

Sealed With A Kiss

(Part 1)

Expansion_Babe

“What if you, like, did something totally *crazy*?” Kimber suggested, twirling a long lock of jet black hair curiously. “Like got a *tattoo*?!”

Riley laughed, which turned into a snort. Like a schoolgirl, she hugged the pillow she was resting on tighter and started kicking her legs giddily, excited by the idea. “Oh my god, Trent would *lose his shit*!”

Both of the girls then erupted into a fit of childish giggles.

A little bit of context is needed to understand how these two got here, sitting alone in a room on some random sorority girl’s bed with a raging college party rocking on down stairs.

Riley McDaniel had never been much for socializing. Especially since her controlling ex-boyfriend, Trent Russell, made her social anxiety and insecurities sky rocket during their five year on-and-off-again relationship. In lieu of their official breakup though, Riley had decided to go to this house party her classmate had invited her to. To put herself out there more and try and move on.

Kimber, well, she was just there for a good time.

The two met after Riley noticed Kimber from across the sorority’s living room. The tall goth stood out to her, even through the bright multi-colored lights and loud pumping music. Kimber’s contagious laugh drew her in like a siren’s song. After taking a sip of liquid courage from her red solo cup, Riley slowly incorporated herself into the crowd that surrounded the outgoing woman.

Girls and guys alike seemed to be drooling over Kimber as she sat on one of the cream colored couches’ arms, staring at her like she was the sun and they were planets that had helplessly been dragged into her orbit, Riley included.

The petite blonde blushed as she found herself leering. *What was she doing? This wasn’t her.*

But wasn’t that the whole point of coming to this stupid party? Getting out of her comfort zone. Talking to people. Finding friends, maybe something more?

Riley shook her shot nerves, taking another sip of alcohol. She resigned herself to staying at the back of the crowd- attentively listening to Kimber’s smooth voice as it retold a recent grandiose misadventure she’d been on. Despite only wanting to linger, leaving a mere whisper of her presence, fate had other plans for the young college student.

A random partygoer bumped into Riley’s back. The tipsy woman tripped forward, incidentally pushing her way to the front of the crowd. Right in front of Kimber.

As Riley steadied herself, she realized her predicament, freezing in place. When Kimber made eye contact with the girl, the rest of the world simply melted away. For each of them, it was as if the other was the only source of light in an inky black abyss.

Blushing even harder, Riley cleared her throat and subconsciously straightened up her appearance.

"You okay?" Kimber asked with a slight chuckle. She sat back a little, crossing her legs, looking Riley over curiously.

"Yeah," she responded, breathlessly. "Guess it's a bit crowded here."

Without even thinking, Kimber asked, "Do you want to sit down?"

Heat flushed through Riley's cheeks as she analyzed the full couch Kimber had been sitting on. Where would she even sit? On Kimber's lap? The girls cheeks burned brighter at the thought of sitting on those thick, doughy, thighs.

Kimber, upon noticing there wasn't available seating, elbowed the guy sitting next to her so hard he tumbled off the couch. He had opened his mouth to protest, but Kimber shot him a fierce glare, instantly shutting him up. She then turned back to Riley and flashed a sweet smile. "Here, now you can sit right there, next to me!"

After going through all that trouble, how could Riley possibly refuse? The scrawny girl downed the rest of her drink before taking a seat next to Kimber. The resulting buzz from finishing her beverage made Riley loosen up a little and more easygoing. It also allowed her to shrug off all the jealous stares she was receiving from the people around them. Not like she really paid attention to them in the first place, Riley was too engaged with talking to Kimber.

The two spent the next hour chatting and getting to know one another. Then, Kimber suggested they find somewhere a little more private. Riley agreed and followed like a puppy.

Once alone, the topic of conversation somehow turned to past relationships. Kimber didn't really have much to say on the matter, but Riley had enough stories about her ex, Trent, to tell for the both of them.

Now, back in the present, Riley started to feel a bit embarrassed and self conscious. All she'd been doing for the past half hour was rant about her annoying ex-boyfriend. There was a pretty, friendly girl in front of her and all she could do was talk about *him*. How annoying.

