

Mardi Gras Magic

Stephanie woke up in her hotel suite feeling rested, relaxed, and painfully sober; which pissed her off. She threw her blankets aside in frustration and crossed the room to the window where she stared at the already busy street below with disdain. The whole point of requesting a week off of work and traveling to New Orleans for Mardi Gras was to get so drunk she wouldn't be able to remember the trip, but instead, after blowing all her money in only 3 days, she was the only sober person in the entire city. The only thing that made it worse was knowing Beth, her best friend and travel companion, still hadn't spent a single dollar in the 5 days they've been there together.

Turning around to look at Beth passed out on the other bed, it wasn't hard to see why. Beth was what every man dreamed off. Even twisted like a pretzel with drool pooling on her pillow around her cheek she looked beautiful. She had long blonde hair, glacial blue eyes, a soft round face, a soft yet curvy body, pillowy thighs, and tits larger than Stephanie's head. All she had to do was lift her shirt, flash a smile, and the drinks flowed in. Meanwhile, Stephanie was fit, trim, and as flat as a board meaning she paid for all her drinks. She wanted to be offended by this because she was attractive as well, she had wide hips and an amazing ass, but Mardi Gras was a celebration of boobs and booze and she had neither. And today was the last day of Mardi Gras! Frustrated Stephanie scooped a pillow from her bed and tossed it at Beth hitting her square in the face with a light thud.

Without moving, Beth's voice weakly sounded from behind the pillow "Whaaat," she asked with a voice that sat somewhere between whining and angry mumbles.

"It's Fat Tuesday," replied Stephanie. "Today's the last day of socially acceptable drunkenness."

Beth mumbled something unintelligible, seemingly falling back to sleep, so Stephanie grabbed a second pillow and repeatedly slammed it down on Beth's head. "It's my last chance to have someone buy me a drink," she said between swings. "I'm not letting you ruin this for me! So wake up!"

Beth squirmed under the feather barrage flailing her limbs randomly in all directions until she finally woke up enough to pull Stephanie's first pillow from her face and catch Stephanie's second mid-swing.

"Okay! I'm awake! No more. Please... My head hurts." Beth groaned and released her grip on the pillows.

"Serves you right. No one said you had to drink everything given to you."

"Then who would have had them," Beth replied sleepily.

"Me! I would have!"

Beth stood up and stretched with her back towards Stephanie and replied while yawning, "You're just jealous." Even with her back turned Stephanie could see the curve of her friend's breasts as they bounced freely within her shirt and felt a bitterness well up inside.

"So what if I am," she retorted, crossing her arms over her nonexistent breasts. "I'm not wrong."

"If I promise to buy you a drink will you let me go back to sleep?"

"Nope."

Beth sighed, "You and your competitive nature... Fine. I'll get dressed."

“Damn right you will, then we’ll grab breakfast and hit the streets.”

After Beth’s showering, rummaging through all the random stuff she’d been collecting, finding an outfit that was warm but still easy to remove quickly, and making sure she didn’t look like a disco ball while wearing every single beaded necklace she had received over the last week Beth was ready an hour later. Then the two walked to the café where they’d eaten breakfast everyday which took another 20 minutes because every street corner someone would call out to Beth and she’d flash them her massive bouncing breasts and then they’d start following Beth until Stephanie yelled at them and the process would repeat. By the time they sat down at the table to eat Stephanie was grinding her teeth.

“What’s with you lately,” asked Beth. “You’ve never been this angry vacationing before.”

“I’m angry because next to you I’m invisible. This is the only time I’ve ever wanted to be objectified, and no one cares!” In the heat of the moment Stephanie slammed her fist down onto the table loud enough to get the entire building looking at them. She flushed red with embarrassment and slouched in her seat before continuing at a softer volume. “You’re gorgeous. I want to feel that way too.”

Just then, Misty, the same middle-aged woman who had been feeding them all week arrived at their table, and much to Stephanie’s chagrin, she was also wearing a couple beaded necklaces. “Morning ladies,” she said invitingly. “The usual 2 cups of coffee,” she said as she placed the mugs on the table. “And a strawberry mimosa for the ‘busty lass’ from the gentleman at the bar.”

Beth and Stephanie turned to look at the man sitting alone at the bar and he waved at them with a goofy smile. Beth looked over to Stephanie and said, “I better go say thanks.” Then got up and walked towards the man.

Muttering vulgarity under her breath Stephanie snatched the mimosa off the table and started drinking it. Chuckling softly, Misty turned to Stephanie and said, “Listen Hun. I know it’s none of my business, but I know jealousy when I see it. And girl you are working up something fierce.”

“You’re right, Misty. It is none of your business,” replied Stephanie as she sucked down the drink.

“Well, if you don’t mind me saying.” Misty looked around as if checking her surroundings then leaned in conspiratorially towards Stephanie and whispered. “I know how to fix your little problem.”

“How? Got a plastic surgeon behind the bar I don’t know about?”

“Heavens no,” laughed Misty. She then grabbed her notepad from her pocket and began writing. “When you’re done here head over to Krusty’s Irish Pub on Canal St. Ask for Krusty, tell him Misty sent you, and ask for a boobloon.”

Stephanie rolled her eyes, “Really? A Boobloon? How stupid do you think I am?”

Misty shrugged, “Stupid enough to look a gift horse in the mouth.” She slapped the paper down onto the table in front of Stephanie. “You don’t last as long as I have in this business without having a little to show off, and this will help you like it did me.”

“Are you telling me you have balloons stuffed under your shirt right now?”

Misty sighed, "Just don't let your jealousy ruin this trip for your friend there." Then she turned and walked away. Stephanie watched her go debating if she should demand to speak to a manager, but decided it'd be too embarrassing to make an ordeal out of the situation. Instead she went back to drinking Beth's mimosa, until a few moments later Beth returned.

"Hey what's this," asked Beth as she sat and grabbed the note.

"Just a dumb joke. Misty says if we do what's on that paper I can get bigger boobs."

"Hmm..." Beth examined the paper, turned in her seat until she saw Misty and waived the paper at her. Stephanie couldn't see Beth's face, but she recognized the universal drunken sign language for boobs and Misty nodded. Beth turned staring Stephanie in the eyes and said, "We're going here next."

"You can't be serious."

"Deathly Serious! I'm tired of your attitude. You want men to fawn at you then after this we are getting you a pair of boobs." Stephanie scoffed and rolled her eyes again, but didn't argue. There was no way this would work, but since it wasn't her idea it wouldn't hurt to try. When it inevitably failed she could always make fun of Beth for falling for this idiotic prank later. So instead she said nothing and went back to drinking Beth's Mimosa. "Hey! Is that my drink?!"

An hour and a half later and more flashes of Beth's breasts than Stephanie had fingers later, they were standing outside the doorway of Krusty's Irish Pub. The pub itself was nothing remarkable to Stephanie, just a big green box with its walls covered in all manner of decorations from banners describing drink deals to small brass violins and horseshoes. What stood out the most to Stephanie was it was a bar on Mardi Gras and practically no one was walking in or out of the place.

"This is it?" Stephanie double checked the address written down. "Really?" They'd been awake for over three hours now, it was the last day of Mardi Gras where they'd already wasted half the morning, and somehow they had ended up at the lamest bar in the city. "This is pointless."

