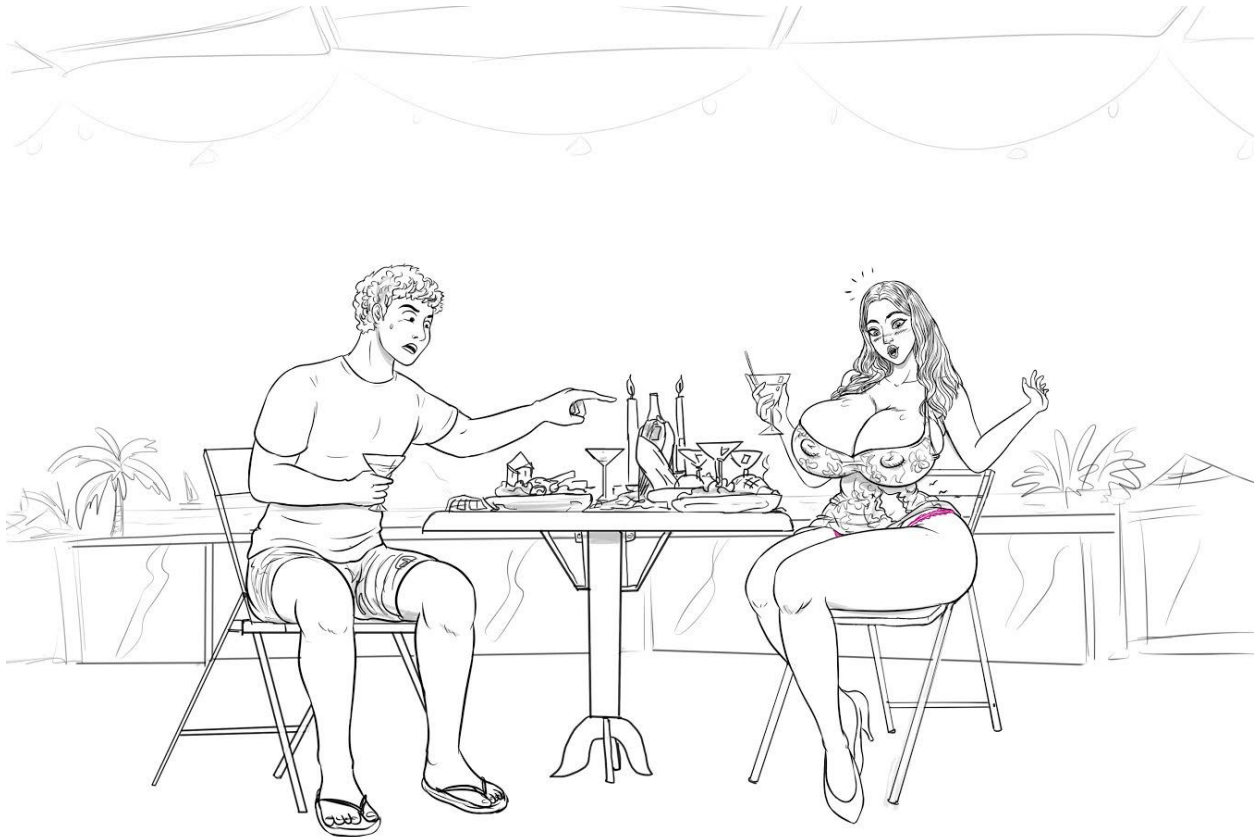


Gotta be Love Part 3



Drawn by <https://www.patreon.com/justaddwater/>

I got married! Can you believe it? Twenty-four years old and I'm a married woman. Even better, there's not a doubt in my mind I'm with my soulmate. It's not just because he makes me laugh, sweeps me off my feet at a moment's notice, or cooks one hell of a shrimp and pasta dinner. I mean, those are some *very* big reasons, don't get me wrong, but in addition to those I've basically been guaranteed that Parker is meant to be the one for me, and vice versa.

It seems like it's been forever since I first learned about my *condition*, as some might call it. I'll admit even I was convinced it was more of a curse than a blessing. But you know what? It really grew on me. Slight pun intended. In all seriousness though, I finally understood why my mom told me to see the advantages to it. Yes, my perky little C cups can blow up to unbelievable sizes if Parker happens to become a bit too frisky, but it's become much more to me. At some point, I started seeing all those signs of growth as a *reminder* of what he meant to me and what I meant to him. It might sound funny, but I feel like my tits are a physical symbol of our destiny to be together.

Of course, there were some slight mishaps through the course of my college life after I met Parker. I can't count the number of buttons I lost during any given class or the amount of times I was actually stranded in a bathroom somewhere while I whispered dirty talk through the phone to get him where he needed to go. And I don't think I need to remind you about what happened on the beach during spring break... To be fair, that was less than a week after a guy found out what getting a hard-on could do to me. I should count myself lucky that I hadn't ended up like a beached whale on the freeway every other day.

Parker would never let such a thing happen to me, though. Partly because he loves me and understands what it puts me through, partly because I chewed him out like a dog toy after the beach incident. I had never been so furious! Though as big, embarrassed, and exposed as he had made me, I just couldn't bring myself to break up with him. It didn't feel right; I was in love.

Thus our relationship thrived. We were connected at the hip for the rest of our college lives and I had never felt so in tune with someone. The months, and admittedly the bras, flew by and before we knew it we had graduated. We were like newborn adults being thrown into the world with bachelor degrees still hot from the printer. So what was the next logical step?

Yup, Parker proposed. Right outside of the building where we had just graduated and in the middle of all the other students, not even ten minutes after getting our diplomas! He had a few of his friends stand close by and shower us with confetti roman candles when I said yes and together we kissed in a flurry of rainbow paper. It was one of the happiest moments of my life. I still distinctly remember feeling my chest swell out to G cups as soon as I said yes. Luckily my graduation gown hid them well. Of course, later that night when we celebrated our engagement, I wore that gown for a little strip tease and it ended up as no more than a skimpy boob-curtain than a full-body garment.

Not long after, Parker and I managed to both find jobs in the same city and rent a cheap apartment that managed to fit the two of us and a cat. Well, fit us *most* of the time.

A year of planning later and we could finally call each other husband and wife. We had had a bit of a longer engagement for two reasons. One, I wanted to make sure everything would be perfect, down to every last flower petal. The second reason had to do with Parker.

He needed to get his urges under control. I know some of you might be thinking 'That's wrong! It's his body!', or 'Urges are natural; if you make him repress them you're overbearing and controlling!', but hear me out. *His* body has a direct effect on *my* body. With something as important as our wedding day, the last thing I wanted was to have my dress rip down the middle at the altar because Parker couldn't keep what was in his pants under control. Oh God, can you imagine?? The priest might have tried to exorcize me from some sort of ancient balloon or fertility demon!

