

## Taking It All In

Written by HarmonyMotion

Commissioned by echo

### Chapter 1 - Sarah

Striding down the vinyl tiled hallway of Beaumont High, Sarah regarded all of the students that parted to make way for her. They all turned to face her, their backs to the worn, overused red lockers, bowing meekly before her as she paid them no mind.

She was eighteen. Final year of high school. Sarah stood only a slip over five feet tall, but she was imposing nonetheless. Beyond imposing, actually.

Her silky, shiny, beautiful brunette tresses flowed down the generous slopes of her body, resting at her wonderfully sculpted lower back. She dressed to ensure that her marvelous flesh was always on full display, and even at her short height, there was plenty of nubile flesh to bare to the world.

Sarah always wore fashionable, expensive sneakers with ankle-high socks. No reason to cover up any part of her legs. They were smooth, silky, perfectly even, without a blemish, and oh so long. From a low angle, no one would believe she was as short as she was. They went on forever, and then some.

She was not sickly thin like all of the models these days. Oh no, quite the opposite. Her calves were strong, sinuous, and smooth, flowing beautifully from her small, delicate feet. Her thighs were packed full of feminine flesh, giving off the most tantalizing jiggle as she strutted. Sarah knew that all the boys and girls of the school yearned to touch them, to be trapped between her thick thighs as they received her ultimate pleasure.

Even wider than her thighs were her supple hips. They were decorated with a pair of painted-on shorts that sat so low on her waist, and rode so high on her thick, tight rear. A large portion of the bottom of her cheeks were visible for all to see, every inch of her smooth, tanned skin, even, unmarked, unblemished, and utterly perfect. She always exaggerated her catwalk to cause her butt and thighs to wiggle back and forth, so tantalizing, so teasing, so irresistible.

Her midsection was bare, just like most of the rest of her. Her stomach, flat and soft, her waist, absolutely tiny. It was mind boggling, considering what lay just a few inches above that taut tummy.

Sarah's breasts... her infamous bosom that made her queen of this school, were absolutely gorgeous. Mind bending. Irresistible. Tastefully large, half-spheres of lust inducing, mesmerizing, voluptuous orbs that rode so high on her torso, impossibly perky, accentuated perfectly by the tightest tube top she could find.

The smooth, slightly bronzed canyon of perfect cleavage was on full display. Her mammaries

bounced slightly with every step, the two swells of her succulent flesh jiggling and rubbing against each other so enticingly. Every single boy fantasized about being with her. About burying their face in that modest well of feminine eroticism, fantasized about being smothered and suffocated by Sarah's perfect tits as they tried to breathe in her scent while humping her leg...

Or perhaps they imagined those soft, fleshy swells being pressed up against their erections as she worked them, squishing and rubbing their leaking shafts. She smirked at the fantasy she knew she was inducing in all the boys. None of them were worthy of her breasts. Everyone was beneath her.

And it was clear as day that she never wore a bra. Her large areola, crowned with a large, cherry pink nipple, poked a clear indentation in her tight tube top, causing all onlookers to gasp and worship her perfect femininity. Sarah considered it a crime to cover up her jiggling tits any further than she already was.

Ever since puberty, her prodigious swells had never stopped growing, slow and steady. From the age of fourteen, her hormones fueled her growth at a nice, comfortable pace, leaving her skin perfectly smooth with no stretch marks, and causing her figure to fill out beautifully, day by day. Her mother bought her training bras, but she always outgrew them, and it didn't feel right to cover them up that fully. And now at eighteen, those ripe, pert, lush swells were formidable weapons of mass seduction in their own right.

Most students, and even adults, never made it past ogling her perfect breasts. It was their loss. Those who had the iron willpower required would have seen the most elegant pair of shoulders, a beautiful, swan-like graceful neck, and a small, delicate heart-shaped face, framed by her silken shiny tresses. Sarah's face was as lightly tanned as the rest of her, complexion matching perfectly with her body. No facial makeup necessary. Her lashes were thick and long, her brows arched and sculpted. Her coffee-colored eyes twinkled brilliantly. She knew the effect she had on boys, her beauty absolutely devastating, turning them into mindless, drooling wrecks, and she loved to play it up.

By the time she was sixteen, boys were too easy. They all fell over before her. No, what really interested her was domination over all of the girls who were also developing. And none of them developed the way she did. They teased Sarah at first about her relatively flat chest, but where they had stopped blossoming, Sarah just continued to grow. Soon, they began accusing her of padding her bra back when she actually used to wear them, gossiping about her fake implants, but Sarah's boobs continued to enlarge, year after year. Their natural jiggle dispelled any myths that they were inauthentic. Teasing quickly turned to envy and jealousy as her classmates fondled their own chests, fully yet inadequately formed. Whereas Sarah's were a perfect handful to cup. She massaged herself constantly, trying to will her body to keep developing and for her breasts to overfill her hands.

And then the teasing from the other girls stopped, only to be replaced by shame. Shame that Sarah was so much more of a woman than them, shame that they could even be allowed to co-

exist in the same space as her. In order to rationalize and appease their own inner discomfort, they submitted themselves before Sarah, obeying her every order, hoping to please their superior.

Well, all of her female classmates but Eclair. That worthless, flat-chested little runt still dared to defy her. She was no threat at all, considering Sarah's grip over the entire student body, but it was an eyesore that she just could not wash away. All of her female power, all of her luscious flesh, and still Eclair refused to bow before her.

Sarah got her rocks off by tormenting the prepubescent looking girl, but still, she never broke. No matter. She had even bigger problems than Eclair. She had to deal with the teachers.

The bell rang for the first period class. Sarah had grown even larger over summer, obviously. Maybe this time, the match would end with a different result. She had to be on par with Miss Rachel by now, right? Hoping against hope, she steeled her will and prepared herself to be in the presence of her glorious teacher.

## Chapter 2 - Miss Rachel

All the students waited outside the classroom to let Sarah in first and have her preferred pick of the open seats. Then, the rest filed in meekly, muttering and chattering, showing Sarah her proper respect whenever they passed her. Sarah nodded and waved them on.

And then... suddenly they didn't. The sound of a woman's heels clacked against the tiled floor. Nobody was paying any attention to Sarah anymore. They merely stared at the front of the classroom where Miss Rachel was about to make her grand entrance.

The dilapidated door swung open. An enormous pair of breasts barely squeezed in between the confines of the doorframe, getting pushed and squashed together. The owner of those magnificent mammaries wiggled her torso, finally stepping beyond the threshold, letting her breasts bounce freely. The gentle waves of her firm, more-than-ample breasts caused all of the students to gasp, boys growing erect, girls getting wet.

And that included Sarah. Goddammit, Miss Rachel! She was still so much more of a woman than Sarah herself. Nobody paid her any mind when Miss Rachel walked into a classroom. Worse, she couldn't even hate Miss Rachel when she was greeted by the sight of those perfect tits in a tiny, thin cardigan that did nothing to hide the tops of her watermelon-sized swells. Sarah herself turned into the sort of drooling slave that all the students felt toward her. Only when class was over could she fume about being Miss Rachel's inferior once again.

And class was just getting started.

Miss Rachel took a seat at the front of the class behind her desk. Her massive tits spilled all over faded, scratched wood, causing the entire class to gasp. Some of the students went temporarily catatonic, drooling profusely as their heads collapsed onto their own little desks. Miss Rachel's nipples were clearly visible through the fraying strands of her cardigan. There was no size large enough to contain her chest, and that's the way she liked it. The cotton threads were no match

from being rubbed against her large, chocolate nubs, wearing and grinding away until it was practically see through within a week's worth of use.

"Well class, how was summer?"

