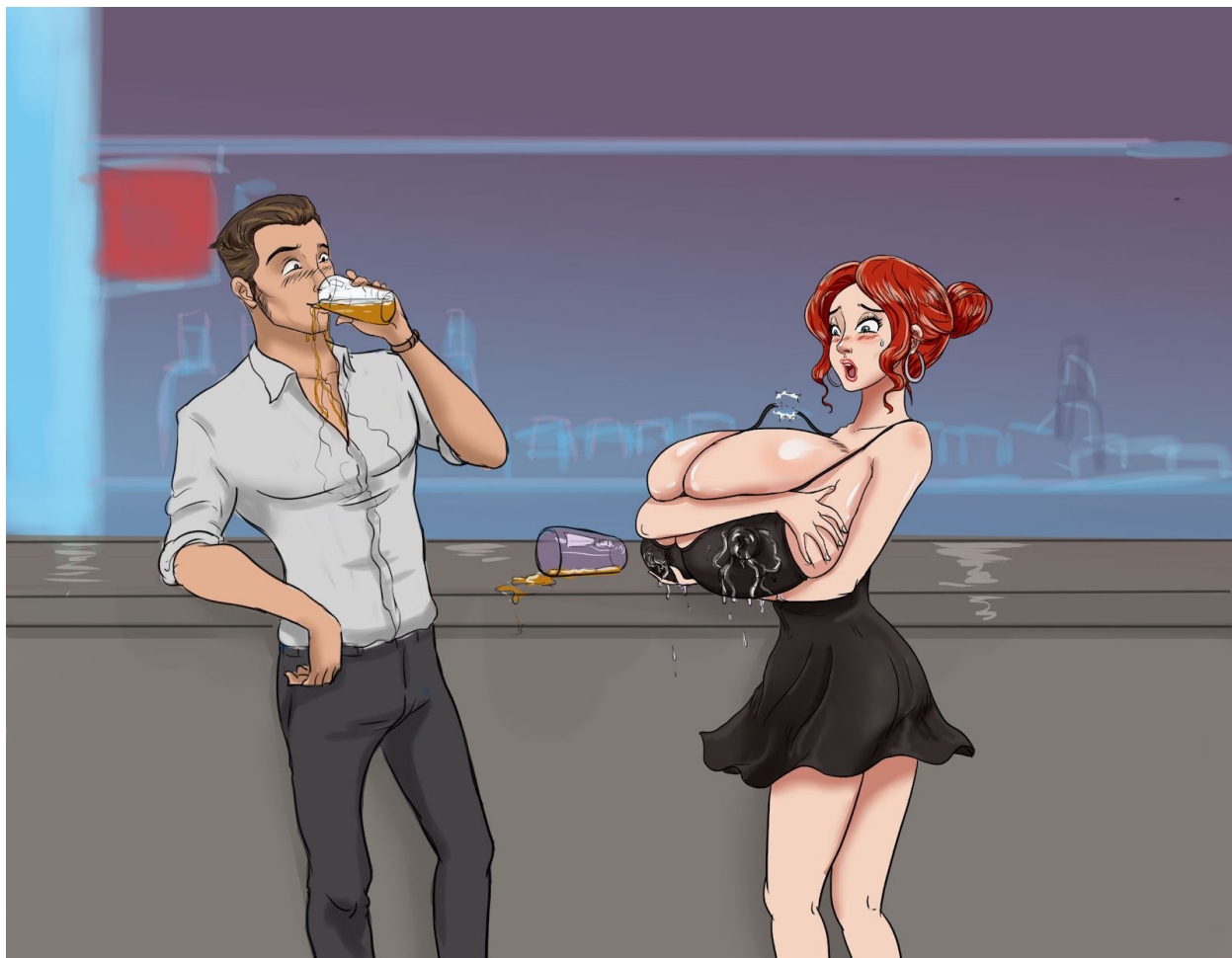


## Out of Control Part 1



“Oh my gosh! *You guys!*” Monica squealed as she tore the wrapping paper off another gift. It fluttered to the floor and left a box in her lap overflowing with paint supplies. “This must have cost a fortune!”

The group laughed at her joyous reaction.

“Everyone chipped in,” Sally explained. “Happy twenty-fifth birthday, Monica!”

“You just have to promise to paint something for all of us!” April joked.

More giggles filled the room as they congratulated her again. The evening was still young and the early-summer sun was giving way to a warm twilight. Monica knew their party was only getting started but she wondered how it could get any after the fun they had already enjoyed.

“Should we get going to the bars??” Monica asked excitedly.

“Uh uh uh! Not so fast,” Samantha refused, “There’s one more present just for this occasion.”

Monica and the two other girls looked at her questioningly when she pulled a hidden gift bag from behind the couch.

“Mmmm, what is this exactly...?” Monica wondered with a slight blush to her lips. The bag was a bright pink and could have come from only so many lingerie stores in town. She reached into its tissue paper to withdraw a lacey black bra designed for a petite yet well-endowed woman.

“It’s gorgeous!” Coughing back laughter at the size of the cups, Monica held it against her own petite chest. They couldn’t make a dent in filling the H-cup sized brassier. Curves had never been Monica’s strong point; she often relied on her rich brown hair and winning personality to charm men she fancied. “Might be a little big for me though, don’t you think?”

The girls all laughed at the comically-large bra swallowing Monica’s front. Samantha pointed to the bag still resting in her lap. “It goes with the rest of your gift! Keep digging!”

