

# Hyper Awakening: Maya

By 777moonman

*She was afraid to come out of the locker*

Maya stood in front of the full-length mirror in her hotel room's rather luxurious walk-in closet, checking that she had evenly applied suntan lotion to her lithe, bronzed physique. Her frizzy brown curls bounced around her head as she turned around to inspect every nook and cranny of the conservative coverage of her yellow bikini. In the adjoining bedroom, the hotel radio blared pop hits from the '60s. Although Maya had thought it mildly odd that such a superfluous device existed in her room when there was a smart TV mounted on the opposite wall, but ultimately decided it fit the vibe of the room better.

*She was as nervous as she could be*

While in the midst of slipping on her favorite cotton shorts and light hoodie to cover up for her walk to the beach, a familiar sinking feeling filled Maya's gut as negative thoughts flooded her mind. "Why would you wear something as basic as this?" "Do you want to embarrass yourself by going out like this?" The music from the radio seemed to slow down as Maya's mind spiraled into self-loathing.

*She was afraid to come out of the locker*

"There's gotta be something in here that's worth wearing!" Maya declared, her jaw clenched determinedly as she desperately dove into her suitcase looking for an outfit that would satisfy the fashion inquisitor that had taken up residence in her mind. All manner of tops, bottoms, and dresses went flying around the closet as Maya tried every outfit she could think of as the sluggish, slurred notes from the radio echoed through the crack in the closet doors.

*She was afraid that somebody would see*

As the minutes dragged on, Maya's self-deprecation gave way to dogged perfectionism. She knew the right outfit was in this closet somewhere, she just hadn't found it yet. "Just put something on, and we can finally go out", a small voice begged at the back of her mind, but it was lost amidst a sea of "Too plain", "Not bright enough", and other such voices of criticism. Despite everything, Maya felt she was making progress. Even the music from the radio seemed to slowly brighten and return to normal as Maya stared at the two best outfits she managed to cobble together. All she had to do was pick one.

*Two, three, four*

*Tell the people what she wore*

Realizing she couldn't spend all day in the closet, Maya shut her eyes and reached out for an outfit at random. When she finally picked up her canary fitted tee shirt, Maya was hit with a blast of calming feelings. It was as if a ray of light pierced through the wall of dark clouds shrouding Maya's mind. As Maya slipped into her high-waisted burgundy athletic shorts, she could almost physically feel her earlier apprehensions about her appearance vaporizing. Maya's excitement grew as she hurriedly threw on the rest of her outfit. "I did it!", she shouted triumphantly, bursting into the bedroom with a relieved grin beaming on her face.

*It was an itsy, bitsy, teenie, weenie, yellow, polka dot bikini*

Maya broke into a joyous dance, bouncing and twisting to the upbeat music streaming from the radio. With nobody to stare, Maya's movements were free and graceful, wild but rhythmic, echoing the liberation she felt in that moment. But as soon as it began, Maya's dance began changing into something more sensual and primal. With each beat of the song, a low, pulsing vibration pushed outward from her core, filling her with warmth. **Bwoomph. Bwoomph. Bwoomph. Bwoomph.** Certain parts of Maya began bouncing more and more with her movements as bit by bit they grew larger and larger.

*That she wore for the first time today*

Maya's hands roved languidly around her thickening body as her widening hips gyrated in increasingly tight shorts. Her fitted top stretched around her breasts as they swelled and rounded out into massive spheres. Her bottoms stretched to the point of transparency around her swelling bubble butt. While Maya licked her lips in ecstasy, the music from the radio shifted to a slower, more sultry cover of the song. "Mmmmmmmph... I love this song... I love how I'm feeling right now..." Maya moaned breathily, her face flushed with lust. **Bwoomph. Bwoomph. Bwoomph. Bwoomph.** Maya's top and bottoms were so stretched that the outline of the bikini beneath was clearly visible. While one of her hands stretched out to tease a thick, turgid nipple, the other fumbled at the increasingly tight waistband of her pants, desperate to relieve the source of the growing wet patch nestled between her tree trunk thighs.

*An itsy, bitsy, teenie, weenie, yellow, polka dot bikini*

"What's happening to me? Fuck, it feels so good!" Maya bit into her lower lip as the pulses quickened to double-time along with the music. At this point, her tits had grown large enough to eclipse her torso, and rips were forming in the seams of her shirt. They jiggled around within its confines as her cleavage threatened to spill out completely with every dip of her torso. Meanwhile, her lower half had filled out even larger. Thick, creamy thighs flared out to hips far wider than her shoulders while her athletic shorts looked more like panties as they strained to cover even a third of her gargantuan booty. **Bwoom Bwoomph! Bwoom Bwoomph! Bwoom Bwoomph! Bwoom Bwoomph!** Simply resting her hands on her expanding assets was enough to push Maya towards the edge.

