

Bound for Fun by DocAutomata

Part 3: Sharing Toys

"Wake up, baby."

I felt a gentle nudging at my shoulder. I responded appropriately by burying my head into my pillow with a protesting groan.

"Rachel and Chelsea are here. Do you want to go to the beach or not?"

I sighed, knowing I had no choice but to get up. I never was a morning person, but I *did* want to get to the beach before it got too crowded.

But...why was I in bed? Didn't I fall asleep in Jenny's lap? No, wait. I was holding Mistress in my arms as I dozed off, and then...

Oh. Master must've dismissed Jenny and carried me to bed at some point last night. It was strange having both sets of memories in my head, but they were easy enough to sort through.

Being Jenny was wonderful. I had felt so fulfilled, without a care in the world. My mind had been so restrained that it couldn't contain anything other than my love for Master and the intense pleasure of my big, voluptuous body.

Reveling in those memories, I groped at my huge, massive –

"Why are my boobs so small?" I asked, whining into my pillow.

"Jen, they're still bigger than your head."

I paused, realizing that I was back in my "normal" body. My boobs were still huge by anyone else's standards, but last night seemed to have completely upended my sense of scale.

I turned over to face him, my too-small breasts swinging from side to side. "Can you make them a bit bigger, Master?" I asked, biting my lip as cutely as I could. "Please?"

He kneeled beside me, running his hand through my hair.

"I know what you're doing and I still can't help but fall for it." He smiled, petting me as he twirled one of my nipples. "But what about Rachel and Chelsea? Do you think to notice?"

"Actually...I was thinking about telling them about the collar today." I looked him in the eyes with genuine apprehension. "If that's okay."

"If you trust them, I trust them," he said.

I reached over and pulled his head to mine, locking my lips with his. As we kissed, I felt that wonderful

warmth fill my chest. With my other hand I groped at my boob, feeling it enlarge between my fingers.

Our faces parted, a string of saliva trailing between our lips.

"Is that better?" he asked.

I pulled myself up into a sitting position, and found that my breasts were large enough to rest their full weight in – and around – my lap. Standing up, they hung down to my waist, my arms *just* long enough to comfortably reach my nipples. They were so, so heavy, yet they brought me no pain or discomfort.

"For now. The fact that I can still walk is a bit disappointing, though," I replied, only half joking.

"We've got all day." He winked and handed me some clothes: a pair of red booty shorts and a light blue t-shirt that was tailored specifically to my...unique figure.

After a brief struggle to get them on – both pieces of clothing were skin tight, and my swinging breasts wreaked havoc on my balance as I shifted my weight from one foot to the other to slip on the shorts – I looked myself over in the mirror.

The shorts formed perfectly around the contours of my bubble butt, wedging slightly between my cheeks, and they were so tight in the crotch area that I was sporting some very prominent camel-toe. The shirt was just long enough to hide my nipples, leaving a very generous amount of under-boob on display. The fabric hung loosely over the curve of my breasts, and I was certain that any small breeze would be enough to expose the red of my areolas. The two large tents that had formed over my nipples grew even further as I realized how perfectly my new outfit showed off my body.

"God, you're sexy," Master said before spanking my ass.

"*Mmm*. Right back at you." Master's shirt was tight enough to highlight his lean, muscular physique, and I could see the bulge of his cock even through the bagginess of his swim trunks.

My hand began inching toward his crotch, but Master interrupted me with a cough.

"We, uh, should probably talk to Rachel and Chelsea before we get too excited," he said, obviously as caught up in the moment as I was if the rising tent in his shorts was anything to go by.

I blushed. "Haha, yeah, probably." We were just getting hornier by the day, weren't we?

We entered the living room to find my friends sitting together on the couch, having a quiet conversation. They were both wearing denim short shorts and sandals. Chelsea had on a tight, zipped-up hoodie, while Rachel wore a white t-shirt that was just transparent enough for me to see the outline of her red bikini top. My brows furrowed. There was something different about them, but I couldn't quite put my finger on it.

They both looked up as we entered the room, their eyes widening as they saw my expanded breasts.

"Whoa, you too?" Rachel asked.

"Huh?" I replied eloquently.

"Our, um." Chelsea blushed as her eyes briefly flitted toward Master. "Our chests grew, too," she muttered, crossing her arms over her own rather large assets. Too large.

I stared at them in shock. Now that I knew what I was looking for, there was no mistaking it: their breasts were definitely bigger. If I had to guess, they had both gone up a couple cup sizes. Rachel's pert C cups had grown to double Ds, while Chelsea's D cups – which I had been jealous of for so long – had bumped up to F cups, at least.

"My milk...worked on you?" I turned to Master, and he seemed just as surprised as I was.

"Worked on us?" Chelsea asked. "You knew it would do this?"

"In that case, you owe us some money," Rachel said. "We had to get new bikinis yesterday."

Chelsea frowned thoughtfully. "And I *am* probably going to need to replace most of my tops. Not to mention all of my bras."

We really messed up. To any normal person, growing two cup sizes in a day would *obviously* be terribly life-changing and inconvenient. I could only imagine the embarrassing questions friends and family would ask, once they noticed.

"I'm so sorry!" I said, panicking. "We thought Master's powers wouldn't affect anyone else, but we can fix it!"

