning bill to me, I’ll be happy to take care of it,” Drake told her, helping her off the stage. Alan was there at the bottom of the steps to take her hand, more proud and aroused by his wife than he had been in a long time.

“How do you feel??” he asked her immediately, those nearby turning their heads to watch the woman with the ballooning milk tits walk past.

“T-That...was incredible...” she said slowly, “I can’t even *try* to explain it, Alan...!” Laura giggled, still fighting to keep her dress up. “It felt so...so real...”

"You've been a great audience tonight!" Drake said on the stage, taking a bow in the middle of the milk puddle. "I'll be available afterward for pictures and autographs!"

Laura and Alan hardly heard him at all and were one of the first people out of the auditorium, eager to return home to the privacy of their bedroom.

The next morning, Laura and Alan slept in until 11 o'clock. Few things felt more relaxing to her than staying in bed on a Saturday morning after a long night of intense sex. And last night had been some of the most intense sex Laura and Alan had ever experienced. The way Alan had torn her dress off still sent chills down her back. The thought that her husband might enjoy having her breasts blown up to heaving milk jugs had honestly never occurred to her, but now she wished it had sooner; her nipples hadn't gotten attention like that in what felt like years.

Laura shifted in bed, groaning in a sleepy fog. She turned over onto her stomach to try and usher herself back into dreamland but winced as she lay on her chest. They felt sore and tender, like muscles the day after a hard workout at the gym.

Slowly she lifted the covers to reveal her trim body, still naked from the previous night's festivities. Her boobs greeted her on top of her torso, wobbling slightly in a fullness that matched the soreness she felt. Gently she cupped them in her hands, massaging them to help relieve some of the sensitivity. Post-sex boobs were no mystery to her and a little swelling was common. Laura smiled, remembering how hard Alan had been sucking her nipples as if he was trying to get some milk leftover from the show. Of course, there was no dairy of hers to be found; it had all just been a magic trick.

Thinking back to her time on stage, Laura smiled slightly. Regardless of how embarrassing it felt to be displayed in such a way for an audience, it had been a complete rush of arousal for Laura. She began massaging her chest slower and more sensually, feeling her crotch becoming wet deeper below the sheets.

They do seem kind of big..., she thought, noticing how her fingers sank into their fleshy depths. Cupping them again she saw how her palms couldn't contain even half of their surface. *Another growth spurt maybe?*

Alan rolled over next to her, the sheets sliding off him to reveal his morning wood. Laura felt a sexual pang of hunger inside her loins at the sight of his hardened member and felt her nipples harden against her hands.

Sly as a cat, she gently guided her groggy husband onto his back before slipping one thigh over her hips.

"*Ngh...*" Alan grunted, feeling his wife's body brushing against his own and shifting the mattress.

Laura continued on; he had always been a heavy sleeper. With nimble hands she reached under her hips to grasp his cock, feeling its iron-like firmness along his shaft. Looking down to try and get a view of it in her hands, Laura was oddly aroused by the realization that her mammaries were blocking her view.

Biting her lip and in one swift motion, Laura positioned her hips above Alan's upright cock and slid herself down its length, gasping in pleasure as she felt herself stretch to accompany his head and girth. Ever so gently she started to rise and fall in a smooth motion, feeling him moving in and out of her.

"*Nngh... W-Wha...?*" Alan asked, waking up. It didn't take long before his mind totally snapped to an awake state, his eyes opening to see his wife riding him with a pair of knockers at least two cup sizes larger than usual.

Laura saw his eyes open and before he could speak, she said, "Mmmmm... Good morning, Lover..." She gazed down at his mesmerized face, noticing his eyes locked onto her bust.

"I'll say it is!" he said, grabbing her by the hips. She cried out as he pulled her hips down into his, thrusting his cock deeper inside. He couldn't take his eyes off of her tits, and as she began to ride him harder they started to jiggle more and more.

