

# Pleasure Cruise

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# Chapter 1

## **Part I - Day One**

It wasn't publicly known when the first invitation was received, but everyone knew when the *last* invitation had been delivered. No one who received the mysterious invitations had been willing to share the exact wording, but the same basic information had leaked from multiple sources; a free pleasure cruise only for those who identified as female. And ONLY by invite. Many acknowledged that there was some sort of clause, something they had to agree to when RSVPing, but the most detail any would give was that it sounded like - at the worst - an *interesting* proposal.

Carina and Tiara were two women who never got an invite. No one knew what other qualifiers there were for some to be invited and some not, aside from identifying as female. Carina had accepted that, as petty thieves squatting in an abandoned factory, there was really no surprise as to why they hadn't found one of the practically supernatural invites.

Tiara was much angrier as the leaked date of departure grew closer - she considered it classism. An unacceptable snub to the situation she believed life, and

not Carina and Tiara's own choices, had wholly placed the pair in. And while Carina admitted some truth to Tiara's argument she could also reflect on all the other paths she could have taken before landing where she was.

Then, on the morning of the pleasure cruises' expected embarkment and cast off, Tiara's anger turned to action.

"We're going to sneak on and rob the fuck out of that ship and everyone on it," Tiara announced, laying out her plan for getting onto the recently docked *Mestra*. Carina was hesitant - there was no announced *return* date so there was no way of knowing how long their subterfuge would have to last - but ultimately she decided it couldn't hurt to make one more decision down this path.

Arriving at the port before the sun turned night into dawn Carina was blown away by the size of the *Mestra*. She counted at least twelve, if not more, decks of the ship rising out of the water. It had to be well over three hundred yards from end to end. Carina's confidence about being able to hide on such a massive vessel started to rise.

The pair stripped down to the bathing suits they'd put on under their black shirts and pants. The plan was to swim to one of the massive anchor points, scale the chain, and then pretend to be on the way to one of the ship's pools, hoping that would be enough of an excuse to not have on them whatever ID was expected.

As her partner in crime stripped down Carina could not keep herself from admiring Tiara's lithe form. Tiara's body was well toned, but her arms and legs retained their slim profile. Tiara was only a few inches over five feet tall, but no one had ever told her breasts to keep to that scale. Under the red bikini top Tiara's hefty boobs jiggled and swung, their weight fighting the knots that kept her finger-thick nipples covered. Carina had often imagined how easily her own hands would have been overwhelmed by the flesh of Tiara's chest. Tiara pushed aside a shoulder-length brunette lock from her face and prepared to jump in the water, casting a glance at Carina indicating that the gawking woman should hurry up.

Carina was wearing a one-piece blue bathing suit under her burgling outfit, which hugged her taught stomach and chest. Breasts merely half of what Tiara sported were squashed under the material, which looked smaller to scale to Carina's nearly six-foot height. She

had no issue with her short blonde bob cut hair, and kicked her sneakers off her surprisingly petite feet.

Together the pair leapt into the ocean and began their plan. Much to Carina's shock it appeared to be successful, as the duo reached the first open deck of the ship, swung their legs over, and immediately passed out as their feet touched the deck of the ship.

Carina had no idea how much time had passed as she slowly regained consciousness. Her muscles were turgid and ached as she slowly pushed herself up from the chaise lounge she'd awoken on. Blinking and trying to clear her foggy mind she heard a groan to her right, and looked over to see Tiara waking up upon a similar lounge. Looking down at herself Carina confirmed they were both still dressed in their bathing suits.

As her vision sharpened Carina took in more and more of where she was. It was some sort of office with a stark white decor. A large desk sat before them with an even larger leather chair behind it. The broad chair was facing away from them, looking out through enormous windows that revealed nothing but miles upon miles of open ocean.

They were on the ship, and it was underway!

“What the fuck happened? Where are we?” Tiara finally muttered. Carina looked over to see Tiara trying to get up from the lounge, but it was clear that the same heaviness that Carina could feel laying over her muscles was also keeping Tiara in place.