I rushed into the kitchen and got a couple cups, ready to squeeze some breast-reducing milk into them. I returned to the living room to find the others staring at me. Master had a hand to his face, clearly embarrassed, and Chelsea's head was swiveling between us so fast I was worried it would come off. Rachel was eyeing my collar with a widening smirk.

"M-master?" Chelsea asked.

Shit.

"I was wondering what was going on with that collar," Rachel said. "Having trouble keeping your bedroom games in the bedroom?" She wiggled her eyebrows while Chelsea just stared at me.

This was *not* how I wanted to start this conversation. I could feel my eyes beginning to sting.

"W-we can talk about that later. First I need to fix this." I looked to Master, and he nodded. I turned to go back to the kitchen for some privacy, but before I could get there Chelsea got up and hugged me from behind.

"It's okay, Jen," she said. "We're not mad."

"You're—" I interrupted myself with a snuffle. "You're not?"

"Honestly, I was going to ask you for more." Rachel joined our hug, intentionally leaning into the side of my breast. "Sorry about the bikini thing. I was just messing with ya."

"I love you, girls," I said, wiping my eyes.

"We love you, too, Jen," Chelsea replied.

"Yeah!" Rachel said. She grinned. "Now, about '*Master's powers*'."

I sighed, knowing for a fact that she was never going to let me live this down.

* * *

"Damn, Jen. You were scrawny," Rachel tactfully remarked.

I crossed my arms over my washboard of a chest and slouched into the couch. "Yeah, well, hopefully this is the last time I'll have to endure being a beanpole."

During my explanation, the girls wanted to see some proof of the collar's powers, and Chelsea was curious about what I had looked like before Master and I owned it. With my permission, Master reverted me to the body I was born with, and *holy shit* was it embarrassing. Before the collar, I wouldn't have said I was *this* unsatisfied with my former body, but after spending over a week as a sex goddess, going back was *thoroughly* uncomfortable. It didn't help that my clothes were so big on me that I might as well have been wearing bed sheets.

"In retrospect, it does explain why guys weren't drooling all over you during high school," Chelsea said. "In fact, I don't remember ever taking much notice of how big you were, even though you were, like, a J cup by sophomore year."

"So it changed your memories of her appearance, but not the actual events in your life involving her. That's interesting," Master said.

He had been fairly quiet up to that point, letting me do all the talking. His statement seemed to remind Chelsea that he was there, and she cast a worried glance at us.

"Um. Can we talk to Jen in private? Without," she pointed at my neck, "that?"

Master sagged, and I could tell that he had been dreading this moment.

"Sure. I understand." He pulled me toward him and unlocked my collar.

Once again I felt that wonderful warmth as my body was returned to its true form. I felt my shorts tighten around me as my swelling ass and thighs fully filled them out. I was annoyed to realize that my breasts were still too small to similarly fill out my top, since the change from earlier wasn't made permanent. I'd have to remind Master to re-enlarge them once I got my collar back on, but until then

my T-shirt would just have to drape loosely over my boobs.

Master handed me my collar and stood up to leave, a look of apprehension clear on his face.

"Don't worry, Master. They'll understand," I reassured him.

Rachel snorted, whereas Chelsea narrowed her eyes in suspicion.

"Why is she still calling you that?" she asked Mast...er. Wait, why *was* I still calling him that?

Master gave a nervous laugh. "I, uh, removed that compulsion a couple days ago. I wanted to see how long it would take her to notice."

Rachel giggled at my expense, and even Chelsea couldn't stop a small smile from breaking into her otherwise serious expression.

It really shouldn't have been so surprising. Calling him Master felt so natural to me at this point that I wasn't even thinking about it. Though I had to admit that it probably wasn't healthy to think of him that way *all* the time.

"Well, uh, I'll be in the bedroom," Mast-...Travis said, leaving me with my friends.

"Are you sure about this, Jen?" Chelsea asked as Rachel calmed her snickering. "If everything you said is true, that thing is literally turning you into his...his sex slave."

"Yes, I'm sure," I replied. "It...excites me. I don't know how I can explain it to you, but when I'm in that position, it makes me feel so *good*...and not just physically." My shoulders slumped. "You must think I'm some kind of freak."

Rachel gently grasped my shoulder. "You're not the first sub on the planet, Jen."

"I don't think you're a freak!" Chelsea said defensively. "It's not about that. And I, um, certainly can't hold it against Travis for enjoying it as well."

Rachel and I raised an eyebrow at that, but Chelsea didn't seem to notice.

"It's about the fact that you're giving up *all* of your control. What if you wanted to take it off and he just said no?"

"He wouldn't do that. I trust Ma-...*Travis* completely. He loves me and I love him, end of story."

Chelsea looked like she wanted to say more, but eventually relented. "Well...if you say so," she said, sighing.

"And if he ever steps out of bounds, you'll always have us to set him straight," Rachel said, slamming her fist into her palm for emphasis.

I smiled. They really were my best friends for a reason.

“Now,” Rachel started, eyeing up my breasts while groping her own, “about that milk...”

* * *

“I think my milk can affect others because it's still a change that you're making to *me*. It's part of my body, and you're just changing it's properties,” I said.

“I see what you're saying, but can it do *anything*? That really seems to fly in the face of the collar's rules,” Travis replied.

