

## Here Comes Mary Bigguns

an erotic tale by Gregor Daniels © 2015

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*A silhouette moved against the nighttime sky, propelled along by the frigid wind. She passed over chimneys emitting billowing smoke and sharply angled rooftops pointed at the moon. Changes in course were made with seemingly adept turns of the wrist, until sudden sharp gusts sent her flying in the opposite direction. Strings of profanity echoed down below.*

No matter which way Vanessa turned in the mirror, they just didn't look any bigger.

If there was a *small boobs curse* out there floating around, she had most certainly been hit by it. And she wasn't some late bloomer, either. Vanessa was nineteen years old (three months away from turning twenty, actually!) and still as flat as a board up top.

Department stores mocked her. *Push-up bras to gain a cup size or two!* Yeah, that only worked if you had something there to begin with. *Low-cut tops to show off cleavage!* Not exactly. On Vanessa, low-cut tops just meant baggy necklines with nothing to push it out.

But, she had her hopes up for some other methods to achieve a larger bust. While standing topless in front of the mirror and sighing over her boring reflection, she grabbed some cream from her dresser and carefully rubbed it around her boobs. It was *supposed* to help women get a little bigger up top, with all those nutrients and minerals that Vanessa couldn't pronounce. The label promised a cup-size improvement or your money back, guaranteed.

She knew it wouldn't work. Nothing else had worked, besides stuffing her bra full of socks to give herself lumpy breasts. The illusion was fine and dandy if the top wasn't too revealing, or else her secret was exposed.

The white cream went around in circles of decreasing radius, until Vanessa had exhausted the supply on her fingers and rubbed the leftovers into her smooth skin. It left a bit of a sheen to them, cold and ticklish. Her nipples had also hardened during the process, rising from their dormant state to greet her roaming fingers. Truthfully, they weren't much. Vanessa had seen bigger nips on some *dudes*, but they didn't feel all that bad to touch.

Her eyes returned to the mirror. *Just one cup-size, maybe two*, she pleaded to no one in particular, unless there was some magical boob fairy out there listening to her thoughts. Yeah, that was unlikely. Still, Vanessa liked to imagine herself with *something* up top. She wouldn't be the biggest girl around, but definitely not the smallest anymore! It would at least give her something to play with, *and* some flesh to fill out those tops that were meant to show cleavage. Plus, she would actually *need* a bra! Just imagine!

There was a knock on her door.

"Just a moment!" Vanessa called back, hastily grabbing her tank top and throwing it on. The material clung irritably to her cream-covered breasts, and her nipples were quick to poke through. She adjusted the fit of it in the mirror and pushed her fingers through her hair before running to the door.

Mandy was waiting outside in the hall.

"*God*, does your brother ever turn off that loud music? Let me in before I go completely nuts."

Vanessa held the door as her friend rushed in, holding a hand to her forehead. Loud heavy metal blared behind her, rattling the walls.

"Can't you tell him to turn it down?"

"He'll just turn it up out of spite," Vanessa replied, shutting the door and turning the lock. "Brothers are like that."

"Thank God I don't have one. I'd have to strangle him."

"You can borrow mine," Vanessa offered jokingly.

"Only if you give me a million bucks."

There was something different about Mandy, though Vanessa couldn't quite pinpoint it exactly. Her hair was shorter since the last time she had seen her, but it wasn't any new style. Mandy always got it cut so that it hung down to her shoulders, no more. She was wearing clothes that she hadn't seen her in before. A yellow long-sleeve shirt with a plunging neckline, *Abercrombie* written across the front in faded maroon letters. Hip-hugging jeans completed the outfit.

*Wait a second*, Vanessa thought, her eyes scanning and then focusing on the girl's chest. Mandy was no more than a B-cup up top, not outrageously large, but still enough to put Vanessa's nonexistent chest to shame—any girl could, really. Except, Mandy looked *a lot* bigger since the last time she had seen her, and that was two days ago! The girls had really grown!

"So, you've noticed," Mandy smirked.

"*Wha—*"

"I had a visitor last night," she explained, glancing down at her immense cleavage. She tugged on her shirt to make it a *smudge* longer, exposing more of those creamy mountaintops. "Mary Bigguns stopped by and gave me a little boost. They're more than *double* what they were before! Can you believe it? I have to buy whole new bras and everything. They're somewhere in the double-D range."

Vanessa shook her head. "Mary who?"

"Mary Bigguns."

"Who in the world is Mary Bigguns?"

"Why, only the nicest lady in town! She flies around with her umbrella and comes to your window if you call out her name three times," Mandy told her. "She'll give you bigger boobs if you ask nicely. But, she *is* kinda strange."

"Call out her name three times?" Vanessa laughed. "What is she, *Beetlejuice*? And flies around with an umbrella? You can't be serious."

"Look at the evidence for yourself," Mandy said, presenting her chest to be ogled over.

*Jesus sweater-stretching Christ!* It definitely wasn't a trick; Mandy made sure to show her that after taking off her yellow long-sleeve shirt. Underneath, her swollen orbs were perfectly round inside the bra and arguably *immense* compared to their former dimensions. The undergarment held them firm with extra padding and dense networks of underwire support. The shoulder straps themselves were as wide as Vanessa had seen on any bra, designed to hoist up some real weight.

"Feel them if you want."

"*What?*"

"Well, you want know if they're real, right? I swear I didn't get implants or anything like that. They feel *completely* natural."

"*Uh*, okay."

Vanessa had never touched Mandy's breasts before, but she had seen her naked. There wasn't anything sexual about it. Or, at least that's what she told herself.

With her friend's permission, she reached out and touched them for herself. Warm flesh greeted her careful fingertips. The skin was so soft and creamy, and they were undeniably natural. A dark line of cleavage separated them.

"Squeeze them if you want."

Vanessa did without being told to a second time. Her fingertips pushed into the soft breast-flesh, while her palms squeezed against the cups, the lacy material pressing back against her own skin. Hard little spots began to rise underneath, while the glorious mounds gently rose and fell with Mandy's slow, shallow breaths. They were *definitely* not implants.

"Okay!" Mandy pulled back. "Another squeeze and that would've been foreplay, girl. I'm not into that stuff."

Vanessa pulled herself out of the trance. "As if I'd ever be interested in girls anyway."

"I can't wait until my boyfriend plays with them," Mandy said as she retrieved her shirt and put it back on. "They got *really* sensitive, too. Like, I can't stop thinking about them. All day I've been secretly rubbing my nipples when no one's looking. Almost thought I was going to have an orgasm at work earlier." She closed her eyes and breathed in softly. "He's going to whip his big dick out and ram it up between—"

"*Alrighty then!* I think I've heard enough of that," Vanessa cut in. "Why don't you just write a book about it."

Mandy giggled. "Hey, I can't help it. Big boobs *are* great! I didn't know they'd be so much fun before I got them."

*Or any boobs at all,* Vanessa mused, stealing a glance at her own flat chest.

"This Mary Bigguns lady ... she just comes to your window after saying her name three times?"

"Yep. Doesn't charge anything for her services, either. A little flick of the wand and suddenly you could work for Hooters. I'm not kidding around. Gave each one of these babies a dose of Miracle-Gro."

Vanessa crossed her arms. "I can see that. Think she can do it on me, too?"

"Without a doubt! She does anyone. Even girls with nothing up top to start with."

Vanessa blushed.

"Here, I'll go call out her name for you."

"Are you sure that's—"

Mandy was on the move. She unlatched Vanessa's bedroom window and swung it open, causing a frigid blast of air to shoot into the room. Leaning out on her tippy-toes, she called out into the night, requesting the services of one strange woman.

"Oh Mary Bigguns! Mary Bigguns! May Bigguns! Someone needs your help!"

Vanessa came up behind her friend and looked out at the sky. The moon was unusually big tonight, like a giant eye shining down on the town. Not a cloud was to be seen.

"How long does it take?" Vanessa asked, shivering.

"Not long. She can move across town pretty fast, not having to deal with traffic and all. I wish I had an umbrella that I could just float around with. It'd save me twenty minutes getting to work."

Vanessa snorted. "Yeah, definitely."

Then, Mandy pointed. "There! Vanessa, look! She's coming right on time."

Vanessa was still waiting for the punch line, or for Mandy to turn around and laugh at her for being so gullible. A woman who flies around with her magical umbrella? *Seriously?* Maybe if she was still a kid she would've believed it, but now it just sounded ridiculous.

Squinting, Vanessa couldn't see anything at first. Little dots twinkled up above, but no moving shape caught her attention. Then, a shadow passed in front of the moon. It was a woman by the looks of it, being carried along by ... an *umbrella*. *No flippin' way*.

"Welp, have fun you two. I have to head out," Mandy announced.

