

A Violet for a Rose

Warning: The following is erotic content featuring *breast expansion*, *lactation*, *futa*, and other minor fetishes. You know why you're here, so don't complain to me if it's not your thing.

Commission: The following is a commission for Discord user *HallowHug*.

- *Madam Materia*

Sheets upon sheets were spread out on the living room table, covered with hastily-drawn diagrams and scratch-written notes from Violet's classes. The worst part of an occult and folklore major: so many of the classes seemed to blend together, talking about the same few popular stories or niche "interesting" topics. Not that Violet didn't love it to death, but it led to situations like this where you drop one notebook, and suddenly you're playing a complex game of jigsaw trying to match loose-leaf sheets to their corresponding courses.

"Okay, pagan ritual. That goes in pre-Catholic religions," she mused, moving it over with her dark-painted fingernails before second guessing herself, "Or, was it in witchcraft and the occult?"

The girl hovered between the two piles, trying, or rather hoping, maybe she could match her unintelligible scratch from one day to another. When that failed, she did what all pre-twenty college students did when faced with endless frustration: she tossed it across the room, let out an exhausted groan, and slumped back into the couch cushions.

Her hands were quick to rise, slipping through her shoulder-length black locks and tousling them like somehow it might shake the thoughts straight in her head. "Come on Violet, it's not that hard," she muttered to herself, face still buried in her palms, muffling her words.

Yet, she'd been at it most of the afternoon. The balcony window that opened into her little sublet was casting an orange glow, the odd beam catching in the sun catchers to paint pretty little prism rainbows around the room. Rose, her roommate, would be home soon.

Violet got to her feet, her skinny jeans threatening to pop another few of their pre-distressed stitches. For as tiresome as her own day could be, they were nothing compared to the hell Rose had to endure on the daily. Twenty-eight, her roommate was an early graduate of a teaching program, and now found herself in something of a "short stick" job, teaching the trouble students around Violet's age; the worst kinds of young adults.

She deserved better. Heck, that woman deserved the best; something the young folklore student felt severely inadequate for. Every morning, when she got up, she'd watch the redheaded educator pull back those gorgeous ginger locks, showing off the adorable freckles that dotted her cheeks, her nose, and drew you into those bright green eyes. Eyes that would never rest on a twig like Violet.

The noirette was hardly one thirty soaking wet. Short, a head shorter than the average at just a little over five feet, and trim from her tight tummy to her, unfortunately, barely-boobs. Wearing a bra was a social obligation to keep her nipples from showing through her tight tops, not any sort of need to

support her little bee stings. She wasn't unattractive, technically, to a certain type of people. The problem was wanting with all her heart to be Rose's type, and at best, she was currently a roommate and friend.

Still, she could make it up in other ways, trudging herself to their little kitchenette and flicking a pair of burners to max. One for dinner, one for tea. The kettle was easy enough, filled at the sink and a couple teabags tossed right in before setting it on the heat. Dinner on the other hand...

Violet raided the pantry, chewing on her lip with a thoughtful look in her dark blue eyes. Pasta, tuna, they were good on mayo. Did they have any pickles left for a quick tuna salad? Best to hope. If not, she could shift it easy enough into a mac and cheese.

The pot was set to boil, and with that, the girl made her way back to the couch and her unsorted notes; just in time for the front door to begin the telltale rattling of the teacher's return.

A telltale sign of a cheap student apartment: squeaky door. It swung in, revealing the tired redhead in all her glory. Her beautiful red locks had the lightest bit of frizz, hanging down to her mid-back like a grand sheet. It was a beautiful backdrop to highlight her drop-dead silhouette. Plump breasts adorned her chest, ranging right at that sweet spot she got to shop in the bigger end of the intimates sections, leading down into a small dip in the waist.

She wasn't as lean as the noirette, the lightest bit of pudge showing beneath the small gaps of her burgundy blouse's buttons, but it was the perfect little cap for those tight work pants. They were seemingly painted on her motherly hips, a nice pear shape for a perfect, plush ass. How many dreams had Violet had, just fantasising sinking her nails into that juicy booty and burying her face in it? She was having one now, and thank whatever gods there might be she was good at hiding it.

With little more than an exhausted sigh, Rose dropped her purse and bag to the floor, their contents of textbooks and lesson plans pouring out almost as bad as Violet's own. Her heeled shoes were kicked off to the corner, and she trudged her way through their little living room over to the couch.

She wasn't elegant, turning and letting herself fall over the arm, her head landing on her roommate's shoulder with a rough huff from the impact.

"Long day?" the blue-eyed goth asked, only able to look down at the taller woman from the awkwardness of her collapse.

"Just a bit," the redhead answered, eyes closed and rubbing at her temples. "They didn't want to learn algebra the first time, most of them don't want to try the second go around. And one of them actually shot a rubber band at my ass while I was writing out an equation," she pout, arms falling to under her impressive bust. "Still stings."

There was an urge to laugh, and an ever bigger one to ogle. Violet managed to resist both, shuffling a few of her papers scattered on the table to keep her gaze occupied. "Sounds rough. I've got tea going; want me to make you a cup, and you can tell me about it?" she offered.

"Please," Rose chuckled with a smile. "With the hazelnut creamer if we have any left. Half a sugar."

"You haven't even tried it yet, and you want to ruin it with cream?" the noirette chuckled.

"I know it's one of your teas, Vi," her roommate countered, "which means it's probably one of those witchy green ones that tastes like dry street leaves. After a day like today, I want something sweet, nutty."

Violet just shook her head, keeping her jovial laugh going. "Okay," she relented, hearing the whistle of the kettle starting up and rising to her feet.

Her support having abandoned her, the redhead flopped backward, ginger locks spilling over the edge of the couch. Her brilliant jades drifted from the ceiling, to the scattered mess laid out over their table. "Drop your bag again, Vi?"

The trim goth let out a sigh. "Unfortunately," she admitted, getting the step stool from beside the fridge so she could reach the mugs on the top shelf.

It was something to take her mind off things. "Wish I could help you with it, but your classes are all Greek to me," the curvy cutie swung her legs over and sat up, carefully shifting things around to take something of a curious look at all the occult mumbo jumbo.

"Only some of it's Greek," the noirette joked, tucking the mugs under her arm and climbing down. "Actually," she mused, taking the kettle off the heat and getting started filling the cups, "You might be able to help me find something I've got in there somewhere. It's Japanese, so it should stand out."

"You say that like I can tell the difference between your chicken scratch," Rose teased, picking up a pile of papers, "but, I'll give it a go."

"Thanks," Violet could feel the blush entering her cheeks, filling her face, "I, uh, need it tonight for a 'project'."

"If only my students were so eager about their homework," the teacher sighed, walking her digits through the sheets and giving them a quick peek to look for anything that looked moderately oriental.

In the meantime, the slim girl scoured their fridge, finding the coveted creamer and giving the container a quick shake. Sounded like enough. She poured it into what would be Rose's cup, watching the pale yellow-green liquid go cloudy and finish as an off-brown.

Next, the sugar, which they kept next to the microwave. It was as simple as fishing out a teaspoon and carefully trying to only fill it with half a heap. Her lithe digits were skilled, scooping out just enough, cupping her palm beneath to catch any falling grains as she swung back to their drink and dipped it in. She knew roommate well enough to stir until everything was consistent; a perfect drink for a perfect woman, then collected both drinks to return to her mess.

Just in time too. Rose's eyes perked up, as she pinched one of the sheets in her care and laid it out for the noirette to see. "This the one you were looking for?" she asked.

The occult student at least recognized her own hasty handwriting, but it took plopping herself back down and laying their cups at the tiny edge still available on their covered table to give it a proper look. "That's it!" Violet chirped, quick to scoop it up and tuck it out of the way in her book bag.

The redhead raised a skeptical brow. "Vi, didn't you just say you needed that for homework?"

Pink filled the younger girl's cheeks. "I said tonight," she corrected, "P-probably going to be up late studying. Plus, I've got dinner on and still need to sort all this out," she gestured to her mess of notes.

She wasn't the greatest liar, but if Rose knew, or even believed, what it was and her plans for it...

"Well, just don't stay up too late," she warned like a concerned parent, picking up her still piping tea and taking a sip that left a small stain from her dotting of lipstick on the rim. "Just as I thought, tastes like a fall harvest now with the hazelnut, as opposed to a raked yard."

The teasing struck right to the quick, making the pale blush the goth was sporting deepen to a red to rival her roommate's hair. "It's not that bad," she huffed, picking up her own and taking a taste of her untainted, earthy drink.

It was hot on the tongue, leaving her gasping to cool her mouth for a moment. "Anyway, thanks for finding those notes for me, Rose. You were going to vent about your rotten class though over tea?"

"They're not 'rotten'," the teacher did her best to defend them, but the exaggeration in her tone was more than telling. "I really think they just need the right motivation to take their education seriously, and currently that doesn't appear to be coming from me," she paused and rubbed her bottom, "Unless they think it's hidden in my butt like a pinata."

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The pair finished tea over the evening, each going their own ways until the sun set and replaced that orange glow with a more blanket dark. Rose retreated to grade what she'd actually received from her students, and Violet got to once more take over the living room to sort her mess.

"Don't stay up too late," the redhead chided. Her concern seemed almost motherly, until the educator in her revealed itself, "You'll need your full attention for your classes tomorrow."

"I won't," it was a blatant lie, but she couldn't exactly go making her roommate fret; she needed her asleep for what she had planned.

When you want something though, waiting for it is the worst bout of impatience you'll experience in your life. There was every temptation every few minutes to go peek around the corner, out her head into Rose's room to see if she'd tucked in for the night. Doing so would be inviting suspicion, which was the last thing the noirette wanted.

She did her best to occupy herself with sorting her notes, at least getting some small headway as she changed off of directly trying to apply sheets to classes and started sorting them together into single lessons; the ones she remembered at least. Her mind kept wandering back to that special page of notes currently in her bag. She felt bad keeping it from the curvy beauty she shared a home with, but it wasn't homework, far from it.

It was from her personal studies, found browsing through old bookstores around the campus grounds. The college library was a goldmine for the mainstream, but tucked away in the crevices was where you found the truly interesting occult works from around the world. This one was in the back of a little Asian curio shop, just a few scattered scrolls that made up a strange spell. Her Japanese wasn't the best, but it roughly translated to "milk magic", and the old hand-painted images of a lithe little twig of a woman turning into a voluptuous goddess told her all she wanted to know.

