

Full for the Holidays



“Come on, Mary! We gotta go! He’ll be fine!” Kent called from the back of the car.

“I know... But...” The brunette stared at her one-year-old son. It would be their first time apart since birth. Struggling to leave his side, Mary placed several kisses on his head. “You be good for grandma and grandpa, ok, Ralphy?? I love you!”

The baby yawned with indifference. It was nap time.

Mary’s parents cradled the child lovingly. “We won’t take our eyes off this little bundle of love,” her mother promised. “Go have a nice trip. We’ll be right here when you get back.”

“Thank you so much for watching him...” Mary said softly, not ready to leave despite her husband’s insistence.

“It’s our pleasure. Now go! You don’t want to get caught in that snowstorm!”

“Ok... Ok... Mommy will be back in a few days, ok??” she assured. “Be good!”

With final waves, Mary and Kent piled into their sedan and set out on the road. It wasn’t long before Mary’s emotions bubbled to the surface.

“Ohhhhhh... I miss him already... He’ll be ok, right??”

Kent patted her thigh and gripped her hand. “He’ll have a great time with your folks. And *we’ll* have some great quality alone time to ourselves for the first time in a year.”

Mary squeezed his hand in return. “You mean alone time with your parents. It will be good to see them, though.” It was hard to leave her child even for a few days, but personal time was exactly what she needed after such a hectic year. “It’s going to be wonderful. Even if we can’t enjoy it the *right* way.”

“Well... We *could*...” Kent hinted at sex only to have his hopes dashed.

“Sorry, honey. You know we can’t for a little bit. Soon, though. I promise. And I promise it will be explosive.”

Kent nodded in understanding. Times had been hard since Ralphy’s arrival. With both of them taking on new parenting roles, they found their lives turned upside down with no room to spare for themselves. Both felt as though this was the first time they’d had a chance to breathe. The short holiday jaunt would be their chance to enjoy several full nights of sleep in a year.

As Ralphy approached his first birthday, Mary had deemed this the perfect time to wean him and dry her milk supply. It was an event Kent had dreaded since seeing lactation’s incredible effects on his wife, but he knew the milky curse was a burden. Even if he enjoyed her enhanced assets, he wanted Mary to be comfortable.

He turned toward the onramp. “Alright, last check; do we have everything?”

“It’s all here,” Mary confirmed after a quick look at their baggage in the back. An empty car seat clenched at her heart. “Everything except for Ralphy...”

“He’ll be fine! They’re probably playing with his toy trucks right now and he’s giggling away.”

Mary was struggling not to let her emotions get the better of her. “I-I miss him already... Do you think--*Nngh*...”

“You good?”

She breathed and massaged the side of her breasts. They were tender against her fingers. “Yea... We just left in such a hurry that I didn’t have time to pump.”

Kent found it difficult to keep his eyes on the road while Mary removed her sweater. As much as he enjoyed seeing her in the soft blue fabric, he much preferred the tight concert-tee she had on underneath. The stretched fabric hugged her torso like paint. Outlines of her bra showed through the band’s logo and the top halves of her breasts pushed into the fabric to show significant overflow. Coupled with a pair of loose pajama pants, she was the perfect combination of comfy and sexy.

Mary struggled to adjust her bra through the garment. *“God, no one tells you how full your tits get when you start weaning...”*

“That’s why we brought your pump. You were planning on having to use it at least once in the car anyway, right?”

“Doesn’t make it any easier...” Mary grumbled. “It’s hard enough when I’m in bed. Doing it in a shaking, vibrating car is a different story.”

A sly smile crept over Kent’s face. “Need a pair of lips? I know a willing volunteer. And he’s always thirsty.” Excited at their approaching time together, he extended an arm to gently cup an engorged breast. It was hot through her shirt and his finger teased the overflow of flesh bulging over her bra line.

“Mmmm...” Mary leaned back in pleasure. A massage was just what she needed to help with their tender fullness. It was difficult pushing his hand away. “You know I can’t let you do that...” She blushed, still able to feel his grip. “Stimulation only encourages more milk. I need to dry these puppies up. They’re off-limits.”

Kent sighed and relished the sensation of his hand overflowing with boob. “I’m gonna miss those things so damn much.”

“I will too, honestly. It was fun letting them fill up so I could catch you staring down my shirt like a horny schoolboy. My back sure won’t miss them, though.”

Stealing glances at his wife’s profile, Kent took as many mental pictures as possible. It was difficult to believe she used to be as small as a B-cup with hardly any cleavage to speak of. By some miracle, she turned out to be a natural-born milker. Pregnancy demanded her chest balloon to massive E-cups. At her fullest, Kent was certain she pushed over an F-cup. Such ripe fruits were glorious on her petite frame and she found every opportunity to put them to good use. Kent only wished they would have stuck around long enough for them to be displayed in a bikini or sexy low-cut dress.

Knowing his time with the supple mounds was limited, he could barely keep his hands off her. If the mood struck, she gleefully allowed milk to grace his tongue when she had supply to spare. Their intimacy had never been higher than after she let him suckle. He longed for the days when he would come home from work to find her straining with fullness. This had been on purpose, of course, as Mary would proceed to beg him for relief and to empty her heaving mammaries. Kent never knew so much milk could come from one place. Her B-cups had

provided more than enough nourishment for their son and still had plenty left over for his own tastes.

Hearing her talk about how full she'd become made it all the more difficult to keep his hands to himself and his eyes on the road.

"You want to pump right now?" he offered. "Should be smooth sailing from here. We're off the crummy city streets."

Mary rubbed the tops of her breasts as if to test their firmness. "No... I should try to hold off just a little. The less often I milk them, the less they'll produce. And without Ralphy here, they should--*Nngh*..."

"You have to keep your mind off him."

Catching her breath against a small influx of dairy, she agreed. "Hard to believe just thinking about him makes me swell up. Whoever designed these things should be fired."

"Or given a promotion." Kent reminisced several instances of Mary popping a blouse button after ignoring her milk for too long. She grinned at his blatant adoration for her ability to swell.

