

# Tits

By Alex Streuth

Illustrated by Dr. Benway

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"Tits," he called casually, looking at the girl, "long time no see, how've you been?"

She blushed, still not quite used to the moniker, and also a bit embarrassed and flushed at the attention. She kept her gaze down, not looking above the Man's feet... and idly swung her hips a bit, which caused her chest to bobble, by way of greeting.

The man nodded softly, as though responding to an unheard "I've been doing well, Sir, just hanging in there..." as the breasts wobbled back and forth.

A bit more about the girl: She is 4' 9" tall, with smooth, fair skin, and she's worn a rubber hood over her head for the past four months... This hood has a cable that winds down from the front, slipping down her neckline, to bury between her massive mammaries which are always on display... The clothing she wears has cut-outs for her tits, giving her coverage only over the rest of her body. She is well draped from head to toe, exposing only her breast skin and the area above her cleavage under her head and nothing more...

Her hands are daintily clad in mittens and full arm length gloves which lead up to her dress which opens in a heart shape around her melons and then closes beneath, hiding her waist, and her lower charms from view... Her legs are fully covered by stockings and the lower part of her dress, and her hobbled feet are resplendent in high heels... When she walks it is in short, mincing steps that cause a staccato: Bouncing her breasts, causing lots of nervous energy in them...

But that cable, trailing down from her neck, into her cleavage, houses all of the things her face would provide to her... It permits her to breathe air, up through the hose of the cable, labored breathing, causing her chest to continually heave, and rebreathing, so that she can't walk quickly, or for long lengths of time, but has an adequate supply nonetheless...

She can see--The cable contains fiber-optics that transmit up into the hood... There's no depth perception since its monocular, and the view is also purposefully blurry and sepia tone, but she can make out major shapes... a Man, a tree, a doorway...

She can hear--The same fiber-optics transmit sound up into the hood... Although all pitch is transmitted flat, with little variance, so that all Men sound very similar to her, and its difficult for her to think of them as more than a collective Man... uppercase 'M' because she is dependent on them for her food and water.

She can eat and drink... small pellets of nutrition which she sucks up the tubing... She eats them out of a Man's hand... red ones are food, blue ones are water... Its never a lot at once, leaves her perpetually hungry and thirsty, and weak... She's never bound, at least not more than the hobble... So she could walk out of the town at any time... But she knows she wouldn't get far in the desert, and the red pellets have a mild narcotic she craves...

Death is not an appealing escape compared to the mild haze she lives her life in... The humiliation of being a walking

pair of tits not-with-standing... But she's getting used to that... As all Tits do...

