

STACY'S MONSTER

There was a slight crispness to the early morning air of Crown hill, hinting towards the imminent arrival of fall. The sky was a pale shade of blue, the sun just beginning to peak over the buildings. It was a September day like any other for the sleepy little town.

The bell above the cafe door tinkled as it opened, as Allan pushed his way through the glass entryway. The aroma of freshly ground beans hit him as he walked in, bringing a smile to his face.

"Good morning, Stacy" he said as he walked up to the counter, resting his hands upon the edge.

Stacy, a thirty-year-old pale redhead, looked up from the espresso machine she was using. Her red-orange hair was done up into a high pony-tail off the back of her head, with bangs in front. Her green eyes sparkled as her face lit up with her trademark customer service smile.

"Allan, Good Morning!" She said cheerfully as she walked over to greet him. "The usual?"

Allan nodded "Yes, thank you. Large Caramel Macchiato"

"That'll be \$6.50" Stacy said as she turned back towards the machine to begin prepping his drink.

"Everything ok?" Allan asked, as he watched her move behind the counter. Her steps were shorter than you'd expect with such long legs, and moved almost awkwardly.

Stacy nodded as she began to grind the beans for his coffee. "Yeah, just an intense Pilates session last night. My legs are just a bit stiff"

"Oh, Ok" Allan said. "Still no sign of Maya?"

For a moment Stacy froze, but she recovered quickly, and Allan, half focused on his phone, hadn't noticed her reaction. "Ahh...no...I mean...yes! Yes, I heard from her yesterday, she messaged me. Apparently, someone in her family is sick and she had to move... permanently"

Allan nodded absent mindedly as he scrolled through the news on his phone. His question hadn't been one of serious concern, more just making conversation. He bought Stacy's lie without hesitation, or doubt.

Stacy finished preparing his drink in silence, handing it back to him with a smile. "Caramel Macchiato for Allan"

Allan chuckled. "I'm the only in here Stacy, you don't have to call my name"

Stacy shrugged "Maybe not. Maybe I-Mmmmm" One eyelid fluttered, as Stacy's sentence was cut off by an involuntary moan from deep in her chest.

Allan frowned. "Stacy?"

Stacy held up a hand as she took a breath to collect herself. "Sorry, I'm ok. Just a...a muscle spasm, in my quads. Pilates, remember?"

Allan nodded his understanding "Ah right, right."

"Have a good day" Stacy said her demeanour back to normal.

"Yeah, you too" Allan said as he turned to leave, though he paused at the door. "Hey, by the way. I like your new style"

Stacy looked down at her outfit "Oh, you do?"

Allan smiled "Yeah. I know you and Maya always did the hipster grunge thing, but you look really nice in a more feminine outfit"

Stacy returned his smile. "Aha, well...thank you. I guess this is a little different than my usual jeans and flannel"

Allan laughed "Yeah, just a bit!" He said as he exited the cafe.

Stacy let out a sigh as he left, her hands nervously smoothing out the front of her dress. Allan wasn't wrong, her outfits of late were far from her normal flair. She wore a bright blue A-line dress with capped sleeves. The skirt hugged her high around her waist, before flaring out, stopping just short of her knees. Frankly the outfit was far too nice for a barista to be wearing, her black apron tied across her front looked completely out of place alongside the dress, but it couldn't be helped. Jeans were out of the picture until she figured out a better daily plan.

With the cafe empty she scurried out from behind the counter to lock the front door, swinging the "Open" sign to "Closed". Her steps were quick but short, never fully extending her gait, as if her legs were bound by some invisible rope. Moving as fast as she could with this odd pace, she entered the bathroom and locked the door.

She stepped in front of the large mirror above the sink, then bent over to grab the hem of her dress. Standing up straight, she lifted, exposing her entire body up to her belly button.

"You!" She said sternly, like a mother scolding their child. "You need to keep your tentacles to yourself"

"I'm sorry, Stacy..." Echoed a male voice in her head sounding remorseful.

The telepathic response she'd heard in her head had come from the tentacle bearing alien who she'd discovered in the ruins of her best friend Maya's house a week earlier. After rescuing him from where he'd been trapped in the master bedroom closet, he'd become somewhat attached to her. She'd named him Bill.

Currently Bill, or at least his central body, no larger than an orange, was nestled in between her legs, just above her pussy, barely a centimeter from her clit. His many long thin tentacles spread out from his body and held him firmly anchored in place, wrapping around her legs, hips and waist. This was the reason for her odd gait, his constricting tentacles only able to stretch so far as she moved her legs to walk. This was also the reason for her choice of attire. The flared skirt of this dress, and all the others she'd worn this week, did a marvellous job of hiding the presence of her alien companion, even when he occasionally moved about. She could carry on about her normal life, with no one the wiser that an extraterrestrial life form clung to her midsection.

What didn't help was when he let his baser desires get the better of him, and he started rubbing up against things that he shouldn't. This was what had happened moments earlier while she'd been attending to Allan. Bill had gotten frisky, and Stacy had almost paid the price.

Stacy sighed as she gazed at Bill's unblinking yellow eye that stared back at her in the mirror. "It's fine" she said. "I'm sorry I snapped. But please, try and restrain yourself."

"Of course," Bill said. "I know better, Stacy. I just got excited when you mentioned Mother"

Stacy's mouth squirmed at the mention of her former best friend. Former because, according to Bill, Maya would never be returning to Earth ever again. Shortly after Stacy had discovered Bill and promptly named him, he'd explained his origin. His father, who Maya had named John, had come to earth to sow his spawn and found himself the ultimate breeding partner, Maya. This part hadn't surprised Stacy; she'd lived with Maya for a few years in their early twenties, and had accidentally seen her porn before. Maya was into some freaky shit, so breeding with an alien seemed par for the course.

What had surprised Stacy and had left her a bit hurt and confused was Maya's decision to abandon the Earth altogether to join John on his intergalactic spaceship. Stacy had reasoned that it was a bit similar to Maya getting married and then moving away to her husband's home town, just with a few million lightyears in between...

What hurt Stacy more was that Maya hadn't told her about any of this. It wasn't like she had up and left in one night. She'd been on Earth with John for at least a few weeks until she'd given birth to the first set of spawn, and she'd told Stacy none of it. They were supposed to be best friends, and Maya had hidden this from her.

But then again...Stacy also hadn't told anyone that she was currently harbouring Bill, nor did she intend to. Unfortunately, the hypocrisy was lost on her.

"I know you miss, Maya" Stacy said. "I miss her too...But you can't be rubbing against my sensitive bits every time someone mentions her name!"

"I understand. I'll do better" Bill said directly into her mind.

Stacy smiled "Good."

Stacy stood before the mirror in silence, for a few moments, not moving, still holding the hem of her dress up in one hand. Her mouth twitched as if she wanted to say something.

“Stacy?” Bill’s inquisitive voice echoed into her psyche. “Is something wrong?”

Stacy shook her head. “No, I’m fine” she said, though she still hadn’t lowered her dress, and her face had started to become flushed.

“Stacy...” Bill said. “Is there something I can do for you?” His many tentacles that gripped her body began to shift and squirm, sending a shiver up her spine.

Stacy shook her head “No, I’m...I’m alright.” She was lying; she very much wanted Bill to do something to her.

“Would you like me to pleasure you?” Bill asked. His tentacles slid across her flesh moving more fervently. Stacy involuntarily bent over, her abs spasming, just barely catching herself on the sink. She looked up into the mirror, mouth squeezed shut as she tried to hold in a moan she was desperate to release. This was wrong, she shouldn’t be letting an alien touch her in this way. But...she couldn’t deny how she felt.

Stacy shook her head once, still in denial, before another shiver of pleasure raced across her skin emanating from between her legs, forcing her eyes to squeeze shut after which she nodded fervently. “Yes! Yes...” She begged.

The alien’s body sprung into motion, its slick tentacles beginning to caress and tease her. His central body slid down and pressed up against her clit, and began to rub himself against her. Two thin tentacles, untwined themselves from where they were wrapped around her ass, and gently teased their way into her pussy. Finding her slit warm and wet, they slid in and began to explore her, filling her with as much tentacle would fit.

Stacy’s legs trembled and shook, nearly collapsing beneath her as she leaned heavily on the sink. She hadn’t intended this happening when she’d come in here. The accidental touch outside had just been a teasing caress; it shouldn’t have been enough to fully turn her on. But as she stood and stared at Bill nestled between her legs, her subconscious mind dragged up memories of what he could do, how he could make her feel. Though she’d tried to resist, her body was too insistent.

She hated herself for letting this happen. It shouldn’t have happened the first time. The first night after she’d found him, she’d brought him back to her apartment and let him stay in her room with her, mostly because she didn’t know what else to do with him. She’d woken up in the middle of the night to him writhing between her legs, pleasuring her.

She’d been shocked and furious when she realized what was occurring. She’d reached forward to pull him off of her, when her climax hit. Never in her life had she cum as hard as she had in that moment. Her entire body had gone electric, back arching and lifting off the bed, arms and legs tingling and quaking. Her orgasm went on for nearly a minute, her body only receiving seconds to recover before a second climax rushed through her. It was after this second orgasm that she’d been able to meekly whisper “Stop”.

