*[Trigger warning: Rape]*

Kendra held orgies at her new place. At first it was every other month, then it was monthly, which became weekly and then nearly every other day. She would fuck over a hundred guys at least twice a week. Her guestlist grew as well. More guys and a surprising number of girls turned up. With girls now part of the equation, Kendra changed the rule where they all had to come in or on her to if they want to fuck her, they must come in or on her.

She did away with the group system and refurbished her living room. Now she would be fucked in her living room. The move was a necessary change as she almost outgrew the sex dungeon on several occasions. When one cock came, another replaced it immediately. Oh, she nicknamed all the guys ‘cock’. She could not be bothered to remember their names. To her, they only served to provide her with cum and cash, not that she needed the latter but it was a way to limit the type of people that could participate.

When Kendra wasn’t busy covering herself with cum and milk, she was busy meeting the rich and powerful. They all wanted a slice of her pie, and a night with her but she never allowed that. Her foundation had become a force to be reckoned with, all thanks to her unlimited funds. College tuition grants were handed out like candy and research labs all over the country had all their funding approved. She might not be able to conjure up a cure for diseases but she could definitely accelerate research.

She had just returned from a meeting with one of her research partners. The treatment they developed was showing strong promise and were ready to move to a larger trial. It was a three day trip with two days spent just at the airport. She would have teleported where she was needed but appearances of normalcy had to be kept up. When out in public, she would keep her bust at a modest F-cup and sometimes grow J-cups throughout the day if she was feeling naughty. Just because she had to appear normal, didn’t mean that she was going to behave normal.

Kendra plopped down on the couch, conjured a glass of wine and some snacks, and turned on the TV. The news was reporting on an investment the K-Foundation, her foundation, had made in helping repay student loan debts. It brought a smile to her face when they showed interviews with grateful people thanking her.

Mike wasn’t home. He had been giving her the cold shoulder outside of fucking and started staying elsewhere more often. Kendra knew that she was giving him less attention since they moved but she couldn’t help it. He always knew that there was no real bond between them, just fuck buddies. At least she hoped he knew.

The news moved on and Kendra drifted to sleep. She felt her body being moved and awoke from that. A pair of hands was undoing her suit and dress shirt roughly, and fondling her boobs. She regained consciousness and realised it was Mike.

“What are you doing?” Kendra pushed him away and held her clothes close.

Mike moved towards her. His face filled with anger and lust. “I want to fuck.”

“No! I’m not in the mood!” She moved back on the couch. “We’ll do it tomorrow, or later if I’m feeling up for it.”

He ignored her and continued his advance. Kendra stood up and gave Mike a tight slap.

“I said, no.” Mike held the cheek that was slapped and glared at her. She glared back and stormed off to her bedroom.

Kendra slammed the door behind her, jiggling her tits free of their confines. She could not believe what Mike was thinking or that he had the audacity to do something like that. He was going to have to leave. She would give him a sum of money and make him leave. But first, she needed to sleep. She stripped naked and climbed into bed, drifting off as the adrenaline subsided.

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Kendra dreamt of her old job. She was walking to the copier to duplicate some documents when Kathy stopped her and started berating her. She called her names like slut, cunt and whore. Kendra whimpered a retort but Kathy told her to shut up. In that instant, Kendra felt something in her mouth. She reached up to feel it and realised it was a ball gag. She could not form words, only muffled noises. Then Kathy ripped Kendra’s shirt and skirt off, leaving her in her underwear. She then removed her pants, revealing a penis. It hung past her knees and was thick as her arm.

Kendra’s boobs bounced as Kathy pinned her to the ground, held her hands tight and thrust her penis into her. Kendra yelped in pain as she was utterly filled and stretched to her limits. She tried to beg Kathy to stop but it only came out as muffled moans.

Kendra could only moan and cry as Kathy violated her.

~

Kendra woke up from the dream to see Mike on top of her and inside her. She tried to squirm free but he had an iron grip.

“You can’t say a wish or snap your fingers. I’m going to have you all to myself. No more gangbangs. No more sharing. All. Mine.” Mike had a crazed look in his eyes.

*He doesn’t know I can think my wishes! I wish that I was free of him.* Kendra immediately teleported to her door and Mike ended up thrusting in her bed. She removed the ball gag and massaged her jaw.

