


PLEASE READ!

Disclaimer:* This story is a complete fantasy involving breast expansion, body inflation, humiliation, and gore. It also has non-consensual themes, which may be too extreme for some readers. So, if that's NOT something you want to read...DON'T. As stated, this is a work of fantasy and I do not wish, or condone, harm to anyone in REAL** life. *

- *Again, this story includes breast inflation, **body inflation**, humiliation, and **gore (bursting)**.** AGAIN, I wish no harm to anyone. Don't read if you don't like these extreme themes. I can't stress it enough.

That being said, I'm screwed in the head and I wrote this....

BUSTED

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Sarah Nox road quietly in the passenger seat of the police cruiser, trying to think of something to say to the woman behind the steering wheel. The two officers had been on the beat for almost an hour, driving around the streets of Main City. They had only spoken a few words to each other the entire time.

Sarah, new to the force, had been recently paired with the 34-year-old Lt. Jane Calhoun, a legend at the academy and highly respected among her peers.

Lt. Calhoun rarely smiled, her lips perpetually pursed, her narrowed eyes mostly unseen behind a pair of aviator sunglasses. Her blonde hair, styled in a short bob, complimented her high cheekbones. Her dark blue police uniform hugged her tall, physically fit body. A wide leather kit belt around her waist held various necessities, including leather pouches, metal handcuffs, and a holstered Glock 22. The polished gold badge above her left breast glinted in the sunlight, which streamed through the cruiser's front windshield as she drove. She looked as if the gods had molded her to be the perfect police officer....

Sarah on the other hand, looked soft by comparison: shorter, doughier, with a broad rear end, wearing a much baggier uniform to conceal her imperfections. She kept her long brunette hair in a ponytail for practicality.

"I...I saw you take down Sgt. Mills today," Sarah spoke softly, finally finding the courage to say something. "He's a big man. I can't believe the way you handled him."

Calhoun waited a moment before speaking. "We were just sparring...but yes...I take it seriously."

"I've heard a lot of stories about you," Sarah continued. "Did you really stop a bank robbery by yourself?"

Calhoun smirked. It was the first time Sarah had seen Calhoun's expression change since they climbed into the cruiser. "I'm the best," Calhoun remarked humorlessly.

The comment took Sarah aback. She didn't expect Lt. Calhoun to be so upfront. Confident, **yes**, but the way she said it made her seem cocky, braggadocios.

Calhoun took a corner. "You can't be scared," she said. "You have to charge into any situation...sometimes with guns blazing."

Sarah began to wonder if Calhoun had let her reputation go to her head. She had the methods of a rogue cop from a bad eighties movie.

"But aren't we trained to--" Sarah started to say.

"Forget what they say at the academy. This is the real world. It's dangerous. It's either **you** or **them**. I'm not afraid of anything. I'd rather **go down** than let any punks out there get the upper hand."

Suddenly, the mic clipped on the shoulder of Calhoun's shirt buzzed and a voice came over it: "Lt. Calhoun, we have a call from an abandoned building on the edge of town. Can you and Nox check it out?"

Calhoun gripped the mic and pressed the button on the side of it. "What's the problem?" she said, tilting her head toward the mic.

The dispatcher: "Not sure. Somebody called and said there was a 'disturbance' and hung up. Could be a prank, could be kids messing around the property, but you need to find out. I'll send the address to your cruiser's computer."

"We're on it." Calhoun released the mic.

She turned the wheel at the next light and proceeded toward the building's location.

A few minutes later, Lt. Calhoun and Sarah were walking across the vacant parking lot and toward the entrance of the building, a six-story concrete block with a windowless black door for a front entrance. It stood on the outskirts of the city and had been abandoned for a few years now.

Calhoun had her hand on her holster as she approached the entrance. "I doubt there's anything going on here. Civilians are pests, always making prank calls."

Sarah already had her pistol unholstered, eyeing around the property anxiously. "We should be cautious just in case. We're not wearing any body armor."