Playfully scrunching her mouth to the side, Monica removed the excess tissue paper and looked to the bottom of the bag where she found a blister-wrapped object. The package was covered in images of women with large breasts breaking through their blouses, much to the wolf-like amusement of ogling men. Nestled in the center of the package was a controller with various buttons and arrows.

“A remote?” Monica turned the package over in her hands, trying to learn more.

“Sam, you didn’t...” April gasped.

“Look closer!” Samantha giggled.

Monica inspected the remote through the shiny plastic. It was black and oval in shape; small enough to fit comfortably in the palm of her hand. Two arrow-shaped buttons rested in the center above a label reading ‘Cup Size’. Round buttons were arranged around them with labels reading: ‘Inflate’, ‘Lactate’, and ‘Swell’. Another pair of arrows rested near the bottom next to ‘Nipple Sensitivity’.

“It’s one of those boob remotes! A Tit Clicker!” Sally exclaimed. “Dammit, Sam, we agreed we were doing the paint supplies! And aren’t those remotes banned in the U.S.??”

She shrugged in response. "I know a guy, OK? Plus I couldn't help myself. It was a good deal! Plus she's going to have a *ball* with it." Looking at Monica, she tried to clear away her confusion. "It's a remote for your chest! Let's you control basically any aspect of the girls you want!"

"I'll say," April chuckled. "I used to have one. Then I had to hide it because Hank wouldn't stop messing with around! I still catch him looking for it sometimes..."

"S-Sam..." Monica awed, holding the magical gift in her hands. "I can't accept this! It's too much! I've never even heard of it!"

"Probably cause it was only legal for a week before the government stepped in..." Sally groaned.

Ignoring her friend, Samantha eyed Monica. "*Psh*, don't worry about it!" Samantha grabbed the large bra and dangled it in front of Monica's face. "You can pay me back by filling this puppy out for tonight!"

Monica's eyes widened at the thought of her small A cups filling the cavernous cups. "Oh my..." Just thinking about it made her feel top heavy.

"Try it try it!" April cheered. "I want to see this thing in action!"

Flustered at the sudden focus on her breasts, Monica fought the packaging before claiming her prize. The remote had a satisfying weight in her hand but she couldn't help but feel trepidation as her thumb rubbed over its many buttons.

Taking a drink, Sally pointed to it. "You need to link it up first. Open the battery cover and put your thumb on the sensor."

"O-Ok..." Monica turned the remote over and pried the back open. Under two silver batteries was a small fingerprint reader similar to what was on her phone. Placing her thumb on the penny-sized surface, she waited. "*Ow!*"

"Yea, it stings..." Sally grinned, drinking again.

"Could have warned me!"

"Trust me, it's worth it. Now put the cover back on and *don't press anything*. Don't make the same mistake I did pressing all the buttons at once."

More careful than ever now, Monica replaced the back and turned the remove over in her hands. "Now what?"

"What do you mean?" Samantha scoffed, "Give yourself another cup or two!"

The up arrow rested just under her thumb. "Like...this?"

*Click!*

The button depressed satisfyingly and a tingling wave of sensations rushed through Monica's body a split second later.

"*A-Ahh!*" she cried in surprise, dropping the remote in her lap when her hands shot to her breasts. They cupped her chest tenderly and Monica breathed in shock as her skin gently pushed against her palms with rising pressure. Soon enough they stopped, two perky B-cup breasts

lifting her t-shirt away from her body. “O-Oh my God...!” Monica gasped. “They actually grew!”

“My husband had a similar expression...” April remembered. “Best birthday present he ever got me for himself.”

“Well don’t just stop there; give ‘em a few good pumps!” Still recovering, Monica was unable to stop Samantha from snatching the remote from its unguarded position in her lap.

*Click!*

*Click!*

*Click!*

“S-S-Samantha!!!!” Monica exclaimed loudly, her tits bloating into her hands like balloons. They quickly grew at the remote’s direction and filled her t-shirt like two supple melons. Its cotton rode up her trim abdomen to accompany the new tenants. Panting with arousal and shock, jaw dropping at the sight of her new E cups, Monica found it difficult to speak.

The room exploded into laughter at Monica’s expense.

“Those look great on you!” Sally admitted, “I think you were meant to have E cups!”

“Careful, Sam! She’s a small girl; much bigger and she’ll be too top heavy!” April laughed.

“Oh that’s nothing!” Samantha pointed the remote again. “Just watch thi--”

“*Nope!!*” Monica seized the remote from Samantha’s ready-to-click hand and held it close to her hefty new bosom, careful not to press another button. “These...*w-whoa...*” she toddled, growing accustomed to the extra weight on her front. “T-These are just fine for now, thanks.”

“Feels pretty good, huh? Feelin’ all your skin stretching and growing like that?” April asked. “I nearly lost my mind when I tried it out.”

“It...” Monica swallowed, not wanting to admit how wet she had become. “It felt pretty nice.”

April winked, fully understanding. “Be careful with the nipple sensitivity though; a little goes a *loooong* way if you know what I mean.”

A loud clap brought them to attention. “All right! The sun is going down and Monica’s boobs are coming out! You know the deal!” Samantha tossed the bra into her lap. “Go get changed into a little black dress and make sure to fill those cups out! You’re going to get more free drinks tonight than any other birthday.”

Monica was still too stunned to say anything against the suggestions. Rising slowly to her feet, she cradled an arm under her new bust only to still wobble once standing straight.

“Careful there!” Sally teased, “Doesn’t look like you’re used to them yet.”

“W-Well I was nearly flat only a few minutes ago!” Monica excused. Unsteady for only another moment, she began to feel more confident on her feet and left the group alone in her living room while she entered her bedroom.

