

## Let Rise



“It shouldn’t go too late. We should be back by ten. All you have to do is entertain her for a little bit, help her wash up, and then put her to bed in an hour,” Margaret said, putting on her jacket.

Her husband, Kyle, was waiting at the front door. “I hope we didn’t inconvenience you with such short notice. We’ll pay you double, of course.”

“Mm! Not at all!” Lacy shook her head as she stood in the Henderson’s foyer. “Grace is always a joy to watch!” She didn’t want to mention the sudden summoning to babysit had in fact interfered with plans between her and her girlfriend. “We’re gonna have lots of fun, aren’t we??”

A giddy six-year-old bounced at Lacy’s side, holding her hand. “*Yea!*”

Kyle tapped his watch. “Margaret, we need to go.”

“Yes, dear...” They headed out the door. “Call if you need anything! Bye, Gracie! We love you!”

“Love you too, Mommy!”

The front door closed behind them, leaving Lacy and Grace alone. It wasn’t the best way a twenty-something girl wanted to spend her Friday night, but some extra cash for lounging around in sweats and a t-shirt all night wasn’t a bad deal.

“Ok!” Lacy cheered, squatting down to Grace’s level. “What should we do?? You have an hour before bedtime.”

Grace raised her arms overhead. “*Cinnamon rolls!!!*”

Blinking, Lacy asked, “Huh...?”

“I want to make cinnamon rolls!! They have to sit overnight, then Mommy can bake them in the morning for breakfast!!”

It was an idea from left field, far from the story or game of hide-and-seek Lacy had been prepared for, but she had nothing against a little baking. “Alright, let’s do it!”

Following the child’s lead, they entered the kitchen. It would be a shame to ruin such a pristine area, but Lacy would be certain to clean it well afterward. The Henderson’s were certainly paying her enough to do so. Lacy opened several cupboards until she found a collection of cookbooks. A hefty tome coated in flour was certain to have the recipe they were after and she set it on the counter.

*THUD!*

It fell to the floor.

“G-Grace!” Lacy scolded, having seen her push it off.

“We don’t need that! I have my own cinnamon roll recipe!”

“Uh... Ok! Where is it?”

The child crossed her arms. “It’s in my head! I know it by heart!”

This was becoming more of an adventure by the minute. Lacy was only humoring her at this point. “Heh, alright... Lead the way then, Chef Gracie.”

Under Grace’s watchful eyes, the two of them began the task of making cinnamon rolls from scratch. Grace knew exactly which ingredients to prepare and instructed Lacy on which to

measure. It wasn't long before a bowl was filled with a sticky, doughy substance. Flour and sugar coated the counter in a testament to the drastic proportions of Grace's custom recipe.

"It's time for the yeast now!" she piped, watching Lacy carefully when she paused the mixer.

"Ok, how much?"

She held up two fingers. "Two cups!"

Lacy paused. "I don't think it's two cups... Do you mean two *tablespoons*?"

"Nooooooo." Grace shook her head. "*Two cups, Lacy.*"

"Two cups of yeast is too much. I think you mean--"

"*It's two cups!! It's my recipe and I know it's two cups!*"

"Ok! Ok! Yes ma-am, Chef Gracie!"

A part of Lacy was sad to be ruining the dough with so much yeast. It had almost looked like a viable product, however over-sweetened.

Yeast was poured into the bowl in a yellow waterfall before Lacy continued mixing. "Who has two cups of yeast lying around, anyway...?" she grumbled, disheartened at the ruined dessert.

Following the rest of Grace's instructions to a T, the duo soon had a tray of one dozen cinnamon rolls ready to be baked in the morning. If it weren't for the load of yeast hidden within them, Lacy figured they could have been tasty.

"Now they have to rise overnight!" Grace informed. "*Don't* touch them, Lacy, or you'll ruin it."

"I won't touch them... Your mom can help you make some icing for them in the morning."

"Yaaaaay!!!"

"But right now it's time for bed, missy."

"*Already???*"

"Making cinnamon rolls from scratch takes a long time! Now hurry up, or I'll chase you up the stairs!"

"*AHH!! NOOOOO!!!*"

Despite her stubbornness, Grace was always a fun child to babysit. She ran up the stairs with Lacy hot on her heels, delighted terror filling the house all the way. After a quick bath and teeth brushing, followed by a story, Grace was left in her room as the Sandman took over for the night.

A sigh left Lacy's lips as she descended the stairs. "Finally done..." Her bare feet padded across the hardwood floor when she reached the landing. Brushing off the front of her form-fitting t-shirt, she created a cloud of flour. Her breasts looked ghostly as she gently swatted at her D-cup mounds.

"Heck of a mess that kid makes, though." Lacy pulled her neckline away and peered down her shirt. "Somehow there's sugar in my cleavage! How in the world did she manage to--"

*CLANK!*

There was a noise in the kitchen. Knowing the Hendersons did not own any pets, Lacy's pulse jumped. She tiptoed through the living room to wait outside the kitchen door.

*CLANK!*

There was someone there, someone moving around as if looking for something. Lacy cursed herself for leaving her cell phone on the counter. Hairs standing on the back of her neck, she grabbed a nearby decorative piece and prepared for attack.

Lacy turned into the kitchen, ready for anything.

"Hey, Lace! Sup!"

Lacy thought her heart might burst with relief when she saw the would-be intruder. "*Holy crap!! KENDRA!!!*" She leaned against a wall, clutching at her chest while setting the emergency weapon on the counter. "*What are you doing here?! You know you can't come over while I'm babysitting!*"

Standing over the tray of cinnamon rolls, Lacy's girlfriend smiled with little regard for the rules. "Well, we *did* have plans to hang out tonight." Kendra licked her fingers. Looking down, Lacy spied several cinnamon rolls missing from the tray. Those that were left had already begun to rise.

"...Have you been eating those *raw*?" Lacy asked, disgusted.

Kendra pulled another from the tray, the dough stretchy and sticky. "Hey, don't knock it till you try it. It's like cookie dough, but softer."

