

Hot and Heavy Healing

“Toby? How we doin’ in there? Stayin’ awake, hon?”

I opened my heavy eyes. I had to admit, drowsiness was getting the better of me. The dimly lit back room of the nurse’s office wasn’t exactly helping, though. My left ankle still throbbed, especially with the sports tape she’d wrapped around it.

“Hon? Gotta stay awake,” she called again.

“I’m awake...”

“Good!”

She went back to humming at her desk in the front office. I wished she would close the door all the way; the light made my head hurt. I shifted on my cushioned bed and rolled over. One little misstep in P.E. and suddenly I was missing pre-calc because of a twisted ankle and a possible concussion. It was better than listening to my math teacher drone on, but I knew I was in for a world of struggle when I would have to figure out the lesson on my own later that night.

The nurse’s office door opened. I heard someone walk in.

“Good morning!” the nurse piped. “What can I do for you?”

A timid voice, kept low and soft, replied, “Uh... M-My chest started feeling really tight... My teacher said I could come lie down...”

“Oh dear.” The nurse clicked her nails against her pen. “Nervous about anything? Anxiety attack?”

“M-Maybe...”

“Alright then. There’s someone else in the back room already, but feel free to take one of the other beds. Keep the light off, please. Would you like any water? Maybe some ibuprofen?”

“I think I just need to close my eyes for a little bit.”

“Ok, hon. I’ll come check on you in ten minutes, alright?”

“Thank you...”

The door opened behind me. I heard her shuffle in and push the door almost closed. Fake leather creaked when she sat down. I decided to roll over and see who was sharing my recovery time.

It was Julie, one of my fellow senior classmates. I should have recognized her voice... We hadn’t moved past little more than acquaintances throughout high school, but I’d always considered her one of the cutest girls in my class. Those thick, bouncing, brown braids attracted me from across the hall.

Lead photographer of the yearbook club, she tended to fly under the radar compared to the cheerleaders and other showy girls at school. The most flamboyant Julie got was wearing a plaid skirt. I tended to miss most of the math lesson on those days... Especially if it was the skirt that was a little too short for her legs, and she kept tugging it down all through class.

Today was one of those days. She’d worn not only one of the shorter skirts, one that came only a few inches from her knees, but also a simple white button-up blouse. It was all closed save for one button below her neck, but it complemented her figure well. The subtlest of outlines pushed against the fabric where her breasts rose over the rim of her bra, as if they were just slightly too big for it. In my mind, usually during math class, I was busy trying to calculate her

size rather than the questions on the board. My best guess was around a 32D, but she was far too timid to ever boast such assets.

She blushed when she saw me and sat on her hands. Bare thighs pinned her fingers to the bed. That cushion was *lucky* she'd worn a short skirt today. "Oh! Hey, Toby..."

I gave a wave while lying on my back. "Hey."

"I wondered why you weren't in math class. You feeling ok...?"

"I twisted my ankle in gym and bonked my head. The nurse wants to make sure I don't have a concussion."

"Oh no!" She leaned forward and tugged her skirt down her thighs. Hearing the concern in her voice melted my heart. "Does it feel like you do?"



I paused for several seconds, staring at her with wide eyes, before saying, "Oh, hey, Julie! When did you get here?"

She caught on to my joke and giggled. "I think you're fine."

Her laugh made me blush. I was glad the room was dark enough to hide it. Watching her slowly bounce her knees against each other, just enough to be risky in the skirt, I asked, "What are you in for?"

"Oh-- Uh..." She looked down and hunched her back. "I-It just got hard to breathe..."

That hadn't been what she'd told the nurse. I had heard her say her chest felt tight. I couldn't really blame her for using different wording around a male classmate. Though maybe if her bra wasn't so constricting...

"Just need a second to cool off, maybe," I offered.

She nodded and absentmindedly rubbed the top of her chest under her collarbones, as if it were sore. "Maybe..."

I watched her. She did look out of breath, or at least short of it. She refused to sit up straight. Her fingers were fidgeting with the hem of her blouse as if she were itching like crazy underneath it. It looked like she kept stealing glances at her chest.

A phone rang outside. The nurse answered, both Julie and I listening in.