The door closed and she sighed with relief, leaning against it and closing her eyes. The sudden change to her body had short-circuited her mind and she needed time to recover. Looking down at her t-shirt now filled beyond its capacity, she awed at the breasts she had only ever dreamed of owning. Nipples proud and erect with arousal denied her true feelings and tented the cotton.

“I was *flat* a minute ago...” she whispered softly, cupping them in her hands. Now alone, Monica was starting to feel excited at the thought of her enlarged chest. Her skin tingled with fresh growth and an exciting weight pressed into her hands. Being able to cup her own breasts was something she had wanted to do since puberty.

The t-shirt was yanked over her head to release a pair of boobs dropping against her torso with ample, soft slaps.

“*M-Mmm!*” Monica stifled a moan, feeling them jiggle with every motion. Uncovered they were magnificent on her frame. “T-They’re...oh *wow...*”

Shivering with electricity, she massaged her new curves and lavished in the sensation of her fingers sinking into her bust for the first time. It was just as she had always imagined it might feel.

The gifted bra dangled in the crook of her elbow by a shoulder strap. Samantha’s plan had seemed silly at first, but now Monica was starting to like the idea.

“So...” she hummed, thinking out loud. “I started as an A-cup and the cup size button was clicked three times. T-That should make me an E-cup now!” Monica awed. Grabbing the new bra, she read the tag with widening eyes. “32H... So I still need three whole cup sizes to fill this thing out... Can I *go* that big?”

A grin spread over her face with a will to try. Naughty temptations bubbled inside her gut at the thought of choosing her breast size for not only tonight but future dates as well. Biting her lower lip with gushing ecstasy, she walked into her closet and dropped her pants before clasp the bra around her torso.

The lacey black bra begged for an increase in flesh even with her new size, its cups filled only halfway. Only inches away the cotton hovered temptingly from her proudly erect nipples and for a brief moment, Monica considered spending a little alone time exploring her new bosom while her friends waited.

“Don’t be getting *too* distracted in theerrreee!” Sally chided playfully.

“We should have kept the remote with us,” April laughed. “We might not see her outside her room until tomorrow!”

Monica moaned longingly but knew there would be time for such fun later. Holding her arms above her head, she let her favorite black dress slip over her shoulders. Normally it would have slid easily across her chest before reaching to mid-thigh, but now it stopped on the shelf of her chest. She thoroughly enjoyed having to stretch the fabric over her breasts.

“Ok...” she breathed, pulse quickening with anticipation. Clad in her dress and new bra, there was only one thing left to do. “Time to fill the empty space. T-Three...nnnngh...more cups sizes!”

*Click!*

*Click!*

*Click!*

*“M-M-Mmmm ooohhhh Gooooddd!!”*

As ready as she had been for the sudden onslaught of breast development, she found it impossible to prepare herself. Monica loosed a moan uncontrollably as she watched her skin stretch away from her torso. The slope of her chest elongated, nipples reached outwards as if pulling on the front of her tits.

“Hah... Hah...” she panted, growing hot and exasperated. Breathing only helped fill the bra at a faster rate, her nipples quickly coming to press their engorged forms into the cold insides of the bra. “Mmmm!!”

Breasts still filling out to gain girth and weight, their curves pressed into the cups and tantalized their every inch. A small stretching sound came from the straps across her shoulders and around her ribs when she grew to fill it, their heft settling into their new home. Luscious bulges of cleavage shook between them, a chasm so deep Monica was sure she could hide her hand inside.

“O-Oohhh woowoow...” she shivered, feeling overly top heavy. Their weight threatened to pull her forward and already Monica could feel her back and shoulder muscles tightening; her body was not built for this. Feeling their newly grown sizes in her hands, she felt as though she were cradling two small melons. “They really get h-heavy quick...! I never thought I would see the day when this dress was tight over my front!”

Taking a moment to put her hair into a fancy bun with strands of brown hair landing around her neck, Monica took a final inspection of her growing body.

“You better be filling out that bra in there!!” Samantha’s voice carried.

Moments later, Monica stumbled out of her room with her new chest. Wobbly on her heels, she tread carefully with each strike of her foot sending ripples across her exposed bust.

“Don’t worry, it’s full!” she grinned, presenting herself to her friends.

“Damn!” Sally woofed, “Look at those things!”

“Could use a little more cleavage I think,” Samantha decided.

April eyed them and smiled slyly, stepping forward to jerk the remote from Monica before she could react.

“Hey! What are you gonna--”

“Relax, I’m just going to pump you up a little! You’ll love it almost as much as the guys will.” The ‘Swell’ button was quickly pressed.

*Click!*

“W-Whoa! *Easy!*” Monica swooned. Her chest inched outward as if she had grown but it felt different as if her breasts had grown but her skin had stayed the same. They increased in weight and rounded out, cleavage coming closer. “That...*mmm*...feels kinda weird...” she breathed, “I feel a little bloated...”

“Mhm! The swell button tends to do that. Really gives you that nice fullness when you want a bit more shape. The inflate button, on the other hand...”

“A-April wait!!” Monica wanted to protest when April’s thumb depressed the button label ‘Inflate’, but was too intrigued to voice her concerns.

*Click!*

*Bwhhhoomph!!*

*Click!*

*Bwhhhoomph!!*

“Ahh!?” Monica gasped.

“Tickles doesn’t it??” April asked, giggling at her reaction.