"Look, kid, I'm the **boss** around here. I've been to dozens of calls, taken out dozens of creeps. This is nothing...."

Calhoun tried the door handle. It was unlocked. She brazenly swung the door open and marched

into the building. Inside was a large empty room, gray walls, thin carpeting, a few adjoining doors. It was well kept, nothing in disrepair. It appeared to be a former business office, but no longer.

Calhoun snorted. "What did I tell you? Nothing but a prank. She dropped her hand from her holster.

Sarah was still gripping her weapon tightly, standing outside the building's entrance. She peered around the corner of the door. She could see Lt. Calhoun from behind. She was standing a few feet from Sarah in the large empty room.

After scanning the interior more closely, Sarah spotted something Calhoun did not: perched atop a standing tripod in the far right corner of the room, a small digital camera.

"Hey," Sarah whispered to Calhoun. "There's a camera."

Calhoun twisted her head back at Sarah, lifted her aviator sunglasses, resting them on top of her head, and narrowed her eyes even more. That glare sent shivers down Sarah's spine.

Then Calhoun turned her attention to the camera and began to walk toward it. When she was in front of it, she bent over slightly and inspected it, looking straight into the lens.

Sarah unconsciously noticed the firmness and roundness of Calhoun's rear end, the fabric of her blue slacks straining against the apple shape of her buttocks. Sarah shook her head to dispel the thought.

She finally stepped into the room, scanning it with her pistol out in front of her.

Calhoun leaned in even closer to the camera. She spotted a little tube jutting out the front of it, sticking out beneath the lens. As soon as she notice it, a quick blast of mist shot from the tube and sprayed her directly in the face.

Calhoun became immediately vertical, her aviator sunglasses falling back over her eyes, sliding a bit too far down her nose. She stumbled backwards. A sweet, flowery smell enveloped her nostrils, almost burning. She looked at Sarah. It was the first time Calhoun's expression had changed, her stoic scowl giving away to shock.

Suddenly the front door slammed closed. Sarah spun around and directed her gun toward the door, when a man in a black ski mask and black clothes jumped up in front of her. He knocked the gun out of her hands with a quick karate-style chop.

- "*No!" she screamed.

She swung a wild punch at the man, but he grabbed her by the wrist. He slipped behind her, trapping her arms at her sides. She tried to wriggle free but the man was too strong.

Across the room, Calhoun frantically reached for her pistol, but she hadn't unclasped her holster, her fingers fumbling at the leather clasp.

"Freeze, punk," she yelled.

But she suddenly became dizzy and staggered backwards, knees buckling, her aviator sunglasses tumbling completely off her face and onto the floor.

"What the...?" she muttered.

Shit, she thought, that stuff that sprayed me must've been some kind of **drug**.

That's when a door near Calhoun swung open and six large men filed out. They wore the same outfits as the man holding Sarah: black clothes and black ski masks.

Calhoun, again, tried to compose herself, clasping a hand on her head. "Dammit, what's wrong with me?!" she said, her body still rocking in the same spot.

One of the six men stepped forward. He was the tallest and appeared to be the leader. "Officer...you have about ten minutes to do what we say." His voice boomed deep and menacing. "The only antidote is semen. So, you better wet your lips."

Finally Calhoun's woozy head subsided and she could think clearly. She couldn't believe what this fucking **scumbag** had just said to her. She steadied herself, became vertical, jutting out her chest. "How dare you say that to me! I'm Lt. Jane Calhoun of the Main City Police Department!"

The tall man spoke again: "We know, **Jane**. We're the ones who dispatched you here, by hijacking your radio. You've busted me and my friends many times. Now we're going to **bust** in **you**..."

Lt. Calhoun finally unclasped her holster and lifted her pistol at the men. "Hardly, creeps! On the ground!"

The men just stood there motionless. Sarah was still held captive by the other man, but she could clearly see everything happening in front of her.

