

Echo II

by Goldleaf

She had managed to wait four days, but it had been tough. What she had seen in the window would be impossible to forget. She had fancied her neighbour ever since moving into the marina village last year. Marc had moved into his waterside apartment around the same time as she had moved in opposite him, and, having bumped into each other a few times around their small seaside community, they had become accustomed to seeing each other around. They'd become friends on Facebook through the residents' group, but that hadn't really given her much insight into his life; his profile was buttoned up pretty tight. She didn't even know how old he was. From the conversations they'd had, and from scrutinising his warm and open yet somewhat chiselled face, she suspected that he was a few years older than her. She herself was only 23, so guessing him to be in his late twenties made sense to her. What he did for a living, or where he went with his friends, was a mystery. Though they'd had several, fairly lengthy conversations out and about around the marina, he'd kept the conversation focused largely on her. She'd found it flattering, acutely aware of the occasions when she'd blushed at his compliments, and, afterwards, she'd always found herself a little disappointed at the fact he hadn't asked her out. Sometimes, when she caught sight of him driving out of the car park or pottering around his house on the other side of their little marina inlet, she daydreamed about taking the matter into her own hands and asking him out for a coffee. Though she sometimes saw him with another girl, there was never enough consistency for her to suspect he had a girlfriend – but clearly, she always thought with a sigh, she just wasn't his type. And, after seeing the events of previous night, she had no doubt.

Firstly, she was short. Only a smidge over 5'6". Then there was her entirely flat physique. She had no boobs and no arse to speak of. Her puberty had peaked to leave her with not-quite-B-cups which, given the hobby she kept secret from her friends and family, was something she was constantly and

painfully reminded of. Because every other girl she saw in cosplay seemed to have big boobs – or at least a nice round bum – and she had neither. The only thing that worked in her favour was her talent for makeup, and though she always ended up feeling a little inadequate at comic conventions and other cosplay events, she was frequently told that she was one of the most beautiful girls there; her long hair framed her striking blue eyes and perfect nose with its little point, and whilst the rest of her was devoid of shape, her lips had a little plumpness to them which – people said – made her whole radiate when she smiled.

Physically, of course, she tried to help herself where and when she could. On a few occasions when she'd made full-body costumes, she'd integrated the padded bottom part of a pair of cycling shorts deep into the lining to try and give her rear a little more swell. When it came to her cosplay Instagram account and YouTube makeup tutorial videos – where she was only visible from the waist up – she stooped to another low. She stuffed her bra.

Whilst her boobs may only have been small, her petite and narrow frame meant that, with the

right push-up bra and the careful placement of some additional material, she was able to give her pert little B-cups just enough cleavage to give the appearance of C or even D-cup bulges in her top.

Ever since the events of the other night however, her over- active imagination had run away with itself. Her dreams had taken a dirty, lustful turn, and on a couple of occasions now she had dressed in some of her favourite cosplay outfits and stuffed her bra more than ever before. Though it was obvious that it wasn't real, that hadn't stopped her from tiptoeing around her bedroom, her hands caressing the fake boobs as she felt herself flush; an excited tingle blossoming between her thighs which, on at least one occasion, had led her to her bed and a frenzied yet embarrassed orgasm.

Finally, she had had enough. Though she had thought of a million different ways of doing it – even fantasising about walking right up to his front door and just asking him to do it – she had gone with the option more inline with her personality. She had messaged him on Facebook and, squirming in her chair as she hit send, asked him out for dinner.

Why, why, why did it have to be dinner?! She stood outside her front door and chastised herself. She could have just suggested drinks. She could have just invited him straight to hers. But from every interaction they'd ever had, she sensed that he was a genuinely nice guy and there was a tiny part of her that felt bad. She was, in effect, planning on simply using him.

Would it even work? She had wondered a few times whether it was his ability or, somehow, the mystery woman's. If it wasn't his, she'd be wasting her time and, if she wasn't careful, she'd embarrass herself too. She recalled the sight of him lying on his back on his sofa, his enormous penis erect hovering above his muscular abdomen. Despite the cool evening air, she felt her body flush a little, a faint tingle blossoming between her legs.

'Hey! How're you?'

She actually jumped as the sound of his voice snapped her from her daydream. The plan had been for him to knock for her, but she had seen him coming and left her house to meet him. She turned to look up at him as he approached. Wearing a leather jacket, shirt and jeans, he looked smarter than she had expected. Taller too.

'You look great,' he said as he came to a stop in front of her, a broad, easy-going smile extending upward from his mouth to his eyes.

Her heart fluttered at the compliment and she felt herself blush. She had agonised for hours over what to wear, ultimately settling on a skirt – jeans betrayed her flat arse – and a sleeveless halter neck top. Underneath, she'd chosen her favourite purple lingerie set, the bra padded and filled a little with more expertly placed stuffing. You could just about see the lacy purple fabric peeking out from the side of the top, and she'd carefully arranged for the front to show off as much cleavage as possible. Though it wasn't much, she hoped that with the surrounding bulge beneath her top, it would convincingly appear as though she was rocking D-cups.

'You look good too,' she replied, stepping forward as he opened his arms to give her a friendly hug. Placing her own around him, she rested an open palm in the small of his back

as she squeezed him gently. His body was muscular, and as she felt his arms settle around her, she felt another wave of excitement wash over her as her breasts – both real and fake – pressed firmly against his lower abdomen. One of her knees jerked a little, as though it had almost buckled, and she felt his strong hands press into her a little firmer as he held her.

'Shall we...?' he asked as they separated, gesturing toward the marina's restaurant area.

She nodded and smiled her most dazzling smile.

Though she had gone to pains to make sure it was clear she was asking him out on a date, she had also made sure to keep the suggestion casual and, more importantly, keep them local. Ideally, she had wanted to remain within walking distance of her apartment, and, as a result, they had chosen to visit the Italian chain restaurant on the water's edge only a few hundred metres from their front doors.

Having been shown to a small booth – it was a weekday and the restaurant was quiet – the two had settled into an easy conversation full of laughter and, to her delight, flirting. He had ordered a beer and she had chosen a cocktail, and as they sipped their way through them and a sharing platter for a starter, she enjoyed the way he leant forward and engaged with her as they chatted. Not only did it bring his handsome face closer to her, it also gave her the opportunity to check out the muscles in his arms as he rested them against the table. She mirrored him, leaning forward and offering him the best view of her cleavage. Her long hair, which she'd recently spent hundreds of pounds to have dyed near-white to match her latest cosplay, sat tucked obediently behind her left ear whilst occasionally the right side continued to fall across her face and down onto her faintly bulging breasts. Though she didn't want to make it too obvious, she always made sure she nudged them a little as she brushed it back into place, a warmth spreading between her thighs on the occasion she'd caught him looking.

I just want bigger boobs. She found herself whispering it silently to herself in her head as she stared across the table at him, smiling or laughing at his jokes. It was easy; he was a genuinely funny

guy; easy-going and easy to talk to. Despite everything, she realised, she would enjoy their date no matter what happened or how it ended.

Does he fancy me though? Is this going to work? Her leg accidentally brushed up against his underneath the

table and she didn't move it away.

I just want big boobs.

They had almost finished their main courses when he excused himself and headed off in search of the bathroom. A smile still spread across her face, she ate another mouthful of food, revelling in the enjoyable evening she was having.

She had to admit that her anticipation was growing, her pulse quickening at the thought of their meal ending; a now familiar warmth spreading from beneath the purple panties she wore beneath her skirt.

Brushing her hair back behind her ear, noting the purple edge of her bra poking clearly out from the side of her halter neck top, she glanced down at her cleavage.

Her eyes narrowed. Though the top she wore was slightly too small for her padded boobs – stretching it slightly over the front of her lacy bra – it seemed as though her cleavage had developed a more bulging appearance to it than that which she had engineered. It was only slight, but as she sat upright in the booth and took a deep, excited breath, she felt a tightness to her bra that was decidedly new.

She took a long, full breath, watching as her chest expanded, the stuffed contents of her bra rising as her cleavage pushed further out of the neckline of her top than it had when she'd done the exact same thing at home.

Were her boobs actually bigger? She took a furtive glance around and, quickly, gave them a squeeze. Her breath caught in her throat and her legs squirmed.

Not much. But they were! 'Did you miss me?'

He was back, and she glanced quickly up at him like a child almost caught doing something naughty. She knew her face was flushed, and whilst she longed to avoid his gaze, she

tried to examine his expression for a hint of anything unusual. But there was nothing. Just a look of slight confusion over her somewhat breathless answer.

They had finished dinner, shared a desert –

This was going way better than expected! – and finished their last drink. He'd had three beers now, to her three cocktails. Whether he'd noticed her last one was alcohol-free or not, she wasn't sure, but if the evening went as planned she wanted to have a clear mind.

