Tingling – Part 3

by Liska’s\_growth

Author's note: All characters are 18 years of age or older.

This was a problem. And very quickly becoming a bigger problem by the moment. Her breasts felt heavy in her new bra, nipples digging into the dense material. Her pencil skirt felt tight around her rump. Her breathing ragged and everywhere was tingling all at once.

The moment she saw Charlie walk into the gallery – looking more delicious than usual (was he taller too?), Josie had barely been able to restrain herself from tearing off her clothes and tackling him to the floor. As it was, watching his powerful strides across to the storage space, she could feel her sodden panties against her tingling, pulsing clit, sending an electric arc up to her erect nipples and back down again. A feedback loop of tingling, pulsing energy that she was both afraid of, and excited by.

Glad, for once, that they were mostly alone in the gallery with nobody else to see her, she half walked, half staggered to the bathroom to try and compose herself. With the heavy door safely locked, she turned and found, staring in the mirror, a desperate vision of sex itself.

Her face, neck and chest flushed with a light sheen of sweat that made every sweep, angle, and curve more pronounced. Her necklace shimmering down in the depths of her cleavage, seeming deeper than it had this morning. Her bra, which had fit perfectly when she walked out of the store, was starting to feel a bit tight, and was causing her breasts to well up over the lip slightly. The effect drawing more attention to how much they pressed into her tailored shirt, and the buttons she had carefully done up, were beginning to pull.

Glancing down behind her, she found her skirt practically painted to her ass – clearly revealing the lines her panties made in the cloth. Her legs, sculptured stems that were thrusting insistently into her heeled shoes. The overall impression was devastatingly sexy, even to herself. A woman who had clearly tried to show her assets to their best effect, only to have those assets up the ante on the situation without telling her. Charlie would be helpless, if only she could get herself to him without falling apart.

She took a deep breath and headed back out into the gallery. Josie’s entire body, tingling like crazy.

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This was a problem. And very quickly becoming a bigger problem by the moment. His balls felt like they were made of molten lead and his hardening dick was quickly heading down his pant leg, pulling tight against the material. His shirt constricted around his rounded shoulders. His breathing ragged and everywhere was tingling all at once.

He could hardly believe that was Josie at the gallery. His cock seeming to notice her before he did, he immediately took new note of the beautiful, busty woman she had become and it was all he could do to keep himself from running over to her and losing control. He gathered himself and started walking to the storage room at the back – his stride unnaturally wide to accommodate the swelling in his groin. Electric pulses coursing through his body as he started to come to the realization that his dramatic growth was somehow tied to hers. Not just a mutual attraction, but something more. He hoped she felt the same way.

Taking stock of himself in the storeroom, Charlie was struck by how keyed up he felt. He had not been this much of a mess around a good looking girl since the seventh grade. He was right back to that gawky teenager, babbling and bumbling around – unable to wrest control back from his unruly and newly empowered cock. In many ways, Charlie thought the parallels with puberty were uncanny. New urges, body feeling unfamiliar, ill-fitting clothes…he was grateful at least that his skin was not breaking out in acne.

When he’d last looked in the mirror this morning, aside from a rather more robust stubble than expected – he looked good. Really good. Most of the blemishes on his face – the few minor pock marks from his bout with chickenpox at 8, and some mild acne scarring, a couple small moles – all seemed to be fading away. He could get used to this Charlie 2.0. Smarter, faster, stronger… bigger.

He took a deep breath and headed back out into the gallery. Charlie’s entire body, tingling like crazy.

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As if they were two magnets placed too closely together – Charlie and Josie were drawn inexorably towards each other as they re-entered the main gallery space. It started, as most of these things do, with the eyes. Neither one of them looking the other in the face, they used their eyes as proxies for their hands, their lips, their tongues – to explore every part of the person in front of them. Lingering here, caressing there.

Looking at the overall scale of her breasts, he could hardly believe this was the same Josie he’d known all this time. Sure, she had always had a shapely bosom, but it had been small. B cups at best, he guessed. The pulchritude under tension in front of him now seemed monstrous by comparison. Charlie had dated a few girls who wore D-cups, and he could tell at a glance (and this had stretched well beyond a glance) that Josie was bigger than any of they were. Not really knowing better, he settled his estimate on the vaunted Double-D.

Charlie noted first how tightly the buttons were pulled across Josie’s impressive bust. With each breath she took, he saw the tension lines extend just a bit further, the gaps between buttons growing slightly, before returning to their previous state. It was hypnotic.

