

A three part series about Odette, Pari, and a friend from college. It's enough that Odette has to worry about her growing chest, but what happens when one of her best friends enters into Odette's secret world for the first time? **Contains: breast expansion, lactation, breastfeeding, and lesbian themes.**

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House Guest

Part 1 (4727 words)

"Okay Pari, don't freak out but-. . ."

A dish slick with dish detergent slipped from Pari's grip and crashed into several others. It was loud enough to warrant a call from the neighbors who wanted to 'make sure everything was alright over there'.

"I told you *not* to freak out," Odette said in the silence that filled the wake of the glass dishes bashing one another. Her knuckles were white with how hard she gripped at the edge of the serving bar, primarily from the crash, secondarily from what she was about to ask.

"That's exactly why I'm freaking," Pari retrieved the dish she dropped, making Hollywood horror eyes that she used to inspect Odette at a distance. The porcelain looking nineteen year old passed all the important mental check marks, leaving only a few warning signs that may have indicated that some action needed to be taken. The first was in reference to her asking that Pari not freak out which, as one might expect, shot liquid anxiety through the brown girl's veins. The other was the fact that Odette and Pari had just finished dinner, meaning that the next item on the agenda was making sure Odette didn't miss the evening milking. She arrived home late from her job as a teacher aide at the local college, grading papers and providing some advice to English and creative writing students, and it was clear when Pari picked her up that she had completely forgone the midday milk extraction.

Now, Odette had about doubled up in size, her usual D cup - which already appeared bulbous on her slender torso - had dilated throughout the day with breast milk. If she was wearing a bra at all, it would have to be something ludicrous like an H or I cup, something that would have to be specially made just in time to be promptly outgrown.

"No freaking. I just was thinking about having a friend over," Odette leaned her body against the bench. She had shed the outer layer of her 'business attire' leaving only a collared button down and a pair of panties that hugged her angular hips just right. When the top was bought, it had a hard time buttoning, so in her current state, Odette had to have the first four buttons undone, her generous orbs leaving an inviting chasm in between. Odette's orbs certainly drew Pari's attention - for medical and scientific reasons, of course. She noted the way they pushed out at their confinement; full to the brim and threatening another button with their weight. Odette let them rest on the counter, the only reason she hadn't complained about them being heavy yet.

"You know the rules about friends."

"Not 'friends'. Just a friend. And more like a student of mine."

Pari took pause, noting a chip in the dish she had dropped. She said nothing.

"It isn't a guy, either. There is a freshman girl who got herself caught in a scheduling bind. Something about having to study for two tests and not having enough time to finish her creative writing project."

"I'm not worried about guys." Noting Odette's tendencies, Pari figured that she wasn't heterosexual. That wasn't to mean that Odette may never like a man, but that eighty percent of her crushes had been women. She had a thing for rear ends, probably connected to the fact that she was so top heavy herself, that made her want someone who had a thicker lower region. All of this was worth a grain of salt, though, as Odette had never intimately been with a partner. The closest she had come was having Pari milk her, and even then Odette did not mark those experiences as sexual. Pari had a different impression, but that was to be kept secret for as long as they were doctor and patient.

"You just don't want anyone to come," sadness showed in Odette's voice.

It was true, Pari didn't like the idea of sharing. "It's more than that, though. You've been able to hide your illness pretty well up until this point. But what is going to happen when it is you and some other girl, alone, and your tits just keep getting bigger and bigger?"

'And bigger, and bigger, and bigger' Pari continued in her head, salivating at the thought.

"Oh no, no, no. It isn't going to be that long. She's just gonna drop by this weekend for a few hours, I'll help her with the 'Hero's Journey' and she'll be on her way. You'll be here if I need anything, and I'll keep it professional."

Pari was silent once again. She watched Odette make her case. She could still see holes in the plan, so much that could go wrong and so many reasons why she had the authority to rain on

this parade. Still, watching Odette made her heart sink. Huge amber gems stared back at her with anticipation, pout-curved lips convincing her without words.

"What time?"

Odette sharply sniffed in a breath, her eyes wide like professionally cut gems on fine china.

"You didn't say no?"

"You need to feed your guest something too. Gosh, you never have company. Do you know anything about being a good host?"

"You aren't saying no?!"

Pari started to feel herself smile. "And you better milk right before she comes or you're gonna be in so much trouble, do you understand me?"

"But you aren't. Saying. No!" Odette scooted out her stool, standing erect. Her tits jiggled against their resting place, the fifth button of her top whining at the pressure.

"Bet you have a crush on her," Pari shot back.

"No! No! No I do not!" Red embarrassment rushed to her face from nowhere, instantly coloring her from the shoulders up like roses. Pari chuckled, hands busy on the dishes.

"So what's her name?"

"Janet. Actually, it's not-my-crush Janet." Odette came around the bar and stood next to Pari, becoming the rinse and dry to the twenty-four year old's wash. The position was perfect for Pari, as sneaking glimpses at the younger woman's cleavage were rewarded excellently thanks to the height difference.

"So, does not-my-crush Janet have a big bottom?"

"She has a medium sized bottom. Like I said, I'm not crushing on her. My future lover is gonna have a gigantic ass, a mega ass. Maybe even Pari levels of assery," Odette laughed at her own joke.

Pari couldn't bring herself to. She felt relief that her caramel colored skin didn't depict visually what she felt internally. Her face was hot to the touch with what Odette had just said. Not only did she like Pari's ass, but Pari's sexy curve was the deciding par on 'datable' or 'undateable'; her natural heart-shaped bottom was what Odette wanted in a lover. Promising words indeed.

With that, the two went about their evening routine, light conversation stirring up between them just when the silence became uncomfortable. When the time had come and Odette had stalled as long as she could, it was time for her evening treatment. Still clad in her button down shirt and lavender panties, she laid on Pari's bed with her arms supporting her backward recline. Pari was at her desk, properly tallying the date and time as well as physical features.

"Are you in any pain of any kind?"

"No," Odette answered.

"Do you feel any pressure of any kind."

"What do you thin-. . ."

Odette almost answered, then found Pari glaring at her. This entry was being properly recorded. "Yes, like a bloated feeling. Not uncomfortable, but hard to ignore."

This went on the same way it had for months till Pari was satisfied. She closed her book and turned to her sexy patient. Odette's boobs settled at perfect angles against her rib cage, obscuring part of her view in her current position. Her sandy blonde hair dripped like water, splashing as it contacted Pari's sheets but not before leaving dashes of straight sideways bangs that partially obscured the little vixen's eyes. She had no idea how endlessly sexy she was, but she definitely acted like she did.

