

Lucille strode back into the room where the maids sat at their little meeting table. Ion stumbled in after her and sort of flopped into a chair like a sack dropping to the floor. They tilted it with their momentum on impact but it managed to right itself without dropping them. Lucille kept from tittering about that out loud, but that didn't come to her easily. She turned her attention to the others and only spent a few seconds greedily drinking in the sights of their frightened looks. Her judgment that Ion seemed like the leader, and if she broke them then the rest would crumble like dust in her fingers, seemed to be vindicated. She licked her lips and had to keep from biting the bottom one with aroused delight. As Melissa tried to shake Ion awake and both of the younger maids glanced between herself and Ion with looks of confusion and fear, she turned inwards.

Who did she feel like breaking next? Melissa, being the oldest on the menu, promised to make things even easier after being snapped in half than Ion already had by almost shattering. She seemed like the most difficult prey, though, and being forced to *try* left a bitter enough taste in Lucille's mouth as it was. She twirled a wavy lock of light brown hair around her finger as she contemplated how to proceed with this. She could crush either of the other two with ease, and she did quite like ease. But which of them would she clamp her fangs down on first? The tiny one, or the new girl?

She decided she'd save Laura for dessert. She had the fewest flaws to iron out, after all, and that meant Lucille also had the most room to play with her regarding her. She turned her eyes, narrow and focused, onto her next adorable victim: Arnil. Tiny, almost as flat as a board, a brat with a foul mouth squandering the obvious advantages her body gave her by infusing it with so much attitude?

Lucille would DESTROY her. She'd do it for the art. Hell, she'd have done it for *free*.

Not that she had to, obviously.

"Arnil. Tiny one. Come." Arnil rolled her eyes and hopped out of her chair to scurry after Lucille.

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Arnil stood on the roof, watching Lucille stretch. The woman had...changed, somehow, the moment they left the meeting room. She wondered what Ion had said to stress this bitch out so much. The notion passed across her mind that perhaps she ought to try and do even worse. After all, they'd be ejecting Lucille in like a week maybe, tops, wouldn't they? She saw no reason to let silly ideas like "decency" or "professionalism" rob her of the chance to see this snooty cunt-

They stood on the roof, Arnil near the door back inside and Lucille striding right to the railing on the far edge. Lucille turned and faced Arnil, an arm rising to casually run its hand across her thick, luxurious mane of way hair. The way its weight made it drop majestically back into place as her arm slid out from under it lent the woman's hair...almost an *aura*, really, of beauty and

power. For just a second Arnil felt as if she'd fallen prey to some kind of spell. The feeling passed quickly and without much need for effort, but...she still blushed because of it. Lucille's arm looped back up and around to let her rest her chin on it, her elbow balanced on the railing beside her. Lucille's stress vanished from her body entirely. Arnil's conscious mind didn't notice that, but something inside of her did. It shivered.

"Nice view, right?" Trilled Lucille as she stretched her spine and wiggled her arm, strategically-her hand extended downwards, her fingers and nails becoming a curved line that guided (perhaps drove?) Arnil's eyes onto the young woman's considerable bust. The red from earlier flooded her cheeks yet again, much stronger this time. Those beautiful delicate fingers, having momentarily become the threatening claws of a tiger, went lax and practically transformed back into beautiful lady fingers they ought to be. They drummed invitingly at Lucille's chest with a soft rhythm. Again, some part of Arnil noticed- and it wasn't quite her brain.

"Y-yeah," Arnil answered with a nod, falsely believing that she had not also moved two steps closer. What happened to her malice...? Why did she suddenly feel so...*not* angry at Lucille? She looked up at Lucille's face: her soft pretty features, the way her makeup gave a sort of sweeping wing-like shape to her eyes, her lipstick and touchable cheeks..."very...it's very, uh...pretty. Yes."

"Down there, you mean, of course," teased Lucille. She motioned past herself very slightly by tilting her face, but quickly used some exaggerated drumming of her fingers to draw a line from the city around them to her breasts. Those breasts looked so soft, so...pearly. Nobody in Arnil's family had tits remotely that big, which would be one thing if the lady had huge unshapely udders, but...no. They had shape to them, firmness, a perky sense of youth. Those were a *lady's* breasts.

