

## Printing Dreams Part 4 Preview

The walk to school was unhelpful in relieving the student's persisting arousal. Based on the reactions of friends and passersby, Maria could tell everyone knew something was different about her but couldn't place their finger on what. In many ways she looked like a completely different person, yet everyone acted as though she had only gotten a haircut. The cloud-like sweater accentuating her curves drew eyes from across campus for its tightness rather than how full it was. No one responded as though her transformed curves had sprung up overnight.

Even her professor only paused when Maria walked into class. "...Good morning, Maria."

"Morning!" she responded. "*M-Mmm!!*"

"Everything all right?"

A pressure had stricken inside her bra. It brought pleasure but something different as well; a sensation new and unknown to Maria. The spike brought her to lean on her desk for support as her body warmed. "I-I'm fine," she nodded. Sitting down with horny guesses as to Dave's intent, she wondered if a more absorbent pair of underwear might have been a smarter choice.

Sitting without squirming wasn't easy. Strange urges were cascading through Maria's mind. Urge's she'd never felt before. They made her thighs grind in her chair and her cleavage grow moist with beckoning need.

"*M-Mmmm...*" A whimper escaped Maria's pursed lips and drew the attention of several nearby students. "Sorry," she blushed, looking down at her desk. Whatever was going on inside her bra was alien to her. This wasn't the same as the growth she felt last night. There was something different. Something was happening inside.

"Good morning, everyone," the professor greeted. "As you know you have your midterm this morning. If there are no questions let's get to it." A test on the most recent portion of Maria's philosophy material was placed on every desk.

"*Mm!*"

The professor stopped when she placed a test in front of Maria. "Something wrong?"

"N-Nothing! Just the hiccups." Leaning forward to press her chest into the desk's edge brought much-needed attention to her nipples. It wasn't enough, they still craved more. An undeniable urge to bend over and tug on her pink nubs was growing more powerful. Swallowing, Maria whispered, "What...What the hell is he doing to my boobs?? They're not growing, but they feel so...*swollen!*"

Whatever it was, she liked it. A craving to share her body with Dave flowed through her. Maria wanted to tease him, drive him mad. Give him only enough to make his mind desire even another tiny bit. It was all she could think about as she fought to focus on her exam.

"*O-Ooohhh...*" A moan made her shiver. Feeling her nipples crying out under her sweater, she slipped a hand to the edge of the desk and allowed a finger to sink into the padding of her bra. The heat pouring from her breast was unimaginable. "*Mmmmmmmmm...*"

There was something inside her mammaries. Poking at her chest once more, her eyes fluttered from the stimulation. Countless tiny pockets of tingling and electricity pulsed throughout her bust. They brought pressure and warmth. Maria was certain her tits weren't growing, yet somehow they were bigger. The skin bulging heavily over her bra was proof.

"Uhh... *U-Uuhmmm...*" The mystery swelling was new and exciting. Somehow the center of her breasts felt like they were becoming dense and heavy. Pressure was building with every passing minute. Sinking a finger into their depths once more and finding increased resistance, one word popped into Maria's distracted mind. "*Filling,*" she squeaked.

"Quiet please," her professor warned.

Milk was flowing into Maria's bosom. She wasn't growing; she was slowly engorging like a pair of fleshy balloons. Already several cup sizes larger, she felt like her milk glands were carrying half a gallon of fluid. The added weight was incredibly pronounced with her motions. Each breast heaved slowly as if tired.

*I'm lactating... He's making me lactate!, she thought, No wonder I didn't recognize the feeling! My tits are filling up with milk!!*

The very idea soaked Maria's panties. It was impossible to ignore the rising pressure. The sheer thought of fluid building inside her breasts was sexy beyond belief. More than she'd ever imagined. With nowhere to go, of course her chest was going to bloat and swell.

*I-I'm filling up... My tits are blowing up!!*

A hand sneakily squeezed an overflowing boob and she felt a swirl of milk rushing against her fingers.

*"M-Mmmm!! MMM!"*

"Quiet," the professor demanded.

*Oooohhh they're getting really full. I'm swelling up like a balloon! All this milk... It's stretching me! Making me bigger! I can... Feel myself producing more!! The more I touch them, the fuller I get!*

An engorged nipple sprang free of her bra. Fuzzy sweater fabric rubbed its surface like an angel's caress, bringing it to full girth. It quivered with over-stimulation before Maria knew to react.

*Oh no!!*

*SSPPPLLCH!!*

Maria held her breath when her chest auto-sprayed through her sweater and across her desk. Milk spattered the test like rain, even reaching far enough to make contact with the student's back in front of her.

*"N-NNGHH!?"*

"Maria, I won't warn you again. Another word and you receive an F."