

Something in the Water

Priscilla parked her bike outside the public pool. The ride from her apartment under a blazing summer sun had left her shirt sticking to her back with sweat. Standing near the painted cinder block wall wasn't helping ease the heat. The parking lot was empty save for a blue sedan she recognized as her friend's. The vibrant green of a park embraced the watery oasis.

Anxiety tugged at Priscilla's core. A glance at her phone revealed no new messages.

Come inside when you get here!, the last text read.

Jenn was always like this. Cryptic and vague. Even if it was for an unknown reason, Priscilla couldn't think of a better place to be given the sweltering weather. She hoped the pool's chilly waters were in the plans.

A sensor beeped when she opened the pool's front door to a dark, empty foyer. No one stood behind the desk, nor were any of the computers on to accept payment. Priscilla would have thought the pool closed if the door hadn't been unlocked.

"Jenn...? Hello...?"

"Back here! Locker room! Lock the front door behind you!"

The presence of a familiar voice eased Priscilla's nerves in the strange environment. Slipping into the darkened entrance, she turned the lock on the door and walked around the front desk to the left. A 'Ladies' sign hung beside a white brick corridor that snaked back and forth before opening to a spacious room lined with lockers on each side and benches down the middle. The far end featured a matching corridor leading directly outside. Natural light poured through the doorless entry.

"Jenn?" Priscilla stepped into the echoing room. "Where--*Ah! Sorry! I'm sorry!*" She turned away, averting her eyes after finding her friend in the middle of changing.

"Great! You're here!" Jenn's red hair bounced in a ponytail as she bent at the hips with two thumbs hooked in her panties and slid them down her thighs. "I--" She looked at Priscilla before straightening up and turning back to her bag without a second thought. "Stop being so bashful and get in here and change. Neither of us has something the other doesn't."

Daring to turn back, Priscilla couldn't quite agree. She'd never seen her friend completely nude. Without the cover of a bra or underwear, her body was all the more mesmerizing. Jenn was lavishly endowed. Roughly the size of volleyball halves, her breasts jutted obscenely from an otherwise slender frame. Heavy nipples rose on elevated areolas slightly too small for her mounds.

Not nearly as prominent as her top, Jenn's rear still boasted a respectable shape upon hips wide enough to show off her toned waist. A trimmed tuft of red pubic hair peach-fuzzed her navel to draw the eye dangerously low until a crease of pink stared back in perfect plumped perfection.

Compared to her, Priscilla felt like a boy. Subconsciously, she hunched forward to hide the tiny A-cups beneath her t-shirt. Most of their size came from her bra's padding. Gazing upon

her friend's assets, and with a repressed pang of envy, she thought the genetic lottery incredibly unfair.

"Thanks for coming!" Jenn piped, stepping into a pair of bikini bottoms. The swaying weight of her hanging breasts moving with her torso was frustratingly mesmerizing.

"You said you needed help with something?" Priscilla reached into her bag to reveal the top of a modest tankini. "I brought my swimsuit. I thought the pool was closed on Sundays. Are we cleaning the it or something? Where is everyone?"

"I did! It is! We are not. And not here!" The answers came so rapidly Priscilla had difficulty matching them to their questions. Thankfully Jenn elaborated, straightening up and putting her hands on her hips as if to flaunt her naked bosom. "I know the owner and convinced her to let me use it today for a little project I've been working on."

Priscilla could feel her face getting red. Not ogling Jenn's bust was next to impossible. She wondered if the redhead was ever in danger of drowning. "And you needed my help...?"

"Yup! But not with that swimsuit. Here!" She grabbed a folded object from a bag and tossed it to Priscilla. "Wear that one if you don't mind."

Priscilla held the swimwear up and let it unfold. It was tiny. A bright pink one-piece suit that looked a size too small, even for her build.

"Do I really need to--"

Jenn hurried her along and grabbed a large bikini top for herself. "Yes yes yes! Now chop chop! We're burning daylight!"

Her heart raced when she started undressing. Priscilla thought she could out wait Jenn, but the redhead was content staying in the locker room until they were both ready. A chill caressed her body when she slipped free of her t-shirt and shorts. Her bra, though concealing little, felt like removing a blanket in the winter. A pair of blue panties were the last to go. Priscilla angled her body to hide her intimates while stepping into the spandex suit.

It slid up her legs before settling snug around her pelvis. Pulling it up her torso, she could feel the stretchy fabric squeezing her abdomen and slimming away any contours. The neckline rubbed over her nipples before swallowing her petite bust in the flood of pink. When the straps snapped over her shoulders, she stood before Jenn feeling more naked than before. She angled her knees together to hide the thin strip of fabric clinging to her crotch. From how tight it felt, Priscilla knew it was leaving little to nothing to the imagination. An arm bent itself across her chest. So compressed, her breasts were rendered flat as can be.

"Hmmm... Little small," Jenn hummed, looking Priscilla up and down. "But it will work! Alright! Let's go!"

She headed for the pool without another word.

"Wait! *W-Wait!*" Priscilla called, hurried after her. She caught up with Jenn in the hot sun. Concrete surrounded an empty pool glittering blue in the sun. On the other side of the water stood a tower with a spout and bucket. When active, the bucket would fill until spilling water over a sloped cover to douse any waiting children.

Standing exposed in the open, she was happy no one was around to see her in the tiny swimsuit. The park surrounding the pool was empty for now. A finger dared to pull at the backside where she felt it hugging her rear too tightly, but doing so only accentuated the exposure in the front. Impossible-to-ignore itching rashed across her bust as well. Priscilla wondered where her friend had gotten the swimsuit as she wished to scratch a prickling nipple.

“What are we doing exactly??” she asked again.