Bill had immediately done so and had apologized for overstepping. He was just following his instincts, doing what his species did. Though he was not yet mature enough to breed, he could still provide immense pleasure. Stacy was still angry about the invasion of her privacy, and yet...she couldn't deny that in that moment she'd never felt more turned on in her life. She'd rolled over and went to sleep, telling herself that this was a one-time thing, an accident that wouldn't be repeated.

Bill had brought her to orgasm each day since that first night, sometimes multiple sessions per day. Each time Stacy promised herself this time would be the last, and each time she lied to herself. She told herself that she was doing it for him, that Bill needed the outlet, not that she was desperate for his touch, ignoring that her pussy tingled longingly in between sessions.

Standing in the cafe bathroom Stacy stared at herself in the mirror as Bill ravaged her. Her eyes were half lidded, her mouth hung open, drool beginning to spill out as a constant series of moans echoed from her throat. Her skin was slick from his ooze as his tentacles drew lines across her torso, making her muscles tense from the tickling sensation. Her legs shook uncontrollably, only remaining upright because of the sets of tentacles that had spiralled around them down to her calves, holding them steady. Bill's yellow eye stared up at her in the mirror, as his body shook violently rubbing against her clit.

"Oh! Oh god, Bill!...Oh GOD!" She screamed as she came. Her hands slipped off the sink, no longer able to bear her weight as she climaxed. She would've fallen, if not for a pair of tentacles that reached up and caught her shoulders. A wild smile split her face as her entire body trembled while she enjoyed her orgasm. This would also not be the last time that Bill would make her cum.

As she came down from her climax, she realized that her feet weren't touching the floor. Bill and his tentacles were holding her entirely aloft, which had allowed her to experience her orgasm completely unimpeded.

"You...you can put me down" Stacy said, voice still weak.

Bill lowered her so that her bare feet touched the cold tile of the bathroom. Her flats were on the other side of the room; she must have accidentally kicked them off whilst in the throes of passion. Bill's tentacles receded from her legs and shoulders, returning to where they'd originally been, wrapped around her upper legs, and waist.

Stacy let out a deep breath as she stepped up to the mirror to look at herself. Her makeup was thankfully unspoiled, her hair only slightly out of place, easily fixable with some teasing from her hands. With a satisfied nod she stepped back, and let go of the hem of her dress. The garment fell back down to her knees, completely covering the alien she was smuggling.

"Alright" She said with a smile "Back to work"

She walked over to collect her shoes, slipping them back on. She stopped in front of the mirror one last time to make sure she looked presentable. Underneath her dress she felt Bill settle against her, body nestled against her groin.

She stood there silently, staring down at the spot on her dress where Bill resided underneath. She mentally offered him a silent 'thank you', before she exited the bathroom, returning to open the store.

The rest of her day went smoothly without another incident. She received multiple compliments about her dress from some of her regulars, and Bill kept himself out of the way.

Keeping him constantly with her, under her dress, was a decision that she'd originally made out of paranoia. Unlike Maya's, Stacy's alien didn't have anywhere to go during the day. She could've kept him back at her apartment, in her room, but she feared that one of her two roommates would accidentally discover him. They'd gone into her room without permission before to borrow makeup or clothing, and so it would just be a matter of time until they found him on their own.

And so, she'd accepted that she had to bring him with her. Her first thought was a bag, but that was also too likely to end in accidental discovery. If she set it down somewhere, and someone peered in the top, or perhaps if she spilled it while trying to retrieve something...it was just too much of a risk. Therefore she'd decided the safest place to keep him a secret was pressed up against her body at all times.

Even though it was the safest option, she still wasn't really comfortable with it. The first day when she'd walked around in public, Bill tucked snugly underneath her dress, she'd spent the entire day in fear; worrying that she was going to be found out.

She didn't know why it frightened her so much; the idea of being caught. Was she afraid that people would judge her? Or perhaps that Bill would be taken from her? It didn't make sense why *that* should cause her so much alarm...She'd only had him for a week, but strangely she felt very strongly attached to keeping him safe.

After smuggling him about for a few days, her nervousness slowly went away. Everything that she'd been concerned about had been resolved. She was worried it'd be obvious that something was under her dress, but the flared skirts had hidden him perfectly. She'd been concerned that it would feel strange having something wrapped around her body all day, but instead she'd begun to find it comforting.

Though she was still conflicted about their sexual dalliances, she would happily agree that she enjoyed his presence otherwise. His touch was warm and soft, wrapped around her body. He gave her someone to talk to when she was alone. Just overall she found her mood to be better knowing he was present.

That evening she entered her apartment, bag of takeout food held loosely in her hand. Management hadn't hired a replacement for Maya at the cafe yet and so Stacy had to cover the entire shift. This left her exhausted most days, and in no mood to cook.

“Stacy!” Came a pair of voices who sat on the couch.

“Hey, Girls” Stacy said back tiredly as she kicked off her flats. Her two roommates, Hanna and Alysha, sat on the couch watching an episode of Real Housewives featuring women Stacy didn’t recognize.

“Come! Come sit with us!” Hanna said, waving toward her. Hanna was a woman of South Korean descent, with long black hair and a beautiful smile. She’d moved in only a few months earlier, answering Stacy and Alysha’s ad on social media for a roommate. They’d gotten on well together so far.

Alysha nodded “Yeah, come sit. We missed you!” Alysha was Stacy’s younger sister, only 27. She was a few inches shorter than Stacy, but her facial features were similar, if a bit narrower. Her hair was the same colour of orangey-red but was much longer, currently tied in a pair of braids that cascaded off her shoulders and down to her navel.

Both women sat in comfy pyjama pants and tank tops, which made sense. With Stacy having to work overtime she hadn’t gotten home until 7:30. The other two would’ve been home from work for a couple hours now.

Stacy smiled at the pair who beamed back at her. “Yeah, sure. Let me just go get changed and I’ll be right back”

“Okay!” The two responded as one.

Stacy walked into her room and shut the door behind her. With a sigh she reached over her shoulders and undid her dress before pulling it up over her head. Now nude, she could see that Bill’s eye was closed, his body unmoving as his tentacles kept him rooted firmly in place. Reaching down she lightly tapped him. His eye blinked several times as he awoke.

“We’re home, you can let go now” She said. Gently, the alien extricated himself, pushing off of her and floating out into the room.

“I am glad we are home, though I will miss being near you” Bill’s tenor voice spoke into her mind.

Stacy pointed at the closet, as she walked to her drawer to get comfy clothes. “Could you wait in there until I’m back?”

Bill hesitated. “I...I don’t like closets”

Stacy looked over at him as she slid on a pair of fuzzy shorts. “Oh...right. Sorry, I forgot.” Bill had accidentally been trapped in Maya’s closet for an unknown amount of time. The memory was clearly traumatic.

“Ok...then just wait in my hamper” she said. She walked over and opened the lid of the wicker basket half filled with her dirty clothes. Bill floated over, lowering himself in. “Yes, this will be fine. Thank you, Stacy”

“Of course. See you later” she said as she closed the lid of the hamper, hiding him from view. After putting on a tank top she walked back out to the living room to eat her food and sit with her roommates.

That evening, as she sat there on the couch between her two friends enjoying her sesame chicken, two strange things occurred.

One was that her roommates were being awfully affectionate. Alysha sat on her left, and sat all night resting her head on Stacy’s shoulder. Hanna was on the right and sat leaning against her, resting her left hand on Stacy’s thigh. Stacy meant to ask them about it, but she was too tired to get into it. Instead, she just let it happen, enjoying the unexpected comfort of the three of them on the couch.

The second was that as the night went on, though she was having a nice time with the two other girls, she found herself missing Bill. Even though he was only one room over, she found herself longing to be back with him. She tried to push the feeling out of her mind, but it refused to be snuffed out, remaining a persistent tug at the back of her psyche.

Hours later when she returned to her room, she shut the door before rushing over to her hamper. She flipped open the lid and let out a sigh of relief at the sight of Bill sitting amongst a pile of her panties, gazing up at her.

“Hello, Stacy” He said.

“Hey” She said back, reaching in and picking him up with both hands. As she stared down at the single yellow eye that stared back at her with surprising depth, she felt the urge to say “I missed you” but repressed it. She wasn’t comfortable admitting that out loud. Instead after a moment she set him down upon the pillow beside her own. Then, after shutting off the light, she got into bed and opened her phone to scroll through instagram.

After flipping past a number of posts by influencers and models she followed, she could feel Bill’s presence as he moved closer, hovering just above her shoulder, though keeping his tentacles from touching her.

She looked over at him, and gave him a soft smile. “It’s ok, you can rest on me” Gently his body lowered until she felt the warm, moist contact of him laying upon her right shoulder. She turned back and once more began to flick through posts.

“Do...you know these humans?” Bill asked, his mentally projected voice curious as he watched her flip past picture after picture.

“No, they’re just famous people. I follow them, because I like what they do, or their aesthetic” Stacy explained as she stopped to type a comment under one of her favourite influencer’s posts.

“I see. Do you wish to look like them?” Bill said.

