

Surprising the Expecting

Contains safe popping and lactation

“Nngh... God...”

Abby groaned as she waddled from her front door to the kitchen. A small package was cradled under one arm while the other did its best to help carry the weight of her pregnancy. Eight months of development had taken their toll on the expecting mother. Given the tremendous size bestowed upon her hormonal body, she wasn't certain she could last through the final thirty days.

She had to catch her breath when she made it to the kitchen. A counter offered itself and she leaned on the edge to alleviate the tightness down her back. Heavy eyes looked down in a mixture of embarrassment and primal amazement.

A stretchy blue dress was one of the only remaining maternity garments that fit her. Even with its healthy amount of give, it still pulled across her pumpkin-sized belly as if the fabric were painted on. But she'd expected the belly; you can't house another human being inside yourself without gaining a few inches. It was her ever-changing breasts that made her blush more by the day.

Seemingly taking on minds of their own since becoming pregnant, Abby's mounds had ballooned from D-cups into monstrous globes she could only compare to basketballs. She still remembered the night she'd noticed they had grown larger than her husband's head. They hadn't stopped since then, and only swelled more by the day. Even in her loosest clothing, her breasts attracted more attention than her filling womb.

She looked at the package and tore the cardboard open. It was meant to be a fresh bottle of supplements that would help prevent stretch marks. Even if she'd sported an ample bust before, Abby knew letting herself grow this large was playing with fire. These supplements had been her saving grace throughout her pregnancy. She'd avoided any stretchmarks so far, but the slight reddish-brown tint adorning the entirety of her breasts told her she teetered on the edge of no return. Her skin itself was sensitive and taut to the touch, to the point she'd had to limit her husband's enjoyment of her engorged assets.

No care was taken with the bottle when it rattled into her hand. She twisted the cap, disposed of the safety seal, and let three pills fall into her palm. Abby was about to make the chewable vitamins disappear until she noticed they weren't their usual teddy bear shapes. Now, they were shaped like small cows.

“Huh, cute!” She smiled and then looked at her pregnancy bust. “Hits a little too close to home, though. Go back to teddy bears, marketing team.”

They popped into her mouth without another thought. The supplements were sweeter than usual: cherry instead of strawberry. Abby swallowed and breathed in relief. This bottle should last her the rest of her pregnancy. Of course, she knew her milk hadn't even come in yet.

Once that flood of pressure started, she might need to double her dosage to avoid having her skin look like a tiger's pelt.

A finger tapped on the tense fabric strained across her braless chest. It thumped firm and hot in return. "I can't imagine these things getting even bigger..." Abby exhaled a cloud of rising heat. Her heart was pounding. "A woman can... only stretch so much... If I let them get too full... a-and hit a corner wrong..." She pursed her lips. Dreams of her chest growing larger than it could handle had become more common than she cared to admit. "They might actually--"

Strrrrrtch...

"NNGH!!"

Muffled stretching emanated from Abby's front when her chest throbbed. She caught herself on the counter and hugged an arm across her breasts. Heat was pulsing through them enough to make them fight back against her embrace. Sweat quickly broke out on the back of her neck. Beneath her dress, she felt her cleavage boil even hotter than usual.

She tried to catch her breath. The heat was growing worse. "*W...What? What was--*"

STRRRRTCH!!

"A-Aahhmm!!"

Sudden internal forces almost took her to the floor. Abby's mammaries heaved with energy as if kicked from the inside. Tightness sang across her skin. Not willing to admit what she was seeing, Abby stared at her body.

STRRRRTCH!!

They were growing. Rapidly swelling as if she were being cursed with month upon month of pregnancy growth in a matter of seconds. Flesh pushed into her dress to fill its bust to the limit. Fabric began squeezing her inflating basketballs in a shrinking prison, pushing them back against her torso and forcing them into taller mounds toward her shoulders. Already she'd gained several inches of growth.

"*Gaaahhh! My--*" Abby swallowed, fighting against a wave of skin-stretching heat. She could hear herself growing as her breasts shifted and pulled like leather. "*My chest! Why-- Aahhhh! W-Why is it--*"

STRRRRRRTCH!!!!

"GAAHH!!"

