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Big Cat Leggings

by Fidget

Chapter 3: Liger

Two days later, Amy's first shipment of Big Cat Leggings was sitting in a box on the floor of her living room. Since it was her first order, she had only been able to get various housecat patterns to sell. She opened a pair of Tabby leggings and rubbed the smooth material in her hands, mildly disappointed to not feel any of the tingling sensation she craved, but that was to be expected. She would have to earn her right to stronger doses of the leggings' addictive magic, and to do that she needed to establish a downline as quickly as possible so that she could finally start earning new models for herself.

Shoving a handful of packaged leggings into her shoulder bag, Amy stalked outside to begin canvassing the neighborhood, proudly clad in her Cheetah-print leggings and a low-cut yoga top, tightly stretched over the massive, E-cup breasts her body had grown after its exposure to her new leggings. Unfortunately, however, as she had noticed the week before, the majority of the women in her subdivision were already wearing what were obviously Big Cat Leggings. Many of them had shoulder bags matching her own, doubtless stuffed with their own product, always ready to make a quick sale when the opportunity presented itself. The other women eyed her with lean distrust, recognizing her as competition for their prey - both the susceptible, as-yet unaffected women whose purchases fueled their own power, as well as the virile young studs their own leggings were driving them to seduce and mate with.

So, Amy went home to rethink her plans, and to focus on the fading tingles still running through her energized body as her own most recent transformation finally began to tail off. Unlike her first set of changes, Amy had fully embraced this transformation, not that she had any choice in the matter, or that it made any difference. It felt entirely too good to fondle, tease, and stimulate her growing body as she urged herself to get bigger, rounder, sexier, and more powerful. Since she couldn't bring herself to take off the leggings, and was entirely too addicted for more, she figured she might as well just sit back, enjoy the pleasure coursing through her swelling body, and look forward to seducing an endless string of sexy young men.

On Monday her changes had finally finished and she was back on the hunt, fully aware that her actions were due to her irresistible drive to fulfill her artificial cravings, but eager to put her new plans in motion nonetheless. Amy had recalled that most of her female coworkers and subordinates lived in the

city, and that none of them were wearing leggings yet, which meant that even though the suburban market seemed saturated, the urban market was likely yet to be tapped. If she could leverage her coworkers to begin recruiting young female professionals across the city, they could put their own connections to work for her, and her goals would effectively accomplish themselves.

First, however, she had to get her coworkers to touch the fabric somehow, knowing that it would immediately hook them just like it had her. As it turned out, it was child's play to invite them into her office one by one, bore them with an over-the-top marketing spiel, and then surprise them by handing them a pair of leggings at the end. Each time she was rewarded with the looks of intense pleasure mixed with hunger that she knew had been reflected on her own face when she had first touched the leggings, and time and time again she heard variations of "Omigod Amy, these feel so *good*! You have to let me buy some!"

"I know just what you mean, hun!" Amy would respond enthusiastically, and entirely truthfully, as she ran her own hands over the Cheetah leggings that had enslaved her as well. As the Tigress had said, "No one says 'no' to the leggings".

"Of course you can buy some!"

Amy put her economics degree to work, charging her former friends \$200 for the leggings that had only cost her \$15 each to stock. Once a woman had touched them, the leggings became a *need*, not a want, and, just like the US healthcare system, this inelasticity of demand meant that Amy was free to make as much money off them as she wanted to.

By the end of the day she had made almost \$3,000, which would more than fund her next order. More importantly, however, she now had 14 smart, successful young women who were unknowingly well on their way toward helping Amy fill her own powerful but needy body with even more cock, as the leggings that her coworkers couldn't resist wearing began irresistibly transforming them into sexy, horny little MILFs themselves.

The next day one of Amy's coworkers approached her, wearing her new leggings as expected, but clearly still a bit self-conscious about it. Even so, she was obviously enjoying the experience. "Amy! I haven't been able to stop touching these since I put them on! They feel so good! Almost... tingly..." she trailed off as her eyes clouded over with pleasure, and the hands vigorously rubbing up and down the smooth fabric covering her legs began to tease their way closer and closer to her crotch. Amy noticed that her small breasts were standing out larger than usual against her slightly tighter blouse, as the leggings wrapped snugly against her coworker's naked, tingly pussy continued to infuse her body with irresistible, mature sexual energy.

