

Beached Bimbo

Ally squeezed her toes against the sand as she walked with her boyfriend, Ben. Their arms hung bent together as he held a colorful box in both hands, inspecting the packaging with a smirk.

“I can’t believe you took an entire box of those things... *And* you’re nearly through it! It’s only been twenty minutes! *Bim-Pop...*” he mused, looking at the cheap marketing of the box. “I thought you didn’t like the knock-off brands.”

Ally took a long drag of a glistening orange popsicle before swallowing a mouthful of sugar and sticking a fruit-dyed tongue at him. “They were just giving them away! What do you expect me to do? *Not* take advantage of free popsicles? It’s hot as balls out here! If I didn’t eat them, who would??”

Staring at a drop of melted juice running down her chin, Ben’s focus fell upon her bikini-clad breasts. It was difficult not to imagine cleaning the sticky substance off her rounded cleavage.

“*Hey... What are you thinking about...?*” Ally teased, pulling his arm closer. Her voice dropped to a whisper and she allowed her wrist to go limp, the popsicle’s tip dragging across the hefted tops of her breasts before settling between them on a pale cushion. “*You wouldn’t be thinking about my chest getting all sticky and sweet, would you...?*”

Ben’s pulse raced. Melted juice ran over her assets like icing. The touch of the chilly treat had sent her breasts into a rash of goosebumps strong enough to make even her nipples harden and show through her bikini. If he stared much longer, he knew his swim trunks wouldn’t be much help in hiding his desires.

“I...” He tore his gaze away as Ally giggled. Quick as a snake, he attacked her exposed abdomen with his free hand. “*I’m just wondering how you manage to put away six popsicles when you’re such a twig!*”

Ally squealed, dancing and flailing in place as he tickled her belly. “*Stop!! STOP! I’m-- Ahh!! Ben, stoop!! I’m too full of popsicle!! You’re gonna make me--*”

“*AHHHH!!!!*”

A terrified scream came from behind them. Pausing their roughhousing, Ally and Ben turned their attention with the rest of the beach to see a woman scrambling on her beach towel.

“What in the...” Ben said softly.

Ally had no words. The longer they stared, the more bizarre the scene developed.

The woman was outgrowing her swimsuit in every way. What used to be a modest one-piece fit for a woman of five feet tall had turned into an obscenely stretched bit of spandex flossing its way into her privates and sinking deep into her curves.

“*What’s happening?! WHAT’S HAPPENING TO ME?*”

Her limbs flailed for anything to keep herself grounded. The towel was becoming too small for its owner. Her legs lengthened over the edge while her butt slid off the top. Heaviness poured into her curves with the energy of a nuclear puberty.

It was the bulging skin of her bust that took Ben’s breath away. The woman’s breasts heaved larger with every panting, panicked gasp. Cleavage plumped before rushing to engulf her chin. So large, they jutted from her torso like basketballs and rubbed at her shoulders, her flesh deformed by the shoulder straps. Little was left to the imagination when the blue swimsuit pulled

tight enough to turn white. Golf Ball-sized nipples peeked around the straps in desperation for freedom. Horror gripped her expression as she stared into the burgeoning mass of her chest, helpless as flesh swallowed her up to her nose and fabric creaked in a final warning.

“It’s that popsicle!!! I-I think that popsicle is making me--”

The rending of spandex could be heard across the beach when her breasts exploded free. Seams split across the swimsuit, shredding itself apart around her growing figure like paper. Once small, the woman now sat on her towel as if it were a dish rag. Her stature exceeded ten feet with curves doubling the width of her torso.

Onlookers rushed to her aid. Bed ogled from a distance, noticing Ally trembling next to him. A single wooden stick sat half-buried in the sand next to the woman.

“Did you see that...??” Bed asked. *“What was that she said about the popsi--”*

A tremor ran through Ally. *“Nngh... B...B-Ben...”* A groan melted her words as she doubled over, clutching her stomach. *“I-I feel really...nnngh!!!...weird!!”*

He moved to assist and saw her back heaving with heavy breaths. Sweat peppered her bare skin. *“Hey, hey! It’s alright! I’m sure that lady just--”*

Ally shook her head. Tingling raced across her body like electricity. *“I don’t think I should have eaten so many--MMNGH!!!”*

A jolt through Ally’s body sent Ben backward. Energy was palpable in the air around her. *“A-Ally...?”*

Stretching fabric answered in response. As if her bikini were shrinking, it tightened and pulled around his girlfriend’s body. Spaghetti straps tensed into guitar-like strings. Around her hips, Ally’s bottoms lost size after size as her hips blossomed.

“I’m... Gaahhh!! Everything... F-Fuck!! BEN!!” she cried out. Finally straightening her back, she arched her spine and hefted something within her arms.

Two melon-like breasts stared back at him. Eye-level as Ally’s body grew, Ben ogled the incredible transformation taking place within her bikini. Flesh heaped around the tiny bikini cups to swallow them into pillowy voids. Weight made them bulge over her arms, rapid growth causing them to develop much faster compared to the rest of her.

“Ben?! BEN?! WHAT’S HAPPENING TO ME?? WHAT’S--”

Something popped around her hips before an overstretched pair of bikini bottoms fluttered to the sand below. Ally squealed and shot her hands to her front and back, trying everything in her power to hide her nudity. Doing so only accentuated the dramatic enhancement her bottom half was experiencing. A shelf of flesh stood out from the sides of her pelvis. An ass like a pillow collided with her palm, while in front two thighs large enough to start a war for space between her legs squeezed the life from her pussy.

Frantic, Ally looked around at the gathering crowd. She was already the tallest one there. The top of Ben’s head was clearly visible as he followed her chest upward, inch by inch.

