

The Seed of Lust

This story contains: Breast expansion, Ass expansion, Penis expansion, public exposure, lactation, a whole helping of horniness, and way too much sex. You have been warned~

Preamble: Big thanks to [Bad-K1tty](#) on DeviantArt who inspired this story with a lot of her horny musings. Big thanks to [TFObsessed](#) too for giving me the idea to write an entirely second-person story, they make some great work!

Had a lot of fun writing this one, even though its a bit more extreme in some places then what I'd normally like to write. I find its actually a lot easier to make stuff when I have someone to bounce my ideas off of. (probably a result of lots of experience in improv writing)

Hope everyone enjoys reading as much as I enjoyed writing!

You shouldn't have swallowed that pill. You read the warnings, and even the shopkeeper who sold it to you had told you exactly what would happen if you weren't careful.

Maybe you didn't believe him when he told you that "The Seed of Lust" risked the user's body and mind, if they weren't disciplined and strong-willed. More likely, you just heard him mention that it would cause you to become more attractive and could "grow your boobs to prodigious sizes", and you just tuned everything else out.

You'd always wanted bigger boobs after all, and you'd heard all the stories about people who had changed suddenly after buying strange items like this.

Plus, the rules were simple enough:

The Seed of Lust would become a part of you and allow you to soak in the lusts and desires of people around you. This would cause your form to temporarily change, to be more in line with those who lusted for you. As long as you didn't take in too much lust too fast, it would slowly drain out of you and you would return to your original form. If you did take in too much, then there might be some permanent changes when the lustful energies finally left you. It would only last for a month, and by the end of it, the effects would be gone.

You knew your boyfriend had a kink for huge breasts, so all you'd have to do is "soak in his lusts" and you'd be jumping up the cup sizes! And if you just happened to take in "too much" of his attention, and that left a little bit of permanent growth up top, well that would be just fine...

So you told your boyfriend about the item and watched him practically drool in anticipation before you had swallowed the blueberry sized stone with a swig of water.

Those next few days had certainly been fun. After feeling the seed take root somewhere below your navel, you'd let your boyfriend fuck you as often as he liked, revelling in just how turned on he'd been when you told him that you could feel the seed spreading tendrils outwards and winding around your womb.

It hadn't done much at first. Even though you had been fucking like rabbits, it seemed that all you were getting was some light tingles in your chest. It was only after you'd finally decided to ditch the condoms that you'd found that the secret ingredient to get real effects out of this seed was male semen.

That first time he'd painted your insides; you'd immediately felt the change. The feeling of the seed coming to life, extending its roots and pouring a

sensation like pure liquid ecstasy through your whole body. Your fingers curled and your head spun, as a sensation akin to that of your clit being licked had blossomed all over your breasts, with the nerves in your nipples lighting like tiny stars. You'd cum so hard that your boyfriend had stopped pounding you. He'd thought you were having a seizure, before realizing that your breasts were beginning to swell under your hands. By the time you'd calmed down and inspected the effects, you realized the seed had begun its work well!

You hadn't grown too much, maybe enough to push your bra size up one letter, but the thrill of realizing it had worked was incredible.

You'd been addicted from that first little spurt of growth, and after that, you'd been the one attacking him at every opportunity. Of course he didn't mind, he'd stopped wearing pants in the house so that you would have easier access to his cock. You'd learned a lot about how the seed really worked after that. It seemed that you were bound to grow, whether he came in your pussy, your mouth, your ass, or even onto your growing breasts. Of course, fucking your pussy was still your favourite, and the growth had felt best when the two of you were connected.

After a week of growing, you finally decided to stop. Your boobs were almost the size of melons and your nipples were large enough that they poked through and caught people's attention in most outfits you wore. Obviously, your friends all noticed, and so did your coworkers. But they were all polite enough to not say much about it.

Your boyfriend, on the other hand, had been absolutely entranced by the growth. Clearly, you'd awakened something in him, and it was absolutely infectious. He'd slowly massage your breasts while whispering to you about much bigger you could still get, and it would send chills down your spine. You could practically feel the lust emanating from the seed now too.

It had been overfed, and you suspected that it was starting to change you in more sinister ways.

