

Faye and Jessica's Apartment
Jessica

Unwound, bare to an apartment that still felt too new and too cozy, Jessica heaved into her frustration with a blasting sigh.

Her nappy, tight curls seemed all the tighter to her — everything felt like piano wire being tuned by some sick psychopath. She threw her head into her couch. “Fuck,” she swore, barely audible. When the word didn’t avail her of her angst, she repeated it louder, with enough resentment to make the walls in her living room form goosebumps. “FUCK!”

“What? You’re home?”

Jessica did *not* want any company, even if that company was one who was contractually obligated to stay with her as a fellow tenant.

“Yes, I’m home,” Jessica opened her green eyes toward the bedroom door to her right.

The nightstand light was on, a sign of life despite the previous stillness, and accompanying the revelation that Jessica was not alone, a foxy broad slinked onto the linoleum floor. The woman, seven years more experienced, entitled beyond what should be legal, and jobless to boot, was still in the loose pink tee that Jessica had left her in. Accompanying it were a pair of fuzzy pajama bottoms which were cute that morning, insight blurred by exhaustion, brain fog, and a latent anxiety about lateness for work, but infuriating now that Faye was still in them a whole workday later.

“Why?” Jessica instigated, a stack of chips on her shoulder tall enough to scratch the ceiling. “Is there a problem with me being here, in the place I rent? I certainly hope not.”

“Rough day at work, huh?” Faye came around and sat on the cream loveseat perpendicular to the couch Jessica was at. Her steps were all on her toes as if walking on water, and when she sat, there was a gentleness to it.

“Of course. Everyday is rough when you hate your job. But even *my* shitty job would be tolerable if I didn’t have to pull double shifts every day. . .” Jessica’s aggression was angled square at Faye’s lithe, vulnerable neck. “Rent is due. Where is your half? Hmm?”

Faye knowingly closed her blue eyes, shook her head, and folded her hands; painted nails over recently lotioned skin. “Baby, I told you I’d be able to help you with rent this month and I meant it. You sound like you don’t believe me.”

“I don’t.”

“Ouch. Okay, well I’ll have you know that I already sent the landlord my share and she’s already sent a text verifying she received it.” Faye fished a phone from the strap of her bra. She took her sweet time too, rolling her delicate fingers over her skin from one cup to the next, playing up her show till she caught Jessica fighting her urge to stare. Forty uncomfortable seconds later, she said, “Ahh, there it is. It warmed up to body temperature so I couldn’t feel where it’d shifted to- . . .”

“Forget it,” Jessica mumbled.

“You. . . don’t want to see the text? I’ve really got it, I swear. I’ll be just a minute turning my phone on- . . .”

“I’m fucking done with your game, Faye. I’m on to it. I’ve already talked to the landlord and I know how much you *didn’t* give her. You’re making a fool of yourself trying to keep up this lie.” Jessica’s rage-fueled her voice cranked uncontrollably louder. “You didn’t give her anything because you don’t *have* anything — because you tell me you’re going to get a job to help pay bills while you work on your failing business. Instead, you sit on your ass all day and your business is *still* failing! You’ve had four months of free ass living.” Jessica jumped from her seat, body cocked like a weapon, tongue poised with threats. “And it’s time you either pay the hell up or get the hell out.”

“Jessy? Sweetie, calm down!” Faye was on her feet too. Her voice trembling with fear. “Listen, I know you’re pissed but we won’t fix this if we can’t be adults about it.”

“Pay. Up. That’s how we fix it!”

“I will. Tonight.” Faye presented herself a virgin to the beast in Jessica, even if she was anything but. She made herself small, clutching at Jessica’s chest as she came forward, twitching with the fear of god. Jessica was immediately suspicious. “Come on, sit down. I have some good news for you if you’ll listen.”

“Bitch, I told you to stop!” Jessica took the feather-light hands on her blue polo and threw them away, distancing herself. “I’m not letting you freeload anymore — I don’t give a fuck how cute you think you are.”

“Jessica! I’m not freeloading,” Faye said, even though her styled hair made for a clear indication that her rent money was going to cosmetics instead of the lease. “Listen! I just got this massive hit on my website — my biggest order yet. Once I fill it, I’ll have enough for rent and more. Much more!”

“How much?” Jessica’s teeth were grinding together, eyes sharp enough to cut.

“Thirty-five hundred. It’s more than enough for rent. And, I was actually thinking, since you’ve been so supportive of my dream, we could let you pick us out some mountain bikes and we could take a weekend in the mountains. You’ve wanted that forever, haven’t you?”

Jessica was not convinced. Faye had ‘big orders’ before that promised thousands of bucks in a week’s time and all of them fell through. Either she couldn’t fill the order, or they weren’t willing to wait. It had Jessica suspicious of whether or not the orders had been real in the first place as Faye was not above bending the truth — to the point of snapping — to spare her an extra week of wrath.

The two lived at odds but things hadn’t always been so antagonistic. Faye actually had a corporate job a little over a year before. She was clean cut, primed for promotion, and trustworthy enough to lure a newly-moved-out Jessica into splitting a housing bill to make things affordable. Fifteen months after that decision, though, Faye began to chase the entrepreneurial spirit and sacrificed everything to get her brainchild business off the ground. The burden of bills fell exclusively on Jessica who had trusted Faye like a fool, but now that she had the greatest monetary stake in their shared apartment, Jessica started to believe that Faye needed to contribute more than pixie dust and promises about the future success of her new business.

“There’s no way you fill that order — even if it exists, which I don’t think it does.”

Jessica believed her words. Still, work made her weary and her feelings ached for a break. It disgusted her that she had hope, but she found it glittering naively at the bottom of her murky lake of a heart.

Then silence came, which Jessica couldn’t deal well with. Faye was watching her, reading her expressions like a gypsy reading a palm — placing the burden of words on the aggressor. It was working. Jessica felt her need to speak in the awkwardness and her incompetence at standing up for herself made her near certain that she’d not said what she meant. Already, by this one shift in conversational tempo, she felt herself on the defensive.

She kept her fire from going out and hefted heavy hands on her hips. “Hear me? There’s no order. Now pay up.”

“Oh no? He gave me a grand in advance as an act of good faith. This is no chump of a business partner. He’s the real deal. He knows that he’s not just buying my product — he’s buying me!” After being shooed away, Faye came in close again. When Jessica didn’t immediately thrust her across the room again, she made a scene of really holding each of Jessica’s features in her gaze. “Now, I’m not saying I can do this alone. I’m going to need some capable hands to help me manage everything. I *could* hire a few helpers, but if we really wanted to make the best decision for *us*, it would be smarter to handle it ourselves.”

Jessica snarled. She didn't shy away from Faye whose knees were bumping into hers, whose recent shower scent roared obnoxiously in the narrow gap between their faces, but she did tilt her head away when Faye meant to taste her. "Three and a half grand is a huge order. You'll never fill it. It's impossible," Jessica declared, indignation already abating.

The logistics were just wrong. Jessica knew she shouldn't believe even if there was a universe in which Faye had an order that wasn't so ludicrously huge because Faye was not against betraying trust to buy herself time. Unfortunately, Jessica's logic was in constant conflict with the co-pilot of her behavior: raw, unadulterated sexual passion. It was hard having the war between wanting to kick Faye out of the apartment and onto her useless ass while never being able to get said ass out of her waking mind.

"I already explained to him that it would have to be shipped in batches over a few weeks. And — at least, this is what I figure — with *you* helping me," Faye shot heart-shaped arrows with her unnaturally iridescent irises. "I'll have extra motivation to make this work. Plus, once I get to the production size to accommodate this order, I'll have the scale to take on even more. This deal can only benefit us. I'm thinking we are debt free in six months — you could quit your job since you hate it so much."

Faye's fingers found something to play with in the collar of Jessica's work top. One slender, purposeful finger ran sprints toward the 'V' and bumped suggestively against the button there that barred Jessica's generous chest as well as her sense of relaxation.

Faye continued. "We buy our own place in a year, we start a family together, and we're damned wealthy before we're thirty five. We can live independently — nobody can ever tell us what to do or what's right. The only responsibility we'll have is to ourselves."

If anyone could articulate Jessica's desires so adequately, it was Faye. She played her vision for the future like a concert clarinetist playing a solo, the sight of which sent Jessica on her own personal journey through the willow trees on her own ranch, to the Italian style home on one-hundred acres. Jessica badly wanted a kitchen where she could improve her culinary skill; passions for cooking were currently stunted by diner work. She was too tired when she got home to cook, meaning that she'd technically sacrificed her dream of being a chef to Faye. Was it now possible that Faye was giving it back?

The house would have a bathroom that didn't require a plumber to visit every few weeks, a patio to be sat on, a corgi and a border collie, a vegetable garden. . . And finally, a bedroom where a voluptuous, amour-minded, artfully nude Faye was reclined with a martini glass.

Wistful desire reflected plainly in Jessica's eyes as Faye described it all; exactly as she'd dreamed, not a detail spared. Without a roommate, Jessica could earn enough on her own to save and make it happen. But without a roommate, Faye would not be waiting naked and curvy for her and a crown jewel of her fantasy would be missing.

It wasn't easy, but the darker diner worker couldn't resist any longer. She just couldn't keep fighting — even if the road rage she exhibited driving home proved she had a great deal of ire about the home she was driving to. "One thousand in advance?" Jessica's defined chin went low. She held Faye's gaze.

"Yup. It's amazing, isn't it?"

"Why didn't you spend it on rent?"

"I wanted to show you first — mostly because I want us to spend it together," Faye had worked her way through two of Jessica's buttons, flaying open her shirt to where her skin was a lighter tone, less colored by the sun. There, a natural swell of chest was directed up and out by a bra that had been purchased to increase tip revenue, but also served to delight a celebratory woman like Faye. "As far as I'm concerned, I owe it to you because I'd be utterly lost without your support. You get the first fruits; use it however you like."

"I'll just use it on. . ."

"Rent? I know, baby, I know. But *after* that. . .?"

Jessica shrugged, despite knowing a million things that needed fixing, renovating, replacing, and renewing.

Overwhelmed, she focused on Faye who exhibited an emotion that made her heart flip. It wasn't cruel; just superior and triumphant. Casual dominance, Jessica thought, the cocky kind that shows she thinks she can get away with anything. It made the shower scent sour a bit to see it, but Jessica's heart was already open; her rebellion already stymied. She signed into their shared dream together, choosing to believe it because it was easy and she didn't have to argue or fight while completely drained to make it happen.

Faye, detecting little to no opposition, fueled by the satisfaction of taming her girlfriend's temper, depressed her hand into Jessica's jeans over the hips till her partner's knees gave and she, willingly, *very willingly*, took a seat at the couch. Looking down on her, Faye's lips played upward as her blonde hair was shaken out. "I could make a few recommendations." Her words were a slow massage. Hands went to her own clothing, working the top around a bit in a strip tease. She pulled it down, crumpled it in her hands, grunted as if any fabric covering her body were a sin and a curse. All the while Faye's chest was the center of everything due to its attractive, oversized quality; plenteous even on a woman with a frame that was full of life and volume.

"We go north to Midtown, spend the weekend away, enjoying the late-autumn nights. We have an exclusive, romantic dinner with seafood and all the wine we can drink. Then, once it gets too

chilly to be out, we retire to a suite at a not-to-ritzy hotel and we do. . . well, we do what we do best,” Faye giggled, the bottom hem of her top suspending the weight of her enormous bosom from below. “And I don’t intend on letting you leave bed till you’ve fully satisfied me. You’ll take off from work so that won’t be an excuse — and I’ll raise hell to make it happen, too; whatever I have to do to get unedited time with you.”

Jessica crossed her legs, then her arms, and chuckled. “Don’t be too hard on them. Stuffy’s still pays the bills.”

Faye, incapable of letting Jessica’s defense last, stopped jiggling her tits for two seconds and snatched Jessica’s hands from her elbows where they were loosely wrapped. Their fingers intertwined, cotton white and premium leather, as Faye lowered herself, just as gently as she had on the loveseat, into Jessica’s lap. She didn’t come full on and she didn’t straddle. She elected a perpendicular approach that allowed her to lace herself around Jessica’s neck like the fine jewellery she believed herself to be. Her legs reached all the way to the end and over the couch side.

When Jessica didn’t immediately reach, Faye snatched her roommate’s caramel hand and placed it under her pink shirt directly over her navel. With a brief pause accounting for some degree of apprehension, Jessica began to move that hand in circles which Faye rewarded with a sigh and a laborious blink that highlighted her long lashes.

“As far as I’m concerned, anything that keeps us away from this,” she gestured to their current arrangement, clearly also bringing attention to where it was bound to lead. “Needs to be rid from our lives at our earliest convenience.”

Jessica swallowed a lump in her throat. Her buttons were all undone, but she couldn’t help but feel a heat building behind her breasts. It became uncomfortable to be clothed. Still, she grappled one last time with the logistics of her situation. “Faye,” the taste of her lover’s name felt exotic as it only seemed to be useful in moments of intense anger or orgasm. “How much are you going to need me to help you?”

“You work hard, so not every waking hour, obviously. When you’re home and on the weekends when you can. I’ll be on a really strict schedule and my diet will definitely need some cleaning up.”

“What kind of schedule?”

Faye looked to fall in love all over again once Jessica showed interest in her and the intimate details of her daily work. “Every four hours or so. It’ll be hectic, babe, I tell ya.” Huge, succulent lips planted a lingering kiss on Jessica’s cheek, fully extending Faye’s body to reach. “My sleep will suffer for sure, but it’s the only way to both up production and meet the demand.”

“How. . . can I help?” Jessica, for the first time in the night, looked directly and exclusively at Faye out of sheer reverence and admiration.

With that, all of the contention, the threats, and the swears were gone. One look at her situation, and Jessica knew she'd accepted defeat. When she was young, she never would have settled on losing, but maturing a bit bought wisdom. Surrender that was tactical was okay. Still, while heating up for some awesome after-work sex with her woman, Jessica couldn't help but feel she lost a lot with Faye. Happy future wife, happy life. Maybe that rule applied. But she felt uncomfortable suppressing her resentment for the upteenth time in their relationship.

Just make love with her, Jessica told herself, lose yourself in this gorgeous, ambitious woman of yours and stay positive.

Meanwhile, doubt pervaded her. Faye seemed to know she'd won. She could ask for whatever she wanted and she would get it; could do as she pleased and not be judged. The threat of being kicked out was extinguished as it had been six other times in recent memory and no recourse would be taken because Jessica lost her fire when she needed it most.

The liberation freed Faye's spirit and this freedom was nothing new for her. She'd been gaining freedoms, earning favors, winning at life, for as long as she'd drawn breath. A people person, a rapport builder, a seductress, the lead saleswoman — all aliases Faye could stake her very life on.

Was it alright to just let that be? Jessica questioned that more with each passing day.

That night, Faye showed Jessica exactly how she could 'help'.

“Isn't this just sex?” Jessica whispered.

Below her, between her plump thighs, golden hair reflected moonlight. “Sex helps, Jessy,” Faye winked. “Or maybe it doesn't. Are you seriously going to ask me to stop?”

Finger pads felt like ghost pleasure on her outer lips. One investigative press released a flow of built up pleasure.

“I'm usually so composed. Then I see how wet you are and I lose myself completely.” Faye licked her lips so they glistened with equitable moisture to Jessica's leaking snatch.

“Then do it,” Jessica said on an inhale.

“I was going to hold out; let you suffer some.”

“Please.” Thighs spread even wider. A tentative hand extended to touch Faye, grasping for whatever was necessary to initiate this oral stimulation. “I’ve suffered enough lately. Just be my escape right now.”

“Very well.”