Luckily nothing of the sort happened. Parker understood very well how important it was and did everything he could do curb his libido. We even went as far as having him resist making me grow while I teased him! I got pretty good at stripping and giving lap dances if I'm being honest. A good skill for a wife to have, I suppose. Parker managed to learn how to distract

himself after so many sessions and I no longer worried about my shirt blowing open at work or at the store randomly. A few cups of swelling here and there was all I had to deal with.

Honestly, my tits hadn't swelled past the size of my head since six months before the wedding. Parker had indeed managed to train himself and I was proud of him for showing so much control, but sometimes I wondered if we had done *too* good of a job. Sometimes I felt like my boobs weren't being fully appreciated for the incredible potential mountains of jiggly flesh they could be. Even now after our wedding, I have yet to experience much growth over a G cup. It was like Parker owned a Ferrari but only used it to drive a mile to the grocery store. Under the speed limit.

Which brings us to the present. Parker and I were happily going into our second week of marriage and every morning felt like I was waking up at a sleepover with my best friend. The only difference is that sometimes our sleepovers involved intense sex. While the intensity of my swelling had diminished our sex lives hadn't, which seemed a little backward to me. I hadn't found a good time to bring it up yet. With planning the wedding over the last year it felt like everything was too busy for me to bring up something so odd as 'hey, why haven't my boobs lifted me off the ground in months?'.

I was sitting next to Parker on the couch while we watched one of our favorite shows. *Mad Men*, if you were curious. Looking at him briefly, part of me knew the answer to my question about my lack of size; I think I had berated him too much after what he did to me at the beach and drilled the importance of keeping my size down for the wedding too far. Had he had lost interest in making me a giant-titted goddess like during college? Was such a thing even possible given?

A small stack of luggage was beside our front door, ready to leave for the airport bright and early at five in the morning. In less than twenty-four hours we would be kissing on a beach in Kauai and celebrating our love. But I couldn't get the nagging sensation out of my mind that I had somehow *broken* Parker. How could we still have such fantastic sex while my chest refused to grow substantially? I thought the two were inseparable.

Christina Hendricks appeared on screen with her naturally ample bust taking focus in the camera. I could see Parker's eyes were glued to her front and I could tell he liked what he saw. Ever so gently under my pajama top, my breasts pushed out to a supple pair of melons just large enough to lift the fabric away from my tummy.

Have I told you how it feels to have your chest grow and expand? I have? Let me tell you again... It's *exquisite*. Like a full-body stretch concentrated into each of my breasts. There's a slight tingling sensation kind of like really thick water rushing around inside of them and pushing against my skin. It never fails to send shivers down my back when it starts. There's pressure too, but I've never felt it as an intense pressure. It's more of a gentle reminder that my body is doing something totally out of my control, like butterflies in my chest.

All that, and it makes me incredibly horny. I looked down at my top that was standing out from my body a little more now and bit my lip.

Heh, ol' Christina can eat her heart out... I got up from the couch as an idea formed in my mind and kissed Parker on the cheek.

"No need to pause it..." I whispered before disappearing into our bedroom. I closed the door mostly so he couldn't see me stripping down to my panties. Taking a moment to admire my current assets in the mirror I smiled and gave them a few squeezes. Parker's current attention for Ms. Hendricks had left me at a solid G cup and they filled my hands beautifully.

Come on, Parker... I know you have more in you than this!

Maybe he just needed more of a push. I let my precious expandable twins fall back into position and tiptoed over to the closet, bending over as I dug into a pile of clothes. I could feel them hanging off my naked front and wobbling into each other while I tossed clothes around before finally standing up with two items in hand: an XXL white t-shirt and a blue bra that just happened to be a B cup.

Whoopie, that'll NEVER fit me! I giggled, picturing the image. *Perfect.*

I expelled all the air from my lungs and wrapped the bra around my bust, grunting softly when I had to really pull it against my mounds. When I finally got it to clasp I couldn't help but giggle. The sight of my chest bulging out of such a tiny bra at every corner never failed to make me giddy.

These things were not meant to be contained!

Next, I slid the t-shirt over my head and let it drape to down to my thighs before it ended a few inches below my butt. I pulled at my panty lines a little when I noticed they were sitting a bit odd on my body. The shirt didn't hide as much of my rear as I remembered, but that was hardly a bad thing considering its purpose.

I opened the door and strode into our living room exuding confidence. Before Parker could say a word I climbed onto his lap and straddled him eagerly, planting a long kiss on his lips.

He looked at me wide-eyed in surprise, "Getting a bit hot in here for you?" he asked with a smile.

I giggled and shrugged before stretching my arms far above my head and groaning, making sure to lift my shirt up enough to give him a view of the skimpy pink underwear I had on. "Just wanted to get a bit more comfortable is all..."

I lowered my arms and put on a face that was my version of half pleading and half playful. I wasn't sure how it really looked, but I think it got my point across. "But you know... I do have a bit of an issue..." I stuck my lower lip out a little and looked embarrassed.

"Yea?" he asked, raising an eyebrow.

I nodded. "Mhm... I swear it's like my boobs are getting bigger lately... They don't fit *any* of my bras anymore..." I whispered.

Parker grinned wide as he figured out what game I was playing. "Is that so? I could take a look if you would like."

I nodded innocently. “Yes please...” I crossed my arms to grasp the hem of my shirt and pulled it over my head in a fluid motion (yes, I practiced that move) and threw it on the ground. Looking down at my chest, I bounced my mammaries a few times in my hands and poked the tight bulges of flesh coming over the cups.

“See??” I moaned, “This bra is so small now I’m overflowing the cups! I can barely breathe!”

Parker ran his fingers over the tightly bulging skin of my cleavage. “You do look pretty swollen...”

“D-Do you think it’ll stop soon?” I asked in a very well-delivered worried voice, grabbing both tits in my small hands, “I-I feel like my nipples are going to start showing soon... A-And this bra feels like it could *burst* off any second! In fact, it feels sooo tight that if I were to even...*nnngh*...arch my back it could shoot off!” I groaned as I leaned back, thrusting them into his face. When my bra creaked I felt his cock throb against my crotch and a slight bubble of growth descend upon my breasts.

"O-Oh!" I moaned sincerely, "Did you see that?! They just grew again!

*Oooohhh, Parker, they're so bloated and swollen!! Do it, Parker, do it! I'm laying it on as thick as I can here... Make me a **BIG** girl.*

His hands caressed my bare thighs and wrapped around my hips to give my butt a squeeze. The way his fingers seemed to sink into it thrilled me, although I couldn’t fully explain why. And as thin as my thighs were, I sure felt like they were spreading my legs a bit further apart than the other times I had straddled Parker like this.