She got a varied number of responses. Some students moaned, others whimpered, and others simply spasmed as they remained unconscious, drowning in a pool of their own spit.

Sarah and Eclair were the only ones to respond.

"Fine, Miss Rachel." Eclair answered back first. She actually liked Miss Rachel. On account of...

"It... was... unnnng... fine..." Sarah struggled to reply, refusing to bow her head before this large-chested goddess before her.

Miss Rachel gave Eclair a bit of a death glare. Why was this girl with the body of a little boy so able to resist the stunning effect of her breasts? They always induced subservience in other people. No matter. Sarah was a much more fun target anyway.

"Oh yeah? Tell me about your summer, Sarah. Just how fine was it?"

"N-n-n-no... I can't..."

"Did you grow bigger?" Miss Rachel taunted.

"Y-y-yes!" Sarah squirmed, trying to keep her head up against Miss Rachel's inexorable aura. The gravity of her teacher's bountiful bosom was weighing so heavily on her soul!

"Shame. You don't seem that much bigger..." Miss Rachel tutted.

"I grew... almost a cup..." Sweat beaded on Sarah's forehead and rolled off her chin. Her body was beginning to bend forward to kowtow before Miss Rachel. Her nipples scraped the desk, causing the silky fabric of her tube top to rub against them. She moaned, both in arousal and resistance.

"Really? I don't believe it for a second!" She stood up from the desk, her humongous breasts sagging a bit on her torso as it left the desk. "Come, show me. Are your itty bitty tits any match for mine?"

Miss Rachel approached Sarah's desk, her boobs bouncing hypnotically beneath that far-too-tight cardigan. The threads were already at their limit, swishing back and forth, rubbing against the buttons. Out of the corner of her eye, Sarah could see Eclair smiling gleefully as she struggled against the urge to submit, crumble, collapse under the potent influence of Miss Rachel's power. She could always torment Eclair later. For now, it took the focus of her entire being not to turn into a useless, drooling puppet like the rest of her classmates.

"I'm... not... small!" Sarah protested in vain.

And then, Miss Rachel's breasts burst out of the thin cotton fabric.

They were so huge, so soft, so utterly dominant in their size and beauty. Sarah moaned under Miss Rachel's imperious, amused gaze. She tried to maintain eye contact with Miss Rachel, but failed. She tried to maintain eye contact with Miss Rachel's boobs, and failed there too. Her head began to loll, her lips went slack, her mind melting into a misty mush of helpless obedience.

Sarah's head hit the desk like everyone else, catatonic and trembling. She was nothing compared to Miss Rachel. Miss Rachel was her entire world. It was only natural. Sarah's tiny C cups were no match at all. Miss Rachel's breasts were so much better than her. Miss Rachel's breasts were everything. Miss Rachel's breasts...

"Stupid little Sarah. You have potential, though," she said to no one in particular. She looked at Eclair, who gleefully smiled at Sarah's defeat.

"What are you smiling at, you useless, flat girl?" Miss Rachel said to Eclair.

Eclair's smile faded.

"I'm tired of all of you with your huge boobs! I'm not useless just because mine haven't come in yet!"

Miss Rachel swiveled her torso, letting her breasts swing side to side until they came to rest. She gauged Eclair's reaction. There was none.

"Hmph. You are wrong, child. You should listen to your teachers." Miss Rachel tried to play it cool. How could Eclair face her naked beauty so easily?

"Whatever! You'll see! I'll show you all someday!" she yelled indignantly.

Miss Rachel walked back to her desk. The two were at an impasse. Sitting in silence for the next hour until the bell for next class rang, Miss Rachel idly examined her fingernails while Eclair prayed and begged to a higher power for some justice. Sarah and the rest of the class merely drooled as they dreamed of serving Miss Rachel.

### Chapter 3 - In Between Classes

"Goddammit!" Sarah yelled as she stormed into the hallway. Miss Rachel had left class thirty minutes early, and most of the students had recovered from the mental conditioning of her breasts by then.

"Mistress Sarah? What is wrong?" some useless, smaller chested girl asked her in deference.

"I thought I could stand up to her! I've been growing! I... I thought mine looked good!" Sarah looked crestfallen.

"I'll always worship you..." the twit pleaded. Her fellow students within earshot nodded in agreement as they all stared at Sarah's bulging top.

“Whatever. What can you guys do for me? Useless. All talk and no breasts.”

Eclair tried to shuffle by without garnering attention.

“Hey Eclair! You! Yeah, little boy!” Sarah wanted to take her frustration out on her favorite target.

“Leave me alone! You think your breasts make you important!?” Eclair mumbled back softly without looking up.

Sarah and her enthralled posse quickly surrounded her and slammed Eclair against her locker. The loose metal doors rattled violently from their assault.

“Ow!” Eclair cried out.

“That’s right, you little bookworm. How many boring books did you read this summer, huh? You think anyone cares about that? Yes, my breasts do make me important. Way more of a woman than you. Look at everyone who obeys me. They know that I’m just so much better, so much more than them. More than you!” she spat venomously.

“Oh yeah!?” Eclair dared to defy her, never submitting to Sarah’s superior chest. “And how well did you do against Miss Rachel, huh? I wasn’t the one who woke up with a side of my face covered in my own drool!”

“Fucking bitch!” Sarah yelled. She slapped Eclair across the cheek. It stung.

Eclair tried to fight back, but all of Sarah’s minions pinned her arms back. Eclair stared at her tormentor in defiance, face tingling from the slight pain, tears welling in her eyes.

The bell rang for the next period.

“Oh, fuck it. Let’s go.” Sarah ordered. They left an angry, silent Eclair by her locker. She didn’t make any motion to go to her next class.

Why couldn’t they just leave her alone? She never wanted to cause any trouble, with anyone. If there were any justice in the world, she would be able to get revenge on these selfish, heartless, boob-obsessed bitches.

#### Chapter 4 - Miss Suu

The next class was with Miss Suu, an even bigger bitch than Miss Rachel. The woman was of Japanese descent, but nobody would think it considering the size of her breasts. And if anyone caught a glimpse of those breasts, they certainly wouldn’t be able to gaze upon anything else.

She regularly wore a strappy top, which did absolutely nothing to contain her logic-defyingly enormous, soft boobs. Her pale, porcelain bust constantly shifted and spilled out of her fabric, fluctuating and swishing up and down with every step. They would naturally sit far outside the boundaries of her torso, creating a glorious view of sideboob, but Miss Suu always chose her

tops to press them together. It created a wonderful, creamy canyon of cleavage that constantly shifted against each other. A large portion of her diamond-hard nipples were always on display as she naturally swiveled her torso as she walked, left, right, left, right, always undulating, always teasing, and oh-so-much better than any other woman's... save one.

As soon as the Japanese woman entered the classroom, the class went silent. Sarah caught a glimpse of that heavenly cleavage, and she became as entranced as the rest of them. The sheer glamour of Miss Suu's chest could not be resisted. They captured the eye—no, the soul—of everyone who witnessed their magnificent glory.

"Good morning, class."

"Good morning, Miss Suu," everyone droned back.

"Good morning, Miss... Suu..." Sarah answered, out of sync.

"Oh my, what have we here?" Miss Suu continued her classroom lecture.

"Oh my, what have we here?" everyone repeated.

"What... we... here..." Sarah fought, even as she was unable to break her gaze from Miss Suu's bosom.

"Oh, it's little Sarah!" she mocked.

"Oh, it's little Sarah!" her classmates echoed.

"I'm... not... little!" she protested, finally breaking out of her trance, if only for a second.

Miss Suu brought her arms together, pressing those tantalizing, fluid orbs together. The entire class oohed. Sarah did too.

"Repeat after me, Sarah," Miss Suu rubbed her fingers over her own creamy cleavage.

