

30 Minute Rule

Caution: contains popping

“Mike, wait up!” Abby yelled, hustling towards her friend. She had a towel draped over one arm, and a marshmallow shake in the other.

Mike turned around at the sound of his friend’s voice calling him. “Relax, I was going to wait at the entrance for you!”

She looked around the parking lot as she jogged lightly, reaching his side. Looking around the parking lot and taking notice of how few cars there were, Abby said, “Pretty light turnout today, isn’t it? Gotta be at least 90 degrees out here...”

“Can’t be too crowded, it is a weekday after all. Kids have to wait for their parents to get home; plus there’s not even a lifeguard on duty. And most people our age are out doing other things with their time instead of going to a public pool.”

“Joke’s on them; we’re going to have nearly the entire pool to ourselves.” She smiled at Mike before taking a drink from her shake. She and Mike had been friends since grade school, and going to the public pool in the summer had become one of their most precious summer traditions, even now in their college years. It had become a ritual for them.

Mike watched her gulp down her drink. “You know you’re not supposed to eat anything 30 minutes before going swimming. You’ll get cramps.”

“Why do they sell food at waterparks then?” She gurgled. “Besides, it’s not food, it’s drink.”

“I’m surprised you’re not dipping fries into it like usual! And I’m pretty sure a shake counts as food...”

She glared at him playfully. “As a matter of fact I *did* have fries. I just finished them already.”

“Wow, fries too! All that salt is going to make you retain water you know. Just hurry and finish your shake so they’ll let us in.”

“I’m trying I’m trying, brain freeze is a real concern you know!” She pulled at the straw, and Mike heard a hollow slurping sound come from the bottom of the cup. She had drained it. Her hand also flew to her forehead and her face twisted. “Ahhhh, I told you...” she winced. “Brain freeze...”

They stood there for another few moments while she patted her head. Finally Abby straightened up and grinned. “Ok, we can go in now!”

“About time... Hope that shake was worth it.” Mike teased.

They walked to the entrance, tossing the empty cup in a nearby trash. Each paying their \$7 dollar entry fee, they parted ways and walked into their respective locker rooms. Mike had the easy part; take off his shirt, shoes, and hide his keys phone and wallet. After a quick rinse off, he was inside the pool area waiting for Abby. Girls always took longer.

He waited in the shade of the overhanging roof, counting the number of people in the pool. There were a total of four, what seemed like two moms and each of their single kids. One of the mothers seemed to be younger, and pretty well endowed.

Mike heard the 'pat pat pat' of bare feet on tile, and knew it had to be Abby. As she walked around the corner, everything was as expected.

She wasn't an unattractive woman; around five and a half feet tall, with facial features that were actually quite elegant and free of any acne. Her brown hair was pulled up in a ponytail. Above the neck, she was beautiful. But below the neck, you would only find a single piece swimsuit. This year it looked like she had picked out a Hawaiian print spandex one-piece that showed every bit of her body; unfortunately, there wasn't much to show.

Her breasts were wholly nonexistent, the bare minimum rising only slightly above her ribcage. Her waist was trim, and defined her hips a little bit, but her thin thighs led to a butt that was more cute than sexual. He knew Abby had been self-conscious during highschool, and even a little now during college, but she seemed to have accepted that her body was done growing. She looked around and saw him, padding over.

"Still rocking the one-piece, huh?" He asked.

"I'm a twenty year old woman with the body of a twelve year old girl, what do you expect? I could spend twice as much on a skimpy bikini if that's what you want; although I'm not sure what you're expecting to see." She pulled the neckline of the swimsuit away from her body and looked down into it jokingly. "Do you know about something I don't?" She looked at her body, the light shining through her suit like stained glass, her nipples the largest bumps on her chest. She longed to see firm white mounds rising off of her.

"Nothing like that! It's just you usually only see lifeguards and models wearing one-pieces..."

She let her suit snap back to her collarbones. "Are you saying I couldn't be a model?"

