

Beach Toys

Warning: contains safe popping and forced hose and water breast expansion

The beach sun warmed Monica's skin. With no clouds in the sky and only the slightest of breezes, she couldn't remember the last time she felt so relaxed. It seemed like only yesterday that she and her friend, Kimmy, had decided to take a girls' trip to the island resort. Now it was a reality, and they had their own private strip of sand to enjoy outside their rental.

"Ah..." Monica sighed. A red bikini provided what little modesty she needed for sunbathing. Supple cleavage puffed against the cups with her breath.

"Why not just go topless if that's all you're going to wear?"

She looked down with blushing cheeks, patting and adjusting her bikini top. "What? It's a normal bikini..."

Kimmy rolled her eyes. "Sure, maybe when it *fit* you two cups ago."

"It's not that bad! They just--" Monica looked down. "I just haven't had time to shop..."

"Suuuure."

Monica decided to fight back. "You're free to go topless too, you know. Or are you scared to go without your swimsuit's padding?"

Disbelief sparked. Kimmy's eyes flashed at the shot at her tiny breasts. "*Hey!*"

"Sorry, sorry. That was mean..."

"*It was!*"

Relaxing back and closing her eyes, Monica gave another sigh. "I would give you some of mine if I could... DDs aren't all they're cracked up to be."

"Easy to say when you have them," Kimmy grumbled.

Waves filled a prolonged stretch of silence. Kimmy couldn't focus on reading, not after her friend's hurtful remark. Looking down, she patted the near-flat front of her spandex swimsuit. Her breasts were almost boyish, especially compared to Monica's.

"Monica?" she asked softly.

Monica didn't respond. She'd drifted off, lulled to sleep by the warm sun and the ever-churning waves. Kimmy watched her friend slumber. Her eyes fell lower, locking onto Monica's chest. A pair of DD-cups stared back, gently rising up and down.

"Monica," Kimmy called again, louder.

Still nothing. She was deep asleep. A devious idea flashed through Kimmy's mind. Looking back at their rental, she saw a garden hose coiled on the patio. Her feet were silent in the sand as she returned to the house and took one end, dragging it back to their sunbathing spot. Monica had started snoring when she returned. Kimmy leaned forward with the hose's end extended toward Monica's lips.

"Let's see just how much smaller we can make that bikini, shall we~?"



“Nngh...” Monica moaned. Pressure pulled around her wrists. Snakes coiled themselves up her arms in living bindings. No matter how she fought, they wouldn’t release.

Guurrrgle...

“Nngh!”

As the snakes tightened, she gasped for air. Her blouse squeezed the air from her lungs. She hadn’t remembered wearing her blouse made out of lead, yet its weight upon her chest was unmistakable. Her torso fluttered with sputtering breaths as she tried to cry out, but her mouth wouldn’t open.

Guurrrrgle...!

“Mmmph!”

Fabric pulled tighter. The snakes squeezed as she flexed and pulled. Tension pulled at the buttons, threatening to blow her shirt in front of everyone.

“Mmph-- Nngh! NNGH!!”

Her eyes sprang open. The nightmare faded quickly as reality rushed back with sand, sky, and rolling waves. The snakes and blouse might have vanished, but the tension around her arms and chest didn’t. Monica tried to get up but found herself unable to do so. Her eyes bulged upon glancing down.

“Mmgh?!”

Guuurrrgle!

A pair of bulbous, wobbling breasts stared back. The size of cantaloupes, they had more than tripled in size since she’d fallen asleep. Cleavage sloshed and heaved from between her bikini cups. Both globes moved with minds of their own as she struggled against restraints binding her wrists to the lounge’s armrests.

“MMMPH!!”

She tried to cry out but found her mouth full. A green hose ran from her lips and down her side into the sand. Pressure swirled through the nozzle wedged into her lips, tied in place like a ball gag using a shirt.

Guuurrrrrrrgle!

Her breath hitched. Skin-stretching tension pulled across her bust. She watched her breasts slowly, yet steadily, rise from her ribcage. Water rushed in her ears. For every bit passing through her lips, the same volume was being forced into her chest. Already her bikini was deforming her breasts as they outgrew its confines. Skin bulged and indented against the cups and straps, shiny with tanning lotion.

