

## Say When

“I swear that man never puts his stuff away...” Lauren grumbled as she gathered her husband’s scattered decks of Magic the Gathering. His obsession with the game continued to elude her, just as it had all through college. “Am I married to an adult or a child??”

Stomping upstairs to his office, Lauren found what she believed to be a suitable drawer for the fantastical game in his computer desk. It refused to slide open easily, though eventually succumbed to her will. She almost threw the deck boxes in without looking.

“Huh...?”

Something caught her eye. Nude skin, curves, and long hair weren’t among the list of things she expected to find lying around her house unless she was looking in a mirror. It didn’t take more than a few seconds for Lauren to realize she’d stumbled upon Chris’s porn stash.

“Oooh, look what we have here!” she chuckled, blushing at such an intimate find. “I thought men were supposed to be sneakier than this!”

A stack of magazines and printed images were placed on his desk. The top of the pile was claimed by a Playboy with a cover featuring a well-endowed blonde and marketing for several other top-heavy girls. Lauren smiled at the buxom model.

“Nice tits... Not quite as big as mine, though.” Pride welled within her and she patted her chest lovingly. Chris was a self-proclaimed boob man; it was no secret her considerable G-cups were among the top of his list of favorite things about her.

Lauren moved the magazine aside. A simple Playboy was nothing to get upset over; surprise surprise, men loved stacked naked women. As she continued curiously through the pile, however, Lauren grew uneasy. The majority of the stack was printed images of art or what appeared to be morphs of real women. Each sported breasts larger than the last. Slowly they grew from the range of natural possibilities into the realm of impossible. Heavy udders swung below the girls’ waists. Others struggled to carry mammaries like yoga balls. Some lay across a pair of knockers big enough to serve as their own bed.

Lauren was stunned. She knew Chris liked big chests, but this was more than she could have imagined. The girls in the photos made her own chest feel small, even flat. This was not a sensation she’d felt before.

“And here I thought I was plenty big enough for him...” she growled. “How could he keep this from me?!”

A spark of frustration ignited in her core. It was one thing to hide porn; it was another to hide such a flourishing fetish from your soulmate. Lauren dropped the images on the desk and stared at a girl fighting against a wall of flesh like a house. Such cleavage made her feel insignificant.

This emotion was not appreciated.

Lauren cupped her breasts and wondered if she was small by her husband’s standards. He’d always seemed to enjoy them, but they weren’t big enough to dive between.

“So he likes ‘em big, huh...” Lauren snickered and grabbed her phone. “Alright, I’ll give him *big*.”

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

*SLAM!*

Several days later, a car door alerted Lauren to Chris’s return from work. Quickly, she withdrew a small vial from her back pocket and placed several drops of liquid under her tongue. It tingled like a sour candy though tasted sweet as bubble gum. Her timing couldn’t have been better as Chris walked in the door and her nipples puffed against her bra. Looking out onto their open-floor plan, she felt confident everything was ready.

“What a day,” Chris moaned, slumping into a couch pushed against the far wall. “I can’t tell you how happy I am we’re staying in for date night tonight. Do you need help getting any food ready?”

“Nope! Got it all taken care of!” Lauren glanced over the romantic chocolate-covered goodies and fish she’d prepared.

“Good, I’m too beat to get up.”

“Oooohhhh, don’t say *that*...” Lauren cooed, putting extra-sultry heat into her voice. Chris picked up on this signal as she strode to the couch and turned her back to the kitchen. Leaning forward, she allowed her breasts to pull her shirt down and present a healthy overflow of tingling cleavage. She held her hands behind her back as she seduced, “See something you’re hungry for? Maybe something worth...*getting up* for?”

Chris swallowed. “I see *two* things I’m hungry for!”

