

Summer Swelling
By Tiernyn

Kelly waited for her friend to open her front door. It was a hot summer day, and Kelly had come over to swim in Marci's pool. Marci opened the door, clad in only her bikini. Kelly was taken aback by her friend's appearance- Marci had been blessed with grapefruit-sized breasts, but the ones in her bikini top looked more like cantaloupes than grapefruit. Kelly had always been jealous of Marci's generous endowments; her own A cups had never done much for her. Kelly was otherwise attractive- a pretty face, thick, dark brown hair, long legs and hips more than wide enough to be considered feminine. But she had never had much in the way of breasts, and you always want what you don't have.

"Hey Kelly," Marci greeted her.

"Hi Marci. How's it going?" Kelly responded, trying not to stare at her friend's clearly enlarged breasts that were poorly contained by her too-small black bikini. It was apparent that Marci had not bought new tops yet.

"Damn hot. Let's get to the pool already." *I wonder if she means the weather or her figure is hot. She wouldn't be wrong either way. I wish I could have boobs like that,* Kelly thought. *She's so attractive, why does she have to be straight?* Marci began to walk out to her backyard, her breasts bouncing and threatening to pop out with every step.

Out in the sun by the pool, Kelly observed Marci fully. Other than her bigger-than-usual breasts, Marci looked the same. She was the same short, pale brunette as the last time Kelly had seen her—just a few days ago—except for those boobs. Kelly wanted to ask her about it, but wasn't sure how to approach the subject. *She couldn't have gotten a boob job this quickly; there has to be a longer recovery time than three days.* She decided to not bring it up for now. Kelly stripped down to her bikini and jumped into the pool. Marci followed suit. They swam for a while, then decided to lay out and tan for a little. Marci went inside for a few minutes and came out with two six packs of beer.

An hour and a few drinks later, Kelly's inhibitions were lowered. "Marci," she said, "I've just got to ask you. How'd your tits get so damn *big*?"

Marci laughed. "Would you believe me if I said I didn't really know? A couple days ago I saw my friends Lizz and Nicole. You remember them, right? Well, they were both carrying around these great big boobs- bigger than mine are now- and they both used to be C cups. They're like, I don't know, volleyballs or something now. I had to ask them, just like you asked me now. They didn't know either, but told a story similar to the one I'm telling you. Met some friends who had way bigger boobs than before, asked them about it, and then BAM, tits."

"What happened to you, though?" Kelly asked.

"Nothing happened while I saw them," Marci said, starting to take her top off. "Gotta keep my tan even, you know?" Out of their confines, Kelly was able to fully take in Marci's boobs. They were gorgeous and huge, pale fleshy cantaloupes capped with pink bottle cap nipples. "Anyway, after I got home, I noticed they were bigger. But I was really tired, so I chalked it up to that. I went to sleep, thinking I was just hallucinating. Well, I woke up in the morning and my boobs were like this," she gestured to her prodigious frontage, "and then I knew I wasn't hallucinating the night before. I got them measured for new bras yesterday. I've gone from a DD to a J. I don't mind, though, and Andrew certainly isn't complaining."

"So you don't really know what caused your boobs to swell up," Kelly asked, confused.

"Nope. Sorry. It's like magic, I guess."

Kelly looked back at her own chest. *Are they bigger? Nah, that's just wishful thinking. I wouldn't complain about getting boobs like Nicole and Lizz though... or any boobs at all.* Marci and Kelly finished the second six pack with dinner. When the night began to cool, they moved inside. Marci started making a mixed drink for herself and offered Kelly one.

"No, thanks, I need to sober up to get home tonight. I've got work in the morning."

Later that night, as Kelly was climbing into her car, she felt something weird. *Are my boobs... moving around? They're not big enough to do that.* She brought a hand up to one of them. *They're definitely bigger. Is what happened to Marci happening to me too?* She pushed those thoughts out of her mind and focused on the drive home, but she couldn't help but feel like her boobs were getting heavier. Pulling into her parking spot at her apartment complex, she turned the car off and unfastened her seatbelt. Her hand brushed against her chest. She looked down. "Oh my god!" she nearly screamed. *My boobs are huge, holy shit. They look like C cups or something. I guess I'm growing just like Marci... and Nicole and Lizz. How big will I get?*

