

Fantasy Island - Full

“What am I--hic!--doing wrong?!”

Ashley burst out of the cafe’s front door. Face red and hot, she could hardly see through the veil of tears filling her eyes and watering her cheeks.

“I...I’m doing my best!! Why is it never enough?!”

People stared as she coughed for air against the emotional frustration. Seeking any kind of privacy, she wiped her eyes and fled around the corner to the back of the building. It was quiet in the alley. Her apron came off and went to the ground in a crumpled heap as she leaned against a brick wall. She wanted to scream.

It was the fourth job she’d lost in three months. All had been food service related. It wasn’t that she was a poor worker; Ashley simply found it difficult to deal with customers. Crippling shyness refused to let her build any form of confidence when approaching a social problem, even more so if the customer was irate.

She couldn’t help but freeze up. Panic. Retreat into herself while the world outside continued to spin and the customers grew angrier. She’d tried to get better with it, and in truth the exercises had helped a lot since high school, but banishing shyness wasn’t so easy.

Ashley sniffled and wiped her face again. Any makeup she’d put on that morning was beyond ruined. Looking down, she saw her new blouse soaked with coffee. The same coffee she’d spilled on herself in a flurry of emotional panic. It had left the white fabric clingy and transparent, glued to her chest as if excited to show off her C-cup bust within.

“I just bought this too...” she sighed. Crying faded to a deep aching in her chest. She hated herself and the things her personality made her do. “Why can’t I just keep a damn job?! *Why can’t I talk to people?! Why can’t I--*”

“Excuse me...?”

Ashley squeaked, her mouth clamping shut when someone came around the corner. Anxiety grew worse when she saw it was the same man she was serving before being fired. He approached, wearing a button-up linen shirt and khaki shorts. It might have looked casual, but Ashley knew the outfit cost more than she’d made all year.

“S-Sorry, sir...” she said in a tiny voice. “They’ll... They’ll give you another drink. But I don’t--” The words didn’t want to come. Ashley began backing away before turning to run for her car out of shame.

“Wait, please.”

Ashley paused her escape. As shy as she was, she couldn’t help listening to authority figures. Even if they were strangers. She turned back to face him, keeping her eyes on her feet.

“You’re not in trouble or anything. The opposite, actually!”

She looked up. His voice was kind but stern. There wasn’t any malice she could sense. Her lips remained silent.

“My name is Maximilian Moore. You may call me Max, if you would like.”

“N-Nice to meet you... I’m--”

“Ashley. I saw your nametag before.”

She said nothing.

“You’re having trouble keeping a job, am I right?”

Her lips trembled. Fate was cruel but it didn’t have to rub it in her face. “Y...Yes...” she confirmed, feeling sadness returning.

“Well I’m here to offer you the job of a lifetime. One with far better pay and benefits than what this cafe could ever offer, I’m certain.”

Now Ashley bristled. Social anxiety turned into caution. Being offered an unknown job by a random man in an alley wasn’t something that usually led to wholesome employment. “I-I actually have...to get going...”

An amused laugh soothed some worry. “I assure you it’s nothing like that. All above board! I just see something in you and think you would be a great fit. You’ll even receive room and board. Although it does involve relocation.”

“To where, exactly?”

“My private island.”

It was Ashley’s turn to laugh. Almost scoff. “Thank you, but--”

“I’ll give you five thousand dollars to simply visit the island and entertain the job.”

She stopped in her tracks. Her knees almost buckled from the value. Five thousand wasn’t a lot to some people, but to most, like her, it was life-changing. “F...Five thousand...? *Dollars?*”

Max nodded. “You may tell anyone you wish when and where you’re going, of course. I’ll even give them my credentials so there’s no confusion. It’s completely safe.”

“I-- Maybe--”

He smiled. “And you’ll never have to deal with customers again.”

Ashley’s head was spinning. It seemed too good to be true. Looking at her apron, now soaking up dirty water in a puddle, she wasn’t sure why she would think to refuse such an offer.

Max held out a hand. “So, what do you say? Ready to stop working and start having fun?”



Ashley listened to the engine hum of Max’s private plane. Hardly a day had passed since she’d been fired from her barista job, and now she was on her way to a private island with someone promising the job of her dreams. It didn’t feel like reality. Ashley wrestled with the decision even as an attendant poured champagne. A few friends and her parents knew where she was heading as well as Max’s full name. Brief research confirmed his excessive wealth, as well

as the island destination. Everything seemed on the up and up. Even so, she couldn't calm the fluttering of her heart.

"Ashley," Max said, relaxing into his chair.

She perked up like a stray cat, still timid before the man.

"Before we land, I would like to ask something." He reached into his shirt's breast pocket. From within he pulled a sleek, glossy-black remote small enough to fit in his palm. Its rounded edges gave it the appearance of a pill. Near the bottom, stamped in shiny gold, was the logo from one of the more exotic companies: IncrediBust. Holding it toward her, Max asked, "Do you know what this is?"

Redness took over Ashley's face and betrayed her knowledge. She'd seen the remote on various fetish-oriented websites. It was infamous among those with expansive tastes. The tiny device had the power to bring fantasies to life, including her own bra-busting daydreams she'd gotten lost in since puberty. Such hopes were as unobtainable as owning an IncrediBust remote; the tiny controller was so advanced it was prohibitively expensive.

Unless you owned a private island.

Not daring to make eye contact, Ashley stared at her knees and felt her chest grow warm beneath her t-shirt. Subconsciously, she arched her back to puff her chest toward Max; it was almost eager to be so close to the remote. She nodded. "I-I've...uh...heard rumors about them..."

Max raised an eyebrow with an upward curve to his lips. "Rumors, huh? And have you heard about an establishment by the name of the Kink Club?"

Ashley's hands clenched. Breath stuck in her chest. If her face was burning before, it was a supernova now. There was hardly anyone in town who hadn't heard of the Kink Club. It made national news after a particular city-shaking incident.

She fidgeted and shifted in her seat, hoping her t-shirt wasn't as tight as it felt. Her lungs didn't want to fully inflate against her bra's tension. "T-That place that was destroyed a year or two ago? I think I...remember seeing it on TV?" This was only half true; Ashley had lain awake through many nights wondering what went on within those walls.

He didn't respond other than to give a satisfied, if not knowing, smile. Max sat back and replaced the remote within his pocket. Knowing eyes looked Ashley up and down as if inspecting her build. Her breasts pushed between her arms with her inhales.

"S-Sir?" she squeaked.

He waved a hand. "Nothing, nothing. If you'll excuse me, I need to make a call. Please make yourself at home. We'll be landing within the hour."

Max left her, secluding himself to a room at the back of the plane and leaving her alone with whirling thoughts and an awkward silence broken only by the pounding of her heart. Part of her was glad he'd left; seeing an IncrediBust remote in person had left Ashley trembling.



A warm, tropical breeze teased Ashley's brown hair around her face as she followed Max along a path. Manicured trees and shrubs lined the walkway leading to a stunning house at the center of the island. Disconnected from the world, the small spit of land seemed to include only Max's estate, a small runway, several beaches, and a tropical forest as a buffer between everything. They had been able to walk from the plane to his manor within fifteen minutes. Sun poured over them like warm honey. Ashley could feel herself sweating through her top. Max couldn't have been more relaxed in his linen.

"Here we are," he announced, leading Ashley up a flight of stone steps. A fountain of a goddess-like woman pouring water from her bust to a pond below gurgled behind them.

A wooden door opened at their approach, releasing a greeting from within.

"Welcome home, Master~"

The voice's sultry warmth took Ashley by surprise, but upon seeing the speaker's appearance, she stopped dead in her tracks with her jaw on the ground.

A maid stood at the entrance to Max's manor. Wearing only heels, stockings, and a skirt, her topless bravado short-circuited Ashley's brain. Breasts twice the size of her head hung heavy and full off the woman's torso in fat, jutting droplets of flawless pale flesh. Permanently hard nipples stood proud atop risen areolas pointing slightly upward. Even at what Ashley guessed to be almost seven feet tall, the woman's bust dominated her figure as her crowning achievement. Red hair tumbled down her back in a fluffy waterfall of flame. The maid stood with a prominent arch to her back, as if to present her mammaries to the world.

"Ah, Sasha. Always adore your welcomes." Max took her in like a piece of prized art. "Would you be so kind as to show our guest to her room?"

There came a slight bow that Ashley was certain lifted the maid's skirt high enough to cause exposure. Her breasts swayed with the motion and hung in a way that accentuated their weight. "Of course, Master."

"Ashley," Max said, "It's late and I wouldn't want to overload you after our flight. We can talk business tomorrow. For now, please enjoy your night and make yourself at home. Sasha is available for whatever you may need."

Unsure of where to look, Ashley stammered, "T-T-Thank you! I--"

"Right this way," Sasha insisted, motioning for her to enter the manor.

The interior was ornate and polished. Much of it was made of stone and tile, mostly whites with subtle gold accents. Her shoes squeaked over the polished floor as Sasha's clicked with firm heel strikes. Every sure-footed step sent a teasing jolt through her body that caused her breasts to lurch.

As impressive as Max's house was, Ashley couldn't help but look at his maid. She was a work of art in every way. To ignore her breasts felt like a crime given their obvious and obscene presentation. Ignoring them would have been rude.

They walked in silence as Sasha led her up the stairs and down a corridor. A rug muffled her footsteps here, but brought the ever-so-gentle slapping of swollen flesh to the forefront. Ashley blushed when she realized it was her breasts colliding.