"That's *disgusting!*" Lacy was flabbergasted as she approached to inspect the damage. "*How many have you had?!*"

"Three? Four...?" Kenda took a cheek-swelling bite, consuming half in one mouthful. "*Mmph... Fiphe...?*"

Sometimes Lacy wondered what she saw in her. "Kendra, that's enough! You need to go! Grace's parents will be home soon! They can't--*Mmph!*"

A healthy chunk of dough was stuffed into her open mouth.

"Try a little! It's better than you think."

"*Nngh!*" Lacy groaned as she was forced to chew. "*Nnngh... Kendra...*" She made a face. "*Ugh... I-It's soooo...doughy...*"

"Right??" Kenda nodded in agreement. "It's the best! You'll have to ask the kid for her recipe."

Against every fiber of her being, Lacy forced herself to swallow the doughy wad. She shivered, feeling the heavy mass settle in her stomach. "*Uuuugh. You're so gross, but I love you.*"

The playfulness was alight in Kendra's eyes. She moved around to behind Lacy, wrapping her arms around her abdomen. They shared a passionate, forbidden kiss as Kendra explored Lacy's chest.

"*You're a mess, you know that? All that flour and sugar on your chest is kind of tempting...*" Kendra whispered.

*“Mmmm, don’t even think about it. You’re not even allowed to be here, remember? I-- Ahm!”*

Kendra stole a firm squeeze and drew a squeak from her lover. *“You’re always so cute in this shirt...”*

Lacy tried to resist, pursing her lips. She could feel Kendra’s jean-clad hips pressing into hers. It was obvious Kendra had foregone any bra beneath her button-up flannel as her nipples poked Lacy in the back.

*“So...”* Kendra whispered, nibbling on an earlobe before placing several well-aimed kisses on her neck. *“Cuddle on the couch for a little bit? I’ll clean the sugar off you...”*

*“Nnngh...”* The groping was intoxicating. Kendra’s breath was sweet as it drifted from her lips, laced with sugary dough. Lacy could barely resist but managed to catch one of Kendra’s hands as it slipped down the front of her sweats. *“Nnngh, fine... But only cuddling. And you’re gone in half an hour. Clothes stay on, got it?”*

*“Tell that to my clothes! They come off on their own sometimes!”*

Leaving the kitchen a mess, the two girls made their way into the living room. A plush leather couch was calling their names. Kendra laid back first, inviting Lacy to lay on top as both felt a cloud of heat settling over them. They melted together, Kendra pulling Lacy close before letting her hands drift to her rear.

Lacy groaned, settling her head on Kendra’s bust. It felt more pillowy and inviting than ever, even for C-cups. *“Hey... Watch those hands...”*

*“How am I supposed to resist you in sweats? It’s almost too easy to cop a feel...”*

*“Mmgh...”*

Lacy fought the rising heat in her core as Kendra continued to tease. They shared several kisses before both of their eyes glazed over, becoming enthralled in each other’s form.

The resistance lasted only a few minutes.

It wasn’t long before their kisses turned into a passionate storm. Hands began exploring, growing braver and diving under clothing.

Kendra stared at Lacy’s bust with hunger in her eyes. *“Your tits always look so big in this shirt...”*

*“It’s just really tight,”* Lacy confessed. She waved her hands in the air. *“It’s aaaalllll an illusi--Ah!”*

A firm squeeze through her bra made her breathless. *“Those don’t feel like an illusion to me.”*

*“Mmgh...”* Feeling daring, Lacy allowed her girlfriend to lift her shirt and greedily explore more of her bust while Lacy slipped her own hand down Kendra’s stomach. She wiggled through the waistband of her jeans, finding the space between the denim and her hips snug.

*“E...Easy there...!”*

Lacy swallowed as heat built within her chest. She could barely move her fingers between Kendra’s thighs. *“Did you get new skinny jeans...?”*

“No...” Kendra massaged Lacy’s breasts, marveling at their fullness and the way they were mercilessly packed into her bra. “*But I’m loving your new bra... Never seen so much cleavage on you.*”

Lacy felt out of breath as she lifted her chest forward. “*It’s...It’s my same bra...as always...*”

Neither of the girls could explain the blanket of heat wrapping itself around them. Both felt full to one another as they groped and squeezed the other’s curves. Everything felt tight as they moved and squirmed.

*GRRMMMBLL*

“*Nngh... God...*” Kendra moaned, lying her head back while rubbing her chest.

“You alright...?”

She gave a weak smile. “Yea, just...feeling kind of bloated. I--*Hey!*”

Lacy grinned, prodding her lover’s slightly risen belly. “Heh, I’ll say. Congratulations! How far along are you??”

“*Mean!!*” Kendra moved to retaliate but fell back from the effort. Breaths left her lips in desperate huffs and she gently rubbed her stomach. “*I feel so full...*”

Lacy’s eyes were wide, amazed at the transformation. The button-up was beginning to draw tight across her abdomen. “Talk about a food baby... Think it has anything to do with all those raw cinnamon rolls you ate, you dummy??”

“Nnngh, shut up! Don’t make me laugh... My pants are too tight... God, why do I have a muffin top...??”

“I warned you! I think you look cute with a muffin top, though. Maybe--”

*CRASH!*

A sound from the kitchen made Lacy bristle and pull her shirt down. “What was that??”

Kendra laid back and closed her eyes. “I don’t know, your secret girlfriend that you only allow over when you’re babysitting?”

“Hilarious. I’ll be right back.”

It was partially a relief to step away from their heavy petting. Out of the cloud of lust, Lacy could feel her composure returning. Things might have gotten out of hand had they continued much longer. She tried to straighten her shirt and bra, but they refused to lay properly over her chest. The amount of midriff on display was concerning, as was the odd way her sweats hung on her hips.

She approached the kitchen. “Hey, you want some water or something? Maybe a--*Holy shit!*”

One of their mixing bowls had been knocked off the counter, but that wasn’t what gave Lacy such a start.

