

Growing Closer

“Ahh! Please stop please stop please stop!” Joanne cried out, “I can’t take anymore! *Ahhhh!!*”

“Not a chance!” I declared, doubling down, “This is too much fun!” I leaned over her, putting all my effort into tickling the ribs of my roommate. She writhed on the couch, threatening to roll onto the floor as she squirmed under me.

“Stop, Nate! I’m seriously gonna pee myself!” Joanne screamed.

I decided to have mercy, I had won the battle. I released my hold, and sat back in my spot next to her. She gasped slightly as the tingling sensations left her and she tried to catch her breath.

“I told you I would win...”

“I’ll..I’ll get you next time!” Joanne huffed, still curled in the fetal position.

I chuckled, “Guys don’t lose tickle fights.”

She laughed, not saying much more. An intense air of intimacy had come over the room. It often did when I had the golden opportunity to tickle her like this. The fact that Joanne and I had been friends and roommates for years now had created an odd dynamic between us. At least for me.

I would be lying if I said I hadn’t thought about us getting together. In fact I had developed quite a handful of feelings for her. How could I not, when we shared nearly every moment of our private and personal lives together for the past five years? It was human nature to feel close to someone in a situation like that.

If only Joanne felt the same way. My feelings for her had never been spoken out loud, but I felt that we were both well aware. It came out in the way I spoke to her, played around and teased her. This tickle fight had been no exception. I found an odd satisfaction from getting into a physical situation like that with her, like scratching an itch. I think she let me do it to humor me. Or maybe she found it fun to tease me and the feelings I couldn’t control. Regardless, every now and then my fingers would brush against her small perky breasts, or I would get a surprise squeeze of her butt and she would giggle all the more. Small victories!

“You suck...” Joanne laughed, now recovered and trying to sit up, “You know all my worst tickle spots and I don’t know yours! It’s not fair...” She stuck her lip out and pouted, knowing full well that I was powerless to that look. I wanted very much so to kiss her there, but I knew better.

So instead I looked at her and smiled triumphantly. Joanne was a beautiful woman in her early thirties: tall, very slender, and topped with a cute blonde pixie cut. If she were to say she was ten years younger, you would believe her. I myself on the other hand was a twenty eight year-old bachelor, on the tall side with a lean muscular build.

The story of how Joanne and I had come to be roommates wasn’t especially thrilling, but I’m glad it happened. Long story short, I had been going into my junior year of college and was

in desperate need of a place to stay. I had found Joanne, freshly graduated and looking for a house mate after her college friends had moved out. I don't think I had ever filled out an application so excitedly after I saw her. Ever since then, we had remained together, renting a house near our old college campus, both of us with steady jobs and lives. Of course we each brought dates back to the house very often; it didn't both either of us. We had simply grown used to always being in each other's lives. That didn't stop me from wishing I was the one she was bringing up to her room, though.

I sighed internally and turned my attention to the TV in front of us, wondering what could have been in another reality. She was still a great friend and an amazing person. Having Joanne in my life was a gift in of itself; but that smile, those crisp brown eyes, and that little pixie cut always left me wanting more.

I pounded on the front door of the house. "Nate!! Are you home??" I yelled. I frowned then, hearing nothing on the other side. "Dammit..." I swore under my breath.

Today seem intent on testing the limits on all of my batteries, and my belongings were losing the battle spectacularly. My phone had died at work, which was common. But the batteries in my garage door opener had finally gone out after months of their range growing shorter and shorter. "I knew I should have changed those," I scolded myself.

We had once had a spare key hidden among the rocks out front, but it had been sitting in the living room since last Summer when Nathan had had to use it. I dropped my grocery bags and reached for my purse hanging from my hips, frowning as I dug into its contents more and more.

"Uuuugh," I groaned. Sitting outside of my own house waiting for Nate to get home was the last thing I wanted to do. His job had him working odd hours, and I could be stuck outside in the sun for one hour or five. My skirt had good airflow, but my blouse didn't breathe too well; I didn't feel up to finding out how long I would have to wait in the sun.

I grabbed my bags and headed to our backyard. I needed a little bit of TLC, mostly just some water. Nate had agreed to take care of the yard when he moved in; so long as the front looked nice I didn't care too much. I turned my attention to the windows sitting over our kitchen sink, praying one of them was unlocked.

This wasn't the first time I had had to do something like this in my life. I easily managed to pull out the window screen, leaning it against the house while I gently tried to slide the window open. "Come on..." I urged, feeling the sun beat down on me and sweat start to bead on the back of my neck.

I felt a flutter of excitement when the window slid open to reveal our empty kitchen and I loosed a small squeak of happiness, tossing my purse and grocery bags into the sink, then I braced my hands on the window sill. It was times like this that I was glad I was so petite; pulling

my 120 pounds through the window was a breeze! I giggled at my window pun while landing lightly on our tile floor, brushing off any dirt from my clothes and hoped no one had been watching me climb in; they would have gotten a nice view up my skirt when I had brought my legs up.

“Joanne: Master Burglar!” I declared, picking up my things, “Oh crap!” My bags were dripping wet, covered in milk. A quick look in the sink confirmed that I had knocked over a glass of Nate’s from the previous night, spilling it into my groceries.

I snatched some paper towels, and started wiping and putting away the few items into the fridge and pantry before grabbing my purse and a tube of skin cream I had bought after work from a pharmacy. The dry summer air was doing a real number on my skin, so I had bought the extra strength stuff, with enough moisturizing power to hydrate a desert. I shook the box a little, sending droplets of the day old milk everywhere. It already smelled bad.

Regardless I took it upstairs to my room. Throwing it on the bed, I went to change into clothes worthy of a comfy friday night. I let my skirt slip down my thighs while I worked on unbuttoning my blouse before throwing it on the floor in a heap among some other clothes. For a minute I stood in front of my mirror, stretching my arms over my head and inspecting myself.

I was wrapped in a matching set of bra and panties, both a deep enriching purple lined with black lace. My bra cupped my 30A bust rather well, my nipples hidden within its depths like tiny cherry treasures. My hips swished silently back and forth in my underwear, tightly fitting to my hips and butt.

I ran my hands down my front, feeling what little dips and rises I owned. I had never really minded not being very curvy. But that doesn’t mean I wouldn’t welcome a bit of an increase either, should my body present it. A chest with a little bounce or jiggle to it sounded wondrous, the feeling an unknown sensation to me.

