

Tally's Tits 'n Tankards never really went dark. The orange gaslamps across all Sodsborough could gutter and die, leaving the cobbled streets a mist-enshrouded maze of gutters and pickpockets- but Tally's would remain, a beacon for all who seek comfort.

The three-story brothel was hardly the only one of its kind throughout the town, but folk came from all over to visit the house of ill-repute, leaving with a crackling smile and a flush to their cheeks that had naught to do with the ale. The beer wasn't very good, see, but the tits- now those were something special.

Marigold lacked that something special. Sure, she could sling drinks all evening, and her respectable bosom might've been something to write home about in her hometown, but here- in this palace of pillows- they were nearly flat by comparison. And so, late one eve', she stalked the streets and byways in search of a cure.

She'd tried milk, herbs, corner vendors and back-alley charlatans, and not a one had managed to plump up her bosom. Pillowry Priss had even given her a massage treatment once a week, breast to breast, in the hopes of stimulating further growth- but all she got was an orgasm while nearly drowning in the other woman's tits. Not that it stopped her from going back for seconds, but neither did it fix her problem.

On through the streets she ambled, cobbles clacking under solid boots, her red hair billowing in a light evening breeze, but at last she reached her destination. An old well, bereft even of a bucket for water, squatted incongruously in a small square. It was nothing special, and Marigold felt likewise. But perhaps this little unassuming pile of stone could make her more, could make her bigger, better, closer to the women she so admired. Priss had told her of the stories, the drunken tavern tales whispered and slurred into her bosom over time- how a certain old well in old town had magical properties. It was said that women who earnestly wished on it, and tossed in a healthy gold coin, got their wishes

granted- waddling away with a generous heaping of bosom or swell of hip.

Of course, none could verify it, and none of the other ladies of the night were desperate enough to toss an entire gold coin into an old well- but Marigold was. Pulling it from the coinpurse lodged between her breasts, she kissed it softly and- wishing with all her heart for tits like hot air balloons, bigger than any woman at Tally's- flipped it in. The coin shimmered for a moment, catching the light of a wayward lamp no doubt, and dropped with a \*chink\* far below.

She waited.

And waited.

And finally, minutes later, turned to leave, heading back to the small room on the third floor, dejected beyond measure. And so it was that she did not see the coin shimmer, nor hear the chime of a bell or even feel the beginnings of tightness in her bosom. At least, not yet.

The walk back was a sodden one in her soul, and to make matters worse her damned blouse felt itchy, brassiere fitting uncomfortably about her bust. She adjusted it, and then again, and then finally, mere meters from Tally's broad door and boisterous company, recognized the stirring in her chest for what it was. She looked down, and found her normally easy view of her feet blocked by twin swells of skin. *Her* skin.

Marigold shrieked for joy, leaping in a decidedly girlish fashion, and then, as her brassiere grew uncomfortably taut around her still growing mounds, began to run. Strangely her tits didn't seem to weigh any more than usual, her twins surging up and out like hot-air balloons more than fleshy orbs. She hit Tally's door and barely slowed, pushing past customers and serving girls, tits spilling out of her blouse like melons on a mission. They grew, and grew, and she bit back a moan as she clambered up the stairs, nipples almost brushing the wood as her balance continued to be fouled by her ballooning bust.

She staggered for Priss' room, praying she was there, praying she was awake and alone, praying her burgeoning figure would even let her through the door! She pounded on the frame, gasping in pleasure as her brassiere finally, blessedly snapped off, leaving her boobs free to fill the blouse, stretching white fabric in absurd ways even Priss couldn't match. She could hear her tits hissing audibly now, like beer foaming at a tap, and she squeezed them, soft skin overflowing her hands, burying her arms.

The door flew open, and there she was, tall and flushed and gloriously, graciously nude. She stood, mouth agape as Marigold's tits strained against her top, face growing redder by the moment before she hauled the growing girl inside and slammed the door.

"Holy fuck Mari! What the hell? It- it worked!?" The blonde gasped, staggering under Marigold's weight, staring at those ballooning orbs as they began to tear through her top. For her part, Marigold could hardly even speak, forming words was much too hard with this pleasure boiling inside her, but she could manage a feral growl of lust- and Priss needed no further encouragement.

The two came together in an explosion of lust, lips meeting and tongues dancing, tits rubbing and jostling against each other like impossibly buoyant wineskins. Marigold groaned into Priss' mouth, her breasts surging forward with the onrush of desire finally being fulfilled, and the older woman sucked in a breath as those titanic tits bloated around her.

They kissed for what seemed like hours, Priss finally detaching with a soft gasp, only to find herself completely surrounded by boobs. Twin walls of soft, airy skin pinned her on both sides, puffing up and out so enormously they could double as small mattresses. Saliva dripped from Marigold's plump lips, creating the tiniest of waterfalls down her canyon of cleavage.

The hissing continued, even as her monumentally inflated bust swelled to new heights. She had wanted enormous boobs, and gotten them in spades- but now...now she wasn't sure she ever, ever wanted this feeling to stop. Marigold was beginning to be lifted off the floor now, her titanic bosom swelling so huge they were now all she could see. With a cry of joy, she felt her toes leave the floor entirely, massive bust supporting her on a cushion of air better than any featherbed, all the while Priss licking and massaging every inch she could reach of the boobloons around her.

The bubbly woman could not get enough of the enormous, sweat-sheened tits that surrounded her, squeezed her, thrummed with air and lust and need. She ground herself into them, smashing her sopping wet pussy against them, until an idea struck her. Clambering out of the inflated prison she'd willingly dived into, she found one massive, puffy nipple and immediately lowered herself onto it. A cry of answering bliss was all she needed to keep going, thrusting and moaning, the huge nipple stuffing her full, fuller than full, and as air still continued to swell Marigold- Priss felt her belly begin to puff out with the inflating woman's lust.

She bounced, moaned, and bounced again, watching as her lover's tits ballooned towards the ceiling, completely swallowing the bed. The two women cried out in bliss, Marigold tossing her head back as an orgasm beyond description ripped through her, sending her tits skyrocketing with growth! Priss shrieked, belly distending and bloating with nipple, and then as that massive pink monster inside her yawned with pleasure- with *air*. A huge blast of air swelled her middle like a balloon itself, billowing the plump prostitute like a soap bubble!

By the time the two finally, agonizingly, came down from their absurdly orgasmic high, the room was filled floor to ceiling with tits and tummy, air-filled flesh so pumped up there was only the slightest give.

“Unnghh”, breathed Marigold- “I, I feel so full I could just pop!”

“I think...I think it’s finally stopped. Gods, what on earth did you wish for anyway? Tits the size of a building?”

A rumble, and a now familiar hissing arose from Priss’ huge bust, and she gasped as pleasure began to fill her anew.