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2,462 words.

<Milky>

by <Growing Desires>



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Thank you for reading this story and supporting my work. This story was part of a giveaway to celebrate the 2 year anniversary of my page. The winner wanted to see a BE and Lactation focused story.

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Thank you for two wonderful years

-Growing Desires

My wife was a wonderful woman, the mother of my two children, a hard worker and my best friend. She breastfed them both and has been struggling to wean them off, mostly because of her insane production of milk. Emma was a thin woman, she and I worked out before the kids and whilst we did our best to keep up with the gym, life found a way to get in our way. A bit plusher and many years later she was slim rather than toned, as was I. Her slim body meant she had small boobs, it wasn't a deal breaker for me, but I always wished she had more. Once she fell pregnant with our first, she started to grow.

Her body was preparing to look after a child after all.

As the months flew by, her breasts grew. From her flat As, she was a C cup, her big round belly filled with our daughter and her milk laden tits were fit to burst. The midwife said she was a hyper producer, a lactation queen. My wife described it as being a cow.

She was amazing, looking after our baby, she was great. I was surprised with how much milk she was producing. We had a healthy sex life until the birth, I wasn't really allowed to play with her boobs as we approached the end of the third trimester, her tits were "too sensitive" she would say. It was hard to argue, the size change and the fit to bursting breasts certainly looked sensitive.

She was producing so much that she had spare left over, she donated a bunch to a local hospital, and she continued to pump. Once she was cleared to have sex again, her hormones were off the charts.

They did say that didn't they, after you give birth, your hormones rebalance but that usually women's sex drives go through the roof. That was the case with Emma. She had spent the last six weeks looking after our daughter, milking and exercising in the gym. Her body returned to normal rather quickly, and once I got back from work that day after her six-week appointment we were at it. Thankfully the baby was a heavy sleeper.

Soon we were expecting the second baby and like her first pregnancy she had grown again. Her Cs were boarding Es. They looked so taut and swollen all the time. The milk factories on her chest were always working overtime. She was pumping so much that her tits would almost have two cup sizes between empty and full. The effect was rather drastic and, admittedly, arousing.

That was years ago now and the kids were approaching their 3rd and 4th birthday, and Emma was struggling to wean them off the breast. Her milk production was too high and as a result she continued to provide them with milk, despite midwives suggesting they shouldn't be on it anymore. It was coming up to our fifth wedding anniversary and Emma had enlisted her mother to help look after the kids whilst we went away for the anniversary. It was a double win, we get away without the kids and they can go cold turkey, hopefully allowing Emma to stop her lactation.

That is where we are now. Sitting on the bed of the lodge we've booked, Emma walks in and stands before me in her lingerie. She wanted to waste no time, she wanted to enjoy our time alone to the fullest. I couldn't help but notice her boobs were straining the lacy bra.

Didn't I only get that for her last month for her birthday?

I dismissed the thought when I found her tits wrapped around my face. My hands rubbed and roamed her body, and she slid my cock into her before bouncing on top of my torso. My eyes were glued to her big boobs, bouncing and slapping against each other, little dribbles of milk leaking out. I leaned forward and placed a timid tongue against the trail of milk from her nipple and licked my tongue towards her nipple.

I had never done this before, I had tasted her milk in a non-sexual way but since having the kids, her nipples have been off limits. The sensitivity and the constant pumping meant that she hated it. I must admit, I did miss them.

My tongue flicked her nub, and I was rewarded with a slow stream of milk.

She must be full.

I looked at her face as she slowed down her bouncing, looking at me. I wrapped my lips around her nipples and started to lick and suck. An explosion of milk filled my mouth, and I heard her moans fill the room. I gyrated my hips, it jump started her bouncing once again, my lips not leaving her nipples, I sucked and drank into the early hours of the night, she came countless times, I thankfully held off to enjoy the whole night. Once I finally came inside of her, she sprawled out next to me, panting.

“That was amazing...” She gasped. “Why did we never do that before...”

We fell into a slumber, and I awoke to her shrieking in the bathroom. I groggily jumped out of bed and rushed in after her.

“Babe? Everything Okay?”

Emma turned slowly and I saw why she had gasped. Her tits were huge. Boarding an E was quite a few steps behind us now. She was more like an H cup, her boobs looked swollen and almost had a reddish hue to them.

“They... They are so full...”

I walked over to her and lifted a caring hand to her stretched skin, and she gasped from the lightest of touches. When my finger pressed into her swollen orbs, I had started a steady stream of milk to leak from them. Like water pistols, she fired milk from her nipples.

“I... I need release...” She moaned.

“Are you sure that is a good idea? I thought we were trying to stop the milk.”

She wrapped her hand around the back of my neck and pulled me into her embrace.

“Drink. Now.” She barked. “Before I burst.”

I did as I was told, swallowing untold amounts of her thick milk, it was sweet and filling. The same as last night, the sensation was arousing us both. I picked her up and carried her into the shower, in part so that she didn't get milk everywhere and also so that we could use the wall as support so I could fuck her senseless.

We finished our romp and her boobs had shrunk, but not much. Maybe a cup size at most, not as much as she had grown. Despite me draining her, they were still hefty Gs.

Cleaning up, exhausted and overworked from the vigorous sex we had, we went out to grab breakfast. Thanks to her growth, Emma was unable to contain her girls in any of her bras, she opted for the loosest sports bra she had, it held her girls fairly firm but without any sort of wiring, it just relied on the compression to contain her growing girls.

