

"I'm not doing it again. You couldn't pay me to do it. No way, nuh-uh. No. Nein."

"But Baaaaabs!"

Barbara hated the nickname 'Babs', but not as much as she couldn't stand jokes about eggs, bunnies, and Easter. However, Lola loved eggs and bunnies and happily celebrated Easter each and every year. She would hide eggs around their two bedroom house because they lacked a yard, she would prepare egg-themed meals and snacks and always bought presents—for both herself and Babs—featuring bunny designs. She had a pet bunny, too, which she'd named Bunny because "It's a great name, why change it?"

"Easter is just another holiday that was co-opted—" Babs started.

"We have this talk *every year*, and you always act like this at breakfast," Lola interjected, "but, for some reason," she bit her lip seductively, "you're all outta complaints for *dessert*."

Both Lola and Babs were tall women; Lola was six feet even, whereas Babs stood at six foot one. Babs was a redhead while Lola was blonde, both of fair complexion, and both of them were relatively athletic. When they played on their university's volleyball team, which is where they'd first met, they were notorious for bickering up until they set foot on the court.

"You're lucky I love you so much," Babs sighed.

Lola was sitting on the bed next to where Babs had sat up, still partially covered by their comforter. She giggled and leaned over to plant a kiss on Babs' cheek.

"Yay! Okay, I'm gonna finish hiding the eggs!" Lola cheered. She leapt from the bed and exited the room, having woken up and gotten dressed long before Babs. Lola grabbed a basket she'd filled with painted eggs and set about hiding them throughout the house. With each passing Easter, her hiding spots became craftier. She was in the middle of hiding an egg underneath the couch when she found them: a pair of thin cardboard boxes.

Lola pulled both boxes out and opened them, revealing the pair of bunny ears headbands contained within each one. She picked one up, her heart fluttering with anticipation. Lola was supposed to wait until the scavenger hunt was done; then again, it was her rule. She was still grappling with her ethical conundrum while her hands, seemingly of their own volition, slipped on the headband. The bunny ears twitched as the headband vanished into her scalp, slowly turning from white to her hair's same shade of blonde.

That day, Lola had worn a pair of gym shorts and a tank top. Tall as she was, finding clothing her size was no small feat, nor was it inexpensive. The result of her pragmatic frugality meant that her outfit was rather tight, though she didn't mind. Lola had worked hard for her fit and toned physique; she was particularly proud of her pert, firm butt. The same butt that was slowly becoming rounder, further pushing into her already snug shorts.

Lola's long ears flopped against her head as she was overtaken by a pleasant feeling of vertigo. She shut her eyes and, placing her hands on her backside, drank in the feeling of her cheeks pushing and fattening against her fingers. She only opened her eyes when the dizzying sensation returned, and just so she could watch the world around her become larger. Lola sat down on the floor, leaning her back against the couch and spreading her legs out in front of her. She rested her hands on her thighs, which greeted her touch by gaining a full inch in circumference all at once.

Lola watched, sighing softly, as her legs shrunk an inch, then another, and then another. All the while, her thighs, hips and buttocks were soaking up every little bit that her legs had lost. She felt her back slide down against the couch, but her top began to pull tighter, too. Still reveling in the feeling of her legs gently brushing against the carpet, she pressed her hands into her chest. Having started at B-cups hardly large enough to necessitate a bra, she easily noticed the feeling of her tits becoming heavier on her chest.

Lola continued to diminish, having shrunk to five foot five by the time her pear-shaped bottom half turned her gym shorts into booty shorts. Her breasts began pushing into the fabric of her tank top, rubbing against her nipples with more force as ounce after ounce of flesh poured into her swelling tits. Lola felt a call from her nethers and gave into it immediately; a hand reached down and she began massaging herself through the fabric of her tightening shorts.

