



“What? Oh, yeah... so if you wanna know why I’m here and why I look like this, it’s a pretty weird story, actually... so anyway, uh... I used to be just this regular dude just a few months ago, believe it or not...? One day I stopped by here to grab a burger and fries... next day, I started craving the same thing again, so I stopped by again... I ate here every day all week, once a day... next week, twice a day... finally I’m up to three times a day, I just can’t get enough, y’know? My body just starts to NEED it, I guess, dunno what the deal was... and on top of that, uh... just a few days after I first grabbed a bite here, my body starts CHANGING, I guess...? It’s like... I get a lot shorter, I grow a unicorn horn and a tail, I turn into a girl... it’s almost like all the stuff I’m eating here is fueling everything, but I just can’t help it, I can’t stop eating here, I just crave it so bad... then, even worse... my ass and especially my boobs start getting WAY bigger from all the calories I guess, I dunno... even though I still got a pretty thin waist? All the fat just goes STRAIGHT to my ass and tits. I dunno... so now I gotta wear like this super-huge, like, reinforced custom Q cup bra, but it pulls ‘em up into this big ol’ heavy shelf that sticks out WAY too far and keeps getting in my way and banging into stuff... plus these straps are MURDER on my shoulders and my poor back... but yeah, anyway, I just kept coming here so much that the manager (he’s SUPER smart, y’know he used to be some kinda biotech researcher or somethin’ before he started working here...?) finally just offered me a job and a discount on all my meals here... What? The manager? ... Yeah, we’re seeing each other right now, but keep what you saw on the DL, ok? This frickin’ body keeps getting so damn horny all the time, it really helps havin’ a

guy like him around to help relieve some of the pressure... he's REALLY great at milking me too, it builds up real quick especially after I eat and it just aches and aches until he... did I just say all of that out loud?? Sorry, ever since these changes started it's just been getting harder and harder for me to think straight... anyway, strangest thing... I found out yesterday the manager was, like, SUPER into images of pony girls with mega-huge tits WAY before we ever even met... weird coincidence, eh...?"

"Anyway, here's your usual. You sure have been packing those away lately! You said your name's Lucas, yeah? ... See you this afternoon, hun."

### THREE WEEKS LATER

Lucia showed up for breakfast at her favorite restaurant at the usual time – right when she woke up. She could hardly contain her excitement... or her boobs for that matter, which had definitely gained another cup size or two since she'd purchased her last bra over the weekend (a P cup, custom order, rush delivery); they were absolutely straining against the reinforced orthopaedic material, bulging up like wobbly bags of fleshy dough and spilling generously over the overtaxed cups wedged tight beneath her T-shirt. She was excited because today was the day the manager she'd heard so much about was getting back from his important (yet oddly mysterious) business trip, and she couldn't wait to finally meet him!

When she'd first discovered that her time remaining as "Lucas" was waning rapidly (based on a wealth of... unusual information gleaned from talking with assistant manager Bobbie about three weeks back), Lucia felt a little embarrassed to recall that she'd panicked initially. At that time she'd still been male, alarmed by several hitherto-unexplained bodily changes such as loss of height and genital size and a pair of lumps that had started to develop on her tailbone and forehead... she'd even tried to force herself to stop eating at her favorite restaurant for a whole evening, which seemed pretty silly in retrospect. Lucia shook her head. How ridiculous she'd been back then! She remembered the agony of trying to deny herself her own burgeoning needs, the guilt and confusion of dreaming about her favorite food only to wake up and realize that she was in fact somehow already at her favorite restaurant, eating her usual favorite meal...