"Repeat after me, Sarah," she droned, completely losing all sense of self to the Asian bombshell. She wanted to suck on those enormous, hard nubs that Miss Suu called her nipples. She wanted to grope and feel what it was like to have a pair of breasts that large, that seductively fluid. She wanted to feel what it would be like to be actually worthwhile with a bust four times her size like Miss Suu had, instead of her own, small, flat pathetic self.

"Miss Suu's breasts are wonderful," Miss Suu ordered, as she began to pinch her own nipples and tweak them with her long, nimble fingers.

"Miss Suu's breasts are wonderful."

"Sarah thinks she is large."

"I think I am large."

"Sarah pretends to run the school."

"I pretend to run the school."

"But Sarah's tiny titties don't run anything at all."

"But my tiny titties don't run anything at all."

"Sarah's daddy's money is worthless compared to being a real woman like me."

"My daddy's money is worthless compared to being a real woman..."

"Class, tell Sarah how worthless she is."

"Sarah, you're worthless!" "Sarah, why do we even follow you!" "Sarah, you're a nobody!"

"Sarah, you're not even that big!"

Miss Suu stopped playing with her own breasts and attempted to cover up the hypnotic glamour of her bountiful breasts. Sarah's mind, slow as molasses, struggled to recover, trying to shake free of the insults that had been etched into her brain. She cried in anguish as she tried to convince herself that no, she wasn't small. She wasn't worthless. She was still growing!

Miss Suu had sat back down, kicked her legs up onto the desk, and left her imposing cleavage and nipples on display once again. All of the students just stared for the rest of the hour as Sarah fought back tears.

## Chapter 5 - A Gift

With Miss Suu no longer in sight, Sarah unconfidently tried to reassert her dominance. Eventually, the spellbinding power of Miss Suu's glamour wore off, and they fell back in line under Sarah once more.

"I... I hate our teachers! Why are they so mean!" she wailed, her eyes still red and puffy from crying. "It's not fair!"

Sarah stomped down the hallway, catching a glimpse of Eclair once again. She appeared to be reading a small, pink, slip of paper.

"Hey nerd!" Sarah yelled.

A startled Eclair yelped and tried to pocket the little note.

"Yeah you! What the hell are you looking at now? Don't tell me, someone has a crush? On you? Ha! There's no way that could ever happen!"

Eclair turned and began to run, but Sarah's posse caught up to her and pinned her against the lockers.

"Now now, let's see what you're hiding," Sarah sneered, eager to take out her frustrations on



Eclair once more. She reached into Eclair's little jean pockets.

"No! That's mine!"

"Not anymore! Now let's see... should I read this out loud?"

"No!!"

Sarah unrolled the little piece of parchment and cleared her throat ostentatiously.

"You, the weak, who have suffered much injustice, it is your time. Inherit from those who have wronged you, and rise to the occasion. Signed, the breast Goddess," Sarah spoke aloud.

A total silence descended over the crowd. Nobody knew how to react.

"What the hell is this!?" Sarah was the first to speak. "One of your stupid fantasy projects!? Needs work! You think a breast Goddess would address someone like you?!" Sarah taunted. Everyone within earshot laughed at Eclair.

The bell rang for the next class.

"Fucking fuck," Sarah muttered. One more torturous hour long session left with... Miss Heather.

## Chapter 6 - Miss Heather

Miss Heather had just given birth a month ago. Sarah knew this would go badly. She hadn't made any meaningful strides to catch up to or resist Miss Rachel or Miss Suu, and Miss Heather had always been far beyond those two...

Miss Heather strolled in, opened her far-oversized-yet-still-too-small blouse, and exposed her smooth, ebony breasts. A constant stream of milk leaked and squirted from her nipples.

The entire class, Sarah included, moaned and shuddered in a synchronized, violent orgasm, soaking their clothes in an instant at the sight of Miss Heather's new power. The last thing Sarah saw before her mind shut down in pleasure was a beautiful, thick stream of milky white jetting right into her face...

## Chapter 7 - Sarah Takes

Sarah limped out of Miss Heather's classroom when the final bell rang. She and the rest of the class had been too blissed out to even move for the next five hours!

Those god damn teachers!! Just because they were older than her, they'd had more time to grow their stupid, huge, saggy udders! Sarah just needed more time! Hers were so much more tasteful, still growing... she would definitely catch up and surpass them! She had to!

But the memory of the years of torment and disrespect hurled at her from Miss Rachel, Miss Suu, and Miss Heather... she needed to get revenge while she was still in school! What would be the point in waiting twenty years when they became old hags? And... a horrible thought

occurred to Sarah. What if she never matched up!?

She went to sleep, thinking of Eclair's stupid little pink note. Just what the hell did that mean anyway? Rubbing the swells of her chest, Sarah urged them to grow, enjoying the strange tingles traced by her massaging fingers. She'd never felt that before...

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Sarah and her little group of sniveling servants waited at the front entrance to the high school. It was day two after summer break, and Sarah was already dreading going to Miss Rachel's class. At least she could derive some pleasure out of torturing Eclair, the way she was tortured by her teachers.

Sure enough, Eclair came shuffling out of the bus, backpack stuffed full of thick books, actively trying to avoid Sarah's gaze. But Sarah was having none of it.

"Going somewhere, little Eclair?" Sarah placed herself in Eclair's path.

Eclair tried to sidestep, but she met a barrier of bodies on all sides from Sarah's groupies.

"I'm talking to you!" Sarah yelled as she pushed Eclair in the shoulder.

"Leave me alone!" Eclair suddenly shouted, putting up real resistance. With her head still turned, she shoved Sarah as hard as she could.

Sarah flailed backwards, tripping on the concrete steps. She swung her arms wildly, grabbing onto whatever was nearby. Crashing into a bunch of girls behind her, their limbs entangled, Sarah pushed off another girl's chest to stand up.

In that moment, she felt something click in her mind. Sarah could sense the full extent of the girl's beauty, her essence, her everything... and it was all there for the taking. Currents of electricity raced from the tips of her fingers, up her arm, and radiated through her entire body. Experimentally, she squeezed, clutching her fingers hard into the girl's breast.

"Sarah? I feel funny..." the groupie beneath her moaned.

Sarah didn't reply. She was too distracted by the surge of pleasure as she copied all of this girl's lovely assets into herself. Everything that she had, everything she was, everything that she would ever be... all of that fueled and enhanced Sarah's already substantial comeliness.

Her half-lidded eyes glowed as she tapped into this new, unknown supernatural ability that the Goddess had granted her. Siphoning the girl beneath her, Sarah's form positively began to radiate sexuality. She had always been slightly envious of the girls who had just that extra something to their legs, so long, so elegant, and just a bit tighter on the thighs.

Sarah didn't visibly gain height, but her body began to reconfigure itself before everyone's eyes. Everything she pictured in her mind's eye, the blueprint of the girl beneath her, as well as her own, were there for Sarah to architect at will. Her stems lengthened, becoming perfectly smooth to the touch and completely hairless. The teen thief moaned as she squirmed, rubbing her new,

luscious tighter thighs together. Remodeling herself felt good.

A wicked thought suddenly occurred to her sadistic mind. Sure, her new legs were nice, but what about her breasts? Her little victim wasn't huge, but she still had something to spare.

And just like that, Sarah's ripe-but-modest boobs began to expand, pressing against her suddenly too-tight tube top. It began to grow uncomfortable as the fabric fought against the strain, digging into her skin. But the pain was a wonderful reminder that it was working. Her tits continued to inflate as Sarah made sure not only to focus on size, but their wonderful shape, sitting high and proud, jutting forward for the world to see. It would take her body more strength to accommodate their new heft and weight, so she granted herself some of that as well, feeling her posture straighten, back arching effortlessly despite the heavy burden of her new chest.

