

Kelly's Discovery

Patreon+ Edition 2020/02/07

This is an explicit erotic short story written by FrigOfFury for her generous patrons. You should not read it if you are not of legal age to read graphic depictions of sex.

FOF can be reached at:

<https://www.patreon.com/frigoffury>

or

pairafeelya@gmail.com

Erotic content: Breast growth; bimbofication; M/F; F/F; lactation; mild exhibitionism; futanari; mechanical milking; impregnation; light bondage; incest

Kelly's Discovery: A Bigger Sister Story

Catching Up

"Is this because of Boudi?" Candace asked Kelly after the third time Kelly had reached orgasm in a single lunch break. Candace certainly didn't *mind* her sister's increased sexual attention, but Candace had vague feeling that Kelly had an ulterior motive.

"What do you mean?" Kelly asked innocently.

"Are you trying to knock me up before Genie gets back from her trip?" Candace asked, and the guilty surprise in Kelly's face betrayed a direct hit. "Really? That's it? You know you don't have to be sneaky about it. I think it's completely fair, and I'm sure Genie would agree. Boudi is her *third* child, after all."

"But it's so much to ask," Kelly said uncomfortably.

"So you weren't going to ask?" Candace responded, raising an eyebrow. "Kels, you know I'm happy to have a bigger family, and if you *didn't* know that, it would be really irresponsible of

you to try to impose one on me, not to mention totally out of character as well. So tell me the rest.”

“Oh, it was more, well, I know that Genie might want the next one, too. For good reasons,” Kelly said.

“Because she gets some of her powers from siring offspring, right,” Candace said, spelling it out to make sure they were both thinking of the same reason. It was indeed a very strong argument.

Kelly nodded. “And I totally respect that she’s using her powers to try to fight for truth, justice, and the American way, but...”

She had to stop for a moment as they both laughed at Kelly’s oblique reference to the fact that Genie had gone to the States to try her hand at granting wishes to virtuous activists trying to straighten out the superpower’s government. It was all very noble, but it hadn’t escaped the sisters’ notice that Genie’s itinerary had included stops in Yosemite and the Grand Canyon that seemed more oriented toward sightseeing than magical heroism. Candi didn’t begrudge Genie her desire to see rugged places which Candi was especially ill-suited to visit, but she did feel it was a bit ridiculous of Genie to avoid mentioning her side-trips to Candace, as if seven years hadn’t already accustomed her to the idea that her mandatory high heels and enormous lactating breasts ruled out some activities.

When they’d recovered, Kelly continued, “But here’s why I have a special reason to want to, uh...”

“Knock me up?” Candace supplied with a smile.

Kelly nodded sheepishly. “Right. It’s because it’s happening for me as well.”

Candace cocked her head in confusion. “Pardon?”

“I think I’m becoming a... sorceress? Or something. I’ve noticed I can do things. Just really little things, so far. But they’re real; I can show you. And if I can learn it, then I can probably learn to help you, because you’re not my former mistress so there’s nothing blocking me from using magic on you.”

Candace’s eyes widened as her whole world turned on its side. She didn’t at all dislike her life, but it would be dishonest to deny that she had any interest in someday climbing Machu Picchu, or just sometimes going out into public without causing a stir. Then she remembered Kelly’s strong argument from a moment prior. “But Kels, shouldn’t that mana go to Genie? She’s trying to help the whole world and I reckon she’ll need all the power she can get.”

“And that’s why I didn’t ask first,” Kelly said. “I knew you would think that using any magic for you rather than saving the world would be selfish.”

“Well it is, a little. Isn’t it?” Candace asked, full of conflicting feelings.

“It’s okay to keep a little bit for ourselves, Candi. I mean, no one expects you to give away *all* your money.”

Candace felt a little tense, remembering the worst arguments she'd ever had with her sister, over how much of Candace's porn income could be given to charity. Candace was glad that Kelly had put her foot down and forbade Candace to give away more than half; they had needed her income to afford the nannies and put away money for the future. Candace hadn't conceded without a fight and there had been some hard feelings at times.

Also hard fuckings for makeup sex.

"Candi?" Kelly tried to get her attention.

