

Massive thank you to [Parablock](#) who I collaborated with to write this story, and to the writers who proof read and gave us feedback!

It's had it's hiccups, but ultimately this story has been a lot of work and fun to write, and I think me and Para are both really happy with how it turned out. I hope you all enjoy it, and make sure you find your way over to [Parablock](#)'s page and show them some love! They're a very talented writer and if you at all like my stories, I know theirs will push your buttons too.

<https://www.deviantart.com/parablock>

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Emily awoke to a tropical breeze and the heady smell of the ocean teasing through her window.

"Another day in paradise!"

She languidly yawned, before checking her phone. 10:00 am, and a host of text messages greeted her as she rolled out of bed and dragged herself to the kitchen of her tiny 3 room bungalow. As she ate a small breakfast of leftovers paired with a glass of juice, she stared out the backdoor of her abode. She had a perfect view of the ocean just a stones throw from her current living arrangements.

Emily was an intern in oceanography and marine biology, here in Cayman Brac studying and photographing the rich aquatic life that flourished just off the coast and in the nearby coral reefs.

She had managed to get this position and this little living space by volunteering to work with a veteran who lived in the area, a local oceanographer and professor named Daniel, who was surprisingly only a few years older than she was. Daniel had made a request to academic institutions on the US mainland inquiring about students with plenty of diving experience and a passion for ocean life, and Emily certainly fit the bill. It seemed that while Daniel was more than competent in studying coastal sea life, an injury had made him unable to do the fieldwork himself. Thus Emily found herself here, with food and board paid for by her internship program, reading textbooks while soaking in the sun and doing dives off the coast. Every week or so Daniel would give her assignments, which would often have her looking around little bays and inlets, cataloging sealife or gathering samples.

Thus Emily had found herself with the opportunity to get the perfect academic experience, while spending most of her days relaxing and swimming the beautiful waters of the Cayman coasts!

It seemed today was one of those days, as Daniel had sent over a series of messages asking her to do a shore check at a little cove about 2 km up the beach. Apparently local currents were perfect today to carry some rare migratory fish into the small inlet.

Although from the details in his message, today was not going to be one of those relaxing days...

Emily groaned inwardly. The small coastal area that Daniel had outlined as the target for today's foray was not a pleasant place to swim, as the same currents that might bring in rare sea life would also sweep in all manner of debris. Colloquially known by the locals as 'Nature's Landfill', dead sea weed, mud, and litter would all naturally get pulled into the cove, making it a grimey area with fairly poor visibility. If the situation was bad enough, she might not be able to get any photos at all.

"Maybe it won't be too bad today" Emily mused.

Finishing breakfast, she cleaned up and took note of what she would need for her trip to the cove.

It wasn't too far, so she could probably just swim along the coast to get there. If she got there before noon, she'd probably have time afterwards to check some other areas along the coast that were worth a little investigation. Provided the cove trip went well.

She'd certainly need her waterproof camera, her fins, and her snorkel. Considering where she was going, it would probably be smart to wear a wetsuit too.

Emily pulled down her wetsuit from its hangar and looked it over. It was old, much of its original design had faded with use. She could barely make out the original decals, the outlines of a flaking

slogan "Flexible but firm" still visible across the side. But it was still serviceable and fit her well enough.

Emily herself was small and thin, easily allowing her to fit into one of the smallest women's sizes available. It's not like it bothered her that she was small and thin as a rail, it meant that her clothing was cheaper and she never had to worry about not finding anything in her size.

And if it happened to mean that most men's eyes would glide past her, well that just made it easier to keep things professional.

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It's not like she wanted to get into a relationship anytime soon.

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And it certainly didn't bother her that her land-bound partner Daniel treated her like a child half the time.

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Emily tried to think about other things. She should be positive, after all, the sun was shining and her day would be entirely free to relax and enjoy once she got this trip out of the way. As she finished putting on her gloves and began zipping up the front of her wetsuit, she began to reflect on all the things that she could do once today's tasks were finished. She could take a quick trip over to her favourite juice bar, maybe video call her friends on the mainland and-

[The head of her wetsuit's main zipper snapped.]

and get a new wetsuit while she was out too! Emily quietly swore to herself as she pinched the zipper and slowly pulled it all the way up. It was probably jammed and was certainly going to be a headache to get it off later, but that was a problem she'd deal with when she got back. Better to have zipper problems later, rather than go out into that cove uncovered.