Calhoun stood her ground, her eyes sharp and serious. "You dip-shits better do as I say---**now**!"

One of the men chuckled.

Then a gurgling sound arose deep from inside Lt. Calhoun...very, very deep down...

"Ahh..." she moaned involuntarily. She could feel heat rising in her neck and face, her cheeks flushing red. She looked down. A strange sensation washed over her breasts, a tingling, like countless pin pricks all over them. She could feel her nipples become instantly stiff, starting to press against the fabric of her button-up dress shirt. She lowered her gun, continuing to look down at her chest. "W-what's happening?!"

"You're blowing up," the tall man in front of the others said.

She could now see her breasts slowly rising, growing under her shirt, like slowly inflating balloons. She tried not to panic. She couldn't panic. She couldn't show fear!

But the pressure began to grow, a liquid inside her breasts filling up.

Just then, her body lurched forward, breasts surging outward, the sound of two milk jugs sloshing could be heard. "Ah," she yelped, arching her back, dropping her gun with a trembling hand.

- "Ka-klink!"*

She tried to stay steady, tried to stay stoic, grimacing, fighting her emotions back.

Then her shirt began to pull from her pants, her shirttail becoming loose, the ever tightening shirt straining at the buttons.

Sarah watched in awe as Lt. Calhoun's breasts grew from a B-cup, to a C-Cup, and then to a D-cup in a matter of seconds. This was something out of a horror movie, Sarah thought.

The men in front of Lt. Calhoun began to pull down their pants. They wore no underwear, their penises springing to attention. Not one of the men were under seven inches in length. The tall man in the front also had the longest cock: huge, rock hard and veiny, over nine inches long.

Calhoun's eyes turned to dinner plates upon seeing their manhood. "Piss off!" she shouted.

Her breasts surged in another quick growth spurt, undulating forward under the shirt.

*"Plink!" *

- *And a button popped off, shooting across the room.

They were now past F-cups and growing. The weight was becoming too much. Calhoun's legs wobbled, finally gave, and she dropped to her knees. She grabbed her breasts in a vain attempt to lessen the growth, her hands squishing into the massive orbs.

"You bastards!" she growled. "**I** have control--**NOT YOU!**"

"Plink, plink, plink!"

Three more buttons gone and the top of her shirt splayed open, revealing swelling, heaving cleavage, shiny with sweat.

"Are you ready to suck now?" the tall man in front asked with a chuckle, gripping his throbbing shaft. "They're not gonna stop unless you taste some cum."

Another man in the back spoke up: "That's right. Blow us or **blowup**, bitch!" He had started masturbating.

Calhoun glared up at the men, burning a hole into their souls. "Go...to...hell..."

Sarah then knew while watching her superior, her new partner, that she hadn't been bluffing. Lt. Jane Calhoun **would** really rather die than lower herself to these creeps. Sarah felt proud of

the defiant police officer.

And that's when it happened. The remaining buttons on Lt. Calhoun's shirt exploded everywhere, the bra she wore ripping to shreds. Her huge, round J-cups spilled out, pulsating bluish veins running through them. They looked completely freakish and unnatural, her nipples protruding at least three inches.

Upon seeing her bloated naked beach balls, Calhoun's face changed again to one of shock. Her defiance completely zapped away. She stared wide-eyed up at the tall man in front of the group.

"Okay, okay, okay!" she squealed, her pitch uncharacteristically high. "Come here. If semen will fix this---**I'LL DO IT!**" She was totally crazed-looking, sweat pouring down her face.

Sarah couldn't believe her ears. What did Lt. Calhoun say?

The tall man stepped closer to Calhoun, who was still on her knees. She didn't waste anytime. She shot forward and clasped a hand around his massive member. She then wrapped her lips around it and began to suck violently, her head bobbing forward and back.

"Whoa..." the tall man said. "I didn't think you'd **actually** do it." He looked back at the rest of the men. "Can you believe this guys? She's **really** doing it."

