

## The Swelling Month

“*Mwa!*” A wet smack was pressed into Mike’s lips, the smiling face of his girlfriend grinning back.

“And hello to you too!” he greeted. The overflowing spunk and whimsy bubbling over from Leslie never ceased to make his morning. It was rare to see her in a sour mood and even then there was always a hint of a trying smile on her face.

“I don’t have a lot of time before my shift at the bagel shop,” she said hurriedly, “I wanted to make the most of our morning walk!”

A strand of her neck-length brown hair blew in the late-April wind and stuck to Mike’s beard before he puffed it away gently. “Finish your report for Mr. Albek?”

Leslie groaned. “Yes, but it took forever! My mom wouldn’t leave me alone.”

“Maybe it’s time to move out? Like a regular college student?”

A tongue presented itself to him stubbornly. It was quickly retracted and replaced with a giggle as she hugged his right arm. “Easy for the out-of-state guy to say. Not so easy when it saves me thousands of dollars every year!”

“Hey, that does sound nice... Your parents have any spare rooms?”

“They do! Buuuut you might be the last person they would consider.”

A strong gust whirled through the campus and Leslie tightened her grip on Mike’s arm. She was petite enough sometimes he really believed she was frightened of being blown away. Even soaking wet, the girl couldn’t have weighed more than one hundred and ten pounds. One of her hands calmly held her knee-length skirt against her leg until the breeze ended and left her with a small shiver.

“Starting in on the summer clothes a little early aren’t we?” Mike asked, eyeing her outfit.

A small camisole accentuated her petite form under a white half-buttoned blouse. The smallest amount of space between her A-cup breasts was visible at a certain angle, one Mike was happy to be tall enough to reach. Around two slender legs fluttered a light-pink skirt reaching to her knees, her feet seeming to float on the ground.

“But it’s warm in the suuuun!” Leslie cooed, lifting her head and closing her eyes to bask in the heat like a lizard. “I hate being cooped up in sweaters and long pants...”

Mike wrapped an arm around her shoulder to squeeze and rub her gently. “You’ll hear no complaints from me. I’ll just have to keep you warm!”

A squeak of love and delight escaped her before turning into a content sigh. Wrapped in his toned arms, she placed her head against his chest and said, “We should hang out tonight! Spend the weekend together...” She nuzzled closer, pressing her body into his. “I feel like having a little *fun*...”

Walking immediately became more of a challenge for Mike. He knew all too well where the sudden friskiness had arisen. The signs were showing all around him; it was getting to be that time of year. It pained him greatly to say, “I was going to hang out with Smith and Kally tonight if you wanted to join, but I won’t have a lot of time other than that... I have a big paper due next Monday.”

“Professor Yerion?”

“Professor Yerion...” Mike sighed.

“We’ve had that assignment for weeks!”

“I know I know. I’ll make time for you though, I promise.”

“*Oh I feel so...so...adored!*” Leslie leaned into Mike dramatically.

“There’s a concert coming next weekend, though; we should go!”

Leslie groaned. “I can’t, my parents are going out of town for a few days and I need to watch the dogs.”

“I’m not seeing the problem,” Mike admitted, his ears perking up at the news of her absent parents.

“Don’t get any ideas! My neighbors watch the house like hawks. If they saw you my dad would have a fit. And my parents are *very* particular about how they take care of the dogs. Trust me on this...”

“If you say so.”

The two stopped in front of the student union building and embraced for a final time. They parted ways with a kiss until their next encounter.

Hardly thirty seconds had passed of Mike walking alone through the throngs of students across campus before a voice called out from behind. “Yo! Mikey!”

He turned to see two of his friends, Brad and Smith, walking towards him. “What’s up, guys!” he returned, waiting for them to catch up.

“You’re just in time! Me and Smithy here were just talking about how ready we are for a bit of swollen eye candy!” Brad said as soon as their trio met. His voice was too loud for so early in the morning, especially for such a subject, but Mike had learned by now there was no volume switch on Brad.

“Is it already time?” Mike said calmly, trying to keep his voice low for the female students walking within ear range.

“*Is it already time?*” Brad mocked, “Please, it’s every guys’ favorite month of the year!”

“Swelling moooonth!!” Smith whooped.

“The tits we all know and love are going to start popping their bras any day now,” Brad awed. “May starts next in a week! Before you know it, every girl you see right now will be walking around top heavy.”

“The early birds have already started...” Smith said quietly, nodding to a girl walking their direction.

Mike recognized her from his calculus class, a girl named Alice. Her blonde hair was up in its usual ponytail, but confirming Smith’s assessment, there was a new bounce to her step. The usual E cups adorning her chest had bloated into a pair of supple melons. Mike could only hazard a guess to her swollen size, estimating her to be near an H or an I cup. Compared to when he had last seen her only two days ago, Alice looked like a completely different person thanks to her temporary growth. Her bra had obviously been switched out for a larger size, but her blouse was straining at a button across her front. Stress wrinkles arched over her bust, boosting her already-enhanced cleavage higher.

“Hooooly shiiiiit...” Brad said slowly, making no effort to hide his gaze as she walked by. A sly smirking smile from Alice was cast in their directions. Hardly waiting until she was out of view, Brad blurted loudly, “Guys, she’s *bigger* than she was last year.”

“Do you think she played with them?” Smith asked with clear interest, “Her nipples??”

“She *had* to have played with them!” Brad grinned happily. “Alice must have felt like going up a few cup sizes permanently! Good news for everyone!”

Mike remained quiet, content to listen to the tit-obsessed ramblings of his friends. It wasn’t often he found it suitable to talk about women’s bodies, but he had to admit at least listening to Brad and Smith talk about it was fun.

A wide smile spread over Smith’s face. “Speaking of permanent growth... Have I told you guys Kally and I are going to go for it this year?”

Brad’s jaw dropped so far Mike actually looked behind them to see if he had forgotten to pick it up. “You better not be kidding with this.”

Smith held a hand into the air. “I swear! She’s been talking about it for months and finally decided she wants to try for some actual growth this year.”

“Dude! *Dude!!* Congrats!!” Brad clapped him loudly on the shoulder.

“Thanks, I’ve been waiting until we were together to say anything.” Smith’s voice was trying to stay calm, though his blushing demeanor revealed his true excitement.

Mike was happy for his friend. Permanent growth was a major aspect when the girls started to swell. Given the right genes and if a girl stimulates her nipples during her engorgement period, an excess of swelling could occur and lead to an increase in their original bust size once the month is over and the swelling had diminished.

“Is she able to?” Mike asked, “I thought genetics played a major role...”

“They do, but Kally said her sister managed to do it a few years ago, so she’s hoping for similar results.”

Brad was looking ahead as if in a daydream. “So how big does she want to go?? Kally is usually a pretty big sweller isn’t she??” Mike could swear Brad was drooling. Every year was the same reaction from him.

Laughing gently, Smith agreed. “Yea she gets pretty large for her body type.”

