

Cw for incest and objectification

Maddison never thought twice about commercials, usually. They came and went, like seeing a license plate from another state or a weird bird or an unusual number of cute deer. The one in front of her seemed different though. Try as she might, she simply couldn't look away from the sight of beautiful babes' big-breasted bouncing bikini bodies. On the screen of her tablet, beautiful young women smiled at the camera and strutted about, the bright popping designs of their lovely two-pieces providing a form-fitting frame for their supple curves. She licked her lips without realizing how wet her mouth felt and traced the bikinis' beautiful, intricate designs with her eyes. They had patterns, usually white but sometimes black or grey or pale yellow, that traced webs along their cups and bottoms. To look at them was to let these patterns ensnare your eyes.

The skip ad button sat unused next to the time display. If Maddison read it, she'd see the ad was roughly ten minutes into its three hour run. She neither knew that nor cared. She felt herself somehow growing more relaxed and excited at the same time as she watched. Her body felt limp and heavy in her chair as all motor function abandoned her limbs and spine. She breathed, she held herself up, she kept her heavy sleepy eyelids from drooping closed ...but only so she could keep looking at the beautiful bikinis. They looked so nice on those women, supporting their heavy heaving flesh fruits and rubbing up on their yummy pussies and cute butts and eye-pleasing hips.

"I...love bikinis," Maddison moaned at a volume hardly above a whisper. She knew she did: she really loved bikinis. She hoped the commercial wasn't going to end soon, not yet. Please, she'd think if she weren't so tired, please let the pretty girls keep coming.

They did keep coming, of course. Long, artful shots of women in bikinis confidently strolling through the city and swinging their big hips and ass to and fro as they went, recorded using a camera pulled on a little platform and pointed straight at their butt. Girls in bikinis posing with girls in regular clothes, where the latter always seemed like they needed to drink some coffee or pet a dog. Teen girls jumping rope in bikinis, their implausibly large boobs dancing joyously through the air with each playful bound. Girls in bikinis approaching couples, catching the boy's attention with their breasts, and flirting with him as his girlfriend watched in stunned confusion. Closeups of beautiful, clean feet in sandals crisscrossing as the owner bragged about their body.

"Bikinis..." moaned Maddison. Her mouth drifted open into a vacant smile. "I...love bikinis..." indistinct noises that resembled speech droned to her through her ears. She didn't like that. She removed her headset. Maddison blinked as something seemed to be...sucked out of her head. She squeezed her eyes shut.

She had work she needed to do. She went to close that tab, but found her eyes drawn back to the video. The bad stress that crept into her when looked away started to die down. The moral

of the story jumped out on its own: she had to keep watching. Maddison put her headset back on.

"Wear bikinis all the time!" Chirped a beautiful high school senior, her head left out of frame so the camera could focus on her tits and bikini bottom. She'd removed the top to show off her breasts. "School, work, parties, clubs, home, the shower! Bikinis!" She planted her fists on her hips and the camera slid up and down a little as though nodding in agreement. The camera woman made a long, weak gasp of pleasure. So did Maddison, now drooling on herself as she stared deep into her computer screen with fully relaxed, dilated pupils.

"Wear bikinis...all the time..." Maddison murmured dreamily, imagining herself as confident and powerful and sexy as the lass on the screen. She thought about taking off her bikini top to brag about her breasts, then posing with her fists on her hips as her admirers rightfully lost themselves ogling her. It all felt...so right.

"Bikinis are the only clothing women need!" The beautiful babe restated. She made her nice fat tits boing gently in agreement. She probably wore a smug look of satisfaction on her face but it really didn't matter.

"Only...bikinis?" The camerawoman whispered. The camera crept upwards, skulking across the beautiful babe's collarbone to her jaw-

"Only bikinis," the beautiful teen insisted, reaching out to correct the camera angle. The image of what part of her face had come onscreen left Maddison's brain in an instant. She relaxed, comforted by the familiar sight of bare breasts, engorged nipples, and birthing hips lovingly enveloped in waterproof material. She breathed a happy little sigh of relief, feeling like she could fall face first into those boobies through her computer screen. Her body wobbled at the thought of how those juicy, nubile mounds might feel enveloping her face.