"You're leaving? *Now?*"

"Boyfriend's waiting back home, and I promised him some fun tonight." Mandy was already heading for the door. "Give Mary Bigguns my thanks when she arrives. Oh, and just tell her to stop if she does too much. She's a little strange up in the head."

Loud music rushed into the room as she disappeared through the doorway and shut the door behind her, leaving Vanessa alone.

"*Mary Bigguns*." Vanessa gulped. "What kind of name is that anyway?"

When she turned toward the window, the woman was *right there*, no more than a few yards away just hovering in the air. The umbrella spun clockwise as she descended into the light coming from inside the room. She wore a tight black corset, laced in the front. And she had a fairly sizeable rack, Vanessa noticed. Her breasts were practically spilling out of the top, heavy and large. It was a miracle that her nipples weren't exposed. A purple skirt whipped around her lower legs, while her dark hair seemed to majestically wave in the wind.

Then, a sudden gust of wind came, and Mary Bigguns went flying to the left, pulled by her own umbrella. Vanessa rushed to the window, hearing, "Oh for heaven's sake!" She saw the woman tangled in a tree just down the road, brushing off leaves from her arms.

"Mary Bigguns? Are you alright?"

"Yes, dear. Just give me a moment. Trying to work out the bugs in this damn thing. It never wants to work right."

Vanessa peered over the windowsill as Ms. Bigguns composed herself, grabbed her umbrella again, and leisurely strolled to the end of a branch, where the wind seemingly grabbed her with its frosty fingers and brought her floating to the window. Vanessa stepped back as the woman came into the room, landing with the utmost grace. The umbrella emitted a noise of gears and clanks as it collapsed in on itself, dwindling down to a fraction of its former size.

"Mary Bigguns is here at your service," she announced.

"Oh my God, you're actually real?"

"As real as the sun's warmth on a summer morning. As real as the milk from an expecting mother. As real as ... oh dear, girl. The puberty bus left you at the station and never came back, didn't it?"

Vanessa unconsciously crossed her arms to cover her chest. "Sort of. All of the other girls got something, but nothing happened to me. I never needed a training bra."

"Oh, my *poor* girl," Mary Bigguns said to her, strolling over with the umbrella being used as a sort of walking stick, though the woman obviously didn't need the support of one. "I can change that. I can give you another ticket for the puberty bus, dear. A one way trip to the breasts you've always wanted. Just like your friend Mandy."

"Really?" Vanessa thought about asking how she knew Mandy and her were friends, but then she remembered the woman had just flown in with a magic umbrella. In comparison, it was a trivial thing to ponder about.

"Let me see them. We'll make what is wrong right again."

Vanessa shrugged. "Sure."

Going topless wasn't that big of a deal. In fact, before hitting the age of twelve, Vanessa thought it was completely normal to go topless. All the boys could do it, and she had a flat chest just like a boy. Things changed when the other girls started growing boobs and she didn't.

Sliding the straps off, Vanessa casually slipped out of her top and tossed it aside. The cream on her chest had completely dissolved by now, leaving only a pair of semi-erect nipples to greet Ms. Bigguns's eyes. She faced the woman with her hands at her sides.

"Not even touched by adulthood there," Mary Bigguns remarked. "A great tragedy indeed. But, I have some good news. I can change that. Vanessa, have you always wanted breasts?"

"More than *anything*," she confessed.

"Just like your friends?"

"Absolutely," she replied, nodding.

Mary Bigguns reached behind her body and pulled out what looked to be some kind of wand that a magician would have in his possession. She twirled it around in the air while giving the end a few taps with her finger. Pink and teal glowing sparks poured from the end of it momentarily, raining down to the carpet before disappearing.

"A solid B-cup should do it, I reckon," she said. "You'll have to purchase the bras for yourself, though. They can be expensive."

"I understand."

"Right then. Here we go." The magic wand spun around in the air, doing figure-eight patterns as the mystery sparks continued to shoot out with increasing velocity. "A one and a two, and boobs for you!"

A stream of bright glitter came racing toward Vanessa's chest. She winced as it splashed all over her nonexistent bosom, expecting to feel pain. Instead, there was only a slight tingle to it. The glitter danced around with a mind of its own, circling around her flat chest and tickling her nipples. They erected almost instantly as she felt a spark in her loins.

"Yes, any second now ... " Mary Bigguns's voice trailed.

Vanessa drew in a sharp breath. The glitter began to glow and spin faster, until she had to look away because it was so bright. She couldn't help but smile, knowing that this was the end of her bra-challenged days.

When she looked down, she was still as flat as before.

"Oh. That's odd," Mary remarked. "Maybe another dose should do the trick. Have to have an extra boost when there's nothing to start with."

"You're not sure?"

Mary Bigguns whipped the wand around to warm it up again. "If there's anyone qualified to use this thing, it's me. Trust me."

And again, Vanessa was bombarded with the strange glitter attracted to her chest. It came in bursts, dull pinks and teals that steadily elevated in brightness. Mary Bigguns breathed harder and louder as it came out quicker still. Then, with a loud cry from her throat, the wand erupted with the biggest discharge yet. Vanessa turned her head away as it came rushing at her, *engulfing* her flat breasts.

"Oh yes! *Yes!*" the woman screamed seductively.

*Oh*, the tingles were much stronger this time! And so focused around her chest! Vanessa whipped her head back and forth, panting as the sparkly glitter swept across her nude form. It was like tiny fingers were touching her in the most erotic ways imaginable, pinching her nipples and massaging her skin. The heat in her loins burned considerably.

When her hands came up to grasp her tiny assets, she found the flesh quickly spilling through her fingers, *pushing* against her palms!

"That should do the trick," Mary Bigguns remarked, tapping her magic wand one last time before stuffing it away. "Like a flower after the first spring rain. You've blossomed, dear!"

Vanessa found it difficult to look down. Those soft mounds in her hands were so *tender* and *wonderful* to squeeze! She didn't want the illusion to end when she glanced down and found nothing but her usual flat chest.

"What do you think?"

Instead, her fingers weren't lying.

*Holy crap, they were real!* Not in a million years did Vanessa think it was ever possible, unless she resorted to implants or some shady witch who wanted her soul in return for notable cleavage. She squeezed them together and pulled them apart, loving how her hands felt upon them. The flesh was so soft and squishy, and her nipples were quick to rise to stiff nubs.

True to Mary Bigguns's word, they were just large enough to fill her hands and nothing more. Proper B-cups if she had to be the expert of boobs. Enough to have some fun with, but not so much that they became a great nuisance.

When let go, they sagged a little, but only the tiniest bit. They were heavier than Vanessa would've thought, too—more than bundles of socks stuffed into her bra, anyway! Her rosy red nipples stood proud and erect atop those creamy hills.

"Well, how do you like them?"

"Oh, Ms. Bigguns! I *really* love them! I do! I never thought I'd actually have real boobs, but I *finally* do! It just means the world to me. I can finally go out without being embarrassed. You have no idea how much this means to me."

"I'm glad to hear that, dear. It has been my pleasure to see your girls develop as they should have a long time ago."

*The puberty bus did come back for me*, Vanessa thought, smirking.

"Now, I just have one request."

"Yeah?"



While still mesmerized by her recent growths, Mary Bigguns circled around behind her and replaced Vanessa's hands with her own. She rubbed the warm flesh just as the girl had, undulating her fingers into her pliable mounds of joy. They pressed back against her palms pleasantly, filling them perfectly.

"Oh, Ms. Bigguns ... I *uh* ... that feels *really* nice actually."

"Don't go a day without playing with them," she went on. "Treat them with what they've been missing out on. With what *you've* been missing out on. They might look superb in a push-up bra and a low-cut top, but *this* is what they were made for, dear."

Vanessa's eyelids fluttered as the sparkling glitter circled around her again, though not in any particular place as before. She felt a tingle in her loins and thrust herself back against the woman behind her. Ms. Bigguns's hands remained upon her breasts, manipulating them with a sensual rhythm that seemed to match up perfectly with the waves propagating from down between her legs.

"Oh my," she panted. "I do need to ... *ohhhh* ... catch up."

After biting into her bottom lip and slipping a hand between her legs, Vanessa felt the presence behind her vanish. She turned just in time to see her bedroom window closing behind a faint figure out in the darkness. Mary Bigguns floated away into the night, before being swept away violently by an unseen wind.

"Curse this infernal contraption!" she heard outside.

With the strange woman gone, Vanessa found herself in the same spot before Mandy had knocked on her door. This time, however, the mirror displayed a *much different* reflection. The girl on the other side had Vanessa's face and Vanessa's body, but those beautiful orbs on her chest were *definitely* not Vanessa's!

But they were completely real and totally natural on her frame. She looked as if she had been born with them, replacing all those embarrassing years of a flat Vanessa with one that actually had boobs since puberty. She made a mental note to thank Mandy later, though she wasn't sure how she could repay that debt. This needed a little more than a *Thank You* gift card for \$20 in credit at Starbucks.