Kelly ran up to her third floor apartment, her breasts bouncing all the way there. Once inside, she tore off her tank top and found her growing breasts had already swelled up enough to make her bikini top untie. She pulled that off as well. *D cups already? How fast are my boobs growing?* She started to get ready for bed, it was late and she had to get up for work. Her arm bumped into her boobs as she was brushing her teeth, a feeling she was unaccustomed to. *I could definitely get used to big boobs.* She could almost see her breasts enlarging in the mirror. Lying in bed, Kelly began to explore her swelling boobs with her hands. *I think they're like Marci's old boobs. Grapefruits. This is a good size... you girls can stop now...* she thought as she drifted asleep.

Kelly dreamed about boobs that entire night. Small boobs, big boobs, growing boobs. She dreamt she had volleyballs on her chest, and she was giving a guy a tit-fuck. She couldn't see his face, but she knew his dick was large and her breasts were sensitive; her dream-self was getting off to the feeling of a cock sliding in and out between her boobs. As they both came, her tits swelled up to rival beach balls. She went to work with them, and was immediately promoted to be her boss's secretary, although he could never maintain eye contact and even tried to cop a feel a few times. In another, she was walking down a runway with her breasts at a G cup. She was an underwear model, one of the best. Everyone loved her for her big perky tits. Then she was an adult topless model posing in front of a camera with only panties on, cradling her boobs in her arms or letting them hang free or pushing them out for the best exposure. Her girls were like Marci's boobs now, cantaloupes. She oiled them up for another photoshoot and held ice cubes up to her nipples to make them hard. Finally, she dreamt of her own breasts growing and growing and growing until they touched the floor and she couldn't move, and then they kept on swelling, reaching the walls of her bedroom, filling the room with tit.

She woke up suddenly, covered in sweat. That last dream had turned into a nightmare. *It's okay, Kelly, your boobs are just the E cups they were when you went to sleep.* But the weight on her chest said differently. The room was entirely dark, so Kelly couldn't see when she tried to look at her chest, but she could feel their weight spread out across her ribcage and farther down, all the way down past her belly button. She moved into a sitting position, feeling her boobs move and shift, coming into contact with her thighs. *Oh god, she thought, my boobs are gigantic.* She moved to turn on her bedside lamp, reluctantly. Light flooded the room and Kelly looked down. What she saw stunned her. Everything else about her was normal, but her boobs were beyond cup sizes. They flowed down her torso, their wide bottoms resting on her thighs, her nipples, which resembled wine corks, were a foot beyond her chest.

Kelly got out of bed and stood, fighting gravity to keep her back straight. She placed a hand under each breast to take some pressure off her back. She walked in front of her half-body mirror, which was just barely enough to showcase her breasts. *My boobs are bigger than I ever could have imagined. These aren't even boobs anymore. These are tits. They're way too huge to be called anything but tits now.* They reached almost to her hips and were wider than her shoulders, wider than her big hips even. *I think these are even bigger than basketballs. I guess I won't have trouble attracting guys anymore...* Her hands explored her breasts, feeling how the skin was smooth and free of stretchmarks or veins. *My boobs are gorgeous, holy shit. Even though they're way too big to be manageable, they're amazingly beautiful.*

She glanced at a clock. *I'm supposed to be at work in ten minutes... there's no way I can go to work like this. I have no clothes that will fit over these behemoths, and no bras.* Kelly picked up her cell phone and called her boss. "I'm sorry, Mr. Green, I'm not going to be able to make it in today. I can barely get out of bed this morning." *At least that's not entirely a lie. These things are heavy.*

Kelly was about to put her phone down when she noticed she had a text from Marci. She brought the message up. "Hey Kelly, call me when you read this, I think I might have figured out what made my boobs grow. If I'm right, then you probably woke up with some nice cleavage this morning." Kelly called her back. Marci greeted her from her end.

"Morning, Marci. I don't think "nice" and "cleavage" even begin to cover what my chest looks like now. I called out of work, why don't you come over? Then we can discuss why we both have bigger boobs now." Kelly put shorts on; at least she could cover up part of herself. *Marci's gonna get an eyeful of these tits though.*

Marci knocked on the door. It opened, but she couldn't see Kelly behind it. She walked in and heard the door close. Turning around, her jaw dropped. "Damn, girl, you said your boobs were big but I never imagined they'd be so... so..."

