

Tits for brains: Sleepover

"OoOoOOOOHHGGmmMMOOOOOOOREEEE!!!"

The bizarre creature roars bestially.

Over the last whirlwind half a year the girl formerly known as Megan had become little more than a screaming accessory hanging from a pair of gargantuan, growing, hungry, living monstrosities. She had devolved into life support for a pair of unnatural, orgasmic abominations. Their labyrinthine nervous system had overwhelmed and enslaved the poor short-stack and now used her brain to think their slow, ponderous thoughts. She and They had never felt such body euphoria, bimboized into immobility by wild, primal desire.

You had been relocated by a research organization to a tropical, 70s bond villain style house. They had taken some samples, wished you luck, and left. Her room was a round 50-foot hangar with floor to ceiling windows and a central lowering platform for boats or submarines. This allowed her semi-free reign to bathe luxuriously in the waterfall fed lagoon below.

What she lacked in mobility she made up for in erotic thrall. You were endlessly fascinated by the monstrous mammaries and their slow, inexorable, terrifyingly sensual growth.

She wakes each morning atop her mounds as tiny sensations begin to snowball. First, a tingling followed by a whole-body hyper awareness. From there every little involuntary twitch and jiggle of her mounds added mounting, moaning tenderness. At this size once subtle vibrations of milk and fat are gurgling thunder, sending rippling waves across her horizons. Fat cells swell and the massive weight accumulates. She gasps and hisses at cold metal as the blobs slowly, aching, ooze outward. Thick blue veins pop out, constricting her straining expanse. Her clit throbs a huge hot strawberry, helplessly swollen by near constant arousal, now used to fuck her fathomless cleavage, mirrored a billion times in mitosis as cells struggle to keep up with the demanding, forceful growth spurts.

The girl regains awareness in brief rushes of vertigo so the Tits may bathe in her erotic horror. She cries out in depraved, disbelieving terror, struggling against the Tits clumsy puppetry of her thick little body. Desperately clawing, slapping, jiggling, and fucking themselves, mounting the breathlessly sensual feeling of losing control, crushed by her own weight, amplifying her sweet torment! Her elongated, mutant nipples, now her primary sense organs, pulsed, fattened, unforgivingly erect into tight, pink rockets. They begin drooling and then spurting a creamy mist, wobbling in a slow and heavy rhythm to the mounting pressure. She sweats despite the cold, the air thickens with her sweet smell, micro-ecologies and heavy pheromones. The luscious, exquisite play of pleasure and pain building and building, riotously sensitive, raw electric nerves of want, punishing her mercilessly for her glorious sins. She mounts the highest peak, floating in torture, before finally

crashing down in a long, masochistic climax of supernatural ecstasy, her screams echo in the dawn.

There was no telling how big she would get; the process was self-sustaining now. A feedback loop of depravity.



"Morning, Tiny-tits"

You said to the poor beached creature, swollen and flushed an angry red, grotesquely fascinating. You could feel waves of heat from across the room, veins and stretch marks crawl across the too-tight vastness. Her nipples quiver and harden as they sense you, you felt their slow undulating, wobbling, awareness.

You softly explore the titanic bovine curvature of the creatures, coming at last to the tiny, depraved nympho anchored there, softly shivering, basking in the afterglow of endless nirvana. Bedhead covered her eyes, her face showed only button nose and lips overinflated to permanent pout, panting bestially in the aftershock. You carefully wielded a 5-gallon jug of thick oil. The labcoats had left barrels of the stuff after they took samples, a hyper-nutritious mutant fenugreek derivative, absorbed directly into the breasts "To ease the process".

You teased her, then, the quivering mountains of sentient tit, whatever. Holding out the jugs and hesitating, drawing out her delicious suffering. The titmonster throbbed in anticipation.

"Hmm, lookin' a bit small today?" you titillate while they panted and jiggled in glee.

"Do you think you girls really deserve this?"

She was right on the edge and could only whimper.

The first splash of oil was enough for her to boobgasm, coming in sweet release.

