

A Small Price to Pay

OR:
PATRICK
BREEDS

Busty

LESBIAN
MILFS

Fidget

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A Small Price to Pay; or, Patrick Breeds Busty Lesbian Milfs

by Fidget

Chapter 1

Evelyn was lucky it had happened at the club she'd decided to go to that night. She was even luckier that she noticed when it happened, because it was so subtle and over so quickly that if she hadn't been paying attention, she would have missed it completely.

The only reason she'd noticed it at all is because she was preparing to go hit on the cute little blonde herself, but before she could make her move an average-looking guy sidled up next to her and gently placed his hand on her bare arm.

The girl, who looked to be in her mid-twenties, recoiled automatically at the unwanted touch, but, to Evelyn's surprise, she soon calmed down and seemed to take the contact in stride.

Even more oddly, the girl didn't move a muscle as the man bent down toward her ear, and by straining her hearing, Evelyn was barely able to make out parts of what he said to her: "... most attractive man you've ever... ...desperately... ...make out with me."

Evelyn smirked, expecting the cute blonde to jerk her arm away and send him packing, which would give the thirty-year-old lesbian the perfect opportunity to swoop in and commiserate with her about how horrible men were. Instead, Evelyn was shocked to see the target of their affections hesitantly mumbling something under her breath, followed by the guy repeating what he had said more firmly. This time Evelyn made it out clearly:

"You think I'm the most attractive man you've ever seen, and you desperately want to make out with me."

This time there was no hesitation at all as the woman repeated the man's words back to him, and even as she did so her eyes became large and liquid, her cheeks began to flush, and her body language subtly shifted to emphasize the feminine sexuality of her modest curves.

Somehow, in the space of just a few seconds after hearing what this man had said to her, this girl had obviously fallen head over heels for him.

Evelyn quickly glanced at the dancers around them. Nobody else had noticed, and it was only by happenstance that she even had.

The man removed his hand from her arm, and the worked-up cutie immediately pressed her hips against his, looking up into his face with eyes wide with infatuation. He wrapped his arms around her slim waist, and she stood up on her tiptoes as their lips met. Her eyes closed in what was clearly bliss, and she even began to moan against his mouth when his hand snaked up her side and shamelessly brushed across her small breast.

Things began to get hot and heavy between the two on the dance floor, until the guy placed his hand on the naked skin of her waist, and Evelyn watched as the woman fell still and compliant once more. He bent down to whisper in her ear, and this time Evelyn couldn't make out what he said, but when the girl robotically parroted his words back at him, Evelyn thought she made out the word "private".

A second later the life came back into the blonde's eyes, and she looked up at her amorous suitor and nodded.

He reached out to grab a passing waitress's arm. "You need to let us into the private back room."

The waitress slowed to a stop, but managed to slowly shake her head, as though fighting through molasses. "I can't, sir. It's closed for renovations."

The man patiently repeated what he had said, his hand still firmly clasped around the naked skin of the woman's wrist. "You need to let me into the private back room and make sure none of the staff disturb us."

Her brow furrowed, and her mouth opened and closed a few times like a confused goldfish, but ultimately the fight seemed to go out of her, and she calmly repeated his words back to him, before turning and leading the horny couple through the crowd once the man had released her.

Evelyn followed at a distance, and arrived at the door to the back room just in time to watch the man touch the waitress's arm again before saying, "Thanks sex kitten. Also, you love wearing tops that show off your tits."

The bemused server was still repeating the words "sex kitten... show off my tits" as the man disappeared into the back room with his enraptured hottie, and Evelyn watched as the waitress looked down at her boobs with newfound interest, before undoing a button on her top and pressing her boobs up to show a bit more cleavage as she walked away.

Evelyn watched her go, now with noticeably more bounce in her step and sway in her hips than she had had when the man had first grabbed her. Evelyn was sorely tempted to go after the server instead and see what exactly "sex kitten" meant, but she forced herself to take a breath and focus.

She had just witnessed two women completely change their behavior for the sluttier after a mere touch from this man, so whatever power was involved was clearly worth more than a

single night with one waitress. Even if that waitress' sex appeal *had* been boosted off the charts by the man's influence.

Evelyn steeled herself, and then opened the door marked "Private" and walked through to meet her destiny.