"Y-You know... I woke up this morning, a-and I swear my tits were bigger..." Laura moaned. Her hands traveled up her sides and groped them as if they were exotic fruits.

Smiled, her husband replied, "Heh, no complaints here." Alan sat up and wrapped his arms around her slender midsection to pull her in close. He buried his face between her breasts and she pressed them together as if to smother him. He revealed in their soft warm skin rubbing against him, their supple depths seeming to envelop his whole being. They were definitely bigger.

One of his hands left her butt and joined her in groping her chest, squeezing it greedily. As a result, and to his surprise, Laura's hips started gyrating and bouncing furiously. She started to pant, her boobs bouncing off her front in their full F cup glory. "A-Alan...! I-I'm...I'm getting close..." she warned as if it were a bad thing. "I-I'm gonna...gonna come!"

Alan had to think for a moment about what she meant. Looking up from his spot between her cleavage, he saw her face contorted into a blushing look of ecstasy, her eyes shut while her mouth gaped open to release soft and quick squeals of pleasure. Laura had never been this quick to please.

Quickly, Alan squeezed one of her swollen tits and brought a nipple to his mouth and started to suck furiously at the nipple that resembled the end of his index finger.

"A-Ahhh!!!" Laura gasped, feeling the suction against her nipple and areolas. She shivered against his body, feeling the heat building inside of her. "A-Alan...! I-I'm gonna...I'm gonna... *Ooohhh here it comes!!*"

Their hips smacked together loudly, his dick sliding into her as deep as he could bear it. Alan could feel himself reaching the edge as well, Laura's intensity urging him forward. Flexing his cock inside of her, he thrust as her thighs clamped down on his and her hands pulled his head into her heaving breast.

"I-I'm about to....!!" Laura cried out. Feeling the head of his cock pulse to its largest inside of her and her nipple dancing with his tongue, her head flew back and her mouth opened wide when her body was overcome by a toe-clenching orgasm. Laura cried out loudly, "*M-MOOO!!*"

Alan came inside of her, feeling their bodies shake together in release. Her nipple seemed to throb inside his mouth, her breasts heaving against his head and filling his hands. They seemed to bulge into his hands more with each stuttering breath she took, her heartbeat strong even through their jiggling masses.

After a few minutes of feeling her pussy clenching and squirming around his cock, Laura released her iron grip on her husband, letting him fall back into bed and look up at his wife. She

looked tired, her blonde hair matted against her sweaty face. Alan could swear her chest looked even larger now, their pale surfaces flushed pink in excitement.

He chuckled, seeing her sleepy satisfied eyes catch his gaze. "Moo, huh?"

Laura winced a little at the sound. "Yea, sorry. I don't know what came over me..." Leaning over, she kissed Alan, tentatively sliding up his shaft. "Must have still been excited by the show last night, I guess!"

"Mmmm, well no objections here," Alan accepted, "Think you might still have a little milk in the tanks, though." He motioned towards her breasts, hanging off her front and pressing into him like rounded pillows.

She followed his eyes, her own widening when she saw their full forms pressing together between their bodies. Straightening up, she hefted them in her hands and bounced them as if to test their authenticity. "What...is this?" she said softly.

Alan chuckled, seeing his wife's confused look. "Moo."

Again she winced, her hands clenching a little into her swollen mounds. "Ah!" she gasped. She wrapped her arms across her front, somewhat self-conscious about her unannounced growth spurt. They were large enough that a good portion of underboob flowed out from below her covering arm.

Alan saw her mood change and decided to stop teasing her. "Sorry, thought we were still doing it."

"D-Don't be sorry! They just feel a bit off today is all... Seeing them so big last night must have really messed with my mind!" Laura wrapped her arms tighter around her bust, somewhat worried about how much she could feel their sizes pressing into her forearms and biceps. "Think I might take a shower..."

"Ok, I'll jump in after!" Alan agreed.

