

EXECUTIVE BENEFITS

By TROGDOR297

Candace leaned upon the varnished oak countertop of the cafe, scrolling through her phone that lay before her. Two in the afternoon was always quiet on weekdays. Most customers came in to get coffee during the morning, and then there was the usual rush around lunch time. But from now until close, business was often slow.

Her foot idly kicked her toe on the tile floor as she browsed through tiktok, skipping past video after video of the latest idiotic video trends. If she was being smart she'd just uninstall the stupid app; using it never left her feeling satisfied. And yet here she was, spending her free time swiping her finger up and down over and over.

It wasn't just tiktok that was the problem. Nothing left her feeling satisfied these days. Her last relationship had just sort of died, as she and Todd had stopped spending time together and grew further and further apart. There was nothing good to watch on any of her streaming services, no good movies coming out. Her life had become go to work, spend 9 hours in this boring cafe then go home. She wanted something more...but she didn't know what.

The bell above the door ringing broke her out of her self pitying stupor. She slid her phone off the counter and into the front pocket of her apron as she stood up straight, adopting her customer service smile. It was the vacant, toothy smile, of someone who'd seen it all and had lost the ability to care.

But what Candace didn't know yet, was that today she'd care very much about the people who'd just walked through that door.

"Hello, welcome to Cafe Champlain" She said out loud, though the customers weren't yet in her line of vision. "What can I..." She trailed off as they stepped into view. It was a group of 4 women. Four unbelievably beautiful women. Unbelievably beautiful *and* unbelievably curvy.

On the right was a redhead, her bright auburn hair cut to chin length. She wore a pair of thick rimmed glasses that suited her freckled face very well. She wore a forest green sleeveless dress that had to be custom made. There was no way she would've found a dress off the rack that fit her proportions so well. Though the cut of the dress was modest, a high neckline, and hem falling below the knees, it was still incredibly sexy in how it hugged her figure and showed off her bust which was very impressive. Her breasts formed an obvious mound in her dress that projected over 6" off of her body.

On the left was an olive skinned woman, whose dark brown hair was clipped up on the back of her head. She had a white short sleeve blouse on that she'd tucked in to a black short skirt. The skirt was made of some sort of stretchy material, as it was pulled tight across her immense hindquarters. Below her waist, where the skirt reached, her hips flared out several

inches to either side, and Candace assumed even more out the back. Her thighs were each a foot thick, supporting her wide lower frame, tapering down to fairly average sized calves.

The one in the back was tall, taller than Candace by at least 6", her black hair done up into a thick braid off the crown of her head. From what Candace could see, she also had an above average bust, but none of them were comparable to the woman who stood in the center.

She was older, probably fifteen years senior to the others, but no less breathtaking. Her light brown hair was wavy and reached her shoulders. She wore an open black blazer with a simple buttoned shirt underneath, that was straining to contain her assets. Candace had never seen breasts this size, didn't even know they could grow that big. They sloped away off her body filling the space before her, growing wider and deeper the further they went. They completely dominated her torso, their bottoms reaching her hips. Though she stood over a foot away from the counter, if she leaned forward only slightly she could rest her bust upon the smooth oak. They were full, round, heavy. Simply put they were *huge*.

The other three younger women hovered around her, paying attention to the conversation she was having on her cell phone. Candace realized that she'd been staring in silence for almost half a minute, and so after clearing her throat spoke again.

"What can I get you?"

The olive skinned woman with the giant ass, turned to look at her and smiled. "Hi! Yes, can we just get four steeped teas?"

Candace nodded "Sure thing. Any milk or sugar?"

The redhead snickered, but olive skin simply shook her head "No need, we've got milk back at the office"

Candace nodded as she turned around to make their tea. Holy shit, they were gorgeous! And those bodies?! Surely surgery had to have been involved to look like that...

When she returned a minute later with the drinks, the four of them were still standing there. Candace slid the tray across to them, eyes focused upon the central women's indomitable breasts. They were so big...how did she not topple over!?

With a huff, the woman hung up her phone. "Dammit..." She grunted as she handed her phone over to the redhead who eagerly snatched it from her.

Candace watched with an expression of awe on her face as they distributed the drinks. Olive skin noticed her staring at them, and after a moment of contemplation a smile split her face. She leaned in and whispered in the ear of the central woman.

"Hm? Who?" She turned to look at Candace, only now noticing her for the first time. She nodded, as Olive skin continued to whisper. "Good idea, Nora"

"What's your name, dear?" She asked, eyes piercing into Candace.

“Oh! Uh...I’m Candace?” She replied suddenly feeling rather intimidated.

“Well, Candace. Would you say that you’re happy here?”

“You mean this job?”

“All of it! This job, this life, this body...I get the sense that you’re just drifting along right now. That you’re in need of some change...” The woman smiled at her, which Candace found very comforting for some reason.

“I...Yeah...I guess I am in a rut”

“Report here tomorrow morning” She said, fishing a card from the inner pocket of her blazer. “You work for me now, dear. Don’t worry about your manager here, I’ll take care of it”

“You...What?! What do you mean?!” Candace dropped the card from her hands as if it was made of fire.

“I don’t like to repeat myself, Candace. Remember that” The woman said as she turned around to leave. The three women around her followed suit, giving her space for her massive bust to swing about. “Be a good girl and wear something nice for your first day. No jeans or t-shirts”

Candace leaned over the counter to watch them leave. As she suspected, Olive skin’s ass was massive, swaying back and forth with each step. What she hadn’t been able to notice before was the tall one’s hair... that thick braid that sprouted from her head trailed down her back and then beyond, all the way to her ankles.

After they’d left the cafe, Candace stared down at the card that she’d dropped. The top read in bright blue embossed letters “Femco”. Underneath, in an elegant text was printed “Eleanor Prewitt. C.E.O.”

Candace had never heard of Femco, but the address on the bottom of the card put their office as right downtown, not far from here.

Was that woman, Eleanor, being serious? Did she just hire Candace on the spot? Why! She’d barely said two sentences to her! They had to have been messing with her.

She was still standing there staring at the card when she heard her phone ring. Glancing down at the screen she saw that it was her manager.

“Cathy?” Candace said as she answered it.

“Hello, Candace. Just got the new from Ms. Prewitt’s assistant. I won’t lie, I’ll be sorry to see you go, but I of course understand how you couldn’t pass up an opportunity like this”

Candace blinked “I...wha...”

“All I ask is you finish your shift today, and then leave your apron behind in the staff closet. I’ll take care of the rest, and get your last pay cheque sent to you. Good Luck with your new job!”

“...Thanks?” Candace said. Before she could say anything else, Cathy had hung up.

Ok then...Eleanor was definitely serious. Candace had a new job. She didn’t even know what she’d be doing! She was anxious...and yet at the same time excited. Those women were beautiful, sexy, confident. She wanted to be like them, and maybe just spending time working around them would help her get to that next step.

The next morning Candace stood outside the towering glass skyscraper that was home to Femco. It’d been a short walk from her apartment, and she’d spent the entire time worrying. What if she wasn’t cut out for this...whatever this was. Would Cathy take her back at the Cafe if she failed? Probably...but she’d rather not find out either way.

Taking a deep breath, she stepped through the large sliding glass doors that led to the open atrium of the building. The place was spacious but currently empty. Marble benches were placed precisely around the room. Tall luxurious plants lined the perimeter.

Candace walked forward looking around in awe until she reached a chart on the back wall next to a bank of 6 elevators. The chart listed the floors of the building and their tenants. She had to go all the way to the bottom, or perhaps the top, to find Femco, located on floors 48, 49 and then Penthouse.

“Wow...Top floor? How have I never heard of them...” Candace mumbled to herself as she entered the elevator.

Her fingers hovered over the buttons...she hadn’t been told which floor to go to. She moved to press 48, assuming that perhaps reception would be on the bottom.

A voice emerged from an intercom set in the wall that Candace hadn’t noticed. “Name?” Candace jumped back startled, not succeeding in pressing a button.

“Um...Candace?”

“And who are you here to see Candace?”

“I...um...I was given a card by Ms. Prewitt?”

“You want the Penthouse, dear”

“Oh, ok” Candace said, pressing the button marked with a PH.

This place is intense, Candace thought, as the elevator sprung to life bringing her to the top floor. She adjusted her clothing as the car climbed and climbed. She'd worn a simple light gray cardigan and patterned skirt, nothing overly formal, but certainly business appropriate.

With a loud ding, the elevator opened to a room adorned with mahogany and gilded trim. This place was not empty; immediately she was hit with a wave of noise echoing in the space around her. She could hear numerous voices talking, keyboards typing, and more.

She slowly walked out of the Elevator. Just outside and to the right there was a reception desk, with a pretty blonde seated behind it. Would she be as busty as the women she'd seen yesterday? Or perhaps she'd be like the other woman, and have a gigantic juicy booty?

The truth was neither. Candace's eyes widened as she approached the desk and saw the woman seated behind it. She was leaning back in her office chair, turned to the side, one hand texting on her phone, the other resting atop her belly...which was enormous.

She was wearing a fashionable red turtleneck sweater dress, that was stretched to almost translucency over the large sphere of her belly. It projected up off her body from underneath her bust by almost a foot, perfectly round. She looked up as Candace approached giving her a bright smile.

"Good morning! You must be Candace!"

Candace nodded, blushing. Despite this woman's condition she was absolutely gorgeous. Her blonde hair was perfect, sleek and shiny, and done up into a flawless bun on the back of her head. Her skin was glowing and tan, and her make-up was impeccable. Candace never thought she'd be jealous of a pregnant woman, and yet here she was.

Candace's hands moved to anxiously adjust her hair. She'd rushed it this morning, just tossing it into a messy bun with her normal bangs in the front. It looked terrible compared to the perfect coif of the receptionist.

"Wonderful!" The receptionist said "My name's Cecilia, so lovely to meet you. Always so great to have another sister join the family!"

Candace smile awkwardly "Yeah...exciting."

"Isn't it!" Cecilia beamed back, eyes crinkling. "Just head down the right hallway, Ms. Prewitt's office is in the back. She's expecting you."

Candace nodded "Ok, thanks." She moved to walk away, then stopped herself. "Excuse me?"

"Yes?" Cecilia said, looking back up to her.

Candace leaned in to whisper. "Does...does this company not have good benefits?"

Cecilia frowned "What do you mean?"

Candace grimaced, uncomfortable with the topic. "Well...it's just...you're still working here...when you're almost due..."

"Due?" Cecilia gave Candace a confused smile. Then her eyes lit up "Oh! Oh no, no! Aha, I always forget when I meet new people! I'm not pregnant!"

It was Candace's turn to look confused. "You're...not?"

"Nope! This is all just me" She said with a smile, rubbing her belly affectionately. "Hurry on now, I already pinged Ms. Prewitt, and she doesn't like to be kept waiting"

Candace did as she was told, hurrying off down the hall. She didn't have time to dwell on the mystery of Cecilia and her gut, as she was immediately bombarded with a spree of gorgeous women, all of their bodies hyper-exaggerated.

Most bore large breasts, all stuffed into stylish business attire, and none of them smaller than at least an H-cup. A few had wide hips like the olive skinned girl she'd met yesterday, with the big bubble butts to match. Many had extremely long, vibrant hair, thick and voluminous. Above all else though, they were all incredibly beautiful. It's like the office only hired Victoria's Secret runway models.

"Morning Candace" She heard from an office she passed.

Her head whipped out around, to see the bespectacled redhead from the coffee shop, seated at a desk with a smile on her face. She wore a floral buttoned blouse that was taut across her overly full chest, with a smart pair of grey slacks underneath.

"Oh Hello! Good Morning!" Candace said nervously as she walked past, tossing a tiny wave with her hand. The redhead just gave her a wink before she disappeared from view as Candace walked on.

At last, she reached the end of the hallway which opened up to a large wall with a set of double doors in it. There was no one around, no second receptionist, so she figured she must be expected to just knock.

She could hear the murmur of muffled conversation in the next room. Not wanting to barge in and be rude on her first day Candace stood and waited awkwardly before the closed door. She was about to knock again when the door opened before her. The smiling face of the olive skinned woman greeted her.

"Hello Candace, won't you come in?"

Candace nodded as she stepped in through the open door.

"Ah, there she is!" Came a familiar voice from the other side of the vast office. Eleanor Prewitt sat behind a very large desk, upon which her breasts lay. She wore a similar outfit

yesterday, though today's blazer was navy and the top a faint pink. "Come in Candace, and take a seat. You remember my assistant, Nora?"

Nora nodded to Candace. She wore a very tight charcoal grey dress. A thin leather belt wrapped around her slim waist drew attention to both her lithe figure, and how massive her hips were that flared out a short ways below.

"Yes, of course" Candace said. She walked forward and sat in one of the open chairs before Ms. Prewitt's grand desk.

"Well, Candace. I suppose you're probably a little bit shellshocked, hm?" Eleanor said with a smile.

Candace sighed "Oh my god, thank you, yes! After you came in yesterday, my life flipped upside down, and now I guess I have a job here, but I don't even know what you do, or what you make, I don't know how much money it pays, and everyone here, oh god, they're all so beautiful, and I feel so plain, and that I don't fit in, and I really don't understand why you hired me!"

Across the desk, Eleanor watched her with raised eyebrows.

