

Fantasy Island Parts 1-3

“What am I--hic!--doing wrong?!”

Ashley burst out of the cafe’s front door. Face red and hot, she could hardly see through the veil of tears filling her eyes and watering her cheeks.

“I...I’m doing my best!! Why is it never enough?!”

People stared as she coughed for air against the emotional frustration. Seeking any kind of privacy, she wiped her eyes and fled around the corner to the back of the building. It was quiet in the alley. Her apron came off and went to the ground in a crumpled heap as she leaned against a brick wall. She wanted to scream.

It was the fourth job she’d lost in three months. All had been food service related. It wasn’t that she was a poor worker; Ashley simply found it difficult to deal with customers. Crippling shyness refused to let her build any form of confidence when approaching a social problem, even more so if the customer was irate.

She couldn’t help but freeze up. Panic. Retreat into herself while the world outside continued to spin and the customers grew angrier. She’d tried to get better with it, and in truth the exercises had helped a lot since high school, but banishing shyness wasn’t so easy.

Ashley sniffled and wiped her face again. Any makeup she’d put on that morning was beyond ruined. Looking down, she saw her new blouse soaked with coffee. The same coffee she’d spilled on herself in a flurry of emotional panic. It had left the white fabric clingy and transparent, glued to her chest as if excited to show off her C-cup bust within.

“I just bought this too...” she sighed. Crying faded to a deep aching in her chest. She hated herself and the things her personality made her do. “Why can’t I just keep a damn job?! *Why can’t I talk to people?! Why can’t I--*”

“Excuse me...?”

Ashley squeaked, her mouth clamping shut when someone came around the corner. Anxiety grew worse when she saw it was the same man she was serving before being fired. He approached, wearing a button-up linen shirt and khaki shorts. It might have looked casual, but Ashley knew the outfit cost more than she’d made all year.

“S-Sorry, sir...” she said in a tiny voice. “They’ll... They’ll give you another drink. But I don’t--” The words didn’t want to come. Ashley began backing away before turning to run for her car out of shame.

“Wait, please.”

Ashley paused her escape. As shy as she was, she couldn’t help listening to authority figures. Even if they were strangers. She turned back to face him, keeping her eyes on her feet.

“You’re not in trouble or anything. The opposite, actually!”

She looked up. His voice was kind but stern. There wasn’t any malice she could sense. Her lips remained silent.

“My name is Maximilian Moore. You may call me Max, if you would like.”

“N-Nice to meet you... I’m--”

“Ashley. I saw your nametag before.”

She said nothing.

“You’re having trouble keeping a job, am I right?”

Her lips trembled. Fate was cruel but it didn’t have to rub it in her face. “Y...Yes...” she confirmed, feeling sadness returning.

“Well I’m here to offer you the job of a lifetime. One with far better pay and benefits than what this cafe could ever offer, I’m certain.”

Now Ashley bristled. Social anxiety turned into caution. Being offered an unknown job by a random man in an alley wasn’t something that usually led to wholesome employment. “I-I actually have...to get going...”

An amused laugh soothed some worry. “I assure you it’s nothing like that. All above board! I just see something in you and think you would be a great fit. You’ll even receive room and board. Although it does involve relocation.”

“To where, exactly?”

“My private island.”

It was Ashley’s turn to laugh. Almost scoff. “Thank you, but--”

“I’ll give you five thousand dollars to simply visit the island and entertain the job.”

She stopped in her tracks. Her knees almost buckled from the value. Five thousand wasn’t a lot to some people, but to most, like her, it was life-changing. “F...Five thousand...? *Dollars?*”

Max nodded. “You may tell anyone you wish when and where you’re going, of course. I’ll even give them my credentials so there’s no confusion. It’s completely safe.”

“I-- Maybe--”

He smiled. “And you’ll never have to deal with customers again.”

Ashley’s head was spinning. It seemed too good to be true. Looking at her apron, now soaking up dirty water in a puddle, she wasn’t sure why she would think to refuse such an offer.

Max held out a hand. “So, what do you say? Ready to stop working and start having fun?”



Ashley listened to the engine hum of Max’s private plane. Hardly a day had passed since she’d been fired from her barista job, and now she was on her way to a private island with someone promising the job of her dreams. It didn’t feel like reality. Ashley wrestled with the decision even as an attendant poured champagne. A few friends and her parents knew where she was heading as well as Max’s full name. Brief research confirmed his excessive wealth, as well

as the island destination. Everything seemed on the up and up. Even so, she couldn't calm the fluttering of her heart.

"Ashley," Max said, relaxing into his chair.

She perked up like a stray cat, still timid before the man.

"Before we land, I would like to ask something." He reached into his shirt's breast pocket. From within he pulled a sleek, glossy-black remote small enough to fit in his palm. Its rounded edges gave it the appearance of a pill. Near the bottom, stamped in shiny gold, was the logo from one of the more exotic companies: IncrediBust. Holding it toward her, Max asked, "Do you know what this is?"