"Jeez, you're such a downer," replied Beth before she snatched Stephanie's wrist in a vice-like grip and pulled her into the pub.

Inside wasn't much to remark about either. Every piece of furniture in the place was made of wood, there were about 50 times the amount of wall decorations, but at least most of the tables were full so that had to mean this place wasn't a total bust for when this gag played out. Beth continued onward to the bar dragging Stephanie behind her the entire way where they were greeted by a thick rugged looking man looming behind the bar.

"Ello Loves, What's the craic?"

"Hello handsome," replied Beth. "My friend and I would like to speak with Krusty."

It might have been Stephanie's imagination, but it felt like the bar had gotten a lot quieter suddenly. She looked around but didn't see anyone who was staring in their direction, in fact when she looked at the bartender he wasn't necessarily looking at them either. He was definitely staring at Beth's tits though.

"Ah, well Krusty is a busy man. He can't just drop everything and..."

She snapped her fingers to draw the bartender's attention to her face, "Yeah, I don't care. What do I have to do for us to see Krusty?"

The man looked at Beth, eyed her collection of beads, and smiled. In response she pulled her shirt up letting her massive breasts bounce free for the whole world to see, then she grabbed the man's hands from the counter and put them on her tits. His face lit up with a mix of embarrassment, horror, and arousal but he didn't pull away.

"Go ahead, they aren't going to squeeze themselves."

The man seemed to think this through then slowly pulled his hands away. "I'll tell Krusty you're here." Then he vanished behind the bar.

Stephanie's face was on fire. She leaned in close to Beth and whispered angrily in her ear, "What was that?!"

"That was disappointing," Beth replied and pulled her shirt down. "I always liked the feel of callused fingers as they played with my..."

"Please stop," interrupted Stephanie. She closed her eyes and took a deep breath to calm herself. "You know, I wouldn't be surprised if he's calling the cops to report a sexual assault."

Beth snorted a laugh and replied, "Like anyone would believe a man was sexually assaulted during Mardi Gras."

Moments later the bartender returned and nodded his head towards the far wall. "Follow me." They did and for the first time Stephanie noticed a door hidden behind all of the wall decorations. The big man opened the door and said, "Last door on the right is his office. He'll be in shortly."

"Thank you," replied Beth. "Don't go anywhere handsome, I'll be right back."

Beth winked at the man as she walked by. Stephanie could only shake her head and apologize before she followed her friend into the dark unknown hallway in a random bar in the drunkest city in the United States and think about how bad of an idea this was. Beth didn't seem to mind though. She stood at the indicated door tapping her toe impatiently.

"You coming?"

"Why are we even doing this," asked Stephanie. "This is sketchy as hell."

"Bitch, you are one of the fittest meanest women I know. I pity the fool who would try anything on you." She then opened the office door and walked inside out of view.

Stephanie followed her friend into Krusty's office and was once again underwhelmed. It looked like a normal business office. There were even diplomas framed on the wall. Out of curiosity she read the name it was addressed to.

"Krustivian O'Brien," She read aloud. "What kind of name is that?"

"A dignified one," replied a man's voice behind her.

Stephanie turned to face the new voice and saw nothing at first. Then she looked down and in the doorway was a thick man no more than 3 feet tall. He wore a white button up shirt with the top buttons undone to show off a shock of thick curly red chest hair that was tucked in a pair of green pants. To his left was an equally small coat rack where he was hanging a green coat top. Then he removed a ridiculous green top hat from his head and revealed a mop of curly red hair.

"Krustivian is a family name, but I prefer to go by Krusty." He tossed his hat onto the coat rack and extended a meaty stubby hand in Stephanie's direction. "Pleasure to meet you."

"Uhh..." Stephanie took his hand and shook it. "Likewise. I'm..."

"Stephanie," He interrupted. "And your friend is Beth." He released her hand and walked, or more accurately, waddled over to his desk where he grunted loudly as he leapt up into the cushioned seat. "Please sit. Tell me what brings you here, and why I had to be dragged away from 20 beautiful topless women."

Without hesitation Beth sat and said, "We're here for a Boobloon. Misty from The Mimosa Café sent us."

Krusty smiled fondly, "Ah, Misty. What a fine young lady she was. How's she been? Must have been 20 years since I last talked to her."

"20 years," repeated Stephanie. "She has to be in her fifties, and you hardly look a day of 30."

"Thank you."

"I call bullshit." Stephanie was getting worked up again. Angry at the situation that she had managed to find herself in. "This stinks, and I'm out of here."

She began to turn away when she noticed the door they had entered was gone. She ran to the wall and pressed her hands into it as panic shot through her body. Krusty only laughed and replied, "You walk into a fae's lair demanding a deal and then think you can leave before the bargain has been struck? Ridiculous. Now come sit down so we can get this over with."

"Yeah, Steph. It doesn't look like we have much of a choice now anyways," remarked Beth.

"How are you okay with this," demanded Stephanie. "We're trapped in here!"

"I'm still drunk from last night, now hush and sit."

Reluctantly Stephanie listened to Beth and sat down in the chair next to her, glaring at Krusty the entire time.

"Thank you," said Krusty. "Now straight to business. I'm a Leprechaun."

Stephanie snorted at the proclamation. "And next you're going to tell us your pot of gold will give me bigger boobs?"

"That's an incredibly hurtful stereotype, you know. I keep my gold in the bank like everyone else."

"I wish I had gold in my bank," mumbled Beth.

"I can only do one request at a time, but next time I might be able to help you with that. Right now though, let's talk Boobloons." As if from thin air Krusty placed two deflated heart shaped balloons onto his desk. "I don't see why you would want one Beth, but I don't judge."

"I don't," she replied. "Just need one for the angry flat one here."

"Hey," protested Stephanie.

"Ah!" He takes the balloon in front of Beth away and focuses on Stephanie. "This boobloon bonds to you. Anything that goes into it will make your boobs bigger."

"Bullshit."

"Are you really still questioning this?"

"Yeah! This is obviously some scam you and Misty worked up to take advantage of tourists like Beth."

"Do you want the balloon or not?"

"Does it work," asked Beth.

"Yes."

"Can you show us?"

"No. Only works once sealed and I won't seal it without payment."

"And how much is the seal?"

"For two lovely ladies like yourself? \$100"

"Well I don't have \$100 to waste, and even if I did I wouldn't spend it on a balloon," retorted Stephanie.

Beth sighed and pulled out her debit card from between her breasts, "You accept AMEX?"

"I do." Krusty opened a drawer in his desk and placed a tablet in front of Beth. "Scan here please."

She did and Steph watched in shock with her jaw dropped. "You just... but he... aren't you even..."

Krusty reached out with his small sausage-like hands, took one of Stephanie's and held it gently. "I know this is all hard for you to understand, but she just saved your friendship." Then a jolt of pain shot up her hand and she pulled away leaving behind a small needle tipped with her blood in Krusty's hand.

"What the Fuck!" Stephanie stuck her finger in her mouth to soothe the pricked finger. Krusty ignored her and tapped the needle over the neck of the balloon. Her blood fell from the needle onto the balloon and two things happened. a four leaf clover appeared on the balloon right where the neck met the base of the balloon, and a warm tingle washed over Stephanie's body until it settled in her chest and faded leaving her feeling short of breath. "What... The fuck?"

