

Soaked

Contains unwanted breast, butt, thigh growth, and harmless popping via water

“Brrr!!” I shivered while wrapping my arms around myself. “I should have brought a jacket today!”

My friend Justine nodded in agreement. Her eyes cast themselves to the sky above. Dark, ominous clouds blotted out the sun in swollen plumes of grays. “I didn’t think it was supposed to rain...” she said.

A wind whipped around us and threatened to lift our skirts. Our hands held them at bay but the image was almost as awkward as the one it prevented. “I hate our school uniforms,” I grumbled.

Justine clicked with amusement. “Until you catch Brian staring at your legs. Then you’re *aaaalllll* too happy to let your skirt ride up a little!”

“Shut up!” I blushed, only adding color to my chill-reddened cheeks. The thin white cotton of my button-up blouse wasn’t much for protection against the rain-beckoning breeze. I wasn’t sure if my nipples were hard because of the wind or the thought of Brian warming them up with his hands. “Let’s just get home. It looks like those clouds could start dumping at any--”

PLOP

PLOP PLOP PLOP

A drop of water exploded on my forehead. Several more followed seconds later to pelt the front of our blouses. They acted like invisible ink, revealing tiny circular windows to our skin below through the wet fabric.

“Crap,” Justine frowned as thunder boomed.

We were caught along a road outside an urban subdivision. Up ahead I could see a bus stop across the street. It would shield us from the rain but there was no time for us to find a crosswalk and trek across the busy traffic. Our only choices were to run home or take our chances waiting out the coming rain under a large nearby oak tree. Based on the scent of spring rain permeating the air, I figured the later was out best bet.

PLOP

PLOP

“Come on!” I yelled, starting to jog towards the tree.

Justine was hot on my heels by the time I entered the shelter of thousands of leaves. It couldn’t have been a moment too soon; a curtain of fat raindrops began pelting the ground outside the tree. Water ran down the gutter while we listened to the sound of rain funneling over us. The cover wasn’t perfect, but at least we weren’t going to get drenched.

Justine was trying to catch her breath. A backpack was thrown from her shoulder to the base of the tree trunk. “What...happens if this goes on for more than five minutes? We can’t just stand here! It could storm all night!”

I stuck my hand out only to bring it back dripping wet and wipe it on my shirt. The downpour was heavy enough to tickle my palm. “You can go if you want, but you’re not going to make it home without your blouse becoming see-through.”

“Damn school and their cheap--”

“Hurry, Carla!”

“I’m coming, dammit!”

Justine and I glanced across the street. Two women dressed in office attire were rushing to the bus stop. They must have come from one of the nearby business complexes. Their heels carried them as fast as they could but it wasn’t enough to avoid a healthy layer of wetness splattering their clothes. Once under the metal shelter, they breathed a sigh of relief.

“Oh look, we have friends,” I chuckled. A weak wave of hello was passed from our group to theirs as we shared the same predicament. They checked their phones and began touching up their hair before too long. The rain was too loud for us to catch any of their conversation.

“What did you think of the physics test today?” Justine asked, leaning against the tree. “Question three was impossible.”

“Yea...”

“I’m honestly not even sure I had the right equation for the buoyant force. This whole chapter is--*Hey, earth to Amy!*”

I was too busy watching the women across the street tend to their appearances. They wouldn’t stop smoothing out their pencil skirts and pulling the fabric down over their legs as if it kept climbing back up. Even from where I stood, I could see wide holes gaping between their shirt buttons. Were their chests that big a minute ago?

“S-Sorry,” I mumbled, not having paid attention to Justine’s physics woes. “Look at those women; do they look...*off*, to you?”

Justine pushed away from the tree trunk and stood with me at the curb. Narrowing her eyes, she stared through the rain. “Off how?”

“Like their clothes! They’re *clearly* too small! Their shirts look like they’re about to--”

“*Ahh!*” One of the women gasped suddenly when she sat on the bench. She was red in the face and her coworker was too busy laughing to say anything. From our perspective, I could see a gaping hole in the front of her blouse. Obvious cleavage packed tightly in a beige bra shown at us like headlights. At the side of her thigh was a large window of skin bulging through a burst seam in her skirt. Several cars drove by to deliver honks of approval.

TINK!!

“What was that?” Justine looked around when an object struck the tree behind us. It rolled to her feet as if asking for help finding its way home. “A...button?” she wondered.

I didn’t dare suggest that it had come from the woman across the street. But the fact a button had just whizzed past our heads and she was missing one was too much to ignore. It couldn’t possibly have made it across the street, could it?

“Justine,” I whispered, watching intently at the woman’s confused glances at her own body, “There’s something weird going...”

“*Crap crap crap crap CRAAAAP!!!*”

A new voice joined the fray. Our stranded groups turned our attention down the street when a woman swore loudly. She was dripping from head to toe. Makeup ran down her face and fabric clung to her skin like paint. Only a small suitcase was held overhead for protection but it did nothing against the violent rain. It had soaked her through to the bone. She looked like a Maria to me.

“There’s room in here!!” one of the women offered.

She was happy to take it. Joining them under the bus stop, the drenched woman threw her makeshift umbrella to the ground and inspected herself. “*DAMMIT!*” she groaned, “I have an interview in thirty minutes!! *It wasn’t supposed to rain!!*”

“Oh no...” the office woman consoled her with a frown. “I’m sure they’ll understand. These things happen.”

“I know. It just reflects poorly on my ability to plan and--” She finally got a good look at her two companions. The perplexed expression on her face helped assure me I wasn’t going crazy. “Uhhh...” she hummed, staring at their ready-to-burst wardrobes. Breasts the size of her own head stared back.

They followed her gaze and blushed, covering themselves with their arms. “Sorry, we don’t usually dress like this! Our clothes usually fit much--”

“*Nnngh...*”

I saw the soaking-wet woman swoon. My pulse raced when she placed a hand on top of her chest as if to still her heart. Maria leaned against the glass of the bus stop.

“Are you all right?” one of the women asked. The other was too busy staring at the shifting of rounded shaped under Maria’s shirt. So was I.

“*Oooohhhhh...*” Maria moaned. “I-I think I just...need to sit down. All of a sudden my body feels so heavy...” She sat between them but her breaths did not calm. They came out in quick gasps, as if she were trying not to inhale fully. It wasn’t hard to see why; it looked like two balloons were inflating under her blouse.

“What the hell...?” Justine whispered. She was as mesmerized by the scene as I was.

I gulped, watching Maria’s clothes pull taut over her body. Her hips were inching across the bench as if in conquest and her pants weren’t up to the task. “Justine,” I said softly, “I think we might have made it under this tree just in time.”

“*Nnnnngh!!*” Maria squirmed and arched her back. “W-What’s...*What’s happening to me??*”

“What’s wrong?? Can we help??” The women were frantic. In the few short moments Maria had been with them, her curves had bloated to triple their size. And they weren’t showing any signs of stopping. “Do you need us to call somebo--”

“*NNNGHH!!!*”

POW POW POW POW!!!!

Justine and I jumped when a gatling of buttons exploded from Maria's front. Several reached our location, others sailed overhead. We didn't care. We were more focused on the watermelon-sized knockers trying to break free of a C-cup bra.

"*M-My boobs!!!*" Maria yelled. Her arms cradled them like water balloons. The other two women backed away from the scene as much as they dared without stepping into the rain. The bus stop was only so big. "*WHAT'S HAPPENING TO MY--*"

SSHRRRIIPP!!!

"*M-MM!!*"

A groan rang out amongst the rain when Maria's pants split down her thighs. Pale flesh squished through the blown-out seams and spread across the metal bench. A strip of taut elastic sank into a crease where her thighs bent at her hip. Whenever those panties gave way, there was no chance we would hear it.

I couldn't look away. This woman, once sporting an average build, was now swelling at her curves as if somebody had stuck her on a fire hydrant. Her tits were larger than any beach ball I had ever played with and dominated her figure. I couldn't see anything of her torso behind their quivering girth. Cleavage covered her face as her bra dug into her flesh and created awkward bulging mountain ranges.

"I-I'm BLOWING UP!! MY BODY FEELS LIKE IT'S...NNNNGH...F-FILLING!!"

