

Bethany eagerly powered on her replacement phone on, even though it wasn't new, it was a huge improvement on her last phone, especially after its impromptu romp through the washing machine. As she began the process of installing all of her usual apps, and getting them setup, she noticed an icon she didn't recognise, certainly not an app that she'd installed. Certain that she'd done a factory reset of the phone, she figured that maybe it had simply been part of the latest bloatware?

With idle curiosity she tapped the icon for **Total Modification Station**. After a brief loading screen, a colourful player select menu appeared, but with only one username available, which weirdly, was her own name.

'Hmm, guess it must have gotten it from my address book' she thought to herself, tapping it. The screen shifted onto a wall of text, detailing the terms and conditions, and explaining that the app would offer a selection of options for the player to choose from, with the selection being immediately applied. It also warned that after 24 hours a random selection would be made for the player, if no choice had been made. Making a selection would then bring up a new set of three choices, and a new countdown. Points could be earned for rapid selection, which could be spent to re-roll choices, power ups, or extend the timer... Her finger hovered over the start button...

'Might as well give it a go, I can always uninstall it!' she thought, tapping the button, the logo fading before being replaced with 3 pictures, one of a peach, one of a melon and another of a cherry. At the top of the screen, a countdown appeared, starting at 24 hours, with a warning that if a choice wasn't made by the end of the timer, a random selection would be made. She pondered which to choose, and finally settled on the peach.

The app made a musical twinkle as the peach image flickered, before the screen flashed, fading to reveal she'd gained 200 points, then a 3D model appeared which looked surprisingly like Bethany wearing a sun dress. The avatar gave twirl, then produced a peach, juggling it from hand to hand, then took a bite from the fruit, its juices running down her cheek. After a couple more bites the fruit was gone, the avatar covered her mouth and belched, bowing forward slightly, then looked surprised, grabbing her bottom with both hands.

Spinning round, the figure seemed to be inspecting her behind, before shrugging and looking back at Bethany.

Bethany had watched the whole thing with mild curiosity, shuffling on her seat as she tried to work out what the selection had actually done in the game. As she pondered, the app presented her with a new selection of a thimble, a fire and a bottle of perfume, as well as resetting the 24-hour timer. Slightly disappointed that the selection hadn't actually done much, she tapped the perfume bottle, and went to close the app.

She paused, watching as the avatar produced a perfume spritzer and proceeded to give herself a couple of sprays, grinning at the screen as she did, before wiggling her eyebrows and blowing a kiss. Bethany noted she'd been awarded another 200 points, and the timer had reset again.

'Weird app' she thought, closing it, and going back to sorting her new device. Once she had most of it set up, she headed through to the shared kitchen, and poured herself a drink, readjusting her jogging bottoms as she went. She spent the evening cooking herself dinner, whilst using her phone to play music.

As she was finishing her meal, Tim, her housemate, who she had a bit of crush on, came in from his run, sweaty, and breathing heavily.

'Hey Tim' she greeted him timidly.

'Oh, hey Beth. Ooo, is that your replacement phone?'

'Yeah, just been setting it up', she tried to casually lean back against the counter, but missed it and stumbled awkwardly. Nervously, she readjusted her jogging bottoms again, they weren't sitting comfortably, feeling tighter than normal.

It didn't go unnoticed by Tim, who raised an eyebrow, whilst looking her up and down.

'Have you been doing more squats?' He asked after a moment, stepping past her to get himself a drink, taking the opportunity to sneak a glance of her behind. He took a deep breath as he filled his glass, and exhaled slowly, before swigging down some water, was she wearing a new perfume?

Bethany, gave a quick turn, trying to see her own bum, before jokingly replying 'I didn't think it be that noticeable, I mean, I'm a squat master of course...' She dropped into a squat position; her grin frozen as she heard a loud *riiii-iiip*. Looking up in horror at Tim, she failed to notice the prominent bulge in his shorts as she ran from to her room.

Tim chuckled at her wardrobe malfunction, and took another deep breath, she must have changed her perfume, and the new fragrance was pushing all the right buttons. He shook his head, adjusted himself, and headed for a shower.

