

## Tits for Brains - By Zantar

### Part 1

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 wide 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 winked as you wrote your number across the rising vastness.

They were already F cups: as large 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:

"Y-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 caressed her. She shivers and snuggles into you in response as you both drift  
to sleep.

**"You're just life-support for your tits!"**



That night the voices began, or rather, became audible again. Megan was walking down the street before she noticed - she was stark naked! Brazenly exposed 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! Their weight was unbelievably erotic. 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 night's adventure.

Your own dreams transitioned seamlessly into reality as your stiff dick was enveloped in warmth. You tried to play cool and pretend to 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.

"Ooh... 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

"Well then they need breakfast!" 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 wrestled the twins into a tight top.

"Yea, on your chest" You teased "shuttup" 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!" On cue a strained button popped off her shirt 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 worrying at her confused reflection. She put it down to hormones... 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.

In the dark, nerves were growing... cells dividing, multiplying. Her brain was being re-wired, creating new feedback loops...

A week later she woke you with another sweaty tit job.

"Mmm... worship... us?" she slurred half asleep, clumsily mushing her giant udders around your cock and balls. Confused but excited, 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, grow for me, never stop!"

"Feed... us... tease us... make... us... FAT" she drawled, crushing her cleavage around you.

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

The next morning, she was definitely larger, her juicy jugs stretched out your t-shirts and tented them with thick, 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 was surprised how much 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 teetering at exactly half-boob!

"Seriously babe!" she bounced boobily 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 mesmerised.

"Then I'd have to worship you more", you added.

"What?" You explained about the previous night, she looked shocked. She was thinking about that night 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. "I'm more than a pair of tits!" She snapped once. But she continued to sleep come-on to you during the nights, a voluptuous vixen endlessly edging you, begging you to suck, to kiss, to tease. you'd wake up to melons into your face, a pawing at your crotch, anything she could to get you hard. Her body was slick with sweat and she smelled amazing, 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 lil' bit more can't hurt..." she rationalised, feeling a kinky thrill as she gave in to her cravings. She climbed on top and filled your vision with her heavenly bodies. She would heft one beachball to suck a shot glass-sized nipple, biting down with muffled screams when she came.

They slowly occupied more and more of her life. 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 didn't feel safe without something touching them - you and your cock being her favourites. You would playfully pinch and spank her silken, stupid-fat udders to watch her get weak at the knees.

Cradling her knockers, she jiggled around the house in a stoned lusty haze - squeezing through doors, wobbling chest first into the room. she got trapped in mirrors, hypnotising herself. They hung pendulously, already down to her navel.

She found her hands wandering constantly, caressing, pinching, and pulling at her puffy, growing nipples. More and more she was realising in panic that she was losing control of her own body! Her hands moved on their own playing rougher and harder until she came! her fear left with crashing relief as she sank into a mind destroying sea of pleasure. Every inch they grew, she felt like she shrank. A breathlessly erotic diminishment. Part of her wanted to stop, but two large - and growing - parts did not.

You still took her out to show her off, enjoying the constant reminders that the world wasn't made for her anime proportions.



There was nowhere she could possibly hide! Flashing half the dance floor, knocking down shop displays, and eventually, people. She had drinks “spilled” on her at every turn. Her embarrassment and arousal reached fever pitch and she became a shuddering lustful mess.

You spent nights intimately cooing, indulging, teasing, and spoiling her growing girls together. The bedroom glowed gold with oxytocin.

When they crept past the halfway mark a few days later she felt it. You had noticed her swelling proudly over the last few days and finally with her riding cowgirl her eyes rolled back.

"LIFE... SUPPORT!" she gasped out 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 fully awakened, overwhelming her mind into submission, filling her head with pleasure fog. She became an insatiable slut for you, bras were a cage you had liberated her from, her largest Z cup now hung above the bed as a testament to her buxom might.

Her clothing options had reduced to ponchos, 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.

She came to nipple stimulation alone and fantasised about her over-ripe watermelons dominating her, held prisoner by her own body, unable to do anything but watch... and grow.

The more difficult they made life, the more she indulged her obsession, the hotter, sluttier, and naughtier she felt. Her orgasms got stronger... and she got dumber.

Endorphins flooded her system, rewarding her dark fantasy, banishing her resistance. Under constant stimulation her growth exploded...