The scene inside was much as she'd expected. The man and woman were standing alone in the dimly lit room, their bodies tightly clasped together among the haphazardly-placed tables as they continued to prepare their bodies for sexual intercourse.

The woman's skimpy black dress had been pulled down, and the man was busy mauling her naked tits while she squirmed and moaned encouragement. Even in the dim light Evelyn could clearly see that the look on her face: this was a woman desperate to get herself penetrated.

Evelyn's mouth dropped open in shock. Not at the fact that the girl wanted to have sex - that was an expression that Evelyn took pride in putting on other women's faces all the time - but at the fact that the horny woman's breasts were *significantly* larger than Evelyn remembered them being just minutes ago. She shook her head and looked again, thinking that maybe it was just an optical illusion in the dim light in the back room, but there was no mistaking it: the cute girl's breasts had somehow ballooned out to at least double Ds, when Evelyn was completely certain they couldn't have been larger than Bs when she'd been scoping out the cutie on the dance floor.

She shook her head in distaste. The blonde had been so cute and petite before, and now her perfect figure had been ruined by a *man's* unrealistic, juvenile, porn-fueled fantasy of what a healthy, sexually attractive woman should look like. It was a big part of why Evelyn preferred small breasts herself, and why she was so glad that all of her thickness had sunk down to her thighs and ass where it belonged - her pear-shaped body meant that she had to deal with much less unwanted attention from immature horndog men unconsciously trying to fill her teats with milk so they could live out their perverted mommy fantasies.

Anyhow, regardless of her opinion about the blonde's new tits, it was clear that this guy could change far more than just behavior. Evelyn knew that she should leave, that whatever was going on here was far too dangerous to get herself involved with. She hadn't been spotted yet, so she could still just turn around, walk back through the door, have a night of orgasmic fun with the sex kitten waitress, and forget this whole thing had ever happened.

But she knew that fate had put her here for a reason, that this was the only chance she would ever get to take this power for herself.

Evelyn took two steps into the dark room and loudly cleared her throat.

The man looked up at her with annoyance and a complete lack of concern, but his face took on an expression of mild interest when he noticed that she didn't seem at all surprised by what he was doing.

"Can I help you?"

His new pet tried to pull his attention back down to her, clearly wanting him to continue manhandling her tits, but Evelyn and the man both ignored her as they stared at each other.

"I think you can," Evelyn said evenly, feeling strangely calm and pragmatic as she addressed a person who could effortlessly destroy her life if he decided to. "I want what you have. I want to be able to do what you do."

The man's face took on an amused, thoughtful expression for a second, before his busty arm candy spoke. "Patrick? Who is this woman? Get rid of her so that you can fuck me! You promised!"

The man, whose name was apparently Patrick, looked down at his bimbo in mild annoyance, but then he began squeezing her large breasts between his fingers, and after a few seconds the newly-minted slut once again became calm and passive.

"You just had the best idea in the world - you should give me a blowjob while I talk to my new friend here."

"Blowjob..." the big-titted blonde mumbled obediently, and a second after he had removed his hands from her tits, her eyes lit up. "I know exactly what you need, you naught boy," she said with a smirk and a raised eyebrow, before dropping to her knees, unzipping his pants, and pulling out his modest cock. She popped it into her mouth without hesitation and looked up at him with wide, lovestruck blue eyes as she began to slurp and suck.

Evelyn fought the urge to roll her eyes at the vulgar display, but instead she kept her gaze on Patrick and began slowly making her way across the floor toward him.

He waited patiently as she approached, grunting softly each time the enthusiastic blonde's slick orifice enveloped his cock.

Then, as soon as she drew close enough his arm shot out without warning, and Evelyn was suddenly overwhelmed with a sensation of calm, receptive lethargy that spread through her body from where Patrick's hand had made contact with her upper arm. She instinctively tried to jerk away and shake off the feeling, but found that she couldn't quite muster the energy, and the sensation of passive compliance continued to grow whether she wanted it to or not, until finally, after a few seconds of struggling, Evelyn finally gave in and felt her body relax completely.

As strong-willed as Evelyn was, she was apparently just as susceptible to Patrick's influence as all of the other women had been. Her worst fears had been realized: she was fully aware that she was at his mercy, and there was nothing whatsoever she could do about it.

