

All-Natural

Rob stared at his girlfriend's chest. There was no attempt to hide his gaze, even when she put her hands on her hips. Being just the two of them on her apartment balcony, there was no need to be overly discreet.

Olivia narrowed her eyes. "Can I help you with something? You look like you're having a staring contest with my boobs."

His eyes remained trained on her strapless bikini-wrapped cleavage. "Did you get bigger?"

"W-What?? Why would you--"

Rob extended a finger and sank it excitedly into a bulge of flesh trying to swallow the swimsuit's cups. Giddiness covered his face like a child's. "Because you look like you're about ready to pop out of this thing!"

Her cheeks turned red. Turning away, Olivia wrapped her arms across her chest. Inhaling from embarrassment, she scolded, "*Rob! You don't just ask a girl if she--*"

STTRRCH

"I can hear your top stretching when you breathe!"

Olivia squeaked. "O-Ok!! Fine!! *Yes*, I've put on a *few* pounds recently. Are you happy??"

"Very!" Rob grinned from ear to ear. "Mostly because it looks like it all went straight to your tits!"

Olivia grumbled. She already knew how tight her bikini was. From the moment she snapped it around her torso, her breasts had been trying to swallow the poor garment. Owning such hefty assets was often more of a curse than a blessing; she'd come to realize this early on when her bra size exploded to an astounding 34G in high school.

She unwrapped her arms and looked down at herself with a frown. "Dammit... My boobs have a muffin top."

"Oh come on," Rob consoled, "It's not that bad! I think it's kind of sexy! In fact, what do you think about buying an even *smaller* bikini top for the bedroom?" He bounced his eyebrows multiple times at the foolish suggestion.

"Very funny." Arching her back, Olivia bemoaned her spandex-stretching bust. "You would just *love* to see me pop out of some tiny little--"

SNAP!!

Like Christmas magic, Olivia's bikini broke where the cups met. Under so much pressure over the summer, a tiny rip had formed and waited until just the right moment to strike. Olivia froze in place as her top fluttered to the ground and her endowments fell free.

Rob couldn't have wiped the smile from his face if he wanted to. "Can you do that again?? I want to film it!"

“*Not a chance*,” Olivia grumbled and covered herself before any neighbors caught a peek. “I guess I need to buy a new top...” Feeling her chest bulging over her arm, she added, “And maybe cut cheeseburgers from my diet too.”

(.Y.) (.Y.) (.Y.) (.Y.) (.Y.)

A moth fluttered past Olivia as she stood in a local beach plaza. Overhead was a large sign reading ‘Amazon Surf Shop’. It was eerie visiting the shop at night when the beach town was usually such a lively place. She would have rushed back to her car if her sister weren’t at her side unlocking the shop’s doors.

“Thanks for doing this, Ginny,” Olivia said. “You have no idea how badly I need a new top. Would you believe I broke mine in half today? Right in front of Rob!”

Ginny laughed as the door swung open and she flicked on a light. “I would believe it! Have you seen yourself?? You could probably feed a village if you started lactating! I’m sure Rob *loooooooved* it!”

“Oh he loved every embarrassing second,” Olivia huffed. Her breasts waited beneath a loose t-shirt with no bra; she was too gun shy to try wearing one after the day’s stitch-busting events. “Let’s just find me a new bikini so I can reclaim my dignity.”

“What are surf shop-owning sisters for?? I know you would be here for hours looking for something that fits if there were other customers. Coming in after-hours should let us get you out of here in fifteen minutes flat!” Ginny glanced at her sister’s bust. “Eh... Well, maybe twenty minutes.”

“Hilarious.” Olivia walked straight into a fitting room and removed her shirt. “All right, Master of Bikinis; bring ‘em on!”

“Hang tight!”

The sound of plastic hangers clattering together gave Olivia hope. Her sister was a professional when it came to finding the right bikini. Department store workers and Victoria’s Secret measurers had nothing on her.

“Ok, try these! They’re all standard bikini tops with extra-large cups!”

Several brightly colored tops flew over the changing room door into Olivia’s arms. “Oh boy!” Olivia’s tone dripped with sarcasm. Holding them in her arms, she already knew several wouldn’t fit. Finding the biggest of the group, she set to work.