The rest of the men, except the one holding Sarah, began to circle Calhoun, who continued to blow the tall man. They **all** began jerking off feverishly.

The tall man gripped her head and began to force himself further down her gullet. Her eyes bulged red and watery. She gagged, and he released her. She recomposed herself and continued bobbing. Saliva began to pour down her chin and foam around her mouth: a sloppy, sticky, disgusting mess. But she couldn't slow down. She needed that cum. She needed **him** to cum--**FAST!**

Sarah didn't want to look at the obscene show. However, like staring at a car wreck, she couldn't turn away. She could feel the dick of the man holding her beginning to push into her large ass, pressing into her slacks, and she couldn't wriggle away from it.

Meanwhile, Lt. Calhoun's breasts were still expanding. She could feel them getting bigger, the skin tightening. She could hear the milk in them swishing about. Her panic increased.

She halted the blowjob. "Hurry up! They're starting to **HURT!**"

The tall man, looking down at her, said: "Better go balls deep then. No gagging."

To afraid to argue, she relaxed her throat and forced herself all the way to the base of his cock, her tongue flicking his hairy balls. She couldn't believe she was able to do it,

"gluck, gluck, gluck."

As she sucked, the word **blowjob** kept returning to her. The word made her ill. It was **so**

debased.... Yet she was in the middle of giving one to this horrible shit-bag---**pleasuring him!** Truthfully, she had never given oral sex to anyone. Sex in general had never been a priority. She had never married, rarely dated, never wanted a **man** telling her what to do. She was "**the man.**" Her pride had been to immense to ever debase herself in this way...until now.

After a few seconds devouring his member, the tall man groaned and blasted into Lt. Calhoun's virgin throat, a deep hard orgasm, a blast of cum so intense it instantly filled her belly. She hastily drew back, his massive penis sliding from her open gob like a boa constrictor--snot, saliva, and loads of stringy cum bridging her mouth to his dick. She gasped for air.

After a moment, she reached down and felt her breasts. She could tell that they had stopped growing, but they were still gigantic. Yes, the cum had stopped them, but hadn't shrunk them. All the same, for a second, she felt relief....

The tall man patted her patronizingly on the top of her head. "See, that wasn't so bad. And I bet your fans all over the world are loving it too." He ruffled her hair.

Tears from choking on his dick continued down her cheeks, leftover spit and cum dripping from her well-defined chin. She looked with blurry eyes up at the tall man.

Calhoun could see his mouth and eyes through the holes in his ski mask. He was grinning. "You see, that camera is broadcasting this as a live stream. Hundreds, if not **thousands** of people are watching you...likely beating off to you. How does that make you feel?"

Now in her sober state, the humiliation overcame her, the disgust, undying embarrassment. Her tough facade had been annihilated.... She had broke, and so many perverts had seen it, likely recorded it. She breathed deeply and a cum bobble inflated from her left nostril and popped.

The men surrounding her, still masturbating, collectively chuckled.

One of them stepped forward. "Hey, look up at me, bimbo. You want those stupid-looking melons to go down, better swallow my baby batter."

Calhoun frowned in anger. BIMBO?!

The man holding Sarah was rubbing up against her now, groping her breasts, his stiff cock sliding over her slacks and between her butt crack. After a minute, he made a funny sound and muttered: "I came." Sarah didn't care. At least he had stopped, and compared to Lt. Calhoun, she had it easy.

"I'm done!" Calhoun said, her defiance returning. "I'll have these reduced medically! I'll **never** do what you say!"

"Alright," the man in front of her said. He pulled a knife from a sheath strapped to his belt. "Then how 'bout we pop them balloons now?" He made a jabbing motion with the knife.

Come on, Lieutenant, Sarah thought, show **some** grit. Go out with an **ounce** of dignity.

But Calhoun immediately cracked. "Don't do it. I-I'll do anything." And she put his dick in her mouth.

