Jingle Boobs

Melanie rested on the couch next to her boyfriend, Chris, resting her head on his shoulder as they watched some late night TV. They had both enjoyed a rather hearty dinner for a Thursday night, and had slipped into a sleepy tangle of limbs as they cuddled on the couch in their pajamas. Both were glad to be warm against the winter cold right outside their window.

Their program went to a commercial break, and a seasonal advertisement for a sex chat line came on the TV. It featured a trim, slender brunette with long hair posing with a devilish smile while another woman spoke in the background. She was dressed in a Santa costume that left little to the imagination: a skirt that was much closer to being a belt, and a tight, frilly top that was no doubt chosen to accentuate her stripper-like assets.

Melanie continued to cuddle with her boyfriend, her arms wrapped around her waist. She was used to seeing these commercials on at this time of night, but then she noticed a pressure against her forearm. She pressed against it ever so gently, already suspicious of what it was, and confirmed to herself that Chris had had a very quick onset of a hard-on.

She rolled her eyes up to see his face, and he was watching the TV intently, eyes seeming to follow the rather overflowing nature of the woman’s melons. She wasn’t very surprised by this fact; the commercial was designed to grab a man’s attention. But it somewhat bothered her how quickly it made Chris stand at attention. The reason was no secret to her.

They had never really had any problems in the bedroom; and they had a very active sex life. And she didn’t want to sound too full of herself, but she wasn’t all too unattractive either. She stood at the shorter end of the spectrum at 5 feet and 3 inches tall, which she knew Chris adored, and a head flowing with raven-like hair the curled naturally where it ended at her shoulders. She kept herself fit and her belly flat and toned. She had been gifted with a fantastic metabolism, and her body basically maintained its own slender figure.

The only problem with this blessed metabolism? It has cursed her in the breast department. It was the only place she occasionally found herself feeling inadequate. She knew Chris was fine with her rather small A cup bust, and she knew anyone would be hard pressed to find a perkier pair of breasts. But she also knew that Chris was a boob man. And a big boob man at that. She always noticed his quick glances when some well-endowed woman was nearby, and she knew it was the sure fire quickest thing to get a *rise* out of him.

They had discussed their previous sexual encounters before, and he would always return to how much he loves a tit-job. ‘There’s just something about burying your cock between two big tits’, is what he would usually say on the subject. She had tried to deliver this to him once before, but it ended mostly in laughter and a slight insecurity deep down for Melanie. But Chris was always quick to reassure her he loved her no matter her size. ‘Your nipples are to die for,’ was his usual confidence boosting statement.

“See something you like there, babe?” She asked smiling, gently patting his swollen member while the scantily clad brunette danced on the screen.

“Heh, sorry babe, he knows what he likes.” Chris replied, smiling down at her for a second before giving his attention back to the canyon of cleavage. She smiled back meagerly, bringing her hand to her own breast and giving it a slight squeeze, almost hoping to see a sudden growth spurt now in her early 20s. No such luck; still only a palm-full. *Not even a handful*, she thought to herself.

She noticed his fingers were lightly tracing themselves around her thighs. He knew that was one of the quickest was to get her excited.

“Is that the kind of costume you’ll be wearing up on stage this weekend, Mel?” Chris asked, as the commercial ended. This weekend was a Christmas bazaar, put on right in the middle of downtown. Chris’ mother had been head of the committee this year, and insisted that they both take part. Melanie would be a part of the Santa Baby dancers up on stage, while Chris was putting his musical talents to use and playing the piano for the performance.

“If the city is allowing costumes like that, it had better be an 18 and up event!” Melanie joked back, “Although I’m sure you would love to see me dancing around in that, wouldn’t you?” she asked teasingly, giving his still-hard member a squeeze. She felt it flex in her hand. *Better fix the mess that lady left me with*, she thought.

“Mmm, the shorter the skirt the better on you!” he replied, giving her a light spank.

She wiggling her butt a little in response, then grabbing the waistband of his pajamas and pulling them down, she insisted “why don’t I just take care of this for you right now?” Before he could protest, she had her soft, plump lips wrapped around his cock. *I might not have giant tits, but I will always win in the blowjob category*, she confirmed to herself. Chris leaner his head back and closed his eyes and she worked her magic, and on the TV their show had come back on and was playing “All I Want for Christmas” as a montage rolled by. Neither of them was really paying attention to it anymore.

Melanie sucked furiously, spinning his head with her tongue and working the base with her fingers as her head bobbed up and down. She quickly noticed that she had begun to match the rhythm of the song, and as the song began to reach its climax, she found herself setting a goal to finish him right at that point. She could tell he was close as it was. He grew harder and began to shudder, and as the singer began to sing the final ‘all I want for Christmas’, Melanie found herself finishing the sentence with ‘is ti—its!’, drawing it out in her head.

As soon as this thought crosses her mind, things seemed to happen simultaneously. His cock exploded in her mouth, she closed her eyes to brace herself, and a loud bang went off in the room. Both jolted their heads upright at the loud *POP* they had each heard, and Melanie quickly swallowed.

