**Of Titmice and Men by ShamusBaran**

“Sign here, please.”

Nala stared at the postman, glancing down at the package at his feet and back to him. “Sign? For what?”

The postman let out an annoyed sigh. “For a package for your address, you wanna check the shipping tag or something? I’ve been delivering to this apartment building for three years. I know the numbers by now lady.”

“I’m not expecting a package... and well... Tessa would have told me if she was expecting one too. Whose name is on it?”

“No name.” He snatched up the package. “Look, if you don’t want it, I’ll just pitch it in the dumpster.”

“Jeez. Whatever. I’ll sign for it. “

“Thank you,” he said through clenched teeth. He shoved the package into her arms and plopped his signing device on top of it. “Sign here. Please.”

Nala scowled at him, signed and snatched away the package. “There now you can get back to your oh-so-important work.”

He didn’t answer, just stormed to the elevator without another word.

“Dick.” She stepped back into her apartment, kicking the door shut. She gave the package a gentle shake. It wasn’t heavy at all and didn’t rattle. She set it down on the coffee table and pulled out her cell phone. *Won’t hurt to ask Tessa, I guess.*

She paced around the room, thumbing a text with one hand and unhooked her bra with the other. Dealing with the asshole postman was the last thing she needed after just getting home. *Asshole’s probably just pissed he can’t get any.*

Nala tossed her phone next to the package and unbuttoned her blouse-- a cute little yellow top that squeezed every bit of cleavage she could get out of her lady bumps. She shook her perky Bs free from their lacy confines and flung off her shirt and bra to the corner of the couch. She leaned back, massaging the supple skin below her breasts. All the damn technology in the world and they couldn’t invent a bra that didn’t chafe.

She leaned back on the couch, pursing her lips at the package. Opening a package from a mysterious sender probably wasn’t a good idea. Especially since Tessa tended to order weird shit off the internet. But with that thought, curiosity nagged at her. It could have been something Tessa didn’t want her to know about. Maybe a new *toy*.

Chuckled to herself, she framed her fingers around the tag. The label had their address written on it with neat handwriting. It looked suspiciously nice, as if someone put care into making it look good.

“Custom wrapped too,” she said, muttering. “It’s gotta be a sex toy. Hehe... A little peek won’t hurt.”

She turned it around, looking for a spot to peel back the tape, but found a hole the size of a quarter on one corner. “What the fuck?”

Nala peeked closer, catching a faint scent of grass. It reminded her of science class in high school, or maybe the kind of animal stink you suffer through in a zoo.

“Oh, no way, it's a pet? Tessa ordered a damn pet. And it’s LOOSE?”

Her phone buzzed.

She tossed aside the box and picked it up. Tessa’s response was a simple ‘Nope’.

Nala scowled down at the box and glanced around the room-- no sign of anything alive or otherwise. She reached for her shirt and it shuffled to the floor.

She let out a yelp of surprise, stood on the corner of the couch like a typical scared girl on a cartoon show. The idea of it pissed her off, but not as much as a little furry thing stealing her favorite shirt.

“Oh no you don’t!” She hopped down from the couch and dove for it, but it scurried off quick and resolute, dragging along her top into her bedroom. She landed hard on her shoulder and bumped her left tit on the floor. It hurt like hell.

Nala sat up, scowling, rubbing her pink nipple with thumb and forefinger. That little bastard was gonna pay for this. She stood, stretching away the stiffness in her back as she moved to the doorway. Her clothes sat in the middle of the floor.

She crept closer, snatching up a brush from her night stand. Holding the brush high, ready to strike and she snatched her shirt from the floor. Her bra fluttered a short distance away, but no sign of the furry clothing thief. The shirt seemed unharmed, but the same grassy smell from the box clung to it. This time, it left her lightheaded.

