

Puffed

Dedicated to Nick M.

Contains pussy expansion

“I can’t believe I let you talk me into this... *Someone is going to notice!!*” Olivia could feel her face growing red despite no one in the store paying them any mind.

“Trust me!! You’re going to enjoy this. Nobody is going to notice!” Candice gave a soft snort and bounced against her girlfriend. A finger teased the button of a remote buried in her sweatshirt pocket. “Unless of course... You scream too loud.”

“*That’s exactly what I’m afraid of!! You know how I am!!*” Looking around, Olivia started to tremble and the shopping cart rattled. “Can you please make me do something else?? Anything else!! I’ll even let you do the...” She lowered her voice to a whisper. “*Y-You know... The... Thing...?*”

“Ohhhhh that’s tempting. Very very tempting...” Candice mused the proposal and glanced at Olivia’s slender belly hidden beneath her form-fitting tee. “That is *very* tempting... Although... We *are* already here.”

Click

“*M-MM!!*”

Olivia’s hands clenched and her feet stumbled. Deep inside her body a wireless pleasure bullet came to life. Vibrations shot through her core and assaulted her most sensitive spots. Anxiety made her stop in her tracks and clench her thighs tight out of fear someone might hear the muffled buzzing.

“*Ngh!! C-Candice!*” she squeaked in pleading. “*Turn it off!*”

Her girlfriend relented and released the remote. The sensations ceased and left Olivia’s insides tingling from phantom buzzing. “See? Couldn’t hear it at all!”

She leaned on the cart for support. Opening her legs felt dangerous. Always an easy one to stimulate, she could feel intense moisture soaking through her cotton panties. “*You’re... You’re evil... I almost screamed! You cannot just do that without warning me beforeha--*”

Click

“*MMMMM!!*”

Candice giggled and watched Olivia clamp a hand over her mouth before settling in to ride the stimulation. She stepped forward and continued to hold the button. “Come on! Gotta move and act like normal or somebody *will* notice.”

“*I... I can’t! I really can’t!*” Olivia begged breathlessly. “*Candice it’s too much!*”

“*Cooooome on! Just--*”

“*PLEASE don’t say ‘come’!*”

“Just start walking and I’ll stop pressing it!”

Pursing her lips, Olivia stepped forward and immediately saw spots. Her crotch had swelled due to the new intense form of stimulation and lacked the usual space between her thighs. It was all the worse in her skinny jeans as the denim massaged her arousal-plumped lips confined to her panties. True to her word, however, Candice released the remote.

“*Haahhh! Nnngh... Thank you...!*” Olivia gasped when the tension vanished from her pelvis. “*Give... Give me a minute... before you do it again...*”

“Hmmm maybe. I’ll see. It’s just too fun! It’s like I have my own little Olivia remote...” She giggled. “I might be a little drunk with power.”

Sexual fog made Olivia grind her teeth. “You’re so in for it... Next time *you* lose a bet, you are *SO* in for it.”

“Heh, bring it on, babe.”

Click

“*AH!!*”

Olivia yelped at a quick jolt of vibration before it died away once more. Never had she wished so dearly to have been wearing a skirt. Skinny jeans weren’t meant for this kind of arousal. Not in public.

“So! What are we here for? Food?”

Her words were still slow to return. “We needed more veggies, some milk, and I needed a new sports bra...”

Candice’s eyes lit up. “Sports bra first!! Maybe I can sneak into the fitting room with you if no one is looking...”

“Not a chance.”

“Aww but you’re just going to take the bullet out...” Candice pouted.

“I am not. A deal is still a deal and I lost fair and square.”

Click

“*EEP!!!*”

“I guess it will be pretty easy to tell anyway.” Candice kissed her cheek. “There’s no hiding that lusty blush you get every time I press it.”

This only made Olivia turn bright red. “*T-Then stop!! Someone is going to notice!*”

“Hmmm not in the fitting room they won’t!”

Starting to regret choosing now to shop for undergarments, Olivia headed toward the women’s section. Several neon sports bras were chosen from a rack before they made their way to the fitting rooms.

Candice paused and watched Olivia. “Hey you alright? It doesn’t like...hurt to walk with it in there, does it? You’re walking kind of funny...”

“Lower your voice!” she hissed. “B-But no, it doesn’t hurt... I can definitely feel it though.”

Click

“MM!?”

“Still feel it?”

“Yes, *especially* then,” Olivia teased. She was starting to get more used to the stimulation. “Now be good while I try these on and maybe I’ll send you a few pics.”

“Will do!”

Click

Olivia stifled a groan and strode into the fitting section. She’d noticed a change in her gait as well. Her body wanted her knees to stay further apart than normal. If she tried to walk normally there was a distinct lack of comfortable space between her thighs. The mashing and grinding against her crotch was unbearable within the drum-tight denim.

The fitting room door locked behind her and Olivia breathed a sigh of relief. There no one could see her react to Candice’s torture.

“Maybe I should get some new jeans while I’m here too...” she hummed, taking a moment to inspect herself in the mirror. The front of her jeans was packed tight. Any semblance of a thigh gap was gone. Looking closer, she could make out the embarrassingly obvious outline of her intimate petals pressing into the fabric. A dark splotch had spread to further reveal her arousal.