“What was that?” Chris asked, looking around. His eyes settled on the tree, “there is smoke coming out of our star!” he exclaimed. He quickly pushed Melanie off of him, scared he might have to prevent a fire. She stood up and watched as he removed their tree topper, and noticed the other lights had all gone out.

“Looks like a light blew out somehow…” he said, inspecting it, “better not light the tree again until I look through it tomorrow,” he smiled at her. We walked back, and gave her a kiss on the forehead. “Thanks for the hummer, babe. Maybe one of the best I’ve had now that I think about it! Ready for bed?” He reached for her hand to help her up, and after their quick ritual of brushing teeth and other nightly duties, they were fast asleep.

That night Melanie had a dream. She was walking around their kitchen, and she was working on baking some cookies. She had just finished mixing the dough, and went to wipe her hands on her legs when she realized she was wearing only an apron. She looked like the start to some porno. The oven rang out of nowhere, indicating that the cookies were done. Funny, she didn’t even remember having put the cookies in there. She took them out and served them up on a plate, enjoying the slight breeze she felt through her legs and back as she walked around the kitchen. She saw Chris appear, almost on queue. She lifted the plate, and walking up to him, making her naked body under the apron obvious, she presented it to him.

“Milk and cookies?” she asked, finding herself winking.

He chose a cookie of the top, and took a bite, then asked “And where’s the milk?”

Melanie instantly felt the plate pressing against her, like she had been holding it into her chest. She looked down, confused, and saw a sight she had never seen before. A line of cleavage extended from her torso, and disappeared down into the apron. Two big, fleshy orbs hung from her chest with a sexual weight, pressed against each other in the apron. They looked even bigger than the woman from the TV that night. Without thinking, she put the plate down, put her hands under each breast, and lifted them up towards Chris. They strained against the fabric, and her nipples protruded. She felt their warmth, and as she looked at them, see saw a dark spot begin to spread from each nipple. Each one grew in size, until white liquid began dripping through the fabric and running down her front and over her hand. She felt more milk flow out of her nipples, and looking up towards Chris with a seductive smile, squeezing her breasts even more, she said “I’ve got your milk *right here.*”

Melanie woke up in bed, sweaty and tangled in sheets. She looked over at Chris; he was fast asleep, right where she left him after they went to bed. *It was only a dream…* she thought, somewhat disappointed. She looked down at her chest, and found her familiar breasts resting under the sheets. She ran her hands over them, gasping almost. Her nipples felt like they were on fire, and she quickly realized that her pussy was wet. She closed her eyes, still holding them, and began to think about the dream.

*How big must I have been?* She thought. *They must have been at least G cups! It felt like I had two cantaloupes on my chest. Maybe if I fall back to sleep soon enough I can get those back…* she continued, slowly drifting back to sleep, hands still resting on her breasts.

She woke up the next morning to Chris kissing her goodbye as he left for work. She groggily said she loved him, and went back to sleep. As usual, it seemed like time decided to skip forward, because the next thing she knew her alarm was going off. It was an obnoxious bell that would ring a few times before repeating. She hardly ever let it repeat itself, due to it being so annoying.

She felt around for her phone to silence it after the first few rings, and found the button. She put it down and sighed, dreading walking out into the cold apartment. She swung her legs off the side of the bed and balanced sitting on the edge. She felt off balance for a second, and waited for her body to steady itself. Confident, she went to take a shower and start her day, stripping her baggy clothes off on the way.

Walking past the mirror, she almost didn’t notice anything. But something caught her eye. She backtracked and stood looking at her naked body. Her thighs were thin but well-rounded for her frame, and accentuated her shaven pussy well, she thought. Her eyes moved higher, past her tummy, and immediately landed on her chest. *Are they bigger?* she thought, looking at their curves. They seemed a little wider, more prominent almost. She turned to the side, and sure enough, they appeared to stick out a little more than usual. She bounced on her heels, and they responded, which was hardly common for her.

A thought came to her mind. She ran to the bedroom, indeed noticing a new ‘bounce’ in her step, and grabbed her favorite bra; it was small cupped and white, perfect for wearing under a t-shirt. She put it on, and almost squealed when she looked down and saw an ever so tiny bulge of flesh coming over the top of each cup. It was a small bulge, but it was there, and she was elated at her new found growth.

“Don’t you dare stop there!” she said out loud to her chest with a smile, “You had better keep growing!” She was unbelievably happy at the chance to have a bigger pair of boobs. “How long will it take Chris to notice the two of you, hmm?” she cooed, cupping them in her hands. She gave them another squeeze, her nipples beginning to stand out, and when they peeked out over the bra, she gave the loudest squeal of excitement yet.

“Guess I'm wearing a sports bra today!” she exclaimed, “I’m just to—o big for my bra.”

