

## Full for the Holidays Preview

“Mmnggh...”

“A-Ah!”

“Nngh, God...”

Mary provided the biggest source of entertainment as he drove. Sporadic moans escaped her lips from time to time. Bumpy segments of highway proved especially effective in riling her bust’s contents. Though he knew it brought a certain level of tightness and discomfort, he also knew Mary reaped some form of sexual pleasure from the milky pressure. On previous occasions, she’d made a point of letting herself overswell for the sake of the fully engorged experience when they fucked. Her letdowns upon orgasm were one of the most beautiful things Kent had ever seen.

“Mngh!”

Mary’s hand twitched on her lap and she steadied an arm under her chest. Making sure to watch the road, Kent devoted some energy to inspecting her condition from time to time.

Her breasts were noticeably larger since their departure, and he knew she must have been getting close to her limit. The warped logo across her concert-tee was proof of such fullness. His mind wandered with images of her naked body riding his cock. Full, heavy tits bounced off her front to spray milk over them in creamy deliciousness. As she neared orgasm and her loins trembled around his shaft, her breasts would engorge to their fullest. Veins would display like prominent pale neon trails as if she were about to pop. Arching her back, she would release a fountain of dairy over his awe-struck face.

“Hey... What are you thinking about?”

Kent shot back to reality and looked over. Mary stared with a knowing smile. Leaning back, she teasingly traced a finger over the top of her heaped chest. The t-shirt looked ready to split open.

“Hmm?”

Mary giggled. “Oh, nothing! It’s just I noticed that you’re giving the stick shift a run for its money.”

A skilled hand reached over to stroke the outline of his hardened dick showing through his jeans. She grinned at his stiffness and obvious arousal. “What exactly was going through your mind, mister? I hope it wasn’t *too* naughty. Santa is watching, you know.”

“Heh, just thinking about stuff.”

“Oh yea...?” Mary turned to face him and squeezed her udders between her arms. “Is that what you call them? *Stuff?*”

“You devil.”

She knew exactly how to push his buttons. When her milk came in, Kent had turned into little more than a slave to her every whim.

“I’m gonna miss being able to tease you,” she confessed. “Who knows! Once my milk is gone, maybe the giant boobs will stick around! It happens, sometimes!”

Kent side-eyed her as she arched her back. Two halves of a volleyball lifted into the air and gentle fingers rubbed their bases.

“Nnnngh,” Mary groaned. “God, they are getting to the breaking point, though. I guess I should pump before I soak this shirt. I would hate to ask your mom to wash it right when we got there.” She snorted and emulated, “*Sorry, Pam, but could you please throw this in your washer? I couldn’t really contain my own milk on the way here.*”

She twisted in her seat to dig through several bags in the back before returning with an electric breast pump. Always cautious of her modesty, she was careful to slide the cups up her shirt and nestle them in her bra. A hose ran from her shirt to a pump and reservoir in her lap.

“Feel free to take your top off! I won’t mind!” Kent assured.