

Point and Swell Part 2

“Ahhmmm!!! MMNNGH!!!!”

“Ahhhhh my CHEST!!”

Frenzied cries of lust-driven panic flew from Brunette and Auburn. Together their breasts had enough mass to fill the backseat of a car and then some.

Zooming out on his phone, Hank was able to focus both girls under his growth-inducing crosshairs.

TAP TAP TAP

1,200% of normal size

Hank’s mouth watered with anticipation. His eyes, along with two dozen others, were trained on the bloating mammaries overtaking the two girls’ beach towels. Brunette squealed and reared her head back when her flesh burgeoned forth and shoved her bare nipples into the sand. It mounded up around her pale curves, pushing higher and wider.

“Do-- Do something!” she whined through steamed gasps.

Auburn gave no response. Her face was buried in her cleavage to muffle her screams of delight. Skin folded against the underbellies of her chest where she was digging her knees into her bulk for more support. A bundle of pink fabric tangled around one ankle: her bikini bottoms. Sunlight gleamed over her spread pink petals.

“More~ M-More~” Auburn begged through weary eyes. Staring at the sand below, she watched it slowly pull away. Her chest was rising. Flesh wanted to consume her torso and hips.

“Don’t say t-that!” Brunette scolded. She was the only one maintaining any grasp of her wits. Face reddened and sweaty, she scanned the beach for anyone willing to help. She looked over her shoulder and locked eyes with Hank for a moment and he tensed, but she moved on; he wasn’t the only one with his phone out filming the scene.

“What was in...that sun-tan lotion?!” Brunette yelled at her friend.

“Nothing!! Nothing! I--MMGH~! I swear!!”

TAP TAP TAP TAP

3,500% of normal size

Control was coming less easy. The devil on Hank’s shoulder dared him to go further. To push the limits. To see how far the app could take a pair of tits.

“A-Aahhh-- AAHHMM!!!!”

The girls moaned when the growth struck. Quakes ran through their hulking masses at the rapid development, sending ripples and heaves rocking their chests. Brunette’s toes left the sand and her feet flailed in panic. They slapped against her chest helplessly and she looked back at herself.

“Oh no!! O-Oh no!! My feet can’t--”

“MOOORE!!! GOD, PLEASE MORE!!”

Horror veiled Brunette's face at her friend's pleading. Enraptured by the engorgement, Auburn was lost to a world of pleasure. Her hips bucked and gyrated with a hand locked between trembling thighs. Any man could have come up for a healthy show. Several were taking the opportunity, approaching the chest-lifted girl and finding her ass spread at shoulder level.

"S-Stop!! Stop looking...at her!" Brunette demanded. Her arms flung out to shoo them away but it only sent her chest wobbling and her panicking at the threat of rolling over. *"Why is everyone just staring?! SOMEONE--MMNGH!!! S-Someone do something!!"*

Hank was happy to oblige. Brunette was putting up a fight but he could see her sanity cracking. So much growth was impossible to ignore, even if it was happening on a beach full of people. He smirked and took her attitude as a challenge.

The crosshairs narrowed in on her chest. Auburn was more than happy enough for the moment. Feeling dastardly and staring at the bikini bottoms pulled so tight across Brunette's quivering rear, he held down the button.

7,500% of normal size

The number startled even him. His pulse raced as he looked back at the girl. She was tensing, hands sinking into her chest as the energy took hold.

"S-Some...one-- Ngh! Oh noooo!!" A shiver ran through her. Sand piled higher around her chest. There came a deep rumble as the pair of bed-sized breasts were about to more than double their size.

"Ah-- N-N-No!! I feel like--" She squeaked, arching her back as waves of tension pulled at her bust. Brunette forgot to breathe as her chest came alive.

"Look out! She's gonna BLOW!" a college guy yelled.

"No!! No I'm-- MMNNGH!!!!"

STRRRRRRTCH!!!

The sound reached even Hank's ears when her growth started. Dense, stretching sounds of soft leather pulling and tensing. Brunette shrieked in pleasure when growth assaulted her mounds. Volume surged as if she'd been hooked to a fire hydrant.

"AAHHH!!!! T-THEY'RE NOT-- MY CHEST WON'T--"

Words failed her as the ground vanished. A gaggle of people stumbled backward when her breasts surged in all directions. Several were caught off guard and found a wall of flesh shoving them to the ground with a punch of warmth to the face. Her body rose on the elevator of lust. Cleavage stretched under her body and legs, lifting her in her entirety until she was lying flat across the jiggling mounds.

"NNGH!!! F...F-FUCK!!" she moaned. *"W-WHOEVER...IS DOING...THIS!!"* She panted, knees and elbows digging into her chest for any mental grounding. *"WHOEVER-- IS--"*

Then it happened. Hank watched as a hand slipped down her hips. A thumb hooked her bottoms. In a smooth motion, Brunette pulled what remained on her bikini halfway down her

thighs. All was revealed between her parted cheeks, complete with a viscous waterfall of stringing nectar.

“W-W-WHOEVER THE FUCK IS DOING THIS--” She gulped and leaned into her cleavage, raising her hips and inching her fingers toward her dripping lips. *“D-D-DON’T YOU DARE STOP!!”*

Whistles and cheers rose around her as she gave into the pleasure. Men, young and old, were venturing to her car-sized breasts to take a selfie. Some leaned on her with one hand, others put their full weight into her. Every bit of contact made her squeal in ecstasy. Some women were even joining in on the fun.

