

Author's note: hi, it's Mommy Milk. Same trigger warnings as usual, plus student teacher stuff (with the power dynamic you'd expect rather than the reverse like up to this point)

As Ms. Threshal smiled lazily and swayed her gorgeously wide hips, not a thought played out behind her eyes. She felt nothing complicated than comfortable easygoing pleasure and she liked it that way. Her surroundings- the inside of a women's clothing store apparently collaborating with Mommy Milk™- barely held her interest. She pawed idly at her newly enlarged breasts as she walked. They felt so clumsy, so heavy, so in the way...and she *loved it*. She got looks every so often- to be expected for a woman blissed out of her mind and wandering about aimlessly. Her ripped-open top and complete lack of a bra probably helped. She wanted to wear something nice to work the next day, and at the moment she had nothing.

A young woman pointed to her, prompting two women who looked like young adults in their early twenties to approach her. The two wore official-looking security uniforms, but that didn't worry Ms. Threshal. She faced them, tits out and hands on her wide breedable hips, and smiled wide. Showing them her pearly white teeth would help them feel more at ease, she figured. Noone with a body and a smile like hers could be a bad guy.

"Good morning- or, ehe, good evening cuties," she trilled cooperatively. The two visibly went to great pain to look her in the eyes, which made the young teacher a little sad. She finally had huge fucking tits and people were deliberately ignoring them just to make eye contact? So rude. They did blush though, implying they correctly found her exposed boobies sexually appealing. Good.

"Ma'am, we're gonna have to ask you to put a shirt on or leave," said the first, her voice so gratingly serious it almost hurt. A woman with tits like Ms. Threshal's, showing them off totally exposed for absolutely free, and she got addressed like a random shoplifter? Now wasn't the time for stiff formality, now was the time for flirting and kissing and giggles! Besides...!

"But I have a shirt on," Ms. Threshal whined in a voice somewhere between a disappointed teenager and an especially displeased cat. The complaint confused her- could they not see it on her? She grabbed at the hems of her shirt to emphasize that she wore one. When that did nothing to deter them, she frowned. The second security guard started walking around to get behind her, but stole a glance at her chest every few steps. She backed up to keep the woman in front of her. Her tits bounced as she moved, practically knocking the stress physically out of her head with their weight. She felt her smile broaden slightly.

"Ma'am-" the second security guard started to say-

"Miss," Ms. Threshal corrected. "I'm not a ma'am, I'm a miss. Ma'am makes me sound old, I don't like that. So call me Miss, cause the word miss is all cute and soft and bouncy! Just like me!" She bounced her huge boobs up and down once in her hands. They lurched slowly up into

the air, then heaved back down. Both guards froze stiff. As Ms. Threshal's tits reached the top of their bounce, they snatched both gazes from her face. Then when they fell gracefully into her hands. Both pairs of eyes fell obediently with them, and both of the younger women's bodies went slack a moment.

"Soft.." mumbled one.

"Bouncy..." sighed the other.

Ms. Threshal smiled gently and basked in what she'd accomplished. She enjoyed the sight of the two women who had seemed so hostile now standing docile and harmless, ogling her tits. It made her feel so yummy and powerful. She started to lose herself in the feeling of superiority that her majestic milkies gave her, the intoxicating power they held over anyone who saw them. She relaxed even more and relished the feeling.

For too long. Her quarry started to move again. She snapped out of her daydreams and sought to pacify them again. She bounced her tits again and changed her expression, now giving them the same warm patient smile she'd been sharing with her students for a little while now. "Soft," she purred as the mounds of milky flesh flopped back into her hands, "and bouncy!" The guards froze again. Their jaws fell limply open as they shamelessly gawked at her amazing breasts.

"Sofft..." moaned the first.

"And, bouuncy..." the second purred happily.

"Soft..."

"And bouncy..."

Both security guards swayed slightly and stared at Ms. Threshal's bare breasts as she kept tossing them up and down in her hands. They started to drool.