"Sorry" Candace said blushing with embarrassment "That was too much"

"It's quite alright, dear." Eleanor said. "You aren't wrong that you were given very little information about this position. And yet you came anyway. I respect that. I think it means that you'll fit right in here!"

"Really?!" Candace said excitedly. "Oh, thank you! I know I'm not as beautiful as your other staff, but-"

"Nonsense!" Eleanor cut her off. "You are just as beautiful as any of them, your beauty is just hiding. Don't worry, we'll bring it out. Now, I suppose I should answer some of your questions"

Eleanor leaned back in her chair, her breasts sliding off the desk and onto her lap. They didn't make any audible sound as they shifted; Candace assumed she was wearing one hell of a bra underneath her top.

"Femco, is my company." She pointed behind Candace to the Femco logo printed on the wall above the door to her office. "It is a company for women, by women. You're likely already familiar with our products, you just don't know it."

"Oh?" Candace said.

Eleanor nodded. "What brand of tampon do you use?"

"Uhh...Kotex?"

Eleanor smiled "We make those. Kimberley-Clark still owns the brand name, but we've been their sole supplier for the last 5 years."

"Oh wow!" Candace said in awe.

Eleanor nodded "Clothing, make-up, hygiene products. If a woman uses it, we make it"

Candace smiled "Well that's incredible. So, what will I be doing?"

Eleanor gestured to the other side of the room, where Nora still stood, silently watching. "You'll be doing Nora's job. She's been eager to move to a higher position in the company, and so I need a new assistant. Does this sound like something you could do?"

Candace nodded, though inside she felt a little disappointed. She'd thought this would be a new exciting opportunity, one where she wouldn't be serving coffee anymore. Looks like that wouldn't be the case.

"Starting salary is \$75,000 a year...plus our special executive benefits"

Any disappointment she'd been feeling instantly vanished. Her eyes went wide as she stammered out a response. "Oh! Th-Thanks! That's very generous!"

Eleanor smiled giving her a nod. "I suggest using part of your first pay cheque to update your wardrobe. This outfit is...cute. But we're aiming for something a little classier here"

Candace nodded "Yes, of course, Ms. Prewitt! I'll see what I can find"

"Just ask around. As I'm sure you've noticed, most of the other girls here are fairly fashion forward, and they're all very friendly"

"Ok, I will! So, do I just sit in here with you all day or..."

Eleanor laughed "Don't be silly. You'll take Nora's old office. She'll be transferring to another department which will have room for her there. Nora, be a treat and take Candace to her new home? Take the morning to get comfortable, dear. We'll link up after lunch to discuss my schedule. 1:00 sharp, understood?"

Candace stood, a wide smile on her face "Yes, of course, Ms. Prewitt! Wow, my own office...Thank you!"

"Shut the door on your way out" Eleanor said as she turned her chair around to face out the glass wall that was the back of her office.

Candace hurried to catch up with Nora who was already walking out of the room, round juicy ass swaying with each step.

“This way” Nora said over her shoulder, leading Candace down the right hallway, opposite of the one she’d walked down to get in. They passed office after office of equally gorgeous women as they walked, until eventually they reached one that was empty.

“Here’s where you’ll be.” Nora said, gesturing for her to enter. “It’s a bit small, but not bad”

Candace smiled broadly as she walked in. Small? This room was bigger than her bedroom in her apartment! A large L-shaped desk took up much of the room, with a brand new lap top sitting on top, connected to a pair of monitors. The chair behind the desk was...very large. Of course, this had been Nora’s office; you’d need a big chair to fit an ass almost three feet across.

“I’ll...get you a better chair” Nora said with a smile, hands running down her side and out along her hips.

Candace sat down upon it, tiny in the center of the seat. “I still can’t believe it! This is all so amazing!”

Nora leaned against the door, crossing her arms over her chest. “I remember feeling the same way when I first got here. Seems like yesterday...” She retrieved her phone out of a pocket of her dress, and unlocked it. After flipping through it for a few seconds, she turned it around to show Candace. “This was me before my first day at Femco.”

Candace’s jaw dropped. There was no way these were the same person. But as she studied the smiling face in the picture, she could see the similarities. She’d definitely had a glow-up since then; maybe she’d gotten better with her makeup?

Then she noticed a much more glaring contradiction. Where was her ass?! The woman in this picture had a very similar figure to Candace.

“When...was this taken?” She asked. Maybe it’d been a long time ago...

“Two years ago” Nora said. “Wow, that’s crazy saying it out loud. Two years as Eleanor’s assistant. The time really did fly by...So much has changed!”

Candace opened her mouth to ask the question but...couldn’t bring herself to do it. It was too personal, and they’d only just met. Unfortunately, she didn’t close it quick enough and Nora noticed.

“Yes? Something you want to know?”

“Um...Yes...I just...wanted...uh...Where’s the kitchen?”

Nora smiled “It’s in the middle of the floor. You probably passed it on your way in and didn’t notice.”

Candace nodded, as she breathed a sigh of relief. “Great thank you so much. Any...any tips you could give someone who’s about to take your job?”

Nora pursed her lips for a moment as she thought it over. "All I would say...Is just don't be late...and enjoy all of it"

"All of what?" Candace asked.

Nora chuckled "You'll see..." Then she turned and left, each enormous cheek jiggling with every step as she strode off down the hallway.

"Well...that was certainly mysterious..." Candace said to herself. With a shrug, she opened the laptop and booted it up. Log-in info was on a sticky note attached to the keyboard, which she typed in. Sure enough the computer unlocked for her with a message "Welcome Candace". It then immediately began to run a number of setup programs and functions.

"Guess I'll go make myself a coffee" She said, standing up and leaving the computer to do its thing.

She found the kitchen as easily as Nora had promised. They had two state of the art machines in here, better quality than the one Candace had used at the cafe. Taking a mug from the shelf she decided to make herself a latte. After prepping the machine to make the espresso she went to the fridge to get milk.

As she reached for the large upright fridge...she noticed a smaller fridge beside it. It had a thumbprint sensor on the handle; extremely high-tech security, especially for a refrigerator. "What the hell could be in there?" Candace scoffed as she opened the regular fridge.

She frowned as she looked at the almost entirely empty fridge. Hadn't they said they had milk back at the office? There was a carton of 2% in the door...but it'd expired almost 8 months ago.

"Weird...Looks like I'm just having an espresso" Candace said with a frown. For all the luxuries this company offered its staff...they couldn't keep the fridge stocked with milk?

As she went to grab her mug of espresso, the sound of chatter grew louder. Looking over her shoulder she watched as 4 women entered, redhead at the lead.

"Oh! Look who it is! Girls, let me introduce you to our newest hire, Candace!"

Candace was immediately surrounded by them as one by one they pulled her into a hug. Each of them was at least as busty as redhead, which was clear when they squeezed their bodies against her one at a time.

"This is Shannon, Kacey, and Adrienne. And of course you already know me!"

Candace gave polite waves to each of the other women. "I'm sorry, but I actually don't... I never caught your name..."

Redhead laughed. "Oh fuck, you're right! Sorry, Candy! I'm Quinn, A.K.A. the office flirt"

“More like the office slut!” Joked Kacey.

Quinn rolled her eyes as she flipped them off “Way to make me look bad in front of the new girl!”

Kacey snickered “You didn’t deny it though…”

Quinn shrugged, giving Candace a wink. “Well…call a spade a spade, if you know what I mean”

Candace blushed a deep shade of pink. This was a lot all at once.

“So…you’re going to be Ms. Prewitt’s new assistant?” Shannon asked.

Candace nodded “Yes! I’m very excited”

“Do you think you’d be able to hook us up with extra doses?” Adrienne asked, eyes suddenly wide with excitement. She took a step toward Candace, grinning broadly.

“Extra…doses?” Candace said, looking back and forth between the four of them.

“What…what are you talking about?”

“Nothing!” Quinn said with a laugh, before she shot a stern glare at Adrienne. “It’s nothing, seriously. So…made any friends yet?”

Candace shook her head “Not really, I only met Nora.”

Kacey nodded “God what I would do to have an ass like hers…”

Adrienne shrugged “Yeah, same, but… you get what you get, right?”

Kacey sighed, a hand coming up to affectionately squeeze one of her breasts, nearly the size of Candace’s head. “Yeah. Guess I shouldn’t complain”

Candace looked quizzically between them. “I…I’m sorry? I don’t understand”

Quinn wrapped an arm around Candace’s shoulders, and pulled her away. “Don’t listen to them, they’re talking about…just never mind. Nora’s nice, for sure, but sometime she can be a bit of a goody two shoes; doesn’t know how to have fun, you know?. You won’t have that trouble with us”

Standing right beside her, Candace found herself staring down at Quinn’s chest. This close to her it was made ever more clear how large they were, how they projected off her chest, two round fleshy orbs the size of small watermelons.

Quinn grinned. “Oh, you like the twins?”

Candace jerked her head up, looking over at Quinn who still smiled at her. “I...no...I’m sorry! I didn’t mean to stare”

Quinn chuckled “Stare away, Candy! I wouldn’t have made them this big if I didn’t want the attention!” She did a shimmy with her shoulders, making them dance back and forth in her tight top. “If you get a couple drinks in me I’ll even let you touch them...”

“Wait...you said ‘made them’?” Candace asked, but Quinn either didn’t hear her or ignored her.

“We’re taking you to lunch today. Our treat. Only fair! You like sushi? Of course you do, everyone likes Sushi. We’ll come get you from your office around noon?”

Candace’s mouth flapped, until eventually she voiced an answer. “...Okay?”

Quinn squeezed her shoulders in a side hug. “Excellent! We know *the best* places to eat around here. Alright, see you at lunch Candy!” And then with a snap of her fingers she left, the other three quickly following her.

Candace stood dumbfounded staring where they’d just left. There’d been so much happening in that exchange, so much that she didn’t understand, that she was left reeling. All she could do was grab her espresso and return to her office, still struggling to process it all.

As promised, at 11:59 Quinn appeared to fetch her. Together they walked down the hall toward the elevators, with Quinn gabbing in her ear about office drama involving people Candace didn’t know. Candace wanted to ask a number of questions but couldn’t get a word in edgewise.

They arrived in the lobby to find the other three who’d be joining them for lunch waiting for them. Behind the reception desk Cecilia stood up with a smile, one hand on her back to help herself maintain balance, with the massive weight of her belly in front. “Hey Quinn! You gals going out for lunch with the new girl!”

The other three women who were facing away from the desk rolled their eyes in annoyance. Quinn was better at masking her disdain. “Oh yeah...but it’s a reservation and we already confirmed for 5 people...Sorry”

Cecilia’s face fell. “Oh...ok...Another time!”

“Yeah...maybe...maybe not” Quinn said as she ushered their group into the elevator. As soon as the doors closed she let out a laugh. “Oh god, she is annoying.”

Candace shook her head “She is? She just wanted to join us for lunch...”

Quinn snorted “Trust me, Candy. She’s a pain in the ass. Plus she can’t fit anywhere trendy with that gut of hers!”

"I honestly don't know what her deal is...what was she thinking! She'll never get a man looking like that..." Kacey added, voice dripping with derision.

"She seemed nice..." Candace murmured, though none of the other four heard her.

As soon as they left the building they got into an uber waiting outside for them. Candace had thought that these woman had been acting extremely forward before now, but she quickly learned that was them being reserved. As soon as the door to the van closed, things got wild. Buttons were undone, zippers pulled down, ties untied. When they arrived at the restaurant, the stylish conservative outfits they'd been wearing had been converted to scandalous revealing tops, all of them entering the restaurant with vast amounts of cleavage on display.

All eyes were on them as they strutted through the restaurant, chatting cattily amongst themselves. Candace followed behind, feeling embarrassed. So many people were staring...how did it not bother them?

Lunch was a raucous affair, both food and drinks flowing excessively. Each of the women had drank 4 cocktails in the time it took Candace to finish her first. They were loud, outspoken, and altogether a lot to deal with if she had to put it bluntly. But part of her found herself liking them. They certainly had confidence...and they were definitely beautiful...

"Candy!" Quinn said, half yelling. "Come on girl, catch up! You're still on your first drink!"

Candace gave a half hearted smile as she downed the last of her gin and tonic.

"Woo!" Quinn whooped "There you go! Trust me, Candy. Stick with us and you'll really live life to the *fullest!*" At this last word she thrust out her chest, emphasizing the size of her bust. Her blouse, which she'd unbuttoned almost halfway, slid back from the motion, fully exposing her breasts held within her large black bra.

The other three women wooed loudly, throwing their hands above their head and shimmying their own breasts back and forth. At the next table over a man dropped his spicy salmon roll into his lap as he stared with an open mouth at their display.

Candace also stared, but more in shock at their brazen actions. Quinn looked over at her and grinned. "Oh, go on. Have a squeeze! I know you want to touch them!"

Candace shook her head "No, that's ok..."

Quinn smirked "Seriously? Don't be shy, Candy, we're all girls here!"

Candace looked away, her blush getting deeper. "Really. It's fine..."

Quinn rolled her eyes. "Just... come here" She reached over and grabbed Candace by the wrist, and pulled. Candace was completely blindsided by the move, and didn't even resist as Quinn lifted her hand and placed it square into her cleavage.

“See!” Quinn said with a giggle. “Nice, right?”

