

Gotta be Love Part 2

Needless to say, Parker and I started dating that same night. I had never felt a connection with anyone else like I had with him. And yes, the near-faint-inducing orgasm he gave me did have some to do with it. Ok, *a lot* to do with it. But there was more than that. I could feel it, and I'm pretty sure he could too.

I had never been held and cuddled after sex in such a way, either. In fact, I have usually been pushed away after a few minutes of the guy catching his breath. But not Parker. Parker wrapped his arms around me so tight. It was like he didn't want me to leave. We actually fell asleep in each other's arms, facing together. I had always hated feeling someone breathe on me, but I didn't mind with him.

That embrace between us lasted for hours, until he finally stirred, waking me in the process as well. I saw him glance down at my naked body pressing into his, my usual C cups flattened and mashed together against his chest.

I suddenly grew a bit more awake as I felt his member stiffen against my stomach. The sleep disappeared from his eyes as he felt me start to push away from him, my cleavage bubbling and rising up between us. I never giggled so hard as when I felt his arms tighten around me, trying to hold me close fighting against my boobs growing between us like a pillowy wedge.

"Hey what are you doing??" I laughed, quickly swelling to volleyballs, "These things aren't going to stop you know!" The whole act seemed to be turning him on all the more, only increasing my growth. His eyes never left my tits. I could see him straining to fight the pressure of my chest.

"Just trying to keep you close!" Parker laughed, tightening his grip further. "I can't help but feel like something has come between us."

I felt him throb thicker and my mounds surged, breaking his grasp as they plumped beyond melons. I nearly fell backward off his bed, but he caught me, rolling me over before spooning me and massaging my breasts.

"Mmmm, you're enjoying this aren't you...?" I cooed, feeling my growth quicken. Parker certainly had a quick recharge to him; I almost felt like I could go as big as before! If not bigger!

Easy there, remember you told him about this so he could keep it under control, remember?

"I really can't believe your body does this..." he admitted, kissing my neck. His cock was pressing between my thighs, knocking at the door. "It's incredible feeling you grow in my hands! They're so much like heavy balloons..."

I laughed, feeling him squeeze my engorged nipple. He was like a kid with a new toy on Christmas. And you had better believe I let him play with me to his cock's content that night. I must have outgrown his bed three times, once even swelling big enough to support us both when he had me pronebone. If having sex on top of your own giant tits is something you have yet to

experience, I really can't recommend it enough. Imagine being the girl *and* the bed, feeling every ripple and wave from the motions.

That night played over and over in my head. The morning after he even ran to get us doughnuts before driving me home! I honestly couldn't remember a time when a date had gone so well for me. I almost considered staying home for Spring Break to be with him. Though now, as I drove down the highway with my two best friends, Kara and Ally, chatting alongside me, I actually found myself wishing that spring break would end sooner just so I could get back to Parker.

Wow, never thought I would think something like that during my student life.

"What do you think, June?"

I wonder if Parker is secretly wishing the same thing... I'm fairly certain he had just as good of a time as me.

"June?"

In fact, he was the one that even suggested that we start dating; on the first date no less! Sure he had asked it in a joking sort of way at first, but after a bit--

"June!"

I snapped back to reality, the road still flying under my car. I really had to stop getting so lost in my inner-monologue. "Yea! Yea, what is it?" I asked flustered, looking quickly at Kara sitting in the passenger seat.

"Welcome back!" She and Ally laughed a little at my scatterbrain. "We were talking about what we should do first when we get there. Go to the beach and check out some of the guys, or go shopping for our summer bikinis."

"Might be tough going to the beach without a swimsuit..." I threw in my thoughts.

"June may not want to look at guys," Ally piped up, "She's preoccupied with Parker now!"

"And you know, if I didn't know any better," Kara began, "I would say that you're even boosting the twins a little these past few days! That wouldn't happen to be for *Paaaarker*, would it?"

"She's right! I swear you've been wearing push-up bras all week!" Ally agreed, "Even now I could swear you look bigger than usual; how much padding you got in there??"

More laughter filled my ears, and I could feel my face going red. I hadn't noticed it, being distracted by driving and my thoughts of Parker, but now that they mentioned it, my bust was indeed fairly swollen. I guessed I was sitting at an F cup, and I slouched forward slightly to help hide their bulge, although this pressed them into the steering wheel.

"You know Parker isn't here, right? There's no need to advertise like that!"

"Unless she's actually hoping to attract some guy at the bar tonight...!"

"Guys, shut up!" I yelled, embarrassed, "It's nothing, just a little normal swelling is all. Water retention, you know?"

Parker we talked about this, you need to keep that thing in your pants under control!

“Well whatever it is, you gotta tell me your secret; I wouldn’t mind a bit of a boost to myself every now and then!” Ally admitted. She looked down briefly at her own chest, minimal cleavage displaying over her blouse.

“Please, you would be such a slut if you had big tits,” Kara laughed.

Ally crossed her arms and sat back with a huff, pouting. “Shut up, I would not.”

