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Steamy Springs



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It was a quiet night in a small apartment in the Northwest. Winter had been out in full force and the New Year had been welcomed with a fresh coat of snow over the city. Two sisters sat inside, away against the frigid cold and warmed themselves with each other's company. Their mutual silence came to an abrupt end, however.

"*Oh my gosh!*" Isabelle cried out.

Annabelle looked up from her own phone to see her sister staring intently at her own, a look on her face reading half-terrified and half-excited. "What? What is it?" Annabelle asked, sitting up on the couch to get a view of her younger sibling's screen.

Isabelle was breathing hard and excitedly said, "You know that guy I've been telling you about?"

Perking up at the sign of some juicy gossip, her sister leaned forward even more. "You mean the guy you've practically been stalking all semester at college? Brian?" she laughed, making Isabelle blush, "Yea I think I know him!"

Ignoring her sister's teasing, Isabelle continued while her face grew more red and flushed. "He just invited me to a hot springs resort for the weekend, alone."

Anna could sense the excitement in her sister's voice but felt that such a thing out of the blue was almost too good to be true. "Like... a hot spring *resort*? Fancy lodge and everything?"

Nodding in confirmation her red hair fell into her face. "I looked it up; it looks *really* expensive."

"I thought you barely knew the guy!"

Isabelle blushed and looked a little guilty. "I know him *a little*... We've been talking all semester during class and hung out a few times. Even went to dinner a few times!"

"So you've had a few dates with the guy and haven't even told me??" Annabelle gasped, feeling left out of the loop.

"N-No! They weren't dates!" she insisted, "Though I wish they were..." she finished in an almost whisper.

Looking concerned and perplexed, Annabelle crossed her arms and sat back into the couch. "Seems a little fishy. Doesn't he have a girlfriend to invite?"

"I don't think so..."

"I think he likes you."

Isabelle loosed a giggle in a tone that her sister had never heard come from her before. "Noooo, I don't think so; he said he got two passes from his grandma for Christmas and he thought of me since we're both from the same town!"

"Are they *nude* hot springs?"

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“Shut up! Of course they’re not!” Isabelle claimed. Thoughts ran through her head of her crush sitting naked and sharing a private pool with her. Isabelle’s heart fluttered as her imagination ran wild. “B-Besides, if they were nude...I-I’m pretty sure he would have chosen someone else...”

Annabelle suddenly noticed that her sister looked embarrassed and a little downcast. “What? Why?”

Averting her eyes and looking out a nearby window, Isabelle wrapped her arms around herself and her fleece pajamas. “It’s just...I’ve seen some of the other girls he’s friends with.”

“Yea?” Anna asked, waiting for more, “And?”

“Well...” Isabelle glanced down at her chest behind her forearms, two full B cups resting high and firm on her slim build without the help of a bra. “You should see some of them, Anna!”

“What about them?”

“They’re all...you know...” Isabelle held her hands in front of her bust a few inches to simulate holding a pair of large breasts, “Much more...*gifted*...than I am.”

Her sister’s eyes lit up in realization. “Ooooooh, so he’s a guy who likes his curves!” She laughed, Isabelle stealing a peek at her sister’s chest when it shook. She had always been envious of Annabelle’s hefty assets. She was shorter than Isabelle at only five feet, but with a thicker build Anna’s breasts had naturally blown up to a gorgeous pair of DDs that commanded attention. Isabelle loved her own petite, lanky figure, but would give almost anything to have luscious curves of her own that would boost her femininity and sex appeal.

“Y-Yea...” she confirmed, “I don’t think I would have very much to show him. Not that I would, I mean! I would never go to a nude hot spring with a guy I’m not dating!”

Annabelle laughed, waving her hand, “Sure, Sis, whatever you say... You sound really confident about that. That’s definitely not the face of a girl picturing Brian naked.”

A momentary silence came over them while Isabelle tried to collect her thoughts and calm her libido. There had been very few times she had stayed alone with a guy, and none of them had been as intimate or romantic as a winter getaway to a hot spring. Her sister spoke so suddenly that she jumped a little.

“So you gonna go??” Annabelle asked.

“I-I don’t know!” she replied timidly. It was clear to Annabelle that she clearly wanted to but Isabelle’s shyness was holding her back. “I want to...but I guess I don’t really know Brian *that* well.”

“Well he apparently knows and likes you enough to invite you! Though it is a bit out of the blue.”

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“You don’t think it’s a trick or something, do you? He doesn’t seem like the type... It would be a really mean prank...”

Annabelle concentrated for a minute. “Do you want to go?”

Isabelle blushed and nodded vigorously, thoughts of getting close to Brian under the hot water clouding her mind.

“Then go!”

“What if things get awkward though? I don’t know him *that* well.”

Annabelle smiled, “That’s why I’m going with you! I can’t just let my younger sister run off with some guy I don’t even know for a weekend!”

Isabelle’s eyes brightened and her posture straightened up. “Really? You’ll come??”

“So long as it’s all right with him! I’ll pay my own way,” she winked at Isabelle, “and I’ll be sure to judge him on the harshest Older Sister Scale possible, don’t you worry.”

“Thank you!!” she squealed, leaping from her spot on the couch to give her sister a hug. “I have to tell him that I’ll go. I have to tell him you’re going!” Isabelle’s face suddenly became serious, “I have to find a swimsuit.”

“I’m sure there’s time to find one from the store before we go--”

“We leave tomorrow!” Isabelle informed Annabelle, her jaw dropping.

“Seriously?! That would have been *great* to know before I said I was going! Nothing is open right now!”

Leaping from the couch, Isabelle ran to her sister’s bedroom. “All my swimsuits are at school!” she cried, “Can I borrow one of yours?? *Please?*”

Annabelle chuckled and looked down at her bust, a hole between the buttons of her pajama shirt revealing some of her natural cleavage. “You can try, but all of mine might be a bit of wishful thinking on your end...”

Ignoring her joke, Isabelle rifled through her drawers and dove into the far reaches of her closet, searching through her sister’s clothes. Finally, she found what she was looking for. Isabelle quickly stripped down to her birthday suit and pulled a pair of bikini bottoms over her thin legs that snapped tightly around her hips and crotch. A matching string bikini top laced over her shoulders and around her back, her hands flying deftly at the knot.

Stepping out into the living room a moment later to look for approval, Annabelle nearly choked on her breath when she started laughing. “Oh my *God!*” she exclaimed, “Where did you find that?!”

Isabelle was wrapped in a revealing two-piece bikini made of bright pink spandex. The bottoms looked to be showing more of her navel than what was warranted and the top looked too

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small, even for her B cups. The triangle shapes didn't cup her breasts properly and looked more like it had been worn only to cover her nipples, the tightness of the cups doing wonders to support her breasts, pushing them up into an adequate line of cleavage.



She stood proudly, inspecting herself in a mirror and exclaimed. "I think it fits!"

"Uhhh, it fit *me*, back when my tits had just started to grow and I was *twelve*!" Annabelle laughed.

"It's not *soooo* bad," she disagreed, adjusting her bottoms with a finger and patting the fronts of her breasts. Giving herself a few test bounces, Isabelle smiled seeing that she stayed covered.

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“That top looks like it’s about to pop off, even on *you*,” Annabelle giggled, “And I wouldn’t trust those bottoms for a second, they’re ten years old! If one seam blows, suddenly you’re giving Brian an eyeful.”

“Yea yea, I know...” she agreed, “But it’s all I’ve got. It will work for the weekend with the short notice. Maybe they’ll have some at the resort I can buy.”

