

High Score



Kayla wandered around the flea market, stealing passing glances at the booths spread out on either side of her. Most were selling old junk she didn't need varying from yard decorations to used appliances.

Heh, giant garage sale is more like it, she thought to herself.

Although mostly uninteresting, Kayla enjoyed taking Saturday mornings to browse the random wares. It was the rare times she found something interesting that made the endeavor worth it. This didn't seem to be the case today unless she or her husband were in the market for rusted garden tools or creepy children's dolls.

She was just about to return home and enjoy the rest of her Saturday with her loving husband when a booth nestled into the back corner of the warehouse caught her eye. The hand-scrawled sign above it read "Used Retro Video Games!". A bearded man in his sixties sat behind a counter reading a comic.

Kayla, instantly recognizing her husband's love of nostalgia and video games, saw a chance to salvage her flea market trip. The man looked over the top of his comic before setting it aside as she approached.

"Well, howdy there! Lookin' for some old games?" he asked, standing up rather heavily from his stool. A significant gut hung off him and his graying beard looked coarse. "I don' get many girls lookin' at my both!"

"Oh, it's not for me," Kayla shook her head, "it's for my husband. He still has all the old consoles from his childhood."

Most of the cartridges in front of her were old and worn, many with the stickers either half peeled off or completely faded away. She frowned in dismay, quickly losing confidence she could make an informed decision.

"Havin' some trouble?" the man asked.

"I'm not sure what he would like, to be honest..." Kayla looked at him, quickly becoming self-conscious.

He appeared to be eyeing her up and down. She didn't think she was an unattractive girl by any means; in fact she considered herself downright cute. Long red hair with thick locks blanketed her hair. Her build was on the thin side with just over five feet in height. Although she felt she looked feminine, she lacked the necessary curves to really drive the fact home. Seeing the salesman's eyes linger on her small B-cups hiding under her beige sweater didn't exactly help her feel better.

"U-Uh, I think I'll just go," Kayla finally said, shying away.

The man's eyes brightened a little and looked back at her face. "Now hold on, I was just tryin' to think of a game! I got jus' the one." He turned around and started rummaging through a box behind the counter. Finally he stood up, clutching a blue plastic game card. "This is the one! He's got one of them Nintender 64s, right?"

"Yes..." Kayla was ready to say anything to get out of there.

"Perfect! Then he's gonna love this 'un!" He held it out.

Kayla looked the unknown game over. The label was a shiny foil, the words “Balloon Blocks” written across it in puffy pink letters.

“Balloon Blocks?” Kayla asked, cautious, “Never heard of it...”

“I guarantee he’ll love it. If not he can come by and pick out a free game!” the man gleamed with a smile. “It’s even two-player, so you can git some of that bondin’ time with him.”

“Well... I guess.”

“Twenty bucks.”

Kayla coughed a little, surprised. She had never spent half that much at the flea market. Reluctantly she removed a twenty and handed the bill over. Anything to get her away from this man.

“Great doin’ business! You let me know how he likes it.” the man requested, sitting back down and picking up his comic. His business was done with her, and she was just fine with that.

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

Later that night after dinner, Kayla excused herself to grab Matt’s surprise, discreetly wrapped and hidden away in her nightstand. She approached him as he sat on their couch watching TV, the game held behind her back.

“Heeey,” Kayla initiated, smiling at the man she loved. He was just below six feet tall with an athletic build and short blonde hair, trimmed neatly.

“Hey!” Matt replied, turning to look at her expectantly with the green eyes she had come to adore.

“I got something for you from the flea market today.”

Matt looked at her arms wrapped behind her. She caught him lingering on her chest for a moment and teasingly arched her back to accentuate her petite curves into her sweater. “Well? What is it??” he inquired.

“Gotta guess!”

“Is...it...a book?”

“Nope.”

“A garden gnome?”

“What? No!”

“An official Red Ryder, carbine action, two-hundred shot range model air rifle? With a compass in the stock?”

This earned a laugh and Kayla moved some hair from her face. “So close!” She brought out her small gift and handed it to him.