And they were absolutely delightful to touch! Vanessa couldn't help but grope them as Mary Bigguns had before leaving. She placed her fingers on one while her other hand went diving between her legs. It wasted no time in slipping under her pants and underwear to find some wet lips waiting to be rubbed.

She rolled onto the bed, panting hot and heavy. Fingers worked at her snatch and probed at her tender folds. Vanessa slipped one of them inside of her as her other hand pinched a nipple.

She thrust it in hard and deep, arching her back as the entire length of it went slipping into her wet entrance. A moan vibrated in her throat and came rushing from her lips.

*"Oh my God ... holy crap, they feel amazing."*

Vanessa knew her womanhood in and out, and it easily opened up to accept a second finger, and then a third shortly after. Her thumb flicked at her clit, which quickly rose out of its little hiding spot. As it swelled harder and thicker, she worked at her upper body at the same time, rolling a nipple between her fingers and grasping a breast until it was sore to the touch.

With her cheeks burning and her lips permanently spread, Vanessa cried out unintentionally, vocalizing the oncoming orgasm that quickly took to her core and spread out to her extremes. Her entire body rocked on the bed, causing the springs to squeak.

*"Oh yeah! Oh yes! Ohhhh!"*

She pinned her legs shut and turned to the side, while small ribbons of sweet-smelling juices ran to her hand and trickled down to her wrist. The spot between her legs throbbed incessantly.

Vanessa eyed the door in fright, but thankfully her brother's music was still as loud as before, vibrating the walls. She hoped the noises from her throat hadn't made it across the hallway. *That* would be embarrassing.

Gasping for breath and covered in a fine layer of sweat, Vanessa sat up and pushed the hair from her eyes. The weights on her chest shifted with the change in gravity, rolling across her ribcage and hanging down once more. They jiggled a bit before coming to rest, perky and full ... and a little *larger* than before?

Vanessa cupped them immediately. Now there was no doubt that they were bigger. Before, she could easily wrap her fingers around them, but now there was a bit left over just beyond the fingertips. The nipples were a bit larger too, but nothing outrageous. Millimeters or less, but still noticeable. And Vanessa swore that her areolas had expanded in diameter as well.

"Maybe that dosage of magic stuff was too much," she pondered out loud, remembering how Mary Bigguns took two tries to get her breasts to grow. B-cups they had been then, but now they could've easily filled a small C-cup bra—a touch larger than Mandy's former breasts.

And they were still *really* sensitive.

*Okay, calm down. One orgasm is enough for tonight, she told herself. I'm probably just seeing things. No big deal. Maybe a bit of swelling. Mandy probably knows what's up. I should give her a call.*

But, grabbing the phone meant removing her hands from her tits, which Vanessa wasn't really enthusiastic about. On second thought, Mandy could wait. At least for a little while longer anyway. The heat between her legs had returned with a vengeance.

With a hand at her warm cunt and another upon a breast, Vanessa drunkenly strolled over to her dresser and reached into the bottom drawer. She knew what her fingers would find without ever looking: a pink vibrator with two fresh AA batteries.

At the mirror, Vanessa stopped again to admire her reflection. She squeezed her breasts together and gawked over the amount of cleavage she now had. A shopping trip was *definitely* in the schedule for her new figure! Not only for new bras, but for more revealing tops that flattered her sudden growth spurt. She imagined the looks on guys' faces when she came strolling by, thrusting her chest out and flaunting the *twins*. They'd be drooling all over her.

*Whoa, calm down there! I'm not a slut! Why am I thinking like that? Jesus. Get it together, Vanessa.*

Also, the mirror revealed another discovery. Vanessa had been so occupied with her tits—and why not? —that she hadn't noticed changes elsewhere. While her new eye-popping cleavage certainly grabbed her attention, her waist looked to be thinner. And her ass? *Her ass!*

"Holy shit," she breathed.

After a bit of a struggle to get her pants off past her hips, Vanessa stepped out of them. The stretched garment fell to the floor in a pile, revealing a pink boyshort stretched so tight over her rear that it looked likely to rip if she took one wrong step. The waistband dug in noticeably at her midsection, and the back of it had been pulled so tight that it almost resembled a thong with how it disappeared between her swollen ass cheeks.

Down at the crotch, the fabric was absolutely *drenched*.

Vanessa idly fingered herself while staring at her reflection. The girl in the mirror had the proportions of some *bombshell* with her own face looking back. An absolutely stellar figure with full hips and a perfect rack to boot.

"What's happening to me?" she asked aloud, before trotting over to the bed, stripping out of her panties, and thrusting the business end of her pink vibrator all the way into her sweet, sweet cunt. The moans from her throat were immediate.

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"Check it out," Zeke said, taking a moment to turn down the screeches of one Ozzy Osbourne to pull out a magazine from underneath his bed. The stiff pages inside cracked as he turned them. "Christie Melons in her prime, man. Big tits. Big ass. Did a spread for the summer issue of '87. *That's* what I want in a girl right there, dude. Like, I'd never leave the fucking bed if she was on the other side. Goddamn what I wouldn't give to bust a nut inside of her."

Max drew in the smoke from his cigarette as he stared at the crinkly pages. It was a three-page spread, showing Christie Melons lying on the beach completely nude. Wet sand clung to her massive breasts, while a little tuft of pubic hair sat atop her exposed pussy. She had that *'come fuck me'* look in her eyes.

"Big boobs are, like, a waste, man. And they look ugly. It's just, like, a bunch of fat and such. I don't want anything more than a handful."

"So, you're telling me that you would turn this down?" Zeke asked.

Max blew smoke from the corner of his mouth. "No."

"Okay good. I thought something was wrong with you there for a moment."

Zeke stuffed the magazine away and pulled out another one, equally as faded. It was a Christmas issue, and Christie Melons was once again the cover girl, wearing a big red bow over her crotch. An arm covered her nipples, although just *barely*. She was looking at the camera innocently. The middle spread showed her with some guy in multiple positions, his cock clearly inside of her in most of the pictures.

"Her one and only hardcore shoot," Zeke said. "Near the end of her career. I guess you could say that she went out with a bang, eh?"

Max shrugged his shoulders. "Why are you showing me this again? You can wait until I head home before you go touching yourself."

"Because you asked what my fantasy woman would look like."

"I did? Oh. Yeah, uh, that's cool and all."

"So what's your type?"

Max stared off into space as the end of the cigarette lit up to a bright orange. The piercing in his upper lip glowed with the same color, while the small rings in his ear jingled as he moved the cigarette down and tapped it at the edge of the ashtray.

"Evil woman," he muttered.

"What?"

He motioned his head toward the stereo. "Evil woman. The song, man."

"Oh, right. I love that song, too."

Zeke hopped across the room, playing an invisible guitar as he mouthed the lyrics. Then, he went to his knees and tried to slide across the floor, though the carpet stopped him immediately. He leaned back with one arm in the air, proudly displaying his *Black Sabbath* shirt.

Just following the conclusion of the song, there was a loud *thud* on the roof. Then, something banged against the window.

"What the hell was that?" Zeke asked, getting up. "You hear that?"

"Uh, yeah man," Max replied calmly. "Some bird or something."

"That wasn't a bird. It sounded way too big for that."

After turning the stereo's volume down, Zeke twisted the knob and swung the window open. A blast of frigid air hit him in the face, dazing him for a moment before he stepped forward and leaned over the windowsill, peering into the darkness.

"What is it?" Max asked from behind.

"Hell if I know," Zeke announced, looking left and right before turning his head up toward the roof. It was too dark to make out anything, but nothing seemed out of the ordinary.

Then, a hand reached out from below and grabbed him by the shirt.

"*Jesus fuck!*"

"A little help down here?" a woman called out, hanging from the windowsill by her fingertips. "I've gone and gotten myself into a bit of a bind here."

After composing himself and stealthily checking whether or not he had pissed his pants out of pure shock, Zeke lent the woman a strong arm and hoisted her through the window. A sigh of relief turned into a gasp of terror as she stumbled through, colliding into her friendly assistant. The two fell to the floor in a blur of flailing arms and legs, with Zeke ending up with a great eyeful of pale cleavage right below his chin. An umbrella crashed into the room behind her, rolling to a stop at their feet.

"*Ugh!* You wouldn't believe this dumb weather!" the woman complained. "Unpredictable wind patterns and sudden cold fronts. I'm lucky to make it out of there alive."

Zeke tore his eyes away from the tops of the woman's breasts. "I'm sorry, but who are you? And why were you hanging from my window like a monkey?"

"The name's Mary Bigguns," she explained. "Caught a northward wind out of here, but turbulence sent me crashing down. Hope I didn't do too much damage to the place."

Once they were both standing again, Zeke rushed to his stereo and cranked the volume all the way down, before readjusting his *Black Sabbath* t-shirt.