Kara continued to tease her from the passenger seat, even mashing her sizeable breasts against the top of the seat and out her tank-top as she turned backward. I was honestly just happy to have the attention off of my growing boobs.

Even if my chest was off their minds for the moment, I could still feel it growing as the minutes turned into an hour. My baggy t-shirt was becoming skin-tight and I could my tummy kissing the open air as it rode higher.

Come on, Parker... Distract yourself. I couldn’t really blame him; after the night I had just given him how could he focus on anything but sex?

I was starting to come up with plans and excuses to explain my sudden growth spurt should my friends take notice. I found myself wishing they were asleep or something; one glance at my chest would have meant an instant barrage of questions and concern. But luckily they seemed occupied by some pictures on Kara’s phone.

I was just about to unroll the window to create an excuse that the rushing air was making my shirt billow out when I felt my boobs begin to go down.

Thank you, Parker...

He must have started doing something that needed his full attention because I was losing cup size after cup size. With a sigh I counted myself lucky he hadn’t decided to *really* enjoy himself; I wasn’t sure I could have kept us on the road should a tit-gasm happen. And my friends might notice when my view was blocked by a heap of boob. I breathed easy, feeling my breasts jiggle at their normal size as we drove over a bump, and smiling I looked forward to the trip ahead of us.

After a few more hours of driving and some restless legs later, we arrived. The three of us awed at the sunny beach and the waves as we drove on our way to town and our hotel. It was quickly decided that the beach was our first priority, and that meant we had to go buy bikinis. It was somewhat of a tradition at this point to buy new swimsuits together on spring break, a sort of ritual to bring in the coming summer months.

Giddy with excitement, I pulled into the Wal-Mart parking lot. The sun was nearing its late afternoon position, and that calming air of twilight was being cast over the sky that could make any parking lot look romantic and fill you with cozy warmth. Yes, even Wal-Mart’s parking lot.

The heat hit us as soon as we exited the car; we weren’t in Spokane anymore! “We have sunscreen, right?” Ally asked, looking nervously at her skin. “I can already feel myself burning.”

“I think they actually just passed a law about gingers being in California!” I joked, “They’re not allowed outside between 8 a.m. and 8 p.m. for fear that they’ll blind the cars on the road!”

Ally’s eyes flashed about as red as her hair for a split second, a glare piercing my soul. I regretted nothing and continued laughing along with Kara. “Very funny,” Ally grunted, forcing a laugh.

“You know, Ally, you can meet June and me in the adult section once you’re done if you want; I think the kid’s swimsuits are on the other side of the store,” Kara remarked.

That made Ally’s fake laughter die instantly and mine double. I watched as she blushed, looking self-conscious. “It’s not my fault I’m a late bloomer...” she pouted, “They’ll come in...”

“Yea, and you better hope your height, legs, and butt do too!” Kara continued the onslaught, “Wouldn’t want some guy not talking to you for fear of being labeled a sex offender!”

“I make up for it in personality!!” Ally squeaked, the three of us walking through the doors.

“Ok, ok, guys... I think we’ve insulted each other enough for one trip, can we focus on buying some revealing clothes for a second?” I asked matter of factly. It really was an odd tradition we had, when you thought about it. My voice cracked a little at the end of my question, feeling my chest pulse larger.

No... Not again... Parker had a heck of an imagination on him. They bubbled bigger again, pushing past DD cups and shifting in my top a little.

“Hang on, I want to grab some basic groceries first. Frozen burritos and such!” Ally cheered, grabbing a cart.

A noticeable hefty bounce was affecting my gait. I know you might think that after a week of randomly growing that I would be used to it, but trust me, you never get used to walking with boobs that are always fluctuating from perky handfuls to heaving watermelons. It takes a bit to get your balance back, no matter how many times it happens.

Again they surged forward, a full cup size this time. I was fearing for my future modesty at the rate they were swelling.

Crap, I left my phone in the car too! Parker please, please don’t be doing what I think you are... They tingled, tickled by my sports bra and their stretching growth, and I knew very well what was coming.

“Hey, maybe we can take care of the swimsuits first? I might take a while...” I asked, trying to seem nonchalant despite my ballooning bust.

“I guess we can do that... Plus our frozen stuff won’t melt.” Ally agreed. We turned the cart towards apparel and steered ourselves into the forest of brightly colored spandex triangles and straps.

We began searching through the racks, meanwhile, my own rack was growing increasingly large. I was easily more than twice my usual C cup, and nearing triple. We were starting to get into the danger zone, or what I had come to call, the J cups.

“Found it!” Kara squealed, holding up a green two-piece.

“I found a couple!” Ally had also gathered three options.

I approached them, carrying a pink bikini and a rather modest single piece swimsuit.

“Shall we?” I asked, in a rush to get to the privacy of a changing room.

My heart sank as I saw Ally point towards the far one of the left. “That one!”

