

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, "Yeeeeeesss?"

"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.

Sam walked up to me and pinched my nipples hard through my shirt.

"Oww, fuck!" I yelled.

"Come here you boob-slut," Sam said, grabbing my hand and leading me back to the bedroom.

Sam pushed me onto the bed and fell on top of me. Shifting some stray blonde strands of hair out of the way, Sam locked lips with mine. Our tongues tickled at each other amid the occasional wet smack when the seal of our lips broke. I reached under Sam's shirt and started groping her breasts, feeling the full warmth of Sam's skin and every little detail of her perfect bosom. My fingers teased around her nipples making sure not to touch them just yet. This teasing quickened Sam's breathing, and I could tell my lover's kissing was becoming less focused as pleasurable anticipation ran through her.

After a minute of enduring the merry-go-round around her nipples, Sam finally had enough and broke off making out to rip her shirt off. She grabbed my wrists and pinned them to the bed.

"Suck," she instructed. Sam's pendulous breasts hung just above my head, her nipples occasionally grazing past my freshly moistened lips. Not one to stop teasing so easily, I lazily stuck my tongue out to briefly lick Sam's nipples as they swayed back and forth. A frustrated Sam forced the issue when she lowered herself and smothered me with her left boob.

I took in Sam's nipple and the surrounding boob-flesh, the tip of her nipple touched the back of my tongue and I pressed it hard against the roof of my mouth. Sam shook from the pleasure and lost her grip on my wrists. Taking advantage, I wrenched my wrists free and went back to squeezing Sam's breasts, forcing them together and allowing me to take in both nipples at once. I couldn't swallow them as deeply but the double assault was doing a number on my busty lover.

"Ohhhhhh, fuuuuuck," Sam moaned. She tried to push herself back up but was held down by my steadfast grip on her breasts. The writhing motions of my girlfriend gave rise to a little jealousy in me. My own boobs were fairly sensitive, yes, and they were decently sized... at least now they were. Yet I wasn't completely satisfied, not after sucking on Sam's luscious titties. I wanted to trounce my bust over others and over Sam, who even in my original past was larger than I was now.

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_Inclination saturation reached, seeding.

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*_BB-8321 Drift completed: Dimension TT-39204, Planet
3mMW2012-GC, Earth. Tangential.*

*_Amalgamation complete, successfully enhanced
Inclination.*

_Continuing to monitor.

The Second Drift

I blinked several times to take in my new surroundings – I was standing on the sidewalk in some city I wasn't entirely familiar with. What just happened? I was in the middle of making love to Sam when I was transported to that place with the orbs. Was this real or all just one long dream? I went to pinch myself but realized I was holding a phone in my hand, it was recording and I could see some chat messages popping up.

Is something wrong with her? one said.

She trembled and now she looks spaced out, said another.

I searched my memories and found another life that wasn't there before, except this time it didn't belong to just another version of myself. I was someone else entirely – Tessa, or TessTatas as she was known online. The phone was recording for her hundreds of followers, mostly men who paid to see her do erotic things. I looked down and my feet were partially obscured by her bulbous, F-cup breasts, stuffed into a too-tight orange tank top that revealed my midriff. My equally impressive ass was barely covered by a pair of denim mini-shorts that looked like they came straight from the early 2000s. Without a bra, the only thing keeping my nipples from waving hello to the world were a robust pair of nipple pasties. Tessa was a big titty streamer.

The lengths lonely men would go to just to feel validated by a girl with big tits was astonishing. Well, astonishing to my original self but not to Tessa. She'd been doing it for years and making thousands of dollars from donations every week, and all she did was read shout-outs and do a little bit of performing for the camera. It wasn't like she was just doing this for the money either, Tessa was a huge fucking slut. She... I was filled with an intense satisfaction of being masturbation material for so many men, and my sexed-up outfit was just another part of that desire. I wasn't normally into selling myself like that but Tessa preferences seemed to be blending into my own and I found myself being unusually comfortable with the idea. When in Rome...

I held the phone high up so that Tessa's viewers got a good view of her cleavage and I licked my lips seductively at the camera. A

chime indicated a donation coming in and I instantly found myself at the mercy of a rabbit vibrator in my snatch. This slutty fucking bimbo had hooked up her vibrator to turn on whenever a donation was made, and it would increase in intensity with the amount. My mouth gaped open partially due to shock and partially to pleasure. I instinctively grabbed a breast with my free hand but awkwardly stopped when reality set in that I was still in public. After a few seconds the vibrating stopped and I was able to collect myself.