He had reentered the room and was relieved to find that Chelsea and Rachel didn't object to our use of the collar. I had put it back on and let him regrow my breasts. My shirt was once again taught against my boobs, and poor Rachel was having a rough time focusing on anything else. Honestly, I found the attention somewhat arousing, and the fact that I could feel my nipples stiffening against the fabric of my shirt probably didn't help matters.

Going back to the matter at hand, I contemplated Travis's argument. It was true that this development seemed counter to the intention of the collar's rules. Was it just an unintended loophole, or were there more restrictions to it than we thought?

I nodded to myself. Only one way to find out.

“Let's experiment!” I said.

Chelsea sighed. “And I suppose we're going to be the guinea pigs.”

“If that's alright?”

“Sure!” Rachel said, matching my enthusiasm. Chelsea shrugged.

“C'mon, Travis. We need to plan our methodology.” I made my way to the kitchen, while Travis simply smiled and followed behind me.

* * *

“We're ready!” I called to the girls.

They entered the kitchen and were greeted by two rows of plastic cups on the table. Each cup was marked with a number, and contained a sample of my breast milk. If our assumptions were correct, each sample of milk would cause a predetermined change when drunk.

Rachel whistled. “Really digging the headlights, Jen.”

I groped my breasts just below my nipples, emphasizing the two damp splotches on the front my shirt. “I'm glad you like them,” I replied with a wink.

After I had milked myself for the experiments, I had simply pulled my shirt back over my breasts, intentionally letting the errant traces of milk on my nipples stain into the fabric of my top. When Travis pointed them out, I had asked him to make my breasts continually leak just enough to keep my nipples wet indefinitely. My milk was one of the things that made my body special, and I wanted everyone to be aware of it.

Speaking of, my teasing left Rachel speechless. Even Chelsea was blushing, and I noticed with satisfaction that she couldn't manage to tear her eyes away from my little show.

"W-what do you need us to do?" Chelsea asked when she finally managed to focus on something else, namely the cups on the table.

"You're both going to drink each cup in sequence, and we'll observe what happens. Simple."

"We don't get to drink from the tap?" Rachel asked. I think she had meant it to sound playful, but I couldn't help but hear a tinge of disappointment.

Chelsea's blush deepened, and I was reminded of our brief tryst in the bathroom yesterday.

"Do you...want to?" I asked.

"Yes!" Rachel said immediately.

We all looked at Chelsea, and at that point she had gotten so red that I was beginning to worry about her health. She looked up at me, and then darted her eyes toward Travis.

Rachel followed her gaze and smirked. "Is that alright, 'Master'?"

Travis mirrored her expression. "As long as I get to watch," he replied.

"This guy's got his priorities straight!" she said. "Chelsea?"

We returned our attention to the blushing brunette, and after a few long seconds she nodded.

"You remember the sample order?" I asked Travis.

"Yep."

With building excitement, I pulled up my shirt, fully exposing my huge, leaking tits. I walked to the living room – my breasts bouncing with each step – and sat myself in the middle of the couch. I gestured at my friends to sit beside me, and they silently complied, their eyes glued to my chest.

"Experiment number one!" I hefted my breasts to my sides, offering each of them to my friends. Rachel roughly grabbed my left tit and quickly latched on to my nipple, while Chelsea gazed reverently at the other, licking her lips before latching on as well.

I felt twin pulls on my teats, followed shortly by the release of milk. I gently hummed in pleasure. Both of them were being even bolder than yesterday. Rachel was vigorously twirling my nipple with her tongue, and I could feel Chelsea making tentative licks as well.

I was caught in a trance, once again enraptured by the two beauties suckling on my teats. After a few minutes, though, I was brought out of it by a polite cough.

“Sorry to interrupt,” Travis said, “but I'm not sure how big they wanted to get.”

I blinked in surprise. That's right, the first experiment was just to confirm what happened yesterday. They were only supposed to drink half a cup, which should've been just enough to confirm that their breasts had grown.

Oh. Wow.

I put my hands under their chins and gently pulled them away from my nipples. For a moment they still looked dazed, but as they came around they shifted uncomfortably. Chelsea was the first to notice.

Her breathing quickened, a look of astonishment on her face. Ignoring everyone else in the room, she unzipped her *very* tight hoodie, revealing two huge breasts that had slipped out of her now inadequate bikini top. They were just as big as my “normal” size, each boob dwarfing the size of her head. She lightly ran her hands over them, brushing her engorged nipples with the tips of her fingers, before softly groping herself. She made an adorable little squeaking noise when she pinched at her pink nubs. I made to get her attention, realizing she probably wasn't going to stop without intervention, but before I could, I was interrupted by a loud, astonished gasp coming from my other side.

“Oh my god! My tits are huge!” Rachel shouted while grabbing said tits through her shirt. They were about the same size as Chelsea's, maybe a bit smaller but no less impressive.

Where Chelsea's absentminded breast-play was slow and sensual, Rachel's was rough and frantic. She was absolutely *mauling* them, her hands squeezing so hard that they almost seemed buried into her pillows of flesh. She made a show of lifting them up in front of her face and dropping them, letting them sway and jiggle for only a moment before returning to her enthusiastic groping.

“This is awesome!” she said, her voice trailing into a loud, seductive moan.