Idiot, how could you forget? I punched myself mentally, as I remembered that for some awkward reason, we tried them on together. Every year. *Idiot. It had been your idea the first time too, you realize that, right? This was a trap you set for yourself years ago. Sure it was cute then, but now you’ll have to bare the swollen monsters you’re trying so hard to hide.*

Locked in a room with friends was still better than being in public ogled by strangers.

With another bulging pulse of tit-flesh, I hurried the three of us inside, clicking the door closed.

Immediately my friends started to undress, throwing shirts, shorts, and bras onto the bench as they stripped completely comfortable in each other's company. I stood motionless, only feeling my boobs slowly growing into my sports bra. I prayed they were still some size that could be explained.

“Ooooooh...” Ally awed, bringing me back to the world, “This doesn’t look too bad!” Her first option had been a red floral print tankini. She ran her hands down her sides and over her hips, seeing how it hugged her tiny body. It actually made her legs look pretty nice, although her A cups barely amounted to anything in the top. Regardless, she looked nothing if not cute.

“That’s not too bad!” Kara agreed. I saw her naked body in the mirror as she stood behind me, pulling on her bottoms. She was quite a bit taller than he, her breasts reaching almost to my shoulders with black hair falling over her front in a mess. She started wrapping the green bikini top around her front, tying it around her neck and letting it fall loosely over her bare chest. The cold AC of the store was making both of their nipples hard, the suits failing to hide them from view.

“June? Help a girl out?” Kara asked, turning her back towards me and lifting her hair out of the way so I could tie her straps. I fumbled for a second, my swelling still underway. I could feel pleasure beginning to warm my own body; Parker was picking up the pace and showed no signs of stopping.

I grabbed her straps and tied them in a bow, watching as she positioned the rather small triangles of fabric over her D cups. They decorated her rather nicely, I thought. “Perfect!” she exclaimed, giving herself a test bounce. “And I don’t even feel like I’m about to fall out!” She grinned; we both knew how rare it was to actually find a good swimsuit on the first try.

They both looked at me then, expectantly. “Well?” Ally asked, putting her hands on her tiny hips.

“I showed you mine, now you show me yours!” Kara laughed.

“I-I might get my own room...” I tried to escape.

They both maintained straight faces. “June, this is tradition. Now strip before we make you.” Kara nearly ordered.

“I’m just feeling a little bloated is all... Kind of embarrassed, you know?” I backed towards the door. The changing room suddenly seemed very small.

“So? Off with it!” Ally exclaimed, pointing at my tightening t-shirt. I think I saw her eyes bulge a little bit. She knew something was up.

“You heard her!” Kara agreed, stepping towards me.

“W-Wait--” Before I could protest any further, Kara and Ally yanked at the bottom of my shirt, pulling it up and over my head. A stunned silence filled the changing room as I felt the cool air hit my chest.

“Whoa,” Kara said.

I looked down and saw that I had swelled to an incredible K cup, my poor sports bra looking more like skimpy lingerie with every passing second. Soft white skin was overflowing from all sides and cleavage like a mountain range formed between my tits.

“Jeez, June, you bring enough breast to share with the class?” Ally asked. Her eyes seemed wide with envy.

“Are you alright? You haven’t...always been that big, have you?” Kara asked, slightly concerned. My shirt still hung in her hand. Her index finger poked my left breast as if testing their authenticity.

“I-I’ve been doing a bit of growing lately is all... And like I said earlier, water retention! Too much sodium in my diet, I guess!” I laughed awkwardly, feeling my bosom jiggle. I hoped if nothing else they wouldn’t actually see them grow.

“No wonder you wanted another room!” Kara exclaimed, “There’s hardly enough room in here for those things alone!” They both laughed, Kara poking them again with more pressure. I had to stifle a moan; the pleasure from my tightening skin was really starting to kick in.

Ally’s laughter quickly died down as a serious look came over her face. “But seriously, June, are you feeling ok? You didn’t get implants or something did you? Those things look bigger than my head!”

“Y-Yea! Totally fine!” My nipples prodding themselves into my tightening bra, both from the chilly air and the ecstasy running through me. I felt them pulse bigger still and I held my breath, trying my best to hide their swelling curves.

Kara reached for the bikini I had thrown on the bench, thrusting it towards me. “Well, no time like the present! Try this thing on so we can get to the beach! Although I think it might be a bit small on you...”

I stared at the pink spandex being shoved towards me, both of their faces expectant and waiting. I figured I had no choice. I took the bikini from her, and with as much speed as my growing form would allow, I began undressing, shaking my shorts and panties down my legs. Ally’s eyes seemed to only widen more when I peeled my bra off. I could swear the look she gave them was one of hunger.

Getting the bottoms on and the neck straps tied was easy enough, but I found myself completely unable to reach around my back. Ally noticed this and jumped in to help as Kara seemed intent on holding back her laughter.

“Not too tight, ok?” I reminded her as she moved behind me, taking the straps in her hand.

“Mmhm!” she hummed.

