

Welling Up

by Near N. Far.

Created for the Swell Tales “Not Lucky, Just Busty” Story Contest

A perfectly clear strip of sky stretches above us between the treetops. The edges of the asphalt walking path have begun to fall apart into fringes of loose gravel, but the bulk of the pathway is still in decent shape, excepting the occasional tuft of wild grass erupting from a crack. To either side lies a narrow stretch of ankle-high grass and weeds and a dense tree line, keeping us well shaded. Dappled sunlight slips through the new spring foliage and plays across the ground around us.

Ahead of me, my wife Natalie jogs along at a steady pace, her running shoes landing on the faded gray surface in a steady patter. Her platinum blonde ponytail hangs down past her shoulder blades, swishing from side to side past the crisscrossed straps of her heather gray sports bra. Further below, the twin cheeks of her plump behind wrestle over top of one another with every step, hugged tightly by her deep red sport leggings. Keeping her in view is great motivation for me to push myself.

All around us, the spring songs of the birds and other critters echo through the foliage. However, much of nature’s chipper soundtrack is drowned out by the *plap, plap* of my colossal tits slamming over and over again against my torso. The brand new sports bra I wear was billed as having “superior hold.” I’m not sure I would agree with that statement. The garment is massive, built of thick padded material, and even features underwire that “helps ensure support for larger busts.” The color is fun: electric blue with bright pink edging along the band and straps. It was a nice attempt from my Natalie, but all it’s done so far on this run is keep the girls bounding in perfectly synchronized motion.

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“Nat... I really don’t think... this bra... is going to work... long term,” I say loudly to her now that we haven’t passed another person for at least five minutes. I fight for a breath every few words. “I appreciate the attempt... but I really... don’t know... if there’s a sports bra... out there... that can... keep these things still. A three mile jog... may have been... a little ambitious... for a test run.”

Natalie doesn’t break her stride. Instead, she angles her head back just enough that I can make out the sharp outline of her cheek and nose. She calls back to me, sounding far less out of breath than I am.

“Yeah, Penny, I think the fact... that I can *hear* your melons bouncing from up here... is proof enough... I honestly thought I’d found a bra that could tame the twins! I should’ve known nothing could keep... your enormous rack in check!”

I don’t need to see her grin to know that she’s getting a kick out of my struggle back here. She can’t get enough of my boobs. We could be grocery shopping, and she’ll stare at them or sneak a feel when we’re down an aisle alone.

“I know you enjoy... the insane bounce... but it really does... make running impossible... At least... I’m not in active pain... with this new bra... Still... I’m very much... putting on a show... Did you see... how much... that last couple... were staring at me?”

Natalie slows enough to let me catch up to her. As I draw up to her right, she further reduces her pace until we’re power walking more than jogging. It’s a welcome reprieve, and it’s enough to bring the mounds down to a gentle jiggle, rather than a flailing bounce.

“It’s good that you’re not in pain,” she says to me, “but I think you’re imagining some of the attention. They weren’t *staring*. This is what staring looks like.”

Her eyes drop to my chest and widen with a hunger I’ve seen in them countless times before. Her own chest is as flat as mine is large, but she’s a serious boob fan. She’s always had a serious lust for my tits. Her fixation makes her dismissal of the attention feel a little hollow, but I know she means well. She’s always down to tease me a little about the girls, so I think she has a tendency to downplay the attention they get.

“Fair enough... maybe they... weren’t ‘staring,’ exactly... I was still... getting... looks... You know how... I feel... about... that...” I respond, realizing how much more winded I sound than

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she does. These past few years without running have killed my endurance and lung strength. “Do I sound... as out of breath... as I feel?”

“Worse, I think,” she laughs. “Let’s rest for a few. It looks like there might be a side trail up ahead...”

Natalie proves correct. Another few minutes of walking leads us to a narrow strip of gravel that leads away from the aged asphalt, forming a path deeper into the woods. It’s overgrown, and the rocks are scattered as weeds have begun to overtake it. It definitely looks like no one ever uses it. It should be an easy way to get some privacy.

With only a shared look of acknowledgement, we both depart the walking path and stroll into the more dense shade of the forest. The gravel crunches under foot.

“Any idea what this leads to?” I ask her, finally recovering after the stretch of walking.

“How should I know?”

“Because you’re the one who found this trail? I definitely don’t know what all is out here.”

“All I know is it’s an old walking path that barely sees much use anymore. This little offshoot could be anything. You were just getting a little antsy about people ogling your assets, so I figured you wanted to get off the main path. Not that we’ve passed all that many people in the few minutes we’ve been going.”

It’s a thoughtful gesture and a good reminder that, for all her teasing, Natalie really does care about my comfort. She’s right about me feeling better here where I know we’re not likely to have people run by. Jogging in a sports bra is a little iffy for avoiding attention. Between the bra and the massive hunks of flesh stuffed into it, I really do get a lot of attention. It’s the main reason I gave up running in the first place.

At the start of college, I was a large C cup and running three miles a day. After a delayed visit from the hormone fairy, though, I grew five cup sizes in just a couple of years and found my runs feeling a little too much like public exhibitions unless I covered up to the point I was sweating my oversized tits off. That was when I finally gave it up. Natalie, bless her, has been trying to convince me to start back with her ever since. She thinks I’m overthinking it when I worry about all the eyes on me. I only caved to her request today because she dropped some

serious money on this new bra for me and found this new trail that's way less popular than the ones she usually sticks to. I thought it was only fair to give it an honest try.

"Thanks for thinking of me," I tell her as we walk side by side down the side path.

"What do you mean?"

"All of it," I say, gesturing to the sports bra and the woods around us. "You went to the trouble of finding a trail that's barely used and getting me new clothes. And now you're even looking out for ways to let me rest with a bit of privacy."

She shrugs off my comments.

"I know you miss us going on runs together," I continue. "I miss it, too. Even if this wasn't the perfect solution, it was absolutely worth a shot. Maybe someday some company will design a line of athletic wear for strippers that will contain all of... this."

I punctuate my words by waving my hands all around the curve of boob jutting outward before me.

"Or maybe I should finally consider getting a reduction," I add.

"You wouldn't dare!"

Natalie's tone is one of mock outrage. We've had this discussion before, and both of our feelings on the matter are known. I don't much like the idea of undergoing surgery of any kind. It honestly terrifies me. Natalie doesn't like the idea of losing her favorite playthings. Still, she's made it clear that she would support me in any decision I make.

I giggle at her, and she giggles right back.