"This is Mrs. Komer-- Uh-huh-- Oh, wonderful. Let me give you a call back."

Her chair rolled out from her desk. The door to our little dark room opened seconds later.

"You'll have to excuse me," she said, standing in the doorway. "I'm afraid I got into a small fender bender this morning. I have to chat with insurance and send them pictures of the damage. I'll be gone for ten or twenty minutes. Are you both ok for now?"

We nodded.

"Wonderful, hons. You," she pointed at Julie, "make sure *he*," she pointed at me, "doesn't fall asleep while I'm gone. No matter what it takes. Throw water on him if you have to."

She tugged on her skirt and nodded. "O-Ok."

"I'll be right back."

The door closed and she was gone. Julie and I looked around the dim room. Anywhere but at each other.

"*Hah~ Haaahh~*" In the silence, her shortness of breath was all the more obvious. "*Nngh...*"

"You good?" I asked.

She shifted on the bed. Was it me, or was she starting to look a little... disheveled? She'd started breathing through her mouth.

"I'm-- *Nngh!*" Julie nodded with pursed lips. "I-I'm fine--" Her hand drifted with a mind of its own and settled on the shelf of her chest. It gently pushed and massaged. "*Maybe I should lie down, or--*"

Strrrtch...

"*Ah~!*" She squeaked, jolting in her seat as if poked in the side by a needle. Her eyes bulging, I saw her focus shoot downward before looking frantically at the door.

I stared. There had been an odd noise before she yelped. It sounded like something stretching. Like thick, creaking latex. I couldn't be certain, but it looked like she was hunched forward more. Her legs were shifting, grinding her thighs together as if anxious. "Julie?"

"I-I-I'm fine. I'm fine! Really! I'm just having... a-an off day. I think--"

Strrrrtch

"*A-Aahhh!*"

A drawn-out gasp sucked down her throat. As if recoiling from something, she leaned back on her hands and arched her spine, thrusting her chest forward.

It had to have just been a trick of the low light, but in the dimness, I *swear* her tits looked bigger. The outline of her bra was bolder, and an entire pillow of flesh had risen out of its cups to push against the fabric. There was *no way* her blouse had always been that tight. It looked painted on. There weren't tiny windows opening between her buttons a second ago.

"Uh-- *Uhhh--*" She apparently felt the same thing I'd seen, because her eyes were locked on her front as she started panting anxiously. Julie sat up and leaned forward, hugging one arm

diagonally across her chest as if trying to hide it without drawing attention to the gaps between her buttons. Frantic eyes looked between me and the door, and she whimpered, “W-W-When did the nurse say she would be back?”

I couldn’t look away. I know I probably should have, but... *come on*; it looked like she’d suddenly grown several sizes. You expect me to ignore that when I was lying four feet away from her? “Ten or twenty minutes, I think she said before--”

Strrrrrtch!

Julie took a sharp inhale. “*Gah~!*”

I watched her double over and hug her chest. Hair clung to her face from sweat. Whatever was causing that stretching, creaking sound was driving her up the wall. “You are not ok!” I finally exclaimed, sitting up. “I’m going to go get someone.”

“*NO!*” she shouted. Eyes pleaded at me, then bounced around the room, looked at her chest, then back to me. “D-Don’t go get anyone... *Please?* I... I-If someone--”

“Something is clearly wrong. You keep screaming!”

Julie whimpered and chewed on her lip. Short, rapid breaths seemed to overload her blouse and pull stress lines around her sides and back. “I-I know, I know. It’s-- *I-I think--*” She looked at the door. When the nurse didn’t miraculously arrive, she turned back to me looking like she wanted to shrink. Whispering, almost so softly that I couldn’t hear, she asked, “*C...Can I get your opinion on something?*”

The tone of her voice made the front of my pants tighten a little, though I could never hope to explain why. “Uhh...”

“Can you *promise* not to tell anyone?”

“I guess? But shouldn’t we get you help?”

“Be honest, o-ok?” Julie stole a final glance around the room. Fear trembled in her voice when she looked back at me, opening her arms, leaning back, and presenting her front. “*D-Does my chest look... bigger?*”



If my pants weren't tight before...

