

Point and Swell Part 1

A blazing summer sun beat down upon Hank. Even with sunscreen, he could feel the rays baking his skin. But that wouldn't stop him from enjoying his day at the beach. He was far too tired and in need of some relaxation--and eye candy--after his week at work. It seemed criminal that a guy of only twenty-five should be so stressed.

His flip-flops slapped at the boardwalk. The beachside was alive with people. Everywhere he looked, he could find an attractive girl sporting a bikini or skin-tight swimsuit. Some days the muse of cleavage smiled upon him; today that muse was showering him with bouncing, busty goodness. Hank wasn't one to ogle, but he was a man who knew the importance of a quick glance every now and then. A glance wouldn't hurt anyone and it improved his heart health. That was a proven fact. Watching a pair of bikini bottoms pull taut and skimpy when their owner bent over wasn't without its benefits too.

The outdoor showers approached. A particularly top-heavy blonde was busy running water and her hands under her top to wash away hidden sand. Soft white skin squished and bulged under her fingers as she rubbed, mashing her breasts together.

Bing!

His phone chimed as if to scold him. Turning away from such a sight felt criminal. Sunlight forced him to squint at the screen when reading the mysterious notification.

*Congratulations! You've been randomly selected to be
a beta tester for a new app: Point and Swell*

Hank blinked and read it again. "Huh?"

The notification continued.

*Point and Swell uses a proprietary formula in combination with
your phone's sensors to cause direct swelling of a woman's
chest when captured in your camera's view.*

*Simply point, click, and watch her swell! But be careful;
with a larger size, comes greater sensitivity and sex drive!*

*You'll find the app already installed and integrated with your
favorite camera. Have fun!*

An amused snort flared his nostrils. "Yea, right." He stashed the phone back in his pocket. "Where the hell did I get malware...?"

Even in disbelief, Hank's mind drifted through the possibilities. An app that could make a girl's chest grow would keep him occupied until he starved to death. It was impossible, though. At least that's what he told himself to maintain sanity.

Sand met with his flip-flops. It burned his toes and he made a point to walk without bending his ankles too far. Ocean waves crashed a hundred yards ahead, mixing with the noises of families enjoying the sun and surf. It was the college girls, and admittedly more than a few MILFs, that had his full attention, however. Hardly a day went by when Hank wasn't thankful for the coastal city and the bikinis that came with it.

He found a spot not far from the water with a beach chair and an umbrella. Eventually he would go for a swim but for now he just wanted to unwind and people watch. Take in the sights, so to say. Appreciate the hills and valleys before him.

"EEEEK!!!"

"Oh calm down! It's not that cold!"

"It's freezing!"

A squealing giggle pulled Hank's attention. Two girls were sunbathing roughly fifty yards away: one a brunette and the other auburn. Brunette was busy rubbing suntan lotion into Auburn's back. When she pulled on the knot of her top and untied Auburn's bikini, they had Hank's full attention.

Both were slender with full enough busts to round out their tops. Auburn's was bigger. Her rear rose supple and curved from her lower back as she relaxed onto her stomach, bare back facing the sun. Her friend reclined and presented her front after untying her neck straps and exposing as much of her torso as possible.

They settled into inaudible chatting. Hank stared, watching the way Brunette's chest flowed to the sides of her torso. It dared to expose itself from her loose-sitting top with every breath. He prayed for the wind to blow just right. The scene was almost picture-worthy.

The mysterious app popped back into his brain. The sheer thought of it was enough to make him chuckle. Still he found himself pulling out his phone. Excitement pulsed through his veins when he turned on the camera.

A picture was snapped. Just quick enough for no one to notice. For all anyone else knew, he could have been taking a photo of the ocean. Hank's leg bounced when his phone presented the picture in a UI he'd never seen. It focused on the two sunbathing girls and zoomed in until they filled the screen. A set of crosshairs auto-highlighted Brunette's chest. At the bottom of the screen was a plus and minus button. Between them an indicator read '100% of normal size'.

Hank licked his lips. Even if it was fake, the screen presented tantalizing fantasies to the mind. He shifted in the chair and felt temptation warm the nape of his neck.

Tap

120% of normal size

The plus button gave a satisfying *pop* when pressed. His eyes shot upward to watch Brunette.

She shifted. Hank saw her hand twitch at her side before coming up to scratch the top of her chest. From a distance it was difficult to see any change in size, but Hank thought she looked a little fuller. The curves of her breasts looked to be flowing to the sides of her torso more than before.

“Hmm... An extra twenty percent isn't a lot... Maybe...”

Tap tap tap tap

200% of normal size

“Ah!!”

A sharp squeak came before he could look up. Brunette's eyes popped open as if pricked by a needle. Doubling anyone's size was more than enough to bring about a visible change. Hank's breath caught in his throat when he watched her shift uncomfortably and her hands clench. Brunette lifted her head, looking around before looking at her chest.