Laura released one arm to steady herself on the bed, slowly slipping free of Alan's cock. As always, she loosed a soft gasp when it slid out of her, like a small bow on top of a wrapped present.

Still covering her chest, she blew him a kiss and closed the door to the bathroom and jumped in the shower. As he heard the water start to flow, Alan relaxed and reveled in the memory of the way his wife looked perched on top of him and the way her swollen tits had bounced with each movement.

Meanwhile, inside the shower, Laura was inspecting her body closely. "What is going on...?" she asked, tracing her fingers over the width of her bust. They were bigger. Obviously bigger; nearly twice their normal size. The thought worried her, images of the previous night flooding her head. It had been fun as a trick, but only as that: a trick. Now, standing in the shower with a moment to inspect herself, her bloated chest seemed much more of a reality and much more of a cause for concern. There were no smoke and mirrors here, and Drake King was nowhere to be found.

They jutted off her otherwise petite frame like mountains, pale veins now even making a few rare appearances. She wasn't used to them being this size or the way they hung off her like two rounded bobbing balloons. Running a soapy hand between them and over their tops, she was

amazed at how soft and smooth her skin felt. A twinge of tenderness was still present, almost akin to pressure inside of them.

Laura continued on with her shower. Washing up in her usual fifteen minutes, she exited and wrapped a towel around herself, frowning when she saw that the top two corners wouldn't meet across her bust; the towel wasn't wide enough. Laura bit her lip, more worry seeping into her chest. "Something's not right..." she said quietly.

The door to their bedroom opened and she called Alan, "You're up!"

Her husband jumped out of bed still smelling of sex and joined her in the bathroom. "You left some hot water for me, rig--"

The words caught in his throat when he saw Laura standing at the mirror. Her usual towel was barely hanging on, the top of it digging into her chest enough to make her bulge out of the top. It looked like it would come unraveled should she breathe in even slightly, the rest of her body on display as the towel flared open the lower it got.

"I-I know, you don't need to say anything..." Laura said timidly, seeing Alan looking at her bound chest. "I-It's just a little swelling, ok? C-Can you not stare?"

Alan quickly averted his eyes, wanting to keep her happy. She had always been somewhat self-conscious about her body, but this as a new level of shyness even for her. It was like she was trying to hide her growth. "Ok, yea, sure," Alan complied, "I'll be in the shower."

Letting the water run over his face and body, he listened to Laura going about her usual morning routine. Through the steamy shower door, he saw her drop her towel, revealing a chest that looked even more massive than it had in bed. It reminded him of last night and when the black cover had just started to lift up and away from her breasts.

She disappeared into their closet and Alan went back to his business, soaping his hair and closing his eyes. Minutes passed and he could hear Laura moving around by the vanity, out of his line of sight. Over the sound of the water, he heard her turn on the blow dryer to do her hair. He found himself imagining her up on stage with tits like beach balls, thinking, *Damn, should have gotten a picture! Or better yet, a video! Never going to see something like that again...*

"AHH!"

A piercing shriek filled the bathroom and the hairdryer turned off, hitting the ground in a loud clatter. Alan jumped into action, throwing open the shower door hard enough to almost break the glass, running into the bathroom still soapy.

Laura was standing in front of their vanity, wearing jean shorts and a white tank top that was fitting around her much tighter than usual, cleavage stretching the neckline and armholes open. Her hands were groping her bust, her mouth hanging open wide in fear as she fingers dug into their firm flesh.

"What?? What is it?!" Alan asked.

"I-It's my tits!" Laura cried out. She turned to Alan, her gaze never looking up from her cleavage. Slowly her palms fell away to reveal her ample chest, two wet spots forming on the white fabric, one over each of her nipples. "A-A-Alan... I'm...I'm leaking!" she gasped, small white droplets falling from her palms.

