

Clubbing

Caution: contains popping and water inflation

Tara entered the club, dressed in her most alluring flannel and feeling gorgeous, her hair and makeup done for a fun night of dancing and looking for a date. She looked around for her friend, Briana, her partner in crime for the night and her best friend since college. Her brown hair made her difficult to pick out among the dim lighting of the building, the crowds of people not helping.

Tara's own blonde hair had been an easy beacon, however, and she felt a light tap on her shoulder. She turned, seeing Briana grinning somewhat clumsily.

"You've been drinking already, haven't you?" Tara asked, raising her voice over the loud music.

Her friend giggled. "Maaaybe... A few guys bought me some drinks! It would be rude to turn them down..."

"You couldn't wait for me? I'm not even late!" Tara pouted, gently shoving her friend.

"Oh please, you'll catch up quick. Besides, with your--" Briana stopped, looking at Tara's front. "Wait..." She reached out and played a bit with the neckline of Tara's shirt. It hung somewhat loosely, her breasts resting underneath.

Tara slapped her hand away. "Hey! Stop thaaaat!" she laughed, looking around making Briana hadn't made her catch some guy's gaze.

"Ow!" Briana flinched, Tara's newly manicured nails scratching her. "I thought you were going to come all pumped up! Your tits are our free drink passes!" Briana whined, "No offense to your D cups, but you're much hotter when you're all full and bulging..."

Tara smiled, "Don't worry, don't worry... I brought some new stuff. It's supposed to work a lot faster than the cream, not to mention look and feel more realistic."

"Oh yeeeeeaa?"

"Mhm! Fills you with water, instead of all that fluff. I was going to take some here, instead of having some guy from Uber ogle me on the way over."

"Ooooh!" Briana cooed, quickly stepping behind Tara. She reached her arms around her front and squeezed Tara's boobs playfully. "Well hurry up! Get these puppies filled up and this shirt filled out!"

Tara brushed her hands away, wriggling free of her arms. "Briana! You are so drunk!" She smiled then, looking forward to the night ahead. "Go find us a place next to some guys; I'll be in the ladies room getting all ready." Tara winked, "Be back soon!"

Briana was happy to follow any request, and quickly disappeared into the crowd. Tara made her way to the restroom, dodging between dancers and finding herself blinded by the lights. Closing the door to the bathroom was like going into solitary confinement, the constant beat of the music becoming muffled.

She looked around the bathroom and the three stalls, all available. Before locking herself away for a few minutes, Tara took a moment to look at herself in the mirror.

She straightened her brown flannel shirt a bit, pulling it down to show some cleavage and some of her sky-blue veins she loved so much. Her gave her breasts a few bounces and lifts in her bra, seeing how her 32D cups look before she took one of the pills in her purse. They didn't look bad by a long shot, and were plenty big for some men. But not most. She was going to fix that.

Tara grinned. This wasn't the first time she had done this, taking a temporary enhancement drug to boost her bust. When products like this had first come out, creams and pads and lotions and such, a lot of people complained that it was a new form of false advertisement; like push-up bras but worse. Tara hadn't really cared about that. The tits she got from doing it were too incredible to pass up, and it worked amazingly well for attracting a guy. Not to mention that it didn't feel all that bad either. Something about treating her tits like a couple of balloons really got her gears turning.

Tara sighed, turning around and entering the middle stall, locking the door behind her. She fumbled with her purse for a minute, her red nails getting a bit in her way. Finally she found them, four blue pills in a tiny baggy, each about as big as the end of her pinky.

She sat down, pulling out one of the pills between two ruby nails. Puffing a strand of hair away from her face, Tara popped it in her mouth and swallowed. It went down a bit rough without water, but it would be worth it. She sighed, waiting for the effect.

Nothing happened. She waited another few minutes, impatiently looking at her phone as other women came and left the restroom. "Hmmm..." Tara sighed. She pulled away her collar, looking at her chest sitting loosely in her bra. She had worn an oversized bra on purpose, but she didn't seem much bigger, only a slight tingle in her nipples.

