

## THE BLOUSE

She ran her hand slowly down the curve of her breast in her blouse, following it with her eyes in the mirror. It was a pretty standard thin, white, sleeveless affair - thin enough that her tan skin shown through. Thin enough that her dark aureole were plainly visible underneath the tight stretched cotton and she let her fingers pass one by one over the blatantly protruding nipple slowly, savoring the stimulation it gave her and exhaling slowly as her lips stretched into a smile. The blouse fit perfectly, maybe even a little loosely, just a couple of days ago, but when she tried to put it on now she was barely able to button it. It gapped widely between the buttons and rode up almost to her navel, her huge swollen breasts demanding all the extra fabric they could get. The top button? She didn't even try. It was a lost cause. Vaguely, somewhere in the back of her mind, the thought registered that she was going to need some new work clothes. Probably. Maybe? Or not...

He had been watching her admire her new, impressive assets in the mirror from across the room. She seemed lost in thought, mesmerized by their size and their sensitivity. And he had to agree with her, they were truly a sight to behold! They'd look impressive on any woman, but on her little 5 foot 4 inch frame they looked like they were on the verge of consuming her whole body. They had expanded proudly and perfectly over the last 48 hours or so in every possible direction. Her tits were nearly perfect spheres, pushing out into the world slowly and relentlessly. He could see them from her side now, just a little wider than her body as she raised her arms to massage them while she stared at her massive new tits in disbelief and amazement. He'd had to stifle a laugh while he watched her struggle into the sleeveless top she was wearing, but now began to wonder just how fantastic the cleavage would be with those beautiful, ripe melons squished tightly together like that. He decided to walk up behind her for a better look.

They'd been following the instructions that came with the pills carefully, and both were thrilled with the results so far. A five day treatment, one pill every 24 hours, activated by sexual arousal, and bam! Naturally growing breasts. The ad for it was pretty sketchy, and in cyrillic, but when he'd translated it and shown it to her, she'd said, "What the hell. Order it." Of course, he did some more research and found all the accompanying warnings, as well as a strong rejection notice and ban from the FDA, but that only prompted him to place a second order. Apparently, overdoses had a large number of serious side effects and males ingesting the pills had their own list of problems to address. At least the literature considered them side effects and problems. He didn't see it that way. So in reality "they" were following the instructions carefully, but he was working on more of a personal plan.

She continued to admire her new oversized breasts in the mirror, and brought her other arm up to feel the perfect curves of her barely contained flesh. They were, for lack of a better word, awesome. Slipping her arms underneath them she lifted, trying to judge their weight, then let them fall so they would jiggle and bounce inside the blouse while she watched in a trance. Suddenly he appeared from behind over her shoulder, grinning

lewdly at her expansive chest. She gasped and inhaled involuntarily at the sight of him, and the top buttoned button gave up. It flew against the mirror with a loud tick and ricocheted behind them into the pile of clothes by the bed. They both laughed and he put his hands over hers so they could feel her new glorious tits together. Slowly her breathing became more ragged, and she began to bite her lower lip. He lay his dick, which was well on its way back to full attention, on the crack of her ass and began to drag it rhythmically up and down her cheeks, while continuing to massage her gigantic breasts and gently tweaking those dark, sensuous nipples until they poked hard into the fabric, threatening to pop another button all on their own. Now was the time to negotiate.

“So what do you think?” he asked, his own breathing starting to get a little labored.

“God. I don’t know. They’re awesome, I mean. But I don’t know. I’m almost like pornstar sized now. What do I tell people? I mean they feel fantastic but. Oh God. You should stop doing that for a minute. No don’t. I mean this is just two days. What’s five days going to look like? I’ve always wanted real, big boobs, but they’re. God they’re awesome. Don’t. Maybe we could take it easy for the next days. Too much fucking I think is. So big. Faster than they said, but. Oh. Um, Hmmmmm, you are bad. But, maybe?”

He’d reached down between her thighs and was massaging her clit while sliding his fingers along her pussy lips. Already moist, almost starting to drip. He said:

“They’re gorgeous. You’re gorgeous. I can’t help that when I see them I just want to have them. Touch them. They feel great don’t they? I know they feel good to you, I can see it on your face. And other people? Fuck them. They’re jealous. I say at least another day of the pills. I think it’s just about time for the next one. One more day and we can talk about it tomorrow. Can you feel my dick on your back? It’s so fucking big and hard right now. I need to put it in you. We’ve got to do it. If two days felt this unbelievable, what’s another day going to be like? Or two or three?”

