

Questions, comments, or commissions? Send me an email at the.be.engineer@gmail.com or message me on Discord at BE Engineer#2306

1

Milky Reaction

Caution: contains popping Contains: BE and lactation

Jessica chomped on a piece of garlic bread while staring across the table into the eyes of her date. The lighting was perfect, just enough to leave them in the illusion of being secluded in their own private bubble of erotic energy. She had to admit it did wonders for her dress as well. Cleavage hardly ever looked as tempted as when candlelight cast a shadow into its depths. A low-cut neckline had been the correct choice; Jessica could feel just the right amount of bulge pushing over the fabric with every breath.

"How's the bread?" her date, Mark, asked. It was clear he was having trouble keeping his gaze upward. Jessica admired his manners, but a healthy glance wouldn't kill him.

"Mmm, delicious," she moaned, leaning forward. "It's been forever since I've had garlic bread this--"

STTRCH "Mm!" Mark's eyes were finally torn downward. It wasn't hard to know why. Jessica had felt

exactly what he must have seen. The front of her dress had constricted across her chest, squeezed each breast together and amplifying a momentary swelling.

Her date was stunned. "Uhhh, sorry about that," Jessica blushed. Showing off some cleavage was one thing; she

was yet to meet a guy who would turn down the view when offered. Accidentally engorging a cup size was another story, though.

Mark cleared his throat and turned his eyes upward. "Are...you all right?" Great, he's weirded out by it. It's all over his face. Jessica shamed herself for being so

careless.

"I'm fine," she promised, setting the bread down with a sigh. Blushing harder at the approaching explanation, she dreaded what was likely to follow. "I...uh...I have this allergy. Kind of like lactose intolerance, but not as miserable. If I happen to drink or eat anything with milk, it causes my body to produce its own. It's a really rare condition, apparently, and the doctors aren't sure what causes it."

Jessica shrugged in defeat, feeling her enlarged F-cups bounce with the movement. "They don't

have any treatment either, aside from telling me to avoid dairy. I guess the bread had a little bit in it. Must be their secret recipe, huh?" She feigned a giggle, hoping to play off her abnormal growth with the joke.

Mark was silent, unsure of how to respond. "I'm sorry! I'm sorry! I know it's weird, I shouldn't have said anything! Or at least not

have worn a dress where it would have been so obvious! I just really like you and I wanted to--"

2

Mark shook his head, silencing the panicking woman. "Don't worry about it. Really." "A-Are you sure? If it's too weird for you, I understand if you lost your appetite and--"

Something brushed against Jessica's leg. It took a moment for her to process it was Mark's food, rubbing up her calf and under her dress.

Lowering his voice to a whisper, Mark leaned forward. "I don't think it's weird at all. In fact... Part of me wants to order you another round of bread."

Jessica's heart leaped. Holy shit! Holy shit he's actually into it!! This guy has a hard-on for my milk-filled tits!!

His foot slipped between her thighs. "We haven't ordered yet," Mark said, "Why don't we cut dinner short? I think I'm in the mood for something else now."

Jessica was scared the waiter might wonder why she left a puddle in her chair. It didn't matter, the night was heating up and she couldn't help it. Swelling with confidence and excitement, she finished her piece of bread much to Mark's enjoyment.

STTRCH "Lucky for this dress," she teased, "My place is only a few blocks away." They left the restaurant in each other's excited arms. The night's chill brought her enlarged nipples out to full attention. Jessica's mind was a flurry of aroused excitement. A guy like Mark was rare; too many recoiled at the idea of lactation, especially when it was so quick with her body. She wanted to make the most of this and give him a night he wouldn't soon forget.

"Oh! Can you wait just one second?" she requested, stopping them in front of a small downtown convenience store. "There's something I need to pick up."

Mark didn't look like he could wait. Brushing a hand against her chest, he said, "Don't be too long; you wouldn't believe how thirsty I am."

Jessica could have jumped him right outside the store but restrained herself. Soon

enough, she returned with two bags at her side and they continued the rest of the way to her apartment.

Not a moment was wasted once the door was closed. "Undress," she told Mark, leading him to the living room, "Then take a seat."

"Mmm, can do." Watching him release his erect manhood made her milk boil. Turning her back, she lifted

her hair to reveal a zipper. "Help a girl out?"

