

Newtype

By seraphfallen

The events I am about to describe have given me pleasure that few can even imagine.

It was early afternoon, almost the end of the school day when my first incident occurred. Stephanie, my personal bully had backed me into a corner of our gym locker room. I was shy so I usually waited till everyone else had left to finish changing. Stephanie had taken advantage of this. Now she was tormenting me about my flat chest (which I had always been sensitive about) while lording over me with her ample double d's. She was wearing a low cut top that put her cleavage in the center stage and a bra that was slightly too small to push them up even higher than normal.

Particular to today's bullying session was news that Drake, a boy we both had fallen for, had started dating Stephanie. It hurt; I knew Drake was into girls with big tits, and there was nothing I could do about the fact that even the smallest training bra would look hollow on me. I suddenly became angry, and lunged at Stephanie. "You bitch!" I screamed, "I hate these fucking tits of yours!" I tore her shirt bra open as we both fell to the floor. Stephanie tried to push me off of her but I dug my nails into her breasts. The flesh was very soft, they were the first breasts I had ever felt, and they yielded to my fingers so easily. Too easily. It was only a few seconds before both Stephanie and I realized that her tits were shrinking in my hands. It only took a few seconds more for my palms to be flat against Stephanie's ribs where her breasts used to be.

"What did you do..." Stephanie trailed off as she lost consciousness and slumped to the floor.

I was questioning that myself. I looked at my palms in disbelief when suddenly a warmth flooded my chest. Two small breasts were forming on my once barren chest. They stopped growing when they had become small A cups. I couldn't believe it, yet was so excited to finally have something that could be called boobs. I spent several minutes sitting on the floor fondling myself and trying to figure out what had happened. As far as I could tell I had stolen Stephanie's boobs. How could that be possible? And why, at best, had I taken only about 10% of her original size? I gathered my things as quickly as possible and sprinted home. The gentle jiggle of my tiny mammeries excited me.

When I arrived home the house was empty as usual. My Mom had passed away when I was very young and my Father worked late. I went to my room and instantly began to play with myself. Lying on my bed I pulled up my shirt and ripped down my pants. My right hand slid down my body and spread my pussy wide open. The middle finger abused my clit as it had so many times before. My left hand ravaged my new tits. Pulling, prodding, and twisting. My whole body felt on fire and in moments I exploded with a body shaking orgasm. My muscles spasmed and hips lifted as I coated my bed with a damp layer of lady jizz.

Panting I considered my situation. Somehow, I had converted a girl's breasts into my own body. "Where do I go from here?" I wondered. Well, I always wanted to have huge breasts. So, I decided to try this new power out.

The next day was a holiday for students, but most people had to work. I got up early and got onto a crowded rush hour metro. Last time the power activated under two conditions. First, I has a desire (jealousy to be exact) for Stephanie's breasts, second I touched them. I wouldn't be able to go around groping women without incident so I first had to test if any skin to skin contact would do. I squeezed between people and sighted my target. A mature woman with a large bust that showed no sign of her age. Her tits could rightfully be called a large double d cup. She was standing and holding onto a pole while reading on her phone. I needed to be careful about how much of her breasts I took, if I could take any at all. If her chest suddenly vanished, people may become concerned. I casually stood next to her and took hold of the pole she was holding onto. I made sure that my hand was casually brushing against hers and took a deep breath. Last time the transfer was inefficient. I had received only about 10% of Stephanie's breasts at the cost of her becoming flat-chested. If I focused would I be able to take a little more?

I took a deep breath and focused my intent of the woman's full breasts. They seemed to have a warmth to them that I could sense in my mind's eye and I focused on that. Pulling that warmth toward my body. I could sense the warmth sliding up the woman's arm toward my hand. When that warmth contacted me I barely withheld a gasp of pleasure. I remained focused on my goal. Slowly I exerted my mental strength pulling more of this warmth into me. It naturally flowed to my breasts and my nipples stood on end with an overwhelming feeling of pleasure. I was determined to maintain this flow though. Slowly the effects of this transfer took effect and I could feel my boobs getting heavier as her breasts slowly shrunk before my eyes. How she did not notice in that moment the loss of her breasts I have no idea, but the pleasures of this act were overwhelming my mind. I had reduced the woman to about a B cup and her shirt hung hollow where her chest once stretched it taught. Having gained a little size I was satisfied and severed the connection between us.