“Finally awake?”

Monica's fearful eyes shot to her side. Kimmy stood there with a smile on her face.
"Mmph?!"

"Took you longer than I expected! I thought you might wake up during the first few seconds... But nope! You just kept taking on more and more water... Letting your boobs get bigger... And bigger... *And bigger.*"

Strrrrrrtch!!

Monica winced at the spreading tightness. Cleavage pumped into view more by the second, far too large to let her forget it existed. Trickle of water leaked from her mouth to pool at the crammed chasm pushing against her collarbones. It was already too much.

A whimper squeaked through. Her heart raced at the impossible transformation. Heavy and overbearing, her mammarys jiggled like water balloons eager to be filled. Spandex stretched across nipples, bloating with internal pressure.

"Do you like them?"

"Mmph??"

Kimmy leaned toward her and sank a fingertip into her expanding skin.

"Mmmmm!!"

"I didn't think it would work at first! But they took to the water like champs!"

GUUUUUUUURRRGLE!!

Quick, wheezing breaths whistled through Monica's nose. The longer she watched, the bigger her chest filled. Even a handful of seconds was enough to make a noticeable difference. Panicking eyes ogled in fear. She had already been too busty for her liking, but the watermelon knockers bloating off her frame were nightmarishly disproportionate to the rest of her frame. Skin rubbed down her stomach and bulged around her sides. Not ready to give up, her bikini squeezed ever tighter. Straps dug into her neck and around her sides.

"And they're *still* going! Who knew tits could stretch so well?"

Monica looked up with pleading eyes. Her hands clawed and clenched at their bindings but the knots held firm.

"You know... There are girls who would do *anything* to have a pair of boobs like yours. And here you are, unappreciative of what nature gave you."

"Mmph!! Mmmph!" Monica shook her head. The water was becoming heavier by the second, and her skin tighter. Pressure rumbled through her chest as it tried to distribute everything evenly. Her areolas felt like they were overflowing her bikini.

"So... I figured maybe I could make you so big, you would appreciate what you had! Because let's be honest, *DDs aren't THAT big*. Boobs can get *waaaaay* bigger. Liiiiiike these, for instance!"

Her hand sank into Monica's breast. Tight, firming skin resisted her with a shiny surface. Monica squeaked at the pressure it produced within her.

"Already so tight! What size would you say these are? *Beachball?*"

STRRRRRRTCH!!!!

She had to lean back, arching her spine to escape the cleavage being forced into her face. Even if her bikini top hadn't been lending its support, Monica wasn't certain her breasts wouldn't be this round on their own. Aching pressure shifted through them as she breathed. It tickled her skin, yet made her areolas tingle in warning as they puffed into small pink cones.

Kimmy giggled, eying her friend. "If that bikini was too small for you before, it's *definitely* not doing you any favors now!" A finger traced a path along the outside of a cup. Monica tensed as it rubbed her escaping areola. "*You're bursting right out of that thing.*"

Panic turned her eyes in every direction, yet Monica could only see her breasts. They'd filled to an enormous girth, blocking any view of her feet, stomach, or hands. Hearing water sloshing and bubbling within them made her nervous. She squeaked in desperation.

"What's that?"

"*MMPH!*"

"Turn it up *higher?*" Kimmy shrugged. "If you say so!"

Monica shook her head. "*M-MMPH!!*"

Kimmy walked away, back to the house. Monica struggled as best she could until moments later, the hose began thrashing in her lips.

GUUUURRRRRRGLE!!!

Water flowed with double strength. Monica's toes curled. Eyes bulging, she choked as fluid forced its way down her throat and into her waiting breasts. They had no choice but to accept, rapidly expanding. Kimmy returned soon enough.

"Oh wow!! *Look at you!*"

CREEAAAAAK!

Tanned skin had turned pale and shiny, stretched nearly to its limits as Monica squirmed against her bonds. Flesh had started to strain.

Crack!!

SLOOOMSH!!