Redness took over Ashley's face and betrayed her knowledge. She'd seen the remote on various fetish-oriented websites. It was infamous among those with expansive tastes. The tiny device had the power to bring fantasies to life, including her own bra-busting daydreams she'd gotten lost in since puberty. Such hopes were as unobtainable as owning an IncrediBust remote; the tiny controller was so advanced it was prohibitively expensive.

Unless you owned a private island.

Not daring to make eye contact, Ashley stared at her knees and felt her chest grow warm beneath her t-shirt. Subconsciously, she arched her back to puff her chest toward Max; it was almost eager to be so close to the remote. She nodded. "I-I've...uh...heard rumors about them..."

Max raised an eyebrow with an upward curve to his lips. "Rumors, huh? And have you heard about an establishment by the name of the Kink Club?"

Ashley's hands clenched. Breath stuck in her chest. If her face was burning before, it was a supernova now. There was hardly anyone in town who hadn't heard of the Kink Club. It made national news after a particular city-shaking incident.

She fidgeted and shifted in her seat, hoping her t-shirt wasn't as tight as it felt. Her lungs didn't want to fully inflate against her bra's tension. "T-That place that was destroyed a year or two ago? I think I...remember seeing it on TV?" This was only half true; Ashley had lain awake through many nights wondering what went on within those walls.

He didn't respond other than to give a satisfied, if not knowing, smile. Max sat back and replaced the remote within his pocket. Knowing eyes looked Ashley up and down as if inspecting her build. Her breasts pushed between her arms with her inhales.

"S-Sir?" she squeaked.

He waved a hand. "Nothing, nothing. If you'll excuse me, I need to make a call. Please make yourself at home. We'll be landing within the hour."

Max left her, secluding himself to a room at the back of the plane and leaving her alone with whirling thoughts and an awkward silence broken only by the pounding of her heart. Part of her was glad he'd left; seeing an IncrediBust remote in person had left Ashley trembling.



A warm, tropical breeze teased Ashley's brown hair around her face as she followed Max along a path. Manicured trees and shrubs lined the walkway leading to a stunning house at the center of the island. Disconnected from the world, the small spit of land seemed to include only Max's estate, a small runway, several beaches, and a tropical forest as a buffer between everything. They had been able to walk from the plane to his manor within fifteen minutes. Sun poured over them like warm honey. Ashley could feel herself sweating through her top. Max couldn't have been more relaxed in his linen.

"Here we are," he announced, leading Ashley up a flight of stone steps. A fountain of a goddess-like woman pouring water from her bust to a pond below gurgled behind them.

A wooden door opened at their approach, releasing a greeting from within.

"Welcome home, Master~"

The voice's sultry warmth took Ashley by surprise, but upon seeing the speaker's appearance, she stopped dead in her tracks with her jaw on the ground.

A maid stood at the entrance to Max's manor. Wearing only heels, stockings, and a skirt, her topless bravado short-circuited Ashley's brain. Breasts twice the size of her head hung heavy and full off the woman's torso in fat, jutting droplets of flawless pale flesh. Permanently hard nipples stood proud atop risen areolas pointing slightly upward. Even at what Ashley guessed to be almost seven feet tall, the woman's bust dominated her figure as her crowning achievement. Red hair tumbled down her back in a fluffy waterfall of flame. The maid stood with a prominent arch to her back, as if to present her mammaries to the world.

"Ah, Sasha. Always adore your welcomes." Max took her in like a piece of prized art. "Would you be so kind as to show our guest to her room?"

There came a slight bow that Ashley was certain lifted the maid's skirt high enough to cause exposure. Her breasts swayed with the motion and hung in a way that accentuated their weight. "Of course, Master."

"Ashley," Max said, "It's late and I wouldn't want to overload you after our flight. We can talk business tomorrow. For now, please enjoy your night and make yourself at home. Sasha is available for whatever you may need."

Unsure of where to look, Ashley stammered, "T-T-Thank you! I--"

"Right this way," Sasha insisted, motioning for her to enter the manor.

The interior was ornate and polished. Much of it was made of stone and tile, mostly whites with subtle gold accents. Her shoes squeaked over the polished floor as Sasha's clicked with firm heel strikes. Every sure-footed step sent a teasing jolt through her body that caused her breasts to lurch.

As impressive as Max's house was, Ashley couldn't help but look at his maid. She was a work of art in every way. To ignore her breasts felt like a crime given their obvious and obscene presentation. Ignoring them would have been rude.

They walked in silence as Sasha led her up the stairs and down a corridor. A rug muffled her footsteps here, but brought the ever-so-gentle slapping of swollen flesh to the forefront. Ashley blushed when she realized it was her breasts colliding.

Confusion and anxiety gnawed at her. The scenery might have been tantalizing and the money a godsend, but Max's intentions remained shrouded in mystery. Ashley swallowed and found a spark of courage. Piping behind Sasha like a mouse, she asked, "W...What exactly is it that Max wants me to--"

Green eyes flashed when Sasha looked over her shoulder. "He didn't even tell you about the 'job', did he?"

