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<Thick as Thieves: No Nut November 2>

by <Growing Desires>

Chapter Twelve

We quickly embraced each other, my face found its way quickly to her boobs, I kissed the swollen surface of her engorged boobs and felt how she had no give, there was no more room for milk, she was that full and ripe. Her hand snaked its way into my pants, and she was wrestling with my throbbing cock while I was consumed by her turgid, milky breasts.

Her body was soft, softer than yesterday for sure, it was like these women were changing along with me, I couldn't understand why and I was so desperate for release I didn't even want to give it much more thought, I just needed to feel my raging cock inside of her.

Her flesh surrounded me, enveloped me, she was not as firm as Brigid, she didn't feel as bloated as Sarah, but there was something very extra about how soft she felt, her body, not her tits. They felt like they might rupture at any second. Her tits had a reddish hue, and her veins were so prominent on her skin it was somehow even crazier to see her topless today.

I entered a frenzy-like state; Jess must've thought I was trying to bore a hole into her thigh with how hard I was. I sucked and drained her, my stomach feeling a bit sloshy as I had downed more milk than is reasonable. She was getting worked up, her moans filled the hallway.

“Fuck... Come on... I need you.... Fuck!!!” Her explicit gasps told me all I needed to know.

I felt her ushering me up the stairs towards her bedroom. I passed pictures on the wall of her family, but guilt had left my body, in its place, pure arousal. Throwing herself onto the bed, the mattress groaned from the weight, the springs jiggled and I watched as her form carried on with the momentum, her tits bouncing and slapping against her fat stomach. I practically tore my clothes off, wanting to feel her warm soft skin against mine. I stalked her, like a predator, she greeted me willingly though, spreading her legs and leaning back, her boobs pooled atop her bulging stomach, there was milk dripping down her teats.

We were both ready. No interruptions. It wouldn't matter, the pure lust coursing through my blood could've stopped a freight train.

I mounted her, there was no pause in my fluid motion to enter her eagerness. It wasn't something that she was ever likely to take in whole but there was an effort for her to stretch around my huge shaft. She screamed in a pained ecstasy as I was almost splitting her in two. The constricting feeling of her tightly wrapped around my girth was intoxicating enough as it was, yet I wasn't set to cum yet.

I started in slow movements, watching her body shake and jiggle beneath me, an ocean of flesh wobbling, writhing from the pleasure, I looked down and felt my body meet hers, there was still that feeling of being swallowed by her mass. I was in heaven, for the second time today.

I was fucking my ex-teacher, her screams filled the whole house, the neighbours must've thought Mr Richardson came home early from work and was giving it to her.

Her tits were leaking everywhere, a slick layer of sweet milk covered us both as I continued to drill her into the bed, I didn't stop, I couldn't stop. Much like that morning I just kept going and it was only when I felt the weak taps against my body did I realise that Jess was way past done. She was flagging and exhausted from the fucking I had just given her, yet my cock was still throbbing and yearning for more.

I slid out and noticed that it was bigger again. I had zoned out. It felt like my body went on autopilot, the pleasure was there, I was still horny as hell, but the milk covered MILF was sprawled out on the bed, her body wobbled from her short and shallow breaths. I hadn't noticed in my trance but looking now I could see that she had undergone a change too. Her boobs looked bigger, as did her nipples but there was also more to the mature woman's stomach. She was looking great with the changes, it almost made me want to dive back in, but I felt a weak hand push against me.

"Please... No more... I can't keep up..." She begged.

"I'm sorry... Jess... I..."

“It... It’s...” Jess couldn’t finish the sentence; she trailed off into sleep.

I looked at her swollen form. Captivated by its beauty.

She looks pregnant...

Early signs of pregnancy for sure but she looked like a fertile goddess, spent and sleeping peacefully. Her stomach was bulging out more than just fat, her tits were still huge, and the nipples were darker than earlier.

Is that even possible?

I traced a hand over her stomach and felt how soft the top layer was but with a small bit of pressure I was able to feel the tightness beneath. She felt firm, taut and I knew she was probably going to get bigger before I saw her again. My cock throbbed, yet I resisted.

No... Let her rest...

I helped lift her into the bed properly, the duvet was ruined with her milk, it was everywhere, I gave her body one last kiss, tasting her sweet taste on my lips, I left.

I needed to go straight home, my clothes were starting to smell, and I was exhausted myself, it felt like my body was spent but I was kept upright due to my raging arousal.

Like a zombie I hobbled back to the flat and crashed in bed, I had to lay on my back, my knob was pointing angrily to the ceiling.

Please... Please let me cum...

I started to stroke myself under the sheets, the pleasure was insane, unbearable, but it wasn’t rising past a certain point, my balls churned and

ached, and I felt myself grow harder, no. Bigger. I slammed my hand down on the bed and stared at the tent, seeing how the duvet moved in rhythm with my beating heart.

Please...

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