While Lola's body continued to shrink, rapidly approaching the five foot mark, her thighs had thickened substantially. Whereas before she had enough to grab with a couple fingers, she had grown so substantially that an adult could comfortably rest their head on Lola's pillowy expanses. Her breasts, too, were swelling up and up, creating quite the indent in her shirt as she closed in on D-cups the size of melons.

Lola's generous posterior was pushing her higher even as she continued to shrink. Just one of her soft, wobbly cheeks was as big as her head. The sound of straining fabric turned to tearing as her hips continued to widen, and soon, her shorts were in tatters. With nothing holding her back, Lola began feverishly fingering herself with one hand and grasping her swelling tits with the other. She squeezed one of her ripening jugs just as it pulsed bigger against her hand, and inadvertently let out an orgasmic yelp.

From out of the bedroom, Babs emerged, still wearing her pajamas. She was concerned at first, but upon setting eyes on Lola her concern turned to disappointment. Babs approached Lola and knelt down next to her, playfully tugging on one of her fluffy blonde ears, causing Lola to moan ecstatically.

"You just couldn't resist, could you?" Babs teased. Lola pulled her hands free and placed them at her sides, just barely able to reach her diminished limbs far enough to reach the carpet.

"I tried," Lola giggled, "but can you blame me?"

Then, in one motion, Lola lifted the second headband she'd grabbed from the carpet and slipped it onto Babs' head. By the time Babs thought to react, it was too late; she pulled against the ears, which had turned red, and found they were already part of her. She could feel her body receding against her pajamas, her hips pressing against her bottoms while her boobs swelled into her top.

"Lola! Why did you *do that!*?" Babs shrieked. She pressed her hands against her hips as if to stop them from growing, only for her boobs to swell up, instead. Her sleeves started bunching up around her arms right as she hugged her swelling chest. The redhead's body lost three inches in a single, shuddering pulse, bringing her to five foot nine.

Lola responded by hugging herself against Babs' body, nestling her head against her girlfriend's bust. She felt her body receding still, while her tits swelled larger and larger. Lola's boobs were pushing past the size of volleyballs, straining her top to the point of breaking. Despite her dwindling stature, she could feel her body becoming heavier as her assets growth began to speed up.

Lola's nethers felt like they were on fire, made worse by the feeling of Babs' tits straining as they grew against her head. A warm, fuzzy feeling began to overtake her arms and legs just then, which caused her to peel herself off of Babs. She caressed her tits as a layer of smooth, blonde fur spread from her fingers to just below her elbow. At the same time, her tits surged, pumping larger and larger with each passing moment. Cleavage bubbled out of her strained tank top's neckline, her nipples poking through and rubbing against the fabric.

Babs whimpered and whined, trying to resist the arousing feeling of her curves swelling without end. She could feel her legs receding further into her pajama bottoms, while her ass swelled larger, and larger, and larger. The silk fabric gave no resistance to her inflating body, allowing her growing hips to push up and out of the waistband. Her tits were breaching the size of cantaloupes, pulling apart the buttons on her top to reveal a small hint of cleavage, and pressing harder against her arms.

Babs could feel her stiff nipples pressing into her arms, growing larger and more pronounced as her tits did the same. In defiance of her grasp, her boobs puffed up, as if greedily soaking up the majority of the mass she was otherwise losing. Like soft, wobbling balloons, her breasts pushed her arms further out, now soccerball-sized F-cups. The pressure she was putting on her nipples alone was driving her wild; she bit her lower lip and stifled a moan.

Lola leaned back, sinking her furry fingers into the soft expanses of her hips which in their swelling journey were exceeding the width of her shoulders. Her posterior plumped, and plumped, each of her cheeks the size of a pillow. Tears began forming in her shirt as her tits, which surged and swelled, became too much for the fabric to handle. Her body receded once more, her tits billowed out, and the tank top burst from her chest.

