

# Breast Buy May-ternity Special

By Jessie Star

Art by Red V.

## PART 7

Jessie's eyes fluttered as her gigantically pregnant body sat in the public hot tub like a stuffed turkey in a pot. How long had she been eating hot dogs? Every time she swallowed one, this stranger, Ameli, would make sure another was in its place, like a hotdog conveyor belt. Her brain was foggy, and her jaw was on autopilot, chewing and swallowing to feed the bottomless pit that was her stomach. Sometimes she'd feel a straw, and her mouth would fill with cold, creamy milkshake. It didn't matter. It was a nice contrast to the hot, bubbling water her stuffed form sat in. She chewed and drifted, drifted and chewed, enjoying the numbing break from the neverending tightness, horniness, and aching hunger.

Jessie's eyes lazily rolled over to the public pool, and a daydream of madness began to form. People were rubbing on this giant pale boulder, setting plates of cake, burgers, and all sorts of goodies atop it. It looked large enough to house a few adults, and the food was laid on top like an offering set up for a goddess. Everyone looked so horny and happy and in love with whatever that giant thing- Oh god.

Jessie's eyes scaled up the mountain to two overstuffed bikini triangles decorated with the letters "R" and "M." Each breast was enormous. The mass of two M cup racks would still be less than one tit of the fleshy beachballs that gently wobbled each time their own took a bite of food. The head above this mountain range of orbs was unmistakable, with her red hair and freckles. A Jessie who had swelled up like a busty hippo, looking both content and amused.

"You can't fight it, Jess. This is our future." The wanna-be fertility goddess of an illusion said between bites. "You'll get addicted to being full soon enough." She giggled as she massaged blimped up tits and boulder-sized belly. "Full of babies, food, fat, and cocks. I can never get enough!"

The real Jess couldn't answer this horny and horrific specter of her mind. Her mouth was too busy chewing away at hot dogs as if they were gum. Her mind was exceptionally resistant, but her body seemed inspired by the hallucination. The ginger's stomach growled, and belly heaved. Her nipples twinged and hardened even more.

Worse, under the water, between her legs, there was an aching need to be- No! She couldn't be getting turned on from this, could she?! Her eyes drifted back to a person she knew wasn't there, and one last horrifying detail hit her like a ton of bricks. Preggo-goddess Jessie was sitting on someone or riding them, to be more accurate. Her gigantic belly and thighs blocked most of what was going on, but it was clear she had no bikini bottoms on, and she was riding someone who was just as naked. The fake Jess moaned and licked her lips. "Oh yeah, I'm up to five times a day now. Breeding and feeding are non-stop. After all, a girl can only carry so many babies for other people before she needs to get filled with her own." Its cackle rose into a scream as it orgasmed. Jessie nearly choked on her hotdog as she shook her head violently, hoping to clear the image from her mind.

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Jazzy knocked on Jessie's door like she was enacting a raid. She had been on the phone with tech support for hours. This shirt-to-app fandango was getting out of hand. The glitch was more than just an issue of early release. But it was now caught in a loop, and the problems were piling up. Her poor manager hadn't even signed up for this, and now she was carrying what, seven plus babies at least? "Jess, are you in there?" Noone seemed to be home, but there was a dropped towel in the front yard. Jess had said there was a pool by her house once. That might be the right place to check. Swimming was better than eating, Jazzy mused. She couldn't believe it when Tony had told her any calories Jess took on that didn't go to the babies. Jess could be stuck with even after the babies were taken back. Thank goodness she was out exercising rather than gorging on snacks. Hopefully, Jess had avoided milk as well.

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*Gulp, gulp, gulp.* After almost choking on a charred frankfurter, the milkshake felt good, sliding down Jessie's throat. "Wowza!" Ameli whistled, watching her extremely pregnant new acquaintance suck the 64 oz cup dry. "Three milkshakes and a hotdog basket refill, girl, you are a feeder's dream."

"Re-refill?" Jessie gasped as she was released from her auto drinking as the cup emptied. The basket had thirty empty paper hotdog wrappers at least. Oh god, what had she done? "I... I think I'm done for the night." Jess weakly smiled as she tried to stand. Each inch she rose above the waterline felt like it added fifteen pounds to her frame. All the eating had filled her stomach unbearably tight, packed full against the babies inside. She felt like there were a few bowling balls added to her gut.

