

Milky Situation

by Cerine Hero

Zaress stood on the stool, reaching up high and putting the box back on top of the highest shelf. It was hard being the tallest person on staff. And strongest, so she got picked to put the heavy things back up in their high places. She had been working at the cell phone boutique for a few months, and she'd already fallen into her usual role as the "big girl." All the physically-demanding jobs fell on her, unless someone felt like they had something to prove. If they wanted to, she let them. She didn't want to be in the back, putting hundred-pound boxes of broken phone parts into storage. She didn't want to be in the front, either, for that matter, but at least that was her actual job.

The drake pushed the box into place and then wiped the dust off her tan-skinned hands. She hopped off the stool and then stretched her back just for a quick second. Her supervisor peeked into the back room and, of course, saw her standing around.

"Zaress, I need you out front," the quail said. "There's a customer with a busted phone."

"Alright," she muttered, closing her eyes and finishing her stretch.

"Now."

She let out a slow sigh and started walking, squeezing her way past her much smaller supervisor. He barely came up to her elbows. The front of the shop was designed with a modern, open aesthetic, especially since there wasn't a lot of actual product for a phone boutique to sell. A couple display stands showed off the newest models. The centerpiece of the store was a plant! Zaress spotted the customer who wanted help at the service desk and adjusted her uniform. Her white button-down shirt was snug around her hearty figure and she wore dark slacks held up with a glossy belt. She smoothed down her tie and walked over to the back side of the desk.

"Hello," she said, her smile not quite meeting her eyes, "how can I help you?"

The wolf at the desk had been daydreaming with his gaze out the window when she approached. He was spooked a little and turned to face Zaress, looking up at her – and up further still. Comfortably over six feet tall, Zaress was used to seeing shocked faces. The coyote didn't keep his gaze up high for long. His eyes slipped down and brazenly focused on the drake's full chest. She sighed and ran a hand through her hair. Shifting her weight onto the other foot, she started to idly clap hands together. When the message didn't get across, she *cracked* her palms together sharply and woke the wolf out of his hypnosis. There were a few other stares from her coworkers and the other customers.

"Uh... I... yes?" the wolf asked, putting one paw on the edge of the counter and acting nonchalant.

"How can I help you today, *sir*?" Zaress repeated, smiling with all her teeth now.

The wolf reached into his pocket and produced a phone. Why yes, it *was* broken. The screen looked ready to fall off, possibly into a few pieces. "So I, uh, dropped it. Is it still under warranty?"

Zaress took the phone, turned it over, and set it down on the counter. She took the wolf's information and plugged it into the computer, confirming that the phone was, in fact, under warranty. The drake blew her breath through her nose and typed 'large object crushing damage' on the claim section of the form, since simply dropping it wasn't enough for the warranty. The ground was a large object, after all.

"Alright, you hang on to that," she told him, pushing the wreckage of a phone back over to his side of the counter. "I'll go see if we have any more of those models in the back and then we'll get your data transferred."

Zaress headed to the rear of the store again, reaching for the doorknob to open the door. But the door swung open right before she reached it, and she didn't stop in time before the edge of the door swept right in front of her. It almost missed, but instead simply missing, it did far worse. The corner of the door, as bad luck would have it, caught the drake right on the front of her breast, scraping across her nipple despite her layers of clothing, and sharp pain exploded in her brain. She instinctively clutched

her bicep and forearm around her boob and staggered to the side, leaning against the wall to keep her balance. Her coworker, standing awkwardly in the doorway, looked at her with concern.

“Oh, God, I’m sorry!” he squealed, holding out one paw awkwardly as if he was unsure if he should touch her. “Are you alright?”

She had to breathe in really deep before she could speak. “I’m fine,” Zaress grumbled, pressing her forehead to the wall. Mingling with the sharp aches of pain was a familiar, itchy tingling in her breasts. She knew what that meant, and she wasn’t happy about it at all.

“Are you sure? I could-”

“I scratched my tit. Go away.”

