

The Power of Hiccups

Leanne ogled the mess piled high in her friend's room. "Wow... You're sure you want to get rid of all these clothes??"

"It's a good opportunity to refresh my image and get rid of some things I don't wear anymore!" Abigail explained. Stooping down, she grabbed a faded t-shirt from high school displaying a band that she hadn't listened to in years. "Like this... I'm never going to wear this again."

Leanne snorted at the thought. "Like you could even *fit* in that thing if you wanted to."

"Hilarious. Seriously, though, that's part of why I'm doing this! I have clothes going back ten or fifteen years! Back to *high school*! Either they're worn-out, outdated, too small, or just not my style."

"Well, you're right about that..." Leanne plucked a blouse from a pile on the bed and held it up to Abigail's front. "You were what...a C-cup when you last wore this?"

Abigail snatched it away. "Yes, actually, before my big college growth spurt. Not my fault my boobs decided to outgrow my wardrobe several times over."

Stealing a glance at Abigail's prominent H-cup breasts, it was hard for Leanne to remember her ever being so small. She vividly remembered the several months of rapid, ballooning growth her friend endured during their freshman year of college. Few things had been seared into Leanne's mind like watching her best friend's cleavage swell day after day.

"Pretty sure you enjoyed outgrowing a bra every few weeks. Do I need to remind you how often I caught you looking at them in the mirror?"

A tinge of pride made Abigail smile. She was more than happy to claim the title of biggest breasts in their group of friends. She was happy to be the butt of the boob jokes, and more than happy to flaunt her ample breasts when possible. She treasured her homegrown assets. On her average-sized frame, they were the first thing to announce her presence when she entered a room.

"So do you want any of these or not?" Abigail tossed several jeans into a pile. "They might not fit me, but there's plenty in here from my smaller days that should fit you!"

Leanne put her hands on her hips. "What is that supposed to mean?" Her D-cups weren't small by any means, but certainly weren't huge.

"Not that you're small... I just wanted to give you first pick before I took everything to the thrift store..."

"I'm just messing with you. I appreciate the thought! Not really sure where to start though."

Abigail pointed to a small pile in the corner. "Maybe in all my old concert t-shirts? Those tend to be real tight and showy."

GRRRRMBL

A rumbling came from Leanne's stomach as she approached the clothes. Feeling a strange tickle, she put a hand over her belly as a slight pressure spiked.

HIC!!

“Excuse you!” Abigail laughed.

“Sorry, sorry...” She dug through the clothes. “I must be getting hun--”

HIC!!

HICCUP!!!

“Ngh!” Leanne squeaked and held a hand to her chest after several spasming jolts. Each one tingled and pushed a wave of pressure through her torso.

“You doing alright over there?”

A nervous laugh left Leanne’s lips. “Ha, yea... Jeez, I can’t remember the--”

HICCUP!!

HIC!! HIC!!

HICCUP!!!

“Oh my!!!” She shivered and leaned against the wall to catch her breath. “I can’t remember the last time I had hiccups this bad...! I can barely--”

HICCUP!!!

HICCUP HICCUP!!!

“--speak!!”

STRRTCH

A strange sound reached Leanne’s ears, reminding her of stressed spandex. Her torso felt uncomfortably constricted, which she assumed to be an effect from the rapid gasps of air.

“N-Ngh...”

“Hey! Here’s a nice blouse! Try this on!” Abigail threw a shirt across the room.

“Ohhh that’s pretty!”

Eager, Leanne removed her t-shirt to try the garment. Both garments fell from her hands moments later as her eyes bulged and her breath caught in her chest.

HIC!!

HIC!! HIC!!

“U-Uhh... Abi??”

“Hmm?”

“My... I-I think my--”

HIC!!

HICCUP!!

Abigail rolled her eyes at the constant squeaks. “Don’t you quit??”

Leanne swallowed a throat full of anxiety. “*I think my boobs are getting bigger!!*”

Turning with an armful of clothes, Abigail asked, “What are you going on abo--”

Her eyes locked onto Leanne’s front. Formerly sporting ample handfuls, Leanne’s sports bra was struggling to control two melon-sized breasts. Pale flesh overflowed its seams and pushed the band away from her ribs.

“H...How are you doing that...?” Abigail gawked.