A sneeze racked her brain, one drawn out by a weird tickle at her nose. Only then did she notice the short brown hairs covered her shirt. The damn thing shed all over it. She threw the shirt on her bed and checked under it. *No sign of the little bastard here.* When she stood, she felt an unnatural bounce at her chest.

Nala glanced down and gasped, her breasts were larger. Her usual B’s had swollen to a full C. Stranger still, her usually cute pink nipple stretched out to athe size of a half dollar coin on her left breast. It looked ridiculously uneven. Her right breast, despite being larger still had the usual nice perky nipple. She poked at it, sending a surge of pleasure through her.

Bliss spread through the rest of her body, and she was keenly aware of the moisture spreading between her legs. She yanked away her hand, realizing she had a bigger problem. Well, technically it was a small one. Nala hurried into the living room, pulling her top back over her head and sat on the couch. She had to see if there were any clues to the weird little thing in the package.

Tearing open the package, she spotted a few effects, a little bag of food, a letter, and a cute little cushion resembling a bean bag chair. The letter was short and simple. *Congratulations! You are the owner of your very own titmouse.*

She flipped over the paper, finding nothing else on the other side. The thing chewed out of the box and now was loose in her apartment.

Nala scratched the side of her breast through her shirt, looking over the single sentence a few more times. “Titmouse, huh?”

She picked up her phone and searched it. The first thing that came up was a stupid looking bird. More searching found stuff about an invisible mouse that hid in boobs. *Seriously? Why do I even bother looking crap upon the internet?*

Nala jumped at a gentle pressure on her ankle. Something touched her, she was sure of it. She scrunched her legs in front of her, but the instant her knees brushed up against her breasts she let out a gasp of pleasure. A noisy gurgle, like hungry growl of an empty belly, filled the air. The pleasure was too strong for her to acknowledge it, though.

Her legs drifted apart, relieving the pressure on her swollen bosom, but her panties clung tight against her sex. She slipped a finger to the front of her pants, even through her pants and underwear the touch was maddening. Her errant poke shifted the fabric of her panties and rubbed them hard against her clitoris.

A gasp of pleasure escaped her lips, and pressure built in her chest. A loud rip work her from her stupor. A large tear had formed down the center of her shirt, divided by her now pillowy breasts.

The gurgling got louder and in the lull in a barrage in orgasmic waves of pleasure, she realized it was coming from her tits. The rip in her shirt widened, creeping lower on a crux of her cleavage. Her once meager B-cups had easily tripled in size. She picked a bad day to wear something tight.

She arched her back and her shirt gave out, splitting it down the middle into a tattered yellow mess. Her new assets bounced free, settling in front of her bared and naked. Both her nipples were huge now, and thankfully the same size.

Nala discarded the remnants of her ruined top and got her first good look at herself. She unzipped the front of her Capri pants to find her swollen pussy lips swollen and snugly divided by soaked panties. Spreading her legs only made it feel better, the fabric strained, but it didn’t make sense to her-- not at first.

The couch seemed so much more comfortable now. Her panties snapped at the side, flitting away from her like a rubber band. She slipped off her shorts finding them tighter than she’d like to admit. They tore with each tug and by the time she got them off she realized they were stretched out and ruined. *Good thing I didn’t wear my favorite pants too.*

The opened package on the table reminded her of the real threat at hand, she didn’t have time to sit around masturbating while a weird little tit mouse was doing weird things to her. Assuming the damn thing was responsible.

The door buzzed. *As if things could get worse.*

She sat up, struggling against the foreign sensation of her new body. On the first step she realized how much bigger her butt was. It felt like someone installed tits on the back of her body. Her new ones up front were bad enough. Just feeling the extra bounce was enough to turn her on.

A second door buzz kept her focused. Nala hurried to her bedroom, but on the third step something scampered up her leg. She fell to one knee, struggling against a shiver of pleasure running up her spine. The thing dove between her now plump ass cheeks and snuggled against the small of her back. Tiny claws prickled her skin. It got her. The fuzzy little bastard had her right where he wanted her.