“Maybe I should eat more...” I said to myself, “Heh, I bet Nate would love it if I put on a few cup sizes. The tickle fights would be non-stop!” I laughed a little at my ability to tease him. Poor guy just had a crush on me.

I let my mind wander a bit as I removed the rest of my clothes, my bra and panties falling to the ground. It felt nice to walk around naked in the summer heat, and I shivered as I squirted a large helping of cream into my hand and began working the cold substance into my skin. I felt tingly goosebumps cover my body, but flinched at the smell of milk. The liquid must have gotten onto the tube through the box. I could feel it on my hands.

I gave an extra helping of cream to my boobs and butt, feeling their soft curves squeeze between my fingers and palms as I massaged them. What little curves there were, anyways. “No summer is going to dry me out...” I said confidently. I patted my chest playfully, “Drink up, girls!”

I jumped suddenly, started by the sound of the garage door opening. Nathan was home; guess I wouldn’t have spent too long outside! I grabbed my underwear, pulling it up and snug over my butt and crotch, wrapping the bra around me as well. I couldn’t have my nipples poking

out while I was lounging with Nate tonight; he had already gotten plenty of excitement from his wandering, tickling fingers the night before. Of course, he had seen me wander the house in just my panties more than once. After a few times of walking in on each other, you stop caring so much and comfort becomes a priority. But I couldn't always just put the goods out in the open. I think that might qualify as a form of torture.

Downstairs, Nate could be heard putting some things away, followed by a loud pounding as he walked to his room. Soon he would park himself on the couch for the night.

"Joanne? You home?" I heard him call out.

"Up here! Just getting dressed..." I replied. He didn't respond, but continued on to his room. I shrugged, pulling on a loose pair of pajama pants and a matching button-up shirt, all the while eyeing a book I had sitting by my nightstand. A little reading sounded like a nice way to unwind, and I hopped into bed, laying back to enjoy my book.

I had been reading for about an hour until I was finding it difficult to concentrate. The summer heat seemed to be beating down on me, despite my blinds being shut. I could feel that my breast were flushing, and a familiar flutter was happening with my heart. Sweat was beading up in my cleavage, and I could feel my nipples poking out hard and firm into my little bra under my shirt. I mindlessly began twisting them, running my hand under my clothes.

"Mmmm..." I moaned softly, biting my lip. My nipples felt so puffy between my fingers, and I was hard pressed to remember a time when they had been this sensitive. A simple pinch or twist sent a quiver down my spine. And although I was still trying to read, I had begun rubbing my thighs together, trying to massage my pussy. I could feel it slowly getting wet, and my head was starting to swim. I was getting incredibly horny.

I looked at my bedroom door, closed and locked. I could hear Nate watching TV downstairs. Without putting my book down, I gently slid a hand under my pajama bottoms and into my underwear, finding myself hot and wet. I began playing with my clit, laying my head back as I began to moan, my book resting forgotten on my breasts.

I felt like my entire body was alive with electricity. My chest was pounding, and I couldn't seem to play with myself enough. I began furiously fingering, my free hand squeezing my tit. "Ah!" I squeaked a bit louder than I had meant to.

"You ok up there?" Nate called.

"F-Fine...!!" I yelled back, my breath leaving me, "Just...Just a bug..." I was beginning to work up a sweat. My body desperately needed something. Something I couldn't provide it on my own. I looked down at myself, my tiny mounds rising and falling with my quick breaths. They seemed to pull tightly at my shirt, my nipples hard enough to even show through my bra padding. I needed a man's touch. It was like I could feel my body begging for it, my loins aching for a cock to stretch me out. A gap appeared between my shirt buttons, and I gulped hungrily.

My mind began to think. *Nate...* An image of him, naked and sweaty popped into my head as he bent me over a table. I swallowed, the thought of his cock lingering in my mind longer than it ever had. *He's right downstairs... And there's no way he would object.*

“Mmmnnnn...!” I groaned, both out of pleasure and frustration.

I got up. I had only spent a few seconds thinking about it, but my mind had been made up. I *needed* a man right now, my body craved one. And Nate was the closest man. Lucky him.

I had just come home from work, and was enjoying a typical Friday night of relaxing on our couch. Joanne had been up in her room since I got back, hardly making a peep. It was getting to be about time to eat, and I was considering calling up to her to see if she wanted to order any pizza, when I heard her door open. I could just hear the soft padding of her bare feet coming down the stairs. I didn’t have much time to turn and look before she had appeared beside me. She seemed confident, lithe and smooth in her motions. Gracefully, she sat right next to me, our thighs pressing together.

“Hey, Joanne. How was work?” I asked her, wondering where her sense of personal space had gone.

“Mmmm, it was good!” she said, giggling a little. I could see her eyes flitting around like hummingbirds, many of her glances going to my legs. Her brown eyes had a sparkle to them, her pupils dilated as if she were a lioness hunting prey. Something was off about her.

“Getting about ready for dinner? I was thinki--”

“Yea, I think I could really go for some sausage...” Joanne said breathily. The room felt like it had gone up ten degrees in temperature since she sat next to me.

I gulped, looking at her, then gulped again. She was leaning in towards me, the collar of her pajama shirt falling down. I could see a straight shot down through her cleavage, two small mounds tucked inside a purple and black bra. My eyes came back up to meet Joanne’s, and I instantly turned away. She knew exactly where I had been looking, and I knew I had been caught.

“Hmmm...” Joanne hummed, inching closer, pressing her chest into my arm. “Or are you maybe hungry for some *mounds* of mashed potatoes? Orrrr maybe two scoops of vanilla ice cream? With two little pink cherries on top?”

I shifted in my seat, uneasy as the front of my shorts grew tighter. Was she drunk? She had definitely seen me looking down her shirt. And I could swear she had more cleavage than normal. Her butt felt extra soft pressing sideways into mine. Soft and warm.

I noticed her head tilt down, and a smile crawled over her face. “Are those new shorts?” she asked. Before I could reply, her hand shot out, a finger wrapping over my elastic waistband and pulling the front of my shorts away, revealing my hardened member, standing proud.

“W-Woah!” I quickly jumped, and she released them, my waistband snapping back against me as she started to giggle.

“Oops! Heh, sorry, didn’t mean to pull on the *boxers* too....” I could feel my face getting hot as she leaned in, her breath hot and moist on my ear. “But I’m surprised you have any room left in there after what I just saw...”

She bit my earlobe. And I’m pretty sure I heard her growl the tiniest bit. She looked down again, and we both knew what the giant bulge was showing across my hips. “Mmmm...” Joanne moaned, her fingers drawing circles on my thigh, slowly travelling higher, “Yup, I’d say you’re out of room in there for sure....”