“Wooow, wrapped and everything!” he exclaimed. She watched as he tore into it, opening the small box and holding the game in his hands. “An N64 game! Thanks, babe!”

“I hope you like it; there were so many and I didn’t know which to get...” Kayla confessed.

“Balloon Blocks... Interesting. Never heard of it.” Matt said, rolling the game over in his hands. “Neat design though. Might have been a limited release. Good find!”

“You want to try it? The guy said it was two-player.”

“Definitely. Let me hook it up, I haven’t played that system in a while.”

Kayla watched as Matt juggled wires and cables behind their TV, squinting as he tried to see the different RGB color inputs in the dim cubby. Finally he set the dusty console on the floor in front of them with a huff and plugged in two controllers. After blowing into the cartridge and shoving it in the hole, he flicked it on before sitting next to her on the couch. Kayla could almost see the wave of nostalgia wash over him from the console’s loading screen. It always warmed her heart to see him relive part of his childhood.

“That’s weird...” he said, looking at the TV.

“What?” Kayla asked. The screen showed a low-resolution title screen with big balloon letters bouncing around.

“It never displayed the Nintendo logo. I wonder if this was even officially licensed. You might have found a treasure here, Kay!” He seemed thrilled, and Kayla felt much better about her purchase. “Here you go,” Matt said, holding an old green controller out to her, “You can be Player 2.”

Kayla gladly accepted, but wished she had taken a moment to clean the controllers with a sanitizing wipe; she could feel the years of greasy pizza and chips they had endured. “So how do we play?”

“I’m not sure...” Matt pressed the start button, and the screen jumped to life in a cloud of balloons and 8-bit sounds, revealing a new screen with multiple rows of brightly colored blocks with a small platform below. Some of them were square-shaped pink balloons, others had designs and images plastered on them. Matt moved the platform back and forth a little with his controller. “This is just an old block destroyer game!”

“Is that bad?” Kayla asked, nervous she had wasted twenty dollars and gotten her husband’s hopes up for nothing.

“Not really. It’s weird for sure; why go through all the trouble of making a bootleg game if it’s only a block destroyer, though?” He pressed the A-button, and a ball was released from the platform, hurtling towards the blocks at the top of the screen.

BING!

It bounced off, breaking the block it hit, as it sailed back towards the bottom. It appeared to be like any other block crush game.

Kayla watched Matt bounce the ball back and forth a little, breaking block after block. She laid the controller in her lap, feeling that it would be a while before it got to be her turn.

BING!

BING!

BING!

As she watched Matt's score climb higher with each block, she fidgeted in her seat, feeling restless and slightly uncomfortable.

"This game is pretty great, Kayla!" Matt admitted over the sound of his rising score. "Hope you didn't spend too much on it."

"N-No! Nothing much at all, you know how the flea market is..." Kayla told him, distant. Her entire body felt tingly, like her skin was being tickled and teased with feathers all around. Especially her chest. Her gentle mounds felt a little bloated, swollen even. A glance at her sweater wasn't encouraging in dispelling the strange sensations. Her thighs rubbed tight within her jeans as if cramped for space.

BING!

BING!

Taking a deep breath, Kayla sat back into the couch. *Maybe I just had a long week*, she thought, sighing. She was yet to take her bra off for the day. It wasn't uncommon for it to feel like a prison after so long.

Continuing to watch the screen, something nagged at her from her peripheral vision. Whenever she filled her lungs with air, something on her chest would just barely creep into her vision. Annoyed, Kayla looked down, then did a double-take as she looked down again, blinking.

She could have sworn that her breasts were bigger. Any amount was a large improvement on her small B-cups, even the monthly swelling she experienced. But this was different. Her beige sweater sat tight and askew across her front as two grapefruit-sized mounds protruded underneath.

BING!

BING!

BING!

"U-Uh..." Kayla stammered. This was more than a little swelling. She could feel her bra pulling into her breasts now. They were far rounder than she was accustomed to. Their weight pulled at her unprepared shoulders. Starting to stretch, her sweater displayed the outline of her bra. "M...Matt...?"

