

Berry Swollen

Caution: contains bursting

“Ok, ok... He’ll be here soon... Just relax,” Jasmine told herself. Dating felt like such a foreign concept to her now after years of marriage. Finally recovered from her divorce, she was ready to jump back into the single’s market. Even so, she found herself second-guessing every preparation for the night.

She glanced in the mirror at her outfit, one she had spent over an hour picking out from her most exposing wardrobe. It showed off her body ten years ago and it showed off even more now. A black spaghetti-strap top clung to her torso with plastic-wrap tightness. Packed cleavage split her chest down the middle, her buxom knockers unwilling to be forced into such a tight garment without a fight. The over-taxed fabric had the supportive effect of a bra and displayed gentle rises where her nipples lay hidden. Passing her eyes lower across a partially-exposed abdomen, Jasmine brushed her hands across a skirt fit only to reach halfway down her thighs before meeting a pair of white leggings.

Jasmine gave a half frown, wondering if the outfit was appropriate for such an occasion. “I only just met him a week ago... We’ve hardly talked outside of texting!” Bounding her body left and right to confirm her breasts would at least stay contained, she felt a little better. “Although some of our conversations *have* gotten a little heated...” The thought of sex made Jasmine’s mind flutter; it felt like an eternity since her last ride.

“I just hope this outfit isn’t too much and--”

DING DONG!

The doorbell rang. There wasn’t any time left for her to worry; Paul was waiting on her front doorstep. Jasmine opened it to find a man dressed in casual formal attire. A sleek jacket hugged his shoulders over a polo and expensive jeans made Jasmine’s mind jump to what lay beneath the denim. In his arms was a large bouquet of flowers and a plastic container of strawberries wrapped in a bow. Jasmine was stricken.

After seeing her face, the first thing Paul’s eyes wandered to was Jasmine’s breasts. Very few body parts had jumped at him in such a way. He had guessed she was well endowed, but from his current vantage point, he thought he should add several cup sizes to his initial estimate of a G-cup.

Jasmine didn’t mind his glance one bit. “Hey, Paul! So glad to see you,” she greeted with a quick side hug.

Watching Paul struggle to maintain eye contact was amusing. “These are for you,” he said gifting the flowers after stepping into her house.

“*Oh they’re beautiful!*” Jasmine held them into her face and stared at Paul through the petals. This man knew how to treat a woman. “Let’s go put these in some water...”

Five minutes into their date and the sexual tension was at an all-time high. Jasmine had hoped it wasn't just her imagination but based on Paul's sneaking peeks, she knew he felt it as well. Both of them were coming out of their own dry spells. This outfit was the correct choice in every way.

The fruits in his other hand caught her eye. "And what about those?" she asked, leaning far and low over the counter to place the flowers. "Those aren't for your other date for tonight, are they?"

Paul blushed. "Actually it's kind of silly... I brought a container of strawberries on my first date in high school and it couldn't have gone better. Now I make a point to bring them on all my first dates. I'm a little superstitious that way."

Jasmine just wanted him to make a move. She couldn't believe how desperately horny she was; every inch of her body was begging for a man's touch. "Oh I don't think it's silly at all," she said in a sultry voice. Stepping close and taking the container, she pulled off the ribbon and plucked a strawberry from the pile. "Wanna know a secret?"

Paul smirked, glancing down at the hefty breasts inches from his chest. "I'm all ears."

"I've never actually had a strawberry," she whispered. Taking the fruit, she lifted it to her bust and ran it between her cleavage. "But I've heard they can be quite erotic..."

Paul's gulping reaction only turned her on more.

Lifting the fruit to her lips, Jasmine licked it before biting down and swallowing, allowing a bit of juice to escape the corner of her mouth. "I hear they're good with whipped cream, too..."

Paul stepped closer, pushing the container into her tits to test the waters. "You know, I think I've heard the same."

Feeling her nipples rising into her top, Jasmine could swear it was only getting tighter. Getting so hot and bothered wasn't helping to contain her body. Another strawberry graced her cleavage, its cold surface making her chest tingle. "What if I had some whipped cream...?"

This date was moving much faster than Paul had anticipated. There would be no complaints from him, though. Every time he looked at Jasmine's body her curves appeared bigger. Had her breasts been this big when they met, he would have noticed. Another strawberry passed between her lips and Paul couldn't help but stare at the extra skin showing on her thighs.

"Wait, hang on," he said, cutting off their teasing.

"O-Oh, I'm sorry! Was I out of line?? Was I coming on too hard??"

"No! No no! Not at all! I-I was just noticing you looked a little swollen. You mentioned you haven't had strawberries before; you might be having an allergic reaction. Do you feel all right?"

Jasmine's felt a pang of worry in her chest. Looking down, she could see her body was indeed puffy and swollen, mostly around her curves. The top was stretching well below what would be modest and a significant draft blew around her thighs. "U-Uhh yea, actually, I think I

am a little swollen.” Finding no other ill side effects, however, Jasmine’s arousal was quick to return. “But aside from an extra cup size or two... I feel *just fine*...”

Paul’s eyes fell to her chest at her words, drinking in the expanding view. Based on how big she was before, he felt certain her body could handle a bit of swelling. The volleyball tits sitting in front of him was proof.

Watching his eyes explore her reacting body was enough for Jasmine. Taking another strawberry, she breathed hotly. “It doesn’t feel too bad, actually... It’s kind of turning me on. Why don’t I eat one or two more?”