“And I suppose you *don’t* want me to mention that you’re wearing a pre-teen’s bikini?” Annabelle sneered.

Lifting her red hair away from her shoulders to adjust the knot behind her neck, Isabelle continued to ignore the barrage of jokes and replied, “It’s not like I wouldn’t like to fill out a bikini. I would give anything to do that! But at this point, I think my body has just about grown as much as it’s going to...” She turned and grinned at her sister, “I’ll go start packing our bag for tomorrow. Thanks for much for coming, Anna; it really means a lot to me.”

Watching her leave to go get dressed, Annabelle waited until she was out of sight to take out her phone. “Don’t worry, Sis...” she said softly, “Big Sister is going to help make this the best winter getaway of your life, and maybe Brian’s too.” Searching through her contacts she found the number of a friend who works at a local sex shop. Grinning almost devilishly she sent a text and waited for a reply as Isabelle hurried to pack for their trip.

The sound of a phone buzzing woke Annabelle from her sleep. Already being half-awake waiting for the text message, she was quick to get out of bed and put on a robe.

I’m outside, the message read. Silently she opened her bedroom door and walked past Isabelle sleeping soundly on her couch. Hoping the front door wouldn’t wake her, Annabelle walked down the flight of stairs outside her apartment meeting her friend in the parking lot.

“Is there a reason we’re meeting in your parking lot at six in the morning?” he asked, shivering even in a heavy coat, “I feel like I’m going to have icicles coming out of my nose.” A glimpse of Annabelle’s ample chest peeking through the collar of her robe helped warm him though, but he tried not to stare, regardless of the ample opportunity she seemed to be giving him.

“Shh, yea, I wouldn’t have had time to come to your store before I left today. You didn’t forget it, right, Stan?” Annabelle asked, looking for it on her person.

Wiping his nose on the back of a sleeve, Stan shook his head and pulled a hand out of his jacket pocket. “Course I didn’t forget it.”

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He held out a small pink bottle that filled his palm comfortably with a rounded hourglass shape. The label across the front read *Lucious Curves* and threw a sparkle in Annabelle's eye.

"You have the--" Stan started to ask.

"Yea, yea! Right here," she said quickly, hustling to take a crumpled heap of bills out of her robe pocket. "I thought you had typed it wrong when I first read your text. \$400 isn't cheap."

Stan shrugged and took her money to riffle through it. "Ok," he said, handing the bottle to Annabelle who took it eagerly, "This is *very* potent stuff, got it?"

"I know, I know--"

"I'm serious, Anna, that stuff packs a punch. There's a reason we keep it in the back with such a high price tag."

She grinned, "You mean it's not just because it's not 'FDA approved'?"

"That's part of it, yes, which is all the more reason to be careful with it. It's meant for *temporary* bodily changes, and it affects every person differently. If you use too much it *will* cause permanent side effects. It's no wonder they stopped making the stuff. It's dangerous, really. Fun for a night, but take too much and suddenly you're left with severe swelling based on some genetic trigger."

Annabelle was hardly listening, looking at the sheen on the outside of the bottle. "Thanks for bringing it by on such short notice! Go home and get warm," she insisted.

"Gee, thanks," he rolled his eyes. Opening his car door he looked at his friend one last time and warned, "Remember what I told you about taking it easy; I'm talking about a *single drop* for a night. That should be enough for any girl, or guy for that matter."

"Yea yea, 'not too much'," she mimicked. Annabelle waved goodbye and walked back into her apartment happy to see her sister still asleep on the couch. In only a few hours Brian would be by to pick them up and whisk Isabelle away to a steamy winter wonderland, and Anna had every intention of helping her sister get what she so clearly wanted.

The coffee pot beeped twenty minutes later with a fresh brew filling the room with a strong aroma. Pouring both herself and Isabelle a mug, she pulled out the bottle Stan had sold her. The cap unscrewed with a soft pop and released a fruity smell that overpowered even the coffee. Smiling with love and cleverness, Annabelle didn't hesitate to split the entire bottle between the two cups.

"Wakey wakey!" Annabelle cooed, seeing her sister rousing on the couch.

"*Mmnnggh...*" Isabelle groaned.

"Brian is going to be by soon, you gotta get ready!"

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That shook her awake, Isabelle jolting upright on the couch. Her sister laughed at her hair and groggy face. “Here, drink this,” she offered the cup, “It’ll get you going.”

“Mmmm...thanks, Sis. Smells great...!” Isabelle drank warmly from the mug, closing her eyes as the heat emanated through her body. “Oh! Tastes like...bubblegum? Is that a thing now?”

“Uh, yea! It’s a new blend I’m trying. Like it?”

“It’s surprisingly smooth...” she observed, taking another large drink. Annabelle joined her, finishing her own spiked coffee in the process.

“Drink up,” Anna advised, “Then get dressed for one of the sexiest weekends of your life.”

Isabelle blushed a deep pink and stared into her coffee, “We’re just friends... I don’t think he even thinks of me in *that* way!”

“He’s a *guy*. They think of practically every girl that way.” Her sister giggled and replied, “Besides, even if he doesn’t, something tells me he might after this trip.”

Not appearing to have heard her comment, Isabelle scratched at her arm and rubbed the tops of her thighs. “You have any lotion?” she asked, “My skin feels really dry this morning. Maybe it’s this winter air...”

Anna raised an eyebrow curiously at the random inquiry, wondering if the potion was already taking effect. “In the bathroom under the sink.”

“Thanks, I’ll grab some before we go...” Taking another sip, Isabelle glanced at the clock on the wall and to Anna’s horror nearly spit out her coffee. “Oh my gosh! I need to get showered!” she discovered. Drinking the rest of the coffee in a few gulps, she handed the mug back to her sister. “Thanks for the wakeup call! Be ready in an hour!” she reminded, hopping off the couch and into the bathroom.

“Will do,” Annabelle replied, tapping the two empty mugs happily. She didn’t know how the potion would affect her sister, or herself for that matter, but she did know that it was very likely to present itself over the course of the trip. “Brian doesn’t know how lucky of a guy he’s about to be,” she grinned.

Letting the shower run and warm itself up, Isabelle began undressing. Her pajama bottoms slipped off like a blanket once the elastic was past her hips and her top fluttered to the ground just as easily. Not sleeping in any bra or panties, she shivered slightly with her naked body in the cool air of the morning and waited for the water to reach a comfortable temperature.

“Oh!” she cried out, testing the stream against her hand, “That’s *cold*!” Goosebumps broke out over her skin and her nipples perked up into hard, pink nubs. With more hesitation this

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time, she tested the water again and felt the chill wash away when her arm was bathed in warmed droplets.

“Mmmm...” she hummed, stepping in and letting the water wash over her, “There we go...”

The water felt divine running over her body as if every drop was a gentle massage on top of her skin. She couldn't help but simply close her eyes and let the shower head douse her from the top down. The sensations she received from the comforting warmth was enough to send shivers of pleasure down her spine.

She could never remember having a shower like this. The water itself felt like it was flowing into her body and washing every care away, filling her with serenity and a strange building arousal. Every drop that struck her felt like it simply melted into her skin and became a part of her. However, as much as she wanted to stay motionless under the stream for the rest of the day, Isabelle knew that time was short; she still had to wash up, put on some make-up, and find something to eat before Brian arrived.

