

## Cocksucking Trance

By Jasgirl

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The one nice thing about my current situation, about my “sexy predicament” (as my boyfriend calls it), is that I always sleep like a log. Once my eyes close they don’t open again for 7 or 8 hours, and I wake up feeling... not refreshed exactly, but at least rested. It’s a side effect of the drug. My body needs to metabolise all of that cum, and all of those calories, and turn it into titty flesh.

I’ve always slept hot, but since this all started Steve (my boyfriend) says that I’m like sleeping next to a furnace. I kick the covers off at night, and I wake up covered in sweat. I started sleeping naked to try to stay cool, but these days I don’t have much of a choice. My pajamas no longer fit.

My day always starts the same, staring blankly at the window as I slowly wake up. I’ve always been slow to wake, and before the pandemic Steve used to have to shake me awake to make sure I would get to work on time. Now that I’m working from home I can sleep as late as I want, and I still take forever to get out of bed. Of course, my laziness isn’t the only reason.

It always takes me a few minutes to roll over in bed and sit up. And the ever increasing weight of my breasts makes it a little more difficult each day. I pause to catch my breath as I sit on the edge of the bed, my boobs resting in my lap. They felt heavier this morning. I can tell they were bigger.

Each of my breasts was about the size of a watermelon, and they were tender from a night of growth. I massaged them gently. Getting to my feet had become a struggle over the last month. I cradled my massive chest in one arm, and reached out for the bar Steve had installed on the wall. Sometimes I could get myself up on the first try. Today it took two.

Every day was the same routine. I started with a long, hot shower. The heat relaxed my whole body, especially my shoulders, and felt really amazing on my tender breasts. I would stand under the hot water and gently rub my swollen chest until the shower started to run cold. By the time I was done and dried off I was hungry and horny, which was perfect for what came next. I could also feel the slight headache that indicated it was past time for my first mouthful of cum of the day.

I didn’t bother getting dressed. At least not fully. Because of the pandemic we never left the house anymore, and I didn’t really own anything that would fit over my enormous breasts anyway. At first we had tried ordering new tops and bras through Amazon, but that got expensive fast, and we gave up after we realized that I just wasn’t going to stop growing. Instead, I mostly just wore a robe that Steve had bought me for Christmas the year before, my

favorite thigh high socks to keep my legs warm and slippers. Anything else was just too much trouble.

Cradling my tits in my arms, I slowly shuffled into the living room. Steve was up, of course. It was after 10am, and he was busy coding. Working from home hadn't changed his job much at all. He looked up at me and smiled.

"How ya feelin' this morning, hun? Any pain? Ya look bigger, I can tell."

I nodded as I slowly walked over to him. "I feel HUGE. I may need you to start helping me out of bed before long!"

He smiled again, then closed his laptop and put it and the TV tray it had been sitting on aside. "If ya want. Ya know I'd do 'bout anything fer ya. Speaking of, I sat yer breakfast in the oven. Eggs, bacon and hash. I've got some kiwi fruit in the fridge fer ya too, 'cause I know ya love it."

I settled down at the base of the couch on a cushion, between his legs. My breasts rested on my lap, pressing against the front of the couch and he spread thighs. "Thanks, hon. You know how hungry I get after this! But first..."

I reached into the pocket of my robe, pulling out a small bottle of pills. The bottle was a cheap looking yellow plastic with a poorly printed label that was peeling off. I remember the first time I saw it, thinking how fake it looked. Wondering how safe the drug actually was. I should have known better. But it was too late now.

Scott was already pulling down his shorts as I popped a pill in my mouth. The pill tasted chalky, but I was used to it, and swallowed it quickly. My attention was already focused on my boyfriend's cock. It was half hard, but as I took it in my hand I felt it stiffen. Scott had been a lot luckier with his drugs than I had. Just one pill had given him a 10 inch dick that was as thick as my wrist and could get hard in moments.

Now that I was face to face with my boyfriend's cock my need took over. I took a deep breath, inhaling it's scent. My mouth began to water, and my heart beat faster. I could feel my pussy start to get wet, and my nipples harden. I leaned forward, resting my chest comfortably against the couch, cushioned by my enormous breasts. Steve's dick bobbed in front of me, now stiff in my hand. I guided it to my mouth and closed my eyes as it pressed between my lips.

I had never been an enthusiastic cock sucker. That was the whole point of the drugs. Over the last few months my whole world had changed, and now my boyfriend's dick was the center of my life. I took his first 3 inches inside my mouth and began to eagerly suck. It had been at least 10 hours since my last blowjob, and having Steve's cock back in my mouth was like a hit of my favorite drug. Literally, since I was addicted to my boyfriend's cum. I felt my entire body relax. The tension in my shoulders that not even the hot shower could erase suddenly melted away.

