

CLICK
by pwatson1974

Steve pushes the door to his apartment open. "What a day." he mutters, dropping his bag and slouching across the room. As he's about to flop down into his chair, he stops, feeling a warmth spreading through his body. "Marcus!" his clothes melt, dark patches spreading over his skin as his body becomes more slender. His hips widen, waist pulling inwards. He gasps as his sex reshapes, melting away to allow her pussy to flower out of her hips. Her long fingers instinctively go down there, biting her fuller lips, dark brown eyes closed as her hair spills down her back, twisting into tight braids. She breathes deeply, waiting, but the warmth fades without the pressure she's used to on her chest. She looks down, her hands going to her flat chest. "Marcus? My chest? What?!"

Marcus comes around the counter, "I'm apologising."

"Apologising? By making me Stevie? Ok. I'm going to love to hear this one." she folds her arms, not something she's usually capable of doing.

"Well, normally, I decide how you're going to look as Stevie. And, well, I'm a fan of the bust..."

"Yeah, totally hadn't noticed that."

"Sarcasm doesn't become you. As I was saying, and so I always...overstacked Stevie in that department."

"So this is your way of making it up to me?"

"Oh, no, no, this is the starting point."

"Starting... And what's the finish line?"

"That's up to you." he holds up a small black fob and presses it. The device clicks. Stevie feels a pressure against her chest, pushing outwards. She shivers a little as her chest buds out.

"That doesn't seem like it's up to me while you've got that thing."

"True. That's up to you." he tosses the fob towards her. Stevie catches it awkwardly, pressing too hard so it clicks and her chest swells in response.

"You did that deliberately!" she accuses, sounding less than angry about it.

Marcus puts on the most insincere expression of wounded innocence imaginable, "Moi?"

"You." she replies, clicking the fob a couple of times. She bites her lips, breathing a little faster.

"Marcus. Did you, perhaps, 'accidentally' forget to mention one or two little...side-effects of this clicker?"

"Like?"

"Like each click sends a 'I'll have what she's having' notice to my fucking pussy!" she clicks it anyway, suppressing most of the moan that shivers through her.

"It...might make you more ramped up. A little. Maybe."

"You're a bastard." she clicks it, her breasts spilling over the top of her arm.

"You love me anyway."

"I tol...tolder...tolen...put up with nnnnnnnn you." she replies with another click.

"Of course."

"Don't think this means I accept your apol...apoul...you saying sorry."

"I'll have to work harder at it."

"Yeah, yeah, you do." she pants, one hand snaking between her legs as the other trembles with each click. She's not even sure why she's clicking. Her chest is a nice size, not the stupid bean bags Marcus likes. But...she's usually so stacked as Stevie that being smaller, even if it is objectively still pretty big, just feels wrong. And, of course, the 'bonus feature' does make it hard to stop, each click raising her sensitivity so that even lightly brushing her lower lips has her seeing stars. Click.

She should stop. This is quite big enough. She's almost as big as she used to be. Click.

Her chest wobbles as she shivers, her fingers pressing into her sensitive lips. Click.

She's the right size now. But Marcus...Master...Master Marcus likes big boobies, he said so, so she should obviously have big boobies to make Master Marcus happy. She likes making people happy. Because then people like making her happy. Click.

Mmmmmmm. That feels so good. Even her toes are tingling with the good, good feelings. Click.

Oh, that's so good, tingling. The world rises around her. Why? Does it matter? Her big beautiful boobies are swelling, so she'll make Master happy. Click.

She can feel the floor pressing on her sensitive pussy lips, her fingers busy down there, head in a cloud of bliss. Click.

She can't feel her hand in her sex any more, or really feel her sex, just the good feelings as her titties press on the floor. Big and full and all for Marc...Master. Click.

She bites her lips, sinking lower, only feeling her body from the ribs up, one arm non-resp...non-res...not doing...stuff. Click.

Mmmmm. Click feel good. Boobies feel good. Head tingling. Feel good. Click.

Good...click...good...feel. Click.

Nnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnn. Click.

The fob falls to the ground as her gigantic breasts swallow up the hand holding it, the last piece of her existing outside them. It lands hard on the wooden floor. Click.

The breasts shudder, swell and Stevie's mind blanks out completely.

Marcus picks up the clicker, sending it out of existence with a flick of his fingers. "Should I have mentioned it also made thinking harder with each click. That's the sort of thing I should have mentioned, isn't it, Stevie?" he rests his hand on the warm, soft flesh, feeling it shudder at the touch, nipples the size of his clenched fist sticking out, rigid with arousal. "I am sooooo forgetful about that sort of thing. Still, you'll forgive me. Won't you?"