

B.T.G.R.M.

By TROGDOR297

“Now, Chester here isn’t venomous. He’s a constrictor, which means in the wild he suffocates his prey”

Jim grimaced as he looked at the photo of the 6’ long snake that the man with slicked back hair and a pencil thin moustache, who’d introduced himself as “Senor George”, showed on his held up phone. “George” flicked to the next photo that showed a fully grown King Cobra.

“Gustav here definitely is venomous though. I’ll keep him in my room at all times.”

“In a cage?” Jim asked, fearing the answer.

“A cage?!” George scoffed. “This is a King Cobra! He deserves better than a cage!”

Jim nodded understandingly. *This guy is a nutcase!* He thought. *Why do only weirdos want to move into this building.*

“Right, well...” Jim said, hoping to end the room showing early. There was no chance in hell that Senor George would be moving in here, let alone Chester or Gustav. “Thanks for coming in. I still have a few more applicants to meet with so...”

“You’ll call me?” George said hopefully.

“...Sure.” Jim lied.

George vigorously shook his hand as they stood. “I look forward to hearing from you, Jimmy! You’re gonna love my snakes, everyone does. I didn’t even get to show you the black mamba! Oh, she’s a *real* beauty!”

“I’m sure she is” Jim said, not trying to hide his sarcasm, as he pushed George out the door, slamming it behind him.

Jim let out a frustrated sigh. That was the sixth applicant he’d had here this week. He shouldn’t have put this off for so long, he’d known his older brother Kyle was going to move out for months. Instead of being proactive he’d procrastinated, and now his Brother was gone. It’s not that he couldn’t afford to live in the apartment by himself, his salary could easily cover it. But he didn’t like living alone, and it just made sense to split the cost with someone else.

He pulled his phone out of his pocket. He had another applicant coming in, in about half an hour. Sam, 31 years old, student. Probably in grad school or something like that. Jim didn’t care, in fact he’d chalked that up as a plus. The guy would probably keep to himself while he did school work. Just as long as he could pay his rent Jim would be cool with him.

Of course he'd thought the same thing about his previous candidate, whose application had said he was a chill 35-year-old IT support technician. He'd failed to predict that he'd turn out to be Senor George, weird snake guy.

Jim grabbed a beer from his fridge, popping the top off with the magnet opener on the fridge door. He took a swig and opened his phone, clicking on the tinder app. He grunted with annoyance at the lack of notifications or messages. He'd had even worse luck here than he'd had with potential roommates. He scrolled through the dozens of conversations he'd started, all of them with no responses.

It'd been a while since Jim had been on a date. He and his ex had broken up two and a half years ago, a day after his 30th birthday. He'd thought that she'd been the one for him, but in the end she'd felt differently. He'd only recently decided to put himself back out there, and he'd found the entire experience thoroughly disheartening. With a scowl he tossed his phone on to the counter, taking another swallow of his beer.

He looked up, startled by the sound of a knock at the door. Who could that be? His next applicant wasn't due for almost half an hour.

Jim opened the door, eyes alighting upon the person who'd knocked on his door. A woman stood before him, giving him an uneasy smile.

"Uh...Hello?" Jim said.

"Hello," She said. "Are you James Gilbert?"

He nodded "I am..." He felt his mouth go dry as he studied the young woman before him.

She looked very young, barely older than a teen he'd guess. She was short, probably around 5'2". Her aesthetic that she was going for was stereotypical goth. Her chin length hair that turned up and away at the tips was dyed black. Her eyes bore thick liner, and her lips were painted black as well. She wore a lace choker around her neck. Her nose was pierced, a simple ring through one nostril. She wore simple black shoes, and then white and black striped leggings that covered her thick legs before disappearing beneath a black pleated skirt. On top she wore a buttoned up black short sleeve shirt. Jim's eyes were drawn to it as it seemed to be too small for her; the buttons were heavily strained over her ample chest. She was quite well endowed; her breasts were definitely bigger than his exes had been.

Get a hold of yourself man! He thought Stop thinking about this girl's tits!

She hadn't said anything after Jim had confirmed his identity, she just looked up at him shyly. "Can...I help you?" Jim asked, rubbing his stubbly chin with one hand.

"I'm here for the room?" She said, confusion present in her tone.

Jim's eyebrows raised in surprise. "You are? How did you know...never mind. I appreciate the interest but I'm sorry! I don't just accept strangers who show up on my doorstep as potential roommates."

She frowned at him. "But...I filled out an application? We confirmed our appointment by email? I guess I am a little early..."

Jim blinked "Wait...you're Sam?!"

She smiled "Yes! Oh thank goodness, I was getting worried for a second"

Jim stared at her, his mouth falling open slightly with surprise. "I...umm..."

"Is something wrong?"

Jim shook his head "Sorry, no...I just...with a name like Sam on the application, I didn't expect you to be..." He waved at her

"A girl?" She said with a smirk.

Jim nodded "Yeah, that. Not many women are looking to move in with 32-year-old strange men..."

Sam shrugged "Doesn't seem like a problem to me? Can...I come in and look at the place? Or are we going to conduct the interview in the hallway?"

Jim laughed awkwardly, as he stepped aside to let her in. She walked past him, head tilting back and forth as she checked out the apartment. Jim grabbed his beer from the kitchen, then joined her in the main room, where she'd taken a seat upon his couch. He pulled up his phone and opened the application she'd filled in. Sure, enough he hadn't included a section for applicants to mention their gender. A detail there caught his eye...her age. There was *no way* this girl was 31.

He sat down across from her on the chair he'd pulled from the kitchen to handle these showings. "So...how old are you again?" He asked.

Her cheeks coloured slightly. "How old did it say on my application?"

"29" Jim said, taking a calculated risk.

Sam nodded "Ah yes, that's right! I'm 29"

Jim took a sip of his beer "Cool...except...your application actually said that you're 31"

Sam winced "Ooo..."

Jim nodded "Yeah... So, how old are you actually? And for that matter, are you even Sam?"

Sam nodded "I am! I can show you my ID. My name is Samantha Pellier, but I've always gone by Sam"

"And your age?"

Sam pursed her lips for a moment "I'm 21" she said quietly.

Jim nodded "Yeah, that makes more sense. So, care to tell me why you lied on your application?"

Sam sighed "I'm sorry, ok! I lied because...because I didn't think you'd even agree to meet me, if you saw that I was only 21"

Jim shrugged "Maybe. Maybe not. But surely you didn't think you'd pass as a 31-year-old? What was your plan when you actually got here? And then after you moved in? Keep up the charade forever?"

Sam sat back into the cushions of the couch with a huff "I...I didn't get that far. I just really need this apartment! I start my last year of community college in a week and I don't have a place to stay yet..."

Jim's mouth thinned to a single line as he looked at her. Was he really considering this? Having a busty 21-year-old goth girl move in with him? This seemed like a really bad idea...but...she certainly wasn't worse than Senor George.

Jim sat forward "Ok. Let's start over. I'll pretend that you didn't lie, and that your application said that you're 21 from the beginning. Alright?"

Sam looked across at him, eyes lighting up. "Really?"

Jim nodded "Sure, why not. I just have a few questions, then I'll show you around"

Sam smiled "Ok great! Hit me"

"Any pets?"

An emphatic shake of the head.

"Ok great. Job?"

"Well, as I said I'm starting school in a week, but I work part time as a barista at the Starbucks on Calvin Street."

Jim nodded, he'd driven past the establishment a few times, though never stopped there. He was strictly a Tim Hortons guy.

“Your half of the rent is \$900 a month, will that be an issue? I know it’s steep...but it is what it is. I just don’t want there to be an ugly situation down the line where money becomes a problem”

Sam shook her head “I’ve got some money saved up. That plus what I make from my job, there shouldn’t be a problem”

“Excellent. Where are you staying right now?”

“Chateau Honda” She said with a smirk.

“Chateau...” Jim looked up at her, lifting his eyebrows “Are you living in your car right now?” She nodded, blushing slightly. “I did tell you I was having trouble finding a place!”

Jim stared at her for a moment, colour forming in his own cheeks. He forced himself to look away. She was quite pretty, her makeup and outfit suited her well, and he found her curves very attractive...but she was 21! *Way* too young for him. This was *definitely* a bad idea.

He looked down at his phone where he had his list of standard questions he’d ask applicants. He’d reached the end of them, but as he looked back at her he asked one more question.

“Do... you have a boyfriend or...umm...girlfriend?”

Sam laughed “Are you asking if I’m straight?!”

Jim shook his head awkwardly “What! No, I just...didn’t want to assume...” He took a drink of his beer to calm himself.

“Oh, ok, that’s fair” Sam replied with a smile. “Well, I *am* straight. And no, I don’t have a boyfriend... I’m very single” She gave him a cute smile, then casually added “I’m still a virgin actually”

Jim let out a rough hacking cough, as the beer he’d been sipping went down the wrong pipe. Had she really just said that?!

She stood up with a start “Are you ok?!”

He continued to cough, as he waved her off “I’m **cough** Fine! Just swallowed **Cough** the wrong way” He beat his chest a few times with his fist to help himself settle, forcing the discomfort down.

She sat back down, but still looked at him with concern. “Really, I’m fine” he said as he regained his composure. “Would you like to see the room?” Why was he showing her the room...why hadn’t he put an end to this yet!

“Sure!” She said, bouncing to her feet. Her chest heaved in her top with the sudden motion, pushing at the buttons. Jim felt his face go hot, as he took another careful drink.

Jim followed her as she walked off towards the hallway that led to the other rooms. His eyes were drawn to the motion of her behind. Her hips rolled back and forth as she walked, making her ass jiggle as it pushed the back of her skirt out noticeably. That was bigger than his ex's too...

Jim stopped himself in the hallway, closing his eyes and taking a deep breath in. He needed to get his shit together. It didn't matter that this girl was thick in all the right places, she was just a girl. A girl who wanted to live with him...A girl who needed his help...

"Is this your room?" Sam asked.

Jim opened his eyes, to see her standing in the open threshold to his room. He hurried forward "Yup, that's my room, nothing really to see in there..." He reached for the doorknob to pull it shut.

"Cool figurines!" She said pointing at the shelf on the back wall. "Is that Geralt? And Yennefer?"

"Yeah, they are! You know the Witcher? Oh, wait that's right, they made it into a Netflix show"

"Yeah" Sam said with a sigh "They kind of fumbled it though. I still prefer the books..."

Jim nodded "Right!? The books are so..." He cut himself off. What the hell was he doing! He needed to get this girl out of here! He pulled the door to his room closed, gesturing to the other door at the end of the hall. "Here's the room" he said brusquely.

Sam pushed her way in, and peered around. "Not a bad size! I don't have a lot of stuff so this should be fine!"

Jim gave a non-committal grunt. It didn't matter how much stuff she had, she couldn't stay. Even if she was beautiful, and had a nice body, and liked the same books as him... Jim caught a whiff of a delicate flowery scent as she walked past him back out into the hall. It tickled his nostrils and made his lips curl up into a dumb smile. Oh, for fucks sake, she even smelled amazing! She definitely had to go!

"Well" Sam said. "This place is perfect for what I need, but it's not up to me of course. I'm sure you have a lot of other great applicants who are probably better fits than me"

Not Really Jim thought, thinking of his previous appointment. That didn't matter. He would find someone else.

Jim wiped his face with one hand as he followed her back into the main room. He tried to keep his eyes averted, but failed miserably. She turned at the end towards the door.

“Well, thank you for giving me a chance, Jim” Sam said, turning back to face him, a sad smile on her face. “I’m sorry, I lied. I won’t make that mistake again. I hope you find the right person to be your new roommate”

Jim felt a wave of relief wash over him. She was giving him an out, she expected him to say no. Now he wouldn’t feel bad when he rejected her.

