

Spontaneous BE

Commission for Xilimyth

By

Desmond Fallout

The following contains: Hyper breast expansion, lactatione

Read at your own discretion.



BA-DMP!

"Nya!? What!?" Xilimyth bolted upright in her chair in such a fright it nearly sent her phone flying across the train car. The few other after-hours commuters glanced up from their own business, some alarmed by her startled cry. Suddenly having so many eyes boring into ones being brought a blush to the young cheetah's ears as she forced her best smile. "S-sorry. Jump scare video."

She shrunk back on the bench trying to get as small as possible. Interest in the anthro feline waned fast enough, though it didn't ease her mental state any. Trying to resume the anime she'd been streaming on her phone couldn't even provide a distraction anymore.

What the hell had that been? It was like an explosion from within her chest sparked fire that was now racing through her blood. Everything from round ears to tail tip quivered against Xilimyth's efforts to keep still. No way that was this afternoon's spicy udon noodle lunch coming back with a vengeance. She'd eaten way spicier things than that without so much as a scorched tongue.

BA-DMP!

"Aah!" She'd expected it that time, so managed to keep her reaction to a slight jerk and soft gasp. A hand came to rest upon her chest, just above her left breast trying to feel the racing beat of the heart underneath. There was definitely a lot more thumping going on than when the cheetah normally had her usual coffees.

No way this could be a heart attack. That was Xilimyth's big hope. She wasn't feeling dizzy, numb, or pain anywhere. Just a lot of heat her work clothes itch. Her hips fidgeted against the hard rest of the tram's bench unable to find comfort. They still had nearly an hour until she got to the right stop for home. Of all the times for her electric car to break down. Community transit was such a pain to get through under normal circumstances.

BA-DMP!

"Hnngh!" Xilimyth's many fangs grit into a snarl on her short muzzle, stifling another gasp. Drool was dripping down the sides along her cheek fur with her labored pants. The hand she hands rested on her breast squeezed at the soft mound on an involuntary reflex to the shock of tension coursing through her. The fire was only getting worse, ramping its intensity with each hard thud of her heart. "W-what's going...on?"

Another pulse rocked the cheetah's chest, making her jump in her seat. It took a second to realize it wasn't the heart this time, but above her ribcage. It was such an odd sensation, having one's breasts push back against their hand for a brief second. Somehow a way different feeling than if she'd simply taken a deep breath to puff out her torso. Xilimyth looked down, mouth hung in disbelief at the mammary still cupped inside her dainty palm. They still looked like her normal, perky girls, but the cheetah could feel something was changing. The heat tormenting every fiber of her spotted fur was shifting, crawling along the tender skin to slowly consolidate within the soft fatty flesh around her pectorals.

"Nnngh! N-no. W-what's...aaah..." Xilimyth bit her lower lip, unable to fully mute her pained squeaks. Knees rubbed together keeping her thighs closed in a tight vice. It didn't do much to quell a different kind of heat rising inside her panties. She tried alternating massaging the left breast before moving on to knead the right with one hand, but that only made the building tension worse in all the wonderfully pleasing ways.

"The fuck is her problem?"

"Is she okay?"

"Christ. Some people want all the attention."

Comments from the peanut gallery went right over Xilimyth's folded ears. Whatever focused she had through the mess of sensations scrapper her nerves rested solely on her chest beneath the thin layer of button-up cotton. Her breasts were shifting around, making subtle disturbances in the wrinkles. The mix of fats, tissue, and milk glands were throbbing, tensing and straining like they were...filling?!

"Oh my god!" Xilimyth gasped, unable to fully believe the conclusion her fatigued and overstimulated mind was drawing from these feelings. She let her phone clatter to the cars floor, using both hands to grab at a breast. Not a second later they got violently pushed back when the soft mounds began to swell. "OH MY GOD!"

BA-DMP!

