

Warning: the following contains scenes of stupidly implausible sex, ridiculous depictions of bisexuality, and raunchy physical transformations; it should not be read by anyone.

Promises, Promises

Dexter Sinister

Jessica was stripped naked, her arms and legs spread eagled across the top of the bed and securely tied to the bedposts. She tested her restraints again, but found them just as tight as a moment before. Marcus loomed over her, looking greedily over her toned body. "I think that about does it."

"Just get it over with," she spat at him. "I said I'd let you fuck me if you freed Alicia; this is just silly. Do you really need the girl tied down to enjoy yourself?"

"Not at all," Marcus leered. "The sex was just a pretense to let me tie you up -- although I am going to fuck you after I'm done with you."

A chill flashed across Jessica's body, but she sharpened her voice. "What's that supposed to mean?"

Marcus stepped off the bed and crossed over to a chest of drawers. "You don't think I'd simply give that little snipe Alicia back to you for a quick fuck, did you?" He withdrew a bottle of something noxiously green, and a strap with buckles down its length. "Not after all the trouble the both of you have caused me."

Now Jessica wrenched at the leather straps holding her down, to no avail. "We had a deal."

"The terms of which you left almost criminally loose," he returned, and sat down on the edge of the bed. He brandished the green bottle at her. "Care for something to drink?"

Jessica clamped her lips shut, damned if she was going to let him feed her anything. He calmly turned, placed his knee onto her sternum between her tight little breasts, and sank his weight into her. She thrashed, but he had all the advantages and he quickly had her head in his hands and was wrapping the leather strap over her mouth and behind her neck.

The strap split into two braids over her lips, and as he cinched it tighter she

felt her lips plump out through the gap between the braids. With a devilish little smile, he leaned forward and pinched her nose shut with thumb and forefinger. She held her breath for as long as she could, but finally had to unclench her jaw to breathe through her mouth, and the already too-tight strap snapped down between her teeth.

"There we are," Marcus said cheerily, uncorked the bottle and upended it into her mouth, thrusting the neck of the bottle between the two leather braids. The green liquid gushed into her mouth as Marcus stepped back, leaving the bottle sticking out of her mouth with nothing she could do about it. "You know, with your jaw forced open like that, you can't close off your throat with just your esophagus, at least not for long and still breathe."

He was right -- as much as she tried to keep the liquid pooled in her mouth, she could feel a trickle of it running down her throat, and the strain of keeping it out was depriving her of air. Her face was beet red, and she could feel the sweat beading up on her forehead. She held out for as long as she could until she finally swallowed, taking a long pull of the viscous green fluid and then stealing a gasp of air before the bottle poured out more into her mouth.

"That's a good girl," he said cheerfully, and went back to the chest of drawers. She could hear him rummaging through things, even humming to himself, while she tried to let as little liquid down her throat as she could. She sloshed a lot out of her mouth, but she couldn't deprive herself completely of air, and in order to get a breath she had to take a swallow. Five panicked swallows later, the bottle was empty.

Marcus returned and unbuckled the strap across her mouth. "Refreshing, isn't it?" he asked, and began setting a collection of items onto the bed next to her. From her angle, Jessica couldn't see what they were.

"What was it?" she demanded, trying to spit the last traces of it out of her mouth.

"Just a little cocktail to make you a little more malleable."

Jessica snorted. "You'll need more than drugs to make me cooperate."

"Oh, I don't expect or want your cooperation, dear." He brandished a pair of scissors and snipped them twice to make sure she heard them. "In fact this is lots more fun if you're coherent and spitting rage the whole time. Anyway, back to

work. We need to get rid of that pesky bush of yours before we proceed further. I know, it's a little thing, but I'm a stickler for details." He then proceeded to cut Jessica's pubic hair, followed a moment later with an electric razor to shave it all off. He was thorough but not gentle, and as he slathered lotion onto her mons and across her lips afterwards, his fingers slipped along the edge of her pussy.

"There we are, bald as the day you were born," he finally announced, and Jessica could feel the stirring of the air across her lips, feeling cool and sharp. It left her feeling vulnerable and exposed -- and since she was unable to close her legs, it didn't seem like that would be changing any time soon. The fact that her pussy lips were engorged with blood after all the attention didn't help anything.

Marcus picked up his next tool and flicked it on, and the familiar sound of a vibrator filled the room. He thrust it into her with a quick, simple motion, and its length and girth filled her suddenly, forcing a gasp from her. The buzzing thing was huge, and Jessica thought she could feel her insides shifting to accommodate its size. Marcus did something out of her sight, and the vibrator thrust an inch deeper into her in a moment of glorious pain, and then stayed there, rock-solid. He'd braced something between the vibrator and the footboard, keeping it in place.

Jessica tried not to respond to the dildo's stimulation, but it was a losing battle. She tried to focus on the discomfort, the pain, and the indignity, how terribly unsexy all the abuse was, but the vibrator was insistent and unchanging, and slowly the discomfort and pain reversed into tickling pleasure.