I groaned softly, the cups suddenly clasping over my boobs. Ally was straining to tie a bow into the ends, although I wasn't sure she knew it was more due to the fact that Parker was still making me grow. “I'm weaker than I thought!” she voiced with a grunt, “The straps just won't reach!”

I had to bite my lip as the cups dug into my flesh, making a triangular indent on each of my tits barely large enough to cover my puffy areolas. With a stinging snap, the knot slapped into my back, my boobs jiggling tightly as the bikini tried to support their burgeoning weight.

“Well, June, I must say! You might have grown a size or two since last summer!” Kara laughed. “You been drinking your milk or what?”

“Woah...” Ally awed, “I'm not sure they'll allow you at the beach looking like that...!”

I felt them grow again, my breath catching in my throat. I needed to get some time to myself before they finally noticed my cup size was actually increasing before their eyes.

“Y-Yea, might be a tad small! You guys seemed happy with your picks; why don't you start grabbing the food and I'll keep looking?” I tried to seem as natural about it as possible, even giving a fake smile.

“Yea, that's a pretty good idea actually. Come on, Ally!” I sighed with relief as I saw the two of them quickly change back into their street clothes. “We'll be waiting! Don't take too long.”

“I won't!” I promised, hoping it was true. The door clicked closed behind them, and I was finally alone with my melons. Although that was an understatement at this point. As luck would have it, I managed to get them out just in time before my growth was kicked up a notch.

Parker... What the hell?? We discussed this!

I leaned back against the wall for support. My growth was *really* speeding up now. Maybe Parker had suddenly realized what he could be doing and was working up to an end. Helpless to watch as my breathing grew labored, my tits ballooned in front of me. At this point I knew Parker *had* to finish, or else he would stay aroused and these things would never go down. I was in this fitting room for the long haul now.

Still, no matter how many times this happened, I never really got used to seeing these two parts of my body expand out from me. It really is a bit of a trip, seeing part of your own self completely change from something you had grown so used to. Like watching two close friends change into someone new before your very eyes! I started to moan as I watched my twins swell out and out until something very urgent made itself known.

Crap! I need to get this bikini off!

This was for two reasons. One of them was, of course, my giant cow udders ballooning from my front, the top cutting into them from all sides. The other was a less urgent reason; I could feel myself starting to get wet, and putting a soaking pair of bikini bottoms back on the rack might be frowned upon, even at Wal-Mart.

With a heavy collapse, I sat on the cold bench and started working to get my bottoms off. Have you ever tried taking off a pair of underwear when you can't lean forward or bend your knees very far? It's not that easy! A few moments of effort, they slipped down my legs onto the floor.

"Whew... Ok, now the top." I was trying to encourage myself, but I already knew what the end result was going to be in a few minutes.

Arching my back, lifting my now watermelon-sized boobs into the air, I tried to reach Ally's knot. The bikini strained and protested, the straps digging further into my chest like belts; even spandex had a stretch limit. I fingered the knot against my spine, and my pulse quickened as I felt Ally's clumsy knotted mess. It wasn't even a bow.

"Dammit, Ally!" I swore a bit louder than I should have.

"You call my name?" I heard her say, "We haven't left yet! Just finished putting away our extra suits!"

"N-No! I'm fine! Your knot is just tight is all..."

I heard her step right outside the door, even rattling the handle. "You sure? I can help..."

"That's ok!" I yelled, "B-Be out soon!" Above all, I couldn't let them see me with tits nearing the size of beach balls. They had started filling my lap now, and the bikini was pulling into them so tightly that it looked like I had sprouted a second pair of breasts. In the mirror I could see that the cups were only large enough to cover my nipples now, each one tented out from my pink, thimble protrusions underneath.

"Ok... We'll meet you out here..." I heard them walk away, and a moan escaped my lips that I had been holding back for what seemed like forever. My bare thighs were sliding across the smooth wood of the bench, the pleasure really starting to rock my world.

"Oooohh... Paaaarker..." My mind was racing with thoughts of him lying on top of my bed-breaking tits. A stitch popped on the bikini, now out of stretch, my chest billowing against it.

The sides of my chest were touching the sides of the changing room, pinning me against the wall. I giggled. I actually giggled at a time like this.

Big girl in a tiiny room!

I gave up on trying to get the bikini untied. It was a worthless battle and was better left to my mammaries. Instead, I didn't hesitate to put my fingers to work between my legs, slick with my personal lube.

"Oh yes, *ooooh yes!*" I gasped, feeling a tingling sensation start to spread over my tits. Somehow the knowledge that I was playing with myself at the same time as Parker was a major turn on. I wondered if it affected him as well. I giggled again, imagining his dick getting bigger like my tits.

Ha! That would teach him a lesson in keeping his urges under control!

I could feel the bikini cutting into my mounds, pulling threateningly into my taut skin. They had begun growing upwards, blocked on both sides by the walls and below by my legs. My hands were trapped under them, pinned between my thighs. Not that I was complaining; I was happy to have them there.