Candace gaped at the touch. Quinn’s breasts were soft, warm, and undeniably very big. Unable to help herself, her fingers wrapped around one of her orbs of soft flesh, and as requested gave it a firm squeeze. They were real. No implants here.

“Ooo!” Quinn moaned “I said just give ‘em a squeeze, not get my motor running!”

Candace pulled her hand back swiftly. “Oh god, sorry! I shouldn’t...”

Quinn grabbed her hand and gave it a gently squeeze. “I’m teasing! Don’t worry, Candy. We’re all good. More than good.”

Candace spent the rest of lunch in silence, still totally embarrassed after what she’d done. As promised though the other women covered her bill, and after an hour they tottered out. For the number of drinks they’d consumed they all walked impressively steadily, even though they all wore heels.

In the Uber back they reassembled their outfits, returning their image to that of chic, refined professionals. Candace just sat by the window staring out at the street that went by. She was completely lost in thought that she didn’t even notice that Quinn was trying to talk to her.

“Candy!” The redhead said loudly.

Candace looked over “What? Oh, sorry, I was just...distracted”

Quinn smiled “I was just going to ask you what your preference is?”

“My preference?”

Quinn nodded. “Yeah! You know? Tits or ass?”

Candace didn’t know what to say. She suddenly realized that all of the women in the Uber were looking at her expectantly.

“I...uh...I don’t...”

“Just don’t be like Cecilia! What a weirdo!” Adrianna joked. The other women all cackled.

Quinn wrapped an arm around Cecilia’s shoulder and gave her a comforting squeeze.

“Don’t worry, you don’t have to tell us. But I expect Ms. Prewitt will give you your first dose soon!”

“Then you’ll be part of the sisterhood!” Kacey said beaming.

Another chorus of woos echoed in the van. Candace gave a weak smile. She was still so very confused. But she figured she had an idea of who would be able to give her some answers.

Candace rushed out of the elevator once they'd returned to the penthouse floor, running down the hall to the office at the end. The clock on the wall she passed read 1:15; she was late.

Ready to take her lumps, Candace knocked on the door to Eleanor Prewitt's office.

"Come in" The stern voice echoed from inside.

Candace pushed her way into the room, walking quickly over and sitting down across from Eleanor. Since this morning the C.E.O had removed her blazer, and so she sat at her desk with just the buttoned shirt on over her gargantuan melons, each one nearly the size of an inflated beach ball. She was turned to the side facing a computer monitor at the edge of her desk. She typed effortlessly on a keyboard that she'd perched atop the large horizontal shelf of her bust; a maneuver that looked well practiced.

"You're late" Eleanor said, not looking at her.

Candace nodded "I'm sorry, ma'am. I know you don't like it when people are late, it won't happen again"

"And where were you?" She asked, voice solemn.

Candace hesitated. She'd been late because Quinn and the other women they'd gone out to lunch with had insisted on several more rounds of drinks. Candace had done her best to urge them to leave, but they'd just told her to relax and not stress. At first she wanted to come clean to Eleanor, but...she didn't want to just throw those women under the bus either. They were a little wilder than she'd expected, but they'd taken her out to lunch, and been quite kind to her. It wouldn't be right to just immediately backstab them like that.

"I...I lost track of time while out getting lunch. It won't happen again"

Eleanor paused her typing, her right hand coming up so a finger could tap her lips in thought. "Hmm...Is that so?"

"Yes ma'am" Candace said with a sure nod.

Eleanor began typing once more "You're lying to me"

Candace felt a chill run through her. How had she known?! "What! I...no...I didn't...!"

Eleanor turned her head and gave her a questioning look for a single moment, before she looked back to the screen and resumed typing.

Candace groaned with despair. "Yes...I was lying. I'm sorry"

Eleanor gave a small smile. "Don't be sorry dear. I would've been annoyed if you'd tried to make an excuse, but instead you owned up to it...even though I doubt you were the one to blame for your tardiness. You were covering for your colleagues, showing loyalty to them, self-sacrifice. That's respectable. Of course I don't ever want you to lie to me, let me make that perfectly clear, but still...admirable traits nonetheless."

Candace blinked, saying nothing. She thought that it was likely she would've gotten fired right there. Lying to the CEO on the first day was never a good look, but it seems like she wasn't going to get in trouble for it.

"So...where were you, actually?"

Candace took a deep breath before she spoke once more. "I was taken for lunch by some of the staff. We went for sushi. The restaurant was busy and we ran late. I tried to get them to leave earlier but they were insistent and I didn't feel comfortable pushing back..."

Eleanor nodded, her brows furrowing as she paused typing once more. "I feel like there are a few details missing from your story...Who took you?"

"Quinn and a few others"

"Ah. There it is. Ms. Lachance and her usual crew I'm guessing. I take it drinks were involved?"

Candace nodded "A few"

Eleanor snorted "Maybe for you. I don't think I've ever seen Quinn Lachance consume *anything* in moderation. Did they...expose themselves?"

Candace blushed, the memory of her groping Quinn bubbling up. "Umm..."

Eleanor looked back at Candace and gave her a warm, reassuring smile. "It's alright, dear. No one's in trouble, I just want to know what happened"

Candace sighed, as she nodded her understanding. "Quinn pulled her breasts out of her top. They were still in her bra but...yeah."

"I assume she wanted you to touch them?"

Candace's blush deepened. Why was everyone in this office so open about this sort of thing! "Yes..."

"And did you?"

"...Yes"

Eleanor nodded “Thank you, dear. I appreciate your honesty. Quinn Lachance is...a terrific saleswoman. But she’s also very sure of herself, and confident in her body. She doesn’t let a single opportunity to show off pass her by. Sometimes I wonder why I put up with it...then I’m reminded when I see her quarterly sales reports. Anyway...I’ll have a talk with her about making sure she gets you back on time. Sound fair?”

Candace smiled “Yes ma’am, thank you.”

Eleanor returned to typing, leaving Candace to wait in silence. Candace sunk back into her chair, taking a few calming breaths. She wasn’t in trouble, that was good. But...she still had unanswered questions.

After sitting in silence, listening only to the sound of the woman across from her typing, Candace cleared her throat.

“Yes, dear?” Eleanor asked, not looking away.

“Ms. Prewitt, ma’am. What...what are doses?”

Eleanor Prewitt stopped typing. In fact she removed the keyboard from atop her bust, and placed it in to one of the drawers of her desk, before shutting it. Then she turned to face Candace, rotating herself fully until they were square. Her expression was unreadable as she looked at Candace.

“I take it Quinn or one of the others mentioned them?”

Candace nodded silently.

“I see. That is disappointing. Not your fault of course, dear. But usually I like to give new staff a week or so to be sure they’re a good fit before I initiate them...but...you have shown remarkable promise today. Maybe just this once I’ll make an exception...”

Eleanor leaned back in her chair, the leather seat groaning with the shift in weight. She sat there staring at Candace for several long seconds, before she leaned forward once again. Resting her breasts on the surface of the desk, she extended her right hand forward pointing at the far wall. “Could you please retrieve a pair of glasses from the shelf?”

Candace stood and walked over in the direction Eleanor was pointing. There were numerous shelves on the front wall of her office, many with books, pictures, awards and commendations. But near the right, on one shelf there was a set of four crystal tumblers. Candace grabbed two of them and walked back, setting them on the table.

Eleanor gave her a warm smile. “I suppose...that there’s probably one question on your mind that’s truly above all others”

Candace looked at her expectantly, waiting for the answer.

Eleanor grinned “And that’s ‘*What is she feeding all those women to make them grow so big!*’”

Candace chuckled at the joke. “Ah ha ha! That’s funny...But yes, I was wondering where you found all these incredibly well endowed girls! Almost impossibly so! I didn’t think it was possible to have breasts as big as Quinn’s without surgery but...I felt them for myself today and they’re real!”

Eleanor nodded “Yes, all of my girls’ assets are real, mine included” She idly grazed a hand atop one of her mammoth tits. “And no, none of them have gone under the knife. But they also didn’t come by their proportions via mother nature either”

Candace’s mouth formed an O of surprise. “Oh! Then...how...”

“I wasn’t just being facetious when I joked about what I’m feeding these girls. I *am* feeding them something that makes them grow”

“What?!” Candace asked, fully engrossed.

Eleanor smiled, the hand that had been gently caressing her breast giving it a firm couple of pats.

Candace looked confused for a moment, frowning, until it hit her. She gasped eyebrows shooting up. “Oh my god! Your milk?!”

Eleanor nodded “Well done. You got there faster than most”

Candace shook her head. “I don’t understand?! How is that possible!”

Eleanor shrugged “I’ll be straight with you dear, I don’t even know how it’s possible, and it comes out of my own tits! I just have magic milk, no rhyme or reason for it.”

“Wow...” Candace said dumbfounded. “That’s incredible! How did you...?”

“How did I figure it out?” Eleanor chuckled “That’s actually a funny story. It was a complete accident. I’ve never been married, never had children but...shortly after starting Femco I went to this ‘Women in Business’ conference in San Francisco’. Good god, it was awful. So much pandering, self-aggrandizing nonsense. One such panel I went to was about the benefits of drinking one’s own breast milk! The speaker promised that it would help boost your immune system, clear your skin...all of it bullshit. But I tried it anyway”

Candace stared at Eleanor’s enormous breasts beneath her shirt, that the older woman was stroking affectionately. They were the source of it all?!

“With the right combination of supplements I was able to induce lactation. I didn’t produce much at first, but I still drank it.”

“And it made you grow?” Candace asked, rapt with attention.

Eleanor nodded “Almost immediately. I was in total and utter shock, I didn’t know what the fuck was going on! But goddamn did I like the end result! That first time wasn’t a lot but it made me swell at least 2 or 3 cup sizes.”

“How did it feel?” Candace asked.

Eleanor grinned “Fantastic. Growing felt good, and being bigger felt great. They were so full, and sensitive. And so...I kept going. The more I drank the bigger I got, and the more I produced. It was...intoxicating” Her affectionate strokes were getting more intense, turning into full on massaging.

“Wow” Candace said. “So, you kept going until you thought this was big enough?”

Eleanor shook her head with a sigh. “I wish I had that kind of restraint. No, I stopped when I could no longer reach my nipples! I was producing more milk than ever and I couldn’t fucking reach it!”

Candace frowned “Why didn’t you just ask someone to help?”

Eleanor chuckled “By the time I was next in the same room with someone...I’d returned to my senses somewhat. At the time I was in a frenzy, my hunger to grow bigger insatiable. I later learned that’s a side effect of my milk. Drink too much at once and it makes you...almost drunken.”

“Wait...the next time you were in the same room...how long were you alone for?!”

Eleanor smiled “Darling, I grew these in *one weekend*”

Candace gasped “Holy shit...Sorry...pardon my language”

Eleanor nodded “It’s quite alright, dear. I think ‘Holy Shit’ is a fair reaction. Yes, my milk is...quite potent, especially at the quantities I was drinking”

“So that explains you...but...what about all the rest of them?”

“I returned from my conference a changed woman...in more ways than one. I didn’t try to hide what had happened to me, I was proud of them, proud of how much I’d grown. But I certainly garnered some questions from my staff.”

“I confessed immediately, I thought that’d be simpler. I expected shock, shame, maybe even revulsion. Instead I was greeted with wonderment, and lavished with affection. I was told how good I looked, how good *they* looked...and most of all I was asked...if I could do it to them”

Candace listened in silence, eager to hear the tale.

“At first I said no. The situation was just too...weird...a bunch of adult women all drinking my breast milk? But the looks they gave me, the attention. They kept telling me how beautiful I was, and how they wished they looked as good as me. But still...I couldn't”

Candace leaned forward “So...what changed?”

“A few things.” She said. As she spoke, her hands came forward and began to undo the many buttons on her shirt, starting from the top and slowly working their way down. “I began to notice a change in myself beyond the obvious change to my chest. My mind...it was sharper, faster, more focused. My skin was clearer and looked younger, my hair was richer, healthier. Altogether drinking my milk had vastly improved my well being as a human! I realized it was selfish of me to not share it with others, but not only that, it would greatly improve the success of my business if all of my employees were elevated to their best.”

“But...no one's as big as you?” Candace asked.

More and more of each magnificent massive teat was revealed, great smooth orbs of flesh, as she continued to undo her shirt. If Candace was curious as to why her boss was undressing before her she didn't ask.

“Well of course. I wanted them elevated...but not above me! It wouldn't behoove me if my team of staff all became smarter than me then decided to start their own company. No, very early on I calculated that I should limit the amount I give them. These are the doses. Each woman on staff is allotted a small amount of milk per week. This limited intake has ensured that none of them outgrow me, and it maintains their loyalty to me”

Candace nodded “That's smart...though, surely they've realized what you're doing...”

Eleanor nodded, as her arms stretched out in front of her to reach the buttons that sloped away down the front of her chest. “Of course they do. They just don't care. They'd rather be in the system, then fight it.”

“Wait...” Candace said, remembering something. “One of the women asked if I could score them extra doses...does that mean that I'm in charge of distributing them?”

Eleanor smiled “You are a sharp one. Yes, as my assistant, that will be one of your weekly tasks. You'll be in control of my milk output, and only your thumbprint will open the special fridge in the kitchen that holds it...well once we switch the programming to your thumbprint it will.”

“Oh goodness!” Candace said “That's a lot of responsibility...”