"Hiding your tits is so silly, Ms. Reportits." The teen turned her bikini top in her hands and posed like she was putting it on the reporter. "Tits should be exposed. Gawked at. Loved."

"Th-this..." the reporter responded woozily. "No..."

"Girls should wear bikinis," the faceless pair of lovely breasts continued as its fingers turned the reporter and unzipped her dress, "Girls should show off."

"Nooo..." the reporter struggled as she seemingly tried to find a good reason to resist. Her body wiggled but did little to keep the beautiful babe from undressing her. Within seconds, her dress fell to the floor.

Maddison smiled and decided to go be productive. She vacantly walked to her blinds. The sunlight could make her want to go outside, so she closed it. Then she moved to the lightswitch. Glare could make her work slower, so she flipped it off. Then she went to the door. Light seemed to sneak in from elsewhere, so she closed the door. Then she moved her laptop from her work station to her bed. "Need to...work...need to...wear work clothes..." she took off her khakis. What did girls wear to work again? She racked her fluidy, loosey goosey mind for answers.

Bikinis?

No...bikinis were dress clothes. You wore bikinis to weddings and work events, not to work. Going to the office in a bikini seemed silly.

Bikinis?

No...bikinis were casual streetwear. You wore a bikini to go shopping or to get coffee with your friends, not to fill out complicated paperwork. Going to the office in a bikini seemed like a way to get fired.

Bikinis?

No...bikinis were school clothes. You wore a bikini to go to class or to get schoolwork done in the library, not to do actual real life career work at a computer. Going to the office in a bikini would be a huge mistake.

Bikinis?

No...bikinis were sports wear. You wore a bikini wow an audience with your breasts as you ran or played tennis against kissable, bikini-clad opponents, not to punch into work. Going to the office in a bikini would be unprofessional.

Bikinis?

Yeah...bikinis. You wore bikinis to the office. A female worker wearing anything else unfairly denied her coworkers the joys and wonder of her immaculate bikini body, and that would be disgraceful. Going to the office in a bikini was common sense.

Maddison slowly disrobed herself. She had no idea why she wore so many layers- it's not like these were winter bikinis- and she almost felt annoyed with her past self for putting so many pointless garments on. She had far better fashion sense than that, after all. She slid her panties down her legs, savoring the feeling of soft sexy fabric against her skin. It wasn't a bikini bottom, but it seemed good enough. Still, wearing it in place of a bikini felt wrong on an almost sacrilegious level. Maddison quickly yanked her swimwear drawer open, then grew dismayed by

its contents. She dumped them out in disbelief and sorted through them. Nothing but one-pieces. Drab, function over form, hideous things that weren't even skintight. She resisted the urge to cry, and threw on her brightest and frilliest pair of pink panties as she returned to her computer to order bikinis- any bikinis! But the ad...

The reporter moaned at the top of her lungs as her breasts jiggled and made sloshing sounds. The bikini top, which had shrunk when placed on her, strained to withhold her breasts as they practically rammed it with an explosive burst of growth every few seconds. She still wore her old clothes from the waist down, but her newly hourglass-shaped sides and flattened tummy stood stark naked except for the bikini top.

"What did..." she moaned, blissfully in spite of herself. Her back arched and she writhed with pleasure, only intensifying the sexy sloshing noises coming from her ripe flesh fruit as they grew violently in size. Maddison ignored the reporter's face of strained orgasmic bliss in favor of the eye-catching lines and patterns on her wonderful, sexy new bikini top. The camera drifted downwards and zoomed in, cropping the face and clothed parts of her body politely out of the shot.

"Put bikinis on girls," the teen's breasts said to the camera. It nodded along obediently, and so did Maddison. Put bikinis on girls. It just made sense. Bikinis go on girls. Girls go in bikinis. Put bikinis on girls.

