

Overproduction

Does not contain popping, but there is a lot of tightness

Tabitha's hand gripped her cell phone tightly. It had only been a few hours and already she was starting to sweat. She stared down at the cleavage stretching her v-neck to its limits; telltale veins dove between her breasts. It was past time to milk.

"Are you sure you can't come home sooner, Jordan?" Tabitha whined.

Her husband's voice came through the phone. In the background came the delighted coos of their newborn baby as well as the voices of Jordan's parents. "It's only for one more night! We'll be home tomorrow afternoon!"

It was an eternity as far as Tabitha was concerned. She cursed her work for requiring she be on call and within city limits. "O-Ok..."

"What's the rush?"

Pressure mounted beneath her shirt. It had been getting worse since day one. Unbeknownst to her, Tabitha had been cursed with the heavy burden of overproduction. Regardless of the need for additional milk, her breasts saw fit to produce dairy nonstop. She could barely remember the days when she could see her feet, or fit into an F-cup bra for that matter. Now when she looked down, all Tabitha saw were the milk-filled jugs eager to feed an entire village should the situation call for it.

Milk surged as if they sensed she was staring at them. "*M-Mmmm...*" Tabitha whimpered and wrapped an arm across her front. Today was going to be one for the record books, she could tell.

"Tabitha? What's wrong?"

"Nothing! It's--" Warmth seeped across her forearm. Pulling it away, she found a film of milk dripping over her skin. She'd sprung a leak again; her nipples couldn't hold the flood back for much longer. If she'd managed to soak through her bra, it was already too late. "*Oh damn it!*"

"What is it??"

"My stupid boobs are--"

SNAP!!

A spandex band shot around Tabitha's torso. Unsupported, her over-engorged mammaries fell to reach her belly button like hanging melons. The sudden release had enough force to almost carry her to the floor. "*Shit!!*"

"Was that a gunshot?!"

Sighing loud and heavy amid the pattering of leaking milk, Tabitha calmed her husband. "No, everything is fine... I can handle it. I just need to relax."

"You're sure?"

"Yea. Go enjoy your trip, Say hi to your parents for me."

"I will, we'll be home soon! Say bye mommy! We love you!"

A giggling child came through the phone to bring a smile to Tabitha's face. It warmed her heart until the infantile sounds forced an excited excess of milk into her breasts. Dairy all but sprayed across the room. "L-Love you too!" she managed to say before hanging up.

Tabitha tore her shirt and broken bra from her body to find both tits swollen and massive with milk. Gingerly cupping them in her hands, it wasn't hard to picture a gallon of milk resting within each one.

"The baby has only been gone for a few hours and I'm already bursting out of my bra!" A groan accompanied the dripping sounds. So much weight was a literal pain in the back. Looking around their bedroom, she spied several other bras lying in defeat. Each was smaller than the last, like a timeline of engorgement throughout her pregnancy.

"I-I thought I was big before!" Tabitha winced, picking up one of her old favorite bras. "But I really ballooned when my milk came in. Nobody told me it would be so inten--"

GUUUURGLE

SPUURT!!

Tightness spread over Tabitha's chest as she swelled several cups. Milk sprayed from her nipples moments later in large arcs, making her eyes bulge wide. "And it's *still* freaking coming!"

The newly broken bra was cast aside. It boasted the highest quality a lactating mother could want, though now it sat useless. "There goes eighty bucks..."

Grabbing her phone, Tabitha rushed to the bathroom while containing whatever leaking milk she could. A finger massaged a swollen nipple over the sink while she dialed the number of her local maternity boutique.

"H-Hello, is Carol there?" she asked, trying to sound as professional as she could with a giant udder in her hand. "Yes, I'll hold." She waited several moments until another voice appeared on the line.

"This is Carol!"

"Carol! It's Tabitha! You know, the woman with the really big--Oh good, you remember! Well I seem to have gone up a few cup sizes again and--Yup...--Uh huh...--Yea, they busted right out of it. The clasp just blew open!"

Tabitha listened impatiently to the boutique worker's response. The news wasn't what she'd hoped. "What do you mean 'they don't come any bigger'?? I'm as bloated as a blimp from milk and you're telling me I'm *too* big for a maternity bra?? Don't you *specialize* in *oversized* tits??"