Auburn moaned. Looking through a mess of hair, she stared at the shadow her friend cast over her. *“Heeeey!! W-Why do you get to be...so big?! I-- MMNGH!!!”*

7,500% of normal size

Hank was one step ahead of her. Granting her wish, he brought Auburn’s enhancement to match her friends.

The rumbling came steady and low. All turned their attention from Brunette to Auburn, watching as her masturbation grew in energy.

“YES!!! B-BIGGER~!” she moaned in excitement. She spread herself for all to see. *“Someone...put something in meeee!!”*

Hank watched as one guy tried to climb the back of her breasts but toppled off from her growth. Flesh inched wider and taller, lifting Auburn to match her friend. Their chests met in a giant crease of skin with a soft *pomph!*

“God this sand!! My nipples are-- THEY’RE TOO FUCKING SENSITIVE FOR THIS!” Brunette screamed. Fluid ran down her thighs. Hank thought he saw her squirt but couldn’t be sure it wasn’t a trick of the light. *“I can’t get bigger!! I can’t get...any bigger!”*

“MMMMM I FEEL LIKE I’M GONNA POP!!”

Hank chuckled. Was either outcome possible? The softness of their bulging chests didn’t look anywhere near their limit. He focused both breasts in the crosshairs and held down the button once more.

15,000% of normal size

The numbers were becoming hard to visualize. Hank tried the math and found this would put each girl at over fifteen hundred times larger than what they started with. Considering both girls had what he considered grapefruits, each breast was set to rival three pallets of the giant fruits.

RRMMBBBLLLL

“MMMMMMGH!!!! It’s-- T-They’re gonna--”

The growth drowned out their voices. Hank’s phone grew hot in his hands as it worked toward the result. The girls’ towels were long gone beneath their bulk. Other beachgoers had to abandon their towels for safety as their chests rushed outward. A cooler was crushed beneath

Brunette. A chair beneath Auburn. From atop their chests, both girls could see only an expanse of sweaty skin extending in all directions. Soft cleavage tried to swallow their squirming bodies even as they fought the soft chasm.

They had become a pair of beached whales. From a distance, Hank thought other beachgoers might assume they were some kind of inflatables for a party or radio promotion. It wouldn't be long until they met with the water.

A blow horn sounded off with a siren. Everyone paused to see a collection of ATVs riding through the sand. The lifeguards had arrived. Hank was surprised it'd taken them so long.

Men and women in neon red swimsuits formed a circle around the girls. They allowed themselves only a moment to gawk at the impressive sight. The female lifeguard stared longer, some allowing a stray hand to brush their own chests in wandering thoughts.

"What the hell..." one whispered.

"Please clear the area!" a voice called over the blowhorn.

"Clear the area!"

"MMMM!!! Noooo!! L-Let it... Don't make it stop!" Brunette begged.

Auburn nestled her face into her chest. *"I can still get bigger!"*

"Everyone clear out! The beach is closed until further notice!"

Hank was surprised by their professionalism. Towels came out to cover the two girls as best they could as other lifeguards started herding people away. For a moment he considered snapping pictures of the women; seeing them outgrow their red single-piece suits would be a sight to behold.

"Sir, please move on," someone said beside him.

Hank jumped. A muscled lifeguard was there. There wouldn't be any more pictures taken for now. It wasn't worth losing his phone.

But the fun didn't have to end.

"Right, sorry! I'll get going," he nodded to the burly lifeguard. Hank smiled and pressed his finger on the button, not intending to let go.

9,000% of normal size...

13,000% of normal size...

20,000% of normal size...

The numbers climbed as he packed what few belongings he had and began walking away.

"Ahh~ AAHHHH~!"

One of the girls screamed. He didn't see which.

"The hell is happening to them?!" a lifeguard yelled.

"Are they still getting bigger?!"

"Are you girls allergic to anything??"

Brunette moaned an answer. *"No! N-No! Just-- MMMMMMM DO SOMETHING!! I feel like--"*

“AAHHHHHH SOMETHING IS HAPPENIIIIING!!” Auburn cried out, feeling the compiling effects.

25,000% of normal size...

40,000% of normal size...

His phone burned like an ember in his hand. Hank tried to contain his smile as he walked onto the boardwalk.

60,000% of normal size...

80,000% of normal size...

“OHH MY GOOOOD!!!!”

Auburn’s tell-tale cry of lust reached his ears. Waves sounded like they were crashing against something wide and firm.

“T-TOO BIG!!! TOO BIG!!! I’M--”

Lifeguards went into crisis mode. “EVERYONE CLEAR OUT!!”

Chaos was growing.

120,000% of normal size...

150,000% of normal size...

Hank looked down to check his handiwork. He caught a glimpse of a reading nearing 200,000% before his screen went black. The battery had died.

RRMMMBBLLLL!!

That didn’t stop the growth. People were running past him now as if something were chasing them.

“AAHHHHMMMM!!!!”

“HEERREEE IT COOOOOMES!!!!”

Screams of bliss rose over the panicking crowd. Lifeguards swarmed like hornets.

“Move!! EVERYONE MOVE!! HURRY!! THEY’RE GONNA--”

CRNNNCH!!!!

Not until Hank heard the sound of the boardwalk being crushed a hundred yards behind him did he finally pick up the pace toward his car.