

Puppet to the Masses

“Good evening, ladies and gentlemen!! I hope you’re all ready for one hell of a show!!”

An auditorium of people erupted into applause when Mary the Mystic walked onto the stage. A single microphone and stool waited for her in the center, along with a futuristic helmet with various diodes protruding from its shell.

“We have a great display for you tonight!” she said, urging their excitement. “As I’m sure you’re all well aware, this is my first adult-rated performance!”

Whistles and hollers bounced around. Mary was known for her sex appeal and vivacious figure. Seeing her in a flashy outfit only spurred the crowd’s eagerness, particularly the men’s. A blouse with a black vest hugged her ample breasts while a teasing skirt flared halfway down her thigh.

She paused at the microphone. “Now then... This show is going to be a little different than usual. I might be a psychic, but for the first time, I have no idea what I’ll be doing tonight! That will be for *you* all to decide!”

They watched in anticipation as she grabbed the helmet from the stool.

SNAP!

A strap latched together under her chin, securing the helmet to her head. Dazzling lights illuminated at the connection to elicit gasps from the crowd.

Mary patted the device. “This little baby is a mind-reading helmet! Usually I can read the minds of one or two people, but this will allow me to read the minds of the entire auditorium!” She waltzed around the stage, making sure to show off her long elegant legs. “But that’s not all. This helmet is in control of my body. As I’m reading your minds, it will randomly pluck a command from one of your thoughts and I will have *no choice* but to obey!”

Delightful murmurs moved through the audience in a wave.

“Now, obviously it can’t make me do anything illegal. But! Everything else is on the table! Tell me to act like a monkey? I’ll do it. Recite German poetry? Should be a laugh. Strip naked and dance around?” Mary winked. “Well, I won’t exactly be able to stop myself.”

Applause rose at the possibility of such explicit nudity. Several men screamed, “*Take it off!!*”

She laughed. “Slow down, boys, slow down! That’s the beauty of it! If you all are in tune enough and working toward the same goal, it will happen! They say great minds think alike. Let’s see what the masses want, shall we? Are you all ready to control my every action??”

The auditorium shook with their eagerness.

“Alright!” Positioning herself in the middle of the stage, Mary held up three fingers. “On three, I’ll be totally under your control. My body will have absolutely no choice but to obey!! One...two...*three...*!”

Blue lights flashed on the helmet upon activation. Slave to its whims, Mary went limp and stood motionless.

“Do a cartwheel!”

“Give me a million dollars!”

“Tell us your worst secret!”

A storm of verbal suggestions filled the air. Their ideas did not need to be said, however, as Mary’s helmet processed the thoughts of each person in attendance.

BEEP!!

The helmet alerted them to a decision.

“Oh!?”

Her face lit up when her arms moved with their own will. Finding a zipper on the side of her skirt, they loosened the garment before letting it slip to her ankles.

“Aow aow!?” someone catcalled.

Mary blushed at her sudden lack of clothing. “You folks don’t waste any time! I’m glad I decided to wear sexy underwear tonight!!” Unable to cover her nudity, she stood frozen as thousands gazed upon the sheer panties hugging her crotch. “I wonder what you’ll tell me to do ne--”

BEEP!!

A visible chill ran through her body. “What was--”

SWEEEEELL

Perplexed, Mary and the crowd grew silent when her vest tightened and her blouse filled out. Already well-endowed, her breasts grew several cups to pack her outfit within seconds. Her blouse rose up her abdomen to put her stomach on display. Some imaginative guest had been lucky enough to have their command chosen.

“W-Well...!” she squeaked in shock. *“Somebody here is definitely a fan of a nice pair of tits!”*

The effects of their choice spread like wildfire.

“Bigger!!! Make her bigger!?”

“Take off your underwear and bend over!?”

“Give me a million dollars!?”

“Grow!?”

A line of sweat ran down her brow. Mary hoped the crowd couldn’t read her sudden anxiety. *“I-I didn’t know the helmet could make me do--”*

BEEP!!

“Ah!?”

SWEEEEEEELL

Powerless, Mary could only stand frozen as her breasts bloated once more as if by a hidden pump. Flesh crept up to her shoulder blades as the vest pulled taut. Buttons spread and strained. On a large display, a video of the performance put her bulging cleavage on full view.

