Water Pressure

“Just hang ooooon!” Emily’s voice rang out from the bathroom, “I’m almost reeeaaady!”

Hank smiled from his position on their bed, waiting patiently for his wife to join him. It wasn’t the first time she had taken a while to get ready for sex. In fact, he had waited over an hour on more than one occasion. But each and every time had been worth it, Emily having never failed to deliver her lithe and slender body to him wrapped in some incredibly sexy lingerie.

“Don’t worry, I’m not going anywhere,” Hank assured her, gently massaging his cock to help maintain his girth. He figured the least he could do was give her something to ogle as well when she emerged.

The sound of something weighty falling to the tile in the bathroom made his ears perk up, Hank listening closely to what sounded like two metal pieces being screwed together.

“What in the…” he wondered, unable to place the sounds. “You trying to put on a suit of armor for me or something in there?” he called, “Cause I gotta say, as unexpected as that would be, it might not be the most flattering outfit for you!”

“Hush!” her excited voice responded from behind the door, “I *promise* you’ll love it.”

“Let me know if I should order a pizza or something while I wait!” he joked, receiving a dorky snort in response.

The sounds continued behind the door for a few more minutes, Hank hearing something sliding across the floor with what appeared to be a significant length. Straps and elastic could also be heard snapping against her petite, naked body, echoing in the bathroom’s walls. The anticipation alone was enough to keep Hank hard in his waiting.

“Oh!” a soft, pleasured gasp traveled from the bathroom. The mystery was almost becoming too much.

When he heard the sound of the shower being turned on, Hank nearly got out of bed to go check on Emily. A leg was just about to swing over the edge of the bed when he heard the door handle jiggle and click.

The door swung open like a sideways curtain to reveal his wife. A tight-fitting, matching bra and panty set clung to her slender frame like black paint, a garter wrapped around her waist with straps running down her thighs before latching to a pair of black stockings. The small bulge of her cute butt stood out behind her, leading into a trim waist that begged for a cascade of breast flesh on top. Hank had often wished his wife had more of a bust to display, but even in this astounding getup, her chest remained flat. He couldn’t help but notice how the bra looked a few sizes too large for her, a strange amount of empty space gaping between her nipples and the black bra she wore.

He was about to say something but noticed she held a long object in one hand. Squinting against the light flooding from the bathroom, his best guess was that Emily was holding a length of hose that looked to run from their shower and ended somewhere behind her between her legs.

Before he could open his mouth, Emily spoke sensually, “Thanks for waiting… Hope it wasn’t too *hard*.”

Swallowing, Hank steeled himself for what was sure to be an exhausting sex session. Pure sexual energy seemed to be flowing out of his wife, her body exuding ecstasy. “What’s with the--” he began to ask.

“Hose? Oh, you’ll see. I *know* you’re going to love it. You might not be able to handle all of me by the end of tonight.” She giggled, seeing Hank’s cock instantly harden into a rod-like state. She knew exactly how to get him.

Dropping the hose, Emily walked to the bed sensually as it dragged on the floor behind her like a long cat’s tail. Hank seemed paralyzed with anticipation when she stood over him. Without a word she climbed on top and straddled his waiting cock, pure pleasure filling his mind when she effortlessly slid herself onto his shaft. The heat and fluidity of Emily struck him like a bat when she inserted him into her so quickly, foreplay always having been a part of their routine. She didn’t seem to need it this time, Emily surprisingly aroused.

“M-Mmmmm oooh man I’ve been waiting for that…” she moaned, rotating her hips slightly to feel him move inside of her, “You won’t believe how excited I am for this.”

Emily grabbed the hose leading behind her, fingering a small valve about four feet from the end. The smile she flashed Hank made him shiver. “Hope you’re ready.” With a flick of her wrist, she turned the valve, the hose vibrating in her hand as water gushed from the shower through its length.

“*A-AHHH!!*” she cried out, her breathing quickly increasing to a fast pant as if she were running. “I-I can feel it...all...going *inside* of me!! God, I love it!”

“What are you--” Hank started to ask, panic gripping him from the expectation of a flood of water. But then he stopped, movement in his wife’s chest catching his eye. Two small bulges had formed on her chest under her nipples, the skin rounding out into apple-sized lumps that were quickly increasing in size. “H-Holy…” Hank stammered, watching her previously empty bra fill out with a beautiful pair of D-sized knockers.

“Mmmm… Do you like them? You like seeing little ol’ me with some *cleavage*?” she cooed, cupping her swelling chest in her hand. “I’ve been practicing this for *months*.” She bounced them in her hands, a sound like two water balloons swirling full of water reaching Hank’s ears. Giggling at her husband’s stunned face she offered, “You just tell me when you think I’m big enough. I can take *whatever* size you want.” Leaning forward, her churning breasts pushing into his chest, Emily whispered into his ear, “I’m your personal little water balloon for the night.”