Leaving the restaurant, and confronted with a row of bars to their right, she gauged the mood of the date so far and took a gamble.

'I don't suppose you'd like to come for a drink at mine?'

she asked. 'It's not far from here.'

She laughed and smiled coyly up at him as he stood beside her. The slowly fading effects of the alcohol she had consumed bolstered her confidence. Dammit, she thought to herself, she might be flat-chested, but she was still beautiful, and as she heard his answer a second later, she felt

her heart skip a beat as they set off toward her house.

Their jackets brushed together as they walked, and though she savoured the closeness of him beside her, she couldn't help but become a little distracted by the faint jiggling in her chest. With her bra stuffed like normal – her real boobs pushed tightly together – there wasn't normally much movement to them when she moved. Now however, and though admittedly only slight, there was definite movement. She stole a glance downward, and almost tripped as her gaze became momentarily stuck on her chest. There was no mistaking it: Though in reality it was only slight, her cleavage had grown a couple of centimetres longer, the additional material in her bra pushing her real breasts upward so that they were starting to spill out from the soft purple fabric, creating a faint bulge where her bra met her top.

Reaching her house, her hands trembling faintly, she
opened the door.

'What can I get you to drink?' she asked as she showed him into her small home. Though she wasn't sure, she suspected the layout was identical to his own. Standing in the

lounge – his own house visible through the open curtains – she saw him take it all quickly in.

Whilst avoiding a cluttered appearance, she'd managed to squeeze a nice amount of furniture into the modest room. Along one side, her plush two-seater sofa sat angled toward the TV unit whilst along the other, and positioned to look out over the small marina inlet, was her chaise lounge. Sideless, with a double curve that allowed her to lie back with her laptop perched on her raised legs, it offered her a relaxing view of the harbour and the sea when she worked from home. Though tonight she had other plans for it.

'I'll just have another beer if you're sure that's okay?' he replied to her insistence that she had plenty of drinks to offer him. Nodding and smiling, she didn't mention the fact that she'd deliberately been out and bought several different types – all to make him feel more at home.

Leaving him momentarily alone in the lounge, she stood in the kitchen for a moment, simply staring down at her bust. It was now definitely larger still. With her padding pushing her swollen breasts upward and outward even further, it was starting to look a little silly – perhaps even betraying the fact that she was a stuffer. Keeping her ears pricked in case he followed her, she reached quickly down into her bra and removed a couple of the fillets she had placed there. Weighing up her appearance again, she couldn't help but grin at the realisation that her cleavage was now almost identical to how it had looked at the start of the evening – yet without most of the stuffing.

She couldn't tell if he noticed a change as she handed him his beer back in the lounge. She had set the lighting in the room carefully – aiming for atmospheric rather than simply... dark. The choice of music too was very specific; nothing overly romantic, but not loud and intrusive either.

She settled on the sofa beside him, angling her whole body toward him as she tucked her legs up underneath herself. Smoothing out the front of her relatively short skirt, she watched him

take a sip of his drink.

‘Oh,’ she said with a grin, ‘that embarrassing stuff I was telling you about earlier...?’

She reached for her phone, her pulse quickening. The alcohol was quickly wearing off and she felt her nerve wavering. She should have had another drink. Quickly opening her photos, she pretended to search for the right one. In reality, she’d already lined up a deliberate selection.

‘I know a lot of people think it’s daft and a bit childish,’ she said, holding out her phone, ‘but it’s a great opportunity to get creative and be artistic, and I love the fact that no-one really knows who I am. I can be anyone I want.’

Gesturing for him to take her phone, she watched his face closely for a reaction to the recent photograph of herself at Comic-Con. Her skintight outfit highlighted the few curves her body had to offer, the high-neck design having allowed her to stuff her bra to the max.

‘No, I think it’s great,’ he said with a chuckle – aimed, it seemed, at her feigned embarrassment rather than the photo. ‘I’ve never really gotten into it enough to claim I’m a huge fan, but I used to read the odd comic book when I was a kid and I’m a huge fan of the films now.’

Grinning, she gestured for him to swipe through to the next photo, her hand brushing his leg as she did so, and her insides squirming in delight as she watched him zoom in on her in the next picture. Whilst he hadn’t zoomed directly onto her chest, he wasn’t far off.

He scrolled again, and, perfectly on cue, she feigned embarrassment as the next image slid into view. Essentially wearing nothing but booty shorts and a boob tube – which was, once again, stuffed to create the impression of a generous amount of boob lurking within the taught fabric – she might as well have been wearing a bikini. Unlike the others, this one had been taken in a hotel room, and had all the hallmarks of a more private photo.

‘Oops, sorry –,’

‘It’s fine,’ she said quickly, taking the offered phone back as she allowed her hand to momentarily linger against his.

Swiping along to the next image, she chuckled.

‘That’s our little group at the last one,’ she said, turning the screen toward him. She leaned forward, her hair brushing his face as she lowered herself until they were sitting only inches apart. Her folded legs, pressed against his.

She watched him closely as he looked at the image. It had been carefully selected, and showed a line of six or seven young woman, including her, standing in the middle of a large, bustling hall. Like her, all were wearing costumes that flaunted their figures, and, without fail, all of them were considerably curvier than she. Boobs spilled from elaborate costumes as hips and bums

flared out at the waist. Two of the women fell firmly into the BBWs category, and even as she looked at the image now she found herself envious of the canyon of cleavage one of them had on show.

'The costumes are amazing,' he said, a little hesitantly, his gaze jumping around the image as he clearly struggled to determine what was an appropriate compliment to pay them.

He turned his attention away from the screen, smiling across the small gap between them as they sat in close proximity. Reaching out, she rested her hand on his forearm, her fingers gently caressing his skin. Her heart was hammering in her chest, and she saw his gaze dart quickly from the phone to her chest and then back to her eyes. Taking a quick, nervously excited breath, she felt an unusual tightness once again present in her bra, and it took all she had not to look down. Fixing her attention on him instead, she noticed him shift slightly toward her, his body leaning into her a little more as he smiled at her.

'You know,' she said as she took her phone and switched the screen off. She glanced wistfully away for a moment, 'I have to admit that I do find myself rather jealous of a lot of the girls that I meet...'

She trailed off as she nodded toward her phone.

'Why?' he asked, his curiosity genuine.

'Well,' she said, feeling her face flush as her whole body began to feel suddenly hot, 'I've just always wanted to be a bit curvier, you know...?'

She hung her head for a moment, using the gesture to steal a glance at her chest. Her heart pounded as she saw a new surge of cleavage pushing its way out of her halter top. No wonder her top was feeling tight – whilst a small amount of additional stuffing remained inside her padded bra, her chest was looking larger than it ever had.

'Aw, but you're stunning,' he said opposite her, his own appearance seemingly a little flustered, though he quickly appeared to pull himself together. 'You're staggeringly beautiful... and you do have curves.'

Even as she flashed him her best smile, she caught him steal a glance at her chest, and as her gaze returned to meet his, she was sure she saw a sudden tightness to the front of his jeans. She took a deep breath, the constricted sensation around her chest intensifying.

It had to be him, she thought to herself. There could surely be no doubt. It was impossible otherwise. Well – it was impossible either way but –

Fuck it, she decided. If this wasn't the opportunity she had been waiting for, she'd never do it.

'You know,' she said slowly and coyly, 'there is something I

could should, if you'd like?'

The pounding in her ears was almost deafening, and even as she saw him simply begin to nod, she scrambled quickly to her feet and fled the room.

Having sprinted as quietly as possible up the stairs to her bedroom, she stood in the darkness, panting slightly. The sensation of her bra digging into her sides was intoxicating, and as she tore her clothes off and kicked them under the bed, she stood naked for a moment, her dainty hands reaching tentatively upward. When she found her breasts, her nipples almost agonisingly erect, she couldn't help but gasp. Whilst they weren't as large as she had hoped, she could not deny the fact that they were bigger. Taking them into her warm hands, she squeezed them gently, quickly biting her lip to suppress a moan as she wondered what size they might now be.

At least a C cup, surely.

She crossed her legs where she stood, massaging the swollen flesh within her hands as she felt herself grow wet between her thighs.

Behind her in her cupboard, her "surprise" waited patiently, and it took an awful lot of willpower for her to let herself go and turn to put it on.

'What do you think?' she called as she headed back downstairs a minute later. She had tied her hair up in a tight ponytail, and as she bounded down the hallway barefoot she enjoyed the new and utterly wonderful sensation of a slight jiggle to her slightly larger tits.

Her plan worked as she had hoped, the sound of her voice and her question getting him to his feet and, by the time she re-entered the room, he was standing in the middle of it. Thankfully, she noted, he had left his beer by the sofa, as by the look on his face, she suspected, he might have otherwise dropped it.