I ogled her front, so shocked by the question that I completely forgot any kind of decorum.

"Toby?" she whispered with a shaking voice. "*Does it??*"

It sure as hell did. Either that, or Julie had somehow changed into a blouse meant for a girl half her age. Flesh was overflowing her bra to the point it would have been more modest to not wear a bra at all. Cleavage pushed up and out of the cups as if her breasts had been crammed into the undergarment. Over the years, I'd stolen glances at her chest more times than I dare to confess, but believe me when I say she looked at least twice her normal size. Stress lines shot across the front of her blouse, blossoming from the buttons like stripes. Gaps spread between her buttons enough that I could have pushed two fingers between each one and slid into her cleavage. It had drawn so tight that it looked like it was squeezing her boobs against her torso to the point they were pushing up to her collarbones. Every tiny, timid breath of air lifted the compressed mass of flesh up and down, teasing her midriff as they pulled the hem of her shirt several inches too high.

"Toby, please!" She arched her back as if frightened of the tension pulling across her boobs. "*Do they look--*"

"Fuck yes they do..."

I couldn't believe how I'd answered, yet it was the most fitting response. There were monsters stuffed into her blouse. Where had they come from? I don't know, but *there they were*. Glorious, packed, and heaving.

Julie's face turned pale. Then bright red with embarrassment. Disbelief seeded panic in her words and she looked down and patted them. "*I-I-I-Is it really obvious?? It can't be as bad as it feels! Please tell me--*"

Strrrrrtch

POP!

"Ahh!"

A button exploded. Julie's jaw dropped at the sudden exposure. Cleavage jutted through the widening gap, pushing the front of her bra into view as skin bulged around it. It was light pink.

I no longer wondered what that sound was. It was definitely coming from her chest: the sound of her bra creaking against her mysterious swelling. Or maybe her blouse stretching to its limit. Maybe both. Either way, words failed her when we watched her bust bloat and tremble against her blouse before a button exploded and struck me in the forehead. I didn't even react. I only stared at the cute yearbook girl rapidly outgrowing the clothes she'd fit into that morning.

Maybe I really did have a concussion.

"Oh my God!" She leaned back on one hand, the other coming up to tentatively cup her growing bust. "O-Oh my God!" Wide eyes stared down at the mounds rising and falling with her breath. "*WHAT'S HAPPENING TO--*"

STRRRR--POP! POP!

"EEK!"

Two more buttons abandoned their post. The entire top half of her blouse exploded, flaring open like a rupturing boiler. Her tits lurched upward and rested within the makeshift cradle of fabric, wobbling within her bra as she outgrew it on all sides. Soft underboob swallowed its underwire. Cleavage rose almost to her collarbones. Heaving like a pair of fleshy volleyballs, they dominated her ribcage. You can take my word for it when I say Julie had easily just become the bustiest girl in school.

“Jiminy Christmas...” I whispered.

“Ahh-- *They’re--*” She swallowed and dropped her hands, not daring to touch them now. They must have been searing hot, because sweat covered every inch of them. “*Why am I-- They feel--*” Helpless eyes looked at me from behind their bulk as she arched them into her face.

“*Toby, they feel like they’re--*”

Guuurrrgle

A new sound came forth that made her squeak. This one not only stole our attention, but robbed Julie of her breath. Her chest seemed to bloat. I don’t mean it just got bigger, I mean it seemed to *fill*. Her skin tensed a little as if they had only gotten bigger from within.

“*Hah-- HAAAAH-- They’re--*” She gulped. “Something isn’t right, Toby! They keep-- *Why do my boobs feel like they’re--*”

Ping!

An alert from her phone startled her. She glanced down from force of habit to see the preview. It was enough to make her forget her chest for a moment. I watched her read while not taking my eyes off the massive jugs ready to spill out of her bra.

“*Oh no...*” she moaned.

“What??”

Ping!

She read more. Dread plastered her face when she whispered, “*Fuck.*”

I had *never* heard a foul word leave her lips. It seemed unnatural. “*W-What is it?*”

“*My friend! She did this!*”

“*Your friend?*”

Guuurrrgle!

