

Random Acts of Swelling

“Nnngh... Too late... Way too late... Again...”

Breanna rubbed her eyes against the Saturday morning light. Time crawled by with all the speed of a wave of molasses. A night filled to the brim with dancing and drinking had sealed Breanna’s fate for the next several hours. It wasn’t going to be easy finding her energy.

“Maybe today will just be a lazy day...”

She glanced down at her appearance. Clad in only a thin robe nearing the point of transparency, she was in no shape to enter the public eye.

“Looks like this is my uniform for today!”

Settling on her fate brought peace to Breanna’s heart. Taking a remote, she flicked on the TV in the living room to provide some background noise while she poured a cup of coffee. A male newscaster’s voice populated the room with a breaking story, his words failing to reach Breanna’s weary ears.

“Reports are flooding in of women experiencing seemingly random bouts of swelling of their breast across the world! After the first case was reported yesterday, millions have fallen into the same fate. Scientists are baffled as to the cause and have no leads on treatment. These random victims of swelling have not been found to share any commonalities other than their sex. Victims have shown varying degrees of growth, with some women displaying an increase of only a few cups while others face a fate much worse. We go now to our reporter in the field. Laura?”

“Thanks, Tom!” A reporter flashed on screen. Her blouse showed significant stress across two head-sized globes, as though her breasts had doubled in size since being buttoned. Next to her stood a college girl wearing pajama shorts and a camisole stretched beyond the point of modesty.

“I’m standing here with Ally, a student at MSU. Like many women, she found her shirt filling out a little more than usual today. Can you tell us a little about your experience, Ally?”

“Y-Yes!” The girl blushed and hugged her chest. *“It started without warning! I was eating breakfast and suddenly my--BLEEP--just started growing! They stopped after a few cups, but none of my bras fit anymore!”*

Laura nodded and looked to the background. *“And from what I can see, your roommate was not so lucky.”*

The camera panned to the side. A small crane stood working to dislodge a girl from the side of a destroyed house. Large canvas sheets cradled two van-sized breasts billowing across the lawn.

“Oohhhhh God!! MY--BLEEP--ARE GIGANTIC!!! AHHH I CAN’T TAKE IT!!! THEY’RE SO SENSITIVE!!!”

A handful of construction workers stood around the immobile girl as the crane began lifting. Flesh bulged over the canvas before she rose from the ground and inched toward a flatbed truck.

“Absolutely tragic,” Laura shook her head. *“Like many girls who face the more extreme side of this mystery condition, Ally’s roommate will be taken to a secure facility to receive treatment and--”*

POP!!

A button sprang from Laura’s blouse to expose a generous amount of cramped cleavage. She blushed and worked to close the gap created by her engorging bust. *“B-Back to you, Tom.”*

The TV returned to the newscaster. His eyes remained wide from the scenes depicted. *“Thank you...Laura... Ahem... Authorities are recommending all women stay indoors. The cause of swelling is not known nor are there any theories on who it may affect. There has been significant evidence showing a connection between sexual stimulation and the degree of growth, however. If you find yourself swelling, we advise you seek immediate medical attention and refrain from stimulating yourself in any way.”*

CRASH!

Something fell in the background of the newsroom.

“Ahh!!! My breasts!!! THEY’RE BLOWING UP!!! SOMEBODY HELP ME!!”

It took a moment for Tom to recover from the scene happening off camera. *“S-Stay tuned for weather after a word from our sponsors.”*

Breanna entered the living room seconds later with a steaming cup of coffee to the noises of a McDonald’s commercial.

“Mmmm... That looks good...” she hummed, eyeing the egg mcmuffin like a lover. The couch accepted her body as she collapsed into the cushions.

“N-Nngh... Jeez...” Breanna’s face winced when her B-cups jiggled against her robe. The fabric was rough and overstimulating against her nipples, both of which felt swollen and more sensitive than usual. Such sensations were a shock, but not unwelcome.

She glanced down to see her nipples tenting her meager robe. *“Looks like you girls are awake at least! Trying to help mommy wake up, huh?”*

Temptation sparked within the back of her mind. Lying back, Breanna opened her robe to find her breasts sitting high and full on her body. Her usual B-cups paled in comparison to the plump mounds wobbling with her heated breaths.

“W-Wow... What’s gotten into you two?”

They were full and swollen with two additional cups. At twice her usual size, the sight of D-cups jutting from her body was enough to make Breanna’s dreams come true. They seemed to flare and breathe with life when she cupped them in her hands.

“M-Mmmm!! Jesus...! I-I’ve never had...period swelling like this...! They feel so full!! A-And firm!”

A neatly trimmed navel came into view as she spread her legs and allowed her robe to fall open. Mystified by her new assets, Breanna slipped a hand between her legs and kept a groping hold on one breast.