“Like a couple of overfilled volleyballs...” Brad confirmed, remembering the previous year.

“She wants to try and end up at an F cup when the swelling goes down,” Smith revealed. “Three whole cup sizes in growth.”

Brad made a sputtering noise with his lips. “Man, that’s nothing! If she’s going to go for it, I say make her *huuuuge!*”

“Don’t listen to him,” Mike said rolling his eyes, “Do whatever you two are comfortable with. I’m happy for you!”

“Thanks, man...” Smith was visibly full of excitement after talking about his plans. “I’m spending every waking moment with her so I can be there when she starts to engorge. Kally tends to start a little on the early side. Told me this morning it could start ay minute now.”

“Do you know how you’re going to do it?” Brad asked with more excitement, “I’ll bet you’re gonna suck on ‘em, right? Maybe massage her nipples and squeeze ‘em until she comes??”

“Brad, come on man...” Mike scolded.

“What?? It’s not often a girl decides to go for a boost! Let me live vicariously through Smithy! I ain’t got a girlfriend!”

“Can’t imagine why...” Mike sighed.

Smith corrected Brad. “Actually I was just planning on holding her in bed and we would rub her nipples together...”

“Booooring...”

“Make sure you don’t go too long,” Mike warned. “I’ve heard it can be a little overwhelming. Remember Jenn from high school? She fainted with the vibrators still on her nipples...”

“That *made* my senior year.” Brad chuckled. “Girls are *never* as horny as they are during swelling month. You can see it in their eyes when they start to engorge. Their nipples get so sensitive they can hardly put a bra on!”

Nodding, Smith added, “I heard some girl orgasm in the middle of the quad today when her engorgement began suddenly.”

“That’s why they usually lock themselves away when they know it’s going to start soon; cause they can hardly keep their own hands out of their pants. They want to touch their nipples more than ever but they can’t because of the possibility they might induce permanent growth! Masturbating for hours is all they can do to distract themselves until they’re done swelling!” Brad had inadvertently raised his voice, drawing the eyes of every passing student. Many were women, most giving dirty looks while few others almost seemed to agree.

“Brad, you gotta keep your voice down,” Mike warned.

“Sorry, guys. I get excited is all.” He snorted.

“You’ve been dating Leslie for a while now right, Mike?” Smith asked, changing the subject.

“Going on nine months!” he confirmed happily.

“You must be excited to see what she’s got in store, huh? Any idea how big she’s going to swell?”

Mike had been hoping to avoid the question, mostly for Leslie’s sake. Talking about it didn’t seem right, even if it would be visible to everyone within a few days. “I uh...don’t really have any idea,” he admitted. “We haven’t spoken about it much. At all, really...”

An exaggerated gasp came from Brad. “How could you not ask after *nine months*?? You might as well not know how old she is! What kind of guy doesn’t know his girlfriend’s swell size?? Bet you can’t wait to see her blow up next weekend.”

“I’ll probably have to wait; her parents are out of town then,” Mike said matter of factly. “Leslie said I can’t come over at all.”

“Her parents are *gone* and you’re just going to leave her alone?? Grow a pair and bang her brains out! She’s going to be begging for it.” Brad scoffed. “It’s like you don’t *want* to see

her grow a pair of knockers! I get it though, you don't want to be disappointed, right? I wouldn't expect too much either; there's only so much that can happen with a tiny pair like hers. A cups don't get too big."

"Not cool, man," Smith said quietly.

Mike was glad to see Brad was alone in his opinions. "I'm fine however big she swells; I'll find out when the time comes."

"You should really ask. Girl's like when guys ask intimate questions like that," Brad instructed, "Plus then you can plan a little and buy her a nice bra for the month."

"If she wants me to know, she'll tell me," Mike said adamantly. As sure as his words sounded, however, inside he wasn't so certain. It did seem odd how Leslie had managed to avoid the subject for almost an entire year, and he would be lying if he said he wasn't curious.

As if he had read his mind, Smith said, "Actually, I don't really remember seeing Leslie during swelling month at all any of these past years. And she's not new to the school..."

The words struck Mike like a brick wall when he realized the same. He even had classes with Leslie last year, yet he couldn't remember her during May at all. "Now that you mention it..."

"Sorry, dude, I think you got a dud," Brad said solemnly, gripping his shoulder.

"I-It doesn't matter!" Mike said hurriedly, "I'm fine with it even if that's the case."

"You're a stronger man than I a--*Ooohh man*, hang on--" Brad turned away from his friends and motioned towards a girl walking towards them from the side. "'Sup, Nicky," he greeted.

"Hey, Brad!" the tall brunette replied happily, her cheeks flushed pink. A tank top overflowing with flesh jiggled on her front, lifting the fabric away from her belly to reveal her navel. She seemed to put an extra amount of force into her steps as they crossed paths to send ripples across the cleavage bulging over her neckline and shoulder straps.

"Lookin' good today!" he called out.

"I see where your eyes are," she giggled, "Better be more careful; most girls don't like being ogled as much as I do."

As she passed them, Brad turned back to his friends with a dumb grin plastered on his face. "You see that?? Nicky has swollen already too! Early bloomers are my *favorite* type of girl. Think she's into me?"

"You're such a jackass..." Mike groaned. A building loomed ahead of them and he stepped forward to open the door.

"Any bets on Mrs. Halbarow?" Smith asked about their teacher as they walked towards their classroom, "Swollen or not swollen?"

"Swollen. Definitely Swollen," Brad said confidently.

"Is nothing sacred?" Mike asked, refusing to take part.

The three stepped into the classroom and Mike couldn't help but look in their professor's direction along with Brad and Smith. Immediately Brad chuckled, "What'd I tell ya? *Swollen*. Man, she blew up!"

Taking his seat, Mike had to agree; Mrs. Halbarow's usual blouse was near-overflowing with her chest now. The usual handfuls hidden below had engorged to large melons designed to immediately grab his attention. On her tall, slender frame they looked massive and larger than her own head.

"All right..." she sighed heavily, standing up from her desk with an obvious wobble. The added weight hadn't been around very long, Mike noticed, realizing she must have engorged the previous night or even this morning. Based on her flushed face and heavier-than-normal breathing, Mike thought it was a good guess it had happened only recently. Perhaps within the hour.

"Are there any questions from the homework?" she asked, having to hold the book away from her body.

An elbow nudged Mike in the side, Smith trying to get his attention. "What?" Mike asked softly.

"I think she's still engorging..." Smith said with wide, excited eyes, "Her top is getting tighter."

On the other side of Smith sat Brad, watching Mrs. Halbarow like a hungry dog to a bone. A brief inspection of the teacher's front affirmed Smith's observation; stress lines were pulling across her chest now, as were spaces opening between the buttons. The blouse looked to be growing uncomfortable, Mrs. Halbarow nonchalantly pulling at the bottom to adjust for her changing size.

"I had a question on number five," a girl in the back asked.

Mrs. Halbarow began to read the question. "Given the integral of--"

"She's going to pop out of her shirt...!" Brad whispered excitedly.