“Well if I told you, that would ruin the project, wouldn’t it? Can’t tell research subjects what you’re testing.”

“I-I guess... But what if I don’t want to do whatever it is?”

Jenn winked. “I have a feeling you’ll be open to it, but if not, you’re free to walk out the door. Sound fair?”

“Well--”

“Fantastic! Now... Hmm...” Jenn looked around. “Wait here. Don’t get in the pool.”

She left Priscilla and vanished behind a corner. A strange sense of exposure came over her as she stood alone in the abandoned pool. The chainlink fence, though hardly providing modesty, was a welcome guard against the outside world and surrounding park. She hoped people couldn’t see her too well from a distance, though knew her borrowed swimsuit stood out like a beacon.

“STEP ONE!!”

Fwwwssshhhh!!!

Priscilla jumped with a squeak. *“AHH!! WHAT--”*

Water shot with torrential force when she turned around. Jenn stood with an oversized Super Soaker, blasting her friend square in the body.

“Gotta soak ya down!” Jenn laughed. *“Nice and wet!”*

“Jenn!! J-JENN! Stop!! Stop it!” Priscilla raised her hands in defense but they did nothing against the stream. Water streamed down her body and tickled where the concentrated blast struck like an exploring finger.

Jenn dodged when Priscilla stumbled forward to swipe the water gun from her grasp.

“What’s the matter?? You’re in a swimsuit!”

Fwwwssshhhh!!!

Water sprayed over her chest in ribbons. The pressure was enough to stimulate Priscilla’s nipples into hardening.

“Yea, but-- Ack!! JENN!!” She lunged again, failing to catch her attacker and stopped by the edge of the pool. An arm wrapped across her bust to conceal her pink erections. *“I... Stop...! That water...is...freezing!!”* Priscilla felt out of breath even after giving chase for only a moment. She paused to lean forward with her hands on her knees.

Fwwwssshhhh!!!

“Tired already?? Come ooon!”

Fwwwssshhhh!!!

The spraying wouldn't let up. Blasts came from every direction as Jenn kept her distance like a rabbit, pumping constantly to keep her weapon charged. The ability of her bikini to keep her breasts in check with such movement was impressive.

"Jenn...! J...Jenn...! Give me...a minute...!" Priscilla couldn't catch her breath. For how wet she'd become, the air felt hotter than ever. Deep inhales pulled the swimsuit across her torso.

Finally the gushing ceased. Priscilla gasped for air and watched water drip from the hair hanging around her face to the cement below. Slowly she straightened up to glare at her friend.

"Why did you do that?? I wasn't ready to--Mgh!" Tensing, Priscilla squeaked when her swimsuit pulled around her body. It felt tighter than before. More revealing. Skimpier in all the wrong places.

Resting the water gun on one shoulder, Jenn smiled and observed. "Just a little warm up! How ya feeling?"

"Like this swimsuit is even smaller now that it's wet!?" Priscilla expressed with annoyance. Things felt ready to pop into view. Looking down, her breath caught firm in her throat.

"Yea, I guess it was a bit small, huh?" Jenn agreed.

Two gentle mounds rose from Priscilla's front. Wet and wrapped with clingy spandex, her breasts looked as if they had tripled in size to rival oranges. Delicate contours decorated her front leading to her hips. Tugging ever tighter, the swimsuit's crotch was stretched to the point of revealing slivers of bulging skin on either side of Priscilla's groin and up her navel. A hand moved to pull the suit to one side and help restore modesty but it proved useless.



"W...What the..." she whispered, seeing the twin rising domes.

Jenn's eyes shined. "Hm? What's up?"

Priscilla swallowed. Water dripped from her hair to her shoulders. “My chest looks...” Deep blush turned her cheeks pink and she brought her hands to hover in front of them. “*Does it look... Bigger...?*”

“Ohhhh, weird! I does actually!” Jenn cooed, staring at her front. “I think that swimsuit had a lot of padding though. Might just be holding a lot of water.”

Priscilla wasn’t so sure. As unbelievable as it seemed, she couldn’t shake the sensation that the curves tenting her swimsuit were real. Her hands moved to deliver a squeeze. “But they look so--”

“*TIME FOR STEP TWO!*”

“What--”

The world lurched. Too stunned by the development on her front, Priscilla had no time to react when Jenn rushed at her. Hands pushed against her shoulders. The pool tilted. Arms flailing, Priscilla fell helplessly into the waiting water below.

SPLASH!!!

Waves erupted from the once-still pool surface when Priscilla emerged gasping for air.

“*JENN!! WHAT THE HELL??*” she yelled while treading water. Legs beating, her suit felt tighter by the second as it massaged her intimates. Every motion seemed to tug and pull the spandex over her body.

“What? You looked kinda flushed! Thought you needed to cool off!” Jenn squatted at the pool’s edge, her chest mashing into her knees. The bulge of intimate pink lips squeezed between her thighs in a sliver of bikini-wrapped red. A sly grin cracked her cheeks. “How’s the water?”

Glaring, Priscilla bit her tongue. As much as she wanted to be mad, the pool was a welcome relief from the sun’s assault. The strange heat from before still lingered however, deep in her core. Priscilla was in shape, but to find herself out of breath from simply treading water for a minute or two wasn’t normal.

“It... It feels pretty good...” she confessed. “I-- *Ngh!*”

Jenn’s eyes sparkled. “Something wrong?”

“I just...” One of her hands tugged at the crotch of her swimsuit while swimming. Its tightness was becoming a discomfort. Spandex felt as though it were trying to floss its way into her. “*God this suit is way too small! Can I please wear mine?? Why does it even matter??*”

Making a locking motion with her fingers to her lips, Jenn reaffirmed, “Privileged information! Sorry!”

