

Breast Buy May-ternity Special

By Jessie Star

Art by Red V.

PART 8

Jessie remembered giving up. The armrests of the recliner chair clamping into her hefty fat hips, her beachball-sized belly pushing her deep into its cushions, there was no getting up or out. Oh, and her breasts, swelling up large and hard as melons, milk seeping from her engorged nipples. With a tube shoved in her mouth pumping her full of ice cream as a girl, she met that night soothed her into the life of a milky, feedee, baby factory. The minute the straps of her bathing suit popped free of her fingertips, it was game over.

She had become so broken and complacent she never heard Jazzy knocking on the door, demanding to see her friend. A whirlwind ensued. Jazz reset Jessie's bathing suit back into a t-shirt, prying her out of the chair. Ameli apologized profusely and begged Jess to stay. The epic fattening of preggo star was over in a flash, but the after-effects would linger heavily.

"I thought you said this was one size fits all!" Jess grunted as she tried to get a pair of yoga pants over her prodigious backside. She bounced on her heels, causing her pumpkin-sized ass cheeks to quake and slide into the pants an inch at a time, with the top half of them puffing like dough out of the top.

"They are built to stretch like all our workout wear, Jess." Jazzie took her place behind her manager, grabbed the yoga pants, and pulled with all her might till the too pale giant orbs of flesh eased into their new lycra prison. "These give our larger customers the extra strength to work out, even when 'heavily' enhanced, pun intended. I'm just glad I could track you down when I did."

Jess frowned, looking at her behemoth bottom encased in teal workout material, and then frowned even harder as she rested her arms on her belly's giant dome. "I'm just glad they are finally getting close to fixing this. I'm so ready to send these moms back their pregnancies, babies, booty, all of it."

“Yeah, Jess, about that-”

“Don’t you dare say it’s broke, and I better get used to a symbiotic life with perma-baby residents!”

“No, no, that should be sorted soon.” Jazzie grimaced as he sought out the words for her next bit of bad news. “It’s more that all these extra calories your body piled on and stored away since you became a rental mom. Well, those can’t go back to anyone. Only what was sent to you.”

“Are you telling me I’m stuck with this monster? I’ve seen horses with smaller asses!”

“Now slow down. Your body is in a hyper state of flux. The ‘Rental Mommy’ people said we might be able to get rid of the weight by working out. Gym time should be exponentially more effective, with the right workout, we could trick all those calories into burning away before the babies get recalled!”

Jess raised an eyebrow and waddled towards Jazz, backing her into a corner. “And if I don’t get them burned off before then.”

“Well, then you just have your normal metabolism again.”

“So now I have to roll my whale of a body into a gym!” Jazzie gave a weak smile and shrugged. Jessie could not believe it. She was almost missing being trapped as a feedie. “Can you at least show me how to turn off the milk production in the app?”

“Oh, now that you triggered that, it’s also glitched. You’ll be making milk for all of your... ‘guests’ until we can get rid of them.”

“There are like ten plus babies in here, Jazz!” Jess grabbed her giant distended belly. She couldn’t even reach the belly button anymore. “This damn shirt has turned me into a dairy farm!”

“Probably best we switch it to the sports bra.” Jazzie was already switching it in the phone, and Jessie could only growl.

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Jessie had never been a fan of gyms. Due to her bountiful bosom, she could seldom go without getting her share of looks. Ogling from the boys, jealousy from the girls, and all she could really do was weight train and yoga unless she wore four sports bras to contain herself enough for the treadmill. She didn't like the judgy eyes of the yoga moms, she didn't like the Gym lunk-heads sidling up to offer her help on her 'form,' and if she had had a size-enhancing incident at Breast Buy, all those things got ten times worse. But not today.

Today, as she waddled heavily to the front desk, everyone looked at her with fear. Her body was already shiny with sweat from the workout of just getting out of Jazzie's car. She was the over-the-top representation of fertility. Body bulging forcibly in every direction, she was a tower of sensitive stacked spheres either uncomfortably tight with internal pressure or squeezed to be so by painted on yoga pants and a sports bra embarrassingly emblazoned with the words "rental mommy." Even with the added strength of her yoga pants tech, she blanched at how her ass and thighs undulated like the sea to her strides, while her belly sat huge and firm like a boulder resting on her pelvis, exposed and unavoidable. Her breasts were more the former, progressing to the latter as the milk ducts slowly pumped her soft chest tighter and tighter like inflating water balloons. She felt like a ticking time bomb, and everyone gave her looks that affirmed it.

"Ma-am... weren't you here last week?" Said the tiny girl behind the counter. Everyone looked tiny these days. Everyone looked like they could fit three of them or more in the space Jess took up.