Ashley shook her head, shrinking in Sasha's impressive shadow as they passed in front of windows. "He just said it would pay well..."

A sigh lifted the maid's chest and let it fall. "That man... He's the nicest guy in the world, but he has the communication skills of a handless mute." Sasha smoothed her skirt. "Here's the gist; I can't take care of this place on my own anymore. It's too big for one maid." She snorted and added, "But lucky for me, Max was *thrilled* when I voiced the need for another girl around here...!"

Fright bucked Ashley's heart. Being a maid was one thing, but wearing a revealing uniform, or in Sasha's case half a uniform, was something else entirely. "I-I wouldn't have to wear--"

Sasha paused in the hall and spun around. Ashley barely managed to stop before running head-first into her breasts. They stared back with nipples as thick as her thumb. "You're wondering why I'm running around topless?"

A quick nod came in reply.

"It was my decision, believe it or not!" Sasha looked down at herself. "Heard of the Kink Club?"

"M-Mhm..."

"Long story short, *I'm* probably the reason most people know about it. There was an...incident, let's say. My remote malfunctioned while I was in a private room with Max one night. I grew beyond the limiters and things got out of hand. And out of the walls... And the club... *And* the city block..."

Amazement mooned Ashley's eyes. "*That was you?!?*"

A look of pride made Sasha blush. "Almost hard to believe, huh? Well despite the trouble, Max had a *fantastic* time. He covered all the damages to the club. On top of that, he pulled some strings to make sure the blame didn't fall on IncrediBust! Can you imagine the power that guy must have?? All he asked for in return was a supply of remotes with no limiters

and no questions asked. One thing led to another, and I find him at my door a few days later offering me a maid position at this island. I couldn't say yes fast enough."

"But...weren't you scared??"

"*Scared?* Let me tell you something; after you go full-on *Attack of the Fifty-Foot Woman* and destroy a building or two, people don't exactly let you live it down. I couldn't go *anywhere* without someone recognizing me. Most of the world had seen me buck naked and as tall as a skyscraper. A woman can't just put on a hoodie and escape that kind of attention. And... Believe it or not, before the incident, I looked a lot like you."

Ashley's mouth fell open. She compared Sasha's breasts and height to her own and her mind refused to accept it. "S-So this is because of a remote?? Normally you don't look like--"

Sasha groped her chest, squeezing the watermelon-sized mounds as best her hands could manage. "No no, this *IS* my new normal after the incident. Turns out the limiters weren't just there to prevent property damage. When you grow as big as I did, you can't fully revert. It changes your body for good. Permanent like." She looked down at the overgrown breasts in her embrace. A weakness came over her eyes. "Which...brings me back to your question... After ending up like this, with my tits so...*BIG*...my nipples just got... So... *Sensitive*... I can't bear to put on a t-shirt. Or a bra. Much less a stiff maid's corset with all that...t-that...*lace*..."

Heavy breaths fell over Sasha. They seemed to flutter through her breasts, puffing them gently into her palms. A weak, nervous laugh made them jiggle. "Hell, I-I can't even sleep with the sheets pulled over them... Not unless I want to...s-stay up for another hour...or two..." Finger twitched as if resisting the urge to circle a teacup areola. "It's... *It's a lot*. It's like I still have the nipples of a woman capable of crushing a building, but they're the size of thimbles..." She shuddered and fought with herself to unhand her bust. "But I wouldn't trade this new body for anything..."

Ashley's mouth was dry. The scene had sent her to another planet. Another dimension.

Hands pulled away. Sasha was sweating. "Anyway, we're here~" She motioned to a door and swung it open, revealing a guest room fit for royalty. A bed twice the size of Ashley's stood to the far side of the room with a comforter as thick as her pillow back home. "This will be your room during your interview period. And--" She dug into a small pocket in her skirt. "Here; Max wanted me to give you this as part of the tour."

A sleek pill-shaped device fell into Ashley's hands. Seeing the IncrediBust logo glint on the remote sent her heart to space. Her stomach did flips at the power she'd just been handed. Her eyes widened. "This--"

"You're free to use it to your heart's content before deciding if you would like the position. Control of your own personal IncrediBust remote is a perk of the job. And it's a *very* nice perk, let me tell you. Ours have limiters, but Max's master remote has complete reign *without* limiters. On your nightstand you'll find a pill that will deliver the nanobots to your system and link your body to the remote. They're just for a trial run, so they'll last for twenty four hours before-- Ashley?"

“T-This...”

Sasha frowned and leaned forward. “*Ashley? Hellooooo~*”

Distant eyes stared at the remote. Her nipples burned in her bra. High school daydreams of exploding bra clasps rushed back, finally within reach. Deep, heavy breathing sent tremors down her frame. “T...This--”

Simply holding the remote was borderline orgasmic with the fantasies she harbored.

“*ASHLEY!*”

Clap!