"Enormous? Gigantic?" Kelly finished for her. They sat in her living room. "So why do you think our boobs grew?"

"I was thinking, and you know how I said Lizz and Nicole grew after their friend told them about her tits growing? And then mine did after Lizz and Nicole talked about *their* tits growing. And now, here you are, boobs like basketballs the day after I told you all this. I think it might somehow be spread by talking about our boobs growing. I know that sounds crazy."

"No, that makes sense... why don't we test it? My friend Lisa has always talked about wanting bigger boobs. She was even smaller than me. We could do her a favor."

"How could we trick her though? And make her stick around so we could test our hypothesis?"

"Same as you did with me," Kelly stated, "Invite her over to go swimming on a Friday or Saturday, tell her about our tits growing, get her too drunk to drive home. She'd have to stay the night."

Marci giggled. "Sure, alright. Let's do it this weekend," Marci agreed. "Now I have to ask *you*-how do you feel about having boobs that big?"

"I was really shocked at first, but they've been growing on me—no pun intended. I've always wanted some boobs to balance out that ass of mine. They're damn heavy though. But have you looked closely? I think they're beautiful. No stretch marks, no veins... just huge, smooth breasts. And my nipples are really big too, but cute, I think." She stood up so Marci could get a better view.

Marci was mesmerized. *They really are as beautiful as she says*, she thought. “Honestly, Kelly? I’ve never felt like this, but you’re really turning me on.”

Kelly walked forward until her tits were directly in Marci’s face. “Is that so?” She sat in Marci’s lap and straddled her. Kelly took Marci’s hands and placed them on her breasts. “Feel me,” she said. Marci began rubbing Kelly’s breasts with her hands, gently playing with them. “Be rough, please, Marci,” Kelly whispered. Marci brought her hands to her friend’s nipples and grabbed a hold of them. Tugging on them, Kelly moaned deeply. Marci stood up, forcing Kelly to stand as well. Their breasts mashed together as Marci went in for a kiss. They started to make out, Kelly tearing off Marci’s clothes at the same time. They stumbled back into Kelly’s bed with Marci on top, naked. She pulled Kelly’s shorts and panties off and spread her friend’s legs. Marci took a nipple in one hand and began to tease her friend again. Her other hand drifted down to Kelly’s crotch, and she began to massage her friend’s clit. She quickly inserted a finger, and another, and another. Kelly began squirming on her bed, an orgasm approaching. Kelly brought a hand up to her free nipple and began playing with it herself. With both her big, sensitive nipples being played with and her friend fingering her, Kelly was getting close to the best orgasm of her life. Marci felt her friend tighten around her hand as Kelly came. And came. And came. Kelly rose up and pushed her friend over onto her back. “I have to return the favor, my dear Marci.”

Kelly pushed Marci’s legs apart and sat on her thighs. Placing both hands on Marci’s breasts, she began to tease the smaller girl’s nipples and slowly slid back until her face was in front of her friend’s wet vagina. Still teasing Marci’s nipples, Kelly began to eat her friend out, running her tongue along her opening and then pushing it inside, finding her clit quickly. Marci had never experienced so much pleasure at once. She had never come so fast, either. Her body shook with her orgasm. Kelly rolled over off of her.

“I can’t believe I just cheated on Andrew with you,” Marci said, exhausted, “He’s never done quite so well as you just did, though.”

“He can join us next time, if he wants. I won’t complain. Maybe he’ll learn a thing or two.”

“Honestly, he probably would take you up on that. We’ll see. I’ll tell him after our experiment this weekend.”

The week passed and the weekend came. Kelly took another day off from work and managed to get some clothes that fit—mainly men’s XL t shirts—along with specially made bras that could hold her basketball boobs. She had convinced her friend Lisa to come to Marci’s house that Friday night after work for a late night swim and booze (which sounded amusingly similar to “boobs”).

The lithe blonde girl knocked at her friend's friend's door. She had never met Marci, and felt kind of awkward going to her house, but this is where Kelly said to go, so she did. Marci answered the door, fully clothed this time, and with clothes that fit. Lisa was instantly jealous of the girl's curviness, as she was almost completely flat up top.

