

# A Change of Clones

by [purplish](#) ([email](#))

*(For adult eyes only: breast/nipple/lip/tongue expansion, clones, magic, mind control, reality alteration. All characters are 18+)*

“Go on, open it!” urged Katie, clasping her hands giddily.

Claire turned over the bundle of wrapping paper in her hands. Her roommate prided herself on picking just the right gift for each occasion, and this holiday season was no exception.

Gingerly unfolding the paper, she revealed a small journal with a black leather cover.

“I know you’re always filling up notebooks, Claire,” Katie smiled. “I thought this was just the thing for you.”

Claire looked more closely at the book. Its leather cover was ragged and well-used, although the sheets of lined paper inside were crisp and clean.

“Check the first page,” Katie encouraged.

Claire flipped to the start of the journal, where a message had been written in a flowery script:

***Happy holidays, Claire! Did you know that anything written in this journal becomes true?  
— Katie***

“Very funny, Katie,” Claire said, rolling her eyes at her roommate’s attempt at humor. It was a thoughtful gift, but she was all too aware now that she had forgotten to get anything to reciprocate. She flushed crimson in her cheeks.

It wasn’t easy for Claire, living with such a statuesque beauty. She was ashamed to admit she harbored lewd thoughts about her roommate’s tall, lithe body. Katie had the biggest, sexiest breasts that Claire had ever seen, let alone on such a slender girl! Claire imagined she’d need to use both hands to wrangle even one of her roommate’s oversized breasts.

Some friends had mentioned that Katie's massive chest looked out of place on her thin frame, but Claire disagreed, even though Katie would sometimes complain about the weight of her bosom. Katie had kept up a rigorous fitness routine to strengthen her back and assist in carrying her big chest, becoming delightfully firm and tight all over.

Then there was Katie's incredible body. She was slender and toned everywhere, with powerful thighs and arms that remained alluringly feminine. Claire had never met any other woman with such perfect breasts and so slim a figure, and she found it plenty titillating just to watch her roommate's huge chest bouncing and tight curves slipping around their apartment.

She had developed darker fantasies too, like the idea of seeing not just one of her beautiful roommate, but a pair of Katies! Oh, to see Katie together with her clone or identical twin, especially if they were both competing for her affection. But this was an impossible dream. And besides, as far as she knew, Katie was an only child.

"I'm so sorry, Katie," she finally admitted, "But I didn't get you anything this year."

Katie's grin faded. She turned away, then cast a glance over her shoulder. "That's okay, Claire. I know how busy you've been."

Claire's heart sank as she watched Katie sit on the couch and sigh, staring down at her phone.

As busy as Claire may have been, it now seemed to her that no amount of distraction was worth the disappointment she saw on Katie's face. Unless...

She looked back to the book in her hands. Flipping it open, she pondered the curious message on the first page. She sensed an opportunity to change the subject.

"So what does this message mean, Katie? Anything I write becomes true?"

Katie looked up, her lips pressed together.

"The store clerk told me that book was magical, but then again, she'd probably say anything to close a sale. So, I thought I'd take her word for it, and I played it up in my message to you," she said half-smiling, then rose to her feet. "Anyway, I have to head out soon with my friends. I'll see you later."

Claire grabbed her pen and looked up, leering at her roommate. She loved to admire Katie's toned body, and she could easily spend an eternity just staring at Katie's giant chest.

After all, Katie was beautiful, and she knew it. But to Claire's ongoing dismay, Katie never seemed interested in being more than friends.

Just underneath Katie's message in the journal, Claire added:

***Katie doesn't mind that I didn't get her anything for the holidays. She wants to spend the whole day at home with me!***

She rolled her eyes. Writing down her idle fantasies felt ridiculous.

"I'm sorry I didn't get you anything this year, Katie," she frowned, looking up.

Katie brightened, smiling back at her.

"That's okay, Claire! Don't worry about it at all. Hey, why don't we stay in today? We can watch a movie, bake some cookies, and we'll even order delivery if you like."

Claire sat back, stunned. Katie had seemed upset only a minute ago, but now she wasn't bothered at all. And she never wanted to spend this much time together. What was going on?

Claire's eyes swung rapidly between the book and Katie. Could it be...? Her eyes drifted back again to her stunning brunette roommate.

Katie was wearing a loose shirt with an oversized neck opening, which granted Claire's peering eyes a generous view of exposed cleavage. This wasn't the first time Claire had gone into a trance admiring her roommate's breasts, nor was it the first time she'd been caught.

Katie, reclining on the couch, sensed this attention. She cleared her throat.

"I wish you wouldn't stare so much, Claire," she frowned.

Claire flushed red and looked away. She glanced down at the book, and with pen firmly in hand, she wrote:

***Katie likes when I look at her breasts and wants to encourage it. She loves showing off her chest to me.***

She put her pen down and looked up, just in time to catch Katie making an elaborate show of raising her elbows and stretching. Katie placed her hands on her knees, straightening her arms and squeezing her large chest between them. She looked back down at her phone, fluttering her eyelashes while presenting her exposed flesh in Claire's direction.

Claire sat in stunned silence, her mind swinging wildly between two impossible truths: that the book worked, for one, and the dreamy sight of so much exposed breast flesh being so willingly presented.

Katie sat back on the couch, still holding her arms forward. She looked awfully silly with her arms straight out, but kept up the pressure on her soft melons, forming a luscious set of hills through the large neckline of her shirt. She looked down at her chest for a moment, grinning as if satisfied, then shocked Claire again by suddenly looking straight at her.

"Ooh, my back," Katie said, biting her lip. "It hurts from carrying these boobs around. They're just so, so big, and I've been thinking about a reduction... but I know you like looking, Claire, and I like when you look at them," she smiled.

Claire's mind was whirling as she stared openly at her roommate's exposed cleavage. Katie hadn't seemed to notice anything she'd written down, even as everything happened just as she'd written. Katie just internalized this new truth, as if what Claire had written was the way it had always been.

Claire's lips slowly parted into a wide grin. This was much how she'd dreamed Katie would act around her, but there was always room for improvement. She wrote in the book:

***Katie's back never hurts because of her chest. She thinks big breasts are super sexy, and lately, she's been trying to grow larger! No matter how big she gets, her breasts are always firm, shapely, and beautiful!***

She threw down her pen and spun around in her chair, taking in the view of Katie's chest. The large neck opening in her roommate's shirt revealed two gloriously perky mountains, still

squeezed together between Katie's outstretched arms. Katie arched her back as she squeezed and presented her chest to Claire.

"So while we're at home today," Katie said, shaking her chest, "I thought you might like to try one of my new breast creams?" she asked earnestly. "It's one of several dozen I apply each day. You know how I've been trying to grow these girls bigger, and I think this one might finally do the trick!"

She emphasized her point by tugging hard on her neck opening, revealing even more creamy flesh, now even more firm due to Claire's writing. Katie bounced in her seat, setting her chest swaying enticingly. From the corner of her eye, she could see that Claire was watching her, which seemed to make her even happier.

"Heehee! I just love these big boobies," she cried. "I'm so glad to be living with you, Claire. Most of the girls I know get weirded out by my breast care regimen, but you've always been so understanding. That means so much to me," Katie said, placing her right hand gently atop her chest.

Katie sighed happily. Her attention soon wandered and she grabbed her phone, although she made sure to keep tugging on her neckline to give Claire generous views of her big chest. Occasionally, she grabbed one of her breasts with her open palm, squeezing it gently and releasing it, all while stealing glances at her roommate to make sure she was still watching.

Claire bit her lip, again finding herself staring openly at Katie's cleavage, but the fabric of her roommate's top obscured most of her chest from view.

She turned back to the book on her desk, writing:

***Katie has a collection of sexy outfits that emphasize her chest. She likes to model them for me.***

Claire squirmed in her seat. She was burning hot between her legs, and the power she felt was intoxicating. It was time to turn up the heat. She appended another line in a quick scrawl:

***Each time Katie changes her outfit, she'll be more turned on and more attracted to me.***

Katie had taken to openly palming her breasts with both hands. She looked up, smiling.

“Hey Claire, I just got the cutest tops for my big boobs! You’ll love them. Can I show you?” she asked. She hefted her chest upwards and forwards, doing her best to emphasize it as if to help convince her roommate.

Claire nodded eagerly. Katie rose to her feet and skipped into her bedroom, returning scarcely a minute later.

Katie was wearing a short plaid skirt that hung only to mid-thigh, leaving her long, toned legs mostly bare. She had tied the bottom of a white, button-up shirt around her tiny waist, which left her flat stomach mostly on display to Claire’s peering eyes. Above the knot, Katie’s tiny shirt was unbuttoned, exposing so much of her creamy breast flesh straining against the tight fabric.

“I call this look ‘sexy schoolgirl’,” Katie grinned. She posed with both hands behind her back, then raised a hand to cover her mouth coquettishly, giving Claire an exaggerated wink. “Do you think it shows off my chest enough?”

Katie bounced and hefted her chest through her tiny white shirt. Claire thought her roommate’s skimpy clothes were incredible, but she wanted more.

“Your chest looks spectacular in that top,” Claire answered honestly. “Actually, could you please hold there just a minute for me?”

Claire turned back to the leather-bound book. Katie stood in place, craning her neck to look over Claire’s shoulder.

“What are you doing there?” Katie asked. “You sure like writing in that book, Claire.”

Claire squinted, pen in hand, up towards her roommate. She wrote:

***Katie doesn’t think it’s unusual if I stop to write something in this book.***

***When anyone looks at Katie’s breasts, even clothed, Katie gets more aroused and her nipples fully harden. This effect is new for her and starts now.***

Claire put down her pen and eagerly raised her eyes toward Katie's chest. Two thick nubs were almost immediately visible through the thin white material of Katie's shirt, straining against the tight fabric. Claire could see plainly that Katie wasn't wearing a bra.

"I... ooh, sorry, Claire," Katie whimpered. She crossed her legs and bit her lip. "I'm not sure what came over me just now."

"Are you feeling okay?" Claire asked, smirking.

"I'm... I'm fine," Katie stammered, twisting her foot back and forth as she stood in place. "It's just that... Claire, you're so pretty, if you don't mind me saying. I'm so lucky to live with you!"

