

# Breast Buy May-ternity Special

By Jessie Star

Art by Red V.

## PART 10

Jess wasn't sure how long she had sat in the stall, pumping milk from her titanic tits, hands frantically groping at them and her immense dome of a pregnant belly, passing out via orgasm, waking up via orgasm, over and over. Eventually, she struggled to her feet, her breasts finally deflated from their dairy deluge. Even empty, each tit was the size of her head times three. Jess was a bit dizzy and overwhelmed by the smell of milk and sex wafting from her inflated form. It took her a second to realize her egg-shaped belly stuck out so far she couldn't reach the lock of the bathroom stall door. She angled her belly to push open the lock, grunting as her ass continually pressed against the flush lever of the toilet she had to straddle. "Fuudge I almost take up the whole flipp'n stall." She moaned and rubbed her tight, packed dome. Almost... almost was a keyword. If she grew even a few inches sideways she's probably be stuck. "Just... a little bit ... more!" The latch bumped over enough to unlock, and she waddled, no, heaved herself out of the stall. There was no waddling anymore. Every step felt like lifting a boulder and slamming it back down again. Even with her special Yoga Pants tech that gave her the strength to move, she could feel the sheer weight of her body. Like her human muscles and form trying to operate an elephant's backside.

In the mirror, she was red and sweaty, with tits that could only be put into custom bras appropriate for smuggling watermelons, and a belly that begged for a wheelbarrow to cart it around. As tired and shaky as she looked, her brain was drowning in endorphins. That dumb app setting that changed pain into pleasure was eroding her brain. Her achy tits buzzed with sensuality. Her belly stretched beyond realism, made her pant and moan, stretched so full, womanhood bulging, trying to contain it all, collided in a constant state of edging, with any additional stimulus just sending her over the edge yet again. Even what should be immense back strain translated into the sensation of a magical giant dildo going in her ass and up her entire spine, hitting unknown G-spots all the way up.

“Aren’t we marvelous?” Her inner thoughts cooed. One of her hands even stroked her giant gut, seemingly out of her control. “We’ve never felt so goood. All of our worries and pains are replaced by a constant, sexual high.”

“S-stop! I’m not supposed to be like this... I.. I can’t keep going-”

“Yes we can! We’re a fertility goddess now. Our entire existence is eternal pregnancy. Better than being drunk, or high. Just never-ending days of gushing milk, erotic gasping and screaming, and growing bigger. Always growing.”

“B-but Ah- AH!” Shit, even the thought of it would bring on another orgasm.

“Take off the shirt. Break our phone. These are our babies now. Their mothers didn’t want them.”

“Hnnnnnng I CA-CAN’T” Jessie gripped her belly tightly as if she was trying to stop herself from popping like a balloon.

“Or better yet, we could just be a waiting station. As the old babies leave, new babies come. Just pregnant forever, letting moms live their lives and prepare while we are stuck on our backs, buried under the weight and pleasure till our mind can barely think anymore. Just eat and swell and cum and grow in a cycle over and over and ov-”

“HNNNG GaaAAAGhhh!” Jessie stumbles as she orgasmed and blacked out again.

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When she came to, the Breast Buy manager had a surreal minute of confusion. For just a moment, she had forgotten her predicament completely. Why was she waking up in public? Why was she in a dinner instead of at work or home? Who put the 200-pound weight on her lap that was spreading her thighs achingly wide?! Jess reached to push it off of her, only for her palms to slap against a tight, hot dome the size of a small boulder. “Wh-wha?” The ginger’s hands palmed at the mass frantically, bombarded by the duel sensations of tiny hands slapping the sides of the tightened skin of her beachball belly, and the insane amount of pressure inside of her. Gravity was tugging on the weight, trying to draw it into her pelvis till the babies started shooting out of her- THE BABIES!

“OHoooh Gawd” Jessie whimpered as she hefted her enormous grain sack titties. It all came barreling back, an explosion of memories in her mind. How had she gone from a curvy but fit manager of an electronics store to an absolute blimp of a baby farm all because of a glitchy t-shirt and an untested app. As she pawed at her sea of freckled breast flesh, her eyes drifted upward, till they met the stare of a woman in the booth in front of her. Ameli.