Priscilla swallowed. For as small as her breasts were, they certainly felt like they had taken on minds of their own beneath the water. Shifting spandex was driving her nipples up the wall to the point of stimulation making it difficult to think. Trying to ignore the fabric pulling into her pussy was already one problem too many. She couldn’t recall the last time she’d been so sensitive.

“Nngh... Jenn... Haahhhh... I...” Oxygen was hard to come by. Priscilla felt her chest flutter. Water moved strangely around her front and she wondered if she was near a filter outlet. “I-I think I need to take this thing off and put on the swimsuit I brought... It’s...too tight! I feel like it’s...” She tried to adjust it again but found herself unable to sneak a finger between the fabric and her hips now. “*It feels like it’s squeezing the life out of me!*”

Jenn leaned forward, forcing her breasts to squish high against her knees and collarbones. “Mmm, that tight, huh? You even sound out of breath!”

The suit drew ever tighter. Priscilla tensed as if being squeezed by a fist. Nothing sounded better than tearing it off.

“*I... I am!*” Her hand slid upward to try pulling down her neckline to give her groin some relief. “*I’m gonna have to--*”

Priscilla froze. A glimmer sparked in Jenn’s eye.

“What’s up? You’re gonna have to what?” Jenn smiled.

Pulse racing, Priscilla stared ahead with a blank expression. Her hand had collided with something large. Something large, soft, and round. Packed tight into the swimsuit’s front like a hidden flotation device. Slowly her hand drifted around the shape, feeling it reach to the bottom of her ribs, before rubbing over its front. A firm bump like a tucked-away strawberry prodded her forearm for only a split second. Then the swimsuit’s neckline ended under her fingertips and they fell to soft skin bulging between the shoulder straps. Time slowed as she followed the plump mass until it met perfectly with her torso.

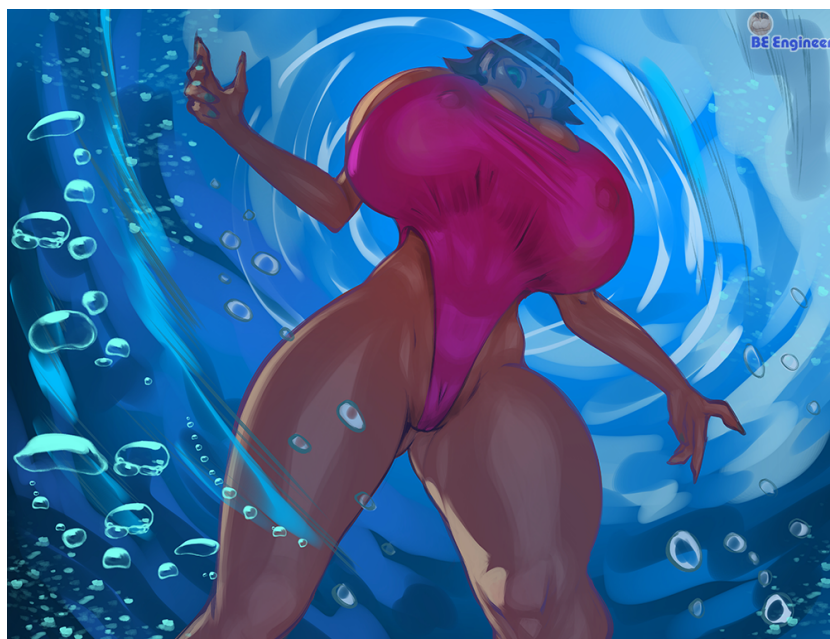
It was a part of her.

“*J-Jenn...*” she whispered. “*I...think there’s something...in my swimsuit...*”

“Funny, I was thinking the same thing.”

Her head angled down. Though the water was choppy around her, the shapes below couldn’t be denied.

Two globe-like pink orbs were burgeoning from her body. Stretching the swimsuit to its limits, the watermelon-sized mounds wobbled and bulged around the shoulder straps as they were forced up and out of her suit. Flesh overflowed her neckline into ridges of pillowy goodness rippling just beneath the water, breaching the surface only when Priscilla’s breath drew deep enough. Somewhere below the fleshy berg she could feel her suit pulling impossibly tight into her crotch and rear as the growth demanded every bit of stretch.



“Hah... Haahhh... HaaaAAHHHHH!!! JEEEENNNN!!!!” Her gasps grew to a scream. Panic gripped her and she flailed as if to escape the wobbling masses in her swimsuit. They followed no matter how fast she swam backward, heaving up and down to splash water from jostling cleavage. *“MY CHEST!!! M-MY CHEST IS SWELLING UP!!”*

Her feet touched ground. She’d made it to the shallow end. Regaining the use of her arms, she flung them to her breasts and hugged an incredible amount of flesh. Cleavage heaped to her chin and she screamed in shock, releasing her grip as if bitten by the soft chasm.

“Jenn!! T-They’re-- Gaahh!!”

Their weight was increasing. Every splashing movement through the water tightened her suit further. Priscilla could feel her breasts inching their way down her stomach, filling out the front of her suit to a comical proportion.

The pool grew shallow. The depth dropped as she approached the steps. Rising to her full height, Priscilla’s jaw fell like an anvil.

Two monstrous breasts had filled her swimsuit. Larger than basketballs, they were turning the front of her swimsuit a pale pink where it was forced to stretch the most. Even gravity had little control as the spandex compressed them enough to keep their rounded shapes aloft.

“Oh my God!! Oh my God!!” She hugged them to herself and moved to continue toward the steps, but was stopped short by two bulbous cylinders pushing into her arms.

Nipples. Both firm and engorged. Heavy with swelling, they tented the spandex and made themselves known. Pleasure shot through Priscilla when she grazed them. Fear of causing an orgasm shot through her mind when they throbbed against her arm. As much as they had swelled, her breasts had grown in sensitivity ten fold more.

