

VIP Section Part 3

"Mmm... Mmmmrowll... I-Is this good, Master...?" Sasha whispered.

"Yes, just like that. You're very soft."

Her tail swayed in front of the VIP's eyes. Sweat dripped from her nose as she leaned back, grinding her enhanced rear over his lap. Moisture poured from her mounded crotch and soaked his pants through.

"That's a good pussy," he encouraged, watching her cheeks bounce and sway. With so much weight filling out her hips, Sasha's ass had a mind of its own. It more than engulfed his lap and swallowed his crotch into her pillowy folds.

"Mrroowl! Mrroowwwl!! Master...! I-It's heavy!" Sasha's legs trembled from exertion. Hefting her skirt-shredding rear up and down burned her muscles. *"I feel like... I'm dripping all over you!"*

Her ears drooped and she gasped for air. What remained of her panties were flossed deep into her folds. Her crotch felt more like a running faucet than a part of her body. *"God I should have started working here a long time ago!"*

A chuckle made his chest bounce against her cheeks and draw a squeak of surprise. *"I'll say you're wet; I should have brought a towel."*

"Hah... Nnghhhmroowl..." Sasha swooned under a new wave of heat. Throbbing pulsed through her crotch. At the right angles, she could feel the VIP's member press against it in a brief moment of bliss.

Strrrrrtch

"Mmgh! I'm hot... Master, I'm so hot..."

Strrrrrrrtch!

Heat rose from her cheeks. Sasha feared she would be overwhelmed soon enough as her heart raced faster. Arousal bubbled within her core like a boiling cauldron. Desperate, she grabbed her breasts to play with an aching nipple in hopes of quelling some of her body's desire.

"H-Huh?"

There was more flesh than she expected. As big as he had made her before the lap dance, her breasts had grown by several inches into bloated teardrops hanging below her belly button. They'd fully escaped her maid's uniform, gently slapping against her abdomen with every thrust of her body.

"My...breasts are growing again??" Sasha gulped, worried for her sanity. *"Master! Something's wrong! I think I'm getting even--"*

She saw it then: his hand clutching her remote. A thumb teased the button linked to her breasts.

Click

Click

Click

“MMMMMROOWWL!!!”

She howled, her ears angling backward at the mere sound of her remote being played with. Stretching development blossomed within her breasts. Weight ballooned and pulled them lower and lower.

“They’re...so full!! My tits...are HUGE!!”

Sasha’s ass fell heavy upon his lap when she was forced to sit and steady herself. Thighs bulged to either side, easily overflowing his legs. She groped the bottom of her chest and felt her bloating underbellies swelling full and plump. To experience her skin shifting and tightening in her grasp was nearly enough to push her over the edge. The thought of her skin holding back so much weight, like fattening teardrops fighting gravity as they hung from a ledge, made her dizzy.

Pomph!!!

“Mrrroooooowwwwwlll...”

She could hardly remember changing positions. The next thing Sasha knew, she was staring up at the VIP’s grinning face. Her mammaries more than filled his lap as she hugged them between her arms.

Exhaustion left her legs weak and trembling. Kneeling before him, she spread her thighs just to feel the air cool off her intimates. She imagined steam rising from her inner thighs as a sign of her intense arousal. Her wetness, however, didn’t take any kind of imagination. She could feel her nectar dripping from her lips and pattering the floor below. Several trails traced themselves down her inner thighs like condensation on a window.

Click

“MMMMGH!!! Master!!” she gasped, feeling her breasts tense in her arms. Cleavage pumped higher to press against his chest and rub around her chin. *“B-But they’re already so big!! How do you...nngh...expect a little kitty like me to work while carrying these??”*

His smile drove a spike of lust through her core.

Click

“MROOWWL!!!”

Her tail straightened with pleasure. Deep under her breasts, she could feel his erection throbbing against her mounds. He was big. Thick. Excited at her overwhelming engorgement.

Click

Click

Sasha’s eyes bulged. *“M-Master!”* Flesh filled her view. They dwarfed the rest of her body, making even her door frame-filling ass look small in comparison. Grown larger than beach balls, her bust bulged over her arms with unbelievable power. Her skin rubbed across the seat and inched wider by the second. All the while, she could feel the throb of his cock growing more intense. At first she thought it was because he was becoming more excited, but then Sasha realized it was actually the increasing weight of her breasts pushing harder against his shaft.

Slowly she started rocking front to back, leaning her weight onto her chest and applying maximum pressure across his lap. Between his hardness and the fluid she'd left drenching his legs, the scent of lust spiced the air between them.

"What... What would you like me to do, Master...?" Sasha whimpered.

