

Expanding her Boundaries

Contains BDSM, breast, butt, and thigh growth

“You’re gonna pay back what you borrowed...” Mike lifted the woman’s head by her chin. Even sitting she rivaled him in height, but the bonds around her chest, wrists, and ankles left him in control.

Vera tore her chin from his grasp and spat on his feet. “It’s all gone. We’re both shit out of luck.”

“Maybe you can’t pay me back in money... But it will be paid back.” Mike walked around her, watching her body tense and pull at the ropes when he went out of sight. He paused to stare down the slope of her torso, forced into a presented arch with her arms tied behind her back. She trembled when his hand appeared on her shoulders before sliding down the front of her cleavage and under the neckline of her tank top. Full breasts filled his palms with more than a handful and he squeezed, enjoying the way Vera tried to stifle her moans. Her arms tugged from behind her back. “*You’ll pay it back one way or another...*”

“Get your mitts off me!! L...Let me go!”

“Maybe I wasn’t exactly clear.”

Smack!

“Nghh!”

His hand connected with her cheek. Mike might have been short, but his hands were meaty and thick. Its weight carried through her entire face and left one side stinging and red.

“As long as you’re in debt to me, you don’t own anything. Not your home. Not your safety. Not the clothes on your back.” His hand grabbed the front of her denim shorts and yanked, ripping the button open and splitting the zipper. *“Not these fancy Victoria’s Secret panties. And certainly not your body. I own you.”*

She was a mess. Her tank top, askew and torn, slipped down one shoulder and half exposed her right breast. Her bra, or what was left of it, had been cut off her body and tossed aside after Mike had ripped it free. Denim shorts hung loose on her pelvis as a window to a pair of red underwear below.

Vera gasped when Mike plunged his hand down the front and curled his fingers against her folds.

“Nice and wet. I think you’re just about ready to start paying me back.”

“What...What are you going to do to me?!”

Their BDSM sessions never failed to get her pulse racing. Vera watched her husband like an animal cornered by a predator. She was his plaything, and she wouldn’t have it any other way. There were limits, of course, but so long as she didn’t utter her safe word, he had free reign.

Mike reached into his pocket and withdrew a tiny vial of pink liquid. Seeing the mystery fluid made Vera pause; it wouldn't be the first time they had experimented with substances, but she had to trust him not to do anything too rash.

"W...What is that?" she whimpered.

He grabbed the back of her neck. "Not for you to know. Let's call it your first installment."

An involuntary tremble ran through her. He knew how to get her motor purring. Nodding, she opened her mouth and tilted her head back.

It tasted like cherry and felt like syrup, but burned like cinnamon and alcohol going down. Vera coughed, leaning forward as the mystery fluid warmed her down to her belly.

"M-Mmnggh..." she moaned, the heat not dissipating. It flourished within her, welling like a bonfire to make her sweat. "What was that??"

He didn't need to respond. Mike's eyes were trained on her front where the tank top was already shifting.

Strrrtch

Pressure and heat flowed through Vera's breasts. She followed his gaze, finding her cleavage rising higher than what her lungs could cause. Rapid growth brought her breasts to plump and fill out the loose garment, stretching its front over her curves. Nipple bumps prodded the soft fabric with ease, inching toward the neckline as growth bid her breasts to firm into perky teardrops.

"W...What the hell?? What the hell did you do to me?!" she yelled in genuine fright as her breasts swelled to more than double her natural size. Squirming caused them to wobble left and right on her torso, far too large for her body. "Why are my tits blowing--Nngh!!"

Tightness spread across her panties. Looking down, Vera saw her hips flaring outward. Plump, supple flesh poured into her lower half as if someone were filling a bag with water.

"I'm swelling up!! MY BODY IS--MMNGH!!"

A groan slipped free when her shorts tightened across her pussy. Soft flesh squished around the seams to form a defined cameltoe of her intimates. Doubling her measurements, her shorts squeezed and deformed her thighs like a vice. A muffin top squished over the flared waistband. Slowly she was raised higher by the elevator of her filling ass.

