

IncrediBust Solutions



Megan strode into her boss's office as fast as she dared with a hot mug in her hands. Given how important today was, she didn't dare spill on her pristine white blouse.

"Here's your coffee, sir!"

The heavy-set man glanced up from a mess of papers and pumps strewn across his desk. Megan knew she would be organizing them by the end of the day. Taking the mug, he asked, "Extra milk?"

A smile cracked on her face. "That is our motto!"

Enjoying a healthy sip, he allowed himself a moment to wallow in the flavor. The various models and specs of different breast pumps laid before him could wait.

Megan informed him, "Also your noon meeting got pushed to next week."

"Mm, good. I didn't feel like dealing with that today. What about the one o'clock?"

"Still on track. I have Jimmy Johns scheduled to cater finger sandwiches."

"Hmm..."

He stole a drifting glance at Megan's bust, nestled comfortably in her blouse. The inspection made her subconsciously straighten her back.

"Find something a little more gourmet. We want to wow our investors. There's a lot riding on this."

"Of course. I'll find something."

She left him to his work. Being the head of research, every minute of his time was precious.

Megan's chair creaked when she sat at her desk. She could relax for a minute while Mr. Kaurel enjoyed his coffee and refreshed himself on their most recent numbers. Considering today's meeting, she wondered if she should have worn a tighter blouse, even if it was a little demeaning. This only would have led to more people sneaking glances at her ample D-cups, but she couldn't put too much blame on them; when working at a lactation research company, it was hard not to have breasts on the mind.

At IncrediBust Solutions, breasts and milk were their reason for waking up every morning. A love of mammaries was a prerequisite in the hiring process. An ample bust was also a rumored requirement for the women, although this has been refuted several times by management. Specializing in lactation therapy for new mothers, IncrediBust also hoped to become a leader in the breast pump space with new and exciting designs around every corner. They were still relatively new to the industry but showed a promising future.

Megan's boss, Mr. Kaurel, was incredibly passionate about breasts. Sometimes she wondered if he helped start the company to aid women struggling with milk production, or if he was just obsessed with breasts. It could be a challenge working as his secretary some days, but Megan found joy in working towards bettering this aspect of women's health. At the end of the day, they helped babies get fed and form loving bonds with their mothers.

Megan busied herself with a desk full of breast pumps. Among other things, she had been tasked with finding a way to display them on the wall as a show of the progress the company had

made. It would be odd to see a line of breast suckers on the wall, but fitting considering their line of work.

Some time passed and Megan heard footsteps approaching her desk. It wasn't often Mr. Kaurel received visitors, especially one who was unscheduled. It made more sense when Megan saw a delivery uniform and a large box in his arms.

"Hello!" Megan called. "Can I help you?"

He set it on her desk in a hurry. "Yea, I'm just looking for a signature."

Upon inspection, Megan saw the address indicated another building. "Oh, this is meant for one of our labs. Receiving is around the back. They should be able to--"

"I tried there. No one answered."

"Someone is always there... If you just--"

"Listen, I really gotta get going and you were the first secretary I could find. Can I just give it to you?"

Megan grew flustered. Watching him closely, she noticed his eyes moving between her chest and the pile of breast pumps on her desk. It was obvious she wasn't using them, but she still had the urge to explain their presence.

"I just need a signature."

"I... S-Sure."

Defeated, she signed a clipboard. A tip of his hat served as a reply. "Have a good one."

"...Thanks..."

The package consumed a significant amount of space on her desk. Roughly as big as a microwave, it felt heavy and full of liquid.

"Lab 3..." she read softly.

Her heart fluttered. Marcus worked in Lab 3, dealing with various forms of hormonal research surrounding lactation. Not just a coworker she knew from college, he was also an unspoken work crush. Normally something like the package would have been a nuisance, but if she were hand delivering it to him, Megan couldn't have been more willing.

She glanced at the clock. It was almost eleven: still plenty of time before she had to get ready for the meeting. Excited to chat up her crush, she lifted the box from her desk.

"Shit!!"

THUD!!

It was heavier than she thought. Without a good grip, the package fell to the floor to land on a corner, crumbling the box under its own weight.

Her boss coughed, "Everything alright out there?"

"It's fine! I-I'll be right back!"

Praying it wasn't delicate equipment, Megan inspected the box. It was damaged and obviously mishandled, but otherwise looked safe. She took extra care when lifting it a second time and held it firmly against her chest with both arms around the bottom.

SLOSH

SLOSH

SLOSH

The contents churned with every step. Such a sound caused worry; she didn't recall it making any noises before being dropped.

Lab 3 wasn't a quick trip from her office. Several minutes into the journey, Megan found herself huffing and puffing. Carrying her cargo was surprisingly taxing. Stranger still, she noticed other employees casting inquisitive glances in her direction.

"A...Afternoon...!" she greeted a woman, finding herself out of breath.

Megan's chest was hot against the box. Clutching it so tightly to avoid dropping it again, she could feel the cardboard pushing her bra's underwire into her ribs. Thinking of her breasts as a luxurious cushion for the load was entertaining enough to distract her from the laborious weight, although it didn't stop her from feeling as though her shirt were sticking to her torso. Megan knew she couldn't have been so sweaty as to cause the sensation, but the sense of wet fabric was undeniable.

"Excuse me," an older employee called.

Megan paused, blowing away strands of hair from her face. "Hm?"

"You're leaking."

It was a common phrase heard around the company. Not a day went by when groups of lactating volunteers weren't being ushered through the halls, often full to the brim and ready to test their latest model of pumps.

Megan blushed and looked down at her chest, never hearing the phrase directed at her. Cleavage bulged against the box, but she saw nothing else. "H-Huh? Excuse me?"

The employee pointed behind her. "Your box is leaking. You're leaving a trail."

Anxiety clutched Megan's core. A big leaking box was the last thing she needed today. Slowly turning around, she saw a messy path of dark pink fluid soaking into the carpet. Her breath caught in her chest. Suddenly her wet shirt made sense.

"Crap!! T-Thank you!!"

She rushed to the nearest bathroom. There was little chance it hadn't gotten onto her blouse or skirt. All that was left was to see how bad it was and figure out how to get a change of clothes before the meeting.

"Crap crap crap crap craaaaap!!!"

The bathroom greeted her with tiled acoustics echoing her heels. Setting the box on the counter confirmed her worst fears; the entire face she had held against her body was sopping wet and dripping with a pink chemical. The viscous fluid ran onto the counter and floor. Megan couldn't find the courage to look at her clothes.

The sight made her heart sink.

Her white blouse looked like it had been used to carry a load of juicy strawberries. Mystery chemicals soaked her outfit from her breasts to her waist. Clinging to her, it outlined the shape of her bra and abdomen in surprising detail.

