

## Anatomy Lessons



Night came over the abandoned college campus like a blanket. One hardly had a chance to enjoy the colors of the setting sun before it vanished over the horizon. Jake glanced at his watch in surprise, not sure he even remembered night's arrival.

"Damn, getting dark by four-thirty now..."

There were no stars to greet him; they were all drowned out by the surrounding city. Despite being in the midst of civilization, he couldn't have felt more isolated. Jake's footsteps echoed across the brick courtyard. Empty windows stared down from looming buildings as if to accuse him of being where he shouldn't.

"So quiet... Place might as well be a ghost town." Jake spoke aloud. There was no point in fearing anyone hearing his ramblings as he inserted his key into the college library. "*Perfect.*"

The heavy door locked behind him and he turned towards the basement to pause in confusion. A light was on in the base floor. Jake was positive he'd turned it off the night before. Quietly, fearing some kind of intruder, he crept down the wooden stairs. Their centuries-old frames creaked under his weight and refused to hide his presence. Beyond it he could hear the sound of someone shuffling across the floor and humming while placing books.

The stairs opened up into a wide room filled with rows of bookshelves. In the middle sat an area populated by tables and chairs meant to facilitate group study. A student cafe sat nestled in the corner, its coffee machines taking a well-deserved break. Most interesting was the girl.

Jake stayed low. He wasn't sure why. Perhaps being on his own had brought some primal cautionary instincts to the surface. He weaved between the bookshelves to approach the stranger until only two walls of literature separated them. His male curiosity got the better of him.

She was attractive even when mostly obscured behind aging books. Dark brown hair fell to her shoulders. It matched wonderfully with a purple sweater hugging her chest like a sexy outfit from an 80's movie. She was well-endowed for her frame and her exceptional size paired well with the soft garment. Tight blue jeans hugged a trim waist and shot down her legs in a layer of stretched denim. Jake could almost see her bouncing up and down in the morning to get the pants to fit over her thighs and butt.

"You plan on helping or are you just going to stare at my tits all night?"

Jake's face turned so hot he feared he might catch the books on fire. "S-Sorry, I wasn't staring..."

The girl hummed with approval. "Sure, sure, and I *definitely* wore this sweater *not* to be stared at."

A silence stretched on longer than Jake cared to admit. Summoning his courage after being caught peeping, he walked into the open and approached the stranger. She was clearly a student based on her age and even looked familiar, but he couldn't place her in any of his classes. It was a shame, she would have made even the most boring subjects tolerable.

Jake swallowed before asking, "They have you cleaning out the old books too, huh?"

"Yup..." Her reply was short but laced with tempting undertones.

Words poured out of Jake's mouth. "Normally I would have stayed home for Thanksgiving break, but I kind of felt like a little peace and quiet away from the family. Turns

out the school was willing to offer a free month of room and board if I took care of a few chores!” Jake shrugged, feeling the need to explain his situation. “So I figured why not, right? Do some stuff around an empty campus, save some money, and be refreshed for finals when classes start back up.”

She tossed a smile his way. “We think alike!”

“Tonight I was supposed to go through some of these shelves and toss out any outdated books on this big list they have.” Jake looked around to make sure they were alone. “Kind of surprised there aren’t more people taking advantage of this, actually.”

“Hey, I won’t complain. The less the merrier!”

“I’m not sure that’s how the saying--”

He lost his train of thought when she reached for the top shelf to replace a book. The position lifted her sweater up her abdomen to expose a tantalizing glimpse of her navel. She caught his gaze and made no immediate effort to fix the display.

“Campus is deserted as far as I can tell,” she hummed, “We could probably do this stuff naked and nobody would ever know.”

This took Jake by surprise. As flustered as he was, he didn’t dare let it show. A faint glimmer of hope that he could work this to his advantage was alive. Every time he’d ran through this kind of scenario in his head, confidence was key. The next words out of his mouth could seal the deal. “...Is that an offer?”

The smile on her face was promising. “We’ll see.” Holding a book in her arms and into her chest in such a way as to make her breasts bulge around the cover, she introduced herself. “I’m Diane.”

“J-Jake,” he mumbled. The spell cast by her book-hugging tits was powerful.

Diane knew full well what she was doing. Enjoying his reaction, she turned back to the shelf and bent to the bottom row. Extra care was put into bending only at the hips. Jake’s dry mouth amused her when she stood back up.

“Whew...” Diane breathed. A finger curled around her sweater collar to pull it in and out and circulate air across her body. “This library is an oven! I should have worn something under this sweater... It’s so hot I wish I could just take it off...”

Jake could feel himself short-circuiting. Years of watching porn had left him surprisingly ill-equipped to handle this situation. He wasn’t prepared for this kind of flirting. Not in real life. No girl had ever come on to him this strongly. He still couldn’t be certain a hidden camera crew wasn’t ready to jump out if he took the bait. It all seemed too good to be true. Still, as Diane bemoaned the library’s heat and accentuated her sweater-hugged bust, he had to look. The distinct curve of bra lines made his cock throb.

Diane could tell he was going to need a little help. Spending the last few hours alone in the library had left her craving attention. What’s more, being alone with her thoughts never failed to put her in a horny mood.

She watched Jake’s lingering eyes and ran a finger down the front of her left breast. “Do you think I should just take it off...?”

“Well... If you’re hot, I don’t see why not.”

Diane looked around the area. “I don’t know... I wouldn’t want anyone to see... My bra is *all I have* under here...”

This girl was trying to drive him insane. Jake wanted to rip the sweater off by his teeth at this point. “It’s only,” he urged, “I won’t tell.”

Diane approached like a hungry lioness. The heat from her breasts resting between them made Jake sweat.

“Would *you* like to take it off for me?”

An arm wrapped around Jake’s waist and a hand teased the front of his jeans before sliding into his boxers. He felt like a mouse caught in a python’s grip.

“*Please?*” Diane cooed while curling her fingers around his shaft. She leaned into him, pushing his back into the bookshelf. “My hands are kind of busy right now...”

Heat poured from her sweater. Jake could feel himself throbbing in her grip. He would be lucky to maintain composure until her sweater came off at this rate. Diane’s breasts pushed soft and full against his chest. The thought of getting his hands on such marvelous sweater-fillers was maddening. Nervous as he was, Jake wasn’t going to let this blessing pass him by.

“I can help with that,” he said in a low voice. Placing a hand on her butt, he pulled her pelvis into his to sandwich her hand against his cock. His remaining hand latched onto the bottom of her sweater. The bare of her back rubbed against his wrist as he lifted the sweater up her body.

*CRREEEEEEEAAAAAAAAAK*

The two froze. Neither had noticed how much weight their leaning bodies were applying to the bookshelf behind Jake. In a terror-filled moment, they watched the wall of titles tilt away in slow motion.