I looked at the chat and read off a thanks to the person who donated, it was one hundred dollars... one hundred dollars for a shitty dutch angle of my tits. Was this life on easy mode?

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My big titties swayed like pendulums as I walked down the sidewalk to check out the store window fronts. My camera caught many people turning to stare as I walked by, and who could blame them when I was rocking this absolute bombshell body? Every so often I'd have to withstand the vibrations in my loins from a donation, but it was manageable. I turned a corner and found myself entering a farmer's market. Taking up the entirety of a large parking lot were rows of fruits, vegetables, and all sorts of arts and crafts for sale. My eyes were drawn to a little booth selling homemade knitwear but my viewers had other ideas – the chat was filled with requests to go try some food samples and who was I to deny them?

I found the nearest stall offering samples: a honey booth being operated by a plump middle aged woman. She eyed me curiously as I approached, though she seemed more interested in the phone stick than with what I was wearing.

"Can I try some?" I asked.

"Sure thing, dear," she replied. "But I have to ask, what's with the phone thingy?" she added as she stuck a little wooden spoon into a jar of her honey, taking out a generous clump.

"Oh, I show people online what I do and where I go," I explained. It was technically the truth.

The lady smiled and handed me the small spoon. "Well make sure you get a good picture of my logo, I'm trying to expand my business."

I thanked her for the sample and greedily licked the sweet nectar off the spoon. My phone instantly lit up with notifications and I could only brace for what was coming. The bullet vibrator came alive with an intensity that I hadn't experienced since I became Tessa.

"Oh fuck," I moaned with a mouth still full of sticky honey. Another wave hit me and I dropped to spoon to brace myself against the display table as my legs became weak.

"Are you okay dear? I know my honey's good but it ain't that good," the honey lady asked me nervously.

"I'm... erm... fine," I managed to eek out. But was I far from in control, the relentless assault from the vibrator was bringing me to the edge. The following orgasm spread out from my core, a vivid warmth flowing throughout my body. My legs started shaking uncontrollably and I gasped for air as my eyes rolled back in ecstasy. The poor honey lady looked like she was considering calling an ambulance.

"Would you like take some home sweetie?" she asked me after I regained my composure. Then she leaned in closer and whispered "I'm a little jealous of you if honey does that to you all the time."

I smiled and ordered four jars between heavy breaths.

As I exited the market and read off thanks to all my donors a strange message caught my eye among the typical compliments and requests coming in: ***This is not who you really are.*** As far as I knew I wasn't behaving very differently from how Tessa usually did her streams. Did this guy know about the real me? I made an excuse to end the stream early and started a DM with the mysterious viewer.

TessTatas: Who is this?

Diego91: Someone like you.

TessTatas: A streamer?

Diego91: A Drifter. I know that is not your original body.

TessTatas: I don't know what that is.

Diego91: It is what you and I are. A Drifter can throw their consciousness between dimensions to inhabit a new host body.

I pondered what to write next. This person really seemed to know what was happening with me. If I hadn't been living it he would sound crazy.

TessTatas: How did you find me?

Diego91: A Drifter leaves dimensional instabilities wherever they go. Yours were easy to find, they were enormous.

TessTatas: Is that impressive?

Diego91: It was promising. But you are already caught in an inclination decline. I can't risk saying more to you here. Expect me in your next Drift.

Diego91 logged off without another word and I was left with more questions than I started with. Now that I knew this wasn't just some fever dream, that there were really others out there like me, the seriousness of the situation set in. Could I ever go back to my real self? Did I want to? I hurried home to Tessa's apartment, I wanted to enjoy this body while I still had it, who knew when I would be set out to Drift again.

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Tessa lived in an upscale apartment downtown, befitting her generous income. It was furnished with girly stuffed animals and pink décor, the perfect style for someone so focused on sharing her feminine figure. I curiously went through her wardrobe even though I already knew what was in there. Tessa's closet was filled to the brim with fetish and cosplay outfits. In her dresser was a whole drawer devoted to various sex toys. I accidentally smacked myself in the face with a particularly long dildo when I picked it up to examine it. It waved about over my cleavage I wondered if my tits would be able to wrap around it; it was then that I remembered why I came back to the apartment in the first place.