I was having trouble thinking. None of my blood was in my head. “J-Joanne, are you feeling alright? Have you been drinking?”

She laughed, “Not at all!” Joanne fell into a fit of giggles, falling backwards onto her back and laying on the couch, her eyes closing as she stretched, as if to give me a show.

My eyes widened. Her chest was rising a considerable amount higher from her torso than usual, like two half grapefruits had been shoved down her shirt. They seemed to rise and bob with her breathing, the dark purple shade of her bra visible through the button gaps. She bent her legs up and she held them over her stomach; I couldn’t help but stare as she presented herself to me. Her butt seemed wider and more plump, the outline of her pussy greeting me between her thighs, a darkened damp spot forming in the center as the fabric stretched tightly over it. Joanne looked...*curvy*.

“See something you like, Nate...?” she breathed, arching her back. Her boobs responded, looking like they had grown larger still. Her eyes met mine, fully knowing the answer.

“Y-Your chest...” I stammered, both to answer her question and to voice my concern.

Joanne grinned, releasing her legs and running her hands over her bust. “They are pretty nice, aren’t they?” She gave them both a squeeze, enough flesh now to overfill her hands. “*Oh!*” she gasped, “They feel a bit bigger...!”

She looked at them, curious as she noticed them filling her grasp. “Mmmm, maybe that’s why they feel so hot... Maybe they’re growing...” Her eyes flashed over her tits, meeting my gaze. “What do you think? Do you think my little boobs are getting bigger? They sure feel rounder to me... Nice and *full*.”

“H-How would I know that?” I asked.

She pouted, sitting up again. “Oh, come oooooon... Do a girl a favor! I need them inspected, to make sure nothing is wrong with them... Really, they feel so much biiiiiigger! They’re overflowing my hands even...”

“Joanne, I--” I began to say.

Before I could finish, she raised a leg over mine and straddled my hips, positioning her body right in front of my face. Her breasts were at eye level, her shirt pulling tightly over their front. I watched as she pulled at its hem, working it back and forth while pulling her neckline slightly down. Cleavage seemed to spring out at me, her buttons straining. With a soft pop, she undid the top button allowing her full bust to spill out. “Well? Inspect away...” she cooed, arching her back towards me, “Please? I-I think I can feel my skin stretching...”

I swallowed hard. Her cleavage was absolutely bursting out of her bra. Her breasts had more than tripled in size, their new rounded shapes bulging at her bra as its cups rose away from her ribs. It looked like she had tried to wear an A cup on a pair of D cups. My mouth started to water as I saw them bounce slightly.

I was done fighting it. I plunged my head into her warm cleavage, wrapping my arms around her waist and pulling her into me. Her chest pressed into my face like a pillow, her skin smooth and inviting.

“Ooooh!” she moaned, wrapping her hands around my head and pulling it into her. She began rocking back and forth, her pussy pressed into my cock. I could feel her butt rubbing against my thighs like a cushion. Something was happening to Joanne. Something in all the right places.

That’s when I felt it. It was the strangest sensation, like blowing up a balloon against body. I felt her skin shift, as if it stretched against my face. Her bra creaked a bit, and I could see that she was bigger again, her breasts now overflowing the tops of her bra cups in smooth bulges.

“N-Nate... I-I think something is...is happening to me...” Joanne gasped, holding my head still, while beginning to grind harder. “I...My body... I feel like...like it’s *growing*! It’s definitely growing!! I can feel something happening in my tits! A-And my ass! The cream I used... I think... I-I *ahhhhhhhh!*” she cried out as I bit her right boob.

Something seemed to surge inside of her body then, mine as well. I could feel her pulse quicken, and Joanne quickly grew hot as a space heater, while I felt my cock stiffen beyond any past sexual encounter. It was throbbing as her crotch gyrated against mine, soft cries escaping her lips as my mouth explored her cleavage.

“Nate... I’m growing! M-My tits...they’re *swelling*!” Joanne panted, clawing at my hair. I had to agree; her skin was visibly stretching before my eyes, her cleavage deepening every second I buried my face in it. She was so soft, and her skin was so smooth. Like nothing I had every imagined.

My tongue quickly became adventurous, and it found her nipple. It was puffy and erect, nearly popping out of her bra cup at this point. The minute I licked it, a new switch seemed to flip. I didn’t know what was causing it, or what was happening to my roommate, but Joanne was literally ballooning up. Her breasts and butt were becoming increasingly large, and the more I played with them the bigger they seemed to get.

My body was changing. I was growing in every direction while I dry-humped Nate’s cock like a carnival ride! For the first time in my life, I could feel my tits jiggling like mounds of jello as a man licked, fondled, and sucked at my bursting mammarys. I could feel my bra stretching and straining more by the second, but it wasn’t until I looked down that I truly got a

sense for how far my growth had gone. With high effort, I tore my eyes open from the lust and looked at what had become of my chest.

“H-Holy crap!” I cried out in pleasurable surprise. Nate’s face and hands were buried in my cleavage, formed between two heaving piles of flesh nearing the size of volleyballs. My purple and black bra was strung over them like a belt, not even fully covering my puffed areolas. Nate had a nipple the size of the end of my pointer finger in his mouth, and with each suck I could feel myself throb larger. The mere sight alone sent waves of ecstasy through me. “I-I’m so BIG!!

SMACK!

RIP!!

I squeaked as Nate slapped my ass, sending ripples across my body. I looked behind me, seeing a butt five times the size what I remembered mine being, a large tear now ripping down its center and exposing my cheeks. It bounced and jostled on his knees as I began riding him harder. His cock felt like a rod of hot iron against my pussy, and I could swear I could feel each vein throbbing along his shaft. God, I wanted him inside me. Something told me I wouldn’t be disappointed.

Although I had unbuttoned some of my top, I had grown far too large for it at this point. The sides of my shirt were being pushed apart by my chest, and tiny tears could be heard as the buttons below by bust began to fail. My bra joined in, emanating a loud creaking sound, my pants rounding out the choir as the tear ripped all the way down through my crotch.

“N-N-Nate...” I gasped nervously, “S-Something...Something is...about to... O-Oooooohh!”