"Estrogen isn't doing much for you, is it? Shame. You'd be SO CUTE with bigger boobs." Lucille smiled over at Arnil, her face angled down slightly even leaning across a railing as she was. In fact, she arched her back even more to hang her own gorgeous breasts as if to- no, *precisely* to- flaunt how big and perfect and soft they were. Blood flew to Arnil's face in even greater volume, some motivated by embarrassment but mostly by anger. Her fists balled up on their own. She tried not to grind her teeth together.

"How...dare you," she snarled, trying not to tear into the smug busty bitch. Whatever silly enchantment she'd fallen under, that comment ripped her violently free of it. She felt her body heat up a little bit. If she showed any more extreme emotion though, Lucille might slap her. She really didn't want that...in fact, she felt that threat quashing her rage now that it occurred to her. The sparks died out as she returned to a more...normal sort of angry with Lucille. "You think you're better than me just cause-" she faltered, her eyes glaring daggers at Lucille's beautiful breasts. They made her more jealous the longer she looked, but...less angry, maybe? She heaved with indignation, forcing herself to remember she could- should- still be pissed. "Just cause you have...you have....rrrrgh!" The anger reignited, but with herself this time for being such a pushover. She wanted to say something like, "*Just because you have those fleshy*

*globules stapled to your chest?*”, or perhaps *“with those needlessly giant tits!?”* She said neither. Every time she tried to spit out anything negative about those boobs, the words died in her throat. They...seemed to run out of gas before making it to her mouth..

“Oh ho ho,” laughed Lucille, doing the fakest laugh Arnil had ever fucking heard, “can’t you see? I *AM* better than you~” She stepped forward seductively, dropped her upper body almost perpendicular to her spine, and gave Arnil an amazing view straight down into her cleavage. Arnil tried to look away, to prove she wasn’t some base animal Lucille could train, but the valley in between Lucille’s big bouncy boobs seized her and refused to let go. Lucille laughed again, real this time, and that made her breasts jiggle. Arnil felt herself blushing again as she failed not to notice the soft lovely ripples that danced along those breasts’ skin as they moved. Her hands, open now, drifted upwards to sadly rest on her...”chest.” She felt a pit in her stomach as she realized she’d probably never have anything like those. Lucille giggled as she stood back up, a dark smile smearing itself across her face.

“Bigger is better,” Lucille gloated as she lifted, toyed with, massaged her big breasts with her hands. Unbeknownst to herself, Arnil rubbed needily at her own chest as if to challenge them. She lost, obviously.

“Bigger...is...” repeated Arnil, feeling something stir in her mind. She stared at Lucille’s big breasts. She wanted Lucille’s big breasts. She envied Lucille’s big breasts. “Wh...”

“It’s simple, silly,” Lucille purred, groping herself a bit more aggressively with a sadistic grin. “Bigger boobs mean a bigger heart. More milk. More LOVE. Obviously that’s good.” She purred as she leaned forward a tad to bounce them. They felt like they towered over her, almost the way a statue would. She felt small, powerless, insignificant, like an insect trying to wrap its head around calculus. She beheld a beautiful thing, a wonderful thing, and she couldn’t HAVE it.

Tears welled up. Lucille rolled her eyes, but Arnil didn’t see that.

“Bigger is...better...?” Arnil parroted, her voice shaky. She felt her jaw tremble as the words tumbled out of it. Lucille walked over, her tits engulfing her hands, and tittered smugly down.

“Bigger is better, obviously. EVERYONE loves big boobs. EVERYONE prefers big boobs.” Lucille bounced her titties in her hands. “EVERYONE.”

“Everyone loves big boobs...?” Arnil repeated, the colossal breasts in front of her threatening to consume her entirely. She felt as if nothing in the world existed outside of the mammoth boobs towering over her, nothing mattered, nothing else at all. She gripped her own sad little baby tits with a forlorn whimper as the implied second half of *“bigger is better”* crashed into her mind like a meteor. Her vision darkened, all except for the lovely way the day’s sunlight illuminated Lucille’s big beautiful boobies, those wonderful treasureable things Arnil could never have no matter how much she wanted them. Strange thoughts flashed through her mind of sucking milk from them, worshiping them, hoping some of their radiance might take pity and plant itself inside

her so she could grow big boobs of her own. She tried to shake those thoughts. It didn't matter how *good* and *beautiful* and *better* Lucille was, she was still...she was still...

Had those breasts gotten...closer?

"Bigger is...better..." Arnil repeated again.

"Yes, dear, very good. Bigger IS better. I'd give you a gold star pastie, if it wouldn't cover yours up!"

