

(This one goes out to Bored Sitting, Sky In The Pie, F. Mannelig, Zouscha, and everybody else who loves to shove oblivious protagonists in crazy sexed up worlds!)

It's Just an Ordinary Day
- A weird smutty novella in two parts-
= Part 1 =
By Razmagurk

Something wasn't right.

It was stupid, I know – a vague feeling and nothing more. But it had been haunting me all day. I couldn't shake it.

I tried to ignore it, to put it out of my mind and focus on the professor's lecture, but it kept crying out at me from the back of my brain like an alarm bell everywhere I went.

What was I missing? What wasn't I seeing?

I shifted uncomfortably in my hard plastic seat and looked around - for the third time - at the lecture theater. It was the same boring class I had every Thursday. The same huddled masses and the same droning professor. Everything was perfectly, painfully ordinary.

So why couldn't I shake this feeling? This unease? What was this profound directionless wrongness pervading my heart?

I glanced over at my neighbor, a cute redhead taking fastidious notes. I could never remember her name. Had she noticed anything odd?

She certainly seemed a bit out of it. Her breathing was heavy and she her face was flush. One of her hands was down stroking something beneath her desk. She swallowed hotly as her eyes roamed longingly over the professor's body. Her bosom rose as she took a deep breath, then she gasped gently, a soft sigh only just loud enough for me to hear. At first she had me questioning my own ears, but then she followed it up with a series of increasingly loud and lurid moans despite her best efforts to maintain her composure.

I blinked. What the hell?

I turned back to my notes, my own breath growing increasingly hot. Had that - had that just happened?

I was just about to take a closer look when I heard another gasped cry from behind me. I turned to see the girl there just as flush. She was reclined in her seat, legs luridly spread and head leaning back as the motion of her hands also left little to the imagination. She seemed even less concerned about the volume of her moans than my neighbor.

Oh my god. And they weren't the only ones.

All throughout the lecture theater, girls were struggling to keep themselves from screaming in carnal rapture amidst a furious masturbatorial frenzy. Most were at least struggling to keep up the facade of classroom concentration as they loudly pleased themselves, but some had given up on propriety all together. One girl had her leg up on her desk and was screaming out with every deep thrust of her raunchy, studded dildo.

I turned hotly back to my notes, brain struggling to process what was going on around me. Girlish groans pounded in my ears.

There was a ding from my phone.

Without even slowing down her delicate delights, the redhead next to me shot me a dirty glare. My blush intensified. Wait, why was I the one embarrassed here?

I pulled out my phone, intending to turn it off and put it away but the text I had received caught my eye.

“Hello Oliver. Notice anything out of the ordinary?”

It was my friend Owen. I looked around at all these moaning harlots I had found myself in the middle of. Did he know what was going on?

“All of the girls in class are masturbating especially loud today?” I replied. “It’s very rude.”

“Is that all?” the reply came. “Look closer.”

I took another look around, at all my nubile classmates driving themselves so frantically to hither unseen heights of pleasure. But no, apart from the inconsiderate volume of their moans, it was just like any other Thursday lecture.

So what the hell was Owen talking about? Had he set this up somehow? Some kind of prank? No, there was something going on here that I wasn’t seeing.

Focus, Oliver. What was I missing? There was something big, something fundamental right in front of me. I scratched idly at one of my huge trembling breasts. Think, man, think.

But my line of thought screeched to a halt as the girl next to me let out a particularly loud gasp. She had slid her other hand up tenderly beneath the clinging fabric of her skin-tight tube-top and started tugging at a turgid nipple.

God, they certainly weren’t making this easy. Girls being loud was... well, they could hardly help it, I guess. Girls just masturbated whenever they were idle, that’s the way the world worked. And yet the sound of their pleasure, their sapphic mewls and gentle hands darting across moist flesh... it all just had me so - I swallowed dryly and let out a hot breath of my own - so damned horny!

I mean come on! How was a guy supposed to concentrate like this? When all I could hear was a soft orchestra of sapphic moans and cries. What guy wouldn't get all worked up at the sound of that?

I leaned forward to take a better look around. Big mistake. The pressure of my heavy (and now horny!) boobs pressing against the firm desk sent a fresh ripple of trembling pleasure all throughout my body. Shit! I had to bite my lip to hold back a sapphic moan of my own. I gripped a fist and tried to wait as the wall of sexual fire burned itself out, waiting for that pulse-pounding tingling to stop...

But it was too late.

My stupid hair-trigger nipples - already diamond-hard and sensitive from this aurally induced arousal - were now aching needily, throbbing hotly with every beat of my frenzied heart.

I squirmed and let out another little gasp. They were so damned big and juicy and hard as they pressed lewdly into the rough fabric of my t-shirt that it was like every little motion was enough to set off a fresh firework of sensation.

I tried to slow my breathing, but they'd already begun to moisten in anticipation of all the raunchy manhandling my body was begging for right now.

Shit. Come on, Oliver, keep it together.

I shivered, flexing and unflexing my hand to resist the temptation to just grab them here and now and start going to town. I was in the middle of a fucking class.

I had to get my mind off of this. I tried to focus on something - anything - else. My eyes locked on the professor. Another big mistake.

Okay, maybe I'd been a little too harsh on the girls for being so loud. I knew that they could hardly help themselves at the best of times, but I'd been so caught up in trying to figure out what was wrong that I'd completely missed just how spicy today's lecture was.

Down behind the podium, the professor cried out as he pumped his pussy full of the heavy, arm-length horse-cock dildo in his hands, wiggling his wide child-bearing hips to grind it all the harder in and out of his slopping cunt, pulling it out occasionally to lick it clean between his plump pouty-pink lips.

Occasionally, he'd stop to point the dildo towards some aspect or another on his slides, where a video was playing of him getting his pillowy ass roughly ploughed by a trio of well-hung studs. There was a link to his streaming service subscription info in the bottom corner.

I swallowed hotly. Shit, I really should have been paying attention, I had no idea where the professor was going with this.

I did my best to scribble down notes anyway, reaching carefully around my enormous, tablebound and still way-too-horny hooters to do so. It was tricky - even one errant brush could be enough to set the damn things off again - but I'd had lots of practice.

The volume in the class grew louder as the lecture continued. My notetaking slowed, then stopped.

I frowned. There it was again.

That feeling.

Something about this whole situation wasn't right.

Was it the lecture materials? Something the prof had said or done? It was all totally mundane economics stuff, wasn't it? I mean, the fact that you had to subscribe to the professor's camsites to access the course materials was a pain in the butt, but that was just par for the course these days, wasn't it?

The professor giggled at the end of a particular tricky section of fucking and sauntered his nubile, curvaceous body back over to his seat. He lined himself up with the other massive dildo sitting thereupon and was just about to sit down upon it, when he seemed to swoon. My eyes widened as he slid down on that turgid rod far enough to leave him gasping.