I started grinding against his dick and loving the sensation of his curve pressing into me. “You don’t think I’ll get *too* big, do you?” I asked breathily. Another half cup pumped into me and the bra creaked a little but held firm.

Just blow me up!

“My body is so small compared to these things... They look *enooooormoussss*...”

I shook my chest back and forth, making every effort to play up their size. His cock throbbed, but my tits remained around a generous H cup.

Uuuugh, where are the beach ball knockers at?! Sometimes a girl wants to be an armful of tit!

My motions stopped for a moment when I had to cough. Parker’s attention wavered and my chest shrank considerably when his caring side kicked in. “Are you ok?” he asked, “You’re not getting sick are you?”

I coughed again but forced down the sensation to continue. “Right before our honeymoon?? I better not!” I laughed, “I’m fine, just a tickle in my throat is all...”

He smiled and the stiffness in his member returned slightly but my breasts stayed mostly the same. Their swelling had been lost. All the same, he quickly wrapped his arms around my waist and picked me up in his athletic arms.

“Ahh!” I squealed, feeling helpless and excited at the thought of him manhandling me.

"Come on, I'll inspect you! We can't afford any more new bras!" he laughed, spanking me lightly. I felt my backside jiggle more than usual.

That's new... Maybe I should lay off the gummi bears...

He carried me to our room and tossed me on the bed before ripping my wet panties down my legs. I watched him dress down in a hurry to join me under the covers with an erection that made my mouth water.

As always we had a fantastic time, and I even got an extra orgasm as a special treat! But after the deed was done and we lay there panting in each other's arms, my naked chest never grew much bigger. It poked at my mind and I knew it was something we had to discuss, but now wasn't the time. Not right before our honeymoon. We had our entire marriage to discuss why he couldn't get my bra size up. But more truthfully I was a little scared of what he would say.

Does Parker not like making me big anymore?

The next day we found ourselves in a tropical paradise on the islands of Hawaii. Neither of us had been able to sleep well on the eight-hour plane ride and we were dragging our feet from getting up at four in the morning. We left the plane with the other zombie-like passengers and found our way to the baggage claim.

"I've never seen such a small airport!" I said in awe. The air was wet with heat and from the dark wood paneling along the walls, it looked like the facility hadn't been updated once since the 80s.

"Is that a...chicken?" Parker pointed down the hall to a large brown bird standing in an open doorway.

"There's another one!" I gasped.

Parker started laughing and couldn't seem to get a hold of himself. "Everyone told me there were chickens everywhere, but I didn't think they meant *everywhere*! We're eating good tonight, June!"

I punched him in the arm lightly, "Leave the birds alone." I started to say more but I ended up coughing instead. My nose had been stuffy since I woke up as well. "Uuuuugh..." I groaned, "Why am I sick?!"

Parker put an arm around me and hugged gently. "Don't worry, I probably won't divorce you because of it. Just know you have about an hour to get over it before I get annoyed."

"Oh, really?? Thanks! What a good husband..." I pushed him away a little and sniffled.

I was starting to sweat a little as we walked through the open part of the building and was glad that I had worn a tank-top. The jeans might not have been such a great idea. The first thing to do at the hotel would be to change into a skirt.

As old as it seemed, this airport really went to great lengths to incorporate nature into the building. Sometimes entire sections of walls had been omitted to open up to the trees and bushes

outside. This was all once we were in the non-secure area, of course. Even the baggage claim area stood in an open floor plan with the parking lot a dozen or so meters away.

"See our bags yet?" Parker asked me. The group around us was thinning out but I still hadn't seen either of ours tumble down the conveyor.

"Oh! There's mine!" I quickly pointed to a dark blue case coming down the slide. Parker, always so willing to take care of me, was quick to run up and grab it.

"Good news..." he said, placing it at my feet, "We have your bikinis!"

I pushed my shoulder into him teasingly and giggled, "You *know* I can't wear those anymore; you get too excited!"

My bra tightened a little bit and I straightened up, feeling playful. "Don't you dare look at my cleavage..." I teasingly threatened Parker and made sure to present my chest, but an added snuffle at the end diminished it a little.

He chuckled softly, "Too late..." he whispered, sneakily prodding the side of my slightly swollen chest with his elbow.

I expected myself to grow a significant amount then, but my breasts stayed the same, not even overflowing my bra.

I'm trying, girls. I'm really trying...

Eventually, we were the only ones left at the baggage claim. Everyone else had left with their bags to start their island adventure while Parker stood empty-handed. He licked his lips. "Well, looks like I'll be skinny dipping for this trip!" He looked at me with a big smile.

"You wish. Come on..." I turned around and started walking towards the front desks.

An attractive woman glanced up from her screen to greet us. "Aloha!"

"Aloha!" Parker responded in a voice touristy enough to make me cringe.

"How can I help you?"

"I didn't see my bag at baggage claim," Parker informed.

"Oh I'm sorry to hear that..." she said, "Let me just get some info and I'll check on the situation for you."

I stopped listening while they talked. *She's really pretty*, I noticed again, *she's like the token supermodel desk woman that you see in movies where the guy buys plane tickets just to talk to her...*

Her hair was jet black and ended in thick curls I was envious of. I had never been able to get my dirty blonde locks to curl like that. The bright red lipstick she wore really popped against the backdrop of her hair and complimented her blue eyes rather well. Additionally, I hadn't seen them when we had approached her, but now standing in front of the woman I could see the prized knockers she had been hiding behind the computer screen.

It was obvious she had a push-up bra on, and even more obvious she didn't need one in the slightest. Her blouse was unbuttoned clear down to where the bra cups met together and had a display of cleavage like a geology exhibit.

Ha! Sorry, I had to laugh at my comparison.

In all seriousness, this woman looked like her F cups would pop out of her bra should she breathed too deeply. I sniffled again and looked down at my own chest and the minimal amount of cleavage showing from my tank-top's neckline.

If only you knew what these things could do, Desk Lady... I would put you to shame. Do they pay you to dress like that? Is maximum cleavage a part of company policy?

A familiar tingling sensation coursed through my boobs and my neckline started to pull down. My breath caught in my throat as the top drew outwards from my body as if it had two balloons underneath. Without a sound, my underwire lifted away from my ribs and was carried up with my nipples.

I looked at Parker with a glare and noticed he was staring at the woman's exposed tits. I felt myself get angry then. I made a motion to kick his shin lightly but had to catch myself against the counter when I fell off balance.

"Oh! Are you alright??" the woman asked.