“You are on the *Mestra*. Our security system detected your unregistered DNA when you boarded,” came a female voice from the other side of the chair. Slowly it rotated to reveal a woman dressed in a captain’s uniform. She was beautiful, her features perfectly shaped upon her lightly tanned face. Strawberry hair ran out from under her captain’s hat in waves down to her chest. As Carina followed those lovely red locks she noticed something about the woman’s jacket - it had four arms! They lead to four hands in white gloves, two with fingers interlocked under her chin, two others folded on the desk.

“You could have left us there! We haven’t done anything! You can’t kidnap us! Take us back!” Tiara hissed. Carina tried to give Tiara a look to shut up, but she was still moving too slowly to do so.

“You prefer incarceration on land to what I have to offer here? Your obstinance is amusing, but I’m afraid you’ll find that the technology which allows us to make this trip so very unique also means we are well aware of

why you boarded,” the woman smiled. She rose from her chair and Carina realized that only now Tiara was noticing the four arms.

“Who are you?” Carina asked with as much respect as she could.

“Oh, well, thank you for asking. I’m Captain Daphne. I’m not the one who chartered the ship, but I am the one making most of the decisions. And what to do about stowaways is completely my domain. Tell me, what do you really know about the voyage you’ve illegally cast yourselves upon?” Captain Daphne strutted around to the front of her desk, white heeled leather boots clicking on the floor, and then leaned back, all four arms crossing her captain’s jacket.

“I know we should have been invited! We need a free cruise more than all the people invited who can afford one!” Tiara hissed.

“Hmm, maybe. Sadly I’m not the one who was in charge of the invitations. Let me cut to the chase. The *Mestra* was chartered for a very special pleasure cruise, a *literal* pleasure cruise. Anyone who RSVPed had to be willing to be, well, *willing* to be open to wanton sex and pleasure. Certainly all consensual, *no* means *No* here no matter what waters we’re in, but we encourage all our

guests to be open to options and indulge in sexual pleasures wherever, whenever, and however the mood finds them.”

“Why do you have four arms?” Carina could not help herself to ask.

“Well, the answer to that is not unrelated to what next I have to explain. You see, the trip isn’t entirely free. Anyone who wanted to join this voyage had to sign a special waiver saying that they consented to having bodily alterations happen to them any time or place on the ship, so long as it was guaranteed they’d enjoy those changes. I can’t explain the technology - if it *is* technology - but I can speak from experience that it can look into your deepest desires and grant you something amazing you may not have even been able to fully comprehend your desire for having before experiencing it.”

As she spoke Captain Daphne flexed her four arms to illustrate that she was especially pleased to have them.

“It’s this wonderful process that not only alerted us to your presence, but also the intentions you had for being here,” the Captain smiled. She broke from her recline against the desk and began walking back around



it, her lower left hand tracing the edge of the wood, her upper right hand scratching under her hat, and the other two hands waving at Tiara and Carina. “And so now it is up to me to decide what to do with you. Traditionally we’d throw stowaways in the brig, but the access I have to the alteration process means I can craft some *personalized* brigs for the pair of you...”

As Captain Daphne spoke Carina could feel a tingle in her toes. She looked down to see that her toenails had taken on a silvery tone. She cocked her head and raised an eyebrow, knowing that no such polish had been applied before Carina left for the *Mestra*. But as she looked Carina saw the coloration spread - it was moving into her toes and along her feet towards her ankles! Instinctively Carina tried to flex her feet but found them completely stiff and unresponsive.

A cursing gasp from her right pulled Carina’s attention, and she could see a similar thing happening to Tiara’s feet, although they were turning to gold! Slowly the metal alterations continued around their ankles and up into their calves, each woman’s legs feeling heavier and heavier.

“What the fuck, you can’t do this to us!” Tiara exclaimed.

“I really can, but I don’t want to,” Captain Daphne mused, returning to her seat, “You see, I’d rather make a deal with you. As the *Mestra*’s captain it is my job to make sure my guests are having the best possible time. And we have a long journey ahead of us and I’m in need of amusement. So I’d like to arrange a little competition between the pair of you, one that would also give me some insight into how the women who are *supposed* to be here are enjoying the unique amenities.”