SNAP!!!

Maria's bra broke with the sound of gunfire. There was nothing left to contain her now. As her unsupported breasts fell to her lap, they spread over the bench and overflowed her knees. The bus stop was only meant for three people, and Maria was coming close to claiming that much space for herself.

"*What the fuck is happening to you?!*" one of the other women screamed, trying to shrink against the bus stop wall.

"*I-I don't know! I don't know!!*" Maria heaved for breath. Nipples as big as my fists inched ahead of her before extending beyond the bus stop's cover. Rain pelted the pink mounds. Her areolas drank healthily. "*NnnnghhhMMM!!!!*"

Maria's growth accelerated. Hands sinking into the tops of her bean bag mammaries, I saw her throw her head back and cry in ecstasy. Skin rushed toward both of the women. The bench groaned beneath Maria's mammoth hips and thighs. Her ass was big enough to be her personal loveseat. It lifted her atop a cushion over a foot high where she bobbed and wobbled on its unsteady girth.

"*S-Stop!! STOP!!*" the women demanded. Frightened, they pushed against Maria's expanding chest and butt. It only made the looming mass bulge and heave.

"You're going to push us out into the--"

CCRREEAAAAAK

Everything but the rain froze. Then, all at once, I saw the bench buckle under Maria's weight. When it folded it took the rest of the bus stop with it. The entire frame collapsed and fell backward to come crashing onto the sidewalk. Being thrown from their shelter in fear and by her titanic size, the two women sat stunned on the ground on either side of Maria. She lay pinned on her back by breasts the size of a small car. A matching rear end lifted her legs into the air where they were consumed by her hips and crushing thighs.

"AahhhHHH!!! T-The rain!!! It's the raaaaaiiin!!! Oh God I'm MASSIVE!!!" Maria screamed and beat at her engulfing tits. I was able to hear them sloshing from here. I would have run if the sight of coffee can-sized nipples shiny with rainwater wasn't so breathtaking.

"CARLA!!! C-C-CARLA!!!"

The other women were thrown into a panic of their own now. Watching as the rain struck their exposed bodies, I held my breath.

"Holy shit," I heard Justine squeaked.

POW POW POW POW!!

POW POW!!

POW!! POW!!!

It didn't take long for their buttons to rocket toward the sky. Sheets of rain fell upon their exposed chests and soaked their bras. Having no way to protect themselves, the process was much faster than Maria's. Frighteningly so.

"I-I'm blowing up!! My skin is...stretching!!!"

Hair clung to their faces. In a matter of seconds, their arms were filled with an amount of flesh too great for any single woman to bear. Their thighs widened and filled their skirts to the brim to the point of overflowing.

SHRI-BOOM!!

The sound of sturdy pencil skirts exploding like fireworks shook the air. I felt the force of the release in my own chest when their legs thickened enough to free themselves.

"OOOHHHH I FEEL SO FULL!!! I'M...I-I'M ACTUALLY SLOSHING!!!"

One of them managed to roll over before her size became immobilizing. She waiting on her hands and knees for a brief moment of desperation before her tits ballooned quickly against the ground. Their torso sank into the top of their chest as they were forced to lay across it. Neither hand could reach the ground and flesh rubbed against their bare belly as it expanded beneath them.

"H-Help us!!!" one of them yelled at Justine and me. She tried to stand but the weight of her chest pinned her to the sidewalk. An ass loomed behind her like a stalker, pinning both legs.

A wall of flesh crept towards them. Both saw it out of the corner of their eye. They had been so focused on their own growth they'd forgotten about Maria. Full exposure to the rain was just as effective at her titanic size. She ballooned in all directions until coming in contact with the two women.

“WHAT THE FUCK IS THIS RAIN?!” one screamed, fighting back the side of Maria’s van-sized tit.

“Carla! Nnnghh!!! C-Carla I’m starting to feel...really full!!!” Her chest heaved tight and round. I couldn’t tell the difference between some of her veins and the rivers of rainwater draining into her cleavage.

“I JUST KEEP GETTING FULLER!!!”

“M-Make...Make it stooooop!!” She was struggling to stay atop her breasts rather than sinking into their inviting cleavage.

A mountain of jiggling female curves filled my vision. There was no sign of the bus stop. They covered the majority of the sidewalk. Traffic was at a standstill as men and women alike ogled the unbelievable scene. Soon enough, Maria’s bloating ass pressed into the side of a car.

Fear suddenly took hold of me like a hand in the dark. I stumbled backward until I ran into the trunk of the tree. Both of my palms flew to my chest to squeeze what I prayed would still be my gentle D-cups. I had been hit by the rain!! Was that going to happen to me?! I could still remember the chilly water touching my cleavage after soaking through my shirt. Was this tightness in my bra just fright or was I about to blow through my blouse like those women?!

“I-I...” Justine took a moment to collect her thoughts. I could tell the same thing was on her mind. She’d expressed multiple times how little the idea of additional breast growth held no appeal. At a full G-cup, I didn’t blame her. *“I think it depends on how much of the rain hits you...”*

BOOOOOM!!!

Thunder cackled overhead. Whatever this storm was, it wasn’t going to stop anytime soon. A mass of tits and ass as wide as a house engorged across what remained of the street. Many were fleeing their cars in fear of the crushing weight only to find themselves trapped in the same situation once exposed to the rain. The men seemed unaffected. Typical.

“A...A-Amy,” Justine stammered. Her face was pale. Water was starting to drip on us from above. The leaves were soaked and too heavy to protect us much longer. *“M-My bra feels tight.”*

I nodded, not wanting to admit to myself how difficult it was to inhale with my bra band pulled so taut. *“Mine too.”* In the wind and uneven cover of the tree, we never could have totally avoided getting wet. I just wish it hadn’t taken us so long to put two and two together.

Swelling curves overflowed the street. There were too many expanding women to count now. Maria stood the largest above them all, but after a certain point it no longer mattered. Our shelter under the tree wasn’t going to last. As clothes burst open and women’s expanding bodies inched onto our side of the street, Justine and I backed away. To either side we could escape into the rain. Escape, or wait and be pushed into it.

“A-Ahhh!!” Justine cried out, water running down the tree trunk and soaking her back. I could see her bra deforming to contain her breasts. It wouldn’t take much for her to reach massive proportions. She might give Maria a run for her money if given a chance.

PING!

PING!!

Two of my own buttons sprang free. Glancing down, I saw a heap of cleavage pushing its way out of the front of my shirt. My breasts seemed eager to escape and drink the growth-inducing rain. My skirt rode higher up my legs than ever, lifted by my butt like a shelf.

“A-Amy what do we do?!” Justine stared at her chest in worry as her bra creaked.

Heart racing, I took her hand. “We have to run.”

(.Y.) (.Y.) (.Y.) (.Y.) (.Y.)

“A-Amy! My butt is getting too big!”

I glanced at Justine. She was trying desperately to wipe the rainwater from her dripping backside while also trying to pull her skirt down for any remaining bit of modesty. Both goals were a fool’s errand. She might as well have been trying to cover a table with a napkin.

CRREEEAAAAAK

My situation wasn’t much better. Complaints of pressure and stress screamed from my bra. Even with half of my shirt blown open, it was difficult to see the lace from between the heaps of oozing flesh trying to swallow my lingerie. I noticed an increased effort in trying to stand as well; my thighs and butt had grown thick enough to change my footing.

I looked down the street past the jiggling mounds of women unfortunate enough not to escape the rain’s swelling influence soon enough. Their hulking tits and ass dominated the roads. More and more raindrops were finding their way to us through the weakening leaf cover overhead. We would be in the same boat as all those women soon enough if we didn’t act fast.

I spied a canopy down the street. It hung off the side of a large office building and appeared to be a small picnic area meant only for two or three employees. It didn’t provide much cover, but a solid metal roof was better than leaves.

“Over there!” I pointed, accidentally hitting my chest with my arm. “If we can get under that canopy, we should be able to wait out the storm!”

Fear was constant in Justine’s eyes as she followed my direction. “*Are insane?? We’ll get soaked if we run over there!*”

“We’ll get soaked if we stay here! I don’t think my top can hold out much longer!”