As the woman brushed herself off, it was hard not to look at her chest. Her assets were even more glorious now that she was standing upright, *bulging* out of her corset and looking like they'd fall out at any second. It was a miracle that everything was kept in place, though Zeke couldn't see how. They instantly reminded him of Christie Melons's tits, humongous and unbelievably firm for their size.

"Well then," Mary Bigguns went on, retrieving her umbrella. "I better be on my way. The night's only going to get darker, and the wind colder. It's not exactly easy flying around out there."

"*Flying*?" Zeke asked. "Wait a minute. What do you mean you were *flying*?"

"With my trusty umbrella, of course!" she explained with a smile. "It's got a few bugs in it, but it hasn't killed me yet. Better than taking the bus, I can assure you."

Zeke turned to Max, who looked more like a frozen wax figure than a human being. Little wisps of smoke snaked out of the end of his cigarette while he stared off into the distance.

"You, *uh*, fly with that thing?"

"As a matter of fact, I do!" Mary Bigguns said gleefully. "Now, if you two don't mind, I better be going. Sorry for the intrusion. I hope I didn't interrupt anything important."

Zeke snorted. "No ... not really."

"Well then, adios!"

Mary Bigguns turned on her heel and grabbed her umbrella. The contraption looked to be in good condition still, though the fall had left it with a few dings and scrapes. Nonetheless, it appeared to still be in working order despite the damage. She made a beeline for the window, but paused when she noticed an old cardboard box peeking out from under the boy's bed. Her eyes immediately focused on the magazines within.

"You like girls with big tits, do you?" she asked, turning.

Zeke scratched the back of his neck. "*No .... er*, yeah. I mean, sort of, and such. Honestly, the size isn't all that important."

He tried to push the box back under his bed with a foot, but Mary Bigguns came over and pulled it out. Zeke immediately returned his foot next to the other and pretended to act casual.

The woman flipped through the contents, eyeing one big-boob magazine after another. "These all seem to have a common theme, don't they? You have an eye for girls with a lot extra up top."

"Well—"

"And this one in particular," Mary Bigguns said, cutting in. "Christie Melons. She seems to be in most of them. A fantasy girl of yours?"

"You could say that, I guess."

"Check the insides," Max spoke. "You'll find your answer to that."

"She wasn't asking you," Zeke blurted.

Mary Bigguns thumbed through the stiff, crinkly pages to find Christie Melons posing on the beach, getting steadily undressed with each subsequent photograph. By the middle, she was completely nude and exposing herself in every way imaginable.

Other issues were similar, including one photo collection where she was lactating. The entire release was devoted to big-chested girls and milk, with Christie Melons being the focal point of the compilation. Ten pages were devoted to her, with most of the pictures depicting the half-naked—and sometimes *fully* naked—girl squeezing the milk from her breasts or sucking on them.

"I have a thing for big boobs, too," Mary Bigguns said.

"Wait, what?" Zeke asked, dumbfounded.

She stood up and started to unlace her corset. The constrictive material seemed to loosen in small steps, expanding off of her waist until it was visibly too large to stay on by itself. Then, Ms. Bigguns pulled the front open, exposing her oversized assets to a pair of overly wide eyes.

Zeke gulped audibly, staring like a deer caught in the headlights.

"Like these, huh?" Mary Bigguns asked, grinning. She slowly swung her torso back and forth, causing the pendulous behemoths to sway breathtakingly.

"*Oh my sweet Christ*," Zeke muttered through his breath.

Mary Bigguns stepped closer. "You were having a conversation before I intruded, weren't you? I heard bits and pieces of it from outside. Something about what you liked in a woman, wasn't it?"

Zeke shook his head. "Nah, that was just the stereo."

"No, I'm certain of it. Big tits, wasn't it? And curvy girls? Like your private stash?"

Zeke wiped the sweat from his forehead. "Yeah, I mean, who doesn't, right? But I like all sorts of girls. Any girl."

Mary Bigguns was light on her feet, stepping forth without a sound from her heels. With only inches of hot, sweaty air separating the two of them, she leaned in close, exhaling upon the boy's parted lips. She closed in for a kiss, but pulled back just seconds before their mouths would've touched. Zeke was visibly shaking in his shoes.

"Tell me," she said softly, before turning to the one other person in the room. "What was it he wanted in a girl?"

Max drew in hard and long from the cigarette before exhaling the smoke from the corner of his mouth. "Big, fat tits. Big ass. Those were his words, I think. I don't remember much of it."

"Mmmmm, yes," she breathed. "That's all I needed to hear."

Mary Bigguns pulled out her trusty magic wand and steadied it between her fingers. The mention of *big tits* and *big ass* had made the temperature in the room go up by a solid ten degrees or more. She eyed the deliciously-curved Christie Melons on the front magazine in Zeke's pile, liking what she saw. Despite their obvious differences, Ms. Bigguns and this boy had a few things in common, it seemed.

"Recite them one more time," she cooed, licking her bottom lip. "*Slowly*."

Max sighed. "Whatever. He likes big tits and such."

"*Big tits*?"

"Yeah, that's what I said, wasn't it? *Big tits*."

Mary Bigguns closed her eyes as the magic wand came to life. It became warm with raw energy, taking her naughty thoughts and transforming them into tangible fantasy. From the end came an eruption of pink and teal glitter in a small arc, but the individual fragments seemed to have a life of their own as they swooped up before hitting the ground and zoomed toward the boy a few feet away.

"What in the hell is that?" Zeke demanded, as the sparkling lights focused on his body and circled around him from all sides. He raised his arms as they drew in close, hugging the contours of his torso until they seemed to compress and concentrate on one specific area: his *chest*.

Mary Bigguns imagined the changes in her head as the magic wand brought it all to life.



Zeke stooped over as a hot, thorny tingle invaded his upper body. His hands flew out to his chest, pushing through the bright glitter as something prickly touched the inside of his skin. He winced and glanced down to the source of the irritation, right as two *swelling mounds* erupted from underneath the *Black Sabbath* logo, stretching it all out of proportion. They heaved and grew with each quick breath, like a pair of balloons taking on air in rapid, repetitive gulps. The fabric groaned and pulled tight, pinning them together into one bulbous monstrosity of flesh and fat that shouldn't have been there in the first place.

Restrained by only a thin male t-shirt and two hands of questionable steadiness, the mountainous globes were rather animated, undulating and *squishing* underneath fingers that seemed to doubt their existence even with direct contact. Below the fabric, two *extremely* hard nipples pressed against trembling palms.

Mary Bigguns eyed her work with great satisfaction. The boy's shirt was definitely the wrong fit now—and the wrong *style*—to compliment such great female breasts. The collar was stretched out from his neck, and the bottom came up to his belly button, and for good reason. The curve of their size was *immense*, giving the impression that Zeke was stuffing two cantaloupes under his t-shirt. Though, these beauties were nowhere near as rock-solid as a pair of melons from the produce aisle.

"*Whoa*," Max uttered, forgetting the cigarette between his fingers.

"Lady, what did you do?" Zeke asked. The breasts gradually settled after slipping from his hands, creating a great fold in the fabric of his shirt that only enhanced their already outrageous size. "I have *tits*!"

"And *beautiful* ones at that, if I say so myself," Mary Bigguns added. "Just like the great Christie Melons. One in ten thousand girls. You should be proud of them."

"Yeah, if I was a girl, then maybe," Zeke reasoned.

"You," the woman said, turning to the one other observer in the room. "Show him that you don't have to be a girl to enjoy having some big boobs."

Max raised his hands. "I don't want any part of this."

"*Do it*, or you'll wish you listened when I said it the first time," Mary Bigguns snapped.

"Okay *okay*. Look at me. See? I'm going."

Besides how visibly *large* they were, Zeke's first impression was that they were downright *heavy*. Breasts weren't filled with air, after all, and all that fat and flesh was already straining his back. It felt like they were going to pull him down to the ground if he wasn't careful. Everything below the neck felt off balance.

Max came up next to him and stopped.

"You," Ms. Bigguns said, pointing with her wand. "You play with your friend's tits. Go on. Don't be shy about it."

"No way!" Zeke complained. "That's gross!"

Mary Bigguns tapped her wand, sending a stream of glitter racing across the room. Zeke closed his mouth shut as it all came flying to his face. Yet, invisible fingers seemed to pull his lips apart. Seeing the opening, the glitter rushed into his throat, where Zeke felt a strange tingle.

Turning to his friend, he exhaled softly, before a girl's voice said, "You want to feel me up, big *stud*, before you *fuck me*?" A hand shot to his mouth.

Mary Bigguns smiled. "That's better. I was getting tired of your whining. A boy gets a chance to play with some big tits, and he complains? *Ugh*, give me a break and make up your mind. Go on, you. You know how to handle some big boobs, right?"

