

Big Heart

“He’s gonna be home soon, he’s gonna be home soon...” Stacky said in a slight panic.

Everything had been prepared almost the second after her husband, TLink, had left for work that morning. All but one crucial detail; an incredibly potent hormonal-concoction she had waited until just the right moment to consume. That moment had been twenty minutes ago, TLink’s return home over ten minutes late. Now, as the busty blonde sat in the living room anxiously awaiting his late arrival, Stacky could already feel her bra tightening around her bosom.

Draped over her chest was a white button-up blouse, undone to flare openly as her sides while a form-fitting pink camisole hugged her beneath. A soft whimper fell from her lips when the tight cotton shifted against her DD-cup bust. She began to fear her Valentine’s surprise would be ruined before she had gotten a chance to play it up. “*Please* let him be home soon.”

A part of her feared the worst and she glared at the front door when she felt her cleavage press tighter together, huffing to blow a stray strand of golden hair from her face. “I *swear* if he chose tonight to get a drink after work, these things are going to turn into a punishment instead of a gift...”

A car door slammed outside and Stacky perked up like a puppy. “Just in time,” she sighed, making sure not to breathe too deeply before ruining the surprise.

The front door opened moments later. Her heart jumped when TLink appeared holding a large bouquet of flowers, his face brightening when she approached him.

“Aw! Are those for me??” she cried, bounding up to him before delivering a wet smack on his lips, a trimmed beard scratching her cheeks as always.

“Happy Valentine’s, my love!” TLink said, coming up for air and presenting the bundle of roses.

Stacky buried her face into their red petals and breathed heartily, forgetting her earlier caution. “Oh, they smell wonderful... Thank you...” Her arms wrapped tightly around his body and something told her TLink had already noticed the increase to her bust.

Planting a kiss on her forehead before escaping her lasso of love, TLink reached for his bag. “I have ano--”

“Hold onto that thought!” Stacky urged, her bra becoming tighter. If she waited much longer the shock factor would be lost. Quickly she hopped into the kitchen and returned holding a plate freshly-baked cookies. An envelope rested on top sealed with a heart sticker, two nipples playfully drawn on its curves.

“Happy Valentine’s Day,” she sang, handing the plate of sweets to her lover.

As she expected he ate a cookie before looking at the envelope, pressure rising inside Stacky’s shirt. “Delicious as always!” he applauded. A chuckle escaped his lips when he saw the sticker and the lewd doodle, opening the letter.

Happy Valentine's Day, my sweet

I hope it's filled with love and all the milk you could want with your cookies

TLink raised an eyebrow curiously, re-reading the card again. It wasn’t until he lowered it and returned a questioning smile to his wife that he began to understand.

Back arched for dramatic effect, Stacky presented a swollen chest squeezed between her arms, a wide grin on her face from the knowledge she had nailed her gift. His unblinking eyes hadn't wavered from her bust since setting eyes on the cleavage rising over the camisole, the outline of her bra pressed into the cotton below. These weren't the same DD cups he had left that morning.

"You didn't..." he said slowly, excitement filling him.

Stacky giggled, slipping a hand into her jean's pocket to retrieve an empty vial labeled 'Milky Dreams' in curving letters. Dangling it in front of her engorging udders, she stuck her tongue out teasingly and cooed, "Oh, I did."

He was speechless while watching the top of her bra cups peek over the filling camisole. The view was enthralling enough he grabbed a second cookie and started munching as if in a theater.

"Hey! What do you think you're staring at?" Stacky teased.

"Can you blame me?? You must be pushing a G cup already!"

Stacky giggled happily, ecstatic her gift brought him so much joy from such an early stage. Burying her giddiness under a heap of self-control, she placed a hand under either breast and squeezed their swollen forms, jiggling them softly to make a line of cleavage shimmy like a snake. "Mmmmm, you like 'em? I only took that potion a little bit ago and I feel like I'm already ready to be milked!"

He visibly gulped, watching her soft mounds wobble back and forth on her slender frame with an all-too-familiar thirst. Setting the plate of cookies on a nearby coffee table, TLink stood behind her and ran his hands over hers.

"Ah!" Stacky gasped feeling her boobs overflow his fingers. "C-Careful..." she cooed, letting her eyes flutter closed with enjoyment. "You keep playing with these milky udders...*nnngh*...a-and I might...mmmmmm-*m-moooo!*"

The results of her animalistic outburst weren't lost on her, Stacky's rear pressed firmly into TLink as he pulled her tightly against his chest. But it was far too early to let themselves get carried away.

