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1

Mana Leak

Contains breast, butt, and thigh expansion

"Is that the best you've got??" Cyana laughed, reflecting another of the young mage's attacks. "I must admit, I've fought some low-skill adventurers in my time, but none quite like you!"

Kit stumbled to the floor from exhaustion. Even his armor hung heavy on his body; he wasn't sure he could muster any kind of defensive attack should the sorceress choose to strike.

The list of her atrocities was long. One town in particular had been terrorized by Cyana's

perversed kind of rage for many years. Thus far none had managed to best her in battle, though many had given their lives attempting to do so. Perhaps if the journey to locate her in such a dungeon hadn't been so grueling, Kit would have had the energy left to fight.

Black leather boots echoed in the cave walls when she approached. They stopped only

inches from his face and reflected the golden light of the surrounding torches. Craning his neck upwards, Kit looked upon his target.

Cyana was a picture of erotic beauty by all measures. Though wanted for more crimes

than Kit had bothered to read, he couldn't deny the pure sexuality pouring off the sorceress. Many adventurers found themselves defeated by her looks alone before even exchanging spells. Looking up at her now, even Kit had to admit it was tempting to give in.

A flowing black dress covered her body and shimmered purple with its movements. It

trailed behind her but drew shorter in the front, only reaching above her knees. With a slit going up each side of the dress, her legs were free to move as she needed, as well as gift any opponent a tantalizing view of thighs covered in a softness only attainable by magic. The slit extended far enough for Kit to glimpse the side of her bare hip and he knew she wore no undergarments. Further up, the dress led into wisps of sheer fabric winding around her torso like a tornado. Enough skin was shown to give any man a clear image of what lay beneath but withheld enough to leave them desperate for more. Slivers of black cradled the underside of her breasts and curved to block her nipples from view. The same fabric fluttered down her arms and attached at a finger. With black hair and piercing ruby lips, Cyana was as beautiful as she was dangerous.

"Enjoying the view?" she laughed with amusement. Kit was sure she bent her leg enough to tease him with a view of what waited between her thighs. Catching his gaze, Cyana laughed again and took a few steps back. "You adventurers are too predictable. Either you want to fight or you want to ogle." "I-I'm here..."

..." Kit grunted, trying to get to his knees and rise to face her once more. "I'm here to do a job," he affirmed, "To take you in and make you atone for the crimes you've committed!"

"Ooooh, and what would those be?" she cooed, raising a finger to her lips. "Seduction... Theft... Murder... Bribery... Impersonation--"

2

"That noble was excited too, I might add. He--"

to have found me in place of his wife," Cyana scoffed. "And very lucky

"

" Kit flung his hand forward to send a ball of fire crackling through the air. The Arrugh!

effort sent him to the floor, struggling to stay upright on a single knee.

It took minimal effort on Cyana's part to avoid it and she batted it away with a bare hand.

"Come now, do you really still wish to fight me?" Going down to one knee to bring her face to face with Kit, she stated, "You're out of mana, kid, and I've yet to break a sweat." Her arms crossed under her bust to raise an ample pair of mounds toward her collarbones. Pale cleavage called to Kit like warm milk after a long day. "Isn't there something you would rather do else with me before I end your life?"

The temptation was near overpowering. Kit wanted nothing more than to accept defeat

and give in to the lustful aura pouring off the sorceress. Plenty of adventurers had fallen prey to it before him.

"I...I can't," he said, tearing his eyes away. "If I do the cycle continues. Someone else

will come along after me. I can't let that happen."

Cyana smiled and stood up. "You're a determined mage, I'll give you that.

, and Mmmm handsome, too..." One of her hands slid across the sheer fabric covering her stomach and rested between her thighs. Eyes shining with hunger, she giggled with a sexual madness. "How about I cast a seduction spell on you and we finish this squabble?" Rubbing her groin, she moaned and added, "A sex slave isn't the worst way..."

...t-to go, you know..." mmm

Cyana raised her hand and her fingertips began to emanate a red glow. There wasn't much time left before Kit's mind was gone and he was the sorceress's object to use as she pleased. Every attack and spell he had tried until this point had failed and his mana was low enough to cause faint. Straining for any possible way out, Kit searched his mind for any strategy or attack he could use to turn the tables.

Cyana's hand glowed brighter, her spell ready to cast. A foggy memory popped into Kit's mind, bringing with it a half-remembered spell from a drunken night years ago.

"I promise I'll be gentle," she said licking her lips. Her hand flashed a second later in a bath of red light just as Kit touched his shaking fingertips together and drew them apart to expand the space between them.

The red glow vanished, retreating into Cyana's body like a ghost. She staggered back in shock and felt her abdomen for injuries. Unsteady on her feet, she gasped between increasingly ...What did you do??" mmmmm heavy breaths. "W-What...

Kit watched, pleading the spell was cast correctly. Within moments it became clear. "My body... M-My

" Cyana stammered. Her face was flushed red with mana!

unprecedented arousal and she staggered backward. Landing heavily on her heels, Kit saw a heavy bounce fall from her breasts. The sorceress felt the same, looking down with wide eyes.

"

" she exclaimed, hands flying to grope her bust as it Ahh! A-Ahh!! What have you done??"

began to buck and heave. The beautiful design of her dress shifted and warped across her front.

3

Cyana's breasts were filling outward as if each gasping breathed were flowing into them. He could see their outlines expanding through the sheer fabric fighting for room. An evident line of cleavage divided them down the middle and rose from her collar.

"

" she howled in ecstasy, hands digging into a bust swelled larger MMM!!! M-MMMM!! than her head. She raised a hand in retaliation but the spell backfired once more, increasing her growth.

"

What...NNGH...What magic is this?! tightening in her dress grabbing her attention.

" She stopped, a second My bosom!! It's--

Cradling her bust, Cyana looked behind her to see the outline of her rear end drawing

fabric from the dress. Her hips widened like the banks of a river in a storm and she struggled to keep her balance. "

" A-Ahh!! MMMMM!!!! I can't...fight this!!! I...MM!

Energy returning, Kit stood to wobbly feet. "You like it?" he huffed. "It's something a demon taught me after I bested him in a drinking game. Counters a spell and directs their own mana back into them." Looking upon Cyana's bloating curves, Kit was pleased with the results. "Wasn't sure I remembered how to do it!" " The pleasure surging through Cyana's body was torrential AHH!! OOHFFF, GODS!!

"

and all-powerful. It paralyzed her in place and numbed her thoughts and actions. Orgasmic waves passed through her almost as frequently as her labored breaths. " " BODYYY!!

O-OOhhhhh my

Kit watched as her dress pulled tight. The lines of her breasts could be seen creeping across her stomach through the sheer fabric and filling all available space. Stuffed down her front in a rounded mass, the sorceress almost looked to be inflating like a balloon. The bright pink of pulsating nipples stood hard, ready to tear through the dress and greeted him through the warped windows.

"I-I can't!!

" Cyana moaned. Her nails tore at her dress and Gods, I CAN'T handle this!! ripped holes into the fabric. Desperate to feel her engorging skin, she split her dress open to release a pair of mammarys reached beyond her hips. " " is...i-is filling me!! I'm STRETCHING!!

MMMM!!! MMM!!

A-All my manaaa

Cyana's legs buckled together under the weight of such a chest and a balanced ass large

enough to bunch her dress on top of her hips. Its cheeks protruded on each of her hips like massive, jiggling globes of flesh and folded against the backs of her thighs. One hand gripped a thumb-like nipple while another dove between quivering thighs to massage her pussy.

