

MORE OF WHAT'S IN IT: Non-con, clit growth, other body changes, titfucking, pegging, semi giantess, extreme submission

I have the feeling this is rather niche in an already niche fetish, but hey, I'm sure there are people out there who will enjoy it, hopefully those people can find this :) Otherwise, read at your own risk I guess

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“Screw this, I bet they're not even LOOKING for us! I'm going to find my own way out before I starve.”

Manfred stormed out and Dana didn't get to say anything. He was one more headache in this equation, she was actually relieved.

It has been a dark, stormy and freezing night. The power was out and they only had each other to keep warm— Which she obliged for the sake of survival knowing their specialized equipment wouldn't have been enough, but she also knew Manfred probably enjoyed it more than she cared for. This has been one of her worst days in the job and Manfred has been a disagreeable coworker.

His absence gave Dana a minute of peace, especially welcome now that the daylight allowed them to get around without lamps so she took the opportunity to start recording a voice log.

“This is Dana Lemond speaking. It is, uh, February 5th of 20XX at 8:32 am. Me and my coworker Manfred Rubinfeld have been stranded inside research area #19 for over 48 hours now due to a massive blizzard that caused a power outage and left us unable to open the doors because of what we assume to be heavy snow blocking them. We've communicated with HQ for help, but we got reports of the same blizzard causing trouble over there as well. They're currently requesting outside help so they can come for us afterwards.”

Dana took a brief pause, considering that in the worst case scenario, they'd find this recording and it'd symbolize her last words. She continued.

“We didn't come prepared to stay, having eaten our lunch way before the blizzard hit. We didn't even know it was going to get so strong, or else we would've left earlier.” Obviously. But honestly, considering their work relationship at the moment, Manfred would've pressed her to stay. Dana sighed. “You... You really don't know what it is to not eat anything for about two days until you're experiencing it. I've never been one for endurance and it shows. My coworker seems to be in a similar state as me, albeit...” She stops for a second to consider if she should swear in this semi-professional log, “Crankier. Which is... Understandable, yeah.”

Aside from her small recording device, a radio and their personal belongings, Dana pulled up a silver suitcase on the table as she kept recording. “I've been thinking a lot about using this.” It needed a number combination before opening it, which only Dana knew of.

Inside was a medium sized vial of a bright liquid and a syringe next to it. “Maybe it’s too reckless or risky; I’ve been told by the guys at the lab that this is a highly experimental solution and it should be treated very carefully. I actually didn’t intend to take it with me, they were just very insistent that I try it sometime. So, let’s see...”

She grabbed the vial. “If I recall correctly, as soon as it’s injected the user would receive all the nutrients they need not only to sustain themselves, but at least 10 other grown adults.” It was something mostly developed for military convenience, but Dana knew exactly what they meant by ‘sustain’ and... She wasn’t looking forward to sharing that moment with Manfred, who was way too eager to get close to her on a regular basis.

In theory she could just lie to him, but wouldn’t it be too suspicious? She wasn’t a good liar and she tried to be kind to everyone, sometimes at the cost of her own well being.

With the vial still in her hand, she paused her recording. She spent a long time sitting there, looking at it. It was shimmering, almost glowing with the dim sunlight that passed through the snow and windows. Maybe it wasn’t necessary at all, maybe she could survive just a day longer until help arrives. But what if they didn’t? Manfred was right in some way, the only ones capable of sending help seemed more concerned with what was happening in HQ rather than in their isolated facility. Plus, their electronics would run out of batteries sooner or later. This anxiety made her hold onto the vial for longer, dreading what would happen if she injected it. Her own theories and her coworker’s intentions loomed over her made her shiver with disgust, plus that’s only the best case; for what it’s worth she could inject it and immediately have a stroke.

But, damn, she would really appreciate not feeling like she had a hole in her stomach. It hurts, and the hunger is skewing her perception just a little bit. What could happen with just a highly concentrated vial of nutrients? She made up her mind, nervous and everything, opening it.

“Hey, Dana, I think I found a door—”

Except in her awful luck, Manfred walked in right then, watching her with a bottle of strange liquid. She didn’t even get to grab the syringe when Manfred was already up in her face, fuming. “So you HAD this all along?! You just didn’t wanna share, huh?”

He came in so strong Dana was startled and didn’t know what to say, she looked at the vial. “T-this? No, wait, this isn’t—” She tried to explain herself, but Manfred grabbed the vial before she could do it.

“Wait, don’t. It’s not for you, don’t.” She warned, irritated. She should sound more desperate, but in that moment she mostly felt contempt towards Manfred.

