

On a Trickle

“Well *hello* there! Glad to see you’re finally coming around!”

A shrill voice rang in Cassie’s ears, far too cheerful for how groggy she felt. Everything ached and her head swam with disorientation. She groaned against the lights shining with too much excitement. “*W...What... Where...*”

Something pulled at her wrist when she tried to lift and a hand to rub her eyes. She tried again, both arms now, and found them immobile. The same restrictive bonds held her ankles in place, holding her spread-eagled in a bed she did not recognize.

Panic came for her in a crashing wave.

“*W-What’s going on?! Where am I?!*” A medical bed jostled beneath Cassie when she started to thrash.

“Whoa whoa whooooo, easy there...! My name is Nora, I’m a nurse,” the older woman said. She was blonde with a soothing smile. A pair of scrubs served as her outfit and her hair bounced in a messy bun. A hand placed itself on Cassie’s sweating brow to ease her nerves. “You’re in the university health center. Sounds like you had *quite* the party last night.”

Cassie paused her flailing but her heart continued to race. Foggy memories trickled in with blurry veils. “Party...? *God, my chest feels heavy...*”

“Mhm. Probably fatigue.” Nora leaned over Cassie’s bed to straighten her sheets and pull a blanket over her chest. “A couple of girls called the emergency line and dropped you off here a few hours ago. That was about six in the morning! They said they were your friends and they would be back to check on you later today.” Shaking her head, Nora straightened her back and looked at her patient with the disappointed concern of a mother. “You were having some hell of a bad trip. Dehydrated out of your mind, too. They were right to bring you in; I don’t know what you took, but it wasn’t agreeing with you.”

“I... I... Uh...” Cassie blinked and tried to remember. There was a party. A hell of a party. And friends. Drugs had been involved. Perhaps more than she was used to. “I don’t remember...” Her eyes darted around at the possibility of getting in trouble. “C-Can I go?”

“Oh no! Way too soon for that!” Nora shined a light in Cassie’s eyes and observed her pupils. “You’re still recovering from dehydration and I need to make sure you come down from whatever you took. Hence the restraints; you were flailing pretty hard. Almost like you were punching off an army of monsters!” Nora chuckled. “I didn’t want you to injure yourself.”

“But I’m not doing that now,” Cassie argued, “Couldn’t you--”

Nora put her hands on her hips and assumed a stronger tone. “You can stay tied up until I decide everything is out of your system and you’re not a danger to yourself or someone else, or I can call campus security and tell them about whatever we find in your blood tests and let the university ethics committee handle it.”

Cassie squeaked and settled into the bed. “I-I’ll wait...”

She smiled. “Thought so. Let’s sit you up.” Motors whirred as the bed rose into a gentle recline. Cassie was shocked at how dizzy the motion made her, as well as became aware of a strange shifting in her breasts. Her attention turned then to a machine behind the bed. It beeped at several button presses at Nora’s fingers. “Now you just relax and get your fluids back up. We’re trying out a new machine rather than a traditional IV.”

“Huh?”

Nora led Cassie’s eye to several tubes coming from a large humming box. They led to her bed where they snaked over her shoulders. Nora’s fingers tapped against two stickied cups latched to the top of Cassie’s chest above her breasts. “No needles! Just stick the pads on and osmosis gets water straight into your body. Also means we don’t need to keep refilling a bag!”

Cassie stared. Something was demanding her attention. She was still in her clothes from last night: a pair of tight jeans designed to show off her butt, and a red long-sleeve button-up sweater with a deep V-neck and a camisole underneath. Normally the top would have granted a healthy tease of her F-cup assets, but now a generous amount of flesh was heaping itself into the open. Obscene cleavage pressed together as if she were stuffed into a heavily padded push-up bra. The camisole’s neckline sank gently into her skin to cause a visual bulge of quad-boob pushing into the sweater.

There was a weight her lungs weren’t used to lifting. Strange fullness had plumped her breasts into dramatically swollen versions of their former selves. Slowly she watched their rounded shapes rise and fall, trying to figure out how they could look so much bigger.

“Cassie? You with me?”

