

Tits at the Museum

“Brydie, where ya going??”

“I just need to take a breather! I’ll be back in a minute!” A key slipped into a door and opened an escape for the partygoer.

“Ahhhh...” she sighed once hidden away from the bustling event. Just outside the door was a fundraiser for a local museum. Every year it garnered countless rich types all eager to earn their yearly tax write-off. The event itself was held as a charity auction at the museum itself in a spacious foyer. Donated items of all kinds waited on stage for their moment of auction.

“Every year...” Brydie said while holding a hand to her head. “Those donors may look old, but get a couple drinks in them and they revert back to college students! I can barely hear myself think in there.”

The darkened inside of the museum was a peaceful safe haven for the time being. Ten minutes, maybe twenty, was all she needed to gather her mind enough to brave the crowd once more.

Wearing a red cocktail dress with straps shooting over her shoulders and down her back, Brydie walked past the sleeping exhibits. The outfit was a bit scandalous given her DD-sized assets and the resulting cleavage, but she liked to believe the sex appeal helped put the rich old men in the giving spirit. Every step sent an echoing click from her high heels through the deserted building. It was hard to believe such a rambunctious party was going on not twenty yards away.

Brydie took a sip from her drink. “Would it be so bad if I got a little work done while I gathered myself? I barely have time to do my own work during the day anymore.”

Stumbling towards a small hallway nestled near the information booth, Brydie came upon a door marked ‘Processing’. Inside was her office. It was small but cozy and lined with intriguing artifacts she had yet to enter into the system. Little of what took up space was her own property. On the desk was a wooden crate still half unpacked from earlier after she had been torn away to other duties.

“Honestly,” she said standing over the box, “They expect me to do the job of three employees. No wonder all the little bits of history pile up in here like some kind of storage closet. My office looks like a time traveler’s stash!”

Taking another sip of her drink, she set the glass on the desk and peered into the crate. Several items still lay buried in protective packaging. Sorting through them sounded better than going back to the fundraiser.

“Let’s see what we’ve got...” Brydie hummed with curiosity. A slip of paper sat next to the crate, detailing its contents. The one item removed during working hours still waited next to her computer; a jade vase a handful of centuries old. It didn’t look like much to her. Rarely anything came across her desk with any high value. Most items she wasn’t even required to wear gloves when handling.

“Old vase...” she nodded, going down the list. Reaching into the packaging, she withdrew several objects and named them off. “Native American spearhead... A thirteenth-century Asian turtle shell used as a bowl... A Spider-Man #3, complete with water damage...” The haul so far required another drink of alcohol. “God, where do they find this trash? We’re not a damn thrift store.”

A final item waited at the bottom of the list. Rummaging her hand at the bottom of the crate, she found it stuffed in a corner under a wad of packaging. “Aaaand a--” Brydie snorted at the listing, “*wow*, an ancient Aztec fertility charm.”

An amulet roughly the size of a modern-day silver dollar sat in her hand. Depicted on its surface was a woman standing over two men, each hunched over and carrying what Brydie could only assume to be her monumental breasts. Each had to rival their owner’s own weight. On the reverse side was an intricate pattern of lines and squares. In the center was a simple etching of two circular objects smashed together as if trying to squish free of the frame.

The museum processor snorted again and let the sexual amulet dang from a cheap chain. “I guess horny men existed back then too. Their tastes haven’t changed much, either.” Feeling tipsy and not wanting to return just yet, Brydie slipped the amulet around her neck and reclaimed her drink.

“Heh, maybe a big-titted goddess will have pity on me and send me home with some company tonight,” she joked, patting the amulet as it rested against her boosted cleavage. “There are a *couple* younger guys here I wouldn’t mind getting to know.” A warmth was spreading across her chest but Brydie simply attributed this to the growing amount of alcohol in her system.