“You didn't happen to add an aphrodisiac effect, did you?” I asked Travis.

He shook his head in amusement. “Nope. Looks like we're not the only one's here with overactive libidos.”

I turned back to Chelsea. It seemed that Rachel's display had brought her out of her trance, as she now had her hoodie zipped up and was pointedly looking away from us, red as a tomato. Though I did catch the occasional furtive glances toward Travis's crotch. He wasn't even *trying* to hide the massive tent that had formed in his trunks.

“Okay!” I loudly declared before clapping my hands together.

All eyes turned to me, though Rachel was still absently fondling her tits.

“Maybe we should go back to the cups for the rest of the tests,” I suggested.

“Probably,” Travis said.

“Y-yes,” Chelsea agreed, though I suspected it was only for propriety's sake, going by how she licked her lips while peeking at my still exposed breasts.

Rachel pouted.

* * *

Things progressed relatively quickly without the distraction of direct breastfeeding. We established that my milk could do practically anything. Body changes, mind control, mind alteration – even our control of external perception could be replicated. We could even tie the changes to a trigger – such as “Chelsea will raise her hand whenever she hears someone clap” – as long as the trigger wasn't initiated by the person it affected. As far as we could tell, the only thing it *couldn't* do was bestow the drinker with their own magical powers.

If I didn't think that the collar was OP before, I sure as hell did now. Honestly, squeezing out some milk and getting someone to ingest it was only two simple steps away from direct control.

It wasn't until the last “test” that we finally found the limiting factor.

Chelsea and Rachel put down their cups and waited curiously. I couldn't wait to see the look on Rachel's face when –

“Oh?” Chelsea said after her hair shifted from brown to a vibrant shade of light blue. “Hmm. This is actually pretty nice.”

That was expected. What wasn't expected was for Rachel's hair to stubbornly remain auburn red.

“That looks really good on you Chelsea!” Rachel said before pulling some of her own hair into her view. “What did mine do?”

“Yours was *supposed* to turn pink,” I answered in confusion.

Her face twisted in disgust. “Ugh, you *know* I hate pink.”

“That was the point,” I said mischievously. This last test was honestly just meant to be a little prank on the both of them. Rachel managed to dodge hers, but Chelsea –

“The carpet matches the drapes, by the way,” Travis remarked, right on cue.

“Eep.” Chelsea turned away from us to inspect her privates. She emitted the same adorable little sound when she found that, yes, she did in fact have light blue pubic hair.

“So,” Travis said, chuckling at Chelsea's predicament, “why didn't Rachel's work?”

I pondered that. I didn't think that it was simply a fluke, and I was pretty sure we didn't mix up any of the cups.

Rachel turned up her nose. “Obviously my hatred for the color pink was too powerful for your puny sex magics,” she said.

I snorted. I suppose that could've been *one* explanation.

Wait.

“That's it!”

“It is?” Rachel asked, taken aback.

“Yeah! So far, this is the only time you've had any negative feelings about the change! You enjoyed having larger breasts, and you were completely fine with the mental tests since they were so harmless.”

“Making us raise our hands and think apples taste like oranges *is* pretty mundane,” Chelsea agreed.

“What's something that's bad enough for you to not want it, but not so bad that you're unwilling to test it?” Travis asked my newly blue-haired friend.

“How about making her cluck like a chicken?” Rachel teased. “It is a classic.”

Chelsea rolled her eyes. “Fine. That's innocent enough, I suppose.”

Travis handed me a cup, and I dutifully squeezed a shot of milk into it before passing it to Chelsea.

She drank it, and we waited a few seconds.

Nothing.

“Aww,” Rachel whined.

“Too bad,” Travis and I said at the same time.

Chelsea rolled her eyes. “You're all terrible.”

“Anyway,” I said, pulling my shirt back over my well-milked breasts. “That's all I've got for now. How about we get going to the beach already?”

Rachel jumped from her chair, her boobs swinging wildly under her shirt.

“Finally!”

* * *

Despite Rachel's enthusiasm, we still had a two hour drive to the beach. Luckily my confession and the subsequent experimentation only lost us about an hour and a half. We had gotten up early enough that it wouldn't put much of a dent into our day.

Like always, I had a bit of trouble fitting myself into the passenger seat of the car, which amused Chelsea and Rachel to no end. The added girth of my breasts didn't help matters, of course.

Once everyone was situated, Travis pulled out of the driveway and we were off.

“So what are you two planning for the day?” Rachel asked as we pulled onto the highway. “Nothing inappropriate, I'm sure.”

“Define inappropriate,” Travis shot back with a smirk.

“I don't know, using arcane sex magic to make love in broad daylight?”

“Oh, then yes. Very inappropriate.”

“I really hope that isn't your best idea, Rachel,” I said, sending her a look of mock disappointment.

“Oh, I'm only getting started! How about –”

“Um!”

We all looked at Chelsea.

“Is it alright if...Um...Can I...” She shook her head. “Never mind.”

Travis sighed good-naturedly. “Would it be weird if I invited your friends into our illicit activities, Jen?”

“Probably, but I think we've established that we're all pretty weird, right girls?”

“Hell yeah!” Rachel said.

Chelsea fidgeted in her seat. “Is this...really alright?”

