

Point and Swell

A blazing summer sun beat down upon Hank. Even with sunscreen, he could feel the rays baking his skin. But that wouldn't stop him from enjoying his day at the beach. He was far too tired and in need of some relaxation--and eye candy--after his week at work. It seemed criminal that a guy of only twenty-five should be so stressed.

His flip-flops slapped at the boardwalk. The beachside was alive with people. Everywhere he looked, he could find an attractive girl sporting a bikini or skin-tight swimsuit. Some days the muse of cleavage smiled upon him; today that muse was showering him with bouncing, busty goodness. Hank wasn't one to ogle, but he was a man who knew the importance of a quick glance every now and then. A glance wouldn't hurt anyone and it improved his heart health. That was a proven fact. Watching a pair of bikini bottoms pull taut and skimpy when their owner bent over wasn't without its benefits too.

The outdoor showers approached. A particularly top-heavy blonde was busy running water and her hands under her top to wash away hidden sand. Soft white skin squished and bulged under her fingers as she rubbed, mashing her breasts together.

Bing!

His phone chimed as if to scold him. Turning away from such a sight felt criminal. Sunlight forced him to squint at the screen when reading the mysterious notification.

*Congratulations! You've been randomly selected to be
a beta tester for a new app: Point and Swell*

Hank blinked and read it again. "Huh?"

The notification continued.

*Point and Swell uses a proprietary formula in combination with
your phone's sensors to cause direct swelling of a woman's
chest when captured in your camera's view.*

*Simply point, click, and watch her swell! But be careful;
with a larger size, comes greater sensitivity and sex drive!*

*You'll find the app already installed and integrated with your
favorite camera. Have fun!*

An amused snort flared his nostrils. "Yea, right." He stashed the phone back in his pocket. "Where the hell did I get malware...?"

Even in disbelief, Hank's mind drifted through the possibilities. An app that could make a girl's chest grow would keep him occupied until he starved to death. It was impossible, though. At least that's what he told himself to maintain sanity.

Sand met with his flip-flops. It burned his toes and he made a point to walk without bending his ankles too far. Ocean waves crashed a hundred yards ahead, mixing with the noises of families enjoying the sun and surf. It was the college girls, and admittedly more than a few MILFs, that had his full attention, however. Hardly a day went by when Hank wasn't thankful for the coastal city and the bikinis that came with it.

He found a spot not far from the water with a beach chair and an umbrella. Eventually he would go for a swim but for now he just wanted to unwind and people watch. Take in the sights, so to say. Appreciate the hills and valleys before him.

"EEEEK!!!"

"Oh calm down! It's not that cold!"

"It's freezing!"

A squealing giggle pulled Hank's attention. Two girls were sunbathing roughly fifty yards away: one a brunette and the other auburn. Brunette was busy rubbing suntan lotion into Auburn's back. When she pulled on the knot of her top and untied Auburn's bikini, they had Hank's full attention.

Both were slender with full enough busts to round out their tops. Auburn's was bigger. Her rear rose supple and curved from her lower back as she relaxed onto her stomach, bare back facing the sun. Her friend reclined and presented her front after untying her neck straps and exposing as much of her torso as possible.

They settled into inaudible chatting. Hank stared, watching the way Brunette's chest flowed to the sides of her torso. It dared to expose itself from her loose-sitting top with every breath. He prayed for the wind to blow just right. The scene was almost picture-worthy.

The mysterious app popped back into his brain. The sheer thought of it was enough to make him chuckle. Still he found himself pulling out his phone. Excitement pulsed through his veins when he turned on the camera.

A picture was snapped. Just quick enough for no one to notice. For all anyone else knew, he could have been taking a photo of the ocean. Hank's leg bounced when his phone presented the picture in a UI he'd never seen. It focused on the two sunbathing girls and zoomed in until they filled the screen. A set of crosshairs auto-highlighted Brunette's chest. At the bottom of the screen was a plus and minus button. Between them an indicator read '100% of normal size'.

Hank licked his lips. Even if it was fake, the screen presented tantalizing fantasies to the mind. He shifted in the chair and felt temptation warm the nape of his neck.

Tap

120% of normal size

The plus button gave a satisfying *pop* when pressed. His eyes shot upward to watch Brunette.

She shifted. Hank saw her hand twitch at her side before coming up to scratch the top of her chest. From a distance it was difficult to see any change in size, but Hank thought she looked a little fuller. The curves of her breasts looked to be flowing to the sides of her torso more than before.

“Hmm... An extra twenty percent isn’t a lot... Maybe...”

Tap tap tap tap

200% of normal size

“Ah!!”

A sharp squeak came before he could look up. Brunette’s eyes popped open as if pricked by a needle. Doubling anyone’s size was more than enough to bring about a visible change. Hank’s breath caught in his throat when he watched her shift uncomfortably and her hands clench. Brunette lifted her head, looking around before looking at her chest.