When you'd gone to get new clothes, you'd found that you were a bit shorter now. Your ass had grown, along with your hips and thighs, making any pants you wore tightly hug your curves in an enviable fashion. On anyone else, they would've been the center of attention, but on you, they were icing on the cake.

Your face was changing too. You could see it in the mirror, where your features were slowly drifting making you look like a cross between your old self and some exaggerated ideal. Your lips were fuller and more sensitive, and your complexion cleared to a level that even makeup wouldn't have been able to accomplish.

It felt like your mirror was showing you some alternate dimension, where you'd become a super model pornstar.

None of this was what made you decide to tell your boyfriend that you needed to stop for a while. It was something else, more ephemeral and harder to place. Your mind buzzed with little erotic whispers, and at times you could practically "feel" the lust coming off of other people. It was a subtle and unsettling sensation, like the feeling of being watched in an empty room. You slept uneasily, and you didn't feel hungry much anymore. But you weren't losing weight, quite the opposite. For every inch of height you were losing, your body was making up for it in other places, causing you to slowly look like an erotic dream.

It was all too much, and you eventually put your foot down.

"It's not like I'm going to be stopping for the rest of the month" you told your boyfriend, as he'd looked at you like a beaten dog.

"I'm just going to take a break and let some of this drain out of me, so that I don't end up messing with something I'm going to regret."

That was the sensible way to think about it, and you were certainly a sensible lady.

He'd agreed, and you'd let him drown his sex drive in endless cold showers, while you tried your best to make do with meditation sessions and far too many nights spent satisfying yourself.

But your changes wouldn't revert. Rather you felt as though you were still changing, but much slower now. The taste of cum seemed to linger in your mouth each morning, like a craving for a food that you just couldn't have. It left your pussy aching and needing to be filled. You felt your senses widening, refining further, as the feeling of lust that radiated off of other people became as tangible to you as a smell. It was embarrassing, and yet so entrancing, the way you'd see people stare at you in public, reeking of erotic intent. You could practically taste them undressing you with their eyes, and just that feeling was almost enough for you to break your little vow of chastity and beg someone to ravish you.

And your body continued to change. Every day, a little shorter. Every day, a little bit more on your chest. You couldn't always identify when each growth had occurred, but your sizable bust would always find new ways to remind you that it wasn't done growing.

It wasn't until the fourth day of your self-imposed chastity that you discovered the reason for your continued changes. Your restless dreams had been interrupted when you'd awoken to find your nose pressed against your boyfriend's torso, as you rolled your tongue around his shaft and sucked on his cock.

You should've resisted more, tried to fight the automatic movements that had taken you to engage his morning wood, but the tang of his sweat and the heady smell of his lust had been too much to resist. You'd swallowed his cum,

before grabbing him, and lowering yourself onto his dick so that you could ride him and look him in the eyes while he explained himself.

He protested that he wasn't able to help himself. It was as though just being near you was enough to drive him wild now, and it had barely required any encouragement on his part before you had started servicing his erection in your sleep. Just being in proximity to his dick was enough to cause you to hunt it down and wrap your lips around it, sucking him off like a master. After the first few days of that, you'd started trying to get his pants off, even as you slept.

After that, it wasn't hard to figure out why your changes hadn't stopped, but it took a few more days before you really figured out what was happening to you.

You'd been taking tally of all of your most recent changes, when you'd decided to bring up the subject with your boyfriend. As hot as it was that your body was apparently capable of becoming an automatic fuck machine, it was a bit of an odd development. After all, your boyfriend's ultimate kink was expanding breasts on hot ladies, right?

He'd smiled and admitted that had been his biggest fantasy before, but his experience with you had awoken something new in him.

That had sent a fresh chill down your spine.

The seed was supposed to change you into your lover's fantasy, so how would it respond to this change in taste?

You'd probed him for more. Asked him in your most seductive voice,

"What is your biggest fantasy now?"

He'd simply responded "Well you, of course"

His new fantasy was you, but specifically this mutable, changing version of you.

A you who would endlessly be able to absorb his lusts like a sponge, becoming ever more purposely shaped to be the ultimate receptacle of desire.