BA-BING-RING!

"Ah!?" Kayla gasped, flinging a hand to her chest when it sang with pressure.

Matt raised the controller above his head in enjoyment, "Ohh! Combo hit!" he called out, as he burst one of the balloons near the edge. He drew Kayla's attention away from her boobs as she looked to see what he was so excited about. "Oh! Those balloons must be multipliers! My score doubled, I think! No wonder they're so hard to hit!" he discovered.

BING!

"Mgh... L-Looks like there are power-ups, too..." Kayla observed while shifting in her seat. Sweating and trying to catch her breath from within her constricting bra, she stared at an

array of secluded blocks. They featured tiny images, some with arrows, some with balloons, others she wasn't exactly certain about.

For a split second, she had actually forgotten about her swelling. It didn't take long for her to remember, as her bra cups sank deeper into her.

Maybe I'm just retaining water, she thought while inspecting her chest with slight worry. For the first time in her young adult life, she let out a squeak of surprise.

BA-BING-RING!

"HA! Got another multiplier!" Matt cheered.

STRRRRTCH!!

"Eep!" Kayla's eyes bulged when she saw her bust distend. Her breasts were far larger than she was mentally prepared to handle, each now easily rivaling her head. Her sweater wasn't getting any looser as it crept up her abdomen. Coming into view, she noticed how tight her jeans hugged her hips.

"Did you just 'eep'?" Matt asked, concentrating hard on the game.

BING!

BING!

STRRTCH!

"J-Just a hiccup!" she explained, trying to keep calm as her breasts bloated further.

"Think I have time for a quick bathroom break before my turn?"

Matt stared at the screen, mesmerized by the simple game and oblivious to his rapidly swelling wife. "Go for it! I haven't died even once yet."

Matt hardly looked away as she slowly got up and stumbled away. A strange sensation filled her as each of her legs fell, and with rising anxiety, Kayla quickly realized that it was her breasts bouncing.

They've never bounced like this before! Not even when exercising...!, she thought in confusion. Every motion sent them heaving as she strode quickly to the bathroom. It was odd feeling their weight bounce and pull against the elasticity of her bra. As intoxicating as feeling their motion was, the rising tightness of her undergarment made her wince as she felt her swelling breasts bulge over the cups and the band dig into her side.

BA-BING-RING!

BA-BING-RING!

"Don't take too long!! I'm hitting my stride now!!" Matt yelled.

STRRRRRRTCH!!!

"Mmgh!! I-I-I can tell!!"

She rushed to close the door behind her, quickly spinning in place to look at herself in the mirror. Her pupils were dilated. Red hair hung in her face and clung to her cheeks. With immense trepidation, she stood back and lifted up her sweater.

Underneath was more cleavage than she ever imagined coming from her chest. Her once perky B-cups had engorged to massive globes of flawless pale flesh, each one overflowing her blue bra cups and folding them over. The tiny bra was a fighter, squishing the fleshy mounds together to form a chasm of cleavage. On her thin, slender frame, Kayla felt like two ripened melons had been shoved into her chest.

“Holy crap!! H-Holy CRAP!! W-What is happening to my boobs?!” she exclaimed softly to herself. As she watched her chest rise and fall with each deep, scared breath, she could feel her breasts fighting each other against her bra. The spandex groaned every time her lungs reached capacity.

BA-BING-RING!

“Woo! Combo block!”

Kayla nearly jumped out of her jeans as she heard Matt yell from their living room. Her bra felt like a trampoline as her boobs jounced in it from her shock, and her hands flew to their curves to try and steady them.

STRRRRTCH!!!

“N-Nngh!!”

Her assets engorged within her grasp, sending her into a fit of overwhelming gasps of stimulation. Sinking her hands into their soft, warm flesh was like nothing she had ever experienced. Excitement brought her to bite her lower lip. Kayla smiled slightly as she bounced them a little in her palms, feeling their new, growing weight.

“T-These aren’t so bad...” she whispered, feeling the heat rise from her cleavage. *“They’re just a little...big...! And...sensitive...!”*

BING!!

BING!!