“*M-Mmmnngh!!*”

They seemed to balloon again. Flesh piled higher on Julie’s torso until it touched her chin. I could barely see the dark outline of her areolas pushing free of her bra as it started to crumple against her weight.

“*She-- We--*” Julie had to catch her breath. “Last week... My friend had a date, right? Hannah. You know her??”

I shook my head.

“Well, the guy she likes is into, uh, *well-endowed* girls, and--”

Guuurrgle!!

“*A-Ahhmmm!*” Julie endured a wave of tremors. Her bra creaked louder than ever.

“*S-S-So some other girls and I thought it would be nice, a-and a little funny, if we slipped her some lactation supplements before the date! Just a little! Just enough to fill out her dress and*

give her some cleavage to seal the deal! But she--” Julie pursed her lips when a sharp breath pushed her chest too far and both nipples sprang free. One hand held the bottom of her breasts to preserve what remained of her shirt. “*B-But she didn’t exactly appreciate it.*”

Guuurrrgle!!

“Nnnnngh!?” Panting, she bathed her engorging cleavage in heated breath. “*S-So now--*” I ogled as I came to understand. “Now she returned the favor...”

POP!

“*Gaaah!*” A button blew under her chest. Her mounds fell several inches and jiggled when her bra caught them. Apprehension drew her voice high and panicked. “*E-Except she didn’t have it this bad! She didn’t get nearly this big! Why am I--*”

Ping!

Another text. This one made Julie’s eyes turn into moons when she read it.

“*FUCK!*”

She threw her phone. It struck the wall behind me and landed on my bed. The screen was cracked, but I could still read the conversation.



GUURRRGLE!

“*Ngggaaahhhh!*”

There wasn’t time for me to dwell on the ‘why’, only the ‘what’. Julie collapsed back onto her elbows when her breasts surged to the size of basketballs. They eclipsed her head, wobbling full and tight within her bra. I could barely see her eyes as she gazed over the bloating globes her breasts had become.



“Ohhhh what did she do to me?! What did she do to my chest??” She squirmed in her seat. Her skirt rode up the sides of her legs until it was revealing for her upper thighs. “God, they won’t stop *TINGLING!* Why are they s-so hot? And...ithcy! I feel like my boobs are gon--”

Guuurrrgle

SPLRRTCH!!

A warm, creamy liquid sprayed forth. Somehow, her eyes widened even more at the sight and sensation. Milk pelted the floor and filled the air with a rich, sugary vanilla scent.

“O-Oh no--”

GUUURRGLE

SNAP!

POP POP!

What remained of her shirt and bra was gone in an instant. Both burst open against the increasing weight of her mammaries. With nothing to hold them, they tumbled down her naked torso into their natural shapes. Full, rounded, fat, and teardrop-shaped, they reached almost to her belly button. Light veins danced across her skin, each one leading to silver dollar areolas puffed in milky anger. Cream leaked in rapid droplets and soaked into her skirt. She seemed to have forgotten all about how short it was, as I caught a glimpse of pink lace between her legs and hugging her hips.

“T-Toby--” she squeaked.

GUUURRGLE!!

She groped a bloated mound in panic. “Find a pump!”

“A what?!”

GUUURRGLE!!

“A breast pump! This is the nurse’s office! There has to be one!”

I swung myself off the bed and stood. Dizziness came but subsided as I swayed around the room and began pulling drawers open. “What do they look like?”

“Like something that would go over a pair of boobs and pump milk out! They--”

GUUURRRRGLE!!

The room grew silent when we saw her rapidly engorge several inches. Milk pushed Julie’s breasts to new heights, stretching her skin until it shone with sweat and tension. They seemed to breathe, then hold their breath, struggling with pressure. Her hands groped in confusion as she felt her body reacting to its contents.

“H-H-Hurry!! Oh God, hurry!! They’re...mmnngh...! They’re really starting... to fill up! They feel like they’re stretching!” Hands groped firming skin. *“They feel full-- They feel so full--”* she panted.

I dug through drawers and threw open cabinets. Finally, in a cabinet under a sink with a box of pregnancy tests, I found what looked like a squirt bottle with a cupped head. I would have fit over most breasts, but not Julie’s.

“Is this it?” I asked.

