

Sadayo staired at the four, extra pale girls laying nude in the clear bottle she gripped gently with her right hand, her left placed squarely on her well shaped hip. Instead of the typical tired expression she almost always wore, she instead wore a look of smug victory, her lip curled up, her pupils small and focused, and the aura around her sinister.

The group of friends trapped in the cold, on display prison all looked up at the massive teacher in fear, disgust, hatred, and worry, each of them desperately trying to cover their bodies and bring some modesty back to themselves.

Kawakami herself wasn't dressed in any outfit any of the girls had seen, and it was certainly one they had never wanted to see. Standing there, bigger than any of the largest buildings in Tokyo, was the massive second year homeroom teacher, dressed up as if she was ready for a slutty magazine shoot to ring in the new year.

Cow print, barely fitting bikini bottom, that unknown and unseen to the girls rode up her aged, fine wined ass, with a cute long cow tail snaking between her cheeks, her bush on full display as it crept out the sides of the black and white tight 'covering'.

On her massive chest was a matching patterned bikini top, although top was being generous, as the only things truly covered were her erect nipples, the moist stain of excess milk darkening the soft looking fabric. And atop her softer than cloud hair was a cute band of horns and soft fake ears.

"Mooo~" Kawakami giggled, giving the glass a little shake, causing the girls to scatter and painfully be thrown around their new temporary home. Sadayo bit her lip, this was the power she had deserved for the longest time, finally hers.

She had made sure to take care of a certain pair of pesky parents, Ms. Chouno and the rest of the feminine staff had gone well with her lunch, and since she was due to visit her 'master' that evening, she wanted a special treat for the boy who had supported her during the hardest of times.

"K-Kawakami, you have to let us out of here!" Makoto called up, but it was no use, her shouts just echoing around them, never reaching the top. Not that Sadayo would give them any sort of attention, past the lewd, snarly gaze, wondering why Akira ever hung around such skanky bugs.

"Makoto... what is she going to do to us? D-Do you think Akira will save us?" Futaba stammered, wanting to wake up in her warm bed, the fear crippling her worse than the bruised limbs she had received after being dropped down onto the harsh flooring.

"She can't do this! Once we get out of here I'm going to give her my mind!" Ann stamped her feet after managing to find her footing to stand, Makoto just shaking her head, not even able to think of anything to save her and her friends. They had no way to access the metaverse, their phones still in their trashed regular sized clothes, and the other two stragglers in the classroom who had also been shrunk had been reduced to red stains on the teachers backside.

"Kawakami Sensei, if you let us go, I'll give you money..." Haru sweetly said, raising her voice to no affect. Kawakami wasn't even looking at them anymore, a shirtless pic from Akira taking all her attention, before she realized it was time.

"Sorry girls, got a bit distracted there, and no, it's not cause of my 'old age', like so many of you pathetic worms think. I have a hot date, and since I know you all love your leader so much, I figure I'll give him the best gift I can~ Besides, the way to a man's heart is through his stomach." Sadayo winked, pulling out a bit of her maid magic, before pulling the drenched

nipple covering off, the puffy pink pillar dripping the clear liquid, practically twitching with excitement.

“S-She isn’t...” Futaba gasped, knowing exactly where such lewd actions were going. But she was, Sadayo quickly pushing the open top of the milk jar straight onto her boob with a loud moan, as she began to press harshly on her mammoth mammary.

The four girls screamed, the warm, wet, sickly sweet nectar hitting them straight on, as the loud pelting sound of sprayed liquid burst their eardrums. Futaba was the first to be swept under the torrent of human dairy, her twiggy limbs practically snapping under the pressure, as she was whipped around, smashing face first into the side of the glass, her body going still.

“Futaba-” But Ann was next, her mouth getting a cruelly ironic filling of the flavor she loved so much, her eyes rolling back as her air was completely cut off, the current pulling her under. It was devolving past sheer horror, the remaining two girls couldn’t have ever imagined this. But then there was one, Haru practically getting clipped in half by opposing waves, leaving Makoto completely alone.

“Ahhh, there we go...” Kawakami purred, letting the bottle pop off her nipple as her sagging breast jiggled downwards, as she held the bottle proudly in front of her face. Frowning, she could see the struggling, yet still alive Nijima treading the top of the milk as best as she could.

“Sorry Makoto, just because you were good at this like everything else, doesn’t mean I’m going to let you out.” Sadayo sighed, shaking her head as she shook the bottle, Makoto letting out a final surprised scream as she was dunked into the water, her body going limp like the others.

“Not to worry though, I’ll need to milk the other soon, and your sister, and those other hags Akira spent some time with will make a good second batch. For now however, I think I should go see ‘Master’.” Kawakami smiled to herself, carefully setting down the glass of life (and death) and went off to get changed, humming a particular tune she had heard about life changing play on the radio earlier.