The door buzzed a third time, and she opened her mouth to call for help, but a weird numbness spread through her body. The noisy gurgle drowned out any noise around her. She fell forward, clenching her stomach. *What the hell is it doing to me?*

A weird sound echoed through her ears-- like someone emptying a jug of water into a sink. She lowered her hands and bumped into a bulge that shouldn’t have been there. Her stomach swelled under her hands.

“H-help,” she said, just above a whisper. *I don’t wanna be fat... this is ridiculous.*

“A package?” Tessa’s voice came from the front door. “Probably something Nala ordered right?”

“Yeah, tried ringing the buzzer, your cute roomie’s usually home by now,” Nala recognized the voice as Chris, the hunky UPS guy. Just thinking about him stoked her lady boner in a serious way. *Wait... did he call me cute? I knew he wanted me!*

“Maybe she’s out buying something nice. I’ll let you know you were looking for her.” The door lock clicked and jostled. Tessa opened the door, with a package tucked under her arm and waved goodbye to Chris. “Catch you ar-- what the fuck?”

“Something wrong?” Chris said just beyond the door.

Nala gave her a pleading look and raised a finger to her lips.

“N-no. Just, uh-- left some food out on accident.” Tessa struggled to regain her composure. “Everything’s cool.”

Tessa stepped in and slammed the door shut. She closed the gap between them quickly, tossing the package along the way and lowered her voice. “What happened to you? You’re huge!”

Her roommate looked her usual sharp self, wearing a button up white shirt with tan slacks. Her clothes always framed her taller frame nicely. Nala had a lot in common with Tessa, save for being six inches shorter and Tessa’s slightly darker hair and brown eyes. Nala wouldn’t trader he baby blue eyes for anything though, and guys loved shorter chicks. She bit her lip, working through an explanation. “Funny story... there’s this box on the coffee table and... wait. Did you just get ANOTHER package?”

Tessa shrugged. “I didn’t order anything. I assumed it was yours. You binging on weight gain stuff or something?”

“It wasn’t me... someone sent me a-- hold on do you see a fuzzy thing in my butt?”

“A fuzzy thing... in your butt? Are you high?”

“I’m serious! I think it’s what pumped me up. It’s a... titmouse! That’s it!”

“The bird?”

The weird prickle on her back vanished. It should have set her at ease, but instead it just overwhelmed her with crippling pleasure. Her warning came out as a loud moan.

Tessa raised a brow at her outburst. When Nala’s vision cleared she spotted an unnatural rustle on her roommate’s pant leg. Tessa flinched, tiny imprints scurried up her leg. It was true. Titmice were actually invisible.

Her roommate let out a shrill yelp. “There’s something in my shirt!” She squirmed, patting down her shirt and tried to shake it free. The titmouse nestled itself right between her tits. “What the fuck? Something is--“

In the blink of an eye, Tessa’s top split open as her tits erupted free, firing buttons away like little pieces of hail. Her tits surged up to the size of her head in the blink of an eye amnd flopped hard low on her chest. She managed to stay standing somehow, hunched over and staring down at them. “Holy... shit... this is awesome.”

“Well I’m glad ONE of us is enjoying this.” Nala said, rolling her eyes. “Guess I shouldn’t have tried warning you.”

“About what?” Tessa said, fiddling with her tits. “There’s something between my boobs. It’s... fuzzy.”

“Yeah, a titmouse,” Nala said. The sensation came back to her body. Outside feeling a little off balance, she could walk again. She frowned down at her swollen belly; it looked like she was pregnant more than fat. “I’d be careful with that thing, it inflates more than boobs. I think you should smash it.”

“Smash it? No way, that’d be gross. Besides, he’d probably just enjoy me trying. I bet it just prefers boobs.” Tessa cooed. “Hey maybe if we play around it’ll fill up yours too, It won’t be so bad if you’re a little more balanced... but that new butt of yours looks pretty fun. Want some attention?”

