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High Swelling

Pffftt “God, I’ve needed this...” Haley sighed. The back of her head knocked against the wall of Ray’s room. The carpet was soft under her hands and feeling softer by the minute as she passed the blunt.

Ray grinned and nodded. “Long week?” “I swear my professors have been riding my ass! As soon as I get one thing done there’s

like...just another thing to do! Gimme a break!”

Haley let her eyes flutter closed. The marijuana wasted no time in taking effect, though

being the third blunt they had shared in the last hour, it wasn’t surprising she was starting to feel light as a feather. Sighing again, Haley spoke her mind. “We really gotta do this kind of shit more often. I miss getting baked with you like we did back in high school. Seems like there’s no time for it now... I miss it.”

With a drawn-out inhale, Ray ogled his friend with all the repressed horniness of a stoned college student. Haley had been beautiful in high school and blossomed since college. Never one to be modest about her body, or mind, she would wear revealing clothes when able. Today was no exception.

The strawberry blonde wore a pair of torn black-jean shorts and a fitting black-cotton

tank-top to match. As always the visible neon straps of her green bra teased Ray with their goodies. Cleavage was as commonly visible as her collarbones but Ray never tired of seeing whatever he could of her hand-filling breasts. Nor did he grow tired of wishing to see more. The two students were close enough and she was a relaxed enough person that she would probably take her top off if he asked, but Ray felt this would be no different than using a cheat code in a video game; it takes all the fun out of the journey. Not to mention he didn’t want to risk their friendship. In the dim light of his apartment bedroom, her cleavage was all the more tempting.

“Cough--Wow,” Ray choked, inhaling too deep. “I can’t believe we’ve gone through another one.”

“What? It’s gone??” Haley moaned, rolling her head lazily to the side. “We smoked my entire stash...” Ray nodded. “Damn. That stuff was so smooth I barely felt it go down. You gotta get some more. Or

give me the number for your guy. I’m fuckin’ high as a kite lost in space!” Haley giggled. “You’ll

hold me down if I start to float away right?"

"I'll tie you to my bed if I have to," Ray joked. He didn't realize how sexual the words sounded until he saw Haley snicker and raise an eyebrow. Strands of hair were falling in her face.

"Next you're gonna tell me you'd lay on top of me for good measure. Or that you don't have any rope and gotta use my shirt and bra."

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Ray gulped. Of the many reactions Haley had when smoking pot, heightened libido was among the most common. More often than not it led to a lot of innuendoes, teasing, and dirty jokes. Based on her eyes, he could tell this round was in full swing.

Leaning to her side towards Ray, Haley lowered her voice to a sultry tone. "I'll bet you're thinking all kinds of naughty thoughts now. Imagining me spread eagle and helpless on your bed... I'm so fuckin' baked I would probably let you do anything once you wrestled me down! Based on our past wrestling matches, though, you were always the one to get pinned."

Staring, Ray fought the temptress as best his body would allow. Deep down he knew

Haley was mostly joking, but it didn't make the situation any easier. It would make him angry if he didn't secretly enjoy it so much. In her leaning position, her arms were pressing into the side of her chest, pushing her breasts up and together from the low neckline of her tank-top. The angle made them appear large and rounded.

"Where do you think you're looking?" Haley teased further. "N-Nowhere!" Ray snapped his gaze upward but she was smirking. "I think I know where... You always look at my tits when you're stoned." Chuckling with all the maturity of a fourteen-year-old, Haley leaned further and pulled at her top. "Is it cause you're hungry? Do these look like a couple of snacks to your munchie mind? I hear boobs look bigger to guys when they're hungry. Do mine look bigger right now?"

"U-Uh--" "Ha!" Haley was too amused. Leaning back against the wall, she sighed. "God I'm high. That was the kind of weed you can feel in your chest, you know? Like a good breath that just...mmmmm...fills your lungs."

Ray watched Haley inhale and lift her breasts into the air. To his high mind, he could have sworn they were almost twice their normal size. Haley's torso was starting to look like the kind of body he might find browsing sexy pictures of busty, petite girls on the internet.

"Heh, you're doing it agai--" Haley stopped tracking her own gaze to her chest. Eyes

widening, she gasped. "Whooooaaaa! Fuckin' check me out!"