“Mmmmmmmmmnnngh!?” I moaned way too loudly, feeling my cleavage brush against my chin and start to engulf my face. I thought I heard the walls creak as well before a loud snapping sound rang out. The bikini strap broke against me, releasing my boobs as I winced. They rounded out somewhat, allowing gravity to take full control of them, although there still wasn’t much room for them to grow but up.

And I was perfectly fine with that. My body was getting hot, a very familiar firmness engulfing my chest. “Oh, oooh, *oooohhh!*”

Here it comes...! Do it, Parker! Tits awaaaay!

With one final, giant arch of my back, I thrust my chest out, feeling a deep throbbing sensation rush over my engorged melons. The all-too-enjoyable nipple contractions shook me as if I could feel them twisting and pulling themselves.

“Mmmmmmmmm *yeeeeaaaAAAAA!!*” I was nearly screaming now, my fingers deep inside my pussy as if I was searching for a hidden button.

Waves of tingles and tickles filled my vibrating curves. I could only sit there paralyzed in busy happiness for what must have been minutes waiting for the contractions to pass. I was sweating heavily and I was pretty sure I was sitting in a puddle.

Knock knock knock

Who’s there?

I jumped a little, my boobs only just starting to go down. “Ma-am? You all right in there?” an older voice asked.

“F-F-Fine...!” I panted, “Just...Just got a funny text message...!” It was the worst excuse I could have come up with, but I didn’t care. I sat there for a few more minutes, breathing as I watched my chest reduce in size, the bikini top limp under my collarbone.

Finally, finding a little composure, I gathered myself and got dressed. I knew there was no suit I could buy that would fit me, so I grabbed the one-piece and the bikini. Even if it was broken, I felt bad not buying it after my tits had snapped the straps in half.

Quickly gathering them into my hands and fully dressed, I fled the scene of my crime to find my friends.

When I get back to my phone, you and I are going to have a serious talk, Parker!

I knew I should be angry, but I still grinned. I couldn’t really say I was *that* mad at him; I had honestly enjoyed every second of it. Except for maybe popping out of my clothes in public. That had to stop.

Needless to say, I had a good chat with Parker once the three of us were settled in at the hotel and I could get a private moment. It went about as expected.

“I said I was sorry!” Parker pleaded.

“Tell that to the busted bikini I just bought! You nearly made me flash Ally, Kara, and the rest of Wal-Mart with tits the size of car tires!” I continued to berate him. He had to know that this wasn’t a joke; this was a real body with real people around it.

“They didn’t notice did they?”

“Of course they noticed! I managed to get alone before they got bigger than my head, but still, I can’t always play it off as ‘just some swelling’!”

“I know, I know...”

“What were you thinking? I told you specifically what *not* to do and what would happen if you did.”

“I guess I thought the big distance between us would stop it from happening?”

“Oh it didn’t, it did not stop it at all.”

“I’m sorry...”

I sighed heavily. Even now, talking to him about it, I could feel that I was a cup or two bigger. I guess even when they’re being yelled at, guys will still manage to get horny if you’re yelling at them about your chest growing.

“Look, I know it’s hard. But you need to keep it in your pants, and your hands out of them, ok? At least when I’m not there or we haven’t made a plan. I can’t be risking popping out of my top every time I go out.”

“I understand, but you gotta understand how hot this is for me. I’ve always dreamt about having a girl with an adjustable rack! It’s a really exciting thought, and realizing what I can do to you is just such a turn on...”

I felt my chest plump up another cup size as I heard his voice trail off. “Parker, Parker! Easy there. You’re doing it again.”

“O-Oh! Shit, I’m sorry!” he apologized. The girls went down a little. At least he was trying.

“This is going to take some getting used to, trust me. But believe me when I say that I *reeeaally* need you to keep it under control, all right? I know it’s not much of an impact on you, but it’s a completely different story on my side. I could wreck my car.”

“I know...” I heard him say over the phone. His two heads were fighting but I think I was getting through to him.

“Listen. You hold off on any sexy imagination while we’re apart, and I’ll make it up to you when we get back, alright?”

He was silent for a moment. “Like how?”

I looked around, making sure nobody was within earshot before whispering, “How about I let you dress me up however you want and then you make me outgrow the costume?”

I swear my boobs jumped out four cup sizes in the instant I said that. I actually heard my sports bra creak from the sudden surge of flesh and it threw me off balance. “Deal!” he exclaimed happily.

I giggled, “Glad to hear it! Now get those ideas out of your head; you’re making me swell over here. Deal’s off if I bust another bra or bikini, got it?”

We chatted for a few more minutes before hanging up. I smiled, going back to my hotel room to resume my spring break. I really thought Parker and I had reached an understanding. But I should have known that when you dam a river, there are bound to be leaks.

For the first two days, things were absolutely fine. I was enjoying being with my friends, and every day was filled with a warm sun and exciting fun on the beach and at the bars. Our hotel room was surprisingly fancy for the price; I felt like one of those spoiled rich girls you see on TV.

