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V.I.B.E.

contains breast/thigh/hip/ass expansion, giantess growth, sizeplay

Lara and Janice were the most knowledgeable and capable people that Pam had ever managed. Even knowing the risks, she chose the two of them to accompany her to the annual CV Tech Expo. Janice was both charismatic and dominant; if put in a room full of strangers and given a few minutes, she'd have taken command and invented a project for everybody to work on. Lara preferred to stay in the background, but her cunning wit and boundless creativity shone through in everything she touched.

Together, however, Janice and Lara were capable of only one thing: bickering. At the age of forty-five Pam had been in her share of office spats, and she knew just what was causing the rift between her two best team members. Lara was around twenty-seven years old; she was a short Hispanic woman, standing at about five feet two inches; she had shoulder-length chestnut hair which she typically wore down. Janice was Lara's same age; she was a black woman, stood at about five feet seven inches, and had curly black hair she typically kept in a bun.

A height difference was not all that kept the duo at odds, however. Pam knew the look in Lara's eye when she looked at Janice; she'd caught herself acting the same when she was that age. Where Lara had small hips, a slight curve to her butt, and breasts that hardly fit a B-cup bra, Janice was virtually the opposite. The dark-skinned woman's long legs lead to large hips that swayed when she walked, a generously round rear-end, and a pair of breasts that even on her curvy frame looked relatively as large as honeydew melons.

Had Pam known that they would only be approved for a single hotel room she might have thought twice about her decisions. Part of her thought that the convention would be an opportunity for Lara and Janice to mend fences and be forced to work together. That the hotel they'd booked offered luxury suites large enough for three separate beds had single-handedly saved Pam's sanity. She shuddered to imagine the argument that might have taken place if they had to choose somebody to go without a bed.

Their assigned room had been on the first floor, just above the lobby space. The hotel was enormous, roughly forty stories high, and possessed numerous rooms and amenities; one such amenity was its immense pool. On any pamphlet or advertisement, including those that could be seen within the hotel itself, the resort boasted that it was the only hotel in the world with an indoor Olympic-sized pool.

John was staying in the room to the right of Pam's, and he had been privy to the sounds of two hours of bickering. He couldn't make out what was being said, but he didn't care to know, either. When midnight came the fighting had stopped, and he took that opportunity to go to sleep. He set his alarm early to try to leave before the crowd. Unlike many attendees of the convention, he'd come on his own accord to take a look at what new and exciting devices were on the horizon.

The convention center was taking place on the tenth, eleventh, and twelfth floors of the hotel; these floors had no living space, and were designed with the intention of hosting such events. John was eager to get started in the morning, having prepared for the day and hopped into the elevator as quickly as he could.

Numerous businesses had set up stalls and demos throughout the convention's first floor. John spotted a sign that read 'Corizon' and immediately recognized the three women from the room next to his. He ducked his head as he passed; some part of him was afraid if they saw him that the short one and the busty one would start fighting again.

Once John was comfortably far from the stall he'd tried to avoid, he started looking out for interesting devices once more. A strange sight in the distance greeted him; he found himself hypnotically drawn to the oddest stall he'd seen in the three years he'd been attending the convention. There was a banner setup over the stall that read 'Lucia's Luxuries.' A small crowd had gathered around a monitor set up near the stall; it displayed a vivid neon landscape.

On screen, two futuristic-looking pistols were blasting red and blue lasers at corresponding geometric shapes flying toward the camera. There was a sign standing over the monitor that read 'V.I.B.E.'. The sign described a virtual reality rhythm game in which the player could shoot their way through various levels to the beat of their favorite songs.

The person demonstrating the game was a young woman that looked like she was cosplaying some kind of cute, female version of Frankenstein's monster. After ogling the scene for a few moments, John looked around for anybody attending the stall. He briefly saw a name tag stuck to the girl's shirt that read 'LL: Eva', and put two and two together. The young man looked at the action on the monitor one last time before taking his leave.