The rest of the men, aside from the tall man, continued casually stroking their dicks, waiting to be serviced. The tall man had exited the room through the door he entered from.

"I bet you don't remember me, copper..." the man being blown said. "But you kicked my ass once, fucked me up good, caught me breaking into a car. Well, now look at you..." He then nugged into her mouth, filling it up. "**Ah, shit!**"

He pulled his eight inch cock from her lips.

Calhoun's cheeks were puffed out, full of cum. She swallowed hard. Getting the nasty thickness into her belly.

She looked down again at her breasts, inspecting for any change in size. They remained the same: disturbingly huge, round and fake-looking... She could never go out in public like this.

"It didn't work!" she screamed. "I'm doing **this** for nothing!"

"No," one of the men circling her said. "You just need **more** cum." And he walked over to her, continuing to stroke. "Tilt your head back."

She didn't talk back this time. She did what he said and opened wide, just wanting to get this over with and return to normal. The man quickly unloaded into her open mouth, filling it almost to the brim, the cum sliding between her teeth. "Don't swallow yet," The man said. "You need much more to deflate those disgusting udders."

The comments angered her, the degradation, but she complied. What else could she do?...

Then the next man walked up, jerking.

"Push them **fat** titties together," he said.

She tried to speak but just gargled the cum and saliva foaming in her mouth.

"Your **boobs**, idiot," the man said. "I need some visual aid. Your butch haircut ain't gonna do it."

Calhoun glared at the man. She felt like spitting the cum at him, yelling, clawing his eyes out. But, again, she shoved down her pride and did as she was told. She grabbed her tits on each side and pushed them up and together, which made a deep, long valley of cleavage, the round tops of her breasts almost rising to her chin.

Upon seeing the once-mighty officer display herself like this, the man quickly busted a nut in her mouth, some splattering on her cheeks. "I bet your peers are proud," he said sarcastically. He sauntered off. At least it was quick.

Then the next man stepped up to bat. With his free hand he grabbed the back of her head,

yanking her hair. "Don't spill any, dumb dumb," he said, while continuing to stroke his dick with the other hand.

Then the last man, not able to hold back, rushed over to her and both men finished in her mouth at the same time.

She held the cum in her mouth for a moment, preparing herself to swallow. She then forced it down---bitterly.

There was no immediate change to her breasts.

The tall man from before strolled back through the door and over to Lt. Calhoun, who he thought was a precious sight: on her knees, face splattered with cum, breasts much bigger than her head, still wearing her kit belt, slacks, and tactical boots.

The tall man was carrying a large white plastic bucket. It appeared to be filled with something, because he seemed to struggle carrying it.

"Nothing can stop this much of the chemical," the tall man said to Lt. Calhoun. "You'll quickly pop like a balloon. Pretty humiliating way to go...Isn't it, **Dirty Harry?**"

Calhoun's eyes, again, grew wide with shock. Her bottom lip quivered. "W-wait."

"This concoction was created by me. You see, I'm a bit of a **mad** chemist. I used to make exotic drugs for all the dealers around town, until you and your pig buddies raided my lab and tossed me behind bars. You're testimony put me there. You were just a newbie cop at the time, twenty or so...Well, I vowed that after I got out, I'd make a drug that would put **you** out--**for good.**"

He turned to one of the other men. "Hey, pick up her glasses. That's the least we can do for her. Maybe it'll keep some of this out of her eyes."

The man nodded, grinning through his ski mask, and walked over to where Calhoun had dropped her aviator's. He picked them up and placed them on her face. She was too hypnotized with fear and panic to do anything about it.

The tall man began to raise the bucket up. "Well..." he said.

Lt. Calhoun raised her hands over her head. "No, I'll blow you again! I'll blow you all! Don't do it!"

"Here it *comes!*"

Just then a shot rang out and all the men looked over to the front entrance. Sarah stood there holding her pistol again. She had somehow subdued the other man, as he lie sprawled on the ground, knocked out behind her.