Begrudgingly she put a dab of shampoo in her hair and worked it into her scalp until a healthy lather formed on her flaming hair. Letting the shampoo work itself into her head, she spied a loofa hanging from a hook. A small thrill ran through her as she decided to forego it in favor of using her own hands to wash and caress her body. The thought excited her a little as if she were doing something taboo by rubbing her own soapy palms across her naked skin. Squirting an extra large helping of body wash into her palm, Isabelle started to wash every inch of her skin. Her body quickly grew slick, large suds of bubbles falling off her.

Her eyes fluttered closed in a strange ecstasy. As odd as it was for her to admit, this shower was making her feel increasingly horny. A deep arousal was growing inside of her and she closed her eyes to enjoy the feeling of her fingers pressing and slipping across her soft, soapy skin. Her breasts seemed to have a nice perk to them this morning that drew her in.

“M-Mmm...” she moaned softly, biting her lip as a hand brushed over one of her plump, petite nipples. Isabelle couldn't explain what she was feeling. The water made her feel invigorated, her skin soft and supple against her fingertips. When pressing into her chest or inner thighs, she could feel a certain springy resistance pushing back. Her head rolled back as a hand slowly made its way between her legs, cupping her loins and starting to massage in a smooth, slippery motion.



“O-Oooooohhhh...” she groaned, feeling her right breast sliding against her bicep as her arm started to move rhythmically.

KNOCK

KNOCK

KNOCK

A pounding on the door jolted Isabelle out of her shower-induced pleasure. “Y-Y-Yea?” she stammered, feeling like she had just been woken up from a dream.

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“Hurry up! This is the only bathroom!” Annabelle reminded her from the other side.

“C-Coming!” she assured, calming herself while washing the suds out of her hair and off her body. Turning off the shower felt like stepping away from paradise.

Wrapping a towel around her hair and around her body, Isabelle gathered her pajamas into her arms and opened the bathroom door to release a wave of steam. “All yours!”

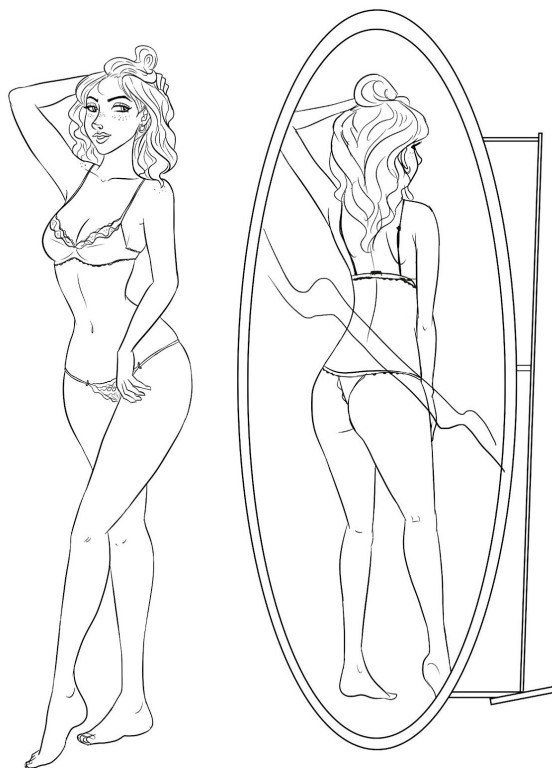
“Thanks a lot,” her sister said flipping on the switch for the fan. “Maybe in an hour or two I’ll be able to see through the fog!” Abruptly she did a double take when she saw Isabelle, her bundle of towel wrapped on top of her head making her look much taller than usual.

Isabelle was too giddy to take much notice of her sister’s comment and odd look, going to her room to get dressed from her suitcase. Confidence was overflowing from her and she let the towel drop from her body, allowing herself to air dry in Annabelle’s room.

“Hmmm...” she pondered, looking in her suitcase at the available underwear, “What to wear... Do I feel lucky?” she giggled, trying to imagine any possible scenario where Brian might get a chance to peek under her shirt or pants, immediately pushing the idea out of her head and calling herself ridiculous.

In the end, Isabelle settled on a simple black bra with a matching pair of panties. The underwear snapped tightly to her butt and hugged her thighs firmly at the elastic, digging into her enough for her to take notice. Likewise, she found that the bra’s clasp had to be let out one notch or the band was too tight across her bust. Isabelle eyed her barely-clad body curiously in the mirror.

Even with the bra on a looser clasp than normal, her breasts looked slightly too large for her usual B cup. Cleavage that wasn’t usually there had formed in the center of her chest as if she were wearing a push-up bra. Pivoting her hips, she could see that her underwear was covering much less than she was used to, her cheeks much more exposed as the panties looked stretched and taut over her rear end. The insides of her thighs felt strangely close, rubbing gently together with each motion and closing the ample thigh gap she was so used to having.



A slight frown drooped on her face. “Why do I feel so...*swollen*?” she thought, “I feel like I outgrew this pair of underwear!”

A glance at the clock told her she didn’t have time to worry about it now, assuming it would be fine for the day once they stretched out a little with her movement. Snatching a pair of jeans and a light sweater from her bag, she finished dressing. She was astounded to see that a good portion of her ankles was showing, her pants making her look like she was preparing for a flood. Similarly, her sweater sleeves ended abruptly before her wrists. All together Isabelle thought she looked like was trying to wear clothes from high school.

“What in the....” she wondered, trying to stretch her sweater to fit her body, “This fit *fine* yesterday!”

“Hey!”

Isabelle looked up to see her sister staring at her from the doorway, a toothbrush in her hand and foam at the sides of her mouth. “W-What?” she replied nervously.

“Twenty minutes! We all packed?”

“Mhm,” Isabelle nodded, temporarily rolling up her sweater sleeves and forgetting about the misfitting clothes. Butterflies fluttered in her belly when she realized that her crush was drawing near. “You plan on getting dressed?” she asked Annabelle.

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Smiling, Anna motioned to the robe she was wearing and modeled it sarcastically. “What’s the matter? You don’t think it’s flattering?” A finger pulled at one side of the robe and teased a glimpse of her breasts underneath, “I thought you said Brian liked his women curvy!”

“He does...” Isabelle replied solemnly.

Her sister picked up on her nervousness and covered herself again, hugging her warmly. “Don’t you worry. Big Sis is here to help, not hinder.”

“You keep saying that but I don’t have any idea what you--”

DING DONG

Isabelle froze in her sister’s arms when the doorbell rang. “Oh, God. Oh God oh God oh God *that’s him!* He’s early!” she panicked.

“Well let him in!” Anna advised, “It’s freezing out there! I feel a little chilly inside my own apartment even,” she admitted, bundling her robe around her. “Entertain him for a few minutes while I get ready.”

“O-Ok,” Isabelle agreed, her face betraying her inner torment.

Anna winked at her and laughed, “Don’t worry, I won’t wear anything *too* tight and low-cut.”

The trio had a two-hour drive ahead of them before they reached the hot springs. Annabelle had insisted on giving her sister the front seat with Brian, resolving to stay in the back and as out of the way as possible unless she saw her sister starting to flounder. Before leaving, however, she did notice that Isabelle’s jeans were looking too short on her legs, her sweater following similarly. Never before had she ever seen Isabelle roll sleeves up to her elbows. Whether or not Brian had noticed her flood pants was up for debate, though she doubted he would say anything even if he did. Men didn’t usually stare at women’s ankles in her experience.

“Thanks for letting me come along!” Annabelle said from behind Brian.

He grinned, maintaining his eyes on the road. “Hey the more the merrier! It’s cool that you two are close enough that you can do stuff like this. I’m not so close with my brother.”