The psycho that had tried to fill her with hotdogs and ice cream. The baby belly-obsessed stalker who wanted Jessie’s forever pregnant form as decore in her apartment. The fetish-friend who was the most dangerous of all, because she knew how to meet the needs and wants of Jessie’s swelling body. Ameli had made Jess feel as good as she was terrified. Cramming those calories down her throat until her gut felt ready to pop, only for the app to store the calories in her ass and hips and thighs so there was more room to eat. And that was before the redhead’s body had been reprogrammed to feel every sensation... as pleasure.

“I have to get out-” Jess reached for the table to push off of, but there was none. The table from her booth had been removed so she could fit. Her body took up the space of four customers. She flung her arms behind her, digging her fingers into the backrest of her bench and leaning back to try and find any sort of leverage. She heaved with all she had, but her plump but only rose an inch and was still smooshed against the seat. It was just so much weight to try and lift, her chubby thighs could do little more than shake, spread wide by the wrecking ball of fertility that was her tummy. Her body stayed immobile, minus her tits. They sloshed around in her “Rental Mommy” T-shirt like 4-gallon bags of jello. Jessie turned red, and then purple as she fought to stand, to run, to-

“Don’t worry my goddess.” Ameli smiled as she held up a black, metal credit card. “I got approved for a line of credit almost asbottomless as my baby-stuffed beauty.” Jess landed on the bench so hard it creaked from her weight. She felt her passengers bounce downward inside of her, her fat pussy bulging as it strained to keep everyone inside. “That a girl!” Ameli cheered. “Don’t worry, I told them no matter what, keep ‘em coming!”

“Keep what coming?” Jess huffed, trying to catch her breath. She hadn’t sat in defeat as Ameli had interpreted. She was just too heavy to get up. A server approached, and then another, and another, all with plates full of multiple hamburgers. Ameli scolded them and asked for a large sharing dish, where she piled the burgers up into a small mountain of buns, condiments, and

greasy hot meat patties. Jess tried to turn her head as it was placed on her belly, but her eyes would not leave the offering. Pregnant women often joked about their built-in table, but Jessie could have had Thanksgiving set up on hers. She tried to bite her lip, resist, say no, but her body let loose a primal growl deep down in her belly. All that working out to fix the first time she had grown an ass to compete with her gut was in danger of being undone. Jess wanted to run to scream, but all she could do was bite her lip as sweat profusely rolled down her pale, freckled skin. She knew if she started eating on an unlimited budget, she'd make the dinner sell out, swell so big she'd split her pants, and break the booth in the process. Yet she couldn't take her eyes off the stacked plate resting on her belly. She was like a tiger who had spotted its prey. Instinct was kicking in, siphoning away her control. Her nostrils flared at the scent of grilled beef, and her tongue slithered out and ran over her plump, glossy lips. Jess knew if she picked up that burger, she might seal her fate and give in to all the demands of her body, but her fingers scooped up a burger regardless.

"Hnnnnng," another contraction, belly going rigid as it tried to usher new lives into the world through a gateway the app had magically sealed. She felt her hip joints pop as the pressure grew and her pussy spasmed, but there was no pain. Just pure euphoric pleasure like she was bouncing on the perfect shaft at just the right angle while vibrating her clit to boot. She came, eyes rolling, mouth wide, dropping her burger into her sweaty cleavage. And the minute she stabilized, she dug it out and raised it to her lips.

She paused. Not because of the intense glee on Ameli's face. Not because everyone in the dinner was watching her, phones out streaming the spectacle that was her preggo mountain range of a bod. Not even because common sense had stepped in to save her. She stopped to notice these were all cheeseburgers. Dairy would up her frickin milk production again. The slight sag of her empty tits would quickly fill with gallons of milk, and when she'd run out of room, would simultaneously gush what it could, and scratch her tits bigger for more storage. There would be no hiding away to pump, she'd become a Niagra falls of dairy for all to see, and that would have to be okay. All of it would. Jess was no longer piloting this ride, she was a passenger now. And she would squirt, and squeal, and bloat and grow for... well, who knew if it would ever end. As she bit into the first burger, her eyes rolled at the lovely salted beef, sweet ketchup, tangy mustard, and sour pickles that danced over her tongue, down her throat, and into the belly to feed her babies. Until that belly was full, at which point she would start on her

journey to be the thickest pregnant woman that ever existed, with birthing hips wide enough for a grown man.

