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La Mode

Contains breast and butt expansion

"I think I've got what you're craving...!" Mike announced happily. Kim looked away from the TV and sat up eagerly in bed. An expression exactly how

Mike expected overcame her face from excitement. "Ooooh gimme gimme gimme!" she reached. In her grab, the blanket fell away from to reveal her usual blue bra and matching panties.

"Started relaxing without me, I see." Mike reached into a shopping bag and withdrew a small tub of Kim's favorite Cookies 'N Cream frozen treat.

"Hey it's Friday night and you were talking forever at the store. I'm going to lie around in my underwear if I want!"

Mike grinned. "Fine by me, so long as you know I'm going to have to join you." More clothes joined Kim's on the floor as he climbed into bed next to his wife, wrapping an arm around her as she dug a spoon into the ice cream.

"Mmmmm...!" "How is it? Worth the hour wait?"

"It's everything I've been craving today." Kim nestled her head into his bare chest and sucked on another spoonful. "Thanks for running out to get it..."

A kiss was planted on her forehead. "Anything for you. But you know..." Mike's finger twisted and pulled teasingly at her bra strap and poked into the padded cup. "There's a couple of things I've been craving today too..."

"Mmmm, I guess you might have earned a little treat for being my errand boy. Let me satisfy my cravings then
can satisfy yours!" I

"That's a better deal than anything I've made all month at the office!" The couple sat in silence while the TV played in the background. Kim was fully aware of

Mike's wandering hands exploring her scantily-clad body but enjoyed his teasing too much to jump straight to sex. She knew from experience it turned out better to let the sexual tension build up first.

Another spoonful of ice cream was swallowed eagerly. "Mmm! M-Mmmm..." A confused groan came from Kim.

"Everything all right?" "Yea!" She spooned another bit into her mouth and shuddered. "

... N-Nnngh

O-Ooohhh..."

Kim set the tub on the nightstand and placed a hand over her belly. A concerned expression came over Mike. "What's wrong?" "I-I don't...

know..." Kim groaned. Her body tingled from a rumbling in her nnnngh... stomach. A strange combination of bloating and arousal filled her, Kim moaning once more.

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"Something with that ice cream is..." Kim's cleavage caught her eye and she straightened her back to get a better look. "Mike, do my boobs look

to you?" bigger

"Bigger?" "Y-Yea! They're definitely bigger!" She turned to face him and presented her chest to

Mike was happy to inspect them but didn't see anything obvious. "Maybe a little I

him.

guess?"

Kim's stomach growled again and she clutched at her breasts, feeling her D cups fill her

hands an unusual amount. The band of her bra felt tighter with each breath as did her panties below the blanket. " bulging overflow of flesh curving over her bra cups.

..." Straightening up, Kim's eyes widened in shock at the N-Nnnghmmmm

"L-Look at them!" Thrusting her chest out, it became more than obvious her breasts were

multiple sizes too large for her bra. Cleavage jiggled between the cups in a dark chasm while

flesh curved around her shoulder straps and lifted the underwire away from her ribs.

"Ok, that's more than a little," Mike nodded. The sight of his wife's bra overflowing with what looked to be two hefty H-cup tits made his cock throb.

"What...was in that ice cream??" Kim could feel herself growing hot and aroused. Every inch of her body was singing and what little clothes she did have on were drawing tighter by the second.

Grabbing the carton off the nightstand, she inspected the ingredients briefly before gasping loudly. " milk!"

Mike, you didn't get the dairy-free version!! You know I can't handle Milk!

"I'm sorry! I was in a rush and I just grabbed the first one I saw and--" N-No wonder I'm swelling up like a tits-and-ass balloon." Kim rubbed Oooohhhh... "

the tops of her mammaries, their enhanced forms stuffed uncomfortably into her bra. "God, they're getting full... Do they look as big as they feel--"

Kim looked up at her husband and caught him staring wide-eyed as she rubbed her chest.

"Oh my gosh! You're loving this!!"

Mike stammered for an excuse but stopped when a sly smile crept over Kim's face.

Grabbing the carton of ice cream, she took a spoonful and teased it towards her mouth. "Would you like it if I ate some more? I only had a few bites and I'm already about to bra... What might a few more do?"

out of this pop

A simple nod was all she needed to know where the night was headed. Kim ate several large spoonfuls while Mike eyed her bubbling curves hungrily.