"You...You see it too?" "My tits are huge!" Haley's playful hands shot to her body and groped each boob. The

grasp forced pale skin over the neckline and out of her armholes, her bra unable to fully contain their girth. "Oh they feel so real!!"

Ray was ashamed to admit his stomach growled when she started to play with and massage them. Bordering on an H-cup, they were round and bulbous on Haley's frame.

"He... Hehehe..." Haley giggled, bouncing them in her palms. They were bigger every second. "Dude, what was in that stuff? Was it laced?? I haven't had a good weed trip in ages!" "It was just some new stuff from my guy," Ray said softly, taking in the scene. "Well you gotta get me some more! You're seeing this shit, right?? I'm so baked my boobs are blowin' up!" Haley was overcome by another round of giggles. "I've always wondered

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what it would be like to be bigger. Look at them go! It looks like I smuggled a couple melons out of the store!"

Hallucinating was one thing, but sharing the same scene was a different story. Ray couldn't place his unease but his mind was quick to override it with his interest in Haley's growing chest.

"God, that stuff was so good it's making me horny." Digging her hands into the

basketball-sized knockers, she moaned as she found her nipples through her bra cups. "My nipples are so damn...nnngh...sensitive!" She caught Ray's unblinking gaze and flushed cheeks. His quickness in looking away was amusing. "What's the matter? Too big for ya?"

"N-No, I just--" "You want to touch them?" Ray's heart leaped as the offer. Haley could sense his hesitation, though. "Aww, you're embarrassed..." Leaning towards him, she rested on her hands and pushed her growing assets between her arms. Cleavage stretched towards the floor with more than a foot in length and Ray could hear her bra straining with the motion.

"Don't be so shyyyyy," she moaned. "You know how long I've wanted to hallucinate my tits getting big? I can't believe how real they feel either. Don't you want to see?"

Creeaaaak Her bra complained as straps dug into her shoulders. The sound made Ray jump; she was only getting bigger and even her top was starting to strain. A guy could only hold out for so long.

"Why don't I help you?" Haley offered. Moving on her hands and knees, she lifted her breasts from their bases and pressed them into Ray's side. They engulfed his arm and squished over his chest as she began to rub them over his body. "Mmmmmm don't you think they feel fuuuuull?"

"H-Haley, maybe we should take it easy." As much as Ray wanted to sink his hands into her ballooning tits, he wasn't sure Haley was in the right mindset for where it could lead.

"You can touch 'em!! I don't mind! Feel how soft they are!" More than anything, Ray could feel Haley's skin stretching against his. No matter how much it shifted, however, it remained soft and plump.

"Go on!" Haley inched closer, her breath palpable on his face. Cleavage overflowed his shoulder as her chest pushed into him. "I know you've always wanted to! Sink your hands into these growing boobs... Tell me if they feel as real to you as they do to me."

"I-I want to, but--" SNAP! A shudder ran through Haley's body. The shape of her chest changed to accommodate

gravity. "Aww, my poor bra..." Haley pouted. "It just couldn't hold on any longer..." Grinning from ear to ear, she sat back on her legs and gathered her chest into her arms like a pair of beach balls. The entirety of her abdomen was on display, her tank-top riding up to contain what it could

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of her gargantuan bosom. "Do you think my shirt is next?" she giggled, her laughter sending jiggles through her bust.

Ray couldn't believe his eyes. A life-long dream was coming true yet he couldn't bring himself to act on it. Relentless as ever, Haley pressed on.

"You look like you've got a little growing of your own going on in your pants," she eyed. Rubbing a strawberry nipple through her shirt, Haley licked her lips. "Maybe these aren't too big for you, hmm? Or are you hoping they keep getting bigger?"

"I've got to get more of that weed," Ray told himself. Whatever its effects originated from, he was glad for the results.

"Mmmmm u-uh oh..." Haley swooned, struggling to control her chest. A tear opened in the front of her shirt and a painted fingernail played with the bulging skin below. "They things are...getting a little heavy!" she warned. "Ooooh I feel like I might--"

"A-Ahh! Haley!" Ray stammered when she fell forward. They two collided and a set of tits each two feet across smashed into his chest. Cleavage engulfed his chin when Haley's weight pressed on top of them, squishing her chest in all directions and out of her shirt.