“Chelsea, you're my best friend, and this is the best thing that's ever happened to me,” I said. “I'd love to share it with you.”

“...Okay.”

"And with that, ladies," Travis began, "let the debauchery commence!"

"Woo!" Rachel and I cheered, while Chelsea simply smiled bashfully.

I was ready to begin planning out our day, until I noticed the evil smirk playing across Travis's lips.

"Really? Right now?" I asked, both cautious and excited.

"No time like the present," he replied.

I felt a strange sensation flow through me, as if my entire body was being pulled inward. Before I could ask what was happening, I realized that everything around me was getting bigger.

"Whoa," Rachel breathed.

He was shrinking me. And not just a little bit. Master towered over me for a few brief moments before the car's armrest completely obscured my view of him. I kept shrinking until the expanse of my car seat looked like it was as wide as our bedroom.

In the distance, Master's gigantic hand rushed toward me. It scooped me up, placing my torso and upper thighs in the palm of his hand. The massive pillars that were his fingers wrapped around me. His index and middle fingers sunk deeply into the sides of my breasts. Even at this size, they were too big for his hand to fully wrap around, each one around two inches wide. His pinky wedged itself between my legs and pressed hard into my dripping pussy.

He raised me slowly, yet it still felt like I was on a roller coaster. When we finally stopped, I was face to face with my Master, just below eye level. The instinctual fear of being confronted with something so huge coursed through me, but the love and trust that I felt toward him morphed that awe-inspiring terror into pure, unadulterated excitement.

What was he going to do to me?

"Want to guess how tall you are, baby?"

There was nothing he *couldn't* do to me.

"Six...inches?"

I'd be powerless to stop it.

"That's right. Good girl. Do you know what you are?"

Not that I wanted to.

"Yours?"

I belonged to him.

“Close. You're our ultra horny little sex toy.”

I was his sex toy.

“You exist to please us and to be pleased *by* us.”

Pleasing him was my purpose.

“Now have fun.”

Those perfect, giant eyes deigned to look down at my tiny form for only a moment before I was sent flying backward. I was left facing downward, with two smaller, yet no less massive hands hovering below me. Master released me, and I gently fell into the cupped palms of the new hands, which were much softer than Master's. They were shaking.

“That was the hottest thing I've ever seen,” Rachel's voice sounded to my right.

I turned myself over and sat up, craning my neck to see the owner of the palms I was resting in. Chelsea gazed down at me in shock. She was breathing heavily, and I could feel the sway of each breath, since her wrists were pressed into the front of those beautiful breasts that I helped grow. I picked myself up – struggling a little with my footing – and walked up to her chest, which was sadly obscured by her hoodie. Arms spread wide, I hugged myself to her breasts.

“Jen?”

I looked up, and found that the curve of her colossal tits obscured my view of her face. Reluctantly, I backed up so that I could properly face her.

“You're our s-sex toy?”

I tilted my head in confusion.

“Of course I am. What else would I be?”

“I can do anything I want to you?”

“Of course you can,” I replied. Why was she asking about something so obvious? “It's not like I could stop you anyway. You're so big, and I'm so small. I exist to be played with. I *need* to be played with.”

I was so hot. I pulled off my shirt, throwing it over the edge of her hand. I did the same to my shorts. Lying down in her hands, I squeezed my breast with one hand and fingered my pussy with the other.

“Please play with me, Chelsea.”

I let out a small yelp as she maneuvered her hands from underneath me, cradling me in her left hand

before gently sliding her right index finger up my body. I giggled as the digit roamed up my legs and torso, snaking its way through my cleavage until the tip was rested on my cheek. I wrapped my arms around it, pressing it even deeper into the softness of my body. Ignoring Chelsea's soft gasp and Rachel's excited snickering, I fervently began kissing her finger tip while grinding my pussy at the base. It was the only way I could think of to pleasure her in my current position.

Before I could get too into it, though, Chelsea pulled away her finger and curled her hand into a fist. She held my entire body below my waist, pinning my arms to my sides and my legs together. My breasts were lifted slightly by the edge of her thumb, which was pressed firmly into my stomach. I shivered at how tightly she was squeezing me. I was completely at her mercy.

Seconds ticked by, the heat in my pussy steadily growing with every passing moment. I could feel my juices dripping down my thighs. Why wasn't she doing anything?

"Chelsea?" I asked, squirming slightly in her grip. "You need to play with me."

"I...I don't *need* to do anything," she said.

"W-what?"

Rachel giggled madly. "Oh my god, you are evil" she said, but my eyes were fixed on Chelsea.

"I don't understand," I murmured.

"You're...you're *my* toy, and *I* decide when you get to be used."

My eyes were beginning to sting as I desperately tried to think of a way to convince her to play with me. Wait, I wasn't just *her* toy.

I turned and saw Rachel whispering to Master out of the corner of my eye.

"Rachel, Master! Please! Tell her she needs to play with me!"

They both turned toward me. Rachel still looked amused, but I could tell she was aroused from the way she was biting her bottom lip.

"I'm your toy, too! Please!"

"Jen."

My breath hitched at Master's deep, booming voice. Chelsea turned her hand so that I could better see him. The wetness in my eyes spilled over at the stern look of disappointment he was giving me.

"It isn't your place to question your owners, Jen," he said. "*Any* of them."

