

Trials of Nursing

“Goooooooood morning, Kate! How are you and baby doing today?”

A new mother opened her groggy eyes as a woman in a lab coat and a bubbly blonde nurse entered her room. She’d only given birth the night before, but it felt weeks ago with how little sleep she’d managed to find.

“Tired...” she groaned with a weak smile. A hand placed itself on her child’s bed resting next to hers. “But happy.”

The nurse looked at a haggard man collapsed in a chair next to the bed. “And how is daddy?”

SNOORRT

Only a deep-throated snore came in response. Kate looked lovingly at her beloved. “He’s exhausted too. The excitement of it all really took it out of him.”

The two women approached Kate’s bedside. She recognized one of them as Dr. Smith, her lactation consultant. The other, the nurse, was carrying a small tray. On it rested a pamphlet and syringe. “Kate, this is Jesse, my new assistant. She’s all caught up on what we’ve been experiencing. Still no milk?”

Kate nodded and sat up with a groan. Everything was sore. Looking down, she gently patted the tops of her breasts hoping to see any increase in size from the C-cups she’d developed during pregnancy. “That’s right... They’re plenty tender, but no milk.”

Dr. Smith motioned. “May I?”

Arching her back, Kate presented her breasts. Expert hands slid under her hospital gown to examine the milkless mounds. Kate winced at her prods and squeezes, especially when her fingers pressed circles around her areolas.

The doctor removed her hands with a sigh. “I was hoping the pumps might kick on with a few more hours, but I’m afraid your blood work is showing a significant hormonal imbalance is likely the cause of your lack of production. The good news is this is fairly common and very treatable. There’s no need to worry.” With a reassuring smile, she added, “We’ll get your baby the milk she needs. And Jesse will help make sure of that!”

“Right!” Jesse set her tray down with a nervous tremble.

Kate eyed the syringe with apprehension. “A shot...?”

“Not to worry, it’s perfectly safe.” Dr. Smith took hold of the pamphlet. “It’s only to kick-start your hormones to help push your body in the right direction. It is a very powerful lactation aid; I would never recommend it to any mother with the ability to produce any kind of milk on her own. That would be like throwing gasoline on a fire! But for you, it’s the kick in the bra your breasts need. You may even produce more than the average woman. There will be some tenderness and fairly significant engorgement, but nothing you can’t handle. Once the pumps are flowing I can walk you and your husband through several massages that will soothe the pressure.”

Kate blushed and gave a nervous giggle. Glancing at her lover, she revealed, “Oh yes he’ll be all ears, I’m sure.”

SNOOOOORT!

Her husband jolted but remained in a slumber.

“They always are.” Dr. Smith patted her leg. “If that all sounds good, I’ll leave you in Jesse’s capable hands to administer the hormonal supplement. Oddly enough I have another new mother a few doors down having trouble with a very impressive amount of milk and her body is having trouble keeping up. If you need anything or have any questions, don’t hesitate to call. I’ll be back to check on the girls later tonight.”

“Thank you, Doctor,” Kate said as the woman left her room.

“Now then, are you fine with needles?” Jesse asked, removing the paper from around the syringe.

“Generally yes.” Kate inspected the instrument.

“Even if you weren’t, this one is small!” Jesse showed it off. “See? The needle itself is very short. It only needs to puncture the top layer of skin and then the injection is spring-loaded. It’s over in less than a second.”

Kate watched as the nurse walked her through everything. She couldn’t help but notice a nervous shaking to Jesse’s hands. “Are you new?”

Her cheeks turned red and stood out against the white of her form-fitting uniform. “I’ve been with Dr. Smith for about two weeks now. Still getting used to patient interaction...” Jesse looked down. “Is it obvious?”

“No! No no! You’re doing fine.” Hoping to diffuse the awkwardness, Kate joked, “Now please fill me with milk. My boobs are ready.”

“I sure hope so! This stuff is *strong*.” Jesse motioned to Kate’s gown. “I’ll need to administer it directly to a breast. Just one and it will spread between the two of them.”

“O-Ok...”

Kate slid her hospital gown down her arms until her breasts were fully exposed. A strange feeling of inadequacy came over her with her hungry child sleeping nearby.

