

Thank you for reading. This is a compilation of two stories, both featuring my characters Odette and Pari. Hope you enjoy them as much as I do. There will be more of them for sure!

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Oh Odette

WordCount: 4332

She could honestly say she was proud of herself.

That's why when Pari caught Odette, sleep deprived but otherwise motivated, Odette never averted her gaze from her computer. Left hand strumming at the noisy keys and right hand swiping with incomparable precision, she went about as if she were still alone, ignoring the growing irritation in her roommate.

"What the- . . ." Pari started. Realizing a violent, explosive technique would get her nowhere she changed her approach. "You've been up, all night?"

"Mhm," answered zombie Odette.

Pari inspected a can of something on Odette's desk. 'Behemoth Energy Drink: Mocha' it read. It, and the other identical cylinders beside it, had been drained of their contents. "Do you have *any* idea what time it is?"

Odette jerked in her seat to the left, then the right. Her headset bled high-pitched whining sounds followed by a low grumbling. Red and green lights flashed across her monitor. "Waaaah! Ooooooh, no no No NO!"

"Odette!"

"I don't know, like, two a.m.? Three maybe?"

"Eleven. Thirty. In the morning."

Odette almost gave herself whiplash turning to face Pari. The room was dark, light blocked out by heavy curtains. They were able to see each other but only by the indirect glow coming from Odette's expensive dual monitor display. Odette looked rueful, her pale lips forming an 'o' shape and her eyebrows pinching close together.

"Exactly, now hurry up a-. . ."

"I missed breakfast?!" Odette whined.

"Are you *kidding*?!"

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"But I was hungry! Why didn't I hear you cooking downstairs? You always make breakfast - you always bring me breakfast!"

Pari whipped her arm out behind her, slapping the light switch and bathing the whole room in artificial light. Odette hissed. "Me choosing to go out for breakfast this morning isn't the issue here. What could be so pressing that you stay up all night playing some video game when you know you have work today?!"

"Our guild was having new member orientation and we all went raiding. . ." said Odette, oblivious.

". . . ass up. Clothes off. Shower now. Go, Odette, go!"

There was a small wrestling match, but Pari managed to get the nineteen year old into her expansive bathroom. Odette's body was limp and awkward, like carrying an irresponsible sack of flour toward the jacuzzi tub. Before they even got there, one thing had been made very obvious: there was no way Odette would make it in time for her shift. Some part of the anger boiled away by that point allowing Pari to calmly, but hurriedly, strip Odette down and start a warm bath, but not without giving her a good earful on being a little more responsible.

"This isn't an all-the-time thing," Odette groaned, more from tiredness than from resentment. She was genuinely trying to ease Pari's mind. "As guild co-captain I'm expected to be there when we introduce new players into the faction, but it's only, like, once or twice per month."

"So you only miss work once or twice a month then? That sounds acceptable." Pari said sarcastically.

Odette nodded, leaning her head against the side of the tub as the water filled up around her. "I'm glad you understand. Oh, and here."

Pari received a pair of soggy socks that had been neglected in the previous stripping. Not knowing what to do with them, she tossed them into a corner. Pari had a seat on the close toilet, unable to hold back a smile. "You're something else."

Odette and Pari were an odd couple, brought together by unusual circumstance. Ever since Odette was young, she had a weak body susceptible to all kinds of disease. All the doctors she had been to growing up could confirm that the cause was something like an autoimmune disorder, but beyond that, they could only recommend that she be careful and live a slow paced life. That she did for her entire childhood, being watched over by her father and older siblings with almost no mentionable problems. Then came a scare, just as Odette turned fourteen. The genetic disorder threatened to take her life, and doctors had no idea what to do to fix the issue.

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They spent hours in operation and at the end of the episode, much of their efforts proved fruitless. The attack mostly went away on it's own, but not without a great deal of anxiety from her family, confusion from the doctors, and a number of strange side effects.

Odette and her family would have to learn to live with their new little girl. Although the transition was demanding at first, each family member learned their role in becoming caretakers for Odette. Their father moved out of state to work a new job that earned enough money to pay for Odette's expensive doctor visits. Julian - his sisters and girlfriend affectionately call him 'Jules' - became the temporary head of household, tending to the family's issues and holding down the fort. Summer became her sister's main confidant and moral support, and Odette gained a greater deal of confidence in dealing with the unknown disease thanks to the support of her family.

Jules went to college locally, but afterward he had to leave to find work. Almost in the same week, Summer got a scholarship to a college out of state, and there was a big question that needed to be answered: who would stay behind to look after Odette? About that time, Odette's main specialist suggested that his genius daughter move in and look after Odette which would offer both companionship and the eyes of another geneticist in documenting the procession and treatment of Odette's rare disease.

"You didn't even do your morning treatment."

Odette let her head drop just behind the edge of the tub. "I actually did try after the first raid. . . I couldn't do it though cause the tips were already too tender."

"That's cause you waited too long to do it - you got over sensitive. You must have skipped the night treatment too."

"That one," Odette paused. "Yea, I actually forgot that one."

It was obvious as Pari was dragging her into the bathroom, really. She didn't really need to ask. It was even more obvious now that water had filled in the tub, pale buoys leisurely floating, keeping Odette from fully submerging. "No choice then. Up on the edge of the tub."

Odette was slow but obedient. She braced herself against the edge and pushed her body up and over the side of the tub, her muted blond hair heavily soaked and obscuring her eyesight. Her motions were clumsy as she adjusted, but once she was in position she hunched forward, letting her burdensome chest rest in her lap. Odette was always a tiny child with thin arms and legs and a nonexistent waist. She had just recently nudged the bottom of the 5'0" mark, but only when she could stand up straight and tall. When she was negligent of her treatment, she would always be hunched because of the additional weight on the front side, pulling her toward the ground and, in some dire cases, immobilizing her.

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Before the scare, Odette looked how you might imagine a person to if they were dealing with a lifelong disease: constantly starved of nutrients, sallow, anemic, and pasty. Now she was lively, but still smaller than normal. Her eyes were a vibrant, glassy amber on a narrow, angled face. Her shoulders looked a little cramped, cute humps that were always shrugging just a little. Her hands, that she wrapped around the edge of the tub for stability, were like kitten paws with short, skinny fingers attached. Everything was wispy about her; everything except her explosive pair of tits.