There was nothing the boutique could do.

Milk draining through her fingers, Tabitha accepted her fate. "Ok... Ok, thank you anyway." The call ended with a click. "Dammit, what am I supposed to wea--*A-Ahh!*"

Her chest bloated in her hands. Any progress made in the last few minutes was undone by another wave of milk. Skin stretched in her hands and fluid swirled against her fingers. "*Nnnngh why am I always full?!*" Tabitha glared at her ever-growing boobs. "Don't you guys ever stop?!"

I've got *plenty!!*" Frustrated fingers jabbed at their taut surfaces. "Is there a pause button I don't know about?! How do I turn the milk off?!"

Hours passed and Tabitha did her best to control her overproduction. Milking herself only seemed to induce further growth, but the alternative was allowing her breasts to do as they pleased. The idea alone made ridiculous images come to mind. Now, as night fell, Tabitha sat in her husband's recliner with her arms full of her bust. Beach balls sought to fill her lap should she give them the chance. An overworked breast pump sat between her legs. It did its best to drain her nipples but sounds of distress had been coming from its tiny motor over the last hour.

Between the pump's white noise, a rerun of Fraser, and the energy her body expended to produce at such a rate, Tabitha could no longer stay awake. Slowly she drifted off into a deep slumber ignoring the constant tugging of suction on her thumb-sized nipples.

CRRRCH!!

SPUUURRT!!

SPUUURRT!!

SPUUURRT!!

It didn't last long. Tabitha's eyes popped open to find several fountains of white coming from her chest. The breast pump had failed. Its containers were full. Its hoses were overflowing. Milk sprayed from the cups at her nipples and from every seam on the contraption. Pressure was at an all-time high. Most worrying were the giant orbs of flesh filling the chair past her hips.

"Shit I overloaded the thing!!"

Tabitha tore the suction cups from her nipples and was gifted with a blast of milk over her body as the hoses regurgitated their milk. She didn't have time to worry about that. As burdensome as it was, the content of her bust was absolute gold. Tabitha carried herself to the kitchen as if lugging two atlas stones. Any container was fair game. It was a frenzy of milking herself fast enough to keep up with the letdown.

When the cupboard of empty containers proved to be not enough, Tabitha was forced to turn her attention to vessels in use. Two gallons of milk seemed the obvious place to start. Hot liquid sprayed into the jugs' mouths from swollen nipples. Tabitha had never felt more foolish than she did now, bending forward with her breasts between her legs Jordangling over empty milk jugs.

When all said and done, including mopping the floor clean of her spillage, Tabitha gazed at the two shelves full of her own milk sitting in the fridge. Emptied breasts lay across her torso. It was a relief to see them adopt a flatter shape for a change.

"Thank God..." Tabitha heaved, leaning back against a counter. "They're finally empty. Maybe now I can--"

SWEEEEEEELL

Tabitha's milk glands tingled. Staring with pleading eyes, she watched her breasts fill up and out. Her skin rounded into the air as if water balloons were inflating under her skin.

“H-Hah... Hah... Oooohhh... N-No, please no...!” Tabitha panted. She was too stunned by the rapid engorgement to react. They grew heavy and full, pulling at her shoulders. Each arm flew to grasp their bottom and her legs bent with effort. After a mountain of struggling, Tabitha’s work was undone in less than a minute. She gazed upon her refilled tits reaching beyond her pelvis.

“FUCK!! COME ON!!”

Frustrated and out of room to store the milk, Tabitha hefted her chest onto the counter near the sink. Gallons upon gallons of milk swirled down the drain before she began falling asleep while standing. By the end of it, though not empty, Tabitha resigned herself to whatever was to come. She couldn’t stay on her feet any longer.

A quick shower of white-dyed water later, she collapsed into bed. The biggest t-shirt she owned was pulled taut around her chest like a tarp. Wrapped around her nipples were two towels she hoped would capture any milk intent on leaking through the night.

Dreams of warm tsunamis and rogue waves assaulted Tabitha’s dreams. When she didn’t feel like she was drowning, she felt as though her chest was being pumped fuller and fuller. Incredible tightness ran over her body as if she were on the end of a hydrant. Looming shadows of bloated, mountainous breasts towered over her and pinned her to the ground. There was no escaping her bosom’s overzealous efforts.