In hopes to dispel any remaining fright from Kate, the nurse glanced at the husband before grasping her uniform’s collar. “Now, I’m going to be injecting it around here.” Jesse unbuttoned the top of her uniform to splay her collar open. Pale cleavage pressed against her fingertips. “Just a slight prick and-- And-- A...*A-Achoo!*!”

CLICK!

“Oh! Excuse me!” Jesse said, removing her elbow from her face. “Sometimes they can sneak up on you! If you’re ready, let’s go ahead and-- Kate? Everything alright?”

The mother’s eyes were wide and staring at the nurse’s chest. “Y-You... You just... The lactation aid...”

“Huh?” Jesse followed her gaze and immediately her heart skipped a beat.

The needle's tip was prodding the soft base of her breasts where she'd poked it during her sneeze. Even worse, the syringe was empty.

"Uh..." Jesse swallowed. A throbbing warmth was flooding her breasts as her skin flushed. "*T-That's not good.*"

Her uniform appeared tighter. As she breathed, stress lines formed across the front of her breasts. Prominent nubs pushed into the fabric as her nipples poked through her thin bra.

To deny the evident swelling would be madness.

"Are you alright...?" Kate whispered. "Isn't that meant for women with a--"

GUUUURGLE

A muffled churning cut her off and Jesse dropped the syringe. Rapid panicked gasps made her D-cups heave with anxiety. "*Oh no. O-Oh no oh no oh no! I-I need to--*"

GUUUURRRRGLE!

They ballooned enough to make the women's jaws drop. Growing several cups in the span of seconds, Jesse's breasts bloated into impressive mounds squeezing out of her firm cotton uniform. Obscene cleavage piled up and out of her collar.

"*What's happening to you?!*" Kate exclaimed, recoiling but unable to look away.

GUUUURRRRGLE

They were bigger with every breath. Pressure rushed and swirled into Jesse's breasts, pushing them larger and larger. Their weight increased with their tickling contents and sweat ran from her neck to vanish between her cleavage.

"My... M-My..." Jesse was too shocked to voice anything. "*It's making my chest produce mi--*"

GUUUURRRRRRGLE

"*MILK!!*"

POP!!!

A button exploded. Her production was accelerating. Already she'd more than doubled her size to push her breasts larger than her head. Any tiny movement caused sloshing to emanate from her rising pale curves. The sounds of her growth were nearly as impressive as the growth itself. Listening to fluid bubble into her mammaries sent the girl's hearts racing and caused Kate's baby to stir.

"*Why are they growing so fast?!*" Kate feared. "*You were going to do that to me?!*"

"*No!! I-It's...Mmmgh!!!*" The nurse's fingers dared to touch her chest as the pressure mounted. She was short of breath as sensations and arousal boiled hotter. "*It's meant...for women who can't produce any milk! If you give it to...someone with proper hormonal balances...it...i-it...*"

GUUUURGLE!!

"*Aahhh you're not supposed to do that!!*"

SHRRIIP!!!

A seam burst down the side of Jesse's outfit. Her breasts were winning in their fight for freedom as flesh squished down her stomach to round out her entire front. Stimulation and lack of breath caused her to arch her back, thrusting her chest toward Kate in desperation.

Wwwaaahhhh!!

They froze when her baby awoke.

Jesse's eyes dilated as her milk glands tingled and her chaotic hormones surged. "*Oh God please no! Not--*"

Waaahhhhhhhh!!!

GUUUUUUUUUURGLE

"MMNGH!!!"

A spigot opened in her breasts. Milk raced to fill her, her body eager to feed the hungry child with its newfound nourishment.

"No! P-Please don't--"

Waaaaahhhh!!

W-Waaah!

GUUUUUUUURGLE!!!

Kate was frozen in amazement. Before her was a woman with breasts rapidly expanding as if they were stretching to hold gallons of fluid. Flesh oozed from every rip and button on her outfit. Skin pushed out of her short sleeves and through her collar. Demanding every inch of fabric, Jesse's mid-thigh skirt had risen like a curtain up her pelvis. Tantalizing black lace adorned the intimate curves and contours between her glistening thighs.

SHRRRIIP!!!!

"GAAH!!!"

