

Tits for Brains - Zantar

She was attached to *them*. The biggest pair of breasts you'd ever seen. Twin monsters that jiggled and rolled with every shake of her thick hips. At 5-foot-nothing Megan was almost half boob. A fact she flirtily -bouncily- divulged to you off the dance floor.

"Wow uh... big enough to be public property" you said stupidly. Her large, plump lips formed a perfect 'O' of astonishment, and her big eyes went wider but she blushed hotly on her freckled cheeks and shimmied closer.

She fished a small texta from her cleavage and arched her back forward "So I don't lose it" she said as you wrote your number across the rising vastness.

They were already F cups: as large around as melons and, she feared - and secretly, darkly, prayed - still growing...

She loved their lewd escape attempts and how they drew stares and teased you in public. She liked to say they had a mind of their own.

"You like them?" She giggles "Talk to them, kiss them, tease me!" She says as she forces them into your face.

"Fuck! they're glorious" you gasp between thrusts.

"More" she moans lustily

"Fat stripper boobs! immense, monster cow jugs!"

You yelled between thrusts

"More! More! I'm cumming!"

Grasping, you stammered:

"You're just life-support for a dumb pair of tits!"

Like a spell, her eyes rolled back into her head, and she shuddered on top of you. Her hips bucked as waves of come spurted around your cock.

"Um... I liked what you said" she says quietly in the dark. "No kidding" you muttered as you caress her. She shivers and snuggles into you in response as you both drift to sleep.

That night the voices began, or rather, became audible again. Megan was walking down the street before she noticed - she was stark naked! in broad daylight! her boobs were jiggling naughtily. She gasped and tried to hide them with her arms, but they were too big! She could feel them struggling against her! bulging obscenely as they tried to get free and all the while whispers from a nebulous presence: "More! More! More!" She was panting in heat as they nuzzled against each other, rising like dough, completely filling her vision. There was no way she could hide them! Whispers urged her to give in...

She woke up horny and confused, forgetting her dream she smiled as she saw her naked lover. Reminiscing about the night she went to the bathroom and posed at the mirror in sudden confidence. Her tousled red hair ran down to her shoulders. Her thick thighs and ass accentuated her buxom stature, but her chest dominated it. She thrust out proudly noticing how swollen and sensitive they were from the nights adventure.

Your own dreams transitioned seamlessly into reality as your stiff dick was enveloped in warmth. You tried to play cool and pretend sleep, but the weight of Megan's 2-foot tits blew your mind and the sight of them was too much. She giggled delightedly as your cum shot up

from between them. Finishing the fun, she licked and sucked you clean, growling and moaning sexily at you.

"That was amazing" was all you could say.

"They are" she corrected and smushed them across your chest. "How'd you get so big anyway" you wondered out loud. "Puberty, birth control and mindfulness! everything a growing girl needs!"

"Mindfulness?"

"Well not really" she laughed "but they did get a lot of attention and it always seemed like they responded to it. My friends at the time were very into them, obsessed actually, always 'accidentally' bumping into them, pinching and tickling them, using my cleavage to keep all their things in. Not that I didn't love it, to this day I keep my phone there for the vibration." She winked "they even named them after themselves. Ash and Kitty" she blushed, softly lifting each in turn. "Meanwhile I got called "tits for brains". They were always trying different supplements they'd read about online, to try and catch up with me they said. And after a bit of teasing, I'd always try them too. Then they'd point and scream "omigawd They work!!!" and fall around laughing.

They got a bit carried away at a couple of sleep overs though. I remember once waking up tied to the bed. They were each suckling and groping one! They said I'd dared them. I dunno, we were always doing silly things... it was crazy hot. After that though it got awkward, and I spent less time with them... but I see someone enjoyed it" she moved her hand to my hardening cock. "You want me to grow?" She asked seductively "oh no... the supplements are working... I'm getting too big! You want Ash and Kitty to smother you while you fuck and suck them?" You nodded, mouth dry. She pounced on you, passionately kissing before quickly breaking off "breakfast first!" she said as she jumped off you and ran away giggling and jiggling, leaving you hard and stunned.

The next few weeks were amazing, the two of you laughing, drinking, eating, dancing, and fucking. "Oh no I'm getting fat!" She complained as she struggled to get the twins into her town dress. "Yea, on your chest" You teased "shutup" She blushed "I'm serious"

"Me too" you smiled "is the naughty baby getting too big for clothes?" She moaned as you pressed on, getting good at what she liked to hear now: "everyone's going to see what busty, fat, big tiddy bitch you are" she had stomped up to you now hands on her hips, pressing you against the wall. "Go on" she said in mock anger, a quiver in her voice "you can't even control yourself; you're addicted to your own overgrown tits!" and she was on you.

You both loved this game and would spend nights out dancing teasing each other until you couldn't control yourselves any longer.

"Oh help, my titties are absolutely *bursting* out of my tiny top" She'd cry "I know! everyone knows, you're a huge jiggly slut!" you'd whisper in her ear.

