

Rival Attraction

Nate walked alongside Chelsea. The mall was far too busy for his tastes but there was a free lunch in his future and he intended to collect. He glanced at Chelsea. She didn't look any happier. A loose blue tank top and a pair of black denim jean shorts would have been a tantalizing outfit on any other girl. On her they only accentuated her boyish figure, even with the short's extreme shortness and lack of bra.

"Don't look so down!" he chided. "You'll love this pizza."

"I don't *want* pizza! I *want* a do-over!"

Nate wagged his finger. "No do-overs! You lost fair and square."

"You *cheated!*"

"How can I cheat in a physics lab??"

"*I don't know, but you did!*"

Chelsea huffed and crossed her arms. The two had been at it since the new college year started. Every physics class was a battle for superiority. Their most recent duel had been a competition for the highest grade in an elastic collision lab. Nate had won but just barely.

"Just suck it up... It's only one day."

"*It is not just one day!*" Chelsea fumed and pushed a stray strand of black hair from her face. "*Buying you food and video games and Magic cards is one thing, but that tattoo is going to be there for my entire life!*"

"Oh come oooooon." Nate snorted and rolled his eyes. "Like you *actually* got a tattoo because you lost a bet." He eyed her torso; her entire side could be seen through her tank top arm holes. She'd show a nipple if she leaned far enough forward, though there would be nothing else of note worth seeing. "I haven't seen any ink on you. And it's not like you dress modestly."

Her eyes flashed. "Oh no? You really think so?"

Nate knew that look. Chelsea might have been one of the few geeks that rivaled him, but she was infamous for her perversion. She was the only girl he knew who owned an anime body pillow and openly talked about hentai.

She moved close into his personal space. "Come here."

"H-Hey, what are you--"

"*I wanna show you something!*"

Nate backed away until his back hit a pillar. People filed around them as Chelsea pushed into his bubble. Fruity energy drink scents were heavy on her breath.

"You're a little close...!" Nate protested.

"*Look.*"

His eyes followed her downward. Chelsea folded down the front of her shorts until the pale front of her navel peeked out. A swirly red design was emblazoned across the center of her pelvis with a heart in the middle. Below it he could see a tuft of neatly trimmed pubes peeking from blue panties.

“*Womb tattoo...*” Chelsea breathed, enjoying watching him squirm. “*What do you think?*” Nate stared, taking in the intimate view. If she pulled her shorts away much more, he was certain he would see the soft tops of her lips. “I-It’s--”

“*When I make a bet, I keep it. Don’t you forget that.*”

A gulp bounced his throat. “U...Understood.” Skirting the pillar, Nate escaped her trap. She snickered and replaced her shorts. “Got it a few days ago. Hurt like a bitch.” She breathed and inched closer again. “*Still feels hot. Wanna touch it?*”

“No thanks!!” Trying to compose himself, Nate walked toward the food court. “Just... Hurry up!”

“Sure are excited for this date.”

“I-It’s *not* a date!” Nate blushed. His eyes flicked over her shorts. Knowing what was hidden beneath them was a curse. If it had been anyone else, he might have enjoyed knowing. “You lost a bet and owe me some food, that’s it.”

Chelsea stuck out her bottom lip and followed. “No fun... I’d let you do things to me, you know. You basically *own* me today.”

Redness filled his cheeks more. “U-U-Unless it’s in your wallet, you don’t have anything I would want! You’re uh...” He looked her over. “You’re not my type.”

His words cut deeper than he realized. Chelsea grumbled, well aware of her severe lack of feminine curves. Few guys had given her a second glance since college started. She knew Nate especially preferred girls with supple curves and an ability to fill out a sweater. She couldn’t hope to fill her A-cup bra most days. For all of their fights and competitive nature, she wished it could be seen as flirting.

“You wouldn’t be saying that if I actually had tits and an ass...” she grumbled.

He looked over his shoulder. “Huh?”

“Nothing.” She brushed past him. “Let’s get your damn pizza and get out of here.”

Chelsea knew her life would be different if her body hadn’t betrayed her. If she had the curves she acted like she did, she could own Nate’s mind. Likely they would have dated in high school. Puberty had different plans for her, unfortunately. She got acne while cheerleaders filled out their uniforms like magic tricks. She’d give anything for Nate to ogle her the way he had the busty girls in class.