She decided to take a lap around the museum before returning to the charity event. Wandering the dark museum halls was nothing new to Brydie, though doing so in such an appealing outfit wasn’t as common. She felt like a seductress in a Bond film helping the agent sneak his way into a secure location.

“Mmmm,” she breathed after a drink. An absentminded hand was playing with the amulet around her neck. The erotic designs could be traced with one of her fingernails and it was amusing to feel the heavy metal bounce against her natural padding. “I should wear a necklace more often,” she said in amusement, “I’ve got the cleavage to hold one apparently!” The click of her heels on stone floors echoed in agreement.

A finger pulled at a shoulder strap. On top of feeling ill-fitted, Brydie felt heat rising within her. “Did they forget to turn the AC on for tonight? Those old people are going to roast if they did.”

Pulling at the strap once more, Brydie released an involuntary moan. “*M-Mmm...*” Her mind was starting to wander to dirtier places.

“I wonder how many people have had sex here...” The possibility astounded her like never before. The museum was generally quiet enough for a pair of tricky teens to do the deed and go unnoticed. Even more so for the actual employees outside of work hours. Standing in

front of a caveman exhibit, rubbing the amulet atop her increasingly soft cleavage and shortening breaths, Brydie asked, “Hmm, Mr. Caveman? How...mmm...many times have you seen a woman get bent over one of these benches?”

No reply came. She was, however, acutely aware of how the angle of his painted eyes drew a line of sight directly down any onlooking women’s shirts. “Didn’t anyone ever tell you?” she asked drunkenly, the faint idea of self-pleasure in the dark exhibit seeding itself in the back of her mind. Running a finger under her dress to find a playful nipple, she said, “It’s impolite to stare, Mr. Caveman! Though if you want a peek, I *suppose* I could--”

CRASH!!

Brydie dropped her glass where it shattered against the floor. Beneath her playful hand was a pair of breasts far larger than she remembered owning. Engorged to the size of her head, they stuffed the cocktail dress to its limit and bulged flesh into the open wherever possible. The amulet rested atop a shelf of horizontal cleavage and burned against her hand with sexual energy.

“*W-What the??*” she gasped, watching them heave with each breath. Their weight was obvious now and required more work from her lungs to lift their girth. “*My boobs!! I-I’m so SWOLLEN!! What’s happening to--O-Oooohhhhhh...*”

The sight was quick to knock her out of her drunkenness but it did nothing to abate her waxing arousal. Hand rubbing the amulet with increasing vigor, Brydie’s body trembled under her dress as she opened her mouth to breathe fuller.

“*They’re.... T-They’re growing... This amulet... It’s... Oooohhh it’s doing something...to me!*”

Eyes wide and attentive, she watched first hand as her bust bloated with no regard for reality. With only her dress to contain them, they were relatively free to do as they pleased. Skin rubbed across her upper abdomen and bulged around her shoulder straps. Such growths only strengthened as the front drew taut and firm like a drum, stretching across two bulging mounds of flesh.

“*Hah... Hah...!*” Brydie gasped aloud, unable to pull her hand away. Every brush of her fingers unleashed more of the amulet’s unknown powers into her body. In only a matter of seconds she had doubled in size until the dress was struggling to contain what she could only compare to a pair of beach balls. And yet their growth only accelerated.

“*Mmmmm... M-MMMM!! Oooohh what’s happening to me?!?*” she pleaded to the empty exhibit. “*I-I can’t... I don’t want to stop rubbing this amulet! IT FEELS SO GOOD!*”

CRREEAAK

The front of her dress groaned with stress. Though overfilled, she could sense it was far from breaking. It only drove her swelling tits to deform themselves for its sake, making her chest bulge into multiple rounded heaps like a fleshy raspberry.

“*It’s getting faster... I-It’s speeding up!*” she noticed. Each nipple was engorged like an angry fist. Much longer and she was going to resemble the woman printed on the coin. Mind

losing itself to ecstasy and the amulet, Brydie's feet started stumbling through the museum towards the office.