“N-no,” Nala said. “I don’t want to get any weirder. For all I know the damn thing might turn me into a blob.”

She kneaded her stomach, worried at the possibility of being full of mice babies or something. She didn’t feel any movement though, just jiggly fat. It didn’t really make her feel better.

Tessa approached in her distraction and slipped a hand between her legs.

“H-hey! I said-- oooh.”

“See? I knew I could convince you,” Tessa said. “You can touch me too if you want. My tits probably feel incredible.”

“It’s still there though right?” Nala said, trying to keep her focus. Tessa was too damn good with her hands though. She was fading fast. “Shouldn’t we do something about it?”

Tessa eased her back to the couch, sitting her down. “I don’t see the problem. I think we owe it for the trouble. Your pussy is amazing. Has it always been like this?”

“It’s a fairly new thing,” Nala bit her lip. *No harm in getting a little bit of release, right?* She reached out and tugged on one of Tessa’s swollen nipples. They had darkened quite a bit and reminded her of tasty little fun sized chocolate bars. They stuck out more than her own, but the difference in size certainly helped.

No matter how aroused Nala got her nipples stayed low profile, the feature being their rich pink areola. Tessa always had a hard time hiding her nipples, but there wouldn’t be any way to hide them now, that’s for sure.

“Mmm... you like them too huh? Yours aren’t bad either.” Tessa took command, rubbing Naira hard and fast. She was wet again in seconds and her mind went blank.

Nala tried to lay back and relax, but something hard bumped against her arm. The other package. Her eyes shot open and she realized that’s how this all started! “Wait, Tessa. The other box might be something too.”

Tessa backed away, letting out an annoyed sigh. “Who cares. Unless that thing has a dildo in it, I don’t give a fuck.”

“It might be something else... another animal.”

A sly smile came to Tessa’s lips. “I guess we can try that one out on you then.” She stooped over, snatching up the box and set it atop Nala’s tits. The rough edges dug into her skin as Tessa tore the box open. “Huh? It’s empty.”

That’s when Nala spotted the familiar hole in the corner of the package.

“Wait, that’s not right there’s a card inside that says: Milk mouse?” Tessa squealed in surprise as she arched her back. “Something bit me---ooooh?” Her eyes glazed over with a dim and lusty expression and her tits quivered with a noisy gurgle.”

Her tits quivered and surged forward, gaining even more girth, beads of creamy white milk formed at her nipples and threatened to fall free.

“Wow,” she said. “I feel so fucking full right now. No surprise what a milk mouse does... am I right? Want a taste?”

Nala’s eyes went wide. “What? That’s gross why would I want to--”

But Tessa shoved a nipple into her mouth before she could complain. The inadvertent squeeze of her lips shot a stream of thick cream down her throat. It was sickly sweet, like whipped cream too thin to hold its shape. Nala raised a hand to push her away, but pressing on her tit only deepened the flow.

“Uhmahgawd ish delisush!” Nala said. She gave into a weird mixture of lust and gluttony and squeezed Tessa’s tit hard enough to draw a squeal from her. Nala couldn’t contain herself. She needed more of this in her life. Worse, she fantasized about putting the stuff on anything-- everything.

Tessa flinched against the rough attention and realized the drain left her a little lopsided. She was still huge, but the suckling deflated one of her tits visibly. She gave Nala a quick swat. “Drink out the other one, you’re gonna make me look lopsided.

Nala was happy to oblige, making a game of it to even her out. She greedily sucked on her other boob, pinching the first one shut as she worked. Content she’d done her part she pulled away, gasping for air. “Wow that’s ridiculously good, you should try some.”

“Drinking from myself is a little weird. Maybe I should milk you up instead.” Tessa reached to the small of her back and frowned. “Uh, but I can’t find it.”

“Can’t be far.” Nala said, she felt entirely too mellow to move-- or care. “How about the one in your cleavage?”

