

Irish Cream

A sea of chattering clovers and beers rang out in a blurring chorus around Mike and Paul. St. Patrick's Day had come in swinging, and with it, a rowdy crowd. Even the bar at the Hotel Estrella wasn't immune to the partying throngs.

"You feel like going somewhere for food?" Paul yelled over the music and people.

Mike wiped green beer from his mouth and pointed to an ear. "*What?*"

Leaning over their small booth table, Paul said louder, "*Do you want to go get food somewhere??*"

Mike shook his head like a child being told to leave the ball pit. "*No way, man!! Why?? Have you seen this place?! The girls are INSANE!*"

Giving a snort that drowned in the noise, Paul said, "Right, and you plan on partying all night with one? When we have that pitch at 6 a.m.?"

"*What?*"

He yelled again, "*You plan on partying with one until--*"

Mike snickered and waved his hand. "I heard ya, I heard ya."

"Hilarious."

"You gotta loosen up, dude! I'm surprised you can talk with that stick so far up your butt. It's *St. Patrick's Day!* Kiss an Irish girl! Get drunk! Have a MILF flash you for beads!"

"That's Mardi Gras..."

"I don't think half the people here are sober enough to know the difference! Or care!"

Paul gave a half-hearted chuckle and looked around. There was eye candy no matter where his eyes drifted. Partying had never been his thing. Even now, in the midst of the festivities, he wondered if all the noise would extend to his room on the first floor. His bed was calling.

"Besides," Mike swallowed a mouthful of beer and indicated toward the bar, "*I think that girl is checking you out...*"

Heat rushed to Paul's cheeks. It hadn't been long since he'd been with someone, but it had been long enough. His twenties were slipping by without a hint of a stable partner. He glanced around. "Who...?"

"That one," Mike pointed.

Paul stared. There were several girls in the direction of his finger, all severely out of his league. Most were wearing tight green crop tops and short jean shorts.

"You're out of your mind. None of those girls are--"

"No no no, none of those!" He pointed, eyes ogling with drunken male gaze. "*That one.*"

Paul's pulse quickened. "The--"

"*The redhead with the rack.*"

She was impossible to miss. On the shorter side, other bar-goers towered over her. Paul guessed she couldn't have been over four and a half feet tall. Wavy red hair tumbled to her shoulders. Her frame was petite until a pair of breasts broke her slender mold. Stretching a red

V-neck, they protruded like small melons from her torso. A neckline plunged over their slopes and proudly announced her vanilla cleavage.

“Holy...”

Mike took another drink. “You said it.”

“There’s no way in *hell* she’s even remotely interested in--”

She waved then, locking eyes with Paul. A smile flashed like a fox trying to lure a rabbit into its home.

“Fuck. Oh fuck. Dude. *Dude she’s coming over;*” Mike panicked. He shifted, scampering in his seat.

“Would you calm down?? She probably just saw you ogling her and wants to tear you a new one!” Paul planned on saying more, but his mind was lost in the vision approaching him through the crowd.

She was lithe but bubbly. Blush turned her cheeks pink. Every step sent a tremor through her bust that ended with teasing ripples in her plunging neckline. A pair of jeans hugged her legs as if they were infatuated with her as well.

Most interesting were the three shots in her hand.

“Boys,” she greeted, standing at their booth. Paul had never been so close to a pair of breasts so plump. They jutted from her frame with a shape that could have only been from real flesh. “Saw ya starin’!” That same smile flashed. “Something ya like?”

Paul laughed nervously. She was small but had an Irish accent stronger than any drink he’d had that night. “Sorry about my friend. He’s drunk... His eyes tend to wander.”

“Oh don’t be sorry!”

Clink!

Three shot glasses settled on the table with a small splash of whiskey. She leaned over the table, her chest hanging and pulling her V-neck low until a gaping window stared back. Red edges of her bra cups teased back as both men stole a glimpse down her front.

“I wouldn’t have worn this if I didn’t want guys takin’ a peek down my front.”

There was a seductive lace to her words. Paul followed every syllable on her ruby lips. They matched her fiery hair well.

Mike stared, not sober enough to think to look away from the ripening cantaloupes in front of him. “Would you like to join us?” he asked her breasts.

“I didn’t bring these over here for nothin’!” She sat down with a heavy bounce next to Mike and passed the shot glasses out. “Drink up, boys!”

They cheered and tipped them back. Their guest seemed the only one immune to the alcohol’s burn.

“So...” She leaned forward, her bust resting on the table. Mike looked ready to explode when they mashed over the surface. “What’s yer names?”

“I’m Paul. The guy hyperventilating next to you is Mike.”

“Paul and Mike, a pleasure.” Extending a hand to Paul, she said, “I’m Chelsea... Stuck here alone on a business trip after a flight delay.”

Her cheeks were red. An obvious buzz had her head in the clouds. Paul took her hand but his eyes focused beyond.

Chelsea's chest looked like it had moved, and not just from her breath pushing it into the table. Her breasts were fuller. Cleavage bulged out of the neckline in a tempting ridge of skin. At their fronts was a taunting outline of her bra cups overflowing with flesh and pushing into her top.

His eyes shot up. Chelsea's were there to catch him, shining as green as the shamrock pin in her hair. He pulled his hand back and felt his face grow hot. The beers were catching up and taking effect, especially without dinner.