This was it. Violet could make herself into something worth a second look; particularly the look of the woman that made her heart flutter just a few thin walls behind her. She'd wasted no time jotting as much as she could, as detailed as she could, into her notes. Now, it was just a matter of waiting to have a few free hours to figure it out.

Each time her school notes were still, she was sharpening her ears. She still couldn't directly check on the redhead, all she could do was listen for the click of the light, or the end of any motion in the beautiful teacher's room. The minutes passed into hours, even the commotions outside coming to an end, before the lithe noirette felt confident to start making her move.

Violet collected her notes, slipping them into the corresponding books, and went into her bag for the spell. She could feel her fingers trembling with excitement, her heart racing from the blend of anxiety from sneaking around and the unbridled anticipation she would be getting her wish.

Tiptoeing her way to the kitchen, she did the translation in her head. She'd need a large pot first, easy enough, she was also going to need a smaller container though for some minor ingredients in the later steps. She didn't want to wake Rose. Every movement needed to be slow and deliberate, so as not to make too much noise. The pot would be under the sink, but for something small... she needed water anyway, a quick rinse of one of the evening's mugs would do.

The running water had worried electricity running through her, as she filled the vessel of her spell to the half point. Onto the burner it went, and before shutting it off she gave the closest cup a rinse and set it aside.

"Kay," the occult student whispered under her breath, turning the heat to a low boil and going back to her notes, "first the milk thistle."

Another slow creeping back to her bag, fishing out as quietly as she could the small shopping list of ingredients as she'd translated them. There was something to be said that ancient scrolls referenced things still being used today, albeit in less direct terms. Often a flower or plant of some sort, later found to be a chemical in its composition. From a scientific approach, you could probably have narrowed these all down to an exact thing needed from their makeup.

Violet wasn't a scientist though. She was, at best, an amateur witch following instructions.

Back in the kitchen, the goth bit her lip as she crushed the thistle in her hand, feeling its thorns dig into her and its warm sap leak through her fingers. "That should be good," she let the drops fall into the aside mug before dropping the plant into the makeshift stew to boil.

Black cohosh was next on the list, needing just the roots diced and pressed. Each step made her hands shake a little more, the rattling of their cutlery nearly making her jump out of her skin. Rose seemed still asleep, and so she took the small bundles and got to work.

She needed some haste. The pot was starting to properly roil, the crushed thistle breaking up to its crumpled leaves and turning the concoction a pale green. As fast and silent as she could she chopped through the tangled root, getting right to the point the step turned white, and turning the blade on its side to press any liquid out. The juices went into the cup, the dried cuttings into the mix.

Her third ingredient required less care. Fenugreek, already in its dried seed form thanks to a trip to the bulk store. The spell called for a handful, definitely unhelpful, but she followed accordingly. Tearing into the thin plastic bag she poured some out into her palm, waiting to the point she could just wrap her fingers around it to drop it in the pot in a rain of grains.

By now, the mix was a deep brown, starting to grow thick as the water began to boil away and leave just the plants.

Next was a honeycomb. The instructions said to scrape the honey into her side dish, she hoped a little from the bottle in both receptacles would do. Squeezing the little bear-shaped container until it looked like how much would come off, she added a dash to the pot for what would have been left in the hexagonal chambers and tossed the waxy construction in.

It finished up with a pinch of salt, sprinkled in a ring about the top of the muck she was working with. It didn't change much, still looking like a thick slop at best. The wooden spoon she'd grabbed to stir was hardly moving through it.

Too late to start over now though. She was at the last steps: drawing the symbols and beginning the chant.

She didn't want to take the chance with a marker or lipstick, so had gone out of her way to the campus store for a piece of artist's charcoal. One hand holding her scrawled notes, she drew them around the rim of her pot, the implement crumbling a little more with each stroke of the oriental characters. The metal was radiating heat just in front of her touch, threatening to burn her if she got too close; not helpful when you're already riding the edge.

Violet singed her finger only once, swallowing her outburst and quickly correcting the character with the dish towel hanging nearby. It all looked good. Now, it was the moment of truth.

Barely above a whisper, she prayed her Japanese was on point. One character at a time, it was honestly just gibberish. The odd word here and there, strung together with connecting syllables. It felt like mixing Latin with the eastern tongue, and her eyes were glued to each letter she'd drawn.

They wanted to go elsewhere though. The concoction she had been working the night away on began to stir, glowing an eerie teal. The symbols lit, dragging a ring of light around the pot. She could feel her heart beating a mile a minute, afraid it might burst out of her chest at any moment.

She picked up the mug, continuing the ritual on her tongue. All that was left was to add the separated ingredients and touch it to her lips. She dipped it in, the sticky saps leaking out into the muddy potion.

The light rose up before her, a trail of sparkling dots on the air. She pulled the messed cup from the stew, ready to drink, only for the sprite to startle her with sudden motion.

It flew around her, then like a lightning bolt out into the living room. Fear swelled to a crescendo inside her, and at once she dropped the mug to chase after it. The magical light fled up the hall, guided by some unseen force into Rose's room, filling it with a flash before casting their apartment in darkness once more.

Caution went to the wind. Violet dashed out of the kitchen, full tilt, to Rose's room. Her voice failed her, her nerves having pushed all the way up into her throat. In a cold sweat she peeked her head into the doorway, terrified of what she might find.

The redhead was laying there, sound asleep, her bare shoulders peeking just above her blanket as her chest rose and fell from her breath. She was... Nothing changed, the same beauty she always was, making the younger girl's heart flutter and crash from the stress.

The spell, what happened? Was it a dud? The noirette made her way back to the kitchen, what was once a point of mystical wonders now little more than the mother of all messes. The mug was half-sunk in hot muck, but with her senses heightened to this degree, she figured she knew what happened.

That was Rose's cup, from their tea. The spell said it, to "touch it to your lips". It must have been literal, and her hasty rinse hadn't gotten all of her roommate's lipstick off the rim.

She was raking her own lip, suddenly nervous for an all new reason. Nothing had happened, save a glorified light show; she might even have imagined it. Still, there was an unsettling feeling festering in the pit of her gut.

There was also nothing she could do about it. Any extra information the scrolls might have had were still collecting dust at the back of that curio shop, and she was out of ingredients; even the symbols she drew on the pot had burnt off in the display.

With a disappointed sigh, Violet heaved the goop over to the sink; still not wanting to wake her crush, but she had to get this mess cleaned up before they woke up. The thick melange went down slowly, needing a hard scrubbing that left her feeling exhausted by the end of it.

Physical exhaustion still did nothing to settle her mind though. As she collapsed with a squeaky thud into her sheets, she was still fretting over her stupid mistakes, and praying again. This time, that nothing would befall her precious Rose.

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A scream. Violet shot up, her hair a mess, blankets half-wrapped around her. She'd fallen asleep in her clothes, leaving her with the lingering, musty smell of her sweat in them. Despite the cry, her first look was to the clock, it was a bit past eight AM. She'd slept in, which considering the late wasn't exactly an oddity. The annoyed grumbling coming from their bathroom was another story.

"Ugh, come on!" it was Rose, struggling with something to great distress.

The gothic noirette was stiff from makeshift sleep in semi-tight clothing, but the call of her crush wouldn't wait. She tossed her sheets aside, getting to her feet and scurrying as fast as she could to their bathroom. "Rose, you-" she started, only to stop dead in her tracks.

The door was half-open. Inside was the curvy beauty, in nothing but a comfortable pair of panties. Her ginger locks still had the light sheen of a fresh shower, the odd strand sticking to her freckled skin. Her towel had been lazily cast over the back of the toilet until it could find its way to the laundry.

All of that, but yet, the most eye-catching aspect of the scene before her were the teacher's breasts. Even her own verdant gaze was turned down at them, her hands fumbling behind her back with the hooks of a bra that was straining to even try and keep them in. There was doughy flesh overflowing above and beneath, Rose occasionally let a strap go, to try and get the underwire to sit where it should and cause the problem to worsen above.

Her pillows pushed up in a soft muffin, the edges of her rosy nipples peeking over, and showing off another addition: tiny little beads of pearly liquid. If one didn't know better, they might assume it to be remnants of her shower; hell, the curvy redhead may even have. Violet knew better though, as the colour filled and drained her cheeks from the mixture of arousal and horror she was feeling. Her spell had worked.

"Come on!" Rose repeated, having not noticed her roommate's presence yet, "I know you girls swell a little this time of the month, but this is a bit excessive."

She didn't even suspect, leaving that horny part far the dominant to paint the noirette's cheeks red. "Uh..." she stammered, half-hidden behind the door.

The small sound drew the buxom damsel's attention, eyes rising to catch her younger roomie there. "Just in time, Vi," she let go of her clasps, an embarrassed pink in her face. "Could you help me out? I'm uh, a little swollen this morning."

Dumbstruck, Violet remained frozen there in the doorway, processing the request with a brain working overtime to the point she half-expected smoke to start pouring out of her ears. "Y-ee-ah," the word slurred out between her lips, as she clumsily stepped her way forward.

This close, she could smell the sweet floral scent of her roommate's shampoo on those radiant locks. The height difference had her eyes level with those freckled shoulders, the beige band of the curvy woman's ill-equipped support just below her chin. All the while, the secret truth of what was going on lay just beneath the surface, at the front of the gothic girl's thoughts.

Still, when presented a gift opportunity... Her slender hands came up, gently grazing the skin of her roommate's back as she took the ends of the multi-hooked garment in her grasp. In her dreams, she'd have been doing the opposite; opening the clasp with an exaggerated flourish of her fingers. Knowing she was helping out the object of her affections though filled her with warmth that ran from her core right to her loins and extremities.

It was, unfortunately, a little short lived; quickly replaced with a stern-faced concentration as she struggled to latch Rose's poorly-equipped bra. She didn't seem that much bigger, but the tight fit of the undergarment as Violet managed to get at least one of the little clasps together told a different story.

"One down," the noirette couldn't help a yawn, shaking the stiffness out of her hands.

Those verdant eyes peeked over to catch it. "I warned you about staying up too late, Vi," the woman chastised, taking the moment to adjust the over shoulder straps to try and give her overflowing bust a bit more breathing room.

Coming from those pretty lips, it brought the blood back to Violet's cheeks. "I-it's fine," she lied, starting the task of getting the next hook into its loop bed.

"I might not know much about your occult mumbo jumbo," the spell caster's heart stopped, terrified that her mistake had been revealed, "but I know well enough it's going to affect your attention in classes today."