"Of course I'm not getting a reduction," I say to her. "Sure, it's a pain lugging around a dumbbell's worth of boob all day every day, but it's all worth it to watch and feel you go nuts motorboating and squeezing and sucking..."

I let the words trail off as Natalie stares into the middle distance, just as enraptured by the idea as I am. The remaining few yards of trail are traversed in erotically charged silence, both of us picturing what Natalie would like to be doing to my tits right this minute.

When we arrive at the side path's destination, we find ourselves in a lush, sunny clearing. Wildflowers in a host of colors dot the grassy meadow before us. It's no larger than a hundred feet across at the widest point. The only features of note are an iron bench that looks like it's

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been here for decades sitting beside an old well, crafted from hundreds of small, smooth stones.

“Well, this is perfect!” I say, snapping out of my daydreams and traipsing toward the bench. “Good call on taking the side path, Nat. This place looks like nobody ever comes out here.”

“Thanks, I guess,” she mutters. “I had no idea any of this was out here. All I know about the main trail is that it’s barely maintained and hardly used. It seemed like a good place to get away from prying eyes. This side trail is totally new to me.”

I drop slowly onto the bench and feel the warmth of the sun-soaked iron on my aching back and thighs. It was such a bad idea to start running again without working up to it. I haven’t even made it a third of the total distance, and I’m already stopping to rest.

Natalie meanders toward the bench and turns around to sit beside me, but she stops short. Her attention is fixed on the well. It’s about five feet across and looks like it may have once had one of those little stereotypical roofs over it, judging by two weather worn nubs of wooden posts on either side of it. Beside the surprisingly clean stone ring of the well sits a more contemporary wooden bucket. A clean, white rope of nylon or some other synthetic material is attached to the bucket’s handle and coiled neatly on the stone rim.

“I wonder who uses this well?” Natalie asks, stepping closer to it.

“People who want free water?” I offer facetiously.

“No, seriously, Penny. This thing looks like it’s two hundred years old or something, but someone’s clearly still coming out here and hoisting up buckets of water.”

She places her hands on the stones and leans over far enough that her ponytail slides to the side of her face, dangling down into the pit.

“Is there still water down there?” I ask, unable to deny the allure of such a curious find out here in the woods.

“Definitely,” she says. Her voice is distorted slightly as it bounces around the curved walls below her. “It’s not even that far down. Maybe five, six feet below ground level? It’s beautiful, clear water.”

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“Bring me a drink?” I half joke as I lean back to a more comfortable position on my bench. I tilt my head back and close my eyes, letting the sun’s rays bake my face, neck, and shoulders. It feels so nice on this cool spring day.

“Get it yourself! I’ve run just as far as you have.”

She laughs off her jab, but she has a point. Just because I’m out of shape, I shouldn’t expect her to wait on me hand and foot. Now, though, I’ve let myself think about a drink of nice, refreshing water, and I’m attached to the idea. I push myself up from the bench and see Natalie already lowering the bucket down.

At the edge of the well, I lean over beside my wife and peer down into the depths. The bucket is already causing ripples in the water as it tips over and begins to fill. With the midday sun almost directly overhead, the interior of the stone well is clearly visible. The water is pristine enough that it’s possible to see the smooth stone walls even as they stretch beneath the surface.

“Think we should make a wish?” Natalie asks as she hoists the half full bucket back above the rim.

We both eye the water for a second. I wonder if she’s also having doubts about how sanitary it is to drink water from an unknown well on a whim.

As the thought hits my mind, she places the bucket on the rim of the well. She steadies it with one hand while dipping her other into the crystal liquid and bringing it to her mouth. With a loud slurp, she sucks it past her narrow lips and pulls her hand away, leaving a single droplet of water dangling from the sharp point of her nose.

“How is it?” I ask, giggling a little at her.

“Incredible!”

Her expression is pure delight, and she goes back for another handful. After sipping down half the water she hoisted up, she stops with a satisfied sigh.

“Penny, you’ve got to taste this water,” she urges me. “I don’t think I’ve ever had any this pure.”

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I dip a cautious hand in and bring it to my lips. The second it makes contact, I'm astonished as just how cool it is. It's the perfect temperature, and there's not even a hint of minerals or other impurities. Natalie's right that it's truly pure water.

For my second sip, I cup both hands together and scoop up as much of the wonderful drink as I can. I tip it into my open mouth, but as much of it drips between my hands and down my wrists and arms as goes in. Beside me, Natalie laughs.

“Decide to take a bath to cool off?”

I swallow what I got into my mouth and follow her eyes down to my chest. The slope of my breasts has caught most of what missed my mouth, and the bright blue fabric of my new sports bra now shows a large dark patch of wetness. A second later, the cool moisture works its way through to my skin. It feels so good on my overworked breasts.

“At least the girls didn't let it go to waste?” I shrug.

Natalie looks at me with a smile that says she loves me, despite my goofiness. Then her mouth flattens and her eyebrows relax. Her eyes take on a vague sadness.

“Am I the only reason you don't get a reduction?” she asks.

“What? No! You're not!” I'm taken aback by the sudden question.

“Really?” she pushes, looking down at the well again. “Because I know it's a big hassle and it hurts and it keeps you from enjoying things sometimes and I tease you about them a lot and—”

I interrupt her before she can spiral further.

“And I feel super sexy because of them—in the right context, of course. And I enjoy smothering you with them and letting you lay your head on them when we watch TV on the couch and using them to get discounts on my coffee and a thousand other reasons.”

She looks at me again with a little less pain in her eyes.

“Natalie, if it weren't for how heavy these are, I'd have zero reason to dislike them. I really do like having a rack that puts everyone else's to shame. Sometimes that comes with a few inconveniences. And a shitload of unwanted attention.”

She's staring at them again.

“Plus, loads of *wanted* attention,” I add.

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A smile graces her face.

“Besides,” I continue, “I don’t *ever* want to get any surgery if I don’t have to. It scares the bajeezus out of me!”

That gets a laugh out of her. I lean in to kiss her, and she returns it, cupping my breasts in her hands and squeezing as she hefts them just a little.

After a second, she says in a whispered tone, “We *are* standing next to a well. You could always wish for lighter boobs.”

I give her an exasperated look that she knows I don’t really mean and roll my eyes.

“You know you’re supposed to throw a coin into the well for that to work, right? Not that that’s the *only* problem with relying on folk magic for risk-free plastic surgery.”

We both laugh.

“I guess it was a pretty dumb joke,” she admits.

“Guess so.”

“If we only had a coin, we could test it and see if it really *is* a dumb idea...”