Oh my god, did he just do that? Did he just put his anal dildo into his pussy? I did a double take. But wait, no. No. He hadn't. But damn, he had been about to. A moments difference between everyday normal and intensely pornographically erotic.

I let out a hot breath. I was panting. God, that's how worked up I was, that I was somehow eager to see the lascivious bimbo fuck-puppet that was my professor degrade himself sexually before a lecture theater of loudly masturbating nymphomaniac coeds.

I let out another breath. Damn it. This wasn't working. Focussing on the lecture was just getting me all the hornier.

My own squirming had gotten just as bad as the girls surrounding me. I shut my eyes. My whole body was tingling in anticipation now, my pussy just as hot and juicy as my gigantic jugs. God, I could feel the weight of them pressing down into the desk with every beat of blood pounding through them. I was already leaking cream.

This - I whimpered - this was too much.

I couldn't focus on anything but this out-of-control fire burning away inside of me. I was panting, sweating, floating on the edge. I mewled and squirmed. Why had I worn such a tight shirt?

I gripped my fist to will it all to stop, but it was no good. My heavy breathing kept grinding my sensitive fuck-melons into the tabletop, the wetness of my slippery nipples rubbing so tensely against the rough fabric that every last nerve of nipple had begun to sing out in blinding bliss.

"Oh shit."

I couldn't stop it. Between the heaviness of my labored breathing and the lustiness of the lecture hall before me, all the echoing moans and fragrances and sights, what chance did I have?

With every breath, the rub of my slippery nipples - ruby hard and throbbing - was like a match striking. Every beat of my heart set my body freshly aflame. And no matter how hard I pressed, no matter how hard I wriggled or cried, it just brought me that much closer to that fire.

It was too much.

Now my panting was growing harder and faster, the motion of my boyish tits spiraling out of control, squeezing all the tighter against my rough, tight shirt. Every pleasure brought more pleasure, growing and growing, closer and closer, one firework after another exploding chromatic flames of lust all over the powderkeg that was my - oh fuck!

Oh no. No no no no!

I gasped, still groaning. I had gripped my fist to try to hold this back, but it was like trying to hold back a sneeze or a cough or a tidal wave. Pleasure building upon pleasure building on horny stupid pleasure. A self-sustaining critical fucking mass of orgasmic tit-centered nirvana!

Not here! Not now!

I came, pleasure blasting through every inch of me as surge after surge of thick milky liquid sprayed out from my heavy tits.

Fuck. I moaned softly in frustration, body quivering and shaking. I crossed my arms over my chest to try to stem the tide of thick cream, as though I could somehow catch it all, but that sudden sensation, that extra pleasure just sent me hunched right back over in orgasmic aftershock.

It took me an embarrassingly long time to recover. Thick cream dribbling down from my soaked shirt and pussy in the meantime. I tried to will myself invisible. I prayed no one had been looking. My face was completely red. I was absolutely mortified.

Had - had anybody been watching? I looked around to see if anyone had noticed. The red-haired girl next to me just snickered and politely looked away.

Oh my god. If my face could go redder it would have. I had to get out of here.

I pushed through the still lingering pleasure and stood, keeping my tantalizingly hypersensitive hooters hidden in my arms as I made my way past the fragrant moaning of my classmates and out the door.

I took deep lungfuls of air as I stumbled my way tits-first through the hallway to the men's room. The fresh air was doing wonders to flush away the crazy pheromones that had been playing at my brain, and between it and the cold water splashed on my face, I was able to buy myself at least a little reprieve from the raging conflaguration of my libido.

I slapped gently at my cheeks. What the hell was wrong with me? Had I really just done that? My whole body was still flush and hot and sensitive. I rolled my shoulders back to get more comfortable, but the motion just sent my wet tits dripping once again.

“Shit.” I grumbled, looking over my disaster of a self in the mirror. This was just what I needed. It was bad. My shirt was completely soaked through and now my nipples and the tender flesh around them were on tantalizing display, the wet fabric clinging diaphanously to the mountainous swell of these huge heavy hooters of mine.

I let out a hot sigh. I can’t believe I’d let myself get so carried away. Had anybody seen? That girl next to me, obviously, but everybody else had been so focused on the professor, right? Oh god, I didn’t want to be known as that guy who creamed his tits in class.

I rolled the hem of my shirt up and over the swollen curve of my great sensitive mounds, the rough fabric was all the more so for the heavy milky wetness. I gasped as my nipples hit the cold air, still moist and leaking in the aftershocks. I gave one a gentle little squeeze, just to test it out, and a fresh jet of milk sprayed out into the sink as my legs trembled in an echo of my earlier bliss.

Christ.

I dug around in my bag. Hairbrush, condoms, anal lube. I dug around again. Shit, had I forgotten my milker?

“Figure it out yet?” There was a fresh text on my phone.

“What the hell are you talking about, dude?” I rubbed at the bridge of my nose as I texted back. I was in no mood for Owen’s games right now

“I’ve been making some changes around campus! And with you. Notice anything strange? ;)”

The hell? Something strange with me?

“Uh no?” I looked in the mirror, blinking blithely as I twisted this way and that, looking for something out of place.

I mean, I’d always looked like this. I’d always been a typical college guy with the face of a horny pornstar and milky tits so raunchily sensitive I had trouble getting through the day without a good milking. I’d always had a jiggling bubble butt and a fat drippy pussy and I certainly always looked really damn fuckable in this micro-skirt. I mean, come on. I think I’d notice if someone had been making any changes.

Okay, so maybe I hadn’t */always/* been like this. I had been a bit of a late bloomer. But I’d really come into my own since I hit 18. My bountiful boobs came in practically overnight and they just gotten bigger and rounder and hornier as I got older. By this point I was already bigger than my brothers had been at my age, though I suppose not nearly as sensitive - both of them could cum from just a stiff breeze.

So what the hell was Owen going on about?

Wait.

My eyes went wide, confusion and panic flashing through my face as I stared down horrified at my dripping titties. Everything was suddenly making a horrifying sense.

Owen must have taken my milker!

That ass! Now what was I supposed to do with these great big heavy things? I hefted their milky mass and sighed. Now I'd have to wait until I got home. I mean - I wiggled my ruby-tipped fingers over my tingling flesh - what was the alternative? Doing it by hand? With these nails? No thank you.

"You ass!" I texted back.

"You figured it out!?"

"You were going through my things?"

"What? No, look closer! Here, I'll make it more obvious. Even you couldn't miss all this."

There was a pause. I realized I was holding my breath. Nothing happened.

Well, someone had stuck their turgid member through one of the gloryholes from the women's bathroom, but that was hardly Owen's doing, was it? Owen's massive dick this was not.

"Nothing's changed."

"Just... come over to my place after class today. I'm going to show you things you'll never believe!"

I gave another sigh and looked down at the state I was in.