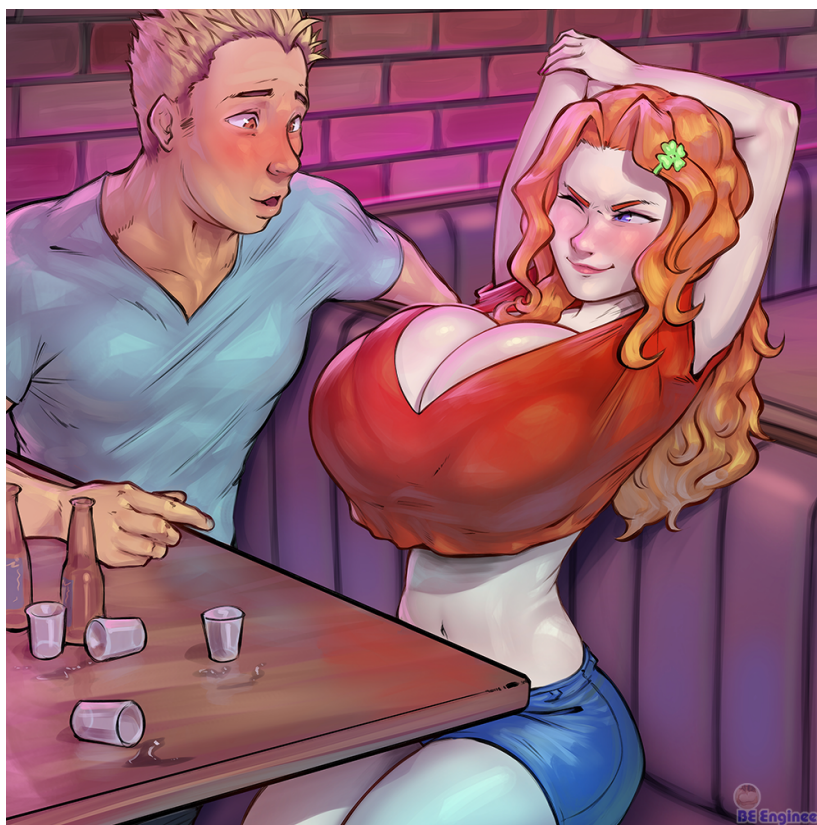
"Hungry, Paul...?" she giggled, teasing a fingertip over her chest.

Mike's jaw was practically on the table. "W-We were just talking about going to get some food! Would you like to come?"

"Nnngh...!" Chelsea groaned, arching back with her arms stretching over her head. Supple mounds thrust forward, her bra's outline visible. *"I was thinking of heading up to my room! Turn in for the night!"*

Strrrrrtch...

The men's gazes widened. Chelsea's front pushed ahead gently. Sounds of struggling stitches came over the partying. Paul figured he had to have been drunk when he saw her cleavage rise higher out of her neckline.



“*Ahh~!*” She gasped when she released the stretch and let her chest fall. Both arms settled at her side, squeezing her chest gently. “*Think I might head up. Be a shame to go alone on such a fun night, though...*” Green eyes batted at Paul. “*Care to join me...?*”

“W...What?” He blinked as Mike’s head spun.

“*Would you like to come up...to my room...with little ol’ Irish me...?*” she repeated with heat.

Mike nodded for him. Paul still stammered. “I... I-I have work in the morning, though.” His friend’s head looked ready to erupt. “*Dude!*”

“Shame...” Chelsea pouted and stood up. An inch of midriff peeked at Paul, something he was certain hadn’t been there before. “Well, if you change your mind...” Two fingers plunged into her cleavage. From within came a key card. It tapped on the table before sliding in front of Paul. He could feel the heat from her chest still radiating off the plastic. “*I’m in room 203.*”

The table was colder when she left. Paul could feel his pulse pounding even as she slipped out of sight.

Mike scolded. “*DUDE!*”

“What??”

“*ARE YOU KIDDING ME?!*”

“With what??”

Mike’s arms flailed. “*THAT CHICK WAS ALL OVER YOU! AN IRISH CHICK ON ST. PATRICK’S DAY! GO GET HER!*”

Paul tapped the key card. “Girls like that don’t just walk up to you in a bar and ask if you want to have sex. Plus... I think there was something off about her. Did you see her chest?”

“*Yes! Yes I saw it! And it’s waiting in 203! Why? Could you NOT see it?? Are you blind?!*”

“You don’t think she’s a... You know... *Lady of the night?*”

“Even if she is, who cares?? It’s St. Patrick’s Day!”

“Not sure that’s the reason for the season...”

“Look.” Mike tapped the table. “There is a smoking hot, top-heavy Irish redhead waiting for you upstairs. If you don’t go, I will.”

“She didn’t invite you,” Paul teased with a small sense of pride.

“Then go! Please! If not for you, then for me!”

Paul played with the card. It smelled of lilacs and made his head swim. Those green eyes were still calling. “I’ll go give it back to her. I don’t want her sobering up and feeling unsafe with her card floating around... She’s probably drunk.”

“Yes!! Yes! That’s a good excuse! I almost believe you!”

He stood. “I’m serious! Stay here, I’ll be right back.”

“Aww don’t be so hard on yourself! With those tits, I’ll bet you last *at least* thirty seconds!” Mike roared with laughter before ordering another drink and sending his friend off with a raised glass.



The Irish festivities faded away the moment the elevator doors closed behind Paul. Peace was his. Despite Mike's over-eager nature, he enjoyed spending time with him. Having a slight buzz helped in its own way, too.