“O-Oh my God... Whatever this is, it feels~” she groaned.

“Leaving so soon?” Priscilla bristled. Jenn had slipped into the pool like a viper, appearing behind her with cinnamon breath on her neck. *“But we’re just getting started...”*

“Jenn!! Something is...mmmgh!!...wrong!! My chest--”

“Started swelling?”

Two hands appeared around Priscilla’s back, sinking into her breasts and hefting them like weighty melons. A muffled sloshing came from her rising cleavage when Jenn began kneading and massaging.

“Ahh!! D-Don’t! Something’s wrong!?”

“Really...?” Jenn’s breath was hot on the nape of her neck. “Because by the sound of your voice, I would say something has gone very right... Wouldn’t you? You seem a little...*hot and bothered.*”

A whimper slipped free. Priscilla stared at the heaping mounds of flesh straining her swimsuit beyond the point of indecency. She gulped. *“It feels good, b-but this can’t be normal! I--”*

Jenn hugged her closer. Two soft masses pressed against Priscilla’s back, clad in a skimpy bikini top struggling to do its duty. *“Normal is so boring. But this...”* Jenn cupped a hand through the water and sent a wave of fluid rushing over Priscilla’s front.

Guuurrrrgle

Tingling sensations sparked and popped across her bust. *“MMMGGH!!”* Almost collapsing in Jenn’s arms, Priscilla cried out at a spike of sensitivity attacking her breasts. She watched as the water seemed to vanish within her cleavage with her skin plumping in response. The suit drew tighter to squeeze her assets all the firmer. Within Jenn’s free hand, one of her nipples engorged to a throbbing dome.

“S...S-See...??” Priscilla squeaked at the visual oddity. *“They’re swelling up!! I-I’m not supposed to be this big!! My chest looks like it’s--”*

“Filling up? Like a big, sloshing pair of water balloons...?”

The words made her shiver.

Guuurrrrgle

Again Jenn splashed water over Priscilla.

Guuurrrrrrgle

And again. Each time her watermelon jugs bloated larger within the spandex prison. Skin swallowed her shoulder straps in a tight chasm. Rising to her neck, cleavage rubbed tight and full enough to reflect the sunlight overhead.

Strrrrrtch

“Mmmnnngh... Jenn...” Priscilla felt her breath waver when the suit creaked in warning.

“Hmm?”

“You... You did something, didn’t you?” She tensed when Jenn’s hands squeezed the front of her breasts with lustful greed. *“Y-You did something to my chest and now I’m--”*

An amused laugh burned her ears. “To your chest? No...” Teeth bit down on Priscilla’s earlobe then and pulled. “*But to our swimsuits? Oh definitely.*”

Beat after beat of her heart throbbed in Priscilla’s ears. Pulling away from Jenn’s embrace, she turned slowly. “*Our...swimsuits?*”

It became clear then. The water wasn’t only affecting her. Jenn stood tall and proud, her already-fantastical breasts now heavy and laden with bulk in a bikini top several sizes too small. Their underbellies escaped the cups to graze the water’s surface. Bulging skin around the top left her mammaries decorated in an array of reflective sunlight fairies.

Priscilla blushed. For as big as Jenn had started, and as big as she’d become, she was still smaller than the hulking mounds Priscilla was now forced to contend with in her own shrinking suit. To think of herself being bigger than Jenn made her dizzy.

Guuurrrrrgle

Water lapped at their breasts.

“Y-Y-You’re growing too?” she whispered.

Sinking her hands into their bottoms, Jenn lifted her treasures with pride. “Well it just wouldn’t be as fun watching you swell up alone!” She stepped forward and placed a hand on the taut front of Priscilla’s suit. “You *are* having fun, aren’t you? Those nipples certainly look like you are.”

Priscilla swallowed. Logic wrestled with desire. For years she’d dreamed of having larger breasts. Large enough to blow her tiny A-cup bras open at the clasps. Massive enough to require an entirely new wardrobe. Overwhelming enough to make her change the way she maneuvered her body through the world. But the monstrous sloshing globes pulling at her shoulders now were enough to make her heart skip a beat and then flutter trying to find its rhythm again.

Like a timid child, she nodded.

Jenn smiled. “*I thought so.*” Moving forward caused the water to splash between them, caressing their breasts. Priscilla gasped for air when they both swelled in turn. “*It’s not permanent, but for the next little while, your tits are going to be as thirsty as a newborn. They’ll want to absorb ounce after ounce of water...*” Jenn’s hands massaged before starting to wash water over Priscilla’s front again. “*They’ll just keep swelling...*”

Guuurrrrrgle

Another wave soaked her cleavage. Skin ballooned.

Guuurrrrrrrgle

“*And plumping...*”

Another, this time striking Priscilla’s nipples head-on. They puffed and grew heavy within her suit.

Guuurrrrrrrrrgle!

“*And filling up... Like fleshy water balloons... Until--*”

STRRTCH!!

The swimsuit sank into her crotch like a cable.

"Mngh!!" Water lapped at their fattening bottoms. Priscilla trembled and watched her breasts bloat to the size of beach balls within the suit. Skin pushed out to the sides and rubbed across her abdomen. Outrageous for the suit she'd been forced into, her breasts were comically too large. Nipples like golf balls rounded out two small sections of pale-pink spandex. *"Jenn...!"* she moaned, trying to hug them for relief. *"It's nice, but are...ngh...are they supposed to feel so--"*

Guuuurgle

They didn't stop swelling despite Jenn's splashed ending. Confused, Priscilla looked down and saw her cleavage still gently rising toward her face. *"W-What?? Why are they--"*

"Uh-ohhhh!" Jenn giggled and adjusted her bikini to better lift her breasts. The result left her nipples exposed. *"Too big to keep them out of the water?"*

Guuurrrrgle!