Inappropriate work messages:

- Link to a set of nipple clamps connected to a choker via chain. Caption: Aww wow! Fink I'm 2 big 4 dem??? Wish u wood chain me up nice an tite... make me ur slave!!!😭

- Rando question: How big iz 2 big nyway???

...

No answer?! Wow ur totes a pervert! 😳😏❤️

- Soz, am i distractin u??? mayb i shoud just cum down n surprize u like OMG!! i kould hide under ur desk n help release sum tension...😇

- Screen filling cleavage with the words 'MILK ME' drawn on in sharpie. Caption: MOOOO! 🐮

- You Tarzan. Me jugs!

Yea... Her language was definitely diminishing...

"They love you," she said one morning in bed. "I can feel it. My nipz get hard before you get home, my heart speeds up, I get all wet. They can, like, taste you... you appreciate them like they want, they want to please you back... o gawd, this is too weird! Are my titiez thinking!? I must be insane!!! Is it too much?

Am... am I too cwazy for you?" She asked, suddenly concerned.

"I love all 3 of you" you were quick to reassure as you resumed rubbing her erotic expanse.

"It can never be too much." You meant it. She sighed happily and shuddered, thrusting her chest out for more attention. There wasn't much room in the bed 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.

"You know, I mean, like, maybe later...? please baby, I feel amazin like OMG!! don't take this away. I need dem, me... I luv them! Pleaz, just keep playing with uz." She begged.

"Thiz are what we alwayz wanted..." She began softly jerking a jumbo teat.

"And besides, isn't it liek, soooooo hawt??? turnin me into a slut?"

She giggled hysterically. Then her voice became sultry as she changed tactics.

"Oooh no... look wat u've doin 2 my big, fat boobies. Me like a helplez... gwowin....  
big. tiddy. bitch."

She seductively jiggled at you, heaving her right globe, she locked eyes with you and began to kiss and lick it.

"Oh no baby...me getting soooo dumb!" She said between moans.

"Pwease don't make us... bigger."

She was pressing all the right buttons.

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

She mock-pouted.

"O sooo u don't wanna burri ur big hard yummy dik between deez??" She returned, bouncing her behemoths with effort

"ii thort u liked my 'monstar cow jugs!' I'm just a slut addicted 2 her fat silly titties, member!???" There was an edge of madness to her voice, even as your cock became painfully hard.

She crawled onto all fours and arched her back sensually showed off how easily they reached the bed, there was a crazy passion in her eyes as she stared hungrily at you.

"Hu neadz a mind!? Me a pair o Hawt, fat juggz wifa bimbo atached!"

She panted as she crawled on top of you, revelling in the feeling of her hot nipples dragging over your body, rolling her warm weight forward to crush you...

"Doesn thiz feel right? Being, like, smothered?..." she wiggles on top of you, victory on her face.

"Now fuck this fweak show!"

You passionately kiss, sucking each other's tongues, with enormous difficulty you wrestle to roll her over, her massive udders pool over her body and up to her chin, the weight making her gasp. You make your way down to her giant areola and fat, fat nipples, now resembling thick pouty lips. Each dumb tit seemed to kiss you back as she thrashes her body underneath. The giant sluts seemed to be fighting each other to get at you.

"Sooo. BIG!" She gasped

"MORE! Moremoremore! FUK YES! MAKE ME ALL TIT! RUIN MEEEE!!!" She screams as you split her in half again and again.

**Hu needz a mind???**  
**ME a pair of Juggz**  
**Wit a bimbo attatched!**



...

Two months later you're coming home to a perverted fertility idol of prehistoric proportions. Megan's endlessly growing, magnificent breasts now the size of yoga balls, capped with obscenely large, plump pink nipples, eagerly plumping to stand proudly erect as you approach, veins pulsing softly. She inches closer to immobility every day, trapped under the unreasonable weight of Ash and Kitty.

She spends her days in a haze, panting with her eyes crossed and her tongue hanging slack as she perpetually cums her brains out 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 devoured by the lush mounds of soft skin. "Mmugh?" She grunts. Megan is allowed to return from her sunken place whenever the titanic twins require more brain power than fucking themselves.

"O gawd... wat hav we dun???" Megan whispers in sudden horror, awakening to a nightmare in flesh, staring down the endless valley of cleavage dwarfing her curvy little body.

