

The sound of rain pelting on tin roofs echoed through the narrow alleyways, the noise and rays of the setting sun seeping in through the ajar window of Dr Eccleston's practice. The doctor stood over an operating table, and the body atop it, mumbling to himself under his breath.

"What do those bastards at the Board of Surgeons know, I still got it... Ash hun, can you wake up Ms Rosen here for me?"

"Whatever, and I told you stop calling me that, this is workplace harassment you pig." his assistant snapped back. The doctor chuckled.

"Hahaha yeah but we don't have HR so less whiney more anaesthetic reverse-y ay hun?"

"It's more complicated than that asshole, since you made me use that new weird local anaesthetic goo shit, it looks like nuclear waste" Ashley protested while wiping the substance off the patient.

On the operating table, the woman's eyes began to flutter open with a soft creak from her throat. Her curves filled the table easily, her wide hips almost spilling over the edges of the table and her soft features depressed down with gravity. Long brown locks with the fading stain blonde stain at the tip from bleaching long ago hung off the end of the table, doubling over itself on the ground. A full-figured and thick form with plenty of mass in all the right places kept the doctor's attention, often distracting him from the surgery. Fresh scars and stitches sat under the patient's new breasts which were almost perfectly round, impossibly holding their shape despite their softness and massive size.

"Daphne, you got me?" the doctor asked, snapping his fingers in front of his patient's face, whose eyes opened wider.

"Good, there we are, I am pleased to inform you that your surgery was a total success, no complications, except for when we mixed up the implants with the enema bags but that's all washed out in the sink now, you're good to go"

Daphne's gaze darted from directly up to the ceiling, immediately to her chest.

"Oh, my, gosh doc... they're huge! Holy shit I'm like so excited, is there a mirror anywhere? I need to look at these tits oh my god" Daphne squealed, springing off the operating table and in front of a tall glass sliding door.

“They’re perfect! Oh my god and they’re soooo soft too” she said while gently stroking and squeezing her new assets. “You know, I wasn’t sure coming to you Jim, what with the whole withdrawn medical licence thing, but you did an amazing job on these.”

The doctor laughed, taking his frames off and cleaning them with the corner of his stained dress shirt. “I’m glad you’re happy, I’m sure this will help you stand out in your line of work.”

“Oh for sureeee, my subscribers are gonna love this, do I need to let them heal or can I just start going crazy with these straight away? I need to get tittyfucked like right now” Daphne asked, her hands still mindlessly jiggling and groping her new breasts.

“Uhhh, technically you’re meant to give it about 2 weeks, but it’s really up to you, just be gentle”

“Oh my gosh thankssss doc you’re the best, I’m gonna tell all my friends about you” Daphne replied, diving forwards to crush the doctor in a bearhug, her breasts pressing tightly into his chest.

“Hehe, yeah just be careful their boyfriends aren’t cops or something, if this place gets busted I am done for.” Ecclestone chuckled nervously.

“Yeah yeah sure, ok I gotta run home and put these beauties to work, byeeeeeeeeeeee” Daphne’s voice trailed behind her as she dashed out of the surgery and into New York’s dingy alleyways.

“Wait you forgot to pay for the-, ah shit we’re not getting her back are we. Yeah we’re fucked.”

3 blocks away, a figure of sleek black leather slinked up the fire escape of an apartment block, silently climbing up to a cracked window. The figure leapt in the window, disappearing for a fraction of a minute, before climbing back out, a vial of fluorescent green liquid tucked under its arm. The burglar lifted its wrist to its mouth, which sparked to life with a crackle.

“Dynamo here, payload secured, returning back to rendezvous... over.”

Another crackle came from the other side.

“Lisa I told you this before, enough with the stupid secret agent shit, just tell me you got the Doc’s weird goo and that you’re coming home.” The voice replied after a deep exhale.

“Hey fuck you Rick I’m the one here putting my ass on the line, let me at least have fun with it.” Lisa snapped back, landing with a thud after jumping from the fire escape railing and transitioning into a full sprint.

“How long we got till that alarm goes off?” Lisa asked, dashing over alleyway debris.

“Like 5 minutes, you should be clear by then, oh and don’t get any of that goo on you, the doc’s coat was apparently stuck to him for 2 weeks when he spilled it” the man on the other side replied, but before the crackle of the ended communication could ring out, the wailing of a siren rudely interjected.

“Well shit, so much for 5 minutes”

Lisa rounded the corner, only to be greeted by a wall of flashing red and blue lights, NYPD badges and drawn firearms. Instinctually, Lisa sidestepped forcefully, pumping her muscular limbs and accelerating quickly into a sprint. The clack of her combat boots left an echoing trail as she approached an intersection between four buildings, and her top of the line sports bra kept her large silicone breasts in place.