With a pain similar to crawling out of a warm bed on a winter's morning, Stacky tugged his arms open and stepped away from him. "Only a little taste for now!" she teased. Leaning forward she allowed her rapidly-lactating bust to almost fall out of her shrinking top, cleavage running from her body like a vanilla waterfall between two volleyball-sized knockers. "These puppies still have a lot of swelling to do, but play your cards right and maybe this dairy cow will let you milk her later tonight..."

TLink thought he might pass out from the sight of his wife and the accompanied roleplay. All the right notes were being hit and she knew it. Straightening her back, the weight of her bust apparent, she asked, "Now, what were you saying before I so *rudely* interrupted you?"

"Oh!" TLink exclaimed. Flustered, he tried to form a sentence. Glancing strangely into his bag, he closed it and replied, "Uhh... I was just going to say I had a gift for you, but it got delayed in the mail... Terrible gang of roving mail thieves spotted nearby..."

"Oh I'm *sure* it did," she chuckled, his procrastination well known. "I have no clue what we're going to do for the rest of the night now, though..." Placing a finger on her chin and looking away contemplatively, she shook her chest gently to elicit a glorious wobble.

"I've got at least two ideas!" he suggested before stepping closer.

“Uh uh!” she slapped a hand away, knowing if he got a hold of them again she might not have the spirit to tear them away. “You just enjoy the swollen, stretchy show...” TLink observed as she buttoned her blouse over her chest, his eyes looking like a child watching his favorite toy being taken away.

“Why would you go and do that?” he asked, Stacky exhaling to close the button directly across her bust. “You just bought that shirt!”

The last button in place, she breathed for the first time in almost a minute. Large gaps spread between each clasp to reveal a taxed camisole beneath, cleavage bulging out of the topmost buttons. A light tap on the front of her blouse echoed tightly.

Giggling at the head-sized tits stuffed into the top she answered, “I think we both know why...” Running a finger down the line of almost-quivering buttons, she finished with, “Don’t you want to see these buttons *burst* off my bloated chest? I don’t think they have very long...”



Biting her lip, she moaned, “Mmmmm... I already feel like if I were to even... *nnngh*...breath too deeply they could... just--” Stacky filled her lungs, straining the blouse enough to make a button ping across the room as she gasped, “--*POP!*”

TLink’s jaw dropped at the amount of flesh bulging between the lost button, Stacky beginning to swell so full her breasts were taking on a smooth, creamy color. It was an appearance he adored, her soft skin begging to be massaged. The indent of her bra was resting on the front of her chest with two smooth bulges, her cups lifting from her torso as they were carried away by her supple pink nipples.

“W-Wow that stuff works fast...” Stacky moaned softly, her breasts more than tripled in size in such a short time. Gazing at the generous mounds filling her shirt caused a pang of excitement in her core. It spurred the lactation to an unexpected level, startling the blonde.

POP!

POP!

“Eep!” Stacky cried out, two more buttons flying from her blouse. The shirt served more to draw attention to her chest than to cover it, an overflow of shifting pink fabric rising from the

large hole. Such a sudden surge of engorgement made her blush from arousal, the sensations coursing through her chest beginning to drive her wild. On top of this, the soft cotton of her DD bra was pressing into her puffed nipples and teasing her constantly with friction. At this point, Stacky wasn't sure if she or TLink were being tortured more.

Chest inched outwards through the shirt window, Stacky's udders rivaled even the largest of melons with their swollen size. "M-Mmmm..." she groaned, trying her best to maintain composure. If she couldn't control herself, how could she expect her husband to do the same?

"That shirt doesn't look like it can last much longer," he observed, stress lines cutting into her compressed bust. Grinning he asked, "How about I brave the barrage of buttons and help you out?"

Stacky huffed, poking either side of her chest to flaunt their firmness, her bra becoming uncomfortably tight. "You'd like that, wouldn't you? I'll bet you just ca-...*nnngh*...c-can't wait to...*ooooohhh*..." A warmth made its way through her rounding bust as if each cell of her being was tingling with energy. When it concentrated into the front of her breasts, the warmth flooded over her supple nipples.

"AH!" she gasped, looking at the two bulging mounds of her bra pressed into the cami. "T-That came quicker than I-I thought it would!" Her breaths short, Stacky unbuttoned the remainder of her blouse with a multitude of grunting moans.

"Need some help?" TLink offered, stepping forward with twitching fingers.

His hand was slapped away again, Stacky biting her lip to reply, "Uh uh, you still just get to watch..."