"There." Krusty picked up the balloon and tossed it to Beth.

"How does it work," asked Beth as she examined the clover mark.

"Whatever goes in affects her."

"Do we have to tie a knot or something? I was never good at tying balloons."

"Nope. What goes in only comes out if you turn the balloon upside down towards the ground."

"So, if I do this..." Then she put her lips onto the neck of the balloon and blew.

Stephanie gasped as a warm breeze washed through her body and settled into her breasts. Her nipples hardened instantly with the pressure that built up behind them and her skin began to tingle. Slowly, the two mosquito bites she had for breasts bulged outwards pressing into her shirt until they formed small ant hills. Beth gasped at the sight and the growth instantly stopped but the warmth lingered. Stephanie looked down at her chest in utter disbelief. This couldn't be real could it? Hesitantly, she reached up and poked her chest. The sensation sent a chill down her spine. It was real. It wasn't much but for the first time ever she had tits. Sensitive tits, too. A soft moan slipped out her mouth before she noticed she saw just casually feeling herself up in front of this random man fairy thing and an embarrassed flush washed across her face.

Beth slowly turned her head away, her eyes lingering on Stephanie's breasts as long as they could, the slightly inflated balloon sitting freely in her hand before she said, "and to undo this I do what?"

"Point the neck at the ground," replied Krusty.

Beth did and the balloon and Stephanie's tits deflated.

"Oh my god, this is the best fucking thing ever." Beth inhaled as much air as she could and before Stephanie could think to stop her she brought the balloon to her lips and blew. The sensation of her tits expanding multiple cup sizes in mere seconds was tough for Stephanie to describe. There was the sudden and intense rush of warmth that filled her body, the feeling of pressure building behind her nipples causing them to jut outwards and harden, the pleasurable yet slightly painful tingling of her skin stretching in all directions, the jolts of electric excitement as the fabric of her shirt shifted with the new and sudden strain, and it may have been her imagination but she could have sworn she felt someone's tongue dancing around between her legs.

The only word she could think of was, "Fuuuuck," as she moaned and let her head fall back. Pleasure washed over her and she managed to look down in time to see her breasts swell to a large B cup and then stop. Stephanie sat there gripping the arms of her chair, legs crossed in front of her and panted as the feeling of pleasure slowly faded. Stephanie looked over to Beth expecting to see a massively inflated balloon in her hands, but instead the Boobloon was hardly any larger than a mandarin orange. Beth began to take another large breath in when Stephanie leapt out of her seat towards Beth yelling, "Wait!" When Stephanie fell onto Beth she had to fight back any awkward sounds as her new breasts pressed into Beth sending a jolt of pleasure through her and into her crotch.

"Alright," Laughed Krusty. "Everyone happy?"

"Yes," replied Beth. Stephanie reluctantly nodded.

"Good, now get out of my office. I have some lovely people still waiting for my return."

Beth pushed Stephanie off of her and ran out of the door behind them instantly. Stephanie didn't like that and she bolted out of the room behind Beth saying thanking Krusty as she did. The door at the end of the hallways closed as Stephanie made it out of the room and immediately the pressure behind her nipples came again, but this time slowly like someone was trying to blow a giant bubble without popping it. The made her knees buckle as she felt the slow but constant pressure building in her chest. She managed to make it to the main room of the pub just as her breasts made it to C cup territory, but terrifyingly Beth was nowhere to be seen. Feeling her face beginning to flush with embarrassment and a little bit of something else she walked over to the bar trying not to make a scene and draw attention to herself. Turns out this was harder than she thought because each step she took sent her new still growing tits bouncing in every direction. How did Beth walk without causing an earthquake with each step?

The big bartender was still there this time with a big smile on his face and he looked up at her approach. "Hi," said Stephanie as nonchalantly as she could. "Did you see which direction my friend went?"

The bartender slowly scanned the bar and replied, "Nope. Didn't see her go anywhere."

There was a brief moment of relief as the warmth filling Stephanie paused briefly before it started again. Stephanie bit her lip trying to ignore the growing warmth forming between her legs, "A-are you sure? I saw her run out that door." Stephanie turned to point at the door and was shocked to see she couldn't see it. It was gone. A small pop of a stitch tearing in her shirt brought her back to reality and her eyes went wide briefly, wondering if anyone else heard it. She turned back to the bartender who was obviously staring at her tits. She cleared her throat and he looked back up at her. "I know she left Krusty's office. Where did she go?"

"Nowhere. She didn't go anywhere," replied the bartender.

Stephanie watched in silent horror as her breasts consumed more counter space, "Please this is kind of important." Another stitch popped somewhere on her shirt, and the front fabric drew taut as her nipples tried to poke their way through the thinning fabric.

The guy shrugged. "Sorry. Don't know what else to tell you. She didn't go anywhere."

Frustrated, embarrassed, and growing bigger and hornier by the second Stephanie was about to make a scene when she heard a giggle come from behind the bar. Stephanie stood on her tip toes and looked down next to the bartender to see Beth's blonde hair. She was sitting on the floor next to him. Without thinking, Stephanie leapt towards Beth. Immediately she knew she messed up when she crash landed onto the counter D cup breasts first. Lighting shot through her every pleasure receptor in her body and she moaned loudly before she could clamp her mouth shut. Beth laughed and pulled the boobloon out of reach. Stephanie instead grabbed a handful of Beth's hair. Beth yelped and recoiled away from the pain pulling Stephanie the rest of the way over the counter until she fell on top of Beth and the two laid there in a heap. In the commotion Beth had dropped the boobloon and the bartender picked it up as he laughed.

“What is it with young women and they’re obsession with larger breasts?” He tossed the balloon up and down in the air as he spoke. “It makes sense for men to like big boobs, we’re men after all, but women always seem to want their boobs bigger until they’re too big to handle.” He turned the balloon upside down and Stephanie let out a sigh of relief as her tits steadily shrunk. He stopped when she was a little over a B cup again and said, “Those seem right. Proportionate, you know.”

Stephanie flushed red crossing her arms over her chest then stepped forward and swiped the boobloon from his hands. “I’ll ask you this one time. Please stop staring at my chest.”

“Roger.”

“You can keep staring at mine though,” replied Beth.

“Oh that reminds me.” The man reached down and next to a few beer glasses were strings of green beaded necklaces. He grabbed two and gave one to each of them then turned to the liquor on the shelf, poured a shot of tequila and handed it to Stephanie. “On the house.”

One hour later after Stephanie had rushed Beth back to their hotel room the two now stood there in the bathroom looking at Stephanie’s topless boobless reflection. In front of her on the counter were three possible outfits and the boobloon.

“Okay. So, I need you to promise me I can trust you,” requested Stephanie.

Beth was halfway through her third mai tai of the day and had to put the drink down to reply, “Absolutely. I promise you can trust me.”

“Okay, because I’m trusting you with the Boobloon, and I don’t want a repeat of what happened early.” She grabbed the balloon from the counter and started to hand it to Beth before she pulled it away suddenly. Stephanie reiterated as if she was talking to a toddler to emphasize the point. “Don’t just blow me up in public.”

Beth rolled her eyes, “I promise I won’t embarrass you.”