"Dammit... These were supposed to be fast acting!" Tara complained, cursing the new Water Weight pills. She thought about Briana, already drunk and acting goofy. "She's probably flirting with some guy..." Tara didn't like leaving her friend alone for so long in her current state. She looked at the baggy, three pills still remaining. *Maybe if I take more it'll speed up the process...*

Without a second thought, Tara popped the three remaining pills into her mouth. "Come on, girls! It's time to go!" she cheered, urging her breasts.

Another minute passed by without so much as a cup in growth. Tara frowned, assuming the pills for duds. She stood up, ready to admit defeat to Briana, when a sudden flare of heat boomed in her nipples.

"O-O-Ohhh..." Tara moaned, nearly doubling over in pleasure. She quickly sat back down, pulling away the front of her flanel. Her nipples were hard, throbbing enough to the point of visibly expanding and contracting. Her breasts looked flushed, a thin layer of sweat already forming on her skin. Her cleavage slid against itself smoothly.

A small squeak fell from her plump pink lips as she saw her entire chest pulse outward, as if a force had pushed from behind her skin. "There we go, girls!" Tara began breathing hard, her breast rising and falling as this repeated, leaning back farther as each bulge sent an increasingly strong gush of ecstasy through her. Just when she thought she might not be able to take anymore, it subsided.

She looked down her shirt, biting her lip in anticipation before her growth really began. Her D cup mounds simultaneously plumped out, a steady pressure edging them on from underneath her skin. A wide grin spread over her face, as she passed into E cup range, followed by F.

"Oh woowow..." Tara sighed, squeezing her burgeoning boobs. She jiggled them in her hands, feeling their new weight while they continued to swell. "Those pills really do make them fill up! My titties are filling with water!" Tara marveled at her engorging breasts, her nipples soon puffing out and hardening further as they brushed against the inside of her bra. She shivered from the sensation, sending ripples across her swollen water balloons, each nearing volleyballs in size.

"Mmmm..." she moaned, feeling her nipples thicken like thumbs. Her bra was quickly filled, her cups starting to overflow with her smooth flesh. Her flannel was beginning to follow suit, any wrinkles and empty space disappearing around her bust as the fabric stretched taut. Gaps began to spread open between the buttons, lines of her cleavage striking between each hole.

Tara giggled loudly, drunk on her growth. "I should have worn my bigger top! But I'll get some free drinks with these titties for sure!" She smiled, wrapping her arms across her front. But her smile faltered.

She couldn't feel their growth stopping, or even slowing down for that matter. Under her arms, her breasts actually seemed to be growing even faster now. Their curves quickly rounded out, her arms becoming strained as their mass became enormous like two basketballs.

"W-Wait..." Tara gulped, seeing her mistake. *I maaaay have taken too many pills.*

Her udders quickly blew outwards as if a hose had been turned on inside of them. A seam popped on her flannel up her side, and her bra began cutting into her as she grew much too large for it. The band of her bra had lifted away from her ribs, her cups riding on her nipples, not even large enough to cover her areolas now.

"Eep!" she squeaked again, feeling her cleavage quickly rise up and touch her chin, spreading out her collar. A button burst from her front, tapping loudly against the metal stall door as her bosom flowed out of the new hole.

Tara grunted, feeling her skin stretch a bit uncomfortably. *O-Ok, I might be in trouble here...!* She felt the sides of her mammaries bulge out into her sleeves, brushing against her biceps tightly. Her arms blew apart, her hands unable to hold each other any longer, and her chest fell forward, tearing her shirt in multiple places and blowing off all her buttons. It hung limp at her sides, as her bra was left alone in its fight against her ballooning tits.

GUUUUUUUURGLE

Tara's face paled as the bathroom was filled with a soft gurgle, coming from her tits. Their growth quickened to inches per second, and she gasped as she felt their sides touch the walls of the stall. Their weight was becoming incredible, two giant sacs of water hanging from her torso, and in an attempt to relieve it, Tara arched her back.

TWANG!!