“That I'm confident you'll be able to handle. Now, could you be a dear and get the rest of them for me?” She gestured towards the front of her shirt. She'd stopped with still several buttons done up, as her hands couldn't reach them.

Candace stood and leaned across the desk “Oh yes, of course ma'am”

Eleanor smiled "Thank you, Candace."

As Candace began to undo the remaining buttons she looked up at Eleanor. "If your milk makes breasts grow...then what happened to Nora?"

"Ah, yes. Well the truth of my milk is that it doesn't specifically make breasts grow. It just makes your body grow in the way that you want it. If you subconsciously want big tits, then that's what you'll get. If you're like Nora and want a dumptruck ass...well you saw the results."

Candace nodded, fingers carefully working their way down as she reached the lower buttons. "And Cecilia?"

Eleanor chuckled "Cecilia...was a surprise. She's one of a kind, that one. I can't speak to her motives, but it's clearly something she wanted. She's shown no regrets at all, and is always eager to receive her dose."

Candace tugged the shirt up from underneath where Eleanor's breasts lay upon the desk, to undo the final set. When the last one was undone she nodded at Eleanor, who grabbed the edges and pulled it back to her side, fully exposing her breasts in their massive white satiny bra. The swatch of fabric that formed each cup was large enough that Candace could've worn it as a top.

"Now that I've told you my history" Eleanor said "Do you wish to join us? There'll be no shame or disapproval if you say no. You'll just return to your old life; I'll ensure your position at the cafe is restored. But...if you say yes. A whole new life awaits you. So...what'll it be?"

Candace nodded without hesitation. "Yes! I want in! More than anything!"

Eleanor smiled "Good. I knew you would, and I hate being wrong about a prospect" Both hands reached up to the shoulder bands, to large clips that were attached to the top corner of each cup. Squeezing on them, the clips popped undone, and the cups of her bra fell forward, her breasts heaving out as their weight settled, no longer contained by the bra. Eleanor let out a contented sigh with her breasts free, having surged forward another inch or two.

Candace stared at the woman's bare chest before her. Looking at them uncovered really hammered home how large they were. Not only that but they were incredibly intense. While the tops and sides were smooth and creamy, the closer to the front you looked, the more thick dark veins were visible against the surface. Her areola covered the front of each orb, pebbly pink flesh the size of dinner plates. Her nipples sat at the centre, a darker shade of pink, and long and distended, about the size of a wine bottle cork.

Eleanor smiled peacefully as Candace ogled her. "You can touch them if you wish. I'm sure you're curious"

Candace nodded, as she leaned forward, pressing a hand against the front of one at the edge of one areola. They were warm, much warmer than she expected. They were also

surprisingly firm, the flesh not as pliant as she'd expected. With how dense they were, she could imagine how heavy they must be. Eleanor made only the briefest of moans to register her satisfaction.

"Incredible..." Candace murmured as she stared with envy, pulling her hand away.

Eleanor nodded "Thank you, dear. Now, if you could please place the two glasses I asked you to fetch underneath the tips of my nipples?"

Candace did as instructed, sliding the crystal tumblers forward across the desk until they were in place, sitting in the shadow of Eleanor's mountainous breasts. "Ok, they're in place. What do you need me to do? Should I pinch you...or squeeze..."

Eleanor chuckled "No need, darling. Just give me a moment..."

Candace watched in silence. Eleanor's face only showed the slightest hint of concentration as she looked back at Candace. Her breasts trembled slightly, the faintest of motions as they seemed to swell in place, growing a tiny bit firmer and rounder. Then a white drop appeared on the tips of each teat, then another, and another. The drips continued to bead on her flesh until they began to flow regularly, a gentle but consistent stream of milk falling from her nipples into the glasses below, like a sink faucet just barely turned on.

"Ahh" Eleanor sighed. "There we go."

"You can bring yourself to lactate without any stimulation?!" Candace said in awe.

"Yes, with how much of my milk I consumed it gave me an incredible amount of control over my body. This is just one of the perks" Her hands rested atop her breasts and rubbed back and forth gently, while milk continued to slowly flow from her nipples.

"Does it feel good?" Candace asked.

Eleanor smiled, biting her lip "Very good. Part of why I lost control that first weekend. Now, do let me know when those glasses are almost full. I obviously can't see them myself"

Candace nodded, eyes turning back to the glasses that slowly filled with Eleanor Prewitt's creamy milk. The older women's nipples pulsed with each little surge of milk they produced. The veins surrounding them pressed upon her skin, thick and rigid.

After a minute of silence, with Eleanor silently enjoying herself, Candace spoke up. "Ok, the milks almost at the top"

Eleanor sighed, but nodded. "Pity...It never lasts as long as I'd like." Her brows furrowed, as she grimaced. In seconds the flow of milk stopped, and her breasts settled, deflating a miniscule amount.

Candace reached for the two glasses of milk, pulling them toward her. "So...these are *both* for me?" She asked.

“Yes.” Eleanor said “The first dose is always a lot. Enough to really let you feel and enjoy the change. Future doses will be much less” She sat with her chest uncovered, unable to reach her bra that had flopped forward onto the desk.

Not wanting to wait any further, Candace lifted the first glass to her mouth. She took a careful sip at first. It was warm, sweet, almost like melted ice cream, but not quite as sugary. She gulped down the entire glass, as her tongue tingled at the delightful taste.

“Delicious!” She said as she put down the empty glass.

“Thank you” Eleanor said “I’m rather proud of what I produce. Now the other glass, dear. No half measures”

Candace nodded, grabbing the second glass of milk, and chugging it down within seconds. “Ahh! Amazing!” She said as she set down the empty tumbler. “How soon does it kick in?”

“Not long” Eleanor said as she studied Candace. “I’m curious to see where you’ll grow. Usually I’m pretty good at guessing...”

“Oh yeah?” Candace said “What do you think I’ll be?”

Eleanor shook her head “Sorry, can’t tell you. It might influence you. You should feel it any second now...just...don’t resist. Give in to it, and let the feeling take you”

Candace nodded, as she settled in to wait. Nothing was happening. All she felt was a pleasant warmth in her stomach. She frowned after still nothing happened after a few seconds. What if it didn’t work on her? What if for some reason she was immune to the milk’s magic? That would be absolutely crushing. The more and more Ms. Prewitt had told her, the more and more excited she’d been. But maybe there was something wrong with her, something that-

An explosion of pleasure bloomed within her chest, spreading outward in a tingling wave that reached her extremities. She let out a gasp as it enveloped her, filling her body with stimulation. She could feel it swirl within her like a typhoon. It was so much, and it all felt so good. She began to hyper-ventilate, as she was overwhelmed by it. It was too much for her to handle, she couldn’t take it!

She squeezed her eyes shut, and forced herself to calm down. She remembered what Ms. Prewitt had said, to let herself enjoy it, and not fight it. She slowed her breathing and let herself sink in to the storm of pleasure, and there in the centre of it all she felt it happen.

A pressure spread all over, like she was being filled with something. It was warm, and comforting. There was a tightness, like she was being squeezed, tighter and tighter. It felt amazing, she never wanted it to end.

She could feel herself nearly on the cusp of climax, her pleasure building and building to a boil. Her vision faded into bursts of stars and light. She could feel her throat rattle as she released repeated exultant moans of release, though her ears didn't register them. It was the greatest experience of her life and then...it was over.

Eyes still closed she came down off of her euphoria, her hearing returning to normal. She was breathing heavily, her chest heaving with each gulp of air, though it felt like she was being constricted somehow.

"Interesting..." She heard Ms. Prewitt say from across the desk. "I knew you were special, Candace. Open your eyes dear, take a look at yourself"

Taking a deep breath, Candace slowly stopped squeezing her lids shut. She was trembling with nervousness; what did Ms. Prewitt mean by that? Her entire body was still tingling with the after effects of the milk, so it was difficult for her to feel what had changed.

As she opened her eyes, she gasped, then let out a laugh of delight. Logically she knew it would work, the proof was all around her, but still she'd had doubts that it would happen. There was no denying the proof before her now.

Projecting off her chest were two round mounds, each slightly more than a handful. She'd been a B-cup when she'd walked in this morning, but now if she had to guess these were at least DD's. That squeezing, constricting feeling, was her clothes, resisting her growth. Her cardigan was stretched tight across her chest, gaps starting to appear between the buttons.

"Oh my god...Oh my god! Look at me! I have big tits!" Her hands flew to them like they were magnetized, as she began to squeeze and grope them, feeling their full new masses. "Fuck, they feel so..." She pulled her hands away, letting them drop at her side. She'd got caught up in the feeling, she'd forgotten that she was still at work...in her boss's office no less.

"Sorry, ma'am. It's just...they're just so..."

Eleanor held up a hand "It's quite alright dear, everyone does it."

Candace nodded "Thank you for being understanding. So...I guess I'm part of the boob club? I guess I shouldn't be surprised, with how much I was drawn to you and Quinn."

"Oh, is that what you think? Look down, Candace"

Candace's face went blank with confusion, but she did as she was told. Turning her head she looked down at herself...and was surprised to find that her chest wasn't the only place she'd grown.

Beneath her waist her hips had grown thicker, tapering a few inches away from her. Behind her, two round juicy cheeks projected off of her, sloping away quite noticeably. She'd split the back seam of her skirt, her underwear visible underneath.

Candace looked back up at Ms. Prewitt. "Both?!"

Eleanor nodded "Yes...like I said, interesting. You're the first women who's ever developed more than one sexual feature after drinking my milk."

Candace shook her head with shock, as her hands felt up her thick round backside. "Goddamn..."

Ms. Prewitt nodded "Yes, my dear, I believe you're going to be very popular. Now could you be so kind as to help me regain my decency?"

Candace rushed forward, forgetting about herself for the moment. "Yes, of course, ma'am! So sorry!"

Grabbing a hold of one of the cups that lay flat on the desk, Candace grabbed onto the top clip and with no small effort, hoisted it up towards Eleanor's shoulder. Despite the fact that most of the weight of her breasts still rested upon the desk, they were still incredibly heavy to lift up just to reclip the bra. The first one done, she hurried around to the other cup and heaved it up so that Ms. Prewitt could clip it in place once again.

With her bra back in place, Eleanor Prewitt, bracing herself upon her chair, pushed herself up to standing. She moved slowly, but steadily. Candace watched with awe as she rose; the woman must have incredible core strength to stay upright with those massive weights on her front. If the weight of them bothered her, she didn't let it show. Instead she began to button up her shirt once again, starting from the top. Candace, recognizing an opportunity to assist, stepped up and began to do up the ones on the front and bottom that curved underneath her bust.

"Thank you, dear" Eleanor said when her shirt was in place once more. "Now, I believe they're expecting you."

"Who?" Candace asked.

Ms. Prewitt walked over and wrapped an arm around her shoulder, leading Candace back towards the door to her office. "Your sisters," Eleanor said, as her breasts collided with the double doors in front of them, pushing them open.

As the doors opened wide, Candace was greeted with a wave of noise; shrieks and whoops of delight from the throng of women that stood outside. It looked as if the entire floor was gathered around. Clearly someone had spread the word that Candace was being inducted, and they'd all come to greet her.

With a gentle push, Eleanor sent Candace forward, after which she was immediately surrounded. One by one women came up to introduce themselves, give her a proper welcome, and frankly ogle her. As Eleanor had correctly surmised, Candace would indeed be very popular, as each woman who greeted her was both shocked and jealous that Candace would be going full hourglass.

A familiar face pushed through the crowd, Quinn with her trio of cohorts behind her. “Oh my god, you bitch!” Quinn said as she pulled Candace into a tight hug, her own large breasts pressing into Candace’s. “Look at you! You are going to look so fucking hot! Ass *and* tits! You just had to show us up didn’t you!”

Candace was too overwhelmed to say anything, so she just grinned exuberantly as she was passed around the room, receiving praise and adoration from everyone she met. She was in. She was part of the sisterhood now. And she couldn’t be happier.

Candace stood in the mirrored cab of the elevator, tapping her foot on the tile floor. In one hand she held a tray with two oat milk lattes, in the other her large tablet which she held against her body. The light above the door flashed with each floor it passed on its way to the penthouse. She bit her lip anxiously; not because she was late, if anything she was a few minutes early, but simply because she didn’t like waiting.

Six weeks had passed since Candace had joined Femco, and her life had been completely revamped. Similar to how she hadn’t recognized Nora in the picture she’d been shown, if you looked at Candace today compared to that first day the differences were stark.

Eleanor’s milk had done it’s job well, conferring all the benefits that she’d promised it would. Candace’s skin shone with a healthy glow, free of blemishes and marks. Her hair had grown at an incredible rate, thick and luxurious. Today she’d simply done it up into a large messy bun atop her head, but if she were to wear it down, the ends would reach her tailbone.

Candace looked at herself in the reflective door of the elevator. Her face had shifted slightly, smoothing out in the right places, narrowing in others. She still looked like herself...just... better. The makeup of course helped; she’d never been big into that scene before now, but she’d picked it up remarkably quickly and now was a pro at contouring.

Not visible to the eye were the changes to her intellect. Her mind was focused, intensified, driven. She found herself able to multitask better, stay on top of things easier, keep track of multiple priorities at the same time. She understood now why Eleanor wanted this for her staff. She felt fully optimized, plain and simple.