Pari detected a longing in Odette, one that was tired of the older forms of milking. They had a long practice record together with Pari employing every method she could look up to yield the milk as effectively as possible, but nothing came close to when their bodies were conjoined. Nothing was easier for Odette than spilling her milk into Pari's mouth. She wouldn't call that love. In fact, it was more overwhelming than she thought love to be; arrested by her bodily instinct to feed Pari ten or twenty times over. The more milk she had to offer, the greater the lust for having herself suckled; even to the point of having to self relieve. Sessions where she had to do it herself never went well. They were always messy and always ended up with a larger rack than when she started. Pari seemed to be the only one who could meet her need, who could provide her with the service her body demanded, who could sate her demanding breasts in a way that never seemed to cloy.

Pari answered the call of Odette's body, cautious at first like she was questioning herself, then placed a knee on the bed. She reclined on her side, leaning against her arm and capturing Odette around her waist in a lazy scooping motion. "I'm going to begin now, okay?"

Odette's answer was a turning of her body, hoisting her left tit over and ramming it straight at Pari's face. Her mass of flesh smothered Pari, and she chortled at how flustered Pari became. Pari felt the slap, then the jiggle of flesh that had come right to her face, detecting a raised tip

pressed against her cheek that begged for her lip lock. First she had to find her breath, being taken aback by the action, but once she created the space to breathe again, Pari sought her pay back. She smirked, pulling at Odette's center so that they were as close as could be, then flicked her tongue against the point. The flavor of the office shirt was mute, tasting like nothing, but Pari's mind filled in for the taste of Odette, driving her craving for her sweetheart through the roof. She was a little disappointed that she had been in so much of a rush that she hadn't stripped Odette down first.

Odette's body shivered. She knew that a move like that would normally paralyze her, but the cloth provided enough of a barrier to let her keep her head. It still rippled gently through her being, the amazing vibration caused by Pari's hot breath against her inflamed pink mound. Pari went at it again, two quick swipes this time, and she felt it once more, the feeling of her breasts tingling. The only way she would explain it was like churning, the feeling of the milk building up against the spot right behind her teat, being contained only barely against her will. She needed more to go over, she was leaking for sure, but the sustained explosive force of lactation would only be achieved by focused, deliberate attention.

Pari consumed the sight of Odette's twisted face, her button nose scrunching, her eyebrows furrowed. She was a sexual mess, and Pari was an experienced tease, working Odette's left nipple like a strawberry. With each go Odette would wince back a moan with clenched jaw, trying her hardest to remain in control and hold herself back. With each go, she was losing her ability to do so. After awhile the nipple clung to the fabric, the mixture of leakage and saliva causing the woven cotton blend to be transparent. Odette's frosty skin which stemmed an ocean of breast milk showed beautifully through the thin barrier. Pari was game to continue with her tease, till her excitement had her accidentally graze Odette's tip with her teeth, the ensuing moan causing a long strand of milk to fire and an electricity to fill the air.

The two started on their side, but quickly had the smaller of the two roll onto her back. Pari impatiently unbuttoned the remaining buttons and tugged the shirt away, revealing two masses the size of overly inflated basketballs. For a moment, she soaked in the view: Odette on her back, head slightly tilted with only her left eye visible under her curtain of hair. Her narrow, angled jaw slightly open and airy breaths escaped from moist, pink lips. She was so small, delicate like a doll with thin arms and tiny hands. Then there were her tits, covering her whole frame with a protective softness that was in constant motion. Pari couldn't decide where to start, both were so perfectly symmetrical, leaking profusely, topped by delectable inch-long nipples, and slowly but noticeably expanding. As a doctor, she could have taken better care, should have made this whole process quick and painless. Now, with the arousal, Odette's tits would be working against her, throwing production into overdrive as if they were mindful of their own size and wanting to grow even larger. Odette's colossal titties would be compensating for what was lost, an inhuman amount of delicious cream that without any mitigation would end with her filling the room, the house, and who knows how much larger.

It was time to get to work. And Pari loved her job.

The ceiling light blurred for Odette, fan swinging in a gentle circle above. Then every single light in the room went dim and her eyes were alight as her body went nuclear in response to Pari's action. She felt her own right boobs gently swooping and rocking back and forth as Pari played below. She noted her vision blooming with new lights and colors brought on by the orgasmic sensation of release and no matter how much she blinked, the brightness would not fade. Her arms pulled at Pari's sheets, the rustling stirred up the air around her and filled it with a natural scent: Pari's scent. In this state, the smell was overwhelming. She moaned the only name that would come to mind, the one that dominated her thoughts and the one responsible for this euphoria.

"Mmm, Pari! O-ohhh!" came the sultry tones.

"Mmmm, Odette. You're so good." Pari heard herself answer.

In the time it took to respond, she got a face full of breast milk. Both tits created arcs in the air as they fired off sweetness, but the right one which had earned Pari's vote of attention was particularly active. With her tongue she coaxed at the aching knob of Odette's nipple, rewarding the increased flow with more lip work. She wrapped her thick, pillow lips about the nipple, sucking in as much breast as she could fill her mouth with and tasting the fine taste of a denied Odette. If anyone were to read over the notes that Pari had taken, they would note that if Odette ever missed a treatment, the milk she produced would change quality, becoming thicker and creamier. The theory was that the process would be magnified and nutrients would increase in concentration producing milk that had a richer, stronger taste. In the moment, Pari experienced just this; sweet syrup lining the inside of her open maw. It was obsessively delicious, even bearing a light aroma akin to an herbal tea with honey, and addictive beyond what Pari had last recalled. Each time she seemed more drawn to it and during the day, she found herself thinking more and more about milking Odette in this way. When she had a clear head, she would argue to herself. "You're taking advantage of a little girl who is supposed to be your patient."

But in times like these when she was busy ravaging and being rewarded for her efforts, she felt like nothing else could feel more right. Odette would squirm under her causing her chest to sprightly jiggle, more tit flesh bouncing off of Pari's face. Her moans would entice Pari to go further. It was a dangerous, lascivious dance that would not stop until Pari was full or Odette was empty.

Odette's body moved on it's own. Her left hand migrated to her left boob and found Pari's hand there. They both pressed and pulled on the cushy heap, bouncing it against its twin and pushing it to keep up with the lactation process. Odette flicked at her nipple as Pari sucked her other off. The feeling was bliss. She felt completely at the will of Pari and her own body, each taking their turn making her mind go blank. It felt good to let go. It felt good to be in this position. The pressure inside her, the milk that pushed out against her tight pair of mammaries, gushed out in increasing amounts. This toe curling sensation of her warm milk being sped through her sent

her heart a flutter. Then there was the sound Pari made, the wet lapping and the eager swallowing. She could tell her milk was being handled by a professional. In her mind, she could remain in this form of rapture forever.

