

## Growing by an Open Fire

“Claire? I'm home! Why are all the lights off?” Robert called from the front door, kicking off his shoes onto the rack. He looked around; the house were dark, but small patches of light emanated from candles, dotted around the house. They seemed to lead down the main hallway.

Robert left his coat, and look a step forward, kicking something with his foot. He looked down and saw it was a balloon. And another, and another. There was a trail of balloons on the floor, following the candles. The candles made him excited, but the balloons had made him confused.

Regardless, he believed it was in his best interest to follow. He stepped lightly in his socks on the hardwood, balloons spinning as he walked by them. He past through their kitchen, and saw that the candles took a turn into their living room, a faint orange glow coming through the doorway. He could hear the sound of their fireplace crackling in the distance.

Turning into the room, he could see that the fireplace was indeed lit, illuminating the well furnished room, balloons placed here and there on the soft carpet. And there was his wife, Claire.

A large fleece blanket had been laid out in front of the fireplace; she was lying on her side, her head resting on one bent arm. Her legs were together and bent slightly at the knees. She wore only a sheer, red teddy trimmed with delicate pink lace. It came down to just below her hips, and Robert could see the black panties she was wearing, showing through the semi-transparent fabric.

The fire was outlining her every curve, and he could see the curve made by her waist as it ebbed and flowed from her generous hips to her torso. He thought he could see the dark outline of her nipples, resting on her small breasts. Her dirty blonde hair was long and falling around her shoulders, giving off a golden glow from the fire behind her. Robert couldn't help but feel like he was in a classic movie, about to experience the cliché sex scene. Somehow, he didn't care.

“Welcome home...” Claire said, her hand resting on the top of her hip.

“This is quite the welcome,” Robert replied, still taking her all in, “what's the occasion?”

“Why don't you start by taking off those pesky clothes; we won't be needing them.”

Robert was happy to oblige. He removed his work shirt and and pants. Claire watched as his boxers hit the floor, his member already long and hard. She loved seeing what she could make his body do without even touching it. “Socks too!” She reminded, “This fire is awfully warm, I don't think you'll be needing them.” He obeyed.

“Now come and lay by me,” she commanded, lightly rubbing the blanket by her side. Robert followed, and laid on his back in the center of the blanket. Claire was quick to climb on top and straddle him. She rocked back and forth sightly, feeling his shaft press against her crotch. “I've got a bit of a surprise for us...” she cooed.

“You mean there's more?” He said, grabbing her rear and squeezing gently.

“Much more.” Her eyes sparkled. Claire reached over and lifted up the corner of the blanket, grabbing something and hiding it in her hand. “Remember that *thing* we've been wanted to try?”

“Oh of course, *the thing!* Along with the other *stuff!*” He remarked sarcastically. Claire giggled.

“The *thing* that has to do with *these,*” Claire's hands massaged her breasts under her nightie. They were small, about a B cup. They looked too small for her frame, and she had voiced her opinion that she thinks she would look much better with a full C or D cup, but they both thought that implants were too drastic of a change.

Robert starred as her nipples stood out from under the fabric. “Oh *that* thing.” He knew exactly what she had in her hand now. They had come across it while visiting a joke store and wandered into the adult section. There had been a whole shelf labeled ‘love potions’, and this one had caught their eye. It was pink and had about the same volume as a tennis ball, but it was shaped like a big pair of tits, compete with erect nipples, and had a short neck with a twist cap coming out the middle. Robert distinctly remembered reading the text on the bottle:

### *Boobs for a Night*

*Give your body those bouncing, jiggling  
funbags you and your partner deserve.  
Consume entire bottle for an enhanced bust.  
Effect lasts for 3 hours.*

Although they had both wanted to try it, the bottle had been too expensive at the time, and they decided to wait. But now it seemed like Claire had gotten her hands on one.

“You remember what this does, right?” Her eyes shined from the fire, and she smiled as she displayed the small bottle between her breasts. The bottle swirled with pink liquid. “It's gonna give me a nice big pair of tits for you to play with.” Claire felt his cock throb under her; he was excited.

“When did you-” Robert had begun to ask.

“Shh,” she hushed him, “let's get these puppies growing; I can't wait to see how they look!” She unscrewed the cap and broke the seal, lifting the bottle to her mouth. “Bottoms up!” She said with a wink, tilting the bottle and drained it, swallowing every drop.

She coughed slightly, “Tastes like cherry...” she giggled. She looked at the bottle, “I wonder how long it takes. See anything yet?” She clasped her arms behind her back and stuck out her chest, giving Robert a view. She remained a B cup.

“How do you feel?” He asked, watching her breasts intently, hands still on her butt.

She thought for a moment, “About the same...” She pouted, “Maybe it was a dud...”

“Give it a moment maybe?”

