

Tingling – Part 2  
by Liska's\_growth

Three days. How had it been three whole days and she still had not had a chance to say more than 'hello' and 'goodbye' to Charlie. Every day since Monday's miracle, where her normally perky A-cup breasts had dramatically and quite pleurably grown into gracefully upswept C-cups, she had been putting on her beautiful new blue bra and one of her new shirts, ready to make Charlie notice her – and they had not had even a moment together. It was maddening.

Not only was she missing her friend, but frankly, she was horny nearly all the time now – especially when she thought about how Charlie had looked at her as they passed each other in the gallery that first afternoon. I guess he had technically noticed her – noticed her enough that he accidentally walked into the corner of the desk in what looked to be a pretty painful way. Her frustration was beginning to take its toll though and she was worried she might not be able to keep from making a fool of herself when they did get some time together... or in the meantime, even keep herself from needing to go take the edge off in the gallery restroom during the day. Good thing it has a solid door.

Most maddening of all was the tingling had not really ever gone away. It would ebb and flow throughout the day, and combined with the new weight on her chest, makes her very aware of her body and the space it takes up – at all times. It was not unpleasant, but it was new, and it made her feel simultaneously like the sexiest thing around, and very awkward. Clothes seemed a mixed blessing, both providing obvious modesty, but also making her even more aware of how she fit them.

The pleasure she got upon returning home each day, tingling like mad, and removing her shirt and bra to let her pale brown nipples perk in the cool air of her apartment, was delicious. She would jiggle (she giggled now!) and dance around a bit, to shake off the tension of the day, then put on some loose silk pajamas and decide what to make for dinner... only because she knew she needed to eat. She really just wanted to climb into bed with one of her favorite toys and really get rid of that tension – but she needed some food at least, and her appetite had seemingly grown a bit with her bustline. So, if the girls were demanding food, food they got. Play time would come soon enough.

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Three days. How had it been three whole days? They had been so busy at the gallery, helping to host the citywide arts festival, that he'd barely been able to say more than 'hello' to Josie. He had been thinking more of her recently, and not having a chance to even crack a joke and see her smile in return was driving him up a wall. But he had certainly seen her. And wow, Charlie couldn't remember her ever looking so good.

He thought he'd had a handle on her regular wardrobe, but she came to the gallery on Monday afternoon in a shirt he'd never seen before – and not to be too coarse about it, but filling it like

he'd never seen her fill a shirt before. They had been coworkers a while, had holiday parties and casual outings enough and of all her many qualities and charms, cleavage had never really been a factor. It sure was now though. He had managed to make her smile that Monday afternoon when, like a hormone addled teenager he'd been looking a bit too long at her new, er... shirt, and walked into a desk. An action which painfully reminding himself of his own recent growth.

Not that he needed reminding. Aside from the new way his pants fit, the extra weight in his crotch was always present. It felt like he was always just a bit turned on – and frankly, watching Josie move around the gallery – even from a distance, he had to forgive himself that. She was mesmerizing. Now that he had noticed her cleavage and the way she filled her shirts – he was also noticing that she also seemed to be a bit keyed up. Her nipples were almost always presenting themselves – intriguing peaks at the apex of the otherwise smoothly curved swells of her chest.

He had to stop staring. For one thing, he was sure to be caught, and he didn't want to risk his friendship with Josie. But also, the tingling he had felt the other day had never really stopped – and between then and at Josie's presence, he was losing count of the times he had felt the only thing he could do was retire to the gallery restroom to relieve some of the excess pressure being generated below the belt. At some point, someone was going to notice him stiffly waddling over to take care of things, and that's a conversation he just doesn't want to have. "Sorry, my junk grew the other day, and now I have to beat off periodically to stay professional – back soon." No thanks. But he could imagine the crinkle of a smile on Josie's face if he did say that to their boss... almost worth it.

Even though he hated to leave her presence – going home was something of a blessing. He could take off his uncomfortable pants and change into some loose sweats or pajamas, and go about getting a drink and then making some dinner. His appetite had increased over the past few days, and could not be ignored. Even if all he wanted to do was address some of the tension that had been building – he knew if he didn't get food first, he'd never get around to it, and then his morning workout would suffer even more.

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Josie woke a bit earlier than usual the next morning – her slumber interrupted by a sudden surge in the tingling in her body. As she lay in bed, rubbing the sleep from her eyes, she felt that tingle surge again, and move in waves up and down her whole body – causing her to gasp in surprise. As the feeling raced from her toes to her scalp and back again, she felt a warmth settle across her body and she moaned lightly. Then she felt it... a kind of a stretching feeling, like a yawn that her whole body experienced at once. Then a pause, and another yawning feeling, and then Josie's attention was drawn to the buttons on her pajama top – glinting in the morning light as they shifted and moved.