When Pari was ready - and whether Odette was ready or not - Pari thought it time to properly latch. She got up from her straddling position and tossed aside her milk drenched top and a pair of shorts that had been stained with her own body's approval. She positioned a few pillows for back support, had a seat at the head of her bed and patted her lap. Odette was in place as quickly as her swaying chest would allow. Even when she was in place, her boobs would not stop moving. They seemed to defy gravity, always bouncing pendulous and dripping with tasty milk. Pari thought that she had done a good job, but her work only showed that her sucking had been just as much as Odette had been producing. The taut flesh globes remained the same size. It was no use, if she wanted to have Odette down to her manageable size, she would have to go at it one-hundred percent.

Who could complain about that.

"Pari?"

"Mmhm?" Pari looked down, brushing some hair from Odette's face with her right hand. Her left was occupied clinging to the girl's meager body supportively.

Odette rolled her head closer into Pari's shoulder. "I'm waiting."

It wasn't impatient. It was cute. It was flirty.

There wasn't a moment to lose. Pari scooped up Odette's right udder and delivered it straight to her mouth, without having to lean. When her hand squeezed from the bottom and her teeth clamped just right, Odette's head flung backwards and her mouth hung open. She began to seize in Pari's arms, but there was no cause for worry. In fact, Pari's excitement built up just in time for the first wave of the evening to nearly choke her. Her cheeks filled up too quickly for her to swallow it down. Some escaped from her mouth, dripping down her lips, saturating her bra and painting her chin and boobs in a glossy whiteness. By the time she had become mindful again, she was three or four mouthfuls in. Her taste buds were overwhelmed, flavor beyond what she knew to be a dessert, addictive and thick enough to give her some trouble swallowing. Then there was the constant melody of Odette crying out again and again.

"Oh! Pari, give it to me! Suck my tit, Mmmmmugh!"

The sound of her swallowing matched the tempo of the moaning, like a constant throaty thump with each wailing cry of pleasure. Odette's milk rushed down Pari's throat, faster and harder. She began to sense that her progress was slow. It would be slow milking and thus, an amazing

one. She would lose count of the amount of times she had swallowed, lose track of time, enjoying the warmth of breast milk from the girl she had come to love.

Odette watched through slitted eyes as Pari, her caretaker and best friend, greedily sucked her tits. Even with the flow being absurdly powerful, she still found moments to flick her tongue in circles, zapping Odette's nipples into an exciting buzz. She could feel it all through her breast flesh; in those moments she could feel her every extremity. Every nerve in her tits was on high alert, the massaging from underneath causing her arousal to build up, higher than a skyscraper. She felt intoxicated as Pari met her every physical need without exception. She didn't know of a better time than this, no one else who could make her feel whole like this. She came again from the stimulation, the third time in that one milking session alone, and she knew the sensation of delicious heat would only grow hotter.

The two girls were burning for each other, each exhibiting their specialties in a reciprocal dance of mirth. Pari would empty her cheeks, her throat loudly thumping as she would chug yet again. For each one, she threw her dexterous tongue into motion to remind Odette just how much she appreciated her. It was almost like she was making love to Odette's nipple, an experienced mate coaching an energetic partner. The vacuum hold she held was hard, capturing a good portion of Odette's tit flesh in her mouth and holding it hostage so long as she was repaid with more sweet, sweet nectar. She felt it tingle going down her throat, another sugary glob of warmth descending down behind her chest, not a second away from the one that had gone before it, settling in her core like a pile of burning coals. They were steadily accumulating, pushing Pari's center away from her hips till she looked distended. There was glory in that for her, feeling Odette's love deep inside her, like a heater on the inside plumping her out with just the volume of breast milk. Tonight she felt confident that she would end up at a nice size. Her first mental tally had her at a size that she could usually only see after Thanksgiving dinner with the family, a nice hand sized growth that pushed away from her thin middle. She smiled, knowing how much more Odette was capable of producing, and continued stuffing the milk down.

Odette hung tight, despite her body's increasing limpness. She would never grow used to the elation she received from being suckled. She felt her breasts erupting, white pliable geysers directly into Pari's waiting mouth. Ohh. It was exquisite. Her mind was at a constant drone, flashes of pleasure sweeping her away one area at a time. Her chest felt like its own entity as it pumped fluid. It was like the sponge they used to wash dishes, constantly being squeezed out, constantly being filled up again. She awaited the process expectantly. Each time Pari would swallow, she felt herself pumping, emptying several ounces to fill the space. Odette felt powerful, wishing somehow that even more of her could be inside Pari's mouth and having her wish granted with each additional swallow. Her mammoth tits rippled with the suction, elongating from the action of being pulled by Pari. The sight was magnificently beautiful. The two of them were a sexual miracle together, perfect for one another, like Niagara falls trying to fill the Grand Canyon. She came again in that position, her whole body seizing up, boobs working overtime in the exciting high by plumping up and deleting what work Pari had done to

shrink them. Her womanly loins quaked, begging for more even if she could feel the weakness coming quicker and quicker. Four times must have been approaching her record, but she wasn't going to stop if she wasn't empty. Not in a million years.

But nothing like that lasted forever. Pari didn't like how quickly she could detect herself filling. Where before Odette could fit comfortably in her lap - Pari was stoked at just how perfectly Odette fit. Almost like she was made to sit her cute bottom right on top of Pari's thighs - now she was slowly being pushed away. Over the course of this more personal manner of milking, Pari had noted that she could support quite a bit of breast milk without undergoing any sort of pain. Far beyond the point she could with regular food, the drinking of milk granted her an endorphin rush that somehow dulled the pain as it made way for pleasure. More hot, slick cream was pushed into her stomach by her throat and her tummy was really beginning to show. It was only a matter of time before positions would have to shift again.

Odette's arm snaked up Pari's back, petting at her hair, tickling at the neck of the person receiving her love. She whispered "Mmmm, what a sexy throat. Look at it working so hard. Ohhhh, yes. . ." She felt at Pari's muscles, bulging in their strain to get the milk down. They were beginning to tire now, her body failing to keep up with what was going on two hours of excitement. Pari's clenched jaw grew tired, no matter how much her spirit longed to keep going. Her lips slacked ever so slightly and several ounces escaped from the corner of her mouth.

She went an admirable half an hour in that state, but then she was done. Pari pulled away, being shot at by a flow of milk that had not been fazed by the efforts of a breast sucking champion. They fired away, Odette still in the midst of a swamp of warm, orgasmic mindlessness. Her voice had gone horse by then, a sexier version of the usual as her nipples came in contact with the coolness of the air in the room. Pari's head fell back till it was caught by the pillow she had arranged earlier. Surely Odette would be able to keep going, but in her current state - back down to F cups - she had a while before she would crush the two of them under her weight. It was definitely time for a nap to sleep off the meal.

"N-no don't. I want you to. . . Pari?" came Odette. At that point her words were barely comprehensible. She was tired too.

"I don't wanna stop, but I'm preggers with your milky baby," Pari closed her eyes. Not asleep yet, but languishing.

