

Soaking it Up

“How does sand always manage to get freaking *everywhere*??” Tiffany groaned. The coarse bits of rock refused to leave the girl alone after a day of fun at the beach. An overcast sky was starting to block the sun, however, and it was time to go home. “All I did was lay on a towel for a little while! And I never went past my knees in the water!”

The curvaceous brunette strode down the boardwalk with her towel and bag in tow. Ahead of her stood several rows of outdoor shower stalls available for the beachgoers to rinse themselves off after a day of play. No matter how many times Tiffany used them, it always threw a thrilling flutter in her chest. The thought of showering out in the open felt so taboo, even if it was socially acceptable for the setting.

Tiffany relished the sensation. Overall she was more than happy to give any pair of curious eyes something to gawk at. The revealing orange bikini hugging her body like paint was proof. If she could make a couple of men’s days with a healthy view of her E-cup cleavage jiggling with every step, she was more than happy to oblige. The attention and wandering eyes was fun but more than anything Tiffany knew she had a captivating figure and she was more than proud to put it on display. If she was feeling extra generous, she would land each step on her heels with an extra bit of force and send a shockwave traveling through her curves like an earthquake. Those kinds of visual treats drew eyes like a magnet.

Sand itched across her body. It was particularly irritating in the most intimate areas where washing was the most touchy. Not that Tiffany had much of a problem with it, but most parents frowned if a woman slipped her hands under her bikini to wash around a little in front of their kids.

Tiffany grumbled under her breath. “What do they expect me to do? Drive home with a crotch full of sand? The showers are there for a reason.”

As always, there was a line waiting in front of the stalls. The beachgoers ranged from elderly to toddler, but all were anxious to wash their sandy skin. After a handful of minutes waiting and listening to men’s opinions on passing girls, Tiffany found a shower with her name on it. The stall wasn’t large; no more than three-feet wide and made of ancient wood smelling of coastal air. A door was absent but several hooks were conveniently located for any belongings in need of storage.

Tiffany couldn’t help but feel like a sideshow entertainer when she turned on the water and stepped under the course flow. A body like hers was capable of making the time spent waiting in line fly by for any men looking for a distraction. As always, Tiffany was happy to deliver but it was just easier to avoid eye contact altogether and opted to close her eyes.

Ah! That’s cold! she thought, the water striking like an arctic wind compared to the residual heat of the cloud-covered sun. *Is it going to rain...?* Tiffany wondered, feeling a familiar breeze of an approaching storm. Goosebumps flew over her skin moments before she felt her nipples harden against her bikini top. *Maaaaybe I should have worn a top with a little padding...*

Or at least something that's not vibrant neon orange. The cold water made the bikini shrink and pull against her body, leaving very little guesswork for any onlooker with even a semi-competent imagination.

Putting on what she considered to be a show for those interested never failed to leave Tiffany in an erotic mood. Her hands drifted on her body longer than necessary and applied an extra amount of pressure as if to show off just how soft she was. A hooked finger lifted a shoulder strap away while a hand slid under her top and caressed a slippery breast. The act of grabbing herself in such a way in front of an audience was exhilarating and she couldn't help but squeeze her assets. With her eyes closed, the act of washing was all the more intimate.

I must really be into this... I feel like I don't even fit in my own hand...! Tiffany thought, washing her other breast. Firm nipples pressed into her palm with heightened sensitivity. She couldn't ignore how full they felt, throbbing against her fingers like thimbles.

Leaning her head back one final time and allowing the water to run over her face and body, Tiffany wiped her face and opened her eyes.

It was like waking up on-stage at a packed theater.

The shower line was at a standstill. There wasn't a single person waiting who wasn't staring directly at her like some sort of oddity. A crowd had formed on the boardwalk behind them and formed a wall of gaping faces, male and female alike. Tiffany wasn't opposed to attention, but standing in the shower now she felt like street performer.

"Have a little modesty!" a woman shouted, covering her child's eyes.

One guy prodded his friend with his elbow. "You're seeing this too, right?"

Tiffany was starting to feel uncomfortable. There was such a thing as having *too* many eyes on her, and the longer she stood under the shower's water, the tighter her bikini felt.

"Uhh... Weird..." she mumbled, the world staring at her like a horde of frozen zombies.

"There they go again!" someone cheered.

"The hell are they talking about--*Ahh!!*" Tiffany cried out when her bikini top pulled into her like twine. The tightness was too much to ignore and definitely more than what cold water could cause. The pang of discomfort drew her eyes downward for the first time since showering.

"O-O-Oh my GOD!! My BOOBS!" she yelled, her gaze greeted by a pair of tits twice the size she remembered. Flesh bulged around her straining top and engulfed the sides like hungry, erotic monsters. The jiggling orbs dominated her torso and dwarfed her bikini, giving her an image of a well-endowed porn star.

"What the fuck?! W-What the fuck?!" Tiffany gasped, gathering them in her arms. Their weight was very real, and worse, increasing by the second.

"Woooo!!" someone cheered.

"She's gonna blow a strap by the looks of it! How's she doing that??"

"I think it might be some kind of feminist performance art?"

Tiffany couldn't believe what she was hearing. Her chest was physically growing, swelling against her arms by cups every few seconds, and yet everyone around her could only attribute it to art or some sort of prank.

"W-What's happening to me?! *Please! Somebody call 911!! My chest is blowing up!!*"

"Bigger! Bigger! Bigger!"