Tessa pushed apart her tits, a task a bit easier now that she wasn’t full to bursting. “I don’t see it.”

“Titmice are invisible, duh. Can you feel it?”

“Nope.”

“Maybe it left. I mean they already did some damage.”

“What a shame,” Tessa said, sliding lower. “Looks like I’ll have to eat something else instead.”

Nala smirked. “As long as you don’t mind me thinking about Chris while you’re doing it.”

“I could always call him, I got his number.” Tessa spread Nala’s lower lips, lapping gently at her dripping snatch.

“Mmm... tempting,” she said, relaxing. “I’m not sure he’ll like my new look.”

“Fuck him then.” Tessa ran her hands along Nala’s body, settling on her fattened hips. The milk churned in her stomach but her belly settled and slowly deflated. Nothing could have made Nala more relieved. Her relief was short lived though, any weight lost quivered into her ass and hips. Tessa dug her nails dug into the softening flesh around her waist, something easy to ignore thanks to her talented tongue.

“Take it easy down there,” Nala said running her fingers through Tessa’s brown hair. “Shouldn’t we worry about the little fuzzy things doing weird stuff to our bodies?”

Tessa pulled away, wearing a wry smile. Nala blushed, knowing the juices on Tessa’s chin were her own. “Not at all. We could find them anytime we wanted to.”

It didn’t make any sense to Nala. Not only were the little buggers fast, they were invisible.

Tessa stood, putting a coy hand to her waist. “You really are an idiot. We have a bag of flour in the kitchen. If the stupid thing has stuff all over it, we can see it no matter how invisible it is.”

“Oh, that makes sense.”

“For now, we should just see what these mice can do. See if you can get their attention, I’ll whip up a little trap.” Tessa stretched her back, jutting out her swollen tits. It didn’t take much to get them jiggling and even less to make Nala fantasize about sucking on them. “I think we can catch these little guys and run some other experiments.”

*I don’t like the sound of that.* “Wait, why do I have to keep it busy?”

“Because you,” Tessa said, poking her on the forehead, “never would have thought of a way to catch these things. Don’t worry. If they blow up your boobs more I’ll take *good* care of you.”

“I’m sure you would... but what would you do if we caught these things.”

“I dunno, look what it did to me. Imagine the damage we could do with Vicky’s rack.”

Nala rolled her eyes. “Oh, I can imagine. I just don’t see the point. Her boobs would probably just hit the floor.”

“Mmm Hmm. If we’re lucky,” Tessa said, strutting to the kitchen. “Try to find a way to lure em’ close.”

“Easy for you to say.” Nala muttered to herself. “You aren’t the bait.”

She flounced onto the couch, flinching at the secondary bounce of her swollen tits. It might not have been so bad if the damn things just focused on them. She really didn’t like the extra curve on her hips and ass. At least she wasn’t fat anymore.

Leaning back onto the couch, she fondled a breast. *How am I supposed to lure a tit -loving rodent out in the open? The damn thing only really shows up when I was distracted and playing with myself.*

Nala snapped her fingers with the realization. *This is a stupid animal, how hard could it be?* She cleared her throat. “Gee, I’m really getting sick of my boobies being so small. Tessa’s are so much bigger and bouncier-- and they’re full of tasty milk.”

The sound of the cabinets opening and shutting in the kitchen echoed through the apartment but no sign of the titmouse or the milk mouse.

“I said, my tits are too small damn it!” She squeezed the sides of her breasts and pulled them apart. *I’ll show those little bastards a mouse trap.*

“Hey, Nala! We *do* have flour right?”

“I think so. It should be on the top cabinet.”

“I only saw sugar.”

“Same thing right? It’s white powder.”

“You dumb bitch, we need flour cause it stains and--” Tessa let out a startled screech.

Nala stood, hurrying to the kitchen. Tessa leaned against the counter, like she was being pushed, but even stranger, her skirt was hiked up and her pussy was spread and exposed. Something was inside her-- Nala just couldn’t see it.

