Growing Together Chapter 9

“Liz,” Bianca groaned into the phone after yet another beep, “It’s been a week. Pick up already.” She hung up and set her head on the table, breathing heavily while her hands gripped her shirt. Her knuckles were white, and her nails dug deep into her palm. It was the only way to stop herself from relieving the brutal ache between her thighs.

A week without a single orgasm. Bianca would’ve been proud of that fact, as would Alisa, but every other thought was consumed with preventing herself from masturbating. The rest were focused on finding her girlfriend, the mere idea of whom made her want to cum. An endless cycle that made her pussy burn and drowned her underwear constantly. She couldn’t touch herself. What kind of a girlfriend would she be if she fingered herself when Alisa could be in trouble?

The girl rose from her chair and went about making a simple breakfast. She pulled an apron over her front, the fabric tenting from her indominable nipples, and turned on the stove. Fried eggs and bacon were all she could manage without Alisa’s guiding hand, though it proved a greater challenge with her absurd curves.

Bianca reached into the overhead pantry, arm brushing against her breast and lifting it. The huge mound fell with a meaty slap against her stomach, rippling for a few seconds afterwards, and sent a wave of pleasure through her. A soft moan breezed past her lips at the shock of sensation. It got worse again, she thought as she cracked a couple of eggs into the pan.

Each day without Alisa made her body crave her touch even more. Just brushing her breast was enough to flood her panties, though she’d long since given up on wearing underwear. Her pants weren’t any better off, usually lasting less than a minute under the constant flood of her juices. Alisa’s scent had faded from their room, replaced by Bianca’s depraved musk. It, too, only got worse as time passed. She could barely detect the smell of her sizzling breakfast over it.

Her phone vibrated powerfully from the table. She grabbed it in an instant, barely pausing to look at the caller ID. The eggs and bacon were left to fry, any thought of feeding herself forgotten in the hope of finding Alisa.

“Mrs. Bennet, have you heard anything?” Bianca inquired, one foot bouncing in rhythm with her heartbeat.

“A friend of mine said she saw someone who looks like her at a convent,” Mrs. Bennet, Alisa’s mother, intoned wearily. Bianca had barely slept the past seven days, though most of that had been out of fear of what her dreams would lead to, yet she couldn’t imagine what the older woman had put herself through. No doubt running herself ragged on top of sleepless nights.

“That’s great,” Bianca breathed, a smile teasing at her lips, “Which one?”

“It’s at Saint Miguel’s, on Ashford Street. It’s near your dorm. I’ll drive down tomorrow morning,” Mrs. Bennet hung up, her voice building in excitement. Bianca rushed to her wardrobe and pulled out the only dry outfit she had left. All the others had either fallen victim to her copious lactation or her unquenchable snatch. She grabbed a roll of duct tape and applied several layers over her nipples, groaning in discomfort. There was no other way to restrain her milk.

Her tits had firmed up from the sheer amount they’d stockpiled. Bianca couldn’t milk them without cumming, only a single squeeze would put her on the brink, pulling would force her to teeter on the edge of a knife. And that was four days ago. She didn’t dare test her sensitivity now.

Confident that her ridiculous body wouldn’t get her arrested for indecency, she left the room. Everyone outside stopped and stared, either lustfully ogling her inhuman figure or sneering at her. She could understand both sides. There was no other woman like her after all, and there probably never would be. How could there? When her waist was as thin as ever while her tits and ass stretched any clothes she wore obscenely.

Her black tank top was once loose on her. The very idea seemed almost preposterous in her mind as she glanced down at the bulging front, what looked like miles of cleavage stretched before her, and the upper half of her tits overflowed. Bianca grimaced at how obvious her nipples were despite the duct tape.

Moisture faintly spread from around the peaks. She wasn’t surprised, not when her breasts felt tight as a drum. If she leaned forward, she could make out blue lines spreading from her areolae. Others could plainly see them, though, their eyes almost always dropping to gawk at the sight. She only had to get to the parking lot, then she could ignore it all.

“Hey there, Bianca,” a deep, sleazy voice invaded her ears. Or maybe not, she thought and glanced to her side. Derrick walked beside her, easily keeping up with her frantic pace. He was a typical jock, over confident in his sexual prowess and attractiveness to women. Even the fact that everyone knew she was in a relationship didn’t stop the bastard.