"I can't." I texted, followed by, "I've got a date with Ophelia I've got to get ready for."

"It'll be quick, I promise! Come on! It'll be totally worth it! When even was the last time we hung out?"

I rubbed again at the bridge of my nose. It was always something with Owen.

"Look, I'll make it worth your while, okay?" he followed up. "Let's play a game. I have all of reality at my beck and call. I've been warping things all morning. If you can figure out even one change that I made, I'll give you a wish. Anything you want."

Right now all I wanted was to end this conversation.

"Fine. I'll swing by after class, but I can't stay long. I've got to go!"

I shoved my phone back in my bag and pulled out my spare shirt - tight, pink, and with little hearts. It wasn't ideal, but it would have to do. I really should have brought a paternity bra just in case, but bras were so stuffy and formal and it was such a nice day out. Well, this is what I get, I guess.

Okay. I took a breath. This was fine.

These stuffed-up milky melons of mine were swollen with need and cream, and I had no way of relieving this painful horny fulness, but that little unintentional eruption had at least taken the edge off. I could last until after class, right? I just had to get home. I had plenty of milkers there. I'd just have to put up with this aching want until then. I'd been in worse spots than this.

I shoved my milk-stained top into my bag, then spent way longer than I'd have liked tugging the fresh shirt over my tingling orgasmically-sensitive orbs and still-dripping nipples.

There were more messages on my phone, but I didn't have time for more of Owen's weirdness. I stepped out of the men's room and made my way back to class.

I stood a moment at the doors, preparing myself mentally for what was happening inside. As soon as I opened the door, the overwhelming reek of girl-juice hit me. Stuffy books and stuffed pussy - is there a more iconic smell in all of academia? It didn't take long before I was once again simmering in hormonal arousal.

The lecture seemed to be on hold. My classmates were all clustered around in group discussion with their neighbors as I made my way back to my seat. Great, what had I missed?

The professor had his legs spread, lying supine on the desk, tits bouncing as an enthusiastic volunteer pounded into his quivering pussy. The raunchy display left much to be discussed, apparently, and now my various classmates were frantically coupling up to try to wrap their heads around it.

I sat back down and cursed silently. Of course, just my luck, everybody had already partnered up.

I tried to awkwardly introduce myself to the girls making out next to me, but they were so wrapped up in trying to duplicate the professor's demonstration that they didn't even notice me. You know what? On second thought that was probably for the best - I blushed as I remembered the look the redhead had given me as I'd been running out of the room.

I tried introducing myself to the girls on the other side, but they too were frantically rutting in discussion.

Fuck.

A part of me wanted to just leave all together, to save myself the humiliation, but I'd just come in, and leaving again so suddenly was just going to make it worse.

So instead, there I sat, awkward as a duck in heat as the whole class got down to business without me.

I took a breath and just tried not to get in the way. This was fine. I could manage. I just had to focus on my notes and sort of nod along, even as the moaning grew louder, even as the girls on either side of me started engrossing further and further on my space - elbows, legs, other things.

God, and I thought the moaning earlier had been bad.

I was moments away from being driven from my seat entirely when the door opened and the familiar face of the Dean of Finance walked in.

The professor pulled off his partner with a surprised pop, then with a disappointed whisp of a sigh, he yielded the floor. His partner slunk off, cum dribbling between her legs.

Everybody turned to look. There were only a few minutes left in class.

Oh thank god, a reprieve.

The girls untangled themselves and pulled their warm flesh from off my desk and out of my space to see what this interruption was all about.

I couldn't help but smirk as I looked the dean over. His presence was proof that Owen was full of shit. Owen and the dean did not get along. If Owen had reality at his beck and call, this guy would have been his first target, and here he was the same crusty old codger he'd always been.

"Sorry to interrupt," the man walked over to the podium, speaking over the grunts and gasps of hard, raw fucking playing from the professor's slides. "But I understand that some of you still haven't finished the paperwork regarding the upcoming work placement opportunities. I've tried tracking you down by email, but I still need to get some signatures from some of you, so I'm going to be here after class to collect."

He fell to his knees to pull open his overcoat. He was wearing cheap pink lingerie beneath and there were strings of condoms hanging off the ties of his side-tie thong like a skirt. His gross old-man body - supple, round, nubile and curvaceous - was covered in disparaging comments about what a nasty slut-whore he was.

Oh shit. My brain reeled.

Had I signed already?

I hadn't, had I? Fuck. But uhg, there was already a line forming of guys and girls, stroking their dicks as they approached, ready to coat the old man in their seed before leaving their own disparaging comments.

I nibbled gently on my plump lips, eyes darting between the line and the door. I didn't have time for this. Not with my tits so heavy and full and horny. I stood up and shook my head. I'd have to swing by his office with a condom later this week.

But hey, at least it was an excuse to get my horny little butt out of there a little early. Lord knows I needed it. I slipped away with the students who had already signed.

“Well?” it was another text from Owen. “Find anything weird yet?”

“Look,” I sighed, “the weirdest thing that happened today was Dean Gobblecock coming in to collect signatures.”

“Ha! More like collecting fat loads!”

I mean, yeah? I raised an eyebrow. How else was he going to get someone’s signature?

“Look, I’m heading over to your place now - I want my milker back!”

“Still haven’t found anything? Tell you what, I’ll make it easy for you. Keep an eye out!”

I rolled my eyes as I pushed my way out the front door of the economics building. I was still struggling to keep control of the churning hormones pounding through my body and the tremendous trembling of my all-too-eager hooters.

The lecture had left me flush and horny and now every step was a balancing act between a hasty return and the need to keep my tits from jiggling themselves off into another gooey orgasmic mess.

That was the challenge. Getting to the dorms like this. It wasn’t that far. I could do this. I just had to try not to think about sex. How hard could that be?

My mind turned to Owen.

He was full of shit, obviously. But there was something about what he was saying... I don’t know, maybe it was just that damn nagging sensation in the back of my head that something wasn’t right. He had me curious.

I looked around as I strode slowly across campus, tits quivering like jelly with each hip-swinging click of my high-heels. This stupid horny buzz was making it so hard to think.

What wasn’t right here? What was throwing these red flags in my brain?

Outside the student union, one of the sororities was trying to raise money with a dick-kissing-booth for some charity or another. They seemed, however, to be in direct competition with the clit kissing booth event that one of the frats had put up. Both seemed to be doing gangbusters, but I didn’t have time to wait in line to kiss anything right now.

On the walkway opposite, a pink-haired girl from the anime club was taking their tentacle monster for a walk. She was struggling to keep it on the leash as it eagerly bounded around trying to say hi to everybody with a pussy+ that passed. It seemed especially eager as one of the girl’s friends came up, giving it a treat and a belly rub as it drooled jizz into a little puddle beneath it.