“Oh really?” A smile flashed on her lips. Whipping her hand from behind her back, Lauren threw several pictures of impossibly swollen women at her husband. “*Well they must just be an appetizer compared to what you really enjoy, huh?!*”

Confused at her outburst, Chris caught the papers. His face turned red at being confronted with his hidden pleasure. “L-Lauren, I can explain!” Nervous glances passed between the images, her eyes, and her shirt-stretching chest. Lauren’s breasts seemed especially large and round tonight, though he feared it may just be because he might not get to enjoy them for a while.

“We’ve been married for *ten years* and you’ve kept a fetish like this from me?! Is this the kind of stuff you imagine happening to *my* boobs?! Exactly how big do you like ‘em?!”

“I-I... I don’t know! I just like them really big!”

Lauren grabbed her chest. “Well are *mine* big enough for you?! Cause I’m pretty small compared to these girls!”

Chris was about to respond until he saw her shirt bulge outward and lift away from Lauren’s abdomen.

A sly smile crossed her face. “Something tells me they won’t be small for long, though...”

*STTRRREEEEEEETCH*

Fabric groaned around Lauren’s bust when a fantastic surge of growth billowed her top. In a matter of seconds, Chris saw his wife’s tits engorge from full melons to overinflated beach balls. Flesh bulged from her collar and underboob avalanched across her stomach.

*“Lauren! What the hell is happening to your--”*

*“Tits? Oh! O-Oh my! T-They’re growing!!”* Lauren feigned shock and grabbed herself. *“Oh no, Chris!! My boobs are blowing up!! What’s happening to me?! I-I’m already getting too big for--”*

*SNAP!!!!*

*“--this bra!!”*

*BWOOOMPH!!!*

In a sudden rush of released mass, Lauren’s breasts toppled free of her shirt and fell onto her husband. They buried him under a pile of flesh capable of engulfing him from his head to his knees.

*“Mmmph!!”* he struggled, fighting the weight as it encroached further onto the couch.

*“M-Mmng!!”* Despite her anger, Lauren whimpered at the tantalizing sensations of his flailing. As she continued to balloon at a staggering pace, Chris was forced deep into her cleavage until his entire body wiggling between her chest. *“C...Careful in there...!”* she gasped, almost losing her balance from arousal. *“They’re... O-Ooohhhh, woowow... They’re sensitive, you know!”*

*“MMMMPH!!!”*

His struggling was music to her ears. Each tit bloating over six-feet across, Lauren was forced to step back. Her breasts were out of room and it was easier to push their owner away than take down the wall in front of them.

Lauren laughed weakly and felt her knees tremble. Chris’s struggling was only encouraging her growth; at this rate, she would fill the living room and kitchen in a few minutes. *“I-It pays to have a friend at the local Wicca shop, wouldn’t you agree??”* she laughed.

*“Mmmph?!”*

*BLOOOAAAT!!*

Skin filled the room like an inflating bouncy castle. Lauren could hardly step back fast enough against her rising mass. To the left and right, her knockers were consuming the living room. Most of the furniture was buried. A single nipple from one of her van-sized tits could have filled their recliner.

*SLAP!! SLAP SLAP!!*

A tiny hand thrashed at the top of her cleavage. Such a sight made Lauren cry with delight when it was pulled back in by her shifting flesh.

*“Auugh!!! Ooohhhh God they’re so much more sensitive than I thought they would be!!! N-No wonder those girls look so happy in your pictures!! T-This is incredible!!”*

*“MMPH!!!”*

Chris was tiny compared to her chest. Tiny, consumed, and overpowered. He shook like a human-sized vibrator trying to overcome her engorging girth but the inside of her cleavage was slick with lust and sweat. It was hard enough fighting the pressure, let alone climbing to the top.

She spread the rising chasm in front of her face and yelled into the darkness with a dastardly laugh, *“Just tell me when they’re big enough for you, ok?? You just say when, and I’ll take the potion that makes them stop growing!”*

*“Mmmph!!!! MMPH!!!”* Chris struggled and sent ripples across the pale sea.