Daphne, now a safe distance from the doctor’s office, slowed from her excitement skipping down to a gentle stroll with her head tilted down following the directions on her phone. Ignorant to her surroundings, the model waltzed into the intersection of 4 alleyways, still glaring at her phone which struggled to keep signal while surrounded by concrete.

“Stupid thing, ugh come on.”

Daphne groaned, aggressively tapping the screen with her press on nails. Letting out a loud and disgruntled sigh, she scanned the directions to her left, then her right, greeted by only more brick jungles and dumpsters, taking a few more looks in each direction before a growing tapping noise in front of her caught her attention. It came from the same direction as the sirens which she had become accustomed to after years in the city, but now piqued her interest. The tapping grew, and Daphne squinted toward the alley in front of her. The tapping was upped to a thump, and from the darkness in front of her, a silhouette emerged. Within seconds of her noticing, the silhouette emerged from the dark, the shape of a woman dressed in all black, a full, muscular frame and thick soled boots was now metres in front of her, and only accelerating. By the time

Daphne could make out her face, the silhouette took on a look of horror past its raven hair, each woman realising their impending collision simultaneously.

“Shit, MOVE!” Lisa screamed, desperately trying to slow down, but losing grip from the wet ground and her extreme speed kept her from stopping. Across from her, Daphne was frozen in shock, and was stuck completely still, unable to react and move her body in time.

In an instant, the pair collided with both of their massive chests making first contact, and absorbing much of the impact. Daphne’s freshly implanted breasts were barreled into by Lisa’s massive tits, the force pushing the model over, with Lisa following her on the way down. From under her arm, the vial of mysterious liquid Lisa had stolen shattered, expelling its contents over the impact area, coating the top of their breasts. The pair slammed into the ground, Daphne on the bottom narrowly escaping injury with a bag of garbage and her own butt cushioning her fall for her head and lower back respectively. Lisa suffered only shock, with Daphne’s soft, curvy body breaking her fall, with the pair now laying face to face, their foreheads and lips making gentle contact, rubbing softly for a few seconds as they each caught their breath. Lisa was the first to try and get up, retracting her legs and planting her palms into the ground to push upwards.

“Look where you’re fucking standing bitch” she spat, desperately trying to get to her feet, but as she palmed the ground and raised her legs to stand, she was met with a strong resistant, causing her to stumble and fall back down on top of Daphne.

“Fuck’s sake, LET GO! Can’t you see the cops are on me or are you just slow?” Lisa bellowed from only a few inches above Daphne’s face.

“I’m not holding you, it has to be you, did you like, get something tangled or something.”

Daphne said. The concoction continued to seep over the women’s breasts, now running down the sides, eating away at their clothing like acid before pooling on Daphne’s chest.

The model scanned for what had entangled them, her handbag, a belt, even her Marc Jacobs handbag, but rather only found both her and Lisa’s breasts now bare where they were once covered.

“And you tore my shirt you bitch! Oh my god that was VERSACE!”

Daphne squealed at a high pitch before kicking and thrashing with Lisa still atop her, wildly trying to untangle herself from the burglar.

“Yeah, like doing that will help.” Lisa muttered, reaching for a pocket torch tucked into her belt, and pointing it downward at the mechanical bull she was stuck riding. As light pierced through the shade of the evening alley, Lisa finally could see her situation properly where her breasts had apparently burst through her clothing and were tightly pressed against those of the woman below her. For a brief moment the burglar was stunned at the size of the model’s breasts, never before had she seen a woman with a rack that matched hers, but Daphne’s even, by a small margin, trumped her own. Her brief moment of amazement, jealousy and slight arousal was quickly interrupted by the rude reminder of officer radio chatter and stomping footsteps growing behind her. She panned the light to a different angle and leaned her head to the side, now realising the gravity of her situation. The edge of her breast was now obscured, instead her skin now flowed smoothly into that of the woman below. Their tits were fused together. Lisa lifted herself gently, still holding the light, and to her horror the now shared bustline rose as her breasts pulled Daphne’s upward. A faint green hue coated the surface of their tits, still dripping in streaks in parts down the side.

“Fucking Rick was right.”

Daphne struggled to see as clearly as Lisa, but from the bit of light she did get and the feeling in their now united chest, she eventually came to the same realisation.

“What the fuck? Are our tits inside each other? How is this like even possible?” Daphne asked in between breaths, calming down from her thrashing fit moments earlier.

“He said it only made shit stick together, not fuse together, fuck’s sake I’m stuck to some bimbo’s oversized tits”

“Um excuse me what bimbo do you see? These tits are perfect, I paid top dollar for the best underground black market surgeon money can buy, unlike your hard rocks.” Daphne retorted before a booming voice echoed from behind the pair.

“NYPD, HANDS WHERE I CAN SEE ‘EM, STAY ON THE GROUND”

“Shit.” Lisa and Daphne said in unison.