Kimber, on the other hand, was completely infatuated. She could sit there and listen to Riley go on and on for hours about anything and everything if it meant getting to keep hanging out with this cutie.

"More reason to do it," Kimber continued with a shrug, leisurely leaning back against the queen sized bed's headboard.

"True," Riley sighed, flipping over from laying on her stomach on her back. One hand supported her head while the other rested on her stomach. Her right leg was flat against the mattress with her left foot planted, knee comfortably resting in the air. "Honestly, I'm kinda down. He's been controlling me for all these years. What to major in. Which classes to take. My appearance... If I get a tattoo it'll be because it's something that *I* chose to do. Not Trent. Not anybody else. Me."

Upon hearing that, Kimber smirked, proud of her new friend. "Well, if that's the case I can give you one," she offered.

Riley lifted her head up in surprise, "Really?! *You*, give *me* a tattoo?"

"Yes, me," Kimber responded, somewhat offended.

“How much are you charging?” Riley teased.

Kimber smiled a toothy grin. “Nothing. Free of charge.”

“C’mon a free tattoo...” Riley looked at Kimber suspiciously, “what’s the catch?”

She threw her hands up defensively. “No catch, honest.”

Riley shot Kimber a disbelieving look.

Kimber rolled her eyes before a devious twinkle filled her eyes. “Fine, show me your tits.”

“*W-what?!*” Riley sputtered out with shock. Sitting all the way up, the prude subconsciously covered her chest with her arms and blushed intensely.

“You wanted a catch, there’s your catch,” Kimber said, justifying her request. With an evil giggle, she grabbed Riley’s arms and thrust them open, “Now show me your tiddies!”

Riley was unable to keep herself from laughing at Kimber’s silliness. She wiped a stray tear from her eye while gazing at the funny girl sitting next to her.

“Well?” Kimber prodded, impatiently.

Butterflies ruffled Riley’s stomach. Kimber had been serious? She didn’t seem like a lesbian. She didn’t look fully straight either. Maybe she was Pan? Bi. Definitely Bi, Riley determined. A pang of nervousness shot through her system. She’d never shown her breasts to anyone but Trent, let alone another girl before.

Prompted by the silence, Kimber started to playfully chant, “Strip! Strip! Strip!” While pumping her fist up and down, like she was rooting for an underdog to win a wrestling match.

Riley burst out into a belly laugh. Succumbing to the peer pressure, she grabbed the baggy grey hoodie she’d been wearing and slipped it over her shoulders and neck, tossing it into Kimber’s lap. Now topless, a black lace bralette was revealed to have been hidden underneath the form hiding garment. The bralette matched the tight black legging that clung on to Riley’s slim lower half. Stuffed tightly behind the flimsy lace material were a pair of ample C-cup breasts.

“God damn, you’re beautiful,” Kimber ogled, trying her best not to drool. She couldn’t understand why Riley would wear something so baggy that hides that amazing figure. She should be out flaunting it.

“My bra isn’t even off yet,” Riley’s face was so bashfully red that it had even spread to the tips of her ears. Her face felt hotter than the surface of the sun.

Noticing how slightly uncomfortable Riley was, Kimber allowed the girl some respite. “You don’t have to take it off if you don’t want to,” she motioned to the crevice that sat between each boob. “Besides, that cleavage is enough to satisfy me... for now.”

“Stop it,” she gushed, shyly. Riley let Kimber look at her for a second longer before laying back down on the bed.

“Never,” Kimber whispered as she rubbed Riley’s hoodie against her cheek, savoring the scent of lilac and lilies. Kimber then got off the bed and carefully folded the piece of clothing up and set it on a nearby desk. She then walked over to Riley’s side of the bed where she crawled on top of the smaller girl.

“What are you doing?” Riley asked, breath catching in her throat, ignoring the heat that was spreading in her chest as Kimber’s warm breath breezed across the bare skin in the crook of her neck.