“What’s wrong?? I thought we were having fun!”

“Nothing, alright?” Chelsea winced as her tattoo burned. “I just--*Nngh!*”

She stopped, doubling over and using a chair for support. Her other hand tenderly grabbed her lower stomach. The womb tattoo was throbbing, sending heat racing through her core.

“H-Hey... You alright?” Nate asked with a tender hand on her shoulder.

“I... *Nnngh-- Whew--*” Chelsea breathed. Her vision was blurring. Humidity swamped her mind. Her thighs trembled as an intimate, and familiar, sensation tingled through her loins.

Arousal brought her nipples to hard points against her tank top and she wished she'd worn a bra.

"I-I... Mmnngh, God...!"

"Do I need to call someone?? If this is a trick, I--MPH!"

She was on him like an animal. People stared when Chelsea grabbed his collar and hauled him through the food court like a troubled child.

"H-Hey!! HEY!! Stop!! What are you-- Chelsea!!"

"Shut up."

She needed privacy. Any secluded area. It didn't matter. One of the restaurants was under construction and blocked off with walls of plywood. She pushed one aside, dragging Nate behind her. It was a miracle the workers weren't there. The lights were dim. No one would hear her.

"We can't be in here!" Nate squirmed against her force. *"We--"*

Thud!

She pushed him against an unpainted wall.

"Ow! What gives?! We're going to get in--"

Chelsea's hands slammed on either side of him. She leaned forward, bathing him in hot breath. A dull glow shone in her eyes. Sweat trickled down her bare sternum and under her tank top. From her shorts came a sliver of a pink glow.

"Nate..." she growled between gasps. *"I don't know what... But-- Something is--"*

Strrrrrtch!

"Mmnngh!"

She tensed, biting her lip and closing her eyes. Strange sounds came from her body as her clothes seemed to shift.

"C...Chelsea...? Do you need help?"

"I-- Mmnngh, fuck!!" She pushed herself against his front. Erect nipples prodded his chest along with more padding than he expected. Grinding up and down, she groaned, *"I-I think I need...you."*

"What?!"

"I...touch myself at night."

Strrrrrrrtch!

"Mmnngh!!!" A rumble of pleasure came from her throat. Her chest pushed fuller against him. Looking down, Nate saw a surprising amount of cleavage pushing out of her neckline.

"I touch myself... Wishing I had a giant pair of tits!! A-And I think about what your cock must look like."

His face turned red at the random confessions. *"What are you saying?!"*

"I don't know! I don't know! I can't-- I-I can't...control it! My body is on fire!! Everything feels like-- Like it's-- MMNNGH!!!"

STRRRRTCH!!

Chelsea reared back and choked on pleasure. Her figure trembled before swelling outward. Weight fell into her chest and hips, flaring her curves into late blessing from puberty. Nate gawked as her tiny bust rapidly filled out into fat heaving teardrops. They didn't stop until they rivaled her head and filled her tank top. Rounded skin pushed from her arm holes with firm proudness. A tensing midriff became exposed as they pulled her top higher.

Below, her shorts seemed to shrink around her. Her waist thickened into a bulging muffin top rising from her waistband. The loose denim filled out until taut enough to reveal even the most intimate of her contours below. Thigh flesh filled in to rub together, nestling her crotch in a cradle of heat until they bulged around her shorts. The glow from her waistline grew stronger, pulsing.

"Nate... N-Nate...!" she whined and stared at the ceiling, gulping down air. A bulge pressed against her from Nate's hips. He was hard. "*What's happening to me??*"

"*Your body!! It's--*"

STRRRRTCH!!!!

"*AUUGH!!*"

Everything grew. Nate's eyes rose as Chelsea inched taller and taller. Thighs and arms lengthened against him. Every bit of height pulled her curves along for the ride, urging them to develop further and widen. Within seconds he saw her surpass his own height and begin reaching toward seven feet.

Crrreeaaaaaak!!