Claire's grin widened. She could write Katie into her lover, of course, but she was having so much fun toying with her roommate. Grabbing her pen, she added to the lines on the first page:

***When Katie is aroused, her pussy gets so wet that it drips.***

She glanced up and took in the sight of Katie's long, slender legs, which were now sparkling wet with obvious arousal. As she stared more closely, she could see a small river trickling down from behind Katie's short skirt, spreading into numerous smaller rivers that flowed down her bare skin.

Katie tugged at the corners of her shirt, loosening the fabric above the knot and exposing more of her creamy breast flesh. She pushed upwards on her chest from beneath, forming even more mouthwatering cleavage as she showed herself off for Claire's benefit.

Katie inclined her head, licking slowly across the top of her right breast. Looking up to make sure her roommate was watching her, she turned the other way, licking slowly across the top of her left breast.

Claire was captivated. Her mouth opened slowly, then closed again.

Katie followed Claire's gaze downward. "Oh gosh, I'm so embarrassed!" she cried, sliding her wet legs together. "Every time I get turned on, I get really... wet," she managed, turning away in embarrassment.

“Not at all, Katie!” Claire gasped. “You’re beautiful!”

“Oh, you’re just saying that,” Katie replied while stepping backward, her hand covering her groin. Her fingers were soon dripping with wetness.

Claire was perturbed; this just wouldn’t do. Before she knew it, the pen was in her hand once again. She added more to the first page:

***Katie always feels confident and sexy, no matter how she looks. She loves showing off her body to me.***

She squirmed in her seat again, realizing that she was getting awfully turned on herself. For now, she thought it best not to use the book’s power on herself... so why not indulge herself some more? She wrote:

***Katie will change her clothes whenever I ask her to. Every time she does, her breasts will grow larger and her nipples become thicker and longer. She won’t notice this until I point it out, then she will be extremely turned on by it.***

Katie twirled slowly, showing off her luscious, long legs and how slick they were with her arousal. Her sinfully short schoolgirl skirt hardly reached mid-thigh, and her tiny white shirt strained against her large bosom. She was finally the astonishing beauty that Claire knew her to be.

Claire felt her heart beating in her chest. “Say, Katie,” she whispered. “Could you change your outfit for me?”

Katie beamed her gorgeous smile. “Of course, Claire, if that’s what you want!”

She was gone a moment later, leaving Claire quivering in her seat. Thankfully, Claire didn’t have to wait long.

“Puis-je vous aider, mademoiselle?” Katie purred, stepping out in a lacy French maid outfit. Claire took in Katie’s long, slender legs, clad in black stockings, and a growing wet spot on Katie’s upper thighs showed her prolific wetness.



Katie sensed her roommate looking and opened her legs wide, revealing her lacy black panties, clearly soaked through with her arousal. She beamed, twisting her legs and thrusting her hips slowly, making sure that Claire could see the extent of her wetness from all angles.

Katie's firm, flat stomach was bare, her slim waist glistening under Claire's peering eyes. Katie wore a frilly black half-cup bra, which raised and presented her large, round breasts while failing to cover them.

"I'm sorry, mademoiselle," Katie frowned. "But my bra doesn't seem to fit me anymore."

Claire could see that Katie's breasts were noticeably bigger now, each sphere larger than her head. Katie's nipples were thick columns of flesh, flaccid at present, that drooped an inch down from her sizable areolae. Katie seemed to sense the attention on her chest, and her frown soon curled into a moan.

As Claire's eyes lingered, Katie's nipples quickly became fully erect. They doubled in length, thrusting nearly three inches ahead of her breasts, bobbing gently in the air. Katie and Claire both stared down at them.

"Mm! I guess it's a bit cold in here," Katie smiled, shimmying her chest and setting her giant nipples tracing arcs back and forth. "I've told you how big and sensitive my nips are, after all, so I thought you'd enjoy finally seeing them! Anyway, this is my maid outfit. Do you like it?"

Claire nodded dumbly. "You're spectacular, Katie."

Katie twirled in place again. The thick nubs atop her breasts swung wildly, bouncing and swaying. She grinned when she saw Claire watching her.

"Say, Katie," Claire began. "Is it just me, or is your chest bigger than it was a minute ago?" she asked, grinning.

Katie looked down, her eyes widening as she seemed to notice her growth for the first time. She ran her palms across the sides of her enlarged bosom, testing their weight and showing how they remained incredibly perky despite their immense size.

"Oh my gosh, Claire," Katie marveled. "My boobs are even bigger now. That is so hot!"

Claire enjoyed watching the rolling, bouncing masses of her roommate's bosom, knowing that her stare was making Katie even more turned on. A large gush of liquids escaped with force through Katie's lacy panties, splashing down to the carpet in front of Claire.

Claire was now feeling especially squirmy and moved one hand between her legs, her fingers resting on her panty-covered mound. She didn't need any assistance from her book to be super turned on, and she could feel her panties were damp with her arousal.

As she groped herself, she saw Katie watching with a shocked expression — another issue to fix, Claire realized, quickly addressing her roommate.

"Katie, go change your outfit for me," she intoned, feeling more confident.

"Hooray!" Katie exclaimed, already skipping off. "This next one is my personal favorite. Just wait 'till you see it!"

Claire grabbed her pen and wrote as quickly as she could:

***Katie thinks it's normal for us to have any kind of sexual contact and activities while we're at home. Katie enjoys being nude around me.***

***When I ask Katie to change her outfit, she will role-play a personality associated with her new outfit.***

Claire quickly stripped off her clothing. Her panties were around her ankles when she saw a flash of white in the corner of her eye.

"What seems to be the trouble, citizen?" called a sultry voice.

Out stepped Katie in a superhero outfit, as if there were any who would dress so scandalously! A tiny pair of white panties covered Katie's puffy mound, and as Claire looked more closely, she could see they were rapidly soaking through with Katie's effusive arousal that dripped down her legs.

A white cape around Katie's shoulders matched her panties and an enormous white sports bra, which featured a large rectangular window. Through it, a mass of breast flesh was trying to escape her oversized top.

Claire immediately recognized her roommate's sexy superheroine, complete with its iconic cleavage window, although she knew the original character's top wasn't nearly as overstuffed as Katie's. After all, she realized with glee, Katie's massive breasts had swollen even larger than before.

She allowed her eyes to linger once again, focusing on the large bulges at the front of Katie's breasts. Hardly a second later, and powered by her peering eyes, Katie's nipples had quickly swollen and hardened to their full lengths. Two great peaks were now thrusting into the front of Katie's top, immediately stretching the fabric near its breaking point.

Katie grinned, patting the sides of her bosom gently, so as not to further strain the fabric of her top.

"Looks to me like a damsel in distress," Katie said, grinning at Claire's nudity. "Come, citizen, sit with me on the super-couch," she embellished, gesturing.

Claire was in a sensual daze. The pen fell out of her hand as she rose to her feet. She left the book behind and joined her roommate on the couch, sliding in next to her.

She'd never been this close to Katie before. This spandex-costumed, super-busty version of her was even more beautiful than she'd ever imagined. Katie was breathing heavily, clearly lusting for her just as badly as she did for Katie.

They wrapped their arms around each other, pulling each other close. A creaking and groaning noise sounded in protest from Katie's overstuffed top, which started to tear as her bosom compressed against Claire's nude body.

Katie beamed at her, then tilted her head, gesturing down and forward. "Citizen, you are encouraged to suck on my nipples," she said.

Claire pondered this. Maybe some of her written commands didn't work too well with others. She could correct them, but she could also stay here forever, just inches from her roommate's impossibly enormous bosom...

She leaned further, resting her cheek gently on the grand swell of Katie's left breast. "You know, Katie, your super-breasts have grown bigger again."

Katie looked down, once again seeming to notice her growth for the first time. Her eyes went wide, and she strained forwards, craning her neck over the curve of her chest.

"By Krypton! You're right, citizen!" Katie gasped. "And that's not all. My super-nips are bigger than ever before!"

Claire giggled, raising her head and reaching out. She wanted to feel Katie's big bosom more than anything else. She was so close...

"Hey girls!" called a voice, making Claire and Katie jump in their seats. It was Sophie, their next-door neighbor. Claire realized that Katie must have left their front door open again.

Sophie strolled into the living room, beaming first at Katie and then at Claire. "Just got back from the gym," she began, then stopped in her tracks. "Oh my gosh, Katie, what the heck are you wearing? What happened to your boobs? What are you two doing in here?"

Claire knew that Sophie worked out regularly, and it showed: she was even more toned and subtly muscular than Katie, and a good amount taller as well. She had a long, blonde ponytail that Claire found especially enticing. Even now, it swished back and forth across Sophie's firm back, while her black spandex top and shorts left her stunning physique mostly exposed.

Sophie was no stranger to unwanted attention, quickly sensing Claire's peering eyes raking over her. The leering was bad enough at the gym, and she didn't need it from her neighbors as well. She frowned and turned away, calling over her shoulder.

"Ugh, whatever. You weirdos have fun with your fake outfits. I'll see you later."

Claire leaped up from the couch, rushing over to her desk. She grabbed the book and quickly scrawled:

***Sophie lives with us in our apartment.***

She paused in thought. Theirs wasn't the roomiest apartment, and they only had two bedrooms. She appended:

***Sophie sleeps with me in my bed.***

Her grin widened.

***Everything written in this book about Katie also applies to Sophie.***

She closed the book and looked up, expectantly. Sophie stopped in her tracks and walked back towards them, her incredible smile on display. She stepped over to Claire's chair, then leaned over and gave her a quick peck on the lips.

"Hey, babe!" Sophie smiled at Claire. She continued over to the couch, then sat next to Katie. Claire realized that she and the tall blonde must now be girlfriends; they did share a bed, after all.

"Your boobs look spectacular, Katie! I'm so jealous," Sophie sighed, gazing happily through the open window into Katie's cleavage. She admired the long points of Katie's erect nipples, grinning as she saw Katie squirming with arousal under her glare.

"Can I try that new breast cream?" she asked. "I've used so many of them, but nothing has gotten these girls any larger," she pouted, glancing down at herself. Her chest was far smaller than Katie's tremendous spheres, although just as perky and firm.

"Of course, Sophie! I'm thrilled to share," smiled Katie, who had returned to instinctively squeezing her giant chest between her arms and presenting her cleavage. She brought her left arm in, gently bouncing her huge left breast for emphasis.

Sophie smiled back at her, then turned towards Claire. "Say, Claire," she started. "We love when you look at us, so you're probably the best judge: who do you think has the sexier breasts?"