Priscilla's eyes widened. She could feel their bottom halves submerged underwater. Try as she might to hug and cradle them, her pumpkin-sized mammaries were too much to handle. Water kissed at her skin as they grew further down into the suit and across her stomach.

"Jenn!! M-Make them stop!! This is too-- M-Mmmmmgh~!" Priscilla shook when spandex shifted across her nipples and pulled across her pussy. The suit was like a torturous lover attacking every bit of her body. *"They're getting... Too... Haaahhhhh... Mmmgh!! BIG!! I can't keep them out of the water!!"*

Fingers playing across her own plumped cleavage, Jenn suggested, "Then you better get them out of the pool then, huh? There's a *lot* of water in here."

GUUURRRGLE

They inched lower and lower. Priscilla could feel them absorbing more by the second. Seeing the steps mere meters away, she resumed her trek to the pool's exit. Every step splashed water against her body. Although the depth was receding, her breasts were keen on maintaining a size that gave them ample surface area to suck and absorb.

"Jenn! Help!! I'm--Ahhmm!!"

SPLASH!!

Her legs twisted in her hurry. Stumbling forward, Priscilla fell in an eruptive splash of flailing arms.

"MMMMMMGH!!!"

She popped above the surface with a gasp for air, arms in a frenzied panic for the steps' railing. Bloated so large, her breasts filled the front of her suit as if she were setting the world record for a pregnant belly. Skin slapped against her thighs when she powered through the shallow end. Waterweight pulled the suit tight across her back when she was forced to lean forward.

GUUURRRRRRGLE!!!

“T-Too...big!! They’re too big...! I can’t keep them from...absorbing more water!!”

Jenn watched with delight even when Priscilla’s foot made it to the first step. Like an emerging goddess, she rose from the pool in slow lumbering movements. The railing shook under her weight. Huffing and hair dripping in her face, Priscilla placed a sloshing foot outside the pool.

“Mmmm!! Mmmmmm oohhhh my God...! Jenn...!! They’re...” She whimpered and placed a hand on the side of her chest when she abandoned the railing and stumbled forward. *“They’re SO full~~”*

Gravity was merciless. Without the pool’s aid, Priscilla made it only a few meters before her watery contents proved too much. Her knees buckled and she fell with a heavy slap of wet spandex against concrete. Ripples shot through her yoga ball breasts at the force.

SLOOOMSSHHH

“MMMMNNGH!!!”

She tensed, biting her lip against the mind-numbing sensations bouncing through her mounds. It was impossible to think straight. Her breasts felt larger than herself. Cleavage wanted to swallow her up as her suit compressed her into her chest. Pulled into a cable, the crotch of her swimsuit threatened to vanish between her glistening pink petals as she waited on all fours, leaning over the dripping heaps her chest had become. The suit had been stretched into a deformed version of its former self. With flesh escaping its confines at every seam, it was ready to burst from Priscilla’s water-logged frame.

“Mmmm~ M-Mmmmmm~! Jeeeeenn...!!” Priscilla groaned. Her hands couldn’t get enough of the pool toys supporting her weight. Simply breathing drew the swimsuit into agonizing levels of tightness. Her clit screamed against the trembling spandex stitches rubbing against it. *“It...feels too good!! It shouldn’t feel...this good to swell up!! It’s--”* Priscilla whimpered and gently slapped her bust to watch it ripple. *“I-It’s not FAIIIRRR!!”*

A snort of amusement came from behind her. “Sounds like I can assume you’re more than happy to keep going. Shall we move on to step three?”

Priscilla looked over her shoulder. Jenn stood over her with a running hose in hand. Gushing water splashed over the cement. Every stray drop lucky enough to strike Priscilla’s bust happily joined her mass.



Watching the hose flow, she whimpered, “*W-What is that for...?*”

“What do you think?” Jenn came close and dropped the hose, letting the runoff soak Priscilla’s chest where it mashed into the ground. The chill made her nipples harden against the concrete and her bust bloat larger. “*You know, some people might think it would be more fun to toss you back into the pool and see what happens...*” She slapped Priscilla’s breast loud enough to echo around the pool.

BOOMMMSH!!

“*AAHH!!*”

“*But then how would we experiment with anything else?*”

Jenn turned the hose on her. Chills raced down Priscilla’s spine when cold water doused her chest. It had happened faster than she could process. Looking down, she saw the hose extending from between her breasts. Jenn stood over her, pleased with herself, after wedging the tube deep within Priscilla’s cleavage.

Guuuuuurrrrrrggle...

The effects were immediate and steady. Priscilla’s hands rapidly groped and pulled at her chest when soft gurgles emanated from within. Thirsty skin soaked up every drop the hose could give.

“*That’s--*” Her toes clenched when her size started to change in steady, dramatic conquest. “*Jenn!! That’s going to make me huge!! THAT’S GOING TO--*”

POP!!

“*EEK!!*”

A seam burst down the side of her suit. Stitching screamed at the blimps swelling the spandex to its breaking point. The sudden jolt of rupturing fabric frightened Priscilla and she fell back, allowing her breasts to roll onto her legs as she sat on the wet cement.

“I-IT’S FILLING ME UP!!” she exclaimed upon gazing at the shoulder-high breasts heaving before her. Obscene bulges deformed her bust from a suit ready to give up. Screaming with sensitivity, her crotch and nipples begged for relief from their prison.

Guuuurrrrgle...

Guuuurrrrrrgle...

