

Big Fun on Deck Part 2

Mackenzie had lost any sense of self control. By the second day of their boat trip, she began using her friend's lotion simply out of enjoyment rather than to gain attention from Damien. His lingering gaze centering on her heavily-enlarged bust was certainly welcome, however.

Not an hour passed by without Mackenzie applying another coat to her bosom. Laura of course knew the cause of her unnatural enhancement, but the accompanying boys were dumbfounded at Mackenzie's growth. By the end of the first day, she had outgrown her her new bikini top to the point of having the appearance of an engorged anime girl wrapped in twine. Mackenzie admittedly enjoyed the bulging display but it proved too uncomfortable for an extended period of time.

This led to the borrowing of Laura's spare top. Though naturally bigger, it provided little more cover for Mackenzie's watermelon-sized breasts. When hanging free they reached her belly button in rounded teardrops of flesh. A constant state of arousal from the tingling growth had plumped her nipples to permanent strawberries aching for stimulation. There was no hiding her swollen nubs and they tented Laura's spare bikini top to the point of causing the boys mental distress.

This still proved to be too little for Mackenzie's growing tastes. On the second day, Harry and Damien watched her mysterious breast development with earnest. She began entering the yacht's doorways at an angle so as to not allow the sides of her breasts to rub against the frame. Some of the smaller hallways proved even more cumbersome and required Mackenzie gather her breasts in her arms and squish them vertically to allow her passage. The effort to do so grew as she did but it was more than worth it.

Laura had never seen her friend so happy and brimming with sexual confidence. This did not mean she thought Mackenzie was using the cream responsibly. Her eyes widened more every time she watched her friend reach for the bottle when the boys were out of sight. "Really, Macky? *More* lotion?"

"Duh! I can't stop now!" Slick hands rubbed her mammaries like engorged balloons. She sank up to her wrist when applying maximum pressure.

The sight was oddly arousing for Laura, despite living a life devoid of lesbian interactions and urges. "Don't you think you're getting a little big? Look at yourself! You barely fit through half the doorways on the boat! You can't even stand up without grunting like a tennis player!"

"*Nnnghhh ooohhhh yeeaaaa...*" Laura's concern was completely ignored. "*Mmmmmm* why didn't you tell me big boobs were so incredible?? To think I've been missing out on all this fun my entire life!!" Mackenzie's hands clenched in passion when her breasts distended further.

CRREEEAAAAAK

Laura winced at the sound of her loaned swimsuit straining. “*Don’t you dare break that bikini top! It’s one of my favorites!!*”

“Ooohhh I would have to go topless at that point!” Mackenzie’s eyes lit up at the possibility of no longer fitting into any of her clothes. It was exhilarating.

A defeated sigh left Laura. There was no getting through to her friend anymore; she’d been swallowed by a sea of boob greed. “If I had known you were going to turn yourself into some kind of busty pool toy, I wouldn’t have given you the entire bottle... I *should* have only given you enough for a DD-cup!”

Mackenzie scoffed. “If that’s your way of asking for the lotion back, you’ll have to try harder. Damien is going *crazy* with these things bouncing all over the boat! Plus I *LOVE* them!! I feel like these are the kind of tits I was always meant to have!” She wrapped her arms across her front and hugged her chest into her face. Flesh bulged every direction and for a moment Mackenzie’s head was hidden from view when she plunged it between her cleavage as if bobbing for apples.

“Well just...take it easy, all right?” Laura stared in worry. Mackenzie’s frame wasn’t meant for such masses. “They’re not going to go back down if you keep using it like this. I’ve never even been brave enough to go bigger than my own head.”

Mackenzie came up from her chest and giggled with a jiggling shrug. “Hey, it’s not for everyone!”

Later that day as the yacht drifted on calm water in the heat of the late afternoon, the group found itself split into two groups. Laura and Harry had taken to spending quality couple’s time together on the lower deck. Left alone as the two single people aboard, Mackenzie and Damien found themselves tanning on the roof. It was a relatively small area accessible only through a hatch leading into the bedrooms below.

