

Movie Night Bust

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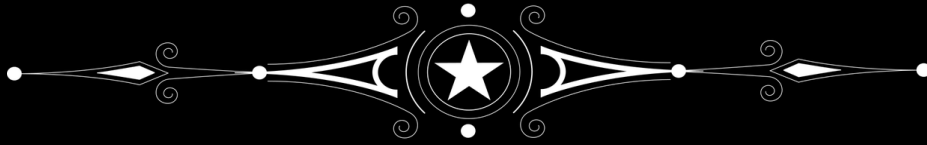
Commission for Xilimyth

By

Desmond Fallout

The following contains: Female hyper breast expansion

Read at your own discretion.



The rapid clicking of keys would have gone on all night if not for a sharp rapping on wood breaking concentration. Desmond's pointed fox ears shot up with a startled yelp, twisting in the direction of his open bedroom door a second before the rest of his head.

A cougar woman filled out the opening with just as much muscle mass as womanly curves. Although 'large' was only relative to the collar tag. At her bodybuilder level of bulk, the hem only came down to her caved waist. They had been roommates long enough that she felt comfortable enough in only black panties this late in the evening. Lettering stretched and warped around the huge round mounds of her chest still legible as 'you have to be crazy to stay sane.'

A phrase that summed up the lives of everyone in the apartment.

"Are you going to leave us waiting, or what?" Brenna asked with a knowing grin. She saw the squirrel-fox's yellow-slit eyes predictably take a second to scan her form before finding her golden-brown eyes. Poor dude was just hopeless when it came to amazon builds. "Get a move on, prrf!"

"Right. Sorry!" Desmond managed to squeak as Brenna's looming presence left the doorway. Letting out a deep breath he saved and shut down wordpad to go join the big cougar in their living room.

Desmond hadn't forgotten it was 'movie night.' It was one of the very few times he can enjoy physical company in a nice and chill environment. Sometimes an idea hits his creative brain just right and absolutely needs to get out on paper, less it be lost to the shadow realm forever. These things have a way of snowballing from an idea to a thought and then into a full blown introduction to a story. Beginnings were the worst part of the process to the squirrel-fox, so he took any chance to look like he can competently set a mood or tone.

Most of the time he rambled on a topic until he got bored and asspulled a transistion to get the plot moving.

"Oh, yum!" No sooner did Desmond step out into the hall than his plump black nose caught the scent of fresh baking with a hint of sweetness. It led him down into the kitchen which connected openly to their living room. On the counter sat a large snack bowl overflowing with steaming kettle popcorn. "Breaking out the fancy stuff this week, Xili?"

A cheetah woman at their fridge shot him a playful grin over one shoulder and membrane wing. She made a show of bending forward to put the butter onto the very

bottom shelf and closing the door. Those dang boyshorts left nothing to the imagination while her spotted tail danced through the air. "It was my bait in case sis couldn't get you out here. Anything can be attracted with the right snack."

"Uh huh. Attraction." Desmond pretended to spy something on the floor as cover for wiping his bloody nose. "I swear I wasn't going to be too much longer."

"Don't worry about it, silly." Xilimyth waved one hand in a flurry of magical energy wisps. They made a streamline for the popcorn bowl building up in a pool until there was enough force to make it levitate.

"That is a gross misuse of dragon magic," Desmond said, more snarky than critical about the act. "Either of us could have just picked it up."

"Where's the fun in magic if I can't practice it?" Xilimyth countered, giving off a raspberry. "Besides, you love it when I sh-hck! ACHOO!"

"Bless you, ni-chan!" Brenna called from the couch. The cougar remained in a heavy debate which movie they would specifically partake in tonight. Both Xilimyth and Desmond kept telling her Amazon offered a much better selection than Netflix.

Desmond would have also offered blessings if not for the excess magical energies Xilimyth's involuntary reflex expelled. Just seeing it caused his enormous squirrel tail to go rigid as he backpedaled against the far wall. The chaotic dragon magic washed over the countertop before harmlessly evaporating into the ether it had been summoned from. His panic might have seemed unwarranted, but experience had taught all three furries directionless spells made the most annoying results. Everyone was just glad it didn't reach the already levitating popcorn bowl.

"Scaredy cat!" Xilimyth teased again, twirling towards the living room with the floating bowl close to her head. "Poom, will you just pick something already?"

"Prfff!" The cougar twisted in her kneeling position at the TV to give a full glare back. "Fine, but don't blame me if it's lame. This would be easier with the remote."

"Oh! I left it in the kitchen while cooking this afternoon. Dessy, can you grab it?"

"Eh?" Desmond was still peeling his frazzled behind off the plaster only now noticing the little black device full of buttons. The bowl of popcorn must have nearly obscured it from sight. At least the blast of magic hadn't turned it into a slab of bacon or something. He snatched it up and joined Xilimyth on one couch. Her spotted dragon wing draped over his body like a blanket, prompting him to lean on her muscular bicep for a pillow.