Before the scare, she had none. Her body was uniform in its angular compactness. After turning fourteen, Odette was the proud owner of a perky, luscious pair of breasts that women of any size might envy. They were unbelievable, almost unfitting on a girl of her frame, yet there they were sitting perfectly angled on her ribcage. They were the perfect teardrop shapes, even and symmetrical, flawless and milky white like whipped cream or gooey marshmallow. But that was not the only esoteric aspect of the growth. As Pari had noted in her log books, Odette's natural D cups would constantly change shape and size over time, swelling with unparalleled volumes of breast milk. Of course it was unusual, but the range of change Odette's body would undergo when she began to produce breast milk bordered on scientifically impossible. Sitting in the bathroom with her patient, Pari was still perplexed at how what started as breasts just larger than the cup of her hand could swell and shift into perfect globes of shuddering, milky flesh ready to be relieved. At the moment they were not the biggest they had ever been, but it had been months since the last time Odette let herself swell to such a size. Every few weeks she might forget one treatment, but by the looks of things, she may have forgotten - or just ignored - two or three in a row.

Pari disappeared from the upstairs bathroom and returned with buckets of various sizes, a notepad, a stopwatch, and a few other scientific measuring tools. She set them on the counter near the back of the room and entered Odette's personal space empty handed. She looked sweet, almost sorry for the little one who had let herself get into such a mess. "You ready?"

Odette didn't say anything. She blankly looked down at her distended globes, bare and dripping with water and a bit of milk. The two were like beach balls except heavy and difficult to maneuver. At the moment, she had to remain mostly motionless or risk leaning too much in any direction and taking a tumble. The fact that she had denied herself some sleep only appended another issue to the long list.

"Aww, dear. You have to stay awake. Sleep when it's over." Pari got down on her knees in front of Odette, her white leggings immediately absorbing the moisture on the tiled bathroom floor. She abandoned her thin outer tunic and tossed it onto the counter, tied up her thick, maple syrup textured hair, and spread Odette's legs. This arrangement allowed for Odette's plump rack to drop suddenly and land in Pari's waiting grasp.

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Odette made a 'whoosh' as she bumbled forward. "Whoa there, baby." Pari soothed. When she had a nice grip and Odette was properly seated with a slight lean forward she issued instructions.

"We'll start slow. Breathe in, hold it, then release. In again, hold for three seconds, release."

Odette sniffed in through her nose weakly, held the air till the count of three, then released through her teeth. As she focused on her breathing, Pari went to work with her massaging. She started with her finger tips, pushing into Odette's upper chest, rubbing at her pectoral muscles in slow circles up around armpit level. When those muscles were nice and loose, she would drag her hands a little lower, applying pressure in a line down towards the puffy upper areas. Odette's tight skin stretched, the weight of her chest pulling forward with Pari's guidance. She quivered from the very beginning, letting out a high pitched whimper.

"Cute. . .," Pari breathed, low enough so that Odette would not hear. She took it slow, applying synchronous pressure to the side of Odette, pushing the taut flesh upward and together, slippery skin shimmering in the light of the room. They looked delectable, sloshing audibly with delicious breast milk. How in the world had she been able to ignore them for so long?

Red warmth came to Odette's cheeks. She was filled with an overwhelming hormonal response, one that caused her heart to pound and mind to blank. There was a slow building that culminated in her tits from all over her body and she knew instinctively that some great release was approaching. Accompanying this, she bit at her lower lip, squirming a bit in her seat and resting one of her hands on top of her gigantic globular breast. Her skin was warm to her touch, radiating like a heater as her massage continued.

"Remember to breathe," Pari's voice penetrated her mind. She hadn't noticed the sharpness in her breath and how quickly she had lost control. Again she resumed, trying to recapture her presence of mind. In, hold for three, out. In, hold for three, out.

Pari became more forceful then, actually beginning to do more than tracing the outline. She let her fingers sink in and feel the full weight of each boob, the experience almost like trying to manage an over-sized water balloon. She actually gave them both a squeeze from the underside playfully then from the outsides, jiggling them together. The flesh slid against each other, denying gravity and endlessly recoiling with each bounce. Pari swung them back and forth, pushing and pulling Odette along with the motions. This was astounding.

Pari was not the type to let fun get in the way of work. She did have to be the responsible one of the two, after all. However, being with Odette gave her a sense of bliss. The feeling was magnified by how unaware Odette seemed to be of her own appeal, her helpless face folded into adorable shapes of longing, her toes curling in ecstasy, and her sexy boobs demanding excessive amounts of attention. It was enough to make even a scientist develop a connection. It

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may have been just enough to make a scientist fall in love. But love between doctors and patients was unprofessional, so Pari would never take that step - or at least never admit to having taken it. Instead, she would play with Odette's mammarys in the name of research and study, titillating her most sensitive zones till the nineteen year old was satisfied.

"Ready, dear?"

Odette ceased her purring long enough to answer. "Mmmm. So full. . . just, mmmmm. Just do it."

Pari got up and retrieved a few of the tools she had brought with her. She hung the stopwatch around her neck and positioned the largest of the buckets - it was more like a vat or trough - directly in front of Odette. Then, she had a seat on the edge of the tub, right beside her attractive young patient. "Quick breaths now but stay controlled. Two quick ones in and one out."

Pari leaned into Odette's shoulder, her arms cradling the milkable orbs with care. Odette was anxious, leaning into Pari with closed eyes when the real fun began. At the first brush of her nipple, Odette let out a long, pleasure filled moan. It was so loud and hard that it one might have thought it fake, but Pari knew better. She knew how even the slightest of motions would cause Odette to seize up and exclaim her euphoria. Grabbing Odette's left nipple so suddenly, pulling on it with such a grip, was enough to cause an orgasmic reaction, pleasurable beyond what the average person had ever or would ever experience.

Odette panted. Her entire body tensed up as Pari got into the true nature of the treatment. What she had been unwilling to do because of her sensitivity, now Pari would do whether she liked it or not. The truth of it was that she more than liked it - she loved it. Her nipples were at full length, feverishly pink and dripping constantly with the contents of her huge tits. They felt like they were on fire, like the air itself was electrically shocking them, causing her to cry out. Odette knew that they had just been denied what they had wanted all night and that, as payback for not milking herself, the pleasure she felt would be absolutely arresting. Pari focused only on her left boob at first, squeezing at the top, bottom, and both sides. When she got to the nipple again, it was too much, and Odette threw her head back in a sexy, lascivious moan. It shook Pari to her center. She wanted to hear even more of Odette, even more moaning, and to see just how much milk her little cow had been keeping to herself.

