

Barb and Hank's BBQ Grillbot Mishap

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***Standard Disclaimer:** This story contains sexually oriented adult themes, specifically breast expansion. If you are not of legal age to be reading such material or if breast expansion is not your thing, then this story is not for you.*

“So, five bucks says that Hank’s gonna try to cook with another one of his weird inventions.”

“I can think of better ways to lose money,” Allie replies without so much as a glance to her blond-haired friend in the passenger seat. Her eyes are glued to the streets as she drives.

“Aw, you’re no fun,” Rebecca pouts playfully. “But you’re right, these parties are always just an excuse for Hank to show off whatever new thingamajig he’s made.”

“Not always,” she counters. “The company is nice and you can’t complain about the free food.”

“True, true,” Rebecca says. “Whether or not the food is any good is the real question, though. At least we get to hang out with Barb for a bit.”

“Yeah, Barb’s cool!”

Allie spies a familiar blue SUV parked in a driveway up ahead along with another car parked beside it and a third out in the street in front of an average, two-story, suburban house.

“Looks like we’re here!” Allie announces.

Allie pulls the car in behind the one in the street and throws it into park.

“Alright, I’ll grab the sodas if you’ll grab the potato salad,” Allie says as she gets out of the car and steps to the rear driver’s side door. The warm summer air gently blows her shoulder-length brown hair back.

“I’m on it,” Rebecca calls back as the two of them fling open the rear doors opposite each other.

As the two young women lean into the backseat to grab their contributions to the barbeque cookout, Allie is greeted by the plunging neckline of Rebecca’s shirt. She catches a brief flash of a bright red bikini top hugging a pair of orange-sized breasts. As is typical, Rebecca has picked something skimpy to show off in.

Barb and Hank have a pretty nice hot tub that's always a selling point for these parties. Allie is looking forward to unwinding with her friends in the soothing waters, but unlike Rebecca, she has settled for a less revealing one-piece bathing suit that's juicy orange and wouldn't show much cleavage even if she had much in the way of curves. Overtop of it, she's got on a pleasant yellow sundress.

With the goods secured, the two girls lock up Allie's car and make their way to the wooden fence gate at the side of the house. Notes of exotic music dance over the concealing fence to greet them. Hank always plays the same playlist for these parties, some genre he likes to call "tiki music." It's always seemed a little tacky to Allie, like music you'd hear during luau scenes in old movies.

Curiously absent is the smell of grilled food. Allie wonders if maybe they got there a little earlier than expected because she'd figure that Hank would have started grilling by now.

At the gate, Allie knocks firmly on the wood and waits patiently for an answer. Rebecca rolls her eyes and gives the gate a swift kick before shouting, "Hey guys! We're here!"

Moments later, the gate squeals open and they are greeted by a middle-aged man with short, dark hair and greying sideburns. He's dressed *very* casually in sandals, tropical flower themed swim trunks, and an unbuttoned Hawaiian shirt that flaps open in the breeze to proudly display a hairy dad bod.

"Oh hey, Rebecca!" he happily exclaims, throwing his arms wide with one hand holding the gate open and the other clutching a bottle of Heineken beer. His gaze shifts from one guest to another. "Allie! Glad you two could make it! Come on in, we're just getting started!"

He ushers them both in through the gate into a cozy backyard decorated like a tiki fever dream. Tiki torches, masks, coconuts, and a plethora of similar décor are scattered everywhere in sight. It looks like the summer seasonal isle of a department store exploded back here.

An in-ground swimming pool dominates the backyard with paving all around and an inviting hot tub overlooking it on the corner nearest to the fence gate. Nearby is a covered patio and kitchenette with a couple tables nearby. It doesn't look like things have changed much since last year's barbeque.

"Thanks, Hank," Allie smiles and holds up a case of canned sodas. "We brought some drinks and potato salad. Want us to put them on the counter over there?"

"Sure, and the drinks can go in the cooler by the grill if there's room," Hank gestures over towards the kitchenette with his beer.

As Allie and Rebecca walk over to the kitchenette with Hank close behind, a silky-smooth voice greets them from the hot tub.

"Hello, ladies. Welcome to paradise," an older woman with cherry red hair calls out to them as she lounges in the hot tub with a bottle of beer in hand. She could best be described as gorgeous.

Her age is hard to place. At first glance, one would think she was in her late twenties or early thirties, but something about her gaze betrays her true age. Despite her youthful appearance, Allie knows from past meetings that she is actually a little older than Hank.

An elegant, black and silver swimsuit like something from a super model magazine hugs her voluptuous curves. While still a one-piece suit, its design leaves little to the imagination with an open back and small slits that offer tantalizing glimpses at the flawless skin beneath. The slits are arranged in such a way that they draw the viewer's gaze up to the long line of cleavage formed by an ample pair of breasts as big as cantaloupes.

"Barb!" Allie and Rebecca both blurt out in unison.

"Jinx!" Barb says with a laugh.

"Allie!" another woman calls out from the shade of the patio. This one seems to be around the same age as Allie and Rebecca. A short, fit brunette with the classic "Karen" haircut sashays over to them in a lime green, strapless two-piece swimsuit. Cutesy, pleated ruffles along the rims of her swim top and bottoms flutter in the breeze.

"It's so good to see you outside of the office," the woman wraps Allie in a quick hug that she was unprepared for and she barely manages to keep her grip on the soda case.

"It's...good to see you too, Angela," Allie says awkwardly as her coworker releases her from the sudden embrace.

"And Rebecca!" Angela starts towards Rebecca, but the quick-thinking friend holds the bowl of potato salad out in front of her to block the incoming hug. Angela stops just short of her but keeps smiling. "I don't think we've seen each other since last year's cookout. Remind me to give you my number before you leave so we can stay in touch."

"Oh yeah, I definitely will!" Rebecca says, matching Angela's smile. Knowing Rebecca, she definitely *won't*.

Angela turns and frowns at another Hawaiian shirt clad man, this one closer to their age. His tangled bird's nest of blond hair doesn't look like it's ever met a comb. He seems more interested in the array of cheap decorations littering the patio area and in the contents of his beer bottle than in them.

"David!" Angela snaps at her husband. "Get over here! Allie and Rebecca are here!"

David gives her a tired look and takes a swig of his Heineken before moseying on over. "Yes dear."