After a week of struggle, Lucia gradually came to accept her own desires and body as her own, including her newfound femininity and her beautiful unicorn horn and gorgeous tail. Sometimes she'd lapse and get depressed and think of herself as "Lucas" for a little while and wish things were more like how they used to be, but fortunately those times were getting much less frequent nowadays. As her body continued to blossom, soon enough she could barely contain her giddiness as she wondered just how cool and smart the man behind all her changes must be. She kept counting the days until she could meet him in person, and made sure to eat an extra helping of her favorite meal every day just to try and catch up with Bobbie in the tig-ol'-biddies department. Lucia's bust ballooned rapidly, going from a B cup to a JJ cup in only a week, with her plump little ass filling out nicely right along with her burgeoning bosom. Now, after at least a couple weeks of growth, she probably needed a QQ or an R cup, at least. She also gradually lost the focus to keep writing software at her remote position as a phone app developer (plus her massive bust getting in the way was really starting to make using a computer keyboard difficult). She was fired a couple days ago, but she wasn't too worried. She was going to ask for a job at the restaurant when the manager returned so she could be close to a guy as cool & smart as him and the restaurant and fast food that she loved. Lucia couldn't wait to make a good impression on her new soon-to-be boss!

Today was the day. Lucia rested her heavy breasts – each lobe now easily about twice as big as her skull – on a table in the dining room, eagerly awaiting her interview with the boss. They quivered with brownian motion against the hard surface of the table in time with her every breath. The drive over had been just a teensy bit harrowing, mainly because her 14+ inch protruding bust kept rubbing up against the steering wheel and getting in the way, which was annoying. The bigger these brimming babyfeeders got, the harder everyday activities seemed to be becoming. She'd even had to give up playing guitar, they were just WAY too big for her to be able to position and hold the instrument comfortably at all! Lucia sighed; ah well... She reached down past her stretched T-shirt deep into her canyon of cleavage to adjust the absorbent pads squeezed tight against her cherry-sized nipples. Her breasts had started lactating just a few days ago, and the pressure from the milk buildup was making her boobs feel swollen and uncomfortable... not to mention leaky. She giggled when she remembered Bobbie hinting that the manager would often "help her out" with this particular issue. Lucia felt herself flush red and heat up. Where WAS this guy?

Jack, the manager, stepped out of his office and smiled. There she was in the flesh, waiting impatiently at her table with her unnaturally massive bovine tits spread out on the table, flicking her big pony ears and nervously stroking her long, luscious tail – his second test subject.

Lucia stood up instantly, sending her big boobs into a jiggle fit as she strode over to the man she'd been excited to meet for weeks to shake his hand and introduce herself. She hoped he noticed how trim and fit her waist was in counterpoint to her wide, welcoming hips, juicy ass, and unnaturally gargantuan tits. She was PROUD of her erotic hyper-exaggerated hourglass figure, and bursting with excitement to show it off to the man responsible for its present shape. She coyly brushed the tips of her chest against his stomach when she shook his hand, nearly melting with nervous excitement as she noticed the obvious erection straining up against the crotch of his slacks.

"Come to my office," he said, whispering into her big pony ear. "Now."

Lucia complied.

Bobbie was there too, playing with her hair and waiting patiently, wearing only a bra and panties. Her breasts looked even more swollen than the last time Lucia had seen them, and she could tell by her own experience that they needed badly to be milked.

Jack motioned to Lucia. "Take it off."

"A-all of it...?"

"Leave on your underwear. Let's take our time..."

Lucia complied.

Soon, Bobbie and Lucia stood side-by-side, trembling slightly from all the bare flesh exposed to the cool air-conditioned air. Jack smiled. They looked like sisters – their lewd figures, height, mane, tail & skin color, and especially the colossal size of their breasts were all in the same ballpark, clearly cut from the same genetic cloth. Jack stepped over to Lucia and reached out to inspect the quality of his bio-engineered handiwork, gently squeezing the fatty top-half of one bloated lobe of breastflesh. Lucia inhaled sharply.

"Does that hurt?"

She nodded. "A little..." She squirmed. "They're really, um... sensitive and swollen up... I think it's because of all the... m-milk I've been producing..." She blushed.

"I can help you with that," Jack calmly reassured her. Lucia looked up shyly and smiled.

Jack's hands explored the rest of Lucia's body, admiring his own ingenuity, feeling his own sexual desire mount as his second masterpiece quivered to feel his fingers trace her succulent curves, squeezing her ample ass, pinching her taut waist, and toy with her horselike tail. Cradling the nape of her neck, Jack kissed her lips, sending a shockwave down Lucia's spine. Her body was clearly programmed to be especially receptive to her maker's attentions.

