Your fingers slide over the keys.   
  
She moans softly.   
  
You lick your lips and blink a few times, focusing. You need to concentrate on this, despite the prickling heat that is building.   
  
Your touch is light as your fingers brush back towards those vital buttons, and you once again slip into the same old rhythm: up, right, left, right, up.  
  
Contentment swells from a sigh beside you, and you catch a glimpse of movement from the corner of your eye. It’s working.  
  
“Yes…” she purrs. The delicate, fruity musk of her perfume hangs heavy in the air, subduing and intoxicating. You can only comply.  
  
You move shift one picture towards the other on the sixteen square grid, and a throb courses through you as you successfully combine two of the larger figures and they meld into one. You note that this is already promising to be a better run that last time, as you feel something soft begin to press against your elbow.   
  
“Oh, oh, more… More…” she croons. Her eyes are closed, so she must be enjoying this a lot. She normally can’t keep her eyes off them, but before you look back to the screen you hear a whimper and see that her hands have slipped downwards.  
  
As you slot more and more of the pictures together, the pressing against your arm becomes more persistent, and the soft firmness begins to push upwards. A stitch pops, and then another, and you feel yourself begin to ache, mouth dry. As if sensing your hesitation, she lets out another moan, and you feel the bed shudder.   
  
“Bigger.” The word whispered echoes across the ether and through you, and you feel your blood pumping. You eagerly increase your computations, blinking rapidly to try and maintain precision. A button pops on the front of the silk negligee she’s wearing, first one, and then another as she intakes a long, ragged breath.   
  
A button lands, on the keyboard, and you look to your left beside you, you can’t help it. Past the flesh pressing into and now slightly over your left forearm, you see a spectacular sight. Her hair tousled around her, mouth lightly open and eyes closed, your girlfriend lies on the bed beneath her magnificent chest as it heaves slightly but rapidly. A groan escapes her, and before your eyes the shirt she is wearing splits open, revealing mound upon mound of perfect, supple breast, quivering in the light of the screen. With each inhalation her chest rises, but falls markedly less with every exhalation. Slowly but surely it is rising, expanding, filling… growing. The last button begins slowly to tighten.  
  
Unbidden, your left hand moves towards a nipple, already hard and puffy, peaking with dark excitement. You know you have a long way to go before the game is over, but the temptation is too great. However, before your hand has finished its ascent, the movement sending ripples across the expanse of titflesh, she breathes in suddenly and you feel her hand begin to work faster beside you.   
  
A light dampness touches your thighs, warm with honeyed sighs and caresses.  
  
“Please don’t stop, please,” she begs you. “Not yet, ple-” she interrupts herself with a loud, high moan. “Uh! I'm getting so big!” It may be her breathing quickening, but her chest seems to swell just a little faster, as if to remind you of the urgency of the matter.  
  
It’s too much for you – almost. You know that you can go further, and your zeal returns as you work at the keys, hands darting back and forth. Your erection is iron, and only seems to harden further with every little jolt her fingers, and now her breasts also, make on their fastidious expansion.  
  
When you first told your girlfriend about your fetish, you were nervous, expecting the worst. Though at first the idea didn’t do too much for her, the story has altered somewhat now…  
  
“Pump me up! Oh yes big boy! Yes!” she screams, arching her back underneath the mountains either side of her as they split the last of stitches of her negligee open, revealing her stupendous glory to the world. You move your fingers faster and faster, your mind racing in elation and calculation, you’re beginning to approach your high score, and her tits are spilling out everywhere, covering most of your arm and a good part of your chest.  
  
Judging by the aroma pervading the air, she has come at least once, but still she frantically continues to play with herself, as if they were but short spurts of relief leading up to something… greater.  
  
You’re getting closer, you realise, to the actual end of game. Her mammaries continue to engorge, augmenting further and faster beyond human capability or belief, and her cries get louder and lustier by the second. A creak resounds from the bed frame.  
  
You hear a snap, and figure that the belt she had asked you to secure around her had snapped under the exponential tightening.   
  
Suddenly a hand grabs your hard on and begins to fervently jack you off.  
  
“More, more! So much more!”  
  
Nearly blinded by sudden pleasure, carnal excitement, and encroaching rack, you begin to slip, and only by sheer luck are you able to keep going. You accidentally press the down key, spawning a comparatively slim figure at the top, but by some stroke, of hers or genius, you aren’t sure, you right yourself, and several newly stacked ones pop out. The jump in the score is enormous, but the numbers accelerating upwards can hardly keep pace with the jugs beside and around you, blowing up in every direction, soft, heavy, and delicious.  
  
You see the numbers mounting, and memorising the next few moves, you turn to look at her, your fingers moving automatically. Her assets burgeoning beyond all reasonable size, you have surpassed your highscore. She opens her eyes for a moment, and the lust there drinks you in as you both come to that realisation. Her grip on your penis only tightens, and her movements become more purposeful, preparative. You slot one more large combination.  
  
“Awww… Yeah! Oh baby, yeah!” she explodes once more, squirming and seeming to get even hornier, if such a thing were possible. Her tits have surpassed all reasonable recognition, and she is more attached to them at this point, buried beneath the two enormous globes which press up against the sides of her jaw, slick with sweat, and reach down to past her midriff. You have been shunted almost off the bed, and are forced to put one foot on the floor as you maniacally tap away at your keyboard desperate, like she, to reach that goal.  
  