Faye moved as slow as shadows being shifted in moonlight. When Jessica felt lips at her warm femininity she quaked at the fresh and familiar pleasure. Her body rolled back and then into it. She let her mind drift and lived exclusive in her body, not even an inch beneath her own skin. Everything felt so good, she could barely identify what was being done. Velvety softness bumped her outsides, a cunning serpent hooked her insides. Nails played on the sensitive skin of her inner thighs and a nose scrunched on her hooded pleasure peak.

It couldn’t have been ten minutes till she came the first time. Her friendly stars danced over her vision and she felt tension flushing away from her.

The next thing she knew, Faye was coming onto the bed to join her. From nose to chin, her model face dripped with fresh girl cum — Jessica’s own, which was simply too sexy a feeling to describe. Having a woman wear her marking with pride and confidence stole Jessica’s very breath.

They made out some more, the newness of orgasm flavoring this comfort zone in white heat. The grinding of parts together and emblazoned foreplay seemed nearly to lead to yet another blatant sexual act. Imagine the surprise when Faye slowed the tempo.

Then, with endorphins peaked, with emotional connectedness in its apex form she manufactured a case from beneath their bed and revealed a set of bottles as its contents.

With initial apprehensions gone, Jessica was introduced formally to Faye’s method.

In passing, by nature of their varied sexual play, Jessica had encountered Faye’s namestake. She’d even been a quality assurance advisor unknowingly in the past. But now, the context was different; money was to be made.

Faye’s premium product was her breast milk. And it was high time Jessica be in the know about her lover’s business.

When it was first presented, the idea was outlandish. Faye defended the idea with studies, research, and hundreds of online testimonials. No, she didn’t have to be pregnant. Yes, people would pay money for it. Yes, people would pay a *lot* of money for it. And, finally, yes, it would make her tits bigger. Precisely because it was too foreign a topic, Jessica avoided it and only

ran across Faye's progress coincidentally when she just so happened to have Faye's nipple between her lips. Faye's enormous pillowy breasts were already the leading attraction to her theme park of a body and Jessica considered herself damned lucky to be sleeping with a woman that had so much to offer. She just. . . didn't expect breast milk to be a thing.

Who could *ever* expect it?

"Just do what you're always thinking about doing anyway," Faye said.

Their position changed. Jessica's back was to the headboard. Faye's back was to the tan girl's chest. From some plastic tub beneath their bed, an array of twelve ounce bottles had been produced. Glass, expensive looking, and wide-rimmed with golden lids.

"I'm currently thinking of how your every move sends your skin across my nipples," Jessica mumbled. "And how distracting it is to learn how to milk anything with my own boobs wanting attention."

"You know the expression: you milk my boobs and I'll pinch your nipples till their so raw you can't even wear clothes tomorrow."

Jessica moaned, disarmed at the thought.

"Usually, you warm them up," Faye pulled her blonde hair to the side so Jessica could look over her shoulder. "Except we did a good job of that earlier. So now you take an underhanded grip and gently apply pressure with your thumb, rolling toward the nipple."

Being a little shorter, it was hard for the curly-haired girl to see. The blonde rolled to the right, putting Jessica's face beside her shoulder as she kissed her caramel cheek. "Better?"

Jess nodded. "Are you sure you trust me to do this?"

"You're the only person in the world I trust to do this. . ."

A light hand guided a softer one to Faye's right breast. It felt full and taut and so alive; energetic almost. Faye was known to lie about things, but her exceptionally superior tits were everything Jessica knew them to be. At least that could be trusted.

Faye's free hand held the bottle as the shorter lover concentrated a little too hard on trying to be perfect. The blonde's 34F cup tits were too big to be handled in one girl's palm, but Jessica did her best to follow instructions.

First stroke. Nothing was produced other than a nagging sexual itch. Second stroke made Faye purr and nibble at the younger girl's ear lobe. The third squeeze was rougher, pinching the

smooth, pink areola till four visible lines ejected out and filled the bottle nearly a quarter of the way.

“They’re so full. I thought they might pop for you,” Faye teased.

“Fuck it — babe, I need it again.”

The blonde giggled. Jessica’s sex drive was immense! The bottle went to the nightstand while the two love birds found heaven in their sheets once more. Youthful, beautiful curves battered each other. They spread love with each touch ending with a switch in position to sixty-nine. Each were talented enough to get the other off, or perhaps just compatible as any couple might hope to be.

Once they both stopped spasming, Faye surfaced beside Jessica to cuddle.

“Sorry,” Jess whispered.

“I needed it too.” Faye panted, clearly satisfied. “Worse than I thought I did. So don’t apologize. I like that you push me sexually.”

Jess felt amazing hearing that. She always considered herself weird for being a girl with such a huge libido. If she wasn’t working or otherwise busy, chances were she was thinking about who she could bone.

“I don’t know, I’ve had people complain,” Jessica curled into Faye’s hair.

“Are you fishing for a compliment? It sounds like you want me to stroke your pussy and tell you it’s okay to like having marathon sex.”

Jess smiled. “Would you?”

“If we can fill two bottles — which isn’t much, by the way — I’ll tell you how much I’ve enjoyed sex since we’ve started dating. Promise. I might even write you a book on it.”

The frizzy-haired partner groaned like a kid waking up for school on a Monday. “Deal.”

Then, after some labored adjusting, the two resumed a relaxed milking position. Jessica began again, the slippery art of manipulating another person’s body to some strange new end. It was kinda like masturbating but she had to trust Faye completely to tell her if she was doing things right.

By the relief after having milked twenty-four ounces, Jessica knew that would be her main problem: trusting Faye. They nipped and kneaded and smooched the night away till all of

Jessica's tank was empty and fell asleep in each other's arms. The very last thought in the brown girl's mind was her girlfriend's habit of lying and how the untouched sanctuary of carnal pleasures was being infiltrated by the practice of milking.

Faye and Jessica's Apartment.
Two Weeks Later

Faye

Jessica was falling into a habit.

Faye had navigated all of her girlfriend's other barriers with relative ease. Anger was easily dispensed with as was stress from work. Faye couldn't have imagined sex to be the major stumbling block to overcome.

But it was. The caramel-toned girl would come in and do the bare minimal amount of milking each night and rush to have sex. It was clearly a hang up in the plan. Faye was never going to get as big as she needed as quickly as she needed by milking minimal quantities once per day. There had to be a solution.

It was one such night. The couple had done about thirty-six ounces and were asleep together in bed. Except, Faye couldn't sleep — wouldn't, so long as this issue persisted. She cupped her boobies in a curled position. They had grown, sure, but not much. A cup size or two. Not nearly enough. Over an hour ago, they'd been milked and were already near half full again; the production was there but not strong enough to actual make her grow.

Why wasn't Jessica into milking her? There was no excitement in her hands anymore. The process was mechanical for the both of them, as pleasant as having her tit slammed in a car door. Faye felt a scowl on her face, rolling her palms along her prodigious swells. It didn't matter how much she flirted or moaned or encouraged. Jessica went near unresponsive while they milked; the human equivalent to a milk pump.

Faye felt like the victim.

Jessica had no excuse to be so useless, no reason to act dead with a girlfriend as amazing as Faye knew she was. It made Faye's imagination stir for a solution that would enliven Jessica before she became nothing more than a cold set of hands. So, as she felt her tits filling with milk, bigger and bigger beneath the sheets, she devised a plan.

See, in all her experience, Faye knew how people worked. Occasionally, a plan could be worked out by talking. More often, people did what they were compelled to do; compelled by a

person who knows what's best. She considered herself just that type: the person who always knew best. Jessica rarely saw her plan for what it was. Her girlfriend always accused her of lying, fibbing, or playing games. Poor Jessy just couldn't see.

The blonde crafted a new method and waited for several hours; skipping her midnight milking. She told herself she could wait and resolved to muscle through how her body revved up at midnight. Her tits had adapted to a four hour milking schedule which was good. It just wasn't good when she didn't milk every four hours. The lactating woman squirmed for hours. Just beneath her skin, milk flooded her milk ducts. Grander she grew, pale white milkers growing bigger and bigger in her hands.

It was so hard to wait. Faye tweaked her nipples ever so gently and still found herself panting in moans, finding no relief. Hours later, she was a jittery, near-orgasmic wreck. Her boobs and milk weren't stopping. Her hands felt skin stretching beneath them. On her back, two hills pushed the gossamer sheets higher into the air. Silently, she wished they would just come crashing down — just be squishy and jiggly like normal boobs. But she didn't have normal boobs anymore.

Four hours was long enough to come to terms with her fright, though. Her tits were stuffed with milk and wouldn't stop even when the nervous energy branched into pleasure and pain. Her steadied breath was forcing them higher and higher. They were too sensitive to touch unless she wanted to cum which didn't stop her from playing with fire even a little. She had to see if they were really so wide, so tall, and so taut.

At the conclusion of four hours, Faye paused the alarm before it could sound. Off came the sheets. With night adjusted eyes, she saw her beauties standing proudly below her. "Four hours of agony did me pretty well. . ."

One last palming of her boobs made her vision swim with bliss; a startling amount of pain in her pleasure. She was bigger than ever before. Exciting, since now she knew she only needed skip a milking to reach her new size. But not right away. Those four hours had been their own unique edge game of hell and she wasn't sure she wanted to think about putting off satisfaction for a while. Her puppies were too big and gorgeous to be ignored. A finger tested a new ridge, a vein rising briefly to the surface near her right nipple. Talk about overfilled. Based only on size, she put herself a few cup sizes larger; at least J cup range. But the mass wasn't right at all. They were too dense, dragging her chest downward like a backpack worn on her front.

"God, I'm too sensitive," Faye said, realizing that too much excess movement was all it would take for her to start a water war with heavy cream.

Then, she turned her attentions to her sleeping lover. With deftness she straddled Jessica's waist and beheld the upward facing, open-mouthed breathing. It was so dopey and cute without an inkling of awareness. Jessica was cute when she was fully herself. Faye wished she would act that way during the milkings.

“She will after this.”

Careful not to fall, she lowered each hand to each side of the brown girl’s pillow. The blond’s tits were huge and dangled low. A centimeter lower and her pap would have swiped the tip of a nose. Once her weighty chest stopped swaying, she stilled her rushing heart to have full control of how her milk-laden booby descended. For a flash, she went over her plan a final time. Then she felt her hormones raging and her body being dragged toward the dry, empty mouth.

Thank goodness Jessica slept like a rock — from working double shifts and going on bike rides and fucking for several hours a night. Any other person might have been awakened instantly as the larger woman’s prime ass spread over her stomach, or how a stifled moan filled the room, or how instantaneously milk was let down from a pent up breast into the open mouth. Jessica hardly flinched.

Meanwhile, Faye had never felt so alive! At first, she was taken aback by the awkwardness of a different mouth being on her leaking mammary. But she kept tempo admirably. The biggest, most sensitive version of her breasts were finally being tended to in her girlfriend’s mouth.

In went her erect, pink nipple. Then went the flesh behind it, then the flesh behind that. A high density traffic jam occurred as she stuffed herself into Jessica’s open maw. Then, her flesh spread outward to Jessica’s chin, cheeks, and nose. Before Faye made it as far down as she wanted, she was already smothering Jessica with a single tit!

“Oh-ho, my. . .,” Faye swooned. All her skin sparked, shooting pleasure like lasers through her veins, bending bliss in the direction of her breast. It felt amazing in Jessica’s mouth, so wet and warm, and her nipple twitched with life just before it laced the back of Jessica’s throat with a backed up parcel of lady cream. The unexpectedly heavy dose sent Faye swimming, so she surrendered to the feel of releasing her overcharged batteries into a worthy, vacant source.

Like a storm, not five seconds later, Jessica heaved thick coughs that spangled dots of Faye’s morning milk on the front of the very tits that had produced it. She bucked herself, tossing and turning, but Faye was the larger woman in height and size. All Jessica’s thrashing, choking, and yelling did was make a bigger mess of already messy sheets.

“Morning, sweetums,” Faye felt her composure had already slipped from its usual place. It was hard to do anything but moan when her left titty was dribbling two milking’s worth of milk.

“Wh-what the f-fuck! Th-the hell were yo-. . .” Jessica broke to clear her throat violently. “I feel like d-death!”

“Oh come now. . .”

"I almost drowned in. . . i-in. . ." Jessica smacked her lips, realizing what she was tasting. Two fingers went to her lips. "You're crazy."

"Maybe, but you *liked* it. You started suckling a little before you woke up," Faye said, weaving in seeds of her will. Jessica hadn't really sucked so much as she tried to inhale a normal breath which was interrupted by several ounces of yummy milk. Complimentary to Faye's plan, though, Jessica never had to know that.

By the look Jessica made, Faye knew her words had effect.

"Get off," Jessica grumbled.

"I'm trying to, but you won't suck my titties-. . ."

"You know what I mean."

"Of course, but me knowing is what makes this so fun," Faye giggled. Having all the power in her position, her fingers started squeezing at her waist and began to ascend up the terrific mountains that had grown over the course of a few hours. "Do you see? They look so full right now. I'm fucking enormous."

"I see," Jessica tried not to look interested. Faye was dominating her field of view, though, so there was nothing to look at *but* her groping herself. "They do look a bit. . . full."

"Just 'a bit'?" Faye frowned with adorable duck lips. "Cause I think they're about to pop. Ugh, I feel so stupid for sleeping through that alarm," the blond lied without skipping a beat.

"Slept through. . . wait, what time is it?"

"Four. I slept through the last one on accident, hehe," Faye made emphasis of how full her breasts were with milk by depressing their tops with each finger individually. Her skin bounced back forcefully, all comfortable squishiness gone from them. "Guess I was more tired than I thought. You *really* let me have it last night, though. 'Not sure if I should blame you or thank you."

Jessica was too easy. A few compliments and her annoyance was blown away, as routine as dusting a bookshelf or wiping a dirty window clean. "Damn. . . we just missed that one milking?" she asked with a smirk.

Faye felt like a goddess. Jessica was obviously mad with lust, eyes sticking to her stuffed gourds. "Yup, just one. My production is kicking up so we can't afford to miss too many in a row. Otherwise, there's no telling how *huge* I'll get."

“You’re already huge. . .” Jessica’s hands found purchase on her blonde partner’s thighs.

“And you love it.”

Jessica shrugged in surrender. “I’m a simple woman. . .”

Faye laughed to flatter. She scooted herself back a space or so to allow Jessica to rise at her middle. Face to face, they soaked each other in. Jessica had to take extra time to soak since there was noticeably more mass to account for. As if including another sensor would improve her examination, her hands rose like twins in the direction of Faye’s nipples.

Faye panicked. If she let Jessica touch her, she’d cum immediately. She couldn’t afford to lose control yet.

The older girl caught tan hands mid flight. Her tits remained ungroped, but they shook violently from the jerk reaction which made them both leak profusely, dribbling down Faye’s soft, lithe body.

“I was thinking,” Faye bit her cheek to remain composed. “O-one milking isn’t so bad, you know? Like, I only gained like three cup sizes? Maybe four. . . the point is,” she laced fingers with Jessica. “I don’t want us getting in a habit of it. If we aren’t consistent, we’re delaying my growth and our money. So, we need to do something to make sure we never forget this lesson.”

“What did you have in mind?”

Faye beheld her love, her partner, her passion. Jessica had a body to be proud of; naturally slim with a wealth of boobage of her own. She was naturally caramel colored all around and her nipples were the color of saltwater taffy. There were few things as wonderful in the world as looking at Jessica and knowing that she’d do her everything to please and satisfy. Faye felt this surge of power making eye contact with the emeralds of Jessica’s eyes, power that she couldn’t help but wield in a boob-related fashion.

“Well, you were pretty good at nursing. You were asleep and all, but you seemed to know what you were doing.”

Jessica recoiled slightly. “I don’t know, Faye. Shouldn’t we just do things like always? This seems like a waste.”