They continued driving. Kent's parents were a mere three hours away but required driving through the pass. Traffic would be a grab-bag heavily dependent on the weather. Based on the dark clouds looming ahead, Kent didn't like their chances. Snow was a heavy possibility before they even gained elevation.

"*Mmngh*..."

"*A-Ah!*"

"*Nngh, God*..."

Mary provided the biggest source of entertainment as he drove. Sporadic moans escaped her lips from time to time. Bumpy segments of highway proved especially effective in riling her bust's contents. Though he knew it brought a certain level of tightness and discomfort, he also knew Mary reaped some form of sexual pleasure from the milky pressure. On previous occasions, she'd made a point of letting herself overswell for the sake of the fully engorged experience when they fucked. Her letdowns upon orgasm were one of the most beautiful things Kent had ever seen.

"*Mngh!*"

Mary's hand twitched on her lap and she steadied an arm under her chest. Making sure to watch the road, Kent devoted some energy to inspecting her condition from time to time.

Her breasts were noticeably larger since their departure, and he knew she must have been getting close to her limit. The warped logo across her concert-tee was proof of such fullness. His mind wandered with images of her naked body riding his cock. Full, heavy tits bounced off her front to spray milk over them in creamy deliciousness. As she neared orgasm and her loins trembled around his shaft, her breasts would engorge to their fullest. Veins would display like prominent pale neon trails as if she were about to pop. Arching her back, she would release a fountain of dairy over his awe-struck face.

“Hey... What are you thinking about?”

Kent shot back to reality and looked over. Mary stared with a knowing smile. Leaning back, she teasingly traced a finger over the top of her heaped chest. The t-shirt looked ready to split open.

“Hmm?”

Mary giggled. “Oh, nothing! It’s just I noticed that you’re giving the stick shift a run for its money.”

A skilled hand reached over to stroke the outline of his hardened dick showing through his jeans. She grinned at his stiffness and obvious arousal. “What exactly was going through your mind, mister? I hope it wasn’t *too* naughty. Santa is watching, you know.”

“Heh, just thinking about stuff.”

“Oh yea...?” Mary turned to face him and squeezed her udders between her arms. “Is that what you call them? *Stuff*?”

“You devil.”

She knew exactly how to push his buttons. When her milk came in, Kent had turned into little more than a slave to her every whim.

“I’m gonna miss being able to tease you,” she confessed. “Who knows! Once my milk is gone, maybe the giant boobs will stick around! It happens, sometimes!”

Kent side-eyed her as she arched her back. Two halves of a volleyball lifted into the air and gentle fingers rubbed their bases.

“*Nnnngh*,” Mary groaned. “God, they are getting to the breaking point, though. I guess I should pump before I soak this shirt. I would hate to ask your mom to wash it right when we got there.” She snorted and emulated, “*Sorry, Pam, but could you please throw this in your washer? I couldn’t really contain my own milk on the way here.*”

She twisted in her seat to dig through several bags in the back before returning with an electric breast pump. Always cautious of her modesty, she was careful to slide the cups up her shirt and nestle them in her bra. A hose ran from her shirt to a pump and reservoir in her lap.

“Feel free to take your top off! I won’t mind!” Kent assured.

“Oh I’m sure you wouldn’t! Neither would all the truckers who are able to look into our car.

She turned on the pump with a click. The sound of the suckling suction cups never failed to invigorate Kent.

KSH-PSH

KSH-PSH

KSH-PSH

KSH-PSSSSsssss...

The pump’s motor whirled before dying away into silence. Milk stopped flowing only seconds after being coaxed into the open and Mary’s aching nipples fell from the cups.

“The hell??” She grabbed the pump and clicked the power button several times with no results. A blinking red light indicated a low battery. “*Fuck!*”

“What’s wrong??”

“Batteries are dead!” Mary leaned her head against the seat and rubbed her eyes. “Didn’t I just charge it!?”

“Well... You *did* pump over twenty ounces at lunch yesterday. And again last night...” Kent found exciting joy in discussing the large amount she was able to produce.

“Shit, you’re right. I just wanted to make sure to leave enough for Ralphy!” Mary tossed the useless pump in back and rubbed her bloated mammaries. “Can’t charge it until we get to your parents’...” They pressed firm and hot against her hands. “God, they’re too full for this. How much longer do we have?”

“Another two hours...” A snow flurry rushed over their windshield. Dark clouds hung as heavy as Mary’s chest. Kent amended, “O-Or maybe a few more...”

Gripping the handle above her head, Mary breathed deep to calm herself. “Whew... Ok... Alright... I can make that. I’ve been fuller. A little extra milk never hurt anybody. Boobs are designed to stretch, right? That’s what they are! They’re milk balloons!”

They drove into the storm. Darkness fell upon the highway in the setting sun. It wasn’t long before the countryside was obscured in a blanket of white. Kent’s wipers whipped back and forth in the strengthening snow shower. The storm was on them with vicious energy. Already traffic was slowing down.

“Nnnngh...! K-Kent... Try not to hit the...nngh...bumps so hard...”

He couldn’t tell if the request was made out of discomfort or to help her not get too stimulated.

Distressed groans came from Mary more frequently. She squirmed in her seat, restless from a rising pressure within her body and an inability to find a position to combat the milky tension. Even in the low light, Kent could tell she was swelling larger by the minute. Small surges of milk left big impacts on her breasts and pushed them full and plump. As she lactated, she rounded and firmed within her bra. Rounded heaps pushed high toward her collarbones. The mesmerizing movement with her breath was dangerously intoxicating given the current road hazards.

“How are you going...?” he asked after a particularly heavy groan.

“F-Feel like a water balloon someone left on a running faucet.” Mary glanced down with a mixture of cautious excitement and worry. “Jesus, look at me! This shirt is more of a belly shirt now... I don’t think I’ve *ever* been this engorged. Heh, my tits feel ready to pop!”

Such talk made Kent shift in his seat. “My offer is still on the table. I don’t think letting me suck on them one time is going to set your weaning schedule *that* far back. It’s better than torturing yourself.”