We went to a local diner and sitting opposite my wife, it was clear to see that she was struggling with her boobs.

“We need to do something...” I said, putting the care of my wife at the forefront of the conversation.

“I know... But even now... They are getting fuller... I can feel it.” Emma whispered under her breath; she was struggling to get her words out from the discomfort.

“Maybe we should go to the hospital.” I suggested.

“No, let me just...” She got up and rushed to the toilet before I could say anything more.

It wasn't long but she returned, and I noticed a spring in her step, her face was beaming, and I then saw another reason why that might be the case. Her bra was now off, it was easy to tell, mostly from the vast jiggling she was doing now.

I stared and she noticed. Emma paused and shook her tits from side to side, I gawked and watched a small wet patch form over her nipples.

“Ooops...” She winked. “Don't have too much food... you're going to need room for dessert.”

Emma ordered a mountain of breakfast food; I had never seen her order anything even close to that. It looked like one of those eating challenges. With an incredible pace she started to scoff down the food. Forkful after forkful she stuffed her face.

“I'm just... so hungry...” She rubbed the top of her bloated boob through her top. “Must be the milk...”

Somehow, she cleared the whole thing, she stood up triumphantly and I gawked at the

bulging stomach she was now sporting.

She almost looked pregnant...

Emma cradled her food baby and winked at me.

“Time to go...”

It was the fastest we had ever eaten food, we raced back to the lodge, her hands were all over me in the car ride. She knew that I was enjoying her growth.

“Oh... I’m so full... They’re getting so big... Hurry... Before I burst...”

She was making me turn feral, that coupled with her teasing fingers on my cock. I was shocked I didn’t cum in the car.

We got through the door, and she pulled her damp top over her head and stood there for a second, revealing her chest to me. I hadn’t noticed quite the extent of the changes, but her tits had ballooned. A G cup would be far too small for her now, her Ms would need specialist fitting when we got back home. For now, I just gawked at them.

They sat heavily on her bloated torso, like giant balloons, filled with milk. I reached forward and placed my hands either side of her tits and hefted them towards her chin. Her whole body moved with the motion, nearly falling backwards, she let out a lust filled gasp and stared at me.

“I think you need to drain them again...”

I latched on and Emma thrust her boob into my face, the flesh billowing around my face and consuming my whole head. I couldn’t see, I could barely breathe even, but I was in heaven. My hands reached for her body, and I felt her stomach, it was still packed tightly from all the food, but I could even tell already it was getting smaller, meanwhile her tits seemed to be bigger than ever.

I sucked and licked her nipple and revelled in the noises that she was letting out, her hand had found its way to my cock, and she was stroking my raging erection. I drained one boob and then moved onto the second, clearing it I felt full. I laid down on the bed and my still rigid rod was still being stroked by her delicate hand.

“Well done... They feel... Much better now...” Without any warning she dropped her boobs on my lap and my cock was dwarfed by the magnitude of them.

Fuck...

Emma must've been able to see the arousal in my face, she smirked.

"Do you like that? My huge boobs covering your lap?" She started. "Just think how big they are now. They feel amazing... I can feel them filling already..." She moaned, mashing her tits together around my cock.

I instinctively started to thrust and gyrate.

"I can feel how hard you are... How much you want to cum... For these?" Emma leaned closer to her cleavage before separating her melons and I could barely make out my tip. She leaned into her boob valley and kissed the end of my cock. That is all it took to make me explode; Emma swallowed it all.

I was spent and panting on the bed. We wrapped up in each other's embrace and I felt myself nod off, with my head on her boobs. I swear I could feel them filling again.

I woke up to the smell of bacon in the air, I got up from my nap and realised that it was still daytime, barely. The evening was quickly approaching, I had slept away most of the day. The same cannot be said for Emma, who must've been frying up some bacon.

I looked down and noticed my stomach was rather bloated. It made me think about the amount of milk I had consumed. It honestly turned me on, thinking about draining my wife's gigantic breasts. I rubbed my belly and walked towards the kitchen of the lodge.

Standing there at the cooker was Emma. Whilst I had been sleeping, Emma had been growing. A lot.

Her belly was stuffed, she looked like she was in the final stages of pregnancy, I could tell she had been eating a lot not only from the size of her gut but by the amount of food packaging there was on the table.

Yet.

That wasn't the most drastic part.

Her boobs.

Emma had to remain topless, standing in the kitchen I stared in awe as her boobs were

bigger than her stomach. Each was boarding the size of beach balls, each swollen and taut. The veins were deep and very visible on the surface of her tits.

Emma turned to me, and I watched how her whole body shook and jiggled, milk leaking from her thick nipples as she did so, pooling beneath her.

“You’re finally awake... I think it’s time to milk me again...”

My jaw went slack, and I stared at my hugely swollen wife. Before I could respond I watched in real time as her stomach started to churn and deflate, as that happened, I saw her boobs start to spread wider on her body. It was like she was being pumped up.

“Ohh!” She moaned, her legs trembling.

Bigger and bigger still, her breasts filled with milk. Emma needed to use her hands to stabilise herself. It was brief but still pretty drastic, her tits looked ready to pop.

“Another growth spurt...” Emma patted the side of her right boob. “You better get to work, unless you want me to burst.”

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