At first it was a little awkward explaining your fantasy to her, that it didn’t matter what her size was, that you loved her regardless, but rather that it was just a fantasy of yours, a kink where you were aroused by the idea of a woman’s satisfaction being shown… visibly. She was a little self-conscious at first, but it was she who wanted to try out the roleplays. Perhaps a part of her wanted to be your fuck toy, she did like being dominated, and this was a situation where you had control. This was enjoyable, and she began to get a little into it, probably because of the effect on you, but now, ever since you two had found the game, she was evidently fully fledged in the fetish.  
  
“Mmm… Uh, oh! They feel so good, so sensitive, oh please push them out, more, more, MORE!”  
  
Now you moved the cluster of remaining tiles up, joining link after link of the busty women, forming bustier still ones, and your darling responded so beautifully, her boobs surging forth, finally driving you off the bed, ripping you from her manacle-like clamp. Nonplussed, you only briefly glanced at the gargantuan hooters that towered above the mattress and frame, each one double the width of her body, massive, firm teardrops capped with nipples each of which would scarcely fit in your mouth.  
  
“Fuuuck!” The curse ripped from her throat, an expression of wantonness, down through the canyon of her cleavage. You press the final button, the up key, once. The screen turns gold, but you aren’t looking anymore, because beside you comes crashing down a twin set of brobdingnagian behemoths of voluptuousness. Her tits engulf you. Who knows where your laptop is now…  
  
She is absolutely colossal, or so you can affirm by the sea of tit around you, pliant yet firm, squeezing. You are amazed at your self-restraint for not having climaxed just thinking about it. You can feel the flesh around you quaking, assuredly from pleasure at the distant muffled cries of titillation, most likely caused by your movements in this spectacular chasm, but also from something else.  
  
Luckily you had planned for this also.  
  
Managing to extricate yourself after some deliberation, you see you have still underestimated. The no doubt shattered remains of the bed are nowhere to be seen, and the armchairs either side are already not enough. They are currently seven- make that eight feet apart, one pushing up against the wall, the other slowly sliding on the floor, being pushed outward by the left tit of your girlfriend.  
  
It’s bigger than you are. It’s several times bigger than you are. It’s still growing. They’re still growing. She is still growing.  
  
You can’t help but lie there for a moment, gobsmacked and in awe at the sight before you. Not in your most vivid dreams had you ever imagined-  
  
“I need you inside me! Now!” the sound came from the centre, and you could see her, head still under a pillow, her gaze afire with a glowing fervour. Her tone brooked no argument.  
  
Climbing on to the desk you had placed at the end of the room, you dived, even as it begins to buckle, unable to move back any further. It was a short distance, the wall of bust literally coming up to meet you. You heave your way through, worsening the problem the entire time by making her squeal with sensory delight. Passing by her nipple you can’t help but give it a tug on the way. You can’t even close your fist around it, and the resulting spasm of growth, accompanied of course by an oh-so-sexy moan, leaves you with an extra minute of spelunking.  
  
You find her in the mass, randy and hot blooded.  
  
“Yes, come on, come to mama!” the vixen calls, unable to quite keep the shakes out of her voice as you push through the last yard between you.  
  
“I am so hot for you. I need you so badly. My pussy is drooling for your cock now.” Her tone is succubine, her need bestial.  
  
“But first, I know what you need big boy. Come to mama, she wants to give you a reward after all that hard work, and besides, she’s sooo hungry”  
  
There’s no actual need, but you comply. She gobbles her prize, wasting no time. Veins push and stand out, and your foreskin draws back as the red muscles of her mouth scurry over and around you. She sucks vehemently, vacuuming out any traces of softness. As she bobs her head, you can still feel the pressure about you increasing slightly, as pound after pound of sweet melon engorge themselves upon the room around you. After a full minute you hear a loud ping from some far off corner. With a chuckle she lets loose your organ, and it crashes down just below her chin, leaving a faint trail of saliva. From this close, the small pumpkins overflowing her collar bone and resting against her jaw are just the tip of the icebergs. It’s almost impossible to contemplate the rest all about as it seeks yet more empty space to occupy. You have little time to, letting out a gasp as she hungrily takes a ball between her lips and licks at the saltiness, reminding you of your duties as a lover.   
  
Not that she minds you looking. You know that half her excitement is just from how sprung she has you right now. That being said… you notice her fingers pawing at the tit around. Ok, perhaps a third of her excitement?   
  
You whisper, your voice low and gravelly, strained with desire. “So what can I do for my lady?” Your penis throbs, arousal etched into the bulge as tit softly wraps around caressing it.  
  
She doesn’t answer. Words have failed her at this point. Even through the juggernaut ranges beside you, you can scent the trace of her wetness through the canyon, aching to be dammed. You hear another ping from the laptop, and realise that you have beaten the top score. Your mind is boggled, contemplating the imminent surge of bonus points. You hasten to her slit. You want to show her how much you’re going to enjoy this next part.  
  
After it all, she lies smiling on an elbow gazing at you through the haze of dust, plaster, and splinters.  
  
You’re plugging in your laptop, grimacing. You can’t believe the battery died just as you realised you unlocked the bonus level…  
  
“You boys and your toys” she mumbles, licking a stray strand of semen, and winks at you.  
  
You smile, thinking of the tablet she has ordered and the stand she has already connected to the bed above her head for when it arrives… Now you’ll just need a new bed, and that’s the least of things needing replacing.   
  
*You recall your second cousin's farm in the country, and the large barns on the rolling estate, empty and vast for miles on end. Well, he did offer you a job there, and you’re hardly getting your deposit back for this place. Now if you could only find your phone amongst all this ‘****clutter****’.*