In the first moments of privacy I had since I entered this body, I found myself stripping down and standing in front of the bathroom mirror. My hands prodded at a somewhat unfamiliar face, my lips were puffy and looked enhanced, though exploring Tessa's memories revealed they were natural, every part of her was. This bitch was built for sex. The exquisite breasts I now possessed were everything like I dreamed of having that night when this all started. Big. Luscious. Titties. Yet for some reason I was still not satisfied with their size, I wasn't sure if it was Tessa speaking or the rest of me.

"Bigger..." I whispered. I looked at the ceiling, searching for the thing that would take me away to the place with the orbs, to another body. "Make me bigger!" I yelled.

_Inclination saturation reached, seeding.

Milked

The gentle hum of machines filled my ears and I found myself kneeling on a straw covered floor. My arms were bound above my head and shackled to a pipe spanning the width of a narrow stall. I didn't feel panicked though, after all, a quick search of my memories revealed I had Drifted into Cow 1429, and Cow 1429 was a good cow who felt safe when she was restrained and being milked. Attached to my chest were two obscene breasts, or udders as Cow 1429 knew them, each twice the size of my head and patterned by large blue veins. Their bounty was being sucked away by two clear cups placed over my dick sized nipples, which sprayed out milk and swelled noticeably every time the vacuum cycled.

My mind felt foggy and increasingly not my own, it had been tainted by the animalistic thoughts of Cow 1429 and bimbo Tessa. This was far beyond what I had in mind when I wished for bigger breasts, I was not even completely human anymore, the tail swishing behind me told me everything I needed to know. But there was nothing to be done about it, all I could do was wait and enjoy the milking. And enjoy it I did, the cow's udders were utterly addicting. I waited with sweet anticipation for each cycle of the milking machine, the vacuum was powerful and straddled the edge between pleasurable and painful which made it all the more exciting. But it was never quite enough to bring me to orgasm, and I remained on that exhausting threshold of anticipating a sweet release that never came. I twisted my arms impatiently and the shackles made a loud ruckus that let the whole barn know of my predicament.

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Hours later I was still being milked and exhaustion was setting in. How much longer would this go on? How much milk did this fucking cow have to give?

"Is she really still going? All the other cows were finished an hour ago," I heard a male voice say from nearby.

"See for yourself," said a female voice as the pair entered my view.

The male was wearing jeans but lacked a shirt and the female was wearing overalls. They looked like farmhands who had been out working for most of the day – dirty, disheveled, and sweaty.

"Cow 1429," the woman said. "Look at her absurd udders and her stupid expression. I swear the milker makes 'em dumber, but this one especially cause she's on it so long."

"Don't tell me you've never been tempted to use it," the man teased.

"Shut up before I break your nose, Norris. Just cause I got mamm'ries don't mean I'm a freakin cow," she snapped back. "And anyway..." she quickly snuggled up to Norris "...your little willie would fit perfectly into one of those suction cups, why don't you try it?"

"Fuck off, Jessica," Norris said, shoving her away. "I'll show you little."

Norris began to undo his pants as Jessica watched, amused. Amusement which turned into astonishment when Norris proceeded to whip out his ten inch penis from over top of his underwear. I was also impressed, the Tessa part of me, that slut, was ready to pounce, and Cow 1429 was indifferent. Norris looked at Jessica with an air of triumph.

"Make her suck it," Jessica requested.

"What!? No! She'd probably bite it off. Not to mention she's a cow," Norris protested.

Jessica rolled her eyes and entered my stall. She walked behind me and hunched over my back so that her chin was resting on my shoulder.

"See these?" she said as she rubbed her hands up and down my udders. "Not disgusting cow udders, but plump titties. You like plump titties, don't you, Norris?"

Norris only nodded.

"See this face?" Jessica continued her seduction. "Not a cow's face but a pretty young woman's face."

Norris was starting to get erect. I wanted to interject but all that came out was a tired "Mooooo." Well, I gave it my best shot.

"**That** wasn't human," he said, backing away.

