

Breast Buy May-ternity Special

By Jessie Star

Art by Red V

PART 5

Jessie Star, Manager of Breast Buy store 80085 kicked open the door to her bedroom once more and waddled heavily over to her bed, purse in one hand, her phone in the other. Twenty-four hours ago, she had been a semi-peppy, sometimes grumpy retail middle management ginger who was worried about her weight and how it settled on her ass and large bust. HA! She'd kill for her normal body now.

She did a slow turn in her full-length mirror. Her old ass would look tiny against the wobbling monster she was dragging behind her now, too large for any of her pants to contain. Jessie's panties creaked as they dug into her hips while her G cup bra overflowed with tits in every direction. And her belly, holy crap, this boulder full of babies shoved inside of her was as comical as it was humiliating and horrifying. She felt like a whale stumbling through her house, up her stairs, around the hallways as sweat pooled under her swollen breasts and trickled down her belly, her thighs, her... everything. She was sweating up a storm soaking through her top and undies as she lugged her giant frame backward and sat heavily on the bed. The piece of furniture immediately protested with a low groan; even it could tell how much more of her there was.

Jessie shook her purse till the last two pieces of pizza fell out onto her bed. Her stomach growled and something inside of her squirmed. She put a hand on her gravid belly, skin warm, damp and tight as a drum. The stowaways the Rental Mommy app had placed in her were demanding more calories, and now she was finishing her second pizza, burnt crust and all, to appease them. This was her life today. Eat, waddle, get pregnant. Eat, waddle, and get more pregnant! All she could do was wait for the second time on the phone for customer support. Someone needed to pick up, fix this issue and get the damn babies out of her belly! And all the extra ass and breast tissue too, let's not forget that!

The redhead tried to get comfortable shoving pillows here and there on the bed, but with her body looking ten months pregnant with twins, comfort was impossible. There were at least four kids in there now, luckily not many that far along, but her body was an uncomfortable wreck. These women should have sent these things into the dicks that got them this way, teach a valuable lesson to their significant others, not lob them into a stranger.

God, she was full. Internally she felt there was no space left. Belly hard as a rock, its contents squished her organs and compressed her lungs, pressing on her pelvis and hard against her hips. It felt like she was at her limit internally. Other parts of her, though, seemed to have no limits to their growth. Jessie dragged her hands over her hips and thighs, fingers sinking inches deep into their plush warm flesh. The fold where her thigh met her pelvis was almost enough to swallow a hand. And her tits. She could barely touch them. The giant meat melons propped up on her belly were now constantly throbbing, nipples aching, stuffed in a bra that was about to burst. The tightness of her undergarment was like being roughly groped under her shirt. The heat, the sweat, the tightness, the extra blood flow to her body, the hormones; for as uncomfortable as she was, one of the most embarrassing aspects of it all was how horny it made her.



Not just horny but on the freaking edge. But she couldn't take care of it, could she? Like this? Could she even reach it with this mountain range of boob and belly between her and her-

"Hello, Teat Squad Corporate branch, this is Tony, how can I help you this evening." The phone interrupted Jess mid-horny thought.

"Yes, YES! I'm here, Tony. I'm here!" She called, ecstatic to finally get through.

"Hello? Is somebody there?" Tony asked again.

"What the f-" Jessie's eyes went wide, seeing she was on mute. "No! Hell no!" This could not be happening. She reached for the phone, but it was too far away on the bed. With pure adrenaline-fueled rage, she rocked her heavy body over and over till she was finally able to sit up, her collection of curves and mounds all squashing against one another, till she was able to tap the mute button. "Tony! I'm here!"

"Ah, there you are. How can I help you today?" Tony asked with a sigh. The sigh of a man who likely fielded tons of pointless questions a day. She could hear the boredom layered on him like a thick winter coat. Jess slowly stepped Tony through the situation, the shirt, the constant uploads, and multiple side effects. By the end, she was out of breath, but at least Tony had all the information he needed.

"So," Jess cleared her throat, hand resting on her belly with a bit too much normalcy. "There's like... no chance I'm going to go into labor, right? Like, I'm just for storage, not... you know?" She couldn't even finish the sentence.

"No, oh no, no no that, that should be technically impossible. The bubble they are in should be impenetrable." Tony could be heard clicking and printing something in the background.

"Okay, good," Jess breathed a sigh of relief, "cuz things are getting really um, pressurized in there, I was just worried that- Wait, what do you mean 'should be?'"

"Well," Tony's voice took on a nervous tone, "Technically, the app shouldn't be allowing more than one rental."