Mary grinned. “You’re sweet... I have to stick to my schedule, though. If a pair of lips touch these things, they’ll really kick it into overdrive and I’ll lose the progress I’ve made. They have to know there’s no longer a need to produce milk.”

“Well, there *could* be a need. We both enjoy when you let me...uh...you know.”

A loving hand rubbed his thigh. “I know you like it. I like it too. Few things make me feel closer to you... But it’s time to say goodbye to the milk.” A sense of longing tinged her voice. She was as sad to see her cow-like powers go as Kent.

“Is sex really still off the table?”

“Sorry, honey... You’ve seen what happens when I come. It sends them the wrong message.”

Kent was sad but understood. Given Mary’s extreme ability to produce, their lactation consultant had been adamantly against all sexual stimulation. Such things led to oxytocin, which played a major role in telling a woman’s breasts to produce more milk.

Mary giggled and wobbled her massive assets. “I am going to miss being so big. They destroy my shoulders, but damn if I don’t look sexy with so much cleavage in a low-cut--”

Her words slowed to a stop as the car came to a stop of its own. A line of taillights curved in front of them as far as the eye could see in the snowstorm. No cars came from the other direction.

“Uh oh...” Kent whispered. A hazard sign informed him of snowplows working several dozen miles ahead to clear the road. “We might be here for a while.”

SSTRRRTCH

A sound like aching spandex filled the car.

“Nnnngh! Fuck!”

Mary’s breath came out in short gasps. Heat radiated from her breasts to reach Kent in his own seat. “*I’ve never felt so stretched out...!*” She squirmed in protest of the bubbling pressure of her bosom. Kent hoped the low light was playing tricks on his mind; his wife’s breasts looked as big as her head.

“Y-You good?”

“J...Just trying not to have a...nnnghhh! God... O-Oh God...” Mary had to pause. “*J-Just trying not to have a total letdown in the car.*”

GUUUUURGLE

A sound came from her chest like nothing Kent had ever heard.

“Ah!!” She clenched her thighs together and leaned back to arch her chest. Her slopes blocked part of her window like ripened cantaloupes stuffed in her shirt. He’d never imagined B-cups could stretch to such a size. His wife rivaled every big-titted model he could think of.

“Ahhhh goddammit *GODDAMMIT! I-I can’t take it anymore!!!*”

With the swiftness of an experienced bra ninja, Mary unclasped her undergarment and slid her arms through her t-shirt. An overstretched brassier was thrown in the back seat moments later with a huff of frustration.

“Fuck underwires! Whoever said supportive bras help dry up your milk supply was a madman! That thing was choking the life from me!”

Kent couldn't believe his eyes. Without her bra, Mary's breasts were free to drop to their full weight. Large teardrops extended beyond her elbows and warped the shirt's logo to a comical misrepresentation. Nipples as thick as his thumb stabbed into the fabric. Although he was no stranger to puffy areolas, the small rounded domes smoothing the fabric around her nipples made his mouth water.

Mary caught his staring. “A-Are they really that...*nnggh*...impressive?”

He'd never wanted her so badly. “They're fucking *amazing*.”

“Oooh, such compliments from my biggest fan!” Mary laughed weakly but her sense of humor didn't last long. Releasing her breasts had only given them more freedom to expand without restraint. Her voice fell to a low whisper as if to plead with her bust. “*Just stop filling... J-Just stop making milk! Please! I-I can't pump you right now!!*”

Traffic moved painfully slow. Thirty minutes had delivered only several miles worth of progress. Every minute was a minute too many for Mary. Milk flowed into her chest unabated and strained her milk glands. The mental torture of knowing their journey was not yet halfway over was agonizing.

“*Ngh!*” Mary grabbed the front of her chest suddenly. Her voice shook with anxiety mixed with pulsating arousal. “K-Kent... I'm starting to leak. I don't think I can hold much more...”

Kent didn't have to look to know she was pushing her limits, but he couldn't help himself. A single glance revealed massive globes jutting forward. Pale flesh escaped from the bottom of her shirt and soaked spots spread over its front.

“*M-Mmnggh... Kent...*” Mary whimpered and squirmed in her seat. Her thighs ground together and her hands clenched into fists.

“Mary...? Are you doing ok...?” He knew the strain on her body must have been incredible. “You seem...”

“*Hah... Nnnnngghhhh...!! H-H-Haaahhh...*” Her breath came drawn-out and labored. It steamed the windshield in a layer of vapor. “*T-They're really...sensitive. It's like my tits are getting so full...a-and so...tight...that I can feel my milk...m-moving inside of me!*”

One of her fingers curled to rub her crotch as if to test the waters.

“*Every time I breathe...my nipples rub against my shirt...a-and it's hard to...ignore the pleasure... They're so swollen...I can't tell if it's painful or pleasurable! Mmnggh...!*”

Kent's eyes widened when her thumb curled around the elastic waistband of her pajama pants and pulled them down. Her hand slipped inside to find a pair of pink cotton panties soaked through.

Mary was losing control.

As she leaned back and a hand worked its way into her underwear, Kent was positive he was about to watch his wife go to town while they sat in the middle of traffic. The scent of lust and feminine juices permeated the car. She was beyond primed.

“U-Uh... Mary...?”

Dazed eyes rolled to look his direction as a finger slipped inside her body. “*Mmnggh... Yes...my love?*”

She followed his gaze. Though her chest blocked any view of her hips, she could feel what her hand was doing.

“*Ah!! O-Oh fuck!! FUCK! No!! I can't!! What am I doing?! Dammit!! I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF THIS TIGHT-ASS SHIRT!!*”

Her hand flung out of her pants in horror to grab her concert-tee. With eyes like a child's and full of magic, Kent watched as Mary pulled the shirt from her body. The tightness pulled her breasts with it until they refused to rise any higher and dropped.

BWOOMPH-SLMMSH!

“*MMNGH!!!*”

Kent's ears stung when he heard them smack against her torso. Ripples encircled her bust from the impact and stimulated her veins to throb before settling.

She was larger than he thought. Rivaling overinflated volleyballs, they dominated her body as Mary's most prominent feature. There was no overlooking such engorged melons. Silver dollar nipples puffed off their fronts and angled slightly upward as if her breasts' underbellies were distending with too much milk.