Justine’s breath heaved in confusion and arousal. “But what if--”

“Would you rather take your chances and wind up naked under this tree in a few minutes??”

BOOM!!

Lightning flashed overhead with a crack of thunder. Somehow, the storm was getting worse.

The threat of forced nudity was enough to silence Justine’s worries. I could see plenty of Justine’s butt, and her panties were nowhere to be found. They were either swallowed by her

girth, or she'd been daring enough that morning to forgo them. Either way, her modesty wouldn't be preserved much longer.

"N-No..." Justine whispered, trying to pull her skirt down her front and back.

"Then we have to move!" I began unbuttoning what remained of her blouse.

"What are you doing?! Someone might see your--"

The damp fabric peeled away from my frame as I left myself standing topless. My breasts were far bigger than I thought. It must have looked as though I were smuggling two small watermelons in my D-cup bra. "We're going to need every bit of cover from the rain we can get! Take off your shirt and hold it over your head like an umbrella."

Justine inspected her blouse. It was near the breaking point, though she couldn't expose herself for the sake of preventing further growth. *"I-I can't! There are too many people!"*

With a sigh, I held my shirt overhead and looked toward our destination. "Fine! Then you're going to have to run fast!"

We left the cover of the tree to be met with a thick curtain of pelting droplets. My curves instantly stretched with renewed growth and I wondered what in the world we were thinking, but we had no choice.

"C...Come on!" I yelled back with laborious breath. My bra provided little support for the massive weight of my chest. Every step sent it heaving in either direction. My gait felt closer to a waddle.

"Amy... A-Amy! I'm growing again...!"

I could almost hear Justine's body swelling behind me. Even with my make-shift umbrella, I wasn't protected from the rain's effects. Drops fell from my shirt and pelted me through the wind. I couldn't only imagine the effect it was having on Justine without any kind of protection.

"We're almost there!"

PING!!

PING PING!!

"Amy!! My blouse!!"

"Hurry up!!"

The rain vanished once I fell under the shadow of the canopy. It wasn't much, even for one person, but it was protection. That is, until I saw Justine lumbering after me.

"A...A-Amy...! I'm getting too--"

SSHHHRRRIIP!!!

Justine's clothes burst open like fireworks. In a spray of buttons, seams, and threads, she was rendered naked on the sidewalk. Tattered remains of her underwear hung limp between her thighs. The embarrassment turned her bright red and she flailed to cover her nudity.

"Ahh!! No!!"

BWOOMPH!!

Justine tumbled under the canopy's cover. I was nearly thrown back into the rain when I caught her mass. My hands sank into her sloshing boobs when my arms wrapped around her front. I couldn't believe how warm she felt despite dripping wet.

"My clothes!!! Amy, my clothes ripped off me!!" Justine scrambled to her feet and leaned against the building with my help. I'm sure the people inside were loving the view of her massive rear end pressing against the glass. Meanwhile, her hands flew over her body trying to cover whatever she could. Her hourglass figure was far too large to control. A single nipple was impossible to conceal within her grasp.

"I-I'm too big!! I got too big for my clothes!" Justine was a mess. As I saw her frantic attempts to cover herself, I knew I would soon be in the same boat. My bra felt like a cable ready to snap and my skirt was little more than a decorative belt. I was thankful to have worn a pair of stretchy cotton panties, though even they wouldn't last much longer.

"We should be safe under here for a while," I tried to reassure her. "We can wait out the storm and--"

WHOOOOOOOSH!!!

To our horror, the wind picked up. Torrential rain whipped at us from the side, piercing our cover and dousing us in a layer of chilly water.

SWEEEEEEELLLLL

"A-A-AMYYYYY!!!" Justine cried out.

SNAP!!!!

My bra exploded and flung itself several meters into the road before landing with a wet *plop*. Bloated tits fell from my front like beach balls. I could feel the elastic of my underwear popping somewhere between my cheeks and thighs. Somehow I had managed to catch up to Justine in size. As we both swelled into ridiculous examples of the female form, I felt myself being pushed forward.

SQUEEAAAAAK!

"Shit!!!"

Our butts rubbed against the building's window. Inch by inch, we were being forced out from under our cover by our own expanding hips. Wind whipped around us in a flurry of growth-inducing rain. There was no end to this madness.

Justine scrambled backward to avoid the creeping downpour running off the canopy. *"I-I'm growing faster!!!"*

"Justine, you need to stay calm!! If you trip, you're going to fall into the--"

SHRIP!!

"EEP!!!"

My skirt blew open around my hips to be whisked away by the assaulting wind before I could do anything. With only a pair of soaking Hello Kitty underwear to keep me warm, I stood with my naked friend among the chaos.

Bounce house-sized women filled the streets. Their breasts alone could have served as water toys meant for a lake. I couldn't comprehend being so big, and yet, if we didn't do something fast, we were going to find out what such a size felt like.

"I...I-I'm getting too heavy to stand up...!" Justine panted. I could barely see her waist from between her tits and hips. We must have looked like the living embodiment of the fertility idols we were learning about in school. My own pussy was bulging out of my underwear from its increasing size.

We needed to figure something out.

A light flickered across the street. Squinting between the rising mounds of two women filling the road, I saw a cafe. Its windows were filled with the wide eyes of spectators watching the scene in horror. Some still fit within their clothes as they were supposed to. Others tested the limits of some buttons. Some had completely blown their tops. Regardless, the cafe was a safe haven away from the rain's swelling effects.

"Over there!" I yelled. *"We can get out of the rain!"*

Justine trembled. *"Go in there naked with all those people?! Looking like THIS?!"*

I looked her sternly in the eyes and pointed to a twenty-foot-wide mass of a jiggling pair of boobs. *"Would you rather turn into that?!"*

She squeaked and fell silent, shaking her head.

"I didn't think so! Then we need to go before the storm gets any worse and we get too big to mo--"

VRRRRROOOOOOM!!!

SPLASH!!!!

It came out of nowhere. A motorcycle flew down the road like a growth demon out of hell determined on immobilizing us with our own curves. In his confused dodging of jiggling road hazards, he drove through a deepening puddle. The wave of rainwater attacking our bodies was comparable to the ocean's embrace. He drove on as if unaware of the two girls he'd just sentenced to a fate of extreme curves.

DRIP

DRIP DRIP

DRIP

We looked at ourselves and could feel the water absorbing into our skin.

"A-A-Amy..." Justine squeaked. *"I think I can feel myself...s-starting to--"*

SWEEEEELLL

It was now or never. We had to go. We were about to outgrow this canopy. Grabbing Justine's hand as I felt our thighs grow into each other and our hips expand outside the cover of the canopy, I pulled us into the street. The rain hit our breasts long before it struck our faces.

"Come on!" I yelled, pulling her water-filled mass. We both sloshed and gurgled with laborious movements.

The people in the cafe saw our predicament and luckily were kind enough to open the double doors for our entrance. Had it been a single door, I don't think we would have fit.

"Amy! My...My boobs are too big!!"

"We're almost there!!"

Cleavage rubbed against our chins as we each hugged our chests for security. My legs fought each other for space. If we fell, it would be over and we could join the ranks of mountaining women in the street.

"Hurry!! You can make it!!" one of the women yelled from the cafe. It looked like she'd only fell victim to several cups-worth of growth. I could only hope I might fit into a bra again one day.

We reached the cafe's entrance with jiggling, stumbling steps. Unable to support our own weight any longer, we toppled forward into the coffee-rich air.

BWOOOMPH!!!!

SLOOOSH

"Mmng!!!"

We both moaned in uncontrollable sensations when our own bodies engulfed our frames. Our overfilled breasts filled our arms and swallowed our torsos and heads, only to give us a window through our cleavage to the cafe beyond.

"Did we make it...?" I asked while finding my breath. It was warm and dry save for the puddle around our bodies. Every other woman backed away from the fear of our water. I didn't blame them.

SWEEELLLLLL

"I-I'm still...growing!" Justine moaned. *"My nipples feel so HUGE!"*

I could feel it as well; we were still growing, but it was slowing down. Such a fate was expected given the motorcycle's wave cast upon us. At least there wouldn't be any more growth with the rain left behind.