Monica’s breasts had bloated, becoming full, firm, and round on her chest. An airy sensation stretched against her skin, creating a taut and semi-shiny surface. Her cleavage quickly closed its gap and pressed together into a tight line bulging out of the front of her dress like two heavy balloons stuffed inside its confines. The few button presses had been enough to expand her chest a handful of cup sizes, more than enough to overflow the bra and threaten to escape her dress all together.

A finger cautiously pressed into her exposed skin, it’s surface tight with a pressure swirling somewhere below. “I-It’s like they’re puffed up!” Monica said, hardly able to believe what it had done to increase their shape and perkiness.

“Does wonders, doesn’t it?” April grinned. “Trust me, that’s going to become your favorite button. Changing your bra size is great and all, but the air really gives them that special bounce, perkiness, and shape! Plus it’s great for swimming.”

Monica pressed on their sides, bulging her chest forward out of the bra like two volleyballs. “These will go back down, won’t they? I look like a sexy balloon animal...”

“Yea! You just need to decrease your bra size back to its original amount. It’s like a reset,” Samantha informed her.

Still prodding their smooth surfaces with a gentle finger, Monica added, “They feel...*tight*. Is this is safe?”

“Why do you think those remotes were banned?” Sally said, rolling her eyes.

“Hush, it’s fine,” April assured, waving her hand. “Sally is partly right, though. The grow buttons actually makes your skin grow with your breasts, but the others? They don’t take any of that into account. You press the inflate button enough times and--”

Monica’s face paled and she quickly grabbed the remote from her friend. “No one else touches this remote tonight! Titties are off limits!”

“Calm doooooown. There’s a safety feature to prevent any of that. At least I’m pretty sure there is...” Samantha thought.

“There is,” Sally nodded, “It’s just crap. Hence why it was *banned*.”

“So we just won’t treat Monica like a balloon! Now can we please get going? Drinks are on the new boobs tonight!!”

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“I don’t think I’ve ever had so many eyes looking below my neck,” Monica whispered as they walked through the crowded bar. “Is this what it’s like to have big boobs??”

“All day every day,” Sally sighed, nonchalantly patting her natural E-cups. “I had the same reaction when I blew through puberty and popped out of a bra every other week. Trust me, it gets old.”

“I think you could have any guy you wanted in this bar with those things!” Samantha grinned, “Do I know how to get you a present or what?”

“You know I’m not a first-date-kinda girl,” Monica blushed. “But you *nailed* it,” she agreed. “Never thought I would get a pair of tits as a birthday present! I’ll have to say goodbye when I use all those art supplies, though; I don’t think I could paint with these things!”

The group laughed, half at Monica’s remark and half from watching her try to navigate the throngs of people around them. With her breasts jutting out a jiggly six inches from her chest, Monica’s sense of perspective and coordination had been completely thrown off. More than one drink had been spilled on their way to an empty booth, much to the happy eyes of men and jealous eyes of their dates.

“A round of shots!” Samantha called to a passing server. He returned minutes later with their order, setting a glass in front of each eager girl. “Keep ‘em coming!”

“To Monica!” April cheered, raising a glass. “Happy birthday!”

“Happy birthday!” the other two friends repeated.

They clinked glasses and downed the alcohol. More drinks were quick to replace those and it wasn’t long before the girls could feel the effects. The night grew old and the girls found it more difficult to control themselves.

“Woo! Maybe we should have eaten beforehand!” Sally cautioned, “Even the average looking guys are starting to look hot!”

“How do your boobs feel, Monica??” Samantha yelled over the music, drawing glances from every male within earshot.

“*Huge!!*” she laughed, groping their fronts giddily. On a good night, Monica’s alcohol tolerance was less than mediocre. With such a petite frame it didn’t take much to make her head feel like a soaring balloon. But no coupled with the joy of having a pair of engorged tits to call her own, Monica was on top of the world. Self-control was the last thing on her mind.



“Think I should go bigger??” she asked the group, digging the remote out of her purse and wagging it before their eyes. The up arrow rested just below her thumb.

All of their eyes brightened with drunken agreement and laughter. “Press it press it!!” they chanted.

*Click!*

The sound of spandex and lace stretching was heard over the music when Monica’s chest inched forward a cup size. Her cleavage overflowed around the plunging neckline of her dress as it refused to stretch.

“Look at them go!” Sally awed.

Monica downed another shot and shimmied her torso back and forth. Each nipple threatened to pop free from the drastic movement, but the bra held firm in its tightness. “I could feed a village with these monsters!” she laughed.

April pointed to the remote excitedly. “Press that lactate button and you probably could!”

“And ruin my dress?? No way!” Monica’s mind was awash in booze and pleasure. Even the simple act of breathing was enough to tease her supple nipples puffed against the bra. A list of things to try was growing in her mind for when the party was over and she was left alone with the magnificent Tit Clicker. Sleep may not come until she passed out from exhaustion.

The server set a colorful glass in front of Monica’s wobbling chest while trying to maintain a little professionalism.

“*For me??*” she gasped, holding a hand against her cushioned sternum.

“From the man at the bar.”

All four girls looking in the direction and found the admirer staring back. He was dressed in semi-formal attire with short dirty-blond hair waving towards the back of his head. A kind smile passed from him to Monica’s dazzled, rum-drowned eyes.

“Ooooh, he’s hot,” April purred.

“He knows how to dress, too,” Samantha inspected.

“Think he has a thing for big tits?” Monica giggled like a schoolgirl.

“I can see him staring at your cleavage from across the bar; trust me, he likes them.”

“Well, guess I should go thank him for the drink!”