“*AH!!!*”

Sasha smacked her hands. Lightning flashed in Ashley’s mind and brought her back to reality.

“Did you get all that?” Sasha asked, hands on her hips. “Give the remote a test run. Nanobot pill on your nightstand. Have fun. Dinner at six.”

“H...Have fun...” Ashley nodded slowly, dazed. Looking at the remote, she closed her hands around it suddenly and made for the door. “*T-Thank you!! I WILL!!*” Her face reddened. “*I-I-I mean... No! Not like that! I mean have fun in general! I think I’ll just...shower! I-I-It was a long flight, after all!!*” Standing in her doorway, Ashley trembled with an energy of a bomb seconds from exploding. “*T-Thank you for showing me to my room! I’m going to shower now!*”

“You’re very welco--”

Click!

The door closed. It didn’t slam, but there was an urgency.

Sasha smirked and turned back down the hall. An amused sigh gave its blessing and she let a finger trace circles around a nipple, fattening the nub to the point of her areola half swallowing its fully erect mass. She shivered and felt her inner thighs grow wet. “Looks like Max managed to find himself another gem...” Bolts of pleasure made her bite her lip. “*That little deviant might make him wish he’d bought a bigger island.*”



Ashley couldn’t hear anything beyond her own breathing. Hot, steaming gasps of anticipation trembled through her lungs in waves. She couldn’t remember taking the nanopill, yet it was gone from her nightstand along with half the glass of water.

“*Just press a button... A-Any button...*”

There were too many to choose from. The remote in her hand had total control over nearly every aspect of her body. Nothing was off limits. Years of dreams and fantasy were suddenly coming up blank in her mind. But in her racing heart, Ashley knew what she wanted to start with.

Her thumb hovered over the button with a pair of breasts.

Click

“Ahhmmnnnn!!”

Heated sensations tickled and flourished within her chest with such vibrancy that she released the button almost immediately. Ashley doubled over as she felt her nipples erupt into thick nubs. Her bra felt as though it had suddenly shrunk several sizes but she knew better. An arm wrapped across her front. There was more weight there than before. More weight and more mass than what a pair of C-cup breasts could produce.

“I’m bigger-- I’m--” She swallowed. The outline of her breasts overflowing her bra was pushing against her t-shirt. The border between padding and flesh was distinct and proud as she bulged from the tops of her cups. *“I’m bigger~”*

It was only by several inches, but the difference was dramatic. Ashley inhaled and reveled in feeling her bra squeeze her new F-sized treasures. Skin deformed against the garment. It was difficult to fill her lungs, but testing her clasps was exhilarating. Moisture soaked through the crotch of her jeans.

“B...Bigger. I want to be--”

Click

Strrrrrtch...

“Mmmmmmm!!!”

Her lips pursed. This time she managed to hold the button down longer. Ashley allowed herself to reel backward, arching her back and thrusting her chest forward as her bust surged. Spandex and cotton groaned from a bra rapidly being overloaded with flesh. G-cups to I-cups to L-cups, Ashley held on until her body felt like it would explode.

“NNGH!!!”

Her thumb released. Energy faded and Ashley had to catch herself on the pole of her bed or risk collapsing not only from weakened legs, but from the incredible weight swaying off her torso.

She looked down and whimpered. A pair of breasts stared back with an expanse of skin blocking any view of her feet. Cleavage had pulled her t-shirt’s neckline down into a deep V-neck. Overflowing her bra on all sides, underboob escaped from the bottom while skin squeezed around her shoulder straps and into her sleeves. The t-shirt itself had risen into a skin-tight crop top exposing most of her midriff. One arm was hardly enough to cradle the melons stuffed into her bra.

“Oh my God! O-Oh my God!! I look--”

Click

“MMNNGHHH!!!”

Her thumb slipped as she was taken by her mammaries. Instant tightness spread through her jeans. Panties pulled snug before diving between a pair of swelling cheeks and vanishing

among her thighs. Cotton seams pulled taut across her pussy as everything plumped beneath her denim.

“Ahh~ Aahmmm!!” Heavy eyes looked around her chest to inspect the surprise transformation. What she saw was a muffin top squeezing its way out of her jeans and her hips widening to take up any available space.

Strrrrrtch!!!

“T-Too big! I’m getting...too big for my pants!” she panted.

Yet her thumb didn’t let up.

Any semblance of a thigh gap vanished as thighs closed in on one another. Flesh hugged flesh in a tight, denim-stretching orgy of growth centered on the soft, wetted curves of her intimates. Ashley didn’t need to see her panties to know they were sinking deep into a pair of lips oversized for their petite seams. Cotton rubbed over her folds and massaged her clit like the eager palm of a lover.

Fabric pulled uncomfortably tight. Her jeans wouldn’t give up so easily even as her lower half blossomed over the waistline in ridges of thickness and her underwear pulled into a thong.

Creeeeeeeeeeeeaaak!