"It's ok, Justine... We're out of the rain. We can dry off and--"

"Amy...?"

I looked up from within my cleavage. Standing over me was Brian. My crush. My pulse-pounded fantasy. I'd forgotten he works shifts at the cafe between classes. Now, as he stood over me with several towels in hand, I became aware of just how naked I was. Thankfully my underwear still remained somewhat intact.

"H-H-Heeeey, Brian!" I giggled nervously, trying to play it off as if I wasn't the size of a twin bed. *"Have you seen the rain out there? It's really coming--"*

SWEEEEEEELL

SNAP!!!

My face turned beet red when my panties broke open and sent ripples across my backside. I wanted to disappear between my tits as Brian caught a glimpse of my swollen pussy squishing between my thighs.

“C-Could I get one of those towels, please?”

(.Y.) (.Y.) (.Y.) (.Y.) (.Y.)

I couldn't believe the sight fallen before me.

Amy.

Amy lay on the floor, naked as the day she was born. It wasn't difficult to see why; given the torrential rain outside causing women to swell up like sponges, it's no wonder Amy's clothes were reduced to tatters. Her chest alone would have filled the front of my little sedan! That backside, though... She might need a loveseat if she wants to sit down again.

I recognized her friend from class. I didn't know her well, but I certainly got to know her a lot more during the few seconds of them bursting into the cafe. I've never seen so much tight, jiggling, womanly flesh in my life. And they still looked thin! They had tiny little waists! But their tits and asses just...*ballooned!*

It was a similar story for every other woman caught in the nightmarish rain. The longer they stood under its shower, the larger and larger they bloated. The streets were littered with their massive curves. Some women blocked sidewalks, others blocked two lanes or more. I had been watching a pair of boobs fill up to wedge themselves inside an alley across the street until Amy tumbled in.

Never in a million years would I have guessed my day would turn out this way. Rain that causes women to blow out of their clothes? *Yea right!* Sounds like the plot for a bad B-rated sci-fi flick just to get a few hot women topless on camera. And yet, here we are.

The city has been in turmoil for the last hour. Screams ring down the street every few seconds from women asking for help. Everyone wants to help, but no one is willing to brave the downpour. Who knows what it might do to you? Men seem safe so far, but how long will that last? What would it do if it *did* affect us?

A huddle of women stood around us in the cafe. All were escaping the rain. Only a small handful were lucky enough to have evaded its effects so far. Most were testing the limits of their seams. Few were left with hardly a pair of underwear able to stay stretched around their hips. I was trying to give them the privacy they deserved, but it's difficult when there are a pair of beach ball knockers everywhere you look. If I stare at the ground while I run towels around, I end up knocking into some poor woman who is still trying to balance with her new thighs.

“H-H-Heeeyyy, Brian...” Amy whispered into her cleavage.

I just realized I hadn't looked away from Amy. *God, that BODY!* She's huge!! Not as big as Justine, but how did she swell up like this?! She looks like a waterbed! I could have sworn I saw her pussy wobble and shake like a water balloon when her panties snapped like a rubber band. That thing was so plump and pink it looked ready to burst.

Her face was bright red. I don't think she's capable of moving in her current state. I don't think I was capable of walking given my own swelling, either...

“You just gonna stand there, Brian?”

I looked up at my coworker, Jon. We were the only men in the cafe tonight, and the only ones capable of passing out towels to the wobbling women. He was the first one to snap out of his daze, but he’d been just as entranced by Justine’s body as I was with Amy’s.

“S-Sorry!” I knelt down and draped a towel over Amy for some modesty. It covered her like a dishcloth would cover a table. “Use these to dry off... It seems like it helped the other women a little.”

“Thanks...” she squeaked.

There was no privacy in this situation. Everything was just too big to hide. This became painfully apparent when Amy tried to dry herself off while lying immobile on the floor. She could hardly reach the most swollen areas of her figure. It was a challenge for her to stay out of her cleavage, much less manage such massive breasts.

My face turned red.

“Do...Do you want some help...?” I asked. Looking behind me, every woman was standing as far away from them as possible. I couldn’t blame them; even a drop could mean immobilization. “I don’t think anyone else is going to offer...”

Now before you say anything, I was one hundred and ten percent offering out of a desire to provide assistance. This was a freak situation and nobody was comfortable. But...I would be lying if rubbing a towel over that jiggling body didn’t excite me.

Amy stared into her cleavage and refused to make eye contact. I don’t think her face could turn any redder. She held a hand out with a dripping towel.

“Y-Yes, please...”

“Me too...” Justine whispered, barely able to reach anything other than her own breasts. “I...I-I’m still drenched between my legs and it’s making my thighs bigger...”

Jon and I were happy to oblige. Taking a towel in each hand, we began wiping down the two swollen girls.

I’ve never felt breasts so soft and full. Everything about Amy was plump! I rubbed the towel across the front of her chest, marveling at how far I could sink my hand into her depths.

“*Mgh!*” she squeaked.

“Sorry!”

“D...Don’t be... They’re just sensitive...”

I made the mistake of rubbing the towel over a nipple. Seeing her cringe and bite a lip as her toes and hands clenched, I couldn’t help myself. Wrapping my hands around the two swollen pink nozzles, I dried them off as if they were two wet soda cans.

“*A-Ahh!! Brian!!*”

“Sorry!! They were dripping wet!!” I watched her eye me warily. “You don’t want them to keep growing, do you?”

“N-No...”

Jon added, “The sooner we get the two of you dried off, the better.”

“*Mmmngh!!!*” A guttural moan came from Justine. Glancing over, I noticed Jon shoving the towel deep into her cleavage. Ripples raced across her chest violently from his efforts. “*I feel like a water balloon!!!*”

“What the hell is going on out there??” Amy sighed, trying to ignore my exploring hands as I dried her hair and back. “Is this some kind of government experiment gone wrong??”

“I...I-I don’t know...” Justine trembled with pleasure. “But I’ve...*nnngh*...never felt so turned on.”

Jon and I glanced at each other. Similar reactions were coming from the other women as well. Despite their enhanced size, they seemed slaves to the pleasure and heightened sensitivity that such bloating carried. They were as swollen with arousal as they were with water. I could only imagine what those blimp-sized women felt like as they squeezed between buildings.

Moving my towel to Amy’s lower back, I gently spread her legs apart.

“*HEY!! W-WATCH IT!!*” she reacted when I grazed her crotch with the towel.

“I’m not looking! I’m not looking! I can leave your legs wet if you want.”

Amy growled in defeat. “No... Just... I don’t know. Try not to enjoy it.” She couldn’t look me in the eyes.

I had to grab another towel. Not because mine was soaked with water, but because it was overloaded with Amy’s own lust when I rubbed it across her pussy. She was leaking like crazy. I’d never seen a girl so wet, and that’s not a joke about the situation.

Gently, I spread her thighs and ran my towel over her melon-like pussy. Its plump figure wobbled and swayed with sexual fullness as I dried between it and her thighs.

“*M-Mmmngh...*”

“You say something?”

“No... S-Shut up.”

That thing looked slick enough for me to slide my arm in up to my elbow. Jon and I exchanged glances once again. Our amazement at these girls’ massive assets was written all over our faces. This rain’s wonders knew no end.

Running the towel down the remaining length of Amy’s legs, I felt satisfied with my job. She already looked smaller! Not enough to stand up, but smaller!

“You’re all good!” I announced.

She grabbed the towel and draped it over her backside. “Thanks...” Amy paused before adding, “Y-You didn’t see anything, did you?”

“Huh? No! No, of course not!” I lied. I had seen *everything*. She didn’t need to know that, though.

“Thanks... I’m sorry we ran in like we did. The rain was just coming down harder and I didn’t want to end up like one of those women who got so big they--”

“*Oh my God!*”

I looked up. My manager, Claire, had graced us with her presence. She might be one of the few women in our small city that had managed to avoid the rain. It was almost odd seeing a woman fit nicely into her clothes. Funny how I used to think her DDs were big.

“Girls!” Claire gasped. She knelt down but didn’t dare touch them. “Are you doing alright?! You look like you took a swim in that stuff!”