Jack stood back, watching his two pony-girl sex slaves shiver dutifully for a few seconds, savoring the moment.

"Take your bras off."

Lucia and Bobbie exchanged glances. They complied.

Both women reached back to unhook their extra-strength bras, then slipped the hard, lacy watermelon-sized cups out from under their own overripe melons. Bobbie deftly seized her bloated breasts in tightly crossed arms and cupped hands, gripping them tightly before they could fall, but Lucia, still somewhat unaccustomed to their sheer size, weight, and ponderous girth, nearly lost her balance as her huge teardrop-shaped knockers slapped unceremoniously against her chest wall, knocking the wind out of her, wobbling about gelatinously, finally hanging down well past her bellybutton, tickling the tops of her thighs and tugging at her torso painfully.

"Oof!" she grunted through grit teeth.

Lucia shuddered from the sensation of the cool air teasing her exposed, erect nipples, quickly miming Bobbie in collecting her unwieldy breasts as best she could up against her chest with her arms and hands. It was a struggle – not only were they fully as heavy as two basketball-sized water balloons, they were nearly as difficult to control, spilling out of every available gap in her slender, feminine grip. Lucia looked down. Two fat squishy mounds of titflesh all but swallowed her field of vision, bulging up past her collarbone from the pressure of her squeezing arms, the palms of her tiny hands cradling the huge plump nubs of her wide, tender, blood-saturated areolae. The stretched surface of her overtaxed skin was strained to translucence – she could see vague networks of veins throbbing mutely within her breast tissue, feeding their ampleness with further growth-nutrients. A vast fissure of cleavage extended from her navel to the base of her throat, the phenomenal breadth of her overflowing womanly burdens swallowing the whole of her diminutive torso.

Jack licked his lips. Lucia felt his rude gaze drinking her in, twitching expectantly as a sultry, sumptuous wetness tickled her inner thigh behind her lace panties.

Jack sat down in his office chair. "Come over here," he gestured at both of them.

The twin pony-girls obliged, stepping deftly on bare feet across the cold tile floor to stand on either side of their beloved's seated adoration, Lucia at his left and Bobbie on the right. Reaching out, he placed each of his arms across the small of both of their backs, pressing their upper bodies forward with the palms of his hands, prompting them both to lean forward until the hanging sway of their chests practically touched. Jack's left hand moved over to Lucia's right arm, still clutching at her bust, and gently removed it, leaving her left arm to labor with the task of supporting the full weight all on its own for a moment until he grasped the heaving bottom lobe of her right breast. A pent-up burst of milk dripped thickly from her overdriven nipple as he lightly squeezed. Lucia blushed, astonished at the intensity of even the mildest touch against her chest. Jack's lips licked up the droplets of milk, teasing her swollen teats even further with pressure from his tongue. Lucia squealed involuntarily. The entire surface of her breasts, and especially her nipples, seemed supernaturally hypersensitive, apparently flushed with an embarrassment of genetically-enhanced nerve-endings.

Bobbie, jealous of the attention her new competition was enjoying, silently glistened with pleasure as her lover's right hand reached up near-automatically to seize her left breast, squeezing it gently and pinching gingerly at her nipple between his thumb and forefinger. Dutifully she used her one free hand to retrieve a nearby empty container, expertly capturing the rich droplets of milk Jack's grip expressed from her chest as the trickle from each girl's mammary glands burgeoned into a viscous stream of warm motherly bounty. Both girls began to moan gracefully with pleasure.

Lucia felt the painful overabundance of her supersaturated ducts starting to ease up as her lover continued to suckle greedily at her chest. Her entire body was shaking. The sensation of her own milk flowing into her lover's mouth was indescribable, pushing her to the brink of orgasm. Glancing across Jack's lap to her doppelganger, it was visibly obvious that Bobbie's bliss mirrored her own. Lucia's knees nearly gave out as Jack pressed his face further into her chest, sucking ever-more greedily as his partner's pleading utterances reached a soprano register.