"No! I was just saying--"

She cut him off. "Relax, I'm just messing with you..." Abby looked at her friend, and slowly ran her hands down the front of her body. "You couldn't handle this in a bikini anyway." She started laughing, mostly because of her joke, but also because she knew it was only a joke, and the laughter helped distract her.

Mike blushed. She was still self-conscious about her body. He had to learn to not remind her about it. "How about we go down the slide first?"

"But there's so many, how will we pick??" She asked sarcastically. "How about that one!" She pointed to the only slide in the fenced off area, tall and spiralling blue.

"Pretty daring with no lifeguard on duty. If we run into trouble we'll have to rely on one of the moms to save us!" He shot her sarcasm back at her. He saw her look at the moms, and even noticed her gaze linger on the busty one. They laughed and walked to the slide, ascending the sun baked stairs to the top. The pool looked much smaller from their thirty foot vantage point, and cool water splashed on their legs as it washed down the slide.

“Ladies first...” Mike stood away from the slide.

“How kind of you, I'll make sure to sing your praises on my way down.” Abby hopped into the slide and gave herself push, feeling the water take her. A few quick, splash filled turns later, she was falling off the end into the pool below. Water rushed over her and into her suit, making her nipples perk up as she shivered. It felt refreshing under the midsummer heat.

She resurfaced, wiping the water from her eyes as she paddled away from the slide, anticipating Mike any second. Sure enough, he came barreling down, entering with a big splash meant to douse Abby.

“Ahh!” She squealed, putting her hands in front of her face.

Mike broke the surface of the water and shook his hair out. “Water feels great after all this heat...” He began floating on his back, relaxing.

Abby was busy treading water. The section was six feet deep and she couldn't touch, and the effort was slowly getting to her. “I've never been able to float like that.” She admitted, envious of his leisurely talent. She felt full from her shake, and wondered if she had drank it too fast. It hadn't been a small shake. She ignored it, and continued to tread water with Mike, chatting while playing in the water.

Mike was taller, and enjoyed staying in as deep of water as possible. This meant more work for Abby, as she had to swim that much more just to stay afloat, or cling to the side. She had never taken swim lessons as a kid, and the classic doggy paddle was all she knew. It was hard work, but she had a great time swimming nonetheless; she enjoyed spending time with Mike.

They had been swimming and talking for around ten minutes before in the back of her mind Abby felt her stomach rumble, the shake and fries settling. She felt a little bloated. Her stomach was beginning to churn a little. Mike saw her face twist a little bit.

“You alright?”

“Yea I...I think I might have just drank that shake too fast is all...” Abby admitted, holding onto the wall trying to catch her breath.

“I told you not to eat before you go swimming didn't I?”

“I know I know. Don't rub it in, I feel crummy enough...” Abby felt full, and like her suit was a size too small for her. It was riding up and giving her a wedgie.

“Do you need to get out?” Mike asked with concern.

“No... Maybe we could spend some time in the shallow part and just sit? Not have to do any work?”

“Sure thing!” Mike led the way to the shallow end, Abby trailing behind. She felt like the water had a greater resistance against her as she tried to move through it. Her swimsuit did not feel right in the least.

They reached the shallow end, about two feet deep, the waterline reaching just below their necks as they both sat on the bottom, the two children playing some ways away from them by the stairs. Abby felt her butt bounce a little as it hit, and her one-piece wedged even more. It

felt like it was entirely too small for her, and it was pulling at her crotch. Abby tried pulling at the bottom of her suit with a finger, trying to take a little pressure off, but found it to be too tight, and it just snapped back in place.

She ran her fingers under her shoulder straps, trying to readjust; they felt tight too. Her fingers grazed against something on her front, and she froze. Something was different; something was in the way.

Discreetly, she poked at the front of her chest, and felt two soft mounds push back, the spandex stretched slightly. Tenderly, running her hands over them, anxiety rose inside of her; there were two tennis ball sized breasts under her suit. *Breasts.*

She looked down, trying to see, but the water was too shaky to get a good look. All she saw was a broken, distorted image of her Hawaiian print.