Stacy shrugged, causing him to bob slightly on her shoulder. "I dunno, I guess?" She said as she reached up to absent-mindedly caress one of his tentacles that wrapped around her neck to steady himself.

"What about her?" Bill said as Stacy scrolled to the next picture. On her phone was a picture of a famous model wearing a bikini while on vacation in Fiji. This model was especially well known for her ample figure, which was on full display in the tiny bathing suit she wore.

Stacy snorted. "Aha, yeah sure. Could you imagine me with a big old rack like that? Ha ha!"

"Yes, of course I can" Bill's voice said sincerely. Before Stacy could explain that she was being sarcastic, a vivid image projected itself into her mind. A picture of her own self on that same beach in that same bikini. In this mental image her breasts were like the models...no, no they were bigger. They strained the strings of the top, a pair of full, round, heavy, breasts, each far more than a handful.

The image vanished as suddenly as it had arrived, and Stacy let out an involuntary gasp. "Wha-What was that?!" She exclaimed.

"I simply provided what you asked for" Bill said calmly. "You asked me to imagine what you would look like with larger breasts?"

Stacy turned to look at the single yellow eye that peered back at her from his perch upon her shoulder. "Uh...aha, that's not what I meant." She said, still shocked.

"Do you wish to look like that?" Bill asked once again.

Stacy watched him in silence. Before when he asked, she thought he was just making conversation. Now she realised he'd asked because he somehow knew that he could make it a reality.

"I don't know..." Stacy said hesitantly. "It is tempting...Is it even possible for you to do that to me?"

Bill's eye upon her shoulder almost imperceptibly moved up and down; a nod "Yes, though I have never done it before, I know it is possible. My Father provided such enhancements for my Mother"

Stacy flinched once more at the mention of Maya, but still found her curiosity piqued. "Wait, Maya made her breasts bigger? You never told me that"

"Oh yes, by the time she left Earth they were very large" Bill said, as plainly as if he were telling her what time of day they'd left.

"Bigger than that picture you showed me?" Stacy asked, an odd feeling beginning to burn inside her.

"Much" Was all Bill said in reply.

That feeling blossomed in her chest and washed over her, a feeling that she recognized; Envy.

All at once a number of puzzle pieces clicked into place for Stacy. Ever since she'd learned about what happened to Maya, she'd found herself getting annoyed or upset whenever Bill mentioned her. She'd at first thought that she was just upset that her friend had left her, and to be fair that certainly was one aspect of her anger.

But over time the feeling had developed to something deeper than that; it was rooted in jealousy. The way that Bill spoke of Maya so lovingly, so affectionately, it irked Stacy. Bill was Stacy's; he was hers, not Maya's. She'd been afraid to put it in such profound terms before now, but she was done hiding from the truth. She would be the best woman she could be for her little tentacle monster, and she had a good idea of how to achieve that.

"Bill" she said sweetly, her voice quiet and soft. "Would *you* like it if I had bigger breasts?"

Bill said nothing, the mass of tentacle's that writhed in the air around him like a corona, slowing to almost a stop.

"Yes"

The single word resonated through Stacy's mind heavy with desire. Stacy felt a lump form in her throat from the sheer emotional weight that had been conveyed. He didn't just want it, he needed it. And in that moment, it somehow felt like she needed it to. Without doubt she decided then and there that she would give to him anything and everything he wanted.

Wordlessly she reached up and slid her tank top up and over her breasts, freeing them. She suddenly felt oddly exposed as that single yellow eye lowered to stare at them. It had never occurred to her that he found her attractive or desirable, but there was no mistaking the way that he looked at her now. It was strange for her to feel self-conscious in this moment; she'd walked around with him gripping her most sensitive areas for almost a week, pleasuring her daily, but he'd never touched her breasts. Perhaps he'd been waiting for her permission?

"Go ahead" She whispered. "Make them bigger"

"How big?" He replied, his voice equally quiet in her mind.

Her mouth opened slightly into a small smile. "As big as you can"

From his spot upon her shoulder a pair of tentacles slithered forth down her chest, dragging a trail of slick ooze along with them. Their tips slid around the outside of her breasts before looping back underneath and gently cupping them, lifting them. Stacy's breathing hitched at the contact, as she subconsciously arched her back slightly to thrust her chest forward.

From the darkness above descended two flat ended tentacles with hollowed tips. Stacy had noticed them before but had never stopped to wonder what purpose they had. Her question was answered as the hollow ends descended, pulsing like a pair of eager lips, until they swallowed her nipples and began to suck on them.

Stacy's breathing quickened her chest rising and falling with increasing rhythm as she watched with widening eyes at the tentacles locked upon her nips. She didn't know what was happening, but she trusted Bill. And at the very least, it felt amazing. She'd never been a fan of nipple play before, but...if it felt like this, she could get on board.

But as suddenly as it had started, it stopped. Stacy let out a quiet gasp as the tentacles removed themselves, disappearing into the darkness, revealing her nipples now grotesquely swollen into long thick fleshy nubs.

"Oh my god..." She murmured as she reached up a hand to touch one. The flesh was sensitive but pleasing to the touch.

"I am not finished" Bill said, gently reprimanding her.

"Oh...sorry" Stacy said with an embarrassed smile, as she pulled her hand away. She tilted her to look over at Bill whose gaze was focused upon her chest. "So, what happens now? Ohhh!"

Stacy let out a cry of shock as she felt something press against the end of her nipples. Two of his tentacles with blunt rounded ends were pressing against them, but nothing was happening beyond a tickling sensation.

"Bill?" She said quietly, not wanting to disturb him.

His yellow eye was focused on her chest. "I'm...I'm sorry. As I said I've never done this before, but now that I've adapted your nipples, I should be able to penetrate them"

"Here, let me help" Stacy said. Gently she gripped one of the tentacles in one hand, and her thick nipple in the other. Then, after feeling for the new opening, she gently guided his tentacle in. Her nipple stretched out around his tentacle as it slid into her flesh, the pleasure of it nearly bowling her over. She repeated the process with the other side, so that now both of his tentacles protruded from her nipples, their ends stuck deep inside.

As soon as she let go, the thick black tubes grew stiff and began to pulse, as something moved within. An intense warm feeling bloomed within each breast, and soon they began to grow.

"*Gasp* - Yes!" She whispered, her face splitting into a broad smile. Each second her breasts rose higher off her chest, pumping up fuller with whatever Bill was funnelling into each one. C-cup, D-cup, Double-D, larger and larger they grew, a new weight upon her front. Each one now sloped up off her chest, projecting proudly from beneath her collarbones, round and firm like a piece of fruit.

"Come on, keep going!" She said excitedly. But sadly, at that very moment he stopped. His tentacles slid free and retreated into the darkness, their movements slow and unsteady.

"Bill?" She said, voice concerned. "What is it?"

"I'm sorry, Stacy. I couldn't do any more. I'm not as strong as my father, not yet." Bill's voice in her mind was tired, as if he'd severely exerted himself.

Stacy reached up with a hand and entwined them into the wreath of tentacles, until she made contact with his central body, which she pulled against her, embracing him. "You have nothing to apologize for. You did wonderfully!"

Together they gazed down upon her breasts, that two of his tentacles still cupped lovingly. By all accounts she was correct, he'd done an excellent job. Her breasts were at least three times bigger than they'd been before. They sat high and perky on her chest like a pair of fleshy grapefruits. Her thick pink nipples rose proudly off the top, adding another inch and a half to her projection.

"May I?" His voice asked.

Stacy smiled as she nodded. "You don't have to ask permission anymore"

Without hesitation a storm of tentacles shot forth to wrap themselves around her new breasts. Stacy's eyes shot open at the sudden tidal wave of pleasure that hit her, the overwhelming storm of sensitivity and stimulation that erupted from her chest. The tentacles slid this way and that over her chest, squeezing, caressing, teasing. They wrapped around her nipples tugging playfully on their fleshy lengths. Stacy knew she would climax soon, and it would be loud.

With the last vestige of her conscious mind, her right arm reached desperately for the spare pillow on her bed, whipping it over and clamping it down over her face. Seconds later her orgasm hit, rocking her body with otherworldly delight. Stacy let it all out with a near primal scream of ecstasy, only slightly muffled by the pillow that she held tight against her face.

Collapsing onto the bed, her chest heaving, Stacy threw the pillow away. Bill's tentacles began to retract, when Stacy spoke. "Don't..." She said meekly, throat raw. "I want you to hold me"

Soon after Stacy drifted off to sleep, with the warm, wet sensation of her monster's tentacles embracing her.

She woke the next morning feeling alive and excited. Bill floated nearby overhead as she rose with a yawn. As she sat up, she was surprised by the unexpected weight on her chest. She looked down at her newly full chest, a smile forming.

"Wow..." She said in awe, as she reached a hand up to gently squeeze one. Her flesh was soft, her skin smooth and supple, but with a surprising firmness. Hopping out of bed she hurried to her bathroom, to inspect herself in the mirror.

"Oh, they look amazing!" She said as she ogled her naked form in the mirror. Indeed, they did, perky, full, and round. Her nipples were proportionally a little too big in their current state, but Stacy didn't mind.