“Fuck off, Derrick,” Bianca growled. It took all her concentration to ignore how her tits and thighs rubbed together with every step. The last thing she needed was an asshole trying – lamely – to score with the college freak.

“How rude,” he feigned a hurt expression, then laughed, “I was just going to ask if you wanted to come to the house tonight.” Bianca’s jaw clenched at the offer. The dampness around her crotch spread further as her pussy let down in desire. She knew what he wanted of her. An invitation to a frat house was just code for ‘do you want a gangbang?’

“I refer to you to what I said before,” Bianca sped up, trying to leave the asshole behind. An asshole that had a cock. The thought slithered past her defences, coiling within her consciousness. It wouldn’t be ignored. There’d be plenty of dick at the frat house, more than enough to get her off. Even if they were tiny compared to Alisa’s.

“Don’t be like that,” Derrick snickered and clapped a hand on her shoulder.

“Don’t touch me!” Bianca shouted, barely swallowing down a moan. The tape over her nipples strained against its prisoners, her milk escaping around it. Her last pair of dry pants were a lost cause as dampness rapidly spread from her crotch, rushing down her pantlegs.

“Whoa, okay,” Derrick stepped back at the outburst, then seeing the moisture darkening her clothes, “Maybe I could help you out?” He nodded to her tits, a sneer on his face.

“No,” Bianca panted and rushed to the parking lot. She couldn’t stand to walk around anymore, not when the slightest touch had almost made her cum like that. Derrick was still standing where she’d left him, grinning cockily at her. Her eyes moved of their own accord and settled on his crotch, finding a noticeable bulge there, “Just get a move on.” She grunted and piled into her and Alisa’s car.

Once inside, Bianca released a long sigh of relief. The interior smelled of Alisa, a mixture of citrus fruits and her heady musk. Elegant and visceral. She smiled to herself at the memory of when they’d bought the third-hand vehicle. It was partly an impulse purchase after Bianca put the idea of car sex into Alisa’s head, but it had been a hell of a night. They’d done it in the student’s parking lot, where anyone, student or teacher, could’ve seen them. What a thrill, she thought.

Bianca bit her tongue and yelped at the pain. It was a miracle that she could still feel such a thing with her body as it was. The car revved to life, though it was a pitiful sound compared to some of the muscle cars around her, and tore a moan from her lips. Being old and worn out as it was, the seats were slightly loose and vibrated with the engine. She felt those tremors ripple through her own body, starting from her oversensitive pussy.

“It’ll just take a minute,” Bianca muttered and gripped the steering wheel, glancing at her flushed face in the rear-view mirror. Her plump lips were parted, and a line of drool ran down her chin. She wiped it away and clenched her jaw shut, steeling herself.

“Finally!” Bianca gasped when she shut the engine off. Her entire body continued to quiver. The worn leather seat was covered in her juices. Her own scent mingled with Alisa’s, mimicking the musk from all their times together. Bianca could almost taste the sex if she breathed through her mouth. She peeled her milk drenched shirt from her torso and studied her imprisoned nipples. Streams of milk leaked from under the duct tape.

She checked the glove box, hoping to find a spare roll inside. No such luck. Bianca glanced at the convent and spied the resident nuns milling about through the ornate windows, each dressed as conservatively as the movies portrayed. What would they say if they saw someone like her walk inside? She giggled at the thought, one of the few times that she’d laughed in the past week.

Bianca took a deep breath as she knocked on the large door. There was nothing that she could do about her appearance. Even one of the nun’s habits wouldn’t do anything to conceal her outrageous curves. She glanced down at her body, taking in her giant, alphabet destroying tits. Each had to be the size of a medicine ball, reaching down to the tops of her hips, yet still as perky as when she was just a DD cup. The thought almost made her laugh.

“Hello, how may I…” the nun that answered dwindled off into silence as she gawked at Bianca’s body, “You must be Bianca, I presume?”

“Y-yeah,” Bianca blinked at the woman. She looked to be in her late forties, wrinkles decorating her gently stern face. The girl had no idea if she’d met this nun before, “How’d you know?”

“You’re all Alisa would talk about,” the nun answered with a kind smile.

“She’s here?!” Bianca jumped at the confirmation, teeth shining in excitement, while her tits bounced in her stained tank top.

The nun nodded, “Please, come in. My name’s Sister Judith.”