"What?" Candace asked, snapping out of her reverie and letting go of the nipple she'd been unconsciously massaging. "Oh, yes, we can keep a little for ourselves. I suppose that's fair. But maybe we should ask Genie to teach you how to use it?"

"I fully intend to, when she returns," Kelly said, nodding, "Especially since I eventually need help to make sure I can close the link to Adelphia when the time comes."

"You just wanted to hand her a fait accompli, I see," Candace said with a wry smile, "Just like with me."

Kelly nodded with a smug smile, now that she'd overcome her initial scruples.

"How long did you think it would take until I found you out?" Candace asked.

"Honestly it's lasted a bit longer than I thought," Kelly admitted, "But I was hoping you would enjoy it too much to enquire."

"You *have* been very inventive," Candace said, jangling the chains still cuffing her wrists to her ankles, which in turn were shackled to the milker frame above her head. Her body's inherent flexibility and the analgesic effects of sex endorphins meant she was not uncomfortable folded over with her bum in the air.

"Should I unlock you?" Kelly asked.

"Unless you plan to have another go at me," Candace said.

Kelly checked the time. "No, I have to get back," she said reluctantly, and started to free her sister.

"The only concern I really have," Candace said, resuming the conversation as they cleaned up, "Is that you already have a connection, so why do you need another?"

"She's had three already, and now she has a fresh fourth child," Kelly pointed out, "So I'm hardly even catching up to her."

Candace gave Kelly a look, but she wasn't really even irritated. Adelphia deserved a full-blooded little sister. Besides, Kelly seemed not to have considered the possibility that if Genie came back to find Candace already pregnant, she could choose to argue that *Kelly* should carry Genie's next child.

For truth, justice and the American way.

Practice

That night a paperclip fell out of the air to land on the table just below, and Kelly leaned back, breathing hard as she wiped sweat from her brow. “I know, it’s not much, but it’s clearly magic, innit?”

Candace nodded agreement. “I believed you before, but it seems like you’re a long way from where you could, well...” She motioned at her chest.

“The funny thing is, I feel like I might be able to do more with you. Like, let me show you.”

“Woah, wait, what are you about to try?” Candace asked, alarmed.

“You said it was time to trim your eyelashes again, right? I think I can...” Kelly reached out, and Candace’s lashes immediately shortened to a less excessive length.

“Wow!” Candace said, impressed as well as slightly unsettled at her sister’s power over Candace’s body. “Can you do that with everyone, or just me?”

“I can do it with myself, too, though it’s a bit more effort. Other people I haven’t tried, but I expect it would be even harder. Maybe paperclip-level difficulty.”

“I would call ‘paperclip-level difficulty’ a rather misleading category title, don’t you agree?” Candace commented as she brushed at her lashes with one finger.

Kelly stuck her tongue out at Candace, looking momentarily as young as her unageing sister. A cry went up from one of the girls, and Kelly rolled her eyes. “I’ll sort it while you get hooked in and I’ll be back to take care of you soon.”

“You better!” Candace said, and wiggled her bum slightly at Kelly to motivate her to manage the matter quickly.

In the morning Candace’s eyelashes were back with a vengeance, but a positive pregnancy test provided alternative evidence of Kelly’s potency where Candace was concerned.

“It could be coincidence,” Kelly pointed out, too happy to care whether her magic allowed her to get Candace pregnant so quickly or if it was simply good luck and sheer quantity of cum pumped into her womb.

“It could be,” Candace allowed, “Maybe we should give it another test on date night tomorrow.”

“What are you thinking?”

“See if you can get me to fit into the red dress.”

“Which red dress?” Kelly asked.

“The strappy one that I used to wear before I got too big to squeeze into it even in the bedroom,” Candace reminded her.

Kelly was wistful. “Oh my god, I would *die* if I could take you out in that dress. Let’s try!”

Candace turned off the milker on date night, slightly disgruntled that Kelly was running too late to join her. Not *very* disgruntled; the foggy good cheer imposed on her after an extended period without a good fucking was carrying away her discontent. Still, she remained sensible enough to know that she would prefer her have her full wits about her for one of their rare nights out with just the two of them, especially since Candi Baby wasn't very good at remembering that she wasn't supposed to flirt in public. It was just about the best Candi Baby could do to remember not to actually snog her sister where people might know they were related.