“We just barely made it,” Amy informed her.

Justine grinned. “Brian and Jon dried us off really fast, though!”

Claire eyed each of us suspiciously. “Yea, I bet they did... Just hang on for a moment and we’ll try and get you more comfortable.” She stood up and addressed the cafe. “Attention, everyone! I’ve been listening to the news. No one knows what’s happening or why the rain is causing this! Local meteorologists think the storm will continue through the night, however. We might be stuck here for some time.”

A moan ran through the crowd. Leaving meant risking their own bodies to massive amounts of swelling. Some already wouldn’t fit through a doorway, much less make it to their car. A howling wind left even an umbrella useless as a means of staying dry.

“We have plenty of food for everyone! Please just stay calm for the time being and make sure to stay dry! There’s only so much room in here and we can’t have everyone blowing up like--”

KABLOOOMSH!!!!

The cafe rumbled as if a hydrant line had just burst underground.

RMMMBLLLLL

All eyes turned toward the street. A wall of water rushed toward the cafe in a monumental wave.

“*Everyone get down!!*” Jon yelled.

CRASH!!!!

The wave struck the doors like a giant fist. There had never been any hope of holding back the sudden deluge. In a swarm of chaos, rainwater gushed into the cafe to douse every woman from head to toe.

“*Aahh!! B-Brian!!*” Amy yelled as the water washed her against a corner. The sudden spray threw her swelling into high gear.

“I’m blowing up!!”

“No!! Not again!!”

“I-I think my bra is about to burst!!”

The cries of distress rang from every direction. Water assaulted the cafe without mercy, entering through every wall, window, and hole.

Within a minute, the worst of it had passed. The water level dropped to leave the cafe in shambles. Windows were blown out and doors hung on their hinges. Not a soul was left dry.

CRREEEEAAAAAAAAAK

Articles of clothing all cried at once.

“M-My chest!!!”

SHHRRRIIP!!!!

“B-Brian!!!” Amy yelled, struggling to stay above her expanding cleavage.

“Fuck!! This can’t be happening!!”

I looked at my manager. Suddenly her DDs didn’t seem so small. Flesh bulged against her skirt and blouse like rising dough. Her cleavage wouldn’t be contained.

“Where did that water come from?!” Justine cried as she flailed in ankle-deep water. Her nipples seemed especially absorbent as they sat submerged.

“I-I-I saw it...” one woman rasped.

The cafe settled at the sound of her terrified voice.

So enthralled by the scene, the woman took no notice of her own body almost doubling in size.

“I saw it...” she repeated with a pale face. *“That woman... She was one of the girls who couldn’t get out of the rain... She was so big that she filled the street...”* She gulped. *“S-S-She got so big... J-Just so full of water...”*

The cafe was deathly silent.

“She was so full... She just... Popped...”

(.Y.) (.Y.) (.Y.) (.Y.) (.Y.)

A tense silence fell over the rain-battered cafe. As swelling water rushed around their ankles, everyone could only stare at the horrified woman standing at the window.

My manager, Claire, refused to believe it, despite her breasts blowing through her blouse moments ago. *“Did... D-Did you just say...she popped?”* Claire asked while struggling to maintain her dwindling modesty. She recognized the woman as one of the cafe’s regulars. *“I know it’s bad, Hailey, but there’s no way people are actually popping from whatever this--”*

I could tell Hailey didn’t want to believe it. It was all in her eyes. Not having looked away from the over-swelled woman’s last location, she blinked and swallowed against a dry throat. *“She just... Couldn’t get any bigger. Her body burst...l-like a water balloon...”* She gripped at her chest as the true horror of their situation set in. *“She couldn’t get out of the rain!! She absorbed so much of it!!! She couldn’t take it anymore!!! She was the biggest of the three women trapped at the bus stop!!”*

SHRIIP!

“Nngh!” Claire’s pants burst apart. She was quickly losing her handle on her own sanity. *“Hey! Calm down! I’m sure there’s--”*

Hailey became hysterical. *“SHE COULDN’T HOLD ANY MORE WATER!!! I SAW HER SWELL UP AND GET TIGHTER AND TIGHTER AND TIGHTER!!!! UNTIL SHE LOOKED LIKE SHE COULDN’T TAKE ANOTHER DROP!!!”* Her eyes were wide with the vivid image. *“HER BODY STARTED TO SHAKE LIKE IT DIDN’T KNOW WHERE ELSE TO PUT IT ALL!! A-A-AND THEN SHE JUST...JUST...BURST!!! SHE FLOODED THE STREETS AND THE*

CAFE!!! AND NOW THE SAME THING IS GOING TO HAPPEN TO ALL OF US!! LOOK!! EVEN THE OTHER TWO WOMEN WHO WERE TRAPPED WITH HER ARE STARTING TO LOOK FULL!!! THEY WON'T LAST ANOTHER FEW MINUTES BEFORE THEY EXPLODE AND FLOOD US AGAIN!!!"

Chaos enveloped the cafe. Realizing the severity of their situation, the huddled crowd of swollen women began scrambling over each other to find higher ground and isolation from the churning waters at our feet.

SHHRRIP!!

"I-I'm getting too big to climb up!" someone screamed as what remained of her clothes tore at their seams. There were none left resembling natural human proportions. Unheard-of curves sloshed and heaved in their arms. Flesh bulged from their fight to stand upon tables and chairs. Anything to find safety from the flood.

Several were unable to move due to their sheer size, many of whom were anchored to the ground by their body-engulfing breasts. Their eyes widened as water soaked into their heavy assets, pushing them larger by the second.

"I don't want to pop!!"

"Somebody get us out of the water!!"

"I-I'm already too big!!!"

"Block the window and door with something!! It's only letting more water inside!!"

The scene was an impossible sight to believe. I could only stare in stunned silence as I tried to process everything. I was one of the few men available, and was immune to the rain's effects. I wanted to help these women but I had no idea where to start. There was simply too much jiggling mass to take in. Never had my mind been assaulted by so much nudity and impossible proportions. Even the biggest of the women exuded an intimidating air of extreme fertility that short-circuited his mind. No amount of towels was going to fix this. How could I possibly keep them all dry?

"MMMNGH!!!! Carlaaaa!! I can't take anymooorre!!!"

The frenzy stopped when a water-churning groan came from outside. Heads turned, frightened to see what they might find.

"I-I-It's the two other women!!" someone screamed from the cafe window.

The bus stop was nowhere to be seen. Big enough to completely block the street and wedge themselves between the opposite buildings, the stranded businesswomen's bodies stood massive and water-logged. Tits and ass loomed over twelve feet tall and strained with unholy amounts of rain.

"SO BIG!!! I'M SO BIG!!!" the other woman screamed from within her cleavage. *"I FEEL LIKE A BLIMP!!"*

"Nnngh!!! NNNNGH!!!!"

Their moans intensified. The tension pulled the air from everyone's lungs. I felt like I was watching a horrific B-movie as the women ballooned into unrecognizable blobs. Their bodies didn't seem real.

"I CAN'T STRETCH ANYMORE, CLARA!! MY BODY...FEELS LIKE IT'S GOING TO POP!!!"

"THE RAIN WON'T STOP!! I... I-I... GOD, MY BOOBS!!!!"

SPLASH!!!

A woman fell off her table while backing away in fright, sending water cascading about the cafe. The sound caused several women to jump in terror. *"They're going to blow!! They're going to explode and flood us all!!"* She tried to escape further but collided with the butt of a stranded cafe patron. *"W-We're all going to pop."*

Dread clawed at everyone. They couldn't huddle into a wall or corner far enough to feel safe. I didn't even feel safe.

"W-Well let's just get them out of the rain before they get too full!!"

"Do you want to go out in the rain?? You'll end up like them!!"

"Well maybe we can--"

GUUUUUURGLE

Hailey gulped upon seeing the bus stop prisoners' bodies start to tremble. Seeing it happen again was all too real. *"No... It's already too late. They're full."*

"Aaahhh!! MMNNGGGHHH!! CARLAaaaaa!!!!!"

Their screams rang down the street. Full to the brim, their nipples were engorged to the size of body pillows. So much water caused them to fold over and sag. Fluid dripped from their pores as if the women's bodies were trying everything to relieve the inner pressure.