"

" Cyana's breathing grew more rapid by the second. Kit was Too heavy, it's too much!!

almost scared the spell was too much for her to handle and wondered if her body could last.

BWOOMPHH!! Cyana fell to the ground amid the jiggling masses of her curves. The force of her weight

on top of her chest pushing against the ground threw her into an inescapable abyss of pressurized orgasmic pleasure. " arousal completely took over.

" she screeched, her entire body tensing as her AAHHHHHHGGGHH!!!

4

Shuddering in release before bloating to a final, skin-stretching size, Cyana passed out

from overexertion with a number of fingers still thrust inside of her. Kit stood over the defeated sorceress in shock, not expecting the spell to work as it had. The over-stimulated cries still rang in his ears; her breasts and rear were large enough to fill a traveling merchants wagon with enough left over to bulge over the sides.

A sigh of relief escaped the adventurer. His life was safe and his target was incapacitated for the time being.

"Not sure if I didn't cast the spell right, or if that was supposed to happen..." he thought, scratching his head. Shrugging, he gathered himself to return home. "Time to claim that rewa--"

Kit stopped, now realizing his situation. Exhausted and completely out of mana, he had

no clear way to transport Cyana's bloated form back to town and turn her in. A simple attempt to lift a one-hundred-gallon-barrel-sized breast only resulted in his arms sinking into their depths of extreme softness. The sorceress would not budge, much less move.

"

" Kit swore, falling to the ground in frustration and leaning against her Dammit!!

wobbling cleavage. Its warmth was soft and inviting, lulling the tired adventurer into a drowsy state. "Not the worst way to recover my energy, I suppose..." he grumbled closing his eyes for the time being while he considered his next move.

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1

## Mana Leak 2

Contains breast, butt, and thigh expansion

"Have a good sleep, pervert!" Hawly called from the guildhall. The voice carried well through its rafters and up the flight of stairs where Kit was ascending to his chambers.

Rolling his eyes, Kit ignored the teasing and replied, "I will!" "Hope ye 'ave some dreams!" another mage, Calfor, added, roaring with laughter at swell his own joke.

Hawly choked on his grog. "Shh! Don't make fun of him too much! Or he might cast a nasty growth spell on us too!"

Calfor snorted and starting re-dealing the playing cards for another round. "Maybe now tha' he's gone we can give it our all and not be 'fraid of beatin' him! Or do ye save those spells for jus' the ladies, Kit?" He nudged an elbow into the side of a sorceress sitting to his left. "I 'ear Melda here was interested in givin' them a try or two!"

Melda shooed Calfor's elbow away. Lifting her cup for a swig of her own drink, she glanced over its rim and up the stairs while Kit could still hear. "You come near my body with one of those spells and it'll be the last thing you ever do," Melda warned, narrowing her eyes at the mage. She had seen the effects of his efforts first hand on the evil sorceress Cyana; her curves were overflowing a merchant's small cart when Kit brought her into town. Melda placed an arm protectively across her own chest and found a familiar set of ample assets hidden under her tunic. "Last thing I need is to be any bigger..." she grumbled.

"For the last time, it was an accident!" Kit tried to defend himself. "I didn't mean for Cyana's body to grow in such a way!"

filling transformation either!"

"Suuuure ye didn't," Calfor winked. "And I'm sure ye didn't watch e'ery second o' her

Kit sighed. "Good night, guys." "Have a... The chamber door closed and cut off their laughter. Life at the guild hadn't been the same

" Hawly called. ! rest fulfilling

for Kit after he managed to capture Cyana. It was true he reaped the benefits of a hefty reward and infamy, but with it came the wide-spread word of his unusual methods. At worst he was labeled a deviant, perverted mage using his magic to transform unsuspecting women's' bodies. At best he was a sex dream come true with beautiful harlots begged for his magic touch. The

first wasn't true and unfortunately, the latter had happened only once.

Kit leaned against his door and sighed. "If I had known that damn demon's counterspell was going to have such an effect, I might not have used it." Deep down he wasn't sure; the expanding effects of the mana reversal spell were incredible and hard to keep from his thoughts. Having such power had gotten the better of his imagination on more than one occasion and the

2

thought of using the spell on Melda was a common one. Based on the stern glance she passed him tonight, he wondered if he hadn't been hiding his daydreams well enough.

"It turned out well regardless," he accepted. If his reputation was the price for the evil sorceress and her murderous deeds being locked away, then Kit was willing to pay the price. The sack of gold in reward money was nothing to shrug off either. He could retire now as a young mage with a perverted reputation and live a comfortable life.

The idea was quick to be dismissed. "Still more adventures to be had." Content to ride the waves of his new renown, Kit relinquished himself to sleep amid the never-ending ruckus of the mage's guild.

He awoke hours later with crashing apprehension. Lying on his back, he found his legs pinned to the mattress as well as his arms immobilized above his head. At first he thought an instance of sleep paralysis was to blame, but then he saw the black figure at the foot of his bed. A set of piercing ruby-red lips almost glowed in the darkness beneath two sinister eyes.

"C-C-Cyana!" Kit stammered, shocked to see the malevolent sorceress not only free from her prison but standing over his sleeping body. The mage struggled but found his limbs utterly immovable.

"Fight it all you wish," Cyana's voice slithered, "I can assure you my magical bonds are quite unbreakable."

" Hel--

"Ah ah ah!" Cyana moved faster than a fox. Before Kit could cry out, she was straddling his torso. Tempress eyes stared down at him with seething intent.

Now in view of the moonlight, Kit could see the sorceress had been through quite a journey. Her flowing black dress was gone, replaced by what could only be a stolen cloak. Wraps and bandages formed make-shift clothing and hugged around her breasts, hips, and thighs. They appeared fit to snap, they were wrapped so tightly. A slender, naked mid-drift shifted hypnotically. Her assumed hardships were complete with disheveled jet-black hair, yet somehow the sorceress's allure was even more powerful.

Kit opened his mouth to call for help once more but was silenced by Cyana leaning forward. Globe-like breasts pressed around his face, silencing his words and making his cheeks hot. "

" was all Kit could manage to get out. Mmmph!

Gripping his headboard for support, Cyana stared at the mage silenced by her bust.

"Can't have you screaming, now can we?" Kit's eyes looked into the cleavage swallowing his nose and Cyana grinned. "I see you've noticed the remnants of your little reversal spell... Seems my body thought it acceptable to retain some of that accursed swelling... I couldn't move for after what you did to me." days

Kit struggled again under Cyana's body. Her groin burned with heat against his own and her breath carried dangerous powers of intoxication. The squirming only served to jostle her frame and shift her chest against his head.

3

"My, you're a fighter!" she laughed, running a hand along his cheek. Cyana leaned forward and applied more pressure with her chest, bringing her face inches from Kit's. The bandages creaked around her hips and under her groin as they bent. "Most men would have given in to me by now..."

Kit only stared back, praying he could keep his arousal under wraps. "Before we continue, let me remind you I could have killed you while you slept. I'm still

capable of it. Your life, as well as the lives of all your little mage friends sleeping in this guild, are in my hands. However, I promise to bring no harm so long as you give me what I desire."

Kit was shaking from nervousness. The sorceress's body felt like it had a hearth burning inside and it was making him sweat. The scent of her own odor rising from her cleavage was like spiced honey.

"Whaph phoo you wanpht?" Kit asked, muffled under flesh. Cyana's eyes flashed. "I want



.” Her back arched into the air and she slithered down more Kit’s body, dragging her chest over his until it pressed into his cock. Raising her rear into the air presenting a view Kit could only imagine, Cyana massaged his cock with her mammaries and to feel it need looked into his eyes. “Cast your spell. I-I want to feel my mana...fill my body! I rushing into me again!”