"Shh," Mike hushed. It was one thing to stare, but another to hope for public embarrassment. Sometimes Brad could be a little much. Regardless, after eying the teacher's chest again while her eyes were down, Mike found it difficult to ignore the signs of growth.

Mrs. Halbarow's blouse was slowly filling with swelling flesh. The windows between each button were undeniably new, her top comically stretching as her chest ballooned.

"Whoa... She's a quick sweller..." Smith awed.

"Here w-we would take..." she stopped for a brief moment as if to catch her breath. The tightness of her shirt was making it difficult to inhale fully, lest she force a button across the room. "We would take...*nngh*...t-the derivative first and..."

"She can't take it," Brad said hopefully.

Part of Mike's heart went out to the teacher. Having to ignore the orgasm-inducing sensation of engorging while standing in front of her class couldn't have been easy. On the other hand, however, part of him was really enjoying the show. It was impossible not to watch.

She pulled at her blouse again, the front pulling free of her skirt. Three cup sizes had been added to her bust since class began and the shirt was beginning to show its stress like a ticking time bomb. Mike could see a smooth bulge of her chest pushing higher and higher towards her collarbones as her breasts were forced flat.

"T-Then...then you need to...*nnngh*..."

Mike was holding his breath. Thick nubs revealing the size and location of her nipples shown through her bra and top. Flesh oozed and bulged through her blouse, pushing into her sleeves. Her legs started to wobble as her thighs clamped together over the throbbing storm between them.

“It’s gonna blow...!” Brad prayed.

“C-Class I think you’ll have to excuse me...for...a seco--”

*PING!!*

*PING!!*

Two buttons exploded from her front and sailed across the room, one striking Brad between the eyes. Even against the airstrike he hadn’t blinked, his eyes trained on Mrs. Halbarow’s bosom.

A jiggling rush of cleavage quickly spilled free of the flared collar of the blouse, her engorged tits overflowing into the open space like rising dough. The beige of her bra cups and band presented themselves as well, the size much too small for the amount of flesh packed into it. Mike could swear as she looked down at her chest in shock, a look of relief also fell over her face. Someone in the class whistled softly, snapping her out of her surprise amongst the nervous laughter and stares.

“You’ll have to--*erm*--excuse me, class” she apologized, trying to pull at the front of her shirt. Mike was certain he could see part of her nipple over the crushed cup of the bra. “Let’s try and act like the adults; swelling is perfectly natural this time of year and--”

*PING!!*

Another button burst across the room, fully exposing Mrs. Halbarow’s chest engulfing her bra. She sighed with defeat, closing the book before grabbing her coat and draping it over her front. “Class dismissed.”

Brad looked like he might never lose his grin. “I *love* swelling month...”

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Later that night, Mike heard a knock at his apartment door and jumped from the couch to answer.

“Smith! Come on in!” Mike greeted. Looking around he didn’t see Kally at his side. “You alone?”

“She’s uh...fixing a button in the car real quick.” The glee on Smith’s face was undeniable.

“Wait you don’t mean... It happened??” Mike gasped.

Smith couldn’t nod fast enough. “She started engorging right after our math class! I got the text while walking home and rushed right over. I’ve been with her ever since. I don’t think we’ve left her room all day...”

Kally’s approaching footsteps alerted Mike to her presence. When he turned his head towards the beauty walking towards Smith, he feared his eyes may pop out of their sockets.

Straining a t-shirt multiple sizes too small were a gargantuan pair of breasts larger than Kally’s own head. They bobbed and wobbled like water-filled basketballs, the indent of a bra

forced into the stretching cotton. Mike had seen Kally swell in previous years. She had always been an early bloomer and her chest was content to engorge healthily from her C cups to a mammoth pair of volleyball knockers. Though compared to their bloated size now, those seemed almost small. She herself had been unprepared for the amount of extra growth and it showed in her clothing; the bra, while a larger-than-usual size, was too small and revealed the puffy bulge of her areolas through the thinning cotton and the shirt gifted him with a generous view of her belly as it rode up her torso.

Blushing heavily, Kally greeted Mike after latching onto Smith's arm. "How's it going?" she asked.

"Uh... Great!" he said too loudly.

She glanced at the ground in embarrassment, fully aware of the large increase to her usual swollen size. "I couldn't get the blouse to fit..." she confessed to Smith softly. "Good idea bringing the t-shirt..."

Mike was scared Smith's face might crack in half from smiling too much. They both looked as if they had just left Kally's bed, their cheeks still pink with arousal and excitement.

"Come on in!" Mike urged, "I've got the games all ready to go!"

The couple sat on the couch, Smith inspecting the empty apartment. "Leslie not coming?"

Mike had to tear himself away from the image of Kally's chest rocking due to the motion of her sitting down. As far as he could tell, she was happy, if not bashful, to have the attention. It made sense, considering she had willingly just added multiple cups permanently to her bust. Kally had every right to show off her new assets.

"She's on her way!" Mike said quickly.

A knock at the door was a welcomed relief, Leslie walking in moments later. "Hey gu--" She stopped abruptly, eyes locking onto Kally's chest overtaking her torso.

"Hi, Leslie...!" she replied giddily.

"Kally, *no*... Did you...?!"

Kally nodded, eliciting a loud squeal of excitement from Leslie. "Oooh! Congratulations, you guys!" she cheered, running to Kally's side on the couch. "You have to tell me all about it. How do they feel??"

It was as if the two men were no longer in the room. They were perfectly fine with this, content to listen to the two women discuss Kally's swollen breasts while Mike set up a game board.

Kally groaned, arching her back slightly and looking down at herself. "They feel *freaking full*. I thought I got big before! But these are *huge*."

"They look *enormous*!" Leslie exclaimed, gazing at the overflowing curves against the taut shirt. "You went up quite a bit from what I remember!"

Nodding, Kally bit her lip. "I might have let Smith play around with them for longer than I had expected... It just felt...*so...good*..."

"Tell me what happened!!"

Kally blushed a bright red. "W-Well... They started to engorge around noon. I knew it was going to be soon; the girls have always been early bloomers. I was just eating lunch and I



felt my bra starting to get tighter. I knew right away it was happening. So I texted Smith because...well you know...I'm a quick sweller."

Mike had to hold himself back from nodding in agreement. The previous year Kally had started her engorgement in their shared history class and had subsequently blown her shirt open twenty minutes later. Some girls reached their full amount of swelling over a few days, while some, like Kally, reached it within hours. Nature is full of miracles.

Kally continued her recounting. "I don't think Smith had ever gotten to my place so fast. But even then I was already nearly out of my bra! He took one look at me and pulled me into the bedroom and before you know it... Well..." Kally puffed her chest out, proudly displaying the burgeoning melons from her ribcage. "Playing with your nipples during your engorgement feels *exactly* as good as you think it does. Even better... I almost fainted when he started to suck on them."

"Ooooh, Smith," Leslie teased, "You don't mess around...!"