A bell chimed. The doors opened to a quiet second floor. Paul was surprised to find his heart racing. Even if he didn't plan on accepting Chelsea's invitation, she'd still ingrained herself into his thoughts. Her eyes... Her smile... Her fiery hair... Her two shirt-straining breasts...

Those stuck more than anything. By far they were her most defining feature. He'd never seen such a short-statured girl so well endowed. The thought of resting his head on them was more enticing than any pillow.

Lilac scents pulled him along. Her perfume was still fresh in the air, leading him with an invisible trail.

Room 203 appeared. Paul went to knock and realized he was partially hard. Hard enough to deform the front of his pants. A quick adjustment later and his knuckles rapped on the wood.

"Hello...?" a bubbly lilac voice called.

"It's Paul."

The door opened. Breasts entered the opening before anything else: a fine welcome party if Paul had ever seen one.

"Didn't take ya long," she chided, standing in the doorway with crossed arms.

"I..." Paul tried not to stare. Even now, Chelsea looked bigger than before. Heavy mounds rested atop her forearms. He cleared his throat to escape the hypnotic effects. "I wanted to give your room key back... Thank you for the offer."

"Awww, don't wanna come in?" She bounced on her heels in disappointment.

The door swung open at her hand. Inside Paul saw a suitcase and scattered clothes. A business suit hung on the bathroom door. It was a room far from what a roaming lady of the night would have.

"I really shouldn't..." he said half-heartedly.

"You don't have to stay long! You're just the first guy I've met tonight that wasn't--*hiccup!*--wasted out of his mind, ya know. They always send me on these trips alone. I thought you looked like a fun guy to get to know... It's so lonely not knowin' anyone else..."

He blushed. In the still air, alcohol was plain on her breath. The tiny jolting hiccup had sent her chest heaving like a wave in the ocean. "Thank you, but I do have to get up in the morning."

"At least share a drink with me before ya go? A nightcap?" Chelsea reached behind her and grabbed a bottle of whiskey from the TV stand. "Nice and quiet in here~"

Paul's feet twitched. They wanted to carry him in. "Well--"

"*Please...*?" she begged. Cleavage squeezed between her arms when she held her hands in prayer.

“Fine, ok, just one.”

“*Yay!! Come on! Come in!*” She was stronger than she looked. Chelsea took him by the hand and pulled, closing the door in his wake. “On the rocks??”

“Huh?”

“Your drink!” she said, grabbing two glasses.

“Oh, uh, yes, ice please.”

Cubes clinked and alcohol poured as Paul looked around the single-bed room. A black bra was draped over a chair, though he couldn’t imagine the cups holding Chelsea.

“So what do you do for work?” he asked.

“Lotion sales rep! For all your massagin’ and smoothin’ needs.” She appeared and held out an arm. “Go on, feel how smooth.”

Paul accepted, not oblivious to her flirting, and stroked the presented forearm. “Very smooth! They give you a lotion on tap at the office?”

“They might as well!” A glass filled to the brim with honey-colored booze was held out. “Here ya go. Get a little Irish in ya.”

He accepted and they clinked, each taking a sip. “I love your accent. You have much Irish in you?”

“Hmmm, why?” Her eyes flashed from over her cup. “Is this when I say no, and you ask if I would like some in me?”

“Ohhh, sorry, I could only offer a little English and some German.”

“*Shit.*” Teasing flashed in her Emerald Isle eyes with a wink. “Although German sausage doesn’t sound too bad either.”

She was quick. Chelsea might have been buzzed but her wit was about her. She was eying Paul like a cat might a tree. After a heavy swig, she sat on her bed and patted the mattress next to her. “Come sit!”

He accepted, feeling more comfortable. She inched closer when he joined, their thighs touching. Incredible heat poured from her breasts as she turned her body toward him. When she breathed deep enough, they rubbed against his arm.

“So, Paul...” Another sip. “What is it--*hic!*--ya do for work?”

“Accounting.”

Chelsea stared. “Wow, I let ya pet my arm and all I get is ‘accountin’.”

Paul shrugged and took a drink. “Not sure what to tell ya! It’s not a glamorous life. Lots of numbers and late nights at the office. Mike and I are just here for a conference.”

Strrrrrtch...

A hand settled on his thigh. Her chest was pushing into his arm with more force, though Chelsea’s breathing had slowed. When she inhaled, Paul thought he could hear the same sound of stressed stitching coming from under her shirt.

“Sounds lonely...” Her hand rubbed gently. Delicate fingertips with nails painted green traced his inner thigh. “What do ya think about durin’ those late, *laaate* nights at the office?” Her hand climbed dangerously high. Much higher and her pinky would brush the side of his cock.

Paul didn't dare move. In truth, he didn't want to. It was nice to feel this kind of intimacy again. "Plenty of things."

"Gonna make me guess?"

"Actually yes. Go ahead and guess."

"Hmm... Golf."

"Nope. Never could get the swing of it."

"Chores."

"Sometimes..."

"Women."

He felt his face get hot.

"Ohhh, we have a winner~" Chelsea moved closer. Her hand grew brave and her fingers inched onto his pelvis. Fabric pulled across his manhood.

Strrrrrtch...

"What about women, exactly?" she whispered.

Paul was feeling the booze. He was glad for it, too; without the liquid courage, he could never hope to hold his own with a girl like this coming onto him. "You know, the usual things..."

"Is that so? The usual *things*? Tell me then. You a tits or an ass man?"

He choked on his drink. Gravity pulled his eyes toward the wall. "I-- Uh--"

"Go ahead, don't be shy~ Do you like a tight, overflowin' bra packed with meat? Or... Do you prefer a nice pair of stuffed jeans ready to split down the middle?" The tip of a finger brushed over his shaft.

