

Milkshakes

“Ok, ladies and gentlemen! This is one of our most important machines!” A tour guide motioned to a monolithic piece of equipment. A motor hummed alongside refrigerant and various hoses. “This is our shake pump! It takes everything from our mixing vat, runs it through our patented super-chiller process, then deposits just enough in every container to be shipped to the store!”

His audience ogled the equipment. Looking at the machine with particular interest were lovers Carrie and Eve. The distinct scent of sugary dairy tickled their senses.

They found themselves at the MegaMoo Dairy Production Plant. World-famous for its frozen treats, the company’s most popular product was a canned milkshake. Always soft and ready to drink, it had its own section reversed in the freezer aisle at most grocery stores.

The tour guide continued, “Most of this facility is completely automated. Usually the only workers you’ll find are those in the few offices on site! Unless we’re having maintenance done. Now are there any questions so far about--”

“Can we have some??” a small boy asked. He had found the tour boring thus far without any complimentary treats.

The inquiry drew a chuckle from the crowd. Smiling, the tour guide insisted, “At the end of the tour, you’ll have all the samples you want!”

“How much longer??”

“We’re almost there!” He ushered them forward. “Now if you’ll follow me through this door, we’ll move on to our chocolate room, where we make all the chunks for our ice cream!”

The group left, but Carrie and Eve stayed behind.

The bustiest of the two, Carrie motioned to a clear hose churning with fresh milkshake. “Hey... I have an idea.”

Eve batted her eyes and pressed her body against her partner’s. “What, you want to make out *here*? We’re only halfway through the tour!”

Running her hand along the tube, Carrie teased, “I don’t really feel like waiting until the end for a sample. What do you say we try some right now?”

“Right now??” Eve eyed Carrie’s breasts. Hidden below a form-fitting button-up blouse, two prominent F-cups made themselves known. “I’m surprised you want to try any!! You know what milk does to your tits... And I don’t think that shirt is going to stretch very far...”

“Mmmm, I just want to try a little.”

CLICK!

Carrie twisted the end of the hose, unlocking it from the machine.

“You dare me?” she whispered.

“You just want some extra-full cleavage to tease me with for the rest of the tour.” Calling her girlfriend’s bluff, Eve urged, “Sure! Go ahead. I *dare* you. All you’re going to do is make a giant--”

FWOOOSH!!

Carrie removed the hose's end. Spraying cold shake across the floor, she was quick to clamp her mouth around the end.

GULP

GULP

GULP

"M-Mph!"

The pressure was immense, forcing itself down Carrie's throat with enough vigor to make her eyes bulge.

"Oh wow!! You actually did it!!" Eve nodded, impressed. She pressed a finger against Carrie's chest, sinking it into the flesh below. "Better stop before these things start growing... Wouldn't want them to--"

GUUURGLE

"MPH!"

Carrie closed her eyes. It didn't take long for the milkshake to start settling within her breasts. Gushing into her at an incredible rate, her mammaries bulged outward several cup sizes to startle Eve.

"S-Shit, Carrie! Slow down!"

GULP

GULP

GULP

Gaps opened between her buttons. Every swallow pumped her chest heavier with cream. Mystified by the sight, Eve watched her cleavage rise toward her collarbones. The outline of a straining bra pushed into the taut fabric.

"Mm... Mmmgh..." Carrie swooned, stumbling back to lean on the machine. The hose was relentless between her lips. As rapidly as the pressure was building, she didn't want to let go.

Eve stammered, "H-Hey... Hey, really, let's put the hose back... You're starting to get kind of--"

STRRRRTCH!!

Tortured fabric cut her off.

"MMPH!"

Carrie grabbed the underside of her chest. Underboob tumbled out of her bra. Firm and bloated, it refused to indent against her hands. Cream churned within, dense and thick against her skin. She could feel pressure vibrating through them as her breasts surpassed basketballs in size.

"Holy shit! Carrie!! I think that's enough!!" Eve tried grabbing the hose to pull it free, but Carrie waved her away.

There was lust in her fluttering gaze. Mixing with greed and hunger, Carrie clamped her mouth tighter around the hose when she felt milkshake running down her chin.

SSTRRRRTCH!!!!

Eve stood back. Carrie's blouse didn't look capable of containing any more of her engorging mounds. Through the white fabric she could see pale veins crossing over her girlfriend's struggling breasts.

SNAP!!!!

"MMGH!!!"

Her bra exploded, trapped within the confines of her attire. Little movement occurred, but the sound rang throughout the factory. Carrie's heaving breasts slumped only an inch before her shirt would allow for no more. The motion caused a deep sloshing.