The metal alterations were already midway up Carina’s thighs, and she was certainly trapped by her own weight and immobility atop the lounge.

“Yes, yes, sure!” Carina exclaimed.

“What do you want, you bitch?!” Tiara shouted.

“Well, my proposal is this. I’m going to grant each of you nice thick rubber dildos to replace your pussies. I assure you they’ll be quite pleasurable, but it isn’t your pleasure I’m interested in. Every twelve hours you’ll have to find a passenger willing to experience your new appendages. Whoever’s partner experiences the most pleasure will earn one of you a point for that period, as well as tell me how their experience is going. At the end of the journey the winner will be allowed to

leave the *Mestra*, while the loser will find herself a gold or silver addition to our gallery. Do we have a deal?"

"Yes, yes!" Carina exclaimed. The wave of cold dull silver had claimed her pussy and ass and was moving up her stomach. Tiara cast her partner a dirty look.

"Don't agree to anything! We're under duress!"

"Just suck up your ego and agree," Carina pleaded as she watched the gold travelling closer and closer to Tiara's enormous breasts.

"Fuck, you're weak. I could have gotten so much further with out you holding me back," Tiara hissed, "Fine, I agree to your fucking game."

"Excellent," Captain Daphne laughed, clapping all four hands together. Instantly Carina felt her lower body begin to lighten, the silver flowing back down her body and relaxing her muscles and flesh. It ended on her toenails which then faded back to their light pink.

Carina now felt something else growing heavier and tighter. She could feel her clit pulsing. Her breathing began to increase as she felt her little nub stretching and growing with each beat of her heart. Underneath her swimsuit Carina's lower lips were being parted as the

bundle of nerves which was once barely half-a-centimeter in size ballooned past twice its original size.

After only a few seconds Carina gasped as she felt her expanding clit grow beyond the recesses of her pussy and push its tip into the fabric of her bathing suit. Her eyes widened more and more as the circumference of the lump under the blue material did the same, first as wide as a dime, then a nickel, next a quarter. As it spread out to the width of a golf ball it had also grown over an inch beyond the crest of her labia.

And the whole time her expanding clitty was only getting more and more sensitive. As the pressure against the bathing suit's lower liner increased Carina's belly began to warm from the erotic contact. The stiffening nub - no, *shaft* at this point - was being shoved backwards against Carina's pelvis. She couldn't take it any longer and threw down her hand to pull aside the restrictive material.

Out popped what was unmistakably the head of a rubber dildo. It had a generic phallic shape, but was in now way anatomically correct. Free from the restriction the shaft's growth appeared to increased, pushing out to five inches long and two inches in width.

A moan from Tiara captured Carina's attention once more, and she looked over to see that her partner had pushed her bikini bottoms down to her mid thigh, freeing a rubber dong identical to Carina's in every way except for the color - Tiara's was red.

Carina's attention was captured by Tiara's altering anatomy. She wanted to find what was happening to them disgusting. Appalling. Unforgivable. But instead she only found herself *incredibly* horny. And Carina knew this wasn't some fresh addition to her mind. For ages she'd wanted to fuck Tiara. To slip inside of her and find an unknowable intimacy. And finally Carina had the equipment to do so.

Turning back to said equipment Carina let out a little "Oh!" as she saw how much it had grown as she watched Tiara. Her attached dildo was now nearly ten inches long and probably three inches thick. Carina doubted she would have been able to fit such a thing in her pussy - *her pussy!* Looking down Carina could see that her labia remained beyond her mons, completely encircling the rubber shaft that had grown in. In fact, it looked and felt as if the enhanced clit had grown over and plugged up any access to Carina's pleasure hole.

"There, that should about do it..." Captain Daphne announced, and Carina did indeed feel the

sensation of growth slowing to a stop. Her long blue dildo relaxed slightly, but remained long and stiff and erect in the air, bobbing gently above her thighs. Tiara's red shaft did the same. Carina could feel some of the heaviness lift from her muscles, regaining much of her mobility.