She held out a hand as she stood on the threshold. Jim took it in his own and gave her a firm shake, trying to ignore how soft her skin was. He wondered if the rest of her skin was this soft...

“Well, thanks for coming out. I’ll...” Jim trailed off, as his mouth turned into a desert. He didn’t know how he hadn’t noticed before, but poking through her shirt were two visible bumps at the outer edge of her chest. Her nipples were showing; she wasn’t wearing a bra.

Images of her naked filled his mind, her plump frame, juicy hips and ass, firm round tits. God dammit, *this* is why she couldn’t stay! He just had to say goodbye to her now, and that’d be the end of it.

“Would you like to move in with me?” He blurted out, still shaking her hand.

Oh, fucking hell...

Sam gasped with delight, her eyes widening with glee “Oh my god! Really?! Oh yes! Thank you, Jim! You don’t know how much this means to me!” She released his hand and stepped into him, wrapping her arms around him and hugging him. He could feel her breasts squeeze against his abs, her head turning to press against his pecs. The flowery scent emanated from her hair which was just underneath his nose and was driving him wild.

She let him go and stepped back. Jim had a dumbfounded expression on his face. Both shocked at what he’d done and how she’d reacted.

“Sorry!” Sam said with a giggle “I guess that was a bit over the line. We did just meet...I’m just so happy! Thank you again, Jim, I promise you won’t regret it!” Then she turned and hurried off down the hall to fetch her things from her car.

He wouldn’t regret it? Somehow, he seriously doubted that.

Jim laid in bed that night scrolling through online web boards on his phone. After helping Sam bring her stuff inside Jim had left her to settle in on her own. He’d gone out for dinner, and when he’d arrived back, she’d been in her new room with the door closed.

As he mindlessly swiped through page after page, he couldn’t keep his mind from wandering to the mistake that sat one room over. What the fuck had he been thinking, letting her move in with him...Well, ok, he knew damn well what he’d been thinking, or more accurately what his penis had been thinking. Either way there was no way this wouldn’t blow up in his face.

Would it though? Maybe not, if he kept his dick in his pants. She was *just* a roommate...he just had to think of her like a sister. Just be polite, be cordial, and maybe this wouldn't end up a total disaster.

Oh, who was he kidding, that was a pipe dream. He knew he could keep his urges under control, he was a respectful adult, but life wouldn't just go back to normal now. He already foresaw how he would be made the subject of mockery amongst his friends. Cradle Robber, Sugar Daddy, etc. They would never let him live it down.

Dating was also off the menu with this current situation. No decent woman would keep seeing him after he brought them home and introduced them to the buxom goth beauty eleven years his junior that was his new roommate.

There he was objectifying her again, so soon after vowing to think of her 'like a sister'. Jim couldn't deny that he found her very attractive. His first crush in high school had been a goth in her senior year. He'd been foolish enough as a freshman to try and ask her out. She'd been kind in letting him down nicely, but that hadn't stopped him from crushing on her hard.

Jim rubbed his eyebrows as he let out an exasperated sigh. The entire subject was a moot point. It didn't matter whether or not she found her attractive, if she didn't return the affection, which he was entirely sure she wouldn't. He was 11 years older than her, she probably thought of him like...like her *dad*.

Jim turned his head to look at his nightstand drawer, which held a box of tissues and a bottle of vaseline. Yes, that's what he needed right now. A little bit of post-nut clarity would help clear his mind. He reached to open the drawer with his right hand, while his left typed into his phone browser. The homepage of his favourite porn site popped up, when he heard a voice echo through the door.

"Jim..." Sam called.

Jim froze, feeling suddenly guilty, even though he technically hadn't been caught. He closed the drawer and sat up, swinging his legs over the side of the bed.

"Jiiiiim..." She called again. Her voice sounded distressed.

Jim stood and walked to the closed door. "Yeah?"

"I need your help"

Jim frowned "Me?"

"Yeah...Can you come here?"

What could she possibly need his help for? Jim opened the door and stepped out into the hallway. She was nowhere in sight, so he walked over to her open doorway. Peering in he saw her things in various states of unpacking, but no Sam.

“Uh...where are you?” He said.

“I’m in the bathroom” Sam replied.

Jim turned to look at the closed door on the other side of the hall. He suddenly felt his face go flushed. He’d been merely curious before to what she needed his help with. But...what did she need his help with *in the bathroom?*

“Are you out of T.P.?” He said as he leaned against the door frame on the outside.

“What? No...Are you coming?!” Her voice was getting more distressed.

“Are you sure you need me? Is there someone I can call, maybe?”

“Jim, please! I’m in pain, please just come in!”

Jim sighed “Alright...I’m coming in” Twisting the knob he pushed the door open and stepped in.

As soon as he saw her, he went pink. She was standing in front of the wide vanity mirror...wearing nothing but a thong and a bra. He’d had a pretty good picture in his mind of what her figure was, but it was nothing compared to looking at the real thing.

“Whoa, Mama!” He blurted out without thinking. He immediately averted his eyes towards the ceiling, but he’d already caught an eyeful of her. Her thong straps were pulled up high on her hips, nearly at her waist, the centre swatch of fabric completely swallowed by her round juicy cheeks that curved out behind her a few inches.

The bra was red satin with black lace trim. The colours suited her pale skin tone very well. It was quite a sexy little number, made sexier by the fact that, like her shirt, it didn’t quite fit her. Her full breasts bulged over the edge of the cups, pale blue veins just barely visible against the surface of her creamy skin. She was standing with her chest thrust forward, arms behind her back as she fumbled with the brassiere’s clasp.

“It’s this damn bra” Sam said, voice strained. “It was supposed to be my size, but it’s too small, and now I can’t get the damn thing off. It’s digging into me, and it really hurts! I just can’t quite get the hooks to unlatch...can you please help?”

Jim balked at her request. “Me? I’m not really comfortable with that...”

Sam pouted as she continued to fiddle with the garment. “I’m sorry Jim, I know it’s a lot, but I’m desperate! Please?”

Jim let out a sigh “Okay...sure...let me just get over there” Keeping his eyes on the ceiling he sidled over, until he figured he was standing behind her. Reaching out blindly his hands bumped against hers. Their fingers mingled for the briefest of moments before she pulled her hands away, and Jim grabbed onto the backstrap of the bra. He could feel the hooks, but without looking at it he found it difficult to undo it.

“Grr...Yeah...this thing is...finicky. Come on you son of a...Fucking hell!”

Sam looked at him in the mirror, frowning. “Why are you being weird? Just look at it?”

Jim let out a quiet sigh, but nodded. She was right, he was the one being weird here. This wasn't sexual, she just needed an extra set of hands. He tilted his head forward so he was looking ahead again. Standing before him Sam didn't even reach his chin. His eyes met hers in the mirror and she gave him a shy smile. God dammit...why had he agreed to let her live here...

“Right” He said, looking down hoping she wouldn't see him blush further “Let's get this thing undone”

She was right, of course; actually looking at what you're doing does make it easier. He studied the back of her bra intently. A series of hooks held it together, pretty standard design. A little white tag stuck out the top, that he took a peek at. It read 36G. And she was too big for it...Fucking Hell...

“Jim?” She said “Do you see the problem?”

He did. Some of the hooks were snagged on the wrong latch, and wouldn't pull free via the normal motion. Holding on to the two pieces of fabric he twisted them in the right way to get the hooks free, until at last he could pull them away. The straps fell apart and the bra loosened, slumping forward. Angry red marks were visible on her skin where it'd been digging in.

With the bra no longer squeezing them against her chest, her breasts settled into their natural shape, which was surprisingly perky and round for their size. A quiet moan of relief escaped her lips as Sam's shoulders fell, releasing the tension she'd been holding. Her hands quickly grabbed on to the front of the bra to hold it against her, keeping herself decent.

“Thank you so much” she said, the stress in her voice gone. “You're a life saver”

Jim nodded, looking away once more “Yeah, no problem”

This was certainly a sensitive situation, but Jim knew he shouldn't overthink it or dwell on it. She was in pain and needed help, that's all.

She turned around to face him, her own face blushing. Jim said nothing as she looked up at him expectantly. What was she doing? Why hadn't she left? Maybe she still had things to do in the bathroom now that her bra problem was solved.

“Alright, well, Good Night!” Jim said as he quickly turned and left the bathroom. Behind him Sam watched him leave, a confused expression on her face.

Jim returned to his room and got back into bed. He let out a groan as images of Sam in her bra flashed through his mind. Just think of her like a sister...yeah, sure.

Jim sat at the kitchen table the next morning, drinking coffee, and munching a breakfast of buttered toast. After helping out Sam last night, he'd returned to his room, and jerked off, but that hadn't snuffed out his desire for her. Thinking of her while doing it probably didn't help.

He just needed...Fuck, he didn't know what he needed. What was the solution to this untenable situation? He couldn't kick her out, he would never forgive himself. She was essentially living on the street before this, what kind of monster would he be if he told her to leave just because he was horny? He'd just have to suffer in silence.

It's not like she was even leading him on. Although asking him to help her remove her bra was...odd. No! No, don't start thinking like that; she just needed help, that was all. Don't give yourself hope for something that's not there.

“Good morning!” Sam said cheerily as she entered the kitchen. Jim grunted through his coffee, eyes widening as she walked past him. She wore a long white t-shirt, and from what he could tell nothing else. She was certainly making herself at home.

“Sleep alright?” She asked as she opened the fridge. The hem of her shirt covered her ass cheeks, but only barely. When she bent over to look in the fridge the back of it rode up, revealing her round ass. She did have underwear on, but it was a thong like yesterday.

Jim stared at her almost bare butt, as he mindlessly chewed on toast. “Yeah...I slept ok, I guess. Did you not unpack your pyjamas yet?”

“Hm? Oh! No, this is what I usually wear to sleep. It's comfy, y'know?” Her ass swayed back and forth idly as her legs bent one after the other as she searched through the fridge for whatever she was looking for.

She stood up abruptly, turning around with his jug of orange juice in her hand. “Do you mind if I steal some of this? I'll go get groceries for myself this afternoon” Jim's gaze lingered on where her ass had been, before darting up to her eyes. He'd been too slow and she'd noticed.

“What? What is it?” She asked “Was there something on me?” She twisted around to look at her butt, trying to find the stain that didn't exist.

“Sorry, no, it's nothing” Jim said. “Yeah, help yourself, what's mine is yours”

She turned back around “Oh! That’s so sweet, thanks Jim” She grabbed a glass from the cupboard and walked over to the table to join him. Jim noticed that she didn’t have any of her heavy makeup on that she’d had yesterday. Her natural features were equally lovely. Just his luck...

“I slept horribly” She said as she poured herself some juice. “That air mattress I have is awful. Where’d you get your bed?”

“Ikea” Jim said as he finished his toast.

“Oh, cool, is there one near here?”

Jim nodded “Sort of. It’s a bit of a drive but not too far”

Sam sat in silence for a moment before she asked. “Would...would you be able to help me get a bed?”

“What?” Jim said, surprised.

“From Ikea! I won’t be able to lift it on my own. I don’t really have anyone nearby that could help me...Ugh, actually, Never mind, sorry. This is too much to ask; we just met after all. I’ll figure it out on my own. I’ve gotta start doing that more, right? Living on my own now!” She gave him a nervous smile at the end of her little rant.

“You alright?” Jim asked.

She nodded, still giving him that nervous smile.

“Good” Jim said “Now to answer your question; yes, of course I’ll help you get a bed from Ikea. That’s what roommates are for.”

Sam’s eyes lit up. “Oh my god! You are the best, Jim, for real! Thank you!”

Jim shrugged “Don’t worry about it. We can go tonight”

“Excellent! Looking forward to it!” She said, giving him a big smile. Jim gave her a modest smile back, as he grabbed his mug to finish his coffee.