"Enough of the sissy stuff," her tormentor declared next, and she felt the cool touch of glass against her right breast. Jessica jerked her head up to watch Marcus affixing a glass bulb to her breast, cupping over her nipple. The bulb trailed a rubber hose that wound its way out of her field of view, but it didn't take much to surmise what it was: a pump.

Marcus flicked a switch and the glass bulb greedily sucked her nipple into itself. The skin made a soft plop as it hit the glass, but then only the whine of the pump filled the room. Her breast beneath the bulb was drawn tight into the glass, and then a sense of warmth suffused the skin inside. Jessica watched, horrified, as the skin grew pink, then red, then purpled, and the warmth ratcheted into real heat, the blood rising to the surface. Her nipple plumped, engorged with blood, the veins around it pulsing huge. Her breast felt electrified, tingling with oversensation, and

her breath became ragged despite her best efforts.

Marcus watched with satisfaction, and then produced a second glass bulb, sucking her left nipple into its yawning embrace. The second nipple darkened and distended, becoming the match for the first. Jessica let her head drop backwards as the sensations were too much, and she arched her back against them, moaning.

She felt fingers skirting along the edges of her pussy, and struggled to raise her head again. He had a third glass bell, this one thinner but taller, connected to another rubber tube. His fingers slowly explored her pussy lips, already spread wide thanks to the massive buzzing cock inside her, and shortly found her clitoris where the hard nub was thrumming at the peak of her slit. The third glass bulb was lowered down onto it, and despite herself Jessica bucked as the delicate skin was sucked up into the glass. She could not see but could feel the blood rushing into her clit, turning it, too, purple and increasing the sensation to the breaking point.

She came, in a great shuddering orgasm that surprised her in its suddenness and its length. She hated herself for a moment for letting it happen, but then the great waves of pleasure drowned that out, and all she could do was pant and moan and gasp on the bed, twisting as much as her bonds would allow. She could dimly hear Marcus laughing in the background, and when she crashed back down onto the bed, the sensation did not stop. The pump and the vibrator still droned on. Marcus withdrew, sitting in a chair to watch, as Jessica writhed under his instruments, mounting and cresting into a second and then a third orgasm. Jessica herself lost all measure of time to the dense, dark sea of primal senses.

Finally and suddenly the pump stopped. "Any more of that and you'll ulcerate," came Marcus' voice. "Now, dear, I need you to lift your head. I wouldn't want you to miss this."

Jessica groggily raised her head, trying to blink her head clear. Marcus' hand threaded back behind her neck to support her head, and directed her gaze towards her right breast. At first she didn't understand what she was seeing, but slowly it dawned on her. That purple mass that filled the entire glass bell -- that was her. Three inches tall and perhaps two wide, the tower of breast flesh had been sucked up inside over the course of however many minutes and saturated with blood until it was almost black. In a daze, she swung her head to look at her left breast and found the same picture: her abused breast forcibly sucked into the glass cylinder,

darkened and incredibly sensitive.

Marcus chuckled. "You see, but you don't understand," he gloated, and with his free hand he rested his long fingers on the now-warm glass bell and gently lifted. Jessica grunted from the immediate pleasure of the slick glass against the tortured flesh, and finally the breast slid out of the bell and quivered on her chest.

But the purpled flesh did not sink back into her familiar shape, the curve of her pert breasts as they were yesterday. Instead, the little tower retained the shape of the glass bell, standing tall on the rise of her now-depleted breast. Marcus lifted the other glass from her other nipple, and she slowly came to understand. These were her nipples, now. Somehow, all of the flesh that had been sucked up into the bells and infused with so much blood had transformed into these monstrous nipples, three inches long and two across. Mammoth things that had no place on her breasts, now sucked down to the gentle swells of a young girl.

"But what about --" she breathed, and as if sensing her thoughts, Marcus slid the third glass bell from her clitoris. The smooth glass was incredible, electric, spine-tingling, as it slid off of her, and she knew without seeing that her clitoris had received the same treatment.

"Ah, now that's some fantastic results," Marcus said, and she could feel his breath on the length of her engorged clit. "Your clitoris, dear, is perhaps four inches long. And let's say an inch across at its base." She felt his finger trace up its length, and she shuddered. "Needless to say, it's not fitting back into your pussy again."

"H-- how?" Jessica stammered, and again tried to twist herself out of her bonds. It didn't work. She blearily looked down between her thick, dark nipples and gasped when she could actually see the tip of her clitoris, still quite erect, bobbing above her belly.

"Have you already forgotten that terrible green stuff I fed you?" Marcus asked, eyes laughing. "As I said, it makes you more *malleable*." And now he laughed to match his eyes. "Jessica, dear, your body is mine to shape, however I please."

Her blood ran cold. "This isn't possible," she insisted, the evidence to the contrary standing right before her.

"More than possible," Marcus argued, and leaned over her, bringing his face up to her right nipple. She could feel his breath, and then his tongue, as he began at

the base and slowly ran it up the length of the titanic nipple, finally flicking his tongue across the nipple's broad tip. He did it again, and then again, until that and the vibrator still buzzing away inside her had her moaning again, her back arching to press the nipple into Marcus' tongue and lips and teeth.