“Noooo no no!! Not today!! *Not today!! FUCK!!*”

Paper towels filled her hands. Furious dabbing only made Megan’s heart sink when it proved ineffective in removing the substance.

“*Fuuuuck!!*”

Desperation set in. Fingers flying, she unbuttoned her top and threw it into a sink to begin washing. A soaking blouse was bad, but better than being covered in pink ooze.

Megan scrubbed with her hands under running water. A glance in the mirror reflected a crazed version of herself. Hair hung in her face from her panicked actions. Lower, her chest still dripped with fluid. It flowed over her cleavage and gentle slopes to cause her mounds to slide against one another. Every inch of her bra’s padding was soaked through. How she hadn’t noticed immediately was frustrating.

The shirt was slow to come clean. Though the water ran pink, the fabric was far from white.

“*Come on!!! The hell is this stuff??*”

Megan felt her chest wobble between her arms as she washed. Rarely did her breasts annoy her, but at this moment, they felt incredibly in the way. Flustered, she looked in the mirror to pull her hair out of her face.

A pause followed. The faucet continued to run, though Megan’s attention had been stolen by a new development in the mirror.

“W...What the hell...?”

On all accounts, her bra was too small. The straps dug into her flesh. A shelf of mass overflowed over the cups. The underwires lifted away from her torso, exposing substantial slivers of skin as she bulged out.

Megan ogled the startling sight. She’d been the same standard D-cup since high school. This bra in particular had always fit, even during her time of the month. Now it looked several sizes too small.

“Why is... What is happening??”

Adjusting it to sit flush with her ribcage only caused her nipples to rise over the cups. She stuffed her breasts downward to conceal herself, but doing so only caused the garment to sit askew.

There was no way to make herself fit in the bra.

Megan’s breathing quickened. Not only was her blouse floating in the sink, but her bra had somehow shrunk since putting it on only hours ago. The band was a snake around her chest, constricting her breath as she gasped in confusion.

She felt herself sweating. Perspiration ran between her mounds. Crammed together in the inadequate capacity of her bra, she watched her cleavage heave with every breath. Seeing such tight flesh rise up and down was terrifyingly mesmerizing. Pink chemical still coated them in a shiny layer, making her skin tingle.

Feeling faint, she grabbed her chest.

“Ah!!”

Their heat was intense. Each burned like a furnace in her grasp, as well as filled her hands like never before. Frightful sensitivity made her head spin while a dense aching kept her grounded. She could barely stand to squeeze them, much less inspect their bra-busting forms.

Megan swallowed against a dry mouth. Heat made her head dizzy. *“What... What’s going on...? They feel... Nnngh... They feel...weird...”*

Against her better judgment, Megan started massaging. Firm pressure from her fingers helped relieve some of the aching, but there seemed to be more flesh in her hands every time she looked. They hadn’t ached like this since puberty.

“Am I allergic to that stuff??” She hefted her chest and was shocked to find it far heavier than normal. “I-I feel like I’m blowing up like a--”

The bathroom door opened. An older woman wearing a suit took one step before noticing Megan groping herself in the mirror, as well as the leaking mess.

They stared at one another. Megan didn’t dare move. Her hands sat frozen with her fingers sinking into her pillowy flesh.

“S-Sorry...” the woman apologized before retreating.

Megan was alone once more, but more anxious than ever. Softly she whispered, “Did the VP of the company just see my feeling myself u--”

GUURGLE

“Nngh!!”

A sharp pressure emanated from the centers of her breasts.

STRRTCH!

“Ah! A-Aahh!! Why do they feel...so tight?!”

Her breasts surged outward. Gaining an inch in girth, they pushed her hands apart like angry pufferfish. The bra became comically small as Megan’s mammaries blossomed into heaving melons.

“Hah... Nnngh!!! Ohhh no... I-I... God, what is this...??”

She groaned, slave to the mysterious sensations flooding her chest. A switch had flipped within her body. Something had begun, and it was rapidly filling out her bust to the point of making her skin stretch. Her D-cups weren’t prepared for this.

“I-I can’t breathe... I can’t breathe...!” Megan gasped. The bra was torture around her chest. Heat flooded her face and left her in a fog. Imprisoned within the brassiere, her nipples throbbed like pent-up volcanos.

Megan saw her cleavage puff upward. Flesh bulged around her cups in anger.

“What’s... What’s happening to me?! WHY ARE MY--”

A gentle tremor ran through her chest before striking her areolas like a hammer.

SPLRRRTCH!!

“AUGH!! M-MMGH!!!”

She nearly collapsed from the electricity in her nipples. Warmth flooded her bra seconds later, giving Megan the sensation of wetting herself. Weary eyes stared in the mirror at her disheveled appearance.

White fluid ran down her abdomen. Gushing from her bra, it separated into various tributaries across her stomach before soaking into her skirt. The scent was sweet but unmistakable.

Megan couldn't believe her eyes.

"MILK?! A-A-Am I--"

GUUUURGLE

"NNGH!!! God!!!"

She grabbed the leaking package and tore it open. A packing slip was found on top of a ruptured storage bag, now half empty. Every word was worse than the last. Her hands trembled as she read.

"C-Concentrated prolactin inducer.... Experimental..." She gulped. *"A-Avoid contact with skin..."*

GUUUURGLE

Her chest groaned, confirming the situation.

"I'm lactating... I-I'm lactating..." No matter how many times she said it, it never felt real. *"I-I'm...lac--"*

GUUUURGLE!!!

"Nngh!! Shit!! I'm REALLY lactating!!"

The situation was becoming more dire by the second.

CREEEAAAK!!

A cry came from her bra. Tensing like a cable, it sank into her breasts and folded over itself.

"N-No!! Oh no!! Please no!! Please don't!! I-I can't possibly be THAT bi--"

SNAP!!!!

It exploded at her back, flinging the undergarment like a slingshot to her front where it came to hang limp in her grasp, dead and useless.

Megan removed her hands. Her bra fell to her feet, followed by her jaw dropping to the floor.

Bulbous udders hung from her torso. Heavy and teardrop-shaped, they dominated her body with minds of their own. Their curvy majesty threatened to surpass the size of her head. The longer she stared in the mirror, the larger they grew. Megan watched them creep full and tight. Her skin drew taut. Veins she'd never seen before now raced with pale icy-blue hues. Even her nipples, once dull pink, had darkened to resemble juicy cherries.

Her breasts were not just swollen; they were engorged.

She ran into a bathroom stall and locked the door as if privacy might shield her from the truth.