Her cheeks were positively flushed when she opened her eyes. She felt good. Sexy. Irresistible. Looking down at herself, she found that her top barely covered her nipples now, her new orbs far too large, too proud to be contained by what she wore before.

The girl beneath her was also squirming in ecstasy, but she had clearly shrunk in the chest department. Sarah smirked.

"What... what did you do to me?!" she asked in pleasure and horror simultaneously.

Sarah cupped her new breasts, so much more than a handful now. She pinched her nipples, causing them to stiffen with arousal as they popped out of her top for all to see.

"I guess... I really am much more of a woman than you, aren't I? ...And I want more. So much more," she whispered darkly.

Before the crowd could react, Sarah latched onto another girl. Wrapping her arms around her new victim, she smashed her firm tits into her little battery to accentuate the enormous difference between them now. Her new strength made escape impossible; writhe as her victim might, she simply could not break free. Sarah's arms felt like steel brands, pinning her victim in place.

Sarah watched the girl struggle, admiring the girl's ruby lips and flawless mouth. She suddenly felt a compulsion to kiss her squirming toy. Her eyes glowed once again as she gave into it, mashing their fleshy lips together. The girl encircled by her powerful yet slender arms ceased her struggle as she felt herself submit to the power of the Goddess within Sarah.

Sarah nibbled the girl's lips, massaging it with her own pink folds, darting her tongue into her new donor's mouth. She copied and absorbed this one's essence as well. Sarah's own lips grew thicker, softer, taking on a beautiful cupid's bow shape, with a natural pink sheen that made them look so heavenly to kiss. Completely irresistible. Anyone who looked upon those moist folds would be completely enrapt by the sight of them, fantasizing about how it felt to have those lips pressed against their own, sucking on their tongues, nipping at their necks and shoulders... or perhaps fantasizing about Sarah's lips doing something more to them...

Meanwhile, Sarah's jaw took on a more lightly, feminine, delicate shape as her teeth straightened and grew whiter. If anyone would have been hypnotized by her lips before, it would be nothing compared to when she smiled now. Her million-watt beam could light up an entire room, commanding all attention.

And of course, Sarah's bust expanded even further. Making space between the two girls' bodies was no problem at all. The other girl's chest simply receded into her body, leaving her flat as a board with two female nipples tacked on. Sarah could feel the added pressure on her body from her protruding bust once again, and she copied the girl's physical strength and abilities for herself as well.

Finally, Sarah broke the kiss. Her second victim was also moaning, both in fear and arousal. Sarah could feel her heart pumping wildly from the adrenaline of stealing another girl's essence. And... she felt a raging heat between her own legs, slick with arousal.

"My... my breasts!! Please, give them back!" she wailed. "I didn't have much to spare!"

Sarah smiled at her second victim, and she immediately ceased crying. Her little minion was totally in awe of that simple gesture, unable to speak, content to simply stare at Sarah's perfect mouth and upturned lips.

"I think they look better on me, don't you think?" Sarah hefted her boobs and let them go, causing them to bounce, enjoying the sensation of her nipples rubbing against her top with her not-so-little boob drop.

"Mmf!" her newly drained victim tried to stifle a moan. Sarah was so right. She was so impossibly beautiful. A paragon of sexuality. Of course her assets looked better on Sarah. Everything looked better on Sarah. How could she be so selfish to deny her new Goddess the gifts that she so clearly deserved?

The crowd began to scatter in a panic. Sarah ran after them, discovering that having the physical prowess of two other girls was quite a surprisingly useful asset! Her luscious breasts, now jutting out a foot from her insanely nubile body, bounced violently as she ran with incredible speed, but it didn't bother her in the slightest.

She got in front of three girls before they could even take five steps. They immediately stopped running, cowering in both fear and awe at the burgeoning Goddess before them. Sarah gave them a smile, and all three of them collapsed to their knees.

"Wait your turn, girls. I think you're going to really enjoy giving me everything that you have, everything that you are..."

## Chapter 8 - Miss Rachel, Redux

Miss Rachel sat at her desk at the front of the classroom, toying with the top buttons of her blouse, just waiting for her favorite spoiled victim Sarah to sit down. The kids at the front of the classroom were already beginning to bow their heads to the submissive power of Miss Rachel's

bust, and she hadn't even done anything yet!

And then, Sarah walked into the classroom, her exaggerated, long-legged strides causing her full hips to sway back and forth and her new, enormous tits to jiggle with every step. Her normal tube top was now reduced to just a strip of cloth that rested underneath her beach ball-sized breasts as if it were impossibly supporting their heavy weight, not that she needed any support with all of the strength she had taken.

Every inch of her was sheer perfection. Sarah's eyes sparkled mischievously, igniting intense desire in anyone who even gazed upon her. Her hair was so shiny, so lustrous, so silky... they basically radiated their own shimmering light. Her supple hips, her tight, fleshy thighs, all the way down to her feet... even her toes were a sexual force to be reckoned with—so clean, so even, looking as if they had been given a permanent pedicure.

Her lips were curled into a sexy sneer, knowing that she was more than a match for Miss Rachel now. Sarah had taken everything from every student standing on those front steps. She didn't even have to physically overpower her thralls anymore. Her enhanced, husky, teasing, tantalizing voice, in tandem with all the little tips and tricks she had picked up about flirting, meant that a single sentence, a single word, a single rumbling moan into someone's ear would cause them to seize up and orgasm themselves silly as her voice echoed deep into their soul, forcing pure pleasure into the lucky targets of her choosing.

But she had saved the best for last. Her breasts, large, proud, magnificent beyond compare, were still just breasts. She smiled at the effect they had on all of the boys, causing them to collapse and shudder, staining themselves, but she knew it wasn't like how Miss Rachel did it. No, there was still so much more to do. So much more she could be. And her journey began now.

Miss Rachel had frozen up as soon as she laid eyes on Sarah. What had happened to her favorite target to bully? Sarah was not so little anymore. No, Sarah was more than Miss Rachel could handle. Her pussy throbbed at the sight of this sexy teen goddess. She panted in heat as her pounding heart set her body afire. Drooling in desire, she couldn't help but stare at the approaching Sarah. Every step, every fluid motion of her hips, every quaking, undulating motion of her torso... that sexy smile... Miss Rachel was gonna, she was gonna, she was...

"What is it, Miss Rachel? Want to submit to me?" Sarah's angelic voice rang out.

Miss Rachel's eyes slammed shut as she screamed out in ecstasy. She tried to think of something, anything but Sarah as her pussy throbbed, squirting her fragrant juices all over herself and soaking her panties. But the only image in her mind was Sarah's glittering eyes, or the sight of Sarah seductively licking her pink lips, or Sarah's firm, large orbs, those crowning nipples, the large shelf of cleavage, those breasts, to grab them, to squeeze them, Sarah's breasts, to lick them, suck on them, those breasts, fondling, worshipping... her limbs went rigid again as a second, powerful orgasm pulsed through her core, right on the heels of the first. Miss Rachel could barely breathe as her body convulsed involuntarily. Her pussy lips trembled in delight as she gripped her desk hard and humped the air, seeking stimulation to relieve the

ache in her nether lips.

Sarah laughed, her sonorous voice ringing in Miss Rachel's ears like a chorus of angels. Finally, she had bested Miss Rachel! This moment was worth three years of torment by her breasts!

Meanwhile, Miss Rachel cried out again as Sarah's lilting voice pushed her to a third consecutive orgasm. Bolts of pleasure coursed violently through her entire nervous system, sending pleasure down to the tips of her fingers.

