

Sierra was sitting on her friend Jeane's couch, staring utterly dumbfounded at what she was watching.

"This is what you flew me all the way down here to watch?" She asked, pointing at the flatscreen, 200 inch TV.

"Yes!! Now be quiet, I wanna hear the commentators!"

As Jeane punched her in the arm, Sierra couldn't help but feel a little bad. Titwar was Oceanland's national sport, something the entire country felt immense pride in. The Boob Bowl, the championship game, was a national holiday. She once read that there was more money put into the stadiums than every other country's GDP combined. Not to mention, Boulder Holder Stadium, where The Boob Bowl was held, took up about 60% of the entire landmass.

Jeane had explained the concept of the game while first trying to convince Sierra to come. Two teams, each with 5 girls, compete to grow their breasts as big as possible. Each girl's "uniform" if you could even call it that would comprise of pasties with their team's logo, with a chip embedded within. That chip would somehow record how much space the girl's breasts would take up. Whatever team had the most space covered in four hours won. "It's simple!" Jeane said over the phone, like she hadn't just described a whole bunch of internet perverts' wet dream.

Everything about Oceanland sounded like a porno, though. The entire population was women, all whom had breasts and butts that an Aussie like Sierra could only dream of having. Everything surrounded around sex. When she first landed in the Oceanland National Airport, there were ads that showed women holding entire bowls of chips in their cleavage, with text reading, "Hungry for the TIT GAME?" Another showed two girls, one drinking from a beer bottle that was balanced perfectly on her partner's table sized booty, with the caption, "The TIT GAME IS BETTER WITH FRIENDS DRINK BUSTRONA." Apparently The Boob Bowl was copyrighted.

Jeane was the typical Oceanlander. Long, flowing red hair, freckles all over her body, an ass that didn't quit, tits that were so big they rested in her lap whenever she sat down, and nipples that were constantly erect. Not to mention, she was strong enough to carry all of that like it was nothing. The two met as roommates in college, where Jeane was an overseas student. Sierra never once saw her put on a bra. A couple times she begged for money, trying to pay off public indecency fines. Despite her...uniqueness, Jeane quickly won over her friendship, and they kept in contact years afterwards.

That's how Sierra was sitting on a comfy couch, Jeane's right boob squeezing into her arm, watching as two women commentated ten other women doing the impossible. Blowing up their tits like they were balloons. Jeane never explained how it was done, and Sierra didn't want to know, lest she die of jealousy. The Aussie wasn't a flat girl, just...nothing like Jeane, or any other woman she passed by on the streets of Corst, the nation's capital.

"OOOOOH, AND THAT WAS A HUGE GROWTH SPURT BY CANDACE YARN!! 50 ENTIRE FEET!" One of the commentators yelled.

"YEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEAH!!! DID YOU SEE THAT?!?!?!" Sierra's entire head was almost knocked clean off as Jeane jumped to her feet, her massive breasts wobbling and bouncing, clapping together before rippling back out. She did a little victory dance, which was entirely just her shaking her bubble butt as she thrust her tits out, shimmying both glorious orbs from right to left.

Sierra, who was checking her phone, quickly switched over to the camera app and snapped a few candid photos. She had had a painful crush on her roomie that never went away. It first blossomed when the two were at a party, and blacked out together. The next morning, she found her face in between Jeane's tits, being held there like she was a teddy bear. Her cleavage was so soft and warm... She never brought it up. How could she?! But most nights, she fantasized about returning to Jeane's tits one day.

Finding herself horny out of her mind, Sierra decided to pay more...close attention to the game. The camera was focusing on a fierce battle between Candace Yarn, the Corst Cups' newest player, and Tiffany Fray, the Boob City Tigers', who had won 4 years in a row, star player. The two were pressing their breasts into each other, Candace pushing back Tiffany with her sudden growth. Even with Jeane's huge TV, the underdog's breasts couldn't completely be captured by the cameras. In the right corner was Tiffany, who was trying her best to quickly catch up. When the commentators quieted down, you could hear the crowds of fans yelling things like "PUSH HER INTO THE GROUND!" "IS THAT THE BIGGEST YOU CAN GET?!" and the constant chants of just "GROW! GROW! GROW! BIIIIIIIGGER!!" Apparently there was some sort of protective force field that separated the actual field from the stands, so that nobody got crushed. The girl's boobs were quivering, a side effect of the constant surges in size. Just as it seemed like Tiffany would catch up, a huge horn sounded, signalling halftime.

"You have to feel bad for Candace Yarn, Jane, she has the chance to put herself in the history books, and right as she's starting to really get big, she has to take a pause. You hate to see it, that's for sure." The commentator sighed.

Watching the girls' struggle for size and dominance, the cheers from the crowd, and just the sheer HUGENESS, Sierra suddenly understood

why people loved this sport. IT WAS SO FUCKING HOT. She wanted to shove her hand in her pants and jerk off that very moment. She shifted, sitting criss cross applesauce, placing her hand in her lap, right against her crotch. She wanted to start grinding against it, but...Jeane's boob was resting on that very arm. She knew that the slightest movement would set her tits wobbling like they were a security alarm. She just had to rough it out.