"Sorry! Sorry! I was stuck in chambers!" Kelly apologised as she hurried in, stripping out of her suit.

"It's okay if you want to do it another day," Candace said, weighing her disappointment against the advantages of starting sex straightaway.

"What would the nanny make of us just staying in here the whole evening instead of going out?" Kelly said, laughing ruefully. "We should..." She stopped to check her watch. "We're going to be late if we stop for a quickie. Okay, let's see if I can..." Kelly placed her hands on Candace's head.

Suddenly the fog cleared away. "Kels! You did it! I was past halfway to bimbohood and now I'm perfectly sensible!" It wasn't as good as if she'd had a fresh fucking because she didn't feel the same sense of calm clarity, but nevertheless, she felt quite normal.

"Really! That wasn't difficult at all!" Kelly said, surprised despite herself. "Alright then, let's see about fitting you into that dress.

Kelly placed her hands on Candace's boobs, and sure enough they began to shrink from gargantuan down until they were hardly larger than Kelly's. By appearance they remained quite a bit bigger because they were on Candace's smaller frame, but they were still less than half the volume, and so light that Candace felt strangely off-centred. For better or worse, she was used to their massive weight pulling her forward.

"That was a big effect! And where did it go? Even wish magic can't make that much mass go away, right?" Candace said, gobsmacked at Kelly's abilities. "Are you okay?"

Kelly wiped sweat off her face. "That was a lot harder. I felt like there was a lot more resistance toward the end. But you can get into the dress now, I'm sure of it."

She was correct. Not only could Candace fit in the dress, she didn't have to wear a bodysuit underneath to keep everything in place, allowing Candace to show off her bare back as intended by the dress' design.

"I look so *classy*!" Candace marvelled in the mirror. "You and I could be twins again!"

Kelly laughed in delight, but shook her head. "Sisters, at least. You look even younger than usual for some reason."

"I think that's just because of my small boobs," Candace opined, examining herself in the mirror.

“Not *small*,” Kelly said, laughing, though it had been true that toward the end of the shrinking, she’d started to feel that she was making them just a bit smaller than she would have really preferred. “Come on, let’s go! I’ll tell Marie we’re leaving and join you at the elevator so she doesn’t freak out when she sees you.”

“What if my boobs come back, like my eyelashes did?” Candace asked in the lift after Kelly rejoined her.

“If they start to come back I’ll just shrink them again before it becomes a problem,” Kelly said.

“Oh, of course,” Candace said, feeling a bit foolish, “Of course you’ve thought it through.”

Dating Difficulty

Candace felt a bit strange walking around showing so much skin and so little cleavage, but Kelly’s confident presence at Candace’s side easily kept her old anxieties at bay. It was clear that the sisters drew as much attention as ever, though the attention was different. The discreet glances of admiration or lust at the two women remained, but without the less flattering looks of blatant derision or disbelief that went with Candace’s rare forays into public when at her usual bustiness.

“A reservation for two under Andersen?” Kelly told the host when they arrived.

“Very good! I think you’ll be pleased. I consider it the breast...” he swallowed and stammered, “Terribly sorry! I meant to say that I consider it the *best* table in the house, with an excellent view of Tower Bridge and the Financial District skyline.”

“It’s quite all right,” Kelly told him with a slow smouldering smile. Candace struggled not to laugh at how Kelly was toying with the poor fellow.

“Your server will be with you presently!” he said and beat a hasty retreat.

“That poor man!” Candace said, laughing. “You’ll get us in trouble someday.”

“For today, though, I bet I’ll get us discreet service.”

“Probably,” Candace said, laughing and enjoying the feel of Kelly’s hand on her knee, naughty yet reassuring under the tablecloth.

Candace felt very refined and elite, eating expensive French food delivered by a witty and flamboyant waiter who complimented them on the beautiful picture they presented without making anything awkward. As they progressed through the bottle of Bordeaux the house sommelier had recommended, Kelly became ever wittier in her recounting of the peccadilloes of the various people she encountered during litigation. Or at least, Candace found her wittier after a couple glasses of her own.

“I need to visit the little girl’s room,” Kelly said.

“Should I come?” Candace asked. Her chest had shown no signs of re-enlarging, but she didn’t want to take any chances.

