Catnip

“Emy! I’m home!” Dave called out, closing the front door behind him. Quick footfalls sounded off upstairs and drew an odd look from him as he set his bag on the table. “Emy?”

“I-I’m up here; one minute!” his wife responded. She sounded hectic and exasperated. Dave started making his way up the stairs, cautious of what he might find. Catgirls were known for being secretive and he wondered what he had caught her in the middle of.

Shoes still on, he climbed the carpet as silent as he could and turned a corner to face their bedroom door. It was partially closed and he could hear Emy rustling in the closet on the other side. He tried to push it open noiselessly so as to not announce his presence.

Across the room, Dave saw Emy bending over into their closet. Her head was buried in a pile of belongings, her thin, lithe body clad in a loose t-shirt and a pair of pink and black panties. Her petite rear bobbed around in the air as she moved and her pitch-black tail flicked playfully. Dave adored how her fur matched the lace of her underwear. Her shirt was falling forward as she leaned over and from the side, Dave could get a glimpse of her firm 30D breasts hanging off her torso. He cracked a smile when he realized she wasn't wearing a bra.

“Whatcha doing?” he voiced loudly in an attempt to startle her.

"Ahh!" she squeaked. Her tail puffed and stood out in surprise, her back straightening up suddenly. Emy turned around to face Dave, a guilty look on her face that she wasn't doing such a great job of hiding. "Nothing!" she claimed. Emy licked her lips and her right ear twitched on top of her head.

“Funny… It sure doesn’t seem like *nothing*,” Dave observed.

Emy looked around the room as if interested in it. “*Meow*… Just been waiting for you!” Her tail flipped behind her calves knowingly and Dave caught sight of her nipples through her shirt’s fabric. The looked hard. It was then that he noticed Emy was purring softly; she was up to something.

Her ear twitched again as she saw Dave looking her over. “Mmmm, would you stop?!” She approached him with dexterous swinging hips and a spark in her gem-blue eyes, the subtle purring growing with each step forward. Emy wrapped her arms around Dave and hugged him, burying her face into his chest. “I wasn’t doing much of anything…” Emy purred. Her tail thumped against his leg and even through his clothing, Dave could feel her nipples prodding him.

“If you say so…” Dave relented, “You just seemed suspicious for a moment th--”

He stopped talking. Emy was purring even louder now, rubbing her face against his neck. But that wasn’t what had caught his attention. It was her breasts; he had felt them press into him as if their mass and size had increased.

“Emy?” he asked.

“Mmmmm*meow*…. What…?” Emy purred, seeming distracted.

“You weren’t getting into the catnip were you?”

Her black tail twitched madly but her purring remained constant. The front of her bust seemed even larger again, pressing into him firmly. “Why would you say that…?” she cooed.

“Because I just felt your boobs grow.”

Emy giggled a little. “So what if they did…?”

Dave pushed her away and looked down at her chest. Emy followed his gaze with a smile and a bitten lip. She was obviously bustier, her t-shirt rising away from her belly and riding up enough to display her hips. “You got into the catnip!” Dave accused.

“Noooo…” she denied, groping both her breasts in tiny hands. “*Meow!*” she mewed, feeling their increased sensitivities.

Dave tried to ignore the situation building in his pants. “And I bet if I looked in the closet I would find the entire bottle.”

He pushed past the swelling catgirl and knelt down in front of the closet. “D-Don’t!” Emy protested, dropping her F cup bust and running to try and pull him away. “W-Wouldn’t you rather play around a little…? I’m frisky right meow…”

Dave ignored her and tossed items aside. It didn’t take him long until he found a large clear bottle with a red cap, filled with dried bits of catnip. “I knew it!” he confirmed, picking it up, “Emy you know what this stuff does to you! We have a dinner date in an hour!”

He stood up to face her guilty eyes. Nonetheless, she smiled slyly, still coming off the catnip's effects. "Mmmm I just wanted to be nice and busty for it!"

“You’re already too big to fit in any of your dresses! I’m throwing this away.”