"Me... Me a Monster!" She looks up at you tearfully. You feel guilty about how hard you are. You didn't know what to say so you fix some food for your increasingly vestigial Venus, she needs a lot these days... Her diet is rich in fat and sugar, most of which goes straight to her chest, but you'd also managed to sculpt her rear into a dummy-thicc bubble butt.

A large dollop of maple syrup slips off the plate and onto her vast, pale mounds. 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, ah, wait, Nono-OH! Yessssss! MmmoOOOREE!"

she stutters, a guttural moan escapes as her protests turn to pleasure. Her eyelids flutter as her lucidity slips away, her body shaking. You work your way down, gingerly

cupping a throbbing nipple, marvelling at how it almost fills your palm, you begin kissing and licking, they taste of honey and milk.

The mountains of creamy flesh shudder as Megan mews softly. You grasp each teat and begin a soft milking motion, sliding your cock into the valley between them. They feel extra taught today, achingly swollen. Squeezing her teats roughly you thrust hard into the immense abyss. Megan starts slapping and kneading as much of her as she can reach, a look of panic on her face...

"nnnNNNGUH! Hahahhh! Mmmmmm!!!" the breast-thing roars animalistically.

There's a spurt from her massive udders as they begin to spastically letdown milk to your thrusts. "Whuuu?" She grunts stupidly. You attempt to nurse from the monstrous teats

"S-s-s-uuuhhck MoOoO! G-g-oOd..." Megan babbles, delirious with lust.

You spend the next hour teasing her mutant milk-tanks, amazed at her endless supply of thick sweet milk.

"I got something to help while I'm at work." you remember, reluctantly stopping to grab a package. She looks at you through a flushed daze. You pull out a pair of specialty-made, enormous electric nipple clamps - Her eyes go wide.

"You can't reach by yourself anymore" you go on, considering what you're about to do.

"What do you think, girls?" you say, Megan yelps as you delicately squeeze each clamp on a sensitive, jutting nipple, spooling out the long chain between them. The pulsing of veins increases; they're excited.

"Baby... stop... pleaz...fuk... too much," Megan whimpers. you hesitate, hovering tantalisingly over the button. Her scared, freckled face sits over the vast rise of the



planet of the tits. She's breathing heavily, long hair tousled crazily as she fully beholds her transformed body. She couldn't think straight, she could barely speak, it was too late - she was attached to *them*. The biggest pair of breasts she'd ever seen.

"...D-do it." she feels her mouth move itself, hears her own voice, slurring and unbidden.

"MAKE... US... GODDESS!" You press the button. Megan screams and thrashes, her giant nipples jiggle violently as electricity pops through her poor, overgrown teats. 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, the nipple clamps cold chain slithers up the valley of bimbo behemoths as you fasten the leather choker. You whisper sweet obscenities to her:

"Oh no, what have you done you naughty little slut?! They'll be able to see you from space!" Megan smiles as you turn up the power.

## **Part 2**

"O fuk, o fuk, o fuk!" Megan thinks. She'd lost her mind! She was way too massive! How could she live like this? She had to do something, tell you to stop, get to a doctor, anything! she was out of control, she was almost all boob! soon they would be bigger than her, they would crush her!

She struggles in vain against her pillowy prison, panting and trying to stand. There's simply too much of her, much too much! She succeeds only in over-stimulating herself, the chain around her neck jingles and tugs her tender teats, slowly re-awakening the girls... Her wrestling turns to groping and grinding. Her thoughts turn filthy as she struggles with her ever-swelling chest, overwhelmed by confused arousal at the delicious danger of life trapped as a depraved, orgasming mutant!

Megan marvels over the sweeping expanse of soft, creamy skin slowly eclipsing all else. Large freckles and blue veins dance gracefully across her world as her heart beats gentle thunderstorms over oceans of steamy milk. She imagines the dark worlds lit by twinkling galaxies of neurons. A heady aphrodisiac cocktail intoxicates and enchants her as she fancies she can even feel the silent roar of several trillion cells multiplying. The cold, rainy air caressing her lewd outlines is tinglingly transcendental. Her chains grew as her nipples reached their full impertinent erections, softly choking her. The teasing reminder her of her place filled her with a frisson of primal fear and erotic, loving devotion to her maternal mistresses.