Suddenly I pushed him out of my cleavage and back into the couch, my breasts nearly large enough to block my view of his head now. I arched my back, and all at once my poor pajamas burst apart at the seams, buttons raining down upon Nate as he stared at my melons when they fell, full and free from their confines. My bra snapped, coming to rest limp and defeated on top of my knockers, while my pants were torn in half. Only my panties remained, now having assumed a job closer to a thong. I could feel them flossing their way between my butt cheeks, rubbing tightly against my pussy as my hips kept them seated on my growing form.

“Joanne, you’re *enormous!*” Nate awed.

I feel...so...” I began to say, my head swimming in sex and lust. I let my defeated clothes slide off me, baring myself bare and topless for Nate as I straddled him. My body was feeling hot again, and a tightness was building inside my chest. I moaned loudly, leaning my head back. I felt a soft vibration seem to work its way from my ribs to my nipples.

“MmmmmMMMMMMM....” I groaned loudly, starting to grind again.

“*Ah!!*” I cried out suddenly when the pressure struck my nipples, my eyes snapping downwards. Nate’s had done the same, shooting towards my throbbing spouts. A creamy white substance had begun to leak from my knockers: milk. I giggling a little, before shaking my engorged chest back and forth. Its weight was incredible, like two basketball sized orbs of fluid

hanging off my front. I lifted them up and dropped them, listening to the soft wet smacking their perky rounded forms made against my flat tummy, spraying Nate in the process.

“I’m filling with *milk*!!” I exclaimed, feeling my chest wobble, “A-And it’s making me fill up even faster, I think...! Mmmm, I can feel the pressure starting to build... There must be so much milk inside these things!” A quick flash of caution came over my mind as I remembered what happened to overfilled balloons, but the thought was quickly dismissed by another sensation.

It was how incredibly hard and immense his cock felt between my legs. I raised my eyes to his, wondering what his next move would be. I saw him lick his lips, clearing them of the warm milk I had splashed over his body before smiling fiendishly.

In a flash, Nate grabbed my swollen ass and hefted me high into the air, his face buried in my cleavage. I squealed loudly as he threw me flat on my back, the couch groaning under the force. I gazed in wide wonder at the massive leaking mountains that were forming in front of me. They were completely blocking my view of Nate, my thumb-like nipples pointing towards the ceiling as I surpassed beach ball sizes. My skin was growing every tighter, milk building inside of me every second. I could feel my nipples leaking a bit more, but it was nothing compared to the inches my bust was putting on. My hips were raised awkwardly as my legs rested on my butt, my knees having to bend for my feet to touch the couch.

ZIP!

My hunger and attention returned when I heard Nate taking off his pants. I couldn’t see what he was doing, my cleavage growing closer and closer to my face. I almost whimpered when the tops of my tits brushed against my chin. Pale blue veins were starting to cross over my curves, a clear indicator of my massive size and my stretching skin. I began to say, “N-Nate, maybe we should wait a seco--”

I felt him climb onto the couch, stradling my waist with his bare thighs. I knew exactly what was coming, and I wanted it more than anything. But in the back of my mind, pushing behind the mounds of pleasure, sat a warning light, flashing red from pressure.

“I’m getting so full of milk...” I said half-heartedly, “I-I kind of feel like I’m getting *too full*...! D-Do you think...maybe we cou---O-OOOOOOHHH!”

My head was thrown back in heat as Nate groped the tops of my breasts, my areolas large enough to fill him palms. He began massaging them, milking me as my fluids spattered down on my bare body and the couch. My growth accelerated, and a twinge of fear struck again.

I looked forward, my view a wall of jiggling tit. My skin was taut, quivering with pressure. My cleavage looked like a valley of danger, filling to the breaking point. “Nate I--*mmffph*!!” A muffled gasp of surprise and happiness came out of me as my mouth was filled with the throbbing rounded head of his cock, thrust between my two boobs. Any thought of getting *too* big immediately left me as I tasted his stiffened member, and the flashing warning light went off in my head. I started sucking him off like his dick was made of candy and there was a prize inside.

My growth surged forward, milk pushing out against my skin. Nate groaned happily as I grew larger around his cock, and he began thrusting faster and faster. Each time I was there on the other side of my chest, waiting with my mouth watering, my lips slick and wet. I pushed on the sides of my breasts, increasing the pressure he felt and I grinned when he shook from strain.

“Mmmph--more!” I tried to say between sucks, “mmph--fill me--*mmmmmpfh*h---up!!” Nate got my message loud and clear, my mammaries bloating to new heights and widths. They began overflowing the sides of the couch, and I had to wrap my arms around them to keep them contained. My hands didn’t even reach half way across them at this point, my palms and fingers sinking into my skin. I gasped when I felt my tits swirling and churning, full with my own lifetime supply of dairy.

My nipples were leaking like two hoses, swollen and hard. They were each comparable to half cans of soda at this point, their growth accelerating from the flow of milk. Each nipple easily filled his hands, and he had taken to stroking them, rubbing my plate-sized areolas with his full palms. I was sure he could feel the milk swirling behind them. My body only willed more growth, and I was in a wonderland of pleasure.

Not to be outdone, my ass picked up the pace. My thighs began rising higher, soft pops coming from my panties as stitches blew out. It was like I was trying to lie down with two beach balls under my butt. The angle helped propel Nate into my chest. Even as hard as he was, nearly eight inches by my guess, it was becoming too small to reach through my boobs. It soon became that I could only feel his head and shaft travelling between my cleavage, no sign of his cock appearing on my side of Wall Joanne. I was buried under my own tits at this point, beyond the point of caring. I was swimming in heat, and I could feel my crotch leaving a puddle on the couch cushion under my rear. I was losing my mind over Nate’s hands playing with my nipples, flashes of color exploding in my mind as his weight pressed into them, making my skin stretch against my face.

Without warning, I felt my cleavage spread apart, light falling onto my sweating face. Nate looked at me with a strained look in his eyes, and I immediately knew what was about to happen. I had found the prize at the center. I opened wide, swallowing the full length of his dick as he plunged it into my mouth, letting my breasts fall back into place on top of my head and his shaft, sealing me away while my eyes grew wide with unexpected surprise.

Joanne was bigger than anything I had ever imagined a woman could be. She *was* her tits and ass, each of them now far heavier than her own weight. And the sight was truly something to behold. It was indescribable. It was simply a picture of pure, unblemished beauty.

I sat straddling this woman, her waist like a model’s. But beyond that were two new mountain ranges to add to the US map. Imagine the most incredible pair of tits you have ever seen. Now scale those up to couch-filling sizes. Two gigantic, jiggling mounds of heaving,

leaking goodness. Rivers of milk running down their sides from her puffy pink peaks, each far too large to fit in your mouth, but you wanted nothing more than to try. And behind you, an ass that was raising her hips to almost a sixty degree angle. Her legs dangling in the air, toes only brushing against the couch.