Odette adjusted. As she did, Pari placed a hand on her exposed stomach, caramel colored and tight as, well, Odette's ivory tits. She looked the size of a mother in her third trimester, yet she felt no pain or discomfort; only the ache of her jaw and the heaviness of her eyelids.

"You were so thick today. I bet I could have gone longer if you weren't so darned creamy."

Odette's adjustments complete, she was in position straddling Pari with her chest propped up on Pari's shoulders. She leaned forward, providing a nice amount of pressure on Pari's bloated tummy. "You love it when I'm creamy though."

Pari nodded, her head bouncing off of Odette's constantly spurting jugs. When she found them even softer than what she remembered, she laid her head forward and nuzzled her way into the cleavage till she was comfortable. "I love you. . . all the time, I do."

Pari's nuzzling brought excitement to Odette, but with her fading voice, the gesture only served to make her breathless. Her flow from both breasts accelerated, running over Pari's form in a warm milky cascading shower. A full meal, a tired body, and a hot shower was all it took. Pari went to sleep her arms a loose belt about Odette's waist.

It wouldn't be long before Odette's own body failed her from her multiple orgasms and mindless moaning. Her tits would still be gushing for hours after they were both asleep. There would be cleaning up to do the next day but for the night, they were more than content in each other's arms, milk sticky and sweet, connecting them underneath a layer of warmth. Pari's final fading thoughts, as she rested against Odette's velvet pillows, concerned breakfast the next day and how she couldn't wait for a healthy portion of milk to go along with whatever they were having. Even if that 'whatever' happened to also be milk.

Part 2 (3709 words)

Ding dong! Ding dong!

"Waaaaaaaaaah!"

"For the eighth time, Odette it's just the television. Would you please not freak out?"

Pari was apron clad and tirelessly performing her duty as housekeeper. She had been up all morning while the actual host was fast asleep, making sure the house was in presenting order. Odette was busy as well, once she was out of bed - as busy as a busy body could be. She was double checking everything that Pari had done, commenting without actually lifting a finger to do anything herself.

Odette found the remote and crushed the power button with two fingers while thrusting it at the thirty-two inch monitor. "Die, you anxiety provoking spirit!"

"Never mind if I was actually listening to that," Pari sighed.

Ding dong! Ding dong!

"Waaaaaaah! How is it still alive?! Pari, kill it! Kill! It!"

"Oh, guess it really was her. Go get the door."

Odette scrambled, performing a two-legged bounce around the living room table twice before zooming down the hall. Was she excited? Nervous? Maybe both. Pari couldn't come to a conclusion. She knew that she herself had a certain unsettledness in her stomach now that the moment of truth was upon them. She had gone over what she thought to be the most important details. The whole house was sparkling with her efforts, not a speck of dust to speak for - especially not in the den where she had mapped out an agenda for the two girls.

If punctuality was any indication, Janet could be assumed to be a nice girl. She was at the door at exactly eleven, not a minute sooner or later. Afterwards the girls would get busy working for exactly one and one half hours. They would break for a thirty minute lunch, work for another hour, and then they would say their goodbyes. Odette had been briefed on the plan three times, but those times were in the midst of her morning long freak out. She probably hadn't retained a bit of it. All the better that Pari would be hanging around the house for the full duration, keeping the girls on task.

The door opened down the hall, a breeze from the outside air moved down the hallway, quickly followed by the sounds of footsteps and high pitched voices. Pari's hand tucked away a strand of hair from her brow before she turned back to the lunch she was preparing. On her left, she felt their presence enter the kitchen space and turned away from her bowl of freshly washed veggies to greet them.

"You must be Janet?" Pari said, noting how much she sounded like her own mother.

Janet bowed deeply several times, her chestnut brown hair making the sound of a flag flapping on a windy day. The girl was the dictionary definition of flustered, like she had walked several miles to be here. "Yes ma'am. Glad that you would have me over. I'm here to get some help on a project from Miss Holiday."

Pari's eye twitched. She hoped Janet hadn't noticed. 'Ma'am' was a word reserved for people at least a decade older than she was. It didn't suit a sprightly, sexy girl like Pari. . . did it? "Just call me Pari. Everyone calls me that."

"Yes Miss Pari," Janet enthusiastically nodded her head.

Odette - Miss Holiday, actually. Funny because both of them didn't even come close to looking their age - led Janet away towards the den. The girl was stiff and a little awkward. It had to have come from her upbringing. Pari had come up with an entire backstory for the girl even after only

just meeting her. She was a first generation American, raised in a home by very traditional parents. Because her mother and father always worked hard, she felt compelled to do the same, leaving on her own to pursue her education at a university far away from home. Odette worked at a community college, but there was no reason why a university student could not employ the free services that the community college had to offer. She may have been too intimidated or shy to ask her professor for help, so she stopped in to see Odette when she had the opportunity. Odette did have a soothing effect that probably stemmed from her innocent demeanor.

Pari shook her head. 'Innocent'? Nah, it was more like cutely oblivious.

Janet had very traditionally eastern features, which would match the premeditated background story. A cute, rounded face that carried the fullness of baby weight even into her college years, slight peach undertone quality to her skin, and a pair of mousy ears that properly held her conservative hairstyle away from her face. All of this actually led to a startling discovery as Janet turned to leave - where would a girl like her find all that ass? It was wrong to do so, but Pari had fully anticipated Janet's front and back to match; that is, they were both supposed to be undaringly compact. But Odette was wrong a few nights ago when she implied that Janet had nothing going on in the trunk. As the two girls walked through the living space to the den, Pari couldn't keep herself from following with her eyes. Janet was in a fitted black camisole and a pair of bright blue denim jeans. Or was she? No, she was jiggling like a salsa dancer! All she was doing was walking, but her perky ass cheeks vibrated on every step. Those were a pair of jeggings, and they did an excellent job complimenting her donk of an ass.

Pari paused as the two girls went out of sight. She curved herself into a 'C' shape and checked her own curves. Covered in the her signature beige work shorts she could see the familiar curve of what she once believed to be a fine ass. She gave her back a slap and watched her pliable, firm cheek spring back with pep and jiggle in its confines. It was plenty of booty, but could she compete with Janet? Her mind went to Odette's comment a few nights prior, the intimate milking they had experienced together, finally dozing off with Odette's milky body showering her own. The thoughts brought her some relief, but very little confidence.

The hour passed with Pari constantly in thought over her own ass. She considered it more than she fathomed she ever had. Her butt was her prized possession, her way in and out of sticky situations. It was her secret weapon, one that she used sparingly and often served more as a curse than a blessing. But Odette simply *adored* round, healthy asses. She unabashedly would turn to gawk at a woman with a pronounced backside if she were to pass one, and constantly asked Pari meddlesome questions when they had first met - all butt related. Now that they were better acquainted, the questions were a lot slower and Odette's interest seemed to wane with each passing day. Had she gotten used to being around a big booty housekeeper? Was Pari no longer a novelty, now that she was just a part of Odette's everyday? Then there was Janet and all of her jiggly glory. Odette was interested in that soft-looking tush, no doubt about it. Was she the replacement?