Her index finger flicked at Odette's inch long nipples, and high pressured shots struck the bottom of the vat at their feet. The first stream. Beyond that, Odette became a literal fire hose. Her breast offered up its milk generously and quickly filled what was meant to store it all. Behind Pari's wet hands, Odette's udders pumped as quickly as they could, forcing the fluid out through the narrow passage of her nipple. Pari added a twist to her motion and Odette's body responded with even more delicious milk.

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"That feel good, sweetie? It sure looks good," Pari failed at her attempt to avoid dirty talk. The twenty-four year old began to fiddle with Odette with greater vigor.

Odette just moaned, thrashing about while being contained by Pari's embrace. Her hot and bothered expression forced Pari to squeeze even harder, but it soon became clear that the flow was building up on it's own. Odette was willing her own milk out, keeping the momentum and accelerating it with minimal contact. The vat beneath them was half full and Odette had not shrunk at all. Her production from being aroused actually matched what was being milked.

"I-It's too much just s-s-s. . ."

"Just what? What do you need?"

Odette turned to her left, laying her head on Pari's chest. Her mouth was agape, oozing heated breaths as she lost strength and had trouble finding words underneath her own rapture. "Suck me. It's too much, so just suck me!"

"Wh-whaa. . . Okay! Alright fine!"

Pari had never had to do this before. The last time Odette's chest was large enough to have such pressure was back during the scare of her fourteenth birthday. The story was that no matter how much the doctors milked her, her arousal would have her fill even larger to the point that she threatened to break the operating table she was laid on. Flashes of that thought filled Pari's mind, embarrassing her. Was that much growth still a possibility? Was it just an exaggeration? Was she actually turned on by the thought of boobs that fill an entire room?

The situation demanded her attention. She could shake her erotic dreams for the moment, but indulged in them just a tad when she lowered herself in front of Odette once again. She had an entire naughty conversation as she hefted up Odette's right breast. Her left had not stopped its flow, still pushing out milk like a hose. It doused Pari's entire frame as she entered the way, but she didn't care as it actually served to inflate her own desire. She had actually longed for this, but had no way of asking for it. Now it was Odette doing the asking, and the scientist in her was curious to a fault as to just how this experience would work. Wordless she went forward.

"Ahhhhh! Pari! O-Oh. . . Pari," Odette brayed.

Pari had only descended over the nipple, gently surrounding the nub with her lips before a wave of sugary cream filled her cheeks. Shamefully, it was not the first time she had tasted Odette's milk, but it was the first time she had an entire mouthful. It. Was. Amazing. Like lapping up a smoothie or milkshake but warm and never ending. Its texture was thick and smooth. Its taste. . . was not for anyone that didn't like sweets. Fortunately, Pari had an insatiable sweet tooth.

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"That's it. Mmmmm, right there like that." Odette's eyelashes fluttered. "Ahhh, it's so good!"

Pari would agree. The first blast was shocking so she had to pull away to swallow, but after that she latched on like a baby receiving her mother's love. She didn't have to suck, as the sheer pressure behind Odette's powerful breasts shot endless jets of delicious juice at the back of her throat. She had trouble keeping up in the beginning, but she swallowed again and again obediently, taking Odette's greatest efforts. The air tight suction she had on Odette's breast seemed to stimulate it even more. It certainly made Odette sigh even louder, moan even longer, breathe even deeper. She rose on the highs of her release, the sensation of milk leaving almost as enjoyable as it was having them full and jiggly. They were finally beginning to shrink in size, her production unable to keep up with how much she expelled.

Seconds turned into minutes and gulp by gulp, Pari served her partner dutifully. She had a hand on her stomach but had settled into her role, feeling herself fill with each additional swallow. She took regular breaths, just long enough to have the top of her head showered in the milky substance, but then returned to work. To her surprise she was still working on the right breast even after ten minutes, fighting against Odette's lactation and production which seemed too active to be real. Still, she loved the flavor, growing ever addicted to the taste and consistency. This beat a triple scoop of her favorite ice cream, an entire chocolate cheesecake, or any other concoction she could dream up for herself. It only helped that the source was the busty beauty she lived with.

"Mmm, Pari I. . . I love this." Odette made goo goo eyes, reaching over and petting Pari on the head as she suckled her. The initial explosive highness had plateaued into a stable buzz of pleasure, still greater than most others could ever experience, but numbing to the mind. She hardly even felt the weight of her chest anymore, only the constant floating feeling she got as more milk was excreted.

It took a solid hour of constant suckling and still Odette was not back to normal size. Pari's neck was extended, face completely covered in the softness of Odette's boob. The two had become playful, soft nibbling occurring on behalf of Pari. Odette would respond by smothering her partner under the size of her now smaller breasts giggling with a dopey smile and eyes that she could barely keep open. Pari was at her limit, though, and despite how much she wanted to stay and play, her previously toned stomach showed a round hump shape where the delicious treat had been discarded. When Pari unlatched, she fell backwards onto her hands and let the milk continued to spray on her already soaked face and chest. The power was still the amount of a fully pumped water gun, still ballistic enough to fire several feet and hit the wall on the other side if aimed correctly. Odette's booby cannons were now only about a foot in size each, but were still a long way from being her average D cups. There was still work to be done and pressure to be relieved even after so much effort had been put in.

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"You're something else, Odette," Pari said, turning her face so that the milk wouldn't fill her mouth. Her stomach had been aching for a long while before she stopped, but she was more than willing to bear a 'milk baby' for Odette. She would do anything for Odette, she thought. She could be more than just a caretaker. She wanted to be even closer than that. So, finding no other moment to be fitting, she put her feelings to words.

"I love you. . Odette. You're gorgeous and fun, whimsical and intelligent - in your own way I guess. I know I complain a lot - actually, I complain all the time, about you not being mature enough or not doing as you're told. I guess I only go that far because I care. I just, hope you can understand that behind all that I really just want to be beside you, you know, forever." Heat came to Pari's cheeks. She was confessing to a girl five years her junior, one that was the subject of her research. She knew in that moment that even if Odette accepted her feelings that her life would never be the same. Odette might be that way forever, sheltered and dependent on someone else, but if it had to be someone, why not someone who loved her as much as Pari did? There was no reason for them not to be friends or even lovers. In fact, it might have even been fate that a geneticist would fall for a girl with a genetically-tied mystery disease.

"I'm sorry, I just sorta sprang that on you. I hope it wasn't all a surprise - I hope that you've noticed, even though sometimes I can tell my affection goes right over your head." Pari sighed. "But my feelings are real, so will you at least give me a chance? I don't even need an answer right now, but if one day maybe yo-. . ."

