

High Swelling

Pfffffft

“*God*, I’ve needed this...” Haley sighed. The back of her head knocked against the wall of Ray’s room. The carpet was soft under her hands and feeling softer by the minute as she passed the blunt.

Ray grinned and nodded. “Long week?”

“I swear my professors have been riding my ass! As soon as I get one thing done there’s like...just another thing to do! Gimme a break!”

Haley let her eyes flutter closed. The marijuana wasted no time in taking effect, though being the third blunt they had shared in the last hour, it wasn’t surprising she was starting to feel light as a feather. Sighing again, Haley spoke her mind. “We *really* gotta do this kind of shit more often. I miss getting baked with you like we did back in high school. Seems like there’s no time for it now... I miss it.”

With a drawn-out inhale, Ray ogled his friend with all the repressed horniness of a stoned college student. Haley had been beautiful in high school and blossomed since college. Never one to be modest about her body, or mind, she would wear revealing clothes when able. Today was no exception.

The strawberry blonde wore a pair of torn black-jean shorts and a fitting black-cotton tank-top to match. As always the visible neon straps of her green bra teased Ray with their goodies. Cleavage was as commonly visible as her collarbones but Ray never tired of seeing whatever he could of her hand-filling breasts. Nor did he grow tired of wishing to see more. The two students were close enough and she was a relaxed enough person that she would probably take her top off if he asked, but Ray felt this would be no different than using a cheat code in a video game; it takes all the fun out of the journey. Not to mention he didn’t want to risk their friendship. In the dim light of his apartment bedroom, her cleavage was all the more tempting.

“*Cough--Wow*,” Ray choked, inhaling too deep. “I can’t believe we’ve gone through another one.”

“What? It’s gone??” Haley moaned, rolling her head lazily to the side.

“We smoked my entire stash...” Ray nodded.

“Damn. That stuff was so smooth I barely felt it go down. You gotta get some more. Or give me the number for your guy. I’m fuckin’ high as a kite lost in space!” Haley giggled.

“You’ll hold me down if I start to float away right?”

“I’ll tie you to my bed if I have to,” Ray joked. He didn’t realize how sexual the words sounded until he saw Haley snicker and raise an eyebrow. Strands of hair were falling in her face.

“Next you’re gonna tell me you’d lay on top of me for good measure. Or that you don’t have any rope and gotta use my shirt and bra.”

Ray gulped. Of the many reactions Haley had when smoking pot, heightened libido was among the most common. More often than not it led to a lot of innuendoes, teasing, and dirty jokes. Based on her eyes, he could tell this round was in full swing.

Leaning to her side towards Ray, Haley lowered her voice to a sultry tone. "I'll bet you're thinking all kinds of naughty thoughts now. Imagining me spread eagle and helpless on your bed... I'm so fuckin' baked I would probably let you do anything once you wrestled me down! Based on our past wrestling matches, though, you were always the one to get pinned."

Staring, Ray fought the temptress as best his body would allow. Deep down he knew Haley was mostly joking, but it didn't make the situation any easier. It would make him angry if he didn't secretly enjoy it so much. In her leaning position, her arms were pressing into the side of her chest, pushing her breasts up and together from the low neckline of her tank-top. The angle made them appear large and rounded.

"Where do you think you're looking?" Haley teased further.

"N-Nowhere!" Ray snapped his gaze upward but she was smirking.

"I think I know where... You always look at my tits when you're stoned." Chuckling with all the maturity of a fourteen-year-old, Haley leaned further and pulled at her top. "Is it cause you're hungry? Do these look like a couple of snacks to your munchie mind? I hear boobs look bigger to guys when they're hungry. Do *mine* look bigger right now?"

"U-Uh--"

"*Ha!*" Haley was too amused. Leaning back against the wall, she sighed. "*God I'm high.* That was the kind of weed you can *feel* in your chest, you know? Like a good breath that just...*mmmmm...fills* your lungs."

Ray watched Haley inhale and lift her breasts into the air. To his high mind, he could have sworn they were almost twice their normal size. Haley's torso was starting to look like the kind of body he might find browsing sexy pictures of busty, petite girls on the internet.

"Heh, you're doing it agai--" Haley stopped tracking her own gaze to her chest. Eyes widening, she gasped. "*Whooooaaaa! Fuckin' check me out!*"

"You...You see it too?"

"My tits are *huge!*" Haley's playful hands shot to her body and groped each boob. The grasp forced pale skin over the neckline and out of her armholes, her bra unable to fully contain their girth. "*Oh they feel so real!!*"

Ray was ashamed to admit his stomach growled when she started to play with and massage them. Bordering on an H-cup, they were round and bulbous on Haley's frame.

"*He... Hehehe...*" Haley giggled, bouncing them in her palms. They were bigger every second. "Dude, what was in that stuff? Was it laced?? I haven't had a good weed trip in ages!"

"It was just some new stuff from my guy," Ray said softly, taking in the scene.

"Well you gotta get me some more! You're seeing this shit, right?? I'm so baked my boobs are blowin' up!" Haley was overcome by another round of giggles. "I've always wondered

what it would be like to be bigger. Look at them go! It looks like I smuggled a couple melons out of the store!”