"This feels like a trick question."

"Doesn't have to be~"

Paul groaned. "Tits..."

"I knew it."

"No you didn't."

"Oh please. Don't get me wrong; you're the first guy I've seen all night look me in the eyes instead of down my shirt."

"R-Right, so that means--"

Her hand inched over before settling on his cock and feeling its shape. "*But that doesn't mean I didn't catch you peeking.*"

Strrrrrtch...

This time Paul wondered if he were hearing his pants tighten. Chelsea's hand was stroking him through his denim, light and gentle, but skilled.

"I don't mind if you look..." she breathed, leaning against him. Pillow warmth flooded his side. "*Would you like to see them?*" Her hand squeezed his arousal. "*Or is this just because you love talking about accounting so much?*"

He wasn't given time to answer. Chelsea swung a leg and hoisted herself to straddle his lap. Red hair filled his face before she straightened her back, presenting a pair of head-sized breasts an inch from his eyes.

“C-Chelsea-- I’m not sure--*Mmph!*”

She pulled his collar and leaned in. Their lips met, squeezing her chest between them. The tips of their tongues tasted whiskey on the other’s lips and they exchanged breath. Listening to the sounds of their kissing, Paul felt her take his hand and lift it to her chest.

Softness filled his palm. A mound he thought possible only in heaven overflowed his fingers and heaved with Chelsea’s lungs. He dared to squeeze.

“*Ahhmm~!!*” Her lips pulled away and she trembled on top of him. “*S-Squeeze me...harder...*”

He did so, bringing his other hand up to join. Both in his grasp, he groped Chelsea in her full glory. Heavy, fleshy mammaries dominated his grip. Squeezing sent cleavage up and out of her neckline. Skin bulged to her collarbones. He didn’t have the hands necessary to contain so much volume at once.

Strrrrtch...!

“*Mmngh!!*”

She moaned. Paul stared, certain he’d just felt them grow heavier in his grasp. She looked bigger. The shirt felt tighter. Whiskey breath poured over him as she panted and grabbed the back of his neck with both hands.

“*You... Y-You want to see them?*” she whimpered.

She leaned back. Grabbing the bottom of her shirt, she began pulling it up her toned stomach.

“Wait, wait...” Paul sighed.

Green puppy dog eyes looked up. “What? What’s wrong??”

“This... I don’t know if this is right. You’re drunk. *I’m* drunk. This--”

“*Paul...*” She leaned in and kissed him. A hand snaked its way down the front of his pants and wrapped around his cock. “*I decided I was going to fuck you the moment I saw you. Way before I had a drink.*”

Her arms moved fast. The red shirt pulled up and over her head as if she were a goddess presenting herself to a mortal man. Chelsea arched her back with pride, lifting her breasts forward with a teasing hand.

They were swallowing a red bra. Overflowing, swollen flesh poured over the cups in cascades of taut pale ridges. Despite having breasts larger than her head, her bra looked adequate for a girl no larger than oranges. Smooth underboob forced her underwires away, making her breasts look as if they were wearing goggles.



“Now will you help me out of this bra or not?”

Paul swallowed. There was more to ogle every time he looked. “You... Those...” Dry mouth cut his words. “That bra is too small...” he finally said, all logic leaving him.

A giggle sent her front wobbling. Chelsea gathered them in her arms, showing herself off like a prized dairy cow. *“Mmmmm, it wasn’t when I put it on this morning.”*

Paul thought he heard velcro when he tore his eyes away from the majestic bust and looked at her. He was more drunk than he thought. “I’m sorry?”

The remainder of her drink, and his, vanished down her throat and Chelsea gasped with pleasure. “Ya might have noticed I have a... ‘condition’.”

Strrrrrrrtch

Movement stole Paul’s gaze. He was certain he’d seen it now: Chelsea’s chest had grown. Engorged fuller into her bra. The same sounds he’d heard all night came from its straps and band as the pressure rose inside its seams.

“Mmmmngh!! You see that?” she flaunted, massaging herself. *“You know how alcohol can cause minor swelling in some people?”*

“I...guess...”

“Well... I--”

Strrrrrtch...!

“Ah~!” She tensed on his lap. Moisture was soaking through her jeans. *“Well it causes some fairly major swelling in my tits. I have a little drink, and they can’t help but blow up.”*

Disbelief narrowed Paul’s eyes. “Is this some kind of a joke?”

“Not at all! Watch... I-It’s about to-- A-Ahhhhhhmmm...!”

Strrrrrrtch!!

It was plain as day. Her bust swelled, bulging ridges tightening and puffing around her bra. Already she was an inch larger than when she’d taken off her shirt.

“Holy shit,” Paul gawked.

“M-Mmhm... Pretty crazy, right?” Chelsea panted, staring down at the heaving melons. *“I’m a D-cup normally. You wouldn’t believe the clothes I’ve ruined during Oktoberfest.”*

“Now you’re just messing with me. That does not just--Oof!!”

She pushed him onto his back. *“You’re a hard man to convince, you are!”* Jumping from the bed, she went to her suitcase, removed several shot glasses, and set them on the nightstand. The bottle of whiskey poured over them in a line, filling each to the brim. He reached for one, his sanity feeling shaky.

Slap!

“Hey!”

“Those are for me,” she winked.