He was right. I was a sex toy, and sex toys had no right to argue with their owners, even if it meant not being played with.

"I-I'm sorry," I said, my voice cracking as I held back a sob.

His face shifted into a warm smile. "I know you are, baby. But still..." He looked to Chelsea. "She needs to be punished, doesn't she?"

My body vibrated as Chelsea's hand trembled.

"Yes." She turned her hand and held me in front of her. The hesitation that was in her eyes before was gone. Now they burned fiercely with lust. "Yes she does."

Her grip tightened. "Make her three times more horny," Chelsea said with sadistic glee.

For a brief second my mind blanked, and shortly afterward I was twisting in Chelsea's grip, desperately trying to bring my hands to my pussy. I needed to cum *so bad* and I was *so close*. One little tweak of my clit would've been enough to get me off, I could feel it.

"Stop struggling or it'll be even worse," Chelsea warned.

With a sad whimper I stopped trying to escape. I did my best to hold myself still, though every now and then I bucked my hips involuntarily.

"Now," my best friend, owner, and tormentor said, "I'll only play with you if you promise to be a good girl. Will you be a good girl, Jen?"

"I promise! I – *Nnh!* – I'll be a good girl!"

"Great!" Rachel shouted, startling both of us. "Now hurry up and let me drink some of her milk." She held out her hand and gestured for Chelsea to hand me over.

"Oh, u-um. Okay," Chelsea stammered, the interruption apparently taking her out of her confident sadist mode. Her face was beet red by the time Rachel got a hold of me.

"You're so cute, Jen!" Rachel squealed as she brought me close enough to touch her face.

I was lying in her open palms, staring up at her, feeling her warm breath blow over my entire body. My arms were finally free, but I didn't move to masturbate even though it felt like torture. I promised I'd be a good girl, a good sex toy. And good sex toys don't get off until their owners let them. That didn't stop me from begging, though.

I pulled myself to my knees and lifted my (proportionally) huge tits in offering, every movement of my sensitive body making me whimper in need. I hefted them so that they were level with Rachel's mouth, just a few inches away from her soft, pillowy lips.

"You...wanted...my milk?" I asked between ragged breaths.

"Hmm. Did I?"

No matter how much I wanted to be a good girl, I couldn't stop myself from emitting a long, pitiful whine.

"Sorry, Jen," Rachel laughed. "You're just too cute to not bully."

Before I could respond, she gripped my body in both hands and brought me to her mouth, directing her massive tongue to my breasts. The slimy appendage was just wide enough to cradle one of my tits, lifting it up over my head before letting it drop back down. She giggled at the sight of my jiggling breast, and proceeded to gently bounce me up and down, making my mammaries swing all over the place and slap loudly against each other.

Even that alone was enough to bring me over the edge, but Rachel didn't stop there. While I began to moan ecstasy, the hand that was cradling my back wrapped around me, her thumb and forefingers pressing into the sides of my boobs and squeezing them tightly together. I felt the release of my milk, squirting out hard from the pressure that was being applied to my breasts. At the same time, she used her right thumb to play with my pussy. It was much too big for any kind of delicate fingering, but in my state of arousal it wasn't necessary. She was moving it back and forth, roughly grinding against my labia and clit. All of this rough handling only served to intensify my orgasm, my body twitching and writhing as I came.

I was still cumming when I felt something warm envelop my entire left breast. Opening my eyes, I saw the edge of an enormous pink lip. Just as I realized what was happening, I felt her tongue dance around my tit, swirling and poking and bouncing it in her mouth. She was gently sucking on me as she did this, gulping down all the milk she could.

My orgasm didn't cease until Rachel pulled me away from her mouth and shoved me into Chelsea's hands. Left gasping for breath, it took a couple of seconds for my brain to start functioning properly again. That had to have been my longest orgasm ever. I've had plenty of successive orgasms, sure, but that was the first time I ever came continuously like that. Maybe it had to do with being a sex toy?

As if confirming my suspicions, I felt my fatigue evaporate, only for it to be replaced with a familiar heat. I rubbed my thighs together, feeling hornier by the second.

I lifted myself up, noticing as I did that Chelsea's hand was wet from more than just the saliva covering my tits. I gazed upward and saw two gargantuan breasts hanging out of an unzipped hoodie, sporting rock hard nipples as big as my head. It seemed Chelsea hadn't been idle while Rachel was playing with me. I looked up at her, ready to beg for her touch, but she was looking down at her side in shock. Wondering what was wrong, I peered over the edge of her hand.

I panicked for a second, thinking Rachel had disappeared. The space where she had been sitting looked to be completely empty, but when I looked down I saw a tiny, miniature redhead waving up at me.

"Hey up there! Want some company?"

I nodded happily as Chelsea shifted me into one hand, the other grabbing Rachel. When Chelsea brought her hands together, Rachel promptly tackled me.

"This is awesome!" she said, giggling as she hugged one of my breasts. "I can't believe I just had this entire thing in my mouth! Nom!" Her infectious giggles transferred to me as she playfully mouthed at my boob.

We were interrupted when the hands that were holding us shook. Chelsea was laughing, too.

"This is insane," she said.

"You're only figuring that out now?" Rachel asked.