She was starting to lose concentration. Desire was taking over. Raw lust was beginning to cloud over her mind.

“I guess. I could always get a reduction. If we went too far...”

“Or not,” he added with a wicked grin.

“Stop. I mean don’t stop. Ohmygod. I’m serious. They feel so good. But. I mean. Holy. Fuck it.”

He grabbed the pill bottle from the counter that was between them and the mirror, tapped one out and handed it to her. Then he grabbed her juice glass leftover from breakfast, gave it to her and said, “wash it all down. This will be awesome. You’ll be awesome. More awesome. You know what I mean.”

So the warnings that she never saw were very clear: Do not overlap the dosage, do not take more than one a day or “over-sensitivity and/or exponential tissue growth can result.” He’d read those warnings as more of an opportunity than a danger, and had been putting an extra half pill from his second order in her juice the last couple of mornings. Another full pill had been going in his own morning beverage, since “male exposure to this medication has been known to cause increased blood flow and possible tissue augmentation to the extremities, particularly the penis.” And, “Prolonged male exposure can result in greatly increased sperm production.” There was also a vague reference to the medication being transferred between subjects via bodily fluids, but nothing concrete regarding the effects.

He wasn’t really trying to be mean, or evil, or sneaky - he just wanted what he wanted. They both wanted the same thing, really, just he wanted more of it. She was absolutely drop dead gorgeous - dark hair, dark tan, and a firm round butt on a small curvy frame. She’d spent her high school years waiting to develop a chest, and never quite got over the fact that she didn’t beyond small mounds that didn’t even require a bra for most clothes. He saw her as the perfect woman, except for his obsession with huge tits and her lack thereof. The pills would solve both of their problems. It was just that she was looking for maybe some 36Ds and he was thinking on a much larger scale. If he could show her how good she’d look with tits the size of beach balls (or maybe yoga balls? he hadn’t decided) maybe she’d see things his way. The fact that these pills might also give him a damn cum firehose between his legs was a bonus. For both of them, he thought.

She swallowed, and smiled. The more she thought about it, the better she liked this idea. Maybe her tits did get too big to be manageable - how big would that be, anyway? She could always get them reduced if she really wanted to, but damn they felt so good to touch. And to look at. But that was for later, right now she was horny as fuck and really wanted his rock hard cock up in her. It must be the drugs, she thought, because for the last two days every time they’d done it he felt a little bigger. She’d never had any complaints before, but now... Holy shit. Maybe the drugs were constricting her hole so he felt bigger? Either way, each time they fucked (which was a lot!) he seemed to stretch her out a little more, reach a little deeper, and feel a little harder if that was possible. Right now, she was hoping the phenomenon would continue as she grabbed his hand and pulled him toward the bed.

He pulled her back to him as she started to walk away, bringing her back in front of the mirror and turned her to face it. From behind her he slid his hand underneath the bottom of the blouse and up into her expansive cleavage. Another button popped and ricocheted off the glass and out of sight. He pulled the shoulders of her shirt off to the side and she started to slide her arms out when he said, “Wait. Two more.” She grinned and sucked in a deep breath, popping two more buttons across the room, and leaving just one to hold it around her tiny waist. He bent her forward onto the counter facing the mirror. “Now we can both look at them while we do it.” She acquiesced, resting her weight on her massive firm tits and her arms, and spreading her legs. His cock was already hard and felt like a baseball bat in hands, pulsing with blood as he guided it into

her waiting, dripping, pussy. He knew it was bigger than before, but by how much he didn't know or really care. It felt great and she couldn't seem to get enough of it. She felt tighter than usual as he began probing her hole, but it still fit and he slid slowly in while she began to moan and grunt.

"Oh shit. Oh God. Oh. hhnng. Yes. unng. Oh. Agh! Yes. More!"

He kept going, pulling back on her big juicy ass as he pushed until a couple inches from burying himself completely he started feeling some resistance.

"You got room? Or are you full. I've got a little more."

He could see her eyes widen in the mirror briefly before a look of determination came across her face.

"All of it!" she said, almost grunting.

He pulled her back on to him bit by bit until he was flush up against her while her breathing got more and more ragged. She finally managed to mumble between gasps of air, "Okay. (gasp) Okay. (gasp) Now. Fuck me!"