“O-oh... alright.”

Once he was gone, Zaress pushed herself off the wall and slipped into the back of the store, making damn sure to open the door far enough and avoid any more accidents with her large chest. She could still feel it; that tingling sensitivity in her breasts was building in intensity by the second. Her nipples stiffened and rubbed against the cups of her bra.

It was way too easy for this to happen.

Zaress slipped into the women’s bathroom and pushed the door shut behind her. She stepped up to the mirror and gripped her claws around the porcelain sink. Her shirt was tightening even more, and her bra was fitting uncomfortably around her bust. Sighing, Zaress reached up and unclipped her tie from her collar, tossing it into the sink. She started unbuttoning her top, her breasts popping out further towards freedom with every button.

The drake was well-endowed, for sure; it ran in her family. Most of the time she had no complaints. Her breasts were part of her identity, and they complimented her muscular frame well, too. The weight never bothered her, though they were obnoxiously in her way almost all the time. She’d learned to work around them.

But this was irritating. Because of her species’ peculiar genetics, it didn’t take much for her breasts to get set off – today or any day, or anywhere. Zaress looked at her reflection as she slipped her shirt off her shoulders. Her black bra was overflowing with breast flesh as they became bloated. She tossed her shirt over the wall of the stall beside her and reached back to unhook her bra before she got *too* big.

The cups slipped off her chest and she sighed in relief as her firm breasts rest naturally, or as naturally as they were going to as they became engorged with milk. “This isn’t going back on,” the drake growled as she folded up her bra around the underwire and tucked it into her pocket. She leaned over the sink again, feeling the heavy weight of her bust, and she gently massaged her thumb across her left nipple. The ache from the door whacking her breast was still sharp and throbbing – and the swelling was not making that any better.

She soothed away the worst of the throbbing, but she still had to deal with the rest. Her breasts were still bloating, and droplets of milk gathered on her stiff nipples before running in streams down the curve of her boobs. Drips fell into the sink, getting her tie wet. She pressed a probing finger into the side of her right breast and the tension under her skin flared. A thread-thin stream of milk squirted from her nipple and splattered against the mirror. Milk ran down the glass in streaks. Zaress groaned and leaned her head forward, her brown hair falling over her face.

The bathroom door opened behind her and she bunched her brown-scaled shoulders in irritation as one of her coworkers walked in. Zaress cupped her hands around her breasts to cover them and glared at her coworker in the mirror.

“Oh... I’ll come back in a minute, yeah?”

She left and Zaress lowered her hands. She couldn’t do anything about this right now. Grabbing some paper towels, the drake gingerly cleaned the milk off her breasts and her stomach. She was careful to avoid her over-sensitive nipples or applying any pressure, both because it would hurt like hell and she didn’t want to make matters worse. The milk was already dribbling in constant streams, but it

could always be worse.

Zaress grabbed her shirt from the stall and pulled it over her shoulders. She left it untucked from her pants as she buttoned it up, getting only halfway before her massive, swollen bust got in the way. Folding up a couple paper towels, she held them against the front of her breasts until they got wet and stuck and could hold back the tide for a few minutes.

Slipping her tie into her other pocket, Zaress gave herself a once-over in the mirror and straightened her hair. A mile of cleavage stared her in the face from under her half-open shirt. Now she had to go back out there and find her supervisor. Breathing deep, Zaress pulled open the door and leaned out into the hallway. No one in sight. She stepped out, feeling her milk-bloated chest slosh and wobble with every movement.

The drake walked down the hall to her supervisor's office and loomed large in the doorway. She cleared her throat and the quail turned around slowly in his chair, looking up at her through his rimless glasses. His eyebrows went up slowly as he realized what was... different about the drake.

"Zaress, you're out of uniform," he said, his tone very slow and measured so that he could tiptoe around the obvious. His eyes drifted across her bust and the drake felt her spine nearly contract in on itself. "Do you care to explain this?"

