

## Temptations of Growth

“He’s going to love this...” Catherine rolled the non-descript bottle of pills in her hand. Several dozen tiny pink nuggets clattered inside. “H-He *is* going to love this, right...?”

It was a surprise she’d been planning for weeks. Nervous, she placed a hand on the exposed skin of her chest. An elegant dress helped boost her B-cups into a pair of tantalizing perky mounds, but the dress begged to be filled out with something more.

The pills in her hand were the key. Given to her by a friend, Catherine had come into possession of the unlabeled medication after commenting on her friend’s sudden growth spurt.

*“I took these special pills my lab was developing!”* her friend had exclaimed in a hushed tone. *“The FDA doesn’t even know about them yet! All it took was one, and I was blowing out of every bra I own! Even my old maternity stuff!”*

It still seemed too good to be true at the time, even if Catherine was staring the sports bra-stretching results in the face. Her heart raced as she imagined the melon-sized knockers on her own petite frame. Her boyfriend’s love of well-endowed women was no secret. Many nights she’d found herself wishing she could fill his hands the way he so clearly desired.

She gripped the bottle with steadfast determination. “Tonight’s the night. That man is getting the tits he deserves.”

A glance at the clock told her Mike would be home any second. With dinner already laid out and prepared, her dress hugging her body, and the lights turned to a seductive dimness, the time was right. Catherine’s friend had told her the pills act fast. Now was the perfect opportunity.

Before she could talk herself out of it, she swallowed a single tablet. Schoolgirl-like giddiness made her tremble at the thought of the pill affecting her from the inside. Catherine looked down and hugged her torso.

“N-No turning back now...!” She grinned with bubbling excitement. “I can’t wait to see his face when I start outgrowing my dress! He’s going to think I drugged his whiskey! I wonder how long it will take for him to lose control and--*Ah!!*”

A spike in sensitivity hit her like a truck. Color flushed Catherine’s chest as she was brought to perspire. A teasing, shiny gleam danced over her perking breasts as if she’d oiled them.

*“O-Ohhhh wow...”* A groan of arousal slipped free. *“That... Those pills...really do work fast...”* Catherine clenched her hands against a wave of lust. Gazing down, she saw the subtle effects of growth causing her breasts to bulge around the plunging neckline of her dress. *“She... Ah!! A-Aahah!! S-She didn’t say it would feel...so good!”*

*BZZZ!!*

*BZZZ!!*

Her phone vibrated on the counter. Seeing her boyfriend’s face elicited images of how hard his cock would be later that night.

*“Mmmm... H...Hello...?”* Catherine answered.

*“Hey, babe. Listen, I’m really sorry, but I have to work late tonight...”*

The news made her heart sink. Watching her chest intently as sensations of tightness spread through her like wildfire, she squeaked, “What?? Mike! No! You said--”

“I know I know... I’m sorry... This thing in production came up and it’s all hands on deck. Can you wait two hours? Maybe three?”

Catherine stared down, wide-eyed. “U-Uhhhh...”

***STRRRRTCH!***

“Ah!” A sudden surge in growth drove a spike of pleasure through her core as her breasts surged to a full C-cup.

“Catherine? Everything alright?”

Groping herself, she replied weakly, “M-Mhm!! Just... T-Try to hurry?” She stared down at the burgeoning mounds nearing double her natural size. The sight made her purse her lips. “I would hate for dinner to get cold.”

“I’ll be as fast as I can. I’ll see you soon! Love you!”

“Love you too!”

Their call ended, leaving Catherine alone with two breasts giddily swelling in her grasp.

“Ooohhh that works fast... That works really fast!” Head swimming in a fog of arousal, she watched her assets slowly plump. The sight of substantial cleavage shooting down her body for the first time made her thighs tremble with desire. “God, they already look incredible...!” She ran a finger between them, amazed at the firmness of her skin. “Mmmm!!! A-And they feel--”

***STRRRRTCH!!***

They surged at her pleasure, squeezing her digit. “MMGH!!! Ahh!! No no!! Wait!?” Catherine recoiled and resisted any more touching. “Ok, ok... Stimulation makes them grow faster! G... Good to know...!” She gulped. “Maybe if I can calm down, I can keep them from growing any bigger before he gets home...” Having seen it for herself, Catherine knew watching her growth was going to be half the fun for Mike. She wanted to see his reaction more than anything as she ballooned before his eyes.