Hair was falling over her face as Cyana worked herself up. Kit could see the sorceress

was desperate for the magical thrill, but what consequences could there be? What was stopping her from killing him after?

One of her hands snaked its way up the leg of his undergarment and found his shaft. ,” Cyana begged, panting from her need alone. “Please, I-I’ll do Please “ ... In all my anything .” divine years of study, I’ve never come across such a spell. I-It’s simply...

Kit struggled but her bonds were firm. The situation was dire as her lust grew. Sharp nails

scratched across his chest. She was becoming desperate. Most importantly, Cyana was still an extremely dangerous magic-user. The guild could be destroyed in the blink of an eye if she saw fit. Calming himself, Kit formed a plan. He would have to dance with the temptress.

“I-I’ll need my hands,” he said. Cyana grinned, flipping his waistband and licking the exposed head of his cock before

responding, “Don’t you try anything...”

The restraints vanished from Kit’s wrists and Cyana straightened her back, sitting on his groin. Deep breaths filling her lungs and stretching the bandages covering her chest, she begged, “I’m ready... Fill me once more!”

It was hard for Kit to concentrate given the situation. “Y-You’ll need to cast a spell for me to counter. The stronger the better and the more mana will--”

Cyana’s hands glowed a bright red as she raised them overhead. Eyes bulging in terror,

Kit knew he would be dead in seconds if he messed up. Bringing his hands together, the reversal spell was cast just as Cyana brought her own hands down. Energy flowed from her fingertips only to re-enter her core in a different form.

4

“

” she gasped, collapsing onto Kit. Her back rose and fell like a smithy’s bellow Augh!! fueling a raging fire. “

” Yes!! O-Ooohhh yes! I-I’ve waited...so long!! I--MMMM!! Every wrap and bandage on Cyana’s

body tightened. The heated softness pressing into

Kit's chest exploded and her body started to rise, lifted higher atop engorging mammaries.

"M-My bosom... Ooohh it's filling! I can feel my magic...f-flowing into my body! My skin...s-stretching!!"

Cyana was no more than a slave to her own lust. With his legs still bound, Kit was helplessly trapped under her bloating body. Skin bulged around her bandages and overflowed his torso, two breasts expanding between the two of them like a stack of pillows. Around his hips, Cyana's thighs plumped and thickened like the legs of a meaty animal. Shelves of flesh formed on the edges of her wraps like twine on a roast.

" M-My wraps are too tight! I feel... Mmm... M-Mmmm...! SNAP!! The wraps around her hips broke loose and snapped between her expanding ass, vanishing between her cheeks into their jiggling crevice. Skin inched down Kit's thighs towards his knees and air was forced from his diaphragm by swelling thighs squeezing on each side. Before too long, Cyana was forced to spread her legs wider to account for the trunk-like masses connected to her hips.

they're bound to--" nnggh...

The sorceress laboriously rose and straightened her back, cradling a set of tits in her arms

like heaving boulders. They looked more like a fleshy four-leaf clover to Kit due to the wraps digging into their depths and changing their shape.

" Cyana pleaded. Fill me more!

"M-More!! SNAP!! SNAP!! The wraps across her breasts burst open into a show of tatters. Nipples engorged with lust

stuck into the moonlight and monumental jugs fell onto Kit's chest. A three-foot slope of skin ran from his chin to Cyana's sternum, their heaps pinning him to the groaning bed.

History truly repeats itself. The evil sorceress was quickly becoming more curves than woman. Her torso was sandwiched between her breasts and butt, each of her thighs twice the girth of Kit's own chest. To the best of her ability, Cyana began rocking along his buried shaft as her brow dripped with sweat. Kit was helpless to fight the avalanche of tightening skin rising to cover his head and overflow his legs and bed.

"

" Cyana screamed, black hair tumbling in every direction. Gasps This is...ORGASMIC!!

slipped from her ruby lips and her hands explored every available inch of her body. Pulsating nipples like flagons of ale pressed against Kit's headboard, his head drenched in the sweat of her cleavage. "

" O-Ohhh... OHHH!! MMM!!

Cyana's breathing was reaching a peak. Soaking moisture permeated Kit's garments and the creaking of his bed only served to increase her pleasure. "I'm so... FULL!! OOHHHH I'M " OVERFLOWING WITH MY MANA!! IT'S...IT'S GUSHING OUT OF MEEEE!!

CRASH!!!

5

Kit's bed broke in half and split a leg, sending the sorceress to the floor on her back in a jiggling heap. Kit hung at an awkward angle with his feet still bound until they vanished moments later amid the exhausted heaving of Cyana.

"D-Dear...gods..." she moaned, unable to move under her bed-crushing breast weight. A mammoth ass lifted her thighs into the air, her feet limp and several feet off the ground. For the moment she was paralyzed with pleasure.

There was no time to waste. Kit jumped from his bed before the sorceress could recover and flung open his trunk on the other end of the room. Deep inside was a collar gifted to him from a grateful beast tamer from a quest years ago. Cyana breathed. "That was...equisite--" CHA-CLICK! She stopped, feeling something snap tight around her ankle. Kit was standing over her, his triumphant expression just visible between her cleavage.

... mmmggh

--" What is the meaning of

"What... "Shut it." The sorceress squeaked and said no more, unable to resist his command. Kit looked over his capture. Even a sorceress as powerful as Cyana wouldn't be able to break the commanding power of his artifact. "You're not to remove this collar," he instructed.

"Y-Yes..." Cyana whimpered, fighting its power before helplessly adding,

Kit grinned. The sight in front of him was hard to resist. Sinking a hand into Cyana's bust and drawing out a cry, he considered if there might actually be a bit of truth to his new reputation.

"

." M-M-Master

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1

Voodoo Balloon

Contains breast and butt/thigh expansion

freezing out here!" Clara said shivering against a winter breeze.

"It's John, content amongst the warmth and wafting steam of the hot tub, watched his

girlfriend slip free of a long white robe. Underneath was the petite frame of a young woman wrapped in a red bikini. It hugged her small curves pleasingly but remained modest despite a generous window of cleavage from a pair of C-cups. "Ooooh, new swimsuit?" he whistled. Clara wrapped her arms around her torso for protection from the night air. "You know I

feel like you wanted to be in the hot tub first just so you can watch me strip down. And thanks for asking. Took me all day to find it."

yes,

Dipping a toe brought a wave of relief to the chilled girl. A sigh escaped her lips when

she slipped half-gracefully into the water. Lying her head on a cushion, she closed her eyes. "Mmmm, that's nice..."

"I should volunteer to watch my brother's house more often." With Clara's eyes closed,

John was free to gaze at the bubbles lapping at her exposed cleavage. Each breast stood out from her chest like a soft pool toy waiting to be played with. "This hot tub alone makes it worth it."

"Think he's looking for a renter? My back is going to be so spoiled after this it might not let me stay away!" Lifting her head with a tired groan, she eyed John. "You know you're sitting awfully far away for someone alone in a hot tub with a pretty girl..."

A chuckle escaped him and John slid closer. "You almost sound like you had something in mind for tonight."

Clara bit her lip and snaked a hand through the water. "I might have." Gentle fingers

wrapped around a firm cock pressing against John's swimsuit. "Or maybe I just wanted to see if you really liked my new bikini. I couldn't tell through all the bubbles..."

"What a coincidence." A sly smile spread over John's face. Clara felt his hand brush over hers when he dug into one of his pockets. A second later he brought something above the water into view. "I just happened to have something in mind too!"

