

Drifter

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Warning! This is a work of erotic fiction and should not be read by minors, by continuing to read you acknowledge that you are entitled to view this material. This work contains adult themes relating to: body possession, huge breasts, and lactation.

_New instability located - Dimension TT-32137, Planet 3mMW2012-GC, Earth

_Status: Dormant

_Target Species: Human - Ambitious. Curious. Creative. Rapid development. Sexual reproduction.

_Target Being: Female. Young Adult. Inclination - Mammary. Assigned BB-8341

_Planting seed.

Meanwhile on Earth...

I brushed my teeth monotonously in front of the large bathroom mirror. It was past midnight, I stayed up to finish a college essay and would regret not getting to it earlier, going to sleep after the normal time always seemed harder somehow. The sound of the apartment door opening indicated that my roommate had returned from her night out. Sam shuffled into the bathroom and without a word began wiping off her makeup.

"Didn't go well?" I asked as I rinsed off my toothbrush.

"What makes you think that?"

"Because you look like you could strangle a cat, and because when it goes well you don't shut up about your new hunk for a week."

Sam put down her makeup remover and faced me. "Am I that open of a book?"

"Uh-huh," I said, nodding.

Sam's attention went back to the mirror. "Since you're so interested... I met this guy at the bar. He had muscles, but not like Arnold Schwarzenegger muscles, closer to Jason Statham muscles..."

"Was this guy as old as them?" I butted in.

Sam scowled, "No. Riley. He was even older. A real wrinkly fucker with big round reading glasses."

I chuckled, teasing Sam was always a treat.

"Fuck you, let me finish my story," Sam continued. "He was a real flirt and since I couldn't resist those muscles, we went back to his place. Things started getting a little heated, aaaaaaand while he was in the middle of taking my bra off, his friend barges into the room carrying a pack of beer. The asshole actually called his best bud in for a threesome and thought I wouldn't mind!"

With her last outburst Sam performed a half-hearted foot stamp which drew my attention to her generous, jiggling cleavage.

"What kind of weirdo wants to do it with their friend?" Sam added. She looked back at me and saw me lazily staring at her chest. "You know what, don't answer that you perverted lesbo. Get out, I have to tinkle."

"But I'm bi."

Sam practically pushed me out of the bathroom and slammed the door shut.

"Goodnight slut," Sam's muffled voice came from inside.

"Goodnight bitch," I replied, groggily returning to my room.

I settled into bed and tried to forget the image of Sam's boob valley etched in my mind. Part of it was attraction and part of it was jealousy, Sam was blessed with DD-cup breasts and mine barely surpassed A-cups. In some illogical part of my brain that made me less of a woman, but there was nothing to be done about it. Plastic surgery seemed dangerous and not worth the money, and what other option was there? I turned over in an attempt to shake my frustration, this was the problem with going to bed late – too much silence to fill, too much time to think about random, insignificant worries.

Luminous orbs started to appear around me in the blackness of my closed vision, popping into view like individual lights being turned in quick succession until there were thousands. I felt my body became

weightless and I tried to open my eyes but nothing happened. The only thing I could do was float among the orbs and observe their beauty. An orb far away looked brighter than the rest – inviting and desireable. I drifted over and touched it.

The First Drift

I awoke in a sweat, it was already morning. Daylight was peeking in through the gaps in the window blinds and casting bright lines across my bedroom. I grasped my head and tried to recount the events of the strange dream, it had seemed so *real*. Was I slipped drugs or something last night? The last thing I remembered before going to bed was staying up late to finish my essay... no wait, I had been on a date with Sam... or Sam got back from a bad date? Something was wrong, I remembered two different things happening at the same time and day. A figure shifted in bed beside me. I peeked under the sheet and saw Sam, stark naked and coming out of sleep. No... Sam was straight, we weren't fucking each other... we're we?

"Something wrong?" Sam asked as she rolled over. She flipped the sheet off her body, revealing her large, F-cup breasts, which were accentuated by her messy long blonde hair flowing around their shape.

"I'm confused," I spoke honestly. I looked down at my own breasts which were modestly sized C-cups by comparison. They hadn't always been that size of course, and yet they had.

"Really confused," I added.

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_BB-8321 Drift completed: Dimension TT-32141, Planet 3mMW2012-GC, Earth. Near-Identical.

_Amalgamation complete, successfully enhanced Inclination.

_Continuing to monitor.

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I ran to the bathroom and splashed my face with water. It didn't make sense, as I recalled things in my past there were two distinct versions. I knew instinctively my original memories, so who was this other Riley? There were some key differences: different family tragedies, different college majors, different loves. These thoughts were interrupted when I looked into the mirror and saw my body, her body – slender, but with curves in the places that mattered. I was no longer a pixie-cut sporting stick figure, my hair now reached to my shoulders and my perky breasts stuck out proudly from under my nightie. A sensation of calm satisfaction washed over me and I felt as if I had gained something long desired.

I was tempted to admire myself for longer but the questions that disturbed my mind slowly returned. I walked back to the entrance of the bedroom and peaked in, Sam was sitting up in bed and browsing her phone. If we were really dating surely this was everything original me had ever wanted: a bustier self, getting to fuck Sam, an even bustier Sam. I stared with intense desire seeing Sam's big breasts sway the slightest amount whenever she made a motion on her phone.

"Heeeeyyyy," I said, walking back into the bedroom.

Sam looked up from her phone, "Yeeeesss?"

"I need to know if something happened last night," I requested.

Sam spent an uncomfortable second looking at me and then at the floor between us. "You want to repeat that without standing 20 feet away like a weirdo?"

Embarrassed, I went and sat beside Sam on the edge of the bed. "Did something happen last night?" I repeated the question. My eyes fell on Sam's large breasts again, normally I had some measure of self control but now it seemed impossible to resist.

"On our date?" Sam asked, lifting my head up by the chin so that we were making eye contact. "We got a little tipsy, then we gave the taxi driver a good show when we made out in the back seat."

"No, I mean... after, when we fell asleep?"

"Uh, not really," Sam said with a puzzled expression. "You jolted around a couple times which woke me up, so I punched you in the arm to make sure you were okay and then went back to sleep."

"You... punched me in the arm?" I asked in disbelief.

"To make sure you were okay," Sam replied, turning her head away shyly.

I stifled a chuckle, that was just like Sam, both versions of her.

"That must have been an intense dream," Sam said. "What was it about?"

"Another life, I think," I replied solemnly.

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I rummaged through the refrigerator looking for ingredients to make breakfast. "Eggs, milk, green onions..." I murmured as I pulled out items and set them on the counter. I grimaced when I spotted the jar of mayo, Sam's favorite condiment and my least favorite. I ate it sometimes in the past but now the thought utterly disgusted me. I pondered my newfound hatred for the eggy paste but was interrupted by a thunderous slap from Sam on my ass.

"Eep!" I yelped, turning around.

Sam stood there in a worn baggy shirt smiling ear-to-ear. "Hey booty gurl," she teased. "If you want to cool down might I suggest not doing it in front of the open fridge."

I closed the door slowly and paused for a brief second, "Did I ever mention how much I hate mayo?"

"So you don't like it, what else is new?"

I shook my head, "No, I mean just thinking about eating it is almost making me gag."

"Well I'm sorry you have such a big aversion, I happen to like it," Sam replied, crossing her arms. The motion lifted her breasts up and accentuated their shape within her shirt. I couldn't help but stare.

Sam smirked, "Okay, what's with you today? You've been fixated on my tits all morning like a horny teenage boy."

"Have I?" I asked, absentmindedly cupping my own pair.