With a final protest Megan flails and manages to grab her phone with one hand, her other snaking down inexorably her soft curves to her starving cunt.

"H...e...l...p... m...e..." she manages to type before collapsing, desperately pleasuring herself into oblivion.

Through freakish nipples, the aberrant organs sensed the world, felt the vibrations, tasted the air...Twin titgods forming an alien mind with their captive host. The heavy, ripe heifers lay satisfied in their own corpulence.

They loved to feel her resist and struggle, knowing her fathomless desire for more...

✓ **Megan marvels over the sweeping  
expanse of soft, creamy skin  
slowly eclipsing all.**



...

You were pretty sure you had the best secret in the office. Even better than Johnson who had definitely killed someone! You couldn't stop thinking about the glorious sin against nature you had created waiting for you at home.

This morning the boob monster had hungrily sucked you off goodbye. All while apparently asleep... fuck she made you hot, your cock was already creeping down

your leg, freeing itself from your boxers, and then, noticeably, kept growing, a couple inches at least... Your balls felt heavy, heavier than they'd ever been. Your mouth was dry, suddenly craving more of Megan's milk. Maybe you should leave early... You felt a presence and glanced around.

Fat goth Jessica the admin chick was watching you while slowley thrusting a pencil in and out of her pale cleavage, cow print bra exposed, overflowing and resting heavily on the table. Despite her spiky appearance Jess was a total flirt with a dirty mind.

"Whatcha thinking about?" Jess says, openly eyeing your crotch. You move some papers to preserve some modesty.

"Nothing, big weekend ya know?"

"Big is right" she says, winking.

"I'm just teasin', you got a new girlfriend, right? Danielle says she saw you out dancin' a while back. Packin' some serious honkers she said, A real set of badonkers!" Jess was grinning at your forced cool demeanour, she had built a spiked wall of pencils in her cleavage.

"Like em big ey?" She pressed after a moment.

"... Is she bigger than me?"

She was playing cat and mouse.

"A bit" you said, trying not to take the bait. Jess pouted

"Oh I'm offended! Ya sure?" She smirked, rising to her full height - an amazonian 6'2'.

"Ass" you thought. Jess sure did have Megan in that department. Not that you'd give her the satisfaction. Jess jiggled over, hips and booty swaying. She hopped up on the edge of your desk, sending things skidding and creaking.

"Oopie," she giggled.

"Just thought you might need a closer inspection..." her thickness now proudly on display, inches above you, eclipsing the fluoro lights. You had to admit, she was big. But...

"Yeah" you pretended to yawn, stretching and standing up to leave

"She's definitely bigger."

"Hrumph!" Jess crossed her arms, emphasising her assets, flashing areola and risking a nipple.

"Well maybe we can hang out sometime!" She called after you, "Have a proper comparison!"

"Sounds fun." you called casually over your shoulder, imagining the look on her face if she saw the competition.

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Megan slowly comes too, phone still in hand. Oh no. She hadn't stopped typing when she passed out.

"Help me wiv these??? Tink I liek, had a gwoth spurt? OMG! Girlz night when???"

🍈😋🍈 "

an attached pic of as much cleavage as could fit in the frame, her mock 'O' face above it. Sent. To: Ash and Kitty. Over an hour ago.

"What. The. FUCK!" A familiar voice rings out, the human Ash and Kitty stand in the door, mouths agape. Ash was dark and curvy, with large, curious eyes and buck teeth, Kitty was slim, tall, and blonde with a big, bad ego and an attitude to match. Both sported impressive chests, Ash the larger of the two. Tiny compared to her own megazoic monster mommy milkers, Megan caught herself thinking...

The stunned silence was broken by a soft involuntary moan from Megan, blushing hotly at the attention.

"Jesus Tits..." Ash said, slipping back to Megan's highschool nickname "Sorry, Meg, I mean... what have you done?"

"How!?" Cut in Kitty. "Y-you...YOU'RE FUCKING ENORMOUS!"

"Does it... hurt?" Ash asked, edging closer.

"The weight and tha clampz a bit... butt me, -I- think mostly it's pwessure fwom... fwom tha milk" Megan bit her lip, incredibly self conscious.

"MILK!?" The girls exclaimed in unison.