The tram car became a flurry of shouts and confusion, mostly from the dozen other people now dumbstruck at the cheetah woman thrashing in her seat. Xilimyth mewed her distress, trying to clamp down harder, and proving unable to stop the strange event inflating her tits. All creases in her shirt smoothed out while her chest inched forward in a steady pace. Within seconds the soft flesh was squishing tight against her bra, but not even that could so much as slow the copious amounts of flesh piling on.

"What's going on? I...I can't stop it!" her strained yowls were drowned out by the crowd's frantic chatter. A sharp pain started to make itself known in Xilimyth's shoulders thanks to the rolling boobs pushing hard against the bra cups. Hesitation only lasted a moment before she fumbled around at the front clasp in a panic.

BWOOSH!

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Now freed of their most powerful resistance, the furry boobs decided to celebrate with a massive surge of growth. Xilimyth got rocked forward so hard she had to catch the back rest of the bench in front of her to keep from banging her head. Even then her chests were surpassing the size of basketballs, wedging between her forearms in a surprisingly firm hang. Fabric strained to its limits tight looking like she'd stuffed some rounded balloons in her work shirt, but the fuzzy cleavage poking through the space of taut buttons showed otherwise.

And still they continued growing. Xilimyth's tail went stiff in the air when her stretched nipples pushed into the cold metal bench in front of her. The cheap white shirt did nothing to protect from the chills racing through to her loins.

"Ooooooh! S-someone? Heeeelp me-e-e!?" She looked down the train through half closed eyes finding her cries falling on deaf ears. The people that weren't moving to the side farthest away from her had pulled out their phones to capture this insane growth event on camera.

SNAP!

"Nyaah!" The reaction to the first button pop was one of mixed reviews. Xilimyth grasped at the open ends of her shirt collar unable to tug them anywhere near closed over the white fluffy cleavage pushing out like rising bread.

SNAP! SNAP! SNAP!

"Mmmh!! P-p-lease! Stooooop!" She fell back against her seat meekly begging her swelling chest in desperation. One by one the buttons of her work shirt were giving way, allowing more of her massive mounds to fall out. Their increasing weight only took out the next button in line quicker in a cascading result. To make matters worse the whole feeling of her nerves stretching, filling with milk, jiggling in the cool evening air, was really getting her panties damp. Not really a mood she usually liked being in with so many people observing every addition inch to her bustline.

SHRRRTTTT!

Relief and shame came when the last four buttons gave way at the same time. At least there was no rocking from the heavy weights since their size amounted to a short drop across her lap.

"N-no way," Xilimyth said, trying to grip the underside of boobs starting to surpass the size of her torso. The soft, pliable fat under their tenderized furry skin made the effort near impossible. Flesh flowed around her hands like jelly, slipping free with no way to get a solid grasp. That didn't stop their insides from throbbing with agonizing tightness. She was so full her areolas were puffed out like dinner plates.
"How...why...aah...nyaaa!"

The train screeched to a stop, but no one got off. Those few that shuffled on were quick to realize this wasn't any normal night commute home.

"Hnngh!" Xilimyth hated and loved the way her boulder tits sloshed when the tram rocked back into motion. It was getting hard to notice their continued growth at such enormous sizes, but she sure felt it in the way their flesh spilled out into the bench around her hips. Cleavage billowed forth until not even slouching back could prevent them from squishing against the seats in front of her. There was more boob than cheetah filling up her section of the ride. she had to draw on every last nerve not to start rubbing herself as a result.

Granted it'd be hard for anyone to see her hands under all that mammary mass. Xilimyth sure couldn't see the floor anymore.

"Should we do something?" one of the newer passengers asked, probably to no one in particular.

"I'm...mmrrrrreow! I'm open to suggestions?" Xilimyth said between heated breaths. Hands roamed along what areas of her bust they could reach. Even her arms weren't long enough to hug around such titans of globes anymore. Yet her every touch felt so good. It made the nerves tingle and her milk glands tingle. She could feel her nipples, puffed to the size of bottle caps, pulse with an involuntary release of moisture. "...oh no."