“Of course you don’t want me to have it. You let me down bad, Dana, I never thought you’d do this kind of shit. Well, it’s too late now. Cheers.” He mocked as he gulped down the whole thing.

It actually tasted amazing. With just a bit of medicine aftertaste, Manfred was genuinely taken by surprise at how good it was. He spent a couple seconds licking his own lips in awe.

Dana, meanwhile, stared in horror. She didn't know what would actually happen to anyone who used it, let alone IF it could do anything to someone like Manfred. Moreover, she was supposed to inject like 1/10th of it, not drink it!

It took Manfred a good couple of seconds of looking at Dana to realize something wasn't right, "What?" He frowned, looking at the vial, then the suitcase, syringe, realizing that this wasn't meant to be drunk. Although, it was certainly very tasty for that matter. He quickly monitored his body in his mind, trying to find any negative response, "What... What was in this?" he asked, trying to cover his fear with a serious tone.

Biting her lip, Dana just looked at him. She wouldn't admit it, but she was actually relieved that she wasn't the one to drink it... Even if that would probably mean trouble for Manfred. "It's... It's a nutritional supplement the lab was developing for the army. It, uh..." she pursed her lips, "It enables one person to create sustenance for other people."

While Dana had an idea of what that looked like, Manfred started feeling it in his own skin right then. He felt pressure build up in his chest, quickly pushing his own shirt and jacket outwards. His first reaction made him jump a little, and the jump itself only made it more obvious that something was growing in there, even jiggling a little. He could feel a warm liquid fill his chest, the realization hitting him so hard he walked back in fear and slipped, falling on his back.

Covering her mouth, Dana could only watch. Holy shit, the liquid worked exactly how she expected... Except it wasn't on her. And it must be tenfold of an impact! Both she and Manfred watched as his breasts got bigger by the second, getting restricted by his elastic shirt.

"Whaaa... W-what the fuck?!" Manfred yelled, very visibly worked up. He couldn't believe his eyes, just how heavy they got... He had tits now! The warm liquid oozed from them, breaking his jacket open and wetting his struggling shirt... They were so full that he felt like they were going to burst.

It didn't seem like anything else had changed in his body; his voice, facial hair and general build felt the same. Dana could see a bulge in Manfred's pants; his dick was half-erect, but she tried to ignore it, even though it gave her an idea of how he must feel despite the bizarre scene she was seeing. Under the layer of horror, Manfred's body felt incredibly good, brimming with enough energy for 100 people, he was simultaneously terrified and ecstatic.

And, shit, Dana could smell the milk dribbling from his tits. It smelled amazing, enough for her cheeks to redden and her body to warm up. So this is what they wanted her to do, huh... She can't help but feel some empathy for Manfred's situation, but that feeling is greatly overshadowed by sheer gratification. And hunger. She was salivating, just standing there, watching him struggle while the smell only got stronger. It was so good, it felt like they were the only two things that mattered in the world.

“Help me, goddammit! Do something, what the fuck am I supposed to do now?! Don’t you have an antidote?” Manfred demanded, still pretending that he could wear a shirt over his tits. He was actually holding it down as the milk slowly poured over it. He was greatly embarrassed, especially more now that he was aware his dick was very hard. Sure, he did fantasize with fucking Dana, but never like this! This was extremely weird and wrong!

“N-no, I... I don’t have...”

Dana got down on her knees, not really thinking much as she got close to Manfred and pulled his shirt up— He tried to fight it, but it was way easier to lift it over his huge breasts than keep it down. Dana could take a good look at his nipples; they were bigger than anything she has ever seen, his areolae also taking up way more space, and the milk kept pouring out like it was inviting her. The mere smell made her body feel great, and she didn’t take long to wrap her lips around one nipple, feeling a huge surge of milk come out into her mouth and down her throat as she sucked in.

Manfred moaned and Dana kept drinking, placing one hand on his other breast and massaging it. Wasting the precious milk that was simultaneously flowing into her stomach. It was the most delicious thing she’d ever had, and it didn’t stop. She felt like she was eating for her whole lifetime. The intense feeling got her aroused too, rubbing herself on Manfred’s leg without thinking about it. Manfred noticed, wanting to touch himself as well, but his breasts were so huge and Dana’s weight on top of him prevented him from using his arms. Even though it wasn’t ideal, the slight friction he could get from thrusting towards Dana’s general direction was pleasurable enough for him to lose himself in the sensation.