Parker was keeping himself under control astoundingly well. And before you jump at me to call me a liar and say something like ‘there’s no way a guy can just *not* think about sex!’, trust me, I’m well aware. There were still the usual size fluctuations throughout the day, most often by two or three cups.

I honestly didn’t mind that part all that much. There are very few women out there who wouldn’t like to pump themselves up a few cup sizes every now and again. If there are any girls reading this who wouldn’t like that, I totally get it. But for those that would like to have their tits go from Cs to Fs or anywhere in between throughout the day, it’s just as incredible as you imagine. There was something about seeing a guy eye you from across the room once, then again twenty minutes later only to do a double take because your boobs had doubled in size. I found it kind of amusing; the look on their faces made it look like they had stepped over a \$100 bill and not realized it.

Ally was openly envious about my chest. I caught her staring a couple times, and on a few occasions, she even asked me if I was taking anything to make their size fluctuate so much. Of course I couldn’t tell her the truth, so I just had to play along and tell her it was due to a hormone imbalance. To say Ally had a serious case of boob greed would be putting it lightly.

Trust me, Ally, you don’t want any of what I’ve got.

Then the issues started to arise. I woke up on the third morning. On the floor. With my pajama top bunched up and riding on top of my boobs, firm and swollen to cantaloupes. I looked around quickly, relieved to see that my friends were still asleep around our hotel room. Passed out from the previous night I assume. Grabbing my phone I hurried to the bathroom to call Parker to put a stop to whatever he was doing.

It rang. And rang. And continued to ring, before going to voicemail. I looked at the clock; it was only 8 in the morning. My skin tightened around my bust as I swelled larger, and I quickly redialed. This time he picked up halfway through.

“Mmgghn...hello...?” he grumbled. He had still been sleeping. So why was I busy blowing up like a beach toy at 8 a.m.?

“Parker, it’s me. Why am I getting bigger?”

“Bigger...?”

“My chest!” I yell-whispered.

“Oh... Oh...!” he exclaimed, realization coming as his consciousness returned. “I swear I didn’t do anything! I’ve been really trying!”

I looked down at myself, and was surprised to see that they had shrunken quite a bit. “It...looks like they’re going back down now...” I admitted. “Do you promise you weren’t doing anything?”

“Promise...” he still sounded groggy. But I believed him.

Poor Parker... Must be exhausting not making me swell out of my tops.

“Ok. Go back to bed, sorry to wake you up.” We said our sleepy goodbyes and hung up. Within minutes my chest was back to normal.

Weird... That was a lot like when he gets morning wood... But bigger... That was more like morning Redwood.

I giggled and decided to shake it off. We were nearly halfway through our spring break at this point! And although we were all sunburned, we had no plans to stop anytime soon. But the same could not be said for my boobs.

I should have known something was wrong the next morning. Again I woke up with a massive rack, but they were closer to basketballs this time around, larger than my head and bobbing on top of me like angry balloons. It was early, only 6 in the morning, and I knew for a fact that Parker was still asleep. If there was one thing he liked more than tits, it was sleep.

I resolved to hide in the bathroom until they went down. After an hour or so, I actually fell asleep in the tub, waking up to Ally knocking on the door. I was relieved to see they had returned to normal, the tub cold on my bare back since I had decided to take my shirt off instead of stretching it.

“June! Come on! You taking a nap in there or something?” Ally called.

“Sorry! Be right out!” I quickly got dressed and opened the door, blushing slightly.

“Have a nice dream?” she asked, snickering.

“Just fine, thank you.”

It was right then that I realized exactly what was happening. Although Parker was succeeding in controlling his urges, they were snowballing, building up and coming out in another outlet: his dreams.

Ding ding ding ding! That has to be it!

But what was I going to do about it? I can’t exactly get mad at him for what his subconscious does while he’s asleep. I might as well yell at him about the weather. And wasn’t it my fault that his libido was backed up so much anyway?

Maybe I could slip away for an hour or so and let him get one off...

I knew I would never be able to pull that off. Kara and Ally were like needy puppies, and this trip was about *us* being together. Something told me I would get much too big for any

private space I could find. A bathroom? Ha! Those tubs only hold a hundred gallons at the most. They're not rated for a full-on Parker-sized pair of knockers.

Spring break was nearing an end, though. I could handle waking up early and hiding in the bathroom for a bit until his dreams ended. It seemed like my breasts disappeared as fast as a dream might leave a waking mind, too. I could handle this.

At first I thought this might be a well thought out idea. But another morning came and went, and I found myself hiding in the bathroom with personal beach balls at 6 a.m. Then another morning, cradling them at an even more massive size. By the morning on our final full day in California, I had actually decided to run a bath for myself while my friends snored away just beyond the wall. I lay my head back, content to let my chest grow as much as it felt it needed, semi-weightless in the warm water and bulging over the sides like bread dough out of control.

I got big. Like stuck-in-the-tub big. It was actually becoming a legitimate worry for me about how Parker and I could ever spend any significant time apart like this. It seemed like no matter what I did, or how he tried his best to holster his sex drive, it managed to find a way out of his head and into my breasts.