As the same happened to Tiara the brunette leapt up from the lounge as quickly as she could, clearly with the intent to attack the captain. But as she did so Carina saw Tiara's body suddenly lock up. Her mouth opened and her eyes rolled back and Tiara fell to her knees, a long guttural moan oozing out of her. A spray of red cum erupted from the tip of Tiara's dong.

"What...what is happening to her?" Carina whispered.

"One of the many fail safes on the *Mestra*," Captain Daphne said with a grin as she stood up. She had in her hands two plastic cards with RFID chips embedded in them. The cards were on lanyards, and she handed one to Carina as the captain came around her desk once more. "Anyone who intends to cause real unwanted pain to another person on this ship is incapacitated by a massive orgasm until the impulse leaves them."

Tiara was swaying back and forth on her knees as she continued to cum, a puddle of thick red fluid beginning to pool around her. The captain placed the second lanyard around Tiara's head with a little smug flourish.

“There, she'll have it when she comes out of it. Maybe we should leave so she calms down. I have rounds to do anyway, and you should go find your stateroom and introduce yourself to your new roomie,” Captain Dahne continued, ushering Carina out of the office.

“You mean Tiara and I aren't rooming together?” Carina objected as she found herself out in the ship's hallway. Wood paneled walls ran as far as the eye could see in either direction, and a red carpet with stiff short bristles made itself known under Carina's feet.

“Should you later decide to make those arrangements certainly feel free, but since you are now competitors I thought it best to give you each some space with people who were interested in having company. I recommend you go introduce yourself and settle in. I won't start your first scored sessions until after noon today,” Captain Daphne elaborated on as she turned and began to walk away from Carina. Over her shoulder she pointed with her upper left hand back at

Carina and added, “You’re in 4130, the elevators are back that way!”

And with that the captain turned a corner and was out of sight.

Carina just stood for a moment in the hallway, the first time she’d been alone to really process everything that had happened. She took a deep breath and looked down over the swimsuit-packed hills of her chest. Beyond them she could see the long rubber cock extending out beyond her thighs. There was a mild ache to it, a light sense of *need* that Carina recognized as low level horniness.

A deep warm blush passed over Carina’s skin as she realized she was, essentially, standing in a public hallway with her crotch exposed. Briefly Carina thought she could slip the shaft back into the bottom of her bathing suit. But it wasn’t the pure restrictions of space and physics that stopped her. As Carina laid her hand on the length of her expanded clit a warm shiver ran through her. Carina popped up onto the balls of her feet and her stomach spasmed.

It had felt like someone had pinched her clit, which essentially she had. What had been a low level of arousal had suddenly spiked now. Carina could feel all



the internal aspects of her pussy, the parts well plugged up behind her knew false phallus, wip aflame. Some of her juices began to leak around her labia and dribble down the blue length.

“Ahhhhh...not doing that again,” Carina shuddered. She could feel the little rivulettes of liquid trickling across the surface of her cock, a little line of tickle that then cooled as they dried. It was clear that if she wanted to hide herself away she needed to get to room 4130. Carina took a few steps like she normally would have but had to stop again. Her unbound gait was now causing her dick to wobble around. Not only was it knocking against her thighs - causing more arousing shivers - but the base of it was swinging in and out of the canal of her pussy.

Every step was causing Carina to slightly fuck herself.

Leaning against the wall and letting another blush wash over her and abate Carina resume her walk to the elevators with slower, more intentional steps. The self-penetration was lighter and more bearable, and with a little bowing of her legs she could avoid the slapping to her thighs.

A few paces later Carina arrived at a lobby with four golden-adorned elevators which connected the hallway she'd come down with another on the opposite side of the ship. A staircase also met its landing at this lobby. Carina learned that she was on the 12th floor. Stabbing the down button she nervously waited, hoping no one was coming up the elevator she had summoned.

A *ding!* from behind alerted Carina that the elevator she had planted herself in front of was not the one which had arrived. Turning around she could hear giggling emanating from the opening doors. As they slid apart and revealed the passengers Carina saw a pair of young women in light flowery sundresses laughing and holding onto each other. With their free hands they each carried some sort of tropical beverage. Based on their staggering Carina guessed the drinks were alcoholic.