*“M-M-MMMMM!!! Ooohh God...!”* Lauren whimpered and felt fluid moisten her thighs. The cold kitchen tiles under her retreating feet felt heavenly as she burned with arousal. *“I-It’s no bother for me!”* she assured him sarcastically, *“I want to be big enough to make you happy! J-Just say when!”*

*SSTTTTRRREEEETCH!!!!*

Chris had no hope of escaping. He felt like a bug pinned between two massive balls of rising dough. Hot and trapped in squishy darkness, he grabbed at soft skin and pulled himself in the direction he thought was up.

*“B-Better...mmmmm!!!...hurry! The living room is starting to look aaaawfully small for these big ol’ tits!!”* Lauren backed into the middle of the kitchen. She hadn’t expected it to go this far, but she was determined to see it through to the end. Every inch of her chest sang with sensitivity and pleasure. A single nipple was capable of blocking a doorway with a tight, fleshy pink wall.

*“Aahhh!! O-Ohhhh GOD these things are amazing!”* Lauren sank her arms into the looming wall and panted for breath. She could no longer hear her husband’s muffled complaints, but she could feel him struggling somewhere within the room-filling mass. *“K-Keep...Keep going!”* Lauren almost begged, *“You’re almost out!! L-Let me know when they’re big enough for ya!”*

Flesh jiggled at the top of her cleavage. Only feet away from the ceiling, it rose closer by the second. Nothing was left of their living room and soon the kitchen would face the same fate. Thinking fast, Lauren grabbed a plate of date night snacks before her chest could push them from the island to the floor. It was a good thing she’d prepared food beforehand.

*“Ooohhhh, Chriiis!!”* she moaned. *“I...I didn’t know...you liked your girls so...s-so BIG!! We’re going to have to buy a bigger house if you want to keep them THIS b--”*

Two hands rose from the top of her cleavage and brushed against the ceiling, joined seconds later by a gasping face dripping with sweat. Wide eyes stared at the approaching drywall in fear.

*“WHEN!!!! DEAR LORD, LAUREN!!! WHEN!!! WHEN!!! YOU’RE BIG ENOUGH!!!! MAKE IT STOP!!”*

“*Oooohhh!!!! M-Mmnnhg!!!*” Shivering and pulling a hand out of her panties, Lauren fished a second vial from her back pocket. With her butt pushed against the kitchen cabinets and a wall of flesh pushing against her front, it wasn’t an easy task. “*And here I thought you were a man of culture!*”

Several drops fell under her tongue. The tingling faded away and Lauren sighed with relief as what felt like a cool breeze drifted through her chest. With each mammary over fifteen-feet wide, they filled the living room and kitchen from top to bottom.

“*Thank God they stopped...!!!*” Chris moaned from several meters away. His voice echoed oddly with the ceiling only inches from his head. “*What the hell were you thinking, Lauren?! Do you see yourself?! O-Our house!!*”

Adopting a timid voice, Lauren replied, “Aww, you don’t like them...? I was just trying to give you a good surprise for date night...” She shrugged and found a seated position on the kitchen counter; she wouldn’t be going anywhere anytime soon.

“Oh well, we can talk about it tomorrow when they go back to normal! The potion says it only lasts twelve hours. But you know? I think you might be onto something with this whole ‘giant overgrown boobs’ thing. I kind of liked feeling them rip through my shirt!”

Chris couldn’t believe his ears, nor the direction his night had abruptly taken.

*MUNCH*

*MUNCH*

The sound of chocolate being crunched reached Chris, as well as the scent of fresh strawberries and cherries. Chocolate-covered delights were Lauren’s specialty and his stomach rumbled. “H-Hey, can I have something to eat at least??”

Swallowing, Lauren plucked another cherry from the plate while staring at the gargantuan knockers filling the bottom half of their house. “Sure! But you have to come and get it.”