"F-Fine," I assured straightening myself. Parker noticed my engorged chest then, but they didn't go down.

Why did I trip like that? Something felt off, like I hadn't been able to maneuver my leg the right way. I shifted my weight and noticed that the sensation was growing as if everything below my waist was being wrapped in rope.

I looked down and immediately saw what was different. My jeans looked like they were two sizes too small for me. I had never been one for skinny jeans, but the way my lower body looked now you never would have known it. I sniffled in fright while I visually inspected my pants. The denim fabric was pulled taut around my thighs to such an extent that it couldn't slide across my skin. The thigh gap that I had always been so proud of was gone. Completely gone! My thighs were so swollen they were pressing together from my hips down to the taper above my knees.

Then I felt the real problem. My pants were sitting weird on my hips. I could feel the waistband along my back shifting its position while it grew tighter.

My butt?!

I nonchalantly ran a hand down my hips and into my back pocket to try and inspect it but stopped in my tracks when I found I couldn't even fit my hand into the pouch. They were too tight! My skin felt like it was buzzing with energy.

I looked at Parker then, realizing that I had a major situation brewing. And again I caught him staring at the woman's chest.

"Looks like there was no room, so they put it in the cockpit with the pilot. I'll grab it for you!" she said cheerfully before walking through a door.

I could still feel my chest growing ever so slowly and I was beginning to lose the modesty of my top. My butt and thighs were a different story. I felt like my jeans were clamping down on me like a ratchet and every move I made I could feel my ass wobble as a single

compressed mass. But my anger at Parker overshadowed my growth when I saw him sneaking more glances at the woman walk away.

"Stop it!" I scolded him, slapping his arm.

"Ow, what??" he asked. He looked down and saw my bulging top and bra brimming with generous H cups. "Oh, s-sorry..."

"You were staring directly at her tits! And from the looks of things you were *loooving* it." I yelled while motioning at my chest. They were nearing the size of my head, but this wasn't the way I had wanted them to get there.

"She might as well have not worn a shirt at all!" he tried to defend, "It wasn't even buttoned!"

"Oh, so that makes it ok?!" My bra tightened a bit further and I felt my panties starting to dig into my thighs. Talking about all this was exciting for him and that just made me angrier. "Would you like it if showed off too, then??"

His eyes widened when I pulled down my tank-top enough to show an enormous amount of my bust, allowing them to fully rest outside of my stretched neckline. "How's that?!"

He gulped, "June, I'm sorry, all right?"

He apologized to me but his eyes were locked on my chest. My bra looked ready to snap at the clasps at any moment and my shoulder straps were digging into it like erotic suspenders. Something popped loudly behind me and I stopped berating him immediately.

The door opened and the woman stepped out with his baggage while I fumbled to pull my shirt back over my boobs.

Shit shit shit! I didn't want to start out our honeymoon with a citation for public indecency.

"Here you go, sir!" she said, handing the bag over the counter. Something you should know about Parker is that he is very frugal. In other words, he never throws anything away. Including this fifteen-year-old suitcase that had been beaten more than an omelet. From the corner of my eye, I saw a piece of the plastic lining along an edge sticking out and snag onto the woman's flared blouse and bra.

As she handed it over the counter, it pulled open her shirt and completely pulled away her bra to expose her breasts jiggling high and firm in an askew bra that was *much* too skimpy for the likes of her cup size. It was so small it took a minimal amount of energy for her chest to escape it. The force caused both nipples to flash us like headlights.

All three of our faces turned red. *Parker don't do it, don't do it...*, I prayed, fearing for my jeans, *Something's wrong, and any little bit is going to make my--*

RHHHHP!!

I gasped as I felt a vibration shoot down my butt, through my crotch, and part way down my inner left thigh. My hands flying to my backside, making me jut out my tits in the process of trying to cover up the Grand Canyon of rips in my pants.

"*I'm so sorry!*" the woman excused herself in a flurry and retreated to the back room.

"June?" Parker asked nervously.

"Not a word," I said bluntly. I couldn't even look at him while I unzipped my suitcase and pulled out one of my nightshirts to wrap around my waist. As I bent down I could feel my thighs bulging out through the tear and I heard it rip open even more but at this point, I didn't care. I stood up heavily due to my breasts and gathered my things to walk away while I still had modesty to save. I blushed red when I felt the air blowing against my exposed butt, my panties giving me a wedgie like I had never imagined.

The next few hours were spent in mostly silence, which when you think about it is actually really sad. It was the start of our honeymoon and here I was trying not to chew out my husband. The only sounds that passed between us came once we got in our rental car and I had to help direct him to our hotel room with grumbles and my random coughs and sniffles. About ten minutes away from the airport we arrived at a complex called Plantation Hale, backed by a beautiful sunset to mark our first day. Neither of us really felt like noticing it.

We checked in under a heavy atmosphere and by the time we opened our door and it closed behind us I felt like the situation had become impossible to avoid, but at least all of my swelling had gone down.

Parker was the first to speak. "Can we talk?"

I was in the middle of taking my ruined jeans off and changing into pajama pants. "Am I not attractive to you?!" I burst out, "Does my body not turn you on anymore?! Are my tits too *weird* suddenly?!"

He seemed taken aback by my words. "W-What? No! No of course not!"

My voice was already starting to crack. "Then why don't you make me grow anymore??" I sniffled both in sickness and sadness now. This had been building up for months but today had been the bucket of water to broke the dam.

"Don't I?"

"No! You don't, Parker! Since after college, the only time I grow is when you look at some other attractive woman!"

"Ok, that's not true--"

I stopped him, "Last night on Mad Men? And the woman at the airport?? That was the biggest I've gotten in *months*! And it was because you were staring at some other girl!" My words were becoming garbled at this point and I started to hiccup. My emotions were making my nose feel as backed up as a freeway at rush hour. Why did I have to be sick now??

"June, I..." he stopped as if unsure what to say. "I didn't know you liked me making you so big... You were so mad after that time on the beach, and you had me do all that practicing before the wedding..."

"*Of course I like being big!!*" I yelled, "It feels too good to hate it! I was mad at you after spring break for obvious reasons, but that was still one of the best orgasms I've ever had!"

I had a round of coughs and sat down on the end of our bed, my cheeks wet and salty. Words had begun to just fall out of my mouth at this point. "But now I hardly ever blow up

during sex, and I miss it, Parker!! I know it might sound stupid but I miss having boobs like yoga balls! Because I knew they were so swollen because you loved me!! Now I never get big anymore, our sex is like a normal, and today my pants ripped in half because my ass and thighs decided to bloat like balloons!!” I started weeping now. I felt like a child but these were feelings that I had been bottling up for what seemed like forever. Flashing an airport hadn’t helped either.