*CRASH!!!*

The shelf fell to the ground with a sound that would echo through the vacant library for several seconds. A cloud of dust filled the air and the two students looked upon the literary carnage laid before them.

“Shit,” they said simultaneously.

Diane removed her hand from Jake’s pants. The mood was gone, destroyed like the bookshelf. Jake stared at the mess wondering if they could clean it up and leave no evidence. It would take hours but they were going to sort through most of the books anyway.

“Hey, what’s that?”

He looked to see Diane stooping to the floor. The carpet was faded into a rectangle where the bookshelf once stood. In it sat a decrepit textbook under an inch of dust. The layer fell away in a pile of dust bunnies when Diane grasped the book.

Anatomy diagrams decorated the cover with naked images and cross-sections of male and female subjects. Stains saturated some of the corners. Jake was surprised Diane was willing to touch it without gloves. More than anything, he just wanted to get back to their previous flirting.

*CRA-A-ACK!!*

The spine yelled when Diane opened the cover. A fissure shot through the binding and sent dust into the air in a puff of antiquity.

“It looks like an old anatomy textbook!” Diane exclaimed, “Look at the date!”

Jake peered over her shoulder and was pleased to find he couldn’t see the date as it was hidden under her breasts. “Where?”

“1820!” Diane’s eyes glistened. “Doesn’t say who the publisher is, though... Or the author. Weird...”

Pages clung together when she flipped through its contents. The book looked ready to fall apart at any moment. Jake compared the date to their university’s founding. “It’s easy to forget how old this college is. Must have been under that shelf for at least one hundred years.”

Diane laughed. “This thing is beyond outdated. The material in here wouldn’t even cover the first year of med school these days!” She stopped on a page and snorted. “Oh God, it has an entire chapter on bloodletting! Not super surprising, they didn’t stop doing that until the mid-1900s.”

Pages whirled in front of her face. It sent a musty smell into the air like a dirty fan. Diane stopped at the start of a chapter with a title that caught her eye. “Oh here we go. This section might be down your alley!”

Jake stared at the yellowing page. The chapter was entitled “The Female Breasts”.

An elbow nudged his side teasingly. “Ehh? Ehh?” Diane mused, showing off some of the detailed sketches of nipples and milk glands. “This doin’ anything for ya?” Some of the variations made her chuckle. “Wow, girls sure were a lot smaller back then... Before birth control came around and--”

She paused. Something had grabbed her attention. “Wait.”

A section rested under her fingertips titled “Stimulating Growth”. A diagram of a girl’s breasts more than doubling in size helped get the point across. An impressive enhancement from a C-cup to a full G was enough to make Jake suddenly care.

“Now this is interesting...” Diane whispered. Her eyes flitted across a passage.

*Efforts indicate the female breasts are exceedingly-prone to additional growth after pubescence when given proper stimulation. A massage technique, dubbed Percy’s Method, works well to create tissue confusion and provide stimulus. When performed correctly, it leads to temporary swelling and significant breast enhancement within minutes. The limits of a female’s ability to increase her size have yet to be seen, however, as test subjects find themselves unable to continue due to sexual fatigue.*

*Percy’s Method involves handling both breasts at once. While massaging one mammary in a wide circular pattern with kneading from the palm, the other hand must twist the other nipple and pull as if coaxing lactation while running the pinching fingers from the base to the tip. Continue in this fashion for several minutes then switch. Growth should be evident as well as heightened sensitivity and firmness of the skin. The result is most sexually overwhelming for petite subjects while larger-endowed subjects experience more pronounced swelling.*

Jake's cock wanted out of his pants. Looking over Diane's shoulder, he could see her nipples poking through her bra. He wasn't sure what he'd just heard her read, but it was arousing beyond belief.

"That can't be real," he insisted.

Diane's eyes flashed and she read it for the third time. "You want to try it out??"

"What??"

"The massage! I want to see if it really makes my boobs bigger!!"

Jake stared at her expression. "You don't really believe that book, do you? It sounds insane! It sounds like some horny teenager wrote it while he was bored!"

"Come ooon..." Diane inched close. "You've been staring at my tits all night. And honestly, it sounds really fun. I don't think I've *ever* been massaged like that before." Bringing her voice to a whisper, she asked, "What if it *works*?"

Jake's ears burned with arousal at the thought. "And what? Your boobs *grow*??"

Her fingers tapped excitedly at the open book. "Temporarily, according to this!! Might be fun!" Diane bit her lower lip and winked. "If nothing else, a pretty girl is offering to let you feel her up in the library... I'm surprised you're so reluctant."

Suddenly Jake didn't know why he was arguing so strongly. Regardless of the book's veracity, was he really going to pass up an opportunity to play with this girl's sweater puppies? Such a thought was outlandish.

"Let's do it," Jake grinned.

"Really had to twist your arm there, didn't I!"

Diane took the book and walked to the center of the library where she set it on a table. There was no time for Jake to mentally prepare himself when she grabbed her sweater and pulled it overhead and tossed it on the floor. A glorious set of tits cradled in a large red bra jutted away from Diane's body. Gentle bulges of skin ran along the cup edges. It was the most cleavage he'd ever had the pleasure of experiencing in person. The sight made his mind go numb.

"Told you I had nothing under there," she recalled. Diane posed long enough for Jake to take a mental snapshot before pulling out a chair and sitting down. "Help a girl out of her bra? Or are you hoping to see me outgrow it?"

Such a sight would surely push Jake over the edge. Diane's brassier already looked stuffed to the max with supple flesh. If she were to grow, her figure might become a hindrance.

Jake stood behind her with shaking hands. Scanning her band told him she was a 30G. A bra clasp had never been so daunting. "I don't think I can do the massage with you still wearing it."

"Oh darn... Guess we'll have to take it off." Diane flashed a look over her shoulder. "Tell you what, though; if you make me so big I can't get my bra back on, *you can keep it.*"

If there wasn't enough motivation to clamp his hands to this mind-boggling girl's boobs before, there was now. Jake's hands whistled through the air and unsnapped her bra in a flash.

Watching from over her shoulder as they fell free and into their full, natural shapes was heavenly. Jake could have stared at the scene for hours and never gotten bored.

“My chest is *all yours*; massage away. *Make me big.*”

Jake had to focus. “Let me make sure I have the technique right...” He glanced at the book. “Massage, while twisting and pulling the nipple... Then switch.”

Diane giggled like a little girl. “Do your worst. I’ve always wondered what it would be like to have a bra cup in the second half of the alphabet.”

Hands reached around her bare torso and sank into her waiting mammaries.

“*A-Ahhh!*”

“Too cold??” Jake worried.

“N-No...” Diane moaned when he squeezed. “It’s just been a while... Your hands feel *goood...*”

Jake began the massage. At first it was difficult maintaining a rhythm with such differing motions between hands, similar to rubbing his stomach and patting his head at the same time. Within a few minutes his hands grew used to the movement.