She blinked, tearing herself away from the strange sight. “S-Sorry! That’s very interesting. I guess I’m still a little out of it...”

The health worker nodded. “Well just get some rest. It’s still early. I’ll be back in to check on you in a little bit. Call if you need anything.”

“Thank you.”

She was alone moments later with a door left ajar. Down the hall Cassie could hear the muffled sound of a TV, likely from the clinic’s waiting room, as well as Nora’s gentle humming. Cassie took solace that the nurse didn’t seem intent on reporting her to the school, even if she should. Perhaps Nora thought waking up tied to a hospital bed was enough to scare someone straight.

“Nnngh... My head... Why-- Aahhh!”

Cassie trembled when a tingling sensation washed through her chest. It was chill-inducing as if she’d just been sprinkled with room-temperature water. It mixed with the strange increase in her breast weight, leaving her short of breath as they felt like they were pushing the air from her lungs.

She stared down at her impressive caramel mounds, shocked to find them somehow larger than before. The camisole was filled to the brim with her bust.

“This *has* to be a trick of the eye...” she whispered. Shifting her body, she attempted to adjust her chest under the assumption they had shifted oddly in her bra. The cups did feel as though they were sitting oddly around them, but there was no empty space to be found. The sides of her breasts pushed out the garment’s sides, pushing her sweater out to rub against her biceps. “This...” Cassie gulped, feeling the tingling sensation once more. If they were truly as large as they appeared, she estimated herself at almost double her usual size. “There’s no way I could just...*swell up* like this. That doesn’t just happen! And I’m too old to have some freak growth spurt this crazy!”



She had to calm down. The room still started to spin if she got too worked up. Cassie groaned and leaned into her pillow to close her eyes. “*I’m going to kill Miranda for whatever she gave me.*”

The darkness inside her eyelids was comforting. Cassie breathed deep, trying to ignore the new heaviness atop her ribs, and slowly exhaled.

“I’m going to be alright... I’m not going to get in trouble... Just a little nap, and I’ll be walking back to my dorm in time for a late breakfast... Probably be laughing about this in a week...”

Strrrtch

Cassie winced, twitching in her self-assuring meditation. The bra’s underwire had bit her side like a warning pinch. She did her best to ignore it and settle into the mattress, but her body didn’t want to rest. Heat swirled within her core. Her jeans were constrictive after being worn for so long. Tight across her crotch, Cassie could feel the seam pressing too intimately for her liking.

She tried to rest. She tried to enjoy the gentle hum of the machine looming over her shoulder, or the gentle warmth the hydrating hoses caused on her skin. Nothing could keep her mind from the rising sense of bloat tickling her chest. It danced under her skin like bouncing

ripples. As heat flushed Cassie's cheeks, she realized there was something else bubbling within her: arousal.

"Nnngh, come on...! What's...wrong with me??" she complained while trying to sink deeper into the pillow. *"My boobs feel like--"*

She opened her eyes out of frustration. The air caught in her throat when she glanced at her chest once more.

"H-Hoooooly shit."

Her breasts had risen, mounded higher from her torso like slowly growing water balloons. The amount of cleavage splitting her front took her breath away. There was no denying their impressive girth as Cassie gawked at the two overgrown melons blocking the view of her stomach.

"There's no way. There is NO WAY this is happening!"

Rapid breaths caused her to wobble. Their motions were too real to ignore. Too heavy and too full. Cassie felt sweat run down the back of her neck as she felt her skin react to the intense motions of her shimmying. Desperate, her restraints clattered against the bed frame. Her hands clenched open and closed, trying anything to free themselves so she could inspect.

"God, my nipples!!"

Nothing sounded better than sinking her hands into her front. Somewhere beneath the mess of stretching fabric, her nipples ached with hardness. Both areolas sang with a sensitivity she'd never known, and even worse, it was driving her crazy as the weight seemed to increase.

Strrrrrtch

"This isn't happening... This isn't happening... I'm dreaming! I'm hallucinating! I'm...having a bad trip!" Cassie stared at her blushing bust in fright. She couldn't see it getting bigger, but she could certainly feel it. A gentle tension was spreading across her skin. It tickled but was enough to stimulate her breasts as if they were being massaged. Every time she looked, they stared back larger than before. *"T-There is no way my tits are actually that--"*

Pop!!!