“What the fuck is wrong with you?”

Mike scrambled out of her bed but he was too slow. Kendra snapped her fingers and ropes appeared to tie him down.

“Our agreement was that you could fuck me when I want it, not rape me.”

“Oh yeah? It seems like you’ve been wanting it less!”

“Things changed, Mike!”

He tried to lunge at Kendra but the ropes held.

“I can’t let this go. You’ve violated my trust. I’ll have to punish you,” she said grimly.

“Do your worst, slut. You’re just a slut. A whore. A cum r-”

Kendra snapped her fingers and the ball gag tied itself to Mike’s mouth. She snapped again and a chastity belt encased his crotch and monster cock and balls. Another snap and the ropes disappeared, replaced by a collar and leash around his neck, and he went on all fours. Pain, confusion, anger, all emotions other than happy ones flashed across his eyes

“I own you now. You still have your free will and be free to think what you want. But, you will obey my every order. Some time in the future, I may choose to forgive you for what you’ve done to me. But until then, you’ll have to suffer.

“That chastity belt is molded to fit your cock flaccid. If you get hard, you will be in a world of pain. And I will make sure that you do. Every time I fuck or masturbate, you will get hard, whether you know it or not. You cannot come. You will always be on the edge but never cross it.”

His eyes widened with fear.

Kendra snapped again and her sybian appeared beside her. Mike was trembling and making muffled noises, tears ran down his cheek. She slid the dildo into her pussy and mounted the sybian.

“Let this be your first lesson.”

~

At the next orgy, Kendra paraded Mike like a show dog in front of her guest. There were whispers and murmurs when she did.

“I have one more rule to add. If consent is not given, do not force yourself upon another participant or me. Break that rule and you will end up like him.” She stepped on Mike’s whimpering head. “Am I clear?”

A chorus of acknowledgement echoed through the house.

“Good. Let us begin.” Her guests started to mingle, some stripped and started fucking, others got to work on the buffet first.

She had Mike sit like a dog in a corner and watch her every move. She then moved among the guests to make her way through the bed set up for her.

One of the participants caught Kendra’s eye. A petite girl with modest assets. She was like a shorter version of Kendra before meeting Ginny. She was shifting uncomfortably and undressing hesitantly.

“Hello! I haven’t seen you before.”

“H-hi. I’m new,” she whispered.

“Welcome! Is this your first time at an orgy? You must be nervous.” The girl nodded.

“I’m Kendra. You are?”

“Chelsea.”

“Come, I’ll take good care of you.”

Kendra led Chelsea to the bed and laid her down. She made out with her while running her hands over the new girl’s body. She then kissed her body, making her way down to Chelsea’s pussy. Remembering her time with Ginny and how much she enjoyed it, Kendra made it so that whatever Chelsea felt in her pussy, she would feel it on herself and vice versa. A special treat for the new girl.

A cock entered Kendra, eliciting a moan of surprise from Chelsea. Kendra winked at her while continuing her cunninglingus. Eventually, Chelsea’s nerves were soothed and she was more comfortable, blowing a cock and jerking off two others while one pounded her ass, one tit fucked her and Kendra ate her.

At some point, Chelsea became covered with cum and went to take a break from being physically fucked. Kendra then made it so that she herself could only come once every hour to build up the orgasms. Cocks came in her, on her, her breast grew and sprayed milk all over. Kendra had to reduce her tits’ sensitivity to prevent herself from passing out when her nipples were sucked as they grew.

Suddenly, a cold metallic feeling entered her, causing her to shriek into the cock stuffing her throat. The metallic feeling gradually became warm and picked up the pace. Once the cock came in her throat, she turned to look at where she placed Mike.

Chelsea was riding his chastity belt’s cock. Kendra broke into laughter before another cock rammed into her mouth.

At the end of the orgy, Kendra was probably larger than her old apartment and her nipples were too big to fit in any normal person’s mouth, though they were definitely hard enough to be fucked with. Kendra shrunk her boobs down and cleaned herself by wiping all the cum on her and lapping it up. She even had too wring her hair off of cum. It was disgusting and it turned Kendra on to think how big a cumslut she was.

