

Breast Buy May-ternity Special

By Jessie Star

Art by Red V

PART 3

Jess grumpily stuffed the final piece of pizza into her mouth, punishing her meal with angry chomps. However long she was stuck with this dumb preggo belly, she was apparently responsible for feeding the “twins” till it was fixed. Her hunger had skyrocketed to signal that fact. She was now eating for three. A pepperoni fell from her lips, bouncing off her tits and landing on her ‘baby bump’. For the first time since before high school, she could see her stomach by looking down without spreading her cleavage apart. The bowling ball of flesh where smooth abs should be sat there, taunting her as it rested heavily on her plush lap, pushing back against her lungs and tits. And that wasn’t all! So many inches added to her thighs and hips. Her ass was wider than her dining room chairs and stuck out like a gelatinous shelf. Even her tits had changed. They were denser, fuller, and while it gave them an extreme amount of perkiness, they were also sore and uncomfortably warm. Her poor nipples were constantly stiff and enlarged in her bra, preparing for a feast for guests she wanted to kick out post-haste. She was even feeling it between her plush thighs, hot and tingly and aroused. The giant rush of hormones had set off all types of uncomfortable, from backache to hornyness.

The woman sighed and tugged her shirt back down over her ripening form. There was nothing to do but sit and wait for the hold music to end and give her an answer on how to fix this. She hadn’t even gotten to tell anyone the issue yet!

“Thank you for holding; your call is important to us! Please hold on the line for the next available operator,” The pre-recorded woman from Breast Buy Corporate assured Jess through the phone, only to follow up with some more stereotypical waiting music. The song had been playing for an hour, accompanied by the cheerful and polite ‘Your call is important to us.’ Every time the damn music stopped, Jessie prayed they had finally picked up, only to be told by Robo-woman that her call was still important to them.

“Fug you guyz, Sombubby pick op you ash holes!” She growled through a mouth full of masticated pizza crust.

“Excuse me!” A very live voice responded to Jessie’s angry cursing. Jess nearly choked, chewing quickly and washing it down with a glass of water. “Hello? This is Laura with

Breast Buy Corporate. Is anyone there?"

"Yes! Yes, It's here. I'm me. I mean, I'm here!" Jess moved too quickly and knocked the phone across the table.

"Hello? You need to speak up. I can't hear you very well." This woman did not sound patient at all. Jess grunted. Standing up was a chore, with her belly pushing into her thighs as she tried to rise. Its new weight made her stumble as she ran to the other side of the table, boobs wildly bouncing as she flew to respond.

"Can you hear me now?" She gasped. Even running four steps was a workout.

"Yes, hello, this is Laura with Breast Buy Corporate. Are you an employee?" The woman seemed a little suspicious of all the noise Jess was making.

"Yes, hello, I'm a manager at one of your retail loc-"

"Name?" Laura cut her off quickly.

"My name is Jessie Star. I had a bit of an inci-"

"Store number?" The woman cut her off, typing the basic info into the system.

Jess searched her quickly searched her mind. All the specific information on her store and location seemed hard to recall at the moment. "Er, my store number is 80085. We have some prototype products, and I didn-"

"What is your employee number?" Laura wasn't going to let her get a word in unless it was a word she wanted.

"Um.. employee number. Right erm. It's-" Jess rattled off the long string of numbers to the best of her ability.

"I don't have an employee under that number." Laura replied coldly.

"Wait, um... Maybe I inverted the last two?" Jessie heard more typing.

"Still nothing. You are a manager, and you don't know your employee number?" Jess scowled at Lisa's words.

“No, I do. I just had an-” She rubbed her belly as it growled. Her occupants seemed to want her to heat that second pizza. “-an incident, and I’m a little discombobulated.”

“If I don’t have your employee number, I’m going to need you to please call back when you have it.” Laura said in a firm but polite tone.

“WAIT! Wait, it took me an hour to get through. Let me try one more time. Um.. 5167021?” Jess held her breath. If this lady hung up and Jess had to wait another hour, she would lose her freaking mind.

“Ah, there you are! Jessie Star.” Laura’s voice immediately took on a cheery and helpful tone.

“So yeah, I accidentally put on this prototype shirt... It’s not supposed to be an active product yet. And now it’s transferred some people’s babies into to me, and I’m a little freaked out and not sure how to-”

“Ah, let me get you our *Teat Squad* Product support, please hold.” And just like that, Laura disappeared back into the constant din of waiting music.

“Great. Juuust great.” Jess sighed, tugging her rental mommy shirt down, trying to cover the sliver of exposed belly skin. “Hopefully, this part doesn’t take quite so-”

Ding! Her phone chimed, and the waiting music went dead. Someone was contacting her on the Rental Mommy app. Someone new. “If this thing hung up my call, I will break someone!”

“So I don’t have many extra symptoms from this pregnancy so far, but would you take the baby fat from my last one? Lol.” Messaged some woman named Carly. The loading bar kicked in, and Jess banged the table in frustration. The feature to talk back to these women was not operational yet. “Oh my gosh, I was kidding.” Typed Carly, “It actually worked? This is insane!”

“Did you sign up to be on a waiting list for an app you thought would never work!” Jess screamed at a woman who would never hear her. She put her hand on her belly, preparing for the worst, but the pressure did not start there. The Manager of Breast Buy and part-time surrogate’s pants were getting extremely uncomfortable. They were already tight and tugged up into a wedgie from every direction, but now her thighs and rear were bloating further, and the pants stretched until they could stretch no more. The material grew skin tight on her pressurized body, the seams creaking and popping

below. "Too tight, Too freaking tight!" Jessie panicked as the circulation in her enlarging bottom half began to get cut off. Some of the worn spots on her jeans tore open fully as bubbles of soft thigh puffed out like rising dough. As her body below her stomach fought for space, her breasts tingled and surged as well. Her dense breast tissue itched and buzzed as they stretched to fill the last available room in her bra and then some. That woman had passed on her previous baby weight. She had taken calories that had absolutely *nothing* to do with her current situation and shoved them in Jessie's ass and tits and-



Uh oh. As if on cue, that current pregnancy made itself known. The skin of Jessie's belly grew warm as it again allowed itself to stretch to accommodate another passenger. The shirt tech allowed her body to stretch to accommodate with no complication, but it did nothing for her pants. In a final death blow, the button burst off her jeans, flying across the room. Her belly button also gave a tiny pop, becoming an outie as if to celebrate what had just happened to her pants. Her midsection grew heavier and lower, pushing the zipper of her jeans open as it expanded on her frame. The Image Jess saw of herself in her sliding glass door was a prego about to pop, nine months maybe more with baby breakfast ready to gush the minute she had them. But she wasn't going to have them. She was just stuck with them as they stretched her body and decimated her clothing. Parted her legs as best as she could in her tearing trousers to balance the weight. Behind her, the waiting music resumed on her phone. She could only manage a quiet whimpering "help" in reply.

...TO BE EXPANDED