“I’ve always wondered what it would be like to have a brother...” Isabelle admitted. “*Nnnngh...*” she groaned, stretching her arms over her head and into the roof of the car. Brian had the heater turned on full blast and the warmth was making her sleeping on the windy mountain roads. Strangely enough, Isabelle had begun to feel much more comfortable in the

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clothes as well. The straps of her bra no longer dug into her side and she felt secure in its cups. Even her ankles were covered now, though that realization was lost to her while Brian was so close by.

Annabelle continued to speak, trying not to let an awkward silence envelop them. “If nothing else it’s a chance for me to warm up! Even this car feels better than my drafty apartment; it takes a fortune to heat the thing in the winter. It’s nice and toasty in here...”

“Too toasty? I can turn it down,” Brian offered.

“Mmmm, no thanks. It’s perfect...” A strange sensuality had come out in Anna’s words, the moan more sexual than she had anticipated. Something was causing her to become aroused and the cause was unclear. She hoped that neither of them had taken notice of her sounds of pleasure, but as she continued to dwell on the ecstasy welling inside of her, Annabelle found herself growing warmer.

The heat felt like it was pulsing throughout her body, comfortable air billowing out of the car’s vents. Annabelle began to feel very strange, a tightness forming over her entire body. It was akin to wrapping a belt around her thigh and trying to flex against its tension. Every inch of her clothing was slowly drawing tighter around her.

“M-Mmm...” she moaned, watching as any loose wrinkles in her jeans around her plump thighs smoothed and flattened out.

“You ok back there, Sis?”

“Fine!” she responded quickly. Underneath her shirt, she felt a bead of sweat run from her collarbone down between her breasts. Her cleavage swallowed it like a fleshy inferno, Annabelle’s body absorbing the heat blown onto her.

“O-Oh, God...” she gasped as softly as she could, her nipples firming into index-finger nubs. They pressed into her bra begging to be released, pulled, and twisted. One of her hands slowly reached for the support handle above the window, her grip tightening as did her clothes.

“Isabelle tells me you’re a nurse,” Brian brought up, “Do you work any of those terrible hours? My mom was always on the night shift.”

“Y-Y-Yea, s-sometimes!” she stammered, her crotch pushing against her jeans. The fabric felt like a drum skin, her thick legs slowly being forced apart as the pants were forced to straighten out and provide any room available.

“You wouldn’t believe some of the stories she comes home with,” Isabelle offered.

“T-That potion...” Annabelle moaned uncontrollably, feeling a distinct change in her body occurring. A pounding in her chest sent waves of pleasure through her body as the sensation of her breasts fighting for room in her bra overloaded her mind. Annabelle’s eyes

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fluttered with enjoyment when she felt their curves rubbing and bulging against her bra straps and overflowing the already ample cups. Slowly her free hand slid up to her chest as if it had a mind of its own, starting to massage a massive tit that had swelled three cup sizes.

“What was that?” Isabelle asked, confused.

“*Nngh...n-nothing...*” Annabelle insisted, trying desperately to keep a hand from unbuttoning her overstuffed jeans. “H-Hey, do you think we could turn the heat up a little bit? K-Kina chilly back h-here...”

“Sure thing!” Brian reached for a dial and turned it up one level from the max setting. Immediately the vents doubled down on their output, hot air flowing out and filling the car. Isabelle started to scold herself for not wearing a t-shirt under her sweater, the long sleeve garment keeping her too warm.

Conversely, Annabelle revelled in the excess heat. The heat flowed into her and continued to build on itself, Anna’s already curvy body pumping itself up. A draft rushed over her belly button as her shirt began to lift up, both at the command of her expanding breasts and her growing height.

“O-O-Oooohhhh!” she cried out louder than she had wished, her knees starting to press into the back of Brian’s seat. Her thighs had turned her lap into a massive sea of tightened blue denim, a muffin top puffing over the waistband as her hips and ass bloated outwards and lifted her higher.

“What is going on with yo--” Isabelle started to ask, Brian casting her a questioning look after her sister’s last outburst. The words caught in her throat before she could finish, looking in the back of the car to inspect.

Annabelle looked like she was hanging on to the roof handle for dear life, her head leaned back and eyes closed. Her mouth was open in a gasping ‘O’ shape, twitching silently with each breath. Her left hand had slid under her shirt and was massaging one of her breasts, a massive amount of flesh being squeezed out of her collar with each press of her palm. Her body looked all around thicker, her clothes ready to burst from her frame any second. She looked strikingly taller, the top of her head almost reaching the roof of the car.

“A-Annabe--”

POP!!

A massive burst filled the car like a gunshot and Isabelle’s mouth dropped open as both her’s and her sister’s eyes shot to Annabelle’s thighs. A massive rip had exploded into existence, shooting up the side of her jeans and ending halfway up her hip. The pink of a thong she wore could be seen cutting into her like dough, looking ready to snap as well at any minute.



“What the hell was that?!” Brian asked, jumping at the loud sound. He had seen glimpses of Annabelle’s strained face in the rearview mirror, though had been sure he was just seeing things. “Did we blow a tire??”

Quickly Isabelle turned back, unsure of what she had just seen. “N-No! Anna just slapped her leg was all; spider was crawling on it.” Her hand reached out to the climate control and turned the heat down to a minimum, the warmth of the car appearing to have a direct correlation to what was happening to her sister. “Though that’s enough heat for now I think...” she said softly, smiling weakly at Brian.

“Wow...” he said, his eyes growing wide, “Remind me to never get in a slap fight with her then. That sounded like a gunshot! You ok?”

“Just fine!” Annabelle assured him, her voice breathy and strained. She was sad to see the heat get turned down, but for the sake of Brian’s car, her clothes, and her modesty, she knew it had been a good choice on Isabelle’s part, even if she didn’t know *why* it was happening. “Won’t happen again! Mmm, I got him good,” she promised, playing into the spider lie.

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“What was *that*?! What the hell did you think you were doing in the car?!” Isabelle yelled at her sister immediately after their hotel door closed behind her.

They had just finished checking into the resort, Brian being courteous enough to give them the free room and pay for his own. Annabelle stared at her for a moment before walking past and throwing her bag on the bed. She pulled her ruined pants down to change into another pair, her body returned mostly to its normal size after another hour of driving with little to no heater.

“What was what?” she asked, playing dumb.

Isabelle looked incredulous. “You know exactly what! Your jeans practically *exploded* off your thigh! It looked like you were playing with your tits in the backseat of my crush’s car! A-And you looked kind of different. You looked...*bigger*.”

A sly smile cracked on Anna’s lips. “Bigger?”

Isabelle blushed as if embarrassed to elaborate on what she was thinking. “You looked...taller. A-And your chest and butt looked bigger too.”

“Ahhh...*that*.”

“Yes! That!” Isabelle looked at her sister worriedly, inspecting her body while she continued to change, “Are you all right? A-Are you sick? Bloated or something?”

Laughing, Annabelle shook her head. “No, no, nothing like that! Though I was *very* surprised. I didn’t think heat would do it...”

Isabelle simply stared, lost and confused. “*What on Earth are you talking about??*”

Smiling sheepishly she replied, “Remember how you were telling me about how Brian has a thing for well-endowed girls?”

“Shhhh!! Keep your voice down!!” Isabelle hushed, worried Brian might somehow hear their conversation all of the sudden.

“Relax! There’s no way he can hear us. Remember how you were telli--”

“Yes yes I remember!” she cried, crossing her arms over her bust as if self conscious. “What about it? Trying to seduce him yourself now? Is that it?”

“Not at all! But...I *maaaaaay* have done something to help you out a little.”