“How you feeling?” Mike asked. Abby nearly jumped out of her suit, he had startled her.

“F-Fine, thanks for waiting with me...”

“No problem, it's nice to just sit in the water too. Especially when there's not a lot of people around.” Mike was looking around his surroundings, paying little mind of Abby.

Gwwrrrrr

Another cramp made her stomach flip, and she let out a small squeak. Her chest tingled, and felt like it was stretching and pulling from the inside out. Her skin rubbed against the fabric, and Abby could feel it getting tighter as her breasts seemed to swell, and anticipation began growing inside of her. She actually felt her swimsuit tightening around her new chest.

Bringing her hands through the water slowly, trying not to draw attention from Mike, she found her boobs again. They were changing rapidly. The tennis balls were gone, replaced by what were easily two full handfuls of tit flesh. A small cavern of space was starting to form under her breasts, a pocket of water above her stomach as her swimsuit was pulled away from her body by her rising bust.

What's happening to my body?! Her mind began to race as she squeezed her boobs under the water. *My chest is growing!* Her hands sank into them, and she could feel them still swelling out. They were still completely covered by the swimsuit, but she could feel her neckline slowly creeping down lower and lower. The curves of fabric that ran under her arms were stretching and pulling, as her breasts forced the suit's front outward. Her nipples were poking through the spandex. *Even my nipples are bigger!* She realized, rubbing her fingers over them.

These have to be at least D cups! She shivered. The thought of D cup mammaries hanging off her tiny frame aroused her sightly. She had never thought of her body as ‘womanly’, but her new assets were quickly changing that. She didn't know whether or not to be scared.

Gwwrrrrrrrrr

Abby felt her tummy growl. Her eyes grew wide as she felt her suit start to pull tighter and tighter around her body, separating further from her stomach as her boobs pushed. She felt incredibly bloated now, and her breasts seemed to follow suit, swelling out and out. Her pulse began to race, as she felt them become too big for her hands. Her crotch was being flossed by her

one-piece now; Abby couldn't really say she wasn't enjoying it. She bit her lip, trying to stem a moan.

I'm not going to be able to hide these puppies for much longer! She realized, now swelling out past the fruit categories, and into the melons. She could feel her balance changing, as her buoyancy increased. Her tits bobbed tightly in their confines, pressed tight.

“Feeling better?” Mike asked, looking at her.

“Yup!!” She almost yelled. She quickly brought her knees up against her chest to hide them, and felt her new cushions press into her legs like balloons. They pressed flat against her, now swelling out the sides of her suit as they bulged. *What am I going to do?! My tits are blowing up and my suit won't hold them much longer!!* She could feel herself quickly leaving the realms of common bra sizes. Her breasts pushed against her legs as they engorged, and she had to flex to keep her thighs against her stomach.

“Y-You getting tired?” Abby asked, trying to find an excuse to go back to the locker room.

“Not at all! We only just got here. You're not, are you?” Mike told her. He wasn't anywhere near ready to leave. “Ready to go back out to the deep end?”

She thought for a minute. *They can't get much bigger than they already have... For whatever reason...* Abby thought, considering her growing chest. *Maybe the deep end would make it easier to hide them, they'll be coming above the water line here soon if they keep on swelling like they are.* “Mhmm!” She nodded.

Mike smiled and pushed off, floating off towards the deeper area. Abby slowly bounced along behind him on her feet. Her breasts felt like jiggling jello in the water each time her foot struck, and she was sure her boobs looked gigantic stuffed inside her swimsuit. She felt enormous, like two party balloons full of water had been inflated under her top. She felt her neckline shift, and some of her cleavage came in contact with the water. It sent chills down her spine just thinking about how big her tits were getting. Part of this was from fear; she was getting worried they wouldn't stop.