‘Like always’? Faye scoffed internally. Jessica’s enthusiasm about doing things ‘like always’ was downright foul. Literally anything was better than ‘like always’.

“It’s not waste, it’s investment. If you drain me when I’m at this size,” Faye wobbled her torso to and fro, knowing how it eroded her iron will but also knowing the immense, hypnotic influence

huge, sexy tits had on a sex drive like Jessica's. "I'll grow to meet the next demand even faster. Milking by hand is too slow. We need a new way to milk quickly."

"But Faye. . ."

"You suck my titties all the time, so there's nothing to worry about," it felt stupid having to remind Jessica of what she knew she loved. "This time, there will just be a reward for both of us. Come on, you can't tell me my milk didn't taste great."

Jessica scrunched her face. "How would you know how good you taste?"

What? Did Jessica not think her girlfriend hadn't sampled herself? How silly! Of course she had. What other way is there to really understand her product?

Faye could have responded with all of that, but it only won her one battle. Instead, she dipped into Jessica's space and slowly began to make out with her, ambitious to win the whole war. Their lips crashed intentionally, swapping moisture and moans, perfectly matched like lock and key. The further Faye leaned into it, the closer her immense whoppers got to Jessica's body. In time, they eclipsed Jessica's own proud breasts like they were nothing. Even with Jessica's double D's, Faye's milk-laden mammaries overtook the opposing pair as thoroughly as they might a girl with no rack at all. What could Jessica's chest possibly do to contest a pair twice as large and brimming with yummy nectar?

Faye waited for Jessica to breathe. Then she said, "I taste something sweet on your lips, and it tastes *amazing*. You can't possibly tell me you don't like it."

"Sweets are just. . ." Jessica tried abbreviating her hesitation with a ravenous kiss.

Faye retreated flirtatiously, encouraging the bushy haired babe in front of her to pursue. "I know you have a sweet tooth, so that's not why you're hesitating. Could it be that you're scared? You think I'm too much for ya? That has to be it. You don't think you can finish me off. Not that I blame you," Faye rolled her chest up and out, walloping Jessica's chest like airbags. She wasn't prepared for the pleasure of going breast to breast so raw, so fast.

"Baby!" the caramel girl's care leaped like lightning. Her arms roped around Faye's waist so she didn't go tumbling backward onto the bed.

"*Whoa*," the blond whispered at the pleasure, the shock, and the rush of power. Her chest felt *alive*. She hated to look so vulnerable before Jessica so she composed herself quickly. What the hell was that all about, though? A moment of weakness followed by a feeling of. . . what was it? She wanted to sit taller with her chest out, to have people react to her body, to be admired. Suddenly, having hands around her didn't feel like a vulnerability.

Faye levelled her gaze into the troubled eyes of her lover. "I'm alright. You just need to drink my milk. I don't know how I know it'll work, it just will." There was an allure about Jessica's full mouth and soft lips. Jessica touched them with the thumbs of both hands, using her other eight fingers to stroke her cheeks. "I thought my bad ass, sexually voracious girlfriend would be up to the challenge. Unless I somehow expected too much. . ."

The younger girl's sigh was the cherry on top. Faye was absolutely forthright with her coaxing and she loved it. Flexing, displaying her authority, commanding attention with her delightful body and bending wills with her games. She felt positively twisted in all the right ways.

"Okay. . . alright," Jessica's eyes were green glints between the slits of her eyes.

The darker partner pushed her chin out, seeking an inspirational kiss. Faye, unsurprised but satisfied that her teasing bore fruit, savored a slow sixty seconds of heaven against Jasmine's plump mouth. When time elapsed, she pulled back again which prompted Jessica to chase, sticking her neck out even further on Faye's behalf. There, they kissed again, both giggling at the game they were playing.

Enough kiss and move and Faye found herself laying back to create more space. She rolled backward onto her hips, propping herself up on her arms. When Jessica tumbled on top of her, searching for more mouth pleasure, her body was buffered by Faye's ridiculously swollen knockers. It was as if they were a third and fourth partner in the foreplay, a pair that demanded increasingly high maintenance, needing to be exalted for their very existence.

"Mmm, your nipples are so hard right now," Faye mewled. "They feel so good against me." Then, she threw a hand behind Jessica and pulled her closer.

"F-fucking huge," Jessica replied, unable to keep her eagerness from her expression. "And hard and wet."

"How big? Tell me how giant you think they are."

"The biggest I've ever seen — ever felt, too."

"Admit it, they're so warm against you, aren't they? I can almost wrap you up between them." Faye momentarily imagined being able to actually hide a person between her tits. It spurred her flaming heart anew, and she tucked the image away as a goal for the future while she pulled Jessica's heart strings. "Mmm, I need something between them. . ."

Jessica took the hint. She used her kiss to work Faye onto her back entirely, ministered devoutly to her mouth with her lips and tongue, then played with a southerly course. Gasping at the taste of jawline, she found a vein throbbing with a quickened pulse in Faye's neck. It led her to collarbones, then disappeared as the fullness of Faye's breast came into view.

“Enough t-teasing,” Faye urged. Her right hand clawed into the cloud of all-natural hair and pulled it fast to her sternum, digging Jessica’s nose in the extra padding. “Hehe, they’re even bigger than your head! Bet it feels nice down there, right? Soft and warm between my jugs?” The pleasure rode over the pain then, making the tease all the easier even if her nipples lobbed strands of milk point blank at the younger lover.

Jessica mumbled, doubling her kissing speed. On the outside, Faye’s breasts were bright and stretched to the point of seeming frail. Even so, Jessica was guided to test their resilience and did so with ebullience. Growling, she bit. Swooning, she licked and puffed hot breath wherever her mouth roamed. Faye directed her, but also stifled her efforts by closing her arms together and completely incapacitating Jessica with the pile up of tit flesh she created.

After a few minutes of this, she made a point to rock her lover back and forth, turning away from unhinged debauchery and bringing about more of a matronly feel. “You hear that? The ocean? I bet you do, cause I can feel them sloshing around.” From peak to root, each milk-teeming giant had white trickling lines as breast milk was forced up and out during their play. The curtain let in muted morning light that made each droplet of cream glow as it soaked Faye’s skin and the sheets surrounding them.

“They actually are. That’s crazy,” Jessica turned her chin up to answer. She spoke from the depths of Faye’s cleavage. “I’ve never heard of a girl with *this* much milk. How much do babies drink?”

“It’s about supply and demand. Mothers don’t get as big as me because their bodies think they need enough for a child or two. But this week, my body has had to adapt to this crazy milking schedule of ours; not to mention the months that I’ve been inducing on my own before this order. If it was up to babies, I’d still be small. But thanks to *us*, well. . .”

Faye wiggled her eyebrows suggestively.

“. . . you could feed a whole hospital full.”

“Or one very thirsty girlfriend.”

“Jeez, these are just unbelievable,” Jessica tilted her head, worshipping Faye’s endowments with a sheet of kisses.

“You still scared? You shouldn’t be. I know you’ll have no problem bottoming me out,” Faye tilted her head, looking down, eyes glowing with sky-colored care. “It’s just a milkshake.”

The bed springs sounded off as Jessica rose to pushup position, hovering over Faye’s body like a hummingbird. “Just a milkshake’. . .”

“Love you, babe.”

Jessica lowered slowly, electing the breast that she'd rejected wildly when she awoke. “Love you too.” Her lips were just out of range when Faye tilted herself and her nipple closed the distance.

The couple connected. Milk began to flow. Faye could tell from the expression that the woman above her was muscling through for the first few swallows. It was a mental barrier she was breaking through. With a few pets and words of encouragement, the swallowing process went all the smoother.

Moods shifted, adopting a relaxed vibe. The sounds of sucking and swallowing became meditative. Tension left both their bodies and they could spend sweet, quiet moments together. Faye didn't like how her boob started to lose size immediately but she did like how giddy and joyful Jessy was as she slurped up enough cream to pudge out her cheeks. That was all it took to be reminded of how much she loved this girl — all she wanted was to fix the world to make Jessy happy.

Again, she was right: some people took a little manipulation but once they understood the vision, they would come onboard.

Jessica finished off the first breast and caught her breath before jumping to the next. Faye noticed she was absolutely glowing. No stress, nothing on her mind, as peaceful as she was when sleeping.

“You doing okay, sweet girl?” Faye asked.

“Jaw's a bit sore. I think I'm mostly full, too. But I'll see what I can get from the next one.”

“I was actually going to let you tap out if you wanted.”

Jessica recoiled. “Seriously? But your boobies are all lopsided. Definitely not sexy.”

“Beg your pardon? Most girls have uneven breasts. It's a natural look!”

“You're right. Sorry.”

Faye kept losing her fingers in Jessica's twisty mane of black tresses, massaging her scalp. “That's right. You better apologize. Ungrateful little girly.”

The younger girl's pink tongue showed.

“Let’s find a better position so you don’t strain your jaw and let you do what damage you can for an hour. You’ve gotta get to work soon. It’s already six.”

Submissive to her leader, Jessica sat up. The two adopted a classic for breastfeeding with the lactating girl seated casually and the nursing girl in her lap. They each stroked each other, finding fresh love in new practices.

“You’re my beautiful girl,” Faye’s words were warm mist in the chill of morning. “I’ll do whatever I can to protect you and make you happy.”

“I love you,” Jessica pledged between swallows. “I’ll support you and never leave you.”

Maybe they were sweet nothings brought on by the hormones of breastfeeding. Maybe just an exploration of this new step in their relationship.

But as Faye kissed Jessica goodbye when she departed for the diner, the blond believed the words she’d said. All her life she’d used every tool at her disposal to get what she wanted. Her charm, her kindness, her clever mind, her sex appeal: all weapons in her arsenal.

Armed with a new confidence, unexplained but very real, she went straight to work figuring up the best way to make the shared dream between her and her beautiful girl come true. The words she spoke hadn’t only been romantic lover’s poetry. They were a creed, one she would sign her name under; a blood pact.

Or, in her case, a milk pact.

City Bus
Two Weeks Later

“Ahh,” the poof of afro rose followed by a satisfied face.

“Finished just in time for our stop,” Faye took a hand towel and wiped off her right breast before holstering it back into her tank top and covering it with a maroon lightweight athletic jacket.

“Sorry I couldn’t get it all done before we got out bed this morning.”

Jessica’s hand extended for the cotton towel. She was going to use it to wipe her lips. Instead, Faye leaned down and gave a tongue-led kiss to clean her lover’s sweetened mouth of any milky residue.

“I’ve gotten huge. Even nursing takes a while now.”

“Somebody’s proud of her big boobies,” Jessica rolled her eyes, flustered by the public kiss. People were gathering their things and the bustle helped keep the spit swap private, but the caramel-skinned girl knew that her partner wouldn’t have been wary even if they happened to have an audience.

“Hey, if you’ve got it. . .” Faye stood and stretched till her fingers touched the bus ceiling.

Jessy made sure her hair was in place as her emerald eyes prowled the titties she’d just finished milking. The blond’s whole body was on display from profile. The most dominating bow from her centerline were her delicious, jiggly jugs. Even empty of contents, they maintained heft and mass. Plus, they had to be sticking out a foot in front of Faye’s person. The pair rewarded attentive eyes, as they moved freely without a bra and bulged attractively from the scooping neck of the tank top.

Her cup size was unknown. That was part of the reason for their trip to the mall; the more interesting part. They both knew the taller girl had grown. The fun would be in figuring out how much. Though, even without a concrete number, Jessica understood her girlfriend to be several measurements larger. Just to think, on that first night when she’d rocketed home in a tizzy, she and Faye were comparable in size with the blond edging out a bit.

Faye’s hand extended to her partner. Jessica took it with a dainty wrist and kept her eyes on how Faye’s tits moved. Dry as a bone, the taller girl was more than double Jessica’s own size and now edged out her head for volume.

They held hands departing the bus and stayed connected entering the Town Walk. Cars weren’t allowed to drive the streets that connected store to restaurant, restaurant to movie theater, and theater to yet another store. Saturdays had the streets teeming with walkers taking photos by the fountain and weaving through kiosks and palm trees. It was an active day and summer’s heat at last started to wane into autumn breeze.

Shopping had always been fun growing up, so Jessica was happy that it was fun with Faye as well. Before breastfeeding, they never spent much time out together. Sex was the only item on the menu. Now that adult nursing had brought them close, they could joke and flirt openly as they looked through whatever caught their eyes, noncommittal to each new glimmer.

In a trinket shop called Ad-Tastic, they browsed every item seen in obtrusive banner ads on webpages. Faye found a ukulele and strummed it a few times.

“You play?” Jessica pointed.

“I wish. I hear it’s easy. I’d like to learn.”

Jessica reached for the cheap wooden piece, mounted it in the pit of her arm and gave a test strum. In under a minute, she had the instrument tuned and was plucking out a reggae tune. The thrill lighting in Faye's eyes made her feel ten feet tall.

"You siren! You went all this time without telling me you we're musically talented?"

Faye didn't give her a chance to reply though. She slithered behind the shorter girl's back and held her from behind. They started to gyrate together, dancing in the aisle. Huge, soft tits made the exposed back of Jessica's neck heat up. Occasionally, porcelain orbs brushed her ears and she could do nothing but dream of being surrounded in their velvet softness. It was odd that Faye was tall enough to reach her ears, but such worries were so superfluous compared to her rising lust.

"Faye. You know how easy I am to get hot. . ." Jessica turned up her chin and whispered.

But instead of retreating, this reaction only got her squeezed tighter. "Hey, I'm just dancing to the music. If you want me to stop, then stop serenading me."

It was the whimsical teasing that always made her feel okay, so the ukulele player went on. All along, breasts pressed into her shoulders, entrapping the back of her head. She tried to lean forward to lessen the contact and fend off a moan, but Faye came behind her even tighter so she couldn't escape.

"Shit," the younger girl hissed an octave too high.

"Are you thinking about sucking them right now?"

"Yes."

The response earned prowling hands that started to move promiscuously under her cute cyan date blouse. Footsteps rang clear on the next aisle over. Jessica went scrambling to the side, reggae going mute, but the taller girl caught her and didn't let go. Even without the music, her hands were tempting.

"In our new house one day," Faye leaned down but spoke clearly in her frantic girlfriend's ear. "I want us to have a music room. I want hours of lessons from you every day, and I'll pay you in all the milk you can drink. How does that sound?"

Jessica's eyes darted to both ends of the aisle, praying that she wouldn't find a child, or a nun, or her parents watching as she a woman began to undress her. Fear didn't kill lust. What it did do was dampen the roaring fire just barely so that she could say what needed saying to keep from fucking in a public shop.

“Great. Mhmm, sounds good,” she rushed out.

“That wasn’t convincing.”

“I want a music room in our future house. I want to teach you how to play all sorts of instruments, to share my love of music with my love of you.” Jessica’s hand gently lighted on the fairer one which was climbing up her abs toward a bra.

“What else? Don’t miss the best part.”

For a brief time, it felt like she was acting without agency, like her lust was being played against her. The Faye she knew was capable of such a thing and it needed to be pointed out — when it was inappropriate, especially. But in the moment? Jessica summed her feelings and decided to play along. How far could she really get by taking a logical argument where she was? Not half an hour earlier, she was drinking milk from the source in the backseat of a city bus. What ethical grounds did she really have?

“I want to be rewarded with your sweet, thick milk. I want it all for me, to have it replace my meals some days. It’s all I think about — they’re growing against my head right now and all I can think of is how badly I need it.”

The shuffle of feet made the white space around Jessica’s emerald eyes show. “Need what? A house with a music room? I can help with that.”