Parker sat next to me and put an arm around my shoulder. I wanted to shrug him off but I wanted him there as well. I looked up at his blurred face and sniffled for probably the millionth time. “Do you still love me?”

His face softened and he wrapped his other arm around me to pull me close to his chest. “Yes, June, yes! I love you more than ever...” he assured me.

“T-Then why don’t they grow like they used to?”

“I...I don’t know... I guess I thought you didn’t like them getting so big. I thought I was doing you a favor!”

“A favor would be making me big enough so we could sleep on them once in a while!”

“You wanted this! This is exactly what you asked for, remember??” Parker snapped.

“I wanted to keep my wedding dress in one piece and not have to worry about flashing a church full of people or an entire coastline, Parker.” His shirt was starting to get soaked with my tears and runny nose.

“Do you know how hard it is to distract myself from every sexual urge so you can stay in your bra all day? I practiced for months for you because it was what you wanted. ”

“Well, you sure did a fine job at the airport. And this is *not* what I wanted.”

His grip on me loosened. “June, I said didn’t mean for that to happen, ok? It was an accident.”

“Sure, your eyes just needed to stare for a full minute to figure out if those were her tits or not, I get it.” I rolled my eyes and sat up but winced a little.

He saw this and asked, “Are you all right?”

“Ugh, I’m fine. My butt is just a little sore from being crammed in those jeans... That was my only pair.”

“Maybe it’s because you’re sick, it has your hormones messed up or something...” he suggested half-heartedly. It sounded logical to me, but I wasn’t ready to stop being angry yet. Emotions are weird.

“Yea, maybe.”

I stood up from the bed and went to lean against the wall. I felt exhausted and my body was spent. “Can we just put it to rest?” I asked, giving up.

Parker sighed and looked at his feet. “I guess... I’m sorry, June. But I do love you, with all of my heart...”

“I love you too.”

That was the longest conversation we had that day. All my life people had told me the key to a successful marriage was communication, but they never really told me how difficult

good communication can be. It was our first fight as a married couple and we hadn't been able to resolve it. I don't even know why, really. I think our exhaustion from the flight was part of it.

The first night of our honeymoon we both went to bed angry. I woke up the next morning and didn't feel like I had cooled off much. I took it from Parker's demeanor he hadn't either. The wound between us only festered and not talking about it only drove us further apart. The next two--Yes! *TWO!*--days we hardly interacted. We didn't do any of the fun activities we should have been doing in the paradise around us. We simply stayed out of each other's way. I felt like we were being children, and we most definitely were. But we were newlyweds; this was uncharted territory for both of us. I think we were scared.

The third day of our honeymoon was coming to a close with a beautiful Hawaiian sunset and still, there was a wall between us. We hadn't even had sex since our argument, which I felt was one of the main things we *should* have been doing. Parker had, of course, apologized a few times since then, but my chest hadn't swelled an inch. I understood why he was confused and in the end I had probably only worsened it. There was still love between us, I knew that much. But I think now he was scared to look at me or any woman. We needed to talk and one of us needed to be the one to start it. Too bad Parker felt like he was in trouble and I'm terrible at communicating.

I was reading a book on the bed when Parker came in and stood in the doorway. "Hey," he called almost timidly causing me to look up, "Don't forget we have reservations tonight..."

"Oh, right!" I responded in my stuffy voice, my cold still fierce. It was the first of few things we had actually reserved during our trip here: a seat at a local seaside restaurant. "When is it?" It felt so odd talking to him as if nothing was wrong. I didn't like this pretending.

"In an hour." I watched him get dressed in only a few minutes as most guys do. When he left our room he added, "I'm ready when you are..."

Yup, conversation was definitely awkward right now. But now we were being forced to speak to each other or lose about one hundred dollars from our reservation.

I put my book down and got out of bed. Normally I would have spent time preparing what to wear but since I split my only pair of jeans down the middle my choices were limited. Around our hotel room I wore my pajama pants (extra stretchy, just in case!), and when we went out I put on a dress or a skirt. Tonight, for the most awkward dinner of the year, I chose to wear a white floral sundress. It had wide straps that drew over my collarbones and down my back with a length reaching just halfway down my thighs. It was incredibly light and airy, and although it hugged my bust rather firmly I wasn't particularly scared of outgrowing it in our current marital state.

Later Parker and I found ourselves seated at a couple's table on a patio along the beach. Waves were crashing to our side and the sky had taken on a tropical orange glow as Kauai was

bathed in twilight. Strings of lights were being lit and the air was full of other's chatter and the clinking of silverware against plates.

"Nice place..." Parker observed.

"It's beautiful," I couldn't help but agree.

The moments passed by in relative silence.

"Good evening!" a waiter greeted us, "Will we be starting off with any drinks tonight?"

"Yes please!" I jumped at the opportunity, "Two mai tais, please."

"I'll have a hurricane..." Parker added.

The waiter eyed me curiously when he realized I had ordered two drinks for myself but wrote it down nonetheless. "I'll have those right out."

I looked down at my napkin and fiddled with it. "I'm sorry..."

"What?"

I looked up shyly. "I just... I feel like I ruined our honeymoon."

"You didn't ruin anything."

"This is the closest we've been to the beach in three days."

"Ok so maybe it's not exactly the most romantic vacation so far..." he admitted, "I'm just as much to blame though."

"But if I hadn't have sent such confusing signals..."

"I should have asked." He looked around a little before continuing, "I miss it too, you know..."

"Miss what?"

"You know..." he held his hands far out in front of him as if he were hefting two beach balls, "*That...*"

"Y-You do??"

"Of course I do! Why wouldn't I?" he said with an obvious tone.

"I don't know, you never really fought to keep doing it I guess."

"Because I thought it was what you wanted!"

"Well you know I like it now! Why haven't I grown in over 3 days if you like it so much?" I could feel the childishness of my words as soon as I said them.

"I haven't felt like it." His voice sounded shrunken a little.

Good job, June, you're making him take a step backward.

"Here we are...!" our waiter announced before setting three colorful glasses on our table.

I grabbed mine and slurped eagerly from the straw. *Holy rum, Batman!*

"Do you think you're ready to order?" he asked.

I drank about half of the first glass in one go and set it down to Parker's surprised eyes.

"Sure! Can I have the prawns?"

"And for you, sir?"

"I'll have the burger, please," Parker ordered.

The waiter thanked us and left with our orders. Parker turned towards me and watched another swig slurp into my mouth. "You might want to slow down, June; you haven't eaten all day."

"I'm fi--" I had a small coughing fit as the alcohol burned my sore throat, "I'm fine. Let's just eat and get back to the room." I could feel the rum burning my lips. One drink was usually enough to give me a substantial buzz, and Parker knew I was a lightweight. It didn't matter tonight.