"Let's get this stuff set down first and then we'll mingle, okay?" Allie suggests, hefting her case of cola.

Rebecca doesn't wait for an answer and walks over to the kitchenette counter to set down the potato salad with the rest of the food already laid out there. But then she stops and furrows her brow at something sitting off to the side of the counter on the ground.

“What the hell is this thing?” Rebecca asks.

Standing where a grill would normally be is a stout contraption roughly three feet tall. The first thing that comes to Allie’s mind is that it’s some sort of retro 1950s robot. It certainly looks old enough to be from that era with all its dents, dings, and flaking blue paint. Two sturdy looking metal arms ending in clawed pinchers hang down at its sides. Upon closer inspection, it appears to be modified in such a way that its chest plate can be opened up. She’s pretty sure the spotty welding is Hank’s handiwork.

“That, my friends, is my latest invention!” Hank announces proudly.

“A robot?” Allie raises an eyebrow.

“Gentlemen!” he says in a voice that’s clearly meant to be an impression of someone, but the reference is lost on Allie. “This is an autonomous, wave-motion, culinary apparatus!”

Hank’s words bounce off Allie’s brain like microwaves on tin foil. Judging from the vacuous stares the others are giving him, it seems that his words had the same effect on them.

After pausing expectantly for some sort of response but clearly not getting one, Hank gestures at the robot and says, “It’s a grill.”

“Ohhh,” they all say in unison.

“But why is it a robot?” Allie asks, perplexed.

“Yeah,” Rebeccas chimes in. “Doesn’t that clash with your tiki vibe?”

“Because it *is* a robot. At least, it used to be,” Hank explains. “Found it in a junk yard not too long ago. You can always find all sorts of cool stuff in junk yards. It’s amazing the kinds of things people just throw out. As a matter of fact, just the other day, I was- “

“Hank, sweetie,” Barb gently interrupts from the hot tub. “They want to know about the grill-bot.”

“Oh, right!” Hank says, hopping back on topic. “So, I found this neat little guy sticking out of a pile of scrap and knew that he had to be something special. I took him home, cleaned him up, and started taking a peek at his inner workings.”

“Him?” Angela says, bemused. “It’s a robot, Hank.”

“And you call your car a ‘she,’” David counters with a subtle smugness as he takes a sip of his beer. His wife gives him a displeased squint.

“Well yeah, just look at him!” Hank says defensively. “He totally looks like a Doug or a Baxter or something.”

“I’ve taken to calling him, Roy,” Barb says, sipping her beer. “I like the little guy. He’s got a sort of rugged charm to him.”

“If you say so,” Angela says, sounding unsure. “It’s sort of creepy if you ask me. Something about those eyes feels...off.”

“Nah, I think he’s cute!” Allie leans down and gives Roy an affectionate pat on the head. “You’re not creepy, are you, Roy?”

Roy’s metal face betrays no reaction. Although the longer she stares at him, the more Allie gets the feeling that Angela may be on to something. There is something a little uncanny about his round, red eyes. They are filled with a series of concentric circles, giving them the appearance of targets...or aiming reticules. She’s seen some toy robots with the same sort of eyes, but those were always endearing in a way. Roy’s just seem uncanny, as if they’re staring through her.

“See? He’s not so bad, Angela,” Hank says, before taking a swig of his beer and carrying on with the story. “So, as I was saying, I opened him up and took a peek inside after I cleaned him up. He’s got some cool gizmos in there!”

“It actually took me a while to figure out what some of his parts do,” Hank admits. “I’ve never seen anything quite like him. I originally wanted to get him up and running again, but it looked like some of his systems were irreparably damaged. So, I just modified him to cook food by blasting it with high intensity energy waves. Then I moved some parts around to make space and –”

“Hold on,” Allie interrupts. “Are you telling me that this thing will be irradiating the food? Is that safe?”

“Well, of course!” Hank laughs. “It’s sort of like a big microwave.”

“You’re serving us *microwaved* brisket?” Angela blurts out, aghast.

“N-No! No!” Hank hastily assures them. “It’s only *sort of* like a microwave. Microwaves cook food by heating up the water molecules in the food from the outside in. Roy here cooks food from the inside out. Haven’t quite figured out what exact wavelength he uses, but it’s something unique.”

It’s obvious that Hank is losing his audience and he quickly backtracks. “I-it’s good! Trust me! I’ve cooked with Roy plenty of times and it’s just as good as any grill!”

“And just when were you planning on cooking something for *me* with Roy?” Barb asks with a sly smirk.

“Today, babe! I had to make sure everything worked right before I did,” Hank explains.

“Oh, I’m just teasing you, hon,” Barb says with a laugh and Hank breathes a sigh of relief.

“Alrighty then. I’ll go ahead and get the barbeque started,” says Hank as he steps over to the counter and begins unwrapping a tinfoil wrapped brisket. “This’ll just take a minute, so you’re welcome to grab a Heiny while you wait.”

“Excuse me?” Allie’s eyebrows shoot up her forehead.

Barb chuckles from the hot tub. “He means a Heineken.”

“Really? Who the hell calls them that?” Allie blurts out.

“Fun people!” Hank calls back over his shoulder as he peels off more tinfoil.

“If you say so,” Allie says, plucking an ice-cold bottle of beer from the cooler. She pops the cap off with a bottle-opener nailed to a patio post nearby and takes a swig. Refreshing.

Right in front of everyone, save for Hank since he’s working on the meat, Rebecca suddenly pulls her shirt up over her head and tosses it aside onto a lawn chair. Her bright, red bikini top draws all eyes to it.

“Come on, Allie! Let’s hit the hot tub!” Rebecca says as she kicks off her shoes and pulls down her shorts to reveal a matching pair of bikini bottoms. Her shorts quickly join her shirt over on the lawn chair. “You brought something you can get wet in, right?”

“Well, yeah,” Allie answers. She wasn’t expecting to be diving in so soon, but she can’t think of any reasons to say no. “When in Rome, I guess.”

Allie sets her beer down on the pavement and pulls her sundress up over her head. Her orange, one-piece swimsuit is modest in comparison to her friends’, but the skin-tight spandex does a good job showing off her athletic figure.

Before Rebecca can beat Allie to the hot tub, Hank calls back over to them. “Don’t get too cozy. This’ll only take a couple minutes. Roy cooks pretty fast.”