"See this mouth?" Jessica said, ignoring his reluctance. She put her fingers in my mouth and pried it open. "Look how much saliva she has to lubricate your dick with, and I hear it contains a powerful pheromone too." Suddenly, Jessica turned my head and locked lips with me, sticking her tongue deep into my mouth. Her passion increased the longer she tasted my saliva, until she pulled off after several seconds, gasping for air. "Holy shit, Norris," she said in disbelief. I wasn't sure if she was serious or just putting on a show.

Before I knew it Norris was straddling my udders and his thick member was lodging itself down my throat. The farmhand had finally had enough teasing and went for it. There was no foreplay, no tip licking, he went straight to the face fucking. Norris gripped my hair and horns hard and pulled my head into him just as much as he thrust into me. My throat swelled as his massive member moved in and out, each motion sending jiggling shock waves down my huge udders and causing my shackles to dance about. Somewhere in the cave-woman recesses of my brain, the simple fact of having a dick down my throat was enough finally tip me over the edge. The orgasm crashed through me and nowhere was it more apparent than in the suction cups, which filled completely with milk from my ducts working overdrive. Not to be only a bystander, Jessica joined in and began pushing my head into his dick and holding my jaw open to help it go down easier. I wasn't unhappy, I had gotten my sweet release at last.

After a minute of violent throat fucking Norris unleashed a massive load down my throat which overflowed out of my mouth and fell down onto my veiny udders. While I generally wasn't a fan of swallowing, Tessa was, and Cow 1429 was a dumb fucking cow and thought it was food, so I slopped up what I could with my tongue like it was warm gruel.

"Ooooo, shit," Norris moaned. "I just got a blowjob from a cow. Eww." he stumbled back, quickly pulling his pants back up.

"Oh suck it up crybaby, you looked an awful lot like you were enjoying it while sticking that monster cock down her gullet," Jessica chided him. She stroked my hair and cooed "There, there sweetie, you did a good job." Jessica gave me a quick peck on my cheek and exited the stall.

Norris laughed, "Just a minute ago you were calling her stupid, now she's your beloved pet?"

"I respect the dick sucking game on this'un," Jessica said proudly. "And anyway, we drink their milk, what's a little blow job?"

"Just don't mention it to anyone," Norris demanded. "Come on, let's get her out of here." And the pair started to undo my shackles.

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I was eager to Drift again and get out of this stupid human cow hybrid thing, though I would be lying if I said being milked wasn't incredibly addicting. My udders slapped loudly against my torso as Norris and Jessica led me into hall that was much cleaner than the barn was. Droplets of milk occasionally hit the floor betraying my incomplete milking.

"Shit, we're gonna have to clean that up," Jessica said, looking back at the trail of milk I was leaving. "Ya know Hugo, he likes his lab to be spotless."

Norris sighed, "I'll do it, can you take it from here?" Norris asked. Jessica nodded, which sent Norris running back down the hall.

We turned a corner and paused in front a window which revealed the small room beyond – another hucow was strapped into a harness suspended from the ceiling, a feeding tube occasionally dropping some yellow slop directly into her stomach, and she was withstanding what can only be described as impalement by a giant dildo. Her monstrous udders were at least twice the size of mine and her milk shot into the hungry suction cups with the force of a fire hose. This was milking on an industrial scale with no regard for her comfort or happiness, though fortunately for her it appeared she was in a fugue state. Her eyes were rolled into the back of her head and the frequent jerking of her body was an indication of the intense orgasms she experienced every couple of seconds.

While I was watching with awe, Jessica was watching with disdain.

"That frikin' thing will put me out of work," she cursed. Jessica turned to me, "I bet that turns you on, being stuck on fuck stick and milked so hard your brains melt."

Normally Cow 1429 didn't respond to human speech, but I wasn't entirely cow-brained and shook my head. That was way too intense. Jessica did a double-take and studied me curiously for a second, obviously trying to figure out if I had actually responded to her.

"I will take it from here, Jessica, thank you," an unknown voice spoke from behind. The voice belonged to an older gentleman with a short gray beard, he wore a white lab coat and bore the attitude of someone who's in charge. This had to be Hugo. Jessica handed me off and Hugo led me by the wrist into a sterile looking lab room. A pair of shackles suspended from the ceiling were used to keep the cows from wandering about, Cow 1429 had been here before and I knew what was expected of me, I held up my hands to once again be restrained but Hugo pushed my arms back down to my sides.