Leanne was too taken aback to inspect herself. “I’m not doing anything!! This sports bra fit me perfectly!! I--”

HIC!! HIC HIC!!!

HICCUP!!!!

A flurry of gasps assaulted her diaphragm and she grabbed her heaving chest.

SSTTRRRRTCH

Abigail's eyes widened. "Did your boobs just..."

Sweat peppered Leanne's brow as she leaned against a wall for support. "T...T-They just grew... My boobs just--"

HICCUP!!

HICCUP HICCUP!!

HICCUP!!!

SSTTRRRRRRRRTCH

Leanne's sports bra sang with tightness. Head-sized knockers pushed it to the limit and bulged around the shoulder straps. Filled well beyond capacity, it deformed Leanne's breasts as it sank and bunched into her depths.

"T-T-They're growing every time I hiccup!!! Abi!! What the hell is--"

HICCUP!!

HIC!! HIC!! HIC!!

Leanne clamped a hand over her mouth to contain the involuntary outbursts.

STRRRRTCH!!

"N-Nngh!?"

Abigail blinked when her friend came within a few cups of her own breasts. "Holy shit... Leanne! You look hot!!!"

"I-I don't want them to grow!!" Leanne shook her head and held two hands over her mouth. "This needs to stop!! I-I don't want them to be any--"

HIC!! HIC!!

HICCUP!!

SSTTRRRRRRTCH!!

"EEK!!!" Panicking, she watched her breasts engorge another inch. "I need to stop these!!! What stops hiccups?! Holding your breath?!?"

"I-I don't know! Maybe??"

Leanne was already inhaling deep. Clamping her mouth and nose shut, she prayed her stomach would stay still as it lay hidden under her massive bust.

Silence filled the room. Abigail was the first to speak. "Maybe that worked...? I think holding your breath usually--"

HICCUPH!!

HICCUPH!!

HIPH!

Muffled bursts caused Leanne to suck air.

STRRRRRRTCH!!!

“GWAAHHH!!!” She released her breath. *“God this bra feels ready to burst!!”*

Abigail stared, far less amused than before. Her friend’s rapid growth now rivaled her own breasts. Much more and Leanne would overtake Abigail’s prized mounds.

“You’re doing this on purpose.”

Leanne looked up from her chest. *“What??”*

“You’re trying to be bigger than me!! I don’t know how, but you’re making them grow! Was it some kind of special soda?? You can’t just make yourself bigger! It’s not fair!”

“A-Abi! I swear, I’m not!! I-I don’t want to be bigger! I liked how big I was!! I--”

HIC!!

HIC HIC HIC!!!

SSTRRRRRRTCH!!!

“MMGH!!! God!!”

Abigail’s cheeks flushed pink with jealousy. *“Stop it!!!”*

“Trust me, I would if I could!!!! Hiccups are kind of involuntary!”

Huffing, Abigail left the room. *“Then I’ll get you something to stop them! A spoonful of honey always works for me.”*

“P-Please hurry!!”

Dreading what the next few hiccups could do to her mammaries, Leanne held her breath once more and hurriedly dug her fingers around her sports bra.

C... Come on...!, she thought, *You’re way too tight!! I’m going to suffocate if I don’t get you off!!*

STTRRRRTCH--SNAP!!

SMACK!!

“OOOHHHH YEEEEES!!”

Shooting over her head, Leanne’s sports bra released a pair of breasts several inches larger than her head to slap against her torso. Red lines marked where tight seams had dug into her fleshy growth. Taken aback by their full, teardrop-like appearance, Leanne cupped them in her hands and tested their weight as her lungs strained for a fresh breath of air.

O-Oh wow... They’re... So warm...

A finger grazed a plump nipple as her mind swam.

Mmmgh... A-And sensitive...

She pursed her lips as the back of her throat ached. She couldn’t hold her breath for much longer.

“N...Ngh...”

The stress made her squeeze her breasts. Feeling them overflow her hands like fleshy balloons made her thighs tremble.

“Bwaaahhhh!!”

Leanne gasped for air and watched her chest heave up and down as it filled with fresh oxygen.

Her body was silent. Her diaphragm was still. Relief washed over her.

“Hey! A-Abi!! I think they’re gone! Holding my breath actually--”

HIC HIC HIC!!!

