

Dual Desires

“Holy crap!! *Jen!!*” Emma’s beaming face greeted her old friend with a smile.

Jen abandoned her luggage on the front porch and rushed through the doorway. They embraced in a long-overdue hug. “How long has it been??”

“At least since my wedding! Feels like decades, though!” Emma squeezed her friend. Just as she recalled since early high school, Jen’s ample chest proved large enough to push them apart. It was impossible not to feel envious of such cushions when they eclipsed her own meager A-cups. Even after fifteen years, Emma couldn’t help but wonder how her friend had been so lucky while she was left with so little.

“Come in!” Emma welcomed Jen into her house. After moving away for work, Jen hardly found time to visit her hometown outside of the holidays. Getting together was always a treat. “What are the chances you had a business trip here??”

“Low enough that I’m not going to question it!” Setting her bags at the foot of a flight of stairs, Jen looked around her friend’s house. “I feel like everything is so different whenever I come back in town... Even you! Living the married life has just transformed you! You’re glowing!”

Things had changed since they both followed their different career paths years ago. Emma inspected her friend; though her clothes were far more professional than high school and college, Jen still exuded the same party girl aura. Emma couldn’t help but let her gaze linger on the chest pushing against a tight blouse. Somehow they appeared fuller than the F-cups she remembered. They had been big ever since Jen returned from a fateful summer vacation full of bodily development.

“You...actually seem exactly the same!” Emma confessed.

Jen followed her gaze and chuckled. “Yup, same old same old! Where’s Mike?”

“He’s busy helping a friend build a shed. I wouldn’t expect him to be home until late.”

Jen’s eyes sparkled. “Should we get this girls’ weekend started then?? We only have so long until I have to work on Monday, and I’m dying to wear some matching pajamas and pop some wine bottles!”

(.Y.) (.Y.) (.Y.) (.Y.) (.Y.)

Night arrived to find the two best friends laughing and tipsy. Both wore their traditional matching PJs of cartoon llamas, though Emma hardly felt they were close to being identical. Jen’s looked like paint from how firm it was stretched across her chest. Tradition dictated they be worn regardless. Together they sat on the floor enjoying junk food and wine while a TV provided background noise of trash reality shows.

“I hope you can breathe in that top!” Emma laughed. Drinking around Jen never failed to release her inner envy. “Wouldn’t want you passing out.”

Giggling, Jen leaned on her hands and arched her back. Several buttons looked ready to burst as space gapped between them. “I won’t lie; I’m taking pretty shallow breaths just to help keep it toge--”

POP!

“*Whoops!?*”

A button sprang from her front to strike Emma between the eyes. She didn’t blink due to her intense focus on Jen’s cleavage as it was exposed to the room.

“See?? I was worried that might happen!” Jen fanned her collar. “It does feel good to let the girls breathe a little though. They’re so stuffed in these old pajamas!”

“I’ll say... *Hiccup!*” Emma ogled.

Face flushed from alcohol, Jen teasingly covered herself. “Stare a little more, why don’t ya?”

“Try taking up less of my view, maybe!” Emma sighed. “I don’t know how you got so lucky. You go on vacation for *a month* and come back with the biggest boobs in school.”

“Ehh they’re not all they’re cracked up to be.”

“Oh please, you were swimming in guys’ drool while I couldn’t even gather enough to make some cleavage. I *still* can’t manage any cleavage! *Hiccup!*”

“That’s true. Guys turned into mindless sex machines whenever I took my shirt off for them...” Jen looked into the distance as if remembering her school experience fondly.

Emma’s heart raced. Finishing her glass of wine, she stood up to wobbly feet. “*Alright! I’ve decided!*”

“Decided on what??”

“*Stay there, Ms. Big Boobs!*”

Emma ran from the room to be heard rummaging through a closet upstairs. She returned moments later carrying a small golden object. It reminded Jen of a fertility idol. The familiar sight of it made her palms sweat. “U-Uh... What is that?”

