

Erica groaned as she rolled onto her back she opened her eyes to find that she was lying next to the foot of her bed. She sat up, in her hungover state she was barely able to even open her eyes. As she stood up her messy, jet-black hair covered most of her face as she staggered out of her bedroom and into her bathroom. She looked at herself in the mirror, the underwear she was wearing was not what she remembered putting on the night before. What she was wearing was an uncomfortable piece of skimpy black lingerie, the kind meant to show someone else in an intimate setting. It was all lace and had an elaborate array of strings and straps keeping it together.

Now that she was aware she was wearing it, she could tell how uncomfortable it really was, it was most likely not intended to be slept in considering its design. Its lower portion was open, fully exposing her womanhood, while also having two straps wrapped around her hips and ass to sort of lift each of her cheeks. The bra portion had constricting padded cups that accentuated her already generous bust.

*Why the hell am I even wearing this thing?* She thought to herself as she tried to figure out how to remove it. She recalled distant fuzzy memories of her strutting around her apartment as if she were in a fashion show, with Christy drunkenly wooing and cheering her on from her couch. *The drunk fashion show checks out, it also explains the mess.* She thought, looking down at a pile of random articles of clothing discarded on the floor. She finally got out of the overly elaborate underwear and tossed it onto the pile.

She looked at herself in the mirror and frowned as she saw the lingerie had left visible red lines where they were squeezing her breasts. She brushed her messy hair behind her shoulders and she froze for a moment as she saw that her hair had been covering a tattoo on her shoulder. It took her a moment to remember that it was only temporary. She sighed in relief remembering that part of the night, particularly how she had to help Christy apply her's to her ass and how funny they both thought the jokes were on the tattoos. Erica leaned forward a bit sticking her shoulder up a bit to get a better view of what hers was.

It was of two round honeydew melons being pressed together by two disembodied hands beneath them, in big letters across the fruits it said, "WANNA FEEL MY MELONS". *I bet that weirdo that gave us these tattoos wanted to feel my melons, who could blame him though?* She brought her hands up to her breasts and lifted them similarly to how the melons were being held on her tattoo. She smiled feeling their heft, being a natural G cup with such a fit frame seemed to work in her favor in terms of her love life and self-confidence. She began messaging them and winced slightly considering how sore they felt from being squeezed all night.

As she messaged them she was shocked to find how quickly the soreness left her breasts, in fact, her hangover also seemed to alleviate the more she rubbed them. The sensation of relief began to transition into something much more electrifying. She tilted her head back and closed her eyes, she had never felt this sensitive in her life. Her nipples hardened as she felt a chill run up her spine, her legs wobbled and a wetness began to form between her legs.

She opened her eyes and grinned seeing the way her breasts overfilled her hands, she pressed them together with her arms before letting them drop. She continued to turn and admire her body, not sure why she was suddenly as horny as she was, but considering how she felt she

didn't mind. She faced the mirror directly again and noticed her breasts seemed sort of swollen. Her nipples seemed puffier than usual too, she brought her hands back up to them to test their weight again. *It seems kind of early for that time of the month.* She thought as she began massaging them again.

She let them drop again and was shocked to see that they seemed even larger now. They now looked like J cups, causing Erica to worry slightly. *Are they bigger? Why do they feel so sensitive?* She began rubbing them again, their sensitivity only heightening. She began to find herself lost in her own pleasure, any sense of worry faded as she pinched one of her nipples while massaging her clit with the other had found its way between her thick, yet toned thighs.

She lightly massaged her clit before sliding a finger inside of her already dripping-wet pussy. All of her senses seemed to dim as she was rocked with pleasure. Her legs wobbled and she leaned against the wall while she began to pant. She was so lost in pleasuring herself, that she didn't even feel the added weight to her front force her to lean forward. Her suspicions were correct, her breasts were growing. They both resembled basketballs and they continued to grow the more she rubbed, squeezed, and pinched them with her free hand.

She spread her legs apart and slowly allowed herself to slide down the wall onto the floor where she continued to pleasure herself, oblivious to her predicament. She pinched one of her swollen nipples eliciting a moan. She squeezed her arm into the giant pillows attached to her chest, the feeling of them overflowing her grasp only heightened her arousal. She realized that her hand just wasn't cutting it anymore, the fact that she had a vibrator in her dresser was just too much to ignore in her lust-fueled state.