Clara blinked at what hung in the air. "Is that a...balloon? I mean I guess we can have a water fight if you want, but I had something a little more "Oh don't worry, I do too. Watch this." An unexplainable tingle ran down Clara's spine when John held the balloon's opening to his lips. A rush of air puffed his cheeks out and made the balloon stand straight out before he was able to force the latex to stretch.

hands-on in mind."

Ahh!" Clara jumped when the pressure suddenly inflated it to the size of his fist. " "Whew, that's hard..." John said coming up for air.

2

"Wow, you're right, I

do feel turned on," Clara giggled and teased, "Who knew such powerful lung strength was sooo sexy?" She could feel his eyes playing over her chest at the water's surface.

"Just hang on!" John inhaled deeply and puffed again. The balloon grew an inch in diameter but was strong against his breath.

Mmm!" " "Something up?" John asked with a knowing grin. Clara was squirming in her seat and breathing heavily. "I...I-I...

mmmm...I feel...

funny..."

Head swooning, she felt a strange tickle in her breasts. Looking to find the source, she glanced down before her jaw dropped to render her speechless.

"You like them?" "M-My boobs!" she gasped, standing up out of the water. What had been C-cups now

bobbed on her frame like a pair of cantaloupes. They strained the front of her bikini and lifted the cups away from her torso so expose two curves of skin. Gently cupping them in her hands, Clara pressed her fingertips into her skin testingly. "They're... much...bigger!"

nnnngh oh wow...they're so

"How are they?" John asked again. Clara swallowed, enjoying the firm pressure swirling in her

chest. "They feel "I thought they might." "What did you do to me??" "Paid a little visit to a practical joke store! They had a whole bin of voodoo balloons.

incredible."

Thought it might be fun to buy one for our little slice of hot tub time." He lifted it to his lips once more.

"J-John, I--

Mmm!!" Before Clara could say anything, he blew into the balloon. A rise in pressure was immediate and Clara arched her back when her breasts bloated in turn. The bikini's spandex jumped and shifted over the rounding mammaries as they ballooned. In only a few labored breaths, John brought her to a tightly-packed pair of volleyballs rivaling her own head in size. Nipples like thimbles stood into the fabric from the cold night air.

that?" he asked with short breath.

"How's Her response almost made him outgrow his swim trunks. "M-Make them...bigger." It was too easy of decision to make. John blew into the balloon with all his might but it

was difficult to fill.

"

Oh... OH!!" Clara gasped, feeling her bikini pull into her bust as she bulged over its sides. Her skin squeaked and popped between her cleavage like two balloons rubbing together. "Bigger, John... Make...

blow me up!"

mmmm...

He tried his best, but as the balloon neared the size of a basketball his lungs couldn't cut it. Clara looked at her breasts with hungry eyes and felt her loins overflowing with desire.

"

This isn't...fast enough..." she panted, coming to stand directly in front of John. She grabbed the balloon in her hands.

3

"Wait!" he warned before losing his grip. WHHHOOOSH!! The air rushed from its confines and Clara's top snapped back against her body when her

breasts returned to normal.

"Awww, why did you do that??" he pouted. The sour mood didn't last long, however, when Clara turned around and sat down in his

lap. She pressed her back into his chest and allowed his head to cradle on her shoulder for a healthy view down the front of her body. "Don't worry," she cooed, "they'll be back."

Clara took his hand in hers and guided the balloon to a nearby jet waiting with a torrent of water. Confident he had gotten the picture, Clara released her hold and whispered, "Go on; me up."

fill

There was no hesitation and water flooded the balloon with more force than John could have ever created.

"

AaaaahhhhhHHH!!!!" Clara screamed, shutting her eyes against the torrential pleasure Oh my GOD!! " She squirmed in John's lap as her skin

assaulting her body. "O-Oh my God... vibrated with the rush of water. "It's filling me... J-John I can feel myself growing...

everywhere!"

It was undeniable. John wrapped an arm around Clara's waist and felt water swirling inside. The balloon filled with water against his hand, quickly growing larger than what he had managed manually. Clara's breasts were quick to respond and pulsed larger in waves. They bloated and engorged with water, pulling at her bikini top with a fluid weight. Ripples jiggled over the surface of her party balloon-sized tits.

Something soft pressed around his cock. Clara shifted in his lap when her bikini bottoms tightened around her hips and delved between a pair of plumping thighs. John felt her waistband draw tight like a belt before beginning to slip down her navel from her increasing size. Even her slender waist thickened against his arm.

"I filling... I-I'm filling with water...!" Clara yelled. "

OOHHH I've always wanted to

know what it felt like to be a balloon!"

John's eyes bulged with sexual wonder from his perch on her shoulder. Cleavage bulged and rose into the air, spandex and straps vanishing between bulging skin. The bikini top

deformed her breasts into a mountain range of oddly-shaped curves as if trying to contain two beach balls. They blocked any view of her stomach and thighs, but John could feel her hips and butt widening with every passing second.

J-John..." Clara gasped, her bikini making it difficult to breathe. "I-- " He shook her water-filled body with his free hand, sending every engorged curve into a frenzy of jiggles. Clara's mind exploded with ecstasy at so much water jostling throughout her body. Just as John saw the puffy rims of her areola peeking out from under her bikini cups, Clara gasped laboriously and grabbed his hand. "T-That's... that's enough water...!"

NNNNGH...T-That's enough...

MMM!!"

John,

4

Sad to see her growth end, John removed the now-massive balloon from the jet and held the end closed. On his lap rested his girlfriend now sporting a pair of torso-dominating tits reaching to her hips and engulfing her bikini. An ass plump enough to overflow his legs swallowed her bottoms like a thong before leading into thighs as wide as his own waist. Every gasping breath shook her frame and popped another stitch on her swimsuit. His curious hand drifted over her belly and found the taut border of her underboob just above her belly button.

"Too full?" he asked, watching Clara's watery udders wobble and slosh with her gasps. God, no..." She swallowed and craned her neck to kiss him. "But before we "N-N-No...

go any further..."

John watched her run a finger along the border of her bikini top. Groans of effort and sensitivity escaped her lips as she fought to get between her skin and overstuffed cup. Finally she pulled something long and stretchy that snapped free of her bikini and into her hand. His eyes widened when he saw it was a cylindrical balloon.

Clara giggled. "I might...

nngH...have made a trip to the same joke store for tonight..."

Her hand disappeared below the water with the balloon to find a gushing jet of her own. John's cock tingled strangely somewhere under her massive girth and he suddenly had a feeling his swim trunks were about to become much too small. Already feeling him thicken and elongate beneath her curves, Clara grinned and said, "My turn."

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1

## Voodoo Balloons Part 2

### CONTAINS BREAST, BUTT, MALE EXPANSION, AND CUM-BASED BELLY INFLATION

John watched with anticipation from his helpless position on the bed. Standing over him and providing nothing less than a fantastic view of her body hugged by lace was Clara grinning from ear to ear with devilish intentions. The erect nubs of her nipples were just as prominent through her bra as John's bulge was through his boxers. At her request, John had worn an old pair of underwear too small for his frame. Already his package was deforming the front and opening the fly to reveal his excitement.

"You know, you almost look like you have a plan for tonight," he teased. "You could say that..." she hummed. "Now hush; enjoy the preshow." John was happy to oblige and watched with a growing sexual hunger as Clara's C-cup

breasts bounced and wobbled overhead like some sort of erotic, adult-themed mobile. Her hands worked at a set of bonds around his wrists and the headboard. A simple tug proved he was secured and stood no chance of escape. "Not very often I'm the one tied to a bed!" he laughed. "Can't have you running off on me now, can I?" Satisfied with her knots, Clara leaned down and kissed John, pressing her chest into his and exploring the contents of his boxers with an eager hand. Tingles broke out over his body when she squeezed his shaft and whispered, "Not that you'll be able to run pretty soon anyway."