“You dirty little bastard!” She reached towards her but bumped into something large. Her fingers curled down like she hand brushed her hands against someone’s backside. She gaped, fondling the air to recognize the contours of a well sculpted ass-- a male ass. Short fur covered it, she was sure of it. She snatched away her hands and gasped. “What the fuck?”

She backpedaled away, bumping into something-- or someone. A pair of lightly furred but strong hands grabbed her at the shoulders.

Tessa grunted against her assailant, whoever it was plowing her hard. A milky dribble came from her pussy, something Nala knew well enough. “Don’t tell me... it’s.”

“--the titmouse.” A voice whispered in her ear. She felt the gentle tickle of whiskers against her cheek and the faint hint of the grassy scent from the package. She turned her head, realizing something had torn open the little package of food.

Tessa gasped and a deafening gurgle filled the room. Even from behind, Tessa’s bulging tits were clear to see. They flounced to either side of her, filling as the flopped up and down from hard entry from behind.

“S-stop it!” She reached out, but the form behind her was too strong. Sharp teeth dug into her shoulder, and a trickle of blood dribbled down her skin. *That means this one is...*

Nala’s chest surged forward and landed hard on her waist. Streams of milk poured forth, desperately trying to empty faster than she could fill. To no avail, despite the dribbling streams, her breasts were massive, looking more like beach balls than breasts.

The invisible figure behind her, kept her standing, forcing her to endure the full weight of several gallons of thick milk. Tessa turned around, not by her own strength, but by the direction of her invisible captive. Both of them were ridiculous, but because of the milk-- Nala had the edge in sheer girth. The massive pink dinner plates she called her areolas were considerably bigger too-- even if Tessa’s chocolate colored nipples were bigger and delightfully suck-able.

*I can still taste that delicious milk... I wonder if mine tastes just as good.*

Tessa sagged forward, released by her invisible captor. She moved like in a sleepy trance and in a sleepy swagger she fell against Nala, nuzzling her milky tits.

“Tessa, snap out of it,” she said, whispering. “We need a way to stop them. The situation is looking really bad... at this rate we’re gonna end up boob toys for these things.”

“Issit so bad?” Tessa said, suckling at Nala’s tit. “Mmm. Shooo biiig.”

Nala pushed her away. It was hard to do, it felt absolutely amazing. “Are you drunk? That mouse... um... thing... was fucking you!”

“Zsokay,” she said. “Twas fuzzy... like a cloud. Hehe.”

“It’s not OK. You don’t even like guys. He came inside you, you might have mouse babies or something. This is really bad!”

She was too far gone, and only focused on getting a nipple back in her mouth. *I can’t entirely blame you either... if it tastes half as good as yours...*

“Hey... mouse things. Why are you doing this? I know you can talk.”

“Why wouldn’t we?” The one behind her said. “Boobies look better big.”

“And they look even BETTER milky.” The one in front said.

Nala had to think of something fast. She watched Tessa suckle her and came up with a great idea. Tessa’s drinking was relieving the pressure of the milk and making her smaller.

“Oh, so you two must not get along very well. I mean. Big boobs are great, but making them milky means they’ll get smaller and saggier. Once all the milk is gone I’ll be my normal size.” *I hope.*

“What? No way.” The titmouse said. “Boobies need to be big forever!”

The milk mouse growled. “No, Milky is best!”

The creature behind her pushed Nala and Tessa aside and the odds and end on the counter scattered. Just as she hoped, the two of them were fighting. Cracks split in the cabinets as the two creatures pushed each other around, sprays of blood appeared in mid air, from razor sharp claws.

Tessa tuned out the whole thing, snuggling her head between Nala’s tits. She had to swat away her attempt to slip her hand between her legs. “Best case, one kills the other and we’ll still end up as milk cows or booberellas.”

