

Expanding Desire Part 2

“Where did you get the growth ray??”

“I don’t know.”

“Who gave it to you?!”

“Like I said, I don’t know.”

Thud!!

A woman in a suit slammed her hands on a metal table. *“You expect me to believe that?? You don’t know where the stock in your own store came from??”*

The boutique manager shrugged. “Sorry...”

Denise narrowed her eyes and glanced at her partner, Kira. Frustration was mounting in IncrediBust’s Department of Intellectual Protection and Recovery. Their boss was breathing down their neck over the last several weeks and the punk sitting in front of them wasn’t helping.

Denise looked the young woman up and down. She couldn’t have been a day over twenty-five. Bright red dye colored her pixie cut along with a streak of white. Torn jeans clung skin-tight to her crossed legs. On top she wore a faded concert tee featuring an 80s metal band beneath a baggy overcoat. For a girl her age, it was impressive she was running her own IncrediBust boutique out of the mall, though Denise found it odd that she had so little in the way of curves. The store manager was petite with nary a pair of B-cups to fill her top.

“Priscilla...” Kira started, leaning on the table to make eye contact. “We have it on good authority that someone gave you the growth ray to pass off to a buyer. I’m sure we don’t need to tell you it was a prototype. Not ready for consumer sale. I’m willing to bet they were offering you a pretty penny of the deal too, am I right?”

Pricilla glanced away and puffed a lock of red hair out of her face. She remained silent.

“We’re trying to help you. Either you tell us which IncrediBust employee gave you the ray and who the buyer was supposed to be, or we find out on our own and you spend time in jail.”

Casting a glare, Pricilla insisted, “I already told you, I don’t--”

“Oh stop your bullshitting!” Denise jabbed a finger into the air. “While you’re sitting here playing dumb, your buyer is running around wreaking havoc on women everywhere! You watch the news? Seen the disaster with the train in New York? All those women filling with milk? Or maybe you heard about Seattle and that freak downpour they had? We’re still dealing with the property damage from that one. And they’re *all* connected, and it’s all because of your buyer. We’re lucky someone robbed the store before your little deal could go through! Imagine what would have happened if that ray had fallen into the buyer’s hands!”

“Doesn’t help that we haven’t even recovered the ray yet...” Kira grumbled. “Poor girl was a blimp for several hours. That kind of device could wreak havoc on the black market.”

Priscilla shrugged and remained uninterested, her lips sealed. “Sounds like a corporate problem to me. Not my fault IncrediBust can’t keep a lid on their own products before they’re ready for market.”

Both investigators groaned. They had been grilling her for hours with no answers. Glancing at each other, Denise motioned with her eyes. Kira nodded almost imperceptibly.

“Priscilla...” Denise began. A small smile cracked her lips as she stood and smoothed the front of her blouse, accentuating her ample company-gifted bust. “We couldn’t help but notice you’re fairly...er...*flat*, on top. Pretty odd for someone selling IncrediBust merchandise... In fact, our background check shows you don’t actually own *any* IncrediBust products at all! Why is that?”

This caught Priscilla by surprise. Her cheeks turned a light pink and her posture faltered. A twitch in her arms signified an instinctive reaction to try and touch her diminutive bust. “Because I’m happy with myself! I don’t need some product to give me giant tits! I like myself as I am!” Further color tinged her face as she grew defensive. She shifted uncomfortably in her chair while she became extremely aware of her chest and hips. They itched under the investigators’ eyes and she very much wanted to grab them.

Kira nodded. Her arms crossed under her bust to hoist two melon-sized assets with pride. “Hmm, interesting. Yet you sell our enhancement products.”

Strrrrrtch...

Tickling heat was assaulting Priscilla’s curves. She thought she heard one of the holes in her jeans pop wider on her thigh. Beneath her t-shirt, her bralette shifted with constrictive force. The sudden lack of breath was making her nervous as the investigators bore down and questioned her bodily choices.

