

## Breastival

Mihi swayed to the intoxicating music of the band. With so many other people enjoying themselves around her, it was impossible not to lose herself.

“I’m so glad we decided to come!” she yelled to her friend, Kate.

“Me too! I’ve already gotten five guys’ numbers!”

The bold broadcasting of her friend’s intentions never failed to amuse. “I thought we came here to listen to music and dance!”

“We did!” Kate threw a teasing smile at a guy dancing shirtless next to them. “Doesn’t mean we can’t enjoy a little something extra too!” She turned to Mihi and winked. “Our tent is *plenty* big enough for a third or fourth!”

“Noooo, my *other* tent would have been big enough for this imaginary orgy of yours. We couldn’t fit that one because you had to pack so much extra baggage, remember?”

Casual shrugging motions to the rhythm were the majority of Kate’s reply. “We’ll make it work! Just enjoy yourself!”

It was clear Kate had already managed to find some recreational drugs. Attending a music festival in the mountains was bound to lead to such predictable ends.

Kate gasped and leaned into Mihi’s ear. “*Oohhhh*, loook! I think that guy is checking out your rack! You keep showing those things off and we’re not going to have to pay for anything for the entire trip!”

“Very funny. My boobs aren’t your free-meal pass! I wouldn’t have my shirt open like this if it weren’t so hot!”

Mihi wished she could be as carefree as her friend, but she hadn’t been able to shake a bodily-sense of discomfort over the last few hours. The temperature inside the dancing crowd was indeed reaching slippery, sweaty levels, but the majority of Mihi’s heat was concentrated on her bust. It’d been hot since their arrival as if the mountain air was having an adverse effect. Flashes of intense itching and deep pressure came on throughout the day as well. It was all Mihi could do not to squeeze her ample G-cup breasts to give them some kind of relief.

As annoying as these sensations were, they weren’t anything new. She’d only recently turned eighteen and over the past two years her body had seen an explosion of post-pubescent womanly growth. Based on past experience, these pressure-filled itching attacks were a sure sign she should get ready to go bra shopping sometime soon. Mihi wasn’t about to complain about the healthy increase to her assets; she only wished it wasn’t such a bother to go up a cup or two. A little swelling for the next few days wouldn’t be impossible to deal with.

Dancing was an easy way to take her mind off the discomfort. Closing her eyes and letting the music take her away on the waves of a gentle guitar solo was utter bliss.

Until someone ran into her.

*“A-Ahhh!! Mmmmm...!”* Mihi cried out in surprise before pursing her lips. Her eyes opened to a flare of extreme sensitivity in her nipples. An oblivious festival goer was dancing directly in front of her after his sweaty back had collided with her torso.

*“Sorry about that!”* he laughed. “It’s so easy to lose yourself at these festivals, you know?” He spun around to face his victim but stared blatantly at Mihi’s chest rather than her annoyed eyes. *“Whoa... Nice! Let them be free!”*

Mihi felt like she was about to receive a high five for the size of her bust. Something about the man’s enthralled gaze told her to follow, however. Turning her eyes downward, Mihi was shocked at what she found.

The swelling was much worse than she thought. Her white-lace bra, admittedly tight and ill-fitting beforehand, was overflowing its cups with soft skin. Mesmerizing cleavage far more abundant than usual was bulging into the air with her every breath. It was a wonder her nipples hadn’t sprung free. Perhaps they already had, they were only hidden under the folds of flesh creeping over the cups’ brims. With her loose-fitting shirt opened down the front, it gave the impression her chest had grown too big to be contained.

*“Shit!!”* Mihi cursed, grabbing the flaps of her top and pulling them together. There was no hope of them meeting; the contents squished inside were far too large. How she’d gone so long without noticing her extreme swelling was beyond her. *“Nnngh... K-Kate...”* Mihi groaned.

Her friend couldn’t hear her. Total focus was given to the music filling the air.