No way. That was a little too far. Still, there was a stinging pinch in Pari's chest. Her throat began to dry, her vision narrowed ever so slightly. Janet was a threat. That meant that Pari would have to keep her cool, but still remind her love just how much she loved Pari's buttocks. By that time it was twenty minutes after twelve. Pari appeared in the entryway to the den with two wooden palettes of finger dishes that she had prepared by hand. When she got there with the food, Odette leaned back and exhaled loudly while Janet sat up straight with her hands in her lap.

"Your timing is real good today, Pari. I'm downright peckish!" Odette announced.

"I had a feeling you two would need a snack about now. Sorry it isn't a real meal, but I thought it would be easier to eat and work if the food was light."

Janet spoke up. "That was good thinking. Thank you very much."

Pari tried to ignore the nagging feeling she had to glare at the girl. She had to play it slow. She padded over to the table in the den where they were studying. There was a lowered version of the dining room table in the den, lowered so that people sitting on the couch or loveseat could have easy access to whatever was on top. At the moment it was covered with a few handouts and an old laptop with a loud fan. Odette was seated at the far end of the table, Janet closest to where Pari would approach from. Pari went around, like she was about to hand them their dishes from the front, but then kept walking till she was on Odette's side. One portion was gingerly placed in front of Odette. The other was her devious scheme being put in motion.

She leaned over the table to hand Janet her palette, not stopping till the majority of her upper body was hovering over the lowered table. She had to stick out a hand to stable herself, and just before she plopped the treats down, she imitated every single rap video she had ever seen and wobbled her hips from side to side. Odette had a first row view to the ass parade. Pari couldn't look Janet in the face while she made the move. It was too embarrassing. She tried to be as covert as possible, plopping the dish down in front of her guest and savoring the feeling of her perky derrière rhythmically bouncing in her shorts. She had forgotten how satisfying it was to feel her flesh dance back and forth, how little effort she really needed to make her money maker shake due to the expansive size of her flesh.

At about two seconds till awkward, she stopped herself and snapped back up. "Oh," she moved her hand to her open mouth. "I almost forgot drinks. What will you ladies be having?"

When she looked down at Odette, she found her blushing and thoughtful - great success! She was almost too excited to hear Janet ask 'what do you have?'

"Oh we have water, tea, fruit juice, milk - . . ."

"We have some energy drinks. Pari, I left half a Behemoth in the fridge. You can just bring me that." said Odette.

"*Anything*," she paused, looking at Odette intently. "For you. And you, Janet?"

"I like fruit juice. Any kind is fine."

Pari got back to the kitchen and procured a couple drinking glasses. Odette wasn't over her, she was enthralled with the show! Pari would have to remember that move, but for the moment she danced in her own in her miniature victory. 'Way to think up a plan, Pari,' she told herself. Janet wouldn't stand a chance now. Odette would be thinking about Pari's ass for the rest of the day. She would wait till Janet was gone, and then ask for more than just a four second show. The idea of the milking that night being supercharged with her booty bouncing made Pari's lips water.

But wait. What if it was doing the same for Odette - not in the future but right this second? Anytime she got aroused, her body would react and her milk supply would increase. If that got out of control right now. . . Oh no.

Pari snatched up the glass of orange juice and the leftover can of Behemoth and sprinted back to the den. All her cool was lost. She rounded the corner holding her breath, and appeared in the doorway once again. Janet was gone. Odette's feet were up on the corner of the lowered table. Part of a cheese covered cracker snapped between her pink lips, large crumbs falling without her noticing and landing at the very start of her cleavage line. Fortunately, as per Pari's request, Odette dressed in a high-waisted skirt and a flat magenta blouse that would keep her adequately covered while looking business casual. There was always a tad bit of cleavage - perks of having some awesome D cups - but no expansion had occurred as far as she could tell based on all the buttons still being in tact. In that moment, Pari could breathe again. Crisis averted.

"Where's Janet?" Pari asked?

"Bathroom," Odette said, voice sounding higher pitched than usual.

Pari clued in on it. "You alright? I brought you your Behemoth." She proceeded to set the two drinks down on the table and sit down next to Odette.

"Y-yea, I'm fine."

"You need to tell me if something is wrong," Pari hushed her voice for the next bit. "Especially if you are feeling any kind of pressure. I'm your caretaker first."

"Wh-why did you do that?"

"Do what?"

Odette wasn't making eye contact. She turned her face away from Pari, munching on the same cracker - though most of it seemed to be dropping toward her cleavage line. "You know. The sexy move? God. . . that was just too much ass all too fast."

Inner Pari pumped her fist in the air. Fuck yea, her ass had saved the day again. She wouldn't let that come through in her words, though. "Sorry, love. I don't know what came over me. I guess I just lost my balance a little over the table? Guess I just slipped?"

"It just kept going and going and going. . ." Odette's voice trailed off.

"I'll be more careful next time. I'm sorry. I don't want you to get too excited before you're done with Janet."

Odette swiveled back in Pari's direction, timid smile and rosy complexion making her look all the more lovable. "I-It looked really nice."

Pari couldn't hide this expression of joy. She smiled and brushed some of the crumbs away from Odette's chest. "Just as long as you aren't feeling too much pressure-. . ." she deflected.

"Pressure?" Janet's voice startled the two on the couch.

"Y-yea! Pressure! Like, you really need to get back to work cause the pressure is on now!" Odette lied.

"Yup, I better get out of you girls' way." Pari said, rising from her seat and returning to her place in the rest of the house. The whole time she felt Odette's eyes burning an imaginary hole through her shorts and for the first time in a while, Pari noticed how much her hips naturally swayed as she walked. 'Hold out a little longer, Odette. You just have to last till Janet is gone'.

That thought was the next to play on repeat in Pari's mind as she reclined on the couch and watched her television show on mute. How big could Odette get just by watching her shake her bum? That would make a great research question for her next scholastic paper. She couldn't submit it as formal research, of course, but even as a personal file, it could serve as a type of achievement. Pari was out of practice, but maybe that didn't matter much. Maybe Odette was just so turned on at the sight of her that another session of side-to-side wiggling would be enough. What if she reached out and groped it? Odette might lose herself if she got a whole handful of ass, let the sensation of flesh ooze between her fingers. Though, if it were flesh, that would mean that Pari was bottomless, dipping up and down in front of Odette, moving her thick lower half like a wave of seduction. Again, she was out of practice but it probably wouldn't matter much. Maybe she should give it a dry run? She got up from the couch and, only because

she was alone, spread her stance and lowered her center of gravity. She felt her neck arch and looked over her shoulder, letting the rolling motion follow her form till her back end received the motion and bopped up and down. She did this whipping motion once or twice, then tried it on rapid fire.