The crowd was insatiable. Their cheers, and the occasional disgusted scoff from a passing woman, nearly drown out the rushing water beating upon her body. Droplets bounced in all directions after striking Tiffany's bust.

"O-Ooohhh... Ooohhhh my bikini is getting tight!! T-They're not...stopping!! Someone do something!! My boobs are going to--"

SNAP!!

The bikini broke across her back, flying upwards like a slingshot over her head before hanging limp on her shoulders. A pair of massive knockers reaching to her belly button toppled free. The force of release was enough to make Tiffany stumble and lean against the shower stall for support.

Water pooled in her cleavage as she wrapped her arms around her chest. Still they continued to swell and engorge, driving fear and confusion into Tiffany's core. Every breath she took forced her hands apart little by little until they could no longer touch their tips.

"O-Oh God!! Don't just all...nnngh...stand there!! This isn't FAKE!! My chest is actually--" She stopped, her eyes catching something strange. The pool of water in her cleavage had vanished as if absorbed into her skin. Looking closer and pulse racing, Tiffany could see individual droplets sinking into her pores as if she were a sponge.

"I-It's the water!! I'm...I'm absorbing all this...WATER!!" Tiffany was in full panic mode. She had to get out of the shower before the situation could get any worse. Already her chest threatened to buckle her legs from their sheer water weight. When the opposite side of the shower stall pressed into her strawberry nipples, Tiffany cried out, "Ahhh no no no nooo!!"

Her chest was the only surface for the water to land on. The shower's full flow struck her cleavage, Tiffany's bosom soaking up the fluid greedily and bloating in turn. Several onlookers took steps back, her skin bulging around the shower stall like rising dough.

"Look at her go!!"

"I gotta figure out where she had those props made. If I could get my girlfriend to wear that during sex..."

"STOP LOOKING AND HELP ME!! PLEASE!!" Sloshing skin rose into Tiffany's face, blocking her view and pinning her arms against the wall. Mammaries like overinflated beach balls filled her stall, overflowing into those neighboring her. The occupants quickly fled, the wooden walls creaking with stress.

"I-I can't...breathe!! I'm too big for the shower!! I just keep getting bigger and bigger and BIGGER and you're all JUST STARING!!!" she squirmed. "I need help before--"

CRASH!!

The shower stall cracked like a symphony before the weather-aged wood split at its mounting. The walls burst apart, removing Tiffany's support and sending her careening to the flood. She would have fallen to a jiggly heap had her arms not been ready. Now, standing before the entire gawking beach with impossible-to-handle tits reaching to her knees, she knew she had to go. She took her bag in her teeth and ran, chest grasped in shaking hands.

Every step was a struggle. The sheer absurdity of the scene was enough to keep people frozen in shock as she waddled away from the showers. Her car was within sight, just behind the showers in the parking lot, but every gurgling step was heavier than the last. Tiffany's heart sank when she realized her growth hadn't ended.

Exiting the shower was a good start, but even out of the flow her growth continued slow and steady, as if still processing. *I-I'm out of the water!! Why isn't it stopping?! I-I'm out of the water!! Come on come on come on come on!* she urged her body, each tit eager to slip from her grasp. Her car was an oasis in this nightmare. When she released one hand to dig into her purse and open her car door, a massive, rippling slosh emanated from Tiffany's front as a titanic udder fell to the ground. *Gotta get...to a doctor!*

Falling butt-first into the car, Tiffany found her chest resting on the ground outside and reaching as high as her knees in wobbling mounds. Her skin stretched when she heaved each individual tit onto her lap, stuffing skin wherever it could fit. By the time her left breast was in, the entire front of her sedan was a sea of skin, with her right breast overflowing the passenger seat and bulging onto the floor. Slamming her door only made her chest rise into her view, blocking the entire dashboard.

Tiffany struggled, trying to work out how to drive. There was no hope. Cleavage was rising by the second and her hands couldn't even find the steering wheel. *"WHY IS THIS HAPPENING TO ME?!?!"*

HOOOOOOOONK

Her chest was running out of room to grow. It pressed into the horn, emitting a blaring siren as if to call every pair of eyes towards the girl filling her car like a water balloon.

"Shit, dude! Look at that!"

"What am I even looking at? Is she blowing up a pool toy in her car?"

"HELP MEEEE!" Tiffany screamed. Her voice was muffled against her chest, skin engulfing her in a water-filled prison. It pinned her against the seat and she could feel herself swelling into every crevice.

CRREEAAAK

The sedan couldn't take so much weight, nor pressure. Skin pressed on the windows and the plastic dashboard cracked under her mass. Nipples like coffee cans flattened themselves against the windshield and Tiffany felt her driver's seat buckling under her weight.

BOOM!!

The car's top erupted. Glass blew outward and the roof tore back like an opened can of sardines.

“H-H-HOLY SHIIIT!” Tiffany screamed, feeling her chest rush over the hood. The car’s suspension protested before her breasts finally came to rest, her chest monolithic in size and covering the front half of her sedan. The flesh mounds were visible from all around, multiple distant children gasping at the possibility of an inflating bouncy castle.

“WHAT THE FUCK HAPPENED TO MY--” Tiffany froze. A drop of water fell from the darkening sky, landing on her nose and running into her cleavage. Her heart sank when the bit of water vanished into her skin before a curtain of rain descended.