Her tone shifts. She’s up to something. She puts an arm around my waist and lays her head on my shoulder.

“What are you—”

She ignores me and keeps speaking.

“We could just say ‘I wish your massive honkers were way lighter’ and throw in a quarter or a dime or a nickel...”

I can’t help laughing again at her absurd sense of humor. I’ve never really gotten it.

“Or a... Penny?” she says, raising her head and looking at me with the widest shit-eating grin I’ve ever seen on her.

It takes my brain a second to register the pun on my name. In that span, Natalie’s hand on my waist moves up to the center of my back. I feel her impart the faintest bit of pressure on me. I’m Penny. A Penny is a coin. She could make a wish and throw me into the well. Haha. It all clicks into the place, but I don’t find it funny as the instinctual segment of my brain slams the panic button as Natalie pushes me ever so slightly toward the yawning hole of the well.

It’s just a tiny nudge. But it’s enough to send me into an involuntary panic.

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I flail. Arms go wild. Twisting. Diving away. My foot catches on the rope lying next to the well. Leg jerks and the rope catches. I'm falling. Hands search for a hold and find stone. The freshly spilled water makes them slick. Palms slide. Fingers grasp and find nothing but empty air.

"Shit!" Natalie cries out behind me. I feel something pull at my chest. The sports bra. She's grabbed onto it from behind. The tension ceases as the stretchy fabric of the band snaps out of my wife's grip and slaps against my skin.

I'm falling forward. And down.

Everything around me dims, and a sudden blast of cool water hits me, surrounds me. My hands and feet swirl and kick and find a solid wall. My head breaks the surface, and I'm treading water at the bottom of the well.

"OH MY GOD, PENNY! ARE YOU OKAY? OH MY GOD!" Natalie's desperate cries echo down from above me. I look up and see her face, dark and silhouetted against the bright, clear circle of sky behind her.

"WHAT THE FUCK, NATALIE?!" I shout, sputtering and spitting the water I tried to swallow in my fall. "YOU COULD'VE KILLED ME!"

"OHMYGODOHMYGODOHMYGODOHMYGODPENNY!MSOSORRY!MSOSORRY..."

All I can see above me is the black outline of my wife in a total panic. My anger at her for throwing me down a fucking well quickly slips away as it becomes apparent that she's freaking out as much as I am. It was an accident. Anger at her won't get me out of this situation. In place of that anger, my own fear rushes in. I'm stuck at the bottom of a well! I have to get out before I end up drowning.

Taking stock of my situation, I use one hand on the wall and the other pushing against the water to propel myself below the surface. I stretch my legs as far down as I can, but after several feet, I've yet to reach a bottom. It's deep enough that I'm in real trouble if I can't keep my head above water.

I kick to drive myself back up. The weight of the water in my cheap yoga pants and running shoes increases the effort required enough that I feel panic take hold again. I don't want to drown seven feet away from my wife and dry land.

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Gradually, the kicking becomes easier. Actually, it doesn't. It's just as exhausting to move around in these waterlogged clothes. Instead, the act grows more effective as my body rises faster and faster. Water rushes past me. Even my massive chest seems to cause less drag by the second.

I break the surface and suck in a huge breath of air.

"Are you okay?! You have to warn me when you're going to do that!" Natalie shouts from above me.

"Sorry!" I sputter. "I was trying to find the bottom. No luck. This well is *deep!*"

"We need to get you out of there! Let me see if I can tie this rope off and lower it down!"

"Good plan!" I say, wondering how I could forget that there's a long segment of good rope up top. The memory fragment of tripping over the thing plays again in my head.

"I think the bench is anchored in! It should hold the weight!" Natalie says, looking down into the well again.

Gazing up at her, the shadowy outline of her face seems different, brighter. Like there's a light shining back up at her. She pauses for a second and speaks again.

"I think there's some kind of light down in the well! Can you see it? I didn't notice it before!"

At her words, I tilt my head down and to the side to look past my buoyant mounds. She's right. There's a light shining up from the depths of the well. And it's growing brighter.

As I gaze into the waters, I realize the light is beginning to shimmer and flicker rapidly. In addition, the crystal clear water is growing murkier. It's harder to see the stone or my body beneath the surface. Something is happening below me, and it fills me with concern.

"Get the rope! Quick!" I yell to Natalie. "Something's happening down here!"

"On it!" she responds before vanishing from sight.

Around me, the surface of the water begins to rock and roil as miniscule bubbles of air reach the surface and break. There's more and more of them by the second. The once clear water becomes fully opaque as it fizzes from the bubbles rising all around me. A faint buzz begins to echo from the stone around me. It's like I'm swimming in a freshly poured soda.

Unsure of what's causing this phenomenon, I hold one hand and foot against the wall of the well for some semblance of stability. I expect it to become difficult to tread in the

turbulent waters, but it doesn't. Instead, I remain afloat more effortlessly with each passing moment.

It's a lucky break, but I still want out of this bizarre situation as soon as possible.

“NAT! WHERE'S THAT ROPE?!”

“Coming...” I hear her voice from beyond the mouth of the well.

I wait and wait and still the waters shine bright and toss with the tiny bubbles. It feels like I'm swimming in a Vegas hotel fountain during show time.

As I float easier and easier, I begin to feel myself angle backward. It's like a force is pulling me upward from my chest.

No sooner does that thought occur to me than I see a pair of large, azure humps bob up above the shining, frothy waters. It's my tits, but something is off. They always want to float when I swim, but this is different. The sports bra has been holding them close against my chest, but now they're acting like they've got places to be. Like nothing can keep them down.

I place a hand on the little island and push down. The action is resisted heartily like I'm trying to submerge an inflated pool float. What's more, it causes a shot of sharp sensation to rip through my body. My skin is so tender that just that gentle pressure leaves me reeling from signals firing from my nerve endings.

“Ah!” I let out a sound something like a moan and a grunt and immediately recoil my hand. I don't know what that was, but just a simple touch made me feel like I was... being touched in an entirely different way. It's like my libido just roared out like a dragon deep in a cave waking from a slumber.

Curious and more than a little concerned, I touch my hand to the bobbing mounds, doing nothing more than lying it gently against the soaked fabric of my top. It's tight, stretched out. Like it's fuller than it was before I fell. I can't be sure, given that most of my body is now shrouded from view by the luminescent fizzing all around me, but my breasts seem a little bigger than normal. Or maybe they seem... rounder?

I again push down on my breasts—more measured and gentle, this time—and they push back firmly against my palm. I don't even feel a hint of their typical squishy softness. It really feels like I'm trying to force a pair of balloons beneath the water. Applying more force, my

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breasts eventually sink enough that I can see only a faint blue coloration to the bubbles rising around me.