It took an hour of gentle pouring and massage before the spheres were covered, Megan mewling in increasing relief as you nibble, pinch, and press your hard body around the mass.

Finally, the oil-glazed girl glistened golden in the steamy sunrise.

Your situation was... alien. Routine dirty talk helped normalise it but truth be told you were frightened, what had you both become? What was at the end of all this? The part of your brain that said "That's too big, actually" was missing or broken by her gravity. Her fragrant pheromones filled the house and left you in a near perpetual dopamine daze of arousal, you were both slaves to her size, prisoners to Them.

Her head tilted at you, stoned eyes crossed and rolled back into her head, plump, wet lips parted and drooling, sucking anything that went near. Her face had stuck in permanent phases of bimbo lust. You weren't sure how conscious she was in there, but she sure looked happy. She gropes blindly for you, your painfully hard cock strains, grown to a pornstar 10 inches by the Megan-thing's milk. You allow her lithe fingers to wrap around your length and pull you into a turgid embrace, you grope and massage the thick slut in return. She swayed her stacked badonkadonk back and forth, hips widened and pussy plumped in seeming anticipation of your girth, she grinds against

you in a clumsy sensual dance, tugging against jiggling, immobilizing ten-ton tits.

Tenderly you take her against herself, her hands and knees sinking into the wall of flesh, her obsession, her perfect living pleasure prison consuming her. She laps at her oiled cleavage, feeding the milk-monsters, muffled grunting and moaning as you breed her deeply. Her uberplump, hungry pussy greedily attempts to devour you, lustily sucking at your endless inches, you stretch her out completely and then some, near splitting her in half! Your fist-sized testicles are stress-balls, smacking her with each ravishing thrust, sending waves through her bouncing and crushing her deeper between you and herself, tittyfucking her whole thick little body, impaling her deeper into the embrace of her fatness.

"UGH-OOGA-GUuUHH!!!" She grunt-moans gutturally. Almost entirely nonverbal now, her speech had devolved into insane, pleasure crazed bimbo some time ago.

"OH DaDaDaddyyyah!... Y u do this too me??... Y tittiez gwowow so BIG!?" She giggled maniacally, her slurred voice dripping

with lust, she licked her swollen, sensitive lips, even talking was pleasure.

"Ple FFUK. sOOOO DUMB!... MAS-SIVE... FAT! COW! SLUT!" The depraved animal moans between hammering thrusts.

the pressure in your testicles built, seeing her struggle, she had done this to herself - willingly, enthusiastically submitted to desire and grown these

freakishly vast fuckbags. You had helped of course, forcing her larger in times of doubt until she had become a mindless tit-addict, udderly corrupted, trapped by her own monstrous creations.

She squirts around your shaft, you lose control and let loose. A torrent of hot cum roars into her, your head rushes as your whole-body plunges through hot ice and cold fire, the world crumbles around you and your sense of self disintegrates. You are briefly one with her... one entity like a bee and a flower, you are the mobile part... You live to serve your queen. The thoughts pop into your head, unbidden. A blackness and the universe is reborn as you come to...

Weight.

A tyre-sized areola holds a titanic torpedo nipple drooling on your chest as it fills the space between you, leaking hot transmutative milk.

Somehow your lower body had become pinned under the swollen behemoth!

You feel a rush of vertigo at the boobwall towering above, filling your vision!

Megan's voice, heavy and panting lowes:

"MMMOO-ILK... MOOEEE!!! It's taken all your will so far to not latch on and drown yourself on these suckers, each delirious indulgence inches your manhood further into monstrosity... Your huge traitorous cock rubs on the gloriously soft oiled underboob of the cetacean-tit, the pleasure fogging your brain, denying it made you want it more.

Megan moans deeply "Pweeeeee... jus... TASTE..." writhing and twerking on the other side, wiggling to consume more of your body.

You struggle under the ballooning mass of titflesh, the twitching, seeking nipple nuzzles and force-nurses you.

Thick, heavy cream washes over you in an enormous letdown. Overwhelming hot sweetness, your body thirsts for it, you're lost in the moment, rutting and cumming enraptured against the amazing creature.

