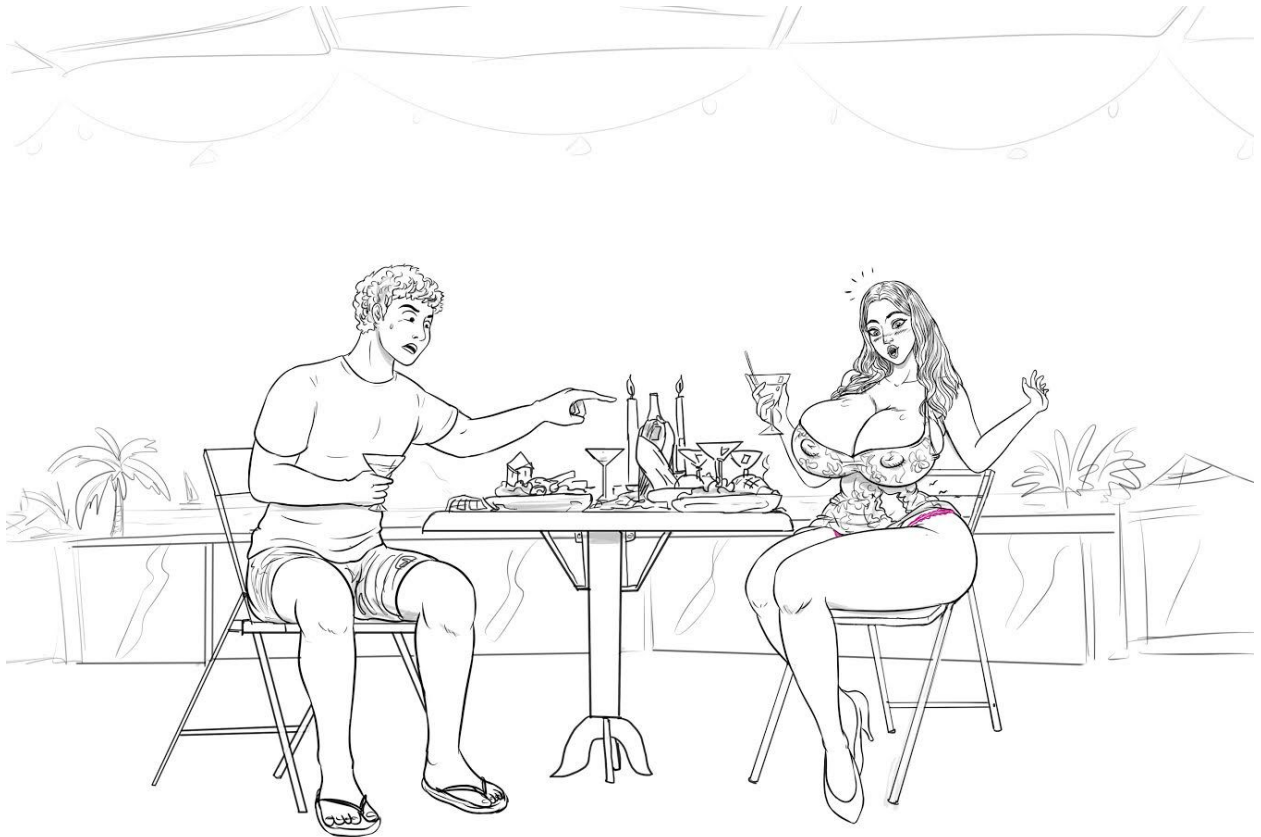


### Gotta be Love Part 3 Preview



Later Parker and I found ourselves seated at a couple's table on a patio along the beach. Waves were crashing to our side and the sky had taken on a tropical orange glow as Kauai was bathed in twilight. Strings of lights were being lit around and the air was full of other's chatter and the clinking of silverware against plates.

"Nice place..." Parker observed.

"It's beautiful," I couldn't help but agree.

The moments passed by in relative silence.

"Good evening!" a waiter greeted us, "Will we be starting off on any drinks tonight?"

"Yes please!" I jumped at the opportunity, "Two mai tais, please."

"I'll have a hurricane..." Parker added.

The waiter eyed me curiously when he realized I had ordered two drinks for myself but wrote it down nonetheless. "I'll have those right out."

I looked down at my napkin and fiddled with it. "I'm sorry..."

"What?"