Cassie's heart dropped when the front of her sweater trembled before releasing a button with a snap of fabric. The plastic piece flew across the room and clattered over the tiled floor. Each ticking tap echoed through Cassie's ears.

Her eyes dilated at the view of her further exposed chest from her sweater pulling open and to the sides. The camisole was overflowing with an obscene amount of skin. Lifting from the neckline, the bulk of her breasts were deformed and squeezed by a bra she never imagined would feel so small. Her nipples pulsed against the padding in anger, throbbing with every beat of her heart.

"O-Ok ok!! This is real!! They're really that big!!"

Guurrrgle

She clawed at the sheets upon feeling their masses distend fuller, arching her back against the welling sensations.

"Mmnnghhh why am I getting bigger?! Wasn't I...big enough already?!" Cassie whimpered at the heaving flesh chasm. *"A-An F-cup was plenty! These things are--"*

Guurrrrgle

Something registered in her mind: a sound. Distant and muffled like a tiny creek running beneath a layer of ice and snow.

"What is that??"

She looked around, causing her bust to wobble and jolt. Dense sloshing reached her ears, drawing Cassie's attention downward. Panic enveloped her but she tried to calm her breath if only for a moment so she could listen to what her mammaries were trying to tell her.

It was there. A gentle, timid trickle of fluid. Constant but slow, flowing into her breasts. Slowly her neck craned and she looked higher up her chest. Two sticky pads stared back, situated above her breasts. Each attached to a hose. Each pumping her with water at the humming machine's command.

Cassie could feel it now: the slow, flowing water trickling from the hydration pads and settling directly into her breasts. Drop by drop it was filling her bust like a pair of water balloons, stretching her out and rounding her mounds. It was too slow to watch, but every drop was impossible to ignore now that she knew.

"I-It's... They're... My...breasts..."

She testingly rolled left and right.

Sloooooosh

Sloooooooooosh

Water bubbled within her chest. Already she'd managed to take on a total of two gallons. Enough to fill and bloat her mounds to a fantastical size. Far disproportionate to her figure, and far too large for her clothes. Stitches and seams warped around their water-logged curves, trying their best to stretch and contain her girth.

Cassie squeaked, whispering, “*Water... My boobs are...filling with water...*” The scream came before she knew she’d opened her mouth. “*NORA!!!! NORRAAAAA!!! HELP!!! I NEED HELP!!!!*”

Only silence returned to her. Breath hitching as she felt ounce after ounce slowly working its way into her breasts, Cassie arched her back in fear of her own breasts.

“*SOMEBODY GET IN HERE!!! MY TITS ARE BLOWING--*”



“Whhooooaaa, hey, calm down!”

She looked up to see a young man standing in the doorway: a fellow student, by the looks of it.

“*W-Where’s Nora?! I NEED NORA!! HURRY!!*” Cassie begged. Despite the sea of fluid bloating her chest, she still felt her face growing hot in the boy’s presence.

He approached, motioning his hands up and down to ease her distress. “Nora stepped out for a minute to grab some breakfast from the cafeteria. But don’t worry, she told me all about you. I’m Kyle. We might...” His eyes lingered on her incredible breasts, ogling the watermelon-sized mounds warping her sweater. “We might have a class together I think.”

Strrrrrrtch

“*Sure!! Sure!! Whatever!!*” Cassie pulled at her bonds. “*Just fucking turn this machine off!! IT’S MAKING MY CHEST SWELL UP WITH WATER!!*”

Kyle’s mouth frowned to one side. “Hmm...” He walked around her bed, far too calmly for Cassie’s liking, and inspected the machine. Several buttons beeped under his fingers. “It looks fine to me...”

A tremble ran through Cassie’s body as her mammaries engorged, straining around their sloshing contents. “*Are you serious?? LOOK AT MY TITS!! THEY’RE HUGE!! THEY’RE NOT SUPPOSED TO BE THIS BIG!! ALL THE WATER IS GOING STRAIGHT INTO MY--*”

“Nora did mention you could still be coming off whatever you took last night.”