“*Technically*, this app shouldn’t even be live, Tony, and yet here I am looking like a Macy’s Day Parade balloon.” She growled, removing her hand from her belly, upset to find she was subconsciously rubbing it. “I need to send these things back to whence they came, pronto.”

“Well, I understand, but, erm, to be honest we’re still figuring that out. Not all the features are up and running, return being one of-” Tony stopped, holding the phone away from his ear as the woman on the other end screamed.

“Are you fucking kidding me? Are you... gaaaaaaah!” She screamed again, followed up with a flurry of curse words and growls. “Okay, well then,” Jess took a deep breath collecting herself, “let me take this shirt off until you figure out how to send these little bundles of joy back!”

“Woah, Woah, don’t do that!” Tony shouted back. Collecting himself, he started again. “Never do that.”

“What happens if I do that, Tony?” The red head’s voice quivered on the line. “Why can’t I take the shirt off to stop the uploads?”

“If you take off the top in any way, it will break the connection. If you break the connection-” Tony’s voice cut out, another chime echoed from the phone. Jessie, midway to getting her shirt over her boobs, was interrupted by Tony’s forboding warning, which was in turn interrupted by... who was it this time? Some woman named Shirly.

“No, please,” Jessie was panting. It felt very different this time. Being horny for hours, stretched so tight and full, it was triggering something else. The ginger swiped the hair that was sticking to her sweaty forehead out of her eyes, her nipples pushed through her bra and top thick as thumb tips. Every inch of skin on her body felt like an over-amped erogenous zone. Every drop of sweat like someone teasing her, tracing down her body like a smug lover caressing her sensitive spots. Yes, there might be more weight pouring into her ass, more breast tissue blimping her tits further till her cleavage was shiny and tight. Probably another baby pushing its way into the crowd of hitchhikers inside, but all that change and growth was blurring into a building wave of pleasure there was no turning back from. It was like she had become her own womanhood and everything was just a giant dick stretching her to her limits. She had to take the shirt off. She had to stop this once and for all!

“So you understand that’s why you can’t take it off, yes?” Tony had finally returned just in time for her to reach the top of her sensual rollercoaster climb right before the

orgasmic drop into madness.

“S-sorry, Tony, I missed that,” She squealed. “Why can’t I take it off?” Her fingers were wrapped around the hem of the rental mommy shirt, ready to yank it off and stop the never-ending pressure!

“If you take the shirt off, it breaks the link altogether. Those babies won’t go back. Your body will adapt to them being yours and... well, then you’d have to have them whenever each one is due.”

Jess had already let go of the shirt. She needed to so her hands could roam up and down her giant pregnant form. “O-oh kay, but I’m gonna need... um, need a minute-” Unable to reach her panties, Jess furiously rubbed and groped her swollen body. One hand made it to her lips, covering her gasping, squealing reactions.

“I’m sorry I don’t have more for you. Would you believe you are the second person tonight to be in this situation?” Tony chuckled, unaware of Jessie’s current state.

“Second?!” Jessie squeaked, toes curling, legs spread wide. Her body was begging to be bred, experiencing an intense whirlwind of hormonal overdrive, hips bucking fruitlessly under the enormous weight of her stomach.

“Yeah, someone filled out an incident report for a manager named... wait. This is for a Jessie Star. Someone named Jazzie did a report earlier for you. Didn’t you check your email? I tried to contact you via email hours ago.”

Jess couldn’t answer. She was getting tunnel vision. The world was closing in and changing colors. She wasn’t aware of her body anymore, just all the different sensations colliding into one. Wobbling, pulsing, clamping, stretched to the max. Five minutes ago, she had tried to slow her breathing, dreading the escalation that had started, but there was no turning back. She was just a consciousness buried in a dog pile of sensual sensation, each stronger than the last. Who was she? What was she doing again? Someone was putting a baby in her, right? Was she going to be a mom or something? Her body bucked and bounced as visions of swelling bodies, well-endowed breeders, illusions clashed with realities. Daydreams of taking off shirts, sealing fates, and growing forever pounding her one wave after another. Her vision went white, the world faded into fuzz, and she knew she couldn’t hold back any longer.

“AAaaaaaaaAAAAEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!!!!!!” Her body arched perfectly, belly shoved into the air by some newfound mystical strength as everything culminated in a

giant, body shuddering, mind-melting orgasm. It was unclear how long or how many times, but eventually, Jessie's giant form landed on the bed, breaking a support beam and soaking the sheets.

After a long silence, there was a tiny clearing of a throat from her phone. "Mam, are you um... Ok?" Tony asked. Jessie's eyelids flickered, and she was out.

TO BE EXPANDED...