Pari let out a yelp as the air left her all at once. Everything moved so suddenly and before she realized it, she was on her back. She felt like she was just hit with a truck, then realized that a truck was not so soft and warm. Trucks didn't smell this good, and trucks did not have the biggest boobs she had ever seen. Trucks did make low, mumbling sounds sometimes, though. They also leaked fluid at times as well.

Pari pieced together what had happened and laughed to herself. She heard the purring of Odette above her, messy hair splayed over Pari like a blanket, Odette's head resting nicely between Pari's C cup breasts. Odette was still shooting milk adamantly, but the rest of her body just didn't have the stamina to keep up with her lively titties. She was fast asleep.

When Pari stopped laughing, she rubbed Odette's exposed lower back in soothing circles. "Next time, at least stay up long enough for some pillow talk." She sighed. "Now, how am I going to milk you in this position?"

Daily Dairy Disasters

WordCount: 7054

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Odette woke up for the second time in the same day feeling light but bitterly weak. The heavy curtains in her room blocked out the sun, but someone had left them open in the perfect position to bring heat to her face exactly one hour before she had to be at work.

Only Pari would pay that close attention to detail.

The nineteen-year-old laid with her eyes closed for several seconds and thought. Did she have a good enough excuse to not show up today? No, because she herself was filling in as a replacement. If she didn't want to facilitate someone else's day off, she shouldn't have agreed. She knew what she had to do, but that didn't keep her from whining to herself. She still felt dreamy despite it being ten in the morning, and the list of things she had to do to get ready for her day seemed to stretch like elastic. She didn't hate work at all - the contrary was actually the case. But this 'getting up early' thing was a bother, and there was no teacher aide needed for night classes. She took the relegation with as much elegance as a baby elephant, jumping from her elevated bed to the floor and stumbling as she landed.

'If I don't go, I can go back to sleep. If I don't go, Pari will get mad. . . but maybe not that mad' was the last line of her mental argument. Pari's wrath wasn't as scary as it was annoying. Still, something about Pari's concern warmed Odette's heart and she took the drunken steps into her bathroom to do maintenance on her sleep-frozen face. Turning on the water for the sink gave her visions of the dream she had the night before. Pari appeared in her room, tall and sweet, and shook her awake. They retreated into the bathroom and were able to spend the better part of an hour together; bathing, massaging, and milking. It was genuine and nice, and once it was all over Pari brought her back to bed with smaller breasts but a larger sense of appreciation. As Odette brushed her teeth, she realized that it all may not have been just a dream.

She could pretty plainly make out the peaks of her chest which protruded like snow-topped hills beneath a diaphanous evening shirt. They had gone back to a D-cup size, which was a little more than a handful and looked like swollen fruit on her tiny body. As she polished her front teeth, they replied by bouncing back and forth with her arm, and the soft cotton garment moved on top of them pleasantly. She could have passed for a middle schooler at her size, but her chest was a dead giveaway that she was older than she appeared. Along with the daily motions of tending to her teeth, face, and hair, there was the constant knowledge at the back of her mind that her body was changing. Even during the thirty minutes it took her to pull her sandy blond locks into something orderly, she could concentrate and feel within her a reservoir of fluid building. She remembered a time when the fullness behind her nipples made her recoil and not want to face the world, but now the sensation was as common as breathing to her. In fact, feeling herself pushing out of her clothes was fun sometimes, even if it constantly filled Pari with anxiety.

Odette giggled when she thought about Pari.

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She dragged to finish her routine, lugged her backpack and essentials onto her person, and grabbed a breakfast that Pari had prepared from the stove in the kitchen. When she was ready to go, Pari met her at the car and drove her to the college. With a hug and a few cautionary words, Pari sped off, her white Fiat integrating into highway traffic and speeding off till it was out of sight. With that, Odette was on her own. A broad smile curled on her face and she stuck out her chest, walking as tall as she could towards the SCC. As a community college, the school did not have many thoroughfares, but the Student Congregate Center was the place where students and staff alike were able to meet together. Everyone passed through the center on the way to their classes, and Odette was no exception. She had a few minutes to burn before she had to meet with Mrs. Graham for the creative writing class.

It was easy to get lost in the sea of students who seemed to all converge around the tables and lunch line, but in a lowered region there were tables for study where traffic was low and students could get a jump on their homework. There were even office spaces that were cleared out for student clubs to meet. Odette entered one and closed the door behind her. The low roar of the vast student body disappeared and was replaced by the cheers and applause of a gaming gaggle.

"Sounds like someone's getting destroyed in here," Odette said turning to one of the four flat screen televisions on the wall to her right.

"Odette! Hey!"

"Hey Amanda," Odette answered the girl who was sitting on her left.

The room was a perfect square and was the size of a design studio, but inside they managed to pack more than twenty people. Odette knew all of their names and faces. Currently, there was only one television on and everyone seemed to have some stake in the game being played out in front of them. Amanda had her laptop open and looked to be starting some homework, but her chair was twisted sideways so she could pay more attention to the game and less on the report.

"You dressed to kill again today," Amanda said, her eyes migrating from Odette to the action leisurely.

"Thanks. I'm just filling in as an aide for Mrs. Graham's creative writing class." The guys in the group were huddled around and looking rather serious. "What's going on there?"

"Mac and Dennis are in the middle of a best of five. The loser has cleaning duty for the club for the rest of the month. We got another complaint about there being a lot of trash in the room, so

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our advisor is really getting on to us about it. We actually have to assign roles like 'treasurer' and 'maintenance' now. Can you imagine?"

Odette had a seat across from Amanda, dropping her bag to her side and leaning onto the table. Her E cups were perched nicely on the lowered table top because, yes, they'd already grown a cup size. "It actually sorta sounds like fun. You know, playing a tournament to decide who's going to be in charge."

"Only if you're good," Amanda placed a hand in front of her mouth as she laughed. "If you're like the rest of us then you get thrown on whatever role. I lost my second round and now I'm the secretary."

"What does the secretary of the gaming club do?"

"The stuff that no one else wants to do."

"Ouch. Then you need to practice up! Where is your grinding spirit?"

"I don't know. I guess school and life and stuff just get in the way. I did like it when you and I got together and just played a few rounds. You're really good!"

Odette liked that as well. Amanda was a pretty casual gamer, but the local gaming club was hyper-competitive and focused on fighting games. She would much rather raise a farm of cute sheep and horses, not throw fireballs at her opponent. Still, she decided on a whim to give the group's main fighting game some practice time all of her own accord. Odette found her one afternoon playing by herself and decided to become her sparring partner. Sure she button-mashed and didn't really understand when to play aggressive, but the girls were able to have a good time together and Odette taught her a lot of new tricks.