It was rising. Puffing and swelling like fleshy water balloons. Flesh crept out from under her untied bikini top and fell to the sides of her torso. Hank guessed she was a C-cup before. Now, he was watching her rapidly develop into a hefty F range.

Brunette rose and leaned on one elbow. Confusion overtook her face and she looked down, holding an arm across her chest as flesh pushed back. Blossoming cleavage bulged upward as she squeezed, unsure of what was happening.

Auburn shifted, not opening her eyes. “What...?”

Blush filled her cheeks. Brunette struggled for breath amid a cloud of slight panic. “I-I don’t-- *Does my chest look bigger to--*”

Hank swallowed. His thumb twitched.

Tap tap tap tap tap

Tap tap tap tap tap

400% of normal size

“A-Ahhmm~!!”

Brunette jolted upright and cried out loud enough to draw several gazes. A hand flew to her mouth and another to her crotch. Hank’s eyes widened as he saw her breasts billow forth. They bloated full and plump against her trembling legs until flesh bulged over her knees. The bikini top fluttered off the swollen melons as they surpassed the size of her head.

“Ahh!! Mmnngh!!!”

Auburn looked up from her towel. “What’s the matter?? You’re--*holy shit!! What--*”

“*They’re-- T-They’re growing!*” Brunette whined. “*I’m swelling up!*”

Auburn stared. “Hey! How are you doing that?!”

“*I’m...not!! I think I’m allergic!*” Brunette’s fingers trembled and pushed against the soft mound pushing her bikini bottoms between her thighs. “*We need to go! I think we--A-Aahh!!*”

“Ok well let’s go then!!”

Hank had to move fast. Auburn was the bigger of the girls and in a more precarious position with her top completely undone. She looked to be in the D or E-cup range; begging for a round of swelling. The crosshairs moved to highlight her chest. Staring at the mass of vanilla pillow pushing to her sides under her weight, he pressed the plus button and held it down.

Popping sounds poured from his phone as the scale climbed. Hank counted several seconds before releasing his thumb, never taking his eyes off Auburn. She was just about to get up when he released the button.

10x normal size

His eyes bulged at the number. He’d gone far enough to leave the practical realm of percentages. Looking up, he waited for the punch of growth to land.

Auburn started to rise. *“Wrap a towel around yourself and--MMGH!!”*

Gravity called her back, hands clenching the towel as her face scrunched.

Brunette fell forward onto all fours. One arm held her breasts while another supported her weight. Hank stared at the sliver of pink bikini diving between her ass cheeks before it wrapped over a sopping pair of lips. *“H...H-Help me up! I can’t--”*

“MMNGH!!”

Auburn was paralyzed, stuck trembling face-down on her towel. Beneath her torso Hank watched her mounds begin engorging. Skin pushed out and around her, lifting Auburn’s upper body atop a pair of small supple airbags.

“I-It’s-- Ahhhmmmm!!! G-God!!” she cried out. *“It’s happening...to me too!!”* Auburn’s legs flexed and trembled. Slowly her lower back tensed, raising her butt and sliding her knees forward. *“It... It feels... Too good~!”*

Mass burgeoned beneath her into a cushion of sex. It squished and rolled with her movements, rapidly engorging to swallow the sides of her body. Auburn buried her head into her cleavage as her weight forced it to bulge over her shoulders. At ten times her natural size, her E-cups had turned into a pair of sweating beach balls.

“Ahhhh~ Aahhhmmmm~!! Make it...stop!!”

A hand slid between her thighs and under her bikini bottoms as she arched her butt higher. Several beachgoers paused upon seeing her fingers flexing beneath the revealing slip of fabric.

Brunette gasped for air. Hand filling with a nipple, she tried to rise. *“Come...on! We have to...get out of here!”*

“I can’t~ I-I don’t...want to! It’s--”

Hank smiled and turned the crosshairs back on Brunette before holding the button down.

700% of normal size

Orgasmic quakes came before the growth, followed by a cow-like bellow when she threw her head back.

“AAUUGH!!”

Her hand flew from her chest to the ground. Intense stimulation demanded she dig her fingers into the sand. Weakness shivered through her thighs. Even at a distance, Hank could see fluid running down their inner curves.

Weight pulled at her chest. Swaying, bloated wrecking balls hung lower by the second. The bikini top fell away useless, exposing tea cup nipples throbbing toward the ground.

“I...can't...get up!” Brunette moaned.

Auburn's bottoms slid down her thighs, fully exposing her finger-spread pussy to the world. “It's too good!! It's...TOO GOOD!!”

“It's not stopping!! D...DO SOMETHING!” Brunette begged, staring at the chest between her arms.

Hank felt his manhood throb against his swimsuit. The app at his fingertips was better than gold.

And he planned on using it for all it was worth.



“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

“MMMMMGH!!!! 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.