The drama of being exposed in front of a complete stranger would have made a weaker women faint. Fortunately, Jessica had built up a tolerance for stress so she remained conscious even if all her composure left her. She couldn’t believe she missed him, had let herself be so distracted. All her upbringing, she feared her overactive sex drive would be found out and that she’d be labelled a slut for it. It didn’t help that she was had C cups by age ten and double D’s in adulthood despite being vigilant about her diet.

Now a piece of that fear returned. She shrank to match her middle school disposition, curling behind the more ‘grown up’ Faye to handle the public interaction. While doing so, she was certain that Faye was taller or broader or both. Her hips and ass were showstoppers in her jeans, and neither of them had ever been so close to the younger girl’s eyeline.

The guy’s name was Marcus. He worked as a realtor and wanted to make a deal on a new housing development popping up in the next town over. Jessica noticed Faye’s couth in public situations, beaming confidence and weaselling her will into the conversation. By the time it was over, the tall, busty blond was the person of value, dangling her ‘yes’ over the guy’s head.

“I’ll have to check with my boss but we can definitely talk more,” Marcus said as he dismissed himself. He tipped his head toward Jessica then at Faye and extended his card.

The blond took it, slipping the cardstock overtly between her milky white udders. Before his boner could embarrass him any further, he walked off.

Was that what I'm like, Jessica wondered. She felt that way all the time; Faye pulled the strings and got what she wanted. In the end, Jessica obeyed and was horny as hell. Marcus's submission and begging was so weak-looking. If there was anything she didn't like, it was the idea of her looking in any way weak.

"Babe, you alright?" Faye asked.

They'd been walking down the strip silently having purchased nothing from Ad-Tastic.

"Fine."

"That's how I know you aren't. Care to talk about it?"

"Nah, I'm too much in my own head. Don't worry about it."

"Wanna have a little drink to calm down?"

"Do I. . . wait, what?"

The buxom blond stopped her partner in front of a bistro restaurant. She gestured to her breasts and opened her jacket at the lapel. Since they were presented exactly at her eye level, emerald eyes never left the creamy white landscape before her. "It's been about an hour so they've grown some. You could drink what's there. It's probably quite a bit." Shoulders started to shimmy, causing the colossal milkers to sway abundantly. "I want you to drink when you want. Don't feel like you can't ask just because I'm on this 'every four hour' thing."

Jessica's body jerked against her will. She knew she wanted a drink. The groping and dancing from earlier made it clear to her how badly she longed for a drink and a quickie. Plus, she was so used to just taking Faye when she wanted. They touched each other liberally now that they'd bonded and always wore next to nothing in the apartment for easy access. All that worked against them now.

Not 'them', Jessy noted. Just her. Faye had a resilient confidence to command social situations. It suddenly felt very unfair, like she'd been manipulated by going out as a couple even though she'd agreed to it initially.

She thought on her toes, needing to buy time. "If I drink whenever I want, when will you produce enough to meet your quota? Aren't you sending your shipments in to fill your order?"

Faye's demeanor took on a grayer shade. "Of course I am. Why? Are you under the impression that I haven't been?"

"We just haven't talked about it in a while. Why? Are you offended that I care about your business?"

Jessica watched her blond bombshell girlfriend change colors several times before arriving at her same, candid swagger. A few people had lingered when they saw the two talking on the street, watching one curvy lady of color interact with an ivory hourglass babe showing the world her straining top.

"Sorry, I was a little defensive there. It's so sweet that you care about my business," Faye took a hug, full frontal, even though her emerald eyed girlfriend would have preferred to keep some space. "I only got a little upset because it sounded like you thought I couldn't make enough milk to fill my order and to satisfy you. You do know how massive I am, right?"

Everyone on Town Walk knew. Men and women alike looked on. Jessy felt hot under the collar; both pissed at herself for feeling her solid defense crumbling to nothing and, foolishly, jealous of other eyes fawning over her busty girlfriend.

"Don't you?" Blue eyes looked down, clear as the sky, as a hand cupped Jessica's angel hair and pulled her deeper.

There was nothing to do but smell Faye's vanilla scented skin, to feel the bulging skin rise and fall with her breaths, and to imagine them rising and falling because of milk; milk that wouldn't stop making her bigger and bigger.

"I do. . ." the smaller girl feared the consequence for letting it slide again, but she did so anyway. The time just wasn't right.

"How big?"

"The biggest tits on this whole street. Biggest in the town. If they aren't biggest in the world, then they're definitely the milkiest," Jessica admitted. "And I can't stop thinking about a drink. But this time, I'll pass. Shouldn't we be finding you a wardrobe?"

A gripping pause followed. Would Faye release her or would she press the issue? If she were alone in some alley with a woman as sexually engaging as Faye, Jessy knew she'd do anything to get herself off. The only thing keeping her from doing so in that very moment were the eyes of strangers. She didn't want to look loose but she knew in her heart the way her sexual appetite was hollowing her out.

At last, she was released. A gasp inflated her lungs — at some point she'd started holding her breath.

To her relief, the older of the two dismissed the topic of milking for a later time and they both made their way down Town Walk. Store by store, the fun of shopping resumed. Though the looming situation of their date came to the forefront barely an hour later.

Jessica watched her woman model a outfit after revealing outfit. Each time, more chest was on display. Plus, Faye had a knack for playing innocent so when her bikini failed and let her chubby nipples out to play, she didn't bother to take notice despite Jessica's visceral reaction.

It was in one of several lingerie shops that the younger girl lost herself. The blond delayed bra shopping to the very end so she could buy for her full size. Wouldn't you know the beach store designed for petite girls with barely-there tits didn't carry in a natural M cup.

"I didn't know they came that big. I'm sorry — man, I must look so clueless," Faye shook her head, a hand daintily atop her gargantuan boobage.

The attendant met Jessica's eyes when they both heard the distinct sound of fabric tearing. They couldn't yet see but both knew if the titan of a woman was any bigger, she'd lose all semblance of decency.

Faye seemed to know this and forwarded the decision to Jessica's discretion. They both witnessed the swelling and growing over three hours. Bigger she grew, showing more flesh and deeper cleavage. From outfit to outfit, each one looked smaller on her than the last. Each time, the gorgeous blue-eyed blond made a bigger fuss of how nothing fit her globes. Steadily, they pressed farther forward, surpassing the size of both their heads and beyond. Milk weight made them sag to her belly button, without which they would no doubt suspend effortlessly in the air like her nipples were hung with invisible wire like some magic trick.

Between shops they held hands through the increasingly dense crowd. When they needed squeezing through a tight bunch of people, Faye pulled Jessica into her favorite snack and dearly beloved items of lust. Less the marshmallow feel and more resistance each and every time. It was one thing to watch her grow while at home. In public, with clothes — barely — on, there wasn't a break from it. Jessica was constantly being reminded. There was only one thing that could be done; but a single solution within the curly haired girl's power.

"You aren't clueless, baby. We knew they wouldn't have your size to begin with, right?" Jessica worked her only option in as convincing a way as possible. "But now we *know* your size thanks to all the help. Thank you, Donna. I'll definitely buy a bra from you next time I'm shopping for one. C'mon, babe."

Then the smaller girl led her living milk station away to the nearest family bathroom. With little ceremony, she unshouldered Faye's useless sport jacket and uncupped the tank top-turned-tube top.

Faye said something that Jessica couldn't bother processing. The minute it was free, she stuffed her face with nipple and areola and boob flesh and greedily drank. Her body's reaction was like she'd gone days without water only to be blessed with rain. Thick brew spewed hot and heavy at her throat in overwhelming quantity. She almost cried — it was that good. She'd missed it *that* much.

"You'll have a tummy ache if you drink too fast." Faye's back was to the wall. She didn't seem to care so much about warning her partner.

Jessica let her blouse be unbuttoned. She let long fingers on pleasant hands squeeze her exposed tits through her bra. All she cared about was drinking, so she did so. The sounds her throat made were loud and told the story of how much milk was actually being drained. No longer were ounces or even cups a good measure. One breast seemed to harbor an impossible liter of milk — more for every minute over the appointed four hour milking time. And some sick, enamored part of the emerald-eyed beauty took great satisfaction in being the jealous benefactor of all of it.

The crowds could look and lust, but Jessica got to stuff her face and gorge herself.

Watching boobs return to marshmallow pillow globes was always an interesting experience. Jessica beheld her lover returning to an accepting softness as she drank. Her swallows smoothed to a rhythm, losing the voracity of waiting four hours without her precious milk. Before one could get too small and lopsided, she switched to the other, working her jaw wider to accept and clenching when she wanted to squeeze out a river.

"You're so good to me, Jessy. Your tongue and lips feel so good on my nipples," Faye reminded while keeping sweetness; this wasn't their first time, yet it felt so new.

Jessica's eyes fluttered closed. A grin came to her face. Sure, she'd been manipulated again but milk was her reward for it — all that she could drink. Then her already busty girlfriend would have another two liters to chug. And another two after that. Such a size seemed too much for her at the start. Her body adjusted, though, and could handle such quantities with little effort now. In fact, it tingled with warmth and feel-good hormones abounded.

Almost forty-five minutes later, the couple emerged to a disgruntled woman with an occupied stroller.

"You two do know I've been waiting almost an hour right? That bathroom's got the only decent cleaning station in all of Town Walk and- . . ."

“Sorry, ma’am,” Faye held up a hand. “My girlfriend was feeling really sick and the women’s bathroom was occupied at the time.”

The woman’s face went from disdain to admiration in an instant. There was familiarity as her eyes bounced from Jessica’s eyes to her stomach. The caramel-toned girl thought she might have done something wrong. Like, maybe the woman was applauding two hot girls getting all sexy in the bathroom together which would, in turn, make her the woman she feared being.

Instead, the lady walked beside her stroller. She ignored the premise of personal space and went straight for Jessica’s belly. “You’re showing so much! Gah, I’d do anything to be pregnant again — not anything, but you get my point. I loved how alive I felt and how closely connected I was with my partner.” Looking from Faye to Jessica and without removing her hand from the orb of a belly, she blinked a few times. “Girlfriends? Oh, yes. You two are together! Wow, I’m so sorry. Congratulations! How far along are you?”

Just coming down from her sexual peak, the younger girl’s mind felt sluggish.

The blond answered in her place. “If you could believe it, just a little over a month!”

The woman gasped. “No!”

“Yes!”

“What?!”

“I know!”

Then they squealed together. It hurt Jessica’s ears. She was recently fingered and fed; it was time for a nap. She could barely force herself to smile.

“You’re super pregnant, hon!”

Faye held her lovingly. “She was very trim before; so fit with a tiny waist. She wanted to be healthy for the baby. We were kinda worried when she started showing so much, but the doctor says everything looks good.”

The stranger gave Jessica’s shoulder a squeeze. “The sickness will pass, hon. After that, it’ll be smooth sailing — best time of my life, that’s for sure. And you two are the cutest together, gah! So happy for you!”

Jessica managed a “thanks,” then she tucked herself under Faye.

The older one got the signal. “Looks like momma’s gotten all the walking she needs today. We’re gonna head back home now! Oh, but if you don’t mind — and I know, this is forward as heck, but — if we could maybe exchange socials? As much as we research, it’s always comforting to have a friend that’s farther along in the baby raising process.”

The lady looked like she’d been elected Miss America. As she and Faye exchanged info, all Jessica could pay attention to was how both women were probably lactating. The size difference of two women apparently doing the same thing was mindblowing. Grace — that was her name, by the way — wasn’t petite but was slim and had amazing mom boobs. Big, springy, perky, and clearly full. There was every reason to suspect that she needed the time alone to breastfeed her son, with her bra busting F or G cups.

But Faye was on another level. Faye was like varsity captain of the lactation team and Grace wasn’t even up to competitive form yet. Clearly, the relationship based on a lie was for future leverage, Jessica thought, but Faye made lying look a little too easy.

Even with her dopamine at record high levels, the emerald-eyed girl couldn’t help but feel like she was a baby toward Faye. In a way, it was good — being coddled, given attention and adored. Being strolled around at another woman’s discretion, manipulated, and becoming an accomplice to lies? Less so.

Moving Day

Two Months Later

Faye wished her lover away to work her final shift at her job. In a few hours, Faye would drive their car to the diner to pick her up and they’d both head off to the home they’d just purchased. The look on her green-eyed girlfriend’s face was utter romance when she left. For nearly three months Jessy had been nursing from Faye’s breasts and it showed in how she looked at the blond.

“Like I’m her everything,” Faye spoke when she was alone.

And maybe something else too. Jessica would go silent at times, as if mulling over something heavy, then snap to attention when her name was called. She was having trouble adapting to their life which was changing at a dizzying rate. Understandable. And, more importantly, it was greater evidence that Faye was right all along.

Thinking of Jessica always made her happy. Faye used the buzz of happiness to tide her over. She wanted only good vibes today as it marked an important step for the couple: their first day

in their new home, their first night of going full time into Faye's natural breast milk manufacturing business, and their first day engaged to be married.

Fetching the remaining champagne from the kitchen and reclining on the sofa, the blond massaged her full, weighty chest and remembered the moment. An abundance of curly black hair framed her gorgeous face, frozen for countable seconds in awe. The ring was almost too small for her finger. Then it cleared her second knuckle and landed snugly into place and they kissed and held each other for a second eternity. Romance filled the night with a full course meal catered in, balloons, sexy music, candles, lingerie, alcoholics a'plenty, and milk, milk, and more milk.

"Mmm, what a night." Just thinking about it made her grow. Yes, she knew good times made the milk flow faster. In the two months, her body had transformed yet again.

Her knee hooked over the couch since at full height, she stood at six-foot-four. Only a fraction of her hips could fit on the piece of furniture, and her hair was so lush and long it ran like a liquid down to the floor. The changes were so incremental and the older woman was so busy with her 'business' that she didn't really notice till her new garments stopped fitting. A lingering look in the mirror a mere week prior forced her to pay closer attention to her new physical adornments.

She thought she should be bothered by them, but she wasn't. She suspected Jessica might be curious but her lover's cares were so often trivial. Her new body only reflected an inner confidence. All her life she knew herself to be a head above everyone with a body that wouldn't quit and milk that could provide cars and homes and financial independence. Now, she looked the part. It was just a manifestation of her new reality. Nothing to be too bothered over. Certainly nothing to negatively affect her business or engagement.

Thinking about Jessica got her hot. Faye made the couch scrunch and squeak as she hefted her burdens and dropped them, playing with her generous amounts of feminine mass. All the milk had added softness to Jessica's edges. Her hips were wider, middle less defined, and her butt was quickly becoming a favorite of Faye's. And the extra calories weren't just distributed from the abs down. The green-eyed girl bolstered a pair of huge, squishy bozongas.

"Fuck yes, that's my sexy wife," Faye threw back her head, brushing her hands over her exposed tits. They were M cups naturally now without the aid of milk. Though, at her current constant production, it was rare that she ever be truly empty. "Made so thick and curvy by all my milk."

She pictured Jessy filling out her collared top and diner apron earlier and felt her tits lurching in size quickly as a result. Just about any thought of Jess made her milky. Her boobies had learned who was most receptive to them.

Disregarding time, decency, or modesty, the six-foot-four hourglass bombshell imagined her sugar-addict of a lover and enjoyed herself expanding.

Her M cups grew bigger, inflating with a wash of fluid that was near audible. In moments, they were making progress. Her nipples were gaining in length, poking through the rounded bulb of areola. She watched her pink nubs turn to blazing spears with further progressing volume chased them outward and away from Faye's body.

She adjusted to standard sitting position with a leg up on the coffee table. Her sweeping turned to fisting and she lost her arms in her abundance. Her skin hadn't lost its sensitive feel. She moaned when she touched herself — areas that multiplied the larger she grew, the more milk she produced.

"I need to fill you up, Jessy. Don't stop. Drink me all down. I need to see you when you've swallowed all of me," Faye groaned with power and desire.