Scooping up her snorkel, fins, and camera, Emily headed out the back door and made her way down to the water. Slipping her gear on, she glided out into the warm ocean, revelling in the feeling of weightlessness as she floated over the colourful aquatic world below her.

This was her favourite part of working out here.

These quiet moments, where it felt like she was flying over this amazing underwater landscape. Emily leveled her waterproof camera as she swam, peering around the coral and taking several shots as she progressed along the coast towards the cove.

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As Emily had feared, "Nature's Landfill" was full of floating dead kelp and seaweed. It churned as the tide pushed it around the coastal inlet, swirling and churning up a frothy white foam, before washing to shore. She was internally grateful for her snorkel mask, covering her nose meant she couldn't smell much of the fishy stink that would naturally be permeating through the litter field. Pushing down a feeling of discomfort with the slimy mess that was already beginning to get stuck in her hair, Emily swam forward and into the mire.

An hour later, Emily realized that whether or not the rare fish that Daniel was looking for existed, she was not going to find it today. On the best of days, swimming in the cove was challenging, with the strong currents constantly threatening to dash a hapless swimmer into the rocky shoreline. Emily was skilled enough to keep herself a safe distance from the rocks, but the floating plant litter was constantly getting tangled on her, creating drag and unpleasant sensations. Emily felt like she was struggling to swim inside a washing machine full of used gym towels, and her patience was beginning to wane. However, she refused to go home empty handed.

Digging under the layer of garbage, Emily furiously scanned the sandy seafloor for anything worth taking a picture of. Turning over rocks and sand piles revealed nothing worth taking a photo for, until she spotted something bright blue peeking out from under a nearby outcrop.

Swimming closer, Emily realized it was a type of sea urchin she had never seen before. Covered in dull nubs and about the size of a baseball, the urchin practically glowed an incredible shade of electric blue! Emily began focusing on the urchin with her camera before realizing that she would need to bring it out from under the rocks, in order to get a better picture.

However, it was a tight squeeze and she'd need as much manual finesse as she could muster, or she'd risk cutting herself on the outcrop.

Removing her glove to give her the most flexibility possible, Emily slowly reached her hand under the rock and towards the blue urchin. Carefully, Emily dug slightly into the sandbed, coaxing the urchin onto her hand before sliding it out.

Rolling the stubby creature around on her hand, she marvelled at the beautiful colour of the strange animal. It wasn't the rare fish Daniel was looking for, but he could hardly complain if she came back with pictures of this! Its dull spines bumped her hand as she carefully rolled it out onto a rock away from the mire, where it would be perfectly positioned for a full photo shoot. As Emily put her glove back she felt a faint prickling sensation against her skin. It wasn't too uncomfortable, but she decided to keep it in mind as she began her photo-shoot.

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Half an hour later, Emily felt she had taken as many pictures as she could justify of this poor echinoderm. It had very slowly been making its way back towards shade, and Emily didn't really have the heart to drag it back out onto the spot she had been using for her pictures. More importantly though, grime and sea-garbage had been slowly bombarding her for well over an hour now, and she had entirely run out of patience for facefuls of dead kelp leaves. It was time to head out, go home, and take a well needed shower.

As she retreated from the mire, Emily gave a silent goodbye to the strange little creature, and a string of silent obscenities to the garbage whirlpool that was "Nature's landfill". Emily left a floating trail as she swam back, picking off as much dead plant-matter as she could reach. With the sensation of it clinging and creating drag as she swam, Emily felt as though she had been dressed up as a grimey garbage man, rather than a graceful diver. She kicked her fins and picked up speed, eager to get home as soon as possible.

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When she arrived at a familiar coastline and emerged from the water, Emily found that her situation was worse than she thought. Without the buoyancy of water to keep things light, she now realized that she was decorated with the foul smelling strands of seabound plantlife that had hitched a ride with her out of that murky bay. She slowly waddled up the beach, picking bits and pieces from her wetsuit and out of her hair, her outstretched arms giving her the gait of a B-Movie horror monster as she closed in on her seaside balcony deck.

As soon as she was on the painted concrete balcony, she kicked off her flippers and began the slow ritual of draining out as much sea water from her gear and wetsuit as she could, before heading inside. She would probably need to take everything into the shower with her, to ensure she properly washed it off, but she knew better than to go inside without giving everything an initial wash with a nearby hose that she had run to the back porch for this very purpose. She dully scratched her hand as she brandished the hose, intent on getting off as much of this trash as possible.