"Hehehehe, whoops," she giggled, stoned beyond reason and having too much fun. "Y-You...gotta get off!" Ray panicked, feeling her cleavage massage the front of his

pants. His hands pressed into her chest to try and lift them but their weight was too great. His mistake was obvious when he felt her nipples press into his palms and his hands sink several inches into her mounds.

“NNNNNGH!!! OHHHH, RAY!!” Haley yelled out with exaggerated horniness. “I-I’m too sensitive for that!! Y-You’re going to make me COME!! I-I was just kidding around!”

“I-I’m sorry I’m sorry! I didn’t mean to--” Haley stuck her tongue out, setting her chin atop her chest. “Just kidding... Why don’t you try lifting me again?”

Ray knew he could never perform such a feat. Already she was too large and still she grew. Oddly he was reminded of their past roughhousing when she would pin him under a bean bag.

She seemed to have the same thought. “Just like old times, huh?” Haley grinned, pressing her weight harder into her yoga ball mammaries.

SHRIP! “E-Except now your shirt is about to blow open!” Haley moaned in combination with a giggle from his struggling. “You’re always so

adorable when you’re trying not to get caught looking down my shirt... Pretty soon you’re not gonna have anywhere else to look!” Noticing how red and flustered his face was, she added, “You can stop fighting it; I really don’t mind.”

“H-Haley, I think we’re both stoned out of our minds right now and--” GRRRR SHRRRIIP!!

She smiled as her chest fully released itself from her shirt after Ray’s stomach growled below her chest. He blushed at his body’s betrayal of his arousal. Giddy and high, Haley laid across her chest and fully pinned Ray without hope for escape. “Mmm, I think someone is hungry...”

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1

Tits at the Museum

“Brydie, where ya going??” “I just need to take a breather! I’ll be back in a minute!” A key slipped into a door and

opened an escape for the partygoer.

"Ahhhh..." she sighed once hidden away from the bustling event. Just outside the door

was a fundraiser for a local museum. Every year it garnered countless rich types all eager to earn their yearly tax write-off. The event itself was held as a charity auction at the museum itself in a spacious foyer. Donated items of all kinds waited on stage for their moment of auction.

"Every year..." Brydie said while holding a hand to her head. "Those donors may look old, but get a couple drinks in them and they revert back to college students! I can barely hear myself think in there."

The darkened inside of the museum was a peaceful safe haven for the time being. Ten minutes, maybe twenty, was all she needed to gather her mind enough to brave the crowd once more.

Wearing a red cocktail dress with straps shooting over her shoulders and down her back,

Brydie walked past the sleeping exhibits. The outfit was a bit scandalous given her DD-sized assets and the resulting cleavage, but she liked to believe the sex appeal helped put the rich old men in the giving spirit. Every step sent an echoing click from her high heels through the deserted building. It was hard to believe such a rambunctious party was going on not twenty yards away.

Brydie took a sip from her drink. "Would it be so bad if I got a little work done while I gathered myself? I barely have time to do my own work during the day anymore."

Stumbling towards a small hallway nestled near the information booth, Brydie came upon a door marked 'Processing'. Inside was her office. It was small but cozy and lined with intriguing artifacts she had yet to enter into the system. Little of what took up space was her own property. On the desk was a wooden crate still half unpacked from earlier after she had been torn away to other duties.

"Honestly," she said standing over the box, "They expect me to do the job of three employees. No wonder all the little bits of history pile up in here like some kind of storage closet. My office looks like a time traveler's stash!"

Taking another sip of her drink, she set the glass on the desk and peered into the crate.

Several items still lay buried in protective packaging. Sorting through them sounded better than going back to the fundraiser.

"Let's see what we've got..." Brydie hummed with curiosity. A slip of paper sat next to the crate, detailing its contents. The one item removed during working hours still waited next to her computer; a jade vase a handful of centuries old. It didn't look like much to her. Rarely anything came across her desk with any high value. Most items she wasn't even required to wear gloves

when handling.

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"Old vase..." she nodded, going down the list. Reaching into the packaging, she withdrew several objects and named them off. "Native American spearhead... A thirteenth-century Asian turtle shell used as a bowl... A Spider-Man #3, complete with water damage..." The haul so far required another drink of alcohol. "God, where do they find this trash? We're not a damn thrift store."