Figuring that was as good of a promise she could get from her friend she sighed and handed Beth the boobloon. Beth’s eyes sparkled mischievously, but she kept to her word and didn’t start inflating her like a sex doll. She had wanted to try to blow up the boobloon herself and hold onto it, but every time she tried a jolt of pleasure would race through her causing her to gasp, nearly collapse and halt the growth. After three or four attempts and a change of panties later she had determined that she couldn’t inflate herself. There was always a twist in any show she watched that involved magic and wishes. There was even that one leprechaun movie where the woman wished for bigger boobs and turned into a puddle of skin and fat. She had wished she remembered that before letting Beth buy the damn thing, but if the only catch was she had to let someone else control her growth then it really wasn’t that bad. Was it?

“Alright. Now slowly, and I do mean slowly start filling me up.”

Beth smiled before licking her lips and clasping them around the balloon’s neck. Stephanie’s heart fluttered a little as she watched Beth do that and wondered if that was what men felt like when they were about to get a blow job. Beth began to blow and Stephanie had to grab onto the counter for support. Her nipples sprang to life hardening instantly at the pressure and she bit her lip to choke back a

moan. Just from the growth she had already experienced her nipples felt tender, and with each passing moment they grew more sensitive. Stephanie knew that if they hadn't already been hard from the pressure the feeling of the cold breeze in the room as it brushed them would have made them hard. She attempted to stand up straight and was rewarded with the sight of watching her boobs grow. Without the shirt blocking the view she could see her breasts push outward in every direction growing like two fleshy bubbles on her chest topped with swollen nipples at their centers. She had to admit watching herself grow really turned her on, and it wasn't just the positive chemicals telling her this was sexy. Seeing Beth's face reflected in the mirror Stephanie could see she too found the sight appealing. One lung full later Stephanie was around a B cup once more, she debated asking Beth for a little more to push her to a C cup to match the width of her hips, but Beth's reflected frown stopped her.

"What's up," asked Stephanie, turning to face Beth.

"You look like you've seen the world's worst plastic surgeon."

"No I..." Stephanie started to argue, but when she turned back to face the mirror she had to admit the two perfectly spherical breasts did look a little cartoonish. She sighed. "Yeah, you're right. But there isn't much I can do about that, is there?"

Beth's reflected face looked pained as she tried to think of a solution until it lit up with excitement at an idea and she ran from the bathroom still holding the boobloom.

"Beth?" Stephanie peered out of the bathroom door and watched the hotel room door slam shut. "Why do I have a feeling I'm not going to like where this is going?" Stephanie waited like it was the calm before the storm, sitting on her bed waiting for Beth to return, and just as she wondered if she should grab a shirt to go find her friend she got her answer.

Every hair on Stephanie's body stood on end as a wave of pure agonizing cold began to fill her breasts. Her nipples felt like icicles as her breasts slowly swelled only this time with a sound that resembled a churning gurgle. She fell forward onto all fours gasping for air like she had just been dunked in a frozen lake and choking down groans as a rush of pleasurable heat raced through her body. Something about this rush felt different. More hormonal. Almost like a switch had flipped in her body somewhere. The sensation of hot and cold fighting within her made her light headed and dizzy. She had to sit there to collect herself as her breasts warmed and her body cooled. She was still panting hard when the hotel room door opened.

"Guess what I found," Beth said musically. The door closed and then suddenly Beth gasped. Stephanie raised her head to see Beth was staring at her. She was biting her lower lip and in her hand was a carton of milk. "I don't mean to insult you," Beth began slowly. "But you look like a dog in heat."

Thinking about it caused Stephanie's already flushed face to flare ever brighter. She was on all four and panting like a dog all she was missing was a raised ass and her tongue hanging out. Stephanie managed to sit up so she was now kneeling and managed to ask, "What... did you... do?"

Beth smiled at Stephanie's chest. "I was thinking about what Krusty said. Remember how he said 'Whatever goes in' affects you?" Stephanie nodded and in response Beth lifted the milk. "I figured if anything affects you why not try milk? Maybe the weight could make your breasts sag a little more naturally. From the looks of it, it helped, but you could use some more."

"Give me a moment before you try anything else," pleaded Stephanie. She tried to stand but her knees were too wobbly. "Help me up, please. My legs don't want to work."

Beth sauntered over helping Stephanie back to her feet and together they made it back to the bathroom where Stephanie could see what damage Beth's idea had done. Once again, Beth was right. What had once been two perfect spheres was now two slightly oval shaped spheres. Clearly the idea would work, they'd just need to add more.

"It pains me to keep saying this," said Stephanie to Beth's reflection, "but I think you were right."

"What can I say? I know boobs," Beth replied while subconsciously shaking her tits. "Ready for some more?"

"Any chance we can warm it up first? I felt like my nipples were going to freeze off last time."

"Not if you want to get shit faced drunk from infinite free drinks before dinner tonight."

Stephanie gritted her teeth. Was she willing to go through with this? Did getting free drinks because he had big boobs really matter to her? Surprisingly, she found it did. She released a slow calming breath, gripped the counter with all her might and nodded. "Hit me."

Beth held the boobloom by its neck and gingerly, like a surgeon performing surgery, she tilted the milk carton and started to pour the milk in. Stephanie watched as goose flesh spread across her body, starting at her nipples and spreading outwards from there. Again her teeth chattered, and again her body was rocked with the hormonal spike of heat that spread everywhere, but seemed to settle in her crotch. Her knees buckled, and she found herself leaning over the bathroom counter forehead pressed into the cold mirror as she tried to hold in any embarrassing noises. Through the rush of heat and the aching cold; Stephanie could see her perfectly round breasts swell larger and start to pull downwards; the gurgling returning and growing louder by the second. The visual reminded Stephanie of a Jello mold coming out of the pan. The part right when you flip it over and the middle starts to fall out. She watched from her position over the counter as her nipples slowly sank closer and closer to the counter until their tips touched the counter and she could no longer hold back. She moaned at the jolt of pleasure that shot through her breasts, and then the churning growth stopped.

"Fuck my arms hurt," Came Beth's voice from behind Stephanie. Stephanie looked up in the mirror to see the boobloom and the still mostly full carton of milk in Beth's lap as she massaged her arms. "Let me try something else."

Stephanie watched Beth drink from the milk carton, filling her mouth to the brim, and then bring the boobloom to her mouth. "Wait," is what Stephanie meant to say, but as Beth blew a mouthful of milk into the boobloom at high speed what came instead was Stephanie. Stephanie came. She came hard and violently.

Her breasts gurgled angrily and expanded so rapidly that she was knocked backwards by their sudden growth. The growth may have saved her from smashing her head against the counter, because her legs gave out at the same moment. Her entire body convulsed in orgasmic ecstasy as she writhed on the floor in a beautiful silent agony she couldn't even begin to describe. The whole ordeal lasted no longer than 30 seconds, but by the end of it she felt exhausted. Her breast tingled with aftershocks of

her growth, her nipples ached with two different kinds of pressure, she was covered head to toe in sweat, her thighs were soaked with the remains of her orgasm, and on the floor in front of her was a puddle of milk. She stared at the puddle breathlessly in confusion. "Am I... Lactating?"

Beth was silent for a long time before she responded, and when she did it sounded distant like she was lost in a dream, "Yeah."

Stephanie weakly replied, "Oh."

"Yeah," repeated Beth.