"I'd care to go home," she said, crossing her arms underneath her swollen chest. She winced as she felt that her shirt was soaked with milk all down her front already. The white fabric was sticking to her bare skin and she wasn't happy about the mental image in her head, of white fabric clinging against tan skin. Trying to be casual, the drake raised her arms up and tried to cover the center of her breasts.

"You look like you need a doctor," her supervisor said, reaching towards his desk phone. "Do you want me to call an ambulance before you... pop?"

"I'm not going to pop," Zaress mumbled, rolling her eyes. She definitely looked on the verge of popping, though. Her breasts were tight and swollen, and still expanding with a constant flow of milk as they overproduced. The highest still-closed button on her shirt was at its limit, pulling tight against the button hole and stretching the thread. "But it doesn't feel very good, either. So either I head home, or I make a huge mess here."

"Well, then, take the rest of the day off," her supervisor said. "Come back tomorrow if you're less... erm... no, nevermind, I don't want HR calling. Just go home."

Zaress turned and headed out of the office, still holding her aching, bloated breasts. Milk dripped from the hem of her shirt onto the floor as she walked. She grabbed her bag and her keys from her locker in the back and then slipped out the employees' door to the back of the mall. The drake was absolutely grateful for that right now. She would have been beside herself if she had to waddle these huge milk jugs through the mall in the middle of the day.

She opened her car door and leaned in, getting the air conditioning on as quick as possible. Her clothes were already soaked with warm milk – she didn't want to bake in a hot car on top of that! After waiting a minute, feeling her tight skin stretch another half-inch, she sat down in the driver's seat. Her massive breasts pushed right up against the steering wheel, squeezed between the leather and her body. Zaress shivered and let out a stuttered moan as the pressure forced a rush of milk from her boobs. The wetness around her shirt spread to her armpits and her collar.

The drake fought against her huge bust to reach under the seat and adjust it back slightly, enough to give her chest breathing room. "This is going in the trash," she groaned, tugging on her milk-soaked top.

Chai sat cross-legged on the couch in the main room of the apartment, whisking her stylus around the screen on her tablet. She was finishing up the line art on the piece, if she could just get this one bit to really click the way she wanted it to. The tip of her tongue was perched on her lip as she squinted in concentration. As her eyes narrowed, the spiraling markings at the corners of her eyes twisted tighter.

Draw, erase. Draw, erase. Draw, erase. It just wasn't coming out right!

Her ears perked when the front door opened. Zaress was early! She didn't look up from her work, intent on getting this line just right. The drake rustled around a bit, putting her things on the stand beside the door.

"Hello," Chai said distractedly, raising up one paw to wave. "You're back early."

"I had a little... problem," Zaress answered. She padded over to the couch and stood behind it.

"Uh, hmmph... I could use a hand."

The cat nodded while she worked. "Okay, just give me one second..."

"Look up, hun."

Her curiosity piqued, Chai leaned up and turned to face the big drake. As she turned around, her vision was filled by some of the biggest, heaviest, and most swollen breasts she'd seen. She tried to gasp and scream and choke in shock all at once, but all that came out of her gaping mouth was a wheeze. Her heart forgot to beat for a moment and she almost fell off the front of the couch as she sat up for a better view.

Zaress was standing behind the couch, topless! The drake blushed and looked uncomfortable, running her fingers through her hair to push it aside while her other arm was curled underneath her massive breasts. She was a well-endowed woman, to be sure, but this was big-on-big! Her breasts had easily doubled in size, bigger than Chai's head. They were tight and round, and a constant flow of white milk was dribbling from her nipples, running down her skin and either dripping off the curve of her boobs or continuing on to soak her stomach. Zaress was holding her work shirt in a bundle underneath her bust in a feeble effort to try to catch the milk, but the soaked fabric was sticking to her hand and forearm, completely full of milk. Droplets fell from where the corners hung over her arm and a trail of dribbled milk led from her feet to the door. Even the drake's pants were saturated, clinging to her muscular legs and highlighting the details in her quads.