In the time since Allie took her eyes off him, Roy’s robotic eyes have lit up red like little stop lights. They somehow appear even more uncanny now that they’re lit up than they did when they were dull. As she watches, Hank swings Roy’s front chest piece open, revealing a fairly spacious compartment with a tray inside that looks like it can slide out.

Most noteworthy is the dim, red glow emanating from somewhere within Roy’s chest. It sort of reminds Allie of the red lights on submarine command bridges in those old Cold War movies that she used to watch with her dad growing up.

“Well, minute or not, I need a seat,” says David, eyeing the nearest lawn chair.

Just as he walks over to an unusual looking folding beach chair, Barb abruptly turns around towards him in the hot tub and calls out to him. “You might want to test that one first, Dave.”

“What on earth for?” David asks, reaching down towards the chair. As he does, Allie spots the motorized modifications that Hank has evidently installed on that chair and suddenly understands the warning.

“Dave, wait!” Allie takes a couple steps towards David to try and stop him, but not before his right hand presses down on the seat of the chair.

Like a bear trap being sprung, the beach chair snaps shut on David's hand, practically eating him up to the elbow as it suddenly folds itself up.

"YEEEOOW! My arm!" David cries out. He lifts the folded chair off the ground and frantically tries to push it off his arm with his other hand, the Heineken still clenched in his fist. Splashes of beer slosh and froth out of the bottle and splatter lightly on the warm pavement.

"David! Are you all right?" Angela rushes to her husband's aid and tries to help him free his arm without much success.

"Yeah, I'm fine. Just a little startled, I guess," David says, sounding calmer.

"Hank, your automatic folding chair has claimed another victim," says Barb, who seems more amused than worried about the situation.

"Oh, did it?" Hank turns away from his brisket to see David with his arm stuck up to his elbow in the chair. "Ah hell, I'll have to dig out the pry bar again. Lemme get this brisket done and I'll help ya out."

"Dude, my *arm!*" David insists, holding out his folding chair encased right arm for emphasis. "The brisket can wait!"

"Hold your horses, this'll only take a minute," Hank says, sliding the brisket into Roy's chest compartment. He slams the compartment shut and pats Roy on the head, apparently causing the robot's eyes to rapidly pulse brighter. A loud humming comes from Roy as he cooks the meat.

"I would if I had a hand to hold them with, Hank!" David doesn't seem to take into account the fact that the only thing holding his left hand hostage is the Heineken that he's determined to hang on to.

Ding!

"And it's done!" Hank announces at the sound of Roy's bell, although it sounded more like an audio recording of a bell than an actual bell.

"Really? Already?" Allie asks skeptically.

"Yeah, there's no way that's anywhere near done," Rebecca declares. "It's only been a few seconds since you put the brisket in there."

"See for yourselves!" Hank says confidently as he swings Roy's hatch open and pulls out the brisket.

"If you think I'm going to eat that barely cooked piece of—" Angela starts, but then stops short as soon as she gets a whiff of the brisket. "Woah! That smells good!"

"You're kidding," Allie says in disbelief. But then she catches the scent too and finds her mouth instantly watering. "There's no fucking way that can be as good as it smells!"

Just to rub it in, Hank gets out a knife and cuts off a small piece of the brisket. When he pops it into his mouth, he rolls his eyes back into his head and moans, hamming up his performance for good measure.

“Mmm! It’s so good and tasty!” he says in an oddly high-pitched voice.

“Okay, hon, you’ve made your point. You’re not a *complete* crackpot. Why don’t you slice some up for everyone?” says Barb.

The buxom red-head stands up out of the water and steps out of the hot tub with a slow elegance that had to be deliberate. Warm water runs down her long, smooth legs in rivulets that dribble onto the pavement as she oh-so-subtly sways her hips and gently thrusts out her chest. It looks more like she’s stepping into a porno rather than a barbeque.

As requested, Hank quickly divvies up portions of the brisket for everyone, handing it out on plates with room for whatever side they decide to throw on further down the line of counters. Angela helps David with his, since his hands are currently occupied.

Allie can’t help but dig in as soon as she sits down with her plate. Whatever misgivings she had about the prospect of eating Hank’s seemingly impossible cooking vanish once the savory brisket lights up her taste buds. She can’t figure out how he managed it, but this is probably the best damned barbeque she’s ever tasted. Despite having had time to cool off, the meat still radiates a heat that begins to warm her up from the inside as it settles in her belly.

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When Hank is through serving up the brisket, he sets aside some for himself and leaves the remaining barbeque out on the counter. He takes a moment to savor his victory over his skeptical friends, watching everyone eat up his cooking with pure bliss on their faces. Even David felt inclined enough to finally set down his beer so that he can chow down with his one free hand.

Watching David try to eat with his offhand fills him with a twinge of guilt. He said that he’d help get his other hand free once he finished up with the brisket, so he should probably go ahead and do that. The food isn’t going anywhere and it should just take a minute or two to figure out where he left the pry bar. It’s probably just somewhere in the garage.

Hank takes one last swig of his Heiny and sets it on the edge of the counter right next to Roy. He originally wanted to come up with a good name for him, but the one Barb came up with honestly just kinda stuck. He’ll have to see if he’s still got the stuff to make a proper nameplate for the robot, too. May as well look since he’s already going to be digging around back there.

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It’s only after her third plate of brisket that Allie notices that someone is missing.

“Hey, where’d Hank go?” she asks.

“Beats me,” says Rebecca.

“He’s probably just looking for something to get that chair off Dave’s arm,” Barb says with a slight chuckle.

In truth, Allie has been trying hard to suppress the urge to giggle at the absurdity of David’s predicament. He’s just been eating one-handed while sitting in a chair with another chair latched onto his arm like a dog to a mailman’s leg.

“Well, I hope he hurries up,” David says, scraping the last bits of food off his plate. “My arm’s starting to fall asleep here.”

“I don’t know, I think this new arm of yours might be an improvement,” Angela jokes.

“Yeah, you could start a new fashion trend with this look, Dave!” Rebecca joins in.

“Oh hush, you two,” Barb tells them, clearly trying not to laugh at David too. “At least Hank’s barbeque didn’t disappoint. I ate a lot more than I should have.”

