

Interspecies Tf'd Viewers

Part 1

Written by Jessie Star

Art by Red V.



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Jessie dropped the paper grocery bags full of snacks and booze on the counter, struggling out of her dripping raincoat with a huff. “Got the stuff Jen” she called to the busty brunette on her living room couch. Jen was a gaming buddy Jess had met online and eventually took to hanging out with in person, though hanging out had become kind of a spectacle for passersbys. Because even though Jess and Jenny had a lot in common on the game front, the only thing people outside would notice was that they both had a set of massive breasts. It didn’t matter that Jessie was a freckled redhead as pale as milk, or that Jennifer had dark brown hair and a lovely tan, or that Jessica found her assets annoying while Jen wished she could be even bustier. When the two of them were out together, they just looked like a wall of boob. Two natural busty gals who men and woman would whisper about, guessing that they were two gals competing in a silicone pumping competition. Which is why tonight Jess had asked they just hang out and watch some anime or something indoors. Jenn had her laptop out as she tried to figure the apps out on Jessie’s smart TV. She clicked and huffed while Jessie got the snacks together in the

kitchen.

“Sey.. scoot your booty. I need to make food,” Jessie said to her black cat, the feline’s eyes squinting at her suspiciously. “You told me I needed to make more friends, don’t get jealous” She patted the cat’s head and walked into the living room with the snack bowls. “Snacks incoming!” Jess sang as she left the kitchen.

“Jessie, where did you get this remote? It’s pretty badass?” Jennifer pressed the buttons of a very fancy universal controller, aiming it at her laptop while looking at the big screen on the wall. “It just syncs to my computer. How does it do that?” She turned her head to the side as anime girls giggled on the TV set. But Jess wasn’t amused or pleased. Her face was paler than usual, and her eyes were in shock. That was no ordinary remote. That square piece of unassuming plastic and buttons, normal to the human eye, had reality-bending powers. How had Jen found it!? Jess thought she had locked it up.

The ginger slowly lowered the snacks so she could cautiously move to Jen. “Erm, Jennie, that remote, it’s probably best you...”

“Since I got to pick the anime, I hope you’re ready for some craziness. It’s got Monster girls and lots of Oppai goodness. Fuck I’m streaming it from my laptop, but the remote put it on the TV... what kind of setup you have here, hun?” As Jenny tried to figure out the remote, she and the TV screen began to glow purple. “Uh oh, did I mess up the color?”

“Jennifer! Put it down, now!” but it was too late. Jessica’s busty brunette gaming pal was already getting sucked into the TV. “Gah, Jen, wait!” Jessie grabbed her by the ankle only to see the purple glow transfer to her arm as well. “Well, Fuuuuuu-” was all she got out as she flew towards the TV as well.

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Everything went dark. Jess found herself floating in a lightless void, her body squished and compressed into an unrecognizable shape. She couldn’t feel Jen’s ankle anymore. She couldn’t feel anything. Suddenly her flesh jumped from numb, to tingly, to feeling squeezed and smooshed and stretched. Her waist pinched in as other parts of her body plumped and filled with a gurgle and a gsssh. So, this is what it felt like to be a cartoon. Her body stretched like a balloon with warmth and fat. She wondered if getting sucked into a western cartoon felt any different from an anime or if all cartoon existence had the same, wobbly, stretchy, ssshhhhhhWWWWOOMP! She was sucked away before she could finish that thought.

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“Oooo mooomma, my frick’n head.” Jess put a hand to her skull to the source of the pain, only to find something smooth, rigid, and curved. “What the hell!” She gave a firm tug, but it pulled her head with it. “Gah, what am I, a freaking demon or something?” Jess hopped in frustration, and that’s when her predicament became ultra-clear. *WOBWOM WOBWOM*. An audible sound effect accompanied a massive shift of weight on her chest. Jessie’s huge anime eyes darted down as she tried to keep her balance, landing on the most gigantic pair of cartoon tits she’d ever seen. Attached to her chest stuffed into a cream-colored bandeau top were some truly massive animated mammaries. Each breast was the size of an exercise ball, extraordinarily bouncy and feeling very, very full.

Blompwomb “Jessie! Look how squishy I am!” Jenn giggled next to her friend, bouncing her tanned tits up and down in a green cow print bikini top.

“Jen, this isn’t funny!” Jess pressed her chest into Jen’s, trying to ignore the distinct slosh she felt inside her breasts. “Can you explain why I have tits bigger than Mount Fuji on my chest! I was big enough before this!” Jess poked her expansive cleavage and growled.

“Oh, we’re the Minotaur Girls in the anime. What great udders we have, eh?!” Jen rubbed her colossal tits against Jessie’s, their peach-pit-sized nipples mashing into each other setting off waves of pleasure and heat through their bodies.



“Jeeze!” Jess howled, pulling away, clamping her strong, plump thighs together. She tried to ignore the surging pleasure and pressure in her heated cartoon flesh. “That damn remote turned us into milk factories!”

“Oh no, no, Minotaur women don’t produce milk in this anime unless they’ve had kids, silly.” Jen poked Jess’s boob teasing her but stopped mid-laugh, looking at the wet stains on Jessie’s top. “Oh, well, I guess you might have a little one somewhere. No fair! I want milky boobs! Let me get a feel”

“Stop touching my boob!” Jessie slapped at Jen’s hands, both of the breasts bouncing around wildly from the action. “Just find the remote; we need to get out of this before the episode ends. If we’re not out of here before the episode is over, I’m not even sure someone watching will see us if your computer opens to the next thing. Now get a Moooooove on!”

The two searched and searched until the anime sun dropped behind the buildings. The city glowed with neon signs and hanging lanterns. Jess was searching on her hands and knees in the bushes, ignoring the feeling of her hot throbbing mounds dragging their electrified nipples in the dirt. “Sorry Jess, gotta head to work!”

“Work?! What do you mean work!” Jess huffed, trying to rise against her full and heaving chest, bouncing wildly in their anime jiggle physics fashion. In her frustration, she missed the old man examining a remote in his windowsill flowerbed.

“Well, Jess, as long as we’re stuck here, we need to do our jobs. A few nights as Minotaur hookers isn’t the worst thing. These aren’t even our bodies. We’re cartoons! Haven’t you ever wondered what anime sex is like?”

“But we’re not even supposed to be here!” Jess was exasperated. Her friend seemed almost excited to try out her new form with a stranger.

“When in Rome Jess!” Jennifer giggled and waltzed away.

“Jennifer! Jennifeeeer!” Jess chased after her knowing they would have to find the remote tomorrow.

That was three weeks ago now. Three weeks with no remote. Jess just hoped they hadn’t dropped it outside the TV before getting pulled in. Through the wall, she could hear Jen’s moos and moans, at least one of them had been able to get their mind off the weighty thought of life as milky maiden of the night. Holy shit, Jen sounded like beyond ok with it all.

“Oh well. Time to get to work.”