Panting turned to desperate squeaks. *“Hah-- They’re-- Gonna-- They’re gonna--”* Life was being squeezed from her loins. Ashley leaned forward, chest in her arms, as she presented her ass to the room. *“I-It’s gonna--”*

BOOM!!

“MMNGH!!!”

A seam burst down the back of her pants with a sound like a gun. Fabric shredded across her cheeks in a spiderweb of threads fighting to contain her bloated ass but it was an unwinnable fight. Ashley’s rear exploded forth and squeezed from the fresh opening. Not fully free, only the middle halves of her cheeks could manage to push into the open air as the rest of her pants held firm around her hips.

Air whistled from her nose in quick puffs. Sweating enough to soak her t-shirt, Ashley swallowed and looked at the remote. Hunger was growing. She needed more. Needed to feel and experience everything.

“Taller!! I-I want to be taller!!” Lust tickled her core. *“L...Like Sasha!”*

Click

Rmmmbbllll!

“Mnghaahhhh!! Ohhhh that’s-- T-That’s--”

Everything shifted. The sound of every inch of her body growing met Ashley’s ears like an internal rumble of thunder. Dizziness sprinkled her mind when the room seemed to pull away. The floor grew distant. The ceiling neared. It was only by inches at a time, but each one felt like a mile.

“Everything!! It’s all-- IT’S ALL GETTING...BIGGER~!!”

Her jeans pulled up her legs before wedging around the bottom of her knees. Thighs thickened and stretched, pulling the denim pale.

Shhrrriip!!!

“MMNGH!!”

Rips tore down the backs of her legs. Ashley’s lower half burst free of its prison all at once and her jeans fell limp.

On top, sensations massaged and stimulated every inch. Breasts bloated to match her increasing height. Her sleeves slid up her widening biceps until tightening around her shoulder and armpit. Fabric tickled across her navel while her abdomen elongated to pull up and out of her panties.

The inches added up, transforming Ashley’s stature into a towering picture of womanhood. Her t-shirt shifted and shrank, pulling ever tighter until it became less than a sports bra. A tear opened under one arm, followed by another across her back. It wasn’t until Ashley saw her eyeline surpass the top of the bed posts that she released her thumb.

The room stopped spinning. Titanic legs jiggled when they stepped to adjust to her new stature. The floor looked smaller, its design less defined from the height of nine feet.

“Mmnngh... Holy... H-Holy... I...”

There was so much Ashley wanted to do. She wanted to explore her new ass. Explode out of her straining panties. Tend to the mammoth pussy wedged between her thighs.

Instead, foggy eyes fell upon the remote. Her thumb went back to the breast button. It was time to sate a lingering hunger she’d harbored since middle school.

Click

STRRRRRRTCH!!

“MMMMMMMGH!! F-FUCK!!!”

Growth assaulted her bust. Ashley’s feet thudded on the floor when they caught her, the force of her development pushing back like a pair of shoving hands.

Creaaaaaaa--SNAP!!

“MMMGH!! YES!! THAT’S--”

Her bra gave up with a crack around her torso like a whip. It stung but she didn’t care; it was something she’d wanted to feel for over a decade. Rips widened across her t-shirt as she held the button down, cradling her engorging bust and feeling every additional pound of weight pour into it like water.

Shrrriip!!

“Mmm!! M-Mmmm!!! That’s it-- Keep going! Keep...GROWING!!”

Pursed lips whimpered and squeaked when the last of her clothes fell away. Knockers large enough to cover her hips shivered and quaked. Two arms wasn’t enough to contain them; trying to cradle the mounds only led to her hands brushing over her soda can-sized nipples.

“GAAHHH!!!”

THUD!!

She went to her knees. Flesh slammed onto the floor with a mighty rippling collision. Ashley allowed herself to be completely taken in by the heaving chasm, sinking into her cleavage. Skin pulled and stretched around her naked body. Heat swam through her like a waxing ocean of lust.

“Bigger~ Ohhh please don’t stop getting bigger!!” she begged her breasts as they rose higher. They lifted her abdomen, taking her knees off the ground. “J-Just keep grow--”

Click click

Guurrrrrrgle

“HAAHHH!!! MNNGGAAHHHH!!!!”

Renewed energy flowed within her when Ashley’s hand tensed on the remote and depressed two more buttons. A glance showed their labels: sensitivity and lactation.

GUURRRRGLE!!!

“O-OH!!! OHHHHH GOD!!!”

The world developed new colors as her pleasure skyrocketed. Boiling heat bubbled deep within her breasts as if a faucet had been opened. Growth and engorgement met together, merging into a wave of swelling that pushed her skin to stretch faster than ever.

“Filling!!! They’re-- FILLING!!”

Her toes left the ground. Bloated mounds wobbled beneath her like a pair of water beds. Across the floor, her skin spread wider until pushing into the ornate mansion’s furniture. Dairy churned to fill her gigantic milk glands. The fluid began firming Ashley’s chest around her, stealing away the pillowy softness and replacing it with dense, dairy-stretched pressure.

GUUUURRRRRRRRGLE!!!