“YES!” Her hand reached while her other arm wrestled her chest with concern. *“Hurry!”*

GUUURRRRRRGLE!!

She rammed the undersized cup onto the front of one tit. Flesh bulged around the plastic. Her hand squeezed the pump, drawing her nipple and areola into an elongated plastic neck.

“Ahh~ Mnngh~! I-It-- God, this feels weird!” She squeezed more. Milk dripped free. The container collected a small amount at the bottom. Looking away from her chest, her eyes met mine. *“What are you doing?? D-Don’t stare!”*

I looked away. *“Sorry! Sorry!”*

Turning my back to her didn’t mute her pumping. Yet as she whimpered, pumped, and squeezed, I could hear them continuing to fill. Deep, muffled gurgles of flowing dairy grew more frequent, as did her gasps of desperation.

GUUURRRRGLE!

“Nnngh-- It... W-Why won’t it-- Dammit!” Julie panted and threw the pump in frustration. There wasn’t nearly enough milk within it to bring comfort. *“It’s not fast enough! Was that the only pump?!”*

“Y-Yes.”

“FUCK!”

Strrrrrtch!

Helpless gasps came from behind me. I could almost feel their heat on my back as Julie became overwhelmed with the pressure.

“Ok. Ok ok ok. *Fuck! Uhhhhh--*” She huffed, breathing rapidly. “You. *You need to do it.*”

I spun back around. She was hugging two watermelon-sized knockers against her body. “Huh??”

“*You need to milk me!*”

“*I can’t do that!*”

“*Please, Toby!*” Desperation cracked her voice.

GUUURRGLE!!

“M-Mmmngh! Ooohhh God! I-It’s coming in... even faster...!”

Enthralled by her accelerating production, Julie slid further onto her bed. She scooted into a corner of the room and leaned back, panting and sweating beneath the inferno swirling inside her bust. She didn’t seem to mind that her legs had parted, nor that her skirt was failing any test of modesty. A plumped pussy stared at me from within its thin, pink, laced confines. I had thought her moans sounded sexual, but I didn’t expect to see her so wet.

“Toby... Toby, please...” Julie pursed her lip as her chest bloated and wobbled. *“I can’t go back out there like this! They’re too big. They’re getting... too... big...! There’s so much milk.”* She whined and her voice cracked. *“I-I don’t know how much more they can take.”*

What was a guy to do? I limped over and climbed onto her bed, kneeling in front of her. “What do I do?”

Face flushed, Julie looked at me like an animal caught in a trap. *“My nipples. I-I think if you just squeeze and pull on them, it will draw the milk o-- OOHhh!!”*

I grabbed each nipple. They were as thick as my thumb and half as long.

Splrrrtch!!

Splrrrrrtch!!

“Gentle!! G-GENTLE!” she begged. *“Just-- Massage and pull!”*

I eased back. Gripping their bases, I pushed my fingers into her areolas before performing long, slow pulls on her nipples. Each cycle sprayed me with a shower of hot cream. It wasn’t long before my shirt was drenched and sticking to my front. Whatever landed on my face, I was quick to lick up.

Guuurrrgle!

“Haaahhh~ Haaahhhh~ That...”

Guuurrrrrgle!

“Mmmmmgh!”

Julie squirmed. Her legs looked like they wanted to wrap around me. Her panties glistened, tightened across her vulva, causing it to bulge around the stitching. Such a tense bit of fabric stretched across her intimates left nothing to the imagination.

GUUURRGLE

“Nnngh-- T-Toby--”

We both knew it wasn’t working. For as much milk as I was drawing out, twice as much took its place. Julie’s breasts were engorging too quickly for my hands to keep up.

“This isn’t... working...” she rasped. *“I’m making too much milk! I’m... Nnngh I’m gonna kill her! Hannah’s dead for this!”*

I pulled my hands away. They were dripping in her cream. “I’m getting the nurse! If you get any bigger--”

“NO!” She shook her head. Nearly buried beneath a pair of heaving, wobbling beach balls, Julie’s legs trembled. *“I-I think you need to suck on them.”*

I nearly fainted, but if I had fallen forward, my head would have plunged into her cleavage and I surely would have suffocated. I gawked, not sure I'd heard. "...Seriously?"