“Ok, calm down... C-Calm down...”

Deep breaths lifted her chest up and down.

“I’m calm... I can...r-resist this...”

Their growth slowed to a crawl. Relieved, she dared to look. Sweat peppered her chest and brow.

“Looks like I’m a...D-cup now?” It was going to be hard hiding them from Mike until the time came, but she could work with it.

***GUVURGLE***

Catherine moaned when a bubbling like a warming boiler came from deep within her chest. Though it didn’t grow, she could feel a heated pressure mounting. The centers of her breasts ached as if something were backed up.

“Nngh... Y-You girls don’t really like being held back, do you...?” Cautious, she brought a hand to them. “I got you all excited and now you have to--”

***STRRTCH!!***

“AH!! No! H-Hang on!”

She reined herself in after a small surge. The pressure dissipated, only to return when she regained control.

“No touching... No touching...”

***GUUURGLE***

The pressure rose like a balloon in confinement. Catherine winced, wanting dearly to give in.

“Just...two or three hours! I-I can do that! All I have to do is ignore my boobs as they r-rapidly grow...a-and...” She glanced down.

Her heaping cleavage was immaculate. Just seeing her once tiny breasts now so tightly packed into her dress brought Catherine to the edge of growth.

“Eep!! Maybe it’s best to wear something a little less sexy!”

Nothing was easy as pressure mounted within her chest. Grown so big, Catherine found even walking to be an entirely new experience. Every step sent her chest jolting with momentum she wasn’t prepared for. The apartment’s AC made her skin sing with sensitivity. Even breathing had turned into an erotic act as filling her lungs pushed her chest into her dress.

She stumbled into their closet with gentle gasps. “*Mmmgh... Undress... Undress veeerrry carefully.*”

Hooking a thumb around each shoulder strap, she held her breath and flicked them down her arm.

***STRRTCH!***

“MGH!! H-Haaah!!”

Her breasts fell, unsupported. A glance in the mirror was all she needed to know they had far surpassed her original size. For the first time, their weight was enough to make them fold over her torso. Plump and full, they protruded in perky teardrops.

“Don’t... Don’t look at them...”

She’d only caught a glimpse of her nipples, but she knew they were bloated and throbbing: dangerously sensitive.

Ignoring her chest, she slipped her dress to her ankles and grabbed the nearest pair of panties. Bending forward to step into them, she regretted going commando in anticipation of Mike’s reaction.

***SNAP!***

They hugged her hips with elastic precision.

***GUUURGLE***

“Ngh!!! E-Easy...!”

The pressure grew. Hormones were raging within her body as she reached a trembling hand for the largest bra she owned: a hopeful hand-me-down from her sister from years ago. A D-cup garment, she hoped it would fit.

“Careful...” she whispered, clasping it around her. Pulling the straps up her arms, she tenderly nestled her mammaries into the soft cups as if they were precious eggs. *“I wouldn’t want to--”*

***STRRTCH!***

*“MMMGGH!”*

Her nipples rubbed against the padding. They swelled outward upon settling into their prison, leaving Catherine heaving against her closet wall.

*“Oh... Oh my... Nnngh, I-I don’t know if I can do this...”*

The mirror’s reflection caught her eyes. Cleavage heaped itself prominently in the bra. She was clearly too big for it, an idea that drove her mad. Her hand drifted down her abdomen to find her navel before traveling lower.



*“Mmmmmm...”*

Moisture soaked her crotch. Only seconds in, her underwear was ready to drip.

*“God... I-I don’t think I’ve never been so...wet...”*

***STRRTCH***

Her fingers rubbed, parting her plump lips through her lace.

*“It’s like... The more I resist... T-The more aroused I get... And the more intense the growth becomes...”*

***STRRRRTCH***

*“I wonder what--WAIT!?”*



Catherine's senses returned as her bra dug into her back. She flung her hand away, leaving her pussy pleading for more. Flesh bulged over her bra. She'd let herself grow several cups. By her best guess, she sat around an F-cup.

