

## Dinner Date

I looked at myself in the mirror, running my hands down my front as I attempted to smooth the wrinkles from my black dress. Wrinkles always seemed to be the first thing I noticed when I was anxious or nervous.

I looked ready for a great night on the town with my husband, Aaron. The dress was tight and form fitting, and if I'm being honest, looked pretty sexy on me for a thirty five year old. My recently dyed red hair tickled at my shoulders, and contrasted well with my pale complexion. My hazel eyes stared back at me from the parallel world. I couldn't believe what I was going to do tonight.

"Awooooo!" A catcall rang loudly through my house. I turned to see my friend, Bella, walking towards me, her high heels clicking on our hardwood. "Chloe, looking good!" Her smooth long legs reached me in a couple of strides, a skirt flowing around her toned thighs. She had a white button up blouse on, the top few buttons undone to display a little cleavage.

"You sure that blouse is the right choice for this?" I asked her, eyeing her up and down. "Looks kind of small."

"Oh trust me, it'll work like a charm." She stood by me, primping herself in the mirror. On her own she was already taller than my five feet seven inches; in her heels she completely looked down on me. Although I had advantage in the curves department. It wasn't much, considering I weigh about 110 pounds soaking wet, but my chest was fairly supple at a 32B cup, with a nice rear to boot. Chloe was maybe a full 34A on a good day; she must have been wearing a push-up bra to get the cleavage she was.

"This dress sure leaves a lot to the imagination doesn't it?" I said sarcastically as I blushed, running my hands down my front again. They ran over the small mounds that were my perky breasts. The dress was pulled tight across them, a rounded neckline going down to just below my collarbones.

Bella gave me a small smack. "Hey, wouldn't kill you to wear something sexy like that for once! Trust me, you'll be glad you have that dress on; it's form fitting, but stretchy too." Bella reached for her purse and rummaged around for a moment before taking out a baggy full of small pills. She handed one to me and gave the other to herself.

"Really? Right now?" I nervously asked. I wasn't sure I really wanted to do this.

"Yes, right now! It takes a bit before it starts. Aaron is going to love this. It'll be the best April Fool's day he's had." She lifted my hand towards my mouth. "Now come on, bottoms up! We're meeting Aaron at the restaurant in half an hour."

With trepidation, I swallowed the tiny pill. "Can't believe I'm doing this in public." I told her.

She only laughed as we walked out the door. "Loosen up a little, Chloe!"

I looked at the menu while waiting for my wife and her friend, reading through most of the items for the third time now. I had been sitting alone at my reserved table for about fifteen minutes now, and I was worried the two glasses of champagne across from me were going to get warm. I tapped my foot anxiously, hoping the waiter wouldn't ask where the rest of my party was.

"Aaron!" I heard someone whisper in a not so hushed tone, trying to be heard over the classical music playing in the background. A small wave of relief fell over me.

I turned in my chair to find the source; it had been my wife, Chloe, and she looked drop dead gorgeous wearing a new tight black dress. She saw me glance at her smaller breasts bulging from the front, and she grinned slyly at me, but blushed all the same. Chloe had never been much for sexual displays, often self-conscious about her smaller curves, so her willingness to advertise was surprising.

Bella walked next to her, standing over her like a tower because of her heels. She mouthed a silent 'hey' to me as we made eye contact. To say the relationship between the three of us was complicated would be an oversimplification.

They both sat down across from me, and they both looked incredible. I couldn't believe my luck in what they had chosen to wear. A small bulge of cleavage was peeking out at me from Bella's blouse and I knew she had worn a push-up bra. A triangle of sexual tension could be felt between the three of us as we greeted each other.

I would never understand how I managed to find myself with two women like them; I was a thirty six year old, six foot two man weighing in at 230 pounds. My job did well to keep me mostly in shape, but age always catches up to you. My beard had begun to show small tinges of grey lately. Luckily my shoulder length blonde hair had been spared from this fate as of yet. Chloe had always referred to me as her blonde haired, blue eyed god.

"You two look incredible..." I finally managed to say.

"Hope you weren't waiting too long." My wife said, smiling at me she rubbed my hand lovingly.

"No, not at all... Restaurant might be open for another fifteen minutes or so..." I joked, making Chloe laugh. I risked a quick glance between each of their breasts, seeing my wife's bounce a little in her dress from her laughter. Bella had caught me when I looked at hers, and giggled a little. I couldn't believe the amount of cleavage showing under her shirt.