Down on the quad, some of the more athletically minded students were in the middle of a game of dildo football, girlish co-ed bodies bouncing and swaying as they pranced their way down the field after the wobbly flying phallus and piling on top of each other in a sticky mess of sapphic groping, tickling and deep, licky makeouts as they competed for control.

I sighed.

In other words, it was a perfectly normal day on campus.

Okay. I rubbed at the bridge of my nose. Let's think of this another way. If Owen did have phenomenal cosmic power - and I didn't for a second believe that he actually did - what would he change?

I frowned.

Nothing good.

Owen - bless his heart - was a bit of a weirdo. Well, I guess 'pervert' would probably be the better word. He was one of those types who was completely obsessed with all manner of weird internet pornography. He had passed many an unsavory link my way and his tastes were... diverse. To say the least.

Not that I held that against him or anything. One of the reasons we've been friends for so long was that I tried not to judge. But well, not everybody was as open minded as I was.

So what would he do if he could had reality at his beck and call? He'd make the world fall in line with his perverted desires, wouldn't he?

I looked around once again. If that was true, why were these girls playing dildo-football in their bikinis instead of naked?

I mean, sure, there was a chance - if he did hypothetically have some kind of power - that he could have had an ounce of restraint. There was a chance he'd have done the responsible thing and been reserved and tasteful and - oh, who was I kidding? The biggest indicator that he didn't have power was that girls were still walking around topless instead of wearing blouses and bras like fetish models.

I tried to picture a world where everybody was dressed like that, but shuddered at the mental image.

Definitely for the best he was full of shit.

Besides, god knows I was already horny enough, the prospect of having to walk through a pornographic panoply of perverted parody-people to get anywhere was...

Fuck.

I let out a hot breath.

My wandering mind had gotten me all worked up. I gripped my fists and tried to compose myself, tried to shake the notion of some bizarre hyper-sexual hypothetical from my brain. This was the real world. That sort of stuff just didn't happen.

I tried not to let my imagination run off any further. I tried to focus on the hear and now. I wriggled, legs squeezing together, tits swaying and jiggling. My inner thighs were slippery with need.

I swallowed a raunchy gasp.

Focus, Oliver, focus.

I took another hesitant step. The bounce sent my sensitive melons jiggling and the rub and squeeze of my slick thighs sent my pussy tingling to boot.

Just... don't think about sex. I tried to get my mind back to what I had been thinking about before. I tried to make a game of it - what could Owen have done? - anything to keep me away from that tantalizing edge.

Nearby, on a bench, a girl with cat ears was breastfeeding her pregnant boyfriend while her twin sisters ate out their pussies. Good. That was just what I needed. Something wholesome. Something pure. It was a little out of place to see such a romantic gesture here on campus, but not so much that I would assume it an anomaly. Besides, it was far too pleasant to have anything do with Owen.

I stepped up to the door of the Central Student Building, reaching out to hold it open for a girl trying to cart her tits in a wheelbarrow through the narrow doorframe. The place was a little busy, but cutting through here would save me the walk around the hill.

I pushed my way through the crowd, trying not to bang my boyish bumps into anybody.

The place was busier than I expected. It wasn't quite the lunch rush or anything, but a few classes had let up and it would only be getting worse as the day went on.

There was a line up of people waiting to try out the new futanari milkshake stand they'd put in recently. It was a test promotion - if it did well enough, they were going to install a full proper futa restaurant.

We were lucky, actually, to have a few little theme restaurant franchises around campus. Someone had once had the idea of setting up an on-campus Femboy Hooters to compete with our government-mandated on-campus regular Hooters, and everything just kind of expanded from there.

Ah - I walked past a girl in a cowprint bikini lowering a mug below her skirt - they were giving away free samples. No wonder there was such a line up.

We actually had a lot of cool stuff on campus, come to think of it. There was that new tattoo shop that did all the womb tattoos, and the corset-and-bondage shop next to it, not to mention the little boutique across from the bookstore that specialized in butt plugs and really high heels. Not that you needed them

for most classes, of course, but it sure saved a commute not having to go to the butt plug boutiques downtown.

I took another pause to catch my horny breath, eyes locked on the trembling girl as she filled that mug with her hot frothy milkshake. I wiped the sweat from my brow. Between my leaking milk, my dribbling pussy juice and the fact that I was sweltering in my own arousal, a drink sounded really good right about now.

I briefly considered grabbing something from one of the vending machines - something to cool me off - but the ones in this building only sold Juice That Made You Cum Super Hard, and while it was a tempting option, I just didn't have the time for that right now.

Had Owen set something up, somehow? Some prank or something that I wasn't seeing? He'd said he'd been making changes to campus, right? This would be the place to do it.

No, I shook my head. That was a stupid thought.

I looked at a girl take a sip from her freshly delivered juice box, her cock going from nothing to ramrod achingly-hard as she screamed out and bucked furiously in the air, fucking an unrelenting spray of her own thick, milky juice into the air and all over everybody nearby.

Everything seemed in order there.

Shit, I nibbled on my plump lip and let out a soft sigh. Why was this all getting me so worked up? Was it just residual horniness from class? It was like I had some kind of fog in my brain keeping me from thinking it through.

I was so distracted, in fact, that I didn't even notice as the stiletto of my towering heels failed to land properly on the edge of the short step up to the dining area. I teetered, arms flailing in the air, then fell, spinning to try to catch myself.

I crashed down with a cry, but only half one of pain. I whimpered, I mewled. The unexpected pleasure of my entire weight squeezing down on my horny tits like a carnal vice, like the firm grip of a lover. It was too much! My tongue lolled out of my mouth as my eyes rolled up into the back of my head.

"Fuck!"

My cry rose and then keened as my body shook and trembled, but the orgasmic trembling that my titanic tits provoked just caused them to grind all the more greedily into the ground below.

Shit, shit, shit. Not again! I quivered and squirmed and tried to right myself, but it was too late. I could feel the blessed release of milk sloughing out of me, my colossal cans cumming creamily into my last good shirt.

I whimpered through a gasping mooing moan, then whimpered again. All of that hard work for nothing.

I tried to pull myself up onto all fours, but it was no good. My tits, heavy, horny and engorged as they were with milk and toe-curling need were big enough that my nipples – achingly diamond hard – scratched against the floor and sent me trembling like a newborn calf through the fourth and fifth orgasms.

Everybody turned to look. I gulped back the drool dripping down my chin. My body was ripe and full and going over the edge here in public – skirt hiked up, ass in the air, pussy pulsing and begging and drooling for all to see! My face burned with a mix of shame and need.

I struggled to stand, but the damage was already done. Just like in class, the clinging wetness of my top and the rubbing of my nipples was sending my brain spiraling into a chain reaction, like a dirty bomb of brain-blanking bliss.

Worse, the fall had caused my soaking shirt to ride up and now it was clinging so tightly that my underboob was on display for all to see.

