

Expanding Desire

The downtown mall was alive and bustling with a Saturday crowd. A movie had just concluded at the theater and patrons could be overheard talking about the end of The Terminator as they processed back into the real world. In the distance came the distinct scent of light and buttery pretzels as the kiosk saturated the air with its baked goods.

Amy and Margaret were among the many enjoying one of the salty delights. There were few things the two friends enjoyed more than browsing the mall on a Saturday, taking in the sales, and spending most of the time chatting and people-watching.

Between pretzel bites, Margaret asked, “You think Mr. Hoolridge is going to make us take the test on Monday?”

“He better not! I barely understood Friday’s homework. Plus he *said* we could have an extra study period in class.”

“He’s said a lot of things...” Margaret sighed and felt anxiety gnaw at her stomach. She couldn’t handle another failed math test. “Maybe we should get together and study tomorrow.”

Amy delivered a look of horror. “On a Sunday? *No way!! I’m not--*”

“I bet we could get Kelly and Joe to join~! Maybe Kelly and I would go grab food halfway through... Leave you and Joe *all alone to study...*”

Redness peppered Amy’s face at the insinuation. “D-Don’t make promises you can’t keep.”

“Oh I keep my promises.” Margaret nudged her friend with an elbow. “You could even wear the cute little skirt you just bought. Shows an *awful* lot of thigh for a study party... Joe might not be able to concentrate with you--”

“*GRAB HIM!!!*”

“*SOMEBODY STOP THAT GUY!!*”

“*AHHH WHAT’S HAPPENING TO MEEEE?!*”

“*MMMNGHHH!!!!*”

Chaos erupted down the expansive corridor. Shaken from their conversation, Amy and Margaret looked up to see a throng of people blocking the hall. An odd symphony of confusion and shouting came from the other side. Most perplexing were the deep, sexual groans bouncing off the mall’s ornate stone walls.

They reached the back of the crowd and Margaret stood on her tip-toes. “The hell...? Did some guy rob a store?”

Amy stood behind her. “See anything? What’s all the--”

Panic moved through the crowd in a wave. Something was heading toward them.

“*You think that’s the worst of it?! I’ve only been having fun up until now!!*”

“*HOLD IT!!*”

A devious laugh came between the gasps of someone out of breath. “*Why don’t we see what this baby can do at FULL POWER!!*”

People started to scream and the crowd parted as if by an invisible hand. From the chaos emerged a crazed man, sprinting and stumbling as two female security guards gave chase. One of them wore a surprisingly revealing uniform given her voluptuous frame and she looked to be out of breath. In the man's flailing hand was something resembling a toy ray gun made of pink plastic.

"Holy shit!" Margaret scrambled to move as he barreled out of the crowd. *"Amy we need to--"*

In her wake was Amy, left defenseless with a piece of pretzel sticking out of her mouth. "Huh?"

KZZAP!!

Swinging in a wide arc just as the security guards tackled the man, the ray gun ignited in a flash of pink. A bubblegum-colored beam shot like lightning to strike Amy square in the torso and elicit a surprised squeak as her arms shoot up to protect herself.

THUD!

The chase ended with them scrambling on the floor and the mall erupting into chaos. The device skidded across the tiled floor and out of reach.

"Mnghph!! Get off of me!!!" the man yelled under the two uniformed women. *"Get OFF!!!"*

"I'll hold him!! Get the cuffs!!" The curvy one pressed her full weight onto his back. Several buttons exploded from her shirt as flesh bulged against the back of his head. *"You got some nerve. This was my favorite bra."*

"Someone call the cops!!"

Margaret had her friend by the shoulders within seconds. *"Amy?? Amy, are you alright?? What was that?! Are you hurt?! Amy??"*

"I..." Amy gulped and held her hands where the beam of light had struck her. Warmth was spreading through her body. Beneath her diminutive B-cup bra, she could feel her nipples flaring with sudden desire. "I-I don't..."

"MMMGGH!!!!!"

"Aahhh!! Oohhhhh my Good!!!"

Screams of ecstasy pelted her ears. Amy looked up as her heart started to race and a familiar, intimate sensation sparked between her thighs. Moisture was soaking through her panties with enough volume to worry her about the modesty of her jeans.

Nearly a dozen women were struggling down the mall's corridor. Some wrestled with blouses overflowing with monstrous breasts. Others had curves bloated beyond what should have been physically possible. Exposed skin and nudity heaved and jiggled around them as they moaned in orgasmic pleasure between the mountain ranges of their tits and ass. Some bigger than a van and completely lost within their own mass.