"You should take your top off."

The idea appeared from the ether and rested itself heavily upon her psyche. Evelyn briefly felt like the world was somehow shifting around her, changing beyond her control, and then all of a sudden she realized that she did, in fact, need to take her top off.

"I..." she began, trying to resist her urge to repeat what Patrick had said to her, even though it rang oddly true inside her head. "I don't want to take my top off."

"That doesn't matter," Patrick said patiently. "You should take your top off anyway."

"I should take my top off anyway," Evelyn heard herself say dreamily, now unable to deny that it was true, and then her arms were at her sides, pulling her skimpy top up and over her head and dropping it on the floor beside her.

As she did so, the busty slut on the floor continued to happily slurp on Patrick's cock, either oblivious or indifferent to what was happening to the pear-shaped brunette next to her. Evelyn suddenly found her attention free enough to wander down to the big-breasted girl - it felt like forever ago that she had been staring at the her formerly-petite body across the dance floor, fantasizing about getting under that skimpy black dress herself. Little had she known that she would soon get the view she craved, but in the last way and at a much worse cost than she could have imagined.

Evelyn noticed that she was growing more alert for some reason, and realized that in taking her top off the contact between Patrick's hand and her arm had been briefly broken. A few seconds later it was like her brief trance had never happened. Except for the fact that she was topless, of course, but she also knew that that had been inevitable - she had really needed to take her top off, and so she had done so.

Evelyn's tits were small enough that she rarely needed a bra, especially when she was at the club trying to score, which meant that her small breasts were now fully exposed to Patrick's interested gaze in the isolation of the private back room of the club, her pointy little nipples standing out from her small mounds.

It had all happened so fast, but there was nothing she could have done to resist or prevent it. Even though Evelyn knew perfectly well that he had done this to her, she still knew with absolute certainty that she had needed to take her top off for some reason, and felt fully justified in having done so.

Still, Patrick hadn't said that she needed to *leave* her top off, and what Evelyn wanted more than anything in the world at that moment was to put her shirt back on. Even if she did, however, she knew that she had no way of preventing him from touching her again and making her to take it off again, and she had no way of knowing whether he would take things further the next time, and make her do who-knows-what.

She flushed with a combination of embarrassment at her nakedness and tingly fear at the absolute power this man had wielded so effortlessly over her. She was completely at his mercy, helpless to resist if he decided to turn her into another of his sluts. Her nipples stiffened, though she couldn't have been farther from sexual arousal at the moment.

Still, she had come this far. She met his gaze coolly, with a bravado that she didn't feel.

"Satisfied?"

"Wow, for how thick and juicy those thighs are, you really don't have anything up top at all, huh?" Patrick said, clearly unbothered by what he had just made her do.

Evelyn ignored the jab and focused on controlling her shaking. "Well, are you going to help me or not?"

"I just wanted to give you a taste of what it will be like for everyone you change. Do you still want it?"

She looked down again at her small, naked chest, and at her top where it lay in a small pile of fabric on the floor, remembering just how effortlessly Patrick had made her remove it, how even now she felt as though baring her tiny breasts for this man had been the most natural thing in the world for her to do. The thought that *she* could be the one making women feel this way, molding them to her every twisted desire, began to grow in her mind, and Evelyn felt the seductive appeal of the idea growing in her mind until it overpowered her fear of what Patrick could do to her if he touched her again.

"I want it."

She stepped up next to the slut on the floor to show her resolve, trying to ignore the sensation of the girl's shoulder moving back and forth against her thigh as she continued to fellate the man who had given her huge tits.

"Ok, but only under one condition: I get to give you big boobs too."

Evelyn reflexively grimaced at the idea, but she quickly got herself under control and tried to consider his offer objectively. She liked her small chest just the way it was, of course, and could already hear all of the unwanted attention she'd inevitably get from men if she did let him make her breasts bigger. But, again, she knew that this was a once in a lifetime opportunity, and in the end it was a small price to pay for what he was offering. Not to mention that he might just turn her into a slut if she turned him down, and she wasn't at all eager to join the cute brunette between Patrick's legs.

"Fine, just get it over with."