It was. . . surprisingly easy. But that was just one move. She would need a few more minutes to get some of the more sophisticated motions down.

"PARI! Help, Pari! Get in here!"

Time slowed down. Pari's mind clicked to emergency mode which meant everything else was put on the back burner till she found out what Odette needed. That cry wasn't the usual. She wasn't just angry at dying in her video game, and she wasn't complaining about having to do chores. Odette was genuine. There was something going on -no, going wrong. Pari was at the door like a bullet, not slowing down for the turn into the den. Instead, she threw out an arm and slung her way around the threshold into the space where the two girls were at work. Janet was turned sideways, stretched out supine on the couch with her legs spread. Between those thighs and climbing on top of the brown haired girl was Odette.

Pari's heart sank.

"She's boiling up! We were finishing up and she took a sip of her juice and - and. . ."

Janet's breathing was hectic, sweat was visible in drops on her forehead. Her body was scrunched up with her middle section bending upwards toward the ceiling. Her mouth was wide open and Pari could swear she saw the poofs of the girl's breath leaving her scorching insides. What was going on? She approached on Janet's right and shooed Odette away. She didn't have to get too close to start recognizing common symptoms. She started taking tally: *'pulse is high, sweating profusely'*.

"Hang in there, Janet. Just breathe, baby," Pari tried to soothe.

"Angh. . . aaaaaaangh," came the cries of a struggling girl. She sounded pained, weakened.

Pari ordered Odette to go find some towels and a bucket of cold water. "Do you have any allergies?" Pari immediately thought that she should have asked that before offering to serve her food. What was she thinking? Oh yea, she was thinking about twerking in front of Odette. Stupid, stupid, stupid. . .

"Unnngh. Mmmmm. . . no. N-no. A-allergies," her voice trembled in falsetto as it left her.

"Are you sure? Not even an intolerance? Was there anything you had that you don't usually eat?"

Janet's body wound itself up again, her muscles tensing. She exhaled hard in a hiss till it was over. "N-no. . . allergies. . ."

'Lips swelling, shortness of breath'.

"All she had was some of my energy drink. She doesn't normally drink them, but I let her mix some with her juice to see if she might like it," Odette appeared with exactly what she was sent for.

Pari reached into the bucket and drew out two moist rags. She took the first and balanced it on Janet's forehead, almost surprised she didn't hear a sizzling sound. The girl was putting off heat like an oven! The second rag would go on her stomach. Pari's analytical eyes went from head to toe till she got to the bottom of the girl's camisole. She would have went straight for removing it, if she hadn't gotten stuck on the way. Her eyes blinked back to what had caught her attention. What were those?

Measured to be exactly where Janet's nipples might be were a set of mounds that poked upward about half an inch. Pari wasn't a pediatrician, but she had seen this sort of development before - Janet's breasts were budding? But she was in college. Hadn't she done all the growing she was meant to do? Pari went on with what she had planned. When she lifted up the camisole exposing a plain of flat, white belly, she plopped the rag down square over Janet's belly button. Janet's hands still moved to her top, yanking at the silk fabric as if trying to free herself from it. Was the fitted top too tight on her? How could it be too tight? It fit just fine a second ago.

"I need you to tell me everything about Behemoth energy drinks, Odette." Pari said, her eyes still watchful over Janet.

"I don't know what to say. It's just an energy drink."

"Anything special about it?"

Odette made a noise, like she was trying to think but her mind was fogged. "No! No. It was just a normal drink."

'High temperature'. "There was only half a can. You drank the first half?"

Odette squirmed. "Y-yea! I did. I had the first half last night. I was raiding and I wanted something to-. . ."

"Auuuuuuuhhhhhn!" Janet belted, clawing the top lip of her camisole.

"What did you do after?!" Pari wasn't physically panicked, but her voice showed desperation. *'Appears to be itchy'*.

"Uh. . ." Odette flicked her eyes to the can, Pari, and Janet. "Wait no! It was after! I was at a breakpoint in my game and it had been all night so I-I. . . I had my treatment. Then I kept going."

Was that it? "You drank some more of the drink after you had your treatment?"

Odette nodded, nearing the two on her knees and petting Janet's cheek. "Please be okay, Janet. . ."

"She won't be - not for a while." Pari's suspicions were being confirmed again and again. But Janet said she had no allergies to speak of. There was another option, but it was far fetched.

Pari snatched at the bottom of Janet's silky black top and pulled it up swiftly. It caught on something on the trip that made Janet throw her head into the couch with great force.

"Faaaaaaaauuuuuhhhgh!" Janet cried, but this time it was different. It wasn't a cry of pain. In fact, in retrospect, none of them were. She was definitely uncomfortable, positively terrified, but her body was indeed having a positive reaction. What was revealed were two feverishly red nipples, behind which were raised mounds of skin. They stood large and tall, engorged just like her lips which had dawned the same hue.

"What the. . ." Odette stopped, taking note of what Pari had already assumed.

"She's growing boobs, Odette. You're the reason why."

Part 3 (3182 words)

If she didn't have a heart, Pari would have slipped the needle under Janet's skin at the very onset.

But she did. Pari barely knew the girl, and the trauma of being stabbed with an epinephrine injection while in the midst of delirium might be worse than just letting the whole thing play out. If this episode escalated to something more serious or life threatening, the shot would have been at arm's length - which was the case in every room in the house as Pari had well equipped the home with a number of inconspicuously placed emergency kits. Pari's suspicion was that it wasn't harmful though, certainly not more than the drama a stabbing would cause.

"I-I still don't get it. Oh, Janet," Odette was petting the forehead of the afflicted scholar with a moist rag. "Please be okay."

"She's going to be fine," Pari said while masking her own suspicions.

Janet's body heaved, lifting her entire weight into the air once before settling back into the cushions of the couch. Each go would put her into a fit where her muscles would tense and her breath would rise like clouds that dripped desire. It certainly *looked* like an allergic reaction, but Pari had never seen anything quite like this before. Janet's lips were swelling, but never grossly or to the point of disgust. They were just sulky enough to be attractive, perfect as a job performed by a top class plastic surgeon. Then there were her breasts - yes, they had grown to what could be identified as 'breasts'. When Janet had entered their home, the girl was perfectly trim; actually, wearing a bra would have brought unwanted wrinkles to the smoothness of her top. Now she would fit into a small B cup and every passing second was like singing the Alphabet song.

"But how do you *know*, Pari?" Odette replied.

She didn't, which was why she chose to deflect instead. "Your disease - there's still a lot we don't know. What we do know is that even though it supposedly only affects you, it is still a disease. It stands the chance of mutating, even becoming contagious. I won't say that Janet has caught it, but I can deduce that there was indeed a point of indirect contact between you and her."

"Shhhhhhh! Pari!"