Good, she's progressing nicely, Amy thought detachedly, knowing that it wouldn't be long before her new downline's cyclic need for more power to get more cock drove them to begin selling as well.

Even so, Amy felt a bit guilty as she watched their changes progress. Helpless to resist the confusing transformation happening to their bodies, the other women also began to view the young men in the office with that familiar, predatory look, as the supercharged sex drives that came with their

voluptuous mom bods inevitably drove them to seek the sexual attention of younger men. They couldn't compete with Amy, though, especially after her own recent transformation, so she got her pick of the boys in the office whenever and however she wanted.

Amy knew that they were preying on their own studs outside of work, especially with the way they began to arrive at the office late and disheveled, clearly having just taken a thick load from a horny young buck, before heading to the washroom to fix their hair and reapply their thickening makeup, but as long as they weren't directly taking men from Amy herself, she didn't really care what they did. Plus, Amy knew that as they began to compete with each other, it would drive them back to Amy for better leggings of their own to overpower their competition.

Before long, the women realized what was being done to them, but just as it had been for Amy, by then it was too late - their need for young cock was far too strong, and in less than a week every one of the curvy bombshells Amy had created, now complete with full, swollen breasts and wide, maternal hips of their own, had signed up to sell Big Cat Leggings for Amy, hoping to get a toned, tingly, lycra-encased leg up on the competition.

While Amy was setting up her fledgling network, her planning and execution processes experienced frequent temporary setbacks, because Amy herself was still thoroughly under the control of her own leggings, and was even more irresistibly driven to seduce young men than her recently ensnared coworkers. As the women in Amy's office began to swell with their own mature sexuality around her, and they began to feel the same unexpected new sexual urges and predatory appetites that Amy had initially felt, Amy made sure that her frequent flings with David and the other young studs in the office became more obvious and public, both to let the other women know that there was no competing with her, and to give the others something to aspire to, so that their own sales numbers would be higher once they inevitably became Brand Ambassadors themselves.

The plan seemed to work, not that Amy could really help her behavior. As the other women's bodies grew alongside their hunger, they eyed her with jealousy as Amy openly made out with and fondled the lovestruck young men in front of them. Amy never fucked her studs in public - that was reserved for the privacy of her office - though she made sure that her and her prey's animalistic moans were clearly audible through the door.

David was completely hers now. He followed her orders without hesitation, helplessly addicted to her body and the pleasure she gave him as Amy was driven to seduce him, day after day, to temporarily sate her ravenous appetite for sex. She had recently discovered how much she loved being eaten out, loved the incredible sense of power that came with subjugating a strong young man and forcing him to worship her sensitive pussy, before rewarding him for his obedience with the spurting ejaculation that they both craved, one due to her leggings' transformative powers, and the other due to millions of years of male evolution.

After a few weeks, her downline was beginning to make successful sales, but Amy knew that she needed more - much more - if her business was going to achieve the *growth* that she craved. As a social

media manager for a small company, Amy knew how to get the word out about a new product, and she also knew that the more hands she could get onto her leggings, the more sales she'd be able to make.

As she got dressed for work one morning, she recalled with fondness her own first experience with the leggings' addictive sensations as she absentmindedly ran her hands over the muscular legs and thick thighs that had ultimately resulted from that first interaction. *All I need to do is have my potential customers touch the leggings' fabric, and they'll sell themselves. I need my girls out in public, somewhere everyone goes*, she thought, looking in the mirror in appreciation at the way her own swollen, motherly breasts now filled out her tight, black tank top, emphasized by her slim waist. They were unnaturally round and looked fake, but that was exactly the figure that she needed to get the hormonal young cock that she craved, and she loved it.

Amy called her girls together in her office that morning, and asked them if any of their downlines would be interested in exclusive access to selling outside their own grocery stores. In less than an hour Amy had saleswomen posted at every entrance, ensuring that each woman who went shopping without wearing Big Cat Leggings left the store wearing them.

A few days later, Amy's boss, Bill, called her into his office. "What's this I hear about you posting MLM salespeople outside our stores? And, while I'm at it, I've been meaning to talk to you about your behavior this past few weeks. Have you been publicly sexually harassing your coworkers? Also, your outfit is completely inappropriate for a professional environment! And are those *implants*? What's going on with you Amy?"

