

# Sudden Curve

*This story contains explicit breast expansion fetish content, consensual sex, and surreal body transformation.*

When a quiet, awkward dinner date turns into something impossible, obsession and anatomy both spiral out of control.

**Tags:**

breast expansion, erotic growth, transformation, roommate, domination, surreal erotica



We were halfway through dinner when it started.

I didn't catch it at first--not until she knocked over her soda, the glass tipping with a sharp clink and cola fizzling out like a tiny scream. She went red. Like fire-alarm red. Flailing napkin, blouse cinched across her chest like it was on its last breath, and her ass--God, her ass lifted off the booth just long enough to wrench her panties from the prison between those thickening cheeks.

"I gotta go," she blurted, barely above a whisper, already grabbing her coat.

I gave her the dumbest little nod. Real innocent.

Of course I fucking knew.

I made it happen.

When she stood, her whole outfit went to war with her body. Blouse untucked itself in surrender. Pant legs climbed up like they wanted no part of this. The socks were still cutesy, white, stupidly short. But her ass? It was bouncing like it had something to say.

"I'll call you tomorrow," she tossed over her shoulder.

Yeah. Sure.

She didn't.

Three days later I showed up on her porch.

Her roommate answered, cracking the door with one hand still wrapped in a blanket and an eye full of Netflix fatigue. Purple-dyed bangs stuck to her cheek and she gave me the kind of look reserved for Jehovah's Witnesses and exes.

"She's holed up in her room. Doesn't want to talk to anyone. Honestly? She might explode if she doesn't. Go."

So I climbed. Carpet smelled like dust and denial. Floorboards croaked like they knew a secret.

Knock knock.

Gasp.

Rustling. Fabric. Panic.

I pushed open the door.

She was mid-tug, dragging a faded one-piece dress down over hips that absolutely hadn't existed last week. She spun around, chest heaving like she'd run a mile. And those tits?

Fucking enormous.

Like she'd swallowed a cartoon hourglass and it got stuck at her ribcage.

She was taller, too. Inches taller. Inches closer to being a goddess.

"What the hell is happening to me?" Her voice cracked on the word hell.

I stepped in. Didn't ask permission.

"You're beautiful," I said.

She blinked. Swallowed. Her eyes flicked down to my hands.

"Did you do this?"

I didn't answer. Just reached out and touched the soft swell of her breast where it spilled to the side. My thumb brushed an aching nipple. She shivered.

"It won't stop," she whispered.

Good.

I kissed her. She kissed me back like she was falling off a cliff and I was the wind.

We crashed into the bed, that sad little twin mattress groaning beneath us. Her moan wasn't shy. It was loud and wet and furious.

The dress didn't survive. Neither did the panties. Her cunt was soaked, sweet and swollen, like it wanted to be found. And I did. Fingers, mouth, cock--I gave her everything. She came once from my hand, again from my tongue, and again when I slid inside her with the slowest, cruelest grind I could manage.

But that was just the start.

She was ravenous.

She pushed me onto my back and straddled me like she was born for it. Her thighs pinned me down, thick and shaking, her pussy a velvet vice that pulled me deeper than I thought I could go. Every bounce sent her tits crashing against each other, flesh slapping, nipples bobbing, sweat dripping in lines down her ribcage.

She fucked me like she hated me. Like she wanted to punish me for what I'd done--and maybe she did. Her hands pressed into my chest, nails dragging lines. Her rhythm was wild, brutal, relentless. She groaned, cursed, begged and commanded all at once.

"More," she snarled. "Don't stop. I'm not done. You don't get to stop."

I didn't.

I held her hips and thrust up to meet her, every impact sending her massive tits wobbling like obscene metronomes. She cried out, jaw slack, whole body twitching with every orgasm, and there were many. Endless. Her muscles clamped down and milked me dry. But even drained, I kept going.

She collapsed on top of me, panting, drooling, tits pancaked across my chest like twin molten planets.

"It's not stopping," she panted, eyes glazed, mouth open.

I smiled, watching her chest rise like a tide I could drown in.

"I know."