Confusion and anxiety gnawed at her. The scenery might have been tantalizing and the money a godsend, but Max's intentions remained shrouded in mystery. Ashley swallowed and found a spark of courage. Piping behind Sasha like a mouse, she asked, "W...What exactly is it that Max wants me to--"

Green eyes flashed when Sasha looked over her shoulder. "He didn't even tell you about the 'job', did he?"

Ashley shook her head, shrinking in Sasha's impressive shadow as they passed in front of windows. "He just said it would pay well..."

A sigh lifted the maid's chest and let it fall. "That man... He's the nicest guy in the world, but he has the communication skills of a handless mute." Sasha smoothed her skirt. "Here's the gist; I can't take care of this place on my own anymore. It's too big for one maid." She snorted and added, "But lucky for me, Max was *thrilled* when I voiced the need for another girl around here...!"

Fright bucked Ashley's heart. Being a maid was one thing, but wearing a revealing uniform, or in Sasha's case half a uniform, was something else entirely. "I-I wouldn't have to wear--"

Sasha paused in the hall and spun around. Ashley barely managed to stop before running head-first into her breasts. They stared back with nipples as thick as her thumb. "You're wondering why I'm running around topless?"

A quick nod came in reply.

"It was my decision, believe it or not!" Sasha looked down at herself. "Heard of the Kink Club?"

"M-Mhm..."

"Long story short, *I'm* probably the reason most people know about it. There was an...incident, let's say. My remote malfunctioned while I was in a private room with Max one night. I grew beyond the limiters and things got out of hand. And out of the walls... And the club... *And* the city block..."

Amazement mooned Ashley's eyes. "*That was you?!?*"

A look of pride made Sasha blush. "Almost hard to believe, huh? Well despite the trouble, Max had a *fantastic* time. He covered all the damages to the club. On top of that, he pulled some strings to make sure the blame didn't fall on IncrediBust! Can you imagine the power that guy must have?? All he asked for in return was a supply of remotes with no limiters

and no questions asked. One thing led to another, and I find him at my door a few days later offering me a maid position at this island. I couldn't say yes fast enough."

"But...weren't you scared??"

"*Scared?* Let me tell you something; after you go full-on *Attack of the Fifty-Foot Woman* and destroy a building or two, people don't exactly let you live it down. I couldn't go *anywhere* without someone recognizing me. Most of the world had seen me buck naked and as tall as a skyscraper. A woman can't just put on a hoodie and escape that kind of attention. And... Believe it or not, before the incident, I looked a lot like you."

Ashley's mouth fell open. She compared Sasha's breasts and height to her own and her mind refused to accept it. "S-So this is because of a remote?? Normally you don't look like--"

Sasha groped her chest, squeezing the watermelon-sized mounds as best her hands could manage. "No no, this *IS* my new normal after the incident. Turns out the limiters weren't just there to prevent property damage. When you grow as big as I did, you can't fully revert. It changes your body for good. Permanent like." She looked down at the overgrown breasts in her embrace. A weakness came over her eyes. "Which...brings me back to your question... After ending up like this, with my tits so...*BIG*...my nipples just got... So... *Sensitive*... I can't bear to put on a t-shirt. Or a bra. Much less a stiff maid's corset with all that...t-that...*lace*..."

Heavy breaths fell over Sasha. They seemed to flutter through her breasts, puffing them gently into her palms. A weak, nervous laugh made them jiggle. "Hell, I-I can't even sleep with the sheets pulled over them... Not unless I want to...s-stay up for another hour...or two..." Finger twitched as if resisting the urge to circle a teacup areola. "It's... *It's a lot*. It's like I still have the nipples of a woman capable of crushing a building, but they're the size of thimbles..." She shuddered and fought with herself to unhand her bust. "But I wouldn't trade this new body for anything..."

Ashley's mouth was dry. The scene had sent her to another planet. Another dimension.

Hands pulled away. Sasha was sweating. "Anyway, we're here~" She motioned to a door and swung it open, revealing a guest room fit for royalty. A bed twice the size of Ashley's stood to the far side of the room with a comforter as thick as her pillow back home. "This will be your room during your interview period. And--" She dug into a small pocket in her skirt. "Here; Max wanted me to give you this as part of the tour."

A sleek pill-shaped device fell into Ashley's hands. Seeing the IncrediBust logo glint on the remote sent her heart to space. Her stomach did flips at the power she'd just been handed. Her eyes widened. "This--"

"You're free to use it to your heart's content before deciding if you would like the position. Control of your own personal IncrediBust remote is a perk of the job. And it's a *very* nice perk, let me tell you. Ours have limiters, but Max's master remote has complete reign *without* limiters. On your nightstand you'll find a pill that will deliver the nanobots to your system and link your body to the remote. They're just for a trial run, so they'll last for twenty four hours before-- Ashley?"

“T-This...”

Sasha frowned and leaned forward. “*Ashley? Helloooooo~*”

Distant eyes stared at the remote. Her nipples burned in her bra. High school daydreams of exploding bra clasps rushed back, finally within reach. Deep, heavy breathing sent tremors down her frame. “T...This--”

Simply holding the remote was borderline orgasmic with the fantasies she harbored.

“*ASHLEY!*”

Clap!

“*AH!!!*”

Sasha smacked her hands. Lightning flashed in Ashley’s mind and brought her back to reality.

“Did you get all that?” Sasha asked, hands on her hips. “Give the remote a test run. Nanobot pill on your nightstand. Have fun. Dinner at six.”

“H...Have fun...” Ashley nodded slowly, dazed. Looking at the remote, she closed her hands around it suddenly and made for the door. “*T-Thank you!! I WILL!!*” Her face reddened. “*I-I-I mean... No! Not like that! I mean have fun in general! I think I’ll just...shower! I-I-It was a long flight, after all!!*” Standing in her doorway, Ashley trembled with an energy of a bomb seconds from exploding. “*T-Thank you for showing me to my room! I’m going to shower now!*”

“You’re very welco--”

Click!

The door closed. It didn’t slam, but there was an urgency.

Sasha smirked and turned back down the hall. An amused sigh gave its blessing and she let a finger trace circles around a nipple, fattening the nub to the point of her areola half swallowing its fully erect mass. She shivered and felt her inner thighs grow wet. “Looks like Max managed to find himself another gem...” Bolts of pleasure made her bite her lip. “*That little deviant might make him wish he’d bought a bigger island.*”



Ashley couldn’t hear anything beyond her own breathing. Hot, steaming gasps of anticipation trembled through her lungs in waves. She couldn’t remember taking the nanopill, yet it was gone from her nightstand along with half the glass of water.

“*Just press a button... A-Any button...*”

There were too many to choose from. The remote in her hand had total control over nearly every aspect of her body. Nothing was off limits. Years of dreams and fantasy were suddenly coming up blank in her mind. But in her racing heart, Ashley knew what she wanted to start with.

Her thumb hovered over the button with a pair of breasts.

Click

“Ahhmmnnnn!!”

Heated sensations tickled and flourished within her chest with such vibrancy that she released the button almost immediately. Ashley doubled over as she felt her nipples erupt into thick nubs. Her bra felt as though it had suddenly shrunk several sizes but she knew better. An arm wrapped across her front. There was more weight there than before. More weight and more mass than what a pair of C-cup breasts could produce.

“I’m bigger-- I’m--” She swallowed. The outline of her breasts overflowing her bra was pushing against her t-shirt. The border between padding and flesh was distinct and proud as she bulged from the tops of her cups. *“I’m bigger~”*

It was only by several inches, but the difference was dramatic. Ashley inhaled and reveled in feeling her bra squeeze her new F-sized treasures. Skin deformed against the garment. It was difficult to fill her lungs, but testing her clasps was exhilarating. Moisture soaked through the crotch of her jeans.

“B...Bigger. I want to be--”

Click

Strrrrrtch...

“Mmmmmmm!!!”

Her lips pursed. This time she managed to hold the button down longer. Ashley allowed herself to reel backward, arching her back and thrusting her chest forward as her bust surged. Spandex and cotton groaned from a bra rapidly being overloaded with flesh. G-cups to I-cups to L-cups, Ashley held on until her body felt like it would explode.

“NNGH!!!”

Her thumb released. Energy faded and Ashley had to catch herself on the pole of her bed or risk collapsing not only from weakened legs, but from the incredible weight swaying off her torso.

She looked down and whimpered. A pair of breasts stared back with an expanse of skin blocking any view of her feet. Cleavage had pulled her t-shirt’s neckline down into a deep V-neck. Overflowing her bra on all sides, underboob escaped from the bottom while skin squeezed around her shoulder straps and into her sleeves. The t-shirt itself had risen into a skin-tight crop top exposing most of her midriff. One arm was hardly enough to cradle the melons stuffed into her bra.

“Oh my God! O-Oh my God!! I look--”

Click

“MMNNGHHH!!!”

Her thumb slipped as she was taken by her mammaries. Instant tightness spread through her jeans. Panties pulled snug before diving between a pair of swelling cheeks and vanishing

among her thighs. Cotton seams pulled taut across her pussy as everything plumped beneath her denim.

“Ahh~ Aahmmm!!” Heavy eyes looked around her chest to inspect the surprise transformation. What she saw was a muffin top squeezing its way out of her jeans and her hips widening to take up any available space.