Carina watched silently as the pair exited the elevator. For a moment she thought neither would notice her, as their attention was squarely on each other. But just as they were about to exit the lobby both cast their eyes on Carina.

Specifically on her crotch.

Both women smiled, winked, and licked their lips...and then turned back to each other and walked off

into the far hallway. But just as they disappeared behind the wall Carina saw that one of them had a monkey tail slipping out from the bottom of their dress. It waved to her before being pulled out of sight.

So taken aback by what she had just witnessed was Carina that she hadn't yet moved towards the elevator. Only as she heard the doors start to slide shut again did she realize she was about to miss her ride. Without thinking she bound across the lobby for the elevator and leapt through the closing doors - the whole way her plastic penis swinging around inside and out of her. As the doors closed Carina collapsed against the wall, her body sweaty and her heart beating rapidly. She took deep breaths as she tried to get control over the horny haywire she'd just thrown herself into.

And it was another moment before she realized the elevator wasn't moving. Carina weakly reached out and hit the button for the 4th floor.

A few seconds later another *ding!* welcomed the flushed woman to her floor. Meekly stepping out Carina didn't see anyone around, and looking to the signs on the wall found which way to go to reach her stateroom. A few careful steps later she'd arrived at 4130, swiped her card, and opened the door.

“Oh, hi roomie!”

## Part II - Neome Arrives

Neome took a deep breath as she looked up past the port processing building at the enormous ship docked behind it. The *Mestra* was immense and striking. Neome's social media popularity had allowed her to experience many adventures she'd never expected, but taking a cruise was one she hadn't yet experienced. A warm Florida breeze tried to knock her large sun hat from atop her head, and Neome casually put up a hand to hold it down on her light brunette locks.

She was standing at the curb of the drop-off zone as the driver of her rideshare passed off her largest suitcase to one of the porters standing by. It was only when the handle of her carry-on luggage was pressed into her hand that Neome came back down to Earth. She thanked the driver, gave him a hefty tip through the phone app, and then fell into the line of people making their way inside the receiving building.

The flip flops on Neome's delicate feet clipped and clapped with each step as she patiently moved through the line checking everyone's invitation-tickets and passports. Neome was taking the time to take in who was around her. There were so many people, many of which of course Neome didn't know or recognize. But here and there she could see other influencers like

herself or more famous, some actresses she'd certainly seen on TV and film, and even some singers. Despite the stardom of some of the women in line everyone appeared to keep it together and play it very cool.

That was very hard for Neome. Her innocent exuberance, her excitability, her bubbly passion for any experience, was part of what made her social streams take off.

The other part was, of course, the size of the outfits she wore.

At the moment Neome was wearing up top a bright yellow bikini top that purposefully perked up her perfect baseball-sized breasts. Around her hips was the matching cheeky brief bikini bottom which covered far more skin than the usual thongs she sported. That she was wearing a slightly gossamer sarong over that meant Neome was practically over dressed.

It wasn't long before her ticket had been inspected, her passport confirmed, her bag x-rayed, her phone checked and locked away, and her room key lanyard issued. Normally the room key would also act as the de facto charge card to purchase alcoholic drinks, fancy dining experiences, or items from the shop, but the woman behind the counter explained that *everything* on

the ship was fully covered and available for consumption and use - the card was swiped only to help track stock and availability.

Neome's heart was aflutter as she rolled her suitcase up the gangplank and stepped onto the red carpet of the ship. There was a unique scent in the air, like a new car but pleasantly muskier. She wanted to drop her bag off at the room as quickly as possible and begin to explore the ship and checked the little paper she'd received with the lanyard - Stateroom 4130.

The room was small but well laid out. A little bathroom with sink, shower, and toilet was directly to the left when Neome entered, and across from it were a couple closets. Stepping beyond that short hallway entry brought Neome to the stateroom itself. Two twin beds a loveseat and a table were to Neome's left. A tiny desk, which housed a minifridge, and a wall-mounted TV were along the right side wall. Beyond the beds was a large window that looked out over one of the lower decks. Beyond that were the islands that ran alongside Port Everglades and the open ocean itself. Neome's other bag had not been delivered yet, so she rested her smaller suitcase next to the bed closest to the window and decided she wanted to go out and explore.