"Put down the bucket!" Sarah demanded.

The tall man slowly lowered the bucket.

- *"ON THE GROUND!**"

The men slowly began to lower themselves to the floor. After they were down, Sarah rushed over to Lt. Calhoun. "Alright, " Sarah told her. "Get up." Sarah grabbed her under the arm, careful not to touch any sticky mess that might have splattered onto Lt. Calhoun's body.

With help from Sarah, Lt. Calhoun slowly wobbled to her feet. Sarah then bent over and grabbed Calhoun's pistol, which Calhoun had dropped earlier.

"Jane," Sarah said, trying to snap Calhoun back to reality by using her first name. "Can you hold this?" She showed Calhoun the pistol, her Glock 22. "I need to run to the cruiser and grab some restraints. I'll call backup, too."

Calhoun finally turned her head slowly to Sarah. "You can't speak of this to any one. **Got that?...**" Her tone was low and very serious.

Sarah nodded. "Here," She gave Calhoun the pistol. "Keep this on them. I'll be--"

"I know what **I'm** doing, **ROOKIE!**" Calhoun shouted, jerking away from Sarah. "Now **go** to the cruiser and **grab** those restraints!"

Sarah couldn't believe Calhoun was acting like this...after Sarah had just saved her.

Sarah simply nodded again and hurried out the front entrance.

A moment later, Sarah returned and secured all the men with the restraints, hands and feet zip-tied, while Calhoun held the gun on them.

"Alright, Sarah..." Calhoun started, "I want you to go wait in the cruiser."

"But--"

"Do it now!" She barred her teeth at Sarah.

Sarah's face was firm now. "Yes, Ma'am," she said, turned and stamped to the cruiser, leaving Calhoun and the men alone.

Calhoun slipped the pistol back into her holster and began to pace in front of the men, who were still face-down on the ground. "Alright, you bastards," she said, her massive breasts swaying as she walked in front of them. "It's time to get what **you** deserve. Do you think I'm gonna leave here without revenge?" Calhoun sauntered toward the bucket of chemicals. She looked down into it. The liquid inside was clear, a bit thicker than water. It smelled the same as the first mist that hit her, only much stronger. She grabbed the bucket around the rim and struggled to lift it, but it was very heavy. Plus, her very massive breasts were in the way.

"You can't do that," the tall man said.

Calhoun began to drag the bucket toward him. "And what...would this... concoction do...to you?" she panted, struggling with the bucket.

"Nothing. We've tested it...It only works on women. I mean you **literally** can't hurt us."

"SAVE IT!" Calhoun snapped. "You lie!" She could hear police sirens approaching in the distance, her backup. She better move fast!

She began to lift the bucket, straining against the weight. "I'm tougher than **all** of you **dirt-bags!**" she said, veins in her temples bulging, muscles straining,. "I'm better!" She had the bucket up, almost to her neck, when the entrance burst open and a group of police officers rushed in. The sudden calamity startled Calhoun, who lost her concentration, and she fell backwards, bucket in hand.

"FUCK NO!" She howled, slamming back-first onto the ground, the chemical in the bucket dumping all over her: pouring up her nose, down her throat, sliding into her cleavage, down her stomach, saturating her slacks, panties, and draining into her vagina and anus. She gargled a scream, the chemical bubbling and spurting out of her mouth.

Seven officers witnessed this, including Sarah, who stood in the back.

Almost instantly Calhoun's already swollen mammaries began to inflate, much more rapidly this time.

"Don't look at me!" she yelled, writhing around, her breasts swelling.

Milk began to leak out of her engorging nipples, the sound of something akin to rubbing balloons together could be heard--**stretching skin**. The breasts grew half the size of her body in seconds and continued to grow even bigger. Then her ass began to inflate as well, bursting her belt and ripping her slacks to pieces.

The men lying on the ground begin spewing derisive remarks, heckling her.

"Stupid klutz!" one of the men said.