A snap and her house was back to its tidied form. Mike looked to be in a daze in his corner, staring up the stairs, shaking. Chelsea really went to town on him.

Kendra ordered Mike to come to her and he ran eagerly on all fours. He seemed almost as if he couldn’t wait till he was commanded away from his post. That was curious.

“Is there something up the stairs?”

Mike nodded.

“Is it one of the guests?”

Mike nodded again.

“Okay, I’ll handle it. Go have your dinner.” She snapped and the ball gag in his mouth disappeared, and he scrambled to his dog bowl in the kitchen.

Kendra went up the stairs quietly. “Hello? Who’s there? You can come out. It’s alright, I’m not going to hurt you!”

The door closest to the landing crept open and Chelsea emerged.

“Chelsea!”

“Sorry, Kendra. I...” She looked tortured inside. “I’ll just go. I’m sorry.” She tried to run past Kendra but Kendra grabbed on to her.

“What is it? You can talk to me.” Kendra gave her sweetest, most genuine smile.

Chelsea broke down and sobbed into Kendra. They moved to the living room and rested on the couch. Kendra let her cry her heart out without interrupting, simply consoling her and providing her tissues. When she finally calmed down, Kendra offered a glass of water.

“Thank you, Kendra. I’m sorry.”

“Pfftt. There’s nothing to be sorry about. I’m always open to helping a friend.”

“But we’ve only just met!”

“Still my friend.”

Chelsea hugged Kendra tightly, mashing their breasts together, almost causing Kendra to come.

“So, what’s the matter? How can I help?”

“I feel...I feel inadequate..."

“Inadequate? Why? Is it your size? Don’t worry about that! You’re smoking! Trust me!”

“You’re just saying that..."

“No, I’m not.”

“You’re too kind...But...I do feel inadequate.” She took a long drink. “I almost didn’t come today. But my friend convinced me to. He said he would be my boyfriend if I did.”

“What...Are you kidding me?”

Chelsea shook her head.

“What kind of friend is that? How can he do that? Holding your feelings for him over you like that...” Kendra felt the rage bubble within her. “I’m so sorry, I didn’t know. If I did, I would never have...Oh God...”

Chelsea took her hands. “Don’t be! I enjoyed myself today! You were amazing! And I don’t know what you did to me but it felt amazing!”

“Really?”

Chelsea nodded. Kendra breathed a sigh of relief.

“I don’t think he’s worth your time, Chelsea. Tell me who he is, I’ll ban him from participating ever again.”

“Thank you, Kendra...I really appreciate it. There’s something else.”

“What is it?”

“Could you make me hotter? I want bigger breasts and butt.”

“Why though? You’re smoking already!”

“Please? I’ve always wanted to be bigger.”

Kendra shifted uneasily and sighed. “Alright. I’ll do it. But promise me it’s for yourself and not that jerk.”

“I promise.”

“Ok, here goes. I’ll start with your bust. Tell me when to stop.”

Kendra snapped. Chelsea moaned and massaged her growing B-cups.

“Oh my god. Does it always feel so good?”

“Every single time.”

“Oh fuck, it hurts. My breasts are becoming too big for my bra and shirt!”

“Shit, I’m sorry, I forgot. I’ll stop it so yo-”

“No! Keep going! I want to bust out of my clothes!” she moaned.

Kendra would be lying if she said she didn’t find Chelsea and her growth hot. Her hands found their way to her clit and started rubbing. Chelsea gasped again, feeling what Kendra’s clit felt. It only made Kendra more turned on.

“Oh god. I’m going to come.” Chelsea trembled as the orgasm crashed through her, squeezing her tits even tighter. There was a snap. Her bra finally gave way and her shirt was next. The fabric stretched thin, clinging on for dear life to contain her growing bust.

“Oooooooooooo!!!” she yelled as her breasts shredded her shirt, spilling out into her hands.

When she finally asked Kendra to stop, Chelsea’s breasts hung taut and firm past her belly. She giggled as she played with her new boobs. “I may have gone a little too far.”

“I can fix that too!”

“No way! I love these! Do my ass now!” Chelsea assumed the doggy position. Kendra obliged.