Worried, Mihi was certain she could feel her bra tightening by the second. Swelling was one thing, but rapid growth bordering on balloon-like inflation was a different, much more worrisome matter. *“K-Kate!!”*

*“Mhmm? Yea?”* Kate looked like she was adrift in an invisible ocean. Dreamy eyes stared back.

*“I’m... I-I’m uh, gonna go back to the tent for a bit,”* Mihi informed. It was getting harder to keep her shirt together for any amount of modesty. The fear of breaking through such a flimsy bra was real.

*“Oooohh... You just want to lie down and listen to the music...! I get it...”* Kate swayed. *“Have fun! Let it take you...”*

Mihi turned around to leave but was stopped when Kate called out, *“Oh! Mihi! Nice tits!”*

The shoutout garnered interested eyes from all around. Nothing sounded better at that moment than the privacy of their tent. Bending forward to help hide their size, Mihi weaved between the hundreds of attendees. An arm clamped across her bosom was her best hope of security.

*“N-Nngh!”* she groaned, feeling the familiar pressure rising. They ached from such sudden growth. Unheard-of sensitivity in her nipples made any amount of friction unbearable. *“God! They’ve never...mmmm...grown this fast!! I didn’t think breasts could grow like this!”*

Their tent was just ahead amid a sea of polyester. She all but fell into it with frantic motions. Zipping the door closed relieved a massive weight from her shoulders. Finally: privacy.

“Ok...” she breathed, slipping her shirt down her arms and reaching around to unhook her straining bra. “I don’t know what you girls are up to, but it has to st--”

The sight took her breath away. Unleashed, she knockers stood full and bloated on her torso and reached beyond her elbows.

“Holy shit!” Mihi gawked. Holding them in her arms like two honeydews didn’t make the situation seem any more real. “*Where did these come from?!*” Her touch sent shivers down her spine. Not for a second did she dare pinch a nipple; not unless the music became loud enough to drown out what would surely be an orgasmic scream.

“Ooookkkkk, so the lace bra is definitely out,” she decided. “We’re going to need something with a little more power to handle these things.”

Digging into her bag, not ignoring the heavy swaying of her bust as she did so, Mihi withdrew a new sports bra. It was more fitted to what used to be her size. She’d bought it especially for going on runs while camping at the festival.

“This will keep the two of you troublemakers under wraps. I’m all for a bit of cleavage, but there’s a limit before I could get charged for indecent exposure!”

*SNAP!*

The elastic stung when it fell against her torso. The spandex hadn’t helped as much as Mihi had hoped. If anything, it only proved how bad the situation had become.

Flesh bulged out at every turn. Around the straps and into her arms, even from the bottom of the bra; Mihi’s swelling assets could not be contained.

“W-What’s going on?? Did I buy the wrong size?!”

Jumping at her bag, she searched for the receipt. It only made her heart sink.

*SPORTS BRA, 34H      \$39.99*

Mihi gulped. “This is an...H-cup and I’m...*spilling* out of it.”

This was too serious of a situation to handle in the middle of the woods with handsy festival-goers. Whatever was causing such an extreme growth spurt in her breasts would have to be handled somewhere else. Worried for her dwindling ability to drive, she made to exit the tent and find Kate.

*CREEEAAK*

“*Ahhmm!?*”

A sudden tightening of her sports bra made Mihi cry out. She fell backward onto her sleeping bag with her arms for support. The very audible sound of her bra complaining against her still-swelling tits was fear-inducing.

“*U-Uh... Uhhhh... Ngh...!*” she whined, staring at the quivering mounds on her body. They were larger every second, and gaining speed. “*O-Ooohhhh my God!! Nnnghhh shit that’s tight!?*”

*CRREEAAAAAKK*

Two over-inflated basketballs were shoved into the garment. Watching her cleavage creep higher and fuller, Mihi began losing her breath. Rounded curves were pushing out from every seam. Dozens of pounds of weight were trying to force her onto her back. Losing the battle, she fell onto her elbows and watched as her jugs heaved from the sudden drop.