“*Mmmngh...*” A moan slipped from Diane’s lips. Deeper breaths caused her breasts to push into Jake’s hands.

“How is it?”

“*G-G-Good...*” Diane squirmed in her seat. Her nipple was plump and full between his fingers and Jake’s hand overflowed with her flesh. At such a size, it was difficult to control her breasts and stick to the technique. She adjusted her seated position and arched her back.

That’s when Jake noticed an increasing amount of heat radiating into his hands. Diane’s breasts burned like coals and sweat dotted her cleavage. Strange elastic firmness made her skin taut and springy.

She had to bite her lip to stifle a labored groan. “*Mnngh!! This...feels incredible!*” Diane’s breathing turned into panting. “I-I don’t know if...*mmm...*they’re any bigger... But they feel...*f-fuller! Keep going!*”

Losing herself to the massage, Diane closed her eyes and let her head roll back onto the backrest. It pressed into Jake’s pelvis where his manhood waited in its cotton prison. He would have taken advantage of the situation if his eyes weren’t glued to Diane’s chest.

There was more to grab. Every passing second saw his hands struggling to control Diane’s bust. The differences were small but added up to a point where he was forced to adjust his grip or risk dropping her bust altogether.

“*Nnngh o-oh God... Jake...*” Diane’s breath rose hot and sweet into Jake’s nostrils. “*My boobs...feel so heavy!*”

Jake gulped but did not reply. Her growth was undeniable. One or two extra inches could be dismissed as tricks played by his horny imagination, but the massive globes dominating her chest were undeniable. Diane was nearing double her original size. Whatever process this massage had started inside her body was now in full swing. It urged her skin to plump and fill outward. Jake’s breath caught in his throat as tight bulges spread his fingers apart.

Diane's head rolled back and forth against the chair. Her closed eyes grimaced with strained arousal. "*H-Harder! Fuck, I'm getting so wet!!*"

The pleading was music to his ears. Jake doubled his efforts and sank his hands deep into her body. Swollen nipples like thumbs pushed against his palm and twisted like pink tornados. He could feel her chest stretching and developing under his grasp as if her tissues were churning. Surpassing a size reserved only for women lucky enough to win the genetic lottery, Jake found himself having trouble holding her chest at such an angle. He felt like he was trying to juggle two watermelons. The muscles in his forearms ached from supporting their weight.

*"God my tits feel so hot!! My nipples are on FIRE!!"*

Diane breathed hot and heavy against Jake's cock. The moisture seeped through his jeans to tickle his shaft and head. Seeming to sense his extreme arousal as he throbbed against her face, Diane opened her eyes to see him staring down.

"So..." she moaned, enjoying his hands on her chest, "Was that book full of lies?"

The hesitation in Jake's answer made her pause, as did the lack of color in his face. Jake shook his head slowly with disbelief.

Trepidation and anxiety fluttered within Diane's chest. Lifting her head, she turned her eyes downward. Her view was met with billowing flesh and cleavage much sooner than expected.

*"HOLY SHIT!!"*

She jumped from the chair as if it were on fire. The additional weight took her by surprise and would have sent her careening to the floor had her legs not spread out for support. Using her arms as a cradle, Diane hugged her chest into her body like a fleshy pillow. Soft curves bulged over her collarbones and overflowed her biceps. Together in silence, the two students watched her open her embrace and let her mammaries fall.

*BWOOMPH*

*"Ooooooh shit. O-Oh my God..."*

Diane gulped at the sight. Her breasts had developed into massive teardrops topped with cherry nipples. Their bloated bottoms reached beyond her elbows while their forms extended almost a foot off her torso. Stretched and pliable, her skin shown as a pale milky white. The absolute size of them on her slender frame was mind-numbingly disproportionate.

Diane's mouth hung open as she tried to speak but no words came to mind. "I... I-I..." Taking a finger, she prodded one breast and watched as it sank a full inch before her soft skin would allow no more. Releasing made her chest wobble beautifully back into a resting position. Suddenly she found the right words.

*"Fuck!! FUCK!! LOOK AT ME!!"*

Jake was beside himself. "I'm sorry!! I-I should have stopped!! They started getting bigger and I just could keep from--"

Delight poured from Diane's face. "No! No no no! I LOVE them!!" Cupping her hands, she hefted their weight and dropped them several times to enjoy the sound and effort it took to



resist their momentum. The jiggling made her squeal. “Fuck the second half of the alphabet; they’re going to have to extend it just for me!!”

Jake was stunned. She was devastatingly busty. To the point where his mind couldn’t clearly imagine what he might do to them given the chance. There were too many possibilities for so much feminine substance. These served no purpose other than to be big. “Diane... Are you sure--”

She ignored his concern. Rushing past him as a bouncing blur, Diane slammed her hands on the table and poured over the ancient anatomy book. Jake couldn’t help but notice her chest hanging off her body like giant udders.

“What else is in this chapter??” she said with shaking excitement.

If they were going to continue, Jake would have been perfectly content to resume the massage. Diane’s eyes lit up after turning a page.

“Lactation...” she whispered.

Jake was starting to wonder if he was in a dream. “Did you say *lactation*?”

Another of the sexy winks he’d come to love was sent his way and Diane licked her lips. “*Moo*. Listen to this section.”

*To date, female humans are the only known mammals to possess permanently-swollen breasts. This suggests their function is not only to feed offspring but to possibly serve an evolutionary sexual purpose as well.*

*There are several methods in which a woman’s mammary glands could activate. The most obvious of these is pregnancy. Other methods include herbal supplements, routine massaging, application of saliva on and around the nipples, prolonged exposure to suction, or a combination of such efforts. These methods can be rigorous and time-consuming with effectiveness varying. However, research has shown some women are genetically predisposed to lactation. These anomalies, while rare, are exceedingly adept at not only inducing but producing high quantities of milk as well.*

*It is not known which gene controls this behavior though it appears to be recessive in nature and found in well-endowed women more often than their petite counterparts. When present, this gene leads to a collection of linked receptors between the nipples and vaginal nerve bundle. Application of milk to both areas, when coupled with stimulation, has been observed leading to instant--and sometimes extreme--lactation. Further research is necessary to understand this function as well as the rare presence of this nerve bundle.*

Jake was surprised there wasn’t drool falling from Diane’s mouth. This girl was overflowing with sexual energy. Not only had she tried to initiate sex within minutes of meeting him, but now after having her chest swollen larger than basketballs, she was lusting for further experimentation from this dusty old book.

“Nerve bundle...” Diane hummed in thought, recalling the passage. She gasped suddenly. “I think it’s talking about the G-spot!! It wasn’t officially discovered until the forties or something!”

Jake scratched his head. “Aren’t they *still* debating if it’s real?”