"Can't wait to get my hands on that," John muttered. As he was leaving, he was too far away to hear the swinging girl briefly pause her demonstration and utter an annoyed 'Ugh' before returning to the video game.

Across the convention space, Janice was busy giving a demonstration of their next phone's operating system to a small crowd. Pam had taken to handing out business cards and codes for online surveys to anybody that would take them. Meanwhile, Lara had dropped any pretense of professionalism and was simply fuming in her spot. A thicket of pamphlets advertising Corizon was tightly clenched in the short woman's hands, squeezed a little tighter each second she spent staring at Janice.

"She's just..." Lara trailed off. Though Janice was dressed professionally, the blouse she'd chosen molded to and complimented her bust nicely. She seemed to shimmy and shake, clearly trying to keep eyes drawn to her chest. Much of the crowd were happy to sit and watch, taking whatever pamphlet, card, or survey that Janice handed out.

"Just try to stay focused, Lara, we're only here a few more hours," Pam pleaded. The moment Pam finished speaking, Janice turned to grab a handful of pamphlets from Lara's hands. Lara scowled and refused Janice's demanding grasp.

"Thank..." Janice smiled aggressively, "you!" and pulled the pamphlets from Lara's hands. By the time Janice had turned back to continue her presentation, Lara had stormed off from the stall, shoulders hunched and fists clenched. Pam sighed nervously; she was already dreading the return to the hotel room.

After the first day of the convention, John had made his way back to his hotel room. A large package sitting outside the door took him by surprise. He checked for any sign of the person that had delivered it to no avail. There was no return label, but it was addressed to him by both name and room number. He was curious enough to bring it into the hotel room and investigate the package more thoroughly. He didn't notice the lavender and pink lotus petals that the box had been sitting on when he took it into his apartment.

John found the package opened with relatively little resistance. Within, he found a device packed in styrofoam that looked remarkably similar to the virtual reality gear he saw being demonstrated by Eva from Lucia's Luxuries earlier in the day. The package contained neither wires nor instructions; yet when he placed his hand on the headset, a musical tone could be heard playing from the device's headphones.

"No batteries required, huh?" John murmured. He had planned to sit back and find something interesting on TV and order some food, but the free VR setup was far too enticing. That it didn't seem to require a computer or any further accessories whatsoever hadn't escaped his notice. He slipped the visor and earphones over his head, checked that the wireless controllers were in the correct hands, and then finally pushed the visor down over his eyes.

The title screen only gave two options: Start, and Power Off. He chose to start and was prompted to enter his name, and entered his own. Just as it did, he heard a thump on the wall. He removed the headset to more closely monitor what had just happened.

“Lara, you are way out of line!” Janice said bitterly. Lara, having just entered the hotel room, still had a hand on the door she’d violently shut. Her face was red and her eyes unfocused; she unsteadily stepped toward Janice but stumbled and caught herself on a chair.

“Admit it, Janice,” Lara paused to hiccup, “people only like you cuzza yer boobsh!”

Janice caught a whiff of Lara’s breath from halfway across the room; the shorter woman utterly reeked of alcohol.

“Oh, my god, you’re drunk!” Janice was both shocked and overjoyed. She took a step towards Lara and watched her hold onto the back of the chair as if her life depended on it.

“I can’t wait to tell Pam!” Janice said gleefully, “You might get fired! Or worse! They’ll stick you on the help desk!”

Giggling all the way, Janice pushed past Lara and left the room to seek out their wayward supervisor. Lara took in a breath to shout at her busty rival, but felt something turn in her stomach; she dashed to the bathroom.

Lara spent the intervening time cleaning herself up and passing out in bed. She hadn’t bothered to change out of her Corizon-branded polo shirt or plain black slacks. While Lara drifted to sleep, John was placed into the first level, but was not given the option to select a music track. Instead, the game played one of its own, default tracks as he began firing away at incoming targets.

Shifting in her sleep, Lara’s loose bra bulged slightly as her breasts pushed into it. Lara’s breasts bulged again, finally filling her meager brassiere’s cups. A tutorial prompt for a new mechanic popped up on John’s screen; he was taught about the game’s ‘Beat Gauge’ which charged a special move so long as he timed his shots in sync with the game’s beat.