We stared at our surroundings with hardly any words spoken. I had finished my first drink within the first five minutes and by the time I was halfway through the second I could feel my head starting to feel lighter.

Now that's a mai tai...

Twenty minutes of awkward staring and sniffing later, the waiter delivered our food and saw that both of our drinks were empty. I think he could sense the negative atmosphere around our table as well. "Would you like any refills?"

"Yes, please," Parker told him and motioned to both his glass and mine.

"Two mai tais again, ma-am?" he asked with a chuckle.

I was too far gone to notice he had been only joking. "Why not!" I burst out, "Drink up me hearties!" I gave the waiter my best Jack Sparrow facial interpretation and only received a look of mental discomfort in return.

"I'll be right back with those..." the waiter said shying away.

"June I think--"

I interrupted him, fully feeling the effects of the booze. "So you liked having my boobs big too, huh??" I asked rather loudly. I wasn't sure he could hear me over the sounds of everything else.

"Y-Yes! I thought that was obvious!" he said with his face going red, "Keep your voice down, people can hear you."

"I don't know how anyone can hear anything! That damn ocean hasn't shut up since we got here..." I laughed and ate a giant shrimp from my plate. I put my hands on the table and leaned forward, now whispering with extreme care. "So *how big* do you like them being?"

"June please stop..." Parker said rubbing his eyes. "You're drunk."

"Now it's all right! You can say it!" I told him, ignoring his pleas. I pressed my chest into the table and made my cleavage bulge over my sundress. "I know they're not much on their own but the thing in your pants can change thaaat, can't it!" I cooed before being overcome with the giggles.

Straightening up I looked down at my chest and saw that my cleavage had remained in its bulging state with the front of my sundress pulled fairly taut. I giggled some more and looked at Parker to say, "Uh oh! Looks like I'm having a little growth spurt!" I could feel my chest tingling all over as warmth filled them.

I smiled warmly in my stupor, the alcohol seemed to wash away my inability to resolve our earlier situation. The awkwardness was gone, replaced my drunken silliness. I slurped more of my mai tai down and gasped when a cough hit me and then grinned stupidly at Parker. "I bet you can make them go bigger."

"June, come on..." Parker said in a hushed tone, "You're not yourself."

"I'm fine! Come on, really make these puppies--"

"Here are your drinks," the waiter announced cutting me off. He set them in front of us and looked at the remaining food on our plates. "Anything else while I'm here?"

I motioned for him to lean forward a little. "Does this dress make my boobs look big?" I whispered to the waiter.

The way his face seemed to pale and grow red at the same time when his eyes looked instinctively at my bust amused me much more than it should have. "M-Ma-am, I--"

"We're fine!" Parker jumped in.

The waiter was quick to make a getaway and I giggled at Parker, feeling my sundress grow even tighter. A healthy overflow of flesh was pushing its way towards my chin as I began to grow into an F cup. The dress' unwillingness to stretch was becoming obvious.

"Hey, Paaarrker..." I swooned.

Parker sighed holding his head in his hands, "What?"

I giggled. "I think you like how I'm overflowing this tiny dress right now..."

I could see his eyes flitting back and forth from my boobs and each time they bubbled just a bit bigger and grew a little warmer. "June, this really isn't a good place to be doing this! Again, you're drunk!"

After another healthy drink from my glass, I stuck out my lip and pouted, "I thought you said you liked me being *biiiiig*."

"I-I do but..." He was shifting uncomfortably in his seat and my dress pulled even tighter around me. I could hear the fabric strain around my neckline from the stress.

"Make me big, Parker," I told him with a wink, "I dare you."

"June--"

I sat up and shook my bosom back and forth making its hefty mass jiggle left and right. They wobbled on my front like two giant soft coconuts and made the dress creak again. "Don't you wanna see them get *reeeaaal biiiiig and bouncy?? POP* out of this dress??"

I shot forward a full three cup sizes right there, each sway bringing a new size and weight. My boobs lunged out from my chest like a small pressure was released behind them and I actually squealed with delight. A few people turned to look at the girl with the boobs nearly the size of her head in a dress meant for C cups. My chest felt so tingly it was like it was full of soda! All these warm, dense feelings pushing outwards on my skin and hundreds of fingers massaging my curves. I could feel a similar sensation starting to spread over my butt and legs.

"Maybe we should get the check?" Parker suggested.

"Or maybe we can have some more fun!" I giggled. I felt like I was sitting a bit higher now and I could feel my thighs starting to press into each other. My butt had never felt so comfortable to sit on in my entire life! Also from the burgeoning size of my tits, I could feel my dress riding up my legs in an effort to give me more room. Leaning forward I pressed my volleyball boobs into the table and forced a jaw-dropping amount of cleavage towards Parker's direction. My head was so fuzzy with rum that I didn't care who else saw. "I bet you can't make me outgrow this dress."

"You know I can--"

"Then do it. I dare you." I leaned on my tits like airbags and moaned when I felt them push me back away from the table.

Let loose, Parker... You've been holding it all back for so long...!

"I-I think we should get you home, June!"

"But we're just starting to have fun!" I cried, sitting up. My breasts arched into the dress and it rode high up to my hips. The outsides of my thighs were beginning to press into the armrests and when I felt the hem of my dress start to pull tightly around my hips and butt I released a soft moan. For the first time on our honeymoon, I was starting to enjoy myself and the butterflies inside my curves continued to grow.

"Please, June, you're already too big as it is!" Parker advised.

I scoffed at him, "Oh please, this is nothing!" I squinted my eyes at him and brought out the sexiest, breathy voice I had. "Remember our first night together? How big I got then? We broke your *bed*."

My tits lurched outwards and my dress drew higher and tighter. My newfound rear had plumped up so large that my dress couldn't travel any more up my body. Still, I pressed on.

"Mmmm... And let's not forget that time I wore that blouse for you..." I moaned, running a finger down my epic cleavage.