Once my pressure is great enough to push them down, that same intense feeling from before becomes too much. I release a breath I hadn't realized I was holding and a sensual moan escapes my throat. At the same time, my twin peaks blast up again with a splash. They shoot upward as far as the limits of my bra will allow and bob violently at the water's surface. Their reemergence is forceful enough to splash a large amount of water right back in my face, so I bring a hand up to wipe my eyes and mouth.

Something is majorly wrong. The well water is glowing and bubbling enough I'd think it was boiling if I weren't beginning to shiver lightly from how cool it is. My bra is getting tighter and my breasts are behaving more like floatation devices than ever before. My brain grasps for possible explanations, but I've got nothing. It doesn't hurt. It's somehow *more* concerning that it feels as good as it does.

“Here it comes!”

Natalie's voice finally calls down the well as I look up. The damp stone walls glimmer and sparkle from the light below and the illumination plays across her face. It's now bright enough that I can just make out her look of utter panic.

I see her arm reach out and there's a sudden splash as the rope from the bucket comes unrolling down the five foot stretch, plopping in the water beside me.

“I tied it off on the bench, so it should be pretty sturdy! Can you climb it? Or should I try to pull you up?” Natalie asks.

“I think I can climb it!” I answer. “I want to get out of this water right now. Something weird is happening down here!”

“For sure! It's so bright that I can't really see you! You're like a dark spot in the middle of a flashlight beam!”

I don't tell her about my breasts acting weird. That's a problem for when I get out of the crazy glowing well waters.

Taking the rope in one hand, I position it directly before me and grip with my other hand, planting my feet against the well wall on either side of it. I give it a few test tugs to ensure it's

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been tied off well. It doesn't budge. However, the rope is a little thinner than I would hope, so maintaining a strong grip is tricky, especially as wet as my hands are. I raise my left hand over my right, feeling myself get heavier as I pull up and a fraction more of my body leaves the water. It's slow but steady progress.

Move hand. Regrip. Move hand. Regrip. Step up. Step up. Move hand.

Several cycles of this sequence yield enough progress that my entire torso finally has risen above the concerningly bright bubbles of the well. Glancing downward, I now have a good view of my chest, where my sports bra juts outward at a far more horizontal angle than before. The material is clearly stretched more tightly than it was before the fall. The breasts inside it—my breasts—look swollen. Bigger. At the very least, they're perkier than ever. The curves are more pronounced. No longer am I hauling a smooshed mass of two heavy tits. Instead, I look like I'm wearing a push-up bra with an amount of padding that should be illegal.

At the front of my breasts, peaking up over the horizon of clothed flesh, I can see my nipples, jabbing straight outward into the air before me. It's odd for my nips to be erect outside of the occasional intense sucking by Natalie. They just don't normally behave that way. They *definitely* never get hard enough to poke out a half inch while clothed. Whatever is causing my breasts to bulge so much is affecting my nipples, as well.

I force my brain to ignore my tits and nipples. I'm dangling from a rope down an ancient well in the middle of the woods, my ass still dipping down into the bubbling waters below. If I lose focus and my hold on this rope slips, I could fall backward and knock myself unconscious or worse. I do *not* want to drown in this fucking well because my wife thought it would be funny to act like she was shoving me in.

I continue pulling my way up at an agonizingly slow pace. It must take me more than ten minutes to get to the top less than ten feet up, but Natalie is there the entire time, cheering me on and reaching out for my hand. Every few cycles of my climb, I feel that intense sensation flicker through me as the dangling rope smacks against my protruding shelf of a bosom. Each time, I flinch and refocus my mind on the task of climbing. *One thing at a time*, I tell myself over and over.

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Finally, I'm close enough that I'm confident I can grab Natalie's hand. It's not a moment too soon, as my arms and legs burn from the exertion. I feel like one more instance of this rope brushing my tits will cause serious problems for my mental control. It's like having half an orgasm each time.

When I reach the final stretch, Natalie's words of encouragement begin to fade, and her hand dangles limply. Her eyes are wide and fixed on my chest.

"Rescue first, boob fiend!" I say to her.

She snaps out of it and takes my reaching arm in both of her hands, gripping me as I release the rope and grip her back. My feet push against the last few feet of wall as she uses her toned lower half to drag me up. If I had kept up with her level of daily exercise these past few years, this climb might've been much less harrowing.

Once my head and chest are above the upper rim of the well, Natalie takes another step back, and I plant my right foot again, just like I've done dozens of times on my way up. This time, though, the angle is wrong or the moisture is too much. Regardless of the cause, my sneaker slips and my foot falls out from under me. I fall again, dragging Natalie along with me. I'll commend her for maintaining her grip and not releasing me in the moment of disaster, but my mind plays on repeat a mental image of both of us tumbling down into the troubling, glowing water below.

Thankfully, my premonition is for naught. In one smooth motion, she throws herself backward, yanking my arm so hard I fear it's going to dislocate my shoulder. She braces her feet against the outer wall of the well and falls back until she is flat against the ground. Her weight and hold is enough to arrest my second tumble, though it jerks me forward, bringing the full weight of my upper body down onto my mysteriously oversized tits.

As I come to a stop, my breasts are sandwiched between my body and the stone lip of the well. This sudden pressure elicits a shrill scream from me that even I'm not ready for. My legs kick up involuntarily, and every muscle in my body tenses as a seconds-long sound blasts forth from my lungs. My nipples, breasts, and pussy all buzz with an electricity I've only ever known to accompany my most world-shattering orgasms. The clearing around us spins, and my consciousness fades.

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When I return to my senses, the world feels surreal. The colors are too saturated. The scents are too sharp. The sounds are too loud. And I'm lying on my side next to Natalie who kneels over me, staring at my chest, slack-jawed.

"Are you coming back to me?" she asks tenderly, leaning on one arm for support as the other pauses, reaching toward my enlarged breasts.

I don't quite know what she means. Everything still feels strange to me. It sinks in that I'm in a post-orgasmic fog. Feeling my breasts, whatever is going on with them, squished against the unyielding stone so hard like that brought me to climax in an instant.

"Penny? Are you okay?" Natalie presses.

"Yeah..." I say. My voice is shaky, and I'm not convinced I really am.

"I think you just... did you just... *orgasm*?" she lowers her voice to a whisper like she's worried someone might overhear her in this secluded clearing.

"I uh... I think maybe... yeah," I mutter, doing my best to force my head to stop spinning. "My breasts are... sensitive..."