“If we both go at once they might suspect we’re trying to skip out on the bill. I’ll be right back. And if anything goes wrong, just join me and I’ll fix it. I’ll text you which stall it is.”

That seemed reasonable enough to Candace, so she sipped the last of her wine and gazed across the Thames without worry.

For about twenty seconds. Then she felt the slight sensation of pressure, and a look down at her bosom confirmed that her breasts were starting to grow. It was subtle, but undeniable. Candace rocketed to her feet in alarm, and hurried toward where she thought the accommodations were. Then she saw the host looking at her with what she thought was suspicion in his eyes, and her anxiety skyrocketed.

But only for a moment; instead of the usual slow drift toward vapid horniness, Candace gave way to Candi Baby in seconds. Which wasn’t to say that she entirely forgot that she was trying to avoid bursting out of her dress in the midst of the restaurant, but the details of her plan became very hazy. She didn’t know where the loo was, so she had to leave, didn’t she?

“Madame?” the host said, trying to intercept her.

“Tell Kelly I had to go home!” she said, giving him her biggest smile and a languid wink.

“I beg your...” he said said in confusion as she hurried out.

She reached the sidewalk before she recalled that she hadn’t called a car. Fortunately a taxis was disgorging a tourist as she arrived, so she slid in. “Hello!”

The taxi driver did a double-take in the mirror. “Hello, ma’am!”

“Can you take me home?” Candi asked, and giggled at the double-entendre.

“It would be my pleasure!” he said, pulling out with alacrity. “Surely you don’t mean *my* home?” he asked, trying to make a joke of it.

“No, silly!” Candi said, giggling again, “*My* home.”

“I’m afraid I don’t know where that is,” he prompted her gently.

“Oh! Sorry, I’m a bimbo right now,” Candi confided, before giving her address. Twice, because the first time he was too distracted by her frank self-description to pay attention. Had he noticed that her boobs were growing? She looked down and lifted them to feel how much the weight had changed. “Still kinda light,” she said, disappointed.

“They don’t look light to me,” he said with a shaky voice. He was a slightly heavysset black man with distinct smile lines.

“They’re so smaaaall right now,” she complained. They had begun to rise out of the top of her dress like soda bread in the oven, but they were still a fraction of their ordinary size.

“They do not look small to me either,” he disputed again, clearly very distracted but managing to weave through traffic expertly anyway.

“Bigger boobs feel better,” Candi said, rubbing at her disappointing breasts.

“Uhh,” he said, and shifted uncomfortably in his seat.

“It’s like bigger cocks. I don’t mean like bigger cocks feel better in your pussy, I mean bigger cocks feel better because then pussies feel tighter, right?”

He made a strangled noise.

“Oh! We’re almost there. Let me show you.”

“I... What did you say?” he asked, apparently unable to believe his ears.

“Stop here! Yes, right here!”

He followed her directions with mixed relief and disappointment, so distracted that he didn’t even realise she hadn’t paid her fare until she was out of the cab. For a moment he felt certain that it had all been a ruse to evade paying her fare, but then pulled open the passenger side door and crawled over to him.

“Wait, what are you doing?” he tried to object, but under the influence of watching her bountiful breasts bounce out of her dress, he could only manage, “Waoooooong?” followed by a weak yelp as she unzipped his trousers.

“Shhh!” she commanded as she fished his prick out of his pants. “Ooh, pretty!” she said, admiring his bell-end briefly before bobbing her head down on it. He had an unusual dick of ordinary thickness, but topped with a fat head that she thought would feel very interesting. Though his position make it difficult to get it all in her mouth.

“Oh God,” he groaned.

“Lay back!” Candi commanded, then pulled the lever herself, causing him to fall back suddenly and his tip to bump into the back of her throat pleasantly. It wasn’t quite long enough to be really fun to deep throat, so she licked around the base a little to tease him. She pulled back slightly and waited for his hands to grab the back of her head and force her back onto his cock, but he was still too hesitant so she pulled off entirely.

“Do I have to do everything myself?” she scolded him, then remembered what she was supposed to be doing. “Oh sorry! I was going to show you that big boobs are better!”

She started alternating between rubbing her tits up and down his length and then re-lubricating with her mouth until everything was sloppy enough for her to start titfucking him in earnest, though she was always careful to pause when it seemed like the cabbie was getting too close to blowing his load and ending the fun.

