





Abbey would often dream about she and Casey being married with children, but her favorite ones skipped right to the “with children” part. Abbey didn't have to be asleep to imagine Casey as a MILF though. She thought about it all the time while she was awake. Casey's breasts would get even bigger, for sure, maybe even bigger than her mothers were now. How big was *too* big? Bigger than Courtney's even? Seemed unlikely, but if anyone could achieve such greatness, it was Casey-Case.

The children would have only the best care, of course, right from conception. Gross as they were, only the very finest sperm donors would be considered, and no trick, secret, or wives' tale would be ignored to help ensure their children were girls. Casey's body was such a perfect temple of femininity, Abbey found it supremely unlikely she'd even be *capable* of producing males even if she wanted to.

Casey would spend her days cooking, shopping, getting her hair done, and staying in perfect shape through rigorous daily exercise. Her lifestyle would be busy, but she'd still find the time to be there waiting when Abbey got home from work, ready to lift her top and let her beloved wife just *guzzle the hot milk from her huge fat natural titties and-*

Abbey managed to sleep through the entire class. Mr. Blake tried to gently wake her, and she hissed at him, like a feral cat, before immediately going back to sleep. By the time the class got Mr. Blake to stop crying, no one really wanted to wake her up anyway. It was too amusing to watch her drool, twitch, moan, and occasionally fondle herself in the middle of class.

When the bell rang, Abbey awoke to blissful ignorance as to how long she'd been out, as well as what had transpired in that time. The event was preserved only on the phones of every single person who attended Mr. Blake's class that day.