He chuckled and planted his lips around the end of the nipple, then slid them down its length, his face pressing into her scant breast, swallowing the nipple like a dick. Jessica watched, dumbstruck, as his cheeks puffed out to take her all in. His tongue played against the sides of her nipple as his lips pumped up and down. She writhed beneath him.

Finally he paused in his blowjob of her nipple, waited with it in his mouth until she looked down at him. He locked eyes with her, took a deep breath, and blew into her nipple as one might a balloon. And, like a balloon, the breast underneath expanded the space of a breath. Jessica gasped; Marcus chuckled into her breast and did it again, heaving a breath into her breast. The sensation of it filling was incredible, the reverse of the vacuum pump, as she was filled up and the skin tightened against the new volume. Without words, Jessica watched as he blew her up, her right breast expanding to its old size and then beyond, inflating like a balloon until it was a ripe, round shape sitting on her chest.

"What's that, a cantaloupe?" Marcus laughed as he withdrew his lips from the nipple, which even still was oversized for her oversized breast. He reached forward and batted at it, and the breast bounced back and forth lightly, again like a balloon. Jessica realized that, despite the breast's bulk, it hardly weighed anything at all.

"Air's not the best filler, is it?" her tormentor asked, reading her mind. He then reached forward and pinched her nipple at the base. Her eyebrows shot up as her nipple squealed, air releasing through it, and the breast underneath began to deflate back down to little more than a girlish swell. "Luckily, my pump here can work both ways."

Marcus ducked out of Jessica's view again, and she could hear sloshing as Marcus filled the pump's reservoir. A moment later, he loomed over her again with the two glass bulbs from the pump. These he affixed to her thick nipples, their bloated size fitting perfectly into the bell with an airtight seal. Jessica swallowed as the smooth glass slid over her sensitive nipples, grunting softly and arching her pussy back down on the rigid, stalwart vibrator against the foot of the bed. The

pump's switch clicked on, and the thrum of the machine working backwards filled the room.

"I used to use water, and actually jello once, for the bounce, but that was back before I understood exactly *how* malleable that stuff makes you," Marcus was telling her, and Jessica squeezed her eyes shut tight and tried to ignore him in favor of the buzzing dildo inside her. She was maddeningly close to another orgasm, and it was difficult to pay attention to much else. "But in the end, I decided that the natural option was best."

Jessica's breathing went ragged and she pumped herself onto the head of the vibrator, feeling her breasts start to bounce up and down as she did so. Finally, her orgasm crashed over her and she screamed obscenities, pulling hard on her bonds to push herself harder against the mechanical dick. When it finally passed, she melted against the bed and took long, even breaths. Distantly, she wondered what had come over her, and she raised her head again. It wasn't really like her to lose such control--

Her thoughts came to a screeching halt when her breasts came into view. The both of them were already "cantaloupe-sized" as Marcus had put it, far larger than they had ever been before. The two of them swayed and jiggled on top of her chest, now with a real weight and the momentum that came with it. A tiny shudder on her part sent ripples across her breasts, and the nipples rocked back and forth atop them. The glass bells were still capped over them, and the clear rubber hoses connected to them ran pearly white as they pumped her larger. "Is that--"

"That's milk," Marcus confirmed. "I figure, it's what comes out of breasts, right, so might as well put it in when you're trying to plump them up, right?"

"Sssure," Jessica answered blearily, watching her breasts grow huge. They had doubled in size, and now even as she lay on her back they butted up against each other, creating a cavern of cleavage that rocked back and forth along with her gigantic boobs. They were monstrous, ridiculous, titanic orbs that would never fit inside any normal clothing.

The pump coughed into silence and Jessica sighed with some relief. Her breasts were huge, quivering there on her chest, but they were still just on this side of absurd. Perhaps she'd get away without having to order custom bras. Some clothes would fit. She'd get some stares, certainly, but she wouldn't be a freak.

"Whoops, emptied the reservoir," Marcus reported cheerily. "Luckily I've got five more gallons right here."

"Wh-what?" Jessica gasped as she heard the sloshing of the reservoir being filled again. The pump switched back on, the tubes went white, and her breasts shuddered into slow expansion again. The cleavage between them yawned huge and the nipples capped by the glass bulbs disappeared over the burgeoning curve. In a panic, she told herself, you just have to pinch the base of the nipple and they'll empty right back out.

"Milk gives just the right give and bob, I find," Marcus was saying. "And of course the other benefit is that when you fill up with an organic fluid, the breasts don't deflate afterwards. The fluid is incorporated right into the breast."

Permanent? Jessica squinted, thoughts murky and distracted by the dull buzz of the vibrator and the slowly chugging pump. Her breasts felt incredible, drawn tight and sensitive against the milk that sloshed inside them. She longed to run her hands up and down their sides; the skin must be exquisitely soft and silky. And they were so huge! She thought about fitting them into a shower stall, or... clothes. Dimly, some semblance of rational thought struggled up to the surface of Jessica's mind. How would she ever live her life with such stupendous boobs wobbling off her chest? She'd have trouble negotiating doors! The weight was nearly crushing her as it was.