*So, in the locker, she wanted to stay*

Her dance all but forgotten, Maya gently bent over to brace herself against the edge of her bed. Her massive orbs hung pendulously from her chest, threatening to bust out of her top at any second, while the twin mountains of her ass bounced atop her hips as they rocked with each surge of growth. “I think... *haaaahn..* I get it now”, Maya gasped through the overwhelming pleasure coursing through her veins as the bulging mound of her vulva slowly dripped love juices down her smooth, chocolatey thighs. Simultaneously, the music rose to a crescendo as the tension in her clothes reached the breaking point. More and more flesh pumped into Maya’s curves, blowing her up to proportions easily three times as large as an average woman and approaching a size that some would consider “hyper”. Maya’s mind was drowning in euphoria, threatening to cut off her epiphany. She had to get it out. “The best outfit... *mmmmmmph...* to wear over my bikini... IS NOTHING AT ALL!!”

**BWOOMPH! SHRIIIP! SHRIIIP! GYAAAAAAAAAANH! BWOOOOOOOOOMPH!**

Maya screamed out in rapturous bliss as her overtaxed shirt and shorts finally ceded to her swelling curves, leaving only her impossibly stretched bikini to provide any semblance of coverage. One final blast of growth surged through Maya as she crested over into orgasm. Maya’s face froze in a paroxysm of pleasure, her eyes rolling back, her tongue lolling out and shaking around while delicious spasms rocked her body. Dozens of pounds of luxurious breastflesh swelled outward after becoming freed from their cotton prison, then swelled once more when the final surge of growth hit them. All the space between Maya’s torso and the floor filled with boobs as they quickly surpassed even yoga balls in size. Her distorted bikini barely had enough material to cover her fist-sized nipples, much less her expansive areolae.

Maya’s knees wobbled and collapsed, slamming her titanic rear end into the floor while it inflated even larger. The globes of her ass filled out to rival her boobs in size, and her hips and thighs widened to accommodate the growth. Her bikini-clad pussy sprayed juices everywhere, rapidly forming a puddle on the floor as she rode the waves of her orgasm. Even her vulva had swelled a bit, the spasming shape of its soft mound clearly visible beneath the polka-dotted fabric of her bikini bottoms. The bottoms themselves had bent into a thin V-shape to cling to her still-slender waist, and most of her lower abdomen was exposed due to there being barely enough fabric to cover her quivering pussy.

*Two, three, four*

*Stick around we'll tell you more*

The music from the radio faded out as Maya’s consciousness faded back into reality. With shaky breaths and trembling knees, she slowly rose from the floor. Strands of sticky girlcum stretched to her ass like cheese strands sticking to a piece of pizza as she heaved it upwards. It seemed her new body was strong enough to support her increased curves. “Good thing I happened to book a room that accommodates hypers”, Maya wryly remarked as she stepped back into the now cozy closet to size herself up in the mirror.

The natural swaying of Maya's impossibly broad hips while she walked was enough to set all of her assets jiggling, especially her booty, and the exaggerated heart shape they made when Maya bent over was enough to make anyone drool. Dainty feet led to shapely calves which blossomed into the vast expanse of her pillowy thighs, which framed her swollen mound perfectly. Behind her, a colossal ass full of supple, yielding flesh bounced at the slightest provocation, its twin spheres rubbing and pressing against each other as Maya shifted her weight. Maya's soft-feminine belly curved in front of her trim waist, which was not visible past the mammoth orbs of her mammaries. Stretching out nearly five feet in front of her, Maya's teardrop-shaped beauties were a sight to behold. Simply the sight of her bikini top doing its best to contain Maya's magnificent mounds was enough to get her warmed up again.

Before Maya could act on that impulse, her stomach let out a vociferous groan of protest. All that growth had to come from somewhere, it seemed. "Gosh, I'm starving! I should put something on to cover up and find a buffet for hypers." Maya quickly draped the hotel bedsheet over her expanded form, grabbed her things, and headed out for food.

Fifteen minutes later, Maya got herself seated at a table designed to eat while sitting sideways so her curves wouldn't get in the way. A plate heaped full of steaming, delicious food placed beside her, ready to be devoured. Maya moaned in delight as she shoveled mouthful after mouthful of delectable sustenance into her starving body. Time passed around Maya as she ate, but all she could focus on was feeding herself. Suddenly, a familiar song shook her out of her reverie. The sound was distorted from the tinny speakers on the restaurant ceiling, but to Maya it was unmistakable, as was the familiar feeling building in her gut.

*She was afraid to come out in the open  
And so a blanket around her she wore...*

## Afterword

Thanks for reading! I had a blast writing this short piece inspired by [this commercial](#) that has lived rent-free in my head for as long as I've known boobs existed. I love the idea of normally tame clothing becoming risque as an expanding lady's curves blossom out of it, and the lyrics of the song matched up perfectly. I usually have trouble "putting pen to paper" so to speak, but I couldn't be happier that the inspiration and motivation aligned this time.

If you'd like to see more Hyper Awakenings, please consider leaving a comment on here or [SwellTales](#) telling me what you liked about this story!

Until next time!

*p.s. Remember to show your WIPs some love! Try to remember what inspired you to start them all that time ago, and don't lose sight of that inspiration.*