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Time became irrelevant. She couldn't tell you how many burgers she had devoured. Eventually, she felt full, but knew more room would just appear. Little by little she felt the calories begin to transfer. Her ass was swelling larger, her hips puffed wider like rising dough. She felt her yoga pants stretch thinner and grow tighter as they tried to keep up, but her entire bottom half was slowly ballooning, from her behemoth backside to her soft, thunder thighs.

When the third empty platter (well, at least the third platter) was replaced with a fresh load of cheeseburgers, many assumed she'd start to slow down. The opposite happened. Jess was tearing into the feverishly, trying to sate this maddening hunger, this itch. She needed to feed her young. She needed to grow to balance her belly. She needed to be stuffed and swollen because it just felt so gawd damn good! The world was just lights and sounds in the background. All there was was Jess. She was being run by her orgasm-inducing belly, tingling tits, and calorie-demanding ass. The former person was more their body part now. Dominated by primal needs, a deluge of dopamine, and mind-shattering orgasms. When Ameli made the request, "If you don't want this, tell me. I'll let you go if I can't make you happy. But if you want to be worshiped as the fertility goddess you are, just don't say anything. Just keep eating, my darling!"

Jess didn't answer her, and Ameli rejoiced. But it wasn't because Jess understood. Ameli had opened her mouth and said, "Buugaa mumum oooboo bla?" for all Jess knew, and her mind shrugged it off and continued to gorge. Jessie could have blamed it on her lost ability of speech if not a minute later, she was screaming through a belch. "Thirsty! Get me Drink..stuff!"

Ameli took care of that, too. They came five at a time. Extra large glasses of thick creamy milk chocolate shake, with fluffy whipped cream topped with a cherry. It was dairy three ways, time five. Her nipples hardened and began to leak as if in anticipation of their effects. Jess cradled the straw between her lips and sucked.



This was perfection. One bite of gooey cheesy, salty burger. One sip of cold creamy milkshake. Rinse repeat. Rinse repeat. Rinse-

Jess was shaken out of her growth-induced stupor by a heavy buzz from her phone. She heard the audience that had gathered astound her let out a disappointed 'awww' as she handed her milkshake off and put down her burger on yet another empty plate. By the time she got her phone out, it became a missed call from Jazzie. "J-Jazzie?" The clouds in Jessie's head started

to part. Clarity rushed in like cold water, and her eyes drifted down to survey the damage. How long she had been stuffing herself with ass-expanding burgers and milkshakes primed to create a lactating frenzy should could not tell, but there were stacks upon stack of empty plates smeared with ketchup and mustard and crumbs of burger buns. Glasses with remnants of milkshakes and whipped cream and straws were lined up on the surrounding tables. No one was using the booths to eat. Ever person in the dinner was either streaming the sweaty, condiment-covered, bloated pregnant ginger with their phone, or watching her with unblinking eyes.

Jess was panicking, there in the spotlight of everyone's attention. A rolling grumble shook her body, announcing to the world it was ready to perform. "Oh god, I ate too much, I ate too much!!" Her hands grasped at her hips, trying to push against the billowing fat. The seams of her yoga pants went "pop, pop, pop!" As her ass and thighs strained against their casing. Her tits, which had already returned to tight, milk-laden, spheres, hot and aching for release, began to surge once more. Her flush bosom was growing. It wouldn't be satisfied as watermelon sized milk-balloons. Her tits creaked and groaned as they quaked against her shirt and belly, pushing into medicine ball sizes, and then into over rip pumpkins. Her hard, grape-sized nipples couldn't gush out milk fast enough to keep up with the production. "Hnng Gaaaah ow ow OOOOG Fuuudge!" She had lost her mind and even getting it back now, it was unclear if her body would give back the wheel.

"Okay Jess, just hnnng focus. See if Jazz is coming to pick you up, get away from the food-" She swiped her thumb over her phone, realizing too late a notification from the rental mommy app had replaced Jazz's. Jess' eyes rolled as another surge of pressure hit her tits, thick milk soaking her shirt and dribbling down her exposed enormous belly. She tried to swipe the app closed but instead accepted some update.