Panting resistance made the closet humid. Catherine was sweating as if she'd just finished a run. "*S-Stop growing... Stop growing...*" she whispered repeatedly. "*We have to wait for Mike!*"

Her heart rate slowed, as did her breasts. The pressure returned with a vengeance, angry at her constant interference. Cautious, she reached for a hanger.

"I-I'm just going to put a shirt on..." she warned her chest. "No need to get excited..."

Against her better judgment, Catherine chose a skin-tight half-button-up. The stretchy fabric hugged every curve of her figure and accentuated the outline of her overflowing mass rising over her bra cups, but the stimulation was small enough that she could repress it.

Gravity was not kind as she stumbled from the closet. Every fiber of her being urged her to take hold of her chest to calm its unpredictable movement. Foreign momentum accentuated every step.

"S-She could have warned me how heavy they become!" Catherine grunted, cursing her friend's poor communication. She managed to make it to the kitchen with heavy breath steaming her lips. A quick inspection revealed windows spreading between her shirt buttons as her garment struggled to contain her new mass. Catherine gulped. "*She... S-She could have mentioned how overwhelming it feels to swell, too... I can barely think straight!*"

She pursed her lip. Temptations ran through her head. Tension was slowly building within her chest as if it were a sealed pressure cooker. How easy it would have been to let herself go. Several orgasms were guaranteed. The thought of growing so rapidly that she could see her bra explode open made Catherine gush.

She leaned on the counter for support, daring to cup a breast in one hand. "*All this...from one little pill... Who would have thought that--*"

Her eyes drifted to the bottle. A voice in the back of her mind warned her against even considering such a thing, but her desire easily drowned it out.

"*If one pill could make me feel this incredible...*" Catherine's mouth went dry as she took the bottle. "*How good would I feel with another? I-I might grow a little bigger in the end, but...*" Trepidation made her heart flutter. "*Is that really a bad thing?*"

Curious, she inspected the bottle. There was no label. There was nothing on the pills themselves. Catherine shifted her thighs in place.

"*What if...two pills is too much?*" Below her chin, she could see her new chest rising like ocean waves. "*I'm already so big, and I can feel that they...nnggh...want to get much bigger... O-One pill might have even been too much for me...*"

Before she knew what she was doing, the cap had been unscrewed. Her lust was in control. There was little sense left in Catherine's mind. She let a second pill tumble into her palm.

*“I’ll just take another and make sure to resist the growth until Mike gets home! That way, he’ll still get a great show when I blow out of my dress! After all... I-It’s not fair that he’s already missed the first part of my growth...”*

Rationalization made, Catherine consumed the pill. She could almost feel it settle in her stomach with a dense heat.

*RRRMMBLLL*

*“Nngh...!”*

Her hands rubbed her belly. As much pressure as the first pill had created, this one had increased it severalfold.

*“Ah...!! Ooohhh, w-what did I--MMGH!”*

*GUUUUURGLE!!!*

*“NNGH!”*

Her body reacted violently. Catherine fell forward, leaning on the table as her breasts moved beneath her shirt. One of her hands grabbed them, sinking deep into their trembling flesh.

*“E-Easy...! Easy, girls!!”* she squeaked.

*GUUUUURGLE!!!!*

The pressure was great. Compounding by the second, she felt as though she were having to tense every muscle to contain her savage growth. The cores of her breasts begged for relief as they longed to develop.

*“Ooohhh maybe a second pill wasn’t such a good idea...!”* Rounding skin tightened her shirt, pulling her neckline down to reveal plump cleavage. *“Not...Not yet! Don’t grow yet! God this feels good!”* Her thighs clamped and rubbed together. *“Why does it have to feel so damn good?!”*

She started to pant. Every inch of her body was alive with electricity. Her fingers twitched to appease her pussy. Her nipples screamed within their prison. Never had Catherine felt so on the verge of losing control.

Looking around, she found every item in her apartment slowly transforming into an erotic version of itself. Every cushion and pillow on the couch would have been heaven to hump. The chair’s armrests looked perfect to straddle and ride. Mike’s game controller, so innocently sitting by the TV, she knew could deliver intense pulsating vibrations.