A final item waited at the bottom of the list. Rummaging her hand at the bottom of the crate, she found it stuffed in a corner under a wad of packaging. "Aaaand a--" Brydie snorted at the listing, "wow, an ancient Aztec fertility charm."

An amulet roughly the size of a modern-day silver dollar sat in her hand. Depicted on its surface was a woman standing over two men, each hunched over and carrying what Brydie could only assume to be her monumental breasts. Each had to rival their owner's own weight. On the reverse side was an intricate pattern of lines and squares. In the center was a simple etching of two circular objects smashed together as if trying to squish free of the frame.

The museum processor snorted again and let the sexual amulet dang from a cheap chain.

"I guess horny men existed back then too. Their tastes haven't changed much, either." Feeling tipsy and not wanting to return just yet, Brydie slipped the amulet around her neck and reclaimed her drink.

"Heh, maybe a big-titted goddess will have pity on me and send me home with some company tonight," she joked, patting the amulet as it rested against her boosted cleavage. "There are a couple younger guys here I wouldn't mind getting to know." A warmth was spreading across her chest but Brydie simply attributed this to the growing amount of alcohol in her system.

She decided to take a lap around the museum before returning to the charity event. Wandering the dark museum halls was nothing new to Brydie, though doing so in such an appealing outfit wasn't as common. She felt like a seductress in a Bond film helping the agent sneak his way into a secure location.

"Mmmm," she breathed after a drink. An absentminded hand was playing with the amulet around her neck. The erotic designs could be traced with one of her fingernails and it was amusing to feel the heavy metal bounce against her natural padding. "I should wear a necklace more often," she said in amusement, "I've got the cleavage to hold one apparently!" The click of her heels on stone floors echoed in agreement.

A finger pulled at a shoulder strap. On top of feeling ill-fitted, Brydie felt heat rising

within her. "Did they forget to turn the AC on for tonight? Those old people are going to roast if they did."

Pulling at the strap once more, Brydie released an involuntary moan. "M-Mmm..." Her mind was starting to wander to dirtier places.

"I wonder how many people have had sex here..." The possibility astounded her like never before. The museum was generally quiet enough for a pair of tricky teens to do the deed and go unnoticed. Even more so for the actual employees outside of work hours. Standing in

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front of a caveman exhibit, rubbing the amulet atop her increasingly soft cleavage and shortening breaths, Brydie asked, "Hmm, Mr. Caveman? How...mmm...many times have you seen a woman get bent over one of these benches?"

No reply came. She was, however, acutely aware of how the angle of his painted eyes drew a line of sight directly down any onlooking women's shirts. "Didn't anyone ever tell you?" she asked drunkenly, the faint idea of self-pleasure in the dark exhibit seeding itself in the back of her mind. Running a finger under her dress to find a playful nipple, she said, "It's impolite to stare, Mr. Caveman! Though if you want a peek, I suppose I could--"

CRASH!! Brydie dropped her glass where it shattered against the floor. Beneath her playful hand was a pair of breasts far larger than she remembered owning. Engorged to the size of her head, they stuffed the cocktail dress to its limit and bulged flesh into the open wherever possible. The amulet rested atop a shelf of horizontal cleavage and burned against her hand with sexual energy.

"W-What the??" she gasped, watching them heave with each breath. Their weight was obvious now and required more work from her lungs to lift their girth. "My boobs!! I-I'm so SWOLLEN!! What's happening to--O-Oooohhhhhh..."

The sight was quick to knock her out of her drunkenness but it did nothing to abate her waxing arousal. Hand rubbing the amulet with increasing vigor, Brydie's body trembled under her dress as she opened her mouth to breathe fuller.

"They're.... T-They're growing... This amulet... It's... Oooohhh it's doing something...to me!"

Eyes wide and attentive, she watched first hand as her bust bloated with no regard for reality. With only her dress to contain them, they were relatively free to do as they pleased. Skin rubbed across her upper abdomen and bulged around her shoulder straps. Such growths only strengthened as the front drew taut and firm like a drum, stretching across two bulging mounds

of flesh.

“Hah... Hah...!” Brydie gasped aloud, unable to pull her hand away. Every brush of her fingers unleashed more of the amulet’s unknown powers into her body. In only a matter of seconds she had doubled in size until the dress was struggling to contain what she could only compare to a pair of beach balls. And yet their growth only accelerated.