“Isn’t it obvious?” Kimber spoke into her ear, sending shivers down her spine. “I’m trying to find the best place for your tattoo.”

Riley laughed into Kimber’s band tee, which was tight in the chest area due to her massive mammaries. “Oh, really?” If Riley stuck her head out any further she’d be motorboating Kimber.

She’d never been with a girl before, and honestly the thought of sleeping with Kimber kinda scared her. Kimber was intimidating and way out of her league. And Riley was straight, at least she thought she was. But, slowly, she started toying with the idea of having sex with Kimber. It was exciting to fantasize. Tantalizing even.

“You said you’d be down. Where do you want it?” Kimber motioned to Riley’s left wrist, “Like here?”

Riley looked down at her wrist, but didn’t say anything, instead only breathed heavily. Kimber’s closeness was making her heart race. Was she getting turned on?!

Then Kimber used two fingers and walked them up the pale flesh of her forearm. “Or there?” She asked playfully.

Riley shook her head no and shook pleurably as Kimber traced up her arm with a shiny black painted fingernail past her shoulder, then gently circled her right collarbone.

Kimber elicited a yelp from Riley after grabbing the strap of the bralette with her teeth and pulling the fabric back. After letting go, a satisfying, stinging, *snap* resulted. “Guessing that’s a no,” she giggled after Riley gently punched her in the arm.

She then slithered her way down past Riley’s boobs and to her lower midsection where her face hovered a few inches beneath her belly button. “Mmmmm, maybe *right here?*” Kimber asked in a sultry voice, making her move.

“*Ooh!*” Riley all but screamed as Kimber slipped her tongue out of her lips and gingerly licked sideways along the trim of her stomach. The warmth on her cold skin was a pleasant sensation.

Kimber similarly enjoyed the saltiness of Riley’s sweat on the tip of her tongue.

“Oh yes, right there!” Riley whimpered, grabbing the pillow behind her as wetness welled within her core. “You’ll put the tattoo right there, right?” She asked, looking pleadingly right into Kimber’s brown eyes. “Promise?”

Kimber suggested, raising a mischievous eyebrow, “Seal it with a kiss?”

Riley nodded her head firmly with a twinkle in her eye.

“One tattoo coming right up!” She smirked, planting a passionate kiss on the skin above Riley’s bikini line. “It’s going to change your life forever.”

“Oh!” The muscles in the girl’s body seized as a sharp zap sent tingles from the tips of her toes to the top of her head. Her skin felt warm and electrified. The heat, mostly centralized to her stomach where Kimber had kissed her. Then, in a turn of the tide, the pleasure turned to pain and it crescendoed spectacularly. “Oh! *Oh! ...OW!*”

Kimber moved away, giving the girl some space. Riley sat up once again, fighting the dizziness and nausea that accompanied the sudden flashing pain. She looked down at her stomach, eyes widening in awe. As the burning sensation continued to spread through her skin, thick and intricate black lines appeared to be reflecting back on her epidermis, like an invisible artist was drawing on her skin. In a matter of seconds a large heart and symmetrical swirls and lines took up the space under her bellybutton. The resulting tattoo looked like some sort of gothic tramp stamp.



“What did you do to me?!” Riley questioned with tears in her eyes, clutching her tummy. Kimber didn’t offer any explanation, just took a step back and stared down at Riley hungrily. Like she was waiting for something else to happen.

Riley moved her hands away from her belly as she released a silent moan. A strange feeling overtook her, something else was happening. The tattoo had begun to... glow? The black ink flashed a vibrant and magnificent pink before returning to its natural hue.

From there, another flash of heat erupted in the girl's body, specifically and more intensely in her core. Riley looked down at her crotch. She didn’t know how to react when she saw her pussy begin to bulge out against the fabric of her pants. Her lips swelled so thick and fat that the pant’s purpose became asinine, becoming see-through and leaving her and her blue and

white striped panties exposed to anyone who looked. The resulting tightness and pressure drove her mad. Forgetting that there was another person in the room with her, Riley shoved her fingers down her pants, feeling her womanhood grow against them. An increase in natural lubrication caused a wet spot to form on her crotch. She was so caught up in the pleasure that she barely noticed.