"*Ahh!!*" She jolted and looked down. Squirming pleasure brought her to collapse against the wall and pin Nate under her sweating front. "*Everything-- I'm-- Why do I feel-- AM I FUCKING TALLER?!*"

Nate was about to say something before a pink glow blanketed his face. As she grew, her waist pulled out of her shorts. Toned abs and pelvic contours drew his eye down her abdomen toward the source of the glow: her tattoo. It pulsed pink and red at her peeking navel, filling her body with energy.

"*What's happening?! W-Why am I-- MMM FUCK!!!*"

Creeaaaa--POP!!!

A seam burst between her legs. Engorged pussy flesh squeezed through the gap with dripping folds. At her looming height, it was pressing against Nate's stomach. Breasts the size of watermelons swallowed his brow.

"*Nate!! Nate, they're gonna-- My shorts are gonna--*"

CREEAAAAAAK!

He watched her hips flare. Thighs wider than his torso bulked fuller with mass. They forced her feet into a wider stance. Denim popped and frayed across her ass as it bubbled from the shorts like angry dough.

"*AHHH IT'S TOO FUCKING THIII--*"

BOOM!!!

Her shorts exploded like a firecracker. Nate felt the rupture travel through his body when her lower half was released. Chelsea's hips filled out to twice the width of her shoulders. What remained of her panties was a blue sliver of cotton diving into a quivering pussy the size of his hand.

STRRRRTCH!!!

"Ahhh!! Haahhhhhh ohhh God!! My chest!! MY CHEST IS ON FIRE!!"

Darkness fell over Nate. Chelsea's hands were high over his head as she leaned against the wall like a falling tower. Growth exploded through her chest. As big as she was, her breasts had no problem rapidly ballooning until flesh tested her shirt. Underboob and cleavage escaped in an avalanche of pale skin. Soft veins rushed on her surface like rivers. Hot flesh mashed into Nate's face to smother his breathing when she blew beyond beach balls. He grabbed either side of her chest, trying to push them away.

"I-I can't-- I can't take much-- Naaate!!" she whined. "Touch me!! TOUCH ME!!"

Fwoosh!!

STRRRRTCH!!!

Chelsea squeaked when something sprang from her head. Her lower back tickled. Something long and leathery whipped against the backs of her thighs: a tail ending in a point. A pair of wings settled on her head like a crown of lust.

Creaaaaaaaaak!!!

Her tank top pulled into a second skin. As skin bulged out of every hole, it sank deep into her chest and deformed her gargantuan yoga ball mounds. Fist-sized nipples throbbed against the taut fabric.

"M-MMM!!!"

THUD!!

Chelsea fell to her knees in orgasm. Flesh quaked across her titanic eight-foot-tall body. Panting for air, she knelt before Nate as a picture of utmost seduction. He could smell her arousal running down her inner thighs. Frisky flaps of her wings tussled her hair and a tail flailed behind her like a cat's.

"C-Chelsea?" he whimpered, dwarfed by the girl. "You're--" He swallowed, feeling able to completely hide inside her yawning cleavage. He was little more than a doll compared to her. "You're so--"

"Nate..." she growled. Pink flashed in her eyes and the womb tattoo flared. *"I'm sorry, but..."*

Her hands shot out and tore his pants down the middle. They fell into useless tatters.

"H-HEY!!" He grabbed his boxers when her fingers began tugging.

"I'm sorry, but I'm going to take what's mine now."

"W-W-What's yours?? We can't! Y-You can't!!"

“Oh? I think I can do a lot with this new body... You’re looking at me just like you looked at those cheerleaders in high school...” Her tongue licked across her lips. *“And besides; I’m not hearing a no.”* Devilish giggles bounced her ready-to-blow mammaries. *“Tell me you don’t like these curves and I’ll stop. Go on.”*

Nate stammered. *“I-- I-I...”* He stared. *“God, you’re huge...”*

“Thought so.”

Her fingers worked around his. Fabric tore down the middle and his boxers opened before her.

Slap!

Chelsea’s eyes popped when his manhood sprang forth, delivering a meaty slap to the face. She giggled, looking up at him while caressing his shaft between her cheek and one hand. A long tongue ran over its length before she kissed it and felt him throb against her face. Cum had never sounded so appetizing.

“Mmmmmmm, jackpot~”