“Mmmmm... M-MMMM!! Ooohhh what’s happening to me?!” she pleaded to the empty exhibit. “I-I can’t... I don’t want to stop rubbing this amulet! IT FEELS SO GOOD!”

CREEEAAK The front of her dress groaned with stress. Though overfilled, she could sense it was far

from breaking. It only drove her swelling tits to deform themselves for its sake, making her chest bulge into multiple rounded heaps like a fleshy raspberry.

“It’s getting faster... I-It’s speeding up!” she noticed. Each nipple was engorged like an angry fist. Much longer and she was going to resemble the woman printed on the coin. Mind

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losing itself to ecstasy and the amulet, Brydie’s feet started stumbling through the museum towards the office.

“N-NNGH! Oooohh GOD!!” She didn’t make it very far. The weight of her mammaries was overbearing. Her hand felt raw from rubbing the amulet so fast. Buried beneath a view of rising cleavage caressing her chin, she could no longer see the culprit causing her growth, much less any other part of her body.

CREEEAAAAAK!! POP!! “OH!!” Stitches began bursting on her dress. Stuffed far beyond its capacity with over two

hundred pounds of boob, it was ready to release Brydie in all her glory. Her legs trembled with effort to stay upright. “Please... P-Please, break! MMMM LET ME SEE THEM!!”

SHRIIP!! The dress exploded at the front. A bust capable of reaching the floor heaved itself into a

natural, rounded shape and carried Brydie to the cold stone below. Landing across them like a cushion, she marveled in their size. “I-I’m just like the woman on the coin!” she gawked. “I’m definitely going to need some guys to help carry these things out of--”

She froze, noticing she was still rubbing the amulet. As much as she wanted to, her body

refused to step away from its power. Every brush of the hot metal surface made her loins ache and throb, as well as her chest surge in size. No longer was her growth steady; it had turned

into a pulsating rhythm as if storing up power until it housed enough for a sudden swelling release.

“A-Ahh!!” BWWOOMPH “OooHHH!!” BWWWOOMMPH!! “MMMMM GOD!!!” BWOOOOOMMMPH!!! Every bloating surge brought lightning orgasms as her skin slid across the floor in short

bursts. The pulses built upon themselves like building waves until Brydie could feel herself growing multiple yards at a time.

“Oooohhh my God!! OHHH MY GOOOOOD!!” she screamed, rubbing the amulet in a frenzy. The view in front of her was a sea of wobbling flesh. Tall and heavy, her breasts were in utter control. She was forced to kneel and hug the back of her chest like a wall as it expanded in front in all directions. She could only guess to her size, but based on the sporadic items crashing to the ground, she feared the room may not be big enough.

“Nnnnngh... NNNGGGH!! My tits are GIGANTIC!!” she screamed, burying her face into the endless cleavage in front of her. Cold stone was beginning to press at random spots, titillating her bed-sized nipples. “I-I’m touching the walls!! The...MMMM...fucking ceiling!!”

CRACK!!

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The museum’s structure wasn’t built for such mass. Filling the area like a roll of rising dough confined to a container, Brydie felt the building start to strain all around her.

“O-Ooohh no... Oooohhh I’m too big!! I-I can’t stop...rubbing it though!! HOW BIG CAN THEY GET?!” Through the depths of her chest, she could feel her nipples pressed flat against a wall. Juices ran down her inner thighs. Feeling the roof shift atop her bust, she knew something was going to give. “What the hell kind of amulet is this?!”

On the other side of the wall, the auction’s music stopped amid the building’s tremors.

All looked to the ceiling as chandeliers shook and clouds of dust fell to the tables.

“Is this an earthquake??” an old woman asked, holding onto her husband for support. The event’s planner tried to calm the situation. “Please! Everyone evacuate in an orderly manner! Please make your way to the exit and--”

CRUMBLE-CRASH!!! An upheaval of stone and rubble shook the building as a wall collapsed and the roof lifted

into the air to expose the night outside. Chunks of debris showered the stage to destroy much of the auction’s items before a set of breasts blown like a circus tent billowed into the open space. Nipples as large as minivans stood out towards the gaping audience. None had the mental fortitude to move a muscle when faced with such looming femininity.