Strrrrrtch!!!

“T-Too big! I’m getting...too big for my pants!” she panted.

Yet her thumb didn’t let up.

Any semblance of a thigh gap vanished as thighs closed in on one another. Flesh hugged flesh in a tight, denim-stretching orgy of growth centered on the soft, wetted curves of her intimates. Ashley didn’t need to see her panties to know they were sinking deep into a pair of lips oversized for their petite seams. Cotton rubbed over her folds and massaged her clit like the eager palm of a lover.

Fabric pulled uncomfortably tight. Her jeans wouldn’t give up so easily even as her lower half blossomed over the waistline in ridges of thickness and her underwear pulled into a thong.

Creeeeeeeeeeeeaaak!

Panting turned to desperate squeaks. *“Hah-- They’re-- Gonna-- They’re gonna--”* Life was being squeezed from her loins. Ashley leaned forward, chest in her arms, as she presented her ass to the room. *“I-It’s gonna--”*

BOOM!!

“MMNGH!!!”

A seam burst down the back of her pants with a sound like a gun. Fabric shredded across her cheeks in a spiderweb of threads fighting to contain her bloated ass but it was an unwinnable fight. Ashley’s rear exploded forth and squeezed from the fresh opening. Not fully free, only the middle halves of her cheeks could manage to push into the open air as the rest of her pants held firm around her hips.

Air whistled from her nose in quick puffs. Sweating enough to soak her t-shirt, Ashley swallowed and looked at the remote. Hunger was growing. She needed more. Needed to feel and experience everything.

“Taller!! I-I want to be taller!!” Lust tickled her core. *“L...Like Sasha!”*

Click

Rmmmbbllll!

“Mnghaahhhh!! Ohhhh that’s-- T-That’s--”

Everything shifted. The sound of every inch of her body growing met Ashley’s ears like an internal rumble of thunder. Dizziness sprinkled her mind when the room seemed to pull away. The floor grew distant. The ceiling neared. It was only by inches at a time, but each one felt like a mile.

“Everything!! It’s all-- IT’S ALL GETTING...BIGGER~!!”

Her jeans pulled up her legs before wedging around the bottom of her knees. Thighs thickened and stretched, pulling the denim pale.

Shhrrriip!!!

“MMNGH!!”

Rips tore down the backs of her legs. Ashley’s lower half burst free of its prison all at once and her jeans fell limp.

On top, sensations massaged and stimulated every inch. Breasts bloated to match her increasing height. Her sleeves slid up her widening biceps until tightening around her shoulder and armpit. Fabric tickled across her navel while her abdomen elongated to pull up and out of her panties.

The inches added up, transforming Ashley’s stature into a towering picture of womanhood. Her t-shirt shifted and shrank, pulling ever tighter until it became less than a sports bra. A tear opened under one arm, followed by another across her back. It wasn’t until Ashley saw her eyeline surpass the top of the bed posts that she released her thumb.

The room stopped spinning. Titanic legs jiggled when they stepped to adjust to her new stature. The floor looked smaller, its design less defined from the height of nine feet.

“Mmngh... Holy... H-Holy... I...”

There was so much Ashley wanted to do. She wanted to explore her new ass. Explode out of her straining panties. Tend to the mammoth pussy wedged between her thighs.

Instead, foggy eyes fell upon the remote. Her thumb went back to the breast button. It was time to sate a lingering hunger she’d harbored since middle school.

Click

STRRRRRRTCH!!

“MMMMMMMGH!! F-FUCK!!!”

Growth assaulted her bust. Ashley’s feet thudded on the floor when they caught her, the force of her development pushing back like a pair of shoving hands.

Creaaaaaaa--SNAP!!

“MMMGH!! YES!! THAT’S--”

Her bra gave up with a crack around her torso like a whip. It stung but she didn’t care; it was something she’d wanted to feel for over a decade. Rips widened across her t-shirt as she held the button down, cradling her engorging bust and feeling every additional pound of weight pour into it like water.

Shrrriip!!

“Mmm!! M-Mmmm!!! That’s it-- Keep going! Keep...GROWING!!”

Pursed lips whimpered and squeaked when the last of her clothes fell away. Knockers large enough to cover her hips shivered and quaked. Two arms wasn’t enough to contain them; trying to cradle the mounds only led to her hands brushing over her soda can-sized nipples.

“GAAHHH!!!”

THUD!!

She went to her knees. Flesh slammed onto the floor with a mighty rippling collision. Ashley allowed herself to be completely taken in by the heaving chasm, sinking into her cleavage. Skin pulled and stretched around her naked body. Heat swam through her like a waxing ocean of lust.

“Bigger~ Ohhh please don’t stop getting bigger!!” she begged her breasts as they rose higher. They lifted her abdomen, taking her knees off the ground. “J-Just keep grow--”

Click click

Guurrrrrrgle

“HAAHHH!!! MNNGGAAHHHH!!!!”

Renewed energy flowed within her when Ashley’s hand tensed on the remote and depressed two more buttons. A glance showed their labels: sensitivity and lactation.

GUURRRRGLE!!!

“O-OH!!! OHHHHH GOD!!!”

The world developed new colors as her pleasure skyrocketed. Boiling heat bubbled deep within her breasts as if a faucet had been opened. Growth and engorgement met together, merging into a wave of swelling that pushed her skin to stretch faster than ever.

“Filling!!! They’re-- FILLING!!”

Her toes left the ground. Bloated mounds wobbled beneath her like a pair of water beds. Across the floor, her skin spread wider until pushing into the ornate mansion’s furniture. Dairy churned to fill her gigantic milk glands. The fluid began firming Ashley’s chest around her, stealing away the pillowy softness and replacing it with dense, dairy-stretched pressure.

GUUUURRRRRRRRGLE!!!

“MMMMMM!!!! MMNGGHHHHHH!!!!”

She couldn’t think of anything to scream. Heightening sensitivity turned her brain to mush. Scents of cream and vanilla found their way to her nose. Fluid leaked from her crotch as much as it ran from her coffee can nipples preparing to meet the opposite wall.

“I-I’M GONNA--” Ashley squeaked and squirmed in her cleavage. Her legs clenched together as it felt like she was holding something back. “I-I-I’M GONNA--”

Milk, pleasure, and sheer overgrown girth screamed in her head. Her eyes dilated and her head reared back.

“AAAAHHHHHHHH I CAN’T TAKE ANYMOOOOOOOORE!!!!”



Knock knock knock

Max didn’t glance up from reading his newspaper. “Enter.”

His study opened, Sasha gracing the room with her topless presence. She gave a bow low enough to make her breasts swing. “She’s been welcomed just as you wished, Master.”

“Wonderful! Thank you, Sasha.” He turned a page. “Hopefully this girl works out. I really do like her.”

A knowing smirk tilted Sasha’s lips. “You always were one for the shy girls.”

“Which makes filling this role all the more difficult! The last four could hardly say a word and then left as soon as they were paid.”

“Can you really blame them, Master? It’s a generous deal and plenty of people are hurting for money.”

“No... No, I suppose I can’t...” He looked up, allowing his gaze to linger generously on Sasha’s plumped bosom. “What do you think of her?”

Sasha inhaled, caressing a finger over her taut bust and down her cleavage before sighing. “I’ll admit I had my doubts at first, but I have a good feeling about her. When I told her about what happened to me at the club, you could see the lust in her eyes. The moment I handed her the remote, she escaped to her room before my farewell could leave my lips.” An amused grin came forth. “I wouldn’t be surprised if she masturbates herself into a coma. That girl has desires like--”

“MMNGGAAAHHHHHHH~!!!”

They looked at the ceiling, a great bellow of orgasmic pleasure rattling the air from the guest wing.

Max snorted. “Didn’t take her long to figure it out, did it?”

“Not at all, Master~ She might play shy and proper, but there’s a minx inside that girl. I-- *Ahh--*” Sasha’s chest grew hot. Skin pulled taut as she felt herself swell. In Max’s lap, she saw him playing with her buttons.

“Yes?” he asked, watching her bloat.

“I...” Sasha breathed, steadying herself against a thick heat welling within her bust like syrup. She leaned forward, watching her areolas plump into domes. “*O-Ohh, Mmmaster~ I... I doubt she will be able to let an experience like this...p-pass her by~*”



Cold hardwood floor and drool stuck to Ashley’s face. Opening her eyes wasn’t easy. A night of sleeping after passing out from sheer orgasmic exhaustion had a strange way of leaving her feeling used and refreshed at the same time.

“W...What...?” She sat up and found herself naked on the floor of the manor’s guest room. Her breasts, as well as the rest of her body, were back to normal. Seeing the small assets on her front, Ashley wondered if the previous day’s immense growth could have been real.

Raising her eyes, she found the remote waiting several feet away. Seeing it made her core lurch with desire. Ashley almost lunged for it, ready to enjoy its magic again.

Knock knock

A gentle tap came from her door. “Ashley?” Sasha’s voice carried like spicy cinnamon syrup.

“D-Don’t come in! I’m--”

To her horror, the door opened. Sasha’s breasts entered before she did, greeting the room with their fullness and warmth.

Ashley panicked and hugged herself for modesty. *“Wait! I’m not dressed!”*

Sasha paid little mind. Standing in the doorway, she observed the remnants of Ashley’s chaos with a knowing grin. “I trust your night was pleasant?”