Isabelle looked directly at her sister. Never in their history together had she helped in a way that didn’t have major consequences, and thus she had learned to be wary of Annabelle’s assistance. The fact that she had already done something without her knowledge terrified her because it meant that had she asked permission Isabelle would have said no.

“Annabelle, what did you do?” she asked firmly.

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“Just gave you a little dose of something to help your body perform better every now and again!”

“You *what?! When??* Help me how?!”

“In the coffee this morning! And I don’t know! Stan said it’s different for every person!”

“*Stan??* That creep from the sex store?! O-Oh God...” Isabelle yelled, holding her hands to her stomach. She didn’t like knowing that whatever her sister gave her was already inside her body.

“It’s ok! I had some too!”

Isabelle’s face went white. “Then what happened in the car was--”

“Yup! And oooohhhhhh it was *soooo* good!”

“T-That’s going to happen to me?!” Isabelle cried out, holding her body tighter.

“It’s supposed to! It helps your body take in external substances or energies and convert them to temporary growth! Namely your curves and height.”

“S-So you got a little hot in the car and your tits and ass ballooned up?! How is that a good thing, Anna??”

“It felt *amazing!* And trust me, I was any guy’s dream at that size. The funny thing is, I still felt like I could have kept going. *A lot.*”

Isabelle ignored her words, worry filling her chest and mind. “W-Why would you do that to me without asking?! What’s going to happen to me? T-To my breasts??”

“To help you with Brian! I’ll admit I kind of thought it would have happened already, but it seems like you’ve stayed the same size all day, except for those flood pants earlier...” Annabelle pouted.

“B-B-But I--”

KNOCK

KNOCK

Isabelle stopped when she heard a knock at their door.

“Hey, it’s Brian!” a voice called, “I just took a look at the springs and no one is there right now! We should get over there while we can get it all to ourselves!”

“We’ll be right out!” Annabelle called, “Just let us get into our swimsuits!”

“A-Anna I don’t thi--”

Annabelle held her sister, “Don’t worry, I wouldn’t do anything to you that would harm you. If this works, Brian is going to be *allllll* over you this weekend. We just need to find your trigger.”

19

She didn't want to admit it, but Isabelle did like the idea of Brian falling for her. The possibility for a few womanly curves didn't sound that bad either. "O-O-Ok..." she agreed, a combination of scared, nervous, and excited.

"Good! Now get that tiny bikini on!" Annabelle advised.

Reluctantly she did as she was told, inspecting the two-piece in the bathroom mirror to make sure she was still well covered. Joining her sister back in the main room she couldn't believe her eyes.

Annabelle was wearing a blue single-piece swimsuit that was anything but modest. Its spandex was stretched tight and firm over her body, accentuating each of her ample curves. Her mammaries looked like they had been packed into the front and then grew a few more sizes for good measure, a hefty bulge of cleavage bubbling out of the neckline and around the shoulder straps.

Standing in front of Annabelle with her simple B cups strapped into the children's bikini Isabelle felt insignificant. She could walk through the lobby naked with her sister next to her and all eyes would still be drawn to Annabelle.



20

“Wow, *really?*” Isabelle asked, not believing she sister had chosen to wear a swimsuit that was blatantly too small for her bust and thighs, “*That’s* what you’re wearing while you’re trying to help *me* attract Brian?”

Annabelle giggled, “Sorry, it honestly used to fit better! I guess It’s just a little warm in here...” She grinned, enjoying her own swollen body.

“Ugh... Just... Come on.” Isabelle demanded, grabbing a towel to meet Brian.

“It’ll be fine! What are the chances we run into your trigger at this point? Just enjoy the hot springs and the shirtless man.”

Isabelle didn’t reply, and Annabelle felt excitement bubble inside of her when she realized Isabelle had been too concerned about her own possible growth to realize that there would be plenty of heat at the hot spring for herself to soak up.

“You guys are going to love these springs,” Brian told the girls, “My family has been coming here since I was a kid.”

“You don’t say...” Isabelle replied, her mind only half with her. The moment she had seen Brian in his swim trunks with a towel draped over his shoulders, half of her worries disappeared. The other half nearly transformed into hopes that maybe Annabelle’s meddling would pay off. “S-So these aren’t nude hot springs, are they?” she asked awkwardly, not sure if she had meant it as a joke.

Brian laughed, Annabelle giggling at how flustered her sister was. “No, I bet a lot of people wish they were though!” Isabelle was sure that she had caught him looking at the large amount of skin she had showing when he said that, specifically at the tiny bikini hardly covering her chest.

Leading them out a door in the back of the building, an outdoor pathway opened itself up to the group. Both girls gasped at the walkway in front of them, a winding wooden staircase that led to different platforms and springs on the side of a mountain. Columns of steam could be seen rising into the cold winter air from the small semi-private ponds.

The group shivered and Brian urged the forward, “Let’s go before we freeze out here! These things are like natural hot tubs; you’ll feel much better once you get in the water.”

“Mmmmm I bet I will...” Annabelle confirmed, anxious to feel the rush of growth once again.

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Isabelle was in too much of a daze to reply with anything meaningful. Part of her was scared about what her sister had done to her, the other was deeply aroused by seeing so much of Brian. Her mind was racing with what-ifs and possibilities as they followed him up the stairs to a medium-sized spring about halfway up. It overlooked a larger pool about five feet below that served for play and roughhousing for the guests' children that may not want to relax in a smaller spring.

"Oh yea, here we go!" Brian exclaimed, "This was always my favorite as a kid. If you could time it right when no lifeguard was looking, you could jump from this spring to the big pool down there!"

His words fell on deaf ears, Isabelle not blinking a single time when he removed his towel. His muscles impressed her, Brian being not overly bulky but just lean enough to tell her that he had a dedicated workout schedule and that he could easily sweep her off her feet if needed.

Stepping into the pool Brian shivered one final time, "Oh that's warm! Get in here!"

"Don't mind if I do!" Annabelle accepted, tossing her towel aside as well. Isabelle had been sure that Brian had eyed her ample bosom as she bounced down the steps, a small pang of envy flaring inside of her.

"Scoot over," Isabelle told her sister who happily complied, a pleased smile spreading across her face.

The springs were situated in the rock of the mountain itself, small divets that held enough water for a few people to comfortably sit in. Brian's favorite looked like it could have fit five or six, but with just the three of them there was plenty of open space. The sisters sat close to each other, Isabelle directly across from Brian. The hot spring was wide enough that they could spread their legs out comfortably and not hit the person across from them.

"Oooohhhhhh... That is nice..." Isabelle sighed, feeling the chill rush out of her body. She was enveloped in a soothing warmth, looking to her sister and feeling slightly more comfortable seeing that the water level reached up to her collarbones; just enough to block Brian's view of her chest.

Letting the water wash over her, Isabelle was suddenly reminded about the shower she had enjoyed earlier that morning. The water felt immaculate on her skin, every inch of her body tingling.

"Mmmmm..." she moaned without much control, shivering in anticipation.

"You said it..." Brian agreed, lying his head back.

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“This feels...so...*goood*...” Isabelle groaned. Being almost submerged in the bubbling water was like nothing she had ever experienced. Her body felt alive and electric. More importantly, her breasts felt incredible, each of her nipples standing hard and firm into the small bikini. *Heh, good thing they're under water...*, she thought, *wouldn't want Brian to see me getting aroused like this...*

“God this water is so *WARM!*” Annabelle exclaimed loud enough to echo. Brian smiled at her enthusiasm, noticing that her face looked flushed red. Additionally he noticed that the top of her cleavage was rising out of the water when he was positive it had been covered when she first climbed in.