The smell of seawater inevitably left a lingering odour on everything in a divers house, but she knew it was still good practice to try and reduce the amount she brought in. Hosing down her wetsuit, the feeling of cold gave her goosebumps. Once this little ritual was over, she was going to take a long, hot shower.

After a few minutes spent with the hose, and some time longer spent trying to pick kelp out of her hair, Emily had had enough and decided to head in. But as she reached for the door handle, she noticed the prickly feeling had returned. She paused and scratched her hand again. There was a sensation, like dull splinters, slipping lightly into the inside palm of her hand. Looking closely, she could make out little white markings all over her hand, as though she had been stung repeatedly...

She stopped rubbing her hand.

She had handled an unknown urchin with her bare hands.

A cold sensation having nothing to do with the cool sea breeze trickled down her spine and fell into her stomach. Had she been stung? Was the urchin venomous? She silently cursed.

Opening the door with a bit of urgency, she quickly rushed over to her kitchen table leaving a trail of water and sand. She pulled out her marine camera and plugged it into her phone, uploading her pictures and firing off a text to Daniel paired with the photos of the mysterious urchin.

[Found new species. Took pictures but had to handle with no gloves. Hand is feeling prickly. Am I poisoned???? PLZ RESPOND ASAP!!!!]

Emily paced, her gaze jumping between the phone and her hand. The feeling of prickling was growing, and she was starting to panic when her phone chirped.

Emily practically lunged at the phone, opening it and reading Daniels response:

[If there's any spines visible, pull them out. After that, soak it in hot water but don't burn yourself. We don't have any local urchins that should cause anything too dangerous, and you'd know if it was causing serious problems. I'll be looking to see if we have any information on this fellow. Keep me posted if things get worse.]

Emily breathed a sigh of relief. She hadn't seen any spines when she had examined the site, and if all she had to do was give it a warm soak, then she could easily kill two birds with one stone by making sure her shower was nice and hot. She shot Daniel a response text, letting him know she'd

do that, before gathering up her gear and heading towards the bathroom. She was almost in the shower when her phone chirped again! Another text from Daniel:

[Don't worry, no venom here! You found a pretty rare urchin, we might need to go out tomorrow to see if we can get more pictures. Locals call it the Mothers Seabasket, apparently it's good luck to find one. I'm going to see if I can find more info about it, but this could be a big find!]

While another trip to the garbage bay wasn't exactly the best news, the idea that she might've found some rare species was enough to give Emily a shiver of excitement. If this turned out well, maybe her photos would end up in National Geographic or one of those undersea documentaries voiced by some snooty British guy. With some luck, this could really give her career a boost! And maybe, after getting some more pictures of this urchin, Daniel might be in such a good mood he'd be happy to go out for dinner somewhere. And maybe after that... Emily blushed a little as her mind wandered.

Her mind spinning with possibilities, Emily stepped into the shower. After this, she would hit the town and get herself a treat to celebrate!

Emily washed off her gear piece by piece, a well practiced routine to her by now. She placed each bit of equipment in the far corner of the shower once she was content, until she was left standing under the wonderfully warm water in her wetsuit.

After being out in the murky ocean, the hot, steamy water of the shower felt wonderful against her skin. She dug a couple of fingers into the collar of her suit and pulled it away from her neck, letting the warm water of the shower flow down her torso and fill any pockets in the suit it could find.

In the kitchen, her phone buzzed as messages came in from Daniel, rapid fire.

[Learned more about Mothers Seabasket. Might be nothing, but there's some rather alarming local legends around this thing. You probably should hold off on the warm shower. In fact, stay away from hot water entirely till I get there.]

[Emily?]

[I'm heading over now.]

Back in the shower Emily was sitting on the floor, letting the hot water flow down her hair and face. She savored the sensations as the water worked its way through her wetsuit. Sitting on the shower floor had caused the suit to fold and form a space over her chest area, and the new pocket was slowly filling with the steamy water. She cupped the pocket of water with her hands as though it was her own chest, and enjoyed the sensation of the water moving against her nipples.

As she let the water submerge her chest, she noticed idly that the pleasurable sensations were beginning to intensify. *Might be time to get this off*, she thought. She fiddled with the broken zipper and it slid down slightly before getting stuck again. She sighed. Well, a wetsuit full of warm water was definitely far from the worst experience to get stuck in.