Evelyn stood there in annoyed, pragmatic silence as Patrick once again reached out, this time putting his hands right on her flat chest. She resisted her urge to flinch at the unwelcome intimacy of the touch coming from a man, and especially this man, but after only a second of

feeling her nipples digging into his palms she found that she no longer needed to resist, and she found herself involuntarily sinking into that familiar feeling of calm inevitability once again.

“You can reshape the reality of any woman while you’re touching them, just like I can.”

Even through the enforced calmness of the trance, Patrick was amused to see the woman's eyebrows perk up slightly with interest at this idea. “I can reshape the reality of any woman while I’m touching them.” Her voice was calm but firm, with no hint of resistance. Complete acceptance, and the corners of her mouth even turned up into a hint of a smile.

Wow, Patrick thought to himself, she really does want this.

And with that, it was done. Her wish had been granted, and she now had the power to remake any woman into whatever fantasy she wanted.

But, Patrick's bare hands were still firmly pressed against her tiny breasts, so even though Evelyn had already gotten what she had wanted, she had no choice but to continue to stand there calmly, completely at the mercy of any other command Patrick chose to give her.

“You have very large breasts.”

“I...” her brow furrowed again. “I... don’t want... big boobs.”

“That doesn't matter. You agreed to this, and even if you hadn't, I would have done it to you anyway. You have very large breasts.”

The furrows softened slightly. “I agreed to this. I have...” – she looked confused – “I have... large breasts?” No response came to her question, and a few seconds later in spite of her clear reluctance...

There it was. Patrick could feel her nipples perking up, pressing outward against the center of his palms as his suggestion began to overpower her resistance. He honestly hadn't been completely sure that his power would work on this one, with how determined she seemed to be, but the pear-shaped MILF's tits were starting to grow just like every other woman's had as his words became their reality. *God I love how it feels when they start to give in.*

The growth was slow and obviously reluctant, but little by little the bumps on her small chest continued to slowly press out into two increasingly soft, squeezable mounds, which Patrick immediately took advantage of. He, however, wanted more. Much more.

“You have *very* large breasts. It's a small price to pay for what I'm doing for you.”

“I have... very large breasts,” Evelyn said resignedly, knowing without a doubt that it was true, or at least soon would be. She sighed, standing impassively as her budding breasts continued their inexorable swelling, slowly but steadily bulging out against Patrick's hands to match her new mental image of herself: first firm and high as they developed into plump little handfuls, and then softening further as they continued to protrude, larger and rounder, further and further from her torso, until Patrick was hefting and squeezing a pair of heavy funbags topped

with thick, dark nipples, clearly designed for sexy fun that would lead to offspring for them to nurse.

It hazily occurred to Evelyn that she should feel defeated at what had just happened: having Patrick overcome her resistance so easily and force the tiny teats that she loved so much to swell into such massive, attention-grabbing melons when that was exactly what she *hadn't* wanted to happen. In her current state, however, she could only feel calm and at peace now that she'd fully accepted her new, undeniable reality, which also meant accepting that the obscene udders attached to her torso were the most natural things in the world. *Honestly*, her mind thought slowly, *that wasn't so bad, and big boobs were a small price to pay for such power*. She may not like them, but she couldn't deny that they belonged there, hanging large and heavy from her chest, demanding the attention of every person in the room with her, and especially the men.

Patrick, in the meantime, had continued groping Evelyn's big, fleshy bosoms, clearly in heaven himself, caressing and squeezing the glorious sacks of fat that made her figure look so much more appealingly feminine. Evelyn could only feel the sensation at a distance, and it wasn't arousing in the slightest, but unfortunately for her, Patrick's fingers running over the smooth skin of her bulging chestflesh and intermittently bumping against her thick nipples kept her locked in her trance of suggestibility, powerless to stop Patrick from overwriting her reality further.

"You love large breasts."

It came out of nowhere. Evelyn's dim eyes lit up with the tiniest bit of anger as she stared blankly into space. "I hate large breasts!"

"No you don't. You *love* large breasts, including your own."

"That... wasn't part of our..." Evelyn had to struggle to get the words out, and even as she did she couldn't deny that the idea of nice, fat tits *did* sound unexpectedly appealing all of a sudden. She did like women, after all, and she couldn't think of anything more feminine than a plump pair of milkers, whether on her, or on anyone else, for that matter.