Sophie made an elaborate gesture of placing her hands on her knees, flexing her abdomen, and showing off her tight, firm body. She brought her arms straight together, imitating Katie's pose and squeezing her much smaller chest between her arms.

Katie giggled and stretched her arms, hugging her breasts even tighter and fluttering her eyelashes. She moved her arms slowly back and forth, creating an undulating valley of jiggly, firm cleavage. They both looked up, each girl doing her best to draw Claire's attention.

Claire sat back, stunned. The book's power was immense, no doubt, but there would be time to investigate that mystery later. For now, she wanted nothing more than to revel in the lascivious sight of her two beautiful roommates showing off for her, presenting their breasts and encouraging her to stare.

There was Katie's slender frame, trim and taut everywhere except for her oversized chest. Claire had lusted after her for so long, only now to see her showing off her body willingly. And there was her pretty blonde neighbor, whom she'd just made into another roommate, eagerly showing off her chest and her gorgeous muscular figure.

Sophie spread her legs wide, showing off her tight spandex pants, clearly soaked through with her arousal. A trickle of clear liquid was making its way down both of her firm legs.

"You two are both breathtaking," Claire said honestly. "I can't choose. Just wait there a second," she added, turning back towards the book. She wrote:

***Katie and Sophie will change into any outfit I request, and they'll always find the clothing they need in their dresser. They will gladly act out any scene that I request.***

***The first time Sophie changes her outfit, her breasts and nipples will grow to match Katie's. She won't notice this until I point it out.***

"So, girls," Claire smirked, looking up. "You're going to act out a scene for me. Sophie, you're a sexy teacher keeping your hot student Katie behind after class. You are both extremely attracted to each other. We'll start there, and I will add more notes throughout, which you will accept and incorporate into the scene. For now, go change your clothes."

"Sure thing, babe!" Sophie purred. "That's a great idea!"

“I love it!” Katie beamed. She and Sophie stood, holding hands, and walked together into Katie’s bedroom.

Claire sat back in her chair, her heart racing. That had been a close call with Sophie. She’d have to be more careful with her newfound power.

Katie soon emerged, wearing an even skimpier parody of the already-minimal schoolgirl outfit she had worn earlier. There was nothing whatsoever above her hips, revealing that her enormous breasts had grown even larger. They slapped lazily together below her waist, obscuring her firm stomach from view. She wore a thin, plaid thong that barely covered her dripping pussy and disappeared entirely into her firm bottom.

Katie stepped confidently before Claire, then sat on the couch. She watched the wall clock, waiting expectantly. As Claire sat staring, she could see Katie’s tremendous nipples immediately harden, becoming thicker than any of her fingers. They strained forward, painfully erect and bobbing gently, their tips stretching more than six inches into the air above her pretty pink areolae.

There was the click of high heels. Sophie entered, wearing a thin white blouse and a dark black micro-skirt. Several spurts of translucent liquid dropped from beneath her tiny skirt, falling to the carpet between her legs.

Her white blouse was huge, but her even larger breasts had grown to equal Katie’s in every aspect. Claire leered at the large, bumpy masses of flaccid nipples that were visible through Sophie’s shirt.

Claire allowed her eyes to linger. Sophie’s thick teats were instantly erect, thrusting a wonderful six inches into her shirt. This proved too much for her top, and a large horizontal tear snaked through the fabric. With a loud rip and a great bounce, Sophie’s thick nipples were victorious, now hanging lewdly in the air ahead of the remnants of her blouse.

Claire hadn’t planned this for their scene, but she’d never allow a wardrobe malfunction like that to ruin her fun. At least she had an endless variety of clothing for them.

“Neither of you notice Sophie’s exposed nipples at first,” she commanded.

“So what gives, Miss Sophie?” Katie asked, smacking her lips in her schoolgirl persona.

“I think you know why I kept you after class today, Katie,” Sophie intoned, her expression stern.

“Katie,” Claire interjected, “You realize suddenly that your breasts and nipples have grown larger in the last few minutes. Sophie, you are detaining her for so indecently growing larger breasts during class.”

“Oh my gosh, it’s true!” the topless Katie exclaimed, looking down at her enormous nude bosom. She’d just realized that, while seated, her breasts extended beyond her knees! Her thick nipples were throbbingly erect, stretching so far above her bosom. Her mouth opened wide in unbridled joy.

“My boobies have grown so big! I LOVE THEM!” she cried, wrapping her arms around them. They were so large that she couldn’t bring her hands together in front of them, so she resigned herself to grasping a thick nipple in each hand. She began sliding her hands up and down, gently stroking her six-inch nipples.

“So Katie, you freely admit it?” Sophie frowned. “Your breasts grew even larger during my class just now?”

Katie looked up at Sophie, her eyes pleading. “I admit it! I’m sorry, Miss Sophie, I couldn’t help it! My big boobies just feel so good!” she wailed, moaning while stroking her nipples.

“That may be, Katie,” Sophie frowned. “But the other girls in class were so jealous when your breasts grew! It isn’t fair to them, you know.”

“Sophie,” Claire cut in. “You now realize that you’ve grown larger as well.”

“Goodness!” Sophie gasped, her hand over her mouth. “I’m hanging out of my top! I’ve outgrown it so quickly! You just turn me on so, so much, Katie.”

Katie looked up, her eyes lingering on Sophie’s exposed nipples. “Miss Sophie, did your boobies grow bigger too?” she asked.



“They certainly have, Katie,” replied Sophie. “Look at us! We both have such truly enormous bosoms. And look how long our nipples have become!”

Claire sat watching this, rubbing the heel of her palm along her bare pussy, but that didn’t stop her from piping up.

“Sophie, you want to teach your student how to handle such big, beautiful breasts,” she said, knowing that her roommates would act out her directions.

She wanted more than to be loved by these girls. She wanted to be loved by their bodies as well; another of her darkest fantasies. Before they could begin, her pen was in her hand, writing:

***Katie and Sophie's breasts and nipples have limited self-awareness, inner mobility, and the capacity to feel love. Their breasts and nipples are in love with me and with each other.***

***Katie and Sophie are hyper-orgasmic! I can make them climax on command an unlimited number of times in a row.***

***Katie and Sophie never have trouble carrying their chests around.***

Claire watched in rapt fascination as her roommates’ breasts came to life.

Katie was already topless and seated, so hers were the first to act. The great spheres resting in her lap, overhanging her knees, bounced and rippled in delight. Katie remained motionless as her bosom immediately started moving. Her right breast lurched ahead, settling heavily on the outside of Sophie’s bare leg.

Her left breast followed a moment later, inserting itself between Sophie’s spread legs and thrusting as far forward as it could. At its tip, a great fleshy column, topped by a fully erect six-inch nipple, wobbled gently in the air. Katie’s bosom had completely enveloped Sophie’s leg.

“Ugh, I’m sorry,” Katie said, momentarily breaking character to look apologetically at Sophie, then towards Claire. “I talked to my boobs earlier to make sure they’d stay in character, but they just can’t help themselves around you girls!”

Sophie's equally huge and sentient bosom had wrestled out of her too-small blouse. Freed of the fabric prison, her colossal chest bounced happily around her hips. Claire saw only brief flashes of Sophie's hard stomach as Sophie's colossal bosom shimmied, obscuring the rest of her torso from view.

Sophie's nipples thrust forwards, wrapping around Katie's head. They embraced the girl seated in front of them, and as Claire watched with glee, they twisted themselves together on the back of Katie's head as they held her close.

Sophie rolled her eyes. "Sorry, Katie," she sighed, breaking character as well. "I talked with my nipples earlier, and they promised they wouldn't hug you like this again. They just love you so much!"

Katie spun around in her seat toward Claire. As she rotated, her face came into view, with Sophie's thick nipples still clinging to each other across her upper lip. Katie grinned, straining to speak from within her roommate's tight teat embrace.

"Heehee! I knew it, Sophie's nipples are in love with me! KAY-EYE-ESS-ESS--" she giggled and sang. The nipples on her face tightened, drawing her further back between Sophie's tremendous breasts. She extended her tongue upwards, doing her best to lick against the hard teats intertwined over her lip.

Sophie sighed. "Katie, you indulge them too much. When you keep spoiling them like that, it's no wonder they're all over you."

Claire rose wordlessly from her chair. She didn't care that her actors had broken character; she just had to be a part of this scene. As she stepped towards the couch, Sophie's immense bosom began to jiggle and quiver, sending great waves through its vast expanse, shimmying ever faster as Claire drew close.

When Claire was standing but a few inches away, Sophie's intertwined nipples separated, freeing Katie's face. Sophie's right nipple whipped around, its six-inch length coming to rest across Claire's bare stomach. As she stood still, Sophie's nipple began to rub itself up and down along Claire's tender skin.

Katie's chest wasn't to be outdone, clearly sensing Claire's presence as well. Claire pressed her right leg into the wall of Katie's right breast, which embraced her, wrapping around her leg and gently squeezing and massaging as if in thanks.

Claire pushed herself forwards until she was standing directly between her roommates. Her legs were enveloped by the seated Katie's titanic chest, while her entire torso was sandwiched between the standing Sophie's equally oversized bosom.

"Continue the scene. Pretend I'm not here, but don't move from this position."

Claire felt all four breasts wrapped around her start vibrating with pleasure. They couldn't help themselves while touching her, the object of their lust. Their acting chops, such as they were, fell apart immediately.

"Now then, Katie," Sophie managed, biting her lip. "Let's start with some remedial lessons. The most important thing for a girl to know is how to tell when her breasts and nipples have fallen in love."

Sophie wobbled on her feet, moaning. She was feeling such intense pleasure in her chest. Why did Claire have to stand literally in the middle of their role-play? Not that she minded, of course, but her breasts obviously did, and they couldn't help themselves. They were having the time of their lives!

"My big boobies feel all warm and tingly right now, Miss Sophie," Katie whimpered, feeling every inch of her sensitive breasts wrapped around Claire's legs. "Are you feeling it too? Does that mean they're in love?"

Claire was whimpering, as something hot and hard started rubbing against her bare pussy, sliding and squelching up and down her tender flesh. She suspected it was one of Katie's nipples, but she couldn't see anything below the expanse of Sophie's cleavage enveloping her up to her shoulders.