Claire continued looking at her chest, then shuddered, as if a chill had run through her. “Oooh, I think something is happening!” She cried, “My chest feels warm and tingly! Ooooh and my nipples feel like they're on fire!” She began playing with her breasts, her head tilted back in pleasure. From Robert's point of view, she did look a little swollen now.

“Robert! I'm growing!” Claire exclaimed, “Look! My tits are actually getting bigger!” She took her hands away from her boobs and puffed out her chest. They were indeed bigger now, and Robert saw something he had never seen on his wife before: cleavage. He guessed that Claire might be a C cup now, but it was hard to tell as they began to bulge against the no-stretch fabric of her nighty. Her two previously small bumps were now like two jumbo scoops of vanilla ice cream on her chest, her nipples like cherries on top.

She was beginning to grind her hips against his, “This doesn't feel all to bad either... I don't know if it's the actual growth or just the thought of me getting bigger, but I feel so turned on right now!” She expressed, one of her hands beginning to massage his cock as she rubbed against it. She pushed her growing boobs together with her arms, and they squeezed together like she had always imagined they would.

Robert's hands drifted up slowly, shaking slightly from anticipation. He grasped each of her breasts in his hands, his fingers sinking into her soft pillowy flesh. “Mmm!” Claire moaned, “They're even more sensitive now too!” She began grinding harder, her breasts bouncing on his hands. “Oh, Robert...You have no idea how this feels! I can actually feel my tits *growing* and *swelling* on my body!

Her breasts filled his hands easily now, each one overflowing the triangle shaped fabric covering them. They felt incredibly warm and inviting, and Robert could swear he could feel them pulsing against his palms each second, swelling slightly bigger and bigger. She was nearing a D cup.

“They feel so natural!” Robert observed. He hefted their weight, and they jiggled in his hands, her nipples poking between his fingers through the fabric. He noticed they had grown as well, her nipples and areolas bright pink and now slightly wider than before. He pinched them between his fingers, and Claire nearly doubled over.

“*Robert!*” She screamed, breathing heavily, “I need some warning if you're going to do that! I feel like I'll cum if you touch them!” He smiled and did it again. “*Oooh!*” She fell on top of him, pressing her new breasts into his chest, her sopping pussy grinding rhythmically. He could feel them pushing against him, cushioning her weight; they were becoming significant now. Robert could feel the different curves of her boobs as they outgrew her nighty, bulging and overflowing out of their confinements. They desperately wanted out.

*POP!*

A seam burst somewhere on her nighty. Claire stopped, “Can't be ruining this teddy, it's one of my favorites...” she cooed. She stood up, uneasy at first. Grabbing her chest, she straightened herself and giggled saying, “This new weight takes a little getting used to!”

As she went to undo a knot around her neck and back, Robert could see just how big she was now. They were big and bulbous, much too large for her nightgown; like a porn star was trying to wear a bikini top made for a small girl. It was stretched in such a way that its only real use now was to cover her nipples, and even then her areolas were starting to peek out.

The knots fell away, and she shimmied her body, letting it roll off of her and down around her feet. Her breasts swayed heavily, new and perky. She cupped them in her hands, and it looked like she was holding two big balls of dough against her chest. Her hands couldn't contain all of them. Claire saw that Robert was speechless at her new form. "Like what you see?" She sighed, letting them fall naturally as she hands ran down her sides and pulled at the band of her panties. Robert could only nod.

He watched as she slid her underwear down her legs, standing above him, naked with the perfect pair of E cup breasts. Her nipples were hard and had to be comparable to the end of an index finger. She got on her knees, and her melons hung heavily off of her chest, her skin tight as gravity worked against it. "Trade spots with me." Claire commanded. Robert didn't waste a second obeying.

Claire lay on her back, feeling her breasts flow towards her sides as their weight shifted. It was a feeling she never thought she would experience; tits big enough to be displaced when she laid down. She grabbed them firmly, kneading her new assets with her fingers. "Mmmm, Robert...I don't think I'm done growing yet..." she expressed through pleasure, "I think that potion is still working! I never knew feeling my skin stretch and fill so fast could feel so amazing!"

Robert was on his hands and knees between her legs, watching as she massaged herself. "You don't think they're too big, do you?" He asked, praying she said no.

Claire looked at him with a hungry look and said, "I want to be *bigger*! Pump me up with your cock." She demanded, spreading her legs wide and invited him in, closing her eyes as she began twisting her nipples, small groans escaping her lips.

Robert positioned himself, and inserted his cock. He couldn't remember the last time he had entered her so easily without the help of lube. Her pussy accepted him as if it had been teased for an hour prior; the effects of the growth potion were really quite amazing.

He leaned into his growing wife, inserting his full length, "*Ooooh YES!*" Claire screamed, squeezing her boobs, "Fill me up with your cock!"

Robert began thrusting, slowly at first, but as he watched his wife writhe in pleasure under him, her breasts bouncing from the impacts, he started to speed up.