*“M-Mmmmm...”*

*STRRRRTCH!!*

She spread her legs against the edge of the table. The corner rubbed against her pussy, applying splendid pressure to her clit. Her head tilted back, gasping in ecstasy. For the first time, she was tempted to buy one of the comically large dildos from the local sex shop. Her hand slid down the front of her jeans into the steaming jungle of her panties.

*“I’ve never felt...so turned on in my life!! I’m wet enough to--”*

*STRRRRTCH!!*

*“Mmm!! MMMMM!! Ooohh yes...!”*

*STRRRR--POP!!!*

*“AH!!”*

A sound like a firecracker snapped her out of her trance. Looking down as a button clattered across the floor, she saw how far she'd let herself go. No longer in the realm of an F-cup, she'd grown to rival small melons nearing ripeness. Tight, pale skin heaped through the burst button. It gleamed with her sweat and exuded warmth. The outline of her bra stood against the stretching shirt, clearly defining the several ways her breasts had found to escape its cups.

*“Shit!! Stop stop stop!!”*

She retreated from the devilish table corner and pulled her hand from her pants.

*DRIP*

*DRIP*

*DRIP*

Fluid ran from her fingers and palm. Thick and slippery, it was coated in the juices of a woman driven mad with arousal.



*“I-I’m so wet...that I’m dripping...”* Catherine whispered in awe. *“I have to get out of this place!?”*

*GUUUURGLE!!*

*“NNGH!!”*

Catherine winced. Resisting the growth was becoming more difficult. The longer she forced it to build up, the more intense her growth seemed to be when it finally escaped. The pleasure of holding it back bordered on torture.

*“I...I need to distract myself! Do anything to keep me busy until Mike gets home!?”*

In a hurry to leave the world of privacy and temptation, Catherine grabbed her car keys and left in a whirlwind of lust.

*“The grocery store... Somewhere public! Where I can’t...give in!”*

Climbing into her car almost pushed her over the edge.

*“M-My tits are almost big enough to touch the steering wheel! How did I grow so--”*

***STRRTCH!!***

*“No!! No no no!! Have to distract myself!!”*

As stressful as it was, Catherine was loving every second of battling her engorgement. The thrill of the building pressure was intoxicating. She was in a battle with her own breasts. The longer she kept them at bay, the more they tickled and prodded her senses like nagging puppies.

***CREEAAAAAK!***

A button groaned, folding over and sinking into her cleavage. Her mammaries protested the unjust treatment, puffing like angry pets. As large as her head, they stood full and perky as if harboring a massive amount of silicone. She could hardly remember what her B-cups looked like less than half an hour prior.

*“When I finally let you two go...it’s going to be...o-orgasmic...”* She trembled. *“I don’t think Mike is going to be ready. Honestly, I don’t know if I’M ready...”*

She started the car and nestled her phone in her cleavage. Secretly she hoped someone would call her, throwing her bust into an unstoppable frenzy of growth. Blasting the radio, she sped toward the store while making sure to hit every moan-inducing pothole on the way.

By the time she arrived at the store twenty minutes later, Catherine was positive she’d never looked less presentable. Her shirt was stretched and drawn up her body to reveal her midriff as her chest demanded most of the fabric. Obscene cleavage heaped from its neckline and weakening buttons. In the store’s fluorescent lighting, faint blue veins popped like neon trails over her skin.

Lower, if one could steal their gaze from her impressive bust, they would have seen a massive wet splotch on her hips where her pussy had leaked through her jeans. Her thighs clung to the fabric, tight and wet as her arousal ran down her legs.

*“Welcome, ma-am!”* a greeter smiled. *“Is there anything...I can...help...you...”* His voice trailed off, stunned at her appearance.

*“N-No... No thank you! I’m just browsing...!”*

***CREEAAAAAK***

*“Mmgh!”*

***CREEEAAAAAK!!***

*“O-Oohh no...”*

Every step caused her bra to complain. It was at wit’s end. More than doubling its capacity, Catherine was putting its support to the test.

***GUUUURGLE!!***

*“AH!!!! Nnnnghhhh fuck!!”*

The pulse of pressure was like a bolt of lightning. After the drive over, the pent-up growth raged within her tits. She leaned on an aisle of snack foods to catch her breath.