The sight was too much.

I felt my cock push over its limit, and I knew what I had to do. I spread her wobbling, titanic tits apart, revealing the face of a woman that needed a dick in her mouth. I plunged it forward, and she wrapped her soft red lips around it before I let her breasts cover her back up. I leaned forward, squeezing her nipples in each hand as I felt the orgasm of my life rock me to my core.

“Mmmph!! *Mmmmmffph!!!*” I heard Joanne moaning under her breasts. Each throb of my cock felt bigger than the last, like a hose gushing down into her. Her tits shook larger with each pulse, her veins darkening from the tightness before growing pale again.

“*Arrugh!!*” I cried out. I had never come like this before. Joanne was patting the sides of her tits quickly, sending ripples in each direction. I think I had taken her by surprise, the massive size of my load a wonder to me as well.

Suddenly a low gurgle sounded out among her sloshing tits. I felt a vibration shake underneath me. I looked down at her tummy, my cock still shooting Joanne full of my fluids. But this wasn't much of a 'tummy' anymore. Joanne had a belly.

I gulped as I felt her stomach stretch and bloat underneath me, her sides gently pushing against my thighs before forcing them apart bit by bit. I actually felt myself rise higher, her bulging belly pumping fuller and fuller from my buckets of cum. With each hard throb of my dick, I could feel the gush of my fluid push harder against her skin, pressing into my thighs and balls. I could watch as the ounces made her throat bulge, my fluids traveling down into her belly like a tank. I began to wonder if her stomach could take much more.

“*MMMMPPPPFFPHHH!!!*” Joanne cried out, muffled by her breasts and my cock. Joanne was furiously clawing at her chest, trying to pull it apart as the pressure built behind her navel. I was paralyzed from pleasure, but began to slightly panic when I saw the skin just below the base of her breasts and the space above her pussy rise, swelling outwards to capacity.

“*mmmMMMPHH!!*”

Slowly my cock waned, and I could feel the orgasm had reached its peak. My veins stopped throbbing, and I breathed a sigh of relief as my orgasm ended, sliding backwards off of her distended stomach, now rounded and bulging out her sides, wider than her hips. Her belly button now rested a full four inches higher than it did previously, protruding slightly more as well. I kept that in mind; Joanne wasn't full yet.

I heard her gasp, coughing slightly as my cock was released. I watched, slightly scared, as she tried to sit up. Her entire front wobbled and shook as one, her skin now tight enough that it allowed for very little jiggle. Her nipples were gushing with her rich milk, running down her

curves. Some of it pooled in her belly button, a tiny white lake in the middle of a bloated, round Joanne. She looked nearly 6 months pregnant.

I managed to get off of her, sitting between her legs as her head slowly rose above the tops of her tits. Her mouth was dripping, and she was panting heavily. She rested her arms across the top of her breasts.

“Nate... I’m so *big*!” she gasped, eyes wide. “I- I feel like a human blimp! How...How much cum were you going to pump into me??” she accused, “Ooooooh, my stomach feels so bloated now... I didn’t think you were gonna stop!”

“I-I...” I stammered, trying to apologize. I thought for sure she was going to be mad at me, and my fantasy of being with her was about to come to a close.

She pressed down with her arms, and an increased amount of milk spurted out. “Uuuugh, I feel so full... So *tight*...! I’m not some balloon, you know...” Her arms tried to reach around her breasts, until she found a way going under them. Her hands rubbed her belly, its surface slippery with milk and pulled taut.

“I feel like a freaking tanker truck!” she exclaimed. Joanne pat her stomach lightly, making it wobble and sending ripples up into her chest. She grinned, biting her lip. “Make me bigger.”

I blinked, looking again at her form. Her tits and ass were overtaking the couch, and were beginning to dominate the room. “Joanne, I--”

She flicked a soda can nipple, bringing her finger to her mouth and licking the milk off. “Nate, you listen good, because I’m not going to say it again. I want to be *big*. I don’t care how tight my skin feels. Or...mmmgh...her much pressure there is...” she moaned, pushing down on her tits again. “I don’t just want to be big; I want to be the *biggest*.”

I sat panting, still tired from my orgasm. “How--”

I didn’t have to finish my sentence for an answer. Joanne spread her legs apart, opening herself up fully for my view. Her thighs led into her hips, resting high at my chest level on her titanic rear. I could see her pussy, puffy, swollen and wet, resting on top of her two cheeks as they bulged underneath from her weight. Her panties looked like a string wrapped around her, stretched beyond their limit, not even wide enough to cover her crotch.

I didn’t even think twice. My cock had rocketed back out, standing at full attention to Joanne’s demands. I wanted what she wanted, and I was determined to give it to her at this point. We both knew what would happen if she received even more pleasure.

I grabbed her thighs, pulling myself in while biting at her underwear. I tore at it, the tortured purple fabric tearing small holes as it wound around her body. Black lace snapped as elastic gave in. My hands reached around her gargantuan butt, and tore at either side of her waistband. It ripped easily, shredding in-two. I ripped it off her legs, tossing it aside onto the pile of other forgotten clothes.

Her pussy sat wet and waiting. I heard her whimper come from Joanne while she saw me approach it with a hungry look in my eyes. Her face was flushed red, her lip being bitten hard in

anticipation. Out of the corner of my eyes, I saw her nails dig into her flesh, just before my tongue came down on her clit.

“OooooooooOOOOOHHHHH!!!!” Joanne burst out, her head falling back. I thought she had fainted for a moment from pleasure, but then I saw her head start to bob. “Oh, Nate!” she cried out, “I-I’m getting *huge!*”

I licked faster; there had never been an easier choice in my life. Joanne’s growth seemed reinvigorated, her body surging forward like she was a balloon on a pump. Her breasts quickly rose to cover her face once again, and her butt began to grow outwards, pushing into my chest.

She tasted as sweet as I had always imagined. Her clit was plump and obvious, begging to be flicked and played with. I shot my eyes up, and marvelled as her entire body seemed to quake with her breathing, tits bubbling higher and higher. The couch creaked and groaned under us, her weight becoming something amazing. Her rounded belly quivered tightly, milk running over it in great washes as her nipples swelled closer and closer to my head.