"And that's when it started! I was surprised by how different it felt compared to when I would just regular swelling. It was like...I could *feel* my boobs actually growing instead of just getting bigger. All this warmth and tightness and tingling just spread throughout my chest. I-I felt my skin stretch..."

Leslie looked like a kid being told about Santa for the first time. "God, that sounds amazing. How big are you going to be once swelling month is over??"

Kally whispered, "I think I'm going to be an H cup. Way bigger than I was planning. I'm going to have to buy all new bras."

"I'll help," Smith interjected.

"Smith has been all over them," Kally giggled. "After all that growth, I had to keep him away from me while they were still swelling. I was starting to think I couldn't take anymore; a girl can only grow so much!"

"You're a lucky man, Smith!" Leslie winked. Turning back to Kally, she bit her bottom lip and eyed the swollen bust. "Can I feel them?"

A loud clatter made them jump when Mike dropped a game piece onto the table in surprise. The two women giggled, Kally saying, "I don't think these guys have the brain capacity left to play anymore!" She grinned and nodded slowly, "Go ahead... I'm all done swelling. No more growing for me!" She winked at Smith and added, "At least not this year."

Leslie reached out and pressed her palms into the front of Kally's breasts, her hands sinking into their bloated forms like foam. "A-Ah!" Kally gasped.

"They feel incredible!" Leslie awed.

"T-They're...really firm..." Kally said, breathing heavily. "And a-a lot more sensitive n-now...too...mmmmm..."

As Leslie inspected the bust, Mike glimpsed a nipple springing free from her bra and tenting the t-shirt with a pale pink hue. Kally's head rolled back and her eyes fluttered closed, the two men adjusting their seated positions due to the spectacle.

"Look at these things..." Leslie said slowly, hefting their weight in each hand. "I had no idea you could get so big, Kally...!"

“N-Neither did...*m-mmmnnngh*...d-did I!” Kally’s hands clenched at her side, her body squirming on the couch. Slowly, one of Leslie’s hands began lifting the bottom of the stretched t-shirt over her belly, eager to get a look at the melon-like tits residing below. A glimpse of a heap of underboob and a beige bra bulging with skin peeked at Mike and Smith for the briefest of moments.

“*A-Ahh!*” Kally cried out, Leslie’s finger brushing against the skin of her tits and vanishing into her cleavage. A shaky hand gripped her wrist, Kally’s eyes opening reluctantly before pulling her shirt down. “T-That’s...*nnnnghmmmmm*...*That’s enough... I don’t think I can handle anymore...*” she moaned, exasperated. Mike had seen an expression similar on Leslie before; Kally was near orgasm.

Neither Mike nor Smith had blinked in a full minute. Releasing Kally’s shirt, both girls collected themselves and looked to the two men before losing themselves in a fit of giggles. “I think we got em,” Leslie determined.

“Mike looks like he might be about to pass out,” Kally laughed.

“I think we’ve just been pranked...” Smith said slowly.

“And I don’t think I mind,” Mike decided.

Once the room had cooled down, the group of students turned their attention to the games at hand. Play continued until Kally began falling asleep from exhaustion. Inducing so much growth was known to be a taxing endeavor; Mike was surprised she had lasted so long after so much growth in the first place.

Saying their goodbyes, Mike closed the door behind Smith and Kally as they left in each other’s arms. Thick sexual tension filled the air between him and Leslie now, the night’s earlier chest-driven events still fresh in his mind.

“Have a little bit of time before you need to be home?” Mike asked tantalizingly.

“Ooooh I don’t knooow... What would my mother say?” Leslie teased, leaning back on the couch and playfully lifting her skirt higher up her thighs. “What if I do stay?”

“I think I owe you a little payback for that prank you two pulled earlier,” Mike grunted, laying on top of her. Bringing a hand to her chest to cup her small breasts, a question nagged at Mike’s mind. “Hey, Leslie...” he asked, lying down to use her chest as a pillow.

“Mhmmm?”

“We’ve never really spoken about your swelling...”

The silence was quick and intense. Part of Mike began to wonder if he had actually said anything or if it had just been in his head. Eventually, Leslie spoke. “It’s just never come up, I guess.”

“Do you want to talk about it?”

“Do you want to hear about it?” She was speaking softly, the injection of such a personal subject changing her demeanor.

“I’ll admit I’m a little curious. We don’t have to if you don’t want to; it’s just we’ve been together for almost nine months and--”

“No! We can talk about it if you want,” she said quickly. “Every girl does it, it’s natural! I should be able to talk about it with my boyfriend...” Leslie craned her neck down and kissed him on his forehead. “Ask away,” she said with a smile.

It took a moment for Mike to gather the courage to ask his most burning question. “How big do you get?”

“Umm... Fairly big, I-I guess...”

“Really? Like how big??”

“You seem shocked!” she laughed uncomfortably.

“I don’t mean to be! It’s just... Well, you know.”

“I’m small?”

“It’s not a bad thing,” Mike assured. “But don’t small-chested women usually swell less than other well-endowed women?”

“Not *always*...”

“So how big do you get?” Mike prodded again, excited for the reveal.

“Like...I don’t know...a little big at least!”

Mike raised an eyebrow curiously. “You’ve never measured?”

“N-Not really... It’s kind of annoying when they swell up. They get in the way a lot more and I can’t sleep on my stomach like I usually do. Most the time I just want swelling month to be over so they can go back to normal.”

“Then can you show me?”

Leslie was averting her eyes from Mike’s questioning gaze. Slowly she raised her hands and held them in front of her chest about six inches away. “A-About there...”

“Well that’s not so big!” Mike assured.

“Gee, thanks! Makes me feel awesome after the way I saw you staring at Kally’s tits!”

“Hey that was kind of your fault,” he defended.

Giggling, she agreed. “Yea I guess it was... Next question.”

“When do you start to engorge?” It was odd asking her such a personal question. Mike felt as if he were asking Leslie how often she masturbated.

“The girls are *super* punctual. First day of swelling month, every year.”

“Ever thought about playing with them?”

“What, like for permanent growth?”

“Yea!” Mike asked with more excitement than he meant.

“Why? You want me to grow my boobs a little?” Leslie asked cutely, “Think I would look good with a couple of DDs?”

“W-Well not that it’s any of my choice... They’re yours, after all.”

“Damn right.”

“But have you thought about it?”

“I’ve considered it. But I don’t know if I won the genetic lottery or not, you know? I’ve always been too scared to try. There’s not going back if they do start to grow. But *God* have I wanted to touch them when it starts. I’ve orgasmed from a breeze against my nipples during my engorgement period before...” Leslie confessed softly.

“I would *very* much like to see that. You sell tickets to this show?”

“In your dreams!!” She smacked him lightly before embracing him. “Besides, my parents are away this weekend, remember? Gotta watch the house.”

“I could--”

“*Alone*. My neighbors see and report all. Crazy old bat and her husband next door own military surveillance equipment, I swear...”