Melanie showered, putting extra time into soaping up her new assets. Even with the tiny amount of growth, she could feel a difference in them; the increased surface area and volume was incredible to experience, even in the tiny amount. She could even swear her nipples were more sensitive. She finished her shower, and after throwing on a sports bra and getting dressed in tight fitting jeans and a form-fitting white sweater, she left the apartment. She still had some Christmas shopping to do before Christmas on Sunday, and she was heading to the local department store. *And it might not be a bad idea to look at some new bras*, she added gleefully.

Not even icy roads or Christmas season traffic could take away from the excitement she was deriving from her growth. Every step felt more bouncy, and she felt more womanly as well; even if she didn’t have swollen melons like the woman from the night before. She soon reached her destination, parking in the snow drifted parking lot of a Wal-Mart.

She began her trek to the entrance, and in the distance she started to hear the familiar sound of the Salvation Army ringing their collection bell. The sound alone was enough to bring a kind certain tightness to her chest. The sound of that constant bell ringing reminded her of the holiday season and the fun to come. It made her feel light and giddy, and she noticed it made her walk with an even bigger bounce in her step. She smiled even wider and walked into the store, the tightness in her chest only increasing as she walked past the volunteer. She couldn’t remember the last time she had felt this full of the Christmas spirit.

*Tis the season to be bouncy*, she hummed in her head, smiling as she made her way through the store, enjoying the new found tightness of her sports bra. After finding a video game she was confident Chris would enjoy, she made her way to the checkout counter, stopping at the lingerie section on the way.

She proudly walked past the A cups, and waltzed into the B cups. She was brimming with confidence, just as she could feel her bra brimming over with something else earlier that morning. She picked out a modest B cup, and another B cup with some sexy lace and swirl designs as a surprise for Chris. For a second she contemplated trying them on, but a quick glance at the fitting room showed that they were all taken. She *had* to be at least a B cup now, she could feel it. There was really no reason to try them on. Overflowing with confidence, she smiled slightly and grabbed a pink C cup from the rack, thinking, *little something for them to grow on*.

She continued to the checkout counter. Proudly placing her items on the conveyor belt, she smiled at the cashier, a tired looking woman in her thirties. She smiled back weakly and grabbed the B cup bras first, glancing quickly back at Melanie for a split second, then back to the bras. Melanie hardly noticed the strange look from the woman, and waited for her time to pay. Her items bagged, she exited the store.

While approaching the exit, she could make out the sound of the bell again chiming over the busy noise of the shoppers. Immediately she felt her chest tighten again, like it was filling with excitement and joy. She breathed deep, and grinned as she felt her sports bra stretch against her swollen breasts. It was fairly arousing to her, feeling fabric strain to contain her. Melanie was almost worried that her nipples might show through the sweater if she keeps thinking about it.

The bell rang louder as she approached, and she looked the volunteer in the eyes as she passed, and with a big smile said “Merry Christmas!” The volunteer looked back and began to say “Merry Christma-…” but his voice trailed off, and Melanie saw that his eyes had shot straight to her chest. She had never had a stranger look at her chest like this before. It made her feel powerful almost. She took a deep breath, made sure to puff out her chest in the process, and felt the bra strain against her, her nipples now fully erect. The bell ringer actually stopped ringing the bell for a second as he stared. Melanie giggled softly, and walked back to her car, the bell soon resuming behind her.

When Melanie returned home, there was only one thing she wanted to do. She threw the video game in a drawer to wrap later, and took the contents of her bag into the bathroom. She turned on the light, and stared at herself in the mirror. She immediately understood why the Salvation Army volunteer had given her breasts such a look. Except these could more closely be called *tits*, rather than breasts. She stood in the mirror, mouth agape as she stood frozen, looking at the two round mounds stretching the fabric of her sweater. The sweater had already been near skin-tight, but now, it clung to her chest as if it were drenched in water. She stared, and her breathing rate increased as she watched her own boobs noticeably move up and down with each breath.

*These are at least double the size of what they were this morning!* her mind echoed, *maybe even triple!* She bounced on her heels, and her sweater rippled across her chest, stretching as her breasts jiggled beneath it. She felt their weight bounce and stretch against her. She had to see them.

She ripped her sweater off and over her head, throwing it on the ground, and looking back to the mirror. Her sports bra looked abused. The logo across the front was stretched and distorted, and the band around her bust had reached its stretch limit long ago. The band was taut, and no longer resting against her ribcage, her breasts had grown so much. This morning it had displayed no cleavage. Now, looking in the mirror, it looked like she has stolen a training bra from a twelve year old, and a busty woman in her twenties was trying to wear it.

Her cleavage was overflowing out of the top, and her breasts were being pushed together, coming not only out of the top, but the sides of the sports bra. She gingerly brought her hands to her bust, and ran her fingers along her swollen tit flesh. They were tight, and they were warm. As she sank her pointer finger into one of their bulges, and she felt resistance, she nearly gasped. She felt her nipples harden, and could see smallest of indents as they tried to poke through the fabric, but it was already pulled too tight.