“MMMMMM!!!! MMNGGHHHHHH!!!!”

She couldn’t think of anything to scream. Heightening sensitivity turned her brain to mush. Scents of cream and vanilla found their way to her nose. Fluid leaked from her crotch as much as it ran from her coffee can nipples preparing to meet the opposite wall.

“I-I’M GONNA--” Ashley squeaked and squirmed in her cleavage. Her legs clenched together as it felt like she was holding something back. “I-I-I’M GONNA--”

Milk, pleasure, and sheer overgrown girth screamed in her head. Her eyes dilated and her head reared back.

“AAAAHHHHHHHH I CAN’T TAKE ANYMOOOOOOOORE!!!!”



Knock knock knock

Max didn’t glance up from reading his newspaper. “Enter.”

His study opened, Sasha gracing the room with her topless presence. She gave a bow low enough to make her breasts swing. “She’s been welcomed just as you wished, Master.”

“Wonderful! Thank you, Sasha.” He turned a page. “Hopefully this girl works out. I really do like her.”

A knowing smirk tilted Sasha’s lips. “You always were one for the shy girls.”

“Which makes filling this role all the more difficult! The last four could hardly say a word and then left as soon as they were paid.”

“Can you really blame them, Master? It’s a generous deal and plenty of people are hurting for money.”

“No... No, I suppose I can’t...” He looked up, allowing his gaze to linger generously on Sasha’s plumped bosom. “What do you think of her?”

Sasha inhaled, caressing a finger over her taut bust and down her cleavage before sighing. “I’ll admit I had my doubts at first, but I have a good feeling about her. When I told her about what happened to me at the club, you could see the lust in her eyes. The moment I handed her the remote, she escaped to her room before my farewell could leave my lips.” An amused grin came forth. “I wouldn’t be surprised if she masturbates herself into a coma. That girl has desires like--”

“MMNGGAAAHHHHHHH~!!!”

They looked at the ceiling, a great bellow of orgasmic pleasure rattling the air from the guest wing.

Max snorted. “Didn’t take her long to figure it out, did it?”

“Not at all, Master~ She might play shy and proper, but there’s a minx inside that girl. I-- *Ahh--*” Sasha’s chest grew hot. Skin pulled taut as she felt herself swell. In Max’s lap, she saw him playing with her buttons.

“Yes?” he asked, watching her bloat.

“I...” Sasha breathed, steadying herself against a thick heat welling within her bust like syrup. She leaned forward, watching her areolas plump into domes. “*O-Ohh, Mmmaster~ I... I doubt she will be able to let an experience like this...p-pass her by~*”



Cold hardwood floor and drool stuck to Ashley’s face. Opening her eyes wasn’t easy. A night of sleeping after passing out from sheer orgasmic exhaustion had a strange way of leaving her feeling used and refreshed at the same time.

“W...What...?” She sat up and found herself naked on the floor of the manor’s guest room. Her breasts, as well as the rest of her body, were back to normal. Seeing the small assets on her front, Ashley wondered if the previous day’s immense growth could have been real.

Raising her eyes, she found the remote waiting several feet away. Seeing it made her core lurch with desire. Ashley almost lunged for it, ready to enjoy its magic again.

Knock knock

A gentle tap came from her door. “Ashley?” Sasha’s voice carried like spicy cinnamon syrup.

“D-Don’t come in! I’m--”

To her horror, the door opened. Sasha’s breasts entered before she did, greeting the room with their fullness and warmth.

Ashley panicked and hugged herself for modesty. *“Wait! I’m not dressed!”*

Sasha paid little mind. Standing in the doorway, she observed the remnants of Ashley’s chaos with a knowing grin. “I trust your night was pleasant?”

There was no denying the furniture shoved aside and against the walls. Nor the shredded clothes or scent of milk and feminine desire still hanging in the air. Blushing red, Ashley nodded and hugged her chest tighter. It felt far too small now after the dream she’d lived.

“Wonderful. Max has asked me to collect your answer for his offer of employment. Will you be accepting? You’ll be starting immediately, if so.”

The question came on so suddenly. Ashley knew agreeing with such an informal process and complete lack of paperwork was beyond foolish, yet she couldn’t see herself saying no. The experience from last night was too great to give up. The remote was payment enough.

“I... I accept...” she said timidly.

Sasha smiled. “Wonderful. Then it’s time to begin your day.” From outside of Ashley’s room, Sasha wheeled in a trolley of black and white uniforms laced with frills. “Please pick a uniform from this selection. I’ll be waiting in the hall when you’re finished preparing for the day. And do keep in mind we are keeping the Master. I would suggest keeping it under ten minutes.”

She didn’t close the door. Standing in the hall watching intently, Sasha observed as Ashley selected a modest maid’s dress with a frilled bodice and corset, and the subsequent struggle to dress herself with legs still wobbly from previous lust. After a quick teeth brushing and freshening up, Ashley presented herself to Sasha.

“H-How is this?” she asked, feeling far too exposed in the short dress.