Sam rose, having finished her juice. She dropped her cup off at the sink, before walking toward him. Before Jim realized it she was upon him, arms wrapping around his shoulders to pull him into an embrace from the side. Her breasts pressed against the side of his head, nothing separating them from each other except her t-shirt.

“Thank you, Jim. I was really scared about finding my own place, but you’ve made this really easy” She whispered as she held him.

Jim felt himself go flushed. His cock stirred in his pants. Her tits were so warm, and soft pressing against his cheek and neck. "Aha...yeah..." He stammered. "Like I said...no...uh...no problem"

After what felt like an hour, but probably was less than ten seconds she let go. "Alright, I have to get ready for my shift. See you tonight!"

"Yup, see you" Jim grunted. He had to go get ready for work too, but he remained seated for the moment. He didn't want her to see the raging erection that tented the front of his grey pyjama pants.

"Yes, I know this is my fault" he said, looking down and speaking to his penis. "You don't have to make it harder than it already is..."

Jim stood in the middle of Ikea's bedroom section, pondering the life choices that had occurred to bring him to this situation. Sam stood nearby looking at sheet sets, a new pillow already under her arm.

After a day apart, with time to collect himself and steady his resolve, he thought he'd be ready to face her. He'd been wrong. She'd walked out of the building and up to his car with a big smile on her face, and he'd nearly come undone.

Her makeup was fully done, like he'd first met her, though she'd switched her nose ring out for a stud. Her lace choker had been swapped for a leather one with a little lock at the front. She wore a pair of tight jean shorts that hugged her thick ass over fishnet stockings, and a black tank top which struggled to contain her assets. Watching the inches of cleavage jiggle as she sat down in his passenger seat, he could've sworn they looked bigger...but he was certain he was just imagining things.

"Is... this your Starbucks uniform?" He'd asked.

She'd just giggled at him, before pulling out her phone, which she'd then spent the rest of the drive focused on. Occasionally she'd glance over at him, and open her mouth as if she were going to say something, but each time she'd looked away shyly.

Now they were at Ikea, Jim standing around awkwardly as she picked out bedding.

"Oh these sheet's are so soft!" Sam said, looking over her shoulder at him. "And they come in black! Fuck yeah!" She grabbed a package off the stack and placed it in the cart that Jim had grabbed near the entrance.

"Ok, now I just need to choose a frame and mattress. Come on!" Sam said, waving for him to follow.

Moments later Sam and Jim walked between the rows of beds on display. She stopped by a simple twin bed set and without warning leapt on it, turning in the air to land on her back.

Her breasts nearly came out of her top, as they heaved toward her head upon landing. Only her hands quickly coming up to steady them kept her decent.

“Heh, oops!” She said, her cheeks going slightly pink. Jim said nothing, but could feel his face burning.

“What do you think?” She asked as she rubbed her hands across the top of the bed.

Jim shrugged. “It’s fine, I guess? It’s an Ikea bed...they’re all pretty decent.”

Sam gazed up at him “Oh yeah? Which one did you get?”

Jim looked around the display room “I...really don’t remember. It was a queen size, had some funny swedish name”

Sam laughed “They all have those!”

Jim chuckled. Jim found that Sam really was easy to talk to; they got along rather well. If only she’d been his own age.

“So, you’re ok with just a twin? Your room *can* fit a queen” Jim asked.

Sam nodded “Mmhhh! I’m not very big, so I don’t need a huge bed.”

Jim nodded. “Alright, let me just take a picture of the tag code then we can go downstairs and collect it” He turned to walk away when Sam spoke.

“Wait” she said.

Jim stopped, turning back around. “What?”

“Get on” She said, biting her lower lip.

“I...uh...what?!” Jim stammered. He looked down at her as she looked up at him. Thoughts of him on top of her, bodies pressed together flooded his mind. Had she really just asked him that?!

“Get on the bed!” Sam clarified. “I want to see how comfortable it is with a second person, just in case I...ever have to share” She batted her eyelashes at him, and gave him a sweet innocent smile.

“Oh, yeah, ok sure,” Jim said. Stupid. He was stupid. Why would he, even for a moment, think she meant that. Face still flushed, he sidled over and slid on to the bed beside her.

It was a tight fit. Side by side on the bed, his arms, bare from the t-shirt sleeve down, rubbed against Sams.

“Hi” She said, turning her head towards him. Her lips were only inches away from him.

“Hey” he said back. He didn’t turn to look at her, he couldn’t; couldn’t be that close to her. “So, is it comfortable enough?”

“Yeah, it’s not bad” Sam said. She rolled over onto her side toward him. He felt the warm weight of her breasts as they settled on top of his arm. “Just as long as I like the person, I’m sharing it with”

Jim nodded awkwardly, as he tried to ignore the touch of her chest upon him. Goddammit, why had she leaned in to him like that...She probably had no idea what she was doing to him. She was just trying to have a conversation about a bed.

The tension was broken for a moment by the arrival of an Ikea floor rep. “Hello, sir! Do you and your girlfriend need any help finding anything?”

Jim sat up with a start, practically throwing himself from the bed. “No! No, no, no. Not my girlfriend. Just roommate. Just helping her pick out a bed, that’s it.”

The rep gave him a funny look at his overreaction “Ok...well, do you and your roommate need help?”

Jim shook his head “Nope, I think...ah...I think we’re good? Sam, you good?” He looked over at Sam who was pushing herself up from the bed. For a second it looked like she was seriously upset, but as she looked to the rep her face returned to neutrality.

“Yeah, this one is fine.” She said quietly.

The rep nodded “Alright then. Hope you enjoy the bed”

Jim turned to Sam after the rep had left. “Sorry about that. What the fuck was that guy thinking, right?!” Jim hoped that Sam wouldn’t see through his bravado to the truth underneath. The truth that he found himself really liking Sam, and the idea of her being his girlfriend was something he’d greatly enjoy. He didn’t want her to know that and make their living together awkward, with her feeling that he was constantly creeping on her, lusting after her.

“It’s fine” she said curtly. “Let’s go”

“Cool” Jim said, oblivious to her shift in mood.

Sam was quiet for the rest of their time in Ikea, the drive back, and the hour afterward when Jim helped her put together her new bed. Jim thought nothing of it. She didn’t seem upset, just...contemplative. She was probably just tired from work; lord knows Jim was familiar with that.

Jim fell asleep that night feeling much more assured about the future than he had the previous night. He figured he'd made it fairly clear that evening his intentions to not pursue her, which was for the best for all parties. He wanted her to feel comfortable living here, and this was the simplest way to do it. As for him and his feelings; it was just a crush. He was certain that over time he'd get over it.

Across the hall, Sam stood in the bathroom staring at herself in the mirror. She twisted her body back and forth to study her figure, before she looked down to a large bottle of small white pills in her hand. With a determined nod, she opened them and then poured the bottle out into the toilet. A smile crept on to her face as she flushed, washing them away along with her inhibitions.

"Here we go..." She whispered excitedly.

The next morning Jim sat at the kitchen table like he had the previous morning, having his same old breakfast of coffee and toast. He'd slept better last night, having felt that the situation between him and Sam had been partially settled.

His own desires still remained unsatisfied, but that was his problem not hers. Maybe it was time for him to be more aggressive about finding a date. Try out a few more of the apps, and really commit to finding someone appropriate for him. Yes, that seemed like a good plan.

He heard footsteps coming down the hallway, but didn't look up as Sam entered the kitchen. Reducing their interaction would probably also be for the best. He wouldn't ignore her, but he also wouldn't go out of his way to engage her. That plan went out the window with a surprising flash of colour in his peripheral vision.

Jim looked up, nearly choking on his coffee. She was wearing spandex shorts and a sports bra, both bright pink. If he'd had 100 guesses to what Sam would be wearing this morning, he wouldn't have come up with this.

She was facing away from him, grabbing things from the fridge. "Workout clothes don't come in black?" Jim joked, not able to help himself.

"They do. I don't *only* wear black" Sam said over her shoulder.

"Is that so?" Jim said. "Maybe I should report you to the Goth tribunal?"

Sam snorted. "Ah, so it's blackmail? Well sadly for you I'm the chair of the tribunal!"

Jim chuckled, though on the inside he cursed himself. Dammit this was killing him. Sam was really cool, and funny. It felt like the chemistry was there between them, but he'd already made that decision that nothing would happen. She's only 21, he reminded himself, she's not for you.

“The chair at such a young age! How’d you swing that? Got some friends in high places, or did you just absolutely wow them during the interview?” Jim lifted his coffee and took a sip smiling, despite his reservations about the entire situation. He hadn’t bantered like this with anyone in a long time.

Sam stood up straight, closing the fridge. “Aha...yes, I suppose you could say I ‘wowed’ them...” She turned around to face Jim, a smile on her face. Jim, who was still sipping his coffee, slurped in an entire mouthful at once out of shock.

Ok, last night he’d thought her breasts looked a bit bigger, but he’d chalked that up to the outfit. But this morning...no, they were *definitely* bigger now! Her breasts had swollen larger since the previous night. The pink sports bra was stretched tight, pushed forward by each fleshy mass. The bra did up in the front with a zipper, which was only half done up, showing off the way her cleavage disappeared down below the hem. They were like a pair of creamy cantaloupes resting upon her chest, squeezed tight against each other. Two thick bumps pressed through the pink spandex on the front, her nipples stiff from the cold of the fridge that she’d been leaning into.

“Holy Mother...” Jim muttered under his breath, staring unabashedly.

“What’d you say?” Sam asked, still smiling at him innocently.

Jim immediately looked away, shaking his head. “Nothing...nothing”

Sam grabbed a spoon out of the cupboard, and opened the yogurt cup she’d pulled from the fridge. “Alright, if you say so. Mmm, I love raspberry yogurt” She gave a moan of satisfaction as she spooned the creamy breakfast into her mouth.

Jim looked at her out of the corner of his eye, as she leaned against the counter eating her yogurt. What the fuck had happened to her!? She’d grown at least 3 cup sizes in one night! Maybe she was on her period...Jim’s ex’s breasts had swollen a bit during her time of the month...but never this much!

He snuck another peek when she walked over to the other side of the kitchen to throw out her yogurt cup. Goddamn they looked good on her, round and full, sticking out proudly from her chest. His cock was awakening in his pyjama pants, rising to attention with each pump of his heart.

She turned around after disposing of her trash. Jim tried not to stare at them. Tried and failed. They were beautiful; she was beautiful. Sam noticed his gaze and looked down. “Oh! I spilled a bit. That’s embarrassing”

Sam took her right index finger and dipped it between her cleavage, scooping up a bit of yogurt that had slipped off her spoon. Her finger slid up between her breasts, ensuring she got it all, before swiping free, coming up to her mouth where she licked it clean. Jim looked down, scooting his chair in to try and hide his erection.

“So...Going to the gym?” He said, voice shaky.

“Yup!” Sam said with a smile as she looked back up at him. “You work out too, right?”

Jim nodded, eyes purposefully staring down intently at a specific groove on the table.

“Yeah, I could tell” Sam said cheerfully “Where do you workout?”

“Nothing fancy, just the Goodlife over on Maple” Jim said.

“No way! Me too! Would...would you want to come with me?” Sam said, voice excited. “We could spot each other!”

An image flashed into Jim’s mind, of him doing bench press...Sam standing above him spotting him, him staring up at the underside of those juicy round breasts. His cock throbbed in his pants excitedly. It *really* wanted them to go to the gym together.

Jim shook his head “Not today. I’ve got a crazy day at work”

“Oh” Sam said, dejected “Ok...well...another time then...”

“Yeah, sure” Jim said, still not looking at her.