Mary sighed and leaned back as a topless goddess of dairy.

“That is *sooooo* much better.” An arm tenderly wrapped over her chest to conceal her nipples and catch what little leaking milk she could. Kent thought he saw her blush. “Eyes on the road, mister. Only one of us is equipped with airbags.”

“M-Mary...” Kent stammered. He couldn't pry his eyes away from her legendary cleavage.

She hadn't found the courage to look down yet. Releasing her hold, Mary allowed her chest to hang in all of its natural glory. With her pale veins and proud stretch marks, Kent couldn't help but compare them to fleshy watermelons.

“*You're gigantic!*”

“Y-Y-Yea... I am, aren't I...?”

Her breathing turned rapid and hot. The sight of her old B-cups being forced to such a gargantuan size was mind-boggling. She could feel them stretching to keep pace with her overactive milk. She wanted to see how far they could go. What was her limit? How full could her little B-cups swell?

Mary's nipples perked up at her racing thoughts. Kent watched them throb and harden as if breathing. Milk swelled through her areolas before leaking in rapid drips.

“Mmmngh...” Mary traced a finger along the taut surface of her chest. “You know... A-All this milk being inside of me... It’s kind of...*hot*...”

Kent’s mouth went dry as she moved to cup her assets and test their weight.

Mary continued, “Don’t you think it’s...*nnngh*...sexy? To think my chest is blowing up...totally out of my control. My skin feels so tight...” She giggled. “Tight enough that I’m a little afraid of sharp corners, if I’m being honest! Doesn’t it make you wonder how full they could get? Like what happens if I just--”

GUURGLE

“A-Augh!!!”

A sharp cry cut off her daydream.

“You ok?!”

Mary winced at a spike in pressure. Her skin firmed against her palms. “J-Just too full, I think. This is hot and all, but B-cups weren’t meant to engorge this big.”

“Why don’t you lean your seat back and relax? Maybe a nap will help.”

She stuck her tongue out at him. “You just want to see how these monsters react when I’m on my back.”

Knowing her shoulders would welcome the relief, she lowered her seat to a reclining position. Pillow mounds blocked much of her view of the windshield.

“Well *this* doesn’t feel safe,” she chuckled, staring into the chasm between her spread breasts. “If you slam on the brakes, I might break my nose!”

They laughed at the sight and Kent wished he was quick enough to snap a picture.

Settling down, Mary mused, “I guess it’s a good thing that Ralphy isn’t here. Just thinking about him still makes my milk come in. If I were to hear him *cry*? God, I might go off like the Fourth of Ju--”

RING RING RING RING

Kent’s phone rang through the car speakers. Upon seeing Mary’s mother’s name, he answered.

Her voice came through the phone. “Hey! Did you guys make it yet?? Looks like that storm hit pretty bad!!”

“Not yet, Mom,” Mary replied through grinding teeth. “We’re caught right in the middle. Looks like it could be a few hours before the roads are clear enough for us to--”

WAAAHHHH!!!

A baby’s distressed cry shot through the car.

“*Ahhmng!*” The effect on Mary was instant. She sat forward and hugged her chest when intense bloating pushed against her skin.

GUUUUUUURGLE

Kent stared in awe as milk leaked through her fingers.

“Oh, there’s Ralphy again. I think it’s dinner time. Poor guy must be hungry without his mom around!”

WAAAHHHH!!!

GUUUUUUURGLE

“*MMNGH!!!!*” Mary’s lactation-induced distress was palpable. Every sound from her child urged her breasts to produce more milk, regardless of how full they may have been. “*Ah!!! R-Ralphy...!*” she rasped, pleading with the baby to stop.

“Mary...?” her mother asked. “Is everything alright, dear?”

WAAAHHHH!!

SSTTRRRRTCH!

Skin engorged into her hands and widened her arms. Her chest’s girth was encroaching into Kent’s seat.

“Uh-huh! I-I’m fine, Mom!!” Mary lied, wide-eyed as her chest swelled into her lap. “*Just fine!*” she squeaked.

WWAAAAAAHH!!!

SSSSTTRRRRRRTCH!!

The strain was becoming unbearable. Ralphy’s cries had turned a trickle of milk into a gushing deluge. Panting for air, Mary laid back in her seat and grabbed the sides of her chest as they rose high and firm. Her back arched as if trying to give her mammaries every possible bit of room to stretch.

“*K-K-Kent!*” Mary whispered. “*Turn it off!*”

Her bust throbbed. Rolling surges of pressure sprayed the dashboard with quick bursts of milk. Her nipples tightened as she swelled.

“KENT!”

He jumped to her rescue. “Oh! Uhhhh, traffic is moving! Gotta go!!”

Her mother came through the phone, “Have a safe--”

CLICK

They were left alone once more.

“KENT!!! GET ME OUT OF HERE!!! I think I’m about to fucking ERUPT!!!”

He looked around through the swirling white flakes. Cars surrounded them front and back in a sea of brake lights. He could barely think over the sound of Mary’s chest.

A dull glow sat in the distance. He had to squint, but could barely make out the logo for a gas station paired with a motel: a last chance rest area before crossing the pass.

GUUUUUUURGLE

“K-Kent!!!”

“Can you hold it?? We can take the next exit!!”

SSSSTTRRRRRRTCH!!!

“*Augh!!!*” Mary cried out and grasped her basketball-sized knockers with a scream reminiscent of something he’d heard from sex. Massive tits wobbled full and tight, creeping over her belly.

“Do these look like they can hold much more to you?!” she growled, squeezing her nipples. “No I can’t fucking hold it!!! My tits are about to overflow!! Unless you want to drive in a car soaked in milk for the next few days, you need to get me to a sink!!”

“Y-You can’t just open the window and--”

Her death glare stopped his words. *“And what, Kent?? Hang my giant boobs out the window, wave to the nice family next to us, and smile as I milk myself and come in my pants?? I need a bathroom!!”*

GUUUUUURRGLE

“Ooohhhh they’re getting bigger!!! They’re full!!! T-They’ve got to be full!!”