"It's fine, Odette. It will be a wonder if she remembers anything that is going on - she's basically in shock right now. Your secret is still safe," the last bit was said in a lower voice, just in case.

"Aaaaauuuuughnn. . ."

Odette gripped at Janet's wrist as she bucked again from the overwhelming sensation of the reaction. Moisture stung at the blonde tutor's eyes. Before tears could fall, Pari was there to chase them away. She directed Odette's chin so that they were face to face, and kissed Odette's forehead tenderly.

"Janet is going to make it through. . . and this isn't your fault."

A twisted blend of grief and relief deformed Odette's innocent visage as she bawled into Pari's shoulder. There she remained for minutes that passed like an eternity, bathed in the lustful yearnings of the house guest beside her. It would have been longer, had she not been startled by a sudden moisture at the back of her neck. When she pulled back, Pari was wide eyed.

"Wh-what was- . . ."

"Lactating. Janet is lactating! Okay! Ummm, she's filling with milk."

Their attentions returned to Janet. Her toes were curling and sweat formed in dots all over her svelte form. She was moaning nonstop now, no longer in outbursts. It was like she was permanently orgasmic, fueled by her filling boobs which were now at Odette's size. They were remarkable. Perfect globes topped by areola the color of a sweetened latte. They visibly rocked as they sputtered out their first lines of white cream, like the ejection was strong enough to make them jiggle.

For a second, both Odette and Pari gawked. Janet was a monument to sexual bliss, the epitome of female pleasure in its essence.

"Hot," Odette blurbed.

"I see why you have a crush on her. . ."

"I. do. Not!"

"Right, right. She's 'Not-my-crush-Janet'."

Seriousness mounted immediately after, though, as Janet tried to right herself and sit upright. Pari immediately caught her, acting as a support so that she could sit up in the seat. Janet's tits jiggled back and forth, swinging seductively until she was bottom-side-down once more. Her top was discarded in the exchange thanks to Pari's quick thinking. Janet was now seated low into the couch with her chin still angled upward.

"O-oh my. Ohhhhh. Ahhhhhh!"

A line of milk impacted Odette's magenta blouse and Pari's gray crew neck at the same time. Janet had some power behind those puppies! Her tits continued to stretch, weighing her body down. The seizing had finally come to an end, leaving Janet in a sexual no-man's land between nuclear levels of sexual climax and shattered, sweaty recovery period where she tried to catch her breath. She had reached a newer state, one where she knew that she bore the potential to expand endlessly while simultaneously sitting on the cliff of orgasm. She didn't mind it; not one bit. The fear in her expression had all but melted away, exposing a look of ascension as if the ten minutes of shocking trauma had somehow changed her. She looked down, found her boobs in each hand and moved them in circles, testing their limits. She found them soft and fun to move about. She loved to test their weight, feel the heat of each as she rolled the flesh under her fingers. She ogled her own body with lust, like she was but a passenger on a ride in this softer, sexier form. Her thick, kissable pedals curved themselves into a smile as she savored

her growing boobs in her grip. She moved her hands further away from her body as seconds passed, her tits filling a greater and greater space in front of her. They filled out in the same perky orb shape, appearing as perfect as nature could produce. When they achieved the size of volleyballs, she swooned at their weight, pressing them against each other.

Cleavage? No way. She thought that her hazy aphrodesia may have been playing tricks on her. But when the line deepened further and further, her own peachy skin bulging upon itself till the two bubbles massaged each other, she knew that this was no trick. She neatly pressured the sides of her balloons, finding that they made a nice cleavage on their own with no confines, but created a more provocative line when pressed just right. With the slightest addition of pressure she found her nipples reacting, freeing a spritz at an angle simultaneously moistening the shirts of her two spectators. She looked to her left, finding a somewhat familiar face. In her mind, an image was being constructed of herself, her broadening boobs, and the caramel woman in what could only make the experience more grand. Janet gave a wink towards Pari.

Pari took the gesture. Her body knew just what the wink meant, but a nagging reluctance stopped her from jumping at the swelling maiden. Pari couldn't just dive in; she would have to be careful about how she played her cards in this circumstance, especially considering Odette's feelings.

"Odette. . ."

"Y-yea," said Odette followed by a slurp. Was she drooling?

"Janet is just going to keep growing and growing. The pressure is going to get uncomfortable after a while."

"Y-yea."

"We need to milk her."

"Y-y-. . . what?"

Pari scooted inward so that she was just beneath Janet's dripping nipple on her left breast. A shadow cooled her face as Janet leaned forward in her seat and her tits - larger than even Odette's - drooped like ripe fruit before her. "You always seem to have trouble milking yourself. This will be a good, healthy environment for you to practice your technique while helping your friend out."

"Uhh. 'Kay?"

"Just watch me for a while and when you feel comfortable jump right i-. . . Mnnn?! Mhhhh!"

Janet's hungry desires would not allow her breast to hang over an open mouth for any longer. Without warning she lowered herself down into Pari before she could even finish the conversation and let herself fill the woman's mouth with teat. The second she felt the heated moisture of another woman's insides, her dreaminess resumed. Her binary thoughts left her with a desire for more, a hankering for pleasure that could only be satisfied by a steady release.

Pari couldn't deny Janet now - she couldn't deny herself either. She let the malleable tit flesh enter her maw which opened acceptingly, making way for the expanding form. Her tongue gave a flick and it almost knocked Janet airborne with how great it felt. The young girl's skin was stained with her drippings, not as addictive as Odette's, but with a charm of its own. Her milk tasted floral on her skin, the mixture of both resulting in a light freshness and excitement that pushed Pari to third and fourth gear long before Janet could have prepared.

"Ohhhhhh! Miss Pariiiiiii, fu-. . . uuuuuuuhhhhn," Janet groaned, pleasure bubbling in her intensely.

Pari drew long and deep till her cheeks puffed, then gave a swallow that was audible to all three girls. She fiddled with Janet's nipple between her lips, almost apologizing for the sudden force, then went back to what she was known for: being the most competent milker around. She sucked and sucked, drawing more fluid from Janet, filling her cheeks and tasting the light sugary flavor. Another mouthful went down, chased by ten more just like it. Janet's bust line showed Pari's hard work, elongating near the end and starting to lose tightness. When Pari saw this, she slowed down, opting to lick and kiss the girl's nipple while nuzzling her head into Janet's exposed bust.

"You don't put out as aggressive as I'm used to," Pari cooed at the tiny girl above.

"S-sorry," came Janet, flirtatious and determined to please. As if willful to do so, her chest became just as taut as when Pari began, filling every empty space with milk from her metabolically charged body in seconds.

"Ooo, you have tricks now?"