“Ok, well...see you around, Jim” She said as she walked past him. Her hand reached out and ran along his upper arm and across his shoulder as she walked past him.

He turned around and watched her as she exited the apartment. The last thing he saw of her was the curve of her ass in those bright pink shorts. Facing forward once more, he looked at where she touched his arm.

With a groan he put his head in his hands. Stop it, Jim. Stop reading into things. She was just being friendly, that’s all. Friend’s invite friends to the gym all the time. And she gave you a pat on the shoulder goodbye. That’s it.

He stood from the kitchen table, the head of his still stiff cock catching on the edge of the table. The sharp jolt of pain made him cuss out loud. He grumbled angrily as he sauntered down the hall towards the bathroom. He’d really thought things were settled. Oh, how wrong he’d been.

Jim closed the door of the apartment behind him with a heavy sigh, letting himself lean back against it for a moment. He kicked off his shoes, and stumbled down the hallway. Today had sucked. After getting yelled at by clients, thrown under the bus by his coworker, and then almost getting into a crash on his drive home, he was happy the day was over.

Except now he had to deal with Sam. Or hopefully not deal with her. If he was lucky, she wouldn’t be home, and he could avoid that entire temptation.

Luck was not with him as he saw light shining through the edge of the closed door of the bathroom. He walked past quietly, hoping to not be heard. Instead, he was the one who ended up hearing something; Sam's voice emitting a hushed gasp. His curiosity overriding his morality, he snuck up to the closed door to listen.

There was only silence at first, and he was about to move away when at last he did hear something. It was faint, and unfamiliar. It sounded like liquid spraying against porcelain. What the hell could that be? He leaned closer to try and hear better, when Sam's voice emanated through the door again, this time speaking.

"Oh god...Oh god! Mmm, Fuck! It's so much! It was never this much before..."

Jim furrowed his brow with confusion. What the fuck was going on in there? Her voice was breathy and tinged with strain.

"Ahh...Oh god...I missed this...Fuck, I forgot how good it feels. Keep going...I still feel so full..."

Jim felt his face heat up. He still didn't know what exactly was happening inside, but he realized now that it was clearly a very private personal moment. He should leave, he was being a creep. He stood up and moved to tip toe away, when he heard Sam emit a loud noise. It sounded like a scream of pain, though it was hard to tell through the door.

Without thinking he knocked on the door twice. "Sam?" He said. "Are you ok?"

Sam let out a yelp of shock at the sound of his voice, but she quickly recovered. "Oh, hey Jim! Yeah, I'm fine thank you. Just taking care of some...feminine...stuff."

"You're sure? It sounded like you were in pain"

"I'm good! Thanks for checking on me!" In the background he could still hear the quiet sound of liquid spraying forcefully against porcelain.

"Alright..." Jim said, still confused.

Sam didn't reply, so he turned and continued on to his room. As he changed out of his work clothes, swapping them for sweats and a t-shirt, he puzzled over what could she possibly have been doing? He was still drawing a blank when he emerged a few minutes later. When he passed the bathroom the light was still on, signalling that Sam was still inside, though she no longer spoke. Jim continued on to the kitchen, to make himself some food.

Minutes later he sat on the couch with a beer and heated up frozen dinner, and turned on the television. He just needed a night to not think about things. He'd been meaning to watch a history documentary series on the African campaign of World War 2 that his brother had told him about. It seemed like a good way to forget about his troubles.

Half an hour, and one beer later, he heard Sam walk into the room behind him. The couch faced the television on the far wall, with its back to the front door, so Jim could only hear her as she walked from the hallway into the kitchen. Jim heard the microwave turn on and then Sam walking back into the room.

“Whatcha watching?” She said as she padded up behind him.

“Documentary” Jim said, as he swigged his beer.

“Very helpful” Sam said voice dripping with sarcasm. “A documentary on *what?*”

“World War 2, specifically in Africa”

“Oh, cool! Do you mind if I watch it with you?”

Jim inwardly groaned. So much for a night of escape. “Knock yourself out” Jim said, managing to keep the frustration out of his voice.

Sam didn’t move from behind the couch, though Jim felt the motion through the cushions when her hands rested on the back of it.

“Not gonna sit down?” He asked.

“No, I thought I’d lurk menacingly in the background all night,” Sam said. “I am the chair of the Goth Tribunal after all”

Despite himself, Jim smiled. “You’re hilarious” He shot back.

“I know!” She said happily ignoring his gibe. “Of course I’m going to sit, I’m just waiting for my food to be ready”

“Ah, right, right” Jim said, focusing on the screen once more.

A few moments of silence passed when Sam let out a grunt of pain.

“You, ok?” Jim asked.

“Yeah, I’m fine” Sam replied “Just sore from the Gym this morning. Should’ve stretched more.” Behind him, Jim heard her feet shuffle about, and her hands shift on the couch. The couch creaked slightly as she leaned her weight on it, as she stretched behind him.

Jim went back to watching the documentary, when something unexpectedly collided with the back of his head. Or more accurately *two* things.

Jim let out a shaky exhale as he felt the warm soft weight of Sam’s breasts press against him. Sam let out a soft hum as she went deeper into her stretch, which just pushed her chest harder against Jim’s head. The hem of her top dug into the back of his neck, as above it her cleavage began to envelop him.

“Mmm. Good stretch...” She moaned as she leaned harder against him. His head sunk further between her breasts, their soft pillowy forms kissing the back of his ears. Jim said nothing, he didn’t move. Below his waist, his cock hardened, pressing triumphantly against his grey sweats.

Why was she doing this...Torturing him in this way. This was no accident. She obviously could feel him against her, and yet she pushed on. Maybe she was just a tease. Liked toying with boys for fun. That had to be it; he was just her subject of fun for the evening.

“So, you like History?” She asked. Her voice came from almost directly above him, her head leaning over his. She’d folded her arms under her breasts and set them across the back of the couch, pressing against his shoulders as she leaned against him. He could feel her heartbeat through her soft flesh against the back of his head, her pulse slightly elevated.

“Uh, Yeah...” Jim said, voice weak.

“That’s really cool. I think an interest in history is a real mark of intelligence. I’ve always found smart guys really attractive”

“Mmm” A quiet grunt from his throat was his only response. Jim hadn’t even parsed her words. He was too focused on not making a fool of himself. He was better than that. Or at least he hoped he was...His cock strained against the fabric of his pants, eager to swap places with his head in its current position.

A loud beep from the kitchen was his savior. The warmth of Sam’s chest upon him vanished as she stood up straight, and walked off to the kitchen to get her food, humming an aimless tune to herself.

“Holy fuck” Jim muttered as he reached up a hand and ran it along the back of his head. As the sound of Sam getting her food from the microwave echoed behind him, Jim quickly reached down his pants and uncomfortably shifted his raging erection underneath one leg as he crossed them.

Sam returned moments later and sat down on the couch beside Jim. Right beside him. She was right there, all of her. She was wearing that same black tank top she’d worn yesterday, and only panties down below. Her pale thick thighs rested against his, her bare arms brushing against his own as she began to pick at her food.

None of that registered to Jim, as his eyes focused upon her chest. She was bigger than this morning. Noticeably bigger. Her cantaloupes had swollen to watermelons.

Her breasts, stuffed into her poor overfilled tank top, were huge, round, and full, spilling over her rib cage, and reaching over 6” from her chest. The thin straps of her top were pulled taut, a gap of two inches between it and her flesh, as they stretched the garment to its limit.

Jesus christ, Jim thought, they must be at least as big as her head! Sitting beside her, he had almost a clear vantage point straight down her cleavage, an inviting line 5” long, where

the tank top forced her breasts together. The pale blue veins he'd noticed on her flesh before, were now a visually deeper shade, and were much thicker.

His head had just been inside that cleavage...He involuntarily shuddered at the thought, his shaft throbbing where he'd pinned it under his leg. Sam felt him twitch beside her, and looked over to him.

"Jim? You ok?"

Jim said nothing for a moment, eyes darting up to her eyes, taking in her face that smiled warmly at him. "Yup!" He said, too eagerly, over-correcting. "That, uh, that smells good!" He forcefully tore his gaze back to the TV. That didn't save him; her breasts projected far enough off her body that he could still see them in his peripheral vision.

"Tastes good too!" Sam said, placing a forkful in her mouth. "Leftover Chinese food, from lunch I picked up today. Wanna taste?"

"Uh sure, let me go grab a fork"

"Don't bother, I don't mind" Jim glanced over to see her holding up a scoop of food toward him.

Jim looked at the fork, a piece of sesame chicken perched atop it. Well...if she insisted. He tilted his head toward it, opening his mouth, but as he leaned against her the fork jostled in her grip, and the chicken fell off of it. Jim's eyes followed it as it landed right in the middle of her cleavage.

"Whoops!" Sam said with a chuckle. "Could you get that, Jim?"

He looked back up at her. "Excuse me?"

"I said 'Could you get that'. My hands are full" She gestured with both arms, one hand holding her plate, the other her fork.

"Okay..." Jim said, his mouth going dry. Slowly he reached around with his left hand, giving her ample time to say no. Instead, she arched her back, thrusting her chest up toward his approaching hand, making it easier to reach. His eyes were locked on hers, as she gazed up at him with a serene smile, when his fingers delved between her breasts, plucking the piece of chicken free. Her eyelids fluttered as his fingers brushed against her flesh, and he could've sworn she let out a quiet moan.

"Thanks" She said after his hand had pulled free. "You deserve a fresh scoop. I'll take that piece" Then she opened her mouth, sticking out her tongue slightly. Jim, moving on instinct alone now, brought the piece of chicken up to her mouth, placing it on her tongue. Her lips closed around it, wet as they brushed his fingers as she took the food from his grasp.

“Mmm! So good!” She said, doing a little shimmy, which caused her bust to jiggle enticingly. “Ok, your turn.” She scooped up another forkful of food, which this time she brought right up to his face. Jim had to only open his mouth and she deposited it in for him.

Jim chewed and swallowed. It was good, but it wasn’t what he wanted in his mouth right now.

“What’d you think?” Sam asked.

“Yeah, pretty good” Jim said with a nod.

Sam nodded back “Yeah...It’s better fresh though; we should go sometime!”

Jim said nothing as he looked back at the TV. His mouth was like the Sahara, his heart was pounding like a hammer, and his cock throbbed more insistently than it ever had before.

Sam settled in beside him, tilting her legs to lean against his as she finished her dinner. Afterwards she set the plate aside, then shifted herself even closer to him, resting her head upon his shoulder. Occasionally she would ask him questions about the events portrayed in the documentary, which he did his best to answer.

As the evening went on she rested more and more of her weight against him. After the end of the first episode of the series, she complained about being cold, and without asking, lifted his arm closest to her and slid under it, so she was leaning directly against his torso. Her massive heavy breasts were practically in his lap now. Jim purposefully placed the arm that she’d slung around her neck on her far arm. It was terribly uncomfortable, but he didn’t dare do what felt natural and let it hang down onto her chest.

Jim was simultaneously in Heaven and Hell. She was so warm, so soft, so big, and she was just laying against him. And he could do nothing about it. He didn’t dare overstep. Sam was obviously just a very touchy-feely person, someone who cuddled with their friends. Jim had met people like that...or at least read about them. Regardless, it all meant nothing, he was sure of it.

As another episode pulled to a close, Sam let out a yawn and extended both arms in a stretch. But as she lowered them, her left arm took a little detour...and settled right atop Jim’s thigh, her hand right atop his crotch.

Nope. That was too much; she was too close. He couldn’t deal with that. Without warning he pushed himself up off the couch. Sam let out a yelp of shock as she was suddenly tossed backward away from him.

“Well, this was fun!” Jim said, voice a few tones higher than normal. “But I had a tough day, and so I think I’m gonna head to bed. Good night!”