Hallucinating was one thing, but sharing the same scene was a different story. Ray couldn't place his unease but his mind was quick to override it with his interest in Haley's growing chest.

“*God, that stuff was so good it's making me horny.*” Digging her hands into the basketball-sized knockers, she moaned as she found her nipples through her bra cups. “*My nipples are so damn...nnngh...sensitive!*” She caught Ray's unblinking gaze and flushed cheeks. His quickness in looking away was amusing. “What's the matter? *Too big for ya?*”

“N-No, I just--”

“You want to touch them?”

Ray's heart leaped at the offer. Haley could sense his hesitation, though. “Aww, you're embarrassed...” Leaning towards him, she rested on her hands and pushed her growing assets between her arms. Cleavage stretched towards the floor with more than a foot in length and Ray could hear her bra straining with the motion.

“*Don't be so shyyyyy,*” she moaned. “You know how long I've wanted to hallucinate my tits getting big? I can't *believe* how real they feel either. Don't you want to see?”

Creeeaaak

Her bra complained as straps dug into her shoulders. The sound made Ray jump; she was only getting bigger and even her top was starting to strain. A guy could only hold out for so long.

“*Why don't I help you?*” Haley offered. Moving on her hands and knees, she lifted her breasts from their bases and pressed them into Ray's side. They engulfed his arm and squished over his chest as she began to rub them over his body. “*Mmmmmm don't you think they feel fuuuuull?*”

“H-Haley, maybe we should take it easy.” As much as Ray wanted to sink his hands into her ballooning tits, he wasn't sure Haley was in the right mindset for where it could lead.

“You can touch 'em!! I don't mind! *Feel how soft they are!*”

More than anything, Ray could feel Haley's skin stretching against his. No matter how much it shifted, however, it remained soft and plump.

“Go on!” Haley inched closer, her breath palpable on his face. Cleavage overflowed his shoulder as her chest pushed into him. “I know you've always wanted to! Sink your hands into these growing boobs... Tell me if they feel as real to you as they do to me.”

“I-I want to, but--”

SNAP!

A shudder ran through Haley's body. The shape of her chest changed to accommodate gravity. “*Aww, my poor bra...*” Haley pouted. “It just couldn't hold on any longer...” Grinning from ear to ear, she sat back on her legs and gathered her chest into her arms like a pair of beach balls. The entirety of her abdomen was on display, her tank-top riding up to contain what it could

of her gargantuan bosom. “Do you think my shirt is next?” she giggled, her laughter sending jiggles through her bust.

Ray couldn’t believe his eyes. A life-long dream was coming true yet he couldn’t bring himself to act on it. Relentless as ever, Haley pressed on.

“You look like you’ve got a little growing of your own going on in your pants,” she eyed. Rubbing a strawberry nipple through her shirt, Haley licked her lips. “Maybe these aren’t too big for you, hmm? *Or are you hoping they keep getting bigger?*”

“I’ve got to get more of that weed,” Ray told himself. Whatever its effects originated from, he was glad for the results.

“Mmmmm u-uh oh...” Haley swooned, struggling to control her chest. A tear opened in the front of her shirt and a painted fingernail played with the bulging skin below. “They things are...getting a little heavy!” she warned. “*Ooooh I feel like I might--*”

“A-Ahh! Haley!” Ray stammered when she fell forward. They two collided and a set of tits each two feet across smashed into his chest. Cleavage engulfed his chin when Haley’s weight pressed on top of them, squishing her chest in all directions and out of her shirt.

“*Hehehehe, whoops,*” she giggled, stoned beyond reason and having too much fun.

“Y-You...gotta get off!” Ray panicked, feeling her cleavage massage the front of his pants. His hands pressed into her chest to try and lift them but their weight was too great. His mistake was obvious when he felt her nipples press into his palms and his hands sink several inches into her mounds.

“NNNNGH!!! OHHHH, RAY!!” Haley yelled out with exaggerated horniness. “*I-I’m too sensitive for that!! Y-You’re going to make me COME!! I-I was just kidding around!*”

“I-I’m sorry I’m sorry! I didn’t mean to--”

Haley stuck her tongue out, setting her chin atop her chest. “Just kidding... *Why don’t you try lifting me again?*”

Ray knew he could never perform such a feat. Already she was too large and still she grew. Oddly he was reminded of their past roughhousing when she would pin him under a bean bag.

She seemed to have the same thought. “Just like old times, huh?” Haley grinned, pressing her weight harder into her yoga ball mammaries.

SHRIP!

“E-Except now your shirt is about to blow open!”

Haley moaned in combination with a giggle from his struggling. “You’re always so adorable when you’re trying not to get caught looking down my shirt... Pretty soon you’re not gonna have anywhere else to look!” Noticing how red and flustered his face was, she added, “You can stop fighting it; *I really don’t mind.*”

“H-Haley, I think we’re both stoned out of our minds right now and--”

GRRRR

SHRRRIIP!!

She smiled as her chest fully released itself from her shirt after Ray's stomach growled below her chest. He blushed at his body's betrayal of his arousal. Giddy and high, Haley laid across her chest and fully pinned Ray without hope for escape. "*Mmm*, I think someone is hungry..."