"Carrie!! Carrie, Jesus!! How big do you plan on going?!"

GULP

GULP

GULP

Eyes of pure pleasure were all the response Eve needed.

GUUUUUUURGLE

"Nnngh... N-Nnngh...!"

GULP

GULP

POP!!!!

"MGH?!"

A button exploded and sailed across the factory floor. Eve jolted from the noise, fearing the worst.

"C-Carrie... Seriously, you're getting really big..." she warned, seeing tight cleavage bulging through the widening hole.

"Mmmgh! Mmmmmm!!!"

She was lost in the thrill of expanding. Carrie trembled. Her hand clenched at her chest and squeezed the hose. She'd never grown so fast before, nor taken on such a daunting amount of dairy. The weight stretched her skin teasingly firm.

GULP!

GULP!

POP!!

"MMMGGH!!!"

Cleavage rubbed against her chin. Flesh oozed into her sleeves.

SHRIIP!!

A gaping hole split down her side. The blouse's stitches couldn't last much longer. At every angle, Carrie looked ready to blow.

GUUUUURGLE

The pressure was reaching a climax. Something would have to give soon.

CRRREAAAAAAAK!!

“*The hell was that?!*” Eve yelled at a sound of intense tension, seeing Carrie’s chest tremble. She’d watched her girlfriend grow to massive proportions before, but never so quickly with such a heavy substance.

CRRREEEEEAAAAAAAK!!

Carrie swooned at the massive weight. Leaking through her pants, her arousal became more evident by the second. Her hand slipped across her navel and under her waistband to find soaked panties.

GULP!

GULP!

GULP!

CRREEAAAAAK!!

Eve backed away once more. A slight sheen reflected over Carrie’s overblown breasts. Wet spots had begun spreading across her shirt. To see her nipples leaking, Eve knew she must have been at her limit. Carrie’s nipples throbbed like angry apple halves.

“Mmmgh! M-Mmmgh!! MMPH!”

CRREEAAAAAK!!

She struggled to swallow. Her breasts refused to take on any more, but the pump showed no mercy.

CRREEEEEEAAAAAAAK!!

“M-MMMGH!!!”

Her breasts rose upward, constrained by the fighting blouse. Carrie arched her back, trying to contain every possible drop. Her view became obstructed. Soon, only Eve’s pale face was visible between her drum-tight cleavage.

“Nnnngh!!! NNGH!!!” Her hand flailed within her pussy. Pressure pushed her areolas into prominent domes.

CRREEEEEEEEEEAAAAAAAK!!!

“C-Carrie!! CARRIE!! Are you trying to make yourself pop?! Let go!! Let go of the damn--”

POP POP POP POP!!!!!!

SLOOOOSH!!!!

“GWAAAAHHH!!!”

Carrie’s blouse finally exploded. Its remaining buttons rocketed away like bullets. Flesh toppled free in an avalanche of sloshing majesty. The force sent Carrie to the ground where milk-filled mammaries landed in her lap with dominating weight.

She rested against the machine, gasping as the hose gushed at her side. Eve was quick to react and replaced it on the pump's nozzle before any more mess could be made.

"Oh fuck..." she whispered, seeing Carrie at her feet. *"Carrie... Look at yourself!!"*

She chuckled, holding onto her breasts for dear life. Their swollen forms sang with overwhelming sensitivity. *"Got a little carried away, didn't I?"*

"A little? You look like you have giant beach balls for tits!!"

Carried massaged her tea cup nipples. Milkshake flowed freely, soaking her thighs. *"Mmmmm... Oh God, there's a lot of pressure... You want a taste? I-I think I came three times during that..."*

Eve indeed wanted a taste. The sugary scent rising from her girlfriend's chest was intoxicating and she wanted nothing more than to attack the bulbous sloshing mounds.

Fighting her urges, she replied, "How about we sneak you out of here first, you giant walking milk tank?"

"Y-You might need to help me then. I don't think I can stand on my own with these..."

Groaning together, Eve helped Carrie to her feet and provided a shoulder for support. Massive breasts hung to her hips, sloshing and wobbling with every step.

"O-Ow!! OWW!!!" Carrie suddenly cried out, stopping in her tracks. *"Nnngh oh fuck!!!"*

Eve feared the worst. "What's wrong?! A-Are you alright?! Are they too big?!"

Grimacing, she held a hand to her head. *"Dammit! Brain freeze...!! Brain freeze!!!"*