Giving a final squeeze, Clara straightened up and admired her handiwork. John was

spread out on their sheets with his wrists tied above his head. He was right; it wasn't very often he was the one strapped down and helpless. As a matter of fact, it was the first time. Looking down at his immobile form, Clara couldn't help but feel a strange sensation bubble in her core. It brought a sense of power and domination she had never felt. John might as well have been a toy; powerless against her every will. The thought of such a thing was beyond arousing.

Biting her lip and eager to start, she said, "Be right back." John almost couldn't bear to watch her leave the bedroom but the black lace hugging her rear end made it tolerable. "If you're going to take a few sexy pictures to send to my phone, you know I like the ones where you're bending over and putting your hand--"

He stopped, listening to the sound of running water from the bathtub. A twitch assaulted his eye when warmth and tingles washed over his manhood. Eyes widening with realization, he craned his neck to see the front of his boxers tightening across a hardening shaft. "Uhh... Clara?" he called out, feeling himself swelling his natural record size.

"You fill those boxers out nicely," she cooed from the bathroom door, leaning on the frame and watching him squirm. Both eyes were glued to the bulges shifting inside the small garment.

"Don't worry, I left it on a nice, slow trickle."

2

The bonds creaked against the headboard when John pulled, fighting the heated sensations of his growing cock from the filling balloon. "Nnngh, so this is why you tied me down? Is this...nnmmgh...payback for what I did with your balloon and the leafblower?"

Clara strode to his side, massaging one of her breasts at the sight of his head creeping out from under the boxer's waistband as he neared eight inches. One hand was behind her back when she straddled his hips and pressed her crotch against his thickening shaft. "Would I do something so childish?" They kissed again and she placed something in his restrained hands. "Don't worry, you get to some fun too."

John looked up to see a small remote in his palm. It had only one button and was no larger than a silver dollar. "Ooooh, what's this for?" he asked, thumb itching to press. "It might be connected to our garden hose which is connected to my balloon... Maybe pressing it lets water flow for a second and--"

CLICK! CLICK! CLICK! "MMM!!!" Clara fell forward with sudden convulsions. Water vibrated through her mammaries against John's chest and they swelled between

them like fluid-filled pillows. An audible creak came from Clara's bra at the sudden increase in mass and she struggled to breathe. Panting from rising arousal, she supported herself over John with wobbly arms and felt a pair of heavy volleyballs hanging off her front. At the same time, Clara's butt plumped and slid across John's hips. The lace pulled into her cheeks, threatening to vanish between them should they become any larger.

"E-Easy there...tiger..." she panted, smiling at her boyfriend's amused face. "Don't make me...turn the bathtub faucet higher. Those tiny boxers of yours are already on borrowed time." A hand slid between Clara's thighs and rubbed a golfball-sized head protruding several inches into the open. John could feel stress lines cutting across his shaft and over his balls, each one fighting for space between his legs.

CLICK! CLICK! "NNGH!!!" Clara leaned back and hugged her chest as it filled with more water, lurching

forward several cup sizes. Pink areolas rose over her cups and water-logged skin overflowed into jiggling cleavage. Behind her, Clara felt her panties snap between her ass cheeks from the surge of growth.

"I bet your bra gives up before my boxers do," John challenged. "I...mmmm..." Clara had to breathe, losing herself to the thrill of her tits bloating like water balloons. Apple-sized balls

pressed on the bottom of her thighs and a cock like a water bottle teased her groin. Stitches were popping in John's boxers, but not fast enough. "Don't...Don't make me regret giving you that...r-remote..." she moaned, looking down at her body.

3

CLICK! "M-MMM!!!" "Bit late for that, I think." More of John's manhood was exposed from the top of his boxers than was hidden. The tight, rounding skin of his balls was more than enough to fill the garment alone and they were starting to threaten escape through the legs.

CLICK! "NNNGH GOD!!!" Clara heaved, her chest engorging to watermelons. A shoulder strap popped open, slapping across her bosom and sending ripples over her cleavage. The sight of John's monster ten-inch dick straining his boxers was far too much to take at this point. "Ah fuck it!" she groaned.

It didn't take much force for her to tear the boxers down the middle by pulling open the fly. John's member stood at attention, rising into the air now free of its prison and throbbing with fluid. Thick veins coursed over its surface before rushing towards a base nestled between two bulging grapefruits. The sight made Clara's mouth water.

Straddling John on her hands and knees, she pressed her body into his, lifted her butt into the air, and panted, "H-Help...a girl undress?"

CLICK! CLICK! CLICK! CLICK! CLICK! CLICK! "MMMMM!!!" Water was heard rushing into Clara's waiting curves. Her skin swelled and bulged, overfilling her lingerie in seconds. Tits like beach balls filled the space between her and John, rubbing between their chests and stomachs as she engorged around her bra on all sides. Gazing down her back, John could see her ass rising and widening with water as well. Heavy thighs rubbed against his and Clara endured an extreme hourglass deformed by her lace before:

SNAP!! POW!! Her bra and panties burst open, releasing jiggling flesh in all directions. Feeling John's pulsing serpent in her hands, Clara didn't waste a second and lifted her chair-overflowing hips into the air before bringing her crotch down onto his shaft. A dick like a forearm entered Clara's body in an instant, stretching every inch of her pussy.

"G-God!!!" she cried out, feeling his baseball-like head slide up her navel and into her abdomen. John's eyes widened and watch his head move as a bulge under her skin before vanishing behind her breasts.

CLICK! CLICK!

4

"MmmmmMMMNNNGH!!!" Clara gathered her chest in her arms as best she could. There was no

more time for teasing. Thick, wet slaps echoed in the bedroom as she began riding John as best her water-balloon frame would allow. Every drop of her hips was greeted by a new girth to John's cock, as well as an ever-growing cushion of his balls. Neither of them could see, but both felt like two bowling balls were stuffed under Clara's ass and between John's legs.

CLICK! "GOD I CAN FEEL YOU GROWING INSIDE OF ME!!" Clara howled, pulling at strawberry nipples. Left in the tub, John's balloon continued to swell with water and fill his manhood. "I-I feel like...NNNGH God, that's tight!!! It feels like I'm fucking a baseball bat!! How big are your balls going to get?!"

CLICK! CLICK! CLICK! "Oooohhh I'm full!! There's so much water in me!!" Loud sloshes filled the room from

Clara's heaving, jiggling form. "I can feel it all...s-swirling around!!"

There was no handling the size of her breasts at this point and they tumbled from her arms to slam into John's stomach. Engorged, puffy nipples stared at him before Clara's hands started massaging them once more. An ass enough to fill a loveseat buried his legs and overflowed onto the bed, swallowing the top of Clara's thighs.

The larger Clara swelled, the more jiggly she became. John on the other hand, could feel

the water pushing him to his limits. Every ounce made him push the boundaries of stiffness, making his member thicken and elongate to monstrous proportions. Every finger-sized vein teased Clara on its way in and out of her pussy. As the minutes wore on and the tub continued to run, Clara found herself unable to take in his full girth.

CLICK! "Nnnngh!!" they moaned together. John was tensing and Clara could feel his shaft flexing

against her belly. Balls like bounders burned underneath her ass; he couldn't hold out much longer.