*pop-pop-pop-pop-pop...*

The remaining cinnamon rolls had risen out of their tray. Bubbling with yeast, the sweet coils of dough had turned into a deformed mound the size of a pillow.

*pop-pop-pop-pop-pop...*

Lacy could hear air popping within the soft mass. She stared in shock, able to see the mass growing larger by the second. Her heart was pounding as she considered the implications. Perspiration peppered her neck. Under her tight shirt, she became distinctly aware of the constrictive nature of what was usually her most comfortable bra.

*pop-pop-pop-pop-pop...*

The dough mound grew larger, creeping across the counter. Air bubbles like tiny geysers. “L...Lacy...?” Kendra called from the living room.

*STRRRRTCH*

Lacy whimpered, feeling her bra tighten. Summoning her courage, she glanced down.

*pop-pop-pop-pop-pop...*

Despite holding her breath, she could see her breasts rising under her shirt. The soft mounds pushed against her bra cups to indent the pink t-shirt to the point she could see the overflow of flesh as well as the outline of her packed cleavage.

“W-What the...?”

*pop-pop-pop-pop-pop...*

*STRRRRTCH!*

Kendra called again from outside, barely able to speak. “L-L...Lacyyy!!!”

*CRASH!*

Another bowl fell to the ground when the cinnamon rolls demanded more counter space. Lacy was too enthralled by her chest to notice. Watching her own breasts plump larger and larger had stopped her mental faculties in their tracks. By the time they had swollen to overgrown cantaloupes, she could feel underboob escaping from her cups as her underwire lifted away from her ribs.

*pop-pop-pop-pop-pop...*

“M-Mgh!”

A tightness pulled at her panties. Unable to see, Lacy had to spin around to discover the state of her lower half.

Impressive curves were filling her sweats. Although still loose, she was clearly larger than before. A widening set of hips and heavy cheeks stretched the waistband down and around her navel. The forces played with her underwear to pull it in every direction and cause intense rubbing against her crotch.

*pop-pop-pop-pop-pop...*

*GRWWWLLLL*

“Ngh!” Lacy’s eyes widened when her stomach rumbled. There was a pressure like a slowly inflating balloon deep within her. Placing her hands on her abdomen, she started to pant as the pressure rose and spread to her bust and thighs. Her sweats tightened to form a wedgie.

*pop-pop-pop-pop-pop...*

*STRRRRRRTCH*

Kendra yelled louder, her voice desperate. *“Lacy!! L-LACY!!”*

The soft popping sounds could be heard coming from Lacy’s own body. She held her breath as everything plumped, her breasts reaching the size of her head. Bubbling dough tickled her skin. *“W-W-What’s happening to my--”*

*STRRRRR--SNAP!!*

*“MMGH!!!”*

Her bra burst apart, releasing two massive knockers. They filled her t-shirt instantly, demanding every inch of fabric when they hung below her elbows and stood eight inches out with light, doughy weight.

*“H-Holy shit!!!”* she cried out, grabbing them. They overfilled her hands and shifted against her fingers with slow, constant growth. *“My... M-My boobs just--”*

*“MMGH!!! LACYYYYYY!!!! HELP!!”*

She snapped back to reality when Kendra’s distressed yelling broke through her trance. Looking at the counter-engulfing cinnamon rolls and her own swelling body, the color drained from her face when she compared the amount of dough each of them had eaten.

*“Oh no...”*

*pop-pop-pop-pop-pop...*

*“Kendra!! K-KENDRA!!”*

Lacy turned to race back to the living room as her girlfriend’s moans filled the downstairs. Upon arriving, the sight stopped her dead in her tracks. She didn’t think a person could get so big.

Kendra’s curves were rising out of control. On her back, she lay beneath a pair of breasts grown as large as basketballs. They filled her flannel shirt far beyond capacity until cleavage bulged between the buttons. Hips loaded with dough overflowed the durable garment while thighs nearly twice as big as usual stuffed the legs to the point of bursting.

*“Lacy! L-Lacy!”* Kendra squeaked from beneath her wobbling bulk. Her hands squeezed into her breasts as if she might be able to stem the rapid bubbling within.

*“Hooooly shit!! KENDRA!!”* Lacy ran to her, stopping when she got close. Kendra was much bigger up close.

*“W-What’s happening to me?! Why am I--”*

*pop-pop-pop-pop-pop...*

*“MMMGGH!!!”* Kendra whimpered over the sound of the bubbling dough. She could barely stand to touch herself from the intoxicating sensations pushing against her curves. Every inch of her body sang and filled her with lust. *“Laccyyyyyy!!! I-I’m blowing up!! I’m--”*

*BOOM!!!*

*“MMGH!!!”*

The front of her jeans burst open. Pushing outward, her distending navel bulged soft and pillowy into the opening. Tight cotton panties struggled to contain her bulk and only accentuated the unnatural plumpness of her pussy lips.



Lacy knelt on the couch between Kendra's legs. Her heart skipped a beat while gazing upon her girlfriend's expanding body. The sound of the dough rising within her made Lacy tremble. She extended a hand, partially scared to touch Kendra at such a size. "*Kendra... Look at you...*"

*"D-Don't... Don't touch me! Don't--"*

Lacy's fingers pressed against the underbellies of Kendra's breasts. Her skin was warm and smooth. It jumped and lurched under her fingertips.

*"Mmmm!! Careful!! CAREFUL!!"*

She'd never felt more inviting. Despite Lacy's own growth stretching her shirt, she felt small compared to the gasping woman before her. "*Kendra... Y-You're...*" She rubbed her curves lovingly, amazed at how bloated she'd managed to become. "*You're... Massive...*"

*pop-pop-pop-pop-pop...*

She could feel Kendra growing. The dough was far from done.