"J-June, really! I can't--"

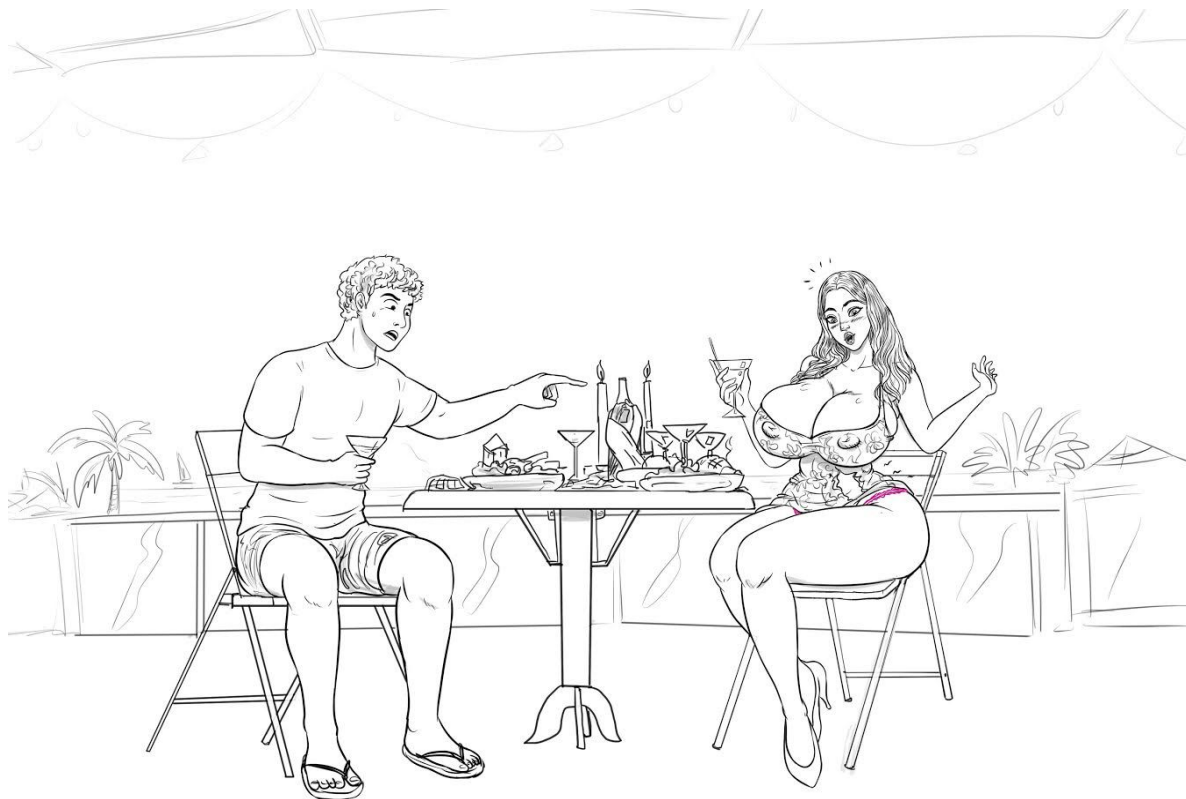
My body sprang outwards again with intense protests from my sundress. I picked up a drink to quench my thirst again. "Whaaaat?" I cooed, "Am I not big enough ye--"

RIIIIIIIIIIPPP!!!

I looked at Parker's horror-struck face as a hand shot out to point to my body. Looking down was a very sobering sight.

My chest filled my entire view below my neck and covered even the view of my plate. Basketball sized knockers were wobbling heavily from my front, packed tightly into my poor sundress. More breast flesh was overflowing from my neckline than what was covered and I thought I could feel the fabric cutting into my areolas as they began to peek over. Looking to my side I could see an enormous rip had split the side of my dress to expose the naked side of my waist and ribs. Somewhere below my heaving chest, my legs were crammed together, the armrests creaking as my thighs and butt bulged into them. My legs led upwards to a rear end much too large for the chair I had previously fit so pettily into. The dress had ridden up so far to

accommodate my boobs it was stressed and pulled tightly around the tops of my hips to expose my swollen butt behind me and to my sides. Pink underwear was shown to the world as it rode along the top of my hips, now visible as my sundress had risen so high. The pretty floral designs had become warped all over my body.



I clenched my hand and slowly put the drink down. “U-U-Uh oh...” I stammered. My mind suddenly felt quite a bit clearer.

RHHPP!!

My eyes shot up to meet Parker’s when my dress ripped even more. My boobs engorged further outwards as my husband took at my growing form. “Parker?” I semi-pleaded.

In a flash, he had laid a hundred dollar bill onto the table and was by my side helping me to my feet to the full audience of the restaurant. “Come on, we gotta get you out of here!”

I squeaked when my dress shifted on me again and rose fully above my hips, the size of my butt forcing it upwards. I had never felt so much jiggle behind me. “I-I’m still growing!” I cried out. I’ll be the first to admit as embarrassing as it was, I was overjoyed to say it. “P-Parker I’m still growing!” I said happily this time, smiled at him so full of love and happiness. He smiled back the same, a knowing expression on his face.

“Of course you are...” he told me.

A small rip in my dress brought us both back. He pulled away and led me out of the restaurant to the beach. "We need to get you out of view while that dress is still holding..." he told me.

"N-No complaints, but I can barely walk with my legs like this!" I giggled feeling their supple curves push into each other and my butt bouncing behind me. It wasn't like anything I had felt before; I felt like a bloated cartoon penguin trying to waddle away. I could only imagine how my ass looked to those watching us leave. My panties felt like they had been swallowed up and my hips felt like they were about to rip the lace apart! Don't even get me started on how it felt to walk with thighs like that, either. Each step was like a crotch massage they were so plump.

We stumbled down the beach into the moonlight. After a while the road that ran alongside it had risen away onto a cliff to leave the beach down below, Parker and I secluded from any probable onlookers.

I stumbled while he pulled me by the hand. My breasts had been growing continuously since the restaurant and my arms were quickly becoming too small to carry them. "P-Parker..." I panted, "T-They're getting...too heavy..."

He turned around and tried to help me lift them but the mere touch of my swollen body thrilled him and they billowed even larger to resemble water-laden beach balls. I shooed his hands away and tried to lift my chest up into my arms. With an enormous amount of effort, I arched my back and breathed a sigh of relief when my dress ripped in two. I shrugged my shoulders and let it fall to the sand. Exposed in only my straining pink underwear, I stood before Parker with my udders cradled and overflowing my arms with nipples like half coke cans. Dare I say all that bare skin glowed in the moonlight.

"Mmm..." I groaned, "T-These are getting kinda h-heavy..."

I saw Parker gulp and butterflies filled my chest. My swollen legs shook beneath me and slowly I bent them to lower myself to the ground. On my hands and knees, my tits large enough to press into the sand and provide a cushion for me to rest on, I looked back at Parker and presented my award-winning butt with a small shake and a smile. "Well?" I asked, "I *know* you can make me bigger than this... Show me what you got." I could feel my loins pushing between the curves of my thighs behind me, my legs thicker than my waist. I must have looked like some sort of fertility idol with such an engorged hourglass shape!

Parker didn't waste a second. Even as he undressed, my boobs began to blow out underneath me. By the time I felt him clawing at my panties and ripping them off of my legs with stitches popping along the way, I found myself resting on tits like yoga balls.

