

Jungle Dairy Part 1

Contains BE and lactation

Dust clouded Theo's head as she brushed centuries of dirt away. The jungle excavation site had been her home for the past several days, and it would be several more until her colleagues could join her. One small airport mishap and suddenly their entire expectation had been thrown into disarray. Theo could still hardly believe their misfortune.

She huffed and continued on her diligent excavation of the Temple of Kalauna. Thus far she'd only managed to unearth bits of pottery or tools. Nothing of real value or particularly groundbreaking.

"Wait a second..."

A flash of dull green glinted through the dirt. Theo's heart jumped. Brushing with renewed vigor, she removed dust until she gazed upon a relic previously thought to be only legend.

It was a pair of small circular domes roughly the size and shape of small sand dollars. The tops, smoothed and polished, displayed ornate runes carved in an inward-falling design. Their bottoms were slightly concave with just enough space to hold a small amount of water.

Theo's hands trembled when she reached for the relics. They were pleasant to the touch as if giving off a gentle electric energy. Her thumbs rubbed across the runes and sweat ran down her back in excitement.

"These are... I-It's the high priestess's nipple cups..."

She stared at them, hypnotized by the find. Not much was known about the long-extinct jungle civilization, nor what they believed. Recent translations suggested they worshiped a goddess of fertility and nourishment, who blessed her female followers with exceedingly large breasts. The priestesses were said to have the ability to control their own size, commanding their breasts to grow with an unnatural fervor and deliver the goddess Kalauna's milk to her people.

The nipple cups were the key: a tool used by the priestesses to attain their development. Of course, no academic took the translations as fact. The tales of rivers of milk and ever-swelling women were assumed to be part of their creation myth. This didn't stop some archeologists from daydreaming, however. Especially Theo.

She sat in silence with the treasure in hand. Only the jungle and its many sounds accompanied her.

"No one would know..." She gulped and felt her body growing hot with temptation. *"No one else will be here for days... I could just...try them on..."*

Buttons opened under her fingers. Theo barely had time to process the decision before she was baring her chest to the jungle. A white bra cradled her C-cup breasts to create a modest amount of cleavage, hefting them up and out of her flaring shirt.

"Just real quick. Real quick and then I'll take them back to camp for storage."

Blood rushed through her ears as Theo slipped her shirt off and unclasped her bra. Hardened nipples prodded the humid air. She may not have wanted to admit it to even herself, but her body would not let her deny her buried desire for her breasts to grow.

The nipple cups hovered in front of her mounds. Theo breathed, her hands not wanting to move.

“Just for a second. A few minutes. J-Just enough to know... If nothing happens, fine. But if I...” She swallowed and saw color blush her chest. *“B-But if I grow... To even a D or an E cup...”*

The time for debate was over. She brought the cups to her breasts. Their energy entered her pillowy softness upon contact and her skin dove into the concave emptiness.

“Mmnggh!!”

She squeaked, feeling as though her breasts had been sucked into the small disks and her nipples tugged and twisted. She expected herself to shiver, but the cups were soothing and warm over her chest.

Theo’s hands fell. She looked down, staring at the jade-green jewelry latched over her areolas. There appeared to be far more flesh pulled within them than what they could fit. Time passed. Her heart pulsed with her quick breaths. After some time, hope left her in droves. Theo slumped with a sigh and motioned to remove the treasure.

“I must look ridiculous right now... Wearing an ancient priestess’s pasties in the middle of the jungle. I could lose my license for--ahh!!!”

Her breasts jolted and tensed. Energy tingled across her nipples. Awash in a sudden wave of heat, Theo clenched her hands and endured what felt like a dozen hands caressing each nipple.

“W...Wha-- What’s--MMNGH!!!”

Ka-shing!!

Light flashed and curtained Theo’s face. She blinked against the brightness and tried to catch her heated breath.

Cling...!

Cling...!

A thin golden chain swayed from the two cups, connecting them at their centers and draping in front of her chest. It had appeared from nowhere and glimmered with an unearthly presence.

“What the hell??”

Panic was quick to overwhelm her arousal. Fingers grasped the cups, trying to pull them free. Instead her breasts pulled and stretched with them as if glued inside. Her nails could find no purchase along the edges.

“Why won’t they come off?!” They had latched. Her skin refused to part with the smooth stone surface. *“WHY WON’T THEY--GAAHHH!!!”*

Stimulation erupted around her nipples. Intense pulling and kneading attacked her nipples as if the cups had turned into vacuums over her breasts. It was enough to make them swell with anticipation, bringing her inner curves together in gentle cleavage.

Strrrrrtch

“Mmgh... They’re... W-What are they doing to me...?? I feel like...I’m...”

Theo couldn’t catch her breath. Staring down at her rapidly rising and falling bust, she watched her curves plump with new weight. Flesh swelled from her torso in constant growth at a speed enough to leave her several cups larger within moments.

“I’m growing?!” Theo’s eyes brightened at the heavy G-cups pulling at her shoulders. Constant stimulation of her nipples left them sore but aching for more. A smile cracked her cheeks. *“My chest is GROWING!! Hoooooooly crap!! Look at me!!”*

Flesh filled her grasp. More than enough to overflow her hands, Theo hefted her breasts with welling pride and admiration.

Strrrrrrtch

Lust made her eyes shimmer. Pillowy softness dominated her torso as she came to hug her new assets. Curves bulged up to her collarbones and around her arms, rivaling basketballs in size. Still the cups poured energy into her nipples like ravenous mouths thirsty for any drop of fluid.