"YESSSSSS! FEEEEEEED..." Megan growls, thrusting into herself, crushing the weight onto you.

After an eternity the pink pap finally yields as the pressure relieves and you're able to escape into her well-lubricated cleavage, for a moment you linger, stupefied by the steamy magnitude, before slipping to escape.

You don't look back; you flee the steaming dungeon of sex to the ozone smell of clear ocean. Roaring betrayed moans follow you.

The amazing narcotic milk swirls sweetly in your belly, your adrenaline fighting its soporific effects. So far you had managed to milk her safely... a little taste here and there... but that was more milk than you'd ever had. Much, much more...

You change with spare clothes from your car, your cock is the same, for now. You know it's just a matter of time. If you stay calm and don't get turned on you may be able to mitigate the worst of it...

The road to town was thin and precariously close to the edge of a cliff. The breeze is refreshing and you're starting to feel calm again. A sudden flash of blue and red in your rearview pulls you over.

The cop car shakes as an amazon squeezes out, fully 7 foot tall and thick as cream.

The car shakes as coffee-coloured cleavage pours against the window. A dainty fist knocked for you to open up.

"Howdy!" The giantess purrs.

"You the new couple that just moved in right? Be lovely to get to know ya'll, lil wine, lil dancin?" She ground her hips into the car, it rocked softly on the edge.

"Woah! Ya gotta permit for that thing there?"

You look down to see your body had betrayed you again, a half-mast outlined clearly against your leg, fuck, was it bigger already?? Before you can speak the goliath reaches down and begins caressing you with surprising speed and grace for someone so large.

"Quite the concealed weapon" she rumbles in deep, sensual tones as you struggle, hardening against your will. You cried out in protest,

"Shhh boy... let mama make you feel betta... Oh Lord!"

Your cock had reached your knee and was pumping rapidly in it's confines, nearly a foot long already! Panicking, you used the moment to babble about a doctor and put your foot down.

You made it as far as the melons at the supermarket. You'd managed to cool yourself down but a tingling weight remained.

You couldn't help noticing some highschool girls playfully scuffling. And bouncing. Each girl was sporting at least a G cup! Their uniforms were strained hugely, open halfway down with upper buttons missing entirely. They reminded you of when you met Megan.

They caught your eyes and closed in like sharks.

"Hey... umm, would u like, settle a bet for us? ...Who's like,... biggarr?"

"OMG! Trixxi! u slut!"

"Mel? Look at Holly's humongous hooters! Shes gotta be biggest in class, her shirt lyke, barely fits anymore! The girls laughed meanly.

"Guys stop!" Holly squeals blushing crazily at you, trying in vain to cover herself.

Suddenly they were on her, clawed nails raking across exposed flesh, tearing her uniform and releasing a watermelon landslide reined in by an ill-fitting black bra.

"Omg is that ur momz bra??? Ur such whore!"

"It was the only one big enuf!!!" Holly moaned in embarrassment as they groped her.

"I think ur looking a bit small actually! Time for more of mum's pills!!!"

One roughly pulled her hair back while the other forced a hand full of pills down her throat!

"Mmmph!" she choked, gulping them down, desperately clutching her melons with wide-eyed terror before cleavage visibly bulged between her fingers. She gasped for air and began panting as her knees buckled, soft moans escaping as her already huge jugs overflowed the bra.

The others laughed and joined the moaning, groping the poor swelling girl.

A deep, warm, leaden weight was building in your loins, it was happening.

You hurried back but your exit was blocked, two enormous MILFs had gotten stuck trying to pass each other in the aisle! Their huge tracts of land were smashing together, fat cocktail sausage nipples, clearly visible through sheer, stretched fabric, were rubbing insistently on the other's, eliciting hushed moans and half-hearted apology from the large women. Things were falling from shelves as they worked each other into a wobbling, gasping lather.