The two sat there in silence for a moment just trying to process what happened. Milk wasn't just suddenly appearing in her breasts like the air was. She wasn't sure, but she guessed her tits were actually producing the milk in her mammary glands. That could explain the rush of hormones she felt. Her body was producing the chemicals needed to actually generate its own milk. Did that mean the milk growth was exponential? Looking at the two large mounds in front of her, she feared it was.

"Beth?"

"Yeah."

"Can you help me up?"

"Yeah."

With incredible effort Stephanie managed to make it back to her feet with Beth's help. Her legs were as useful as wet noodles forcing her to cling to Beth for support with an arm wrapped around her shoulders, but that didn't stop the two of them from staring in awe at Stephanie's breasts. They looked almost perfect. They had shot well passed C cups and hung heavily on her chest were somewhere between D's and double D's. The added weight of the milk brought a much needed natural looking droop to her tits, but the pressure from the air inside gave them a lift that still looked youthful. They had the perfect pair shape that even the gods would envy. Comparing reflections, Beth's breasts were still larger at G cups, but Stephanie's were a lot perkier. Come to think of it, they looked a lot like Beth's did when she wore that corset to the renfaire last year. The only complaints Stephanie had were how dark and swollen her nipples had become, and how much larger her breasts were than other parts of her. Even her wide set hips and voluminous ass she has sculpted for years were dwarfed in comparison.

"This might be too much," began Stephanie.

"Like hell it is," blurted Beth. She reached out from Stephanie's side and grabbed a healthy handful of Stephanie's new breasts. The feeling of her friend's fingers sinking into a part of her that never existed before sent jolts all the way down to her toes. The stimulation made tiny white beads of milk form on her nipples. "You could probably use more milk if I'm being honest."

Stephanie inhaled sharply, biting back the groans that were forming behind her lips and slapped Beth's hand away, sending a tingling ripple through her chest and causing her milk to drip onto the floor. "Don't you dare. We are going to put the boobloot away, I'm going to clean myself up. In the meantime you are going to find me an outfit of yours I can wear out."

"Why do you need my clothes?"

"Because mine won't fit! And you owe me for what just happened in there."

"I don't know," teased Beth. "It looked like you were enjoying yourself."

Stephanie's face flushed red. "That was fucking embarrassing."

Beth started walking Stephanie out of the bathroom towards her bed. "Hey, that was no different than that mall with the remote vibrators."

"The mall was one time and we were with Mike then. What just happened was... something else entirely."

"And this was one time, and we're at Mardi Gras."

"Just, no. Not right now."

Beth sighed reluctantly, "Fine. Just hurry up and change. I want to see how this goes."

Beth helped Stephanie back to her bed, and the Stephanie laid back to try and collect what was left of her brain after that mind numbing orgasm. She wasn't used to the weight of her breasts which made breathing deeply a little more difficult, but the feeling wasn't unwelcome. She closed her eyes and breathed deep reveling the sensation. The weight on her chest, the way her tits jiggled with each exhale, how they sat and fell slightly to her sides and over her arms. She never truly realized just how much she wished she had tits like these. To her side Stephanie could hear Beth rummaging through her random trinkets and clothes, so she let herself explore her new curves. She gently ran her fingers over her exposed tits and her skin erupted into gooseflesh. She exhaled hard biting her lower lip and traced the edges of her nipples. Her areolas had swollen to be at least twice their original size, their old roughness around their edges smoothed out from the added pressure behind them. She cupped her massive tits, and gave them a firm squeeze. They suck into the soft flesh and Stephanie was pleased to feel they weren't hard like over inflated balls. Maybe a little too pleased. She hadn't realized she was just lying there groping herself until Beth cleared her throat. At that same moment Stephanie recognized a new sensation; like a lump or a knot right between her shoulder blades. When she opened her eyes Beth was holding the boobloons in one hand with a funnel from a used beer bong she stole in its neck, and in the other was the carton of milk that was dangerously close to being poured in.

"What are you gonna do with that," asked Stephanie nervously.

"Nothing if you stop playing with yourself."

Stephanie narrowed her eyes at Beth trying to see if she was bluffing or not. Beth glared back in response, the milk hand turning the carton a little more. With their experiments so far it appeared one fifth, maybe one fourth, of the carton had been used and at that time her breasts more than doubled in size. A part of her mind raced with the thrill and possibility of having the rest of the milk poured in, the reasonable part of her brain feared what would happen. Slowly Stephanie pulled her hands away from her breasts.

"Have my outfit ready?"

"Yes. You're going to be wearing my virgin killer sweater."

"I like it," Stephanie replied robotically. "Warm, cozy, easy to remove."

"I thought you would."

The two stared at each other a little longer before Stephanie spoke. "Can you put the milk carton down? Please?"

"Only because you asked so nicely." Beth slowly put the carton and boobloons down on the dresser that held all the different things she'd collected so far. She tossed the backless sweater at Stephanie's face who swiped it from the air then fought with her tits to sit up right. It was harder than it looked. Once she was calm again she managed to clean herself up in the bathroom, grabbed her third pair of panties for the day, and got dressed for a night she would never forget.

Many hours later, Stephanie found herself giggling like a school girl to some joke the handsome idiot in front of her had just said. She had no idea what his joke was, the music was too loud to be able to hear anything clearly, and she was far too drunk to care. If she had known that all it took to have your every whim cared for was to show off your breasts she would have paid \$100 to some random sleazy magic short guy years ago. She'd lost count of how many drinks mister handsome bought her so far, but it felt like 4. She'd also lost count of how many mister handsome she'd flirted with so far. She remembered one pair of men had bought her and Beth dinner, but the man she spoke to now was not one of them. She realized her neck and back were also starting to ache nearly as much as her swollen nipples, but she blamed her neck pain on the uncountable stack of necklaces she wore. Then she remembered the drink still in her hand and took a drink.

At some point she had started treating her boobs like trophies, something to show around and brag about, and then everything else was a blur. All she knew was she was in a bar, she had really big really sensitive breasts, and she was drunk. She realized she was also incredibly horny. Oh! That was why she was talking to Mister Handsome idiot. The only thing that could have possibly made the night better would be to find a handsome couple of idiots to go to bed with. One for her and one for Beth. Who knows, they could even swap partners at some point. She didn't care. She was finally enjoying herself again for the first time in days. She'd have to thank Misty in the morning for her recommendation.

"My place," the handsome man said, returning her to the present.

"What," she asked practically yelling.

"Want to come back to my place?"

"Depends. Got a friend for my friend over there?" She gestured towards Beth who was being handed two beer bottles from a guy at the bar. How did she convince him to buy her two drinks?

The man smiled confidently, "I can be enough for the two of you."

That was probably the funniest thing he had actually said. She laughed loudly in his face, which seemed to make him upset because he stormed off before Stephanie could catch her breath. Welp. Time to find her next handsome idiot. Stephanie stumbled her way randomly through the crowd and managed to end up right behind Beth. She wrapped her arms around Beth from behind and gave her a loud sloppy kiss on the cheek, "Mwah!"

Beth nuzzled into Stephanie and immediately forgot about the guy in front of her. She slurred her words together as she said, "Hey gorgeous! H'aving fun?"

“Yes! God yes.”