"Yup." Jess leaned heavily on the counter, flopping her breast pump duffle bag complete with spare bottles on top of it. Her wide soft hips spread over the advertisement on the front of it.

"D-did I just... not notice." The blushing blonde said somewhat to herself.

"Oh, this?" Jessie motioned to the mountain range that was her body. "No, I wasn't pregnant last week." A terribly awkward silence hung in the air. "Yeh... it was just a crazy weekend. It just goes to show, use protection, kids!" Jess snatched back her gym membership id card and lumbered off. Evil thoughts crossed her mind of hacking the app, teaching these gym bunnies a

lesson. “Oops, sent you a baby. Oops, put a few babies in you. Oh, you didn’t expect to be expecting. Well, better study up, you look ready to pop!” She snickered evilly for a second before placing a hand on her giant dome of a gut. “Don’t worry, mommy couldn’t ever get rid of her-” She jerked her hand away in fear and disgust. This was the worst part. The slow creeping vines of maternal mindset spread in her brain. The need to claim these babies, see them born, nursed, then pounded and pumped full of another round. The redhead’s eyes drifted to the men and their equipment packed into too-tight workout shorts, reminding her of the one part of her body that felt the opposite of overly full... terribly empty.

“Gah! What is wrong with me!?” Jessie half growled, half whimpered. “It should be impossible to be this knocked up and still be this horny!” It did not help that Jazzie had gotten the app to make Jessie’s sensations 85% more pleasure than pain. It was supposed to help her be more comfortable, but instead, it was flooding her form with endorphins arousal. The profoundly preggo woman sidled onto the treadmill and started adjusting settings. If her tummy were any wider, she wouldn’t fit between the handrails.

“Would it be so horrible,” the familiar internal voice came creeping in, “spending our days being fed and pleased? A big-bellied queen? People would be dying to give us massages and sweets.”

“We’ve had too many treats already. Look at our ass. We’re lugging around our own seat cushion back there.”

“But we could be so much more!”

“I don’t want to be a mom!”

“We don’t have to be, just an endless conveyor belt of surrogacy. We could have a Lonelyfans! You know what people would pay to see us in lingerie, swelling with milk and pregnancy weight and bab-”

“ENOUGH!” Jessie screamed out loud, slamming her fists on the control panel, causing the treadmill to jump to life. “Whoa woah, stop!” It was going too fast. The ginger huffed and puffed to speed walk just to avoid falling off and landing on her behemoth booty. Her legs had to step

slowly to the side to avoid hitting her belly and she quickly became red and sweaty. “Someone... h-help, please. I can’t.. Can’t reach the controls!” But no one was close enough to hear her breathy please over her pounding footsteps. “Feels like, running with a gut... full of watermelons. Hnnng! This feels t-too good.” She rubbed her belly trying even harder to reach the controls. “This is so f’d up!”

And it was, but it was about to be even more so. With each heavy, huff-inducing step, Jessie’s body temperature rose, and the milk ducts throughout her tits began to churn out milk. Her fat breasts wrapped tightly in the “Rental Mommy” sports bra sat heavily on her belly and swayed with each step. She could feel it, the heat and pressure building in each boob, growing bigger and tighter. “Oh shit nnnnooo not now, please!” The warm, soft, M-cup breasts grew into hard hot tits two cup sizes larger. “H-help please.” Jessie’s nipples pushed out achingly against the material of her top, the size of golf bawls. “Someone? Anyone?” Three cup sizes bigger. Everyone was watching with morbid fascination as the mammaries shelved on the woman’s massive belly bloated larger and larger, but no one was brave enough to step forward.

The voice inside giggled *“Look at those marvelous mommy milkers, you sexy cow!”*

Four cup sizes bigger, five! They continued until they were larger than basketballs. “Oh, ooooh gawd.” The size and growth could no longer keep up with the supply, and hot milk started gushing out of her throbbing teats. Eighty-five percent pleasure just made the entire ordeal so much worse. The stretching skin of her breasts, the aching of her stinging, spraying nipples, the constant weight of her belly pushing down into her pelvis and pussy! She was gonna blow, it was too much! It was tooo f’n mmmmuu-

“Ma’am are you okay?” Asked one of the gym attendants as he snapped off Jessie’s treadmill and let her stumble to the controls to catch her breath. Her face was red as a tomato and she swore she could feel her breast creaking from the amount of pressure building inside. The attendant tried to look her in the eyes to be reassuring, fighting with all of his might not to let his view drop down into her angry canyon of cleavage. Not out of lust (though maybe, in a somewhat morbidly kinky way) but out of the same fear everyone else in the gym was exhibiting. They watched her as she collected her duffle bag and heaved herself to the locker room. The redhead was a parade of spheres from her bare beach ball belly, to her clapping

giant ass cheeks, to her watermelon-sized jugs that were letting out a deluge of milk. They stared like she was a horrible car crash, unable to look away.