ZZIIP! "Mmmm! God my tits felt like they were about to burst out!" Jessica inhaled fully for the first time in ages. Slipping free of her dress, she turned to her naked prize and straddled his hips before sliding down his shaft like a fireman. "Mmmmmm oohh yeaaa..." she moaned, Mark's cock everything she'd hoped.

The sight of her melon-like breasts sitting at eye level drove Mark mad. He started thrusting but was stopped after several gasps of enjoyment from his date.

3

"H-Hold...mmmm...hold on," she teased. Reaching over the couch's armrest, she dug into her shopping bags and returned with two gallons of milk. "I got us a special something."

A throb of fantasy-based desire from Mark's cock made Jessica shiver. Popping the lid off one, she groped a tit and raised the jug to her lips. "Enjoy the show," she panted.

The effect was instant. Watching like a child witnessing magic, Mark's eyes widened when every gulp of dairy pulsed Jessica's mammaries fuller and rounder. She began twisting her hips, riding his hardened shaft to coax him towards climax.

"Mmmm... Mmmmmmm..." she swallowed, rubbing a boob and massaging its swollen girth in a palm. It was already becoming more than she could handle alone. Fueled by carnal desire, she was chugging the milk with all her might. Streams ran down her chin and over her chest. Its touch seemed to spur her knockers even larger and accelerate the process.

Mark couldn't hold himself back. His hands sank into her chest like rockets. Several inches of soft, sloshing flesh engulfed his fingers and palms.

"Ahhhhmmm!!!" Jessica groaned, sputtering milk at his touch. It had been a long time since she was so full of milk, and she was just getting started.

SLLSH "God, you just keep filling up!" Mark awed, hefting her beach ball tits. They flowed

around his hands, firm and tight with their sloshing contents. Nipples as big around as a quarter stood plump and full with her dairy.

SLLSH SLLSH Every increasing motion of Jessica's hips made her fluids jostle and shake. Mark couldn't

get enough and his pleasure only drove her to new heights.

"Mmmmmgah!!" she gasped, swallowing the last bit of the jug. It was tossed over her

shoulder and she wiped her mouth before wrapping two arms under her chest. "O-Oooh wow," she ogled, only Mark's head visible through her cleavage. They continued to swell in her arms, growing ever fuller. "T-They're having a little trouble keeping up I think!" Jessica giggled, feeling her allergy working overtime. "That was a lot of milk for them to process."

"I can't believe you can do this." Mark was lost in his own pleasure. Jessica was a dream come true in every way. "Your boobs are amazing! Y-You're incredible!"

Sweating with the effort of such heavy lactation, Jessica swooned. Grinning and frisky with the energy of a sun, she grabbed the other jug. "Should we give 'em a bit more then?"

Mark couldn't nod fast enough. "Mmmm... Mmmmmm! M-Mmmmmm...!!" Milk gushed down Jessica's throat with no restraint.

SLLSHHH Gargantuan tits of milk started pressing into Mark. He was, in turn, pressed back into the

couch, forced into breathlessness under Jessica's chest.

"Mmmmm what's the matter?" she giggled, taking a breath, "Getting too heavy for ya?"

4

"Not heavy enough," he grinned, squeezing the sides of her chest together as best he could. As large as yoga balls and still filling fast, containment was becoming an issue. Jessica could no longer hope to remove herself from his lap; the weight was too great.

Continuing to chug, Mark could feel her skin tightening against his bare chest like water balloons. Milk surged and bloated her glands, turning her nipples into trembling fists. Squeaks rose from her cleavage, soon to be followed by strained groans both from Jessica and her stretching chest.

"M-Mmm... N...Nnnnngh..." Her moaning was tinged with straining effort now. "H-Hey," Mark asked, stretching his neck for air. "Are you sure you should keep going?" Eyes full of lust peered

down through the fleshy canyon filling the couch.

"I-I'm...Nnnngh!! I'm almost there!"

Mark didn't know what she was referring to, the monstrous milk-filled udders covering him in darkness, or her approaching orgasm gyrating her hips like a serpent.

"Mmmm!! MMMM!!! OOHMMMM!!!" "J-Jessica!!" Mark called out, pinned under her bloating tits. "MMMMGGAAHHH!!!" As the last of the jug drained into her mouth, Jessica's chest lurched and groaned with its

sloshing contents. Milk bubbled against her skin like a thick sea of hot cream. Watching veins shoot down their girth, she leaned forward and trembled as a stretching-induced orgasm made her pussy quake. It clenched around Mark like a vice and drew his own release into her.