"No!" Emy cried. Her boobs bounced heavily under her top as she lunged out to grab the bottle from his hands. "I promise I won't do any more tonight!"

“Emy, l-let go!” Dave demanded. They wrestled for a moment, Dave clearly the stronger one between the two of them. Emy’s ears flattened against her head and she tugged with all her catgirl might.

*POP!*

The cap snapped off the bottle sending catnip outwards like a sprinkler. Emy fell backward onto the floor with a loud thud and Dave steadied himself against the wall. "Great, look at this mess! We need to get this cleaned up before--"

He stopped. Emy sat on the ground leaning on her arms, her entire front covered in catnip. Her tail flicked madly by her thighs, puffed out in excitement.

“*MEOW!!*” Emy cried happily. Her senses were overcome with catnip and she began rolling around on the carpet in the contents on the bottle.

“E-Emy, get up! Hurry!” Dave pleaded. But he knew it was already too late. With that much catnip, Emy was going to lose it. The effects were already starting to show. Her tits looked fuller and more rounded with each roll of her back, her t-shirt climbing higher and higher up her midsection. Her belly became exposed from the volleyball tits growing off her front and a clear view of her butt and spread thighs was gifted to Dave.

He gulped. Emy was plumping up. The usual gap between her thighs had disappeared, filled in with soft, supple flesh from each leg as they mashed and gyrated together. A cavity was forming between her back and the carpet, her ass starting to swell underneath her enough to raise her hips. The black lace of her panties looked warped and pulled awkwardly around her as the inches added up.

“Mmmmm…!” Emy purred loudly. She stretched her arms over her head, revealing a generous amount of underboob when her shirt rode up her body. Looking down at herself, her ears pointed straight up. “Woah!! I’m a *curvy* catgirl now!” Her hands sank into her new tits and almost disappeared, two nipples the size of golfballs clearly showing through her shirt.

Emy closed her eyes in pure ecstasy and slid her hands down the rest of her body. They passed over her burgeoning hips and tentatively pressed into her legs. Her tail dusted the inside of her thighs as she began pulling and twisting at the waistband of her panties, pulling one side up and down as she fought the growing pleasure inside of her.

“*M-Meooooww!!*” Emy cried out. Dave caught a flash of her pussy through her shifting underwear and swallowed hard. The sight alone was becoming too much to bear. He loved when she swelled like this.

“Look at me meow!!” Emy declared. Lace had started to pop along her waist, her thighs as thick as her tummy and an ass too large for any of their chairs in the house. It was beginning to look like a thong as her hips made it sit on her sides like a fleshy shelf and it was swallowed between her legs and cheeks. A puffy outline of her crotch greeted Dave wetly, her tail almost beckoning him in.

Grunting, Emy sat up and crossed her legs as best she could. She had to hold her beach ball tits in her arms, her t-shirt only able to cover their top halves now. Healthy cleavage bubbled out of her stretched neckline and her sleeves looked filled with her bulging flesh. She started massaging her fist-sized nipples, excited cat growls escaping her pink lips.

“E-Emy, I--” Dave stopped for a third time that day. Her body wasn’t finished.

Every one of her curves seemed to bloat from the massage. Emy rose three inches higher from her butt, and her legs were forced apart from her thighs. A snapping sound came from behind her somewhere, her panties giving up. “O-Oh… Ohhhh!!” she began to groan.

*RIIIIP!*

“IT’S COMING RIGHT *MEOOOOWWWW!!*” Emy gasped, feeling her shirt tear down the middle. In an avalanche of flesh, her tits overflowed her arms and filled her jiggling lap. Her legs became buried under a mound of tightened, rounded breast flesh. Nipples like soup cans jutted off them, pulsing in arousal.

“Ahhhh…” Emy sighed, falling onto her back and laying her engorged body bare for Dave. She looked up between her cleavage, the tips of her ears barely visible over her tits. “Still want to go to that dinner party? Or would you rather go downstairs and get me another bottle?”

Dave was speechless. But looking at her twitching tail so gently motioning towards her naked body, he already had his pants off before he knew his answer.