She lifted herself off of me and smiled at both of us. "This is a dream come true. I...I never really made it much of a secret that I was attracted to you two, but I never tried to push it too far, 'cause Jen had Travis," she looked up at Chelsea, "and I thought you weren't into women."

"Well, I, um," the girl in question stammered, "I still like guys, but...yeah, I like girls, too. It was stupid not to tell you or Jen, especially since I was finally away from home, but..." She smiled sadly. "Well, I guess I was just used to keeping it a secret. Jen knows how my parents are."

I grimaced. Yeah, I did. I could only imagine how they'd react if Chelsea told them she was bi.

"But yesterday, when Jen started...leaking, I just couldn't hold myself back. It's, um, kind of a huge fetish for me."

"Welcome to the club! Milk fetish is best fetish!" Master piped up from the front. Chelsea looked a little embarrassed at that, but I could tell that she was happy that someone shared her kink.

"Anyway," Master continued, "just let me know when the heartwarming confessions are over and I'll turn Jen back into our obedient little sex toy."

What? Oh, I wasn't ridiculously horny anymore. When did that happen? I didn't even –

"We're done!" Chelsea and Rachel chorused.

Once again, heat exploded in my pussy, and I physically had to stop myself from masturbating on the spot. Rachel climbed on top of me, her breasts pressing firmly into my own. She rested her forehead onto mine, grinning as I panted in need. She reached down with both hands and grabbed at my nipples as she brought her lips to mine.

As we kissed, I felt giant hands wrap around us, holding us tight and pressing us into each other even more. My hips bucked against Rachel's, my legs dangling over the edge of one of the hands. I felt us raise higher into the air, and one of my legs kicked at something warm and soft. I couldn't see what it was, but when the warmth at my feet intensified, I realized that it had been Chelsea's lip. The warmth enveloped my legs, and before long the softness that I had felt before constricted around my and Rachel's waists. A familiar sliminess lapped up below my legs. Chelsea's tongue snaked forward,

forcing me to spread my legs as the tip wound its way between them. I tensed in orgasm as Chelsea's tongue danced over both my and Rachel's pussies, and Rachel stiffened on top of me not long after, joining me in rapturous bliss.

Chelsea finally took us out of her mouth after a couple minutes, our entire lower bodies slimy with her saliva. Rachel and I smiled, panting heavily into each others' faces. I only had a few seconds of respite before my horniness began to rebuild.

Chelsea separated us and laid us on each of her thighs before looking up to Master.

"Can you make me lactate?" she asked, her voice shy, but with an undercurrent of excitement.

"Sure."

I was lifted up and held face down, my boobs swinging freely in the air. Chelsea opened her mouth wide below me before squeezing both of my breasts in one hand, my milk spraying into her awaiting mouth. The giant blue-haired vixen gulped it down with relish, moaning in joy as she felt her own milk begin to leak from her breasts.

She placed me back on her leg, positioning me at the end of her knee and doing the same for Rachel. Chelsea leaned forward, and a mountain of tit-flesh loomed over me. A huge, wet nipple was pressed over my body before showering me in her milk. The hard nub rubbed all over me, at one point going over my face and practically drowning me in breast milk.

After a while, Chelsea lifted herself back up, leaving me dazed and soaked. Looking to my side, I saw that Rachel was in a similar situation.

"Hey Chelsea," I heard Master say, "Can you hand me Jen? We're almost at the beach and I want to have a turn with her before we get there."

A few seconds ticked by with no response. I gazed up at Chelsea and laughed. She seemed to be in her own little milky world, sucking hungrily at her own nipples. It looked like she wasn't kidding when she said lactation was a huge fetish for her.

"Well, it doesn't look like you need her right now, so...*yoink*."

I was suddenly plucked off of Chelsea's lap and thrust to the front of the car. Before I could regain my bearings, Master used the hand he wasn't holding me with to block my view. At first I worried about him steering the car, but I figured he must've been using his powers to do it.

"Do you know what you are, baby?" he asked.

"A sex toy."

"Yes, but do you know what *kind* of sex toy?"

That stumped me. I knew that there were many different types of sex toys in the world, but I couldn't

figure out which one of them I was supposed to be.

"I'm sorry, Master. I don't."

"That's okay," he said. "You're a *cock sleeve*. Do you know what that means?"

That's right, I was a cock sleeve! How did I forget that?

"It means I pleasure cocks by letting them fuck my tight little pussy," I replied confidently.

"Good girl. And here's the cock that you're gonna get fucked with."

He pulled his hand away, and I nearly came just from the sight of the monster in front of me. The underside of a humongous cock stood before me, just as long as I was tall. In the back of my mind I realized that Master had shrank it back to average size, but from my perspective it was utterly massive.

Master pulled me forward, pressing his shaft against my entire body. I tried my best to pleasure it, humping at it while kissing the underside of his glans. Master helped me by pumping me up and down, my body gliding over his cock thanks to Chelsea's breast milk acting as a lubricant. My breasts were wrapped around his shaft, bouncing with each thrust.

Master squeezed me tighter to his rod and increased the pace before roughly pulling me away. Before I could protest, the end of his giant cock head pointed straight at me. Master grunted as glob after glob of hot, sticky cum splattered onto me, covering me from head to toe in his seed. After he shot his final load he slapped the end of his dick on my cum-stained tits.