“W-Well yea! It’s not up to me what another woman decides to do with her body! If she wants--”

Strrrrrrrtch

“Nngh!” Priscilla groaned, clenching her hands. Her panties were rubbing mercilessly against her crotch. Her bralette felt more like twine sinking into her ribcage. “*I-If she wants...to make herself bigger to be happy...t-then she’s free to do that... More power to her.*”

Denise and Kira exchanged quick glances, noticing Priscilla’s top stretching across her bust. The band’s logo was starting to deform and every breath only warped it further.

Strrrrrrrtch!

A swelling sound made Priscilla tremble. Sweat beaded on her forehead as she fought to correct the discomfort blossoming under her clothes.

“Everything alright?” Denise asked.

“I-I’m fine...”

Kira hummed. “You’re looking a little flushed. We can get you on your way if you just answer our questions...”

“I... *Nngh...*” Priscilla had to catch her breath. Her nipples were on fire and her underwear was flossing its way between her nethers. “I already told you... I... *I-I don't know anything.*”

“Shame...” Kira sighed. “Let’s turn it up until you do.” She motioned to a two-way mirror.

“Huh? Turn what--”

STRRRRTCH

SNAP!!!

“*Augh!!!*”

Confusion swamped Priscilla’s mind when immense pressure surged within her body. A force from her breasts pushed her into the chair’s back as they lurched forward and broke out of her bralette before slamming onto the table with heaving masses larger than her head. Around her hips, ribs had turned into gaping holes allowing her pale thighs and cheeks to ooze into plain view. They revealed more skin than they covered at this point as her butt grew to overflow the sides of her seat.

STRRRRTCH

STRRRRRRTCH

Panic took hold when the growth didn’t stop. Grabbing the sides of her chest, Priscilla squeaked in fright as they billowed across the table. Fabric pulled taut around her watermelon-sized mammaries. Underboob escaped to rub against the cold metal and bring her nipples into rock-hard nubs.

“*W-What are you doing?! Stop!! STOP IT! I--*”

STRRRRRRTCH!!

“*MMGH!!!*” A moan quaked through her bust when her shirt’s hem sank several inches into her.

SHRIIIIP!!

A tear shot up the back of her ass. Her jeans had split down the middle. Wide eyes filled with shock watching her once petite frame bloated into a heaving hourglass.

“*THE FUCK ARE YOU DOING TO ME?!*”

Denise inspected a speck on her fingernail. “Testing a little interrogation device... It’s new. What do you think? Uses special hormonal wave emitters to stimulate real growth.” She flashed a smile at Kira.

“Even better, *the growth is permanent,*” she lied. Lifting her sleeve, she revealed a white band with a flashing light. “Handy bracelet blocks the effects though! Thank goodness; even *I* wouldn’t want a pair of udders as big as what you’re growing!”

SHRIIIIP

Color drained from Priscilla’s face as a tear opened down the middle of her shirt. “*I-I-I’m bigger than beach balls!! You fucking lunatics!!! Turn it off!!*” Her hands groped and massaged

her breasts, trying to squish them back to their old size. Flesh only bulged over her hands, sinking over her wrists. *“I-I was fine being small!! I never wanted to look like--”*

STRRRRTCH!!!!

“Ahhh!!”

Priscilla trembled against her burgeoning mounds. Skin billowed in front of her in all directions. Her legs had begun pushing each other apart from the size of her own thighs. What remained of her jeans were only tattered seams sinking into her bulk.

“Any of this jogging your memory?” Denise asked.

“A lot of women got a lot bigger than this because of your buyer... Suuuure would be nice to get him off the streets, don’t you think?”

STRRRRRRTCH!!

CREEAAAAAK!

“Mnngh!! I...don’t know anything!!” Priscilla insisted. Her butt had grown twice as wide as the chair. Shifting her weight was a balancing challenge as her wobbling mass lifted her higher and higher by the second, cushioning her hips in a Jell-O-like cradle. Her nipples, although out of sight, felt as large as apples.

