

Runner

Every morning you would watch her pass your apartment window as she ran a couple laps around the block, her long brown hair trailing behind her toned buttocks. She had a plain beauty to her, no makeup, no crazy hair colors. What wasn't so plain about her were her breasts - milk jugs so large you were sure every set of male eyes in the apartment had their eyes glued to them on the regular, just like yours. These breasts weren't just large, they *dwarfed* her.

This morning was different, they seemed extra full - and as she made her way around again it was more obvious than ever. Normally her shirt tightly hugged her breasts, which was a treat to see in of itself, but now it was threatening to shred under all that pressure.

On her second lap you watch the girl slow down. She looks around before ducking out of sight into the alleyway between your building and the next. You nearly drop your mug of coffee as you dash over to your window. You peek out from behind the window sills hoping to catch a better look, and instead you got yourself a front row seat.

Her hands gripped the bottom of her shirt, struggling to pull it up. It was obvious the shirt wasn't designed to stretch any more than it had and at some points it looked like it was pinching her soft flesh into two. With one hard tug she freed her two orbs, which bounced into public view, milk spraying wildly out of them. She presses them against the wall, using her whole body to massage them. It seems she's desperate to get as much out as possible. She finds her rhythm and soon thick cream runs down the wall like a river. Every time she pushed against the wall with her entire body thick streams of milk would jet away. It wasn't long until the ground was covered in liquid white.

You're taken aback as she turns her head and her eyes meet yours. She has a brief look of annoyance on her face, but she blushes and quickly turns away pretending like she never noticed you. As she continues her routine, you think maybe there's not much she could have done about it. Before long her breasts were of a manageable size, and she pulled her shirt back over them, and went back to jogging.