Riley released a strained grunt as the heat moved to her thighs and bottom. Her ass and thigh flesh expanded rapidly. The seams of her leggings burst open stitch by stitch, pockets of fat, supple, meat emerging out of each hole. Riley's expansive pussy was suffocated and fought for space with her thunder thighs. She had to spread her legs apart to be able to breath down there. She also rose in height slightly as her butt gained more and more mass. A loud shredding noise filled the room as her buns tore through a small opening in the leggings that had formed by her crack.

"Oh, oh my god!" She cried as the heat traveled up to her bosom. Riley's already adequate cleavage deepened significantly into a never ending trench. The teardrop shaped mounds surged forward and forward and forward. Thick nubs the size of thumbs poked through the lace, demanding attention. The bralette was barely able to contain anything, instead. Riley's nipples partially slipped out from the neckline. Boobage spilled out and over the fabric in abundance. The lingerie refused to break as easily as the leggings, the thick straps digging deeper into the girls shoulders, delivering more pleasurably painful feelings to her brain. After an immense struggle, Riley was finally able to peel the garment from her hot and sticky sensitive skin.

An exhausted sigh left her mouth as the heat finally seemed to subside. "What. The. Fuck," was all Riley could muster. Confusion turned to frustration as her core still ached terribly, yearning for an orgasm.

A slow, methodical, clapping came from the corner of the room. Riley struggled to lift herself up with her new set of boobs and center of gravity. Each tit was almost the size of her head for crying out loud and weighed like one too! Eventually though, she managed to straighten herself up, where she seethed at Kimber.

"That was just wonderful, darling!" She cheered, impervious to the murderous looks Riley was giving her. Kimber sauntered over to Riley and helped her stand up. Then, she walked the girl over to a full body mirror that was conveniently in the room.

"Wow," the two of them said synchronously as they looked at Riley's new reflection.

If Kimber thought Riley was gorgeous before, now she was a total bombshell. Kimber was still bigger than Riley, of course, both in height and in her assets. But she was definitely more in her league now than before.

Riley hated to admit that the new curves framed her figure nicely. Due to the mysterious tattoo on her stomach, she now had a perfect and ideal body. Something she'd always dreamed of having. Riley went into model mode as she cupped her breasts in her hands and stared as the tit-flesh poured out between her fingers. She then examined her widened hips, swaying them and enjoying the feeling of her bubble butt jiggling against gravity.

Kimber then pressed herself against Riley's backside, feeling her up and slowly navigating the tattered remains of her leggings, taking in the woman's glorious new body. With a mischievous smirk, she looped what was now the smallest thong in the world under her thumb and pulled it back. Delicious ripples resulting from the snap, causing her cheeks to clap together loudly and fervently. Kimber then started leaving a trail of kisses starting from the girl's shoulder all the way up to the base of her neck while rubbing one finger against an enlarged clit.

Riley bit her lip and stifled a moan, watching as the hot goth kept kissing her skin and massaged her pussy, their steamy breaths beginning to fog up the mirror. She stole a glance at her new tattoo. Despite not getting to choose the design, it was kinda growing on her. She wanted to be mad, but she was so horny now all she could desperately think about was fucking Kimber into oblivion. "W-what...?" Riley moaned as her cunt exhibited one last tiny growth spurt, finally causing her panties to burst.

"I'm a succubus," Kimber breathed into her ear, playfully nibbling on the cartilage. Riley then watched through the mirror as Kimber's eyes flashed a vibrant red. She then turned around, finding her new friend unbuttoning her jeans. Kimber slid them down to the bottom of her waist, revealing the exact same tattoo on her stomach as Riley's. "And now, so are you."

"How?!"

Kimber hung her hands around Riley's neck as she began to sway, like she was tipsy, urging the other girl to dance along with her. With a wink and a giggle she said, "Silly girl! We sealed it with a kiss, remember?"