I looked up shyly. "I just... I feel like I ruined our honeymoon."

“You didn’t ruin anything.”

“This is the closest we’ve been to the beach in three days.”

“Ok so maybe it’s not exactly the most romantic vacation so far...” he admitted, “I’m just as much to blame though.”

“But if I hadn’t have sent such confusing signals...”

“I should have asked.” He looked around a little before continuing, “I miss it too, you know...”

“Miss what?”

“You know...” he held his hands far out in front of him as if he were hefting two beach balls, “*That...*”

“Y-You do??”

“Of course I do! Why wouldn’t I?” he said with an obvious tone.

“I don’t know, you never really fought to keep doing it I guess.”

“Because I thought it was what you wanted!”

“Well you know I like it now! Why haven’t I grown in over 3 days if you like it so much?” I could feel the childishness of my words as soon as I said them.

“I haven’t felt like it.” His voice sounded shrunken back a little. *Good job, June, you're making him take a step backward.*

“Here we are...!” our waiter announced before setting three colorful glasses on our table.

I grabbed mine and slurped eagerly from the straw. *Holy rum, Batman!*

“Do you think you’re ready to order?” he asked.

I drank about half of the first glass in one go and set it down to Parker’s surprised eyes. “Sure! Can I have the prawns?”

“And for you, sir?”

“I’ll have the burger, please,” Parker ordered.

The waiter thanked us and left with our orders. Parker turned towards me and watched another swig slurp into my mouth. “You might want to slow down, June; you haven’t eaten all day.”

I’m fi--” I had a small coughing fit as the alcohol burned my sore throat, “I’m fine. Let’s just eat and get back to the room.” I could feel the rum burning my lips. One drink was usually enough to give me a substantial buzz, and Parker knew I was a lightweight. It didn’t matter tonight.

We stared at our surroundings with hardly any words spoken. I had finished my first drink within the first five minutes and by the time I was halfway through the second, I could feel my head starting to feel lighter. *Now that’s a mai tai...*

Twenty minutes of awkward staring and sniffing later, the waiter delivered our food and saw that both of our drinks were empty. I think he could sense the negative atmosphere around our table as well. “Would you like any refills?”

“Yes, please,” Parker told him and motioned to both his glass and mine.

“Two mai tais again, ma-am?” he asked with a chuckle.

I was too far gone to notice he had been only joking. “Why not!” I burst out, “Drink up me hearties!” I gave the waiter my best Jack Sparrow facial interpretation and only received a look of mental discomfort in return.

“I’ll be right back with those...” the waiter said shying away.

“June I think--”

I interrupted him, fully feeling the effects of the booze. “So you liked having my boobs big too, huh??” I asked rather loudly. I wasn’t sure he could hear me over the sounds of everything else.

“Y-Yes! I thought that was obvious!” he said with his face going red, “Keep your voice down, people can hear you.”

“I don’t know how anyone can hear anything! That damn ocean hasn’t shut up since we got here...” I laughed and ate a giant shrimp from my plate. I put my hands on the table and leaned forward, now whispering with extreme care. “So *how big* do you like them being?”

“June please stop...” Parker said rubbing his eyes. “You’re drunk.”

“Now it’s all right! You can say it!” I told him ignoring his pleas. I pressed my chest into the table and made my cleavage bulge over my sundress. “I know they’re not much on their own but the thing in your pants can change thaaat, can’t it!” I cooed before being overcome with the giggles.

Straightening up I looked down at my chest and saw that my cleavage had remained in its bulging state with the front of my sundress pulled fairly taut. I giggled some more and looked at Parker to say, “Uh oh! Looks like I’m having a little growth spurt!” I could feel my chest tingling all over as a warmth filled them.

I smiled warmly in my stupor, the alcohol seemed to wash away my inability to resolve our earlier situation. The awkwardness was gone, replaced by my drunken silly June. I slurped more of my mai tai down and gasped when a cough hit me and then grinned stupidly at Parker. “I bet you can make them go bigger.”

“June, come on...” Parker said in a hushed tone, “You’re not yourself.”

“I’m fine! Come on, really make these puppies--”

“Here are your drinks,” the waiter announced cutting me off. He set them in front of us and looked at the remaining food on our plates. “Anything else while I’m here?”

I motioned for him to lean forward a little. “Does this dress make my boobs look big?” I whispered to him.