They teasingly chided Monica as she slipped out of their booth and weaved her way between passing patrons. She was scared her heart may have been jiggling her chest it was beating so hard. Dating hadn’t been fruitful in recent years, but the thought of starting something new never failed to make her blood pump.

“Hi...” she said, trying not to sound as drunk as she felt. “Thanks for the drink.”

“Consider it a birthday gift!” he chuckled, sipping from a glass of rum.

“Were you eavesdropping on us??” Monica gasped.

“Your friend screamed it loud enough for the whole bar to hear. Figured I wanted to add to the festivities!”

“Samantha...” Monica rolled her eyes. The stranger’s glances at her chest weren’t lost on her, nor was his obvious effort to maintain eye contact as best he could. Feeling frisky, she breathed deeply and puffed her chest outward in the process. The man’s will was broken for a moment and Monica donned her best sultry expression. “Were you just staring at my chest?”

“I--” He tried to backtrack but decided against it, scratching his head. “Guilty, you caught me.”

“A girl always knows,” she scolded playfully. The confidence she drew from her bust was more than she could have imagined.

“What now? Do I get put on a big list of men who weren’t sneaky enough?”

“Mmmmm you might. It’s a fairly big list though,” Monica leaned forward to whisper, catching his gaze break once more when her cleavage spilled forward. “Most men aren’t as sneaky as they think.” Confidence was flowing through her like the cup sizes had been earlier that night.

“Can I at least know the name of the gorgeous birthday girl before she signs my life away?”

“Monica...” she smiled, holding out her hand.

“Clint,” he said, gripping it firmly with a hand Monica desperately wanted to run over her naked body.

Her friends watching intently from their booth.

“They’re going to set off the sprinkler system if they’re not careful,” Sally joked, gazing at Monica’s and Clint’s interaction.

A loud gasp drew the attention of Sally and April, each looking to Samantha and the devilish grin on her drunken face. “Guys...” she giggled, shaking an object in the air. “Monica left her remote here.” A similar expression overtook all of their faces as Samantha fingered the ‘Lactate’ button.

“So how old is the birthday girl?” Clint asked.

“Twenty-five! Another five years and my mom will be telling me I need to--”

*Click!*

“Nnnghmmm!!” Monica groaned loudly, quickly setting her drink on the bar as she leaned on it for support. An incredible surge had shot through her cantaloupe-sized breasts, a warm sensation coursing through her already-lubed loins.

“Are you all right??” Clint asked worriedly.

“F...Fine...” she said breathing heavily. “Teeth can be a little sensitive to cold stuff, is all!” The front of her dress was tightening, as was her bra. It was clear her breasts had grown larger, but something was different now. An odd weight and stretching ran over their bloated forms. Their insides were tense with a mounting pressure Monica had never experienced before.

“Did you see that??” April giggled, “It looked like each boob gained almost an entire pound in weight!”

“Oh we’re just getting started... What’s a birthday party without a little prank here and there?” Samantha chuckled.

Clint’s eyes waved between Monica and the cleavage heaving out of her dress with her labored breaths. The surface of her skin was taut and shiny, both from increasing pressures and perspiration as she became more aroused from growing pressures within.

“I’m...uh... twenty-eight, myself...” Clint said slowly, trying to recover their conversation.

“Ooooh, an older man,” Monica said through a weak, teasing smile. “I don’t suppose you--”

*Click!*

*“Ahhhh!!”*

A soft gurgle bubbled from Monica’s bosom and Clint watched with building curiosity as more of her chest bulged out of the front of her dress. Flesh overflowed from either side of the straps, pushing into her arms and climbing towards her collarbones. Monica doubled over slightly, feeling more warm fluid rushing into her filling tits. “*S-Shit these feel full...*” she groaned. “Oooohh *what the hell are they doing to me?*”

“Are you sure everything is all--”

“Mhm!” she nodded quickly, biting her lip as she straightened her back. This forced her chest into the taut fabric only applied more pressure to its contents, her over-inflated curves fighting dangerously with her little black dress. “J-Just...” She stammered for a moment, feeling a distinct sloshing inside her chest with each movement. “Just f-fine!”

Clint’s gaze was all-too-obvious, as was the growing bulge crawling down his pant leg. It was impossible for Monica not to enjoy his lingering eyes staring with such primal hunger at her bust. The other pairs of eyes staring meant nothing at this moment; Monica was focused only on Clint.

“You...ahem,” he coughed, hardly able to think, “You look incredible, if I hadn’t already said so. That dress is...wow.”

“Thank you,” Monica blushed, looking down at her body and almost gasping when she could no longer see her own feet. “I got it a few years ago. Glad I haven’t outgrown--”

*Click!*

“--IT!!” Monica yelled loudly when another surge of milk pumped her breasts larger. A loud gurgle could be heard over the club’s music as she bloated larger, her bra band audibly straining around her torso as did countless stitches in her dress.

A shaky hand gripped the bar firmly to steady herself once more, legs wobbly under such growth. “I’m...nnngh...g-gonna kill them...” she grumbled under her breath.

“Who?”

“My...friends...” she grunted, forcing a carefree laugh. “I think they’re...m-messing with me...”

*Click!*

*Click!*

“O-OooohhhhhHH!!”

Monica and Clint’s eyes bulged wide when her udders expanded outwards. Tight heaps of milk-filled flesh pulled around her dress and bra, stitches blowing with every small inhale. An impossible-to-ignore warmth spread across her bra cups like a small flood and within moments the shock in Clint’s eyes told Monica all she needed to know.

