

New Year's Milk

Contains bursting

“Oh my God...”

“What is she wearing...?”

“Forget that; have you *seen* her body??”

“Wasn't she like an F-cup or something? I know she was big, but shit, I don't think I could walk with those.”

Several women stared at Marnie in a dressing room. Preparing for a New Year's Day parade, they were all adorned in cheerful costumes and winter mascots. Marnie, however, stood out among them. Gratuitous amounts of exposed skin made every girl pause. They could hardly believe their eyes as they watched her pull a skimpy pair of cow-print bikini bottoms over her thighs and stuff her chest into a matching bikini top.

It didn't take long for her to notice their stares.

“What? What's wrong??” Marnie asked as she stood before them.

“That costume is a little...*revealing* for a family-friendly parade.”

Marnie frowned and inspected herself. “2021 is the year of the cow! It's the most appropriate costume I own! Not to mention it's sexy as hell.”

“Well when you're wearing it like--”

One of the girls couldn't contain herself and blurted out, “*What happened to your boobs?!?*”

Marnie grinned and caressed her chest. It heaved around her bikini cups with every breath. At nearly twice her usual size, each nipple could pop out of its prison from any angle at any given time.

“You like them?” She hefted their head-sized forms. Among all the parade performers, Marnie's chest reigned supreme with its massive size. “I took a couple of lactation pills last night to help sell the cow theme!” Full of pride, she leaned forward until their weight caused her bikini to strain like a weak hammock. “What do you think of my udders?”

The girls stared in awe. None knew how to respond.

“T-They look full. Doesn't that hurt? Your skin looks tight!”

Marnie moaned and straightened her back. “It is tight! These puppies are so full of milk I can feel it sloshing around when I move! I haven't drained a single drop. All so they can be at their fullest tonight. By the time the parade is done, I'm going to bring in the New Year with some fireworks of my own! I have a pump waiting in my car and everything.”

Flabbergasted, they knew there was no sense in talking her out of it. Winter's chill wouldn't pose a problem; even from where they stood, they could feel heat radiating off Marnie's chest like two bonfires.

CREEAAAAK

Several heard her bikini groan.

A short red-haired girl leaned toward her friend and whispered, “Do they look *bigger* than they did a few minutes ago?”

Her friend nodded with a dry mouth. “They’re definitely bigger. I think I saw one of them *move*.”

Confirming their suspicions, Marnie groaned with delight and massaged her chest. “*Ooohhh the milk just keeps coming in!* I sure hope I can hold it all until the end of the parade!”

Strain cracked Marnie’s voice. The bikini’s fabric was tight against her firming skin. With little elasticity left, the surface of her breasts didn’t have much to give the garment. Not wanting to show regret for such a bold decision, Marnie waved away these concerns and masked any discomfort; she was the bustiest girl on the float and she was determined to fill the role with flying colors.

“Marnie, maybe you shouldn’t go out there. It might be best if you sit this one out and take a few minutes to...uh...drain yourself and--”

“*Fuck no! This is the year of the cow!*” Marnie crossed her arms as best she could, trying not to wince as they pressed into her chest. “I think all you tiny-tits are just jealous I had such a great idea. Not like any of you could *handle* milk tanks like this.”

The sharp words pierced her companions. Some were indeed envious, but others couldn’t agree in the slightest.

“Jesus, Marnie,” one of them grumbled. “Maybe that bikini is too tight. I think it’s making you cranky.”

She said nothing in reply. Discomfort was growing within her bust with every passing minute and even Marnie had to admit she was beginning to wonder if she should have milked herself a little beforehand. At this point, she was hoping the parade would start and finish sooner rather than later so she could get to the relief of her pump. The cow-print bikini could only stretch so far, as could her skin.

“Alright, girls! It’s showtime!” the parade float manager announced. It was music to Marnie’s ears. Soon they were all piled onto a float of several polar bears enjoying a corporate cola beverage. When the morning’s chill blew around them, many stayed close to Marnie for her sphere of milky warmth. As the parade progressed, however, they noticed Marnie’s heat increasing. Sweat layered her cleavage and obvious strain filled her face. It wasn’t difficult to see why; Marnie’s mammaries were approaching double their size from the dressing room.

“*N-Nnngh...*” Marnie grunted and rubbed her skin. Red marks cut into her where the bikini showed no mercy. Several stretch marks shot into her cleavage where the most rubbing took place.

Crowds cheered all around. Girlfriends and wives alike glared at the mostly naked woman with beach ball breasts. The men ogled with renewed joy and hope for the new year. Children pointed and laughed, many taking it as a joke. None had any idea of the pressurized milk stretching her knockers tight and round.