Ah - I reached down to tug the fabric back into position. The wet material peeled off with a loud schlorp before gripping once again all the tighter. I wriggled my back to try to position my swinging fuck-boulders into a good position, but the jiggling and rubbing and all the horny blood pounding through me had them all big and juicy and swollen.

Another orgasmic blast of cream sent my legs trembling, this one had been hard enough even to splurge even through the wet fabric.

Fuck - I gripped my fists so hard I was worried my pretty pink nails would draw blood - my tits were completely out of control.

I had to get out of here.

I tried to take a step, but it was like walking through jello. My knees were weak and all the ministrations against my masculine melons had made me all melty.

God help me, I came very close to giving up. But I couldn't give up here could I? Not after I'd come so far.

I crossed my arms once again over my chest. My breath was hot now, almost panting, just a hitch away from a low passionate moan. This was my last clean shirt, but I was almost to the dorms. I just had to get home, then I could get my spare milker and a change of clothes and a good long hot shower.

I looked around. I was so close. How hard could it be?

Turns out, easier said than done. The stares and leers of my fellow students - some judging silently, some biting their lips in appreciation or jealousy - had me acutely aware of my own helplessness, of how exposed and horny and drippy I was. Before, I had been able to think about other things, but now? It was like being made aware of your tongue. I was hyperfocused on every little motion, every little point of contact, every sensuous tug and release as my tits bounced and jiggled, as my thighs squeezed and rubbed.

Each step, each motion, each little sway and bounce sent me trembling in micro-orgasm. Somehow even after dumping enough milk to soak through two tops, my body was still ready for more.

Despite my bravado, I didn't get far.

I'd only just cleared the dining area before I found myself swooning and leaning on the wall for balance. I was struggling to think, struggling to stand. I whimpered. How had I thought this was a good idea?

"Oliver?"

I looked up.

"Octavia?" I tried to focus, but my arousal was like the hot sun of a desert.

She had been standing over with a gaggle of her friends, they were making out and comparing scrotal lingerie. Her topless breasts swayed and heaved in time with the swing of her constantly erect dick. She kissed a quick goodbye to her friends, tongue playing courteously across their lips, and hustled over to me.

"Oliver! How are you doing, my man?"

I tried to give her a reassuring smile as we bumped chests and tweaked each other's nipples. Big mistake. It was just a friendly greeting, no more sexual than a handjob, but with the state I was in now?

"Oh fuck," my knees, already trembling and weak, buckled beneath me. The rubbing of my shirt or my own hands had been one thing, but the rough playful pinch of a third party? A fresh rush of raunchy flame roared through me, eager and hungry as the pressure in my chest swelled and threatened once again to unleash another hot milky load. No, no, no! Not again!

"Holy shit dude," she pulled away, polite enough not to comment on the lackluster job I'd done on her tits. "Are you okay?"

I shut my eyes tight and clenched my fists and somehow - somehow - managed to push my stupid overstuffed libido back across that line.

"I'm fine." I took a long breath, centering my soul against this temptation. "I'm fine. It's nothing. Really."

"What?" she laughed. "You are clearly not. Dude," she playfully flicked at one of my juicy nipples, but the sensation sent me reeling. "What happened to your shirt?"

"I -" I blushed. "It's nothing."

"Oliver." She put her hands on her hips, her perpetually-erect dick dribbling fragrant precum as it swung out from the raised hem of her little tartan skirt. "Come on, you can tell me."

I sighed. The last thing I wanted to do was talk about it, to confess this shame, but if Olivia was anything, she was stubborn, and god help me, I didn't have the presence of mind to resist.

"I-" I blushed harder. "I may have creamed myself."

"Holy shit," she laughed, "what?"

I tried to shoot her a glare, but the expression was drowned out by the smouldering cauldron of my humiliated arousal.

"Sorry, sorry." She held her hands up defensively. "And you're just walking around like this? You didn't think to change shirts?"

"I'm already wearing my spare shirt. I..." I gritted my teeth "I may have creamed myself in class too."

"Holy shit, dude," she laughed again despite herself. "You've got it bad today don't you? Why haven't you dipped away to milk yourself?"

"I forgot my milker!" I didn't quite mean for it to come out as such a whine, but I really was at my limit.

"Uhg," she rolled her eyes. "You boys are always leaving things like this to the last minute. God, could you imagine if I let my balls get as backed up as that? I'd just never stop cumming. I'd be blowing fat girly loads all day long. Here," she reached out to help me stand. "Let me help."

"No," I held up a hand, teeth still grit. "I'm fine, really."

I mean, I wasn't. Obviously. But I had gotten myself into this mess and I was going to get myself out of it. I just had to get back to the dorms. I just had to suffer through it until then.

"Oliver, cut the macho bullshit." She slapped my titties. "Let me milk you."

"I told you -" I blushed all the harder "I don't have my milker!"

"Oh my god, its fine, I've got you covered." She pulled the backpack off her naked shoulder and pulled out a tall black milking dildo.

My eyes bulged. If I could have blushed any further, I'd have done so. This thing was huge! Way bigger than the one I normally used. I couldn't. I shouldn't. There was no way. It would split me in two.

And yet...

I chewed my lip and tilted my head, eyes locked longingly on the long dark shaft.

I mean - I gulped - beggars couldn't be choosers, right? And right now, fuck, my body was begging for a good milking.

“Fine.” I sighed more wistfully than I’d intended. “But we need to be quick.”

Next thing I knew, she was slamming me into the wall of the boy’s milking room. There were a handful of other guys in similar straights, all moaning and panting and screaming their need as they bounced on their dildos and squeezed their cream-drooling nipples into the sucking, kissing cups of the school’s milking machines.

Not all of them were in here to milk their tits, of course, but those few milking their dicks or pussies had the courtesy at least to pull the blinds shut.

Not that I was paying much attention of course. It had taken everything I’d had not to explode just from the rough handling of Olivia dragging me in here. Now her firm hands had me pinned tight against the wall of the stall. I could feel the weight and heat of her perky girl-tits rubbing lewdly in my back as she pulled the coarse wet fabric of my shirt up and over the precipice of my milky mountains, letting them swing pendulously free into the cold air before me.

“Oh god!” I started to moan whorishly, but she slapped a hand over my mouth to keep me quiet.

She giggled as she hiked up my skirt. If I didn’t know any better, I’d say that she was enjoying this. I could feel her excitement through her throbbing dick as it rubbed and slapped wetly against my bubbly ass.

I mewled. I squirmed. Any semblance of resistance was gone now. I was putty in her hands, unable to control my overflowing hunger.

She fluttered her hands gently over the thin, wet fabric of my thong, pulling it all-too-delicately to the side of my puckering asshole. I tried my best, as my nubile body trembled in anticipation and as my hot boyish cunt dribbled juice like a faucet, to not shake away that thin strip of thong fabric still covering my pussy. Olivia was always playing it dangerously close like this. One wrong slip and this platonic milking was going to get real sexual real fast.