Shortly, the pair were handcuffed by a hoard of very confused police officers, placed in the back of the van and taken to the local station. Processing proved difficult, with the pair having to explain the incident multiple times to different police staff, each believing them less than the last, despite the evident proof of their conjoined breasts. Lisa was quickly identified as the renowned and wanted burglar Lisa Lipps with an array of B & E’s matched to her face or DNA, but until now she had eluded police. Less

attention was paid to Daphne, simply being the other woman attached to the wanted criminal, an omission which frustrated the model who was used to being the centre of attention. Questions were raised during questioning on the ethics of locking up Lisa with the other woman now attached to her in a package deal with police ultimately opting to hold both of them on remand in a holding cell until a court could decide on the matter. Two beds were arranged to be placed side by side, giving enough room for each woman to lay down comfortably while being stuck facing each other. After hours of going through police processing and rigorous questioning, the pair were exhausted, quickly falling asleep until late morning despite their distressing circumstances.

It was almost noon when Lisa was the first to wake. Her eyes opened to see Daphne's face directly in front of her, their noses mere inches from each other as Lisa could feel the hot breath blowing onto her face. It took almost a minute for Lisa to come to her senses, break through the morning brain fog and realise she was still stuck to this woman by her tits. The womens' busts had grown slightly more merged together, with several more inches of breast tissue absorbed into each other, their nipples completely obscured and presumably disappeared. Lisa jolted with the realisation.

"Aughhh fuck" Lisa forced through gritted teeth, immeasurably frustrated that this whole incident couldn't have just been a bad dream. Lisa tried to roll over to stand as her intuition guided her to do, but the immense weight of the curvaceous model she now shared a bustline with kept her anchored to the bed, only stretching their breasts slightly before snapping back into place. Lisa placed her hands onto Daphne's shoulders and pressed hard while pulling herself away, desperately trying to separate herself. Her arms stayed just shy of full extension, Lisa pushed hard, hooking one of her feet around the leg of the bed for added stability. Nothing. Their rigid, fake breasts remained bonded at the tip, although with a visible dip and rise like a valley which kept some indication of where one woman's breast began and the other's ended. All the shoving, pulling and grunting woke Daphne, whose eyes fluttered open innocently, not yet having her own moment of realisation. As her eyes scanned her surroundings, Daphne seemed to ignore Lisa, instead gazing around the room, the bed the two were laying on, and her own body, admiring it while running her hand down the length of her leg before giving her soft ass a gentle squeeze.

"Hello? Fuck are you looking at?" Lisa spat while throwing her shoulder into the other woman to get her attention.

"Hm? Oh sorry didn't see you there." Daphne responded, still avoiding eye contact as she was now infatuated with the light fixture on the ceiling.

“You know if you just moved out of the goddamn way this wouldn’t be happening.” Lisa said

“What wouldn’t be happening? I don’t have aaaaany idea what you mean?”

“Our tits you idiot, christ did you get a brain injury in your fall? Our tits are fucking stuck together.”

“Oh thaaaat, haha yeah I guess so, but then I wouldn’t get to do this” Daphne teased, raising her hands to the side of her breasts, pushing them into each other before pressing her chest forward into Lisa, causing the burglar’s bust to fall in on itself and flatten, while the model’s seemed to stay full and proud.

“Its so fun pushing my titties into smaller ones, I never got to do this before, but now we get to do it aaallll the time girl!”

Lisa was as confused as she was angry, managing only to squeeze out a few incoherent grunts and half-started sentences before finally completing a phrase.

“You stupid bitch, you’re such a bimbo, get the fuck off me” Lisa stabbed back, raising her only free arm, her right, to shove Daphne back away from her, the model immediately retorted.

“Oooh are we gonna have a little bitch fight? I’m so excited I’ve always wanted to do one of these!” she responded before throwing out her own arm in an identical shove, only slightly less powerful than the muscular Lisa.

“Am I doing it right? Or is it more like this?” Daphne asked sarcastically, before lifting herself up from the bed slightly, just enough to free her other arm and throw another, two-handed shove, pushing Lisa back several inches and causing their merged tits to stretch out, but still keeping the two women locked hopelessly close together.

“How fucking dare you slut, what are you even? A hooker? Or are you just a bratty whore for free?” the burglar spat, prompting a sharp gasp of offence from the woman she was stuck to.

“Slut-shaming from the cat burglar hmmm? OnlyFans is way better than that, at least I’m making hot ass content for guys to jack off to, you just steal wallets and stuff, like, I pay taxes girl” Daphne responded

“Do you know how much I have to train to get in shape to do this job? I’m in the gym 6 days a week to scale fucking skyscrapers while you do what? Eat Chick-Fil-A and take pictures of your ass for lonely losers?”

“Maybe that’s why I’m thick and hot and you look like a man babe.” Daphne interjected through raised eyebrows and a smug grin. Two seconds of silence filled the air as Lisa’s face shifted from a shocked expression with her mouth agape and eyes widened, to a furrowed brow and a clenched jaw.