Brenna was glad to get a movie streaming so she could get up and flop across their other couch. Having a cougar that big required her own personal seat. Not a minute later she reached over to grab a large paw hand full of popcorn, only to notice something annoying about her adopted sister.

“Really, niichan? Why are you wearing another of my shirts!?”

“Mpph?” Xilimyth had both cheeks already stuffed with confection, so couldn’t properly express her confusion. Looking down quickly helped her remember the baggy shirt draped down to her hips.

Well, baggy in all ways except one. While the cheetah possessed a toned, but lithe frame compared to Brenna, she more than made up for it with a bust that defied the gods. The two almost perfectly round beach balls underneath pushed out into an amazing shelf that caught bits of kernels in its cotton net. Abbreviation letters for Brenna’s old college, IAC, were distorted in very comical balloon fashion along the curves.

“Right. Sorry about this, Poom. I only got two shirts even close to covering me and they’re both dirty.” Xilimyth shifted softly, brushing the mess off her chest. “These old ones of yours are the only other thing that can cover me completely.”

“Prff!” Cougar nostrils flared in a loud snort. “Yeah, before you have your little growth ‘spurts’ and shred them to pieces. I don’t have an infinite supply of those, you know.”

“It’s just movie night! I’m not going to go kaiju or something while watching Netflix.” Xilimyth rolled her eyes, tossing more popcorn into her maw. It quickly became apparent that her argument did nothing to stave her sister’s concern. “What do you want me to do? Have Dessy support them manually all night?”

For his part, the little blue mutant under her wing abstained from commenting, unless you counted nibbling a few tasty snacks as well. Everyone already knew those mammaries can, and have, completely smothered his tiny head between them.

“Fine!” Brenna snatched up a share of popcorn with another annoyed, “Prff. You better wash that with your own stuff tomorrow.”

“Of course I will. Duh!”

With a modesty crisis averted, the trio settled in their respective comforts to enjoy their night. Something that quickly became easy with the cheesy monster movie Brenna setup. Desmond at least gave it props for being about a giant killer octopus this time. There’s a creature that never gets enough movie love.

“Hey! Can someone turn up the volume?” Brenna muffled after the first ten minutes rolled by. “This prffing music track is all bonkers, it’s playing over the voice dubs.”

Xilimyth grunted with an agreeing nod. “Might as well turn on subtitles too. Dessy you got the...”

“Yeah. I’m on it.” Desmond reluctantly moved off the cheetahs arm, fishing the remote out from under his rear. They usually watched movie night in dim light, leaving

him with only the glow of the TV for him to make out the arrangement of buttons. "Now where the heck...oh, there we go. Volume!"

The yellow paw pad of his thumb pushed down the arrow button with no change in the movie's volume. There wasn't even an appearance from the TV's meter for indicating its current sound levels. Not one to give up, Desmond hammered on the remote several more times with the same lack of results. Damn device grew warm in his palm, indicating it was working in some capacity. He really didn't want to have to get up and switch the batteries, so he left his finger firmly on the knob hoping to spark some reaction.

"Nya-aah!!"

A startled gasped and hard shudder from Xilimyth was not what the squirrel-fox had in mind. If not for the wing wrap keeping Desmond close to her side, the sudden undulation would have rocked him from the couch.

Brenna glanced over curiously drawn to the feline noises. "You okay, niichan?"

No reply came. Xilimyth's body snapped from writhing to a catatonic state, complete with a jaw hanging, thousand-mile stare. Lungs barely managed to draw in shallow breaths while a storm of sensual lightning jolts swirled in her mind. She had no idea what was causing her dragon magic to stir inside her, nor could she summon the willpower to calm it. Sparks washing over her curvy figure left every last strand of fur standing on end. Just the warmth of Desmond's body against hers grew several times more sensitive. The hard cotton of Brenna's shirt scratched at her nipples, causing them to puff into visible outlines in the material.

"Ooo...oh crap!" A hard shifting in Xilimyth's chest snapped the poor woman from her trance. After experiencing these sensations many times already she'd be a fool not to recognize their purpose.

Sadly, any feelings of dread didn't linger under the amazing stimulation happening inside her breasts. Milk glands receive their own personal magic massage, triggering a rapid lactose production. Their swelling pushed in on ample layers of fat and muscle, spurring them into more expansive reactions. A strained yowl escaped Xilimyth's blushing muzzle as the skin of her mounds drew tight. Her round spheres drew back into a dramatically firmer hang than normal, which ironically made it a better shelf for the popcorn bowl.

Except for when the cheetahs insides became too much and her spotted hide gave out from the pressure. Having his head already resting on them, Desmond could hear the ominous sloshing inside Xilimyth's boobs before they bloated out like inflating balloons. This time the push back did force him rolling out from under Xilimyth's wing, managing to catch himself on the couches arm rest. The snack bowl carefully prepared for their evening went flying in a shower of kernel's across the carpet.

