

Mallanna turned the house key in its slot. She felt vaguely aware as she stepped inside her house that something felt off, like she had every day when she came home for a week or so now. Her enormous-chested middle and oldest daughters chattered in another room about their favorite kinds of bikini. This behavior began a few days ago and it already seemed like an indispensable part of living under her roof. She smiled and listened to her beautiful, big boobed babes talk about what kinds of bikinis turned them on the most and which vibrant colors caught strangers' attention best. She vaguely recalled once having worried that Madylene's big breasts were new, or concerning, or...*unnatural*, somehow, but none of those thoughts held up to scrutiny. Madylene was a cool, foul mouthed bikini model with huge hips and the heart of a princess, so of course she sported a pair of massive mommy milkers.

"Babes," said Mallana. Girls didn't feel right anymore, it lacked the kind of flirty pizzazz that girls as sexy as those two deserved. Not that Mallana felt attracted to them, of course; their beauty and obvious sex appeal simply couldn't be denied even by family. It didn't take a biased eye to understand the allure of bouncy boobs in beautiful bikinis, after all. "Come help me cook?"

"Nope~!" Squealed Maddelyn with a playful approximation of punk defiance. The girl popped off the couch in the living room to stand with her fists planted on her hips. Her tits jiggled, which forcibly pulled the ends of Mallana's lips into faint curves. "I'm too cool for that." She turned her face up, which made Maddison giggle. Mallanna's mind began to pull towards offense, but as soon as she tried to voice criticism it left her. She felt as though the very words degraded into wispy phantoms on the way to her mouth and dispersed silently into the air before her voice could rise to meet them.

"Wh...M..." she wanted to chastise her daughter, obviously. She knew on some level, intellectually, that she had to. The words just refused to leave her without going silently limp first. "B..." Maddelyn giggled and thrust one hip up, making sure to call attention to the sexy black and red bikini bottom embracing it. Suddenly Mallanna felt her eyes glue themselves to that garment. Try as she might, she could look nowhere else. Her hands continued the cooking motions on autopilot. Her body robotically opened freezers and cabinets and packs of vegetables. Her fingers liberated knives from stands and procured cans of cooking spray.

"I shouldn't have to *work*, mom," remarked Maddelyn with a dismissive eye roll. "I have these delicate fingers and these fragile lil nailsies!" She held up her fingers for emphasis. Mallanna had no choice but to let her eyes be led by the movement of the girl's bright blue acrylic nails as they glided gracefully up past her bottom, slid across the buttery smooth flesh of her body, and...

And then she...

Wrapped them...

Around her bountiful bouncy bosom...

Mallanna sighed involuntarily. She felt something snap in her brain. She physically *felt* it. She suddenly knew that those gorgeously squooshy marshmallow tits of her daughter's had her in a death grip. She would do anything, ANYTHING, to make her bounce those massive mommy milkers in her face. She watched the way they deformed effortlessly under the pressure of Maddelyn's fingers. She felt her body sway from under her. She heard her knees knock against each other from physically wobbling.

"Of. Of course..." she whined. When she spoke the words Maddelyne wanted- the CORRECT words- it made talking much less troublesome. She liked that. It simplified things.

"Mmmhm, yes, good mom," Maddelyne purred with an evil smirk. "We've been un- and re-brainwashing you daily, mom. Isn't that soooo fuckin hot?"

"So hot..." mumbled Mallanna. She felt deep down that she agreed. Of course it turned her on to hear her daughters were using and abusing her brain. Instinct whispered to her in pleased snarls, reminding her that she was a good mom, a COOL mom. She nodded along emptily. "So hot to be controlled by bikinis..." she muttered. She sprayed a pan but never took her eyes off of Maddelyne's gorgeous chest. Her eyes stayed glued steadfastly to the girl's tight fuckable bikini top. She loved the wonderful contrast of its deep rich red and black with the innocent and almost childishly vibrant baby blue of her nails.

She drooled over the way those nails curved around her daughter's tits. She drooled at the thought that they were like claws jealously clutching a dragon's treasure, a treasure that she as an ordinary person simply had no choice but to covet and desire. She loved how the curve of those nails arced inwards to seize the curves of the tits they held.

"That's right, mom. COOL moms don't give chores to sexy sluts."