She felt the ground fall below her feet, and she floated out towards Mike, the depth becoming too deep for her. She made sure to keep her arms moving in front of her body, both to somewhat block his view and keep the surface of the water moving. *Don't look at my chest, don't look at my chest!* She pleaded. Abby didn't know how she would explain suddenly growing boobs that felt like they were the size of her own head. Her breasts were wobbling uncontrollably under her suit, and it was driving her insane as it simulated her ever hardening nipples, like two pink grapes. “Mmn...” she whimpered quietly.

As she kicked her legs, she felt her thighs rubbing together more and more. They seemed heavier; like they were fuller. Her breath caught in her throat when she felt her butt plump up, her rounded cheeks pulling the already tight spandex even tighter against her curves. The seams were tight against them, and it looked like she was wearing a child's bathing suit at this point.

She groaned again as she felt her thighs thicken a little, now round enough to rub her pussy between them, massaged in her ever tightening suit.

“You say something?” Mike asked.

“Nope, just a tickle in my throat!” Abby was starting to have a hard time pretending like nothing was wrong. Out of the corner of her eye, she saw the moms and their children get out of the pool and head to the locker room. At least if she got out now they wouldn't see. Her tits and ass were pulling the swimsuit in both ways now; she didn't know if it would last much longer. It felt like rope was being pulled against her skin in some places.

Mike was swimming around her slowly, feeling the full freedom of having the pool to themselves with no lifeguard. He swam past her side and behind her.

“Hey, Mike, I think I'm about ready to go ho--” Abby started to say, but as she turned to look at him, he was gone. “Mike?” She called. A shadow appeared under her in the water, moving between her legs. “Ahhhh!” She screamed as Mike exploded upwards between her legs, making her sit on his shoulders. It was common for him to do this and instigate a game of Chicken with others in the pool. She had completely forgotten to watch it for it. Mike started moving around, threatening to dunk her.

She thrashed as she sat on his shoulders trying to keep her balance as her new figure left the water. Abby could feel her swollen thighs squeezing his head, and her butt jiggling against his back. She bent forward in a panic, and wrapped her arms around Mike's head to keep herself from falling. She immediately noticed her mistake.

Mike stopped moving. Abby felt different to him, her thighs seemed more substantial as his hands grasped them to steady her. His vision was blocked by a floral print shadow, rounded and heaving. He pressed his head forward, and felt two cushions press back, tight and full. They jiggled as he moved his head around, and he could swear he heard sloshing coming from them. Abby was whimpering above him.

“Abby?” He asked, tentatively, “Are you alright?”

“Put me down, put me down!” She screamed, and started flailing. He released his grip, and let her fall back into the water, making waves around them. She came back up, just enough to get air into her nose. Her face was beet red.

“What's going on?” Mike asked. Abby didn't raise her mouth above the water to reply. She could hardly look in his direction; she knew she had gotten too big, and now Mike was going to have to see her. Her skin was starting to stretch now, and she could feel her breasts pumping larger still. Her hand came above water and pointed below the surface.

“You want me to look underwater?” Mike confirmed. Abby nodded quickly, becoming even redder.

Mike blushed, but decided to just go with it. “Ok, one minute...” Looking around, he saw an abandoned pair of child's goggles on the side of the pool. He grabbed them and held them in front of his face, too small to wear, and taking a deep breath, slid under the surface.

He almost choked on water when he saw Abby's body; had he been shown a picture of her from the neck down, not in a million years would Abby have been his first guess as the owner. Her thighs were plump and full, pushing against each other voluptuously, the crotch of her swimsuit disappearing between them as she kicked. They swelled out into a perfect round butt, that was now a bit wider than her own hips. The leg holes were being stretched as they were forced high up her hips and over her cheeks. The image only got better as Mike's eyes went higher and higher.

Her waist had remained thin and toned, but her suit was hardly lying flat against her tummy. Two overblown round tits hung from Abby's chest, overflowing her one-piece at every seam. They bulged and stretched against it, mountains of cleavage rising out of her now low-cut neckline, and even out of her sides. Two over inflated party balloons looked like they had been stuffed down her front. The flowers printed across her bust were stretched and warped, and two sizeable nubs could be seen protruding from under the spandex. Mike knew her nipples had to be the size of his pointer finger.