“BEEEEEN! DO SOMETHING!!” she whined, looking directly at him. Heavy blushing darkened her cheeks. Everyone else might not have been able to tell, but he knew: Ally was aroused. *“I’M GOING TO OUTGROW MY--”*

His expression made her pause. Wide eyes stared unblinkingly back at her. *“What?? What is it?!”*

Ben raised a shaking finger and motioned at his lips. *“Y-Your lips are...”*

The plumpness was obvious then. The enhanced softness and fullness cushioning her mouth. Ally crossed her eyes but couldn’t see beyond her nose. Only the blurry outline of

something pink and swollen was visible. Trying to talk left her tongue lingering on the tight surface of her lips as if they had been pumped up with a burst of air.

“Why are my lips swelling up?! WHY IS EVERYTHING GETTING SO BIG?!” She looked at the other woman. A similar change had taken over her features, leaving her appearance as though she’d put on makeup. She was about to add to her terror when something tickled down her back. Ben’s change of expression told her everything she needed to know.

Ally didn’t need to move her hands from her heat-drenched pelvis. She needed only watch as her hair grew, lengthening around her head. It fell in thick curtains down her face and neck like waterfalls of chestnut brown. Locks tumbled over her breasts to pile into mounds of fluff. Ally couldn’t be certain just how long it had grown until it tickled the top of her butt, caressing her bare cheeks like the wandering hand of a lover.

“Ben...” she squeaked, hunching forward as the ground drew away more by the second. The dramatic change in height left her dizzy. Heavy thighs forced her knees to buckle and push apart. *“I-I don’t think I should have eaten so many popsicles...! How big am I going--”*

It sprang like a rabbit from an open cage. Under the pressure of twine strapped around two bursting beach balls, Ally’s top exploded across her chest. Piles of hair lurched at the gentle puff when her mammaries jumped, thumb-sized nipples jutting into view. Ben’s face went bright red at the sight of Ally’s new body laid bare.

“MY BIKINI!!!” Ally shrieked as people whooped and hollered at her nakedness. Pink nozzles parted her hair from bloating breasts below.

Her hands shot out, grabbing Ben by the shoulders as if he were a doll.

“Ally, wait! What--MMPH!”

“YOU NEED TO COVER ME!”

She hugged him against her front, burying Ben into her chest and holding him against her crotch. Flesh swallowed his head and shoulders, her breasts bulging down his back while increasing inches at a time. His legs felt like twigs nestled between her thighs. Wetness from repressed lust soaked through his trunks and bathed his cock in his girlfriend’s arousal.

It wasn’t until she stood up, and Ben’s feet flew from the ground, that the true reality of her growth came to light.

The crowd gasped, their heads angling as Ally stood tall. Ben swayed in her arms with his feet reaching only mid-thigh of his fifteen-foot-tall girlfriend.

“MMMMPH!” Ben struggled for breath. Ally’s mounds were suffocating. In her nudity, her growth seemed to have accelerated to new levels. Pillowy flesh grew around Ben to swallow him in Ally’s cleavage. Quakes shot through her body when her legs struggled under her weight, every unsteady step causing her ass to wobble.

“Ben! Ben, I can’t balance!! I’m too big! I can’t--” The world tilted. Ben felt her stumble. His foot became wedged against her crotch before being swallowed by her thighs. The flesh of an Amazonian heaved with curves like blimps. Heat deafened and dulled Ben’s senses. *“I’m too big!! My legs won’t work!! It--”* A gasp swallowed at her voice. *“IT FEELS TOO GOOD!!”* She swayed. Both heels slid apart in the sand when her thighs ballooned by several inches.

“Everyone get away!!”

“She’s comin’ down!”

“Stop!! S-Stop looking at me! I’m... I feel like I’m going to--” Ally swooned. Lube made her thighs glide enough to drive her mad. The pussy between her legs was ready to burst like a

ripe fruit. Weary eyes stared at the titanic breasts concealing her boyfriend. Teetering over twenty feet over the sand, her breasts or ass cheeks could have served as a bed for any of the onlookers.

“I-I--”

Skin stretched. Ben squirmed between her breasts, searing with sensitivity. *“Everything is too--”*

Ally panted. Her body felt closer to a beached whale than the petite girl she’d entered as. Slowly her bust rubbed lower down her legs. She held her breath, knowing what was coming.

“Mmph!!” Ben begged.

Larger they swelled, Ally leaning back to prevent the inevitable. *“Ben! I-I think...I’m gonna--”*

They blimped, fattening into distended teardrops. When her nipples pressed into the sand, each one throbbing across the coarse surface. Ally squeaked in fear when the stimulation pushed her over the edge.

“MMNGGHHH, BEEEEEEEN!!!!”

Tremors shook the beach when an orgasm erupted. Ally’s legs gave out, her weight making her stumble back. Water lapped at her ankles before all of her strength left completely.

A plume of ocean sprayed with the strength of a geyser when the giantess toppled. Waves muffled her screams and jostled her curves like buoys, only serving to push her mind to the breaking point. Her audience could only stare in amazement as Ally’s orgasmic thrashing eased into heaving gasps. Her lungs lifted her breasts in the water, making them bob as mini islands of flesh large enough to be used as playthings.

“B...Ben...” Ally groaned. A sea of brown hair covered the water’s surface around her in a wide circle. Lasting vibrations shot through her hips, making her grind her cheeks into the sand.

He rose onto his hands and knees, resting atop her torso like a toy. Her sternum alone was longer than two king-sized beds end to end. She was a different woman. Massive in every way, transformed into a towering floating goddess. He stared at the breasts floating on either side of him and the soft abdomen beneath his knees.

“Ally... You’re... I can’t believe--”

She interrupted, tensing with a labored groan and blushed. “Are there like... any more popsicles...?”