Dana drank and drank until she felt like the flow of milk came down in intensity, and then changed to the other breast, repeating the same motions. She was full, she could actually feel her stomach expand, welcoming the immense amount of liquid in it. Her body was taking it extremely well, feeling invigorated, strong, and so, so great as she came the hardest she has ever felt just by humping.

She didn’t register if Manfred was trying to get off on her, she came down to her senses with her belly full and a wet crotch, embarrassment sinking in.

Thanks to her, Manfred’s breasts came down to a more manageable size. They were still very tight but it allowed him to have a clearer mind. The situation was too weird for him however, no matter how aroused he felt, he shoved Dana and got up with his breasts in his arms and stormed out in shame.

Sweating, Dana sat there, processing what she had done. The liquid’s effects weren’t done at all, and she was about to experience the privilege of drinking what should be shared among a crowd.

At the very least, she wasn’t starving anymore. She wanted to feel sated, but even the drops of milk that Manfred left behind as he went out looked extremely tempting on the floor. Dana felt herself salivate again, but quickly shook her head and tried to get up. She felt heavier, overanalyzing every part of her body. She was very warm all over, so warm in fact that the

wet patch in her pants felt freezing in comparison. It was extremely uncomfortable, she couldn't resist pushing it down and leaving her crotch area exposed to the cold air.

But it wasn't as terrible as she thought. She felt fine, if she could ignore the immense embarrassment the situation warranted. Her body was warm, probably using the energy from... From Manfred's milk— No, that's an extremely weird concept, no matter if she literally lived it— Is it better to call it the Juice? Ok, yeah, the Juice that was giving her all the nutrients and beyond.

She sat on a high chair and wondered what could've happened to Manfred now. No matter how pleasurable an experience it was, the Juice could still bring unknown effects. Though at this point, if the Juice was harmful in any way, Dana would be a victim of it as well. She was internally taking some responsibility, still concerned with the fact that she brought the vial up to begin with and most importantly, she couldn't stop thinking about drinking from him again. She was aware the Juice must be messing with her brain, she was aware she had enough sustenance in her body to survive as long as it would take to wait for rescue to arrive, she was trying to exert self control and she accomplished it! For the most part, for around five minutes, until either she or the Juice's influence made her get up and follow the trail of milk.

Taking shy steps, considering she wasn't wearing any pants or underwear and was looking for a guy she wasn't super fond of, she finally saw the trail enter another room of the building on the same floor. The door was open, the room had a dimmer light than the one she was in, but she could see Manfred's figure very clearly.

Manfred was sitting in a corner, trembling and panting with his arms trying to contain his breasts, which were twice the size than when Dana drank from them. He was immobilized, whether it was from the sheer size and weight, or from the effects of the Juice, and he hadn't noticed Dana was there yet. Just by watching, Dana felt herself salivating again, tensing up at the thought of losing her willpower like before.

Upon closer inspection and a couple cautious steps forward, she could see Manfred crying. She hadn't known him for long, but she could tell this was rare for him.

Focusing on the person and not on what was oozing out of him was really hard. Dana took small steps, hesitating, stopping as soon as Manfred felt her presence. He looked at her, resentful at first and then plain sad. He was pouting, blushed, wet eyes fixed on her and... Pleading for help?

Dana gulped, noticing how he was struggling with his huge tits, trying to milk them as much as he could to ease the pressure inside him, but not being able to reach his nipples. He sloppily pressed at the sides, which did leave a pool of milk around him. The wetness of his clothes must be making him shiver even more, and if he felt any similar to her, then... "Taking it off is better." She said, not believing what she was suggesting.

Between tears, Manfred tried to snap to little effect. "A-and do you think I can do that? I can't move, I..." Even saying it made him sniffle more, so he just looked to the side.

"I know, I know." Dana got on her knees to help him. The poor guy couldn't do anything regardless, she took off his pants and underwear as fast as she could. His tits were still very hard to ignore, she really tried her best to not show how much she was salivating at the smell, and Manfred caught her gaze as soon as she got his pants off.

His cock was exposed, pulsating and hard enough to hurt. With the visual input of Dana drooling, her crotch naked like that, the most obvious desire was on the tip of his tongue, all he wanted was her to ride him, "Please," but as soon as he opened his lips he noticed the true most desperate wish in his body, "H-help me..." he asked wearily, pressing his breasts to no avail.

Even Dana expected him to say something different. She looked at him directly, assuming it must be that bad if he focused attention on them. Really, wasn't this her fault after all? If that's what he needs, she should relieve him.