"Yeah, that was my next question. What's up with the girls?"

She reaches a hand out, and the mere touch of her fingertip on my point of a nipple causes me to squirm and clench my legs together.

"Sorry," she says, jerking her hand back. She grimaces.

"I don't know what's up..." I explain. "After the well waters started glowing and bubbling, my boobs were suddenly perkier and floating like balloons or something."

I prop myself up to sit on my knees. Standing up still feels like an impossible task, but I can manage this much. My body feels like it's vibrating just beneath the surface.

Before me, twin orbs stand at attention, sticking straight out from my chest and testing the limits of my bra. Now that I'm less worried about dying in a well, I can feel the noticeable tightness of the band and straps. There's something else about my chest, though, that I can't put my finger on. Aside from the boost in size and perkiness, something is just... wrong.

I wiggle my upper body slowly, and it all clicks into place. They're lighter. Not just lighter; almost weightless. Rocking forward and back on my legs, there's no longer a bounce. No wobble. No strain on my shoulders and back outside of the discomfort from the sports bra. I

swivel rapidly at the waist, waving my rack back and forth right before Natalie. Her eyes follow the twin nubs of my nipples as they oscillate from left to right and back.

When I stop moving, so do my breasts. They don't continue to toss around like they always have. I could be wearing a bra stuffed with two balloons, and, visually, there'd be no difference.

"What the hell is going on with your boobs?!" Natalie asks. Her voice is filled with awe and fear and confusion, all fighting for the role of lead emotion.

"I don't know!" I blurt, fighting the temptation to prod them again. I don't need another orgasm that knocks me out cold right now. "Like I said, when the well water did whatever it did, they suddenly just *popped up!*"

As I say this, I mime with my arms the act of my breasts bursting up from the water. Unfortunately, I'm still not used to how far out they project now, and my left forearm brushes against a nipple.

"Aagh!" I shriek before stifling the sound.

Natalie stares at me, awash in deep concern.

"They're... really sensitive..." I say sheepishly.

"Let me take a look?"

"Here?!" I say, frantically looking around the clearing. We're alone, still.

"Lay down over hear," Natalie says, standing and directing me to a patch of ground a few feet away. "The well will be between you and the path back."

It's not a bad idea. It would give something like privacy, and she's right. We should get a look at what's happening. It's definitely not normal.

I crawl over to the spot, careful not to let my arms rub against my sensitive tits and unnerved by the total lack of weight hanging beneath me. Above me, Natalie peers down into the well and utters, "Huh..."

"What's up?" I ask as I sit on the ground at her feet.

"The waters are normal again. No light. No bubbles."

I roll my eyes and grumble, "Whatever," as I reach down and take hold of the band of my sports bra. The act of peeling it up over my breasts is made much more complicated as I

struggle to not cause any more intense “sensations.” I quickly realize it’s a lost cause, unfortunately, so there’s nothing left to do but just rip the thing off. This proves just as difficult and awkward.

Multiple false starts end with me cringing and squirming. It feels like any way I try, my hyper sensitive breasts grip my brain with pleasure so pure it almost hurts. Eventually, Natalie sits down and pulls my hands away from the bra.

“Let me. I’ll be quick.”

I nod, bracing for what I know is to follow. I raise my arms up over my head.

Hooking her fingers beneath the fabric, Natalie begins to count down from three.

“Two.”

I grit my teeth.

“One.”

The bra is ripped upward, and I let out another cry. I fall back onto the ground with the garment still tangled around my arms, but my chest is exposed. The cool breeze and warm sun meet on the bare skin of my breasts, and even that combination is sensually enjoyable. It’s like every nerve ending anywhere in my tits is naked and bared, and it’s beginning to feel more and more pleasant as my brain adjusts to the heightened input.

“Holy shit!” Natalie exclaims, looking down at me.

I lift my head and stare at the two bulging, round spheres bolted onto my chest. Lying on my back, my tits always want to slide to either side. This time, they don’t. They stand upright like I’m balancing a pair of melons on my sternum. Between them, I can see my feet clearly through a half inch wide canyon of open space. At the tops, my two nipples stand at attention. Each one is as big as the last knuckle of my pinky.

“Yeah... holy shit,” is all I can think to say.

“Does it hurt?” Natalie asks, bringing her hand close again.

“No, it’s... it feels good,” I reply, searching for the right words. “But too good. Like even the gentle breeze on my skin and nipples is making me... eager, shall we say?”

“So you’re getting off on feeling the breeze?”

Welling Up – Near N. Far

“Crass, but... yeah...” I admit, looking up at her. Natalie is smiling for the first time since I fell down the well. As weird as this situation is, I can’t help but also feel the tension dissipate.

“And they’re totally weightless...” she muses, letting her thumb and forefinger lightly press into my left breast.

“Hnnng... yeah... like they’re filled with air or something...”

With the immediate danger assuaged, she seems to be enjoying this. It’s a dangerous combination: Natalie’s love of my tits and teasing me and this heightened sensitivity of mine.

“I have a theory,” she says, removing her hand and freeing me from the gripping pleasure of her touch.

“Which is?”

“That well glowed.”

“And bubbled.”

“Glowed and bubbled, right. And it happened immediately after I made a wish...”

“And shoved me,” an indignant tone tries to creep into my words.

“And ACCIDENTALLY caused you to *fall* in,” she corrects. Her own indignation is evident. “I made a wish, and then we ‘dropped’ a Penny down the well.”

I sigh and let my head fall back to the warm earth below me. It’s such a stupid explanation, but fuck me if I’ve got a better one.

“You think that you wished for me to have lighter boobs, threw me down a magic well, and now the wish has come true.”

Just saying the words out loud makes me feel like I should be examined.

“I’m open to other possibilities,” Natalie says defensively. “But that seems like the only answer from where I’m sitting. You have a family history of balloon boobs, by chance?”

I shrug. It really does feel like my tits are filled with air. As impossible a scenario as that is, there really isn’t anything else I can come up with to explain away the unmoving orbs on my chest. I can’t argue against the fact that they’re a lot lighter.

We sit in silence, letting the drone of insects and the breeze through the grass and trees play over our thoughts. It’s Natalie who finally speaks up again.

“So... how *sensitive* are we talking?”

“Really? Out here?” I say, immediately catching her implication. She’s rarely subtle when it comes to her love of the girls. Right now is no exception.

“I mean... it’s secluded, and we are hidden from view pretty well. Maybe I can just...”