"MMNNNGHH!!!" they cried in unison, both experiencing their own version of

Jessica's skin-testing tightness. A mixture of milk and her own leaking fluids doused Mark's thighs. The pressure and heat on his cock was incredible.

"Oh... Nnngh... O-Oh my God..." Jessica moaned, leaning over her chest. Mark's face was just visible down her cleavage, squished between tit and couch.

"Are you shure your alriphght?" Mark couldn't speak in his prison. "Mmmm huh?" Jessica giggled at her prisoner. Inching up and gasping, he sighs with relief amid the sedan-sized chest. "I was actually

scared you might get so big that...you know..."

Jessica blushed. "What? Pop??" Laughing, she patted their tops. It echoed worryingly in Mark's ears. "Yea right! These puppies are really full, but I wouldn't worry." Lust was still in her eyes. "I gotta admit though... I've never been this full. They kind of ache with alllll of this milk they gotta hold..." Tilting the jug up to claim the last remaining bit, she licked her lips and swallowed. "I hope you weren't lying earlier about how thirsty you w--"

GRROAAAAN Mark's eyes looked around in fear as Jessica's chest began producing once more. Jessica's widened, holding the tops of her chest in worry. "U-Uhhh... Uh oh," she squeaked, feeling her skin tighten and bloat. Cleavage rising to cover her date, she felt her udders

5

vibrate in an attempt to hold her own milk. "Oohhh no oh no oh no! M-Mark!" she cried out, unable to move or reach her nipples. "Mark, milk me!! Milk me hurry!!"

She could feel him squirming but his arms couldn't move fast enough. Her nipples flared atop doming areolas, her body far too full and pushed beyond its limit. "Nnnnghhhh oh nooo!!!" Pushed back by a wall of flesh, Jessica closed her eyes as her chest fully tightened. "AhhhhHHH

MARK I CAN'T HOLD ANYMOOOOOORE!!! I-I THINK I MIGHT...OOHHHH NNNGH!!!!...I FEEL LIKE I MIGHT A-ACTUALLY EXPLO--"

KABLOOOSH!!!

Questions, comments, or commissions? Send me an email at the.be.engineer@gmail.com or message me on Discord at BE Engineer#2306

1

Getting a Raise

Note: makes references to, but does NOT contain popping Contains: breast, butt, and thigh growth

"Rick? Can you come with me please?" Rick glanced up from his workstation. Random charts of numbers and sales stats filled

his screen with values nobody but him could care about. "Me?" It wasn't often someone needed his attention. Rick was one of the most invisible workers in the office of Future Pharma.

The receptionist standing over his desk had an urgent expression on her face. Wearing a tight blouse and a black pencil skirt, Rick wasn't afraid to admit her appearance was erotically intimidating. "Yes please, Ms. Livingston would like a word."

He blinked, the name making his brain take pause. "Ms. Livingston? As in...the CEO?" "Correct." The assistant's eyes were shifting with worry. "If you could please hurry." Rick stood up and locked his computer. The assistant was already walking away with the

expectation he was following. "Is something the matter? I'm not fired am I?"

"No, no, you've done nothing wrong," she assured him. "But Ms. Livingston is in dire need of your...uh...assistance."

Her words only helped calm his beating heart a little. A pinkish color blushing her cheeks only served to confused him all the more. "I'm afraid I don't understand."

"If you would follow me to her office, I'm sure she will be happy to explain." Future Pharma wasn't a large company but it managed to employ nearly five hundred

people. Rick was at a loss for what he could provide that a higher-ranking manager or executive couldn't. He'd met the CEO only a handful of times. She was nice enough and always smiled warmly when greeted. The aura of power seeping off her was enough to make any man drool. Her unbelievable attractiveness was just an added bonus.

The assistant called an elevator. "After you," she motioned when the doors opened. Rick could honestly say he had never felt so close to being a VIP. Gravity's pull as the

elevator climbed made his nervous stomach churn. The lift released a ding once stopping at the top floor where luxurious decor assaulted his eyes. Ms. Livingston and her assistant were the only employees to work on this floor. The rest of the rooms were reserved for only the most important business meetings.

The assistant's high heels clicked when stepping out of the elevator. "She's expecting you in her office."