“Grow bigger!! BIGGER!!!”

“Make your tits huge!!”

“Show us your pussy!!”

“Oh dear!! I-I guess quite a few of you like your women big, don’t ya??” Mary laughed nervously as it felt like two watermelons were stuffed into her blouse. Their weight pulled at her shoulders and her nipples ached inside her bra. *“Let’s stop thinking about my breasts for a minute, hm? Why don’t we bring my prop guy out here to help stimulate a few other ideas and--”*

BEEP!!

“NNGH!!!”

SWEEEEEEEEEEELL

The pressure was immense as flesh was forced down her overfilled blouse and rubbed against her stomach. Mary’s front rounded out as if her torso had turned into a balloon. Cleavage heaved from her open collar to rub against her chin. Feeling skin squish into her armholes and rub against her shoulder made her heart race.

“O-Ok, folks!! I think I’m big enough! Why don’t we try thinking of something other than my boobs gro--”

CRREEEAAAAAAK

Tortured fabric screamed into her microphone.

“BIGGER!!”

“BLOW UP!!”

“MAKE YOUR BOOBS MASSIVE!!”

“Give me a million dollars!!”

She panicked. *“F-F-Folks!!! I can’t just--”*

BEEP!!

Mary squeaked at the helmet’s next decision. The fluttering in her compressed chest told her what was about to happen.

CRREEEAAAAAA--BOOM!!!

“Augh!!!”

Her blouse and vest exploded as once against the raging forces of her mammaries. Immense weight shifted when they fell forward and smacked against her body. The force sent her backward.

THUD!

She landed on her rear. Breasts larger than beach balls filled her lap with overflowing flesh. Nipples like apples pulsed on their fronts. Mary desperately wanted to squeeze them, but her body remained frozen.

“I think these are big enough! Maybe--”

BEEP!!

Her breath caught in her throat. As if a lightning bolt had struck her brain, she felt a surge of uncontrollable arousal wash over her. Sweat poured down her cleavage and back. Fluid

gushed from her pussy as she spread her legs before the crowd. Breathless, her hands moved across her breasts in wide circular massages.

“O-Oh my!!! O-Ok!” Mary tried to keep control of the situation. *“Which...mmgh! Which one of you...told me to...masturbate?! Nnngh!?”*

She laid on her back and marveled at the sensation of her massive tits rolling on top of her. Flesh jiggled and rippled in front of her face as one hand worked furiously to massage a domed areola and another slipped into her soaking panties. The camera zoomed in with greedy eyes to project a close-up of the sopping lips wrapping around her fingers.

“Mmgh!! Ahh!! Someone tell me to come!!” she screamed. The sensitivity of her new body was through the roof. A single touch should have been enough to send her over the edge, yet she couldn't climax. An orgasm only continued to build within her core, as if threatening to explode. *“Mmmgh!! MMMGH!!!”*

“Bigger!!! Go bigger!!”

“Blow up!!”

“Fuck me!!”

BEEP!!

“AAAHH!!!”

SWEEEEEEEEEEELL!!!

Unprecedented engorgement assaulted her breasts. Pinned beneath their weight, Mary writhed as they stretched over her arms and across her hips to her knees.

“ARE YOU ALL TRYING TO TURN ME INTO A GIANT PAIR OF TITS?! I CAN'T KEEP--”

BEEP!!

“MMMMGH!!!”

The overworked helmet burned against her head. Mary gasped under her weight. Shadows cast over her face as her breasts blocked the stage lights. Her nipples looked larger than her head but it was impossible to know from her position. As she furiously fingered herself with a body aching for relief, she feared the crowd's insatiable hunger.

“Bigger!”

“Bigger!”

“Bigger!”

They chanted without mercy. They were all of one mind. Why Mary's assistants hadn't run out to remove the helmet was a mystery. Clearly the situation was out of control, and yet they allowed her to continue growing.

BEEP!!

“N-No bigger!! No bigger!! I can't take it!!” she panted. *“They're too sensitive!! And I can't come!! God, please tell me to orgasm already!!!”*

SWEEEEEEEEEEELL!!!

