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Go Fish

"And just what are you doing hiding away up here…??" Jess cracked her friend's bedroom door open to find its owner sitting on the bed. "You're not trying to get away from your *own party* are you?"

Mike chuckled and put his phone down. "Guess I just needed a good break from all the noise. Who knew college could be so loud, right?"

"I don't know, probably only everyone you invited to your kegger, I would guess!" Jess passed him a playful expression.

Mike teased back. "So what are *you* doing upstairs sneaking into my room? You obviously didn't know I was in here."

Jess knew she was caught red-handed. Making sure no one was following her, she opened the door enough to slip inside. It closed them off from the rowdy music downstairs and the white noise of three dozen different conversations.

"You got me," she admitted, holding her hands up. "A little break from everyone sounded nice. Wasn't expecting to find the host here, though."

Mike bounced his eyebrows and lifted a Solo cup for a drink. "I won't tell anyone if you don't."

Jess stepped towards the middle of his room. It was different being alone with Mike now. "How long has it been since we hung out alone in your room?" she laughed, "Middle school?"

"Maybe early high school. Before my mom got worried about our hormones."

"Sounds about right." Jess stared at the decor on the beat-up walls of off-campus living. "Gotta say, your taste in posters hasn't changed *at all*. Is that the same Pokemon poster from your room when you were ten?"

"The one and only!"

"Wow, and right next to a pinup of Lacey Banghard. Your taste is impeccable."

"Hey, she is a national treasure!" Mike defended. Looking between the poster and Jess, however, he had to confess his eyes were drawn to his friend. Wearing jeans and only a spaghetti-strap camisole, Jess's figure wasn't left to the imagination. The shadow of a light blue bra shown through the late-summer garment. A pair of hard-to-ignore breasts stretched the cotton like two halves of a volleyball.

Jess shook her head and sat against his desk. "You always did like your games." A sly smile adorned her face with a hint of arousal. They weren't just kids hanging out together in middle school anymore.

An idea sprang to Mike's mind. "Speaking of games… Care to pass the time before we jump back into the noise?"

"Ooooh, what did you have in mind?"

"Strip poker?"

Jess snorted with laughter. "Nice try! I admire the effort! But I don't exactly know how to play poker and I would be totally naked within three turns."

There was that sly smile again. She knew Mike was doing the math in his head.

"Go Fish?" he asked.

"What are we, five?"

"Well now you're just sending mixed signals."

"You went from strip poker to Go Fish."

"I promise it's not like the usual Go Fish! You might wish you had played strip poker by the end, though."

Jess's interest was piqued. "All right, fine, you hooked me."

Shaking a fist in triumph, Mike reached under his bed for a small lockbox. Inside were several items, all more suitable for the amount of security than the deck of cards he withdrew.

"Paranoid much?" Jess chided.

"This is a special deck of cards," he explained. Motioning to the floor, he invited Jess to sit with him as he began to deal.

"I can't believe I'm at a kegger and I'm hiding upstairs playing Go Fish. I'm not sure I even remember the rules!"

"It's easy," Mike grinned, "We'll start with ten cards since it's just us. You can only ask for a card already in your hand, and if I don't have it, you have to go fish. If I have what you asked for, you can ask again. The person with the most sets of four at the end wins."

"It's coming back to me now after about ten years or--"

"And every set of four I get will multiply your bra size by that amount. Every set you get will divide it by that amount."

"Sounds easy enough. Do you go first or do--" Jess stopped. Mike's little addition to the rules had seemed so calm and nonchalant she'd hardly noticed. She wasn't even sure he had actually said what she thought she had heard. There was silence for a full twenty seconds before her brain finally processed enough to ask, "*Huh??*"

"Like I said! These are special cards." Mike continued to deal. "I got 'em from my grandpa. Thought he was bonkers until I actually played this with a girl in high school. Remember Tara?"

Jess was feeling hot. The cards in her hand seemed to burn. "Big-Titty Tara? How could I forget! She showed up one day looking like--" Jess froze, putting two and two together.

"Looked like she'd grown six cup sizes overnight, right? Well, she did."

Jess would be the first to admit she wasn't subtle about her flirting and excessive use of cleavage. It was especially prevalent around Mike. There was something in the way he tried to sneak peeks down her shirt that she enjoyed. Hearing him talk about her chest growing according to a children's card game was uncanny, though.