“MMMNGH!!! O-Ooohhh!!”

Lubrication was quick to flow. Coating her hand in juices, Breanna's body vibrated with sexual life. Her mammaries sang and tingling with sensitivity. It was impossible to keep still as she found her clit and slid lower on the couch.

"Y-Yes.... Ooohh yes... God I'm fucking dripping! T-These tits!!"

An orgasm had never approached her with such speed. Trembling from her efforts and the spine-tingling sensations rushing from her bloated breasts, she began bucking her hips and arching her back.

"Aahhhh... A-Aaahhhh!!! Oohhhh fuck!!! Fuuuuuck!!!! AHH!!!"

Breanna's body seared with heat. Becoming too sensitive to touch, her hands clamped down and she tensed to the point she thought her body might split in half.

"NNNGHHHH!!!!!"

Waves of pleasure crashed over her for a full minute before subsiding. Swollen and plump, her chest and pussy remained in an iron grip. She didn't dare move her hands out of fear of triggering further orgasmic waves capable of rendering her unconscious.

"Oh... Oh my... I've never... I've never come like that..." she moaned, staring at the ceiling. *"No wonder D-cups are so mythical... They're freaking loaded pleasure buttons that--"*

Breanna froze. Something sparked within her body. Against her palm, something soft and hot pressed with determined pressure.

"H-Huh?"

Flesh engorged from her torso at an incredible rate. Breanna watched her breasts bloat outward at several cups every second. In only a matter of several breaths, her mammaries ballooned into heaving watermelons with no signs of stopping.

"WHAT'S HAPPENING TO ME?! Why are my tits swelling up?!"

Cleavage plumped into view before the weight of her chest directed it down her torso. Distending into a pale, jiggly slope, Breanna gazed at her chest pin her body. A pink nub throbbed fuller and fuller against her palm until it felt as though she were squeezing a soft soda can. Flesh engulfed her arm as it sank into her chest.

"M-MM!!!"

As much as she wanted to maintain her grip, her arm could no longer reach her nipple and she was forced to release. Soft skin slid under her fingertips. She would have been horrified if the process didn't feel so incredible.

The TV came to life once more. *"We're receiving thousands of reports from our own area of women experiencing this incredible growth! Once again, we urge you to stay indoors and refrain from any form of sexual stimulation if you show signs of swelling!"*

Breanna's eyes bulged. Trapped between her legs under one hundred pounds of flesh, her fingers twitched against her clit. *"WHAT?!"*

GRRROOOOAAAAAN

The couch heaved under her weight. Unable to contain her own chest, Breanna felt her tits overflow her legs and brush against the carpet.

“S-Stop!! Oh please stop!! This is...t-this is...mmmnggh!!! I can’t...!”

The cold coffee table pressed into her mounds. Its weight held strong and forced her chest back in a rising mountain of white until it began tilting back.

CRASH!!

“M-MMNGH!!”

Breanna’s fingers entered herself once more. Resisting the stretching and swelling sensations was impossible. Enjoying the growth felt as necessary as drinking water. Something in her mind told her she had to fuel her growth.

Bed-sized knockers crept across her living room. Using her free hand to push her chest away from her face, Breanna felt as though she’d become no more than a head and a pair of titanic breasts.

“AHH!!! JERRY, IT’S HAPPENING TO ME!!! WHY AM I GROWING?!”

A sharp cry came from the neighbor’s house. Knowing them well, Breanna wondered if Polly was experiencing anything as pronounced as her growth. Polly was one of the biggest women on the block when it came to curves, if not the biggest. Combined with the chaos shown on TV, the world seemed to be overtaken by swelling breasts.

“M-MMMM... MMMM!!!”

Breanna bit her lip to stifle deep moans. The living room was a sea of quivering skin. Her nipples felt as full as tight water balloons and just as sensitive.

“How big can they get?!” she moaned, not noticing her fingers curling in and out of her groin.

Intense heat flooded one nipple.

WHRRRRRR

“O-Oh no.”

In the far corner sat a humidifier. Engulfed by her chest, Breanna could feel her nipple and areola smashing against the machine. Steam and warmth poured onto her nipple as the device vibrated from the conditions. Every pore sang with life as steam built upon her pink skin;

“M-MMGNH!!! Oohhh no!!! Ohhhh it’s going to make me bigger!!!”

Skin rose like the tide. Finding herself pushed back into the couch as cleavage towered overhead, Breanna’s world went dark. With her nipple facing constant, intense stimulation and her hand pinned between her legs, she gasped for air in rising sexual pleasure. Her fingers flew around her clit as an orgasm approached like a bullet train. Doubling down as the walls began to crack, Breanna tensed and prepared for the result.

“Mmmmm!! M-Mmm... M-M-More!!” she panted. *“More!! GROW BIGGER!!!”*