“Holy crap, Sam! Take it easy!” Sally warned, “Monica is going to pop over there!”

“Couple of milky basketballs!” April laughed, drunk on alcohol and hijinks. “They’re not bouncing but they’re dribbling!”

Milk ran down Monica’s front and splattered onto the floor. Her nipples felt as large as golf balls stuffed into her soaking bra, but her tits felt enormous and engorged, each larger enough to hold a gallon of the warm fluid pushing against her skin.

“I-I’m sorry,” Monica started to say, struggling to keep her back straight against their weight. “They don’t usually--”

*Click!*

“MMMM!!!”

Monica groaned loudly and bit her lip as her body was forced to produce even more milk. Skin slid against her dress and bra, the edges of puffy areolas peeking into the open air and stealing Clint’s unblinking gaze.

“G-God they’re tight!!” she complained, no longer caring who heard. Monica was starting to feel like a neglected dairy cow from the milk leaking down her front.

Clint found it impossible to ignore the creamy white streams running onto the floor as well. “Are you sure you’re all right? Do you maybe want to get out of--”

*Click!*

*Click!*

“Oooohhh SHIT!!”

Clint tried to take a sip of his own drink, doing his best not to stare at the swelling woman.

Monica’s hand flew from her bar, knocking over her drink before she wrapped her arms across her engorging boobs. They fought angrily against their confines, Monica desperate to keep them contained within the clothing she was certain to be at its limit. Flesh bulged around her arms as she hugged her growing chest tighter, nipples flaring between her forearms and spraying Clint with thick dairy. They gurgled loudly, sloshing with every labored breath.

“Uh-oh, Sam...” April frowned, “I think you filled her too much...!”

Monica gasped for breath. The dress was too tight and threatened to burst at the seams. “Too much! T-Too much...nnnggghmmmmmm...MILK!!” Hugging as tightly as she could, Monica tried to save whatever modesty remained while staring at her trembling dress straps. “I-It’s gonna...It’s gonna...!”

*SNAP!!*

The right shoulder strap of her dress blew apart from the incredible forces fighting against it. Monica stared in amazement at the milk-laden watermelons jiggling tightly in her arms and the amount of skin on display to whoever wanted to look. Alcohol ran off the bar from her spilled drink to join the growing puddle of milk on the floor. Clint hardly even noticed his own drink as it ran down his chin while he watched in stunned awe.



*“Did you see that?!”* Samantha roared with laughter. The other girls couldn’t help themselves either, unable to control their own fits of giggles and gasping breaths. None of them noticed Monica marching towards them with sloshing footsteps.

*SLAM!*

Samantha, April, and Sally looked up with dying laughter to see Monica leaning angrily on their table with fire and lust in her eyes. Leaking udders swung off her chest and sprayed the surface of the table with milk, one of them completely exposed with a nipple eagerly extending enough to just graze the wood.

*“Get a little excited there, Monica?”* Sally giggled, eying her pendulous tits.

“*Not. A. Word.*” Monica growled. “Hand it over.”

Samantha couldn’t contain herself as she relinquished the Tit Clicker into Monica’s claw-like hands. Grabbing her purse, Monica turned around with an arm wrapped over her chest and returned to Clint. He hadn’t moved an inch.

“Care to take a girl home...?” Monica asked.

With a gulp, he responded, “Ab...Absolutely...”

As he lent a shoulder to help Monica keep her balance leaving the bar, the sound of her friends calling out gleefully could be heard. “Happy birthdaaaaay!!”

A playful middle finger was thrown into the air in response before she vanished with her date, breasts large enough to be seen jutting out of her dress from either side of her back.

“O-Ooooh, God...” Monica groaned after being helped into a cab. With heavy breath, she gave the driver her address.

Clint sat next to her in amazement at how small the backseat felt next to Monica’s chest. “You look...”

“Mmmmm, guess my friend’s don’t really know when to stop...” she sighed.

“I’m not sure I understand,” Clint confessed. He didn’t much care, however. At this point he was glad to have seen whatever it was happening to this woman’s chest. Christmas had come early.

“It’s a girl’s dirty little secret,” Monica giggled, drunk in more ways than one. “Why don’t you just tell me if you *like* them.”

“Like what...?” Clint asked cautiously, not wanting to read a signal incorrectly.

“What do you think,” she asked, leaning in enough to press her chest into his. “I’m talking about these damn, leaking, swollen tits.”

The look of hunger on Clint’s face drove her mad. “They’re...*incredible*.”

Gently she fingered the remote in her purse, not knowing which button her thumb was tickling.

*Click!*

“MmmmMMM!!!”

Clint held his breath when she swelled against him, milk bubbling inside her tits as the remains of her dress cried out loudly. Each nipple gushed with fresh dairy, drenching his front as they engorged beyond their limits.

“How...H-How about...*nnngh*...now...?” Monica panted.

“They’re...”

Neither of them could hold back any longer. They lunged and embraced, Monica gasping loudly when her breasts were compressed between them and milk was forced from her throbbing nipples. The cab swerved dangerously as the driver tried to catch a glimpse in his rearview mirror.

“G-God they feel *massive*!” Monica admitted. “Would you...*mmmmmm*...believe I was only an A-cup earlier?”

“I think that’s the best lie I’ve ever heard,” Clint said sternly. A hand pressed itself firmly into Monica’s bare right breast, his palm sinking into her taut milk-filled skin. Her raised areola more than filled his hand.

Monica shivered with delight. “M-Milk me, please... They’re so full...”

Without a word, Clint squeezed her enlarged nipple and milk sprayed over the two and the back of the cab.