Amy ignored his angry words, focusing instead on how his eyes lingered on her massive tits spilling out of the plunging neckline of her tight blouse, nipples thick and visible through the thin fabric, and knew that she'd already won as she felt her familiar hunger beginning to activate, driving her to take advantage of this man's instinctive sexual interest in her body. Bill was an up-and-coming executive in his early 30s, which was a bit old for Amy's new appetites, but he was attractive enough for her to just sit back and let her body do what came naturally.

"Calm down, Bill," she purred, the sight of her hips swaying across the floor toward him quickly shutting him up.

"It's ok to want to be sexy, isn't it Bill?" she asked coyly as she traced a finger down her chest and began playing with the straining top button of her blouse.

"I... I suppose that..." Bill began, but quickly trailed off, eyes glued to Amy's cleavage as she released the button, causing the top halves of her large, dark areolas to come into view as her tits poured even further out of her top.

Amy continued to make her way around the desk toward the entranced Bill, one hand clearing off his desk as the other undid yet another button on her blouse, finally freeing her heavy, watermelon-sized tits into Bill's delighted hands.

Amy allowed him to play with them for a few seconds while she bent over him, enjoying the sensations as Bill hefted and fondled her breasts, her pussy lubricating in anticipation deep within her smooth, tight Cheetah-print leggings. She then reached down to pull Bill up by his belt as she sat down on his desk, feeling it creak slightly beneath the weight of her new, Big Cat-enhanced body.

Bill allowed himself to be pulled upright and continued to focus on squeezing Amy's tits, still just below his eye level on her massive 6'6" frame, as he felt the pressure in his pants getting tighter and tighter around his growing dick, before it leapt and bounced with joy as Amy abruptly released it from its confinement.

As Amy lay back on the desk, Bill unconsciously followed to keep her irresistible breasts in his face, and before he knew it, he was lying fully prone on top of her large, delectable body, with his rigid and throbbing cock lined directly up with Amy's puffy pussy.

Bill realized what was happening, and let out a strained "Maybe we shouldn't...", but then Amy gripped him with her powerful arms and pulled his body against hers, enveloping the sensitive tip of his cock in the slick, tingly fabric of her leggings, and driving any thought of resistance completely out of Bill's mind as it instead was filled with artificial sexual need. He instinctively slid forward, centimeter by centimeter, dick getting harder and more insistent the entire time, until he was fully buried in Amy's tight, slick pussy, sliding himself in and out, encouraging the pleasant pressure that began to build inside his cock.

Amy knew that he wouldn't last long at this rate, but this was just business, and the sooner she finished with Bill, the sooner she could get back to hunting the cock that she wanted to savor. So, she began squeezing with her powerful internal muscles, and seconds later was rewarded as the sensations became too much for him, his eyes went wide, and his cock began to jerk ecstatically in her pussy, filling her up with his cum.

Bill continued to suck on Amy's enormous tits as his cock deflated inside of her, feeling a pleasant buzz of primal contentment at having emptied his balls into the voluptuous, muscular MILF.

Amy wasted no time taking advantage of his trance-like relaxation. "Did you enjoy yourself Billy?" she purred as he continued to lay on top of her, fondling and groping her curves.

"Mmm... yeah..."

"Would you like to do this again?" she asked, gently stroking a finger up his deflated cock, which by now had fully slipped out of her dripping pussy.

"Mmhmm..." he murmured as he instinctively thrust his flaccid penis back into her hand.

"Well, Billy, if you let my women sell outside of our stores, I'll make sure that we both get what we want," Amy said, giving him a soft kiss with her ruby lips as she looked up into his eyes expectantly. Having utterly spent himself inside her, Bill's dick remained soft, but Amy continued to gently stroke him nonetheless.

"..s'pose that would be fine..."

Within a few days, practically all of the female customers at her stores were wearing leggings of their own, and beginning their own transformations into curvy, hypersexual MILF bombshells.

The workload of the stores' janitors doubled as the surfaces of the women's bathroom were constantly coated with various bodily fluids, as more and more of the store's swelling female customers gave in to their desire to seduce young male customers and employees, lure them back to the bathroom, and fill their swollen, tingly pussies with virile young cum.