A you who's only need was to accept pleasure, and give it in return.

A you who could survive off of nothing but semen and attention.

Rather than simply becoming bustier, his desires had now begun the process of turning you into what he had lovingly referred to as "his perfect succubus".

You should've left. Gone into isolation, before you inevitably fell further into becoming an insatiable penetration addict.

But you couldn't. The seed had been so overwhelmed with both his attention and your pleasure that you could feel more of the changes becoming permanent alterations to your body everyday that you were together. You needed him, and you could taste that he needed you.

So you fucked, in every way the two of you could come up with. And your body kept changing in response.

The more you changed, the more both your body and the seed aligned in their objectives, and the stronger the changes became.

It felt so good when your breasts became heavier, you had revelled in the way they covered more and more of your body every day. Then they had become engorged and swollen, pushing your areolas outwards and making your teats so sensitive you couldn't wear a shirt without cumming endlessly. At least that was the case until your boyfriend had managed to tease light sprays of milk from that pair of clits you called your nipples. The sensations you felt when he finally released those streams of pleasure were indescribable, you could feel every ounce of fluid as they flowed through your breasts and out of you.

That'd caused him to call you his sexy little cow-demon.

You'd loved that name, and so had your body.

After that, you'd begun producing much more consistently. Your nipples calmed down enough that you could wear a top again, but your milk would constantly lead to accidents and soaked shirts.

It thrilled you when you realized that your breasts were now as much of a signal of your needs as your drooling pussy. You could practically feel your milk ducts swell further each day, creating deeper channels into your substantial breasts in order to ensure that they would fill with more of your milk.

Milk that was tainted with your lust now.

The milk of a succubus, that would drive people wild with passion and would subtly change them too.

You'd noticed that effect when your boyfriend had drunk from your cumming teats, after emptying himself in you for the fifth time that day. You could feel him pushing deeper on the 6th time, and you instinctively knew that his dick was growing harder, thicker, and longer from your milk. His balls were swelling

too. You could feel it when they slapped against you, and every load he shot out was more satisfying and filling than the one before it.

That was fine though.

You were still changing, and you would be able to take any amount of cock he could give.

You'd already made sure to test that, with dildos so long they should've tickled your sternum.

You could've stopped here, but why would you? You were growing hotter every day.

As if to cap off your transformation, even your clit had grown, becoming a permanently erect love button that sat as a sentry above your hungry lower lips

By the end of the third week, you knew there was no turning back.

You were made for milking and fucking now.

You still tried to go out, to be a member of society. But it was so hard, and your body rebelled at every turn.

Everything was a provocative act, no matter whether you liked it or not.

Your breasts were so big, they constantly bumped into everything. They constantly reminded you of their presence, when you brushed against them reaching for something on a shelf. Or when you tried to look at a dog below

you, and all you could see was a sea of milky white cleavage. They were so heavy when they filled with milk, that you'd sometimes rest them on counters, or shelves. Not realizing that the pleasurable tingles that teased your body were from you leaking, until you saw the wet spots you left behind.

Your nipples too, were a constant sweet torment. Large enough to fill shot glasses, they constantly throbbed and hungered for attention. A brush with a wall could leave you weak in the legs, and the touch of a person would cause you to audibly gasp. Sometimes the need for them to be sucked and played with was so tempting that you would have to find what privacy you could, sucking on them until you could empty their bounty and calm down.

But neither of those compared to the attention you received and how it fuelled your carnal hunger.

You couldn't go out without your boyfriend anymore. There was too much risk that you wouldn't be able to hold on, that you would need to be filled and that anyone could do.

More than that though, you couldn't help but feed that perception that everyone had, that you were the walking punchline to a porno.

When you walked down the stairs, you could feel every person's eyes burning into you. It was embarrassing to feel their gazes, but you loved it too and your body made sure you were giving them a show as you subtly shifted your weight to help your boobs jiggle and slosh.

When you were given an ice cream cone, you had to draw out every lick. Practically caress the treat with your tongue, before showing just how far you could take it. Your pussy would secretly dampen with pleasure as you saw men and women stop to gawk at you enjoying the phallic treat.

Not that you needed food anymore, it was a simple treat for a succubus who only needed semen and attention to sustain her.