Back in her room, Bethany was staring at her reflection in the mirror, her arse was definitely bigger, no wonder she'd kept having to readjust her bottoms... She hid her face in her hands as she thought back to the kitchen.

Slowly, she moved her hands to her bum, giving it an inquisitive squeeze, which despite its larger size, felt firmer than normal. Continuing to run her hands over her cheeks, she was interrupted by a notification on her phone;

### **TOTAL MODIFICATION STATION: 20 Hours till random selection**

Rolling her eyes at the reminder, Bethany cleared the notification, and got ready for bed, once again pausing briefly to admire her figure in the mirror.

'I guess those squats really are helping...' she mused.

The next morning her phone had two more notifications from the app, the latest warning that

only 12 hours remained. Rolling her eyes, she ignored it, and began to get ready for work.

Getting her jeans on was trickier than expected, but the way they now hugged her hips had to be seen to be believed. She sighed as she pulled her uniform polo top, trying plump up what little curves she had up top, the curves of her small A-cups barely visible under the fabric.

Work was fairly un-eventful, although two of her colleagues had kept coming over to pester her more than normal, wanting to continue the conversation they'd started during their morning coffee. That, and the **TMS** app had been constantly pestering her to make a selection.

By the end of her 8-hour shift, she was ready to head home and relax, however, as she was stepping through the front door, her phone vibrated again, with yet another notification from the **TMS** app, this time warning her that only an hour remained before the random selection was made.

'Urrrrgh' she groaned, shoving the phone back into her bag, muttering 'I need to uninstall that damn thing...'

There was no sign of Tim, but somewhat unusually, he had left her portion of dinner out, with a note.

*Hey Beth, made a bit too much pasta-bake, thought you'd appreciate it after work! Meant to say yesterday, but keep up the workouts, you're looking great!| Tim*

Bethany bounced from foot to foot excitedly, till now Tim hadn't really paid much attention to her, so this was big deal for her! She took the tinfoil off the plate, and warmed it in the microwave, settling on the sofa to enjoy it in front of the TV.

After eating, with some mind-numbing tv on in the background, she flicked through social media apps on her phone, unwinding after her long day. Her phone vibrated again, **TMS** warning her that only a minute remained, and it began counting down the remaining seconds, rolling her eyes she settled into wait.

She held her breath as the counter reached 0, and nothing seemed to happen. She shook her head placing the phone on the sofa next to her, when it vibrated again.

'What *now*' she thought, flipping it over to see.

### **TMS Random selection made (Melon) -- Bonus points awarded**

'Definitely time to uninstall you, I think!' Bethany muttered, once again placing the phone down. Leaning back on the sofa, she pulled at her polo top, trying to make the fabric sit flat. No matter how she pulled at it though, it wouldn't move out of the way, so reaching up she went to flatten it against her chest. Only her chest wasn't flat anymore...

She bolted upright, pulling the collar of her shirt forward to look down her own top, whilst still small by anyone's standard, there were now solid B-cups. Grabbing her phone, she sprinted back to her room, tore her top off and stared at her reflection in the mirror.

Cupping each breast in a palm, she tried to work out what was going on, then the realization hit her... The app! Frantically she unlocked her phone, opening the app, to see her avatar holding its hands behind its back, and rocking back and forth on its heels, a slight bounce to her chest...

Her score now sat at 1000, with a button labelled '*BONUS MENU*' to one side of it, the timer had reset, and new options were ready for selection; a fireball, beachball and a razor, keen to see what else the app could do, she eagerly tapped the fire icon.

The avatar gasped, and her skin appeared to flush, her cheeks becoming rosy, with a mischievous smile slowly appearing as she squirmed in her dress, another 200 points were added, with an extra 50 being awarded for rapid selection.

Bethany could feel herself getting excited, imagining what would change next, but after waiting a minute, nothing seemed to happen. She looked back at her reflection, noticing her nipples were hard, whether from excitement, or the slight chill in the room, she wasn't quite sure.

Either way, she decided to pull on an old t-shirt, just in case Tim came home early... She smirked, wondering he'd react if he saw her new curves without the top.