Julie nodded. *"Please. Please. God, I feel like they're going to POP if this doesn't stop! Do whatever you have to do! Just do it before--"*

GUUURRRGLE!!

"MMMM BEFORE THEY GET ANY BIGGER!!"

I lunged like a starving man. My hands sank into her bulk and my face was engulfed by the front of a breast. My mouth overflowed with milk when her nipple felt my saliva coat its erect tower.

"Aaahhhhh~! YES! OH-- That's--" Julie's arms wrapped around me and clawed at my neck. *"GOD THAT'S IT!"*



Sucking on one nipple was enough to make both fleshy nozzles spray creamy torrents. Skin shifted against my face and hands as she swelled, but it wasn't as rapid as before.

"Keep-- Keep sucking!! Harder... Squeeze them! That helps!! It all--" Julie moaned, leaning forward and mashing her chest against me. *"It all feels so GOOD! Why does it have to feel so good?!"*

One of my hands found her other nipple. I stretched it to my mouth so I could work both at the same time. My throat couldn't handle all of the milk she was throwing at me, but that didn't matter. As long as it came out as fast as possible.

GUUURRRGLE!!

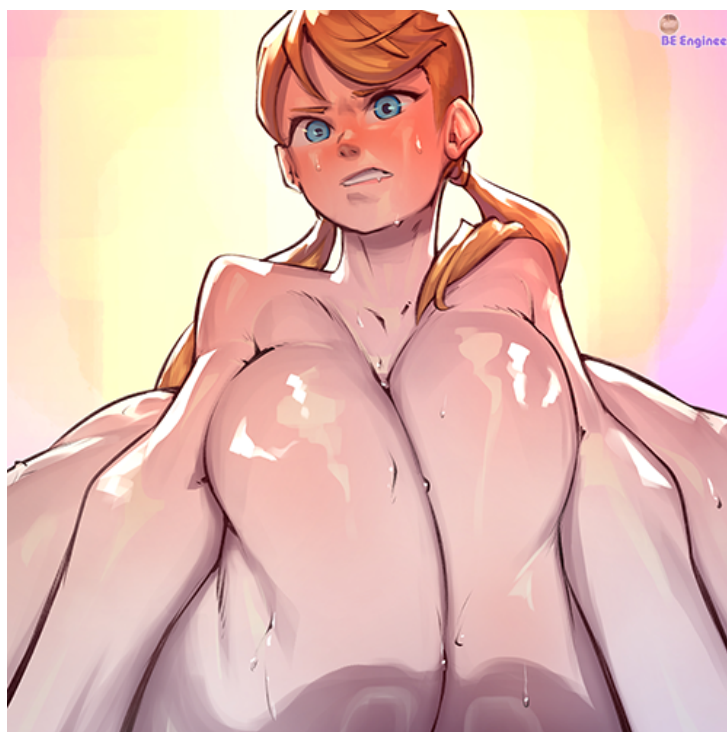
"Faster-- Faster-- I just keep-- Making more! God, it's not stopping!" Julie stared at her breasts with moist eyes. *"W-W-What happens if they get too full?? They already feel so tight, Toby! I don't know how much more milk I can hold! W-W-What if I--"*

STRRRRTCH!!

“GAAHH~!”

Skin trembled against my face and hands. Her nipples puffed in my mouth. One of Julie’s hands pushed against my chest. I fell onto my back, feeling the milk-soaked bed squish beneath me. Julie climbed on top, straddling me with a crazed look in her eyes. A pair of tits, each large enough to be a standard pillow, hung off her frame and mashed into me.

A stern, sweaty gaze stared down at me. “If you tell ANYONE about this... you’re dead. Got it?”



I nodded, willing to agree to anything at this point. I could feel the heat of her crotch enveloping mine. That skirt was going to get ripped off if I lost an ounce of restraint.

“Now... Keep... Going...” she begged.

I obeyed, taking both nipples in my mouth again. Milk sprayed from the corners of my mouth as I tried to swallow fast enough.

“I-It’s... It might be slowing down--”

GUVURRRRGLE!

STRRRRTCH!