"Put bikinis on girls..." Maddison happily whimpered to herself as she imagined the female staff of her office dressed exclusively in skimpy, sexy bikinis. If they needed a little help dressing themselves, she just to give them a hand and put them in bikinis herself. They simply had to learn to wear bikinis. "Put bikinis on girls," she said again, smiling dreamily as she imagined her busty uptight boss in a string-thin microbikini.

"Only bikinis. Girls must only wear bikinis."

Must only wear bikinis. That verbiage had not appeared before. And yet, Maddison felt every fiber of her being agree with the sentiment in an instant. Girls must never wear anything else, for any reason. Bikinis were the ultimate garb for any and every occasion, and girls ought to only wear bikinis every day at all times.

Bikinis.

"Bikiiiiis..." Maddison whispered as fun, soothing whispers filtered into her ears from her headset and caressed her brain as a lover might caress her.

"You...ddooo..." mumbled the reporter as more of her silly conviction dribbled out of her ears and mouth with every word. Her body continued to shake and twitch as her milkers got even

bigger, somehow almost just too big for the top to fit but never enough to damage it or break out. She flopped about trying to resist, but a hand planted firmly on her butt helpfully led her back into position to allow her exposed upper body to be consumed by the camera. For that, Maddison felt supremely grateful.

"I put you in a bikini," the beautiful babe giggled. "Pose for the camera, Reportits."

"That's not..." Reportits moaned as, coaxed along by a gentle reassuring squeeze from the hand on her butt, she rose onto her tippy toes and cocked one hip up seductively. Another, and she leaned forward, almost putting her face on camera but allowing her still-growing mammaries to freely hang. Both swayed freely as they sloshed side to side, making the beautiful slice of eye cake moan. They pressed against the fabric of her bikini top, flesh and fabric alike making straining noises against each other that left Maddison desperately turned on.

"Yes it is," the beautiful babe purred. "Now sway those reportits, Reportits." Another squeeze and Reportits groaned sexually, swinging her heaving milk mountains back and forth like a fuckable newton cradle made of milk and meat. Maddison stared as the visuals and whispers melted what remained of her thoughts into hot, sticky honey.

The ad hit the one hour mark. Reportits stood at attention, smiling off camera but reaching down with one hand to gently rest her palm on the beautiful babe's bikini bottom. The beautiful babe clenched one of Reportits's legs between her thighs and gripped Reportits by her massive reportits, through her bikini top. Reportits's pussy and the beautiful babe's tits both wore nothing. Maddison wanted both of them to mercilessly fuck her.

The camera respectfully kept both smoking hot bikini beauties' heads completely out of frame, so as to keep focus where it belonged. Both gorgeous paragons of sex had heaving chests and ample waists, plus salivation-worthy hourglass figures. Any evidence that Reportits had not been a ripe slutty sex symbol to start with were completely gone.

"I'm Reportits and I say tits are tits!" Instructed Reportits.

"I'm a beautiful busty bouncy bikini babe and my buxom baby boingers say tits are tits!" Agreed the beautiful babe. Both bounced and jiggled their breasts and giggled together, pressing the message deeper down Madeline's ears. She moaned, swaying as sultry seductive secrets whispered themselves sweetly inside her brain.

"Tits are tits..." Madeline said in agreement. Tits were tits.

"And big bouncy boingers belong on busty beautiful babes!" Added the beautiful babe, lifting up Reportits's huge reportits before dropping them. Seeing their wonderful fall and soft, fleshy

jiggling against one another dropped Maddison even deeper under the ad's addictively yummy spell. She drifted down, her fluttery eyes hooding as she stared emptily.

"Big bouncy boingers belong on beautiful busty babes!" Reportits chimed in, giggling as the beautiful babe lifted and dropped her sexy marshmallowy reportits yet again. Maddison sighed dreamily as she became even more weak and suggestible.

The ad ticked over the ninety minute mark. The woman named Maddison was fast asleep, but her body stared limply at a wonderful, factual advertisement to be educated. She didn't need to think about what she was learning, just absorb it.