Her face was burning and her heart was pounding louder than ever as she took his hand and pulled him toward the window – leading him to a faint swathe of light cast into the room from the marina below.

The costume was one she had bought especially for the occasion, and though she had bought it from a high quality specialist online – even paying for express delivery to ensure it arrived on time – it wasn't in the same league as her other costumes. But that wasn't really the point. The point, instead, was that it was deliberately several sizes too big for her. Whilst the elastic fabric – not quite neoprene and not latex like some, but more of a stretchy synthetic blend – clung to her in all the right ways, its initial impact wasn't quite the same as a correctly fitted one would have. Especially had she retained her stuffed bra.

'It's supposed to be Black Widow from the Marvel universe,' she said as she stood before him, twisting her hips slowly. She pointed out the detailing on the arms and around her waist, before glancing down toward her legs.

'Though I'm not entirely sure why they cut it off above the

knee,' she added with a shrug and a lighthearted laugh.

She looked back up at him to find him taking it all in unapologetically. Though the slightly baggy costume had a deep V-neck, she felt suddenly extremely self-conscious of her unsupported boobs, and, more than ever, prayed that her plan was going to pay off.

'So, what do you think?' she asked seductively, still swaying slightly as she stepped forward, pressing her lower body against his as she placed her hands around his waist.

Any doubt as to the origin of the bulge in the front of his jeans disappeared as she looked up at him, wondering momentarily whether he'd be able to feel her racing heartbeat.

Shaking his head a little and stifling a chuckle, he looked down at her.

'You look incredible,' he said earnestly, his large hands settling around her waist as he spoke and giving her a faint squeeze. 'I -,'

For a moment he seemed a little lost for words, and she wondered if he was feeling at all suspicious. Or perhaps whether, somehow, this was all feeding into a plan of his own.

'Okay,' she said simply, 'I have a confession.'

She took his hand as he laughed, and, though gently, manoeuvred him very deliberately down onto the chaise lounge behind them. Before he could question her, she helped him shift his legs up and onto the soft fabric until he was half sitting, half lying on the chair. As he finally did open his mouth to speak, she quickly stretched her leg over and, turning to face him, sat down astride him, her bum resting on his thighs.

'This is a very strange confession,' he mused as she grinned at him a little guiltily. Due to the raised kink, mid-chair, she was actually sat a little higher than him, his head resting on the reclined back of the chaise as he looked at her.

'So,' she said, placing her hands on his thighs and running them slowly away from her and toward the unmistakable bulge in his jeans, her thumbs coming to rest mere centimetres from the taut denim. 'I really hope you don't mind, but my confession is that I saw you on Monday evening.'

She massaged his thighs gently as she watched him. For several moments, the smile remained - albeit with an air of confusion. And then she saw it dawn on him. A fascinating range of emotions flashed across his face as he began to decipher and truly understand what she was saying; what she meant.

'You know, I've had a great evening,' she said earnestly, shifting slightly closer and running her hands dangerously close to his crotch. 'I've honestly had a great evening and...regardless of whatever else might still happen...'

She grinned at him, her heart still pounding away in her ears as she urged him to speak.

‘I just...’

She glanced down to her chest, her breasts lost in the large costume despite their new-found size.

‘You really are beautiful,’ he said finally, his tone earnest. Reaching out, he placed his hands on her slender thighs and gave them a gentle squeeze.

‘Thank you,’ she replied quickly, ‘but –,’

‘No, I know,’ he said quickly, nodding faintly as he tried to hold back the beginning of a smile.

‘Can you...help me?’ she asked, her voice little more than a whisper. Leaning slightly further forward, she ran her hands slowly up his thighs and, finally, onto the bulge on his jeans. Feeling the rock solid erection beneath, and listening to the suddenly ragged sound of his breathing, she whispered in his ear.

‘I’ll make it worth it.’

She kissed his neck softly as her hand massaged the throbbing mass beneath her delicate fingers.

When she sat back up, she saw a smile spread across his face, and every part of her began to tingle.

‘I might be able to help a little,’ he said, pausing a moment before adding, ‘you really saw everything on Monday?’

Her whole body flushed as she replayed it instantly in her head, heat coursing through her as she felt herself grow wet once again. Still leaning forward, she felt her nipples press against the soft material of her suit.

She nodded.

‘You can control it?’ she asked, her own smile growing uncontrollably as he nodded.

‘You can control what grows?’

He seemed to contemplate his answer with a little difficulty as she continued to stroke him through his jeans.

'I can sort of channel it,' he said, 'with my hands.'

She felt a flutter run the length of her body as she became much more aware of his fingers squeezing her thighs.

'I can make really small changes without touching at all, but it's most effective if I...'

He squeezed her thighs a little harder and she let slip an involuntarily gasp. Sliding herself forward, she pressed her

crotch firmly against his and, ever-so-slowly, began to move her hips back and forth against him.

'So... you can make my boobs bigger?' she asked, unable to see his face as she once again kissed his neck. She felt his hands move to her arse, and squeeze it through her suit.

Was he doing anything now? 'Yeah, I can,' he muttered as she continued to grind against him. She sat up just enough to look at him.

'Can you make them really big?' she asked.

'Yes,' he said softly, nodding faintly.

'Will they stay big?' she asked, drinking in the arousal on his face.

his face.

'Pretty much,' he replied. 'The only way I know to undo it is to just have a cold shower and, sort of, will it...'

She digested the information, her own breathing shallow as her body burned with desire.

'So we could make them huge?' she replied, closing her eyes as she concentrated on the bulge of his dick rubbing against her soaking crotch.

'Uh huh,' he replied, his hands squeezing her arse and pulling her firmly against him.

‘And one last question,’ she whispered into his ear, ‘I saw you grow too.’

She felt him smile as she brushed her face on his.

‘How does that work?’

Beside her, he chuckled darkly.

‘Well, you saw what made it grow,’ he said simply. ‘And it’ll just keep growing that way until it... until it gets used in other ways.’

The excitement coursing through her was almost too much.

Her patience was almost at its limit.

‘Though,’ he added quickly, ‘if you do that, I can’t really control which part of you changes. But I can, sort of, edit it after... the other way.’

Leaning back, she looked at him, a hunger erupting in the pit of her stomach as she suddenly saw his own desire staring back at her.

Shifting herself up and off him, she pivoted her leg back across the chaise and, with his help, stripped his shirt and

jeans from his muscular body. Fumbling in her excitement, she finally took his boxer shorts and threw them to the floor, turning back to survey his naked, muscular form in the faint ray of light from outside. His nine, maybe even ten, inch cock stood proud, waiting for her, and, as he watched, she knelt down on the soft carpet beside him. Running a hand slowly up and down his cock, she lowered her head and took him into her mouth.

Above her, she heard him exhale as she moved slowly up and down, surprised by the sweet taste of him in her mouth. It was unexpectedly enticing, and with each passing second she found herself enjoying it more and more. Drinking in the sound of his shallow breathing above her, she wondered what the result of her actions would be. She recalled the memory, burned into her mind, of the woman she’d seen across the marina several nights before, and suddenly she became aware of just how wet she was; how furiously hard her nipples had become inside the slightly gaping suit.

She felt him twitch inside her mouth, her excitement and eagerness bringing him to the edge far faster than she had expected. All but squirming in anticipation, she braced herself, her pulse bounding once again. And then, with only the slightest of warnings, she felt him explode inside her mouth. Swallowing with ease – even enjoying the unusual, almost addictive taste – she felt his energy flow into her like a hot drink on a cold day. Only it was spreading to more than her stomach. She swallowed and swallowed as the flush spread throughout her body, her thighs growing hotter and slicker as she closed her eyes and allowed the myriad of sensations erupting all over her body to find their way to her brain’s pleasure centre.

As his orgasm began to subside, she slowed, gently massaging him with her lips as she listened to him moan softly. And then she felt it: A sudden tension in her bum, a sense of the suit moving against her skin. Her waist too was growing a little. Up top, she felt the suit graze her nipples, and she faltered momentarily as a wave of pleasure ran from her breasts to her soaking groin.

But then, inside her mouth, she felt him begin to swell. At first she thought he was simply beginning to recover, but it

wasn't long until she realised it was something else. He had grown larger than before, once again rigid inside her mouth. Even as she longed to straddle him and take him deep within her, she doubled down and began to bob her head up and down. Within the suit she felt her swollen tits jiggle slightly, and though she longed to look, she forced herself to focus on him.

I won't let him go until we're both huge, she thought to

herself, her mind running wild with what might be possible.

Manoeuvring herself up a little, tightening her lips as she ran them up and down the length of him, she tried to take as much of him as she could. Above her, she heard him gasp, and a second later his hips bucked. As a pulsating torrent erupted from him once again, she tried desperately to swallow every last drop, a fire erupting in her stomach and spreading quickly to every part of her.