“Ahhhhh ooohhhh yeeaaa!!” she shivered, finally feeling relief from her friends’ high jinks. In her excitement, she wrapped her arms around Clint and pulled him on top of her, lying back on the seat and tipping her purse over in the process.

Clint made quick work of her bloated chest, eagerly sucking each nipple and stopping only to come up for air much to the pleadings of Monica. More than a gallon of milk covered their clothes and the cab interior by the time they arrived at her house.

“T-This...is...m-my place...” Monica panted heavily. Clint made a motion to get out of the cab with her, but she stopped him gently. Licking her lips with a sly smile she teased him by cupping her mostly-emptied chest. “Are these puppies worth another date?”

Disappointment covered Clint’s face for the briefest of moments before it was replaced by glee. “So I’ll get to see you again, then? For some reason, I don’t feel like we did much talking tonight.”

Playfully looking around the soaked cab and her ruined dress in thought, Monica said, “You *did* buy me a drink... But I feel like I just more than repaid the favor...” Teasingly brushing her hand against the firm bulge in her pants, she added, “Why don’t you give me your number and I’ll give you a call?”

“You’re not one of those wait-three-days-before-calling girls, are you?” Clint grinned, handing her his business card.

Purse in one hand and breasts in the other, Monica stepped out of the cab. “I guess you’ll just have to wait and see!”

The door closed and Clint watched as the greatest pair of tits he had ever experienced wobbled up Monica’s porch and vanished into her house. More than anything he wanted to follow her inside, but he knew the reward of waiting would be much greater.

The cab driver coughed. “Where to next?”

Clint passed on his address and settled into the wet seat. “I’ll pay for the damages,” he assured.

“You kiddin’? Seeing those things out in the open was payment enough. I’ll tell the company some freak tanker accident happened.”

The men drove on in silence, each remembering their own cherished images from the first half of the ride. Clint adjusted his seating and felt something strike his foot on the floor. Picking it up, he found it to be a small remote covered in oddly-labeled buttons.

“What the...?” he wondered, turning it over in his hand. “Tit Clicker,” he read from a label on the back. “Never heard of it.”

Various possibilities flashed through his mind of impossible connections between the remote and what he had seen from Monica. “That’s insane,” he chuckled, running his thumb over the buttons and pressing them in random orders in the process. Soft clicks filled the back of the cab as he played with it absentmindedly before arriving at his apartment. Leaving the cab, he placed the remote in a pocket filled with his wallet and keys.

“Guess I’ll have to wait for her to call to see if it’s hers,” he sighed.

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Monica closed the door to her house and leaned against it with incredible longing. Never had it been so difficult for her to say no to a man. Her loins still ached from the loss of having a cock for the night, but the possibilities of a bed to herself weren’t lost on her. Slumping against the door, she inspected her current state.

The top half of her dress was torn and ruined, as was her new bra. Milk still dripped from her skin and pink nipples jutting into the air like strawberries on top of two plump melons. Even emptied due to Clint’s incredible thirst, they retained their large amount of growth from earlier in the night. Monica could hardly believe what she had just done in the cab, much less walking to her door half naked.

“Lust makes a girl so crazy things...” she sighed. Rubbing a perky nipple and shivering with pleasure she thought, “Or maybe giant, swollen tits make a girl do crazy things...”

Monica stumbled into her room and collapsed on the bed, greeted by a massive shimmy running over her bust. It made her giggle as they rippled firmly, skin still taut from the air Samantha had pumped into them. “I think I see why men like these things so much!”

Each of her hands pressed playfully on top of her chest. Finally alone, she was able to inspect what her breasts had become after the night of partying. A sly smile spread over her face at the thought of being alone with the remote in her lustful state.

“Maybe we should see what that thing can *really* d--n-nnggghh...!”

Monica quivered with frightening intensity, a worryingly-familiar unprompted sensation rushing through her chest. Skin pressed against her trembling hands with growing pressure, her nipples plumping in rising ecstasy.

“W-What...?!” she gasped, watching them rise into the air a small amount. “I...I didn’t press--OOOHH!!”

A massive swell of growth rushed into her tits causing them to bloat more than three cup sizes in a matter of seconds. A distinct tightness spread over her skin as milk and air sloshed together, her nipples leaking once more.

“Shit shit shit!!” Monica swore, eyes bulging wide at the sight of her mammaries growing like inflating sports balls.



After a considerable amount of effort raising her torso and sitting on the edge of her bed, she made a panicked grab for her purse. With every prayer, she hoped the remote was in the bottom of her bag, trapped under something heavy enough to press its buttons.

“Please tell me it’s in here, for the love of *GOD* please tell me it’s--*AUUGH!!*”

Monica’s hands clenched tightly when she was struck with more growth. The tightness of her skin was reduced somewhat, her chest reaching down and out before pressing into her tensed arms.

Her heart beat furiously when the Tit Clicker was nowhere to be found. “*Shiiiiit.*”

Trembling, the purse was pushed onto the floor by her ever-expanding udders. “O-Oh no... Oooohhh noooo...” Monica moaned. Hazy memories of her purse spilling over poured into her quickly-sobering head. “*PLEASE* tell me I didn’t drop it in the cab!

All forms of growth assaulted her bust: air rushing against her skin and milk bloating her glands. Forced to watch the ever-changing cycle of tightness, liquid weight, and natural growth, Monica feared the worst. Within moments she could feel the bottom curves of her tits sliding against her thighs, slick with leaking milk covering her tightly-drawn skin.