After a few minutes, Emily couldn't ignore the intensity of the feelings in her chest any longer. The building sensations had gone from light tingles to downright erotic, and it was becoming clear that she would need to investigate the source. Pushing her hands into the suit and squeezing the water out, she gasped as she felt warm patches of pleasure blossoming everywhere the water drained from. Streams of buzzing sensations enveloped her nipples, before soaking deep into the core of her chest and nuzzling somewhere close to her core. Emily suppressed a shiver which had nothing to do with temperature, as the warm patches followed, feeding into a small erotic fire that was beginning to burn in her core, before slowly feeding outwards as though threatening to tease through her entire body. Before today, she'd never been the type to appreciate playing with her nipples during her private nights, but the feelings she was getting now were causing her to really rethink that stance.

She released her pressure on the suit and pulled the collar out again, letting the chest area of her suit quickly refill with hot water. She pressed the fabric in until she reached her nipples and began to rub them with the fabric, the rough wetsuit material sending jolts of pleasure through them as the hot water caressed her small breasts. Emily let out a little whimper of approval as arousal bloomed from her increasingly sensitive nubs. That horny little fire in her core was starting to spread through her body and Emily shifted her body slightly to get more comfortable as she spread her legs.

Pushing the pocket of water over her chest with purpose, Emily moved the bubble downwards towards her crotch. The feeling of the warm water trickling in and surrounding her pussy was enough to elicit another whimper, louder this time, as the warmth radiating from her core met sensations coming up from her nethers. She closed her eyes and leaned against the wall as she continued to play with her nipples through the suit, feeling them harden and lengthen.

Reveling in the sensations pulsing through her, Emily pushed into the neoprene fabric covering her chest harder to try and massage her breasts. However, her ministrations were interrupted as she

found the soft flesh faster than she expected. Snapping her eyes open, Emily investigated the swell of her suit, a shapely mockery of a woman's bosom.

"*Yeah, as if.*" She thought. She shook her chest from side to side, feeling the water sloshing around.

She cupped her hands under the water pocket, imagining how they'd look if they'd grow. She'd be hotter then, right? If she had bigger tits, she'd be able to wear all sorts of hot, low cut tops to work. That would definitely catch Daniel's eye, unlike the flat chest she currently supported. She pressed her hands into her chest again and frowned.

It definitely felt like there was more breast in her suit than there should be. She could've been mistaken, confusing the trapped water for flesh, but she could *feel* her fingers pressing against these mounds. She squeezed harder, to drain the suit completely before stopping as the pressure of her fingers pushing through on her pliable chest grew stronger. There was no water in the suit anymore. Her chest was definitely bigger.

Emily shivered with pleasure as she sunk her fingers into her newfound breasts through the suit. She wanted to really get a look at them, but the zipper still wouldn't budge, despite her best efforts. Giving up on the zipper, Emily leaned back against the shower wall, and let the shower stream over her face. Now that the pocket in her chest was empty of water, she could definitely feel her breasts swelling. Her nipples poked through the material, and lightly into the palms of her hands as they grew, two firm nubs that begged to be rubbed and sucked and caressed. They seemed to twitch as they pushed insistently, practically pulsing with her heartbeat. She didn't know if the heat was getting to her, or she was just seeing things, but as she watched her nipples slowly advance and her mosquito bites filled in to a size that she actually could think of as proper breasts, Emily only felt a mixture of building arousal and hunger for more.

"Could it be the water doing this?" She thought, as she watched the twin mounds grow.

It felt like her focus was being pulled now, into focusing on nothing but the swelling of her breasts. As though in a trance, she felt a visceral erotic *need* directing her actions now. She pulled her collar out again, gasping as the warm water ran in and swirled around her nipples. Once her chest pocket was full she released the collar and began to massage her chest through the fabric again. Emily could feel the water being squeezed out now, running further down into her suit as her breasts swelled and took up more of the limited space in her chest area.

Every inch of growth felt like a new line of fuel being fed into her arousal, and Emily could feel her nipples growing along with her breasts now. They slowly thickened and lengthened under her attention, growing towards the size of rigid pencil erasers. Teasing and pressing them through the wetsuit, Emily moaned loudly. It was as though her nipples were switches controlling her body, every contact causing her to practically shake with pleasure. She let out a cry as her nipples

reached the material of the filled wetsuit pocket, their tips brushing against the material and creating incredible sensations of friction as the material enveloped them.