"Listen, I'm not sure what you're trying to say, but--"

"Ooohhh!" Mike grinned from ear to ear staring at his cards. "Good hand!" Jess watched as he placed a set of four on the carpet. "Four twos!" he announced.

Despite her best efforts, Jess was blushing at the implication. Her mind refused to play along with the ridiculous notion. "So...what? Are my boobs are supposed to d-d...*nngh*...double in...*mmmm*…"

Mike smiled like an idiot. "Yup."

Jess couldn't help but breathe as if she were jogging. Leaning back, she watched her chest rise and fall until her eyes bulged at the sight of her mammaries swelling into her camisole. "*What...W-What's happening...to me*?" she moaned, short of air. Skin bulged over the brims of her cups. "M-Mike!! My boobs are...*nnngh!!* They're blowing up!! What's going on?! I-I--*Mmmm!!*"

Jess strained as they bloated larger than her head to the point of lifting her underwire away from her ribs. A pair of basketballs resided under her skimpy top, far too large for her once-adequate bra.

"H-Holy shit!! I'm...I'm like--"

"Twice as big." Mike finished for her. "What do you think? We can stop if you want. I mostly just wanted to see your reaction."

Jess gawked at her peeking cleavage. Bringing her gaze up to meet Mikes, her open mouth turned into a challenging sneer of competition. "*Finish your turn*."

Finding Jess so into the game made him hard as iron. "Don't mind if I do! Got any kings?"

She twitched at the knowledge he had the ability to make her breasts grow ten-fold. "G-Go fish."

"Heh, crap." Mike drew and shifted his position. "Your turn."

Heart beating with pleasured anxiety, Jess looked at her hand. Nothing stood out to her. There was nothing more than a pair. "Got any fives?"

"Sorry, go fish! Pretty daring of you to want to end up smaller than you started!"

The realization hit Jess like a truck. If things didn't go her way or she didn't play her game well, she could end up flat as a board. Her tits themselves were at stake. "T-This…" She swallowed, resolving to play more carefully. "This is a little tricky…"

Mike eyed his cards. "Do you have...any threes?"

Jess stared over her hand, refusing to speak.

"You have to give it to me if you have them."

Biting her lip, she passed a three across the floor.

"Is that *all* of them?"

"Ugh, dammit." Jess passed two more cards to her friend and watched as he laid down a stack next to his first. His eyes glistened with eagerness. Shaking, she asked, "So now...I-I'm going to grow--*Ahh!!*"

Jess shuddered. Her bra was suddenly tight and constricting, pulling into her breasts like a cable line. There was no time to react before her chest swelled with excessive force. Skin rubbed down her stomach and cleavage ballooned into her face. Jess was thrown back onto her hands by the event, a jiggling weight wobbling back and forth. "M-Mike!! *Nnnngh this is too much! T-This is...This isn't possible!!*"

"Tell that to your shirt," he teased.

Skin was overflowing Jess's seams. Cupping her like two giant balls of dough, Jess's clothes were engulfed by flesh on all sides. "I-It's...*Nnnng Miiiike my top is going to*--"

SHRRRIIPPP!!

"*Aaahhh!!*"

Jess fell forward. Flesh filled her lap and overflowing onto the floor with rippling motions. Round and firm, they came to rest with their tops reaching to her sternum. Jess was in shock, twitching a slack-jawed mouth. "I-I…"

"This is a first!" Mike laughed, "I've *never* had a hand go this well!"

"My boobs...are bigger than *beach balls!!*" she screamed.

"Ten times your original size! We can stop if you want."

"Like hell! I can't go back out there looking like this! I don't think I could even stand!! Uh uh, I need to get my head in the game."

Mike was in heaven. "Fine by me. Got any eights?"

"Fuck no! Go fish."

Jess's hands were sweaty and the cards shook in her grasp. Mike had only matched the two smallest values in the game and she was already stranded and topless. Her nipples were so large she didn't even try covering herself. This was war. "Are aces high or low?"

"High," Mike replied.

"Good to know…" The three aces in her hand may be her saving grace. She didn't dare divide her size by eleven at this point, though. "Got any…" Her mind raced, trying to figure out the math to reverse her growth as close to her starting size as possible. Slightly bigger wouldn't be a bad thing. "Got any sixes?"

"Dammit…" Mike passed two cards.

"*HA!! Eat it!! Mmmmm...*" Jess slapped her first set on the floor. The sensations weren't as enjoyable as feeling herself grow, but watching herself shrink down to a more manageable size was a relief. Leaving her lap, Jess's breasts pulled up her chest until they resembled plump watermelons. An arm lovingly hugged itself across them for support. "*There we go!*" she cheered. "Got any tens??"