She was surrounded by so much firm, sexy breast flesh that it supported her entire weight! Reeling, she wobbled, her feet briefly leaving the floor as the nipple stroking her pussy brought her to climax. She shrieked, laughing and gasping as she fell forwards, resting her cheek atop Sophie's right breast.

Sophie's eyes went wide. Her sexy brunette girlfriend was just inches away, beaming at her.

"Yes, Katie, I feel it as well," Sophie whispered to her student while staring at Claire. "My breasts are quivering and shaking with joy. That means they are close to someone they love."

"So it is true, Miss Sophie?" Katie whispered, feeling her chest practically vibrating with pleasure. "My breasts have fallen in love with you. And so have I."

Claire sighed happily and leaned towards Sophie. They kissed, slowly and tenderly, atop the shimmying mass of Sophie's vast, firm bosom.

They separated a minute later, leaving them both gasping for air. Even Katie, seated below and behind them, was breathing heavily from the intimate contact with her roommates' flesh.

Claire watched Sophie intently. "Both of you girls," she intoned. "Cum for me."

The moaning increased in her ears, and she knew they had both launched into powerful climaxes. The masses of breast flesh around her rippled, thunderstruck by the intensity of their owners' feelings, as if all four of them were having their own mini-climaxes in concert with their owners. Their nipples flailed, waving wildly back and forth.

Sophie was gasping and wheezing just inches from Claire's face. "Oh goodness, thank you, Claire! My nips needed that one."

"I'll say!" called Katie from below. "My boobies loved it!"

Claire pushed and twisted to the side, extracting herself from her fleshy prison. This was hindered by Katie and Sophie's breasts and nipples trying to wrap around her and prevent her escape, but they were wet with the girls' combined arousal, and she slipped out without too much fuss. As she stepped away, she could see both Katie and Sophie's titanic bosoms deflate somewhat, as if saddened by her departure.

Katie rose to her feet and embraced Sophie. They were soon kissing with more than just their mouths, rubbing their chests together to allow their nipples to kiss as well. Their long, thick teats embraced each other, corkscrewing together in two columns of throbbing pink flesh.

Claire's heart was racing. She could finally live her deepest, darkest fantasy. As incredible as Katie and Sophie were with each other, she had always fantasized about seeing a beautiful girl with herself. There was something she couldn't explain about two women, identical in every way, going crazy for each other. She grabbed the book and wrote:

***When Katie and Sophie have an orgasm while scissoring, an exact clone of each girl will pop into existence next to them.***

***Anything written in this book about Katie or Sophie applies to their clones as well.***

***Each girl harbors an innate dislike of her clone, and vice-versa. Each girl and her clone are convinced that they are the real one. They will be open to all of my suggestions on how to resolve their dispute. As competitive as they are with each other, they are even more intensely attracted to each other.***

"Look at our nipples, Miss Sophie!" Katie cried, pulling Claire's attention back to the ongoing scene. "I've never seen them do that with any other girl. Does that mean they're in love?"

Sophie smiled, giving Katie a quick peck on the lips. "They must be. Oh Katie, my big nipples feel so good curling around yours!"

Katie grinned, playfully pulling back from their kiss. "What will the other girls at school think, Miss Sophie? Will they be jealous?"

"I should think not," chuckled Sophie. "For their breasts and nipples don't fall in love with a girl as ours do. They will never know a love like ours."

Katie was gazing down at her own chest. "My big nipples are so hot as they kiss your nipples, Miss Sophie! You're making them feel so good!" she wailed.

Her legs gave out and she careened forwards, overcome by another climax. A torrent of her arousal gushed between her legs, and she may have fallen to the ground if it weren't for the strong grip of Sophie's nipples holding her upright.

"Sophie," called Claire, her heart pounding. "You want to show your student how to scissor her pussy with another girl. And for this lesson, you want to make sure you're both naked."

Sophie beamed at the girl in her arms. “Katie, let’s have you sit down on the couch for a while. There’s something special I want to show you. Something special just for us girls.”

She helped Katie onto the couch. Her student didn’t have many clothes to remove, having already been topless in her skimpy schoolgirl outfit and sporting only her tiny panties. Sophie reached out and grabbed them, finding them so wet that her fingers dripped, and yanked them off her student’s slender legs.

A gush of arousal burst forth, Katie’s dripping bare mound now freely spreading wetness between her slender legs.

Sophie shed her white blouse and unclasped her black miniskirt, revealing that she wasn’t wearing panties. Her beautiful bare pussy was sparkling wet, dripping its endless arousal down to the carpet below.

She sat on the couch, swinging her leg and spreading herself open for her student. Katie turned until they were facing each other, each girl’s right leg under the other’s left leg, their bare pussies drooling just inches away from each other.

“Your pussy is beautiful, Miss Sophie! It’s so wet!” Katie gushed, peering over the tops of her breasts to find her teacher’s eyes.

“It certainly is,” smiled Sophie. “Your little pussy is dripping too.”

“Miss Sophie, are we going to touch our pretty pussies together?”

“My, you are a quick learner! Yes, Katie, we’re going to rub and scissor our hot pussies together until we cum!”

Their long nipples found each other again, twirling together in their favorite display of affection. Two thick, twisting columns of flesh emerged as their breasts mashed together, wobbling and waving wildly with their movements.

Claire reveled in the sight of her two roommates fully nude for the first time. The sense of power was more than intoxicating. She could have those girls act out any scenario, no matter how lewd.

Claire's pen was already in her hand. "Just hold on a second, you two," she called. Katie and Sophie paused, watching her expectantly. She wrote:

***Just like their breasts and nipples, Katie and Sophie's pussies have limited self-awareness, mobility, and a capacity to feel love. They are in love with me and with each other.***

Claire set down her pen and set the final piece of her plan into motion, addressing her roommates amid their torrid embrace.

"You've both heard a rumor," she said, her voice almost cracking. "Two women whose pussies are in love can create life if they scissor their pussies together."

Katie's pussy spread itself open like a dripping wet flower. Her labia were of modest length but especially thick, and her dripping gash was straining forwards, doing its best to stretch towards the other pussy just a few inches away. Katie's clit was a furious red color, angrily poking out of its hood and vibrating with pleasure.

Nearby, Sophie's gushing pussy had come to life as well, swelling angrily and stretching ahead with its labia. Her pussy lips were a fair bit longer than Katie's, but despite their best efforts, there was still a fair distance left to cover.

Both girls' pussies continued lunging toward each other. The desire each girl felt in her heart was made manifest in her lower lips, their pussies gaping open, stretching, and straining towards each other in an obvious display of affection.

Sophie's gaze fell on the thick column of her right nipple, twisted lovingly around her student's left nipple.

"Katie," she said, turning back towards the brunette. "I'm sure you've heard what all the girls at school are saying. That two girls really can create life if they rub their pussies together, but only if their pussies are in love. It's true, Katie! My pussy has never wanted this with any other girl."

Katie, on the edge of tears, looked towards her teacher. "My pussy wants it too! I think it loves your pussy, Miss Sophie."

“The other girls won’t understand,” whispered Sophie. “Their pussies will never fall in love. This will be our special secret, Katie.”

Katie nodded eagerly, her spread legs revealing her pussy still squirming and straining. “I’m ready, Miss Sophie. My pussy wants this more than anything!”

“Come, Katie!” Sophie wailed, scooting forwards and thrusting her pussy against Katie’s.

Their legs, already wet with their arousal, slipped and slid together. Their pussies were reaching, grasping, stretching forwards, and when they finally made contact, they formed a perfectly airtight seal as each girl’s throbbing labia embraced the other.

As their pussies continued to drip and squirt, their combined juices gathered in the fleshy tunnel between their centers. They were inseparable, their living labia joyously content to slide together, each girl’s pussy doing its best to suck the other girl’s labia inside of it.

Even as the two girls remained still, they could feel their pussies eagerly sucking and biting at each other, their horny clits poking and prodding with abandon.

“It feels so good!” wailed Katie. “My pussy is so hot for you, Miss Sophie!”

Sophie bit her lip, feeling her labia give an especially big tug on her student’s wet folds. “Yes, Katie! Give it to me! My sweet pussy wants you so bad!”

Their rhythmic motion increased in speed, but despite the rapid movement of their hips, their pussies never separated, still grasping and sliding together amidst their torrential lovemaking.

Claire thought her roommates looked incredible together, taking delight in just how much they were under her control. Her breath was ragged, and she realized she couldn’t wait much longer.

“Girls,” she managed, barely a whisper. “Cum for me. Cum on each other’s pussy.”

“I’m too hot, Miss Sophie!” Katie cried, gripping the couch tightly in her hands. “I want it and my pussy wants it too! We want to make life with you!”



The sucking and slurping noise increased in their ears. Their pussies were soaking wet, but the tight seal formed between them kept pushing their prolific juices back and forth into each other's love canals. Feeling the hot liquids moving between them, and the delirious love their pussies were experiencing, was more than enough for them to launch into a shattering climax.

Their wailing and moaning reached a fever pitch. Katie was thrown backward, landing flat on the couch, as her tremendous nude bosom jiggled and swayed. Her long, thick nipples unwrapped themselves from Sophie's.

Sophie was rendered helpless as well, gasping and wheezing on her back as her pussy desperately grabbed and tugged at Katie's wet folds.

At long last, their pussies detached from each other with a wet splash! Waves of their combined juices spilled onto the couch between their slender legs. Each girl's pussy drooped, their wet labia quivering in the hazy afterglow of their climax.

In the blink of an eye, exact copies of Katie and Sophie popped into existence in front of the couch. The two clones were tall and slender, just like their originals, and each clone bore colossal breasts below her hips with long, thick nipples matching her original as well. The clones, like their progenitors, seemed quite comfortable carrying around the immense weight of their gigantic chests.

Katie's clone reached out, grasping the hand of Sophie's clone. They turned towards each other, smiling. Their sentient nipples were alive, as Katie's clone's left nipple soon twisted together with Sophie's clone's right nipple to demonstrate their mutual affection. Their unoccupied nipples were pointing straight out to the sides, nearly perpendicular to their breasts, as each nipple tried to avoid its twin nearby.

"What the heck is going on here?" Katie's clone growled, staring down at her twin on the couch with her legs still wrapped around Sophie.

"Oh my... what the...?" Katie gasped, her head swiveling. "Who are you?"

"I'm you. Or rather, you're me," her twin replied. "But never mind that. Who do you think you are, trying to pretend like you're me?"