“You’ve fucking asked for it.” Lisa growled in a raspy tone, before lunging forcefully towards Daphne, tapping into her Jiu Jitsu training to grab both of her shoulders and twist herself around to be in a mounted position on top of the model. The burglar easily overpowered her opponent, getting in a dominant and controlling stance, now with her legs interlocked around one of Daphne’s, restricting her movement and further pinning her to the bed.

“Oooh this is so fun, oh yeah baby, dominate meeeee it’s so niceee.” the model teased, raising her hands with what little mobility she had to reach up to their merged breasts, grabbing them from the side and shaking them back and forth. Lisa immediately moved her hands from the model’s shoulders, to her wrists, pinning them too to the firm bed. Lisa now had full control over the other woman’s movement, but too was limited herself with no free hands to do anything with. Daphne, with her bodily movement entirely impaired, was still only a few inches away from Lisa’s face, a position prompting her to stick her tongue out, flicking it through the air and nearly brushing against the burglar’s tightly pursed lips. Lisa flinched backwards in response, creating as much distance as she could while limited by their joined breasts. Daphne raised her head up off the bed to get closer, craning her neck forward and successfully getting within distance of Lisa’s mouth and running her tongue the length of her mouth, trying to force it through into the burglar’s mouth.

“Quit being such a tease oh my godddd, I just wanna taste.” Daphne teased as Lisa released one hand from Daphne’s wrist, raising it to forcefully shove her face away which got the model’s saliva all over her hand. Daphne took the opportunity as Lisa was wiping her hand clean to move her now free hand to the back of Lisa’s head, taking a fistfull of her dark hair and playfully tugging on it.

“I bet you’re a girl who’s into a bit of hair pulling right? So rough and dominant on the outside but deep down you just loove getting humiliated.” Daphne said through a smirk

“Get. Your fucking hand. Off my hair.” Lisa snarled

“Oh come onnn, here let’s just try it”

Daphne yanked the burglar’s hair back aggressively, causing her to lean her head back further to reduce the tension, but the model just kept pulling. Lisa’s leaning caused their fused breasts to stretch out as far as they would go, keeping Lisa within arm’s reach. The women were locked in the position, Lisa unable to lean back any further away from the tension as she was held in place by their united bustline. The burglar threw her hands behind her head and grabbed hold of Daphne’s wrists, pulling them up and towards her own head to relieve the pain, her strength in the motion pulling Daphne upwards by her arms, bringing their faces a mere few inches apart, a position the model pounced on. As she tried to pry open each of Daphne’s fingers off her hair, Lisa felt the model’s tongue invade her mouth, shooting forcefully past her lips and immediately swiping across the inside, rubbing across all sides of her own tongue, before sliding to the top and pinning it down to the bottom of her mouth. Daphne leaned even closer to fit more of her tongue inside, pursuing her lips tight around Lisa’s, sealing them together hopelessly. Lisa’s eyes grew wide in shock as she stayed still for a few moments, trying to resist the pleasure of Daphne’s tongue dominating her own. This primal sensation was quickly overpowered by rage. Furious, violent anger filled her body, culminating as she removed her hands from Daphne’s wrist and shot them into her shoulders, not in a shove, but more of an open-palm punch which sent the model backward, breaking the seal on their lips as she thud onto the mattress which, by virtue of their shared tits, also pulled Lisa back to land on top of her, squishing and compressing their breasts into each other as they bulged out to the sides. To avoid a repeat, Lisa kept her head craned back, as far from Daphne’s as possible.

“Oh my goooood, so aggressive... I like that.” Daphne continued to tease before raising her arms and slamming them down into a loud slap on Lisa’s toned ass which felt starkly different from the soft, pillowy mass the Daphne was used to groping and playing with herself in the shower.

“It’s so hard, guess you weren’t lying about t-” Daphne was interrupted by Lisa’s open palm striking her across the face, the sound echoing off the cell walls even louder than Daphne’s, pushing the model’s face to the side and leaving a bright red marking on her cheek.

“Don’t you fucking touch me like that again.” Lisa spat through gritted teeth.

“OWWWWWW that really hurt you psycho bitch! What was that for?? I was just playing around” Daphne pleaded.

The commotion from the pair's conflict attracted the prison guards who marched down the hallway running their batons along the metal bars of each cell.

"Since you idiots can't seem to keep quiet, shower time for everyone, up up up, come on, don't look at me, look at them, this ain't my fault, blame them, and it's Wednesday so you know it's cold water. I don't make the rules. Evans, up. Lopez, up. Come on Come on."

The guard stopped outside of Lisa and Daphne's cell, gently tapping his baton against the lock on the door.