Her lounge chair collapsed, slamming her onto her back as the supports gave out beneath the ten gallons of shifting weight. Monica's legs kicked as her chest heaved on top of her, flowing and wobbling back and forth from the sudden drop before coming to rest.

Now she heard them truly filling. As cleavage pushed into her chin, Monica hyperventilated upon listening to her skin stretching. Water flowed strong as ever, filling her bust like a fleshy balloon.

Creeaaaaaaaaak

A worrying, leather-sounding groan emanated from Monica's bosom.

"Uh-ohhhh, getting too full?" Kimmy chided.

Flesh bulged against the chair's armrests. Buried beneath enough water to fill half a bathtub, Monica didn't dare breathe. Her breasts had started to tingle and itch. Stretch marks arced across them with light pink lightning bolts.

A hand pushed into their sides and shoved.

Sllloooooommsh!!

"MMMNNNGH!!!"

"Woopsie! Wow, they're firmer than they look! Almost like they're about to...*pop*."

Creeaaaaak!!!

The hose flailed in her cleavage. Monica's eyes darted between her breasts helplessly.

"Should I untie you?"

Begging, she looked to Kimmy and nodded as best her chest would allow.

"Fiiiiine~"

Fingers worked on a knot. The bonds loosened. Quick as lightning, Monica's now-free hand shot to her mouth. Fingers worked their way between her cleavage and lips to grasp the hose.

"M-Mmph?! MMMPH?!"

CREEAAAAAAK!!

It wouldn't budge. Wedged between her mouth and chest, there was no room to pull the hose free.

Kimmy giggled. "Well, go on then, take it out!"

Monica tried, and tried again. It wouldn't budge. Water pushed her chest further until it sparked with skin-tightening pressure.

Creeaaaaa--POP!!!

"MMMMNGHH!!!"

Both girls flinched when her bikini exploded. Holding enough water to fill four five-gallon buckets, Monica's breasts ruptured her bikini between the cups. Over-bloated mounds wobbled forth but didn't change much in shape. Pressure had already pushed them into rounded, skin-tight globes. The vice made by the armrests squeezed them taller, pushing her areolas into elongated domes.

GUUUURRRRGLE!!

"MMMMMGH!!! M-M-MMMMPH!!!" Monica sputtered, releasing her hold on the hose in favor of grabbing the sides of her breasts in desperation. Itching turned to prickling. It was clear they couldn't take much more. As if to show their limits being reached, her nipples had begun leaking water in gentle trickles.

"Now *those* are some big tits!" Kimmy clapped.

CREEEEAAAAAAAAAAK!!!

Monica's heart raced. She could stretch no more. Tension screamed. Her areolas paled. They'd taken on all the water they could.

“You could use those things as pool toys!”

CRRREEEEEEEEEEAAAAA--

“Or even a bed if you manage to fill out a few more--”

--SPLLOOOOOMMMSH!!!

Water erupted in a violent explosion. Kimmy covered her face when it doused her head to toe and drenched the sand around their chairs. Hair dripping, she looked at her friend floundering on the lounge.

“Gaaahh!!” Monica gasped, finally able to pull the hose from her mouth. A ruined bikini top lay limp around her, with naked breasts jiggling freely and engorged with residual water. She lay gasping, breathing in freedom and relief from the pressure.

“Heeeey, you’re topless now too!” Kimmy laughed. *“And your boobs look great.”*

“I’m... I’m gonna...” Monica growled.

Kimmy approached, leaning over her. *“What? You’ll appreciate your chest a lot more now! They’ll probably even feel small after-- Ahh!! H-Hey!!”*

Monica was quick, grabbing her friend and pulling her into a headlock.

“L-Let go!” Kimmy demanded.

The end of the hose neared Kimmy’s mouth. Her eyes crossed when she looked down to see water still running from the end.

The hose forced itself between her lips. She whined upon feeling water snake its way into her chest. Flesh suddenly tented her swimsuit with rising mounds. She struggled but Monica’s grip was like iron. Her eyes fell as cleavage began rising from her neckline. Tension tingled, as her tiny A-cups struggled to hold even a few seconds’ worth of water.

“You want big boobs so badly??” Monica sneered.

“Mmph!!”

“Let me show you what you’ve been missing.”