“Good...night?” Sam said, frowning, face looking hurt. Her frown vanished though, lips turning into an ‘O’ of surprise, eyes widening, when she caught sight of something at his hip level. No longer trapped, his erection very visibly tented the front of his sweatpants.

Feeling himself go red with embarrassment, Jim didn't wait for a response, instead choosing to immediately about-face and very quickly march himself to his room. Shutting the door behind him he stood with his back to it, breathing heavily.

On the other side of the door, he heard Sam stop in front of his room. She paused there for a moment before returning to her own room, closing her door behind her. With a sigh, Jim pulled off his pants, and furiously relieved himself, no porn needed. Thoughts of Sam kept him more than aroused, and brought him to climax in less than a minute.

Jim opened his eyes groggily. His phone alarm blared at him noisily from his bedside table. With a groan he pushed himself upright, grabbing his phone and silencing it. He'd dreamt of Sam. Not even in sleep could he escape her.

He stood and exited the dark room, stepping out into the hallway. The bathroom door was closed and the light shone from within. That was odd...since she'd moved in two days ago Sam had always woken up a fair bit later than him.

As he walked past, he heard that strange sound of fluid spraying again, though it was louder today. He could also hear Sam muttering to herself under her breath, though he couldn't make out the words. Jim walked on without a second thought, not wanting to intrude again on whatever "feminine stuff" she was doing.

An hour later Jim walked back down the hall, having long finished his breakfast and coffee. He'd been dreading having to encounter Sam again, except she still hadn't come out of the bathroom. He had to leave for work soon, and was in desperate need of a shower.

"Sam?" He said as he knocked gently on the bathroom door.

"Ah! Shit...Uh, Good morning Jim!" Sam called through the door, voice unsteady.

"You almost done in there?"

"Ummm...Yes? I think so..." She replied. Then her voice dropped low as she muttered to herself, though Jim could still just barely hear her through the door. "Come on, please stop! How is it still going?! I can't let him see me like this..."

Jim frowned as a wave of concern hit him. She sounded like she was in distress.

"Sam...are you okay?"

Sam didn't answer, though he could've sworn he heard some soft moans emanating through the door.

"Sam?" He said again, growing more worried. Silence.

Oh, the hell with this, he thought. If she was hurt or in crisis, then regardless of how he felt about her, he should help. He reached for the door knob to open the door, when it swung open on its own, Sam standing behind it. Her face was slightly flushed, but otherwise she seemed to be okay.

“All done!” She said, giving him a small smile. “Sorry, to make you wait, Jim!”

Jim blinked, surprised at the sudden reversal of the situation. Sam appeared to be completely fine. She was wearing the oversized white t-shirt that she slept in, with only panties on underneath; her standard sleeping attire. It was hard to tell if her breasts had grown since last night, underneath the loose shirt.

What was noticeable was the two prominent dents that broke up the monotony of the white fabric. Located at the end of her breasts and pointing slightly up towards the ceiling, her nipples were very obvious underneath her shirt, each one the size of a thimble. Jim felt his own face go flushed as he stared at them. The way they protruded through her shirt was so inviting...almost asking him to touch them.

Jim swallowed, as he cleared his throat, closing his eyes for a moment to collect himself. When he opened them, Sam was looking up at him innocently, hands held behind her back, body swaying gently back and forth.

“No worries, Sammy” he said, forcing himself to look only at her eyes. “I’ve still got time to shower and get dressed.”

Her smile widened. “Did you just call me Sammy?”

Jim chuckled awkwardly “Yeah, I guess I did. Sorry”

“Don’t be sorry” She said, biting her lower lip “I like it. I like it a lot...”

Jim stared at her, mouth slightly ajar, words escaping him. His eyes flicked down as they noticed something.

“Umm...I think you may have spilled something on yourself?”

Sam looked down at herself letting out a surprised gasp. Around each of her nipples, her shirt had become almost transparent, the white fabric soaked completely. Her thick pink nipples actively pulsed underneath her shirt, completely visible alongside her pebbly areola.

“Oh no!” Sam cried, hands coming up to cover herself, as she turned and fled back to her room.

Jim watched her go, completely dumbfounded. Was...was that milk? It couldn’t be...Sam wasn’t pregnant, she’d told him she was still a virgin...But then why were her breasts growing?

Jim put it out of his mind as he got into the shower. Whatever was going on with Sam, was not his business. If she needed his help she could ask, but otherwise he wasn't going to waste time worrying about it. If he was going to be serious about not thinking of her as just a roommate, then this was part of it.

Sam hadn't emerged from her room when Jim left the bathroom. Don't think about her, he reminded himself, as he entered his room to get dressed for the day.

"See you, Sammy" He called as he left his room. If she liked that nickname, why not use it? They were friends after all. After a few seconds of waiting, Sam didn't answer, so with a shrug, Jim left.

Jim walked up to his apartment building after work, feeling excited. The work day had born unexpected fruit; he'd actually got a response on one of the dating apps he'd signed up for. She'd replied to his opening message not long after he'd arrived at work. They'd ended up messaging back forth throughout the day, and eventually arranged to meet up for dinner tonight.

This was what he needed, something healthy, something normal. He didn't know how exactly he'd cross the bridge of introducing Sam, and the whole can of worms that entailed. But that was far in the future. Tonight, he was just looking forward to going on a date for the first time in years.

Putting the key into the lock he entered his apartment, and was immediately greeted with a waft of something cooking that smelled delectable. Was that pasta? Maybe an alfredo sauce? He thought he also smelled something salty...maybe shrimp? Whatever it was, it smelled amazing. He didn't know Sam could cook! She must have decided to treat herself this evening.

He started to walk towards his room, he just needed to quickly change shirts before heading out, when he heard Sam's voice call from the kitchen.

"Jim?"

Jim stopped at the entrance to the hall. "Yeah?"

"Oh good, you're home!" Sam said. "Come here!"

Jim checked the clock on his phone, he had to be out of here in ten minutes; he could spare a few to see what Sam needed. He walked back across the entranceway, stepping forth into the threshold of the kitchen.

"Hey you!" Sam said, giving him a bright smile. "How are you?"

Jim was at a loss for words as he looked at her. There was no doubt that she'd grown bigger now.

She was wearing the same outfit she'd had on when he'd first met her, the pleated skirt and buttoned shirt...though now she wore it in a dramatically different fashion. She'd done up only the top two buttons near her neck, and then halfway up from the bottom. The ones in between, well there was no way she'd get them done up.

Her breasts, that she'd done her best to stuff into her top, stretched the shirt apart and bulged up out of the gap, a round arc of creamy flesh squeezed tightly together. The line of cleavage was easily 8" long, and incredibly deep. More veins traced the surface than had been visible yesterday afternoon. Jim guessed if she undid her shirt and let them free, her breasts would easily reach her belly button, and probably slope out to almost a foot in front of her.

"It...ah...Jesus christ..." He mumbled. "I'm...ahem...I'm good" He finally got out.

"I'm so glad!" Sam said as she walked toward him. Her breasts bounced enticingly with each step, the button closest to the top pulled tight against the hole, threatening to pop free.

Jim averted his eyes as she neared. "Smells good in here"

"Aww thanks! I hoped you'd like it. I made us dinner! Shrimp Penne Alfredo, my mom's recipe. I'd hoped we could eat together, there's something I want to talk about..."

"Dinner?" Jim said. "Oh. Sorry, Sammy, but I'm actually just about to head out to dinner."

Sam's smile fell "Oh...you are?"

Jim nodded "Yeah, I've got a date tonight"

If Jim had been looking at her, he would've seen her face break with sadness. "A...date? Oh...ok...I understand"

"Thanks, though!" Jim said as he turned around. "I'm sure it smells as good as it tastes. Save me some leftovers?"

"Yeah...sure" Sam said.

"Thanks, Sammy" he said as he rushed down the hall to his room. He returned shortly, new shirt on, heading for the door.

Sam watched him from the kitchen as he left. If he'd bothered to look at her eyes he'd have noticed them growing watery "Have fun on your date..."

Jim returned later that evening, frustrated. The date had *not* gone well. Firstly, she looked nothing like her profile picture, which had immediately raised some red flags. And then she'd been shockingly mean to the waitstaff, and disrespectful to him.

In their messages she'd been sarcastic and a bit rude, casually tossing insults and gibes. He'd thought she was just snarky, but was just teasing. After actually meeting her, he realized she actually meant it all, and was just a stuck-up bitch. Perhaps he should've noticed that something wasn't quite right with how quickly she'd replied to him and agreed to go on a date. He'd been eager to get back out there, and hadn't considered it. Oh well, it was his first attempt. Surely the next would go better.

He entered the apartment to find it dark. It wasn't that late, he'd thought Sam would still be up, maybe watching TV. The faint smell of her pasta dish still lingered in the air. He probably would've enjoyed that much more than the cheap steak he'd had.

After grabbing a beer from the fridge, he headed down the hall to his room. Perhaps he'd spend the rest of the evening sending more messages on the apps; he certainly wouldn't be going out with his date from this evening again.

As he walked down the shadowed hallway, he heard noise coming from Sam's room. Even though he was still trying to keep a healthy boundary between them, he did feel bad about brushing her off this evening; it was really nice of her to make him food. He should probably stop by and apologize. He paused before her door, lifting a hand to knock when he heard an unmistakable sound from inside. Sam was crying.

"Sam?" He said.

"Go away!" Sam replied through her sobbing.

Jim frowned, that was an unexpected response. "Sam, what's going on? Are you hurt?"

"Please, Jim. Just...just go away..."

"Sammy...Talk to me" Jim said.

"I'm fine! Just leave me al-Ahhhh!!!" A sharp cry of pain cut her sentence short.

"Sam... I'm coming in" Jim said as he grabbed the door knob. Sam didn't offer any further protestations and so he turned the knob and entered.

Sam was sitting across from the door on the edge of her bed, fully nude except for her thong, and her leather choker, which was adorned with a small metal heart pendant that Jim hadn't noticed earlier. Her hands rested atop the far edges of her breasts, just above her nipples. Her eyes were pink and puffy, signs that she'd been crying for a while. Beneath, black lines ran down her cheeks, her signature makeup ruined by her tears.

Her chest was a sight to behold. Her breasts sloped forward from underneath her collarbone, shaped like a pair of two large water balloons, round and tapered. They'd swollen larger since earlier this evening, their bottoms now resting atop her thighs, almost covering them to her knees.

The flesh was mottled in tone, her normal pale creamy skin tone near the top, but getting more and more pink closer to the ends. Webs of veins now covered the surface of each pendulous teat, and some of the thicker ones stood up against the surface of her skin.

Her nipples were huge, bigger than this morning. They were like a pair of fleshy shot glasses projecting from the ends of her breasts. They quivered angrily, their colour a deep shade of pink, almost red.

"I didn't want you to see me like this...I'm a mess..." Sam whimpered as she looked up at him.

Jim stared unapologetically. His mouth flapped open and closed a few times, though no words came out as he struggled to process what he saw. Finally, his brain kicked into gear. "Sam...What the fuck is going on..."

"I fucked up" she said, fingers wiping away tears. "I'm just a stupid girl, and I fucked up so bad!"

Jim shook his head, as he stepped forward getting down onto his knees in front of her so they were at eye level. "What! Sammy, you are *not* stupid. Now just tell me what happened. How did...this happen" He gestured towards her bust.

Sam sniffed back tears before she spoke. "I have a genetic mutation that affects my pituitary gland. Have you ever heard of Virginal Breast Hypertrophy? It's like that but...more intense. Basically it makes my tits grow unendingly..."

Jim's eyebrows raised with surprise. That certainly explained some things.

"It's also tied to my milk ducts, so the bigger I grow, the more milk I produce. That's what I've been doing in the bathroom...I've been expressing my milk into the sink"

Jim nodded. That explained some other things. "So, you've always had this?"