*STRRRRTCH*

Wincing as cleavage pushed into her face, Kendra chuckled nervously. "*You're not so bad...nng...yourself...! Giant boobs suit you...*"

*pop-pop-pop-pop-pop...*

*STRRRRTCH*

Kendra's hands clenched into fists when her mass ballooned an inch larger. "*Mmmgh!!!*"

The sight was incredible as her clothes stretched dangerously tight. Deformed bulges were being created across her body by her flannel, squeezing her breasts in a none-to-forgiving prison.

"*A...Are you alright...?*" Lacy whispered, pressing her full palm into her chest. "*All that dough is really doing a number on you...*"

Kendra couldn't catch her breath. "*I feel...r-really full... But it...doesn't feel bad...*"

Her leg bent with difficulty to press a knee against Lacy's crotch, where she found it hot and wet, soaked through her sweats.

"*Ah! Y-You...*" Lacy pursed her lips and leaned forward, applying her weight to Kendra's chest. It squished beneath her, causing stitches to pop as it flattened. Both of their hearts raced as they felt their bodies fight in their fullness. A hand pressed against Kendra's chest, letting it sink as far as her flannel would allow.

*"A-Ah...! Gentle...! Gentle...!"* Kendra squeaked.

Lust fogged Lacy's eyes. "*You... You smell really good... Really...mmmgh...sweet...*"

*pop-pop-pop-pop-pop...*

Their busts pressed together in a display of bulging flesh. Kendra couldn't help but shake as their nipples collided.

Their lips met. Saliva sweet with sugar and cinnamon, both fell prey to the intoxicating desire. The women embraced. Curves strained, compressing between their torsos. Although Lacy was sporting a bust more than doubled in size, she was dwarfed by Kendra's mass.

*pop-pop-pop-pop-pop...*

*STRRRRTCH*

“Mmmgh... Mmmmgh...!”

Doughy-stretched skin filled between them. Each could feel their breasts filling larger, trying to separate them like growing pillows. When each of their chests came to push against their chins, Lacy sat up to gaze upon her inflating love.

Deep blush filled her cheeks. She’d never felt so wet. The sight had sparked something unknown within her. “*Y-You know... Watching you blow up like this...*” Lacy lowered her voice to a whisper. “*I-It’s kind of hot... Your legs... GOD, your tits... You’re like a balloon... A big... doughy balloon...*”

A devilish grin flashed on Kendra’s face. “*Mmm oh yea...? Maybe you should go get me another cinnamon roll, then... I feel like I’m starting to slow down.*”

The mere suggestion made Lacy’s heart flutter. Kendra was already impossibly large. Chuckling nervously at the notion, Lacy said, “*Ha, yea right... I don’t think that’s such a good--*”

“Lacy...?”

The babysitter froze. Out of the corner of her eye, she saw a tired child descending the stairs. Her hair was a mess and a teddy bear hung from one arm as she came to stand behind the couch.

“*GRACIE!!*” Lacy gasped. Her hand shoved itself into Kendra’s chest, pushing it into her face and forcing her low into the couch out of sight.

“*M-MMPH!*”

“*H-Heeey, Gracie!!*” Lacy panicked, trying to hide her own enhanced breasts. “*What are you doing up, sweetie??*”

“*I can’t sleep... I keep hearing voices...*”

*pop-pop-pop-pop-pop...*

*STRRRRTCH!*

“*Mph!!*” Kendra struggled beneath Lacy’s rock-solid arm. Pressure was beginning to mount again, filling her body without mercy. The quickening rate made her eyes bulge. “*MPH!*”

Lacy tried to maintain her composure. “*Think you can go back up and try real hard for me??*”

“*But I’m thirsty...*”

*pop-pop-pop-pop-pop...*

*GUURGLE*

“*MMGH!!! L-Lapshy!*” Kendra called, muffled beneath her encroaching cleavage. Her mammarys were trembling, rising inches by the second.

*CREEEAAAANK*

Lacy squeaked when she heard Kendra's clothes groan. The bottom of her chest had risen enough to press into her side. Still between her legs, Kendra's thighs were growing to trap her in a trembling drum-tight vice of denim.

"Y-You can get a drink from the upstairs bathroom if you want!" Lacy said hurriedly.

*pop-pop-pop-pop-pop...*

*CRREEEAAAAAAK!!!*

"MMMGGH!!!" Kendra tried to be quiet but everything felt ready to explode. Her own breasts were swallowing her face.

Grace frowned. "What if I can't fall asleep...? Will you read me another story...?"

*BOOM!!*

"MMGGH?!"

"AH!" Lacy laughed nervously when a seam on Kendra's inner thighs burst. "H-How about you go count sheep as high as you can, and then come tell me how high you managed to get? Then I'll read you another story."

"Ok..." Grace turned back up the stairs.

*pop-pop-pop-pop-pop...*

*CRREEEAAAAAAK!!!*

"MMPPH!! LAPSHY!!!"

Not moving an inch, Lacy watched the girl until she disappeared.

*CRREEEAAAAAAK!!!*

*"LAPSHY!! L-LAPSHY!!! MMPH!!!! I'M TOO BIG!!!"*

Finally she could breathe a sigh of relief. "Whew... That was a close one..." She looked down at her trembling lover. "If I got caught having someone--*HOLY SHIT!!*"

*STRRRRRRRRTCH!!!!!!*

"MMMPPH!!!"

Kendra was far bigger. Inflated to massive proportions, her body was hardly recognizable. Two twin beach ball boobs screamed beneath her flannel, each one deformed and squished around its seams. Skin heaved into her sleeves and collar in desperation. Every button trembled with pressure, ready to explode.

*CRREEEAAAAK!!!!*

Her jeans complained louder than anything. Stretched so tight, the denim had taken on a pale appearance as her thighs and butt had become over-compressed. The burst zipper had ripped further as her navel ballooned downward into a plump, oversized pussy.



*POW!!*

*POW POW!!*

*“AH!!!”*

Several buttons exploded to send echoes through Kendra’s body. Flesh quickly raced to expand through the open gaps.

*“WHAT’S HAPPENING TO ME?!”* Kendra yelled, grabbing her chest.