Heavy eyes fluttered open halfway. Her shirt was bunched under her arms. Drenched towels were wrapped around her bare legs. In the darkness of her room, Tabitha could make out the heaving goliaths of her tits.

“F-F-Full...” she groaned.

In her dream-ridden mind, she felt she had to save the milk. Almost dragging them into the bathroom, Tabitha plugged the tub and hefted her breasts one at a time onto the edge. Torrential sprays left her soda can nipples from every meager tug from her fists. In time, Tabitha succumbed to the late hour and warm comfort of her chest. Laying across it, she fell asleep as her own weight forced milk to drain into the tub.

GRRRUUUUMMMBLE

“N-Nnngh...”

Fluid sloshed around Tabitha’s knees and feet. The pressure was back, and it was stronger than ever.

“H...H-Huh...?”

Tabitha opened her eyes to her breasts. Full and swollen, they bulged around the edge of the bath. Milk ran over the side with her sudden movement, its capacity long surpassed. Shocked hands flew to her nipples to relieve the building pressure and heat but she found only puffy nubs the size of soup bowls.

“Nnnngh!! Oooohhhh my nipples!! They’re too swollen!” Tabitha moaned. They pounded in her grasp, milky forces pushing behind them. Her milk had backed up and there was nowhere for it to go.

Tabitha didn't know what to do. She was out of options. Her nipples were far too sensitive to massage and there was nowhere left to store her precious milk. Defeated and exhausted, she dragged her breasts across the slick bathroom floor and back into bed. The mattress heaved from their weight. They forced her onto her stomach, where she knelt and sprawled across them. A single heating pad was placed on her cleavage in the hopes of soothing her swollen state.

"They can't get...much bigger..." she moaned, head slipping into her cleavage as she drifted off. "I can't possibly produce any more..."

(.Y.) (.Y.) (.Y.) (.Y.) (.Y.)

Jordan walked in the front door excited to meet the embrace of his loving wife. She was nowhere to be found.

"Tabitha...?" he called out, looking through a window to double-check her car was parked out front.

Their baby giggled excitedly in a carrier in his hand.

GRRRUUMMMBLE

"Babe?" Jordan called again, looking up when the ceiling shook above him.

A tired voice barely responded. "U-Up here..."

Jordan's hands were sweaty as he gripped the carrier on the way up the stairs. The hallway leading to their master bedroom was dark and quiet. "Tabitha? Is everything ok? What's wrong?"

A sweet smell permeated the air. The closer he drew to the closed bedroom door, the more aware Jordan became of a loud squishing under his shoes. The carpet was soaked through. "Tabitha?? Tabitha?!" he yelled, setting the carrier down while rushing to the bedroom.

"Jordan..." her voice came from the other side, "I-I think I need help... Something is wrong with me...!"

Fear gripped Jordan's chest. He grabbed the handle and pushed on the door. It wouldn't budge. "Hon, the door is locked! Can you please open it?? What's wrong?!"

GRRRUUMMMBLE

"I-I-It's not locked..." Tabitha whimpered.

The wooden door creaked against his hands. Standing back, Jordan noticed it was bowing outward.

CRACK!!

Several cracks split down the drywall. An incredible pressure was pushing from the other side. "L-Tabitha...??"

GRRRUUMMMBLE

KA-CRASH!!!

The house shook on its foundation when the floor of their bedroom collapsed. The weight of an overflowing swimming pool slammed into their downstairs living room. Such forces ran through the walls and knocked pictures to the floor. A whole new wave of sweetness rushed into the air.

“OOHHHHH!!!” Tabitha’s labored voice groaned from below.

Jordan took their baby and rushed downstairs. Everything was in ruin. Amid a pile of debris and decimated furniture, was the hulking figure of his wife. Her naked frame rested upon breasts twenty feet in diameter. Milk gushed from swollen nipples the size of monster truck tires. At such a size, he realized she must have filled every nook and cranny of their bedroom before it finally gave out.

“L-Tabitha!! What happened to you?!”

She panted atop her chest, massaging what she could and fighting the engulfing cleavage swallowing her body. Staring with pleading eyes, she was desperate for relief. “I-I can’t milk them fast enough, Jordan! *They’re just not stopping!*”