Chai couldn't pull her eyes away. Her paws subconsciously drifted up to rest on top of her own, slimmer chest. "You... whoa. You're... you're big."

"It happens sometimes." Zaress glanced away and closed her eyes for a moment. "I need you to do a couple things for me. Can you grab a whole bunch of towels and stack them up in the bathroom for me? And maybe run a warm bath? I'd do it, but every time I move, they just keep squirting more and I don't want to make a huge mess." She looked back over her buff shoulder and frowned at the mess she'd already made. Turning back to the cat, the drake saw that she was still being ogled. "Chai? Sweetheart?"

Chai blinked and sat upright, yanking her eyes away from Zaress's supersized proportions.

"What? I mean, yes! Yes, yes, yes! I'll get them real quick."

She jumped off the couch and put her tablet on the coffee table. The cat gathered up every towel she could find and rest them on the sink in the bathroom. Anxiously adjusting her blonde hair, she scooted over and turned on the hot water in the bathtub. While the water ran into the basin, Chai's eyes drifted to the stream of water. Her mind was playing tricks on her, because she swore she could see a tipped-over carton of milk at the head of the stream... and the water took on a creamy white color and a thick consistency. Chai shook her head and blinked, and there was just a regular tub in front of her again.

Her heart was pounding and her face was flushed, burning red underneath her fur. She sat down on the edge of the tub and knit her fingers together, gently biting her first knuckle. This had her extremely flustered, from the abrupt shock of seeing her roommate topless and so, so swollen. And... more. Chai's feetclaws squeaked as she slowly dragged them over the linoleum bathroom floor. Goodness... what did she want, here? What was it that had her paws shaking, even when she clutched them against her chin. Was she just jealous? She could admit to herself that she was jealous of Zaress's bust size in general. The drake was a buxom woman, and Chai sometimes fantasized about having breasts that large. But this was a lot more than just that baseline desire for a bigger chest. This was

creeping into her thoughts and making her go wild.

The water level rose in the basin behind her and wet the top of Chai's green tail. She flicked it aside and spun the water valve shut. Zaress's heavy footsteps started coming her way and Chai bit her lip. She stood up and faced the doorway as the drake stepped into it and filled it. Again, her chest just dominated the cat's attention. Despite the constant lactation – Zaress was soaked from chest to toe once again – the drake's bust looked like it may have gotten noticeably bigger in just the last few minutes!

Chai took a step towards her, wrapping her tail around her thigh. “Does that hurt a lot?” she asked, nodding towards Zaress's breasts.

“Not... as much as it looks, I think,” she answered, shifting her weight from one foot to the other. “Maybe that's just me.” She touched her fingertips to her breasts and the flow of milk gushed stronger for a moment. Her body visibly shuddered. The drake looked over the cat's shoulder towards the bath. “Can I... get by?”

Chai moved even closer. Her heart was in her throat. “I... want to help you.”

“Help...? But you are? You did help.” Zaress's tone was confused. She narrowed her brow and watched Chai come closer. “What do you mean?”

The cat was in arm's reach now. Her tail shook and twitched in excitement. Just go for it, a little voice told her. Zaress wasn't even covering them, even with her standing this close. Holding her breath, Chai reached out and put both of her paws around Zaress's waist.

“Uh? Chai? You-”

The cat went for it. She leaned in and dragged her tongue across the drake's breast, licking up the stream of milk rolling down her skin. The warm milk was rich – extremely rich – and it tingled on the cat's tongue. Zaress tensed in surprise in Chai's grasp but she didn't pull away. The bigger woman put one hand on Chai's shoulder and the other under her chin, gently lifting her face upwards to look her in the eye. A drop of milk hung on the cat's chin and Zaress wiped it away with her thumb.

“So that's what you meant,” the drake said, continuing to stroke the cat's chin. She breathed in deep as a shiver rolled down her spine, and she let out a deep purr, still tasting the rich milk on her tongue. Zaress tilted her head a little and ran her tongue across one of her protruding fangs. “I had no idea... we've never talked about this before.”