She was interrupted by her phone vibrating, reminding her that new selections were now available, excitedly noting that the melon was available again, it was only after she eagerly tapped it did she realise that it was actually a watermelon, and not a regular melon...

The avatar produced a large slice of watermelon and ate it quite messily, grinning up at the screen before seeming to notice the mess she'd made and turning to face away from the screen.

'Hmm, wonder if the watermelon makes a diff... Oh, oh OH!' her thoughts disrupted as waves of pins and needles spread across her chest, her hands snapping to her front. After a few seconds the tingling eased, but was replaced with a warm pressure, pushing against her palms. Slowly her breasts began to swell in bursts, first filling, then overflowing her hands, t-shirt pulling tight across her chest...

After several pulses, the swelling stopped, leaving her gripping a swollen pair of breasts that only just fit in her t-shirt. Beth was breathing heavily and her hands just couldn't seem to leave her new tits alone. She squirmed her hips together, relishing how turned on she felt, maybe she should try flashing Tim when he got home...

Her phone, lying where she'd dropped it on the bed, buzzed with another notification from **TMS**, grinning she opened the app, and examined the new options...

- 1.
2. *Ladder*
3. *Hourglass what*
4. *Cake*

'Well, I think it's *time* to see else you can do...' chuckling at her own joke she tapped the hourglass icon. She watched as her little avatar friend, still trying to adjust her dress round her new curves, grinned at the screen, then slid her hands down her sides, pushing her waist in tight, as if she was putting a corset on.

The avatar smirked, shimmying on the spot before bending over to show off all of her curves, and flaunting her cleavage. This action almost made her overbalance, and she waved her arms wildly to prevent falling over, yet still tumbled backwards onto her bum. Another 200 points were added to her score, again with another 50-point bonus for rapid selection.

Bethany chuckled, then gasped as she felt her stomach tighten weirdly. She pulled her t-shirt up slightly, just in time to see her stomach suck in slightly, with some of her excess weight seemingly fade away...

'What on earth...' She whispered, once again pulling her t-shirt off to look at her reflection in the mirror.

'I... I can't believe it!' her hands roaming over her stomach, and curves... 'How is this even possible??'

Downstairs she heard the front-door slam, Tim must be home! She had a sudden urge to tease him, and the thought of his reaction stirred mischievous feelings deep within her. Grinning, she grabbed the closest top, which just so happened to be her work polo shirt, and pulled it on over her new chest.

As she pulled it on, tugging it down over her ample bosom with the top button straining to keep her new cleavage contained, she heard Tim start to climb the stairs, not wanting to miss her chance she darted over to the door, flinging it open just in the nick of time.

Tim was startled at the sudden interruption of Bethany leaning out of her bedroom door, looking slightly dishevelled, flushed and almost seemed out of breath.

'Hey Tim...' she called breathily, her chest was heaving, had she always been that busty? He definitely didn't remember her being that gifted before, he pondered, even as his eyes gazed lustily over her form.

'Like something you see?' She giggled when he failed to reply, fingers toying with her collar, as her own eyes drifted to what looked like a steadily growing bulge in his pants.

Tim gulped loudly, 'I... Uh... Just got in, been a long day, was going to catch some z's...' He motioned towards his room, then seemed to become aware his bulge, and made a poor attempt to hide it. 'Did... Did you see the pasta-bake I left out for you?' Now flustered himself, he made a valiant attempt to change the topic, swinging his backpack round to hide his crotch.

Bethany smiled, blushing as her fingers continued to toy with her top button. 'I did, thanks, it was *delicious*,' she licked her lips slowly for emphasis, 'Got anything else that tasty... Ooops' Her toying had caused the top button to come undone, and her breasts jiggled slightly as their

confinement eased slightly.

Tim eyes widened as he got a peek of the deep cleavage hiding in her shirt, gulped again, then hurriedly motioned to his room. 'I... I better get some sleep' He darted to his room, closing, then locking the door before Bethany could say anything else.

Once in his room, Tim dropped his bag, and grabbed his cock through his trousers.