"Anything good on the menu?" Bella asked, picking it up.

"The steak here is supposed to be incredible," I told them. "Oh, you might want to get started on your champagne now, it was poured when I sat down. Warm wine can spoil a dinner..."

"Don't mind if I do!" Chloe accepted. She almost jumped for it; she must feel like her dress was drawing eyes to her. As I watched them drink from their glasses, it was hard not to grin.

Chloe coughed a little, drinking too quickly, while Bella sat her empty glass down with a sigh. "Think we drank those just in time..." She said.

I couldn't take my eyes off of them now. It was going to be an incredible dinner. They both opened a menu in front of them, eyes dancing between the numerous dinner options. Chloe fidgeted in her seat a little bit, and I noticed Bella was playing lightly with the unbuttoned collar of her blouse. She was teasing me.

"The breast looks like it might be good..." Bella said, looking at the menu.

"I hear they're big here..." Chloe responded quietly. She seemed nervous. It had elicited a small giggle from Bella though. Something seemed up between them.

The waiter approached the table. "More champagne?"

"Yes please!" Bella quickly accepted, placing her menu on the table and holding her glass out. My eyes shot to her chest. I could swear they were bigger, at least by two cup sizes. Her cleavage had deepened considerably. "See anything you like, Aaron?" She asked, looking directly at me. She knew exactly what my answer was.

"Uh... Maybe the fish." I lied. I hated fish.

Chloe cleared her throat softly, putting down her menu. "Think I'll get the shrimp scampi..."

I coughed a little. It had happened to my wife as well; her breasts were undeniably larger, the dress making it painfully obvious. Her tiny B cups were easily full brimming C cups now. It didn't look like she had worn a bra; I could swear I could make out the faintest hint of her nipples.

Looking up, Chloe was blushing brighter than the candles on the table, seeing me staring. She shifted in her chair again. "You alright, hon?" I asked.

"Mhm!" She nodded quickly.

The waiter finished pouring Bella's drink. "It sounds like you're ready to order, then?"

"Chicken breast for me, please." Bella ordered.

"Very good. And, Miss, you said you would like the shrimp scampi?" Chloe nodded. Her breasts seemed to jiggle more than normal as well.

"And for you, Sir?" He looked at me. I'm pretty sure he saw my gaze snap away from my wife's boobs.

"The steak, please."

"Excellent choices." The waiter took our menus and left, leaving a heavy tension in the air.

Bella leaned forward, resting her arms on the table. Her breasts were pushed upwards, straining at her button as they bulged. She looked almost three times her usual size now. "That's a lovely dress, Chloe..." She said, taking a sip of her drink.

"O-Oh, thanks!" My wife stuttered a bit. She was nervous. I saw her glance down at her chest; it had risen even more now, the black fabric pulling tight across the two swelling mounds on her front. It looked like two halves of a cantaloupe had been shoved down her dress. She of

course saw this and immediately let out a small squeak. "Bella..." She whispered softly, but she didn't seem to hear.

"So, Aaron, how have things been at work?" Bella asked, straightening up.

"Good, we've been doing a lot of..." I lost my train of thought as Bella arched her back, pushing a pair of tits out in front of her easily surpassing F cups.

"Mmm, sorry, had to stretch. This shirt feels so snug on me!" She explained. "You're dress is looking pretty tight there too, Chloe!" Chloe didn't respond, and Bella looked at her. "Chloe, I said--"

She saw why Chloe wasn't responding. My wife's eyes were fixed on her bosom, her hands lingering a few inches in front of them. She was taking quick short breaths as if in a panic.

The front of her dress seemed to be expanding, like two balloons were inflating under the stretched fabric. Her breasts seemed to be growing outwards, puffing up and bulging off of her tiny frame, each like a full ripe melon now.

"What the..." Bella started, perplexed. She looked down at her own chest, her own eyes becoming transfixed. Her blouse was shifting across her bust, tight wrinkles pulling across her front as her tits ballooned out, adding cup upon cup. A canyon of cleavage overflowed out of the opening, and the indentation of her tiny push-up bra could be seen being smashed into the shirt. Spaces opened up between the buttons as they were pulled tight, and she held her breath.

"M-Maybe you were right...about...this blouse, Chloe..." She tried to say without breathing.