"N-NNGH! Oooohh GOD!!!"

She didn't make it very far. The weight of her mammaries was overbearing. Her hand felt raw from rubbing the amulet so fast. Buried beneath a view of rising cleavage caressing her chin, she could no longer see the culprit causing her growth, much less any other part of her body.

CREEEAAAAAK!!

POP!!

"OH!!"

Stitches began bursting on her dress. Stuffed far beyond its capacity with over two hundred pounds of boob, it was ready to release Brydie in all her glory. Her legs trembled with effort to stay upright. *"Please... P-Please, break! MMMM LET ME SEE THEM!!!"*

SHRIIP!!

The dress exploded at the front. A bust capable of reaching the floor heaved itself into a natural, rounded shape and carried Brydie to the cold stone below. Landing across them like a cushion, she marveled in their size. "I-I'm just like the woman on the coin!" she gawked. *"I'm definitely going to need some guys to help carry these things out of--"*

She froze, noticing she was still rubbing the amulet. As much as she wanted to, her body refused to step away from its power. Every brush of the hot metal surface made her loins ache and throb, as well as her chest surge in size. No longer was her growth steady; it had turned into a pulsating rhythm as if storing up power until it housed enough for a sudden swelling release.

"A-Ahh!!!"

BWWOOMPH

"OooHHH!!!"

BWWOOMMPH!!

"MMMMM GOD!!!"

BWOOOOOMMPH!!!

Every bloating surge brought lightning orgasms as her skin slid across the floor in short bursts. The pulses built upon themselves like building waves until Brydie could feel herself growing multiple yards at a time.

"Oooohhh my God!! OHHH MY GOOOOOD!!!" she screamed, rubbing the amulet in a frenzy. The view in front of her was a sea of wobbling flesh. Tall and heavy, her breasts were in utter control. She was forced to kneel and hug the back of her chest like a wall as it expanded in front in all directions. She could only guess to her size, but based on the sporadic items crashing to the ground, she feared the room may not be big enough.

"Nnnnngh... NNNGGGH!! My tits are GIGANTIC!!!" she screamed, burying her face into the endless cleavage in front of her. Cold stone was beginning to press at random spots, titillating her bed-sized nipples. *"I-I'm touching the walls!! The...MMMM...fucking ceiling!!!"*

CRACK!!

The museum's structure wasn't built for such mass. Filling the area like a roll of rising dough confined to a container, Brydie felt the building start to strain all around her.

"O-Ooohh no... Oooohhh I'm too big!! I-I can't stop...rubbing it though!! HOW BIG CAN THEY GET?!" Through the depths of her chest, she could feel her nipples pressed flat against a wall. Juices ran down her inner thighs. Feeling the roof shift atop her bust, she knew something was going to give. *"What the hell kind of amulet is this?!"*

On the other side of the wall, the auction's music stopped amid the building's tremors. All looked to the ceiling as chandeliers shook and clouds of dust fell to the tables.

"Is this an earthquake??" an old woman asked, holding onto her husband for support.

The event's planner tried to calm the situation. "Please! Everyone evacuate in an orderly manner! Please make your way to the exit and--"

CRUMBLE-CRASH!!!

An upheaval of stone and rubble shook the building as a wall collapsed and the roof lifted into the air to expose the night outside. Chunks of debris showered the stage to destroy much of the auction's items before a set of breasts blown like a circus tent billowed into the open space. Nipples as large as minivans stood out towards the gaping audience. None had the mental fortitude to move a muscle when faced with such looming femininity.

CRA-BWOOMP!

A piece of ceiling fell and bounced off Brydie's chest, sending ripples in all directions and flinging itself across the room. A labored scream of pleasure could be heard from a hidden location. Not knowing what to say among the sheer silence, the charity organizer addressed the crowd. "S-So...Shall we start the--"

GRMMMMBL!

He froze as the wall of flesh behind him started to groan and shift once more.