GUUUURGLE

“Ah!! N-No more!! Stop growing!! You have to stop growing!!”

Their rising milk was only louder within the stall. Gathering them in one hand, she dialed the only person she could think of who might be able to help: her sister. The ringing was painfully slow.

Finally her call connected. “Megan? What’s up!!”

“H-Heeeey!!”

There was a pause. “...What’s wrong? Is someone dead? Megan, if something happened then just come out and--”

“I... Uh... *Nnngh, ow...*” She massaged her chest as pressure surged. “I-I need your advice.”

Her sister’s voice remained full of worry. “Megan, what is it?”

“Back when you had your baby and you started lactating... W-Was there anything you could do to make the milk...stop?”

The resulting silence made her sister’s confusion obvious. “Uhhm, no? Your boobs just kind of have a mind of their own at that point, you know? The milk didn’t stop until I stopped breastfeeding. And even then it took weeks. Why? Wait, this isn’t for one of your stupid company survey things again, is it?! I told you I didn’t want to be involved anymore after--”

GUUUURGLE

“What was that?”

Megan’s eyes were locked on her chest. It pushed into her arm, each breast rounding out as she became fuller. “*I-It was... Mm! I kind of have a situation here.*”

“What?”

“I...I’m making milk.”

“Come again?”

“My tits!! I’m lactating, Chelsea!!! MY BOOBS FEEL LIKE BLIMPS!!”

An amused chuckle came through the phone. “You can’t be lactating! You’re not even pregnant! Unless... Wait, *are you--*”

“*I’m not pregnant!!!* I spilled some kind of hormone chemical on myself at work and they started swelling up!!”

GUUUURGLE

“Nnngh!!! They look like volleyballs, Chelsea!!!! The milk isn’t stopping!! They broke my bra!!”

“Oh fuck... You’re serious, aren’t you?? *Send me a pic!! You were big before!! I want to see these monsters!! Oh I bet you’re freaking huuuuu--*”

GUUUURGLE!

“M-Mmgh!!” Megan whimpered, feeling her nipples pulse. “*They’re getting really full...! Can’t I do anything about the pressure?? They feel like they’re getting too big!!*”

“Ok, ok!! Don’t panic!! You just have to empty them!! Sometimes I would get really busy and ignore mine and they would get *waaaaay* too full! Or when I overslept!! I woke up some mornings feeling like they might explode!!”

Megan’s eyes bulged in fear. “*D-Don’t say explode!!! Is that a thing?! Can that happen?!*”

“Sorry!! Sorry!! You just have to empty them!”

“*HOW?!*”

A prolonged silence followed. “You work at a lactation research company, don’t you? Are you telling me there isn’t a *single* breast pump you could find?”

Megan felt like she’d been slapped in the face by the obvious answer. “*RIGHT!! T-Thanks, Chels!!*”

“Oh!! And don’t play with them!! It only makes it worse!!”

Their call ended. In no state to leave the bathroom, Megan knew who she had to contact. Shaking and feeling at her limit, she found her ongoing conversation with her friend in Lab 3.



GUUUURGLE

“Mgh!!” Megan almost dropped her phone when a pressurized tremor rumbled through her engorging chest. She quickly typed her response.

The strongest model you have please! And please hurry! Knock on the bathroom door when you're here!

The wait was unbearable. Megan never felt so helpless as she stood listening to the sounds of her developing milk supply. Producing at such a rapid rate, she was surprised her breasts could keep pace. Their transformation was taking a toll, however. Sweat coated her skin. Heat poured from her face and cleavage. In every way, she felt as though she was enduring some kind of sexual torture. A part of her wanted to enjoy the experience and let the intoxicating sensations whisk her away, but she feared she might never return from such a realm. The fuller and tighter her breasts became, the more her pussy screamed for attention.

GUUUURGLE

“Nnngh... Please stop... P-Please stop...” she whispered.

Finally a gentle knock echoed from the door.

“Megan...?”

“Marcus?!” Relief had arrived. Stumbling from the privacy of her stall, she stood at the bathroom door. “I-I’m going to unlock it, ok? Wait thirty seconds then come in and lock the door behind you. Got it?”

“Um, oookkkk... Am I even allowed in the women’s resto--”

“Please just do it!”

“Ok ok!”

CLICK!

She left the door unlocked and returned to her stall. Thirty agonizing seconds later, Marcus opened the door with extreme caution. “Hello...? Guy coming in... Megan? I brought the--*Whoa...*”

He laid eyes upon the mess she’d caused. Pink chemical pooled on the counter and floor from the box. A damp blouse lay wadded up next to a running sink. Most tantalizing was the light blue bra lying on the floor with a bent clasp. It looked about the right size for Megan, judging by Marcus’s private estimations.

“M-Megan?”

A strained voice from a stall made him jump. “Do you have the pump??”

“Yea! What do I--”

GUUURGLE

“GIVE IT!! GIVE IT TO ME!!”

There was urgency in her voice. Marcus passed the motherly equipment under the door where a hand snatched it like a greedy goblin.

GUUURGLE

“Nngh!! Oh God oh God!!”

He heard her fumbling amid sounds of panic and strange fluid.

Megan grew flustered. She’d never had to use a pump. *“H-How do you use this thing?! Do I just stick it on and--”*

KSH-PSH!

KSH-PSH!

KSH-PSH!

“Oooohhhhhhhh yeeesssss... Mmmm!!! GOD, YES!!! Oh that’s it!!!”

The pump came to life, followed closely by ravenous sounds of relief and arousal. Watching Megan’s feet squirm under the stall door, Marcus never felt so out of place. He blushed in the storm of her moans. *“S-Should I maybe leave and--”*

“Holy fuuuuck that’s better...”

KSH-PSH!

KSH-PSH!

KSH-PSH!

Megan sounded out of breath. Around her shoes Marcus noticed a small puddle of milk starting to form. It looked to be raining from her body.

“Are...Are you alright in there?”

KSH-PSH!

KSH-PSH!

SPLSH!!

“Oh fuck!!”

A wave of milk struck the floor. Scrambling ensued. Several seconds later, Mark saw a hand thrusting an overflowing milk reservoir under the stall. *“Dump this out!!! Hurry!!”*

“O-Ok!!”

He drained the milk into the sink, returning only to find another full cup.

“Now this one!! Nnngh it doesn’t stop!!”

Marcus did as requested but was left scratching his head in confusion. Megan had always been fairly busty, but never did he think she was lactating, let alone pregnant. Additionally, to the best of his knowledge, no woman should be able to fill the reservoirs of a breast pump within seconds. Especially their enhanced half-gallon model.

KSH-PSH!

KSH-PSH!

KSH-PSH!