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“Nnnnnngggggg” Jess tried to keep herself from passing out as the motorized breast pump gulped ounce after ounce of milk from her throbbing nipple. She hadn't cared about the women who had screamed when she barged through the locker room door, beelining for a bathroom stall like an insane pregnant water buffalo. She didn't give a flip about the sounds she was making, moaning and wailing like she was in the middle of getting railed. She almost couldn't get the stall locked, even having to go in twice when she found out she was now too large to turn around in a bathroom stall. The only good news was she could lift her boobs, each heavier than a bowling ball, out of her top through the middle, as long as she kept the top on in some form she was okay. Well okay as far as not glitching the app. She was SO far from ok.

She sat there like an anime girl with her tongue sticking out, eyes rolled up in her head panting and moaning, soaking her yoga pants through. There was less of her ass sitting on the toilet than hanging off the sides, and her second breast, unwilling to wait for the suction cup of the pump, sprayed the walls and floor till a puddle formed and spread under the stall walls. It didn't matter. She was already an abomination. All that mattered was getting this fucking milk out of her.

It was taking forever like for every bottle she took out, half a bottle was put back in.. Her bag filled with containers of milk, and her tits felt still half full. She angrily massaged them, spreading up the flow but also making her cum so hard she almost fell off the toilet. After 38 minutes, she decided to leave them partially full and just go home. She was moody, glowing with pleasure, covered in milk and other liquids, and all she could do was cry as she lumbered out of the stall. “I just came my brains out, how is this body still edging for sex!?”

“The pregnant body is a mysterious world.” Said a woman near the mirrors. “I've done it three times now, never gets easier.”

“Well, I'd be happy if someone took over for me on this one.”

“Oh, I’m sure you’ll be fi-” Her eyes bugged out as she took in Jessie’s monumental mounds. “Good lord, you poor thing. Has the doctor cleared you yet for birthing your multiples? I know you have to get as close to due as possible-”

“Oh, I’m past due.” Jessie laughed and cried simultaneously.

“And they haven’t called you in?” The woman looked horrified.

“Um, there’s a plan, I’m just... wanted to go natural?” Jess made it up. She wanted to run away and pour out her heart to the stranger, damn hormones.

“I’m Celia, a yoga instructor here. Let me give you a hand sugar.” The woman in her forties took the duffle bag and helped Jess back into the gym.

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“Oh... Preggo yoga. Of course.” Jess blushed as she was surrounded by Celia’s class. A group of fourteen fit women, all sporting round pregnant bellies.

“Prenatal Yoga.” Celia corrected. Jessie wanted to run. These were the type of people that had saddled her with this situation. Preggos wanting their bodies back to normal. How dare they all come up to her and be encouraging, and not treat her like a freak. Almost as if.. She was one of them. Okay, acceptance was a nice change from what she had been receiving lately, but she wasn’t even supposed to be like this. And worse she still stood out even in this crowd of expectant mothers. Her belly looked like she had swallowed one of them! The encouragement though was starting to wear her down. The friendly faces, the gentle questions. She was falling in line with them too easily, and before she knew it she had waddled with them to class like a brood mother queen and her little preggo followers.

“Okay everyone, let’s run through our poses. Help our bodies relax and really open up” Celia said with a smile. Relaxing sounds nice, though Jess. What could it hurt? She found herself with hands against the wall, legs apart like she was about to be frisked. They gently swayed their hips and chatted away.

Next, they bounced on a yoga ball. The overly pregnant redhead was afraid she would pop the damn thing, and sulked that her belly was about the same size. Her new friends told her she was still gorgeous and glowing, and it gave her some more vigor. "You're gonna bounce those babies right out of there!" Celia cheered.

"If only" Jess joked back, opening up more and more to the class.

Now she was sitting on the floor, feet touching together in front of her. Not that she could see them under her stuffed belly and swelling breasts. Yes, they had started to fill once again, but she had time, and she was enjoying this little world she would soon be far from fitting into.

"So the app put the babies in there?" Margo, one of the girls, asked.

"Yeah and they keep getting added, though my profile is supposed to be hidden now unless someone knows my name, I should be out of the site till they fix it.

"I never did trust that store. My brother's wife went in to get her boobs boosted." Another mom to be, Shawna, rolled her eyes. "She says she loves it but she can't even tie her shoes now."

"Well isn't that all of us." Jess joked, to a round of laughter. "The store isn't so bad, and great for consenting people. This was just... My own damn mistake. We'd never put something like this on the floor before it's tested. I'm just screwed for a bit." She patted her boulder of a belly. "Well... maybe I look like I'm screwed and then some. Hey Celia, I'm losing feeling in my legs can we switch positions?" The classroom helped Jess back to her feet. She felt a little bad that these pregnant women had to lift her... but she also felt bad that it took six people to get her bloated body off the ground.