The tiny goth struggled to hold in her sigh, or at least make it not sound like one of relief she hadn't been caught. "Nothing a macchiato or two won't solve," the nighttime sneak told her, managing to get the second hook in, and the third with a little more effort.

It wasn't a great fit. The band was digging deep into the plush of the ginger beauty's sides, and there was more than a little overhang from her newly milky tits over the cups. With the added pressure, there were the beginnings of wet stains starting at the edge of the fabric, where it was only barely covering her nipples; heck, Violet could still see the outer colour of the woman's areola peeking over the smooshed horizon.

It was going to have to do however. "And you wonder why you're so short," the redhead teased, ruffling her roommate's dark locks. "Anyway, thanks Vi. Class wasn't going to wait for me to wrangle some time of the month swelling."

And with that, she was off, the shower fresh sheen of her ginger locks hanging to just above her tight-wrapped rear; what a sight to watch go.

"You should probably be getting ready too," the teacher chimed before disappearing into her room, "unless you want to smell like stale sweat all day; caffeine won't solve that for you."

A shiver ran up the goth's spine. It was probably obvious between being dressed, the smell, hell, she probably even passed her half-open door and saw her collapsed there on the bed. Still, it felt like those pale green eyes had looked right through her and seen all her secrets.

It was a powerful sensation, and one Violet couldn't deny left her a tad hot and bothered. In her tight jeans she could feel the pulse of her heartbeat in her loins; clit so hard she felt like it was grinding against her zipper. Yeah, maybe it was a skirt day, she thought to herself and slipped off to find some post-shower clothes for the day.

Meanwhile, Rose's troubles with her new figure hadn't ended just because she managed to get a bra on. Fishing through her closet, the typical blouses she was expected to wear for her professional attire didn't want to cooperate. The first two or three buttons fastened as usual, but the moment things got to her bust, there was no connecting the hems over the swell of her assets.

There wasn't going to be any getting the noirette's help with this one. She had full control up front, and any attempt just had soft boob squishing under her straining fists as she grunted; hoping to cross the gap of those last few inches and contain her bloated bosom. Every trick in the proverbial book,

and at best she was getting a button underneath; making a window her poorly-restrained bust was leaning out of, seemingly just to show off as much cleavage as it could.

Her gaze flicked over to the clock, watching yet another minute flick by on the digital display. She didn't have time for this. Professional attire be damned, she needed to be presentable. Tossing her fourth ill-fitting blouse onto the bed the ginger beauty pushed her way into the back of the closet. When all else failed, go to the comfort zone: a nice knit sweater.

Pulling it down over her head, she still had some troubles getting it past the obvious problems. Once she cleared her swollen melons though it tucked nicely beneath, letting her pull it down to just above the waist; though not tuck it in. It was also very obvious, from a look in the mirror, she was stretching it pretty far across her top-heavy bounty; leaving micro gaps that, looking hard enough, she could see the difference in colour between her bra and bosom.

Maybe it was one of her older tops? She didn't have time to rationalize. She needed to be out the door or there'd be a locked one with a bunch of low-patience students looking for an excuse to skip class for the day.

Rose slung her bag over a shoulder, rushing and slipping into her low heels. "Make sure you get to class, Vi!" she called out before hurriedly slamming her way out.

The order gave the noirette a tingle, going from her over-hot loins out to each of her extremities. "I-I won't," she stammered, stripping her sweat-stake pants and kicking them into the laundry on the way to what was now going to be a cold shower.

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The short drive to campus found Rose nervously drumming her steering wheel. Every light felt too long, every wait for pedestrians a slog, but mostly, it all compiled as more time to notice how tight her bra was. She could feel the muffining of her tits against her biceps, in spite of her every effort to ignore it. It was that time, and as much as she was rationalizing it was normal, she'd never had bloating this bad before.

Another change of the lights, putting her into motion and shifting her thoughts back to the road. She'd have time to figure it out after class. For now, it was a frantic rush to find a parking spot and get herself to the lecture hall before her students took her absence as an excuse for truancy.

She double-timed her steps, heels clacking their way through the halls. Two things were obvious. One, she was feeling her boobs bouncing and threatening to hop out of their confines with each hurried footfall. Two, the way her shoes press up her butt, accentuating her curves, was making the problem all the more obvious; and she was attracting stares.

The further she got, the more pink was tinting her freckled cheeks. "Just get through the day," the teacher muttered to herself, rounding the corner to her class.

The few that had nothing better to do were already there, leaning against the walls, postures closed as they impatiently awaited the arrival of-

“Miss Holt, what’s the deal?”

“Yeah, you’re not normally late,” a pair scoffed, arms crossed and leering down their teacher.

There was a pause, as their gazes drifted down to the assets which had been pestering their teacher all morning. Expressions softened, some shifting to stunned shock, as visible twitches happened in the tightest pants.

Did she really look that provocative? “It was a rough morning,” she dismissed their criticism, pressing herself into the door as she unlocked it to shield herself from view.

It swung in, giving her a small burst of momentum she wasn’t quite expecting. The curvy ginger stumbled in her first couple steps, pulled forward by the inertia of her chest, only able to stop with a hard step that echoed through the room. There was bouncing, especially on the right, where she was now positive one of her straps had slipped out of its loop to shoot up her shoulder.

Great... No time to fix it though, her butt was currently pointing out to her students and she could absolutely feel all their eyes burning a hole in her tightly clad rear. She shot upright, making sure to fix any folds in her pants before hurriedly scrambling to her desk. “P-please, take your seats!”

For once in her career, they obediently filtered in. It was obvious they were giving her quick looks from the corners of their eyes, only daring to jump away when she caught them, and unlike their normal scattered seating, they were practically fighting to fill up the front rows closest to her. The teacher couldn’t quite help herself; she kind of liked it.

Maybe too much. The blush was back in her cheeks, and she could feel her own subconscious rubbing of her thighs together in her seat. Was it the attention?

Either way, best to try and ignore it and do her job. “Alright class, if you’d open your texts to-” never had she seen them get their books out so fast, “t-to page seventy.”

They silently did as told. No crude remarks, no phones out, or exchanging of notes. For the first time since she got the job, they were perfectly behaved.

The delight Rose had experienced with it shifted to something of an unnerved feeling. Nothing was technically wrong, but it was just so different as to feel off. She tried to ignore it; “don’t look a gift horse in the mouth” as they say. If she was going to be granted one good lesson, she should just take it and shut up.

So used to constant interruptions though, the ginger’s plan for the day was finished before the halfway point of the class. She couldn’t just let them out; even with a day like today, they were behind. She didn’t have anything to immediately jump into either.

“Are there any questions?” she asked, her textbook awkwardly tucked under her bloated bust as she spoke without realizing it, “If not, then how about we take a moment to do the problems at the end of the chapter, and I can help out with any clarifications before you’re left to it on your own as homework.”

A hand shot up at the front, stretched high to get her teacher’s attention. “Yes, Esther?”

Her hand came down, a shy smile on her lips as the girl adjusted her glasses, brushing a lock on her brunette hair over her ear. "I was wondering, Miss Holt, if maybe you might come over and check some things for me?"

It was unusual for any of them to single themselves out like that. Again though, Rose wasn't going to question the situation. One of her students was being brave enough to ask for help, she wasn't going to turn her down.

"Sure," she offered in a light tone, non-judgemental to hopefully encourage the others if they might need it as well.

There was a spark of excitement in her again; this was the job she'd always wanted after all. It also had her just a tad too giddy as she made her way to the front rows. Her heels were clicking, half-bound chest bouncing a little more than she intended in her sweater.

The others were stealing glances from the corners of their eyes, pretending to continue their way through the solutions. Rose could feel the heat building in her cheeks again, as well as "other places". She couldn't recall ever being this horny before. There was a spike around this time of the month, sure; but, like the swelling, it had never been this bad before.

She needed to push through though. Just another hour of class, where her students were in need of her. Closing up her posture, to try and keep her peeking bust from making another escape attempt, she slipped herself between the desks to check what she'd been called for.

"So," the buxom educator leaned in, nearly jumping back when she felt one of her boobs trying to roll out of its cup, "w-what did you need my help with, Esther?"

The girl rest her elbow on the desk, bicep gently nudging her chest, her fingers idly twirling one of her bangs that had managed to escape. She raked her teeth over her lower lip, gaze idly leaping between the swell of boob only a few inches from her face and shyly into the opposite direction with a pale tint pink in her cheeks. "Just wanted you to take a look," she folded her arms over, covering her textbook as she pressed her own chest through the new window she'd made, "maybe you like what you see?"

Rose mentally stalled, needing a moment to process the question; what was being asked, what was happening. Her gaze was inadvertently drawn right to where her student wanted, to where her boobs were pressing together into a tempting little cleavage in her low cut top. There was the lightest bit of billowing, creamy flesh ever so slightly pouring out of the top of her sports bra.

Putting along, the ginger beauty's mind was setting off red flags. Had Esther come to class wearing something so provocative? The educator had been in something of a rush, to say nothing of the other issues she was having, maybe she'd just missed it? More pressing though, even if they hadn't had the best student-teacher relationship, Esther had been her student for more than half a semester; and those flags were screaming she wasn't normally this big.

A push up bra maybe? No, Rose could see it herself, it was a stretchy, sporty type; at best, it'd have a little padding to keep things in place. The longer she stared, the more she started to notice it. Each few breaths that doughy overflow poured out the lightest bit more. Hardly perceptible but for the occasional light brush of tight fabric on skin.

"I'll take that as a yes?" Esther's voice broke her from her observation.

Her green eyes blinked, coming up and catching where her student was looking to come to this assumption. Her gaze was tilted down, teeth raking across her lip with a lewd little grin. Following, Rose's heart dropped into the pit of her gut.

Her half-fallen bra. Her left breast had more than overflowed, leaving her nipple rubbing on the inside of her sweater; hard as diamond.

The ginger's freckles disappeared into a sea of red. Conflicting reactions left her frozen, looking around the room to see just how many of her students had noticed. All of them, it seemed, but worse, Esther wasn't the only one going through changes.

Charged, her eyes were jumping all over. Chests starting to overflow their containers, tents in pants she wanted to write off as just erections were growing longer, stretching down pant legs. The worst part: she couldn't recall being so horny in her life.

They were her students though! It was a conflict of interest, a gross abuse of power dynamics that could end with her fired before her career really took off. Yet here she was, actually considering it.

Reflex took over. Rose snapped upright, one hand slapping over her obvious nipple in a futile attempt to salvage whatever was left of her modesty. A new problem arose with it, her face struggling between her embarrassment and going pale at what she could feel against her palm; her nipple was wet.