He didn't know what to do. Obviously, there was something happening inside his wife's bosom, filling it fuller with milk, but he had no explanation as to why. Only the magic show from the night before came to mind, but that explanation was too outlandish to account for it what they were seeing. "Are you all right?" he finally asked.

"Do I look all right?? My boobs are blowing up, Alan! I-I'm leaking milk like a loose milk jug cap!! O-Oh, God... They feel so full..." Laura moaned.

Alan had to agree; her boobs looked as big as her head now, much larger than they had when he had woken up to them on top of him not even an hour ago. The wet spots slowly grew larger, the color of her nipples coming through the white fabric.

"Alan...??" Laura asked, looking up at him with pleading eyes. "W-What's happening...to me...?"

"I-I don't know," he said flatly. It all seemed too dreamlike.

"Well don't just...*nnggh*...stand there! P-Please, we have to get help, o-or...something! They're getting tighter, Alan... I'm *filling* with milk!"

He gulped, the shower still running behind him. Despite the situation, he could feel himself getting hard. Laura saw this and glared at him.

"This is turning you on?! *My breasts are blowing up like balloons and you're getting a hard-on?!?*"

"I'm sorry!" he apologized. Turning off the water, Alan grabbed a towel and dried off the soap and water.

He went to stand by her side but she shrunk away from him. "P-Please, don't touch them..." She looked down at them, her face flushing red. "They're so big... T-They're getting *too* big, Alan..."

"What do you want to do? Hospital?"

Laura thought for a moment, looking down at her creeping neckline. "No... We can't afford a bill like that. And they don't really hurt, but there is a pressure." She looked at him, worry in her eyes. "You don't think...that they could...you know..."

"No! Whatever is happening, there's an explanation. You're sure this isn't some kind of *woman* thing?"

Laura looked at him with contempt in her eyes, "No, Alan, breasts tripling in size and leaking milk over the course of an *hour* is not some *woman* thing."

He looked away, embarrassed. "Just thought I would check..."

Milk dripped from her breasts and fell to the floor, a small stream forming. "S-Shit!" Laura wrapped her arms over her bust to cover them, her face flushing red. She noticed Alan looking at them and said, "Please stop staring... I feel like you're watching me go to the bathroom or something... The leaking is freaking me out. A-And they're *way* too big for my body now; I feel like I'm turning into some kind of big-boobed freak!"

"You're not!" Alan protested, "You're as beautiful as ever."

Laura giggled. "Always the boob-man..." She winced, her tank top sliding over her nipples. They hardened and prodded out in hard pink cylinders. "Ooooh, what am I going to do?! I'm still growing!"

"The magician, let's go see him! He's here through tonight!" Alan suggested.

"You want to *personally* meet with a famous magician and ask him why my *boobs* are *filling* with *milk*?" Laura raised an eyebrow at her husband.

"This is exactly like what he did last night for the trick! Just slower."

"That was a stage trick!"

"Do you have a better idea or explanation?"

Laura was silent for a moment, the sound of her leaking the only break. "No..." she finally admitted.

"Then we have to get to him."

"He's going to be behind security and everything! And we can't afford a backstage pass."

"We'll have to figure it out," Alan urged.

"I-I guess..." Laura said, not looking forward to talking to a stranger about her actual breasts or their growth. She winced again, a surge of growth pushing her up a cup size. "Ok ok, let's go. I think I'm pushing J cups with these things. Let me get something better on first."

Laura disappeared into the closet, pulling off her tank top. With some grunting, Alan heard a bra snap against her body and she came back out blushing. "T-This is the largest I have... But it'll absorb some of the milk at least..."

An E cup bra was cradling her mammaries as best it could, their lactating sizes overflowing it far too obviously. More of her nipples were visible over the cups than were hidden and a pornstar amount of cleavage was being pushed up to just a few inches below her collarbones.