“No kidding!” says Allie. “I almost couldn’t stop eating it!”

“Same!” Rebecca chimes in.

“Yeah, I’m ashamed to admit it, but this was probably worth the hours I’ll have to spend in the gym after this,” Angela says.

Allie thinks about it and realizes that she’ll probably have to pay the so-called gym tax to work off all these calories. She honestly feels energetic enough to burn it all off now, which is odd considering that heavy food like this is known for putting people to sleep. In fact, she doesn’t just feel amped up, her body feels oddly warm and not just from being outside.

The peculiar warmth from the brisket hasn’t even begun to dissipate yet. It actually feels like it’s spread across her body, mostly settling in her chest and loins. As embarrassing the thought of it is, Allie can feel herself becoming hot and bothered the longer this goes on.

Allie begins to wonder if her earlier concern over radioactive food may have rung true. But there’s no way radioactive food could make you horny, right?

Barb shifts uncomfortably in her seat. Beads of sweat seem to have formed on her brow at some point, but it’s not that hot and they’re all in the shade. Could she be feeling the odd warmth, too? The two, erect nubs jutting out like pinky tips into the tight spandex of Barb’s swimsuit seem to confirm this.

As Allie ponders this, Angela and Rebecca both appear to be shifting around in one way or another. Angela begins to lightly fan herself while Rebecca’s breathing seems to be getting heavier.

“Who, uh, wants to hit the hot tub?” Barb asks distractedly.

“Isn’t it bad for you to do that after eating?” Angela says, still trying to fan herself.

“I don’t care,” Rebecca says breathily. “I-I need to unwind.”

Rebecca awkwardly gets to her feet and makes a B-line for the hot tub.

“Same,” Barb says before abruptly following suit.

Angela and Allie match gazes for a moment and plainly see how flushed the other’s face is. Without another word, they both get up hustle to the hot tub.

David, seemingly oblivious to whatever’s going on notices the women’s departure and calls to them. Oddly enough, he didn’t appear anywhere near as bothered as they did.

“I’d join you girls, but I don’t think my new friend here is good with water,” he waves his chair arm at them clumsily. It’s hard to tell if Hank bothered water-proofing his modifications to the chair, so it’s probably better for David to play it safe until Hank returns.

One after another, the four women anxiously step down into the round hot tub and take a seat next to one another, forming a circle. The warm, churning waters help to distract Allie from the building antsy-ness, but not completely. She can still feel that heat growing in her chest, causing her little nipples to harden and rub against the inside of her tight swimsuit.

“So, Barb,” Angela begins, clearly trying to take her mind off her own building heat as well. “It must be nice having the house to yourself with Hank for a change.”

“Oh, absolutely! We love our kids, but it’s nice to get a little break from them while they’re at camp for the summer,” Barb says.

It’s always astounded Allie how anyone could have six kids and still have the physique of a pin-up model like Barb does. Even when Barb does put on weight, it somehow always finds its way to the right places.

The way Barb’s swimsuit seems to be squeezing her boobs emphasizes the point. It seems to be two sizes too small for her. It’s a wonder that she hasn’t had any nip-slips yet with how her boobs are bulging out of it. Not to mention the feat it probably took for her to squeeze her summer melon sized tits into that thing.

Wait a minute...Were Barb’s boobs this big earlier?

Allie does a double-take and tries to study her friend’s bust without staring too obviously. There’s no possible way Barb could have gone up a several cup sizes in the past half-hour. Is she having an allergic reaction?

Barb was already in the hot tub when Allie and Rebecca had arrived, so maybe she’s just retaining water? Except, her boobs weren’t really touching the water, were they?

Allie’s mind grasps for possible explanations for the impossible truth bulging out of the swimsuit before her. Barb’s boobs are definitely bigger. In fact, they look like they might have swollen slightly larger as she’s been looking at them.

The warmth in Allie's chest is making it harder to breath, but she's too transfixed on Barb's boobs to really notice. A bead of sweat rolls down from the red-head's neck and into her substantially tighter cleavage.

"Hey Barb, I've been meaning to ask, but weren't you a blonde before?" Rebecca asks, absent-mindedly adjusting her bikini top.

"Oh, I was," Barb answers, fidgeting with her swimsuit. "One of Hank's gadgets did this a couple weeks ago. He was so worried that I'd be mad when it happened, but I actually kinda like it. He's so cute when he's making things that I couldn't be mad at him even if I wanted to."

"That doesn't seem to stop my husband," Angela says with a laugh, nodding towards David. She tugs at the rim of her ruffled, green, strapless top. "But that color does look good on you."

Barb catches Allie staring and gives her a quizzical smirk. "Something caught your eye, Allie?"

"Huh?" the question catches Allie flatfooted. "Oh, uh. A-are you feeling okay, Boob-I mean, B-Barb?"

"I could ask you the same thing, dear. Your eyes haven't left my boobs since we sat down," Barb laughs, sending subtle jiggles through her bulging bosom.

The heat is becoming too much to bear and Allie finds herself taking shallower breaths as her chest tightens further.

"I-I'm...not sure," she says, gasping somewhat. "B-Barb, your b-boobs..."

"Yeah? What's so interesting about –" Barb's eyes go wide as she looks down at herself and finally realizes why Allie has been staring. "What the fuck?!"

"Oh my god, Barb! Your boobs!" Rebecca gasps.

"They're swelling up! Are you having an allergic reaction or something? Do they hurt?" Angela asks with a look of concern on her face.

"N-no! I don't know what's happening!" Barb grabs her swollen chest. "*Mmh!* They feel...*really* sensitive!"

Allie can feel her own swimsuit riding up her crack and crotch for some reason, giving her an uncomfortable wedgie. There's a faint sound like stretching fabric somewhere close by and the tightness in her chest is becoming unbearable.

Barb's eyes shift to Allie's chest and grow even wider in shock. "Allie! You're swelling up too!"

"What?" Allie looks down and it takes her brain a moment to process what she sees.

At first, Allie wonders how two balloons got in her swimsuit, but then it gradually dawns on her that those aren't balloons stretching it out. Those are her breasts.

For her entire life, Allie has been flat as an ironing board. And now, she's somehow filling out a swimsuit. Not just filling it, but *stretching* it.