Once again she felt the suit constrict around her bum and her thighs, the waistline growing a little less slack. For the first time, she felt her nipples make contact with the inside lining of the stretchy fabric and stay there – no longer hanging pathetically inside the baggy suit as they grew into swollen D cups. As she leaned in, refusing to stop for even a moment as she struggled to swallow each enormous mouthful, she felt her tummy begin to press softly against the side of the chaise. Her mind, darting rapidly between all sorts of dark, lustful thoughts, momentarily pictured her second most favourite erotic anime where the men all featured enormous, bulging, cocks.

In total, and offering no respite against the endless waves of mounting pleasure, she brought him to orgasm eight times. Out of view above her, she could hear him panting weakly, unable to catch his breath as he lay almost powerless to stop her as her obsession grew more and more tangible.

After each time, as more and more of his delicious energy flowed from him, his entire body bucking and quivering, she slowed for only a moment as his cock continued to swell, unable to tell if he was begging her to stop or continue.

But she didn't care – each almost seismic eruption filling her with a torrent of fluid that only made her hungrier for more.

She was immersed in her own little bubble, the only thing penetrating it the monster that she continued, with increasing difficulty, to take into her mouth. Every part of her body tingled and burnt with a fire that spread from her stomach to her soaking thighs and indeed everywhere

else. It wouldn't take much for her to orgasm right there and then, the relentless waves of pleasure washing over her making her tremble and requiring a great deal of concentration to stop from overcoming her completely.

It wasn't time yet! It was difficult though. Oh so difficult.

Though she could no longer fit much more than the head of his staggeringly engorged penis inside her mouth, she had taken every last drop of him within her, moaning and writhing almost uncontrollably as she felt it take its effect.

Though she longed more than anything for enormous, bulging and burgeoning breasts, she had not expected the level of pleasure she was deriving from the sensation of growth taking place all over her body. Though she was, undoubtedly, biding her time until she could feel the grasp of his powerful hands around her tits as they grew larger and larger, she had, in the meantime, held herself on the brink of orgasm as his energy poured flesh into her once lithe and slender body.

Her once flat and shapeless rear had swollen and expanded in every direction. Stretching out the lower half of her Black Widow suit, she had felt flesh pour steadily into her thighs and arse, her hips growing broader and fleshier until she had eventfully felt the swell of her arse press into the new curves of her calves as she kneeled beside the chaise lounge.

Having taken in what seemed like gallon upon gallon, she had felt her stomach grow too, ever hungry for more as she swallowed greedily and increasingly frantically. Billowing out before her, expanding above and onto her thick and meaty thighs, she had felt the soft flesh of her belly push against the side of the chaise with increasing fervour.

One size fits all – the advert for the cheap stretchy costume

had said – from size 8 to size 18.

Well, she thought to herself, feeling the taught fabric stretch around her waist and around the bulge of her bloated stomach, she was going to see about that!

Then there were her breasts; the main reason she was now bracing herself for the ninth and final eruption before, finally, she would ride her captor until her tits were so big she'd barely be able to stand. Though her target was still a long way off, she knew without looking that they were already magnificent. Constrained by her costume, they had grown out in every direction as they had expanded; slowly at first, yet with increasing speed as she continued to work her own magic on his swollen cock. Now, they protruded from her chest like two confined basketballs, spilling around to her sides and, in the middle where they met, billowing out through the deep V-neck of her suit in an incredibly, bulging display of cleavage. With nowhere left to go, they had then worked their way downward too, coming to rest on her bulbous stomach.

Pressing her swollen body against the side of the chaise, she felt him begin to orgasm one last time, the new weight of her body pulling her forward as she tried to take in the torrent bursting out of him. Her belly pressed almost painfully into the side of the chair as she kept her hands

wrapped tightly around his pulsating shaft, determined not to let even a single drop escape. In the space between her outstretched arms, she was aware of her tits ballooning once more. Shimming forward a little, her whole body jiggling inside the over- stretched fabric, she felt her breasts come to rest against the soft material of the chair, spilling out forwards and sideways against the side of his body.

As he finally finished, she released him, gasping for air as she kneeled beside him, her eyes closed as she fought off an orgasm of her own. Her whole body tingled and throbbed with desperate desire, her nipples painfully erect as they pushed against the taught material stretched tightly across her bust. Between her plump thighs, squashed together as she knelt, she felt soaked fabric rub softly against her.

Finally, it was time.

Balancing her new weight carefully, she climbed slowly to her feet. There was not a single place on her body where the

costume was not completely taught. Reaching around, she ran her hands up her enormous thighs until she reached her arse, moaning softly as she sunk her fingers into the soft flesh. Continuing upward and around, she massaged her massive, spherical belly. Having lost some of it's definition as it ballooned, the fabric of her costume had helped it to retain a near perfect shape, and she bit her lip as she ran her hands over it. Though she had no frame of reference, this was surely what it must feel like to be pregnant, she thought. Not that she could see much of it, though.

She trembled with excitement as her hands continued their journey north, and onto the now translucent black fabric. From her perspective, her incredible tits were now simply one enormous explosion of flesh pushing out from her chest in every direction. Sinking her fingers into the soft flesh through the taut material, she cried out as pleasure coursed through her.

She couldn't wait any more.

Reaching down, her fingers trembling, she found the waistband stretched to its limit around her broad hips. Matching the same black fabric of her costume, the booty shorts she was wearing over the top had all but blended in to her outfit, and the reason for their presence was simple. Ever since she had conceived her plan a few days ago, fantasising about ballooning up on her neighbours enormous cock as her tits grew larger than anything she had ever previously dreamt of, she had envisaged herself wearing a Black Widow outfit; the outfit of her secret lesbian crush, Scarlett Johansson.

With a little difficult, she removed the booty shorts, watching as a devious smile crept over her prisoner's face: The other reason she'd bought this cheaper outfit for the evening was so she wouldn't feel so bad when she cut it up a little.

Climbing carefully onto the chaise lounge at it's far end, she positioned herself onto all fours above his shins. Despite the fabric of her suit holding them up, she felt the weight of her tits pull

her down as they settled heavily onto his bare legs. Before her, he sat transfixed, his gaze glued on her constricted, rippling cleavage as she made her way up his body. Her belly, too, hung below her, swaying faintly as she

went and grazing his legs as well. Her hips, now several times wider than they had been before, bulged out behind her, clearly visible either side of her as her enormous arse hung in the air; his legs squashed between her fleshy thighs.

Reaching his waist, she pushed her swollen breasts against his rock hard erection, the head of his penis above her as the monster stood fully erect before him. Manoeuvring herself a little clumsily into a sitting position, she pressed her bulging belly against his muscular abdomen, the twitching tip of his cock disappearing into the eruption of tit flesh beneath his chin.

Still unaccustomed to her new size, she pushed her hips slowly forward, the base of his penis pressed against her soaking pussy through the hole she had cut from the front of the cheap Black Widow costume and hidden with the booty shorts. Pinned back in the chaise lounge by the weight of her body, she could see from the look in his eyes that he too wanted nothing more. And so, raising herself up, she took the tip of his throbbing cock in her small, delicate hand, and positioned him beneath her, her soaking crotch hovering in front of his face. Somehow, through all the changes she had experienced, she somehow knew that she would be able to take it all within her. But still...

Her body began to tremble from both the exertion of holding her new weight above him, and simple, unadulterated desire. She began to lower herself, feeling his enormous, warm and wet head press against her before, with a faint gasp, she took him inside of her.

It was unlike anything she had ever experienced before – the sensation of his incredible girth gently stretching her as she slid more and more of him into her burning body.

Her eyes screwed tightly shut, she felt him throb, her swollen belly rubbing against his chest as she continued to lower herself onto him. Her body continued to tremble, and a moment later she felt him place his hands on the bulging, fleshy cheeks of her enormous arse. Lower and lower she went, his monstrous form filling her from within as she moaned and shook. Her tits, mammoth and quivering within their stretchy confines, made contact with his chest, her nipples pulled gently upward as she continued to take him in.

And then her arse made contact with his thighs, and for a moment the two simply sat there, motionless, their bodies teetering on the brink of what would surely be the most powerful orgasm either had ever experienced.

She felt full. In a most intense and satisfying sense that she had never experienced before, she felt every inch of her body revel in its newfound form, the rigid form of his gargantuan penis within her seemingly pushing her body out from within. Pressed against him, her breasts and belly bulging out sideways as they found themselves trapped, she found herself unwilling to move lest she accidentally succumb to the waves of pleasure coursing through her.

‘Listen to me closely,’ she whispered in his ear, leaning in as closely as the cleavage surging up between them and her belly would allow.

‘I want you to give me the perfect butt,’ she breathed, feeling his fingers tighten on her rear as she spoke. ‘Massive is fine, but make it massive and perfect and round.’