Max shrugged. "Uh, sure."

"Alright then. Pretend your friend is one hot-looking lady who wants you. She wants you *really bad*."

Zeke couldn't help but feel the contour of his lips with his tongue. They were softer. *Plumper*. And that bulge in his throat was gone, too. The tingles had ceased, but it was clear that the wand had already done its damage.

Hands came and tentatively wrapped him up from behind. Hands that weren't *his*. The fingers slid across the round curve of his clearly feminine assets, coming to the apex where his nipples stood out underneath of the shirt, proud and stiff. And they *squeezed* him there, fingers sinking into his abundant flesh and palms gliding across his firm nipples. The logo of *Black Sabbath* rippled with action.

Zeke removed the hand from his mouth to complain about this nonsense, but only a high-pitched moan came from his throat! *No, that's not what I wanted to do!*

Instead, he resorted to physical action. Before Max got a little *too* adventurous with those hands of his, he reached down to pry the fingers off himself. His friend only had a light grip, and it was easy to yank his arms away.

"I don't think so," Ms. Bigguns spoke, using her wand again.

Zeke saw the bright sparkles from the corner of his eye, and then he was *pulling* Max's hands back to his tits! He guided them to his huge mounds, spreading the fingers out so that they could grope as much tit-flesh as possible. Looking at his own hands, it was no question as to why. His hands and fingers were dainty, with long feminine nails! The rest of his arms were hairless and slim. *Girl's arms!*

"*Mmm*, yeah, that's it right there," he moaned. "Touch my big titties like you mean it, big boy."

Mary Bigguns watched the scene unfold exactly how she had planned from the start. Well okay, not exactly. There had been some complications along the way, and that admirer of big tits wasn't so enticed when it was his *own* boobs getting groped and caressed. Still, she greatly approved of that tremendous swell under his shirt, a size that rivaled her own chest.

With the two boys occupied—and her little subject saying some *really* naughty things to set the mood—she moved a hand to her own breast and gave it a squeeze. The pink nipple hardened instantly, lengthening enough for her fingers to enclose it and give it a twist. A shallow moan escaped her throat, and then a hand was moving to her lower body without the slightest command to send it there. Her swollen lips parted with a sharp exhale as it traced her belly and found the edge of her skirt. The silky material was no match for her eager fingers.

"*Oh yes*. Keep fondling them, dear boy. Take his shirt off if you must. *Ohhh!* Suck on those delicious tits until your mouth tires!"

Zeke felt compelled to bite his bottom lip, his mouth rumbling with quick, shallow breaths. The sensual touch on his boobs ceased, though his feminine hands were swift to replace Max's more masculine ones. The autonomous fingers held them up high and tight, pressing them hard together. Zeke couldn't stop them from pinching his nipples through the t-shirt's fabric, or a girlish squeal emitting from his lips.

His eyes, on the other hand, were wide with terror.

He thought about making a run for it, but Mary Bigguns locked his feet in place with that little wand of hers, and it didn't go past his attention that his toes and ankles seemed smaller inside of his shoes. The same treatment as his hands and arms had received, undoubtedly.

As the strange woman had requested, Max pulled on his *Black Sabbath* t-shirt by rolling the fabric upward with his fingers. Zeke squirmed in place as a gust of air rushed up to his tits, tickling his skin. With careful positioning and a well-coordinated yank, his mammoth mammaries came rolling out, slapping down against his chest. Rosy nipples stood proud and erect on *giant* mounds of creamy flesh, pulsing with erotic energy.

Mary Bigguns felt a spark in her loins as she gazed upon the beauties that her wand had created. The famed Christie Melons had a rival for her fantastic bust, but she decided that the boy's assets were *better* after a quick mental comparison. And when the second boy came around to the front of the first to meet those hard nipples with his lips, Mary pushed a finger across her wet folds, tracing the moist cleft that made her tremble from head to toe.

"*Suck 'em*, stud," Zeke heard himself say. "Suck on those big, juicy nipples."

*No! No, this is too weird! Max, why can't you hear me? Max!*

The left nipple slipped between his lips, and Zeke immediately felt the other boy's tongue swirling around it. A jolt rocked his loins immediately, while his toes curled inside of their oversized sweaty socks. Max worked his lips along the nub until they were flush with the areola. Then, he drew the air from his mouth, *pulling* on the nipple with suction.

"*Oh yes! Just like that! Lick 'em up good!*"

Mary Bigguns found the boy's private stash of naughty magazines again—while keeping one eye on the scene unfolding directly in front of her. With a hand firmly between her legs, she plopped herself on the edge of his bed and flipped through the pages, finding some intensely *erotic* scenes with Ms. Melons in all sorts of poses. In the middle, a folded piece of paper rolled out, showcasing the busty centerfold in all her glory on the beach, wet sand sprinkled upon her perfect body. She moaned after eyeing up her curves, thrusting that finger hard into her waiting cunt.

Zeke twisted his head back, right as dark curls came raining down into his eyes. He hadn't seen the wand used, but it was no surprise. A feminine hand automatically swiped them out of the way, while his friend dutifully sucked on his fat tit, making sure that nipple got all the attention that it craved for. Of course, he couldn't leave the other untouched. With one getting wrapped up by a wet, slimy tongue, Zeke played with the second, twisting it hard and pinching the tender nub until it was sore to the touch. The fleshy mountains on his ribcage jiggled as his body vibrated with pleasure from down below.

Against all odds, he was *hard*. Hard as *hell*, as a matter of fact. Zeke felt his boner trying to tear through his pants, and the visible tent it made down below was *staggering*—whenever he could see it over his massive tits, that was.

Wide-eyed with surprise, Zeke watched as one of his rebellious hands went down below to his crotch, clasping his male member through the denim. The head of it swelled and pushed out more, and his fingers pinched it harder yet, causing his rear to jut out.

"*Ohhh my dick is so hard! Too bad it isn't a wet pussy.*"

*No! Oh no! Not that! Anything but that!*

Mary Bigguns rolled on the bed with a finger buried in her tight entrance, slipping it back and forth as the slick walls rippled with pleasure. Cradling a breast with her hand and guiding the nipple to her mouth, she pictured the sweet boy—or the girl whose voice he now spoke with—having the wish granted. He was already partway there, and having those big tits didn't help his case for maintaining a male image, and nor did that slutty voice.

"I just want a wet hole to slip my fingers into! *Ohhh!* Tight and ... *mmmmm* inviting!"

Pausing from her frantic finger dance and steadying the wand, the task was done within a matter of moments. Mary Bigguns pointed the business end at her target, and then directed the

power within to change everything else as well. Big tits and a wet pussy were nice, but the boy needed the whole package to have the most fun out of it! Besides, the less ugly male parts left over, the better.

Zeke felt the changes firsthand, for the hand at his crotch was firmly around the shaft of his cock when the transformation started. It withered away like a dying plant, losing stiffness and thickness at the same time. Taut skin became loose wrinkles as it pulled back, slipping through his closing fingers and escaping his grasp. The girl who controlled the hand forced it back toward his crotch, but Zeke figured she wasn't searching for his dwindling penis.

With a final jolt in his loins, Zeke felt the head of his cock drawing inside of him, burrowing up into his body with startling velocity. When the eager fingers came to his groin, there was no sign of it. Folds wet and swollen brought a smile to his mouth, stretching his plump lips thin and wide.

It was then that Zeke felt like a passenger in his own body, strapped in and unable to reach the controls. He was swimming in an ocean of erotic bliss, with no sense of direction.

Max had not tired of sucking on his nipple, but Zeke wanted more. With a fiery burst of passion, he shoved his bountiful tits into his partner's face, swinging them back and forth. With their great size and weight, the resulting impact across his cheek was felt throughout the rest of his body. The gigantic mounds quivered and throbbed, until Zeke brought them back under control with his hands and pulled Max up into a hot, tongue-infested kiss.

*No! Noooooo!*

The changes came fast, now. Zeke felt the tingles in his face, centered around his nose and chin, and then spreading to his eyes and forehead. He wrapped up Max tight and hard, pressing his heavy tits into the boy's chest with not a single regret. Meanwhile, his tongue worked its way inside of his mouth, all while the little pores on his chin sucked all the tiny hairs back inside, leaving his face baby-smooth.

His shoulders cracked and popped before snapping inward. Zeke only had to blink once before they were completely changed and unrecognizable, leaving his shirt oversized. After, the wave progressed downward, consuming his chest and passing on, pulling his waist in to obvious female proportions.

"*Down here,*" he whispered to his lover, guiding Max's hands around his body, over his smooth belly and across his hips to his ass. The warmth spread to his rear just as the boy grabbed him there, caressing what had to be a completely grotesque backside changing into a round booty of stellar proportions.