The way his face seemed to pale and grow red at the same time when his eyes looked instinctively at my bust amused me much more than it should have. “M-Ma-am, I--”

“We’re fine!” Parker jumped in.

The waiter was quick to make a getaway and I giggled at Parker feeling my sundress grow even tighter. A healthy overflow of flesh was pushing its way towards my chin as I began to grow into an F cup. The dress’ unwillingness to stretch was becoming obvious.

"Hey, Paaarrker..." I swooned.

Parker sighed holding his head in his hands, "What?"

I giggled. "I think you like how I'm overflowing this tiny dress right now..."

I could see his eyes flitting back and forth from my boobs and each time they bubbled just a bit bigger and grew a little warmer. "June, this really isn't a good place to be doing this! Again, you're drunk!"

After another healthy drink from my glass, I stuck out my lip and pouted, "I thought you said you liked me being *biiiiig*."

"I-I do but..." He was shifting uncomfortably in his seat and my dress pulled even tighter around me. I could hear the fabric strain around my neckline from the stress.

"Make me big, Parker," I told him with a wink, "I dare you."

"June--"

I sat up and shook my bosom back and forth making its hefty mass jiggle left and right. They wobbled on my front like two soft coconuts and made the dress creak again. "Don't you wanna see them get *reeeaaal biiiiig and bouncy??*"

I shot forward a full three cup sizes right there, each sway bringing a new size and weight. My boobs lunged out from my chest like a small pressure was released behind them and I actually squealed with delight. A few people turned to look at the girl with the boobs nearly the size of her head in a dress meant for C cups. My chest felt so tingly it was like it was full of soda! All these warm, dense feelings pushing outwards on my skin and hundreds of fingers massaging my curves. I could feel a similar sensation starting to spread over my butt and legs.

"Maybe we should get the check?" Parker suggested.

"Or maybe we can have some more fun!" I giggled. I felt like I was sitting a bit higher now and I could feel my thighs starting to press into each other. My butt had never felt so comfortable to sit on in my entire life! Also from the burgeoning size of my tits, I could feel my dress riding up my legs in an effort to give me more room. Leaning forward I pressed my volleyball boobs into the table and forced a jaw-dropping amount of cleavage towards Parker's direction. My head was so fuzzy with rum that I didn't care who else saw. "I bet you can't make me outgrow this dress."

"You know I can--"

"Then do it. I dare you." I leaned on my tits like airbags and moaned when I felt them push me back away from the table. *Let loose, Parker... You've been holding it all back for so long...!*

"I-I think we should get you home, June!"

"But we're just starting to have fun!" I cried, sitting up. My breasts arched out into the dress and it rode high almost up to my hips. The outsides of my thighs were beginning to press into the armrests and when I felt the hem of my dress start to pull tightly around my hips and butt I released a soft moan. For the first time on our honeymoon, I was starting to enjoy myself and the butterflies inside my curves continued to grow.

“Please, June, you’re already too big as it is!” Parker advised.

I scoffed at him, “Oh please, this is nothing!” I squinted my eyes at him and brought out the most breathy voice I had. “Remember our first night together? How big I got then? We broke your *bed*.”

My tits lurched outwards and my dress drew higher and tighter. My newfound rear had plumped up so large that my dress couldn't travel any more up my body. Still, I pressed on.

“Mmmm... And let’s not forget that time I wore that blouse for you...” I moaned, running a finger down my epic cleavage.

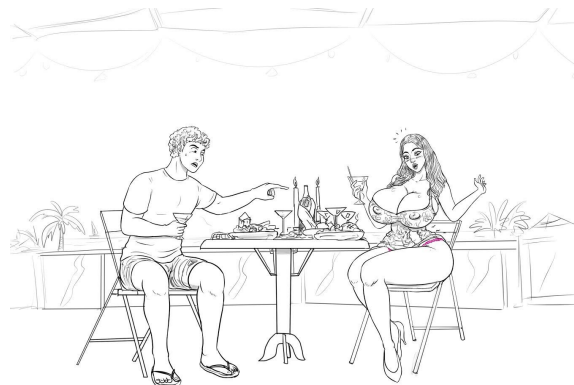
“J-June, really! I can’t--”

My body sprang outwards again with intense protests from my sundress. I picked up a drink to quench my thirst again. “Whaaaat?” I cooed, “I’m not big enough ye--”

***RIIIIIIIIIPPP!!!***

I looked at Parker’s horror struck face as a hand shot out to point to my body. Looking down was suddenly a very sobering sight.