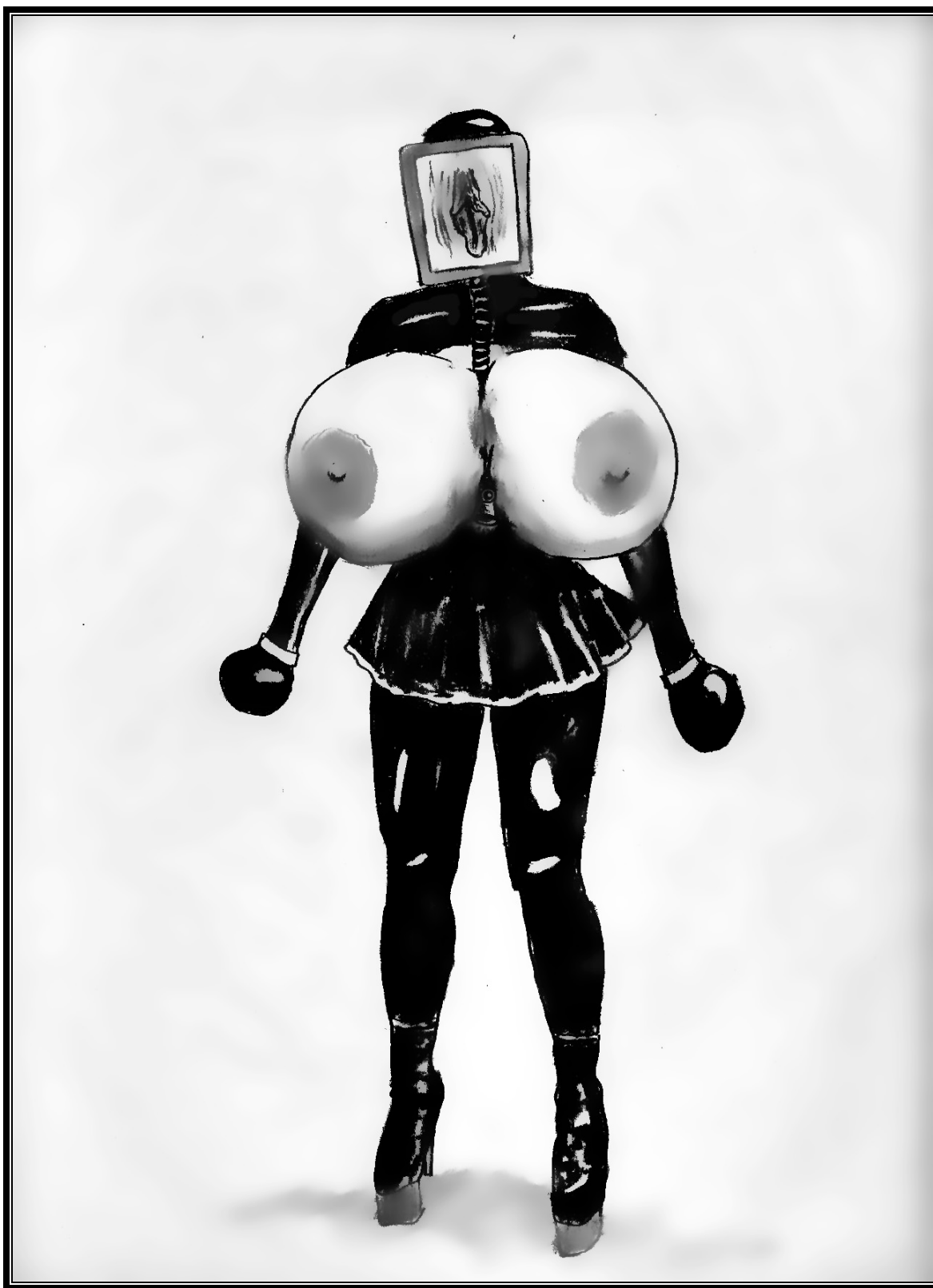
"Yeah you're looking real fine today," the Man continues, and she blushes again... A sensor inside the hood can read four basic female responses based on the environment inside the hood:

Female Response 1: Temperature increase which transmits as embarrassment and arousal.

Female Response 2: Movement of the lower half of the face, lips/mouth, which transmits as happiness and flirtation.

Female Response 3: Moisture increase, which transmits as high emotionality.

Female Response 4: Movement of the upper half of the face, eyes/eyebrows/forehead, which transmits as confusion and helplessness.



The front of the hood, where her face would go, has a display... and as the hood reads each of the four Cardinal female responses it displays a graphic to indicate the reading:

Response 1: Embarrassment and arousal indicated by graphic depiction of the woman's vulva--A video loop of the actual woman's vulva taken after a period of embarrassment. Editing presents a floating vulva against a cartoonish red/pink/peach fuzzy background growing in size to represent the magnitude of the response.

Response 2: Happiness and flirtation indicated by a 'smiling' horizontally positioned woman's vulva--A video loop of the actual woman's vulva taken after a period of induced erotic state. The vulva is plump, primed, wet, and open. As the video plays the vulva becomes more open, more red, and more wet, starting to gush if it plays long enough. Many Men like to tease a woman just to be able to say "Made you gush!"

Response 3: High emotionality as indicated by a 'weeping' vulva--a graphic video loop depicting a sad, unhappy, bloated vulva. After a few moments the vulva starts to weep, menstruating uncontrollably. If left alone the video will show a steady stream of female emotion until the female inside becomes calm.

Because an upset female is upsetting for many Men this video responds to a verbal command for the woman to 'Shut it' at which point the video depicts a large tampon being shoved into the vulva, effectively stopping its tirade. The screen then goes black for a minute and the woman inside the hood is put into a 'time out' during which period she does not receive stimuli--She is deafened, muted, and blind. When the screen returns if she is still in a state of emotionality the video will begin playing again whereupon the Man may put her in time-out again or let her 'go on the rag' for a bit, effectively humoring her.