"P-Please don't stare..." Laura begged, "I feel like a bloated cow..." She put the tank top back on, stretching it over her bust, and then followed with the largest flannel button-up she had. Usually, it was meant to be a nightshirt, but now the top fit her almost perfectly. The buttons just reached over her chest, the rest of it tenting out from her body to slightly reveal her tummy.

She inspected herself in the mirror and nodded bashfully. "Ok, I think this will hide me. F-For now at least..." Turning to look at Alan, ignoring the erection still pointing towards her, she continued, "Was Drake King doing any daytime performances?"

"I think there was a 2 o'clock," he answered.

Laura looked at the clock on the wall. "12:30... Perfect, he'll be in his dressing room I'll bet. We can make it! Come on."

Together they left for the second time in twenty-four hours for the auditorium, but this time with a very different, much more urgent goal in mind.

Alan was parking the car an hour before Drake's show was scheduled to start and the situation under Laura's shirt hadn't improved. In fact, it had only burgeoned, her bust inching out towards the dashboard to her horror. Every bump that made the car jostle made her whimper slightly and grip the center console for support, her breasts wobbling back and forth. Their growth wasn't slowing, and by the time Alan was opening her door they had begun to resemble

volleyballs hidden under her flannel. Small windows between each button were opening up, peeks of her white tank top on display.

“W-We have to hurry...” Laura gasped, “I can feel them still filling!” She blushed a deep red when she stood out of the car, a passing couple noticing her enormous chest. “People are going to see!” she protested while trying to cover herself, “We couldn’t have parked closer??”

“We’ll get towed if we park any closer without a pass, come on we’ll rush you inside.” Alan took her hand and helped steady her steps.

“How are we going to get in? We don’t have tickets...”

“I saw a catering van parked in the back when we drove by, maybe we can sneak in with a server?”

“That onl--*woah!*” Laura tripped on a crack in the pavement, her increasing weight carrying her forward and causing her to fall. Alan caught her, an arm pressing against her bust. It was the first time he had touched them since their sex that morning and he couldn’t believe how tight and firm they felt, nor the amount of heat coming off them. “A-Ah!” Laura cried out, drawing attention.

“Sorry, sorry!” Alan apologized, helping her back on her feet and retracting his arm.

“D-Don’t be, they’re just a lot more sensitive... My nipples feel like strawberries they’re so big...” Laura blushed a bright red.

“Your shirt was damp...” Alan told her, wiping his arm off.

“Don’t remind me... As I was saying,” Laura said, trying to keep calm, “That only works in movies.”

They rounded a corner to the back of the building and saw the van Alan had mentioned. The door the backstage was propped open, the back of the van revealing a stack of serving pans. “You were saying?” Alan smiled triumphantly.

Making sure nobody was nearby, Alan grabbed a stack of tablecloths and handed them to Laura, placing part of them on her chest like a shelf. “M-Mmm...” she whimpered, feeling their weight press into her engorged jugs.

“Sorry, but they’ll help hide you,” Alan explained.

Laura nodded and wrapped her arms over the cloths, holding them to her bust. Grabbing a pan covered with foil, Alan led the way into the building with Laura following heavily behind him. Inside was a long white-bricked hallway lined with different equipment. A man stood by a door at the end of the hall and as they approached Alan could read a sign that said ‘Backstage’ and that the man was working security.

“More food,” Alan announced nonchalantly.

The security guard looked him over and turned to Laura. She smiled weakly, feeling her milk leaking into the tablecloths. Wordlessly he opened the door and let them pass, closing it behind them.

“Wow... I can’t believe that worked!” Laura exclaimed.

“It’s all about confidence,” Alan smiled. Truthfully he was surprised as well, but grateful. They were one step closer. “Here, we can put this stuff down here. Someone will notice it.” He set his food down on a nearby table and helped Laura with the table clothes.

He hefted them in surprise, his hand becoming wet when he grabbed underneath them. "They're soaked!" he cried out. He looked at Laura and followed her gaze downward.