"Soft and bouncy," purred Ms. Threshal. "Soooo soft. And bouncy."

"Soooooo soft," mumbled one of them, stumbling towards her.

"So bounccy," sighed the second, as they did the same. Ms. Threshal giggled and bounced her boobs one more time as her two new lovers stumbled and fell against her, nuzzling comfortably into her sea of cleavage. She gingerly looped her hands around their heads and began to tenderly stroke their hair with jussst the tips of her long, slender fingers. They grinned wide and fell against her body.

"Soffft, and bouncy," purred one.

“Soft and bouncy~” coo’d Ms. Threshal over the two wonderful little babies cuddling her tits. “Soft, and bouncy!” She pressed both women’s heads gently against her massive breasts and continued to lovingly caress them. “Sofffft, and bouncy.”

“SOFT,” one of them mewled in a wonderfully pathetic little voice. The security guard nuzzled sweetly into Ms. Threshal’s mountain of milky flesh. The other purred softly.

“And bouncy...” the second sighed, content.

“Soft and...and no,” whimpered the first as she weakly started pulling away. “I don’t... I don’t CARE how soft,” she whined. “And...nooo...” Her face scrunched up. She struggled to look at anything but Ms. Threshal’s breasts, which threatened to consume her entirely if she couldn’t get away from their intoxicating, pleasurable influence. The struggle got her nowhere. Her eyes couldn’t tear themselves off of the wonderful, delicious, tantalizing tits that threatened to consume her entirely. Try as she might to move her body, and try she did, her arms hung limp and useless from her weak, arched, helpless body. In spite of that, she fought as hard as she could, no matter how obvious it was that she’d fail. “Aand, nooo, soooft, and, and BOuncy, noooo...” she whimpered, any and all dignity she’d carried at the start of the encounter now well and truly gone. Her eyes steadily widened as the mind-altering effect of Ms. Threshal’s body burned deeper into her brain.

“Soft, and bouncy~ yes babe, soft and bouncy~” encouraged Ms. Threshal, taking a fistful of the guard’s hair in her hand and guiding the adorable little lady’s face back to its resting spot drowning in her ocean of mammaries. This actually did spur them on to resist a little bit- the woman tried meekly to pull away and squirmed slightly in her hand. It meant nothing, though. The instant face met breast, the guard melted once more into blissful, loving submission and let her face drift into a vacant look of mindless, content joy.

“Soft...and bouncy~” they purred as they voluntarily fed the last scraps of their free will to Ms. Threshal’s bountiful fertile body without a moment of hesitation. “Soft and bouncy...”

“What are you two-” Complained the woman who had called them there in the first place. She stared as Ms. Threshal, eyes broad with abject horror and a few speckles of irritated rage. “GET RID OF HER!” The shouting disturbed Ms. Threshal’s two little babies, so she comforted them with some gentle pats and stroking and verbal coos. She looked down at them with maternal pride as she gently ran her hands along their hair.

“Shhh, it’s okay little ones. Don’t listen to her, she can’t hurt you. Just stay right where you are.”

“Soft...comfy?” asked the first guard in a wistful little sigh.

“Soft and comfy...” murmured the second. They both wiggled in closer, pressing their bodies tighter against Ms. Threshal’s sides as if huddling against the woman’s hourglass figure to take shelter from the loud mean shouting. She laughed mirthfully and continued to pet her beloved

little girls.

“That’s right darlings,” she whispered sweetly with a sage nod. “Just focus on mommy’s tits for me, okay? My niice big tits. Soft and comfy.” She pressed and patted and rubbed at their heads to reassure them that the mean prude shouting at her was no threat and certainly no reason to leave their soft, safe, comfy spot in her cleavage. They obeyed with pleasure. Both continued to moan “soft and bouncy” over and over as they became willing accomplices to the act, engulfing themselves in her control and becoming increasingly certain deep down they had never existed for any other reason. Nothing mattered to either of them but their new mommy and her massive mountainous milkers.