"Now for the main event."

As I was licking up the cum on my face, Master maneuvered me onto the end of his dick, its massive head forcing my legs apart. I felt a bead of leftover cum smear against my pussy. I was so eager to get fucked by this monster of a cock, but there was a rather obvious problem with that.

"I think you might be too big for me, Master," I said sadly.

"You *are* pretty small for a cock sleeve, aren't you?" he said. "But don't worry. I'll fix you."

I felt my entire body surge outward, and everything around me began to shrink. Master shifted his grip on me as I grew – at six inches he was able to cradle my entire upper body in one hand, but by the time my growth had stopped, he had both hands wrapped around my waist, his fingers slightly overlapping behind my back.

"There we go," Master said, "I think around twenty inches should work."

I was still positioned over his cock, my legs spread with my heels resting on his hips. The monster that was nudging on my pussy still seemed *way* too big. It looked about the same length as it had been last night, but it was *much* thicker, nearly as wide as one of my thighs. But if Master thought it would fit

inside me, then it had to be true.

I let out an excited moan as I was slowly lowered onto Master's cock. He had to push me down hard, forcing himself into my too-tight pussy. I started cumming as I felt my pelvic bulge outward, stretching unnaturally to accommodate his girth. My body was overcome by violent spasms, the intensity of my orgasm building and building as more of his cock filled me up. Placing my shaking arms around my belly, I could feel the huge bulge rising up my torso. I felt my ass softly bump against his balls, and my orgasm peaked. My entire upper body was wrapped around his cock, the tip just below my collar bone.

Master let go of my waist, letting my body be completely supported by his cock. I was still cumming, trapped in an endless state of orgasm that left me twitching in bliss, my passionate moans devolving into pitiful little squeaks. I was barely functional, but I used what little coherence I had left to look up to my Master and plead:

"Puh...lease...fuh...uh...ck...me," my voice cracked.

I wasn't even sure if what I was saying was intelligible, but Master understood me perfectly. He wrapped his hands back around my waist and lifted me almost completely off of him, my inner walls caving inward at the absence of his rod. He held me there for a few seconds – smiling as he watched my continuing orgasm – before *slamming* me back down on his cock.

It was too much. Everything was gone but for the euphoria. He violently pumped me up and down his shaft, my big, milky tits bouncing harder than ever before, slapping together and nearly hitting me in the face with each down-stroke. I was cumming all the while. Cumming so hard that I should've passed out. This was everything that I was. A mindless toy, being used to pleasure my Master's cock.

I don't know how long it lasted. I just know that after what seemed like both an eternity and an instant, Master groaned, his hands tightening around my waist as he slammed me onto his cock one final time. My body shook in sync with the spasms of his rod, his ridiculous supply of semen staining my insides and accumulating in my stomach. Just like last night, my belly expanded outward to accommodate the rising flood of cum that was pouring into me. My breasts began to separate as my belly pushed between them, surging outward with each wave of cum. When Master's cock finally stopped pumping me with his seed, I was left looking like I was nine months pregnant with triplets.

I was still twitching around his cock, even after Master's orgasm ended. It wasn't until he pulled me off that my own orgasm finally ceased. As his head exited my lower lips with a *plop*, he plugged up my pussy with his thumb, keeping me filled to the brim with his cum.

"This isn't a bad look for you."

The implications of that somehow made it through my blissed-out brain. I smiled, rubbing my taut belly with both hands.

"Mmm," I agreed.

After holding me like that for a few moments, he released his thumb. Cum flooded out of my pussy as the huge, round protrusion that was my belly shrank back to its normal flatness. When all was said and done I was exhausted, but my body didn't feel nearly as worn out as I would've thought. I fingered myself experimentally and confirmed that I was just as tight as always. Magic was awesome.

Master stood me in his lap, leaving me about eye-level with his chest.

"What are you, baby?" he asked.

"Hm? Oh!"

I was back to normal. Mentally, anyway. I jumped up and hugged him, pretty much hanging from his neck.

"That was *amazing*," I said.

"*You* were amazing."

"No, *you* were!"

"No, *you were!*"

Before we could get *too* sickeningly cutesy with each other, we were interrupted by a loud moan from behind us. We looked back there to find Chelsea lying across the back seat, one hand jilling herself while the other milked her tit. The entire seat was so soaked in breast milk that – were it not for the fact that Travis was the god of house cleaning – it probably would've had to have been replaced.

I giggled at the scene, but there was something missing.

"Where's Rachel?" I asked.

"Uh, I think Chelsea's using her as a different kind of toy..."

Sure enough, I saw a small flash of red locks just below a neat patch of blue pubic hair.

"Oh. Huh."

"We're here, by the way." He gestured to the front, where I could see the crests of dunes poking over the parking lot's fence.

"Eh," I shrugged, looking back at my sex-crazed best friends. "Let's give 'em a minute."

A/N: Sorry for the long wait! No excuses except for my first major case of writer's block and general laziness. I'm gonna try to get the next chapter out by the end of July. Feel free to bug me about it on my [Tumblr](#) or [DeviantArt](#). While I'm at it, go ahead and check out my [Literotica](#) page as well. Hooray for shameless self-promotion! Anyway, thanks for reading, and I hope you enjoyed it!