Finally the pump chugged to a stop again, and Jessica squirmed against her restraints. "Please, Marcus, no more. I can't have breasts this big. I'll be a freakshow. I'll... I'll do anything you want, Marcus. Whatever depraved shit you want, just... don't make these boobs any bigger, please."

Marcus' head topped over her breast as he clambered up onto the bed, standing astride her belly. The tops of her breasts came up almost to his hip. "Deal," he said succinctly, and reached down to slide the glass bells off. He didn't have to bend over to do so. He dropped the pump's tubes to the side and asked, "I didn't tell you about the other side-effect from using milk, did I?"

"N- no," Jessica answered, dreading his response.

He knelt down on top of her, his knees cinched up against her sides and thrust under the swell of her breasts, and his hands traced along the sides of her gigantic boobs. They were, indeed, as sensitive as she'd speculated, and she moaned

beneath him, hips bucking slowly. Marcus, however, was not done, and bent his head down to put his lips to her still-obscene nipple. He teased it with his tongue, ran his teeth lightly against it, and then swallowed the thing whole again, giving her another nipple blowjob as before. This time, however, something within her responded, her blood rushing and something else churning within her breasts. A moment later, she felt it -- the trickle of milk expressing through her nipple. She gasped at the feeling of it, twisting as best she could given her bonds. She felt her other nipple grow stiff and hot in sympathy, and soon it was squirting a thin stream of milk as well, which fell back onto the mammoth expanse of her breast.

Marcus suckled for what seemed like ages, Jessica moaning in overwhelming pleasure the entire time. He switched from one teat to the other, drawing what seemed like gallons out of her. For a moment, she was content -- if the milk came back out, she might not be a freak forever, after all. With a blissful smile, she opened her eyes again to look at how much they had already shrunk. She gasped, horrified, when she saw that they had not shrunk at all. Marcus laughed. "What, you thought that I'd suck you back down to size? Afraid not, dear. You produce milk, now -- a lot of it. And you're going to need to get rid of a few gallons of it daily, I suspect." Jessica began to cry.

There was the clink of a belt being undone, and the sigh of pants being removed. "Nothing sexier than an overbusty, giant-clitted, tied-down, mechanically-fucked little girl crying, I always say," he told the ceiling, and clamped down on a nipple again, moaning himself. "You've got the better of me, Jessica; I can't help myself at this point." She felt his hands sliding up and down the surface of her breasts, slick with sweat and copious spurts of her own milk. Then, at the base of her cleavage, she felt the tip of his dick, well-moistened with milk, slide itself in and make itself at home.

Marcus pumped his dick up into her mammoth cleavage slowly, feeding a little bit at a time, and never leaving her dripping nipples alone for more than a moment. For her part, Jessica's tears blunted the caresses of his hands and lips and dick for a time, but despite herself and through choking tears her body began to move itself in sympathy with his dick and continue to grind itself against the whirring vibrator still inside her. Finally, Marcus thrust his dick deep into her cleavage, and the head sprouted out the other side, parting her cleavage like a train

through a tunnel. Jessica gasped; it was huge.

"What, you think I have access to that lovely green stuff and I haven't used it on myself?" Marcus laughed. "That's what you have to look forward to, dear. A whole lot of my big fat dick stuck up inside you with endless variations." The gargantuan dick trembled in front of Jessica's face, retracting back into her own cleavage and then surging forward again. The head was at least three inches across, the size of an apple. She could only speculate how long the monster was, considering it reached all the way through her cleavage and had enough length to threaten her face. "Be a dear, Jessica, and put your lips around it," Marcus directed. "I come like a firehose, so unless you want it all over your face, you'd better get to swallowing."

"I can't possibly--" she began, but Marcus cut her off with a grunt that presaged exactly how close he was. Jessica juttied her head forward and wrapped her lips around the very tip of his dick. After all, she only needed to suck down the come, she didn't need to get the whole head inside her mouth. She bobbed her head up and down to keep pace with the dickhead, and for a moment thought that she might have won some small victory, here. That was when the wide leather band fell behind her head, the ends in Marcus' hands above her.

Still pumping his dick into her gigantic tits, Marcus pulled the ends of the leather band backwards, catching her head in its curve and pulling it closer to him. "Don't just give me a little dick-tickle, I want you to swallow it, bitch." With every thrust forward, Marcus pulled the band backwards further, forcing Jessica's face into his raging prick. She tried to gasp, but her lips, already sealed tight around his dick head, were merely pressed further down onto it. She felt them stretch, yawning wider and wider for his cock, and mewled up against the soft skin she was forced onto. Finally, she felt her lips cross over the ridge at the top of his head, and with a sudden surge forward, her mouth closed around his enormous dick.

The broad head sunk into her mouth, Jessica could feel her teeth skating along the edges of his dick, her tongue pressed flat up against it. The very tip of his dick hit the back of her throat, and for a moment she began to choke, but as quickly as it had started, the panicked reaction faded away. She'd lost her gag reflex. Still Marcus pressed on, his huge manhood filling her mouth to the point where nothing else could fit. She breathed desperately through her nose and ran her tongue all

over his dick in the hopes of bringing him off as quickly as possible.