“Hi,” Bianca said briskly, looking around for any sign of her girlfriend.

“Alisa’s in the basement, there’s… well, perhaps we should talk in private,” Sister Judith led her to a room at the end of a hall, wherein a coffee table and couch sat. Through an adjacent door was the kitchen, filling the room with the smell of baking bread, “Have a seat.”

Bianca watched the aging nun carefully as they sat side by side on the couch. Sister Judith looked like the quintessential nun, fitting the habit perfectly. A silver cross hung around her neck, stark against her oil black habit. Another nun walked inside, carrying a tray with two mugs and a plate of cookies.

“Alisa came to us about a week ago,” Sister Judith began, smiling graciously at her sister, “She wanted to learn discipline, so we took her in of course. But we weren’t prepared in the slightest.”

“What happened?” Bianca queried. She sipped at her coffee and grimaced at the bitterness, but took another, grateful for the distraction. Even now, her body brimmed with desire. If she gave even an inch, then she’d start touching herself in front of this holy woman.

“We gave her lessons, just like we do for all new members to the sisterhood. She’s an amazing learner.”

“I know,” Bianca grinned in pride. Her cheeks flushed hotly as she recalled how quickly Alisa had picked up on how to pleasure her. Just a few sessions and the futa was like an expert.

“We had to keep her separate for reasons I’m sure you’re aware of,” Sister Judith shared the gentle smile, though it quickly turned sour, “Then the sisters began to behave strangely. I would find them visiting her at all hours of the day, even in the evenings.”

The sister regarded her coffee with a frown. She shifted nervously where she sat, clearly uncomfortable, “They said such sinful things. And Alisa… it was making her condition worse. I can’t begin to tell you how often I found her and one of the sisters on the verge of…” she took a long sip from her coffee, exhaling softly, “She told me to restrain and keep her away from everyone.”

“That why she’s in the basement,” Bianca frowned to herself. She thought her week had been rough, at least contact with the source of her temptation had been mostly limited. Alisa had been surrounded by an entire convent of women, many of whom Bianca had noticed were surprisingly enticing. Her girlfriend truly was amazing.

“Could I see her?” Bianca asked.

“I’m not sure that’s wise,” Sister Judith advised, “I’ve been a devout member of the faith for decades, but even I’m tempted by her.”

“Yeah,” Bianca nodded mournfully, “You’re right.” If Alisa was having that kind of effect on normal women, then she would stand no chance. Not after a week being apart.

“Did she tell you why she and I are like this?” Bianca inquired, shifting the subject.

“She claimed it was a curse, but it sounded too fantastical,” Sister Judith answered, “Nonetheless, we brought in reputable exorcists to humour her. It didn’t help at all.”

“Do you believe it now?”

“I suppose I have to,” the sister sighed, “Neither of you two should be possible on Earth.”

“It was a gypsy woman. I think she lives in the area, but I don’t know anything else.”

“Oh!” Sister Judith clapped her hands together, “I think I know who you’re talking about. I’m ashamed to admit it, but old prejudices are hard to ignore. This church made a note of a gypsy woman who moved in nearby. We should have her address.”

Bianca leapt to her feet excitedly, staring at the wizened nun in awe. The sister, in turn, gawked at Bianca’s jiggling tits until they finally settled, “You do?!”

“Possibly. I’ll have to look for it. You’re welcome to make yourself at home in the meantime, Bianca. This place is quite soothing if I say so myself,” Sister Judith smiled and left the room.

“I can’t believe it was this easy all along,” Bianca laughed as she fell onto the couch, the rumbles of her chest causing her breasts to quake like massive spheres of jelly. It felt like a rushed ending to a movie. She couldn’t complain though, not when the curse would be lifted soon. Unless the gypsy refused.

Then what? Bianca’s smile faded into a worried frown. She shook her head and stood, deciding to ignore the possibility. Fretting over the future would only sour the good news. Bianca strolled around the church, distracting herself with the artworks that she passed. Religion never held any interest to her. It only seemed to inhibit people from enjoying themselves. The artistic creations derived from the concept, however, were captivating.

The girl paused in front of a portrait of Jesus upon the cross. Why couldn’t they ever paint him just enjoying himself? She wondered, swallowing a chuckle at the thought. He probably only worked out anyway, she snickered in her mind as she studied his chiselled physique. If the church was so against sexual desire, then why was Jesus such a hunk? Bianca’s eyes lowered to his crotch and pondered how endowed the son of God would’ve been.