"O-Ohhh!" Kim gasped, placing a hand on her stomach. "Here...

...Here it nnngh

comes...!"

Heating up, she kicked the covers off to give Mike a view of her filling panties. Her hips were expanding to either side and pulling the elastic taut while the bulge of an aroused pussy

pulsed between her thighs. Kim leaned back on the headboard and closed her eyes, relinquishing herself to the growth.

“Mmmmmm... Y-You know what this always does to me...” Her belly rumbled, full of ice cream. It sent pulses of growth through her body. Amazed, Mike watched her breasts stretch in every direction and begin to swallow her bra. They quickly ballooned like overripened melons and overtook her chest, each like a basketball stuffed into her lingerie.
“

” Kim panted. Each heavy draw of breath made her bust tightly wobble back Ha... Ha...

and forth. Mike could already hear the milk sloshing and gurgling inside their bloated curves. ” Nnnngghhh ooohhh, God... There’s g-going to be a looooot of milk, Mike...! “

Kim’s growth was thrown into high gear. Slowly her lower half was raised on a plumping butt, firm cheeks spreading out from her spot on the bed. Her panties popped seams with each movement and quickly began to show their approaching demise. Wetness was spreading between her thighs and across her puffing crotch. Mike tried to contain himself as he saw her pussy’s lips engorge like two small balloons and overflow the fabric, slivers of pink winking at him.

SNAP!!! Both of them jumped when her bra broke at the front like a gunshot. Catching her beach

ball udders in her arms, Kim pouted while rubbing her nipples engorged to the size of grapes. “Darn, I liked that bra...”

“I think it looks much better off of you,” Mike said, leaning in to kiss her. “Uh uh,” she denied, pushing him back, “Show’s not over yet.” Kim stretched her mouth around a heaping spoonful and swallowed expertly, licking a melted dribble from the side of her mouth. “

That should get things go Kim shook with pleasure when her tits shot forward. Larger than beach balls and showing

” iiiing!! MMM!!

no signs of stopping, Kim slid onto her back and allowed them to completely cover her chest as she spun her fingers around each nipple. Thin streams of milk ran from the pink nubs and over her firming tits before soaking the sheets.

“Theeeerrreee’s the milk...” Kim groaned, shivering in ecstasy. Slowly her hips lifted higher into the air atop her swelling rear. Her panties had ridden

below her waistline and over the curves of her butt, coming to rest in a bundled heap just below her crotch. A slender hand flicked them down her legs and presented a crotch swollen like two

fists between slick thighs. The entirety of her hand vanished between them as she played with herself, releasing stunted gasps of excitement from her growing body.

“S-So big...” Kim groaned, putting on a show for her husband. “These massive udders...just won’t stop! And my ass feels like a blimp! and stared at Mike. “Wouldn’t you love to just lose your cock in this engorged pussy?”

” Kim bit her lower lip MMMMMMM!!

Kim was verging on becoming more curves than woman. Her breasts had started to encroach onto Mike’s side of the bed, each like a large flattened yoga ball. They shook and jiggled on top of her in tight motions, veins crossing their surface like rivers. Milk gushed from

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her nipples like faucets making her skin slick and shiny. Staring through her cleavage as her chest rubbed against her cheeks, Kim gazed at her desperate husband.

Spreading her legs atop an airbag ass, Kim returned to twisting her nipples. “This swollen girl is ready now...” she pleaded.

Mike couldn’t have held back his hunger for another minute if he had too. He clambered over the bed, making Kim’s chest shimmy with monstrous ripples in the process as he climbed between her legs.

“E-Easy!” Kim whimpered, “These puppies are Buried under her own tits, Kim couldn’t see what Mike was doing, though she felt and

, you know...” really full

heard him moving around. “Mmmmm, what... so much before--

” AHH!!!

...are you waiting for? I-I can only engorge nnngh

Kim shivered and grabbed her nipples as they expanded to twice their size from a sudden wave of freezing cold, milk spraying into the ceiling in their sudden tightness. Something cold had landed on top of her swollen crotch. do you think you’re doing??” she cried out, goosebumps spreading over her

“What the

her naked body. She caught on within seconds when Mike grabbed her thighs.