Jesse cried out when her uniform exploded. Two beach ball milk jugs jumped into her arms and she leaned forward at their whim. Adorning veins decorated her assets to the point of making Kate envious of her fullness. That was her milk sloshing inside the nurse; it should have been engorging her breasts.

Waaaaahhh!!

STRRTCH

STRRRRRRTCH

"Nghh!! K...Kate!" Jesse squeaked, watching her breasts distend in waves and reach down her body. "*C-Can you please quiet your baby?! She's making me--*"

WAAAAHHHH!!!

GUUUUUUUURGLE!!!

"MMNGH!!!! She's making me blow up even faster!! My hormones are running wild!!"

Suddenly understanding, Kate reached for her child and held her like treasure. "*Shhh, shhh shh shhh... It's ok...! It's alright...! Please be quiet for--*"

WAAHHHH!!!

Kate looked at the nurse with concern. *“P-Please be quiet!”*

Jesse’s eyes widened. The pressure was spiking. Her nipples throbbed. Trickle of milk were running from her golf ball-sized nozzles. Between her legs, intimate juices trailed down her thighs due to the incredible stimulation assaulting her body. Hormones had brought her pussy to plump and engorge into a supple pillow overflowing the crotch of her panties with puffy pink folds.

GUUURGLE!!

“T-There’s too much!! THERE’S TOO MUCH MILK IN MY BREASTS!!”

WAAHHH!!

“Shhhhhh...! Please be quiet, Gabby! Please be quiet for--”

WAAHHH!! WAAHHH!!

The baby squirmed, relentless. The scent of milk was in the air and her belly was empty.

STRRRRTCH!!

“A-Augh!” Jesse’s knees knocked when her milk almost took her down. Extending to her hips, her breasts overflowed her arms as if she were carrying two fluid-filled yoga balls. *“I need to get the milk out!! I need to get it out!!”*

Her hands crawled across her bulging skin to knead her breasts and reach her nipples. Touching her areolas sent shivers down her spine and left her breathless, frightened to touch her nipples. Knowing the pressure wouldn’t soon let up, however, she took them in her hands and pulled.

SPLRRRTCH!!

“A-A-AAHHHMMNG!!!!”

SPLRRRRRTCH!!

Milk sprayed in thick jets of cream and danced across the floor and Kate’s bed. The warmth soaked through the sheets to cover her legs in seconds. She watched for another release, but Jesse’s hands retreated and she struggled for breath.

WAAHHHH!!!!

“Haahhh ohhhh God...! They’re too sensitive! I can’t milk myself!! MY TITS ARE TOO FULL!”

SNNDOORR--ACK!

“Ron!” Kate yelled, remembering her sleeping husband. *“RON, MILK HER!”*

The bewildered man looked around the chaotic hospital room. In the bed was his wife holding their newborn. Standing next to her was a nurse in tattered clothes holding breasts reaching to her thighs. Milk ran from her nipples and coated the floor. The nurse’s panties looked ready to fall down her legs from their soaked weight.

He had to have still been dreaming.

“Kate...? What’s--”

WAAHHHH!!!!

GUUUURRRRGLE!!!

“MMMMM PLEASE MILK ME PLEASE MILK MEEEE!!”

“RON YOU HAVE TO MILK HER!! THE HORMONES ARE MAKING HER LACTATE LIKE CRAZY!!”

His head spun. *“What hormones?! Who is she?! Why is she--”*

GUURRRGLE!!

“MMNGH!!!”

“FUCKING MILK HER, RON!!”

Whether it was a dream or not, Ron knew he had to obey. Groping another woman’s breasts felt forbidden, but if his wife was instructing him to do so, it must have been alright. He jumped from the chair and approached Jesse. Being up close and personal with the world record-breaking bust, his hands trembled.

“W-What do I do??”

GUUUURRRRGLE!!!

“Mmmmm oh please!!! Please hurry!! They feel MASSIVE!! My skin is stretching!”

Kate pointed. *“Get behind her, grab her tits, AND MILK HER!”*

Ron did as he was told, not giving Jesse a moment to compose herself. His hands wrapped around hers and sank deep into her globes before he was able to reach her fleshy faucets. When he ruthlessly tugged and pulled, Jesse nearly fainted when an orgasm punched her pussy.