“The book said it’s rare! It has to be linked to inducing!”

“I don’t think I understand.”

Diane’s eyes sparkled with excitement. “Well I *know* I have a G-spot. And apparently, if you rub it and my nipples with milk, I’ll start lactating.”

Jake was about to make a counterpoint to her crazy statement until he heard the sound of her jeans unzipping. “What are you doing?? You don’t seriously want to try it, do you??”

The jeans slipped down her legs to reveal soft thighs. A tantalizing gap shown between them and her lace-wrapped crotch. The bright red thong caught Jake off guard.

“Yea!” she insisted.

“You *want to lactate??*”

Diane snapped her thong against her hips. “*Hell yea!!* I’ve always wondered what it would be like!” Eager for the experience, she groped her mammoth breasts and sank her fingers deep. “Tits are basically just balloons! They *inflate* with milk!” Madness shone in her eyes. “How hot is that?!”

Her fingers made small circles around her nipples. The attention brought them into hard nubs as if proclaiming their own desire to leak dairy. “*Nnngh... Just thinking about my boobs stretching and getting all tight...a-and fuuuuull...and...e-engorged...*” Moisture soaked through her thong. “*Mmmmmmmmm!! It makes me WET!*”

Jake was at a loss. Diane’s obsession with her chest was intimidating. She picked up on this and sweetened the pot. “I’ll let you have all the fun!”

“It sounds...*crazy.*”

“Come on, it was right about the massage! And look how big I got!! What if it’s right about this too? *Imagine these puppies full of milk!*”

Jake continued to stare. It was clear Diane wasn’t going to back down. Making her intentions clear, she twisted her thong around her fingers and slid it down her legs. As predicted, she stood naked in the library. Watching her climb on the table and spread her legs made color fill Jake’s cheeks.

She motioned to the library cafe. “Go grab the milk from the cafe’s fridge. I’m ready to try this. And I’m going to need a little help.”

Jake wasn’t about to fight a woman completely baring herself in such a way. Whether or not it worked, his cock would never forgive him if he didn’t follow this sexual adventure to the end.

He left momentarily to search the cafe’s mini fridge for milk. He returned minutes later with a bowl of white liquid, finding Diane eagerly fingering herself. “*Heh,*” she smiled, “Gotta get myself ready.”

With the bowl set next to her, she consulted the textbook. “It says the nipples and G-spot need to be massaged simultaneously with milk. If you can handle one nipple, I’ll handle the other while you get the downstairs.”

Slick fluid coated her pussy and thighs. “No problem,” Jake accepted, counting his blessings.

The milk was cold when Jake dipped his fingers into the bowl. It ran down his wrist when he moved to apply it to Diane’s nipples. A thick coating clung to her pink mounds as she shivered.

“*Ah! That’s cold!!*” She giggled then, watching Jake’s hand slip between her legs. “If I start growing cow ears or something, you better stop. You hear me? One ‘moo’, and that’s it!”

Jake smiled deviously. “Hey, you wanted this! No turning back.”

“Now wait just a--*AahhhhMMM!!!*”

Electricity shot through Diane’s body when Jake slipped his dripping fingers into her pussy. Its heat overpowered the cold milk in an instant. Curling his fingers up, he massaged them against a spongy area while using his other hand to rub milk into a nipple.

“*Ahhh!! A-Ahhh!!*” Diane was having difficulty enduring the act. This didn’t stop her from massaging her other nipple.

“I think I need more milk,” Jake said in amusement. He scooped a healthy portion from the bowl and poured it over her chest before delivering the rest to her insides. As he rubbed, he could feel the walls of Diane’s pussy reacting to the daily. In particular, what he believed to be her G-spot, was swelling. It felt tight and plump against his milky fingertips. The more milk he applied, the more it reacted.

“*Ohhh.... O-Oooh! Oh that’s weird!!*” Diane grimaced through squeaking breaths.

“*T-That’s...really weird!! It feels like...m-my crotch is swelling up!! I-I-It’s throbbing!!*”

Jake applied more. As Diane announced her sensations, he was able to confirm them with his fingers. Her crotch was getting tighter. Her G-spot felt like a tiny balloon. Above, her nipples pulsed as if breathing. He twisted and pinched for extra measure, making Diane cry out.

“*N-Nnngh!! Oh be gentle!!*” She panted heavily. It was a challenge using only one arm to support herself on the table. “*Fuck! My chest is burning up!!*”

Milk ran from her crotch. As much as Jake had fed it, he was surprised not to see more leaking out. Her pussy clenched around her fingers with writhing undulations.

“*AHHH!!!*”

He jumped when Diane cried out suddenly. “Are you all right??”

“*S-Something...is happening!! Nnnnghhhh!!! It’s like there’s electricity running from my crotch to my tits!!*” Chest heaving as she gasped for air, she groaned from Jake’s continued efforts. Her face contorted and her hand squeezed her breast. “*Oh GOD!! T-There’s...There’s a pressure! Jake, something is...happening inside my chest!! Nnnghhhh i-i-it’s building!!*”

Sweat ran down her brow. Diane’s body started to shake. Her breasts expanded and contracted as if breathing. Their owner squirmed and released her grip on her aching nipple. Both arms were needed to keep her up. “*I-I can’t...keep massaging it!!*” Leaning back on the

table and lifting her chest in the air, Diane begged, *“Don’t stop!! For the love of God, please don’t stop!! This pressure makes me feel like I’m going to EXPLODE!!”*

Seeing one of her nipples left unattended, Jake’s mind searched for ideas. It wasn’t hard finding a solution. Removing his fingers from her sopping groin, he clamped both hands onto Diane’s chest. Following a deep breath, he plunged his face into her milky crotch and set his tongue to work.

*“A-AAAUUGH!! MMMMMNNGH!!!”*

It was all he could do to keep Diane’s nipples and pussy supplied. One hand regularly dove into the bowl to scoop milk and dump it over her chest. Whatever didn’t get rubbed into her nipples managed to run down her body and between her legs where his mouth gathered it and injected it into her crotch. The mixing taste of dairy and Diane was intoxicating.

*“Aahh!! Aaaaahhh Jaaaaake!!”* Diane screamed. *“My cheeeest!! Something...Something is happening!!!”*

Jake cast his eyes up her abdomen to behold the sight. Her swollen jugs were heaving. Her nipples seemed to glow with energy and stimulation. Pronounced roundness had taken over their natural shapes. They no longer laid like heavy mounds; they were engorging.

*“H-Holy shit!! Oh fuuuuck!!”* Diane hissed. *“There’s something inside of them!! I-I can feel it...!! It’s swirling!!!”*

*GUUURRGLE*

The sound of rushing liquid made her gush over Jake’s face. He didn’t blink. This show was too great to miss.