“M-Mmngghh!!!”

“Hey...Megan? I think I’m gonna step out... Are you good here...?”

KSH-PSH!

“I... Mmgh!!! Ah!!! T-That tickles!! I think that...might be best... I should be all set.

Sorry for all the...uh...weirdness; I’ll explain later. Thanks for--”

SQLCH!!

“NNGH!!!”

A sound like tight, squeaking flesh filled the room. A heavy cry came hot on its heels.

“What the hell?!”

SQLCH!!

SQLCH!!

“Oh fuck!! O-Oh fuck!!”

Marcus dearly wished he could see what was happening. “What is it??”

“IT’S NOT PUMPING!!” Panic laced Megan’s voice. “I-I-I don’t see anything coming out anymore!!!”

“C...Coming out? Like out of you??”

She didn’t have time to dwell on his curiosity. Megan’s attention was focused purely on her nipples as they squeezed and squeaked against the plastic cups. They appeared as massive pink nuggets wedged in place. Her skin pressed tight into the sides, creasing and folding where the confines forced her nipples to compress.

SQLCH!!

SQLCH!!

The pump still tried to draw milk from her depths. Every pull squeezed her nipples further. Stimulation brought them to swell in anger, puffing full and thick until her ducts could no longer leak.

“I-I thought I said bring the strongest pump you had!”

“That’s our most powerful model!! It’s not even available yet because the focus group said it was *too* powerful!! Most of them didn’t like the stimulation nodes we added to the cups, either. We thought it would help with milk produ--”

“Stimulation what?!”

“Stimulation nodes!” Marcus said proudly. “The cups stimulate the user’s breasts while they pump to help encourage production!”

“THEY WHAT?!”

SQLCH!!

SQLCH!!

SQZCH!!

SQZCH!!

“MMMGGH!! *Why?! T-That’s too much!! Why would I want even MORE milk?!*” Megan whimpered. The stimulation was too much. “*They’re too swollen!!! The pump made my nipples too swollen!!!*”

GUUURGLE!!

Her breasts pushed angrily into the cups, engorging fuller at their encouragement. Her only hope had failed her. Gently Megan switched the device off and pulled the pump away from her breasts.

It wouldn’t release.

“Nnnngh... *Nnnnggh it’s too tight! My nipples are...stuck!?*”

Marcus blushed deep red and held his tongue upon feeling the urge to ask if she wanted help.

She pulled harder, lifting her chest’s weight. “*Nngh!!! C-Come on!! Come oooo--*”

POP!

POP!

“*AUGH!?*”

They released with cork-like energy and the pump clattered uselessly to the floor. Leaning against the wall, Megan stared in disbelief at her continued transformation.

Her nipples had more than doubled in size. Thick and puffy, they throbbed with a dense fleshy fullness. Their darkened color was startling, as was the fullness of her areolas. Her breasts still tingled from the pump’s unnecessary stimulation. She was smaller from the milk she’d managed to extract, but already Megan could feel her breasts filling once more, and with her nipples swollen shut, it would have nowhere to escape.

“*I-I can’t get it out!! They’re too tight!?*”

“What is going on?? Do you need me to call a doctor?!”

Helpless crying came in response. “*I messed up, Marcus! Someone delivered that box to my desk and I tried to take it to you, but it leaked all over me!?*”

Curious, Marcus inspected the ruined package. His eyes widened upon seeing the label on a half-empty plastic bag. “Oh shit. Megan! This is some intense stuff!! Like *super concentrated don’t-mess-with-this stuff! And you got this on your--*”

“*YES!! A-And now they’re huge!!! They won’t stop making milk!! And now this stupid pump!! It made my nipples too swollen to let anything out!?*”

GUUUUURGLE!!!

“Nnnngh!!?”

Marcus backed away from the stall when a guttural gurgle came from within. “Was... Was that your--”

“*M...Mhm...*” Megan whimpered.

“Tell me what I can do! I-I’ll help however I can!!”

The room spun around Megan. Thinking straight was impossible given her aching chest and heightened sensitivity. *“I need to...nnggh...get out of here! I need to get home so I can figure this out in private!”*

STRRTCH

“Mnngh there they’re swelling, Marcus!! They’re getting too full again...!” Megan gathered her chest in her arms and fought to ignore their radiating heat. “Can you run to my desk?? There’s a sweater in my bottom drawer! It’s the only thing that will stretch over these monsters so I can get out of here with some dignity intact!!!”

Marcus made a mental note. “Bottom drawer, sweater. Got it! I’ll be right back!!”

He left in a hurry with churning gurgles left behind.

“Ooohhh please hurry! I won’t be able to drive soon if they keep going!!”

Finding him gone, she left the safety of her stall and grabbed the damp pile that was her blouse. She hoped the extra layer would help control her chest for the time being.

“That’s cold!!” she squeaked, pulling it around her body.

The buttons cooperated until she approached the bottom of her chest. Forcing them to meet their holes proved difficult, even with her lungs empty. Managing to close the shirt across her chest after several trembling attempts, she looked in the mirror at her developing body.

“O-Oh wow...”

They were incredible. Not quite the size of her head, they stretched her blouse to the limits of modesty. Stress lines pulled across the front like daggers pointing to the buttons. Breathing resulted in revealing windows to plump cleavage. Hiding her nipples was an impossible task without the help of her bra. As big as grapes, they pressed into the wet fabric like angry thumbs.

The sight was mesmerizing. Megan had often wondered how she would look with bigger breasts. Gently, she cupped their undersides and inspected her profile.

“This... Mmgh... This wouldn’t be so bad...if this was as big as they would get... A pair of melons...kind of suits me, I-I thi--”

GUURGLE

“NNGH!!”

A rush of milk changed her opinion when her blouse drew tighter. Creased fabric dug into her back as she leaned forward.

“N-Never mind!!”

She stumbled back into her stall before Marcus could return.

The minutes were agonizing. Having to sit in silence as her chest swelled like welling volcanos was maddening. Every heartbeat pulsed her larger and larger. Trapped behind her swollen nipples, there was only so much room for her milk.

The bathroom door suddenly flew open.

“Marcus??”

“It’s me!!”

A hand passed a light-pink button-up sweater under the stall door, which was greedily taken by Megan. Forcing the garment to conceal her chest was far easier than the blouse, although its ability to hide her size was non-existent.

“Your boss was looking for you, by the way. He didn’t look happy.”

“Yea... There’s a really important meeting with some investors in like two hours that I was supposed to help with.”

“Can’t he do it himself? I thought secretaries were just supposed to--”

The stall door opened and obliterated any thoughts within Marcus’s head.