STRRRRTCH!!!

Her eyes grew wide as pressure pressed into her hands. Her mammaries seemed to be pushing back, spreading her fingers apart as her skin stretched and grew under them.

“Oh no, oh no... *Oh no oh no oh no...*” Kayla started to chant, as she leaned against the bathroom door.

She looked on in horror as her breasts swelled and grew before her eyes, cup upon cup pouring into her chest. With a loud groan her bra cried in protest. Underboob flowed against her ribs. The tops of their curves bulged higher, pushing into her sweater she had pulled up to her armpits.

BING!!

“What’s going on with my body?!” Cleavage rose to meet her face. Her bra felt on the brink of disaster. *“Nnngh! Nnngh...!”*

Kayla’s face paled as she looked in the mirror at the bright pink areolas of each boob that could be seen peeking over her bra. It was pulled tight around her chest like a restraint, two

circular indents being created in her cantaloupe tits by the tiny cups. Her bra gave a loud creak as her clasps fought, shocking her out of her stunned trance.

Gingerly, she poked the top curve of her breasts, feeling their tight skin created by her constrictive bra. They wobbled slightly on her front, filling up the entire width of her torso as they were mashed flat.

BING!!

STRRTCH

The game... , something in Kayla's mind whispered. At that moment she knew. It's the game! Somehow, I think my chest grows based on his score! Her heart beat wildly as she thought about all the combo balloon boxes she had seen earlier. Who knows what all those other power-ups might do to me!!

She had to turn it off.

Determined, Kayla pulled the front of her sweater back down. It looked ridiculous with her burgeoning mammaries pulling the distraught fabric tight and warping the threaded designs. "Talk about sweater puppies..." she sighed, squeezing herself through the fabric and feeling her flesh swallow her fingers, "These are more like sweater St. Bernards..."

She turned off the light in the bathroom and made her way back to Matt before he got any more power-ups. The surging weight on her chest made walking difficult as her sense of balance was thrown off. Feeling uncomfortably in her own clothes, she tugged at her sweater and jeans. Nothing wanted to fit.

The couch faced away from Kayla as she walked towards it, and Matt seemed too enthralled in his game to notice her return. With a shaky voice upon standing behind him, she suggested, "Hey, Matt, I-I think we need to turn the game off..."

BING!!

"Why? I'm doing great! Look at my score. And I'm just about to get another power-up!"

Kayla felt her heart sink as she watched the ball sail directly into a block with a 'x10' drawn over it. She could already feel her chest tightening.

"P-Please no."

BA-BING-RING!

Lights flashed on the screen as the block was crushed. For a moment Kayla held her breath, waiting for a massive surge in her breasts, but it didn't come.

"That's weird... It didn't do anything." Matt thought. He bounced the ball back towards the blocks and destroyed one.

STRRTCH!!!

"Ouf!" Kayla gasped in surprise as her boobs pulsed larger with a surge of energy, swelling outward by several cups.

Matt didn't notice. "Oh that's what it did! It made the future points I get for each block multiply by ten!" He sat forward on the couch in concentration. "I'm going to send it up over the top of the group before it wears off!"

Anxiety grabbed her chest as she watched her sweater struggle with the contents it already had. "M-Matt, maybe we should--" Kayla tried to save herself, but it was too late. She watched in dismay as the ball cascaded over the top row of blocks, bouncing and breaking them as it went.

BING!

STRRTCH!!!

BING!

STRRTCH!!!

BING!

STRRTCH!!!

BING!

STRRTCH!!!

One block after another sent undulating pulses through Kayla's tits, each nearly rocking her off her feet they happened so fast. As a chiming sound played to signify the ending of his power-up, she leaned forward on the couch, struggling to catch her breath. Her breasts hung heavily off her front like overgrown watermelons, and she was pretty sure she had felt a stitch pop on her bra on the last pulse of growth. A cold draft flooded over her abdomen as her breasts filled her sweater like a sports bra.

"You know, I really don't see the two-player aspect of this game. I thought it would be co-op..." Matt said. His eyes brightened suddenly and he gasped, "New power-up! This one has a ruler on it!!"

