

Lunch Break

Twelve-thirty was lunch time at the office, and as always Emily took her seat at a small table near the window in the break room. She always made her lunches to bring to work, after all it was the economical thing to do, but today she forgot it at home. It was times like these she considered her busts to be boons.

Emily was a short girl, 5' 4" with a thin frame. Her Hyper condition affected her bosom, a statistically common thing for those affected by the virus. Two soft, supple breasts were squeezed tight behind her button-up shirt, and still they eclipsed her torso. The shape of her dinner plate-sized areola could be seen behind the sturdy fabric, with large "nipple" bumps topping them off.

It was embarrassing, but she was hungry and she had the perfect meal with her. The office girl unbuttoned her shirt and, one by one, hoisted her breasts onto the table immediately covering 90% of the surface laid before her. To work herself into the right mood, Emily closed her eyes and mentally envisioned beautifully sculpted men as her hands groped and massaged her doughy udders. Her nipples stiffened in short order and like a mushroom growing out of the dirt the true nature of Emily's nipples were revealed.

Thick penises, each slightly larger and thicker than her forearm, stood erect where normal nipples should have been. Emily took a moment to admire the girthiness of her own cocks, rubbing her nose against their length and taking in the musty, sweaty cock scent. Wasting no more time she addressed the bulbous cock head of her right breast with her lips and tongue. The sweet and sticky precum began to fill her mouth which quickly drove her into a frenzied fellatio. The loud and immodest sounds of slurping and sucking filled the room but soon quieted down as load after load of her thick tit milk-cum blasted down her throat.

Emily was only half-way done enjoying her right breast when her left dick nipple was gripped by the two strong hands. The coarse skin of her lunch buddy started her out of her moment and she huffed at the sudden intrusion of her meal.

"Ugh! Quit touching my lunch!" she managed to say with a mouth full of milk-cum. Strands of white fluid dribbled from the corners of her lips.

The protest didn't matter, as Emily experienced an orgasm in her left breast soon after. Her lunch buddy guided the cock away from themselves as the spunk shot out in a long arc, leaving a hot, sticky trail across Emily's head.

"You're spilling all of it!" she meant to say in an annoyed tone, though she accidentally moaned it out instead. Flustered, she futilely slapped the hands away. Not content with wasting food, she quickly took both cocks into her mouth, and enjoyed the rest of her lunch.

SPNSN

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You're spilling all of it!