“Crrraaaaaaap these are way too tight. Did I wash them wrong??” Olivia tried adjusting them to no avail. “I can’t go around with a camel toe like this! I look--*AHM!*!”

BZZZZ!

Candice caught her by surprise. The bullet flared to life on a higher setting and drew a squeal from Olivia before she caught herself.

“Whoops! Finger slipped!” Candice chided from outside the fitting rooms.

Olivia only growled and further plotted her revenge. She had to admit it felt incredible, and the exotic vibrations were leaving her feeling privates plumper than ever. Taking off her shirt, Olivia considered the fun they would be able to have once they returned to the privacy of their own bedroom.

BZZZ!!

BZZZZZZZ!!

BZZ!!!

“*NNGH!*!”

It was getting overwhelming. Stumbling with her shirt in her hand, Olivia had to catch her breath after a storm of vibrations. Discomfort panged her crotch as if felt like she’d forced herself into a pair of jeans several sizes too small. The flossing seams drew her attention to the mirror where her breath caught in her throat.

“*O-Oh wow... That thing is really doing a number on me...*”

Her pussy's outline was worse. Far worse. Normally neat and petite, Olivia was beside herself with what looked like a mound the size of an apple half shoved between her thighs. A split betrayed her lips as they were forced against her inner thighs by the jeans' middle seam. She realized then that much of her discomfort was coming from her panties. They were digging into her sensitive flesh. Even from outside her jeans she could see an excess of flesh squishing up toward her navel, as well as feel something similar further back between her upper thighs where they met her cheeks.

"W...What the..."

Now slightly worried, she brought a hand to cup the bulge and applied gentle pressure.

"M-MMM!!!"

It was soft even under the denim. Incredible heat radiated off the mound. Olivia felt as though she were cupping a dense, heated marshmallow stuffed between her legs. The sensation of touching such an oddity drove her up the wall.

"Ahh! Aaahhmmmm!! W-What the hell is--"

BZZZZZZ!!

BZZZZZZZZZZ!!

"MNNGGHHH!!! A-AHAAA!!!"

Her pelvis shook from the sex toy. Olivia cried out before panic gripped her chest.

The mound cupped in her hand had grown.

"Hope you're alright in theeeerrreeee!" Candice giggled.

Hyperventilating now, Olivia removed a wet hand and stared in the mirror at her crotch. It had grown. The mound was bigger and pushing harder against the denim. Its outline was unnaturally obvious as the pillowy organ sought space wherever possible. Moisture spread wider to cast the blue fabric darker by the second.

BZZZ!!

BZZZZZ BZZZ!!

BZZZZZZZZZZZZZZ!!!

Her pussy engorged fuller into the denim prison. Too startled to take a breath, she watched her jeans shift and pull down her hips to accommodate the swelling fruit. In the mirror it looked like she was trying to shoplift a wet t-shirt in her pants.

"C-Candice!" Olivia squeaked, barely audible. *"No more! S-Something... Something is wrong!!!"*

BZZZZZZZZZZ!!!

BZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZ!!!

"C-C-Candice! Candice!! Stop!" Her words were a whisper. She didn't need to look in the mirror to watch it plump now; she could simply look down to see the bulge pushing outward from her navel. *"My... M-My pussy is--"*

“MMNNNGHHHH!!!!!! I CAN’T HOOOOLD IIIIT!!!!” Olivia screamed as everything flared. Her folds puffed until her pussy rivaled her own torso in size. She was nearly hugging it as it pressed between her stomach and arms.

BZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZ!!!!

“AAHHHHH CANDIIIIICE!!!!!! MY PUSSY IS TOO BIIIIIIIG!!!!”

BZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZ--

SPLRRRRRRSH!!!!!!

Fluid erupted in a geyser of thick lustful syrup to douse Candice from head to toe. She recognized the scent of Olivia’s orgasm immediately when it washed over her as it had so many times before. Never had she ever dreamed it could be so powerful.

“AAHHHHH!!!!!! AAAHHHHHH OH MY GOOOOOOD!!!!”

She screamed through the entire release as her hips undulated and her pussy took on a mind of its own. Her fingers sank into the bulbous lips to make the delicate skin bulge and deform. There was no stopping the carnal tremors shaking the jiggly mound.

“AAHH!!!!!! MMMMMNGHHH FUUUUCK!!!”

THUNK!!

Something struck Candice like a thrown rock though she couldn’t open her mouth to react. It wasn’t until several dozen seconds later that Olivia’s orgasm dwindled and left her gasping in a sweaty heap on the bench. An audience of confused workers had gathered outside the fitting rooms wondering why a puddle of fluid was around their feet.

Candice shook herself off and inspected the fitting room. It looked like a lube-filled water balloon had exploded. Suddenly she gasped. “Look...!” At her feet was a pink egg-shaped toy: the source of Olivia’s sexual plumping. It was still vibrating even after being ejected. “At least you won’t get any bigger now, huh??” she showed Olivia. “And see?” Candice gave a grin that made Olivia growl. *“Didn’t I say you would enjoy it?”*