Megan’s sweater was useless in concealing anything of her condition other than her nipples. Designed to be attractive and skin-tight, the sweater clung to her figure like paint. Every bloated inch of her breasts stood out like soft pink globes. If he looked close enough, he could make out the shapes of her nipples standing erect below.

“I-I don’t think I’m going to be able to make the meeting...”

Marcus blinked. “Holy...”

Finally presenting her swollen assets to an audience made Megan’s face fill with heat. She blushed under his stunned gaze; his interest only made the tightness in her chest worse. Even more troublesome was the bulge in his pants.

“Megan...” he whispered, not realizing he was speaking aloud. “You were big before... But those are...”

“C-Can we go before I blow out of my sweater??”

Arousal’s hold released his mind. “Right!! Yes!! Of course!!”

They left the bathroom with a direct path to the building’s exit laid out.

“Walk in front of me...” Megan whispered. “I need to do everything possible to hide these things.”

“Got it.”

DING!!

Her phone buzzed. A glance revealed over a dozen messages from Mr. Kaurel.

“Shit.”

“What is it?”

“My boss is wondering where I am. And he sounds *pissed*.”

“Why do you even have to be in the meeting?? Isn’t that his job??”

Megan ducked close behind Marcus when someone walked by. Moving quickly with such weighty masses was dangerous in heels. Their milk wanted to take her to the ground like two sloshing anchors.

“I’m...*nnggh*...supposed to take some notes and pass out samples of our product while he presents.”

“That’s it?!” Sounds like something he can do himself!!”

A weak chuckle left Megan. “You don’t know my boss.”

They rounded a corner. The lobby was close.

GUUUURGLE

“Nnngh... Marcus...”

“Hang in there. Just need to get through this hallway.

She grasped the back of his shirt for support. The pressure was becoming substantially burdensome. As much as she wanted to, she couldn’t let herself hug her breasts while they were in public eye. They were in desperate need of support. Every step made her purse her lips when she felt her milk move within.

“M-Mmgh... Mmm...!”

The scent of Marcus’s cologne only made things worse. Beneath her skirt, Megan could feel her thighs sliding together. Her panties felt like a sauna. The milk was tempting her to act, assaulting her mind with images of Marcus helping her in ways she could never utter to another soul.

“How are you doing?” he whispered.

“Nnngh... F-Full... Like I’m going to pop...”

“We’re nearly there.”

Ahead was the lobby. From there it would be only a short walk to her car. Megan felt relief bubble within her chest alongside its fluid. This was dashed when a flustered, heavy-set man walked into view from an adjoining hallway.

Megan had to catch herself against Marcus’s back when she stumbled upon seeing her boss. His head swiveled, looking for her.

“SHIT!! He’s going to see me!!!”

Marcus ushered her to a door. “Get in here!!”

A supply closet was their only hope. The cramped, dimly lit room was their only refuge. If Mr. Kaurel caught sight of Megan, she knew he would never let her leave.

“Nngh...”

Marcus herded her against the back wall. Shelves lined with office supplies stood tall on either side. “Shh! Stay quiet... He’s right there.”

GUUUURGLE

“B...But...” Megan bit her lip. In such a confined space, her growing breasts felt all the bigger.

Her boss’s voice came from outside the door. “Cheryl, have you seen Megan?”

“I saw her carrying a big box earlier!”

GUUUURGLE

One hand grabbed a shelf for support. The other grabbed her distending chest.

“M-Marcus!! They’re--”

“He’s right outside!”

GUUUURGLE

GUUUUUURGLE

“Mmgh... M-Mmmgh...!”

She covered her mouth with a hand, hoping to stifle her involuntary whimpers. She’d surpassed volleyballs in size. Milk beat at her glands as if a dam had broken.

“Ah! M...Marcus!” she squeaked.

The closet felt smaller by the second. With only inches between them, Megan feared she might soon swell into Marcus’s back. Tight fabric rubbed against her nipples without mercy. Particularly her blouse, still damp and cold, was torture against her quivering fleshy nozzles.

SSTRRRRTCH!!

“T-They’re outgrowing my--”

“Shh!”

CLATTER!!

A tub of pens fell from the shelf when Megan struggled for support. Engorging flesh pulled her neckline down in a conquest for space. Flesh bubbled into the open, bulging against her collarbones and shoulders. The sight was enough to make Megan dizzy as she wondered how much bigger she could possibly become.

SSTRRRRTCH!!

Marcus had his ear against the door. *“He’ll hear you!”*

“I-I...can’t...control it!”

Her breasts rubbed against her upper stomach. The lack of space was forcing them to flatten and creep into every possible crevice of her blouse. Megan regretted putting the garment on; soon it may prove to become the explosion capable of drawing her boss’ attention. Squeezed and ever-growing, she could feel her udders throbbing larger with every breath.

“They’re too swollen...! They’re too swollen!” she whispered in a panic.

“Just hang on... I think he’s leaving!”

Marcus stood away from the door and stepped back. There was less than an inch of space before he collided with two firm globes radiating heat.

“MGH!!!”

“S-Sorry!!” He turned around. *“Why are you standing so close to--Holy shit!! MEGAN!!”*

It was worse than he thought. Stumbling back against the door, Marcus took in the full exasperated sight of Megan enduring her burden.

Shelves provided trembling support on either side. Sweating and out of breath, she stared through a disheveled curtain of hair fallen into her face. Desperate gasping filled the room with the scent of her breath.

GUUUURGLE!!

Her breasts were massive. Larger than her head, they tested the limits of her blouse and sweater. Buttons spread apart on each to create a series of artistic windows to the heaving

mounds of milk below. Drawn so tight, they accentuated every curve of Megan's bust. Each areola protruded in gentle hemispheres beneath throbbing nipples.

"Marcus... M-Marcus! They're too swollen to leak! I-I think I'm full, but my milk has nowhere to go!!"

GUUUURGLE!!

"Mmgh!!"

He watched her legs partly collapse. Being in such a confined space with such angry breasts made him nervous. "M-Megan...!"

Her words left in heated gasps mixed with fear and arousal. *"My skin...is stretching! I'm not big enough...to hold all of my milk!!"*

GUUUURGLE

"AH!! N-No more!! Stop filling!!!"

The smell of arousal filled the room when her skirt swung back and forth. Grabbing the underside of her bloated bust, Megan stared with pleading eyes. "Y-You're a scientist..." She whimpered. *"What happens if a woman never milks herself?? Is it possible for her boobs to explode if they get too full??"*

Marcus gulped. "I... I-I... No?? I don't think so??"

GUUUUURGLE!!!