Zeke thrust himself into the boy's arms, causing his pelvis to crack. And then a second time with the same result. Down below, the denim drew taut over his swelling bottom, pinching the growing flesh until there was no more room for his expanding rear. Meanwhile, Max caressed his developing curves, taking extra time at the apex of Zeke's now womanly rump.

And then, the fabric surrendered. With a rip so loud that it startled the two of them, Zeke's swelling ass broke free! A tear shot down the side of his leg, ripping threads along the seam. Smooth flesh spilled through the widening gap, pushing the denim apart.

"*Oh my God*," Max whispered.

Zeke smiled. "You can have my ass all you want. Just let me have your *dick*."

Mary Bigguns watched from the bed as her new creation stepped out of those ill-fitting, ugly clothes. Zeke wouldn't need them anymore, or *anything* else in his closet for that matter. The vision of beauty that came from the cocoon of an average boy was *perfect* from head to toe. She resembled her template almost exactly. With a pair of tits to suffocate a man's cock, and a round, jiggling ass to make *anyone* drool, she was the embodiment of sex and lust rolled into one hot package.

Ms. Bigguns threw herself back onto the mattress as her fingers quickened, unable to stop herself from getting off. Juices came from her lower entrance in abundance, streaking down her fast-moving fingers.

Zeke's body moved, though he did not command it to. With Max's scent upon his nostrils, growing ever stronger by the second, he got down onto his knees. His partner's maleness was obvious, a bulging shaft upturned inside of tight pants, several inches long and begging to be released. He followed the curve of it with his fingertip, tracing its delectable shape from tip to base, feeling it throb underneath. His gentle touch came with a response, as it hardened some more.

Max shifted from one foot to the other, antsy about what was to come next.

Zeke felt no pause in his muscles, or hesitation in his bones. His pleas for help went unanswered, silent in the mind of his own prison of girl-flesh. A slack jaw on the inside was a naughty grin on the outside, with eyes full of lust and skin crawling with goose bumps.

With Max's pants undone, the bulge underneath shifted, struggling for room as the taut material loosened around it. Zeke slipped his hand inside to find the warm hardness for himself. With his fingers wrapping around the prize, he pulled it out for the first time. A swollen cockhead lunged forth to greet him, leaking a droplet of pre-cum.

His hand worked it automatically, sweeping up and down the shaft as if it were his own cock, though Max's seemed a bit larger in his grasp than what the memory of his own told him. Nevertheless, there was a hunger in his belly, and a deep pit well inside of his lower abdomen, burning hot with desire.

With a dry mouth and a tongue that would not stay still, Zeke leaned in until his breath was on the totem of maleness, while his nose inhaled the sweet, musky stench of it. It rushed into

his body, tickling him inside-out. As a line of drool trickled from the corner of his mouth, he took the head of it with his lips and guided it to a nice warm cavern.

"*Oh God!*" Max groaned, while stroking the girl's dark curls. The glossy threads entwined with his fingers, while her dark brown eyes looked up at him from beyond. His pulsing prick filled her mouth.

Zeke cried out for help from inside, but the nightmare did not end. He could *taste* every throbbing inch of it, that swollen head and thick shaft all in one stale flavor that rushed to his taste buds. But, the girl did not halt, and nor did she pull her mouth from it just yet. She pressed her head onward, causing the cock to charge toward the back of his throat. Zeke thought he was going to gag, but somehow his esophagus opened wide for it, accepting the end of it without the tiniest evidence of a struggle. A bit of pre-cum dribbled from the head.

That image of Max panting for breath and rolling his head back in pleasure burned itself into the back of Zeke's mind, while the taste of cock kept his thoughts in the present, never drifting. He could feel it pulse between his lips, rippling with a strange, erotic energy. It grew a bit more as the girl gulped it down, stretching his mouth wider still.

However, sensual rhythm became erotic disorder. Max grabbed him tight by his long tresses to pull him toward his crotch, but the girl didn't need the encouragement. She worked his cock with unparalleled swiftness, thrusting her head back and forth as her lips gobbled it all down repeatedly. Lines of drool slung in all directions, while her throat emitted a near-constant gurgling sound. She grabbed his scrotum and played with his testicles, rolling them around individually in her palm. Now, the reins had truly been lost, though Zeke felt he didn't have them from the start. His heavy breasts bounced constantly, receiving some of the back-splatter from his mouth.

Zeke slipped a hand between his legs again to finger his folds. They were noticeably wetter than before, *drenched* all the way across. Though slightly disoriented from the head-banging motion of a true face-fuck, he stuffed one finger inside of his tight cunt, and then a second. The ribbed interior was *soaking wet*, and he penetrated his womanhood with ease.

*In and out. In and out.*

And the cock in his mouth. *In and out. In and out.*

Zeke's loins were burning. All the muscles in his body tightened at once, while several tingles raced to his extremities. He clenched his fingers *hard* around Max's leg as he lunged forward, swallowing every inch of that fat cock until there was nothing left in front of his mouth except pubic hair. It swelled once more inside, pulsing faster than ever as the head of it curved down into his throat.

Max gave no warning other than a loud gasp for air. His abdomen buckled for a moment, and then there was no turning back. His fingers dug into Zeke's scalp as the warm cum of his explosive release shot down his throat, filling his belly with several long-lasting spurts. The

surprise of his climax almost caused Zeke to choke, but he regained his composure and tightened his lips around the shaft, while a sticky ribbon of cum oozed from one of his nostrils.

And then it was over. Max's hot gift had passed between partners, and Zeke slowly pulled his head back from the cock. Along the way, he sucked every last drop of cum out, leaving the entire thing spotless and glimmering. He then wiped away the bit on his upper lip and swallowed that down too. His belly burned pleasantly, while the fingers from below came back thoroughly wet.

"*Oh yes! Ohhhh!*" Mary Bigguns screamed from the bed, throwing her head back and arching her spine suddenly. Her entire torso trembled as the orgasm came and went, reaching its tingling fingers out from her core and touching the farthest parts of her sweaty body. Her fingers went in the deepest yet before going still, resting inside of her tender hole as the muscles within relaxed their grip.

She sucked each and every one of her fingers dry as she sat up again, spotting the nude Zeke with his voluptuous body, looking like an absolute treat with that huge rack and ass. Frankly, she preferred this version of him over the old one, and Max seemed to be a responsible partner, all-in-all.

Mary Bigguns crossed her legs and scooted to the edge of the bed, grinning maniacally.

"Now, I wonder what your sis' is up to. I bet she doesn't know how much fun she's missing out on."

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Vanessa's mouth gaped, swallowing down as much oxygen as humanly possible. The room was steaming hot, and her body hotter still. Perspiration caked her skin from head to toe, granting a luster to her heavy, firm breasts and everything else that her eyes came upon.

The mirror framed her nudity, displaying her juicy round ass and that pink vibrator stuffed up inside of her cunt—or just the base of it, anyway. Her pussy lips were swollen and red, ripe with her own tasty juices. Inside, the walls of her sweet entrance reverberated with consistent tremors as the AA batteries did their job, sending constant waves of pleasure up from her groin to elsewhere in her naked body.

But it wasn't enough. Vanessa pushed a finger inside of her mouth, imagining that it was some thick cock ready to blow a load down the back of her throat at any second. She moaned like a slut, rocking her pelvis back and forth to the mechanical music note between her legs. But, the taste grew stale and the finger had no warm gift to give, so she moved the same finger to her



ass. It plopped right in with ease, and Vanessa clenched her anus around it, thrusting the digit as deep as it could possibly go. She rolled her head back, biting into her bottom lip.

But that wasn't enough either.

Finally, she wrapped up her gigantic breasts and brought one to her lips, accepting the rosy nipple into her mouth. They were truly enormous things now, huge heaps of flesh that easily put Mandy's to shame. Bras would be expensive as *hell* to contain these monsters, but Vanessa rarely thought of that. Or anything else other than her sexy, naked body.

She didn't see the door open, or the girl that came through. A sweet scent passed through her nostrils, and then she turned to see the beauty standing above her, nude from head to toe, looking down.

Somehow she knew. His body was vastly different and there was no evidence of his former self, but she *knew*. Maybe it was the scent of his changed body, or that look in his dark eyes, ogling her. His face was softened and altered, but not totally unrecognizable.

Without a second thought, she knew she had to have him.

"*Kiss me*," she whispered before ever standing. "*Kiss me now*."

The vibrator slipped from her wet pussy to land on the floor, but Vanessa took no notice. The female beauty in her doorway drew her in close, pulling her in like a fishing line with a sizeable trout twitching on the end of it. She didn't even remember using her feet to get there.

Zeke opened his arms, and then they were together, kissing and nibbling and *grinding* their sweaty, glistening bodies with no other care in the world. Her brother surprised her with his tongue, but she accepted it without complaint and returned the favor, shoving hers as far into the back of his mouth as she could. One of his hands came up and found her breast, and she found his. Vanessa moaned into his hot mouth as quick-moving fingers twisted one of her raw nipples, sending a spark racing down to her loins. At the same time, her brother writhed against her, breathing passionately as she grasped one of his massive, pendulous breasts.