John dismissed the tutorial and continued the level. Lara’s breasts further flowed over her bra, very slightly outgrowing the size of baseballs. She shifted in her spot as, in addition to growing larger, her tits were becoming tighter, as if something was filling them. Her jugs began truly straining her bra and created a noticeable impression in her shirt. Simultaneously, her legs started to push further along the bed, her ankles gently sliding out of her slacks.

The Corizon t-shirt seemed to shrink on her torso; her smooth stomach slid out of the shirt, her arms pushed further out of the sleeves and her shoulders began pushing against the shirt's stitching. Lara's derriere added more flesh, creating a truly pear-shaped outline in concert with her hips which, too, had grown somewhat.

Her calves slid halfway out of her slacks before they ran taught on her long legs; her forearms slid out similarly until the shirt became tight, made even tighter by her broadening shoulders and torso. The increased stress from her larger abdomen caused the Corizon logo to become distorted across her enlarged breasts. Her clothing was neither prepared for her to gain five inches in height, nor for her bust to gain over a full cup size.

Lara's breasts swelled and gently slid out of a bra that had become far too small to contain them. She adjusted herself again, from her side onto her back, causing her unconstrained breasts to jiggle in place. They remained firm on her chest, and in fact, seemed to grow firmer and tighter. A chill ran over her sleeping body, causing her to groggily pull a blanket over her body and resume her sleep cycle without much interruption. Lara's breasts gently swelled outward, further distorting the logo on her shirt.

John took in a breath as he finished the last few targets on the level, and his Beat Gauge finished filling just as the level ended. He huffed, disappointed that he wasn't able to see what the special attack looked like. A spray of chromatic lotus petals covered the screen as the word 'PERFECT!' flashed in shiny gold letters. Lara's boobs pulsed outward one last time, exceeding the size of grapefruits by half. Even on her enlarged frame, her breasts looked enormous; were she nude, their sides would just barely be visible from behind.

John had broken out in a full-body sweat, not helped by the fact that he hadn't changed before deciding to load up the game. When given the option to 'Continue?' or 'Take a Break?', he chose to return later. He removed the headset and placed the gear on the stand next to the television. He found that only fifteen minutes had passed, but he was ready to pass out. He retired for the rest of the night, but the thought of the exciting new game and equipment he'd received for free weighed on his mind.

The following morning, Lara awoke with a pounding headache. To make matters worse, her clothing felt unreasonably tight, and her torso felt like it weighed a ton. Her phone, whose battery was ready to shut down at any moment, read numerous notifications from Pam. She read only the most recent, which advised her that she and Janice were getting breakfast before heading back out to the convention center.

"Whatever," Lara muttered ruefully. She rolled out of bed, not taking note of the fact that her feet met the floor much quicker than they had previously. Her longer legs made the trip to the bathroom that much shorter, though she was more focused on how heavy she felt. Her chest felt

like it was bouncing and swinging heavily with each motion, and she realized her bust itself felt swollen and strained.

Much as Lara could chalk up the odd sensations to a hangover, she'd been drunk before. Not once had she had to struggle to rip her shirt from her body or fight to peel her pants from her legs. The endeavor left her sweaty and panting but, finally, naked and ready to shower. She checked herself in the mirror, shrugging carelessly as she briefly surveyed her increased height and significantly enhanced bust.

"Oh, shit!" Lara gasped. She spun in place, facing the mirror once more. The sudden motion sent her breasts jostling pendulously on her chest; not only did she have enough bust to jiggle for the first time in her life, but her tits were sensuously undulating in place. She felt herself jiggling and moving, but she had to reach up and cup her breasts to be sure. A moan escaped her lips; her breasts had become much more sensitive.