There was no denying the furniture shoved aside and against the walls. Nor the shredded clothes or scent of milk and feminine desire still hanging in the air. Blushing red, Ashley nodded and hugged her chest tighter. It felt far too small now after the dream she’d lived.

“Wonderful. Max has asked me to collect your answer for his offer of employment. Will you be accepting? You’ll be starting immediately, if so.”

The question came on so suddenly. Ashley knew agreeing with such an informal process and complete lack of paperwork was beyond foolish, yet she couldn’t see herself saying no. The experience from last night was too great to give up. The remote was payment enough.

“I... I accept...” she said timidly.

Sasha smiled. “Wonderful. Then it’s time to begin your day.” From outside of Ashley’s room, Sasha wheeled in a trolley of black and white uniforms laced with frills. “Please pick a uniform from this selection. I’ll be waiting in the hall when you’re finished preparing for the day. And do keep in mind we are keeping the Master. I would suggest keeping it under ten minutes.”

She didn’t close the door. Standing in the hall watching intently, Sasha observed as Ashley selected a modest maid’s dress with a frilled bodice and corset, and the subsequent struggle to dress herself with legs still wobbly from previous lust. After a quick teeth brushing and freshening up, Ashley presented herself to Sasha.

“H-How is this?” she asked, feeling far too exposed in the short dress.

“Wonderful. And your remote?”

She patted a pocket in a tiny apron. “I have it...”

“I suggest filling out the uniform’s front. Max enjoys cleavage with his breakfast.”

Heat flushed Ashley’s face. “Right! I-- Uh--” She fumbled the remote.

Click, click, click

Strrrrrrrtch

“Mmmnnghhhh...!”

It felt just as good as last night. Several clicks to the breast buttons sent her bust blossoming with energy. Ashley gasped, gripping the remote as her chest fluttered within her uniform. Skin pushed forth and rubbed under the fabric to smooth any wrinkles. Nearing F-cups

and more than double her usual size, Ashley's breath turned ragged. She watched her cleavage close and plump into healthy mounds.

"Is... Is that good?" she squeaked.

Sasha stared. "Let me see?" The remote passed between them.

Click, click, click, click, click, click

STRRRRTCH!

"W-Wait! What are--NNGH!!!"

Ashley gasped and fell against her door when her mammaries surged with life. F-cups bloated until they resembled volleyballs within her uniform. Fabric creaked across her front, the smoothness giving way to tension creases. Cleavage overflowed until it bulged over the neckline and pushed it lower.

"It's--" Ashley squeaked, her hand grabbing the front of her uniform. The neckline's seam sank into her breasts from their desire to burst from the top. Pale slopes pushed nearly to her collarbones. *"It's too tight!"*

"Too tight is just right~" Sasha returned her remote. "If you'll follow me, Master is ready to begin the day."

The walk through the halls was silent and tense. Ashley fidgeted, tugging at her uniform to help it fit better. Pulling it up to cover more of her swollen chest brought the skirt too high on her thighs. Pulling it down to cover her panties threatened to expose her nipples. There seemed no middle ground with the enormous breasts Sasha had given her.

"No need to be so nervous," Sasha offered. "It's important to remember we're not sex workers. We're maids. Max can be a lot, and he *does* stare, and he *will* have his fun, but he's not one to take things where you don't already want to go. He's a good man at heart, just a bit of a pervert with a control fetish. At most he'll make you grow when the mood strikes him. Our job is to continue our duties despite whatever changes he makes. For now just do as I do. Understand?"

Ashley's head spun with anxiety. She nodded. "I-I think so..."

They turned a corner to two double doors. Scents of fruits, eggs, and bacon wafted out when Sasha led Ashley through. Within a sunlit room overlooking the ocean was robe-clad Max sitting at a table amid a hearty breakfast.

"Ah, there you two are," he nodded, sipping his coffee.

"Good morning, Master," Sasha said with a smile and a bow. Ashley mimicked as best she could, almost falling over from the weight of her chest.

"Ashley, glad to see you've accepted my offer. I take it you enjoyed my gift last night?"

His eyes were piercing but kind. They met hers before drifting to her heaping cleavage with a pleased expression.

"Y-Yes! It was very enlightening!" she replied too loudly.

Sasha chuckled politely. "You should see how she destroyed her room."

Silence filled the space. Ashley felt her face turn bright red with shame. Max laughed then and munched on a piece of bacon. “Wonderful! After breakfast, you can tidy up your living quarters, then Sasha can show you the rest of your duties around the property.”

“Yes, Master,” Sasha said.

“Y-Yes, Sir-- *I MEAN MASTER!*” Ashley fumbled.

Max sipped from a mug and grimaced. “Eugh... Needs cream...”

A remote came from his robe and pointed at Sasha.

Click

Guuurrrrrrrgle

The woman tensed. Firmness spread through her breasts when they rose from her torso with increasing fullness. Ashley’s eyes ogled as her already incredible mammaries filled out like fleshy balloons. Her nipples rose as their underbellies bloated. Sasha bit her lip as a dribble of milk leaked from a nipple. Knowing her task, she approached Max and stood proud, arching her back to present her bust. He held his mug out and pressed it against a breast so it sank into her flesh, bulging a silver dollar areola over the mug’s top.

Click

GUUURRRRRGLE

“M-Mmmmm~! Master, that’s--”

Splrtrtch!!

Sasha’s hands clenched behind her back when pressure pushed her breasts to the limit. Milk sprayed, Max’s mug catching one nipple’s letdown while the other pelted the flood with dairy.

“Now, Ashley,” Max said, keeping an eye on his mug as her milk continued to flow.

“M...Master?” She blushed. Such a title felt wrong and almost intimate given her uniform.

“I’m afraid I must be honest with you. The remote I loaned you last night didn’t have the usual limiters the maid’s personal remotes have.”

Guuurrrrrgle!

“Mmmgh~” Sasha groaned from still-pulsating milk glands. “Master-- T-The milk--”

Max pulled his mug away and replaced it with an empty glass. Dairy began filling it as he sipped his coffee, a satisfied smile now coming to his face. “If you had the ability to reach such sizes as you did last night whenever you wanted, it simply wouldn’t work. I’m sure you understand; I can’t have my maids destroying rooms in my house every day, now can I?”

She fidgeted, unsure if she wanted to know whether or not Max knew every detail of how she’d used her remote. “No, Sir...”

“Master,” he corrected.

“No, Master...”

“These limits have already been replaced on your remote.”

Sttrrrrtch

“Nnnngh!” Sasha panted as milk stretched her bust further, Max seemingly forgetting about the overwhelming production he’d started within her. His glass was half full.

“And as you’re aware, my remote has no such limits.”

It pointed at Ashley. She stiffened in surprise.

Click, click, click

Sttrrrrtch!!

“Ahh!!”

Ashley wasn’t ready when a rush of tingling sensations washed over her bottom half. Flesh-massaging pressure moved through her hips and thighs like invisible fingers. Instinct drove her hands to grab her ass when it plumped to pull her panties drum-tight.

Her cheeks bloated in her grasp. Soft creases of flesh swallowed her underwear between her thighs and pulled fabric taut across her pussy. Ashley whimpered, feeling her uniform covering less by the second.

Yet it was all exhilarating. Ashley’s heart raced at the exotic thrill. Growing was one thing, but growing at the mercy of another was something on another level. A level she hadn’t expected herself to enjoy so greatly. Moisture soaked her panties as her breath grew ragged.

“M-Master! My dress was already so short!” she whimpered, only half faking the role.

“Indeed it was.” He stabbed a chunk of melon and chewed thoughtfully as Sasha strained and continued filling his glass with fresh milk.

Click, click, click, click

Hssssssss~

“Huh??” Ashley stumbled back when a fluttering sensation tickled her belly. Tension spread over her abdomen. Immediately she felt bloated, followed by an intense fullness.

“W-What’s--”

Her apron drew tight around her waist. Fabric domed from the base of her breasts through her navel. Looking down, Ashley’s hands moved to cradle a rising egg-shaped slope filling out her belly.

Hssssssss~

The sound of muffled air continued. Ashley whimpered against the strange experience, watching as her belly slowly inflated like a balloon. Her uniform shifted to give her airy pregnancy space, lifting her skirt well above her crotch. Every second it widened and pushed forward, all the while lifting her breasts higher and into her shoulders.

“Sir!! I look--”

“You will call me *Master*,” he reminded, lifting the remote.

Click

HSSSS~

“Gaahhh~! M-Master!! Master, wait!!”

Her belly ballooned with a solid kick of air, shuddering forth in her hands by several inches until Ashley felt as though a beach ball was stretching within her body. The apron struggled as it ran out of give and began sinking into her gut, deforming her roundness as it threatened to split her abdomen in two.

“Master! M...Master...!” she gasped. Helpless eyes looked to Sasha for aid but she was too busy enduring over a gallon of milk being crammed into each of her breasts. *“It’s...too tight! I’ll--”*

Creeeaaaaaaa--SNAP!

Her apron’s strap burst. Ashley stumbled back when her belly jutted forth with sheer roundness and a booming echo of hollow space. The wall caught her, holding her steady as she wrestled with the oversized belly splitting her uniform’s seams down her sides.

Max watched her struggle for breath as milk neared the top of his cup. “Hmmm, almost...”

Click, click, click, click

Familiar tingling dilated Ashley’s eyes. They shot to her chest when it shifted and wobbled as if coming alive. Flesh began creeping forth. It took only a second before her areolas rose from her neckline and greeted the room.

