

Fantasy Island Part 4

Guuurrrrrgle!!

“Mmmm!! Master! M-Master~ Wait...!”

Click

GUURRRGLE!!

“MMMGGH!!”

Sasha’s labored gasps for air filled the dining room with heat. Outside, the sun had set to leave Max’s private island in isolating darkness.

Flesh had overwhelmed the maid to the point of collapsing her legs. Pinned beneath a pair of gargantuan mounds each large enough to serve as a family dining table, she moaned and writhed in a cloud of sensitivity.

Click

Rmmmbbbllllll

“Aahhhh-- AAHHHH--”

She tensed. Ashley watched from her spot on the floor as pressure and tightness moved through Sasha’s enormous fleshy globes in a creeping wave. It started at their bases, making Sasha’s toes curl, before traveling up the bulk of her chest where it domed her areolas into tight pink hemispheres. Breathless gasps opened her mouth when tension struck her nipples like punches.

SPLUURTCH!!

“Ahhhhh~!! O-Oh, MASTER!!”

Dairy erupted from plate-sized nipples. Hot cream sprayed to fill the air in a dozen arcs before pelting the ground. Ashley stayed in place to receive her blessing of white gold for what wasn’t the first time that day.

“Hah... Haahh... Master... Thank you, Master...” Sasha moaned, completely spent.

Max wiped his mouth and stood up from his dinner. “Wonderful meal tonight. Thank you, girls.” He reached for his limitless remote. Ashley arched her back, hoping he was about to deliver a similar treatment to her body, but nothing came. He left them with the final words, “Sasha, please see to it that this room is cleaned before bed.”

“Yes... Y-Yes, Master...”

Every breath sent her mountainous bust moving ever so slightly. Ashley gazed at the impressive size, almost whimpering at the idea of what it must feel like. She’d experienced it only once during her time on the island: on her first night when she was given free rein of a remote. Since then, Max hadn’t put her through nearly as intense subjugation as Sasha.

It was her third night now. Like Sasha, she’d been dropped to the floor by her curves, only far smaller. First he’d shrunk her body entirely, bringing her to only four feet tall. The maid’s dress slipped from her shoulders and down her body completely at that point to leave her

naked beside the dining table. Max seemed to enjoy her embarrassment, taking in her nudity between bites, before taking things further.

From there he'd only enhanced her curves in small steps: a few cups here and there, extra inches to her hips or thighs, maybe a slight paunch to her belly. By the end, Ashley's shortstack stature was accompanied by an extreme hourglass figure that would make walking through doors difficult, no matter the angle of approach.

She fell forward in lustful dismay and leaned over a pair of yoga ball-sized breasts. Matching ass cheeks anchored her to the floor and pinned her in a prison of her own body. A heavy sigh deflated her lungs and she sank into her cleavage.

Given the size he'd left Sasha, Ashley knew cleanup was going to be mostly left to her.



Ashley tensed when she entered her bedroom. Upon passing through the door, a sensor sent a signal to her body to reset any changes she'd encountered. All the maid quarters featured the reset feature as a fallback. Watching her curve contract back to normal size, and her body grow to its normal height, Ashley fell onto her bed in exhaustion.

Somewhere down the hall a clock chimed midnight. It broke the silence of her thoughts.

A fire still raged in her belly. Ashley's hunger had been teased by Max, but not sated. Images of Sasha's overwhelming bust filled her mind. Envy and desire to feel the same crushing weight of growth attacked from every direction.

Feeling defeated, she took her personal remote in her palm. The IncrediBust logo shone at the bottom.

Click click click click

STRRRRTCH

Her breasts wobbled with sudden life. She looked down to see her mounds widening and pulling to the sides of her torso with increasing weight.

Click click click click

STRRRRTCH

Rapid-fire button presses sent every signal it could to her bust. Sudden, explosive growth blossomed beneath her skin. Ashley held her breath, feeling her body struggle against the quick expansion. Air pushed out of her lungs beneath their bulk. One of her favorite parts was watching her areolas flatten and stretch out across her mounds before they managed to catch up and firm into their own enhanced mounds.

"M-Mmmgh..."