The weight was insistent, your cock was snaking down your trouser leg, growing in pulses, tight testicles over-filling into softballs, blood rushing down, leaving you lightheaded. Tighter and tighter, it grew, straining against itself, throbbing faster with nowhere left to grow! You dropped to your knees in pleasure and pain as your skin stretched to accommodate the muscle, cried out as arteries constrict your length. The two huge women were now unashamedly making out, smashing each other against the shelves, tearing each other's clothes, moaning obscenely. there was light between their thick thighs, desperately you crawl across the cold floor, dragging your heavy meat,

the gap between the women was a blast furnace, inhaling the heavy pheromones you shudder and groan as you suffer another bout of plumping, twitching and hardening in spasming, asymmetrical bursts.

"MOM!" You hear the busty teens behind you dumbstruck by the spectacle
You are spurred into action, one last struggle, limping and hopping you escape the store.

Outside peak hour had begun, a sea of sun-dappled cleavage. Big bouncing bimbos flooding the street like a Mika fantasy. A police car bounced, steamy as the dark woman filling it eagerly moaned inside. Whatever Megan had; it was spreading.

...

You were taking a moment to recover from the surreal journey in the fern-overgrown courtyard of your house shaded by an enormous banyan tree. A storm building on the horizon.

You took the time to inspect the damage. You were Inhumanly large... thick like some sea mollusc, it took two hands to support your weight. Unreal mangos of testicles overflow your palms.

You thought about leaving, but you felt responsible for Megan, you helped do this after all. Plus, you'd noticed mounting feelings of withdrawal when you were apart.

The thump of a heavy bass was slowly coming closer, synth pop followed as a car pulled into the drive...

2 sets of tits on legs emerged in slow motion. Megans high school friends, Ash and Kitty, the ones who had first started her growth journey way back when.

The platinum haired Kitty strutted out powerfully on pink platform heel boots, torso sized, double Z's bound proudly by pink leather straps.

she carried a long chain that led the cowed Ash by her pierced tits. The victim of Kitty's depraved experiments, she was bent shyly, trying to hide her enormous endowments under an obviously inadequate sheer black kimono. They were easily twice the size of Kitty's and wore heavy black harness with holes for her nips. Both girls sets of massively enhanced breasts bounced and jiggled obscenely, wobbling dangerously out of control.

"What a place!! Megaaaaan, weeere heeere!" Kitty lowered heart shaped sunglasses and tugged roughly on the leash bringing Ash in for a lusty grope. Ash resisted briefly before melting into Kitty's ministrations.

Kitty sashayed toward you and planted a huge kiss right on your mouth with her grossly inflated lips, her hot hungry tongue forcing its way in as she mashed her chest into yours.

"Not bad huh?" Kitty smirked nodding at Ash who was struggling both with their bags and her unwieldy udders.

"Not as good as you and Megs but we've been playing hard to catch up. 'Bout time she got another hit from Tits dontcha think?"

She lisped drool from keyhole lips.

"Mmm you can help don't you worry!"

She winked at your shock and arousal, dragging her clawed nails across her three-foot cleavage before sashaying away. Were you like her? No... Megan had wanted it, revelling in her own mutant subjugation... right?

...

You lugged their bags outside the guest room. The door was open a crack, you were greeted with the sight the two girls softly cradling and whispering to their own breasts. Ash seemed to be in a hushed, pleading argument, Kitty petted and tweaked a nipple, giggling indulgently at something only she could hear. Both lost in their own worlds.

You anxiously waited in your room, hearing silence followed by the explosive squeals and giggling of girlfriends which soon turned to moans. Mercifully, you heard the hydraulic lift engage to take the 6 freaks down to the

beach. Exhausted, you pass out.

...

"Help... me..."

Two huge, dark shapes loom over you, Ash was gently shaking you awake. The bed sank deeply as she slid carefully onto it.

The rain played a loud susurrus on roof and window.

The thicc goth had plumped enormously since her afternoon in the lagoon, force-fed Megan's milk had mutated her already tortured teats into heavy, pale orbs overflowing her lap, barely covered in a sheet.

Your tree-trunk cock hung heavily, lazily over your thigh softly twitching in slow, deep pulses. Your testicles struggle in a swelling, heavy roll.