Chloe didn't hear her, as her own boobs had grown into her hands, pulling her neckline down into a deep plunge. Her fingers indented into her tits as they swelled.

*PING!*

The my wife and I both snapped our attention to the source of the sound. Bella's face was red. A button had blown off of her blouse and struck the wine glass in front of her.

"B-Bella, I think I need to powder my nose. Want to come?" My wife asked, looking near hysterical.

"Yea! I was just thinking that!"

They both stood up, rather off balance. Chloe wrapped her arms across her tits, trying to hide them as her dress pulled tighter. Bella nearly popped another button she had stood up so fast, giant rounded mammaries jiggling on her chest. "W-Well be right back, Aaron!"

They left before I could say a word. A smile cracked across my face, and I was glad that everything below my waist was hidden under a tablecloth.

Bella beat me to the ladies room, myself following suit behind her trying not to fall over. Seeing that the bathroom was empty save for the two of us, I hurriedly locked the door.

"Bella, what the hell??" I yelled at her.

"I know, I know!" She cried out looking at herself in the mirror.

“These were only supposed to grow a few cups!” I grabbed my overgrown boobs, each too big for my hands. “Does this look like a *few cups* to you?!”

“No, I’m sorry! I don’t know what’s happening! I’m not exactly Little Miss Tiny Tits over here either, you know.” Bella apologized, looking at her profile. Each were about the size of her head, and a large hole was showing her abused light pink bra where the button had blown off.

“Oh they’re so heavy...” I complained, sitting down on the counter. “This isn’t what I wanted, Bella... These are too big, people are going to start noticing when these two girl go from flat to having balloon tits!”

Bella hefted hers in her hands. “You know, they’re not *so* bad...”

I just looked at her. “You’re kidding. I hope you’re kidding. Look at me! I have a pair of knockers like volleyballs!”

“Yea you’re getting much bigger than I am... Wonder if it’s because you were already bigger to start with.”

“I wasn’t that much bigger and you know it.” I tried to cross my arms but my boobs blocked me.

“At least it looks like they’ve stopped... After that last surge, I wasn’t sure they were going to.” Bella admitted.

I leaned back against the mirror, massaging the bottoms of my enormous boobs. I felt overblown, like they were too big for my body. “Why do I feel so bloated...” I moaned, rubbing the front of my bust.

“Now that you mention it, you’re right...” Bella agreed. “These puppies feel...full...” She opened the collar of her shirt and traced a blue vein that flowed down her breast into her cleavage.

“Mmmm...” I moaned accidentally. Bella looked at me oddly. “S-Sorry... Massaging them helps...”

She raised an eyebrow at me, but then her expression turned into one of shock. “I think I know why!” She yelled, pointing at my swollen tits.

“What?” I asked. Looking down, they had grown slightly again, and two rounded bulges were rising out of my neckline, quickly becoming a deep plunge. But that wasn’t what my friend was pointing at. My hands had found my nipples in the course of my self-massage, and they felt puffy and warm in my hand. But pulling my hands away now, I could feel that they were damp.

Carefully getting off the counter, making sure to not let my inflating assets pull me over, I looked in the mirror. Two small wet spots dotted each of my tits, located right where my nipples lie hidden under my strained dress.

“Shit! Am I lactating?!” I yelled, possibly too loud.

Bella laughed a little. “I think you are, Bessie!”

I shot her a death glare and she stopped. “What was in those pills, Bella?”

“Nothing to do this!” She stammered, looking down at her own breasts as they swelled out a little. “Maybe... Do you think... Would Aaron have done something?” Bella suggested.

I froze and thought for a second. "Yes. He would." I felt another bit of swelling happen in my boobs, and saw their round shapes grow a little under my poor dress. "Although I don't think he would do *this*."

"So let's ask him!"

"No!" I yelled. "I can't go out there with tits like overinflated volleyballs! Plus I'm *leaking*!"

"Chloe, listen to me. People are going to stare, we can't get around that. But we still have the upper hand on Aaron; he might have done something, but all he can do is watch from across the table. Tits are one of his favorite things in the world; the torture he'll endure having to watch us grow is way more than the torture we'll have to endure of being ogled."

"But..." I started.

"Chloe, we have to go out there sometime. And I'm blowing up right there with you. Except your dress has much more give than my shirt. Trust me, I'm not sure how long I'll last before I flash the entire restaurant." Even Bella blushed when she said that.