As her sentence drops, she leans over and opens her mouth, sticking her tongue out. She brings it closer to my nipple, and I steel my body for the onrush of pleasure. When the warm, wetness of her tongue makes contact, all of me wants nothing more than for her to latch on and suck with all her might. As good as it feels on any normal day, this is a thousand times as gratifying.

Rather than ask, I reach out and place my hand on the back of her head, letting her ponytail slide between my fingers. I gently pull her closer. She picks up on my hint and locks her lips tight around my abnormally erect nipple as she presses against my tight flesh. The pleasure is immediately dialed up by a magnitude of ten.

“God, yes!” I shout. “Suck it, Nat! Suck my nipple! And play with the other one!”

She does as she’s told. The sudden vacuum pulls her cheeks inward and tugs at the nipple in her mouth, wracking me with sensations the likes of which I’ve never experienced. She navigates her other hand by feel, taking my free nipple between her fingers and pinching as she pulls with just enough force to stretch the tender knob.

I writhe beneath her, giggling and moaning and shrieking from what she’s doing to me. Then suddenly it all stops. With a pop, she lets my nipple drop from her mouth and her fingers release their hold so that the other pops back into place.

“Don’t stop!” I chide her.

She doesn’t respond. Instead, she looks inquisitively at the point she was just suckling.

“Why’d you stop?” I continue to whine.

“I need to check something,” she says, bringing her mouth back and sucking with more force than before. I close my eyes and let her do her thing. It’s incredible. Unbelievable. I never thought my tits could bring me this much pleasure. This change—whether it was a wish made on a magic well that caused it or not—is something I’m now realizing could change our sex life forever. I don’t think I want Natalie to do anything *but* play with my tits.

Again, she releases her suction, and I’m left wanting.

“Ugh! Stop doing that!”

“You’re leaking air.”

My brain can’t wrap around what she’s just said. Leaking? Air?

“What?”

“Your nipple is leaking air. I swear! When I suck on it, I can feel a little ‘puff’ in my mouth. It’s so weird...”

“You’re sure?”

“Positive.”

This certainly presents a new wrinkle to the situation. I guess if they’re indeed full of air—as odd as it is to just accept that—then why couldn’t I be leaking air. It’s like I’m lactating. When boobs are full of milk, it can be squeezed and sucked out of the nipples. Why not air?

God, this is such a weird day...

Wanting evidence of this new development myself, I reach my hands up to my nipples and grab each one. I fight the urge to dissolve into the sensation and pull at each nipple. Hard. Both nubs are squeezed and pulled until my balloonish boobs begin to elongate as the tugging deforms them. I bite my lip, squeeze my thighs together, and shut my eyes so tightly that my head begins to throb.

Pffffffft!

I hear the sound and release my grip. I claw my way back from the abyss of pleasure.

“Was that...”

“Air coming out of your nipples? Yep.”

This new information is going to take a minute for me to process. It’s not helping that all I can think about is how much I’d prefer Natalie to keep sucking and teasing the girls. I idly rub and flick my nipples, lapping up the pleasure, but it’s not what I want right now.

“Okay,” I say, “my boobs are verified to be full of air. Can we go back to the fun part?”

“We’re just going to accept this and move on?”

“If you’ll stop talking and start sucking, we will,” I reply. I force myself to smile so it sounds more playful. The desire in me is building, and I want to give in to it with everything I’ve got.

Welling Up – Near N. Far

“Okay then,” Natalie says, returning to her work. For a few seconds, I’m back in the throes of passion. I shut my eyes and feel myself stepping closer to the edge, ready to plunge off the cliff into another climax like before.

But then the sensation changes. The suction of Natalie’s mouth is replaced by a sudden pressure on my nipple. Air begins to audibly escape from the imperfect seal formed by her lips. At the same time, the pleasure in my swollen nipple begins to grow. The feel of her lips on me is amplified every second, and the sensitivity in my breast is ramping up again.

I open my eyes and look down to find something I could never have anticipated.

My breast is bigger. *Is getting bigger.*

“Hah! It works!” Natalie exclaims in glee, releasing my nipple for a brief moment. “This is going to be fun!”

She returns to her work immediately.

I realize the pressure I’m feeling is Natalie blowing into my nipple. She’s reversing the direction of airflow, and the breast behind the nipple is responding by blowing up like the balloon it has become. In turn, the sensations I’m feeling are intensifying in proportion to every millimeter of growth. The tighter I become, the bigger I become, the more pleasure I feel. I was just getting used to having these new breasts and nipples touched. Now, it’s getting more intense all over again!

Natalie continues inflating me. She pauses, leaving her lips in place and inhaling deeply through her nose. Then she’s back at it, forcing her warm breath into my tit and increasing its size steadily. The skin is stretching, getting tighter. From inside, I can hear the hollow, ringing “whoosh” of her breath filling and growing my boob. The gap between the spheres that was once my cleavage narrows as the breast is inflated. It’s growing rounder with every puff of air. It’s already visibly much larger than the other, and the feeling of Nat’s fingers working my other nipple begin to fade as the pressure inside the inflating breast overtakes my mental bandwidth.

“Stoooooop!” I finally have to yell.

Natalie obliges, pulling away from my breast and looking down at her handywork. Even without her mouth touching me, the left breast aches with the feeling of pressure and the

gentle motion of the breeze through the clearing. The left boob is now double the size of the right. If I was sporting balloons before, this one is now closer to a beach ball, complete with an air-valve-sized nipple at the top, now barely visible beyond the curvature of its breast. A deep blue-violet vein winds its way across the top of the thing just below the surface layer of my flesh. It's beyond overfilled.

"It's killing me, Nat! You need to even it back out!"

"Happily," she growls, slowly caressing the giant ball of boob she's created. Her fingers are like torture I don't want to ever stop. They feel so good it's almost painful. She stops for a second to drum her fingers on the drum-tight skin. A rhythmic beat echoes inside the air-filled space. My body twitches involuntarily. Instead of deflating me, though, she brings her mouth over and gets to work on the other boob.

I moan as she breathes air into it and expands it to match its twin.

A minute or two later, I'm displaying a pair of light-as-air, perfectly round breasts that are screaming at me that even the pressure of each one rubbing against the other is almost too much to bear. They've grown round enough to do away with the open gap of cleavage entirely as they squeeze themselves together, unable to wander far enough apart.

Natalie is now content to gaze in wonder at the massive tits before her as she traces her nails lightly across the distressingly tight skin. She teases one, her hand following the curvature into my absurd cleavage and across to the other breast. She's enjoying this. My tits are bigger and more sensitive than ever, and right now, she's in control.