Her bra snapped along the clasps, flying off and releasing her engorged tits to be free. Still they grew, seemingly faster now without size constraints. "Oooh please no more no more!" Tara pleaded to her chest, "This is too big! I'm really starting to feel them start to stretch too much now" She cried out as she felt her fist-sized nipples touch the door in front of her, her tits each larger than yoga balls. Her light blue veins she had always adored were becoming darker, thickening like fingers that mapped over her overfilled tits.

"Ooooh, please I-I'm too full! M-My skin! I can feel it stretching!" She winced as a stretch mark popped in existence, streaking across her surface like a fracture. Her hands flew to their tops, trying to hold them down, but her nails scratched their surface, sending two more stretch marks. She began to feel scared, a pressure building higher inside her body.

The bathroom door opened. "Tara? Are you still in here?" It was Briana. "I've been waiting for like...forev--"

"Briana!" Tara cried out, her voice cracking from the pressure, "B-Briana my chest! I'm in here!"

"What's taking so long?? Come on! There are guys wai--"

"*Aaaahh!!*" Briana fell silent as Tara screamed. Her voice came through sobbing now. "I-I took too many pills, and my tits feel like they're gonna seriously *explode!!*" Tara cried, "H-H-Help me! I can't get out! I'm stuck! I-I...aaaaAAHHH!!!" Tara screamed as her breasts began swelling upwards, no room left for them on the sides and their sides flattening.

Her skin began to bulge and shift awkwardly, her breasts taking on an oval shape. Her soda can nipples pressed hard into the door, and the stalls creaked from the pressure. Tara was forced backwards on the toilet into the wall, gallons of water filling her bosom every second.

GUUUUUUUUUURGGLLLLLEEEEEAAAAAAAK

Tara began taking loud short breaths, crying out as her chest began shaking, quakes of pressure rocketing across her tits. They groaned loudly, sloshing as they shook, more stretch marks appearing with each breath. Her veins had turned a dark purple, and throbbed with each ounce pumped into her curves.

Briana stepped back a little bit, a curve of Tara's two breasts rising above the stall. "T-Tara..." she asked, becoming scared.

"Ooooh what is this pressure inside of me?! Briana my tits feel like they're going to burst from the water!!!" she was beginning to feel claustrophobic from being unable to move and pinned behind her water-tank tits. "I think my skin is going to pop!! H-Hurry an--"

GRRROOOAAAAN

“AH!” Tara cried out. Her tits were drum-tight against her face, and she could feel her heartbeat from them. Suddenly the bathroom shook, and the walls bent on their mounts, flaring sideways.

Briana jumped, the stall door bursting open. The entire space was a wall of quivering, creaking tit flesh, shiny and tight from the pressure sloshing inside Tara. Both of her nipples, purple and the size of her own head, seemed to point directly at Briana, as they tried to squeeze through the opening. Veins led from them like rivers as she pulsed to her absolute limit with water.

“I’m gonna pop I’m gonna pop I’m gonna **POP!!!!**” Tara cried loudly. Her nails tentatively rubbed against her taut skin, and she shivered in panic. She was out of room to maneuver.

“Tara??” Briana called, terrified.

The entire room started to shake, Tara’s breasts heaving and bucking as her body tried to fill them, but her breasts refused to stretch anymore, her skin fit to burst. “I-I’m gonnnaaaaaa **BUUUUUURST!!!!**!”

Tara’s chest nipples flared out enormously, before her breasts pressed into her nails, a loud gush sound filling the room.

SPLLAAAAASH

Tara’s breasts burst, tearing themselves apart from the pressure. A wall of warm water struck Briana’s front, slamming her into the wall. The torrent lasted for several seconds, before Briana opened her eyes to see Tara completely gone. She sat up in three feet of fluid, coughing from having swallowed a large amount of Tara’s breast water.

She leaned back, unable to comprehend what she had just seen. A light twinge in her chest made her jump, and she looked down, seeing her nipples poking out large and hard from under her dress. She squeezed her breasts. “A-Are they bigger?” Briana asked, a light sloshing coming from them as they began to swell.