Pieces of shredded fabric were sent flying as Lola's tits bounced and jostled against her chest. They came to a rest just above her navel, wider than her torso and twice the size of her head. Now fully nude, and no taller than four foot four, Lola felt a tickle in her feet. Blonde fur spread from her toes to just beneath her knees, even as she continued to shrink. She squeezed both breasts, brushing and tweaking her puffy nipples and moaning.

Babs was hardly a foot taller than Lola, still trying to hold her mounting arousal back. She gazed at her dwindling girlfriend fondling and exploring her body, her mind all the while awash with the feeling of her body becoming thicker and curvier. Her skin had become incredibly sensitive to even the slightest touch, and she was only becoming moreso over time. Babs' incredible booty had nearly swelled all the way out of her bottoms, which had become far too long for her stubby, shrinking legs.

Babs felt her tits redouble their efforts at pushing her arms away, rubbing more fervently against her top as they continued to swell. Keeping her arms locked in place only caused her tits' magnificent swells to push into her face, bursting out of her neckline and bulging through each hole created by her pajama top's buttons. She was keenly aware that she was rubbing against her sensitive peaks, and thought to withdraw her arms.

Babs let go of her tits, but underestimated just how large they had become. Her heavy, quaking breasts seemed to leap forwards once set free. In fact, they surged two full cup sizes as they fell, pushing past the size of watermelons and causing three buttons to burst off of her top. A chasm of cleavage poured out of the expanded neckline, greatly straining the remaining buttons. Another button popped, and her tits surged a little larger. Another button, another spurt; again, and again, and again, until her tits had reached the size of prize-winning pumpkins.

Lola watched Babs' incredibly-swelling bust unfold before her eyes, somehow becoming even more deliciously gigantic with each passing second. She could no longer stand to keep to herself, and dove onto her dwindling girlfriend. Their bodies intertwined, both shrinking and swelling as they feverishly kissed, and fondled, and grasped one another. In their desperation to please each other's bodies, both women would stroke the other's ears on occasion.

When Babs had breached four foot ten, a smooth patch of red fur grew to cover her legs and arms in the same fashion that Lola's had. Their voices moaned in tandem; they could scarcely keep to just one part of each other's bodies. Fingers would grasp and paw against breasts that swelled to the size of couch cushions, hands would reach down and fondle thickening thighs and swell buttocks.

Breast swelled into breast, their bodies becoming heavier on one another as they continued to shrink. They remained an equal distance apart: Lola would breach two feet tall just as Babs sunk below three. Lola took great advantage of the size difference, often nuzzling her head between Babs' immense mammaries while vigorously massaging them with either hand. Their bodies were rocked by climax after climax, becoming softer and curvier between each erotic burst.

They settled upon reaching two feet tall, both bodies largely dominated by the immensity of tits that, relatively, were the size of overinflated beach balls. Thighs as thick as body pillows, attached to hips inches larger than their shoulders, wrapped around to jaw-dropping moneymakers larger than yoga balls. At even the slightest motion, their curves would jiggle and jostle for several seconds afterward.

Slick with sweat after what felt like an eternity of shrinking against and swelling into one another, both women lay huddled together in their living room. Babs nuzzled her chin on Lola's shoulder, a hand still playfully squeezing one of the blonde's immense tits.

"Okay," Babs relented, "you're right. Maybe Easter isn't so bad."

"Yes!" Lola cheered. She leaned over and kissed Babs deeply.

"But," Babs continued, "I get to plan Halloween this year."

"Shhh," Lola put a finger to Babs' lips, "it's still Easter for twelve more hours."

"Oh? What did you have in mind?" Babs asked. Lola sat up, a mischievous grin planted on her face.

"The scavenger hunt, silly!" Lola giggled.

Babs sat up, too, but placed a hand on Lola's shoulder and gently pushed her to the ground.

"I have a better idea," Babs said seductively. She rubbed Babs' voluptuous legs, slowly pulling back and lowering her head toward Lola's nethers.

"Dessert," Babs purred, "doesn't have to wait."