Mackenzie knew this was her chance. Being alone with Damien in such a setting was bound to lead somewhere. Given the bulge in the front of his swim trunks and his failed attempts at sneaking glances at her chest, Mackenzie was confident he was interested. Sexually, at least. The air surrounding them was charged with an electricity of shared horniness. She was positive she possessed the largest pair of breasts he’d ever seen.

After a few drinks and light chatting, the conversation died away while they lay on their backs soaking up the sun. Each opened their eyes periodically to catch sight of the other’s body laid prone. To Damien, Mackenzie looked ready to fall out of her bikini if the boat hit an awkward wave. Likewise, Mackenzie was certain his cock might extend from his waistband if he got any harder.

“*Mmmm...*” she groaned, feeling sun baked. “It might be time for me to roll over...”

Damien jumped at the opportunity. “Need me to rub some tanning lotion on your back?”

Mackenzie’s nipples throbbed. This wasn’t a simple courtesy on his part, they both knew it was far more than that. She laughed cutely. “Sure! This bikini is a little tight though... You might need to untie it if you’re going to get *everywhere*.”

He rose onto his elbows. “I wouldn’t dare leave you with an uneven coat!” A hand reached for the bottle at Mackenzie’s side.

“My tanning lotion is in my bag if you want to grab it!” she advised, the sun happening to blind her to his reach.

“Oh, be right back.” Damien replaced the bottle on Mackenzie’s towel and stood up to find the bag by her feet.

Tingling with delight at what the near future might hold for her loins, Mackenzie groaned with the effort of sitting up. Was Damien going to like the view of her breasts bulging out from her sides when she laid on her stomach? Could she even lay on her stomach at this point? How quickly would his hands start to wander once he began rubbing her back? The thought of his fingers lightly grazing the sides of her breasts to test the waters made Mackenzie bite her lip with anticipation.

“God that sun is bright,” she complained. Blinded, she closed her eyes and rolled onto her side in preparation for Damien’s eager hands. Between her askew bottoms and her overflowing top, Damien was sure to get an eyefull when he returned with the tanning lotion. Gently she lowered her weight onto her breasts like two pillows.

CRACK!

SPLAT!!!

Mackenzie froze on her belly. A sudden wave of cold goop had squished to life under her tits immediately after the sound of a plastic bottle breaking open.

“U-Uh oh,” she squeaked, springing her eyes open and looking down to find a creamy substance gushing from her cleavage.

“What is it?” Damien asked from the bottom of her towel. His hand paused in her bag when he glanced up to see Mackenzie leaning to the side on one elbow. The entirety of her chest was covered in a dripping white lotion. A broken bottle split down the middle sat crushed where her breasts had come to rest under her rolling weight. He’d never seen such erect nipples ready to slip free of their prison. “You all right?” he asked, trying not to stare.

“*Uh... N-Nngh...!*” Mackenzie shivered despite the summer sun. Incredible sensations of tingling and arousal were rushing through her body. “*O-Ooohhhh God...*”

Hugging her breasts together, she pushed herself into a sitting position and let them fall into her lap. It looked like she’d dipped her bust into a vat of cream. “*Aaahhhhh that’s a lot of l-lotion!*” she whimpered. It felt like her skin was alive and vibrating under Laura’s bikini. Based on how tight her breasts already felt in the presence of so much lotion, Mackenzie had a feeling she was going to be replacing the bikini soon enough.

Looking up, she saw Damien ogling her situation. It was surprising not to see drool falling from his mouth. “Should...Should I get you a towel?” he offered.

CRREEAAAAAAK

“*Mmmm... Mmmmm!*” Mackenzie felt Laura’s bikini dig into her torso. There was no telling how much she was about to grow. Losing any sense of judgement, she lifted her chest into

the air and said, “Well there’s no sense in letting all this go to waste, is there?” Bringing her hands into her chest, she filled her palms with the swollen domes of her areolas. The sheer amount of growth-inducing lotion coating her bust was going to make it hard to carry. Damien’s eye twitched taking in the scene.

Spreading her legs and lifting her chest, Mackenzie tempted, “Why don’t we go inside and you can help me *rub all of this in?*”