This wasn't the best idea. The connection broke with same effect of cutting the middle of a stretched rubber band. I could sense the warmth still in the end of her arm snap back to her breasts and she instantly lost consciousness. She fell to the floor and took everyone's attention. I was at least lucky for that because as the warmth at the end of my arm snapped to my breasts I instantly orgasmed and juices leaked from under my skirt. With everyone distracted I slipped off the train at the next stop and found a quiet place to take a breather. I should have been shocked that this was really happening, but it all felt so natural. I just wanted more, and I knew where to get what I wanted.

Leaving the station I called Cassie and let her know that I was coming over. Cassie and I had known each other for an extremely long time and were as close as could be. Cassie had long light brown hair, green eyes, and pale skin. She was a little chubby, but most people didn't notice because her most striking feature was her breasts. Cassie had a more than voluptuous set of P cups that dominated the front of her body. She knew I had always been jealous of her chest, which she developed young, but couldn't understand my desire for them. The thing is that Cassie had constant back pain from her breasts, and her 21st birthday plans included getting a reduction. Something I couldn't even fathom doing to such a beautiful set of breasts.

"Liz! You've got tits!" Cassie exclaimed, as she opened the door for me.

"I do." I said blushing. "It's a bit of a story, is anyone home?"

“No one will be back for a while, what’s up?” Cassie replied. We went up to her room and got comfortable as I explained about the two sets of breasts I had stolen. “How is that possible?” was Cassie’s immediate and obvious question.

“I have no idea, it shouldn’t be possible, but it is. What I really came here for wasn’t an answer though. I came here for your boobs....”

“My bo-“ Cassie stopped. Realization spread across her face. “Do you think it would work?”

Cassie was clearly very excited by the idea. “There’s no reason it shouldn’t work a third time. I thought it would be good for both of us.”

“Good? It’s going to be great! What should I do? Can we start now?”

“Yeah, absolutely.” I replied, “I guess take off your shirt so I can have access to the goods.” I laughed. Cassie slipped off her top excitedly revealing a somewhat plain custom bra. Custom was the only way Cassie could get bras that fit her ridiculous proportions. Her breasts were squishing out of the top of this bra; meaning that Cassie was still growing and would soon need to get another... Then I realized that her next bra would be a lot smaller and started to get excited about my role in this. Cassie unclasped the multitude of hooks that held her bosom together. She bent over as she slipped the straps off of her shoulders. The dangle of her breasts was amazing, and I felt a warm wetness growing between my legs. As she stood up straight her breasts slapped against her stomach with a gentle pat.

I had seen Cassie topless a few times. Her tits were plump and full and only sagged gently from their sheer weight. If her boobs were smaller they would probably sit further apart, but because of their size they nearly touched. Her nipples were a little on the larger side, but beautifully textured. “Well, are you ready to start?” I nodded and reached forward to take her chest in my hands, lifting them slightly. Cassie’s boobs were very dense and heavy. The feeling was erotic to say the least, but I focused on finding the warmth of her breasts as I had on the train. Touching Cassie’s breasts directly it was easy to sense a large pool of warmth hiding just below the surface of her skin.

“Okay, are you ready?” I asked.

“I’m more than ready, if you can though leave me with something. I don’t want to be flat.”

“I’ll do my best.” I promised. Then I refocused on my work. I mentally pulled on the warmth with my mind and it readily flowed into my hands and down to by breasts. I drew it in slowly afraid that I would hurt Cassie. The physical effect began and it quickly became apparent that her breasts were shrinking while mine grew, just like that last two times.

“Yes, Liz, it’s working!” Cassie moaned. The effect seemed to be incredibly pleasurable to her. The feeling on my end was incredible as well as I felt my breasts expand and stretch my shirt. As my breasts grew they never looked or felt over filled. Instead they remained soft and natural looking as if I was born this way. I could feel the weight of them pulling on my chest but strangely the weight did not bother me at all.

I was beginning to become overwhelmed by pleasure and my nipples hardened to pert fingertips. They had clearly grown as well. Cup after cup plumped up my chest but I knew it was about time to stop. I resisted the pleasure of drinking Cassie’s bust just long enough to slowly let go of her warmth, which avoided her being knocked unconscious.