"Hello, Marci, it's nice to finally meet you. You have a beautiful home," Lisa said, politely.

"Hi Lisa, come on in, the pool's out back. Kelly's already here."

Lisa followed her through the house. Once outside, she observed the backyard. It was pretty nice, and the pool rather large. Then her eyes settled on Kelly, or at least a woman who looked like Kelly. Lisa's jaw dropped. "Kelly?" she asked. Her friend was wearing a bikini that obviously was custom made. The bottoms looked normal enough, even though Kelly had always had a big butt. The top, however, was an advance in bikini engineering. The cups barely covered Kelly's areola, and even with some padding, the girl's thick nipples were pretty apparent. As Kelly moved, her breasts bounced up and down and swayed from side to side.

Kelly walked over to her friend and hugged her, smothering Lisa in boob. "Hey girl! It's so good to see you again!" Lisa had a similar reaction that Kelly did to Marci- she didn't know how to approach the subject of "My friend has suddenly grown boobs way bigger than the ones I remember."

"Help yourself to the drinks out here. There's probably more than enough for the three of us," Marci advised, attempting to get their plan going.

"Don't mind if I do," Lisa responded, hoping some liquid courage would help her find out why Kelly had such enormous breasts.

Later that night, they had moved inside after swimming and drinking. The three girls continued to drink, however, and soon they were all pretty buzzed.

"Hey Kelly..." Lisa slurred, lying back on Marci's couch.

"What's up, boo?" Kelly responded, playfully drunk. She was lying across the arms of a chair with her boobs cradled in the center. Marci sat on the floor against the wall, still nursing a beer.

"How come your boobies are so big?"

Their plan was coming together. "It's probably magic or somethin'," she responded, "Y'see, Marci here didn't used to be this big. She was only a DD like, two weeks ago. I was here last weekend and asked her the same question."

Marci chimed in, the least drunk of the three. "I had a similar experience with my friends Lizz and Nicole. They met a friend whose boobs were way bigger than before, and then the next day, tada!

Boobies. They've got volleyballs, basically. I'm just a J cup, so them and Kelly make my cantaloupes feel kinda small."

"Anyway, Marci told me that story when I was here, and by the time I was leaving my tiny A's had blossomed into C's. Once I got home and was going to sleep, they were E's. And then I woke up on Monday morning, and there they were, huge. I've got the biggest tits out of all of us. These girls are like basketballs."

"But you like... don't know why your titties suddenly ballooned out like that?" Lisa asked.

"Whatever it is, I hope it affects me too. You guys have such big beautiful boobs and mine are so tiny!"

"Who knows, girl? Maybe it will. If it does, you'll know tomorrow morning," Kelly informed her.

"Oh nooo, tomorrow morning... I can't drive home like this. Could I maybe stay here?"

"That's no problem, Lisa, Kelly was gonna stay here too. There's only couch space available though."

"That's fine," Lisa said, curling up on the couch and drifting to sleep. Kelly and Marci quickly followed suit.

Kelly and Marci were woken up by the sound of a girl shrieking in happiness. "Oh my god, Kelly and Marci, look at me, look at how *big* these are!" Lisa was topless, it seems her breasts had grown and untied her bathing suit so the girl just took it off. She was jumping excitedly, holding her boobs in her hands. She calmed down and raised her arms up and faced her two friends so they could observe the results of her growth. Lisa's boobs were huge; plump and perky, they covered her ribcage.

"I used to be the biggest and now *all of my friends have bigger boobs than me.*" Marci complained.

"As if any of us are small, Marci. What are those, Lisa? Volleyballs?" Kelly asked.

Lisa had gone back to cradling her boobs. "I think so. They're *so big!*"

"It looks like we were right, Kel."

Lisa looked confused. "What are you talking about?"

"We might've lied when we said we didn't know if you'd grow. Marci and I had a theory that telling someone about our boobs growing would make her boobs grow too. And it seems we were right."

A look of amazement came over Lisa's face. "You knew I would get big tits? That's amazing; you didn't have to hide that from me! I've always wanted big boobs! Can we go to the beach or something? I wanna show these girls off!"

“I’m down for that. Imagine how many people are gonna ask us about our boobs,” Kelly stated,
“A lot of girls are gonna wake up to a surprise tomorrow morning.”

The end.