“It’s beautiful, isn’t it?” A sister said politely, coming to stand beside the idle bombshell. Bianca quickly tore her gaze away from the picture, silently snapping at herself for the lapse in control.

“Yeah,” Bianca nodded and looked at the newcomer. The nun’s face was flushed, lips parted, an all too familiar expression to the cursed teen, “Are you okay?”

“Yes, perfectly fine,” the sister answered hastily. Bianca frowned at her, then arched an eyebrow when she heard muffled vibrations coming from the nun. A knowing smirk lifted Bianca’s lips.

“I’m surprised,” Bianca began with a wink, “Sex toys seem quite sinful.”

“Oh lord,” the nun exhaled heavily, a cloud of worry tainted her face, “Please don’t tell anyone about this.”

“I won’t,” Bianca promised, “It must be hard to go cold turkey from sex.”

“You’ve no idea,” the sister huffed. She was younger than most, in her late teens or early twenties, and the air of discipline around her was faint compared to her comrades, “It’s been worse since Alisa came. I never even considered a woman before. Or a futa.”

“Yeah,” Bianca nodded, “She’s something else. I couldn’t handle being without her.”

“I can see why you’re together,” the nun mentioned, then seemed to think better of her words, “Uh, not because of that curse thing, or your bodies, just…”

“It’s alright,” Bianca assured her. She pondered the sneakily masturbating nun, watching as she breathed deeply, then realised the opportunity staring her in the face, “Actually, I’d like a favour. In return for keeping your little secret.”

“Blackmailing a nun?” The sister gasped, shifting her weight from one leg to the other, jostling the toy inside her.

“Not my proudest moment,” Bianca laughed, “I just want to see Alisa.” She added softly, nursing her lower lip nervously. Sister Judith was right that it would end poorly, however Bianca doubted that simply seeing the futa would be enough to break her self-control, tenuous though it was. At this stage, she only wanted to see Alisa and know that she was alright. Nothing more.

Though her aching snatch begged to differ. She clenched her jaw tight to keep from revealing how her pussy fluttered around thin air, desperate for a massive cock to milk. Her thoughts naturally drifted to cum. Bianca grimaced at how badly she craved it, her lower abdomen burned as if a fire had sparked to life in her womb and her throat was dry. Her nipples strained against their prison as her lust blazed hotter.

“I get it,” the nun nodded and turned to walk down the corridor, “This way.”

“This is a bad idea,” Bianca groaned under her breath. Yet she was powerless to restrain her feet. They followed the nun, unconsciously moving her legs to accentuate her massive hips. There was no need, of course, they already extended a few inches past her shoulders on either side. Just like her breasts.

The nun led her down a flight of stairs to a corridor lined with washing machines. Bianca wasn’t surprised, given the number of sisters she’d already seen, they would need this many to clean their habits. At the end of it was a door with a chain lock. A sign hung from a nail, informing all sisters to keep out unless supervised. Bianca gulped as she tried to keep herself from bolting to the door.

“Sister Judith is the only who’s allowed in here lately,” the nun explained, “A couple of days ago, Alisa began to try and seduce us. It almost worked, if not for Sister Judith.”

“Yeah, she’s pretty irresistible,” Bianca confirmed, though the nun shook her head as they came to a stop in front of the door. So close, Bianca thought. She curled her hand into a fist, barely able to restrain herself. Even through the door, she caught Alisa’s musk. It seethed through the barrier, as if it was submerged in the odour.

“Are you sure you’ll be alright in there,” the nun inquired, noticing how Bianca’s cheeks burned.

“Absolutely,” Bianca affirmed, despite her inner thoughts screaming at her to leave before things could go wrong. She and Alisa had fucked themselves unconscious after being apart for just the weekend. A week could kill them. But her body refused to be denied, stealing all control from her conscious mind to fulfil its desires.

“Okay,” the nun breathed, turning to open the door. It was brief, but Bianca was certain that she saw the celibate woman’s lips curl and her nostrils flare. A click preceded a rusty creak as the door was pushed open, unleashing a wave of lust upon the girls. Bianca’s breaths grew deep and heavy, as if they were being crushed. She stepped inside, leaving the nun to stew in the overwhelming musk.