Several minutes passed of Ginny listening to her sister struggle to clasp the top. “How’s it going in there...?”

“Oh you know, trying to wrangle the twins!” A huff was released after a snap of fabric. “I-It’s a little tight!”

The door opened and Olivia stepped out. A purple top sank into her breasts as if it were a belt around two pillows. Flesh overflowed at every turn and the neck strap was already leaving a mark on her shoulders.

“Well why did you start with the smallest one??” Ginny ogled. “That obviously doesn’t fit!”

“*No shit!* And this was the biggest of the tops you gave me!” Olivia stepped in front of a mirror and gasped. Her breasts bounced when she cupped her massive underboob and pressed her chest into her. “God they look even *bigger* in this thing!! I’m not hitting some God-awful second puberty or something am I?!”

“Let me see.”

Ginny came from behind and slipped her fingers into the bikini to test various stress areas.

“E-Easy!” Olivia moaned.

“Just doin’ my job!” Ginny hummed. “Did you take out the cup padding? That stuff adds at least a cup size.”

“*Yes I took it out!! You think I want to look bigger?!*”

“Then you definitely need a bigger size.”

“Ya think? My boobs can’t decide which way they want to fall out of this thing!”

“I’ll say! Wow...” She squeezed Olivia’s breasts, unable to contain them in both hands. “They look as big as your head in this thing! It’s like they’re strapped down and ready to transport! Maybe we should measure you. You’re *way* bigger than I remember.”

Olivia moaned, her chest tight and sensitive. “*Nnngh*, s-stop... They feel so swollen. I need to take this thing off; it’s making me feel massive.”

Her sister scratched her head as Olivia re-entered the fitting room. “That’s the largest standard bikini I have... We’ll have to bump you up to the heavy-duty stuff.”

“Do what you need to do!”

Several more bikinis found their way over the door. They ranged from strapless, to giant straps, to underwire, and even tops Olivia was fairly certain could double as a parachute. Each one came with its share of difficulties, namely bulging or excessive exposure. Every attempt left Olivia dismayed at her growing bust. In some kind of joke, her breasts felt larger and larger inside every bikini as if protesting her attempt to contain them.

Finally, after an hour of attempts and at least two broken bikinis, Olivia stepped out of the fitting room. A large beige bikini constricted her chest like a tarp. With so much support, little was left for sex appeal as it covered most of her torso.

“Hmm... Not exactly the sexiest bikini...” Ginny sighed. “But it does fit!”

“Yea, and it makes it look like I’m carrying two watermelons! Seriously, what is this padding?!”

Ginny frowned. “There’s no padding in there. That’s *aaaaaall* you, Sis. Now be careful; that one gives you maybe a few cups of size to work with before it starts to look unnatural! After that, you’ll need to go to a specialty store. So stop growing!”

Olivia’s heart sank. A glance in the mirror was too much to take. Her chest felt massive and heavy. Dismayed, she fell into a nearby lounge chair in an area meant to simulate a beach for girls wishing to test their newest bikini’s selfie quality. She itched what she could of her chest.

“Should I ring you up?” Ginny asked, facing the register.

“Yea, I guess... It’s better than nothing. I feel like a blimp in this thing though.”

“Retaining water maybe?”

“I’ve never retained *gallons*.” Olivia shimmied her chest, nearly toppling out of the chair. “Maybe I should get a little C-cup bikini while I’m here, just to tease Rob...” Olivia scratched herself again. A bulge of underboob escaping a hefty underwire made her pause. “Hey, what do you wash these with? They’re making me itch like crazy!”

“Nothing unusual! Just standard soap...”

SSTTRRRRCH

“*W-Whew... Ohh...*” Olivia’s breath was hard to catch. Sitting in the chair, she leaned back as the top squeezed the air from her lungs. “Is this thing getting tighter?” Pulling at whatever edges she could get a finger around, Olivia attempted to relieve her chest.

STTTTRRRRRRCH

“That’s going to run you forty dollars!” Ginny announced from the register.