“My my... That little swimsuit is holding on longer than I expected!” Jenn giggled and prodded the drum-tight front with a toe. *“You’re ready to burst out of that thing!”*

A weak hand reached for the hose but it proved too far away. Priscilla could feel her breasts pushing against her, swelling in all directions as water pumped her larger and larger. She shifted her legs into a squatting position. *“Jenn! They’re--”*

POP!!!

“MGH!!”

Another explosion, this time between her thighs. The suit was failing. Priscilla could feel a hole widening from her groin and up her abdomen. Fresh air tickled the parting folds of her pink treasure.

“You’re soaking wet in more ways than one...” Jenn teased, taking in the nudity. “Doesn’t look like we have very long!” Jenn patted the massive fleshy blobs before her, making them slosh and wobble. Nipples large enough to eclipse her head extended full and fat with water. “I’ll be right back.”

“W-What?? BUT THE HOSE!!” Gurgles grew louder and Priscilla fought to stay upright against the wall of flesh pushing against her. She saw Jenn walking toward a maintenance door. *“JENN!! THE HOSE!! IT’S STILL--MMMMMM!!!”*

STRRRRTCH!

Water and fabric fought for supremacy. Pressure danced with lust in Priscilla’s foggy mind. Although she couldn’t see them, it felt as though her nipples were leaking streams of water as the suit squeezed her tighter. Something had to give.

Guuuurrrrgle...

Strrrrrtch!!

“JENN!! JENN, PLEASE!! I...” Orgasmic stimulation took her breath momentarily. *“This suit!! It’s... I don’t know... H-How much more I can take...!! The swimsuit is--”*

Creeeaaaaa---POP!!!

“Gaah!!”

Something shot across a bloated plate-sized areola. Pink skin squeezed through the gaping hole. Taut cleavage bulged over Priscilla’s head, forcing her to push her hands against the watery flesh as she fell onto her butt. She sat beneath her chest, staring at the mounds in aroused fright.

“Jenn!! J-Jenn!!! THEY’RE GETTING TOO B--”

“Well now there’s a sight!” A red ponytail appeared between Priscilla’s cleavage. “I leave you hooked up to a hose for a few minutes and I come back to two water beds!”

CREEEAAAAAAAK!!!

Angry fabric sounded off in Priscilla’s ears. Shoulder straps trembled. Desires for freedom shook her breasts like dams ready to burst.

“*IT’S TOO TIGHT!! IT’S TOO SMALL!!*” Wracked by arousal, Priscilla looked around and felt the inevitable future grip her core. She didn’t dare breathe, or risk exposing her full nudity to anyone close enough to be watching from the park. “*D-DO SOMETHING BEFORE--*”



SHRRRIIP!!!

Everything moved all at once. Like an avalanche of nudity, Priscilla’s breasts exploded from her suit. Tattered spandex snapped around her body when her monsters lurched free, flowing into their full shapes and spreading across the concrete. So heavy with water, they sloshed into flattened ovals with nipples sagging and dripping with water. Priscilla was thrown onto her back, pinned down by the impossible bulk of her mammaries.

“*MMMMMMMMMM!!!! I...can’t move!!! I can’t...mmmgh!!...move!! They’re so...fucking BIG!!*” she screamed in pleasure. “*I--GGAHHH!!*”

Sllloooooommshh

Sloooooommssshh

Shifting weight made her mounds slosh and heave. Jenn was climbing over them, sinking her hands and knees deep into Priscilla’s water-filled goodness as she crawled on top of a breast. She stopped at pillow-like areola, kneeling around it and squeezing an engorged nipple between her thighs.

“So... How we feeling?” Jenn grinned, giving her body a gentle bounce on the human water bed.

Priscilla fought to catch her breath. Little mattered at this point. Filling with water was heavenly. The weight was exquisite. The shifting, sloshing, gurgling fluid was intoxicating. All she could hear was rushing water, whether from her settling breasts, the hose wedged deep into her cleavage, or overhead.

“I... Jenn...” she moaned, taking in the redhead’s stunning figure. She could feel the heat of her bikini-clad crotch bathing her soaking-wet nipple. A whimper squeaked free. “Y-You said...you wanted to do an experiment... What exactly...a-are you testing with me?”

The sound of rushing water grew louder. Jenn glanced up for a moment before returning her attention to her trapped subject. Caressing her fingers across the firm, doming surface of Priscilla’s areola squishing around her knees, she confessed, “A pretty simple question really: *how much water can a pair of small breasts hold before they, well, can’t hold anymore?*”

Guuuurrrrrgle...

Priscilla’s heart skipped a beat. The gushing hose nagged at the back of her mind. “B-But what if--”

BRRRIIIIIING!!

An alarm rang like a school bell. She knew the sound well from childhood, recognizable by anyone who frequented the pool.

“Oh! Time already!” Jenn arched her back and looked up. “Bombs away!”

Priscilla followed her gaze. Overhead was the bucket tower. A giant faucet ran without end, filling the massive container as it tilted close to tipping. In her escape from the pool, Priscilla realized she’d left herself immobilized in its range. A direct target.

Her pupils shrank. “P-Please tell me you didn’t turn on the--”

The bucket tipped.

FWWOODOOSH!!!

One hundred gallons cascaded down, splashing over a metal umbrella before flooding Priscilla’s waiting chest below.

“Ahhhh!!!”

GUUUUURRRRRGLE!!

Audible absorption groaned from every angle. Priscilla’s breasts heaved, expanding across the hot cement and swelling with greedy thirst. They bloated too large for her to fully grasp, their curves extending out of sight as Priscilla imagined her mammarys ballooning larger than minivans. Her nipple thickened between Jenn’s thighs and she felt the redhead tighten her thighs’ grip.

“A-Ackk!! Jenn!! That’s--” Priscilla coughed for air. “I’m not sure I can...get much bigger!! I feel a lot of...PRESSURE!! You’re heavy!!”