With a ding, the elevator opened into the hall outside of the penthouse apartment of Eleanor Prewitt. After unlocking the door with the key she’d been given Candace strutted into the wide open common room, 5” heels clicking on the marble floor. She walked past the kitchen, fully finished in stainless steel, past the sitting area, filled with white fuzzy plush furniture, and down the hall toward Ms. Prewitt’s bedroom.

Her body bounced with each quick step, the growth of 6 weeks of consumption evident. Those delightful DD-cups she’d sprouted on the first day were a thing of the past. Now she walked with a pair of fleshy cantaloupes on her chest, round spheres each 6” in diameter. Today she’d stuffed them into a low cut red silk top, contained beneath a black pinstripe

blazer, that she'd buttoned at the waist. They bounced on her chest happily with each step, her bra unable to contain their movement.

Below, her hips swayed seductively, ass cheeks rolling back and forth underneath her pencil skirt that matched her jacket. Her hips flared out 4 inches from her thin waist, to support her ass which had plumped up wonderfully. It rounded out behind her, each cheek large, thick, and pillowy. It looked like she'd cut a soccer ball in half and stuffed them both down her skirt.

She pushed the door open to Ms. Prewitt's room without knocking. Ms. Eleanor Prewitt didn't even look up from what she was reading as Candace entered. She sat upon her bed, breasts resting on the mattress on either side of her legs which jutted out underneath. She'd obviously just come out of the shower as her hair was still wet, and she wore an enormous terry cloth robe.

"Good Morning, Ms. Prewitt" Candace said as she walked over, holding out the tray of drinks toward her.

"Good Morning, Candace" Eleanor said as she reached over and plucked one of the lattes from the tray. She had her reading glasses on while she studied an article on her ipad. Lifting the drink to her lips she took a sip, and let out a satisfied sigh. Candace took the other drink out of the tray, and helped herself to it.

"What's on the docket for today, dear?" Eleanor asked not looking up at her.

With a smile, Candace brought her tablet to life, and flicked her way through the touch screen to their scheduling app.

"First appointment is at 9am, you have a teleconference with the head of product development at L'oreal." Candace started.

"Mmm" Eleanor hummed as she took another sip.

"Then at 11, Quinn plans to brief you on a potential new client"

Eleanor said nothing, waiting for Candace to continue.

"Your lunch is free for now. Then at 2 you have a phone call with the board of the Pink Ribbon charity."

Eleanor nodded "Good, I've been meaning to discuss their plans for my donation."

"Of course, ma'am. We received a note from them late last week; they were both shocked and incredibly pleased at your generosity"

Eleanor set down her Ipad on the bed beside her, looking up at Candace “I’m sure they were. Of course, I certainly have personal reasons for supporting that charity. Breast Cancer research is obviously something I have a...vested interest in” She rested a free hand upon her vast cleavage, scratching at it idly.

Candace nodded once “Indeed. After that...there’s nothing pencilled in for the rest of the day. Although at some point today we do have to do a pump session”

Eleanor smiled at that “Oh excellent. That does brighten my mood, thank you Candace”

Candace smiled “Of course ma’am. What’ll it be today?”

With a quiet grunt of exertion, Eleanor swung her legs out from underneath her breasts and over the edge of the bed before she pushed herself to standing. Without a bra supporting them her breasts sagged, though only slightly. They still projected almost two feet from her body, massive and round. Reaching underneath her bust, she pulled the knot of the robe free, slinging it off her shoulders so she stood nude before Candace.

“The black set please, and then the navy blue dress”

“Right away” Candace said as she walked off toward Eleanor’s walk-in closet.

When she’d started the position as Ms. Prewitt’s assistant, her duties had revolved solely around the office. Eleanor had had a part time caretaker, who would come to her apartment each morning and assist her with getting dressed and other things a woman of her size wasn’t capable of. It’d been two weeks in when Candace had learned of this, and seeing as how well their rapport had developed, she offered to add those responsibilities to her current role, with a slight bump in pay of course.

Eleanor had accepted without hesitation. She’d found the caretaker too formal, too rigid. She wanted someone she could trust, someone she got along with, someone she could talk to about work. Candace was perfect for it.

Since then Candace had arrived here early each morning to assist Ms. Prewitt, as well as brief her on the day's schedule.

Candace entered the large closet and cast her eyes about for the clothing she’d requested. On the right wall, it looked like someone had hung up a number of parachutes; Eleanor’s massive brassieres. She grabbed the black one and a matching pair of panties and slung it over her shoulder. Then near the back she grabbed the navy blue dress, that had been custom made for Eleanor, of course.

She returned with the clothing, Eleanor standing waiting for her. First Candace helped her with the bra, sliding each gigantic teat into the corresponding cup, then heaving them up into position so that Eleanor could clip them up. Then she placed the panties at her feet, so that she could step into them. Candace pulled them up to her thighs, to where Eleanor could reach and pull them the rest of the way. Finally came the dress which was a massive bundle

of loose fabric. This too Eleanor had to step into, as her bust was too large to stretch the fitted lower section over.

“Alright, let’s go” Eleanor said as she smoothed the dress into place, tugging at the two large folds of cloth that ensconced each breast. This outfit was more daring than most she wore, it showed off a foot long line of cleavage before reaching the neckline of the garment.

Together they rode the elevator down to the front lobby, where Eleanor’s limousine was waiting just outside. Candace opened the door for her, and helped her in, before following her.

Eleanor sat on the back bench in the middle, her breasts filling the rest of the space either side of her. Candace sat across from her, legs crossed.

With a contemplative look on her face, Eleanor watched the city pass by outside as her driver took them to the office. Candace instead stared at Eleanor. Despite spending most of her waking life with the woman, Candace still found her a source of awe. Everything about her just exuded power and sex appeal; Candace couldn’t help but be drawn to her.

Her eyes traced the lines of her dress, the curve of her cleavage on display. Though she’d seen Ms. Prewitt naked dozens of times at this point, she still felt a thrill as she imagined Eleanor sitting across from her in the back of the limo, with her tits out on display. Her long thick nipples eager to be touched, veins pulsing with anticipation. Though they were inactive now, the potential of those two massive milk factories that rested mere feet from her was undeniable. Candace felt her own nipples become erect underneath her top, perched atop her melon sized breasts, as her arousal built.

“Candace?”

Candace snapped out of it, jolting her head upright to meet Ms. Prewitt’s questioning stare.

“Yes ma’am?” She said.

“I asked what you did last night?” Eleanor said, annoyed to have to repeat herself.

“Oh, nothing really” Candace said. “Just made some food and then went to bed”

Eleanor nodded “No gentleman callers in your life?”

Candace laughed “Boys? Oh definitely not. Too busy right now!”

“Ahh, I see...Fair enough.” She said nothing else for a moment, holding Candace’s gaze, before she looked back out the window. Candace was about to follow suit when Ms. Prewitt spoke once more. “By the way, dear. I know they’re magnificent...” An idle hand rested atop one of her breasts, her fingers drumming repeatedly “...but it’s not polite to undress me with your eyes”

Candace blushed. “Sorry, ma’am. Won’t happen again”

Eleanor smiled, still looking out the window. "Oh, I'm sure it *will* happen again. I'm not even that mad it happened this time...just be more subtle in public"

Candace nodded "Yes, ma'am" She opened the tablet that sat upon the seat beside her, pretending to recheck the schedule for the day. In reality she just wanted an excuse to look away, so Ms. Prewitt couldn't see how embarrassed she was. Even after all these weeks together, Candace couldn't help but be both intimidated and allured by her.

She'd partially lied to Ms. Prewitt just now. She hadn't gone on any dates recently, but not because she was too busy for boys. It's that boys no longer interested her.

Not in the sense that she no longer found men attractive, she still did. It's just that the focus of her desire had shifted. The beauty of the female form pushed to its limits was what filled her head when she touched herself each night before bed. And above all else, how much she wanted that for herself.

The rest of the morning passed without a hitch. Eleanor's morning appointments went smoothly, and were very productive. The L'Oreal deal was close to being finalized, and this meeting was one of the final nails in that coffin.

At 10:55am Quinn approached the set of double doors that led to Eleanor's office, where Candace stood waiting outside.

"Hey Candy!" The redhead said with a grin. Candace grinned back as she turned to face Quinn. Simultaneously they leaned forward, breasts brushing against one another as they kissed each other on the cheek. Candy wore a purple buttoned blouse with white cuffs that was at least two sizes too small. It was a marvel that she'd been able to do up the buttons, considering how strained they were holding back her tits, each one the size of her head.

"You ready?" Candace asked as she pulled herself back upright.

Quinn scoffed, waving a hand in the air "Please! This proposal is a shoe-in. Prewitt would be stupid not to partner with these guys."

Candace nodded, waiting for the clock to tick to 11 so she could let Quinn in. Quinn pursed her lips, as she looked Candace up and down. "Say Candy...Are you bigger than last week?"

Candace shook her head. "*Sigh*, no. I hit my plateau"

Quinn frowned. "Aww, that's too bad!" It was obvious that she was lying. Candace had gotten to know Quinn quite well, and one thing she'd learned was how competitive she was. Candace's breasts had been close to reaching Quinn's size, up until last week when her growth had petered out.

Candace shrugged, enjoying the weight of her breasts bouncing in her top as she did. "Happens to everyone, right?"

Quinn nodded "Yeah, sadly."

After Candace's initial dose of Eleanor's milk, she was put on the same regiment as all the other women in the office; a single teaspoon a day. That'd been enough to grow her to this size, at which point she'd hit her plateau mark. The way Eleanor had explained it was, at a certain size such small doses of milk weren't enough to trigger growth, they just maintained the benefits as is, on top of providing a brief moment of unrivalled pleasure.

If Candace, or any of the others, wanted to keep growing they'd have to drink more than their daily allotment, which simply wasn't going to happen.

An alarm on Candace's table beeped. "Alright, she's ready for you. Go kick some ass"

Quinn gave Candace a wink. "You know I will. Boob bump for luck?"

Candace giggled, but nodded her agreement. Together they aligned themselves, then as one they both thrust their chests out, making their breasts collide against one another. The impact was substantial, as both of them had to catch themselves to maintain their balance. Quinn's top button had popped open from the movement, so she quickly wrestled it back into place as she walked through the double doors.

With a happy smile Candace returned to her office, to check her emails and prepare for the next appointment.

The afternoon whizzed by quickly, and the next time Candace's phone buzzed it was already four o' clock. It was Eleanor informing her that she had open time now, which meant they should take care of their pumping session. Candace grinned as she rose, rushing down the hall excitedly.

Only a few seconds later she pushed her way into Ms. Prewitt's office, surprising the older woman. "Christ, were you waiting right outside?!"

Candace chuckled "No! I was in my office."

Eleanor smiled "Well, your punctuality is admirable." As she spoke she pulled back the folds of her dress, unveiling her chest in it's enormous bra. "Candace...I know we usually sit and chat during pump sessions...but I have a report on market projections that I was supposed to review for Nora three days ago. Is it alright if I just sit and read?"

Candace nodded "Of course, ma'am. I'll take care of everything"

Eleanor nodded, as she undid the top clips on her bra. "Good girl. Just let me know when to start" The cups slumped forward falling off her chest, exposing each teat, like a pair of fleshy beach balls, though slightly more oval in shape. She then pulled up her tablet, and held it before her face as she began to read.

Candace turned around and walked over to a cabinet at the side of the room. Tucked inside was a large pump, with two oversized receptacles attached by tubing. A glass container, equal to a quart in volume was attached, with a number of empty ones of similar size sitting on the shelf. Candace retrieved the pump, and brought it over to the desk. With a flick of a switch, the pump whirred to life. The sound of sucking air emanating from each plastic cone told Candace that it was ready. Gently she reached across the desk and placed them over each of Eleanor's nipple, the vacuum seal of the pump keeping them attached.

"All set, ma'am" Candace said.

Ms. Prewitt didn't look up from her screen as she spoke. "Thank you, Candace." For a few moments nothing happened, except for the occasional imperceptible twitch in Ms. Prewitt's cheek. Then all at once her nipples swelled, as milk began to surge forth from their tips. This wasn't the careful controlled drops that Eleanor had produced on that first day that Candace had worked for Femco. This was her milk fully unleashed, multiple high pressure streams spurting from each nipple.

Eleanor gently moaned as she settled back in her chair. "Fuck, that feels good" She muttered to herself under her breath.

Candace sat on the other side of the desk watching, biting her lower lip eagerly. She loved watching Eleanor pump. The sheer unbridled feminine sensuality of it. For a small time they weren't boss and assistant, they were just two women, experiencing something special together.

The spurts of milk began to shoot more erratically, their flow becoming uneven. Eleanor grimaced slightly as she continued to scan the report she read in front of her. "Candace, could you...ahhhh"

Candace had already noticed, and moved to assist. It was during her second time helping Ms. Prewitt pump when the older woman had confided that to help her milk flow at its best she sometimes needed some...manual assistance. Candace's hands sunk into the firm flesh of Eleanor's breasts, groping and massaging around her wide areola's. Soon the sprays returned to a more even stream.

A small beep echoed from the pump on the desk. The first quart was done already. Candace hurried over to the cabinet and grabbed three more containers before returning to replace the full one. Eleanor hadn't stopped producing milk while she made the switch, and so the receptacles had begun to back up, filling with milk until the pump turned on once more and sucked it all away.

