

## After Hours

You look into room 421 through the small window on the door. Room 421 is the room in the old part of the school where you forgot your backpack. It's a late afternoon on Friday and the school was about to lock the main doors for the weekend, but you slipped in as the kids from detention were let out. It wasn't the homework you wanted (not that the teachers gave any for the weekend), but rather your handheld gaming console was in that bag.

Being vigilant not to get caught peeking, you watch on as a woman with the most massive breasts you've ever seen suck and fondle herself. From the angle in the hallway you can only catch the woman from her back side. You swear that it was Ms. Naomi, but Ms. Naomi didn't have breasts this massive - no one did, and Ms. Naomi didn't have an ass twice as large as her head. Well, not a few hours ago when you last saw her, at least.

The woman attempts to stand up from a squatting position but her milk covered bean-bag-chair sized breasts stay firmly weighted to the floor. You hear a muffled sigh through the door as the woman returns to sucking the steamy milk straight from the source. She had been sucking her own teats for a long while now but despite constantly drinking up the liquid she seemed to only get bigger.

Under the miniskirt and thong this woman was wearing (that covered absolutely nothing) was a quivering cunt that constantly leaked fem cum. It occurs to you that the woman had drank so much milk her body literally couldn't handle any more. Every gulp she took of her own nutrient rich liquid caused an equal volume to squirt out her ass. A puddle had formed around her location that steamed and fogged up the windows.

*\*Creeaaak\**

You step into the room.

The woman spins around with a look of mild surprise on her face. Not exactly the response you thought you'd get. In fact the shock on your face was probably harsher.

"M-Ms. Naomi?" you stutter out.

"Is something the matter? You've got such a shocked look on you." She says casually, like nothing was amiss. "Oh, did you forget something here? The school's about to lock up, you know."

"Y-yeah... my b-backpack..." You stammer out as you move closer to your teacher. "What-what happened to you?"

She quizzically looks at you and quizzically says, "Um... I'm not sure what you're talking about." She tries to lift herself up again, but to no avail. "But I guess I am having trouble standing up. Could you lend me a hand?"

You figure you can lend more than a hand.