“Wonderful. And your remote?”

She patted a pocket in a tiny apron. “I have it...”

“I suggest filling out the uniform’s front. Max enjoys cleavage with his breakfast.”

Heat flushed Ashley’s face. “Right! I-- Uh--” She fumbled the remote.

Click, click, click

Strrrrrrrtch

“Mmmnnghhhh...!”

It felt just as good as last night. Several clicks to the breast buttons sent her bust blossoming with energy. Ashley gasped, gripping the remote as her chest fluttered within her uniform. Skin pushed forth and rubbed under the fabric to smooth any wrinkles. Nearing F-cups

and more than double her usual size, Ashley's breath turned ragged. She watched her cleavage close and plump into healthy mounds.

"Is... Is that good?" she squeaked.

Sasha stared. "Let me see?" The remote passed between them.

Click, click, click, click, click, click

STRRRRTCH!

"W-Wait! What are--NNGH!!!"

Ashley gasped and fell against her door when her mammaries surged with life. F-cups bloated until they resembled volleyballs within her uniform. Fabric creaked across her front, the smoothness giving way to tension creases. Cleavage overflowed until it bulged over the neckline and pushed it lower.

"It's--" Ashley squeaked, her hand grabbing the front of her uniform. The neckline's seam sank into her breasts from their desire to burst from the top. Pale slopes pushed nearly to her collarbones. *"It's too tight!"*

"Too tight is just right~" Sasha returned her remote. "If you'll follow me, Master is ready to begin the day."

The walk through the halls was silent and tense. Ashley fidgeted, tugging at her uniform to help it fit better. Pulling it up to cover more of her swollen chest brought the skirt too high on her thighs. Pulling it down to cover her panties threatened to expose her nipples. There seemed no middle ground with the enormous breasts Sasha had given her.

"No need to be so nervous," Sasha offered. "It's important to remember we're not sex workers. We're maids. Max can be a lot, and he *does* stare, and he *will* have his fun, but he's not one to take things where you don't already want to go. He's a good man at heart, just a bit of a pervert with a control fetish. At most he'll make you grow when the mood strikes him. Our job is to continue our duties despite whatever changes he makes. For now just do as I do. Understand?"

Ashley's head spun with anxiety. She nodded. "I-I think so..."

They turned a corner to two double doors. Scents of fruits, eggs, and bacon wafted out when Sasha led Ashley through. Within a sunlit room overlooking the ocean was robe-clad Max sitting at a table amid a hearty breakfast.

"Ah, there you two are," he nodded, sipping his coffee.

"Good morning, Master," Sasha said with a smile and a bow. Ashley mimicked as best she could, almost falling over from the weight of her chest.

"Ashley, glad to see you've accepted my offer. I take it you enjoyed my gift last night?"

His eyes were piercing but kind. They met hers before drifting to her heaping cleavage with a pleased expression.

"Y-Yes! It was very enlightening!" she replied too loudly.

Sasha chuckled politely. "You should see how she destroyed her room."

Silence filled the space. Ashley felt her face turn bright red with shame. Max laughed then and munched on a piece of bacon. “Wonderful! After breakfast, you can tidy up your living quarters, then Sasha can show you the rest of your duties around the property.”

“Yes, Master,” Sasha said.

“Y-Yes, Sir-- I MEAN MASTER!” Ashley fumbled.

Max sipped from a mug and grimaced. “Eugh... Needs cream...”

A remote came from his robe and pointed at Sasha.

Click

Guuurrrrrrgle

The woman tensed. Firmness spread through her breasts when they rose from her torso with increasing fullness. Ashley’s eyes ogled as her already incredible mammaries filled out like fleshy balloons. Her nipples rose as their underbellies bloated. Sasha bit her lip as a dribble of milk leaked from a nipple. Knowing her task, she approached Max and stood proud, arching her back to present her bust. He held his mug out and pressed it against a breast so it sank into her flesh, bulging a silver dollar areola over the mug’s top.

Click

GUUURRRRGLE

“M-Mmmmm~! Master, that’s--”

Splrtrch!!

Sasha’s hands clenched behind her back when pressure pushed her breasts to the limit. Milk sprayed, Max’s mug catching one nipple’s letdown while the other pelted the flood with dairy.

“Now, Ashley,” Max said, keeping an eye on his mug as her milk continued to flow.

“M...Master?” She blushed. Such a title felt wrong and almost intimate given her uniform.

“I’m afraid I must be honest with you. The remote I loaned you last night didn’t have the usual limiters the maid’s personal remotes have.”

Guuurrrrgle!

“Mmmgh~” Sasha groaned from still-pulsating milk glands. “Master-- T-The milk--”

Max pulled his mug away and replaced it with an empty glass. Dairy began filling it as he sipped his coffee, a satisfied smile now coming to his face. “If you had the ability to reach such sizes as you did last night whenever you wanted, it simply wouldn’t work. I’m sure you understand; I can’t have my maids destroying rooms in my house every day, now can I?”

