

Breast Buy May-ternity Special

By Jessie Star

Art by Red V.

PART 9

Jessie's eyes rolled as the Teat Squad Van hit another speed bump. She was too large to sit in any conventional car seat now. Even if they could be reclined, her belly would drift into the driver's space, so instead, Jazzie was carting her around, sitting on the floor in the back of their service vehicle. The redhead turned 'Rental Mommy' looked like skin-toned basketballs stacked on a beach ball, sitting on a beanbag chair, stuffed into a slowly shrinking outfit. Her cheeks were scarlet, and her entire body was slick with sweat and milk. "Hnnnnnnnnng" Jess shivered as the overinflated mess that was her body seized and clenched again. *Bum-bump*. Another speed bump as she felt all the babies that had been zapped into her womb rise and then fall inside her, the terrific weight plunging deeper into her pelvis, spreading her hips and making her nethers bulge.

"Okay Jessie, do you want the good or bad news first?" Jazz called to the back of the van. Jess was propped up by two new guys who held her arms and tried to look anywhere else besides her giant cavern of cleavage or heaving belly.

"G-good news. Please, holy crap, give me some good news!" Jess went to close her legs reflexively, but her fat thighs smacked into her boulder of a belly, unable to meet.

"Okay so good news, there is no way you can actually have the babies unless you authorize it with a fingerprint. So no matter how you feel, nothing is coming... well.. out."

"Really? Cuz it feels like I'm trying to lay a clutch of dinosaur eggs!" Jessie growled, though there was something in the growl that sounded panicked. Flustered even.

"Well, that's the bad news, kinda. Whatever you did with that yoga, shiftin' the babies around, your body thinks it's time to push." Jazz flinched at a string of expletives kicked in from the Rental Mommy. "But, BUT! We can use the app and change everything your nerves feel pain-wise to pleasure. That's a good thing, right? I did it when we picked you up. Is it working?"

“Yes, it’s working!” The ginger Breast Buy manager screamed, eyes rolling. “It feels like someone switched out my dildo for a bowling ball!” The eyes of both the Teat Squad members holding her bulged. Jess tried to buck her hips, but the weight of her belly was just too much to get more than a slight lift to her pelvis.

“I’m sorry, Jess. It’s either pleasure or pain. Do you want me to turn it back to-”

“No, Jazzy!” Jess spat through clenched teeth. “I just really don’t want to go off in front of my- of m-my c-c-coooooowrrrrkk hnnnnng” The Ginger almost broke the hands of the guys on either side of her. Her eyes rolled, her belly clenched, and the manager came right there in the back of the van.

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“You all right, Jess?” Jazzy had pulled over at Jessie’s request. Her friend was covered in perspiration, clothing soaked and straining, and blushing profusely from the fact that every ten minutes, her body would start clenching and contracting, ending with her org- well, you get the picture.

“I’m going inside.” Jess pointed to the diner they had pulled over at.

“We gotta get you back to the store by 7 pm. They are pretty sure we’re finally going to fix this.” Jazzy said through a forced smiling attempt at reassurance.

“Yeah, and it’s only 12:30 now, Jazz. I’m not going to sit in our store as its manager while a glitched app and t-shirt make me a milky moaning mommy mess. I just worked off a crap ton of pounds, and now my body needs calories. So I’m going to sit in there, have a burger, and ride back with you when it’s time to de-ba-Ah-biiiee- Oooo” It was happening again. It started at her golf ball of a belly button, the skin around it tightening, spreading along the sides like her body was in a vice. Instead of pain, the app had the contraction (along with every other sensation) wired to be pleasurable instead. Her hands vigorously rubbed the sides of her tightening dome, whimpering and moaning. “Come back when I text you!” She screamed and quickly waddled off before they could see her lose it again.

Jessie's legs locked up just as she fell against the diner door. "Holy c-crap, why does it... all... have to feel... so g-goood!" The damn app had turned every inch of her whaleish form into the world's largest erogenous zone. The tightening had moved into her lower back and down into her hips, and what should have been a painful pushing process might as well have been a never-ending day of mind-blowing sex. She could feel the babies dropping, like slick round watermelons sinking in her pelvis. Her pants bulged in the crotch, unable to stop, unable to release. The redhead's eyes rolled as she moaned, her pussy's lips parting just a little. Her nipples rock hard and seeping milk. She was about to blow, right here in front of the diner-

"Oh, sorry, miss, let me hold the door for you!" A nervous, skinny college kid ran back to the glass door of the diner to hold it for her.

Are you kidding me? Jessie whined internally. Her body trembled like a guitar string wound so tight it was about to pop. What was she supposed to do? Stand outside and let this scrawny kid watch her moan, grunt, and kegel a bowling ball back into her belly while she climaxed through it all? "T-thanks." The redhead sputtered as she heaved herself inside the dinner. Her belly had to weigh more than she did at this point. Only the special yoga pants from Breast Buy were helping her stay upright with their anti-gravity-like powers, but it didn't change how hot, low, and heavy the temporary pay load in her rented-out womb was feeling in her pelvis. She could feel her panties creak from the strain of her pressurized anatomy pushing outwards in a desperate attempt to find more room.

"I'm sorry, miss, we don't have any tables available." Said a meek waitress named Lucy, trying not to let her eyes drift down to Jessie's colossal frame, and failing at it. Jess cleared her throat and the girl's eye shot back up, and her gaping mouth shut. "Oh, Goawd, I'm sorry."