When you had to get your wallet out of your cavernous cleavage, you couldn't help but take your time with it. Letting everyone see your shirt darken with milk as you whimpered with lust. Even the disapproving frown from the old lady at the cash register was taken as further confirmation that you were now made for this life.

It all felt so good, and it fuelled an inescapable shadow, long and erotic, which coloured all of your social interactions.

Everybody could see the simple truth: You were made to have cocks inside you, **NEEDED** to have cocks inside you. Whether or not they said anything, they knew it and so, you knew it too.

Your day job quickly became impossible for you to do. How could you be expected to give annual business reports when all that anyone could think about was just how fuckable you looked? Your best suits would always get stained with milk, and eventually you needed to find new work that you could handle from home.

Your body had been remade to be the perfect pleasure machine, so how could you be expected to do anything else?

You'd mourned the loss of your career and the normalcy of your life, but even when you were telling your boyfriend about how unfair it all was, you could tell he was getting hard.

It wasn't his fault, how could he be expected to simply sit there and listen, without giving you the fucking that you both knew you desperately needed? But he was still good to you. You laid on your back, spread your legs, and let him fill you as you both discussed your future options, between panting gasps.

You still had plenty of options.

Your milk would be the perfect aphrodisiac, and there was no end to the number of people who would pay for videos you could make on a site like Onlyfans.

You were really only good for fucking and milking, but that didn't mean you had to be poor too.

After your changes, you probably should have tried harder to hide your new condition. Most people wouldn't approve, wouldn't UNDERSTAND why it was so satisfying to be this way. Even your boyfriend was beginning to have trouble taking you anywhere, knowing you'd inevitably draw so much unwanted attention. But how could he really understand, when everything you did was a constant reminder of your new status and how much you were still growing! The ritual of trying to fit each massive, soft, pliable breast into a top that could barely hold you, while finding new and creative ways to subdue your delicious milky teats so that the friction of a shirt wouldn't cause you to cum.

How much it turned you on whenever you felt something hug the curve of a one of your enormous boobs, emphasizing just how much they were covering your torso now. How even though your back was strengthening to support this new burden, you would still stagger and risk being toppled over if your momentum swung your boobs a little too fast. They were so heavy now and you were still getting shorter. It was downright astonishing that you could even carry them, and that further fed into everyone's perception of you.

If you kept going like this, eventually you'd be more breast than woman. And God, that was so hot to think about~

That was probably why you couldn't stop drawing attention to yourself. It was such a thrill, to be such a sexual object, and to see everyone undressing you with their eyes. You'd get so worked up that you'd tease your boyfriend

endlessly, either intentionally or simply by your presence alone, until he'd grab your ass and lead you away to a washroom nearby.

Then you started getting bolder.

He took you to the fair, a few days before the seed was supposed to stop working. Some local event had made the venue far busier than usual, and he wanted to bring you out so that you could see the sights and socialize. He would be your guide, and keep you out of trouble, while you got to feel like a regular person again, even if just for a bit. You'd managed to fit yourself into a custom-ordered top, and put on a nice-looking skirt to match. You'd even found a nice brand of tape that was meant for use on human skin and could pin down your battery-sized nipples, so that they didn't stand out too much.

It had gone well at first too, the two of you had walked around and had just had simple "fun". Playing carnival games, laughing at each others jokes, watching little events or just enjoying each others company. There had been stares, and little mistakes when your body made itself known, but there would always be stares and you could push those pesky thoughts of arousal to the back of your mind to just enjoy this experience.

That was, until you decided to try a snack. You didn't need to eat anymore, especially since he'd already "fed" you several times today, but seeing all the food stalls had made you nostalgic. Your boyfriend had found you both a bench away from most of the crowds where you could enjoy some food before returning with your treat in hand, a corndog.

With a food that phallic, you were doomed from the start.

You couldn't resist taking the meat further into your throat. Working your lips and tongue, as you slowly pushed the treat as deep as it could go. You only realized what you were doing when you tasted your boyfriend's stare, his lust

coming off in waves as he watched. His arousal was the perfect pairing for that corndog, so you'd made your move. You sat on his lap, grinding your ass against him and whispering that he should unzip and fuck you right there on the bench.