She fidgeted, unsure if she wanted to know whether or not Max knew every detail of how she’d used her remote. “No, Sir...”

“Master,” he corrected.

“No, Master...”

“These limits have already been replaced on your remote.”

Sttrrrrtch

“Nnnngh!” Sasha panted as milk stretched her bust further, Max seemingly forgetting about the overwhelming production he’d started within her. His glass was half full.

“And as you’re aware, my remote has no such limits.”

It pointed at Ashley. She stiffened in surprise.

Click, click, click

Sttrrrrtch!!

“Ahh!!”

Ashley wasn’t ready when a rush of tingling sensations washed over her bottom half. Flesh-massaging pressure moved through her hips and thighs like invisible fingers. Instinct drove her hands to grab her ass when it plumped to pull her panties drum-tight.

Her cheeks bloated in her grasp. Soft creases of flesh swallowed her underwear between her thighs and pulled fabric taut across her pussy. Ashley whimpered, feeling her uniform covering less by the second.

Yet it was all exhilarating. Ashley’s heart raced at the exotic thrill. Growing was one thing, but growing at the mercy of another was something on another level. A level she hadn’t expected herself to enjoy so greatly. Moisture soaked her panties as her breath grew ragged.

“M-Master! My dress was already so short!” she whimpered, only half faking the role.

“Indeed it was.” He stabbed a chunk of melon and chewed thoughtfully as Sasha strained and continued filling his glass with fresh milk.

Click, click, click, click

Hssssssss~

“Huh??” Ashley stumbled back when a fluttering sensation tickled her belly. Tension spread over her abdomen. Immediately she felt bloated, followed by an intense fullness.

“W-What’s--”

Her apron drew tight around her waist. Fabric domed from the base of her breasts through her navel. Looking down, Ashley’s hands moved to cradle a rising egg-shaped slope filling out her belly.

Hssssssss~

The sound of muffled air continued. Ashley whimpered against the strange experience, watching as her belly slowly inflated like a balloon. Her uniform shifted to give her airy pregnancy space, lifting her skirt well above her crotch. Every second it widened and pushed forward, all the while lifting her breasts higher and into her shoulders.

“Sir!! I look--”

“You will call me *Master*,” he reminded, lifting the remote.

Click

HSSSS~

“Gaahhh~! M-Master!! Master, wait!!”

Her belly ballooned with a solid kick of air, shuddering forth in her hands by several inches until Ashley felt as though a beach ball was stretching within her body. The apron struggled as it ran out of give and began sinking into her gut, deforming her roundness as it threatened to split her abdomen in two.

“Master! M...Master...!” she gasped. Helpless eyes looked to Sasha for aid but she was too busy enduring over a gallon of milk being crammed into each of her breasts. *“It’s...too tight! I’ll--”*

Creeeaaaaaaa--SNAP!

Her apron’s strap burst. Ashley stumbled back when her belly jutted forth with sheer roundness and a booming echo of hollow space. The wall caught her, holding her steady as she wrestled with the oversized belly splitting her uniform’s seams down her sides.

Max watched her struggle for breath as milk neared the top of his cup. “Hmmm, almost...”

Click, click, click, click

Familiar tingling dilated Ashley’s eyes. They shot to her chest when it shifted and wobbled as if coming alive. Flesh began creeping forth. It took only a second before her areolas rose from her neckline and greeted the room.

Creeeaaaaaaaak!

“Master-- M-Master!” she piped again and again, unable to draw breath. *“My-- Uniform! It’s... Too--”*

STRRRRTCH!

CREEEEAAAAAK!!

“Haahhh! Mnnghhhh!” Arching her back as everything felt on the verge of rupture, Ashley waited for her seams to blow. In her heart she knew Max had increased her sensitivity; the fluid running down her legs was far too much even for how good it felt to be used in such a way. She groped her chest as it engorged into her face. *“M-M-MASTER!! MY DRESS WILL--”*

CREEAAA--SSHHHRRRRRIIPP!!!

“GAAHH!!”

With the combined force of two watermelon breasts and an impossible belly, Ashley’s body delivered the final blow to her uniform. Stitches exploded, rending the outfit open in a burst of fabric and lace. It blew out in all directions before settling limp on her body in loose sections, hardly covering her intimate zones.

Max’s glass overflowed with milk and splattered over the floor. “Ah~”

Click

All growth ceased. The maids gasped in relief, almost collapsing. Heavy breaths lifted their sweaty backs.

Max sipped from his cup of milk and looked over his handiwork with pride.

“A wonderful breakfast,” he hummed. “I think that will be all for now, Sasha. You may show Ashley around the manor so she may become acquainted with her duties.”

With an arm across her chest to lug the overloaded milk tanks she’d been gifted, she struggled to stand up straight against their tight fullness. “*R...Right away, Master~*”

Ashley, feeling like a mini parade float, stared from her position at the wall, still struggling to catch her breath as she wondered just what kind of job she’d accepted.

To be continued