

Breast Buy May-ternity Special

By Jessie Star
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PART 6

Jessie Splashed water from her bathroom sink onto her blushy sweaty face. It had been 30 minutes since she had passed out on the phone from... well, from being 'over stimulated' and had to call Tony from the Teat Squad back. Tony, sadly, had little to offer besides "hang tight." They couldn't send the babies back yet, they couldn't stop more from possibly coming in, and she couldn't take off the infernal "Rental Mommy" shirt that caused it all. All there was to do was to 'hang tight!'

Jess peered into her bathroom mirror, ug she couldn't look more tight and full. Hands on the counter with her feet spread wide while bending deeply forward was the only way she could reach the sink while facing it. Her tremendous belly kept her beyond an arm's length from the counter now. The redhead groaned as the weight of the quintuplets, and her J cup tits pulled her downwards. She stood slowly, legs wobbling with a bit of a struggle until she was upright once again. Her back returned to the extreme curve forced by her pregnant condition, and so did the strain. In every joint from her hips to her knees to every notch of her spine, the weight and the pressure threatened to tip her over.

"Mmmmm, we look marvelous," cooed a voice that startled Jessie out of her exhausted musing.

"Wh-who's there?" Jessie looked around frantically in her tiny bathroom, tinier than ever with all her recent growth.

"Right here!" giggled her reflection. Jessie's mind was playing tricks on her. There was a Jess in the mirror smirking and stroking their shiny, giant belly. "Don't we look enormously sexy with all our babies?"

"You aren't real; you're just a figment of my imagination... a-and exhaustion." Jess shuddered at the idea she was arguing with an imaginary self. "And they aren't our babies!"

"They might as well be. If we took off the shirt, we could keep them around like they were." The reflection grabbed the edges of their top and lifted it teasingly. Jess was

shocked to see she had gripped the shirt and lifted it as well. She yelped tugged the top down as far as it would go.

“I’m gonna fix this... So whatever repressed motherly instinct conjured you up, you can go right back to wherever you came from. I... I’m not into this like you are.”

“Sure you are, Jess. Like you said. It has all been repressed, doesn’t mean it’s any less you.” She continued to rub her inflated form. “Look at us, how large and round. How extremely tight and full we feel. Do you think if you get rid of these, we’ll just go back to normal? You let the monster out of the box Jess, ending this early just gets us closer to loading up on our own next time.” Jessie’s reflected doppelganger shimmied her boobs and giggled.

“Just SHUT UP!” Jess screamed, but it was pointless. The only image in the mirror was her normal self. Well, inflated beyond overdue pregnant, but mentally normal, sort of. Was she really secretly into being like this...this big ass pregnant heifer? She needed to get a break from this weight and get a hold of herself.

“Okay, Tony suggested getting in some water to take the weight off,” she groaned, looking back at her tub, “Heck no, if I got in there, I’d never get my inflated ass out again.” The Breast Buy manager checked her phone to see the time. “Well, only one option left.”

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Twenty minutes later, Jess was locking her front door and heaving herself to her car. “Please, no one see me, please...” she pleaded to the universe that none of her neighbors were on a late-night stroll. She was dressed in nothing but her Rental Mommy top, a bikini bottom from a Breast Buy beach event that should have been many sizes too large for her (yet fit perfectly), and some flip flops she didn’t have to bend over to put on. The woman was going for a late-night trip to the pool. The idea of climbing into the community hot tub when no one was around and feeling slightly weightless for a few hours sounded divine, but the struggle just to get there threatened to undo any relief she was hoping to get. Squatting and trying to get her driver’s seat back far enough that she could squish herself in behind the wheel was an entire ordeal. Her belly had no give, tighter than a drum, its underside pushed down, spreading her thighs apart, and its front rubbed against the steering wheel. With the seat leaned back to fit the moment she leaned forward to steer, her freckled cleavage was shoved in her face. Her body was running out of room for all its multiple swollen spheres, and being stuffed into her car was just rubbing it in. Ass and hips squished against the door and

middle console, belly forcing her back into the seat, soon she wouldn't fit in her own damn car. Hopefully, going out wasn't an idea she'd regret.

Once at the pool, getting out of the car was infinitely more complicated than trying to squeeze herself into it. Lifting one leg out of the car to slowly turn, followed by the second while feeling like she was hauling bags of sand in her uterus, caused her to break into a sweat. And after two minutes of turning and shifting... she then had to stand, which made the shuffle seem easy. Finally, once and out of the car came the trick Tony had walked her through. Unable to take off the "Rental Mommy" top, Jess was surprised when the Teat Squad tech explained the t-shirt could reform into multiple styles. "Just a quick slide of the app and-" with a flitter and a *fwomp*, the shirt reformed into a bikini top. Gathering material from her belly into the triangles and strings that made up the bathing suit, her top had a lot more room which caused her compressed tits to surge forward. "This is the only option you have for a bathing suit top?!" Jess whimpered as she hefted up her tingling sensitive tits. Her ever throbbing nipples and areolas were barely covered by the small triangles, each monogrammed with either a letter "R" or "M". The car would be a struggle to get back in, and she really needed a quiet night floating weightless in the pool, so she begrudgingly accepted their skimpiness and trudged onward.