*“I-It’s the cinnamon rolls!! All that yeast is making the dough rise like crazy!! They’re blowing you up from the inside out!!”*

Breath rapid, Kendra peered around Lacy’s body and into the kitchen beyond. Two massive lumps had overtaken the counter while several others were engulfing the floor, rising several feet off the ground.

*pop-pop-pop-pop-pop...*

*GUUUUUURGLE*

She could hear the dough rising even from the other room, as well as in her breasts.

*“THAT’S GOING TO HAPPEN TO ME?!”*

*STRRRRTCH!!!*

*“Haaah!!! HAAHHH!!! NNNGH!!! L-Lacy!!! I ate like FIVE OF THOSE!!! I-I CAN’T BLOW UP THAT BIG!!! DO YOU SEE HOW HUGE THEY ARE IN THERE?!”*

*“Calm down calm down!!! I-It’s going to--”*

*pop-pop-pop-pop-pop...*

*GUUUURGLE!*

“MMMGGH!!! T-That popping sound is getting louder!!” Kendra grabbed her massive breasts and tried to squeeze them down. “I-I can hear it in my tits!!!”

*SHRRRIIIIP!!*

“M-My clothes!!!!!”

Lacy watched in awe at her girlfriend’s rising body and rising panic. The dough was rising faster inside her body, pushing her curves to the limit. Seams began failing, bursting open as Kendra struggled.

*SHRRRIIIIP!!*

“Mmgh!! H-Help me!!” Her hands flew, grabbing her bust as it trembled and rose several inches. “L-Lacy!! LACY!!”

Lacy backed up on the couch. Grown so large, Kendra’s thighs had begun forcing her legs open as their width eclipsed her torso. A gigantic, plump pussy ached for freedom against her jeans.

*POW!!!*

*POW POW POW!!!!!!*

“Holy shit...” Lacy whispered. Arousal ran down her thighs. Entranced by the burgeoning sight of her lover’s body, she couldn’t help but grab her own swelling bust and massage its fullness. Another hand drifted to her butt to explore just how large it had grown under her sweats. The sheer girth of her thighs felt impossible given how slender her hips had previously been. Now her lower half flared from her waist with dramatic luxury.

*SHRRRIIPP!!!*

“K-Kendra...” she squeaked, feeling her mammary swell into her hand as Kendra’s jeans split in front of her.

*“MY CLOTHES!!! LACY, MY CLOTHES!!!!!! I’M TOO BIG!!”*

Kendra’s clothes were failing. Being smothered by her own imprisoned body, she whimpered as her breasts pushed into her face. She trembled against her internal pressure.

*“LACY!!! L-LACY!!! I’M GONNA BLOW!!”*

*pop-pop-pop-pop-pop...*

*CRREEAAAAAAK!!!!*

Lacy couldn’t look away as Kendra’s outfit sang in a symphony of torture. For a moment, she feared she might come simply from the sight alone.

“MMMGGHHH!!!” She arched her back, her jeans loaded like pipe bombs. “L-LACY!! PLEASE!!”

*CRREEAAAAAAK!!!!*

*“T-THEY’RE ... TOO TIGHT!!! I FEEL LIKE I’M ABOUT TO--”*

*BOOM!!!!!!*

*BWOOOOMPH!!!!*

*“MMMMGH!!!!”*

Kendra lay trembling in a pile of her tattered clothes. Moans were the only things capable of escaping her pursed lips as her body erupted free and wobbled in all directions. No longer constrained, her curves rapidly expanded to her true size from the compressed dough within. Her breasts rose higher than the couch, squished between Lacy and her face. With so little room, one of her legs was forced off the couch while the other demanded all the space. The size of each of her cheeks made Lacy sweat when she realized the two pillows' worth of mass had been compressed by her jeans. They lifted Kendra's lower half like a personal cushion, angling her upward.

*BWOOOOMPH*

*BWOOOOMPH*

The sounds of her movement were soft and muffled as the rising dough popped within. Lacy couldn't take her eyes off the sight. Never had she seen her lover in such a state, nor had she ever known she needed to see it so badly.

“K...Kendra...” Lacy whispered. “You're so...big...” She placed her hands against Kendra's chest.

*GUUUURGLE*

*“MMMMGH!! Lacyyy!! Lacy! Nnnnghhh I'm massive!”*

Her eyes fell upon the marshmallow-like pussy crammed between Kendra's legs. Sweet, icing-like juices leaked from her lips. “A-And you smell...so...sweet...” Lacy leaned forward, delivering several kisses to her quivering skin.

*pop-pop-pop-pop-pop...*

Kendra was helpless under her bulk. Red-faced from embarrassment, lust, and anxiety, she pleaded, “Do... D-Do something!! It's not stopping, Lacy!! The dough!! It's... Ah!! I'm getting so full!! I-I don't want to pop!! What if I get too--MMMMGH!!”

*BWOOOOMPH!!*

*BWOOOOMPH!!*

Kendra convulsed, her pliable curves gurgling with thick mass as Lacy slipped a finger down her pussy. Overly plump, her lips spread tight and firm around her finger, releasing a waterfall of fluid. They were sticky and sugary. The scent filling the air around her thighs made Lacy's stomach rumble.

*“Lacy!! L-LACY!! Stop!! P...Please, stop!! It feels too good!! I can't--MMMMGH!!! Ah!!!”*

*pop-pop-pop-pop-pop...*

*GUUUUUURGLE*

*“MMGH you're making the dough rise even faster!!!”*

*“Everything is so big... So...full...”* Lacy whispered as she allowed one of her hands to play with her own plumped breasts. Her t-shirt had never been so tight. Its collar sank low over her cleavage into an obscene display. *“How big can you get...??”*

Kendra panicked. *“I... I-I don’t know!! I don’t know if I want to know!! Lacy, snap out of it!! Before I--”*

*SCHLLMP!*

*“A-AHH!”*

Lacy held her breath when her entire hand slipped into Kendra with incredible ease. Her insides were warm and comforting, rhythmically contracting in her pulsating pleasure.