Struggling to get a grip, she ran her fingers along her breasts, trying to get a grasp on the bra. Pulling it up, and hearing the stitches retaliate as she stretched it even more, and released her ballooning assets from their prison, throwing it on the pile with the sweater. Her breasts fell, and nearly pulled her down with them. She had not been expecting the weight of feeling them drop. She stood looking at them, as they swayed back and forth. They were flawless, a flushed pale color, and topped with pink, puffy areolas. Her nipples, now free, stuck out like never before. They had nearly doubled in size, and looked to be twice as big as a pencil eraser. Her hot breath blew over them as she gazed, making them moist and harden even more.

She grasped each of her breasts and shivered from her touch. *My breasts fill my hands! I'm actually a handful!* She exclaimed inwardly. They were about the size of softballs; her best guess was that she was resting around a C cup, perhaps bigger. And the best part was that they felt full. They had resistance as she squeezed them into her fingers, and the more she squeezed, the more swollen they felt. She pinched her nipple, and she instantly felt herself grow wet. Her nipples had never been this sensitive, and she could barely keep her legs under her as she rolled them between her fingers. She released herself from her grip, letting her gasps and moans die down. Her boobs hardly reacted to gravity at all; they remained perky and upright on her chest, as if her tight, stretched skin was keeping them aloft. In short, they were beautiful.

“Chris is going to have a *big* surprise when he gets home tonight.” She determined.

Later that night when Chris returned, Melanie made sure to be dressed in a baggy sweatshirt, so as to hide her swollen mounds. She was actually relieved that she had a sweatshirt large enough to hide her new figure. They shared their usual kiss, and she sat him down to eat.

“Eat up!” she said, “I have a *big* surprise for you tonight once you’re done.” Melanie said slyly.

“Do you now?” Chris replied, looking her over. “Blowjob last night, and now this? What more could a guy want?” He went to hug her, but she made sure to dodge his grasp, instead kissing him quickly on the cheek and saying, “Uh uh! No shaking your present until it is time to open it!” She winked at him as she sat down to the table to eat. Chris felt he had no choice but to follow her lead, and sat down.

They shared a spirited meal together, thick with sexual tension. Chris did what he could to try and get a hint of what to expect, but Melanie knew there was no preparing him for what was coming. Soon they finished their meal, and after a very rushed job of putting dishes away, Melanie took Chris’ hand and led him to the bedroom.

She turned the lights off and turned on a lamp with a soft glow. “Why don’t you lie down on the bed,” she said, “I have a little something to show you.” It was Chris’ pleasure to oblige.

He lay on the bed, watching her intently as she crossed the floor and stood in front of him. Teasing with the draw string of her pajamas, she danced slowly for him, rocking her hips back and forth. She turned her back to him, and bent over slightly, pulling her waist band down to her thighs, flashing Chris a view of black panties, her back arched just enough to give him a view of her pussy bulging underneath. She let her bottoms fall to the floor, revealing his favorite thigh-high leggings. She tiptoed backwards, rubbing herself against his hard cock, “How’s the view back there?” she cooed.

“Incredible…” Chris replied, drunk on her sexual energy. She felt him grow harder as she pressed onto him more.

“Well I think I have a view you’ll enjoy *even more*,” she teased. She stood up and turned to face him. Grabbing the hem of her sweatshirt, and deliberately taking her time, she slowly worked it up her body. “Why don’t you tell me what you think of these puppies?” She said, as she took her sweatshirt off and threw it to the floor.

For a second Chris didn’t see anything but her usual black bra she wore for sex. But then he did a double take. It was definitely the same bra, but she was completely *bulging* out of it. That wasn’t even the correct word to use. She had out grown it! Engulfed it even! Her once tiny A cup breasts looked like they had more than quadrupled in size. It looked like she was trying to smuggle two rolls of pizza dough in her bra. She giggled as she watched her awestruck boyfriend, and his jaw only dropped further as he watched them jiggle as she teased him more.

“A-are they real” Was all Chris could say, stuttering.

Melanie smiled and pushed them together with her arms, “All real, and all for you.”

“But how? What happened?!” Chris exclaimed, confused.

“I guess I’m just a growing girl! Nothing wrong with a little growth spurt now and again, now is there?” She soft softly, cupping them in her hands. She looked back to him, and saw him staring. She could tell he wanted them.

“Well don’t be shy! Touch my *tits*, lover…” She cooed softly, leaning in close enough for him to bury his face in them. And he did. He grabbed her around her middle and buried his face between her breasts, reveling in their warmth and softness. They smelled sweet, and he had to get a nipple in his mouth as soon as possible. He picked her up and threw her onto the bed, quickly climbing on top of her and unlatching her bra. He threw it to the side, and her breasts sprang free. They bounced on her frame slightly, their new mass firm and supple. Her thick nipples were hard, and eager for a tongue; he lunged at them, grabbing one tit, and sucking on the other.