"Now squats!" Celia instructed. "I'll get behind you Jess to get you started.

"I'm not sure you can fit behind me. My ass is so big that some kid asked if my butt was pregnant."

"Oh, it's not that bad!" Celia guided her newest biggest student through her squats, something that would have been impossible had Jess not been wearing her strength-increasing pants.

“Well, maybe you’ve helped me work some of the weight off.” Jess smiled, hoping it was true. Gosh, these squats were deep. “We better be careful or I’m gonna shake the kids loose.”

“That is kinda the idea.” Celia smiled as they dropped too low.

“W-wait what?!” Jess’s belly sat heavily against her thighs.

“You said you wanted to go natural. We’ve been doing stretches that open your hips nice and wide.”

They did feel less tight and more... spacious even. “I think my hips are wide enough.”

“Not your outer hips silly, your pelvis. We open you up to help guide the babies down. That squat is pretty low though, how about we help you back u-”

“Nope! No, I got it thanks!” These preggos were trying to get her body to start labor! The maniacs. Could her body even do that, or did the app prevent such a thing? It’s didn’t matter this class was over for her she needed to get the hell out of here. “Grrrrr” She groaned as she pushed herself up inch by inch, every muscle of her body from her thighs to her destroyed abs tightening and clenching to help her ride. “Oooh”

That was weird. She had felt a shift, Like a bowling ball dropping from her belly into... well into something a little lower. All the squeezing had shifted something an inch down, maybe two. She could feel it pushing, sinking, pushing at her hips internally, trying to push them wider and make room. “Gah sit down Jess sit down!” She dropped into the squat again to stop the squeezing but that just caused the pressure to bounce and drop a little lower. It now felt like gravity was just gently pulling it non-stop. “I need help! Help me up!” She called. This was bad, she needed to call Jazzie. It felt like a giant egg was slowly sinking, stretching her birth canal (eighty-five percent pleasure was REALLY going to suck now!).

Some of the girls waddled over to help, but one, a grumpy blonde who had not really talked much to her, was looking at her phone. “Do you spell your last name with one r or two, Jessie?”

“It’s one R. Why are you trying to call for hel..p?” She watched the girl press something on her phone and immediately knew she was now moving from “in deep crap” to “way deep.” Her belly gurgled and body buzzed. “Blondie, you undo that send r-right now! I-” The girl was lost in shock as her plump D-cups went back to small B’s, her ass to flat and firm, and most importantly, the belly was slowly shrinking away. “I DON’T HAVE ROOM FOR ANYMO-OOOOOOH FUCK!” Jessie shuddered and pulled free of the women helping her up. Her breast grew, but not from milk pressure, though she knew that was kicking back on anyways. No, they were piling on more soft boob fat and skin, clearing the way to inflate even larger with milk. Her thigh and ass fluffed out a little more, though it wasn’t very noticeable considering how big she had gotten lately. But worst of all was that swelling sensation deep in her overcrowded belly. This chick had to have been nine months along, and that nine-month baby was pushing its way into Jessie’s daycare of a uterus. That wasn’t a new feeling. She had dealt with that awkward, belly stretching back aching phenomenon before. But never when she was trying to coax something back up into her belly!

It felt like she was keeping a bowling ball inside of her by clenching her vagina, and someone had just put another bowling ball on top of it. She was losing the battle, feeling herself open wider and wider, extremely uncomfortable but since eighty-five percent of her pain was now being translated into pleasure, it also felt like the world’s biggest dildo was cracking her in half, in reverse, and her body convulsed from the overly intense sensation and arousal. “Oh fuck, oh gawd too much! TOO MUCH!” She flung her arms around, screaming orders to call her friend, to call her store, to get this baby out of her, to push the fucking thing back in. She’s be bucking her hips if they weren’t wrapped tightly around a mind-breaking, pussy stretching insanity. She clenched for dear life, knowing deep down that the app wouldn’t allow this to happen, that it would enforce certain things to keep everyone safe. But the weight was still dropping, and she could feel her feminine mound push out every so slightly from the pressure, lips drooling and parting gently, even though the package was still far from delivery.

Her body wanted to push. She felt it, resisted it, kegeled the hell out of it. Her tits were spraying, body bucking, belly pushing, hands groping, pussy clenching, and every sort of madness one might expect from a ten-plus baby pregnancy doused in a pool of hormones and rewired nerve signals. And she was still supposed to last all the way to tonight when this would all be supposedly fixed for good. As she felt the weight stop descending, but refusing to retreat back

up her hoo-ha, Jessie very much doubted she was going to make it till then, let alone survive. She just might die of pleasure, embarrassment, or both.