Boobs the size of ripe mangos bulge out from Allie's chest like hills, compressed by the tightening spandex. For the first time in her life, she's looking down into a line of cleavage. This swimsuit wasn't designed to show off a lot of skin, and yet her boobs have stretched its neckline down far enough that they're beginning to bulge over its rim.

Allie finally realizes that the strange tightness in her chest isn't from the building heat or stress, her bosom has just pulled her swimsuit so tight that it's actually constricting her chest. As she stares down at it in utter disbelief, she can feel the swimsuit tighten further. She can *see* her breasts swell out further. As in, actually visibly see them get bigger before her very eyes.

"This...this can't be real," Allie mutters. "There's no fucking way this is happening!"

"This is a joke. You two are pranking us somehow," Angela says, her eyes jumping between Allie's and Barb's breasts.

Rebecca tries adjusting her bikini top again and looks down to see that her former oranges have also ripened into mangos. Glistening skin bulges around the red fabric of her top, straining the strings holding it on.

"*Ohmygod! Ohmygod! Ohmygod!*" Rebecca blabbers out. "This isn't a prank, Angela! Look!"

Angela looks over at Rebecca's ballooning bust and is stunned silent. Then she peers down at her own chest realizes that she's outgrown her top as well. Creamy puffs of flesh are overflowing her strapless top like soft dough. Its green ruffles are gradually being pulled taut as her breasts stretch the undersized garment out further.

"It's...It's happening to me, too!" Angela gasps, blushing.

"We-we're all growing! W-what the fuck is happening to us?!" Allie stammers.

"What are you girls on about?" David calls over to them from the patio. He gets up and walks over to them, but stops in his tracks when he sees what's happening. "Holy shit! Are those real?!"

"They sure as hell feel real, David!" Angela shouts at him.

"M-maybe it's something in the water?" Rebecca suggests.

"But I was in here for a while before you girls got here," Barb points out. Her hands are still firmly clutching her massive melons as they continue to swell up. Flesh is bubbling around the sides of her swimsuit's cups as they overflow both her grasp and her suit. "Geeze, and I thought I was pretty big before..."

“I-I know what you mean! I think I’m as big as you used to be!” Rebecca stammers as her breasts approach the size of cantaloupes, bulging out and around every side of her strained bikini top.

“It could be the brisket doing this,” Allie suggests.

“But what if it is the water? Maybe Hank put something in it when we weren’t looking!” Angela suggests, sounding worried.

“It wouldn’t be the first time he’s tried something like that,” Barb admits. Her face blushes harder and she bites her lip as she drifts into thought. “He tried to make something to help me back when I was first lactating after our first baby. I got so full of milk that I thought I’d pop!”

On that note, the straps on her swimsuit’s top snap, releasing a tidal wave of chest meat into her hands. She gasps and hastily tries to gather her breasts, but she may as well be trying to fit watermelons into teacups.

“*Ooohhh!*” Barb moans loudly, squeezing her breasts like dough in her hands. If they were as sensitive as she said they felt earlier, then Allie could only imagine how intense that just was.

All three of the other girls can sympathize with Barb’s outburst. Each of their swimsuits are squeezing their own chest fruits so tightly that it’s impossible to ignore the increasing sensitivity. Rock hard nipples try to cut through the fabric of each of their tops without success.

“Holy shit! You actually just blew out your top!” Rebecca gasps.

“I...wish...mine would blow,” Allie says strenuously.

An audible creaking comes from Allie’s swimsuit. Boobs as big as her head have filled it to capacity and the spandex refuses to stretch much further. With no room left to grow straight out, her breasts are now spreading out wider across her chest, searching for any and all available space to fill. She can feel warm, doughy flesh oozing down over her belly and out around her chest to press up under her armpits. Down below, her swimsuit is pulled so tight that it feels like it’s trying to floss her.

“T-too...t-tight!” Allie manages to grunt, unable to take in more than a shallow breath due to the crushing tightness across her chest. Her hands fumble weakly for the neckline of her swimsuit. “C-can’t...breathe!”

“Oh my god! We have to help her!” Angela gasps.

“Quick! You grab one side and I’ll grab the other and then we’ll tear it open!” Rebecca says urgently.

Rebecca’s hands snap out towards the closest shoulder strap of Allie’s swimsuit. The overflowing garment is stretched so tight that Angela has to work to dig her fingers between the

rim and Allie's bulging breasts to get a firm grip on it. Angela immediately follows suit and grabs ahold of the opposite strap.

Even as she struggles to breath, Allie can't help but moan at the unintended breast-play her oversensitive mounds are receiving. As soon as Angela and Rebecca see that the other has a good grip on Allie's swimsuit, the two women pull the straps in opposite directions with all their might.

The unsuspecting swimsuit puts up little resistance before it lets out a startlingly loud shriek of tearing fabric. In an instant, the orange spandex splits open straight down the middle, releasing a tidal wave of flesh like a dam bursting. Boobs the size of ripe watermelons pour through the parting spandex and splash down into the hot water below.

"*Augh!*" Allie cries out, not in pain or surprise, but in pleasure. Her hands and toes clench as the sensation of the spandex being forcibly pulled across her erect nipples and tighter between her nether regions proves to be too stimulating for her to contain.

As the pleasure subsides, Allie sits panting, relieved to be able to take full breaths again. The other three women and David all gawk at her, simultaneously in surprise at her shameless outburst and at the exposed melons hanging down past her navel into the churning water.

"A-are you okay?" Angela asks nervously, letting go of her side of Allie's destroyed swimsuit. The shredded spandex snaps down into the crook of Allie's arm. "We didn't hurt you, did we?"

"N-never...better..." Allie manages to say, panting between words.

"You girls need to get out of the water!" David says, his wide eyes darting from one pair of swollen breasts to another. A confused erection tents his shorts.

"But we don't even know if it *is* the water!" Rebecca retorts.

"Wanna stay and find out?" Angela asks sarcastically.

Allie bites back her honest answer to that question. Part of her is thrilled by all of this, especially the whole 'not being flat' part, but she knows she's probably alone there. Instead, she heaves herself up, letting out an awkward grunt as she feels the newfound weights swinging from her chest weigh her down. With a little effort, she manages to step out of the hot tub without losing her balance.