“Ever been to a hot spring?” Brian asked.

“Mmmmm, I have but *never* like this. I think I have a whole new appreciation for them...” Anna cooed. She shifted in the water, her chest wobbling weightlessly. She could feel her breasts swelling outwards, pushing into the tightening spandex more every passing minute. The heat flowing into her was more intense than the car heater had been, enough so that she hadn't truly been prepared for it.

“O-Ohh... Oh...” she moaned, one of her hands slowly slipping across her plumping thighs. She wondered if Brian would notice if she were to finger herself under the water, but quickly realized that she wouldn't really mind.

Brian looked at Isabelle, her red hair clinging wetly to her neck and shoulders. She looked to be swooning, her eyelids fluttering and her cheeks blushing red. “You ok, Isabelle?” he asked.

“I-I'm fine...” she told him, “I just feel...feel so...strange...I-I *ooooohhhh*...”

Both of her feet suddenly shifted on the bottom of the pool, her legs stretching longer. Bending them slightly to account for their increasing length, she began to take notice of a multitude of changes occurring throughout her body. Her bikini top, as tight as it had already been, was beginning to pull and shift across her bust. She could feel an ample amount of underboob starting to slide out from the cups, her nipples prodding the fabric firmly.

“A-Ah!” she gasped suddenly, realizing that she was feeling her own breasts swelling in size. “A-Anna, i-i-it's...it's happening...I-I think!”

“What is it??” Brian asked, concerned.

“Nothing, j-just...a *crazy* itch!” she lied. Her boobs felt like they were absorbing water like sponges. Cleavage quickly formed and closed together between her burgeoning mounds, forcing either of the breasts apart as she quickly ballooned past a D cup.

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“I-I...*Oh Gooooood!*” Isabelle moaned, her hips pumping larger and widening. The bikini bottoms drew tight across her crotch, her pussy pressing into it firmly enough that it created a puffy indent. Each of her thighs thickened and swelled into thick trunks, quickly closing her life-long thigh gap.

Isabelle was starting to lose her mind. Any worries of what might go wrong flew out the window as arousal and growing pleasure invaded her mind. A tightening in her stomach signaled her abdomen beginning to stretch and elongate, her back tickling as it rubbed against the smooth rock with her increasing height.

Meanwhile, Brian was positive that something strange was happening between the two girls in front of him. Somehow they seemed to be taller, their busts now rising out of the water where before they had been submerged. Each of their swimsuits looked tight to the point of being uncomfortable and erotic, their tits’ bulging masses fighting to escape the swimwear. Positive that Isabelle hadn’t been more than a small handful only minutes ago, Brian had to look as long as he could to make sure he wasn’t seeing things; her mammaries looked almost as large as Annabelle’s, two supple mounds of flesh mashed together like two massive melons. Isabelle’s chest was quickly approaching the largest pair of breasts he could remember seeing, and if he wasn’t mistaken, the water level looked to be lowering as well.

Am I freaking dreaming?, Brian wondered, staring at the transforming women in front of him. He didn’t dare say anything, though, even as the girls started to release increasingly loud moans. He just hoped they couldn’t see the erection tightening the lining of his shorts. If he didn’t know better, he would have guessed that the two girls were deeply aroused and filling with pleasure, their bodies somehow exposing themselves to him.

Annabelle was breathing heavily, her breaths coming out in gasps and pants. She had grown by almost a foot, the rest of her body following the same path. Each breast resembled a volleyball, nipples like her thumbs jutting into the straining swimsuit. As she grew taller and taller her suit stretched to keep up, the shoulder straps pulling tighter and thinner. It rubbed and pressed into her crotch, massaging her pussy more with each inch added to her stature.

“U-Uh ohhhh...” she moaned, feeling her areolas peeking out into the open air from the sheer size of her breasts, “Looks like I might be getting a bit too big for this!”

Brian gulped, one of his hands gently stroking his shaft under the water. He could swear he had dreamt about this before.

“A-A-*Ahhhh, oooohhhhh!*” Isabelle started to cry out. Her hands flew to the side of the pool, gripping its stone for support as her head rolled back. As much as her sister had grown, Isabelle had grown almost twice as much. Her height was towering at almost seven feet, the girl

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continuing to adjust her sitting angle to stay in the water as much as possible and absorb the fluid.

Despite her efforts, her breasts were too large to hide beneath the surface. They were pressed flat and together against her by the tortured bikini, bobbing on the surface of the water as Isabelle slowly looked down at her water-engorged beach balls with a gaping mouth, the bikini triangles not large enough to even cover her nipples.



“B-Brian, I know...know you said that this w-wasn’t a nude hot spring...nnngh...b-but I-I think...think *ooooohhhh* i-it’s about...about to...to b-become one!” she cried out.

SNAP!

Isabelle’s bikini top broke at the seams, shooting off her bulging tits and landing in the water between her and Brian. Two breasts larger than her head bobbed and wobbled in the spring, Brian’s eyes glued to the supple pink nipples topping their peaks like pieces of candy.

“O-Oh my gosh!” Isabelle gasped, looking at her body, “M-My tits! I-I have *tits!*” Brian nearly came on the spot when her hands eagerly started to explore her new curves, her fingers sinking deeply into her engorged udders. “A-Ahhhooooohhhh *my GOD they feel amazing!!*” she cried, pulling at her nipples like udders.

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“Look at you!” Annabelle observed, “Y-You’re...*n-nngh*...like a regular busty giantess!” Anna was losing herself to the heat, the warmth swallowing her mind. Her single-piece swimsuit felt like a belt pulling against her pussy, her breasts threatening to break out of the tops and sides.

RIP!

A small tear formed on the front of her suit, tit flesh bulging out of the quarter-sized hole and revealing a window of cleavage. “U-Uh oh... L-Looks like t-this might be it for...mine too!”

Annabelle sucked in a large, deep breath to inflate her lungs to full capacity. Her chest stretched against the spandex, her tits looking like they might explode through the suit from the way they were bulging over the top and sides.

RIIIIIP!

The initial rip proved to be the suit’s undoing, the tear opening up down her front to split it in two. It shot off her shoulders and down each arm in two halves until it floated lifelessly around her, clinging only to her ever-plumping ass and thighs.

Brian noticed that there only appeared to be a quarter of the water left in their pool, much of Isabelle’s and Anna’s bodies now naked and visible for his viewing above the surface. They looked absolutely massive, each of their legs bent at the knees to keep their bodies in the pool.

“I-I’m still growing...I’m still...*growing*!” Isabelle gasped, “Oooooohhhh I can feel my body soaking up all this water!!”

She whimpered softly when her leg brushed against Brian’s, slipping against his hips. Something long and hard rubbed against her foot, sending shivers down her spine when she realized that she had just touched his cock and he was enjoying watching her body grow and swell like a blowup doll.

Straightening her sitting position, Isabelle sat up to her still growing height of eight feet. The water was nearly gone, all three of their bodies open to the air save for a few inches left at the bottom of the pool.

“O-Oh God, oh God oooh *GOD!*” Isabelle yelled, her hands gripping both of her beach ball tits. Her body clenched as the bikini bottoms she wore started to pop stitches and seams. Hips and thighs bloated and swelled, her skin stretching and filling with the remaining water. The bottoms had been pulled so taut and thin that they looked like a thong was digging into the girl’s skin, completely lost between her butt cheeks until it returned around her front to floss its way against her throbbing loins.