Janet answered soundlessly. She started to swing her bosom left and right. Pari's face was covered in the weight of breasts that gleamed with her own saliva. Before her gaze they started to grow, rapidly responding to being sucked. Before long they were just as warm and full, but with an extra two or three inches in diameter; followed by the same growth spurt twice and thrice more. Janet moaned while her flesh enlarged once again, swelling heavier and hanging lower. Pari reached up and caught some of the runaway boob, making sure to squeeze and jiggle it, augmenting the process. When this enlargement was done, Janet had globes greater than Odette and Pari combined. If she sat back, the bottoms would brush her lap, but since she was leaning forward the majority of the weight rested on Pari's face and shoulders. The pressure of such soft, warm tits submerging her made Pari's thighs squeeze tightly. Janet was

getting up so nice now. She may not be able to keep up with Odette's pressure washing milk cannons, but she had a good flow and a stimulating taste. Janet was the proud owners of some delightful sweater pups now.

Pari unhooded herself, pulling out from under the weight so that she could get the full picture. Janet gave her a curious look that actually served the overall image even better. 'Why aren't you milking me dry? Don't you like my delicious milk?' was what the look read as. Pari stroked the girl from her collarbone to her elongated tips, the open skin a little warmer than normal like a persistent fever that covered the whole body. "You look wonderful, Janet." She just had to let her know.

Odette's perky rear rested against her ankles. She had watched it all play out and. . . it was almost too much. She had to check herself throughout the entirety of the last few minutes, making sure to take quality notes on Pari's technique so that when the time came she could execute. She had worn a hole in her patience, though, and was now chewing insistently at her lower lip, begging to participate. She was silent when she approached, ending up shoulder against shoulder with Pari. She looked for some confirmation from her friend and doctor.

"Start slow. Make her feel warm and comfortable," Pari lectured.

Odette started awkwardly, her eyes open and her nose poking at the tightly drawn flesh of Janet's right boob. She started with her tongue, figuring that it would be the most active member, and licked a bit around Janet's areola. Janet replied positively, her right hand lacing knots in Odette's sandy hair. Odette liked the gesture. She went headlong with the newfound confidence, drawing long lines in shapes over the canvas of Janet's sexy tit. She was slow at first, the smell of a new woman's skin and the softness of another touch was exotic and filling for her.

"When you're ready, invite her in," Odette heard and obeyed.

With Pari's hand at her lower back and Janet's touch tugging at her hair strands, she closed her eyes and kissed Janet's right nipple. The sensation must have zinged both girls as they both moaned in sync, like static cling forming a bond between the two. Odette cutely started to suck with her lips only, drawing in what she could handle and swallowing regularly.

"So. Freaking. Cute," Pari smiled.

Odette tasted her friend gingerly and hesitant at first, but came into her own more quickly that Pari would have predicted. Odette was a natural, working her tongue inside her widened maw and making Janet squirm under her influence. Her style was fast and rushed, anxious for more milk now that she had gotten a taste. Her swallowing was shallower than Pari's, resulting in high pitched squelching noises with each mouthful. She opened her eyes and watched Janet, her

face eclipsed by an ever expanding bosom. She was well passed a foot in diameter each now and only expanding further with Odette's suckling.

Pari couldn't take it any longer. She joined in once more. Her hands were in motion, petting at any open flesh she could find within her grasp as her tongue unreservedly coaxed the giant girl's breast for its contents. When Janet offered her load, Pari collected every single drop.

"S-so good, you two- . . . Aaaaaaahhhnnnn, yes! Suck me!"

Pari took the lead immediately as she started. She jiggled the foot and a half of breast flesh around like a toy, knowing just what action to take to force it to offer more fluid. There was just so much boob to manage, but it was more than tamable in capable hands. Pari was a master of seduction, nibbling till Janet thought her nipples would be swallowed whole, then petting away the tingling with polite kisses. Minutes passed before she took an actual breath, separating herself only briefly, still connected by her saliva to the dripping spigot before her.

Odette was hard at work as well. She had a hand at her own chest while her mouth made out with Janet's teat. "Mmmmhmm," she moaned, letting the milk spill casually onto her clothes. She couldn't keep up with the tits as they outgrew medicine balls, but her own heat distracted her from her mission to serve. She felt it rise in her own chest, pushing behind her nipples and recoiling through her body and mind. Her own thoughts began to blur, just as she could presume was happening to Janet. Neurons fired faster and faster with each swallow, hormones releasing in her body that burned like magma with each additional swallow. She could feel herself siphoning the boiling nectar from Janet through her mouth, feeling it become a part of her even as most of it spilled out on her blouse. She felt it absorb the liquid, weighing her down while simultaneously lifting her higher. It was just too much! She loved this feeling, never wanted it to stop. She was being inflated by swallowing and her body was reacting in tandem with her efforts. She had never experienced this degree of bliss, this denomination of pleasure. A girl lactating was so much more than a mundane treatment, but a treasured activity of intimacy. She felt every tingle she felt when a climax approached and braced herself for the oncoming tsunami.

"Oh Odette. . ."

Pari's voice interjected. When Odette opened her eyes, she growled. The moment was spoiled for her. "What?"

"Oh Miss Holiday. . ." Janet echoed.

"What!?" Odette said, resting her head against her friends chest frustrated but sweet.

Pari motioned downward. Odette looked down and immediately every sensation became blatant to her. She felt herself crowding her outfit like she never had before. The side stitches were

heard popping; she felt them snap one by one. Out of each new gap, part of her was pushing outward taking advantage of every opportunity for escape. In front, she felt more and more of herself oozing from the top lip of her blouse. The cleavage that she couldn't help showing before now looked downright slutty on her. The front of her was half on top of the couch and half in front of it. A dark warmth began to spread across her clothing and the cushion she was leaning against. The waistband of her skirt felt loaded with a smaller burden, but one that was a stranger to her normally concave waistline.

It finally dawned on her how everyone was seeing her. There was a beat of a break. Then, Odette lunged her body as ferociously as she could into Janet's right breast again like a starved kitten greedily sucks at her mother.

"Hmmm. . ." Pari's face was flat.

Janet kicked herself backward and flailed about, obviously overwhelmed at the sudden burst of sensual energy translating through her aching engorged boobs. Now pressed firmly against her on the right was an equally sized pair of tits that had reduced their confines to a holey rag. Odette maneuvered like she hadn't gone from generous to absurd in seconds flat, navigating her cumbersome mammaries in a jiggly, bouncy fit all over Janet. Milk was beginning to soak everything within reach, the sweet smells mixing in the air as both girls performed their sexual dance. Odette was relentless in a fully latched position as Janet squealed in ecstasy below. Pari shook her head and stood, understanding full well what all of this would turn into.

"Both of you. Bathroom. Now. I won't have you two romping in the den," she put on her authoritarian voice but grinned at the and thought of herself mangled up in that booby pile.

And for the first time in the whole ordeal, the couch they tumbled around on let out an oppressed creak. It had been the true champion of the afternoon.