"I, uh," she stammered, stumbling backwards and nearly missing the aisle step. More eyes were on her, more stirrings within jeans that called out for her attention. "B-bathroom!" she panicked, turning on her heel in a dash for the door, "Keep working on those problems!"

Even braced against her hand, she was jiggling out of control. Her other bra strap gave up the ghost halfway there, and the vigorous movement of her tits jumping up and slamming down in her, at this point barely half cups, was forcing her stretched band further down her core. By the time she tore her way into the women's room, her one hand was soaked, and there was a damp, dark stream coming off her right teat and nearly ready to start dripping on the floor.

Not private enough yet, anyone could walk in on her. The teacher shuffled herself to the back of the room, the corner most stall, and locked herself away to inspect the damage properly.

Her sweater came off in one fell swoop, tossed across the back of the toilet in her confined little prison. "What's happening to me?" she muttered at the sight of her udders.

They were bigger than this morning; they had to be. Her bra was all but destroyed, warped out of shape with what were by the tag a triple D cup doing nothing but acting as awkward platforms for her massive melons. And the leaking. There were glistening streams, thin and pale white, coming from her lust-swollen nipples and drizzling down in a cacophony of shallow droplets.

"What's wrong with me?" a better question, as one hand came up.

Feeling what she knew to be warm milk across her fingers as she cupped her swollen tit, she gave an experimental squeeze. They were so tight, so full, she couldn't help a gasp of pleasure as a

pressurized spurt arced from her stiff teat across the stall. She couldn't hold it back any more, her loins were on fire, screaming out for the satisfaction she was denying herself. Her teeth buried themselves into her plush bottom lip to muffle herself, as with a mad fervour she scrambled to one-handedly get out of her pants.

The button flew open, dragging the zipper down a few pegs in Rose's urgency. The hand holding her plump, bloated breast rolled, kneading her sensitive flesh. Each squeeze sent another arc of sweet cream to paint the room, her digits sinking in deeper as she expressed her liquid bounty, building her up to the relief she so craved.

Her bottoms hit the floor with a soft thud, and finally she could attack the core of the issue. Collapsing against the barrier wall, her fingers slipped into her wet snatch without any resistance. She was so wet, so ready, she got to the knuckle without even realizing it. God, she wanted more. She was grinding her clit into her palm, her bare ass rubbing up and down the wall, rattling the room around her. Whimpers built in her throat, biting her tongue as she struggled not to cry out and make a scene.

Sweat on her brow, feminine love all over her wrist and thighs, and puddles of milk building around her on the floor. She couldn't hold back. A low moan passed over her lips, her knees quaked, dropping her lower and lower into the drowning sea of her fluids. The hand tending her chest swapped breasts, and as that first high-pressure stream shot out of her she peaked with a euphoric squeal.

The ginger couldn't recall a finish so powerful, the muscles of her sweet box tightening on her invading feelers. She collapsed with a soft clap of her ass on the linoleum, and the wet splashes of milk and cum around her ankles. Still, her grasp on her tit was tight, kneading out more and more of her seemingly endless bounty, riding out her finish until it was nothing left but a slow trickle.

"Fuck," she cussed, finally catching her breath, removing her hands from her warm body as her senses started to come back; clear thought, started to come back.

She looked around at the mess, unable to feel embarrassed while still basking in the afterglow. Her pants were noticeably soaked through, and she could feel it in her socks as well. Her bra... yeah, that really didn't describe the warped strip of elastic clinging just below her ribs. There wasn't getting back into it without help, and she didn't have Violet around for that. She also couldn't go back out there without coverage, her fat nipples were still half-hard and she had no doubt would look absolutely lewd even with her sweater.

A plan. The milk-coated beauty needed to deal with the stains. Her top had escaped most of the spray and was already drying. Her bottoms? A rinse in the sink to get rid of the smell, wet pants were easier to deal with than explaining what she just did. Coverage. She peeled open the stall door, scanning the room like a crime scene and landing on the pad dispenser.

Extreme problems call for extreme solutions; and it was her time of the month after all.

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Back at their apartment, Violet was hovering over the living room table. Last night's recipe was there, the student using what little time she had between the end of her classes and when her

roommate would get home trying to parse if her hypothesis was correct; and what she might be able to do to fix it. Her phone was sitting at the edge, opened up to a very basic translator to try and find anything her rudimentary knowledge of the language might have missed. Maybe she copied down a character wrong, or missed a word break somewhere? Maybe she'd just imagined things this morning?

It was getting her nowhere. The noirette gave a groan, falling back into the couch and brushing her hair back with a hand. "What the hell have I done?" she cursed, hearing the rattling of the door handle heralding the educator's return.

It wasn't the usual tired sway of the hinges. No, the portal practically blast open to reveal a dishevelled and exhausted Rose. Her ginger hair was a mess of tangles, her clothes were odd mixes of wet and dry, the hems having the worst of it from gravity. It was hard for Violet to tell, but there was definitely an odd lumpiness going on beneath her top. Her nipples, or...?

The punky occult student went to greet her, but it temporarily went ignored. Shoes were kicked off with such force they scuffed the wall before tumbling into place, her bag was dropped along the way, and wordlessly the curvy redhead made her way to the bathroom.

Violet could only blink her deep blue eyes, listening as she heard the slap of wet clothes on linoleum tile. The shower taps were turned, the heavy downpour of steamy water unable to completely drown things out. She could hear Rose's harsh breaths, and an odd, familiar crinkling sound before the smallest tearing, the slap of flesh on flesh, and a relieved sigh. Something wet and heavy hit their tin trash can next to the toilet, then the sound pattern repeated.

She tried to imagine what it might be, that curiosity sliding away as she realized the woman must be nude as this morning. The changing soundscape played into the fantasy. The echoes of the shower lessened, now beating against that beautiful form, washing away the grime of the day.

The noirette's cheeks tinted, her heart racing to spread the red around to other parts of her body as well. Her groin was throbbing, that same uncomfortableness from this morning taking over, feeling like her clit was engorged and pressing into her zipper. It wasn't about to get better.

There was a wet thud from the bathroom, Rose's voice rising over the water. "Ah, yes, finally." It was a sensual purr, the words raspy as her breaths began picking up.

Was she? A soft moan affirmed it, another wet slap that Violet envisioned must have been that juicy ass landing across the wall, else the side of the tub. She was having a go with herself.

All the dark-haired student could think to do was bite her tongue, trying to get her mind away from what was going on in the other room. God, she wished she could join her, sink her hands into that bottom and just smother herself in those thighs. Barring that, well, her hand was already hovering over her own honeypot, feeling the heat emanating even through her jeans.

No, she needed some self control. How embarrassing would it be for the both of them if Rose came out to see the girl's pants around her ankles, fingers buried to the knuckle in herself as she jacked off to the sounds of her roomie doing the same in the shower? But oh, what sounds they were.

Another thud, as the ginger goddess must have dropped to the floor. "Come on," it was intended as a whisper, but in the throes came out as a horny, frustrated grunt. Legs were hitting tub edges, another tight groan of pleasure before the climax of a heady moan that rattled Violet to her core.

Her teeth dug deeper into her tongue, leaving her to worry if she might make herself bleed. Her loins were burning, crying out for attention. She'd given up the moment for that though. The water was already shutting off after the educator's little bit of self-satisfaction, the curtains pulling and the woman stepping out to rejoin her in the living room.

Rose emerged around the corner with a simple nightgown lazily thrown in her wet body, pink nipples quite prominent through the wet, near-sheer, white fabric. After that little audio play, quite the sight, leaving her younger roommate going all she could to keep a straight face and hope it wasn't too red. The exhausted teacher sidled up to the side of the couch, then, like a lazy cat, poured her weight over it to collapse into the cushions with a short bounce; head landing perfectly in Violet's warm lap.

Neither said anything for a moment. The occult student was holding her breath, hoping that nothing obvious might give away just how riled up that little episode had left her. Didn't seem to be the case, the curved up redhead was just enjoying the thigh beneath her as a pillow as she rode down the high of her self-pleasure.

"Is there any of that hazelnut creamer left?" Rose's voice was tired, a soft prayer more so than a question.

The noirette found herself biting at her inner lip before answering, "You had the rest of it yesterday with your tea. I could put something less green on for you if you'd like?"

The educator just let out a long sigh, deflating, sinking further into her roommate's lap. "No, it's alright. I'm comfy," she muttered, turning on her side, heavy bust rolling over itself for one heavy boob to lay over the other. "I'll pick some up while I'm out tomorrow."

Odd. "It's Thursday tomorrow," Violet pointed out.

"I called in for a sub," the redhead muttered. "Today was..."

Just the way she said it. Embarrassment, frustration, so many negative emotions all twisted together into a maelstrom that didn't really know how to escape her. Her body curled inward, one arm covering her bust and squishing it close to herself.

It sank the witchy goth's heart a bit. "That bad?"

Rose's lips tightened. A conflicted line, but she definitely wanted to talk. "I mean, you helped me out this morning. I'm sure you noticed the... swelling."

It took far too much effort not to just blurt it out there this was her own dumb fault. "I might have," the noirette shyly admitted, pink in her cheeks, and a throb in her loins as she once again recalled the moment in her fantasies.

"It's... a little more than it seemed," the freckled beauty explained, hugging her tits a bit closer.

Violet could feel warmth on the woman's wet body. More shame, or maybe...?

"My students took notice," even the way she said it teetered in emotion, "I've never been so... I thought it was going to be a good day.

"They were attentive! It felt like after everything things were worth it. They were excited to learn, but-" the enthusiasm dropped, her freckles disappearing in a sea of red as a hand moved to hide her face. "One of my bra straps... I had a nipple hanging out," the teacher muttered as quietly as she could.

Oh what a sight that must have been, in that tight, curve-hugging sweater. Self control was waning, the heat building again in the occult student's loins. Her clit was again throbbing against the zipper of her pants; even more aggressively than last time. Cool it down. She swallowed thickly, reaching out to try and find a place to give her roomie a comforting pat.

Her hand landed on a bare, freckled shoulder, Rose's skin softer than it had any right to be getting out from the water. She was so perfect, without even trying. No wonder the student's heart was fluttering. A moment of pause, making sure the touch was wanted, before the noirette let her fingers caress her, keeping to safe areas, even as her mind and body were shouting from the proverbial peaks to go for more.

"That sucks," she managed to reassure her.