“I've never seen you... like *this* before,” Chai replied, her chin fur brushing Zaress's cleavage and making the big drake shiver. She licked her lips in anticipation and teased her claws into the drake's waist. “You kinda startled me with them and my heart was going to burst if I didn't just... you know.”

They stared eye-to-eye for a moment, green eyes silently meeting green eyes. Zaress shifted her weight a bit, twitching her snout. Chai recognized her thinking face. The drake reached up and ran her finger along the edge of Chai's ear, teasing her piercings.

“Well... do you still want to?”

“I really, really do.”

“Let's keep your clothes dry, then.”

Zaress lowered her hand a little and hooked two fingers around Chai's oversized scarf. It was the only thing covering her upper body. With two quick tugs, the red scarf came undone and the drake tossed it onto the stack of towels nearby. She waited for the cat to wiggle out of her cargo shorts and then the two of them struggled to get Zaress's wet and clingy work pants down and off her legs. Every motion jiggled her oversized bust and sent splatters of milk everywhere. The bathroom was already a disaster.

Chai stood aside, letting the drake slip herself into the bathtub first and get comfortable. She watched as the water rippled around Zaress's bust, feeling her heart pound again. Trails of milk floated through the clear water as she half-submerged herself, washing her body. Zaress positioned her body so that her head, shoulders, and the tops of her breasts were above the surface. The warm water already began to help her express the built-up milk. The dribbles from her plump nipples doubled in intensity.

Taking Zaress's hand in her paw, Chai climbed into the tub over her. She wrapped her legs

around one of the drake's bulky thighs and laid herself down, feeling the water soak into her fur. Zaress rest one hand on her hip and held her close while the other gently cupped around the back of her head, her fingers threading through the cat's short, darker hair. Chai licked her lips and then leaned in, placing her nose millimeters away from her nipple. Zaress's breast milk had a strong scent. Slowly parting her lips, the cat wrapped her mouth around the drake's nipple.

Zaress chirped softly and shifted, splashing water around the two of them. Chai let the milk dribble onto her tongue, slowly filling up her mouth. A tingling in her tongue and jaw rolled upwards around her skull and then down her spine. The milk tingled on her tongue, and the intense flavor danced on her taste buds. It was amazing! Chai cupped one paw under and around the breast she had in her mouth and her other gently teased circles around the drake's other nipple. She wouldn't have been able to get her fingers all the way around the drake's big boobs normally – not that she'd tried – but now it was like trying to grasp a basketball in one paw! She applied a little pressure with her fingertips and milk squirted into the back of her mouth.

“Gently,” Zaress warned, rubbing her thumb behind Chai's ear. “They're kinda sore.”

The cat nodded eagerly and then closed her eyes. She began to suck softly as she pinched her fingers gently into the drake's breasts, encouraging her nipple to completely fill up her mouth with milk. Chai swallowed the first of many mouthfuls, feeling that tingling roll smoothly down her throat and into her belly. It felt like there were warm and pleasant fireworks going off in her stomach. Dragon milk was... *good*.

It was all she could do to keep from extending her claws and kneading firmly into Zaress's swollen boobs. Every drop of milk on her tongue or dripping down her fingers made her scalp tingle. She drank more, blowing hot breath through her nose and onto Zaress's bare skin. The drake closed her eyes and breathed deep, pushing out her chest. She exhaled slowly, her breath lilting as chirps escaped from her throat.

Chai slowly and steadily tightened her grip around the breast, offering a little more encouragement. She gulped milk down by the cheekful, and yet it still seemed endless. As she tightened her fingers behind the nipple on the other breast, a spurt of milk went well over her shoulder and splashed into the water. The cat adjusted her paw to begin gently massaging the drake's nipple. Her palm was soaked with milk after just a few seconds.