"I'll show you who's addicted to my tits!" After another round of sweaty, exploding orgasms, Megan went to the bathroom to weigh and more importantly measure herself. True your weeks of indulgence together had left her hips and ass deliciously thicker, but the tape measure around her bust came back a full two inches fuller. "Mmmh" she moaned biting her lip and looking at the reflection in confusion. It was probably just hormones she thought... That night you did her from behind against the window for the world to see. Her fat nipples

pressing against the cold window made her squeal. You half-glimpsed some teens looking up in awe.

A week later she woke you with another sweaty tit job. "Mmm... worship... tits?" she slurred half asleep, clumsily mashing her giant udders around your cock and balls. Confused but assuming she was playing, you played along. You sat up comfortably, caressing her boobs and bringing them back into position you began to thrust and whisper to her "Oh mighty orbs, thy Kitty and thy Ash, truly thou art divine, connected to the biggest little whore"

"Bigger...for...you?" she moaned in response "Yea baby... never stop growing"

"Touch us... tease us... come on us... make... us... *FAT*" she drawled, massaging her cleavage around you.

You did, thrusting violently, spurting up to her neck and chin. With a sudden spurt of wetness, she came on your leg, rolled over, and went back to sleep.

The next morning, she was definitely larger, her swollen jugs stretched out your t-shirts and tented them with thumb-sized nipples. her enormous bra was ridiculously inadequate.

"Naughty boy" she said, noticing your cum "*ravishing my helpless slutty body*" she pouted, sad she'd missed out. She loved the thought of you using her like that. She posed for the mirror with her tape measure like a pair of suspenders before checking the damage: Another 3 inches gained. What! Her bust was 2'6" around!? She was now exactly half boob. "Seriously babe" she bounced at you "what if they keep growing?" You thought for a moment "Well then you'll be more tits than woman." You said simply. Her jaw dropped. That had thrown her. She began softly swaying them back and forth, both of you watching hypnotised. "Then I'd have to worship you again" you added. "What?" You explained about the previous night, she looked shocked. "I guess our bodies just like each other?" You suggested but she was thinking about times with her friends years before. She felt a soft pressure in her mind. A squeezing on both sides like... like a couple of enormous, smug, growing tits pressing on both sides of her head.

At her insistence, you had slowed down, both struggling to abstain. But she continued to sleep come-on to you during the nights, begging you to suck to kiss to tease. you'd wake up to mashing her melons into your face, pawing at your crotch, anything she could do to get you hard. Her body was slick with sweat and pheromones, your balls were painfully tight. She'd asked you to wake her when it happened but by that point you were both inevitably too horny to stop. She threw caution to the wind. "Fuck it! Just a little bit can't hurt...?" she rationalized, feeling a naughty thrill as she gave in to lust. She climbed on top and filled your vision with her heavenly bodies. She would heft one beachball to suck a shot glass-sized nipple while you maned the other, she would bite down with muffled screams when she came.

They slowly occupied more and more of her day. They were more sensitive each day, she felt every bounce in her clit. And she was all bounce... It was getting harder to not think about them. She found her hands wandering constantly, caressing, pinching, and pulling at her puffy, growing nipples. She didn't feel happy or safe without something touching them. You would playfully pinch and spank her udders to watch her get weak at the knees. Her orgasms were getting stronger, and she was getting dumber, jiggling around the house in a stoned lusty haze - she got trapped in mirrors, hypnotising herself. More and more she realised in

panic that she physically couldn't stop herself until she came! her fear leaving her with crashing relief as she sank into a mind destroying sea of pleasure. She was losing control.

When they crept past the halfway mark a few days later she felt it, her eyes rolled back. "Life...support!" she gasped as something went pop in her head. She collapsed her massive blimps on top of you, bucking and thrusting mindlessly and came until she passed out. From then on, she was enslaved. The combined nervous systems of her mammoth jugs had awakened, overwhelming her mind into submission, and filling her head with pleasure fog. She became an insatiable slut for you, her clothing options had reduced to blankets and sheets tied into simple cloaks and togas. She displayed herself like a goddess and you returned to joyously fucking innumerable times day and night. Under constant stimulation her growth exploded.

"They love you" she said one morning in bed. "I can feel it. My nipples get hard before you get home, my heart speeds up, I get wet. They can *taste* you... you appreciate them like they want, they want to please you back... oh god, this is too weird! Are my tits *thinking*!? I must be insane! Am... am I too crazy for you?" She asked, suddenly concerned.

"I love all 3 of you" you were quick to reassure as you resumed rubbing the erotic expanse. She sighed happily and shuddered, thrusting her chest out for more. There wasn't much room in the bed away from them anymore.