I give up any attempt to resist the signals firing through my nervous system and just let every feeling do with me what it will. I no longer speak. I simply moan and inhale with shuddering breaths as my wife toys with me to her heart's content.

"You're so full!" she muses. I don't give a reply, but I can tell she doesn't expect one. Aware of the power she holds over my size and pleasure, she enjoys herself by holding me at the precipice of climax for minutes on end.

"But maybe... just maybe..." she says mischievously, "you could be just a little... bit... fuller..."

Welling Up – Near N. Far

“Please...” I fight through my fit of passion to get words out, “let the air out... I can’t... take it... like an orgasm... that never... ends...”

I feel her hand at my waistband. Her fingers work their way slowly between my yoga pants and bare skin. As she brushes past my trimmed pubic hair, my thighs contract and press together. She’s not even touching my pussy, and she may as well be feverishly fingering my clit, it’s so intense. I guess the inflated boobs enhance all sensation, or maybe I’m so drunk with ecstasy that any touch is too much now.

As her fingers find my folds and press their way inside me, I realize just how dripping wet I’ve become from all of this.

“You *do* seem a little... worked up. Would you like me to give you some relief?”

Her words hit my ears, but it’s so hard to process them through everything, let alone form a coherent reply. The pressure. The pleasure. It’s too much for me. Natalie keeps talking.

“If you want some relief, you’re going to need to ask. Me. For. It.”

With each of her last three words, she punctuates them by using the hand not caressing my pussy to give a sharp poke at my inflated tits. It’s like a hot needle jamming right into the pleasure center of my brain. I feel so tight and full of air that her fingernail could pop me with any one of her pokes. It’s awful. It’s incredible.

I need it to stop.

“Pleeeeeaaaaasseeeee...” I groan, arching my back and squirming on the ground.

“Please, what?”

Natalie is enjoying this. A lot. She’s always had trouble controlling herself when it comes to my big tits, but with this new power she holds over me, she’s drunk off it. I’m in no position to stop her.

Her fingers slide along either side of my slippery clit, spreading me before digging back in to sink inside my pussy. At my aching breasts, she continues to tap lightly all over.

“Pleeeeeaaaaasseeeee... Nat... Let it.... Oooooouuuuuuuttt...”

Relief. I need relief. This agonizingly protracted state of near-orgasm is too much. The pressure in my tits is too much. My nipples ache to let out the air she’s blown into me. I don’t want it to stop, but I *have* to have it stop.

Welling Up – Near N. Far

“Hmmm... okaaaayyyy...” I hear her say. I can’t manage the motor control to look at her, but I sense more mischief in her tone. Maybe I’m imagining it. I can’t be sure of anything except the fact that these overblown inflatable tits of mine are driving me beyond the brink of insanity. And then they keep going.

I suddenly feel the warmth of her lips on my nipple, followed by the familiar sucking. As pressurized as these air tanks have become, it takes very little effort before I feel the letdown of air rush from that nipple. The relief is immediate. My skin softens. My breast shrinks. At the other nipple, she squeezes and tugs until it, too, is blasting a jet of air out of me.

Sweet release. My muscles relax and my nerves calm their strobing signals. Sense slowly, but timidly, comes back into my mind. With enough wherewithal to open my eyes again, I see that my breasts are still huge, inflated to at least double what they were when we began, but shrinking by the second. Comparatively, the lessened pressure feels like pure bliss.

Then, Natalie stops suddenly. She withdraws her hand from my pants and pulls away from my nipples with an incredulous cry of “What? How?”

I look at her past my broad spheres and see her holding her hands to her own chest. Beneath her palms, her own gray sports bra bubbles out in two significant hemispheres. Her breasts are inflating, as well!

“It’s happening to you, too?” I ask, wondering if whatever has happened is contagious. Maybe my naturally larger breasts made it happen to me first. Maybe it’s something in the water and my swim in the well caused bigger changes to me. Who knows? We’re not exactly in a situation where life experience can inform us.

“It is! Holy fuck this is an *intense* feeling!” she says, her voice cracking.

“Told you.”

“Oh my god, how can you handle this?”

She pulls at her top, trying her best to pull the constricting garment away from what I know to be hyper sensitive flesh. She’s getting the full experience.

Able to tolerate my own pleasure now that some of the edge is off, I sit up and do my best to help Natalie free herself from sartorial torture.

Welling Up – Near N. Far

“I’m going to pull it fast,” I say. She nods and lifts her own arms up as I repeat her earlier move, yanking the bra up as fast as possible.

“Fuuuuuck!” she cries out.

“Crazy, right?” I tease her. She just sits there with her eyes closed, mouth open, lower lip trembling. Her hands hover an inch away from each breast as she fights the urge to touch them.

“It’s okay,” I reassure her. “You do get used to it.”

“How?! I feel like I’m coming over and over and there’s no end in sight! It’s like my skin is pulled tight and lit on fire!”

“And *someone* decided to inflate me for fun when I was like that!”

“I’m sorry,” she grovels. “I... I don’t know if I could handle being inflated more than this. I’m sorry for... torturing you like that. I was just having fun.”

“I forgive you,” I say with a smile.

“But at the same time,” she continues like she didn’t hear me, “being bigger... it’s all I want...”

“Believe it or not, I know how you feel.”

I reach out and gingerly cup my hands over her breasts. My own spheres hover directly between us, so I’m going mostly on feel. My elbows and arms press against my breasts as I bring my hands up. I realize in this moment that, as big and tight as my weightless monsters are now, I no longer go to mush at the slightest brush. I’m adjusting. I can handle this.

Natie’s new breasts are like two halves of a grapefruit, jutting a couple of inches out of her chest. She’s never had more than the faintest hints of breast tissue beneath the surface. This amount of increase for her is significant. The skin is smooth and tight. She withdraws from my touch at first but leans back into it. I don’t press in. I know it’s too intense with the pressure already inside.

“I’ll be careful. I know it’s a lot,” I say to her softly. She smiles and does her best to steady her breathing as I rub my fingers across her tight flesh. Slowly, she gains control. She’s adjusting. It just takes time. And not slamming your tits between your body and a stone wall. Or having your wife blow you up like you’ve got a Thanksgiving parade to get to.

“That feels so good,” she says, sounding more in control now. “I think I want them to be bigger, though. I miss the intensity.”

“See? What did I say? You get used to it. Your body adjusts. A second ago, you couldn’t stand it.”

“I’ve decided. I want to be bigger. I want to blow up more. I’ve never had a chance to have big tits like yours. I’ve always been the flat one, having to play with yours when you’ll let me. I want to be BIG.”