According to the map of the ship by the elevators the pool was on something called the Lido Deck, which was a few floors above the 4th. Neome rode the elevator up all atwitter with excitement, bouncing lightly on her toes to expend *some* energy and lightly bouncing her breasts. She burst forth from the elevator as soon as the doors started to open and was greeted by the most wonderful scents of food. Walking out of the elevator lobby on the Lido Deck level she found the immense nearly ship-long food bar to her left, and the Lido's pool out a pair of automatic sliding doors to her right towards the ship's bow.

Strolling onto the deck of the pool Neome was greeted by a small high-top bar, and beyond that was an impressively sized pool that had its own swim-up bar. Lounge chairs made of brown plastic rattan encircled the pool, with tables and chairs set up along the exterior of the deck. Neome bit her lip as she looked out over the dozen or so of beautiful women who had already arrived to swim or tan.

And some were doing either of those activities in little to no clothing. Neome felt herself blush as her eyes danced across some much lovely-

Feeling a flame start to stoke between her legs Neome needed to gather herself. She turned and slid onto



one of the chairs at the bar and looked around for a bartender. Instead of a person a rounded white pillar just short of five feet tall rolled over to the surprised woman, little rubber wheels concealed under its base. The top of the white plastic pillar was smoothly rounded and it resembled, to Neome, a large vibrator. Across the flat surface a screen blinked on displaying only a ?.

“Ah, um, a pina colada? Please?” Neome asked haltingly.

The screen switched to display a picture of a pina colada, and then a picture of the keycard popped up.

“Oh! Of course,” Neome blathered, struggling for a second to grab the plastic resting atop her chest. She swiped the card, a thumbs up appeared, and two small arms popped out of the machine’s sides to begin grabbing and mixing ingredients. As she watched Neome tried to recall if she’d seen *any* staff on the *Mestra* since she’d boarded and couldn’t recall any. With a cheery sounding *ding!* the automaton placed a perfect pina colada in front of Neome, flashed a ;) emoji across its screen, and then rolled back into the spot it had first activated from.

“Uh, thanks!”

Neome picked up her drink and sipped at the straw, revelling in the sweet burn. Maybe with this she could calm her nerves. She turned back around just in time to see a woman with especially large and full breasts pull off her top. Neome sat transfixed as she watched the wondrous balls of pleasure roll out from the built-in cups of the discarded bathing suit top and bounce atop nicely tanned ribs, wobbling and wobbling as she reached down to grab some suntan lotion.

Feeling her body react to the sight Neome bounced up from the bar and quickly clip-clopped away. She spotted a set of stairs leading up to an overhanging balcony and she followed it. Finding herself alone at the raised vantage point Neome took a long sip of her drink and rested against the railing. It wasn't that she didn't *want* to take in all the sexiness in and around the pool below, it was just that being so close to it, so near to interacting with it, jumbled Neome's mind as to how she should react to it. She was much more comfortable people-watching from a floor above.

She felt silly. She'd certainly looked at plenty of topless and nude women - and men - on her phone. Neome was secretly pledged to more than one 18+ fan image feed of a few people she followed - and even knew - through social media. But that was a lone experience, no one was looking back at her. No one was

wondering or asking why *she* didn't have the same offering to her fans.

Neome looked down at the topless and nude sunbathers with jealousy. Not envious of the size or shape of any breasts compared to hers - she was quite satisfied with her soft handfuls. No, Neome was jealous of their courage to strip down and put themselves on display. Every time Neome tried to take that step some little doubting voice in the back of her mind found some excuse for why she shouldn't, that it was wrong or desperate or embarrassing or some other societal pressure. Deep down Neome knew that she'd held up her feed's terms of services as the reason why string bikinis and thongs were as far as she'd gone, when there was so much more going on inside her that was holding back the simple acting of undoing a knot and letting gravity do the rest.

She took another long straw suck of her pina colada.