Bianca quickly found her lover. She was among the only things in the room, which looked like a supply closet that was cleared out. A table sat to her side with a plate of half-eaten food on it, while Alisa seemed locked to a chair at the very centre, under a dim light. Her eyes were covered in a blindfold and a gag was tied around her mouth. The futa’s arms were strapped behind her and her legs were trapped against the chair. All that was unbound was Alisa’s cock, which towered from her crotch at a strict ascent. It barely buckled under its weight.

“Oh… l-lord, give me s-strength,” the nun stammered as she joined the girl inside, “D-do not let these f-filthy desires b-b-best me…”

Bianca ignored the prayer as her hands moved autonomously to rip her shirt clean in half. Her breasts spilled into the open, smacking against her torso with a wet slap as her milk poured down her mountains. The duct tape peeled off from her nipples sudden release, freeing her dick-like peaks. Just the air alone made her milk gush.

“An…ca?” Alisa mumbled around her cloth gag. She raised her head, though it was useless. Bianca shoved her pants down into a sopping mess on the floor, her pussy oozing with desire. A string of her juices snapped as she stepped forward, guided by her dominating desires. Even a nuclear explosion wouldn’t be enough to break the trance-like state.

She pulled the blindfold away and smiled. Even under her lust’s power, Bianca couldn’t resist teasing her lover. Alisa’s eyes brightened, and she attempted to speak, though her words were inaudible.

“I’m happy to see you too,” Bianca breathed and took the futa’s face in her hands, slowly slipping the gag down her face. She’s beautiful, the girl thought as she gazed upon her girlfriend. There was no hope of holding back anymore, “I’m sorry.” Bianca added at the realisation.

“Untie me, please?” Alisa whimpered, eyes wide and lips pouting. Bianca could never refuse her when she saw that expression, likening it to a bulldozer versus a drywall.

“Sure,” she nodded. Comprehension dawned on her the moment the last tether fell from Alisa’s leg, as the futa leapt on her. The tiny body pinned Bianca down, pushing powerfully to keep her from moving. Bianca stared at her girlfriend, shock quickly vanishing in the face of perfect pleasure. Alisa didn’t say a word. She merely grunted and sank every inch of her unmatched cock into Bianca’s cunt.

“Liz?!” Bianca yelled as her body convulsed in ecstasy. The world blurred around her, falling out of focus as her snatch was stretched wider than any fist could hope to. An eruption of fire surged within her womb as Alisa also came in that instant. Cum flooded Bianca’s insides and stretched her womb like the ultimate condom. Not a drop escaped around the impertinent seal around Alisa’s spewing prick.

Each spurt was another gallon of cum. Bianca’s abdomen exploded in size with every release, already far exceeding her former size. The initial shot was water compared to the rest, filling her faster and heavier. Her legs clung to Alisa, holding the bucking futa in place as if she might try and pull out. There was no such possibility, however, not when both had a week of pent-up lust to sate. Bianca found her girlfriend’s hands and gripped as her stomach grew to shame a beach ball.

“This is…” the nun whispered from above Bianca, who raised her head to stare at the holy woman, who, in turn, gasped at the sight. Bianca could easily guess how she looked to this person. There was moisture all over her face, a mixture of joyous tears and spit, while her lips were raised in a permanent, dumb smirk. Her eyes hadn’t rolled back yet, since she could still see semi-clearly. But it was only a matter of time.

Alisa kept cumming, her cock spewing an endless tide. Then the curse began. Her and Bianca’s gazes met for a fleeting instant, understanding passing between them as Bianca felt a rampaging inferno consume her tits. It swiftly spread through her abdomen and to her hips, encasing them all in the ultimate blaze. Bianca went to scream at the beautiful agony searing her very bones, but the sound was muffled as a familiar shape stuffed her maw.

“Fuck…”

Bianca glanced to the nun then down at herself. She peered around the incredible spire of her lover’s cock and witnessed the sight of her tits, already more than twice the size of her head, rapidly expand like dough in a time lapse. Her stomach rose beyond them, outpacing the brutal expansion as Alisa’s own growth took place. The girl began to feel more of the floor beneath her ass as it spread and lifted her.

Bianca brought her hands to her tits and pushed them together. They sank into the gigantic masses, squeezing out her milk in geysers of thick cream. She felt it as Alisa’s already monstrous cock grew, reaching down her throat while it continued to cum. Her lips couldn’t grip it tight enough to prevent the flow of Alisa’s cum from lifting her stomach further.