"Sorry girls, them's the rules, no exceptions for freaks, you gon' learn. Now get up, shower is down the hall on the left, move it along."

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Dozens of bodies filled the communal shower space, separated only by thin ceramic dividers which created a tiny space only large enough for a single inmate to fit inside. Daphne and Lisa, who were among the last to enter the room, awkwardly shuffling as the burglar walked forward and the model was forced to walk backwards, almost bumping into the guard who stood just after the doorway.

"Clothes off." the warden ordered.

Daphne's eyes opened wide and darted to Lisa's with a mischievous grin

"Get fucked, I'm keeping my underwear on." the burglar replied. The guard raised her baton and slung it over her shoulder.

"Off."

Lisa scowled at the guard as Daphne was already raising her legs to step out of her bottoms, her knee pressing their shared breasts upward, almost pushing into the burglar's chin. Daphne's skirt and panties were now in her hand as she spun them around her finger while maintaining eye contact with the woman across from her.

"You heard the lady, totalllyyyy naked babe."

"Call me that again and I'll break your nose."

“So feisty, only makes you hotter, you know.” Daphne bit the air in front of Lisa’s nose, causing her to flinch backward and raise her hand in defence, as if primed to strike the model again.

“Oh my god relaxxx, can’t you take a joke? Now come on get those ugly cargo pants off. I need a shower so bad you don’t even know.”

Daphne flung her underwear across the room into the laundry pile of the other inmates, her pink lace lingerie in stark contrast to the stained briefs and boxers of the other prisoners’ uniform. She also quickly removed her top, which was already hopelessly damaged from the chemical burn and tossed it haphazardly. Daphne now stood, for the first time, completely naked in front of Lisa. Her ample curves now on full display, her wide hips and pudgy thighs seemed to fill the entire room, arching and waving in perfect form, surrounding her freshly shaven pussy, which she seemed to present confidently in Lisa’s direction, pushing her hips forward. Lisa’s view of this was obscured by their fused bustline, but she couldn’t resist craning her head around to take a peek, a move that didn’t go unnoticed.

“Like what you see? I’m sure it’s much nicer than whatever you’ve got going on down there, I take pride in this pussy, you know.” Daphne taunted while gently slapping the outside of her labia. Lisa furrowed her brow and stared back deeply at the woman attached to her tits. In an instant the burglar dropped her pants and underwear to the floor in one motion, stepped out of them and swept the pile of clothes into the wall with her foot, revealing her own pussy in response. Daphne similarly craned her head around and down to compare.

“Haha oh my gosh, girl do you even shave that thing? It’s like a jungle down there.” Daphne giggled. Lisa threw her top away in equal fervour, before placing her hands on her hips and leaning towards the model’s face.

“That’s a real woman’s pussy, whore.”

“Get in the fucking shower you two, I don’t have time for this.” the guard ordered, slapping her baton firmly into Daphne’s ass, which rippled from the impact.

The women shuffled into the shower carefully, with Daphne backing in first, her round and supple ass squished and pressed up against the tiled wall, expanding outwards. The showerhead craned overhead, pouring down directly on top of their breasts, the frigid water made each girl flinch backwards, but Daphne had no room to move and Lisa was snapped back into the cold by their bound breasts. The guard tossed a bar of soap underhand into their stall which landed on the ground at Daphne’s feet, the

women awkwardly squatting in unison to try and pick it up, their arms getting in each other's way, but eventually Lisa got a grip on the bar. The burglar kept her eyes glued to the ceiling as she raised her arm and began scrubbing along her forearms and armpits, rinsing out under the water. Daphne stood firmly, staring into Lisa's eyes, who tried her best to ignore the gaze of the model. Lisa continued, reaching as far down her legs as she could without bending down, which would require coordination with the woman across from her. Daphne cleared her throat.

"What's *your* problem? Lisa said through a scowl

"I need to shower too girl, but you're hogging all the soap."

"Fine, here." Lisa replied, handing the bar over.

"Thank youuuu" the model sang, taking the soap immediately to their melded bustline. Daphne ran the bar over the top of their breasts, scrubbing back and forth, creating a pile of bubbles that dotted their shared cleavage, sliding and falling down between their tits.

"That's where you *desperately* needed to wash first?" Lisa said in an unamused tone

"Yeahhh, it got all sweaty during our little tussle, you're so hot when you're mad, feisty girl" Daphne teased, sliding her hand up and down the inside of the gap of their fused tits, shaking them back and forth, the ripples flowing and crashing into each girl's chest like waves crashing into a shore.

"You're a real pervert you know, ever since we got stuck like this you couldn't keep your hands off me." Lisa said coldly.

"Oh of courseeee, this is a once in a lifetime opportunity, I mean how often do you get to be this close to someone, it's kinda hot." Daphne trailed off, continuing to soap up her body, running her sudsy hands over her upper chest and midriff, her movements gently tugging their breasts apart and pulling them back in pressed together.