“Oh!” Melanie moaned, “Mmmm…Careful, Hon… T-They’re still..mmm..new!” She cried, unexpected waves of pleasure washing over her, “I-I’m still getting used to them!” Her breasts felt swollen in his hands and mouth as he massaged them. She felt like a woman, like a woman with tits finally. For the first time since gaining her new curves, she looked down at her prone body, and realized with excitement that two fleshy mounds were blocking part of her view. The thought alone was enough to send her into frenzy.

“C-Chris..hang on…” she moaned as he sucked. She could feel his cock pressing between her thighs, but she had other plans than their regular course of action. Reluctantly, Chris released his hold on her chest and looked up. Melanie reached over to turn off the light, saying “I don’t think you’ll have any trouble finding what you want in the dark,” she winked as she flipped off the switch, “now I am going to give you the tit-job of a lifetime.”

She lay back down, holding her new found tits together. She could almost see Chris’ smile shining in the dark. He leaned forward, and inserted his cock between her billowy breasts. Slowly, savoring every moment, he began thrusting, feeling the pressure of her as she enveloped his shaft.

In between gasps, they could hear familiar music coming from outside. Chris stopped for a second to listen. “I-it’s just carolers…don’t stop now”, Melanie said, rubbing her nipples in small circles. The carolers outside began singing “Carol of the Bells”, and Chris resumed his work. As the two thrust together, bells rang in the distance for each beat.

DING, DONG

DING, DONG

“Mel, I can’t tell you how good this feels! I don’t know what happened to you since yesterday, but I’m glad it did,” Chris cried out, “Ung…I feel like my cock could get lost in your cleavage!”

“J-Just keep pumping, don’t stop!”

DING, DONG

DING, DONG

“You feel so swollen in my hands!”

“I love feeling swollen line this, Chris…And I hope they get even bigger! Go harder, p-please!!” Melanie cried out, “I want to feel them shake! O—oh…my tits feel like two water balloons!! Faster!” she moaned, as she began pulling at her nipples as she twisted, feeling her flesh jiggle as Chris thrust each and every time.

“I’m gunna cum, Mel…I don’t think I can hold out much longer!”

DING, DONG

DING, DONG

“O-Oh don’t! Not yet! I-I’m so close…fuck my tits! Get your cum all over them! I want to get bigger!” She pushed her ballooning breasts together even harder, and the pressure reached its breaking point.

“Arrrugh!” Chris groaned, with one final thrust, his cock became enveloped between her boobs, cum spraying out the top of her cleavage like a fountain. She jiggled with every pulse, sending waves of pleasure through her body. Her chest was on fire, and it felt incredibly heavy. As the carolers finished their song outside, they two of them breathed a sigh of exhaustion, and fell into each other. After a few moments, Chris kissed her, and gave her some tissues. They were both too tired to do anymore clean up than that, and soon fell into a deep sleep.

The next morning, Chris woke up to something he had only dreamed up. Melanie had been sleeping on her side facing him, and upon opening his eyes, he got an eye full of the fullest, most rounded breasts he had ever seen. For a moment he could only look at them. They had at least doubled in size from what he had seen last night, nearly tripled. What had been two softball sized breasts were now two fully ripened cantaloupes, complete with light, puffy areolas larger than a silver dollar. On pure instinct, he blew lightly across her nipples. They were quick to react, and before he knew it, these burgeoning breasts were topped with nipples the size of the end of an index finger. Melanie seemed to shiver from his breath, and it sent shimmies through her bust. He looked closer, and saw the legendary trace of light blue veins, marbling across their surface. They were the most magnificent breasts he had ever seen.

He had to touch them. Slowly, he brought a hand up, and reached out. His palm fell on them, and Melanie gasped lightly in her sleep; they were warm, hot almost. His fingers pressed into them, squeezing, and he found her skin to be taut. It still had some give to it, but they felt full almost. Like water balloons that have reached the recommended size, but could still fit more water if you really wanted. They pushed into his hand deeper with every breath she took. He ran a finger across her nipple, startled at its firmness, and this time she let out a cry of pleasure. He actually felt her nipple pulse slightly bigger against his finger.

She groggily opened her eyes, and with a smile, said “Mmmm, good morning, Hon.”

“M-morning, Mel…” Chris said, “How are you feeling?”

“Great actually...!” she looked at his face, and followed his gaze down, “Ahh!” she cried out loud. She jolted upright in bed, struggling a little with their weight, “What the hell?!” She put both of her hands under them and tried to support them. They were heavy, but they hung surprisingly well on her tiny frame, less than half way to her belly button. “I-I grew again…” she said in awe, playing with herself, “B-but how?”

“Do you feel ok?” Chris asked, concerned.

“I feel…kinda full. Like I had a really big lunch, but the feeling is in my chest, you know? My skin feels tight too…” she looked at Chris and smiled, “Heehee, they’re kind of like balloons aren’t they?” she bounced a little in bed and they bounced up and down with her. Chris couldn’t take his eyes off of them. “How big do you think I am? Like…an E cup? Maybe F?”

“I-I-I don’t know…” Chris said, speechless.