'Whaaat the fuuuuck' he breathed softly, how had he never noticed how crazy hot his housemate was? Had she been hitting on him? They'd lived together for better part of year, with a pretty platonic friendship, and now he was getting a hard-on just talking to her...

For her part, Bethany pouted, frustrated her prey had escaped, watching him squirm as she'd flirted had been exciting her far more than she cared to admit, and she now felt exceptionally horny. Sighing she pushed her door closed and moved back to the bed, picking up her phone, what else could the app offer?

Opening the app, her avatar had undone the top button of the sundress, and was switching between gazing down into her cleavage, or shimmying with hands on hips. The Bonus menu was flashing, and the countdown was ticking away, with just over 23 hours to go, and the new options were;

1. *Castle tower*
2. *Thimble*
3. *Milk Bottle*

'What on earth do any of these even mean?' she peered at the screen, trying to work out the code. After a few seconds, she shrugged, and tapped the castle, watching the avatar to see if it'd give a clue.

It winked up at her from the phone, still shimmying, but now began running both hands through her hair as well. The avatar now wore its hair down, whilst Bethany had hers in a short bun, and watching it toy with its hair made her wonder if maybe she should try growing it out again?

Lost in thought Bethany subconsciously went to release her bun, but was snapped back into the moment as her hand encountered a mess of hair. When had her bun come loose? She must have looked ridiculous to Tim! She looked over to the mirror, and frowned, her hair was a complete mess, what was going on?

She undid her bun carefully and felt her jaw drop as her hair bounced out into luxurious curls, falling well past her chest... She stood, giving a twirl, and stared incredulously as her hair continued to extend plump in volume, eventually settling just above her hips.

She fluffed her hair a couple of times, at least it felt luxurious, but it was going to be a pain to take care of... Someone was bound to notice though! How do you hide over a metre of hair growth? The idea came to her in flash, her phone! She snatched it up, and opened the app. Her

avatar grinned up at her, with the score of 1750 flashing above, Bethany frowned, unsure how any of these options would help, maybe the bonus menu could help...

1. *Watermelon*

2. *Milk Bottle*

3. *Cherry*

With a sense of growing sense of trepidation, she brought her finger up, and slowly pressed the Milk bottle, bracing herself for what might come next.

In the screen her avatar reached up and snatched the milk bottle from the icon, and began to guzzle it down, dribbling some onto her chin as she went, quickly finishing the whole thing. The empty bottle was tossed off screen, then it brushed the back of her hand against the top of her sundress, trying to clear off some the spilt milk.

Only it wasn't spilt milk, the twin damp spots were growing! The avatar looked up at the screen and covered its mouth with a hand in shock.

'Oh no...' Bethany whispered, feeling her own breasts begin to warm, her nipples tingling. Reaching up slowly, she gently grasped her swollen bosom through the polo shirt, she could feel them throbbing, but just couldn't resist giving them an inquisitive squeeze.

'Aaahhh...' She gasped, her palms moistening as her nipples began to leak, rapidly soaking her shirt, the sensation was strangely erotic, and she found one of her hands moving to start teasing her crotch through her work trousers.

The more she played with her chest, the more milk seemed to leak from her nipples, her breasts now taking on a more swollen shape as the pressure within grew.

After a few minutes, the throbbing eased, but it took several more before the flow of milk began to subside.

She whimpered slightly, the sensations were getting too much, she was still turned on, if anything, this latest experience just made her want to feel someone, anyone, suck her nipples...

'I should get Tim to help... Yeah... That could work...' the thought of Tim pinning her down, carefully kissing her nipples... Her hand slipped under trousers, fingers tracing down to her soaked pussy, the moment her first finger brushed against her clit, her imagination had Tim bite a nipple.

What followed were a crazy few minutes of self-pleasure, dimly aware that her nipples began leaking again just her climax rocked through her.

As she lay on the floor of her room, she whimpered slightly; the sensations were getting too much! She heard her phone vibrate and she struggled to focus on it, reluctantly releasing her breast to open the app again.