"Yeah," the redhead replied, the statement non-committal. Her eyes closed, just enjoying the tender touch of her close friend for a while in silence before picking back up again. "I'll solve the problem tomorrow though. A nice trip to the shop for a temp until the week's over and the swelling goes back down."

Thankfully she wasn't looking, as Violet's teeth clamped down on the inside of her lip. The guilt was once more building up in the pit of her gut. "Do you want any help?" she offered, perhaps as a way to clear her conscience.

The beauty in her lap chuckled, rolling back, her beautiful verdant eyes sparkling in the late evening light. "Vi," she reached up, a delicate finger tapping the girl's nose to playfully chastise her, "I may think your major is silly, but you're not going to get it skipping class to splurge."

It was like a small wave of red passing out from her touch and into the occult student's cheeks. "Yeah, you're right," she effortlessly submit to her crush, unable to help shifting her legs beneath things as the dial was turning up higher and higher the longer they were in contact.

"Sorry," Rose pushed herself back up, damp hair laying heavy over her face as it peeled away from the wet spot she'd left on the girl's jeans and their couch, "I probably should have asked before just crashing on you."

"No, no, it was fine!" the noirette stammered, though her body closed off shyly, vividly aware of just how horny she was in the moment.

It didn't go unnoticed, with the ginger's lips pursing nervously. "Okay," she mused, clearly pondering over something as she said it.

"How about I make dinner tonight?" the teacher offered, getting back to her feet with the lightest bit of difficulty from the weight of her chest.

"You're sure?" Violet was quick to reply, "I can still do it, it's not an issue."

The notion was dismissed with a small wave. "Might help me get my mind off the day. Besides, you could use at least a change of pants," she playfully pointed to the wet spot with something of a teasing smirk, "Maybe a shower too?"

She disappeared around the corner, leaving her roommate to ponder the statement. Her cheeks fought with her loins for the right to blush. Did she know? Maybe she smelt the arousal on the girl? Either way, an offer was given, and in her current state, she wasn't about to turn it down.

Rushing her way to the bathroom, the all-too noticeable smell of milk got stronger and stronger. Inside the linoleum-tiled room, it was overwhelming, leading the noirette to take a peek in their bathroom trash. A pair of period pads, soaked through with that sweet-smelling cream.

After everything, sleeping in was a special treat. It didn't make the morning any easier. Violet appeared to have left for class, leaving Rose to her own devices. Of first note, as she pushed herself up out of her mattress in a half-stretch, her breasts were heavy.

Heavier, it was hard to tell. They were definitely squishing up against her biceps though, as her arms extended beneath her. She could smell it already, the small spots of milk on her sheets, and could feel the firmness this strange bout of lactation caused with her unnatural fullness.

"What's happening?" she asked herself rhetorically, safely that Vi wouldn't know the weirdness going on with her.

Just the shifting of her weight to release a hand had them quickly jumping to fill the space, pushing outward as the heaving globes rested on one another. Said appendage came up quickly, hefting one laden tit and giving the lightest squeeze.

Her nipple stiffened, beads of white pressing through to the surface as pink filled her cheeks. She could fight it all she wanted, but her body wasn't going to deny it felt good. Already she was kneading without thinking, mouth moving between biting her lip and letting out soft moaning gasps over her parted lips.

It took the milk beginning to roll over her fingers for the redhead to catch herself. Like caught in sin, her wet hand slapped back down to the bed, her heavy breast clapping back against her chest. Just that beginning of toying with herself had her simmering, eager for more.

She was going to need to express herself, empty the girls, before she headed out. Her arms pressing into her chest holding the steering wheel... just thinking about it had her tongue between her teeth to distract herself. Like she needed an excuse. She'd already gotten to her feet and was halfway to the bathroom for a shower. Empty was better, whatever was causing this was going to stop eventually, and her backup bra should be good for normal swelling, not this weird hormonal imbalance she was going through.

Though, if it didn't stop, would it really be a bad thing?

No worries of Violet or her coworkers hearing her, the milk-filled maiden let herself loose with her self-pleasure. Half-leaned over the tub, one hand between her legs, pumping her best toy in and out of her hungry sex, and mewling like a bitch in heat. It wasn't particularly graceful, but damn, it scratched the ever-growing itch within her.

Empty and satisfied, she slipped into more of her comfy lazy wear and headed for the door. Already it felt like her sweater was riding up more than yesterday, a light breeze tickling at her sides and waist in the building garage.

There it was. The counterweight to the highs she felt: the socially constructed shame she was showing off too much. Without a bra, her bust was hanging low, bouncing with each step in little jumps that left their weight trying to tug her down. There wasn't anyone down there with her, and yet, her face was warm, her eyes were darting nervously at every shadow as she covered herself with her arm. Despite it all, her tired nips were still hard against her embrace.

Sliding into her car, she tried to just focus on anything else. Hard, when the whole point of this little day off incursion was only inches below her chin. Her seatbelt slid between them, tugging on her already stretched sweater and lewdly splitting them apart. The turn of the keys and the rumble of the engine reverberating through her left them tingling with vibration.

"Focus," she told herself with a sigh, her stiff teats tender and rubbing against her woollen top.

The drive out was a good distraction. Wasn't often pedestrians were peeking through the windows of cars unless you were an ass, though that didn't mean Rose didn't get a few stares at crosswalks. Eyes met hers, as was custom, only to drift, see her highlighted bust, and stumble a bit as their gait shifted to accommodate the thoughts going through their heads; and their loins.

The occurrences were short lived, and left their mark in her curt little smirk and the rose tint to her cheeks. They were easy enough to push out however, once the car was moving and her attention was needed on the drivers around her. Last thing anyone needed was an accident caused by errant thoughts.

Pulling up to the mall parking, that reprieve came to its end. Despite it being the middle of the week, the place was bustling as ever. People were filtering in and out in small groups, letting that nerve rise right back up in her chest; along with something else. Maybe she should skip the creamer? Avoid going through the grocery aisles.

No. This was her body, and there was no reason to be ashamed of it! Words easier thought than lived by, as the buxom redhead got out of the safety of her vehicle to walk across the lot. The bouncing was back, her low shoes clacking accompanied by soft clapping in her sweater. The teacher just couldn't catch a break.

Bra first, then she could wear it out and at least have her nipples less obvious going through the crowds of the big box. Slipping through the side entrance, it was just like the college: eyes all over her. Covetous, jealous, they ran the gamut. Beneath the forced shame though, the pink in her cheeks, the cross of her arms as she tried to wrangle things... Rose couldn't help it; pride in her natural endowment, in having such attention all to herself.

And it was with that feeling she made her way into the intimates shop.

"Hey there," the clerk greeted without a second thought, not until she caught a glimpse of the prodigious bust that was walking in, the two diamond-hard peaks making their presence known through that plush fabric. "S-something I can help you with?"

The tone of the girl's voice had shifted, from that forced retail greeting to something hopeful. No, thirsty was the more apt term.

"Yes," strangely riding her pride, the educator found a bit of confidence. "Been having a bit of an... issue, this week. I was wondering if maybe I could see about a fitting? And, possibly, walking out with something for my modesty," she explained with a shy grin on her full lips.

"Fitting?" the clerk perked, taking full advantage of the excuse to ogle the bounty that had wandered into her realm. "No problem, just pick a changing room and I'll be with you in a moment," she assured, gesturing to the wall of stalls as she started rummaging through the drawers at her workstation.

Rose took the invitation readily. More privacy in the otherwise crowded mall was a blessing, and much like her incident at class yesterday, she opted for the far corner. Furthest from the entrance, furthest from anyone hearing anything potentially uncouth as her bust was measured and managed.

It was thankfully spacious. Enough room for two, maybe three, to let the staff get around and do what they needed with customers of any size. A hook on the wall, a full length mirror on two of three walls, to get the full view of how one looked in whatever number they opted to try, and a bench mainly for casting clothes over.

Speaking of the view, the ginger beauty couldn't help drinking the sight of herself in. It hadn't felt like a lot yesterday, but properly just taking the time, admiring her reflection. She tucked an arm under her bust, pulling the fabric of her sweater tight over them. She could feel them squishing up, confirming to nice pert, round spheres where compression failed. Her nipples remained prominent, throbbing excitedly at the sight of herself, her body.

She was going to need to take it off anyway. The scarlet beauty's fingers curled at the hem of her top, peeling it upwards to show more and more of her pale skin. The underside of her breasts came into view, snagged and lifting along with the wool, pulling towards her chin until the peak of her teats rolled past and left them dropping on her chest with a small slap.

They had felt bigger, not fitting in her bra, stretching her tops, overflowing her hands. This was Rose's first time actually seeing just how bountiful she had become. Her sweater landed on the bench, and her hands made their way to her bust. Just like last time, they were soft, yet firm. Her mind wandered, filling in the picture of herself before this started.

She hadn't really appraised herself like this for a long time. Years ago, when she was just starting to bloom; the first to really develop in her class. She felt the same way then too, didn't she? Proud of her curves, yet also felt the push from her classmates, the envy, the jealousy that she had this gift, this attention.

It was a lot less back then though. Hefting her heavy bust, she must have put on a couple pounds just in chest over the past few days. This was a lot of swelling for just being that time of the month. Maybe it was all the sugar, gaining weight? Dipping down to the cute little pudge of her core...

no, that still felt the same. And, thick as it was, her ass was still snug in her pants, not pushing them to limits like she was experiencing up top. It also didn't explain the other piece of the puzzle: the milk.

The stall door opened behind her, the squeak of the hinges setting off warning lights in her head. At once, her arm jumped up, covering her modesty as her freckles disappeared behind a deep shade of blush.

"Sorry," it was the clerk, a tape measure lazily draped over her shoulders, "I should have knocked. You need another few minutes to get ready?"

"Oh," that managed to relax the teacher a bit, her body relaxing from the tension of the initial shock. "No, I'm fine. The quicker we get this done, the quicker I can be out of your hair," she offered with a chuckle to lighten the mood of the room.

Her fitter laughed along. "It's a Thursday afternoon, not expecting anything other than a slow day, so no need to rush. Unless you've got another appointment?" she inquired, the veil of her obvious flirting thin as parchment paper.

It was like a trigger, drawing her bright green eyes to the woman sharing this confined space with her. A blonde, close to her in age, probably a bit younger. Slight, but with enough curve to justify a position at a store like this one. Cute, for sure, was the flirting just going for the sake of the sale, or...?

No! Rose shook the thoughts away. She needed to keep a level head, not be dancing around the same ideas that had been plaguing her through class yesterday. "I've got to do some other shopping," she told the attendant with a hint of dismay, "cabinets back home are a little barren."