*“Lacy!! Lacy!! Please!! Please that’s enough!!”*

*pop-pop-pop-pop-pop...*

There was no mercy.

Kendra shivered. *“Mmmmmgh!!!! You’re going to make me--”*

*SQUSSHHHH!!*

*“W-WHAT ARE YOU DOING?!”* she cried out when her entire chest bobbed.

Lacy was lost to her temptations. Climbing on top of Kendra’s breasts and applying her full weight, she felt her heart race as the ballooning flesh squished and engulfed her body.

*“LACY!! LACY I’M TOO BIG FOR THAT!!!”*

*“Mmmmm you’re sooooo sooooft...!”* Lacy moaned in ecstasy. She leaned forward, hugging her legs around Kendra’s chest for support. An open mouth approached a strawberry-sized nipple wobbling in front of her.

*“Don’t you dare!! LACY!! Don’t you dare suck on my--AUGH!!!”*

Even Kendra’s nipples had transformed into sugary treats. Sucking on them drew her areolas into squishy mounds that filled Lacy’s mouth and cheeks as her nipples throbbed ever bigger.

*“AAHHHH LACYYYY!!! Stop!!! Oohhhhh please stop!!! I-I can’t take that!!! It’s too much!!!! I’M TOO FULL FOR THAT!!”*

*pop-pop-pop-pop-pop...*

*STRRTCH!!*

*“Y-You’re really heavy!! God, why aren’t you growing like this?!”*

Lacy released the nipple with a gentle pop, leaving it noticeably larger than its sister. *“Because I didn’t eat five raw cinnamon rolls, silly... There’s enough yeast in there to turn you into a parade float...”*

*pop-pop-pop-pop-pop...*

*STRRTCH!!*

*“MMMMM you’re making me rise!!!”*

Lacy grinned, licking a nipple. *“I can’t help it... Seeing you like this... It’s driving me insane...”*

Hands on her breasts as they stretched larger, Kendra stared into her cleavage with worry. *“I-I can see that!! But I’m really ballooning here and I don’t know how much more I can take!”*

*“Mmmmm should we find out?”*

*“WHAT?!”* Kendra’s heart raced when Lacy moved back down between her legs. It didn’t take much for the two giant spheres to hide her from Kendra’s view. *“What are you doing?! Lacy?? LACY?!”*

*“I just want...to explore all of you...”* Lacy replied softly, thirst in her voice. *“Seeing you so...s-so...plump... I never knew it could be so...hot...”*

Shivers raced down Kendra’s back when lips and fingers began teasing her distended navel. The loving touches traveled lower until the pleasure reached dangerous areas.

*pop-pop-pop-pop-pop...*

*“Lacy!! D-Don’t do what I know you’re thinking about doing!!! The dough is already rising too fast!!! I won’t be able to get up!! Do NOT put that tongue any lower!!! Do you hear me?!”*

The only answer came when Lacy placed both hands on Kendra’s massive, rounded thighs to spread them apart. A sopping pussy stretching six inches in height greeted her.

*“LACY!!! D-DON’T--”*

Kendra lost her breath when a tongue and lips connected with her nethers. Stretched to such an extent, her pussy was a raging hormonal monster pumping her full of orgasmic pleasure. Every flick of her clit made Kendra’s heart race and squeaks fly from her lips into her beach ball breasts.

*“MMMMMMMMM!!!!!!”*

Her moans filled the house. Lacy was ravenous, pushing her face into the sticky pillowy mass. Kendra was sweet to every sense. Her pussy had the lightness of a luxurious pastry. Stomach growling, Lacy likened her juices to sugar and cinnamon as the dough rapidly rose higher in each of their bodies.

*pop-pop-pop-pop-pop...*

Kendra squeaked like a mouse. *“Lacy! Lacy! L-Lacy!”* Her nails dug into the couch as she fought waves of threatening orgasms.

*STRRRRRRTCH!!!*

Her body bloated massive, overtaking the couch. Kendra no longer knew what to do with her arms as they were now too small to contain any one part of her curves. She felt as though she were lying beneath several hot air balloons.

*GUUUUUURGLE!!!*

*STRRRRRRTCH!!!*

*“Ah!! A-AH!!”* Whimpers escaped when her skin firmed. *“EARTH TO LACY!!!! EARTH TO LACY!!!!!!”*

*GUUUUUUUUUURGLE!!!!*

*STRRRRRRRRRRRRTCH!!!!*



*“Mmmmmm... Hmm?”*

Lacy’s eyes fluttered open. Gazing upward from the dessert-like pussy, the size of Kendra’s chest made her heart skip a beat. It loomed with dangerous proportions and angry pressure.

*“Oh shit.”*

*pop-pop-pop-pop-pop...*

*STRRRRRRTCH!!!*

*“Please!!!! P-PLEASE DO SOMETHING!!!!”* Kendra begged under a tsunami of desire.  
*“I THINK I MIGHT POP!!!”*

*GUUUURGLE!!!!*

Her bosom and thighs grew several inches, pushing suddenly into Lacy’s face and breasts. The effect made anxiety spike within Lacy. *“Shit!! SHIT!! I’m sorry!!! I-I got carried away!! I didn’t realize--”*

*pop-pop-pop-pop-pop!!*

*pop-pop-pop-pop-pop!!*

*“MMMMM THE DOUGH IS SPEEDING UUUUP!!!”* Kendra’s hands flew over her chest as it threw her into darkness. *“I CAN FEEL IT EXPANDING FASTER AND FASTER!!! M-MY BOOBS ARE TOO BIG!!!”*

Lacy backed away as far as the couch would allow. Expanding several inches by the second, Kendra was on a path for domination. The furniture soon wouldn’t be enough to hold her steady as her chest began tilting her toward the floor.

*“AAHHHH LACYYY!!!!”*

*CRASH!!!*

Her yoga ball-sized breasts knocked a lamp off the end table. A single one of Kendra’s thighs took up more than half the sitting space.

The situation had escalated.