Sophie's clone piped up. "That goes for you as well, sister," she snarled, glaring down at the other Sophie on the couch. "You'd better not be telling Claire that you're the real me."

"Don't be ridiculous!" Sophie frowned. "We've been here the whole time, role-playing this scene. You two are the ones who just showed up."

"Excuse me?" her clone scoffed. "We're the ones who have been role-playing for Claire! You two couch pussies are the impostors."

Katie and Sophie rose from the couch, standing next to each other and facing off against their clones. All of their chests were pressed closely together, with each girl facing her twin and glaring hatefully into each other's eyes.

All eight of their breasts began quivering and shaking, infuriated to be so close to their twins. Katie's right nipple was still corkscrewed lovingly together with Sophie's left nipple, leaving her left nipple free to swat angrily at her twin's right nipple.

Loud fleshy slapping sounds soon filled the air. Each girl's unoccupied nipple was taking out its aggression, slapping hard against the breasts of its twin. Four thick, six-inch nipples aggressively slapped and slid against each other, and with each girl's skin mostly covered in her own wetness, sprays of liquids were soon arcing in all directions.

Claire looked lower. All four standing girls instinctively spread their legs wider for her benefit, even as they continued to fight. She had to move and stretch to see around their hanging breasts. It was clear that all four of their pussies were shaking, quivering, and dripping with rage, just as angry as each girl's breasts that there could be an impostor so close by.

"Bitch!" Katie's clone insulted, staring daggers into Katie's eyes.

"Slut!" Katie hurled back. "How dare you!"

"Whore!" Sophie's clone snarled at her twin. "Claire knows that I'm the real Sophie!"

"Pussy!" Sophie growled back. "You lying little pussy! I'm the real Sophie, and Claire knows it!"

Claire sat back, reveling for a moment in her fantasy, but she didn't wait long. She was in control, after all.

"Girls, girls!" she called. "Calm down. There's no need to fight. I have a foolproof way to determine which of you is real and which is the clone!"

Four heads swiveled in Claire's direction, their fighting suddenly on pause.

"You do?" asked Katie's clone.

"Tell us!" Sophie begged.

"You girls will role-play some scenes for me," Claire instructed. "Try to stick to your characters, as I will award points to each of you based on your performance in the scene. The points will give us a clear, unbiased answer as to which of you is real and which is a clone."

This was utter nonsense, but Claire was pleased to see all four of them nodding along. They were eager to accept her ridiculous suggestion to resolve their differences, just as she had written they would.

"That makes sense," nodded Katie.

"I agree," added her clone. "It's got to be unbiased."

Sophie's clone seemed to concur. "It has points, so we know it's fair."

"For sure," said Sophie. "Good idea, Claire!"

Claire was awash in a delirious mixture of power and arousal. She could have these girls do anything at all for her, and she had more than a few sexy scenarios in mind. They would happily perform for her, as lewdly as she wanted, as she filled their heads with nonsense: that this would help them identify their clone.

"Sophie," Claire began, "You are a suave spy meeting a famous pop star, played by Katie. You intend to seduce her to gather information. After you find her, you are discovered by your clone

and her clone, who have also arrived to try to seduce her. I'll need all of you to change clothes for this."

All four of them nodded and hurried out of the room, eager to carry out Claire's orders.

Katie returned first, sporting her skimpiest pop star ensemble. Her tremendous breasts had grown even larger, prompted by her outfit change and Claire's written command. She wore no top at all, allowing Claire to see just how colossal she had grown. Two grand spheres hung below her waist and obscured her groin while thrusting outwards, seemingly defying gravity nearly an arm's length in front of her.

As astonishingly huge as they were, they seemed super perky and firm, and Claire could see that they were still very much alive. As Katie sat on the couch, primping and preening herself in front of an invisible mirror, her tremendous bosom filled her lap and spread beyond her knees.

Between Katie's legs, Claire could see a simple black pair of panties, plainly soaked through with arousal. As she looked more closely, she could see Katie's pussy writhing and biting at the thin fabric, pulling it inside itself to form an exaggerated camel toe. Katie's pussy happily sucked on her panties as it dripped its effusive arousal.

Claire's eyes fell upon Katie's newly grown nipples, which hung flaccid more than four inches below the centers of her dinner-plate areola. As she continued staring, they immediately rocketed to full erection, thickening and stretching more than eight inches above her pebbly pink areolae.

"I can't wait to get back on stage!" Katie said, to no one in particular, as she flipped her dark hair behind her ears. "My fans need me!"

She glared down at her chest.

"Now girls, I need you on your best behavior for the show. Boobies, that means you need to stay put in my sparkly top. No bouncing out! And yes, I know how uncomfortable it can be."

Her bosom bobbed and swayed in her lap, acquiescing to her wishes. They were performing their own part in the role-play, as the sentient breasts of a world-famous pop star.

“And you two,” Katie continued, looking up at her nipples. “You can move and curl around things while we’re at home, and I know you like to get hard as soon as anyone looks at you. Just please stay pointing straight while we’re on stage performing! We want to avoid freaking anyone out.”

Her teats wobbled approvingly. She moved her hands near them, pointing with her index fingers. Her long, thick nipples lovingly wrapped around her fingers in an intimate embrace.

She used both arms to part her bosom, gently spreading her breasts to the sides, even as her nipples remained wrapped around her fingers. She looked downwards, past her tiny waist and flat stomach.

“And you,” she cooed at the soaking wet fabric between her legs. “I haven’t forgotten about you, sweetie! As soon as I get off-stage, you’re all mine.”

Her pussy sucked harder at her panties, swallowing even more of the fabric within its dripping folds. Her tiny black panties were now extremely tight, outlining every delectable inch of her flawless womanhood. A continuous drip of liquids emerged from the extreme camel toe, pooling between her firm thighs on the couch.

With one final suck, Katie’s pussy pulled her panties so tight that her juicy labia popped out, emerging from either side of the overstretched fabric. Her exposed pussy lips wiggled happily as if relieved, waving gently in the air as they continued dripping into the pool between Katie’s legs.

Sophie emerged from Katie’s bedroom. She wore a pair of dark aviator sunglasses but was otherwise completely nude. Her breasts had grown as well, still matching Katie’s in every dimension, due to her scandalous new outfit and Claire’s earlier written command.

Sophie was taking careful steps on the balls of her feet, moving as stealthily as she could. Her tremendous bosom compressed and shrank somewhat, holding itself close to her chest and doing its best to minimize itself, playing its role as part of Sophie’s character.

Her nipples couldn’t hide as easily, though, especially after Claire’s gaze instantly made them throbbingly, urgently erect. Their eight-inch lengths bounced in the air as Sophie stepped for-

ward. Katie sat on the couch, obviously bouncing her own breasts like an air-headed pop star, and pretended not to notice Sophie's arrival.

Claire grinned and said nothing. She knew these girls wouldn't notice their newest breast growth as long as she didn't mention it, and she wanted to see them try to act around their increasingly large chests.

"Ah, Katie, just who I expected," said Sophie, straightening up and flaunting her enormous chest for the seated girl. Her breasts and nipples did their part, preening and waving along with her.

Katie looked surprised. "Who are you?" she asked, looking up at Sophie. "Look, I'm about to go on stage. I can get you an autograph after the show."

"The name's Blonde, Sophie Blonde. And I believe you have information vital to my mission," Sophie replied, removing her dark glasses and flipping her yellow hair.

Sophie took several steps closer until her titanic bosom was hovering just next to Katie's equally massive pair. Their four nipples instantly broke character, eagerly wrapping tightly around each other in shared exuberance, as each teat recognized its lover.

Katie glared at her unruly nipples for a moment, then returned her gaze to Sophie. "What information is that, Miss Blonde?" she asked, trying to stay in character. It wasn't easy to focus, though, as she felt her nipples eagerly tugging and being tugged by Sophie's equally incredible teats.

Katie's clone strode angrily into the room, nude save for a similar pair of dark sunglasses. Her colossal chest equaled the size of the other two girls, bouncing and jiggling as she struck a pose with her legs open. Like the other girls, her bosom was now large enough to obscure her pussy as she stood, but it was still obvious how her wet pussy had painted her firm upper thighs with its excitement. She arched an eyebrow and pulled her sunglasses down.

"Just what is going on here?" she frowned, glaring at her twin's nipples twisting together with Sophie's.

“Ugh, not you again,” growled Katie, rolling her eyes at her clone. Under Katie’s glare, her clone’s nipples immediately became fully erect, easily matching the other girls in length, thickness, and enthusiasm.

Katie looked earnestly up at Sophie. “Miss Blonde, please! You can’t tell anyone that I, Katie, the world’s most famous pop star, got herself cloned! It can happen to anyone! My fans might be okay with it, but still...” she trailed off.

Sophie’s clone finally arrived, strutting angrily into the room nude except for her own dark sunglasses. Her chest had grown to match the other three girls, her tremendous breasts shimmying with excitement as she strode right up to Katie’s clone. She, too, struck a pose with her legs spread, revealing how drenched her thighs and calves had become with her wetness.

“I should have known!” she said, pulling off her sunglasses and glaring at the other three girls.

“It’s you!” muttered Sophie, glaring at her clone. “Of course you’d be here, trying to get to Katie before me!”

Sophie’s clone glared back at her. “And it’s a good thing I arrived when I did, you impostor!”

Sophie sighed, looking back to Katie. “You’re right, Katie. Accidental cloning can happen to anyone. It looks like my clone is here as well.”

Claire called across the room. “Katie, you are super turned on that all of these girls have arrived to seduce you! You’ll decide who goes first by seeing for yourself which girl is the best kisser.”

“Like, wow!” Katie exclaimed, looking from her clone to the beautiful Sophie standing next to her, to Sophie’s identical twin, and finally back to her clone. “You girls are all here to kiss me, aren’t you? For that, the show can wait.”

The other three girls brightened, and they all moved closer to the couch. As Sophie’s clone drew nearer to Sophie, though, Sophie’s thick right nipple uncurled itself from Katie’s left nipple, then began slapping angrily across the surface of her clone’s breast.

Sophie's clone's nipple immediately retaliated, starting to slap itself against the vast side of Sophie's breast. Slap! Slap! Sophie and her clone's nipples were flying, attacking each other's breasts with abandon, each reflecting its owner's disdain for its twin.

"Stop that!" Sophie's clone whispered urgently, glaring at her nipple. "You're going to cost me points in this scene!"

