

Mrs. Abberdeen pulled into the driveway of the Suzuki household, her mind foggy and full of a delicious but definitely unsafe haze. The question of whether she could safely drive slid out of her and only then did she realize how deeply it had thunked inside of her like a knife. She sighed as she exited her vehicle. On the other side, Ms. Threshal exited as well. As she was the older woman of the two at forty two years, Mrs. Abberdeen wondered if perhaps she ought to feel compelled to protect her younger coworker from...whatever currently occupied her mind. The instinct, although unmistakable, felt muffled and alien. Why protect from a good thing?

"Got your keys and everything?" Asked Mrs. Abberdeen as though the house belonged to her passenger. Ms. Threshal just nodded her head yes. Both women could drive, yet they had insisted on being taken here in Mrs. Abberdeen's car. That ought to feel...strange to her, at least, right?

"Do we...ring the doorbell, maybe?" Ms. Threshal asked nervously, her blush and mannerisms and young face almost daring Mrs. Abberdeen to forget that they belonged to a woman in her late twenties with a career rather than a young woman taking her final classes in high school. She even looked towards Mrs. Abberdeen for guidance similarly to how one of their students would. She tried to shrug those thoughts off, instead focusing on the task at hand. This...proved to be slightly difficult with her mind so foggy.

"I...suppose," Mrs. Abberdeen replied with a slow and methodical quality to her speech, as if she had to manually operate each muscle in her mouth to form the correct noises. She opened a thin glass door to gain access to the heavier wooden one behind it. She reached out and pressed the doorbell, prompting an appropriate ring to sound out from inside. "I wonder if the door is locked..."

"We can't just like...let ourselves in," commented an inappropriately confused-sounding Ms. Threshal. "That would be all...rude, you know?" Still, everything about the younger teacher's body language told her senior that she'd do nothing to resist if that's what she did. "I know we're guests and they invited us, but still..."

"They're probably fucking," said Mrs. Abberdeen with annoyance clear in her words. She stopped. Where'd she gotten that from? She tried to root through her mind for the source but she found nothing there except creamy milk and memories of giant, lovable...

Giant, lovable...

Giant, lovable...

Giant, lovable schoolgirl TITS.

"I love her tits..." Mrs. Abberdeen moaned as the haze thickened into a proper miasma and dissolved all of her thoughts into rich, formless liquid. Her mouth fell open and allowed for drool to shamelessly begin pooling within it. Before long it dribbled out in strands of saliva that hung

from her gaping mouth. “I...I fucking love those gigantic titties...” she groaned loud enough for the neighbors to hear. Ms. Threshal jumped with panic.

“Shh shhh!” She cried with a finger to her lips. She moved closer. “You wanna get arrested for being indecent!? I don’t!”

“But biiiiig fuckin tittiessssss,” Mrs. Abberdeen whined as she turned towards Ms. Threshal and let lust pour out into her face. “Big, fuckin, HUGE honkerssssss though!” She stared at Ms. Threshal’s chest, modest but firm, and well-shaped at that. Bigger than her own boobs, too. “Boooobs...” she slurred out with all the grace of a zombie.

“M-ma’am, what are you...” squeaked Ms. Threshal. She took a step backwards, her eyes growing frantic. She nevertheless sported a smile as she did. Mrs. Abberdeen took a step towards her, tongue flicking at her still parted lips. The smaller first door drifted into her side attempting to close. She did not respond. She stepped again in Ms. Threshal’s direction, slipping past the end of the door. It closed behind her. “Ma’am!?”

“Tiiiiits,” Mrs. Abberdeen practically yawned. Her eyes glazed over but remained locked onto her target. Ms. Threshal noticed this.

“Ma’am! Please stop!” She pleaded as she frantically jumped to her feet. Mrs. Abberdeen seemed to blink some of the animal urge back out of her eyes and catch herself.

“I...ohhh. Huuh?” The older teacher whimpered, trying in vain to look away. She had better taste than that, didn’t she? She could aim for yummiier breasts than...those. Riper, more *vavoom*. She knew she could! She knew it for sure! “I...don’t know what...came over me there. I’m...I’m sorry, miss?” She felt something tugging at her. She LOVED tits. She hungered. For tits. She wanted tits in her face, in her mouth, alllll OVER her.