Sam wiped away more tears, as she nodded. "Sort of. The size I was when I first met you...I've been that size for years. I grew to that size within a few months of starting puberty, before my doctor put me on hormone inhibitors. They hold back the hormones, stopping me from growing, and preventing me from making milk..."

"If that's so...then why did you start growing again?"

Sam said nothing for a moment, her already flushed face growing more pink as she looked away. "Because I stopped taking them..."

Jim couldn't help but laugh. "What!? Why would you do that!"

Sam looked back at him, fresh tears forming in her eyes. "Because I wanted you to like me!" She said before breaking out into sobs.

Jim's mind left his body, unable to cope with what he'd just heard. "What..."

"Yeah! When I first met you, when you interviewed me for the apartment, I was instantly smitten with you. You were so handsome, and cute, and charming, and you had similar interests as me...and then even though I lied on my application you still let me stay! I thought you must like me too!"

Jim said nothing, struggling to keep up.

"I obviously noticed you looking at my titties during the interview, but you were trying so hard to be respectful, and *sniff* and decent, I just knew you were a good guy. I figured a gentleman like you wouldn't make a move on me, and so I tried to initiate that very night"

Jim shook his head, holding up his hands to stop her. "Wait, wait, wait...you mean...your bra wasn't stuck?"

Sam laughed, as her eyes released fresh tears. "No! Of course not! It was just a dumb excuse to get you to see me in my lingerie...I thought you'd take the hint, but you were a total gentleman about it all"

Jim slapped both his hands over his face. "Oh my god..."

"So, after that *sniff* I thought I'd just have to try harder. At breakfast I hugged you pretty intimately, and then when we went to Ikea I wore a slutty tank top and fishnet stockings! I even giggled at your dumb uniform joke. Then we got to the store and I asked you to get in to bed with me...I thought I couldn't be more obvious. And then...and then you leapt up, loudly proclaiming that you and I were *definitely* not boyfriend and girlfriend, and how ridiculous of an idea that would be"

Jim nodded "Yeah, yeah I did. I said that because I wanted you to know that I wasn't going to make a move on you. I didn't want you to feel uncomfortable living here"

"Oh...That's actually really sweet" Sam whispered. "Except I *did* want you to make a move on me!"

"God, I'm an idiot" Jim said "So...then what happened?"

"Well" Sam continued. "I thought a lot about what I wanted to do next that night while we built the bed together"

"Yeah, I noticed you were quiet"

"Yeah. I decided then, that I wasn't going to give up. It was clear that you're attracted to busty women, so I figured if I wanted to win you over, I'd just to have to become your dream woman. That night I flushed my pills"

Jim looked up at her "Sammy...I don't know what to say"

She smiled weakly "I really do like it when you call me Sammy"

Jim smiled back "I know. But seriously...I'm stunned"

Sam nodded "It's ok. I understand it's a lot. It's been a lot for me too. They grew a lot faster than they did the first time...maybe because the hormone had built up in my system, and then when I stopped taking the pills it was like a dam was released"

"When I woke up the next morning and they were already bigger, I was so pleased. I thought you wouldn't be able to resist me, now. I felt so sure when I walked out in my spandex gym outfit, tits perfect and on display. And...nothing. All you did was politely glance at them. I thought I'd have you drooling on the table, but no. You even didn't want to go to the gym with me when I invited you..."

Jim shook his head "Oh...I *definitely* wanted to go to the gym with you"

Sam continued on "I'd already grown bigger by that night, so I thought I'd try again. Maybe if you could actually feel them, you'd be unable to resist."

Jim nodded, remembering the feeling of them against the back of his head, or pressing into his side as she cuddled him.

"I was so frustrated that you weren't doing anything, even when I literally put your arm around my neck, giving you permission to touch me as much as you wanted...you placed your hand on my arm! I thought I had to be even bolder, so I did that yawn move, so I could subtly lay my hand on your junk."

"That was on purpose..." Jim said.

"It's all been on purpose Jim!" She cried. "I was trying to make a move on you, and you leapt from me like I was a hag!"

"Jesus, Sammy, I'm sorry. I was just trying to control myself, it didn't even occur to me that you were trying to make a move. If it's any consolation I was very turned on"

Sam nodded "Oh, I know. The sight of your cock pressing through your sweat pants was very noticeable, and was the only thing that gave me the courage to keep going. I realized then that maybe you *did* like me, but you were just too much of a gentleman to get out of your own way. So... I decided I would stop playing games and just lay my cards on the table. I'd make you a delicious meal, we would talk about us, and that would be that...And then you came home..."

"And I ruined it" Jim said.

Fresh tears flowed from her eyes "It's not your fault, Jim. I guess it just wasn't meant to be. I hope you had a good time on your date."

Jim chuckled. "Actually, it was terrible. She was the absolute worst!"

“Oh...I’m sorry to hear that” Sam said.

Jim smiled “No you’re not”

Sam gave him a weak smile back “Ok...maybe not.”

Jim reached up and cupped her cheek with his hand. Sam tilted her head, leaning into it.

“Sammy. I’m sorry.”

“It’s ok, Jim” Sam said, closing her eyes as she nuzzled against his touch. “I understand. The age difference is just too much, it’s too uncomfortable for you. I appreciate your kindness and understanding regardless. I’ll start looking for a new place to live in the morning”

Jim smiled as he shook his head. “No, Sammy. I’m sorry that it took me so long to do this”

Rising up on his knees he leaned in pulling her face towards him, until their lips met. Sam’s eyes shot open with surprise as Jim passionately kissed her, her lids gently closing as she melted into him. For half a minute they locked lips, enjoying the release of tension that’d been building over the past week.

“Oh my god” Sam whispered as Jim pulled back just a few inches. “You’re really good at that!”

“Thanks” Jim said “You’re not bad yourself”

Sam giggled, as she wiped away the last of her tears. “So...you don’t care that I’m 11 years younger than you?”

“Do you care that I’m 11 years older than you?”

Sam shook her head “Not at all. I’ve always liked older guys”

“Well, I hope I’m not *too* old for you”

“Not a chance” Sam said as she grabbed his shirt with both hands and pulled him in again. Once more their lips met, but now not as a tender first meeting, but an eager reunion. Sam moaned softly as their tongues intertwined, lips caressing and playing. She let out a soft gasp as Jim’s teeth pinched her bottom lip and lightly tugged.

“I’ve still got some life in me” Jim said with a smirk.

Sam lightly slapped his chest “Oh stop, you are not that old. Mmmm” Jim had leaned into her and begun to trace kisses across her jaw and down her neck. Sam reached up and ran her fingers through his hair holding him against her as she enjoyed the tickle of his stubble on her skin.

Jim began to kiss across her collar bone, when Sam let out a different moan, one of agony. Jim sat up immediately, remembering that she'd made a similar sound earlier, which had prompted him to enter.

"What is it? What's wrong?" He asked, eyes scanning back and forth to see what could be causing her pain.

Sam's brows creased as she visibly winced. "It's my milk" She said, voice strained. "Not only did I grow faster this time, I'm producing a *lot* more milk. I was at it for an hour this morning in the bathroom! It just kept coming..."

Jim nodded, mouth thinning to a grimace "That's right...and you weren't even done then" The image of her standing before him with a t-shirt soaked around the nipples flashed into his mind. "Why didn't you tell me what was going on then?"

Sam sighed "I was scared...I know you liked that my breasts were bigger, but I didn't know what you'd think about the milk...That's why I told you to go away just now...I didn't want you to see me all milky and gross..."

Jim wrapped a hand around her neck and pulled her to him, planting a soft kiss on the lips. "You are the farthest thing from gross, Sammy" Jim whispered to her.

"You don't think it's weird?" Sam said back quietly.

Jim shook his head "No. Quite the opposite. I'll be honest I didn't think this was one of my kinks...but yeah, I'm into it. Like...I'm really turned on right now, just talking about it"

Jim leaned back and pointed down towards his pants. Sam leaned forward, peering curiously over her breasts until she could see what he was gesturing at; the imprint of his erection pressing against his pants.

"Ooooo!" She said looking up at him with a smile growing on her face. "Well...in that case...maybe you can help..."

"What can I do?" Jim asked.

"So, I'm in pain right now," Sam explained "Because I'm producing so much milk, that they sort of backed up and clogged my ducts. Now the milk can't get out and...Ooo...so much pressure...they really ache"

"Okay, so we need to unclog them? How do we do that?"

"Well, I was trying to get them unstuck by massaging them but there's a more effective method...it just needs a second person"

"Which is?"

Sam blushed as she smiled at him. "I need you to suck the clogs out"

Jim looked down at her nipples, then back at her. "You mean...?"

Sam nodded smile widening.

Jim smiled back "Oh baby...Yeah I can do that"

Sam giggled "Call me baby again!"

Jim winked at her "Sure thing, baby. Now, which one hurts more?"

Sam pursed her lips, as she winced through another wave of pain. "Mmm, do the right one first..."

Jim sat back, and brought his hands forward, hovering less than an inch away from her skin. His breath caught in his throat, his fingers trembling slightly. He'd been holding back for days, being respectful, ignoring hints, keeping himself in check, avoiding compromising situations. Now the moment had come, and for one final moment he hesitated. After this, there'd be no going back.

"Go on" Sam said softly, rolling her shoulders back to push her chest toward him. "I want you to touch them"

Jim's hands closed the gap, gently pressing into the pillowy mass of her right breast. They were as warm and soft as he remembered, but even more so now. Now though, there was a firmness to them, almost a stiffness; the ducts overfilled with milk. His fingers sunk in, drawing a breathy moan from Sam as he hefted them up.

"They're heavier than I'd guessed" Jim murmured.

Sam smiled, as she bit her lip to enhance her pleasure "Yeah? You should try hauling them around all day..."

"Was that an offer?" Jim teased. "I'd happily follow you around, holding them up all day"

Sam smirked back at him "Don't tempt me, I'll make you do it! Ahhh!!" A loud moan echoed from her throat as Jim's mouth closed around her right nipple.

The flesh was warm and spongy in his mouth, almost filling the space between his lips. As his tongue darted along the tip, teasing it, Sam's moans intensified.

Alright, Jim thought, enough fun, you're here to help. Holding her heavy right breast up with both hands he locked his lips around the base of her nipple, and sucked hard.

Sam gasped at the unexpected but welcome pressure on her nipple. She gazed down affectionately at Jim as he nuzzled at her breast, nose pressing against her flesh as he suckled her.

Jim's cheeks began to ache as he continued to suck hard, with no result. She really was backed up. He was beginning to think all this effort was a waste, when he felt something slightly gunky shoot into his mouth. He didn't have a moment to contemplate what it was, as suddenly his mouth was filled with gushing milk from Sam's teat. Above he heard her sigh with relief, as the pressure in her right breast began to recede.

Jim swallowed mouthful after mouthful of milk, with no signs of stopping. He closed his eyes and got himself into a gentle rhythm as he sucked gently on her nipple, drawing the milk free from her teat.

Sam's hand ruffled through his hair. "Enjoying yourself?" She said sweetly.

"Mmm" Jim moaned, as he continued to suckle.

"Good. You're a good boy and you deserve it" she said as she scratched gently at his scalp. "Though don't forget the other one..."

Jim unlatched, pulling his head back. Her nipple continued to spray milk from several gentle streams, hitting him on the chest soaking his shirt. "But what about the milk?" He asked.

Sam laughed as she smiled at him. "I expressed for an *hour* this morning and I wasn't this full. Were you planning on drinking all of it!"

"Oh right..." Jim chuckled as he shifted over on his knees to kneel in front of the other one.

"Don't make me wait!" Sam teased.