CRA-BWOOMP! A piece of ceiling fell and bounced off Brydie's chest, sending ripples in all directions and flinging itself across the room. A labored scream of pleasure could be heard from a hidden location. Not knowing what to say among the sheer silence, the charity organizer addressed the crowd. "S-So...Shall we start the--"

GRMMMBL! He froze as the wall of flesh behind him started to groan and shift once more.

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1

I Have a Surprise for You

Several pills fell into the blonde's mouth as she massaged her breasts with a free hand.

The capsules were pink and sweet; the taste of juicy bubble gum alone excited Beth to the point of bringing her nipples to full erection.

"Mmmm... God, I love the taste of those..." she moaned to herself, her body knowing what to expect in the next few minutes. Her girlfriend had no idea what was in store but was sure to enjoy it just as much, if not more.

The tingling was already starting to spread under Beth's skin. Best to return to her girlfriend now before the show really began; Shawn always loved seeing her already-large E-cups swell even bigger.

The bathroom door opened and Beth stepped into the dim lighting of their master bedroom. Only a pair of pink lace panties remain on her frame as clothing.

"Hope I didn't keep you waiting too long..." Beth cooed, stepping towards her reclining lover. "These surprises take time, you know."

Shawn was on the bed clad in a nighty designed to show off her body. Its black fabric blended into her flowing black hair like merging colors in a painting. The devilish smile on her face was enough to tell Beth she was well aware of her playful breast pills. For good reason too; the pills were a common element to their sex life.

Shawn's eyes traveled along Beth's body. "That view is always worth the wait. Why don't you come over here? I've got a little surprise for you too..."

Sitting up, Shawn patted a spot in bed between her legs and Beth obliged, sitting down with her back to Shawn. Arms sprang around her body in a loving embrace, drawing a squeal of delight from the tingling woman.

“Eek!!” Beth cried out in playful joy, Shawn’s hands running over her bare body. “Didn’t leave much for me to unwrap, did you??” Fingers tickled Beth’s abdomen before groping her exposed breasts. Her skin was hot in Shawn’s hands and both nipples were distinctly erect and tantalizing pink. “Wow... Little swollen today, aren’t we?” Shawn teased, cupping Beth’s bust and bouncing its weight.

“M-Mmmmmmm...” The attention was driving her soon-to-be enlarged breasts crazy. For now, her nerve endings were on fire with sensitivity. Closing her eyes, Beth leaned her head in the crook of Shawn’s neck. “I-I must just be... Mmmmm... E-E-Excited...”

Fingers sank deep into Beth’s flesh and drew a gasp of pleasure. “Looks like you’re a little tight too!” Shawn nibbled her earlobe before whispering, “I might have something to help with that...”

Shawn’s hands disappeared from Beth’s chest and slid under one of the pillows to retrieve a small container of lotion. Behind Beth’s back, all she heard was the distinct snapping of a bottle’s lid and a squirt of some substance into Shawn’s palm.

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“Y-You know exactly what you’re doing...” Beth moaned, well aware of the effects a massage would have with the pills already in her system. Giggling, she added, “I guess my surprises aren’t very surprising anymo--MMM!!”

Hands dripping with a thick pink cream grasped Beth’s tits from behind, pulling her back into Shawn’s chest. The heat pouring off the lotion was intense and brought sweat to Beth’s brow, her mouth hanging open in labored gasps as her mammaries were covered and squeezed. “O-Ooohhh... MMMMM....! W-What is this stuff?” Beth panted. “I don’t remember this lube! It feels...incredible...”

Shawn was eyeing Beth’s chest from over her shoulder. “I thought you might like it.

Thought those E-cups of yours could use some attention tonight.”

“You...mmmm...Y-You always give them...plenty of attention...” Beth’s eyes fluttered open when she felt the pills start to kick in. The pressure of rapid development was pushing against her skin, causing flesh to bulge between her girlfriend’s fingers as her cup size increased. “U-Uh oh...” Beth smiled weakly, nuzzling Shawn and playing a role, “No wonder my blouse was so tight at work today... I think my boobs might have grown a little...”

Shawn didn’t miss a beat, reacting faster than Beth had expected. Swelling flesh jiggled in her kneading hands. “Yea you feel pretty swollen! You might need some more lotion if you

keep getting bigger!”