“Aah! Paah! Oooooooo god. Fuck!” Xilimyth rolled her head back in a helpless groan. The release of her growth threatened to make her orgasm on the spot. “I...I swear I’m not d-d-doing thiiiiis! Nyaaaaa~!”

Seeing the already stretched letters of her shirt continued to spread out across increasingly spherical bulges made Brenna roll off her couch in a rage. “Damn it, Xili! This always happens when it’s my stuff. Take it off.”

“Mmph! I...I can’t!” Xilimyth glanced down nearly plunging her chin into the raised and deepening cleavage reaching out from her ribcage. Shaking hands reached up to squish into their outer edges, eliciting another strained mew. “S-so tight...so fffffull! Mmmgh!”

“PRRF! Xilimyth, don’t you da-” Brenna’s ears perked at the sound of small pops barely audible over the movie’s dramatic score. It was already too late, even in this light she could see the IAC shirt splitting in several small tears across Xilimyth’s chest. Tufts of yellow and black spots eagerly squished through these openings to help expand them wider and wider.

In her defense, Xilimyth really wanted to apologize for inadvertently destroying another momento. The problem was that her already enormous bust, while taut, threatened to settle into her lap like two giant bags of sand. Each was twice the size of her torso and only gushing further out with each breath sucked in. While hands tried desperately to rub the tension out of their wide reaching girth the most she could muster were happy cat chirps.

Realizing her sister was lost for a bit, Brenna whipped her head back and forth scanning what she could of the room in the dim TV light. “Okay. What’s causing it this time!? Oh crap! It’s not the popcorn, is it!?”

There was a notion that even got Desmond to pull his attention away from Xilimyth’s expanding mammary moons to paw at his bare pecs. “I don’t think so. I’d probably be a D-cup by now at least.”

“Prff!” Brenna’s eyes narrowed suspiciously at being reminded of her other fetish-inducing roommate. She would have started throwing accusations but she caught sight of the remote in his other hand. “Desmond! For Prffs sake, let go of the button!”

“Huh?” Desmond gave her a cock-eyed look before removing his thumb from the device to look at it.

“NYAAAH!!” Xilimyth sputtered into a wild cry as she came. Granted it got slightly drowned out by the loud destructive tearing of Brenna’s shirt. Bits of cotton scraps sprinkled the floor atop popcorn while two bean bags for breasts spilled onto the cheetahs bulky thighs. She fell forward, using canyon cleavage for support while waiting for her body to stop its spasms. Hands continued groping the rich mounds taking in every last sensation that could be milked from their growth.

Speaking of which, Desmond could practically hear the liquid sloshing inside Xilimyth as she worked. Glancing down at the remote things suddenly made a bit more sense seeing it glowing with the same magical aura his friend produces. “Hah! Volume setting. That’s pretty funny.”

“I’m glad you think so!” Brenna crossed her arms with an angry grunt. The TV’s projected light left her in a deep looming shadow for added effect. “What are we going to do about my shirt? Huh!?”

“I…I’m sorry sis,” Xilimyth said, exhausted but coming back to her senses. Trying to sit up only slightly hefted the overstuffed boobs from her lap. Thank goodness she still had the support of a couch for her back. “Christ! They’re even bigger than last time too.”

“By at least forty pounds, I’d say,” Desmond added, recoiling when Brenna gave an angry ‘prff.’ “Come on. It was a total accident. How were we supposed to know Xili accidentally enchanted a TV remote? Magic is just weird sometimes.”

“Prrfing understatement of the year from you dorks!” Brenna said, though aggression already faded from her words. Bulky shoulders rose and fell with a deep breath before her plush cougar rear flopped back onto the other couch. “Can you at least shrink her back so we can enjoy the rest of the movie?”

“Do we have to?” Xilimyth asked with a meek smile. Arms tried their best to hug her new assets barely managing to connect hands.

“I’m not even sure we can,” Desmond admitted as he eyes the remote close to his face. Already he had lost track of the button placement and this darkness didn’t help. “Okay, I think I got it.”

Another tingle traced up Xilimyth’s spine eliciting a gasp and shudder. Confusion promptly took hold when instead of feeling the titanic bust in her arms change the energy seemed to pool into her neck. When it faded the trio remained staring at the silky white fur of her cleavage subtly jiggling with Xilimyth’s breaths.

“Êtes-vous sûr d’appuyer sur le bouton droit?” she asked, tail promptly shooting straight up with eyes expanding to the size of dish plates. “Attendre. Qu’est-ce que je viens de dire ?”

“Wow.” Desmond glanced again to the button his claw rested over. “I found the language option. What do you think the zoom would do to her?”

“DESMOND!” Both cat girls cried in almost practiced unison.

“Right. Right.” The squirrel-fox rolled his eyes while hitting what he hoped was the lower volume button. He really did love movie night with these cats.

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Afterward

Hello, you beautiful person! I hope you enjoyed this story as much as I loved making it. If you'd like to read more, feel free to check out several of my other platforms where I post content for free and special exclusives.

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