Her body reacted. Her breasts pressed further forward. They began to sink with milk weight, pulling their owner into her own lap, straining her shoulders. The delight was more than the discomfort and she continued.

She squeezed and squished herself. With each go, she pushed out the elasticity. Her boobs grew thicker and denser like dough but were all the more fun to play with. Especially when she felt herself reaching four cup sizes larger, then six, then eight. With her size, she could only really grasp growth in leaps and bounds or in physical markers.

Her tits spilled over in her lap at a certain size. Before long she had to stand or go recline on her bed before they took her to the floor. Getting to her feet, a surge of growth struck her swift and hard. Even with her practiced grace and size, the flurry of milk surging threw her off of her forward balance. Her fat, round bottom poked out to try to counter the sudden shift but it was too late.

She struck the floor with a slam. Before it, though, she struck the coffee table. Her body was so large and breasts so heavy that the wooden stage was cracked and bent in the middle.

It filled the blond with exhilaration.

"Well, we're moving today. No need to bring old relics like you," she cursed the table. She gave her tits a pat and she swore she heard a deep, ominous gurgle of liquid being churned.

With the strength of her new body, she was able to find footing and rise from the ground. The size of her titanic tits were too grand to see the damage, but if she shifted them to the left she could look to her right and see the flattened center with perfect curves on the two ends. It must

have been made cheaply, she thought, since it moulded around her boobs instead of snapping like real wood.

“The new house has real wooden tables and chairs and floors. No room for fake stuff,” she wiggled her nose, and her ass, and her tits.

She felt her perfect skin brushing against her thighs while standing tall and revelled at the view of her giants extending more than two feet in front of her. Rapture took her when she took the time to give her body the attention it deserved. Magnetic hands clung to whatever section of her plump, taut flesh they could reach knowing fully that she would have to do some gymnastics to milk herself at this size.

This was what happened when she let herself go — unhinged growth. In these few months the blue-eyed woman had learned her triggers and figured out her mental blocks. Within reason, she could milk on command. Secretly, in the meditative depths of herself, she willed her production to slow.

“Our precious girl isn’t here. No need to continue.”

It was a chant, a mantra, a prayer — the prayer to the goddess she considered herself. And it was answered when she felt the tremors slow and her blood pressure dropping. Her breathing no longer needed regulation and her skin stopped vibrating with such sharpened desire to breastfeed. Her nipples were the length of her hand and would never stop being hard, but they lost girth and general suckability. Her bulging, shiny areola lightened a shade as well.

The tide stopped rising.

“This should be enough for a few weeks.”

At that, she gave herself about a dozen more loving squeezes and trotted to the bedroom. It would take the remainder of Jessica’s shift to milk herself back to a size capable of fitting into a car.

Sally’s Diner
Jessica

The last shift is always the shortest.

Jessica mopped her hands clean with a rag she kept in her apron and checked the time. The smell of grease, the broken cookware, and the shady but lovable staff. Even if waitressing was the worst job she'd ever had, there were parts of it to miss.

One such part was sitting at an empty booth by the door, flagging her over. Jessica fixed up her stylish blazer and loose cotton top, sure that her new push up bra accomplished its namesake without looking too whorish. The thing was already tight on her and she'd bought it at a premium in an F cup — an F cup push up bra was already pretty slutty, when she thought about it. But it was the only thing that made her feel secure and supported; the lesser of two evils. Either she shows a bit more cleavage, which could be buttoned up — the current blazer didn't button as it had grown too small anyway — or she bounces endlessly drawing even greater attention to her generous bosom.

"Don't worry about it, you look great," Sally said as the emerald-eyed girl neared. "And it's your last day. I can hardly get onto you for anything."

Jessica figured the same. Most of her worries were from the past when the weight first started coming on. Not only was it too late to worry about her push up bra, it was a non-issue for the new future that was unfolding at that very moment..

"I didn't clock out."

"Let it run. Consider it severance pay." Sally paused for Jessica to take a seat, then continued. "Wow, I can't believe it. You're finally done after all this time." Ms.Hightower shook her head, sipping on a cup of joe she'd just prepared.

"Me neither. It's been a whirlwind of a month; two actually."

Sally was a middle-aged woman, nothing remarkable about her features or form. All her praise was closely linked to the diner she'd opened herself when she was seventeen. It was a classic looking sort of place, record players used as decorations and the fender from an old car Jessica never recognized was mounted to the bar. Dalmation tile floors made the numerous misprinted road signs on the walls pop in their metallic reds and yellows.

"And you're positive? You don't want me to keep a place for you here just in case?"

"I do wonder at times."

"Say the word, sweetie. You're my right hand around here; I don't shy away from admitting that. I'd turn this world upside down to keep you here."

The girl with a whole new life ahead of her lost some of her perfect posture and leaned into the table. The weight of her chest — the weight of *something* — came to the forefront. “Can I ask you something?”

“Sure.”

“It’s a touchy thing but here goes: I’m not sure I want to leave. I told you about the house and the new job and about Faye. Something just doesn’t feel right about it.”

“You just nervous? This is a big step.”

Jessica’s heart sped up so she rest a hand at the center of her chest to calm it. Most of what she felt were her huge breasts, which annoyed and reminded her of the pleasures of a fuller body. “I’m nervous too. But it’s something else. Makes me angry — angrier than I’ve been in a while. I don’t know why I’m pissed to be handed such great things.”

“Are you jealous?”

“That Faye’s steadily improving her life? Getting richer and hotter and better networked? Heck yea, I’m jealous.”

“What do you mean ‘her’ life? You girls are sharing this life, aren’t you?”

The tan girls paused everything — breathing included. Had she meant to segment herself away from Faye then? “Right. It’s our life,” she corrected. “I guess it isn’t jealousy?”

Sally had a frown that could wrinkle a dead man. She’d run off customers with it when they got too touchy over the female employees and cracked lazy ass workers into shape. It both frightened and inspired Jessica; if only her emerald eyes could hold such danger and experience.

“You and me are alike. We’re prideful women — bet you thought I was going to say beautiful,” Sally winked.

Jessy cracked a grin. Ms. Hightower was self-aware enough to know her best days were radiant but also that they were behind her.

“But yes, pride. Listen here, I opened this diner myself and it’s my baby. There’s a fulfillment that comes with working for everything you have. When me and my ex-husband were together, he was the type that bought everything for me. And guess what? I was miserable. For a few months it was great. Then, I got bored — and rebellious afterward.”

“That’s. . . exactly where I am, I think.”

“Of course it is! I know this sort of stuff.” Sally slurped her coffee, managing snark within the most mundane of tasks. “And my guess is, you haven’t talked about these feelings with the one person who needs to hear about them.”

Jessica remembered all the times she almost spoke up and chose sex or milk instead. “Educated guess? Cause you’re spot on.”

Sally shrugged. “The sex must be great.”

If Jessy’s cheeks could show her blushing. . . “Did you just say? Wh-what is going on? How did-. . . Ms.Hightower.”

“How many mornings have you come in here with eyes twinkling, wagglin’ your hips like a newborn puppy? Nobody likes diner work that much — especially not me. Only a few things I know that make a woman do that.”

“A woman. . .”

“That’s what you are,” Sally spoke lightly. She forgave her favorite employee for taking so long to understand. “And it’s what you better start acting like. Live your damned truth. Say you don’t want handouts if you don’t want ‘em.”

Jessica balled up her fists. “I will. Next time I see her.”

Sally reached across the table and linked hands with Jessica supportively. “And never forget I’m so proud of you. For this and everything — really, Jessy, I am. Happy for you and your fiancéé.”

Jessica chuckled, pride showing through a goofy grin. “Thank you so much for understanding. Though, I’m not sure what I want is to stay here if that’s the case. I do love to cook but like you said, diner work takes it out of me.”

“Then beat it,” Sally stuck out her tongue. “And we’ll make do here without you. We always do.”

The bell above the door tingled. “Welcome to Sally’s,” Sally called.

Faye shouted back. “I-I was looking for Jessica?”

“I’m here,” Jessica turned, one hand still squeezing Sally’s.

In came Faye, behaving demure and light. Her blonde ribbons of hair, once average length, now brushed the back of her calves. As she came around, the room’s energy felt like it bent over backwards to accommodate her. Like a proper piece of art or a skilled photograph, all lines in

the tile led to Faye, as did the lines of the eyes in the room. A waitress wiping off the bar froze solid like Faye was an icy queen. A chef on his grill did a triple take, reacting opposite to his co-worker as he broke into a sweat.

“Hello, wifey,” Faye sauntered over and planted a kiss on Jessica’s cheek in no uncertain terms. The kiss was like a brand, marking territory before a wedding could ever hope to. “Hello, Ms. Sally. Sorry if I’m interrupting.”

“H-hey,” Sally began, struggling to stay cordial, fumbling with her words. She seemed to realize she was still holding Jessica’s hand and reeled her appendage back, wishing not to offend. “Faye, right? We, umm, we met before. . .”

“I was Jessica’s character reference when she did her interview. We met over coffee,” Faye reminded her.

For a woman who had spent more than half her life in customer service, Sally was doing a terrible job of veiling her bodily stresses. Faye seemed to eat it all up, though, indulging how her body changed a room and the people inside. The youngest of the three watched with unease. Even Sally wasn’t prepared for Faye’s beauty. She probably remembered the Faye she had coffee with and wasn’t expecting a tower with the curves of ten combined women.

“Right,” Sally said, then cleared her throat.

Then came a silence, stillness brought about by the shifting gravity. A smile slithered onto Faye’s face because she knew it was her body causing the social disturbance. Soaking it in, delaying respite of her charms as long as possible, Faye said, “I didn’t want to rush or anything, babe. Just letting you know I’m here and that I got a call from the HOA for us to pick up our keys.”

Nobody said a word. They all just stared for a few more seconds, Jessica included, as if trying to make sense of the ascended female before them. Faye rolled her eyes. “Yes, I’m stacked. Yes, they’re real. Maybe, if you’re nice, I’ll let you *touch* them,” she winked in Sally’s direction.

The needle found the record again.

“Oh! O-oh my god, was I starring?! I’m SO sorry, I-I just. . .”

Faye waved off Sally’s apology. Jessica wondered how she was supposed to best this beast of a woman if Sally herself was losing brain cells trying to calculate how so much sex appeal could be crammed into one human being.

Faye’s turtleneck sweater struggled — not that there was a garment in the world that could do anything more than struggle — to stand against her forces. Even breathing looked like a battle

being waged, one that her outfit was losing on every major front. If anything, it looked as if her moonish boobs were devouring her clothing, scarlet red stretching absurdly. There wasn't a loose wrinkle in sight on the double-extra-large top, but lines of fabric creaked like rubber bands at the weaker areas. The middle seam, which was supposed to be hidden by her arm, was a jagged zag of indecision demonstrating the tug-of-war going on between her shelf of mighty, feminine meat ignoring gravity and the handiwork of the tailor who crafted the autumn garb.

Jessica couldn't help but feel a certain pity for everyone affected. She wished Faye hadn't just waltzed in unannounced and simultaneously knew her future wife wasn't capable of doing anything but making a scene of herself. She also wished her co-workers — and boss for fuck's sake — weren't drooling over her betrothed. The feelings were so complex. It was the type of situation that had torn the younger girl's inhibitions away and made her submit to a drink and a fuck, responsibility be damned.

And Faye was looking extra delicious in the tight little sweater of hers. It was Jessica's first time seeing the thing. It highlighted her bulging set of areola and wide nipples perfectly. And, of course, her pale blimps were fucking huge! They'd grown over the car ride for certain. There was plenty of milk to be had.

To have such a fountain available whenever she wanted — for life to have such an easy button.

. .

Jessica shook herself to clarity when she felt the hunger bray powerfully through her.

"It's not every day people see a chest like mine," Faye relished even mentioning that the extra weight she carried around was hers. A proud hand lighted the top of her right breast, then roamed to her outer edges overtly. "It doesn't help that I'm not wearing a bra, either."

"No, no it's, uh, my bad," Sally tried looking at the table, then the window, then her employees but found no safe place for her gaze to rest. "I was just letting Jessica know I'd miss her and to call me if she ever needed anything."

"You're sweet," Faye stepped up, placing a hand on Sally's shoulder, tilting herself down so her titties rang like church bells. "Thanks for being so good to her. She's the most important woman in the world to me, so if you ever need *anything* from me," Faye's breast slumped heavy against Sally's shoulder. "Consider me in your debt."

Jessica jumped from her seat, and grabbed Faye by the upper arm. Her expression was bristling like grease on a hot frying pan. "I'll be sure to come back and visit. I'll miss you, Sally."

Sally bore a similar sentiment. She and Jessica exchanged a hug that was evidence of their positive work relationship. When Sally beheld Faye, though, her neck and face blushed rapidly.

She considered something in her mind, unintentionally glancing at Faye's tits despite every effort to avoid doing just that, and extended her hand as a peace offering.

Faye took the handshake mercifully.

Highway 3269

Faye

After brief goodbyes to the opening shift workers, the newly engaged couple ventured up the highway.

Jessica seemed to be mulling over something in her head, which Faye paid minimal attention to till the silence was broke with, "You were, uh, really popular with Sally."

"You noticed? Ugh, she was *really* eyeing me up," Faye feigned repugnance. In actuality, she was considering a threesome, one an ordinary woman like Sally would appreciate for the rest of her life. "Like, doesn't she have a boyfriend or girlfriend or something?"

"Divorced. Her husband was in the military and met a girl while deployed. He was already having a kid with the mistress when he told Sally the truth."

Faye downloaded the sob story, thinking of a way to make use of it. "Poor thing. I kinda feel bad now, for thinking of her as some pervert." Except Sally did give those vibes. She, like many women, probably had repressed longing and sexual need. It would take a little time but if she could scratch Sally's itch, she might return the favor by buying a few gallons of milk to be used in new dishes. Other food service places were already using Faye's yummy, all natural product to great success. Sally's would be a more personal, intimate partnership.

Jessica rolled her eyes, a dangerous act going seventy on a highway. "Nah, she's pretty vanilla. Just sort of lonely."

Faye planted a seed. "Once we get settled in, we should have her over for dinner. Since she clearly sees you as part of her extended family; she's always been so good to you."

"Aww, babe," Jessica squeezed her fiancé's thigh. "That would be so fun. You're so smart to think like that." They shared a cheesy, cutesy couple moment before Jessica swapped topics to what she must have been concerned about from the beginning. "But I get why she was at a loss for words. You've been producing much faster lately."

Faye couldn't just come out and say it, but when Jessica acknowledged her milk factories she felt jubilant to discuss them. "Scared I'll outgrow the passenger seat?"

"A little. I look at the road for a few seconds and look back and you're already bigger. You must be, I don't know, perpetually growing?"

"So?"

Jessica's hand on Faye's thigh formed new intentions. It didn't have to travel far to Faye's chest as it slept like a monster in her lap. A tan hand found purchase on the space just below Faye's nipple and immediately started groping.

"You're obsessed," Faye teased, clearing hair away from her face. "It's cute. You used to be afraid to drink it. Now, it's all you seem to think about."

Jessica jerked the wheel. She had to correct because her beautiful boob gazing had her drifting into the slow lane. Fortunately, nobody was around to endanger and Jessica was allowed to resume breast-focused activities. "You're addictive, babe," she said bluntly. "It's creepy — all this stuff happening that *isn't* just lactation. Your skin is even clearer, your hair grew *feet* in *weeks*. I know I've been freaking all the way out about it, and I know you're going to tell me to ignore it but. . ."

"But?"

"It's like you're transforming. . . into something not quite like yourself. And that's not all. I've got issues with other stuff too."

"Issues, huh?"