"Finally her tits are as big as her ego!" said another.

And unbeknownst to everyone, the camera had never been turned off, streaming the whole thing to anyone who was watching, which could have been hundreds, if not thousands!

"I'm not going out like this!" Calhoun said, contorting her face in anger and pain. "I won't let it happen! **I CAN HOLD IT!**"

Soon after those words left her lips, a geyser of milk erupted from her nipples and ecstasy abruptly spread throughout her body, like nothing she'd ever felt before.

"Oh my God!" she howled uncontrollably for everyone to hear, her pussy squirting like a fire hose. **"I-I'M CUMMING! DON'T LOOK AT ME!"**

The officers watching just stood there in silent disbelief. They all knew Lt. Calhoun. She was such a strong, powerful figure in the department. She was someone everybody admired,

someone everybody feared. Seeing her in this sorry state disturbed them. How did **she** let this happen?

In a moment, the orgasm subsided. In the afterglow, she exhaled relief. Her swelling breasts and ass seemed to have calmed.

Sarah pushed past the other officers and ran over to Calhoun.

"We'll get you help," Sarah said to her. "Just stay still."

Calhoun's breasts were so big now, that even though she lay back-first on the ground, they came up to Sarah's head. The skin was so tight and shiny, Sarah could almost see her reflection in it. Stretchmarks had started to form on them like stripes on a watermelon, blue veins like spiderwebs were spread throughout. Calhoun's ass remained in a similar state, inflated a few feet off the ground.

"Don't touch me," Calhoun said. "I'm holding the growth back. I'm doing it...with sheer will power. **YOU HEAR THAT EVERYBODY! I'M STILL IN CONTROL!**"

Suddenly, her belly groaned terribly, gurgled from deep within. Calhoun's cheeks puffed out and she puckered her lips tightly, her eyes crossing. A second later, she puked up all the cum she'd swallowed.

- "BLARRF!"*

Like a volcano, it poured over her face, pooling into her eye sockets, draining into her nostrils.

Everyone watching collectively groaned in disgust.

"Gross..." Sarah said. She couldn't help it. It was true.

Then Calhoun's stomach began to swell rapidly. After a few seconds, it had grown ginormous, as big as her breasts.

The terror in her face returned. "What, what's happening?!"

Sarah had finally given up on Calhoun, lost all respect. "Should've kept that jizz down, Janey." Sarah turned and hurried back to join the other officers.

Then Calhoun's whole body instantly expanded: arms, hands, legs, and feet, blowing apart her tactical boots. She looked like a giant flesh-colored tomato, only with huge breasts and a giant ass. The only parts of her body that remained their original size was her head and neck, which she twisted toward the group of officers. They could see she was straining hard, gritting her teeth, veins pulsating in her temples, her neck muscles bulging out---forcing the inflation from rising above her collarbone.

"FUUUCK! IT HURRRTS! HELP ME!"

But it was too late. The officers could see Lt. Calhoun's skin beginning to tear on the side of her

breasts and body, and she could feel every bit of it.

Then, as if to counteract the pain, another orgasm began to rise. Her crotch was going to erupt into something she'd never felt before, something amazing. She lost concentration and relaxed her neck muscles. **"I'M GONNA...I'M GONNA...I'M GONNA CUUU--"**

Then the pressure thrust up through her neck, expanding it, and filled into her head, which swelled into the size of a beach ball. Her eyes bulged out of the sockets, her cheeks ballooning around her mouth, muffling any speech.

"MMMMMPH!"

Suddenly she exploded into a bloody, milky mess painting everybody in the building red.

Sarah grimaced, the liquid remains of Lt. Calhoun dripping off her, soaking into her uniform. She absentmindedly licked her lips and some of Calhoun slid down her throat. Then a sweet, flowery smell attacked her nose.

END

I will likely be writing more stories in the future. Some will not be quite as extreme, others might be. I also wrote The Jewel several years ago. If you have any questions or comments, write me at:

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