*“T-They feel like... God, they feel like soda cans someone shook up!! They feel ready to explode!!”*

It was becoming impossible to ignore their will to grow. As she held it back, the effects would only become stronger. A part of her wondered what might happen if she waited too long. Already her areolas felt ready to blow off her front.

“Oh my... Milk coming in, dear?”

Catherine looked up to find an older woman addressing her. *“Huh...?”*

The woman smiled lovingly. “I remember when I had my twins!” She laughed, reminiscing. “There were days I thought my chest would *burst* before I had a chance to feed them. You look like you haven’t pumped in days!” Staring at Catherine’s intense vein map rising from her neckline, she warned, “It’s not good to go so long... You’ll get backed up.”

***GUUUURGLE***

Chuckling, Catherine agreed as her pressure churned. *“Heh, no kidding. Don’t worry, I plan on letting them do their thing any time now!”*

“Tell your husband to help! It’s a two-person job sometimes!”

Her groin sparked with desire, nearly bringing her to the ground. *“Oh he will!!”*

Catherine gave a parting smile and stumbled on. Walking was becoming a dangerous pastime. Feeling their weight sway and wobble made her lightheaded. The aching in her shoulders was uncomfortable, but under the amount of arousal burying her mind, it only heightened her experience.

***GUUUURGLE!!***

*“Mmmgh!!! Oohhh they’re gonna blow... T-They’re...gonna blow... If I keep holding them back... T-They’re gonna pop!!”*

She grabbed a box of cereal if only to have something to carry around the store and keep her hands busy. Not a customer passed by without ogling her massive assets. Hardly ever the subject of so much attention, Catherine basked in their glimpses and stares.

*“Mike is...going to lose his fucking mind with these knockers...”* she whispered, discovering she was unable to see her feet. *“I’m not going to be able to keep him off me! H-He might even...spend the entire night...mmmgh...tit-fucking me until--”*

***STRRRRTCH***

Catherine licked her lips. She’d often daydreamed about being able to bury her boyfriend’s manhood between her breasts. At the rate she was growing, she was going to be able to bury his head. Lost in her thoughts, she wandered into the produce section.

*“I wonder...h-how it feels...to have a cock throb...between your tits...”*

***STRRRRTCH!!!***

*“I’m going to have to buy a whole new wardrobe! That is if Mike ever lets me get dressed again... He might just tie me to the bed and never let me--”*

*STRRRRRRR--POP!!!*

*POP POP!!!*

“MMMGGH!” Stumbling and catching herself on a bin of watermelons, Catherine’s eyes widened in shock at the globes tearing through her shirt. Their weight carried her forward and caused her trembling arms to bend. As her bust pressed into the pile of massive fruits, she cried out when her body weight settled on top, squeezing them to the sides.

*POP!!!*

“O-Oohhhh... Oh no...” she squeaked. The last of her buttons blew off, falling into the pile of fruits. “I-I’m too big for my shirt!! I’m... I-I’m almost as big as--”

She froze. Lying among the watermelons, she found her heart racing as she compared them to her breasts. They were almost the same size. Catherine’s vision blurred as her mind ran wild at the thought of how large she’d become.

“I-I’m nearly as big as watermelons...” Swallowing against a dry mouth, she felt the pressure of growth rising. “I... I’m EASILY going to be bigger than watermelons...when I let them go...”

She whimpered when her thighs trembled and fluid ran down her leg. The thought of swelling into her shirt with people around made her weak.

“Just... J-Just a little growth couldn’t hurt... There’s still so much to come... A few cups is barely noticeable!”

Slowly losing her mind, she clenched her hands against the melons and allowed her internal dam to open, releasing a surge of swelling.

*STRRRRTCH!!!*

*SHRRRIIIIP!!!*

*“AUGH!!! A-AAHH!!!! OHHH FUCK YES!!!”*

People turned when her shriek bounced around the store. The growth only lasted for several seconds, but it was enough to add a handful of inches to her bust. A gaping tear opened under one of her arms, revealing the confined jiggling curves below.