Kayla already felt at her limit. "*No!! Wait!*"

Matt's on-screen ball broke into an orange block with a ruler and an up-arrow painted on the front. Kayla's hands flew to her chest, her fingers digging into her taut sweater to squeeze her overgrown bust. Another power-up would surely send them over the edge.

She whimpered, waiting for them to react, but after several seconds, they showed no signs of growth. Her pulse raced as she waited for something to happen.

"M-Maybe that one doesn't--"

STRRRRTCH

Suddenly her entire perspective of the room changed. Her lines of sight stretched and warped. It was so unexpected that it nearly made her topple over from disorientation. She placed a hand on her forehead, feeling dizzy as she tried to steady herself.

“Nnngh... Matt...” she groaned, feeling as if her head were being pulled toward the ceiling. “Matt...! *Something is... S-Something is--*”

STRRRRTCH

She saw her clothes. In an instant, everything made sense.

“Matt... I think I know how two-player works... It's not co-op.” Kayla said softly in fear.

Her husband paused the game and turned to look at her. “What are you talking abo--” he stopped, nearly dropping the controller when he saw his wife.

Kayla stood there, teetering with her arms held away from her sides for balance. Wide eyes gazed at her body. Red hair hung messed around her shoulders, some of it coming to rest on her massive chest like a shelf. Mammoth knockers dominated her torso and rivaled beach balls in size. Her sweater struggled to fit its wobbling contents as flesh flowed from the bottom and stretched neckline. The outline of her tiny bra could be seen fighting a losing war underneath, warping the shape of her breasts.

STRRRRTCH

“K...Kay...la...?”

Matt's eyes angled higher, following Kayla's body and breasts as they rose. She was growing taller, inching her way higher and higher above him.

“*A-Ah!*” she gasped and giggled nervously. “*This kind of tickles!*”

Her arms lengthened and drew her sleeves up her forearms. The supple front of her abdomen stretched taller and rose from her jeans. Struggling to contain her body, the denim pulled drum-tight around her butt and thighs. The soft contours of her navel peeked from the tortured waistband. Her calves shot from the bottom when the garment became a humorous pair of flood pants.

STRRRRTCH!!!

“*Mmgh!! MMMGH!!!*” She moaned and wobbled as the growth stopped, her clothes now much too small. Over twelve inches had been added to her height.

“Kayla... You're... Y-You're...” Matt was having a difficult time finding the right words to describe his confused arousal.

She patted her hands down her body. There was little modesty as she inspected her curves, getting a feel for her new proportions.

“I-It's not co-op,” she repeated, “we're opponents. It's a *battle*.”

“Are you saying...the *game* did this to you?! Kayla!! *You're hu--*”

The arousal was plain on her face. Flushed and breathing heavily, Kayla was starting to enjoy the ride. However it was happening, she had always wanted to be a bit taller. And having a pair of breasts to fill her arms was oddly empowering. She walked around to Matt's side of the couch, feeling her clothes ride up on her. Her bust bounced tightly and her thighs were rubbed with such pressure to massage her crotch, something she had never felt before. She blushed as she realized the motion of her new body was turning her on.

Matt watched as she sat down next to him, batting her eyes at him as if she were asking for something. *“It’s not co-op; I’m supposed to make you lose, distract you enough to make you get a game over.”*

“H-How would you do that?” Matt’s eyes were flitting back and forth between her eyes and her breasts. He was still having trouble collecting his thoughts as he stared at his developed wife.

“Oh, maybe like this...” She leaned forward, pushing her new chest into his arm. His cock stiffened against his pants. *“Or maybe, like this....”* She reached out and grabbed his member. It throbbed excitedly in her hands.

“I-I can still play.” Matt’s voice cracked a little as he said this, but he grabbed the controller all the same. A snicker flashed. “So you’re saying all I have to do is keep winning, and you’ll get even *bigger?*”

“Mmm, someone is confident. Well, let’s see what you’ve got.” Kayla challenged him.

Matt smiled and unpaused his game.

BING!

BING!

BING!