Her chest looked bulbous and round, even the oversized flannel shirt now doing very little to hide her swollen size. The few buttons positioned directly over her tits looked ready to pop, and a large wet splotch covered their curves. The outline of the tops and sides of her overflowing boobs pressed into the fabric, bulging out her collar and space under her arms as cleavage pushed upwards to her collarbones and into her sleeves.

"O-Oooh no... A-Alan, look at me! I-I'm getting way, *way* too big! They're not stopping!" she wailed, her hands lightly pressing on them. Alan was sure he heard a sloshing sound come from her and both of their faces paled. "Please don't let anyone see me like this," Laura begged, "They're like basketballs... W-What if I see somebody I know??"

Alan nodded but didn't know if he could fulfill her request. He might as well be trying to hide a woman pregnant with triplets. "I'll do my best, but we have to keep moving. Drake should be around here somewhere."

Alan looked around the hallway trying to find some clue. Down the hall and around the corner he heard a door close and a female voice say, "Thanks, Tony!" The sound of high heels echoed and a woman appeared, turning into their hallway and thankfully going in the opposite direction.

"I think that might have been Drake's stylist," Alan assumed from her outfit, "We should go that way."

"O-Ok, but we need to h-hurry... I'm about to blow a button I think!"

Alan strode as confidently as he could around the corner, certain he would meet another security guard, apparently named Tony. Sure enough, a large man stood in front of a door with a sign that read 'Performers'.

Laura hid behind her husband shyly, not wishing to expose herself to a stranger. Alan felt her milky boobs pressing into his back and she hugged his arm lightly. She felt impossibly firm pressing into him, like over-inflated basketballs filled with thick creamy dairy. Even her nipples prodded into his ribs like two thumbs.

"Can I help you?" Tony asked, eyeing Laura hiding behind Alan.

"We're here for an appointment with Drake King," Alan responded.

"You're not on the list."

"You don't even know our names!"

"Trust me, I know the list, and you two are *definitely* not on it. And Drake doesn't have any appointments. Though what he does have is a show in forty-five minutes." Tony was firm and direct. Alan guessed he was most likely Drake's personal bodyguard, not just appointed by the auditorium.

"Please, we need to see him! It's an emergency!"

"Then call the cops or an ambulance, cause you're not gettin' through me."

"We have to--"

"A-Alan...!" Laura squeaked.

Turning slowly towards his wife, Alan could see a deeply concerned look filling her eyes as they looked down at her bust.

“What the--” Tony began, now seeing Laura fully.

Her tits were straining the flannel to its limit, the buttons beginning to stretch their stitches as her boobs billowed out bigger than beach balls. Milk was dripping on the floor around her and a generous portion of flesh-filled tank top was bulging out of the button windows.

"A-A-Aaaaalaan!!" Laura cried out, "I-I'm about...about to..." Her front gurgled and sloshed as her breathing came out in pants and gasps.

POP!

POP!

Two of the top buttons popped from her front, an enormous amount of cleavage flowing outwards as if a dam had broken. Laura stood slack-jawed, her hands afraid to touch herself.

"Oooh they're still growing, they're still growing! A-Alan, please! I-I'm gonna *burst* at this rate!"

Tony started to laugh, clapping. "Hey, I know you! You're that lady from last night! With all the milk!"

"Listen, we just need to get past!" Alan pleaded.

Tony ignored him, "That was great! I watched from backstage! Moooooo!! Remember?" he laughed.

"A-A-AhhhhhhhhhHHH!!!" Laura suddenly screamed, her hands now clutching her bosom. She looked like a hose had been released inside of her, each breast blowing up to mind-boggling sizes. "It's gonna rip, i-it's gonna *riiiiip!!*" she cried.

Tony stopped laughed, his eyes fixing on Laura's milky tits as they ballooned. A tear formed under her arms and across the front under a button that refused to burst. Slivers of her tank top were showing through the holes, widening with each breath and ounce of milk, streams running down her shirt and legs.