Lara looked herself up and down in the mirror, her mouth agape and her right hand still groping her breasts. If she had to guess, she had grown five inches overnight; she was Janice's same height! She then gave one of her stiff nubs a pinch and felt her entire body shiver with arousal. A strange rushing feeling came over her breasts, which combined with the shiver, encouraged her to tweak her nipple again. She moaned again, but much louder, and for much longer, as waves of pleasure washed over her body.

John had left his room and was passing through the hallway when he heard Lara's sensuous cry. Curiosity got the better of him, and he stopped to press his ear against the door. He could hardly hear the sound of feet shuffling on the other side. There was another low moan, and he heard something heavy land on the ground. He became just concerned enough to knock on the door.

"Is everything okay?" John called out. Heavy footsteps approached the door, and it swung open to reveal Lara in all her nude glory. A stream of milk could be seen gently trickling down from her teats. John would have previously towered over her, as he was five feet ten inches tall, but the woman standing before him was just a few inches shorter. She scanned him from top to bottom, then looked him in the eyes with a sultry grin.

"Well, don't just stand there," Lara beckoned him to enter the room, "*come* on in!"

Lara took John in her soft, squishy embrace as soon as he set foot within her hotel room. By the time she'd shut the door, he'd removed most of his clothing. He didn't think to question how Lara had suddenly blossomed, nor could he make the connection between her growth spurt and the appearance of the mysterious video game. Lara pushed him onto a bed and rode him until their erotic moans filled the room.

With a hot coffee cup in hand, Lara approached the Corizon stall wearing a zip-up hoodie and a pair of glasses. A small group of people was just taking their leave as Janice and Pam turned to face her. She couldn't have suppressed her proud grin even had she wished to do so.

"Sorry I'm late, ladies, busy morning," Lara teased.

"Lara, did you get my messages? I haven't been able to get in touch with you all morning," Pam asked quietly.

"Oh, uhm," Lara fished her phone out of her pocket. She confidently showed the blank screen to Pam, demonstrating it was out of battery.

"I'm sorry, I don't have my charger, but I'm here! And, I'm ready to present!" Lara chirped. Pam rolled her eyes but didn't press the issue any further.

"Unbelievable," Janice scoffed. The dark-skinned woman shook her head and went back to flagging down passersby. Lara breathed in deeply, set her sunglasses aside, and removed her jacket. The outfit itself was simple: a black button-up blouse and a pair of black slacks. Several buttons from the top were undone, revealing an expanse of sun-kissed cleavage supported by the black push-up bra she had purchased earlier in the day. The slacks were slim, glued to her long legs, and practically painted over her generously-round rear end.

Janice had noticed a difference in Lara's height but had assumed she was wearing heels or lifts in her shoes. When Lara stepped forward with a pair of melons that, while still smaller than her own, were significantly larger than what she'd had the previous day, Janice's mind began to race. Implants were out of the question in such a short time, especially considering her somewhat wider hips and butt. Of the many possibilities, Janice ended up presuming that Lara was wearing an elaborate costume involving balloons packed into her chest and rear.

John had showered and changed following what had undeniably been the best sex he'd ever had. He felt invigorated, but more than anything wanted to see Lara again. At the same time, however, he didn't want to bother with going back up to the convention. He knew where her room was, and so decided instead to don the virtual reality headset and wands once more. The level opened by giving him the chance to choose his own music, and advised him that the game's difficulty was based on the song's beats per minute.

Lara was addressing three representatives from some other tech firm when she felt it. A tingling feeling spread across her mounds. Though it was negligible, her boobs bulged, her cleavage

deepened, and she felt her chest become tighter. Even onlookers making direct eye contact with the chasm of breast being put on display would see the brief surge of growth as her chest jostled while she gestured and spoke.

Lara felt her clothing tighten across her body once more. Her ass seemed to push further out, her breasts rising just a little more out of her blouse. Concerned, she checked herself and her surroundings. No evidence that she was about to make a mess of her outfit was obvious, but looking over at Janice, who was now just a hair beneath her eye-level, gave her an odd feeling.

Another shiver ran up Lara's spine; her tingling bust pushed into the maternity bra with great force. She could feel her boobs' sensitive caps stiffen and tighten along with the rest of her chest. A low groan could be heard from her slacks as they began straining to keep the growing woman's legs contained.