Her avatar was breathing heavily, flustered, with a sundress that was now barely decent, with obvious damp patches over her nipples. It grinned sheepishly, and waved at the screen. She now had 2000 points, and 3 choices to choose from;

1. *Beachball*
2. *Acorns*
3. *Thimble*

'Hmmm,' she pondered, I've not seen the acorns before...' tapping the icon. It caused an avalanche of acorns to tumble out of the icon, bouncing all over the screen, her avatar bending over to cover her head with her hands. The avalanche continued for a few seconds before it eased off, letting the avatar straighten up, and begin brushing herself off, before gasping and clutching at her chest, which no longer seemed to be straining at the dress. In fact, it was completely flat!

'No, no, noo!' Bethany went to grab her boobs, just in time to feel them dwindle away, shrinking rapidly, leaving her even flatter than she'd been originally.

'No fair!' she cried, pulling at her top, the only curves she had left was her nipples, that still had droplets of milk. 'My curves....' Dejectedly she let go of her top and sulked.

'Stupid app! I want my tits back!' Snatching up her phone, she looked for some way to fix things, 2250 points, a flat avatar and three choices blinked on the screen;

1. *Perfume Bottle*
2. *Peach*
3. *Cake*

'Hmmm... Well, I've already tried those two...' muttering, Bethany tapped the cake, hoping to get her curves back. For its part, the avatar began eating a cake, stuffing slice after slice into her mouth, cheeks bulging.

Bethany leant forward as she peered at the screen, trying to workout what else was changing, her work trousers feeling a bit snug. The avatar finished scoffing the cake, then patted its stomach, which had bulged out significantly.

Bethany suddenly felt the button of her trousers pop open, and as her gaze moved down, watched with odd fascination as her tummy rolled out over the waistband. She was gaining weight, and getting fatter by the second! She stared incredulously at her reflection as any semblance of a thigh gap vanished, her shirt become tight, but without even a hint of cleavage. Even her face looked pudgy as the weight continued to pile on.

'I just wanted my boobs back...' whimpering dejectedly her hands fell to her thighs, and as she knelt in front of the mirror, there was a loud *rii-iiip* as her trousers split, but she was beyond



caring. The incessant heat in her loins, the excited buzz was now fading. She had to fix this!

Opening the app she pondered her options, deciding to check out the bonus menu for the first time, maybe that could help?

### *BONUS MENU*

- Supercharge next three selections! -- 1000 Points

*For those seeking a speedy change, your next three selections will have an extra boost, but must be made simultaneously!*

- Revert previous choice -- 1500 Points

*Made a wrong choice? This will let you undo your latest choice*

- Choose any unlocked option -- 3000 Points

*For those looking to play it safe, choose any icon you've used before*

- Reset selection -- 100 Points

*Nothing taking your fancy? Spend some points to spin the wheel!*

'That's could be handy... I've got plenty of points to spend...'

She excited the bonus menu, and checked out her options

1. *Castle tower*
2. *Thimble*
3. *Cake*

Before she could make a selection, she hears a knock at her door;

'Are you okay in there Beth?' Tim called through the door, 'I heard weird noises? Just wanted to make sure you were okay...'

Outside her door Tim was trying to play it cool, but hadn't been able to stop thinking about her, even now he had a semi...

Inside, Beth was panicking, she couldn't let him see her like this! 'Just a moment Tim!' she stalled, playing for time, as she planned her next move...

'Undo... Undo... There must be an undo... Bingo!!' Muttering to herself, she tapped the Bonus Menu revert, and watched as her score rolled back by 1500 points. The avatar began to shake, its edges blurring as it vibrated, before coming to stop.

All the extra weight was gone! Bethany crossed her fingers hoping the same would happen for

her... Her nose tingled, and she felt a sneeze building, and reached for a tissue.

'Aaaa-Chooo!' She caught the sneeze just in the nick of time, but opening her eyes, let out a little cry of surprise. 'Wahh!!' All of the added weight had vanished

'Bless you?' Tim spoke through the closed door, 'You sure you're alright in there?'

'Ye-ah...' she paused, 'Just my allergies playing up...?' grimacing, and hoping he wouldn't question it, she moved over and opened the door, leaning round the door, so he could only see her head. 'Don't suppose you could you grab me a glass of water?'