Doors meant only for a CEO opened before him. The assistant gasped softly when following him into the room. "She's even bigger now," she whispered.

Rick didn't understand until he saw the CEO sitting behind her desk. Her build was slight and resembled a star athlete. Years of private yoga sessions had assured her fitness but also

2

maintained a lack of curves. This is why catching sight of a pair of breasts as larger as her own head was so shocking.

"Ah, Rick," she grinned, looking up from several forms on her desk. "I can't express how happy I am to have caught you before lunch."

An employee wearing a lab coat was standing next to her. In his hands was an electronic device connected to several diodes running to the CEO's body. Rick recognized him as one of the heads of research and development. The worry on his face was not helpful, especially when the CEO's bra inched forward across her desk. Rick thought he was seeing things, or having a dream.

"Oh my God," the assistant squeaked, unable to take her eyes off her boss. "Clara you can leave, it's all right." The CEO nodded with a calm head. "I-I'll be outside." Rick was left alone in the ivory tower with its ruler. "Ms. Livingston," he began, "I-I'm not sure what--"

"Please, call me Jessica. There's no need to be so formal in this situation." Jessica smiled her warm smile but winced as her chest swelled again. Skin bulged around her bra at every angle.

Rick found it hard to remember to breathe, much less not to stare. "Situation?" "Yes, I believe a disgruntled employee has seen it fit to poison me..." "What?" The researcher thought it faster if he explained. "As you know, one of our top candidates

for approval is a revolutionary fertility drug. It's still in development and human trials weren't

set to begin for another two years. Ms. Livingston has unfortunately been given what I can only assume to be a severely concentrated dosage. We--"

"N-Nnngh!!" Jessica groaned, placing her hands on her chest as they engorged across the desk.

"W-We're trying to stay calm, but I'm afraid such a violent amount of hormones in her body is causing her breasts to react in extreme ways."

Rick stared at the watermelon-sized knockers dominating the slender woman's body. The scientist continued. "If we don't do something soon..." His voice was grave. "H-Her growth could quickly outpace her body."

Jessica's breath was increasing and the strain on her face was obvious. Rick could have sworn she looked just as horny as she was worried. "Why am I here?? Shouldn't she be at a doctor?! I don't know anything about chemistry or science! I can't help with...this!"

"Mmm... A-Actually...you can," Jessica groaned. The scientist explained. "I theorize a rush of dopamine could halt the process." "Dopamine, meaning...?" "I need to orgasm, Rick," Jessica breathed with need. "O-Or I'm just going to keep growing."

3

Rick hadn't always been the best employee when it came to HR policies, but he was fairly certain screwing your CEO during business hours was a violation. "I...I can't! There's no way! Aren't there toys? Or tools??"

Shaking his head, the researcher rejected the idea. "It could work, but it likely won't not be enough. She needs to be pleased by a man she's attracted to for full effect."

Rick blinked. "Attracted to?" The smile on Jessica's face was devilish as her tits ballooned. "Mmmmmmm come on, I-I can't go on much longer," she begged. "Fuck me, Rick." Jessica sounded half out of her mind.

"I can't! I-I can't! This can't be real, there is no way--" SNAP!! "Ahhmm!!" Jessica fell forward when her black lace bra blew open. Nipples engorged with desire stared back.

"Please, she doesn't have long!" The researcher was adamant. "This is life or death." "Rick... I-I'll give you any raise you want. Your own office. A-Anything."

Just...Nnnngh..." Jessica stood up, revealing a plump ass ready to tear through her pantyhose. Leaning onto her chest, she lifted her skirt and presented herself to the window behind her. "Just fuck me before I blow!"

"Ms. Livingston! Please, don't put your weight on them! The pressure could--" Jessica glared at the scientist. "Please, give us some privacy." The bulge in Rick's pants

was making her wet. Mammaries like overblown beach balls squished between her arms.

"I--" The researcher conceded. "Very well. Rick, fair warning, once you begin, you mustn't stop until she's satisfied. Intercourse will drive the hormones into full gear." He left without further words of wisdom.

Nipples like angry pink fists pointed at Rick. "P-Please, Rick, I need you. I can't just keep growing! My boobs are going to get too big soon!"

"I really don't think--" "Nnnnghh!!!" Jessica groaned, squeezing her tightening skin as she swelled larger.

Several knick-knacks were pushed off her desk. Lust-filled eyes stared ahead. "Fuck me right now or you're fired."

