

Tits on a Train

“God, what a day...” Claire moaned. Even the well-worn cushion of the train seat was welcomed by her rear end after the trying day at work.

As usual for rush hour, the train was fully loaded and brimming with people. It was lucky she managed to find a seat before the rush of people at the next stop. Feeling shoulders rub against her own on either side, Claire elected to ignore the bothersome crowds and take the opportunity to close her eyes rather than stare at the wall of people standing in front of her or those sitting on the other side.

The rhythmic clitter clatter of wheels on rails never failed to lull her into a calming trance. Leaning her head back against the window, she allowed her eyes to flutter closed and bring solitary darkness to her weary mind. Inhaling deeply enough to feel her blouse stretch over her bust, Claire prepared for the thirty-minute train ride home.

“OW!!”

Her eyes shot open and she bolted upright in her seat. A sharp pain had poked her right side like a stray needle. Rubbing the tender area with a gentle hand, Claire inspected those closest to her. On her left sat a man staring into the distance while a woman played with an open laptop to her right. Neither looked interested in the startled office worker. Beyond Claire’s immediate area was much the same; dreary workers only trying to make it home without falling asleep. Noone looked like they could give her the time of day.

“The hell poked me...?” Claire mumbled. The spot on her side no longer felt sore but a growing heat was radiating off her skin. An inspection of the seat itself proved fruitless in the search for a stray wire. “Maybe some kind of bug...”

The train hurtled down the track and swayed with a gentle motion. Claire fumbled in her seat slightly for balance, not feeling herself. Strange sensations flowed through her body and filling her blouse with warmth. Fanning herself with a hand, Claire leaned back into her seat and tried to stem the rush of heat.

A tinge of discomfort along her bra drew her attention to her breasts. A quick glance revealed nothing out of the ordinary from the surface, but Claire could feel her bra growing more uncomfortable with each breath.

Claire’s mind flashed with a memory more than fifteen-years-old. It was a sensation she hadn’t felt since puberty but it was unmistakable; her bra was much too small. For a teenage girl watching her body grow and develop it wasn’t uncommon to wake up one morning to find her almost-new bra completely inadequate. For a woman in her early thirties, however, feeling her bra cups pulling into her breasts on all sides was unheard of.

An ample E-cup, Claire’s bust was nothing to scoff at nor was it easy to find button-ups to hide it well enough. As she felt a bulge of soft flesh squeeze below her underwire, she was startled to see her already-form-fitting shirt grow tighter. The train rocked on the old track and sent a gentle wave through the passengers, as well as a shimmy through Claire’s bust. She was

used to the train jostling her chest around a little, but the heavy movement she felt shifting under her blouse was completely alien.

Growing more worried by the second, Claire glanced around her neighbors to see if any had noticed her staring at her own chest. None had and she decided to have another glance. Looking down, the sight of her buttons slowly opening like tiny windows made her breath catch in her throat. Cleavage she did not own stared back at her in a curvaceous line before delving into the exposed beige of her bra. The breasts staring back at Claire were not the E-cups she had come to know so well; these were a pair of melon-like tits.

“U-Uh...Uhhhh...” she whimpered softly, seeing their curves press firmly into her tightening blouse. Flesh overflowed around her bra on every turn and partly swallowed her shoulder straps. Feeling herself growing hot and her face flushing with aroused and embarrassed color, Claire had to stifle a moan as her nipples hardened inside her bra.

Wandering eyes were taking notice of the woman staring intently at her own breasts bulging out of her shirt. Most obvious were the men ogling her swelling cleavage like a crack in the Hoover Dam.

“N-Nngh...” Claire moaned, feeling her nipples engorge. A pressure was building behind them at a constant rate. The larger her skin stretched and bulged under her fighting clothes, the stronger the pressure fought against the backs of her nipples and tingling areolas.

“Are you alright?” the woman to her right asked, “You seem...” she looked at the volleyball-sized mammaries jutting off Claire’s front threatening to pop multiple buttons, “Y-You seem distressed...”

“I’m...nngh...” Claire squirmed in her seat, doing everything in her power to take small breaths and keep her clothes and modesty intact. “I’m just...j-just...fine...” she lied.

