

New Type: Part 2

by seraphfallen

(Author's Note: Thank you to those who read part 1 of my first story and left comments. I feel greatly encouraged and will take your advice to heart as I continue writing. If you would like to write me directly, please contact me at seraphfallen@protonmail.com)

.....

It has been several months since I discovered my power, took Cassie's breasts, and made love to her. I'd like to recount some of the highlights from my time since then.

- *Cassie and I became lovers... Okay mostly sex-friends, but there is certainly a romantic element there. I feel closer to her than ever before. She is enjoying her resized breasts and has lost some weight from being able to exercise more. Strangely even with my enhanced bust I do not feel limited or in pain at all.*
 - *Cassie and I realized my pussy can stretch to ridiculous sizes without pain or injury and I'm loving the feeling of being stretched beyond reason. It began with Cassie using larger and larger dildos on me. She has one over 14 inches long molded after a horse and it was no problem to take not only the girth, but also the full length. My largest insertion? Cassie and I got slightly too drunk one night when we saw a fire hydrant. I was wearing a skirt with no panties to tease Cassie and it was all too easy to mount the hydrant and begin working my way down it. My pussy was probably stretched 8 inches wide when we heard someone coming and had to run. God though, that cold steel felt amazing. Shortly after each of these tremendous penetrations my pussy always returns to its normal taught self, which is an extra bonus.*
 - *I've fucked several guys and girls throughout these months; including Drake. None have been particularly special but I love the way they stared in awe of my plump tits.*
-

- I am enjoying my life as the girl with tits bigger than her head. I certainly made a scene each time I went to class after my growth spurt. Today I was wearing a particularly low cut top and I dare say the whole lecture hall was either jealous or had a boner. Sitting in class even I

couldn't take my eyes off the long line of cleavage that was always on the edge of my vision. My breasts were an unblemished, creamy alabaster, and with the bra I was wearing (lent from Cassie) they bulged ever so slightly out of my top. I shifted slightly in my seat and watched them jiggle pleasantly. Then the professor arrived and I prepped for the lecture. I had taken a liking to keeping things tucked in my cleavage and pulled out a pencil and small notepad, coping a furtive grope of myself on the way. I liked keeping things there to get extra chances to touch my breasts in public as well as the effect of stunning onlookers. I think I saw a boy's jaw drop when he noticed. I bet he wished I would touch them more, and honestly, I wished I could. I discovered that my breasts were now big enough for me to suck on my own nipples and right now they were hard and aching for it. I had to keep up some social decorum though.

The lecture began in earnest and I finalized my plan in my mind. I hadn't exactly been doing well in this class and I had decided I would put my new assets to work for the sake of my grade. As soon as class ended I would ask to speak to the professor in his office and seduce him.

Class finished quickly and I went into action. "Professor, I am really struggling in your class, do you think we can talk about how I can catch up?"

"Absolutely," he replied, playing the part of the kindly professor, while looking me directly in the tits, "just follow me to my office, I am headed there any way."

"Perfect." I said, bouncing along beside him. The professor wasn't the most handsome man, but not unattractive either. He was 4-5 inches taller than me with a slim build. He was probably around 40, but age was doing him well. In a few years, he would be a real silver fox. It's really unfair that men age like fine wine, but what can you do. We arrived at his office, which was on the smaller side, but nicely decorated. It had a large desk in the center with opposing chairs. My professor sat on the far side and began talking before I had even taken a seat.

"So what seems to be holding you back in my class, Elizabeth?" my professor started.

I took my breasts in my hands and lifted them high on my chest. My fingers dug into my flesh as gravity pulled my breasts into my hands. "I've had a bit of a growth spurt recently and a lot of people are staring at my tits. It is pretty distracting."

My professor stiffened up in more ways than one, "O-oh, well that is incredibly inappropriate and--"

I stepped around the desk and leaned in close to him. Dangling my cleavage about a foot away from his face. I knew I had him now. "I've even noticed you staring at me, Professor." He was at a loss for words now and struggling to avoid looking at me. I looked down and noticed a ring on his finger. "I bet your wife's tits aren't as big as mine. Let me show you what these are like."

I was in full control of the situation now. My professor didn't even say anything as he tried to process everything. I turned my back toward him and lifted my shirt over my head; discarding it on the floor. It was a good thing the door was closed and the office had no windows. I undid my bra and slipped it off my arms. My boobs softened as they were released from their prison but remained surprisingly perky for their size. I lifted my arms up to tie my hair up and in doing so allowed him to see the sides of my bust from behind my slim torso. I made sure to arch my back seductively as I did so to tease him. I crossed my arms under my breasts and lifted them gently as I turned around. "Well, are they better than your wife's?" I said with feigned sheepishness. He nodded silently. I smiled back and knelt down in front of him. I rested my bust on his knees. I am sure he could feel the warmth of my skin through his pants and was getting excited by it.

“We really shouldn’t do this.” He started to say, but I interrupted him.

“Please, I want you professor. I said, putting all the eroticism I could into my voice.