I mean - I groaned in need - it wasn’t that Olivia wasn’t *hot*. She - like all girls and a good number of guys - was a smokingly attractive hyper-sexual vixen. That was just genetics. But I had a girlfriend, who I loved very much, and she wouldn’t want me just off banging my friends left and right.

Well - I bit my lip - not without her there to join in, at least. She was old fashioned like that. Frankly, I respected that. It was one of the things I loved about her. Even if it did make Saturday nights out with the boys a little tricky sometimes.

Luckily, Olivia knew what she was doing. Oh god did she ever! And so we avoided any sexual awkwardness as she fondled my tight trim body and ground her dick against my naked ass long enough to hook my needy blissed-out nipples into the (shockingly cold!) cups of the milking station.

“You ready?” She slapped my big round ass playfully.

“Mm...” I whimpered. I wasn’t. I was still trying to prepare myself mentally for the assault of pleasure about to envelop me.

She mistook, however, this grunt of apprehension for agreement. And with nary another thought, she flicked on the machine.

I screamed.

All of my sensation, every ounce of my being, was suddenly laser-focused on the sheer body-shaking pleasure of the industrial strength boy-milker sucking at my two diamond-hard strawberry nipples.

No amount of bracing could ever have been enough. I thought I'd been on the edge before, but this drove me right into the fucking cliff.

"Fu~uck!" My voice hitched raunchily as I gripped tight at the machine's handles, hormonally-charged tingles shooting through my body like an electric cluster bomb of horny glee, blasting away all sense of here and now.

Oh god. I groaned low and rough and good. I hadn't realized how badly I needed this.

I grunted and mooed and drooled as the first orgasmic blast of milk sprayed out of me, spurting out in a hot wet deluge that was quickly sucked up by the machine. Splurge after splurge, lightning bolts stormed through my trembling body with every drop. The pressure in my fleshy chest, that heavy full weight I'd been putting up with all day, was now squeezing its fat load into the machine so hard I could feel the milky splash back.

My eyes crossed then rolled up into my head, tongue lolling. It felt so good, it felt so right. This was where I belonged.

And yet - I squirmed and whined as the machine hummed and sucked - it wasn't enough.

The bliss of the machine in action - like two hungry sucking mouths - was toe-curlingly good, but beneath it, deep in my core, there was still that desperate full-body need to be squeezed, to be pressed and held and manhandled, to have someone really get in there and drain and milk and fuck these blissful boy-boobs of mine for all they were worth.

This creamy flood was a gentle spray, a light tug, relief yes - oh god yes! - but it was like trying to scratch an itch through three layers of clothing.

"You ready?" I could hear her smirking.

I struggled to nod over the sensation.

The lube on my ass was just as cold as the milking station's cups. It dribbled down my crack and lingered with the hot mess of fluid pouring out of my ragingly horny cunt. My asshole winked and twitched in anticipation.

I could feel the long silicone dick slide between my expansive cheeks, probing, rubbing, slathering itself with lube along that oh-so-sensitive flesh. She paused dramatically at my puckered gates, just enough to make me painfully aware of how much I needed this.

And then she plunged deeply into my desperate ass.

Oh god! Her ministrations were gentle and slow, but urgent and deep and firm and oh-so-goddamn-purposeful. Stars and hearts filled my vision. This wasn't the first time a friend had milked me - hell, that's just what bros do, isn't it? - but Olivia... Olivia was in a class of her own.

It was just what I needed. With every inch she went inside me, my tits started sprayed all the harder. Ancient biological functions and hormones battering through my body and leaving me begging for more.

"Oh, hold on," she released her hand from the milker in my ass - leaving it to rub explosively right against one of my many anal g-spots - and fumbled around with her backpack before pulling out her dick-milker. "I think I might relieve myself a bit before class too."

She pulled her heavy balls from the cups of her thong, letting it fall down around her legs, then plunged the vibrating lips of the onahole onto her dick, a soft grunt of needy frustration crossing her own lips.

"Oh sorry, you don't mind do you?" she asked with all the casualness of someone asking to borrow a cigarette. "I won't get another chance before class."

"Not -uhg." I struggled to speak. "Not at all!" I knew how girls could be, especially ones with balls as big and heavy and full as hers.

"Thanks." She started to pump her pussy-lipped milker down and around her thick shaft, twisting it as she went. With a dick as huge as hers, I'm sure it was vacuum tight. She was just getting into a steady bucking rhythm before returning her other hand to the milking dildo in my ass.

I groaned as she reaffirmed her grip. I was just starting to get used to the heft of it - or, well, as used to such a thing as you can. She pulled it out slightly then thrust it in deeper, sending my whole body swaying, tits swinging backwards and forwards, milk spraying into the sucking cups as she pumped in time to the pace of her own delights.

Though her one-handed attention was a little distracted, I murmured and wriggled and cooed in appreciation nonetheless. If there was a better way to pound the milk out of a boy's heavy tits, I'd like to see it.

"Hey," I grunted through the bliss, "have you noticed anything weird lately?"

"Weird?" she raised an eyebrow above a half-lidded eye, her own breathing was just as labored as my own as she dribbled an increasingly virile stream of dick juice into her pocket pussy.

"Like... I don't know." I panted, "Out of the ordinary?" Her staccato rhythm was playing a mambo against my prostates. Every pump sent my body lurching electrically forward as a freshly orgasmic blast of milk sprayed from my tender tits.

Her pace slowed as she considered the question. I whimpered and wiggled my butt in protest.

"Well," she looked around conspiratorially, her face flush. "Now that you mention it. I've had this weird feeling all day. Like - like - oh fuck." She trembled as she bottomed out around those silicone lips, a particularly potent surge of girlish delight sending her shivering. "Like something's out of place, but I just can't figure out what?"

"Yes! Oh my god!" I arched my back, pressing deeper onto the amazing fullness of this massive milking dildo. I could feel it so insistently deep inside me. I tried to turn to face her, but the sucking cups of the machine held me back. I was so glad to have my paranoia confirmed that I had almost forgotten where I was.

"Frank was feeling it too!" she grunted between bucking hips, "Put her off her morning blowjob apparently. Left me all backed up."

"Owen's been..." I swooned as she pulled all the way out then plunged in all the way farther, then again and again. "Owen's been going on about it all day. Says he did something big. I figured it was some kind of prank but I can't for the life of me figure out what he's talking about - Oh fuck!" I sucked in air as the anal intruder slammed its way into a depth I'd hitherto not known existed. "Apart - apart from stealing my milker that is." Those last words came through gritted teeth.

"Uhg, Owen." she pulled back. I let out another whimper.

"Oh come on -" my voice was on the verge of begging. "He's not that bad."

