

Breast Buy May-ternity Special

By Jessie Star

Art by Red V

PART 4

Bang! Jess slammed her oven's door; another frozen pizza was now on the way. Unfortunately, she had squatted down to slide said pizza in, nine-month plus belly and all. Worse, doing so had split her already tearing pants down the back. "Grrrr!" Jessie grunted as she shakingly raised herself back to standing, her bump pulling her pelvis forward, curving her straining back. How had she gotten here? Well... Jess knew how she had gotten here. She put on a t-shirt that turned out to be tech strapped to an app that could transfer other women's babies into her! For how long? Who knows. Why did it also come with the baby weight, the swollen boobs, constant hunger? No clue! Her body was taking on everything that went with these women's insemination invaders, but the "insta-preggo" shirt couldn't add some extra inches to her fuckin' pants? Simple jeans, way less complex than human anatomy but... who was Jess to judge the operating ways of the mysterious "Rental Mommy" shirt. Well, she was just going to have to get a larger pair of pants.

"Thank you for holding; your call is important to us! Please hold on the line for the next available operator," Repeated the recorded voice for what felt like the five-hundredth time.

"Yes, thank you, faux person, who's very fake concerned for my wait time" Jess waddled heavily over to the table and snatched up her phone. Feet turned out like a frickin penguin, Jessie thought. How were her pants staying on with all the holes her growing ass and hips had torn in them. The ginger paused at the bottom of her staircase if only her jeans were not upstairs. "Okay, how do we do this?" She tried to look around her puffy, aching tits and giant belly to place her foot on the stair. "I'm gonna need both hands for this, aren't I."

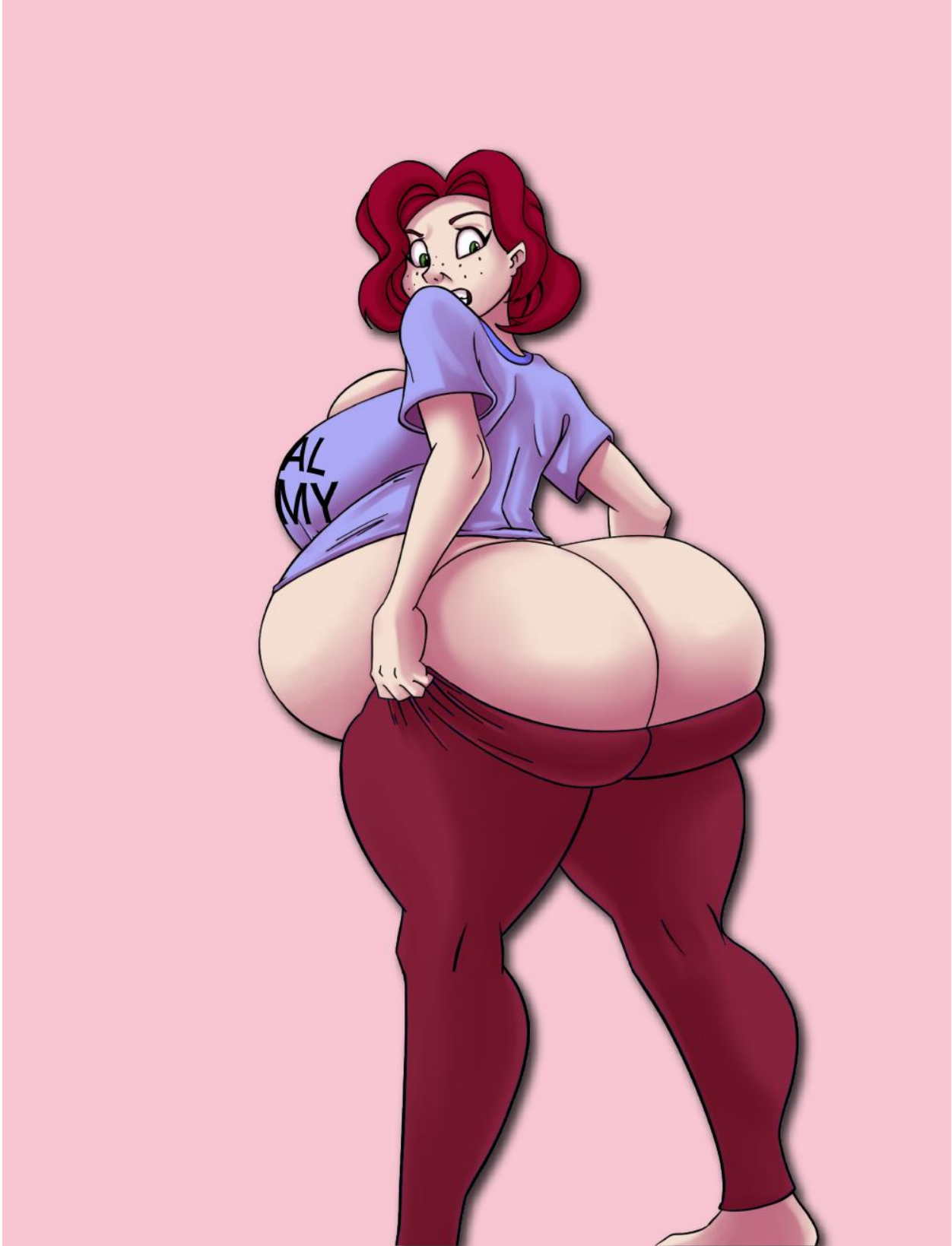
Jess took her phone and slid it into her pale, freckled cleavage, the waiting music muffled by her mommyfied-mammaries. She grabbed the railing with one hand and braced against the opposite wall with her other one. "One, two, thrrrreeee!" She hefted her overly full frame up onto the first step, fattened thighs bumping the bottom of her heavy baby-carrying bump. She hopped up another step, her bulbous bubble of an ass pushing against her torn trousers. Her body was hot and itchy, skin overly soft in some places and stretched extremely tight in others, and she still had twelve more steps to

go. "Oof." her leg grazed her belly again. Why did it feel like climbing upwards dragged her stomach down? Heavy and low resting in her pelvis like a giant overripe watermelon. "E-eleven... more steps," she panted."