"Please, we have to see him!" Alan begged. Tony didn't seem to hear.

Suddenly the door behind him opened to reveal Drake King, dressed in the same outfit as the previous night and his mustache as styled as ever. "What is all this noise??" he questioned. The sight outside his door made him grow quiet.

"Please!" Laura yelled, "You have to stop the milk! M-My clothes won't last m-much longer, and my skin feels...feels so *full and tight!!!*"

"You, you're that woman from last night!" Drake said, "Surely this is a prank. Did Criss Angel send you? He's never approved of the whole 'moooo' joke."

"AHHHH!! NO NO NONONO!!! NO MORE MOOING AND NO MORE MIIIIILK!!!"

Laura screamed. Her chest surged outwards like two airbags, blowing past beach balls and inflating to new undiscovered sizes. Her flannel shirt tore apart in an instant, its support leaving her tits to fall against her stomach in a heavy, wet slap. The tank top had ridden up her waist, stretched completely over her tits like a cheap sports bra. The only thing supporting Laura's udders was her tortured bra, digging into her sides and shoulders and forming deep bulging trenches along the tops and sides of her chest. It wasn't even large enough to cover her areolas, her nipples alone enough to fill out its E-sized cups.

Laura looked up in fear, terror, and anger, glaring at Tony and Drake King. "*LET US IN BEFORE MORE THAN JUST MY FUCKING SHIRT EXPLODES!! OR ARE YOU WAITING FOR ME TO FLASH YOU WITH MY GIANT UDDERS?!*"

Gulping, the magician stepped backward into a large dressing room and quickly waved his hands in. "Yes, of course! C-Come in!"

Alan drew one of Laura's arms over his shoulder and helped her into the room, her breasts needing to squish together to fit through the doorway.

Drake motioned for his bodyguard, "Tony, don't let anyone in. If I'm not out in thirty minutes the show is canceled. I need to deal with this."

Tony paled, fearing to have to pass on this information, but nodded nonetheless before the door closed.

"Drake, you have to fix her chest!" Alan demanded, grabbing him by the shoulders.

"I-I-I don't know what's going on!" he stammered, even the great showman Drake King becoming flustered.

Laura fell to her knees in the middle of the room, her milk-laden weight too great to bear any longer. "Oh... *Ooohhhh!*" she moaned loudly. "Please, *do something!!* My tits feel like they're going to burst with all this milk inside of them!!! *What did you do to me?!*"

The two men backed up towards the door, the woman's mammaries billowing out. Her bra drew tightly into them like a belt around a balloon, the thin cotton of her tank top becoming nearly see-through. The shoulder straps pulled tight, creating deep ravines into her jiggling mountains of milk.

"S-Something...Something is about...about to happen!" Laura yelled. She arched her back, feeling her breasts shake from the building pressure. A sharp sound cut through the air, her bra snapping at the clasp and shooting into a limp form on top of her bust and a dull *TWANG* echoing hollowly inside her tits like milk drums being slapped. In an enormous avalanche of flesh, her leaking udders fell completely without support and smacked against her bare stomach, slapping her thighs before they came to rest on the ground as large as two yoga balls. Laura's arms rested on top of them, clawing at the overly stretched tank top that was fit over them like a petite woman's sports bra might fit over a sumo wrestler. It was pulled so thin in the front that her areolas were showing all around, nipples as big as coffee mugs threatening to break through the sopping wet shirt.

"Dear lord!" Drake King exclaimed, unable to comprehend how he could have caused such a reaction. "I didn't do this! I swear on my life and my profession! I-I couldn't have! It was only a trick!"

"Does *that* look like a trick??" Alan asked, pointing to his milking wife.