"Never, baby" He growled. Sam squealed with delight as he pounced upon her other tit, immediately sucking hard on the nipple. Luckily this one unplugged much easier, and within a few seconds he was suckling her milk once again.

Jim felt wetness against his socked feet. Forcing himself to pull away from Sam, he looked back to see what it was. A large puddle of milk spread across the parquet floor, formed by Sam's other breast that he'd left unattended. "Oh wow..." He said.

"We should probably move" He said staring at the spreading puddle. "You were expressing into the sink right?"

Sam nodded "Right, but...I don't know if I'll fit in it anymore."

"The tub then" Jim said as he got to his feet. Taking Sam by the hand he helped her up, and led her into the bathroom, the pair of them leaving a stream of milky droplets on the floor and walls wherever they went. He quickly disrobed, removing his wet shirt and pants followed by his underwear and socks. Then he reached over and pulled off Sam's panties, which made her blush.

“Thank you” She said quietly, her eyes staring at Jim’s erect cock. It was a little over average in length, and decently girthy, with an upward curve to it.

Jim stepped into the tub and then held out his hand. Sam took it and let him guide her, easing down on to the porcelain. Jim sat at the end leaning against the tile wall, with Sam sitting in front of him between his legs, her back against his chest. Jim’s cock rose in between them, pressing against her spine. Together they settled in against one another, getting comfortable, as her nipples continued to spray a deluge of milk across the tub where it emptied down the drain.

“Wow” She whispered, her head resting against his shoulder, his chin brushing her temple. “You’re so hard!”

Jim tilted his face down to kiss her head. “Well as it so happens, I find you very attractive, Sammy”

Sammy giggled “Oh really! Well...I also find you very attractive”

“Oh? Let me see”

With his right-hand Jim reached around her waist, sliding underneath her breasts until his fingers found their home at her pussy. Gently he glided his fingertips along her lips, feeling her wetness and hearing the audible slick as he played with her juices. Sam moaned at the feel of his touch, turning her head to press her nose and lips against his chest hair.

“Mmm” Jim grunted, the vibration through his chest making Sam’s breath hitch. “Good girl”

His fingers continued to tease her, while his other hand wrapped around her waist to hold her against him.

“Tell me” He said. “Was you being a virgin just part of your deception to try and entrap me?”

Sam writhed under his touch, as his fingers moved up to play with her clit. “Oh fuck...” She moaned, legs moving, trying to push against the porcelain tub to brace herself. “That feels...mmm... so good!”

Jim’s fingers sped up, moving in circles around her bud, as his other hand held her firmly in place. “Answer the question, baby” He whispered in her ear.

Sam’s eyes were squeezed shut as her body was rocked with pleasure. “No!” She blurted out in between moans. “That...Oh god!...That was true. I am a virgin...”

Jim buried his face in her hair, kissing her over and over, as his fingers pushed her over the edge. Sam let out one long howling moan as her legs began to spasm, her orgasm rushing through her.

Jim suddenly felt heavier sprays of milk on his shins and feet. Sam's orgasm had triggered an intense let down, her nipples spurting forth with twice as much milk as they'd previously been releasing.

"Good girl!" He murmured against her scalp as he withdrew his fingers. His right arm joined his left, wrapped around her midsection hugging her against him. Sam let her body weight rest upon Jim, reaching up an arm and wrapping it around his neck to embrace him back.

"That was amazing" she said softly, eyes still closed cheek against his chest.

"Have you never masturbated before?" Jim asked.

Sam snorted "Don't be stupid, Jim. Of course I have. It's just never felt that good before"

"Ah, ok" Jim said. "I promise I'll be gentle with you, since it's your first time"

Sam tilted her head up to kiss him "I know you will."

Together they sat in the tub for the next hour and a half as the rest of her milk drained. They cuddled together sharing warmth, and talking about their lives, their family, and more. The chemistry they shared, despite the slight age gap, only became clearer now that they were actually spending time together, without any pretences or inhibitions, all of their guards down.

Finally, her breasts emptied and they rose from the floor of the tub. Each pendulous teat, each one nearly reaching her hips when she stood up, had barely shrank after being emptied, but they were now soft and pillowy, instead of firm.

They agreed a shower was necessary, as both of them were fairly covered in milk, and as luck would have it, they were already in the tub. They took turns washing each other, Jim spending an unnecessary amount of time making sure her breasts were clean. Sam would've called him out on it, except that she quite enjoyed the attention...but also she'd done the same thing to his cock, eager to touch and feel it.

"I can't believe that's going to fit inside me" She said as she lathered it with soap for a third time.

Jim laughed "Having second thoughts?"

Sam smirked at him "No! I'm just saying...you're big!"

Jim stepped up, running his hands down her immense bust, sinking his fingers around their full round bottoms. "*I'm* big?"

Sam rolled her eyes at him, when he pulled himself against her. Her head tilted up to meet his as they kissed, bodies pressing together, his cock throbbing as it rested against her soft lower abdomen.

“Ok” She said, pulling out of the kiss. “I’m ready”

After towelling off, Sam made to leave the bathroom, when Jim caught her by the wrist. She turned around to look at him. “What is it?”

With a grin, Jim crouched down and scooped her up in his arms. “Oh my god! Jim!” She screamed. Jim cackled as he held her aloft, walking out of the bathroom with her in tow. “Don’t scare me like that!” She said, slapping his chest.

“Sorry, I couldn’t help myself” Jim said with a smile. Still holding her against his chest, her breasts cradled atop her, he stopped outside her room. Together they peered inside. There was milk everywhere. Milk on the sheets, milk on the walls, and a massive puddle of milk in the center of the floor. Sam looked back at Jim.

“Your room?”

“My room” He agreed, walking on down the hall.

Stepping into the dark room, he twisted so that Sam could reach over and turn on the bedside light. Slowly he walked over, then gently set her down atop his sheets. Then he crawled onto the bed on top of her.

Holding himself up with his elbows, his face parallel with hers, he smiled down on her. His legs rubbed against hers, as he got into place. With his hand he reached over and fingered the metal heart pendant on the leather choker she still wore around her neck.

“Did you wear this for me?” He asked.

Sam blushed “Maybe...”

Jim just smiled, as he leaned in to kiss her. “Are you ready?”

Sam put a hand on his chest and gently pushed. “Not yet, there’s something I want to do first”

Jim let himself be pushed off of her, her hand guiding him to lay on his back on the bed next to her. “What?” He asked as he settled into his pillow.

“Return the favour” Sam said with a grin as she pushed herself up to sitting. Jim watched as she crawled along the bed towards his legs, her breasts dragging underneath her, reaching from her body to his bedspread. She scrambled over until she was sitting on the bed between his legs, then she leaned forward, hand reaching ahead and wrapping around the base of his cock.

Her heavy hanging teats pressed against his thighs and undercarriage as she leaned into him, until her lips were at the tip of his cock.

“Sammy, you don’t have to-” He started, but Sam ignored him. She opened her mouth and forced herself on to the head of his cock.

Her movements were unsure and erratic, her inexperience plain. But lack of technical skill was made up for with genuine enthusiasm. Holding his shaft upright with her hand, she began to bob her head up and down, coating the upper half of his cock with spit as she blew him. She pushed herself down, trying to slide more of him in, but went too far, causing her to choke. She pulled off, coughing, strings of saliva trailing from her lips to the tip of his cock.

“How is it?” She asked, her eyes watering, voice slightly hoarse “I’ve never done this before but...I think I’m getting that hang of it”

“It’s fucking amazing” Jim said truthfully. He’d only had his dick sucked a handful of times in his life, his ex was not a fan, but this experience easily outshined the rest.

Sam smiled up at him, as she sniffed back fluid. “Ok, here we go. I think I can take the whole thing”

She returned to bouncing her head up and down on his cock, her movements becoming more sure, more smooth. *Gluck* *Gluck* *Gluck* The noise came from the back of her throat as she attempted to take more and more of him into her mouth with each bob of her head.

“Oh fuck!” Jim moaned, as he felt his hips buck involuntarily. He wouldn’t last much longer at this rate; he was surprised he’d lasted this long as it was. The combination of the weight of her breasts pressing against him, and her lips and tongue running along his cock was intoxicating.

Sam pulled off for a moment, her chest heaving as she caught her breath. Then she dove back on, moving her head faster on his saliva slick shaft. Gripping the base tight, she pushed herself down, desperately trying to relax her jaw and throat muscles. The head of his cock slid down her throat, blocking her airway, at the same moment her nose touched his pelvis. She choked once more, her throat clenching but she held on.

“Oh god! Sammy! I’m...Hnnnghh” Jim grunted from the other side of the bed. Sam realizing what was happening, pulled back and wrapped her lips around the tip of his cock and jerked off his shiny shaft with her hand. Jim’s legs tensed and his hips thrust up involuntarily as he came, cum erupting from his tip into Sam’s mouth. Three thick spurts spewed onto her tongue as Jim moaned beneath her.

Sam sat up, mouth closed, looking awkward. Jim sat up “What is it?”

“Wha oo I oo?!” She said, trying to speak with a mouthful of cum.

Jim chuckled. “Spit or swallow are the typical options”

Sam closed her eyes, then made an audible gulp. When she opened her eyes she sighed, as she looked over at Jim.

“You alright?” He asked.

Sam nodded “Yeah, sorry. I panicked. It was just suddenly there, and all my brain could think was ‘Jim’s cum is in your mouth’ ‘Jim’s cum is in your mouth’ over and over”

Jim reached over and caressed her cheek. “Well, I hope the experience wasn’t too traumatizing”

“Oh!” Sam said “No, I loved it. The taste is...unique, but not terrible! But most of all I really liked watching you squirm as I sucked you off!”

Jim smiled as he leaned in to kiss her. “You did very well. Now it’s my turn to make you squirm”

Sam raised a questioning eyebrow at him. “Don’t you need time to get hard...” She trailed off as she looked down between his legs where his cock stood at attention, ready to please. One climax was not enough to sate this beast.

“I thought guys need time in between!” Sam said, excitement building.

Jim shrugged “Some guys are lucky. And considering I have you...I consider myself *very* lucky”

Sam smiled widely at him, as he wrapped his arm around her, flipping her onto her back. Looking up at him, she spread her legs for him, exposing her delicate pink pussy, glistening with wetness.

His cock still slick with her saliva, he lowered himself atop her, until his tip caressed her entrance. Sam gave a quiet moan as she felt his hardness against her. “Are you sure it’ll fit?” She asked quietly. “What if I’m too tight?”

Jim leaned in and kissed her “We don’t have to do this if you don’t want to”

Sam shook her head “No, no I do. I just... got in my own head”

Jim tilted his head up to kiss her gently on the forehead. “Don’t worry, baby. I’ve got you”

Then slowly he pushed. His tip nudged against her lips, feeling their welcoming warmth. He rotated his hips forward applying just a bit more pressure. His cock pressed against her flesh, encountering resistance, until her body relaxed and parted for him. Just the tip slid in followed by the head.

“Oh my god!” Sam whispered, eyes widening as she felt him stretch her. Jim just kissed her on the head once more as he slowly thrust, sliding his cock further into her. Sam winced as

she felt a slight pinch as her hymen broke, but the feeling was fleeting. It was quickly replaced by a pleasurable warmth as Jim's cock filled her.

With a satisfied grunt he fully sheathed himself in her, his cock throbbing within excitedly. His body was pressed against hers, his weight looming over her. Her massive tits, piled high atop her torso as she laid down, were squeezed against her by his chest and abs.

"Are you ok?" He asked.

Sam nodded, head moving up and down quickly. "Is it fully in?" She asked.

Jim nodded "Yup. That's all of me"

Sam smiled "You fit!"

Jim chuckled "It's snug, but yes, I do. How does it feel?"