But she was right. We were in this together, and we could still see it through. "Ok." I agreed.

After adjusting our clothes, me pulling up my dress as much as I could, and Bella moving her blouse as best she could to preserve her buttons, we left our shelter. I wanted desperately to brush the warm liquid from my dress, but I knew if I touched my nipples they would leak again.

Together we braved the dinner guests, walking past table after table. Our burgeoning tits bobbed in front of us like bumpers. I heard someone drop a plate, and couldn't help but feel responsible. Silently, and trying to bounce as little as possible, we came up behind Aaron. I leaned forward, pressing my gigantic tits into the back of his head. "Hello, Aaron." I said accusingly.

He jumped, jolting his head into my breasts, making them bounce tightly in my dress. He turned around and was faced with the two biggest pairs of tits he had seen in his life. "Hey, guys. Everything all--" His words stopped when he saw us. I could see his blue eyes shifting between each of our bulbous chests.

We both must have looked like we had blown up two balloons down our tops. Walking around him to our seats, we sat down heavily, and I could feel my dress strain as they pulled the fabric taut. More of my cleavage rose through my neckline.

"Is there something you want to tell us?" I asked my husband, looking directly into his eyes.

"I...I..." He started.

I pointed at the slowly growing wet marks on my front, each about the size of my palm now. "Out with it. Now." I demand.

He sighed, defeated. "Ok, yes. Before you got here, I slipped some lactation pills in your drinks. But they were only supposed to make you grow a little and then leak only an ounce or so! Not....Not *this*! It was meant to be a funny April Fool's joke!"

“*Aaron!!*” I cried at him. A couple heads turned, and I lowered my voice. “Aaron, look at us! Look at our tits!”

Bella stepped in. “It's not totally his fault, I don't think.” I looked at her, wanting an explanation. She sighed. “Aaron, we had a similar idea. Before coming, we took some temporary growth pills. They were only supposed to make us grow a few sizes... But, as your can see...” She puffed out her chest, and two squished tits the size of bowling balls threatened to blow her shirt open. “And Chloe is even bigger! She started leaking in the bathroom!”

“I-I saw that...” he said, stealing a look at my tits. It was obvious he wanted them. Badly. “The two pills must have reacted or something! Multiplying each other's effects!”

“Oh good! Well now that we know what happened everything is good!” I said, putting on a fake smile. It disappeared when a stitch popped on my dress somewhere. I felt my tits grow out further, my nipples meeting with the table in front of me.

“Are you... Are you guys still growing??” Aaron realized. We both nodded. “Well let's get out of here! We need to get you guys somewhere private!”

“Uh uh.” Bella said. She grabbed her napkin in front of her and unfolded it. “We just got our food! Why would we leave now? You're going to have to sit there and watch.” She told him, lying the napkin over the top of her tits, covering what she could of the enormous amount of cleavage reaching almost to her shoulders.

Bella looked at my husband. “Well go on! Dig in; this is what you wanted! Dinner and a show starring two lactating ladies, right?” A wrinkle popped loudly on the side of her blouse, and I couldn't help but gulp softly, feeling more milk drip from my engorged nipples.

I stared at my wife. I stared at her and the two titanic tits that were slowly forcing their way up her dress, pulling the neckline lower and lower every minute. Her face told me she wanted to hide, but her hazel eyes looked like they were begging me to rip her dress off. I had to adjust my pants a little, and Bella saw.

“Look, he can barely contain himself in front of us!” She laughed, taking a bite of her food. Her napkin sat on top of her breasts, not even covering the hole from the lost button. Two bulging parts of her breasts were squished out of it like dough, the rest of her buttons quivering.

Chloe had recently started to pant a little bit, each heavy breath lifting her heavy breasts a little before she plopped them back onto the table each time.

“Hank, stop staring at them!” An old woman scolded her husband at a table next to us. There wasn't a pair of eyes in the building that hadn't seen the two women with boobs blowing up like water balloons.

“Bella...” My wife said, looking down at herself. “I'm... I'm getting really really big...” She was easily as large as basketballs, and the fronts of them were drenched with large wet spots. I could see nipples the size of the end of my thumb smashed against her dress, erect and pleading to be set free. Drop after drop off creamy milk fell from her front and onto her lap.

“You and me both...” Bella agreed, putting down her fork. “I don’t...know...” She closed her eyes and her face grimaced as a loud creaking sound came from her back.