"We're engaged so I think it's fair to be really honest. I-I've been thinking about how you're becoming more beautiful every day and succeeding and living your dream. It's great and all — hell, you made a down payment on a house in three months! But I've been feeling kinda, I don't know, upset — not just the house, but everything."

Faye interrupted with action. Her sweater made popping noises as seams snapped all around her. She was bunching it up, trying to maneuver the red outfit over her immense melons.

"You're jealous and I adore it."

"Maybe I am." The driver paused to swallow a lump in her throat as her sixth sense alerted her to the presence of very milkable titties. "But it's more than that. I have my own dreams and I don't feel like I've done anything to make them come true. I get worried that all I've done is taken a hand out."

"We never would have gotten this far without your effort, Jess. Not the first deal, nor the next deal, or the one after that. And here we are, official suppliers, with hundreds of thousands in contracts that we can fulfill because of *your* help," Faye got the sweater up to the equator of her titties. At that point, her lengthy nipples caught attractively but Jessica could still feel the naked flesh of her lover's swollen mountains. "You working is anything but a handout. It's love. I like it. It's sexy. If there's anybody I want to love me, own me, and work with me, it's you."

"Faye. You aren't getting it."

"I think I do and it's nothing to worry about." Faye unsheathed only her left nipple, the one closest to its admirer. It almost glowed with warmth, alive, permanently awake like a tower atop her hilly, pink areola. "We did this together and we prosper together. Our dreams are both coming true, so relax."

When the curly haired girl soothed into her seat, it gave Faye a tremendous high. She was seraphic, magical, and otherworldly. She had high expectations of herself, all of which were given physicality in her huge tits, wide hips, sexy ass, and lasting confidence. She suspected herself to be *better* than others so, when confronted with these superhuman experiences — magic milk production, clearer skin, lengthening hair, and more than a foot of height in three months — it only populated her open case with evidence. The universe itself, it seemed, was baptising her into a newness of being. Nature had selected her for better — for superiority.

Wanting her lover to affirm her, the blond took a hand from the steering wheel and directed it to her semi-erect nipple. The grip quaked, nerves getting to her. "God it's so huge," Jessica whispered with a begging intonation.

"I wonder if milk will ruin the interior," Faye mentioned on a whim.

Clearly, Faye underestimated her new influential powers had, or maybe the emotional intensity of her partner. Before she knew it, they were whipping down the off ramp at an exit and screaming into the parking lot of a brown building. Upon closer inspection, the place of business was a bank whose name indicated that they were in a town at least two hours away from their actual destination.

Jessica dove from the driver's seat, out of the car, and circled around to Faye's side. She ripped the door away. Her knees crashed to the ground. Her lip squeezed painfully between white teeth, arms angled toward her thighs so her tits surged forward in her thin, white top. "I have something to talk about after this. Promise me we can talk once I'm done," the curly haired girl frowned looking ready for another feeding.

Faye looked around. A few patrons leaving the bank had heard the squealing car tires, seen the horrendous parking job, and were probably wondering why some black girl was seated

obediently on the asphalt next to her vehicle. Perhaps car trouble, they thought. Something might have sprung a leak. If only they could know how accurate that guess was about to be.

Back of her fingers caressing Jessica's cheeks, Faye turned perpendicular to the passenger seat. Her legs forced Jessica away till they cleared, then invited her back when they spread. One shapely, monstrous jug was so large it balanced partly on Faye's thigh as the rest of its weight dangled for the taking. Her sweater still cloaked her right breast, acting as a sling sufficient enough to contain only one of Faye's planets.

"Sure we can talk. You're my precious girl. I always have time to talk to you. But first a question: is this supposed to count as a milking? Because I'm not due for one for another three hours."

The sides of Jessica's eyes drew inward. "God, you're this big and we still have three hours to wait? You'll be as big as the car if we wait that long. Look," she cupped both her hands to Jessica's exposed skin, positioning one diminutive paw on each side of Faye's divinely feminine glory. "You're still producing — I can see you getting bigger and bigger. Mmm, you're insane. Your body is just. . . there is no way you should make me feel this good just looking at you."

Faye felt herself swelling, glutting, stuffing. Where she usually conducted herself with lightness, now, her existence was weighty and substantial. Lower and lower her tit sank, pulling at her shoulders and neck, angled toward the ground. In a few feet, her plump pap would contact the ground. At her rate of growth, it would only be a matter of minutes.

"See? You're speeding up — how are you speeding up?"

"When you touch them they speed up. My body can tell you're close by," Faye leaned further forward, putting more weight and flesh into Jessica's palms. "This is what my body was made to do."

"To meet demand. . ." Jessica started to sway. Her arms arched inward. Faye's swinging boulder was guided like a wrecking ball to Jessica's cheek where it burned with sensual fire. "Damn, there's so much in there."

"You can take it," Faye stroked Jessica's puffy curls romantically. "You can't still be full from breakfast this morning."

Milk shifted about in Faye's blimp of a tit, gurgling loudly. A mind of their own, Faye sensed instinctively that her load was far too much for Jessica, but kept the fact to herself, using it to bolster her own already-elevated self image.

"I am but who cares? I want more right now." Jessica answered wantonly. Turning her cheek, she skipped worship by kissing and drew her tongue across Faye's burgeoning boob in complex

patterns. "If I don't drink you now, you won't fit back in the car. Fuck, you're already like three cup sizes bigger. I *just* parked the car. You must *really* want to feed me."

Wrong. Faye wanted to *stuff* her. "Latch on. I'll show you how bad I want to feed you."

Coaxed on by a spirit of mystery and lust, the caramel girl ducked under Faye's dangling treat. Her neck angled upward and her face took the weight of all of Faye's girlish flesh. Nipple angled, bulging lewdly at her cheek, Jessica's teeth came down snugly. They had connected. They were one.

Faye's voice hitched. Perception narrowed to a dyed, rosy version, allowing only for the space directly in front of her and ignoring the world which felt so insignificant in comparison. Even for a nascent goddess, which is exactly what Faye believed herself to be, she was a slave to the ebbs and flows of her carnal nature, still bound by her body's wish to dominate her mind with a cocktail of hormones too potent for a typical girl. They took her to the cliff. She raised her eyes over it and, wasting not a moment, her cravings sent her tumbling over.

Creamy volleys lobbed a flash flood. Jessica's cheeks bulged with the plume of sugary brew. A single tear collected at the edge of her eye. She blinked it away. Her throat opened, still weary and worn from the thickness from Faye's pent up morning load but understanding of its new fate. All of Jessica was understandingly submissive. Parts of her willingness varied, like her stomach which signalled at her angrily when she gulped up the first few ounces. 'I'm already full', her stomach made warning signals as steamy piles of cream heaped themselves inside. Faye imagined Jessica's lungs were protesting too, burning as oxygen was starved to them, shrivelling for no reason other than to make room for even more of Faye's copious fluid.

But the first swallow was always the hardest; the most abusive. Each one following was easier as she opened herself fully to accept what Faye had collected over time. This really was Jessica's work, Faye thought. Had she only accepted it sooner, maybe things would have been smoother and she never would have had to endure the momentary anguish she'd felt that one fateful night. Why be angry? Why fuss? It didn't serve her at all. Life was easier when she accepted that her place in the world was beside Faye, providing for her, supporting her, and, at times, worshipping her busty, lustful body.

Faye resigned to watch her body shift and change. A venue of wonder, virile and alive with energy, her nipple stretched as viscous milk was forced out. Her rate felt slower than usual, not nearly the explosive force she would experience every morning, but the excitement still came in the steadiness. How long could she keep going at that speed? Hours, maybe, or days. Faye truly felt she could do so, she could spend *days* milking herself. Her production was that ferocious; her body incomparable in its relentless creation of sweet, sweet milk.

Even with Jessica drinking, her tautness remained. Having nowhere else to go, her milk caused her breast to bulge to grander sizes. Domination was embodied in Faye. Her tits no longer

sought to feed or cure hunger, but to stretch the person attached. Her milk *invaded* Jessica's body and claimed it — no inch was left untouched.

"Jessy! You can suck harder than that, can't you? C'mon, harder! *Harder!*" Faye teased.

Her partner opened wide and clamped down on her bulgy, smooth areola. The pressure was pleasant on her nerves there, making Faye moan. She heard Jessica growling and gargling. The act had rewarded her with even more milk flow, a blast that formed rivers at the sides of her mouth that fell to her top. Tits that had seen their own growth over the course of a month clung to Jessica's clothing. Each new drip revealed a new area, like raindrops in a pond forming ripples that collide.

Jessica whimpered as Faye's fingers went to her breasts, teasing the nipples that were adamantly hard. "Something tells me," Faye looked Jessica in the eye, noting how cute she looked with milk-stuffed cheeks. "If you keep drinking me, you'll start producing milk yourself. Wouldn't it be amazing if we *both* were lactating? You've already gone up two cup sizes. You must be close to making *something*, right?"

A woman and a child presumed to be her son jumped into their car about ten feet away. The boy looked with intrigue till his mother tossed him into the car like luggage and sped away. Faye giggled, continuing on, noting a pleasure she got from making people uncomfortable. "Mmm, they feel so *tight*. Are you getting bigger like me? I bet you are. It would be so sexy seeing you spray some milk while you drink all of mine."

The request was now in the air. Like all the others, it one day would come true.

Faye's blend washed over her nurser's tongue and punched out her throat. Creamy, rich smells were in the air like an expensive lotion or perfume and Jessica looked to be dreaming of having her own scent one day. Finally, most vividly, she squeezed the sides of Faye's boob, fathoming the impossibility that she was still growing, and wished the same for herself.

"Mmmmn, that's so amazing, babe! Keep sucking, don't stop!" Faye said huskily. Her hand on Jessica's left nipple was encouragement, though for whom wasn't clear. Her right jug, the one balanced on her thigh, had finally grown too unstable and slumped down, crashing into her left one like a wrecking ball. Its size was great enough to send Faye tumbled out of the car, onto the ground tits first. She yelped as she landed, but not from pain since her chest made an amazing cushion.

Beneath her writhed Jessica, though, who had no doubt taken the more significant fall.

"Shit! Babe, you okay?" Faye rocked herself. Her body was awkward at this size, and heavier than it appeared. She found the leverage she needed in a few seconds and she rose to check on her fiancée. "Jessica?"

Jessica gasped. Once her head was exposed, she blinked her eyes open. After taking in what had happened herself, an accepting aura toured her features. "Being crushed by your tits. . . is the best thing that has ever happened to me."

"What the hell! I was actually worried about you!" Faye's reaction was to feel like the victim, despite her own body being the cause of this incident.

"I know, I know. Sorry to worry my goddess fiancée," Jessica raised her eyebrows.

The girls repositioned. Faye sat on her knees off to Jessica's right, hands resting atop her bosom. One of her twins was spilling over her lap and the other leaned happily atop Jessica's thigh and hip. There seemed to be nowhere for them to go with their size and their insistence in jiggling made things sexy, for better or worse.

"Gosh, we're gonna be so late getting to the house," Faye pointed out.

Jessica, undeterred by the accident, sat up and squeezed Faye's sweater covered breast. "If we don't milk you, you won't be able to fit through the door. As far as I can tell," she seemed distracted by how jiggy and fun Faye's titty was to touch and slosh about. "Our only option is to, well, continue."

"I think some of my milk lost its way and ended up in your brain."

"I'm not surprised. It gets *everywhere*."

Faye's left tit was still leaking, sprinkling the ground with a fan of milk from her nipple. Her enormous buoy of a breast expanded in all directions, eclipsing her thick, luscious thighs with ease, swelling onto the parking lot completely exposed.

"It's like they want everyone to know they're the biggest," Jessica commented. "The biggest, fullest tits in the whole world."

Faye nodded voiceless, watching herself grow and grow, an unstoppable force of female sexuality.

"I'd like to get started again, if you'd be so kind as to unpin me completely."

"I don't know," Faye said, sadistically. "I kinda like feeling you struggle under me. . ."

"*Later*, babe," Jessica answered, foreshadowing what was sure to come the moment they had the privacy of a bedroom.

Though, if they were willing to nurse gallons of breast milk parked in front of a bank, was it such a stretch to take the next logical step? Perhaps, but who could tell where an hour's worth of milking would lead them?

Move In Day, Later
Faye

"If you two lovely ladies need anything else, be sure to give me a call. My card's in the kitchen next to the welcome basket."

"Thanks so much," Jessica blanketed her body over Faye, clearly exhausted. Even without the edge of attentiveness, she was putting forth the effort to be polite.

"I'll be contacting you all throughout the week just to be sure everything is to your liking. Really, if there's anything at all, never hesitate. My goal is to be the friend that actually shows up on moving day, alright?"

"We've got a few things that may need some moving. . ." Faye insinuated her breasts further into the conversation, hoisting them higher than they already were. When Marcus unabashedly gawked, Faye knew he'd gotten the point. "But not tonight. It's late and it was a long ride over."

Marcus, the guy from the mall who was building homes in the next town over. Faye had actually contacted him again and sweet talked him into a steal of a home: two floors, four bedrooms, three full baths, and more square footage than any couple could make full use of. One bedroom would serve as the music room. Another, preferably the one with walk-in bath, would be the blond's 'office'. Everything the two needed was there — and more.

The representative from the HOA was twenty-something with a clean, low haircut, and evidently a bust-loving man. He'd talked exclusively to Faye's tits and deflated when she clarified that his help wouldn't be needed that night. He'd *actually* thought he was going to get some tail — his magazine perfect smile canted disappointedly to prove it. Move in night may not have been the night for such activities, but that didn't disqualify other days of the week, the blond thought. She'd done all but go down on him to get them the house and he'd grow frustrated if she never put out.

Her whole life was about balancing people to serve her best, so reading his expectations came second nature. She had about three weeks to give him what she'd been teasing. That was plenty of time. Once things settled down, Marcus would think he'd gotten away with the better deal. And better yet, he'd be in her corner for when she sought to make future changes to the home.

Faye made sure he was certain of this with an abbreviated shimmy that rolled over her full hips and into her tits which tossed like ships on a stormy sea.

Marus swallowed hard. Faye wished it was a mouthful of her addictive milk making his adam's apple sink. "Pleasure seeing you two again. C-congratulations." He backed his way out the door, then turned on the porch and hopped down the stairs.

Jessica made a move to the door, but Faye stopped her. Watching him leave, making sure the last of this thoughts were of the impossibly sexy couple that had moved into the neighborhood, was a point of leverage Faye would not let pass.

"He's cute," Faye said, eyes glowing as headlights brightened their doorway. "And so helpful."

Jessica snarled, turning closer to Faye. "Too scrawny for me. For you as well, right?"

Hand on a journey, Faye's fingers traced the outline of Jessica's stomach. The bulge there was brand new. It objected to her previously tidy middle, denying the very notion that Jessica had ever had a flat stomach. She was clearly sexier with a pregnant belly, one roiling with a whirlpool of Faye's milk. Any message of the contrary was a lie, as far as Faye could tell. "You're right," she finally admitted after she'd had her fill of pinching Jessica's smooth, round milk ball. "I like my partners full-bodied; one way or another."

Jealous Jessica dissipated. All that was left was a cuddlesome, sleepy future wife. "That makes us perfect together, 'cause curves are mandatory on my sexual partners."

"Are my curves to your liking?"

"Hmm," Jessica scooped Faye's tit up in her hand. It was too heavy to truly lift, so she jostled it about some so Faye's cleavage line slithered in the button-down top. "You know, they might be a little small. We'll wait an hour or so and then they'll be better."

"You greedy little thing!" Faye teased, pulling Jessica in by her ass and pressing their lips together.