My chest filled my entire view below my neck and covered even the view of my plate. Basketball sized knockers were wobbling heavily from my front, packed tightly into my poor sundress. More breast flesh was overflowing from my neckline than what was covered and I thought I could feel the fabric cutting into my areolas as they began to peek over. Looking to my side I could see an enormous rip had split the side of my dress to expose the naked side of my waist and ribs. Somewhere below my heaving chest, I could feel my legs crammed together, the armrests creaking as my legs and butt bulged into them. My thighs led upwards to a rear end much too large for the chair I had previously fit so pettily into. The dress had ridden up so far to accommodate my boobs that it was stressed and pulled tightly around the tops of my hips to expose my swollen butt behind me and to my sides. My pink underwear was visible as it rode along the top of my hips, now visible as my sundress had risen so high. The pretty floral designs had become warped all over my body.



I clenched my hand and slowly put the drink down. “U-U-Uh oh...” I stammered. My mind suddenly felt quite a bit clearer.

***RHHIPP!!***

My eyes shot up to meet Parker's when my dress ripped even more. My boobs engorged further outwards as my husband took at my growing form. "Parker?" I semi-pleaded.

In a flash, he had laid a hundred dollar bill onto the table and was by my side helping me up to the full audience of the restaurant. "Come on, we gotta get you out of here!"

I squeaked when my dress shifted on me again and rose fully above my hips, the size of my butt forcing it upwards. I had never felt so much jiggle behind me. "I-I'm still growing!" I cried out. I'll be the first to admit that as embarrassing as it was, I was happy to say it. "P-Parker I'm still growing!" I said happily this time, smiled at him so full of love and happiness. He smiled back the same, a knowing expression on his face.

"Of course you are..." he told me.

A small rip brought us both back. He pulled away and led me out of the restaurant to the beach. "We need to get you out of view while that dress is still holding..." he told me.

"N-No complaints, but I can barely walk with my legs like this!" I giggled feeling their supple curves push into each other and my butt bouncing behind me. It wasn't like anything I had felt before; I felt like a bloated cartoon penguin trying to waddle away. I could only imagine how my ass looked to those watching us leave. My panties felt like they had been swallowed up and my hips felt like they were about to rip them apart! Don't even get me started on how it felt to walk with thighs like that, either. Each step was like a crotch massage they were so plump.

We stumbled down the beach into the moonlight. After a while the road that ran alongside it had risen away onto a cliff to leave the beach down below, Parker and I secluded from any probable onlookers.

I stumbled while he pulled me by the hand. My breasts had been growing continuously since the restaurant and my arms were quickly becoming too small to carry them. "P-Parker..." I panted, "T-They're getting...too heavy..."

He turned around and tried to help me lift them but the mere touch of my swollen body thrilled him and they billowed out even larger to resemble water-laden beach balls. I shooed his hands away and tried to lift my chest up into my arms. With an enormous amount of effort, I arched my back and breathed a sigh of relief when my dress ripped in two. I shrugged my shoulders and let it fall to the sand. Exposed in only my straining pink underwear, I stood before Parker with my boobs cradled and overflowing my arms with nipples like half coke cans. Dare I say all that bare skin glowed in the moonlight.

"Mmm..." I groaned, "T-These are getting kinda h-heavy..."

I saw Parker gulp and butterflies filled my chest. My swollen legs began to shake beneath me and slowly I bent them to lower myself to the ground. On my hands and knees, my tits large enough to press into the sand and almost provide a cushion for me to rest on, I looked back at Parker and presented my award-winning butt with a small shake and a smile. "Well?" I asked, "I know you can make me bigger than this..." I could feel my loins pushing out between the curves

of my thighs behind me, my legs thicker than my waist. I must have looked like some sort of fertility idol with such an engorged hourglass shape!

Parker didn't waste a second. Even as he undressed my boobs began to blow out underneath me. By the time I felt him clawing at my panties and ripping them off of my legs with stitches popping along the way I found myself resting on tits like yoga balls.

"June..." Parker said as I felt him spread my legs and approach me from behind. "How big do you want to be?"

I looked back at him standing naked with his hands groping my ass like a giant toy, my legs spread on either side of him and held in the air like a wheelbarrow. "Do your worst."