"Cool moms...don't give chores..." whined Mallanna. Stubborn parts of her mind tried to rally in ways that reminded her of past events she couldn't recall. She lacked the energy to aid them, though. She didn't especially want to try doing it, either. Not when giving in without a fight felt so good.

"Don't give chores *to sluts*," Maddelyne insisted and giggled. "Addy and I are sluts," she explained with a pussy-dampening wink.

"We're sexy sluts," Maddison chimped in from the couch. "Sexy sluts don't get chores. Not from cool moms."

"Yeah!" Maddelyne giggled. "Not from COOL moms. You're cool right?"

"I'm cooooool..." Mallanna agreed through no intention of her own. "I don't give chores to...sexy sluuuts." Drool dripped from her mouth. She continued work on dinner with her hands but their movements proved slow and clumsy and robotic. Nothing propelled her at all but pure

time-refined muscle memory. She needed to save as much of her mind as possible for Maddelyne's enticing instruction.

"So cool," whispered Maddelyne as she strutted closer and sashayed her hips. Mallanna stared shameless at her daughter's impossibly bouncy titties through ever-wider eyes, like a good mother. She didn't dare divert her eyes.

"Close your eyes," Madelyne whispered seductively. She stepped closer. The two faced each other. Mallanna had put dinner prep down at some point and stepped closer. She tried out of habit to resist..

Dinner...

Her eyes fell closed. She gave in for just a second, let her eyes rest. It felt so refreshing. She only had them closed for a moment.

She sat in bed with a daughter behind her. The daughter's hands cupped her bare tits. The daughter's nails encaged them as they did last night and the night before. The daughter's grip felt better than the best of bras but worse than the ugliest and least comfy bikini top.

Something in her ear buzzed to life. The voice ringing into them felt familiar and natural to obey. She made no effort, not even the barest, to fight it. She knew she would obey no matter what.

*"Don't you want to be a cool mom?"* The voice asked. Mallana nodded emptily.

"I want to be a cool mom," she agreed. The object in her ear played a clicking sound. Mallanna tightened her thighs in pleasure. Cool moms were clicker trained, after all.

*"Cool moms wear bikinis. Cool moms love strap-ons,"* the voice purred. Mallanna purred submissively and continued to nod her head.

"Cool moms wear bikinis..." she whimpered helplessly. "Cool moms love strap-ons." The object buzzed to her and played a faint sound of someone speaking words she couldn't make out for the noise. After a moment, the voice and the buzzing both stopped. She sat there a moment in silence and envisioned herself wearing a bikini to work under her uniform. The object played a click, and she shivered in delirious joy. Then she heard more buzzing, accompanied by that faint voice again. She pictured herself walking a dog in heels, a bikini top, and a nice big strap-on. She sighed again as a click rewarded her. "Cool moms wear bikinis. Cool moms love strap-ons."

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“Finally home!” Exclaimed Mallanna. She stepped out of her car and her fingers exploded to work tearing at her offensively dull office worker top. Her delicious tits needed *air*, damnit! It took some doing but she ripped it open without destroying the shirt and then hurled it down on the driveway. Her humongous heaving tits flopped down. She had longer ones, and more weighted towards the ends in a teardrop shape, than her girls. Keeping them stuffed in such an uncomfy shirt all day felt downright oppressive.

She unzipped her skirt and let it flutter down to a rest in the driveway, leaving her in a fluffy purple bikini and nothing else. She didn't bother taking her shoes in from the car- the only clothing girls should wear was bikinis. “I feel sooo much better.” She stepped over one or two pieces of clothing and let herself into the house. There she saw Madda hard at work cooking dinner. She happily ignored her oldest daughter and turned to walk into the kitchen.

“Welcome home mom!” Said Maddelyne, a bright pink strap-on buried in her sister's mouth. The thing looked impractically large, but that was how Maddelyne liked it.

“Thank youuuu, rawwwr,” purred Mallanna as she strolled up to her babies. Her massively engorged tits swayed and bounced as she walked, and each tug of their weight electrified her with primal animal delight. “How'd school go today, slutpuppy~?” She asked with a flirty batting of her eyelashes.

“I snuck into the cheerleaders' changing room and brainfucked them with my huge tits~” giggled Maddelyne with a look of pure joy. She thrust her rubber member back and forth inside Maddison's mouth.