As more blocks broke, Kayla could feel her growth continuing in her breasts, extremely slow, but steady as Matt’s score ticked higher.

CREEEAAAK

Kayla and Matt both heard a groan emanate from the front of her bra as she slowly swelled larger.

“Holy shit,” Matt whispered, seeing her bosom wobble larger. At eye level, they dominated his peripheral vision.

She tapered her breathing just to be safe, *“E-Easy there, I’ve only got my old bra on you know...!”* Kayla cooed in his ear, rubbing the front of his pants. Her mind was a mix of emotions, and she hoped she was hiding the nervousness well enough. *“I feel like my nipples could pop out of this thing if I bounce too much! Or worse...I could just...BURST this tiny bra right open.”*

“Don’t tempt me!” Matt laughed, as he bounced the ball directly into a freshly exposed balloon block.

BING!!

The TV screen flashed with life as Matt’s score inflated wildly. He winced when Kayla’s grip tightened around his dick.

“Mmmnnnn...” she moaned, biting her lip. *“Y-You’re gonna miss the show if you don’t look away from the game!”* Kayla said, attempting to seduce him into losing.

“Not a chance! I’m going for the high score, and you know what that means,” Matt snickered, keeping his eyes fixed on the TV. “A bigger score means a bigger wife!”

Kayla gulped.

BING!

BING!

BING!

CREEEAAAAAK!!

Kayla's bra complained like old stairs as her growth surged. Her eyes fluttered amid the stimulating rush of tingling growth. Her tits ballooned outward, distending with incredible weight. Her bra voiced its displeasure once more as a final warning.

"I-It's gonna blow! It's gonna pop!!! God, my bra is going to BURST!!" Kayla exclaimed. Her hands clenched into fists in her lap as she arched her back, feeling her bra pull into her boobs like a belt.

BING!

BING!

BI--

SNAP!!!

With a sound like a whip cracking, Kayla's bra exploded across her front, flinging open and releasing her breasts with enough force that she was thrown back into the couch. Her breasts bounced against her torso and opened several tears in the taut fabric of her over-taxed sweater.

"I-I'm HUGE! Look at them!!" Kayla expressed, watching as her bulging assets came to rest in front of her. Each was the size of an overinflated beach ball. Her sweater couldn't hope to cover her nipples. She ran her hands over the giant pink nubs, feeling her taut skin stretching against her fingers and sweater. Indenting the sides of her chest, she had to stifle a loud moan, being careful not to lose herself in the excitement.

"M-Matt, you really need to see this! My tits are like blimps, Matt!!"

"Nice try! But I'm not taking any chances. If those are your boobs I'm seeing out of the corner of my eye, I think I'm playing this game exactly as it was meant to be played!" Matt laughed. *"Uh-Oohhh! Another hourglass block!"*

BA-RING-RING!

Kayla paused. *"Another hourglass what?"*

STRRRRRRTCH!!!

"MMMGGH!!!"

Her body answered the question for her.

All over she could feel her flesh tingling and her curves outgrowing her clothes. Her thighs plumped, becoming thick and soft. Her once cute rear followed suit to test the limits of her straining jeans. A careful tap from her finger revealed her pants to be drum tight. She felt a wedgie form as her panties swallowed between her cheeks and pussy.

POP!!

"Ah!! I-I blew a seam!!" Kayla cried, seeing a large window split open down her inner thigh.

She squeezed the tops of both legs with her hands, pushing her engorged chest together between her biceps as she felt them grow wider. Her mind raced. There were so many new things to enjoy about herself.

POP!!!

“*MMGH!!*” A seam blew out somewhere behind her as her ass grew, lifting her higher bit by bit on the couch.

POW!!

“*Oooohhh...!! Maaaaaatt!!*”

Like a firecracker, a seam burst on the outside of her thigh. Kayla couldn't help but moan, biting her lip as she felt her hourglass figure fully fill out. Breasts tried to push apart her arms as she held onto her legs.

When the block's effect had run its course, her breasts dominated her view, standing out over a foot on either side of her torso. Her thighs and butt were plumped and over three times their original size. Combined with her overall larger stature, her clothes were at their breaking point.

