



Support Needed

The office sat in silence, thick with the scent of paper, ink... and something faintly sweet beneath it.

Cassie Cruz stood in the center of her workspace, blouse half-unbuttoned and stretched far past its intended limits. A small red stapler clung to her blouse, tugging downward with surprising strength, determined to expose every inch

of her ample curves. Her breasts spilled forward, heavy and full, straining against fabric that had given up long ago.

She gasped — not in surprise, not anymore — but in a kind of breathless, smoldering disbelief. Her nipples, thick and aching, had been seized by enchanted binder clips. Cold metal bit into sensitive flesh, but the magic that powered them sent a contradictory pulse of pleasure echoing through her chest. Every time her breasts shifted — swaying, jiggling, heaving under their own weight — the clips tightened slightly. Not enough to hurt. Just enough to... assert.

Cassie's desk was a mess of arousal and absurdity.

Sticky notes covered her chest in pinks and yellows, scrawled with magically animated handwriting:

- *Support Needed*
- *Handle with Care*
- *Squeeze Me (HARD)*
- *Warning: May Overflow*

She looked down at her favorite coffee mug — the one she had brought over from The Silver Agency. It had been white ceramic and perfectly ordinary.

Now?

The surface shimmered with a soft glow, a list of icons etched magically along the side.

- At the bottom: a baby bottle
- In the middle: a pint-sized milk carton
- At the top: a... cow?

A low hum tickled her ears.

The landline phone — the one the previous occupant of this office left behind — had its cord snaked around her chest like a greedy serpent, coiling around her breasts, lifting their impossible weight just enough to cradle the receiver snugly into her cleavage.

From the speaker, a voice purred:

“Thank you for calling the *Holstaur Hypno Hotline*.
Press One to continue.”

Cassie’s breath hitched. Her thighs pressed together instinctively. The temptation rolled over her like a hot wave — dark, slippery, and pulsing.

Her finger hovered, trembling. She was already caught. Already compromised. Already wet.

She pressed **1**.

A soft chime echoed through the office. The lights dimmed. The blinds snapped shut. The air filled with a thick, floral musk — syrupy sweet, like cream and warm skin and something darker underneath.

“Good girl...” the voice said, low and rich with promise. “Let's ease you into your new... responsibilities.”

Cassie whimpered. Her breasts throbbed — hot, swollen, and so *fucking full* she thought her skin might split. They'd always been big and deliciously heavy... but this was something else. This was *unnatural*. This was magic. The binder clips clamped around her nipples pulsed in rhythm with her heart, sending shockwaves of pleasure straight to her pussy with every beat.

And then the voice spoke again.

“That's it, you're a milky little cow. Grow for me.”

Her breath caught — and her tits obeyed.

They surged forward, inflating like twin balloons of aching flesh. She gasped, arms flying out to steady herself against the desk as her balance shifted. Her blouse split

open with a sharp *pop-pop-pop* as buttons launched across the room. Her tits spilled free, bouncing lewdly, the weight making her back arch.

“You were made to be heavy. Soft. *Leaking*. Keep going...”

Another wave hit her. Her areolas darkened, widened. Her nipples throbbed visibly, fat and needy, each one twitching inside its clamp as warm milk began to well up—slowly at first, then faster. Her breasts kept swelling, rounding out like overfilled cream jugs, jiggling obscenely with every breath.

Panicking, she glanced at the phone. Which button did she press for “off?”

The phone's cord coiled tighter, hoisting her tits like prized offerings.

“You feel that fullness? That pressure? You *love* it. You *need* it.”

Cassie moaned, long and loud, hips grinding against the edge of the desk. Her chest was massive now — *cow-sized*, she realized deliriously — with each tit easily larger than her head, so heavy they slapped together when she moved. Milk sloshed under her skin with every shift, every clench, threatening to erupt at any second.

And still, the voice kept coaxing.

“Let it build. Let them swell. Good girl...”

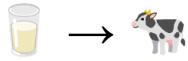
She felt like a balloon hooked to a pump, breasts inflating with every whispered order. Her body was no longer her own — it was a dairy machine, an obscene fantasy made flesh. And she *loved* it.

“Let’s check your *output*, shall we?”

A sudden warmth pooled beneath her nipples. She gasped as the pressure tipped past the breaking point — a sudden, uncontrollable *release*. Her tits were so full, so achingly engorged, that milk began to *squirt* from her nipples in hot, messy jets. The binder clips popped off with a sharp snap, unable to contain the pressure any longer, and her nipples throbbed violently, erupting again with thick streams of creamy white. It sprayed in quick, pulsing bursts, soaking the desk, her thighs, the stapler — anything in range. And she had *range*. Her nipples tingled... then began to throb. With every pulse, her breasts grew heavier, stretching her flesh tighter and tighter.

She looked down. Her tits were swelling slowly before her eyes, the skin glowing with heat, veins rising to the surface. The sticky notes fluttered, barely clinging. Her breath came in shudders.

The mug lit up. Enough of the thick, white ropes of cream had fallen into it to fill it to the brim.



“F-full...” she whispered.

“Not yet,” the voice chuckled. “You’ve only begun to *let down*.”

Cassie moaned as the sensation surged through her — like invisible hands massaging from the inside out, coaxing her glands into overdrive. The milk swelled within her, her chest ballooning with every breath, her body obeying the command to nurture, to *produce*.

“God,” she groaned. Her knees buckled. She gripped the edge of the desk for balance. Her bra had lost the battle long ago, straps dangling like white flags.

“You were made for this,” the voice crooned. “Let them *pour*.”

And they did.

Two long, thick streams of milk arced downward from her chest, splattering across the desk, coating the stapler, the Post-Its, and the very phone that was guiding her deeper. The sensation was pure release — ecstasy braided with relief. Her mouth fell open. A sound escaped her — half cry, half moan.

The mug glowed again. It sparkled now. The cow icon pulsed gently.

“New record,” the voice said, voice like silk. “Let’s set a timer and see what you can *really* do...”

The phone cord cinched tighter around her tits, as if encouraging more pressure, more fullness. Her nipples, already sensitive, twitched with each new spurt. Milk sprayed across the papers on her desk. Her hips rolled involuntarily. Her clit throbbed.

From outside, a timid voice called through the door.

“Ms. Cruz? Do you need any help?”

She swallowed. Hard.

“I... I do,” she said, panting. “But not... for another hour or so...”

There was a pause.

“Okay, I’ll reschedule your three o’clock!”

Cassie laughed — breathy, dazed, soaked with desire. She was going to need more than a reschedule.

She was going to need a *Shop-Vac*.

The phone buzzed again.

“Press 2... to increase production targets.”

Her engorged calcium cannons waggled obscenely under her frame, wobbling with every slight shift in her balance. The swollen nipples brushed against the drenched surface of the desk.

Her finger trembled... then pressed **2**.