But she liked BIG tiiiiits! Not big tits. BIG tits. Huge spongy milk mountains. She liked BIGGER. She tore her eyes off Ms. Threshal’s chest and gulped air down her mouth into her lungs. Something seemed off. But what? She couldn’t say.

“Door’s...” gasped Ms. Threshal, seeming both relieved and still frightened. “Door’s coming open.” Mrs. Abberdeen turned towards it to see that yes, the door to the house had indeed been opened. In the doorway stood Ms. Suzuki, grinning ear to ear. She seemed....goddd.

“Goddd,” Mrs. Abberdeen failed to stop from groaning at the sight of the mother’s huge honkers. Her eyes latched onto them instantly and stuck fast like velcro, refusing to detach or go anywhere else. She made zero effort to fight it. “Goddd your MELONSSSSS,” she sputtered helplessly. The drool in her mouth pooled even faster than it had been previously.

“You’re gonna ruin that poor shirt too soon, silly!” Ms. Suzuki giggled with eyes bright and full of glimmering joy. “Come on in, beauties!” Hardly a professional way to greet teachers who worked

with one's daughter, but tits were better than professionalism anyway. Both women sort of stumbled inside with their eyes glued to Ms. Suzuki's incredible boobies. They hung huge and heavy from her comparatively skinny body, the flesh of them pearly and shiny and smooth. She had small pores that made them extra smooth-looking too. The woman also had positively fucking massive hips.

"Fuuuuuccck," both teachers moaned together as the sight of Ms. Suzuki's ginormous swaying breasts painted their minds the color of milk. That zombie-like feeling from earlier made Mrs. Abberdeen's stomach lurch. She stumbled, brain swimming, and had to fight to maintain her balance. She could see...she could *FEEL* those massive goddamned tits swishing about slowly behind her eye sockets deep inside her brain. She could feel them dozing over actual thoughts, smashing them to bits, leaving trails of milk underneath as they did. She wanted to hate that, but she couldn't do it.

"Dinner will be ready soon!" Squeaked Ms. Suzuki, giggling girlishly while her enormous mounds wiggled and jiggled. The two teachers fumbled uselessly after her, neither able to look at anything except for her tatas. She seemed to know that and take no small delight in it. As she went she moved her back to ensure that every so often her boobs would bounce or ripple or shake or swing more than they usually did, hitting both women watching with a wave of pleasure. By the time she got to the kitchen, neither of her guests had a single thought left in their empty, cavernous little minds.

She turned, the bright blue and pink glittery material of the butterfly-themed babydoll lingerie she wore glistening around her nipples (which it surrounded with streams of the two colors, some bright and some dark). She smiled even wider as she pulled out two chairs. "Take a seat, little ladies!" She offered, and both women collapsed gracelessly into one of them like a sack of potatoes crashing into the ground. Both chairs nearly tipped over, but their host helpfully ensured that neither actually did. It took them each a moment to sit up, and then both of them stared at Ms. Suzuki's tits and panted over it like dogs. She gently stroked both women's hair.

Nia bounced into the dining room wearing nothing but thigh highs, a garter belt, and classic white cotton panties. And, of course, a nice big smile. Her huge tiddies boinged hard as she moved, practically turning both of her teachers- both paying rapt attention- into bobbleheads. She had to spare a giggle over it, of course. They looked so CUTE!

"Welcome welcome~" she giggled. She then took Mrs. Abberdeen's phone from the woman's pocket. "Unlock it for me mmmmkay?" Nia giggled. Mrs. Abberdeen complied immediately, her eyes giving the impression she didn't even know she was doing it. That made Nia giggle even more as she went through the device and set each and every one of its various flavors of volume to mute. She turned off the password and put it back in Mrs. Aberdeen's pocket with one last sadistic giggle and a maddened licking of her lips to go with it. "Please enjoy the food~ and yes darlings, that includes us." She grabbed her tits and hoisted them up before letting them flop

mightily under the pull of gravity. "ESPECIALLY us!" Mrs. Abberdeen's body physically flopped in place with the movement of the young woman's massive milky mounds. Her eyes dilated fully and her mouth hung fully agape without so much as a drop of shame or restraint. Across the table Ms. Threshal wore the same kind of broken, blissful expression. Neither one had a single brain cell left functioning. Both simply stared, slack jawed and weak, straight at Nia's chest. She gorged herself eagerly on the attention as her mother served them food. She'd eaten already- and eaten plenty, at that.