“Did you just blow out of your jeans?” Matt teased.

“*Mmmm, not quite yet... You'll have to do a lot better than that if you're trying to get my pants off!*” Kayla shivered. “*But I don't think this sweater is going to last much longer, you know... Why don't you turn that off and I'll let you rip it open?*”

She could see that Matt desperately wanted nothing more than to look at her, but his eyes were glued to the screen. The ball had sped up an incredible amount and it required his utmost attention to keep it under control.

“I'm not done with you yet,” he stated, and Kayla felt her skin tingle as a shiver ran down her spine. For a battle, she wasn't sure she would mind if she lost. Absent-mindedly, she let her breasts fall back to their natural forms, her sweater riding up to rest on their firm tops. Both nipples filled her palms when she began massaging their hard puffy forms.

“*Mmmgh... Mmmgh...!! G-God...*” she whimpered, soaking through her pants.

Matt chuckled beside her. “Giving up already? You're making our apartment sound like a haunted house with all that moaning!”

“*S-Shut up... You don't know...nnggh...how good it feels to get so...s-so...big,*” Kayla told him, finding her breathing labored. She was more than hot and bothered now. Hair clung to her face as she became exasperated. Each nipple throbbed in her palms and her pussy pulsed between her thighs. She wasn't about to just give in, as much as she wanted to. She was determined to go down swinging.

CREEEAAAANK

The couch groaned when she struggled to stand and relieve it of its duty. She leaned forward, feeling her ever-swelling mammaries press into her thighs as she let their weight help carry her forward. With a heavy grunt, she rose to her feet, wobbly like a newborn calf as she

experienced a body that was not her own. She turned to face Matt, cradling her beach ball tits in her arms.

“Hey, husband,” she called, “*the REAL entertainment is up here...*” She tried to bend forward and strike a pose, squeezing the bottoms of her breasts..

BOOM!!

“OH!”

A seam split down the back of her pants to reveal the bright pink panties she had underneath being swallowed by her rear.

“Nnnngh!!! *I’m too big!!*” Kayla panted as her jeans finally loosened and fell away. “W-Well? *Why don’t you--*”

Matt chuckled, cutting her off. His refusal to look at her was driving Kayla mad.

“*What? What’s so funny??*” Kayla asked.

“Nothing! I just don’t think I ever told you how much I played these games as a kid; I was the master of block destroyer games. And you’re right, the real show *is* up there.” He snickered devilishly as he put his controller down and leaned back, as if waiting for a movie to start.

“*Looks to me like I win!*” Kayla celebrated. Looking at Matt’s face, however, it was clear she hadn’t.

Behind her on the TV, the ball sailed away from Matt’s final bounce, striking multiple blocks.

BA-BING-RING!

BA-BING-RING!

BA-BING-RING!

BA-BING-RING!

Kayla’s heart beat faster. Listening to each sound play as the blocks broke, she witnessed the horrifying combo Matt had set up: a ‘x10’, a balloon block, an hourglass, and finally ruler with an up arrow. The 8-bit sounds echoed in her ears. It quickly became clear to her who had really won. He had planned this ending since their battle had started. She started to sweat as her body grew hot.

STRRRRRRRRTCH

She looked down. “*H-Huh??*”

Kayla shuddered. Her curves rippled and jiggled in their tight confines.

“*Matt!!!*” she exclaimed, hugging her body. “*W-W-What did you do?!*”

“Nothing!!!” He grinned, ready to enjoy the show. “Just enjoying my victory.”

STRRRRRRRRRRTCH!!!!

“*Mmmgh!! MMMGH!!!! O-O-OHHH NOOO!!!!!*”

Her chest was the first thing to begin its growth, quickly ballooning outward with no mercy. Her beach ball tits grew faster than ever, Matt’s score still ticking higher and higher on

the TV. Flesh heaved to reach her hips and overflow her arms. Puffy areolas show quivered with the pressure of development.

GUUUUUURGLE

“Did your body just *gurgle??*” Matt laughed.