A slight glint and movement drew his attention. As his eyes drank in Josie he was especially drawn to the button at the very fullest part of her chest. As he looked closer, he saw that button pulling ever so slightly at the threads holding it.

Inhale. *Pull*. Exhale. *Return*.

Inhale. *Pull*. Exhale. *Return*.

Inhale. *Pull*. Exhale. **Pull**.

Inhale. **Pull**. Exhale…

with his attention so close, he noticed the change in the pattern and the button slowly broke one, then another inhale took two threads, each giving just a tiny bit of release…

Inhale. *Pull*. Exhale. **Pull**.

*\*Pop\**

\**Clatter*\*

The button set itself free from the pressures of its duty, springing a few inches forward, then falling to the floor. Skittering away with relief. The gap in the cloth widening and then immediately filling with lace and overflowing flesh, forming a deep line of cleavage pressing insistently into the new space - testing the strength of the buttons on either side of it with a quiet creak of tension.

Unable to take in the magnitude of that moment, Charlie’s eyes followed the defeated button to the ground. There they found Josie’s feet and ankles, wrapped beautifully in high heeled shoes (that explained why she seemed taller, didn’t it?) and began the long journey back up her shapely calves. Had they always been so formed? They must have been. His eyes drank in every line and followed them higher and higher, reaching the dramatic swell of her hips and a tantalizing impression of her butt pressing into a skirt that he was sure was not that tight when she put it on.

Charlie felt his tingling body roar. His pants feeling increasingly uncomfortable as his growing erection groaned with a tension of its own – stretching down his thigh as his balls felt heavy and low despite his new high-tech underwear. Normally he would feel a bit self-conscious, but he couldn’t form a coherent thought at the moment. All he could do was keep staring in awe at the growing beauty before him, her shirt and skirt pulling tighter and tighter as his own body tingled and buzzed and swelled.

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Josie had been enjoying the glances and even open stares from men (and women) everywhere she went the past few days, she could feel them on her – causing her body to tingle where they looked. But Charlie’s unabashed exploration of her body was unlike anything she had yet experienced, she could feel his eyes on her as clearly as though he was touching her. Caressing her. It felt…amazing. Delicious. Like a warm bath, or sunbathing in the nude.

She could feel the tingling around her breasts intensify as he visually devoured her new physique and her breathing grew heavier. *That’s fine*, she thought. *Let him look – I certainly am.*

Josie took in the whole of him. She’d always liked the way he was put together, but the way he looks now took everything she already appreciated and just added more. Even with her added inches, he was getting tall now. She guessed he was about 6 foot tall, if not a touch more. Enough to have to stretch to kiss without being awkward. A thought which made her tremble a bit – a fresh flush of warmth spread across her chest, increasing the pressure she felt growing there.

She could tell his eyes had not left her bust, so she took a moment to let her eyes drift. Taking in his broader shoulders, and tantalizing hint at stronger arms filling out the sleeves of his tightly fitting shirt. She assumed he was having the same kind of clothing fit issues she was – he probably didn’t pick a shirt that fit that way originally, but she was appreciating it.

Josie continued her appraisal down to his trim waist, making a nice contrast from his broad shoulders, but was distracted by a hint of movement a little lower. With a quick flush of excitement she realized Charlie was packing heat. The tight legs of his charcoal slacks showed just enough shadow detail that she could make out what appeared to be a rather thick cock reaching half way down his thigh. As she watched, she saw what must have been the bulbous head of ‘little’ Charlie push a little lower. The tube against his thigh pressed a little wider. It was hypnotic. She watched his growing manhood pulse slightly with Charlie’s heartbeats, which she felt must be synchronized with her own.

Pulse. Relax. Pulse. Relax.

Pulse. Relax. Pulse. *Swell*.

Pulse. *Swell*. Pulse. Relax.

Her breathing grew deeper, and it felt as though with every inhale her shirt got just a little tighter. Her bra cutting a little further. She should probably do something about this. Say something, but she couldn’t look away.

Pulse. Relax. Pulse. *Swell*.

Pulse. ***Swell***. Pulse.

*\*Pop\**

\**Clatter*\*

Josie’s reverie was interrupted by one of her buttons breaking and falling off. Unable to compete with her now H-cup breasts, she had simply overpowered her new F-cup bra and blouse. She normally would feel a bit self-conscious, but she couldn’t form a coherent thought at the moment. All she could do was keep staring in awe at the growing man before her, his cock pressing further down his leg, shirt pulling tighter across his shoulders, as her own body tingled and buzzed and swelled.

To be continued.