"*Vanessa*," he whispered, pausing from the kiss. The words were actually his this time. "I can't help myself. I'm so ... *hot* down below."

"*Me too*," Vanessa panted in return. "Don't say anything more."

She pulled on his bottom lip and yanked it back, before letting it go to bounce back into place. His eyes made her feel weak in the knees and even hotter in the loins, while his soft touch made her squirm in place.

One of her hands followed the curve of his cheek. That soft, *hairless* cheek. And the smooth chin, and the plump lips which she had to force herself not to kiss again. The warmth of his breath tickled her nose.

Vanessa had so many questions to ask, though her lips never made the effort to produce the words. The curiosity about his changed body was soon overrun by tempting desire. His female scent was strong and growing stronger. She breathed in heavily as she took him in her arms again, pressing her swollen chest out to his to create one *immense* valley of cleavage between the two of them. The hand upon his breast slipped lower, following the sharp curve of his waist and the swell of his transformed backside. Her brother's ass was just like hers now, wide and *round*.

Her fingers clenched him hard, and then he was tight against her. Vanessa planted soft kisses along his collarbone before leaning down, allowing the tremendous mounds to come into her field of view. Like her own, his breasts were *beyond* enormous, like two creamy mountains that miraculously held their shape well without some form of support. The awe of their size and structure pulled her in, guiding that hardening nipple straight to her wet lips. She opened wide and took it inside of her mouth.

Zeke caressed his sister's cheek lovingly as the girl pretended to nurse from his bosom. His nipple was so tender and raw from earlier that it didn't take much to make him squeal. That, and Vanessa was quite good with her tongue—better than Max had been, at least.

"*Oh shit*," he breathed. "*Mmmmm* that feels wonderful."

But Vanessa wasn't content. While sucking from one nipple, she squeezed his other breast and used her thumb and forefinger to pinch the second one. Zeke's body trembled as the wrinkled nub hardened and erected from the creamy hilltop, stretching between her fingers.

While rapidly flicking the one between her lips with her tongue, Vanessa spotted something curious. Her brother's tits had changed over the last thirty seconds, though it wasn't anything major. Deep green veins became apparent under his pale skin, while the nipple itself darkened to a reddish-brown, swelling at the same time. She twisted the nipple again, causing a milky-white substance to spray from the end. At the same time, she tasted something sweet on her tongue.

"Zeke, you're ... *lactating*!" she pointed out, letting go.

Her brother slowly came back to reality, eyelids fluttering. "Am I?"

"What else would you call it?"

To Zeke, his overly large mammaries *did* feel extra firm and somewhat heavier than before, though he hadn't really thought anything about it until now. Squeezing his humongous tits produced a pleasant warmth inside, while enough pressure applied resulted in a stream of a white liquid oozing from the ends. With a forceful pinch, the contents sprayed out in an arc.

Vanessa slipped a hand between her legs to play with her moistened folds again, though it was hardly a cure for her rabid arousal. She flung herself on her brother with a vengeance,

pushing him against the wall violently and taking one of his dark nipples back into her mouth. The sweetness of his milk was on her tongue instantly, and she pulled more of it out, savoring each small gulp down to her waiting belly.

Zeke was in heaven. He thought his tits were sensitive before, but now it was cranked up to eleven. He breathed hard and fast as his sister drew the milk out of the right one, pulling lightly with her teeth and working her lips rhythmically like a nursing infant. Though partially disoriented by the sheer amount of pleasure, Zeke wanted to return the favor. With Vanessa's mouth making sweet sucking noises, he moved his hands to her own tits and grabbed them from below. The abundant flesh was quick to spill through his dainty fingers as he tried to handle them. And, to top it off, he felt a wetness in his palms there, too.

He wasn't the only one *lactating*!

Zeke drew it out with his fingers until all ten of them were coated in warm milk. Then, he sucked each and every one of them dry, moaning right along with his sister as the sweet taste of it entered his mouth for the first time.

Finally, Vanessa came up for air, milk spilling from her lips.

"*Take me!*" she commanded. She didn't have to say it twice.

They crashed to the bed together, Vanessa on top of Zeke. Their breasts hadn't stopped quivering yet before she thrust a hand to his warm groin and found his wet womanhood. Her brother did the same to her, probing her soaked mound and fingering her tender folds. She traced the outline of it, finding no surprises other than the obvious one of him having a tight little pussy instead of a cock down there. Yet, what else did she expect?

She thrust against him as a man would, slamming her pelvis into his voluptuous figure. Down below, her fingers quickened across his slippery cunt, toying with his clit before sliding further back to his waiting hole. She gave no warning before pushing two fingers up inside of him and watching as his beautiful face contorted into several short-lived expressions. His lips opened wide, and a hot moan came rushing out. Vanessa took the opportunity to kiss him once more, swapping milk-flavored saliva.

Zeke undulated on the mattress as his sister pumped him good and hard. His breasts shook violently and slapped him on the chin multiple times, but he paid little attention to it. Down below, he squeezed those mischievous fingers with his pussy walls, experiencing a pleasure unlike anything when he had been a man.

The hotness in his belly expanded until he could take no more of it. Panting for breath, his body exploded all at once, spine arching sharply into the air. He cried out the loudest yet into his sister's ear, writhing in unrestrained pleasure as the juices flowed between his legs.

Mary Bigguns happened to be close to the action. The windowsill was a perfect vantage point to watch the two lovebirds going at it, and she loved girl-on-girl more than anything—

*especially* when both of them had some huge knockers! Vanessa's ass looked so round and inviting, but Zeke's wasn't bad either.

"Girls! I commend you on an excellent show!"

Zeke wiped the hair from his eyes and looked over his sister's shoulder as the strange woman stepped into the room. He felt a sense of worry, but it quickly passed.

"Might I make the spectacle a little more *fun*? If you don't mind, of course."

The two watched as Ms. Bigguns retrieved her little wand again and steadied it between her fingers. This time, she pointed it toward the still-vibrating sex toy on the carpet, which had been left behind in Vanessa's haste to fuck her brother senseless. A rush of that strange glitter came at once, encompassing the entire thing until not one spot of its pink surface was to be seen. Then, the sparkling cocoon seemed to expand, lengthening and curving until it was at least two feet long.

Both sets of eyes widened as the glitter vanished, leaving behind a lengthy double-ended dildo!

Mary Bigguns smiled wide. "Have fun, you two."

Zeke practically leapt from the bed, pushing his sister off in the process. His tiny feet scrambled and his fingers clawed into the carpet, pulling him forward. One end of the dildo went straight into his mouth where his tongue happily swirled around the pink translucent cockhead, leaving a thick trail of saliva in its wake.

Ownership of the toy was short-lived, however, as Vanessa rushed after him and swiped it away with one good grab. Her brother's teeth were nearly pulled out.

"But I got to it first!" Zeke whined.

Vanessa flopped herself onto the bed and rolled onto her back, playfully gnawing on the other end before wrapping her lips around it. She pushed it in and out of her mouth like a real cock, while her cheeks sunk in around the tip. Then, it came out with a *plop*.

"Well? Come and get it then."

Even after reaching orgasm only a few minutes ago, Zeke didn't have to wait long for the much-anticipated sequel. He jumped onto the bed and straddled his sister's hips, grinning widely. Squatting down, he grinded his warm womanhood across her abdomen, leaving a damp streak just above her nether region. Her neatly-trimmed pubic hair tickled his sensitive lips.

Vanessa offered the other end of it to him, and Zeke took it without a second thought. The wet cockhead greeted his lips a second time, while his horny sister looked up from below, never letting her eyes off him.

Truthfully, it wasn't as good as a real cock. It didn't pulse with a heartbeat, and the head didn't leak with any tasty pre-cum. Though, to Zeke, it wasn't all that bad. He shoved as much as he could into his mouth, opening his throat wide as it curved into his esophagus. Copious amounts of slobber leaked from his lips, hanging down from the bright pink shaft impaled in his mouth.

Vanessa took this as a challenge. If there was one person in this room who could deep-throat a cock, then it was most certainly going to be her! With her fingertips tight around the middle, she guided it along her tongue, making sure to take precaution so as to not accidentally gag on the thing. It felt massive in her throat. Nevertheless, she worked it in until no more could go down. Drool bubbled from her lips as it did from Zeke's, while their mouths stayed only a few inches apart.

Eventually, enough was enough. Zeke had to take a deep breath and whipped the dildo out of his mouth, gasping for air. Vanessa did the same a moment later, feeling victorious in the competition. She coughed before gulping down all of that extra saliva in her mouth.

