

## Tits on a Train Part 2

*Part 1 can be found here:*

<https://www.deviantart.com/beengineer/art/Tits-on-a-Train-839389063>

*“Oh my God what’s happening?!”*

The train was in a state of utter chaos. Claire, glad to see her lactation ended, remained large enough to fill the space in front of her seat despite a monstrous letdown of milk. She watched helplessly as every other woman within range of her torrent grew in a similar fashion.

“M-My boobs are blowing up!!” a younger girl screamed. She fell to the floor in a panic, dropping her bag and gripping her chest with both hands as her shirt pulled taut. It only took a handful of breaths for her average-sized bust to fill the garment’s confines and begin straining the buttons.

“What did you do to us?!” a woman demanded at Claire. She was one of the more unfortunate victims sitting on the other side of the train car from Claire. The woman’s feet thrashed for space under Claire’s bust. Still coughing milk from the previous release, she looked on as her cleavage rose from her tank top like a bubble. *“The hell did you do to my chest??”*

*“I-I didn’t do anything!!”* Claire tried to defend herself. *“Mine just--”*

*“The fuck you didn’t!! You turned into a giant milk tank and almost drown the train! N-Now you’re not growing anymore and...oooh...a-and we’re all...nnngh...o-oooh no!!”* The anger turned to despair as Claire’s milk took its full effect. Already wearing a push-up bra, her breasts pumped full and tight in their small confines and shot towards her collarbones.

The scene was too much to take in and comprehend. Warm dairy still dripped from the ceiling and women were blowing their tops like fireworks on the Fourth of July. The train’s conductor, many cars ahead, had no idea of the situation and the car barreled along the tracks.

*“H-Heather look at you!”* a college student gaped at her friend, *“You almost look ready to pop!”*

*“Nnnngh! O-Ohh, God... Don’t say that!”* the friend grunted, doubling over as pressure raged within her beach ball-sized udders. *“I thought you had to be pregnant to lactate!”*

Hardly a woman was left unaffected by Claire’s release and intoxicating milk. Those who had been spared, however, were desperately trying to retreat for fear of the same fate overcoming their own bodies.

Claire noticed the new mother sitting next to her was breathing long and hard. Although she had already been lactating, and no doubt full after a day’s worth of work, Claire was fearful of what it may do to her. Based on the heap of skin showing from under her shirt, she had a feeling she already knew.

*“The doors won’t open!”* someone yelled trying to exit to another car. The passengers in the neighboring cars looked on in stunned curiosity at first but were thrown into total slack-jawed confusion when they saw countless women outgrowing their tops.

“Cause the train is still moving!” A woman gripped a pole for support and allowed it to vanish between her exposed breasts. Her shirt had burst open long ago to reveal a braless bosom beneath. “W-We need to...nnngh...alert the driver!”

“Somebody pull the emergency cord!!”

The men stood around useless and dumbstruck. Never before had any of them seen so many bras straining to contain their loads nor buttons flying through the air. One of the college girls, after wrapping an arm across the front of her chest to support the growing weight, stood on wobbly legs and yanked the emergency line running along the windows.

*SNAP!*

Wide eyes amid a pale face looked at the cord dangling in her hand. “It *broke!!*”

“Damn cheap public transport!”

*“Somebody do something!! My boobs are getting too big!!”*

The inside of the train car was starting to look like a traveling band of blow-up dolls. Few women were lucky enough not to be sporting breasts at least the size of their own heads, though the majority were finding it difficult to support their own weight.

*POP POP POP POP POP!!!*

*POP POP POP!!*

*POP POP POP POP POP POP!!!*

Buttons pinged into the air like firecrackers as work blouses burst open. Horrified eyes gazed at bloating tits now turning their rounding attention to the owner’s bras.

“NnnnnNNGHH!!” the new mother groaned loudly and leaned back, her own tits exploding free of her shirt and falling between her legs. The rate of her growth exceeded even Claire’s as she flowed into the center aisle. Many were forced to move when her skin pushed against their legs and even Claire felt her chest start fighting for space.

*“T-They’re so tight!! I can’t hold all of this!!”*

The two college girls were frantic and trying desperately to maintain any sort of modesty left to them. Their school uniforms had blown apart to reveal small black bras being swallowed between bulging folds of skin.

“You’re looking...r-really full...Heather...!” one warned, cautiously pressing a hand into a tightening breast.

“D-Don’t touch it! You’re gonna make me--*Ahhh!!!*” Milk gushed from under the student’s bra in a chaotic spray and doused several other women nearby.

“Oh shit I’m sorry!!”

Gasping for breath and cheeks flushed, Heather shook her head. “N-No... I...*gah...*I-It helped... Do it--” *SNAP!! “Ahh!!”* she cried out as her bra exploded off her front to reveal leaking nipples. “D-Do it again, please!!”