"I like my desserts with a side of ice cream," he chuckled, Kim crying out as he lowered his mouth and another wave of growth set in.

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1

Tits on a Train

"God, what a day..." Claire moaned. Even the well-worn cushion of the train seat was welcomed by her rear end after the trying day at work.

As usual for rush hour, the train was fully loaded and brimming with people. It was lucky she managed to find a seat before the rush of people at the next stop. Feeling shoulders rub against her own on either side, Claire elected to ignore the bothersome crowds and take the opportunity to close her eyes rather than stare at the wall of people standing in front of her or those sitting on the other side.

The rhythmic clitter clatter of wheels on rails never failed to lull her into a calming trance. Leaning her head back against the window, she allowed her eyes to flutter closed and bring solitary darkness to her weary mind. Inhaling deeply enough to feel her blouse stretch over her bust, Claire prepared for the thirty-minute train ride home.

" " OW!! Her eyes shot open and she bolted upright in her seat. A sharp pain had poked her right

side like a stray needle. Rubbing the tender area with a gentle hand, Claire inspected those closest to her. On her left sat a man staring into the distance while a woman played with an open laptop to her right. Neither looked interested in the startled office worker. Beyond Claire's immediate area was much the same; dreary workers only trying to make it home without falling asleep. Noone looked like they could give her the time of day.

"The hell poked me...?" Claire mumbled. The spot on her side no longer felt sore but a growing heat was radiating off her skin. An inspection of the seat itself proved fruitless in the search for a stray wire. "Maybe some kind of bug..."

The train hurtled down the track and swayed with a gentle motion. Claire fumbled in her seat slightly for balance, not feeling herself. Strange sensations flowed through her body and filling her blouse with warmth. Fanning herself with a hand, Claire leaned back into her seat and tried to stem the rush of heat.

A tinge of discomfort along her bra drew her attention to her breasts. A quick glance revealed nothing out of the ordinary from the surface, but Claire could feel her bra growing more uncomfortable with each breath.

Claire's mind flashed with a memory more than fifteen-years-old. It was a sensation she hadn't felt since puberty but it was unmistakable; her bra was much too small. For a teenage girl watching her body grow and develop it wasn't uncommon to wake up one morning to find her almost-new bra completely inadequate. For a woman in her early thirties, however, feeling her bra cups pulling into her breasts on all sides was unheard of.

An ample E-cup, Claire's bust was nothing to scoff at nor was it easy to find button-ups to hide it well enough. As she felt a bulge of soft flesh squeeze below her underwire, she was startled to see her already-form-fitting shirt grow tighter. The train rocked on the old track and sent a gentle wave through the passengers, as well as a shimmy through Claire's bust. She was

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used to the train jostling her chest around a little, but the heavy movement she felt shifting under her blouse was completely alien.

Growing more worried by the second, Claire glanced around her neighbors to see if any had noticed her staring at her own chest. None had and she decided to have another glance. Looking down, the sight of her buttons slowly opening like tiny windows made her breath catch in her throat. Cleavage she did not own stared back at her in a curvaceous line before delving into the exposed beige of her bra. The breasts staring back at Claire were not the E-cups she had come to know so well; these were a pair of melon-like tits.

"U-Uh...Uhhhh..." she whimpered softly, seeing their curves press firmly into her tightening blouse. Flesh overflowed around her bra on every turn and partly swallowed her shoulder straps. Feeling herself growing hot and her face flushing with aroused and embarrassed color, Claire had to stifle a moan as her nipples hardened inside her bra.

Wandering eyes were taking notice of the woman staring intently at her own breasts bulging out of her shirt. Most obvious were the men ogling her swelling cleavage like a crack in the Hoover Dam. "

..." Claire moaned, feeling her nipples engorge. A pressure was building behind N-Nngh them at a constant rate. The larger her skin stretched and bulged under her fighting clothes, the stronger the pressure fought against the backs of her nipples and tingling areolas.

"Are you alright?" the woman to her right asked, "You seem..." she looked at the volleyball-sized mammaries jutting off Claire's front threatening to pop multiple buttons, "Y-You seem

distressed..."

"I'm...

..." Claire squirmed in her seat, doing everything in her power to take small nng
breaths and keep her clothes and modesty intact. "I'm just...j-just...fine..." she lied.