Zaress massaged her fingers into Chai's head and lower back. Two fingers slid upwards along her spine. If she wasn't soaking wet, her fur would have stood on end. The cat popped her lips off the drake's nipple and gasped for breath, sitting up. Water ran down her body and dripped from her own breasts in an imitation of Zaress's lactating boobs. Zaress teased her hand around her face, scratching underneath her chin with a smile. Chai closed her eyes and purred, before reaching up to gently push the drake's hand away and lean back down. She pushed her other breast out of the water and began to drink from it, too.

She gulped down almost two liters of milk, feeling her stomach stretch around her very indulgent dinner. The milk just seemed endless, though! How much could Zaress's boobies hold, really? Chai drank her absolute fill before she finally had to throw in the towel, leaning up and panting. She was still sitting on top of the drake's lap in the tub, so they could look eye-to-eye.

“I can't... do anymore,” she gasped, reaching down and touching her stomach. She really was completely full. Her flat tummy had a curve to it and felt like a big, sloshing balloon. For a little cat like her, that was a *lot* of milk.

“You sure look it,” Zaress told her. She leaned herself up, her still-very-swollen breasts shifting on her chest. Her hand rubbed up and down Chai's stuffed tummy and made the cat purr.

“You still look ready to blow, though, damn. It's like I didn't even put a dent in them.”

“Yeah...” A smirk cracked the drake's snout and she looked away bashfully. “You weren't gonna.”

“I wasn't?”

Zaress shook her head. “No.” She cupped her hands underneath her girls and held them. “If you keep stimulating them, they're just gonna keep going. Like, look: I am way bigger.”

She *was*. Chai bit her lip and put her paws on Zaress's chest, too. And there was still space for more hands and paws to cover them. “So, wait... if I wasn't actually helping, why'd you let me do it?”

The drake's smirk went wider. “Because you really wanted it.”

Chai's eyes grew big and she blushed. She fumbled for words, but there wasn't a lot to say – Zaress pulled her in and kissed her. It took a moment, but Chai relaxed and pressed into the kiss herself, putting her paws on Zaress's thick neck muscles.

“So, what now? Um... how do we actually get you... uh, dry?” she asked.

“Normally, I just relax in the tub or something until they calm down, and then they just kinda take care of it themselves. So that's what we do now.”

Chai smiled and shifted herself around so she was beside the drake. Water, thick with milk, splashed around them both. Zaress chirped and wrapped her arm around the cat, holding her close.

Once they were out of the bath and dried off, the warm-milk-induced sleepiness hit Chai hard. She stumbled into Zaress's arms and the strong drake carried her back to the couch, settling down with the cat's head in her lap. Zaress gently stroked her fingers softly down Chai's back. After a few minutes, the well-bathed drake dozed off, too, slumping over onto the armrest.

Hours passed, and once the moon was full in the sky and late night comedy shows were coming on television, Chai finally roused from her nap. She didn't want to get up at first, enjoying this closeness and intimacy with Zaress, but she probably needed to grab something solid to eat. Milk alone was not a meal. The cat pushed herself up and immediately noticed something was... off.

There was something heavy on her chest. And she was laying face-down. Groaning softly, the cat sat up on her knees and felt her breasts shift and slosh heavily on her torso. Her breath caught and she was wide awake in an instant as she looked down and got a full eyeful of a pair of very big, voluptuous breasts. She was *huge*! Chai groped them in her paws and every muscle in her body tensed all at once as they squished around her fingers.

She couldn't help it – she let out a squeal of glee and ecstasy. She was busty!

Zaress woke up with a start and blinked her bleary eyes. Rubbing her face, she looked towards Chai and caught the cat hugging her bust.

“Zaress, look! Look what you did!”

“...I did what?”

Chai pounced her, her light weight almost squishing the drake into the cushions. Her brand-new breasts jiggled forward and back underneath her, brushing against her arms all the way down to her elbows. Wild-eyed, the cat bit her lip and wiggled her hips.

“Um... more?”

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