"I could be quiet", you told him. "I could be subtle"

He'd sat there, unable to move, as you slipped your panties down and started rubbing your leaking lower lips against his bulge. Only your skirt covered your work, but the way you panted and bit your lip made it obvious what was happening.

With that kind of stimulation, it wasn't long before he couldn't help but give you what you wanted. You'd felt him release his turgid cock from his pants, felt it slap against your back before he'd grabbed your hips and pulled you onto it. A mixture of haste and his need made him manhandle you in a way that drove you wild, as you felt him practically use you for his relief.

As your pussy swallowed his sizable length and you'd felt him pushing against a point above your navel, you'd started deep-throating the corndog in earnest, imagining that you were servicing one of the strangers passing by. You struggled to stay quiet, as your teats began to weep milk from their pinned position that soaked your top, and you fantasized about all the other people who could be using you too.

If only that well-built bodybuilder could come over here and let your pillowy lips bring his cock into your mouth.

If only that pair of women could come over here and suck your huge teats while your milk drove them to finger each other.

You felt your areola bulge outwards and your face blush, as you dropped your corndog. Your body was conditioned now to produce milk faster when you were receiving attention, and you could feel your enormous udders filling, then overflowing as they exceeded the capacity that you could currently hold.

Slowly, you brought your hands towards your bloating chest trying to resist the urges that told you to free your mouth-filling teats and release your bounty. You knew that if you started grabbing your nipples now, you wouldn't cum quietly, but your breasts were aching with the pressure of your milk and you NEEDED relief.

You had told him that you could be quiet, and that had been true.

You could be quiet, but you weren't going to this time.

When he'd finally orgasmed, you had grabbed your nipples and screamed as you'd been rocked by pleasure so fierce it had left your vision spotty and your head swimming. The torrent of milk that you'd released had been incredible, painting the ground and quickly forming a large puddle of sweet cream that soaked through the shoes of those closest to the spectacle you were creating.

A second later, you came again as you felt a wave of arousal wash over your body from the staring crowd. You moaned loudly, raising blushes from onlookers and making it clear to everyone watching that you were awash with sexual pleasure.

You could taste them flushing with arousal, and you knew that every one of them wanted you as much as you wanted them. Your soaked top began to tear apart as you felt your breasts surge outwards and your nipples become large enough to sag with the pull of gravity. They practically vibrated as they pushed out your endless streams of liquid lust, which pushed you even deeper into depths of pleasure you had never felt before. Your boyfriend tried to stop cumming, tried to pull you off when he realized the scene you were making, but your body had its spell over him. Instead, he hugged your middle as the two of you rocked from the mix of shame and pleasure.

You didn't know how long you continued to fuck on that bench, but eventually your boyfriend managed to recover enough of his senses to pull you off of him. It was a slow process and you felt every inch, as he pulled his oversized

package out of you, stowed it, and got you both out of there. Your head was swimming with pleasure, and you felt intoxicated, as he helped guide you back to the car. You knew he was upset, but it didn't matter now. Slowly, you rubbed your legs together, revelling in the sticky, wet sensation as semen dripped out of you and was absorbed by your plush thighs. You felt positively drunk, and everything was right in the world. Even when he pulled over the car and tried to talk to you, you'd just nodded and slowly lapped milk from your nipples. That'd provoked him enough to take you again in the backseat of the car, where he'd milked you as hard as he could and made you scream in pleasure. Even as you came and sprayed milk all over the back of the car, you realized that you still were hungry for more.

If there had been a sliver of a chance before that you could've gone out and do normal things without making a scene, it was gone after that.

You'd just shrunk under 5ft tall, and your body had simply become too demanding to endure things like "a normal day outside".

Your nipples had exploded in both size and sensitivity, to the point that you couldn't possibly even conceive trying to cover them with anything resembling a shirt. The stimulation of that much contact would cause you to fill with milk so fast that you'd have to immediately take back off the offending top.

You produced so much milk now that you'd had to get a proper milking machine. You'd had a stall tailor made too, to ensure you could browse the net or pleasure yourself while your udders were drained. Your breasts had become so deeply filled with the ducts and alveoli required for milk production that you were constantly sloshing, and filling with more of the sweet cream.