The pale goth panted urgently:

"Help!... 'me HUGE! Kitty won't stop druggin an a dosin an growin me! She makea me dumb fat cow! Pwease, we havb to escapah!" Her over plumped lips had turned her formally academic elocution into a slurring stripper's.

"Me can't lib like this! Megan an Kitty is insthane! Kitty sayth... she want me bigg ath Tits!!!..."

she shakes her head, overcome. Her body wobbles, the bed shakes as she readjusts, pressing softly into your body.

"OMG thowwy! lth tho harb t comtrowl themb... Me so bouncy! Me bimbo bwain gwow tho thmall, n me lipth sow big n thluttu me can' thepeak! But... mmme can thtill think!" She slurred defiantly.

"Kitty thayth we need thomting else... one more ingredient..."

Her jiggling doesn't stop, instead falling into a gentle rhythm as she unconsciously wiggles

closer, panting heavily as she slowly takes up more of the bed.

"Thometime me... hear them... in dweams... they want to be like... themb!

A flash of lightning a loud rumble of thunder makes her jump, one tremendous jugg bounces loose. Their heavy nipple rings many sizes too large...

"lth not to late! We can leave! Pwease! Me do anythin!"

Her whispers had become urgent, breathy panting, her slow gyrations had gradually pulled the sheet to one side until with a soft swipe of fabric, both pierced torpedos were free.

She gasps as she realises, tries to cover, over balances, and reaches out to steady herself, eyes widening as she accidentally grasps the tit-seeking missile between your legs

"Oopiel!" She blushed deeply in the half-light

"Me... I... Wow..."

She held you in silence for what seemed like ages as you pulsed to full, aching size between you. Your balls had already over-filled their new capacity and were strained tightly, struggling for space.

"We escape ...Me helb you, Me urs" Ash said at last gazing at your meat in awe, trying and failing to take her eyes off it.

"We don' habe to end up like them... we can'p!!"

Fear and pleasure fight on her face as she bobs her head in time with yours, licking her lips.

"Pwease help," she whispers again,

"Me feel... tho... Amasing!... 'm thcared but... But... Mewannabetits!" She babbles before gasping in horror and covering her mouth.

"NO! Me no think thwaight, Ugh need to go!" She groped her jiggling udders trying to stand.

"Oh FUCK-!" She moaned in pleasure and fear as her own electric touch, falling forward onto your overgrown meat

"Ooooooooooh Yaaaaaassssss!" she groans as she struggles against your shaft.

"NOoohhh Help me!

Help Mak me fucka HUGE!

NO! Me mean, Me...

me wanna be a fuck toy!! NO!"

She clutched them, bouncing and begging to them, they jiggled heavily in reply, gyrating her body uncontrollably!

"Jus Gwow an gwow an gwow! Every day! Bigger! Bigger than Megan! Dum bwain go byebye! Jus' TITS! jus' FAT. HORNY. TITS!"

She panted down at her throbbing chest, terrified, losing control of her mind!