When he did come, it was with bucking thrusts through her cavernous cleavage and into her face, shouting his orgasm and dumping buckets of cum into her throat. She swallowed hopelessly, the cum washing throughout her mouth, dribbles of it exploding from her lips and plastering the tops of her tits. It dribbled down her chin and across her chest. It went on forever, and when he finally withdrew the monstrous prick, giggling deliriously, she gasped for air.

Marcus staggered off the bed and scooped up the pump tubes. "That was great and all, but you really need some fuller lips," he declared, and without another word planted a glass bell over her mouth and switched on the pump. Her lips were immediately sucked up into the bell along with her screams. With horror, she saw her lips drawn so far into the bell that she could watch them redden and then purple, growing plump and bloated. Finally, Marcus shut off the machine and staggered backwards. "Woo, well. Maybe that wasn't a good idea. I get carried away after a good cum," he blathered, and then staggered forward again. "Let's see em."

Jessica was more intent on breathing, forcing air through her bruised lips, but Marcus nodded his head with satisfaction. "Excellent, excellent. You'll give stellar head from here on out. Anyway. I had an itinerary before you distracted me... oh yes. Next stage."

Marcus scooped up some other item from his collection of devices, and shortly thereafter he was running its thin end along Jessica's breasts, starting at the peak of the nipple, running it down its distended side, and then down the curve of her capacious breast. Once the tip met her abdomen, it continued downward to her hip. He then repeated the procedure with her other breast, teasing the thick nipple at the top and then running a plumb line down to her other hip. This was followed by the instrument running across her belly horizontally. Despite her distress, even Jessica was confused as to the purpose.

"Have to make sure everything is symmetrical," Marcus noted absently, and then lightly stabbed the instrument down where the lines had intersected, two points directly beneath her breasts. Jessica winced, but she was sure it had only left a red mark. Marcus rummaged among his things again, and a moment later Jessica felt two sharp pinches where he had just left those red marks. The minor pain didn't let

up; he had attached something to her abdomen. A moment later, he slathered something cool against her skin all around the area.

"Oops, you can't see, can you?" Marcus asked, even as the cool substance started to heat up against her skin. He wheeled a full-length mirror up to the side of the bed, through which Jessica looked at herself. The mirror was angled straight on, so she saw her face first, her lips a huge exaggeration of what they once were, not only puffy to the point of absurdity but wrapped around a mouth that opened perhaps twice as wide -- wide enough to accept Marcus' giant cock. As she opened her mouth in amazement, she noticed another thing -- her teeth were gone. She remembered the huge dick cramming everything else out of her mouth, and in some distant corner of her mind where this was all starting to make sense, it figured. No room for teeth.

Marcus then swiveled the mirror to the side, angling it so that Jessica could see down her body. First and foremost, her stupendously huge breasts dominated her once-tight frame, great orbs of creamy skin wobbling on top of her. She could spy a nipple from this strange angle, and even still the thick stalk was too big to match her breast, a thick meaty stub projecting rudely out of her boobs. But then her eyes were drawn further down, to where a long red finger seemed to jut out of her pussy. This, she realized with horror, was her own clitoris, stretched far beyond its normal proportions and still thrumming hard and red in sympathy with the vibrator plumbing her pussy below.

That's when she saw Marcus' most recent work, however: little red lines running down her abdomen from her breasts, already fading away, but where they intersected the crosswise line, something was happening. The thing that Marcus had pinched onto her skin was nothing more than a black office paperclip, but already the skin underneath it was angry red and pulled far up off of her abdomen. All around the clips, Jessica watched as some yellow-green cream sunk into her skin.

For a moment, nothing happened. Then the affected areas on her abdomen grew warmer, and she watched as the flesh slowly puffed up wherever the cream had been slathered, filling out and expanding. The lumps grew round and evened out their texture, swelling larger and larger. They were breasts; a new set of breasts beneath her first set, with the pinching paperclips pulling new nipples right out of her body. Jessica cried out in astonishment and terror. If she hadn't been a freak

before, she certainly was, now.

"Unfortunately, that cream only goes so far," Marcus announced as the breasts settled in at a dainty A-cup, totally incongruous beneath Jessica's *other* pair of tits above them. Marcus snatched the clips off of her new, beet-red nipples, and threw them aside. "You know what that means, right?"

He produced the pump again, settling the glass bells over the still-smarting little nipples, and flipped on the power. Jessica grunted as the exquisite pressure sucked up her lower nipples, and watched transfixed in the mirror as they grew and reddened and purpled, distending into the glass cups. Soon they filled the cups themselves.

"Do you remember what I said about your loose wording of our agreement?" Marcus asked conversationally as he switched off the pump's power. "You did it again. You asked me not to make those breasts any bigger. Which I agreed to." He began pouring milk into the pump's reservoir. "So I'll just blow up these, instead." With a savage grin, he flicked the pump into reverse and turned on the power again.