Sophie was chastising her own nipple. "Hey, girl, I get it!" she said, grabbing her thick nipple around its base. "I don't like her either, but we need to keep it together for this scene, so we can prove that bitch is fake!"

Their nipples reluctantly calmed themselves, straightening out and pointing straight ahead. Each girl was still lightly slapping her hard nipples against the other's breasts, but now solely from their natural movements, helped along by their chests continuing to rub against each other.

Katie and her clone, having witnessed the unruly nipples of the other two girls, each glared down at their own long teats. Katie was pleased to see her right nipple remained twirled together with Sophie's, while her left nipple was pointing accusatorially at her clone. Her clone, in turn, was all too keenly aware that her nipples were pointing angrily at their twins on Katie's chest.

"Cut! Hold on, hold on," said Claire, feeling like a film director. "Stop the scene."

She stood and walked to the four girls near the couch. She put one hand on Sophie's shoulder, and the other on Sophie's clone's shoulder. Sophie and her clone both felt their breasts shimmying with excitement from being so close to Claire.

"I'm sorry, Claire!" pouted Sophie. "I did talk to my nipples backstage about how important this scene is to me."

"I'm sorry too!" frowned Sophie's clone. "I had a chat with my nipples too, but they are just misbehaving around her," she said, glaring at her twin.



Claire nodded. “Your passion can be powerful if harnessed in your acting, but only if you don’t let it interfere. So, you two,” she said, looking toward Sophie and her clone. “Is there anything you want to say to your nipples right now?”

Sophie beamed. She grasped her bosom in her arms — or at least as much as she could, only barely able to reach the base of each of her thick nipples. She squeezed tightly, hugging her tremendous chest close.

“I love you so much, girls!” she exclaimed. “You’re so beautiful, so feminine, and so very me! You’re the best, prettiest nipples in the whole world.”

Her breasts and nipples danced happily, exalting in the compliment. Her expression soured slightly. “It’s just so important for you to play your part in our role-play. We have to prove that slut is fake!” she urged, glaring at her twin.

Sophie’s clone had adopted a similar pose, lovingly hefting and squeezing her tremendous bosom as she grasped the bases of her thick nipples. “That goes double for you, girls. You know how much I love my big, sexy boobies and my pretty nipples!”

She wobbled on her feet for a moment. A large gush of liquid splashed between her legs.

“Ooh! Yes, my sweet little pussy, my delicate flower, I haven’t forgotten about you!” she wailed.

This seemed to calm her needy pussy, for she was soon able to stand upright once more and finish addressing her bosom.

“Please, girls. Please be on your best behavior. Do it for me, so we can prove that whore is fake,” she whispered, inclining her head to leave a trail of kisses atop each of her titanic spheres, which bounced and slapped together as they lovingly embraced her.

“That’s more like it, girls,” smiled Claire. She returned to her chair, pointing at the other four girls. “Hold on just a moment.”

The pen was soon in her hand, and she wrote:

***Katie has an unusual affliction: her tongue grows longer each time she kisses another girl. Sophie has a similar condition, where her lips grow when she kisses a girl. This is a new ability for both of them, starting now. They will be extremely turned on by it.***

Claire looked at her latest addition, satisfied. She put her pen down.

“Continue the scene,” she directed. “Sophie will kiss Katie first.”

She quickly realized she’d have to be more specific next time, as each Sophie immediately embraced her respective Katie. Sophie was eagerly slipping her tongue into Katie’s mouth, while Sophie’s clone was urgently kissing the lips of Katie’s clone.

A moment later, both Sophies pulled back, breaking their kisses with their respective Katies.

“Babe, what’s up with your tongue?” asked Sophie’s clone.

“Yeah!” said Sophie. “Katie, was your tongue always that long? It’s filling my mouth. That is so hot!”

The Katies extended their tongues and flexed them in the air. Their pink muscles had grown much longer, waving in the air more than six inches beyond their pretty lips.

“Girl, what about you?” asked Katie’s clone, slurping her long tongue into her mouth and peering at Sophie’s clone. “Your lips look so puffy. I love it!”

The Sophies grasped their lips in their fingers, tugging and pulling. Their lips had grown huge, each blonde’s lower lip now large enough to obscure her chin from view. They stood in place, joyously rubbing and sliding their fingers over their newly grown lips.

“It must be our kiss! I love my new lips!” gasped Sophie.

“Your lips are so big! So sexy!” agreed Katie.

“Wonderful!” called Claire. “Let’s close the scene there. Katie, I loved your bubbly pop princess! Ten points to you,” she said. Katie beamed back at her.

“And to my three spies,” Claire continued, “A job well done! I give you each six points for sexiness and another four points each for style.”

Katie’s expression lit up, then she looked confused. “That’s... wait, it’s a tie! A four-way tie!”

Sophie’s clone gasped. “Gosh, what are the chances? How will we know which of us is real now?”

Claire nodded solemnly. “A four-way tie is an extremely unlikely event, girls,” she nodded, restraining her giddiness. “Let’s try a new scene. That will be sure to break the tie,” she suggested, knowing that the girls were conditioned to accept.

“Sorry again, Claire!” Sophie’s clone apologized. “My nips are always like this when they think I haven’t been giving them enough attention. I promise they’ll be on their best behavior for the next scene.”

Claire’s grin widened. She thought back to Katie’s sexy comic book costume from earlier.

“Katie,” she directed, “You are a sexy superheroine in the lair of Sophie, a supervillain who has stolen a cloning machine. You arrive only to discover that she has already cloned herself. She also created an evil clone of you who wants nothing more than to suck and lick your breasts and nipples! And all of you, change your outfits for this scene.”

All four girls grinned and turned on their heels, bouncing and shuffling into Katie’s room. Claire sat back, gleefully anticipating her roommates, with even larger breasts, acting out her latest fantasy.

Sophie and her clone emerged first, both wearing matching purple sheets in a toga-like sling. Their colossal chests were even larger now, each tremendous sphere hanging down to mid-thigh and extending out more than an arm’s length ahead into the purple fabric. As Claire sat and stared, all four of their nipples rapidly hardened, tenting great peaks into the fronts of their togas.

Sophie had her arm over her clone’s shoulder. “Is everything in place for her arrival?” she asked.

Sophie's clone threw her arm over Sophie's shoulder. "Yes, my lovely. Soon that super-slut will fall right into our trap," she purred.

Katie paraded into the room wearing a cartoonishly oversized spandex top. A tremendous sheet of stretchy white material was wrapped around her colossal breasts, which were newly grown every inch as large as the other two girls. A golden armband circled her powerful upper right arm.

Claire noted with glee that, as in Katie's earlier costume, a rectangular cleavage window was open in the front of Katie's top. It revealed a large area of her colossal breasts pressing together.

Katie proudly spread her legs wide, showing how her dripping pussy was biting at her simple black panties. Her pussy sucked so hard on her panties that she soon had another epic camel toe, showing off every inch of her firm mound.

"How dare you use the stolen cloning tech on yourself! Stop right there, evildoers!" Katie cried, holding up her palm. "You've terrorized our fair city for long enough!"

Sophie cackled. "Ah, if it isn't the super-slut?!"

Her clone joined in. "Yes, welcome, Katie-slut! We have a surprise for you!"

Katie stomped her foot, sending great vibrations through the fleshy mass in her overstuffed top. "Stop calling me that! That's not my name!"

"It will be when I've finished with you!" called a new voice. Katie whirled around to see her clone arrive. Her clone's equally massive breasts were stuffed into a matching top, black instead of Katie's white, with a silver armband circling her right arm. Katie glared at the rectangular cleavage window in her twin's outfit.

"What dark magic is this?" Katie gasped, glaring at her twin. "Who are you, and why have you stolen my costume?"

"Ha ha!" Sophie's clone laughed, embellishing with an overly long, slow clap. "Now, Katie-slut, you see the power of our cloning machine!"

Sophie's clone leaned over and kissed her twin. They began eagerly sliding their lips and tongues together.

"Fiends!" Katie spat. "How... how dare you kiss yourself like that! This cannot be allowed to stand!"

Sophie and her clone ignored her, continuing their embrace. As they kissed, their lips swelled larger until their upper lips obscured their nostrils from view. They laughed and giggled, enjoying how their lips were now huge enough to slap themselves in the face as they moved.

Katie glared back at her clone. "And you! You are beautiful, but... it's wrong for me to be attracted to you! It's sinful!"

"If you think that's sinful," growled her clone, "Wait 'till you see what I have in store for you!"

With a flash of dark fabric, Katie's clone leaped, tackling Katie to the carpeted floor!

"You!" roared Katie, flat on her back and glaring up at her clone. "I don't know what evil creature you are, but you will be vanquished this day!"

"Not likely, super-slut!" her clone shot back. "I think you'll find yourself quite tied up in just a moment!"

Katie's clone pressed a small button on her armband. Her dark black top vanished, revealing her enormous nude breasts. The black armband unbuckled itself and clattered down to the floor.

Her nipples, newly grown to a stunning ten inches, stretched outwards and whipped around Katie's wrists. Together with the great weight of the breasts pinning her down, they were easily able to restrain Katie.

"Treachery!" cried Katie, struggling with her wrists, but they were bound tightly by her twin's teats. "Your evil nipples are turning on my super-pussy! Release me at once, whore!"

“Release, eh? Be careful what you wish for, girl!” Katie’s clone taunted, before pressing the costume release button on Katie’s armband. Katie’s costume vanished, her armband detaching itself just like her twin’s, leaving her nude except for her tiny black panties.

“By the teats of Themyscira!” frowned Katie. “Why do I keep that costume detach key on my armband, anyway?”

Sophie and her clone were still ignoring them, locked in their intense embrace. Sophie’s clone had wrapped her thick lips around Sophie’s equally huge lower lip, sucking it as hard as she could with her own newly grown lips.

Katie’s clone cackled, rotating herself around while keeping close enough for her nipples to restrain Katie. She grabbed Katie’s right nipple in her hand, pulling and twisting with abandon.

“How dare... mmm... how dare you!” Katie moaned. “Unhand my super-nipple this instant!”

Her clone cackled. “Now, Katie, feel the power of my tongue on your precious super-nipple!” she said and dove in, using her extremely long tongue to lick along the tremendous length of Katie’s teat.

Katie saw her nipple wiggle and wave in the air, clearly enjoying the sensations it was feeling.