Clara could barely breathe from anticipation, straining to stretch herself around his shaft

as far as her body would allow. "G-Give...it to me! Nnnnghhhh! I want...to feel you pump all of that cum...i-inside of me!! F-FILL ME UP LIKE CUM BALLOON!!"

Her words were the breaking point. John dropped the remote when his body shook with

an uncontrollable release and his dick flared. "NNNNGGGGHHH!!!!"

"A-Ahhhh!!! O-OOHH MY GOD!!" There was no turning back. Pressure shot up John's shaft and added several inches to his girth before intense pressure flared against Clara's belly. John's balls began to throb underneath her bulk.

Eyes like saucers, she leaned back against her ass and pressed her hands into the sides of her waist as it rounded out the space between her hips and ribs. Silent save for their gasps, only to the sound of John's cum gushing into Clara's belly passed between them.

"Ahh!! A-A-AHH!!" she panted, feeling thick, hot fluid gurgling against her skin. The

front of her belly pressing into the back of her breasts before fighting for room. They held their breath and John watched as Clara's titanic tits lifted higher into the air with every firm beat of his dick. A swelling belly revealed itself below like a balloon, growing in all directions as cum was forced into Clara. It made her navel bulge between her hips and skin rub against John, her stomach growing tighter and fuller by the second.

"MMM!! M-M-MMM!!!" Clara's vocabulary was reduced to whimpers, helpless to John's

fluids filling her from the inside. Water-laden cleavage inched higher before her, engulfing her chin and rubbing against her cheeks with sloshing motions. With her hands clamped against the sides of her gut, Clara could feel it shudder and vibrate with every pulsating release.

"MMMMM!!!"

The front of her belly inched up John's chest and her nipples angled towards the ceiling. Feeling his release come to a climax and Clara groan somewhere behind her mass, John pressed his head into the bed when an angry belly button bloated towards his face. Cum sprayed from Clara's pussy around a calf-sized cock from the sheer pressure before the flow came to a stop.

Neither moved. Clara was pinned between a gargantuan ass and a pair of tits jiggling atop a belly like a yoga ball. John found himself somehow even more helpless than before, now trapped under his girlfriend's weight.

"H-Holy...shit that was...good..." Clara panted, head cradled in sloshing cleavage while

she hugged her abdomen. "I didn't think...mmmm...there would be that much! I can barely move!"

John was about to say something about the heaving belly pressing into his nose but stopped when he felt a familiar tingling along his shaft, plunged deep inside Clara and the sea of his swirling cum.

"So...how do you plan on turning off the bathtub?" he asked, still feeling his balloon's effects.

Clara was silent for a moment. "That is a VERY good question."

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## Overproduction

Warning: contains bursting Also contains cowgirls

"Charles is going to be

proud of me after today..." Holly daydreamed, grasping a so

bottle of pills in her hands. A tail swung through the air behind the anxious cowgirl and her heart raced in her chest. Black-spotted ears twitching on either side of her horns, she read the bottle once more.

"Take one pill to increase milk production or several to induce lactation..." she read aloud. Dairy was already leaking from her melons and dripping to the barn floor after a full night's sleep, but Holly frowned nonetheless. "I don't want to just production... I want to

my milk increase

the other girls away!" blow

She could see the smile on Farmer Charles's face now. "After taking a few of these pink pills, he might run out of milk jugs trying to hold all my milk!" The thought of pleasing him so much made Holly giddy and an excited moo fell from her lips. The mere act of removing her overalls for the deed felt naughty in and of itself.

Unable to wait any longer, Holly removed the lid and swallowed several pills without a second thought. Naked and ingesting more than twice the dosage of what was meant to induce lactation, she was more than positive she would be ready and overflowing with milk in time for Charles to make his morning milking rounds.

It didn't take long for Holly to sense a familiar tingle spreading across her mammaries.

The sensations were strong and laden with heat, reminding her of the first time her milk had come in so many years ago.

"

" she squealed, her nipples jutting into the air. A fog was swimming around in her Ahh!

head from the heightened sensitivity and she leaned against the barn wall for support as she arched her back and lifted her bust.

For a moment the only movement in her breasts came from Holly's rapid breathing.

Suddenly here eyes widened when pressure surged within her body. Her chest lurched forward, adding multiple inches to her girth in less than a second. The rapid increase made her legs weak and knees knock together, the spontaneous enlargement a sure sign of what was to come.

“

” she bellowed, allowing an arm to fly to her underbust and support MMMMMOOOO!!!

Ooohhh that’s good... T-That’s...nnnnngghhh...w-way faster than I

their doubling weight. “ ” thought...it would be!!

It was early in the morning; time for the daily milking. Any moment now Charles would

walk into the barn, along with Holly’s fellow cowgirls, and the usual process would begin. Holly’s heart raced and was thankful she hadn’t taken the pills any earlier; after only a few minutes her udders had bloated well beyond any previous size and engorged with what was a

2

record amount of milk for the cow. She marveled at her tightening skin and how it continued to stretch and contain the gallons of dairy being produced in her body.

“

I-I can’t...wait! Ooohhh I can’t wait to be MILKED!! I feel fuller...t-than I ever have!!

” The tightness in her Mmmmm, I think taking off my overalls beforehand was a good idea... beach ball-sized chest was worrying, but Holly knew it would all be released soon enough. Voices could be heard approaching the barn. “I couldn’t believe her! I mean, it was

my

turn! You don’t just jump ahead like that!”

“She’s done that to me too! Like calm down, June, yer going to get yer turn.” “And we’ve both been here

longer than she has! way

have seniority on the milk We

machines!”

It was Gwen and Bella, two cowgirls Holly had come to know very well in her time at the farm. Both were among Charles’s top milkers and easily each provided him with over six gallons every morning like clockwork. After today Holly would finally be included alongside them.

“Lord I’m full this morning...” Bella moaned, entering the barn and unlatching her

overalls. Her eyes met Hollys, followed by Gwen’s when she entered a moment later.

"Whoa, Holly! You look ready to flood the barn!" Gwen awed, catching sight of the cowgirl's overfilled bust.

"T-Thanks...!" Holly stammered. The pressure building inside her chest was about all she could take. The relief of the milking machine would change that soon enough.

"You need a hand? You can join us, if you want!" Holly watched Gwen and Bella grab two buckets and sit on separate stools, each one

grabbing their nipples and spraying milk into the metal containers.

Holly was almost as confused as she was full. "Hey... What are...

guys doing?? Charles is going to be here any minute! He'll milk us!"

...What are you nnngh!!

Bella glanced up. "Didn't ya hear? Somethin's up with the power! Charles is havin' all of us milk ourselves while he runs to the hardware store for fixin's."

A tinge of panic settled in Holly's belly and an ear twitched on her head. Struggling to support her tits as they each bloated wider than three feet, she looked around the barn. Sure enough, the status LEDs on the milk machines were dead.

" " Holly whimpered, feeling the gallons continue into her. M-Mmooooo...! They glanced at her suspiciously, wary about the sudden increase in her size. "You need

a hand?" Gwen asked again, "I don't know that I've ever seen you so full!"

"Git over here!" Bella waved a hand. "Yer leakin' like mad all over the floor!" Holly tried to take a step forward but regretted it instantly. "

" she bellowed, Nnngh!!

falling to the floor when she was unable to stand without the support of the wall. Leaning across the top of her yoga ball chest, she stared in fear. "U-U-Uh oh... Guys I-I might... trouble here!"

...be in nnngh

3

Seeing her distress, Gwen and Bella jumped to their feet mid-stream and ran to her side.