My eyelids sagged as my brain went mushy with pleasure.

I settled into an easy rhythm, nursing on Steve's dick as I slowly bobbed my head up and down. I wasn't in any hurry. My plan was to make my boyfriend cum at least three times over the next hour, as I satisfied both my drug induced urges and my own growing love for cocksucking. I closed my eyes and let my mind switch off, descending into a cocksucking bliss. Steve patted my head gently before sitting the tv tray with his laptop over me. We had bought it specifically because it was large enough that I could comfortably kneel under it between his legs for hours at a time. He returned to his work as I settled into my cocksucking routine, resting against my massive breasts, eagerly suckling on his throbbing dick as my brain turned to mush and all thoughts slipped away from me.

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I came out of my cocksucking haze with Steve gently shaking my shoulder. His cock was still in my mouth, half hard. I slowly blinked as my mind switched back on.

I pulled my head back, slowly letting my boyfriend's dick escape my lips. Semi warm cum and drool oozed from my mouth and down my chin, joining a pool of sticky fluid in my cleavage. I tried to swallow what was left in my mouth, but ended up coughing it onto my breasts.

"What a waste..." I mumbled as Steve handed me a wet wipe from the container we kept next to the couch.

He patted me on the head as I wiped the sticky mess from my mouth and chin. "There'll be more fer ya later, don't worry babe."

I took another wet wipe and leaned back, carefully cleaning the still gooey cum from my tits. It was a big mess, but I could tell most of it ended up in my stomach. My belly felt warm and full. I motioned for another wet wipe. "How.... how many times did you cum? Twice?"

"Four, actually! Once you get goin' you just donna want ta stop, babe. You were at it fer almost two hours!"

"Two hours!" I had never zoned out for that long before, and I had never nursed Steve to four orgasms before either! Surprisingly, my jaw didn't ache and my neck wasn't stiff. After months of sucking cock I had gotten used to being on my knees with a mouthful of dick.

Steve helped me to my feet, groaning slightly at my weight. My breasts wobbled as I tried to steady myself, and even with the support of both hands they continued to jiggle as Steve led me over to the kitchen table.

This was part of our daily routine too. I positioned myself at the table as Steve went to the oven for my breakfast, breasts resting on the cold wood surface. Our kitchen table wasn't large, and

my boobs took up almost one third of it. And they were only going to get bigger.

Steve seemed to be reading my thoughts as he sat my breakfast plate next to me. There was no room for the plate in front of me at all.

“Four whole loads! Yer gonna grow a lot tonight! Won’t be long before we need a bigger table, I bet!” He poured me a tall glass of milk and went off to the bedroom to take a nap. Cumming four times in a row had worn him out.

I scrolled through Instagram on my phone as I shoveled semi warm hashbrowns and eggs into my mouth. Despite a belly full of cum I was ravenously hungry. That's how the drug worked. Swallowing cum made my breasts grow, but I needed calories to fuel that growth. A LOT of calories! In the first few weeks I had lost a lot of weight, as my growing breasts sucked up all my body’s fat reserves. But the weightloss had left me feeling exhausted and sick. It didn’t take us long to discover that I needed to eat more than I normally would to keep up with my boob’s boob’s ravenous growth. I switched to a protein rich meal plan that about doubled my daily calorie intake, and when that wasn’t enough we doubled it again.

I was eating four big meals a day and gaining more weight than in my freshman year at college. And even though most of that weight was going to my enormous breasts, the rest of my body was slowly starting to plump up. Especially my butt and thighs. And my belly, although my constantly growing chest hid it well.

I wasn’t the only one gaining. My eating habits were rubbing off on my boyfriend, and Steve had probably gained as much weight as since this all started. He sometimes chuckled about how once the quarantine was over and we both returned to work and started seeing friends again no one would recognize us. I didn’t think returning to work was in my future. I was pretty sure I’d be immobile within a few months. And I didn’t really mind.

I cleaned my plate and finished my glass of milk, then wobbled over to the fridge to refill it. I drained that glass too, and grabbed a box of donuts from the counter to snack on. It was already after noon, and well into my scheduled work time. But schedules had kind of become meaningless, and I was getting less and less work done every day. My cock sucking sessions were growing longer and longer, and really I didn’t mind that at all. Turning off my brain and just letting myself enjoy Steve’s cock had become my favorite thing in the world.

But we still needed to pay the bills, and I had a graphic design job that was overdue. Steve liked to joke that I could pay all of our bills by starting an Onlyfans page. I was seriously thinking about it. It would be a shame to keep tits like mine to ourselves.

I settled down on the couch, my heavy breasts resting on my lap, and my laptop on top of my breasts. Working like this had been awkward at first, but my boobs had grown into a comfortable desk. I put on some music and got to work.