“Well maybe if you find a time to sneak out I could help keep your mind off those pesky nipples,” Mike offered.

“Mmmm, I’ll keep it in mind...” Leslie kissed him again, allowing one of his hands to travel up her skirt to find her bare hips waiting, the absence of underwear spurring his forward. Heart rate increasing as his well-training fingers went to work, Leslie panted, “W-Why don’t you take me to your bed and show me how you would distract me?”

“With pleasure.”

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A week later on the first day of May and the official start of swelling month, Mike awoke to find a text message from Leslie.

“I’m not feeling so great this morning :( Think I’m going to skip today... Don’t wait up for me before class,” the message read.

The sudden onset of her illness struck him as odd, but he pushed any suspicions out of mind for her sake. “Let me know if you need anything! <3” he wrote back. Regardless of his support, he couldn’t help but sigh as he set out for class. He had been looking forward to the start of swelling month all week. “I’ll just have to wait until Monday to see them, I guess...”

Part of his libido flared for a moment and he considered asking Leslie to send a few teasing pictures of her growth. In the end he decided against it, however, knowing she wouldn’t be in the mood if she wasn’t feeling well enough for school.

The majority of women around him had begun their own periods of growth, swelling season in full swing. Girlfriends clung close to their partners with hands more frisky than normal. Shirts were filled to the max for many and every couple yards Mike would come across a button on the pathway. He grinned, the numerous buttons dotting the sidewalks always one of his favorite parts of swelling month. “Looks like some girls have been doing some growing...” he chuckled.

As incredible as the mountainous scenery was, jiggling peaks lined with curves and split by bulging cleavage, he couldn’t bring himself to enjoy it as much as he would have if Leslie were at his side. For the rest of the day he dismayed at having to wait to see Leslie’s engorged chest. That is until Brad and Smith appeared at his apartment door later that night.

“You ready for a night of swollen, horny chicks??” Brad boomed, walking into Mike’s apartment before he could invite them in.

Mike rolled his eyes in response and ignored the crude comment. “How’s it going, Smith? Kally holding up?”

“We’re both grea--”

“Have you seen this guy’s girlfriend?!” Brad interrupted. He held two hands in front of his chest and shook them excitedly. “Tits out to *here!* You are one lucky bastard, Smithy!”

“I don’t think he looked at Kally’s face once when he saw her...” Smith sighed.

“Brad, you might have a problem,” Mike suggested.

“Yea! And it’s the fact I don’t have a pair of jugs in my hands! Let’s head out, boys!” Brad exited the apartment as quickly as he had entered, not waiting for Mike or Smith.

“Well he is the driver,” Mike shrugged. He followed Smith to Brad’s car and together they piled in for a Friday night filled with fun.

However, when Brad didn’t turn towards downtown and instead jumped on the freeway, Mike became wary. “Are we going somewhere else?”

“In a way...” Brad grinned slyly.

“Smith?”

He shrugged in response from the backseat, though his face revealed he was in on the secret.

“All right, bring it on. I like a little mystery!” Mike accepted.

Brad drove on, mostly ranting about the different-sized chests he had found over the course of the day. Mike had begun to daydream to such an extent he almost didn’t notice when Brad turned down a familiar street.

“Brad, what are you doing...?” he asked, a familiar neighborhood passing by.

“Nothing, bud!”

“No, Brad I know where you’re going! This is--”

The car came to a halt in front of a picturesque two-story house. Though the sun was setting, Mike knew the few trees and flower beds dotting the walkway, as well as the mass of vines creeping over a western wall. “This is Leslie’s house! *What are we doing here??*”

“We’re here so you can man up and learn a little something about your girlfriend!” Brad smiled, turning the car off.

“Guys, no! No no no! I can’t, her parents aren’t home!”

“Looks like *she*’s home though,” Smith observed, pointing to a single lit window on the second story. Mike knew it to be Leslie’s, the frame situated over the curtain of vines.

“We shouldn’t be here,” Mike said as firmly as possible. “Her neighbors are like hawks and she wasn’t feeling well today!”

The driver chuckled. “Oh! Even more of a reason for you to drop in!” Brad stepped out of the car, followed by Smith a second later.

“Guys serious!--” The car doors slammed and cut off his words, Brad and Smith running low over the grass to the wall below Leslie’s window. “*Shit.*”

Mike quickly left the car and chased after them, the trio meeting under her window. “We really shouldn’t be doing this! If her dad finds out he’s going to--”

“*Shh!!*” Brad hissed, cocking his head into the air. “You hear that?”

They remained quiet, listening intently.

“M-Mmmm... Oooohhhhhh...” a muffled female voice cooed, distant through the wall and partly open window above.

Brad grinned. “Sounds like she’s having some fun in there. Probably right in the middle of her engorgement...”

“*Shut it,*” Mike demanded. He had never liked how Brad would speak about Leslie. It was hard to keep anything private from his big mouth.

“Well?” Smith asked, “Are you going to climb up?”

“I would scare the living daylights out of her!” Mike protested.

“Eh, all right,” Brad shrugged. Either hand grasped the vines firmly and he placed a foot in the wooden frame.

“*What are you doing??*” Mike whispered loudly.

“One of us has to take a peek! I didn’t drive all this way for nothing!”

“Like *hell* you are!” Mike pulled him from the vines.

“Fine, then you do it. Then we’ll leave. Fair?”

Grinding his teeth with urgency and frustration, Mike begrudgingly agreed. “Deal. But then we’re gone, got it?? She never knows we were here.”

Brad stepped back and waved his hands to the vines. Groaning, Mike grasped the foliage and hefted himself onto the wooden frame. He had just passed the first floor when Brad called out from below, “Snap a pic or two in you can!”

“Fuck off!” Mike hissed.

The window loomed just feet over his head. Through the opening, Leslie’s pleased cries reached his ears more clearly. The soft struggles of arousal made his heart race, images of what her breasts could have turned into flashing through his head. Mike found himself actually excited when he reached the window frame, Leslie’s swollen image just inches away from being revealed.

He sighed to calm himself before looking. Stretching onto his toes, Mike lifted himself just enough to glimpse into Leslie’s room. The sight waiting for him was unlike anything he could have imagined.

Sitting on her typical college bed, nothing more than a mattress shoved into a corner, was Leslie. Clothes were strewn about, a shirt and pair of pants Mike easily recognized resting around her. Tangled around her feet was the cord of a vibrator. A constant buzzing emanated from it as it jostled around on her sheets as if she had quickly abandoned it and neglected to turn it off.

Leaning against the wall sat Leslie, clad only in a blue bralette and matching blue panties. Her legs were bent to her sides to reveal a hand plunged deep into her underwear as she masturbated furiously, her other hand gripping at the sheets for dear life. Head thrown back and eyes closed, she gasped and moaned with unsatiated pleasure. It wasn’t hard for Mike to see why.