With 70 women working in the office, each receiving a teaspoon of milk a day, Eleanor had to produce a gallon approximately every ten days to match the demand. Eleanor had explained that she'd settled upon those numbers to create a balance. If she pumped more frequently, then she wouldn't have to produce as much which would make the session less enjoyable. If she went the other way, the pumping sessions would be longer, but it'd be weeks between them...far too long.

Candace returned to kneading Eleanor's tense flesh as the second container filled. It didn't take long to top up, after which Candace made the switch.

As the third container filled, Eleanor set down the report, and leaned back into her chair, resting her head on the headrest and closing her eyes. Candace smiled, she'd known Ms. Prewitt had been overly optimistic when she said she was going to read a report during a pump. From what she could tell the experience was extremely pleasurable for Ms. Prewitt, and often made it difficult to focus.

Candace's fingers sunk into the vast expanse of each breast, feeling their warm fullness as she gently cajoled Ms. Prewitt's milk ducts to behave. A few feet from her, Ms. Prewitt let out a long satisfied moan. The sound made Candace's own nipples awaken, and her loins tingle. She pushed those feelings down, she couldn't be acting like that at work.

"Candace, you are the best" Eleanor said, eyes still closed. Her hands rested on top of her breasts as she enjoyed her pump.

Candace smiled "Thank you, ma'am"

"I'm serious" Eleanor continued. "I've had a few assistants, but none have been as thorough or attentive as you."

"Just trying to do my job the best I can ma'am"

"I'm sure you are" Eleanor said "But it's more than that. When Nora was my assistant...and this is just between you and me...she was never comfortable helping me with my pumps. I could feel her tenseness whenever I asked her to..."

"Assist you?" Candace said, fingers squeezing and groping Eleanor's flesh to solidify her meaning.

"Precisely." Eleanor said. "I just appreciate how enthusiastic you are, dear. It's very much appreciated" The machine beeped again, another quart done. "Mmm...was that the third or second container? I can never keep track..."

Candace stared down at the three full containers of Eleanor's milk on the desk before her. In a split second her mind put the pieces of an idea together in her head.

"It's the second" Candace said confidently, as she replaced the full glass container with an empty one. Then, being as silent as possible, she walked back over to the cabinet and fetched another empty container. Eleanor still sat with her eyes closed, so hadn't seen what Candace had done.

After the fourth one was full, Candace attached the fifth container. Eleanor's milk continued to flow unceasingly, filling the glass container with the creamy fluid. Candace had always wondered if Ms. Prewitt actually had a limit to how much she could produce. From what she'd seen, it seemed like her milk cannons had endless capacity.

After another minute the final container was full, and Candace removed it, shutting off the pump. With a sigh, Eleanor furrowed her brow, and her nipples stilled, the flow of milk shut off.

“It never lasts as long as I’d like it” Eleanor murmured as she sat herself upright.

Candace quickly grabbed the containers off the desk, and placed them on the wheeled tray she used to transport them to the fridge, putting them on the bottom shelf so Eleanor couldn’t see them. Then she quickly cleaned off the front of Ms. Prewitt’s breasts with some tissues, before helping her get dressed once more.

“Thank you, Candace” Ms. Prewitt said, as she tugged on the folds of her dress, setting them back into place. “I meant what I said, by the way. You are the best assistant I’ve ever had”

Candace blushed, giving her boss a quick bow of her head, before she turned and pushed the cart out of the room.

Her heart beat through her chest, as she rolled the rattling cart down the hallway toward the kitchen. She couldn’t believe she’d just done that. She’d broken the rules, betrayed Eleanor’s trust. And for what...

She looked down at the glass jars of milk, including the spare quart she’d milked from Ms. Prewitt. She’d been so sad last week when her growth had finally halted. She’d wanted to keep going, to grow bigger...fuller. She wanted to feel what Ms. Prewitt felt, to be so massive, so womanly.

One quart wouldn’t do it. Not even close. It’d make her grow, sure, maybe a few more cup sizes, a few more inches to her hips and ass. But not big enough to rival Eleanor. To do that she’d need a lot more milk.

She was so focused staring at the glass containers that she didn’t notice the click of heels on the tile floor behind her. She jolted upright when a voice spoke.

“Hey Candy,” Quinn said as she walked past her to the coffee machine, punching in an order for an espresso. “Pump day, eh?”

Candace nodded, as she rolled the tray over to the small fridge, locked by her thumbprint. She hoped that Quinn wouldn’t notice that there was an extra quart on the tray.

“I absolutely nailed the pitch this morning” Quinn said as she waited for her coffee. “I knew I had it in the bag, but still, hearing it from Prewitt is nice”

Candace said nothing, as she knelt down and placed her thumb on the handle of the fridge. The door whirred, and then let out a beep as the lock came undone. Candace pulled the door open, revealing bare shelves. Only a single quart container remained inside, and it was nearly empty.

“It must’ve been the boob bump” Quinn said with a giggle. “You’re my good luck charm, Candy!”

Candace let out a nervous chuckle, as she reached for the tray. Her hands had gone clammy, fingers trembling as she grabbed the first container. Her plan would be over before it began if she was caught here.

“You’re real chatty today Candy...” Quinn said, a hint of annoyance in her tone. “Whatever, see you around”

“See you” Candace said, she turned to place the container in the fridge, when her round ass bumped the tray sending it careening across the floor. Quinn who had almost left the kitchen caught it, and wheeled it back over.

“Careful now, wouldn’t want to...” Quinn stopped talking as she looked down at the tray, and then at the container in Candace’s hand. She crouched down into a squat beside Candace, her voice dropping to a whisper.

“Candy. Why do you have five quarts here?”

Candace’s face went red as she stammered “Um...I...Ms. Prewitt...uh...”

Quinn’s expression was unreadable “Are you stealing extra milk?!”

Candace let out a defeated sigh. “Yes...”

Quinn’s eyes widened at her confession. “Oh my god...”

“Please, don’t report me to Ms. Prewitt! I really love this job, and I don’t know what I was thinking. I’ll just pour out this 5th quart into the sink, and it’ll never happen again”

Quinn grinned “Fuck that! You’ll do no such thing, Candy! What a waste that would be!”

Candace moaned “Please Quinn...”

Quinn reached over and squeezed Candace’s shoulder “Relax, Candy! I’m not going to report you.”

Candace sniffed back tears “You...you aren’t?”

Quinn shook her head “Hell no. I want in!”

Candace gasped. She had not expected that response...but then again, this was Quinn. This seemed exactly like something she would do.

“So, how’d you do it?” Quinn asked as she helped Candace place the glass containers into the fridge.

“It just sort of happened. Ms. Prewitt doesn’t really pay attention to what’s going on during a pump, so it was easy to attach an extra container.”

Quinn snorted “Ha, really? I’m shocked no one’s tried before now.” She held the fifth glass jar in her hand. “Grab a glass, so we can split this”

Candace grabbed the jar from Quinn’s hand, and place it in the fridge, closing the door which locked itself immediately.

“Hey!” Quinn cried.

“We can’t drink it yet” Candace explained. “If we start growing again, it’ll be obvious that we stole milk. Then we’ll never get anymore. We need to stockpile enough to grow as big as we want to in one single session.”

Quinn nodded “Okay...Makes sense. Good thinking, Candy. So, what will we do after? I doubt Ms. Prewitt will let us keep our jobs after we steal from her...”

Candace shrugged “I don’t know. I haven’t really worked out the details yet, I only came up with this plan like...ten minutes ago”

“Right, right.” Quinn said. “Well, even if we do get fired...I still want to do it”

Candace smiled “Same. How much do you think we should collect?”

Quinn hummed “How about a gallon each?”

Candace felt a shiver run through her. That was so much milk... “Agreed. So just...7 more pump sessions”

Quinn groaned “Ugh, that’ll take forever...”

“Maybe...maybe not” Candace said as she stood up. “I’ll see if maybe I can sneak more containers”

Quinn rose with her. “Sounds good. Keep me in the loop for when the pumps are scheduled and I’ll help run interference, make sure no one else finds out what we’re doing”

“Perfect. Thanks, Quinn”

Quinn grinned back at her. “No, thank you, Candy!” Her hands went to her chest and squeezed her flesh aggressively. “Did you hear that girls? We’re going to grow again!”

Candace laughed at Quinn’s antics. Quinn joined her in laughter, as they both pulled each other into an embrace, bouncing up and down with excitement.

As they left work together that evening Candace realized that she was actually very happy that Quinn had found out. It would have been too stressful to do this alone...now together they just had to be careful and keep stockpiling until they were ready.

Eleanor Prewitt let a soft moan escape her lips as she rested in her plush office chair. This...was absolute bliss.

This morning's presentation to the board had gone flawlessly, then her sales team's lunch with their new supplier had resulted in a lucrative new deal. Now the day was almost over and she could relax and enjoy the one thing that brought her joy above all else; her pump.

Several feet in front of her she could hear the low whine of the pump as it worked tirelessly to collect all of the milk she could provide...which was a lot. Her nipples pulsed rapidly spraying jet after jet of the creamy drink, each spurt sending intense ripples of pleasure through her body. It was almost orgasmic. In fact she'd climaxed a few times during recent pumps, though she'd been able to suppress her moans, to spare Candace the embarrassment of being present while her boss got her rocks off.

These recent sessions had been extremely pleasurable for some reason. Perhaps she simply had her new assistant to blame.

Candace. She was the diamond in the rough. Eleanor had brought her on, mostly to give Nora an out to move on to a new position, but the girl had absolutely flourished here. Eleanor didn't know how she'd replace her when that time eventually came. She was smart, organized, efficient. Most importantly she also wasn't shy about some of the more sensitive aspects of the position.

When Candace had offered to take on the additional role of her morning caretaker, Eleanor had been speechless. It was absolutely what Eleanor wanted, but she hadn't expected Candace to be so gung-ho about it.

Tingling shocks of pleasure zipped through her flesh, as she felt Candace's delicate fingers massage and squeeze her breasts. Eleanor bit her lips to suppress a loud moan, as she squeezed her eyes tight. Goddammit, that girl was good with her hands. Too good.

Eleanor opened her eyes for a brief moment and looked across her immense bust to where she could see the top of Candace's head. She was leaned over, as she worked Eleanor's flesh with deft hands. She'd really blossomed into an absolute bombshell. Eleanor had seen the potential in her, and she'd been more than right. The girl was gorgeous; her "girl-next-door" cuteness, her thick long brown hair, and that hourglass figure.

Eleanor had occasionally made passing comments to Candace about her love life, and each time Candace had denied any involvement with a suitor. She'd always claimed she was just too busy. Eleanor suspected that was only a partial truth, in the way that Candace looked at her with longing eyes.

She'd considered the prospect. More than considered it. The idea of inviting Candace to join her for more than just a pumping session was something she desired greatly. The idea was so tempting but...it wasn't right. The power differential in their roles would undeniably impact any sort of relationship that came about. And so she would have to settle for these quiet moments of pleasure as Candace milked her.

How long has it been? She thought as a fresh wave of pleasure washed over her, emanating from her engorged nipples. She found it difficult to keep track of time during sessions, her brain was just too overwhelmed with stimulation. Sometimes minutes passed like hours, other times the session was over before she knew it.

"How much?" Eleanor asked as she lifted her head up to look at Candace, her voice heavy.

"A little over halfway, ma'am" Candace lied, as she removed the 6th full container she'd filled this session, replacing it with another empty jar.

Eleanor nodded, settling back into her chair. "Mmm...Thank you, dear"

Candace grinned as she watched the jar fill up before her eyes with the creamy white treasure, the spoils of her careful planning. It'd been four weeks since she and Quinn had started their plan, and today was the final pump before they enjoyed their hard work.

"Have these sessions been lasting longer than usual?" Eleanor asked casually.

"Maybe a bit" Candace said easily. She'd been ready for this eventual question "I guess your flow has just been a bit low lately?"

Eleanor nodded "I see. Hasn't felt any different..."

"I don't know what to tell you, ma'am. Sorry" Candace said.

"Oh no, don't be sorry dear. I was just curious"

Candace stifled a giggle. She'd never been much of a liar before now, but her mind moved so quickly after being on the milk, she found deception rather easy now. The truth was Eleanor's flow hadn't been slowing down, but in fact the opposite. As Candace had slowly prolonged these pumping sessions, Eleanor's breasts had risen to the task eagerly, producing more and more milk each time. Now she filled a quart jar in less than a minute.

The sessions were lasting a little longer, twelve or thirteen minutes instead of the normal 8, but she was leaving with upwards of 14 to 15 quarts. Candace had turned off the beep of the pump so that Eleanor wouldn't be able to tell how many times she was filling the machine.

Their original goal had been to stockpile one gallon each. But after the very next session Candace had been able to come away with four extra quarts. Candace remembered grinning as she showed them to the redhead, Quinn's eyes going wide at the gallon of milk

waiting for them. In that moment they both agreed that a gallon each was thinking too small. After today's session, they'd have stored roughly three gallons each.

Candace quietly stacked the full jars on the tray, desperate to avoid them clinking together. If she did make a sound Ms. Prewitt didn't notice, as she moaned quietly in her chair. Candace had often wondered what it felt like...maybe after tomorrow she'd try and induce herself.

