

# Breast Buy May-ternity Special

## PART 2

“No, Tiffany, do not put me on hold. I know Jazzy is on the clock till eight tonight, find her and put her on!” Jess growled, subconsciously rubbing her tiny potbelly. Though it wasn’t a potbelly, was it? It was some lazy ass mom who dropped her kid-to-be to babysat in a way too “up in my space” way! It just sat there like she had eaten three lunches, stretching her tight and pushing out her top and jeans, demanding its room. “Jazz! It’s Jess. I have a serious question for you.”

“What is it, Jess? We’re pretty swamped in teat squad today,” Jazz, the head of Teat Squad, said as she removed more bloatware from a very swollen customer’s PC.

“Okay, so you know the box of prototypes Bea was waiting for?”

“Yeah, the “Rental Mommy” tops? We’re still waiting on them. Why?”

Jess bit her lip, gingerly trying not to cause a panic or a headache. “Okay, well, I brought home a box that I thought was mine, cuz you know how I use boxes sometimes to bring my shit home, so it’s easier to carry.” she laughed nervously. “Well, I brought the wrong box home, and now I have the shirts with me.”

“Jess,” Jazzy spoke slowly and deliberately. “Whatever you do, do NOT let anyone put those on. They were sent to the store early by accident, and if any civilian were to activate one early, the lawsuits would... it would just be bad. Ok? Very bad.

“Right right... but let’s say someone HAD put one on, just for a hypothetical.”

“Jess!” Jazz let out a shout the caused her team to jump. One poor technician had touched the bloatware infected hard drive and was now rushing to the bathroom to avoid anyone seeing her skirt rip from her swelling backside, dangerously close to popping. “No, no, I haven’t let anyone put one on.”

“Good, keep it that-”

“I put one on...” The dead silence that followed Jessie’s words made her gulp. She could hear the tightness in Jazzy’s slow reply.

“Okay, nice and easy, remove the garment.” The lead technician instructed.

“Right.” Jess grabbed the hem of the “Rental Mommy” shirt, cringing as she was reminded of the belly as her fingers grazed it.

“We need it off before it activates.” Jazz was talking like she was on the bomb squad defusing something.

Jess stopped lifting her shirt at the base of her bra cups. “And if it already activated?”

“Oh, crying out loud Jess, did someone put a baby in you already?” The mix of fear and tension in Jazz’s voice immediately stirred all those seemingly amped-up hormonal emotions Jessie was dealing with.

“It’s not like I got drunk and irresponsible and went home with a stranger and, oops, got a baby put in me. I put on a shirt and some lady named Liza was thanking me and boop! Now I have her spawn inside of me!” Jess’ voice cracked, and tears welled in her eyes. “Just...just tell me how to unpregmyself please. this is very embarrassing!”

“Jess... I don’t know how to tell you this, but-” a notification cut from the Rental Mommy App cur off Jazzy. It better be Lisa ready to pick up her damn kid, thought Jessica.

“Hi! Thank you so much! I’m not sure how long this lasts but just fitting in my pants again for a bit... it’s really gonna help with these mommy-to-be blues! -Rene.

“Wait, who is Reneeeeeaaaaah” Jess bent over as another loading bar appeared and immediately filled and chimed. With a quick grunt, she could feel the process happening again. Her belly gurgling, skin gently creaking, and it rolled out even further. Her shirt pulled tight and rose, exposing her significant eight-month-looking baby bump. The woman could feel her hip joints softening, spreading. Her belly pulled her forward, the weight and fullness all too clear. And there was a weird taste in her mouth? “Is that chocolate cake?” She asked incredulously. Before she could fully register the oddness, her stretchy jeans, already pulled tight from her belly, dug into her ass and crotch. The material pulled tight till it had no more room by fat surging into the ginger’s thighs, hips, and ass. She felt her already substantial backside inflate with tingly, wobbly flesh. Her two cheeks gobbled her underwear and strained against a hell of a wedgie. “Oh, come on! I don’t just get the babies. I have to take on their fat asses too! ON TOP OF MINE! Maybe cut out the cake, Rene, instead of emailing me your ass!”

“J-jessie?” A very confused Jazz responded.



“Oh, sorry Jazz”

“So you heard me on what to do, right?” She said like a stern mother making sure her daughter didn’t screw something up.

“No, sorry hun, I was getting a second baby shoved into me. And apparently, what she fed it before she swapped. Some people really love their cake.” Jess grimaced as she

observed her new, heavier ass in the mirror.

“Another baby? Jess... for safety reasons that should not be possible with the app.” The worry in her co-worker’s voice was seriously starting to put Jessie on edge.

“Right, which is why I need you to repeat how to fix this”

“We can’t fix it. It’s whoever is running the server under corporate. You have to call them, but you should do it right away. While the shirt is meant to adjust your body, the app isn’t supposed to book more than one swap. This could be a huge problem.”

The word “huge” weighed on Jess’ shoulders. She had a belly the size of a basketball that felt like it was full of warm water, stretching her tight. Her bottom half had put on 15 pounds or more, her whole body looked distorted and bloated, and the word huge just echoed in her mind. “So call corporate,” Jess said weakly, poking her heavy belly and grimacing.

“Yes, right away,” Jazz practically demanded, “and then call me to tell me you are ok.

“The “put you on hold for hours at a time” corporate.” Jess gulped, thinking how many lunch hours she had spent on hold with the head office and how during that time, there were pregnant women somehow on this app, searching for her to dump their kids and asses and who knew what else into her for a... how long were these rentals anyway?! Her body was a ticking time bomb, but Jazz wouldn’t be the one to defuse it.