Her calm eyes now held an almost pleading shadow. "I don't want to like large breasts."

Patrick's hands were still cupping and massaging her big jugs, however, and Evelyn couldn't help but remain calm and docile and open as possibility continued to swirl around her. "It doesn't matter what you want. You *love* large breasts, and you love how horny they make you."

He watched her pleading slowly turn to confusion. "Are you sure that I... like large breasts?" She seemed almost desperate for him to tell her that it wasn't true, that he was only joking. Her mind was full of sexy images of protruding chest mounds of all shapes and sizes, and her lingering arousal from gaining power over women began to grow moist. Was she sure she didn't like large breasts? It really did seem like she...

"I'm sure. You *love* large breasts, especially your own."

Evelyn *loved* large breasts. Her shoulders sagged a millimeter as the fight finally went out of her. "I love large breasts, especially my own," she whispered. Her hands slowly came up to grope her own bulging udders, brushing against Patrick's hands as he continued to enjoy the fruits of his labor. Evelyn was proud that there was plenty of acreage for both of them on her large tracts of land.

"You *love* large breasts. You love how horny they make you."

Her breathing deepened as the two sets of hands continued to calmly lift, squeeze, and grope her big knockers. Her voice came out once more, now firm and accepting, almost enthusiastic. Her crotch was slick. "I *love* large breasts. I love how horny they make me."

Patrick took a step back to admire his handiwork, careful to maintain contact with Evelyn's breasts at all times, which was easy to do now that they protruded so far from her chest. Her tits looked great, noticeably too large for her frame even taking her thick MILF thighs and ass into account, but as far as Patrick was concerned, that was a complete win. In fact, staring at them like this with the sensation of the blonde's lips and tongue sliding up and down his sensitive cock was suddenly threatening to become too much for him to handle.

"Honey," he said, looking down at the blonde hair still bobbing aggressively between his legs, "you need to slow down to about a quarter of this speed." He immediately felt her comply, and a few seconds later his urge to cum slowly receded back to a manageable, pleasant buzz at the edge of his awareness.

All the while Evelyn just stood there, hopelessly turned on by her own huge tits and loving it, still patiently waiting for Patrick's next command as his hand continued to rest on her ample sideboob.

She didn't have to wait very long. "Your body is powerfully sexually attracted to me."

She recoiled. *Anything but that!* "No, it's not. I think you're disgusting, and I'm into women anyway."

"You've made it very clear that you're into women, but even so your body is powerfully sexually attracted to me, and it's perfectly natural for you to want sex with me."

Evelyn's earlier resistance had tired her out, and so even though this latest command was by far the most odious to her, she found it ringing true for her almost immediately. Her pussy, which had originally started tingling at the potential of what her new powers could do, and had then shifted into overdrive at how sexy she found her huge boobs, now reluctantly felt its slick attention shifting toward Patrick. And why shouldn't it? The lust her pussy felt for Patrick was perfectly natural.

Patrick smiled when he saw the plump MILF unconsciously biting her lip as she looked up at him with passive, empty eyes.

"I'm into women, but it's natural to want sex with you." Evelyn couldn't deny that it was true. She couldn't wait for him to take his hand off her big, sexy tits so that he could stick his cock in her pussy. Her body was just so powerfully sexually attracted to him!

"Yes, it is. In fact, all women should feel this way about me."

That wasn't hard for Evelyn to accept, with how badly her own lesbian pussy wanted Patrick's cock. "All women should naturally want sex with you." It came out so easily. She couldn't understand why women weren't throwing themselves at Patrick left and right. She looked down at the blonde slowly sucking Patrick's cock - it now made no sense to her that he had had to use his powers on her for her to want to give him a blowjob. Evelyn would have to be sure to spread the word...

"That's right," Patrick continued, interrupting her train of thought. "But it's best that they not be consciously aware of it. All women, you included, should carry a subconscious desire to seek me out and have sex with me."

Evelyn suddenly felt the fact that he had said this to her slowly slipping from her mind. She tried to hold onto it, but it was like trying to grab a dissolving cloud.