"I do not think that is necessary. Do you, Riley?"

My eyes went wide, Diego!... or whatever his real name was. I suddenly became self-conscious of my nakedness, it had not bothered me when people only saw me as a farm animal, but being in front of someone who had some sense of who I really was made me uncomfortable. I covered up with my arms as best as I could but it was impossible with Cow 1429's proportions.

"Interesting," Diego started. "...your Inclination being something so base. Most Drifters who get stuck in an Inclination decline are fulfilling some power fantasy or a more general hedonistic desire, yours is much more targeted."

I let out a soft moo. Shit, communicating in this body would be difficult.

"Flesh surrounding hard bone... I find the humanoid form quite intriguing. My original species possesses something more akin to chitin," Diego said with some curiosity. He leaned forward and prodded at my boob-flesh with his finger and I resisted the urge to retreat. "A pair of organs whose purpose is to provide sustenance to

your young, how is it that you are so obsessed them as sexual characteristic? And this... thing you have Drifted into, a being with nipples so large you would be considered a mutant of your base species, I am not sure I can save you at this point.”

Even though I found these udders incredible I couldn't see myself living the rest of life like this – a slave to be used and discarded. This person was my only lifeline, the only one who understood who I really was and what I was going through. I reached out and grasped his hands in a pleading matter, even if he wasn't originally human I hoped he could at least understand this gesture.

He smiled reassuringly, “There is hope, you still have your faculties despite inhabiting something that has no sense of self.” A wave of relief washed over me and I wanted to hug him, but Diego's expression turned to concern as he appeared to stare through me. I turned to look but couldn't see anything. Diego grabbed my head and forced my attention back to him.

“Listen carefully, you are being seeded for another Drift. It wants you to get caught in this decline before your powers naturally develop, do not let that happen. Do you remember the orbs?”

I nodded.

“They are the lives available to you. The ones that you are naturally attracted to will continue your Inclination decline, find the ones that feel wrong. Do not forget!”

_Inclination saturation reached, seeding.

The Punching Bag

The Drift happened but I couldn't bring myself to care that much, my head lay against the softest pillow in the world and it would be a sin against the God of comfiness to move. A knock came beside my ear and I tried to ignore it. Another louder knock followed shortly after, the kind of knock that you knew wouldn't stop until you addressed it. Annoyed, I open my eyes and met the gaze of a middle-aged man dress in a suit.

"Wakey wakey, Fat Sacs," he said with a sense of disdain in his voice.

Fats Sacs? With my eyes fully opened I comprehended what he meant – my head had been resting on my monstrosly sized tits, each three feet across and spherical. They sat heavily on my lap and were somehow stuffed into a form-fitting suit of my own which showed a proportional amount of cleavage. At my current size there was about two feet of exposed boob valley.

The man snapped his fingers in front of my face as I was still taking it all in. "Hey we don't pay you sleep, I dropped my keys and need you to fetch them," he said, pointing to a pair of keys on the ground.

"Why can't you pick them up yourself?" I asked.

"Don't get smartass with me. A Sponsored like you doesn't get that privilege," he said angrily. Then he grabbed me by the back of my suit and with some effort threw me out of my chair to the ground. My gigantic tits acted like airbags and softened the fall but they held me a couple feet off the ground. I found myself helpless like a turtle on its back – my arms weren't long enough to get leverage and I couldn't get my legs underneath me because my boobs were in the way. It must have looked ridiculously cartoony to anyone who was watching.

"Umm, help?" I called out.

The man walked past and with a huff bent down to pick up his keys, giving me the stink eye as he did. Without another word he waltzed off and I was left there pinned to the ground by my monstrous udders. I let out a resigned "moo" and quickly slapped a hand over my mouth. Shit, Cow1429 was leaking through. Somehow

being shackled up and forcefully milked was turning out to be less abusive than whatever this poor woman had to deal with.

I resisted the urge to dig into her memories, Diego hadn't warned against it but somehow it seemed connected to his warning about the orbs. I **had** followed his advise hadn't I? This person's orb had seemed almost nauseous but the 200 lbs of boob flesh I was pressing into the floor didn't give me much confidence that I had followed his directions. Still... I licked my lips, what I wouldn't give to get a little private time with the things. I ran my hands in large circles around their circumference imagining what I would do with them.