Several of the red fruits were eaten in a row, Paul watching every bite enter her mouth and her curves bloat in turn. Only three strawberries later and Jasmine’s body had taken on an extreme hourglass shape.

“*M-Mmmmm!*” she moaned, loving the taste of the juice in her mouth. Every drop made her body tingle with exciting electricity. “God these are good!” A juice-covered hand slipped between her cleavage, a pair of knockers engorged larger than basketballs receiving her fingers. A bulge in the front of Paul’s pants made her thighs wet. “I think you *like* watching these strawberries blow me up.”

Paul grinned, unable to resist any longer. Stepping forward and groping Jasmine’s right breast, he placed a strawberry against her lips. “Have another,” he insisted, sinking his fingers into her skin. It was far tauter than he imagined and her nipples felt hard as a rock.

“Mmmmm with pleasure.”

Juice ran down Jasmine’s chin. They heard her skirt stretch at its seams as her hips and thighs filled it to its max. Far below its hem, her stockings were rolling towards her knees as they were unable to contain her plumping girth. Mammaries like beach balls dominated her shrinking top like a sports bra. Tightening flesh bulged over the thin straps and pink outlines of areolas rose into the open.

“*O-Oooohhhh...*” Jasmine swooned. Every inch of her body ached with pleasure. The magic of this allergic reaction was beyond her wildest dreams. “God, I feel so *fuuuull*...”

Paul’s worry was returning. Squeezing a breast and her butt, he could feel how tense her skin was. “You’re getting a little tight, actually. Maybe it’s a good idea to stop for now,” he suggested.

Jasmine was already eating another. “Are you kidding?? *MMM! Look at me!*” Sticky hands hefted a pair of tight, rounding jugs, each as wide as her torso. “I’m not stopping until these curves undress themselves!”

Paul gulped, listening to the cracking seams. It wouldn’t be long.

“*Mmmm... M-Mmmmm!*” Jasmine couldn’t get enough, latent greed for her own curves taking over.

Every bite of fruit pumped her body fuller until flesh bulged over her clothes. The shirt clung across the front of her chest like a strap and her skirt remained around her hips, held in

place by an ass too large to escape now. Paul was worried, but he couldn't take his eyes off the bloating woman in front of him.

"These clothes...a-are so...*tight!*" Jasmine gasped, noticing a similar tightness in her skin. "They can't possibly last much--"

SHRRIIP!!

Heavy, juice-filled curves erupted from Jasmine's frame. Her top slapped Paul in the chest while her skirt fell around her heels in tatters. The absence of any underwear and the glistening sheen of Jasmine's moist crotch made Paul sweat.

Juice covered hands slid down Jasmine's body, exploring every bulging curve and leaving a trail of sweet residue. Her high heels clicked on the floor when she stumbled towards him, unable to find her new sense of balance. Breasts larger than beach balls and as firm as a drum pressed into him.

"Why don't we take a little trip to my room?" Jasmine whispered, grabbing Paul's cock. "You can lick this juice off my naked body before the *real* fun starts. If we hurry, you might get to still play with these swollen curves while they're still filling up."

More nervous by the second, Paul was pulled by his date's hand through a hallway until a master bedroom revealed itself. Jasmine saw the bed but was too excited to consider her new, heaving size. "I want you to bend me over this bed and--"

SKKRRRK!!!

A loud squeak echoed through the house, Jasmine's body wedging in the door frame at her boobs and hips. "Mmmm, uh oh," she giggled, patting her drum-like skin, "I think I might need a little help..." Sticking her naked rear towards him as best she could, she insisted, "*Mmmm*, give me a good push!"

Paul could see her curves expanding larger every second, her body still reacting to the strawberries. Every moment her skin bulged around the door frame and further locked her position. Worried, he indeed pushed.

SKKRKK!

"*O-OOH!*" Jasmine didn't budge, but her curves protested. "G-Gentle," she whimpered, Paul's hands on her hips. "I'm a little full, you kn--"

SKRK!!

"*A-Ahh!*" Paul pushed again, making Jasmine cry out. This time she felt the pressure fighting back, her body refusing to budge and still swelling tighter. "O-O-Ok! Paul, I think I need to get out of here!"

"I know! I'm...*nnggh!*...trying!"

SKKKRKK!!

"*P-Paul!!*" Jasmine winced, her nipples feeling bloated and round inside her bedroom. Juice sloshed from her body with every motion. "*Ok! This door is reeeaaally starting to squeeze me now!?*"

SKRRK!! SKRRK!!

“Ahh!! *AHH!!* Paul get me out of here!!” Jasmine watched stretch marks form in her face-engulfing cleavage. “*This door is going to make me POP!!*”

“I’m trying!!”

GRRRRNNNN

A new sound echoed now coming from Jasmine’s body; her skin was done stretching. “P-Paul! *Paul please!! Oohhhh there’s too much pressure on my tits!! M-My hips feel like they’re going...NNNGHH...going to BURST!! Why did I eat so many?!*”

Paul knew there was no getting her out. Taking a step back, he watched her curves bloat to extreme sizes, concealing much of her body.

“Paul?! *Paul don’t just leave me! My body is--O-OOOOHHH!!*”

GRRRNNNNN!!!

On the other side of the door, pink juice started spraying from her nipples. Jasmine could feel the sugary fluid running between her thighs. “*PAUL I FEEL LIKE I’M GOING TO EXPLODE ANY SECO--*”

KABLOOOSH!!!