She failed to contain a whimper as she felt his cock twitch deep within her.

‘I don’t dislike the belly either,’ she continued, shimmying as much as she dared to illustrate her point, ‘but give it a nice, round shape.’

With difficulty – her bulging breasts getting in the way – she gripped his arms tightly.

‘But, most importantly,’ she whispered darkly, ‘we’re not leaving this chair until you’ve given me the best tits I’ve ever seen.’

Amidst his shallow breathing, she felt him grunt faintly, and, a second later, she felt it.

The heat from his fingers erupted into the cheeks of her butt, and immediately she felt herself begin to change. Though she could tell she wasn’t growing larger, she felt the flesh in her arse grow firmer and fuller. It was a vastly different sense of growth from before, and as she felt him take charge and guide the energy through her, she found herself holding her breath. It was almost mesmerising, and simply closing her eyes she succumbed as she felt her immense butt grow tighter and rounder.

Moments later, his large, powerful hands slid onto the sides of her belly. This time, as the energy poured in and he began to shape her, she felt her breasts begin to grow as some of it spilt over. Once again, she could sense that whilst her stomach wasn’t growing larger, per se, he was filling it up to give it the shape she wanted; the distance between them growing slightly as he turned the flabby shapeless flesh into an enormous, taught, egg-shaped mountain.

As graciously as she could, she leaned backwards, placing her hands on the side of the chaise lounge behind her. Arching her back, she glanced at the fabric of her suit – now so taught it surely had to be nearing its limit. Though her beachball-sized tits hid his hands from view, she felt his fingers massaging the flesh of her stomach as it continued to press against his despite the fact she was now leaning away.

Finally, and as she braced herself against the explosion building between her legs, she felt his hands run up and onto her tits.

They settled there firmly, his strong fingers sinking deep into the soft flesh which, confined within the suit, gave her mammoth tits the appearance of huge water balloons. Within her, she

felt his cock jerk, and a moment later she felt the energy begin to flow from his hands. Gasping and squirming, she fought back furiously against her orgasm, unable to keep her eyes open as she bit down hard enough on her lower lip to draw blood.

Within the costume she felt the pressure build. Like he had done with her arse and her stomach, she could feel him channel the growth. Had it not been for the suit, she was sure that the growth in her breasts would have resulted in a natural, probably somewhat sagging shape – their enormous weight working against them. Now though, she felt him pump flesh into what felt like the top of them, as though he was somehow given them buoyancy against gravity. Though retaining a natural, teardrop appearance, they grew steadily more bulbous, the Black Widow suit groaning audibly as her tits began to round out.

As more and more cleavage poured through the deep v- neck, they defied the suit's pull as they grew outward and sideways, filling the remaining gap between their bodies.

And, finally, she felt the costume begin to rip. The seam on her left shoulder, almost in slow motion, began to unravel, the black fabric coming apart to reveal the pale skin of her shoulder. Even as a surge of tit flesh began to appear, the seam surrendered entirely – the whole front section of her costume growing slack as the stitching unravelled from shoulder to shoulder.

Realising what had happened, she felt him hesitate, and for a moment his hands disappeared from her chest. With nothing to hold it in place, the front section of her costume simply fell away, landing silently on the upper swell of her belly.

And, finally, her tits were free.

For a moment, the two of them simply stared. They were perfect.

Largely defying gravity, they hung down just enough to make them look somehow, incredibly, natural. Rippling faintly as her body quivered, the motion served only to highlight their enormous shape – each surpassing the size of an overinflated beachball. Her nipples too had grown, pointing angrily outward in the cool air of her apartment.

Mesmerised, she watched as he lifted his hands and sunk them into the mountains of flesh before him. The feeling of his skin on hers for the first time was like electricity, and she felt her hips buck as he began to pour more flesh into her.

Moaning loudly, she rocked her hips again, feeling the rock hard enormity of him swell within her. She gasped, the heat from her tits arcing all the way through her from her nipples to her groin. Her monstrous thighs trembled as they embraced his girth, and as she heard herself whimper softly, she watched her tits grow before her eyes. Unable to stop herself, she gyrated her bulging body against him, her raging lust finally consuming her as she lost all restraint.

'Bigger,' she gasped, arching her back further and thrusting her chest up and into the air. They were enormous now, their weight immense as they approached almost two feet across.

'We have to cum together,' she heard him gasp somewhere beyond the mountains of flesh.

'Cum then!' she gasped, her fingers clenched so tightly onto the edge of the chaise they'd gone white. 'Cum inside me and make even bigger.'

Her own words were the thing that finally pushed her over the edge.

The first surge of her orgasm was like an electric shock. Every muscle in her body went rigid. Unable to even breathe, she heard herself groan as the air in her lungs was expelled. The second wave was no less intense, and as her eyes rolled back, her head fell backward until she was staring at the ceiling.

And then she felt him orgasm.

Already filling her to an extent beyond anything she would ever previously have thought possible, she felt his cock swell larger still, stretching her even further as she jerked uncontrollably.

Then came the eruption, and for a moment she simply didn't know if she could take it.

As her muscles remained rigid, her belly and breasts shuddering and rippling, she felt herself go lightheaded as she felt the torrent erupt inside her. Instantly, it was everywhere: in her thighs and arse, in her belly and hips, and in her breasts. Even as her own orgasm continued to ravage her, her hips bucking uncontrollably, she felt her taught, bulging body begin to expand.

From the bottom of her suit where she had cut a hole in the crotch, she heard and felt it begin to rip. With a ballooning of previously contained flesh, her perfect round arse erupted from the black fabric and splurged out and into his lap. Around her waist, she felt the stretchy fabric reach its elastic limit as her belly burgeoned under the sudden, forceful influx filling her like a fire hose.

Even as he lay beneath her, his breath coming in short, sharp bursts, she felt him run his hands up her broadening hips to her expanding belly. Even as it began to press firmly against his own, the pressure still growing, she felt him begin to channel the energy upward.

Twitching and gasping, her vision wavering, she felt her tits swell. Their weight and their girth exploding, they surged outward as the last remnants of her suit slither to the floor.

Naked, she sat astride him, thrusting herself against him as best as the electricity shooting through her body would allow.

The orgasm had lit her on fire and as her body glistened with

sweat, she fought to keep the lightheadedness at bay and savour every single sensation shooting her new, immense body.

Her magnificent belly pinned him firmly into the chaise lounge as her ballooning breasts surged to fill the remaining space between them. They were almost the size of small yoga balls now, and though she could also see them in her peripheral vision as she leaned yet further backward to make way for their growth, she felt their enormous form pressing against her stomach and pressing against her sides as they grew.

Even as her orgasm began to fade, she felt a second wash over her with all the subtlety of a tsunami, her vision fading as she fought for breath, aware of her tits beginning to press firmly against his chest.

Beneath her, having pumped himself into her for over a minute, she finally felt his orgasm begin to subside. With her nipples squashed tightly against his abdomen, she felt her growth begin to slow too.

Manoeuvring her hands carefully, and leaving one to prop herself up, she brought the other around to explore her new body.

Lifting her head, she took in the sight before her as her hand kneaded the taught mountain of tit flesh bulging out between them.

Slowly, a smile spreading across her face, she began to
laugh.

Echo I

by Goldleaf

He had bumped into her two days ago in town. Though he had seen on Facebook that she had moved into the area, he definitely hadn't expected to run into her so soon. Walking along the high street, he had turned at the sound of someone calling his name, and had come face to face with his ex- girlfriend, a broad smile lighting up her face as she stood opposite him.

'Long time, no see,' she had said with a raised eyebrow.

He had studied her face as he replied, thinking back to the amicable ending of their relationship several years before, and the numerous times since when he had wondered quietly to himself whether she was the one that had got away.

Trying not to be too obvious about it, he checked her out. Her long brown hair was mixed with professional-looking highlights, and cascaded over her shoulders as their breath rose between them in the cold winter air. Beyond that, and the minimal make-up she wore, her thick coat made it difficult for him to see much more. She had always been petite – her appearance almost mousy – her slender figure fitting her 5'6" frame and her somewhat quiet and reserved persona. Today, however, she seemed full of a new confidence, her height bolstered by a pair of black

boots with a substantial heel. He quickly traced the outline of her jean-clad legs until they disappeared behind the lower hem of her jacket. She went to the gym – he had seen that on Facebook too – and though her legs were lean, there was a new, gentle curve to them.

The two of them had chatted for several minutes, catching up on each other's lives with genuine interest. On several occasions, he had been tempted to ask out for a coffee, but, ultimately, the right moment hadn't arrived, and suddenly he had found himself saying goodbye.

Taking a step forward, she had wrapped her arms around him in a farewell hug, and as her body pressed against him he had felt the faint impression of her breasts through the layers of their coats. Matching the rest of her, and recalling her perky

B-cups from the year or so they had dated, he suspected that they remained much the same as they always had done. And as he reached out and placed his arms around her in response, he couldn't help himself.