He could hardly believe what was happening; this giant-titted bimbo demanding to please him with her huge soft breasts. It wasn’t the first time a woman had tried to pay her fare with sexual favours, but he’d never even seen a girl this sexy before, much less had one press sex on him in lieu of £7.25 fare. If she even cared about the fare; she hadn’t said a word about it.

What was more, the more she rubbed her boobs up and down his prick, the bigger she felt. It must be because she kept bringing him right to the edge and he had his eyes squeezed shut in his increasing desperation to blow his load. When they bounced against his tummy or his thighs,

though, they felt softer, and deeper, and heavier with every other bounce. He started to meet her bust-strokes with thrusts in hopes of finishing, but every time he felt it approaching she would give his cock a little squeeze that set him back before resuming. It was delicious agony, and there seemed to be no end to the sex or the depths of her breasts.

“That’s better,” she said, sounding pleased at his thrusts, and this time she didn’t press on his penis; instead she slammed her massive, fleshy weight down on him while pushing a knuckle through the seat of his pants into his prostate.

His eye flew open and he wheezed “Hoooooh!” as he came harder than he’d ever come in his life. He couldn’t begin to comprehend the mountain of breast that has smashed the air and cum out of him. They were impossibly huge, so big that the one on his torso nearly touched his chin, and the other pinned his legs down like a hot weighted blanket.

“Impossible,” he tried to say, but there was no air left in his lungs, and no blood left in his brain.

So he passed out.

Recovery

Candi Baby giggled and got off the funny driver. That took some concerted effort because she was still getting bigger, but she didn’t want to actually suffocate him. She hadn’t killed anybody by sex yet, and though that did seem like the best way to go, he was way too young and cute for it to be his time. She patted his softening prick affectionately in thanks for its service.

Wasn’t she supposed to be getting, like, smart again? He gave her some really good spooge, for a regular bloke.

It was kind of cramped in the car with her boobs so big again. Like, really big. The biggest they’d ever been, and they weren’t even full of milk!

“Candi!” Kelly’s desperate voice called from someplace outside the car. Uh oh, maybe she was in trouble?

Candi opened the door. “I didn’t kill him!”

“Kill who?” Kelly said as she ran up to the taxi, then she stopped. “Candi! What happened to your...” She held both hands far out from her chest.

“Oh! I got bigger again. The biggest! Maybe so big I can’t walk. Wouldn’t that be funny? Can you help me?”

“Yes, of course I’ll help you!” Kelly said, sounding panicked, “Just stay in the car! I’ll, uh... I’ll think of something.”

“Okay,” Candi said, and settled in to play with her gigantic breasts while she waited for Kelly to think of something.

Kelly ran into the lobby of their block of flats.

“In a rush?” the portly old evening concierge said jovially, not perceiving the tension underneath Kelly’s reflexive smile.

“I am, a bit,” she told him cheerily, and stopped at his desk.

“What can I do for you?” he said, sitting up in hopes of being able to assist one of the two most beautiful women in the building.

“I think I might have seen a prowler down in the car park when I was locking up my bicycle, but I’m late to relieve the nanny so I couldn’t linger to be sure. Could you take a look? It would make me feel safer.”

“Of course! Never fear, they can’t get in without a keycard, and I know every hiding place.” He heaved himself to his feet and lumbered over to the service lift.

“Thank you so much Mr Kincade!” Kelly said, waiting until the lift doors closed before nicking his huge overcoat. She sprinted back outside and down the street a short distance to where the car and Candi waited.

“I’m going to help you put this on,” Kelly told her sister, who giggled at being made to don the vastly oversized cloak, with both arms dangling well over her hands. Kelly reached through to grasp each of Candi’s hands, then leaned back to pull Candi forward. “Up!” she commanded.

“Up!” Candi echoed, and managed to regain her feet. “I’m going to trip over this funny cloak. Or maybe not, ‘cause of my boobies.”

“Just hold up the cloak,” Kelly said, positioning herself behind her sister where she could hook her arms under Candi’s.

“My boobies are holding it up, ‘cause they’re so big, see?”

“No, I can’t see,” Kelly said, guiding Candi along the pavement.