"Enjoying yourself?" Mike teased. He bore down on her, pushing a hand into a breast and squeezing.

"MMMM!!"

Strrrrtch!!

It ballooned in his hand, gaining several more inches as Vera's breath grew ragged. The engorgement brought them to the size of medicine balls before finally petering off. Her tank top was left stretched and hiked up her abdomen, resting closer to a sports bra than a shirt.

“*W...What did you do to me...?*” she groaned, taking in her enhanced body. Dizzying heat swirling around her head. Mike could take her then and there. She wanted him to. Sensitivity screamed across her swollen curves. Her nipples especially sang in desperation to be pinched and pulled.

“Just taking my first payment.” Mike delivered a substantial slap to a breast, causing her entire front to heave.

“*MMMMGH!! GOD!!*”

“Not bad either. A pair of big bloated tits suits you! Maybe when I’m finished, you can work as a stripper.”

He reached into his pocket again. The vial was larger this time, roughly the size of three shots. Vera’s heart pounded behind her billowing breasts pulling at her shoulders.

“*T...That...*” Trepidation made her shiver. Such a small amount of fluid had already turned her into the biggest-breasted woman among their friend group and family. For a brief moment she considered using the safe word, but pleasure held her back. She wanted to grow larger. She’d always been larger than Mike, but with these new curves, she absolutely dwarfed his body mass. “*More?*” she whimpered.

Mike snickered. “Yea. You’re *way* behind on your payments and interest is high. Inflation is a bitch. Open up.”

Vera pursed her lips and shook her head.

“*I ain’t asking.*”

Going behind her, Mike grabbed her chin and tilted her head up. “*Open!*”

“*M-MMGH!! Stop!!*” she squeaked, feigning resistance.

“*Do I need to make you scream?*”

His other hand shot down her shirt and pinched a thimble-sized nipple.

“*AUGH!!*”

The vial’s mouth popped into her lips. Cherry syrup filled her cheeks. Vera’s throat opened to let the fluid pass.

Gulp...

Gulp...

Gulp...

“*There we go... Down the hatch.*”

It emptied into her. The familiar heat merged with the lingering coals of the original dose to flare across her body.

She almost broke character when her body started to tremble.

Strrrrrrtch!!

“*A-Aahh...!! It’s--*” Pleasure shot through every inch of her being. Vera could feel her breasts churning with hormones. Fluid and lust beat against her pussy like a dam ready to break.

STRRRRTCH!!

The chair groaned with her growth. Mike stayed behind her to watch his handiwork from above. Taking both breasts in his hands, he kneaded and mashed them together. Every cycle brought them larger and Vera closer to losing her mind.

Shriiip!!

“My...shorts!!!” she whined, barely able to see straight. “They’re too tight!!”

Everything was on fire. She couldn’t see beyond the beach balls filling her tank top to the brim, but she could feel her hips swelling outward like a shelf of flesh. They wedged between the armrests along with her thighs. Flesh squeezed out of her split denim and swallowed her panties like floss.

Creeeaaaaaaaaak

The tank top grew impatient. It revealed more skin than it covered as it stretched into an obscene bandeau. Nipples large enough to fill Mike’s greedy hands jutted into the fabric like hidden fruits.

“How... H-How big...mmngh!!! How big am I going to get?!”

Mike breathed on her neck. “As big as I fucking say.”

She tensed, a mini orgasm rocketing through her.

Crracck!!

An armrest shattered against her hip. Too large for Mike’s grasp, her breasts tumbled into her lap like overblown beach balls.

STRRRRTCH!!

“Hahhhh!! Mnnghhhh!! T-Too...big!! They’re getting-- GAHH!!”

It grew stronger. Heat burst within Vera like a volcano and began rushing into her curves. She tried to move, desperate to touch any part of her growing body, but the leather bonds wouldn’t allow such a thing.

Crack!!

A chair leg broke in half. She teetered on the edge of collapse. Her ass felt ready to swallow the chair’s cushion if she moved. Sloping like a ski run, her breasts ran from her shoulders and over her legs to the carpet.