Letting her blouse spring open before fluttering off her arms to the floor, the two lovers gazed wide-eyed at the watermelon-sized milk jugs wobbling on Stacky's front. Her bra pulled them into her torso, the band refusing to break as it dug into their sides and caused an incredible amount of flesh to bulge around it.

"O-Oh wow..." Stacky panted, "That stuff wasn't kidding around when it advertised 'heavy lactation'..."

Deftly her fingers gripped the bottom of her cami to bunch it into a roll, stretching it over her chest and allowing it to rest on top of her boobs like a shelf. Swollen so large and still constrained by her bra, Stacky's mammarys were pleading for release from their pressurized confines. The cups of her bra had dark splotches growing in the centers, droplets falling from the underwire. Stacky whimpered softly at every movement stimulating her sensitive nipples, pink areolas beginning to show over the cups like a rising sun.

With expert handling, she pressed an arm across the bra and allowed her free hand to undo the clasp at her back. After a tight snap was heard, her breasts fell into her arm like an avalanche with the bra hanging limply at her front. Making sure to keep her arm pressed into her chest to hide the majority of her leaking nipples from TLink's hungry eyes, Stacky pulled the bra away and held it in front of her for viewing. Milk dripped from the soaked pads, as did tiny streams running over her arm and down the curve of her chest.

"Whoops! Can't be soaking my favorite bra with milk, can I?" Stacky giggled. Stepping close enough to TLink that the flesh swallowing her arm pressing into his chest, she added breathily, "If I had gotten much fuller my nipples would have just popped right out from all the pressure..."

The facial expression on her husband was one of pleading, but also one of pure enjoyment. Even if she wasn't allowing him to fully experience her new-found assets, TLink was still loving every second of the tease.

Stacky sighed, feeling more comfortable and free. "Whew, without that bra holding them prisoner, my udders can fit *a lot* more milk before leaking now. Why don't you go change?" Stacky suggested, bouncing her arm to cause rippling jiggles in her dairy-filled bust, the motion against her nipples driving her crazy. "I-If you hurry, you might make it back in time before your little cow *really* starts to leak. And by then, I don't think I'll be able to milk myself..."

He was off like a shot, almost tripping over a chair on his way through the kitchen. Something about the way he had glanced into his bag was nagging at the back of Stacky's mind. She stretched her increasingly-skimpy top over her chest and using her useless blouse to wipe the milk from her arm. After making sure he was busy in their bedroom, she carefully stooped down to pick it up, minding the milky weight threatening to overpower her already-questionable balance.

"Awww..." she sighed, finding a red box tied in a pink bow. A note on the side read 'To the love of my life; let's make this the biggest Valentine's yet.'

Stacky bit her lip, wondering if she should take the gift. Something caught her senses, a more thorough investigation of the gift with her nose making the decision for her. "*Chocolate!* I think he'll forgive me..."

Taking the box, she sat on the couch and was shocked to feel her chest pushing into her thighs, her lap filled with soft, milk-filled breasts fighting to escape her cami. Nipples like pointer fingers prodded the taut cotton, the raised circles of her areolas smooth and supple.

"After the show I've put on, I *definitely* deserve some chocolate." Pulling the ribbon away with the lid, a small trove of assorted chocolates greeted her hungry eyes. Picking a round one from the top, she popped it into her mouth and moaned at the smooth milk chocolate arousing her taste buds.

"Mmmm! Where did he get these and how have I not heard of the store??" she gasped, plucking another. Its insides were revealed to be a soft pillow of marshmallow that melted on her tongue. Stacky giggled, "I almost feel bad teasing him so much now. If he had led with this chocolate he could have taken me right--"

She stopped, a bubbly tightness spreading over her burgeoning breasts. Their growth felt very different now, the milk heavier and her chest fuller. Lifting her arms to her sides to get a clear view of the cleavage bulging out of her cami, Stacky looked at her rounding udders and said, "H-Huh?"

"Uh-oh." TLink was standing in the doorway with eyes wide, startling Stacky. Slowly, as if asking a troublesome puppy, he inquired, "Stacky, what's in your mouth?"

Glancing away from her chest she looked at him with big apologetic eyes. "I'm sorry! I sniffed them out and just couldn't resist... Did you have something planned? Did I ruin a surprise??"