She finally opened her eyes, to find herself sitting on the pile of discarded clothes against the bathroom wall. She sat up against the wall and found that her whole body seemed to feel much heavier than usual. She looked down and examined her body, in her current state it was almost as if she were drunk on lust, so she had no idea why she couldn't see her thighs. She cupped the bottoms of her breasts, her hands completely out of view, and watched as they inched forward slightly. Only then did she finally realize that her breasts were completely filling her lap.

Her eyes shot fully open at the realization, she threw her hands up away from them at a complete loss for words. For some odd reason, she didn't feel any sort of sense of worry, more just confusion as well as an arousing sense of curiosity. Her mind was still battling to regain awareness as her id yearned for her to squeeze her breasts again. She experimentally squeezed her hands into them and watched as their growing resumed. Again she stuck her hands up and watched as their growth stopped.

She gripped the edge of her sink and was able to pull herself to her feet, albeit very slowly. She leaned forward and rested her enlarged mammaries in the sink while she looked at her reflection. Seeing her beachball-sized breasts covering her torso and overflowing her sink caused her to uncontrollably smile. She had always had a sizable chest and had never really desired to be any bigger at any point in her life, but there was just something so arousing to her about seeing them grow so disproportionately large.

She slid her hands beneath the soft pillowy masses engulfing her sink and lifted, immediately both seeing and feeling them grow even larger. She let out what was honestly a

quite excessive moan, “Fuck yes, BIGGER!” She was now fully embracing her breasts as they continued to bulge around her arms and spill over the side of the sink, now mostly hanging over the edge of it rather than actually resting on it.

She let go of them, and watched as the growing once again stopped, confirming the cause of her growth. *How is this even possible?* She thought before looking at the tattoo on her shoulder. She brought a hand up to feel it, *Are doing this?* She stared at the words and smiled as everything clicked. She wrapped her arms around them and squeezed, causing them to quickly bulge over her arms as they inched outward. She hugged them tightly and attempted to stand up straight, only for their true size and weight to actually sink in as she realized they were too heavy for her to even straighten her back. She began to feel a twinge of worry but was still enjoying herself too much to stop.

They began to grow faster, pulsing outward to match her rapid heartbeat. The slight sense of worry had grown a bit, causing her to begin wondering if there was a limit to how big she could grow. This thought also aroused her, the mental image of her being too big to fit into doorways was orgasmic to her. The remains of her rational thoughts could manifest in the form of her thinking, *I'd better get my phone in case I get immobilized by these things.*

She let go of her breasts to keep them from growing any further, now the size of beachballs they slapped against her hips, nearly knocking her over. She stumbled to the door, the doorframe grazing the sides of her breasts as she gripped it with both hands just to remain upright. The short distance from her bathroom to her bed seemed astronomically larger, and she knew she would have to hold her breasts up with her hands if she wanted even the slightest chance of reaching her phone.

She took a deep breath to try and prepare herself, before quickly reaching under her massive tits and squeezed them as tightly as she could. She broke out into what was meant to be a dead sprint, but in reality, was more like several awkward steps forward before moaning uncontrollably and falling face-first into her now beanbag-sized boobs. She laid on top of them, her pussy now quite literally dripping wet, before she looked up to her nightstand and reached a shaky arm towards her phone.

She struggled for a few moments, her fingers just barely out of reach of it before noticing the charging cable was still plugged into it. She grabbed the cable and slowly pulled it until her phone slipped off the edge of the nightstand and into her hand. Her focus went foggy for a moment as she was overwhelmed by her own horniness. She desperately wanted to continue pleasuring herself, but knew she needed some sort of assistance considering her current size.

She quickly unlocked her phone while still lucid and texted Christy, “CHRISTY YOU NEED TO GET OVER HERE RIGHT NOW”

She rested one of her arms on her immense bust, which caused it to quickly grow to fill the space between her bed and dresser, lifting her up by several inches as well. She quickly brought both of her arms up, realizing that she was growing faster the larger she got. Her growth seemed to also be connected to her arousal, and a part of her became excited at the thought of how big she could get if she were to succumb to her temptations.

She shook the thoughts out of her lust-soaked brain and forced herself to think about the long-term negative effects of completely filling her room with her breasts. She realized that her arms were beginning to feel tired and that she couldn't hold her hands up forever, so she texted Christy once again. "I NEED YOUR HELP RIGHT NOW".