STRRRRTCH!!

“H-Holy shit!! MMNGHH FUCK!!” she gasped, hands clenching behind her.

Mike moved to her front. Standing there for only a moment was enough for his feet to become buried under her creeping bust. Reaching down, he took a nipple in each hand as if they were cans of soda.

“Mi--” she trembled, almost breaking character out of lustful anxiety. “D-Don’t--”

He squeezed, twisting and pulling on the incredible pink flesh nozzles.

GUUUURRRRRGLE!!

“MMNGAAHHH!!!”

Her growth exploded. Vera arched her back when her breasts erupted in size, plowing in Mike like a wall.

CRNANCH!!!

“MMNGH!!! NNNGH!!”

Two hundred pounds of ass crushed the chair in an instant. The floor met her pelvis with a body-rippling collision. Somewhere beneath the bulk her denim shredded like paper, too muffled to be heard over the commotion.

“Thaaat’s it. Nice and big!!” Mike urged, kneading her nipples hard enough to make her areolas swallow her wrists.

“Gaaahhh!! Fuck!! MMMMMM FUUUCK!! It’s--”

Fluid gushed from the titanic thighs quaking beneath her breasts. Vera’s mind couldn’t keep pace with her transformation. Every time she managed to open her eyes, her breasts extended further across the room. Their TV fell over when her flesh plowed into the dresser. A cat tree toppled only to the flattened like paper.

“I-It’s... I can’t take it!!” she pleaded.

Strrrrtch!!!

“TOO BIG!! WHAT HAVE YOU...MMGAH!! What have you done...to me?!”

The churning started to ebb as she bordered on insanity. Mike stood swallowed in her cleavage several meters away. The scent of orgasm lingered in the air and Vera could feel wet carpet squishing under her rear. She wanted nothing more than to touch herself, but she lacked even the strength to pull at her restraints.

“Now we’re getting somewhere,” Mike said. A bulge tented his boxers as he made his way through Vera’s cleavage, leaving her nipples mashing against the far wall. His short stature barely allowed his shoulders above the flesh chasm.

“I-I think--”

She watched him reach into his pocket a third time. Trepidation spiked in her core. There was no way she could get bigger. She already dwarfed their bed. Any bigger would surely be too much.

And yet she wanted it.

“M...Mike--” she squeaked weakly.

He stood before her, holding a bottle of pink fluid thrice the size of the last. *“Open up.”*

“Ngh!” she whimpered and tilted her head away, still wrestling with the decision. Her chest couldn’t get bigger. The pressure felt on the verge of maddening. The spirit was willing but her body was weak.

“You have one last payment to make.”

“Mmmngh!!”

The bottle pressed against her lips. Vera knew it was now or never. She could smell the growth serum. As dearly as she wanted to find the limit to this fantasy, she didn't dare discover her inability to meet it.

"*C-Coconut!!*" she cried out.

Mike's expression softened immediately at their safe word. He corked the bottle and stashed it away before scrambling over his wife's bust to the back of the chair. A mountain of ass forced him to lean forward to reach her wrist restraints.

"*Mike... M-Mike...*"

"Hold on... I'm coming, I'm coming..." he assured. "*It's alright...*"

The leather fell away. Vera fell forward, embracing her chest and leaning back into Mike's open arms. Trembles shook her body. The growth had been orgasmic, but the experience left her drained and weary.

"*I'm sorry... I-I wanted to do it, but... I couldn't.*"

"*You did good... You did so good...*" Mike whispered, holding her shoulders and kissing her forehead.

She stayed in his embrace for a while, letting her body adjust to its size and sensitivity. Eventually she caught her breath and composure enough to truly take in the girth of her curves. Her hand traced light circles over her expansive bust.

"How long does it last...?" she asked.

Another kiss on her forehead. "Roughly an hour."

The bulge of his excitement was still there, pressing into her back. Vera returned his affection and slipped a hand down his boxers. "Give me a few more minutes... *And then you can spend the rest of the hour with these however you want.*"