Melanie giggled and kissed him softly, “You’re cute. They can’t get much bigger than this, I’m sure. If they did they might pop! So I hope you’re happy with them, Mr. Boob-Man! Now get out of bed! We have a bazaar to work!”

The day went by fast. Between getting ready for the bazaar, and Chris taking every possible chance to touch her breasts, there had been no time to relax. They had spent most of the day helping to set up the scene in the middle of downtown by the bell tower. It had been a little odd seeing Chris’ family’s reaction to her new figure, but they seemed to accept it as a growth spurt as easily as Melanie did. She didn’t think they fully understood the extend of her growth; she was wearing the biggest sweatshirt Chris owned, and they had stopped off at the store on the way to buy two sports bras in order to conceal her as best they could. She would have almost looked modest, had they not been trying to conceal breasts that were near the size of her own head. They were incredibly obvious on her tiny frame, and Chris couldn’t remember the last time his cock had been sore from being hard for so long.

As darkness neared, and the crowd began to show, Melanie and Chris were sought out by the director to get ready.

“Hey it’s time for the two of you to join the other Santa Babies,” she said, “Are you ready?”

“Ready,” Chris said, going over the song he had to play in his head.

“Ready!” Melanie exclaimed, her chest bouncing even in its prison.

The director looked at her for a second, and then asked, “You’re…Melanie, right?”

“That’s right,” she replied.

“You said you wear a size small for the costume?”

“W-well that was right at the time…” Melanie said timidly, “Some things have changed since then…”

“I see… Well you’re still a small in bottoms, but we’ll have to find you a new top. Wait here for a second.” Melanie nodded in agreement.

“But mommy I want to ring the bell *now*!” a little boy cried out, as they walked past Chris and Melanie.

“It’s not time yet, Gabe. We have to wait until the lights come on with the music, its tradition!” The mother replied.

“But I want to ring it now!” He cried, trying desperately to wrestle it out of her hand. They struggled as they walked, and the mother lost control of the bell, dropping it as it clanged to the ground. Melanie felt a pang of sadness and tightness in her chest for the child as she heard the bell clang against the ground. The sports bras seemed to grow tighter, *I must be nervous*, she thought to herself.

She walked over to the bell and picked it up off the ground and kneeled down next to the boy. “Is this your bell?” she asked.

“Mhm…” the boy replied shyly, his mother watching from behind him.

“I think it’s alright if we give it a *couple* rings right now, don’t you think?” Melanie said kindly, “What’s the worst that could happen?” She swung the bell in her hand a few times and heard the soft chime of metal. But she noticed something this time. Her nipples had grown hard the second that bell had chimed. Incredibly hard. She felt her chest tense up and tighten, as it grew warm. And then under her sweater and sports bras, she felt her breasts swell. It was an indescribable sensation, like a pressure pushing outward from her breasts. But she had felt them grow bigger. And in that moment she understood.

“O-o-on second thought…b-better listen to your mom…” Melanie said shakily, getting up and handing it to the mother. She smiled and walked away with her boy. Melanie turned back to Chris, and he saw the worried look on her face.

“What is it, Mel?”

“It’s the bells, Chris. T-that’s what’s causing it.” She squeaked out. “W-we need to g—”, but before she could finish her sentence, the director had returned and started pulling her away.

“We’re a tad behind schedule now. We need to get you dressed and up on that stage fast, dear,” the director said, taking her hand and leading her away.

“C-Chris! I-I can’t!” Melanie yelled.

“I don’t understand what you’re talking about!” Chris yelled back, “Tell me after the show! Break a leg!” and he made his way behind the stage.

Now that Melanie knew what was causing her tits to balloon in such a way, she was terrified. She was surrounded by a crowd of bells on Christmas Eve.

“You girls ready?” The director said, coming in from behind the curtain. The other girls replied with a ‘yes’, but Melanie said, “Actually, I’m not feeling so well… Would it be alright if I don’t go out there?”

“Nonsense dear, it’s just pre-show jitters. We’ve practiced this dance for weeks!” The director replied. She looked Melanie over in her costume. She was wearing a Santa themed skirt that ended a little above her knees, black high heel shoes, her hair hanging around her shoulders, and her breasts shoved into what might as well be a sports bra with short sleeves now. It fit like a belly shirt on the other girls, but her breasts had a lot of surface area to cover. The director continued, “Hmmm…not exactly the most family friendly costume. Just try and keep from exposing yourself ok? There are kids here. Alright girls, get out there and give them a Merry Christmas!” She clapped her hands a few times and the girls were ushered out, pushing Melanie with them.

In moments, she was on stage in front of a crowd of people who unknowingly had the power to make her inflate. She saw Chris sitting at the piano, dressed in a suit. He was staring straight at her tits. Someone dropped a bell somewhere, and she froze when she felt her nipples harden.

“Shit,” was all she could say. At least she was able to keep the sports bras on.