Her eyes widened. Her nipples were pressing against the end of the empty fold in her suit now, but the swelling in her chest didn't feel like it was slowing down at all. As Emily's tits ballooned within their prison, her nipples were slowly beginning to be pressed to the sides, flattened between her growing breasts and the fabric of the suit.

She marveled at the growth. Her breasts had grown from non-existent lumps to the size of large oranges, clad in black neoprene and blossoming from her wetsuit. She could practically see the old worn out logos slowly deforming as she grew.

Emily shifted her sitting position again, trying to get a better view of her growth, before incredible new sensations caused her to cry out again! Her thickened nipples were enveloped in a neoprene embrace now, rubbing between her breasts and her wetsuit. Each little movement she made would cause the suit to shift, and that resulted in every inch of her sensitive nipples to be squeezed and rubbed. They pushed out to the sides as they continued to thicken and grow, the tough material of the suit offering no room for them to poke out.

She groped and rubbed the pleasurable buds, looking down and realizing that she could see the outline of them, like a pair of thick metal studs that tented the material of her wetsuit.

*"That means my tits are completely filling the suit now"* she thought, the idea itself heightening her pleasure. The feeling of heat in her core began to bubble back into her chest like magma, a burning but deeply pleasurable sensation that burned paths as it flowed molten from the depths of her body and filled her, leaving the feeling of blushed skin and erotic sensitivity all over. Every movement, every rub and every squeeze was like a jolt of pleasure that ran from her sensitive twin peaks all the way down into her nethers, then out into her legs. It was almost too much for her. Even the way her wetsuit squeezed her legs felt oddly sensual, as though the very act of bodily contact was now an invitation dragging her further into her heat.

Emily moaned as she fed more pleasurable fire into her core, massaging her nipples through the suit. She desperately rubbed and squeezed their swollen outlines, practically unaware of the water spraying her face as she panted. Her chest seemed to be growing with every passing moment now, responding to her passion and pleasure.

*"If only this suit wasn't in the way"* She thought, as she imagined Daniel sucking and nipping at them. The building molten heat in her chest was matched only by the reflexive flexing of her crotch. Her blood felt like it must have been boiling in her veins now, as her chest swelled larger than grapefruits. A sudden tide of pleasure caused her to squirm and shout, as she only half-noticed the water flowing out the bottom of her wetsuit legs turn a cloudy white.

The feeling of tightness in Emily's suit was gradually beginning to grow uncomfortable, and a wave of concern surfaced from beneath the pleasure as she became aware that her breasts were still swelling, but the suit wasn't stretching any further. Much more than a handful each, she could feel each of her breasts slowly pushing further down into the suit, but there was little give and they were swelling too quickly. She groaned at the feeling of stuffiness and tightness, the growing discomfort around her chest was almost enough to distract her from the sensations that played havoc all over her body. Despite this, Emily continued to play with her soft, pliant chest, unable to resist the incredible pleasure as her thick nipples were squished harder between flesh and fabric.

Emily was in the midst of tweaking her nipples when the tightness of the suit tried to pull her out of her haze again. There was no give left in the stretchy material now, she could feel it. Instead, all of her new growth was taking up any little bit of space left. It was a disconcerting feeling, even in her distracted state. She could feel more and more of the tight neoprene wrapping like iron bands around her and her growing flesh pushing into her own torso. In the center of her view was the zipper, which felt like a hard metal stud digging into her body to the point of pain. Emily yelled and began desperately trying to work the broken zipper. As she raised her arms, she brushed her swollen nipples and sharply exhaled. The jolt of pleasure from brushing them almost dragged her back to play, only the realization that she could barely recover her breath kept her working on the zipper.

Emily leaned forwards as she cried out, fear beginning to creep in as the zipper refused to budge and her breathing became shallow. The momentum of her massive chest threw her forward faster than she expected, her now melon-sized tits fighting for escape against the suit. Even without seeing them, Emily could sense how massive they were against her petite frame, the hot pressure feeding from inside her filling every inch of them.

The stubborn metal of her broken zipper groaned as it struggled to continue containing the immense force of her swelling udders being pulled down by gravity. It creaked and strained until, with a loud pop, the zipper suddenly slid down at least 10 inches. Emily cried out and gasped with relief as twin mounds of new flushed tit burst through the opening. Looking down, Emily's eyes widened as she noticed that they were now slowly rising upward, her ever-bloating chest finally having space to grow into.