Emily straightened her back, Hank’s eyes almost bulging out of their sockets when he saw that her chest had nearly doubled in size during her tease. Two volleyball-sized mammaries wobbled on her front, the bra well over capacity as their curves bulged and heaved with her fast-paced breathing. Her areolas started to peek over the cups, a sure sign that the show was only just beginning.

“Hey,” she scolded, running her hands from her chest, across her stomach, and over her gyrating hips, “There’s more to see than just my swollen tits, you know…”

Hank looked down at her hands holding each side of her hips, each finger pressing softly into her filling skin. He could feel her rear starting to bounce off her thighs, each cheek widening enough to be seen sticking out on either side. Similarly, her thighs began to grow around him, her legs thickening and filling with the rushing water. Emily’s skin pressed around his torso in every direction, its surface hot and tight as she continued to fill.

“Emily…” Hank said slowly, “Y-You’re...blowing up!”

Tossing her head back she laughed at such an astute observation, wrapping her arms across her basketball-sized boobs. “*Really??* You know, I hadn’t noticed!” She bounced her bosom in her arms, a sloshing sound emanating from her cleavage. “But now that you mention it, these *are* a bit bigger than my usual breasts, wouldn’t you say? I can...*stop*, if you want.”

Hank nearly came on the spot. His wife had always been a master in the art of the tease, and her perky voice never failed to deliver. Hank grinned, grabbing either side of her bloated hips. “Don’t you dare.”

In one strong motion, he rolled Emily’s waterlogged body onto the bed, her chest wobbling on top of her enough to strike her chin. “*Ooooohhhhh mmmmm!!*” she shivered, her nipples slipping free from the lace of the bra. They prodded into the air with thick pink nubs larger than Hank’s thumb, topping breasts that were twice the size of his head. Without a word, Hank latched onto them and started to suck on a chest he had always dreamt of his wife having. Creamy skin stretched and pulled against his face as they continued to swell and fill against him, pushing him higher.

Emily’s legs started to spread, her thighs forcing them apart as they swelled against Hank’s body thrusting between them. Small tears formed in her stockings and panties, her ass too large to contain in fabric that was unwilling to stretch.

“H-Harder… Harder…!” Emily pleaded, hugging Hank into her gargantuan chest. He could hear the water swirling around inside of her with soft gurgles, the surface of her skin drawing ever tighter.

“M-Mmmph! *Mph!*” Hank grunted. As her tits ballooned to massive exercise balls, her nipples flared outwards as well. An areola struck him in the face when it puffed into a large dome, her nipples engorging to triple their size inside his mouth.

“*AhhHH!!*” Emily screamed in pleasure, feeling his teeth rub against its pink surface.

The nipple popped free from his mouth, its size almost too large to release. He stared at the throbbing, fist-sized lump, a small stream of water leaking down its side and over her chest.

Between her legs, the hose was beginning to vibrate, pressure building inside of her as the gallons continued to rush to her body. “Ooooohhhh I’m getting so *big!*” she cried, rubbing her engorged chest. A sharp snap signaled that her panties and garter had given up the fight, a softly muffled pop following soon after from her tortured bra. “You...*nnngh*...must really want your balloon girl big, hmm? God there’s a lot of water inside of me!”

Emily’s body had taken on an extreme hourglass shape, her butt and thighs twice as wide as her own torso, her breasts each over four-feet wide. Hank was having a difficult time staying inside of her, her tits so large that he was angled upwards staring down at her face below.

“O-Oooh God, *OH GOD…!!*” Emily panted. The hose began to thrash between her legs like an angry tail, her maximum capacity being reached. “*NNNGH*...T-There’s that...that *pressure…*” she moaned, “H-Hank, turn it off!” she smiled at him from between the top of her cleavage, “I think I’m f-full!”

Quickly, Hank found the valve on the hose and stopped the flow of water. The vibration inside his wife stopped, her body coming to wobble slowly like a massive water balloon. Her chest nearly overflowed the bed, rising higher than three feet and topped with nipples larger than soda cans that required two hands to fully grasp.

Speechless at the sight of his engorged wife, Hank, unsure of what she was planning next, finally managed to say, “Are you all right? D-Do you need me to empty you?”

He was met with an arousing laugh coming from below the swollen breasts. Her hand could be seen rubbing their taut sides, tapping them like drums. “What do you mean *empty me*?” Hank could almost see the grin on her face when she continued, spreading her thighs wide, “When you finish blowing up a balloon, it’s time to have some *fun* with it!”