That was the end of any protest from him and I began undoing his belt and pants. I was starting to get excited myself now. I reached into his pants and pulled out his already stiff member. He had a handsome penis. A little larger than average, perhaps, but nothing to write home about. It was very shapely though, with a head a fair bit wider than the shaft. “I’m going to enjoy riding this.” I thought to myself. First thing was first though. I pressed my lips to his tips and slid all the way down the shaft to kiss his pelvis. He began moaning right away as I bobbed my head on the bottom of cock. I began groping my tits and tugging hard on my nipples. Sometimes I still couldn’t believe they were real.

I slid up and down his shaft getting it as sloppy and wet as possible. With an audible pop I pulled off of his cock having completed my prep work. His cock was incredibly hard now and my saliva had slicked his veiny member. I gave him a big toothy grin as I pulled his cock between my breasts. Only the absolute tip could be seen with the rest squished between my knockers.

“I’ve never met a girl with breasts big enough to do this.” He said, breaking his silence.

That earned him another smile from me as I began stroking his cock with my tits. I began slowly, but quickly the rapid thwap thwap thwap sound filled the room as I picked up pace. I was getting really hot myself now and I felt a drip of my own juices run down my thigh as pleased his cock. He was beginning to squirm from my treatment and I could tell he was close so I gave him some encouragement. “Go ahead and cum, I’ll make sure to catch it all on my fat-tits-.” I said emphasizing the last two words. This pushed him over the edge and he shot 6 loads of thick cum that splattered all over my tits.

I lifted my breasts to my lips and lapped up the cum. It was rich and thick. I don’t think my professor had cum in a long time. My tongue travelled up my breasts as I swallowed until my lips reached the pinky tip sized nubs that were my nipples. The feeling of sucking my own nips was incredible. I felt them stretch from the suction and ran my tongue back and forth gazing them. Once both of my boobs were clean of cum I sucked on both nipples at once and held them in my mouth with no hands. My, now free, hands began to roam again. I started stroking my professor’s cock with one hand while slipping the other hands into my shorts to tease my pussy.

1.. 2... 3 flicks of my clit were all it took to send me over the edge and soak my panties with squirt. As my body convulsed my tits fell from my mouth slapping my professor’s knees on the way down. I moaned and shook from pleasure, then leaned forward to aggressively suck the cock in front me. I was so ready for dick, and my professor looked ready to give it me having gotten fully hard again from my sudden fellatio. I slid my mouth slowly off of his penis as I stood up, kicked my flats off, and slid my shorts and damp panties off of me. Leaving me totally naked. I bent over the and my tits squished flat against the cold wood. I reached back and pulled my cheeks apart to present my ass and clean shaven pussy to him.

“Pick whichever hole you’d like.” I said girlishly.

He didn’t hold back as he stood up and plunged his cock into my ass. “Yes- YES!” I screamed, finally getting my cock fix. Most of the saliva had rubbed off of him so his strokes were rough in my ass but I didn’t care. Fluid was pouring out of my pussy as I orgasmed yet again. Suddenly, the professor was getting more aggressive himself. He lifted me off the desk by my hair and was ramming his hips into my ass with enough force to make the desk shift. With his free hand he grabbed my tits like he wanted to tear them clean off. I was in ecstasy and fingered my pussy vigorously. He clearly realized because shortly after he slipped his cock out of

my ass and slammed it into my pussy. Cheeky move, but both of us came instantly. I bit my lip to stop myself from shrieking as his seed flooded m pussy.

A few minutes later we were mostly cleaned up and I was draped over his desk, still naked, recovering while he sat in his chair. Both of us were still breathing hard.

“That was incredible. I can’t believe sex can be like that.” He whispered. I sat up to look at him and pressed my shoulders together to make extra cleavage.

“Make sure to leave me a good yelp review.” I quipped. “And don’t forget we have a special relationship now. Let’s take care of each other.” I added with a wink as I got dressed.

“Yes! Of course! Don’t worry about anything! By the way, when can we meet like this again?” He said somewhat desperately.

“Oh, I’m not sure yet baby, but I’ll be in touch.” With that, I was out the door, mission complete.

.....

As I departed campus an overwhelming feeling of hunger hit me. It felt like I hadn’t eaten in weeks. I began heading to the train station where I knew there would be a few restaurants. As I stepped into a diner I was feeling dizzy and my muscles cramped with hunger pains. “Did sex really take that much out of me?” I thought to myself.

I was seated and immediately ordered a hearty burger with all the fixings. I asked for it to be rare just so it would get to the table a few moments sooner. When the plate was put in front of me I didn’t even wait for the server to step away before I took a chomp out of my burger. It was so tall I barely got my mouth around it, but it was delicious, and I quickly took two more bites filling my mouth to capacity. I took so much food into my mouth it stretched my throat to swallow.

People were staring as I cleaned my plate in under 3 minutes and ordered 3 more plates of the same. The first plate had done nothing for my hunger though, and I just didn’t care. I began eating even faster. Sauce dribbled down into my cleavage and my face must have been a mess. I kept going and ordered 6 more burgers. The waitress looked at me wide eyed.