“I’m going to have some explaining to do with these things!!” Theo looked at her discarded shirt and bra and realized just how small they were for a woman of her new figure. She’d grown larger than she thought possible. They were heavy and cumbersome, almost reaching her lap with fattening drop-shaped masses. *“No WAY my team is going to believe me when they arrive! I’m might have to walk around topless and--”*

Guuurrrrrrrrrgle

She winced at a striking sensation shooting through her chest. Fullness overcame them as if she were bloated after a large meal. Seeing light veins rise across her skin as their shapes began to fill and round, a sense of logic returned.

“Nngh, o-ook, I think you two...have grown enough!”

Guuurrrrrrrrrgle

The sound came again, louder now as her breasts outgrew her arms like heavy fluid-filled beach balls. *“Ah!! Ok! That’s enough!! That’s plenty big!! I really need to get these things--”*

She grabbed the cups. They still wouldn’t budge.

“--o-off?”

GUUUURRRRRGLE!!

“MNNNGHH!!” Theo shuddered, sinking her hands deep into her chest. Heat raged within them. Pressure rose to make them pulse and throb. Sweating and panting for air, Theo breathed deep before freezing in terror at an unmistakable scent.

“Is that...MILK?!”

It rose from her cleavage like perfume. Permeating the air, the scent of sweet dairy came from every inch of her bust. She stared in confused terror at her lap-filling breasts as her nipples screamed against the mystery suction of the cups.

GUUURRRRGLE!!!

“Gaahh!!! Fuck!! Nnnnghhhh fuck!! These things...are making me fill with milk!!”

She looked around knowing no one would come to her aid; help was days away. She needed to do something within the next few minutes. Pressure was rising, pushing her mammarys larger and more bloated by the second. Already they covered her legs. Giving the cups one final tug, a decision was made.

“I-I need to break these damn things!! Before I--”

GUUURRRRGLE!!

Theo whimpered and felt herself round out. *“B-Before I get too full!!!”*

Dairy sloshed when she rose to shaking legs. Flesh sloped from her shoulders before ending at her mid-thighs. With enough volume to fill two barrels, Theo gathered what she could and turned toward camp where the tools to break the cups were waiting.

“O-Oh no.”

A hill stared back. The temple was situated at the bottom of a bowl. Theo’s heart sank upon seeing the stairs she would have to climb with so many gallons pumped into her breasts.

“Haaahhhh... Haahhhh, come on...!” she gasped, taking step after step. Her knees sank into the backs of her breasts, causing them to jolt and bounce. Their contents sloshed each time as if to remind her of the dramatic load she was carrying. By the time she reached the top of the incline, sweat was pouring down her face and cleavage. Her hands nearly lost their grip of her chest. Even cradling what she could, their underbellies were rubbing halfway down her shins.

“Fuck... Fuck, they’re growing too fast!! I... How am I supposed to make it back to camp?!”

It was close. Within eyesight. She’d set up in the heart of the village, only a hundred yards from the temple. Theo knew there was no time to catch her breath. Inches were being added to her bust by the minute and the weight of her milk was crushing.

GUUURRRRRRGLE!!

“Mnnnghhhh oh please!! Please slow down!! Slow down at least!!! Stop making milk!! I--” She flailed her arms to gather more flesh and hold it aloft, squeezing it into her face and neck. *“I can’t take much more!!!”*

Her nipples felt as large as apples. Impossibly large given the size of the discs locked over them. Angry milk churned loud enough to drown out Theo’s gasps for air. Delicate light-blue veins raced into her cleavage like rivers. Against her palms, skin vibrated and shifted in growth.

Sweat stung her eyes when she came upon camp. Feeling the bottoms of her chest rub across the jungle floor made her heart skip a beat.

“Hurry!!! I have...nnggh!!...to hurry!!”

Her toes kicked them now, sending echoing waves through their bulk. The shade of an equipment tent cast itself over her as she inched into its shelter. Relief was almost here. Relief from the demonic discs attacking her nipples like starving black holes.

GUUUURRRRRRGLE!!!!

“MMMM!!! Wait!! Wait wait wait!!! I’m--”

BWOOMP!!!

They pulled her to the floor. Theo moaned in breathless lust at the collision, falling into her breasts as if they were a bed. They could be moved no more. Even holding what she could, their bottoms were dragging over the ground.

“Hahhh... I made it... I made it...!” she grinned weakly, seeing a table of tools to one side.

Her skin pulled when she reached, managing to take hold of a hammer. Destroying the artifacts would be a crime against history but it had to be done. She couldn’t take any more milk. Dairy beat against her skin as if she were a boiler reaching its limit.

“Just break them!! Break them off and then all the milk will come out!!” She reached forward. *“Just break the damn things and--”*

Theo’s heart fell to her stomach. Her hand groped and felt around, finding only smooth milk-laden skin.

“Where are they?! WHERE ARE THEY?!”

She leaned forward, sinking her full weight into her cleavage to make her chest bulge wildly around her and the tent.

“WHERE ARE MY NIPPLES?!”

The reality of the situation set in.

GUUUURRRRRRGLE!!!!

Cleavage puffed higher. Dropping the hammer and whimpering helplessly, Theo realized her bed-sized breasts had put her nipples, and the discs, far out of reach.

To be continued