“Ok! Ok!! I-I’ll get you there!!”

Tensions were high as Kent grabbed hold of the wheel. Turning it all the way to the right, he guided the car onto the shoulder. Fresh snow crunched under his tires. As he stepped on the gas to speed down the road, he prayed they wouldn’t get stuck. Kent could feel not only ice and rock slipping under his car, but also the angry glares of every passing motorist.

THUD!

THUD!!!

“AH!! C-Careful, Kent!!! Try not to bounce the car so--”

THUD!!!!

“MMNGH!!! Oh fuck!!!” Mary grabbed her crotch as if it might keep her grounded.
“MMNGH!!”

Milk sloshed in the passenger seat at his reckless driving. So much movement stimulated Mary to her limits and pushed her into a storm of gasps and pleads for relief. The snowy shoulder was far from a smooth ride.

“Almost there, honey! Just hang on!”

“They’re too full!! They’re too full to bounce like this!!” Mary’s fingers slid in and out of her pussy. She was so wet that they found no resistance.

SSSCREEEEEECH!!

The car met open pavement when Kent reached the exit. Leaving the line of waiting cars behind, they shot down the snow-blown road toward the neon sign in the distance.

“Just another mile or so!”

SPLLRCH!

“Mnnngh!!! Keeeeent!!! They’re starting to SPRAY!!!” Mary struggled to breathe. *“Oh God... Kent...! I want to come... I want to come so bad!!”*

He dared to glance over and caught her hand flailing in her pajamas. *“H-Hey! Don’t touch yourself! The stimulation, remember?? It’s only going to make them bigger!”*

“I-I can’t...help it!! All I want...is to come!! Like an EXPLOSION!! I want to feel myself--”

Red and blue lights flashed around the car. Looking in the mirror, Kent’s heart stopped upon seeing a state trooper pulling him over.

“Oh no.”

Mary wouldn't have it. “No! No no no! Kent, don't you dare stop! *I can't keep holding my milk! Keep driving!*”

“I have to pull over!” Kent slowed down, much to her horror. “I'll explain our rush and we'll be there soon!”

“*Mnngh!!*” Frantic, Mary scrambled to find some kind of cover for her breasts. Her discarded t-shirt was the only thing in reach.

The scent of milk permeated the car as they watched the cop approach the window. He tapped slowly, indicating to Kent to roll it down.

“E-Evening, Officer,” Kent started.

“Do you know why I pulled you--”

“*Mnngh!!!*”

He stopped upon hearing Mary's stifled groan. Seeing an expression of discomfort on her face, he asked, “Ma-am? Are you alright?”

“Y-Yes!! *Mhm!*” she squeaked. Excessive amounts of skin showed around the shirt draped over her bust.

“Officer,” Kent began again, “I'm sorry for driving on the shoulder. We're just in a bit of an emergency and needed to get to a bathroom before--”

“You could have caused a wreck. Those shoulders are pure ice right now. If someone had opened their door when you passed, or was stretching their legs, you could have--”

GUUUUURGLE

“*Mnngh!!! Kent...!*”

Kent tried to justify, “The plows were taking too long and--”

“Well you should have waited another few minutes. I just got radioed that the plows are finishing up.” He pointed to the highway as cars started to move. Miles ahead, a line of headlights could be seen coming the other way. “Now because you couldn't wait, I'm afraid I have to write you a ticket. License and registra--”

GUUUUUUUURGLE!!

“*K...Kent!!!*” Mary rasped. The shirt slid up her chest when she ballooned from underneath. Dark pink nipples laden with milk stared at the officer.

“Please, Officer! We're really in a hurry! My wife needs to--”

The cop narrowed his eyes. Nothing good had ever been happening in a car when he found one of the passengers naked. “Ma-am, I'm going to have to ask you to cover up. License and regi--”

GUUURGLE

“*I-I'm trying!*” Mary whined. The shirt was barely useful in covering her nipples, but left the top and sides of her chest exposed in an excessive display of skin. Rubbing fabric stimulated her nipples to plump to the size of fists. “*NNNGH!!! T-TOO TIGHT!!! KENT!!!*”

The cop's eyes widened when he saw Mary's visible engorgement. "Dear God... What in heaven's name is--"

GUUUUUUUUUURGLE!!

"MMMMNNNGH!!!! *They're gonna pop!!! They're gonna pop!!!*" Milk sprayed through her clenching hands. Mary looked ready to scream in orgasm.

Kent knew they couldn't wait. "Officer, I'm sorry, but we really need to go!!!"

He seemed unable to find his words. Writing a ticket was the last thing on his mind at this point. "D-Drive sa--"

Kent peeled out before the cop could finish.

"Ooohhhhhh hurry, Kent!!! *Hurry!!*" Mary watched cleavage rise into her face. "*The pressure!! I-It's too much...but...why does it have to feel so good?!*"

The car smelled like sex. Kent could see Mary was equal parts aroused and fearful of her massive size. They'd often joked about how large she'd grown and how funny it would be if they never stopped. Now that their jokes were reality, he wondered if Mary still cherished such an overbearing pair of udders. From the way her hand writhed in her pants, he had a feeling she did.

SPLLLRRRTCH!!

Milk doused the windshield in a layer of cream.

"*We're here!!*"

They came to a stop at one of two gas pumps. The small station was deserted save for a bored girl reading a book at the register inside. The adjoining motel flashed a neon vacancy sign overhead.

SQUUNCH!!

"*M-My nipples!!! My nipples are swelling closed!!!*"

She didn't waste a moment. Grabbing a jacket, Mary fell out of the car while using the door for support. The jacket refused to zip beyond her stomach. As the snowy wind whipped around her, she felt her nipples hardening with stimulation and pressure.

"*Bathroom... Bathroom...!*" she gasped, seeing the women's restroom on the outside corner of the building.

"Do you need any help??" Kent asked, racing out of his door.

"*Just a sink!!!*"

Her speed was surprising given her mammoth size. Cradling her chest like two large watermelons, Mary waddled to the bathroom and slammed the door shut behind her. Kent, expecting to have to carry her, slumped beside the car.