Candi tried to wiggle around to where Kelly could see.

“Just wait a moment until we’re back home,” Kelly pleaded.

“Okay,” Candi said. “I think you should fuck me first thing, okay?”

Kelly tensed as Candi said it, but the lobby was deserted. “Yep, let’s hurry!” She pushed Candi into the lift and slapped their button, praying that their luck held.

“I think I probably have the biggest boobies in the world. Do you think they’re the biggest? Definitely once I get all my milk, right? Do you think my nips will even fit in the bells?”

“Shh,” Kelly said, and pulled Candi’s hand out of the cloak where she’d been preparing to grab her newly enlarged teats. “Wait until we’re back in the milking room.”

“In the milking stall,” Candi said, giggling.

Fortunately they could get to the master bedroom without going through the children’s part of the flat. “Okay, stay here, while I put the cloak back, and I’ll be right back. Do not go *anywhere*, okay?”

“Okay, I’ll just get a fizzy drink,” Candi agreed.

“No, stay in the room,” Kelly insisted.

“Yeah,” Candi agreed, but started to follow Kelly out.

“I said to stay in the room,” Kelly said.

“I will!” Candi said.

Kelly blocked her sister from leaving and contemplated how to explain herself. Or maybe she didn’t *need* to explain herself. “New idea. Let’s get you in your harness. How does that sound?”

“Yay!” Candi cheered, though softly because Kelly put a finger over her lips.

“Great,” Kelly said, and started by gagging her empty-headed but docile sister, before locking her head into the milking harness.

“Mph hmphm mm hmphm hmm!” Candi pointed out when her breasts proved to be so large they actually touched the floor.

Until that moment, Kelly hadn’t fully grasped how much Candi had grown. Earlier in the evening, Kelly had shrunk Candace down to perhaps a quarter of her usual size, besides stopping her lactation, and now she was probably four time her usual size and filling fast. It was shocking. Worrying.

Bizarrely hot.

“I’ll be right back!” Kelly promised, and hurried back down to the lobby. She managed to replace it before Mr Kincade returned, but on her way back into the flat, it occurred to her that she had to tell Marie something.

“The babes is all asleep. How was adult time?” Marie asked kindly, looking up from her television programme.

“Good, though I’m afraid Candi is feeling unwell, so she’s gone directly to bed,” Kelly said, “Can you remain for a bit longer while I make sure she’s okay?”

“Why of course! We agreed I’d stay to ten o’clock, didn’t we?”

“Yes, thank you! If I’m still preoccupied with my sister, don’t feel you need to take your leave, okay.”

“Of course,” Marie said, giving Kelly a wink that she devoutly hoped didn’t imply that Marie had guessed the true nature of the sisters’ relationship. But she couldn’t have, could she? Not the *true* nature.

Kelly hurried back to her sister’s room, because the thought of Candi and her supersized body waiting in the milking harness was going to force an erection on her whether she wanted one or not, and her current dress wouldn’t hide it from the nanny.

Candi was getting impatient for Kelly to come back and take care of her. The resting pads for her shoulders allowed her some freedom of movement, but now that her awesome new boobs were so much bigger, she couldn’t reach her nipples with the teat cups. Meanwhile, she could see her udders steadily expanding with milk before her eyes, making them even bigger and heavier. It was exciting, but the rate at which the milk was flooding in was almost frightening.

Fortunately, every time she started to get worried, the bimbo magic would rush in and spirit away her ability to contemplate future consequences. So she just enjoyed watching her boobs progressively bulge out in every direction as a pleasant sense of pressure grew. By the time her sister returned she'd completely lost the plot and didn't care what happened, as long as it felt good.

"Oh my God, you're gigantic!" Kelly exclaimed.

Candi couldn't perceive the shock and worry; she just understood that Kelly was impressed with how big she was. Candi was also impressed, and the only thing that could make her happier at that moment than having breasts filled with vast amounts of milk was having a vagina filled with vast amounts of cock. She wiggled her bum in the air to display her profoundly engorged and slaving mound.

The sweet scent of Candi's arousal filled the room, and her pussy lips were so swollen with need they opened her up like a flower. Kelly's nose flared, and for a moment she, too, forgot to be alarmed. In seconds, she found herself buried to the hilt.