"Aww, thanks. Just don't ask me to play anything remotely strategic. If I can fight someone, that's pretty easy. Once games get complicated, I lose interest."

"I wish I could be like that."

"You can with practice. We should play together more. There are only two girls in this whole group of guys, so you two have to represent, y'know?"

"Yeah. The other girl doesn't even show up much. I see you more than I see her, actually. Sucks that you can't be a part of the club just because you aren't technically a student."

"I'm not too worried about it," Odette shrugged. "I think you can handle these dweebs on your own."

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"I would rather handle them with you."

Odette met Amanda's eyes. Amanda lingered for a moment, her green swirls meeting Odette's amber gems, then she broke away and watched the monitor. Amanda was cutely soft. She was middle height for a girl - which made her almost a head taller than Odette - and was covered with a purple jacket that veiled much of her form. Underneath it, though, Odette knew that she carried some extra weight. Her chest was as large as Odette's, but her arms and tummy were formless. She had mentioned her body before; how she never felt like herself in her own skin and always thought that her best was buried under thirty-five additional pounds of weight. The stress of her life and school was often more than she could emotionally deal with, so she ate and played games to find solace. It made sense that she wasn't competitive with her gaming - it wasn't a status symbol for her to be skilled. She just wanted a place to relax and be accepted.

There were some guys in the gaming club that were into that as well, but when the fighting games turned on, they would drop their handhelds and migrate to a television screen. Amanda tried to keep up, but often found herself more stressed than when she joined the club. Her freshman fifteen doubled as a result. Odette would stop by on her breaks and spar with Amanda in a friendly environment, but she knew that it wasn't enough to make her feel fully comfortable. If there was anything Odette understood, it was the complex conundrum that went along with one's body image.

Odette's heart went out to Amanda. She checked her phone, frowned, but then stood and made her way over to the group of guys. Most of them knew her well and the rest knew enough about her to welcome her. "So how about we up this ante just a little bit?" Odette placed her hand on her hip.

Most of the guys didn't listen at all, still discussing strategy and arena selection. Mac, the third-year criminal justice major seated in one of two plastic chairs at the front, did notice her and raised an eyebrow. "Why would we up the ante? Unless you got something interesting to offer, I don't see the point."

"Right now you guys are competing over who takes out the trash, right? What kind of competition is that? Real tournaments have real prizes, right?!"

More guys were looking at her now and Odette felt their eyes on her body. They seemed to be digesting the neckline on her cowl-necked halter dress and the thin summer scarf she wore that did some work to block out most of the cleavage window. Most of them looked confused like they didn't know if it would be okay to be checking out the smaller girl. 'Was she legal, was she not, etc.' Meanwhile, Odette had a lingering thought of how she had dressed (mainly how her boobs had already grown a cup size since the morning and how good a job the scarf was doing to mask the new volume), but was mostly focused on making things interesting.

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"What sort of 'real prize' we talking?" Dennis chimed in. She had his attention as well.

"Get your mind out of the gutter, Dennis!" Amanda's voice came over the group and some of the guys laughed.

"I mean we play for real stakes. I say you guys play against me. Best of one. If I win both matches, I decide on all of the positions in the club for a whole month."

"And if you lose?" Mac puzzled.

"If I drop a single game, I'll pick up cleaning duty for the month so you guys don't have to worry about it."

Dennis chewed at his lower lip, thoughtful but not willing to commit. "But what's the point? Like, this doesn't seem like it's worth anything at all."

"Dude, it's the hype! It's for the fucking hype!" Mac shook Dennis by the shoulder. "Plus, I got class in like ten minutes and I don't think we can finish our matches by then."

"Don't be a pussy, Dennis!" A guy named Arthur chided from the crowd. Another guy relayed a similar sentiment.

Dennis didn't look happy at first. His eyes met Odette's for a moment and a blotchy tone doused his cheeks. His hands tensed around his controller and he nodded. "Fine. Mac can go first since he has to go to class." Dennis extended his controller to Odette and the room erupted in a ubiquitous cheer. It was game time.

* *

"Glad you could finally join us," Mrs. Graham called to the back of the classroom.

Odette trundled in with an exasperated frown on her face. She checked her phone again and didn't reply to the teacher's teasing. 'Only fifteen minutes' she thought. It wasn't as bad as her having to stay late and clean up the gaming room for a month.

"You can have a seat at the desk. The clicker for the powerpoint isn't working, so if you could just operate the slides while I'm going through my lecture?" Mrs. Graham spoke as if on stage.

The woman gestured with her hands and pointed her chin as she spoke like her words were those penned by some of the greatest writers in history; like she had to say her words with pride. Each one of her lectures was a soliloquy of its own and Odette found herself believing

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that the only reason she needed a teacher's aide was so that she could walk around her classroom and gesticulate freely as she went from topic to topic. Sitting behind a desk, handing out papers, and being a 'normal teacher' just wasn't up Mrs. Graham's alley.

Odette took her seat in a tall stool behind the teacher's desk. Slideshows weren't hard, so she found herself absentmindedly going through her phone. She checked her gaming clan's chat and found that no one was around, checked for new patch notes on any of the games she played, and triple checked the blogs of game developers that she was fond of. Nothing. Nothing was going on and for the first twenty minutes, class went without a single moment of intrigue. Then she got a text from Amanda; several, actually. The first was a video that had been taken of the match against Mac. The caption read 'Destruction' with four bomb emojis after it. Watching the video made Odette miss a slide transition but did allow her to relive her annihilating Mac at his own game. The next message was an actual message.

'Mac got bodied! I knew you were good with Miyabi but that counter play was disgusting! And don't worry, I'll help you clean up.'

'I would have beat Dennis too if the controller I borrowed was mapped correctly! Ugh!' Odette replied with three frowny faces.

'I'll practice and get him for you next time.'

'You'd better! How's your report?'

'Sick and on life support.'

'Most things that don't have bodies are pretty unhealthy.'

Amanda stuck out her tongue textually. At that point the lights came on. Odette hadn't even noticed them go off, but she was happy about almost winning her matches for Amanda. She was planning on making Amanda the club president, but it didn't matter much now that the games were over.

"Okay, so I promised that we would start our presentations this week. . ."

The class moaned in unison.

"And everyone should have come prepared so let's get right into this. Odette, if you could fetch the list from my bag - I pulled all of the names at random - and read the first name."