Leslie’s chest had engorged like a pair of balloons on a garden hose. Enormous heaps of flesh larger than beach balls pulled and fought against the over-filled bralette, its straps and cups digging into her heaving skin. Their enormous curves pressed into her arms and shaking thighs

as she quivered uncontrollably from the pleasure-inducing swelling. Throbbing nipples the size of D batteries jutted into the lace like torpedos, the pink circles of her areolas peeking around the straining cups. Just one of Leslie's breasts looked larger than her own torso.



“Well??” Brad called.

Mike was at a loss for words. “S-She’s... Leslie is... Uh...” He swallowed, unable to take his eyes away from the image of his massively-swollen girlfriend pleasuring herself with unbelievable vigor. “*She’s freaking giganti--*”

“Hey! What are you doin’ out there?!” An elderly voice yelled suddenly and Mike’s heart stopped.

The three pairs of eyes all shot to the house next door, an old man shining a flashlight on Smith and Brad.

“*Shit!*” Brad cursed, sprinting for his car with Smith on his heels.

“Get outta here!!” the neighbor demanded. “I know who lives here! Ya got five seconds until I call the cops!!”

Seeing the old man preoccupied with his friends, Mike quickly scrambled up the remainder of the vines and shoved the window open before tumbling inside.

“*Ahh!! AHH!!*” Leslie screamed, terrified at the sudden intruder falling through her window. She clutched at her chest, flesh swallowing her arms as her legs kicked to push her as far as possible into the wall. A blanket had been grabbed and pulled over her body to the best of her ability, a look of terror on her face. “*H-Help!! HEL--*”

“Shh! It’s just me! It’s Mike!” Mike said softly, showing his face and putting a finger to his mouth.

Leslie calmed herself but her eyes remained large with shock.

“Ya all right, Leslie?” the neighbor called up.

Her mouth shook as she stammered out a response. “F-F-Fine! Thank you! Just saw a...a spider!”

“I’m keepin’ an eye out for them hooligans, don’ ya worry...” he assured her, the door to his house closing as he returned inside.

Both of them breathed a heavy sigh of relief.

“What the hell are you doing here?!” Leslie yelled, still trying to contain her bust.

Out of breath from his rapid struggle into the house, Mike answered as best he could. “Brad...tricked me...I didn’t see a good way...out of it...without getting caught.”

The vibrator’s buzz filled the room’s silence before Leslie struggled to turn it off. “You could have just said Brad and I would have understood.”

Mike looked up and laughed weakly. The sight of Leslie’s chest filling her arms and pressing into her bent thighs reinvigorated him. “Leslie...” he awed, “You’re so...”

Leslie knew exactly what Mike was referring to. “I-I...It’s not...” Try as she might to make up an excuse, she was literally backed into a corner and unable to hide it any longer. “Yes! I’m huge, ok?? My tits engorge like sponges during swelling month! God, I’m a *freak!*!” She buried her head in her raised cleavage, embarrassed with her secret out.

It wasn’t hard to understand where her trepidation originated from. Some girls were known to swell rather big, but the monstrous mammaries wobbling on Leslie’s front were completely unheard of. Even the most famous swell-based pornstars didn’t reach her size. Leslie was a vision to behold, and if Mike wasn’t mistaken from her head slowly rising with her cleavage, her engorgement wasn’t finished yet.

Mike stared at his girlfriend, unsure of how to proceed. “You know... I’m starting to think you’re not sick...”

Soft squeaks and whimpers came from her buried head. Pleasure was still assaulting Leslie with its full force, indicated not only through her aroused noises but her hands clenching tightly as well.

“I-I...*nnnngh*...I’m sorry, I had to lie...” she confessed. Raising her head, Mike could see her face was flushed and heated. It was clear it was all Leslie could do not to touch herself at this moment. “Ever since...*mmmmmmggh*...I’ve been old enough to swell, my boobs have just gotten *so big* it becomes hard for me to do normal things...” Casting her eyes down to the wobbling masses in front of her, she added, “School has always given me a pass to stay home for swelling month and study remotely...”

Everything clicked for Mike then. “No wonder I don’t remember seeing you during May last year!” He got up from the floor, excited at his epiphany.

“How could I possibly function in public like this??” Leslie looked concerned. “I don’t know what I’ll do once school ends and I need to start working...”



Her cleavage bulged against her arms and spread them apart, eliciting a cry from her. “I didn’t want to lie to you, b-but I...*A-Ahh!!*...I just couldn’t...*O-OOOHHH*...”

“Are you all right??” he asked.

Leslie chuckled laboredly. “You’ve never seen a girl engorge before, have you?”

“Well, not really, no...” Mike admitted. This was a first for him, a moment he had waited for for a long time. Most women were very private about their engorgement periods, wanting to keep to themselves and handle their own sexual needs as they see fit.

“That explains why you’re staring at me like a movie screen,” Leslie giggled gently. Lowering her legs, she allowed her chest to flow into a more natural shape. “Might as well tell me what you think since the secret is out... Everything you hoped?”

The bottoms of her curves pressed into her thighs and completely eclipsed any view of her torso despite her bralette providing a poor amount of support. Through the thinning lace, Mike could see mouth-filling nipples quivering tightly. He knew the slightest touch could send a wave of permanent growth through Leslie, as well as a storm of orgasms.

“They’re...” He gulped, awestruck by her bust. “You’re absolutely beautiful.”

Relief washed over Leslie’s face. “You really think so? They’re not too big??” In her excitement, she grabbed the front of her bra and pulled it over her head to fully release her mammaries. Mike knew the small cups couldn’t have left much to the imagination, but even so, when her nipples were released, his breath caught in his throat.

Slowly he shook his head, unable to speak due to all the blood rushing from his brain.

“Good,” she cooed, feeling more confident, “Cause they’re not done yet...”

“They’re not??”

“I think I’m about seventy-five percent swollen,” she guessed, running her hands over their bulging sides to test the firmness of her skin. “You’re just in time to--*Ahh!*”

Leslie stuttered for a moment when pleasure shot through her from the swelling. It amazed Mike how helpless she was to the whims of her own body, completely powerless against its natural functions. Breathing heavily, Leslie tried to recover and looked to Mike. “S-So long as you’re here...w-would you mind helping a girl out?”

“How can I--Oh.”

Leslie leaned against the wall and spread her legs for Mike, answering his question before he could finish asking. “J-Just take my mind off these damn nipples for a few minutes...” she almost begged, “It’s all I can do not t-to touch them...”

Stepping to her bed, Mike felt a rush of arousal and hormones. He knelt on the mattress and grabbed either side of Leslie’s hips, eliciting a squeal of surprise when he pulled her onto her back. Each breast fell on top of her before pinning Leslie down under their flattened forms. Arms trapped underneath, her hands gently caressed her stretching skin and she opened her bent legs again for Mike. From her head hidden somewhere on the other side of the heaps of flesh came the words, “D-Do what you want, just don’t touch m-my nipples... I’m going to be big enough a-as it is...”