The redhead shivered atop her sloshing perch. Running her hands down her body, Jenn marveled at the enhancement the flood had gifted her own breasts. Flesh threatened to snap her bikini like twine and her ponytail clung to her neck. She rocked back and forth, testing Priscilla's bust beneath her legs.

"Pretty high increase in firmness!" she observed. "I can feel the pressure too..." A groan moistened her lips and she teased Priscilla's skin. *"Making things tighter..."*

The faucet roared overhead, already filling the bucket for another attack. Priscilla knew she didn't have time to enjoy the tingling sensations wracking her breasts, nor the otherworldly bliss boiling within her core. Her body was telling her she'd orgasmed, but her mind didn't have the bandwidth to process such sensations. Not when her bust felt like two stretching water balloons.

SNAP!!!

A rupture came from overhead. Jenn leaned back, gasping in ecstasy with her bikini top limp around her shoulders. *"Mmm!! God, YES!!"* Lust-drunk eyes stared down when she explored the beach ball knockers bloating off her front. *"These feel... Incredible!!"* A shiver sent taut ripples across Priscilla's breast. *"I can only imagine how you must feel... Blown up so tight... So full... Like my own busty water balloon."*

"But--"

BRRRIIIIIING!!

Priscilla was about to plead when the alarm rang out. She tensed, feeling her body betray her with desire for more.

"Are you ready??" Jenn gasped, presenting her chest to the approaching shower. *"Let's see if you can hold another!!"*

"J-J-Jenn!!! I really don't think--"

FWWOOOOOOOSH!!!

A raging torrent deafened the pair. Priscilla's mind reeled when water assaulted every inch of her chest. It rushed into her pores, soaking into her bust as if she were a straining sponge filled to capacity. The hose was nothing compared to the bucket. It was a trickle. The bucket was a raging ocean rushing to fill her body.

MMMMMMMMM!!!!!"

Their orgasmic screams melted together. Louder and more strained, Priscilla's mammarys gurgled like boilers stuffed with pressure. Colors popped across her vision when she felt them surge across the concrete. No longer soft, her skin rubbed tight and firm. Jenn's weight was protested, forcing her depression up and out as Priscilla's pressure pulled her breasts taut. Throbbing from the redhead's pussy beat against her nipple.

"Haahh!! Mnnggaaahhhhhh!!! More... F-Fucking...More..." Jenn begged atop her mount. Leaning forward with both hands on Priscilla's breast, she gazed at the yoga ball knockers filling her view.

Sllloooooommsshh!

“J-Jenn!” Priscilla squeaked from beneath her monstrous bust. Water creaked and groaned in her ears, swirling tight against her skin. Her cleavage looked like it was sweating bullets until several drops combined and ran onto her lips. It was water, leaking out of her pores. Priscilla stammered in worry, “*I-I really don’t think--*”

“*God you’re tight... All that water... Can you believe how big you’ve gotten??*”

“*C-Can you turn off the--*”

“*I can’t even... Squeeze you!!*” Jenn laughed weakly, staring at the torso-sized nipple throbbing between her legs. “*I... I never thought...you would be able to hold this much water.*” Fluid began leaking from the pink monsters. Jenn smiled and lifted her pelvis before settling it atop the giant flesh nozzle.

“*A-Ahhh!! You’re--*” Priscilla squeaked, feeling the weight of Jenn’s hips compress her nipple. “*You’re...mmmgh!!...blocking it!!*”

She rocked gently, mashing it back into her areola. “*Mmmmm, can’t have you leaking all that pressure, can we?*”

Priscilla trembled. Jenn was gone. A veil of lust covered her eyes. Overhead the faucet ran, gushing its contents into the bucket for what Priscilla feared would contain one gallon too many.

“*Jenn!! I’m full!!! I really think...nngh!!!!...I’m full!!! We can turn it off!!*”

“*Turn it off??*” One of Jenn’s legs slipped as she fought to stay atop the wet, slippery, firm mountain. Her foot smacked Priscilla’s skin to send a bellowing echo through her chest. “*But this is it!! Look!! Your nipples are leaking water everywhere! They’re so engorged...they can’t handle it!*”

GUVURRRGLE

The bucket creaked and tilted. “*J-J-Jenn!! I’m too full for any more water!!*” Priscilla tensed and felt the hose running into her. Now even its meager flow felt far too much. “*We need to--*”

Devious laughter made her breasts jostle against Priscilla. “*What do you think will happen when your chest just can’t hold anymore?? Isn’t this EXCITING?!*”

The bucket’s axle creaked in warning. Priscilla saw it tilt. Water splashed over the rim.

“*I don’t know!! I-I don’t want to know!!*” Her voice left in a shaky whimper that was uncertain of her own words. Anticipation fluttered her heart. In the back of her mind, she heard herself begging for every drop possible. “*What if I--*”

BRRRIIIIIIIING!!

Bells. Alarms rang out. Both girls turned their attention to the sky.

“*God!! HERE IT COOOOOMES!!*” Jenn screamed, arching her back and presenting her chest to the approaching deluge. “*HIT ME!!*”



Priscilla closed her eyes, partially out of anxiety, but mostly due to the suspense alone drawing a screaming orgasm.

FWWWOOOOOOOSH!!!

It hit then. A wall of water crashing upon the girls like gasoline to a bonfire. The sound was deafening when it beat upon Priscilla's drum-tight surface like a series of punches.

"MORE!! Give her more!!" Jenn yelled in the waterfall. *"Make her--"*

GUUURRRRRRRRGLE!!!

The titanic breasts jolted. Over-stretched skin groaned as it was forced to contain more than it could handle.

"N-NNGH!!"