It was rising. Puffing and swelling like fleshy water balloons. Flesh crept out from under her untied bikini top and fell to the sides of her torso. Hank guessed she was a C-cup before. Now, he was watching her rapidly develop into a hefty F range.

Brunette rose and leaned on one elbow. Confusion overtook her face and she looked down, holding an arm across her chest as flesh pushed back. Blossoming cleavage bulged upward as she squeezed, unsure of what was happening.

Auburn shifted, not opening her eyes. “What...?”

Blush filled her cheeks. Brunette struggled for breath amid a cloud of slight panic. “I-I don't-- *Does my chest look bigger to--*”

Hank swallowed. His thumb twitched.

Tap tap tap tap tap

Tap tap tap tap tap

400% of normal size

“A-Ahhmm~!!”

Brunette jolted upright and cried out loud enough to draw several gazes. A hand flew to her mouth and another to her crotch. Hank's eyes widened as he saw her breasts billow forth. They bloated full and plump against her trembling legs until flesh bulged over her knees. The bikini top fluttered off the swollen melons as they surpassed the size of her head.

“Ahh!! Mmnngh!!!”

Auburn looked up from her towel. “What's the matter?? You're--*holy shit!! What--*”

“*They're-- T-They're growing!*” Brunette whined. “*I'm swelling up!*”

Auburn stared. “Hey! How are you doing that?!”

“*I'm...not!! I think I'm allergic!*” Brunette's fingers trembled and pushed against the soft mound pushing her bikini bottoms between her thighs. “*We need to go! I think we--A-Aahh!!*”

“Ok well let’s go then!!”

Hank had to move fast. Auburn was the bigger of the girls and in a more precarious position with her top completely undone. She looked to be in the D or E-cup range; begging for a round of swelling. The crosshairs moved to highlight her chest. Staring at the mass of vanilla pillow pushing to her sides under her weight, he pressed the plus button and held it down.

Popping sounds poured from his phone as the scale climbed. Hank counted several seconds before releasing his thumb, never taking his eyes off Auburn. She was just about to get up when he released the button.

10x normal size

His eyes bulged at the number. He’d gone far enough to leave the practical realm of percentages. Looking up, he waited for the punch of growth to land.

Auburn started to rise. *“Wrap a towel around yourself and--MMGH!!”*

Gravity called her back, hands clenching the towel as her face scrunched.

Brunette fell forward onto all fours. One arm held her breasts while another supported her weight. Hank stared at the sliver of pink bikini diving between her ass cheeks before it wrapped over a sopping pair of lips. *“H...H-Help me up! I can’t--”*

“MMNGH!!”

Auburn was paralyzed, stuck trembling face-down on her towel. Beneath her torso Hank watched her mounds begin engorging. Skin pushed out and around her, lifting Auburn’s upper body atop a pair of small supple airbags.

“I-It’s-- Ahhhmmmm!!! G-God!!” she cried out. *“It’s happening...to me too!!”* Auburn’s legs flexed and trembled. Slowly her lower back tensed, raising her butt and sliding her knees forward. *“It... It feels... Too good~!”*

Mass burgeoned beneath her into a cushion of sex. It squished and rolled with her movements, rapidly engorging to swallow the sides of her body. Auburn buried her head into her cleavage as her weight forced it to bulge over her shoulders. At ten times her natural size, her E-cups had turned into a pair of sweating beach balls.

“Ahhhh~ Aahhhmmmm~!! Make it...stop!!”

A hand slid between her thighs and under her bikini bottoms as she arched her butt higher. Several beachgoers paused upon seeing her fingers flexing beneath the revealing slip of fabric.

Brunette gasped for air. Hand filling with a nipple, she tried to rise. *“Come...on! We have to...get out of here!”*

“I can’t~ I-I don’t...want to! It’s--”

Hank smiled and turned the crosshairs back on Brunette before holding the button down.

700% of normal size

Orgasmic quakes came before the growth, followed by a cow-like bellow when she threw her head back.

“AAUUGH!!”

Her hand flew from her chest to the ground. Intense stimulation demanded she dig her fingers into the sand. Weakness shivered through her thighs. Even at a distance, Hank could see fluid running down their inner curves.

Weight pulled at her chest. Swaying, bloated wrecking balls hung lower by the second. The bikini top fell away useless, exposing tea cup nipples throbbing toward the ground.

“I...can't...get up!” Brunette moaned.

Auburn's bottoms slid down her thighs, fully exposing her finger-spread pussy to the world. *“It's too good!! It's...TOO GOOD!!”*

“It's not stopping!! D...DO SOMETHING!” Brunette begged, staring at the chest between her arms.

Hank felt his manhood throb against his swimsuit. The app at his fingertips was better than gold.

And he planned on using it for all it was worth.

To be continued