In a flash Mike had torn her blue panties off her legs and tossed them aside. Before him sat a moist pussy glistening and wet from hours of Leslie’s previous playtime. His pants had

never come off so quickly, and when his cock plunged into her waiting loins, Leslie cried out loudly. Her hands shot to her chest only to halt inches away from her nipples. It was all she could do not to touch them as Mike began pleasuring her.

“*Ooooh, Mike...*” she moaned, feeling her chest growing more massive on top of her. “*O-OOOHH!!*”

The experience was unlike anything he had ever experienced. Never had Mike thought he would be having sex with a girl during her engorgement at this point in his life, yet here he was watching Leslie balloon larger before his eyes as he slid in and out of her moaning body.

“*Y-You’re making them swell...NNGH...faster!!*” she cried. “*God, my nipples are on FIRE!! M-Maybe...*”

Mike had never seen such a tantalizing pair of nipples. With each thrust of his hips, Mike sent waves of jiggling growth and pleasure through Leslie’s bloated bust. Each ripple made her nipples expand and contract as if they were breathing, begging to be pinched and sucked. In her enlarged form, they had come to resemble mini-coke cans centered on areolas large enough to be a frisbee. The sight alone made his mouth water.

“*M-My nipples are s-so hard!!*” she yelled, “*I feel l-like I would come from the slightest touch!! God, I just want you to squeeze them!!*”

Her agonized words weren’t helping Mike’s temptations. As Leslie’s chest swelled wider and began pressing into his own and covering more of her arms, he stared hungrily at her nipples slowly rising higher towards him.

“*I-I want...MMMMNNGH!!...w-want you to suck me so...much!!*” Leslie admitted, “*GOD, nothing has ever sounded better!!!*”

Mike wasn’t sure he could resist the temptation much longer. Probabilities flew through his mind as he wondered about her actual chances of growing should he touch them. Hoping to satisfy his urges, he placed one hand on the bottom half of her chest and applied pressure.

“*AAUGH!!!*”

The resulting scream of pleasure as his hand sank more than six inches into her breast made his cock throb and thicken within her. Feeling tits swollen and firmed to such a massive size and pressed against his palm was utterly mindblowing.

“*M-Mike...*” Leslie groaned, shivering uncontrollably from the pressure on her chest. Her words sounded miles away from her mind. “*Touch them.*”

“*I am--*”

“*No, touch my nipples!! I-I...M-M-MMMMMM...c-can’t take it anymore!*”

It was like a gift from the heavens. Despite the encouraging pulsations from his groin, Mike had to double check. “*Are you sure?? What if--oof!*”

In a surprisingly strong and estrogen-fueled movement, Leslie pushed Mike out of her and pulled him onto the bed. Rolling onto her side, her tits stacking on top of one another like giant water-filled beach balls, she forced him onto his back and rolled on top of him before straddling her legs on either side of his hips. Slowly she lifted her rear and gripped Mike’s slick cock in a hand, stroking it firmly before angling it back into her crotch. Sitting straight, Leslie’s breasts covered more than half of Mike’s torso and overflowed both sides in soft bulges.

From Mike's view, Leslie's head loomed over him on top of the pale slope of her mammoth jugs. A hungry, sure, and demanding smile cracked over her face. "Touch them," she repeated, arching her back to inch her nipples toward his gaping mouth.

"Couldn't you grow permanently??" he asked, wondering why he was even questioning such a demand.

"*Maybe...*" Leslie bit her lip, "But maybe not..." Gyrating her hips on his shaft, she pushed her hands into either side of her bust to squeeze them together and bulge her nipples closer to Mike, she said, "Only one way to find out, right? I-It's ok, I want it..."

Mike was done asking questions. Each of his hands shot to her mammaries and gripped her palm-filling nipples in his fists. Craning his head forward, he latched onto their thickened pink forms, reveling in how they stretching his lips and cheeks.

"*AHHHHHH OOOHHHH YEEEEAAA!!!*" Leslie screamed, doubling over. Each of her hands fell onto Mike's shoulders for support as she leaned over him, shaking from an orgasm shooting through her body like a cannonball. "*G-GOD THAT FEELS GOOD!!!*" Her pussy clenched almost painfully around Mike's pulsing cock.

He sucked harder, drawing more cries from his girlfriend. Unable to contain herself, she began viciously riding his member to produce wet smacking sounds. The heat against Mike's face was unbelievable as Leslie's tits radiated warmth like two suns.

"*S-Something...OOOHHH GOD something i-is happening!!!*" she announced, her hands clenching tightly into his shoulders as she began to pant heavily. "M-Mike I think I'm s-starting to GROW!!!"

A sudden pressure struck against Mike's hands from Leslie's skin. A new force was churning inside of her body and pressing against the surface of her chest like a thick, rushing fluid. It didn't take much for Mike to realize she was getting tighter and firmer, her tits moving across his chest from an accelerated growth.

"*W-What's...What's going on...?!*" she groaned, "This feels...*MMMMMM*...so *different!!!*" Leslie's eyes fluttered open and gazed at the monstrous slope of tit billowing from her body and over Mike. "I-I am growing!!!" she cried out, "M-M-Mike this isn't just swelling!! *OOOHHH my boobs are getting bigger!?*"

The words of shock and surprise drove him to suck harder, massaging her plumping nipples between his hands. She trembled and nearly fell forward, momentarily paralyzed as a result. "*Dear God this is fantastic... I-I can feel my tits stretching on the inside! I-It feels like nothing else!!!*"

The rate Leslie was developing reached new heights. Within moments her nipples bloated too large for Mike's mouth and they popped free into the open air. Their soup can-sized forms were stiff in his hands, hardly allowing themselves to be squeezed from the extreme lust flowing through Leslie.

"L-Leslie I--"

"D-Don't you *DARE* stop," Leslie demanded.

Desperate to spur her growth further, Mike clamped his hands around her nipples as best he could and began rotating his wrists as if he were cleaning a pipe. Trembles and quakes roared

through her body and chest, skin tightening further as it grew to completely cover Mike's torso. Cleavage inched around his face threatening to swallow his head in a matter of moments while his arms were forced to an awkward angle to maintain their grasp.

"I-I'm so big..." Leslie moaned, "Sooooo *big!!!* I-I thought I was big before!!! But this!!!"

As her skin slid against his cheeks and the light from her bedroom faded from view, Mike could only look upward from within the all-engulfing cleavage. He could see the pale outline of veins running through the jiggling valley, a clear indicator of just how far her skin had come.

A new groan came from Leslie, her thighs clenching around Mike's hips. Shuddering, she warned, "M-Mike, I don't know...*nnnnghhh*...how much more...I-I can take! My tits feel like...I-like they're FULL!! God, I've grown so much... How big could I possibly get?!"

Despite her words of worry, her hands slid across her chest and found his. Together they massaged her nipples and drove her even larger. Knockers the size of yoga balls were pressed between them, supporting Leslie's own weight and near-suffocating Mike below. He felt like he was in a furnace, his face slick with sweat as her cleavage heaved and shifted around him.