I could see Joanne’s hands furiously massaging her breasts, unable to reach her nipples. Exasperated gasps filled the apartment as she lost control. Her body shook and quivered in orgasm, everything tensing up around me. Her thighs clamped down on my head, their soft supple forms hot against my face while her crotch drenched me in her sex. She was nearing her limit.

But her body still had more surprises. My eyes gaped while I watched her tits seemed to bulge and swell incredibly large for a moment, her veins becoming dark and throbblingly obvious just before the orgasm hit its peak inside of her. The tightness seemed to fade away, as her nipples released the overload of milk, trying to keep pace with her ever growing curves.

CRAAASH!!!

With a thunderous boom, the couch split apart. The back fell off, the arm rests splitting off the sides from Joanne’s weight. Her entire body lay in a massive heap in the cushioned rubble, shaking back and forth. Each of her nipples had puffed out larger than my head, staring at me from mounds as large as she was. I longed to see her breasts swell like that again, filling to the absolute limit as she came.

I doubled down, licking her protruding clit like a hard candy. She quickly started to rock back and forth on her ass, and I found myself having to start following her hips up as they rose over three feet high from her can. Again I felt her start to tense, and I watched and marvelled while her tits bulged and rounded out. Her nipples thickened and throbbed, pushing against her skin like fingers. Her mountains bloated to their limits before finally blasting orgasm milk all over me. I lapped it up greedily from her crotch, making sure to lick up her thighs and bite down in a few places. She shivered as I did so.

“B-Bigger!” I heard her cry out, her voice muffled on the other side of Mt. Joanne. She sounding on the edge of her limits, “I want my tits to be bigger! Until they’re so full of milk they feel like they might *burst!*!”

A fiendish idea flashing across my mind. I set to making her orgasm again, starting to finger her while my tongue went into overtime. My vigor seemed to make her tense, and she started to squirm.

“N-Nate, go...g-go slower...I-I need a bit of break...I feel like I could faint...any...minute!” Joanne pleaded half-heatedly. I chuckled, hoping she was ready.

I nipped at her clip with his lips, pulling and twisting every so lightly. Joanne started crying out, her body bucking under me. It didn’t take long before she was ready, and I could see her breasts building up pressure, the orgasm filling her full. But before she could let down, I reached my arms out and around her legs, gripping the end of each giant nipple as best I could. My hands clamped down tight, sealing off the exit for her milk. The effect was immediate.

“A-A-AaaaaAAHHH!!!” Joanne burst out, “Ooooh the pressure! The pressure, Nate!! I can feel it...*building!*!”

Even my eyes bugged out a little when I saw how effective it was. With her milk blocked off, it was like her udders had turned into pressurized tanks. Her skin quickly bloated outwards becoming drum-like, and I could feel the milk hammering from the other side. It felt like it was rushing around, sloshing inside of her as it built up. Veins bulged and grew, her nipples beginning to quiver with the force behind them.

“I-It’s too much! Nate it’s too much! There’s *so.much.milk!*!” she cried out, “I don’t want it to stop!!”

My hands shook with the strain of keeping her nipples clamped shut, when suddenly,

BWOOMPH!

BWOOMPH!

Both of her areolas plumped out wildly, doming out into large hemispheres as the absolute pressure behind them forced every inch of her breasts to stretch to the limit. They raised a full eight inches high, looking like halves of beach ball, swollen taut and pink with skin latex smooth from the pressure.

“So *fuuuuuuull!!!!*!” Joanne yelled, clawing at her overinflated milky tits.

I couldn’t hold her milk back any longer, and I reluctantly released my grip. I was flooded in a deluge of steaming lactose, and I found myself having to hold onto her thighs unless I wanted to get swept away in the rush. Her nipples gushed milk like fire hoses, Joanne moaning uncontrollably on the other side of her dominating breasts.

My mind was in a complete fog. It was a haze of sex, lust, and milk. My body felt enormous, and I knew there was no way it was anything but gigantic. Somehow my skin had allowed my breasts to reach sizes rivaling the dining table in width. And I lay under them, panting from exhaustion. I had just felt my boobs fill so full that even my nipples had ballooned

out. But the orgasm had been mind-blowing. And still I knew there was more fun to be had. My breasts and butt were still growing, at a slowing pace.

I could still feel Nate eating me out. And it was indeed incredible. But it wasn't enough. My body needed something more to get to the next level. I knew exactly what it was, and I felt my heart give a small flutter as I imagined Nate doing it to me.

I shifted on the demolished couch. "Naaaate..." I called.

His tongue stopped, and I felt him kiss my thigh. "Mm?"

"Do me a favor and roll me over, would you? There's something I would like you to do..." I pleaded, drenching my words in heat.

"But...You're so *big*..."

I could feel him aweing at my size, wondering just how he could possibly roll me over. "Pretty please? I reeeaaaaally want you to do this... Just roll me over, I'll be fine! My swollen titties can take it..." I cooed. I giggled as I felt him get up. But my giggles turned into moans soon enough.

"Oooohhhhh..." I squirmed under my boobs, each nearly five feet tall and around. The force of Nate pushing into their sides filled me with a deep pressure, and I craved more.

"Harder... Push harder..." I begged.

Nate grunted as he pushed into my tit, using the wall as leverage. Slowly, my breasts pushed together, and I thought one might block the other. But my skin had become so slick with milk that they slid across one another, and I felt my breast slide slightly over my bloated stomach. Once it passed the halfway mark, it seemed to carry itself under its own weight, and I found myself being quickly pulled on top of my own tit-bed as the room was filled with the sound of my body sloshing full and overflowing with milk, like a waterbed being flipped over. If someone had called me a cow, I wouldn't argue with them for a second. I had enough milk in these things to feed a village!

They flattened out underneath me a bit, my nipples pressing into the drenched carpet. I wobbled back and forth on them before coming to a rest. My feet could still reach the floor, my weight pushing my breasts down a bit, although putting extra stress on my skin. I was loving every second of it. Even in this down time, I could still feel them slowly growing, burgeoning outwards. But they needed a little boost.

Nate was running his finger along the side of my right breast, marvelling at how my pale veins made small bumps under my skin. "Joanne... you're absolutely gorgeous..." he awed.

I giggled. Nate was actually a pretty cute guy. The way he stared at my chest, the way he looked to be adoring my body made me want to embrace him. But that would have to wait.

"Nate?" I asked.

"Hmm?" His attention snapped away from my curves. His hair was wet and dripping in my milk, and he looked hungry. Good.