“NNNGH!!!”

Her bust mounded higher on the stage. Wood creaked at the two van-sized breasts heaving before the crowd. Nothing was visible of Mary’s frame, though this didn’t concern them.

“Oh God!! Ohhh God!! S-Stop growing...! I...mmmgh!!! What is wrong with you people?! Aren’t these big enough?! I feel like a blimp!! My breasts can’t--”

BEEP!!

Mary’s eyes sprang open. There was a new sensation deep within her breasts. Their depths tingled and heat rose from within. Being a mother, she immediately recognized the pressure.

GUUUUUURGLE

“Milk! Milk!”

“Lactate!?”

“FILL UP!?”

“Give me a million dollars!?”

Guttural churning of fluid filled the auditorium. Mary trembled as her pussy felt on fire around her hand. Her nipples pounded like corks on shaken champagne bottles.

GUURGLE

GUUUUUURGLE

“Ahh!! AAHHH!!!! Oohhhh I can’t take it!! I can’t take it!! Not milk!!! Not MILK!!! At this size?!?!” Her eyes bulged at the towering cleavage tightening above. *“DO YOU KNOW HOW BIG I’LL GET IF THESE THINGS FILL WITH--”*

RRMMMMBBBBLLLLL

Swirling pressure drowned the noise of the crowd. Mary wanted to shut her eyes, but she could only stare as her mammaries ballooned to impossible proportions. Her worst nightmares from breastfeeding came true within seconds as mountain-like udders sprawled across the stage.

GUUUUUURGLE!!!

“Aaahhhh!!! Aahhhh ohh I’m gonna blow!! I’m gonna blow!?”

Milk beat against her skin. Pressure pushed her areolas into massive hemispheres. Both nipples stood as wide as a grown man’s arm span. The restrained orgasm felt ready to tear her apart.

“Bigger!! Bigger!! Bigger!?”

“Bigger!! Bigger!! Bigger!?”

“Bigger!! Bigger!! Bigger!?”

The crowd was merciless. Never before had such unity been achieved.

“MMMMGH!!!! MMMMMGGHHH!!!!!” Mary arched her back. Her fingers couldn’t work hard enough.

GUUUUUURGLE!!!!!!!

Her skin trembled. There was no more stretching. Gasping as she reached her maximum capacity, Mary screamed, “*AAHHHH MY TITS ARE GONNA--*”

SPLRRRTCH!!!!!!

The audience was treated to an indoor firework display when her nipples erupted. Milk gushed from every pore, sending geysers of dairy into the air. Not a seat was left dry when it ricochet against the ceiling. Every inch of the theater was coated in the thick, sweet substance as the patrons screamed in perverted delight.

Milk rushed down her breasts to gather in a pool around Mary. She gasped for air, forced to endure the letdown without sexual release.

“I WANT TO COME!!! PLEASE FOR THE LOVE OF GOD!!! LET ME COME!!”

Milk swamped the helmet.

KZZP!!!

Bolts flashed from its circuits at the fluid. In a single split second, Mary’s motor control returned, as well as her own will.

A monumental orgasm exploded within, built into a titanic tightly wound ball of energy.

“AAHHHHHHHH!!!!!!”

Beneath the roar of milk came Mary’s orgasmic scream. The pleasure pushed the milk from her chest with higher force. Ceiling tiles and spotlights were torn away at her torrent. Audience members stood with gaping mouths to catch her release.

For several minutes, Mary feared her body may never relax as she lay paralyzed in utter mind-rending pleasure.

Finally, her release turned to a trickle. Milk dribbled over her breasts. Together they were large enough to fill half the stage. Mary’s exhausted breaths echoed through her microphone as smoke rose from the broken helmet.

“W-Well, folks... It looks like we’re going to have to take a short intermission...” she announced with a shaky voice. *“There are...mmgh...refreshments in the lobby for those of you who are...o-ooohh...still thirsty...”*

Men and women dripping from head to toe left their seats, unable to stop talking about the terrific display. None could agree on how the remaining fifty minutes of the performance could possibly top Mary the Mystic’s first act.