RIIIIIPPP!!!

The bottoms rocketed off her like a slingshot, joining her bikini top in the center of the pool and leaving her naked before Brian’s unwavering eyes.

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In front of him sat the two largest women he had ever seen. Isabelle looked to be almost ten feet tall with breasts the size of exercise balls. Each of her thighs was thicker than Brian's own torso, her ass like two overstuffed pillows. Annabelle looked similar, but at a shorter eight feet and with wider hips. Isabelle had managed to overtake her sister's bra size, two tits like beach balls wobbling against Anna's arms. Both girls sat naked, fully exposing themselves and panting before Brian, their legs folded and tangled while their hands ran over their nude forms to pull and twist their nipples.



Not a word was said, Brian speechless and the girls too aroused to say much of anything. Even sitting, Isabelle towered over Brian, the bottoms of her breasts eye level with him as she leaned back in the empty pool.

Annabelle looked at her sister, urging her to make a move on the clearly won-over man. Looking down at Brian's stupefied face, slowly Isabelle panted, "D-Do...Do you...want me?"

Slowly he nodded yes while trying to remember the English language. Not needing any more confirmation and not willing to wait another moment, Isabelle leaned forward and got on her hands and knees. Her breasts hung off her like ripened fruits, her bloated nipples almost rubbing against the bottom of the pool. plucking at Brian's swim trunks with fingers as large as his own member. They slid off his legs to reveal a cock that made both Isabelle and her sister's mouths water.



“Lie down,” Isabelle commanded him, motioning to the center of the pool.

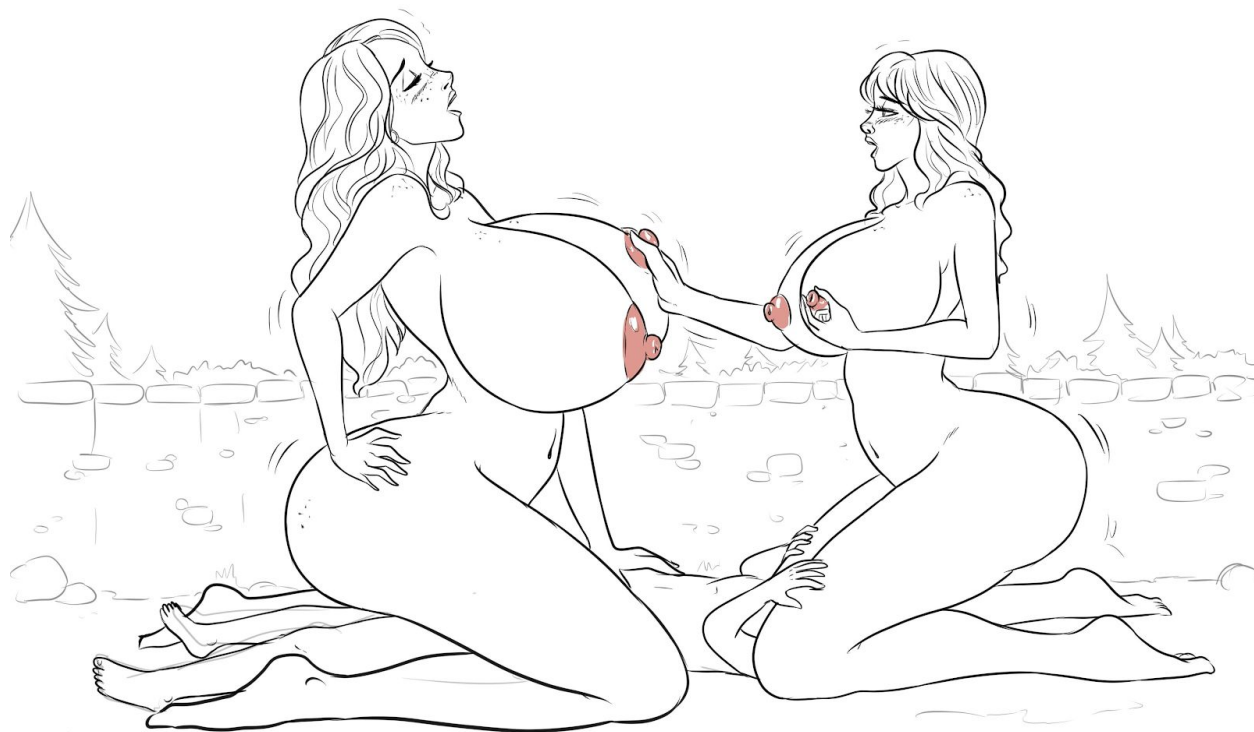
Brian did as he was told, crawling under the giant girl on her hands and knees to get there. Her breasts hung heavily on either side of him when he moved through her cleavage before lying on his back under her towering crotch.

Carefully she lowered herself onto him with her legs bent on either side of his hips, his member sliding easily into her aching pussy. “Ahhhh!?” she cried out in intense pleasure, feeling his cock fill her. The growth had left her extremely sensitive, her body throbbing and begging for hands, teeth, tongues, and lips.

Thrusting up and down, Isabelle started to ride Brian’s dick. With each heavy fall, she braced herself with her arms behind her, her ass large enough to completely cover the top half of his legs sticking out behind her.

“I hope...you can handle more...” Annabelle giggled. He looked up to see her overly-thickened body standing over his face.

Slowly she knelt down, lowering her crotch onto his head while she faced her sister. Together they pleased themselves, Isabelle riding cowboy on his pulsing cock while Annabelle sat on his willing mouth and spirited tongue.



His tongue worked and spun against Annabelle's massively engorged clit, feeling like a large wet grape against his lips.

"OH!! OOOOHHHH!!" Anna screamed, her tree-like thighs clamping around his shoulders. Her hands grabbed one of her breasts and one of Isabelle's, massaging and squeezing their truly massive size.

"I-I'm so *sensitive!*" Isabelle moaned, feeling her sister twist her nipple and Brian's cock thrust deep inside of her. "I'm so *huge!!* I...I-I want...moooooore!"

A neighboring spring was fed by a an industrial hose being pumped from underground, the gurgling finding its way to her ears. The distance easily covered by her elongated arm, Isabelle broke the hose away from the stone and used it to drench herself and her sister.

"AaaaaaaAAHHHHHHHHHHH!!!" they both screamed, bathed in water and heat.

Their growth surged forward, Isabelle's tits soaking up the water by the gallon. Their exercise ball girths were quickly surpassed as her bosom bloated outward into mammoth, heaving mounds. They hung down to her belly button and jutted off her front like enormous water balloons, nipples the size of soda cans pointing from their peaks. Her belly stretched longer at an almost dizzying rate, Isabelle looking down to see the bottom of the pool rushing away from her as her height shot up. At the same time, she could feel her crotch beginning to completely engulf Brian's cock, his size no longer able to stretch the walls of her loins.

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At the same time, the hot water and steam washed over Anna and forced her larger still, her thighs plumping around Brian's head. Each of her breasts grew heavy and stretched into firm mounds, her skin drawing tighter and tighter in her fullness.

Suddenly Isabelle noticed that Brian was tapping at her thigh and looked down to see that he had been engulfed by their swelling flesh. Their four legs almost covered his body completely, their thighs overflowing and pushing against one another.

"Mmmm, looks like he's about had it..." she moaned, motioning for her sister to rise.

They stood up, Brian lying on the ground staring up at the towering naked women standing over him with wet, spread legs and plump thighs. Isabelle seemed to stretch into the sky, a massive fifteen feet of woman looking down at him over the curve of her breasts. Anna looked similar but was clearly the smaller of the sisters by a few feet and multiple cup sizes. Both had a hungry look in their eyes, their faces exuding unsatisfied pleasure.