“Could you please run up to my room? There’s a small tube of lotion on my dresser... Bring it back, please?” I asked softly, laying my head on my breasts. My body felt like it was a part of the world.

His eyes seemed to grow wide as he processed my request, but he didn’t argue. In fact he smiled. He ran up the stairs, leaving milky footprints in his path. I could hear him rummaging around, before finally returning. He held the tube tightly in one hand, and he was breathing hard.

“Is this is?” he asked, grinning.

I beckoned him closer with my index finger, and he approached, walking into my cleavage as best he could to reach me. I reached my arms down, grabbing his head and kissed him deeply. Something inside of me was stirring, besides the hundreds of gallons of milk. I think I was starting to feel something for my roommate.

I released him, and he blushed hard. Odd that he would do that now, after both filling my belly with cum and eating me out after seeing my chest rip my clothes apart. I giggled at him, making my breasts jiggle. “Would you please take that cream and rub it over my boobs and butt? I can feel my growth slowing down...” I pouted a little, sticking out my lip.

He looked at the tube, and back at my sedan-sized tits. “All of it?”

I winked at him. “All of it. And then I have one more favor to ask. But do this first!”

He didn’t protest at all. In fact I saw his cock throb with excitement. Nate quickly popped off the cap, tossing it aside. He squirted a generous helping into my cleavage, thrusting his entire arms and front half of his body between my tits to help rub it in.

Only a few moments passed before I could feel myself getting tighter around his body. A light shaking was starting to grow, and my nipples felt hot, throbbing below my overblown form.

“I-It’s starting!!” I gasped, “Mmm I can feel myself getting bigger..and bigger...!” My tits surged forward with a newfound vigor. I started panting again, the energy my breasts and milk took from me growing large. “D-Don’t...don’t forget the back!” I said with some difficulty.

I could guess what Nate’s view looked like as he stood behind me. My breasts were more wide than tall, and my feet were still somewhat on the ground. I could feel my butt pulling on my legs, and I guessed it must easily be as wide as our couch used to be. I could feel it touching the ground, each of my cheeks rounded out as it grew more plump. I shivered when I felt him squirt the remaining cream onto my ass, his strong hands working it in. He gave me a light smack, as if to say he were done, and my whole body wobbled.

“Mmmmm, good... Now, there’s just one more thing...” I cooed. Standing on my tiptoes now, I reached back, pulling at the top of my butt and spreading my cheeks and thighs. I presented myself to Nate, arching my back to accentuate my throbbing pussy. “Fuck me hard, Nate!! I want you to give it to me. Just like you’ve always imagined! I want you inside of me!”

I was prepared to say more, but I was startled when I felt him grab either side of my hips just above my butt. He wedged himself in between my butt cheeks, preparing to penetrate me. The anticipation alone was enough to spur my growth, a lamp falling over as my tits bloated outwards.

“H-Hurry, I’m about to grow!” I pleaded, “Make me grow faster! Make me--*AH!!*”

Nate’s delicious member easily slid into me, I could feel the insides of my body stretch to fit him, his head swollen and hard as it dove into my pussy. My body almost couldn’t take finally having penetration after so much build up and foreplay. I shook, feeling my nipples grow even more erect. “O-Oh *God!!*” I yelled, clawing into my breasts.

I must have looked a sight as Nate began thrusting into me. Here I was, a woman with a twenty-eight inch waist--well ok, maybe not anymore--that led into an hourglass figure that would give Father Time get a hard-on. I could feel my swollen belly jiggling under me, like a swollen bridge between my butt and my breasts.

“Bigger... Bigger...!” I started chanting, becoming lost in the pleasure. It was mind numbing, feeling a guy rock you from behind while you rested on top of your own melons. You felt completely at the mercy of not only him, but your tits too. I was more curves than woman at this point. But it wasn’t good enough.

SMACK!

SMACK!

SMACK!

Nate’s hips pounded into my rear, each time they connected a wet slapping sound filling the room. I could hear him grunting, I assumed from trying to stay in position as my butt swelled around him and threatened to push his cock out of me.

“I-I...mmmmgh!” I was even having a difficult time thinking, let alone speak. “AAhhh...! Ohh the pressure! *Fill with milk!!*” I demanded, rubbing the excess cream into my breasts.

They seemed to listen, surging forth. I could feel my nipples bloating outwards, similar to when Nate had held them shut. Being pressed into the carpet under so much weight had sealed them off. But I could still feel my areolas filling with pressure, rounding out into pink domes somewhere under the sea of tit flesh I rested on.

“J-Joanne, I’m not sure I-I can last much longer!” Nate called, his voice labored.

I could feel his cock inside of me, tense and tight with his own pressure. His veiny shaft played with my pussy. But I wanted more. I wasn’t ready for this to end.

“Oh please, not yet, Nate! I-I...still need to...get bigger! I...I can hold *soooooo* much more milk in these puppies! Oh...*O-Ohh!!*” I let my head fall forward into my cleavage, Nate taking it upon himself to pound me like a nail. Every part of me jiggled and rippled, my breasts ballooning outwards. They started to lift me up, but my ass had grown large enough to compensate, its weight keeping my grounded.

“MmmmmMMMMMM!!!” I moaned, feeling my nipples slide across the carpet as my rear pulled me backwards, my breasts trying to right themselves. I found myself in a position I had never imagined I would find myself in. My ass had grown so large that it lifted my legs off the ground, but my tits were so overblown that they were propping up the front of my body. My legs bounced against my ass cheeks, my thighs slightly plumping out as my skin stretched to

capacity. My arms rested in front of my while I braced myself against the wall of milk-filled tit that was constantly growing taller in front of me.

My nipples sprang free, pointing towards the far wall. Each one was as large as a five-gallon bucket, on areolas rivaling truck tires. I was growing faster than ever, and I could feel my skin becoming seriously tight. Gurgling sounds rang in my ears as I screamed into my cleavage, my mind wracked with pleasure.

“Holy *tits*!!” I yelled, “Look at me, Nate!! I-I’m a parade float!!”

He pumped harder, and I could feel its effects.

“Pump me up, pump me up! Oooooouugh!!! I wish you could *milk* me!! Just squeeze me nipples until I flood everything with milk!!” I listened as something crashed to the floor. I had felt my nipple ram into something, and I knew it had been our TV.

“N-Nate my boobs just hit the wall!!!” I yelled, both scared and thrilled. Veins continued to pump my mammaries fuller, with no signs of stopping. “I-I’m outgrowing our house!”