"Oh my, Carrie!" a high pitched voice called out, knocking me out of my trance. A pair of hands reached under my arms and helped pull me up to a position where I could finally get my legs under me. I stood with some difficulty, the massive weight hanging off my chest constantly threatening to pull me back down, though surprisingly I felt no pain in my shoulders or back. A woman with a blueish skin tone walked around my side and examined the front of my suit, giving my breasts a good brushing wherever she found a patch of dust. I didn't feel much due to the thickness of the suit material but mentally I was filling with arousal.

She suddenly seemed aware of what she was doing and stopped. "There, all better!" she said, putting on a forceful smile which hid an element of disgust. "Us Sponsored have to stick together, right?"

"Yeah... thanks," I replied.

The blue woman hurried off and I gingerly sat back in my office chair. The arm rests pressed my humongous titties together into a vision obscuring double moon-rise. I pondered something the woman said: Sponsored. There was that word again. I pivoted to look at my computer, placed the keyboard on top of my boobs (the only place where I could see what I was typing), and searched for the dictionary entry.

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Sponsored [slang]: A person whose birth and childhood is funded by an entity other than the biological parents, often genetically modified for athletic performance or other experimental functions. The biological parents retain no parental rights and the sponsor instead serves as the legal guardian. Sponsors may include third persons, companies, or even governments. See also "Natal Sponsorship"

I sat in thought while finger drumming on my titanic tits. So what did that make Carrie? A world-record breast size attempt by a body enhancement company? I looked around the dull, sparsely populated office. And if so, what was she doing in a place like this? The questions bounced around in my head without the chance to answer them as I became engrossed once again by my inviting cleavage. I wanted to just dive right in and...

I was interrupted when the blue skinned girl walked up to me again. "Riley?"

"Yes?" I replied. It took me too long to realize the implication, I hid my face in my hands and prayed that I be whisked off to the next Drift already. "Hi Diego," I said through my muffling hands. I removed them and looking at his host he seemed almost happy somehow.

"You did well, have you Amalgamated with the host yet?" he asked.

"Do what?"

"Amalgamate, search memories, recall things." He looked at my blown up tits and smirked, clearly amused by how big they were.

"I haven't," I answered. "I didn't think you wanted me to."

"Well no matter, the effect might be better if you could see yourself while you do it. Come with me." Diego helped me out of my chair and I followed him down the hall. It was hard seeing where I was going and I almost tripped several times. My massive orbs jiggled and bounced around with each step and a few people stole glances at me as I walked by like I was a passing carnival show.

Diego led me to the woman's restroom and held the door open. My udders were too wide to fit through the door frame so I attempted a backwards entry thinking I could pull them through, but they

wedged together in the door frame and I was held in place. "Oh for fuck's sake," I exclaimed. Diego laughed at my plight which was a first for him. In an attempt to pry myself free I put one foot up on the wall and pushed with all my might, gritting my teeth. Something ripped and the mass of boobs smashed into me and threw me into the room, I only kept on my feet by grabbing onto the nearest sink for dear life. The bathroom mirror revealed the damage: the front of my poor suit had been ripped clean off and made bare everything.

For the first time was able to see myself... what Carrie looked liked. Her shoulder length brown hair and bangs framed her unremarkable face. Bags under her eyes made her look sleepless and older than she probably was. My vision was naturally drawn to the strange masses of light olive skin taking up the majority of mirror real-estate. Her gigantic breasts were impossibly spherical for their size, with areola at least the size of dinner plates and inverted nipples.

"Now I want you to dig through her memories," Diego said, walking up beside me. "The people you were before were all obsessed with their breasts in some way. When you Amalgamate a small part of the host becomes a part of you, so you can see how it made your Inclination more intense."

"And what makes you think this will be different?"

"Observe," he said. Diego suddenly slapped my breasts sending them jiggling, but I felt practically nothing. Based on my previous bodies I had expected them to be practically orgasmic but I didn't feel so much as a little sting from the slap. It was then that I realized my own preference for breasts was only one side of a coin. I looked closer at the woman in the mirror and saw things I had ignored before – the bruises where she constantly bumped into things and the irritated skin where her breasts lay against her rib cage. I searched within her memories and lived a whole life in the span of a few seconds.