The two of them had parted, and he smiled down at her as she said a final farewell and turned away. She hadn't felt a thing – and neither had he really; just a faint and fleeting pulse that faded as quickly as it had originated in his fingers and travelled through their coats to her.

He didn't know where it had all come from – and he didn't question it much either. As far as he was concerned, this strange ability he had somehow developed didn't harm anyone, and it seemed extremely unlikely that he'd ever receive answers to any questions he might ask anyway.

But now, two days later, he was about to get an answer to

a related, yet different question.

On the sofa beside him, the Facebook Messenger app on his phone pinged, and, with a devilish smile, he recognised her name.

Claire.

Here we go. He opened the chat, returning her greeting and wondering whether she'd have the guts to mention it. Because it was, undoubtedly, the sole reason she was messaging him at half-past nine at night.

He waited patiently, replying politely to her messages and trying coyly to pretend he couldn't see she was trying to lead the conversation somewhere.

'So, do you think I've changed much since we last saw each other?' she asked him eventually.

He sat up a little straighter on the sofa.

'I'm not sure,' he replied innocently, 'we only spoke for a minute or so.'

changed much?'

She replied almost instantly with an exasperated emoji.

'I meant physically,' she wrote. 'Did you think I had

Well you hadn't changed much then, he mused, but since... 'Your hair was different.' He wrote back. 'I liked it a lot.'

Her reply was, again, almost instant – and it was clear that she was still digging for a different, very specific answer.

Deciding to help the conversation – and her – along a little, he picked his next words carefully, and typed:

'I think you looked the same the other day, but you're probably looking a little different now.'

This time, there was a pause before she replied.

Somehow – through the bizarre ability he had come to possess and the strange link it gave him – he knew her dreams had, for the last two nights, been filled with images of him; moments between the two of them.

'How so?'

He knew that, despite all logic to the contrary, she suspected he knew. Though it was impossible. Wasn't it?

'I think there's a part of you that's grown a little,' he typed, his pulse quickening slightly as he continued to smirk.

This time, there was a significant pause before she replied.

'It was you...?'

In a sense, it was an admission, and his smile grew.

Shrugging slightly to himself, he decided to just go for it.

'Your boobs grew, didn't they?'

An agonising pause, then...

‘Yes! How did you do it? It’s impossible!’

He chuckled quietly to himself in the cosy warmth of his living room. On the opposite wall, a film continued on his TV, though he’d turned the volume down when she had first messaged him.

‘I don’t know,’ he replied. ‘You get the dreams and it just happens. If you want to fix it, go and stand in the shower. Don’t touch them, just slowly turn the temperature down as cold as you can handle.’

He hit send and watched as the ‘message received’

symbol changed to ‘message read’. He waited.

He wondered how much they had grown by. She had been a solid B-cup when they had dated, and none of her photos on Facebook or anything he’d seen the other day had suggested otherwise. Though their hug had been brief, he wondered whether they could have grown a whole cup size. It would have had to have been significant enough for her to message him. Though of course there were the dreams too.

If he closed his eyes, he could almost picture her now heading into her bathroom, removing her clothes and she turned on the tap. She hadn’t replied to his last message, and he was sure it was what she was doing.

Did she really mind, he wondered. He was fairly certain they’d had the odd conversation back when they’d dated about things she wouldn’t mind changing about herself.

He saw her standing in the shower, the warm water running down her trim body as she reached for the temperature control. Even as the fingers on one hand reached out for the silver dial though, her other hand reached up to cup the swollen outline of her newly enlarged breast. Her whole body shuddered slightly as her fingers sunk in to the soft, voluminous flesh that had spilled out of her bra earlier that morning. Her eyes closed as her thumb and index finger surrounded her nipple as the rest of her hand gently squeezed.

And that, he knew, would be it.

‘I think I deserve an explanation.’

His Messenger app pinged, and the images from his almost meditative daydream vanished as he opened his eyes.

‘You live over on the marina, right? Can I come round?’

He glanced at the clock on his phone. It was gone ten. Thirty minutes or so was a long time to stand in a cold shower...

He gave her his address and glanced around his living room. Though his two-bedroom house

wasn't exactly large, it's interior was spacious. Whilst the front door opened onto a small, pedestrianised boardwalk, the rear patio doors beside him opened onto a small balcony overlooking a small U- shaped bay of the marina. Across the short distance – currently devoid of boats thanks to the winter months – he could see a handful of lights on in the houses opposite. Preferring to admire the view of the twinkling lights, he often spent the evening with the curtains open, confident that, with only a lamp and his TV illuminating the room, the darkness of the night would hide him from view.

The doorbell rang, and he glanced, once again, at the time.

It hadn't taken her long.

He stood up, walking somewhat excitedly down the dimly- lit hallway toward the front door. Trying hard, he forced the smile off his face as he opened the door.

'Hey,' he said cheerfully, stepping quickly aside as she didn't hesitate before brushing past him. Closing the door behind her, he followed her through to the lounge. From behind, and in the relative darkness of the hallway, it was difficult to make out much beyond her silhouette. Her long hair was tied back in a ponytail, her upper body hidden by a black hoody. He could see her legs though, he noted as he followed her into the lounge, the pale skin of her thighs, then calves, appearing from beneath the hem of a short grey skirt.

'Can I get you a drink?' he asked innocently as she came to a stop before him. Turning to face him, and lit from the side by the light of the lamp, he saw it. Despite the oversized, near-shapeless and decidedly far-too-large hoody, it was obvious, and as he traced the faint yet undeniable swell beneath the fabric down from her neck toward her navel, he knew exactly what had happened in the shower.

With one hand firmly grasping the shower controls, her other had begun to massage the larger, rounder, heavier shape of her swollen breast. Though she had done the exact same thing earlier that morning when she had awoken, soaking wet, once again, from another night of sex-filled dreams, it somehow felt different, now, under the warm water of the shower.

She closed her eyes as she kneaded and squeezed her chest, the taunt skin of her breast spilling out between her fingers as her breath grew shallow. Without any sort of conscious decision, her other hand left the temperature control and, from her thigh, worked its way between her legs. She gasped faintly as she began to play with herself, her swollen nipple squeezed gently between her fingers as she kneaded her breast.

It wasn't long before she convulsed, gasped involuntarily as she orgasmed. For the first time, her hand left her breast as she steadied herself against the shower wall, her eyes closed tight as she shuddered, enjoying the sensation of the hot water massaging her swollen body.

Eventually though, her breathing beginning to slow, she opened her eyes, and choked back an involuntary stutter of surprise. For the past two days she had been living with the all but explicable growth of her breasts from her usual size to at least a proud C-cup. Now, however,

she saw as she looked down in shock, they had grown again and by at least the same amount.

She watched as they rose and fell, swelling in tandem with her shallow breathing. Both nipples stood firmly erect, and she watched as a steady stream of water cascaded down each, utterly perfect, breast. Curiously, she twisted her upper body sharply, and watched, transfixed, as they jiggled and swayed. And then, once again, she had reached up and cupped them.

This time, her moans had grown a little louder, and her squeezing and kneading a little more frantic as her hand returned, once again, to between her thighs. She had orgasmed faster too, and harder, and even as she had bucked and gasped, reaching out to steady herself, she had opened her eyes to see her breasts larger once more. Staggered, she had held them in her small hands, watching as only the slightest squeeze formed a chasm of cleavage. A moment from last night's dream pierced her body, and, as she remembered the weight of his body atop hers, she fought to remain standing as her knees threatened to buckle. Gasping, and spluttering at the water cascading down over her, she squeezed her swollen breasts and moaned.

He couldn't help but stare as she stood defiantly before him. Without speaking, she reached down, grasping the hem of her hoody and pulling it up. Underneath, he saw the light grey material of a t-shirt begin to ride up as she lifted the top away. The elasticated band of her short grey skirt dug into her narrow hips, he noticed, the beginnings of a muffin top spilling out above it from a surprisingly soft little belly. As the hoody continued its journey upward, he felt his heart skip a beat.

How many times had she orgasmed in the shower? Her light grey t-shirt would normally, he suspected, be a size too big for her. It's lower half, despite her tummy, was loose, and as it returned to it's natural position on her body, it

hid the flare of her slender hips from view. But it was up top that his attention was now fixed.

His first thought, he realised as he saw her stiff nipples poking prominently through the taught cotton, was that she wasn't wearing a bra. Which made sense, as none she owned would surely fit her. As had none of her t-shirts either, he suspected. Had they had room, her magnificent tits would surely have hung proudly before her, free to sway and jiggle with each minuscule movement she made. In the confines of the only t-shirt she had clearly been able to squeeze them into however, he saw that they had simply run out of room.