"MMMMNGH!!!! *Auuugh!!!*"

Distressed moans came from the bathroom to pierce the winter night. Kent could only imagine what Mary was doing to herself. Desperate for a distraction, he filled up their tank. When Mary still hadn't emerged from the storm of sexual noises, he thought it best to buy some snacks for the rest of their journey. A hot chocolate would do wonders for Mary's morale.

DING!

The cashier girl glanced up when he entered. She was young and blonde, likely working the family business while home from college. Normally Kent would have thought her busty for her size, but after seeing what his wife could become, DDs would never look big again.

“Looking for a room?” she asked. “Couple other people bailed from the traffic for the night too.”

“No thanks. Just making a pit stop.”

“*MMNGH!!*” Mary’s labored moan came through the wall.

“That your wife?”

Kent blushed. “Yea...”

“I saw her run to the bathroom. Looking like her tits were about ready to blow. I remember my sister’s complaining of feeling like that when she had a kid. She didn’t get near that big, though.”

“*MMNGAAHHH!!*”

The girl chuckled. “Kind of sounds like a cow.”

Kent didn’t have the courage to agree with her out loud. Grabbing an armful of snacks and drinks, he approached the register.

“That it...?” She looked over the goods. “Nothing else...? No...napkins?”

“Very funny. That’s it.”

She shrugged and rang Kent’s haul. “That’ll be twenty-three dollars and seventy...three.....cents...” Her voice trailed off as she stared out the window toward the gas pumps. “Uhh... Does your wife need help?”

Kent followed her line of sight. Stumbling to the car was Mary.

Her jacket flapped uselessly in the wind though she didn’t notice the cold. Hot steam left her mouth in rapid gasps of agonizing pleasure. Her breasts were larger than ever and far too engorged for her body to handle. At three times the size of her head, they wobbled and swayed with her movement. Plump nipples stood out flushed with color and dark pink. He recognized their appearance as a reaction to intense pulling and massaging.

“*Kent...! K-Kent...!*” Mary called into the night. “*Where are you??*”

THUD!

A hand landed on the hood of their car for support. Her breasts hung down, radiating heat into the night.

DRIP

DRIP

DRIP

Milk dribbled over the hood into small tributaries. Desperate for any relief, Mary grasped a nipple in her palm and squeezed. Pink flesh bulged through her fingers but little milk came from her glands. Vibrant veins surged over them in a display of pressure. Kent was certain he could see them swelling even at a distance. As the snow whirled around her, she presented an oddly beautiful scene of extreme fertility. Kent had never been harder.



The cashier ogled with mesmerized curiosity. “Jesus, she’s like a blimp... Does she fit in the car with those? I bet she spends a fortune on bras.”

“K-K-Keeeeeent! Kent, where are you??” Mary struggled to stay standing.

Kent swallowed. She couldn’t go on like this. Something had to be done. “Actually,” he said, throwing his credit card on the counter. “I think we’ll take a room for the night, please.”

Mary’s eyes brightened with desperate hope when he ran from the gas station moments later.

“Kent!! I-I could only get a few ounces out! My nipples are too swollen!!” she whimpered, stumbling into his arms. Full, tight, and bloated, her breasts pressed against his chest with incredible firmness when he caught her. “What’s going to happen to me?! I-I just keep filling up with milk!! What am I supposed to do if I can’t get it out?!”

“We’ll get it out! I promise!”

GUUUUUURRGLE!!

“Mmmngh!!” Mary trembled against him. He could feel moisture soaking through his pant leg when her pelvis pressed into his thigh. “I feel like I’m carrying several gallons!!” Looking up with worried eyes, she added, “I can’t show up at your parents’ like this! I’m more boob than woman! I had no idea they could get this huge!”

She felt Kent’s manhood throb against her and she bit her lip. He guided her away from the car as he locked it with a click of his keys.

“W-Where are we going?? What about the car!”

Kent revealed a hotel room key. "We're staying the night and taking care of this!"

"*What??*" Mary watched as a small room opened before them. It was dark save for the hotel sign shining through the window. Kent didn't turn on the lights as he brought his wife to the bed.

SLLMMMSH!!!

"*A-Aahh!!! OOH HH MY MILK!!!*" Mary grabbed her chest when she fell backward. Heaving like boats in a storm, her breasts flattened against their pressure and buried her torso like fluid-filled beach balls. Intense sloshing filled the room.

GUUUUUUURRRRGLE!!!!

Kent took in the sight. Mary's nipples could have filled a DD-cup bra on their own.

"*Too full!! TOO FULL!!*" She massaged her chest in desperation. Her cries carried like a desperate dairy cow. "*There's too much milk in my tits!!! I-I have...I have to milk them!! But my nipples...are too swollen!! There's too much pressure!!*"

"I'll charge the pump!" Kent suggested, making to run to the car.

Mary leaned on her elbows and watched her chest flow to her pelvis. "*Are you serious?? I'm not--*"

SSTTRRRRRRTCH!!

"*MMM!!! I-I'm not gonna last another few minutes, let alone the few hours that stupid thing takes to charge!! It won't even fit over my nipples at this point!!*" Mary breathed deep and long, hoping to stem her lactation. Her pussy raged like an inferno.

"O-O-Ok! I'll go find help then! Maybe the cop is still around! He could call for an ambulance and--"

"*Kent Lauler! Don't you DARE leave your wife alone with breasts the size of beach balls!!*"

"What do you want me to do then?! Ask the attendant if she has a shop vac big enough to fit your nipples?!"

GUUUUUUURRRRGLE

SSTTRRRRRRRRTCH!!