I held the hand of a man dressed in lab coat and cradled a teddy bear in my other arm; for a long time I thought the man was my father but it turned out he was just some researcher who leave me by the time I was six. A dozen others like him would come and go until I reached maturity, but I was not naive enough to think of them as

parents after the first one. The research facility was a lonely place, the Sponsored kids were all kept separated, different needs and all that.

Puberty hit me like a truck, my altered genetics made my breasts grow painfully fast. That is, until the rapid growth shocked my nerve endings and made me lose all feelings in my breasts, even as they ballooned up to ridiculous size. The researchers were very interested in that part of my development. But the worst part for me was that I knew I'd never be able to be rid of them. My genetics had also been warped to develop large arteries inside my breasts so that they could support a healthy distribution of blood. To remove them would be incredibly dangerous. My life literally revolved around my breasts. My massive, disgusting, mountainous breasts.

The researchers never could fix my loss of feeling problem. At twenty years old they gave up and cast me out so that they could focus on their other projects. It was difficult adjusting to life outside, I was inexperienced with social interaction and Sponsored were only tolerated when they weren't being a distraction, an impossible task with my body. The government placement program was my only lifeline, a way for me to make a living in a world that knew nothing about me except as a mockery of the female form.

I went weak at the knees sobbing and Diego held me up by the arm. "I just want to go back to my regular life," I pleaded as tears fell from my cheeks.

"You cannot turn back time but you can Drift into your original self," Diego said. "But I should warn you, you will have to do Drifts similar to this one occasionally. Otherwise..."

"...the breast obsession will get worse," I finished his sentence. "Yeah, I got it," I nodded, wiping the tears away.

"Bear with it just a moment longer," he assured. "Now that you know what you truly want, look for the orb that feels perfect."

"Do I have to wait for whatever it is to take me away again?" I asked.

Diego shook his head. "It is done with you now that you know how to game the system. But you can do it on your own, this is *your*

power. Just remember what it feels like to Drift and it should come to you."

I thought back to the first night when this all began and closed my eyes.

"Hey, what's your real name anyway?" I asked.

"Tupaso," he replied.

"Thanks, friend" I said. Then, I let the gravity flow out of me and entered the place with the orbs. A thousand million lights came into my view and took my breath away with their beauty. Unbound by whatever entity had been trying to curate my choices there were ten-fold orbs than were present in my previous Drifts. I locked eyes on a nearby orb and my heart filled with warmth, this was home, and I embraced it.

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I blinked my eyes and took in the familiar apartment which I thought had been lost to me. The furniture arrangement was how I remembered it and my favorite painting hung next to the sofa where it should be. I breathed a sigh of relief.

"Hiiiiiya!" Sam yelled, embracing me from behind and squeezing my arms against my sides. I tried to wiggle out but the harder I struggled the harder she hugged.

"I yield," I finally said between labored breaths.

"I'll let you go only on one condition," Sam replied.

"What's that?" I asked.

"You have to drain me."

"Huh?"

She released her grip and I spun around to see her ripping her top off. Her four cantaloupe sized breasts, two in each row, dripped milk continuously from her thumb sized nipples and ran down her alabaster skin.

I shrugged my shoulders, it was close enough.

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Somewhere in a place long abandoned but not forgotten...

_Target BB-8341 escaped seed program.

The words displayed on a screen that were viewed only by the void of the pocket dimension that was home to the monolithic machine. From there it was able to cast tendrils out into infinite dimensions and interfere with the development of fledgling Drifters. Its autonomy was important to its function, any organic life-form could be a target for a Drift and Tupaso didn't intend on letting any wayward Drifter sabotage his greatest tool. It was ironic that the power of absolute freedom had become necessary to bottleneck, but Tupaso couldn't afford another accident, the first one had destroyed his entire universe and nearly killed him.

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He observed Carrie as she looked around the bathroom in confusion. Riley had gone, the wake of her Drift radiating waves of barely visible patterns from the spot where Carrie stood. It was good that he had found her in time, her power as a Drifter was worth the risk of her causing a catastrophe; she would be more useful to him alive than mind-broken in her own fantasy.

Carrie's expression turned to horror as she realized her state of undress.

"E-excuse me," she asked sheepishly. "Could you fetch me a sheet or something to cover up with?"

"Help yourself Fat Sacs," Tilutpaso said. Then he Drifted.