She allowed a hand to start exploring when they grew large enough to press into her chin. Warm, wobbling skin buried her torso. Cleavage inched into her face and she let it swallow her

mouth and nose. The heat was intense between her breasts, but she loved the scent; always vanilla and milk, even when she wasn't lactating. Often it smelled of lust and sweat after a full day of work like today too, but she didn't mind.

STRRRRTCH!!

The last of the growth came trickling in. Cups piled higher, pushing Ashley's breasts to the limit. Darkness closed around her eyes as her chest fully engulfed her face. It was quiet here. Quiet, hot, steamy, with the world muffled outside. She held her breath for as long as she could before having to come up for air.

Fllummp!

They fell to her sides like two water-filled beach balls. Ashley's breath came out in a rapid panting. She was wet. The growth was enjoyable. Heavenly even. Only a week ago she would have given anything to see the monstrous pair of udders sitting on top of her. Now they seemed...small.

She pursed her lips. A finger massaged her clit while her other hand explored the remote.

Click click click click click

Click click click click click

Click click click click click

Every inch of her body came to life when she maxed out several bodily aspects. Vibrations passed through her and curves twitched as if communicating who should go first.

STRRRRTCH!!

"A-Ahh~"

Slowly her legs inched down the bed. Her arms followed, lengthening with her torso. Increased height brought a larger bust, but it wasn't the same as feeling her breasts grow on their own. Her hips became elevated, rising upon an expanding pillow-like ass. A well-defined crease formed between her cheeks and the tops of her thighs as they both fattened and swelled with new girth.

Pressure massaged between her thighs at her crotch. Even her pussy was affected. It quivered against her fingers, driving Ashley to flick and spin herself more as her folds puffed against her. A pair of thin lips engorged into a pair of sopping, over-swollen slices of a ripened peach. They swallowed her fingers to the second knuckle before she could truly enter herself.

STRRRRTCH!!!

"MMNNGH!!"

Her body quaked with its final enhancement. Ashley felt her heels leave the end of her bed as she reached eight feet tall. At her normal size, her breasts would have been smotheringly large. Her bottom half would have blown out of even her stretchiest yoga pants. Now with an enhanced overall body, they surpassed that.

"Haaahh~ C-Come on--" she urged. She masturbated harder. Her remote hand sank into a nipple.

Click click click

The buttons depressed but the remote did nothing. She could grow no more.

“Come...on-- I’m-- Just a little more!” Ashley breathed. Heavy eyes looked at her pair of seventy-pound breasts. “I just want--”

They were so small. Too small. Far smaller than what Max had given Sasha only hours ago during dinner. Leagues away from what Ashley actually wanted protruding from her chest.

Click click click click

Nothing happened. Ashley’s thumb ached as she pressed harder. The pleasure was there. The growth felt good. But it wasn’t satisfying.

“Gaaahhh!! Fuck!”

It wasn’t a cry of relief, but one of frustration. Ashley threw her limited remote across the bed. Her hand left her folds and she lay there catching her breath.

“It’s no use... It’s no...fucking use...”

It wasn’t the same. How was she supposed to enjoy such small sizes when she’d been given a taste of the bliss that is titanic proportions? How could she get off to head-burying breasts when she’d gushed to room-filling mountains?

Ashley needed more. More than what her personal remote allowed her to do, and much more than what Max was giving her day-to-day during her maid duties. He was messing with her body, changing it as he pleased, but it wasn’t enough. Ashley wanted the kind of abuse Sasha received. Ashley wanted to be the one left stranded, gasping for air under a pair of tits Max could use as a bed.

Moaning with pent-up urges, Ashley gathered her chest into her arms and hugged them close. They would have destroyed any garment she owned. Filled her lap. Left any man ogling and drooling, begging to be smothered beneath their softness.

But they weren’t enough.

“Too fucking small...” she sighed longingly before letting them fall naturally.

She went to sleep that night sweaty, unsatisfied, and too large for her bed. There was a strange comfort in the sheets being too small for her overgrown body, even if it wasn’t the size she hungered after.

“Maybe next time...” Ashley closed her eyes and hoped to dream of something even more fantastical than this job she’d been given. “Maybe next time I’ll be the one pinned down...”

To be continued