I heard Nate grunt. “Y-Your butt!” he cried out. I tried to look back, but couldn’t get much of a view. While I had been staring at my breasts, my ass had taken it upon itself to grow to enormous proportions. My rear was swollen to the point of bursting, my two cheeks the only thing I could see behind me. I had been cut off from Nate, secluded in my own space dangling in the air by my tits and ass. I was becoming trapped in a cave of my own swelling body.

But I could still feel Nate thrusting as best he could. I pictured him, smashed between my butt, thrusting in and out. My milk had lubed us up plenty, and I could feel his body sliding as his arms fought to give him room. It was when I felt my ass grow into the opposite wall that I realized just how big I had become.

It was nearing too much to handle. Between my immense size, overflowing milk, and Nate’s cock thrusting into me, I had found everything I could ever want. Nothing else mattered. I only wanted to get as big as I possibly could, full to the brim with milk. But I also felt something for Nate. I urged him on, wanting to please him with my new body.

“F-Fuck me, Nate! Do whatever you want! I want to be yours! I-I want to be with you!” I cried out, breasts throbbing against my head.

It seemed to give him the push he needed. The force from his pushing was making the top half of my body push into my tits, and I could feel a limit was quickly being reached. I had become the biggest, and I had become the milkiest. My butt and boobs both swelled into the ceiling then, and I began breathing deep and hard, unsure of what was about to happen.

“N-Nate... I-I’m ready! I’m about...about...to *bloooooooow*!!!” I screamed, unsure as to whether I meant my body or my mind from reaching a limit of pleasure. I no longer cared, I just wanted to reach it.

“Ooooh my chest! My tits!!!” I cried, “I can feel... A-Ah!!!” I cried in surprise as I felt Nate’s cock throb thick and round. Veins pulsed inside of me, stretching my pussy more than I thought possible. Then everything around me started to shake. My eyes grew wide as I remembered what happened when I sucked his dick earlier.

“O-O-OOooooooooOOOHHHHHAAAAAAHHHHHH!!” I screamed, pleasure ripping across me every curve. My brain seemed to explode in sensations as I felt every inch of my body swell at once as I began to experience the largest orgasm of my life.

Everything bulged. Everything swelled. My chest filled with a new limit of milk, so many gallons being pumped into me that they started to curve under and over me, their bulging tops meeting the overflowing bulges of my ass as it filled in behind me. I was quickly becoming crushed between my two greatest curves.

But there was a third. I felt Nate grab tightly behind me, holding himself in as he released all of his pleasure.

“N-No, it’s too much... It’s too *much*!!” I squirmed, hearing gurgles and sloshed from all around me, “My body is *too FULL*!!”

I gasped as I felt a tightness pulse inside my crotch, and a gush of liquid rushed into my body. My stomach tightened further, and I could feel it distending off of my supported body. It bulged and rounded out, pushing into the two curves of my chest that had pushed underneath me. I stared in amazement, barely able to see in the increasing darkness as my sides widened, the front of my tummy pushing lower and lower off my hanging body.

“*I’m FUUUUULL!!*” I screamed, unable to take any more.

And still Nate’s orgasm continued, each of his throbs joining to a wrack of pleasure of mine. Load after load of cum was pumped into my growing belly. I could feel it swirling against my skin. I felt my belly button pop out, becoming an outie, a sure sign that I was full in every possible way.

I moaned, feeling Nate’s pressure subside, gasping as I felt him slide out from my pussy. I released all the tension in my muscles, letting my belly, butt and breasts support me. I couldn’t see any part of the room. My entire view was my own body, swollen around me. My tits dominated in size, easily taking up more than half of our living room. My butt was squished behind me, rammed into the back of the room and spilling into the kitchen. Somewhere underneath it rested our dining set. Below me, I could tap on my bloated belly, round and swollen out to a near perfect hemisphere. It made my sides bulge out tightly, and if I hadn’t been laying on it, I think it would have stood out at least a foot. I could shimmy my back, and feel the gallons pumped inside of it move around, thick and hot as it pressed against my abdomen. A dull, hollow sound came from it if I patted my hand on it.

But above all this overfilled, over-stretched sensation, I felt exhausted. I was confident that I had indeed become the biggest. It was simply a fact; I *was* the biggest now. The gushes of milk still leaking from my 50-gallon drum nipples proved it. I smiled weakly, resting my head against a bloated tits.

“Thanks, Nate...” I said softly. I wasn’t sure he could hear me, probably not. But I knew he was probably just as tired as I was. I couldn’t have gotten this big without him. I closed my eyes, feeling warm and safe in the hollow of my body, and quickly gave in to sleep.

“Nate... Nate, wake up...” I heard a distant voice call. It sounded sweet and inviting. I felt something press into my lips. Someone had just kissed me.

“Mmmghm...” I groaned, sleeping. I felt like I had slept for a year, and could sleep for ten more. I felt dirty, like I needed a shower.

I was kissed again, and felt a hand running through my hair. I opened my eyes, blinded by the light from outside. I saw Joanne looking down at me, smiling happily. “You had quite a night last night!” she said, giggling.

I snapped awake then, alert as it all came rushing back. Joanne had my head in her lap, my cheek pressed against her bare thighs. She was naked and smelled like hot, sweaty sex. Her perky A cup breasts greeted me right above my face, her nipples small and pert.

“Joanne! Y-you... You...” I couldn’t find words.

She started giggling, “I was just as surprised as you!” She looked down at herself, patting her small chest, “I woke up this morning and they were basically gone... But they were still a really nice pair of DD cups until about an hour ago!” She grinned, beaming, but then looked around. “I think we might have some milk clean-up to do...”

I glanced around as well, taking in the disaster zone. Furniture was wrecked, everything crushed and flattened under Joanne from the night before. Large cracks ran up the walls, every window blown out. Even some sizable holes had burst from the wall, letting in the outside. Everything looked whitewashed, covered in milk. The carpet was still soaked beneath us.

I was too stunned to figure out what to say. Somehow, I found myself in the naked lap of my long time crush. Although if what I remembered from last night was true, that was hardly the oddest thing to happen between us in the past twenty-four hours.

I was caught off guard as she kissed me again, deeply and sensually. “I can’t thank you enough for last night... Maybe it was the room-sized boobs, but I can’t say I’ve ever felt that way with a guy... You really know how to give a woman what she wants.” she giggled that cute giggle again, “How can I ever thank you?”

I thought for a moment, but not hard. “You think you can get some more of that cream?”

Joanne grinned, kissing me once more. “I think I can handle that.”