“...*WHAT?!?*”

“I know you could still be a little out of it, but I promise you’re fine. You’re dehydrated and your mind is just playing tricks on you. I promise your boo--er--” He cast his eyes anywhere but toward her front. “--chest isn’t doing anything out of the ordinary.”

Cassie’s jaw dropped. “*What?!?*” She opened her hands toward her bust, trying to grab them for emphasis. “*Do you see them?! They look like WATER BALLOONS!! Do you really think I would wear a top this small if I had tits this big?!?*”

Kyle scratched his head. Obvious embarrassment blushed his cheeks from the topic. “I only know what Nora told me... It’s not uncommon to hallucinate for a good bit after drugs. Listen,” he turned back to the machine.

Beep

Beep

Beep

Beep

“You still seem kind of dehydrated, so I’ll up the rate of osmosis and then have Nora come take a look when she gets back.”

“*No no nononononoo!!! Don’t--*” Cassie gasped, her eyes dilating when the sticky pads vibrated on top of her breasts. The water’s rate had increased dramatically, enough that she could now feel the pads seeping the fluid into her.

“That should do it!” Kyle smiled, slipping out of the room. “Holler if you need anything!”

Cassie froze, her hands and toes clenched in anticipation.

Guuurrrrgle!!

She threw her head back into her pillow. “*Mmngh!!! Ohhhh God!!!*”

The growth was no longer a trickle; the hose had been turned on to full blast and she was a helpless balloon on the left unattended receiving end. She was able to see herself swelling up now, her breasts rising and forcing themselves wider. Within a minute Cassie could see she’d gained nearly an inch of girth across her front as flesh spilled from her cami.

The state of her clothes was comical with her current size, but reaching levels of discomfort. Not only could Cassie feel her bra being pulled into her mounds, but she could see it causing them to deform as the band refused to stretch any further. Together, it and her breasts rose from the aching neckline of her cami like rising suns.

“*Nnnnnngh!!! Fuuuuuuuck this bra!! I can’t...breathe!!*” Cassie whimpered and squirmed, arching her back in search of any form of relief. Any stimulation from fabric dancing across her firming breasts was enough to drive her wild; intense stretching had left her skin alive with sensitivity beyond anything she’d felt before.

Slooomsh!!

Slooommmsh!!

“Nnngh!! Please!! O-Oh please!! Break!! I can’t--” Gasps left her gulping for air like a fish out of water. Cleavage pushed against her neck and chin, forced upward by a bra refusing to break. So tense, it had forced her pumpkin-sized globes to ride tight and high on her torso as if she were packing them to jump from an airplane.

Creeaaaaaaaaak!!

“Ahh!! Mnnghhhhh fuuuck!! Too tight!! It’s too tight!!” Cassie exhaled her last and watched the bra straps vanish into the water-logged chasms of her rising skin. *“T-T-This bra is going to make me explo--”*



BOOM!!

SLOOOOOOOSH!!!!

“GAAHH!!”

It ruptured at the front, flying open in a grand display of avalanching flesh. Cassie collapsed into her bed from the force, feeling a dozen gallons of water rush forward and shift all at once within her breasts. They filled into their natural shape, reaching her hips before rolling onto the bed on either side of her pelvis.

Hot, caramel-brown skin filled her open palms. Cassie’s breath caught in her throat. Biting her lip, she opened her eyes.

“O-Oh dear God...”

Her breasts were everywhere. No matter how Cassie looked at them, there was no escaping their unnatural size. Each contained enough water to fill a large beach ball. They sloped from her shoulders before rounding out atop her pelvis and flowing to the sides before the bed’s railing prevented them from rolling off the mattress. Her hands were there, able to grope and squeeze her bare flesh in all its water-logged glory. Slowly she squeezed them open and closed.

Their water balloon-like weight and sloshing were the first thing she noticed. The second was their firmness.