"Mmmmm!" Candi intoned appreciatively, but she wanted more, and pushed back against her sister, trying to get more.

But there was no more. Kelly didn't have Genie's ludicrously huge cock that could stretch Candi to her max. Or maybe she could, at least for the night? Kelly concentrated on the possibility.

"Mmmmm!" Candi hummed with excitement that grew apace with the fleshy column impaling her ever more thoroughly.

Kelly grunted with effort at the concentration necessary to continue her transformation and *not* pop off prematurely. She could feel the sweat rolling down her face, but finally her cockhead met resistance somewhere deep in her sister.

As she started thrusting vigorously, she marvelled at the sensation. Was this what Genie felt? But Genie had never experienced Candace at this size, had she? This was just between the two of them. It was a selfish thought, but the thought of laying claim to her little bimbo of a sister in a way even Genie couldn't was so hot it made her come.

Kelly gasped helplessly while she pumped Candi full of spunk, but when she'd recovered enough to speak, she knew it was time to remove Candi's gag. With that amount of cum in her, she would definitely be back to normal.

"Again!" was Candi's first word when she could speak.

"Candi, give me a moment. I can't just go again straitaway."

"Want fuck!" Candi insisted, waving her cunt again.

"What?" Kelly asked.

"Want fuck! Again!" Candi demanded.

"Are you okay?" Kelly asked.

“Fuck!” Candi insisted.

“Candi, don’t joke. You’re scaring me.”

“Want fuck!” Candi said, and made it a chant: “Want fuck! Want fuck! Want fuck!”

Kelly felt guilty about how effective an aphrodisiac Candi’s demands for more sex were. Maybe the problem was that she was full of so much milk? “How about we get you milked?” she suggested.

“Moo!” Candi said playfully, and wiggled her bum again. “Fuck moo.”

“I hope this works,” Kelly said with mixed trepidation and anticipation.

When Kelly finally collapsed, utterly exhausted and drained, Candi’s milk had filled every container they had and several litres had to be poured down the drain. Kelly felt like she could not possibly produce even a drop more of cum, but Candi remained completely brain dead and giant breasted.

And Kelly remained deeply conflicted. Obviously it was a horrifying disaster if she’d somehow broken her sister, yet... Yet she just couldn’t resist feeling like it was a perfect sexual fantasy come to life, which she never wanted to end.

Her dreams were confused and frightening, but also sexy. In one she was on television with a pregnant Candi on a leash while Jeremy Kyle yelled at her about being irresponsible. In another Genie punished Kelly by making her into the giant-tilted bimbo and pumping her full of dozens of babies at once.

Candace’s voice and hand stroking Kelly’s hair slowly pulled her out of an incoherent nightmare. “Kels?”

“Candi!” Kelly said, relief flooding her. She could feel one of Candace’s huge breasts resting soft and heavy against her back, but it was only *regular* Candace-huge, not the ludicrous giant boobs from her nightmares.

“Are you awake now, then?” Candace asked, “You seemed to be having a nightmare.”

“I was. Something about getting milk on the concierge’s cloak and having to wash it before he finds out. I had the worst... well, the strangest dream last night.” Kelly paused for a moment and reassessed. “It wasn’t a dream, was it?”

“You mean, me growing tits like prize pumpkins and demanding you fuck me until you literally dropped from exhaustion? It was kind of a dream, in that it was in the top two or three fuckings I’ve ever experienced in my life. Thank you!”

“Um, you’re welcome?” Kelly said, feeling very strange about being thanked for a dangerous situation that had completely escaped her control.

“I guess some part of me last night thought I was stuck like that forever, but every time I started to worry, I just got hornier instead. *You* know how I am. So I’m really glad you didn’t tell me it would go away in the morning, or I don’t think it could have been quite as hot.” Candace

gave Kelly a little squeeze of thanks. “You always know *just* what to do.”

“Not *always*. There were moments...”

“Well, you could hardly have guessed I’d get lost on the way to the loo and run away,” Candace said, giggling at the memory. “I wonder what that poor taxi driver made of it all?”

“I reckon he thought it was a dream?” Kelly suggested unsteadily.

“It *was* a dream. It really was,” Candace asserted, kissing the back of Kelly’s neck and snuggling close.