Odette swung her legs around and reached for the bag. Finding that her short arms and legs were inadequate, she scooted to the edge of the stool and jumped off. Her boobs bounded

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generously in her shirt as she landed, popping the scarf around her neck upwards against her face. As much as they dominated her life, Odette tried not to be too conscious of her chest in everyday situations, but the way they popped out of their cups made the breath leave her. She stooped down behind the desk for a moment pretending to rummage, but in truth, she was readjusting her bra to fit around her jugs. They had definitely been inflating during the lecture.

"You okay back there, Odette?"

A few students chuckled but no one actually came around to check.

"I'm fine!" she said, but she was definitely starting to worry. Her tits wouldn't fit no matter how much she tried and fitting them into cups that were meant to house less voluminous boobies was just torture. She wasn't good with labeling cup sizes, but she was already at the point where the underwire would dig into the bottoms of her orbs and pinch if she tried to get everything to be in its proper place.

"Are you sure? Check the black bag; the front pocket. It should be in there."

"I have no idea how you fit so much into this black bag, Mrs. Graham!"

Now the whole class was in on it. 'If only they knew' Odette said, mashing her flesh around. Comfort was no longer an option, so she did what she could to tuck herself in and covered it all with her scarf as best she could. Her head popped up from behind the desk. "It looks like the first person is Sean Black. But, uh, maybe we should have a quick toilet break before the presentation?"

"Huh? Why? We barely have enough time to- . . ." Mrs. Graham started.

But the class began chatting anyway like the break was not up for discussion. Some kids got up to leave. Odette was in that number but didn't look up to acknowledge any of them. She crossed her arms as best she could and darted from the class in search of a place of solitude.

The door to the staff bathroom opened and Odette plowed inside with an armful of tit flesh. The first thing she did was free herself from her enclosing entanglements and let her chest fall open and free. Relief spilled over her lips and her eyes sparkled. The staff bathroom was for either sex but had a lock and would let anyone who entered have their privacy. The bad side was how it was more than five minutes away from her classroom. Sure there would be privacy, but the distance gave her so much time to grow that she felt the need to start disrobing mid-run just to keep from expanding into her own prison. There were a few stragglers that happened to see her as she fled across campus. Those few were bound to skip that same class for the next few days in hopes of catching Odette's tits explode from the mess of fabric.

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"You two are so much trouble sometimes," Odette pouted once the freedom of relief was over. Her bra was slung halfway over the sink and her drooping cowl neck top was pulled down her shoulders and wrapped around her waist. Her scarf was still around her neck but pulled back so she could get a good view of herself in the mirror.

Her chest rose and fell a few times, reflecting how frantic her trip to this bathroom had been. But once the heat of exercise wore away, a familiar vibe rang within her. It caused her hands to rise up and take a handful of each breast and rub in small circles on the sides. "You almost got me in trouble today, girls. . ."

She smiled. Her boobs were a burden at times, but most days they made her feel playful and cheery. When they were of average size she could go a while just ignoring them, but when they were out and begging for some attention, she was happy to oblige. They had definitely swollen up quite a bit when she gave the view a proper survey. She inspected her reflection and watched how the new weight of her chest would move under the pressure of her attentive fingers. What time was it? She would have checked her phone but the feeling of fullness that she had clued her in. It was time for a midday milking.

Odette's cheeks blushed, but she smiled all the same. "I wonder if I should take my top all the way off just in case I spill? Maybe I sh-. . ." she stopped. A stray finger had made its way to her left nipple and poked at it till it rose to life. She looked like a humanized tetherball pole with twin balls as her subconscious mind willed her body to do what came most natural. She slowly surrendered herself to it. She continued to give that same nipple the attention it seemed to crave, scratching the 'itch' that was bubbling up from deep inside. She kept working it and working it, her smile transforming into something sexy and free, till it was completely engorged and pierced into the air. The marble-sized nub seemed to grow warmer and warmer and the soft caress of a passing finger stimulated Odette's entire milk-laden breast.

Odette's creamy skin bulged and molded as her left hand applied pressure and played with her exposed skin. It wasn't long before her calm, rhythmic squeezing turned into excited palming. Her tongue swiped across her lips which tingled as her hot breathing passed across. Her eyes searched for points of interest to attach themselves to: her bulbous, beautiful chest, her reddened nipples, her hands which couldn't even dream of fitting around her entire chest, and the reflection of the bothered little girl that diddled away towards sweet relief.

"Aah-aaaaahhnn!" She let herself whimper as she felt both heat and pressure climax deep beneath the skin on her globe. She willed her body forward, allowing the most natural event to take its course. Her back arched backward and a shiver rode through her body like a signal on a wire as the first jet of milk pattered against the sink. She looked through slitted eyes and caught her reflection again, smiling as parts of it were obscured by dripping white marks from her first squirting. The second was right behind, but she took care to aim it closer to the sink so all of the strings arched into the bowl in front of her.

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Odette dreamily giggled, then bit her lip as her mind dulled further. Her leaky boobs were vanilla decorative pillows, her fingers prodding knuckle-deep into her own flesh and pushing the tasty nectar outward. Her right hand had joined the party, massaging her twins and ushering her creamy mixture into the sink. Odette bit back her moans, catching them as she gnawed on her lower lip, but her feelings could not go ignored. 'They look so pretty,' she thought and watched as twin streams arched yet again into the sink. She wasn't even close to a size that would rival her largest, but each was grander than her head and drooling her own sweet milk down her fingers. Each of her symmetrical orbs eclipsed her tiny waist, her smooth skin uniform and without blemish as drops fell further southward.

"This is such a waste, huh?" she whispered. She let out a coo and pursed her lips like she was making baby talk. "Maybe just a little taste? No. I-I've gotta be okay with it like this."

Odette leaned forward so that gravity might assist in her process. She had started milking and the flow was definitely increasing, but her size wasn't even beginning to wane. She would have to up her massaging and stimulate herself further, but she had already felt so deeply moved by the sensation of the milking. Her control was slipping already, and she had only barely made any progress. 'If I suck it myself, it'll go so much faster' she thought. But then there was the feeling of suction and softness around her pointed strawberry tips. If experience was any evidence, sucking herself would only lead to greater swelling; no matter how tempting. She felt her nipples trembling fiercely. The mere thought of her sucking herself off was enough to stimulate another aggressive burst of milk. This time the sink started to fill as she expressed too much and the fluid backed up before it disappeared down the drain.

"This is impossible!"

"You okay in there?"

Odette froze, her hands cupping the bottoms of her globes, the steady drip-dropping of thick liquid still audible below her. "Y-yes, just a minute!"

"I came to check on you. Mrs. Graham wants to start the presentations."

Odette had to think quick. "Wh-who are you?"