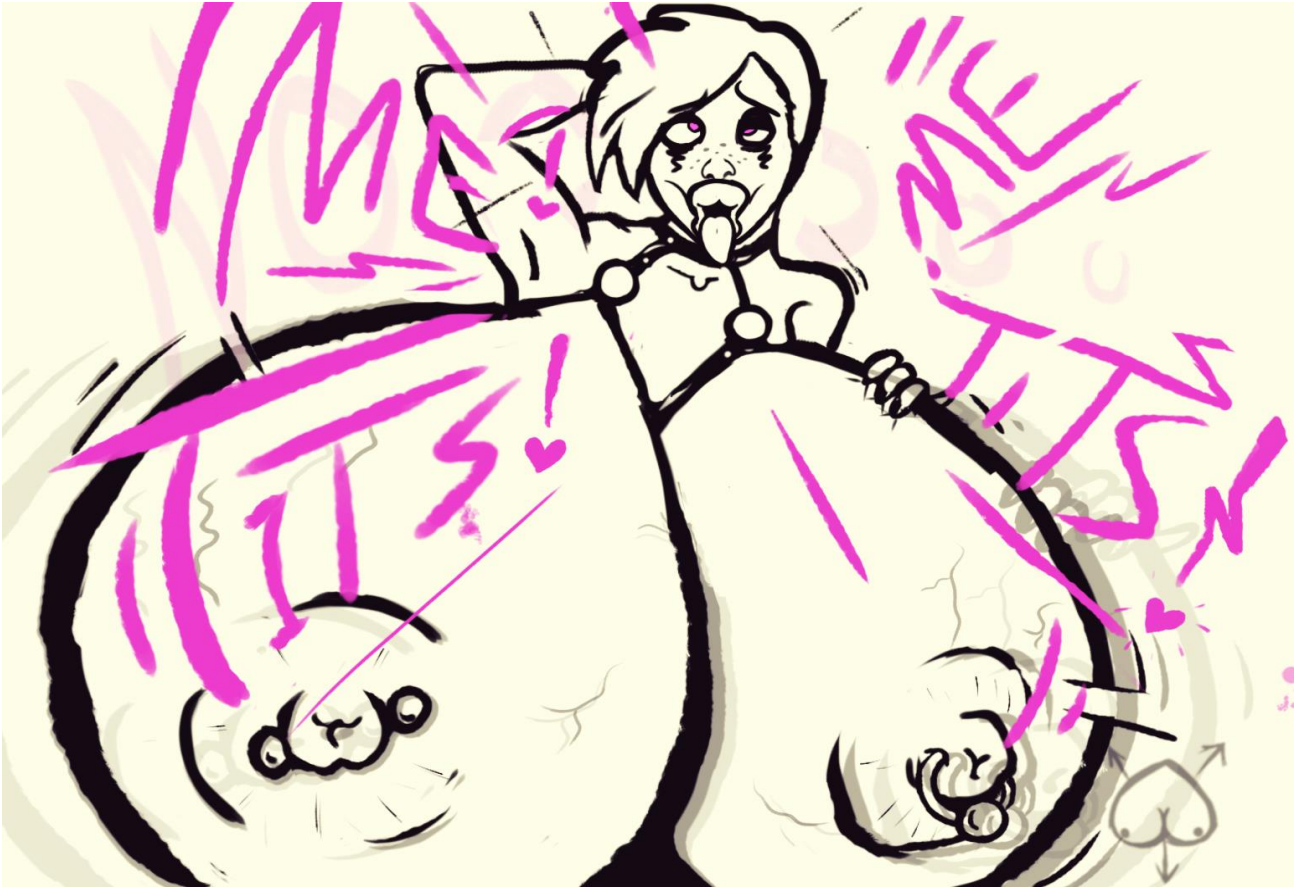
Your grab her huge nipple rings, she arches her back in pleasure, pulling hard! "NOOOOOOHHHYEAAOHAH! Tuuhrn meh intoo TITS DADDY! SLUTTY SLUHTTY TITS! PWEAS, NOOOOOHH! HEEELP MEEEEE!"

Vacillating wildly, arguing with herself she thrashed, your tortured meat spurting against her growth. Her nipples fatten and grow before your eyes, straining against their piercings!

She struggles again before finally clutching her head and bellowing a deep moan, rising into a piercing scream as she transforms. Her cock-hungry body spasmed, her face painted with stupid confused joy.

"O'O'OOHHH! ME... TITS! ... ME! ...TITS! ... ME! ... TITS! The bonkers bimbo begged, bouncing her brain out on your freakish cock, her IQ draining into her plumpening tits!

Your hands spread as she grows with desire, jiggling, flesh flowing rapidly, oozing over your chest. Her spreading weight trapping you both. All you could do was be gloriously raped by the writhing, growing sea of tit.



"NOOOO! SO DUM! M-MOAR!" She screamed even as she disappeared behind her cleavage, clawing desperately as she fell.

She jizzed explosively all over you as her mind shattered. Another rumble of the storm and it was over...