Creeeaaaaaaaak!

“Master-- M-Master!” she piped again and again, unable to draw breath. *“My-- Uniform! It’s... Too--”*

STRRRRTCH!

CREEEEAAAAAK!!

“Haahhh! Mnnghhhh!” Arching her back as everything felt on the verge of rupture, Ashley waited for her seams to blow. In her heart she knew Max had increased her sensitivity; the fluid running down her legs was far too much even for how good it felt to be used in such a way. She groped her chest as it engorged into her face. *“M-M-MASTER!! MY DRESS WILL--”*

CREEAAA--SSHHHRRRRRIIPP!!!

“GAAHH!!”

With the combined force of two watermelon breasts and an impossible belly, Ashley’s body delivered the final blow to her uniform. Stitches exploded, rending the outfit open in a burst of fabric and lace. It blew out in all directions before settling limp on her body in loose sections, hardly covering her intimate zones.

Max’s glass overflowed with milk and splattered over the floor. “Ah~”

Click

All growth ceased. The maids gasped in relief, almost collapsing. Heavy breaths lifted their sweaty backs.

Max sipped from his cup of milk and looked over his handiwork with pride.

“A wonderful breakfast,” he hummed. “I think that will be all for now, Sasha. You may show Ashley around the manor so she may become acquainted with her duties.”

With an arm across her chest to lug the overloaded milk tanks she’d been gifted, she struggled to stand up straight against their tight fullness. “*R...Right away, Master~*”

Ashley, feeling like a mini parade float, stared from her position at the wall, still struggling to catch her breath as she wondered just what kind of job she’d accepted.



Guuurrrrrgle!!

“Mmmm!! Master! M-Master~ Wait...!”

Click

GUURRRGLE!!

“MMMGGH!”

Sasha’s labored gasps for air filled the dining room with heat. Outside, the sun had set to leave Max’s private island in isolating darkness.

Flesh had overwhelmed the maid to the point of collapsing her legs. Pinned beneath a pair of gargantuan mounds each large enough to serve as a family dining table, she moaned and writhed in a cloud of sensitivity.

Click

Rmmmbbbllllll

“Aahhhh-- AAHHHH--”

She tensed. Ashley watched from her spot on the floor as pressure and tightness moved through Sasha’s enormous fleshy globes in a creeping wave. It started at their bases, making Sasha’s toes curl, before traveling up the bulk of her chest where it domed her areolas into tight pink hemispheres. Breathless gasps opened her mouth when tension struck her nipples like punches.

SPLUURTCH!!

“Ahhhhmm~!! O-Oh, MASTER!!”

Dairy erupted from plate-sized nipples. Hot cream sprayed to fill the air in a dozen arcs before pelting the ground. Ashley stayed in place to receive her blessing of white gold for what wasn’t the first time that day.

“Hah... Haahh... Master... Thank you, Master...” Sasha moaned, completely spent.

Max wiped his mouth and stood up from his dinner. “Wonderful meal tonight. Thank you, girls.” He reached for his limitless remote. Ashley arched her back, hoping he was about to deliver a similar treatment to her body, but nothing came. He left them with the final words, “Sasha, please see to it that this room is cleaned before bed.”

“Yes... Y-Yes, Master...”

Every breath sent her mountainous bust moving ever so slightly. Ashley gazed at the impressive size, almost whimpering at the idea of what it must feel like. She’d experienced it only once during her time on the island: on her first night when she was given free rein of a remote. Since then, Max hadn’t put her through nearly as intense subjugation as Sasha.

It was her third night now. Like Sasha, she’d been dropped to the floor by her curves, only far smaller. First he’d shrunk her body entirely, bringing her to only four feet tall. The maid’s dress slipped from her shoulders and down her body completely at that point to leave her naked beside the dining table. Max seemed to enjoy her embarrassment, taking in her nudity between bites, before taking things further.

From there he’d only enhanced her curves in small steps: a few cups here and there, extra inches to her hips or thighs, maybe a slight paunch to her belly. By the end, Ashley’s shortstack stature was accompanied by an extreme hourglass figure that would make walking through doors difficult, no matter the angle of approach.

She fell forward in lustful dismay and leaned over a pair of yoga ball-sized breasts. Matching ass cheeks anchored her to the floor and pinned her in a prison of her own body. A heavy sigh deflated her lungs and she sank into her cleavage.

Given the size he’d left Sasha, Ashley knew cleanup was going to be mostly left to her.



Ashley tensed when she entered her bedroom. Upon passing through the door, a sensor sent a signal to her body to reset any changes she’d encountered. All the maid quarters featured the reset feature as a fallback. Watching her curve contract back to normal size, and her body grow to its normal height, Ashley fell onto her bed in exhaustion.

Somewhere down the hall a clock chimed midnight. It broke the silence of her thoughts.

A fire still raged in her belly. Ashley’s hunger had been teased by Max, but not sated. Images of Sasha’s overwhelming bust filled her mind. Envy and desire to feel the same crushing weight of growth attacked from every direction.

Feeling defeated, she took her personal remote in her palm. The IncrediBust logo shone at the bottom.

Click click click click

STRRRRTCH

Her breasts wobbled with sudden life. She looked down to see her mounds widening and pulling to the sides of her torso with increasing weight.

Click click click click

STRRRRRRTCH

Rapid-fire button presses sent every signal it could to her bust. Sudden, explosive growth blossomed beneath her skin. Ashley held her breath, feeling her body struggle against the quick expansion. Air pushed out of her lungs beneath their bulk. One of her favorite parts was watching her areolas flatten and stretch out across her mounds before they managed to catch up and firm into their own enhanced mounds.

“M-Mmmmgh...”

She allowed a hand to start exploring when they grew large enough to press into her chin. Warm, wobbling skin buried her torso. Cleavage inched into her face and she let it swallow her mouth and nose. The heat was intense between her breasts, but she loved the scent; always vanilla and milk, even when she wasn't lactating. Often it smelled of lust and sweat after a full day of work like today too, but she didn't mind.

STRRRRTCH!!

The last of the growth came trickling in. Cups piled higher, pushing Ashley's breasts to the limit. Darkness closed around her eyes as her chest fully engulfed her face. It was quiet here. Quiet, hot, steamy, with the world muffled outside. She held her breath for as long as she could before having to come up for air.

Fllummp!

They fell to her sides like two water-filled beach balls. Ashley's breath came out in a rapid panting. She was wet. The growth was enjoyable. Heavenly even. Only a week ago she would have given anything to see the monstrous pair of udders sitting on top of her. Now they seemed...small.

She pursed her lips. A finger massaged her clit while her other hand explored the remote.

Click click click click click

Click click click click click

Click click click click click

Every inch of her body came to life when she maxed out several bodily aspects. Vibrations passed through her and curves twitched as if communicating who should go first.

STRRRRTCH!!

“A-Ahh~”

Slowly her legs inched down the bed. Her arms followed, lengthening with her torso. Increased height brought a larger bust, but it wasn't the same as feeling her breasts grow on their own. Her hips became elevated, rising upon an expanding pillow-like ass. A well-defined crease formed between her cheeks and the tops of her thighs as they both fattened and swelled with new girth.

Pressure massaged between her thighs at her crotch. Even her pussy was affected. It quivered against her fingers, driving Ashley to flick and spin herself more as her folds puffed against her. A pair of thin lips engorged into a pair of sopping, over-swollen slices of a ripened peach. They swallowed her fingers to the second knuckle before she could truly enter herself.

STRRRRTCH!!!!

“MMNNGH!”

Her body quaked with its final enhancement. Ashley felt her heels leave the end of her bed as she reached eight feet tall. At her normal size, her breasts would have been smotheringly large. Her bottom half would have blown out of even her stretchiest yoga pants. Now with an enhanced overall body, they surpassed that.

“Haaahh~ C-Come on--” she urged. She masturbated harder. Her remote hand sank into a nipple.

Click click click

The buttons depressed but the remote did nothing. She could grow no more.

“Come...on-- I’m-- Just a little more!” Ashley breathed. Heavy eyes looked at her pair of seventy-pound breasts. *“I just want--”*

They were so small. Too small. Far smaller than what Max had given Sasha only hours ago during dinner. Leagues away from what Ashley actually wanted protruding from her chest.

Click click click click

Nothing happened. Ashley’s thumb ached as she pressed harder. The pleasure was there. The growth felt good. But it wasn’t satisfying.

“Gaaahhh!! Fuck!”

It wasn’t a cry of relief, but one of frustration. Ashley threw her limited remote across the bed. Her hand left her folds and she lay there catching her breath.

“It’s no use... It’s no...fucking use...”

It wasn’t the same. How was she supposed to enjoy such small sizes when she’d been given a taste of the bliss that is titanic proportions? How could she get off to head-burying breasts when she’d gushed to room-filling mountains?

Ashley needed more. More than what her personal remote allowed her to do, and much more than what Max was giving her day-to-day during her maid duties. He was messing with her body, changing it as he pleased, but it wasn’t enough. Ashley wanted the kind of abuse Sasha received. Ashley wanted to be the one left stranded, gasping for air under a pair of tits Max could use as a bed.

Moaning with pent-up urges, Ashley gathered her chest into her arms and hugged them close. They would have destroyed any garment she owned. Filled her lap. Left any man ogling and drooling, begging to be smothered beneath their softness.

But they weren’t enough.