A zipper came down her jeans. They slid off, revealing tight pink cotton panties soaked through at the crotch. They slid down her thighs a moment later, Chelsea turning her back as she bent over and graced Paul with an eyeful. Her chest pushed against her thighs as she bent.

“Now for you~” she sang, turning toward him.

Hands fell upon his jeans. Watching the busty beauty fiddle with his zipper as monstrous breasts filled her bra nearly made Paul’s member open his pants on its own. They slid down, taking his boxers in the process. A throbbing pillar rose, widening Chelsea’s eyes with hunger.

“Mmm, there’s the German sausage I ordered.”

She straddled him once more. Moist heat bathed his cock when her pussy approached, her lips spreading as she rubbed across his shaft and teased herself open.

Strrrrrrtch!

“Mmmgh!! D-Did you...see that?” she moaned, leaning forward. *“They’re getting even bigger.”* A hand reached out and took a shot, downing it in a second.

“I--” Paul stared at the big-breasted girl gyrating on his hips. A large chest was one thing, but the idea of them swelling like a pair of balloons had put a blockade in his mind. He wasn’t sure how to feel about the strange sight as she grew before his eyes.

Strrrrrrtch!!

“God, this...bra! It’s killing me!” Chelsea raised her arms and shimmied side to side, swaying her chest as a tightly packed mass. *“But before we go any further, there’s one other thing I should warn you about.”*

Creaaaaaaaaak!

Paul stared, grabbing her thighs as she surpassed the size of basketballs. Stitches screamed and her bra trembled. “W-What’s that?”

“I...” Chelsea bit her lip and moaned. *“I’m kind of a milk slut.”*

Thoughts raced through his head. "What...What does that mean??"

"*Mnnngh!!*" She trembled and massaged the side of her chest. "*I-It means... I like to--hic!--induce lactation... I'm always producing milk...*" Looking down, she held her breasts like prized orbs. Jade eyes stared at them like treasures. "*And these gals have been filling up all day.*" Sultry lashes batted at him. "*I hope...you're thirsty... Because these things...are about to burst.*"

Tension hung in the air now. Paul pushed back into the pillow, feeling as though he were close to a blast zone. The bloated, bra-packed knockers looming over him were threatening. Pale-blue veins dove into her cleavage and raced into her bra cups, where he was certain they met at fattened nipples.

"Chelsea, I-I have to be honest... I'm not sure I'm really into this whole swelling and milk thing you--"

Crrreeeaaaaa--SNAP!!

"AHMNNNNHG!!!"

Lace exploded. Chelsea threw her head back and thrust her chest forward. Her bra whipped open, dropping two watermelon breasts until skin pulled taut at her shoulders. Swollen and bloated, they hung off her in fatty teardrops. Milk trickled from nipples as thick as Paul's thumb.

"*Hahhh... Haahhhhh ohhhh God that feels better...*" She downed another shot and inched up Paul's body until her breasts hung overhead. Milk dripped onto his lips. She stared down, meeting his astonished gaze as he took in her overfilled endowments. "*Now then... Ya wanna--hic!--say that again? Or are ya ready to be honest with yourself?*"

His hands rose and cupped her milk tanks. They throbbed with warmth. Swollen yet still so soft, her skin resisted his fingertips with gentle tension. They felt like the bare belly of a pregnant woman days from birth.

"Holy shit..." was all that came to mind.

Strrrrrtch!!

Chelsea drank two more shots. Booze hung heavy on her breath as it washed over him. Face flushed, she giggled at his wonderment. "*So? What do you think now that I'm out of that pesky bra?*" Lifting a breast, she brought a plump nipple to her lips and sucked. Milk flowed to fill her mouth with sweetness. When she released and swallowed, cream dripped down her chin. "*Ready for some Irish cream?*"

"I... I... God..."

"Not the first time I've had that reaction. But don't worry! *I think I know how to make a believer out of ya.*"

She stood, pulling him into a sitting position on the edge of the bed. Watching her move about the hotel room was like a dream. No angle was capable of hiding the monstrous globes from view.

"Here, hold this!" The bottle of whiskey entered his hands. Watching in stunned silence, Paul waited while she knelt before him. She hefted her breasts, bringing them above his lap.

Hands rubbed over her nipples to coat herself in milk. *“Let me treat that German sausage to something like never before.”*

Cleavage closed around his manhood. Flesh swallowed it whole, engulfing all six and a half inches of Paul’s member. Pressure squeezed on all sides, slippery with fatty cream and hot with boozy engorgement.

Strrrrrrtch!!

“Mngh!” he grunted. Skin shifted around him, massaging and pulling.

“Feel that~? Feel me--hic! HICCUP!--Feel my tits...blowin’ up...?”

She began sliding up and down. The pressure moved with her, not leaving an inch of his cock untouched.

“Fuck... O-Oh fuck...” Paul struggled, leaning back as stimulation assaulted him.

When she came down, she squeezed her breasts down against his thighs. A purple head emerged from her cleavage. *“Oh! Look at that! A treat~”*

Chelsea licked. Kissing and adoring his head whenever it came up for air. Precum glistened on her lips and locks of red tumbled into her face. Looking up, she locked eyes with her prey as she teased him in any way her mouth could.



Pop!

He winced, feeling himself throb dangerously hard when her lips broke their seal around his head.

“Ya know, not many guys are big enough for me to do this... Usually I bury them.” She hugged her chest tight, applying devastating pressure that made him grip the sheets. *“How about we bury you?”*

Blood pulsed in his ears. Paul was dizzy. Whether from drinking or lust or the dream-like sight before him, he didn't know. Scents of lilac and milk rose from his lap in a dazzling perfume.