By the time she had gotten to the pool's gate, Jessie's legs were demanding a break. "It's late, so... just thirty more steps and I can enjoy some quiet, weightless relaxation." She told herself as she opened the squeaky gate, only to be shocked by how busy the pool was. When she had arrived, she assumed the loud music and party sounds were from the surrounding neighborhood, but it appeared that there was a "start of summer" cookout going on that was keeping the pool open past midnight. And now Jess had to walk right through the middle of it. Being a busty gal, getting some looks from people when she went swimming was not new. Big curves packed into a tiny bathing suit. She could understand the impulse. Nature makes you glance but then turn before it becomes an ogle, right? But now, it was different. She was more spectacle than ever, and with each heavy step, she could feel people grow quieter and stare. A cold sweat began to spread over her cleavage and forehead. She felt like the party had been surprised by an elephant walking through its midst. But the elephant was her. All the things she had become self-conscious about worsened tenfold.

Why does being self-conscious increase the sensations of an embarrassing experience? Her tree trunk thighs smacking against each other and wobbling in the humid, sticky air, her giant wobbling ass sticking out more than a foot behind her, its pail rounded cheeks audibly clapping together with each step. Its massive size gobbling up the back of bikini bottoms like a hungry monster. And her tits swaying and sloshing in

her top, at least they were big enough to rest on her belly and give her shoulders a break. But she could feel every stimulated inch of each addition, and combined, they were a magnet for everyone's eyes. Some women stared on in disgust at the newcomer's 'immodest' outfit or slapped their men for getting their eyes lost in Jessie's cleavage or ass crack, but the children... Jessie felt most awkward about the kids staring in complete awe at her stomach that proceeded well before her. One child tugged on his mother's arm, with his eyes bugging out and jaw open in shock. Jess couldn't blame him. She looked like she had swallowed a kid his size. All she could do was blush and try to waddle faster, which... turned out to be fruitless. Gravity and exhaustion forced Jessie to shuffle her human hippo of a body at a pitiful pace for the constant entertainment and judgment of the neighborhood. Her only solace was that after her long, embarrassing, nearly naked march, she arrived at the hot tub, and there was no one else in it.



Little by little, Jess lowered herself into the small bubbling pool like a fat turkey into a pot. As she sunk to a sitting position, her plumped-up backside spread over what would typically seat two. Sure she still felt like she had a waterbed for an ass, and her tummy

and tits were filled tight enough to pop, but at least the epic struggle against gravity that has made it feel like she had sixty pounds pressing on her birth canal could have a little break. It was perfect. Well... maybe not *perfect* perfect. Ironically, the calm and relaxation of the hot tub were getting a little overshadowed by how damn hot it was.

Something Jessie never considered about being pregnant is how damn hot it could get. Like no wonder they call it a bun in the oven, her midsection felt like an f'n bakery. And that was not including how she had become nymphomaniac horny since this nonsense had started. Everyone's body temperature jumps a few degrees from the blood rushing and hormones surging, and now she was pregnant hot, horny hot, and sitting in boiling water. She had traveled to enjoy massaging jets on her overworked back, but now she might be boiled from the inside out as a penalty for such relief.

Also, speaking of things being cooked, she was insanely hungry. You know that saying hungry enough to eat a horse. Well, the horses were lucky they weren't stabled nearby. Jessie had chalked it up to "pregnant cravings," but every bit of exertion she put out (and it had been quite the marathon getting to the pool) seemed to demand four days of calories in compensation. The smell of the nearby grill was making it worse. She could feel her belly growling deeply as if the babies inside of her had unleashed a monster, and every hamburger and hotdog that sizzled on those flames, wafting their delicious smell her way made it rumble worse. It wasn't just her belly or the babies that craved food. It was all of her. Every fluffy ounce was a sponge screaming "feed us!" Well, that wasn't going to happen because now she felt too weak to get her giant pregger ass out of the pool.

"H-hi" Jessie's visions of gorging herself at the grill were interrupted by a shy voice on the other side of the hot tub. A petite, slender woman with raven hair had slid into the steamy bubbling pool when Jess was not paying attention. "My name is Ameli. What's yours?" The girls seemed nice enough, so Jess told her her name, and they chatted a bit. Ameli seemed very interested in the fact that Jess worked at Breast Buy and kept sliding a bit closer to hear the swollen ginger over the gurgles of the tub.

"Cute girl," the imaginary Jess from earlier echoed in Jessie's mind, "You can tell she's really into our body right now." the phantom thought giggled, making Jess blush.