“It’s a wishing idol! I’ve been saving it until I knew what I wanted to wish for! I thought it might be something--*HICCUP!!*--extravagant, but I just realized what I’ve always been missing!” Emma pointed to Jen’s chest. “*A massive pair of tits!*”

“Hang on, Em. This is crazy and you’re drunk! You can’t just--”

Emma gripped the idol tight. “*I wish I had boobs as big as Jens!?*”

Holding her breath, Jen was relieved when nothing happened. “There, see? Sit back down and help me finish this pizza before--”

“*A-Ahh! Oh my God! JEN!?*”

The idol fell to the floor as Emma groped her breasts in surprise. Heat welled beneath her shirt to accompany two swelling mounds. “*My breast!! They’re--HIC!--actually growing!?*”

“Oh no...” Jen whispered.

Cup by cup, Emma’s bust grew from her torso. Surpassing firm C-cups, they gained enough weight to fold over her torso. Short gasps of pleasure moistened Emma’s lips.

“O-Oohhh... Oh it feels...good!! They’re so warm!!” Emma’s shirt lifted away from her body. Stress lines folded the fabric and drew space between tightening buttons. Allowing their weight to carry her, Emma leaned forward to feel their bloated forms sink into her hands and give themselves to gravity.

“They’re heavier than I thought they would be! M-Mmmmmngh!! I can feel them growing... Like there’s warm water pumping into them! F-Filling my chest up! I love how tight my shirt feels!”

“Emma...” Jen squeaked. A tightness was forming in her own breasts.

Coming to rest at a size matching her friend’s, Emma gawked at her bulging assets. “Look at me!! I’m freaking HOT! I should have made that wish years--”

“N-Nnngh!!”

She stopped when Jen groaned from the floor. Movement under her stretched pajama top signaled rising growth. Trying to catch her breath, Emma watched Jen’s mammarys bloat outward.

“Nnnghh... God, I missed that feeling!!” Jen cried. “That pressure of growth!!”
SSTTTTRRREEETCH

Fabric pulled drum-tight around Jen’s breasts. Larger than basketballs, they overflowed her collar to the point of bulging to her shoulders.

“J-Jen...?” Emma squeaked. “Why are *you* growing...?” Suddenly her new breasts felt very small.

“I... I-I made a wish...mmngh...on an idol just like that in high school...but it went missing soon after!” Jen chewed on her lip. “I wished to have boobs way bigger than yours!” She panted when her shirt refused to stretch anymore. Skin flowed into its sleeves and rubbed over her stomach. “God I’m huge!! My shirt feels so stuffed that it’s about to--”

POP!

POP POP!!

Buttons exploded, each sending pangs of envy into Emma.

“You did WHAT??” she gasped.

Jen breathed deep as her growth slowed to leave her with two beach balls. “You were so good at everything else! Sports, grades, making friends... I just wanted to have something of my own! Something people would know me for!”

“So you chose a giant set of--W-Whoa!! Mmmmmmm what’s going on?!”

Emma’s chest lurched forward again. At an accelerated rate, it swelled like two balloons on a hose to fill her shirt to the brim. Compressed nipples sent bolts of pleasure through her system. Such drastic growth left them overly sensitive and ripe for orgasms from simple twists.

“M-MMM!!! Jen!! MY BOOBS!!” Heaving, she stumbled back from too much weight.

WHAM!

POP POP POP POP!!!

Emma's shirt exploded upon landing. Two breasts toppled free, matching Jen's inch for inch. Even their nipples resembled the same swollen strawberries aching for a man's fingers.

"Why...Why did I grow even more?? *They were perfect!*"

"*Aaahhh!!*" Once more, Jen's bosom was forced to expand. Emma watched in confusion as her friend's chest grew to unnatural proportions and spread across the carpet.

Jen gasped for air. The heat from such intense growth was sending waves of arousal through her body. Her crotch couldn't take the pressure pushing her chest larger. "*It's...I-It's because of our wishes!! You want to be as big as me, but I wished to always be bigger than you!!*" She leaned onto her chest like a pair of bean bags when her turn came to an end.