Still trembling, flushed with arousal that wouldn't stop firing through her nerves, she brought her shaky hands up to her blouse and prepared to unleash the full force of her naked breasts upon Sarah. If she could just get Sarah to submit...

"Ooh, Miss Rachel, I do say... are you being naughty?"

"How... did... you..." she struggled with her blouse. Her hands were too shaky to handle anything requiring such dexterity.

"You think I'm big now," Sarah groped her mammoth tits, languidly squeezing and massaging them. "Just wait till I get done with you. I've been saving you teachers for last..."

Miss Rachel grunted, giving up on unbuttoning and simply tearing her top open with her arms while they were still under her control. She struggled to aim her unwieldy breasts at Sarah, but when she looked up, Sarah was no longer in front of her! Where had she gone!?

"Over here," Sarah whispered hotly into Miss Rachel's ear, grazing her ear with those lusty lips, letting another powerful orgasm course through her helpless teacher. Her enormous breasts flopped around as her body seized and quaked once more, slapping up and down sloppily.

"Need help?" Sarah smiled darkly. "Here, let me..."

Sarah snaked her arms underneath Miss Rachel's from behind, and effortlessly lifted the teacher to stand on her feet with her new strength. She draped her silky, slender fingers over Miss Rachel's breasts and clutched them tightly with a fraction of her newfound power, causing Miss Rachel to yell in pain. At the same time, her own eyes began to take on an otherworldly glow as she tapped right into Miss Rachel's essence.

"Sarah! Please! What... are you... doing?! How are you doing this!?" Miss Rachel cried as she began to feel funny. Smaller. Weaker. Inferior.

"Shut up, Miss Rachel." With her new hyper-sensitive touch, she kneaded Miss Rachel's breasts, heating her aroused blood even more. Miss Rachel's nipples stiffened and perked up, and Sarah pinched, squeezed, and flicked them, inducing so much pleasure in Miss Rachel that the older woman was no longer capable of speech. She just hung limply in Sarah's arms as her face went slack, drool traced down her chin, and her pussy continued to gush.

Sarah took her time with the pleasure-induced comatose Miss Rachel. Her helpless teacher's miraculous bust began to shrink in Sarah's hands. Those huge swells which easily overwhelmed

Sarah's hands before, slowly became more manageable as Sarah squished and kneaded them. They went from overfilling her hands twice over, to just spilling outside of her lovely grip, to just a small pair that fit Sarah's hands perfectly. She placed her palm over Miss Rachel's nipples and pressed in further, ensuring that she was now flat as a board.

Dropping the still pulsing, completely flat-chested useless husk of a woman to the floor, Sarah brought her hands to her own bust now. Her hands glowed as she hovered them above her own bosom, which she had already amplified with the power of 50 girls. But Miss Rachel alone had given her more than that. So much more.

Sarah's breasts began to jut out even further to meet her hovering hands, swelling, widening, way too large to fit her slender torso any longer, growing firmer, perkier, so spherical, resting about two feet out from her chest. To see her in profile would be a marvel, those perfect orbs in contrast to her tight body. She massaged her own chest with her masterful sexual touch, driving her body to newfound pleasurable heights that only she was equipped to survive, all while her breasts continued to grow in tandem with her mild pleasure.

And more than just Miss Rachel's size, she felt Miss Rachel's power to induce submission flowing through her. What a waste it had been on an old hag like her teacher! Sarah's powerful essence amplified it, making so much better use of it than Miss Rachel ever could. And where Miss Rachel only had size, Sarah had her shape, firmness, perkiness, separation—everything a woman could ask for. She couldn't wait to taunt and bully Miss Rachel when she came to... whenever that would be. The woman was still gurgling and twitching.

Just for good measure, Sarah flicked Miss Rachel with the bridge of her foot, flipping her unmoving body over. She placed her toes on Miss Rachel's posterior, taking that away from her as well, feeling her own ass swell into beautiful, large, exquisitely tight, rounded hemispheres. She took a glance at her own butt, making it pop with a seductive little cock of her hip. If her breasts couldn't stop people in their tracks, then her ass definitely would.

Armed with her new assets, Sarah walked out of the classroom and into the hallway. Classes were still running, but a boy happened to be passing by, probably headed to the restroom. As soon as he caught sight of Sarah, he stiffened, and within a single pounding heartbeat, he grew fully hard and began to spurt in his pants with a lust-arrested groan as he stared at her naked torso wordlessly.

"Oops!" Sarah giggled. "I wanted to try this instead..."

She brought Miss Rachel's power to bear, immediately halting the worthless boy's orgasm. He gasped in a deep breath, suddenly full of shame, prostrating himself before Sarah and begging for forgiveness.

"I'm so sorry, Mistress Sarah! I didn't mean to jizz myself silly! I couldn't help it! I... I... I'm so ashamed of myself! I'll do anything you say!"

Sarah smirked. What if she tried both at once?

“Look at me,” she ordered.

He raised his head to focus his weepy gaze on her, and suddenly, he was paralyzed by both lust and shame. He tried to contain his orgasm so he could bow back down to her, but the lust-inducing effect of her beauty was literally tugging too hard on his swollen shaft. He wanted to submit, but he wanted to stare, but he had to submit, but his balls were so full, so aching, so desperate for release!!

He was frozen in place, caught between both of Sarah’s conflicting compulsions. Neither won out. He remained paralyzed, unable to orgasm, his body desperately trying to find urgent release, but his mind preventing it.

Sarah sashayed behind him and placed a single perfect finger on the back of his head, siphoning out his knowledge and strength as well. He shivered through the pleasure, and with Sarah’s tits no longer dominating his soul, began to jizz in his pants. Every buck of his hips, every rope of semen he jetted, donated to Sarah more and more insight into just how to induce pleasure in her subjects.

## Chapter 9 - Eclair

Sarah waited in the hallway with her new catatonic boy toy. While waiting for the next period to start, she had experimented with his limp form, granting him strength and virility through her Goddess powers while it seemingly cost her nothing. She could probably make a super lover out of someone. Someone worthy of her. Something to try for later.

As she experimented with his comically shrinking and growing body, the bell for next class finally rang. Students poured out of the hallways. Sarah held back her immense sexual aura and prowess, as well as Miss Rachel’s—no, her—powers of domination.

Sarah scanned the hallways quickly while all of the boys and girls gazed upon her immense beauty, even while she kept their true effect suppressed. It was just natural to feel inferior and worthless compared to the impossible feminine ideal standard that Sarah set.

Finally, she found her target. Her long tortured, yet ever resilient victim, Eclair. She sauntered up to her as everyone parted to make room for Sarah’s advance. They all stared at her luscious, jiggling flesh. They couldn’t help themselves. They were human, and they were simply programmed to obey their own primal urges. Urges that Sarah could control at will now, with her bountiful bosom and her boundless beauty.

But Eclair still didn’t look up at her like everyone else did, wide-eyed and in amazement. What was it with this girl!? Why was she so oblivious about how the world worked!?

“You! Flatty!” Sarah cried out. All of the students immediately sucked in a breath from the sudden surge of arousal that Sarah’s voice had caused.

“Leave me alone, you... you big boobie freak!” Eclair squeaked, still immune to the passion that Sarah so easily induced in others.



Eclair saw Sarah approaching with dark intent in her eyes. Suddenly fearful for her life, Eclair turned to run, leaving her locker door wide open. She had a decent head start on her beautiful tormentor.

Eclair had barely gotten anywhere at all when Sarah's iron grip shot out and caught Eclair by the arm.

"Sarah! Let me go!" she twisted and turned, but Sarah's fingers didn't even budge.

"Why aren't you affected by me!?" Sarah cried in frustration.