Both women had to be reminded, urged even, to eat their food. They did, in time, but neither could tear their eyes off of Nia's titties even while they ate. Neither one seemed to really know where they were. Nia laughed and tittered and grinned as she watched them down a plate each of her mother's home cooking. It wasn't as fresh and steaming hot as what she'd eaten but she kind of liked that. It made her feel special. Loved, treasured- and all that.

Her mother helped herself in the background. She'd always waited to eat until her offspring were done, something Nia suddenly felt ashamed she'd never noticed or appreciated. She resolved to bring it up at some point, possibly while tonsils deep in the woman's mouth. She needed to show her appreciation for just how wonderful her mother was, after all. She zoned out thinking about that and only came back to her senses later when her mother rubbed her boobs. She let out a moan in spite of herself, her body arcing up into the contact like a pleased cat receiving head rubbies.

"Time for *you* to feed our guests, do you think~?" Nia's mother asked. The girl needed no further prompting. She hefted her massive milkers in her hands, delighted by their tremendous weight. She grinned wide for her guests. "Come here little ladies! Drink up!"

One last flash of awareness flew across Ms. Threshal's face as the absurd situation seemed to hit her, but she saw her senior teacher flop to all fours without hesitation and it seemed to break her. She mewled as the regained light swiftly faded away out of her eyes and she followed suit, crawling across the floor. Both women came to a stop on all fours just in front of Nia and stared pitifully up at her gorgeous breasts. She smiled wide and hopped up to sit on a counter, gesturing with her arms.

"Millllk..." Mrs. Abberdeen moaned and scrambled up to her feet, then onto her tippy toes. Her mouth grasped wildly at the air in search of the young woman's nipple, which it found quickly. She latched on without hesitation. Nia bit her lip and moaned. Nia's legs fidgeted where they hung.

"Yoou, you tooo..." moaned Nia for Ms. Threshal. The younger teacher's mind caved in once more and an invisible force pulled her up by the neck as though it had her on a leash. She too found a nipple by grasping about with her lips. On contact she extracted the ambrosia she sought: first in a thin spray, then an increasingly intense flow as she suckled harder and harder. A hunger rapidly reared its head and opened up into a void within her, one that yearned for milk. Her mouth gave into the demands without question.

“Good, hhh, good girls...!” Cried Nia as arousal and maternal bliss bashed at her brain from both sides. Her head rolled back and so did her eyes as the pull on each of her tits rapidly escalated. She groaned in unison with her two increasingly ravenous teachers.

Somewhere beneath their symphony of arousal fabric rang out with the sound of its threads pulling and straining. The hanging boobs on each teacher’s chest began to rapidly swell in bursts, slipping out of their measly bras in seconds and moving on to battle their shirts. Mrs. Abberdeen pulled half away in shock but Nia’s hand gripped her hair and forced her back, where she snapped and fell upon the nipple like a rabid beast. The cloth of her shirt came thinner and thinner as it stretched under the onslaught of her expanding tits. Threshal and Abberdeen’s eyes fluttered into the back of their heads as heaving honkers exploded out of their shirts in a shower of shredded clothing. Threshal tried to pull away too but met the same fate as her senior.

She greedily devoured all the milk she could possibly extract, and she could physically *feel* the pull of her magnificent titties growing quickly as they ballooned in size. By the time Nia allowed the woman to dizzily stumble away, her tits had grown into back ruining melons. She rubbed them and moaned indecently, shocked by how sensitive and raw they felt. The world went runny and swirled into a liquid around her. Mrs. Abberdeen pulled her into a sensual embrace. Both women rigorously began to fuck the other’s face with their tongues. Nia felt a hand- her own- dive into her snatch.

“Oh...oh fuuccck...!”