"I-I don't want to stop..." Leslie moaned, "It feels TOO GOOD!!" She started to shake harder, their hips slamming together in trembling bounces. "S-Something is...going...*mmmmm*...t-to happen...!!" she gasped. "*OOOOHH, MIKE I FEEL IT!! I-I'm so close!!*"

Leslie's pussy was clenching around his cock, massaging and gripping it tightly in her arousal. Every fiber of Mike's being was devoted to seeing her growth through to the end, though he wasn't sure how much longer he could maintain his composure.

"M-More...*Bigger!!*" she pleaded, lost to her lust. "I-I..." Suddenly Leslie's body clenched, her hands squeezing her throbbing nipples with all her might as Mike felt himself gush within her. "*N-NNNNGGGHHHHH!!! OOOHHHH GOOOOOD!!!*" A guttural moan fell from Leslie's lips as her eyes clenched tight. The walls of her groin clamped so firmly around his cock Mike wasn't sure he could finish his own release.

For a full minute, Mike was trapped under Leslie's convulsing form. The incredible rolling contractions within her pussy were enough to pull an additional orgasm from himself. Their hips were both wet with fluids and slick to the touch.

Finally, when Leslie relaxed all at once, she loosed a heavy sigh of relief, collapsing on top of her chest. It was all she could do to keep her breathing under control after having just experienced a mind-altering rush of hormones and lust-filled sensations. "Mmmmm..." she moaned softly, content. "I think my engorgement just ended..."

Remembering Mike was trapped between her cleavage, she forced herself to straighten her back, using the wall for support. Once sitting straight, Mike's member still plunged deep inside her aching crotch, Leslie was able to fully admire what her chest had become. Resting her hands on top and allowing Mike to gasp for fresh air, her eyes grew wide.

"S-Shit..." she said slowly. "Mike... What did we do...?"

Leslie's breasts completely covered Mike's torso and overflowed its sides and her thighs. After their incredible bout of growth, their forms had come to be tight and rounded, the top of

her cleavage jutting off her chest at a low angle of descent. Mike was unable to see her face over the looming mountains of flesh above him, though he could clearly see her still-quivering nipples extending over his head like pink spouts.

“This is...” Leslie swallowed, having difficulty comprehending her new body. “T-This is twice the size I usually swell! Do you know how much we just made me grow?!” In a panic, she pulled herself free from his cock and fell backward onto the bed. Falling on her rear, her breasts flowed between her legs and covered them past her knees. Leslie’s eyes grew wider with realization, speech leaving her completely.

Now able to sit up, Mike supported himself on his elbows and gazed at his girlfriend. She had become more breast than woman, heaving mounds engulfing her legs and dominating her tiny body.

“I-I-I...I’m *massive!*” she declared. “Do you have any idea how big I’m going to be when my swelling goes down?? And how am I supposed to function until it does?? I’m not sure I could even lift these!” Though her words were full of concern, Mike could glean a look of wonder and astonishment from her eyes and blushing cheeks.

They both knew she would more than likely have a pair of permanent breasts able to fill her arms by the end of swelling month. Most women could only dream of swelling to such a size in the first place, let alone have such massive breasts year-round.

“Mike... What am I going to do...??” she asked, looking to her boyfriend for help and support. Whether she was aware of it or not, her fingers were slowly massaging her bloated chest and teasing her firm skin with small circles.

Thinking for only the briefest of moments, Mike stepped forward and placed a hand on each of her nipples, drawing out a flurry of moans. Confidently he said, “I can think of a couple of ideas...”

### Epilogue

“Mmmm... It’s almost that time of year again...” Leslie sighed, hugging Mike’s arm into her chest. After her enormous round of growth a year earlier, he hardly ever had the privilege of seeing his own elbow whenever he and Leslie walked together. Usually it was buried between her breasts; out of sight and wrapped in warmth.

Looking down at his girlfriend, Mike recalled fondly the erotic experience they had shared last swelling month. Much to Leslie’s predictions, she had been left with an incredible amount of permanent growth. Once her swelling had gone down a month later, she was dismayed to find a pair of overripened watermelons hanging from her torso. Each easily surpassed beach balls in size and created a frame with monstrously skewed proportions.

Of course it had taken time for her to adjust to the new lifestyle. Hefting massive breasts around for a month was one thing. It was a whole new challenge handling them forever. Though after a while Mike came to believe she actually enjoyed having such a large chest.

“*Oooh it’s kind of cold!!*” Leslie shivered.

The wind blew around them in late-spring fashion, but Mike no longer feared Leslie would blow away as he once had. Not so long as she had her gargantuan ballasts keeping her grounded. Now the wind only brought the ample protrusions of her erect nipples stuffed into her bra and blouse. Mike could stare at her jiggling cleavage all day and never feel bored.

To their left the student union building approached. However, the couple continued past it in each other's arms. "You miss serving bagels in there?" Mike teased, "I'm sure they would take you back!"

Leslie scoffed and nuzzled his shoulder. "And give up the fortune I'm making now? Not a chance. Can you believe how fast things have moved in the last year?"

Nodding, Mike had to agree. While it had been his idea for Leslie to pursue a career in modeling, he hadn't expected it to take off so quickly. Now Leslie was finding regular work in photoshoots largely due to her petite frame adorned by her ever-engorged breasts. She had become an overnight sensation. It didn't take long before she decided to move out of her parents' house and live with Mike for the remainder of school and beyond.

"Have you ever thanked Brad for that night?" Leslie asked.

"Hell no! He ditched me halfway up the side of your house!! But I'm pretty sure he might be your biggest fan, after me of course... Having a signed photo of you is all the thanks he deserves."

Leslie blushed but ate up the praise. "It almost makes me wish I hadn't hidden away for swelling month for so long. I always thought I would get made fun of..."

"You could still do it publically now," Mike reminded her, "You're going to engorge any day now! Your agency would pay *big* money for that photo shoot."

"Hmmm..." Leslie hummed, squeezing him firmly into her breasts, "I don't think so. You're the only person I want to be with when I'm that big."

"Think you're going to get as big as last year?"

"Please, you *know* I will! Mmmmmm, you can count on these puppies," she assured. "I think you just like hearing me say it out loud."

"Guilty! Tell me how big again."

"Big enough to bury you in bed..." she teased breathily. Standing on her toes, she pecked him on the cheek before asking softly, "You decide on what outfit you want me to--" she puffed her chest out teasingly and strained the blouse to its max, "--*pop* out of?"

"I'm torn between a one-piece swimsuit, a cheerleader outfit, or a sexy schoolgirl..."

Leslie giggled. "I could pop a few of my buttons right now if it would help you decide...! I always enjoy the schoolgirl." A fellow student walking by ran into a light post from his attention being stolen away.

"You just like hitting me with the buttons."

"Yea I do..."

The couple kissed lovingly and walked on, embraced in each other's arms and excited not only for the night of swelling ahead but also for the future full of memories on the horizon.