Beth turned to face Stephanie, the guy she was talking to tried to object to Beth’s back but quickly realized it was pointless and turned away to talk to the other chick next to him. “Gots you a beer,” said Beth as she held out the extra beer.

“Ah! Thank you!” Stephanie chugged what was left in her glass. She had no idea what it was, something blue that tasted like lemon lime and bad decisions. Her stomach churned slightly, but she put the empty glass on the bar and took the beer. “What time is it?”

“Uh...” Beth started to look through her purse then frowned, then perked up as she reached into her cleavage and pulled out her phone. She squinted at the screen. “Almost Midnight.”

Fuck. They had been drinking nonstop for almost 12 hours? Damn. All Stephanie could think to say was, “Fuuuuck.”

“Yeah, that’s was what my thoughts were, too.”

Stephanie blinked, “What?”

Beth smiled, “oh, s-shut up and drink your beer already.”

Stephanie did and before she lowered the bottle another brand new bottle appeared in front of her. She frowned at the second bottle, “Where did you come from?”

“What,” asked Beth.

Beth also had a new bottle in front of her. Stephanie looked around and saw no one smiling like an idiot at them. Stephanie shrugged, chugged what was left of her bottle, and immediately regretted it as her stomach growled in protest.

“Beth,” She burped. “I don’t think I can drunk anymore.”

Beth nodded. “I’ll call’a Uber.”

“I’mma go to the bathroom real quick, come with?” Beth nodded so Stephanie grabbed her hand and the two bumbled their way to the bathroom. Thankfully the music in the bathroom was turned down giving Stephanie the much needed calm she needed to pee and settle her stomach. She washed her hands and waited for Beth to exit her stall and when Beth opened the stall door she stood there with a new beer bottle Stephanie hadn’t seen her grab and wrapped around the neck of the bottle was the neck of the Boobloon.

“I figured out a way for you to drink more without getting sick,” Beth said excitedly.

Panic shot through Stephanie and instinct took over. Reflexively, she grabbed the first thing she could get her hands on and threw it at Beth. Then she watched the scene play out like it was a slow motion scene in her mind. The object she threw thankfully only turned out to be a mostly used roll of paper towels, and she watched it smack Beth square in the nose. Beth’s head fell back and the bottle slipped from her grasp and fell. “Fuuuuu-,” cried Beth in Stephanie’s perceived slow motion.

Stephanie leapt through the air like she was back on her high school volleyball team and snatched the bottle from the air. Unfortunately she crashed to the ground with a lot more force than she was accustomed to which caused the bottom of the bottle to collide with the ground and send a fountain of foam into the booblooon. “-uuuuck” finished Beth’s complaint. She started to say something else but she was cut off by the sound of Stephanie moaning through clenched teeth.

“MMMhnn~!” choked Stephanie as the rush washed over her. First was the cold that rocked her aching nipples, then the foam from the beer settled in her like a thick calm fog. That quiet peace was short lived, though, because the entire world shifted and spun as her breasts soaked up the alcohol, and then came the toe curling pleasure. “Mmhm,” she groaned, feeling her upper body slowly rise higher from the ground with a hiss of gas and a sudden increase of pressure. The foam bubbles began to pop within her chest sending tingles that rippled all across her sensitive breasts like a thousand tiny hands massaging every bare inch of skin. “MMMMhmm~,” She moaned.

“Why,” was all Stephanie could say as she fought the need to orgasm her brains out.

“Hey. Don’t blame me,” replied Beth. “I was only planning to show you what I found out.”

Beth gritted her teeth in annoyance and prayed that growth would end soon. She worried she was about to black out; her mind starting to go blank as her skin stretched and consumed more of the hard cold floor beneath her. This growth session lasted a solid 5 minutes with Stephanie trying not to be heard by the entire bar while the foam bubbled away within her before expanding into gas. When it was all finished, Stephanie laid there on top two flesh blobs the size of basketballs.

“Beth?”

“I know, I know. Help you up.” Beth sighed and the two drunkenly struggled to get Stephanie back to her feet being extra careful to monitor the booblooon and beer. Once there, Stephanie finally got to see what the most recent growth had done to her, and she felt like she was more tit than woman. Her breasts were easily larger than Beth’s. If she had to try to put a letter to it she would guess I cups, if such a thing existed. The only problem, other than the moisture marks of milk that had leaked from Stephanie, was the most recent growth was mostly gas and her breasts were sitting high on her chest like slightly deflated beach balls. At least the hard points where her nipples pressed to the fabric were symmetrical.

Stephanie sighed sadly, “Well it was fun while it lasted.” Then she freed the tangerine sized booblooon from the beer bottle and upturned it over the sink. Air, CO2, milk, and a little beer poured from the neck of the booblooon and Stephanie watched with both sadness and relief as her tits rapidly shrank down to their original nonexistence. As sad as the sight of being boobless was; her neck, back, and especially her nipples thanked her.

“Do you think,” began Beth. “That if we only poured alcohol in there we could drink it from your nipples like a fountain?” Stephanie’s face flushed beat red at the thought. She was completely stunned by the question but before she could think to say anything Beth’s phone jingled. “Uber’s here!” Beth grabbed Stephanie’s wrists and was promptly whisked away from the festivities.

The drive back to the hotel is when exhaustion struck Stephanie. She felt hot and sweaty, and her body ached from the weight it wasn’t used to carrying. A shower was beginning to sound very nice.

She melted into the back seat of the Uber as Beth flirted with the driver, if pulling off your shirt and leaving it off could be considered flirting. She did catch herself staring jealously at Beth's breasts occasionally as they bounced with each hole in the road. She hadn't even had breasts for a full day and already she missed having them. At least she could always grow a pair whenever she liked. She smiled, patting the coat pocket that held the boobloom. Best \$100 spent ever.

Back at the hotel, the doorman wouldn't let Beth in without her shirt, but once she was dressed again the two of them drunkenly bumbled their way up the stairs laughing at how red his face had gotten. They slid into the room and Beth immediately leapt into her bed with all her weight, riding the bed as it bounced her up and down. She smiled with her eyes closed and sighed blissfully, "What do you think the maximum weight capacity for these beds are?"

Stephanie shrugged out of her coat and tossed it on the counter. "Why?"

She still laid motionless on the bed but said seductively, "I'm thinking of calling a couple of guys I met over tonight..."

"A couple? As in more than one?"

She smiled and yawned before nuzzling her head deeper into the pillows, "Yeah. There's plenty of me to go around."

Stephanie laughed, "Oh you drunk fool." Stephanie walked over to her bag and grabbed a pair of pajamas. "No one wants to share a pillow princess."

"Hey," Replied Beth in mock offense, still not moving from her place in the bed. "I always put effort into pleasing my partner."

"You keep telling yourself that, I'm going to go take a shower."

Beth groaned wistfully, "Oooh, a shower. Can I join you?"

Stephanie chuckled, "Shut up and go to bed already you horny drunken idiot."

Beth yawned and muttered something into her pillow. Stephanie took it as a yes and walked into the bathroom closing the door behind her. Thinking about it for a moment, she locked the door behind her as well, just to make sure Beth couldn't try to sneak in. Once she knew she was guaranteed time alone she peeled herself out of her clothes and turned the shower as hot as she could get it. This was her favorite thing about hotels: the nearly infinite supply of hot water. She waited for the room to fill with steam to the point she couldn't see her reflection in the mirror anymore and stepped in letting the nearly scalding water wash the day away. She sighed with content and closed her eyes as she let the water rain down on her and soak away her pains.