"Go fish!" The game was speeding up. "Got any queens?"

Her rejoicing vanished in an instant. Scared and horny, she passed her last pair of cards to watch Mike reveal his third set. "Oh *come on!!*" she yelled, "You stacked the deck!!"

It was no use. Her arm was overpowered by her chest within seconds as it bubbled and bloated back to her lap. It didn't stop at its previous size, instead continuing until her legs were out of sight. Jess was forced to dig her elbows into her chest to sit upright. "I feel like a damn bean bag…" she mumbled."

"Got any kings yet?"

"Go fuckin' fish."

Mike was enjoying her struggle too much. "Your turn!"

"Got any jacks?" Jess was feeling helpless. She needed big numbers now. It might be time for her ace in the hole.

"Go fish!"

"*Uuugh!* Fine!" She drew. A king found its way into her hand. Face paling, she knew Mike had already read her like a book. "Uhh… Your turn…"

His eyes flashed. "Got any kings?"

"*Mike come on! If I give it to you, my tits are going to blow so big--AHH!!*" She didn't seem to have a choice. A shiver jolted the card from her hand. It fluttered to Mike where the other three kings lay waiting. "*Nnnnghh oohhhh Mike I can't get TEN TIMES BIGGER!! I'm already--MMMGGHHH!!!*"

Skin billowed in all directions. Mike had to think fast when Jess's chest rushed towards him in a wave. Grabbing the cards, he jumped to his bed and watched the expansion unfold.

"*Ooohhhhh they won't stop!!*" she cried, feeling them pressing under her stomach to lift her into the air. Several items were knocked from shelves and uncleaned school supplies were lost under her floor-covering girth. Coming to rest, Jess laid across a pair of breasts each ten-feet across and three-feet deep. The room suddenly felt much smaller as she was squished against the walls. "*HOLY SHIT!*" she swore, unable to find her balance.

"Got any sevens?"

"*NO!! GO FISH!!*" Jess wobbled uncontrollably looking at her hand. "*Do you have any ACES?!*"

"Sorry, go fish!"

"*NNGH SHIT!!*" Jess felt her last hope slip through her fingers. Even with the best of plays, she wasn't walking out of this room.

"Got any fours?"

"*NO! Go fish.* God my tits feel big. I think my nipple is squishing into a sandwich!"

"Probably, I had one earlier."

"*Come on… Please…*" Jess prayed. She was in too deep to stop. "Do you have any jacks now??"

"Sorry!"

It was Mike's turn. He was silent long enough it caused Jess to look up from her personal bed. "Well? Are you going to play or--" The smile on his face made her uneasy. His last draw hadn't been in her favor. "M-Mike, ok, look, before we go any further I really think we should consider--"

"Hey, Jess," Mike ogled, "Got any aces?"

"*No!! No no no!! Mike!! Do you realize what will--*"

RRMMMBBBLLL

CRREEEAAAAAK

The color drained from her face when the floor cracked and she surged a foot into the air. "M-M-Mike?!" she stammered, feeling dizzy from the oncoming swelling.

"Uh oh," he frowned, hearing the same noises. He leaped from his bed, landing on Jess's chest in a wave of ripples before fighting his way through the door.

"*MIKE WHERE ARE YOU GOING?! GET BACK HERE! MY CHEST IS GONNA--*"

CREEAAAAKKK!!

His leg slipped through the door just in time before her girth would have made opening it impossible.

"*AhhhhHHHH MIIIIIKE!!!*"

CRAACK!!!

BWOOMPH!!!

A sound like a thunderclap rattled the house before a mini-quake shook the foundation. Mike had made it downstairs just in time to see Jess fall through the second floor and devastate the living room. Luckily all the partygoers had cleared away when pieces of drywall had started to fall, but Jess's growth wasn't done. Many were too stunned to flee, instead getting pinned against a wall as furniture was overturned and windows shattered.

"*I CAN'T BELIEVE YOU!!*" Jess yelled, craning her neck to find the hole in the ceiling coming closer. She was blowing up like a balloon inside a box. The house didn't seem big enough, all of a sudden. Feeling cramped with dozens of trapped students squirming against her naked chest, Jess swelled to a wall-shattering size. "*Ahhhhh why didn't I just play strip poker?!*"