"I think we're too big for him to do much for us..." Annabelle cooed.

"M-Mmmm, then maybe...we should...r-return the favor..." Isabelle panted. Reading each other's minds, the sisters bent down and scooped Brian up in their giant hands, each large enough to close around his thigh.

They held him vertical and placed him between their bodies, before moving together until their four breasts mashed into a fleshy trap with only his head rising above the titty-sea. Brian could feel their swollen, engorged mammaries pressing on every inch of his body from all directions, their soft skin forming around him. His cock pressed against Isabelle's knockers, slick with juices that made him start to slide it against her chest. Either of his hands, although not long enough to escape their fleshy confines, reached out between the girls's breasts and grabbed their four nipples as best he could. Even a single nipple of Isabelle's chest was too thick for him to fully squeeze with a single hand, each of her breasts larger than he was in their heat and water-bloated sizes.



Together the girls started to raise and lower in opposite positions, rubbing their breasts up and down Brian's entire body. His cock began to throb and pulse, thickening to its fullest and hardest as he neared his limit.

"I-I can feel...feel you getting harder!" Isabelle groaned, feeling his member sliding and pushing into her breast. "C-Come on my tits! Spray my massive *giant udders with your cum!!*" Isabelle begged as the girls squeezed the sides of their breasts together to apply maximum pressure to every part of Brian's body.

"AAahhhh!!!" Brian cried out, his body tensing in release.

"YEEESS!!" Isabelle screamed, feeling his veins throb and thicken.

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The trio stood there, basking in the pleasure of release and growth. After only a few moments, exhaustion began to set in and the pressurized hold on Brian was released, the girls stepping back while Isabelle continued holding Brian's naked body against her oversized chest. His feet dangled a dozen feet above the ground, her chest pressed into his face while a nipple quivered and tempted him only a few feet away.

"O-Oh...*God*..." Isabelle breathed, only now coming to realize just how large she had grown. "L-Look at me! My boobs...I-look like they're as tall as I used to be!" She giggled, looking down at Brian held against her breasts, "Sorry if we took you by surprise... I'm new to this too..."

"H-Hey, you could have fooled me!" Brian managed to say, still trying to catch his breath after the most memorable orgasm of his life to date. "I've never seen a pair of tits like yours!" His words made Isabelle giggle and blush.

Annabelle laughed, holding her own chest as if it were a prized possession. "I really...really can't believe it worked...*so well*! I-I didn't want it...to ever stop!"

"I felt like I could have just grown...and grown...and *grown*," Isabelle admitted. "I kind of...wish I *had*."

A sly smile crept over Annabelle's face. "That can be arranged."

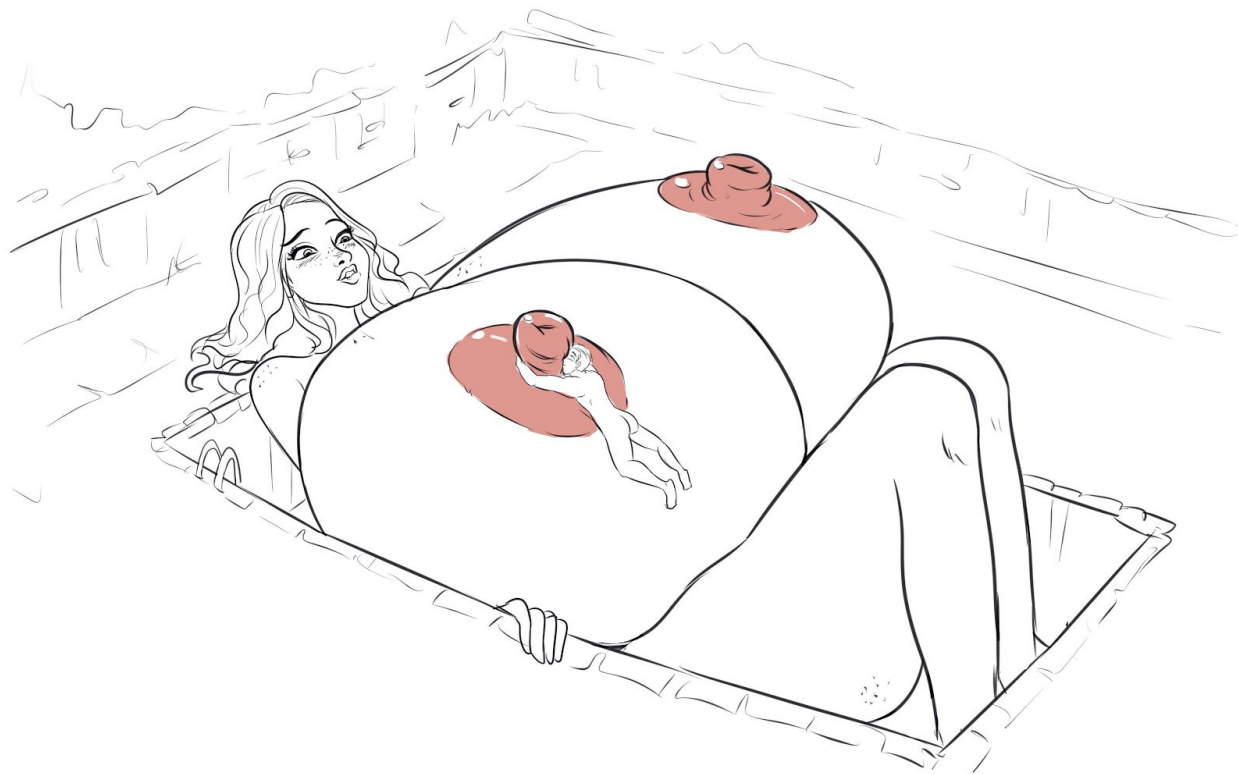
She stepped forward, giving Isabelle a gentle push off the side of the spring. "A-Anna NO!" she cried out too late. She clutched Brian firmly into her cleavage as they fell backward into the large pool below, an incredible spray of water dousing the resort building. Annabelle watched from above as large waves shook the water's surface, Isabelle's body a shadow beneath the water.

GGGGRRRRRUMMMBLE

A large rumbling filled the air and a vibration traveled its way up Annabelle's legs, shaking her titanic thighs and ass. Her eyes widened while she watched her sister's body start to swell and grow under the water.

Her height quickly overcame the length of the pool, each of her arms and legs being forced into a bent position. Her knees burst from the surface, followed by her head as she remained on her back, her arms pinned under her chest as her sides pressed into the pool. Her stomach and chest rose from the water last, two breasts as large as a bedroom wobbling in front of her unbelieving face as her neck was craned forward. Brian rested on top of her right breast, arms unable to wrap around Isabelle's monumental nipples while he tried to steady himself against the constant jiggling. The entire pool had become filled with Isabelle's giant body, her

head at one end looking down at herself while her legs were bent at the knees at the other, pinning her inside its confines.



“A-ANNA!!!” she screamed angrily, causing her mammoth-sized tits to shake and wobble like masses of jello. “I-I’M STUCK!!!! WHAT THE HELL AM I SUPPOSED TO DO?!”

Her sister could hardly contain her laughter from above, having to hold her breasts steady to keep from losing her balance. She looked at Brian’s renewed erection, his cock eager for more action as Isabelle’s five-gallon-bucket-sized nipple throbbed in his arms. “So what do you say, Brian? My sister’s curves enough for you or what?”