"N-No that's not it, it's just that those were--"

Stacky looked at him with a confused expression when his words stopped. "They were *wha-aaaahhh!*" Her breasts demanded her attention, Stacky dropping the box of chocolates as her hands flew to their sides. Their growth had been kicked into overdrive, her curves engorging at an incredible rate as they quickly overflowed her thighs and filled onto the couch. The pink

camisole drew over them like a shrinking sports bra, tugging their shapes into heaving ovals. “T-TLink! What was in those things?!”

“They were growth chocolates! After I saw your milk and cookies gift, I decided to save them and overnight a different gift for you!”

“*Growth chocolates?!?*” she moaned, her skin billowing away from her like water balloons on the end of a hose. “O-Ooohhh I’m really blowing up over here... God this is a lot of milk!!”

“Which ones did you eat??” he asked, rushing to the box of spilled sweets.

“J-Just the milk chocolate and...*nnngh*...a-and the marshmallow cream...”

“Each of these are meant for separate sessions of growth!” he said, “One induces heavy lactation and the other causes temporary massive growth!”

Stacky’s eyes opened wide, the mistake becoming clear while her breasts swelled like blimps. Out of surprise, her arms wrapped around the milk-filled beach balls in response to growing pressure. “O-Ooooooohhhhh, T-TLink... I-I think this might be... *uuugh*...” She paused, her hands massaging the quickly rising skin as if trying to calm her breasts.

Her chest audibly gurgled, the camisole blowing stitches against the forces of dairy and chocolate-fueled growth. It drew tight enough its fabric became partially transparent, the engorging nubs of her nipples jutting from their fronts like D batteries. Stacky whimpered pleasurably, her legs growing restless beneath the milky heaps.

An unseen force pushed her back into the couch, her chest wobbling in her arms. Large enough to cover her exposed belly and keep her hands from meeting in the middle, Stacky was straining to see over her bust as her blonde head could just barely be seen over the top of her bubbling cleavage.

Her breaths came out in a rapid panting of nervousness. Intense heated stress was coursing through her ballooning bosom. Feeling her nipples beginning to quiver and puff into firm mounds, Stacky’s cheeks flushed so pinkly they matched her cami and the nipples beneath. “I-I think there’s about to be a lot...*nnngh*...a-a *loooooo*t of milk in these udders!!”

A massive amount of swelling overtook Stacky’s body. Skin crept out of the doomed camisole like rising dough, two mounds squishing into her lap while her cleavage rose to cover her face. The thin straps of the top pulled into the burgeoning jugs, the rapid growth pulling stitches and seams apart with sounds like firecrackers.

“A-Ah! *A-Ahhmmmmmm*...” Stacky’s cries turned to muffled moans, “Ooohhhh...”

TLink backed up, his wife’s body covered by her own breasts. All to be seen of her was a tuft of blonde hair, two legs ending in clenched toes, and two flailing hands rubbing the firm skin of her monstrous bust. The camisole was fighting a losing battle of modesty, more skin visible than what was covered. It’s cotton fabric out of stretch, it only served to elongate her tits into bulging ovals.

SHRIPP!

A hole opened down her side, more following its example. Stacky’s last bit of clothing was failing, muffled moans of ecstasy emanating from the cleavage like a woman lost in a canyon. Just when TLink was sure the sight couldn’t become any more beautiful, Stacky’s fist-sized nipples trembled against the camisole.

“O-Ooooooohhhh it’s coming!!” Stacky cried out loudly, her chest beginning to leak its creamy contents. Large wet spots spread wide and dark over the fabric, becoming as big as

dinner plates before becoming too saturated and milk flowed down the front of her shirt in warm streams.

Another seam giving itself up to the cause rang loudly. Stacky's hands clawed at the drum-like fabric, TLink taking an additional step back. He knew those determined fingers all too well.

SSHHHHRRRIIP!!!

The lactating blonde tore her camisole at the seams with a force of passion fueled by dairy-madness. A wave of heaving mammary flowed forward in a great escape to reveal her once-hidden face, flushed red while hair stuck to her cheeks from the heat of her engulfing cleavage.

"Ahhh... That is *soooo* much bett--*Ahhh!*"

Free to return to their natural shapes, Stacky's breasts became full and round, overflowing her knees before their massive weight yanked her from the couch. They fell to the floor with quakes shaking their surfaces, Stacky falling on top of them like two water-filled yoga balls. It was at that moment she realized just how enormous her DD breasts had come to swell. Able to support her weight, Stacky knelt on the ground with her arms stretched over her chest in surprise. Out of sight, her nipples pointed across the room near the floor.