“*S-Shut up!!*” she whined as she looked back at her rear.

Kayla’s hands quickly flew to her butt as she felt it expand out, her hips widening further. Her button blew off from her waist like a bolt under stress and her zipper exploded like fireworks. Thick thighs bubbled and plumped. Continuous ripping filled the apartment as her pants were torn down the length of her legs in a matter of seconds. Their time had come to an end.

“*Mmmm I’m so big!! NNNNGH I’M SO BIG!!! I’m so curvy, Matt!*” Kayla squealed, running her hands over her bulbous form. “*I don’t think I can take anymore!! What did you do to me?!*”

The game wasn’t done. Her head snapped forward before angling down towards their carpet. Slowly at first, she watched as it drew away from her before it sped up. In a matter of moments, her height exceeded another twelve inches from earlier.

“*M-Matt!! MATT!!*” she squealed in fear when the growth didn’t slow.

STRRRRRTCH!!!

STRRRRRTCH!!!

Her height rocketed higher and higher. Keeping pace, her body grew in proportion. The realms of natural laws vanished when she shot past eight feet in height.

THUD!!

“*Ow!!*”

The ceiling met her with a crack. She ducked, bending her legs to avoid further damage.

“*Look at me!*” she yelled. Instinctively, she held her hands above her head, for fear of hitting the ceiling again. In every direction, her body grew larger and larger. Constant popping could be heard coming from her bunched sweater as it stretched around her shoulders.

“*Mmmgh!!! M...Matt!! Matt, I can’t take this!!!*” she cried. Her legs quivered. Fluid ran down her thighs. Panties flossed her pussy like twine as her plump lips engorged.

“*I-I-I--MMMGGH!!!*”

THUD!!!

She collapsed onto her knees. At an astonishing ten feet tall, her head still threatened to graze the ceiling as her growth began to slow.

“*Mmmgh!!! Nnngh!! Did...Did it stop?*”

Her body was shaking, quivering as if it had run into a wall.

Deep within, she could feel pressure building.

GUUUUUURGLE

“U-Uh...Uh... Matt??” Kayla gasped nervously, feeling the onset of one last growth spurt. “What was that?!”

GUUUURGLE!!!

“AH!!!!” She winced as her body endured a final surge of titanic growth.

WHOOOMPH!!!!

Whatever remained of her clothes exploded into a storm of tatters. Curves bounced free with rounded, jiggling flesh. Each thigh trembling like the trunk of a tree beneath ass cheeks capable of crushing a dining table. With a great heave of breath, Kayla’s sweater ripped down the front and slid limp down her arms to the floor. Exercise ball-sized boobs slapped against her giant hips from the force of her freedom.

“MMMGGH!!! MMMMMMMMM!!! MAAAAAATT!!!!” she screamed, plunging several fingers deep between her thighs. She’d never been so wet, nor had her desires for sexual relief ever burned so hot.

Matt gazed upon his once tiny wife, now towering above him. Her voluptuous curves gave his eyes a never-ending path of delight. The titanic breasts filling her lap would dominate their bed. Luckily she had grown enough to be able to support them. The increase in Kayla’s height helped to even out the proportions of her hourglass figure, though her body boasted extreme proportions. Behind her, the TV roared, “High score!” and balloons popped joyously with confetti.



“Whoa... Matt...” Kayla swooned, kneeling before him as a towering figure of femininity. “*I-I feel... Mmmm... Massive...*” She leaned back to take in her full girth.

CRACK!!!

Her hand fell upon his N64, crushing the device to pieces.

“*W-Whoops!*” Bashful, she wondered if they would be able to return her to normal size without the game.

“Kayla, you’re a *giant!!*” Matt exclaimed, feeling like his own pants might burst off at this rate. A single udder could support his entire body if she laid back. Proud of his work, he teased, “Told you I was good at those games!”

She giggled, feeling her chest bounce accordingly. “Ok, ok, you win!” Pausing to move her hair behind her ear, she eyed Matt with the hunger of a sex-tortured goddess. “*Now why don’t you get over here and claim your prize?*”