The other woman stared, slack jawed, and tried to turn away- but another employee stopped her. They had boobs even bigger than Ms. Threshal did, boobs massive and formless. Ones with a kind of messy quality to them because of how much they lacked definition. She wore nothing but glasses, heels, thigh high socks, and garterbelts. One got the impression that any shirt or bra she tried to wear would struggle and fail to contain her enormous classless cleavage. The shopper gulped and opened her mouth to scream. She got hugged and kissed on the mouth instead. As soon as the other woman’s lips met hers she melted into their embrace, mewling pathetically. Ms. Threshal grinned just a little and watched the two make out, taking some comfort in seeing another woman with tits like hers that showed some sense in how she dressed. Once the shopper grew sufficiently calm, the employee sent her off with a gentle little pat on the butt. She turned to Ms. Threshal with her mouth wide open and her pearly teeth shining bright.

“How may I help you today, Mommy?” She asked. Being recognized so quickly as a mommy made Ms. Threshal’s heart skip a beat. She could get used to that. She kept stroking her little girls as she thought about how to answer. The answer came to her pretty quickly, though.

“I’m a teacher,” she began with an easygoing smile and a coquettish little twirl of her waist. “These soft bouncy boobies were a lot smaller yesterday. I want a cute, skimpy outfit for my adorable students to drool over while I talk~” she felt zero shame or cause for hesitation. Her desires made perfect sense, after all. And besides, she had nothing she needed to hide. The employee seemed to agree, because she clapped and gasped with joy.

Oh, and her eyes lit up.

“we can start by looking at bras and panties, I think!” the employee squeaked. “Well, I mean- I’m not wearing either, I know, but I think it’d be cute on you.” She giggled and winked playfully. “Hey, girls? I know her tiddies are comfy but you *are* still on shift. Chop chop!” She clapped twice. Both of the young women slowly stirred. It seemed like a struggle for them, but they forced themselves to stand up and stumble away to get back to their job. She made a finger frame and peered through it with one eye closed, fixing the other on Ms. Threshal. A moment later she giggled and dropped her hands, seemingly having come to a decision. “Come come, Ms. Threshal. Right this way!”

Ms. Threshal posed playfully, thrusting her hips to the side to emphasize the brightly colored bikini bottom wrapped around her hips. Her right hand confidently grasped the back of her head as she cupped one side of her recently-enlarged waist using the other. Shoppers glanced blushing at her from all around, though this time none had the courage to point out her state of near-undress. She felt so seen, so...appreciated. It made her feel happy and a little bit horny.

“How does it look on me?” She asked with a flirty wink, jiggling her bosom for the near naked employee. They cheered and clapped, ever-present smile even wider. This pleased Ms. Threshal. A few voices (mostly of women) whistled at her from all around in sharp aroused glee, too.

“You look gorgeous, dear!” Coo’d the employee, her eyes shining almost as beautifully as her heaving boobs. “Those tits are amazing! You should be able to keep your students’ attention with that no problem,” she giggled with one eye closed as she framed Ms. Threshal with her fingers again. Her smile widened into one of almost juvenile excitement. “But just a swimsuit might get boring, and flopping those titties around might get painful. Mine do, of course, but these nipples gotta be ready at all times!” She opened the eye she’d been keeping closed and laughed again.

“Bikinis are so good, though!” Protested Ms. Threshal with a laugh of her own. She relaxed out of her most recent pose and stepped over the discarded clothing she’d worn on the way there. “What else do you have in mind?”

“Well, some girls like sports bras,” rumbled the employee with a smile, “and they support your tits quite well. You could wear one with a flashy bikini bottom, and turn lots of heads without wearing a top or having to do anything!” She clasped her hands together and sighed contentedly, her eyes clearly seeing the scene she’d just described instead of actually paying attention to what they were looking at. “So! Interested in trying some on?”

“Absolutely!”