It was not long before she wrapped her lips around one of his nipples. It was thick enough that she actually felt her lips stretched in order to cover all of it, and the flow of milk came right after. It was a pressurized gush that immediately filled her and it was so warm and satisfying. She could feel something in her change by the second, the Juice being so potent that her body was figuring out how to process all of it, even if it was more than what it could hold right now.

Which was good, because she couldn't stop. She met her original limit several liters ago, she was feeling not only her stomach but her whole body absorb the milk. It felt so good she didn't perceive Manfred's voice, but he was moaning in pleasure and relief, even if his tits didn't get any smaller from Dana's help.

Like the first time, Dana switched to the other breast as soon as she felt like the flow came down to a stream rather than a pressurized force, and the other nipple was exactly the same. She couldn't drink as much as before, but she was basically hugging the whole thing, not noticing how she was humping it, just drinking, drinking, until her body couldn't take it anymore.

Almost sated, she took her mouth out of Manfred's nipple, milk spraying her and wetting her hair, face and shirt. It felt great, warm against her even warmer skin and red cheeks. She wiped her face to see, and leaned toward Manfred to check on him.

Manfred was panting, less distressed and seemingly having a good time. Dana looked down at his cock, still hard, leaking precum. Manfred's breathing made his breasts jiggle and with them, the rest of his body bobbed a bit too. Dana considered relieving him of that pain as well, but as she reached for him, she noticed something about herself.

She stopped, watching herself literally grow taller. She felt stronger, too, immediately connecting this to the Juice's contents... Or maybe it was Manfred's hormones? Even her full, round belly felt sturdier. She felt powerful, it was a rush unlike anything else she had ever experienced.

While her intentions were kind, she didn't even want to get him off... So why do it at all? She was pretty sure Manfred would've fucked her senseless for his own gratification at any opportunity, and she was so high from the most pleasurable experience in her life that the mere imagery of fucking someone senseless made her so hard—

Wait, what? She was already moving toward Manfred with clear intent, but stopped to check herself.

Oh, god, she had a hunch but she didn't want to be right. First, she stripped from her top, exposing her breasts to him. They were actually bigger than before, but of course not nearly as big as Manfred's.

Okay, that makes sense as a side effect, but... She gulped, not wanting to look down at her crotch. She took a deep breath and turned her eyes downward; her clitoris was longer, thicker and pulsating out of her vulva. It was growing out as she was watching it in horror.

Manfred was in his own kind of afterglow— Not exactly after an orgasm, but having his breasts sucked felt way too good— so he only took a proper look at her then, not believing what he was seeing. He wanted to say something, but he couldn't find the words.

Dana reached for her clit with one hand, noticing how it was even thicker now, and it was getting so stiff it was completely erect on its own. It grew more, wider and longer. She thought she was flat out growing a penis— It wouldn't have been that weird considering everything— But she could see the tip very clearly and it didn't have an urethra or anything. It wasn't entirely a cock, but definitely not a normal clit either. It was enormous, and even if she felt terrified, it mostly added up to her power rush.

The idea was already in her brain. Why should she stop? Why shouldn't she do things for her own pleasure? Manfred's tits were big and warm and would probably feel so tight between her throbbing improved clit. Manfred could tell what she was about to do, but he couldn't do anything about it. She got closer to his chest, sitting on his big belly filled with Juice, and put it between his breasts.

“Ohh god, yesss.” She moaned, finding her body to have so much more stamina than before. She held onto his tits as she thrusting with newfound strength. It felt amazing, she quickly forgot about Manfred and his penis and that he had no say in this, she only felt a warm tight cavity and two huge beautiful breasts that she then grabbed and sucked on (or, tried to) both at the same time. The pressure of both nipples being drawn together on top of Manfred and Dana's clit was enough for her to keep thrusting and drinking until she came.

She didn't pay much attention to it, but she squirted down Manfred's belly and cock, and she didn't really care. Her clit didn't go down, and she wasn't even tired. The more she drank from him, the less she saw him as her coworker. He had plenty of room to voice his protests, but deep down he knew there wasn't anything he could do, he was reduced to a feeding station for one hungry woman, and as long as she paid attention to his aching breasts, his body felt great.

With time, even if Dana was far from touching his dick or thinking about his pleasure, Manfred did cum from being milked. He moaned loudly as he shot inhuman amounts of cum and Dana didn't stop, no matter how sensitive he felt. Dana realized a couple seconds later and smiled, "Aww, you came after all? That's great, then! You're getting used to this way faster than what I expected." She said as she was licking his milk, still thrusting steadily, "Ahh, I'm so glad you drank it all, I love this, I love it so much."