"Alright ma'am" Candace said as she removed the final jar. "All done for today"

Ms. Prewitt sat with her eyes closed for a moment. A wave of goosebumps appeared across her vast chest. Then she took a deep breath, and sat up. "Oh my...sorry...I just...never mind. Thank you, Candace"

"Of course, ma'am" Candace said as she helped her clip up her bra, followed by buttoning up her oversized shirt.

"Candace" Eleanor said, as Candace worked her way up the row of buttons.

"Yes, ma'am?"

"What...what are you doing tomorrow night?"

Candace's mind immediately jumped to the gallons of milk stored in her fridge. "I've got plans...with Quinn"

Eleanor frowned, but nodded "Ah, I see. Very well. Have a good weekend, dear"

"Thank you, ma'am. See you on Monday" Then she turned and left.

Quinn was waiting for her when she emerged from Ms. Prewitt's office.

"How many?" She asked excitedly, walking into step beside Candace.

"Shh!" Candace hushed her. "At least wait until we're not by her office..."

Quinn rolled her eyes "Oh please, she can't hear us. Now come on, Candy, how many?"

Candace grinned at her friend. "16 quarts total"

Quinn pumped her fist with joy. "Oh fuck yeah! I can't believe you're milking her for 4 times what she usually produces!"

Candace shrugged "Pump sessions are the one time of day when she gets to relax and decompress. I just let the pump run, and she just enjoys herself."

Quinn nodded "I'll bet. It must feel good"

“Yeah, I was thinking the same thing... Hey, Quinn...do you... do you feel bad at all that we’re doing this?”

Quinn stopped beside her “What? What do you mean?”

“Just that we’re sort of betraying Ms. Prewitt’s trust. I just feel a little guilty. She’s always been so kind...and she’s so beautiful and elegant...”

Quinn chuckled “Oh, I get it, you’ve got a girl crush on Prewitt!”

Candace blushed “What! No...!...”

Quinn held up both hands to stop her “Candy, it’s fine. I get it. Prewitt is...she’s a force of nature, that’s for sure. If I was into girls, I’d be simping over her too. As for your question? No, I don’t feel bad. And neither should you. I’m pretty sure Prewitt also swings that way...imagine how she’ll look at you when you grow bigger?”

Candace let out an involuntary grunt at the thought of it.

Quinn laughed “Whoa, down girl!”

Candace laughed with her “Ha ha, sorry. You’re right, Quinn. I just got in my head there for a minute. So, tomorrow, my place, 3:00pm?”

Quinn wrapped an arm around Candace’s shoulder and squeezed her in a side hug, leaning in to kiss her cheek. “Of course, bestie. I’ll be there”

At 2:05pm the next day Candace heard the knock at her door. With a grin she rushed to the door, breasts and ass jiggling in the skimpy tank top and pyjama shorts she wore. She opened the door to see a smiling Quinn, wearing ass hugging short denim shorts, and a white baby tee with a heart on it that just barely covered her breasts.

“Hey girl!” Quinn said as she leaned in to hug Candace. “I know I’m early but...”

Candace squeezed her tight, before taking her hand to pull her inside “Thank god you are, I don’t think I could last much longer!” Hand in hand she led Quinn in to her kitchen, where upon the table were two large glass pitchers brimming with Eleanor Prewitt’s magic milk. A pair of empty glasses waited beside them, ready to be used.

“Holy shit, Candy” Quinn said as she walked over to the table. “That...is more milk than I imagined”

Candace walked past her and sat down upon the chair on the far side. “Quinn...that’s only a gallon and a half. There’s still one more of those full for each of us.”

Quinn's jaw dropped, as Candace beamed up at her. Together they squealed, their emotions and excitement overwhelming them. Quinn plopped herself down in the seat across from Candace and poured herself a glass. Candace poured herself one, then lifted it up to cheers Quinn. As the glasses clinked together, they both took a deep breath to prepare themselves.

"Here we go" Candace said.

Together they lifted their glasses to their mouths and tilted them back, swallowing the contents in a single extended chug. Moans echoed in the kitchen from both women, as they finished their first glass.

Quinn visibly shivered as she poured another glass. "Oh god...it's been so long since that first time. I forgot how good this stuff is when you actually get to drink it"

Candace nodded as she filled her glass. "Right? So sweet...so tasty. So...good" The first spike of pleasure was already hitting her as she lifted the next glass to her mouth.

They drank in silence, gulping down glass after glass of breast milk, the only noise the pouring of liquid and the occasional moan that emanated from within their throats. Candace's hands shook as she moved to pour her fifth glass. Her body felt like it was on fire, with how much stimulation coursed through every nerve. She hadn't started to grow yet, but knew it wouldn't be long.

Quinn was having similar troubles across from her, her grip on her glass visibly shaky as she held it to her lips. Her other hand was up her shirt, caressing and squeezing her left breast. Already her nipples were stiff and poked through her top. Candace guessed if she looked down she'd find her own nubs in a similar condition.

"Gah..." Candace moaned as she set down her empty glass. Her breathes were coming in shallow, as she struggled to not be overwhelmed. She looked over to her pitcher of milk...she was only a quarter through it. There was still so much milk left...

"This is going to take forever" Quinn groaned. Her chest heaved with each breath, her skin flushed and warm. "Fuck it..." With both hands she reached for the pitcher, and brought it to her lips. Tilting her head back she poured the milk in, letting slosh right down her throat.

Candace gaped at her friend as she let the milk flow ceaselessly down her throat. Yes...that was the right course of action. She grabbed her own pitcher and lifted it to her mouth, mimicking Quinn. Letting her throat open she let the milk pour, straight into her gullet.

Candace closed her eyes as she focused on swallowing. Slowly but surely the pitcher in her hand began to feel lighter as its contents were emptied into her. She wasn't done drinking when a new sensation hit her...one much more powerful.

It took all of her willpower to keep that pitcher to her lips as she felt herself begin to grow. This wasn't the slow incremental growth she'd experienced after her first day. Nor was it that pleasant tightness, she'd felt when she'd grown in Ms. Prewitt's office. This was explosive. She could literally feel herself getting heavier each second, as flesh was added to her body by the milk's magic.

Candace dropped the empty pitcher to the floor with a gasp. Her body tingled with sensitivity, every inch of flesh and skin screaming to be touched. The loose tank top she'd worn, was loose no more, stretched tight by her swollen bust, each tit the size of a soccer ball. Her pyjama shorts had been swallowed whole by her ass which curved out from her in every direction, overflowing the seat she sat on.

Across from her, Quinn had undergone her own growth, though only in her bust of course. Her breasts had nearly doubled in size and now rested upon the table before her, having slipped free of her shirt a long time ago. Their pale masses were heavy, round, and full, each one over a foot in diameter. She was still not as big as Ms. Prewitt but...they were only half done.

"Holy shit" Candace said as her hands groped herself everywhere she could reach. "I'm huge..."

Quinn cackled with glee "You're huge?! Look at me! Now these are some fucking tits!" Her hands sunk into their round forms, eager to squeeze and massage them.

Candace stood up, body slightly unsteady. She'd probably added about 20 lbs of mass to her chest and ass in the past five minutes. Looking over her shoulder she could see each cheek sticking out behind her. Her ass was at least as big as Nora's now.

"That felt incredible," Candace said with a sigh. "It *still* feels incredible. I'm just sad it's over"

Quinn looked up at her. "What do you mean over? We're only half done!"

Candace frowned "Yeah, I know...but...should we? Look how big one pitcher made us! A second...I can't even imagine."

"I can!" Quinn said with a huff. "Come on, Candy, don't chicken out now."

Candace rolled her eyes "I'm not chickening out, I'm just being cautious."

Quinn stood up herself, her back arching to support the new weight added to her front. Slowly she stepped forward until her breasts brushed against Candace's, though they stood a few feet away from each other.

Candace blushed at the bare contact of Quinn's skin against her own. "What are you doing?"

Quinn grinned "Convincing you. Do you like my new titties, Candy?"

Candace stared at the massive sloping form of Quinn's bust. They were so big, soft, and now that they were pressing against her, warm.

"Yeah..." Candace said quietly.

Quinn stepped forward, squeezing their chests together. Candace stepped back as Quinn pushed against her until she hit the counter behind her. With nowhere to go, Quinn leaned into her, mashing their breasts against each other, until she was only a few inches from Candace's face.

"I know I said, I'm not into girls" Quinn whispered. "But...I'm not above having a little fun with you, Candy"

Candace's blush deepened, as Quinn leaned in until their lips met. This had taken an unexpected turn, though not one that Candace found unpleasant. She returned Quinn's kiss with fervor, though in her mind she imagined it was Ms. Prewitt kissing her.

"Touch them, Candy" Quinn moaned. "Touch my new, huge, fat boobies"

Candace reached forward and took a handful of each of Quinn's breasts. They were soft under her touch, skin warm and sensitive. Quinn let out increasingly intense moans as Candace felt her up.

Candace gasped when she felt Quinn's hands slide down the side of her hips and then squeeze her ass. She wanted her to do that again, but instead Quinn pulled away, stepping back.

"Wha...what?" Candace murmured "Why'd you stop?"

Quinn walked over to the fridge, opening the door and leaning in. Her breasts were pulled off her chest as she bent over, reaching her knees. She stood upright with a smile, a glass pitcher in each hand. Closing the door with a swing of her hips, she walked back over and handed one to Candace.

"We can play more when we're bigger"

Candace bit her lip, as she stared at her friend and her newly grown bust. They were already so big...but...surely being a little bigger wouldn't hurt.

"Give it to me!" Candace said as she grabbed the pitcher from Quinn. Quinn grinned as together they lifted their pitchers to their lips and began to chug.

Candace's body erupted with pleasure as she began to drink milk once again. She'd only intended on drinking a little bit more, just a few more glasses. But the more she drank...the more she wanted to drink. It felt so good, why should she hold back?

Not long into the second pitcher, she could feel the growth start once more. She chugged fervently as she felt herself expand, pounds and pounds of flesh joining her ass and tits.

Her mind was abuzz as she set down the second empty pitcher. She stood naked in the kitchen, her body snapping off her pyjamas a long time ago. She looked down at herself, and smiled drunkenly. Her breasts sloped far out in front of her, almost as large as Quinn's had been moment's before. Her ass was massive, each thigh as thick as a telephone pole, her ass cheeks bubbling out almost a foot from her back.

Across from her Quinn had the same drunken look on her face, eyes lidded, mouth half ajar. She was as big as Ms. Prewitt now, each colossal breast reaching her hips when she stood upright.

"More...I want more..." Quinn moaned.

Candace nodded "Oh fuck yes...we need to get more..."

Eleanor had warned Candace of this. Her milk was incredibly potent, and when consumed en masse, it lowered inhibitions and enhanced primal desires. The very same thing that had happened to Ms. Prewitt that first weekend, when she'd grown to her current size in a single non-stop session of consumption, was now happening to Quinn and Candace. They'd pushed past the point of control. Now all that remained was lust and the need for more.

Quinn's hands caressed her colossal tits, as she spoke, unable to help herself from feeling herself up. "But where? Where are we going to get more? Candy, I need more! Please!"

Candy rushed over and embraced her friend. So much skin and flesh was pressed together as they embraced. "It's ok, Quinn, baby. I know where we'll get more. I'll take care of it" Quinn nuzzled against Candace's neck, kissing her as they embraced. It took some effort for them to pull themselves apart, but eventually they did.

Candace walked back out into her apartment, eyes scanning. It was so hard to focus right now, she just needed to find her phone. There...it was on the back of the couch. She stumbled over, thick thighs chafing against each other as she walked. Grabbing her phone, she opened it and dialed the number to Ms. Prewitt's limo driver.

"Hello, Stephen? It's Candace. I need you to come pick me up and take me to Ms. Prewitt's apartment. It's an emergency"

Eleanor sat on her couch with a glass of wine in her hand, and a scowl on her face. Another weekend alone. She hadn't used to mind that; solitude gave her time to catch up on reading and to decompress from the stresses of work. But now, all she could think of was spending time with another.

She sat in the nude, as she often did while home alone. Clothing was obviously difficult for her, and rather than struggle to get something on, she just kept her apartment a few degrees warmer, and lived clothes free. Sitting back upon the couch, each of her enormous breasts rested on her lap, spilling over onto the cushions beside her.

As she sipped her wine, her other hand slid down underneath her bust to in between her legs. She needed to distract herself from thoughts of her assistant, perhaps a quick orgasm would help.

As her fingers began to tease and play with her pussy, her mind flashed images of Candace to her. There was something about that girl that she found irresistible. Perhaps it was because of how genuine she was, how kind, and caring. Perhaps it was her sexual appeal. Perhaps it was simply because it was just so obvious how much she was into Eleanor herself.

Though her fingers were slick with her juices, she stopped playing with herself. This wasn't a distraction, it was just making her want Candace more. What she wouldn't do to have that girl here now...

Three sharp knocks sounded from the door to her apartment. Eleanor's head whipped around. Who the hell could that be? She stood and began to make her way to the door when she heard a voice call from the other side. "Eleanor! It's me! Let me in!"

Eleanor's eyes widened. That was Candace?! How...Eleanor rushed over, to unlock the door. She didn't care that she was nude, Candace had seen her body dozens of time before. Besides...if she was showing up on her doorstep unannounced on a Saturday night, Eleanor had a good idea why she was here.