The woman inched away when Claire’s tits swelled angrily into her blouse. Flesh flowed into her sleeves and out of her flared collar like two marshmallows being squeezed. Stitches popped along her front as stress line folded across her bust like fissures.

“Do you need to pump?” the woman whispered in awe, “I have a baby at home too; I know how it can get if you can’t find time to empty them--”

“I-I don’t have a kid,” Claire grunted. Pressure was mounting against her nipples like an ocean and her growth was only accelerating. Leaning back more to counteract the immense weight bloating on top of her, she tried to add, “And I’m not...nnnghh!...l-lactati--”

POP POP POP POP

SNAP!!

All at once Claire’s bloated breasts burst through her buttons and blew her bra in two. Clothes shooting to her side, a pair of mammoth mammaries toppled freely into her lap with loud slaps against her stomach. Nipples the size of water bottle caps throbbed and pulsed with freedom before leaking fine trails of dairy.

Hands flying to cover herself only to become drenched in fluid, her eyes bulged wide. “L-L-LACTATING?!” Claire exclaimed, finishing her sentence.

“Holy *shit!*” a man gasped loudly.

Another laughed, clapping as if entertained. “That’s great! I always wondered if I would get on one of those prank shows!”

Filling with fear and milk, Claire stared breathlessly at her chest inching across her soaked lap. “I-It’s not a prank!! Somebody do something! My boobs are...*nnngh!*” She had to breath for a moment as pressure surged and milk sprayed into her hands. “M-My boobs are blowing up!!”

Although a spectacle, everyone standing in front of Claire backed away when her udders began to overflow her knees. Milk pooled on the floor and every rattle of the train sent ripples across her burgeoning chest.

“I-It’s not stopping! *What’s happening to meeee??*” she cried, unable to keep her hold on her nipples. Skin slippery with milk, her chest slid between her legs and onto the floor with a splash. Claire had grown so large she hardly needed to lean forward as her chest reached her feet on their own. Still they ballooned and sloshed.

“You’re getting my stuff wet!!” a man complained, “I should report you for indecent exposure!”

“Those puppies look pretty decent to me,” a teen laughed, recording the entire scene on his phone.

“D-Don’t just stare! *Help me!*” she begged, “T-They’re getting tighter! I’m filling with pressure! G-God, all this *milk!*!”

Panic was slowly filling the train car as the woman engorged to mammoth sizes. Arms resting across the top of her chest, she watched fearfully as they swelled and blocked the aisle. Firming flesh pushed into her legs and into her surrounded seats, shoving passengers aside with her growth.

“Somebody...S-Somebody milk me...please!” she begged, “I’m so full... I’m *SO FUCKING FULL!*”

Cleavage rising as high as her own hunched shoulders, the train held its breath as her breasts tightened and rounded into large spheres each nearly six feet across.

“Look at those veins!”

“She’s gonna *blow!*”

Those sitting across from Claire stared in shock and awe as soda can nipples inched towards their faces. Pulsing with pressure, they stood into the air atop train-filling tits. Skin becoming drum-tight, the car turned into a swarm of panic.

“I-I can’t...hold anymooooore!!” Claire yelled, “*MY BOOBS ARE TOO FULL!! NNNNGGH, I-I FEEL LIKE...OooooohhhhhhHHHH...I FEEL LIKE THEY’RE ABOUT TO...A-ABOUT TOO...AhhhhhHHHHHH!!!!*”

Milk struck the window opposite Claire like two fire hoses. It blasted against the stunned passengers and soaked them in head to toe with creamy dairy.

“Ooooooh, GOD, OOOHHH GOD!!!” Claire screamed, feeling milk surge through her glands and nipples. Her release lasted a handful of minutes before tapering off and revealing a stunned silence in the train.

Many were coughing and sputtering on her milk after having it forced into their mouths. Exhausted from the milky letdown, Claire leaned across her half-emptied breasts. Milk still flowed freely but with less force as if her nipples were erotic garden nozzles.

“H-Holy shit...” she moaned, *“What the hell happened to m--”*

“Ahhh!!” A young female intern screamed on the other side of Claire’s breasts.

“N-Nnngh!! Ooooh, my chest!!” another yelled.

“W-What’s going ooon?!”

The cries came one after another, the train filled with gasps of shock as various drenched women suddenly clutched at their bodies and felt their breasts swell against their fingers.