It didn't take long for her to cum again. Manfred couldn't stop her, even when his body hurt. The effects of the vial were still changing him even then, he tried to resist but listening to Dana enjoying herself at the cost of him slowly rewired his brain. He was drooling, panting, feeling the cavity Dana was fucking as if it were made for the act. He was puzzled at how something that hurt his pride and integrity could feel like anything more than a nightmare. He could tell Dana was craving him, and he was craving being her sustenance. He— No, his body wanted to give her all these nutrients, to make her strong.

Dana moaned as she came yet again, even harder as she drank from his never ending fountain of milk. She took a step back to observe him for a moment, her huge clit in hand as it refused to come down. She was panting like him, but he looked so helpless, still oozing, immobilized by his own weight and his dick as hard as she remembered it. She really was thankful for this, because it's keeping both of them alive, but the sight was certainly a little pathetic. Her clit pulsed at the thought of using him, but was it really right? Dana seemed to come back to her senses for a second.

What could she say? That this was a mistake? This was certainly a permanent change in their bodies, their relationship, and maybe even humankind. She bit her lip, unsure of what to do.

Her willpower didn't last long though. Her clit was demanding attention, getting even thicker while she was troubled by morals. She gulped as realized she didn't feel like fucking his tits anymore. Not because it was the wrong thing to do, it felt... Underwhelming. She needed more. She felt a new type of hunger rise deep within.

What if...

She trembled a bit at the thought, from nervousness and arousal. She was big and strong enough to do this now, grabbed Manfred by his waist and lifted him and his heavy breasts enough to turn him around. "Whaa- Wait, what are you—" He complained before landing on his soft, warm tits. This position had his huge nipples on each side of the floor, and his weight was enough pressure for them to shoot milk to either side of the room in a pleasurable stream.

Would she dare do this? The question almost fell apart as soon as it formed in her mind. She needed this. Dana's clit was getting so thick, long and uncomfortable that she could only think about it. So she did, she got it to Manfred's asshole and pressed.

Manfred yelped in surprise as something foreign entered him, but it wasn't long before Dana felt his ass start to suck her whole length in. Manfred felt so full, open in a way he didn't

expect nor wanted, but Dana's clit wasn't done growing just yet. In fact, Dana felt so good that she could swear it was getting thicker as she moved inside him.

She was slower this time, getting used to it, but she quickly felt like she could drink more and so she started thrusting mindlessly as she grabbed Manfred's nipple from the floor, his whole breast being big enough for her to drink from it just by getting it closer to her face while Manfred was face down. The pressurized stream into her mouth and body got her even more excited, gave her more stamina and strength and size in every part of her body. She thrustled mercilessly inside him, loving it, loving what he turned into, and he was so full he could only moan from everything Dana did to him.

The satisfaction of Dana drinking from him was so overwhelming that his body focused more and more on producing it, to the point where he lost basic abilities that weren't necessary, starting with his words. After a couple minutes he was genuinely only able to moan, whimper and drool. She could pull his hair, drag him around, even make him feel real pain and it would only add up to his next orgasms, which were more and more frequent despite not having any contact with his dick. At some point he forgot about his dick entirely, only feeling it quiver when he came enormous amounts.

Dana noticed how her breasts grew more, oozing some milk as well, but even if she could reach and drink from her own breasts now, it wasn't the same. She was also almost tall enough to reach the ceiling, her stomach full and body extremely lively. She couldn't stop fucking Manfred, no matter how many times she or he could cum, as long as the milk was in her body, her clit would keep being so hard she could explode and she could only withstand it by fucking this man toy as much as she could. She noticed her clit was big and hard enough to lift Manfred by itself and she could move his body up and down with one hand as she walked around the building.

The cold, the snow, even the winter night weren't opponents to her anymore. She and Manfred had enough energy to withstand anything, and the most rational part of her brain knew that even if help came from HQ, she didn't want it anymore. They were both completely naked, Dana's clit almost as thick as Manfred's waist still inside him, his tits dangling and leaving a trail of milk with every step Dana took— She wasn't exactly a giant, but she was taller and stronger than any living human.

Their fluids melted the snow behind them as she took him somewhere else to hide and live her new life of fucking her endless food supply that was making her feel like the most powerful thing in the universe. She knew it wasn't over yet, and both she and Manfred had much to change in the near future. She felt herself still growing inside him, his tits getting emptied so quickly that they were refilling even faster. She was excited, and he... Well, Manfred couldn't weigh in, but he was probably getting something out of it.