Diane’s breasts distended. Though they were growing, their transformation was distinctly different from her earlier growth. Her skin was stretching, trying to keep pace with the contents filling her milk glands and pushing from the inside. Pressure forced her areolas into large domes as if they were dams keeping her milk at bay. Her nipples quivered like tortured faucets on an over-pressurized holding tank.

*“Oh God!!! OOOHHHHH MY GOD!!!”* Diane stared at her engorging udders. They inched down her body and jutted from the sides of her torso. *“They’re really blowing up!! I-I can feel...gallons of milk...stretching them!! Filling me out!!”*

*GUUUURRRRGLE*

Several timid veins made their way into view. Bloating close to her natural limit, Diane’s tits heaved and wobbled. Jake didn’t dare apply much weight; under his hands they were tight and firm.

*“O-Ooohhhh they’re getting full!! They’re so freaking HEAVY!!!”*

Jake didn’t stop. His tongue lapped more and more milk into her body. His fingers twisted and massaged.

*“It feels so good to be so FULL!! They’re so TIGHT!!!”* Diane panted and drooled. *“My tits feel like a couple of balloons!!!”* She clamped her thighs around Jake’s head. *“B-Blow them up!! Make me lactate until I absolutely can’t hold another ounce!!! I want to make so much milk my own body can’t handle it!!!”*

*GUUUURRRRRGLE*

“Nnnnngh!!! N-Nnngh!!” Diane whimpered against her stretching chest. It completely blocked her view of Jake. Hardly anything was visible behind her milk tanks. Below, fluid gushed against Jake’s face. It ran out of her pussy with extreme stimulation and approaching orgasm. The waterfall of juices made him feel like he was drowning.

“Oh I’m so full!! T-There’s too much...milk!!” Diane whimpered and squeaked along with her drum-tight cleavage. “I-I...I don’t think...I can hold it all!!!”

*GUUUUUUUUURRRRRRRGLE*

“Ahhh!! A-A-Aaaahhhhh!!! Jake my chest can’t hold anymore MIIIIILK!!!”

*FWOOOOSH!!!!*

Liquid erupted from three locations on Diane’s body. Each nipple released a fountain of milk from between Jake’s fingers to shower him and the floor. In front of his face, a torrent of feminine fluids doused his face from a buildup of pressure. Jake would have thought she’d squirted if it hadn’t been comparable to having a bucket tossed on him.

*SLAM!!!*

The pressure released, Diane’s arms gave out and she fell back onto the table. Her legs hung limply off the edge and released Jake from the supple prison of her thighs. Pinning her down were tits like beach balls. Gravity could only do much before the amount of milk inside would allow for no more. A puddle formed beneath her hips, destined the stain the table for years to come.

Jake stood up and gawked at the magnificent sight. Most impressive were Diane’s nipples. They quivered on top of her chest with diameters over an inch thick. Their ability to hold back her milk was astounding.

“Oooh my God... Oh my God...” Diane repeated over and over. Her hands crept over her chest in an attempt to contain it and keep her suffocating her. They were too large to allow her hands to meet in the middle. “That was...the most incredible thing...I’ve ever felt...” she moaned. “Everything...was stretching!! It was just like I’ve always imagined!”

A deep grunt shook the table when she rolled onto her side. Using the weight of her chest to her advantage, Diane fell off the side of the table and caught herself in a kneeling position. One arm tried to contain her chest while the other used the table for support.

“I-I don’t think...I can stand up with these...” she giggled, struggling to rise.

“Let me help,” Jake insisted. Running an arm under hers, he helped her up to what could pass as standing.

“These must weigh at least thirty pounds each...” Diane gasped. “My legs...can barely hold me up!”

“Should we try milking you??” Jake hadn’t blinked since her release. How he’d managed to not blow his load was a mystery. When it finally came, his release was going to be legendary in its own right. “It might help with the weight. You look way too full. Maybe we should take a break.”

Diane's chest heaved and leaked when she laughed. "Are you kidding? I want to try more!!"

Jake's pants almost burst open. "What more can there possibly be?! You can't even stand on your own!!"

Such things did not concern Diane. She was having too much fun to worry about standing up straight. Her eyes scanned the pages of the textbook for her next challenge.

"Hey..." she said slowly after finding something of interest. "You want to fuck me...?"

The thought alone was almost too much. Looking at the girl struggling to stay upright with her gargantuan milky tits, he confessed, "More than anything in the world."

"Good. Because I found what I want to try next." Diane pointed to a page located in a section detailing the male orgasm.

*The amount of semen produced in orgasm differs from male to male and is dependant on the events leading up to said release. Tests have shown prolonged stimulation leads to an increased yield. When drawn out for an extended period of time by way of numbing agents, especially when coupled with extreme stimulation, the amount of ejaculate increases drastically, sometimes bordering on the fantastical. This combination of efforts is believed to trick the male's mind into forcing the production of more sperm despite an existing supply.*

*Studies centered around male enhancement inadvertently led to the discovery of an oddity in the female body. Regardless of the volume, the woman's body will always allow for full containment. In extreme cases this can lead to swelling as her body deposits his release in reservoirs located outside of the vagina.*

*The biological purpose of this is yet to be fully understood.*

Jake blinked. "The hell did I just read?? What does that even mean?!"

Fingers were slipping in and out of Diane's thighs. "It means no matter how big of a load you shoot into me, my body will *always* hold every single drop."

"Supposedly," Jake corrected.

"Only one way to find out."

The thought of her already bloated chest swelling bigger made Jake's head spin. Admittedly he already felt like a gallon of cum was sitting in his balls after tonight's events. Feeling his cock fill her up would be a gift from God. There was no way it would ever be enough to make a physically recognizable difference, however.

Jake blushed. "I'm not going to lie, I've felt ready to shoot ropes since I saw you in that sweater, but I don't think there would be near enough for anything to affect your body."

Shaking her head, Diane pointed back to the book. "Look, it says we can increase how much cum you produce! We just need to numb your dick and I'll send it through the wringer."

The suggestion made Jake chuckle. "Numb it?? Where would we even find something to--"

Diane sloshed towards her purse and withdrew a small tube of numbing cream. The logo of a local sex shop was displayed proudly on the front. "Oh please," she grinned while popping

off the lid, “I’ve always got a tube on me for those special dates! Comes in handy more often than you’d think. Some guys are more than happy for a few dabs.”

She stood in front of Jake with some white cream waiting in her hand. “Strip please!”

“Are you serious??”

“Well... I mean we don’t *have* to... Here I thought you *wanted* to fuck a girl with massive tits filled with milk in the middle of a college library. But if you don’t *want* to see me take your load then that’s fine with me, I gue--”

Jake’s pants fell like a stone.

“I thought so,” Diane grinned. “I’ll make you a deal, too. After this, if you’re still conscious, *you can do whatever you want to me.*”

“I’m going to hold you to that,” Jake promised, dropping his boxers.