"He's such a creep." She rolled her eyes and renewed her vigorous thrusts, speaking around grunts and gasps of her own. "It's like, all he thinks about is that giant dick of his - ah god!" her eyes rolled up into the back of her head as she blasted a hard messy load at just the thought of Owen's perfect member, as all girls do.

"He's-" I trembled as her orgasmic spasm shook the milker. "He's not so bad."

"Yeah, to you." She glanced jealously at my heaving tits and pursed her lips, her own nipples painfully, neglectfully hard. "What does he mean he did something big?"

"I have no idea!" I squeezed my ass tight against the milker, pressing it more fully into my oh-so-sensitive anal g-spots. I was rewarded for my efforts with a fresh spray of pleasure. "I've been wracking my brain trying to figure it out"

"Well if its him up to it, I'm sure its no good." She sighed and stopped pumping.

"Huh?" I whimpered in surprise.

"Okay, look, this isn't working."

“What do you mean?” I wriggled and clenched and writhed, trying helplessly to stimulate myself against the now-shallow silicone shaft. I was suddenly painfully aware of the emptiness it had left inside me.

“I can’t milk both of us off at the same time like this.”

Given the tidal wave of full-bodied bliss I had been cresting, she could have fooled me.

“But here, you know what? Let me just...” she bit her lip as she slid the onahole all the way down on her dick. Experimentally, she released her hand. It held. She flexed her dick. It jumped, but remain firmly attached.

“What are you-?”

She lined it up with the base of the milker still buried in my boisterous boyhole. She slid her hips back and it followed, then she slapped them forward hard enough to make me see stars.

“How’s that?” she smirked.

I groaned in amazement. Smart. Now she could milk both of us hands free.

And with her hands free, she could really get to work on the business at hand. She grabbed my hair and shoved me into the wall, body pressing tighter, cups pressing deeper as all my horny milk squeezed out one eager thrust at a time. Oh fuck, she hadn’t been kidding.

It didn’t take long for her to get back into a rhythm, and let me tell you. A girl with hips like hers, wide, powerful, child-implanting hips, could get into a hell of a rhythm. This was a girl who fucked. This was a girl who got all her friends pregnant. And now those deep powerful thrusts were driving her determined monster milker into the most tender and vulnerable part of me.

Not that - I shook the notion from my mind – not that there was anything even vaguely sexual about any of this, of course. God, that would be weird. But with every thrust my tits trembled in micro-orgasm and oozed more and more of my thick horny cream.

I screamed as she bottomed out. Before, the pleasure had been tingly and gentle, if potent. Now it was needy and desperate. Her need mirrored my own with every thrust. It was that primal want to buck and rut and cum again and again and again until you’d blown every ounce of creamy, quivering load.

Her left hand, now free, circled her no longer jealous tits, plucking and playing and roughly groping as her hips thrust away, as her dick indirectly pounded my needy ass for all it was worth.

“See?” She pressed her perky tits into my back, grinding against me as her own pleasure grew, as her increasingly animalistic bucking sent my own hips dancing, driving us both higher and higher. “Now we’re talking.”

And she was right! I’d wanted to make this quick, well here we fucking went. Her frenzied fucking had me on track hurtling towards the edge. The slap of her hips against my throbbing

pussy as this massive thing split me open was setting every last nerve in my body aflame in screaming washes of horny all-consuming fire.

I arched my back into her, pressing myself more fully into her swollen breasts and aching nipples, hot body tight against hot body. She pressed forward, my needy milkers digging tighter into that horny machine. All of the rapture that had been building up inside me all day was now exploding out as she fucked the cream right out of me.

This - this is just what I needed!

"Oh god, oh fuck, oh god." I tried to compliment her technique, to express my appreciation, but any remaining conversation was subsumed in the fountain of lewdly enthusiastic grunts and babble spewing from my mouth. Soon I stopped trying altogether as my mind became too furiously assuaged by that streaming chorus of bliss to care about anything but this rough dirty pleasure.

My eyes rolled up into the back of my head. I was so close. So powerfully close. And from the way she was going absolutely wild? So was she.

She grunted. I screamed. We climaxed together, her own bucking pushing out one final blast, one final womb-kissing plunge. Stars exploded at the periphery of my vision, at every screaming nerve. I hovered at the precipice of collapse and carnal madness - I'd never milked so goddamn good - and with a gripped fist I failed to hold it back. I crashed down hard, muscles flailing, muscles failing. Mooing helplessly as I creamed every last bit of milk, as I creamed my gooey little brains out.

I collapsed. My sweaty weight pressed me into the still sucking lips as the afterglows shook me.

Their puckering, however, was in vain. They'd tasted every last blissful drop.

The final spray snaked through the tubes towards the waiting bottle, their electric sparks so far from the roaring thunder of when I had began. I was spent. Everything I had, had poured out of me. I was wringed out, sweating and swooning.

"Whoah -" I held a hand to my head "- shit."

"Damn dude." Olivia exclaimed, laughing over her own blissful afterglow. "I don't think I've ever seen you milk so hard. I thought you said you'd already creamed yourself twice today?"

"I did!" I blushed. "I milked so hard I ruined two shirts! I don't know why I'm so backed up."

She pulled the now-warm cream collectors off my now not-so heavy daddy-milkers. The air was cool against the moisture on my skin as Olivia lapped at my hypersensitive nipples with her slender tongue. I gripped a fist, expecting more hot cream to surge out, but my whole body was truly drained to the last drop.

Wait. Hold on.

This wasn't normal, was it? None of this.

I didn't normally cream my big fat tits over and over. I didn't normally shoot spray after spray of milk from super stuffed-up sweater puppies.

Oh my god, was that what Owen had done?

Had he drugged me with some sort of milk-stimulating aphrodesiac? Is that why he stole my milker? To make it more obvious? I was definitely having an unusually heavy and horny flow today.

I furrowed my brow. But no. Mo. Owen could be bad sometimes, and he loved his pranks, but he wouldn't stoop so low as to do something like that, would he? I mean, stealing a milker is one thing, but to drug someone? And what was the goal there? To give me ripe milky tits? Or, well - I let out a little sigh - milkier tits, I guess.

What was even funny about a perfectly ordinary dude like me having giant, out of control fuck-mountains?

No, it just didn't make any sense.

"It is weird though." Octavia said, pulling herself off the wall she'd ended up slumped against. "I keep feeling like I'm just moments away from some kind of big revelation. Like I'm looking around at things and I'll know something is wrong, but when I stop to think about it, I'm stumped as to what that could be." She gave the milking dildo a little kiss before depositing it one last playful time in my ass.

"Exactly!" I sighed, enjoying the sensation more than I'd care to admit. "It's almost as if... it's almost as if... there's like, something stopping us from realizing that something is-"

"Oh shit!" she slapped her forehead.

"What?"