“Have it your way,” I chuckle. “But unless you’ve got an idea how your boobs started growing, too, then I think you’re stuck with what you’ve got.”

I give each of her nipples a light flick. They’re erect, but nowhere near the little cylinders I’m sporting. She shudders but moves past it.

“Actually, I’ve got an idea.”

“Oh?”

“I first felt them getting tighter when I was sucking the air out of you. I think *you* inflated me. Inflated them, I mean.”

I think about it for a second. When Natalie first sucked at my nipples, she stopped as soon as she started getting air. When she started back, she tried her little party balloon trick on me, blowing me up. It wasn’t until she gave in to my pleading and let the air back out that she pulled away, clutching her chest.

“You might be right,” I agree. “So, I guess if you want to go bigger, you’ve got work to do...”

I place my open palms flat against the tight flesh of my weather balloons and press them together. The familiar electricity rumbles through my loins, but I’m able to stand it. My nerves seem to be adjusting quickly to the new status quo. As I squeeze the girls together, I adjust my posture to point my nipples directly toward Natalie.

She leans in with her mouth, but I stop her.

“Hold up.”

She raises an eyebrow and looks up pleadingly.

“I think you need to blow these puppies up a little before you go letting the air out for yourself. I want to stick with the new size.”

Welling Up – Near N. Far

With a grin, she returns to my valves and begins to huff and puff. Again, I grow. She alternates nipples with every few breaths, keeping me mostly even. With each bit of growth, I feel that intensity creeping back in. Clawing at my mind. Telling me that I both want this forever and desperately need it to stop. Natalie keeps going. Every breath she blows into me is earmarked for her own tits. Her greed drives her to blow and blow.

My tits are inflated to the extent that the lower half of my vision is only a wall of tight, pale flesh, split in twain by the cleavage where these overblown globes are held against one another. They have to be three feet in diameter each now.

Eventually, tunnel vision sets in again as the familiar erotic fog envelops me. I'm at my limit.

"Th... that's enough..." I moan.

"It's a good start," I hear her say from the other side of my tits. It's concerning that her quip has less sarcasm than I would expect.

"Don't... forget. This much air at once is... a lot... You might want to consider... taking it in... stages..."

"If you could handle it, I think I can," she laughs.

As I feel her hot breath on my nipple, I raise one more possibility.

"We could... always... see if it's possible for me to blow you up directly... We haven't even tried that yet."

"You're right," Natalie says, "but this is more fun."

Immediately, she's on my nipple and sucking as her arms wrap around my tit and squeeze it with immense force. Feeling my skin bow under her vicelike grip sends me reeling again. I moan in pleasure equally brought on by the pressing and the release of air. After a second, her mouth releases me and swaps to the other breast. She keeps this up, sucking and squeezing to deflate me and force the air into herself. With every session, I hear her moan more from the other side, feel the strength in her arms waver, feel her lips fight to maintain their seal on my nipples. She's struggling as hard as she can, but the air pressure she's inflicting on her own chest is putting up one hell of a fight. I can feel it, despite only seeing the top of her blonde head and her hands as she grips my tits.

Welling Up – Near N. Far

As the twin spheres are finally diminished enough that I can see over them, I find Natalie still struggling to milk the air from my teats. She's barely conscious from the look of her. Her own breasts are as big as mine now, and the intense pleasure seems to have her on the ropes. Her eyes are closed and her sucking looks to be mostly raw instinct and desire now.

"I think you're big enough for now," I say to her, taking her hand in mine and pulling it away from my barely shrinking breast. All she gets out is a pleasure drunk "Guuuhhhh."

I pull my teat away from her searching mouth and do my best to help her down to the ground, struggling to maneuver around all four massive spherical breasts between us. In the process, my hand momentarily snags one of her now inch-long nipples, flicking it sharply. Her legs buckle at once, and she drops to the ground with a cry.

I try to catch her, but she doesn't seem to care at all that she's fallen. Looking around the clearing, there's no hope of the well's stone hiding the blimps we've got now. Anyone who finds this secret meadow is going to get one hell of a weird, sexy show.

Returning my gaze to my wife, I find her pawing at her nethers through her yoga pants as her other hand tries in vain to reach a nipple.

"Too much?" I ask, knowing I'm unlikely to get a response while she's like this. "Do you want me to relieve a little pressure?"

I straddle her, standing before the massive pair of exercise ball tits. Getting my hands around her nipples is trial and error, as all I can see in her direction is my own pair. With some time and effort, I've got a springy nub in either hand. I pull and squeeze as I feel twin jets of air blast up against my own nipples, catching me off guard and nearly making me lose my grip. I hold fast, relieving the pressure my wife's own greed has inflicted upon her. I knew she wasn't going to be able to handle it. It's too much pleasure for anyone.

"N-no..." Natalie mutters.

"No? I think you need at least a little relief, Nat."

"Need... to... come..."

The hand at her crotch rubs with renewed vigor. I roll my eyes and lower myself down to the ground beside her. I have to face away to keep our dirigibles from colliding, but I find a position where I can reach her pussy.

Welling Up – Near N. Far

I thrust my hand into her bottoms and feel my way down into her valley. Behind me, her moaning intensifies. When I get to the place, she so wet that her panties and pants are thoroughly soaked. I don't even think I was this turned on by my growth.

Fingering and rubbing her, I think back to just moments ago. I was in so much pleasure that it hurt, and this little devil was taunting me. Teasing me. Poking me. Now, here I am giving her everything she's asking for, because it's who I am. I wonder if I should stop and try to blow her up until she's begging *me* to let out some of the air in her tits. Or maybe I should just poke at her sensitive, taut orbs until she's squirming.

As much as a part of me screams that it would only be fair, I can't do it. She's the devious one. The one who cracks jokes and "pretends" to push me down a well. I'm the one who can't believe I found someone like her.

My fingers continue their work as she wriggles around beside me, touching as much of her expanded tits as she can reach. After a minute of circling and gently rubbing her clit in her frictionless wetness, I finally hear her scream out from behind the tits she so desperately inflated.

I retrieve my hand and the smell of her sex hangs heavy in the air.

"O... okay..." Natalie huffs. "I'm... ready... for some... relief... now..."

"On it, Nat!" I say, standing up from the ground and looking down at her tits.

I don't always have to be the nice one, I think. Then, with a smile, I bend down and place my lips to Natalie's nipple. It's something of a disaster with the tits to work around, but I manage.

"That... feels g-great..." she mumbles. "Don't... let too much... air out..."

She has no idea.

I close my eyes and begin to blow.

The End