Though their perfect shape was obvious, they were now pushed so tightly together they could barely move, a insane cleavage running from the taught mid-point of the top's v- neck almost all the way down to her navel – at which point the t-shirt hung loosely off her.

'I, err...

He couldn't help but chuckle as she threw the hoody to the floor beside them.

'I guess you didn't turn the temperature down like I said?'

The obvious flush to her cheeks as he tore his gaze away from her sensationally swollen breasts told him she knew he knew what she had done in the shower.

Taking a step forward, her boobs bulging as they jostled up and down within her t-shirt, she pressed herself against him. Half expecting a slap, and caught somewhat off-guard, he opened his mouth to speak. But, before he could, she had leaned in and kissed him. It was fierce and unexpected, and as he felt the incredible swell beneath her t-shirt press against him, he stumbled and fell backward.

Somewhat unceremoniously, he landed on his back on the elongated section of his sofa where he normally stretched out his legs. Looking up, and blinking in surprise, he watched as she climbed onto the soft fabric, her knees resting either side of his waist as she lowered her body towards his. First to make contact were her tits, squeezed between them as she pressed her crotch against his. Within his jeans, he felt himself grow impossibly harder as she grinded herself against him. As she continued to kiss him, he reached up and placed his hands on her thighs, running them blindly upward, brushing

past the hem of her skirt and the delicate fabric of her underwear until he found her arse.

She moaned softly and her hips bucked against him. Moving her lips to his neck, she laid a trail of breathless kisses downward until she reached the top of his t-shirt. With her hands around his waist, she lifted it up, affording him a momentary view of her incredible cleavage as her heaving breasts hung down in the gap between them, still constricted by the confines of her top.

Shimmying down a little until her tits were pressed against the unmistakeable bulge in his jeans, she continued to kiss her way down his chest until she reached his belt. Almost frantically, her fingers worked at the buckle and then at the zip of his jeans until, finally, she was able to pull them off him entirely and discard them onto the floor beside her hoody. Running her hand over the top of his boxer shorts, her delicate fingers caressed the bulge beneath the soft material, before reaching up and pulling them away too.

Free, his penis stood erect above his muscular abdomen, and even as his gaze was drawn in once again by the pair of enormous breasts before him, he couldn't help but notice the slight look of surprise on his ex-girlfriend's face.

He was bigger than she remembered. Her tits disappeared from view as she lowered her head toward his waist, and he closed his eyes as her warm, wet lips closed softly around his aching cock. Already shallow, his breathing grew ragged as she slowly began to work her way up and down. His mind, on fire, leapt back to the image of her in her shower, before fast-forwarding to the moment she had removed her hoody.

His hips bucked, and he groaned softly as he came. She had learnt some new tricks since they had split up, and that, couple with her recent growth spurt, meant he hadn't lasted long at all. He knew that she had been expecting it though, and he had felt her grasp his hips firmly as she swallowed over and over again. Ironically, it lasted longer than normal, and with each spasm and murmured groan, he felt her grip tighten a little, and even as the throbbing began to

dissipate, he pushed as hard as he could.

‘Oh, my god.’

She had more gasped it than spoken it.

He opened his eyes to see her resting before him, her arms propping herself up at the end of the sofa between his legs. Immediately, he found himself staring at the taught fabric of her t-shirt. It was unmistakable: her breasts had grown again. Filling the space around them to the maximum, they had expanded in the only direction they could. Downward. Her nipples continued to poke angrily through the fabric, and, as he glanced down, he saw a series of other small yet still noticeable changes. Though the bulge of her breasts created an enormous overhang, he could now see the faint outline of her small, round belly pressing against the front of her t-shirt, and from where her engorged breasts were now causing it to ride up slightly higher, he saw that her muffin top was now spilling over the top of her skirt. Though he couldn't be sure, he suspected that even her hips were a little wider.

‘I can't believe how good that taste...’

She trailed off as she opened her eyes, her gaze darting momentarily to his face before returning to his crotch.

She wasn't the only one who had grown.

Whereas he was normally a fairly healthy eight or so inches, he was now a solid nine or even ten – and still rock hard.

‘But...’

Apparently oblivious to the changes within her own body, she glanced at him in breathless confusion. Reaching out, she wrapped an inquisitive hand firmly around his new girth.

‘When you do what you just did,’ he murmured with a slight shrug and a shudder as she began to move her hand slowly back and forth, ‘I'll get bigger and stay hard until we –,’

He gasped as she squeezed him playfully.

‘– until we do something else.’

Her gaze fixed largely on his quivering penis, he saw her cock an intrigued eyebrow.

‘Interesting,’ she murmured, lifting herself slowly up, her breasts catching on the end of the sofa as she moved upward. His eyes closed again as he felt her take him into her mouth, and though he suspected that she was struggling a little with his size, it was clear that she wasn't going to let it get in her way.

Twisting and turning, she managed to tease him for several minutes, her hands pressing down firmly on his waist to stop him moving too much as she sucked. Before long, though, he felt himself begin to lose control, and as he groaned loudly, he felt his entire body go rigid. His hips bucked as he came, and through his own, powerful orgasm, he heard her moan softly as she swallowed. Pressing him down into the sofa, the sensation of her lips pressed tightly around him only intensified it, and for what felt like more than a minute he came continuously into her mouth, her groans muffled as she tried to keep up.

Finally, the throbbing subsided, and even though he felt his cock stiffen, he opened his eyes.

She was kneeling at the end of the sofa, her eyes closed as she panted heavily. Her tits had grown to the point where he doubted they could possibly move even an inch beneath the furiously taught t-shirt; the material cutting sharply into her back as her breasts pulled at the front. With her top now pulled even higher, he could see the round curve of her swollen belly poking out the bottom, the waistline of her skirt taught around her fleshy waist.

‘That was amazing,’ she moaned, her open palms propping herself up against the end of the sofa, ‘but I can’t breathe.’

She gasped a dark laugh, and he watched, almost hypnotised, as she reached up and grabbed at one of her enormous boobs, her fingernails digging in to the stretched fabric of her t-shirt. She moaned loudly and swayed as she squeezed the mass of flesh beneath her hand, her face flushed as she eyes never broke contact with his. Then, reaching down, she pulled at the hem of the distorted garment and, with a little difficulty, pulled it up and over her head.

He took it all in as it was revealed: her flared hips and the outpouring of flesh around her waist pushed up and out into a muffin top by her waistband; the bulge of her belly as though she had spent the last few hours stuffing her face; her remarkably narrow waist and then...

Her fantastic breasts came free from the confines of the t-shirt, and with a magnificent array of jiggling and bouncing

spread out to take their proper shape and size. They must have been at least J-cups, he thought to himself. Though still teardrop shaped, they had lost some of their perkiness, giving them a shape that looked entirely natural. Which was, he knew, a side effect of growing the way they had. When he got his hands on them he’d be able to change that.

Above him, he saw her expression change as her attention moved away from herself and back to him – and he glanced down: he was still rock hard, and well past 10 inches. Her flushed face spread into a grin as she reached out and began to stroke his throbbing dick. Though her lower half was hidden from view as she kneeled at the end of the sofa, all he wanted was to rip her panties off and...

She leaned forward, her tits flowing and bulging against the insides of his legs as she

approached him from the third time.

'Wait,' he begun, 'we can –,'

In front of him, her warm breath making his cock twitch, he saw her shake her head.

'Oh no,' she said darkly. 'We're doing this my way.'

Her grip tightened around him and he couldn't help but

'And when we do 'do it', I want you to be the biggest I can moan.

take.'

She shot him a look that told him everything he needed to know, and as she pushed his hips forcefully into the sofa, she wrapped her lips around him once again.

Though he couldn't quite tell how much of him she was able to take into her mouth, it didn't matter. Each movement was ecstasy, and he found himself holding his breath as she rotated a little to the left and then right, moving up and down, her enormous tits filling the gap between his legs and pressing against his balls.

Soon, he felt his orgasm beginning to build, and as he pictured her mischievous expression and expanding body, he found himself determined to give her exactly what she wanted – and perhaps a little bit more. Summoning everything he could, he forced as much as he could into making his pulsating cock as big as possible, and as he began to come, he pushed as much cum out as possible, the desperately needy moans coming from his midsection keeping him going

and going. How she kept her lips wrapped so tightly around him, he simply couldn't fathom, and as the throbbing finally began to subside, he found himself wondering what she would look like when he opened his eyes. Down below, he felt his cock twitch, and, for the first time, he realised that though she had slowed, she hadn't stopped her rhythmic movement. This time, and though mainly by the sensation of her mouth growing smaller around him, he felt himself grow; his penis lengthening as it grew thicker and heavier. Undeterred, she was building speed, and as he found himself simply unable to do anything but lie on his back on the sofa, he found himself moaning almost uncontrollably.