Ms. Threshal bounced into her classroom with a smile. Her outfit- heels, thick loose socks, a black bikini bottom and a matching sports bra- had captured the attention of many on the way there (including some faculty). As her students got into their seats they looked up at her and...honestly, reacted in more varied ways than she expected. Some glued their eyes to her tits (good girls), some got lost in her hips or thighs, some just blushed and started to look flustered. All of them, though, either failed or didn’t even try to hide that something about her turned them on. She felt super confident because of that.

“Good morning, class!” Ms. Threshal said in her usual professional tone as she unslung a small bag from her shoulder and put it on her desk. The class hesitated a moment, but then answered in unison.

“Good morning, Ms. Threshal!” Said the good boys and girls that she taught. The teacher frowned slightly- something about what she’d just heard...didn’t really sit well with her. But what part of it bothered her?

Ah hah!

“There’s no need to be so formal, class,” Ms. Threshal insisted with a small but firm grin. She turned around and made sure to swish her hips as she moved to the chalkboard. A few stunned gasps popped up from behind her- all happy, mostly male. She knew where her class stood regarding her ass, she supposed. “Like what you see, darlings?” She called over her shoulder as he picked up a stick of chalk. “Good boys.” She took the chalk to the board and spelled out “MOMMY” in big arcing letters, with a heart for the “o”. She turned, her free hand absently massaging her tit through her bra (which fit quite snugly even if it looked too tight), and smiled for her little boys and girls. “From now on you call me this during class, okay cuties? There’s no need to be shy about it, I promise.”

“Yes, Mommy,” the class replied with a heavy blush decorating almost all of their faces. One student rose his hand, looking happy but flustered. Ms. Threshal happily bounced over to him, her titties jiggling so much that one could see them move even under a sports bra. The class noticed. The class approved.

“Yes, buttercup?” She asked, reaching down to gently pat the boy on his head. He had soft, fluffy hair that felt nice and welcoming under her hand. He sighed happily and got distracted by her touch, simply nuzzling into her hand as she patted and stroked his hair. The other students stared, some jealous and some horny and some with faces like they were looking at a cute cat. “Dear? You had a question, little one?” She asked, her voice thick and sultry and maternal and caring.

“I- I um, calling you mommy is like...isn’t that kind of lewd?” The boy stammered, staring up at her with his eyes wide. She giggled again.

“Oh honey bun, of course it’s lewd,” she purred, grabbing her sports bra and yanking it up. Her gigantic tits flopped heavily out and the students all flinched- struck as they were by the sight of such majestic milkers. “Take a niiiice good look at these titties for me mmmkay?”

“Mkayyyy,” the boy sighed happily. “Don’t gotta....tell me twice...” he whispered, staring shamelessly at her breasts.

“Me neither...” purred the girl sitting on his right, a shy bookwormy sort of blonde. Ms. Threshal

giggled and scanned her classroom with her eyes. Every student stared at her tits, or was craning to try and get a view of them around her back or reflected in a window. "Those're..very nice tits, Ms. Thes- er, mommy..." she sighed, seemingly hit by the significance of calling her hot busty teacher "*mommy*." Ms. Threshal giggled.

"Now then class, what do mommies do with these?" She asked, bouncing her tits up and down in her hands. Every student sighed and relaxed. Some drooled.

"Breast...feed," the bookworm girl moaned. "Feed...their young."

"You're my babies, cuties!" Giggled Ms. Threshal. She hopped on her toes a little so her boobs would jiggle to accentuate her point. The class groaned and shook as her tits smashed the words directly into their brains.

"We're your babiessss," they moaned weakly.

"That's right darlings and dolls," Ms. Threshal giggled softly as she spent a few seconds forcing her boobs back into her bra. The spell of her breasts seemed to subside from her students' minds, at least the extent of it brought on by her bare tits. "So good boys and girls who study hard and get grades will get to be fed warm yummy milk straiiiight from my tap," she purred, smiling with her hands on her hips. "So be good boys and girls and do well on the test coming up mmmkay?"

"Yes mommy!" The class squeaked perfectly in synch with each other as every single one of them sat straight up and stared at her with more focus than she'd ever seen.