"June..." Parker said as I felt him spread my jiggly legs and approach me from behind, gipping my beach ball-sized cheeks. "How big do you want to be?"

I looked back at him standing naked with his hands groping my ass like a giant toy, my legs spread on either side of him and held in the air like a wheelbarrow. "Do your worst."

His face put on a grin that I hadn't seen in months. I had to bury my head into my cleavage when I felt him enter into me. His cock was thick and stiff and I was more than wet

enough to accompany him. In a flash, my tits started to grow as if a dam had been broken. Flesh began rushing out as my skin stretched all around me. They churned against my face in a torrent of pulsing boob.

Parker's hands grabbed firmly onto my hips and worked to help him thrust in and out of my pussy. I could feel him sliding between my thighs, each one round as a small tree trunk. I couldn't see it, but my butt felt like a couple of giant watermelons it was so large. Each pump from Parker's throbbing cock sent shock waves through my swollen body, jiggling with each powerful thrust.

"*Oh yes! Oh yes!! OOOOHH YEEESS!!*" I moaned loudly. My body felt like a giant plaything. Somewhere below my couch-sized mammaries, my nipples were digging into the beach, each one large enough to fill a gallon bucket. The crunching sand tickled at them and massaged my areolas making me quiver with ecstasy. "Bigger!! *Ooohhh* make me bigger!!!"

Parker was having trouble staying inside of me. My body was raised up so high that as he stood on the ground he could no longer reach my pussy as my breasts ballooned me upward like an elevator.

"H-Hurry and...and lay on top of me..." I groaned, missing his cock as it slipped from my pussy's grasp.

A firm grip grabbed onto my shoulders and he laid across my back with his cock between the backs of my thick thighs. Together our feet left the sand and we wobbled into the air, our weight cushioned on my boobs and making them press down into oblong shapes.

"Oooooohhh I'm getting so *biig!*" I moaned. "I haven't been this big since Spring Break!"

"I'm not done yet," Parker said firmly.

I bit my lip when Parker held onto me for support and worked his dick back into my crotch. I gasped aloud when it entered me and his chest lay flat against my back. Ladies, if you have never gone prone-bone on top of your own massive tits, I CANNOT recommend it enough.

Parker and I were losing ourselves in pleasure on top of Mt. June. My breasts were quickly reaching the size they had on that fateful day at the beach and showed no signs of stopping. "*Oh God oh God oh God!*" I started to chant, "*I'VE NEVER BEEN SO FULL!!*"

The beach was shrinking away from us, more and more of our view becoming only my chest. Everything around us was my jiggling mass of flesh. As I grew impossibly large our combined weight started to force us down into my cleavage resting below me like a great chasm of darkness nearly twenty feet deep. Luckily my boobs were pressed so firmly together I didn't have to worry about Parker falling in. The thought seemed humorously sexual to me.

Parker must have been holding back these urges for a very long time. I had never imagined I could ever grow as big as I currently was. Neither of us had any way of knowing how large I had become. I was so big I could *feel* I had no way to comprehend my own size even! I just knew on one side of my body I felt sand and on another I could feel the cold waves of the ocean. They made my nipples stand out thicker than car tires. I felt like a literal blimp, beached on the sand and bloating fuller by the second.

Parker's hands dug deep into the flesh growing around us to brace himself. We were almost three feet deep into my rising cleavage and I could feel his cock stiffening to intense throbs. He was nearing his limit.

"N-Not yet! *I'm almost there! I'm almost theerrree!*" I groaned. My tits were starting to shake and quiver as Parker neared climax. I actually found myself afraid that I was about to faint from the sheer magnitude of the tit-gasm that was going to hit me. "OoooooOOOOHHH **PARKER I CAN FEEL IIIITTT!!!! HERE IT COOOOMES!!!!**"

On top of me, Parker's body clenched and tightened in release. His cock thickened to its fullest and filled me with his fluids, my engorged butt bouncing against his hips every time he shook. "A-A-AAHHHHH!!!!!" I screamed, my tits beginning to churn.

My eyes instantly shut as an agonizing amount of pleasure hit me like a train. Somewhere below the sand, I could feel my oil drum nipples twisting, contracting and puffing out to maximum size. Intense magma-like heat shot through them and started to course through my titanic mountains like a flood as my chest seized around us. "**OOOOHHHH MYYYYY GOOOOOOOODDDDD!!!!!!**" I screamed at the top of my lungs.

All around me my skin shook and stretched as Parker's sexual feeling filled me to the utmost limit. I felt like my tits were trying to hold back an entire ocean pressurized inside my body. Sweat dripped off my face just trying to maintain consciousness from the sheer pleasure my boobs were causing me. My entire world was a floor and walls of soft, incredibly hot pulsing breast flesh and I couldn't clench my hands and toes hard enough. I think I might have yelled something in Italian or Portuguese.

Finally, the intense pressure fell away and Parker collapsed onto my back. We both lay there panting heavily from exhaustion amid my tits and cleavage. I had no idea how massive I was, but I felt literally *mountainous*.

Parker lifted his head and looked around. "What...What did we...do?"

I smiled. "We had the best sex...in the history of the world..." Then I added with a giggle, "We also won the award for the biggest boobs..."

Parker tried to stand up but fell over from the waterbed-like surface of my breasts' softness throwing him off balance. I laughed when he crawled over them, tickling me while I hid my laughs in my cleavage. I was going to be stuck face-down for a while.

I was startled at how far away he sounded when he called back a minute or so later. "June!" he yelled, "I-I think you're bigger than our apartment complex! I can't find your edge!"

My eyes widened a little, but it didn't surprise me very much. I groaned, "I-I feel like it... Ohhhh *God*, Parker, I'm so big... How's something like this physically *possible*??"

He crawled back to me and stayed by my side, seeming to ignore my doubts. "Never thought I would have a view from the top of a beached whale... The stars are beautiful way up here..." he joked.

"Boy, I wish I could see them!" I laughed, only able to stare down into my cleavage and slightly to the sides.

We sat there silent for a while, every worry from the last few days completely gone. I felt confident in our relationship again, and based on my size I think Parker did too. “I can’t tell you how massive I feel, Parker...” I said, “It’s like my mind can’t even comprehend how *gigantic* my body is... B-But I think I feel someone poking me on the beach... Someone might have noticed the giant pair of beached boobs...” We both laughed at my apparent helplessness and the sheer absurdity of the situation.

Even when his laughter died down I continued laughing. Parker gently kissed the side of my head. “What’s so funny?”

I giggled and kissed him back, “I *really* need to stop going to the beach...!”