"It's happening," Lara thought to herself, *"I'm getting bigger! Again!"*

As much as Lara tried to maintain a sense of decorum, she was overwhelmed with both glee and arousal. Her conversations became punctuated by broader smiles, and giggles at any jokes being told. When the current group left, and she realized that her body was still becoming larger, she gave in and hugged herself, pushing her still-swelling-now-honeydew-melon-sized breasts even further out of her blouse. Janice, who'd previously towered over her, was slowly losing enough ground that she'd be eye-level with the bridge of Lara's chin.

John found himself running short of breath. He was beginning to miss his shots, and his Beat Gauge was hardly even half full. A target passed him by, and then another, until he'd lost the rhythm completely and was met with the words 'You Lose' in crimson red letters. He was frustrated, and he removed the headset and put the wands aside.

Just as Lara became concerned that her body was about to burst out of her clothing, the tingling fell away. Her boobs were truly exploding out of her blouse, painfully constricting against the bra. She felt like she was going to topple over, particularly because the majority of her increasing height had gone directly to her legs.

"Okay...Lara, do you want to go see a doctor?" Pam asked nervously. Having been shorter than Janice to begin with, she was eye-level with Lara's neck which meant if she faced the woman and looked down even a little she'd be greeted by a pair of breasts trying to escape a blouse. She wasn't about to call an ambulance, and any onlookers were whispering to each other as if they'd witnessed some kind of publicity stunt.

"No, but I think I might need a bigger shirt..." Lara said confidently, "and maybe a bigger bra," she smiled and patted her chest.

"Okay, well, we've done enough for today, I'll take the stall down, you two are free to go," Pam said with a sigh.

Janice eyed Lara up and down, shook her head with a chuckle, and took her leave first. Lara put her hands on her newly-enlarged hips as she watched her coworker leave. The amazonian Latina felt proud of having one-upped her competition. She gave Pam a casual wave and left within a few minutes of Janice, enjoying every lingering glance that her wobbling cleavage invited.

It was early in the evening when Janice set upon the city to let off some steam. Seeing Lara show up in some crazy costume and heels had been quite the shock. For a moment, during one of their demonstrations, it even seemed like she was growing! She decided to hail a cab but in the interim noticed Lara step out onto the sidewalk.

"Hey, Janice!" Lara chirped. There was some kind of new confidence in the woman, and Janice didn't like it one bit. She walked so forcefully, and whatever she'd stuffed into her shirt looked shockingly like real cleavage. Janice was looking for a seam in the outfit when the sound of splitting leather took her attention. Lara's enlarged feet had broken her shoes, leaving her standing flat on the ground.

"Whoops," Lara muttered. As she bent down to pick up her shoes and stand back up, a button popped off of her blouse. The button hit Janice square in the forehead; she rubbed the area of impact but couldn't deny what she was seeing. Not only were those real breasts that had conquered the blouse, but she was standing flat on her feet and was undeniably taller. Janice grimaced at the thought.

"How did you do it?" Janice crossed her arms. She gestured broadly at Lara's body. A cab pulled up but her attention was centered on her enlarged coworker.

"I'm just lucky, I guess," Lara said with a giggle. As she spoke, she stepped from the sidewalk and entered the cab. If the height difference wasn't enough to convince Janice, watching Lara stuff her body into the confines of the back of a cab sealed just how tall she was. Her rival might have been six feet tall, if not an inch or two taller. When the vehicle began pulling away, however, she realized that Lara had just taken the cab she had called for herself.

"That *bitch*," Janice muttered.

John and Janice had gone to the same bar by happenstance; Janice, because she was still reeling from watching her wispy coworker blossom into a supermodel. John was looking to get a

drink after having spent so much time locked in his hotel room to play a video game. They recognized one another, though John was more familiar with Janice than vice versa. Janice had been sitting at a table, but stood to take a seat next to John at the bar.