She used her spare hand to fondle her huge, bare tits which were still bouncing from her superhuman chase down. Everyone around her fell into that conflicted state of wanting to orgasm yet wanting to submit as Sarah tweaked her nipples with her fingers. But Eclair, standing mere centimeters apart from their glory, just pressed her hand against Sarah's flat tummy and tried to push away from the bully.

"How are you so strong!?" Eclair gasped. "And how did you get so huge!"

"You like it?" Sarah spat, resorting to tormenting Eclair verbally again. She really wanted to break Eclair with her new sexuality, but this girl was so utterly unbreakable for some reason!

"No! You're a freak! Just like our teachers!"

"This could have been you," Sarah jeered.

"Wh... what are you talking about?" For the first time, Eclair stopped squirming, stunned by Sarah's mysterious words.

"Your little breast Goddess note!" Sarah added fuel to the fire as Eclair's eyes grew wide with abject realization. For the first time ever, she had truly gotten to the little runt! Yes! Time to really drive the nail in deeper!

"Th... that can't be real! I thought you were playing a trick on me!" she wailed.

"Oh, it's very real, I assure you." Sarah swiveled her torso, eliciting a synchronized, agonized moan from all of the students around her. "How else can you explain this? Looks like I finally took something away from you that you care about!"

"N... no..." tears welled in Eclair's eyes. "It can't be! It's so unfair!"

"Seems fair to me!" Sarah snarled.

Eclair began to squirm again. "Let... me... go! You've already taken everything from me!" she sobbed.

"Not yet! Not everything! I'll try... this!"

Sarah's eyes glowed as she tried to probe and absorb Eclair's essence. Her connection to her

own body opened up, filled with the powerful quintessence that she had gained from all of her earlier victims. Never did she think she would want to take anything from Eclair. This was almost an admission of defeat, to have to resort to such forceful measures to destroy a girl that she had dominated for years. Not that anyone would ever know or think it, considering the sorry state she would leave the girl in when she was through.

And yet... nothing happened. Sarah couldn't build that connection! Eclair had walled herself off so tightly; even with Sarah's new power and mastery, there was just nothing! No opening at all!

Sarah released her steely grip, absolutely flabbergasted by what had just occurred. Eclair took the opportunity to run off, sobbing.

The bell rang for the next class. Sarah wasn't even excited to see how she would "stack" up against Miss Suu. All she could think about was Eclair. Just what power did that girl possess...?

## Chapter 10 - Miss Suu, Redux

"Good morning, class," Miss Suu chirped, her breasts spilling over her top and out the sides, her nipples clearly poking through the fabric.

"Good morning, Miss Suu," the class droned back.

"Today's lesson is, again, how you are all worthless compared to me. Do you understand?"

"We understand, Miss Suu."

"And where is that little pretend queen, Sarah?"

Nobody responded. Some of them tried to speak, but their speech was halting and arrested. Miss Suu was genuinely confused.

"Class? I asked, where is that useless little girl?"

"She is not little!"

"She is not useless!"

"I worship her!"

"We are nothing compared to her!"

"You are nothing compared to her, Miss Suu!"

Miss Suu gasped in abject horror. Nothing like this had ever happened before! The only one who held any power over her was Miss Heather, no? Just what exactly had transpired between yesterday and today!? If she couldn't even control these high schoolers, then what was she even good for!?

Sarah entered the classroom.

The answer became clear to Miss Suu. What she was good for was submitting to Sarah. For being ground beneath her perfect heel, worshipful, submissive, doing anything she asked. For pining to touch Sarah's perfect body and even more perfect breasts. For begging Sarah to let her orgasm under the teen Goddess' devastatingly sensual touch. Whether it ever happened or not was irrelevant. All that mattered was that she would kneel at Sarah's feet. Anything that Sarah would allow to happen would be an act of the divine.

Sarah was still only walking along the back wall, giving Miss Suu a profile view of her dramatic silhouette. Miss Suu's entire being ached and pined for Sarah's attention. She couldn't believe how this previously little girl had blossomed into a complete sexual goddess, her tits just as wide—no, wider across than the rest of her body.

And then Sarah turned to face her, taking her time with her approach. She walked down the center aisle in between the columns of desks, as if she were a model on a runway. Except this model's looks could kill with pleasure. Literally.

Sarah's breasts swished so dramatically, their absolutely perfect teardrop shape eliciting a constant, uncontrollable moan from Miss Suu. And the sheer shame, the submissiveness she felt... how could she have ever talked down to this paragon of perfection!? Something that Miss Rachel had tried against her when they vied for supremacy... this felt like her signature, but it was absolutely soul-crushing on Sarah!

And she had asked the class to shame the teenage queen! Miss Suu began to cry.

"I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'm sorry!" she pleaded to Sarah's salacious, sauntering, approaching form.

"Sorry about what?" Sarah asked in earnest as she continued to strut. Not that she minded the bitchy Japanese teacher's groveling.

Miss Suu's head dipped even further in shame when she realized she would have to admit all her past faults. But Sarah had asked, and someone as divine as Sarah could not be denied.

"I... I'm sorry for belittling you! All those years! Even right now, just before you walked in!" Her head hit her desk in full supplication while her clit throbbed at the mental image of Sarah that had been seared into her soul.

"Oh, this is fun! I didn't know Miss Rachel's, ahem, assets, could do this to people!" Sarah mused. "Or maybe she just can't do it as well as I can. What a stupid sow."

Miss Suu choked and sobbed as she continued to rub her thighs together to stimulate what wouldn't stop aching.

Sarah was standing in front of her desk now, hip cocked in amusement, hand resting on the cheap, rusted metal.

"And tell me, Miss Suu, would you have apologized to me if I didn't have... these?" Sarah

massaged her soft, supple flesh, jiggling them lasciviously.

Miss Suu didn't look up, but she knew exactly what Sarah was referring to.

"I, of... of course I, I wouldn't..." she spoke in a halting speech, fighting to hide the truth.

"If you tell me the truth, it'll be a real load off your chest, you know." Sarah giggled at her own pun.

"Sorry sorry sorry sorry sorry!!! I would have tormented you for the rest of your life!" she sobbed. "I always condition all students on the final day of class to be my little slaves forever, even as they go on in life! I'm only apologizing because you're superior to me now! So much more than me, so much better!" She slumped in defeat with her own admission. "Can you forgive me?"

"Don't you feel better now?" Sarah chirped.

Miss Suu whimpered in agreement. "Please have mercy, please forgive me..." she begged.

"Sure! I told you this would take a load off your chest. Lift your head high and look at me."

Miss Suu looked up at the goddess Sarah with weepy eyes. She was sitting on her teacher's desk with her bulging butt, legs crossed, one dramatic swell visible from her side view.

"Show me your tits," Sarah ordered.

Miss Suu arched her back and put her enormous melons on display.

"Ooh, I can see why you're one step above Miss Rachel! Even now, I kind of want to do everything you say!"

Miss Suu blushed furiously at the compliment. Goddess Sarah was so merciful!

"Now, give me your power. I'll take it all from you, and I'll wear it so much better," Sarah's voice took on a dark, vicious undertone.

Miss Suu couldn't even react before Sarah's super powerful fingers gripped her breast, hard. As she winced in pain, Sarah began to rub her index finger over Miss Suu's thick, chocolate nipple, teasing that bud out with her devastatingly erotic stroking and sending bolts of ecstatic pleasure coursing through her Japanese teacher's body.

Sarah's eyes glowed as Miss Suu thrashed helplessly in her seat, her arms seizing, spasming, jerking, trembling violently as she tried to hang onto her mind and sanity. The teen brunette trawled through all of Miss Suu's best, most powerful attributes, taking them for herself as she continued to incapacitate the woman with her masterful touch.