“AHH!!!! MY MILK!! MY MIIILK!!!”

SPLRRRTCH!!

SLRRRRRTCH!!!!

She gushed in Ron’s working hands and soaked his wife from head to toe. Milk trickled into the baby’s mouth, the taste spurring her hunger. To Kate, it was a sweet honey-like flavor that warmed her to her core.

WAAHHHHH!!!!

GUUUUUUUURRRRGLE!!!!

“MMMMGH!!! MMMMM!!!”

GUUUUUURRRRGLE!!!!

Kate’s eyes bulged. *“They’re still getting bigger?!”*

“T-The...stimulation!!” Jesse cried against her orgasm-inducing nipples. *“MILKING THEM ONLY MAKES THEM MORE EXCITED!”*

SPLRRRTCH!!

GUUUURRRRGLE!!!

“MMMMMM!!!”

She started to fall. Her legs wobbled and Ron fought to keep her upright. Flesh squeezed into Jesse’s face as he hugged them tighter.

But it was no use.

THUD!!

Jesse's legs finally gave out. With a milk-heaving crash, she fell across her breasts as they smacked the floor and sent milk flying in all directions. Weather balloons supported her body with fluid-wobbling mass. Teacup nipples quivered in aroused anger.

GUUUURRGLE!!!

Milk pushed against her body weight. Skin crept across the floor. Feet scrambling across the wet tile, Jesse squirmed and endured the sensation of her own dairy lifting her higher. Ron stared at the incredible view between her spread legs. Little was left to the imagination as her arousal plumped her out of her panties.

"EARTH TO RON! SHE'S STILL BLOWING UP!!"

He snapped back to reality. Diving in front of the engorging mountains, he grabbed a nipple in each hand.

SPLRRRTCH!!

"MMMNGH!!! Ohhhh gentle!! Gentle!!! I...I can't handle it!!"

Jesse's breasts vibrated with her release. For a moment it was working. Her size was shrinking, but it didn't last long.

SQUULLLCH!!

"Ahm!!"

Jesse squeaked when her nipples swelled and closed themselves off. Pressure beat against their backs like rapid punches.

STRRRRTCH

STRRRRRRTCH

"Ahh!! T-They're not stopping!!"

"Kate, I can't get anything out!" Ron shouted, her nipples too big for one hand.

Intensifying pressure stole Jesse's breath away. She could only watch and whimper in overwhelming lust as her gargantuan mountains rose around her. The floor threatened to leave her toes should she rise anymore.

STRRRRTCH!!

GUUUURRGLE!!

"Mmm!!! MMMMMMM!!!!!"

Ron backed away as her areolas pushed outward.

"They're...They're not...stopping...!" Jesse groaned. Hormones had turned her into a walking milk machine. Dense arousal made her crotch throb.

STRRRRTCH!!

They didn't seem to be able to swell any larger, and yet the more seconds that passed, the more engorged Jesse grew. But aside from her groaning, the room was silent. The baby had stopped.

GUURGLE!!

“MMMMMM!!!”

She massaged her breasts in desperation, trying anything to loosen her nipples. The pressure was driving her wild.

STRRTCH!!

“Ahhhh my cheeeest!!”

Feeling as if they were in the splash zone, Kate and Ron winced as Jesse’s mammaries slowed to a skin-bloating stop.

Milk sloshed within her tanks before settling.

All fell silent. Jesse’s toes barely brushed against the ground as she swayed on top of her bust.

“Hahh... Haaaahhhh ohhh my dear Lord... Look at me... I’m--”

“OH MY GOD!!”

Kate’s shriek filled them with panic and they all turned to look. However it wasn’t an expression of fear on her face, but one of unbridled joy.

Her baby was sucking at her chest, calm and soothed with her mother’s own milk.

“She’s nursing! Ron, she’s nursing! I’m making milk!” Kate cried. Close to tears, she said, *“I think tasting the nurse’s milk delivered some of the hormones!”*

SLOOOOOSH

“Mmng...!” Jesse groaned from atop her milky mountain range. *“That’s... Ah! That’s...great! Now...”* She gasped as her nipples pressed into the ground. *“M-Maybe we should jump into the milk-releasing massage portion of the lactation therapy a little early, don’t you think??”*