Amy's real break, however, came not from her growing supermarket downline, but rather from her earlier sales to her coworkers. One of the girls, who had formerly worked at FaceConnect, the world's largest social media platform, managed to sell a pair to the CFO of advertising at FaceConnect herself. Once the executive's body was swelling with sexuality and she started craving cock herself, it was child's play to use her powerful influence and marketing knowhow to position Big Cat Leggings as the next big fad, taking the nation by storm, and putting millions of sales not only into her own cock-hungry pockets, but into Amy's as well.

In just a bit over a month, the exponential growth of her downline finally earned Amy what she had been waiting for - the most exclusive and coveted model of Big Cat Leggings, the Liger.

Wasting no time tearing open the package, Amy was immediately overwhelmed by the tingles she craved as the sleek, tawny fabric, streaked with faint brown stripes, finally touched her hands. This time, however, the effects were so much stronger than anything else she had felt that Amy immediately ripped her current Lioness leggings from her body with her powerful arm muscles, the older model immediately forgotten in her need to coat her skin in fresh, tingly lycra.

Oh god, she loved the feel of sliding on a new pair of leggings - it just felt so good! And she could already feel the Liger's influence seeping into her as her tingly pussy began to swell and throb with renewed need. Having long ago accepted the leggings' irresistible power over her, Amy now only looked forward to the changes that would inevitably get her more cock, her feelings of worry toward her progressively older body and increasing sexual wantonness forgotten next to the promise of the bliss waiting for her.

As she always did when putting on a new pair of leggings, Amy went straight to bed, pounding her tingly pussy with her favorite dildo as she caressed herself, lost in sensation as the entire lower half of her body throbbed in orgasmic ecstasy, before she finally passed out from the pleasure.

The next morning found Amy lounging lazily on her bed stroking her sensitive body, secure in her apex predator's knowledge that when her hunger did eventually get the better of her, she would easily be able to sate it. She found that she could no longer purr, but that her voice instead had taken on a low, seductive rumble that worked equally as well. Her breasts now stood proudly off her chest like two beach balls, perfectly round and impossibly fake, though as Amy sat up and admired her thickly

muscled physique in the mirror, she found that her tits looked practically proportional on her giant new frame, now pushing 7 feet tall.

She saw that her face had continued to freckle from sun damage, but that her features looked sharper and tighter than they ever had, almost as though the Liger leggings had gifted her with a facelift now that the twenty-five year old appeared to be pushing forty. Amy was ecstatic; her features were now those of the ideal sexy MILF, perfect for a heavy coat of slutty makeup, and the exaggerated curves bolted onto her tanned, toned bodybuilder's physique openly advertised her sexual promiscuity to anyone who saw her, especially since her tits were now larger and higher than most peoples' heads.

Late that morning, after seeing that her bank account was pushing 8 figures, Amy supposed she should probably quit her job to focus on cock. So, she squeezed her giant tits into a spaghetti strap tank top that left nothing to the imagination and went to visit Bill. After one final romp in her office with a new young stud who hadn't been able to get his dick into her fat pussy fast enough, and who immediately spent himself inside her upon doing so, Amy found herself in Bill's office one final time.

"Amy! I'm glad to see you again," Bill said, the forced calmness in his words betraying the obvious hunger for her body written across his face.

"Hi Billy. I just came by to officially turn in my resignation. I'm bringing in over a million dollars per month as my own boss working from home, and I want to devote more time to... other projects."

Bill sagged with disappointment, knowing that this would likely be his last chance to mindlessly sink himself into Amy's gigantic curves. The sight of her body soon renewed his need to shoot his shot, however, and he found himself begging her for one more go, for old times' sake.

Amy knew that she could easily catch her choice of younger, tastier prey, but Bill was already here and, from the bulge in his pants, ready to go.

"Ok Billy, I suppose I've got a few minutes to spare for old time's sake," Amy said, winking naughtily at him as she reached for her top.

Bill was awed as her gargantuan, perfectly spherical tits came into view, maintaining their impossible shape even after being released from the flimsy piece of fabric covering them.

Not able to wait for her to make her way over to him, Bill stood up and hurried across the floor, pressing himself against her muscular body, burying his face in her tits as Amy towered above him.

She let him enjoy himself for a few seconds, before backing him away and sinking down onto her knees in front of him. Even on her knees, her head came up almost to his chest, so after releasing Bill's cock from his pants and boxers, Amy bent over far enough to envelop his tip with her soft mouth, earning a moan from Bill as her tongue caressed the underside of his cock. Amy took him deep to fully coat him with her saliva, and then pulled off, this time earning a whimper as Bill's dick lost her mouth's slick warmth.

