

Motherly Instinct Part 1

Jennifer supported her friend's wobbling body by the shoulder, constant drunken giggles filling her ears.

"Come on, Nicole, we gotta get you home," she instructed.

Nicole blew raspberries at the suggestion. "Aw come oooon! It's not even midnight..."

"It's two in the morning and you already have to get up early tomorrow!"

"Pssh... You don't know..." Nicole waved her hand through the air.

Huffing with effort, Jennifer led her friend to the stairs of their apartment building. It hadn't always been the plan for them to live here. After college ended, Jennifer had planned on returning home and living with her parents until she managed to find her way into a job. But when both she and Nicole managed to find positions located in the same city before school ended, they figured it would be best to maintain their living arrangement for the time being.

"You're so small!" Nicole chided, "How are you even holding me up right now...?"

Jennifer rolled her eyes. If there was one thing Nicole enjoyed when she was under the influence, it was reminding Jennifer of their difference in height. "Yes, Nicole, I know..."

It didn't bother her too much. In fact, Jennifer regarded her rather-short stature as an advantage; men often liked a girl on the tiny side, especially if the girl were as fit as she was. Even better was her body's ability to maintain a feminine figure. A generous chest capable of filling most men's hands presented itself on her front while a cute, rounded rear bounced behind.

Jennifer was proud of her ability to offer such an alluring feminine figure in such a small package. Coupled with her careful yet cheerful perspective, there weren't many things capable of bringing her down.

The door opened with a loud, middle-of-the-night click and revealed the dark apartment to the girls.

"Awww, are we home already...??" Nicole whined. "I wasn't done at the bar...!"

"Go change into pajamas before you pass out."

"Fffffine..."

Nicole wandered off into her room, slumping against the walls on her way. A loud thud caught Jennifer's attention. "Sooooorry!" Nicole called.

"If you wake that baby up downstairs none of us are going to be getting any sleep tonight!"

Sighing, she ignored Nicole for a second and drank a glass of water for herself before pouring another for her friend. Sometimes she wondered why she took such good care of Nicole, but often times she didn't really mind. It could be a hassle, but at the same time, it helped limit herself in the same situations. Knowing she would have to help Nicole home made her aware of her own limits. Not to mention Jennifer genuinely enjoyed helping others. Even if their own vices were their downfall.

Jennifer turned the lights off in the kitchen and walked towards her room, stopping by Nicole's on the way with her glass of water. "Ok, are we all ready for be--aw come on..."

Slumped over the side of her bed and half-dressed in skewed pajamas was Nicole, both legs shoved down one side of her pants and breast visible from the side of a lifted shirt. "I fell over..." Nicole giggled.

"Yea what's new? Come on let's get you in bed."

Setting the glass of water on her nightstand, Jennifer pulled Nicole's limp body under the covers and pulled at her pajama pants.

"Mmmm hey what do you think you're doing...?" Nicole giggled, kicking her feet out of the pant leg. "I don't remember you buying me dinner tonight."

"You wish I was trying to get in your pants!" Jennifer smacked her lightly on her butt before righting the pajamas and straightening her top.

"Do it again..." Nicole teased, rolling onto her belly and raising her butt into the air, wiggling it back and forth and mashing her drunk face into the pillow.

"Maybe next time." Taking the water, Jennifer offered it to her friend. "Here, drink this before you fall asleep."

"Ooohh yay! Water...!" Nicole accepted, sipping from the glass before collapsing on her pillow. Eyes closed for the final time, Jennifer could tell sleep would overtake her soon. "Thanks for taking care of me, Jenn..."

"You're welcome."

Jennifer rose to leave but was pulled back by a loose grip. "Waaaait!!" Nicole begged.

"What is it now? I need to go to bed too!"

Pouting, Nicole asked, "Tuck me in..."

"Not a chance. I already had to put your pants on for you." Jennifer turned to leave, flicking the light on her way out.

"Just this once...!" Nicole begged in the darkness.

"I'm your friend, not your mother," she replied firmly. "Now go to bed before--"

Nicole was giggling again in her room.

"What's so funny?"

"I *wish* I could see you as a mother; it would be hilarious!"

Jennifer rolled her eyes. "Yea, and you would be by my immature child. Now go to bed." The snoring she received in response was enough to let her know her job was done for the night. "Finally..."

The next twenty minutes were spent on her own needs and preparing for bed, something Jennifer had been looking forward to for hours. Once she slipped into her covers and laid her head on the cool pillow, sleep found her without issue and she drifted into a restful night.

"*Waaah!!*"

"Mmmmmnnngh?" Jennifer groaned, rolling over in bed. A distant sound was coming through the walls, its tone sharp, distinct, and all-too-familiar.

“Waaaahhh!!”

Opening one eye as little as possible, she looked at the clock on her nightstand. “Nine o’clock... Go back to bed, baby...” she pleaded. The events from last night still seemed only moments ago, her mind not fully recharged from staying out so late and helping Nicole.

She rolled onto her stomach and buried her head into the pillow, folding the sides over her ears in an attempt to drown out the crying infant below. It worked for a moment until the crying resumed more fierce than ever and pierced through the pillow’s filling.

“Come on...” Jennifer groaned, curling her body under the blanket as if to hide. A strange fullness pressed itself between her chest and the mattress. It felt uniquely uncomfortable lying on top of her breasts at the moment, their usual size never causing such an issue.

“How does Nicole do this every weekend?” The crying continued and Jennifer began to accept this as her wake-up call. Oddly, a part of her wanted to help the child and go to its side, something she had never felt the urge to do before. Usually the crying was enough to put her off for the rest of her day, but now it drove a spike of sympathy into her chest. Jennifer wasn’t sure how, but a part of her wanted to provide for the child and give it whatever it needed.

“Poor thing sounds hungry...”

Arching her back and supporting herself on her elbows, Jennifer allowed her head to dangle sleepily against the pillow between her arms. A heavy sway presented itself in her chest, the weight of her tits especially evident this morning. Peeking through the drooping neckline of her nightshirt, a surprising amount of rounded cleavage met her gaze. Still groggy, she thought little of it. However when a muffled dripping sound began to plop onto her sheets, Jennifer's eyes bulged wide and awake.

“Waaaahhhhh!!! Waaahhh!!”

A white fluid was dripping from two darkened splotches on her shirt, pulling the front down before excess fluid fell off and landed on a large spot on her sheets under her chest. “W-What the hell?!” she cried out, jumping from her wet bed. The fluid was definitely originating from her bust, the front of her shirt drenched in the warm substance.

Quickly she rushed to the bathroom and stood in front of the mirror, lifting the front of her shirt with slow trepidation to reveal a chest none her own. Eyes wide with confusion, Jennifer gazed at the two swollen mounds wobbling tight, firm, and round on her torso. If she hadn’t known any better, she would have guessed her C cups had somehow bloated into a pair of heaving melons.

“WAAAHHHH!!!”

The baby wailed loudly below, sending shudders through Jennifer’s body. “A-Ahh!!” she gasped, eyes locked on her chest as it visibly engorged. Pretty blue veins spread over their tightening surfaces, lining her curves in picturesque rivers.

As they neared the size of her head and lifted away from her body with a tightening pressure, the baby cried again. *“Waaaahhh!!”*

Jennifer's breath caught in her throat when two streams of milk sprang from her erect nipples, spraying the mirror in white before running into the sink. Stunned and shocked beyond belief, Jennifer could only stare at the volleyball udders filled with dairy to the point of leaking. Gulping, she said quietly, "W-Well... *That's* not good."