“Hey, have I seen you walking around the expo?” Janice chirped. Cleavage was absolutely bursting out of her scoop-neck blouse thanks to her push-up bra. She was angling herself toward John to give him as direct a view to her titties as possible.

John was in the middle of sipping his drink when Janice sat down. He meant to be respectful, but her tantalizing jugs were begging to be stared at. Quickly as he could, he took a look and gazed back up at Janice’s eyes.

“Oh, uh, yeah,” John stammered, “I think I’ve seen you around, too. My name’s John,” he reached a hand out.

“Janice,” she shook his hand and smiled.

Lara slowly opened the door to John’s room; she’d convinced reception that she was his wife, and had lost her key. In the course of the past hour or so, she’d purchased some new clothing and had planned on surprising John with it. Beneath the oversized overcoat, which she removed as soon as she stepped into the room, she was wearing a set of lacy red lingerie that left little to the imagination. When she noticed he wasn’t around, she snapped a picture of herself and sent it to John accompanied by a winking emoji.

John left his phone on the bar when he excused himself to the bathroom. Janice couldn’t help but be curious, but was met with a password request when she tried to open it. However, it was a Corizon phone; bypassing security was child’s play for her. With the phone unlocked, her first destination was John’s text message history. She recognized Lara’s phone number on the top conversation and began seething.

Upon seeing that Lara had sent John a picture of her overinflated body squeezed into lingerie, however, Janice lost her temper. She saw John emerge from the bathroom, locked the phone, and approached him. Before he could so much as breathe, Janice pressed her tits against his chest and kissed him deeply.

“Let’s get out of here,” Janice whispered.

Lara was growing bored of waiting for John, and she'd been curiously eyeing the VR gear sitting on the coffee table. Before she knew it, she had stood from the bed and was sliding the headset down over her face. She entered her own name when the game prompted her to do so, and was given a choice of music as she was loaded into the level.

John had invited Janice to ride back to the hotel in his car. They chatted along the way, but both were having trouble ignoring the sexual tension in the air. To make matters worse, Janice's hips, thighs and backside had begun tingling. She was wearing a loose skirt just large enough to cover her generous posterior, but it was slowly becoming inadequate. Her hips were gently pushing away from her body, filling up with fatty tissue.

The vehicle passed over a bump in the road, sending Janice's tits into a jiggling fit. She felt like her chest was becoming heavier with each bounce. The seat belt became increasingly restrictive as her ass began to fill with more soft padding. In fact, the whole of her body was stretching out over time. Her bra began to pinch as her boobs pushed further and further out, eventually having added a full inch in all dimensions.

Janice noticed something was wrong when the tingling spread to her face; her lips were gradually plumping, her cheeks becoming rounder and softer. She looked down in time to see her breasts rising out of her blouse like dough. Her thighs continued to swell as they were filled with the same fatty tissue flowing into her hips and ass. She felt her feet constrict painfully in her shoes, and her legs brushing the underside of the dashboard as they grew outward.

"Mmmm, finally," Janice sighed pleasantly. Curious, John looked over and nearly lost control of the vehicle. While Janice had been curvaceous before, the woman in his passenger seat practically jiggled like jello from head-to-toe from the slightest movement. She looked like she might have been two or three inches taller, with tits the size of her head even on her generously jiggy figure.

Lara huffed dejectedly as she watched the game displayed crimson letters spelling out 'You Lose.' She thought she'd gotten used to the controls, but had lost the rhythm partway through the level. Tipping the headset up for a moment, she confirmed that nobody had entered the room. Though she didn't like to lose, she was having fun playing, and didn't know when John would be back. She slid the visor back down and gave the level another try.

John had parked at the hotel when Janice felt the tingling return. They stepped into the elevator, and she couldn't resist any longer. John might have asked, but recalled how he'd seen evidence that Lara had grown, too. If women were going to start growing bigger, and then let him join in

exploring their new bodies, who was he to argue? To his delight, as he and Janice lustfully made out he could swear that her lips were larger with each kiss.

