

Risa fumbled awake to a distant touch reverberating against her chest. She muttered something barely comprehensible and instinctively moved a hand to scratch at herself in the darkness.

Her hand hit something unexpected - a pliant, warm wall that yielded under her touch. She froze, eyes widening in the blackness - as she pressed her fingers into it again. The soft surface pushed back with an oddly familiar sensation. Her mind slowly grasped that she was feeling her own hand also grasp and press against her. Tiredness clung to the woman's thoughts like a fog as she struggled to process the absurdity of the expanse. Experimentally she poked, prodded, and groped the mass before her, her movements slow, hesitant, and disbelieving. The far away sensations continued to escalate as — each prod causing a slight ripple through her in the darkness.

Shaking the haze from her mind, she began to notice the constriction against her. This soft mass - her - filled every inch of space, boxed in by walls hard and unyielding. Bits of debris were lodged against her skin, crushed in the narrow confines of what she now realized was an entire room, perhaps even rooms, being overtaken by her breasts.

Her face bore a groggy concoction of confusion and wonder, her tired thoughts barely registering above the bizarre feelings across her chest. It was absurd, impossible even - but the sensation was undeniable. On the far edge of the building she felt the constriction had loosened - it didn't encompass her completely. She was spilling beyond the walls, spreading outward, unrestricted. And yet far beyond the release of the boxy-pressure there were the reverberations - constant poking and prodding. Each poke followed by another in increasingly frequent patterns - and yet each was weaker than the last. Some concerned or annoyed neighbors, probably wondering why their apartments were blocked, Risa mused. Okay, A lot of neighbors, she wondered, as the pokes dithered across her chest in seemingly random positions in increasing frequency.

A sudden, strange flickering of electric bug bites zapped near her left nipple, interrupting her thoughts. "Ouch!" she reflexively yelped. Dozens, hundreds, a countless deluge of pinpricks fizzled against her - each also more insignificant than the last before they too eventually fell silent. Risa focused, trying to understand what the sensation was, finding even the poking and prodding had departed, replaced by a strange - flow-like sensation. It was though grains of fine powder, water, or perhaps even a strong wind was impacting and flowing against her. Risa was quite imaginative, and yet her mind could not quite conjure up an explanation to what these strange feelings were. Though she lacked in understanding, her attempts to rationalize what had happened weren't wrong - for she did span the building and burst through a far wall to spill out into the streets. Where her imagination had failed was merely in scale.

Her chest didn't just span her city or even her home planet. It extended far beyond, past the Milky Way, spilling effortlessly across galaxies until it had simply ran out of room. The box that constricted her wasn't the mere confines of a building but the very barrier of her universe - it's far edge breached by her stupendous bosom. What she had felt earlier - the pokes and prods she mistook for her neighbors - weren't the touch of concerned hands - but of entire universes impacting into her or getting lost and buried deep within her cleavage. So insignificant and numerous, so insurmountable her rate of growth, each one flowed like water against her.

The sharp pinpricks and flickers against her nipple weren't the biting of bugs or the harmless touch of stray debris. Far, far away - so distant that the concept of distance itself faltered - a multi-verse spanning civilization, advanced beyond comprehension, had unleashed its entire arsenal. Their deadliest weapons, capable of shattering the very fabric of spacetime, were but sparks on her skin, each one fizzling out as if they were no more than static electricity.

Risa yawned, the sensations and her swimming rationalizations fading into a haze of exhaustion. The comfort of the warm masses before her called. "What a weird dream," she muttered, letting her heavy eyelids close as sleep reclaimed her - nuzzling gently into her omniversal chest.