“Oh, here, let me help you, miss” Ameli was quick to throw her arm around Jess to steady her. The small girl swore the redhead’s thighs and rear had swelled during her hotdog feast, but she reassured herself it must just be her imagination.

“It’s okay, I’ve got it. It’s just ah... OOOH wow!” Jess shuddered as her nipples buzzed and burned. Tiny popping sensation erupted throughout her tit flesh, followed by rising heat and a building pressure throughout her boobs. Her bosom rose like balloons, hooked up to a water hose. The warm flow leaked from her twinging nipples down the underside of her breasts and belly.

“You’re lactating!” Ameli gasped. “I thought that came *after* the babies were born!”

“I guess it was the m-milkshake?” The ginger lifted her heavy bosom, shocked at the weight of the milk bubbling up inside. Her breasts were so hot and sensitive and stretched tight and full. *Tug*. Her breasts had pushed out too far. The bough knots she had tied up her bikini with were pulling tight. “Shit, I need to get out of here!” Jessie struggled like a hippo trying to get out of a bathtub, gravity not entirely on her side.



“Woah, slow down! You’ll tip over.” Ameli worried.

“No, y-you don’t understand. My boobs are getting too big!” Jessie squealed. She was already huffing from climbing out of the water. “If I pop this top, I could be stuck like this.” Ug, she felt like a beached whale trying to unbeach itself.

“I don’t understand?” Ameli watched her new pregnant acquaintance like a lion waiting for a gazel to give up the chase. This woman looked like she was swelling up on the spot, ready to pop.

“It’s the milk. I’m as full as a bloody cow! Too full!” Jess whined. Even with the leaking nipples, it seemed like there was no end to the growing pressure. Soon her top would have no choice but to break.

“I can help with that,” Ameli said supportively. “My place is right around the corner.”

It wasn’t too much later that Jazzy would arrive at the pool looking for Jessie. “Okay now, where are you, Jess?”

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The door to Ameli’s apartment swung open as she ushered the blushy, leaking, overdue-looking mom-to-be into her humble abode. That’s how she saw Jessie anyways.

The red-headed manager of Breast Buy looked ready to pop, but the babies weren’t even hers. And most of them weren’t close to their due date either. Stupid app connected to this stupid T-shirt (reformed into a slowly failing bikini at the moment), still dropping new kids into her belly when she least expected it. And why was she leaking? Her tits had blimped up into a milk factory, embarrassingly leaking through her top and down her enormous baby bump nonstop. Jessie couldn’t even change her clothes. Taking off the shirt that was linked to the Rental Mommy App would lock these kids into her body for natural childbirth! Some of these fetuses were like.. five months along? She’d be stuck for another half a year, and she already looked past due with quads.

“Oooh,” Jessica groaned as her breast surged forward another inch with milk. She cupped the tiny triangles covering her nipples, milk flowing through her fingers. The bikini band and straps cut into her side and shoulders. Her tits were just too full. She

could feel the knot in the back giving way. *Crrreeeeeeaaaak*. “Oh god, no-no. Hold on a little bit lonnnnger.” *Pop!* Jessie’s eyes went wide as she felt the knot come undone.

“Oops, just in time!” Ameli giggled, holding the two strips in her hand.

“Oh, you caught them! Re-tie them quickly!” Jessie rubbed her belly, trying to ignore that the walk up the stairs to the apartment had triggered her hunger again.

“Hmm, I may need to get a pin. There’s not enough material to tie these easily. Here hold them for a minute.” Ameli pulled the straps to Jessie’s armpits, opposite of the sides they wrapped around. Jess had no choice but to throw her purse on the couch and hold them tightly, fearing letting go would count as ‘taking the top off.’ “You feeling okay, bud?” Ameli asked as she rubbed Jessie’s belly before running to the kitchen to find a pin.

“Just a little hungry and exhausted.” Jess moaned. Her back was killing her. Her pelvis felt like it was holding back cannonballs, and her tits felt ready to pop from all the milk.

“Here, sit in my Lazyboy.” The tiny host pointed to a comfortable leather seat.

“Oh, I couldn’t impose-”

“Impose? Yeah right! You made this feeder’s dreams come true!” Ameli smiled like a kid on Christmas morning.