"TOO BIG!!! I'M GONNA POP!!! I THINK I'M GONNA BURST!!!"

GUUUUUUUUUURGLE!!!!

"Get out of my way!! MOVE!!!" Someone raced toward the back of the cafe for shelter with watermelon-sized breasts in her arms.

"Watch it!!!"

"You think I'm gonna be here when they--"

GUUUUUUUUUUUURGLE!!!!

"AAHHHHHH!!!!!! I can't!!! I can't hold it!!! I'm actually about to--"

KABLOOOOSH!!!!

Deathly silence followed for a moment.

"Oh my God!! Oh my God!!! Carla?! Ngh!!! C-CARLA?! Did you just--"

KABLOOOOSH!!!!

Explosions shook the ground and sent ripples through the swollen women in the cafe. I nearly lost my balance.

WHOOOOOSH

Many heard the wall of water before they could see it. When the deluge arrived outside of the cafe, I knew standing on a table wouldn't help anyone.

SPLASH!!

Rainwater attacked the cafe in a stampede of fluid. The wave struck every woman with full force. Those lucky enough to find refuge on a table were thrown to the churning sea below. There was no escape, even for myself and Jon as we were caught in the flow and thrown into a

far wall. Several women slammed into us breast-first. Slippery flesh smothered us in heaving globes. It took all of my strength to push them away from me and find air.

“G-Get off!! You’re too heavy!!”

“Don’t let me pop!! Don’t let me pop like them!!!”

“Brian!! BRIAN!!”

My breath caught in my throat as I trod water. The level was dwindling as the deluge continued down the street, but it was going to leave the cafe with a new knee-high swimming pool. Any woman stuck on the ground would be sentenced to a fate of popping, including Amy and Justine.

“BRIAN!! HELP!!”

My name rang over the chaos. Finding footing, I saw Amy and Justine trapped against the pastry display case. Water ran over them in curtains. Each second saw their curves expand several inches. Their nipples looked heavy with fluid. I was confident I could have lost my hand by sinking it into their areolas.

Jon fought against the flailing women around him. “Fuck!! Brian! They’re growing too fast!! They were already the biggest ones here!! If they keep going, it’s all over!!”

Fear chilled my heart as I watched the girls grow at an accelerating rate. Given the rash of swelling assaulting every woman in the cafe, it wouldn’t be long until there was no room left. It would only take one of them filling to maximum size before the space was completely stuffed, and we were trapped with over a dozen filling like water balloons.

“Brian!! B-Brian, help!!! My chest is--Mmgh!!”

Amy’s arm waved for assistance. There wouldn’t be much time before all hope was lost. Helping to pull Jon from the frenzy, I made his way toward the girls. I couldn’t help all of the women, but helping Amy was a good start. Determination mounted within me when I reached Amy’s hand.

“Brian, Jon! Do something!!” Claire’s voice rang over the water. *“Before we all burst!!”*

I looked into Amy’s helpless eyes as her cleavage bulged around her face. “Don’t worry! I have a plan.”

(.Y.) (.Y.) (.Y.) (.Y.) (.Y.)

“Jon!! Jon, I have an idea!” I announced to my coworker over the sound of panicking women.

He was busy fighting against a swelling wall of what looked to be Justine’s butt. The heaving, sloshing mass threatened to pin him against the floor if he wasn’t careful. “Well you better hurry and spit it out!! These girls aren’t getting any smaller!”

“Please hurry!!! I-I think I’m starting to feel full!!” Amy’s voice echoed from within her breasts. *“L-Like...popping full!!”*

Justine cried out, *“Stop squeezing my ass!!”*

He pushed back regardless while trying to avoid a stumbling woman carrying a pair of beach ball breasts behind him. “What do you want me to do?? Let it crush me?!”

Someone had to take control of the situation. Given the women couldn’t go out in the rain without losing control of their bodies, it was up to Jon and me. The tension was palpable given the two most recent women to reach their limits in the street. None wanted to face such a fate, but if something wasn’t done soon, it would become an inevitable future. Water could flood the cafe again at any moment given the number of ballooning women filling the street. A single glance outside revealed several looking ready to erupt.

GUUUUUUURGLE

A gentle rumbling came from outside. By now I knew far too well that it wasn’t thunder, but another woman’s body reaching capacity.

I grabbed my coworker’s shoulder. “Jon, we need to block the front of the cafe!! Before it gets flooded again! They can’t afford to take on any more water!”

“How do you expect us to do that?! Train some beavers??”

“We put everything we can in front of the entrance and windows! Our cars, tables, chairs, anything!”

I glanced at Amy’s towering knockers swelling toward the ceiling. Most of the water had gone from the floor after being absorbed by the few most unfortunate women in the cafe, Amy and Justine included. Their bodies were unrecognizable at this point as they jiggled as eight-foot-tall mounds of water-logged flesh. Amy’s nipple alone could have filled a small trash bin. A quarter of the cafe was consumed purely by their bulk.

“They really can’t get much bigger...” I whispered out of worry. I couldn’t bear the thought of Amy bursting like those other women.

GUUUUUUUUURGLE

A woman screamed outside as pressure rose in her body. Out of the corner of my eye, I saw a mountainous pair of breasts swelling in an alley across the street. So much rain in such a tight space couldn’t be good.

SSTTRRRRRRTCH!!

“Oh shit...” Jon gawked, watching her nipples squeeze between the buildings as if she were a trapped erotic parade float. “There’s not enough space for her in there...”

“Come on!! We can’t let her flood the cafe!!”

Agreeing, Jon followed my lead to the front door. Rain pelted us in a thick blanket but luckily had no further effect. “Where are you parked??” I yelled over the wind.

GUUUUUUURGLE!!

“MMMGGH!!!! The pressuuuuure!!!”

Jon glanced nervously at the flesh-filled alley as she yelled in warning. “I-I’m around back!!”

“I’m just down the street!! We’ll do our cars first then throw everything we can behind them! Park as close as you can to the cafe! Our cars will divert a lot of the--”

RRRMMMBBLLLL

“Aaahhh!! A-Ahh!! Oohhh God!!!”

It was already too late. We turned our attention to the alley-filling woman. Her breasts looked like two beach balls crammed between encyclopedias. The sideways pressure caused the front of her chest to push and engorge outward, stretching her nipples as if she were a stress ball. In the darkness behind her was the shadow of two wedged ass cheeks.

GUUUUUUUUUUUUURGLE!!!

“MMMGGH!!! MMMGGH!!! OOHHHHH MY GOOOOOD!!!”

“Shit!!! She’s gonna blow!!! Get back inside the caf--”

KABLOOOOOSH!!!!

We wouldn’t have even made it to our cars. She ruptured, releasing a tower of water from her compressed curves. The wave hit Jon and me a split second later, throwing us back into the cafe along with the deluge. Hoping to find anything to grab onto, I embraced Jon before he could blow past me in the current.

WHOOOSH!!

The water flooded everything. Women screamed in terror but there was no escaping the latest assault. Tables fell over, throwing their occupants into the swirling waters and piling them on top of one another. Tits and ass alike mashed together into a squirming pile of mounds reminiscent of a horny schoolboy’s daydream.

“Gwahh!!” My head burst from the water. *“Jon!! We have to--”*

I was about to say something until I saw Jon floundering in the deluge on the other side of the cafe. Confused as to who I had embraced in the wave, I looked down.

“M-Mmmgh... Oh my...”

My arms were wrapped around a naked woman. Not just a naked woman, but a *gorgeous*, incredibly curvy naked woman. A voluptuous hourglass figure bulged around my arms. Sporting breasts larger than her head, they fought for space on her torso and created a natural line of cleavage. It took several seconds for me to realize where my hands were. In the chaos, my grip had settled to grope across her chest and between her thighs. I couldn’t believe how plump her nipple felt against my palm, nor how swollen her areolas appeared. It was impossible to know if she felt so wet because of the rain or her own arousal.

“Mmmgh... What...happened...?” she moaned, turning in my arms.

“I... Y-You...”

I recognized her then. She had been wedged in the alley only minutes ago, and now, after exploding like an overfilled water balloon, she was resting unharmed in my embrace. And far curvier than I remembered.