"*Ahh!! AAhhgm!!*" Mary sank her hands into the top of her chest when they pushed full and tight. The neon vacancy sign reflected off her sweating globes of milk. "*Fuck me!! Suck me!! Do whatever it takes to get this damn milk out of me!!*"

"But you're weaning!! I thought you said stimulation would--"

"*SCREW WHAT I SAID!!*" Mary glared at him from between her cleavage. She was at her wit's end. "*THIS MILK IS ONLY COMING OUT IF IT'S FORCED OUT!! YOU CAN EITHER HAVE YOUR WAY WITH YOUR ENGORGED COW OF A WIFE, OR YOU CAN WAIT UNTIL MY TITS GET SO BIG THAT THEY--*"

GUUUUUUUUURGLE

"*MMMN GH!!!*" Mary fell back under their overbearing weight. "*I can't swell anymore!! I-I don't think I can hold another drop!!*"

Kent watched in awe when she ballooned. A more arousing sight had never graced his eyes as she bent her legs and spread her thighs.

Undoing his pants in a single movement, he grabbed her hips to rip the pajama bottoms from her legs.

“Ahh!! G-Gentle! Gentle, Kent! Look how big I am!! God, can you hear them sloshing??”

He could hear them sloshing. As he pulled her pink cotton panties from her ankles, he could hear a myriad of noises coming from his wife. Groans leaked from her pursed lips. Milk sloshed and churned inside her bust like a vast holding tank. Skin stretched over her chest like latex. Her breathing filled the air with a rich ambiance of lust and an aroma of pure desire.

He'd never seen her so dripping wet. Positioning himself at the entrance to heaven, he placed his hands on the bottoms of her breasts for support.

“Mmmmmmm!!!” She heaved when he finally touched her bloated bosom after so long. Hormones raced through her body to drive her glands full to bursting. Heat rose from her crotch in a sweating plume and brought Kent's manhood to throbbing attention.

Slowly he angled his cock to press against her slick lips.

“W...W-Wait!”

He glanced over, unable to see her from behind her udders. “What's wrong??”

Mary could barely catch her breath. *“K-Kent... Kent, I'm not going to last long.”* The warning rode on heated breaths of overwhelming ecstasy. She was at her limit. *“I've been on the verge of orgasming for hours. Nnngh! This pressure... I don't want it to end!”* Mary paused again to tremble against peaking pleasure. *“I-I don't know what's going to happen if I come when I'm so full.”* Worry tinged her voice. *“You've seen what happens when I orgasm and I'm already fully engorged...”* A nervous giggle vibrated her chest. *“We always have to wash the sheets after...”*

“Mary... What are you--”

GUUUUURGLE

“M-Mmmgh!!” She whimpered and wrapped her legs around him, threatening to plunge his cock into her pussy herself. *“Kent... There are so many sensations racing through my body that I can barely speak. I-If I faint, just keep going. Do whatever you want to me.”* Mary swallowed. *“I don't want to wake up without my tits empty, your cum filling my belly, and you panting on top of me. Do whatever it takes.”* A sly snicker graced her next words. *“B-Based on this pressure, I don't think it will take very much.”*

Kent grinned at the golden ticket he'd just been given. It was true that the event wouldn't take long. Mary felt like a sun on the verge of exploding, and his own urges were ready to boil over simply at the scent of her glistening lips. This would be a sprint.

He grabbed a soda can nipple in each hand and squeezed. Pressurized pleasure made milk trickle over his hand. Mary squeaked in sheer delighted helplessness. Her pussy rubbed against his shaft like a luxurious little pillow.

“Can do,” Kent promised.

SCHHLCK!

He rammed himself into Mary as if he were storming a castle. His shaft plunged deep, his head stretching her walls like a golf ball.

GUUUUUUUUURGLE

STTRRRRRRTCH!!!

“Ahh!! A-AHH!!! The pressure is rising!!!”

SLSSH!!

SLSSH!!!

Her tits bucked back and forth as he thrust. Throwing her legs over his shoulders, Kent leaned forward and pressed her thighs into the bottom of her chest. Flesh bulged around them and pressed into his chest. In his hand, her nipples throbbed full and tight. Mary’s areolas plumped around his wrists.

GUUUUUUUUURGLE

“I-I’m making milk...even FASTER!!” Mary’s gasps came muffled from beneath her expanding cleavage. *“I-I... AGHM!!! MMMGAAHH!! MY TITS!!!! K-Kent!! Don’t...Don’t let me pop!! I never thought I could feel so FULL!”*

Mary’s words came out garbled and slurred. Her communication was failing as her body reached its breaking point. Kent was amazed she could hold so much fluid; the tightening masses under his body felt ready to burst with their contents. Yet still they squished and stretched under his weight.

He recalled her earlier warning about lips and her nipples. Unable to resist, he opened his mouth to latch onto what he could of a massive nozzle.

GUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUURGLE

Milky flesh tightened in his mouth when he applied suction.

“W-W-WHAT ARE YOU DOING?! ARE YOU SUCKING!? K-KENT!!! I...Y-YOU KNOW WHAT THAT’S GOING TO... AAHHH!! O-OHHH GOD!!! MY CHEST!!! IT KNOWS!!! I-IT KNOWS YOU’RE SUCKLING!!! Y-Y-YOU CAN’T!!! YOU’RE GOING TO MAKE IT--”

RMMMMMBBBBBLLLLL

Mary fell silent and Kent paused his drinking. When she bloated beneath him and raised his body several inches, he wondered if maybe the effect had been too strong.

“T-They’re blowing up!!! They’re BLOWING UP!! Ooohhhh there’s so MUCH MILK!!”

SSSSSTTTTRRRRTCH!!!

“The pressure!!! God, THE PRESSURE!!!” Mary closed her eyes and leaned her head back. Cleavage pushed against her neck and chin.

“Nngh!!”

Kent struggled against a battle of his own. Seeing his wife in such a fantastical situation was one thing, but experiencing such an engorged woman of creamy motherhood was another matter. She sloshed and groaned at his every movement. Milk ran down her yoga ball udders to make her slick and shiny. Their bodies glided against each other and he felt he was wrestling two

giant lubed-up beach balls. Her pussy had never been so tight around him as it swelled with lust. An orgasm may actually prove dangerous to his health.

He didn't care.

Kent sank himself deeper into her chest and squeezed her nipples. Compressed on all sides, Mary's breasts groaned with pressure. Her nipples quivered like corks on shaken champagne.

GGGGGGUUUUUUUURRRRRRGLE!!!

"Mmngahhhh!!! NNGH!"