Even handling your milk had become a serious problem. It was such a potent aphrodisiac that when it began to fill your breasts, the effect would even begin leeching into your own body. If you got too full, you would quickly be reduced to a quivering mound who desperately ached to have their holes filled.

Your boyfriend had made sure to drink plenty of it in the days after your little fair-ground affair. He'd told you it was to make sure his cock would grow large enough to really give you the fucking you deserved, but you knew he loved how your insides perfectly molded themselves around him, no matter how big he got.

You eventually had to resign yourself to wearing nothing but a makeshift toga around the house, held together with pins that could be easily removed to allow access to your breasts or anywhere else that needed attention. You could've tried to order more custom clothes, but they would take a while to arrive and who knew how much you'd grow in the meantime.

The toga was an especially good choice as you lost track of how many times he fucked you, and how much further you changed. Every day something new would remind you of how far you were going into the depths of this new form that was truly just built for milking and fucking.

Your pussy lips were swollen and your inner walls seemed to develop new musculature, allowing you to better massage and milk cocks for everything they had.

The stimulation of your plush thighs was a constant threat, as they were always rubbing deliciously close to your permanently swollen clit. Every step gave you the lightest teasing of stimulation, and you'd often find yourself becoming aroused simply from the act of walking around your house.

Your mouth and ass too, both became more sensitive, more eager to receive any new insertions.

It left a sort of aching need in you, leaving you feeling a bit “unfulfilled” whenever you weren’t being used.

As your milking sessions became longer and more frequent, you found that you were at your most comfortable when you spent that time impaled on your boyfriend's massive member.

Soon though, you began to receive messages from friends and family.

You hadn't been seen in weeks, and they wanted to know you were okay!

Your solution was simple: People had been worried, so bringing over two of your closest friends would be the perfect way to ease everyone's concerns. Alex and Maxine had been your best friends since college, and they were well connected enough that they would be able to let everyone else know what had happened to you.

They'd been shocked to see your new body, and they'd even been a bit turned on. You could smell that splash of carnal hunger on them, the same way you could taste that they had made love to each other earlier that day. You were happy to ignore that though, and instead simply invite them into your living room where you could explain how you'd been transformed.

At first, they were shocked and dismayed. How could you throw away everything you'd worked for in life, for this new existence? You patiently explained that this was everything you had ever wanted, how this new life was exactly where you wanted to be. They hadn't bought it, they'd even gotten upset at your boyfriend, for pushing you down this road.

Clearly something had needed to change.

Perhaps they just needed some perspective on things?

It had been so easy to hide the taste of your milk in their coffee, as you brought it to the table.

"We should all just relax, take a breather, and have a drink" you'd said diplomatically, calming down the shouting match between Alex and your boyfriend.

You knew that your friends had those embers of desire smouldering inside them, it just needed some fuel. Good thing you were an arsonist, and your milk was like pouring gasoline on a fire.

You watched as it began to ignite inside them. Tasted the lust that built up and radiated off of them as they changed. Quietly you'd reached a hand towards your drooling pussy, as you'd watched Maxine's eyes widen, staring at how her top began to tighten under the strain of her growing breasts.

Your other hand had begun to unpin your toga as Alex groaned and doubled over, unable to keep his hands off of his swelling package.

They'd both given you such odd looks when you'd held out your breasts and invited them to drink. Was it betrayal? Or perhaps simply appreciation that they'd finally been shown a better way of looking at things.

It didn't matter. They loved the taste of your milk and they were hungry for more.

With so much of you to love, everyone had found endless ways to share. And when they finally decided to leave, you knew they would be back tomorrow, with more of your friends who would appreciate your new body too.

When the month was over, your boyfriend had sadly mourned that things wouldn't be quite as fun without the seed still in you.

However, you had a secret surprise you'd been waiting to tell him. The seed had been exhausted and overloaded a week ago. You'd felt it crack and pop, under the strain of all the energy it had been forced to absorb.

That didn't matter though, the changes were permanently in you now, and you could feel them carving their way into your body a little more each day.