A rip split down the side of her dress. Stitching exploded as blushing skin rushed into the opening and Abby's arms flung to contain her chest. The top of her dress pressed into her chin and bulged over her collarbones. Basketballs seemed small compared to the goliaths seeking to dwarf fleshy beach balls.

"They're-- Why are they-- My chest!!"

Shrriip!!

Another gash opened down Abby's front. Her mind reeled at the mass suddenly pouring into her heaving flesh. Confusion turned into dire panic. "*WHY ARE THEY GETTING SO--*"

Guuurrrrrrrgle

“NNGH!”

She cried out when something new struck from within. Sudden, intense pressure sprang to life. Her vision doubled at the sensation as pressure squeezed the air from her lungs.

Guuurrrrrrrgle

Splrrrtch!!

Wetness appeared with a blanket of trickling warmth. Abby’s arms opened to find themselves coated in a thick white fluid. Shifting weight dancing within her chest as if it was frantically searching for where to put its engorging new contents.

“A-A-Am I-- That’s not possible!! It’s too soon!! I can’t be--”

Sprrrrtch!!

She saw it this time. Pressure pulsed through her breasts before striking the back of her enlarged areolas like a punch before streams of dairy sprayed over her counter.

“MILK?!”

Her eyes fell upon the bottle of supplements. Barely able to work her arms in front of her with the fleshy airbags expanding ever larger, she read the label with a sinking heart.

Cow Belle Breast Enhancement Supplements

Take one pill weekly to encourage lactation and growth.

Abby’s mouth trembled. “T-T-These aren’t my vitamins! *WHERE ARE MY--*”

GUUURRRGLE!

STRRRRTCH!!

“A-AAHH!?”

Screaming pressure surged her breasts several inches. Her dress began shredding open, the rips widening to let her belly join in on the newfound freedom as the garment became useless.

“One... One pill... a week?? But I-- I-I took--”

RMMMBBLLL!!

Everything worsened. Abby gasped as her chest bloated madly enough to destroy what remained of her dress. Overgrown breasts the size of pumpkins fell free in an avalanche of straining skin. They dwarfed her child-laden belly and smothered its mass. Even without the support of her dress, they remained rounded and fattened. Too rounded for comfort, as Abby took in their heavily blushing forms. To see her bust painted in veins and leaking milk as if her nipples had sprung a leak was enough to make her face drain of color.

“T-T-T-They’re--”

Feeling milk strain her bust like an abuse balloon, her eyes fell upon the bottle clenched in her hand. There was a warning on the back in large red font.

*WARNING: DO NOT TAKE WHILE PREGNANT. EXTREME LACTATION WILL OCCUR,
POSSIBLY LEADING TO OVERFILLING OF BREASTS*

STRRRRTCH!!

Skin audibly distended. Abby stumbled back as her chest's weight started overpowering her.

"Overfill?! Oh, God! W-What does that mean?! Does that mean I'm going to--"

RRMMMMBBBLLL!!

Faint, pale stripes popped across her mounds like ripening watermelons as they engorged to more than fill her arms. Stretch marks had appeared. Abby's voice rose to a fearful pitch. *"AM I GOING TO EXPLODE?!"*

Splrrrrrtch!!

Splrrrrtrrtch!!

Milk came in undulating gushes. Abby's breath hitched at the aching pressure surging through her flesh. Nipples pulsed in her hands to release her heated cream, but even so, she could see them filling like forgotten water balloons.

"I have-- To get it out!! I can't keep...nnngh!!...filling!! Or they'll--"

STRRRRTCH!!

"A-Ahhh!! They're TIGHT!!"

Cleavage heaped into her face. Her knees knocked as the weight proved too much. There wasn't time to notice; her hands were too busy massaging her palm-filling nipples. Milk flowed with too little volume. It wouldn't be enough. She could feel it as her milk glands strained ever tighter.

"I can't-- I can't milk fast enough!! I'm producing too much!!" Abby winced as more stretch marks split across her rumbling bosom. *"I CAN'T GET IT OUT FAST ENOUGH!!"*

Skin billowed in all directions to fill her view. Hot as coals, her mounds widened her embrace as they bloated impossibly large. Flesh raced to keep pace with milk. Slowly their underbellies rubbed down her hips and thighs. Abby's hands trembled as she sank her arms deep into her cushioning in order to reach her nipples. But slowly, they were inching out of reach and her skin refused to indent.