"Congratulations, your bulk baby acceptance from "Pre-natal Yoga group" has been received. Prepare for transfer." A pre-recorded voice chimed, followed by a message. "Hey Jess, I told all my classes about the service you were partaking in, and they all signed up! Do you know if they get dispersed to multiple Rental Mommies or-" The message rambled on but, Jess stopped paying attention. She didn't know how many babies she had just accidentally agreed to, but she had to get out of here before they took effect. Her belly had already begun its familiar pre-stretching gurgle. Pressure from her belly button rippled all the way up to her ribs, and down the underside to her crotch, and the weight inside her was growing once more.

"Help me up! Help me the fuck up!" She screamed, waving her hands wildly till some of the onlookers got the hint and took hold. It took six people to heft her blubbery bottom off the seat, only for another contraction to hit, orgasming so hard she went stiff as a board, thrashing and whaling, only to go limp and fall right back on her extra wide ass.

*Pop! Pop! Pop!* Seams from her pants and shirt were giving way. If Jessie lost her pants the extra strength their tech offered her muscular system would start to fail, adding ten pounds a minute or more to her struggling frame, and if her shirt ripped? Well, the connection with the app

would be severed, and those babies would only be evicted by the typical path of babies tended to use, assuming she wasn't glitched into clenching them in forever. Her lifting team, now ten people strong, tried again, ignoring her panting and moaning and expletives about her anatomy. As they tugged, they watched her swell, a sight as nightmarish as it was lewd. People not lifting her began to back away. Someone in the crowd screamed, "She's going to pop!" Ameli tried to ask people to bring Jess to her van, but Jessie's just shook her head, watching the pregnancy addict's heartbreak at the rebuke. It didn't matter. Her body screamed for her to give in, making her high as hell off endorphins and dopamine, but if she gave in this one last time, there would be no going back.

A side seam popped, and fatty thigh flesh bubbled through the gap, she felt her body take on more of the previously supported weight. She had to have over 350 pounds of ass, tits, and belly at this point. It was moving from "I'm clenching my vagina to hold in a canon ball" to "Oh great, now and elephant is stepping on said canon ball and pushing it downward. The ginger-haired woman staggered backward through the crowd, feeling them defensively push against her clydesdale horse-sized ass, or beachball tits, or the belly that looked like it had eaten a few grown men. She was like a parade balloon, slowly inflated beyond safe dimensions. Her ultrawide backside hit the cool glass of the door and pushed it open. All she had to do was go outside so Jazz could load her into the vehicle and-

Her progress slowed to a halt. Jessica's insanely plump ass was wider than the door frame. "Oh fudge! Well, fat compresses, I can hnnng, wiggle it through..." She shuffled back and forth, getting an inch here and there, as her humongous hindquarters billowed outside the entrance. Her belly was still pumping calories into the fat of her thighs and hips and ass, spurring her to rock and push harder. She'd be even bigger three minutes from now. Jessie's hands reach for the door frame, trying to pull herself through, fighting for every fraction of an inch, till at last her ass cleared the frame... only for her belly to refuse to pass through. Unlike her malleable fat, her overstretched pregnant dome was rock hard with not an inch of give, and it was wider than the door frame by a few inches. The extra "deliveries" were making her wide as she was deep. The belly made leaving through this door impossible. "D-do you have a larger exit in the back, p-please tell em you have a loading door or... ooohrr... hnnng" As her ass continued to swell, she could feel her hips wedging into the open door frame and with a terrifying *riiiiiip* the yoga pants split right down the back, exposing her ass that has become too large for panties and who know what else. "Someone... hek... help!" She stammered. Another contraction was coming, the pressure and pleasure raging up and down her spine, radiating out her nipples and violently spasming in her snatch. "Gahh.. AHHHH" Her nipples rose above the hem of her shirt, hot milk spraying violently from her gargantuan tits. All the horrified and aroused onlookers were painted white from the dairy jetting out of her nipples. The ripping took all the extra strength that was going to her legs, she had no choice but to squat, help up only by her titanic toosh, stuck in the door. Her belly and tits grew and grew, as did the pressure in her pussy. The orgasm his so hard, her vision went white, and the only sound she could hear was the slosh of her tits, the ripping of her clothes, and her never-ending, guttural, orgasmic scream.

(this is all the chapters the drive paid for, but I'll be doing two extra to make up for the pay wall.)