The entire scene looked like some game show where an incredibly well endowed supermodel was made to wear an increasingly smaller and smaller swimsuit, and it looked like the audience was about to find out that exact smallest size.

It almost seemed like a trick of the eye, or perhaps an illusion from the water. But as Mike stared at his friends breasts, it was clear that they were actually swelling in front of him. Ever so slowly, her new knockers were growing above and out of her swimsuit. Her nipples slowly migrating up and up, as her breasts were forced flat. Mike guessed they must each be larger than basketballs.

Suddenly he saw Abby tense in the water, and a loud gurgle sounded in his ears, coming from somewhere inside her suit. Her toes clenched, and her fingers shot to her boobs as she grabbed them. Then Mike saw it; she was swelling even faster now. She was pulling and scratching at the tight fabric pulled across her bust like a tarp, her breasts blowing up in all directions. Abby even felt their curves swell down and press on her stomach.

She was starting to look comical now. Abby's mammaries had swollen so large that the entire front of her suit was rounding out, making it look like she had stuffed her front with a giant pillow. The only giveaway were the four bulbous curves threatening to snap her shoulder straps. The grew larger and large, her skin gaining a particular sheen, and Mike heard a stitch pop, loud under water.

Abby clawed desperately at her one-piece, finally grabbing her neckline. With one massive pull, her shoulder straps ripped, and her defeated suit split down the middle. The biggest tits Mike had ever seen bobbed free of their prison, and as she kicked and squirmed in the water, their masses jiggled and rippled in every direction, weightless in the water. Together they looked wider than her torso, and Mike judged that they might fall just above her belly button should she get out of the water. Her nipples were the size of his thumb, housed on areolas larger than his

palms. Large veins spread across their creamy surface, and they like like they were getting full. Her swimsuit hung around her hips loosely, now acting as little more than a thong.

“Mmmmm!” He heard Abby cry above water. It brought Mike back from the greatest 60 seconds of his life, and he resurfaced for air. He inhaled deeply, not realizing how out of breath he was. Abby was in front of him, struggling to tread water as she covered her face in her hands. “W-Well?? How bad is it??”

“Abby what happened to you?! You look like a human shaped balloon someone stuck a hose in! You have boobs now! Like, *giant* tits!”

Abby’s hands fell from her face; it was scarlet red and embarrassed. “I don’t know what happened to me! I started getting some cramps from the food, and they just started growing!” The tops of her breasts bobbed in the water in front of her, and she poked at one of them, making it jiggle and float. “What do I do, Mike?” She looked at him with pleading eyes, “I really feel like they’re getting full, like their filling up with something...” She looked scared.

“And you had a cramp while I was watching underwater?” Mike asked.

Abby blushed, and nodded. “And their growth sped up after... I’m sorry I made you look at me, but I don’t know what to do!”

Mike drifted close to her, and accidentally brushed his hand against her nipple. A loud moan escaped her lips, and she had to chew on her lip to keep herself quiet. “Oh, sorry...” Mike apologized.

“I-It’s ok, it actually felt really nice...” She shivered again. Mike quickly went under again, and assessed her situation. Her boobs already looked larger, and they did indeed appear to be getting fuller, rounding out as her areolas puffed and stretched across each front. More veins were beginning to show.

He breached the surface in a hurry. “You really are filling up. We need to get you out of the water, I think It has something to do with your growth.” Abby nodded, rubbing the tops of her burgeoning boobs tenderly. Feeling her tight skin made her wish her remaining swimsuit would tighten even more against her pussy.

They swam towards the steps leading out of the pool, but Abby stopped short as they neared them in the two foot section.

“M-Mike, hold on... I don’t think I should get out...” She confessed.

“I’ll get you a towel! Look, there’s not even anyone around to see you. We’ll get you to the locker room and figure something out from there.” Mike suggested, climbing up the stairs. Abby could see a bulge in the front of his trunks, and she quickly looked away. But she found it devastatingly arousing that her body could cause it.