"Are you sure? I feel like it's important to be aware of my desires..." Her eyebrows were furrowed again, but Patrick noticed that the newly busty lesbian had taken a small step closer to his body. The bar bimbo's lips slowly moving up and down his cock felt fantastic. He decided to include her in this command as well, and felt the tongue on the underside of his cock slowing even further as the busty fellatrix joined Evelyn in calm suggestibility.

"I'm sure. All women should have an unconscious desire to seek me out and have sex with me. Things will be much better this way."

"All women should unconsciously want to have sex with you. It's much better that way," the two women echoed as they gave in yet again to the irresistible pressure being exerted on their realities.

Patrick finally turned off his power, though he didn't remove his hand from Evelyn's plump breast. It just felt too nice.

It took only a few seconds for Evelyn's consciousness to return. *Wait, what was that last thing I said just now?* It seemed important, but she couldn't quite remember - it was on the tip of her tongue, just outside the reach of her thoughts...

She finally gave up, but the next thing she realized was that she had the power now. She wasn't sure how she knew, but she was absolutely certain of it nonetheless - her gamble had

paid off! In fact, the rush of arousal she got from that thought led her to her third realization: her tits were huge, and she loved how much they turned her on.

The last thing she noticed was that Patrick still had his hand on her breast, squeezing and fondling and clearly enjoying himself. She knew that it was inappropriate and that she should probably tell him to stop now that they'd concluded their business, but it felt so good with how badly her body naturally wanted to fuck him that she couldn't bring herself to ask him to stop. In fact, she briefly considered joining the blonde on her knees so that she could help pleasure his sexy cock, but she knew that she had to confront him over what he'd done to her first.

"Patrick, you made me like big tits."

"Yes, I did."

"That wasn't part of our deal."

"I know. I did it anyway. Do you like your new tits?"

Evelyn looked down at her glorious knockers, loving the fact that, now that she was looking at them, her pussy was getting even more soaked by the second at how obscenely big they were. And at the continued nearness of Patrick's irresistibly sexy body, of course, though that went without saying.

"Yes," she admitted. "But I didn't say you could do that to me."

"I know, but that doesn't matter. I told you that you love big breasts, and so now you do."

Evelyn knew that he was right. She was hopelessly obsessed with big hooters now, whether she liked it or not, and, now that the power was inside her, she knew especially well that there was nothing she could do about it. It didn't matter that it was unfair, or that it was sexist; Evelyn was a woman, and so she was completely helpless to resist Patrick's power over her reality while he was touching her. Just like other women would be with her now, she thought with an excited shiver.

Still, it was a bit surprising just how *thorough* the effects on her body and personality had been. *God I love how horny big tits make me*, Evelyn thought to herself, grabbing her huge jugs again and relishing the sensation of going a bit weak in the knees. And not just her tits either - thanks to Patrick, the thought of *any* big breasts at all suddenly drove her crazy! She was so turned on at the idea that it was all she could do to not throw herself at Patrick.

Actually, come to think of it, there was no reason why she *shouldn't* throw herself at Patrick. She somehow knew that it was perfectly natural for women to crave sex with him, and, yet again, even though she wasn't normally attracted to men, she *was* a woman after all. Her massive tits could attest to that. She was still furious with Patrick, of course, but by this point her body was burning with a lust for his that she had no choice but to pursue.

"Hey Patrick," she said, pinching her thick nipples while he admired the breasts he had helped create with obvious interest, "wanna fuck me before I leave? I'm really turned on right now from how much you made me love my tits, so you should be able to just slide right in whenever you're ready."

"Sure, why not," she was relieved to hear him say. "I was gonna fuck this little cutie, but you'll do just as well. Doll, you've been great, but" - he felt the sensations on his cock slow even further as he focused his attention on her and she fell calm once more - "you're done here, and once you leave you'll forget that you ever met me."

Her blue eyes stared emptily up at his as she gave her willing, garbled response around her mouthful of cock. "I'b dud here, and onke I leabe I'll forgid thad I med you."

"But if you ever see me again, you'll immediately feel just as infatuated with me as you do now."

She gently slid his cock out of his mouth, before dully repeating what he had said and standing up.