After a thorough shower, much of which was spent soaping and washing off her breasts multiple times, she emerged to get ready for another day at work. From her closet she pulled out a black dress with a white floral pattern in a similar design to the one she'd worn yesterday, except this one just had shoulder straps instead of full sleeves.

"Ok, come here you!" She said, crooking a finger. Bill short forth, wrapping himself around her, his tentacles squeezing her firmly. Stacy let out a quiet moan of contentment as she felt him attach himself to her. Yes, he was hers, and no one else's, and that's the way she wanted it. She was beyond the point of reflecting on why this was odd, she just knew that this was the way it was meant to be.

"Comfy?" She asked, as she leaned over. She could just barely see his yellow eye over the shelf of her breasts.

"Very" Bill's voice said. Indeed, he sounded quite satisfied.

"Good" Stacy said as she put her arms through the dress and slid it on. It was...rather tight. It still fit, but just barely, her breasts shoved without a millimeter to spare into the bustier of the dress. Above the neckline they visibly bulged up and out of the garment, creating a very deep line of cleavage. Near where the shoulder straps met the hem, the pebbly pink edge of her large nipples snuck their way into view.

"Hot damn" Stacy said with a smile. "You should see how I look in this dress!"

"I can" Bill said. "Through your own eyes"

Stacy nodded, understandingly. She didn't question for a moment that somehow he could see what she could.

From the main room of the apartment, she heard her roommates making breakfast. She paused at the doorway, a sudden moment of fear hitting her. What would they think when they saw her? Surely, they would know something was up, when she walked out of her bedroom with tits three times the size they were last night. They'd ask questions, they'd demand answers. What would she say, how could she explain it? Would she have to reveal Bill?! She couldn't! Bill was hers! She couldn't risk them trying to take him from her...

"Do not fear" Bill's voice echoed gently into hers, soothing her nerves.

Stacy let out a long slow breath, then nodded to herself. Bill was right, everything would be ok. Without further hesitation she opened the door and pushed out into the apartment.

“Good morning, ladies” she said as she strode out into the common area. Both Hanna and Alysha turned to greet her, and immediately their eyes lit up with shock. Stacy braced herself for the barrage of concern. Instead, she was greeted with only praise.

“Wow! Stacy you are looking gorgeous today! You are way too pretty to be a barista!” Her sister said as she put down the bowl of cereal she was eating to walk toward her.

“Absolutely” Hanna agreed. “You. Look. Amazing. You’re like a vision of sexiness”

Stacy blushed at the unexpected compliments her roommates were showering her with. This was not the reception she’d expected. “Oh, thanks girls! It’s nothing much, just something I had in the closet”

“Well, it absolutely slays” Hanna said as she too abandoned her own breakfast to approach Stacy.

“And your tits! Wow!” Alysha said as she walked up before her.

Stacy froze, saying nothing. It was inevitable that the topic would be broached, now it was just a matter of how many questions they asked. But once again she was taken by surprise.

“Right?” Hanna said as she flanked Stacy on the other side. “They’re huge! They look, like, so good, Stacy. Busty bombshell really is a look that works for you!”

Alysha nodded in concurrence, her twin red braids bouncing up and down. “Definitely.”

Stacy gaped as she looked back and forth between her two roommates, who gazed at her with looks of reverence and respect. What the hell was going on?

“Um...thanks!” Stacy said, unsure of how to approach this odd situation. “I...uh...yeah! I think they look really good too!”

“Think you’ll go bigger?” Hanna asked, with complete sincerity.

Alysha smiled “Oh you totally should! Think about how sexy you’d look!”

Stacy’s mouth opened and closed but no words came out. She was completely flabbergasted at what was occurring. Eventually words came to her, as she felt Bill’s reassuring presence squeeze her once around her waist. “Yes” She said a confident smile forming “Yes, I’m definitely going to go bigger”

Her two roommates both clapped excitedly. “Oh, that’s excellent!” Hanna said.

Alysha stepped forward then, standing right next to Stacy. “Stacy...could...could we touch them?” She asked pleadingly.

Stacy’s eyebrows lifted with surprise, but she still found herself nodding. “Yes...” She said, mouth going dry. “Yes, of course”

Together both her sister and her roommate reached up and placed their hands upon her ample chest. Stacy let out a subdued moan as they began to feel her up, groping and teasing her overripe melons. Without asking they slid them free of her dress, popping them up over the hem.

“Oh, wow!” Hanna said excitedly. “Look at her nipples!”

Alysha nodded “So huge, Stacy! Amazing!”

Hanna brought a single hand forward to wrap around Stacy’s distended teat, gently tugging at it. “Ooo, I love them!”

Stacy’s breathing was laboured, her skin getting flushed as she watched the pair of them play with her tits. It didn’t feel as good as when Bill had done it, but it was a close second. As her own excitement grew, she felt her nipples go hard, held firmly in the hands of her roommates. Then she felt something else unexpected, a single tentacle slithering up from her abdomen, snaking its way in between her breasts. Her tentacle monster was getting worked up himself and was eager to join the party.

The thought of getting caught, snapped Stacy out of her sexual reverie, as she jerked her chest back, stepping away from her friends. “That’s enough!” She cried out, more forcefully than she intended. The single tentacle hidden in her cleavage, shrank away, thoroughly chided.

Both Alysha and Hanna pouted as Stacy slipped her breasts back into her dress. “Awww.”

Stacy shook her head with confusion as she stared at them. Both of their gazes were locked upon her, the complete focus of their attention. What was going on with them?!

“I...I have to go” Stacy stammered, as she quickly pushed past them and bee-lined for the door.

“What the fuck!” Stacy said as she began to walk down the street to work. With each step her newly swollen breasts bounced excitedly within her dress, drawing the eye of everyone she passed.

“What’s wrong, Stacy?” Bill asked. His tentacles that entwined her legs and waist slowly shifted to hold him in place with each step.

“What’s wrong?! Did you see how they reacted back there! It’s like...like they were in a trance. They were totally okay with the fact that I grew a pair of huge knockers overnight. No, they were more than okay with it. They loved it! They wanted me to go bigger! Which...Yes, I am definitely going to go bigger” When she said this Bill’s tentacles writhed excitedly against her skin, which brought a brief smile to Stacy’s face.

The moment passed and she continued on with her rant “But still...why would *they* want that? And why were they so eager to touch them?! That wasn’t just ‘Oh hey, my friend got a boob job, let me cop a feel’. That was sexual! They wanted me...”

“And?”

“And that’s weird! Hanna’s straight, she went on a date with a guy last week! And Alysha is my *sister!*” Stacy exclaimed. Townsfolk loitering on the sidewalk stared at her with confusion, as she appeared to be yelling to no one in particular.

“I do not understand your concern. From what I could tell, you were equally aroused as them” Bill’s voice was not condescending, just questioning.

Stacy closed her mouth, pursing her lips as she continued to stride down the street, her jostling breasts drawing attention wherever she went. Bill wasn’t wrong, she had been very much into it. But she was quickly beginning to learn that she was maybe just more of a freak than she thought she was. Why else had she accepted that walking around with an alien hugging her pussy was the best solution? It still didn’t explain why the other two were so excited.

Stacy walked along in silence, contemplating the mystery that plagued her. The feeling of her hefty breasts bouncing playfully in her dress was pleasant, and she was excited to see how big they could get...but that would have to wait for now. She couldn’t let what just happened go; it’d been too out of character.

The silence was broken by Bill’s voice in her mind, quiet and abashed “Stacy...I fear that this may be my doing”

Stacy stopped at an intersection the light ahead of her red. A man stood there waiting, someone she recognized from around town but didn’t know the name of. He looked over to her and gave her a nod in greeting, to which she replied with a polite smile. He would’ve returned the smile, but his jaw dropped open, his eyes going wide as saucers when he caught sight of her cleavage, bulging up out of her dress. Stacy ignored his leering as she looked ahead, beginning to walk as the light changed.

“What do you mean?” She murmured, when she’d gotten a few steps away from the man.

A shiver ran through her, as she felt his tentacles shift and squeeze around her. “I am still young, still learning. I do not yet understand the depths of what my kind is fully capable of.” Bill explained. “I believe the main purpose of my psychic powers is to enthrall, to form a powerful emotional bond”

Stacy considered this as she walked along the sidewalk, flats slapping against the concrete with each step. “Is that why I feel the way I do about you?”

“I believe so. I did not intentionally incept this connection we share, but regardless it has formed. I...I am sorry; I overstepped”

Stacy smiled as she stopped at another light. "Don't be ridiculous, I regret nothing about what's happened between us." She spoke truthfully. Though she'd resisted at first, she now cherished the connection that had developed. Whether or not she cherished it from her own free will or due to his psychic influence...she would never know, nor did she care to.

"But how does that explain those two?" Stacy asked.

"Their proximity over the past week...though not as close as you, was close enough to me that connections have formed with them as well. But without knowledge of my presence, I believe their brains have filled in the blanks and associated those feelings of desire and connection...with you"

Stacy stopped outside the cafe, considering what Bill had hypothesized. It seemed to match with their behaviour. Throughout the week they'd gotten more affectionate, and friendlier with her. She'd been surprised when Hanna had given her a hug a few days ago. Then last night, the three of them had practically snuggled on the couch together.