"Thank you..." mumbled a crushed Arnil. "Bigger is...better..." she practically clawed at her own miserable little titties, realizing-

"And of course, they get bigger as I come closer. See?" Lucille purred, stepping closer with a coy grin. Arnil stumbled forwards almost like she was caught on a fishing line the instant the words hit her ears. She moaned with bliss, understanding in an instant that Lucille had bigger breasts the closer she was, Lucille was better the closer she was, closer Lucille was better, everyone loved better, Arnil loved better. Some small part of her screamed and flailed in protest, but she refused it any purchase. As she stumbled closer the warmth from Lucille exploded in intensity and threatened to completely melt her; from a gentle campfire-like warmth where they'd started, proximity rapidly empowered the sensation into the overpowering presence of the sun. Still, she liked it. Bigger was better. More was better.

"I seeeee," Arnil slurred as the heat from Lucille's amazing breasts banished her bad feelings like the lights casting the demons out from one's room at midnight. She felt...better. Of course she did. Lucille's gorgeous boobs stood mere inches from her unworthy little face, practically close enough that she could kiss them. She felt warm, happy, and safe. She felt lovely. She felt good. "Bigger...IS better...!" She purred happily, her body swaying and wobbling as though its muscles had been turned to jelly by proximity to the magnificent flame of Lucille's boobies.

"That's right, little one. Bigger is better, and I'm the biggest, so I'm the betterest, aren't I?" Teased Lucille. Arnil frowned. Something about what she was supposed to say didn't seem right. Even as the breasts in front of her glowed with obvious superiority, she didn't feel comfortable saying out loud what she knew Lucille was probably right to say. Her body trembled as she tried to figure out why those words felt so strange. Lucille just giggled her wonderful little giggle and took Arnil's hands-

To her own breasts. Arnil grabbed hold immediately. Perverse, almost juvenile glee overtook her and her mind erupted into an inferno of raw sexual delight. She squeaked and squeezed immediately.

"Good slut," Lucille practically hissed. "Admit I'm the goodest and you can play with these tits for ten minutes."

“You’re the goodest! You’re the goodestest!!” Cried Arnil without a second’s hesitation. She groped and played and savored those majestic boobs in her hands as much as she could, letting the beautiful sensation of their soft but firm flesh spread through her body like a nice comfy poison. Lucille giggled and arched her back over Arnil with a finger poised seductively over her soft, plush, pursed lips. The sound of that laughter intoxicated Arnil; to make such a beautiful woman laugh.

“I can show you even better,” promised Lucille with the kind of sultry whisper that offered life-destroying secrets and sordid deals with the devil. Arnil squeaked pitifully and stared up at Lucille’s face with the biggest puppydog eyes she could muster. Her whimpering rapidly grew louder and more pathetic as she begged Lucille for whatever she was offering.

“Pl-please show me, I’ll be a good girl,” Arnil promised, “I’ll be a very good girl. I’ll be as good a girl as my sad little nub tits let meee,” she whined as she gripped at Lucille’s breasts and longed for whatever she’d been offered, “Tell me what you want Lucille, I’ll give iiiiiiit!”

“Well,” Lucille grinned and flicked a thumb across her lips with a look that Arnil would not recognize as smug satisfaction, “First, I want you to admit that I’m better than Ion. I have bigger tits, after all~”

“Yesss,” Arnil groaned helplessly. As she pushed her hands against Lucille’s big firm globes she tossed the idea about in her brain like she was passing her tongue about the surface of a lollipop. Sure enough, she found no faults in it. Lucille had bigger breasts, Lucille was therefore better. Ion not being a woman, strictly speaking, didn’t change the obvious facts: bigger boobs meant better. Everyone loved big boobs. She loved big boobs.

“Say it, dear.”

“You’re better than Ionnnn,” Arnil whined, feeling something- almost like pixie dust- snake all about inside of her as she felt her words inexorably become her truth. She still liked Ion, obviously, she just knew Lucille deserved more love and more control. Obviously.

*Obviously.*

“Secondly, you’re going to stop calling me all those stuffy formal titles. I’m Mommy now, got it?”

“YES MOMMY!” Arnil cried, seizing hold of the big beautiful bouncy breasts in her hands. She jiggled and boinged them up and down in uncontrolled excitement. Having such a busty mommy had to improve her shot at growing big sexy milkers of her own, right?