Rick didn't need to hear anymore. Jogging behind his boss, he let his pants fall to his ankles. An ass twice as wide as it should have been was bent towards his cock. A glistening pussy peeped between her thighs. He hadn't thought of Jessica as one to go commando.

"Oooohhh please hurry!" she begged, hugging her chest. SHRRRIIP! Tears shot open on her stockings. If Jessica's clothes had burst open, Rick knew there

couldn't have been much time. Veins already showed blue on her chest like rivers. Foregoing his reservations, he grabbed her hips on either side and thrust his cock into the CEO.

"MMMMM GOD!!" STTRREEETCH

4

Penetration flipped a switch inside her body. Fueled by lust, Jessica's bust blew to

mammoth proportions and knocked her computer screen to the floor. "Oh I'm blowing up!!! OOHhh my boobs are like balloons!!! What is this stuff doing to me?!"

Rick's hips thrust with a mind of their own. Bloating flesh was rising underneath Jessica and overflowing the sides of her desk. It brushed against her stomach and pushed into his hands groping her hips.

"H-Harder! HARDER!! Nnnnghhhh oh GOD I'm going to POP at this rate!!" Rick didn't know how long he could hold out. His stamina wasn't much to begin with,

but when faced with having sex with an attractive woman in the office as her chest expanded to fill her desk, he knew it was more than he could handle.

“Come on... C-Come on! I’m so close!!” Jessica pleaded. “You can fill me with cum!! As much as you want!! Just don’t let me get too big!!”

CRREEEEAAAAAK As big as her desk was, it was starting to complain under the incredible weight of her

chest. Like a small car, it sat in a heaving mound rising higher every second. Jessica was forced to straighten up, a wall of flesh pushing into her torso.

“Oh I’m getting too big... Mmmnnnnghhhh I’m really starting to stretch!! God it feels SO GOOD!! I-I almost WANT to explode!!”

Rick raised his hands and pushed against the wall of skin swelling towards him. It was firm against his palms like a drum and vibrated with overdriven growth. Her thighs and ass had plumped so large it was becoming a challenge to stay inside.

CRREEEEAAAAAK “So big! So big so big SO BIG!! Rick I don’t know how much more I can taaaake!!” Rick couldn’t hold himself back any longer. Holding onto Jessica for dear life, he thrust

as best he could as he felt himself fall over the limit. Cum rushed into Jessica’s crotch, the warmth and pressure sending her into a frenzy. Her tits followed suit.

CRREEEEAAAAAK “Aaaahhhhhh!!! Mmmmmmm OH GOOOOOD!! Rick I feel like my chest is going to-” CRASH!!! The desk split apart under one thousand pounds of flesh. In a heavy slam, Jessica’s chest fell to the floor and heaved like dropped water balloons. Both she and Rick were engulfed by her cleavage as her skin tightened and bloated around them.

“I’m COOOMIIING!!” she screamed, overcome by the sensation of her body stretching beyond its limit.

Rick held his breath as skin and darkness closed around them. He’d never imagined the sound of real-time growth before, but after today, he would never need to. Jessica’s chest surged in his ears and she shook with release, clamping her muscles around his cock.

“AHHHH!!! I’M SO TIIIGHT!!!”

5

She came to a grinding halt all at once. It was dead silent in her cleavage, each of them isolated between her mammarys. Rick had no way of knowing how large she’d gotten, but

based on the window pressing into his elevated feet, he guessed she'd managed to fill the majority of her office.

A door opened out of sight. "Ms. Livingston!!" her assistant screamed, coming face-to-face with a nipple as large as a

truck tire.

caution. "Her body was at its limit."

"Thank God she stopped growing," the scientist said, placing a hand on her chest with

"Hello??" Rick yelled from within, lying on top of a moaning and pleased woman. "Are we all right? What do I do now?? We're stuck!"

The reply was muffled and barely audible. "Hang tight! We're working on an antidote to

bring her back to normal! Until then, stimulate her as little as possible! It could trigger further surges of growth!"

Rick gulped, finding the task impossible given his current position. "Oh Riiick..." Jessica panted, squeezing his cock between her legs. "I think it's time we

discussed your position at this company..."

Questions, comments, or commissions? Send me an email at the.be.engineer@gmail.com or message me on Discord at BE Engineer#2306

1

Go Fish

"And just what are you doing hiding away up here...??" Jess cracked her friend's bedroom door open to find its owner sitting on the bed. "You're not trying to get away from your own party are you?"