After having milked for an hour outside the bank, a security guard stopped getting off to their display and asked them to vacate the premises. Disturbing the peace, or something. Whatever law they were violating by putting on the lesbian love display of the century, they weren't charged or fined and were on their way in a few minutes. Faye made sure to get the officer's name, making friends like she always did when she met a person that could do her a 'favor' in a pinch.

It took all day to get to their new home, to have a tour, to fill out paperwork, and to be left alone. The sun had been set for almost an hour, day yielding to night at just the right time for Faye and Jessica's liking.

They swapped each other's love and attention with their waltzing tongues, bodies roaming over what they had each made of each other. The two surfaced for air nearly five minutes later, realizing that they could have continued making out for hours and hours in the very spot that Marcus had left them. What drew them apart at the mouth but not at their sensually chained bodies was an even deeper yearning.

"It's that time again," Faye whispered, flipping her blonde hair as her front teeth raked lines down Jessica's neck.

The blonde's full expectation was another good time — their first good time in this new space that would, day by day, feel more like home. She was surprised to find her smaller partner frozen. The body beneath her lips did react, except a stiffness made for an awkward taste to what was supposed to be a dream come true.

"Something the matter?" Faye pulled up slowly.

Those green eyes were closed; brow furrowed. "I meant to talk to you. You promised you'd hear me out."

"I did. It just seems like a weird time for this." Faye couldn't even hold Jessica straight on without smothering her to death in her nearly-full tits. She spoke sweetly to the shorter girl, left arm around her shoulder in a side hug. "You do see that I'm full and we're alone in our new home, right? Don't you want to try out the bed? Or the couch or the table or the stairs? I'd like to try you out everywhere."

Faye smirked, watching the her wife-to-be fight with herculean might the simplicity of fucking themselves to a lust-drunken stupor then nursing till morning.

"No. This needs to be said. It should have been said before but I-I let my physical needs get in the way."

"Alright then. Let's hear it."

Faye listened half-heartedly. She mostly focused on removing the clothing that was gripping her body like a second skin. Jessica sat on their new, fluffy white couch — unwilling audience to the strip tease of the century.

"Going back to before, I do think I'm jealous of you." Jessica's thighs were thicker and much more attractive when they squeezed tight to both hold back and excite her lower lips. "Your

body for sure. I think you're the most beautiful woman alive. But also your success — your self-made success. You're a career woman with dreams and ambition."

"And I told you, so are you! This is our dream come true."

Jessica shrank a little at that. "Actually, Faye, I don't think it is."

Faye chortled. "Baby girl, of course it is! The nice home, the fully furnished kitchen, the music room. We can shop for dogs tomorrow if you want. We'll do it from bed while we drink alcohol and enjoy our full, luscious bodies."

Jessica had a wave of anticipation roll over her so strong it looked to nearly knock her over. "Oh god," the moan came without permission.

"Exactly. Now come here," Faye spread out her arms. She fully anticipated another win, another success. Jessica could finally see things her way now that they were literally living their dream right? Great house, great jobs, great sex, great life.

But Jessica didn't move. It looked like she was shackled to the couch — the only way she wouldn't have submitted.

"I-I'm not finished. Faye, there's a lot about this I don't like. I always saw myself marrying you, but I imagined it being a partnership; you give a little, I give a little, we both make a little work for both of us. I imagined myself stronger and more successful than I am — and no, not a strong lactation specialist, or whatever. Strong, like self-secure. I wanted my future to reflect all the hard work I'd done to make it my future."

Faye squinted, seeing that Jessica found a voice somewhere that gave her strength to defy her hyper-sexual nature. "And this isn't it? I thought this was your dream."

"It's the dream you handed me. Working a job you created in a home you paid for with a body you acquired. Yes, baby, this is everything I want — I'm surrounded by everything I want! I'm just not satisfied. I'll never be the way things are going because I'll always have a little voice inside that's whispering to me: you're nothing special, you just *married* special."

"You're being really insecure right now." Faye didn't realize how much hurt was in her voice till it was already in the air. "Who cares which one of us succeeds? Being together means reaching the mountain top together. Here we are, Jessy!" Faye gestured with her open palms at the space around them — so much space, almost too much. "It isn't about who was special. We're here together now. Doesn't that matter more?"

Jessica stood. It almost looked like she'd given up her little speech. "It might. But that's not what I feel. I feel like that baby in Grace's stroller on our date night. It's nice being treated like I'm

everything, but it's only cute if it's a baby being coddled. I'm a woman for fuck's sake! My heart won't let me be strolled around like I have been." Jessica came forward, emboldened by this rebellious spirit, approaching the colossal woman Faye was with the audacity to speak toe to toe with entitlement. "Please understand, Faye. I've quit my job, lost my figure, betrayed my conscience by watching you get away with so much. But I have nothing to show for my own sacrifices — no reward for taking the easy way out. We fuck like champions together, but I don't feel like a champion of life when we're done. Does that make sense."

"No."

The blond grabbed Jessica by her shoulders, a little too rough. "Faye, h-hey! What're you-. . ."

"How do you think it makes me feel when you say that? After all I did — I sacrificed too! For you. See this?" Faye's hand lifted Jessica's, indicating the sizable white diamond contrasting her caramel skin. "That's what this ring means: sacrifice. I sacrifice so I can make you happy. If you tell me you aren't happy with me literally making your dreams a reality then. . ."

"I think you convinced yourself that this was what I wanted." Jessica hung her head. "And I was too scared or complacent or *something*. I never stopped you. I thought I'd be a fool to. You're perfect and I should be gracious to have you. But this just isn't right and it's time I admit it — before I end up lifeless and bitter and I push you away like Ms. Hightower did."

Faye blinked slowly, a thought behind her blue eyes. "So Sally's the one who put you up to this."

The younger girl seemed to catch her words. She talked through the point. "So what I want is for you to let me do some things on my own. I just need an area in life where I can feel like I'm genuinely making a difference. What do you think?"

"I think a middle-aged woman lost her best worker and used whatever she could to make her feel guilty about leaving."

"Faye! Don't even go there. Sally's Diner paid the bills before you had your first contract. That woman and her restaurant is the reason we're here today."

"And she'd like to take the credit by keeping you there. That's what she wants — I bet she said that 'nobody would ever replace you'. Some worn out old phrase like that. She's brainwashed you. Sally's a lonely old woman without any kids of her own. Yea, and she thinks of you like a daughter that I'm stealing away."

Jessica, after being quiet long enough to hear where Faye was going, tore away from the statuesque blond with tits swinging nearly two feet in front. "Faye, that isn't Ms. Hightower. If anything, that sounds like something you would do."

Faye snarled. "Wow. Really? You actually have to be brainwashed. That lady is selfish and she thinks she can steal away my precious girl for herself."

"I'm nobody's 'girl'. I'm a woman."

"You're *my* woman." Faye reached out to grab Jessica.

Jessica tore away again. "Not if you're going to keep treating me like a baby. I can take care of myself."

"Why won't you let me take care of you? What's so wrong with that? I know you're strong, it's why I want to marry you."

"Maybe I need to prove that to myself before I'm ready to get married."

Faye lost something with those words. It was like the world she'd set up for success was slipping away beneath some black horizon. She'd been in control in every corner of her life. Was she about to lose the final, most important piece of it? "So we're done then?"

Jessica seemed to just realize where the argument had escalated. Faye watched, hoping for some crack in this ignorant wall her love had erected between them; a chink in the armor, a vulnerability. There was only one.

"I need a break," Jessica whispered.

"Then take it with me."

Faye lunged in. She was clumsy and mad with a kiss. She forced Jessica to grope her breasts, exchanging her warmth in an attempt to win over that last prevailing part of the Jessy she loved. For a few awkward seconds there was nothing. Then, motion. Following came a moan. Then emerald eyes glittered with carnal satisfaction and Faye knew she'd reached that sexual haven where she could do no wrong.

"C'mon," Faye spoke through their kiss. She hefted her precious girl into her arms and took her into the darkness of the second floor.

Once there she found the bedroom and nearly tripped carrying them both inside. They clung to each other and fell into the king sized bed. A patio outside could be seen through a sliding glass door. Without curtains, the moon bore witness to her daughters mixing their love and passions into a steamy, feminine concoction like they'd never done before. Tan flesh became one endlessly with fevered pink. They both delivered and received outstanding oral followed by a lustful grinding fit in a dance so spontaneous yet so very familiar. They made a mess of their new room, didn't stop till the pillows and the sheets were theirs. The television, the dresser, the

rug, the windows, the bookshelf, the nightstand, the open closet door, and the bathroom. The sex was the type that made any surroundings feel like home sweet home.

"I'm thirsty," Jessica wheezed.

"Here I come."

Faye came to the head of the bed and laid on her side. She pulled the livewire that was Jessy close so they could face one another. A massive tower of titty was stacked up before her, but the younger girl didn't wink once out of apprehension.

"There. You can start when you like," Faye said, holding the space where waist abated to hip. As she spoke her invitation, she felt her nipples stretching longer. "See? They're ready just for you. They only do that when you're here."

"I'm always honored," Jessica said.

When there was a pause, Faye spoke up. "Something the matter?"

"No. Everything's just fine." Her voice seemed distant.

Laying down, Faye's body took up a third of the bed, then her tits the second third, so sounding distant was a matter of space for sure. But, in the heat of love, the blond elected to leave the wistful tone alone.

She knew she was right when she felt Jessica latch on. Lips sank in tight and her nipple sat heavy along the length of a hot, wet tongue. Her built up supply let down in a quantity that would have made a normal girl choke. Jessy was well equipped for such quantities, though. She could chug gallons of heavy cream without being fazed.

Faye felt momentary back up in her fiancée's throat. Then it passed and sweet, heavy glugging adopted a rhythm. Not a drop went to waste. Her breast unloaded, liters at a time it seemed, to her full satisfaction. No sooner, her hormones drowned her brain and the edges of her vision swam. She closed her aqua eyes and instinctively held Jessica even closer.

She'd won. Again, as she expected, she'd won. Her life was in her hands again. Just as she suspected, her partner just didn't fully understand what was at stake and, once they started snacking on milk and pussy, it changed Jessy's tune. There they lay, life partners, nursing and bonding as sweetly as they did three months prior. It stood to reason that now, with Z cups — only speculation, as she'd been unable to measure herself — that the nursing could go on for longer, as could the bonding and the love.

Unaware of how tired she'd become from marathon sex with tons of excess milk weight, Faye submitted to rest. The final thought on her mind was how amazing her tits were, that no matter what obstacle she'd encountered she'd used her body like a swiss army knife in fixing everything.

When she awoke, it was due to her tits aching beside her. Several milkings had to have been missed. When the goddess sought for her mate, she only found more bed beside her. In a hazy lumber, she came upright and her mammoth boobage slammed the freezing hardwood floor. In the corner of her eye, barely even there, was a folded piece of paper and a gorgeous diamond ring.

Jessy's Bistro
One Year Later

Jessica

"Thank you so much for this. She eats a lot more than her brother does. I could maybe make enough for her if he wasn't so picky about using a sippy cup."

Grace sat in comfy iron chair with blue cushioning at a stonetop round table. In the top, broken ceramic pieces were set to resemble a view. This one was of a cabin with a chimney. Grace didn't seem to care much for scenery. The new mom was bouncing a healthy toddler over her shoulder. He was making a single-toned song that seemed to be for his very own entertainment.

Jessica was sitting across from them. In her arms was Grace's newest daughter, Lily. The baby girl was blinking in and out of a morning nap, head tilted wearily against the tanned woman.

"It's the least I could do. It's not like I have a kid of my own. All my milk goes to waste without you taking a few ounces."

"Still, my nipples are in your debt. Seriously." Grace winked.

Jessica, for reasons she barely understood, felt herself going hot under the collar. "Can I get you something to go? Maybe something for their father?"

"He's off on one of his binges again. Hasn't been home in a few weeks."

"You poor thing."

"Pfft! I'll make it. I was on my own when I met you for the first time, remember? Same deal. The only thing I regret is having the kids grow up without two stable parents." Grace held Jessica's

gaze for a bit. "You're the most stable thing in their lives to be honest. Lily's basically being fed by your breast milk."

"I hope she doesn't get any ideas. I'm just her godmother, not the real thing." Jessica held the child, dreaming of the strong young woman little Lily would be if she kept drinking so much milk.

"Wouldn't be the worst thing for her to think. You're a better parent than their father. I certainly like you better." Grace shrugged the shoulder with her one year old on it. "Getting kinda tired of dick anyway."

Jessica opened her mouth in giddy shock. "You didn't just say that in front of your kids. You're crazy!"

"Dick is their father! Wow, someone's brain is in the gutter this morning."

Jessica raised an eyebrow. An older version of herself would have felt bad about that. Now, she had her own bistro, her own friends, and an honest way of living. She was living her truth. "Sure is. But it ain't sunshine and rainbows. Trust me."

"I don't." Grace rose, shifting her son onto her hip. "I'll have to schedule a trip sometime. Maybe after I drop these two off at my mother's place. You'll have to be understanding, I haven't been intimate with a girl since college."

Jessica rose as well. "Aren't you still technically in college?"

"Night school. Now, give me Lily. You have a store to open!"

Jessica did just that and helped Grace make the transfer of kids to from public space to five-star safety rated SUV. The emerald-eyed woman handed a cooler last which was filled with the morning's pumped breast milk and waved goodbye. Briefly she looked across the street and saw Sally sweeping off the sidewalk about a block down. The middle-aged woman tilted her head in a nod which filled Jessica with everything she needed to turn and swagger boldly into her own eatery.

It wasn't much yet. Her menu was small but flexible. Her sit in dining was limited with only enough seating for about sixteen. She'd got the place mainly because of the alley-side patio which was secluded and cool for those wanting to sit outside. One day, she'd have a band playing live out there. For the time being, she could only play her favorite tunes softly over the speakers; ukulele music by a local artist.

She felt true satisfaction at her simple, lovely, honest life.

It hadn't been easy. Leaving Faye was the hardest thing she'd ever done — in every sense. She was still conflicted as she walked away. Really, she more so wobbled as her belly was so full of milk it basically constituted another human being by size. The cab she hailed several miles from the house kept insisting she go to a hospital, but he'd reluctantly dropped her off at Sally's.

She explained what happened and Sally who, though bewildered, was understanding. She lived in with the middle-aged worker for a few days, digesting what was the biggest belly she'd ever seen. Then, Jessica went about righting every wrong committed by Faye. She apologized to their old landlord for late rent, to Marcus who sold a house at a tremendous loss because he thought he might fuck a goddess, to the attendant at the lingerie shop for putting her through so much trouble just to not buy a single bra.

And she apologized to Grace, admitting she wasn't pregnant and how she felt guilt for going along with the lie. Grace, of all the people, was the most forgiving.

As it turned out, honesty was the remedy. The Landlord forgave back rent, Marcus found the property that became Jessy's Bistro, Sally taught Jessica how to run an eatery, and Grace became an invaluable friend — and maybe more? Even the breast milk, which started when she finished digesting a dozen gallons of Faye's thick cream, had a purpose now. It was so perfect how simple life became; not easy, but simple.

And lovely, and honest.

Jessy had the whole bistro open and ready for business at seven sharp. Her handmade pastries were on display and fresh coffee in five different varieties were ready to be poured. She adjusted her boobs just right and felt no guilt of looking slutty. That had been part of an insecurity that was disappearing too — that she was just a sex craved, lust dominated nymph. Now, sex had its proper role in her life — a vibrant and active role. And her J cup breasts not only helped her find new partners but gave her the chance to be little Lily's wet nurse.

The bell above the door tingled. "Morning! Welcome to Jessy's Bistro!" First customer of the day.

"Hey," came a familiar voice.

Jessica stopped daydreaming about Grace's full, milky breasts and trademark mommy hips to take notice of the figure in the door. Six-six, tits too big to fit through the door, and hair so long it dusted the floor even when in a ponytail?