“No, Mike, look at me! My tits are so big now they hardly fit under the water at this depth! If I get out, I’m not going to be able to walk, much less stand!”

“I’ll find a cart, or a wagon, or maybe we can make some sort of sling out of--”

Abby cut him off. “Mike, I’m too big! I-I’m not even sure I’m going to last long enough to get to the locker room, I can feel my skin stretching, it’s getting really tight...” She looked at him with pleading eyes, her arms wrapped around her giant bust, filling her entire front.

“Ok, ok, we’ll figure something else out.” Mike got back in the water next to her.

“I think...I think...” Abby’s head starting spinning, and her thought trailed off. Her eyes closed as her head fell back, and a groan fell from her moist lips.

“Abby? Abby are you alright??” Mike panicked.

“S-Sorry... I just had another cramp, except this one was different... I...I feel...*ooooohhh!*” Abby moaned loudly, throwing her arms over the tops of her tits in front of her.

Mike watched as her chest billowed outwards into the pool, soft white flesh expanding out from her like an oil spill. Her breasts pushed into Mike’s leg, and fear spread over her face.

“Mmmm...M-Mike, I’m growing again! And it...it’s so fast this time!” Abby leaned back against one of the steps, holding her impossibly large mammarys in her arms and legs. “I can feel them filling up, Mike! Like someone turned a valve on...inside of me! *Oooooohhhh, and the pressure, Miiiiike...* I-It feels amazing...B-But I don’t know if I can fit much more! Please, you have to do something!”

Mike was locked in a trance, staring at the breasts overtaking his vision. More veins were spidering across her skin, thick and blue as her skin pulled taut. “Mike!!” Abby screamed, “Girl with inflating tits, asking for help! Do something before my swimsuit isn’t the only thing to burst!”

“Sorry!” Mike said, snapping out of it. “Let’s at least get most of your body out of the water.” He stood behind her, and fit his arms under hers, pulling her up the lower step. She felt heavy, like he was trying to maneuver a giant bag of water. He saw her skin pull as her breasts tried to keep her down, and she leaned forward. Her rounded rear fell softly on the step, and Mike could see it and her supple thighs spread out around her hips and legs as her full weight was pushed onto them. The remains of her one-piece fluttered in the water around her, the intact part around her waist being swallowed by her butt cheeks.

“I don’t know what you’re going to do, but please hurry! I can feel my nipples expanding!”

Mike ran to her front. She sat on the step with her legs spread, her breasts falling between them like two flowing yoga balls. Her nipples were large and swollen, pointing above the water, looking like soup cans in the middle of areolas larger than dinner plates. He could see thin streams of water running out of them, and an idea came to his head. “I’m going to try something, ok?”

Abby leaned forward, resting on her swelling bust, and tapped lightly on her tits. A hollow sloshing sound echoed inside of them, and ripples emanated from their curves into the surrounding water. “Y-You don’t think I could...*burst*, do you??”

Mike didn't see any time to waste. He grabbed her nipples, each large enough to fill two hands, and squeezed. Hot water streamed out, striking Mike in the chest. It felt like it had come from a hot tub.

"Ahhhhhh!!!!" Abby screamed, her fingers curling and digging into her skin.

Mike stopped immediately. "I'm sorry! Did I hurt you?!"

"No...no!" Abby was panting hard, her back rising and falling quickly. She looked up at him. "Please, don't stop. I don't think I've ever come so hard in my life!" A loud gurgle came from her breasts, almost in retaliation of what Mike had done, and both their eyes grew wide. "U-Uh oh... M-Mike I'm really going to grow now! I can feel it! The pressure is already building!" Her hands dug into her breasts, but the indent she made was quickly forced back out as her skin became like a drum. Abby's eyes nearly popped out of her head. "M-M-Mike!!!" She yelled. Her hands flew to her ass, as it plumped up larger, and she actually rose a few inches higher. "I'm blowing up all over! *Do something before I explode!*" A ripping sound came from somewhere behind her, the swimsuit losing its fight.