Her C-cups had stretched this top just a little, but as she watched, she saw gaps open between the buttons, revealing soft flesh to the cool air. And she watched the silk stretch a little further

and further up and out – her nipples pushing aggressively into the cloth. And just as she was wrapping her mind around her sudden breast growth, she felt her pajama bottoms tighten a bit around her rear, and strangely, cool air around her ankles, which she just noticed were now more exposed than she remembered.

The tingling suddenly condensed in her core, pulling away from her limbs, and rushed to her pelvis – and with a sudden cry, Josie came furiously. Wave after wave crashing into her, she orgasmed over and over again for what seemed like an hour, before passing out. When Josie woke a few minutes later, it was to a sodden bedspread, cooling beneath her swollen rump. She had never ejaculated before – but she had heard of it, and knew she certainly had this morning – and quite voluminously. She slowly peeled herself off the bed, feeling her once slightly loose pajamas, now very tight across her chest and rear and assessed the damage.

“First things first,” she thought, “any pain? Or signs of anything that warrant a trip to the emergency room?” It was certainly weird growing like this. That probably warrants a discussion with a doctor – but it didn’t really feel like an emergency. For some reason Josie could not articulate, this felt... right. This is more like becoming who she was supposed to be... not something wrong. She vowed to make an appointment soon though. Best to be careful.

So – next... a shower. She could smell the sex-soaked pajama bottoms and well – entire bed... so, into the wash with those, while she cleaned herself. Josie took her time soaping her heavier breasts – mostly, there was just more to soap, but if she was honest, it also felt amazing. They kept the same upswept shape but had increased in volume and weight a good bit. She really didn’t have any frame of reference for size – but where she had been pleasantly filling her hands before – she now overflowed them significantly.

Her brown nipples also had grown a bit, now nearly half an inch long and as thick as her index finger. They erected a little further as she played with them and she was suddenly struck by the realization that if she just tilted her head down a little, and lifted her breast a bit... she could lick her own nipples. “Holy shit” she exclaimed to the steamed bathroom, as the sensation of her own tongue on her nipple sent a jolt of electricity straight down to her pussy. That was definitely something to explore later.

Josie noticed that when she started the shower, she had adjusted the showerhead a little higher than normal – so she estimated she must have grown at least a couple inches in height. Her waist felt about the same as usual, but it was also clear from the amount of soap required, that her butt had grown significantly.

All in all, in just a few days, Josie had gone from a 5-foot 2, slim cross-country runner, to a 5-foot 5-inch hourglass figured cheerleader. And she loved it. She was going to need to get some clothes, and certainly a new bra – she could tell at a glance that her new beloved blue C-cup was just a keepsake now. Luckily, she had some oversized sweats (that frankly, didn’t feel so oversized at the moment) she could wear to the mall.

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Charlie had gone to the gym as he usually did, just to do a light cardio routine and some weights. He wasn't a gym rat, but he did not want to lose the little bit of tone he had managed to preserve through his 20s. The whole workout had felt, just a little easier than usual – so he had loaded a bit more weight to make sure he was keeping the reps where they should be, only to find by the end of it, he'd added half again his usual amounts. Still nowhere near body builder levels, but Charlie felt really good as he headed home, and his body tingled pleasantly.

Once home, Charlie turned on his shower and got undressed. Briefly admiring the way he looked in the mirror, and the way his “new” cock and balls looked and felt, he stepped into the hot water. He had just barely begun soaping himself up when he was overcome by a surge in the tingling he'd felt earlier. Combined with the pulsing of the hot water, the tingling rose into waves that raced across his body. His cock hardened in half a heartbeat to its full 6 and a half inches and Charlie stared in awe as it trembled, and twitched, and then slowly began to grow.

The tingling didn't subside, if anything it grew stronger as he grabbed his still growing cock in his hands, until he suddenly felt his whole perspective shift as he grew several inches taller. His arms pressed into his chest, both swelling with new muscle, his two pack abs, separated into four, then six... He felt his thighs and ass both tense and grow, his calves became more defined, and then he felt another surge of warmth in his crotch.

Charlie reached down to feel his balls growing heavier, now feeling like two eggs, and his cock had barely slowed down. His fingers being forced apart by new growth as it thickened and lengthened slowly and deliciously heavy in his hands. Suddenly the warmth and tingling came to a red-hot point deep in his pelvis, and Charlie yelled out as his vision went white, and he came, and came, and came.

Charlie woke sitting on the floor of his shower, cold water running, and the glass walls, floor, and most of his body covered in his ejaculate. His cock sitting heavily across his thigh, easily 5 or 6 inches flacid. His scrotum packed between his legs with the most productive balls he could imagine had ever existed – based on the mess around him. He was definitely going to need new pants before going into work.

As he stood, and cleaned himself in the cold water, he suspected he was probably nearly 6 foot now, up from his previous 5 foot 9. And looking across to the mirror, he went from merely ‘fit’ to ‘probably played water polo yesterday’, before glancing down and mentally adding ‘and probably in porn.’ He decided he rather liked it.