"Here, I need you to get my back." Daphne said, extending her arm and presenting the bar of soap back to the burglar, who rolled her eyes and hesitated for a moment, before taking the bar. Lisa leaned forward slightly to reach behind the woman attached to her bust, with Daphne doing the same to keep her back off the shower wall. The pair's breasts mashed together firmly, squishing together and displacing outwards, bringing their faces close together once again, to which Lisa leaned her head to the side to avoid a similar situation to earlier. Lisa gingerly ran the soap along Daphne's spine, up

and down, stopping at her tailbone and running up in a circular motion towards her shoulder blades. Lisa repeated this a few time, before leaning back again and continuing to wash herself.

“Missed a spot.” Daphne interjected, Lisa sighed

“Where.”

“Go back and I’ll direct you.”

Lisa audibly rolled her eyes once again, before reluctantly leaning forward and placing the soap in the small of Daphne’s back.

“Where now”

“Downnnnn”

Lisa lowered the soap to the model’s tailbone and began scrubbing in the circular motion again.

“Lowerrrrrr” Daphne whined, shimmying her shoulders back and forth, twisting and grinding their soapy breasts against each other.

“You want me to wash your ass?”

“Yep!” Daphne retorted excitedly. Desperate to get out of her current scenario, Lisa reluctantly obliged, lowering the soap further and sliding it over the model’s curvy butt. As the bar slid further down, the bouncy flesh protruded further outward as Lisa ran along the curve of the model’s ass.

“There you go, that’s the spot.” Daphne said in a pleased tone.

With her face obscured from Daphne’s view, Lisa began to blush faintly, shocked at the soft rear she felt, its size and shape amazing her.

“I’ve squatted for years and I don’t have an ass like this.” The burglar thought to herself. “She probably just eats cakes and shit, not fucking fair.” In her shock, Lisa’s grip failed her, the soap escaping from her grip, in an effort to recover the falling bar, she lunged forward as much as her new bodily configuration allowed, swinging her arm to try and catch it, but failing. In her movement, Lisa accidentally grabbed a fistful of

the model's ass, and pressed her forward into the wall, trapping her hand and pushing it further into the soft flesh.

"Oh my, liked what you felt eh, I knew you wanted to." Daphne said in a sultry tone.

Lisa froze for a moment, shocked at what she had done and trapped in a suppressed pleasure, groping the woman attached to her breasts, Daphne's ass squished through the gaps of her fingers, still gently jiggling and shaking after their impact. The burglar and the model now stood with their faces mere centimetres apart, a large amount of their combined weight put onto Daphne's ass which pressed into the shower wall, expanding even further outward with Lisa's hand pinned in between. Lisa finally snapped out of her trance with a jolt, shooting backwards to take her weight off the model.

"Don't flatter yourself, I just slipped"

"Yeahhhh totally, I know you can't resist all of this" Daphne teased once again, leaning forwards towards Lisa, squishing their breasts together once again, bulging at the seam of their fusion. The model then reached around behind Lisa, gently stroking and squeezing the muscular and shapely rear of Lisa.

"Wow girl, it's so harrd, are you tense?" Daphne asked innocently

"No. I just built my body with a clean diet and years in the gym, not just pastries." Lisa snapped"

"Ohh I see how it is", Daphne took some of the weight off their merged breasts to stand tall, placing her hands on her hips. The model lowered her voice and stared deeply into Lisa's eyes.

"You're jealous of my body aren't you."

Lisa scoffed audibly and rolled her eyes, placing her hands in the same position before returning her gaze back directly towards Daphne's.

"Why would I wanna be a fat, plastic barbie doll."

"Ohhhhh, but you doooo don't you, we both got our chests done but you wish you could have an ass and hips like mine. Even my surgeon's got you beat."

"In your fuckin dreams, you have any idea how many cc's these are?"

“Less than mine that’s for sure-” Daphne was interrupted by the banging of a baton on the shower wall.

“Shut it you two, 3 minutes left in there until I’m shutting the water off, hurry up.” the warden yelled.

Daphne and Lisa stayed staring at each other for several moments, until Lisa finally broke first, using her foot to slide the bar of soap up using the corner of the wall before flicking it up into her hand with coordinated elegance. The burglar continued to wash herself hastily, swiping the soap across her form quickly, keeping her gaze to her body only and limiting her movements to avoid needing her body partner’s cooperation . The muscular woman quickly finished before offering the soap to Daphne, who shook her head in rejection.

“I’m plenty clean girl.”

The women backed out of the cramped shower stall as a warden tossed a coarse towel and two pairs of orange jumpsuits at them.