"Not bad, bro'. I didn't know you could suck a dick with the best of them," Vanessa said, smiling.

"You too," Zeke replied. "I guess it's a natural talent."

"And a good one to have."

Zeke eyed up his sister's body lustfully as he scooted back and spread his legs. The abundant wetness down below was apparent right away, and Vanessa's pussy wasn't any less drenched. He carefully brought a finger from the bottom of it, scooping up some of the juices to have a taste. Little droplets of milk continued to leak from his swollen nipples, even without direct stimulation.

"Here," Vanessa said, offering him the end of the dildo once more. "You know where this goes?"

Zeke giggled. "I've had a pussy long enough to know how to use this thing."

"Oh yeah? You want to take a bet?"

Zeke's eyes took in Vanessa's nude form in full. An hour ago, seeing his sibling naked would've been something he never thought about. It might've been hard to believe, but he wasn't a *huge* pervert before transforming into a big-titted slut! Now, there was only intense passion in his eyes. Her immense breasts heaved so gracefully for their size, heavy and full of milk. A glistening streak ran down each one, beginning at the nipples. Then, his eyes fell across her smooth belly and to that bulbous pink cockhead waiting in the foreground.

"Just promise me one thing," Vanessa breathed as she guided the toy to her waiting cunt.

"What?"

"Don't tell anyone else about this."

The end of it went up inside of him with surprising ease, though the thick layer of drool surely had something to do with it. Zeke's plump lips curled and wrinkled slightly as the pink head disappeared into the warm, wet cavern between his quivering thighs. His sister had the toy bent at the middle initially, but now it uncoiled like a serpent, wiggling its way into his tight womanhood.

"*Oh fuck*," Vanessa let out, doing the same on the other end. "It's so much bigger than that vibrator was!"

Zeke never imagined he'd be sharing a dildo with his equally well-endowed sister, but it didn't seem so strange at the moment. Both of them were horny as hell and ready to fuck anything that moved. Luckily, they had each other. Oh, and a huge doubled-ended dildo. Can't forget that either.

He rolled his head back, grasping at his nipples blindly as the fake cock shoved into his entrance. His huge breasts were still wet with milk, but his fingers didn't stop. They squeezed his nipples, sending more of that tasty white substance shooting out, spraying on his lower body.

The bed rocked as Vanessa pushed with her feet on the mattress, sending her body back and forth with the dildo buried in her cunt. It wasn't long before Zeke mimicked the rhythm of his sister, humping his increasingly soiled bed as the pink toy lengthened and shortened repeatedly between their sweaty bodies.

"We need to ... *ohhhh* ... do this more often!" Vanessa squealed.

Zeke moaned in agreement.

The *fullness* of being penetrated down below was something that he had never experienced before, but soon it became everything that he wanted. Zeke moved harder and faster as the seconds ticked by, *forcing* that long dildo as deep as it could possibly go into his pussy. His inner walls squeezed it relentlessly, *gripping* it as it tried to get away from him.

Yet, he wanted *more*.

With one hand upon his milky breast, Zeke sent the other down to his crotch. The fingers curled suddenly as the dildo hit a sweet spot, but then he regained control. There was a hardness down there, not unlike a minuscule cock just above his vagina. He gave it a gentle rub, and then a quicker one shortly after. Several pleasurable tingles raced up his spine, and then the warmth in his belly surged without warning.

"*Oh my God!*" he screamed.

Vanessa glanced over with one eye. "You found your clit? *Oh shit!*"

Zeke nodded as his fingers furiously worked at the little nub hidden under delicate folds of skin. It grew some more as he continued to rub it, growing ever more sensitive with its size. Soon, it was highly perceptive, and *lightning bolts* were zapping his groin, keeping his vocal cords constantly busy.

"*Oh fuck! Fuck yes! Holy shit* that feels so good!"

Somewhere in the middle of the mutual masturbation, a third party appeared. Mary Bigguns came to the bed without emitting a single sound. That, or Zeke and Vanessa were too occupied with getting themselves off to notice a shape next to the bed.

"How about a bonus treat?" she suggested, petting the changed boy on the head. At her crotch was a six-inch black strap-on, wound tightly around her waist. Her purple skirt was missing.

Zeke took the plastic rod into his mouth without any reconsideration. It poked against the side of his cheek as the woman grabbed his head and pulled him upon its hardness. Drool pooled around his tight lips as he sucked it hard and quick, too lost in the moment.

Vanessa had her time with it too while Zeke got to watch it all. She gobbled it down as if it were a real cock, stiff and erect and just waiting to release a huge load of cum. Lines of spit seeped from her lips and landed on her glorious tits, only adding to the mess of juices that already gave her ample cleavage a permanent sheen.

With their bodies tiring, Zeke figured a change-up was in order to continue this romp. Thankfully, Ms. Bigguns had just the thing to take this to the next level.

Two bodies on the bed became three, and now it was Mary Bigguns behind Zeke, guiding her strap-on cock to his wet hole as the boy lapped at his sister's cunt. There were plenty of juices to taste, and all of them were equally flavorful on his tongue. He licked and licked until the strange woman penetrated him from behind, and then went on licking some more. Vanessa grabbed his head and smashed his face between her legs, moaning loudly as his tongue found her entrance just below. Zeke probed it immediately, all while getting pounded from behind.

"What a fine woman you've become," Mary Bigguns complimented, giving the boy's feminine ass a generous squeeze before slapping it. The size of it made her mouth water, as well as the rebound of his smooth flesh returning to its natural shape, round and plump.

With a bite to her lip, she pumped him quicker yet, holding him close and thrusting her pelvis back and forth. Her fingers crept around his face, finding a pair of lips that were eager to suck on them. Her other hand went down to a breast to pinch a nipple. Milk shot out so far that Vanessa was able to catch some of it in her mouth before she went back to moaning.

And then it was Vanessa's turn to take the pleasurable end of Ms. Bigguns's firm, plastic prick. She laid on top of Zeke as her body shunted back and forth, audible slaps being heard from behind her rump. With their breasts smashing together and milk streaming *everywhere*, she leaned in for another wet kiss. Zeke wrapped his arms around her back and held her tight, not wanting to let her go.

"I love you sis'," she whispered into Zeke's ear. "You're way better than ... *ahhh* ... that awful brother I had."

They climaxed as one. Zeke was still near the edge after sharing that dildo, and Vanessa came with Ms. Bigguns's violent fucking ramming her front behind. Her entire body writhed, beginning at the core and spreading out to her limbs. She clenched the sheets hard and screamed into Zeke's ear.

Then it was Zeke's turn, who experienced the orgasm much like his sister. The heat in his loins became too hot to bear. A second later, it was *racing* throughout his entire body, sending his back arching high into the air. Pleasant trembles dashed down his feminine thighs and toward his tiny toes, while more shot up his arms.

The two siblings wrapped each other up tight and kissed once more, savoring the comfort of each other as the afterglow set in. Both of them were completely drained.

After a few additional weakening thrusts, Mary Bigguns hopped off and pressed a little button on her strap-on. The entire thing folded up in a blur of motion, clanks and gears pulling it back into a small pouch on her belt. Then, her purple skirt came around her waist like curtains, wrapping to the front and connecting at the middle.

"Well, it's been fun, you two!" she announced, grabbing her umbrella. "Oh, and be careful for a couple of days. The both of you are going to be constantly horny, so share the dildo *please*. The last thing I want is the two of you fighting for it. On second thought ..."

Mary Bigguns aimed her wand at the dresser. Several sparks came shooting out, racing to the bottom drawer.

"There. Some extra toys to sweeten the deal. Now, I best be off. I don't want to be caught travelling when the sun comes up. People would *really* go crazy seeing some lady flying over town with her umbrella! Toodle-oo!"

The woman disappeared through the window before anything could be said.

"Well," Vanessa started, "I think this was officially the strangest day ever. Like, in *human history*."

She got up and went to the window to close it before more cold air made its way in.

Zeke sat up. "So, how did this all start again?"



"I just wanted bigger boobs, and my friend Mandy told me about this strange woman who flies around with an umbrella," Vanessa explained. "So, I said her name three times and there she was. Weird, huh?"

Zeke looked down at himself. There was momentary clarity in his thoughts and sudden realization about his current situation. No one else in the entire town was going to believe that it was still him under the girl's skin, not with those humongous tits and jiggling ass. And the pussy too, obviously.

And Vanessa was completely different as well, though she still had her own face at least. Zeke was just a stranger in the mirror with an outrageously curvy body and no clothes in his closet that could possibly fit him. They'd both need to get a new wardrobe.

But, not now.

Breathing in sharply, Zeke placed a hand between his legs again, feeling the warmth of his female parts. His toes twitched.

"Girls can have multiple orgasms, right?" he asked, looking up at his sister.

Vanessa grinned deviously before racing across the room and pouncing on him.

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