"Let me have it~"

Chelsea opened her mouth and stuck out her tongue.

He stared. "What do you--" He understood then: the bottle of whiskey in his hand. He could not resist. "H-How much do you want...?"

"All of it~"

A wet, dripping mouth opened in readiness. Her tongue extended, dripping with saliva that fell to his protruding cock. Paul lifted the bottle with a trembling hand. Slowly, he tilted the glass against her lips. They closed around it like a trap.

Gulp...

Gulp...

Gulp...

Whatever remained vanished. Paul guessed there was at least half when she started drinking. When he pulled it away, the bottle was empty.

"W-Whhooaaa..." Chelsea swooned. A drunken giggle bounced through her chest and she began massaging it around him. Her accent was getting thicker. Thick and sloppy. *"We're gonna get--HIC!!--really big now!"*

"Are you sure that was a good--"

Strrrrrrtch!!!

"Mnnnghhh!!!"

Flesh bloated around him. Chelsea latched onto his head, sucking as her chest filled out and tightened. But as her cleavage rose and her face sank into her pillows, she was forced to remove herself with a gasp for air.

Strrrrrrtch!!!!

"Ohhhh we're really growing now~"

Rounded globes filled his lap to the point of overflowing. Staring down, Paul watched the mounds heave and pulse in her massaging hands.

Smack!

Smack!

Smack!

Splrrrrrtch!!

"EEK!!!"

She lifted and dropped her mounds, slapping them like water balloons against his thighs. Upon the third collision, milk sprayed forth and doused Paul's torso in a rapid shower of white. Chelsea trembled as the spray settled. There was no sign of his cock as her overgrown beach ball tits dominated his lap.

Strrrrrtch!!

Guuurrrrgle!!

“Mmmghhh, ya hear my milk comin’ in, can’t ya? I haven’t pumped all day... My poor, swollen tits feel ready to burst with all this dairy!”

Chelsea rose from her knees and leaned her full weight onto his lap. Looking down her back, Paul saw the curves of her ass spread over the backside of her hips. A reflection in the window granted him a view of her cheeks spreading.

“Ya might need to--HICCUP!--m-milk me...like a cow~”

He winced. Hardness throbbed within her cleavage. The pressure was reaching dangerous levels. Paul tried to steady his breathing and distract his mind from the fantasy breasts jiggling in his lap and the mesmerizing redhead attached to them.

“Ohhhh~ Ya like that, do ya? Ya like thinking of me as a dairy cow? A swollen, milk-filled he--HICCUP!--heifer? Her poor, swollen, stretched udder ready to burst with milk?”

Chelsea saw him struggling. Between her breasts she could feel him thickening to climax.

Guuurrrrgle!!

Milk bloated her rounder. Skin forced her hands out of her firming cushion. Paul’s legs tensed.

With a giggle, Chelsea wiggled her ass and massaged her chest in large circular motions around him before bellowing, *“Moooooo~!!”*

“N-NNNGH!!!!”

He couldn’t hold it. Fantasies he didn’t know he had attacked from every angle. Paul shuddered and grabbed her chest and back of her head when he came, drawing a squeal from Chelsea as cum erupted from her cleavage and he thrust her face into her chest.

Exhaustion came for him. Paul released her after a rush of throbbing, feeling his body relax. Cum dripped from Chelsea’s face when she raised her head from semen-painted cleavage. Parting her breasts revealed a sticky mess within, as well as a cock turned purple from her torture.

Staring in amazement, Paul watched as she licked a portion of her cleavage. *“Looks like we were both ready to burst with cream~”* Foggy, drunken eyes stared with need. She caressed her chest with pride. *“So what do you think now? Ready to really take these things for a--N-Nngh!”*

Strrrrrtch!!

“Ahh!”

She gasped, wincing when her bust swelled larger.

A hand reached out. *“You... You alright...?”*

“Yea... Yea... I’m--h-hic!” Chelsea held a hand to her head, dizzy. *“Nngh... Got me a case of the spins...”*

She rose with gentle movements, cradling her chest. Paul noticed it hardly bulged over her arms now with how firm it'd become. She sat slowly next to him, taking care not to move too fast.

Strrrrrrtch!!

Guuuurrngle!!

"A-Aahhhh-- Crap-- That--" A shiver ran down her spine. *"T-Too big... God they're... Hic...! Getting too swollen..."*

"What do you mean??"

Strrrrrrtch!!!

"Nnngh! F-Fuck!"

She grew further. Paul ogled. Still cradled in her arms, they looked like overblown beach balls looking ready to pop. Swollen nipples stood out on doming areolas.

"Ohhhh those shots are...really startin' to hittin' me..."

It took a moment to process. *"Those shots are just NOW making you swell?! From a few minutes ago?!"*

"Well, m-my body doesn't react...immediately! The alcohol has to work its way through my system before I can swe--"

STRRRRTCH

Paul's jaw dropped; it was the first time her bust had made a sound while growing, like leather pulling tight.

"O-Ohhh dear..." Chelsea sank a testing finger into their sides without much force. *"I-I might have overdone it...on the drinking..."*



Guuurrrrgle!!!

“NNGH!! A-And the milk!!” Her veins became brighter. Chelsea had turned into a caricature of an over-engorged lactating woman. “Hooo... H-Hoooo boy... I...” She gulped, eyes concerned. “C-Could ya get me some water, Paul?”