Mike quickly grabbed her nipples again, twisting and massaging them. Water gushed out like a faucet on hot. "OOOOHHH YES YES YEEEEES!!" Abby squealed, her tits vibrating with their flow. But still they grew, their expansion faster than their output. Mike let go.

"Mike what are you doing?!" Abby looked at him, her breasts pushing her legs apart as they started blocking the stairs. "I'm blowing up too fast! Uuuungh, I wanted boobs, but not like this!!" She cried out, looking at the massive shaking mounds in front of her. To her horror, Mike left the pool.

He disappeared behind her, and she couldn't turn her body enough to see where he had gone. "Please don't leave me, Mike! I feel like...uuungh...I'm going to pop....at any second!" Her breathing was growing difficult now. Abby's tits had grown so much that they were swelling their way under her legs, forcing her feet off the ground. Her thighs stretched awkwardly as she was lifted up. She could hear Mike shuffling behind her by the locker rooms. She sighed in relief when he returned a moment later, holding something in each hand.

"Don't worry, I'm not leaving you, and you're not going to pop." He jumped back into the pool, two large hoses trailing behind him. Her breasts had taken on a heavy shine, her skin tight like a latex balloon pumped to its limit. "I found the automatic pool cleaners they have and detached the hoses from the robot! Get ready." Mike jumped back into the pool, noticing how low the water level had actually become. It seemed a whole three or four inches below where it should be, all packed inside Abby's chest, churning and swirling.

Before Abby could agree or protest, he had disappeared on the other side of her knockers. "W-Wai--" She started to say, but there was no time. Her breasts started to shake violently, heavy veins pulsing as her tits engorged to their absolute limit. Out of time, she screamed, "I'm *gunna explOOOOODE!!!*"

Everything was still. Abby felt a pulsing sensation rocketing through her body, and waves of vast pleasure coming over her. “Ah... Ahh!” She started groaning. “AhhhhhHHHHH MMMMM OOO YEEAA!!”

Mike had successfully stuck the large hoses on her nipples just in time. “I-I can feel them pumping!” Abby cried. But her voice started to shake. The tops of her watermelons were rising, even faster than before. “Mike...Mike!! They’re growing *even faster now!!!!*” she yelled.

“What?!” Mike yelled, backing up a bit in the pool. Abby’s tits were ballooning towards him like bloated trains. The ends of the hoses cracked as her nipples engorged inside of them, and her areolas turned a dark, shiny pink.

“The pumps! They’re on...re-reverse! MIKE I CAN’T TAKE ANYMORE WATER!!!”

“Just hang on! I’ll go find the switch!” Mike started moving to get to the control box, but stopped when the water around Abby’s boobs started to shake and ripple. Veins throbbled bright blue on her skin, and her breasts themselves looked eerily similar to latex balloons someone had left on a hose for far too long, shiny and without the necessary give to even jiggle.

Abby began hyperventilating. “Oh...oh...OH...!! Mike...Something...something is wrong! I’m to full! I’m *way too full!!!!*” She leaned back, trying to find anymore room for the water to go, but her skin was too tight to allow it. “I...can feel it!!! Mike!!”

“I’m going to reverse it!”

“They can’t take another drop!” she cried out, placing her hands on them, “I’m gonna pop!! I-I’m goooooonna to **BUUUUUUUURRRST!!!!**”

“Hang o-”

SPLAAASH!!

A massive wave of hot, steaming water struck Mike, throwing him off his feet and under the surface. He could see the massive rush of it cascading where Abby had been, the water full and pulsing with bubbles like two hot tub jets had just gone off.

He resurfaced, choking for air and wide eyed in surprise. Abby was nowhere to be found, and the temperature of the water felt like it had risen ten degrees. It seemed like the water level had also recovered, now back to the brim of the pool. Mike could only sit there for a moment, feeling the churning water around him still moving from the explosion, too stunned to do anything. A torn single-piece swimsuit drifted past him, ripped down the middle and stretched beyond use. He picked it up tenderly. *So that’s why they make you wait thirty minutes after eating...*