The elevator passed a few levels as Janice guided John's hands to her hips, which were swelling against his fingers. He felt her already enormous tits becoming larger against his chest, while also gradually rising higher until they were pressing against his collarbone. Janice had to start leaning down to continue kissing him, causing her inflating posterior to push out of the skirt. Her thighs were growing into and rubbing against one another, making the anticipation building in her sex that much worse.

Janice had reserved her own private room at the hotel for a reason, and John had fit that purpose. By the time they reached that floor, which was just one above the top level of the convention space, Janice's bra finally snapped against the ongoing pressure created by her immense bust. She felt her body filling with strength, despite being covered in a layer of fat just thick enough to accentuate her curves even further.

John led the way out of the elevator, but Janice's hips brushed the sides of the door. Her skirt caught on something for just long enough that the stress caused it to be torn from her body. Janice's longer legs took her further into the hallway than John; he noticed he was about head-level with her shoulders. Walking behind the shapely woman gave him front-row seats to watching her wobbling rump flow outward and destroy the panties trying to contain it.

Janice stopped at one of the doors and stepped through, her head just a few inches from the top of the doorway. By the time John entered the room, Janice had stripped nude and was sitting on the bed. She was a vision of curves: her buttocks the size of two pillows, her hips as wide as her shoulders, her thighs thicker than her head, and her tits the size of watermelons. Best of all: she was nude, licking her thick, pillowy lips, and beckoning him over.

John began feverishly removing his clothes as though his life depended on it.

Having finally beaten the level, Lara decided she would take a short nap. She awoke to her phone alarm going off. Scanning the room, she sighed and released herself to the fact that John wasn't coming back. She left his room, setting the video game equipment back on the coffee table and returned to the company hotel room to change. Fortunately for her, Pam was an early riser and had already left.

However, Lara noticed that Janice wasn't in the room, either. She began to prepare herself for the day, which started with a shower. As she bathed, John and Janice stepped out of the elevator and separated. While John entered his room to change, Janice did the same just as Lara stepped out of the shower.

“Ho-holy shit!” Lara exclaimed. Janice had caught up and overcome her height, standing at what must have been six feet and four inches tall. Lara was just barely tall enough to be eye-level with Janice’s luscious lips. While Lara’s proportions were more akin to a barbie doll, Janice boasted an exaggerated hourglass which outclassed Lara’s in every measurement.

Once inside the room, John felt ready to go right back to sleep, but the sound of a chiming alarm caught his attention. He had little interest in going back to the video game, but picked the headset up to see why it was making noise. To his surprise, it wasn’t on the same screen he’d left it. In vivid purple lettering, the game was prompting him to proceed into a bonus stage. Curiosity won out, and ended up putting on the headset and picking up the wands.

The level was bathed in chromatic lights that periodically shifted between every color of the rainbow. After just a few targets, John noticed that the Beat Gauge was full, and he immediately activated it. To his surprise, the ‘special attack’ was that the guns would aim and shoot on their own. He yawned, and, assuming the level would either end on its own or let him retry the level, removed the gear.

Janice had squeezed herself into clothing that was ready to burst at any moment, and stepped out of the hotel room. Lara walked after her, grumbling all the way as she was forced to watch her coworker’s incredible ass jiggle as she swayed her hips from side to side. They reached the edge of the hallway, which extended out just far enough that it hung over the edge of the hotel’s enormous pool.

“Fuckin’ skank,” Lara muttered under her breath. A familiar tingling began to overtake Janice’s body as she stopped and turned to face Lara.

“You’re one to talk,” Janice snapped, “buying lingerie just for a one-night stand?”

As Janice cocked her hips to the side, they pushed outward. Her legs, thighs and buttocks swelled up as her body stretched ever higher. Lara watched, terrified, as the gap between their bodies grew larger. A predatory smirk spread over Janice’s face; her clothing’s stitches popped with each step she took, seemingly becoming even bigger as she approached Lara.