“I-I... Uh... Didn’t you just--”

“Hey!! She’s not swelling up!”

Several cafe patrons looked in my arms. Despite being up to our necks in rainwater, her body remained the same curvy shape.

“Haven’t I seen her somewhere...?”

“Yea!! I think she was over in the alley!!”

Slowly, the woman rose onto her arms and looked around. “Where am I...? Last I remember, I felt so... *full*. Like I was a balloon...and I just...couldn’t take anymore...”

“*You couldn’t!!*” one woman yelled back. “*You exploded!!! And you’re going to make the rest of us explode too if this keeps--*”

She froze with her attention focused out the cafe window.

“*Huff... Huff... Come on, I’m freezing!*”

“*I feel so thick... I wasn’t this heavy before, was I?*”

“*I still feel literally a ton better than I did.*”

Three women were stumbling down the street using each other’s shoulders for support. Like the woman in my arms, they boasted heavy hourglass curves that jiggled with every step. Though rain fell upon them, they did not grow. Their butts and chests fought for space between them as they walked.

My manager blinked as swelling cleavage rose into her perplexed face. “Isn’t that... Didn’t they just...”

One of the women spotted us staring at them and waved a tired hand. “Hey! It’s ok!! You get really big, but once you pop, you’re fine!!”

It dawned on the cafe all at once.

“*What?!*”

“The rain!!” the woman called back. “It’s harmless!”

“And you get an amazing rack to boot...” her friend giggled softly.

The cafe watched them continue down the street and out of sight. Across the city, women could be heard popping and giving birth to their new figures. It was starting to sound like the ocean from the constant waves traveling in so many directions.

“You’re totally fine after you pop...” one woman whispered. Hugging a pair of hip-hiding breasts in her arms, she stepped toward the cafe door.

Several were still staring at the woman in my arms.

“D-Did it hurt...?” one of them asked.

She shook her head while rising to wobbly legs. It was clear she wasn’t used to such plump thighs pushing against each other. “No...! Not at *all!* I-It felt pretty good, actually...” Blushing, she covered her nudity. “*I-I think I came...*”

This was all some of them needed to hear. Several started sloshing toward the door.

“Julie! Where are you going??” one called out as her friend stepped into the rain.

Her body immediately began swelling. “Didn’t you hear her?? A little swelling and an orgasm later, and you’re totally fine! Might as well get it over with! I’m tired of carrying fifty gallons of water in my tits!”

“Me too!!”

“D-Do you think we’ll all look as good as them after we pop??”

The women started filing into the street.

GUUUUUURGLE

Their curves ballooned at an immense rate. Rendered immobile within a minute, the cafe's patrons filled the road. Moans drifted through the air. Even my manager stepped outside. Within moments I saw more of her body than I ever thought I would.

"Mmmgh!! I-I can't wait...to be a manageable size again...!"

"It... Ah! It kind of tickles when you just let it happen!!"

Jon and I exchanged glances. Though there was logic behind their actions, it was clear most of them were simply giving in to the pleasure the rain brought. I felt that many *wanted* to feel what it was like to get too big. I didn't dare blink as I saw several women start masturbating as they reached titanic proportions.

"Brian... Are you seeing this...?" Jon whispered from the cafe door.

I joined him and took in the stunning sight. There was enough jiggling flesh in front of us to act as a playground. *"It won't be long... Soon they're all going to pop..."*

GUUUUUUUUUURGLE

"Ahh!! Ohhhh my!!! Ohh it feels so GOOD!!!"

"M-My boobs are stretching!!!"

GUUUUUUUUUURGLE!!

"MMMMGH!!! I-I want to pop!!! God, I want to fucking BURST!!!"

Their screams reached the skies. Squeaking skin rubbed together as their mounding bodies collided and squished. It was an orgy of fleshy balloons.

GUUUUUUUUUURGLE

Brian and I both paused when a rumble came from behind us.

"W-Why am I getting wet??" Amy cried from the back of the cafe. Water still filled it to knee-depth.

GUUUUUUUURGLE

"We're filling up again!!! Brian?! J-Jon?! Is anyone there?!"

"You don't think everyone popped, do you?!"

We had forgotten about Amy and Justine. Given their immense size, neither had been able to see the most recent developments. Seeing their curves rub against the ceiling, I don't think they could hear much of anything either.

"S-S-Somebody help!!!! HEEELP!!!" Amy yelled from deep within her bust. Body as large as a semi after absorbing much of the alley woman's water, she was wedged within the cafe with no hope for escape.

GUUUUUUUURGLE!!!

"O-Oh God!!! Amy!!! I-I think I can feel myself getting tighter!!!"

"I don't want to pop!!! I DON'T WANT TO POP!!!"

Jon backed away from the trembling curves. *"Oh fuck... Brian... They're about to blow..."*

CRACK!!!

The ceiling bowed against their mass.

“AAAHH!!! S-SOMEBODY!!! PLEASE!!! MY NIPPLES FEEL TIGHT!!!”

Amy was scared out of her mind, and rightfully so; she still thought popping meant the end. Neither of them had any idea it was simply part of a wondrous transformation.

GUUUUUUURGLE!!!

“AAH!!! AAAHHHH!! No! No no no no!! Please!!! I-I-I don’t want to burst!!!”

I stepped forward.

Jon grabbed my hand. “Dude! What are you doing?! Do you not see how big they are?!”

I stared ahead. Somewhere in those mammoth tits was Amy, alone, trapped, and scared. “I have to tell them it’s alright!! They don’t have to be afraid of popping!”

“Are you kidding?! You’ll never get to them in time! Plus, they’ll find out as soon as all these women in the street explode and flood the city!”

He was right, but hearing Amy’s screams of terror didn’t sit right. I shook his hand off and approached Amy’s cleavage. Angry nipples as big as my torso sagged wet and heavy off her areolas. At her side was Justine enduring an ass blown impossibly large against her chest. I caught sight of a bloated pussy and for a moment imagined just how sensitive such a swollen organ could be. From the way it gushed her juices, I don’t think I could fully comprehend what she was enduring.

Amy’s muffled cries sounded close to tears. *“Please!! P-Please!!! Brian?! BRIAN?? Where did you go?!”*

RRMMMBBBBBBLL

The ground vibrated from the women outside. They were bombs ready to go off.

“Better hurry and get in there, dude,” Jon urged. “Once all these women pop, Amy and Justine are gonna swell up like a couple of blimps from all that water... All that water hitting them at once might be too much.”

I nodded. Such an experience would be terrifying if you didn’t know what happened after. I had to tell them, for their own sanity.

Taking a deep breath, I plunged my way between her breasts as loud gurgles emanated all around.

(.Y.) (.Y.) (.Y.) (.Y.) (.Y.)

Epilogue

Three weeks after the storm

It was hard to believe I was sitting in the same cafe a dozen women had once filled to the brim with their curves. Now devoid of the water-sloshing tits and ass, it had been remodeled into a shining example of the new world.

“There they are!” I heard Amy call from the front door. She and Justine entered with happy grins. I don’t think I had seen those smiles leave their faces once since the storm transformed their bodies. Like all the other affected women, they were finding endless joy in their new figures. As was I, as I watched them approach the table.

Jon nudged me with his elbow and snickered at Justine. Her blouse looked particularly ready to blow open. Apparently she’d done a little extra growing and water was still continuing to settle. Local department stores were scrambling to provide suitable clothes for women in Amy and Justine’s position. Concealing breasts and hips like beach balls wasn’t an easy task.

Claire, the cafe’s manager, headed off Amy and Justine. Her figure was one of the main attractions now. “Ah, my two favorite water balloons! You’re not going to destroy my cafe again, are you?”

They laughed at the joke. I detected a tinge of nervousness as they recalled just how massive they had managed to swell.

“We’re just here to meet our friends,” Amy informed. “No explosions from us!”

Claire’s eyes flashed with interest. “Some blossoming romances after the ordeal, I see... Well, I’ll leave you to it. Let me know if there’s anything I can get you.”

She left to assist two customers waiting at the counter. I could barely contain myself as my new girlfriend approached. I had always liked Amy, but now there was more of her to love than ever.