More cream was generously applied to Beth’s chest and her head rolled back in ecstasy, the physical touch spurring her growth. Shawn watched with child-like wonder at the mounds of flesh expanding within her grasp, her mind running wild with plans for the rest of the night.

“T-They’re growing...again...” Beth moaned, leaning hard into her role. “Why do my boobs feel...so full?? Shawn, they won’t...nnngh...stop! T-The more you play with them...the bigger I’m going to...to get!”

Shawn couldn’t keep a good grasp on her breasts any longer. Every second they swelled by another cup. Beth’s body was working in overdrive to grow. Covered in so much lotion, her bosom was slippery and hard to contain like two giant oiled-up water balloons. They both loved the challenge, and Shawn allowed them to fall from her grasp and slap against Beth’s torso with their full, rounded weight.

Beth felt her enlargement reach its peak and both gawked at the watermelon-sized tits hanging off her body. Strangely, the swirling heat hadn’t dissipated as it usually did once her growth was done and Beth noticed a residual tightness within her chest.

“L-Look at me!” Beth giggled, pecking Shawn on the lips and holding her hands into her chest, “Your fingers must have a magic touch.”

“Maybe they should keep going,” he suggested. “Mmmmm... Before that...” Beth leaned over the side of the bed, her mammaries mashing into the mattress like a heated pillow. From under the bed frame she withdrew a small C-cup bra from her college days, stashed away just for this moment. “There’s one more part to my surprise,” she hinted, dangling the bra in front of Shawn.

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Watching the tiny bra’s cups become engulfed by Beth’s masses was far more than arousing for Shawn. When all said and done, Beth’s bosom was held tight and firm against her chest like exotic fruits, complete with bulges of tight flesh overflowing the cups and straps on all angles.

“Whew,” Beth gasped, unable to inhale fully. Oddly, the heat inside her body was growing ever more intense instead of fading. Rushing prickles stimulated her glands but Beth was certain the pills had run their course. Pushing it out of mind, she ran a hand along her swollen assets and asked, “How’s the view?”

Shawn couldn’t tear her eyes away. “Here I thought you walking in wearing only those little panties was nice. I never thought putting a bra on during sex would be exciting, but here you are proving me wrong... You’re spilling out of that thing at every seam.” Shawn leaned in,

kissing Beth and grabbing either side of her chest to test the bra's strength. "Pretty good coincidence, though. Just goes to show how much we think alike."

Beth pulled away in confusion, her cleavage slick with sweat and lotion. "N-No, I think you misunderstood. Showing up naked wasn't my surprise; I took some of my pills! You were playing along!"

Pursing her lips and raising an eyebrow, Shawn donned a perplexed expression. "Uhhmm... No? I bought you some growth cream as a surprise! You started getting bigger as soon as I rubbed it in. I thought you caught on and were playing along with me."

Beth blinked several times, her worried heart thumping at a quickening pace inside her chest. "...WHAT??"

SCCRRRTCHHH Both women looked down when Beth's bra creaked with disapproval. Heat was pouring

off her breasts in waves, her nipples engorging larger than its cups.

"S-S-Shawn..." Beth stammered, bringing a worried pair of hands to her chest when the tingling sensations skyrocketed. "I-I think...our surprises might have been...nnnghhh...o-ooohh no...might have been a little...t-too similar..." She began taking shorter breaths, her tits shaking with energy and her eyes opening wide. "My chest f-feels like it's about too--"

A switch flipped within her body and Beth was pushed onto her back by a forceful surge

of growth. Trembling skin pressed into her chin within seconds and her stomach squeaked as underboob flooded across her abdomen. Held firm by the bra, Beth's tits were overpowered into highly unnatural shapes like skin-colored raspberries.

"O-Oh my God! Oh my God!!" Beth cried out, her arms buried up to her elbows when

her chest rushed around the bra band. "S-Shawn I think...mmmNNGHHH!! I think...the pills and the cream are reacting!! I-I...God my tits feel so FULL!! What's going to happen to me?!"

SCCRRRTCHHH The bra creaked and folded into itself when Beth's mammaries fought to grow upwards.