“Call animal control then,” Tessa said, sighing against Nala boobs.

“Huh? That... makes all sorts of sense.” She lead them out of the kitchen and grabbed her cell phone, trying to tune out the sound of fighting in the other room. She looked up the number on the web and made the call. They picked up on the first ring.

“Animal Control.”

“Yes, we have a... uh... mouse problem?”

“Mice? You should call an exterminator.”

“W-wait! It’s a weird kind of mouse. Really big. Probably rare.”

“A big mouse? How big are we talking here?”

“Six foot something? If I had to guess.”

“God damn it, not again. Did they come in two packages? Came to your apartment about a half hour apart?”

“That’s... exactly right. Wait. How did you--”

“We’ll be right over.” They hung up without another word.

Nala looked blankly at her cell phone. A text message came to her a second later. *We have found* *your location by GPS. Do not call any other authorities-- or else.*

Nala couldn’t help but wonder if she made the wrong call.

The creatures fought relentlessly, one of them flew into the hallway covered in white powder. *Guess they found the flour.* It shook away grogginess and stood. It was a hulking humanoid with a mouse face. Other than the muzzle ears and whiskers, he was effectively a naked muscular man, complete with a massive and erect cock.

*No mystery what they used to fuck Tessa, I guess.*

He paid no mind to her and rushed back into the kitchen. An angry knock came from the door.

“It’s unlocked!” Nala said.

The door flew open, and a pair of people in radiation suits rushed in. They carried big weapons that resembled giant syringes. “Paws up, rodents!”

“Nooo, you’ll never take us alive!” One leapt from the room tackling one of the figures. The other jabbed their weapon into its side. It howled it pain, convulsed and in the blink of an eye it shrunk to a harmless mouse, unconscious on the floor.”

The other struck, wrestling the animal control tech to the ground and bit her on the shoulder, shredding through the suit like paper.

She howled in pain clenching her neck-- but the first technician regained their bearings and slammed their syringe into the second attacker. It cried out, and shrunk just like the first.

“For fuck sake... this is getting old.” The tech said, discarding her weapon. “You alright?”

“Been better. The bastard got me.” The floored tech pulled off her helmet to reveal a head of long blonde hair. “Judging from the surge of milk in my boobs, I’d say that was the milk mouse.”

Right on cue her boobs shook and fattened, a tinkling noise, like a leaky fountain spattered against the inside of her suit.

The other technician removed her helmet, showing a head of short-cropped raven hair. “They got me too. Good thing, I always wanted basketball sized tits.” He breasts strained her suit and ballooned to the size of her head. She seemed completely unperturbed about it.

“Uhm... so... who are you?” Nala said.

“Laina, I work in Animal control,” the blonde woman said. “My partner is Cindy.”

“Well, I appreciate you coming so fast... sorry you two got affected too.”

“It’s fine. We would have sent guys, but we figured the titmice might have had victims. Side effects include uncontrollable horniness, so they might have taken advantage of you.”

Nala chuckled. “Yeah... well... we got a little bit of that.”

“Anyway,” Cindy said, grinning. She had a delightfully sexy British accent. “It’s all temporary. Might want to take some sick time for work though, I hope you don’t mind spending a few days feelin’ like a brainless bimbo. Straight or not, you probably want to avoid dicks for a while. You’ll be incredibly fertile as well.”

Laina glanced down at Tessa, spotting the trail of white gloop on her leg. “Uh, did one of them... you know-- inside her?”

Nala nodded. “I think so. He was invisible when he did it so we can’t be sure.”

The two women exchanged a look. Laina rubbed her temples. “Uh, well shit. See here’s the thing. We can stop the breeding process, but uhm... you might be keeping some of that boob.”

“How much of it?” Tessa said.

“Depends. How big did you start out?”

The words sobered Tessa. “Perfect B’s why?”