It was at this moment a thought entered Neome's mind. Now it fully came from within her and had not found its way from any other source. But what was unusual was that this deep-welled statement didn't stop at her inner-monologue but actually escaped her mouth.

“I want more reasons to show off my tits!”

Neome’s eyebrows raised as she realized she’d spoken that outloud. She touched her fingers to her lips in surprise, and then looked to the drink in her hand.

“This must be stronger than I realized.”

Despite that thought Neome shrugged and took another long sip, shivering as the melting mix sent a strong shot of rum hit her tongue. The liquor sent a pleasant burn through her chest. Neome took a deep breath and sighed.

And then Neome realized there was another sensation lingering upon her chest aside from the taste of rum. Her breasts and the surface of her ribs were tingling, not quite an itch and not quite a tickle. There was a tightness, but also a soft cushiony aspect.

Neome looked down at her breasts, lifted up by the cups of the bikini top, and gasped as she saw their bulges push upwards. At first she thought the sight was simply from taking a breath, but as she exhaled they didn’t descend back to their previous curve. Instead they continued to expand upwards, like rising bread! The sensation of her top getting tighter, the strings pulling

against her shoulders and back, confirmed that something more was going on.

And that something more was not just acting on her boobs. Neome sent her hands to four other new sensations forming on her ribs. There her fingers found four soft nubs swelling up from her skin - four spots that sent familiar pings of pleasure to her pussy. Neome recognized that this was similar to how it felt when she pinched her nipples.

Her breasts were still slowly expanding, and she now had no choice but to pull up her top or continue with the discomfort of the straps pressing into her. She popped her thumbs under the lower hem of her bikini and yanked it upwards. She felt the slap of her soft boob flesh against her ribs, and quickly yanked the fabric over her head. Looking down at herself Neome could tell she'd gained at least an inch of new fat on the curve of her tits, her nipples standing hard and proud in the air.

The sensation of growth was ebbing away from her breasts, but Neome could feel it was lingering atop her ribs. Returning her hand beneath her underboob Neome found hills of flesh rising up beneath the four nubs - which by now she had accepted as nipples. Her mind was reeling. What was happening was impossible, but she remembered signing the waiver. Neome knew

there was the possibility of bodily change so this shouldn't have been a surprise.

But being told that your body could be altered and actually experiencing it were very different things!

Regardless of her thoughts on what was happening, it was happening nonetheless. More and more soft flesh bubbled up upon ribs which were never meant to carry it. There was a warm tightness that came and went with each heartbeat, as Neome felt her skin stretch full, then relax as it adjusted to the increased mass, only to be stretched again.

After a minute Neome could feel the new tits beneath her originals fill out round enough that her upper underboob was resting on the top curve of her middle row of breasts. Shortly after that the same sensation fell upon her bottom boobs. Neome could feel how her central boobs were now slightly squashed between the weight of her originals and the perkiness of her lower new set.

As the growth of Neome's four new assets slowed and stopped she took a deep breath, which pushed slightly outwards all six nipples. She could not believe it, but there was no denying it - Neome was peering down through three sets of cleavages on tits at

least two cup sizes larger than when she'd boarded the *Mestra*. The weight was significant, and certainly very present, but because of how it was spread down her torso Neome didn't find it strained her back too much.

Just as she was slowly raising her hands up to grip her fully-grown six breasts Neome heard a wolf whistle ring out from below her. Neome's focus shifted from the curve of her breasts down over the curve of the railing to a bikini-clad woman reclined at the far end of the pool. Seeing she'd gotten Neome's attention the woman raised a thumbs-up high over her head.

The whistle had also directed the attention of many of the other pool-goers up to Neome's balcony, and she only now fully realized that she was standing topless in public with six tits on display! Her entire body blushed and instinctively she tried to cross her arms over her boobs.

It was now that Neome discovered three things;

- 1) Her drink was still very cold and sent a chilly shock through Neome's body as the hand holding it struck the side of the glass against her lower left breast.
- 2) It wasn't possible to actually cover up six boobs with only two arms.

- 3) Her breasts had not only increased in size, but also in sensitivity - a *lot* of sensitivity.