"NNGH!!! You promise?? Because it sure feels like mine are going to pop!!! Ohhhhh they're so full... God, they feel like time bombs!! Every second...they just get tighter...and tighter...and tighter...!!" She stared at her chest and pushed against her firm sweater. *"I think I can feel my nipples engorging!! Like something is pushing them out!!"* Megan looked to Marcus then, helpless and overlaid. *"W-W-What do you think that means?? Is that bad?!"*

Marcus was at a loss for words. Stumbling for anything to say, he offered, "Do...Do you want me to try sucking on them?"

Such words made her eyes dilate.

GUUUUUUUUUURGLE!!!

She panicked at a massive influx. *"Ahhh!! Oh shit!! Oh shit!!!"*

Rapid breaths made her chest rise and fall as she arched her back. Together they watched her milk blossom, adding an inch to her girth. Finally they relaxed as Megan's hormone-flooded mind settled from the suggestion.

"Don't say that!!! D-Don't say stuff like that!!!"

The idea nearly drove her to madness. Thinking about Marcus's lips around her swollen nipples made her want to scream with desire. Surely such a thing would make her erupt, but she could never do something so obscene at work.

Marcus thought he could see a puddle on the floor around her feet. He didn't dare offer any other kind of physical help for fear of pushing her over the edge.

“T-They’re as big as my head... I don’t think they’re going to stop...until something gives...” Megan looked at Marcus. *“I need to get home so I can take care of this! Before they get too full!”*

“Let’s get you home then! We’re almost at the parking lot! Come on! I’ll cover you!”

She nodded, hugging her chest as it pulled her forward.

Marcus cracked the door. “I don’t see any sign of him... Follow me.”

They made it several steps toward their goal before a voice yelled from the opposite end of the hall.

“MEGAN!!”

“EEP!!!” She bristled. *“SHIT!! IT’S HIM!!”*

Megan couldn’t hope to get away when she saw Mr. Kaurel stomping toward her. The dramatic transformation of her chest gave him pause, but he was too flustered to afford it much attention. “Nice sweater,” he gruffed. “Now come on! The meeting got moved up!! We have to go!! And why weren’t you at your desk to take the call?? They ended up having to call me directly!”

“S-Sir!! I can’t! I’m afraid I’m not feeling very well! I...uh...think I have a chest cold...!”

“Have some water and you’ll be fine! I can’t do this meeting without you there, *and* you need to take notes! Both of our jobs are on the line here.”

This silenced Megan’s protest. As drastic as her milky condition was, she couldn’t afford to lose her job right now. Especially when she might have a large wardrobe bill on the horizon. The investor meeting had to go well, although she wasn’t sure if losing her job was any worse than letting her breast get any bigger.

“Now hurry!” her boss urged. “They’re already in the conference room!!”

At his lead, Megan started on her way back into the building.

Marcus couldn’t believe it. “Megan! Really??”

A look over her shoulder showed a helpless visage. She didn’t have a choice. Silently she mouthed, *“Bring a towel, please!”* In the back of her mind she knew she wouldn’t be leaving the building with an intact shirt.

A meeting room full of people was waiting for them moments later. Roughly a dozen investors sat at an elongated table. Most were older men in their fifties, some were women. All were interested in the latest lactation technology IncrediBust could provide.

Mr. Kaurel paused before entering. “Remember your cue?”

GUURGLE

“M-Mhm...”

“Ok. Try not to look so nervous; we’ve got this.”

They entered a room full of impatient frowns. Feeling several stunned pairs of eyes locked on her immense bust, Megan took a seat in the back of the room next to a display cart of

various breast pumps. A whimper left her lips surrounded by the relieving devices. She felt like a man dying of thirst in the middle of the ocean.

“Welcome, ladies and gentlemen! Thank you for your patience.” Mr. Kaurel stepped to the front of the room to be bathed in the light of a projector and a powerpoint. “I know you’re all excited, so let’s get right to it. This last quarter has been stellar, not only in revenue, but in research! Our labs have produced some of the most advanced lactation-based technology that will soon be available to customers.”

The slide changed to show a stock photo of a woman using a breast pump. Some of the men shifted uncomfortably, drawing eye rolls from the women in the room.

“Whether you’re a mother looking for some help producing more milk, or a mom in need of a little extra power in her pump, we’re ready to provide.”

GUURGLE

“Ngh!” Dense churning came from the back of the room. Many turned to look as Megan squeaked and leaned forward to wrap her chest behind her arms. “S-Sorry...”

Her boss glared at the interruption. “Now then... Over the last two months, we’ve experienced a rapid spike in production.”

GUUUURGLE

“Ah!” Megan cupped her hands over her nipples. They expanded and contracted with pressurized anger.

“And we don’t plan on slowing down! We as a company thrive under pressure!”

His words were making Megan dizzy. Her chest pulsated in her arms. “O-Oh God...”

“One of our most popular products, as you know, is our hormone stimulant. Millions of women use this product every day to help meet the needs of their children. But let’s talk numbers.”

The slide changed, this time displaying IcrediBust’s metrics versus their competitors. Megan thought the various photos of heavily endowed women were too much.

“Our competitors’ similar products show an increase of milk production by roughly twenty percent. Our numbers usually beat this, but only marginally.”

A new slide appeared, now boasting a CGI before and after photo of a woman bursting at the seams with milk.

“However!!” Mr. Kaurel exclaimed, “Our labs have had a scientific breakthrough! We believe we’ve developed a new formula capable of blowing the competition out of the water. Calculations indicate mothers can expect a monumental increase to their milk production. Some upwards of two hundred percent!”

The slide changed once more, now showing the same CGI woman obscenely tearing through her shirt. Megan had never related to an imaginary character so immensely.

“*This is game-changing!*” He chuckled at his choice of art. “And the results aren’t exactly displeasing to the eye, either.”

This drew chuckles from the men while the few women shifted uncomfortably.

Megan was only trying to hold it together. Her breasts pushed against her lap. Hidden beneath her sweater, she was certain she'd felt several stitches burst open. Sweat peppered her face and lubed her cleavage rising against her shoulders. The women in her boss' slideshow were small compared to her.

He continued, "Such massive increases could mean some women growing from a B-cup to an F-cup simply due to their bodies needing to store the influx of milk! Ladies and gentlemen, this isn't just a lactation aid anymore, nor are we a company solely focused on aiding mothers; we're pioneering a new age of breast enhancement."

Mumbles drifted through the investors. Many wore frowns.

One of the oldest asked, "Do you have any real numbers? Or clinical trial photos?"

"I-I'm sorry?"

GUUUURGLE

"Mmmgh!" Megan leaned back trying to find any source of relief for her aching basketball-sized udders.