“I-I...*MMMMM...*” Words were foreign to her for a passing second when another flurry of expansion engorged her form.

The slightest breeze across her strawberry nipples was enough to make her body tense. Raising her hands to their fronts, she attempted to cover them with her palms and soothe their raging desires. However, when she had only brushed against their throbbing points, a bolt of pleasure shot through her. It was intense enough to force Monica’s hands into the front of her chest and grasp her nipples as if she had touched an electric fence. Sheer pleasure threw her onto her back where she lay panting from an instantaneous orgasm. The heightened sensitivity of her nipples was enough to keep her hands clamped over them against her will, her body powerless against its own nerves.

“*F-FUCK!!*” she screamed, wanting nothing more than to plunge an array of fingers into her sopping groin. Each nipple flared with intense heat in her palms, the leaking milk doing little to relieve the inferno.

Monica’s breasts had become enormous and beyond anything manageable. Helpless to the whim of the remote, she could only watch as they bubbled and bulged higher into the air. Larger than beach balls and just as firm, she gasped from under their weight. Incredible roundness arose from her tightened skin to shape them into large ovals choosing to ignore the majority of gravity in their massive size.

“C-Clint...” she gasped against more growth commands, “I really...*nnnnnghh!!!...r-really* hope you start pressing that increase cup size button! E-Enough with the air and milk!! My skin can only t-take so much swelling!!”

The amount of pleasure coursing through her body and the number of orgasms it had caused was becoming too much for Monica to handle. Lightheadedness fogged her vision from never-ended waves of ecstasy stemming from her overly-sensitive nipples. As her tits continued

to grow, however, they forced her arms wider. Her clenched hands lost their death grip on her nipples and were flung onto the bed a moment later in defeat.

“T-Thank...God...” she panted. “My nipples are like o-orgasm buttons! And I was...*mmmmnnngh*...holding t-them down!!”

But not all of her problems were solved. Random assortments of button clicks by who she could only hope to be Clint still forced her chest larger by the second. Milk gurgled within her inflated tits and sloshed against drum-like skin.

“So...So fucking big... Stop playing with my remote, Clint!!” Monica pleaded to the empty room. “My tits are like a couple of blimps over here!!”

Each knocker loomed ominously over her, casting a shadow as they blocked her ceiling light. Her tired arms became pinned beneath their yoga ball sizes, the majority of her abdomen being swallowed under creeping cleavage approaching her hips.

Sheer panic took over when skin pressed into her chin and slick cleavage rubbed her cheeks. “*N-No! Noooo no no no no!!* I-If I get buried--”

Monica froze, not wanting to think about what could happen. She started to thrash under her tits, sending tight ripples in every direction causing soda can nipples to throb pleadingly on top. Slowly she inched her way to the bed’s headboard, and after freeing a hand, was able to pull herself into a semi-sitting position.

A sea of tight skin and pale veins greeted her. Flesh flowed away from her torso in every direction and hid any view of her legs from sight. More than half of her queen-sized bed was covered by her own engorged chest. Still they grew.

“No more...!” she begged, “This is...*oooohhhh*...w-way too much f-for...any girl!! That fucking remote is going to make me *burst!*!”

*GUUUUURGLE*

The rainbow of growth changed then and Monica’s face clenched from a pressure building inside her overflowing mammaries.

“*O-Oooohhh crap... I...I-I...*”

She was unable to speak as she felt her tits producing more milk than she could handle. Gallons flowed into her overgrown bust and fought for their rightful space, her sensitive nipples only able to release so much.

“C-Come...on!!” Monica whimpered, “Is the remote jammed in his pocket or something?! I-I’m just...j-just...filling up like a milk tank!!”

Milk churned and swirling against her firming skim. The tops of her breasts rose higher in their tightness, rounding out like water balloons reaching their limit. Dairy sprayed across her room and splattered the opposite wall like a pressure washer, knocking various pictures off the wall with a loud crash.

“T-Too...much! I can’t hold...all of this!!” Monica groaned loudly, hands fearfully massaging her chest. “I feel like I’m...I-I’m going...to...*nnnngh!!...POP!!*”

Even in her sitting position, Monica was becoming overshadowed by her rising cleavage. A dark chasm of shifting flesh loomed ahead, inching closer to her face with every heaving breath.

“Too much too much *too much!!! Clint stop with the milk before I EXPLO--*”

The churning inside her chest ceased suddenly, causing Monica to fall silent except for muffled whimpers. Her breasts were motionless save for her own movements. Each filled the bed like giant weather balloons, overflowing the mattress and threatening to fall to either side onto the floor. The smell of sweet milk hung in the air and the sound of a trickling stream from somewhere ahead brought some sense of relief. Soaked through, Monica wasn't sure how much of the fluids in the bed were from her tits or crotch due to the countless rounds of orgasmic beatings it had been forced to endure.

Having the energy to only breathe, Monica wondered what to do next. Her purse was out of reach on the floor to her right. If she could move a little she might be able to grab it and find her phone, but with her chest reaching to the ceiling, she wasn't going anywhere fast.

“Just...please don't press another button, Clint...” she sighed. Still feeling milk running over her chest, she knew eventually her chest would shrink to a more maintainable size. “Maybe I'll be able to lean over to grab my phone then,” she hoped, “And not tumble onto a pair of overfilled tits ready to p-pop in the process.”

It could take hours, but Monica had no choice but to wait. Pinned against her headboard and a wall of flesh, she was certain of one thing. Giggling, she amused herself despite the situation. “At least he won't have to wait on that three-day rule...”

TO BE CONTINUED