"It's...nothing like I've ever felt before. It's like something was missing, and now it's whole"

"Oh my, how poetic" Jim said.

Sam snorted "Rude! I was trying to be sweet and sentimental"

Jim pressed his lips against hers, drawing a moan from her. "Ready for more?"

Sam nodded "Oh god yes!"

Jim lifted his hips, sliding his cock out until only the tip remained inside her, before he thrust back in with a satisfied grunt of pleasure. The reaction from Sam was immediate, her eyes opening wide as she swore loudly.

"Too much?" Jim asked.

"Mmm-mmm" Sam hummed, shaking her head no. Jim repeated the motion, his thrusting powerful and deep.

"FUCK!" Sam yelled as he filled her, then pulled free once more. "Fuck! Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!" His strokes became faster, more intense. His balls slapped against her underside with each deep thrust, sending tingles of pleasure emanating from the site.

"Oh god, Jim!" She moaned. "Jim! Oh my fucking god!"

After a minute Jim paused for a brief moment, his cock deep within her. She stared up at him, and him down at her as they both breathed heavily.

"More?" He asked, voice ragged from exertion.

"Oh god, yes!" She pleaded.

Jim nodded. Lifting himself up for a moment, he reached back and grabbed Sam's right leg, pulling it up and placing it on his shoulder. He did the same thing with her left, then moved himself into position on top of her. With her legs folded up over her torso pinned against his shoulders, Jim thrust down into her, the new position letting him hit deeper, his shaft grinding against her G-spot as he thrust in.

Jim let out a heavy grunt like a bull in heat, as Sam shrieked with pleasure. "JIM?! OH MY GAAAWWD!!!! FUUUUCK!!!"

Jim pounded her with his cock, unleashing all of his pent-up lust and desire for her. Sam's eyes rolled back into her skull, her tongue lolling out of her mouth as her body was wracked with the most intense pleasure she'd ever felt in her life.

"Don't Stop! Don't stop!" She cried, tears forming in her eyes from the intense release
"Don't you dare stop! Oh God! Don't you fucking stop!!!"

Jim did as commanded, filling her over and over again with an intensely rapid pace. His cock tensed inside her as his thrusting became more erratic. His jaw clenched, deep grunts echoing from his chest as he felt his climax coming.

"Yes! Yes! Yes!" Sam moaned. "Don't stop!"

"Hnghh! Fuck!" Jim yelled. "Sam!!!!"

Jim plunged his cock deep into her pussy as he came, depositing his load inside her. His body keeled over, no longer able to hold himself up, falling forward onto Sam. Sam wrapped her arms up and around him, holding his body against her, as she kissed the side of his head repeatedly. Together they laid like that for a few minutes, until Jim slid his cock free, now finally soft.

Rolling over onto the bed beside her, Sam cuddled up next to him, resting her head on his shoulder. "We...are doing that again"

Jim laughed "Fuck yeah"

"Mmm, maybe tomorrow though" Sam said as she stifled a yawn. "Today was a lot"

Jim squeezed her tight against him. "Yeah, I guess you could say it was...draining?"

Sam burst out laughing "Oh my god, was that a lactation pun! Oh, that was *terrible!*"

Jim shrugged "Made you laugh, that's all that counts"

Sam traced her fingers across his bare chest "Yeah I guess. So...tomorrow I have to go back to the Doctors, to get my hormone inhibitor prescription reset. As fun as this week was...I don't think I can afford to grow any bigger"

Jim kissed her atop her head “Yeah, makes sense. You’re already pretty damn big”

“Mmhm!” She said proudly. Her other hand scratched idly at her stomach, when she felt liquid shift inside her.

“Oh shit...” She said realizing what it was.

“What?”

“You came inside me! Do you have a vasectomy?”

“Uhh...No...”

“Isn’t that a problem!”

Jim hugged her tight. “Don’t worry, the odds of you getting pregnant from one night are like...really low. And we’ll just be more careful going forward, okay?”

Sam nodded “Yeah...you’re right.”

Yawning loudly Jim, reached over and turned off the bedside lamp. In the darkness they snuggled together, spooning side by side, Jim’s arms wrapping around Sam, and holding her close. His hands cupped her breasts, gently cradling their precious weight.

“Jim?” Sam whispered into the darkness.

“Yeah?”

“I’m really glad I met you”

“Me too...Do...do you regret what happened? That you grew this big before I finally wised up?”

“Nope. I may have to get a reduction someday but...for now I love them, and you love them.”

“I *really* love them” Jim said caressing their soft forms.

“Mmm. Good” Sam whispered, her body shivering from his touch. “That makes me very happy”

“*You* make me very happy!”

Sam giggled “I hope so!”

Soon sleep took them, their bodies and minds spent from an emotionally and physically taxing day. They both slept peacefully, and long into the next morning. They woke with smiles upon their faces, ready to face the day and whatever the future would hold.

“Are you sure you’re ok?” Jim asked from where he sat beside Sam in the Doctor’s waiting room.

“Jim, my love” Sam said sweetly. “I told you I’m fine” Her brow furrowed and her lips pursed as a deep ache emanated from her chest.

Jim frowned “I saw that, Sammy. You’re in pain.”

“I am fine!” She insisted, reaching to lay her hand upon Jim’s that held on to his seat with a white knuckle grip. “Will you relax?”

“I’m sorry” Jim said sighing “I’m just worried about you”

Sam leaned over and kissed his cheek “I know, my love. I know”

It was four months after that night when they’d stumbled upon their mutual desire for each other. Since then, they’d been inseparable. Sam moved into his room the very next day after returning from the Doctor with an updated supply of hormone inhibitors. Then she quit her job as a barista to focus full time on her schooling while Jim supported her. While at home they spent almost every waking minute together, their love blossoming into something more than just physical, a deep mental, emotional bond.

Jim had brought up the topic of marriage, and while Sam had been ecstatic with the idea of becoming Mrs. James Gilbert, she’d told him she’d wanted to wait until she was done school and starting her career. Jim had of course been understanding, though he never told her that he’d actually already bought the ring.

Once back on her prescription, Sam’s growth had halted immediately, as did the rampant production of milk. They only had to express her once the following evening after starting, most of which Jim spent suckling her, and after that no more milk...until yesterday.

They’d been in bed together, Jim going down on Sam with much enthusiasm. He’d sucked and licked her clit until she saw stars, body trembling as she came. But then that pleasure spread to her breasts, and suddenly they found themselves in the middle of a milk shower; her orgasm having triggered a let down.

While they enjoyed it in the moment, Jim particularly, after the passion had died down it raised some worrisome questions. She shouldn’t be producing *any* milk with the inhibitors in her system. Why had it started again?

When they’d woke the next morning, her breasts had swollen by a couple inches, and she felt that familiar deep pressure behind her nipples. Last night had not been a one-time thing, and so they’d got dressed and headed to the Doctor.

Sam was in a fair bit of discomfort. Underneath the thick knit oversized sweater she wore, one of many such garments she'd since purchased as they hid her figure while out in public, her breasts, which rested on her lap, pulsed angrily, aches coming and going in waves. She wasn't to the point of being clogged just yet, but holding it in wasn't enjoyable. But what choice did she have?

"Sammy" Jim whispered into her ear. "I hate to see you like this...Let's just duck into the bathroom and I'll help you relieve the pressure"

Sam turned her head to look at him with a smirk, bringing her hand up to flick him on the nose. "In a public bathroom! Dirty boy."

"I'm just thinking of you, darling." He said defensively.

"Mhmm, sure. And it's not that you wanted to drink milk from my tits again?"

"Well..." Jim said shrugging "Two birds, one stone, you know?"

"Aha, right" Sam said. "You and I both know if you open that faucet it won't close. I'm not going to walk into the Doctor's office, with milk spraying from my nips!"

Jim flipped his hand over to hold on to hers and squeezed it "Yeah, yeah, you're right. Sorry"

Sam leaned her head against his shoulder "Don't be sorry, love. You don't know how badly I want your mouth around my nipples..."

"Oh yeah?" Jim said turning towards her.

"Mhmm. Sucking gently as you drink my milk, while I run my hand through your hair"

"Yeah..." Jim said his voice hoarse.

"Then I'd reach down" Her hand slid on to his lap. "And take your cock in my hands" She slid her hand back and forth across his thigh "And slowly...sweetly...jerk you off...all while you feast upon my precious milk"

Jim let out a deep grunt from his chest, a sound that always drove Sam wild.

"Mmm" She continued. "Maybe...maybe we should go find a bathroom..."

"Samantha Pellier?" The nurse called from the reception. "The Doctor is ready for you"

"Thank you!" She replied. She pulled her hand back, and pushed herself upright, having to brace herself to heft the weight of her breasts. "You coming?" She asked when Jim didn't stand up beside her.

“Just...Just give me a second” He said. He was wearing thick jeans today, so the imprint of his erection wouldn't be as noticeable as it would be normally, but Sam could still spot it when she looked at her man's groin.

She smiled at him, leaning over to kiss him on the head. “Of course, my love. Take as much time as you need”

A minute or two later they walked into the Doctor's exam room, hand in hand. Sam sat upon the exam table, while Jim took the chair inside the door. Moments later the Doctor entered.

“Hello Samantha. I was surprised to see you book another appointment so soon?”

Sam nodded “Yes, well, this was an unexpected situation! Doctor...I've started growing again”

The Doctor nodded “Right”

Sam and Jim exchanged a look. The Doctor's response had been awfully nonchalant.

“And I'm producing milk” She continued.

The Doctor nodded “Ah, I see. Well, I suppose that is a bit ahead of schedule, but with your medical history it's not too unsurprising to see happen”

Sam shook her head, mouth open dumbfounded.

“Schedule?” Jim muttered, confused.

“Was that all?” The Doctor asked with a casual smile.

“Wha...What?!” Sam blurted out. “Doctor! This is serious! The hormone inhibitors have stopped working!”

It was the Doctor's turn to look confused “Yes...That's expected? They're only designed to inhibit your pituitary disorder...not natural hormones? I thought your OB-GYN would've explained this to you?”

Jim's jaw dropped. Sam stared blankly at the Doctor. “My...OB-GYN?”

“Yes, of course? When you registered with them, they would've requested your medical records from us, at which point your OB-GYN would've informed you of the potential complications!”

Nearby Jim's face was in his hands. Sam shook her head still not understanding.

“But...why would I need an OB-GYN?”

The Doctor lifted a single eyebrow at her “Because you're pregnant? According to the blood work we took of you when you came in this morning, you're about 4 months along?”

Sam looked at Jim, still in shock “Oh my god...”

Jim looked up at her, grimacing “Oops...”

The Doctor suddenly noticed the shift in mood in the room. “Oh...you didn’t know. I’ll...give you two some space” Then he promptly left the room.

Jim stood and walked over to Sam. “Sammy...Jesus...I’m sorry...Are you ok? I really didn’t think...Fuck”

Sam stared blankly at his chest, mouth ajar. Jim grabbed her hands in his own and lifted them, kissing them. “Sammy, Baby. What are you feeling? I know this is a shock but...I’m in if you are...Whatever you want to do...I’m with you. I love you, Sammy. I *love* you”

Sam still said nothing.

“Dammit, Sammy!” Jim cried. “Please say something! Tell me you’re ok!”

Sam lifted her head to look at Jim, tears welling in her eyes. “We’re gonna have a baby!”

Jim let out a short laugh, as tears formed in his own eyes. “Yeah, yeah we are” Jim reached forward with both hands, cupping her face and kissing her.

“Oh god, my tits are gonna keep growing aren’t they!” Sam said after their lips parted.

“Uh yeah, probably”

“And I’m going to make so much milk!?”

“Yup...Are you ok with that?”

Sam smiled widely at Jim. “As long as I have you? Yes. Yes, I am”

THE END