I sighed, watching the titanic mountains sway in front of me in the tub. Soup can nipples topped my white peaks, pointing at the ceiling like angry pink fists. Eventually, just as with every other morning, they started to go down as he awoke.

I'll see him tomorrow tonight... And then he can get all of this out of his system. I grow so big he'll WISH I was a C cup for a while!

Thankfully, Kara and Ally were still snoozing when I stepped out of the steaming bathroom, pruned and naked from my time in the bath. My boobs glistened lovely and smooth, acting innocent as if they hadn't just taken up the majority of the bathroom.

Just one more morning of this, just one more!

Though the worst was yet to come. By far.

For our last day, we all decided to spend our time at the beach. A bit funny, considering we had already spent eighty percent of our time there, but it never got old. Ally had actually met a guy, and he was tagging along with us for the day. It was good seeing her smile with a bit of self-confidence; it was a look I only got to see when she was with a man she liked. It was one of the few times she didn't seem to mind her extremely petite stature.

I was lying on my beach towel, enjoying the sun on my back. I knew I was going to have some funky tan lines from the one-piece swimsuit, but it was better than risking popping out of a bikini. I had enough eyes on my cleavage as it was. My phone buzzed, a text from Parker brightening my day.

Enjoying your last day in Sun Land? he asked.

Too much! Thinking of maybe staying another day or so.

Noooo :(

Just kidding, I'll see you tomorrow night ;), I teased.

Don't scare me like that! I've been missing you too much.

Oh, sure. You're positive it's ME you miss, and not my inflating tits?

Weeeeell, I'll admit I'm looking forward to those as well. I have your whole outfit planned out! Right down to the socks and scrunchie!

I instantly knew what kind of clothes he had picked out for me: a schoolgirl uniform. I'll admit, it turned me on a bit. As it did for him, my chest raising me up a few inches from my towel as his mind was going wild. I quickly texted back.

Easy there, big guy! Save it for tomorrow ;)

I will, I will :P

My phone beeped, and a battery warning flashed on the screen. "Ally!" I yelled. She looked up from lying on her date's chest. "Did you unplug my phone to charge yours again?!"

"I had to! Mine was about to die!" she tried to explain.

"Yea well now mine is!"

"Sooooorry, Juuuuune!" she cooed, full of giggles and turning back to her man. His eyes lingered on my front for a moment before giving his attention to Ally. I couldn't blame him, I felt like I was lying on top of two party balloons. I texted Parker again.

Hey, my phone is about to die. I'll text you tonight

No worries! I was about to take a nap before driving back to school in a few hours anyway! Talk to you then!

My heart sank a little bit. I knew what sleep meant for Parker recently. And I knew what it meant for my boobs. I quickly started texting back, *Maybe just have some coffee or some--* My phone died. Like a big middle finger, the screen blacked out in my face. I tossed it into my bag, feeling stranded against an approaching storm.

I tried to just put it out of my mind. *It's just a nap; when was the last time I took a nap and actually had a dream?* I folded my arms on the towel in front of me and rested my head, trying to enjoy my last remaining hours of the warm beach and the sun on my back. My chest didn't even feel that big.

It's aaaall under control...

I drifted off to sleep myself, actually. Something from all this talk about naps had made the idea seem very enticing. That had been my second mistake. It was only half an hour later than I found out what a mistake it had been.

"June! June wake up!!" Kara was screaming, shaking my shoulders.

"Wha...?" I asked, slightly sun-blind.

"YOUR TITS!!"

I could feel the color drain from my face in an instant, as I discovered that my first mistake had been assuming Parker's dick took a nap whenever he did. I snapped fully awake, finding that my head was at a weird angle and drooping slightly. My entire torso was actually lifting off the ground, my head a few inches from the blanket.

“O-Oh *crap!*!” I yelled, throwing my arms into a push-up position. I tried to sit up, but found a great weight pulling me down.

I looked up pleadingly at Kara, her face white with terror. “J-June... What’s going on...?! I-I saw them...*swell!*!”

I continued trying to heft myself upright, but the angle was too much. “I’m fine, I’m fine! I just need--”

“You’re not fine! Look at you! Your boobs fill more of the swimsuit than you do!!”

I looked down, and besides ramming my face in cleavage that hadn’t been there a second ago, I saw what she meant. My mammaries were getting massive, well past basketballs. They had spread out as much as possible inside my suit, their skin stretching and rubbing against my tummy as my weight flattened them out. Their top-most curves heaved and bulged outwards at every angle, becoming warped by my shoulder straps. But the worst part was that I was still growing, and fast.

“Y-You...you look like you’re blowing up!!” Kara yelled, backing up a little. She was trembling, looking about ready to faint.

“I promise, I’m fine! I just...*nnnnughn*...I just need to get somewhere private!” I gave up on trying to lift myself with a final grunt. “Damn these things are heavy!”