GUUUURRRGLE!!

"Haahhh!! Hhaaahhh nnnghhh wait!! Please wait!! I'm getting-- Too full!! The pressure!! I-- My skin is too tight!"

Abby's heart pounded beneath the jiggling masses as her legs failed.

"WAIT!!"

SLOOOOMSH!!

They gave out. Falling back, Abby became pinned beneath her table-filling udders. Even her belly was no match for them as they swallowed her body down to her knees.

STRRRRTCH!!

“A-Ahhh! Oh no!! No no no please no!! No moooooore!!”

She didn’t dare breathe too heavy as their weight rose. Milk flowed by the gallon to fill her like a carnival attraction. Shimmying movements made them heave as she worked to free her arms, but it was no use. Her nipples rested atop her mountains like pink peaks, far out of reach.

SplrrrrrRRRTCH!!!

Pressure rose to a screaming tension. Pushed to her limit, Abby watched her areolas dome outward before elongating like the mouth of a balloon. Her nipples rose and sprayed jets of cream that struck the ceiling, only to fall and pelt her on the floor.

“Stop!! Stop stop stop!! I can’t...hold any more milk!! They’re...too...FULL!!”

STRRRRTCH!!!

Her breasts didn’t listen. It was just like every nightmare she’d had: they were growing without end, stretching and straining her skin, heaving with a mass they couldn’t hope to contain, leaving her scared of the slightest prick. Abby whimpered at the overblown flesh balloons her D-cups had become. She never thought her old pregnancy breasts would feel small, yet now she longed for their head-sized girth as they began pushing into the cabinets and oven. Even the door knobs seemed dangerous at this size.

CREEEAAAAAK!

“A-Aahhhh!! It’s-- Too-- TIGHT!!” Skin rubbed across her body. Milk churned like roiling soup. She started taking quick, rapid breaths. *“I-I feel like my chest-- It’s going to-- I-It’s going to-- Nnngh!! GOD, I’M GONNA POP!!! MY BOOBS ARE GOING TO EXPLO--MMPHHH!!”*

Cleavage swallowed her mouth. Eyes wide with horror watched her chest creep up her cheeks.

“MMPH!!!”

CREEAAAAAAAAAK!!

They almost glowed with their pressurized blush. Veins danced with stretch marks. Milk pulsed, aching through her body with nowhere to go.

“MMPH!!! M-MMPHHHH!!!”

Drum-tight skin inched to her eyes. Darkness swallowed Abby into the sweaty sauna of her cleavage. Tense vibrations groaned through her bean bag-sized girth that made Abby clench her toes. Her breasts had had enough.

They could hold no more.

CREEEEEEEEEEEEEAAAAAK!

“M-M-MMMMPPPHHHHHH--”

Tight, feather-like tingling spread over her chest as her skin pulled paper-thin. Abby arched her back at the incredible pressure.

CRREEEEAAAAA--SPLOOOOOMMSHH!!!!

It felt like their entire surfaces had been slapped hard enough to make her ears ring. Hot milk exploded in a global deluge when Abby's chest finally gave out. Flooding in all directions, cream rushed to fill the kitchen before leveling out across the rest of the house.

"Gaahh!! HAAAHHHHH!!!" Abby gasped for air, sputtering and flailing in a pool of cream.

She sat up, grimacing at the intense soreness in her chest. A hesitant glance downward revealed they were back to normal: honeydew-sized globes resting atop her pregnant belly. They were pinker than normal, and her nipples erect as if she'd taken a vacuum to them. She'd never been so glad to see them at such a size.

"They... T-They're alright...! I'm ok!!" she whimpered in relief and held them in her hands. "All that milk... They just couldn't hold another drop... So much that they--"

Guuuuuuuuuugle...

Abby's breath hitched with a squeak. Looking down, her eyes bulged as her chest shivered in her palms.

"Wait! Wait wait wait!! No!! S-Stop!! I already-- Nnngh!!!"

Renewed heat pulsed. Skin pulled shiny when they rounded forth with fresh ounces of milk yet to be quelled as the overdose of supplements raged within her body.

Her milk wasn't done.