"It's Sean? I'm supposed to be presenting first."

"Right! Right. Umm, sorry, Sean. Just give me a minute."

"Do you need help?"

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Odette went into a shivering fit from toe to breast, a miniaturized version of what she normally went through while milking herself. The dripping intensified for a second like her body was asking 'what's taking you so long?'.

"Y-yes actually," she said. "I need you to go tell Mrs. Graham to start without me. I'll be there in a few minutes. Tell her I'm taking care of lady problems."

"O-oh, I'm sorry." The blush on Sean's face could be heard in his voice. "I'll let her know."

"Thanks!"

Odette braced her hand against the mirror and let her head fall. That was different from anything she had played in a game before. That was real tension. If Pari knew how close she had come to having her condition discovered, she would bind Odette to her bed and put her on house arrest; figuratively, of course. She couldn't go out and enjoy shopping or fireworks and she would definitely lose her job at the community college. Everything she loved about the outside world was connected to how well she could keep the secret of her milky chest intact.

In her left hand, she felt an increased weight that brought her attention back to the greater pressing matter. She was still expanding slowly, filling with delicious cream. Odette gave herself another squeeze about midway on her bounteous melon, wanting to resume before she grew back any milk that she had previously pumped out. The pleasure hit her hard and fast once again.

"Mmmhaaaaa," she swooned as sweet release came over her.

"You sure you're alright?"

"Sean! You're still out there?"

"Y-yeah."

Odette pouted. This kid was denying her her duty, but also a good time. The nerve! She turned from the sink, both of her bouncing, dribbling jugs of milk clutched underneath her arm and went to the door. She unlocked and cracked it open, leaning her head out and into the hallway. There was Sean, seated just outside the door. He looked shocked to see her.

"I told you to go talk to Mrs. Graham," Odette said, every ounce of her sexual frustration showing in her voice.

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Sean scrambled up to his feet and backed away to the opposite wall a few feet away. He was tall enough for Odette to take notice and had receding hair that looked like crinkle-cut fries.

"Sorry, I was just. . ."

"What's the deal? I told you I was okay."

"I know what this sorta looks like, but I swear I wasn't being a creep or anything."

"Creep? How?"

"You know. . . by, like, trying to listen or anything."

"Weren't you listening cause you were worried?" Odette's head lolled to the side cutely.

"Umm," Sean took pause and was visibly thinking up a reply. "Yeah, basically. You aren't mad are you?"

"Yes, I'm mad! I told you that I was fine, so what's the real deal." Odette fussing never came off as mean. Because of her size and voice, she always sounded like a kid. In this case, she sounded like a spoiled brat.

Sean looked relieved. He smiled but there was a weakness to it. "As long as you don't think I'm some creeper then we're fine. I just wasn't looking forward to my presentation, that's all."

"Why not? Did you do it all last minute?"

"The opposite actually. I spent way too much time on it. I did a ton of research, I have twenty-five notecards, and I even interviewed a public author to get his opinion on my fiction premise."

"Then what's th-the problem. . ."

"Did you need me to get you something? Some water? I don't exactly know how these lady problems work."

On the outside, it looked like Odette was trying to solve a Rubix cube behind the door. In reality, she was adjusting the weight of her growing chest and trying to keep milk from staining her top. The stimulation from before had excited them, and even if she had stopped milking intentionally, her tits were steadily plumping up. If only he knew that pressed against the door were two swelling ripened melons. "No no. I'm just. Fine."

"Oh," Sean replied emptyly.

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"Then what's the big deal?"

"I'm really nervous. I know I shouldn't be since I have all of this info and I'm over-prepared to do this," his head dropped and he gave a defeated smile. "Maybe I'm just not that good at public speaking."

"What's your presentation on?"

"An ancient civilization is being destroyed by a plague and a family has to choose to stay or leave their home. It's historical fiction."

"W-was that you're f-first choice?"

"Well. . . no."

Odette fumbled around behind the door. Her soft flesh was growing warmer and warmer. Every inch of her was alight with tiny sparks, igniting at every touch of her hands. She wasn't trying to excite herself, but having to stop in the middle of her milking was driving her nuts. She felt a warmth trickling down her fingers at a rapid pace, wetting the floor.

"Do you write for yourself?"

"Of course."

"Wh-what's your favorite manuscript?"

Sean's head rose up. For the first time, Odette noticed that his eyes were puffy. He had been crying before this. "It's actually. . . my presentation is based on a story that I'm currently writing. It has the same female lead, the same country being destroyed, and the same ancient civilization. But in my manuscript, there is magic, time travel, demons, gods, and all sorts of other stuff. I was going to just present on my original story, but Mrs. Graham wanted us to take this assignment 'more seriously' so I kinda didn't want to flunk the presentation by talking about demigods flying through space-time to save my main protagonist."

"You seem like you are serious about that, though. Y-you seem to like that sort of thing."

"My main manuscript has over one-hundred thousand words, actually."

"Wow!" Odette exclaimed. "Sean! Don't you see? You're very serious about your work. If I were you, I wouldn't worry about trying to hide all the cool details just to make it 'serious'. Why not just

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spend your ten minutes talking about the s-story that you love? Y-you're passion will come through in your speech and you won't be so n-nervous."

Sean seemed emboldened by Odette's words. There was still some doubt, but a brightness showed beneath the uncertainty. "You really think it will work? I won't be able to follow my notecards anymore. . ."

"You built this world yourself. You don't need th-those notes. . . A-aah. You, u-uhh, just need to speak from your heart." Odette was slipping. More milk had filled her boobs and pushed her nipples further forward. When they hit the coolness of the door they reacted vigorously and sprayed twin jets of sweet, sugary cream.

"You know what? I think I'll do that. You're the teacher's aide, after all, so you would know what's best."

"Th-that's me!" Odette's voice was an octave higher than normal. "You g-got it so do your b-best. . . Ooooh, god."

"Do I need to call an ambulance?"

"Godoyourspeech!mperfectlyfinegoodbye forrealthistimeSean!" Odette blurbed. Her head slipped back behind the door and it closed with a mighty thunk.

Odette heard footsteps this time as she turned and sunk with her back against the door. She didn't even wait for them to disappear completely before she let go of the mental block she had placed on herself. She had held herself in for long enough. Her heavy tits acted the minute she let her guard down and a wash of milk arched over her body and between her spread legs onto the floor. She heard the echo of her own voice bouncing off the walls and it only served to excite her more. Both hands rose and clasped a wad of her milky sacs, squeezing for pleasure, but hoping she was also excreting enough fluid to counteract the production that came with stimulation.