After a few minutes of peace, the only part of her that still ached were her nipples. She let her hands go up to her nonexistent breasts and rubbed them gently to soothe the pain. Her body must have had other ideas in mind because her touch sent chills down her spine and her nipples hardened the more she tried to massage them. She bit her lower lip and let herself be drawn in by the feeling. She hated to admit it, but she would have enjoyed a good fucking right about then. Even after orgasming multiple times throughout the day, her crotch yearned for attention. She let one of her hands drift down

her body to rest between her legs and her body erupted in gooseflesh. She leaned back resting her back against the cool wall off the shower and slowly started to rub at her vagina.

She gasped softly and let her mind begin to wander as she tried to come up with the perfect thing to masturbate to. Eventually her mind stopped on the feeling of growing. She pictured the way her breasts swelled, how her skin tingled with pleasurable energy, the way her nipples ached and continued to ache, the wave of pleasure as it washed through her. If she focused hard enough she thought she could feel it right then. The feeling of pressure piling up behind her nipples, filling her breasts, making them expand to sizes she only dreamed of. She started to rub her clit and had to restrain her moans. The heat inside her started to battle the heat from the shower. There was an added thrill of doing something like this with her best friend just on the other side of the door. Stephanie moaned softly, barely a gasp, but she was thankful she had locked the door. She knew right then Beth would walk in if she knew what Stephanie was up to. The picture of Beth and Stephanie playing together in the shower filled her mind then, and she started to finger herself to the idea. She bit down on her bottom lip as Beth massaged Stephanie's growing tits in her mind.

Stephanie grabbed a handful of her breasts and squeezed just like the imaginary Beth did in her fantasy, massaging the flesh between her fingers. Her hand between her legs worked hard as she fingered herself faster. Her back began to slide down the cold wall as her knees wobbled beneath her. She let herself slide to the shower floor and spread her legs for easier access. Her head fell back as she felt the orgasm forming. Her toes began to curl and she pinched her nipples as she came. She let herself release a quiet high pitched moan as she orgasm washed over her and she sat there panting for a moment feeling the weight of her breasts as they pressed into the palms over her hands. She started to feel herself up again; feeling her body getting ready for around two when her eyes shot open. On her chest, in her hands, slowly but steadily growing further into her palms were two decently sized B cup breasts.

Stephanie yelled from her seat on the shower floor, "Beth, you bitch!" Which in hindsight was a terrible idea. Now that the cat was out of the bag, there was nothing holding Beth back. Stephanie's breasts exploded outwards, ripping a deep guttural moan from within her. She instantly came again as her breasts swelled from B's to C's then D's and DD's in a matter of seconds. Behind her nipples a pressure beat against the back of them like a drum as her tits jiggled and jolted with growth that reminded her of water balloons. Her breasts weighed heavily on her chest and slid lower and lower down her torso as they filled. Her heart raced with panic as her breasts dipped into triple D range and another orgasm threatened to roll over her. She knew if she didn't get up now, she was never going to walk again so she forced herself to her feet awkwardly fighting the two growing pendulums on her chest. She was easily Beth's size by the time she was standing, her tits hanging down to her belly button and still filling. Stephanie had to brace her swelling tits with her arms just to be able to stand right. She managed to stagger out of the tub wrestling with her slippery vibrating tits to the bathroom door. In the short 5 steps it took to make it to the door her breasts were the size of fully inflated beach balls and groaned with the effort of holding herself upright. She slammed breasts first into the bathroom door and the cold chill of the wood on her nipples caused her mind to blank and her legs to almost give out as she came again. "Fuuuuck~! Beh-h-eethhh!" She fought the ecstasy induced black out and struggled with the door knob cursing herself. Why did she have to lock the damn door?!

She could no longer see anything past her breasts so she attempted to open the door by touch. Her stupid slippery fingers struggled as her tits continued their intoxicating swell, the added mass pushing her away from the door with their growth. She grunted and pressed herself firmly into the door and managed to unlock it by the time her tits reached the size of medicine balls that felt like they weighed 50 pounds each. She turned the door knob and the door flew open. She fell forwards as her tits shifted towards the sudden newly created space. Stephanie stumbled after her boobs trying to stay upright until she ran shins first into a bed that hadn't been there moments before and fell. As she fell her body turned and she landed on her side with a loud slap as her tits collided with each other.

"AHhn," moaned Stephanie as she collided with the bed. A puddle began to form on the floor where her knees and feet hung over the bed, but Stephanie wouldn't have been able to tell you if it was water beneath her. She laid there next to her still growing breasts as they jiggled and shifted like waterbeds and tried to stand back up. She grunted with effort and pleasure but no amount of struggling seemed to make it so she could get off the bed. In fact her squirming only made it worse as one tit rolled towards her forcing her onto her back and pinning her beneath the two massive spheres. She yelled for Beth as loudly and forcefully as it could feet flailing in the air as she tried to sit up, but with the weight on her chest and the warmth between her knees it came out like a high pitched whine. "Beth~! S-stahp!"

There was a metallic screeching sound that came from the kitchen that came in 3 short bursts and the growth and the drumming sensation within her breasts stopped. Stephanie tried to look over her breasts, but couldn't see anything past them as Beth strode into the room.

"Well, Well, Whale. Looks like a beached whale managed to find itself on my bed," stated Beth in a mocking tease.

"Beth please..." Stephanie didn't like the sound of Beth's voice. "No more. I can't move."

"Oh I know. You're exactly where I wanted you."

Beth's fingers lightly danced across Stephanie's swollen breasts like a cold breeze. Only gently grazing the newly stretched skin, but that was enough to drive Stephanie mad. Stephanie had to bite her lips to hold in her groans of pleasure at the soft sensations.

Stephanie thought about trying to convince Beth to stop and to let her go, but the more Beth toyed with her the hornier she got. It only took a few seconds before Stephanie gave in and asked, "Where you wanted me?"

"Yeah," replied Beth. Stephanie could feel Beth climb onto the bed over her until she straddled Stephanie and her face appeared looming over her wobbling breasts. "Right where I want you." Beth's finger began to trace over Stephanie's hard nipples and Stephanie's head fell back as she moaned. "Stuck with nowhere to go and no one to help you up."

"A-and What a-are you... mmhmm... What are you going to do to me?"

"I'm turning you into my personal blimp."

"What?!"

Beth only smiled at first before she grabbed two healthy handfuls of Stephanie's breasts and pushed them together sending a spike of energy through her that raced through her entire body, and once her nipples were close enough together Beth clasped her mouth around them and sucked. Not even in Stephanie's fantasies had she imagined this. Stephanie's back arched as she felt the pressure behind her nipples grow more intense until her entire body relaxed at once and she came. Water dripped from Stephanie's nipples momentarily as she cried out and the orgasm washed over her. When Stephanie could open her eyes again, Beth was kneeling above Stephanie's head completely nude. All Stephanie could see was Beth's neatly trimmed crotch, two large pale breasts, Beth's twisted smile, and in her hands was a black plastic box with the boobloom zip tied to the box.

"What... even is... that," asked Stephanie between quick breaths.

"One of those battery powered air mattress pumps. I took it from the guy in the tent a few days ago."