His manhood was pleasingly large. After the milky stimulation she’d endured, it would be heaven feeling him plunge into her. She could hardly control herself as she knelt down and rubbed an abundance of numbing cream over his head and shaft. After several minutes of stroking and wiping off the excess, she tested his sensitivity with a heavy flick of a finger. “Feel that?” she asked.

“N-Nope.” Jake had never used this kind of product before. It was strange. Although he could see that his cock was iron-hard and throbbing, he felt none of the sensation. He wouldn’t last more than a few seconds otherwise. Diane’s numbing massaging had taken him to the edge.

“Good! Now you just enjoy the show. I’m about to prime this thing so it’s ready to go off inside of me like the Fourth of July.”

There was no stopping her. Diane attacked his cock in ways Jake had hardly imagined. Both hands worked his shaft with expert precision and dexterity. Soft lips curled over his head and applied enough suction to leave it full, swollen, and borderline purple when they popped off. Jake was appreciative of the cream; this kind of stimulation would have sent him over the edge in seconds. Numb to her touch, however, it only sank into nothingness.

“You like that...?” Diane moaned after licking the length of his cock and looking up at him with his manhood pressed against his face. He could only nod. The sight alone was maddening. He desperately wanted to feel her warmth and saliva but all sensations were blocked. An undeniable pressure was building somewhere he couldn’t pinpoint. Watching her draw lube from her pussy for use with her hands made his breath catch in his throat.

Diane kissed his cock while a hand traced down his base and curled under his balls. “I sure hope these are ready to *pump me up...*” she cooed. “I won’t have a choice but to take every last ounce of cum! It’s not going to have anywhere to go except for *inside of me. Mmmmm...* I hope I don’t *blow.*”

Diane’s skills were on another level. Her teasing, her foreplay, her curiosity, her dirty talk. Everything was beyond what Jake had experienced. When she straightened her back and lifted her tits onto his cock, Jake groaned. Her cleavage looked exceedingly tight. He couldn’t feel the heat surrounding his dick but he could imagine what it must feel like. He swooned against the pressure surging in his body. His mind was foggy and the room was spinning.

“N-Nnngh... Diane...” he groaned. “I think... I-I think I *need* to come...”

Diane plunged his cock in and out of her breasts. Every time it emerged from her cleavage she granted it a drawn-out kiss with high-powered suction. “Sshhhh... Just enjoy it. I want to make sure this thing is fully loaded.”

Pressure was building. Jake’s mind raced to find a source or explanation but was only met with more pressure. He couldn’t tell if it was real or his mind playing tricks on him to compensate for the lack of experiencing Diane’s engulfing bust.

“Nnngh!?” His hands clenched. Watching his cock pierce her cleavage again and again was torture. Every time it revealed itself it looked bigger and harder.

“Oh!” Diane gasped with a giggle, “Somebody is getting blue balls!”

“N-No kidding...” Jake grimaced. “I feel like I should have come ten times already!!”

Diane squeezed the sides of her chest and made the pressure on his cock skyrocket. “Well you’re not going to come *even once*. Not yet. Not until you’re so full of cum and so deep inside of me that I--”

“NNGH!! D-Diane!!” Sensation was returning to Jake’s manhood. Its throbbing was distant and muffled at first but the heat of Diane’s chest was shining through his numbness. “I-I-It’s wearing off! Holy crap my balls feel full!” Jake never thought such a statement would leave his lips.

“Mmmmm, uh oh, is it show time already?” Diane could feel him throbbing between her tits like a time bomb.

“Please!! I’m going to explode in a few seconds!!” Jake was desperate for a place to release his pent-up arousal. Nowhere was worthy except for within Diane.

“Oh myyy!!” Diane’s eyes lit up. “I think your balls are actually *bigger!!*” She licked her lips before licking his cock. It came dangerously close to setting off a geyser in her face. “*Hope I didn’t bite off more than I can chew.*”

Jake was frantic. “I need to be inside of you! *I need to be inside of you!*”

POP!

His cock sprang free of her cleavage with a sticky release. He’d never been so swollen. It looked like a sex toy designed to test a girl’s limits. If he wasn’t numb, his extreme hardness would have been uncomfortable.

“Oh wow...” Diane awed. Her stomach rumbled.

He couldn’t take much more. A dam was about to break. “*Hurry!!*” The slightest breeze was going to make him lose it.

“Ok, ok,” Diane hummed. Standing up, she motioned to a chair. “Sit.”

Jake collapsed and watched with the eyes of a tortured man as she straddled the chair.

“I-I really don’t think I’m going to last very long!” he warned.

Giant udders rubbed down his face as Diane’s eyes came to meet his. Heat radiated from her crotch and pushed his cock to the very limit. “You don’t have to last. You just have to *fill me up.*”



She didn't waste any more time. Diane lowered herself down, her pussy welcoming Jake's head in a hot, slick embrace.

*"Aaugh!!" she cried out, "God that thing is a lead pipe!!"*

Jake was certain she wouldn't be able to hold his length. He would have liked to see himself stretch her lips if her breasts weren't blocking the view.

*SMACK*

*SMACK*

*SMACK!!*

Diane bounced her pelvis up and down. The tight walls of her body squeezed his cock like a vice grip.

*"N-Not so hard!"* Jake pleaded. Her body felt incredible but he wanted to prolong the experience as long as possible. As if trying to ground himself to Earth, his hands clamped onto her butt and held on for dear life as the sex demon rode like like a toy. Diane's breasts bounced in his face like milky blimps. The intense motions were pushing droplets of milk from her nipples. It created a sweet scent that energized Jake further.

*"GOD YOU'RE THICK!!" Diane screamed.*

*"I can't hold it!!" Eyes opening wide, Jake felt the largest orgasm of his life kick off. A swirling ocean was about to be released and every drop was on course for Diane's core. "Diane!! NNGHHHH IT'S COOOOMIIING!!"*

Diane's mouth fell open and her eyes clamped shut when his shaft thickened to the point of stretching her loins. Gripping the backrest behind Jake's head, she leaned herself back as far as she could and wrapped her legs around the back of the chair. She knew she would have to brace herself for what was coming.

Jake's cock bucked against her navel when the pumping began. Neither of them could have been prepared for the sheer amount of fluid.

*SHUUUMP*

*SHUUUMP*

The sound of thick, swirling fluid moved within Diane's body. It caused her abdomen to bulge outward as if she'd eaten a softball. Jake's cum didn't stop, however, and Diane gasped for air when she felt the swirling mass stretch her pussy tight and full.

*"T-There's so much!! It's stretching...me!! God there's not enough room in there with your cock!!"*

*SHUUUMP*

*SHUUUMP*

*"NNGHHH!!! J-Jake!!" Diane trembled when the pressure rose. His cum wasn't stopping and her body refused to release. "I don't think I can hold any more!! M-Make it stop!! My pussy can't hold it all!!"*

*BLOOOAAAAAAT*

The sound of a bubbling holding tank made them pause. Looking down, they saw Diane's breasts tightening. With little more than an audible warning, her bust expanded outward in surges matching Jake's throbbing cock.