"I'm... I'm fucking huge... How am I holding this much--"

A warm sensation announced itself then. It tickled through her nipples before washing down the bottom halves of her chest and onto her lap where it soaked through the blanket and her pants. Sitting up and squeezing her breasts just right, Cassie could angle her dark brown nipples into view. Water ran from their pores in several streams.

"I'm leaking!!!" she gasped, hands grabbing tighter and pushing more water free. *"I-I'm so full that I started leaking water!!!"*

Splrrrrrtch!!

"MMGH!!!"

Fluid sprayed when she jolted sharply. There wasn't much room left and her breasts were responding in turn. The pressure was enough to leave Cassie breathless. She panted in heat, unsure of whether or not to enjoy the welling goodness or panic as she felt herself continuing to stretch.

"Why... This should... Mmmmmghhh!! This should not feel this good!!!"

She allowed her thighs to tease together. Moisture in her panties confirmed her arousal. Every drop of water was intoxicating within her. Every ounce pushing her a little bit bigger was another temptation of desire. Cleavage rose with the slowest speed, yet Cassie could still watch her bust fill before her. She noticed her breasts were a lighter shade than the rest of her body, as if they were made of latex reaching its limit.

Trickling water bubbled in her ears. The constant, never-ending flow attached to her mammarys. The pads had begun to lift as the tops of her breasts expanded toward her collarbones.

Strrrrrrrrrrtch

"M-Mnngh..."

Toes clenching, Cassie realized she'd been massaging her breasts. The same as when she masturbates: a slow, absentminded kneading of lust as her hands sought any outlet for her arousal.

"No! I... I-I can't start enjoying this!"

Strrrrrrrrrrtch!!

Their weight shifted. Cassie felt their sides come to rub against her forearms and biceps. They were bloating to fill every available inch of space around her torso. The bed was a cage for her balloons, keeping them contained even as the plastic guards began to creak. Cassie could feel herself bulging between the gaps and creeping down her thighs.

"Kyle?! Nora?! PLEASE!! You need to turn the water off!! It's-- MMGH!!!"

Her breath hitched. It felt like her breasts were taking over her body. She whimpered, watching them ever so slowly round out in her arms. Previously gentle slopes rose to transform her teardrops into mounds. Their sides pushed over the tops of the rails as she came to fill the

bed. Tensing as if she were coming face-to-face with an over-inflated balloon, Cassie's eyes widened when her cleavage came to push against her neck. It rubbed tight and hot, swallowing her chin in a sloshing chasm.



“K-KYLE!!! KYLE!!! I’M GOING TO POP!! MMMMMM THE BED ISN’T BIG ENOUGH!! IT’S SQUEEZING ME!!”

Creeeeaaaaaaaaaak

Complaints about her weight sounded from bending plastic. Cassie's eyes darted around the room for anything of use. Her heart raced somewhere beneath the ocean of water filling her bust. Every additional inch felt as though it could be the last, yet she craved more. She wanted to be bigger, to know what it felt like to be at her absolute. She'd always been proud of her chest, but now it dwarfed her old size. These were in a different league. They were a class of their own: tight, sloshing globes of heated sex leaking lust all over the sheets.

They rose higher, bulging over her shoulders. She could see the water pads atop them, almost at eye level. Fluid rushed through the thin tubes near her ears as if to taunt her inability to do anything.

STRRRRTCH

“AHH!!”

She couldn't be certain of any noises or their origin. Her arms were pinned, unable to move. Even her hands could barely flex against the walls of skin and water pushing against them. The mattress had soaked through, leaving Cassie sitting in a puddle and drenched to her ankles as her bust reached her knees.

Rmmmmmbbbbbblll

This sound made her breath stop cold. It gurgled deep within her, echoing like an underwater earthquake.

“TURN IT OFF!!! TURN THE MACHINE OFF!!! I... MMGAHHH!!” She moaned, leaning her head back as cleavage rubbed against her cheeks. *“Aahhhh I don’t know how much more I can take!! I...feel like I’m going to burst!! Why...”* She clenched, biting her lip and staring at the wobbling masses. *“W-Why does that turn me on so damn much?!”* Slowly as her breasts deformed from the bed’s clutches, she watched the pads sink into her rising cleavage, deep out of sight and reach. *“SOMEBODY PLEASE!! TURN IT OFF BEFORE I POP!!”*

The door swung open, announcing Nora’s return. She was looking at a clipboard with a cup of coffee in her other hand. “Alright, Cassie... How are we feeling after--”

She dropped everything. Watching the coffee splash across the floor sent Cassie’s heart into a flurry as if it were an omen.