“Oh brother, yeah,” Cindy said, sighing. “Your sweater puppies are pretty much Dobermans now. You’ll be lucky to get any smaller than M cups, hope you enjoy bein’ busty. I feel awful about this. Any way we can make it up to you without tellin’ our superiors?”

“Well. I’m sure I can think of something.” Tessa said, smiling. “The apartment is a bit cozy, but we can wait out changes if you’re ok with a bit of licky-licky.”

Laina exchanged a mischievous glance with Cindy and cleared her throat. “I actually have some vacation time to spend. You have yourself a deal.”

Both of them unzipped their suits revealing smoking hot bodies underneath, both of them had natural curves that matched their freshly inflated breasts nicely-- and they were growing bigger by the minute.

\*\*

Naira snuggled Tito close to her bosom, running her fingers across his short cream-colored hair. “You want to give mommy a little boost for her date with Chris?”

Tito squeaked happily and nuzzled closer. Her triple D breasts shook and swelled, bubbling up to a full set of Gs.

“Who’s a good boy?” She picked him up, kissed him on the nose and put him back in his cage.

She ran her hands along her body, admiring her pet’s good work. To think a month ago he had been unruly and untamed. Now, he was nothing but useful and overall a great little pet.

Nala settled on bra that mostly fit, bubbling out the top to make them look absolutely gigantic and a shirt that showed cleavage nicely. She stepped out into the hall and glanced at the door to Tessa’s room.

Tito’s ‘brother’ Mikky stayed in her room. Both little guys were spoiled rotten. They got the best quality food-- the kind that didn’t turn them into hulking mice men-- and gave them plenty of quality ‘cleavage’ time. If they had any complaints, Nala didn’t know any of them.

The door buzzed. Nala hurried to answer it. Laina and Cindy stood there wearing sexy little numbers that clung to their beautiful curves. They ended up with a little extra from the ordeal. Both of them had to be natural F cups by now.

Nala gave them a coy smile. “Here to check up on the mice?”

“Of course, we’re very dedicated to our work,” Cindy said, grinning.

Laina looked Nala over, “Someone looks good, you going on a date? We’ll let ourselves into Tessa’s room then. We came on an empty stomach.” She winked.

Nala chuckled, moving out of the way to let them in. “Have fun girls.”

Chances are they wouldn’t be wearing those clothes for long. They were fast friends and even faster in terms o being ‘more than friends’.

Tessa peeked out of her room, stark naked. Laina hadn’t been kidding when she said her tits wouldn’t go down. They were still the size of her head-- at their smallest. Nala wasn’t sure of her exact size as they tended vary in size. From the looks of her, she’d let Mikky make sure she had plenty of milk to share.

“Don’t have too much fun,” Nala said. They two chuckled and vanished into Tessa’s room. It didn’t take long for them to get noisy.

Nala moved to the door, waiting for the mail. The asshole postman muttered to himself when he handed her a stack of letters, trying his best to not stare at her cleavage. He failed, as he tended to. Judging from the bulge in his pants he probably wished he had been a bit more civil with her. Shortly after he left, about a half hour later, Chris showed up with a package. A little something she ordered just for him.

“You look great Nala, that little beauty trick of yours does wonders,” he said, kissing her on the cheek. “I’d love to see it in action.”

“Someday perhaps,” she said. “Need to go home and change? Or are we staying in tonight?”

“You push a hard bargain,” he said.

She pulled him into the apartment, closed the door and enjoyed his embrace. She had no qualms with rewarding her new boy toy with a bit of self-indulgence.

Nala flinched at moist sensation at her toe. A stream of white substance poured from under the door, warm to the touch. She turned and scowled Tessa’s door.

“Someone leave a sink on or something?” Chris said.

“Not exactly,” Nala said, sighing. “Help me with the mop. I’ll make it worth your while.”

The roommates content to appreciate their new lifestyle, they kept the mice in line but there was a better question on the table: Who would keep Tessa in line?

TO BE CONTINUED?