"You stole from a homeless man?"

"I flashed him my boobs, it was a fair trade!"

"Beth please..." Stephanie managed to free her hands from beneath her tits and weakly reached for the box. The action took a lot more effort than Stephanie had expected, but Beth just lifted the boobloom higher just out of reach. Instead Stephanie reached back and held onto Beth's hips. "I don't know how much more of this I can handle."

"Beg."

"What?"

"Beg for me."

Stephanie's grip tightened on Beth's hips in exasperation, "Isn't that what I'm doing already?"

"Nuh uh uh." Beth flicked a switch on the box for only a second. On and off, but that was more than enough for Stephanie she gasped from the sudden growth. Her boobs jutted outwards and then jiggled as the water within them settled. "Tell me you're my good little girl."

"I'll be a good girl."

"My good girl?"

"Your best girl," replied Stephanie frantically. "I'll be you little slut. Just... please. No more."

"Ooh, my little slut? Are you a dirty girl?"

"Sure, if you like that kind of stuff."

"Does my little dirty slut not want to be made into a blimp?"

"No. Please no. I'll do anything."

"Anything?"

Stephanie took a deep calming breath, before she locked eyes with Beth and said in the best seductive tone she could muster. "Anything for you."

Beth's face seemed to flush red and she cleared her throat. "I mean, it isn't every day we get this opportunity, but since you asked so nicely I won't turn you into my blimp."

Stephanie sighed with relief. "Oh. Thank you Beth. Thank you. Thank you."

"Instead we'll go until these batteries die." And then she flipped the switch.

"NOOOooooaOoOaaaha~!"

The engine inside the air pump kicked on and air flowed into Stephanie faster than ever before. Her tits blossomed outward in jittering jolts as the air caused her boobs to grow up towards the ceiling but the water inside her forced them down and out the more space it had. Every new and growing inch of her skin tingled and buzzed with a pleasurable energy as adrenaline, dopamine, and oxytocin flooded Stephanie's body leaving her writhing in orgasmic agony. Her voice rose to higher pitches, her back arched, her toes curled, and she came, then the cycle both continued and started over. Her body still registered the same level of bliss, but there she was, her voice going even higher with each moan, her back trying to break itself under her breasts weight, her toes curled into clubs, and she came again, and again, and again. Each orgasmic wave building on top of the last and sending her further and further over the brink into mindlessness.

"OooOoOoOoOOoh!!~"

Stephanie hadn't noticed she was still gripping Beth's hips until Beth managed to pull away. Stephanie opened her eyes as her breasts grew larger than beanbag chairs and tried to reach for Beth pleading breathlessly with her grasping hands for this divine torture to stop. Beth instead put the running pump and boobloon on the bed by the pillows just out of Stephanie's reach. Weakly Stephanie stretched her arms towards the pump, but the most she could do was push it ever further away with the tips of her fingers. Distracted by the possibility of freedom, Stephanie failed to notice Beth until she was grabbing handfuls of Stephanie tits.

"Oooooooooahhw FUCK," cried Stephanie as she orgasmed again, and again, and then again each time Beth squeezed. Beth went to town massaging, kneading, squeezing, and teasing Stephanie's breasts with each grope grabbing more raw sensitive skin pushing her inflated tits around with loud sloshing sounds. Out of desperation Stephanie kept reaching for the boobloon, but at this point she couldn't think straight. She couldn't even remember why she wanted the balloon, but she knew she needed it. She had to have it. She needed to stop this. She needed... She needed... She needed dick.

And then her mind went blank.

Stephanie screamed in sheer unrated animal ecstasy. With every short sharp breath came another orgasm and one breathless, "Owh~," in ever higher pitches.

She needed something to occupy her hands so she started to massage her own breasts.

"Owh~! Owh~! Owh~!"

Suddenly, Stephanie felt her legs being pulled apart and someone, hopefully Beth, positioning themselves between them. Then something long and hard slid inside her.

“Owh~! Owh~! Owh~!”

Stephanie didn't know where Beth had found a dildo, but that didn't matter. All that mattered as the walls of her vagina convulsed and gripped the dildo with each racking orgasm was that she had a dildo sliding in and out of her. Beth matched the pace of Stephanie's breaths as she slammed the thing deep in Stephanie with each thrust.

“OWH~! OWH Fuck~! OWH~!”

Moments stretched into minutes and the next thing Stephanie knew her breasts were HUGE. Each breast loomed over her the size and width of an 8 person tent, but Beth didn't seem to care or mind. She just laid there between Stephanie's legs under the massive still growing flesh domes as she continued to fill every available inch of Stephanie's pussy with the dildo. She felt full. The entire world melted away and all that was left was pleasure and pressure.

“OOOWH Fuck~! OOOOWH FUUUUUUCK~!”

The pump kept blowing away. Every time she opened her eyes her breasts had reached a new shocking size. There was a cold chill as her breasts spread across the floor. Something clattered as furniture shifted and fell to the floor, her breast filled half the room. The other bed groaned as it was pushed across the room, each breast was the size of a semi-truck trailer. Her nipples began to press up against something and her breasts filled the room. Then something changed.

Stephanie tried to say something, but her words failed her as whatever this was grew within her. Like a rising tide this new feeling washed over Stephanie filling her with a vibration that begged for release. With each successful orgasm the feeling grew sharper, hungrier, filling her with an indescribable need. Her breasts tested the limits of the bedroom filling in every available inch of space and then straining to grow larger. The pressure behind her nipples grew more intense and the new feeling rose right along with it. Stephanie gasped for breath, her fingers gripped the bed so hard she tore the sheets, the bed frame groaned as her breasts pushed on it from all sides, and then a lot of things happened at once. The bed frame cracked collapsing the bed to the floor, the air pump and boobloon fell landing with the neck facing down flooding the machine with water causing it to short, and Stephanie came in a climax so extreme she thought she died. All that is and all that ever was flashed before Stephanie's eyes for an ungodly amount of time as orgasmic juices showered Beth, the bed, the wall, and splattered into the bathroom where that shower was still running and her tits deflated. When all was said and done, Stephanie laid on the bed nearly comatose watching the stars swim in her vision. Her body, especially her nipples, ached, she was drenched in sweat and debris from the ceiling, and she wondered if life would ever be the same again.

Beth climbed up to lay her head next to Stephanie's and said, “Told you I know how to please my partners.”

“I hate you...,” replied Stephanie with a slush that could have been from the booze or exhaustion. “I think you just ruined sex for me.”

Beth smiled, turned Stephanie's head, and pressed her wet sweet tasting lips to Stephanie's in a loving kiss. When Beth pulled away from the kiss she said, "Nah. Now that we have the boobloon, a whole new world of possibilities has opened up. Like that alcoholic nipples idea. That sounds fun."

Stephanie rolled her eyes, "Yeah, no." Stephanie sat up and groaned. "I'm going back to the shower."

Stephanie stood and took a few awkward stumbling steps towards the bathroom. When she made it to the doorway pressure welled behind her nipples puffing her flat chest outwards into two soft mounds. Warmth shocked Stephanie's system pulling a high pitched squeak from her lips, and she stared daggers at Beth.

Beth in return smiled with the boobloon in hand close to her mouth and said, "Ooh, a shower. Can I join you?"

The End...?