"Shame," the blonde pout, pulling the yellow ribbon from its perch, taking the opportunity to press herself to the redhead's back as she looped it over her waist. Her face found itself right next to the woman's ear, hot breath tickling the exposed skin of her neck as she spoke. "I'll try to be quick for you then."

The detectable hint of sultry in her tone sent a shiver up the top-heavy woman's spine, erupting from her lips as a shuddering sigh. All the while, in spite of the tension, things continued. The tape measure pulled tight, cool on her skin and adding a titillating sensation to something so simple as getting her measurements. Maybe she was touch starved at this point, eager for the attention of another person.

"Alright, so about a thirty, thirty-one," her fitter told her, letting things loose before the waxy fabric had the chance to warm up. She hopped up with expert skill, getting things around her client's prodigious bust to grab the other part of the equation.

That chill against her nipples got an immediate physical reaction. Rose's already stiff buds puckered, growing hard as diamonds and sending electric shocks through her body for her to handle.

"Oh wow," the clerk couldn't help blurting out, "A plus eleven! Someone certainly scored the jackpot for the genetic lottery."

The tease, the admiration of her assets was obvious, stirring that pride within the educator.

"That puts you at about an H. Good thing we've got plus-size options, a normal lingerie specialist would stop at around a triple D."

She was a triple D two days ago. Four sizes! That was way more than just a little bit of period swelling. Shock, concern, should have been what filled her. Instead though, it was more of that excitement. She was huge and still rocking a body that just made them seem even bigger.

Her teeth sank into her lip, a peculiar feeling building up inside her. The ruler around the apex of her cleavage started to get tight. Her tits started to firm up, her scrunched up nipples puffing up, building up pressure. At once, the positive feelings she'd been basking in evacuated, replaced by a chilling fear that paled her already light skin. Moisture built up, and in a matter of fractional seconds, transformed into thick streams that rolled down the confined roundness of her boobs.

The milk was back.

"I-I'm sorry!" Rose started to stammer.

More sensations were joining the fray though. The faint sound of fabric starting to strain, a soft pressure building at her back. Surrounded by their reflection, there were multiple angles showing what was happening. The blonde fitter was leaning closer, her buttons stretching in their holes, pulling open gaps as her bust was visibly growing into the ginger beauty's shoulders.

"It's alright," the girl purred, pinching the tape measure that it dug more into the filling milk tanks, stopping the flow from those leaky teats and pushing soft flesh up towards her client's chin. "Nothing we can't clean up."

Her other hand set into motion, gliding over the curvy educator's hip. Through the dip of her waist, it travelled to catch that first errant drop and catch it on a finger. A gentle, teasing touch that left her captured prey quivering.

She wanted it. One arm had jumped out and landed as an open palm against the mirror to keep her balance. Rose could feel her legs shaking, wanting to just collapse and surrender to having her itch scratched. No, not here, in the middle of the mall.

"I-I appreciate it," she stammered out, pulling away and grabbing her sweater. She pulled it to her chest, covering up and allowing shame to act as her self-restraint. "Thirty-one H then? Could you go grab me a couple to try on? M-maybe with a couple of tissues so I don't..."

Saying it out loud to someone felt so lewd. It couldn't get through her lips, instead building behind them in a flush across her cheeks.

Her fitter didn't seem to mind. "Anything for you, babe," she winked, her blouse straining over her own bust. What was once a slight accent to her figure had transformed into a proper modest bust, a deep cleavage showing between the gaps as she slipped out, still undressing the redhead with her eyes up until the moment she closed the change room door.

The topless teacher was quick to move up, turning the latch to lock herself in. "Just pass them over the door!" she called out, bracing herself on the wall and calming herself with deep breaths.

Yeah, skipping the cream. It was going to be bras, a couple of classroom appropriate tops, and getting home quick for the privacy to see to herself.

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The following morning seemed to come all too quickly for Violet. With Rose taking the day off, and not getting up first, she'd had to rely on her archaic alarm clock; something she'd forgotten to reset when she got home to her roommate excitedly wearing her new fitting underthings. God, that was a sight. With their new size, being so snugly held up, nice and perky. It gave her a delighted shudder, even as the shrill blaring of the digital clock on her nightstand grated at her eardrums.

Blindly one hand groped out, heavily slapping down at the little table until it slammed on the old buttons and put the device to rest. Her head pulled up from her pillow, dark bags under her eyes and her raven locks tangled and askew. An early coffee to wake up might be in order.

Or a little something else. Through the thin wall between their rooms, the noirette could hear the light creak of her beauty's bed. That was a good pick me up, the occult student skipping a stretch and rolling out of her sheets to get to her feet. Stiffness be damned, she was going to catch the morning ritual.

The redhead took her time emerging from her room. When finally she did, her nightgown hung off her form, highlighting the perky peaks of her milk-filled tits. Those bright green emeralds caught her roommate from the corner of her eye, the glow to her face accented by a warm smile on her lips.

"You need the bathroom, Vi?" she asked, her freckles disappearing behind a shallow flush, "I might be in there for a little bit."

Violet tried to hold her lewd thoughts in, though they showed in a blush of her own. "N-no, go right ahead," she stammered out, half-hidden behind her door frame.

That smile, damned if it couldn't strike you dead on the spot. "Thanks," the radiant beauty tipped, her hip sliding out and highlighting her curves for a moment as her new bra was slung over her bare shoulder.

The picture was continuing to form in the gutters of the girl's mind, as she watched the curvy teacher disappear into the privacy of their lavatory. "I'll make coffee," or maybe chew on some ice to help calm down her riled up loins.

Even with such attempted distraction, the size of their little two-bedroom student apartment played against her. The sound of the coffee maker couldn't drown the goings on in that shower, just as the water itself couldn't. Gasping breaths, as the woman tended to herself beneath the steamy rain. Which was she starting with, milking, or driving her fingers deep into between her sumptuous thighs to tend to her aching womanhood?

The noirette quickly found herself braced on the counter. Her knuckles white, gripping the edge to keep herself from doing what she was so vividly imagining. Her teeth sunk into her lip to hold back

any outburst, her loins absolutely on fire in her lazy pyjama pants. The cupboard rattled beneath her as her unwitting lean had her simmering box accidentally slam her against them.

"Everything alright out there?" Rose's muttering voice broke over the quickly diminishing cacophony of droplets.

Had she finished already? Violet felt the heat in her cheeks, "Y-yeah, everything's fine!" she called out, straightening herself and laying her eyes on the half-full coffee pot. How long had she been fantasizing?

The water came to a stop, leaving a brief moment of nothing but the slow drizzle of caffeine in the apartment. Despite that, the occult student still felt a blaze. There was a cold sweat on her brow and a throbbing in her loins that was only slowly dying down now that she was at least focusing on something else-

"Oh come on, I just bought you!" her roommate's voice shattered any semblance of reaching that calm.

The red, the heat, returned tenfold. Curiosity finally got the better of her, leaving the horny lass skipping across the carpet and up the hall to the bathroom. Her fingers were practically trembling with a mixture of unabashed lust and terror as she peeked around the doorframe.

Words failed her. The ginger beauty was there, skin soft and shower fresh, in nothing but the bra she was trying to squeeze into. The crushing girl couldn't help herself, stealing a peek at the small well kept tuft of red above the woman's mound, her plush hips, her meaty thighs. They were better than she'd imagined, and she was intent on burning every freckle into her memory lest she never see them again.

"Vi?" The whimper in the woman's tone tore her deep blue eyes up, to the diva's breasts, billowing over the top of her fresh bought bra. "Sorry to ask again," she turned, showing where the band was refusing to connect, "but uh..."

Nothing more needed to be said. Tight lipped to keep her steamy breath from escaping, the noirette stepped up to the plate, taking the hooks in her hands. The smell of milk, of sex, still lingered in the air, rekindling those thoughts stirring in the student's head. It was a struggle to focus, unhelped by the whimpers coming from her roommate, drawing her eye to the stiff peaks showing even through the heavy fabric of this plus-sized underthing.

She got it done though, leaving the teacher squished into ill-fitting support yet again. "Thanks. Hopefully this swelling will slow down when the week's done," she offered apologetically.

What happened next completely shut Violet down. Rose turned, leaning in, her heavy chest pressing against the girl's own for the smallest moment as she laid a quick kiss on her cheek.

The woman hardly seemed to register the show of affection, simply gliding past, bottomless, to her room. "Hopefully the tops fit enough for work, I'm not sure the super will be keen on me wearing a sweater again," she laughed her troubles off, disappearing into her room.

At some point, the redhead left for work, possibly with a cup of coffee, it was hard to remember. The most radiant woman in the world had just kissed her. The most radiant woman, wearing

nothing but a bra she was all but overflowing. The dam burst, restraint was thrown to the wind; Violet needed to savour the moment.

Rushing through the apartment her pants were dropped halfway back to the living room. The brief consideration of a toy from her room flit through her head, but urgency came first. She'd have tossed something randy on the television too, but again, it was just means to an end; and she had one of the most perfect images still fresh in her mind to get off to.

Her bare ass hit the couch hard enough to stress the springs. Hardly any time for lube either, not that she needed it, she was so wet she could smell herself. Her nipples were stiff in her flowy tank top, making it almost seem like she had some chest to work with.

Breath so steamy she could see it in puffs, she got to work. Her first hand came up, cupping her tit, imagining it to be Rose's hand, the cushions at her back the woman's milky chest. She hated to admit it, with what she'd done, with what the ginger goddess was going through, but all of this had just endeared her all the more to the twiggy goth.

It almost felt like there was a bit of fat there, softness to press through her fingers as she squeezed her mosquito bite boob. As her second target came into grip though, she could tell something was different. As her palm pressed down over her boiling sex, something was pressing back.

Violet shifted, looking down past the shallow mounds on her chest. Were they actually bigger? They were far from her focus. Taking her sticky hand away from her folds she got a look at her clit that made her go wide eyed.

It was huge! Engorged to the size of a thumb tip, and sticking out from beneath her hood somewhere close to an inch. Pink and tender, it was gently throbbing, the cool air against it making her twitch from the sensitivity.

Some part of her registered this as wrong, buried in the back of her mind behind the overwhelming need to get off. Her fingers returned to their position, albeit with a newfound inquisitiveness. Two digits curled, tickling the underside of her swollen button, and it immediately sent shockwaves through her body. Her thumb joined in, pinching it and gently stroking length she'd never had before.