Mike chuckled and put his phone down. "Guess I just needed a good break from all the noise. Who knew college could be so loud, right?"

"I don't know, probably only everyone you invited to your kegger, I would guess!" Jess passed him a playful expression.

obviously didn't know I was in here."

Mike teased back. "So what are you doing upstairs sneaking into my room? You

Jess knew she was caught red-handed. Making sure no one was following her, she opened the

door enough to slip inside. It closed them off from the rowdy music downstairs and the white noise of three dozen different conversations.

"You got me," she admitted, holding her hands up. "A little break from everyone sounded nice. Wasn't expecting to find the host here, though."

Mike bounced his eyebrows and lifted a Solo cup for a drink. "I won't tell anyone if you don't."

Jess stepped towards the middle of his room. It was different being alone with Mike now.

"How long has it been since we hung out alone in your room?" she laughed, "Middle school?" "Maybe early high school. Before my mom got worried about our hormones." "Sounds about right." Jess stared at the decor on the beat-up walls of off-campus living.

"Gotta say, your taste in posters hasn't changed at all. Is that the same Pokemon poster from your room when you were ten?"

"The one and only!" "Wow, and right next to a pinup of Lacey Banghard. Your taste is impeccable." "Hey, she is a national treasure!" Mike defended. Looking between the poster and Jess,

however, he had to confess his eyes were drawn to his friend. Wearing jeans and only a spaghetti-strap camisole, Jess's figure wasn't left to the imagination. The shadow of a light blue bra shown through the late-summer garment. A pair of hard-to-ignore breasts stretched the cotton like two halves of a volleyball.

Jess shook her head and sat against his desk. "You always did like your games." A sly smile adorned her face with a hint of arousal. They weren't just kids hanging out together in middle school anymore.

An idea sprang to Mike's mind. "Speaking of games... Care to pass the time before we jump back into the noise?"

"Ooooh, what did you have in mind?" "Strip poker?"

2

Jess snorted with laughter. "Nice try! I admire the effort! But I don't exactly know how to play poker and I would be totally naked within three turns."

There was that sly smile again. She knew Mike was doing the math in his head. "Go Fish?" he asked. "What are we, five?" "Well now you're just sending mixed signals." "You went from strip poker to Go Fish." "I promise it's not like the usual Go Fish! You might wish you had played strip poker by

the end, though.”

Jess’s interest was piqued. “All right, fine, you hooked me.” Shaking a fist in triumph, Mike reached under his bed for a small lockbox. Inside were several items, all more suitable for the amount of security than the deck of cards he withdrew.

“Paranoid much?” Jess chided. “This is a special deck of cards,” he explained. Motioning to the floor, he invited Jess to

sit with him as he began to deal.

even remember the rules!”

“I can’t believe I’m at a kegger and I’m hiding upstairs playing Go Fish. I’m not sure I

“It’s easy,” Mike grinned, “We’ll start with ten cards since it’s just us. You can only ask

for a card already in your hand, and if I don’t have it, you have to go fish. If I have what you asked for, you can ask again. The person with the most sets of four at the end wins.”

“It’s coming back to me now after about ten years or--” “And every set of four I get will multiply your bra size by that amount. Every set you get

will divide it by that amount.”

“Sounds easy enough. Do you go first or do--” Jess stopped. Mike’s little addition to the

rules had seemed so calm and nonchalant she’d hardly noticed. She wasn’t even sure he had actually said what she thought she had heard. There was silence for a full twenty seconds before her brain finally processed enough to ask, “Huh??”

“Like I said! These are special cards.” Mike continued to deal. “I got ‘em from my

grandpa. Thought he was bonkers until I actually played this with a girl in high school. Remember Tara?”

Jess was feeling hot. The cards in her hand seemed to burn. “Big-Titty Tara? How could I

forget! She showed up one day looking like--” Jess froze, putting two and two together. “Looked like she’d grown six cup sizes overnight, right? Well, she did.” Jess would be the first to admit she wasn’t subtle about her flirting and excessive use of cleavage. It was especially prevalent around Mike. There was something in the way he tried to sneak peeks down her shirt that she enjoyed. Hearing him talk about her chest growing according to a children’s card game was uncanny, though.