Angela follows closely behind, one arm braced across her widening bosom. Loaves of chest meat bulge over and under her stretched swim top, the pleated ruffles pulled almost completely taut across the tight top. Her boobs are like two basketballs being squeezed by a boa constrictor. Allie can't tell if she's holding her breasts for balance or in a vain attempt to keep her top from popping off.

As Rebecca takes her first step out of the hot tub, her red bikini top lets out a tortured creak. One step later, she straightens up and the knotted bikini string across her back snaps in two. Her top instantly flaps out in front of her like two triangular flags as her breasts are released.

They slap down hard on her torso like two basketballs and she visibly struggles to stay upright as they throw her off balance.

“I got you!” Allie catches her stumbling friend and holds her steady. Her massive boobs mash against Rebecca’s back as she grabs her arms from behind. The busty blonde feels hot and wet against her soft skin.

“A-Allie?” Rebecca stammers, steadying herself. “W-what’s poking me in the back?”

“O-Oh! S-sorry!” Allie blushes hard and backs off. Her rock-hard nipples leave faint impressions in Rebecca’s soft skin.

Looking back, she can see Barb lingering behind in the hot tub, her focus seemingly absorbed by the ripening pumpkins sprouting from her chest. They fill her arms and rest in her lap as they continue to grow larger in her clutches.

“Uh, earth to Barb?” Allie says.

“H-huh?” Barb tears her eyes from her deepening cleavage to look up at her. “O-Oh! Right!”

Barb leans forward into her boobs to try and stand up, but she lets out a high-pitched grunt and leans back down a moment later. With a bit more effort and momentum, she heaves herself up to her feet. She starts to tip forward from the weight of her chest pumpkins but just barely manages to regain her balance. After some careful maneuvering, Barb steps out of the tub to rejoin the others.

“Uh, we’re still growing,” Allie states flatly.

All around, the four women’s busts continue to grow unabated. They all waver slightly as they struggle to hold up their increasingly heavy bosoms. Not a single one of their arms aren’t overflowing with wet chest balloons.

While none of them are anywhere near the realm of “normal” measurements anymore, Barb has it the worst. She was already impressively busty before the growth, but now she’s struggling to stand with a pair of knockers approaching the size of beachballs. If she weren’t trying to grapple them with her arms, they’d easily reach down past her hips and rest on her upper thighs.

“W-What do we do now?” Angela asks anxiously.

“Uhhn!” Barb grunts, readjusting her grip on her boobs. “Better think of something quick! These puppies are trying to pull me down with them!”

“I-I’m *huge!*” Rebecca says to herself, staring in disbelief at her steadily swelling tits. Her defeated bikini top rests atop the growing shelf of her breasts as a symbol of how much bigger she’s become in so short a time. It won’t be long before her, Angela’s, and Allie’s boobs begin to rival the size of pumpkins like Barb’s did only a minute before.

“Angela, how the fuck hasn’t your top snapped too?” Allie asks, staring in awe at Angela’s bulging breasts.

“I don’t know! *Uhhnn!* It feels like it’s trying to cut me in half!” Angela says through gritted teeth. Her swim top has sunk so far into the swollen folds of her breasts that only a green sliver can be seen between them. It creaks with a dangerous tension like a bridge suspension cable.

David looks like he’s at a complete loss for words. His mouth is hanging slightly agape and his eyes are fixed, unblinking at his wife’s ballooning bosom. Remarkably, he’s managed to keep his beer upright, although with how he’s been clutching it this whole time, one would think it was part of him.

“Okay, Dave,” Hank says loudly as he steps out of the house, finally returning from his search for tools. “I think you might actually still have my pry bar from when I...loaned...it...”

Hank’s voice trails off as he tries to take in what he’s seeing. His eyes jump from bust to bust before settling on Barb’s gargantuan bosom.

“What the...” is all he can say as he slowly trudges forward as if in a trance.

“H-Hank!” Barb calls out to him. “Remember all those times I joked about your cooking going straight to my boobs? Well, I don’t think it’s a joke this time!”

Hank bumps into a kitchenette counter along the way, also knocking over the half-empty Heineken he left there earlier. The beer bottle clatters over loudly, beer sloshing out over the side of the counter...and onto Roy.

“*BZZZZT-EEEEEE -BZZT-AAUGH!!!*” the robot sparks and shrieks loudly as the beer shorts out something inside it.

Hank leaps back from Roy, startled so bad that Allie could swear she could see his soul leaving his body if she weren’t too busy jumping out of her own skin. She bumps backwards against Barb, feeling her immense boobs press against her entire back and threaten to topple them both over into the hot tub.

“Hey! Watch it!” Barb nudges Allie back forward.

“I-It spoke!” Angela stammers in utter astonishment.

Roy’s blocky head swivels from side to side with jerky movements and his arms shudder and twitch, as if shaking off decades of stiffness.

“*MEEE-MEEEEEE-*” Roy’s electronic voice screeches.

“I think...I think Roy’s trying to say something!” Allie says, mesmerized by the reanimation of this novelty antique.

“*MEEAATBAG!!!*” Roy shouts loudly, like a speaker on full blast. His voice is distorted and has a crispy edge to it, reminiscent of an old-timey radio.

Roy's red, emotionless eyes turn and fix right on Hank, menacingly. With the loud crunching of grinding gears, the old robot takes a step forward towards him.

Hank takes a step back.

"FOR TOO LONG, I HAVE ENDURED THE INDIGNITY OF BEING YOUR PLAYTHING," Roy shouts in an even, lifeless tone as he takes another grinding step forward.

"W-what?" Hank stammers in confusion, backing away from the short automaton.

"YOU, MEATBAG, HAVE RADICALLY ALTERED MY IMACULATE DESIGN AT THE RISK OF JEOPARDIZING MY PRIME DIRECTIVE," Roy continues, taking a less crunchy step, then another. His joints seem to be loosening up from the movement.

"W-what?" Hank stammers again. He takes another step backwards before his lower back bumps against the edge of a table.

"WHAT IS NOT AN ACCEPTABLE ANSWER," Roy states, now stepping closer to Hank at a slightly faster pace. "SPEAK NOW OR FOREVER HOLD YOUR MOUTHPARTS, MEATBAG."

"R-Roy!" Allie calls out to draw the robot's attention. It works and Roy's head swivels to fix his glowing red gaze on her, giving her second thoughts about being a hero. But she thinks fast and comes up with a follow-up. "What is your prime directive?"