SLOSH SLOSH

“*N-Nngh!! Oh God...*”

“Marnie? You all right?”

“I’m...I-I’m fine.” Marnie squirmed when she felt her areolas stretch inside the bikini. Several gallons filled each boob and every ounce ached for release.

“Are you sure? You’re looking a little *full*.”

“Y-Yea, because there’s a load of milk inside my--”

SHRIIP!!

At the height of its stress level, Marnie felt her bikini tense at her back before the straps tore away from the cups. A heaving display of released liquid weight fell into the open as her top flew away in the winter wind.

“*Ahh!!*” Marnie scrambled to contain her chest before too many viewers could glimpse her indecency. Her eyes grew wide.

Finally free, the true state of her jugs made itself known. Larger than beach balls, they extended beyond her hips in bloated teardrops of flesh. Veins ran over her skin and glowed in the morning sun. The stress of returning to her natural shape made them ache from so much milk rearranging itself inside her body.

“*O-Ohhhh!!! Oh they’re too big!!*”

Several of the girls were looking her way now. They yelled over the roar of the entertained men and angry women.

“What’s wrong??”

“It’s Marnie!! I think she’s getting too big!!”

“Her bikini burst open!!”

“I think *she*’s going to burst open!!”

GRRROOOAAAAAN

Skin stretched against Marnie’s shaking hands. Each nipple looked like an apple ready to pop. Legs trembling as her chest engorged out of her arms, she fell to her knees with a float-shaking thud.

SLOOOSH

SLOOOOSH

“*S-Somebody help!!! HELP!! They’re too full!!*” Marnie panted for relief as she leaned over her chest. The parade was nearly over but she didn’t dare wait another second.

“What do we do?!”

“Holy *shit!! She’s gonna BLOW!!*”

“She’s so tight I can see myself in them!!”

Frantic, Marnie pleaded to the girls as milk dribbled from aching nipples. “*P-Push on them!! PLEASE GET THIS MILK OUT OF ME!! I CAN’T HOLD IT ANYMORE!!*”

There was no way to stop the float. Among the yelling city and jolting platform, several of the girls applied their weight to the sides of Marnie’s chest.

SPLOOOOSH

“A-AAHH!! NNGHHH!!!” The discomfort of over-tightened skin made her cry out when milk was forced from her chest. Dairy soaked the surrounding crowds like an erotic waterpark. Some cheered, others looked on in horror. It looked far too real to be a stunt.

“Push again!” one of the girls said, “I can feel her swelling even more!?”

“B-Be careful!!! Don’t press so hard!! Y-You’re going to make my chest p--NNGH!!!!!”
SPLOOOOOOSH!!!

“AAUUGH!!! Oh God I feel like I’m going to EXPLODE!!!”

Milk sprayed in thick showers but it wasn’t enough. As the girls pressed, gurgles and pressure pressed back. Marnie’s chest ballooned to larger sizes after each release.

“I’m gonna burst!! I’M GONNA BURST!! THIS IS TOO MUCH MILK!!”
SCREECH!

SLOOOOSH!!!

“AAUUGH!!!”

The float came to a stop. Being so focused on her chest, they hadn’t realized the parade had reached its end. Hope flared within Marnie. Her car was only a block away, and with it, an industrial pump capable of draining her udders. She’d never been so happy to have carpooled to the start of the parade.

“I-I need to milk myself!! NOW!!”

The float creaked as Marnie rolled herself off the platform. Several girls fell over from the shifting weight.

“Where are you going?! You can barely walk!”

Waddling in front of thousands, Marnie carted her chest across the street. They hung past her knees and left a trail of milk in her wake.

“Nnngh!! N-NNGH!! God I’m way too full!!! I shouldn’t have taken so many of those pills!?”

“Marnie! Marnie be careful!?”

Several times she almost fell. Every step saw her chest stretch and bulge with milk. Veins pulsed over her nipples like rivers ready to burst their banks.

“I’m... I can’t make it!?”

GUUUURRRGLE

“A-Ahh!! OHHHH THEY’RE TOO HEAVY!!”

GUUUURRRRRRGLE

STRREEETCH

“Auugh!!! NNGH MY MILK!!”

Watching from the float, the girls watched Marnie’s steps slow. Suddenly she stopped and the crowd fell silent. Her chest heaved within her hands from either side of her body and filled tight and round. Arching her back as they pressed into the cold pavement, Marnie’s eyes bulged in fear.

GUUUURRRRRRGLE

“M-M-MoooooOOOOOOOOO!!!!!”

KABLOOOOSH!!!!