Margaret followed her eyes and stared with rising confusion. *"W-What the hell did this guy do to them...?! Come on! We need to get out of here! Amy?!"*

The rushing storm of people faded away. All Amy could see were the women squirming in unbridled pleasure at their ballooned frames. Worrisome heat was building in her gut. Sweat ran between her cleavage. Her underwear felt heavy with her sudden arousal.

“M...M-Margaret...” Amy whispered, suddenly feeling out of breath. Sensitivity and arousal were crashing over her mind. “I... I-I feel...kind of...” She trembled and bit her lip as her thighs rubbed together. She groped a breast. Goosebumps broke out across her skin. “Good...”

Aghast as her friend started fondling herself, Margaret insisted, “What are you talking about?! Amy, we need to go!! Do you see those--”

STRRRRTCH

“MMMM!!! O-Ohhhhh God!!!”

It struck her like a boxer’s punch. What felt like dense, warm mass suddenly pushed outward inside her curves. Amy’s jeans, once loose, pulled into a layer of skin-tight denim taut enough to prevent her legs from moving. Cleavage surged into her groping hands from two breasts leaping into her bra like wild animals. Margaret almost fell back when her friend’s bust expanded into supple cami-stretching melons within seconds.

STRRRRTCH!!

“Ahh! Marga-- MNGH!!! M-Margaret...!” Amy’s words came out in half-baked English. Steam left her lips as she gasped and allowed her hands to travel and squeeze. “My body... It feels like it’s...”

STRRRRTCH!!

“AMY YOU’RE BLOWING UP!!” Margaret shouted, standing back as flesh widened her friend’s figure.

“I... MM!! I can feel...e-every stitch rubbing against me!! Every...seam!! I’ve...” Amy’s eyes glazed over and a hand slipped between her legs to cup a pussy swelling against her jeans. “I’ve never felt so fucking good... My own clothes...feel like they’re...fondling me!”

Skin heaped around the waistband of her jeans. The distinct outline of her bra pushed into her cami, forced far beyond its capacity by two pumpkin-sized globes.

Clatter!!

Margaret’s foot struck something. Looking down, she saw the ray gun by her shoe. Trepidation made her heart race when she picked it up to see a logo stamped across the side: *IncrediBust Curve Enhancer*. A dial had been turned to the maximum power setting. Margaret would have been lying if part of her anxiety wasn’t due to a rush of excitement.

“Oh no...”

STRRRRR--BOOM!!

“AUGH!! Fffffuuuuck!!!!” Amy shrieked when the back of her jeans exploded against her ass. Larger than her breasts, it was the only thing balancing her body to keep her upright as blushing cheeks emerged from the denim prison.

BOOM!!

“Ah!! AAMMNH!!! Mar...garet!!” A tear shot down her thigh. Amy’s shirt might have been stretchy enough to contain her beach ball knockers, but her jeans couldn’t stand to put up such a fight as her bottom limbs came to resemble tree trunks.

Even worse, her growth was accelerating at an alarming rate.

STRRRRRRRRRRTCH!!!!

“More!! PLEASE MORE!!! Even the air...FEEL INCREDIBLE!!” Amy’s hands began tearing at her shirt. Quaking boob flesh squeezed around her straps and out across her stomach. Waves of thick, glistening nectar fell from her crotch as her pussy forced its way through the widening holes of her jeans. What was left of her modest pink cotton panties had dwindled to only a sliver of fabric flossing its way between her sopping lips and ass.

The security guards looked on as they restrained the man. “Fuck he got her good.”

“What’s happening to her?!” Margaret demanded.

The curvy guard fumed. “Maniac stole a growth ray from the IncrediBust boutique and went on a tour of the mall!” She looked around, her shirt hanging open against waist-concealing breasts. *“Where did that damn thing go anywa--”*

STRRRRRRRRRRRRTCH!!!!

“AAAAHHH!!! HAAH!!! MMNGAAHHHHH YEEESS!!!!”

SHRRRIIP!!!

Amy fell to her knees when her clothes exploded and flesh poured in all directions. Hardly recognizable as she gasped and squirmed between two pairs of couch-sized mounds, she screamed in ultimate pleasure. A puddle of fluid spread around her knees and drool fell from her panting lips.