"I know!" Megan broke, sobbing.

"me uh big fat titty cow! I'm sooo confuzed! dey like, feal sooo sexy, u can't absolutely even imagine! butt ME'm totally losing my mind! Me think dey're, like, controlling me! They wont. Stop. Gwowing!!!" It all came out in a frantic burst of bimbo.

"I'm sooo, so sorry I ghosted. Pwease! You gotta help me!" Fat tears drop onto fatter bazongas.

The two girls stood stunned.

"It hurt when you stopped talking to us." Kitty finally said

"but that night made Ash and I realise how we really felt about you... and each other... we kept experimenting" she put her arm around Ash's waist, Ash blushed.

"We've been together ever since. But what happened to you!? You have to tell us how you got like this!"

"I, well, like, I met this stud..."

"A guy did this to you!?"

"No! I mean yeah but it just kinda started happenin. It felt rite... but i started doin fings in my sleep again, liek our girlies nites. I wanted it. We did it together n i couldn stop like OMG!! now they're out of cuntrol!"

The girls listened, spellbound. Their eyes locked on the soft rise and fall of the poster girl for poor impulse control. They'd slowly crept closer, to either side of the bed.

"Can you even move?" Kitty asked aghast.

"Totally! Like, I mean ... a bit"

Megan was suddenly conscious of a tension, The air was thick with erotic charge, she saw Kitty lick her lips...

"Can... Can I touch?" Ash asked in reverence.

Megan realised she was totally at their mercy.

"... be gentle"

They pounced.

Fireworks.

Megan was silently screaming. She was

beyond words. The lightest touch had sent her to Heaven. Everything felt right, her friends had returned, their soft hands back where they belonged. Megan felt herself a perfect unity of form and function, a complete alignment of mind and body. She realised this is what she was made for. This was bliss.

"OH YEA!! Do anything u want! Just DON'T. STOP." Megan gasped frantically when she could finally breathe again. Dumb with lust she panted at her awe-struck friends. Ash had kneeled down and carefully, With a pop and a gasp, freed a twitching, monstrous nipple from its clamps. Instantly spraying herself in the face by the sudden hot let down. Megan bucked against herself, guiltily but deliberately forcing herself into Ash's waiting mouth.

Stunned, Ash latched on instinctively, trapped by the sudden seal she greedily gulped down gallon after gallon of milk, embracing the broodmother with her whole body.

"OH FUuuUuuUu!!" Megan screamed, overwhelmed at the release, it felt like her soul was being sucked out! She could feel the tiny details of Ash's tongue!

"OMG ASH!" Kitty squealed, hurrying round to pull her away and only jerked off the behemoth and increased the flow. Forcefully, Ash was colonised, baptised by Megan's life-giving microbiome. Finally with a huge wet pop Ash rolled back, her already chubby tummy hugely distended from her feeding. Embarrassment and satisfaction clear on her face.



Megan looked at Kitty bestialy, one pale, glistening clamped tit throbbed and leaked ominously.

"Kitty...FEED...now?" Megan grunted.

Kitty backed away in fear, bumping and catching a large water pitcher by the bed.

Megan thrust forward, her remaining clamp popped free and milk sprayed wildly, squirting Kitty before she managed to trap the twitching thing in the water jug.

Megan's body spasms as she desperately spends herself.

From the floor Ash's groans turned to rapid panting, Megan and Kitty watched transfixed, Ash's breasts were visibly swollen, now overflowing her top, her cleavage rising like dough, blossoming before their eyes! Ash was unbearably hot, sweating all over watching her own flushed tatas plumping, becoming decadently heavy and tightening her top. POP! A button flew off, Ash moaned as her new tits began freeing themselves. "AHHH!!! Kitty! H-Help?! Kitty ran over, stupefied. Like a girl possessed she tore the rest of Ash's shirt open, the bulging udders burst free. Kitty began furiously groping, licking, sucking, and kissing her hysterical girlfriend all over. Ash's already large DDs were creeping up the cups... E... F... before settling on a fat, wobbling pair of Gs. "OH YEA! GROW BABY GROW! Kitty growled, ecstatically. Ash screamed for help and moaned as Kitty roughly fucked her. Kitty was not letting up, she had found her holy grail.