*SNAP!*

She jumped a little bit, knocking her napkin off of her chest as she bounced. “I think my little push-up bra just gave up on me!” She exclaimed.

My eyes shot to her front, and she enough, the odd bulges that had looked like a belt wrapped tight around her bust was gone. “Ooooh...” Bella moaned. “Ah... *Ah!*” Slowly my wife and I both watched as two small dark spots appeared on her white blouse, quickly spreading out. “I-I’m leaking now too!” She gasped softly, gripping the table.

As her shirt grew increasingly soaked, I could see the dark pink outlines of her swollen nipples, surrounded by areolas as big around as coaster. It didn’t take long before most of her front was near transparent.

“No...no wonder you’ve been shifting your legs around so much, Chloe! This feels incredible...!” Bella cried out. Some people had gotten up to leave.

My wife looked at me and bit her lip, as if to confirm how aroused she currently was, but stopped as Bella started breathing faster. “Mmmm...” Bella moaned. “I can feel another...another surge coming on!” She sat back in her chair, arching her back as a valve seemed to be released inside if her breasts.

Chloe’s eyes grew wide as she saw the waiter approach them. “B-Bella...” She tried to get her friend’s attention. “Bella, the waiter is coming...” Bella didn’t seem to notice, but her moans did soften a little. Her shirt looked about ready to burst, breast flesh oozing out between every button.

The waiter stopped at our table. “Will there be anything else...?” He sounded annoyed. He looked straight at Bella, her breasts puffed out from her chest, giant pink nipples showing through her wet blouse.

She looked at him with half open eyes. “Heh... W-Why don’t you take a picture? It’ll...It’ll... U-Uh oh...” Bella’s eyes snapped opened, as if something was about to happen. She leaned forward, heaving her giant breasts up as she breathed in.

*POP!*

*POP!*

*POP!*

*POP!*

*POP!*

***BWOOOMPH!!***

All at once, Bella’s tits exploded out of her shirt, every button flying off of her front, many striking the waiter. Unsupported, they fell onto the table with a heavy muffled pound, shaking our plates and silverware. She looked down at the two round basketball sized tits she had just laid bare on the table, tiny streams of milk flowing down her front.

“Ahhhhhhhh...” She sighed loudly, “I can breathe!”



The waiter cleared his throat. "Excuse me, but I'm going to have to ask the three of you to leave."

I didn't argue, throwing down a hundred dollar bill and standing up, taking my wife's hand to lead her to my car. Her tits were larger than even Bella's, and stood out high and round on her chest, their fullness keeping her full and perky. She bounced madly as we walked, and I could hear stitches blowing out every ten feet.

Bella stood up as well, wrapping her arms around her boobs to steady them, as she slowly followed us out. However not before abandoning her high heels, handing them to the waiter. "Tip for your trouble..." I heard her say, winking at him. She caught up to us barefoot.

"Get in my car!" I told the two overinflated women by my side, "We can come back for your car tomorrow." I told my wife, hanging on my arm. She nodded, more cleavage rising towards her collarbone. I helped her into the front seat, the side of her chest flattening against the window as I closed the door. I helped Bella into the back, but she was quick to lie back across the seat, her breasts resting on top of her like rounded mountains, coin roll nipples pointing towards the roof as milk leaked from them.

I might have broken a land speed record on the way home. The entire drive seemed like a blur, filled with the moans and gasps of the two growing women in my car. I distinctly remember hitting a speed bump at top speed, and my wife squeaking as the front of her dress ripped open slightly, a gash opening a window to her cleavage. My entire car smelled of sweet milk.

Parking at our house, I helped both women out, lending them each one of my shoulders. I didn't think they were capable of carrying themselves at this point, either from weight or arousal. Perhaps some combination of both. I noticed Bella had abandoned her blouse and bra in my car, as she stumbled bare breasted by my side into my wife's and mine room.

They both collapsed into the bed. Bella fell back with her legs up, and I caught a glimpse of a pink thong under her skirt. My cock was throbbing with anticipation of what was about to happen. It was inevitable.

"Aaron..." My wife called my name sweetly. She was sitting on the edge of the bed, leaning back on her arms with her chest out. Her eyes pleaded at me like a hungry puppy. "Aaron please, let them out."

I stepped forward and dug my fingers into the rip on her front, feeling her wet breasts slide across them. With one strong motion, I ripped her dress down the middle, her mammaries helping tear the seams.