Distress overshadowed her cries. Looking down, Kent saw her nipples expanding in his hands. Pink flesh bulged between his fingers before tightening like a drum and vibrating with tension. Something thick and hot was making its way through her ducts.

"MMMNGAAHHHH!!!?"

SPLRRRTCH!!!

Milk sprayed forth in a steaming shower.

Mary could only scream a single word. *"MILK!!!! MIL--"*

Her voice went silent. Kent couldn't be sure if she'd fainted as she'd feared, or if she'd been buried by her own chest.

Heat poured from her crotch. Veins throbbed as thick as pencils. Her nipples had been opened and her chest was flushed with color. Based on her silence, the strain must have been incredible. Her clenching legs around his neck threatened strangulation.

GUUUUUURGLE

Intense churning shook her skin. Kent paused, clenching his pelvic muscles to prolong his endurance.

"M-Mary??"

There came no response. Her pussy trembled around him as if trying to pull him deeper.

GUUUUUUUUUURRRRGLE

"Mary??"

Her breasts expanded tight and massive. Milk sprayed in a constant fountain fed by her overworked glands. Had he been able to see her face, Kent would have seen Mary throwing her head back in a silent scream of mind-rending pleasure as her chest felt on the verge of a milk explosion.

Her orgasm had arrived.

GUUUUUUUUUUUURGLE!!!!!!

Kent's eyes widened when her chest engorged a foot in diameter. He knew these signs. He'd seen them on a much smaller scale when they'd fucked and she was laden with milk. Mary was in the deep throes of pleasure and it was overwhelming to the point of leaving her breathless. Pressure shot through her chest to pump it full of milk. Her crotch undulated over Kent's shaft, stroking him in an iron grip.

He had no hope of enduring such torture.

“*NNNGH!!*” He clenched when his seed was drawn from his balls. Giving his full weight to her chest, he leaned forward to lay across her chest. Feeling it swell beneath him drove his release to painful levels.

SSSPLLLLRRRRRTCH!!!

Milk sprayed the ceiling with two geysers. Kent was certain he felt himself fill her pussy with cum to the point of it spraying from the base of his shaft. Skin heaved and groaned around him. Sliding into her slippery chasm, he found Mary buried deep in her fleshy prison. Sweat poured from her brow and hair clung to her face in a display of pleurably distressed beauty. A scream, frozen on her paralyzed face, communicated an overload of stimulation too much for her to handle.

SSSPLLLLRRRRRTCH!!!

SSSPLLLLRRRRRTCH!!!

SSSPLLLLRRRRRTCH!!!

SSSPLLLLRRRRRTCH!!!

Her milk erupted in thick bursts timed to Kent’s own pulsating shots. Every throb showered his back in milk and soaked their bed in a fresh deluge. Gallons escaped from her breasts every second, rapidly dwindling the mother’s bust. It was incredible her nipples could expand to handle such a flow.

Dim neon light from outside fell over Kent’s face. As her chest shrank, the rest of the room came into view. Kent watched in stunned silence as her breasts retraced their steps from massive beach balls to melons to manageable mounds. In less than twenty seconds from the start of her orgasm, he came to rest his head upon two soft F-cups. Her skin was hot like a plane’s engine after landing. Her flow turned to a trickle and small rivers ran over her plump mounds.

“.....*NNGAAAAH!!!! Haaahh...!!!*”

Mary’s torso bucked with sudden breath. Startled, Kent realized she’d been forced to hold her breath through the entire letdown. She didn’t give any sign of consciousness, but her breathing slowed to that of a recovering athlete. Gently, Kent released her legs from his shoulders and laid them on the bed before returning to lay his head upon her chest. He couldn’t believe how large she’d been. Watching her milk trickle from her dwindling chest was peaceful.

Mary roused minutes later. “*Ngh... M-Mmngh...?*”

Kent glanced up to see her eyes flutter open.

Her arms instinctively wrapped around him as they had so many times after sex.

“K...Kent...? What happe--”

The night’s events flooded back. Shooting her gaze downward, Mary stared with wide eyes.

“*I-I-I’m small again!!! My milk is gone!!!*”

Kent chuckled as she explored her B-cups. They were just as small as he remembered, and just as comforting. “You should have seen it! You went off like a volcano! They didn’t stop leaking until they were totally empty.”

She stared in disbelief and smelled the milk-soaked hotel room. It was the first time in hours her mind felt clear. Eventually, she started to giggle. She leaned back on a pillow and put a hand over her face as she laughed. “Holy *balls!* How big did I get?! What happened to me?! Was I as big as I think I was?!”

“Even bigger! You were just a pair of tits and legs!” Kent kissed her breasts and teased a nipple. “You wouldn’t even know you had filled so big, though. I actually kind of miss seeing you so small. They’re just as cute as I remember.”

“I barely remember anything after you grabbed my nipples! God... How intense does an orgasm have to be to make you blackout?!” Mary laughed before settling. Her hands found Kent’s head and she ran fingers through his sopping hair. “What a crazy trip... And we’re not even there yet.”

They lay in silence as Kent listened to her heartbeat. Eventually, with a tone of slight joy, he asked, “This probably set your weaning schedule back, huh?”

Mary nodded. “Mhm...” She massaged a sore breast. “I might as well start over now.” Silence followed her words until she resumed, “But... You know... I don’t think I really want to get rid of my milk anymore...”

Kent had to make sure he’d heard right. “Huh?”

“Weaning... I don’t want to do it anymore.” Mary pinched a nipple to release two droplets of milk. Seeing such a wonder come from her body was still too exciting. As frantic as the night had been, she loved every suspenseful minute. It wouldn’t be long until her breasts started engorging again. Knowing how large she could swell only added to the excitement, and the thirsty expression on Kent’s face was one she wasn’t ready to say goodbye to. Having such powerful orgasms at her disposal wasn’t bad, either.

“Are you saying what I think you’re saying?” Kent stared at his wife with shining hope.

Mary nodded with a smile. “I’m done breastfeeding, but I don’t think I want to be done lactating just yet.” She hugged Kent into her chest lovingly. “It’s just too much fun.”