'Sure, want me to grab some hay-fever tablets too, I think I've got some in my room...' He made a strange face, looking at her hair and inhaling deeply, 'Have you done something with your hair?'

Crap, she'd forgotten about her longer hair... 'I've been trying different styles?' She glanced down, avoiding his eyes, and had to stop herself staring at what was an obviously growing bulge in his trousers. She looked back up, to see him nod appreciatively at her last comment, oblivious to her stare;

'Well, I really like it! It really works for you! Is that a new perfume too?' He inhaled deeply.

'Sure...' What perfume? She thought, before reminding him, 'Could you grab the water?'

'Oh yeah, sure thing!' He paused to adjust himself, and headed off to the kitchen.

'Phew, that was close... Right' She opened the app, still on the Bonus Menu, 'I've not got much time... Supercharge? Worth a try...'

Her score rolled all the way back to 0, and the app presented a text box;

*Supercharged quickfire round! You must choose your next three choices, before they begin. They will then be applied at three times the strength!*

#### *ROUND ONE*

1. *Castle tower*
2. *Thimble*
3. *Cake*

'Well, that's a no brainer!' she chuckled tapping the thimble, 'No more cake for me thank you!' She shuddered, imagining what a triple strength cake would have done to her... 'And I don't particularly want to be real life Rapunzel...'

#### *ROUND TWO*

1. *Hour Glass*

2. *Peach*

3. *Perfume Bottle*

Keen to regain her curves, she tapped the hourglass, but smirked as she imagined herself with a Beyonce sized arse...

### *ROUND THREE*

1. *Fire*

2. *Watermelon*

3. *Milk Bottle*

'Ah-ha! Gotcha!' Grinning she tapped the watermelon, 'Curves here we come!' Then her face froze, 'Wait... Triple charge watermelon?' She gulped.

*All selections now made, modification sequence starting...*

The three icons she selected began spiralling round the screen, like a tornado, with the avatar at the centre. One by one the icons zapped out of the tornado, knocking the avatar back and forth

*Hourglass -BAM- Watermelon -POW- Thimble...*

The thimble dropped out last, and ended up on the avatars head, almost like a helmet, making Bethany laugh. The screen was then covered by a popup

*WARNING - Temporary app lockout for reaching 0 points... 1 Hour*

'Seriously? Does that mean I have to wait... Oh... Oooo... Nooope, definitely not waiting...' She'd begun to grumble, before she felt her stomach gurgle and tighten.

Grinning, she pulled her t-shirt up and watched her reflection as her belly flattened, any trace of the rolls of fat from the cake long gone, she could almost see her abb muscles. Her hips prickled, before she felt them flare out, her poor trousers splitting ever further as they widened.

Standing up, she slowly turned to admire her figure, although it was hidden by the shirt, her waist was absurdly slim, with hips and a bum that wouldn't have looked out of place on Jessica Rabbit. All she was missing was the boobs...

She fidgeted in her clothes, they were almost comically wrong sized now, as she waited for the next change, the one she wanted the most.

She didn't have long to wait, as she felt her breasts begin to pulse, then throb with an intense heat building within. It wasn't just in her breasts though, the passion and lust that had dimmed with the cake was now roaring again, and she felt a yearning for something, or someone between her legs...

She gripped at her flat chest and stared at her reflection, biting her lip as she felt the swelling start. It was slow at first, barely a cup size from the first pulse, but she loved how it felt as they began to fill into her palms.

She was enthralled as her breasts began to stretch out her polo shirt once more, her breath heavy as she felt her nipples drag across the moist fabric. She was dimly aware her nipples were still leaking slightly, but she was increasingly focused on the canyon of cleavage rapidly forming in front of her.

'I had to use a mug, as I couldn't find a clean... What the fuck!' The mug smashed as it fell from Tim's grip, as he stood in the doorway, mouth wide and eyes staring.

Bethany whirled to face him, almost over balancing from the weight of her still swelling breasts. For a moment they both stood there, eyes locked in each others form. Bethany feeling her passion burning intensely as she watched Tim's cock bulge against his pyjama bottoms. He reached up to rub the back of his neck, causing his t-shirt to ride up, revealing a trail of chest hair... And was that seriously the tip of his shaft poking over the top of the waistband??