"Yes ma'am!" he thought to himself. He pulled out about half way and then plunged back in, carefully the first time to make sure what ever new ground he just plowed was going to be okay. After hearing no complaints he started gradually picking up the pace and pulling out a little farther and shoving his increasingly impressive member in a little harder each time. He could feel it throbbing more inside her as his heart rate increased. Her face in the mirror showed an expression of disbelief and ecstasy, and beads of sweat were beginning to appear on her forehead. And those tits! They jiggled with shockwaves as she rolled back and forth on them. The weight of her body resting on them had spread them out, making them look even bigger. They stuck out at least a couple more inches on either side of her ribcage than they did when she was standing now, and her arms were even holding herself more up off the counter than they were when they started this, so...

He shook his head and stared. No, they were bigger than when they started fucking. Definitely. This was new. Up until this point, the growth had occurred over the half hour or so post sex. They'd lay in bed and feel them get warm and rise like bread dough. She said they tingled and felt real sensitive, so he would blow on her nipples and they would poke up proud and stiff, which would inevitably lead to more sex, etc. But now, it was happening during. He tried to remember the exact wording of the precautions, but gave up quickly as the sight of those fantastic breasts continuing to expand overcame his brain. They were starting to go faster too, and he thought he could actually see them growing. The excitement overcame any rational thoughts he had left, and replaced them with two words: Keep going!

She was having trouble seeing as the sweat started to run into her eyes, and also having trouble thinking as the pleasure she felt shut down almost all of her brain. Shit, he felt so huge inside her; she could feel his cock, hot and throbbing and moving hard and fast and him slamming against her while he grabbed her hips, but that wasn't nearly as unspeakably mind-erasingly stupefying as the way her massive tits felt. She wasn't sure how many times she'd orgasmed, or if it was one long orgasm coming in waves. Her breasts lifted her up in the mirror and were tingling like they did after sex. But. They're bigger already. Now. How? The thought came and went, as she lost herself in the pleasure of it all.

He couldn't keep track of everything. Her tits, her huge, round, perfect tits were getting bigger with what seemed like every thrust. But her ass, too, felt softer and bigger as he held on to it. He could feel it growing under his hands, expanding back and up onto his chest. He gave it a light smack and watched waves ripple across it. Damn! No time for that now, though, as her tits kept pushing her body farther away from the counter and the mirror. Was she worried? Was she freaking out? Her face only showed a carnal desire bordering on insanity. He couldn't stop, he had to keep going. Consequences are for after. Besides, he was starting to feel the pressure mount in his balls. That whole "increased sperm production" thing was starting to kick in, apparently. His balls were slapping against his legs and then hers as he kept pounding into that bigger softer posterior while he gazed with increasing awe at those ballooning boobs. Something had to give soon.

His balls had tightened until they felt like over-inflated basketballs, and they no longer slapped back and forth between his legs and hers because there was no room. Her new bountiful butt rested against him almost up to his ribcage. Her astounding breasts were covering the whole counter and were threatening to lift her entire body off the floor. She massaged them and mumbled incoherently between ragged gasps for air. His strength and stamina were almost gone. It was time.

"You've gotta cum," she choked out finally.

"Yes," he responded, thrusting slower but deeper, if it was possible.

"You've gotta cum. now."

"Yes. I will," he panted.

"No, you gotta cum. now. now."

"Here," he managed after three more strokes, "I come."

He slammed into her one last time, pushing his cock in as deep as he could, and let go.

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They lay together on the bed, both spent and speechless. He'd cum for what seemed like hours, pumping stream upon stream into her while her body absorbed more of the drug through his semen and continued to expand. When it was all done, he helped her across the room, holding up her ridiculously huge tits and walking backwards in front of her. If she strained her neck as far forward as possible, she could just reach his face to kiss him. Which she did, all the way to the bed. She leaned her back against the headboard now, slowly moving her hands along the curve of her huge and perfect breasts, letting her fingers play over her stiffening nipples one at a time and humming to herself. They took up most of her lap now, and honestly she could barely reach those nipples to stimulate them. Remarkably, the blouse still clung around her waist, held by the last remaining button. No clothes would ever cover these brilliant tits again, and that was just fine.

He lay on his back with his eyes closed. His balls had contracted back to a workable size after they emptied what felt like gallons of cum into her, and his dick was laying limp on his leg, stretched half way to his knee. He knew he could reach out and feel those beautiful, beautiful mammaries he helped create, but he decided to wait. One touch would lead to more, and he needed to rest, and, well...

They each had two pills left.