"Faye?"

It was. Faye had come to find her.

The talk was a lengthy one frequently interrupted by the regulars who came in to start their days at Jessy's. Most knew nothing of Faye and skittered away with their food and drink out of the intimidation of so much woman, which was well and good as it left the two alone.

"I'm proud. You're doing so well for yourself," Faye said at one point.

"Thank you."

"I didn't know you were this ambitious. You could very well open up a chain of bistros one day."

"I'll start with just this one."

"You've had a busy morning. I bet sales are very good."

"Why are you here, Faye?" Jessica turned to the titan. "I left you that note for a reason. I told you I need space. We're done. I have a date today and everything."

"Grace? Yea, she told me you two were getting flirty," Faye talked to her sandals. "That you lactate now and feed her daughter, that she thinks your cute and a good influence, that you're an amazing woman. Yes, yes, I've heard it all. When I get worried about you, the only way I can check up on you is through her."

"Back to manipulating people, then?"

"No! No." Faye steadied herself, finding a peace in some kernel of thought. "No, I talk to Grace because I wanted to make amends first. She just happens to be friendly and open enough to talk to me about you."

"Look, I need to get back to work. Faye, I-"

"Hear me out. It'll be quick." Faye came to the counter like she might leap over it.

Jessica stood still and beheld her almost-wife. "Okay."

"I'm not here to try to win you back. I clearly messed up, I can take the blame. I deserved to have you leave me that night because I wasn't being attentive to your needs. You deserve that in partner." Faye squinted her eyes before the moisture in them showed. "But I do care for you. And I've stayed away as long as I could stand to. Not as a wife, but as a *friend* — Jessy, I just want to be part of your life again."

How the hell did the tables turn like this? Jessica had never seen Faye beg for anything. She'd always been able to get whatever she wanted. Then, Jessica realized that the one thing Faye

really wanted was something that couldn't be taken. It could only be given, and this new version of Faye seemed repentant enough to at least be trusted with it provisionally.

It took courage, but Jessica nodded her head and flattened her frizzy curls. "On the condition that I meet the real you, I'd like to start over as friends." The smaller girl watched her ex-fianceé bow into the counter in tears. Her immense breasts spread and almost overtook the cash register. An empty tip jar nearly met its demise before Jessica nabbed it out of thin air.

"Thank you. Thank you. Thank you." Came weepy, sincere cries. Faye's blue eyes leaked, eyes that matched the colors in Jessy's Bistro exactly. "I won't ruin this. I won't. Thank you."

Jessica came forward and held Faye as best she could. Despite how much there was of her new friend, she couldn't help but feel like the bigger person.

Bad End

Faye

They swapped each other's love and attention with their waltzing tongues, bodies roaming over what they had each made of each other. The two surfaced for air nearly five minutes later, realizing that they could have continued making out for hours and hours in the very spot that Marcus had left them. What drew them apart at the mouth but not at their sensually chained bodies was an even deeper yearning.

"It's that time again," Faye whispered, flipping her blonde hair as her front teeth raked lines down Jessica's neck. "You have enough space in you for more?"

"Thank god," Jessica swooned. "I'm already famished. I hoped the milking at the bank was just an appetizer."

Jessica's mention of 'appetizers', brought even more tension to a beaten and bloodied battle between a goddess' tits and mankind's best efforts at concealing them. Faye's chest lengthened, filling the space below her ribs, casting a shadow over her belly button. Her top looked like children's clothes on her, hanging on by two buttons and riding up to resemble swimwear. Her hip-to-bust ratio was too outlandish for imagination yet too perfect to exist in reality. Faye almost believed she was on the cusp of something new and inexplicable.

"*Fuck*, you little glutton," Faye's eyes glinted with lust.

Jessica raised an eyebrow, challenging the force of nature before her. "I see they like it when I talk about how much I need them to make more and more. It's like all they know how to do is make you bigger and bigger. . ."

"You talk a big game for a girl with one load already in the oven."

"I don't think you get it yet," Jessica shoved as much of herself between Faye's whoppers. Her face and shoulders vanished. Her breasts were pressed flat against the grander, sexier force. Despite her efforts, Faye's milk production kept her breasts firm and taut. There was a little give, but not much. No matter how she wanted to use them as pillows, Faye's chest had already made the transition to milk factories. Play time was over. "I want every drop. At first I thought I was jealous because your buyers got all the milk. I thought 'if I could just have my share, then I'd feel better about her shipping gallons away'. But that wasn't true. I don't just want 'my share'. It isn't enough. Neither is splitting it fifty-fifty. I want *all* your milk — full loads again and again."

Faye smirked at her fiancé making wedding vows between her tits. Her goal had finally come fully to fruition. Her dream for the future had materialized. The dream of her own breast milk business booming with growth as well as her dream of being her own boss. Finally, Jessica's piece of the puzzle fell into place. The girl who had wanted to avoid breast milk in the beginning, the one with cold, lifeless zombie hands during her first milking, was now enslaved to the power of Faye's colossal boobies.

A strain could be heard, then a pop. Another button failed.

"Won't you fill me up? For real. Not just a percentage. Whatever you were going to ship off tomorrow, I want it. Now."

"You want it now, baby?" Faye's succubus arose from within her. "I'll have to lie about why it's late."

"Do whatever you have to do. Nobody could stay angry at you, Faye. You're just too. . . you're just. . ." Jessica, upon thinking of the perfect word to describe her immaculate partner, moaned as loudly as she could and buried her face till all that remained was a tuft of black hair sticking up from Faye's valley.

"F-fuck!" Faye howled, enduring the wildfire burning anywhere her tits were touched. Each were already nearing truck tires for size and pressing even further. "Come here. Give me those sexy lips of yours."

Jessica didn't delay. Up she popped, jaw slack, tongue out. Obedient to a fault, she lowered onto a single knee as if she was the one proposing instead of Faye. Her receptacle open and clear for occupancy, Faye couldn't help but proceed to claim the territory she'd been eyeing. Her

right nipple was as long as a hand from heel to finger tip and was bulged beautifully from excitement. Its semi-flexible nature let it bend as the weight of the tit behind it squished the member against Jessica's face. It throbbed with power, the nozzle behind which a lake was waiting to be drained.

"Mmm, yes," Jessica's angled face curled up and into Faye's heavy tit. The milk vat continued swelling alarmingly fast, pushing the breast lower and lower toward the mouth that would house it for the foreseeable evening. "That big, sexy nipple. Mmm, it smells so sweet."

"Gosh, you're so freaky. I love it," Faye floated her tit meat upward then let it fall and slap against Jessica's face. Without a good deal of support, the widening mass could have crushed the tan-skinned girl beneath it. Having command of such a power was what inspired Faye's fervidity. The longer she let her nipple bend and flex against Jessica's soft cheeks and pouty lips, the more arousing domination she had access to. "Go on, beg. Tell me what you want. Don't stop til you get it."

"Faye~ Please, Faye. You have the biggest, sexiest, most undeniable boobs ever. I'd do anything," she paused, french kissing Faye's nozzle. "*Anything* to have your milk in me. Fill me up, Faye. Don't stop till your empty. Lactate till you can't anymore — all of it, stuffing my tight, little tummy."

"Shiiiiit," Faye was losing it.

Her top was like silly string being pulled asunder. One stubborn button was holding firm, but her chest was several inches further away already. The ocean could be heard in her breast, churning angrily for release. At the edge of her body's exaggerated eaves, a gooey dollop of milk built till it was too heavy, the size of a fist, and splashed against Jessica's forehead.

"Yes! More of that — of your hot, yummy milk." A layer of opacity spread across the black girl's face and body. It slicked her hair so that it was wet and heavy. Her clothes darkened and stuck to her skin. Out of Faye's sight, some of her viscous milk even reached the floor where it tumbled and became the start of a smooth, conditioner-thick pool. "Give me permission, Faye. Stick your raging nipple down my throat and I promise a single drop won't go to waste. Please! Let me suck your amazing, milk machin-. . . MMPH!"

BLLLLGRRRPT!

"Ahh, right there! That's the perfect spot," Faye threw her head back. Her fingers combed her hair as she felt her body releasing.

The first mass of her raunchy essence abused Jessica's throat. The wad that started off the flow of milk was backed up and extra rich, forcing Jessica's body to contort obtusely around it. Beyond that point, there was no break at all. Faye's chest turned out another bulky load, then

another, producing a stream of connected pockets of milk. With her nipple so long and bulging around her milk flow, the scene resembled an injection of all-natural body stuffing more so than a breastfeeding session. Still, dwelling in these obscene extremes was a reminder to Faye at how superior she and her body was.

A minute later, Faye found a brief respite between her throes. "You feel wonderful, babe. Work your sexy lips and tongue some more. I think you might be taking more than ever before."

BLLLGRRPT! BLLLGRRPT!

To spite the suggestion that her breasts could ever be conquered, off went the final button. It pinged off the far wall. The sleeves of the shirt fell slack on Faye's shoulders. The final remnants of the tenacious top were a mess of scattered gray strips on the floor.

"Whoops, nevermind," Faye grinned evilly. "Guess you'd better drink *faster*."

As they grew, her tits pushed away from her body even more. Jessica was forced to roll to keep pace with a nipple that was moving inches away. She went from being on a knee to sitting cross-legged. The milk-obsessed girl felt her bloating tummy punch forward. Her lap became a holster for her chocolate covered cream puff that started out as a mostly disguisable bump and progressed to some overfed boulder.

BLLLLGRRRPT!

The siren song of milk distending a throat and piling up in a big, sexy tummy echoed through the room.

Jessica moaned with every spare breath. She was as accepting as could be — even encouraging with her steamy actions. Even if she was barely in control enough to comply, her tongue did struggle around the girth of Faye's nipple. Her pillowy gates were stretched round the ambrosia delivery system too, keeping her promise of never spilling a drop. Any other girl would have backed up already, but sheer determination with some experience with milk bloat gave Jessica the skill to keep the milking as sexy and functional as possible.

Faye acknowledge Jessica's efforts. But, inside, she knew they weren't enough. Her feet were planted, but Jessy was getting farther away. About five minutes into the milking, her breasts had not stopped growing. At a staggering speed, they pushed Jessica onto her butt, then onto her back. Soon, the waterbed breast was a dominating top to the brown girl's submissive bottom. Inside, milk swirled like a washing machine.

"You're still lagging, sweetie. If you think they'll stop just because your tummy is so huge and soft, you'd better think again," Faye teased.

Breasts like Faye's were too much for anyone, though. Faye knew her body. It was more than supply and demand at that point. Her stuffed, flooding mammaries had no intention of providing just enough to please Jessica because no amount of nectar would be enough to feed someone so irredeemably addicted. A battle of wills was at play between woman and nature. Jessica believed she could never be filled, and Faye's chest operated under the assumption that they could prove her wrong. Her tits had done just that at every possible junction.

So Faye leaned into her chest, one ear to the mixing sound of her production and the other open to the romanticized sound of a girl avoiding drowning as she clogged her body.

The contest of force stretched into the night. The brand new leather couch in the living room was pressed up against the wall by the force of Faye's untouched left breast. It climbed on the furniture like some entitled beast and claimed the entirety of the space with its raw heft. Then a glass end table joined it showing how Faye's mammoth rack could rearrange furniture. She hadn't considered it that way before, but in a way Faye's tits were members of the household. They couldn't be ignored, were always being attended to, and suffocated any space foolish enough to not treat them as the centerpiece.

Rolling her fingers in wide circles, the cares of anything other than her expansive forms was lost to Faye. At last perception, she assumed Jessica was still sucking away, but from some other room where her tits had travelled without her full knowledge.

Just as a doorway was utterly stuffed by her wall of pink areola, Faye curled into her own cleavage. Making the threshold of a door collapse was just enough to push her into orgasm, and such an orgasm —brought on by an areola as wide as her body — was plenty to wear her out, sending her to sleep.

The next day, Faye blinked herself awake to a commotion of sorts. A few voices swam in the fog of her perception, but her body was still heavy and her memory hadn't fully booted up.

It took the voice of her life partner to be an anchor that pulled her back to the realm of light and the living.

"Hey, baby. Rise and shine," Jessica sang sweetly. "I've got a surprise for you."

When Faye didn't wake up right away, a smooch gave her the willingness to open her eyes and see what gift she was about to receive.

"Oh, hi sexy," Faye flirted, seeing nothing but Jessica's attractive features as she stirred. "How'd you sleep?"

"Like a baby, in more ways than one. Your nipple in my mouth is how I want to sleep every night from now on."

That's when Faye recalled her final memories. She went to erect herself, but couldn't move her legs. It occurred to her that she was laying down, turned on her side.

"Whoops! Sorry, did you want to get up?" Jessica noticed the blond's struggle. "Here, I'll get out of your way."

A grunt bent Jessica's expression. To Faye, it looked like her brown beloved was in the gym, suspending some dumbbell to build up muscle. Then, her legs became free which directed her attention to exactly what had been holding them in place. A chocolate monument clumped itself in a new orientation and swung madly with its liquid weight when it was settled. Attached to it was Jessica, whose smile was broad at Faye's look of disbelief.

"Believe it or not, I've actually shrunk. You finished lactating earlier than I thought you would," Jessica commented.

Faye's arms supported her torso. She watched Jessica's belly surge high into the air. It must have been nine feet high — and the girl was reclined on her back! The flanks of her delicious, lady curve stretched even further to the east and west of her peak. It was under one of these flanks that Faye had felt warm and secure as she slept.

Connecting the dots, Faye looked at her chest. They sloshed about, still jiggling from her sitting up. Their size, though, was far too modest to be the same tits that left Jessica a tower of tummy.

"You drank so much that you actually shrank me?"

"Surprised?" Jessica mewled.

"In love," Faye replied.

The blond sashayed her hips as she inspected the space. Floor to ceiling in half the room was just tan tummy. The floor was sticky in places where some sweet titty brew had dried. Following the lines, it had to be cream fresh from the brown girl's breasts, which were equal in size and shape to Faye's own. They both occupied the realm of H cup, both now prominent milkers as well.

"I'm as big as you now," Jessica sing-songed, nearly delirious with her record breaking body.

"They say lovers start to look alike after a while," Faye said, coming to kneel beside Jessica's immobile frame. "I wonder if you'll get taller and thicker all over like I did."

"I hope so," the younger girl said wistfully. "I had something to tell you, but I forgot what it was."

“Must not have been that important.”

Jessica’s arms rose and pulled Faye down. “Guess not.”

The two remained there, indulging with their infinite curves. When Faye felt her chest inflating, Jessica drank without fear of her changing body or size. Likewise, Faye drained her partner and felt her tits surge with growth from the hefty, creamy snack. Their cyclical breastfeeding spiralled further and further, broken into sessions by sleep brought on by fatigue. Faye could think of no better way to live; the two were fully self-sufficient.

Jessica’s tummy took nearly a week’s time to reduce in size. In due scale, she grew to meet Faye’s towering six-foot-six and surpassed the fairer woman in hip and butt size. The younger lover was eager at that point to become a regular producer in the blond’s breast milk business allowing for even greater volumes of production and varied qualities and tastes. Together, their love, bond, and sizes grew till they were no longer mistakable for their previous selves. They lived out the rest of their days together, goddesses, subsisting on little more than sex, love, and heavy cream.

Besides those three, they harbored only one additional ambition: finding other girls to addict to their milk.

“You know who I was thinking?”

“Who babe?” Faye pulled away from lapping Jessica’s immense, footlong nipple.

“That mother from Town Walk? Grace, I think her name was. We should get her.” Jessica finished her sentence with a smirk as she went back to sucking Faye’s own thick, milky pap in a breastfeeding sideways sixty-nine.

“I love how you think, my precious girl.”