“Too fucking small...” she sighed longingly before letting them fall naturally.

She went to sleep that night sweaty, unsatisfied, and too large for her bed. There was a strange comfort in the sheets being too small for her overgrown body, even if it wasn’t the size she hungered after.

“Maybe next time...” Ashley closed her eyes and hoped to dream of something even more fantastical than this job she’d been given. “Maybe next time I’ll be the one pinned down...”



Steam drifted around Ashley’s head. It fogged the generously sized bathtub amid the tiled sauna. Even as a communal washing room for the manor’s maids, it was far above anything Ashley had ever had the pleasure to use. Now almost a week into her new job, she couldn’t believe the lavish bathroom was becoming normal.

“It all changed so fast...” she sighed. Water lapped at her chin when she let herself sink deeper. Eyes weary from a long day of work and fighting to stay within her uniform’s seams stared at the calm surface of the bath water. “Sometimes I can’t believe I’m actually here. Others I wonder what I’m even doing...”

Defeat settled on her heart like a dusting of snow. She’d be lying to herself if she said she wasn’t enjoying it. Even if it involved a load of housework, experiencing a variety of bodily transformations throughout the day was a dream come true. Ashley only wished it was more fulfilling.

Nothing was ever enough.

She sighed again and let herself slip deep enough that water covered her lips. Bubbles plumed when she exhaled through her mouth. In front of her floated two fleshy bergs bobbing against each other. A bath was nice, but taking a bath with a pair of watermelon-sized breasts was heavenly. They had a way of absorbing the water’s heat and carrying it with them through the night.

She stared at the wobbling cleavage rising from the soapy water. “Why can’t he tease me like he teases Sasha...”

As if heard by fate, the bathroom door opened and closed with a gentle click.

“*Ah! I-I’m in here!*” Ashley piped, rapidly sitting up and hugging her arms across her chest.

Steam concealed the intruder until a tall figure emerged. It tossed a towel onto the table with Ashley’s before stepping into view. Sasha presented herself in all her naked glory. Lithe, tall, and buxom as ever, she flaunted her overgrown body with no sign of shame. Ashley couldn’t help but stare, even as her face grew hot.

“Taking a late-night bath, are we?” Sasha mused at the tub’s edge.

Ashley tightened her hug and crossed her legs. “I-I’m almost done. You can have it after I--”

The maid dipped a toe into the water before sliding into the bath like a seductress. Water splashed when her rear and breasts met with its surface, as if Sasha enjoyed throwing their weight around. “Now *this* is nice.”

They sat in silence.

Sasha grinned in wait before finally speaking. “Seriously? I just don’t understand it...”

“W... What?”

“Oh come on. I must have seen you naked a hundred times this week and you soak your panties whenever Max blows your chest up the slightest amount. So why so timid and shy? What am I going to see here that I haven’t seen already?”

Silence came in response. Ashley looked back to the water. Even without any growth from her remote, Sasha’s breasts were still larger than Ashley’s enhanced mounds. A flicker of greed ignited before smoldering into deeper longing.

“Aww, still too shy, huh?” Sasha giggled. “Fine, fine. Have it your way~”

Click

“Gah--!”

Ashley squeaked when her breasts contracted. Tickling with energy, she looked down in shock to see the embraced contents of her arms shrinking away. Smaller and smaller they withdrew until her arms pressed against her torso. Watermelon breasts vanished in seconds to leave her with hardly A-cup assets.

“*What--*” More embarrassed than ever, Ashley’s hands flung to cover the meager slopes. “*What did you do that for??*”

Sasha held something up. “I grabbed your remote from the table~ Now scooch!”

The curvy woman stood from the water like a siren and approached. Ashley’s heart raced, watching suds run down her shining body until Sasha sat beside her close enough for their hips and thighs to brush.

She was even taller up close. A seven-foot-tall stature felt more like eight or nine when having to sit next to it. Ashley never felt smaller, almost toy-like compared to the woman. Breasts twice the size of Ashley’s head wobbled at eye-level like fleshy wrecking balls.

“We’re going to play a little game!” Sasha informed.

“What kind of game...?”

“Something to help me get some answers out of you! For every question you answer, I’ll make those boobs of yours grow. Sound good?”

“Well--”

“Question one: is there such a thing as too big?”

Ashley hesitated.

“It’s not a trick.”

“Then... N-No...?”

Click

“Mmm!”

Pillow flesh pushed into Ashley’s hands. She squirmed in the water when her tiny breasts swelled into her palms several cup sizes. From near-flat to the size of grapefruits, she felt their buoyancy change throughout the shift in size.

Sasha watched intently. “Speaking as someone who *has* gone too big, I can say there is such a thing. But maybe it depends on your environment. There is *definitely* too big if you’re in a city. Question two... Let’s see, let’s see... What’s your favorite part of your body to grow?”

Hardness throbbed into Ashley’s nipples. Her breath hitched, knowing another bout of growth would strike after her answer. Her voice lowered to a whisper at the intimate topic.

“My... My chest...”

“No secret there.”

Click click click

“M-Mmmmng!”

Sttrrrrrrtch!!

Skin bulged between Ashley’s fingers. Bloating and swelling, her breasts ballooned in her grasp with an eagerness to overflow her control. Cleavage pushed out of her water and toward her collarbones as she clutched her growing breasts against her body. Hands weren’t nearly enough when they reached the size of basketballs and swallowed her palms and wrists.

“*Hahh-- S...Sasha--*” Ashley moaned. Her thighs trembled, rubbing together as arousal puffed into her loins.

“Gave ya a bit of a boost in sensitivity too~ Next question! Were you envious of any girl in high school?”

Ashley flinched. She knew Sasha knew the answer. She also knew Sasha wanted something deeper than what she was really asking. “M-Mhm...” Ashley nodded.

A finger circled her button. “Do tell~”

“H-Her name was Camile... She was a grade ahead of me and tutored me in math... But she had these--” Ashley gulped, the memories still vivid many years later. “*These breasts.*”

“Big, huh?”

“*Every* girl in school envied her. At least the girls who wanted big chests did. Her chest always pressed over the table when she leaned forward to explain something to me in the math textbook. If the angle was right, I could look down her sleeve and see them squeezing out of her bra and into the armhole. One time, during P.E., I had to go to the bathroom. On the way back, the locker room was empty and my curiosity got the better of me... S-So I peeked in her locker to see what size bra she wore... I was just...so curious!”

“And...?”

“I-It was a 34J. I still remember holding it in my hands and reading the tag over and over and over because I couldn’t believe breasts could grow like that. I imagined mine getting that big... What it must be like to fill a bra that size every morning... Or fit into a swimsuit...”

Ashley trembled when she felt Sasha's arm creep around her waist. She didn't try to avoid the personal contact. "T-Then I heard someone coming, and I dropped the bra on the ground and ran away..."

"Such a lucky girl! 34J is a--"

"T-T-Then another time..." Ashley interrupted, her voice dropping softer and her eyes glazing over. Her thighs ground together. Sasha had never felt so close, as if she were breathing over Ashley's neck. "I was leaving school... I walked around the back of the building, a-and saw Camile and this guy making out. His hands were all over her... Like he couldn't get enough of her chest. He was intoxicated by them. *And she loved it.* She was putty in his hands... Just... Melting... Loving every squeeze-- A-And grope-- The feeling...of her giant boobs being manhandled and adored like...I-like some kind of--"

Click click click click

STRRRRTCH!!

"A-A-Ahhh~!!!"

Rapid growth assaulted the maid. Water splashed at her reaction when her chest surged forth. Stretching and straining, her breasts bloated in quick successive spurts that left her paralyzed. Feeling her areolas stretch to keep pace left her breathless.

"Nngh!! Y-You-- *I wasn't--*" Ashley chewed on her lip. Her nipples felt like corks about to pop.

"There there~" Sasha's hands caressed her.

Weary, Ashley felt herself being moved. Softness met with her rear and something warmer than the bath engulfed her. Coming out of her growth daze, she panted and realized Sasha had pulled her onto her lap. Mammoth breasts sat on either side of her head as the taller maid held Ashley like a doll. Hands traced lines across Ashley's swollen mammaries.

"Quite the story to get your heart fluttering so fast~" Sasha teased. "Those boobs *really* did a number on you."

"I... I-I always...think about what it must be like...to make a guy...pay attention to my body like that..."

"Next question..." Sasha whispered. Fingers pinched both nipples to push Ashley into a fit of squirms. "*When Max makes me so big I can't move...*" Ashley tensed, arching her back to give her chest to Sasha. "*Why do you stare at me?*"

A moan slipped free. Ashley whimpered, her mind a collage of Camile and Sasha topless and flaunting their enormous mountain-like busts.

"*Come ooon~ Out with it.*" One of Sasha's hands slipped lower, parting Ashley's thighs and finding her folds. She pinched her clit from the sides of her vulva to pull and massage.

"I-I--"

"*No more growth until you tell meeee~ I think you have a few more cups before you hit your limiter.*"

Ashley gasped, spreading her legs wider. “S...S-Sasha--”

“Or do I need to start blowing up something else to make you talk?”

“W...Wait-- Don’t--”

“Course your remote can only go so big... Maybe I should just make my tits so massive they bury you until you--”

“A-Ahhhh-- AHH!!”

Ashley cried out, tensing with lustful paralysis on Sasha’s lap. Her body vibrated, her legs clamping around the maid’s hand. Stifled gasps turned to rapid panting as her cheeks flushed with color.