Their growth continued in tandem, as if feeding off one another. Bianca was certain that she had outgrown the doors by now as her tits swallowed her arms now, yet their considerable weight was negligible to her. The girl rolled her massive boobs against Alisa’s cock, delighting in how the veins stretched through her flesh to throb against her sensitive mountains. A second climax was building in her gut already, despite the first only just beginning to fade.

“They’re so big,” the nun breathed, closer this time. Bianca’s eyes darted to her, finding the sister was utterly naked, with a hand between her spread thighs, working a buzzing toy into her pussy. She followed her eyeline and glimpsed her nipples, each bigger than the average cock. Possibility widened Bianca’s gaze as she caught onto what the woman was thinking.

Just the thought was enough to send the girl into another mind-numbing climax. Her entire body sang in a choir of bliss, filled well beyond the brim with cock and cum, while her tits grew and sprayed delicious milk everywhere.

“Lord… have mercy on this bitch,” the nun panted and, before Bianca could gather her wits, straddled a mountainous tit. Her pussy was aimed perfectly and descended upon a nipple. The lips opened easily, so wet and needy. Bianca screamed around Alisa’s still growing prick. The giant shaft carved its way down her throat, throbbing with its continued release.

Bianca bucked against her lover and the nun. Her body rolled in ecstasy, pulsating with lust as she came and grew. All it took was another thrust from the nun and Alisa for her second climax to bleed into a third, one even stronger than before. The world dimmed into obscurity as her eyes finally rolled.

Everything passed in a blur from there. Bianca vaguely felt Alisa cum a second time, which only led to another slew of orgasms for the impossibly buxom. The futa pulled out shortly thereafter, leaving Bianca to watch through glazed over eyes as Alisa pinned the nun. Her petite lover never said a word, not even to tease. She only grunted like a wild animal.

When she was finished, Bianca had managed to recover slightly. She reached out mindlessly and grabbed at her lover’s leg. Alisa rounded on her, pulling out from the nun to reveal a cock more than twice its former size. Its scent consumed Bianca, tugging a string of pleading words from her mouth. They were unnecessary, for Alisa didn’t respond to any of them as she took the still hideously swollen girl once more.

Bianca wasn’t sure how often she came. Her body refused to quit, always moving against Alisa even as her muscles cried for rest. She couldn’t even guess how long it was before she finally passed out. The last thing she saw before her mind gave out was Alisa squeezing her mythical balls through the door.

“What happened?” Bianca groaned as she came to. She raised her head and looked around, squinting at the unfamiliar territory. A weak light shone from overhead. The girl rubbed at her eyes, blinking to clear the dust away, and sat up. The floor squished and splashed beneath her. Something soft and heavy fell into her lap, sloshing audibly. Her lips tilted into a grin at the prospect of milking herself, then fell as she realised how impossibly huge her tits had become.

Just one by itself would be more than enough to cover her from the neck down. Bianca looked over the astonishing mounds, hands following her eyes to take it all in. ‘Huge’ barely began to describe her endowments. Her breasts flowed over her folded legs by at least a foot, their enormity resting against her equally absurd hips. She reached back and traced the curve of her spine, unsurprised to find that her ass extended further than before.

“This is insane,” Bianca muttered and climbed to her feet, mouth agape as she found herself balancing with ease. The weight alone should have forced her to the floor. Each breast had to weigh more than her entire body had before the curse. They fell past her hips, joining with them to dominate her frame, and obscured part of her thick thighs. A mirror hung to her side, just large enough to show how ridiculous her figure had become.

It was strange, though. Despite how fat her tits and ass had become, each akin to a couch in mass, her arms remained as slender as ever. Her legs were only marginally thicker to support her immense hips, which reached well beyond her shoulders now. They flared out from her slender waist like a pair of shelves. She glanced to a door and realised that fitting it would be hopeless.

A groan brought her attention away from her own predicament. Bianca’s eyes settled on the prone form of a nearby woman, whose stomach reached out over a foot from her torso. She finally noticed that the entire floor was lost under a thick layer of cum, easily enough to fill a small pool. More of it flowed out into the corridor. Bianca flushed heavily as she put together what must had happened.

“Oh, shit…”