A moment of clarity shinned through Xilimyth's flustered emotions, bringing the realization her pressure was reaching its breaking point. Power built up into points right behind her nipples, weakening the muscles until they slowly began to give. She tried kneading the tender flesh amidst frantic mews. Anything to ease the tension and delay the inevitable. All she really accomplished was another twinge in her loins when her sloshing the contents released premature jets of white liquid six feet across the train.

Several people gasped, or even cheered this development. That changed when a low rumble began to overlap with the rhythmic grinding of the tram's movement.

"Oh...oh no...ooooohhh!! I...I can't hold it anymore!" Xilimyth rocked her head back gulping for air as she let the florescent lights above blind her. Fingers squished deep into the tops of her mounds, relishing the way her fluffy white cleavage bubbled in waves across the surface. They were boiling pots well beyond their breaking point. "I...I'm sorry in advance to...e-everyone heerrrrwwwwaaaarrrrr! T-this doesn't...this doesn't usually happen to me. I swear!"

Another pulse sent thicker jets of milk sailing. One of which pegged a dumbstruck cardenal woman in her right eye. Before Xilimyth could squeak out an apology the rolling of her boobs stopped. Her arms hugged at the ample surface stuff across the bench. Each breath coming out in louder, more desperate whimpers as the final barrier crumbled.

SWWOOOOOSH!

Not a soul was spared the geysers of lactose that erupted from a starstruck Xilimyth. Cries of panicked mixed with her calls of feral bliss. Gallons gushed out of her nipples with the force of a fire hydrant. Way more than even her ginormous tits should

have logically been able to hold. For over a minute, that must have felt much longer for everyone involved, she had become an endless well of nourishing cream.

The excess of warm milk was the first thing to disembark when the tram pulled into Xilimyth's stop. Every last passenger struggled to follow afterward, clothes dripping soaked with lactose clear through to their fur and feathers. The real tragedy for most of them would come later, when they realized the flooding had broken their phones and taken the footage of epic cheetah inflation with it.

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Brenda the cougar woman was starting to get worried for her big sister when she finally heard their front door open. She knew having to commute the long way would be a slog, but even this was an unusually long delay in their routine.

"Welcome home, nee-chan," she said loud enough to be heard from the kitchen. Her thick tail of fine brown hairs began wagging in a more relaxed state while she put the finishing touches on tonight's ham sandwich dinner. "How was your da-PRRFING WHOAH!?"

"Yeah. That would about sum it up, poom," said the pair of breasts blocking the archway into the living room. It took the stunned cougar a long time, and standing on tip toes to realize the cheetah woman behind the sloshing boulders.

"X-Xili!? What the prrfing prrf happened to you!? Prrf!" Brenda feline tick went into overdrive in her flabbergasted state, though she was beyond noticing that with so much mass obscuring the hallway. It was all she could do to hold onto her sandwich.

"I got banned from using the tram anymore," Xilimyth explained without answering any of the real questions. "Let's just hope the buses don't mind extra baggage until our car gets fixed."

"I...bah...prrf...huh!?" Brenda gulped in her struggles to find any words necessary for cohesive thought. Thankfully the walking dairy aisle that'd once been a cheetah continued shuffling on past, half-carrying, half dragging her breast like heavy burlap sacks. "What the prrf...?"

The cougar followed along in slow, shaking steps. Some part of her reeling mind worried getting too close might even rub off and destroy her favorite shirt. Her head craned out from the kitchen exit watching the retreating form of Xilimyth wobbling her way towards their room. From behind there was still plenty of boob mass fallout around her waist and hips to gawk at.

Brenda was about to try saying something reassuring for her sister's grumpy mood, until a familiar scent struck her nose. Her muzzle twitched a few times becoming confused all over again why their house suddenly smelled like it was made of cream cheese. The answer turned out to be literally at her feet when she glanced down and saw the trails of milk following along Xilimyth's path.

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"Nee-chan! Don't drip all over the carpet!" Brenda cried, dropping her sandwich on the nearest counter before rushing to find the paper towels.

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Afterward

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