Her bust began to expand once more, growing, swelling, enlarging ever so constantly, as she simultaneously took away Miss Suu's glamour. Her breasts became as overwhelmingly compelling as they were large, firing a cone of hypnotic force in her path. Miss Suu was the first

to feel the full force of her own power, the mask of pleasure on her face turning into a blank slate, ready to be rewritten by Sarah's velvet voice.

At first, Miss Suu merely lost all the glamour she had, her breasts flattening and her appearance turning utterly plain. But even her sexual arousal began to diminish under Sarah's ministrations as Sarah absorbed all of Miss Suu's considerable essence. What was happening? Was she somehow less than impossibly desirable than before?

Sarah paused her theft, worrying that she had somehow broken her own overwhelming sexual allure.

"Miss Suu? Are you in there?" Sarah asked. She was still so turned on by her steady ascension, and the last thing she wanted to do was stop.

"Who is Miss Suu?" came the hollow reply.

"Oh fuck!" Sarah cried out, her pussy gushing in desire. "I turned you into a mindless slave just like that?!"

"Yes, Mistress."

"Fuck fuck fuck! Yes! Give me your seat, crawl under your desk, and eat me out, you stupid slut!"

"Yes, Mistress."

Sarah sat in the teacher's chair, her oversized orbs resting on the desk, hypnotizing and wiping the minds of all the students as Miss Suu knelt on the floor and robotically ate out her teen mistress.

## Chapter 11 - Supered Sarah

"Yes! Yes! I'm fucking unstoppable! Sexiest fucking woman ever!" Sarah moaned as she fondled her own tits. They were so sensitive, and she was so fucking good at turning anyone into a molten puddle of pleasure, herself included.

She spent the entire period swirling her fingers over her tingling nipples, groping her breasts with her incredible strength that only her new, super-durable form could withstand. Her pussy gushed her ambrosia all over Miss Suu's face constantly, threatening to drown the stupid Japanese bitch with her love. But Miss Suu never stopped her loving licking as Sarah's faithful pet.

As her back arched in ecstasy one last time, her breasts heaving and pointing straight up, she finished sucking Miss Suu dry. All that was left was a mindless, horny, flat-as-a-board Asian woman—just the way Sarah wanted it.

Still horny as all fuck, Sarah stood up straight, admiring the new headlights resting on her chest. The entire classroom was filled with mindless slaves, Sarah's glamorous effect far more potent

than Miss Suu's had ever been.

Experimentally, she gave her torso a little wiggle. Every pair of eyes followed her side-to-side and up-and-down bobbing movements, completely tethered to the slightest jiggle of her mountainous breasts.

She didn't want a bunch of mindless zombies. She wanted people to worship her. To try and resist, and ultimately fail against her casual seduction. To torment a thinking mind, warping their desire against them, and then taking away everything from them with her new Goddess powers. Devoted slaves were no fun unless she could break them first.

With a giggle, Sarah hovered her hands over her breasts, turning their irresistible influence off, if only a little bit. She discovered that they were almost too large for her hands to get in front of anymore!

Clearly, she needed even more.

Happy to see that her classmates were recovering from the mesmerizing sight of her breasts, she headed for her next class ahead of schedule. Her breasts were far too large to fit through the narrow door frame anymore. Swiveling 90 degrees, she began to sidestep, only to find that her breasts still slammed into the wooden planks. But what she didn't expect was for the wood to smash and splinter under her little movements. Her breasts were as tough and invulnerable as wrecking balls! A fitting physical metaphor for the devastating influence they had on people's minds.

She was going to take on Miss Heather.

## Chapter 12 - Miss Heather, Redux

Sarah battered down yet another doorway as she barged into the middle of Miss Heather's class. As expected, the unimaginative bitch was leaking her milk all over the place. Her top was thoroughly stained, and a large pool had accumulated on her desk, dripping off the sides in thick, flowing streams.

Sarah had planned to thrust her chest out proudly, bringing Miss Heather crashing back down to earth by simultaneously inducing pure lust, shame, and obedience into her brain, frying her mind and libido into a drooling mess, all for Sarah to mold. But...

But Sarah just gaped and drooled at Miss Heather's milky tits.

"No... no..." she moaned, as she felt her legs turning to jelly.

"Is that you, Sarah?" Miss Heather spoke, a bit shakily. "How... did you..."

Sarah grabbed a large handful of her tits and aimed them at Miss Heather, willing all of her newfound power to exert itself upon Miss Heather. It... it was working! To a degree.

"Uummmmmffff!" Miss Heather moaned as she bit her lip. Her hands were trembling now too, but

she aimed a powerful, thick jet of milk at Sarah which splashed firmly on her new bosom.

“Aahhhhh!” Sarah screamed in ecstasy. Miss Heather’s milk was still too much! She’d only been incapacitated by the sight of those leaking breasts before; she never imagined how powerful those streams would actually feel!

And it smelled so wonderfully delicious too. Like liquid ambrosia. Sarah’s mouth suddenly felt dry. Absolutely parched. Maybe, just a little lick, a little taste...

No! She mustn’t give in! She ripped her old, useless tube top off of her beyond-perfect body and wiped her breasts clean, crying in despair as she let Miss Heather’s magical milk go to waste. Then, she turned and ran out the door. Sarah still wasn’t enough to face her! What was she missing!?

Meanwhile, Miss Heather herself sat stunned at her desk, fighting off the swirling haze of desire, submission, and mental programming that the teen girl had imprinted on her. How had she become so much, so soon? Could it be...

Ceasing her distracting lactation, she reached into her handbag, rummaging around for that fateful gift she had received from the breast Goddess. It... it wasn’t there! She emptied her purse onto her milk-laden desk, frantically searching for it. Having committed it to memory after treasuring and reading it every day, she recited the words on that little pink note as if it were a mantra.

“You, the weak, who have suffered much injustice...” she began.

She let those words roll off her tongue before she paused. No. It couldn’t be. Was she no longer unworthy enough to be worthy?!

### Chapter 13 - Eclair, Redux

Sarah ran into the hallway, her tits swinging wildly, her legs unsteady as she sought shelter from Miss Heather’s unbelievable power. Even now, she wanted to run back into the room and lap up her teacher’s sweet ambrosia.

She couldn’t see little Eclair, her view blocked by her own heaving breasts. She bowled right into the flat little girl with her enhanced speed and strength, sending them both tumbling, limbs entwined. But Sarah’s new, substantial, powerful flesh cushioned most of the impact, leaving them both unharmed.

“Ow! Sarah! What now! Why can’t you just leave me alone!” Eclair wailed.

“Eclair! I don’t get it! How can you resist me?!” Sarah was positively flummoxed.

“Resist you!? You’ve tortured me for years!”

“Well, yeah, obviously! But I mean like...” Sarah paused and looked around. She found a stray student who had been stunned by her breasts.

"You. Get on your knees."

He moaned and obeyed.

"Come for me until you pass out."

"Arrrrrrgh!!" he screamed as he convulsed, the outline of his erection clearly visible in his gym shorts. And soon, his shorts became saturated with his gooey ejaculation, which didn't seem to be ending any time soon. He was soaked through and began to leak.

"That! Why can't I do that to you!" Sarah pointed at his still-erupting crotch.

"How am I supposed to know!" Eclair squeaked. "You... you took that magical note away from me! I could've been the way you are now! Just... just go away! You already have everything!"

"You... you want to be like me?" Sarah asked, stunned.

"What!? No!" Eclair gasped at her own shameful admission.

All the way at the end of the hallway, Sarah could pick up with her improved hearing the sounds of Miss Heather trying to make her way out of the classroom. She needed to act fast!

"Eclair! I can help you!"

"What!?"

"Just... let me in! Let me into your soul! You want breasts like mine? You want beauty like this? Power like this? I'll give it to you! I don't even have to give anything up in the process!"