HICCUP!! HICCUP!!

HIC!! HIC!!

Leanne stumbled back from a sudden violent hiccup attack. “A-A-Ab--”

HIC!! HIC HIC!!

HICCUP!! HICCUP!!

HICCUP!! HICCUP!!

HICCUP!! HICCUP!!

HICCUP!!!

She fell to the floor when an army of gasps overpowered her. The pressure was almost too great as she felt a tingling rush flow through her bust.

“O-Oh no...”

SWEEEEEEEEELL

Leanne whimpered when her chest came to life. Arching her back, she was powerless against the increasing mass of her swelling mammaries. Flesh rubbed across her stomach and covered her belly button.

“A-A-Abigail...!” she squeaked.

SWEEEEEEEEELLLL

Her underboob rubbed against her thighs. Plump and bloated, her breasts came to fill her lap like heavy beach balls. Apple-sized nipples pressed into her knees. Feeling them throb made Leanne wetter than she cared to admit.

“My chest... W-What happened to my chest...”

The threat of another burst of hiccups made her heart skip a beat. Desperate, she thought she remembered an old wives’ tale about orgasms being used as a cure for hiccups. She couldn’t risk another bout. Determined to try anything, she filled her palms with her puffy nipples.

“MMMMGH!!! AH!! W-Why are they so sensitive?!”

Sweat ran down Leanne’s new cleavage. Tit flesh slid against her thighs. Massaging her nipples was all it took to leave her panties sopping wet as she soaked into a pile of Abigail’s clothes. Losing herself, she slid a hand under her chest to find her crotch.

“M-Mmmgh...”

HIC!!!

HIC!! HIC!!

Helpless squeaks burst forth. The resulting swelling only pushed her stimulation further. Leanne leaned her head against the wall and gasped with steamy breath.

“No... N-No bigger... They’re already...so...heavy... And sensitive... I--”

HICCUP!

HIC!!

“Mmmgh!!!”

Her toes clenched as flesh overflowed her lap. A nipple bulged between her fingers, spreading them apart with new growth.

“Haaaaah... Haaaaah... So big... God they feel good...”

Leanne bit her bottom lip as her pussy gushed around her fingers. She felt her areola dome with swelling arousal against her wrist.

“I-I’m gonna... I’m gonna--”

HIC!! HIC!!!

HIC!! HIC!! HIC!!!!

“MMMGGH!!! M-Mmmmmgh!!!”

Her breasts bloated to overflow onto the floor. Feeling ready to faint from the heightened stimulation, Leanne plunged an extra finger into herself and squeezed a monstrous nipple.

HICCUP!!!

HICCUP!!!

HICCUP!!!

“Mmmgh! M-Mmgh! MMMGGH!!!!!! AAAAHHH!!!”

Everything tensed in a flurry of sexual release. Enduring a surge of growth as endorphins raced through her body left Leanne paralyzed for a full minute before crushing exhaustion came for her.

She collapsed against the wall and let her hands settle on top of her chest. Breathing as if her life depended on it, she gazed at the massive jiggling mounds reaching halfway down her shins.

“O-Oh my... They really...blew up, didn’t they...?” She swallowed, almost wanting to feel them grow one more time. *“It’s...It’s a good thing they didn’t get any bigger...”* With a chuckle, she added, *“I’m even bigger than Abi, now... How in the world am I going to hide these monsters from--”*

CLATTER!!

“What the fuck?!”

Leanne looked at the bedroom door where Abigail had dropped a jar of honey. Staring aghast at the swollen sight, she found it difficult to speak.

“Leanne... What... What did you do?!”

“Nothing!! I told you!! It was the hiccups!!”

“But you’re even bigger than ME!!” Abigail stared with frightful jealousy and growled, *“You’re MUCH bigger than me.”* For the first time in years, she felt like her breasts were small.

“I... I-I’m sorry... I don’t know what else I could have done... I didn’t ask for this...” Leanne tried to hide in her cleavage and found it surprisingly comforting. Smiling weakly in hopes to combat her friend’s unexpected rage, she offered, *“A-At least I managed to stop the hiccups, right? Before they could get any bi--”*

Leanne paused when a tickle made her belly tighten with pressure.

HICCUP!!!!

HICCUP!!!!