With a warm smile on her face Eleanor opened the door. That smile promptly disappeared as she saw what greeted her.

"What the fuck?!" Eleanor swore as she stared at the two women who stood in the corridor. It was Candace and Quinn. Both nude. And both looking much larger than they had when Eleanor had last seen them on Friday.

Candace ignored her and pushed her way in, having to squeeze her way through as her hips were just slightly wider than the door frame. Quinn Lachance followed, an eager smile on her face. The bespectacled redhead was slightly shorter than Eleanor, which made her bust, now a rival to Eleanor's own, look even larger.

"What the hell happened to you two!" Eleanor yelled.

Candace smiled "What do you mean? I think it's rather obvious. We drank your milk?"

Eleanor shook her head "Ok yes, obviously. But how much?! And where did you get it!"

"Oh, about 3 gallons each" Candace said with a grin. "We've been stockpiling it for the past month"

"Stockpiling..." Eleanor said dumbfounded. "Have you been taking from the other women?"

Candace frowned "Oh no, no! Everyone else is still getting their regular doses. I've just been...milking you more"

Eleanor groaned as realization hit her. “You little sneak...I thought my sessions were getting longer. And to think I believed you when you said my flow was down”

Candace nodded “Yeah...it’s not. If anything you’re producing more milk now than ever”

Eleanor’s jaw opened, as words failed her. Completely flabbergasted she walked back over to her couch, and sat down, grabbing her wine and finishing it. Candace waddled over, her gait impeded by her thick legs.

“Why, Candace?” Eleanor asked, as Candace sat down on an ottoman before her. “Why lie? Why steal?”

Candace sighed “I’m sorry, Eleanor. I know you trusted me. I just...I really look up to you and I wanted to be like you. Ever since I came here, my life has gotten better because of your milk. I just wanted that experience again, to make my life even more so.”

Eleanor studied the younger woman in silence. She was being sincere, that was obvious. And dammit did she look good now with that over-exaggerated hourglass. Her ass and thighs completely covered the ottoman she sat on! Her breasts were like two ripe pumpkins, ready for Eleanor to pick them.

“Alright...I forgive you” Eleanor said. “Although if you were trying to get my attention, this wasn’t wholly necessary. I already liked you, darling”

Candace smiled “Really?”

Eleanor nodded “Yes. You were already beautiful and lovely. Now you’re just more so”

“Thank you, Eleanor” Candace said. It was then that Eleanor noticed how Candace’s eyes were repetitively flicking down towards her nipples.

“Now” Eleanor said. “Why are you here? And why is Lachance here?!”

Quinn grinned from where she stood a few feet away. “Oh, I’m just here for the ride. So, you ready to go, Prewitt?”

Eleanor looked at Candace confused “Ready to go? What does she...” Candace had stopped moving her eyes; now they just stared solely at Eleanor’s nipples. Quinn moved closer and was also staring at them, licking her lips.

Eleanor groaned “Oh my god...you’re both milk drunk, aren’t you?”

Neither of the younger women tried to hide it, instead nodding eagerly. Eleanor shook her head as she chuckled. Though it’d been many years, she still remembered how it’d felt on that one wild weekend.

“You do both realize that you’re already incredibly huge? Bigger than almost any woman alive? And that drinking more of my milk will make living a normal life impossible? I mean, look at you Lachance, you’re already as big as I am, and I need a full time assistant just to get dressed every morning! And you Candace...I saw how you had to squeeze through my door.”

Both Candace and Quinn smiled at her. “Yes, we know” Candace said.

“And you just don’t care?” Eleanor asked.

“No ma’am” Candace said.

Eleanor nodded “Very well. I have a spare pump in the hall closet, go and fetch it and we’ll get started”

Quinn clapped happily, while Candace let out a gasp of glee. “Really!”

Eleanor smiled at her “Of course, dear. I can’t say no to you. And of course...this whole thing really does turn me on” Spreading her legs underneath her bust she dipped her fingers in, before pulling them out glistening. Candace cooed with delight at the sight of it.

“Hurry up, now” Eleanor said “The sooner you get the pump on me the sooner we can get you growing again”

Candace didn’t move, as she looked over at Eleanor, biting her lip.

“What...what is it?” Eleanor asked.

“Maybe...we don’t need the pump?” Candace said shyly.

Eleanor blushed, her cheeks turning slightly pink. That was the first time Candace had ever seen her do that. “Oh goodness...you mean...you...and her...on my...”

Candace nodded eagerly, a big smile on her face.

“Oh...Oh, Yes...” Eleanor said, still flushed. “Yes...we could do that...” Pushing herself into the couch, she leaned back, trying to pull her breasts up as high as she could. Quinn scurried over as fast as she could manage, still adjusting to moving about with her massive new rack. Candace wiggled off the ottoman and onto the floor in front of Eleanor, face now level with her enormous nipple, which had begun to swell with anticipation.

“You know...” Eleanor said as she looked down upon them. “I’ve had fantasies about you doing this to me...”

Candace nodded “Me too” Then she leaned forward and placed her mouth around the thick pink nub and began to suck. Quinn got herself into position, her own breasts resting on the floor as she kneeled before Eleanor’s, then hungrily clamped down onto the other nipple.

“That’s it” Eleanor said quietly. “Now just give me a moment and-Ahhh!!!!”

For the first time in years Eleanor Prewitt involuntarily expressed milk, her breasts releasing a heavy letdown in reaction to the sensation of the two women sucking on her nipples. The sweet creamy fluid burst from the tips of her nipples into the waiting mouths of Quinn and Candace who gulped it down eagerly.

“Oh god...” Eleanor whimpered “That feels so good...” Her heart hammered wildly in her chest, as her breasts shuddered fervently, more and more milk ducts churning into gear. This experience was far different from normal pumping...the intimacy of it, the intensity; it magnified Eleanor’s pleasure tenfold.

Quinn and Candace’s cheeks were both puffed out as they struggled to handle the vast volume of milk Eleanor’s breasts were producing. They chugged and chugged as fast as they could, bellies filling with her sweet cream, bodies coming alive with stimulation as the milk began to work its magic.

After only a minute they both pulled away, gasping for air. Thick streams of milk shot from Eleanor’s nipples over their heads, like some sort of perverted city fountain. Eleanor’s head was thrown back, her mouth ajar as her body quivered, completely overwhelmed by the back to back climaxes that rocked her body.

“How much...did we drink?” Quinn asked panting.

Candace shook her head “I don’t know...oh fuck...here it comes!”

As one, Candace and Quinn fell to the ground, their bodies wracked with the rapturous feeling of growth. Candace moaned as she felt herself expand from both ends. Her tits swelled, growing heavier and rounder, filling out with more and more flesh. Underneath her, her ass grew thicker, lifting her hips further and further off the ground as pound after pound of fat filled each cheek. Looking to her left, she could see Quinn’s breasts surging away from her body, passing her hips and sliding down her thighs, getting deeper and wider the further they grew.

Candace’s fingers found their way to her own dripping pussy and plunged their way in. She needed release with how much her body was brimming with sensitivity. Her orgasm was already waiting for her and hit her body swiftly and powerfully. Though her eyes were squeezed tight through the rictus of her own climax, she could hear shrieks of delight from her left. She assumed Quinn had also sunken into her own storm of pleasure.

As their screams of release died down, there was quiet in the apartment. All three women breathed heavily as they recovered from one of the wildest experiences of their lives. But was it over? Eleanor’s breasts still continued to spray wildly with milk; her engine of production once started wasn’t eager to shut down.

“Fuck...” Quinn muttered, the first to speak.

“Yeah...” Candace said from where she lay beside her.

"I have to agree, that Fuck is the only suitable word." Eleanor said lifting her head upright. "Fuck indeed..."

A wide smile crept onto Candace's face as her hands explored her body. Her breasts were huge, two meaty orbs, the size of basketballs. The flesh was warm and heavy, and felt heavenly when she squeezed them. Her hips rolled back and forth, enjoying the feeling of the enormous ass that lifted her lower body over a foot off the ground. Each cheek was like a small beanbag chair now.

"Stand up you two" Ms. Prewitt said, taking on a tone of authority. "Let me take a look at you"

"Yes, Ms. Prewitt" Candace and Quinn said in unison. Then with no small amount of effort, and with some assistance from the nearby furniture, they pushed themselves upright. Together they stepped forward hand in hand to stand in front of Eleanor, who continued to spray milk unstoppably from her distended teats. Those jets of white fluid were now pointed directly at the pair of women, absolutely coating their chests with a dripping wet mess. Neither Eleanor nor Candace and Quinn seemed to mind.

"Well then" Eleanor said from her seat. "Aren't you two just the sexiest things I've ever seen..."

Quinn and Candace looked at each other with happy grins. "Thank you, Ms. Prewitt!"

"Candace you are simply breathtaking, the perfect picture of hyperfemininity...and you Lachance. Well, there's no doubt that you've outgrown me now"

Quinn blushed, a mix of pride and embarrassment. There was no doubt she was bigger. Her breasts were enormous zeppelins that sloped well past two feet out from her body, and almost reached her knees.

"I'm sorry I'm making a mess" Eleanor said with a smirk as she gestured at her breasts "I'm trying to make them stop but...you two have pushed me over the edge! I'm no longer in control!"

"How does it feel?" Candace asked.

"Oh, *Wonderful!*" Eleanor moaned as she reached her arms out as far as she could to grope and massage her tits. "Though...I won't lie...I am sad that I'm no longer the biggest..."

Candace looked over to Quinn, nodding towards Ms. Prewitt. Quinn pouted back, crossing her arms over her chest. Candace nodded more forcefully at Eleanor, staring down Quinn. Quinn held her gaze before finally she sighed. "Ok, fine!"

Eleanor looked up at the two of them. "What? What is it?"

Candace smiled down at her "Oh nothing...we just both agreed that...it's not right"

Eleanor shook her head, not understanding “What’s not right?”

“That you aren’t the biggest” Together Quinn and Candace stepped forward, and leaned over, placing their hands around each of Eleanor’s mighty breasts. Then with a heave they lifted and pushed.

“What?! What are you...” Eleanor watched with wide eyes as the pair of them hefted her breasts toward her face. As they flipped them back, the jets of milk shot over her shoulders, getting closer as they moved her nipples towards her.

“Girls...please” Eleanor said with a nervous chuckle. “I really shouldn’t...I’m already quite big enough”

“Is that really what you think, Ms. Prewitt?” Quinn said. “You’re ok with me being bigger than you?”

Ms. Prewitt eyed the two gushing nipples that they were lifting towards her face.

“I...I...Yes?! I’m ok with that...aren’t I?”

Candace grinned down at her. “It’s been so long since you’ve grown, Ms. Prewitt. Don’t you want to feel that again?”

Eleanor bit her lip anxiously. “I...no...I shouldn’t...I can’t...I...Oh god...Why am I lying to myself. Yes! Yes, I want to! I’ve wanted to for years!” Then she grabbed the base of both nipples and pulled the tips to her mouth and began to drink.

Ms. Prewitt drank greedily from the twin jets of milk that sprayed from her own nipples into her mouth, though there was no way she could drink it all. Milk overflowed, spilling over her lower jaw and splashing onto her chest as she swallowed all that she could.

Her body began to grow well before she’d finished drinking, her breasts beginning to swell and expand in their grip. Candace could feel Eleanor expanding beneath her hands, each already massive jug growing out in every direction. Eleanor didn’t make a sound as she continued to spray as much milk down her open throat as she could, though with her breasts lifted up out of the way, it gave Candace a clear view of her pussy. Her lips were throbbing, as they actively leaked juices, her hips bucking involuntarily from the extreme pleasure.

Ms. Prewitt held onto her nipples with a vice like grip, unwilling to let go. After years and years of restraint she was finally giving into her most depraved desires. She wanted to be bigger, to be absolutely immense. There was simply no going back now, so she might as well go all the way.

Candace’s arms began to ache. It had been easy enough to lift up Ms. Prewitt’s breasts so she could drink from them, but they’d been growing for a while now and they were starting to get really heavy. She wanted to hold on for as long as she could though, she thought that Ms. Prewitt deserved that, but how much longer would that be...

She felt her fingers begin to slip, and then from beside her Quinn let out a yelp. Seconds later there was a heavy meaty slap of something colliding with the floor. Candace stepped back and let go, unable to hold on herself. As she did Ms. Prewitt's humungous breast slid free from her grasp and flipped back forward, now much larger than it had been before. Her flesh spilled forth, over her knees and onto the floor in front of her.

Both Quinn and Candace stepped back, eyes wide as they looked at her. Eleanor Prewitt was more boob than woman. Sitting on the couch, her head and arms were visible, and then below that...just breasts. Her tits flowed away from her body, tapering wider the further they went. The extended out over her lap and rested on the floor before her, completely covering her entire body. Where they rested on the floor they were deep and wide, each easily four feet across. Her nipples continued to spurt milk...though now...finally...the flow began to subside.

Eleanor looked up at the two of them, panting heavily. "Oh my...I think...I may have overdone it?"

Both Quinn and Candace exchanged a look, then shook their heads. "No ma'am. You're perfect"

Eleanor smiled at them, then pointed toward the kitchen. "Someone go fetch me my phone...I need to make a few phone calls. I don't think the three of us are going back to the office on Monday..."

THE END