Jessica cried out as milk was forced into her new breasts, feeling her clitoris snap back into rock hardness as the white fluid pumped into her. She alternated between watching her new breasts grow in the mirror and looking away, gritting her teeth against the incredible pleasure that seemed to flow into her along with the milk. The new breasts ballooned larger, pressing up against their upper cousins and filling out into their own teardrop shape. As Jessica thrashed back and forth under the onset of another orgasm, they swayed along with her, the four breasts moving in concert. Marcus refilled the reservoir and kept pumping her breasts larger, until they were just a hair smaller than the original pair.

"Excellent, excellent," Marcus crowed, and removed the pump again. He reached forward to flick at one of the new nipples, and Jessica had to catch her breath to avoid screaming into orgasm. It didn't work, however; Marcus saw her distress and loomed over her. One finger fell down onto her lower left nipple, touching it softly. "Are we just on the cusp, dear?" he asked innocently. The gentle finger suddenly snapped against the nipple, and Jessica twisted under her bonds. Marcus reached forward with both hands, alternately caressing, flicking, and twisting her four nipples, making Jessica moan and bear down again on the ever-present

vibrator. When he brought his mouth into the mix, suckling off her new lower tits, it set off all four to weeping milk and Jessica was dropped directly into a roaring orgasm that left her panting and weak.

As she moaned, half-conscious, Marcus stepped behind the headboard of the bed and fiddled with something mechanical. A moment later, Jessica could feel the bonds that held her hands in place rising up behind her. Still swimming in a post-orgasmic haze, she could barely keep track of her ascent, as Marcus winched her arms, tied down to a six-foot long bar, up towards the ceiling directly above where her feet were tied down. As her hips were lofted into the air, the buzzing vibrator slid out of her with a wet thump. She tilted further upwards, until, still spread-eagled and stretched to four corners, she was now suspended vertically instead of tied down to the bed.

Marcus wheeled the full-length mirror around in front of her, now, so she could see herself from top to toe in all her altered glory. Head still swimming, Jessica looked up to take herself in. Her blonde hair was matted and twisted, still bearing traces of the green liquid Marcus had force-fed her. Her lips were huge and puffy, still stained red and purple and looking to stay that way for some time. Four titanic breasts hung off of her otherwise spare frame, creating deep fissures of cleavage in four different directions, the thick purple nipples hanging off them like coke cans and still dripping milk. Beneath them, her pussy, still spread eagled by her bonds, was shaved bald and plastered with her own juices; from this sprouted a thin red dick, now going limp after her profound orgasm. Her pussy lips were puffy, obscenely red, signaling her now hours of arousal. Her body told her, despite everything, that she had liked it. Jessica looked on herself and cried, great heaving sobs that wracked her body, sending her tits bouncing and her dangling clit dancing.

"Aw, we can't have that, we're not even done," Marcus said, coming up behind her. He reached down to the fallen vibrator and the wooden brace that had held it secure against the footboard. Shooting her a grin in the mirror, he reached up to her crotch, collected her juices, and slathered it over the vibrator's head. He then spread her ass cheeks wide and thrust the big vibrator inside. Jessica screamed in surprise and pain, and Marcus merely set the brace vertical so that it would keep the vibrator buried deep in her ass. He returned to his pile of devices and came back with another giant vibrator, this one half again the size of the first. "You've

seen how big I am; we need to open you up a little more, eh?" With that, he thrust the second vibrator up into her already sopping pussy, flicked it on, and braced it into place, as well.

Jessica twisted in her spread-eagled position, her legs bound tight and useless and her arms already weak from what must have been hours of abuse. Her breasts rocked and swayed as she struggled, bouncing when she started and leaking a steady stream of milk the entire time. And yet it was not long before the pain and discomfort again turned into pleasure, and despite herself she was grinding her pelvis against the pair of vibrators buzzing up into her. Her clit rose rampant before her, bright red and striving forward towards an invisible goal.

While she twisted and pumped herself, suspended in the air, Marcus came forward again. He drew his fingers up along the lips of her pussy, where the plastic vibrator had sunk deep within her, teasing the puffy flesh. "The convenient thing about the pussy is that it does most of the work for me," he told Jessica gleefully as she grunted towards orgasm again. "See, when you're aroused, you pump blood into your nether lips. Since you're so pleasantly malleable, the pussy engorges with blood, and then just keep on engorging. Of course, I can help it along with a little stimulation. By the time you come this time, your pussy is going to be a fat red flower between your legs."

Jessica could feel it, too, the blood coursing down into her pussy, the heat and the tightness, the beat of her heart there in her most intimate of places. Now Marcus' fingers were there, too, encouraging and teasing, forcing her arousal to mount higher and higher. She could feel his fingers pulling at her lips, splaying them out across her legs, drawing out the folds and sensitive skin that had always hidden deep within her before, and spreading them out into the open air before her. All the while, she ground her hips back and forth, into one vibrator and then the other, squeezing them both and letting their buzz fill up both sides of her. Finally, the orgasm that had been building for so long crashed over her, and she shouted at her own reflection, her expanded mouth gaping wide.