Eventually, a sweaty, red-faced pregnant Jess stumbled into her bedroom doorway. She leaned forward to catch her breath, instantly regretting how that move tried to pull her forward by her tummy. "Pants gotta find some pants," She wheezed as her phone continued with its "hold music" jazz, slipping deeper into her slick canyon on cleavage. The panting woman wiggled out of her torn pants as pair after pair of leggings, jeans, and underwear landed on the ground, discarded with each failed test of elasticity. Finally, Jessica got to her winter sweatpants, bought extra roomy for cold nights. They were going to have to do.

With a heavy sigh (and a heavier waddle), she turned to her mirror to get a decent view of her feet. Gawd, it looked like somebody had swapped her head and arms onto a different body altogether. A very busty, hefty, severely pregnant body. "And one foot i-" she lifted her leg to go in her pants, and it immediately bounced off her belly. "And one foot in-" *Boomf!* She kneed herself again. Jess looked at herself in the full-length mirror. "I'm trying, ok!" Recalibrating, she lifted her leg to the side to come in at an angle and quickly lost her balance. Her wide rear end landed on the mattress, which creaked from all her added weight. Her belly pressed down into her chubby thighs and up into her throbbing tits, the fall knocking the wind out of her.

Jessie took a minute to gather herself, then slowly worked her barefoot into one of the pant's legs. "And... one.... Fffffoot in!" And then it was. And after even more struggle, in went the second foot. "Okay, now we just have to-" she gulped, sliding forward, trying to stand again, "stand and we can-" standing with a grunt, she wiggled and swayed, striving to pull the maroon sweatpants up her wobbling thighs the weight in her midsection making it trickier "-wear some frickin pants!" Inch by inch, the pants crept up her swaying thighs until they arrived at her ass.



“Hello, Teat Squad Corporate branch, Tony speaking.” Called a voice from her freckled cleavage.

“Oh um, hello? I’m here. Just... um,” Jess called down into her bosom.

“I can’t hear you miss, am I on speakerphone. Could you please turn off your spea-”

“Yeah, sorry you caught me with my pants down.” A nervous laugh escaped her mouth as she tried to get her pants up. A muffled chime went off, the ever-dreaded “Rental Mommy” app chime. She couldn’t see who was contacting her, what they were thanking her for taking off their hands or hips or uterus. She wished she had taken the damn shirt off, but the panicking redhead assumed she needed it to send the hellspawn in her back to their wreckless mom-to-bes. What she did know was it didn’t bode well.

“Gaaaaaaaah, um one second, Tony.” she squealed as warmth and prickling sensations erupted all over her body. Each “up-load” was getting more and more intense.

Everything from the surging in her belly to the buzzing in her nipples and the throbbing in her crotch and- “oooooh fudge!” Everything was hitting at once, her ass filling out inch after inch until her “baggy” sweatpants had no chance of getting over her rippling rear.

Her belly was pushing out in every direction, and her tits, her already overly ripe tits filling like fleshy water balloons. Jess could barely stay cognizant. Each nipple stiffening surge was blimping her boobs out of the sides and tops of her bra, muffening out of the top of her shirt, and most worryingly, swallowing Tony.

“Is anyone there? I’m going to hangmmm bup mmf mff mmm..” Holy honkers, it sounded like a man was drowning down there between her flush freckled tits. Jess tugged her pants up with all her might, ass cheeks heavily clapping each time.

“Okay! Hold on, Tony, hold on, I’m here!” She let go of her pants, her ass cheeks bouncing chaotically. Jessie shoved her hands into her sweaty cleavage, manically trying to push her breasts apart and dig for her phone. “I’m coming for you, Tony!” The damn phone was shoved in her bra cup pinned under her inflating breast. So instead, she tried to go under, lifting her shirt to get to her bra, her baby-packed belly out in all its glory. The under strategy was also failing her; the bra stuffed so tight she couldn’t lift it away from her boob at all. Oh shit! What if Tony hung up! What if she had to go through all that wait time again! She tugged even harder and lost her balance, falling backward on her titanic ass, thrown back onto the bed by the weight of her belly, and finished off by her boobs flopping up and hitting her on the chin. That same action had also shaken her phone free, which would have been good if said phone didn’t also bounce off her face and fall off the bed.

“Okay, I guess I’m hanging up then,” said Tony from the phone on the floor.

“No! No, I’m here!” She screamed, struggling to get up, spin around, crawl backwards over the edge, anything! But she was pinned under a belly that looked overdue with multiples and firm swaying tits with aching nipples sending electric zaps to her womanhood. She kicked her legs, thighs now more expansive than what her waistline used to be. Between that and her mountainous stomach, she looked like a giant stuffed turkey laid out for thanksgiving.

Despite her wriggling and kicking and clawing, she barely moved a few inches towards the edge of the bed. Her head got just over the edge in time to hear Tony say, “Thank you for calling Teat Squad corporate, and have a wonderful day.” And he was gone. She was going to have to call the main line and wait on hold again... And she was pinned under her giant body far from the edge of the bed, with a few hours of being on hold ahead of her, four buns shoved in her oven and a pizza possibly about to burn in her actual oven.

“HAAAAAAAAAALLLP!” she screamed to absolutely no one because Tony was long gone.