Her tits sprang free like heavy balloons, round and tight as they jiggled high on her chest, her nipples spraying me with milk as they finally felt freedom. She slid the dress down her long slender legs; she hadn't been wearing any panties for the entire night. Suddenly I became aware that the large wet spot on the lap of her dress might not all be from her overflowing milk.

She climbed back onto the bed, beckoning me to join her and Bella, who was gasping beside her as she played with her own nipples. My clothes were off in record time.

“Chloe you're *gigantic!*” Bella observed, as Chloe lay on her back. Her breasts rose high above her head like beach balls filled with water. Her nipples had thickened considerably, each one two inches across and an inch tall. Her areolas were pink and puffy, two small dinner plates topping her heaving mounds.

Bella meanwhile, had ballooned to just larger than basketballs, deep blue veins running over her curves. Her nipples had won in the length category, thick as a quarter and three inches long. Both her and my wife were leaking milk, ounces every second, their bodies becoming pale and slippery.

I jumped between them, turning them both onto their side to face each. Each of their breasts on top of the sheets mashed together, the nipples prodding into each other. With one smooth motion, I plunged my head between them, grabbing both of their nipples into my mouth as I began to suck. My hands meanwhile grabbed their other nipples on each of their outer side.

Thick, warm milk flooded my mouth as my wife and friend began to buck their hips, pleasure and ecstasy riding their bodies like electricity.

“Harder, Aaron! Please I'm so big!” Chloe begged, her nipple throbbing in my mouth next to Bella's.

“*Oooooohhhh!!*” Bella yelled out, clawing my back. “Suck me dry! *Drain these enormous milkers!!*”

They had both started curling up in their pleasure, my head becoming buried between their four engorged breasts. Their nipples popped free from my mouth, milk still dribbling down their tight skin.

Bella's skirt and thong had slid down to her knees, revealing her long and supple thighs, glistening wet with fluids. I saw as her toes curl as she started fingering herself and pulling on her nipple. Bella never lasted too long once she started playing with herself.

I looked at my wife, she was writhing on her back, massaging her titanic tits, pushing milk out of her nipples like hoses. Without a second thought, I grabbed her butt, angling her towards me. Small squeals and gasps of delight escaped from her as I kissed up her thighs, before finally going down on her.

“*OOOOOOHHH!!*” Chloe screamed. I felt milk run down her flat stomach and wash over my face. As I went harder, I could feel her breasts near vibrating, as milk shot out of her nipples at high pressure. It arced over us, and showered my back as I lay between her thighs.

My left hand reached up and grabbed hold of Bella's thumb-like nipple and pulled, milking her as she squirmed in orgasm. I felt myself come as I glanced up at the mountain range of tit above me, milk gushing from the peaks, and Chloe clamped her thighs tight around my head as she came with me.

As the milk shower subsided after what seemed minutes, and we lay in a heap panting, I had a feeling that Bella would be staying over that night.

I woke up early the next morning, Aaron clinging to my chest. With a sigh of relief, I saw that my boobs had gone down during the night, although they looked to have ceased at what felt like gargantuan G cups, full and bulbous on my frame.

Looking on the other side of the bed, Bella lay naked, her legs spread awkwardly. Her breasts seemed to be in a similar boat as mine, ample F cups jiggling their round shapes as she breathed heavily.

I shifted my weight on the bed, the indentations I created filling with milk from the previous night; the mattress was soaked, the floor as well. I giggled slightly at the ridiculousness of it, getting out of bed.

I silently looked in the pocket of my husband's pants, finding the bottle of lactation pills he had slipped us the previous night. "Can't let him keep these around..." I whispered to myself. I managed to find Bella's stash of growth pills as well, confiscating them.

Tip toeing through the kitchen, milk still dripping off my naked body, I whipped up three cups of coffee, and returned to the room to find them both rousing on the soaked mattress.

"Coffee anyone?" I asked with a smile, jiggling my breasts for Aaron. He eyed them hungrily.

"Yes please..." They both accepted, groggily.

Bella took hers in gulps, Aaron slowly enjoying the smell and sights of the busty women around him.

"Looks like you guys are keeping some of that swelling around..." He said, not attempting to hide his glee.

"Yea, it sure looks like it!" I grinned, sipping from my coffee. I didn't tell them about the two pills from each of their stashes I had laced Bella's and mine coffee with; we would all find out soon enough.