It was beyond intoxicating. The pleasure of growing was a drug: addictive and all-consuming. Sweat dripped from her nose. A lingering orgasm had puffed her pussy to bulge against her jeans.

Catherine shook, hardly daring to move for fear of another growth spurt leaving her stranded.

“Mike’s cock... I-I want...his cock...” she begged to her chest. “I just want...nnggh...to bury his hard...stiff...dick between these monsters...”

They were more than big enough to engulf him. Her mind flooded with images of him lying on top of her, his shaft sliding in and out as they cushioned his body like jiggling pillows.

“Miss...? Are you alright...?” a clerk asked, approaching cautiously.

“I want...to be big enough to fill his lap...w-with my jiggling flesh...”

“E-Excuse me?”

Catherine gasped at the mental image. “C...*Could I...get that big?*”

*GUUUURGLE*

The pressure raging inside her bust told her the pills weren’t nearly done with her body.

“Miss...? Do you need help?”

*GUUUUUURGLE*

The clerk backed away when she turned toward him, leaning against the melons to keep herself upright. Flushed, sweating, and overwhelmed with temptation, Catherine looked on the verge of madness.

She couldn’t hold herself back any longer.

“I’m... *I’m just fine,*” she smiled.

*STRRRRTCH!!*

“AH!!”



The clerk gawked when she swelled. Desperate, Catherine grabbed her beach ball-sized mounds. “*Not yet...! N-Not yet!!! Let me get home first!!*”

She stumbled toward the store entrance. Every step released a spark of growth to the waiting pile of fuel that was her chest. Any wrong move could spell disaster for her self-control.

*STRRRRTCH!!*

“*MMGH!! Just...wait!! Wait a little longer!! I want Mike to see!*”

It couldn’t happen at the store. No matter what, Catherine would not let her greatest sexual experience happen anywhere but at home.

*GUUURGLE!!*

*STRRTCH!!*

*GUUUUUURGLE!!*

*“Auugh!! T-That’s tight!!”*

Her breasts expanded and contracted in her arms as she fought her way to her car. Growth and resistance fought madly within her, urging her larger only for her chest to be compressed back down in size. It blocked all view of her lap when she collapsed into her car seat. Seeing how tight and full she’d become, she feared it might soon burst from the pent-up growth she’d forced it to contain. Throbbing energy-filled veins raced over her surface and beat against the shirt. The bra was no match even for her nipples as they wildly engorged themselves to giant strawberries.

*GUUUUUUUURGLE!!!!*

*STRRRRTCH!!!!*

*“AH!!!!”* She grabbed their fronts when they distended several inches. *“MMMMGH!!!! O-Oh GOD!! N-Not in here!! Not in here!! I don’t think there’s enough room in this car!!!”* Catherine arched her back, fearful of the bombs on her torso. *“I-I-I don’t think I could bear to touch them without making my growth--”*

*BZZZ!!!*

*BZZZ!!!*

*STRRRRRRTCH!!!!*

*“SHIT!!!! OH SHIT!!!!”* Her hand instinctively flew between her legs when her clothes burst open. Feeling her breasts break through the seams and stitching sent her over the edge.

*HOOOOOOOOONK!!!!*





Catherine's heart skipped a beat when her phone vibrated between her treasures. Grown so large, she'd forgotten she stashed it in her cleavage. The stimulation made her explode with growth until they mashed against the horn. Her car blared in the parking lot and she squirmed and dug for her phone, every movement causing her chest to come dangerously close to losing control.

*"H-H-HELLO?!"* she screamed, finally answering.

Mike's voice came through. "Babe? The problem is all figured out! I'm heading home!"

*"O-Ok... Ok...!"*

Heaving gasps wouldn't let her catch her breath. Moving the seat back, she gave herself room to breathe in the shrinking car.

*"You alright? You sound out of breath..."*

*"M-Mhm!! Mhm!!"* Catherine chewed on her lip. Her nipples flared angrily, quivering with desire. *"I-I'll be waiting for you!"*

*STRRTCH!!*

Her vision blurred momentarily against a wave of growth. *"I'll be waiting...with a big surprise,"* she corrected.