"H-Holy..." she stammered, eyes wide and breath short. "L-Look how *big* I am!!" The sight of her skin appearing like two mountains in front of her made her heart race with temptation. However, despite their mammoth size, they continued to bloat outwards. "T-That potion was only supposed to make me as big beach balls!" she gasped. A flash of anger shot from her eyes, a scowl fired at TLink. "Just how big were you planning on making me with those chocolates?!"

TLink averted his eyes and waved his hands. "Well, it depends on your definition of 'big'. I mean, remember that time you blew out a wall on the first floor of our house a few years back? I mean, compared to--"

Stacky's eyes narrowed to slits, her torso rising slowly as her breasts lifted her higher. "TLink; *how big?*"

Unable to dance around the question any longer, he muttered, "The clerk mayyyy have said the milk chocolate was good for around...fifty gallons of milk or so and--"

"*Fifty gallons?!*" she cried, staring at her chest below her.

"--And the marshmallow cream was supposed to cause enough swelling for...well..." he motioned at the breasts wider than their kitchen table, "A little bigger than that."

Stacky's face grew pale. "S-So they're not even as big as one chocolate was supposed to make me. And I'm supposed to add fifty gallons of milk to those now??" As if on queue, a puddle of milk was beginning to form around her chest, Stacky's nipples leaking like hoses.

"Listen! It's not my fault you decided to go sniffing around my magically enhanced sweets! You weren't supposed to eat them *ALL* tonight!" TLink pulled out his phone and quickly dialed a number, "I'll call the store and see if there's anything we can--"

"TLink," Stacky said firmly.

Looking past his phone, expecting to see her usual expression when inflated against her better judgment, he instead saw a sly grin. "I'm not mad... I-I--*Mmmm...*" She paused to groan, a pulse of growth taking her a few inches higher. "That explains why they feel so...*full.*"

TLink dropped his phone when she placed her head on her chest and began massaging each hand, her eyes closed with a face like a content kitten.

“Oh, TLiiiiink...” she cooed, a gurgle bubbling inside her bust. Eyes fluttering open and her head turned to the side while resting on her chest, she wiggled her rear tantalizingly. “I’m *awfully* full of milk...” Pressing down with her hands, she released a gush of fluid in front of her, the rush making her giggle with joy. “I think your dairy cow is almost ready to be milked...”

Questioning if this was an elaborate trap, TLink decided to take his chances. Thirst overpowered him and he stooped down in front of Stacky between her cleavage. Grabbing her nipples with each hand, he leaned in to kiss her lovingly. The sentiment was returned wholeheartedly until she cried out with joy, TLink squeezing her palm-filling nipples to release a torrent of dairy.

“MmmmmmmmmmmMMOOO!!!” she bellowed, the rush of her breasts releasing their pressure making her sweat and gasp loudly. It wasn’t a visage she was proud to display, but the enthralling pleasure Stacky felt from her engorged chest was mind-numbing.

TLink’s grip tightened to milk her again but she panted softly, “W-W-Wait... H-Hold on a...a minute...”

He stopped, looking at her with concern. “What is it?”

The tiny grin spreading between her blushing cheeks was filled to the brim with want. “Why don’t you feed me a little first?” A blank expression crossed TLink’s face. Though after following Stacky’s eyes, glistening with need and pleading silently, he saw them fall on the box of uneaten chocolates.

Disbelief filled his face, his wife’s breasts each like a giant bean bag and tall enough to reach his hips. “Are you sure? You’re already so--”

“Mhm!” she nodded, biting her lower lip. Her eyes looked as if they were fighting to stay open as she sprawled across her chest. “Moooooo...” she sighed sweetly wiggling her butt again, knowing it would push him over the edge.

TLink’s smile was almost as wide as his wife’s chest. Grabbing the box of chocolates, he picked a flat one with a pink dollop on top. Stacky’s mouth opened when he held it up, her soft lips eagerly eating the morsel.



“MMMMMM...” she groaned, swallowing the treat. It looked as if she started to have a hot flash, her breathing becoming fast, loud and steamy. “W-What was...mmmm...that one?”

His grin refusing to disappear, TLink informed her, “A Puffy Nipple.”

“*Aaaggh...!*” Stacky grunted, burying her head into her cleavage as he rubbed her nipples. It felt as though they had magnified their sensitivity, shaking and quivering on her mammarys. Expanding and contracting sensations filling the pink soup can-sized girths, her areolas swelling with need. They burned in TLink’s firm, massaging hands like time bombs.