Marcus stepped aside without a word, letting her see what had become of her pussy. It was as he said -- her pussy yawned wide, her lips reaching out to either side, her red inner lips thrust forward out of her. Her clitoris thrust up out of the lewd display like the stamen of a flower. Even she could see that the vibrator that

her pussy was wrapped around was no longer as big as she could take; she could easily take a larger shaft, even -- she realized with a start -- Marcus' mammoth dick.

As she looked over herself, it did not even occur to Jessica to cry; she had, perhaps, run out of tears if nothing else. Four giant tits, a mouth to blow elephants with, a pussy that was now more outside than in. She was certainly a freakshow, now, and would be forever. She sighed.

"Alright, so by the terms of our agreement, you would fuck me if I released Alicia," Marcus recapped cheerily. "With the absolutely stupid addendum of 'I'll let you do whatever you want to me' which I think we can both agree has come back to haunt you in spades. So." He clapped his hands together. "Let's go get Alicia."

"Wait, what?" Jessica asked, blinking. "I thought you were going to fuck me -- er, I mean, she doesn't have to see me like this. Can't we... you know... do the thing and then I go home with Alicia?"

Marcus laughed in her face. "That's not what we agreed, Jessica. We agreed that you would fuck me if I released Alicia, and that I could do whatever I wanted with you. Two clauses. The first requires me to release Alicia in order to get you to fuck me. The second just lets me do whatever I want with you. So as you can see, if I want to get my fuck, I've got to release Alicia first, and luckily, she's in the next room." Marcus went behind the full-length mirror and to the door that stood a few feet behind it. "Alicia, pet, come in here. Jessica's come for you."

"Jessica's here?" came Alicia's soft voice, and Jessica nearly cried to hear it. Then, as she heard them walk into the room, the next thing Alicia said chilled her to the bone. "I was wrong about you, Marcus. You are a man of your word, and you have lived up to your end of our agreement."

"I always do," Marcus told her as he appeared to one side of the full-length mirror. Alicia, presumably, stood a step behind him, obscured from Jessica's view. He flashed the tied up girl a smile, and asked, "Don't you think she'll be a little surprised to see what's become of you?"

Jessica and Alicia both answered at the same time, "No, I--" and then faltered. With a wicked grin, Marcus rolled the mirror aside, putting the girls face to face.

Alicia gasped when she saw Jessica, which set her own altered body into motion. The girl, once more petite than Jessica, now had six breasts hanging from her frame, perhaps smaller than Jessica's but still bearing the same gigantic purple

nipples. Her hips had been flared wider, her pussy was a gross flower like Jessica's, and as she ran forward, her ass bounced behind her, plump and expanded to ridiculous pillow-like proportions. At first Jessica thought that her friend's face had been spared any changes, until she asked, "Oh, Jessica, he got you, too?" Her tongue slipped out from between her lips, betraying more than a few inches added.

"Yeah, I made a... poorly worded promise," Jessica answered, and gave her fast friend a smile. "Don't worry, there's sure to be a way to undo it."

"Perhaps some of it," Alicia responded, tipping her head to the side. Her six tits swayed. "But this isn't all I promised."

"Same here," Jessica grimaced. "I have to fuck the little weasel."

Alicia nodded her head, and looked back at Marcus, displaying her massive, if perfectly shaped, ass to Jessica.

"And since you agreed to very generous terms," Marcus spoke up from where he leaned against the doorjamb, "I'm going to have you both at once. So Alicia, why don't you undo poor Jessica's bonds and we can... get started."

Alicia shot him a glare, and then looked up at Jessica. "I'm sorry I got us into this," she offered, and undid the ropes binding her feet.

"It's alright," Jessica answered, trying to ignore the fact that her clitoris was dangling right in front of Alicia's face. The other girl gave it more than a passing glance, and licked her lips. Evidently she was still as keyed up as Jessica.

Alicia could not reach the ropes binding her arms from the ground, so she circled around to climb up on the bed behind her. Marcus detached himself from the wall and stepped forward, watching greedily. "Wait, Alicia," Jessica stammered, the beginning of panic edging into her.

But Alicia was undoing the brace that kept the buzzing vibrators up inside Jessica. As the first came out with a resounding slurp, Marcus interrupted. "Jessica dear, your warnings will fall on deaf ears. You were the better bargainer than Alicia, it turns out. You only promised me one fuck for releasing Alicia. She, on the other hand, promised to be my sex slave if I reunited the two of you."

"Oh, Alicia, no," Jessica cried, trying to turn and look down to her friend.

"Yes, indeed," Marcus cackled, "and given that fact, unlike with you, who I made malleable in flesh but not in spirit, I'm afraid I had to mold Alicia in more than just the physical sense. She is my creature now, a very willing sex slave who does

whatever it is that I ask of her, yet I do owe her one last thing."

Alicia removed the vibrator from Jessica's ass, eliciting a grunt of pleasure from the bound woman. The other girl's fingers fell softly on Jessica's hips, first just brushing against her but quickly turning to light caresses. Jessica closed her eyes and tried to block out the sensations from her already oversexed body. "And what do you owe her, Marcus?" she grated.