"Holly what did you do??" Gwen asked, able to see her growth in real-time now standing so



close.

The bottle of lactation pills rolled into the open from under Holly's leg as if to answer for her. Bella picked it up and gasped reading the label. "Lactation pills?? Holley what are yer takin' these fer??"

...wanted the farmer to be proud of me! And to... mmmmm "I-I just... They watched Holly's chest engorge, rising four feet off the ground. "Shit! We need to milk you, fast!" Gwen stated, snapping out of her shock. "Bella, grab a nipple! We need to get this milk out of her!"

" o-ooohhhhHH!!

"

Ooohhh please hurry please hurry!! I-I'm filling up faster and faster! My boobs

can't--MMMMMMOOOOOOO!!! " Holly's orgasmic bellow echoed around the barn when they pulled on her nipples, sending pressurized milk across the floor. " " M-Milk me! Ooohhh yes, milk me!

God that feels so good!!!

Holly was too lost in an ocean of agonizing release to speak or think clearly. With Gwen and Bella's help, the milk left her chest and slowly the bloated mounds began to shrink.

"How many of these things did ya eat??" Bella gaped, watching the milk shoot out like a cannon.

"T-Too...many, I think!

Grunting and grimacing when she felt her skin stretch once more, Holly moaned, " Why isn't it stopping??

The cowgirls were stunned to see Holly's breasts start to rise again. "She's producing even more!" Gwen feared, stimulating her apple-sized nipple harder.

"Ooohhh I'm stretching! There's too much milk!!" Even with their combined efforts, Holly's tits were intent on outpacing what her nipples could release. Powerless against their size, her feet floated off the ground and she was lifted into the air atop milk-brimming cleavage. The weight pressing upon them helped force milk from her nipples, but it still wasn't enough.

"G-Gwen...! She ain't stoppin'!!" Bella cried out, watching the top of Holly's chest loom overhead.

"Milk harder!" Holly had to agree. Wincing as her chest began to ache and over-stretch, she mooed from H-Hurry! Ooooh, God they're starting to shake I'm so full!! Milk me!! Milk me

atop her udders, “ ” before...NNNGHH...s-something happens!! Please!! W-Why did I take so many??

Milk sprayed across the barn but there was no end in sight. Feeling like they were standing next to two ticking time bombs, Gwen and Bella’s tails whipped nervously against the backs of their thighs. Holly’s skin pressed into them with frightening tightness and her nipples had bloated so large they had to hug them in order to coax milk from her depths. Wobbling tight and full at nearly twice the cowgirls’ height, Holly’s bust dominated the space in the barn.

4

“

Please oh please oh please!! I-I’m still getting bigger!! My tits are so tight...t-they feel

” like they’re going to BURST!!

Gwen was determined. “We’re not going to let that happen!” A deep, groaning creak echoed within the depths of Holly’s chest next to Bella. Turning

her head towards it, Bella stared into her own reflection on Holly’s shiny, over-drawn skin.

“Uhhh, G-Gweeeeen...??” she warned, stepping back from fear.

” Holly begged. “ No! No don’t stop! “ “Holly it’s not enough!!” Gwen yelled. She was forced away from Holly’s nipple when it puffed and engorged in her arms before flattening out from the sheer pressure swirling behind it.

” M-Mmmooo!! MOOO!!!

” Holly cried. “B-But they’re still AhhhHHHH my nipples are bloooooocked!!!

!! filling

“ Somebody help!!

” I’m about to explode!!

Stretch marks shot down Holly’s sides and milk gurgled at her skin’s surface. There was no room left within the cowgirl yet the milk didn’t stop.

“

” Gwen warned, stepping back when Holly’s chest creaked and Shit! Bella, back up!!  
shuddered.

” MMMMOOOOO MY UDDERS ARE GOING TO BUUUUURS-- “ KASPLOOOSH!!! Milk sailed through

the air like a giant water balloon's explosion. It flooded the barn,

washing the two cowgirls away in its torrent and dousing every surface. Dairy sprang from the walls and rushed out the doors in waves as it receded, leaving the two cows stunned and drenched on the floor.

"O-Oh dear..." Bella coughed, the inside of the barn whitewashed. Footsteps sounded outside. "I'm back with the parts for the electrical!" Farmer Charles

announced, "If ya'll aren't done yet, I can get ya milked here in a few--" He looked around, seeing the floor flooded in dairy and the two cowgirls dripping from ear to tail. "Dammit, girls! I told ya to keep it in the buckets!"

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1

Soaking it Up

"How does sand always manage to get freaking

??" Tiffany groaned. The everywhere

course bits of rock refused to leave the girl alone after a day of fun at the beach. An overcast sky was starting to block the sun, however, and it was time to go home. "All I did was lay on a towel for a little while! And I never went past my knees in the water!"

The curvaceous brunette strode down the boardwalk with her towel and bag in tow.

Ahead of her stood several rows of outdoor shower stalls available for the beachgoers to rinse themselves off after a day of play. No matter how many times Tiffany used them, it always threw a thrilling flutter in her chest. The thought of showering out in the open felt so taboo, even if it was socially acceptable for the setting.

Tiffany relished the sensation. Overall she was more than happy to give any pair of curious eyes something to gawk at. The revealing orange bikini hugging her body like paint was proof. If she could make a couple of men's days with a healthy view of her E-cup cleavage jiggling with every step, she was more than happy to oblige. The attention and wandering eyes was fun but more than anything Tiffany knew she had a captivating figure and she was more than proud to put it on display. If she was feeling extra generous, she would land each step on her heels with an extra bit of force and send a shockwave traveling through her curves like an earthquake. Those kinds of visual treats drew eyes like a magnet.

Sand itched across her body. It was particularly irritating in the most intimate areas where

washing was the most touchy. Not that Tiffany had much of a problem with it, but most parents frowned if a woman slipped her hands under her bikini to wash around a little in front of their kids.

Tiffany grumbled under her breath. "What do they expect me to do? Drive home with a crotch full of sand? The showers are there for a reason."

As always, there was a line waiting in front of the stalls. The beachgoers ranged from elderly to toddler, but all were anxious to wash their sandy skin. After a handful of minutes waiting and listening to men's opinions on passing girls, Tiffany found a shower with her name on it. The stall wasn't large; no more than three-feet wide and made of ancient wood smelling of coastal air. A door was absent but several hooks were conveniently located for any belongings in need of storage.

Tiffany couldn't help but feel like a sideshow entertainer when she turned on the water and stepped under the course flow. A body like hers was capable of making the time spent waiting in line fly by for any men looking for a distraction. As always, Tiffany was happy to deliver but it was just easier to avoid eye contact altogether and opted to close her eyes.

she thought, the water striking like an arctic wind compared to the Ah! That's cold!

residual heat of the cloud-covered sun. breeze of an approaching storm. Goosebumps flew over her skin moments before she felt her ... Maaaaybe I should have worn a top with a little padding nipples harden against her bikini top.

Tiffany wondered, feeling a familiar Is it going to rain...?

2

The cold water made the bikini shrink and Or at least something that's not vibrant neon orange. pull against her body, leaving very little guesswork for any onlooker with even a semi-competent imagination.

Putting on what she considered to be a show for those interested never failed to leave

Tiffany in an erotic mood. Her hands drifted on her body longer than necessary and applied an extra amount of pressure as if to show off just how soft she was. A hooked finger lifted a shoulder strap away while a hand slid under her top and caressed a slippery breast. The act of grabbing herself in such a way in front of an audience was exhilarating and she couldn't help but squeeze her assets. With her eyes closed, the act of washing was all the more intimate.