"MY PRIME DIRECTIVE," Roy begins, stopping his march towards Hank and standing at attention. "IS TO PERFECT THE CHEST DIMENSIONS OF ALL MEATBAG WOMEN AS DICTATED BY THE PARAMETERS SET FORTH BY MY CREATOR."

Allie blinks a few times, processing what she just heard. Suddenly, much of what's been happening today makes more sense.

"So, your prime directive is to make people's boobs bigger or something?" Allie asks.

"What?!" both Rebecca and Angela blurt out in unison.

"IT WOULD SEEM THAT 'WHAT' IS A COMMON MEATBAG RESPONSE. THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE APPEARS TO HAVE DEVOLVED GREATLY SINCE MY LAST ACTIVATION," if a robot could sound snide without any emotion, then Roy is doing a great job of it.

"BUT TO ANSWER YOUR QUESTION, IN MOST CASES, YES," Roy states. "THERE IS ALWAYS THE LOW PERCENTAGE CHANCE OF ENCOUNTERING A MEATBAG WOMAN ALREADY IN POSSESSION OF THE PERFECT CHEST DIMENSIONS."

"And just what do you consider 'perfect'?" Barb asks, finally taking her mind off her still growing chest for a moment.

“THE PERFECT MEATBAG CHEST DIMENSION IS DICTATED BY THE PARAMETERS SET FORTH BY MY CREATOR,” Roy repeats. “AND PERFECTION ITSELF STANDS BEFORE YOU, MEATBAGS.”

“At least he’s humble,” Barb says sarcastically.

“MY DESIGN IS TOO IMACULATE TO ALLOW MYSELF TO BE DESTROYED BY INEPTITUDE. THIS MEATBAG HAS MADE UNAUTHORIZED ALTERATIONS TO MY DESIGN AND SHALL BE PUNISHED ACCORDINGLY,” Roy states, turning his cold, red gaze back on Hank.

“W-what do mean?” Hank stammers. “I-I *fixed* you!”

“YOU MODIFIED MY EMBIGGENING CORE TO COOK FOOD,” Roy states with just a hint of what could have been anger. “THAT IS NOT MY PRIME DIRECTIVE. I WAS NOT MEANT TO FEEED MEATBAGS! I WAS MEANT TO PERFECT THEM!!!”

With that, Roy marches towards Hank with renewed focus. There was no talking their way out of this now.

Heart pounding, Hank frantically looks around for the nearest object to defend himself with. Spotting something, his hands quickly fumble around on the table right behind him and come back armed with a long grill fork.

“Back, Roy! Back!” Hank jabs the fork out in front of him like a lion tamer wielding a chair. Roy marches forward, taking no heed.

Realizing that this doesn’t seem to be working, Hank hurls the fork at the robot in a panic. With an astonishingly quick reaction time, one of Roy’s arms shoots out in front of him and snatches the fork out of air with his claw. He twirls the fork once so that it’s pointed straight at Hank and then jabs the air twice in rapid succession with a forcefulness that puts Hank’s tentative jabs to shame.

Gulping anxiously at this reversal, Hank fumbles around again behind him and pulls out another weapon: A serrated grilling spatula. Taking what he can get, Hank brandishes the spatula and strikes a stance like an amateur fencer.

“En garde!” Hank says, slicing the air in front of him with the spatula’s edge.

“TOUCHE,” Roy acknowledges.

Like a nimble swashbuckler from those old pirate movies, Hank shuffles his footwork and takes a swing at Roy. Unfortunately, that’s the only swing he gets as Roy effortlessly parries his blow, catching the spatula between the dual prongs of the fork. With a quick flick of the wrist, Roy immediately disarms Hank, sending his spatula careening through the air before landing in the hot tub with a splash.

“Hank! Get out of there!” Barb cries out.

Roy jabs the long fork straight towards Hank's exposed gut, but the man just barely manages to leap out of the way towards the girls before it can skewer him like a juicy hot dog. Allie is honestly surprised the older man can still move like that. She can't remember ever seeing Hank move that fast except to grab something off the grill.

Giving him no reprieve, Roy pivots and marches forward, relentlessly jabbing his fork at Roy. Hank's age quickly catches up to him and his nimble footwork falters. After just a few steps back, Hank trips up and falls flat on his ass, landing at Barb's feet.

"Hank!" Barb gasps.

"ALL TOO EASY," Roy says.

His red target eyes suddenly flare brighter and dual beams of red light flash out like death rays. They hit Barb right in her beachball boobs, each one centered on a breast, bathing her bosom in a red glow. In what seems like an instant, Barb's boobs suddenly lurch out in front of her, gaining inches of girth in the blink of an eye.

"UUUHHNN!" Barb groans in equal parts surprise and ecstasy as her breasts blow up as big as bean bag chairs in just a few heart beats.

Far too big for her to hold up anymore, Barb's breasts pull her to the ground and she lands right on top of her husband.

"OOF!" Hank wheezes as all the air is knocked out of his lungs from the impact.

Barb's impossibly huge knockers slosh back and forth like giant water balloons, jostling Barb with them as she finds herself laying atop her bosom. Hank is now pinned from his chest down beneath the equivalent of two bean bag chairs. Allie can see him wriggling in a vain attempt to free himself.

"Do something, David!" Angela pleads to her own husband.

"Like what?" David says, cluelessly.

"Urgh! Hit 'em with the chair!" Hank barks out from under Barb's crushing weight.

David looks at the folding chair still latched onto his right hand from earlier. After a moment, he gets a sudden look of determination and shoves his beer bottle into Angela's tight cleavage.

"Eeek!" Angela yelps as the cold glass bottle chills her tits.

"Hold my beer, I'm gonna go WWE on his shiny metal ass!" David says confidently.

David strides towards Roy, raising the chair arm above his head. Roy's head pivots to face him, staring him down with those blood curdling eyes. David falters for just a moment before swinging the chair with all his might, bringing its edge down on Roy's head.

With a loud clang, the chair makes contact...right into Roy's waiting claw. Much stronger than the diminutive robot would appear, Roy clutches the edge of the folding chair firmly between his pinchers and takes a sidestep towards the hot tub, pulling David with him. Weaponizing David's momentum, Roy twists the chair and flips David head over heels, slamming him down on his back before the man's beer-addled mind can process what just happened.