Once Jack made sure the lobules of each girl's nearest breast were fully drained, he gestured for them to switch sides. Ensuring things remained fair, he now clasped his lips to Bobbie's remaining bosom on the left while manually milking Lucia's remaining still-full udder on the right. Lucia, out of inexperience, forgetting to catch her own fluid byproduct in the container as Bobbie had, accidentally allowed it to drizzle onto the tile floor and Jack's slacks for a moment. Through periodic flashes of leg-wobbling pleasure, she managed to grab the container and position it just in time before her left nipple reached its fullest flow at the mercy of Jack's increasingly rough manipulations.

Jack slapped Lucia's ass. The taut flesh of her booty wobbled for a moment, sending a ripple effect through her whole body, causing her tremendous breasts to jiggle gratuitously in her lover's grip. She groaned sonorously.

"Listen to you, you sound like a fucking cow," Jack teased. Lucia grinned. For whatever reason, she loved when he talked to her like that.

Finally, both pony-girls had been thoroughly milked. Lucia breathed a sigh of relief, tempered only by the faint knowledge in the back of her mind that her boobs would only fill right back up again within an hour or so of eating her next meal. For now, at least, she marveled at the tingling sense of relaxation radiating from deep within the lobes of her breasts – a staggering contrast to the bracing, painfully-bloated swollen feeling she'd nearly grown accustomed to over the past several days.

Lucia stood up straight, feeling the sides of her breasts and lifting them up one-at-a-time with both hands. Still super-heavy, she thought, and STILL a fair bit bigger than they had been only yesterday... How much bigger were these things going to get? They really were absurdly gigantic already, and more than a nuisance to be forced to lug around in front of her all day... She thought about how difficult it was already to navigate their excessive bulk around everyday objects like countertops and doorframes (she'd accrued a number of faint bruises across the bottom halves of her breasts embarrassingly recently), not to mention all the stares and unwanted attention her body seemed to magnetize in its direction no matter where she went... In just the past 3 days alone, she'd had to turn down four or five rude offers for dates or sex from men who approached her from across the room after leering blatantly for minutes at a time... Now that she really thought about it for the first time, she was tired of being ogled like a piece of meat, tired of being a mere object in the minds of men to be possessed and used...

Suddenly, standing there topless in the cold office air, Lucia's heart twinged with daggers of doubt. She felt totally alone and bewildered. What the hell was she doing here? What the hell had she become? Some genius jackass's lifesize fantasy sex-doll...?

Lucas's cold heart pumped malevolent, nutrient-rich, growth-stimulating blood into an alien, monstrous upper torso that threatened his very existence.

Jack looked up at Lucia's distant apprehensive face as he stroked the small of Bobbie's back like she was his pet cat. She cooed brainlessly. A flicker of disgust crossed Lucia's face – Jack saw. The ghost of a cruel, knowing grin seized the corners of his lips.

"Bobbie, dear, take off my pants for me... there's a good girl... it's time for Lucy here's interview proper..."

Bobbie dropped to her knees instantly, unfastening her master's belt with a studied dexterity even as the hanging bulk of her bosom flopped unceremoniously, bouncing gratuitously between her exposed chest wall and Jack's shins. Bobbie pulled down his slacks and his underwear, releasing a sizable erection to spring up gleefully from its imprisonment, fully ready to test the mettle of its newest mistress.

Lucy's body seized up with instinctual fascination on sight of Jack's fully-loaded cock. As what remained of Lucas screamed in protest from her cerebral lobe, the Lucia in her brainstem steered her step briskly in the direction of her waiting lover. She stooped down, unable to release her gaze from the hypnotic sway of Jack's swollen member. Bobbie sidled out of the way as her "younger sister" knelt in her stead, mesmerized. Lucy's arms negotiated the space around her long, full, hanging breasts, reaching up to feel the cylinder of Jack's big strong manhood gently in the girlish palms of her tiny hands. She wanted to worship it, to consume it, utterly...