The woman inched away when Claire's tits swelled angrily into her blouse. Flesh flowed
into her sleeves and out of her flared collar like two marshmallows being squeezed. Stitches
popped along her front as stress line folded across her bust like fissures.

"Do you need to pump?" the woman whispered in awe, "I have a baby at home too; I
know how it can get if you can't find time to empty them--"

"I-I don't have a kid," Claire grunted. Pressure was mounting against her nipples like an
ocean and her growth was only accelerating. Leaning back more to counteract the immense
weight bloating on top of her, she tried to add, "And I'm not...

...I-lactati--" nnnghh!

POP POP POP POP SNAP!! All at once Claire's bloated breasts burst through her buttons and
blew her bra in two.

Clothes shooting to her side, a pair of mammoth mammaries toppled freely into her lap with
loud slaps against her stomach. Nipples the size of water bottle caps throbbed and pulsed with
freedom before leaking fine trails of dairy.

Hands flying to cover herself only to become drenched in fluid, her eyes bulged wide.

"

" Claire exclaimed, finishing her sentence. L-L-LACTATING?!

3

"Holy Another laughed, clapping as if entertained. "That's great! I always wondered if I would
" a man gasped loudly. shit!
get on one of those prank shows!"

Filling with fear and milk, Claire stared breathlessly at her chest inching across her
soaked lap. "I-It's not a prank!! Somebody do something! My boobs are... breath for a moment

as pressure surged and milk sprayed into her hands. "M-My boobs are blowing up!!"

" She had to nnngh!

Although a spectacle, everyone standing in front of Claire backed away when her udders

began to overflow her knees. Milk pooled on the floor and every rattle of the train sent ripples across her burgeoning chest. "I-It's not stopping!

" she cried, unable to keep her hold on What's happening to meeee??

her nipples. Skin slippery with milk, her chest slid between her legs and onto the floor with a splash. Claire had grown so large she hardly needed to lean forward as her chest reached her feet on their own. Still they ballooned and sloshed.

"You're getting my stuff wet!!" a man complained, "I should report you for indecent exposure!"

his phone.

"Those puppies look pretty decent to me," a teen laughed, recording the entire scene on

"D-Don't just stare!

pressure! G-God, all this

" she begged, "T-They're getting tighter! I'm filling with Help me! " milk!!

Panic was slowly filling the train car as the woman engorged to mammoth sizes. Arms resting across the top of her chest, she watched fearfully as they swelled and blocked the aisle. Firming flesh pushed into her legs and into her surrounded seats, shoving passengers aside with her growth.

"Somebody...S-Somebody milk me...please!" she begged, "I'm so full... I'm

SO

" FUCKING FULL!!

Cleavage rising as high as her own hunched shoulders, the train held its breath as her

breasts tightened and rounded into large spheres each nearly six feet across.

"Look at those veins!" "She's gonna Those sitting across from Claire stared in shock and awe as soda can nipples inched towards their faces. Pulsing with pressure, they stood into the air atop train-filling tits. Skin becoming drum-tight, the car turned into a swarm of panic.

!" blow

"I-I can't...hold anymoore!!" Claire yelled, "

MY BOOBS ARE TOO FULL!! NNNGGH, I-I FEEL LIKE...OooooohhhhhHHHH...I FEEL LIKE THEY'RE ABOUT " TO...A-ABOUT TOO...AhhhhhHHHHH!!!!

Milk struck the window opposite Claire like two fire hoses. It blasted against the stunned passengers and soaked them in head to toe with creamy dairy.

4

"

" Claire screamed, feeling milk surge through her Ooooooh, GOD, OOOHHH GOD!!! glands and nipples. Her release lasted a handful of minutes before tapering off and revealing a stunned silence in the train.

Many were coughing and sputtering on her milk after having it forced into their mouths.

Exhausted from the milky letdown, Claire leaned across her half-emptied breasts. Milk still flowed freely but with less force as if her nipples were erotic garden nozzles. "H-Holy shit..." she moaned, "What the hell happened to m--" Ahhh!! " " A young female intern screamed on the other side of Claire's breasts. " " another yelled. N-Nnngh!! Ooohh, my chest!! "W-What's going ooon?!" The cries came one after another, the train filled with gasps of shock as various drenched

women suddenly clutched at their bodies and felt their breasts swell against their fingers.