"Bikinis are bikinis!" Cried the beautiful babe, gripping two older sisters in her hands by their butts (through their enrapturing bikinis, of course). Both girls leaned in out of love, and based on sound they appeared to kiss the beautiful babe on the cheek. "And bikinis are sexy!" Maddison had sisters...sisters she wanted to put bikinis on...

"Bikinis are bikinis...bikinis are sexy..." Maddison's body repeated to help her remember. Her body felt something tell it to feel disgusted, but then the intricate lines on the sister's bright complicated bikini designs plucked that feeling away and replaced it with joy. She sighed comfortably, glad that whatever that mean feeling was, bikinis had cured her of it. "Bikinis are bikinis...bikinis are sexy."

"Girls in bikinis are sexy," the beautiful babe taught as she rubbed her gorgeously stacked sisters' butts, "family, teachers, friends, married, girls in bikinis are sexy."

"Girls in bikinis...sexy..." moaned Maddison's body with a feeling of elation. It felt so good to long for her sisters' bodies now. She smiled warmly, hoping she could get all of them into sexy skimpy bikinis. If her sisters wore bikinis, it would make them sexy. They'd be girls in bikinis. Girls in bikinis...sexy.

And she HAD to get them in bikinis. Girls MUST wear bikinis.

"Must...put bikinis on...sisters." The words made Maddison stir half awake with delirious, horny glee. She longed to roll her hips in public as she and her sisters clasped their hands together with fingers entwined and strutted, giant tits bouncing merrily, about in public for cute boys and pretty girls to gawk at and objectify all they wanted. "Must...put bikinis on...on sisters. Bikini sisters. Sisters sexy in bikinis. Sisters sexy. Yum." She felt so sure now. She simply had to get bikinis on her sisters. It was her duty as a human being to get girls into sexy bikinis, and her sisters were girls so she had to do it for them. She mewled. "Sisters...in bikinis. Gotta put...bikinis...on sisters." She melted back into her unconscious state, ready to learn even more.

The ad hit two and a half hours. Driven by an instinct planted in her mind, Maddison opened another tab and typed in the appropriate URL for the advertised bikinis. She was greeted by a smorgasbord of sexy swimsuits, skimpy and bright and cute and guaranteed to make any girl a super sexy sleazy sweetie. She grinned as she purchased one after another, delighted by the wonderful descriptions that came with each pair.

"A wonderfully lazy bikini for comfortable relaxed slut pets," read one that the website called the "comfycozy relax bikini." It came with photographs of beautiful women melted into relaxed postures of blissful submission, smiling ear to ear as their owners playfully held them up. Maddison desperately wanted shove her face between their legs and sniff those delectable bottom pieces.

"Fiery sexbimbokini," another was labeled. The description stated it was *"an extra busty piece for rambunctious sluts in desperate need of the biggest, bustiest buxom boingers money can buy."* Maddison ordered twelve. She wandered the website, grabbing one armful of bikinis after another, feeling happier and comfier and less responsible with each purchase. With about two hundred fifty swimsuits in her cart, she tried to order but her card declined. She barely had a third of the funds she'd need to buy this collection. An option came up to go into debt to her bikinis and repay them by spreading the fad.

Sex soaked her panties instantly. She lavishly licked her lips as she smashed the confirm button almost a dozen times in a second. Maddison couldn't wait to own all those sexy panties, especially if she got to go into debt to them like a good girl.

"Yes," her breasts and pussy reassured her as they hungered for the cozy embrace of a fuckable hypnotic bikini, *"Good girls go into bikini debt."*

"Good girls go into bikini debbbt," Maddison purred as she meatily pawed at her hungry, tragically bikini-starved boobs. She needed bikinis for her and her sisters and her mom and her teachers and her friends and her friends' sisters and her classmates and her friends' sisters and her classmates' moms and her teachers and her teachers' sisters immediately.

"Add two thousand dollars of bikini debt for overnight shipping?"

"YeeeeESSSSS," Maddison moaned, feeling her breasts heave in appreciation as she touched herself. She absolutely NEEDED bikinis ASAP, no matter the cost.

No..._especially_ at this cost.

"Good girl." Said a prompt. *"Cum."*