Hot water immediately pooled in the newly forming valley of cleavage, and Emily cried out as she felt both the growth and the heat in her chest intensify. Inch by inch they swelled upwards, revealing more and more exposed cleavage as the zipper retreated down her front. Emily could feel her weight shifting now, dragging her forwards, as her tits bloated with newfound strength.

Falling forwards, Emily placed her hands in front of her on the shower floor as she panted and groaned. The hot humid air of the shower felt positively cool against her skin as the water droplets pelted more and more of her chest. Emily was burning up now, her breasts felt like a pair of dormant volcanoes which were slowly beginning to stir. The more her chest became exposed to the air and water, the faster it seemed to grow and the more pleasure built inside of her.

Emily let out a cry as the warmth intensified again, now a vigorous boiling churn in her still swelling breasts. As though looking for an escape, her nipples began growing hot too as they now poked through her wetsuit like a pair of fat erasers. She wanted to grab them, to squeeze them and play with them as she felt her head spin, but her wetsuit was still clinging uncomfortably to her and holding in her chest. Emily leaned back and placed her hands on the ground behind her, arching her back to increase the pressure in her suit in a desperate attempt to free her constrained breasts

Neoprene groaned and slowly began to peel away as hot shower water ran rivulets into her cleavage and over her body. The tiny droplets pelted and hammered the sensitive flesh, and each one seemed to send a wave of warmth through her chest. Her heart hammered in her throat and Emily groaned. The heat in her body had reached a fever pitch, and she could tell that she was reaching her limit. Her nipples and areola practically vibrated with pleasure feeding into a nigh orgasmic mix of sensations.

Emily squeezed her eyes shut as she began to quiver and shake, her overflowing chest sympathetically jiggling like jello on a plate. The zipper stopped its downward movement and began to groan in protest as the metal itself warped, straining and pulling against the mounting pressure of an ever growing chest inside. Her tits kept swelling, tickling towards her chin as upward growth became the only option the wetsuit gave them. It almost acted like a push up bra, breast slowly rising up from the top like a cake baking in the oven. Cleavage rose up to meet her, as a soft, swollen breast brushed either side of her chin.

And then she froze. A pair of sharp pinches in the peak of each of her swollen nipples jolted her, followed by a new, lighter feeling of warmth which blossomed in her chest and flowed down her front. Her back slowly arched backwards as she mutely gasped like a fish, her mind slowly trying to process the edge of the biggest orgasm she knew was about to wash over her.

Emily's mind teetered as her body sat frozen on the edge of more pleasure than she knew how to handle. All she could see below her was a mass of enormous cleavage, and all she could feel was the pair of volcanoes on her chest, primed to erupt.

Then, the wetsuit zipper snapped, firing across the shower and bouncing off the glass door with a dull \*ping\*...

Emily's wetsuit burst open, a mountain of stuffed-in boob erupting outwards in seconds as she screamed in pleasure and climaxed! Her pent up breasts surged forwards, pulling her onto all fours as she rocked in orgasmic bliss. Her breasts churned violently and molten pleasure rocked through her body as pressure vibrated through her teats. She felt her nipples trace the tiles as she bucked and swayed, barely able to comprehend the weak streams of white dairy that spilled onto the floor and washed into the water that swirled around the drain.

Emily wanted to fall into it. Sink her hands into each watermelon sized mound and maul them until her mind was nothing but white hot pleasure. But seeing how big each breast was, and how quickly they were still growing, was enough to drag the rational part of her mind back into focus. Trying to push down the still-building pressure in her now free udders, Emily slowly pulled herself upright, stunned by the huge, swollen tits that dominated her torso. They inched down towards her legs, threatening to smother them and leave her stuck.

"What the fuck?!" She whispered to herself, the reality of her size pulling her out of her aroused stupor. Thick, twitching nipples sat atop her tits like two small but overstuffed soda cans, big enough for her to wrap her hands around. Her saucer-sized areola surrounded them, puffy and distended, an incredible pressure behind them.

Pushing back the incessant pleasure that radiated from her breasts and desperate to get out, to find help, or do... well anything, Emily shuffled her legs into a better position. With effort she slowly stood, her back straining against the weight. She took an uncertain, wobbly step, and immediately stumbled forward under the foreign mass, pressing her chest directly into the glass of the shower.

She cried out in discomfort as her engorged nipples pressed against the cold unyielding material. The cry turned to one of pleasure as her chest bore down upon her swollen teats, squishing and rolling them between flesh and glass.