“No, my love!” she begged, gazing longingly at her nipple under her clone’s assault. “Don’t give in! I love you more than she ever could!”

“Fat chance!” her clone taunted. “I’m loving your nipple more than you ever have! She’ll have fallen for me before you know it!”

Katie moaned as she endured her clone’s licking and sucking assault on her nipple. It didn’t help that her clone’s tongue had grown just as long as hers, and she could feel its entire hot length wrapped around her thick teat.

Everything seemed to be going splendidly for the forces of evil, especially Katie’s clone role-playing as Katie’s evil twin, until her twin’s legs suddenly gave out and she fell to her knees. She thrust both hands between her thighs, her bosom shaking, as she rode out a powerful orgasm.

Katie's eyes went wide. Something about her twin's predicament tickled her just the right way. She plunged into her own climax, writhing on the floor beneath her twin, their pussies repeatedly gasping open and slamming shut.

"Cut!" Claire called. "Hold up there. Stop the scene!"

She stood, making an elaborate show of disdainfully approaching her performers.

Sophie and her clone quickly separated. Now that they were no longer acting, their mutual dislike was once again burning in their eyes. Their tremendous lips, grown huge from their kissing, wobbled and swayed. Most of their faces, except for their glaring orbs, were obscured behind their jiggling lips.

Sophie put one hand on her hips, watching Claire and the other girls while standing back to back with her clone. Their lips bounced and slapped their pretty faces as they waited for Claire's further instructions.

Katie's clone staggered to her feet, easily lifting her enormous bust off her twin and stepping back. Her long nipples unwrapped themselves from Katie's wrists. She used her arms to spread her breasts apart, looking downwards between her own legs.

"I'm so sorry, my love, my morning light," she began, pulling her drenched panties to the side and staring directly at her pussy. "I know I haven't been giving you enough attention lately. I almost can't blame you for ruining the scene just now."

She used her other hand to gently stroke her labia, which wiggled happily under her touch. "I promise, when this is all over and that fake bitch is gone, I'll spend the whole day with you," she said, lovingly staring at her pussy while stroking it. Satisfied for the moment, she straightened up, looking apologetically toward Claire.

"I'm sorry, Claire," she said. "My pussy — she can't help herself sometimes, especially around such pretty girls."

Claire nodded, looking from Katie's clone back to Katie. "Now girls," she said gently, "Is there anything you'd like to say to your pussies right now?"

Katie nodded eagerly. She reached between her legs, tugging on her tight little panties until, with a wet squelch, they came free of her grasping pussy. Her labia wiggled happily as they were exposed to the cool air. Katie kept her bosom spread with both arms, staring directly at her dripping pussy.

“Sweetie, you know how much I love you,” she began, caressing her labia with her other hand. “You’re my special girl,” she said softly. Her pussy quivered happily from the intimate attention of its owner, spreading its wetness onto Katie’s fingers.

“But I need to do well in this scene. For me. For us!” Katie pleaded to her pussy. “So please, my love, keep it together for just a little longer?”

Her pussy gushed its approval, spurting happily across her slender thighs.

Standing nearby, her clone was also using her arms to spread her breasts apart. She gazed down between her legs.

“My darling, my eternal summer, my dewy sunshine,” she said, whispering to her pussy. “You know my love for you knows no bounds. I just need you to hold on a while longer, so we can expose that fake slut!”

She grinned as her pussy spasmed and shuddered, already turned on and even more thrilled to receive such adulation from its owner.

“So girls,” Claire began, looking between all four of them. “The evil forces of darkness were doing rather well until someone was betrayed by her own pussy,” she said, her gaze coming to rest on Katie’s clone. “But still, a wonderful scene!”

All four of them stood. Each girl curtsied towards Claire, sending her titanic chest wobbling.

“To our gallant superheroine Katie,” Claire continued, “Especially for her improvised dialogue, I award 42 points!”

Katie grinned to herself, while Sophie and her clone seemed astounded. Even Katie’s clone looked impressed at such a high score.



“And to our three villainesses,” Claire continued, “You were so deliciously evil! I award each of you 42 points.”

Katie pondered for a moment. “Is that... is that another four-way tie?”

“Great Scott!” Sophie’s clone boggled.

Claire could barely keep herself from laughing, but she was able to hold it together long enough to offer more direction.

“Girls, you’re all doing wonderfully. It’s just that your breasts, nipples, and pussies simply aren’t convincing in their roles. Honestly, they just seem horny for each other. The audience can tell, you know.”

Sophie’s clone stomped her foot, sending her bosom quaking. “I told you!” she exclaimed, glaring at her nipples. “You two girls are too horny today! You’re messing up my scenes!”

Katie’s clone looked back down at her own pussy for a moment, then apologetically back to Claire. “I’m sorry, Claire! I did my best, but my pussy can’t help itself sometimes.”

Katie seemed similarly upset. “I can’t believe we tied again! What will we do now, Claire? How will we know which of us is real?”

“Don’t worry, girls,” Claire comforted them. “I have one more scenario in mind. Something especially... taboo. This time, I’m sure we’ll be able to pick a winner.”

Their eyes went wide with delight. Sophie looked positively giddy. “Brilliant!” she exclaimed.

Her clone followed suit. “You’re so smart, Claire!”

The two Katies were interested as well. All four of them were soon gearing up for their next scene as Claire exalted in her ability to control them.

“Katie,” Claire directed, “You and your clone are identical twin sisters who are curious about cunnilingus. Katie is initially reluctant, but your ‘twin’ is super horny and soon convinces you to

practice on each other! Then your identical twin older sisters, played by Sophie and her clone, arrive to lend a helping hand.”

They were all nodding happily. “And be sure to change your outfits for this scene,” she added, grinning.

They filed away into Katie’s room, their tremendous chests jiggling and swaying. Claire squirmed in her seat, thrilled that her most taboo fantasy was about to be made real. She also knew her roommates’ breasts would become even larger in their new outfits. Fortunately, she didn’t have to wait long.

Katie emerged first, wearing a cartoonishly oversized pink nightgown. Her tremendous spheres swayed heavily below her knees, with their front edges extending more than three arm-lengths in front of her. Despite their phenomenal size, and the sheer expanse of pink material covering them, she seemed unbothered and moved easily and gracefully. She skipped happily into the room, sitting at the edge of the couch.

As she settled, her massive bosom revealed it was still as alive as ever, rippling and bobbling happily as it covered her legs and rested on the floor in front of her.

Claire allowed her eyes to linger, and two giant peaks were instantly tenting the front of Katie’s cavernous clothes.

Katie’s clone entered next, wearing a matching pink nightgown that covered her colossal chest like a tarp.

“Oh hey, sissy!” Katie said, beaming at her twin.

“What’s up, Katie? Can’t sleep?” asked her clone.

Katie nodded. “I’ve been so on edge lately. I need to relax.”

Katie’s clone sat next to her on the couch, her own titanic chest splayed over her legs and onto the floor.

“I know what you mean,” said her clone. “And I have just the trick to help you relax.”

“You do?” asked Katie, wide-eyed. “What is it, sis?”

“Tell me, Katie,” said her clone, smirking. “Have you ever eaten a girl’s pussy?”

“Katie,” Claire interjected, her mouth dry. “You’re a virgin. You’ve never even touched yourself before.”

It was a ridiculous suggestion, but she knew they would happily incorporate it into their role-play.

Katie flushed bright red and covered her mouth. “Goodness no, sis! I’ve never even... even...”

“Touched yourself?” her clone offered. “Don’t worry, babe. Your sis is here to help.”

“What?” Katie gasped. “We can’t! We’re sisters! And we’re identical twins, too! It would be like... like...”

“Having sex with yourself? Aren’t you curious?” asked her clone, leaning in close and planting a kiss on Katie’s cheek. Katie flushed even redder.

“You’ll love it, sis,” her clone continued. “Let me help you feel good.”

Before Katie could object, her clone stood up on the couch next to her and turned, lurching her titanic bosom toward her twin. Katie ducked to avoid being hit by the vast overhead shelf of nightgown-clad breasts.

With a great heave, Katie’s clone flipped herself upside-down, planting her head and torso deep in the valley between Katie’s breasts inside her shirt, while her pajama-clad legs pointed upwards, her ankles over Katie’s shoulders. Her twin’s titanic bosom was now resting upside-down on hers, and both girls had their heads firmly within the vast expanse of each other’s titanic cleavages.

The world went dark for Katie. She felt the hot flesh of her clone’s sentient breasts pressing in on either side of her head, wriggling and writhing as they gently caressed her cheeks. From below, she heard the muffled sound of her clone calling to her through several feet of their combined bosoms.

“Just relax, Katie,” said her twin. “Feel what our tongues can do.”

Katie felt her pajama pants being roughly pulled down her legs. Her clone tugged, forcing her arms through her own cavernous cleavage until she had discarded Katie’s pants on the wet floor in front of the couch.

Katie’s upside-down clone pushed her head forwards, soon coming face to face with Katie’s dripping pussy. Even though it belonged to her hated enemy, it was still so beautiful that she took a long moment to admire it.

Katie’s puffy mound was swollen, protruding down between her slender thighs. Her labia were glistening wet and had swollen unusually thick, betraying their obvious arousal. Her clit was throbbingly erect, poking out from its hood.

Katie’s sentient pussy sensed its enemy’s face. As her clone leaned closer, Katie’s pussy recoiled, spreading its labia straight out and rippling menacingly, like a cornered animal.

Katie’s clone rolled her eyes. She was doing her best to role-play this scene, but now her twin’s stupid pussy was breaking character again, showing its obvious dislike for her. She hoped this wouldn’t cost her any points, and resolved to play up her part even more.

“Katie, your pussy is so beautiful!” she called upwards, through their colossal cleavages. “It’s just gushingly wet, and your labia are so puffy too! I can tell your pussy is happy to see me.”

Katie’s clone pushed her head ever closer to Katie’s wetness. When she was mere inches away, her mouth curled into a snarl.

“You’d better behave yourself, you dumb pussy,” she whispered, glaring at Katie’s pussy. It writhed unhappily at her, but that didn’t stop her from lashing out with her tongue.

Four inches of her thick muscle buried themselves into Katie’s hot pussy. She had so much more to give, though, and soon the full ten-inch length of her tongue was stuffed inside her twin’s love canal.

“Oh!” came Katie’s muffled wail from somewhere above. “It feels so good! You’re my sister, but it’s so good! Sis, your tongue is so big inside my tight little pussy!”