"But... are you sure about this Megan?" You asked the puffy nipple in your face "We should go to a doctor" "No!" She gasped, struggling to sit up, her mighty udders softly filling her lap. "I mean, like, maybe later...? Please baby, I feel amazing! don't make it stop. I need them, I... I love them! just keep playing with us." She begged "This is what we want..." She began absentmindedly jerking a jumbo teat "and besides, isn't it *soooooo* hot?" Her voice became sultry. "Oooh look what you've done to me... I'm just a helpless... *growing*.... big. tiddy. bitch." she seductively jiggled at you, bringing up her right yoga ball, she locked eyes with you began to kiss and lick it. "Oh no baby... Don't make me... *bigger*" She was pressing all the right buttons.

"But I'm worried babe! You really want to be a mindless tit-freak?"

She pouted "You don't want to burry your dick between these?" She returned, bouncing her behemoths with effort "I thought you liked my 'monster cow jugs', I'm just a slut addicted to her fat dumb tits remember!?" There was an edge of madness to her voice, even as your cock became painfully hard. She crawled onto all fours and showed off how they easily, comfortably reached the bed even with her arms locked, a crazy passion in her eyes as she stared hungrily at your dick.

"Who needs a mind!? I'm a pair of tits with a bimbo attached!" She panted as she crawled toward you, revelling in the feeling of her nipples *dragging* over the sheets "now come fuck this freak show!" She ordered. You passionately kiss, sucking each other's tongues, you roll her over, her massive udders pool over her body and up to her chin, their weight making her gasp for air. You make your way down to her giant areola and fat, fat nipples, now resembling her own thick pouty lips. Each dumb tit seemed to kiss you back as she thrashed her body underneath. The giant sluts seemed to be fighting each other to get at you. "Worship us!" She cried as you rammed your cock into her again and again.

2 months later you're coming home to a perverted fertility idol of ridiculous proportions. her endlessly growing breasts now resemble over-stuffed beanbag chairs capped with obscene,

coke-can nipples that are already plumping to stand proudly erect as you approach, veins pulsing softly. She's closer to immobility every day, her little body hopelessly trapped under the weight of Ash and Kitty. She spends her days with her eyes rolled back and her mouth hanging open, moaning, cumming, and growing in divine ecstasy.

The surreal scene keeps you rock hard and devoted to her, though you suspect the pheromones thick in the air have something to do with it. You reach for a bottle of cocobutter, gallons of it already greedily absorbed by the walls of flesh. "Mmm?" Megan is allowed to return from her sunken place whenever the two obese bitches require more brain power than groping themselves and moaning. "Oh god... what have we done?" she whispers in horror, staring down the endless valley of cleavage. "...I'm a monster..." She looks up at you tearfully. You feel guilty at how hard you are. You didn't know what to say so you fix some food for her, she needs a lot these days... Her diet was rich in fat and sugar most of which was went straight to her chest, but you'd also managed to give her a thick bubble butt. A large dollop of maple syrup slips off the plate and onto her vast creamy flesh. Her eyes dilate as she feels it, tiny hairs rising all over her sensitive body. She looks at you, fear and desire mixed on her face. You lean toward her and begin licking it up. "Baby wait- mmm..." she stutters. Her eyelids flutter as her lucidity slips away, her body shakes. You work your way down, gingerly cupping a nipple, marvelling at how it fills your palm, you begin kissing and licking, they taste of heaven - honey and milk. The mountains of tit-flesh shudder as Megan mews softly. You grasp each teat and begin a soft milking motion while sliding your cock into the valley between them. Pulling her teats roughly you thrust hard into the immense abyss. "Nnnnghhhhhmmm-" the colossal breast-thing roars. There's a spurt from her massive udders as they begin to spastically letdown milk to your thrusts. She's always coming up with new ways to surprise you! You attempt to nurse from her overgrown, monstrous nipples but there's simply too much of her! She babbles, delirious with lust.

"I got you something to help" you say, remembering, reluctantly stopping to grab a package. She looks at you through a haze. You pull out a pair of specialty-made, enormous electric nipple clamps - Her eyes go wide. "I noticed you can't reach by yourself anymore" you go on, considering what your about to do. "What do you think, girls?" you say squeezing each clamp on in turn. The pulsing of veins increases; they're excited. "Baby... stop... please... too much" Megan pants. you hesitate, hovering over the button. Her cute, freckled face sits over the vast rise of planet tit, breathing heavily, long hair tousled crazily as she beholds her ruined, transformed body. She couldn't think straight, she could barely speak, it was too late - she was tits. "...D-do. it." she hears a voice - her own, unbidden. "MAKE. US. GODDESS!" You press the button. Megan screams and thrashes, her giant nipples jiggle wildly as electricity pops through her poor, overgrown teats. And this was the lowest setting! Her jaw is slack and her tongue lolls, her pupils fully rolled back as she forcefully cums again and again, milk spraying from her ginormous tankers. You climb around Her spasming body and kiss her neck, whispering sweet obscenities to her: "Oh no what have you done you naughty little slut! They'll be able to see your titties from space!" Megan smiles drunkenly as you turn up the power.