“Oh...fuck!” Neome gasped as she made contact with four nipples. Incredible bolts of pleasure shot through her wobbling busts and straight to her pussy. The reaction was so intense it yanked together her thighs and drenched her bikini bottom. Neome pulled back her arms but the act was already done - Neome had gotten herself horny to a nearly debilitating degree.

Her free hand grabbed the railing as her body doubled over, all six breasts dangling from her ribs and swinging around like pleasure pendulums into each other. Neome took deep breaths over and over again but there was no rolling this back...she needed to cum.

But she certainly wasn't doing that here!

Neome downed the rest of her pina colada and placed the empty glass next to the railing, hope it would be safe and found there. She gritted back the burn of the rum as she moved quickly through the doors behind her and into another hallway leading to an elevator lobby. Her three rows of tits swung and bounced against each other with each hurried step, sending more and more smaller pangs to her pussy. Neome jammed the elevator call button and watched her jiggling flesh settle as she



waited, her lungs panting. She wanted to grab the bundles of flesh and hold them in place, but knew what more contact with their skin would do to her.

Thanks to the rum beginning to kick in and screw with her inhibitions it was possible Neome wouldn't be able to wait to get back to 3140 to sate herself if she grabbed them again like she'd just done. And if someone caught her masterbating in the elevator - a shiver of shame batted the idea out of Neome's mind.

Boarding the elevator and hitting 4, Neome stood still, her pussy stewing in the damp soaked moisture of her bikini bottom. Her musk quickly built up in the small space. Neome reflected on what she'd spoken aloud just before the growth and additions began; *I want more reasons to show off my tits!*

It was clear to Neome how her request had been granted. First, her original pair of boobs had probably outgrown any clothes she had brought. Even if they hadn't, Neome hadn't brought anything large enough to cover *six* breasts. She had so many that not even her arms could be configured to hide her topless nudity. And lastly, given how sensitive they were, Neome knew she wouldn't be able to last more than a few minutes with

anything like a robe resting on her nips and tits before she'd be so horny she couldn't help herself.

She now had *plenty* of reasons to show off her tits. And Neome could not help but recognize how part of her was legitimately pleased by that outcome.

The elevator *ding!*ed and Neome walked to her room as quickly as she dared, her pace a little odd as she tried to minimize the jostling and rubbing of her many breasts upon themselves. Her thighs were held wide to try and minimize the squicking sounds of her drenched and dripping bikini bottoms. She swiped the door open and closed it behind her.

The sarong and bottoms were unceremoniously dropped onto the floor of the little hallway, and now completely nude Neome went straight for her bed. She could feel how damp her thighs were getting so she just climbed onto the decorative comforter, hoping that would protect her actual mattress from getting wet. All six tits swung and bopped into each other as Neome turned around and sat on her ass.

One shoulder rested against the wall to hold her upright as one of Neome's hands snaked around all of her boobs and slipped over her thigh to her glistening and engorged labia. The other dove into the horizontal

cleavage of her original breasts and her middle set. She could feel herself sweating, the sensation of it all overwhelming Neome, so much pleasure coming from places it shouldn't!

And all of that was focusing between her legs like sunlight through a magnifying glass. The heat was nearly too much, Neome's crash course towards an unimaginably powerful orgasm actually making a small part of Neome's brain fear for her safety. As she careened towards the building bubble of pleasure Neome's course was thrown askew as she heard the lock of the door whir and the handle turn.

Realizing she was about to be walked in on masterbating an immense wave of shame grabbed the wheel and spun Neome away from the path towards her coming cum. Her body practically went into shock as two desires clashed, and all her mind could numbly do was grab a pillow out from behind her. She hugged it tightly with her arms and legs, Neome shuddering as all six nipples and her gurgling pussy pushed into the cool fabric.

Through the hallway Neome could see a woman wearing a blue one-piece bathing suit enter. At least it looked like a woman. The confusing point was the

enormous blue dong that waggled straight out between her legs.

*Thinking* wasn't something Neome could do much of in her beet red state, and all she could muster with an uncharastically bubbly voice was;

“Oh, hi roomie!”

*To be continued...*

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