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Hours passed and the girls returned to their cell, once again laying facing each other on their jerry rigged double bed. Their jumpsuits had been stripped off to cope with the heat in the poorly ventilated cell. Every wriggle and fidget by one could be felt by the other through their combined bustline, the tension from their shower tussle still filled the air. The pair had not spoken since, Lisa out of anger and jealousy, and Daphne largely to let the tension continue to build, trying to finally crack Lisa’s harsh demeanour. It was the same purpose the model had been deliberately shifting herself around frequently, never letting the burglar get comfortable in the still and quiet. Moving her arm out from under her side, swapping the position of her legs, scratching an imaginary itch on her eye, at consistent intervals, Daphne would do something to antagonise the burglar. Until she cracked.

“Will you sit still for one fucking second?” Lisa spat

“Oh I’m sorry, am I disturbing you?”

“I know what you’re trying to do you dumb bimbo, you’re about as subtle as a brick to the face.”

“Well only one of us looks like we’ve actually been hit with one.” Daphne added, her eyes trailing off to unassumingly scan the room.

“Fuck was that you bitch?” Lisa scowled

“All I’m saying is you’ve been on edge because you’ve got smaller tits, an ass like concrete and a face like... well that. You’ve been painfully jealous of me since we got stuck, girl, just admit it.” Daphne said, wrapping her arms around the back of Lisa and pulling her in closer, whilst pushing her chest out proudly to squish their breasts together once again.

“You have nothing for me to be jealous of, whore, I know that I’m better than you and always will be.”

“Prove it then, fight back” Daphne said in an unusually serious tone, genuinely challenging the burglar to their special competition. The burglar didn’t hesitate to reply, utilising her superior strength and pushing off the ground with her leg to roll on top of Daphne, now lying on top of her. Lisa’s toned and muscular body was pressed into the soft, chubby curves of the model, her abs rubbing gently against Daphne’s bouncy abdomen. The model let out a little giggle of excitement as Lisa mounted her and pressed her chest down, compressing their conjoined breasts and forcing soft, jiggly flesh out to the sides. Lisa pressed harder, twisting and grinding into Daphne’s chest like a pestle into a mortar crushing herbs.

“What was that about smaller tits ay bitch?” Lisa taunted as she sat up slightly, pulling their breasts to be slightly taut

“Oh puh-lease, look at this, this is aadllll me” Daphne retorted, reaching upward to hold their merged bustline, squeezing it inward from the sides and shaking it back and forth, causing a gentle ripple that flowed into each woman’s chest.

“You’re so full of yourself you know that? Lisa said, crashing her mammaries and Daphne’s hands along with them back down into the model’s chest.

“You stand there like a deer in headlights, get me caught by the cops, get my tits stuck to yours and now you wanna act like you’re so better than me? Not happening bitch.” Daphne was hopelessly pinned, a situation that Lisa thought would bring shame and humiliation, but instead the model was beaming, grinning ear to ear as the burglar continued to slam and press their merged tits into her chest. The sensitivity from their

fused and now disappeared nipples still remained, seemingly from inside their breasts, every press, twist, grind and tug stimulating those same nerves, only amplified through a feedback loop of pleasure between the two busts. It was a feeling Daphne relished in, laughing and moaning loudly in euphoria as Lisa desperately tried to dominate her, an effort achieved physically, but certainly not psychologically.

“Fuck me, you’re such a pervert too, are you seriously getting off to this?”

“With a woman like you on top of me, how could I not- OH my god” Daphne was interrupted by another assault from the woman mounting her.

“Safe to say I’ve shown you who’s boss, bustier, more dominant, whatever else you like.” Lisa leaned in closer, her nose gently brushing and stroking Daphne’s, their lips mere centimetres from each other as they exchanged hot breath for a fraction of a moment before she continued.

“Aint that right Daphne?”

The model giggled innocently once again before she started.

“Not just yeeeeet~” she replied in a sing-songy tone, before shooting her tongue directly into Lisa’s mouth, raising her hands to the back of the woman’s head and pulling it towards her own while pushing her face upwards forcefully. Daphne’s soft, supple lips created a seal around Lisa’s mouth, locking them together in the embrace. Lisa was stunned for a moment, then furious, desperately trying to pull her head upwards and away from the kiss, but Daphne’s grasp held her in place as the model’s tongue swept across the inside of her mouth, searching for her tongue before finding it, and quickly pinning it to the bottom of Lisa’s mouth. While Lisa was on top in the tactically dominant mounted position, Daphne’s surprise attack placed her at a unique advantage, stunning the convict who could now only focus from trying to free herself from the kiss. Daphne pounced on her opportunity, raising her leg up and over Lisa’s before locking it in between and throwing herself to the side, rolling herself over on top of Lisa, all the while maintaining the powerful kiss. Once she had cemented herself now in the mounted position over Lisa, Daphne finally released her hands and pulled away from the kiss, leaving a trail of saliva between their lips that stretched for several inches before breaking and coating Lisa’s upper chest. The pair both gasped for air, Daphne doing so with an enormous grin and Lisa while swiping spit and lipstick off her face.