Lacy jumped up. *“OK!! OK!! W-We need to get you out of here!!!”*

*“YOU THINK?! Ooohhhh I feel like a balloon!!!! A balloon that’s way too full!!”*

*“Come on!!! Maybe we can squeeze you through the--”* Lacy’s heart dropped when she saw a car pull into the driveway. *“FUCK!!!!”*

*“WHAT?! Something else didn’t start growing, did it?!”*

*“They’re home!!! Grace’s parents are home!!! YOU’RE NOT SUPPOSED TO EVEN BE HERE!!! MUCH LESS BE TAKING UP A QUARTER OF THEIR LIVING ROOM!!!”*

*“Then help me up!?”*

Lacy raced to Kendra’s top half. Finding her shoulders under her breasts, she snaked her arms under Kendra’s and pulled her up. Despite her size, Kendra’s body remained relatively the same weight.

*“Come on!! Stand up!”*

*“I’m trying!!!”*

Dough gurgled when Kendra rose into a standing position. Her curves fell, bouncing against her body. Far too large, her breasts stood more than four feet in front of her and almost reached the floor. Kendra's thighs despised each other. They bulged to the sides, nearly as wide as her hips as she tried to stand on two feet. The girls began running toward the kitchen with Lacy's help.

*STRRRRTCH!!*

"Ah!!" Lacy cried out, flinging a hand to her basketball-sized breasts when they stretched her shirt too tight. "*T-They're getting bigger!!*" Her shirt's stitches refused to pull anymore.

*"DON'T YOU DARE COMPLAIN ABOUT THOSE TINY THINGS WHEN I'M TURNING INTO A BLIMP!!"*

They approached the kitchen door. Beyond it would be the back door.

*"Come on! Through here!"*

*"Lacy! W-Wait!!"* Kendra yelled as she was pulled toward the door frame. *"I'm not going to fit through the--"*

*SQUEEEAAAK!!!*

*"EEP!!!"*

Kendra only made it halfway through the opening before her bulk wedged in place.

*"Come on!! HURRY!"* Lacy urged, pulling her arm.

*"I'm stuck!!! I-I'm not going to fit!!!"*

*pop-pop-pop-pop-pop!!!*

*STRRRRTCH!!!*

*"You have to!!!"*

*SQUEEAAAK!!!*

*"Mmmmmm I'm only getting bigger!!!"*

Lacy pulled, desperately staring at the mounds of flesh squishing around the frame.

*STRRRRTCH!!!*

*"Too tight!!! It's too tight, Lacy!!!"*

Outside, the car lights turned off.

*SLAM!*

*SLAM!*

Two car doors opened and closed, syncing with Lacy's racing pulse.

*"FUUUUCK!!!! Ok! GO BACK!! GO BACK, KENDRA!!!"*

*"WHAT?! HOW AM I SUPPOSED TO--OOOF!!!"*

Lacy tackled her girlfriend like a linebacker. She sank into Kendra's flesh, pushing her hands into her breasts. Her limbs sank nearly two feet before meeting firm resistance.

*pop-pop-pop-pop-pop!!!!*

*STRRRRTCH!!!!*

*"Get out, you giant dough blob!!!"*

*"H-HEY!!!"*

She pushed harder, using her entire body. Lacy's face buried itself into Kendra's breasts. A nipple throbbed against her head as she felt like she was wrestling a giant marshmallow.

*"MMMMM!!!! G-GENTLE!!!! You don't want to make me--WHOA!!!"*

*BWOOOOOMPH!!!!*

Kendra fell backward out of the door, landing in the living room like a pile of wobbly bean bags. Lacy barely managed to catch herself before falling on top, something she desperately wished to do.

*"Can't get up!! Can't get up!"* Kendra said frantically.

The shadows of Grace's parents passed by the window. They were out of time. Lacy ran to Kendra, lifting her to her feet and pushing her toward the hall. *"I-I'm sorry about this."*

*"Huh?! What are you--"*

She opened a double-wide coat closet. Relieved to find ample space, she pushed Kendra backward into the darkness after stealing a kiss.

*"HEY!!! What am I supposed to--"*

*"I'll be right back for you!!!"*

*SLAM!!*

The door closed on Kendra, pressing against her breasts.

*pop-pop-pop-pop-pop!!!*

*GUUUUURGLE*

She whimpered, suddenly feeling very claustrophobic as her curves squished against the walls. *"Uhhhh, Lacy?? LACY?! T-This is too small!!! I'm still growing!!!"*

*"Suck it in!!!"* she hissed.

*GUUUUUUURGLE*

Kendra whimpered as her chest rose into her face with no other place to go. Her butt flattened against the back wall, pushing her hips into the back of her chest.

Seconds later, Grace's parents opened the front door.

*"H-Heeeeyy! Welcome home!"* Lacy said quickly, intercepting them with her bust cradled in one arm.

Both were speechless upon taking in Lacy's appearance. Sporting breasts nearing the size of beach balls, her t-shirt did extremely little in hiding her assets. Flesh and cleavage bulged into the open. Firm, plump nipples stood prominently without a care. Even her sweats, once loose and relaxing, had turned into overdrawn fabric bursting at the seams around her ass and thighs. Black panties dug into her hips and moisture soaked down the insides of her legs. The camel toe on display was beyond gratuitous.

Margaret and Kyle blushed a deep red. Trying not to stare, Kyle looked away while clearing his throat, before leaving the two of them and mumbling, *"I'll let you handle this..."*

Lacy could feel Margaret's eyes bearing upon her. Once left alone, the mother berated, *"Lacy, what's going on?! Why are you...dressed like that?! What is this?! The house is a mess!!!"* She gasped, seeing the living room. *"Is that my lamp?! What has gotten into you?!"*

*STRRRRTCH!!*

There was no good excuse as Lacy fought to contain a moan upon feeling her mammaries push her shirt beyond the limit. Her sweats felt like a drum as they tightened around her legs and butt. She could feel her pussy throbbing against them. *“I... I-I... Uhhh... J-Just that time of the month, you know? You know how it can go sometimes!”*

*“What?? Lacy, you look ridiculous!! You expect me to believe that?? Look at yourself! You’re huge!! O-Obscene, even!! Are those some kind of props?! This is completely inappropriate for you to be--”*

*STRRRRRRTCH!!!!*

*POP!!*

*“EEK!!”* Lacy tugged her shirt down when a seam burst open under her arm. Margaret’s eyes bulged at the scene. *“I-I-I tend to retain a looooooot of water!!”*

*CRREEAAAK*

Margaret turned her attention toward the hall closet. “What was that??”