The investor clarified, "Proof. These are incredible claims and digital models, but they mean nothing without verifiable evidence. You said yourself these are only hypothetical results."

"I... Well, we aren't at liberty to disclose before and after photos just yet... And we're still sifting through the most recent research..."

SSTRRRRTCH!!!

"NGH!"

The pressure made it impossible to sit still. Although her sweater provided some modesty, it didn't help the furnace blazing within her tits. Megan felt like she was in a sauna as milky heat blasted from her cleavage. There was no more room for her milk, yet her glands refused to stop.

"So this is all theoretical?"

Mr. Kaurel stammered, "W-Well--"

"Has a patient *actually* tripled their milk production? Or experienced breast growth of such an unbelievable magnitude?"

"Not... Uh... N-Not exa--"

Another investor decided to add his opinion. Frustration tainted his words. "At this point we're not interested in estimated figures. This company has been operating in the red for several years with little to show for it. Do you have anything *tangible* from these months of research and funding?"

Mr. Kaurel glanced at Megan. In the darkness, her breasts somehow looked bigger than ever. He found himself wishing she would wear that sweater more often. "Of course!! O-Our breast pumps have made incredible strides! When our advanced hormone aid launches, women will need something with more power to handle their massive milk production. M-Megan? Would you care to hand out the samples?"

"S...Sure...!"

Standing was a struggle. The weight sloshing within her breasts wanted her to stay down, or worse yet, fall forward. Megan leaned the majority of her weight on the rolling cart as she began making her way around the room.

All eyes were on her. Bulbous and strained, her mammaries were beyond anything anyone had seen in person. Every step made the firm globes heave and wobble. From her chest came muffled pops and snaps as seams blew open.

Someone across the table leaned over to his colleague and whispered, “Wouldn’t mind using her as a test subject and seeing what a dose of that stuff does to her... Can you imagine?”

GUUUURGLE

“A-AH!! Nnngh!!”

“Megan, today, please,” Mr. Kaurel insisted.

A nod was all she could muster in response. She was out of room. She couldn’t stretch anymore. Her body was trying to stuff five gallons of milk into a D-cup container. Watching them closely, Megan’s breath caught in her throat when she saw her nipples start to rapidly swell and rise upward. The underbellies of her breasts distended.

Hitting an investor in the back of the head with her chest, she began setting a breast pump in front of them.

“These are our latest prototypes!” Mr. Kaurel announced. “High-powered and with all the bells and whistles.”

They inspected the devices with bored expressions. “What’s the difference? They look like every other breast pump.”

“I-I’m told it can milk the user in half the time by using a strong proprietary stimulation to the breast tissue while--”

“Milk a woman in twice the time who has been using the unproven enhancement formula?”

“I-It’s not unproven! We just can’t share the clinical trials at this--”

GUUUUUURGLE

“NGH!!”

SLAM!!

A violent surge of milk nearly took Megan to her knees as she crossed in front of the table. Falling forward, she used the table for support and sent a jolt across its surface. One man’s water fell over, flooding him.

“S-*Sorry! I’m so sorry!*” Megan gasped. Her blouse was squeezing the life from her. Her heart raced. Everything felt as its limit: her blouse, the sweater, her breasts and their capacity. Having to hold another ounce felt impossible.

GUUUUUUUURGLE!!!

“O-Oh!! Nnnnghhh oh no!! Oh God!!” She couldn’t control herself. Forgetting her setting, she groaned, “*My boobs!!!*”

GUUUUUUUURGLE!!!

They groaned loud enough for the room to hear. Megan stumbled to lean back against the table. Both hands came forward to grope her chest in fear.

They refused to stretch any further.

GUUUUUUUURGLE!!!!

“Nngh!!! M-MMGH!!”

A woman reached out with concern. “Dear? Are you alright? You look like--”

GUUUUUUUUUUUURGLE!!!!

Spiking tension caused Megan’s eyes to bulge when her chest hardened.

“I-I CAN’T HOLD IT!!”

CLATTER!!!

The cart toppled over as her feet shuffled on the ground in extreme anxiety. Breast pumps littered the floor.

GUUUUURGLE!!

GUUUUUUURGLE!!

“Oh my God... O-Oh my God!!”

They expanded angrily in her grasp. Overwhelming in size, she deeply regretted trapping them within such a durable blouse. Megan felt as though her breasts had taken on lives of their own.

Mr. Kaurel stepped forward and hissed, *“Megan!! Megan, what are you doing?? Finish passing out the--”*

GUUUUURGLE

A groan like a slumbering beast emanated from her monstrous breasts. Fear gripped her in an icy vice when cleavage heaved through her collar against her chin.

“T-THEY’RE GONNA POP!! MY BREASTS!!! A-ARE GOING TO...EXPLODE!!! THERE’S NOT ENOUGH ROOM!!!”

Her legs buckled. In full view, she collapsed on top of the conference table in a writhing display of agonizing pleasure. Her knees bent up as her feet searched for a hold. She didn’t care if her skirt hiked up to her hips.

STTRRRRTCH!!

STRRRRRRTCH!!!

Constant swelling assaulted her bust. Squirming under its increasing weight, Megan moaned and begged for relief. Milk pounded against her nipples like an angry army.

“My chest!!! MY TITS!!! Aaaahhh I don’t think I can stretch any bigger!!!”

The meeting was falling into a state of panic and confusion as this mystery girl began swelling on the table. Most investors stood up, while others were too mystified to look away. All were in a state of paralyzing confusion.

“Make them stop!!! M-Make them....stop making milk!!! I’m too full!!! They’re too fucking full!!!”

SSTRRRRRRTCH!!!!!!

“This blouse is trying to kill me!!!”

Squeaking for breath, Megan grabbed the front of her sweater. It stretched across the orb-like forms of her breasts to accentuate their shape. It wasn’t the source of her discomfort, however.

“Nnnnghhhaahh!!”

POP POP POP POP POP!!!!

A single motion tore her sweater open, releasing its buttons to the room. They rained upon her a moment later, though Megan was too shocked to notice.

The room gasped at the mammoth reveal. Megan threw her head back and arched her chest, squeezing it in both hands as a prayer for release.

Filling her enduring blouse to the brim were two beach ball-sized breasts straining to contain their load. Violent rips in the fabric shot along her sides and sleeves to reveal the delicate curves of her compressed bust. A button was missing from her front, allowing an excess of cleavage to rise into the air. Smashed against the front were two apple-sized nipples. Angry pink flesh flared and puffed. Moisture turned the blouse transparent around the swollen mounds from a mixture of sweat and milk. Even covered, the intense blue of engorged veins could be seen webbed across Megan’s chest.



An older woman reached out. “M-Miss?? Are you--”

SHHRIIIIPP!!