The noirette couldn't help but squirm, biting and gasping as she toyed with this strange change to herself. Her other hand tightened on her boob, rolled what little was there, flicked across her diamond-stiff nipple. "Yes," she moaned out, still imagining the buxom teacher was there with her, "Rose."

Her movements got faster, her legs kicking out in uncontrolled flinches. A couple fingers managed to find their way inside her channel, letting her hot juices pour out and keep her huge clit moist for her continued rubbing. She threw her head back, thrusting into her palm, thrashing at the overwhelming sparks these changes allowed her to experience.

"Fuck!" she cussed aloud, arching, screaming out in a blissful moan even as her knees nearly knocked the living room table over. It was one of the biggest orgasms of her life, her hand tight to her sex, feeling the way her engorged sweet spot twitched as she ride it out.

It could have been second, maybe minutes, but eventually exhaustion rolled over her, letting the girl collapse into the couch once more. She'd made a mess, such was obvious from the wet spot under her ass. That would need to be cleaned up.

With her post-climax clarity, she was also able to properly assess everything. Rose was uncomfortable, she couldn't fit into anything, and the problem was only getting worse; to say nothing of whatever was going on with herself. She needed to find a cure, a counter spell, anything. Looking at the clock, she was going to be late for class short of showing up as she was, and that was out of the question.

Steeling herself with a calming breath, Violet got up. Clean up, and then today was going to be devoted to figuring out a way to fix her mistakes; for Rose's sake.

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Days by oneself tend to be on the longer-feeling side. Add in hunting down an obscure little shop, emptying a good chunk of your savings to get a handful of scrolls, and pouring over them and the deep crevices of the internet... Violet was distraught. The old parchments were unrolled over their coffee table, her laptop running hot, and still she couldn't find anything. Beyond her little mistake using that cup with Rose's lip marks, she hadn't gotten anything wrong with the spell, though some of its effects she'd overlooked in her initial excitement. Worse, there didn't seem to be any sort of solution.

Her head hung, her punky black locks frayed in between her fingers, she couldn't think of anything else to do. She was going to have to come clean, and tell Rose the truth.

The rattling of the door handle nearly made her jump, drawing her dark blue eyes to the portal as she anxiously awaited it to open. The occult student's heart raced nervously. It was inevitable. Would she hate her after this?

The teacher pushed her way through, one button on her blouse having burst over the day and was missing, showing off her overstuffed cleavage. The redhead's green eyes were tired, her hair mildly out of place from the professional updo she'd opted to leave in. She kicked off her shoes, clearly intent on making her way to the bathroom from the direction of her first step.

"Rose," Violet interrupted her, somehow overcoming her trepidation to get up and put her hand on the subject of her love's arm.

It drew the milky woman from her path, her head turning down to the point of contact, then to their covered living room table. "Something for your class? Can it wait?" she asked, clearly intent to get into the privacy of their restroom for some much needed relief.

"No," the noirette answered to both, feeling the lump build up in her throat. How was she supposed to explain? "It's... all of this," she tried to speak with her eyes, gesturing them towards her roommate's overflowing bust, to her own modest changes beneath her clothes.

"It's just a bit of period swelling," Rose was still telling herself, fidgeting with her bangs, tucking a stray hair over her ear. "It'll be over soon."

"No, it's..." the dark dressed girl's fingers curled, building up the strength she needed to just say it. "It's not. It's my fault. I found this old spell at one of the little shops, I was hoping it was going to," again her eyes darted to the pair of pristine tits stuffed into the redhead's top, "Well it did, but I messed up. Instead of working on me, it went into you, and now you're swelling out of control with milk and bleeding magical energy all over the place..."

The look on the ginger educator was about as expected. She never had any stock in this sort of occult stuff to begin with, leading to a thin line of disbelief on her lips as her roommate ranted on. That said, she obviously detected that hint of truth in the girl's words, keeping her level and listening; willing to believe it with some of the more specific details she'd dropped.

"I'm sorry," Violet was trembling, "I know it's stupid. I just... I wanted to be someone worth wanting to you. I-" her breath caught, tears welling in the corners of her eyes, "I love you, Rose. I have ever since I first laid eyes on you."

"Vi," the teacher mouthed softly, turning her body to face the girl. Her hands moved to her, one resting on the petite girl's hip, the other coming up to her cheek and brushing the waterworks away with a tender thumb. "It's okay."

"It's not though," the sobbing girl shook. "This is going to keep happening, you're going to keep affecting those around you, your students," she hiccupped, interrupting her panicked rambling. "Unless someone takes on all this energy you're putting off."

Her own hands came up, one curling around the redhead's own as she looked deep into those emerald eyes. "Please, let me! I did this to you, let me take responsibility. I'll tend to your every need, and be the target for your overflowing magic so that you can live a normal life," her expression tightened, "well, as normal as it can be. I can't undo the changes..."

Rose's cheeks flushed, a small curl to her crimson lips as she turned coyly in thought. "If all that's true, it's good to know," she told the girl, "I thought something was seriously wrong. Like, maybe I was pregnant or something and didn't know it."

She turned back, riding her fingers up from the lithe goth's hip to take her chin and force their gazes together. "I don't care if it can't be undone. Frankly, I kind of like it," she purred, taking a half-step forward, pushing out her cream-laden assets that they docked on her roommate's own little bug bites. They completely engulfed them, and it only took a couple seconds for that extra pressure to have a pair of wet spots forming that both could feel between them.

Violet could feel her heart all the way in the tips of her ears, though especially in her swollen nethers. "You do?" that idea hadn't even occurred to her.

"Yeah," the woman's cheeks matched her namesake. "It's been hard holding back, seeing how people have been looking at me," the curvy educator raked her teeth over her plump lip, giving it a wet shine. "Some have been obviously jealous. I don't want to be ashamed of this though. It's my body, and like back in high school, I'm a cut above," she joked, pushing a bit further in, backing her roommate to the wall, getting flashbacks to her cramped episode in the change room the day prior.

Except she was in the driver's seat this time. The one in control, and with a fierce need inside her that had been calling to be quenched for the past week.

"Maybe, having someone back home ready to 'tend to my needs' will be just the thing to cool the fires, keep me feeling comfortable in my skin," the redhead mused, reaching up, tugging at her strained button-up that it popped off her body. Her breaths were hot and steamy, pouring over the noirette as threads burst, plastic hit the floor, and her compressed tits were let out on display. "Maybe we could try it out for a bit? I've been wanting, and if you're willing," she continued to press, pinning her roommate to the wall, a hand finding its way between the lithe girl's legs and rubbing at her through her jeans.

The gothic student shuddered, feeling her clit hit peak hardness under the touch of the one she'd always wanted. Her nipples joined in, puffing up in her top, trying to push back against the mountains threatening to bury her. If they did, she'd die happy though, her dark blue eyes dropping into the cleavage threatening to swallow her chin.

"Seems you're excited too," Rose's voice was a hungry growl, threatening to snap and take a bite of her prey. "First thing's first," she retreated, rolling back her shoulders so that the tight straps of her too small bra slipped off, letting the undersized support fall away from her milky bosom, "I'm pretty full. Show me what you're going to do about it!"

Maybe she did die. Either way, the girl wasn't about to turn her love down. It would have been a bold-faced lie to say she hadn't been fantasizing about suckling those teats since she first caught them leaking; hell, long before then. The taste of that sweet cream was dangling at the forefront of her imagination since she caught her first whiff of it.

Violet stepped up, letting her hands fall upon the divine body she'd always wanted. She wanted to savour it, her fingers brushing up the woman's plus sides, sneaking around through the layers of shed fabric to attack the hooks she'd spent the morning getting together. Now lower, they were child's play to pinch and let open.

The underwire hit the floor with a soft thud, and the noirette's hands continued to roam unimpeded over the fields and valleys of pale, freckled skin before her. The tender attention was clearly appreciated on the ginger beauty's bated breaths. They also belayed her anticipation, the anxious quiver as her nipples puckered and wept heavy droplets of white.

That scent was enough to have her roommate's mouth watering, and she would make her wait no longer. She dipped forward, dark bangs hiding her face as it pressed into that soft, nearly head-sized tit. Fine lips latched on, forming a seal that pulled the squishy mound deep into her mouth, and rewarded her with a lovely pressurized squirt of that alabaster bounty.

It wasn't the only thing pulled out. From deep within her core, Rose let out a blissful moan. No walls between them, it was a sweet note of encouragement for the girl to double down. Triple down, when one of the redhead's hands came up, fingers running between the goth's short black locks and held her there to make sure she not only got her fill, but her plaything wasn't going anywhere until the job was done.

Sucking and swallowing as fast as she could, the buxom goddess's flow outpaced her. With a soft murmur, little bubbled streams appeared at the corners of the cutie's mouth, dribbling down her chin as she filled her belly. And with that, that magical bleed was pouring into her as well.

A warmth washed over her, each mouthful dropping into her core and spreading out through her body. The very tips of Violet's fingers were tingling, but the focus was in two, obvious, places.

She was already one for skinny tops, the kind that loved to hug what little she had. Feeling them stretch, as her breasts developed, was impossible to miss. This feeling, she'd been anticipating it from the moment she'd copied down that spell in the shop, and it didn't disappoint. At once she was feeling herself, a flat boob turning into a shallow handful under her touch.

The other change needed less direct attention. Her clit was throbbing again, aching as she felt it pushing upward, swelling bigger than it had grown already. In just seconds there wasn't room in her jeans for it, leaving the sensitive organ to curve up in its growth, crawling and rubbing along her belly as it did.

Beneath her limited sight, held tight to Rose's bust, there was more happening. She couldn't see, but she could feel the oddity like a twist in her gut. Her feminine beacon was changing shape, adapting in ways to suit the needs of her buxom queen.

When the first of her breasts was dry, the ginger goddess allowed Violet to pull away, and it was with a lewd pop of her lips and a shallow gasp for air the noirette practically fell back to the wall. They both got a look at the changes when she did, and they made the verdant green of the skeptical teacher's eyes sparkle.

"Okay," she purred, coming back in. One hand was at waist level of her roommate, wasting no time in deftly popping the button of those jeans to get at what she'd caught sight of. "I might believe you about the magic thing, Vi. Unless you've been hiding this all these years."

Those talented fingers curled around what was once just a swollen clit. Now, her hood had bunched, creating a sheath for a flared head that pulsed, weeping a clear fluid as its owner whimpered in delight at it being played with. The lithe goth girl now sported a meaty cock of a handful of inches the redhead was currently playing with; and nearly drooling.