Amy, however, straightened back up, pressed her massive tits together, and looked up at Bill expectantly. Instantly realizing what she wanted from him, Bill thrust forward, not believing his luck,

and eagerly watched his cock disappear into Amy's cleavage, completely wrapped up in her enormous breasts. It was unlike anything Bill had ever felt, and he quickly discovered that he could fuck Amy's soft titflesh from practically any angle, thrusting himself into her mounds as Amy sat there patiently, the familiar look of hunger on her face as she watched his tasty cock sink itself into her boobs.

All the while, Amy's hands were busy rubbing and caressing her gigantic legs and hips through her leggings, feeling the powerful tingles in her pussy as the leggings did their job and continued to pump her growing body full of raw sexuality, while Bill pumped his cock in and out of her swelling chest with increasing frequency. All too soon, Amy noticed the incredibly intense, almost angry look that signaled a man's impending ejaculation starting to form in Bill's eyes, so she pulled his dick out of her tits, sucked it back into her mouth, and stroked him past the point of no return, enjoying the sensation as his dick began to clench and throb between her lips, filling her mouth with his warm, gooey cum.

After licking him clean, Amy tucked Bill back in his pants and led him back over to his chair, where he sat with a look of glazed satisfaction on his face as she let herself out. She went to the ladies' room to straighten her hair, fix her makeup, and prepare for the next hunt, ignoring the familiar sounds of sex coming from the stall as one of the coworkers Amy had turned into a sex-crazed MILF like herself stuffed her pussy with David's cock, before the heat of Amy's own incessant hunger for dick began to flare up between her legs once more, and drove her back out into the hunt. There was so much tasty young cock out there, and now that she was at the top of the food chain, it all belonged to her.

"And that's my story hun. I know we haven't spoken since High School, but thanks for taking the time to read this long FaceConnect post! Remember that if you're an independent, driven woman who wants to set her own hours and be her own boss, while turning herself into a huge MILF bimbo slut and seducing tons of hot young studs with huge cocks, there's always room for you in the Big Cat Leggings family, no matter how big your tits get."

Big Cat Legging Headquarters

Two pimple-faced seniors sat in their dorm room, surrounded by computer monitors, test tubes, and boxes of leggings.

"Is she a threat?"

"No, not at all. She's just as affected by the leggings as all women are. I just wanted to mention it because she's by far the best Brand Ambassador we have."

"Kenny, it's time to spend some time with Mommy," a low, sensuous voice interrupted as a seven-foot tall bimbo MILF leaned over his shoulder, pressing her massive tits into his back as her wavy platinum-blond hair tumbled down his arm and her long fingernails traced tingly patterns over his chest toward his crotch. The former head cheerleader was practically unrecognizable, though her enormous breasts had been squeezed into a tiny, revealing mockery of the school's cheerleading top, while her thickly muscled legs, wide, inviting thighs, and the impossibly round curves of her ass were tightly encased in the pair of lightly-striped Liger leggings that had triggered her own irresistible transformation.

Kenny immediately stood up to meekly follow the giantess back into the bedroom as his partner got back to work, knowing that his turn would come soon enough. Just as so many other young men across the nation had, and just as Kenny himself had wanted to when he and his buddy had first designed and founded Big Cat Leggings a few months earlier, Kenny felt himself losing control in the face of the raw, overpowering sexuality of the twenty year old bimbo MILF, overcome with his need for the exaggerated features of her sexualized body, for her enormous, freckled boobs with just the right hint of mature wrinkle between them.

Kenny sat curled up in Stephanie's lap, a comfortable juxtaposition of soft curves and powerful muscles, suckling and groping her massive, round tits as Stephanie authoritatively stroked his erect penis, watching it with a hungry, single-minded intensity as it throbbed in her large, feminine hand, until the youth felt himself spurting all over them both in yet another mindless, blissful orgasm.

Author's Note: Thanks for reading! If you have any feedback, comments, or questions, I'd love to hear from you at **fidget1@protonmail.com**. If you find yourself enjoying my stories, please consider supporting my work on Patreon, at **www.patreon.com/fidget1**. Patrons get early access to my stories, input into which stories I write, and some other fun perks. Every little bit helps, and your support is what enables me to keep doing what I love!