At once, she had an idea. Grasping the undersides of her troublesome bust, she heaved her considerable assets upwards onto Jack's lap with a fleshy SLAP and began to manipulate their fatty bulk about the shaft of his cock, squeezing his dick and rubbing it mindlessly between her breasts. Her cleavage nearly swallowed it, but the tip was still visible. In a trance, Lucy's head bobbed forward, licking and teasing the tip of his penis before taking Jack fully into her mouth, feeling her body ease into the animal rhythm of pleasing her beloved partner with every fiber of her feminine will.

Jack started to moan softly. Lucy's mind soared with glee – he LIKED her!

Lucy continued massaging her lover's penis for several minutes, using her mouth and tits as if she were born to please Jack and Jack only until she couldn't take it any more – she NEEDED to feel him inside her.

Lucy stood up abruptly – so abruptly that the bouncing motion of her breasts nearly disrupted her equilibrium. Suddenly, fighting against the incorrigible rebounding motion of her supersized knockers just to remove her panties, kicking the lacy pair off into the corner of the room with one foot, she mounted Jack hungrily, pressing her boobs up against his face as she drew her hindquarters down over his waiting lap. She felt the twinge of his cock against the outer lips of her pussy and bristled. She leaned forward, smothering Jack further beneath the sheer squashed weight of her chest. Each lobe dwarfed his head, double the size of his cranium in sheer volume. He said something, but it was fully muffled by titflesh.

"What's that dear?" Lucia asked, feeling powerful and in-control all of a sudden.

In response to her smug voice, Jack seized the sides of her shapely hips rudely and plunged his cock deep into her pussy. Lucy's haughtiness vanished instantly as she was reduced to squeals of ecstatic pleasure. So THIS was what sex as a woman felt like? Never in her life had she EVER experienced ANYTHING like this before...!

Jack continued to use her as his lifesize cocksleeve, forcing himself up into her lubricated slit and exploring the entire surface of her body with his wandering hands as he fucked, controlling her hips and positioning his grip perfectly to feel the succulent contrast between her tight tiny waist, broad pelvis, and bounding voluptuous ass, suckling the massive bouncing globes of her breasts as he reamed her for all she was worth. Lucy's eyes rolled into the back of her head and she started to drool. Bobbie, meanwhile, stood at the head of Jack's office chair, draping her own overstuffed bosom over Jack's head as he violently bucked against his newer partner from below.

"That's enough – get off," he commanded suddenly after several minutes. Lucy did not obey – she continued greedily humping his dick, her more-than-P-cup breasts flopping about his face in fitful slaps. "Get OFF, I said!" Jack pushed her off.

Dismounting his dick and standing up, her whole body shaking and her nervous system still aflame. Lucy pouted. "What's wrong? Wasn't I being a good girl?" Her voice was trembling.

What the hell was she saying? Why was she talking like that? Faintly in the recesses of her mind, Lucas become conscious once more – trapped in a prison of a forced parody of femininity.

Jack stood up, his dick jutting out at a right angle to his masculine physique. “On the floor,” he ordered. “All fours.”

Lucy complied, her bodily instincts ignoring the gnawing fear growing in the part of her brain that was still Lucas. Feeling the huge, dangling jackfruit-sized teardrops of her humiliatingly massive breasts brush the surface of the ice-cold floor as she held herself up precariously on her hands & knees, a dark shame welled up within her – a hopeless feeling of being trapped in a body that had totally usurped her former mind and personality, only to transfigure her core essence into that of a pathetic sex-crazed bimbo. Lucas struggled to seize control of what was once his body, struggling to command the curvy, excessively-top-heavy prostrate form to stand up, get dressed, to seek help, something, ANYTHING but this... before...