“CASSIE!!” Nora gasped, running to her side. She stared, unsure of how to address the situation swelling in the bed. Her patient was buried beneath her own chest as nipples the size of soda cans puffed and sprayed water over her feet. *“Your breasts!! Are you allergic to anything?! What’s--”*

Cassie’s wide eyes stared at the machine behind her. Unable to escape her cleavage, she yelled with a muffled voice into her chest, *“The machine!! T-Turn off the water!! Filling...me up!!”*

“That... T-That can’t...” Nora’s eyes flitted between her and the hydrator for only a moment. Such an effect was ridiculous, yet the reality was sloshing before her. Cassie’s eyes pleaded at her with frantic lust-laced worry. Setting aside her disbelief, Nora went to work. *“Where are the osmosis pads?!”*

Staring cross-eyed into her cleavage where the hoses vanished, Cassie whimpered, *“They sank in between!”* Nora grabbed the hoses and pulled gently, eliciting a sharp squeak of fear from Cassie when they tugged on her bust. *“Don’t!! D-Don’t do that!! I’m too tight!! They’re too deep!!”*

“Dammit!” Nora turned to the machine without another thought. *“KYLE!! GET IN HERE!!”*

Beep!!

Beep!!

STRRRRTCH!!

“A-Ahhh!!!” The water flowed faster. Cassie trembled, feeling it pouring into her breasts. *“YOU’RE TURNING IT UP!!”*

“Sorry, dear!! I’m sorry!! KYLE!!”

He arrived moments later. “What--” Embarrassment and confusion turned his face bright red when he saw what Cassie had bloated into.

“Weren’t you watching her?! The hell happened to her breasts?! They’re full of water!!”

Standing frozen, he stammered with a slack jaw. “I... I thought she was imagining things... They weren’t that big a little bit ago when I--”

CREEEAAAAAAAAAAK

“MMMGGH!!”



“Just get in here and stimulate her nipples!! She needs to release some of this water!!”

His eyes fell upon her massive flesh nozzles. Nervous, he reached out and grasped one with both hands.

SPLRRRRRTCH!!

“MMMMMMMMMMMM!!!!!!”

Cassie reeled at the release of nearly a gallon of steaming fluid. It caused her nipple to puff and swell with her areola, Kyle’s stimulation driving her lust to new heights.

“Holy fuck,” he gawked.

“Keep milking her!!”

STRRRRTCH

STRRRRRRRRRRTCH!

“Mnngh!! Nnnnngh!!! T-Turn it offfff!!” Cassie begged. Even as Kyle tugged and pulled, she could see herself getting fuller. Most of her view was blocked by her breasts with Nora visible directly over her and the top of Kyle’s head peeking over her bust.

Beep!

Beep beep!!

Nora’s fingers flew. *“It’s not responding!! Kyle, did you mess with it?!”*

“I thought it was too low!! I turned it up!”

“Well I can’t turn it down now!”

SPLRRRTCH!!

SPLRRRRRRRRRTCH!!

SPLRRRR--

“AUGH!!” Cassie gasped when it felt as though the water punched the back of her nipples. The spraying ceased with a dense churning.

“Kyle, I said don’t stop!! She needs to release the pressure!!”

“They stopped spraying!!”

Nora’s hair whipped when she looked at him. “What?!”

“Her nipples!!! They--” Kyle squeezed them hard as her areolas bulged around his fists. “They swelled up when I started stimulating them! The water can’t leak out anymore!!”

RRMMMMMMBBBBBBLLLL

Cassie squeaked in fright as her breasts echoed in anger. Water hammered against her areolas and blocked nipples. “Aaahhh!! M-Make them stop!! I can’t...” She swallowed, tasting water in the back of her throat. “I don’t think I can stretch much bigger!!”