He was fast, filling a glass from the sink. When he returned, Chelsea was spread out on her back. Sweat peppered her naked body and her breasts rose as firm mounds atop her heaving torso.

“Here, drink this!”

She leaned up just enough to guzzle. When done, she collapsed back down with breasts wobbling on top of her.

STRRRRRRTCH!!

“Nnngh! O-Oh no... Fuuuuck me and this fucking pressure...!”

Paul stood over her, torn between her appearance and distress. “What can I do??”

“I’m...horny and full and over-swollen...! My body is trying to...keep swellin’ my--hic!!--chest! But it’s out of room!” Groaning, Chelsea looked at him with pleading eyes. “Gettin’ this damn milk out of me would be a good start! There must be almost a gallon between ‘em by now!”

“S-So what should I--”

“Milk me, ya bastard!”

Splrtrch!!

“Gaahh!!” She squirmed when dairy sprayed from doming nipples. “Just give ‘em a tug and a twist! Suckin’ it out would be better though! Ya don’t have to swallow! Just...g-give me room to breathe!”



Paul understood. He joined her on the bed, straddling her pelvis and gazing at the mountains before him. As large as pumpkins, they rose as high as his belly button. He reached out, feeling a fire-like heat pouring from the struggling pink nozzles. "Alright, I'm gonna start!"

Guuurrrrgle!!

"Oohhh please hurry please hurry! We gotta find room...before that bottle of whiskey hits me!"

He was forced into it when her chest swelled up to meet his hands. Flesh pushed into his palms and he gripped, squeezing the strawberry-sized nubs between his thumb and finger.

SPLRRRTCH!!

"Gaahhhh!! Haaahhhh ohh that's it!! J-Just like...that~"

Pulling in a rhythmic pattern, Paul watched as milk began to flow. It came in thick waves that trickled down her sides to soak the sheets.

Rmmmbbbblll

"Ahhhh~ H-Here... Here it comes...!"

Paul stared when her breasts bloated tight as if contracting. Chelsea's veins seemed to pulse. "Here what comes?!"

"I-I'm-- Ah! Ahhhhhh!! I'm gonna--" Her hands clawed at the sheet. "I'm gonna letdown!! I'm gonna letdown!!" Desperate eyes stared over her chest. "Latch! P-Please latch!! I want ya to taste it when I--"

RRMMMMBBBLLLL!!!!

There was no time to ponder. Paul felt her breasts tremble to their max. Primal thirst tickled his throat. Without thinking, he opened his mouth and plunged a nipple into his mouth.

"GAAAHHH~!!"

SPLRRRTCH!!!!

It felt like a hose had turned on between his cheeks. Thick vanilla cream gushed and sputtered from his lips when he coughed. There was no keeping up with her flow as Paul tried to swallow.

Her taste was divine. Soft and rich, Chelsea's milk was like drinking sunshine. A hint of whiskey danced on every drop, lacing her lactation that reminded him of holiday eggnog.

SPLRRRTCH!!!!

"MMNGH!!! Finally!! Fucking-- Finally!! Just like that!! Just like that, Paul!! MOOOO!!! Milk me like I'm yer cow!!!"

Her other breast heaved in his hand. Milk sprayed in a raging geyser timed to her heartbeat. It sounded like it was striking the ceiling before pelting back down upon them.

Slowly her breasts shrank. Tightness loosened and returned softness to her curves. Paul felt her skin allow his fingers to sink deeper with every swallow. After several minutes of chugging and massaging, Chelsea's flow ebbed. Sprays turned to trickles and the pressure vanished from his mouth.

Paul sat up, her nipple popping from his lips. It was twice the size of its sister; swollen and pulled larger from his suction.

"That's better... Lord that's so much better..." Chelsea moaned, squirming and massaging her sides. *"Nngh! But--"*

STRRRRRTCH!!

She tensed beneath him. Some of their progress was stolen when her breasts swelled back. Chelsea whimpered, seeing her cleavage filling once more.

"They're still growing?!" Paul exclaimed.

"T-That...bought me some time! But all that booze..." She inspected her chest, worry filling her eyes. *"God they're already so big... I-I think I really overdid it this time. Once that bottle hits me, I-I might actually--"*

STRRRRRTCH!!

"AAHHMMM!!!!"

Writhing torture tensed her body. Intense pleasure brought her voice high in pitch as it stole her breath. *"P-Paul! I need-- I-I need to come!! I need to come, NOW!!"*

"WHAT?! You're still thinking about sex at a time like this?!"

A hand slid under her breasts and down her abdomen. Fingers parted her dripping lips, exposing glistening pink petals and a hole waiting to be entered. *"I-I need to orgasm! It...flushes my body of the hormones...that cause the swelling!"*

"That WASN'T an orgasm you just had with the milk?!"

STRRRRRTCH!!

"A-Aahhh!!" Angry bloating assaulted her chest. Where milk had previously welled, engorgement was happy to take its place. *"No! But I swear I'm close!! My tits are so sensitive right now! I feel like I could explode!! I'm-- god! J-Just the swelling now! Ohhh please hurry!! Those last drinks...are starting to hit! Do whatever you have to--HIC!--to make me come!! I don't care! Just hurry!! Before I swell any--"*

STRRRRRTCH!!!

"NNNGHHH!!! B-Bigger!!"

The pale, shiny tightening appearance of her skin was enough for Paul. He bent her legs upward and dove between her thighs, latching onto her pussy. Softness pushed against his lips as he embraced her pleasure-engorged nethers. His tongue began dancing within her folds, teasing forth a bulb of ecstasy.