Denise clicked her tongue. *“Shame... Turn it up.”*

“W-W-Wai--”

STRRRRRRRRTCH!!!!

CREEAAA--CRASH!!!!

Priscilla’s chair collapsed in a flurry of wooden debris. The fall would have hurt if not for the two-foot-thick layer of ass hitting the ground beneath her. Bare cheeks slapped against the tile with a sharp crack to leave them red and stinging. Even sitting on the ground, however, Priscilla was horrified to see her breasts still resting easily on the table above her. They loomed as heaving mountains blocking the ceiling light. Everything was growing inches by the second.

“Oh shoot. Kira, we really need to get better chairs in here if we’re going to be using this thing more.”

“You’re insane!!! You’re both in--MMNGH!!!”

Priscilla gasped as her nipples flared. Every inch of her body was alive. Too alive. To move her legs meant massaging a pussy cradled deep within her flesh far too sensitive to be messed with. Even still, she rose to a shaking stance and leaned over her breasts for support as her legs threatened to push each other into the splits.

The size of her bust took her breath away. The table was nowhere to be seen. Only her breasts, spreading in all directions.

“Wow... Better hurry...” Denise chided, *“Much longer and our truck won’t be able to take you home. Unless you want to be your own bed tonight.”*

STRRRRRRRRTCH!!!!

Priscilla's eyes bulged as her rear grew large enough to brush against the ground behind her. *"A-Ahhh!!! OK OK OK OK!!!! JUST TURN IT OFF BEFORE I GET ANY BIGGER!!!"*

Kira shook her head. "After you tell us."

"Mmnggh!!! DAMMIT!!! I don't know him!! I really don't!!! All I know is that he was in contact with your employee to deliver the growth ray to me and--"

STRRRRRRTCH!!

CRCK!!

"AHH! AAHHHH!!! Ohhh GOD!!! Too biiiig!!!" Priscilla ground her teeth as an orgasm brought her inner thighs to drip with fluid. *"I don't know either of them!! Honest!! It was just delivered to my house after we emailed a few times!! I-I was supposed to meet the buyer tomorrow at the food court by the pizza place!! He--"*

CRASH!!!!

"AAHMMMM!!!"

The table shattered. Breasts larger than a twin bed slammed down, bringing Priscilla with them. Skin engulfed her within her own cleavage within moments as she gasped and heaved for relief.

"HE SAID HE WOULD BE WEARING A GREEN HAT!!!"

STRRRRTCH!!!!

"MMMMMM NOW PLEEEAAAASE TURN IT OFF!!!"

Denise watched as Kira took down everything into a notepad. "Thank you, Priscilla. You've been very helpful."

They made their way toward the door.

"W-Wait!! Aren't you going to--"

Denise smirked. "Turn it all the way up."

Certain she hadn't heard them correctly as they exited the door, Priscilla whimpered, *"W-W-What did you--"*

GRRRRMMMMMMMMBBBBBLLLL

A tremor shook her body. Priscilla's arms scrambled over her curves as energy blossomed and the walls hummed. Her core tensed as incredible arousal mounted. Sweat ran down her back as Priscilla felt like her pussy was about to erupt like a pent-up volcano.

"WAIT!!! WAIT I TOLD YOU EVERYTHI--"

BWOOOOOMPH!!!!

Outside the interrogation room, Denise and Kira heard a muffled thud collide with the wall. The window darkened against a mass of heaving flesh rising to the ceiling. Barely audible, they could hear Priscilla's moans of unbridled pleasure entering her cleavage.

"What do you think? Can we trust her?" Denise asked, watching a nipple flare and squish against the glass until it pressed as wide as a manhole cover.

Kira chuckled and shut off the wave emitter. “You kidding? Nobody can think straight enough to lie when they’re under that much stimulation. She would have given us her bank account info if we’d asked.”

Click

She started a timer on a console, prompting a size reduction program to begin in five minutes and bring Priscilla back to normal.

“Come on, I’ll buy you lunch.”

To be continued