"I've got to go!" She looked at her watch. "I'm late for pole class! Uhg, Mistress Cum-Bunny is going to spank me so hard!"

"Oh shit, sorry!" I looked at the time on my phone. How had that taken so long? I was so blissed out I'd lost all track of time.

"I'd better get out of here. Uh," she looked around and started furiously cleaning up. She hoisted the bottle-and-a-half of cream my overactive tits had deposited into the machine. "You don't mind, do you?"

"Not at all." I shook my head. It was the least I could do as thanks.

She wasted no time in sloppily guzzling down the half bottle, my thick warm boymilk spilling out all over her face and tits as started rubbing it sensuously into her creamy skin. "Thanks, the girls are going to love licking this up."

"Any time. Hey, I should be thanking you, I don't know how I thought I could get home okay like that. Oh, here." I handed her her thong.

"Oh my god, thanks." She looked at it and blushed. "I was about to run off to class with my dick flopping out like an anime schoolgirl." I laughed at the image as she pulled the thing up her legs and under her skirt, manhandling her now lighter-balls into their cups and sliding the silky ribbon back down her still throbbing shaft.

"Oh, hey, speaking of. Do you have an extra top I could borrow?"

"Kinda? I mean, I do, but you're not going to like it."

"Why? What's wrong with it?"

She pulled a pink glittery crop top with the words "Suck My Monster Cock" in pretty cursive and bright sequins overtop a picture of a massive phallus erupting upwards.

I frowned. She was right. It was a little girly.

"Told you so." She laughed.

I put it on anyway. This was clearly another case of beggars can't be choosers. It was way too tight for my size, but with some manhandling of my now no-longer-swollen sweater melons, I managed to squeeze myself into it.

"How do I look?" I looked down unhappily. The bulging fabric seemed to swallow the illustrated dick into my cleavage even as it stretched the word cock to it's limits.

"Like a barbie doll." she smirked.

I rolled my eyes and pulled my flippy little skirt back down over my bubbly ass. I didn't like the idea of wearing something so feminine, but I was close enough to home, I just had to get by a little longer.

"Oh, here, tradsies!" she tossed me her used onahole. It was still ripe and fragrant with the heady aroma of her fresh girlcum. "I took your milk, so you can have mine."

"Oh, you're sure?"

"Go for it. You need it more than I do. See you later, Oliver! If you figure out what's going on, let me know!"

I just nodded dreamily as she rushed her way out of the milking room.

I took a deep breath. Wow it was good to be able to breathe again. She was right, I had needed that.

I tried to take a step. Mm, of course now my ass was going to be loose the rest of the day, but that was a small price to pay for being so thoroughly milked. Maybe I should get myself a bigger milker?

Wait, shit.

I reached down around my prodigious posterior and royally-ruffled microskirt to give a little squeeze around the massive dildo still inside me. She'd forgotten it! I briefly considered running after her, but fuck, I just couldn't muster the energy. I had been too blissed out to realize it was still inside me and I was too blissed out to give a proper chase. I sighed. I'd just have to return it to her next time I saw her.

I tentatively gripped its steely base. I was about to pull it out, but I hesitated. It just - it felt really nice to be full. Sort of warm and safe and secure. Sometimes it was just nice to have something filling you up.

I looked around conspiratorially. Maybe I'd leave it in?

Sure, everybody would be able to see it bulging out around the thin g-string of my thong, but it's not like I was the only guy on campus with something big and hard stuffed up my ass. It was a rare opportunity for me. With tits like mine I was one of those guys who didn't get the chance to wear a butt plug because of how leaky it made me. With how drained I was right now though? No problem.

I took a moment to just flexed the many muscles in my ass, one by one, appreciating the way they pressed all my sensitive, well-milked boy-bits against the rigid intruder. It felt good.

I let out a wistful sigh.

Okay, that was weird, wasn't it?

I didn't normally get so much prostate-pounding fulfilment out of this. Why was I being such a horny little anal slut right now? Was it still just residually arousal from that lesson? Or was I sensitive from Olivia's firm handling? Hell, maybe it was just the sheer girth of the milker.

Mmm - I wriggled and squeezed - you know what? It didn't matter. As long as Owen didn't start taking credit.

I would have laid there all day if I could, drifting away in the bliss of the moment, but I had places to be and there was a line forming. The milking rooms always got so busy this time of day. Well, the men's did. Long lines of dudes with overstuffed bazongas bouncing foot to foot trying to keep it all in as they waited.

I sat up, milker shifting inside me as it struggled against the tight band of my thong. I was worried for a second it would slip out, but like all guys I had perfect control of all my anal muscles, especially when it came to phallic objects, and so it held.

I looked down at the pussy-shaped hole of Octavia's dick-milker. My mouth watered at the sight. I'd forgotten how thirsty I was, especially after all that.

I reached an eager tongue through the tenderly parting silicone folds and was rewarded with a hot soothing splurt of her gooey jism. Mmm, I dug in further, probing for more, spreading those creamy lips with my own and lapping past those tender curtains to the yonic, vacuum-tight cavity beyond. More cum oozed out all over my face as I dug in deep, wriggling my hungry tongue for more.

Damn, I gasped in satisfaction as I pulled away for air. I'd been thirstier than I thought.

With a loud slurp I went back for more, gulping down more and more of the thick sticky cream, thankful for the size of Olivia's heavy load. I just couldn't get enough of that salty flavor lighting up my tongue. A slimy rope of fluid dribbled down my messy chin as I finally pulled away with one last shlorp and the smacking of my fat cumstained lips.

I shivered in satisfaction.

Damn, she was right, I had needed that too.

I laughed. It was a good thing she wasn't around to hear me say it. She'd never let me hear the end of it.

I stood up. I felt lighter, revived. The milking had done me wonders and the thick jizz dripping down my chin and onto my expansive cleavage had left me completely refreshed. I could think again, thank god, without having to fight through a perpetually horny fog.

And now - shit. Now I was going to be late. We really had taken way longer than expected. I had a dozen missed texts from Owen. He was mad about something.

"You coming?" read the last message.

I rolled my eyes. Now I had even less time for this. And I'd wanted to change out of this shirt too.

"I just ran into Olivia." I texted back.

"Lol, if you'd rather hang out with her no problem." Somehow he managed to squeeze a lot of irony into one tiny message. "In fact, I can make her extra well hung."

What was that supposed to mean? I took another slurp of Olivia's cum. As though she hadn't always been the most well-hung girls on campus.

"Whatever dude." I texted back. "Look, I'm on my way, but I can't stay long. It's been a hell of a day."

"I bet ;)"

There it was again, that inescapable feeling that something was horribly wrong and that I just couldn't figure out what.

I gave one last look around, then shook my head. This was ridiculous.

I crossed my hands over my cum-stained cans to keep them from swaying too much and set off as fast as my high heels would carry me.

As though anything out of the ordinary ever happened around here.

To be continued.