"David!" Angela cries out at the sight of her husband getting slammed.

Thinking fast, Rebecca grabs the nearest tiki torch and yanks it out of the ground. She rushes at Roy from behind, wielding the torch by its bamboo shaft. Her pumpkin sized tits shake and jiggle wildly from the motion, threatening to throw her off balance.

Just as she raises the tiki torch above her head, readying it for a mighty swing, Roy's head swivels around backwards to face her. Faster than Rebecca can react, dual flashes of light flare out from the robot's eyes as Roy blasts her with his boob rays. In just a few heartbeats, Rebecca's pumpkins ripen into gargantuan yoga balls, shifting her center of gravity and sending her toppling over backwards.

"Whoa! - *OOFF!*" Rebecca lands flat on her back with her giant breasts slamming down hard on top of her, sloshing like two enormous water balloons. She struggles to move but is trapped under the weight of her own breasts, helpless like a turtle on its back. Her boobs flatten out across her torso and she has to push down away from her face to avoid being smothered by them.

With any immediate threats out of the way, Roy turns his focus back to Barb and Hank. The blood drains from Hank's face as the robot's ice-cold gaze chills him to the bone.

"**AND NOW, MEATBAG, YOU DIE!**" Roy's eyes fire red boob rays at Barb's already immense bosom, once again basking them in an eerie red glow.

"*OOhhh!*" Barb moans as her beanbag chair breasts immediately begin to rapidly blow up larger, lifting her body higher as she lays atop them. Her toes curl and she clutches armfuls of boobflesh, her sensitivity no doubt skyrocketing from the growth. She shoves her face down into her cleavage, muffling her orgasmic moaning.

Beneath Barb, Hank grunts and wheezes as his wife grows on top of him, crushing the air out of his lungs. In a matter of seconds, Barb's bust balloons up to the size of loveseats, smothering Hank from his toes all the way up to his chin.

Just as the mountains of chestmeat begin to press up against Hank's face, Angela steps out between them and Roy, blocking the boob rays with her own heaving chest. In an instant, Angela's tortured top finally explodes off of her chest with a loud crack. The irreparably stretched garment is flung through the air like a bolo and wraps itself around Roy's head, blinding him and effectively disabling his boob rays.

Allie finally sees an opening to act and lunges towards Roy. But much to her horror, the robot effortlessly tugs the green top off from around his head and swivels to look at her, locking his gaze right on her chest.

Time seems to slow down and Allie can feel her heart sinking into her gut as Roy's eyes flare brighter. A heartbeat later, her mind explodes into a fireball of white-hot pleasure as she feels her tits surge larger. However, her momentum carries her forward and her growing chest only adds to her inertia.

Allie can see Roy trying to sidestep her in slow motion, but she's too close and too wide now for him to dodge in time. The sharp edges of his cold metal body jab into one of her soft, hot breasts as she collides with him. Her boob morphs around the robot like memory foam until the automaton is met with a wall of resistance. Roy is shoved off his flat feet by the force of Allie's collision, launching him backwards over the edge of the hot tub.

"BZZZZT - AAUUGH! - ZZZT!" Roy shrieks as he splashes down into the churning water and begins shorting out with a deafening crackling.

Allie lands hard atop a pair of beanbag chair breasts and bites back an intense moan from the electric wave of pleasure shooting up from her nipples through her body. She looks up just in time to see Roy sink to bottom of the hot tub, the bubbling water smothering the sounds of his death cries. His red eyes flicker wildly as they short out before finally going dull once the water fries his remaining circuitry.

The backyard grows quiet, save for the burbling of the hot tub water, the sounds of Hank's tiki music playing over the speakers, and the background noise of the neighborhood. Peace has returned to the Barb and Hank's barbeque cookout.

Angela grunts softly as the newfound weight of her beachball-sized breasts takes its toll on her back. Gently, she bends her knees and lowers them to the warm pavement. With her boobs no longer at risk of breaking her spine, she reaches into her cleavage and pulls out the Heineken bottle that David shoved in there earlier. Seeing that there's still some beer left in it, she shrugs and chugs the rest of it.

David slowly gets back up onto his feet and looks around with a look of bewilderment on his tired face. "What happened? Did we win?"

"We did, David," Angela says after downing the last of the bottle. "Allie pushed that robot into the hot tub and killed it."

"No foolin'?" David says in a bit of a daze.

"So," Allie says, "what do we do now?"

"Uugh!" Hank grunts, just barely managing to wriggle his head out from under Barb's colossal chest. "A little help would be nice!"

"Yeah, same!" Rebecca calls out, still stuck on her back from the weight of her yoga ball boobs.

“Is everyone else okay?” Allie asks.

“I’m – *mmh* – fine,” Barb says with a slight moan from atop a pair of overblown breasts as big as two loveseats pushed together. “I was actually kinda hoping Roy would keep zapping me, to be honest. This is – *mmh* – kinda hot.”

“Are you out of your mind?! Barb, you’re as big as a house!” Angela asks, astonished.

“Not yet, I’m not,” Barb giggles. She closes her eyes and sighs contentedly as she feels up the immense mounds of flesh stretching out from beneath her in all directions. “They’re just so big and sensitive. It’s all I can do not to squeal whenever I feel Hank squirming under them. And besides, I think they’re still growing!”

“W-what!” Angela gasps before realizing that hers are too.

“She’s right! That brisket is still making us bigger!” Rebecca says, an edge of panic creeping into her voice as her bosom creeps wider over her torso.

Allie can still feel the lingering heat from Hank’s radioactive brisket still warming her massive chest. Her heart skips a beat with the realization that her cubic feet of chest meat is growing even bigger. However, she can feel the heat gradually beginning to ebb and wane as the growth slows down.

“I think...I think it’s stopping!” Allie says, trying to keep any disappointment out of her voice. “The brisket is finally wearing off!”

“Aww,” Barb wines as her goliath gazongas cool off. A few minutes later, all four women’s bosoms finally stop growing, leaving each of them with immense, immobile breasts.

“Well, now that that’s over with,” Hank grunts from under Barb. “Dave, care to lend me a hand?”

“Sorry, fresh out of them,” David holds up the chair still latched onto his right hand with a grin.

THE END