"How... how can I trust you..." Eclair did want it. So desperately. She looked at the perpetually-orgasming boy. Sarah had done it with just a command!

"I can't fight Miss Heather! Not without your help! Please, I promise! Let me in a little! Just a crack! I'll show you!"

Eclair continued to watch the boy convulse. She looked at Sarah's marvelous, staggering, spectacular form. If she got even a fraction of that...

Sensing Eclair's hesitation, Sarah's eyes glowed. Barely, just barely, could she see a tiny door open, straight to Eclair's being. She flooded her considerable essence into it, giving Eclair a taste of ultimate beauty and power.

"H-hey! Wait!" Eclair protested.

"Just take it!" Sarah yelled impatiently.

Eclair's breasts began to grow and ripen, constantly expanding, pressing against her loose t-shirt until it looked like a crop top, revealing her slim torso. She had never felt so good before! Her body was warm, her chest flushed with heat as her teats grew. Was this what it was like to



have such a nice pair of breasts, even a pair as modest as these?

"Want more?" Sarah growled. "Hurry, Miss Heather is coming!"

Eclair squeezed her new, wonderful swells. They cupped so nicely in her hands! Her heart soared with joy.

"O-okay, Sarah, I trust you..."

The walls came crumbling down. Sarah invaded Eclair's being with vicious force, beautifying the little nerd into a sexual goddess, nearly as potent as herself. At the same time, she eroded Eclair's iron will and applied it to herself.

As Eclair shivered in ecstasy, orgasming nonstop as her body went through years of puberty long delayed, lengthening her legs, firming her body, swelling her ripe breasts endlessly, Sarah stood up straight to face Miss Heather.

#### Chapter 14 - Queen of the School

"Sarah! You stole my gift!" Miss Heather screeched.

"Your gift!? Hah! So that's how you got so powerful, huh? Well, joke's on you! I took it from little Eclair over there!" she pointed at the girl on the floor, writhing in a puddle of her own juices.

"Well, I guess not so little anymore. Not for long. We struck a deal."

"Well, I don't care who stole it! I'm going to take everything away from you! No one will be able to stand up to me ever again! Not even you!"

"Oh no? What am I doing right now, then?" Sarah smirked and put her hands on her hips, thrusting her chest out proudly.

"Hmph! Acting tough. This is a bluff. I'll break you immediately."

Miss Heather's nipples fired a thick, powerful jet of milk right at Sarah. Sarah recoiled in shock. She'd never seen Miss Heather perform this particular feat with so much intensity before!

Miss Heather's milk splattered all over Sarah, a constant stream that drenched her mostly nude body. She aimed it right at Sarah's nose and mouth, making sure her new rival would be absolutely smothered by her scent and seduced by the taste.

When Sarah was sopping wet with milk, Miss Heather finally cut off her powerful lactation. She watched Sarah lick her lips. Yes... it would all be over soon...

"Mmm, Miss Heather," Sarah smirked as she turned her hypnotic eyes upon her teacher. "This does taste really good. I can't wait to be able to do this!"

"What?! You... no... nobody has ever been able to resist me! Especially not after a taste!"

Sarah broke out into full bodied laughter. Her breasts bobbed beautifully in tandem.

“Nobody, huh? Guess I’m nobody, then!”

Miss Heather began to shuffle backwards. If this didn’t work, she... she had no recourse left!

Before she could break into a full on sprint, Sarah blurred from her position and was suddenly standing directly in front of her. Miss Heather could smell the sweet perfume of Sarah’s natural scent waft over her. Their breasts collided, and lactating teacher felt the wind get knocked out of her.

“You really didn’t use this gift well, did you?” Sarah taunted. “Can’t you do anything else but leak milk? Me... I’m powerful, fast, beautiful, mesmeric, sexually gifted in every way imaginable... and you just turned yourself into a cow?”

Miss Heather tried to answer, but Sarah swiveled her torso, letting her own diamond-hard nipples flick against her teacher’s. Miss Heather could do nothing but moan gutturally as Sarah commanded her arousal with just some light rubbing.

“Mmm. That’s right. Look what I can do. And you can’t affect me in the slightest. But I admit, I do want your particular talent, so...”

Sarah grabbed two large handfuls of Miss Heather and began to siphon. While Miss Heather orgasmed herself silly, feeling her mind and bust slip away with every ecstatic clench, Sarah became so, so much more...

Sarah’s new breasts filled with endless milk. Lavish, luxurious, mind-bending, pleasure-inducing milk. She could control it at will, she could fire it with any force, as much as she wanted, never running out.

Not only that, everything she was, everything she had gained, skyrocketed in power as she drained Miss Heather’s large, saggy tits away. Her painted toes, her delicate feet, those sinuous, long legs...

Her wide hips, her apple bottom, those cheeks so large yet so firm...

Her skin so soft, so hairless, so smooth, so evenly toned...

Her willowy arms, slender and tight, but able to move mountains with a little push...

Her gorgeous visage, her long lashes, her perfect pink tongue... any of which could launch a billion ships...

And her breasts. Large. Huge. Enormous. Jutting. Gravity defying. Completely, utterly, perfect.

Sarah sighed in contentment as Miss Heather flattened down to nothing.

Chapter 15 - Sarah and Eclair

“Well, Eclair, how do I look?” Sarah smiled smugly.

“Ughh!! Sarah!!! Fuck!!! I... I can’t resist!!! What did you do to me!?!?!? YOU’RE SO HOT!”  
Eclair’s new, full, feminine form bucked in ecstasy.

“My, my, Eclair. You look really hot when you come. I did really good work on you. You know, you’re turning me on!” Sarah taunted.

The sound of Sarah’s voice invaded Eclair’s senses, flooding over her and enveloping her senses. Eclair began yet another round of orgasms with no pause for respite.

“You, the weak, who have suffered much injustice, it is your time. Inherit from those who have wronged you, and rise to the occasion,” Sarah recited with her new, perfect recall. “Fitting for someone like me, isn’t it?”

Eclair couldn’t protest, not with her jaw clenched in ecstasy as drool escaped the corner of her mouth.

But something was gnawing at the back of Sarah’s mind. How could Miss Heather have done something so stupid as to lose it? How did it end up with Eclair? “You, the weak, who have suffered much injustice...”

Sarah walked over to Eclair’s splayed out, spasming form on the tiled floor of the school, careful not to slip over Eclair’s large puddle of sexual fluid. With a force of will, she contained the absolute crushing power of her beauty and reached out to gently touch Eclair’s new ripe, lush breasts that she had granted.

Sarah’s eyes glowed.

“Eclair. Relax. Focus. I’m not here to hurt you.”

“Mmm... yes Sarah...” Eclair answered in a daze.

“Tell me. Are you happy with these changes?”

“I... I look really nice. Nothing like you though. Feel good.”

“I owe you, you know, Eclair. Really.”

“You’re so beautiful...”

“So I’m going to help you out. You can have your willpower back. Would you like that?”

“No! I... I want to feel good like this, forever and ever!”

Sarah paused for thought. She decided to play it safe.

“Okay, what if I gave you your will back, but you can decide whether to turn it on or not?”

“Mm... okay... won’t use it though...”

“Do you feel I’ve wronged you?” Sarah inquired.

“No... you are my beautiful, merciful breast Goddess...”

Sarah smiled as she granted her most valuable servant her iron willpower back, along with another dose of overwhelming beauty.

“Yes... thank you Goddess...” Eclair smiled dreamily. She didn’t put up her walls at all.

Sarah cradled an ever-ascending Eclair in her arms and underneath her breasts as she stood up. She may have use for her yet. She may have even felt a little attached.

Regardless, high school was over. Time for Sarah to explore the world.