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I was just beginning to feel a slight headache when Steve came in from the bedroom. He plopped down on the couch next to me, causing my tits to wobble so much that my laptop nearly tipped over. He let out a yawn, then reached for his XBOX controller.

"It's about time fer another feedin', ain't it? I'm gonna play some games, but if ya wanna..." He motioned to his crotch. I could see that he was half hard, recovered from my last 'feeding'.

I nodded, setting aside my laptop and gently lowering myself to the floor between his knees. "I was just starting to get a headache..." I pulled at the elastic of his shorts, freeing his cock as I got into my comfortable position. I always insisted that my boyfriend wear pants and shorts with elastic waists. Buttons and zippers just got in my way now.

I slowly stroked my boyfriend's dick, licking at the tip as he grew to his full size. His precum was salty and warm, and I had grown to love its taste, almost as much as I craved his cum. I closed my eyes and let myself sink forward, taking his cock into my mouth, gently but eagerly nursing it. I could feel my mind growing foggy and my thoughts slipping away. I felt warm and happy, and I gently rubbed my gigantic breasts as I slipped into my cocksucking haze.

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When the pandemic started and Steve and I realized we might have to isolate by ourselves in our little apartment for months, we decided to have some fun. New sex drugs like Stimu-Grow and Amplidose had just become super popular, and we were both eager to try them out. I had always wanted bigger breasts, and of course Steve wanted a huge dick.

I can be a bit obsessive when I discover something new online, and I because it was the early days of the pandemic and staying home with nothing to do was brand new, I let myself go deep down the drug rabbit hole I spent days learning about all the new sex drugs that had flooded the market over the last year, some legal, some banned in the US and some suspiciously dodgy.

Two drugs really caught my attention. The first was a breast growth agent called Jiz4Tits, similar to the popular Amplidose, but this one was triggered by swallowing cum. It lasted a full 24 hours, which meant that if you were eager to give enough head you could expect to grow one or two cups sizes. Like I said before, I wasn't really an enthusiastic cocksucker before all this started, but Steve really liked when I went down on him, and I liked pleasing my man. The thought of giving my boyfriend a blowjob and then watching my titties get bigger wasn't something I had ever fantasized about before, but I was eager to try it out!

The second drug was in the 'suspicious' category. The description claimed that it made performing oral sex very, very pleasurable. It was called SuckBuzzz, and the single reviewer said that it had turned her into "an enthusiastic cock addict". I couldn't find any more info about the drug, but since I was planning on sucking my boyfriend's cock for bigger tits I was curious to

try it. I wondered if a drug like this would flip my cock sucking switch and actually help me enjoy oral sex more. Spending a weekend pleasuring my boyfriend's new big dick while high out of my mind on sex drugs sounded like the perfect way to get over the stress of the pandemic!

I placed the order for both drugs, as well as Steve's cock pills, and they showed up a week later. In hindsight I should have known better than to combine two unknown drugs. But I was horny and bored, and eager for some wild narcotic induced sex.

I can now say for sure that SuckBzzzz and Jizz4Tits should never be taken together. Unless you really do want to turn into a cocksucking addict with tits that will NEVER stop growing! That's what I wrote in my SuckBzzzz review anyway (The site still hasn't approved the review). Both drugs worked perfectly. SuckBzzzz made giving head feel soooooo good! My whole world was narrowed down to just my boyfriend's cock, and I felt like I could suck on it forever. It was a mellow high that left me feeling dazed, dumb and very, very satisfied!

Jizz4tits worked just as well. The next morning my breasts were noticeably bigger, and I couldn't have been happier! But... after a few hours I started to get a headache, and a strange craving. It didn't take us long to figure out that I was going through withdrawal pains. But not just from the drug. It was Steve's cum that I craved. Another long cocksucking session cured both my cravings and my headache, and filled out my chest a little more. Neither of the drugs were meant to have lasting effects, but together I was addicted. I needed to suck my boyfriend's cock and swallow his cum. I craved it. And the SuckBzzzz pills made taking a cock in my mouth feel so good! And every time I swallowed cum my breasts grew a little larger.

At first we searched for a solution. I tried giving up the SuckBzzzz pills, but the withdrawal headaches and cravings were powerful. Steve spent days combing the internet, and I had several video calls with my doctor. But the truth was that sucking Steve's cock felt good. Really, really good. And the more I did it, the more I didn't want to stop. Having big fat titties felt good too, and I was too busy numbing my brain to worry about anything. We gave up searching and settled into a routine. Besides sucking my boyfriend off once or twice a day and my slowly growing breasts, our lives went back to normal.