Jack slid his pulsating erection into the waiting grasp of Lucy’s pussy from behind, electrifying her super-sensitive genetically-enhanced nerve-endings at once. Her upper-body strength gave way immediately, sending her face toppling to the floor as she caught herself with her elbows. Now, her juicy ass wiggled irresponsibly in the air as her partner rutted her figure disgracefully, tugging her to and fro against the floor as she gasped with desperate pleasure. Her prodigious breasts splayed out like bloated pancakes flattened against the tile, from Jack’s perspective sprawling out hugely – nearly a foot in either direction – from the thin, elegantly girlish curvature of her cola-bottle-shaped backside. Bobbie, simmering with jealousy, nonetheless sat down on the floor next to her ecstasy-gripped sister and stroked her back encouragingly as Jack continued plunging the full force of his libido into Lucy’s impossibly tight, wet womanhood.

Lucy wailed with pleasure.

“Look at you,” mocked Jack. “Look at those FAT tits... all sprawled out... this little body of yours is just MADE for fucking, isn’t it? You just CAN’T help it, can you...?”

Lucy squealed in assent.

The chafing pain of her raw nipples being raked in short bursts across the linoleum combined with the shuddering rapturous violence blazing in her pussy blended together into an undifferentiated mass of pure undulating sensation – absolute terror and bliss fusing into a singular pulsation of apocalyptic pleasure/pain. Lucas howled in protest, his existential terror melting together with Lucy’s pure sexual bliss as a wave of annihilating pure energy rippled through every cell in their collective body, a body perfectly tuned and programmed for total unity with the desires of a preordained mate... Lucas shrieked for it all to stop, powerless to stop anything as his consciousness disintegrated in wave after wave of mind-searing pleasure, Lucy’s pussy surging with orgasm after orgasm as her lover’s ejaculating rod shot its load deep into her reproductive system, shattering her brain into a thousand shards, never to be the same again...

Lucy screamed with breathless joy at the top of her lungs as her body gave out entirely, collapsing into a sweaty heap, naked on the floor, her breasts squashed obscenely against the tile into broad, flattened flesh-pillows bearing the full load of her upper body. Her whole body ached. Jack withdrew his member, smirking and sweating with his own deep satisfaction.

When Lucy finally stood up, Lucas was gone forever.

Exhausted, Lucy slid on her panties, struggling to corral the cumbersome bulk of her unruly genetically-enhanced (and still growing! she thought cheerfully to herself) chest into the dual-infant-sized cups of her still-definitely-too-small-for-her P-cup bra, fastening the heavy-duty clasp on the back with some difficulty. Under the renewed pressure of thick overloaded bra-straps, her shoulders buckled, upsetting her sense of balance and yanking her posture forward for a moment until she reoriented herself, leaning back slightly and feeling the burden of their great weight distribute itself uncomfortably across the straining musculature of her overmatched back. Her bra material audibly creaked from the difficulty of retaining her bust. The whole fat, wobbling, spilling, burdensome mass of breast shelf once again juttied out a truly impressive 14 inches (at least) from her torso, literally taking her breath away as she found herself breathing in shallow, shortened breaths from the sheer elephantine load of her bra-holstered “assets” wedged up against her chest, suppressing her lungs. These things really are super-inconvenient and annoying, she reflected, steering her obtrusive bust with conscious focus to avoid slamming herself into a nearby lamp... but Lucy smiled. After all, it was all worth it –

For Jack...!

From across the room, Lucy and Bobbie saw each other struggling with the same top-heavy girl problems and smiled in solidarity of purpose. Sidling over to stand next to one another, facing their mutual lover as one, the two fat-chested hourglass-figured pony-girls leaned in seductively, pressing their elbows together to maximize their already inconceivable cleavage

and shimmying their tails with girlish glee behind them, taunting playfully, thrusting the twin wobbly masses of their elbow-squashed gargantuan breasts upwards into his face.

“So... how’d I do on the interview?” Lucy cooed coyly.

“Yeah boss, did she get the job?” echoed Bobbie. “Also, um... I’m gettin’ fucked next, right? Soon, please? PLEASE say yes...!” she begged.

Jack smiled at his twin mega-busty pony-girl partners. What he was doing with his bio-engineering talents was “wrong”, sure... maybe even EVIL – probably.

But DAMN, did it feel good...

**END**