“Mmmmm...this feels amazing too,” she moaned, one hand played with her boob, the other caressed her ass. She was so big that she could simply rest on her boobs. “Oooo, it’s getting tight.”

Denim jeans were not meant to be stretched and Chelsea’s butt and thighs were testing its limits. She moaned as her trunk got stuffed. The stitching holding the pair of jeans together began to unravel and tear.

“Okay stop!” And her growth stopped. Chelsea was panting as if she came multiple times in a row. She removed her tattered clothes and underwear and Kendra helped her to a mirror to examine her new figure.

“What do you think? You like it?”

“I don’t like it. I love it!” She jumped up and down in excitement, her new assets bouncing along. Kendra had made Natalie thicc but Chelsea was *THICC*.

Chelsea hugged Kendra as tightly as their massive chests allowed. “Thank you, thank you, thank you!”

“You’re welcome! You look absolutely hot.”

“I feel hot.” She ran her hands up and down her body as she studied herself in the mirror. “I’ve decided. I’m going to dump that jerk. I can do much better than him. Especially now that I have the looks. With my brains, I will be unstoppable!”

“I know you would. Go out there and conquer the world!”

Chelsea leaned in and kissed Kendra. They made their way to her bedroom and spent the night exploring Chelsea’s new body.

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After a night of lustful passion, Chelsea and Kendra shared a long shower, squeezing their enormous breasts into a small confined space. With Chelsea’s new assets and Kendra leaving hers the size of award winning pumpkins, there wasn’t a lot of space for movement so they just made out and touched each other a lot.

While Chelsea dried herself, Kendra conjured up some clothes for her new friend. The bra was big enough that each cup could be used as a mixing bowl and the deep blue dress left little to the imagination.

Dressed up and her bust contained, Chelsea’s tits were wider than her body and stuck out nearly a foot, hanging just over her belly. The sleeveless dress covered her bra but left her cleavage wide open; it was just long enough to cover her thick ass, leaving her luscious legs uncovered. A pair of three inch heels accentuated her assets.

They enjoyed a simple breakfast with each other’s company. Kendra left Mike sleeping in his room. She briefly thought of her plan to finally free him but decided it was too soon. She would let him suffer a bit more before setting him free.

“Your request last night gave me an idea. And I have to say, I’m ashamed I did not think of it until now,” Kendra said through a mouth full of bacon. Both their breasts pressed up against the table edge, testing the limits of their tight fancy dresses, just so they could reach their plate.

“Oh? What is it?”

“A body augmentation clinic! You want big tits? You got it. Flat butt? Not any more. Wish you were the opposite sex? Wish no more!”

“Wow! That’s a great idea! Where do you plan to open the clinic?”

“No idea yet. I want to be able to reach as many people as I can. I want to help them address their confidence issues.”

“Like you did with me?” Chelsea leaned back and pushed her unnaturally large bust up.

Kendra laughed. “Something like that.”

“Well, when you do, let me know! I’ll be your first customer!”

“You want to get bigger? You’re already huge!”

“Says the girl whose breasts gets bigger than an army tank.”

“Touché.”

They finished their breakfast and Kendra called her a driver to take her home. While waiting, they took the time to make out and compete to see who can come the fastest. Kendra won by a long shot, coming three times before Chelsea reached her climax, and in doing so, ripped her dress and drenched herself in milk. Chelsea’s forfeit was to lick Kendra clean, which she thoroughly enjoyed. Alas, the driver arrived and their session came to an end. His jaws dropped when he saw Chelsea in that tight dress and Kendra’s major wardrobe malfunction. It made them giggle. Kendra would have to reward him one day. But she would need to learn his name first.

“Give me your address. I’ll have clothes of all varieties waiting for you when you get home.” Kendra handed her a notepad and pen.

Chelsea scribbled her address on the notepad and handed it to Kendra. “How can I ever repay you for what you’ve done for me?”

“Live your life to the fullest and come to me when you need help. That’s good enough for me.”

They hugged, again threatening to spill their ample bosom out of their dress. “You’re an amazing person, you know that?”

“You could stand to tell me that more often.”

Chelsea laughed. “I’ll see you soon. Be sure to invite me to the next one.”

Kendra waved her goodbye as the car pulled out of the roundabout in front of her house. She hurried back to her laptop. She had work to do.