"It's fine. I'd gawk, too if I were you. Heck, I don't even know the names of all the fathers. The whole thing is so crazy and wild. The important thing is do you have booths, and are the tables for the booths bolted down?"

With the help of multiple waiters, the table between booth seats was removed, and a spot for the massive rental mommy was now available. Jess knew once she sat down, it was going to be hell getting back up again, so the gigantically swollen ginger cupped the sides of her watermelon-sized boobs, testing their fullness. “Yeah, I better drain these bad boys before I sit, or I’ll be spraying your patrons here.” She grumbled, placing an order for a burger and waddling off to the bathroom to pump.

She put one heavy foot in front of the other. It felt like she had a boulder pushing her hips wider till her tendons ran out of stretch. The poor flustered ginger had to back into the stall, and with her inflated weight, she was sure the toilet would crack in half when her ass came down like an avalanche. “Ugggg I feel so... s-so.. Good” she groaned. The pain being switched to pleasure was having an unintended side effect. The experience was becoming addicting. She was ashamed to admit it, but every sensation from her ballooning belly to her pressurized tits, her aching back to her quivering womanhood, everything that should feel wrong and painful and dangerous felt erotic and pleasurable. Her brain was swimming in endorphins. The Breast Buy manager was high on endorphins and had this been a feature earlier, she was unsure if she would have been able to call anyone to fix it. Just round and sweaty, stuck on the bed, rubbing herself in a never-ending cycle of moaning, eating, and orgasming. Some techno-glitch made fertility goddess, taking on all the pregnancies of the world.

“W-well,” Jessie said between pants. “If I wasn’t starving... and in public, I guess this wouldn’t be too bad.” She let her fingernails trace the enormous dome of her belly, so big it almost touched the sides of the stall. “Better than being drunk, better than sex even!” The earlier thoughts of her imagination came back to tease and taunt her. What if there was no fix? What if she was stuck as a human incubator forever? Would they be considered her babies, then? Would she have to birth them or just carry them forever? A one-woman ‘party of twenty’ at the restaurants, sucking food in like a black hole, growing in size until she was a mountain range of pregnant pleasure. Would that be so bad if it did happen? “Yes, YES! It would be horrible, she squealed, shaking the thoughts from her head. “Just milk yourself and eat your damn burger, Jess!”

As her fingers curled under the cursed tech shirt that started it all, the dumb rental mommy+, she grimaced at how it stuck to her skin from all the sweat. This clothing piece connected to an app, allowing people to download their baby to a surrogate for a bit. It felt attached to her, part of

her, only begrudgingly releasing as she tugged it up over her watermelon-sized breasts. Her nipples hardened as her hot, throbbing tits were exposed to the cool bathroom air. She worked at a store that made expansion tech for bodies, yet the size of her milk tanks shocked and terrified her. They had to be making more than a gallon each per hour. The slightest touch caused droplets to leak from her buzzing nipples. They were so big, heavy, and spherical, sitting on her immense belly like giant water balloons about to burst.

She grabbed the suction cups from her maternity milking machine and pressed them to her nipples. With a flip of a switch, they latched on like two greedy piglets wanting her thick sweet milk. Jess through one hand over her mouth and another against the side of the stall for balance as she screamed her orgasm into her cupped finger. The damn machine tugged and pinched, drawing out gulps of creamy white fluid. Her eyes rolled as she spread her legs and came again and again. Bottle after bottle, body gulping for air, wheezing between orgasms.

“Take off the shirt.” a voice in her head screamed.

“I.. Ah..I can’t take it off, it will disconnect from frooom ooh god, from the app, and I’ll be stuck!” Only her arms and head were still IN the top.

“Stuck in this pleasure and ecstasy?” The voice purred. “Stuck as a goddess and perpetual pleasure palace?”

“No! I’m supposed to be, um.. Supposed to be-” Gah, what was she supposed to be? She worked somewhere or something. All she could focus on was this intense pleasure. Sweeping away her brain and memories. Maybe she was always this? Or always would be this? “EEK!” Her hands were on the hem of the shirt, giving it gentle tugs. “Shhtop. I, I, AAAH that’s so good!”

“Stop? Not us doing it. It’s all you!”

“Hnnnnnnng, then why can’t I stop!?” Jessie panicked as she felt the shirt come up over her armpits. There was no answer. She was doing this. She was out of control. “Hnnnnnnno no no no!” She orgasmed again, and her eyes rolled. The retail manager turned, walking baby daycare slid forward from the toilet, but her belly immediately hit the door, propping her precariously on the edge of her seat. The milking caused another orgasm. Each one made her entire belly

tighten, pressing the cargo down into her pelvis like a stack of bowling balls. An orgasm big enough, and she just might have her water break all over the bathroom and start delivering a parade line of babies. But she couldn't feel fear or comprehend the danger. It was all chaotic, pleasure-laced insanity. She was less a person than a thing. An organism that only existed to get pregnant and come their brains out. What tiny brainpower she had, she needed to fix the shirt. She needed to pull it down, but which way was down or up? She couldn't tell her brain was so awash with gooey emotions and sensations. She would have one good tug, and if she did it wrong, this simple human task that her buzzing brain could barely comprehend, she may end all chances of getting fixes. She gulped and closed her eyes, and tugged her top as hard as she could while orgasming so hard it looked like a seizure. "Gaaah OH GOD FUCK FUCK ME OH AAAH AAHAHHH YESSSS AAH GAWD YES!"

The waitress, Lucy had just entered the bathroom to check on the heavily pregnant woman. Needless to say, she stepped right back out.

To be Continued...

