

Technically, I had bought the stress ball for *myself*. I wouldn't say that I'm high-strung or overworked, I just like to fidget. That's why I clicked a popup advertising a stress management solution. I legitimately wanted something I could idly fiddle with while working, reading, watching television, whatever. It wasn't like I bought a foam ball that was supposed to belong only to me, so of course when Shivani was the one to accept the package she'd be the first to give it a squeeze.

"So, uh, babe," Shivani started. I was busy cleaning up in the kitchen while she was typing away on her laptop. Shivani's back was turned to me when she started talking, and the little biodegradable package the ball had come in was off to her right.

"Where'd you buy this thing from, anyway?" Shivani asked.

"Some private seller I found on a pop-up ad, I don't remember the name, though," I replied.

"Uh-huh, okay, well, could you, er, come over here for a sec?" Shivani's voice was strained.

I washed and wiped my hands and walked around the counter to see what was up. Shivani was an attractive girl of Indian descent, and she was a bit shorter than me at five-foot-six. She was fairly goal-oriented, though whenever she needed to blow off steam she tended to be a little mischievous. I assumed this was one such occasion, and I *thought* I was prepared for whatever little game or joke she was surely going to throw at me.

Breasts the size of cantaloupes bubbling out of her top was not what I'd expected. With the stress ball in one hand, she squeezed one of her enlarged melons with the other. She giggled softly but was clearly as impressed by her enlarged assets as I was.

"Uhh?" was all I managed to say.

"I know, right?" Shivani looked up at me. I kept looking from her face to her tits, and of the two I lingered much longer on her boobs. I totally missed the little grin forming on her face, which was assuredly spurred by my fascination with her improved assets.

"I wonder, though..." Shivani mused, "well, only one way to find out!"

Shivani gave the foam toy another squeeze. Her body convulsed as her boobs gained a full cup size all at once. I could hear the underwire in her bra creaking, the fabric straining to keep her tits contained. All the poor undergarment managed to do, however, was squeeze her tits together and push them further out of her t-shirt's neckline. Her swelling melons might have fit into an F-cup bra, if I had to guess, which was a far cry from the B-cup she was soon to break.

"Is...it's the ball?" I stammered.

"Hmmm..." Shivani idly poked at her cleavage, "I'm just not sure," she clicked her teeth.

Again, Shivani gave the ball a squeeze, but this time she didn't let up. I could again hear her poor bra straining to contain the ever-increasing force of her tits. She grunted, clearly feeling the pain of her bra trying desperately to keep her contained. I was about to ask her why she didn't let go, or take the bra off, when a resounding *snap* grabbed my attention. Her swelling jugs jumped and jiggled wildly in her top, having torn her bra asunder.

"Shivani, they're *huge!*" I exclaimed, "We're gonna have to go bra shopping."

"Yeah, right," Shivani nodded. She was intently watching her cleavage grow closer and closer to her chin. Her tits slid across the table, pulling her shirt taut as they bumped against her laptop. I couldn't believe what I was seeing. It was like her tits were hooked up to a pump constantly filling them up with more and more boobflesh, yet she didn't seem to be feeling any pain or discomfort after breaking her bra.

"What do you think...probably have to go custom," Shivani deliberated aloud, "maybe they'd be...I-cups?"

I could swear that I heard her shirt start to complain, too, as if the fabric were trying to tell me "Stop! I've had enough!"

"No, only the *breast* for my girls...a J? Double-J-cup?" Shivani asked. Her boobs continued swelling out as if responding to her question. Her shirt continued airing its grievances, stretching and straining until I heard the sound of tearing. So much boob was filling up her neckline that there wasn't any hope. Shivani's t-shirt tore right down the middle, finally releasing her still-growing boobs from all constraints.

I was staring at my girlfriend attached to the two biggest tits I'd ever seen in my life. It was like watching a timelapse of growing watermelons except hers didn't stop once they'd ripened. No, Shivani had conquered her shirt and bra, and she was soon to conquer the table next. Her grip on the stress ball was ironclad.

"When does it stop?" I've never regretted asking a question so much.

"Stop?!" Shivani gasped. Still gripping the stress ball, she hugged her massive milkers to her chest. Her arms could just barely wrap all the way around her tits, and even were they not still growing they muffled above, beneath, and around her grip.

"These things feel *amazing!*" Shivani declared, "I don't *want* it to stop!"

Shivani kept her boobs hugged tightly, even going to the point of resting her head on her squished cleavage. I knew if I kept it up I would only egg her on, and it wasn't like I minded having a girlfriend with breasts as big...well, bigger...almost twice as big as her head. I was

enthralled with her hands being pulled apart by her swelling boobs, and then her fingers. She could hardly even reach her nipples.

The table started groaning against the increasing weight of Shivani's epic mountains. They seemed to be growing faster as they grew larger. Her areola were huge, too, capped with big brown nipples the size of my thumb. I was starting to get worked up, and judging by how Shivani was rubbing and groping herself with just the one hand, I knew my girlfriend was well on her way, too.

"Is 'bed pillow' a bra size, babe?" Shivani purred. She bit her lower lip, making direct eye contact with me after she spoke. I was frozen; if I tried to move anything at all, I'd lose control completely and dive into her tits.

"Ooh, speechless, huh?" Shivani teased, "Well, c'mon, give 'em a feel!"

I saw Shivani release her grip of the stress ball, and her growing tits came to a halt. They were easily large enough for both of us to lie our heads on with room to spare. The magic words had been spoken and I could hold back no more. I grabbed onto her tits, taking special care to grope and massage her trembling peaks. Shivani moaned louder with each grope to the point she was gasping and grunting. I wanted to stop to undress myself, but the moment I started pulling my hands away, her boobs swelled back into them.

I looked up and, sure enough, Shivani had enough composure to watch what I was doing. I tried withdrawing my hands again and she pumped the stress ball. An impish smile had crawled onto her face; she flicked her eyebrows up and down, clearly daring me to do it again. I couldn't stand to be clothed any longer, consequences be damned. I pulled back and started shedding everything I was wearing like my life depended on it.

In the meantime, Shivani had stood up from her chair with the stress ball tightly in her grasp. She was still growing larger, and larger, and larger, but I realized something was off pretty quickly. I stood back up straight once my pants had been removed only to find I had to look *up* to make eye contact with Shivani. Yet, her tits still completely dominated her torso. Her tits were round and sat proudly on her chest, but their sheer size meant they nearly brushed her knees.

"Guh," I shouldn't have tried to talk. Shivani shoved her tits into me, easily knocking me onto the ground. I felt their soft expanses settle on top of me, taking up just about every inch of me from my shoulders to my pelvis. I felt her grow on me still, and I just about lost it right then and there.

"Shhh, baby, no more talking," Shivani said softly, "just *squish*."