Due to an apparent cheating controversy ten years back, a rule was implemented that the players had to be on the field at all times. So, when the halftime show started, an absolutely gigantic woman was carried onto the top slopes of Candace's tit mountains. It took ten minutes of the forty minute show to do so.

Kelly Hourglass was apparently Oceanland's biggest pop star, and it wasn't hard to see why. Kelly's breasts and butt were incredibly round, looking like 20 foot beach balls each. As she

began to dance and sing, they all bounced and wobbled, amazingly somehow in time with the music. When her right tit would move, so would her right asscheek, like they were somehow telepathically linked. In the right corner was a small box showing the pop star's incredibly beautiful face. On the plane ride over, Sierra had read about how they would have a small camera hooked up inside Kelly's cleavage, so that there would be no accusations of lip syncing. She was confused then, but totally understood now. Her tits blocked her face! Sierra bit her lip, staring at the pop star, utterly hypnotized by the swaying of her orbs.

As if the woman's appearance and dances weren't agonizingly sexy enough, Jeane was right next to her, singing along. "YOU KNOW YOU GOTTA PUMP ME BABY, PUMP ME BABY, SQUEEZE ME, FEEL ME, TOUCH ME BABY!" God, how she wanted to. Sierra's eyes darted from the TV to her friend, who was matching the singer's dance moves in perfect boob-ass coordination. As she got more and more into the song, Jeane started to...grow. With each new, provocative lyric, Jeane's sweater puppies would push out farther from her chest. They straaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaained her Corst Cups brand bra, until it eventually went flying straight into Sierra's face.

Sierra couldn't fucking believe it. Was it the song, or...? She flashbaked to sometime during the call when Jeane mentioned she played Titwar back in highschool. What little the foreigner understood of how the girls grew, it was some sort of willpower thing with consciously controlling your body to create and shift mass, or something like that... Was Jeane doing this...on purpose? No, she couldn't...

Her phone was out again, recording the whole thing. By now her host's tits were twice as big as before, coming down to her navel, showing no signs of stopping or losing any of their perkiness any time soon. Sierra couldn't help feeling dirty, but...She couldn't stop herself. Jeane was distracted, quickly Sierra grabbed her dick and started jerking off furiously. The hottest, most wonderful girl in the universe was dancing and blowing up her tits to the incredibly horny music of another outrageously hot girl. She pumped her dick to the music, able to sync it up with Jeane's growth spurts.

"MAKE ME FEEL LIKE MY TITS ARE ON FIREE!~" Kelly sang, as in one fell swoop, Jeane spun around, lost her balance, and...fell. Her boobs bounced in slow motion, as she let out a surprised "Ahhh!" Her gigantic jugs landed right in Sierra's lap. The two let out a simultaneous moan, before dropped her phone and took her hand from out of her pants. Tears started streaming down her face, she couldn't believe she got caught.

"J-Jeane I-I'm so, so sorry, I just...Kelly, and...and your boobs started..." She was shushed, as Jeane scooted closer, pressing her boobs even harder against the soft fabric of Sierra's shorts, right against the outline of her rock hard dick.

"Do you want this...?" She asked, beginning to slowly rock her boobs.

"Y-yes..." Was all Sierra could say.

She had never taken a pair of pants off faster before in her life. Jeane cradled her boobs with

both hands, rocking forward over and over again, as Sierra's dick was fully enveloped in her tits. They felt so plush, so intoxicatingly warm, she knew she was going to become addicted to the feeling... "Ooooooh Jeane, p-please, more..." Jeane let out a little giggle, and suddenly, she started to grow again. Faster this time, Jeane had doubled her size in only a few minutes. Sierra rapidly thrust her cock into her friend(?)'s burgeoning bust over and over again, each one feeling better than the last. Sierra tried to raise her legs, but Jeane's boobs had fully overtaken them, and they too fucking big to move! Soon, Jeane's face was obscured behind her quickly inflating boob wall. A couple more thrusts, and Sierra came all over her, to the image of her crush's boobs in front of possibly the biggest boobs in the world, both growing bigger.

Jeane woke up, letting out a huge yawn. "Good morning, beauties.~" She cooed, cradling her breasts, or at least what she could hold anyway. After her recent permanent growth spurt, the 8th one this month, she had to buy a new bed to hold up her 60 footers. "And good morning..." She peered into her cleavage, expecting somebody to be snuggled up inside, but found...nobody. "Huh..."

Getting up like it was nothing, Jeane got out of bed, and descended down her massive staircase to the living room. There, she found her wife. She was on the couch, waiting for her. She had dyed her hair blue, and was wearing only Corst Cups branded pasties over her 10 foot breasts. "Good morning, wifey.~" She cooed, innocently squishing her tits into the couch.

Jeane smiled.

"Happy Boob Bowl Day, Sierra."