



Jessie rolled her eyes. She was a witch and could conjure up a costume easily. Yet here the ginger was, at another sorceress's party, with their themes and rules. She would need to play by Lust's rules. Jess had to pick a costume from the little pamphlet in her hand. Cow? No, thank you. Tentacled Siren? Been there, done that. Which only left... Titty Tina. The costume was notorious for many reasons. Being almost eight feet tall, having tits the size of beachballs, or most excruciatingly, while wearing it, you could not orgasm. It could build and build, redefining the edge over and over, with no relief.

Eh, screw it, it would just be for a couple of hours, and Jess could spend her time annoying Lust by being the center of attention. How could she not be, as a mini giantess with a mountain range of curves? And so it was decided.

*GGSSSHHH!*

"Ack! What was happening?!" One minute Jess was preparing for a costume to appear so she could step into it; the next, her body stretched and billowed out to monstrous proportions. In the

mirror on the armoire, the witch's eyes went wide as she watched her reflection grow, rising to the ceiling as her breast doubled in size over and over, speeding past pumpkin-sized and approaching beanbag chairs. "Damn it, Lust! I didn't want to BE Titty Tina-aaAAAh!" There was a light popping feel on her back, followed by a large gust of air. The newly minted mini giantess was going limp and flopping as her recently swollen form deflated, falling tit fits on the bed. Jess could tell she still had a bit of mass to her, but also occupied by an empty space where her bones should be. Just a giant sex doll with most of her libs hanging over the edge of the mattress. Unable to call out, unable to move.

Jess heard the door to the bedroom open, and someone entered. "Oh nice, a Titty Tina costume." It sounded like her friend Grumpy, though she couldn't call out, mouth frozen, eyes staring blankly like the giant titty costume she was.

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"I can't believe I'm doing this." Grumpy nervously giggled as they shook off the last of their clothes and prepared to step into the Titty Tina costume. And not the regular, big busty blonde suit, but ginger. If they didn't know any better, it looked like Lust had magicked up a model to look like Jessie. Grumpy shivered at the thought, unsure whether it was more awkward or awkwardly hot to think of the suit as their friend.

Meanwhile, Jessie could feel her friend's feet and thin legs slowly pushing inside her, filling her giant empty void. Hnnng f-fuck, it was like getting penetrated by an entire person. She'd be sweating, blushing, and moaning erotically if she weren't just a costume. Her fat, wobbling thighs swelled further as they accepted Grumpy's legs. Her chest pushed out proudly as her wearer slipped into her chest. The feeling of her friend's head squeezing into her hollow face brought her to the edge of orgasm. Her entire body was stretched full of a person. A person who had just grabbed her zipper and zzzzzzzzpt!

"Woah!" Grumpy wobbled in the heels hidden below Jessie's giant beachball-sized tits, far out of sight. "These things are way different from the inside." Their entire view was red locks of hair on top, and a sea of cleavage below that heaved left and right with each step as the skin stretched perfectly around yoga ball-sized implants. But they didn't feel like implants. Everything felt so real, flesh and blood and ... very active nerves. It was a weird experience handling being connected to the enormous curves of this mini giantess and being aware of their own body mashed inside it. Feeling both their raging boner throb and get squeezed and blooming pussy at the end of it moist and empty, Grumpy felt like cumming right there and then. But something was holding it off, keeping them right on the edge. All they could do was palm their giant swollen thighs, moaning as they felt their connection to the suit's slit deepen, moisten, open ever so-

*Slap!*

"Ow, what the-" Grumpy realized they had just been slapped by their other hand. The perplexing thought was interrupted by their body lurching and twisting on it's own. "Hey, HEY!"

“Hey yourself, Grump!” Jess spoke out of their shared mouth. “Bad enough I can feel you penetrating me from behind. You don’t need to be groping my leg, making me even *more* hot and bothered.”

“Penetrating you from- My ... I’m not doing anything in your ass.”

“From the back of my pussy!” Jess huffed. Grumpy was still trying to get over watching the reflection talk for both of them.

“Back of you, what?! Look, I just put on this costume-”

“I am the costume, dear.” She let the words sink in for her, passenger?”

“A living costume?”

“No!” Jessie huffed. “It’s me, Jess. I’ve been made into a costume. You are literally shoved up inside of me.”

Over the next half hour, the two tried to work together to reach the zipper. Squirming, squelching, one feeling squeezed and milked, the other feeling stuffed and stretched to the max, and both feeling each other. It was hopeless, so their only hope was to duck through the door and push their giant flustered figure through the crowd of partygoers to try and find Lust to undo this spell.

The compiled couple felt like an erection magnet, their giant form mashing its love seat-sized ass and enormous tits into one partygoer after another, the lewdness of accidental grinding and motor boats pailing in comparison to the erotic tango of sensations inside. Their entire bodies played out every feeling of sensuality and sex, from giant sweat-glistening curves bouncing and swaying on their shared form, pumping with moan-inducing, eyes rolling pleasure. And that was just from walking around. The shared sensations meant every step felt like Jess was pushing her puss on Grumpy’s cock, grinding and throbbing with each movement, but never relief. Not that they wanted to experience each other’s orgasms (Beyond deep in the kinky subconscious). It was more that every time they felt they had reached the edge of orgasm, their situation took them deeper, hotter, closer. There was always another step closer to the duel orgasm that would make them explode together. Jessie and Grumpy’s only hope was to find their Witchy acquaintance before the two ended up a moaning mindless Tina on the floor...