"I wonder if we can make it a little bigger?" she wondered with a child-like excitement, mixed with that lingering sexual hunger. Her second tit was lifted, and bearing down on her roommate, pressed to those already milk-wet lips.

Any protest from the now-hermaphrodite goth was muffled by the nipple in her mouth. Full as her belly was, there was no will in her to resist more of her mistress's cream. The changes be damned if she could make her happy, so greedily she sucked hard and strong to make it so.

More milk dribbled from the corners of her mouth, as her gut put up all the protest it could. The work was being done though. Her dick continued to throb, to rise up every few thick swallows with fresh inches, and new libido. Twitches in her core had it jumping, so long it was hard to control, slapping between the two of them and leaving ever-bigger dots of pre as its owner moaned lewdly through her drink.

By the time the teat in her mouth slowed, it was poking the bottoms of those heavy breasts, at full hardness and ready to be used. The kind of cock that would split a normal woman in half. At this point though, Rose was far from ordinary.

She pulled off the full Violet, taking her by the hand with nary a word and dragging her into her bedroom. The noirette briefly felt the world around her spin, before the feeling of plush sheets met her back, sinking her deep into their softness.

The object of her every desire crawled up on top of her, clearly having stripped a bit in the process. Her legs were bare, and her plaything could feel that well-kept tuft of red brushing the underside of her new tool, and the warm wetness of her sex just beneath drooling excitedly over the shaft set to sate her. Hands fell on either side of her head, that heavenly bust dangling over her, the curtain of brilliant orange falling around her, and those brilliant emeralds staring into her with deep, unbridled desire.

"You should have told me sooner," Rose's voice rasped, laced with heat and sex alike, "if I'd have known we could have been doing this..."

The hung girl beneath her could only reply with a hit breath. Things had deviated, a little bit, but this was still the culmination of her every dream. Her lips kept parted, giving the invitation to the woman above her to come in for a kiss.

Her tits, the rod eagerly waiting between them. They offered resistance, but soon enough those soft pillows were pressed down over the lithe little occult student, pressing around her sides and smothering the head of her phallus. Their lips touched, the redhead giggling at the taste of her own milk in the girl's mouth as her tongue delved deep, her moan vibrating through to urge her pet on.

They could both hardly wait at this point. Violet's hands took her lover's face, deepening the kiss with blissful tones of her own, and instinct started to take over. She was bucking her narrow hips, thrusting her towering rod between those mountains of worship and the offered tightness between.

Another giggle from the educator, her cheeks pink as she pulled away, her playthings grip holding desperately to her as she whimpered with need. "Now now," she purred, sitting back up, her tits falling back together with a wet slap from the small river of pre the girl had left between them, "you're to see to my needs, remember? It wouldn't do to have you blow your load between these beauties, fun as it might be."

Her legs shifted, lifting her up as she used a hand to try and manage the monster the noirette was rocking: to aim in between her waiting lips. "I want a good filling," she grinned, sinking down with a broken groan.

She was soaking, and her channel greedily gobbled down inch after inch with little need for help. Each pause was to pull back up, making her heaving bust bounce and fill the room with more of that heavenly slapping. It seemed like maybe her eyes were bigger than her stomach, to borrow the phrase. As she sank deeper though, the outline of the newly minted futa's dick appeared on the woman's abs, but there was no stopping her descent.

All Violet could do was mewl, squirming, throwing her head back into the sheets as her goliath was entombed within those warm, tight walls. Her fingers curled, taking handfuls of the sheets, and as before her hips were jumping to drive herself deeper. When finally their skin touched, her rod hilted inside her love, the curvy ginger's weight kept her firmly there on the bed.

Rose was the one in control, and they both knew it, both relished in it.

“There’s been quite a fire building,” she rasped out, grinning ear to ear, wiggling even before the big show to let that meaty fuckstick stroke her innards. “I want you to hold out as long as you can, Vi!”

What an ask. Those velvety insides were doing just as much back to her sensitive length. The girl bit her lip though, whimpering with a nod and an attempted buck of her hips that managed to push her goddess up to land back on the bed, and her disk, with a squeak. “Yes, Rose, I will!”

Hard to bend down when you’re speared half through with girl cock. So, in lieu of a kiss, the top-heavy redhead planted a hand on her shoulder, pinning her down to take over. “Good girl,” she purred, and started rising up to drop and slam the flared head of the leviathan filling her into her back wall.

The sound of their moans, their love making, the creaking of the bed under the sex-starved educator’s rough bouncing along her plaything’s length. It echoed through the thin walls of their tiny apartment, maybe even enough for the neighbours to hear. Not that either of them cared. In their own ways, they both wanted this, had always wanted this.

With new equipment, Violet was at a disadvantage. Not that her partner had dealt with a cock like this in her lifetime, it was surreal in size. The absolute filling it gave her, wall to wall, had her button straddling it and getting a good grind with each trip up and down the veiny trip, as that rock hard tip raked across her g-spot. With a blissful cry the woman came, and the whole of her body clenched up to squeeze what it was made to pull from the thing filling her.

And the fledgling owner of that beast could only comply with that body’s cravings. Her core tightened, she could feel the head of it swell even bigger, plugging the back of her lover’s canal as she exploded with a torrent of hot, sticky jizz.

She could see every blast, briefly bloating the curvy ginger’s belly only to sink back in time for the next one. There were perhaps five in total, both of them riding the high of their climax before the hung goth collapsed into the bed with an exhausted sigh. It didn’t want to, still plugging and wrapped by Rose’s pulsing sex, but the rest of her body needed the blood back. She softened, and as she did, it let the buxom beauty slowly lower herself back down to lay atop her self-offered toy.

Those pillowy breasts once more squished down over her, and a kiss from those plush lips landed on her cheek. “I think I could go for this ‘tending to my needs’ thing,” the beauty mused, cuddling up and running an exploratory hand up her new pet’s body.

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The sun was low in the sky, beaming through the sun catchers of the two girls’ apartment and casting prisms across the room. They were far from the notice of the waiting Violet, however. The table was clear, save for a pump bottle of lube and a box of tissues. Not that the girl needed the first anymore, or the latter would do much.

She was leaned back on the couch, her pants having been cast aside and her top bunched over a modest bust. They weren’t huge, on the bigger end, but they were enough to be squished together around the real eye catching part of her anatomy: her absolutely enormous cock.

A few more drinks of mistress's milk had done a number. D-sized boobs were hardly wrapping around its girth, and its tip was just the perfect height for what had become the girl's favourite alone-time activity. Neck craned down, lips letting out lewd slurps of drool, Violet was contentedly humming around the part of her dick she could freely self-suck upon.

Thankfully, further growth was unlikely, unless Rose got a bit carried away with herself. It had taken quite the messy weekend, but the freckled beauty had managed to get something of a handle on her new abilities. A blessing in many ways, as the days become easier when you've got a good pet at home to relieve the stresses of the day.

When she wasn't relieving herself, of course. Those plush tits were moving up and down, helped by a little lube from the table bottle. The goth's slightly unkempt locks bobbed, along with her head along her tip. Each pass, more of her shiny spittle was leaking out, running down her lengths. She was making quite the mess of herself, and it wasn't about to get better before getting worse.

The heat built up inside her as she got close. Her head flared, attempting to plug her lips. With her raw size though, control was a pipe dream. Her insides tightened, pulling and ripping her cock from her mouth with a wet pop.

Her hands left her tits, trying to get a hold of it, but it was far too late. A thick rope of cum already worked its way up the more than twenty inches of length and erupted straight up to rain over the subby little slut, and the rest of the room. Her fingers got her dick for the second one, which blasted point blank into her face as she struggled to get her mouth back over it.

Three, four, five... each one was a little weaker, letting her regain a handle on her literal cannon to aim the last of it down her throat. Even with the two biggest shots wasted, she still got a good belly full, holding like that until her orgasm finished, and her monster member started to calm down again.

The door rattled, breaking the hung hermaphrodite from her self-play. Slowly it pushed in, and with it, welcomed the love of her life back home.

Rose walked in with a smile on her plush lips, her bust huge, beyond anything but custom work to keep it contained. Not that she minded, it had its perks. Like her custom jacket, worn comfortably over her shoulders, but allowing for a nice foot-long line of milky cleavage to be on display. Not being able to wear conventional clothes meant a little leniency with the dress code, and the confident ginger goddess took full advantage.

She kicked off her heels, setting her bag down by the door before lifting her beautiful gaze to her girlfriend; and seeing the right mess her pet had made.

The teacher clicked her tongue in a chastising "tut". "Vi," she pout, unable to hide the hint of playfulness in her tone, in her shining emerald eyes, "I got you those extra large condoms for a reason. Look at the mess you've made! It's going to take hours to get those cum stains out of the carpet."

"Sorry Ms. Holt," Violet couldn't help teasing her a little with her professional name, even as she eagerly jumped to attention with all the enthusiasm of a puppy who's master had returned from a long trip. After a finish like that, her legs were a bit wobbly, leaving the hung pet to topple and crawl her way over to her mistress with a self-satisfied little grin on her jizz-covered lips.

Indeed, it struck the right buttons, leaving the buxom redhead rolling her eyes and kneeling down, her bra-busting tits threatening to pour out of the window she chose to wear. "What am I going to do with you?" she giggled, catching a runny line of the girl's seed on a finger and bringing it to her mouth to make a show of sucking it off her digit. "Clearly a shower first. I thought you were my pet, tending to my needs? Yet here I am, constantly cleaning up after you."

The noirette just licked her lips, wiggling and eager to please. "Sorry, mistress," she delved into a tad more serious territory, "I'm sure I'll be ready to go again once I'm cleaned up!"

"Of course you will," Rose purred with a smile, taking her lover by the chin and coming in for a kiss. "Since I clearly can't leave you unattended, how about you come with me to class tomorrow? I'm sure I could hide you under the desk, put that mouth of yours to work where it belongs instead of around your own cock," she teased, her grin turning devious, "Then maybe come break, I can sneak you into one of the closets for a little 'afternoon delight'."

Just the thought of it. If she were a pup, her tail would be wagging unabashedly. As it stood, the tools she had were stirring, excited pumps from her heart already going to work between her legs to leave her half-hard rod pointing up to her mistress eagerly.

"That's just what I thought you'd say, my precious pet Vi," the redheaded dive cooed, reaching down to gently stroke that unreal endowment lovingly. "Now then, the shower's waiting. Let's clean you up and see if we can break our bed again!"