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1

Night Job

Warning: contains tentacles and breast/butt/belly expansion

"God I need to find a new job..." Macky groaned to herself. "Or at least go into business on my own."

It was late at night and the nightlife had brought her into a nearby alley down the street

from a local pub. More specifically, the man in a long trenchcoat had led her into the darkness. It was nothing new; most men preferred her services in barely-lit, secluded locations. It made

them feel better about what they were paying for. Macky didn't mind too much; one hundred dollars was one hundred dollars and men eagerly paid for access to her well-endowed assets.

Tugging at her red skirt to help shield her legs from the late-night breeze, she followed her client into the darkness. Petite with a great set of knockers and a tight ass was a great money-making combo, but not so useful for staying warm.

The rowdy sounds of the bar faded away and left them alone. "All right, this work for you?" she asked none-too-sweetly. "I don't feel like having to hitch a ride back to the bar, you know? I'm not allowed to use payment for transportation."

"This is fine," the man said. His voice was slick as if oiled. Aside from his initial request, he had said nothing. Macky had hardly caught a glimpse of his face from under the wide brim of his hat.

"You a politician or somethin'?" she asked, leaning against the cold brick wall. Its surface was unforgiving against the shiny material of her low-cut shirt, but it was late enough in the night for her not to care.

"You could say that," he gruffed. "The private eye look is usually a dead giveaway," she shrugged. "Not that it matters. We

doin' this or what?"

"If you're ready." "Trust me, the goods are good to go." Macky slipped a thumb under her skirt and drew

down a pair of panties, tossing them on top of her purse before waiting in the middle of the alley. "Just remember, you do anything kinky and your bill is gonna skyrocket."

"No problem." The man stepped towards her like a predator, a strange movement shifting under his

trenchcoat like a mass of eels.

supple cleavage.

"Am I goin' front, back, or top, hon?" Macky asked, straightening her top for a view of

"Little of everything, actually." "Well that's going to cost you ext--" Macky's voice trailed off when the man's trenchcoat opened. Numerous tendrils fell to

the pavement, creeping towards the stunned woman like massive serpents in search of food.

"W-What the hell?!" she screamed, eyes wide in shock. The sight of tentacles coming

closer made every fiber of her being want to run, but her feet refused to move. Motion returned a second too late, a slimy arm whipping through the air to wrap around his wrist as she turned to flee. “

” she cried out again. What the fucking hell?!

Macky flailed against the mass of muscles, helpless when three other tentacles wound their way around her ankles and remaining arm. They lifted her into the air, spreading eagled in the middle of the alley as if it were a circus performance.

“You’re a freak of nature!” she hissed, struggled against her restraints. “Merely an inspector of such,” the man said slickly. Three more tendrils slipped from his

slithering form and crept through the air towards Macky’s body. The ends of these were different, topped with small nozzle-like openings.

“

” Macky screamed, seeing them come close enough to trace slimy lines across Ahhhh!! her body. “I did NOT--

” MMGGPHHH!!

The end of one tentacle shoved itself into her mouth and muffled her speech. It was warm against her tongue and cheeks, and too strong to force out without her hands. Her eyes widened when the other two arms twirled around her thighs before vanishing under her flared skirt.

“

” she groaned, feeling each of their ends slip inside her body. Macky could only N-Nghh!

watch as the three tentacles began to expand and thicken, a pressure moving through them like black firehoses. “

” MMMPHH!

She gagged when a thick liquid was pumped down her throat. The flow was quick and warm, hardly giving her enough time to swallow between each surge. Her body shivered when the same fluid was forced into her crotch and ass, the tentacles eagerly forcing the man’s substance into her body.

“

” Macky moaned. Odd gurgles escaped her stomach as M-Mmmnnngh! MMMNNGHH!!

she swallowed more liquid, heat starting to warm her chest and butt. It wasn’t long before

strange sensations ran over every inch of her skin like a million fingers pushing and pulling on its surface.

Something bubbled in Macky's breasts, her top sliding over her prized D-cups.

" " she grunted, eyes widening as she looked down. Swelling hills were growing on her Mmmph?? chest, filling her shirt with an amount of flesh she had never seen on her own body. They bulged and expanded outwards into the fabric, her tummy becoming exposed as her top drew higher to accommodate her filling volleyballs. The space of her cleavage closed so quickly her heart skipped a few beats.