Her cum-drunk eyes rolled lazily. She drooled deeply into her deeper cleavage

her breath laboured under the weight of her heaving udders.

Her body flopped limp, resting on herself. You struggle for several minutes to escape, before cuddling into and passing out half beneath the beautiful sweating behemoths.

Thunder rumbles.

...

Hours pass.

You wake to some kind of deep moan-singing coming from Megan's den... You follow it, your flaccid cock now hangs heavy past your knee. Your balls grown to gravid basketballs. You stumble drunkenly through a blackout.

A huge shape silhouetted by the flash of lightning and instant thunder. There is no Megan, only Boobs. Vast, primal sex mountains, Heaving, inhuman blobs of breast-flesh, breathing deeply, throbbing ominously. They had grown, of course, now resting fully 10 feet tall, looming darkly, dominating the room.

Glowing paint, incense, candles, strange music synced to the deep bass of seismic heart beats and echoing moans. Painted concentric circles, fractal mandalas, plants, stars, and sigils blurred in the smoke and vibration. The ocean roars.

"Like, what u fink of da new world?"

Kitty purrs, emerging from the dark curvature.



She had bloomed also, completing her wobbling transformation into a walking pair of udders.

"Oopie! We so silly, we like, spiked the town when you moved in? Now our sisters r overgrowing their teeny tiny hosts! We r evolving into goddesses!"

Kitty pants with the effort of thought.

"Dis our temple, Megan mon-u-ment to lust, throne of our queendom!"

Her boobies bounce and twitch in rhythm with her words.

"You made her like, sooo happy! You cat-a-lyst for all of this, you unlock potential! Your essence next dose, and next! ginormous boobies shall rule the earf!"

"U be dum-dum cave-men dragg you fat, heavy cock. Feed an bathe an fuck an breed an milk us! Dwain your poor, huge balls! Silly men do anyfink big tiddy girl say, u sexy slave toys!"

Moaning behind you, crawling butt-first on all 4s, the too-thicculated Ash drags her new wrecking ball absurditties. Eyes unfocused, tongue lolling. The zombimbo drools and wobbles at you with a look of uncomprehending accusation and lust.

"Aww poor perfect cow, no mor struggle! you fweel!"

Kitty roughly pulls Ash into a sweaty, open-mouthed pash before moving onto you, her giant tits crush between you, taking you passionately, violently into a tight embrace, one lithe hand snaking down your bodies, simultaneously you feel Ash's hands reverentially cradling the fist-sized head of your manhood slack jawed.

You feel high, the pheromones, incense and blood loss overpowering, no resistance anymore.

Soon your cock is enveloped by 4 needy pumpkins and you are slowly, tenderly aimed at Tits, at the boobhorror. Your balls churn and bounce in anticipation. You think you hear the spectacular, dominating wall of flesh whispering in your mind.

Terror gives way to enlightenment. This was your purpose, your apotheosis. Worship of her. The girls help you to the all-encompassing cleavage. Your cock grown for purpose spears them perfectly. An enormous deep moan begins, rising and rising, taken up by the other two, wobbling through flesh and shaking the room.

You are worked divinely by the sublime infintitties. You had done this, your own creation now devouring you, 6 growing boobs burry you from all sides. A splash and you are all drenched, slick and baptised in warm sweet milk. You feel your mind disintegrating into eroticosmic bliss.

...

The nights of this small seaside town are soft and warm, lit by moonlight and loud with lust.

Girls blimp out atop partners, demanding more, more, more! The tall grew taller, the chubby fattened, thick asses plumped into dumptrucks. Some mutated, growing multiple new teats down their milk lines.

Those who enthusiastically accepted their fate quickly become impossibly huge, hedonistic blobs.

Booblogists in ill-fitting labcoats declared this was just evolution and that, if you looked at the data, the natural state of women was supposed to be floor-bound by dragging bazongas anyway.

Those who resist struggled in vain, growing Ever hornier and more perverted, willpower dissipating, they become bouncy zombimbos wobbling down the streets for relief, fleeing town, spreading the boobocalyptic cult's ever growing caress...

End.