*"I-I-It's flooding me!!! Your cum is filling my tits!!"*

The sight fueled Jake's over-worked production. *"How is that possible?!"*

*"NNNGGGGHHHH LIKE I CAAAARE!!!"*

Diane tightened her grip on the chair as the rush of cum surged. The taut piles of flesh on her torso bubbled outward with its new contents. Even leaning away from Jake, they inched toward his face like a looming wall.

*"OOOHHH that's tight!! T-That's really...reeeeaaally tight!!!"*

Jake leaned his head back. It provided clearance for only a moment until her chest connected with his chest and face. Head buried in her cleavage, he could feel hot fluid rushing against her skin. They were full and bloated, heaving with impossible weight. Their inflation was not steady. It came in cum-fueled waves rushing from her torso to the tips of her nipples.

*"K-Keep pumping me up!! Oh it feels so good!! T-To FILL!! I FEEL READY TO BURST WITH YOUR CUM!!"*

Soft skin stretched against Jake's face. Between her growth, lactation, and his cum, he wondered if her body was nearing its limit. As big as her chest was, even as it pushed into his chest and bulged over his shoulders, it was surprisingly pliable.

The chair creaked under their weight and Diane's desperate grip. Slowly his oceanic load turned into a trickle and his cock bucked one final time within her fluid-filled pelvis. Every inch of space between them was filled with her bulging skin. Tits obscured their vision and prevented either one from taking a full breath.

Feeling Jake's cock settle down, Diane loosened her grip. "O-Oh thank...God..." she gasped. Her chest was like a massive airbag holding the two of them apart. It sloshed with the combination of her milk and his cum. She stared at her engorged masses in awe. "I...I was hoping for a big load... But I wasn't expecting several dozen gallons!!"

Jake winced. "What can I say? I tried to warn you..."

"Damn if my body didn't hold it all, though! That book was right again!" Groaning with effort, Diane released her legs and planted her feet on the ground. She rose up enough to remove herself from Jake before allowing the weight of her body to carry her to the floor.

*BWOOMPH-SLOSH-SLOSH-SLOSH*

*"Ohhhh God..."* Diane leaned across her chest. It was large enough to support her upper body and keep her on her knees. Her arms could not reach the floor when stretched around them. "These things are *stuffed!*" She giggled knowing full well she could never stay standing. *"Heh... T-Too big I guess... I might be stranded!"*

Diane sighed and watched Jake stand from the chair. "Guess you're pretty worn out after blowing a load like that, huh? I feel like I could sleep for a week..."

"The opposite, as a matter of fact."

A devilish tone in Jake's voice made Diane shiver. Looking up, she noticed his manhood was still hard. It swayed as he approached the anatomy book.

"W-What are you doing?" she asked.

Well, you said I could do whatever I want to you after that..." Jake flipped through several pages, staring intently at the passing sections. The determination in his face made the stranded girl whimper and lower her head into her cleavage. Jake continued, "You've been having all the fun choosing what we do so far. I think it's *my* turn to put something from this book to the test."

"T...That's true..." Diane tried to move but the weight of cum and milk pinned her down. There would be no stopping him even if she had the slightest desire to do so.

Jake flipped through several chapters: "Penile Enhancement", "Oddities of the Female Curves", "Effects of Hypnotic Suggestion on the Physical Form"... The subjects carried on. Finally he found something that made his cock tingle with excitement. "Ooooh here's a good one: 'Females and Stretching'."

Diane fidgeted nervously. "Ha, what? Like...yoga?"

Reading through several passages, Jake chuckled. "I don't think so."

***Given their traits and biological roles, women's bodies share many qualities with balloons. Their bodies show an exceptional ability to stretch relative to their male counterparts. This is most notable in their breasts and abdomen, both of which are capable of incredible swelling, specifically for pregnancy and milk production. However, data has shown the female form is capable of adapting to monumental quantities of fluid when introduced through an orifice. Arousal enhances this ability to superhuman levels, though further studies are necessary.***

"Jake..." she moaned, dying to know what the book said. After what it had let to thus far, Jake's intentions could have been anything.

He said nothing, leaving Diane clueless as he walked away.

"J-Jake!"

*SLOSH-SLOSH*

Her chest gushed as she tried to turn around and watch his actions. There was no budging her mass. In the distance, she could hear him rummaging around in a closet in the cafe's vicinity. He turned a few minutes later. Every step he took caused her heart to race faster. Diane was shocked to see him standing over her holding the end of a hose with one hand kinking its flow.

"W...What..." Diane swallowed. "W-What's that for?"

"Just something from the book that caught my eye," Jake grinned. The end of the hose was pointed towards her thighs. "Spread 'em."

"M-Mmmnngh..." Diane whimpered helplessly. It wasn't often she got to be the submissive one. Arching her back to accentuate her pussy between her thighs, she spread her knees across the carpet. Jake stepped behind her out of sight. "Go...G-Go easy on me... I already feel like a whale."

The snicker that came from Jake made her shiver. “Oh, just wait.”

*“What exactly do you plan on doing to--NNGH!!!”*

The hose slid deep into her crotch. Its rubber exterior held firm against her skin, refusing to remove itself without a helping hand. Or enough internal pressure.

*“Aahhhh oh my God... O-Oh my God... Jake... What the hell are you going to do to me??”* Diane panted. Just having the hose inside of her was nerve-wracking. If there was ever a time she felt helpless, it was now.

“Ready?” Jake warned. The hose vibrated and begged for him to release its flow.

Diane nodded and closed her eyes. *“R-Ready!”* she squeaked.

*FWOOOOOOOOSH*

*“Aaaahhhhh!!! Aaaahhhhh!!! Fuck!!! OOOHHHH FUCK ME!!!”*

Diane’s eyes sprang open and her body heaved. Instincts commanded her thighs to clamp down on the hose. In an instant, pressure spiked within her pelvis around the nozzle. Warm water drawn from a sink in a custodial closet welled within her in a growing sphere of fluid. It caused the area below her belly button to bloat and distend with weight. Nervous, Diane held the bulge between her hands as it tightened and swelled to a melon.

*“Aahh!!! I-It’s going into me!!”* Diane gasped for air. Hot water seemed to fill every pore of her body. The hose was merciless in its delivery. *“I’m...NNNGHMMMM!!! I’m filling up!! I-I’m...BLOWING up!!!”*

*GUUURRRGLE*

Jake couldn’t wipe the smile from his face. As a small stream of water leaked from Diane’s bloated pussy, he knew her transformation was only just beginning.