She was mad! Unable to see it, this time he felt the growth of her breasts; the soft yet taught skin expanding outward against his legs as she sucked feverishly. She too was moaning, he was sure, and as he felt her try to take him as deeply as she could, he felt himself start to come. Without warning, and so violently that he almost dislodged her hands from his hips, he exploded into her mouth, his hips bucking and his moans drowning out her whimpers as she frantically swallowed everything he gave her. By the time he stopped, he had lost track of time; his head was spinning and his whole body felt light. Had it not been for his desire to see what he had

done to her body, he could easily have passed out.

Gasping for air, sweat glistening off her body, he watched as she staggered to her feet at the end of the sofa. Her tits were fantastic; swaying and wobbling as she tried to stand. Not only had they grown out sideways, they had bulged outward as well as down as gravity took its toll on their incredible size. They must have been slightly bigger than basketballs, creating their own cleavage down from her neck to her stomach. And speaking of which. Though, somehow, her waist was still, relatively speaking, narrow, the waistband of her skirt was digging into her flared hips to such an extent he was surprised it wasn't hurting her. And, to be accurate, the small skirt was now almost just a waistband. Whilst, above it, her almost-pregnant looking belly extended out toward him – the lower half of her enormous breasts resting against it, the lower half had been pushed upward by the expansion that

had taken place there. It was the first time he had seen her lower half since she had first dropped to her knees, and he couldn't believe the changes that had occurred there. Trying desperately to wiggle her fingers through the band in order to remove it, he watched as she turned slowly on the spot, her entire body jiggling as he took it in.

Her slender legs had doubled in size, her thigh gap disappearing to be replaced by her two, enormous, curvaceous thighs which had, in expanding outward, pushed her skirt upward and over her bum – which had been doing some growing of its own. Perhaps due to her previous dedication to the gym, her arse had somehow retained its incredible shape as it had swollen and doubled in size, her two large cheeks taught and perfectly shaped as they stretched her lacy lingerie to its limit. Until, finally, she wrestled the last of her clothing away – her enormous tits blocking her elegant sweep of an arm as she tried to discard them onto the floor.

Finally naked, she turned to face him, her incredible hourglass figure swaying before him as his cock began to throb again. As though drawn to it, she took a step forward, her eyes taking in its size with a strange expression of eagerness and determination. It was enormous, and as he looked between it and her, he found himself consumed by the singular desire to push himself deep within her.

She knelt astride him as she had done before, shimmying her incredible body forward until his enormous dick was resting against her swollen belly. Then, lifting herself slightly, she took it in her hand and positioned herself above it. With a look of gleeful desire, she closed her eyes and slowly began to lower herself.

He listened to her deep, drawn out moan as she began to take him inside her; her tight, wet, warmth surrounding him as his dick throbbed within her. Bit by bit, she continued lowering herself down, and he saw her bite her bottom lip as she gasped. Slowly, her enormous breasts grew closer to him, their magnificent size and shape almost within his reach.

Oh, what he still had to do to them! To her!

And then, incredibly, she came to rest against him, the entirety of him taken within her, her incredible body angled slightly forward as she placed a hand beside his shoulder. Her soft,

fleshy belly pressed against his stomach, and her breasts hovered tantalising close to his face.

You have time, he told himself.

With incredible self control, he placed his hands on her arse, his fingers sinking into her soft flesh as he heard her moan in response; her body sinking into his as she quivered.

Slowly, yet forcefully, he used his hands to pull her forward

slightly, his enormous dick moving inside her.

She gasped loudly, the sound transforming into another moan as she pushed back against him, then forward again. With a soft, almost guttural sound escaping her lips each time, she began to establish a slow and steady rhythm.

And with her distracted, he gently squeezed her arse, and concentrated. The sensation was the same as it had been two days before, though now, skin to skin, it was stronger and more intense. It was almost like an energy, and as she slowly gyrated on top of him, he felt it flow into her through his fingers. Though he couldn't see it's effect, he could feel it, and as he channelled it as he wanted, he felt her begin to grow.

Her hips grew wider, her thighs rounder as he channelled the muscle and fat into just the right areas to keep her figure nothing but stunning. Though by no means finished, he moved his hands up to her waist, keeping her hourglass figure intact as he rounded the top of the thighs. Gently, he ran his fingers up her stomach, adding flesh to make her soft, flabby belly round and taught.

And then came something he did not expect.

'My boobs,' she gasped above him, her eyes closed as she moved back and forth above him. 'Please. Make them -,'

She whimpered as he forced himself to grow a little inside her.

'Make them bigger.' He didn't need to be told twice.

Removing his hands from her swollen stomach, he paused for a fraction of second, before taking her fantastic tits in his hands. Above him she let out a helpless cry as he squeezed them gently, and then, with an incredible amount of flesh

pressing through his fingers, he lifted them up as though imitating a push-up bra. Even as he did, he squeezed, the energy flowing through his fingers into her tits. And incredibly, bulging upward in his hands, he felt them begin to change in order to stay that way. The effect of gravity on their enormous size reduced, and as they slowly began to expand between his fingers, he saw them take on a new, perfect teardrop shape as they hung off her chest. As

though, now, entirely unaffected by their incredible mass, they simply continued to grow as he channelled more and more energy into her.

Though this time, she was very much aware of it.

‘Yes!’ she whispered breathlessly, whimpering as she

pushed herself backward and forward on top of him.

Unsteadily, she raised a hand from the sofa, and as he removed his own hands, she grabbed her left boob. As her fingers settled into the soft flesh, her small hand ridiculous in comparison, she cried out.

‘Oh my god,’ she breathed. ‘I’m going to come.’

She shuddered, her hand returning to the sofa, and he found her enormous tits surging toward him as she leaned forward, her head hovering above his chest.

‘Wait,’ he replied with a little urgency. ‘You need to wait for me.’

kicked.

‘I...can’t...’

She groaned, her mouth remaining open as her hips

Fighting to bring himself to orgasm, he felt himself pulsate within her – which was the final straw for her. He felt her spasm around him, and even as he felt himself rushing toward orgasm, he felt her go rigid. Inside her, he continued to twitch, the motion enough to make her whimper slightly each time. As her own orgasm began to hit her, he began to feel it. Though his hands rested on her enormous butt, without any intent or input from him, he felt it beginning to grow once more. As she shuddered and moaned on top of him, her inflated body sinking into his, he felt everything else begin to grow too. Around his waist, her thighs began to expand, whilst against his stomach, he felt her belly begin to balloon. All of which couldn’t come close to her breasts.

All of which, finally, pushed him over the edge.

Inside her, he felt himself erupt, his cum flowing into her as he grunted helplessly – entirely unable to explain that this was why he should have come first.

As the first of his spasms hit her, he felt her shudder, a breath escaping her lips as her head collapsed onto his shoulder. With each enormous release, he heard her gasp almost silently in his ear, entirely unable to move as another orgasm hit her.

And it wasn’t just his writhing dick that was making her quiver uncontrollably. As his cum flooded through her, and entirely unable to do anything to stop it, he simply placed his hands

around her as she ballooned. Her thighs began to squash him as they grew, his hands struggling to encompass the size of her arse as it too expanded. Between them he could feel her belly growing in every direction as if she was overdue to give birth. And her breasts. Pressed between them, resting against his upper chest, he felt them grow in every direction until the force of their expansion began to lift her upward in order to generate more space. With each of her muted cries as her second, or perhaps even third, orgasm ravaged her, he felt her grow. With each of his uncontrollable grunts, he felt her balloon a little more.

Finally though, her last orgasm subsiding alongside his, he felt the throbbing began to subside. And suddenly he remembered the look on her face from earlier.

Even as the last throes of his orgasm shot through him, he concentrated hard and, one last time, pushed his penis as hard as he could.

He felt the last eruption surge into her; her slowing rate of expansion reversing momentarily as, all at once, every part of burgeoned under a fresh wave of flesh. Unsuspecting, and finally beginning to regain her breath as she lay, exhausted, against him, he felt her tense as another wave of pleasure rocked her body.

‘Ooh,’ he heard her whimper, before suddenly, to his immense surprise, he felt her pass out.

Standing in darkness at the window on the opposite side of the small marina bay, the woman stood motionless, her breath caught in her throat. Why she had originally come from her

kitchen to her living room was now a mystery; she had popped in to get something and, by chance, caught sight of a mystery woman standing in the apartment across the way of the man she quite fancied. For how long she had stood there, utterly motionless, in the darkness, she did not know; her eyes wide as she had followed the events that had unfolded in the dimly-lit apartment just close enough for her to see into across the way. In her chest, her heart pounded, and as she took in the sight before her, realising that now might be the time to finally turn away, she absentmindedly raised a hand and somewhat wistfully cupped one of her small breasts.