What remained of Catherine's clothes now littered the apartment floor. She couldn't remember driving home, much less climbing the steps to her apartment. Everything was a blur. Her mind was lost in the fog of immense pent-up growth. She'd tried to put her dress back on for Mike, but the task proved far too taxing. It lay on the floor with the rest of her clothes, torn down the middle and drenched in perspiration.

*CREEEAAAAAAAK*

*"Haaahhh... Haaahhh..."*

She stood in her living room, dripping with sweat. Only her bra and panties remained.

*CREEEAAAAAAAK!!!*

*"Nnngh..."*

The straps groaned with stress. Too small to contain even her nipples, the bra struggled to stay intact as it hugged the bottom halves of her beach ball-sized knockers. Taut, firm flesh overflowed the cups and bands, engulfing them in the tight crevices.

*GUUUUURGLE!!!*

*"He's... H-He's almost home..."* Catherine begged her mammaries. *"Please... Please just wait a little longer before--"*

*RRMMMMBLLLL*

*"NNGH!!! O-Oh dear... They're... T-They feel like they're going to..."*

They weren't having it. Pushed to the limit, her breasts ached with a storm of backed-up growing pains. The sensations were invigorating and intense. Pleasure she'd never thought possible brought her body to the limit of what she could mentally handle.

***STRRTCH!!***

Skin weighed heavier as her breasts crept down her abdomen. Catherine panicked as the table held her up against their will. *"Augh!!! N-No!! Just a little longer!! I know you want to grow, b-but...he's almost here!!! I-I want him to see!! I want him to see me grow!! If you grow anymore, I'll have to take another--"*

She stopped herself. The bottle of pills called to her from across the room. One had been incredible. A second had thus far been unimaginable. A third could only be better.

***GUUUURGLE!!***

*"Mmmmm!!!"* She whimpered as her chest urged her to take another. *"I... I-I can't...! I can't! You're already so--"*

***GUUUURGLE!!!***

***"NNGH!! BIG!!!"***

Rich veins crossed them like rivers, making Catherine's mouth water. Rubbing them and feeling her skin bloat and shift under her fingertips at the slightest stimulation, she feared for her decision-making skills.

Never had she felt so powerful. Never had she felt so womanly. The mountains trying to pull her to the floor dominated her every thought. They only felt better as they grew. Their anger as she resisted only made her want more. The experience was dream-like.

The pills called to her once again.

*"Well..."* Catherine gulped. *"He... H-He does like big tits..."*

***STRRRRTCH!!!***

***"Mmmmm!!!!!"***

She grew several inches, coming big enough to cover her crotch. Her knees knocked together as her legs failed.

*"Ahh!! MMMMGH!!! W-Wait!! Please... I... I-I... Oooohhhh!!! THE PRESSURE!! I-I can't!!! Mike, where are you?! MY TITS FEEL LIKE THEY'RE GOING TO BURST IF I DON'T LET THEM GO!!!"*

They bloated, driving daggers of lust into Catherine. She squeaked in breathless desire as her mind went blank. Flesh was all she saw. Pressure was all she could feel. Unable to resist as her nipples stretched as large as soup cans, she flung her hand to her pussy and began massaging.

***STRRRRTCH!!!***

***BWOOMPH!!!***

***"MMMMMGHHHH FUCK!!!"***

They surged outward like two dogs released from a cage. Gravity took over, pulling Catherine to the floor as she massaged her groin.

*“IT’S SO GOOD!!! OH GOD, IT’S SO GOOD!!! I-I DON’T THINK I CAN HOLD THEM BACK MUCH LONGER, MIKE!!! I’M LOSING CONTROL!!”*

She eyed the pills as hair fell over her face.

*“I’ll... I’ll just take one more!! So he’ll come home as it’s kicking in!! Then he can still watch me grow!!”*

***STRRRRTCH!!!***

***STRRRRTCH!!!***

*“Mmmm!! MMMM!!!”*

Catherine crawled across the floor. Her breasts dragged beneath her, squished against the carpet and her stomach. They bulged around her thighs as she pulled her knees forward.



*“J-Just one more pill...! One more!! Maybe two!!”*

By the time she reached the bottle, Catherine’s chest had begun lifting her torso. Flesh squished around her arms and legs as she wobbled on top of her bean bag-sized mounds. Her mouth watered when she took the bottle into her hand.