"Pump my tits up bigger!" She cried. Robert thrust harder and faster, her chest seeming to grow and swell bigger and bigger with every cycle. They bounced in her hands, and were becoming so big she was having a hard time holding onto them.

"More, more! Really fill my boobs up, Robert! I'm so close!"

Robert leaned forward and found a nipple with his tongue, running it around the perimeter quickly, before latching on and sucking.

“Ahh!!” Claire screamed in pleasurable agony, “R-Robert, please! I can’t take too much of that!” Her pussy was throbbing around his cock.

Bigger and bigger her breasts grew, her nipples like thimbles between his lips. Her chest heaved, and she had to wrap her arms around his head and her bust now to keep it steady. “Look how *BIG* I am! I don’t know how my boobs can stretch like this!” Claire looked as though she was trying to carry two big water balloons in her arms while jumping on a trampoline. Robert’s cock thickened; he was nearing his breaking point, and he began sucking harder than ever. He could feel her breasts growing against his face as she pulled him in closer and closer; her skin stretched against his cheeks, and her nipple quivered in his mouth.

“OOOOOHH, I’m almost there, I’m almost there!” She cried, “*Suck my giant growing knockers!*”. Robert gave one final thrust, and felt himself become swallowed with pleasure as he came inside Claire. Her body tensed, and he felt her boobs bulge one final time against his face, impossibly big and swollen. She screamed in pleasure, and squirmed under him as she was wracked in ecstasy.

They both soon calmed down, and lay in a heap, panting and sweaty. Robert could feel her breasts squished between them, like two large pillows. He leaned up and looked at his wife; her breasts had grown more than either of them had imagined possible. “L-Look at your breasts, Claire...”

She propped herself up on her elbows and looked down, her eyes wide. They hung from her torso, each nearing the size of her head. She easily rivaled many of the most popular big-boobed models, surpassing most of them. Each breast was like a melon, resting against her ribs. Her skin looked full and fresh, not a stretch mark visible. Her areolas were silver dollars, and her nipples like small pink grapes.

“That potion really works wonders, doesn’t it?” She awed, “It’s a good thing these are only temporary! I would never be able to explain these to my friends or coworkers!” She gently nudged Robert out of her, and sat cross-legged on the blanket. She pressed her hands into her chest, looking like someone holding two skin colored water balloons.

“So how much longer do I get to enjoy your new funbags?” Robert asked, tracing his finger along their outer curve.

“Another two hours or so, I think.”

“Perfect.” He accepted, lying his head in her lap against her stomach. He could barely see her face past her under-boob. “You want to tell me how you could afford that potion now?”

She giggled, “I saw that they had a raffle for in store credit that day we visited and I won a week later. I’ve been saving it since then.”

“You waited 4 months to do this?!” He exclaimed.

She hunched over and smothered him in her breasts, “Oh hush. You still got them, didn’t you?” She jiggled them in his face, and she could feel his teeth lightly biting her. “Stop that!” She scolded him, straightening her back to reveal his grinning face, “They’re sensitive you know...”

“Oh come on... Look at them! Those tits are meant to be played with.” He grabbed each of her boobs and massaged them, watching as she bit her lip.

“How about we watch a movie in our bedroom and I'll let you use them as a pillow?” She suggested.

“Deal.”

They both got up, and Robert followed her to the bedroom. He was shocked to see that he could see the outer curve of each breast on either side of her torso as he watched her back.

“We gotta go back to that joke store sometime.” He said as they climbed into bed.

“Mmm, agreed,” Claire said, grabbing his cock under the sheet, “and maybe we can try some of the other potions they had while we're at it!”

They both chuckled as they switched on a movie. Robert put his head on her chest, and couldn't imagine a softer pillow. Before long they were dozing off and falling asleep.

The next morning, Claire awoke with a twist in her neck. She was sleeping on her stomach like usual, but her head was craned awkwardly. She felt like she had an extra pillow under her chest. She groggily tried to move it, but her hand was met with warm, soft flesh: her breasts.

She opened her eyes and quickly rolled over; there they were, the same giant tits she had grown the night before.

“Uh oh...” Claire whispered, looking at the melons hanging in front of her. “R-Robert, wake up.” She shook her husband sleeping next to her.

“What is it...?” He said sleepily.

“My boobs! They haven't gone back down at all!”

“Well how long were they supposed to last?”

“I was sure it was three hours!” She cried.

“Ok, ok. I'll go find the bottle and we'll make sure. I'm sure you're alright.” He replied, trying to keep her calm. He left the room stumbling. Claire could hear him rummaging through the trash for the bottle. Soon he walked back into the room and got back into bed.

“Effect lasts for 3 hours”, he quoted from the label.

“Let me see.” She said, grabbing it out of his hand. She looked it over, and her face went white as she looked at the bottom. “T-This expired 3 months ago...” she said, near panic. Claire dropped the bottle onto the bed and turned to Robert, groping each of her giant tits and shaking them, “R-Robert, are these permanent?!”