“Oh my god that's so BRAAAVE of youu!” Squealed Mallanna, gripping her titanic mounds as pride hit her heart. “My baby girl making all those gossippy buzzing bees her bitches!”

“Yeah, well, I need groupies and sluts~” giggled Madelyne. Maddison tried to disengage to say something but Madelyne grabbed her head and pulled her back into place. “No, big sis, not yet~” she thrust her fake cock into Maddison's mouth and clutched at the girl's head. “Godddd that feels GOOD!”

“Have you gotten any teachers into bikinis, hmmm~?” Teased Mallanna as she held her mammoth milkers up and let them drop. Their back-destroying weight heaved her body down with them a bit when they fell, even wearing her comfy fluffy bikini. “Your teachers shouldn't be wearing anything else.” It frankly kind of offended her that they did.

“Not yet, ehehehe~” giggled Madylene, jamming her imitation phallus deeper into Maddison's throat. Maddison groaned joyfully around the bright pink plastic. “But I know who's getting the Madylene treatment first! She's new and young and she has smol lil tiddies desperately in need of bright bikini bigness!” Maddison and Mallanna groaned together at the mental image of a blissed out teacher's baby bug bite breasts ballooning in front of the whole class. Mallanna's

hands crept on their own to her breasts. She cupped them in her hands, the same way she liked watching her youngest do to herself.

“That sounds wonderfulllll,” Mallanna gasped out. A tantalizing blur of images swept across her brain. Teachers with baby smooth skin and giant breasts flew before her mind in a smear of flesh and delicious swimsuits. One imaginary woman bled fluidly into another, each blending with the next, and the mother of three simply couldn’t take it. She trembled in place and loosed a trembling moan from her quivering body. She pictured, however unstable her imagination had become, one woman after another sauntering seductively into class- hips and swimsuit demanding attention and arousal from eager students. “I would love thaaaat,” she whined as her hips began to visibly buck.

“Hmhmhm,” Madylene giggled. She jammed her plastic appendage down her sister’s throat. Maddison welcomed it deep inside of her. “Come bury your face in my gigantic fucking tiddies, *mom*,” the young woman purred. Her mother obeyed immediately.

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Mallanna stepped into the room where the PTA met. The atmosphere ground almost instantly to a halt. Woman all across the long table froze and stared at her.

“What are you doing?” Demanded one in shock. Did Mallanna know her? She didn’t really care, in all honesty. She had more important things to do.

“Put some damn clothes on!” Roared another with an unsightly snarl. Seeing so many women looking angry with her didn’t sit right with Mallanna. She had only come to a formal meeting dressed properly, after all, unlike all these silly ladies wearing blazers and pantyhose and button-up shirts and long skirts and who even knew what other crimes against common sense. The ladies started to stand up but Mallanna knew just what to do.

She leaned over.

Her humongous, almost bulbous breasts fell out of her bikini top in an instant and flopped nicely into her waiting hands. She scooped them back into the garment, ensuring her audience looked where they ought to. She smiled and teased her boobies through the bikini. As always, the soft but slightly fuzzy texture of this swimsuit’s excellent faux fur rubbed and stimulated her nipples, keeping them comfortably erect.

“Good evening, dears,” she said politely. Her fingers massaged and rubbed her trusty purple bikini. She hoped her soon-to-be sister sluts appreciated what a beautiful, proper, classy bikini she chose to wear. As nice as the fur was for her nipples, it did make her snatch a bit itchy. Nothing that a good tonguing couldn’t cure. “Give me your attention.” One of the woman straightened up, possibly to correct Mallanna’s wording, but the captivating bikini top pulled her

eyes back down. Every woman in the room stared helplessly at the intruder's sublime cleavage, no matter how hard they struggled not to. Those that pulled away drained their willpower in seconds and then meekly allowed themselves to stare again. "It's okay. You can stare. I give instruction."

"You mean...permission?" Asked a mousey lady. She gazed down at Mallanna's breasts through a pair of thick round glasses that looked a little too big for her. The woman looked like she was in her early thirties but Mallanna knew her- she was actually almost forty.