“*N-Nnnngh!!*” Olivia stared into a sea of cleavage. Watching it rise as her tits itched and heaved made her breath catch in her throat. “*NNNGH!! G-Ginny?? I think something is...wrong!*”

SSSTTTTRRRRRRRRCH

“Is it possible you could do cash? I can’t swipe a card outside of working hours.”

“*G-G-Ginny!*” Olivia’s words were little more than squeaks and gasps. Hot skin rubbed against the tops of her thighs. Nothing was visible below the massive expanse of her mammaries. “*The bikini...! I-It’s...*”

SSSTTTTRRRRRRRRRRCCHHH!!!

“*N-N-NNNGH!!!!*”

Ginny glanced up from her register. “The hell is with all the noi--”

“*N-N-NNNGHH!!!*”

SSSTTTTRRRRRRRRRRCCHHHHH!!!!

Olivia sat buried under a pair of tits big enough to dwarf the display’s beach balls. Engulfed up to her eyes, she arched her back in confusion and fear. The bikini was unrecognizable under such pressure.

Muffled from tight cleavage, Olivia’s voice rang, “*G-GINNY!!! WHAT THE HELL IS WRONG WITH THESE BIKINIS?!?! T-THEY’RE MAKING ME SWELL!!!*”

Ginny could barely comprehend the inflated frame of her sister. “The bikinis?? How the fuck could a bikini cause *THIS?!?*”

“*Like I would know!!! Ever since I started trying them on, my boobs have been--A-Ahhh!!!*”

SSTTTTTTTTRRRRRRRRRCHHHHHH!!!!

CRASH!!!!

A surge of growth collapsed the chair beneath Olivia. Flesh swallowing the bikini, she flailed helplessly under its weight.

Ginny stammered. “B-B-Boobs don’t just swell up!! There has to be--*Uh oh.*”

“Uh oh?? What’s UH OH?!”

SSTTTTTTTTTRRRRRRRCHHHHHH!!!!

Ginny backed away into the register for safety. “We...uh...*might* have switched to a supplier that uses plant-based products as part of the fabric?”

“WHAT?!” Stretching skin inched down Olivia’s legs.

“Y-You know, to go with the ‘Amazon’ part in the store’s name! All-natural, you know?? I-I-I think you might be allergic to something in the--”

SSTTTTTTTTTRRRRRRRCHHHHHH!!!!

“AaaaaaAAHHH!!!! Whatever!!! Just do something before my tits get any bi--”

SNAP-BOOM!!!!

BWOOOMPH!!!!

A mountain of flesh released its weight into the tiny store. Crushed instantly, the beach set up was buried along with Olivia under two heaving mounds. Skin inched across the floor in a conquest to dominate the retail space.

“WHY ISN’T IT STOPPING?!” Olivia’s voice screamed from out of sight.

CRASH!!

Several swimsuit displays fell at the hands of her chest. Coming into contact with a pile of strewn bikinis, Olivia’s chest surged in growth.

“H-Holy shit!!” Ginny gawked. Nipples the size of trash cans reached for the roof before breaking through ceiling tiles. There was barely any time for her to escape over the register counter before a wall of creeping flesh could claim her as a prisoner.

“G-GINNY?! GINNY WHAT’S HAPPENING TO ME?! PLEASE!!! THEY WON’T STOP GETTING BIGGER!!! M-MY SKIN IS STRETCHING!!!”

CRASH!!!!

CRASH!!!!

Panicking, Ginny raced through the store’s entrance. She stared at the daunting image of her sister’s chest filling the store like two water balloons in a box. Oddly, the sight made her nipples stand on end.

“GINNYYYYYY!!!! DO SOMETHIIIIING!!! MAKE THEM STOP SWELLING!!! THERE ARE TOO MANY SWIMSUITS IN HERE!!! T-THEY’RE GROWING FASTER!!!!”

Ginny gulped. Reaching for her cell phone, she dialed her boss with a trembling finger. He was not happy being called so late.

“S-Sorry to wake you, Mr. Talmon... But... Uh...” Ginny started. She backed several steps away as Ginny’s chest neared the storefront. Skin pressed against the glass as walls creaked and bowed. Giant nipples pressed flat with angry pink shades. “I just wanted to tell you... I-I think we’re about to have a blow-out sale.”