Containing a set of jugs larger than beach balls, however, it was pulled tight as a cable. "It's digging into me! A-Ahh!! My bra is too tight!!" Beth cried out, squirming under the monstrous

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weight. It was impossible to reach the clasp under her back and her fingers couldn't worm their way under the band or cups.

Stunned and in shock, skin flowed brushed Shawn's hand on the bed and made her recoil

in surprise before jumping to her feet. Beth was growing at an unprecedented rate, her entire upper body hidden below enough heaving flesh to fill half their bed.

“Are you all right?!” Shawn rushed around the bed to find Beth’s head. Only her eyes were visible, staring into the canyon of cleavage swallowing her face.

“G-Get this...nnngh...damn bra off of me!” Beth pleaded. “I can’t...take it! It’s too TIGHT!!”

Shawn dove into the quivering bulging spheres, sliding her hand into the crevices in search of the bra. It was no use, Beth’s breasts were too tight for Shawn’s hands to even reach the garment. Meanwhile, her size was rivaling the mattress itself, Beth’s legs only visible because they hung off the edge. Shawn took a step back, seeing the middle of the bedframe sag to the floor.

“OOHHH my boobs!!” Beth moaned, fighting the pleasure coupled with the bondage.

“Shawn I can’t do anything! T-They’re going to keep growing!! GODDAMMIT!! THIS BRA NEEDS TO--”

POW!!! A force like a snapping suspension bridge coursed through Beth’s mammaries and sent their compressed forms towards the ceiling. Shawn gaped at the scene, watching Beth’s body heave up and down with motions similar to two water balloons falling to the floor.

“O-Oh my GOD THAT FEELS SOOOOO MUCH BETTE--” CRASH!! The bed split in two, releasing a cry of surprise from both women and Beth’s chest onto

the floor. Shawn took several steps back when a rising level of skin rushed toward her. The longer Beth’s body reacted to the two growth stimulants, the more violent her growth became. “B-Beth!!” Shawn yelled, unable to see any part of her girlfriend except for her breasts.

Their lamps toppled to the floor with a shattering sound, followed by the sound of their nightstands cracking under rising pressures. Pinned against the wall next to the dresser, Shawn had no choice but to watch the sea of skin rise to her hips and beyond.

“MMMPHHH!! MPH!!” a muffled cry came, unintelligible in every way. Pushing the dough-like mass away with her hands, Shawn knew it was fruitless. The

weight was too great and as Beth’s five-gallon bucket nipples reached for the ceiling, she knew the situation was going to become much worse before it got better.

A creak left the walls as a warning to add no more pressure but Beth’s tits paid no mind. Forced flat against the wall, Shawn was thrown into darkness with only the gurgling sounds of growth from Beth’s heaving chest. The skin shifting against her body was strong enough to pull and tear the delicate lingerie, ripping straps and seams alike.

CREEAAAAAK

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“MMPPHH!!! M-MMPHH!” Beth felt the ceiling pressing on her nipples, her bust filling every inch of the room like water in a cup. Even as her skin pressed flat to the roof, her chest saw fit to continue growing.

CRREEEAAA--ACK!! A crack split up the wall next to Shawn’s head. Somewhere beyond the depths of heat she

heard their bedroom window shatter. The pressure on her body intensified, rising higher every second until it was near impossible to take a breath of the limited air. The house shook with pressure like a soda can fit to explode until finally--

KAGRSSH!! The side of their house exploded into a shower of timber and broken materials. Jiggling

massed each the size of a school bus flowed into their yard before crashing through the neighbor’s fence and coming to a halt, Beth’s nipples reaching high enough to press against the neighbor’s second-story bathroom window.

Shawn herself was thrown across the yard as if from a cannon, Beth’s springy surface

eager to release its pressure. Her nighty was no more than tatters hanging around the hips of her naked body.

“H-Holy shit...!” Shawn gasped after recovering, leaning against the fence. Although Beth’s swelling had stopped, it left her at a size rivaling their small house. The

roof was torn from the structure and angled awkwardly atop one of her breasts. A full-grown man could have used one of her nipples as a bean bag.

“MMMMGGGGPHHHH!!” It was a relief to hear Beth was all right below her girth. As neighbors filed out to gawk at

and photograph the scene, Shawn swallowed and hoped Beth could hear her as she called out, “Beth...! I-I think we might need to communicate in our sex life a little more...!”