Bethany was starting to suffer a wardrobe malfunction of her own, as her polo top was now filled to capacity, but her boobs were showing no signs of slowing, and one by one the buttons were popping open, till only one stubborn button remained.

It valiantly held on, even the rest of the shirt began to tear apart, her breasts beginning to spill out, creating a shelf in the v neck split of her shirt. Their eyes met across her bedroom and whilst looking deep into his lust filled eyes, she slowly reached for a nipple, feeling slightly concerned as she struggled to stretch her arm far enough. How big was she getting?

Her fingertips brushed against the compressed bump of fabric covering her nipple, a groan of pleasure escaping as her breasts surged larger still, her nipple slipping out of reach.

*POP!* The final button launched off her shirt, hitting Tim right between the eyes, and with that, the spell was broken.

'Fuck me Bethany! What's going on??' he stepped towards her, reaching out to grab her, before stumbling as he caught her scent. He bent over, taking several deep breaths.

'Tim? Are you... *Nyugh*... Okay?' The pulses of growth were slowing, but were still intense, each one accompanied by the sound of fabric tearing, as her valiant shirt began to completely disintegrate.

Tim took one more deep breath, then straightened up, almost at attention, in more ways than one. His eyes were wild, as he moved purposely towards Bethany, pulling his own shirt off, revealing a toned chest, with hair leading in a trail towards his crotch. There, his shaft was making a bid for freedom, with an inch now showing above the waistband.

Bethany could feel the gap between her thighs throb with anticipation as she looked up at his masculine form.

'Say... Tim... Why don't *you* ... Fuck *me* instead?' she asked hesitantly, pulling off the tattered remains of the shirt, gasping as her nipples came free, her giant breasts falling forward against her trim waist. She could feel milk trickling down from her nipples, but couldn't see, let alone reach them to ease the pressure building within.

Lost for words, Tim could only nod, removing the last of clothes, allowing Bethany to take in the rest of his handsome form. From his strong legs, pert bum, and finally, the sizeable shaft standing proudly.

Bethany took a step back, beckoning him towards the bed, letting her own trousers fall, her soaked knickers swiftly following. She blushed, aware that her bush wasn't neatly trimmed, after all she hadn't been expecting this kind of night, but maybe Tim liked that? She felt her bum hit the edge of the bed and hopped up onto the mattress, spreading her legs invitingly for Tim, whilst pushing her swollen tits together to further exaggerate the deep valley of cleavage that filled her lap.

She felt a blush of pride as his shaft throbbed whilst he watched her strip, then he pounced at her, delving atop with the weight of her breasts throwing her back onto the bed. Moments later she felt his hot mouth close over one of her swollen nipples and groaned as she felt the pressure of milk spraying into his eager mouth.

The size and weight of her breasts pinned her to the bed, and she could only just see Tim's head, sucking her nipple.

The length of his shaft was pressed against her folds, and she began to wriggle against it, partly to find the tip, but also to stimulate her engorged clit against his hard cock.

His hips moved back momentarily, and she growled as the pressure of his cock disappeared, before she felt his engorged tip forcing its way into her slick pussy, which offered little resistance, her thighs slick with her pleasure. He was a pro, easing his significant girth in gradually, she'd never had a guy this big before, and just as she was starting to think she couldn't possibly take anymore, he paused, then began to rhythmically thrust, a slow tempo, but gradually increasing...

Each forceful thrust was making her humongous breasts rock back and forth, rippling in tempo with the pleasure from her loins. Tim was gripping her nipples, using them to pull himself forward with each thrust, he seemed increasingly excited, and eagerly lapped at the milk now spurting from each nipple.

Bethany could feel her orgasm rapidly building, when Tim leant forward to start sucking her nipple again, the added debauchery enough to cause the wave of pleasure to crash across her. Arching her back, she felt her entire body clench from the sensation, her pussy subconsciously squeezing his shaft.