“Nothing!! Some neighbor cat has been screaming all night.”

Kyle’s voice came from the other room. “The kitchen is a disaster, Lacy! What happened in here?!”

“O-Oh!! Grace wanted to make cinnamon rolls! I think they got a little out of hand!”

*“A little?! I can’t find the kitchen!! There is dough up to the ceiling!!”*

*CRREEAAAAAAAK!!!!*

*“NNGH!!”*

A muffled groan came from the closet. To Lacy’s horror, she could see the two doors bulging outward. *“W-Well, why don’t you two go on upstairs?? I’ll clean up before I leave, don’t worry!”*

Margaret wasn’t convinced. She stepped toward the closet. “But I swear I heard someone--”

*CRREEAAAAAAK!!!!*

Sweat ran down Lacy’s cleavage. Everything felt on the verge of exploding.

“Let her take care of it, Hon,” Kyle urged. “I’m sure they just had a fun night.” He removed his coat, stepping toward the closet.

*“WAIT!!!!!!”*

Everything happened in slow motion when he turned the trembling handle. Lacy desperately wanted for anything else to happen, but when she saw the bulging flesh push into the opening, she knew it was too late.

*FWOOOOOMP!!!!*

The scene was too fast to process. In a flash, Kendra’s body billowed from the cramped space like several fleshy airbags. Breasts and thighs jumped at Kyle like some kind of comical trap. From the way she ballooned from the tiny space, Lacy knew Kendra must have expanded to

dramatic proportions inside, only to be compressed by the closet's walls. The resulting bulk sprang from the closet with enough force to send her and Kyle into the living room where she fell on top of him with a doughy body larger than a van.

Margaret stumbled back in fright, gasping at the mountainous heaving tits and ass smothering her husband. "*WHAT IN THE WORLD?!*"

"*LACY!!! LACYYYYYYYYY!!!*" Kendra moaned, grabbing at her bubbling bust.

*GUUUUUUUUUURGLE!!!!*

The sound of expanding dough was like white noise as her curves trembled.

"*MMMMMMMMMM IT'S TOO FAST!!!! I'M BLOWING UP!!! I'M BLOWING UP!!!*"

Even Lacy could only stare in speechless awe as Kendra's body expanded without limit. Her breasts rounded out, lifting her higher and higher until she brushed against the ceiling. Each heaving and stretching larger by the second. Their bulk toppled anything in their path until her nipples pressed against the cold window, filling it with the soft pink color of her flattened skin.

*GUUUUUUUURRGLE!!!!*

"*MMMMMMMMGH LACYYYY!!!! LACY!!!! I'M GONNA BLOW!!!! I CAN'T TAKE IT!!! I'M GETTING TOO--MMMPH!!*"

Kendra's words were lost when flesh pinned her against the ceiling. Her legs each commanded more space than a king-sized mattress. Bloating to match, her butt resembled two twin blimps as it pressed against the ceiling and kitchen door, engulfing her back.

Worse of all, Kendra's legs were spread toward them. Lacy stared mortified as her girlfriend's privates engorged to impossible sizes, stretched full and plump with dough. Kendra's pussy trembled with gargantuan cushioned lips.

*CREEEAAAAC!!!!*

The living room fell to Kendra's conquest for space. Drywall cracked, bowing outward. As she swelled to squeeze through into the hallways and foyer, Margaret was too stunned to move as the side of a breast came to a flesh-creaking halt inches from her face.

*CREEAAAAAC!!!*

The dough's bubbling quieted. Within moments, after such sudden, rapid expansion, Kendra's body slowed to a flesh-stretching halt.

Finally, her rising had come to an end.

"*MMMPH!!! MMMPH!!!!*"

Kyle struggled beneath Kendra, his arms beating against her mass. He didn't know what he was touching or grabbing, only that it had him pinned.

"L...Lacy..." Margaret rasped, speechless. "What... What did... What..."

"I-I can explain!!" Lacy stared at the trembling hulk of her girlfriend. "*The... T-The yeast!! Gracie put so much into her dough!!! A-And my girlfriend... She came over!! I told her not to, but she surprised me and ate some of the dough before I could stop her!!! We didn't think it would get this bad!!! But she just kept growing and growing and--*"

*STRRRRTCH!!!!*

“*MMGH!*”

Lacy looked down her curves, wincing as they swelled outward. The t-shirt couldn't be drawn any tighter as her breasts ached for space.

“*And... A-A-And...*”

*STRRRRR--SHRRIIPP!!!!!!*

Lacy froze as her clothes abandoned her. Bursting at the seams, they exploded from her body to leave her naked in front of Margaret. Full, dough-filled breasts hung to her hips. More than tripled in size, her thighs and hips flared from her waist to deliver an extreme hourglass figure. Enough girth had settled into her cheeks to raise her nearly a foot when seated.

She made no move to conceal herself; Lacy knew it would be a futile effort. “I... I-I...”

Margaret gawked at the naked babysitter, horrified and speechless.

“*MMMM!!! LACYYYY!!!*” Kendra moaned, somewhere in the living room. “*MY BOOBS ARE TOO BIIIIIG!!! I FEEL LIKE A BLIIIIIMP!!*”

“Margaret, I... I-I...” There was nothing to say. Lacy looked away from Margaret's disbelief to down at her body and back to Kendra's, before hanging her head in defeat. “I... I'm not getting paid, am I...?”