***STRRRRTCH!!!!***

Her bust groaned in approval, lifting her knees from the floor.

*“More!! M-More!!”*

The scent of the pills drove any remaining sense from her mind when she removed the cap.



Mike pulled into his parking spot. Over an hour late for what was supposed to be a romantic dinner, he knew he was going to have to make it up to Catherine in a big way. The bouquet of flowers in his hand would only be the start of his apology, assuming she even wanted to see him tonight.

“Please don’t be mad... Please don’t be mad...” he whispered, walking through the apartment complex. Rounding a corner to his building, he looked up to see a sight he couldn’t have been prepared for.

“W...W-What the...hell?”

It looked as though a carnival inflatable had gone rogue inside their apartment. Every window was blown out by a heaving square-shaped bulge of jiggling mass. On the far end of their bedroom, what seemed to be a car-sized nipple was squeezing through the large double window. Pink flesh quivered in the open night air. On the broad side of the building he saw a gaping hole in the frame. Debris littered the ground below from where the wall had blown out. The size of the trembling mass expanding through the room-sized opening left him feeling small.

“*It’s getting bigger!!!*” someone yelled from the grass below.

A crowd had gathered, likely most of the other tenants in the building when the structure had started to fail.

“What’s happening?!” Mike asked, running to his neighbor.

They shrugged, staring in horror. “I don’t know! The place just started shaking and groaning like it was going to come down!”

“Have you seen Catherine?? Where is she??”

“Sorry, mate, I haven’t.”

He called her phone to no avail and began searching in a panic. “*Catherine?? Catherine!!*”

*RRRMMMBLLLL!!!!*

The building trembled as the mass grew.

*CRASH!!!*

A piece of wall tumbled down to expose a second nipple-like blob. It puffed and heaved, angry and beyond calming. The hardened tower of flesh could have crushed several men.

Mike ran toward his apartment fearing for his girlfriend. The stairs leading to their door were bent and crooked, warped by a failing wall. Cracks showed around the doorframe as he fumbled for his keys amid creaking wood.

“*Nnnngh!!! MMMMGHHH OH MY GOD...!!!*”

“*Catherine?? Catherine, can you hear me?!*” Mike yelled, hearing a desperate moan from within. His keys unlocked the door.

*WHAM!!!!*

It flung open, ripping the hinges backward and embedding itself into the apartment wall with the force of an industrial airbag.

*BWOOMPH!!!!*

A flood of heaving flesh bulged through the opening before squeaking to a stop against the doorframe. Heat rushed from the apartment like an open oven.

*“Aaahhhhh!!!! OHH YEEEEES!!!”*

Mike’s eyes widened. He recognized the scent of Catherine’s perfume. It lingered on the trembling heap of Jell-O-like flesh. Casting his gaze upward, the color drained from his face. Catherine was there, sandwiched in a small gap between her breasts and the ceiling. Pink pills were scattered around her along with an empty bottle.



*SSTRRRRTCH!!!*

*“C-C-CATHERINE!!! OH MY GOD!! WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU?!”* he yelled, backing away as the flesh swelled.

*CREEEEAATAAAK!!!*

The building groaned, bowing outward. She jiggled from a sudden upheaval as if the floor had started collapsing beneath her weight.

*“Catherine!! Are you alright?!”*

*STRRTCH!!!*

She grew, nearly covering the small opening through the door as her chest pressed against the ceiling. The last thing Mike saw was her scrambling at the strange pills with unrivaled lust in her eyes.

*“CATHERINE!!”*

*“Mike...?? Mike, is that you?!”* she gasped. *“Oooohhhh you’re just in time!!! L-Look!! Are you surprised?! I’m so happy you got here in time to watch!!”*

*“WHAT ARE YOU DOING?!”*

Her voice was barely audible as her cleavage filled the apartment to the brim. The walls stood on the brink of total failure. "*H-Having another!!!!*" she yelled happily. A desperate orgasmic groan followed. "*It only took four pills to make me this big!! And I feel INCREDIBLE!! Can you imagine what three more will do?!*"