Sasha paused, feeling muscle contractions within Ashley’s groin. “Ashley? Did you... D-Did you just--”

A timid whimper slipped free before Ashley sniffled. Drawing into herself, she held her hands to her face in shame. “God, I’m such a freak!!”

“Ashley-- I-I didn’t mean to make you--”

“I can’t help it! I’m... I’m ashamed of what I like!”

Sasha assumed a more serious tone and moved Ashley off her lap. “What are you talking about?”

“Just... Everything!! I shouldn’t be so turned on by...” She looked around and motioned to her engorged chest and Sasha’s. “B-By all this! BUT I AM!! My mind goes blank whenever big, growing boobs are involved! THAT’S ALL I WANT! I want nothing more than for my chest to just keep growing!! To immobilize me!! LIKE YOURS! So big that the slightest breeze knocks me out!!” Ashley could hardly breathe she was speaking so fast. “I DREAM ABOUT IT!”

“Let’s calm down... You’re just--”

“WHY DOES MAX MAKE YOU SO BIG?! I CAN BARELY GET HIM TO RIP MY UNIFORM OPEN AND HE’S LEAVING YOU TOO BIG TO STAND UP!” She hiccuped in frustration. “He never gives me what I need!! He gave me a taste on the first night and then took it all away! My remote is so limited, I can barely get as big as your natural size!!” Watery eyes looked at her fellow maid. “W-Why won’t he make me grow??”

Sasha stared in shock. Suddenly, she fell forward and took Ashley in an embrace. “I... I-I’m so sorry, Ashley... I had no idea you were so frustrated by this...” She pulled back to look her in the eyes. “I know it’s not much right now, but I’ll talk to him. Maybe he can increase the limits on your remote.”

Sniffling, Ashley wiped her face. Their breasts mashed together in the water, hers bouncing as she hiccuped. “Y-You would do that?”

“For a fellow maid? Of course. I shouldn’t have teased so hard. I didn’t know it was such a big deal for you.” A smile formed and helped draw one over Ashley’s face in turn. “I’ll talk to him, alright? Who am I to deny a fellow maid her desire to be big?”



Ashley's bare feet padded down the hallway. Wrapped in only a towel, her body still dripped and wet hair clung to her neck as she made her way back to her quarters. Sasha's words had lightened her heart and sprouted hope for bigger horizons. Even if she had lost control in the bath, she never felt closer to her coworker.

She was about to turn down a hallway toward her room when she noticed a door ajar. A soft golden glow of a fireplace came forth. She recognized it as Max's study. Normally he could be heard on the phone or talking to Sasha, but the room was silent as she paused outside the doorway.

"Max...?" she whispered with a light knock. Courage had found her after the outburst in the bath.

No answer. She pushed the door wider. A luxurious desk surrounded by ornate bookshelves stared back. Music was playing, but her boss was nowhere to be found.

Ashley would have stepped away, but something held her attention. Temptation lumped in her throat and her core tingled with excitement. She gulped and looked down the hallways for anyone who might be watching. The towel half fell from her body from the shock yet she didn't notice.

Sitting on Max's desk, unattended and out in the open, was his master remote. Its IncrediBust logo glimmered with the promise to fulfill any and all of Ashley's dreams.

Hers for the taking.



Ashley stared at the remote. It seemed to stare in return. The buttons taunted her without end in the still of the night.

The excitement was back. This wasn't the same as having her own growth remote with limits. With Max's remote in her possession, anything was possible. Her heart pounded so hard, Ashley was surprised she couldn't see her breasts jumping slightly at every beat. She'd already made up her mind. She knew what she wanted to do with this gift of unlimited power, however long it lasted.

Clothes were already picked out: the smallest bra Ashley had brought to the island, a tight, pink camisole, and a simple pair of athletic shorts. The bra was small enough to leave her natural breasts bulging around every edge of the cups and squeeze even her natural C-cups into an obscene visual. Beneath her camisole, outlines of skin pressed soft and curvy into the cotton fabric. It left a teasing sliver of her midriff flashing the world. She didn't plan on outgrowing the athletic shorts, but their spandex tightness was welcome against her already slippery groin.

Ashley trembled when she lifted the remote from her bed. There would be no going back, largely because she didn't plan on going back. This was a golden opportunity to get exactly what she wanted. The breast growth button was warm under her thumb.

Click!

Her breath squeaked when she set the command in motion: steady bust growth held indefinitely. She would grow five percent every second until she said otherwise.

Strrrtch...

It was already starting. She looked down to see her camisole warping as her bra seemed to breathe into the cotton without exhaling. Heavy cleavage plumped through the neckline and tested her bra's support. Less than a minute had passed and already her C-cups had doubled and were pushing the limits of Gs.

As a final step, upon seeing her setting work, Ashley threw the remote across the room. It clattered behind her nightstand.

Strrrrrrtch...!

"Ahhmmm~"

Her body responded to its swelling curves. Blushing and squeaking in pleasure, Ashley grabbed her breasts to feel their weight blossom. The bra creaked around her torso like straining support cables. It wouldn't last long, but that hadn't been the goal; she only wanted to break it.

Her mammaries grew wildly until rivalling her head and blowing beyond. Basketball-sized mounds of jiggling flesh heaped off her front and mashed into her kneading, greedy fingers. The camisole resembled more of a paper-thin sports bra than an undershirt.

"Bigger."

Strrrrrrtch!

"Bigger!"

STRRRRTCH!!

"I want..." Ashley breathed steam and made her rising tide of cleavage shine. *"I WANT TO BE--"*

STRRRRRRRRTCH!!!!

SNAP!!

"AHH!!"

Her breasts exploded with growth enough to destroy her bra. Ten gallons of tit flesh fell and pulled at her back before bulging around her arms as if she were carrying two partially inflated beach balls. Every frantic gasp of excitement pushed them a handful of inches larger. Basketballs had turned into ripe pumpkins that she could hardly manage. The camisole was dwarfed by their girth and had begun bunching up as it sank into her depths.

A whimper escaped her pursed lips. Ashley could feel them growing hotter by the second. The growth was accelerating. One inhale saw them impossibly big, the following exhale dwarfed their previous size.

Ashley's knees knocked from their weight. Over one hundred pounds wobbled in her cradling arms. A sopping-wet pussy engorged to aching fullness pressed into her shorts enough to shape the spandex into a mold of her lips. Any movement rubbed the seam against her pillowy wetness, parting her folds and massaging her clit without the need for her hands.

"More~ P-Please... More! I'm tired of being small!" Ashley groaned when a dozen pounds of flesh flowed into her. *"I-I want to be so big... That I-- T-That... THAT PEOPLE THINK THEY'RE DREAMING WHEN THEY SEE ME!"*

STRRRRTCH!!

A seam exploded down her side. Soft, taut underbelly rubbed down her stomach and hips to encroach on Ashley's lower half.

"B-Bigger... Bigger...! I want this entire building to--"

She froze in sudden realization. Her room was looking smaller by the second. Far too small for what she intended to do. Another seam split on the camisole, and she looked down in worry.

It was still night. No one would notice her if she was quiet and fast.

Lugging her chest like a collection of water-filled pool toys, she opened her door with one hand. The doorway was already a challenge and forced her to exit sideways. The frame flicked her apple-sized nipples on the way through and left thick trails of fluid leaking down her inner thighs.

"Haahhhhh come on~ I need to-- I can't be...inside when--"

The halls were quiet when she popped from her room like a cork. Sweat dripped down her face as she paused for thought amid the sounds of her stretching mammaries.

STRRRRTCH!!

"Nnngh-- T-The... Uhh... The front door...!"

It was the nearest exit, but already she knew it would be a photo finish. Ashley's legs were threatening to give out as she started down the hall in a knock-kneed waddle. Flesh bumped against her knees and thighs. The front of her breasts bulged forward from between her hands. At her current size, she had no hopes of reaching her nipples, much less joining her hands together across the front. She could only squeeze the sides of her bust.

STRRRRTCH!!!

"Oh no-- Oh no oh no oh no--"

It was as pleasurable as it was worrying. Attaining the breasts of her dreams was one thing, but she didn't want it at the cost of Max's home. Not after he was the one who made it all possible.

Her bare feet started to slide across the floor. Flesh jiggled in every inch of her view. Ashley's arms trembled as her muscles failed. There were only two more corners before the foyer. She was hopeful, but her gut knew better: she was growing too fast.

"S-Slow down! Just...wait one second! Until I'm outside! I--"

STRRTCH!!

“MMNGHH~!!”

Every inch felt like a mile as growth stretched her breasts larger. Five percent added up over the seconds. Their weight pulled like ten Earths, wanting her to fall and never get up. Then her only hope would be to call for Sasha and lose everything as a result.

She entered the final hallway. At the end she saw the spacious foyer and a large wooden doorway to the outside. There would surely be enough room in the garden for her growth.

STRRRRTCH-- POOMPH!! POOMPH!!!

“GAAHHH~!!!”

Her areolas expanded suddenly and violently like fleshy airbags. Ashley reeled, clenching her face against a careening orgasm, as her arms jolted and her body adjusted to her rising size. When her chest touched the floor, some semblance of wherewithal returned.

“W-WAIT!!”

Her arms didn’t have the strength to lift them now. Fat and teardrop-shaped, they sloped smoothly from her shoulders to the floor below.