Evelyn stared lustfully as the top-heavy bimbo unsuccessfully tried to stuff her huge, bouncy tits back into her too-small dress, the milfy lesbian starting to drool from both ends at the enhanced chestflesh on display in the room, including her own, of course. Now that she could see the blonde up close, she confirmed that her initial assessment had been correct: she was incredibly attractive, especially now that she'd gotten the boob job that she had sorely needed.

Oh wait, I only think that because Patrick made me super attracted to big tits. Well, either way Patrick clearly knew what he was doing - the blonde was a super hottie now that her tits were big enough. It felt so natural for Evelyn to love massive hooters that it was getting hard to remember that she hadn't always felt that way. *Well, I certainly do now,* she thought, looking down at her own massive, jiggly hooters and loving the fact that she creamed herself a bit at the sight.

In fact, as she watched the bemused bimbo wander aimlessly out of the back room, Evelyn was starting to regret that the cute little cocksucker was leaving at all - maybe now that she had her new powers Evelyn could orchestrate a little run-in with her later, and spend some quality time helping the busty blonde learn the subtleties of pleasuring a woman. Right now, however, her body *really* wanted to have sex with Patrick, and, thanks to their well-endowed friend, his cock was all hard and lubed up and ready for her. He hadn't even put it away; it was still bobbing phallically in the open air of the abandoned room, hard and ready for action.

"Ok, ready to get fucked?"

"You know it!" Evelyn quickly pulled her skirt up her thick thighs before bending over one of the spare tables and spreading her legs to show Patrick her juicy pussy, which was pink and puffy and begging to be penetrated. Her naked udders rested heavily on the table, spilling out

into copious amounts of sideboob on each side of her body as the giant balloons of flesh were compressed between her torso and the cold, flat surface. Her nipples tingled from all of the overwhelming sensations flooding through her at what she was about to do, and she could feel their erect stiffness pressing uncomfortably up into the center of each squished mammary. All of this only made her hotter of course, and she was pretty sure that with the spectacle she presented to Patrick, curves splayed out on the table, legs spread wide so that she could be effortlessly mounted, he must feel similarly.

Sure enough, seconds later Evelyn felt his hips make contact with her ass, and his cock nestled between her legs, with the top of his shaft pressed flat along the slick entrance to the lesbian's pussy. She felt Patrick's hands sliding up her sides as he bent over her body until they could press, grope, and *squeeze* her firm tit-bulges against the table.

The sensation of her dream lover playing with her big naturals like this was more than Evelyn could handle. "Oh stop teasing and just put it in me already!"

She heard a low chuckle from behind her, and then she felt his cock retreat slightly, sliding back down her pussy to line up with the dripping entrance at its base. Patrick was about to enter her, and Evelyn was far too horny to stop him, but the mental image of the blonde bimbo's eyes staring emptily up at Patrick above her mouthful of his cock suddenly flashed through her mind, and she found herself trying to fight her body's perfectly natural impulse to impale itself on his rod.

"Patrick, you aren't going to hypnotize me with your dick like you did that hot little blonde, right?"

"I could if I wanted to, but I won't." The tip of his cock brushed up against the pliable wings of her dangling labia, which parted easily before the probing tip as though beckoning him further inside.

"Do you promise?" His cock inched further in, until the entirety of his bulbous tip was nestled fully inside her soft, slick entrance. Evelyn knew from her new powers that that was more than enough contact to hypnotize her already, not to mention the hands kneading the doughy mounds of her naked boobs against the table, but even so she continued to resist her urge to take him inside her.

"No."

That wasn't what she was expecting to hear, and she froze for a second as she fought with herself about how to proceed. Ultimately, she would just have to take his word for it, because her body wanted him to fuck her far too badly not to.

Now that she'd decided to fully submit to her lust for Patrick regardless of the consequences, Evelyn smoothly pressed her thick thighs back against his hips, and his cock slid deep into the busty lesbian with no resistance whatsoever. Patrick's cock in her pussy was exactly what Evelyn's body had needed, and her knees quaked with pleasure as he bottomed out inside

her. The vibration traveled up her body, causing her big tits to jiggle underneath her torso on the table, and the awareness of how big her tits had to be to bounce that noticeably from a simple shiver drove Evelyn's arousal even higher.

