

## Out of Control Part 2 Preview

“It’s...uh...a controller for an old TV I have,” Monica tried to lie.

“Really? A *TV*? It says Tit Clicker.”

“Yea you know! If you’re gonna control the ol’ boob-tube, you’re gonna need a Tit Clicker!” A cheesy grin spread over her face in hopes the excuse would pass.

One of his thumbs hovered over a button. “And what exactly does a TV do when you tell it to lactate?”

“It...runs an automatic cleanser to wipe the screen and--”

*Click!*

“A-Ahh!” Monica couldn’t help but release a groan when milk flooded her chest and skin bulged into her bra. Luckily she had partly planned ahead and wore an outfit with much more stretch than her previous little-black-dress.

“All right there?” Clint asked with a sly smile.

Shivering with passing arousal, Monica bit her lip as she eyed his thumb hovering over a button destined to increase her nipple sensitivity. The dominating look on Clint’s face was driving her wild. She knew next to nothing about this man, but one thing was certain; she wouldn’t mind him having a bit of fun with her breasts.

“O-O-Ok, *mmmm*...fine... It controls me, happy?”

Clint raised an eyebrow. “It controls you?”

“M-My chest more specifically.”

“Ahh, hence the name Tit Clicker,” Clint nodded. It tumbled over in his palm as he looked at it with new eyes. “So when you called me last night?”

Memories of her bosom overflowing her bed were quick to return. “Yea, it was a bit of a situation.”

Chuckling, Clint admitted, “I played with it all the way home. Had I known I would have left it alone! Hope I didn’t accidentally take you too far.”

His eyes were like a tractor beam. Monica could listen to his teasing words all night. “Oh, no I was fine... The girls are tough.”

“Good to hear...” A smile slithered over Clint’s face and his eyes locked onto Monica’s cleavage.

*Click!*

*Ahh!*

Skin bulged upwards and Monica’s bosom pressed around the table’s edge as she neared a full H-cup. Clint’s eyes lit up like a child’s on Christmas. “Would you look at that.”

Using one hand to grip the table and ground herself against the pleasure, Monica reached out. “C-Could I get it back now?”

“Wouldn’t you like to have a little fun first?”

At that moment nothing sounded better. A part of Monica knew it was her own libido talking and clouding her judgment, but her sensible side was busy drowning in the milk filling her glands. “What did you...*mmm*...have in mind?”

“How about I hold onto it for the date and we see who breaks first?”

“You want me to just *give* you control of my boobs? Are you insane?” Monica narrowed her eyes and wondered how deep of a situation she was in.

“I’ll keep it classy!” Clint assured her, “Think of it as punishment for breaking the three-day rule. I promise I won’t do anything your clothes can’t handle. Until we’re home, at least...”

Monica’s body screamed yes but her mind had reservations. Handing over control of the size, contents, and sensitivity of her breasts to a near-stranger was perhaps in the top three rules of what not to do on a date.

“I don’t kn--”

*Click!*

*“Mmm!”*

Her nipples flared and engorged with arousal. Monica became acutely aware of the lining in her bra cups, heart pounding at their rising sensitivity. “F-Fine,” she growled, “But you give it back after.”

Clint grinned and gripped his new toy. “Deal.”

It was difficult for Monica to recall a time in her life where she felt more alive. Last night at her birthday party had been a lot of fun and games after the introduction of the Tit Clicker. This was completely different. Monica had just willingly given Clint total control of one of her most private and personal areas to do as he pleases. It wasn’t the first time she had found herself at the mercy of another man; being submissive always managed to rev her engine. This was another type of submission, though. Clint could do whatever he wanted to her breasts at this point and there was little Monica could do to stop him. It excited her like the climb of a towering roller coaster.

“So what do you have in mind...?” she cooed. The idea of giving control over was warming up to her. Bringing her arms together to create a line of cleavage between her H-cup breasts, she pushed them against the top of the table to tease her audience. “Or are these big enough already?”

Clint snickered and toyed with the remote on the table, spinning it around with a finger. “I think that’s for you to find out.”