"No," intoned Mallanna. She grinned and massaged her tits a bit harder. Pressed, squeezed, massaged. She worked her tits through the purple fabric and gray floor of her formal bikini. "I am instructing you. You. Are. Learning. Okay?" The women all struggled to answer no, or even to simply shake their heads, but none succeeded. "Just say yes, dears. Obey." She hoisted her boobs up and then let them drop.

The sight took the PTA out immediately.

A hush fell over them. All stress and twitching caused by resistance stopped. Every pair of eyes trained on her boobs dilated. Every face melted into a look of submissive, complacent comfort. Arms fell limp at their owners' sides. Mallanna giggled.

"Good girls. Now, how about you sit down for me, right now?" Every woman fell back into her seat. All stared, some drooled. All listened. "Good, good. Now watch." Mallanna stood straight up, hands on her hips. She leaned forward and back just enough to get her mounds jiggling. The PTA sighed comfortably. All of them watched, limp and ready to learn. "Smile~" every mother in the room turned her mouth into a joyous shape. "Now, tell me what I'm wearing."

"Bikiiiiii..." moaned one mother.

"Fur bikiiiiii," specified another.

"Good job!" Squealed Mallanna. She rewarded her audience by jumping and jiggling. Sharp gasps and pleased sighs signaled an audience that enjoyed that. "What are you wearing?"

"We're...wea-" began one mother.

"NOT bikinis!" Scolded Mallanna. "All of you are setting very bad examples for the students right now." Several faces scrunched up. They seemed perplexed.

"We can't just...wear bikinis in public..." mumbled one distressed lady.

"Wrong~" giggled Mallanna. "You absolutely can! You SHOULD! Look at my beautiful body!" She jumped again. Her wiggling tits smashed all resistance across the table like a hammer. "See

how my youthful, milky skin is on display? See how my massive mommy milkers are totally visible?"

"Massive...mommy...milkers..." moaned the lady with the glasses. She nodded her head along in understanding. "But I have...small mommy milkers..." she said less in protest than defeat. The girl couldn't look away from Mallanna's mounds but she did lift her arms to cup her own little nubs.

"That's okay babe!" Laughed Mallanna. "My babies bought tons of breast enlarging bikinis for beautiful babes to wear! Just strip naked and we'll hook you up right now!" As she spoke she heard her two bikini daughters approaching, each with a suitcase full of nothing but bikinis. "So stand up and strip!" A couple moms stood up and began to robotically undo the buttons of their ugly business suits and blazers, but the rest seemed hesitant.

"I don't wanna be...naked..." the mousey mom mumbled. "I'm...shy...too shy for bikinis..."

"Silly slut~" Mallanna giggled. The word "slut" jarred a few moms out of trance. They started to stand but she lifted and dropped her tits again. "Uuuup," she purred as she hoisted them.

The resistant women froze in their tracks and watched fearfully, bodies twitching as they tried to move.

"And down!" Squeaked Mallanna. She let go. Her tits fell and jiggled and bounced into place. The previously resistant girls fell into their chairs and their eyes glazed over with delight. "All of you are delicious bikini sluts. Say it with me," she taunted them as she toyed with her titanic titties, "I am a delicious bikini slut."

"I am a delicious bikini slut," said the women who had not tried to resist.

"I am a delicious bikini slut," said the silly girls who had tried to resist.

"I am a delicious...bikini...slut..." said the girl with the glasses.

"I am a proud, sweet, submissive sweetie slut," specified Mallanna as she continued groping and clawing at her cleavage.

"I am a proud, sweet, submissive sweetie slut," repeated the momsluts of the PTA in unison.

"I am a wonderfully slutty mom," purred Mallanna. "I am a proud momslut."

"I am a wonderfully slutty mom," the PTA droned together, "I am a proud momslut." The blank looks on their faces did nothing to hide the gears turning in their heads. All prudishness, sex negativity, any inclination to slut shame...all of it began oozing out of them at an astonishing

rate. They sighed comfortably as they allowed themselves to succumb to Mallanna's wise words.

"Moms should wear bikinis," Mallanna drolled. "Cool moms are bikinisluts."

"Moms should wear bikinis," agreed her onlookers. "cool moms are bikinisluts." They smiled, and the ones that were stripping sped up.

"Only bikinis," Mallanna said and bounced. Her tits bounced and wobbled violently. "ONLY bikinis. NO other clothes."

"Only bikiniiiiis..."