*“The...pressure!!!”* Diane heaved. *“Oh God it’s spreading up my body!!”*

*GUURRRGLE GUURRRRRGLE*

Swirling fluid jostled her chest suddenly and her hands flew to sink into its sides. *“My CHEST!!”*

Water flowed directly into Diane’s bust. At several gallons a minute, it had an immediate effect on her girth. As she squirmed and grabbed at her skin, it bloated beneath her in every direction. *“O-Oh my God! OH MY GOD!! Jake!!! What the hell are you doing to me?! I-I feel...nnngh!!...like a fucking water balloon!!”*

She collided with innocent chairs and tables, knocking them over as her body refused to stop for any impediment.

Jake came to her front and stooped down to run a hand along her chest. It was hot to the touch and springy like latex. “Had enough?” he grinned, sinking a finger into her. “I can turn it off.”

Diane turned her head up and glared at him through messed hair. *“Don’t you DARE turn it off. Y-You don’t...nnngh...stop filling a water balloon...u-until...it’s full!!”*

Jake had never been harder than he was at that moment. Skin spread under Diane’s belly and between her legs. Cleavage extended in front of her. All around, her mammaries inched across the floor like a monster blob in an erotic horror movie. Water sloshed against her skin to

the point of drowning out her own pleased screams. Diane's body shifted atop her chest and she noticed her toes were having to stretch to keep in contact with the floor.

*"They're stretching! I can feel myself stretching!"*

*GUUUURRRGLE*



*"H-How strong is this library's water pressure?! I'm filling up like a goddamn swimming pool!!"*

Jake stood in front of her. With her chest lifting her higher by the minute, she'd come to be eye level with his cock. "Open up," he commanded.

*"I-I... I don't think I can hold it!"* she whimpered.

"Oh you will."

Diane wasn't sure she could take another source of inflation. Still, as sweat dripped down her face and color filled her cheeks from other-worldly pleasure, she opened her mouth and dropped her tongue like a red carpet.

"Good girl," Jake growled. This much power over her was turning him into a different person. He'd never experienced such control. Stepping forward, he inserted his cock into Diane's mouth where her lips and tongue welcomed it with hunger.

*"Mmmph... Mmmmph!"* she choked. Behind her, her feet left the carpet. Engorging flesh expanded under her.

Jake grabbed her head and began pumping in and out. Pressure assaulted Diane's body from both ends. Victim to the sheer size of her chest, she lifted high into the air. Jake's grip made sure to tilt her forward into her cleavage so she could continue sucking him off.

*“M-MMMMPH!!!”*

*SLOOOOSH*

*GUUURRRGLE*

Water sprayed from her shaking thighs. Tight skin squeaked against itself and filled her ears from shifting cleavage. Muscles tensed across Diane’s body against the massive pressure fighting inside of her. With her ass reaching five feet into the air, her mouth struggled to keep ahold of Jake’s cock.

*“MMMNNGH!!”*

“You getting full?” Jake mused, looking down at his prisoner. From where he stood, every gallon filling her frame was flowing from his cock.

*“M-Mmm!!”* Diane looked to him pleadingly. He felt ready to explode in her mouth. Bracing herself, Diane dug her knees into her chest. The hose thrashed behind her like an angry tail. Every second saw more water gushing from her tortured crotch. It was ready to burst free.

*“MMMMMM!!!”*

*SMACK!!*

*“MMPH!!!”*

Losing himself, Jake slapped the side of her chest. The resulting echo bounced around her chest numerous times before fading away.

*“Here it comes,”* Jake warned, *“Hope you’re ready.”* Much longer and Diane’s mouth wouldn’t be able to reach him no matter how hard he held on. Her cleavage was ready to swallow her up.

*“M-MMMPPHH!!!!”*

*GUUUURRRRRRRRGLE*

Jake grunted. *“Nnng!!”*

Closing her eyes, Diane felt him thicken and stream a torrent of cum down her throat.

*BWOOMPH!!*

*BWOOMPH!!*

*“M-MMMMPH?!”*

It flowed directly into her bust. Taking the brunt of his load, her nipples bloated large and hard enough to wiggle themselves free from under her weight. Giant pink mounds the size of trash cans sat pinned between the floor and her bust as if caught midway through an escape.

*GUUUURRRRRRGLE!!!*

*“MMMMMMPPHHHH!!!!”* She drank ever drop of his cum, relishing in the stretching it forced her body to endure. Jake had to stand on his toes for her to stay wrapped around his head, until finally--

*PLOP!!!*

*BLOOOMMPHSSSHHHH*

*“Gaaahhh!!!! SHIT!!”*

Diane cried out when her oral fixation on Jake's cock released. No longer anchored, her chest heaved into equilibrium and sent her wobbling to the top as if she were lying on a six-foot-tall mountain of Jello.

*“Aaaahhh!! OH THIS HOSE!! THIS FUCKING HOSE!!!”*

It thrashed behind her and whipped back and forth. Pressurized water shot from her legs in a fountain of orgasm.

*“I CAN'T HOLD IT IN ANY MOOOORE!!! I'M...TOO...FUCKING...FULL!!!”*

***FWOOOOOSH!!!***

In a releasing shower of water and orgasmic fluid that doused the vicinity, the hose shot from Diane's pussy like a rocket. Jake raced to turn it off, though wobbly on his feet after such physical strain. He returned to the sound of Diane huffing and groaning while trying not to sink into her cleavage. A pile of tit the size of two minivans held her naked body aloft. All around her nipples sat puddles of water, milk, and cum. As she spoke, Jake's fluids dripped from her lips.

*“I...o-oh God...I can't move... I'm so fucking full...I can barely think!! I feel like a blimp!!”*

Jake scratched his head. “Sorry about that...” He poked her chest and watched her skin ripple. “I might have gone a little overboard.”

She stared down from her perch with a smile. “Are you kidding? I love this! *I love every skin-stretching gallon swirling inside of me! I could come...just from rubbing myself...!*”

The smell of sex filled the air. Admiring the sight, Jake couldn't ignore the destruction around them. Shelves of books remained in chaos, furniture was tipped over, crushed, or plain missing, and a girl the size of a parade float dominated the room.

“Diane... Uh... We've got a bit of a mess to clean up here...”

“Oh yea?” She sank her elbow into her chest and rested her head in a hand to stare down at him. “Why don't you take a look in the textbook? Who knows, maybe getting me back to normal will be just as fun!”

“Sure, but first...”

She watched as he stooped down to gather her discarded bra and stuff it in his pant's pocket. “Hey! *Hey! What do you think you're doing?! You can't just take that! It's my favorite bra!*”

Jake stared at her grinning from ear to ear. “Well... I mean you can *try* and fit into it if you want, but it looks a little small.” He motioned to her gargantuan jiggling mass. Diane fell silent as she recalled her earlier promise. “A deal's a deal!”