It all just felt so good, so *natural* - her big tits splayed across the table, Patrick's cock sating the lust inside her burning pussy as his thrusts got more insistent. Still, as a staunch lesbian, it was somewhat hard for Evelyn to believe that she was actually getting fucked by a guy, no matter how natural it felt. She had had sex with men before, back before she'd come out to herself, but she had never really been attracted to them or even enjoyed the sex.

Patrick, however, was completely different. She had no idea why, but her body just couldn't seem to get enough of his. She concluded that it was probably some sort of reproductive thing: her biological clock was ticking now that she was in her 30s, and something about Patrick's body chemistry just naturally triggered women's urge to breed, regardless of sexual orientation. Or something. That's what she told herself, at least.

Either way, Evelyn wasn't on birth control, which meant that if this went on much longer, breeding was going to become a very real possibility. Even so, Evelyn already knew that she wouldn't be able to stop. Her body wanted to have sex with Patrick, and she somehow knew, deep down, that it was better that way.

Meanwhile, thanks to his busty that's talented mouth Patrick had effectively been edging for at least the past ten minutes already, and as the horny milf's thick pussy squelched around the base of his cock over and over again, it wasn't long before he felt the urge growing again.

"I'm about to cum."

"Holy hell that's hot!" Evelyn moaned. Her body craved sex with Patrick. "Hurry up and do it. Cum inside me!"

Patrick let the sensation wash over him as he continued to thrust into Evelyn from behind, groping and squeezing her bouncing tits all the while, and then his eyes rolled back in his head slightly as his cock began to pump its potent spooze between her spread legs and up into her waiting pussy.

Milf indeed, Patrick thought to himself as his own knees went a bit weak at the intensity of his orgasm, genuinely surprised by just how good it felt to cum inside this woman. Maybe he had been missing out by only giving cartoonishly large tits to slim, tight thots, and he should broaden his palate to include some thicker, more experienced women as well.

"Wow, thanks, I really needed that." Evelyn lazily squeezed her massive new funbags as Patrick pulled out of her cum-saturated mound.

"No problem," he said, smiling wryly.

"Hey," Evelyn continued, completely missing the meaning of his look. She stood up off the table, feeling the weight of her large round breasts settling onto her lower back again, before swinging heavily from side to side as she turned around to fully face him. The breast-obsessed lesbian could feel his semen squishing between her thighs as it dripped out of her well-used pussy. "Would you mind if I came by every once in a while to fuck? It just feels like the right thing to do for some reason."

"Of course. I live at 1200 Spencer Street. Come by whenever you like."

Evelyn left the back room feeling incredibly pleased with herself at how well her interaction with Patrick had gone, in multiple ways. This was especially the case given how dangerous it had been, and how easily Patrick could have taken advantage of her in her helpless state; even though he *had* saddled her with huge breasts that she hadn't wanted, and then had forced her to love it against her will, it was really a small price to pay for what she'd gained in return. She was, of course, referring to her newfound power over women, but also to the unexpected realization that Patrick was the perfect guy for her body to fuck. Heck, *every* woman should want to seek him out for sex - it was just so *natural* to have his cock inside her.

Even now, with his sperm still wriggling their way up her reproductive tract, Evelyn was already beginning to feel the urge to seek him out again, and she knew it wouldn't be long before she did so.

First, however, she wanted to test out her new powers.

As she emerged from the dark private room into the flashing lights of the club, Evelyn now saw opportunity everywhere she looked: a room full of soft, seductive feminine forms that she could bend to her will and shape however she wanted.

She waffled for a bit, overwhelmed by choice paralysis at the sheer number of women to choose from, before realizing that it honestly didn't matter what her first victim looked like. At least, not initially anyway.

She made her decision, walked up to a petite, mid-20s brunette on the dance floor dressed in a loose top to hide the fact that she had no chest to speak of, and gently placed her hand on the bare skin of her arm.

Evelyn smiled as the girl's eyes fluttered for a second in brief, futile resistance, before going calm and blank as she inevitably succumbed to the power Evelyn now had over her reality.

She bent over and began whispering in the girl's ear, knowing that whatever part of herself the girl was about to lose, it would be a small price to pay for the massive boobs Evelyn was about to give her.

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