She pushed harder against the glass and began to slowly move her breasts in a circular motion, rolling her nipples against the cold glass as the warmth flooded her nipples again. Pressing her body against her chest seemed to intensify the burning pleasure in her teats, which both increased her arousal but also seemed to relieve a bit of the spiking pressure in her chest. She took a staggering step back, and saw that white liquid covered the glass, running down in little streams to the shower floor.

Emily's head finally cleared enough to connect the dots. She was lactating. Not a lot, just a dribble. But there was milk coming out of her breasts.

The pressure, the heat, the burning ecstasy in her nipples, the, the...

Her own train of thought circled her brain right back around to the sensations in her body. No matter how she tried, she could not ignore the growing pleasure, and the raw, primal need to do something, anything.

She sank to her knees on the shower floor and fully grasped her bloated nipples, one in each hand. She could hardly wrap her mind around how big they had gotten as she began to squeeze and pull at them. They were still growing and she could feel them subtly shifting in her grasp as she furiously tried to release her building bounty. Every movement sent ripples of pleasure up her chest and through her body, but all she could manage to draw out were weak dribbles of milk which ran over her fingers. It was clear that she was producing far more milk now than she was releasing, and her efforts were no match for the growing pressure.

Now that Emily had her arms wrapped around her chest, she could really feel them growing. They slowly pushed her arms apart as she worked, swelling moment by moment. The strain grew on her back too, and she found herself struggling to stay upright as the milking became more desperate. She needed release, needed the climax she knew would come. She needed on a raw, primal level to get this milk out!

Emily began to shake and moan as she squeezed and tugged desperately at her growing tits. She gasped in surprise as they touched the floor. Kneeling, they sat in front of her like two fleshy yoga balls, full, and heavy.

Her moans turned into grunts and frustrated groans as she squeezed and pulled at her fist-filling teats. The shower head continued spraying directly down onto her, and in response, her chest

seemed to be growing faster as it spread out on the ground before her. Now that she knew that molten pressure was milk building inside her breasts, she realised she could feel the sloshing within her. The thin streams of milk spilling from her nipples taunted her. It would almost be better to have no release than this meagre trickle.

“Please... please! Nnng... pleaaaaase!” Emily began to beg to nobody in particular. Her tits were like two great, milk-filled bean bags now, and the pressure intensified as they pressed against the shower walls, running out of space to grow. She bucked her hips and squirmed as she felt something new. A new, almost painful, tightness was building behind her distended, dinner plate areola mixing with that pressure which felt almost boiling inside her now.

“Yes... please! Plea... nooo, no no!” Emily cried, her moans turning to panic. Her enormous bloating tits were big enough that her nipples started to pull away from her hands, tantalisingly out of reach. The climax, the fucking relief was so close, she had to...

Emily stood, and with a feverish desperation, lunged forwards, slamming her torso into her gigantic tits as she squeezed her nipples with all her might. The pleasure slammed against her nipples in tandem with her body and her mind and chest erupted.

Her nipples seemed to open, finally releasing the built up dam of milk within her, and she cried in ecstasy and relief as twin geysers of milk sprayed from them. Her eyes rolled back and her hips buckled as the pressure increased and a torrent of pleasure washed over her mind. She felt helpless and immobilized, able to do nothing but thrash and yowl like a cat in heat as her nipples practically vibrated, pumping out spray after spray of molten creamy bliss. Every squeeze from her hands and every time she leaned into her mammoth milk tanks intensified the streams. A chorus of noise rattled off the glass as her torrents of milk hit the glass door and splashed back over her swollen form. Creamy white streams leaked under the door and onto her bathroom floor, but she neither saw nor cared, enraptured with draining herself. After the desperation, the pressure, the stubbornness of her nipples and that fucking zipper, Emily let her body sink into her slowly receding mounds and revel in the release.

For a length of time she could not determine, Emily simply lay atop her tits, slowly sinking towards the ground and riding the never-ending waves of pleasure. Eventually the orgasm began to fade, and Emily slowly began to regain her bearings. Her shower had drained her hot water tank, and now she was pelted with a torrent of luke-warm droplets. Her whole body felt sore, like she had just run a marathon, but there was still so much milk still in her churning under the surface of her flushed skin.