“Gimme...a-another...” she asked, licking her lips before opening her mouth in wait. “I want to ge--*AHH!! M-M-MOOO!!!*” She cried when he squeezed her nipples again, feeling like an overdue dairy cow as her hands dug into her chest. Each nipple tensed in his hands, bloating firm and thick as milk gushed through them and pleasure coursed through Stacky. Hardly able to breathe she pleaded, “D-Don’t do that... They’re *so* sensitive... I-I feel like...I couldn’t handle it! I need to be b-bigger. I want...m-more...*nnngggh mooooo...milk.*” Again she opened her mouth, begging for another onslaught of growth.

Only one chocolate remained in the box. Picking it up, TLink felt that it was dense and heavy, its size roughly twice that of the others. “You asked for it,” he grinned, holding it to her lips.

She had to open her mouth wide to fit the sweet, closing it promptly to release a gush of chocolate filling once she bit into it. Body tingling as if in warning, Stacky began to take short, quick breaths and stare at her shaking chest below her and the light jiggles forming from her hyperventilation. “W-W-What was that one...?” she asked almost with concern, messed hair falling into her face. “I feel...feel so warm...”

A grumble sounded through her bust and TLink chuckled, “That one was called Udderly Milky.”

It looked as though Stacky was about to say something, but instead, her eyes bulged wide in shock from the growl emanating from her belly. A tremendous pressure traveled through her chest, puffing her frisbee-sized areolas into pink, rounded domes that swirled with fluid.

“*A-Ah!! Ahhhh!!*” Stacky cried out, her nipples alive with sensation and want. They throbbed in her husband’s hands, his grasp twisting and pulling to allow streams of lactation to escape. “Moo!” she bellowed wildly, “*M-MOOO!!!*” It didn’t appear that she was playing a role anymore, the final chocolate and flood of milk inside of her having an unexpected effect, although one TLink was happy to witness.

Despite her now-constant release, her breasts were engorging rapidly. Gallon upon gallon of dairy rushed into the blonde. Their sides billowed away from and under her body, Stacky shivering as they rubbed against her tummy. Within seconds her legs straightened out before her toes completely left the ground, Stacky’s form supported five feet in the air. TLink toppled backward when her cleavage shot towards him. In her growing size, her nipples were yanked from his hands and pulled underneath her chest, pinned against the floor.

“*Mmmmm, O-OOHH!!*” she cried, rising higher into the air and unable to see below, “I-I’m not leaking anymore!! There’s...*nnngh...s-so much MILK* inside of me!! God, I feel like a *COW!* How much milk can these udders hold?!”

Crawling backward, TLink could only gaze at the towering mountain of cleavage rising higher toward the ceiling. Stacky’s blonde hair was just visible between her personal canyon, skin smooth and firm to the touch.

“H-How big...am I going to get?!” she yelled. “I-I... Mmmmmm *moooo*...” Stacky’s animalistic sounds were growing increasingly hot and pleased, drawn out in loud groans.

Nearby furniture was being displaced and tipped over from her bloating bosom threatening to engulf everything in its path. She sloshed and gurgled with milk, her udders becoming like two gurgling milk tanks. The wall pressed into TLink’s back, no room left to escape as Stacky’s breasts swelled towards him.

“T-TLink! The ceiling...i-is getting...kinda cloooooe!” she panted from atop her perch.

The space available was shrinking fast, walls of flesh closing in on either side. Before he could react, TLink found himself trapped between her breasts and the wall. Her skin trembled and shook around him, full and begging to overflow with rich, creamy milk.

“*Hah... Hah...*” Stacky breathed above him, the heat of her cleavage like an oven. Pleasure was wracking her mind from the intense growth. “I-I’m...*moooooo*...running out o-of room...!”

Just a TLink feared he was about to hear the sounds of cracking walls, Stacky’s growth slowed. Although her cleavage pulsed and massaged around him, her skin had ceased its stretching as the chocolates ran their course. Soft pants and gasps could be heard, and his movement to find their source elicited cries of excitement.

Popping out of the top of her cleavage, TLink freed himself into the open air, only a few feet to spare between them and the ceiling. Stacky lay across the sea of tits, her face labored and flushed.

“T-That was...” she tried to say but was too out of breath to finish.

TLink chuckled, leaning in to plant a kiss on her waiting lips. “Full enough for you?”

Stacky giggled a world-jiggling laugh, wrapping an arm around TLink’s neck to pull him into her chest and close to her rapidly beating heart. A smile filled her face and she cooed, “Mmmmmmmmmmooooo... I think this heifer is ready for her Valentine’s milking now.”