“Can you guys believe this place??” Amy whispered. “It’s totally different!!”

Jon winked at Justine. “I noticed you were still giving that door a run for its money.”

Deep red blushed Justine’s cheeks. “S-Shut up...”

Amy and I stared at each other. We still weren’t sure if Jon and Justine were officially dating. We weren’t sure they even knew. However, they had spent an inordinate amount of time together since the storm. Jon had been more than helpful in assisting Justine in her new life. Hardly a night went by when Amy didn’t tell me about Justine coming back to their apartment early in the morning with tousled hair reeking of sex.

The city was in the middle of a rapid transformation. Claire’s cafe wasn’t the only thing destroyed by overgrown girls. Given the extreme growth of the majority of the female populace, the mayor had deemed it necessary for businesses to accommodate their new curves. Doors had to be widened. Chairs had to be reinforced. Elevators were limited to a maximum of three women due to weight concerns.

The girls sat with visible relief. Carrying such bodacious assets around was exhausting work.

“*God, that’s better...*” Justine sighed, leaning back and massaging her shoulder. “Damn things feel heavier every day.”

Amy shook her head. "I keep telling you not to wear such tight jeans. It's pushing water into your tits!! Give your body time to settle!!"

"They make my ass look incredible, though..." Justine huffed.

Jon smiled teasingly and stared into Justine's cleavage bulging over the table. "I'll say."

Playing footsie with Amy under the table, I took a sip of my iced tea. "So, Justine, you said you wanted to talk to us about something?"

The mood changed. It quickly became apparent that she hadn't gathered us here just to reminisce about when they were the size of semi-trucks.

Justine looked over her shoulder. Lowering her voice, she leaned in to the point of her chest covering half the table. "I've been doing some research... About the storm?"

"And by research, she means she's been watching videos non-stop of women blowing up." Jon chided. "She's developed a *reeeaaal* taste for people inflating like water balloons. You should look at her porn history! 'Body expansion' and 'water inflation' everywhere!"

I'd never seen Justine's face turn so red. "*J-J-Jon!!! SHUT UP!!*"

The table waited for her to deny the claims, but she never did. I watched Amy try to hide her secondhand embarrassment.

"A-Anyway..." Justine continued, still beet-red, "I've been looking into what happened, namely, women's bodies inexplicably expanding out of control."

I sipped on my drink again. "Why? It was a freak accident of nature! The first of its kind! There can't be that much to research yet... Scientists barely know where to start."

She shook her head. "Actually, it's not the first time this has happened."

The table grew quiet. Given the scale of how much the rain impacted the city, it was hard to believe something of that nature could go unheard of.

Amy looked nervous. I watched her legs shift back and forth. "W...What do you mean?"

Justine withdrew a small notepad. "It wasn't because of the rain, but it was an eerily similar situation. About a year ago, an hour to the south of here, there was an incident on a train. A woman was on her way to work and later said she remembers feeling a sudden sharp pain in her side, like she'd been pricked by a tiny needle. Before she knew it, her boobs started expanding!! Just like ours!! The only difference is that it didn't affect her entire body. *Only* her chest swelled up. And it was filling with milk, not water. *Gallons* of milk."

"How big did she get??" Jon asked with high interest.

"*MASSIVE*. She completely filled the train car. Just like us, she thought she was going to burst open, but she ended up releasing her milk when her nipples couldn't take it anymore. The train got flooded." Justine gulped. "T-That's when the other women started growing. Anyone who was exposed to her milk found themselves swelling uncontrollably as well. By the time the train pulled into the next station, there was no room left. Eyewitnesses talk about seeing flesh bulging the ceiling and people pinned against the glass. They had to scrap the train because of all the milk when they finally blew."

Silence followed. Somehow it sounded more horrifying than what our city had to endure. Being at the rain's mercy was one thing, but being at the mercy of your own milk-producing breasts must have been a nightmare made worse by the cramped train environment.

Jon stared ahead in a daydream. "Wow... Talk about tits on a train..."

"T-They were all ok, right?" Amy whimpered. She placed a hand on her chest as if checking to make sure it wasn't suddenly growing tighter with milk.

Justine nodded. "As far as I could tell." Scratching her head with her pen, she added, "I just find it weird how nobody has ever heard about this. Why wasn't it national news?? Or even local news?! Over twenty women blew a train car open like a busted soup can and there wasn't a peep from the media! And we're only an hour's drive from where it happened! *Why did nobody hear about this?!*"

I offered my thoughts. "Maybe it was too fantastical to report? Or too explicit? No news station wants to run a story where they have to blur the entire screen."

Shaking her head, Justine shot my idea down. "I don't think so. I think there's something else going on, something being covered up, and I think it's related to the storm that hit our city. Whatever, or whoever, caused that woman to lactate so violently also messed with our weather and caused the swelling rain. I think someone is using our area for some kind of experiment."

Amy and I stared at each other. What Justine was saying sounded crazy and far-fetched, but then again so did an entire city of women absorbing rainwater until they burst like balloons and emerged as curvy goddesses. At this point, I wasn't willing to say anything was impossible. The glorious mounds stretching Amy's t-shirt were proof.

"You don't really believe that, do you?" Jon asked.

"Well... I..."

"Come on... If some mad scientist figured out the keys to the female body, he would be making millions and producing the world's best pornstars. And if he's into making women swell up to impossible sizes, then I think you would have come across him in those dozens of hours of porn you've been watching."

Justine blushed and stared at the table. "I-I-I watch it for research..."

I saw her chest flush with color. Based on her breathing, it wasn't a stretch to say all this talk of expanding women was having an effect on Justine. Amy's eyes widened, seeing her friend's thighs grind together to massage her pussy.

There was a tiny bit of movement in the corner of my eye. Strangely, a mosquito had settled on the corner of our table. I was about to smack it before it flew off. There was a strange blue tint to its body, as if it were made of metal. I thought I was going insane.

"Hey, did you guys see that--"

"Free drinks for my favorite cafe bombs!!"

We looked up to see Claire approaching with a wide grin. A tray of iced teas was balanced on one hand.

"Oh, Claire! You didn't have to--"

THUD!

“Whoa!!”

CRASH!!!

She tripped, not yet fully accustomed to not being able to see her feet. The drinks fell upon the table in a cascade of ice and tea. As fate would have it, Amy and Justine’s chests took the brunt of the fluids.

“Ah!! CLAIRE!!” Justine yelled, stumbling back as her blouse soaked through.

Amy hugged her chest and fished several ice cubes from her cleavage. *“IT’S COOOOLD!!”*

Jon and I were both gifted with a spectacular view of their apple-sized nipples showing through soaked fabric. Watching the girls flail and bounce in front of us was a blessing from the heavens.

POP POP!!

Two buttons struck Jon in the face. The ordeal had proven to be the last straw for Justine’s blouse as her still-swelling chest tore through.

“Dammit!!! I need to go to the store again!!”

Jon jumped at the opportunity. “Need someone to accompany you to the dressing room??”

She glared, but did not refuse.

“Oh no... I’m sorry, girls...” Claire apologized. “I can’t see where I’m going anymore...”

Amy tried to be forgiving while her trembling hands grabbed her erect nipples through her shirt. The chilly drink seemed to have brought a sparkle of need to her eyes. “B-Brian... Is there a towel in the back you could grab me?”

I jumped up, feeling ashamed of not offering it sooner. “Yes!! Of course!! Hang on!! I--”

She grabbed my arm and hugged it into her soaked chest. It was burning up, despite the icy drink. “I’ll come with you...!” A teasing smile shined on her face and she sank my arm deep into her pillowy flesh. “I like what the rain did to me, but it’s a two-person job cleaning these water balloons! *I could use some help...*”

I gulped, hoping the rest of the cafe couldn’t see my rising excitement at my girlfriend’s teasing. “Y-Yea?”

“Mhm...”

“Well let’s get you back there and dry you off, then!” I nudged her playfully. *“Wouldn’t want you to start swelling up again, would we?”*

Color filled her cheeks and she giggled as we headed toward the back room. “Please no!! Once was *more* than enough!! These are great, but I don’t think I could handle another drop!”

The End