“Haaa... so... full...” she groaned, releasing her nipples from her death grip. The gushing milk eased off and Emily slowly reached the shower tap. With a push it shut off. Then, Emily lifted her

milky burdens and dragged herself backwards so she could lean against the wall. She pushed her legs underneath her slick, still lap filling breasts, and grasped each of her impressively hand-filling nipples. She couldn't help but let out a hiss through her teeth at the feeling - nearly unbearably sensitive. Waiting a moment to regain her composure, Emily began to milk herself in a more gentle and subdued way, whimpering slightly as each tug of a nipple released an ample spray of milk.

Her senses and wits came gradually back to her in full as she emptied herself, though the size of them was reducing rather slowly. The bathroom was full of humidity and the smell of warm dairy, which circled the drain as she worked. Looking down, she couldn't help but marvel at the size of her chest; lap filling, but noticeably... softer?

Several more minutes of gentle tugging, accompanied by generous amounts of barely suppressed moans and whimpers, and Emily had managed to get her tits so something resembling beach balls in size. With a deep breath and careful, steady feet, she managed to stand. She took a few shaky steps as milk drained out of the ruined wetsuit which still hugged her waist, and her feet landed in a wet pool of milk that had formed outside of her shower. She was a sticky, dairy covered mess, but she knew she could deal with that later.

Staggering over to her bathroom mirror, she rested her chest on the cold material of her counter, before carefully wiping away the layer of fog that had formed over her mirror. Her jaw dropped as she saw her reflection. She was sodden, and exhausted. Her hair was a matted mess and her body was uncomfortably flush. Most notable though was her chest. She'd never seen a woman with breasts like hers. Each was massive, blocking out most of her torso, with wide, raised areola sitting on their fronts, topped by thick nipples that she swore she could see twitching.

"This is so much smaller than I was in the shower..." she breathed, staring as her fingers slowly crept back towards her teats. She shook her head and pulled her hands back, breaking her trance and began staggering towards the kitchen. She wasn't sure what she was looking to do. Maybe call for help? Call Daniel? The sudden giant boob helpline?

Every step sent little jolts of pleasure running through her as she walked down the hall. Her tits were still incredibly heavy, and she could feel the residual milk sloshing within them. She needed to use the walls for support as she stumbled in a drunken haze of pleasure, leaving a sweet smelling trail as she approached.

Eventually she reached the kitchen, panting. The added weights were something her body was not accustomed to. There was still some milk left too, but... Emily tried not to think about how much of what she was carrying might be more permanent mass.

She picked up her phone and checked it on instinct. Her eyes widened to see missed texts and calls from Daniel. He was coming over, he'd found folklore on the mother's seabasket, staying away from warm water. Ah.

Slowly, Emily slumped against the kitchen counter as she considered what to do next. Try as she might, the weight of her chest and the sensation of the air on her nipples were becoming more and more difficult to ignore. The sloshing of the remaining milk inside her seemed to tease her, calling for release. Not only that but she was beginning to realize that she was terribly thirsty too. She furrowed her brow as she considered the obvious solution which blared in her mind.

She probably shouldn't.

It probably wouldn't be hygienic.

But...

Turning around, Emily heaved her breasts up onto the counter facing the sink built into her kitchen top. Her head spun as she grabbed a tall glass from the counter and lowered it into the sink in front of her. With a gentle whimper she reached out and grasped her gently dripping nipples. She still had so much milk in her breasts and she had to empty herself, had to know... how much of her inflated chest was more than milk? She began to gently tug and pull, spraying milk into the glass as best she could.

The glass began to fill and she felt herself quickly falling back into her pleasurable trance. The room was quiet, save for her quiet moans, the sound of liquid on glass, and the rhythmic sound of ocean waves washing to shore. The glass filled and she brought down a new one, curious to see how much she would fill. Her body practically moved automatically as she enjoyed the quiet and slowly filled her glass with frothing cream.

She could stay like this forever, just another day in paradise...

Without warning footsteps thumped up the patio steps and the door across from her burst open, snapping Emily out of her revelry. Emily, beach ball sized breasts filling the counter in front of her, locked eyes with Daniel mid-squeeze. Streams of milk filled the silence between them, before hitting the sink with a loud splatter. Daniel's eyes drifted to Emily's chest, her hands squeezed around her thick teats, and then over to where she was pointing them.

"I, um... didn't see your messages." She said with an awkward smirk. Her face flushed as an uncharacteristic boldness took over her. Emily motioned to the full glass of milk on the counter.

"Could I offer you a drink?"

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