Jess slowly lowered herself into the chair, the weight of her belly and tits threatening to tip her forward. She couldn’t believe how snug her ass and hips felt against the arms of the wide seat. How much had her backside grown? “You said you might have a milk pump to help with my-”

“Oh yes, duh. I almost forgot.” Ameli chuckled, dragging two high-powered breast pumps from the closet. “I had a weird phase where I was trying to stimulate lactation. Some kinks come and go, ya know?”

Jessie didn’t care about what kinks this woman had or didn’t. She just wanted relief. With careful instructions, she had Ameli slip the pumps cups under her bikini top’s triangles. Just to make sure they still counted as on. Her arms were starting to ache, so she went to bring up the pin again, but her words turned to a moan as soon as Ameli turned that breast pump on. Jessica’s eyes rolled in her head as the suction cups pulled on her teats, milking her like a cow. White streams of fluid quickly filled the hoses, and

Jess was lost in a sweaty, gasping delirium, and the sensation became way more pleasurable than she could have prepared for. Ameli grabbed the lever on the side of the chair, and the footstool popped up, reclining Jess' back and raiding her legs.

The room got blurry again, and she only heard Ameli say things like 'So you're hungry again?' and 'What's your favorite ice cream.' By the time she asked about mix-ins, Jess just blurted out. "W-what ever is good. Say m-my arms are getting um... It's starting to hurt, could we um.

"Ready for some yum-yums?" Ameli smiled.

Jess nodded but at what she wasn't sure. A tube was then put in her mouth, held in place by a doctor's mask-type fitting that wrapped around the back of her head. What the heck was this? She couldn't remove it with her hands without risking being stuck with the babies, and her tongue couldn't push it out enough. The pitifully pregnant woman's eyes bulged out of her head when she saw the hose went up a ladder, and at the top was a ten-gallon bucket being filled with ice cream and candies of all sorts. How long had Jess been foggy milk brained for that she could set all this up? That was it. She had to get up. But she couldn't budge.

Trying to sit up just shoved her belly onto her thighs and her chin into her cleavage. Using her legs to push down the footrest was also impossible. When she tried to lift her legs, the underside of her belly pinned her thickening thighs!

Jess tried to plug the tube with her tongue. She knew how bad that auto-feed mode hit her at the pool. She didn't need to do that again, this time with gallons of candy-filled ice cream pouring down her throat. Look what a few milkshakes had done to her tits! The ice cream pushed past her tongue no problem, till her cheeks puffed out with cold, creamy, chunky goodness. She had no choice but to chew and swallow, her host oblivious to her not wanting it.

Ameli looked like she was in heaven. "Look, I'm just gonna take all this as a sign that. Maybe you and I were made for each other. I've never seen someone who could eat so much. Like, I feel like this is a game, and we're trying to outdo each other." She kissed Jessie's belly and rubbed it. "I swear, I'm not gonna let you win easy. I've got a whole freezer's worth of ice cream, and you deserve it all, my hungry queen.

Damnit! This girl was so into it she was delirious. And Jess couldn't stop eating. She was now sucking in the tube as if it wasn't providing fast enough. Soon the extra dairy made its effects known, and the breasts that had been deflated slightly from the breast

pumps began to fill anew. Jess could feel the thin straps of material begin to tug away from her tired fingers. Her knuckles turned white, trying to hold on. Jess had no choice but to try and rock herself free of the chair.

The alarm on her phone went off.

The alarm that only sounded for one thing.

Somewhere out there, another mom wanted a break from her pregnancy, and that baby was being sent to Jessie's already over-stuffed womb. "MMMpph!" She screamed in horror and pleasure as a large presence added itself to her growing gut, pushing everything up and out to make room.

Ameli could only stare in wonder and Jess in fear as more and more belly rose into view, past the giant milk mountains on her chest. This was it! She could feel it. So much baby. So much milk. So much hunger, both typical and sexual. She was about to be buried under all of it. Who knows how long she'd be stuck in Ameli's clutches, petted and persuaded to be her ever plumpening preggo pet. Calories poured into her lower half, milk into her bust, and all that plus the new baby, her body was pushing her down into the chair with its weight and size, down into her cage. Her breast would not stop swelling and growing, and the ends of the straps Jessie fought to hang onto shook in her fingertips. Once they snapped out of her grasp, this would become a much longer sentence in a prison of ice cream and cushy leather.