Except... we quickly realized that both my breasts and my addiction to Steve's cock were both growing, with no end in sight. By the end of the first month my breasts had swollen to full fat G-Cups, and I was spending an hour at a time nursing on my boyfriend's dick, often three times a day. The drug's brain dulling effects seemed to be permanent. I was struggling to focus on work, and even on our favorite Netflix shows. Steve was worried, and I knew I should be too. But the truth was that I liked the feeling of numbness and contentment that came with the high of swallowing my boyfriend's cum. And I liked my growing breasts. It felt good to feel them swelling larger and larger each day, and I was secretly thrilled knowing that they might never stop. If I was getting a little dumber... so what?

I was also completely addicted to sucking cock, and had no intention of ever stopping. As the weeks of the lockdown went by my boyfriend's cock became the center of my world. I'd start to

get headaches if I went more than 5 or 6 hours without swallowing his cum, but I hardly ever waited that long unless I was sleeping. Taking his dick into my mouth sent me into a state of mind numbing euphoria, which I started calling my Cocksucking Trance. So what if every day my brain felt a little more sluggish? So what if it was harder to focus on work and I lost interest in my favorite shows and games? Sucking Steve's cock was like a perfect drug, and I always wanted more.

Eventually, Steve got used to having a girlfriend with constantly growing titties who was content to be his personal blowjob machine. He'd sometimes tease me about getting dumber, but he was never mean. We settled into our daily routine of work, Netflix, video games, calorie rich meals and frequent oral sex. Maybe if we had jobs to go to or friends to visit I could have been tempted to break my addiction and end my cycle of growth and mind melting blowjobs. But with the pandemic keeping us isolated at home I was content to be a cocksucking machine, and watch my breasts grow and grow.

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Steve was patting my head, trying to bring me out of my cocksucking trance. "Hon? Babe? I've gotta pee!"

I opened my eyes and stared up at my boyfriend, from my position on the floor between his legs, his thick cock still in my mouth. What was he saying? It was hard to focus. I just wanted to close my eyes again and keep sucking.

But Steve wouldn't let me. He gently pushed me away, his dick sliding from my lips with a sticky wet slurp, followed by a mouthful of cum and drool.

"Whuuuhhh...? Steeeeve?" I was too high and too brain drained to form sentences. Or even words. All I knew is that my mouth was suddenly empty.

Steve pushed past me, heading for the bathroom. "Sorry babe! I have ta pee super bad!"

I sighed with disappointment and slumped over, letting my heavy breasts pull me down until I was laying on my side on the floor. It felt nice. Relaxing. I tried not to think. I tried to focus on the taste of cum in my mouth. How much had I swallowed this time? I didn't really care, I just wanted more. My chin, neck and chest felt sticky and warm, and I absently scooped up some of the gooey cum that had escaped from my mouth and licked it from my fingers.

The living room was dark, except for the tv and the light from the kitchen. Was it night already? How long had I been in my cock sucking trance? I could hear Steve peeing in the bathroom, the strong stream of piss creating a distinct sound as it filled the toilet. For just a moment I wished my boyfriend was peeing in my mouth instead. Filling my mouth with hot piss. No, what I really wanted was more cum. Just the thought of it sent a shiver of pleasure through my body.

“Steeeevvvve!” I whined in frustration. I didn’t think I could get up on my own, and I didn’t even want to try. I just wanted to crawl back between my boyfriend’s legs and bury his cock in my throat.

“Alright, alright. I’m here, babe. Let’s get you up.” With an audible groan my boyfriend pulled me up off the floor and helped me find my balance.

“Oh baby, you’re still covered in cum and drool. Why didn’t you clean yourself up?” He began to wipe me down.

“Couldn’t reach... the wipes...” But I hadn’t even tried. I had been content to just lay on the floor, still recovering from my cum high.

Steve led me toward the bedroom. “Yer gettin’s so dumb and help;ess, babe. Oh well. Lets get ya ta bed. You’ll feel better after you sleep fer a few hours, and I’ll make sure I have a midnight snack ready fer ya to fuel those growing tits!”

I nodded, and let him help me onto the bed. He positioned me on my stomach, my face buried in my enormous breasts. “I looked over my shoulder at him. “M-more cum?” I asked, hopefully.

“Aye, well, how ‘bout a good fuck instead? Wouldn’t that be nice? Ta help ya relax and sleep?” I nodded weakly as he spread my legs and crawled onto the bed. Getting fucked wasn’t as good as sucking cock... but it was still good. Very, very good!

I felt Steve sink his fingers into my fat ass cheeks and spread them apart. His thick cock pressed against my asshole, and slowly pushed inside, and I sighed in content. I closed my eyes and let my mind go blank, weakly groping my gigantic breasts as my boyfriend pushed in and out of my asshole. This was our routine now, during the pandemic. Stay home. Watch Netflix, play video games. Work and eat, and watch my breasts grow and grow as my cocksucking addiction slowly ate away at my brain and turned me into a dumb slut.

I hoped our routine would never end!