“Are you sure?” she said like I was some kind of monster.

Her reaction made me realize the burgers were doing nothing for my hunger and I looked like a freak. I apologized and asked her to bring the bill. I quickly cleaned myself up trying not to draw attention but my hunger made me gather up some sauce from my tits and suck it off my finger. That took more than one middle aged husband’s eyes away from his wife.

The bill arrived and I cringed at the amount I was spending without feeling full, but there was nothing I could do. As soon as I could I left feeling no better than when I had entered. I wondered what was happening to me. I wasn’t sure if I should go to the hospital or not.

That’s when I spotted her. In retrospect I have no idea who she was but this moment changed who I was forever. She was a gorgeous natural red head, with bright red lipstick to emphasize her fiery hair. Her figure was amazing. Tremendous tits large enough to rival Cassie at her biggest were stacked above her slender waste. Her bust shook as she walked down the street in high heels but she was balanced out by a shapely and firm ass. She turned down an alleyway that many people, including me, used as a shortcut to the train.

During rush hour the alleyway would be very busy, but right now it was an off time and my body could sense an opportunity. I moved purely on instinct and without thought as I crossed the street and followed this vixen into the alley. I swiftly stepped up behind her. I stretched my arms around the vixen and sunk my fingers into the titflesh exposed by her low cut top..

“What the fuck are you doing?” she shrieked as she instantly began to fight against my hold. As she fought me my tits, which were pressed against her smushed and jiggled against her undulations. I remained persistent though, and maintained my grip. I could sense an incredible warmth within her breasts. Digging my nails into her I pulled on that warmth as hard as I could with my mind. It slid up my arms. I rolled my shoulders with pleasure and satisfaction as it slipped down into my chest.

From right arm to right breast and from left arm to left breast her warmth filled me and dulled the hunger that was overwhelming moments before. This woman had so much warmth to give and the effect was immediate. I moaned with pleasure as my breasts began flood my bra with fresh mass. I chose a sexy, low cut bra to woo my professor and it forced my tits up and out of my top. My shirt strained to keep it all in and I heard some fibers snap.

I had reduced my prey about 3 cup sizes when she realized what was happening. “W-what are you doing to my body... How-?” She sounded almost faint and stopped resisting. Her boobs which squished between my fingers from their size melted away as I pressed my palms flatter and flatter against her chest. She rested backwards into my ballooning bust. I took a few more cups from her and was still straining to pull as much warmth as I could. By now I had taken more than half of her bust. My bra was forcing a tremendous amount of flesh up and out of my shirt. My chest looked like two basketballs with jiggly cantaloupes sitting on top, and I could swear there was more tit squeezing out of the bottom and sides of my bra as was inside it. I could feel my flesh stretch as I grew but it never felt tight. It felt like my body was welcoming the new additions.

Now my victim was down to just an A cup as I took that last bit of flesh she was sobbing, “What did you do to my body?” The last wave of warmth from her breasts slipped right into my nipples expanding them to be as large as my thumbs. In the same moment my bra snapped and my inflated tits slapped against my stomach; now each about the size of a watermelon. They still had perky, yet natural fullness about them but sheer mass pulled them down to my waist. It felt incredible—but I wanted more.

I searched and searched for a way to get just a little more out of this woman. I got a sense of a smaller warmth within the woman that had previously been dwarfed by the warmth of her breasts. This warmth permeated her whole body. I latched onto it and pulled it into myself.

The effect was surreal but satisfying.

The skin of her back fused against my immense cleavage wherever there was bare skin contact. The woman shrieked in horror, and I have to admit I too was shocked. She did not scream for long though. She was lifted off her feet and was absorbed into my chest. Her shoulders and neck disappeared first, and then her head, which she had kept tilted away from me, finally slipped into my tits, silencing her protestations. Anywhere her body contacted mine it flowed into new breast tissue. I was now sober enough from my hunger to take note that I was probably taking about 80% of her mass into my chest, and it was being equally divided between my two girls.

My shirt finally gave out when I was around the size of two beach balls. It tore apart and let my tits hang down to my thighs. The woman was now just two legs, one attached to each breast. The legs mysteriously still kicked frightened until I had pulled the very last of her feet into myself. As the last of her entered me my skin flattened, and despite the size increase looked normal.

My boobs had kept a natural shape despite their inflation. They were a tremendous and beautiful tear drop shape. My nipples still pointed mostly forward rather than pointing down like

they do on the breasts of fat women. The nipples now looked similar to an index and middle finger held together in length and girth. My areolae were now the size of tea saucers and had become bumpy and textured. I dropped to my knees because the weight of my boobs was incredible. They must have weighed almost 70 pounds each. I ran hands along them and briefly could still feel motion from the woman fighting to get out but the sensation died away in seconds. My breasts were now nearly the size of trash cans. To be honest, I was more than a little terrified at what I was becoming, but I had to admit: I wasn't hungry any more.

Part 2 end. To be continued.