“BIGGER!!! FUCK THIS IS BETTER THAN...” Amy had to think as her mind started blanking more and more. *“It’s... I can... GOD!!! THIS TILE IS FREEZING!!”*

Margaret had to back up before the rising wall of flesh knocked her over. Her eyes couldn’t keep up with Amy’s transformation. Whether it was her billowing ass creeping across the floor, her legs spreading themselves by their own intimidating girth, or the pair of tits rapidly bloating into a pair of blimps, she couldn’t keep her gaze on any single thing. Amy’s nipples alone could have plugged an open manhole.

“Amy?! Amy, you have to calm down!!! YOU’RE GETTING TOO BIG!!” Margaret yelled, cautious to touch her chest as she tried to get through to her friend. Losing sight of her as flesh rose and closed, she looked at the security guards. *“How big is she going to get?!”*

“It depends on--”

The man in custody giggled with a toothy grin. *“Huge.”*

STRRRRRRRRRRRRRRTCH!!!!!!

“MMMMGHHH!!!!!! IT’S GONNA MAKE ME COME!!! I WANT TO COME!!!! I WANT TO FEEL EVERYTHING!!! SOMEBODY TOUCH ME!!! SQUEEZE MY NIPPLES!!! FUCK MEEE!!”

Amy was dwarfing the other women down the hall. Pale-faced, Margaret stared at her friend's form rising like an erotic blob from a cheap horror movie. Her nipples puffed into massive pink mountains and began to tremble. People raced around her as several benches and potted plants were shoved aside by her fleshy horizon.

All the while the man looked on with a satisfied grin.

STRRRRTCH!!!

"MMMMMMMGH!!!! MMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMM!!!!!! I CAN'T...I CAN'T!! MORE!! GIVE ME MORE!!!"

Amy's voice was becoming more muffled as she was consumed. Sweaty flesh squeaked across the floor as the rapid growth caused her skin to jump and jolt against the friction. Large enough to fill a classroom, Margaret's heart raced to see Amy engorge like a balloon amid her pleased screams for more. Beneath her skirt, she felt her own lustful thoughts dampening her delicacies.

STTTTTTTTTRRRRRTCH!!!!!!

"HAAAHHH!! MMMNGGAAHHHHH!!! I... I-I'M GONNA-- MMPH!!!" Amy could yell no more. Although buried, it was obvious the girl was nearing a monumental orgasm strong enough to knock out a dozen women. *"MMMPH!!!!!"*

GUUUURRRRGLE

A warning sound came from her breasts.

GUUUUUUURGLE!!

Margaret and the remaining crowd saw Amy's trash can-sized nipples start to buck and heave. Her areolas plumped with growth before darkening and thrusting her crimson columns into the air.

GUUUUUUUUUUUUUURRRRGLE!!!

Watching her breasts swell with sudden pressure to the point of rounding out and displaying veins, Margaret screamed, *"Hey!!! W-What's happening to--"*

STRRRRTCH!!

GUUUUUURRGLE!!!!!!

"MMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMGH!!!!!!!" Amy's muffled bellow surged and her nipples flared into mighty monuments.

SPRRRRRRRSH!!!!!!

The gurgling came to a head as fluid rushed to her nipples. In a sudden, violent release of lust, milk sprayed from her pores to create a mist of dairy coating fifty meters of the corridor in front of her in a layer of white. Amy had fallen silent, the stimulation stealing her voice away as she tensed and writhed within her undulating cave of flesh.

SPLRRRTCH!!

SPLRRRTCH!!

SPLRRRTCH!!

The constant spray turned into spurts before leveling off into a gentle flow running down her slopes. Reaching her final size, Amy's curves came to a wobbling halt with hardly enough space for someone to maneuver around her bulk and continue down the corridor. Deep inside, Margaret could hear the squeaking gasps of a girl wracked with pleasure with a hand paralyzed between her thighs.

"Amy..." she stared, placing a hand on the flesh wall to make it jump. "*You're...*" Dryness coated her throat as she felt a twinge of desire beneath her skirt. "*You're incredible...*"

"Ha!!! Hahahaha!!! Look at her!!! She's--MPH!"

One of the security guards silenced the man's crazy ramblings. "I'll hold him until the police get here." Motioning to her partner, she instructed, "You find that growth ray before someone else gets a hold of it! They're supposed to keep those things locked up!"

"On it."

Watching her escort the villain away, Margaret stayed close to Amy, not knowing what the immediate future would hold. Perhaps the boutique had a way to reverse the growth.

One thing she knew for sure: so long as she kept her back to the looming mound of tit, no one would see the outline of the growth ray nestled down the back of her skirt.