"Oh shit, I think you're right!" Stacy said as she unlocked the door and went in.

"What will you do?" Bill asked as she rounded the counter, and grabbed her apron from where it hung on the hook.

"I...don't know. I did like the attention this morning...I would've let it go further if I hadn't thought they might discover you" Stacy said as she began to prepare for the day.

"Would that be so bad?" Bill asked. "With a connection already formed...they would not fear me"

Stacy stilled, crossing her arms over her ample chest. "No, I know. I just...I don't want to share you..."

Stacy bit her lip anxiously, as she waited in silence. She wasn't normally the jealous type...but she wasn't also normally the type to fall for an alien.

"Stacy..." Bill said at last. "You rescued me. You have cared for me, nurtured me, you have endeavoured to make yourself as pleasing to me as possible. You will never be replaced."

Stacy's shoulders slumped as she released tension that she hadn't realized she'd been holding. "Thank you for saying that" she said.

"But would it not be better to be rid of all the hiding? The lies? They love you, and you love them...would it not be better for us to be...together?"

An image popped into Stacy's head that made her audibly gasp. A vision of herself in the centre of a session of shared lovemaking, the attention of Bill, Alysha, and Hanna all focused on her, on elevating her own pleasure.

"Oh god, yes..." She breathed as the vision winked out of existence. "Yes...I want that..."

"Then so it shall be" Bill said resolutely.

Stacy opened her mouth to reply, when the bell above the door tinkled, letting in the first customer of the day. Further talk would have to wait until later.

Unfortunately, later seemed like a lifetime away for Stacy. Her shift passed extremely slowly. The shop was quite busy that day, a fairly steady stream of customers coming in to get a warm drink to help combat the cool nip in the air.

A busy day with no time for breaks wouldn't have been so bad if not for the fact that after this morning's encounter with her roommates she was still feeling incredibly aroused. She'd been shocked and confused at first, but after her talk with Bill and that promise of shared experiences to come, she'd found it difficult to focus on anything else.

What made it worse was how much Bill was feeding off of that emotion, through their bond. Throughout the day the hornier she got, the more he began to twitch, tentacles slowly getting friskier and friskier, eager to please. She'd whisper desperately for him to stop, though her body screamed otherwise, and before long he'd be at it again. By the end of her shift Stacy was nearly at her breaking point.

"Hello, what can I get for you?" Stacy said as her latest customer approached. Only fifteen minutes left in her shift and then she could close up. Her smile was serene, though inside a storm raged; she desperately wanted to get off.

"Hello" The woman before her said, still looking at her phone. "Can I get..." Her sentence trailed off when she looked up and saw Stacy. "Whoa..." The customer said under her breath as her eyes locked on to Stacy's chest.

Stacy ignored her. Customers had been staring at her that way all day, and she hadn't cared once. She knew what she looked like right now; she was worth staring at. Besides, she was more distracted by what was occurring underneath her dress.

Stacy's lip began to quiver as she felt a pair of tentacles slither up over her rib cage, tips touching the underside of her bust before sliding up towards the front. She could feel her dress shift as his tentacles pushed their way towards her nipples. She let out an involuntary whimper as the wet moist touch of his appendages reached the base of each thick nub.

"*Stop it!*" She hissed under her breath, as she tried to control her breathing.

"What was that?" The customer asked, looking back up at Stacy's face. If she had noticed the movement underneath Stacy's dress, she didn't show it.

"Nothing!" Stacy said, plastering her customer service smile back on her face. "So, what'll it...be?" Bill had not stopped, each tentacle now wrapped around her nipples and had begun to squeeze and stroke them. They stiffened underneath her dress, pressing up against the fabric. Thankfully her dress was black so they weren't very visible.

“Just a cappuccino, thanks” The woman said, giving Stacy a suspicious look.

Stacy nodded, lips pressed tight together, before she twirled on the spot and awkwardly walked over to the cappuccino maker, her legs feeling wobbly.

“Bill, Stop it!” She demanded once more, as she leaned over the cafe appliance, setting the large mug into place.

“I don’t want to stop it” Bill stated simply. “And I know you don’t want me to stop either”

“It doesn’t matter what I want, I need-OHHHH!” Stacy doubled over, leaning against the counter, hand slapping up to her mouth to silence the deep moan of ecstasy that she’d released. Simultaneously Bill had squeezed tight around her nipples, while also plunging a pair of tentacles into her pussy, which unsurprisingly was thoroughly slick.

“Hey, are you ok over there?” The customer called.

Stacy said nothing, as she leaned against the counter, chest heaving. She desperately wanted release.

“Ma’am?” The customer called again.

“I’m sorry” Stacy finally said, pushing herself up right. “I’m sorry but you have to leave, I’m closing up early”

“What?!” The woman cried. “What about my coffee?”

“I’m sorry, but it’s an emergency! Please, you have to leave!”

“Are you sure you’re ok?” The customer asked again.

“Fine! Just please get out!” Stacy said, now almost yelling.

The customer rushed off, thoroughly aggravated at how Stacy had treated her, but at that moment Stacy truly didn’t give a fuck. Stacy still leaned against the counter sweat beginning to bead on her face, when Bill paused his tentacles, sensing a shift in her mood.

“Stacy?” He asked.

“We’re going home” She said firmly “Right now. What you showed me this morning, that’s what I want. That’s what you promised. Can you keep yourself restrained until then?”

At once his appendages retracted fully, returning to their original position. “Yes” he said. Stacy’s body was on fire, but somehow, she knew it was important that this moment be shared with the two women waiting back at the apartment. Locking the café, she rushed out the door, and immediately hailed a cab. Her apartment was only a few blocks away, an easy ten-minute walk, but she couldn’t bear to wait that long.

When Stacy walked into the apartment, she found Alysha and Hanna sitting together on the couch talking. They both turned as she walked in, standing up to greet her.

"Stacy, Hey" Hanna started. "Listen, we wanted to apologize. We were talking about this morning, and we don't know what that was about, it was...strange. We don't know what came over us but we just...just..."

Stacy noticed a perceptible change occur in the expression on Hanna and Alysha's face. She reckoned that with her return to the apartment the psychic bond had regained its potency, connecting them to her once more. They now looked at her with hunger and desire. Stacy, struggling to keep her excitement in check, walked over and sat down on the couch, pulling them down to sit beside her.

"Yes, Hanna?" She said. "You were saying"

Hanna, sitting on Stacy's right, shook her head with bemusement, her gaze flickering back and forth between Stacy's face and her chest. "...I don't know what I was saying"

Alysha leaned in against her sister. "Oh, Stacy, we missed you! We missed your body...Oh, god, Stacy, you are so fucking hot..."

Stacy smiled as she looked back and forth between the two of them seated on either side of her. It was time to begin.

"Would you like to touch them? Would you like to play with my breasts?" She said, voice taking on a commanding tone.

Both women nodded vigorously, excited smiles splitting their faces.

Stacy's smile widened. "Good."

Time to test the boundaries, Stacy thought as she spread her arms out on either side of the back of the couch.

"Kiss each other" She commanded.

They hesitated for a moment as they looked over at each other, eyes meeting, but only a moment, as they leaned across Stacy, lips meeting before her as they obeyed her. Their eyes closed as they leaned into one another, soft moans escaping whenever their lips briefly parted.

"Now. Take off your clothes" Stacy said, voice soft but firm.

The two women pulled apart, moisture from their locked lips briefly sticking them together. One after the other they looked at Stacy, who looked back at them, a confident smile on her face, nodding once at each of them as if to say "Yes, you heard me".

The pair of them giggled, but quickly complied, pulling off their tops and then removing their pants and panties. Stacy watched with hungry eyes as they both turned to her to face her after disrobing, ready to receive further instruction. Beneath the flared skirt of her dress, Bill's tentacles stirred, patient but eager to join.

"Spread your legs, and touch yourselves" Stacy instructed. Both girls did as they were told, opening their legs and reaching down with two fingers to begin to tease themselves. Soon the gentle shlick of fingers in pussy juices could be heard. All the while their heads were turned to face her, totally entranced by her and her beauty.

Stacy was enjoying herself immensely. The two of them were like putty in her hands, and she found the control thrilling. Now that she knew that they were hers, the real fun could begin.

On either side of her the two women began to moan as their fingers worked more frantically, their eyes staring longingly at Stacy.

"Like this, Stacy?" Hanna asked, biting her lip as her fingers moved rapidly between her legs, coated with her juices.

Stacy nodded. "Yes, very good. But...call me...Mistress"

Alysha and Hanna both smiled and nodded. "Yes, Mistress" they said as one.

"That goes for you too" Stacy said, looking down at her lap. The two women on either side of her looked confused, but in her mind she heard. "As you wish, Mistress"

A tingle went up Stacy's spine, her body ready. "Ok girls, you've been very good" She purred. "Now you can play with them"

Immediately the pair of them abandoned their self-pleasuring, reaching over to pull Stacy's magnificent breasts out of her dress. They leaned towards her and began to massage and squeeze each round tit, planting kisses upon their surface.