She looked out at the crowd, and as the stage lights came on, a voice announced over the intercom, “Who here has the Christmas spirit?!” The crowd erupted with cheers. A couple people whistled, a few other howled like a wolf. Melanie thought she heard someone say ‘looks like someone has been drinking her milk!’ off in the darkness. *Here it comes…Oh please don’t make me explode…*, she thought.

“Hit it maestro!” The voice declared. The plaza lit up with Christmas lights, and Chris started playing “Santa Baby”, and Melanie knew the crowd was going to ring each and every one of their bells every time the word ‘baby’ was said. *Stupid tradition*, she thought as she danced as best she could, as Chris was finishing the intro to the song.

*Santa RING baby RING*

The plaza rang with the sound of bells. It was deafening. Within an instant, she knew she was in trouble. Hundreds of bells rang around her. Her nipples shot from her chest like a cannon, and for a second she actually felt faint from the pleasure it caused.

*Slip a sable under the tree, for me*

An immense pressure was building inside her chest. It felt so similar to what she had felt at Wal-Mart, and last night with the carolers. But this was stronger in magnitudes. She felt like someone had stuck a firehose inside her, and it was gushing hot water into her breasts. Her tits literally sprang forward, almost throwing Melanie off balance during her dance. She could feel them physically swelling bigger and bigger, fighting their constraints. Her nipples were pulsing, and she felt the whole of her breasts straining against the sports bras.

*Been an awful good girl*

The initial pressure hadn’t even worn off yet, and Melanie knew what was about to happen. She felt a stitch break as her heart skipped a beat.

*Santa RING baby RING*

“Augh!” She cried out, trying to stifle her voice. It was more from pleasure than anything. She wasn’t going to last long. Her bust felt enormous. The firehose inside her had been turned up higher. She glanced down and felt her face go pale.

*And hurry down the chimney tonight*

She had waved goodbye to her F cup breasts back at the first ring she realized. These were monstrous. It looked like she was smuggling two basketballs under her costume, ballooning in all directions in near circular form. They were growing heavy, and fast. She reached to pull her top down a little to save a little of her modesty, but found she was already showing a plethora of boob from the bottom of her top. She yanked hard, and covered a little, but at the cost of losing a few more stitches. *O—oh…Not good not good not good! I’m blowing up like a balloon in front of the entire city!* She panicked.

*Santa RING baby RING*

*No no no no no!* Her breasts surged again. It was getting hard to move now. Cleavage was beginning to display over her top. It was squished and malformed from the 3 layers of clothing; it looked like rising dough coming out of a box with holes in it.

“Whoohoo! Take it o—off!!” someone yelled in the crowd.

“Is that girl alright?” She heard someone else say near the stage, “It looks like her breasts are about to explode! I didn’t know they even made implants that big!”

*An auto space convertible too, light blue*

She couldn’t take much more. *My tits! I can feel myself getting fuller and fuller! Please stop, please! I’m getting too big!!*

*I’ll wait up for you, dear*

*No more…* she pleaded. She heard someone yell, “Hey girly, is it cold up there?” She looked down, and she saw her nipples jutting outwards. They weren’t even slightly hidden, they were obvious, and they were huge. They looked like 2 plastic bottle caps stacked on top of each other, easily an inch across and two inches tall. She thought she could even see the bulge of her areola. *O—oh here comes another! Please don’t pop please don’t pop!*

*Santa RING baby RING*

Her breasts exploded in ecstasy. Melanie was sweating heavily, and she knew the top was at the end of its life. She didn’t dare look at herself. She felt huge; she felt like a swollen overfilled balloon. *I can’t take anymore! I’m going to burst!* She listened as the final stitch gave way, and her top exploded. Terrified, she grabbed what she could of herself, and quickly turned around, running off the stage as best she could. The weight was incredible. Chris, who had been paying most of his attention to the music, saw her run away, and without a second thought, left the piano. The crowd didn’t even seem to notice the notes had stopped, not when a girl with breasts that had doubled in size had just flashed the entire crowd. They seemed in pretty good cheer actually.

*Think of all the fun I’ve missed*

*Think of all the fellas that I haven’t kissed*

“Melanie!” Chris cried out, following her into the building behind the stage. He saw her go into a back room. It had looked like she had been carrying two small exercise balls in her arms. He quickly followed. Entering the room, he saw an amazing sight. Melanie was sitting on the floor, her back against the wall, panting heavily. She was holding her breasts in her arms, and trying to bend her knees to help support them. Chris saw her panties as his eyes looked her over, her pussy bulging between her upper thighs as her feet spread apart for support. Her panties and thighs were drenched.

“L-Lock the door… P-Please…” She panted between breaths. Chris could only obey.

*Next year I could be also good*

*If you’ll check off my Christmas list*

“It’s the bells, Chris… I get bigger every time I hear one chime… I need your help…” she said, panting heavily, “I-I don’t think my tits can take much more of this…I feel so full… I can feel the pressure increasing inside of me!” she cried out. Chris looked at her. Her jugs had grown enormous. They had surpassed watermelons, and were quickly approaching beach balls. They were covering in pale blue veins, and considering their size, still somehow maintained a somewhat rounded shape. They would have hung past her belly button had she had the strength to stand. Her areolas were the size of small dinner plates, and her nipples were the size of apples. He could see her breasts actually pulsing and swelling before his very eyes, growing bigger and bigger.