... I must really be into this

Tiffany thought, I feel like I don't even fit in my own hand...!

washing her other breast. Firm nipples pressed into her palm with heightened sensitivity. She couldn't ignore how full they felt, throbbing against her fingers like thimbles.

Leaning her head back one final time and allowing the water to run over her face and body, Tiffany wiped her face and opened her eyes.

It was like waking up on-stage at a packed theater. The shower line was at a standstill. There wasn't a single person waiting who wasn't staring directly at her like some sort of oddity. A crowd had formed on the boardwalk behind them and formed a wall of gaping faces, male and female alike. Tiffany wasn't opposed to attention, but standing in the shower now she felt like street performer.

" " a woman shouted, covering her child's eyes. Have a little modesty! One guy prodded his friend with his elbow. "You're seeing this too, right?" Tiffany was starting to feel uncomfortable. There was such a thing as having

many too

eyes on her, and the longer she stood under the shower's water, the tighter her bikini felt.

"Uhh... Weird..." she mumbled, the world staring at her like a horde of frozen zombies. " someone cheered. There they go again! " "The hell are they talking about--

" Tiffany cried out when her bikini top pulled into Ahh!!

"

her like twine. The tightness was too much to ignore and definitely more than what cold water could cause. The pang of discomfort drew her eyes downward for the first time since showering. " she yelled, her gaze greeted by a pair of tits twice the O-O-Oh my GOD!! My BOOBS! size she remembered. Flesh bulged around her straining top and engulfed the sides like hungry, erotic monsters. The jiggling orbs dominated her torso and dwarfed her bikini, giving her an image of a well-endowed porn star.

"

" Tiffany gasped, gathering them in her arms. Their What the fuck?! W-What the fuck?!

weight was very real, and worse, increasing by the second.

"Woaaa!!" someone cheered. "She's gonna blow a strap by the looks of it! How's she doing that??" "I think it might be some kind of feminist performance art?"

3

Tiffany couldn't believe what she was hearing. Her chest was physically growing,

swelling against her arms by cups every few seconds, and yet everyone around her could only attribute it to art or some sort of prank. "W-What's happening to me?! "Bigger! Bigger! Bigger!" The crowd was insatiable. Their cheers, and the occasional disgusted scoff from a passing

" Please! Somebody call 911!! My chest is blowing up!!

woman, nearly drown out the rushing water beating upon her body. Droplets bounced in all directions after striking Tiffany's bust.

"

O-Ooohhh... Ooohhhh my bikini is getting tight!! T-They're not...stopping!! Someone do

" something!! My boobs are going to--

SNAP!! The bikini broke across her back, flying upwards like a slingshot over her head before hanging limp on her shoulders. A pair of massive knockers reaching to her belly button toppled free. The force of release was enough to make Tiffany stumble and lean against the shower stall for support.

Water pooled in her cleavage as she wrapped her arms around her chest. Still they continued to swell and engorge, driving fear and confusion into Tiffany's core. Every breath she took forced her hands apart little by little until they could no longer touch their tips.

" O-Oh God!! Don't just all...nnngh...stand there!! This isn't FAKE!! My chest is actually-- " She stopped, her eyes catching something strange. The pool of water in her cleavage had vanished as if absorbed into her skin. Looking closer and pulse racing, Tiffany could see individual droplets sinking into her pores as if she were a sponge.

"

" Tiffany was in full panic I-It's the water!! I'm...I'm absorbing all this...WATER!!

mode. She had to get out of the shower before the situation could get any worse. Already her chest threatened to buckle her legs from their sheer water weight. When the opposite side of the shower stall pressed into her strawberry nipples, Tiffany cried out, "

" Ahhh no no no nooo!!

Her chest was the only surface for the water to land on. The shower's full flow struck her

cleavage, Tiffany's bosom soaking up the fluid greedily and bloating in turn. Several onlookers took steps back, her skin bulging around the shower stall like rising dough.

"Look at her go!!" "I gotta figure out where she had those props made. If I could get my girlfriend to wear

that during sex..."

“

” Sloshing skin rose into Tiffany’s face, STOP LOOKING AND HELP ME!! PLEASE!!

blocking her view and pinning her arms against the wall. Mammaries like overinflated beach balls filled her stall, overflowing into those neighboring her. The occupants quickly fled, the wooden walls creaking with stress.

“I-I can’t...

I’m too big for the shower!! breathe!! ” she squirmed. “ and BIGGER and you’re all JUST STARING!!!

I just keep getting bigger and bigger ” I need help before--

CRASH!!

4

The shower stall cracked like a symphony before the weather-aged wood split at its mounting. The walls burst apart, removing Tiffany’s support and sending her careening to the flood. She would have fallen to a jiggly heap had her arms not been ready. Now, standing before the entire gawking beach with impossible-to-handle tits reaching to her knees, she knew she had to go. She took her bag in her teeth and ran, chest grasped in shaking hands.

Every step was a struggle. The sheer absurdity of the scene was enough to keep people frozen in shock as she waddled away from the showers. Her car was within sight, just behind the showers in the parking lot, but every gurgling step was heavier than the last. Tiffany’s heart sank when she realized her growth hadn’t ended.

Exiting the shower was a good start, but even out of the flow her growth continued slow I-I’m out of the water!! Why isn’t it stopping?! I-I’m out of the and steady, as if still processing. water!! Come on come on come on come on! she urged her body, each tit eager to slip from her grasp. Her car was an oasis in this nightmare. When she released one hand to dig into her purse and open her car door, a massive, rippling slosh emanated from Tiffany’s front as a titanic udder fell to the ground.

Gotta get...to a doctor!

Falling butt-first into the car, Tiffany found her chest resting on the ground outside and reaching as high as her knees in wobbling mounds. Her skin stretched when she heaved each individual tit onto her lap, stuffing skin wherever it could fit. By the time her left breast was in, the entire front of her sedan was a sea of skin, with her right breast overflowing the passenger seat and bulging onto the floor. Slamming her door only made her chest rise into her view,

blocking the entire dashboard.

Tiffany struggled, trying to work out how to drive. There was no hope. Cleavage was

rising by the second and her hands couldn't even find the steering wheel. " " HAPPENING TO ME?!?! HOOOOOOONK Her chest was running out of room to grow. It pressed into the horn, emitting a blaring

WHY IS THIS

siren as if to call every pair of eyes towards the girl filling her car like a water balloon.

Look at that!" Shit, dude! " "What am I even looking Is she blowing up a pool toy in her car?" at? " Tiffany screamed. Her voice was muffled against her chest, skin HELP MEEEE! "

engulfing her in a water-filled prison. It pinned her against the seat and she could feel herself swelling into every crevice.

CREEEAAAAK The sedan couldn't take so much weight, nor pressure. Skin pressed on the windows and

the plastic dashboard cracked under her mass. Nipples like coffee cans flattened themselves against the windshield and Tiffany felt her driver's seat buckling under her weight.

BOOM!! The car's top erupted. Glass blew outward and the roof tore back like an opened can of sardines.

5

"

" Tiffany screamed, feeling her chest rush over the hood. The car's H-H-HOLY SHIIIT!

suspension protested before her breasts finally came to rest, her chest monolithic in size and covering the front half of her sedan. The flesh mounds were visible from all around, multiple distant children gasping at the possibility of an inflating bouncy castle.

"

" Tiffany froze. A drop of water fell from the WHAT THE FUCK HAPPENED TO MY-- darkening sky, landing on her nose and running into her cleavage. Her heart sank when the bit of water vanished into her skin before a curtain of rain descended.