It was obvious when he found it.

STRRRRRTCH!!!

"MMMGHH!!! FUCK!!! F-FUCK!!! RIGHT THERE!!!" she screamed, arching her back.

Paul didn't know women could get so wet. Chelsea was drenched in her own juices. They ran from her plumped lips in waves of thick nectar that coated his face. Kneading and squeezing her thighs, he plunged deeper and took in her full essence. His lips sealed around the top half of

her vulva before he began sucking. Vacuum pulled her inner, most sensitive folds forth. A throbbing clit protruded against his tongue.

STRRRRTCH!!

STRRRRRRTCH!!!!

Sounds of taut, straining leather came from above. Squeaks of distress and arousal joined in, becoming ever more muffled behind the fleshy globes.

“Y-You’re making me-- Swell even faster!! The stimulation-- I’m so fucking-- SENSITIVE!! It’s just--”

STRRRRRRRRRRTCH!!!!

“AAHHMMNGHH!!! P-PAAAUUUL!!! OH PAUL PLEASE HURRY!! MY CHEST!! IT--” Squeaking helpless whimpers escaped from Chelsea’s side of her chest.

STRRRRRRTCH!!!!

“IT’S GETTING TOO TIGHT!!!”

Chelsea’s thighs trembled against his head. She started to squeeze, sealing off his ears. Looking up, Paul saw two giant breasts heaving atop her torso. They jutted toward the ceiling, gravity hardly able to pull their shapes into flattened mounds. Fatty nipples the size of teacups quivered in desperation. As he sucked and teased her clit for all he was worth, Paul was graced with a vision that he was inflating Chelsea himself, breath by breath, filling her chest with air as if she were a balloon.

She was even bigger than before her letdown.



STRRRRTCH!!!

“AAHH OH GOD!! T-That bottle of whiskey is-- I THINK IT’S ABOUT TO HIT!!” she cried. “I WON’T BE ABLE TO TAKE IT!! I CAN’T SWELL THAT BIG!! I’M ALREADY TOO--”

RRMMBLLLL

“NNNGHHH!!! HURRYYYY!!! I’LL POP!! I-I’LL POP, PAUL!! I’M SO CLOSE!! I’M SO FUCKING--HICCUP!!--CLOSE!!”

Her body was panicking. Chelsea’s hips started to buck. Heat prickled her skin with boiling goosebumps.

“I-I DON’T CARE WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO!! DO EVERYTHING TO ME!! J-JUST MAKE ME COME BEFORE--EEEEKKK!!!”

She shrieked when Paul obeyed. Desperate for results, he released her thighs. His right hand shot upward, grabbing an apple-sized nipple and squeezing. The left hand traveled lower, working its fingers until they slid into her tightening pink walls and his thumb plunged into her most forbidden of holes and hooked.

STRRRRRRRRTCH!!!!!!

“AH!! AHH!! HAAHHH OHHH GOD!!!! IT’S TOO MUCH!!! I CAN FEEL IT ALL!! I’M--”

STRRRRRRRRTCH!!!!!!

“NNNGH!!! P-PAUL! PLEASE!! I’M GONNA BLOW!! I’M...GONNA POP!!”

Her belly pushed against his forehead with tiny, rapid breaths like those of a panicking rabbit. Above, her breasts were blushing light pink. Incredible tightness was overtaking them, beating back her pale skin.

RRMMBLLLL!!!!

“AAHHH GOD!! H-HERE... HIC!!! HICCUP!!! H-HERE IT--” Chelsea’s back arched, feeling her chest reach its utmost limit. Fluids poured into Paul’s mouth as her body prepared to jump off the cliff of pleasure. Her feet rose, bracing themselves against his collarbones like stirrups. “I CAN’T TAKE ANYMOOOORE!!!”

A scream deafened Paul and her thighs clamped on his head. Muscles clenched around his fingers teasing deep inside her holes to the point they became immobile.

Internal eruptions heaved her core. Paul froze, riding out the storm as he watched Chelsea endure an orgasm that was surely destroying her sanity. He wished he could see her face in the throes of such pleasure.

Her thighs trembled and jolted. Like a statue coming to life, they loosened. Squeaks for air reached his ears as Chelsea struggled to breathe and regain control of her faculties.

Then, all at once, she returned.

“HAAAHHHHHHH!!! MMMNNGHH!!!! Paul!! P-Paul, ya goddamn bastard~!!!”

Heavy gasps made him wonder if she was somehow drowning. Chelsea’s legs collapsed over his back. She fell limp, lungs greedy for air as she panted on the other side of her chest.

"It's over... W-We did it..." she said with lingering concern. *"God... That was..."* She whimpered, unable to move. *"D-D-Did ya stick your thumb in my ass...??"*

"You said to do everything!" he reminded.

She breathed for a minute, wiping sweat off her face. Paul tasted her on his tongue: salty and tangy. The taste of a woman's satisfaction.

"Oh dear... That was..." Gentle fingers explored the taut curves of her chest. Had she stood up, they would have reached to her hips and prevented walking through a doorway. *"I think that was...just in time..."*

A hand managed to find Paul's head. It played with his hair as he lay on her inner thigh, watching her breathing rise and fall in her belly. A tattoo of a shamrock was on the inside of her opposite thigh, staring back.

"Mmmngh, well done..." Chelsea shivered and groaned as the last of the orgasm left her. Tingles rushed through her breasts. It would be over a day before they would fit in any of her clothes. *"T...Talk about gettin' lucky..."*