“Listen, I’m not sure what you’re trying to say, but--”

"Ooohhh!" Mike grinned from ear to ear staring at his cards. "Good hand!" Jess watched as he placed a set of four on the carpet. "Four twos!" he announced.

Despite her best efforts, Jess was blushing at the implication. Her mind refused to play along with the ridiculous notion. "So...what? Are my boobs are supposed to d-d...nngh...double in...mmmm..."

Mike smiled like an idiot. "Yup." Jess couldn't help but breathe as if she were jogging. Leaning back, she watched her chest rise and fall until her eyes bulged at the sight of her mammaries swelling into her camisole. "What...W-What's happening...to me?" she moaned, short of air. Skin bulged over the brims of her cups. "M-Mike!! My boobs are...nngh!! They're blowing up!! What's going on?! I-I--Mmmm!!"

Jess strained as they bloated larger than her head to the point of lifting her underwire away from her ribs. A pair of basketballs resided under her skimpy top, far too large for her once-adequate bra.

"H-Holy shit!! I'm...I'm like--" "Twice as big." Mike finished for her. "What do you think? We can stop if you want. I

mostly just wanted to see your reaction."

Jess gawked at her peeking cleavage. Bringing her gaze up to meet Mikes, her open mouth turned into a challenging sneer of competition. "Finish your turn."

Finding Jess so into the game made him hard as iron. "Don't mind if I do! Got any kings?"

"G-Go fish."

She twitched at the knowledge he had the ability to make her breasts grow ten-fold.

"Heh, crap." Mike drew and shifted his position. "Your turn." Heart beating with pleased anxiety, Jess looked at her hand. Nothing stood out to her.

There was nothing more than a pair. "Got any fives?"

"Sorry, go fish! Pretty daring of you to want to end up smaller than you started!" The realization hit Jess like a truck. If things didn't go her way or she didn't play her

game well, she could end up flat as a board. Her tits themselves were at stake. "T-This..." She swallowed, resolving to play more carefully. "This is a little tricky..."

Mike eyed his cards. "Do you have...any threes?" Jess stared over her hand, refusing to speak. "You have to give it to me if you have them." Biting her lip, she passed a three across the floor. "Is that all of them?" "Ugh, dammit." Jess passed two more cards to her friend and watched as

he laid down a

stack next to his first. His eyes glistened with eagerness. Shaking, she asked, "So now...I-I'm going to grow--Ahh!!"

4

Jess shuddered. Her bra was suddenly tight and constricting, pulling into her breasts like

a cable line. There was no time to react before her chest swelled with excessive force. Skin rubbed down her stomach and cleavage ballooned into her face. Jess was thrown back onto her hands by the event, a jiggling weight wobbling back and forth. "M-Mike!! Nnnngh this is too much! T-This is...This isn't possible!!"

"Tell that to your shirt," he teased. Skin was overflowing Jess's seams. Cupping her like two giant balls of dough, Jess's

clothes were engulfed by flesh on all sides. "I-It's...Nnnng Miiiike my top is going to--"

SHRRRIIPPP!! "Aaahhh!!" Jess fell forward. Flesh filled her lap and overflowing onto the floor with rippling motions. Round and firm, they came to rest with their tops reaching to her sternum. Jess was in shock, twitching a slack-jawed mouth. "I-I..."

"This is a first!" Mike laughed, "I've never had a hand go this well!" "My boobs...are bigger than beach balls!!" she screamed. "Ten times your original size! We can stop if you want." "Like hell! I can't go back out there looking like this! I don't think I could even stand!!

Uh uh, I need to get my head in the game."

Mike was in heaven. "Fine by me. Got any eights?" "Fuck no! Go fish." Jess's hands were sweaty and the cards shook in her grasp. Mike had only matched the two smallest values in the game and she was already stranded and topless. Her nipples were so large she didn't even try covering herself. This was war. "Are aces high or low?"

"High," Mike replied. "Good to know..." The three aces in her hand may be her saving grace. She didn't dare divide her size by eleven at this point, though. "Got any..." Her mind raced, trying to figure out the math to reverse her growth as close to her starting size as possible. Slightly bigger wouldn't be a bad thing. "Got any sixes?"