Tim groaned, feeling Bethany squirm as her climax rocked her body, her already tight folds clamping down on his shaft, as he continued to thrust. He slowed, waiting for her muscles to

relax, but they continued to squeeze. If anything, her muscles squeezing harder still. Adjusting his angle, he grinned at Bethany over her cleavage, catching his breath.

'Remind me why we haven't done this sooner?' He punctuated the question with a squeeze of her breast.

'Unn-agh, I...' Bethany moaned, 'Don't know...' Breathing heavily she gyrated her hips against his, 'But if you get any harder mister, I might be in trouble!'

'Oh really?', he leant forward onto her breasts, 'Then you'd better top clenching!'

Confused, she looked up at him 'But... I'm not?', before her body clenched as she hiccupped '\*HIC\*'

'Nyahhh' gasping, Tim fell forwards as her pussy clenched tighter round his cock, 'B-eth...'

She could feel his shaft pulsating inside her, seemingly harder and bigger than when they'd started, 'It's... It's not me... \*HIC\*' Another spasm, and his cock swelled inside her, now filling her completely.

'So... Grrr...Tight... Grunting, Tim struggled to force his oversized cock into her tight slit, completely lost in his own build-up. 'So... Close....'

Another hiccup, and Bethany gasped she felt his cock surge in size again, she grasped at the edge of the bed, but struggled to reach. Then it dawned on her, he wasn't getting bigger, she was shrinking, with each hiccup, she was dwindling...

'Tim!' Panicking, 'You need to pull out before I... \*HIC\*' She felt herself contract again, his shaft almost painfully tight.

'But I'm so close...' he growled, but started pulling back

'I'm... \*HIC\* shrinking!'

'You're what?' His cock was forced free as she hiccupped again, but then found a new home in her cleavage as he leaned forward. 'Fucking hell! You are as well! What the fuck Beth?'

'I can... \*HIC\* explain?' The shrinking was speeding up, she couldn't have been much more than three feet tall now, and his shaft was almost long enough to use the entire length of her cleavage. She could feel it still throbbing, and she had a crazy thought to try and tease him.

As he stood dumbfounded, she pressed her giant breasts together, tight round his cock, and began to rock back and forth, trying to finish him off with a boob-job. The milk leaking from her nipples helped to lubricate the motion, and she heard his breath catch, just as she hiccupped again.

'Oh fuuuuuuck...' The combined effort of her breasts rubbing his shaft, the warm milk and then feeling her shrink under him was enough to tip him over the edge, and his cock sprayed his hot

seed all over her cleavage, spilling out onto her face and neck.

As they both lay recovering, Bethany hiccupped for the final time, shrinking to a fraction of her former size, barely a foot tall, but with breasts that were, ironically, the size of watermelons. She was unable to move, but right now, why would she want to?\*\*\*\

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### ***The next morning***

The next morning, Bethany was woken by the alarm beeping from her new phone, groaning, she reached for it, trying to piece together the events from the night before. Her arms encounter nothing but bed sheets, boobs, and a giant hairy arm.

Startled awake, her eyes shot open, and she realised the events of the evening before were no dream, she was still tiny, with huge boobs, but more importantly, the giant arm, was actually just her housemate Tim, who had fallen asleep with her tucked up in his arms like a teddy bear. However, there was no way she could reach the phone.

'A little help?' She elbowed him awake, and after blearily rubbing his eyes, he sat up and reached for the phone, almost knocking Bethany out of bed in the process.

'Careful!'

He cancelled the alarm, 'Whoops, sorry, forgot you were fun-sized' he chuckled, picking her up easily, taking the opportunity to give each nipple a kiss before sitting her down on the bed. He glanced back at her phone, seeing the **TMS** notification.

'Whats this?' He asked, opening the app

'Don't mess with that!' She cried, 'It's what caused all of this!'

'Now I *have* to take a look...'

Opening the App, he saw the score of 0, and the three icons flashing which were greyed out, a cute avatar of Bethany which sat, perched on a giant pair of boobs, sadly looking at the floating text above her head that simply read;

*'GAME OVER'| You've used all your points, so now you have to start again!| New game modes available!*

***RE-START?***

Tim grinned as he tapped the screen, 'Hmm, let's see what this app can do...'