Jenn's eyes widened. Her knees and hands struggled for grip on the doming surface. *"This is it..."*

"NNNGH!!" Priscilla whined. *"JEEEEENN!!! I CAN'T--MMMPHH!!!"*

GUUURRRRRRRRGLE!!!

Cleavage swallowed her face. Shiny paleness washed over her chest when it ballooned and absorbed everything it could.

"Now that's a full water balloo--"

RRMMMBBBBBBLL

Gurgles turned into deep growls. Jenn paused, listening to dense rumblings. Vibrations traveled through Priscilla's mounds as they struggled to adjust.

"MMPH!! MMMMPPHNNNGH!!"

Jenn laughed nervously. Her nipple mount was puffing in anger. The areola heaved, rapidly doming outward and lifting her body.

RRMMMBBBBBBLL!!!

“H-Hey! Easy there!! I--”

The rumbles grew loud enough to drown her out. Priscilla’s moans of pressurized pleasure were lost to her bust. Almost being thrown off, Jenn fought to keep her balance on the bloating pink mound as her own swollen bust tried to take her down.

RRMMMBBBBBBLL!!!

The loudest rumble made Jenn’s smile fade.

It started from the base of Priscilla’s chest. She tensed as it traveled upward like pressure building within a geyser. Her breasts engorged, rounding out to lift Jenn several feet higher. Tremors shook her vision when the pressure struck the nipple. Pink flesh heaved in all direction, squishing around her legs in rage. Jenn froze upon feeling pent-up water beating under her hips.

SPLOOOOOSH!!!

A sound shot through the pool. Her ponytail whipped when she turned her head to see Priscilla’s other nipple erupting like a volcano. Water shot several meters into the air in a plume of misty blue.

“MMMMPPPPHHHHHH!!!!!!”

RRMMMBBBBBBLL!!

FSSHHHH!!

“U-Uhhhh, maybe I--EEP!!” Jenn tried to move but yelped when a jet of water attacked her pelvis. The trapped nipple trembled beneath her like a cork ready to blow. *“Hey! Can you give me a second to--”*

STRRRRRRTCH!!!!

It swelled higher. Angry and full. Jenn’s legs flared open when the areola bloated into a mountain of its own. More jets of water sprayed from under her hips. She winced upon feeling some force itself into her as if she’d sat on a sprinkler.

She tried to move but her legs were wedged in place. *“Wait!! Let me get off before--”*

STRRRRRRTCH!!!!

RRRMMMBLLLL!!!

FSSHHHH!!

The nipple rose, thrusting Jenn upward. Pressure beat against her crotch and water gushed from all sides of her hips.

“NNGH!!! J-Just give me a chance to--”

There was no escape. As the other nipple's flow pushed higher in protest, Jenn felt her mount tense in a final push.

Pressure erupted beneath her. Fighting the force of several power washers, she managed to hold her position only briefly before the tingling in her belly grew to be too much.

FWWWOOOOOSH!!!

Like a cap from a shaken bottle of soda, she was flung from Priscilla's chest. Water soared into the sky from both nipples, releasing their contents in massive columns of steaming fluid.

"AAHHHHHHH!!!" Priscilla's scream was released from her dwindling bust. *"OH GOD!!! OOOOHHH GOD I CAN'T HOLD IT!!! I DON'T WANT IT TO END!!!"*

Much of her gushing release landed atop her chest, resupplying her fleshy tanks to continue their flow. The cycle fed itself for several minutes, aided by several bucket dumps that served only to push Priscilla to the brink of insanity. Her core ached with an orgasmic soreness that left her wracked with tremors.

Soon, after enough water had escaped over the concrete, Priscilla could feel relief in her couch-sized breasts. Her flow ebbed to trickles and spurts before her chest settled into a sloshing heap. A thunk sounded from the pool's pump room: the timer for the bucket turning off, she hoped.

"Mnngh... J...Jenn..." she groaned, massaging her sore cleavage. *"Look what you did...! I... I thought I was going to blow!!!"*

Exhausted laughter came from out of sight. Priscilla couldn't see, but she could hear someone splashing in the pool.

"You did!! You BLEW ME RIGHT OFF!!!" Jenn laughed. *"Ooohhhh that was FANTASTIC!!!"* She floated on her back, her breasts rolling to the sides of her torso and eagerly drinking in the pool. A taut, domed belly rose from her abdomen where she'd been stuffed with Priscilla's geyser. She patted her chest and listened to the dull sloshing echo.

Guuurrrrgle

They were visibly swelling. Inches at a time. Already the pool's edges were bumping against her. *"But now... This is going to be an interesting rest of an afternoon. You didn't have anywhere to be, right?"*

Priscilla tried to see over her chest. *"Wait, WHAT??"*

GUUURRRRGLE

"Well I don't know how long it will take to get all that water out! Hopefully not long with you sitting in the hot sun..." Her chest groaned, wedging itself firmly in the pool. *"I'm going to be needing some assistance."*

“JENN!!!” She pushed against her sloshing cleavage. “*I CAN’T STAY LIKE THIS ALL DAY!!*” Outside the fence, people were gathering to ogle the fleshy scene. “*P-P-People are staring!! THEY CAN SEE--*”

RRMMMMBBBBBBL!!

She stopped, a shadow slowly rising over her chest. A wall of tit flesh gurgled high out of the pool, blocking the sun. “*J-Jenn?*”

Jenn’s voice came from afar, fighting against her monumental bust. Half of the pool water was drained and she could feel her naturally large breasts only growing more thirsty as she pushed against them. “*Don’t worry!!*”

CRASH!!

Metal bent and snapped when a man-sized nipple crippled a portion of fence. “*Something tells me you won’t be the center of attention!!*”