Response 4: Confusion and helplessness as represented by the sudden interjection of a graphic representation

of a gaping vulva, taken after a period of deep and thick mechanical penetration to dilate the vulva. The vulva gradually closes up and goes back to a neutral state as the reaction reduces in magnitude.

In a state of quietude the display shows a loop of the woman's vulva during a neutral state, the loop shows it breathing, and opening and closing very slightly, seamlessly, with small quivers and differences of appearance and nuance of video providing character for each woman.

"Well its really good to see you again Tits..." The man says, watching her vulva on the screen show him her embarrassment as the background fuzzes up underneath and expands... "You're both looking especially large and full today."

She has grown since she started being here, almost four full cup sizes--and she's also grown used to being referred to in the plural, although the nuance doesn't escape her, and she reacts with Female Response 2, since this is the response she has learned is most likely to garner her some food.



The Man smiles, seeing how much she likes him, watching her vulva smile for him... And he reaches into his pocket and

takes out two red cubes and three blue ones, in a small handful... holding out his hand for her to eat from...

The tits approach his hand, almost 'sniffing' it out, and they have to move forward and embrace his hand before the feed entrance is at the palm... so buried in the valley between her tits is the optical and tubular mouth... He enjoys the sensation of her cleavage, and starts to pet her with his other hand...

"There there girls, good girls..." he says, cooing to 'both' of them... Petting first the one large mammary as it approaches him to feed, and then the other...

After he feeds them he strokes the tits some more, admiring the beasts before letting them go on their way, moving in short, shuffling steps in search of their next meal... almost 'sniffing' the air with their nipples, bouncing and bobbing in search of a Man to flirt with and feed from.

"Ahhh... to be young again," the Man sighs, wistfully, and then heads off to work--This brief encounter with the animal in the street has reminded him to get 'something nice' for his titwife back home.

He certainly enjoys the attractions that abound on the street in the form of stray tits, but the little ones he has back home are all his--he's been caring for them for over a year now and boy have they grown... He can remember it now.

"When I first took them in," he thinks... "Why I remember measuring them and weighing them, they were barely a G cup and a measly 10 pounds each... premies, really..."

He had taken them in, cared for them, rubbed them with lotion, and fed them. Its true, he works long hours so he's not really around to talk to them or read to them--as some of those 'new agey' books suggest, but he's old fashioned anyway... tits are tits, its not like they can really understand what he says to them... and he leaves the radio on sometimes.

He has a jump in his step as he reflects on how they've grown... he had to move them from the closet her kept them in at first, having a nursery added onto his house, and then

finally a greenhouse. Why, it was after he added the greenhouse that he adopted four more pairs of tits, taking them in and planting them neatly next to each other...

All of the irrigation, fertilization and soil maintenance was done almost automatically, he just pressed a few buttons here and there every once in awhile... He still liked to put the lotion on by hand...

And just think of it... He had himself some prize-winning tits now--His original titwife had grown something mighty, each of them now stacking around 30 lbs. of pure titflesh. A respectable and healthy M cup. He was almost ready to rack them.

He had the place all picked out over his mantle, a real rite of passage. He would move the tits from their place in the greenhouse and plant them again, a final time, above the mantle framed by a plaque. Since they'd be at their 'show weight' he would just give them a little 'final polishing' with a display implant and augmentation. That would nicely lift and show off the cleavage, and get them up to a final show cup size of probably an N or an O, maybe a P if he was lucky.

He whistled, thinking what a beauty she would be up there above his fireplace.

He stopped daydreaming because he had reached the office. "Time to earn the money that keeps my babies in the lifestyle to which they're accustomed," he chuckled to himself, settling down behind his desk.

Back at home, the minds and mouths of the tautly trapped and forgotten women behind those tits screamed and squirmed futilely--The ones that had been there the longest just drooled, having accepted their fate and now taking perverse senses of pride in their tit size and weight... They were looking forward to the look their owner would get in his eyes when he focused on the appearance and sheen of their breasts...

'They' were waiting for him to get home so he could polish them again--they were starting to lose their shine under the greenhouse lights and they couldn't stand not looking their

prettiest... and as they stared blankly ahead, hanging from  
their place on the chest, they longed for his attention

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