"Dammit..." Mike passed two cards. "HA!! Eat it!! Mmmmm..." Jess slapped her first set on the floor. The sensations weren't

as enjoyable as feeling herself grow, but watching herself shrink down to a more manageable size was a relief. Leaving her lap, Jess's breasts pulled up her chest until they resembled plump watermelons. An arm lovingly hugged itself across them for support. "There we go!" she cheered. "Got any tens??"

"Go fish!" The game was speeding up. "Got any queens?" Her rejoicing vanished in an instant.

Scared and horny, she passed her last pair of cards to

watch Mike reveal his third set. "Oh come on!!" she yelled, "You stacked the deck!!"

It was no use. Her arm was overpowered by her chest within seconds as it bubbled and bloated back to her lap. It didn't stop at its previous size, instead continuing until her legs were

5

out of sight. Jess was forced to dig her elbows into her chest to sit upright. "I feel like a damn bean bag..." she mumbled. "Got any kings yet?" "Go fuckin' fish." Mike was enjoying her struggle too much. "Your turn!" "Got any jacks?" Jess was feeling helpless. She needed big numbers now. It might be

time for her ace in the hole. "Go fish!" "Uuugh! Fine!" She drew. A king found its way into her hand. Face paling, she knew

Mike had already read her like a book. "Uhh... Your turn..."

His eyes flashed. "Got any kings?" "Mike come on! If I give it to you, my tits are going to blow so big--AHH!!" She didn't

seem to have a choice. A shiver jolted the card from her hand. It fluttered to Mike where the other three kings lay waiting. "Nnnnghh oohhhh Mike I can't get TEN TIMES BIGGER!! I'm already--MMMGGHHH!!!"

Skin billowed in all directions. Mike had to think fast when Jess's chest rushed towards

him in a wave. Grabbing the cards, he jumped to his bed and watched the expansion unfold.

"Ooohhhhh they won't stop!!" she cried, feeling them pressing under her stomach to lift

her into the air. Several items were knocked from shelves and uncleaned school supplies were lost under her floor-covering girth. Coming to rest, Jess laid across a pair of breasts each ten-feet across and three-feet deep. The room suddenly felt much smaller as she was squished against the walls. "HOLY SHIT!" she swore, unable to find her balance.

"Got any sevens?" "NO!! GO FISH!!" Jess wobbled uncontrollably looking at her hand. "Do you have any

"Sorry, go fish!" "NNGH SHIT!!" Jess felt her last hope slip through her fingers. Even with the best of

plays, she wasn't walking out of this room.

"Got any fours?" "NO! Go fish. God my tits feel big. I think my nipple is squishing into a sandwich!" "Probably, I had one earlier." "Come on... Please..." Jess prayed. She was in too deep to stop. "Do you have any jacks

ACES?!"

now??"

"Sorry!" It was Mike's turn. He was silent long enough it caused Jess to look up from her personal

bed. "Well? Are you going to play or--" The smile on his face made her uneasy. His last draw hadn't been in her favor. "M-Mike, ok, look, before we go any further I really think we should consider--"

"Hey, Jess," Mike ogled, "Got any aces?"

6

"No!! No no no!! Mike!! Do you realize what will--" RRMMMBBBLLL CRREEEAAAAAK The color drained from her face when the floor cracked and she surged a foot into the air.

"M-M-Mike?!" she stammered, feeling dizzy from the oncoming swelling.

"Uh oh," he frowned, hearing the same noises. He leaped from his bed, landing on Jess's chest in a wave of ripples before fighting his way through the door.

"MIKE WHERE ARE YOU GOING?! GET BACK HERE! MY CHEST IS GONNA--" CREEAAAACCKK!! His leg slipped through the door just in time before her girth would have made opening it impossible.

"AhhhhhHHHH MIIIIKE!!!" CRAACK!!! BWOOMPH!!! A sound like a thunderclap rattled the house before a mini-quake shook the foundation. Mike had made it downstairs just in time to see Jess fall through the second floor and devastate the living room. Luckily all the partygoers had cleared away when pieces of drywall had started to fall, but Jess's growth wasn't done. Many were too stunned to flee, instead getting pinned against a wall as furniture was overturned and windows shattered.

"I CAN'T BELIEVE YOU!!" Jess yelled, craning her neck to find the hole in the ceiling

coming closer. She was blowing up like a balloon inside a box. The house didn't seem big enough, all of a sudden. Feeling cramped with dozens of trapped students squirming against her naked chest, Jess swelled to a wall-shattering size. "Ahhhhh why didn't I just play strip poker?!"