"No one needs to be getting *into* my body right now. I have quite enough in there already." Jessica thought back defiantly. Ameli did seem to be sneaking more and more glances at Jessie's overripe frame, though. But who wouldn't, just from the sheer spectacle of it alone. Jess could probably fit three Ameli's in the waistband of her pants and still have room for more. She felt like a giant next to this-

“M-may I touch?” Jessie’s pool companion motioned to the beachball of a belly nervously.

Could she touch? Was she serious? What an invasion of- oop she’s touching. A bonafide stranger had her tiny palm placed on the mountain that was Jessie’s gut. The ginger didn’t know what was more horrifying, that someone wanted to rub her belly like some good luck charm, or that she could feel someone touching her body more than two feet away. The woman hadn’t even waited for a yes, her hand drawn to Jessie’s curves like a magnet. “Told you she was into it.” The smug inner Jess rubbed it in, punctuated by a belly growl.

“You know what? I think I’m gonna go get a hot dog.” Jess politely pulled away and tried to stand. Her bikini-clad body wobbled and swayed as she rose, every inch punishing her as the renewed weight piled back onto her muscles.

“Do you have any money? They are like a dollar apiece, cash only.” Chimed Ameli, who could barely be seen over the horizon of Jessie’s slick pregnant dome.

“A dollar? I don’t carry cash, damn it!” Belly above the water, Jess felt like she put on 200 pounds just rising out of the pool. Her thighs shook, and she slowly lowered back into the water. The babies in her belly would have to go without.

“Hey, I know this might sound a little odd... gosh, I’m embarrassed even to ask. I erm, would be willing to buy you some dinner if... if... um...” The girl went deep red staring down into the bubbling steamy water.

“Whatever it is, yes!” Jess shouted, shocked at her forcefulness. She was ravenous.

“I... look. I’ll buy you all you want as long as you, y-you-” The petite woman couldn’t spit it out.

“I already said-”

“If I can feed you!” Ameli covered her face with her hair. “I just have a thing for... feeding people...and you are struggling... So um... Oh gosh, please don’t think I’m weird.”

Crap, Jess thought. She’s a feeder. Not that anything was wrong with that, it was just letting a girl feed her in the pool just to get a free hotdog, knowing that she was “enjoying” it immensely. Could she let herself- “Yes, fine, you can get me some dinner,

and I'll let you feed me."

"Damn right, we will," came that growing internal, evil Jess. Ameli had bounded out of the pool like a duck out of the water. What had Jess gotten herself into? Maybe she should run, get out of here. What had she been thinking?!

Five minutes later, the tiny woman reappeared with a large basket and a soft drink cup. From the basket, Ameli pulled out a foot-long hotdog with all the trimmings. Jessie reached for it eagerly, but the raven-haired girl quickly pulled away. "Y-you said I could feed you." She said with worry in her eyes.

"I um..." Jess looked this way and that to make sure people weren't watching, but annoyingly they were. *Groooow!* As embarrassing as this was going to be, her body would not let her avoid eating. "Okay, fine. Let's not make a big deal of immmf." Before she could finish the sentence, her eager new "friend" had brought the grilled treat in a bun between the pregnant woman's glossy lips. She tried to protest, but something very odd happened. The smell of the hotdog made Jess's eyelashes flutter and her nostrils flare. She had never been a fan of hotdogs, but something about this footlong, at this moment, the tiny bit that graced her tongue it was the most delicious thing she had ever tasted. She whimpered and sucked on the tip gently, letting Ameli push more into her mouth, inch after inch sliding over her tongue. What was happening in her mouth? She was tasting things she had never tasted before. The sweetness of the ketchup, the tang of the mustard. The crunch of the onions and relish, and the salty charred juicy meat of the dog itself. She could even taste the soft air bubbles of the fluffy roll it sat in. Her drool-filled mouth had acquired the sixth sense of tasting. Everything was three times as detailed and three times as delicious. That's when the chomping began.

The ravenous redhead tore into the meal like a voracious carnivore, tearing the hotdog to pieces till her cheeks were puffy with meat and bun and every topping piled on it. The juicy grilled delicacy filled every bit of her mouth and then, gulp by gulp, plummeted down her throat into her belly. Jessie had to take a deep breath after she swallowed the last bite. It was like she had gotten so wound from eating she had forgotten to breath. "Oh wow," Jess said, wiping the sweat from her brow, "That was tastier than I thought it would be."

"I'm glad! We need to make sure we eat well for mama and all her little ones." Ameli pulled out another topping drenched hotdog. "I wasn't sure how hungry you would be, so I just bought a bunch. I got fifteen more in this big basket, so if you're still hungry.." Ameli trailed off, her face etched with the hope that Jess would want more. Jessie

wanted to say no thank you, that over fifteen hotdogs were insane and overkill, that she needed to go home now but thanks for the small snack, but none of that came out. That first footlong had disappeared into her as a thing sucked into the void of space. As if it never existed, and if it had any impact, it was just to rile her aching stomach up for more. So instead of protesting, she simply opened her jaw and let Ameli feed her another.

TO BE EXPANDED...