Stacy tilted her head back, settling into the couch, letting her eyes shut as she revelled in the playful touches of her roommates. Their hands felt good upon her as they groped and massaged her sensitive flesh, but she felt that her nipples were being unfairly excluded. Without opening her eyes, she commanded "Suck them"

The pair obeyed without question, each set of hands grabbing her breast on either side and lifting them up towards each of them. Then moments later Stacy felt the divine sensation as each of her long thick nipples was enveloped by their mouths.

"Oh yeeeeessss" Stacy moaned as they gently sucked on her engorged nipples, tongue teasing the tips held inside their mouths. Underneath her dress Bill writhed with excitement, her pleasure rebounding upon him through the connection. Those signals of pleasure must have also sent aftershocks through the bonds that the other two girls had formed, as they too began to moan with sexual delight.

Stacy's breathing quickened as they continued to pleasure her. She could feel Bill's tentacles begin to untwine, stretching out in search of somewhere to provide pleasure. Stacy had the perfect place for them.

"Mmmm. They're ready for you" she said, voice breathy. Bill knew that she was talking to him, and finally came forth. From underneath her dress four tentacles emerged, undulating excitedly as they split in either direction. The two girls on either side of Stacy had their eyes shut while they focused on sucking on her nipples, so they didn't see the tentacles coming, but they certainly felt them.

Both of their mouths went slack, eyes shooting open with surprise at the feeling of a pair of tentacles squeezing their way into their pussies. They tried to continue suckling on Stacy's nipples but found it difficult to focus with the intense stimulation coming from their nethers.

"You can stop, girls. I want you to enjoy this" Stacy commanded, lifting her head up to watch. The pair leaned back over to sit back on the couch, eyes squeezed shut, hands gripping the cushions tightly as their bodies were wracked with pleasure.

"Th-Thank you, Mistress" They whimpered.

"I think they want some more, Bill" Stacy said with a grin. Half a dozen more tentacles shot forth from the bottom of her dress, looping overhead once before making a bee-line for the pair of girls who sat beside Stacy. No erogenous zone was left unscathed, as Bill's tentacles relentlessly stimulated them. Their whimpers and moans turned into shrieks of ecstasy as their minds and bodies became overwhelmed by the sensations bombarding them.

Alysha came first, her legs trembling violently, with Hanna shortly after, hips bucking wildly off the couch. Stacy took in a sharp breath as she surprisingly felt faint echoes of that pleasure in her mind. She hadn't expected the connection to go both ways like that.

Bill's tentacle's retracted, giving them a moment's reprieve. Beside Stacy, her roommates were still, eyes shut as they recovered from their orgasms. Stacy sat up to grab the hem of her dress then lifted. It was time for the big reveal. Bill, now exposed, and understanding her intention, unlatched from her, gently floating up into the air before them.

"Girls," Stacy said. "I'd like you to meet someone. This is Bill"

Alysha and Hanna, still panting, opened their eyes. Together they let out quiet gasps of surprise as they took in the alien that floated before them. They were startled, but not afraid, as Bill had suspected.

"Say Hello, Girls" Stacy commanded.

"Hello, Bill" They said in unison, voices demure.

"Hello," Bill replied. Stacy heard his voice in her own head, but she could tell in the way their eyes lit up, that the other two had heard it as well.

"Bill is..." Stacy hesitated as she tried to think of the word to use. "...my special friend. I rescued him, and he's been living with me since. He's an alien"

The two girls nodded with understanding, as they stared up at him curiously.

"Bill is very special" Stacy continued. "As you can tell, he's telepathic. But he also has other abilities" She reached up and cupped each of her round melons. "He's who made my tits bigger"

Both girls cooed excitedly as they turned back to look at her chest. Alysha looked up at her sisters face with a nervous smile. "Could...could he make ours bigger?"

"NO!" Stacy snapped, a rush of anger and jealousy coursing through her. Alysha visibly recoiled, tears forming in her eyes upset at having crossed her mistress. The moment of fury passed, and Stacy let out a sigh, collecting herself. Bill watched silently, not interjecting or interfering, letting Stacy maintain control.

"It's ok" Stacy said soothingly, reaching out and placing a hand upon the back of Alysha's neck. "I'm sorry, I yelled. But Bill's gifts are mine alone. Understand?"

"Yes, Mistress" They replied together, Alysha wiping the tears from her face.

Stacy smiled "Good. You're both such good girls."

This brought a smile to their faces as they shifted closer, pressing their bodies against her. Through the bond they'd become completely subservient to her, and Stacy was loving it. As they leaned into her lovingly, their hands traced patterns across her body eager to please her, caressing her legs, her abs, and of course her delicious breasts.

"Tell me, Girls" Stacy purred, as she relished the full body attention she received. "Do you like my breasts?" Murmurs of agreement drifted up to her as their hands shifted to focus solely on providing physical affection to each of her grapefruit sized jugs.

"Mmmmmm" Stacy moaned, losing herself for a moment as she just focused on their stimulation. After giving herself this brief moment of release she continued on. "I'm glad but...wouldn't you like to see them even bigger?"

Both of their heads that rested upon each of her shoulders, tilted to look up at her excitedly. "Oh! Oh yes!" Alysha said. Hanna nodded expressing her agreement.

Stacy nodded. "Good, because I don't plan to stay this size for long. I need to be bigger. He needs me to be bigger" She looked across with a hungry smile to where Bill hovered, his yellow eye focused solely on her.

"Bill?" She said teasingly.

"With pleasure, Mistress" His voice resonated through her mind, dripping with desire. Stacy's whole body responded, shuddering with anticipation. Bill floated up overhead, and from the mass of tentacles, two familiar blunt tipped ones lowered and slowly approached.

Stacy's breathing quickened as they slowly approached, her body feeling electric. Her already turgid nipples quivered with excitement as his tentacles neared.

"Alright, Girls" Stacy instructed "Pay close attention. If everything goes well, I likely won't be able to do this myself, next time"

Alysha and Hanna sat up on the couch, eagerly observing. Stacy reached up with both hands to her enormous left nipple and continued. "Bill makes me grow by filling me up through my nipples, but he needs help getting in. That's what I'll need help with. All you have to do is...mmm...one sec...ahh...there we go"

With her two hands she gripped the nipple and with one finger from each hand she pulled on each side of the tip, which had forced the new orifice open. One of Bill's tentacles shot forth and pushed its way in, after which she let go, letting the opening clamp shut around his slick black appendage. "Fuck..." Stacy swore under her breath. She'd forgot how good it felt.

"Ok, Girls. Now do the other one. Just keep it open until Bill is in" Stacy commanded, settling back into the couch to enjoy herself.

Working as a pair Hanna and Alysha held her nipple firmly still, as they worked to find the opening. They didn't have the luxury of feeling where it was like Stacy did, so it took them a little bit longer, but eventually they too had managed to pry it open, after which the second tentacle filled the hole.

"Wonderful" Stacy said, biting her lip at the pleasing stimulation emanating from her chest. "I'm ready, Bill" She purred.

Immediately the tentacles tensed and Stacy could feel that familiar deep warmth in her chest. Her flesh tingled as she felt it begin to stretch and expand, as Bill unloaded into her.

Stacy threw her head back and let out a deep moan of intense satisfaction. "Oh gaaawwwd, yeees!" She could literally feel them growing on her chest, getting bigger, rounder, heavier.

"Touch them!" She demanded. "Feel them grow!"

Alysha and Hanna needed no further convincing, as Stacy immediately felt a pair of hands on each breast. She could feel the touch of their palms on her flesh, and the feeling of her skin sliding against theirs as her breasts swelled ever larger.

"Bigger! Bigger! Bigger!" The two girls chanted as they watched with glee as her chest continued to swell.

"Yes! Yes! Yes!" Stacy chanted back. Bigger was all she wanted, because she knew it was what Bill wanted.

After a longer period of growth than the previous night, Bill's tentacles at last retreated. Stacy lifted her head up off the couch as she caught her breath. She could tell they were bigger, but they didn't feel that much heavier...

She opened her eyes and looked down at them, a wild smile splitting her face. "Yeeeeesssssss!!!" She squealed, voice rising in volume. The reason they didn't feel that heavy was because Alysha and Hanna were still holding them up, supporting their weight. But looking down at them now, there was no questioning that they were huge.

Stacy had never seen breasts this big before in real life. In one of Maya's animes maybe, but never in the flesh. Each one projected out from underneath her collarbone sloping away before rounding down to the front, getting wider and fuller as they went. They were like the shape of an inflated balloon, though not as pointed. Together they almost covered her torso entirely, the backside of each resting just above her navel before curving away. They easily reached a foot away from her, and each one was nearly that big across. Her thick spongy nipples, which had looked ludicrous before, now were perfectly proportional. Her skin was bright pink and smooth, her flesh tight and firm.

"Let go" She commanded. At once her roommates released their hold on her breasts, which made her body lurch forward before she caught herself. Yes, they were quite heavy now, though not as bad as she might have expected.

Stacy was entranced. They were so big. They were utterly magnificent. Her head felt cloudy, a pressure pushing on it as a storm of desire billowed on the other end of the psychic connections she shared. But they would wait for her. Wait for her to say when.