“You dirty whore, how fucking dare you.” Lisa spat, her eyebrows furrowed as she held deep, furious eye contact with the model laying over her, who giggled once again and started.

“Whoops, you got a little too close so I got excited, sorry babe!” Daphne teased back.

“Fuckin’ bitch” Lisa grumbled fiercely before raising her arm up behind Daphne’s head and forcefully slamming it back down in a firm slap onto the model’s ass, her panties providing little protection from the strike which rung out with a sharp, fleshy echo across the cell walls. Daphne’s rounded behind jiggled for several seconds, she had hardly felt any pain at all with the cushioning from a solid layer of fat placed in the most flattering area. The model shrieked out in surprise and pleasure, releasing a high pitched squeal which transitioned into a pleasurable moan.

The echoing sounds of moans and grunts filled the halls of the prison, for every inmate to hear. Particularly the warden, who sat in her office chair in front of several surveillance monitors, but with her eyes glued to the girls’ cell camera, and her hand between her legs.

The fight lasted hours, deep into the night as the girls mashed their merged breasts into each other, pulling away as far as they could before slamming into each other, pressing and grinding aggressively. The fight had its consequences. When the two women finally awoke, late in the morning, they were close, each of their faces only a few inches from the other. But the biggest change was their bustline. Where their breasts were once fused only at the section at the front of their tits, they were now entirely merged, forming two round masses with an indistinguishable dividing line. Instead of dipping into a valley in the centre like before, their breasts now arched upwards into a peak, before falling back down into their chests. The girls’ racks now were truly one, rather than two merely stuck together, they were a single, soft, jiggling mass of immense size. Yet again, Lisa woke up first, immediately shocked at the proximity of her face to Daphne’s. The burglar, still physically exhausted from their extensive titfight the night before, struggled to come to life, scanning her surroundings first, before eyeing down toward her bustline. Lisa’s eyes widened as she silently screamed inside, but her feelings only remained silent for a moment. Loud expletives shot off the hallway walls, spilling into every cell of the prison, and immediately waking Daphne.

“Why are you screamingggg? Can you keep quiet? I’m trying to sleep.” Daphne said through a gravelly morning voice.

“LOOK AT OUR TITS YOU IDIOT”

“Oh, yeah, you only just noticed? Girl that happened like halfway through our little tussle, were you really that caught up in fucking me you didn’t even notice them melt together a ‘lil more?”

“Wha- I did no-, we were NOT fucking” Lisa was quiet for a few moments.

“Why didn’t you say anything then? Get a doctor or some shit?”

“Cuz, it’s fun being stuck to you, you’re easy to rile up and play with our tits when you’re mad, what’s not to love. Plus you’re pretty hot.”

Lisa was quiet, avoiding eye contact for as long as she could, a task that was impossible with the model breathing down her mouth. Eventually she looked back and Daphne started again.

“Plus someone from the cell across the hall told me while you were sleeping that they like can’t keep us here for any longer, imprisonment without trial or something, but I didn’t even do anything so they can’t keep me in jail. My cousin’s a lawyer she’ll get us out.”

Lisa relaxed her shoulders and unclenched her jaw, falling back down on top of the model, pressing their unified tits out even further.

“Yeah, let’s do that. In 10 minutes.”

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8 months later...

“No you gotta stick your ass out more, what do you do all those squats for if you’re not gonna arch girl, and get your hand on your hip too.” Daphne ordered

“I thought we were only doing this until we found work, why do I still have to degrade myself like this?” Lisa snapped back

“Oh don’t kid yourself, you love the attention, and the money doesn’t hurt either.” Daphne replied

“That’s about all this whore shit is good for.” Lisa protested, before arching her back, flexing her glutes and smiling. The hot white flash of a camera shutter illuminated the room for a millisecond.

“That’s perfect ladies, can we get a shot of the boobs now?”

The women shuffled smoothly and in sync with each other to pose side-on with the camera, placing their hands under their shared tits and holding them up slightly, each pulling their model face.

“Is that all?” Lisa asked coldly.

“Yeah that’s it for the photos, we can bring the guy in now.”

“Guy? What guy, did you do this Daph?”

Daphne giggled loudly, her chest rising and falling caused their bustline to shake and ripple more than ever.

“Whoops, did I forget to mention that? Do you have any idea how many people want a tittyfuck scene from us? Who would I be if I didn’t give the people what they wanted?”

“A decent business partner maybe, tell me about this shit next time.” Lisa replied

“Yeah yeah alright, just wait till you see this guy, might change your mind.”

“I doubt it-” Lisa stopped at the rustling of a curtain and the emergence of a tall, slender figure. Her eyes darted downwards, and her jaw dropped.”

“Holy shit.” the women said in unison, before excitedly and awkwardly dashing towards the man with open arms.

Fin