“Please, it’s about to happen again…!” She cried out as she braced herself.

*Santa RING honey RING*

“MMMMMM! Oh Chris!” Melanie yelled, as her growth increased. Her tits ballooned further, more veins appearing along their surface, “I-I’m so—o fu—ul….” She sighed in ecstasy, “I-I know I’m going to pop, b-but it just feels so good…But my skin is so tight! My pussy is on fire Chris; I think it’s my only hope.”

Chris indeed saw her grow bigger, and he knew there wasn’t a moment to waste. He ran towards her, and placed a hand on each of her breasts. They felt like a drum. He could feel liquid swirling around inside of them, almost sloshing. She couldn’t take much more. He reached up her skirt and grabbed her panties, ripping them off of her. Her pussy was swollen and dripping. He grabbed her hips, and pulled her into a prone position on the floor; she weighed more than he thought she would. She slid to the floor, and her breasts rolled backwards onto her chest.

“Ahhh!!!” She screamed, “Chris I’m too big!! My skin can’t take this!” she cried out, as her breasts wobbled like balloons. They flattened out a little, and it looked like Melanie had been trapped under two large melting exercise balls.

*I want a yacht and really that’s not a lot*

Chris ripped off his pants, and released his cock. It had been ready all day, and was more than ready to enter her. He grabbed each of her orange sized nipples, and pulled himself into her. “Oh!” She gasp, “Someone else is a little supersized I think…” she said half-jokingly. Chris felt her nipples shaking under his grasp. They were pulsing, and felt warm and wet. He actually thought they were harder than his cock. He squeezed them, and a small amount of liquid ran out.

“Ahhh!! W-What are you doing to me?! P-Please don’t squeeze them! I’ll burst for sure!! They’re still growing! Mmmm…Getting bigger…and b-bigger…and BIGGER!!” she screamed in pleasure.

*Been an angel all year*

Chris began thrusting in and out of her slender body, their hips smacking together wetly with every hit. Her body was boiling, and shaking with every surge of her jugs. He looked up, and saw only the mountain range of his girlfriend’s breasts. They loomed over him as he lay into her, and was having trouble reaching her nipples. He leaned into her cleavage, bouncing back slightly as he hit her taut skin. She really was going to blow soon.

“C-Chris? I-I really don’t think I can take anymore… I need to cum!” Melanie said with worry in her voice, “My tits are way too full! I-If they grow again…I-I’m…I-I’m gonna…” Chris leaned into her with all of his weight, working his hips furiously, and reached for her nipples. He found them, like steps on a rock climbing wall, and began massaging them furiously.

“O-OH!!!! Yes! Yes! Ye—es! K-Keep doing that!” She screamed loudly, “I’m gonna cum! O-Or maybe I’m going to explode! C-Chris! It’s the end of the song!”

Each year, when the song ended, they rang the bells in the bell tower, and Chris suddenly realized why she had become so worried.

“I—I’m gonna blo—ow!!!” She screamed in a long breath.

*Santa GONG baby GONG and hurry down the chimney tonight*

“Ahhh!! My ti—its!!! I’m gonna POP!!!” She screamed, Chris thrusting with all his might into her, squeezing her gigantic nipples. Her breasts shuddered, swelling one last time, and Chris felt them freeze against his face for a split second. The bell tower rang mightily above them, and he felt her pulse, her tits still filling up when they had no room left to give. He could hear it swirling inside of her, gushing into her from an unknown source. “Here it comes!! My breasts are gonna burst!” With the final gong of the tower, Melanie arched her back and thrust out her chest. Her pussy clenched on Chris’ member in an iron grip and refused to let go as her body rocked back and forth. Her tits vibrated dangerously, and then an incredible gushing sound came from them.

Chris opened his eyes, and saw that white liquid was running down the sides of her boobs, and raining around the room. He could feel her nipples gushing an incredible volume of the liquid. And slowly, her breasts retreated in size. He could see her writhing in pleasure, her chest rising and falling as she panted. The downpour lasted for a few minutes, and Chris was held captive the entire time. Soon they were small enough he could see her face, and then her flow turn to a slight trickle, and finally subsided. They lay on top of each other, breathing heavily. Chris looked down at her chest; it had settled at a modest E cup, perky and supple.

“That…That was…amazing…” Melanie gasped. She looked up at him, liquid dripping off her face. Chris licked his lips, looked thoughtful for a second, and started laughing uncontrollably. “What is it?” Melanie asked, “You better not be laughing at me, it’s not my fault my tits ballooned up!”

Chris worked hard to get his laughter under control. After a moment her gained composure and he managed to say, “Taste it, Mel! It’s eggnog!”