Janice let out a relieved sigh when her clothing finally burst from her expanding body. She opened her arms, and threw them around Lara, forcing the woman into her soft embrace. Lara struggled, but she seemed to shrink against Janice’s grasp. The hispanic woman was head-level with Janice’s collarbone, and then her tits, and soon she found her face enveloped in Janice’s cleavage.

Between the humiliation of being pinned in her coworker's growing boobs, and her saucy text message having been intercepted, Lara felt like she was going to burst. She felt hot, and her chest was tight; for that matter, her legs were tight, too, and felt like they were tingling. She let out a cry of excitement, muffled by tits as large as her torso.

Lara felt her body stretching in all directions; her arms reaching further on Janice's midsection, her legs inching further and further up. Her milky tits continued to swell and fill as they pressed into her top. She couldn't help but giggle as she felt herself continue to grow, soon able to fully embrace her enlarged nemesis. Lara felt her body surging with each moment, gradually tearing her clothing at the seams.

When Janice realized her feet weren't touching the floor, it was too late. Lara's head rose up to meet her vision, and then rose past it. Janice looked down and realized she was being shoved into a pair of enormous jugs. The pressure excited Lara to the point that her throbbing crests burst, and milk began streaming into the hallway. Lara shifted into a seat position as her upper body alone had become as large as Janice's entire body, and still she grew.

"Let me go!" Janice yelled. Much as she struggled, however, she found that Lara's grip on her was only becoming stronger. Lara stood up, but had to duck to keep from hitting the ceiling. She gingerly stepped over the barricade in an attempt to step onto the first floor. Her body stretched taller and taller, allowing her to easily step from the first floor hallway into the pool area below.

"Are you sure?" Lara purred. Relative to her, the lactating tits that had become Janice's prison were each as large as a beachball. Lara felt the tingling come to a stop just as the top of her head reached the hotel's second floor. She reached into her cavernous melons and pulled Janice out, able to hold her in one hand.

John threw open the door to find the source of the commotion outside. The sounds of V.I.B.E. continuing to play out its own bonus stage fell to the back of his mind. He grew terrified, and a little aroused, at the sight of both his one-night stands having grown even bigger since he'd last seen them.

"Yes, *bitch!* Put me down!" Janice roared. Lara giggled, and casually dropped her into the deep end of the olympian pool. Any bystanders had begun screaming and running from the scene, all with the exception of Pam. She'd come to the pool to relax, and was now staring at a woman so large she hardly came up to her knees.

"Lara!" Pam shrieked. Lara looked down at her diminutive superior, and sat down at the edge of the pool. Her gigantic, curvy posterior destroyed a number of chairs and tables as it came crashing upon them. Lara was drunk on arousal, her nethers tingling with need; she reached down and gently lifted Pam from the ground.

"Heyyyy boss," Lara snickered. She pushed the woman into her cleavage, and left her there despite cries of protest.

“Holy shit!” John finally yelled. Lara shifted, turning until she was looking at John, face to gigantic face.

“Oh my god, Johnny!” Lara gasped, “I can’t believe you hooked up with that *slut*! I waited for you all day yesterday!”

Angry and horny, Lara reached over and lifted John into the air. He opened his mouth to respond, but only air came out. From behind Lara, he watched a pair of breasts larger than minivans rise out of the water. Janice continued emerging, gradually sitting up, and up, and up. She might have been twice Lara’s height, with tits relatively the size of overinflated yoga balls, and ass to match. Lara seemed oblivious as a colossal hand reached in her direction.

Within John’s room, within the headset, V.I.B.E. displayed the words ‘You Win!’ in pink and lavender letters. Lara was brought face to face with Janice; Pam was still packed into the now smaller woman’s cleavage. In the excitement of being carried, Lara had hid John away, but Janice knew he’d been there a moment ago.

“Share, and we call it even,” Janice’s voice boomed. Lara nodded enthusiastically, and opened her mouth. John, having been stripped naked, popped half his body out of Lara’s mouth. Even under threat, Lara was licking and sucking on his body with reckless abandon. Pam could only watch as the two women finally set their differences aside and, with the happiest man on the planet between them, began kissing and embracing each other passionately.