“Shit! SHIT!!”

Beep!!

Beep beep!!

Beep!!

Nora pushed everything to no effect.

CRREEAAAAAAAK!!

CRAACK!!

“NNGH!!” One of the rails partially snapped, sending ripples through Cassie’s swollen mounds when their support faltered. “Oh no!!! Nooooo I think I stopped stretching!!!”

“Kyle, we have to unplug it!! Help me move the machine!!”

He didn’t respond. Watching Cassie with wide, fearful eyes, he took a step back as stretch marks blossomed over her reflecting bust.

RRMMMBBBBBBBL!!!

“MMMGGH!!!” Cassie didn’t dare breathe as her chest rose into her face. There was no escape now, even as she tilted her head back.

“KYLE!! We need to shut it off!! She can’t keep swelling up like--”

“D-Doctor...” he whispered, backing against the door.

RRRRMMMMMMBBBBBBBL!!!!

“This is it!! I can feel it!!” Rapid gasps squeaked through Cassie’s cleavage. “They’re gonna pop!! THEY’RE GONNA POP!! I’M...A FUCKING WATER BALLOON!!”

“You’re not going to pop!! Just--”

RRMMMMMMBBBBBBBL!!!!!!

This time even Nora paused, looking down as the bed leaned to one side. Flesh filled it, covering the girl from head to toe.

“MMMM!!!! TOO...FULL!!! I CAN’T HOLD ANOTHER DROP!!”

Nora retreated with a step. Water-logged and heavy, Cassie's nipples sagged with too much weight.

CRREEEEAAAAAAAAAAK!!!

"*AHHH!! MMMGGHHHHHHH!!!*" Cassie stared, watching her breasts stretch to their limit. Cleavage rose over her eyes. "*POP!! JUST...BURST ALREADY!!*" She struggled for air, on the cusp of a dramatic orgasm. "*I WANT IT!! I WANT TO POP!!*"

The room dimmed in her encroaching prison. Tensing every muscle as her breasts trembled with pressure on top of her, Cassie held her breath as darkness fully engulfed her to leave only the sound of angry gurgles.



"MY BOOBS ARE GOING TO EXPLODE!!!"

Cassie's outburst filled the otherwise quiet room. She'd jolted upright, drenched in sweat and gasping for air. Intense heat swirled around her groin and her core ached in an intimately familiar way. Kyle stared at her with blushing cheeks while standing next to a second bed housing another student. They both ogled Cassie at a loss for her words.

"W...What??"

She looked down, immediately grabbing her breasts. The hundreds of gallons were gone. Only her natural bust remained within an unstretched sweater and cami. Flesh bulged high into cleavage as she groped and kneaded them in lingering panic.

"There was water!! There was water filling my chest!! Like balloons!! What happened?! I was huge!! I was about to explode!! I--"

"Sounds like a heck of a dream," a calm voice said in amusement.

Cassie turned, seeing Nora standing on the other side of her bed adjusting an empty IV bag. "*Where's the water machine??*"

The nurse cocked her head. "You must have had a crazier night than you led on... Wouldn't surprise me if you had some outlandish dreams." Nora tapped the IV bag with a pen. "But you're all set! I'm afraid I'll have to report the incident to the university, but you shouldn't get in too much trouble for a first offense."

Still clutching her chest, Cassie stared in utter bewilderment. She could recall the pressure so vividly. The tingling still itched her nipples. Slowly they hardened, making her heart race as if the ordeal were about to resume. "I... I can leave? I'm not tied up?"

"Why in the world would we tie you up? This is a college health center, not a mental hospital." Nora said with an expression of matter-of-factness. She jotted something on a notepad and handed Cassie a bottle after unhooking the IV and placing a bandage. "Now take one of these at lunch and another at dinner and you'll be right as rain. They should help with any

headaches you might have, but you could see a little swelling from water retention for a few days. Nothing worse than you would see on your period. Any questions?”

“I...” Cassie squeezed herself again, exploring everything with lingering fear, before noticing something. Nora was already on her way out of the room when she asked softly, “*Why is my bra broken....?*”