Reaching up she placed her hands at the upper edge of her breasts where they left her chest, then slowly she slid them down toward her nipples. She let out a laugh as she kept moving her hands further and further forward. They were just so big! They didn't stop! Finally with her arms outstretched reaching forward, her fingers wrapped around her nipples. Yes, she likely would need help the next time she decided to grow.

That thought repeated itself in her mind. The next time. She was already massive, should there even be a next time? That doubt faded away in an instant. Without question she knew she wasn't done yet. She wanted to be so much bigger still.

"I'm ready." Stacy said, voice strong, demanding to be obeyed. Hanna and Alysha grinned as they lifted their hands to touch her once more, but Stacy cut them off. "Not you. Bill goes first. Bill is always first"

"Thank you, Mistress" Bill's voice rang in her mind. His tentacles lashed out with surprising speed, wrapping around the bulk of her newly gigantic tits. They began to slide this way and that coating her skin with his slickness. More and more of his appendages entwined her, feeling as much of her flesh as he could as his central body hovered closer and closer, stopping just above her cleavage.

Stacy let out deep moans of satisfaction as she revelled in the warm, wet touch of her monster. Forcing her eyes open she looked up to him and for a moment felt sadness. His touch felt amazing on her sensitive pillowy expanses, but she wanted him to enjoy it as much as she was.

“Come here, precious” she said sweetly, as she reached up with both hands and gently grabbed his central form. His eye blinked with confusion as she lightly tugged, guiding him lower, until she forced him right into the centre of her immense cleavage, pushing him down so he was half sunken into it. “They’re *yours*, you deserve to enjoy them” She whispered.

The ends of his tentacles flicked back and forth with excitement, as his eyelid fluttered and then closed. Through the psychic bond Stacy felt an immense wave of warmth rush into her, wrapping her mind and lifting her consciousness until it felt like she was floating. No words were spoken, just pure emotional release; joy, lust, desire, affection, love all at once.

This wellspring of feelings combined with the physical stimulation his many tentacles bestowed upon her pushed her into another world of pleasure, as an intense climax raced through her, making her see a galaxy of stars, and setting her whole body aquiver.

It felt like a lifetime had passed when she finally opened her eyes, though likely it had only been at most a minute or two. She took in a series of deep breaths as she recovered. Her hand came up to touch her face to feel that her cheeks were wet; she must have cried at some point through it all.

Bill still rested between her gigantic breasts, having no desire to abandon his spot. Good, Stacy thought, that is where he belongs.

On either side of her she heard whimpers. Looking back and forth she saw both Alysha and Hanna squirming in their seats. They were very desperate to join the fun, but they were also obedient and still waited for Stacy’s permission.

“Alright, Girls” she said, her voice sultry. “I’m ready for you”

Both of their faces broke into gleeful smiles as they jumped off the couch. Stacy watched as the pair of them got down on to their knees in front of her, then reached forward to each grab on to one of her immense teats and lift the nipple up towards them. Bill, sensing their motive, retreated the tentacles that he had currently wrapped around Stacy’s nips, giving the girls full access as they latched on to Stacy.

With a deep sigh of contentment Stacy settled into the couch, arms stretched out across the back of it as she found herself, just as promised, in the center of them all. Hanna and Alysha massaged and squeezed her tits as they sucked lovingly on her nipples, while Bill rested atop her cleavage groping and caressing every inch of flesh that he could reach. They continued in this way late into the night, until exhaustion took them all.

Stacy awoke the next morning with a peaceful yawn. They were still on the couch, though at some point they'd moved to lying down across it. Stacy laid on her back with Alysha and Hanna snuggled in beside her, each using one of her immense breasts as a pillow. Stacy smiled as she ran her hands gently through their hair. Neither stirred, both deep asleep as they huddled against her for warmth.

Stacy looked around the room for Bill, finding him floating a few feet away, his eye shut. Stacy shivered as memories of last night resurfaced. It had been marvellous, but it was only the beginning.

She craned her head up slightly so she could look down at herself, or more specifically her breasts. They piled high atop her chest, flattening only slightly where the girls rested atop them. They were beautiful, so full, so voluminous, so...insufficient? Stacy pouted as she stared at them. They were big, yes, huge even, but...they could be so much bigger! She knew that was what Bill wanted, and so she would make it happen, no matter what. She had to make it happen.

"Girls" She spoke into the quiet room, her voice quiet but firm. As one Hanna and Alysha's eyes opened, and they sat up. Stacy grinned, pleased at how quickly they'd responded. Their link to her through the bond had only intensified overnight. They weren't just subservient; they were completely enthralled.

Stacy flicked her eyes to her right, off the couch, and immediately they lifted themselves off of her, and got down on to their knees on the floor before her. Stacy pulled herself upright and sat back against the couch, looking down on them.

"You girls were very good last night" She purred.

"Thank you, Mistress" They replied, voices in perfect unison.

"But today is a new day, and I have much growing to do" Stacy said as her hands rubbed up and down her immense chest. "Alysha, make me some breakfast. Hanna, wake Bill, and bring him to me"

The girls rose in silence and set off to do their tasks. Behind her she heard Alysha begin to prepare eggs on the stovetop. In front of her Hanna gently had roused Bill and guided him toward Stacy.

"Good Morning, Bill" Stacy purred as his eye levelled before her.

"Hello, Stacy" He replied.

Stacy frowned. "That is *not* what you call me" Her fury built in her mind and then coursed through the psychic bond. In front of her Bill visibly flinched, his tentacles writhing frantically. They stared each other down for only a moment until Bill's voice echoed into her mind "Yes, Mistress"

“Good” Stacy said, her smile returning. “You did well last night, very well, but I’m afraid this size is not enough, wouldn’t you agree?” She gently patted one of her breasts that nearly reached her lap, making the flesh slightly jiggle.

Bill’s eye looked down at her chest then back at her. “Your breasts are magnificent, Mistress. Larger than I ever saw Mothers. They are perfection to me. Surely you are satisfied with them?”

Stacy laughed. “Satisfied!? Hardly! There is no need to lie to me Bill, you don’t have to protect me. I know that you truly desire for me to be bigger, far bigger than this.”

Bill’s eye stared at her in silence for a moment before his voice spoke once more. “Mistress...You have endeavoured to fulfil my desires and have done so. I did wish to see you bigger when you first asked me, and you have achieved that. You need not grow any further.”

Stacy shook her head “Oh, Bill. It’s ok! I *want* this! I want to grow as big as I can to please you. You don’t have to pretend”

Bill’s eye squinted. “I’m not. I don’t think you need to be bigger”

Stacy laughed once more. “Alright, Bill, be coy. You don’t have to admit it, that’s fine, but I will become bigger, I’ll keep growing and growing until you admit that it’s what you always wanted...and then I’ll grow some more!”

Behind her Alysha approached with a plate of eggs. Stacy turned her head to the right and opened her mouth, and without prompting Alysha scooped up a forkful and fed Stacy. Hanna stood behind Bill, motionless, waiting for Stacy to provide further commands.

“No, you will not” Bill said. “You can’t grow without me, and I won’t do it”

Stacy swallowed the eggs she was chewing on, head spinning back forward to face him. Her eyes flashed as she stared him down. Through the psychic bond the full brunt of her rage barrelled into him. “You would dare deny me?! Your Mistress?!” Stacy said, voice rising in anger.

Bill’s eye twitched as he suffered under her mental onslaught. He was too young, too inexperienced with his powers; he hadn’t realized what he’d done, but he’d given Stacy too much control. Now he could barely resist her.

“Mistress...Please...” His voice was weak in her mind, breaking under the brunt of her ire. Alysha and Hanna said nothing, eyes vacant, oblivious to the mental anguish Bill suffered.

Stacy pulled back her gaze, turning her head to receive another bite of eggs from her sister. “Hanna” she said, voice cold. “Find Bill’s growth tentacles”

Hanna immediately stepped forth and plunged her hands into the writhing mass of Bill's tentacles. It took her a minute to sort through them, but eventually she stood gripping the two blunt ended tentacles, one in each hand.

"Now plug them into me" Stacy commanded, turning her head after to accept another bite of food.

Hanna got onto her knees before Stacy, tugging Bill's tentacles along with her, then one by one, she forced open Stacy's nipples, and shoved a tentacle inside. Bill was too weakened to resist; all he could do was watch.

"Good" Stacy said when she felt the second nipple clamp down onto his tentacle. "Alright, Bill, I'm ready. Make me as big as your wildest dreams! Make me absolutely gigantic!"

Bill's eye looked to her with fear. "Mistress...Stacy...this isn't what I want..."

"Yes, it is!" Stacy said, exasperated "Oh Bill, why won't you just admit it! It's ok! I want this, I really, *really*, want this! So please, just give us what we both want"

Bill was trapped, the weight of Stacy's will threatening to crush his own. With no other option to turn to, he acquiesced. Perhaps after this session of growth she would be satisfied. After a moment his tentacles shuddered and his fluid flowed through them, and into her breasts.