The student stared at her friend’s nipples in shock but didn’t hesitate to grip them each in a fist and pull.

*“Ahhhhhhh oooooh yeeaaa!!”* she screamed, milk streaming to the floor in spattering streams. *“GOD that helps!! M-Milk ME!!”*

Other women saw this and were quick to catch on. Bras sailed across the train car as they either outgrew them or arched their backs to force an overload. Many weren't prepared when their breasts fell free without support, either crying out when their personal milk-filled beach balls fell into their laps or carried them to the floor in a jiggling heap.

The scent of warm, sweet milk was quick to fill the air as each woman tugged on their nipples as best they could.

*“T-There's so MUCH!! I can...MMMM...f-feel it flowing out of me!!”*

Space was more of a commodity by the second. Even as every girl rushed to milk themselves, it wasn't enough. Skin continued to rise and swell, filling the floor and seats of the train car with sloshing globes of dairy.

*“H-Hey watch it! You got some in my mouth!!”* a woman snapped near the back of the car. She was huddled with some of the lucky ones who hadn't fallen victim. *“What if I--NNGH!!”* She gripped at her t-shirt and soft bulges pushed against her fingers. *“S-Shit!! I'm growing!!”*

They were quick to force her from the non-lactation corner for fear of catching it themselves. With no available footing, the newly-swelling woman lost her balance and fell between the cleavage of a girl like two bean bags.

*“G-Get off!! I'm too full!!”* she cried out from the additional weight pressing on her leaking mammarys.

*“I can't reach my nipples anymooooore!!”*

*“Are you men just going to stand there and gape or are you going to fucking help us?!?! GET THIS MILK OUT BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE!!”*

The men looked like they had been given the permission they were waiting for. They grabbed the nipples nearest to them and did everything in their power to draw milk from the flesh crowding the train car.

*“H-HELP!! I'm trapped!!”*

Tightening skin was pressing against Claire on all sides. Personal space no longer existed for any of the passengers and breasts were taking on deformed shapes as they mashed against one another. No view of the floor remained, nor did much of the train car below waist level. The car was a sea of curvaceous flesh heaving among panicking women. Slick with discharging milk, the skin slid and squeaked like wet latex.

*“O-Oh, God... O-O-Oooooh...GOD...!!”* the woman next to Claire moaned. She was among the largest in the car. Between her and Claire, they commanded almost half of the available room on their own.

*“Are you Ok??”* Claire asked, watched as the woman engorged far larger than she herself had with milk.

“I-I...nnnnghh!!” The new mother stopped to pant. “I thought...I knew what being full...felt like *before!! God, this PRESSURE!!*”

“*I can’t move!!*”

“Heather stop you’re pushing on me!!”

“You think *I* can move??”

“B-But...nnnngh...you’re...ahh! H-Heather you’re blocking my nipples!!! I-I can’t release anything!!”

Passengers were falling on top of each other as their legs were forced from underneath them. Some were forced against the windows, pinned to the glass by growing walls of skin.

“*We’re running out of roooooom!!*”

“*Stop the train before we outgrow this car!!*”

“*The metal is so cold my nipples feel like FISTS!!*”

Claire’s neighbor slid up in her seat, pushed higher by her own chest. The wall of skin rising before her intimidated even Claire and the woman raised her arms to block it when it pressed her against the window. Tight screeched filled the car from wet skin rubbing across the metal ceiling. Nobody could move; the only option was to endure the pressure and deafening sloshing as the train thundered down the track.

“*I’m gonna blow I’m gonna blow I’m gonna bloooow!!*” a woman panicked.

“*Why is this happeniiiiing?!*”

Suddenly the train’s momentum tapered off. Vibrations coursed through the car and stimulated every woman aboard as nipples rubbed against drum-tight skin and pressure surged to maximum limits.

“*AaaahhhHHHHH!!!*” they all screamed in tortured ecstasy, only wanting to release their loads of dairy.

“*I CAN’T TAKE THIS ANYMOOOORE!*”

Moments later, those standing along the tracks at the station were greeted with an impossible scene. They stared on in confusion and wonder when a car stopped in front of them with flesh-pressed windows filled with curves and trapped bodies of topless women. A rising line of milk sloshed visibly against the glass in the little remaining space and muffled screams sprang from the car. Thick white fluid drained from the doors as if to issue a warning before they slid open moments later.

*WHOOOOSH!!!*

Milk gushed from the train car and drenched the loading platform, toppling multiple onlookers too stunned to react to the flood. Desperate gasps and moans filled the air from those trapped inside. Some noted the car’s roof doming upwards as if punched from the inside by a giant fist and the metal frame deforming.

Claire, cheek pressed between a window and another woman’s chest, prayed help would come soon. Milk was washing over every inch of her body and while the cries of relief from her

fellow passengers draining their contents was a welcome sign, she didn't know how to tell them she felt a revived pressure rising within her own breasts once more.