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After cuddling and whispering sweet nothings to her panic attacked, swollen sub

Kitty now stood back over Megan, looking from her poor, plumpened girlfriend to the heavy jug of cream and back to Megan.

"No, Kitty wait-" Megan tried to wiggle away from the overflowing glass and the sadistic look on Kitty's face but was trapped by her own debilitating growth.

"Oh come on, this coming from a girl whose party trick was sucking her own nipples? Face it, you're a total bimbo!" Kitty taunted, grabbing Megan by the collar and surprised her with a sudden passionate kiss. Megan responded submissively to the rough play, desperately exploring her lesbionic urges as Kitty's tongue locked with her own. As they parted Kitty pressed the jug to Megan's puffy lips and paused. They looked into each others eyes.

"You want it?... Beg for it" Kitty commanded, tightening her grip on the chain. Megan was freaking out, she couldn't afford another inch! Let alone what had happened to Ash.

"...Puh-pwease..." she didn't know if she was begging for or against it, morbid curiosity was taking over, like teetering on the edge of a cliff, between dream and nightmare. She shivered with frisson, she knew this was her last chance.

As she hesitated, her living tits took control. Her body moved on its own, leaning in even as Megan mentally struggled, eyes closed and lips parted.

A moment later Her eyes snap open wide as her own warm, nourishing nectar cascades down her throat. A moment too late as she's force fed her own milk.

"NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOoooOoOoOhhhhhhh!!!!" She screams internally as her gigantomastic gazongas oozed outward, surging the last few inches of their evolution, outgrowing their host. The bed collapses all at once at the sudden weight increase, the impact shaking the house. She suffered and vibrated in paroxysms of pleasure, an orgasm that seemed to last lifetimes.

She felt herself slipping away, the mind that was Megan disintegrated under full ego death - Nirvana; as she - they - became one with the universe.

...

You came home and beheld Boobzilla: A colossal revelation in flesh. Covering the ruins of the bed. You paid little regard to the well endowed lass hyperventilating on the floor and the blonde going down on her.

"Fuuuuuu... Megan... sweet Jesus... A-are you ok?!"

'Megan' looked over with a tranquilized O-face of dumb astonishment, her rolled-back eyes showing only white under fluttering lids, she looked possessed.

"Hnng?!" the drooling nympho gasps and twitches. With drunken grace the girl half of the entity awkwardly climbed it's giant assets to raise her thick, ripe ass for you. She purred, swaying a chonk of a booty. Whatever was left of Megan was gone, replaced by pure bestial lust.

Your embiggened member already straining your slacks demanded to be released. The gravity of your balls pulled you toward the monster. Megan mewed and softly thrust in anticipation, legs already slick with cum. You became momentarily dizzy

with blood loss as you unsheathed. You grasp the ridiculous badonkadonk and took her like a wild animal. She gasped as her tight sex struggles to ravenously swallow you. You crush her against her perfect, gargantuan tits as you joyfully rail her, she roars in primal pleasure. The girls on the floor join in, each deep-throating a giant nipple, they are lost in an oroboros of feeding and fucking. Heady scents and sounds of milk and sex, moaning and sucking fill the air.



...

You decided to move. Miraculously, a beach house in an isolated tropical cove had been provided in exchange for an abundant supply of milk. Female scientists would come by once a month, each time more giggly and unprofessional, their coats notibily tighter.

The local school was mounting a production of 'Little Shop of Horrors'... They'd decided on twin giant pink flower buds for the Audrey 2 prop.

Last you'd heard, the tensions between the US, Russia, and China were mysteriously easing. Ash and Kitty were regulars also, sleeping over and playing teasing games to resist the ambrosian milk. Their giant, wobbling J cups a little fuller each time... Sometimes you awaken to the taste on your lips, and the sounds of soft giggling. Your swollen, heavy manhood was becoming a problem...

'Megan' had surrendered to her urges, becoming fully integrated in harmony with her living chest. She had a new bouncy personality and now answered to 'Tits for brains', 'Booberella', 'Jugs', 'Cow monster', 'Bimboslut', or anything in that general area.

Her growth slowed but never stopped. She was a demigoddess, she was her tits. She would joyfully serve them forever. A hydraulic lift allows her free rein in the sea to take the weight off. Curious whales often visit.

She was happy, horny and free.