Sophie strolled into the room, wearing a similarly oversized nightgown, although hers was a baby blue color instead of the Katies' pink. Her titanic breasts wobbled below her knees and extended three arm-lengths before her, like her sisters', although she too seemed able to easily move around with their immense weight.

"My, what have we here?" she asked, then looked over her shoulder. "Sis, come quick!"

Sophie's clone hurried in, wearing a huge blue nightie that matched her twin. She stood next to the other Sophie, chuckling.

"Is this what I think it is?" Sophie's clone asked. "Are our sisters licking each other's pussies?"

Katie gasped loudly, still enveloped within her clone's bosom. Her muffled voice reached the other girls.

"No!" she wailed. "We weren't doing anything! Look, she only just fell on me!"

Sophie laughed at her. "It's okay, Katie. There's nothing to be ashamed of."

"Katie!" Claire almost shouted, making sure she could be heard from within their cavernous cleavage. "You are shocked to learn that your sisters are intimate with each other!"

"After all," Sophie continued. "It's not like this is anything new for us."

Her clone nodded. "It's true, Katie. We lick each other's pussies every night before bed!"

"No, it can't be!" came Katie's muffled wail. "My sisters are all having sex with each other!"

Katie's clone mumbled around her extended tongue, still buried deep in Katie's pussy. "Join us, Katie," she managed.

Katie clenched her fists with resolve. Reaching up, she yanked her clone's pajama pants off, tossing them aside. Claire saw the discarded pants emerging from within Katie's clone's cleavage, flying off to land on the soaked living room carpet.

“I... I admit it!” Katie cried, looking up at her twin’s beautiful nude pussy, just inches from her. “Your pretty pussy is so sexy, sis!”

As she leaned closer, her twin’s sentient pussy reacted to her advance, flapping its labia wildly. Katie rolled her eyes. Her scene had been going so well, and she was sure she’d earn the most points, but only if her twin’s stupid pussy stopped acting up. Couldn’t her twin keep her pussy in character for just one scene?

Katie unrolled her long tongue, its tip poking out of her lips. Before her twin’s pussy could react, she shot her muscle forwards, plunging its entire ten inches deep inside her twin’s tender pussy!

Sophie’s clone turned to her twin, her enormous lips flapping and jiggling on her face, obscuring most of her pretty features below her eyes. Sophie turned to meet her eyes, her matching oversized lips moving enticingly.

“So, sis,” Sophie’s clone cooed. “You want to show our sisters a thing or two about kissing?”

Sophie nodded eagerly. They embraced, pressing their huge, puffy lips together, which quickly started swelling even larger between their faces as they kissed.

Katie was determined to sink even more of her tongue into her twin’s unruly pussy. She leaned her head closer, seeing her twin’s pussy lips flapping aggressively at her as she drew near.

Between her legs, her upside-down clone had begun the same motion, leaning ever closer as Katie’s pussy angrily swatted at her.

Contact! Katie’s lips sealed around her clone’s unruly labia, just as her clone did the same to her. Both girls felt their pussies quivering with furious rage as their most hated enemy wrapped her lips around their sensitive forms! Their pussies were overjoyed to be filled with the hot fleshy warmth of such a long tongue, but they felt even greater rage from being forced to be intimate with their impostor.

Katie’s labia reared back, pressing flat against her puffy mound. A moment later, they swung rapidly in the other direction, slapping loudly against her twin’s cheeks! Enraged, Katie’s clone’s pussy reciprocated, pulling its labia back only to slap them wetly against Katie’s face!

Slap! Slap! Slap! Katie and her clone were each subjected to an ongoing series of slaps from her twin's furious pussy. They held out as long as they could, but while each girl knew her pussy couldn't cause anyone much pain, the humiliation of being pussy-slapped was almost too much to bear.

"Ugh!" Kate's clone wailed, withdrawing her tongue from her enemy's dripping pussy and breaking character. "Katie, your stupid pussy keeps hitting me!"

Katie pulled her tongue out of her clone's pussy, slurping the juicy liquids into her mouth and swallowing. "Argh! Your dumb pussy is slapping me too!"

Slap! Slap! The wet sounds grew louder as each girl's pussy slapped the other girl's face with as much might as its labia could muster.

Katie's clone pitched herself upwards, extracting herself from Katie's bosom and careening around until, with relative ease, she came to rest standing next to the couch. She glared at Katie.

"Your slutty pussy ruined our scene, Katie!"

Kate glared back at her twin. "As if! Your pussy is the real slut, and couldn't keep it together while I was trying to lick her!"

"Lies!" Katie's clone yelled. "Your pussy can't get enough of my tongue!"

"Bitch!" Katie yelled back. "Your slutty pussy loves my tongue more!"

"Girls! Girls!" Claire called, waving her arms. "Calm down. That's enough for now."

She'd been watching them for so long, becoming increasingly turned on as her roommates and their clones got progressively more lewd with each other. The sense of power was making her feel delirious. She'd waited long enough. It was time to indulge herself.

She wanted to lick their long nipples, suck their dripping pussies, and feel the weight of their colossal breasts. And she knew that all of their sentient body parts would give her nothing but love in return.

“Girls, I’ll be entering the scene now... to help with your evaluation, of course,” she directed. “I will be your other sister. And you know that she only wants to help.”

She walked over to the couch, kneeling in front of it.

“You girls, amuse yourselves,” she directed, then vanished as she dropped to the floor and crawled under the colossal overhang of Katie’s pink nightgown. Katie was still sitting on the couch, her legs spread wide, and Claire crawled further until she finally came face to face with Katie’s dripping pussy.

Katie’s immense bosom weighed down on Claire from above. She felt it gently rubbing and squeezing her torso from all sides, expressing its love for her as only a colossal pair of breasts could.

She looked up, reaching out with her finger. As she touched Katie’s pussy, it embraced her, its labia wrapping around her finger and hugging it tightly. Katie’s big clit was whipping happily back and forth as it strained in its hood, eager to greet its lover.

She pulled her hand back again, seeing Katie’s pussy missing her touch. This was beautiful, she thought, the kind of love she’d never imagined having with a girl... or her pussy. She moved onto the cushions between Katie’s thighs, pushing her chin forward, and delighted in her cheeks and nose being caressed by Katie’s dripping pussy.

Above and behind her, beyond the vast expanse of Katie’s cleavage, the other three girls were leering at each other.

Katie’s clone grasped the hand of Sophie’s clone. “Say, babe,” she whispered. “I’ve heard the most delicious rumor. Want to try?”

Sophie’s clone nodded eagerly. Both girls quickly dropped to the floor and spread their legs wide. Their bosoms helped out, also spreading to the sides, so the two girls could gaze lovingly into each other’s eyes. Sophie’s clone pulled off her blue pajama pants, then scooted forward, her pussy quickly suctioning together with Katie’s clone’s pussy.

They rocked their hips together, moaning and wailing. They were already awfully turned on from Claire’s role-playing session, and it wasn’t long before their pussies, sucking hard on



each other, began passing greater and greater volumes of their liquids back and forth between their love canals.

“Yes, babe!” Sophie’s clone wailed. “It’s so good! My pussy loves your pussy so much!”

“My pussy loves yours so much too!” Katie’s clone cried.

Claire was happily buried beneath Katie’s vast bosom, and neither heard nor saw as a new Katie and a new Sophie popped into existence on the floor nearby.

The new Katie, wearing her own oversized pink pajama top with her breasts swaying heavily below her knees, grinned at the new Sophie, who was wearing an equally huge blue top.

The two newest clones reached toward each other, grasping their hands together.

“I think those two have the right idea,” said the newest Sophie, tilting her head. “Don’t you?”

The newest Katie smiled back at her. “Babe, I want nothing more than for our pussies to love each other.”

They fell to the floor, and a moment later had begun eagerly scissoring their sentient pussies together, their juicy labia locking and intertwining together in mutual joyful worship.

Pop! Another hugely busty Katie and Sophie appeared on the other side of the room.

Pop! A Katie and a Sophie appeared by the doorway into the kitchen.

Pop! A sixth Katie appeared, gazing lovingly into the eyes of the sixth Sophie who had just appeared next to her.

There was no standing room left, as the entire living room had filled with fleshy abundance. Somewhere amidst the writhing, shifting masses of breasts, a hyper-orgasmic Katie was still grinding her hips together with a Sophie, their pussies grasping each other in a loving embrace.

Claire heard what sounded like a great chattering of voices, and reluctantly pulled herself away from the dripping embrace of Katie's pussy. Katie's labia tugged on her cheeks, doing its best to keep her close, leaving a wet trail along her skin.

She pushed backward, through several feet of Katie's enormous, warm, sentient bosom. It gently parted for her, easing her egress, even as its great folds caressed her arms and face.

At long last, she emerged into daylight. There was Sophie and her clone, but also Sophie, Sophie, Sophie, and Sophie, and Katie, Katie, Katie, and... her mouth fell open. A flash of movement above her head caused her to look upwards.

In the air above, another new Katie and Sophie suddenly appeared, for there was nowhere on the floor for them to stand.

The newest Katie's enormous right breast was falling, careening rapidly toward her face —

Darkness consumed her. She fell out of time for a while, luxuriating in the most wonderful wet dream. There were Katies and Sophies for miles around, all of them eager to serve her, following her orders as she commanded them to strip and wash her lovingly.

She was introduced to all of their beautiful bodies, her fingers twirling together with their nipples, her mouth kissing their wet pussies, and they all lived together in a sparkling castle...

Warm sunlight fell upon her face. Her fantasy dream faded away, and she blinked rapidly as she awoke. She was lying on the couch in her living room. She sat up, whirling around, and found the room to be mostly empty. Had it all been a dream?

Katie was sitting nearby, wearing her familiar loose top with its oversized neck opening. Through it, Claire could see the bare skin of Katie's original, merely head-sized breasts.

"Good morning, sleepy-head!" Katie said cheerfully. She was waving the black leather-bound book in her hand.

Claire felt her heart drop. She froze.

“There were so many sexy things written in this book!” Katie chortled. “I made my own addition at the end.”

She grinned, opening the book and holding it towards Claire.

A large circle had been drawn around Claire’s writing. Pointing towards the circle, there was an arrow labeled:

***This part isn't true***

Katie grinned and took the book back again. Pen in hand, she began filling up the next page.