“MMMMM!!!” Mihi wanted to scream out but the bra wouldn’t let her draw enough breath. Nipples the size of pinecones domed the bra and brought a worrying sheen to the fabric.

*CRREEAAAAK*

Mihi started to struggle. At this rate she was going to be trapped on her back. Even the slightest movement caused her chest to shimmy and ripple. Arms quivering, she could feel her muscles giving out under the bloated beach balls and she started to wish she’d fallen onto her stomach.

“Aaahh!!”

*BWOOOMPH!!*

She cried out when her arms failed and her back slammed into the ground. A wave of engulfing breast flesh mashed into her face and covered her arms.

*CRREEEAAAAAKK*

“O-Oh no!! *Oohhhh stop growing!! It’s too...NNGHH!!!...TIGHT!!*” The bra cut into her engorging skin like twine. Stitches blew like popcorn as underboob rubbed across her belly button. “*NnnnNNGHH!!!! I-IT’S ABOUT TO EXPLO--*”

*BOOM!!*

The sports bra blew open with a thunderclap and snapped under her back. Monumental mammaries flowed back to their natural shapes and covered Mihi from her neck to her hips. Movement was impossible and becoming more and more of a dream as they grew larger.

“*Heeeelp!! H-HELP!!*” She screamed from under her cleavage. The music was too loud; nobody would hear her desperate pleas. “*Nnngh!! They’re not stooopping!!!*”

Mihi whimpered as her knockers continued to bloat in all directions. She felt hers and Kate’s baggage being pushed aside for their increasing girth. It wasn’t long until the sides of the tent rubbed firm and cold against her skin. Like rising dough, the only direction her chest could grow was up.

“*No no no!!! Oh GOD they’re getting too...BIG!! I-I can’t...move!!*” Using her arms to push her chest away from her face was no use; it was simply too heavy and forceful. Darkness enveloped her as the entire floor of the tent was covered in a rounded pile of skin.

“*MMMPPHHH!!!*”

An orgasm struck like lightning when her nipples rubbed against the tent’s ceiling. The fabric was unforgiving on such taut, pink skin stretched to the point of over-sensitivity. Soon there would be no room left. Mihi could feel herself filling the tent like a balloon in a confined space. The walls rounded outwards with pressure and the tent’s pyramid shape was lost to something more round and deformed. At each corner, the tent stakes buckled and pulled from the ground. The poles dug into her skin, not wanting to budge.

*“OOOHHHH no more!! Please stoop!! I-I can’t get any biggeerrr!!”*

Muffled voices came from outside. She wanted to yell but knew her voice would never travel through her chest. Dozens of curious hands pressed into her, mesmerized by the shaking jello-filled tent.

*“S-STOP!! This tent...A-AAHHH!!! This tent isn’t going to hold!! O-Oh God my body can’t take this!!!”*

*S-S-SSHRRRIIPP!*

Seams tore open. The heaviest stitching was no match for the pressures building inside the shelter. The entire rounded tent shook, its stakes flying from the ground as the tent’s base ballooned seconds before--

*BOOM!!!*

It burst open like a tube of cookie dough. Two massive jiggling heaps of female flesh fell on all sides, engulfing onlookers’ legs and throwing some several feet away as if hit by an airbag. Sprawling over ten feet wide and five feet tall, Mihi’s bust stood out against the tent city like an erotic carnival attraction.

Staring from the ground through her cleavage, Mihi gasped for fresh air as her cleavage parted. There were people everywhere she looked. She didn’t dare imagine how large her nipples must have engorged. The curious eyes surrounding her didn’t put her at ease. Although her growth was slowing to a stop, she felt as though one problem had only been traded for another.

*“Nnngh... Great...”* she moaned, even a gentle breeze difficult to endure as it washed across her over-excited chest, *“I knew we should have brought the bigger tent!”*