The rips widened when Megan heaved. She arched her back and clamped her thighs together, screaming, “*Oh God!! Oh God they’re getting bigger!!! HOW ARE THEY STILL GETTING BIGGER?!*”

POP!!

POP!!!!

Buttons erupted like bullets. Megan’s fingers sank into the relentless blouse.

GUUUUUUUURGLE!!!

“*AAhhh!! Ahhhh please no!! P-Please stop!!! It’s too much!!! I can’t take it!!!*”

GUUUUUUUURGLE!!!!

SHHRRRIIIIP!!!

“*I HAVE TOO MUCH MILK!!!*”

Her boss stared in stunned observance. Not only was his secretary flashing her crotch in full view, but her breasts were ready to blow her blouse open. “*Megan!! What in God’s name happened to you?!*”

“*Nnngh!! NNGH!!! I-I spilled some of the new formula on me!! They won’t STOP LACTATING!!! I-I THINK I’M GOING TO EXPLODE!!!*”

SHHRRRIIIII--BOOM!!!!

“*OH NO!!! OH NO!!!!*”

Megan tensed when her blouse blew like a snapping cable. Without its aid, her breasts’ weight caused them to slump only slightly before their internal pressure held their shapes. Her hands groped their bottoms as her nipples throbbed as large as teacups. They looked to be sinking into extremely puffy areolas, being withdrawn into her breasts due to their fullness. In full view, the entire room gawked at the secretary’s gargantuan, milk-laden tits. Feathered veins gave her pale skin a marbled appearance.

SPLRTCH!

SPLRTCH!

“*AUGH!! W-What’s happening?!*”

Megan squirmed when her nipples quivered. Thin lines of milk began trickling free like a cracking dam.

GUUUUUUUURGLE!!

Helpless squeaks filled the room. “*I can’t...!! I-I can’t!!! MMGH!!!*”

GUUUUUUUURGLE!!!!

“*Oohhhh they’re TOO BIG!!! My milk!!! My milk is going to make me BURST!!! I can’t...hold all of it!!! MY CHEST ISN’T BIG ENOUGH!!!*”

GUUUUUUUUUUUUUURGLE!!!!!!

Megan ground her teeth as fluid gushed from her pussy. Never before had orgasms been so torturous. She arched her back, giving her chest free reign of her body. Everything was electrified. Every inch of her being sang.

GLUB-GLUB-GLUB-GLUB

A sound like a tank rapidly filling towards the spout filled the room.

Her breaths turned to quickening gasps of panic. Megan pushed her hands deep, only to feel her skin push back and prevent any indentation. Both nipples flared, engorging to extreme fullness like flowers about to blossom.

“O-OH NO!!! OH PLEASE NO!!! WHAT’S HAPPENING?!?! T-THERE’S...TOO MUCH PRESSURE!!! I CAN’T TAKE IT!!” Megan stared helplessly at the titanic udders.

They had reached their maximum size. Her glands could hold no more milk and her udders refused to stretch.

GUUUUUUURGLE!!!!

“I CAN’T HOLD IT!! MY BREASTS CAN’T HOLD THIS MUCH MILK!!!” Her eyes widened at her massively swelling nipples. *“OHHH GOD!!!! I’M REALLY GOING TO POP!!! MY BREASTS ARE GOING TO POP!! NNNNGHHHH I-I-I THINK THEY’RE ABOUT TO EXPLO--”*

SPLRRRRRTCH!!!!!!!!!!

A volcanic release of milk surged from Megan’s nipples. Erupting in two steaming geysers, she doused the conference room in a matter of seconds as undulating throbbing pushed milk to freedom.

“AAHHHHHH!!!! IT’S COMING OUT!!! IT’S ALL COMING OUT!!! MY NIPPLES!!!” She tried to see them but was blinded by the deluge. *“THE FLOW IS TOO HEAVY!! FUCK IT FEELS SO GOOD!!!! WAS ALL OF THIS INSIDE OF ME?!”*

The sound of her milk was deafening. Those not quick enough to shield themselves were instantly milk-blinded. Some slipped in the deluge, crashing to the floor in cascades of dairy.

By the time it was over, and Megan’s orgasmic screams dwindled to sharp gasps of exhaustion and soreness, the room was a new color of white. Milk dripped from every ceiling tile and smoke rose from the projector after being shorted out. The room reeked of milk and sex. Megan couldn’t be certain her panties were still around her hips after the strength of her orgasm.

Gasping in a puddle of her letdown, sleepy eyes looked at her chest. Releasing the majority of its contents, her breasts wobbled innocently on top of her at triple her original size. Milk still trickled from happy nipples. Veins would forever more adorn her bust as a tantalizing badge of honor.

“H-How...How did I make...all of that...?” she whimpered. *“I was like...a fountain...”*

The room was silent.

CLAP

CLAP

CLAP

Several sharp noises startled the poor girl. Within moments, applause burst to life around her as Mr. Kaurel rose to shaky legs.

“Well done!!! Very well done!!”

“Incredible work!!”

Her boss looked around in a stupor. “W-What?”

“You had us nervous with all of that ‘estimate’ and ‘calculation’ talk! But this...!!” He pointed to the spent secretary. “The results obviously speak for themselves! I can say with confidence I’ve never experienced such an enthralling investor meeting!! Brilliantly creative way to demonstrate your progress!!”

A woman approached. “Tell me, what was her bra size prior to receiving the treatment?? And how much milk did she produce??”

Mr. Kaurel’s face went red. “U-Uh... Megan? Care to answer...??”

Megan was too tired to care. As the room waited with bated breath, she rasped, “I-I was... I was a... 32D...”

Excited murmurs ran through the room, many uttering words such as ‘watermelon’ or ‘cow’.

“And your natural rate of milk production??”

She bit her lip. Looking at her chest, she could see they were already filling out slightly. Tingling danced within their depths. “I... I wasn’t lactating...before...”

The claim flabbergasted the room.

“The treatment induces lactation as well?! Without pregnancy?! INCREDIBLE!! And to think she’s shown such dramatic growth! They look natural!!”

Movement outside the conference room window caught Megan’s eye. Letting her head roll, she saw Marcus peeking through the blinds. His eyes were like saucers as she gazed upon her exposed milky state. A towel dropped from his hands in shock. If his offer to suck the milk out was still on the table, Megan intended to take full advantage.

Investors gathered around Mr. Kaurel to shake his hand on a presentation well done.

“Please, continue your research!! If this is only the beginning of what IncrediBust has to offer, you can be certain of our financial backing!!” The investor pointed at Megan. “Whatever she took, I want to see it in every pharmacy by the end of the year!!”