Any other time, Ashley would have had her hand down her shorts. She hadn’t been this large since her first night at the mansion.

“Too fast~ Mmmmghhh, it’s...too fast...!”

She thought about asking for help as her growth accelerated and skin pressed against her like a wall. It threatened to take her off her feet and strand her in the middle of the foyer. Ashley fought against them, leaning back and sinking her hands into their marshmallowy sides. The rug beneath her slid. They moved several inches. Hope sparked in Ashley’s exploding chest.

“YES!! YES!! That’s-- T-That’s it!”

She continued pulling in back-breaking bursts. Every try brought her a step closer to the front door. Fifteen feet... ten... five... three... Yet for every foot she moved, her breasts saw fit to add the same to their circumference.

Her hand grasped the door handle. It was freezing compared to the inferno-like heat of her overclocked body. Throwing it open hit her with a wave of island air.

“I-I just...have to get them outside before--”

Her eyes bulged when she looked at the task at hand.

They’d grown larger than her by several feet. Each breast resembled an oval, pale, jiggling car. She couldn’t see them, but her nipples felt as though they could fill coffee cans.

“Oh fuck.”

She pulled madly. Even trying to go sideways one breast at a time wasn’t an option now. Ashley could only pull them into the doorway. They obeyed, but only to a point. Her face drained of color when she saw cracks of light vanish around the inner frame. Skin pressed against it, then continued to push through. She realized then she’d stopped pulling; her breasts

were growing in place and squeezing themselves into the doorway. Flesh bulged around the entrance before--

Crreeeaaaaaak

It stopped.

"Shit."

STRRRRRRRRTCH!!

"M-Mmng!! Oh noo! No no no no waaiiiit!!"

Ashley couldn't move. Anchored outside the mansion, she beat upon the wall of her door-filling cleavage as her breasts rapidly grew without her inside the foyer.

"Mmmmmmmmm!! You have to-- This is--" Her mind melted as she outgrew anything she'd reached before. Even larger than when she'd filled her room, her breasts were stealing every thought from her brain. Countless inches of taut skin begged for her to touch them. They squeaked and shifted across the hardwood floor inside.

To each side of the door, windows darkened. Her heart sank.

"Haahh~ Haahhhhh Ohhhh God~ I'm-- They're so big, they're--"

Ashley watched her flesh creep across the windowpanes until they were dark. Her breath squeaked into rapid, short pants of desperation. There was no fighting such dramatic engorgement. She'd done all she could. All she could do now was enjoy the process and whatever may come. Eyes wavering and fogged, Ashley let a hand slide down the front of her athletic shorts.

"MMMMGH!!!"

A lustful sauna greeted her fingers. Her labia felt far larger than she expected. Too big for her to believe she hadn't enhanced her size unknowingly. It welcomed her all the same and coated her palm in juices as she cupped and massaged her intimates.

"They're...growing... They're growing... I can feel them... They're... God, I'm going to fill it. I'm going to fill it!" Ashley swallowed and tensed her thighs around her hand. *"They're growing... Too big. Too big! My chest-- It's--"*

Images of Sasha's city-dwarfing body on the news flooded her mind, as well as her warning about what too much growth can cause.

CRREEEAAAAAANK!!

The doorframe groaned. On the other side, Ashley felt the foyer's walls press into the sides of her breasts.

"A-AAHHH!!! More!! M-More!! I want to be...overgrown!! Like Sasha!! Even more than Sasha!!"

Something distant crashed to the floor. Furniture collapsed under the creeping front of her breasts. A cold surface pressed into her nipples, forcing the car tire-sized mountains back into the loving embrace of her overplumped areolas.

The foyer was running out of room.

RMMMBBBLLLL

“Mnnnghhh moooore~”

CRREEAAAAA--CRCK!!

A crack shot down the outside of the wall. Ashley’s breasts lurched as if punched by a giant. Sparks flew from the porch lights before it went out and left her with only the light of the moon.

“Hah~ Haah~” Her breath came short and stunted. Whether it was due to excitement or because her entire chest, for as big as it was, felt like it was being squeezed on all sides, Ashley didn’t know. All she knew was that Max’s foyer had raised ceilings and could have fit three of her apartments side by side. That, and that it now felt far too small for her chest.

Glass exploded from the windows like fireworks. Bulging rectangles of skin pressed into the openings.

“Gonna-- I’m gonna--”

CRCK!!

The structure shuddered. Ashley thought the outer wall was bulging outward. She also thought she could hear a voice yelling. A female voice, faintly similar to Sasha’s.

STRRRRRRTCH!!!

“I’m going to be... So big...” Ashley whimpered as her mind started to fail. There was too much flesh to process. Her mind refused to believe the hulking monsters were attached to her body. Just one of her nipples, as it felt like it was being strangled, was more than enough to rob her permanently of some amount of sanity. It pulsed and throbbed like a volcano desperate to explode with pressure.

“ASHLEY!” a voice yelled from around the side of the mansion.

CRREEAAA--CRASH!!!!

The front wall of the foyer domed outward before bursting like a dam. Heaving flesh pushed debris into the landscape before the back of Ashley’s chest rushed forth like rising dough exploding from a can.

“AHHH!!! AAHHHHHHHHH!!! BIGGER!! BIGGERRRR!!” she screamed, feeling changes take shape within her body.

The flesh wall forced her back and onto the ground. Hearing a roof tear itself apart, Ashley’s vision faded as she watched cleavage loom over her like an angry god before it blotted out the moon and swallowed her in sweaty, undulating darkness that muffled the world.



Ashley’s eyes opened to a dimly lit room. She recognized the feel of her bedsheets. Head rolling to one side, she noticed her bedside lamp was the only light on.

“She’s awake,” a voice said.

Looking over a mound of lifted sheet, Ashley saw Sasha standing at the foot of her bed. Max was there as well, holding his missing remote.

“*Nngh... What...*” Ashley tried to get up and failed. A heavy mass shifted and wobbled, holding her down. “*W-What--*”

“This is what happens. What did I tell you?” Sasha sighed. “Now look at yourself.”

Excitement palpitated in her heart. Holding her breath, Ashley forced herself into a sitting position. Overbearing, body-engulfing flesh shifted forward and flowed into her lap before overflowing onto the bed. Skin tugged at Ashley’s shoulders, making her gasp in surprise.

When the sheets slipped down the smooth slope of her torso, her eyes turned to saucers.

Her C-cups were gone, replaced by a pair of enormous, pale breasts big enough to fill her lap and more. They sat with a full roundness that left them perky and shapely. Light veins adorned her skin like the faintest of river maps. Pulling the sheet off her body the rest of the way, Ashley saw two fist-sized nipples emerge.

Their pink forms took her breath away. Risen atop areolas like soup bowls, they expanded and contracted with minds of their own. Exhaling on them was enough to make them harden. Watching them tense and stiffen, followed by the mind-rending sensation, almost made Ashley faint again. Her hands wanted to touch them, but didn’t dare. Not when their erections were already so overpowering, and certainly not when there were two other pairs of eyes in the room that would see the guaranteed orgasm it would cause.

“*I’m... M-My chest is...*”

“It’s huge. Permanently huge, thanks to the stunt you pulled.”

“*Woooooow~*”

“Ashley!” Sasha motioned in frustration. “This is serious! Look at yourself!”

Ashley did, and loved it more by the second. She dwarfed even Sasha’s bust. Each of her breasts could have filled a five-gallon bucket and then some.

“*Aren’t you concerned?! Max, say something! She can’t fix this!*”

He only smiled. “All I see is a girl overjoyed by her body.”

“But how will she work?! I am *not* taking her responsibilities back.”

Ashley looked up. “It’s ok! Really! I... I wanted this! These are the breasts... that I’ve always dreamed about having.”

“But how are you--”

Ashley swung her legs off the bed. In a show of ability, they took her weight. She swayed slightly, having to steady her breasts as they pulled and swung, smacking against her hips, but Ashley managed to walk around the bed and stand before her observers.

“I’ll manage, see?” she said with a beaming smile and shortness of breath.

“*Max! She can hardly stand! Please tell her--*”

“I’m sorry,” Ashley said, looking at her boss. “For... taking the remote. I just couldn’t help myself. I really tried to make it out of the mansion in time, but...” She blushed. “I-I wasn’t thinking. I understand if you have to fire me.”

Sasha looked at Max, waiting for his response.

“Fire you? Why would I fire you?”

“Y-Your foyer! I must have destroyed at least--”

He held up a hand. “What I lost in property, I gained in you. You’ll remain a valued member of this house. I’m excited to see the new you around the halls. Perhaps with an extra two or three feet of height to help at the start. And... Perhaps we can raise your personal remote’s limits, like Sasha’s, so you don’t feel so desperate as to take mine. But rest assured, if there’s another incident like this, there won’t be such leniency. Understood?”

Ashley felt ready to get on her knees and thank him. “*Yes!! Yes yes yes! I understand! Thank you! I won’t--*” She almost fell forward, but caught herself with an arm across her chest. A forearm mashed into her nipple. “*MMMNNNGH!!!*”

Fluid squirted down her thighs when she came. Body tensing as electricity bolted from her throbbing nipples, she had no choice but to ride the waves of pleasure before Sasha and Max.

“Oh dear~” Sasha teased as Ashley came down from her lust-dripping high.

Face redder than ever as she felt Max’s smile upon her, she continued with panting breath, “*I...promise... I-I won’t let you down.*”

The End