Seeing her chest filling out like a pair of water balloons was shocking enough, but when

Macky felt her thighs close the gap between her spread legs, she truly began to panic. " MMMPPHHHHH!!! MPPHH!! "

The man was motionless save for his extended tentacles, firmly holding the woman in the air as her curves grew. Macky could only continue to gulp, filling her body with swallow after

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swallow of liquid. It rushed into her tits and ass, pushing against her skin with building pressure. The heat radiating off her was like an oven, the ooze funneled into her trembling frame.

It only took a moment for her mammaries to engorge larger than beach balls. Macky's

top had pulled tightly across her bust like a comical sports bra, the fabric refusing to stretch. Throbbing nipples like strawberries pulsed in agony, areolas doming out from the rising pressure.

Behind her, an ass hung heavily in the air against widening thighs. Macky's skirt had

been small to begin with and as a result had drawn tightly around her expanding hips like a restraint. It dug into her skin to create deformed bulges in her curves. Against a rear end nearing the width of two yoga balls, it was only a matter of time before it blew.

"

" Macky pulled against the tentacles around her arms, Mmmmmm! M-MMMHPHHH!! her motions only causing her monstrous tits to wobble and shake. A frightening tightness pulled across her skin, the sides of her chest and hips threatening to rub against the sides of the alley.

SHRRRRRIIIPP!! Her shirt and skirt burst into shreds, releasing her bloating, naked form to the night. The

tentacles struggled to keep her in the air when her chest fell forward, hanging off her like

massive teardrops. Each fist-sized nipple sang in the cold night from the pressure. Macky could feel her legs being forced apart by her own swelling thighs, each round as an over-inflated car tire.

The firmness of her skin was the most frightening part. Gallon upon gallon of the goop

rushed into her with no signs of stopping, yet she could feel her curves growing tight and giving less and less. The light of the moon reflected off her swaying cleavage reaching towards the ground, its surface taut like a drum. “ ” MMMMPHHH!! M-M-MMPH! To her horror, the flow increased. Macky was positive her blimping breasts and couch-like ass couldn't take anymore, but something shifted in her body. A rumble vibrated her stomach for the briefest of moments before her eyes bulged and she felt a bloating sensation unlike anything she had felt before.

An incredible flow of fluid rushed into her abdomen, the combination of all three tentacles filling her belly like a party balloon. Her sides bulged and rounded, the space below her navel tightening before distending over her throbbing pussy. Macky was powerless as her stomach ballooned against her hanging breasts, skin dangerously sliding against itself as her gut lifted her chest into the air on a shelf of flesh.

” NNNGHH! N-NGGHH!! “ Macky had to arch her back as her tits climbed into the air atop an alley-filling gut. Skin taut and bloated beyond its capacity, her belly button began to tremble and shake, shooting into the air like a fist-sized bump declaring her fullness. Every inch of Macky sloshed like a tanker truck. Just as her belly was nearing the size of her breasts, her skin starting to creak and groan. ” NNNNNNNNGGGGHHHHHHHHH!!!!

“

4

The man's tentacles popped free of her body, spraying their ooze into the air and

drenching Macky in the process. The fluid was hot and thick, sticking to her skin like glue. It dripped off her in large globs, dissolving her tattered clothes and leaving her bare in the air.

Gagging for air, Macky was about to scream when her body started to shake. Pressure

rushed over her skin like a balloon in its final moments as her tits, belly, and ass engorged beyond measure. They reacted to the liquid, pressing into either side of the alley before being forced to grow in awkward shapes from the confines. Macky had never been so terrified of the rough brick surface in her life.

To her relief, the man released his hold on her arms and legs. She leaned on her van-sized udders, shocked to see her own size holding her aloft in the alley, feet dangling against a blimped tummy. Speechless, she could only watch as her skin was lined with an increasing number of stretch marks from still rising pressures.

The man watched with satisfaction from below, gazing at the still-swelling form of the woman as her butt blocked the alley's entrance while her belly and chest blocked the view of the moon. Skin reaching its utmost limit, he grinned as she shook from the pressures of his fluids, hands unable to indent her skin as she frantically tried to massage its surface.

"Yes," he said, turning to walk deeper into the alley. "I think this planet will do nicely..."