There was no hesitation in his answer. Lifting a hand, he pointed to a waiting stripper pole in the middle of the room.

Sasha's heart fluttered. Helpless, she looked back and hugged her chest tighter. *"But... T-They're so big! Meow... I don't know if I can!"*

He throbbed beneath her. Encouraging her with a grin, he motioned again with his head. *"Just do what you can. I love to see a maid give it her all."*

Rising to her feet made the room spin. Sasha's breasts overflowed her arms as she tried to lug them across the room. Accounting for over half of her body weight, they threatened to slip from her grasp. Sweat lubed her cleavage into a dangerous chasm of unsteadiness. Leaving a puddle where she'd been kneeling, she approached the pole with lust-weak knees. Grasping the cool metal and leaning against it brought a small relief against the heat, but she quickly overpowered it.

"Now dance," he insisted.

"M-Mroowwl..."

Her tail twisted around her hips. She had no idea what to do. Placing the pole between her breasts, Sasha began undulating her body in waves, slowly rising up and down the pole's length.

"Like this, Master...?"

Click

Click

"Ahhhhhmm!!!" she cried out, her cleavage tightening around the beam.

"Just like that."

Sasha trembled and slid down. Each nipple ached for attention. She found her mind wandering, imagining the pole was the VIP's cock thrust deep and hard between her breasts.

"M-Mmmmgh, Master...!"

Click

Click

"Keep going."

Sasha squeaked for breath. Her thighs slid against each other as if coated in lube. Letting her breasts' weight carry her low, she arched her lower back and presented her ass in its full glory, thrusting it toward his ogling gaze. She felt her cheeks spread, revealing the panties hidden deep between the crevice. Arousal had brought her pussy to reach extreme levels of plumpness normally attainable only by pumps. It squeezed between her thighs, spreading and gushing like

an overripe fruit. The VIP's open palm wouldn't have been able to contain the soft mound of pink folds.

Click

Click

Click

"Ahh!! Mnngghhh!!! T-Too heavy!! Master!!" Her hands squeaked down the pole as she fought to stay upright. Flesh stretched and pulled, inching toward the floor. Her nipples brushed against the ground before pressing firmly and anchoring her in place.

"MMMMMROOOWWLL!!!"

Click

Click

Click

"Aahhh!!!"

Her legs gave out. Sasha collapsed, draping herself across her breasts as they surpassed the size of yoga balls. Soft, heaving flesh extended before her in a pillowy expanse of unbelievable growth.

"These... H-How are these my breasts?? Master...! What did...you do to me?? I can't serve you like this!"

Click

Click

Her pupils dilated. Skin flared around her like an angry animal puffing itself in defense. "Master?? Surely you don't want them bigger! They're already so--"

Click

Click

Click

Click

Sasha's heart raced. Her mind couldn't keep up with her own body. Flesh pushed against her legs before lifting her hips. Her toes left the floor. Atop an elevator of flesh, her mammarys bloated to raise her body. Cleavage bulged and wobbled around her as she fought the all-consuming crevice.

"Mrrooowll!!! MEEEEOOOWWWW!" she whined, pussy spraying her juices over her thighs.

Click

Click

Click

Click--

Click--

She rose another foot before her breasts halted, leaving her taller than the VIP when standing. Enough mass filled her breasts to overflow a large hot tub. Stranding on top of their bulk, she vibrated with unknowable stimulation.

Click--

Click--

“Hmm...” He glanced at the remote, further commands to increase her size having no effect.

Sasha groaned, her hands sinking deep to claw and massage her aching mounds. “*Master... M-Master... I don't think the--MMMROWL!!!*” She paused to gasp, barely enduring a rush of orgasmic sensations. “*I-I don't think the limiters...haaaahhh...will let you make them any b...bigger. I'm about...to lose my mind!*”

The VIP frowned. “And just when things were getting interesting, too...” With a sigh, he placed the remote next to his drink and approached the wobbling mass of tit. Gazing eyes looked over the scene, taking in every inch of her swollen beauty. A nipple the size of a small trash can stood at his foot, folding against the floor at an angle. “*May I touch them, my dear maid?*”

She looked up from her cleavage, sweat and hair clinging to her face. “*Wha?*”

“Club rules dictate I'm not allowed to touch you without your permission.”

The words struck her like a bullet. Realizing he'd been restraining himself to such a degree through this entire ordeal, all the while she'd been melting from the inside out with arousal.

“*YES!!*” she begged, screaming, before reeling herself back into her role. “*I-I mean... Of course you can touch me, Master...*” Blush colored her cheeks. She was ready to explode with desire. “*Touch me anywhere you want... I am yours, after all~*”

To be continued