He hoped Josie would too. The thought of which caused his penis to immediately swell with blood and grow down his leg. “Definitely need new pants” he thought... as his newly grown cock began to rise in front of him. He stroked himself a few times, and then got the ruler he had used earlier in the week to see what progress had been made, and glanced down at to see where his

flared head fell. 8.5 inches. A full two inches of growth, and who knows how much more thickness – it felt like a lot.

Charlie just gawped at the realization. He wondered if he should see a doctor. This can't be normal... but Charlie did note that he wasn't really in any pain – far from it actually. And really this just felt like who he was meant to be.

He was glad he had some larger sweats in the bedroom he could wear to the mall (that frankly didn't feel much larger at the moment) – because he definitely needed new clothes before going to work. But first he needed to do something about this erection, and one hand did not feel like it would be enough.

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Josie made it to the mall without incident and found her way to a large department store. She really liked that little boutique from before, but having grown for the second time in a week, she needed both a wider range of clothes, and frankly, to spend a little less on each item. First stop – bras. She was no longer a size that could consider them optional when going about the day as a professional.

Josie looked around to see if there was an associate who could give her a fitting – but found she was on her own this morning. She knew her 32-C was inadequate to the task, but she thought she probably could still use the 32 band size. Given how much she grew, Josie skipped right over D, and picked out a couple 32-DD bras to try. Mentally cheering at the milestone, she went into a fitting room to see how they looked.

Immediately she knew she had not gone far enough. As with her first experience on Monday, there was just too much Josie, in too little bra. She was bulging out beneath, and on top, and even around the sides – a look that she found kind of hot, in its own way, but wholly unsuited to her needs. So she went back out to see what else they had. Given how much Josie was outside the DD, she mentally adjusted herself to the realization there was more of the alphabet, and skipped over the E to find a couple of 32/F-cup bras in patterns she liked.

After wrangling her breasts into them, and the extra set of hooks required, she found that with some adjustment she fit the bra pretty well – Her cute C-cup cleavage now replaced with several deep inches of Josie. She looked hot. A busty goddess to her eyes at least (and she hoped to Charlie's eyes). A sentiment that caused her to tingle all over again, so she quickly paid for the lingerie and then asked the clerk at the counter to remove the tags so she could wear it before heading to other departments.

Josie finally settled on a few basics. Some comfy jeans, slacks, a pencil skirt that she couldn't resist once she saw how her ass looked in it, tapering from a luscious heart shape, then down her longer legs. A sundress that would be frankly indecent if it didn't have a shelf bra built into it to help keep her in, and a few blouses she could wear at the gallery. Trying on all these clothes

in this new body kept her keyed up, and her nipples were a constant reminder of her mission for the day. Seduce Charlie.

Opting for a button up shirt she had found that had extra darts in it to fit her new bust better, and the pencil skirt – Josie went home to pick up some high heels to accentuate her bum, and some courage. Not finding extra courage, she instead undid the top three buttons of her shirt, put on a short pendant gemstone necklace that settled like a small signal flare, flashing brilliant from the depths of her cleavage, and called it a success.

Her body tingled in anticipation.

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Charlie managed to get to the mall without incident. At least, after jacking off twice more to try and get his larger cock to settle down a bit, and when finding the volume of his cum undiminished, drinking quite a lot of water to stave off the intense thirst. We'll call that without incident. He thought for a moment he might have seen Josie leaving from the other entrance as he was pulling up, but decided he must have been mistaken. His cock had lurched at the glimpse he'd gotten of the beautiful woman though, and he almost had to abort the mission, before he was able to regain control (thinking about baseball stats, art preservation techniques, varnish recipes...anything not sexy for a moment or two).

Finally, he was able to get inside and pick out a few things. He found that his old 32/30 jeans just didn't work anymore. Most of his new height seemed to come from his legs, and his waist had narrowed. Luckily there were a few boutiques there that had a wide variety of sizes, and he could get the new 30/33 jeans and slacks that actually fit him now.

His larger arms and chest also required similar adjustments to his wardrobe – so he settled on a few new shirts and a sweater. He considered getting a new suit jacket and pants – but not wanting to spend the money, or wait for the fitting and alterations he decided to wait. He wasn't even sure he was done growing (an idea that made his body tingle again). Charlie also found some boxer briefs that looked like they had a bit of room built into the 'pouch' at the front, he hoped would be sufficient.

Ultimately settling on one of his new casual button-up shirts, which made him feel like an Abercrombie model and a new pair of dark slacks that he thought nicely showed off the way he fit them, without being 'tight.' Charlie briefly lamenting the now unavoidable bulge in his crotch – the 'pouch' being more full than he hoped – he didn't want to get fired yet. He steeled his nerve, and set off for work – hoping against hope that he'd have a chance to talk with Josie, and if the gods willed it, ask her on a date.

His body tingled in anticipation.

To be continued.