“Nnnngh! Or speeding up...! I can’t... tell!!” Julie leaned forward, desperate as she buried me beneath her fleshy prison. One of her hands snaked under her skirt and found my belt. It tugged on my pants as if knocking politely. “I-I-Is this ok? I feel like... I-like it would help things come out faster...”

I could only nod. My mouth was too full to speak.

GUVURRRRGLE!!

“Mmmm! M-Mmmm!” Julie whimpered as she listened to her hand undo my belt. My pants unzipped, and soon, she had my manhood out of my boxers. *“Suck me. Suck me dry, Toby! Please! B-Before I--”*

Arousal stole her breath away. My eyes rolled into the back of my head when she started stroking. Long, slow, milk-lubed strokes traveled up and down my shaft, squeezing extra at the bottom and around my head. Every now and then, I would feel her rub my purple bulb against the front of her panties, pressing it into the soft of her mound.

GUUUURRRRRGLE!!!

Still she bloated and ballooned. There seemed no end to her milk.

“Toby... T-Toby...! I--” Julie gasped and clenched at my cock. Her hips started gyrating and grinding her slit against me. I felt my shaft spread her lips within her panties. The soaked lace coated my pole in her heated scent. *“I-I... I think I...”* She whined as if ashamed to admit it. *“I think I need--”*

Her hips angled themselves. Slick and dripping, her panties slid to one side. I felt her pillowy lips press against my head only for a moment before she plunged me into her tight, dripping walls.

“OH-- OH--”

Julie started gasping. She leaned forward, mashing her full weight over my top half. I was buried from head to waist in tit.

RRMMMMBBBBLLLL!!!

“MMMNHG!! It--” She leaned forward, arching her lower back to angle my cock upward. *“It’s-- I think my milk is--”*

GUUUURRRRRRRGLE!!!

“NNGH!! I-IT’S-- I’M GONNA--”

Pressure ached around me. Her skin tensed, rumbling with churning contents that had pushed her to the limit. Both nipples sprayed on either side of me, now too large for my mouth. My hands could only grope and knead the sides of her impossible globes as I felt them stretch to their limit.

“AHH-- AAHHHH--” Julie’s ass started slamming up and down. I slid in and out of her at mach speed. Skin tightened against my face.

CRREEAAAAAAAK!!

“TOBY-- T-TOBY!! My chest is--”

Milk screamed and searched for anywhere else to fill. The pressure sent her into a frenzy. Our hips slammed together, her skirt billowing up with every drop.

“I CAN’T-- STRETCH--”

GUUUURRRRRGLE!!

“THERE’S TOO MUCH PRESSURE!! TOO FULL!! I’M TOO FULL!! I’M GONNA-- MY CHEST-- TOO STRETCHED-- I-I-I FEEL LIKE I’M ABOUT TO--”

Her butt slammed down and she plunged herself between her breasts.

“MMMMNNGAAHHHH!!! I’M GONNA EXPLO--”

FWOOOOOSH!!

Several things happened. I felt her clench around me as she pushed herself over the edge. I felt myself stiffen and erupt inside of her. Most importantly, I felt her chest shudder and contract as milk exploded from her nipples in a sudden deluge that engulfed me in warmth.

“MMMM!! MMMMMM!!! IT’S ALL COMING! IT’S ALL-- COMING!!”

Her release lasted long enough for me to fear drowning. When they receded and I was given freedom, my head emerged from her cleavage to the heated atmosphere of the room. I gasped for air, watching as milk poured free and her breasts shrank inch by inch. White waterfalls ran over the bed. The whole while, Julie leaned over me, panting for air until her chest had retreated to something resembling the size of her head.

“Hahhh~ Ohhhhh... That...” She sat up, leaned back, and ran a hand through her hair, shining in post-orgasm bliss. *“That was...”*

The door opened.

“Sorry that took so long, hors. The insurance agent wasn’t very--”

The nurse froze in her tracks at the scene.

“WHAT ON EARTH ARE YOU TWO DOING?!” she shrieked.

I didn’t dare speak. I froze beneath Julie, hands grabbing her thighs, as I remained inside of her.

Julie blushed, allowing herself a bashful giggle as she tried to cover her nudity on top of me. *“Well... Y-You did say to keep him awake...”*