

Breast Buy May-ternity Special

PART 1

Jess was so happy that her day off had finally arrived. After a very long week of training, sales, and back-breakingly reorganizing the warehouse, she was ready for a three-day weekend. Just her, her guilty pleasure streaming binge, a store-bought pizza, and a box of prototype products from the—

Oops! She had accidentally taken home a box of “not fully tested” things from her job at “Breast Buy.” It was a horrible thing because one: they were not ready for the public, and two: even properly tested stuff from her store tended to grow into “disproportional” problems.

On the other hand, she had no desire to drive back and be bombarded by questions from the staff, as they tended to do every time they saw her. So, the box of mysterious, possibly dangerous things could wait. All though, a quick peek wouldn't be *that* much of an issue now, would it?

The freckled ginger slowly flipped the cardboard flap open so she could peer inside. Shirts? The box was full of shirts? Well, that was disappointing. Jessie reached in, holding one of the garments up between her fingers. “Rental Mommy,” said the sizable block print on the front. Okay, this could not be store-appropriate. *Rental Mommy?* Really? Though the shirts did feel very comfy. It had been a long day, maybe she could try one on when she changed. What could it hurt, right? How often that phrase is said before everything goes wrong.



Off went her uniform blue polo, on went the comfy sky blue t-shirt. It stretched over her generous breasts, not too tight, and was cut well to hug her full, curvy figure. Okay! This was a nice shirt! Not something she would wear in public, mind you, but very comfy around the house. And she was borrowing it. It's not like she was stealing or –
ZZZZZZT!

The shirt buzzed and vibrated on her form, the material stiffening just for a moment, scaring the crap out of her. “What the hell was that?” Jess muttered out loud. A chime answered her from her cell phone.

On the screen was a message. “Thank you for installing ‘Rental Mommy.’ Please stand by for your first pairing.”

“Installing what? How did this shirt install an app on my-” Jessie’s heart stopped for a moment. Goosebumps covered her pale, freckled skin. The shirt must be a proto-type something or other. She better remove it as fast as possib–

“Hey!” the app had opened on her phone, and some woman named Lisa was typing to her. Thank you so much! I was told this wouldn’t be out of testing for months!” What was this girl talking about? The message continued. “Like, I know I’m still early on, and the symptoms shouldn’t be that bad, but ... I could use a small break already. Thank you so, so much!”

“Thank you for what? Symptoms? What the heck–” Jessie saw a loading bar labeled ‘transfer’ filling on her screen, “...is she talking about?” Jessie’s anxiety grew as the bar finished and her phone pinged. *Bwwwwm*, The redhead’s belly gurgled and groaned, growing with pressure and warmth. She felt off like her hormones had kicked up a notch, body feeling hot and tingly, even her nipples stiffened in her bra. The odd sensation emanated from her belly (which she couldn’t see past her tits) but she could tell something had happened by the tightness of her shirt. The feeling spread in small waves, into her hips and thighs, and ass. Something had happened to her body, but what? What did the damn shirt do to her?

Jessie ran to her bathroom, her balance and gait a little out of whack. Everything felt out of whack, even her emotions. She screeched to a halt in front of the large bathroom mirror, breast swaying in her bra beneath the ‘Rental Mommy’ design. She raised her hands, checking herself over—nothing too odd. The shirt was now a little shorter, showing a bit of her midsection, but—Jessica slowly turned to the side, the slight added slope of her belly bump becoming evident. She looked ... looked... ‘Rental Mommy,’ the words echoed in her head. “Symptoms? Transfer!”

Her hand drifted to her typically soft tummy, now pulled tight into a small dome, like a pregnant woman who had started to show. "WHAT THE F



TO BE EXPANDED...