Alicia's hands traced their way over Jessica's hips, one reaching down to find the base of her long clitoris while the other reached upwards to cup one of her lower breasts and grasp a nipple. A few light strokes and a judicious tug, and Jessica was twisting from her wrists and seeping milk out of all four nipples.

"Did you see the incredible tongue that I gave her?" Marcus said, changing the subject maliciously. "She gives a vicious rimshot, let me tell you." He paused a beat and smirked. "Oh wait, you don't have to trust me, she can show you herself. Can't you, Alicia?"

"Love to," Alicia purred behind Jessica, her hands still roving over her friend's body as she bent down behind her. The thick nipples of her six breasts ran down Jessica's back the whole way down.

"Look, I didn't agree to this," Jessica insisted, even as the tip of her friend's tongue nipped at the corner of her stretched asshole. She squeezed her eyes shut against the tingles of pleasure.

"No, you didn't, but I did," Marcus told her merrily. "I agreed that I would reunite you and Alicia."

Jessica swayed against her restraints, trying to tell her hips to move forward, away from her friend's teasing tongue, but it rebelled and pressed itself backwards into her face. Alicia's fingers flicked at Jessica's spurting nipples, pinching and caressing, then sliding back down her belly and running dancing fingers down to her exposed, expanded pussy. Jessica moaned as those same fingers wrapped themselves around her throbbing clit. All the while, Alicia's serpentine tongue was sliding back and forth between her ass and up to tease at the very bottom of her pussy.

Then Alicia's tongue snuck back to Jessica's stretched asshole, ran itself around the edge and then plunged deep inside her. Jessica gasped at the intrusion, her hips bucking backwards. Alicia, for her part, moved her hands to Jessica's hips

and ground her face further into her friend's ass.

"Have you ever noticed that Alicia has a better ass than yours?" Marcus asked, watching Jessica grind herself backwards onto her friend's tongue. Alicia's grip on her hips tightened, fingers sinking deep into the skin, and Jessica yelped at the sudden bite of pain. Said pain only drove her on, however. "You aren't even aware of what's happening, are you?" the man chuckled.

"Wha-- what?" Jessica stammered, and craned her neck to look down and around her as best she could, and gasped. Alicia's hands had indeed sunk into Jessica's hips, and now her arms were, too. The girl's head was crammed up into Jessica's derriere, but it was losing definition and her shoulders were inching forward. Jessica watched in horror as Alicia's shoulders flowed forward to meet Jessica's own ass, her friend's arms dissolving into their shared body without a trace.

Marcus circled around the bed, admiring his handiwork, and a moment later dragged the full-length mirror after him so that Jessica could see herself in profile. She was a centaur, or something close to it, standing on four shapely woman's legs. What had been Alicia was now her hindquarters. Six giant breasts dangled down off of her, each capped with a thick purple nipple that very nearly drug along the ground. Her ass was huge and shapely, flaring out from her second pair of 'hips' into a wide round pillow of flesh. "But but, where'd Alicia go?"

"Oh, she'll be along in a moment," Marcus promised. "It takes a little longer for the psyches to merge after the bodies do. She's not *gone*; I'm no murderer."

And Jessica could feel that, too, a sort of presence trickling into her own headspace. Somehow she recognized it as Alicia, who giggled and gave her what amounted to a mental hug. "Now we can be together forever," Alicia told her, although the words came out of their shared mouth.

"This can't be, there's got to be a way to undo this," Jessica insisted, looking wildly at Marcus.

"But why would we want to?" Alicia countered, again with Jessica's voice. "We're so beautiful for Master, now. Look at us! Ten titties, two pussies, an ass that won't quit, that big round mouth of yours, and I bet my tongue made its way up to your mouth." Jessica's mouth swung open and a serpentine tongue spun out over her lips.

Jessica forced the tongue back into her mouth. "So we're going to be two

people stuck in one freakish body the rest of our lives?" she asked Alicia -- or herself -- incredulously.

"Oh no, not at all," Marcus laughed. "The two personalities thing is very temporary. The two of you will merge entirely in a few moments. And since Alicia had agreed to be my sex slave, and was quite willing after a few mental modifications, I'm sure that you will be, too -- although I certainly hope you retain a little fire from Jessica's side of the equation."

Jessica closed her eyes and shook her head, denying it was true, but even she felt her individuality melting away next to Alicia. Little by little, the sway of her breasts hanging from her chest and hindquarters gave her lascivious thoughts, her insistent waving clitorises wanted attention more and more, and she could only think of new ways to use her foot-long tongue to please Master. It was only moments later when her eyes opened again and she turned to the man still standing beneath her.

"I think the merging is complete, Master," she reported. "May I fuck you, now, please? I've waited so patiently for so long. I have so many titties for you to suck on, and so many places for you to fuck me. Please, Master. I'll do anything to be able to give you a good fuck."

"Anything, eh?" Marcus asked as he untied the restraints binding her wrists. "I think we can work out a deal."