Stacy squealed with delight when she felt that familiar warmth in her chest. "Yes! Oh Bill, thank you! Come, you sweet, sweet alien, come lay upon them and feel how big they are as I grow bigger for you!"

Bill did as he was told, floating his body forth and settling atop her cleavage like he had done the previous night. Indeed, he could feel her flesh shift and expand beneath him as her breasts filled larger and larger.

"Girls!" Stacy commanded. "Come and massage my breasts while they grow!"

Wordlessly her roommates walked over and knelt down either side of her and reached out, placing their hands upon the expanses of her breasts and began to gently knead her flesh.

"Ahahahaha, yeeeeesssss" Stacy moaned, throwing her head back as she relished the feeling of her breasts expanding once more. Quickly their bottoms collided with her thighs and then began to slide forward toward her knees. Each one grew deeper and rounder as they sloped away from her chest. Second after second, they were pumped larger and larger, getting heavier and heavier. After a minute of pleasure, the growth stopped once again.

"Bill!" Stacy cried. "Why did you stop!? This isn't nearly big enough!" Sitting back upon the couch, each of her breasts sloped away from her chest at a 45-degree angle out past her lap, dangling just past her knees. They completely dominated her frame; if you stood before her on the couch all you would see was her head and shoulders, a pair of gargantuan breasts, and then her shins sticking out underneath. They'd maintained their round balloon-

like shape, each one easily 18" in diameter at their thickest and over three feet long from nip to chest.

"I'm limited, Mistress" Bill said, voice tired. "I can only do so much, you know this. But surely these magnificent breasts are large enough for you?"

Stacy smirked "You're right that they are magnificent, but no they are certainly not large enough!" She lowered her head to address her thralls "Mmm, keep going Girls, that feels wonderful" Her roommates did as instructed, not ceasing their groping and massaging of her now truly immense breasts.

Bill said nothing for a moment, as he considered his options. "Very well" he said. Slowly he began to slide his tentacles free of her nipples. "I shall return when I'm ready once more"

Bill froze as he felt the weight of her mind upon his, forcing him into submission. "Don't even think about it, you silly little Alien" Stacy said with a grin. "You're not going anywhere until I think I'm big enough. So just get comfortable atop my cleavage, and let me know when you're ready to go again. I've got a *lot* of growing to do!"

One Week Later

With a silent zip, John emerged from hyperspace floating just outside of the Earth's atmosphere. It'd been a few weeks since he and Maya had left earth and they were close to running out of supplies for her. She'd offered to come with him to help get stuff, but since they'd left, he'd filled her womb with spawn daily, and so he doubted she could even stand up at her current size, let alone walk.

She'd given him a thorough list of items to acquire, and so without another thought he shot down towards the Earth, moving at an incredible speed. Some of the items she'd requested were specific goods from the stores of her hometown, and so he angled his descent in the direction of Crown Hill.

He broke through the clouds like a meteor, above the town. He'd already mapped out his route, and so altered his course to direct himself to the first store. He was only a few hundred feet off the ground when he halted in the air.

His senses detected something...something they shouldn't have. There was another psychic presence here in the town, bearing a similar pattern to one of his own kind. It was highly unlikely that another of his species would've come here so soon after him...But...was it possible that perhaps they'd accidentally left one behind?

John shot off into the night in the direction of the psychic presence. He stopped outside an apartment building, sensing that the presence was inside on the top floor. Slipping in through the ductwork in the rooftop, he emerged into the hallway. He quickly found the door which hid the powerful psychic force behind it, and opened it. Luckily it was unlocked. Floating into the room, he was immediately shocked at what he saw.

A woman filled the room to almost its entirety. She sat upon a couch that had been pushed back to the far wall, likely by her own body he reckoned. Her breasts filled the space in front of her, flowing horizontally off of her body and across the room, to where they pressed up against the near wall. Each one bore its weight upon the floor, and was stupendously large, each of them easily five feet across. It was like she had a pair of inflated weather balloons attached to her chest.

She was sitting upright on the couch, eyes closed, mouth slightly open in a drunken smile. Her orange-red hair was loose and floated in the air around her head...not unlike John's own tentacles.

Kneeling on the ground beside the closest massive mammary was a nude woman, with similar coloured hair, though hers was in long braids down her back. Her entire body was pressed against the side of the massive breast, arms spread eagle to try and touch as much of it as she could. Her mouth was moving, and only after moving closer could John hear what she was saying. It was just one word, being repeated. "Bigger, bigger, bigger..."

John was extremely puzzled. The psychic force that he'd detected was emanating from this woman, not one of his own kind. That shouldn't be possible, humans were not capable of developing such abilities.

"Yeeeeeeessssss" The woman with the impossible bust moaned. Very subtly her breasts shifted, their tops rising slightly, getting just a little bit bigger.

John was still trying to understand what was going on, when a weak voice spoke into his mind. "Father..."

John's eye snapped in the direction that he'd felt it; in between this woman's breasts and the wall. At once he floated over, and using his many tentacles pulled her colossal breasts back from the wall enough that he could find what he was looking for; one of his spawn pinned against the wall, his own tentacles locked within this woman's nipples.

The woman opened her eyes at the unexpected contact. "What...what's going on?! Hey! What are you doing?!"

John's tentacles slithered down in between the wall and retrieved the small alien trapped within. Cradling the weakened creature, he floated up and away, releasing the immense mass of breast flesh he held, letting it crash back into the wall.

"STOP!!!!" Stacy shrieked. "BILL IS MINE!!"

John felt her rage and fury buffet him, but she was untrained, unskilled, all emotion and no finesse. He turned aside her attack like brushing aside a butterfly.

"Hush" His deep voice thundered in Stacy's mind, silencing her assault. "This will only take a moment"

John felt bad for this woman; what had happened wasn't her fault. Before his kind matured they were incredibly powerful, but incredibly vulnerable. Before they can learn to control it, any psychic bond is dangerous, for both parties. Dangerous for the spawn as they lacked the ability to withstand the will of those they bond with; their connection may have started off as mutual, but overtime this woman and her desires would override that of the spawn. Dangerous for the woman as the spawn would be unable to control the intensity of the desires impelled upon her. John reckoned that his spawn had desired for this woman's breasts to be bigger, but that desire had doubled over on itself within her mind, spiralling out of control.

"Bill!" Stacy cried "Come back to me, Bill!"

Within John's grasp he felt his spawn stir and attempt to hover away, eager to fulfil her commands. John held him tight, and then reached out with his mind finding the connection between her and his son. Then with a simple thought, he erased it and all memory of Bill from her mind. The eyes of the woman on the couch rolled back in her head as she collapsed forward unconscious, head resting upon the wide shelf of her impossible bust.

John released the spawn, no longer under Stacy's command, and floated away. "Time to Go"

Bill hovered in the air a moment watching her still form. She was beautiful, she was magnificent, she was a goddess. And she'd almost destroyed him. "Goodbye, Stacy" Bill whispered, then whooshed out the open door, shutting it behind him.

THE END

EPILOGUE

Stacy awoke to find her face resting on something warm and soft...something that smelled like her. She lifted her head, eyes blinking as she struggled to make sense of what she saw. She was in her apartment, on their couch, that much she knew, but the rest of the picture was absurd.

All of her vision was dominated by a sea of flesh, which, as her senses returned, she realized was all her. Her breasts were impossibly massive, flowing off her chest and across the room in every direction. The sensation was intoxicating, billions of nerve endings across her enormous expansive bust, tingling. She could feel her nipples, ten feet away from her pressed up tight against the far wall.

"What...how...Jesus" She muttered as she looked down at herself. This shouldn't be possible, and yet, here she was. It was like something out of a bizarre dream. Maybe even a nightmare...So why wasn't she panicking? Why did she have the strange feeling that she actually really liked them...

In her mind she felt something twitch as she realized she could sense that two people laid on the ground nearby, beside her. She didn't know how she could tell they were there, but she could. She took a stab in the dark and guessed that these two mysterious presences were here roommates.

"Girls?" She said, voice unsteady.

On either side of her, her roommates suddenly stood up, peering at her over her bust.

"Yes, Mistress" they said in unison.

"Mistress?" Stacy said, eyebrows lifting in shock. "What the fuck?"

"What do you desire, Mistress?" They asked, voices one.

Stacy stared at them sceptically. They were acting really strange, was this some kind of joke?

"Do either of you know what happened? How I got this way?" She asked, gesturing to each of her gargantuan tits.

"No, Mistress. All we know is that we are to serve you" They replied.

"Serve me?" Stacy asked. "What do you mean?"

"We will do anything for you, Mistress"

"Anything?" She said incredulously.

"Yes, Mistress"

Stacy could feel them in her mind, their loyalty like two threads that connected them to her. She was very confused, but also very intrigued.

“Ok...I’ve got an itch on my left boob, like...I dunno, like four feet out” Stacy said.

Immediately her sister turned and reached out and began to scratch the top of her flesh.

“Oooh, a little to the left. Ahhh...Thank you” Stacy said. “So...you’ll really do anything?”

“Yes, Mistress” They repeated.

Stacy smiled devilishly. She didn’t know what had happened to her roommates, or how she’d grown these massive tits, but...She figured she would try and make the best of it.

THE END