"Ohh-Aaaaaahnnnnmmmm. Mmmm!" she wailed. Her eyes fluttered and fought to stay open, but each time her body would contract she would feel her rate of fire increasing. She may have pushed herself over by waiting so long. There might not be a clean way to milk herself anymore. What would Pari think? Her runaway expansion may have already started and when Pari finally found her, she would be filling the entire bathroom, crushing sinks and filling stalls with the size of her sexy titties. She would be forced to stay at home anyways, even if she had avoided letting her secret get to Sean. She didn't even know if he had heard her screaming again. He might be on his way back to the door any minute.

She had to contact Pari now before things got too bad.

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She tried to move her hands but they weren't listening to her. 'Just a minute! I have to get my phone!' she thought. But her pocket seemed so far away and her gushing, sexy tits were begging to be squeezed again and again. The pool of milk was starting to cover the ground. Odette commanded her body again, but it ignored her and instead sent her into a fainted state of weakness. All she felt were the constant orgasmic explosions going off again and again in her mind as her body took her captive. She was afraid.

"Mnnnnnaaaaaaah! Hhhhhh-Mmmmmaaaaaaahn!" she moaned. She felt that her milking was doing no good. Her consciousness and strategy had devolved to sexy utterings as her fingers found the nozzles and tweaked on their own. Her body was its own milk factory, a sexy and growing one. Her boobs were already approaching her lap and had already put out gallons of breast milk. The flow would only get stronger and the feelings more intense as she grew larger and larger.

'My phone! I have to. . . I have to call Pari,' Odette's thoughts bobbed in a sea of emotion, the bliss all-encompassing. She felt so deliciously arrested by her sensation, the hardness of her nipples as they passed pressurized milky goodness, the feeling of fullness in each one of her insatiable breasts. She tried moving her hand again and got it to loosen, but rather than move towards her pocket, it fell uselessly to the side. Every few seconds it would flex like the rest of her body and a new wave of production would begin, but her body had turned off most of her control. She knew what she had to do, but the pleasure was slowly convincing her that she didn't need to do anything but lean back and enjoy herself. Fighting her body was becoming more and more tiresome.

She felt a darkness coming over her. It was like her motor function was just the beginning. Now she was about to slip into exhaustion and with that, any final will she might have to alert Pari. She remembered her many sessions with her partner before and how she could be milked and be on cloud nine, and even once her body failed her, she knew that Pari would protect her. This time, she was alone and vulnerable. When she was with Pari her illness was so much more than just 'tolerable'. When she was alone her condition was downright frightening. Her head slumped, her eyes already closed. Moans stopped halfway in her throat and Odette felt a few more milky orgasms before she completely lost consciousness.

* * *

Odette woke up for the third time in the same day feeling light but bitterly weak.

She had a few moments when her sleep became light and she detected motion around her, but just as she felt curious enough to open her eyes, she fell into the spell once again. A few times she heard sounds and felt lights that warmed her like the sun. Was she outside? She didn't know, as sleep was still too formidable. The one and only thing that could bring Odette back to

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the world of the living was food. When she got a whiff of the smell of chocolate she clawed after it till she entered into the blurry, real world.

"Whaa?! What did. . ."

"Morning Odette," the lower, mature voice rang in Odette's heart like it came from inside her.

Odette rolled to her right and found Pari seated upright with a plastic container in her hand. She plopped one of the small spherical objects from the container into her mouth while her eyes looked forward towards the television. "Is that. . . A chocolate-covered fruit and nut wheel?"

Pari's expression didn't change. "Mhm."

"With blueberries?"

"Mhmm."

"And cherries and apricot?"

"Mmmmmmmhm."

". . . and strawberry and ac-. . ."

"It's all in here, Odette," Pari looked down at her and smiled. Her careful brown fingers secured another blueberry and hovered it right in front of Odette's lips. When Odette opened her mouth, Pari snatched it away and dropped it into her own.

"Hey!"

"That was for letting things slip out of hand at school today."

"Oh."

Pari located another blueberry and before Odette could look disappointed, she pressed it against the small girl's lips. Odette accepted the treat and leaned over onto Pari's shoulder. It was then that Odette noticed that she was only wearing a white t-shirt. Her boobs were the next thing to come to mind, and she found that they had scaled down in size. They weren't nearly as alarming at their current size which was only a little bigger than her normal, but still bulbous and eye-catching. Double D is what she would guess, but possibly a little bigger.

"What time is it?"

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"Eleven thirty. You slept all day."

"What?! Oh god, where is my phone? I need to check on. . . Actually, how did you find me?"

"I got a call from your number and I heard you moaning like crazy so I went to check on you. Before I could find you, you went quiet so I checked with Mrs. Graham who said you never came back to class. One of her students told me where you were and told me to thank you for the advice."

"Sean. . ."

"Thank goodness you bum called me. Imagine if you had the whole day to just keep growing and growing."

"How big was I when you found me?" Odette reached over and found another blueberry. They were her favorite.

Pari threw an arm over her shoulder. "Beach balls easy. All I could see were your feet poking out from under you."

"Hehe. That's a pretty good size."

"It's no joke, little lady," Pari said, but she was giggling too. "You clogged the toilet and the sinks when I tried milking you in there."

"Blame the twins, not me!"

"Fine, the twins get all the blame. I did want to congratulate you for doing a good job at school, though. Sean said he wasn't nervous at all and got an A thanks to you." Pari fed Odette another treat, rewarding her. "And some girl named Amanda thanked you as well. She sent a message to your phone."

"So no house arrest for getting a little out of control in the bathroom, right?"

"No arrest this time. . ."

Pari leaned back and passed the tray of sweets to Odette. Odette fell backward into Pari's arm and snacked. Both of their eyes were on the television but neither one of them was thinking about it. Odette's thoughts roamed to Amanda and how she might have had to clean up the gaming club alone on the very first day. She thought about Sean who was so kind in wanting to take care of her. Then, she thought about how close she had come to giving up those two

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interactions entirely by letting her milking get away from her. It would have been bad if she was caught. Really bad.

Pari's cheek rolled onto the top of Odette's head, a sigh seeping from Pari's lips. 'She would bind me to my bed. . .' Odette remembered and blushed. Somehow, the thought of being bound by Pari was a little embarrassing. She didn't know why. She started to believe that school and work were things she didn't want to let go. She would fight to make sure she could keep them. And even if she had to be at home with Pari all day every day, possibly bound and helpless and allowing Pari's dominant side to come out, that wouldn't be such a bad thing either.