

Fantasy Island Part 2

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.

Creaaaaaaaaaak!

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.

Creceaaaaa--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.

Shrrriiip!!

“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

Guurrrrrrrgle

“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.

“AAAAHHHHHHH 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--”

“MMNGGAAHHHHHHHH~!!!!”

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~*”

To be continued