"*WHAT?! We can't just keep growing! I only wanted to be as big as you!!! If we get any bigger, we're going to--MMNNGHH!!!!*"

Emma's legs squirmed when her chest shifted on her lap. Trying to escape the situation, she found their weight anchoring her to the floor. Even as she got her legs underneath her, her chest grew enough to reach the carpet in a matter of seconds as massive teardrops of flesh. Heat and lustful pressure filled the two girls to the brim. Sensitivity seared their nipples.

"*O-Oh God...*" Jen moaned, knowing it would be her turn in the coming second.

"*This...This is going to be a big one!! It's getting worse every time!*"

GRRROOOAAAAAN

The incredible enhancements made their chests heave.

"*A-Ahh!! It's...It's going to make me...make me come!*"

Emma stared in horror as her friend's body was lifted by her knockers. Red-faced and atop a California-king-sized cushion of flesh, Jen struggled to stay out of her own cleavage.

"*Emma... Emma, you have to destroy the idol!! WE'RE JUST GOING TO KEEP BLOWING UP!!*" Nipples like five-gallon buckets stared Emma in the face.

Tingling sensations were already rushing through her ballooning tits. There would be no stopping them as they sought to match Jen's ever-growing bra size. Seeing the idol on the floor between them, Emma lunged to grab it.

"*M-MMPH!!*"

Her breasts had other plans. Attempting to jump over them, they grew and rose around her like airbags. Cleavage engulfed her mid-flight to leave the girl helpless and the idol trapped between them.

"*J-JEEEN!!*" Emma groaned. Her skin pushed hot and soft around her body.

"*I'm growing again!!*"

Bloated curves pressed together. Filling the living room from wall to wall, the two girls' chest entered a fight for space. Jen's had a clear lead as they rose several feet into the air like a blimp. Emma could only watch from below, wondering if she could handle such a size without fainting from pleasure.

"*W-We need...to destroy it!!*" Jen moaned.

"*MMNGNHH!!! It's buried under our boobs!!*"

The swelling was intense. Lifting Emma up, she hugged her chest for dear life. Walls pushed all around them and furniture deformed their depths. They were two balloons inflating within a rapidly shrinking box.

“What’s going to happen when there’s no room left?!” Emma worried.

“We hope nobody is around when...MMGNH!!!...the house come down!!”

GRRRRROOOAAAAAANNN

Drywall creaked against their bodies. Emma could feel the idol pressing between their chests. Under six feet of flesh, however, there was no hope of reaching it.

“E-Emma!! I’m touching the ceiling!!!” Jen warned as skin sealed a cave around her. *“If I grow again, there’s not going to be anything left of this house!!!”*

Emma’s chest vibrated in preparation. It was her turn to fill her half of the room.

GRRRRROOOAAAAAANNN!!

“Oohhh the pressure!!! JEN MY TITS FEEL SO WARM!!!”

CRREEAAAAAAAK!

Walls complained from holding their girth. Their chests tight and pressing together, Jen prayed the walls wouldn’t squeeze them too tight.

“THERE’S NO MORE ROOOOOOM!!” Emma yelled as her butt touched the ceiling. Pushing against it with her hands, she looked across to see Jen staring wide-eyed at her chest. It gurgled loudly amidst oncoming growth.

“H-Here it comes!!! Em!! I-I-I think I’m about to grow way way WAY too big!! My chest feels like it’s going to--”

CRACK!!!

The girls froze. Any creaking between the walls and their breasts stopped. Somewhere below, the shattering of an idol subjected to tons of fleshy weight rippled through their bodies.

“I-It broke... The idol broke!” Emma breathed.

“We crushed it between us...” Jen stared in sheer relief. Between the two of them, the ceiling light was the only thing left untouched in the room. Creaking walls filled their ears while each girl caught her breath. Soaked pajama pants clung to their thighs.

“S-So...” Jen giggled weakly while fighting to keep her chest from bulging in front of her face. *“What’s that husband of yours going to do when he comes home to this?”*