Both of us were breathing extremely heavily and began ogling my new chest. They were tremendous on my small frame and I loved how they hung. I reckoned they were around a K cup now. I suppose because Cassie willingly gave up her breasts I was able to manage more than

10%. Looking at Cassie, she was now about a C or D cup, with puffy nipples that had remained slightly too large for her now smaller bust, but that gave her a particularly erotic look. More importantly, Cassie had begun fingering herself feverishly as she used her off hand to torture her nipples with rough tugs.

“Liz,” she said breathily, “I need you.”

I realized my own lust was creeping into my mind. Liz had always been openly bi, and even hit on me once, but I had never had an interest in other girls though. Looking at her now, and having shared this experience though I couldn't resist and nodded with assent as I slipped a hand down my pants. I was soaking wet and it was easy even standing to slip a couple of fingers in.

As I played with myself Cassie stepped forward and took my left breast in both of her hands. Though she was taller than me my breasts were so large that she barely had to bend down as she lifted my teat to her soft lips and began to suckle. My new breasts were incredibly sensitive and even her gentle suction nearly sent me over the edge. I undid my pants and slipped them off of my slim hips. Same with my panties. Once I was fully nude Cassie pushed me backwards onto her bed. My tits bounced hard as I landed and even the way they tugged on my chest with their inertia was a turn on for me. I couldn't believe how incredible my new chest felt.

As I reveled in my new assets Cassie knelt down on the floor by the bed and spread my legs. Cassie had once or twice hyped her tongue game to me but I never expected it to be like this. Her tongue was strong and moved fast up and down my slit. She could tell I was becoming hot for her and overwhelmed my clit with the tip of her tongue. I exploded into my first orgasm of the day. My fingers sank into my breasts as I clutched them and I squirted all over Cassie's face and chest. She smiled up at me and I could tell she wasn't done yet. She slid her tongue inside and began thrusting it. You never realize how long someone's tongue is until it's tickling your G spot as it fucks your pussy. “Cassie!” I screamed as another orgasm rocked my body. I locked my thighs around her head until the pleasure passed.

I knew I needed more though. Releasing her head as I panted I looked Cassie in the eyes, “I need something bigger.” I said. Cassie got a mischievous look and began walking toward her closet. We both knew what I was talking about. You see, Cassie on several occasions had offered to let me borrow some of her extensive toy collection, but I never had despite loving playing with myself. The reason being was that Cassie liked 'em big, no bigger than that... No even bigger than that. Normally I was terrified by her toys but today I couldn't be more excited as Cassie slipped on a modular harness that let her attach any dildo to herself as a strap on. She picked what she would consider a moderate sized dildo, and any normal person would have considered a monster. It was a Good Dragon Dildo colored orange and purple. It was probably about 15 inches long from tip to balls, and a little thicker than my forearm, with bumps and tall glans. I began to grow nervous as Cassie stepped toward me, huge cock swinging back forth. I almost told her not to. But she placed herself between my legs and pressed the tip against my opening. Leaning the full weight of her body into me she slipped with surprising ease as my body stretched and opened up in ways I had never known it could. I was practically spraying self-lube and I felt like I could handle any size member. Cassie was a rough lover and slammed into me sending waves of pleasure through my body. I knew I wasn't going to last long and grabbed Cassie's puffy nipples. Cassie returned this grabbing both of my nipples and stretching each enlarged breast toward her, as she quickened her thrusts. It was all too much and my mind went blank as I was overwhelmed with my biggest orgasm yet. I felt my pussy clamp down on

the fake cock as pain from my nipples mixed with the unimaginable pleasure of my pussy being stretched to oblivion.

We both collapsed exhausted with Cassie lying next to me. I rolled onto my side, struggling at first to shift my tits into a reasonable position, and faced Cassie. I reached down to begin pleasuring her but she stopped me.

“What’s wrong?” I asked.

“I already came too many times, I don’t think you can handle any more.”

“What do you mean? I didn’t even do anything to you.”

“I know.” Cassie said slowly. “But it felt like I was connected to your pleasure and ever time you came I came just as hard.”

I was surprised. I was so taken with my own pleasure that I hadn’t even noticed. I didn’t know what this meant for our relationship or what my new powers would mean for my future, but I knew more than anything, that I was excited.

Part 1 end. To be continued.