Laura moaned, feeling her tits still filling larger and larger. Her cleavage extended out from her like a road between two hills, her udders beginning to press into her stomach as they ballooned underneath her, flattening from Laura's weight.

"There's so much milk inside of me!!" she cried, "I-I can't fit anymore... I..NNGH...I'm going to pop soon if...i-if they don't stop! Ooooooh, the *pressure! My skin can't take much more of this!*"

“What do we do?!” Alan yelled at the magician, his face devoid of color.

“I-I don’t--”

A gurgling sound filled the room accompanied by Laura’s gasps. “A-Alan, I-I can feel my skin stretching! I’m getting so tight...so *FULL!!* M-My feet just left the ground!”

Alan watched in awe as his wife’s rear rose into the air behind her, her boobs filling out below her into massive pillowy platforms. Veins pulsed over her surface in distinct blue paths, and her nipples flared at him and Drake like giant pink fists.

“Do *something!*” Alan ordered.

“Like what?! Last night on stage was all smoke and mirrors! None of it was real!”

“Does *this* look fake to you?!”

“*OOOOHHHHH*, guys, p-please, m-my tits...they can't take any more of this milk! God, I feel like an overblown *MILK BLIMP!!*” Laura’s tank top split in the center, a tear ripping up its stretched length. The last of the clothing maintaining any of her modesty turned to shreds in an instant, her breasts engorging into her own personal milk-bed. “I-I’m going to *BURST!!* *OOOHHH I CAN FEEL IT COMING!*”

“How do you stop the trick on stage??” Alan asked, desperate for an answer at this point. Laura looked like an overfilled waterbed.

“I-I snap my fingers, b-but it’s really just a wireless communication from backsta--”

“*DO IT!!*” Laura begged, her areolas puffing out into tight, shiny pink domes the size of car tires as the pressurized milk pushed and swirled behind them.

Drake watched as her breasts rounded out into bulbous knockers, lifting her more than six feet off the ground. Their skin began to shake and the cleavage was deep enough to hide three men. “O-Ooooh, it’s too late...” Laura panted, “I-I can’t take anymore... My tits are too *FUUUUULLL!!*”

SNAP!

Drake, shaking himself free of disbelief, snapped his fingers after having backed into the wall. A moment later, Laura’s eyes shot wide open and a deep moan escaped her lips.

“O-OooohhhhHHHAAHHHH!!!!” she screamed, her hands digging into her milk-bloated udders as they started to shake and quiver. “***I CAN’T HOLD ANY MORE MIIIIILK!!!!***”

Laura’s nipples sprang out and punched the air, swelling large enough to fill a five-gallon bucket. In an instant, milk began gushing out of them like fire hydrants, slamming Alan and Drake against the wall in the deluge. “*OOOOHHHHH I CAN FEEL IT ALL FLOWING OUT OF MEEEEEE!!*” Laura screamed in pleasure, her breasts shifting and contracting underneath her.

For a full five minutes, Laura’s tits sprayed their creamy dairy into the dressing room, hundreds upon hundreds of gallons filling its space. With each passing second, her bosom shrank, emptying and returning to her natural size. When it was finally over, Alan and the magician sat stunned in a pool of milk two feet deep, Drake’s mustache limp with lactose.

“Laura? LAURA?!” Alan yelled, getting up and splashing through milk to get to his wife. She lay against the far wall, panting heavily from one of the most intense nipple orgasms she had ever had. Alan took her in his arms as she tried to cover her bare chest, her D breasts returned.

“Are you all right??” he asked fearfully.

“I’m...I’m fine...” Laura said, tired and drained. “But if I ever...hear someone say m--” she stopped, catching herself, “I never want to hear that damn animal noise again. Not if it means lactating buckets...” She looked towards the magician, his face at a loss. “How am I supposed to live my life like this??”

Across the room, Drake stood up in the milk, dumbfounded. Slowly he looked around at the pool of Laura’s milk before replying, “My guess? Stay away from cows...”