“Hey, guys! Dave says he knows this great secret hangou---” Ally’s voice stopped as did her approach. There was no hiding myself. “June? Are...Are those your boobs??”

“Yes, Ally! These are my breasts! And I could really use some help before...” My voice trailed off as I felt my chest swell outwards and push against my arms, flinging them out to the side. I fell with my full weight onto my bust and they billowed out under me like some kind of erotic air mattress. A seam blew on my swimsuit, and I had a wedgie from hell flossing its way between my legs. My breasts swelled against my stomach even more and I knew if I could sit up they make me look nightmarishly pregnant. And that was just from the lower parts of their curves!

“Guys! I could really use some help here!” I yelled, flailing my arm.

“B-But how?!” Ally asked, almost excited. Dave stood next to her, his swim trunks making no effort to hide his erection. He seemed to have forgotten about Ally.

“I’ll explain later! But right now I don’t think this suit is going to last much lon--*mmphff!*!” My voice became muffled, my udders expanding into my face. Hot, smooth cleavage struck my head and I felt like I was suffocating, my back at such an angle that I couldn’t lift my neck anymore. It felt like I was trying to inflate two yoga balls inside my swimsuit, and it wasn’t going well.

“Ally, we need to get the suit off, fast! It’s pushing her chest into her face!” Kara determined, and I was in no position to argue.

“B-But...” Ally stammered, backing up from my bloating chest, “June! You look like you’re about to POP!”

“Ally, *HELP!*” Kara commanded, bending down to help.

“Mmmmphhhhffffm!” I moaned as I felt them grabbing at the taut fabric, pulling at the seams. It didn’t take much effort. Tears rang out and in only a few seconds they had managed to rip my only source of modesty down my sides. Dave had even helped to pull at my shoulder straps, and I felt them slingshot against me as they snapped.

Like a massive avalanche my breasts grew unrestricted, and regained their natural shapes; full, rounded, and somewhat oval underneath my body.

“Gaaaahhhhh!” I gasped, my cleavage falling away from my face as the straps fell limp on my back. “Thanks for saving me and all, but now what?? This isn't a topless beach!”

I looked around. The situation had gotten much worse while I was trapped in my cleavage. People were everywhere, staring at the girl with the bloated, beach ball tits. I must have been four feet off the ground now, my arms unable to touch the ground. Even my feet were starting to have trouble. I was about eye level with Kara’s belly button. Seeing her D cups so carefully cradled in her bikini almost made me laugh; they seemed so small!

“June... You’re still growing...” Kara said in awe. Her terror seemed to have been replaced by a sense of wonder once she realized I wasn’t in pain or scared of exploding.

“I-I know! And if you could get something to cover me so I don’t flash the entire West Coast I would be very grateful!”

“I don’t think there’s anything big enough...” Ally admitted. I saw her step back a few feet, as did everyone else. My growth was increasing.

DAMMIT, PARKER!!! I'M GOING TO SMOTHER YOU WITH THESE GIANT BOOBS YOU KEEP DREAMING ABOUT WHEN I GET HOME!!!

My feet left the sand, my toes wiggling free in the air. My suit started to slide down my back then. “No no no no no!!” I yelled, but it was too late. The front had been pinned under my chest against my towel, and as I continued to be lifted higher and higher it was pulled off my legs. I hadn’t been fast enough to grab it between my thighs, and it fell away. I felt the cool breeze wash over my naked rear, chilly on my moist crotch.

Seriously? Even in this situation, my body is actually taking time to enjoy this??

I lay naked on top of my boobs. I was eye level with Kara now, her face frozen in bewilderment. “Help me!” I screamed at her. She only looked at me, helpless. The circle of onlookers around me was widening as they grew scared of what may happen if I grow too large.

“Dude, you seeing this? She’s like a blimp!” I heard a guy say.

“Was she allergic to something?”

“If she was, I wish my girlfriend had that allergy!”

“What do you think she would do if I touched her?”

“No one touch me!!” I yelled, flailing as much as I could. It only sent ripples and waves across my couch-sized tits. There wasn’t a flaccid cock on the beach.

I was being raised upwards nearly a foot every minute, the ground slowly shrinking away from me as my view became engulfed in white boob flesh. Everyone around me was

disappearing over the curve of my bust, like some sort of sexy horizon. Someone poked me then, and I almost lost it.

“Hey!! I said don’t touch me!” I screamed, trying to see who it was.

“I’m sorry, June!” It was Ally. I felt her pat my left tit, a soft bellow echoing around, “You’re just so *big!*”

I had to agree with her. I was truly enormous. Whatever dream Parker’s mind was thinking up right now, it was a real doozy. Each breast must have been bigger than a minivan by now, and they showed absolutely no signs of stopping. I was actually beginning to wonder if there was a hard limit to this family curse of mine. Mom never mentioned any relative getting *too* big. But I was becoming *massive*. Knockers capable of filling 5,000-gallon milk tanks massive.

My skin felt tight, and pale veins were actually beginning to show across my surface. I couldn’t possibly see my nipples, but I knew they were digging three feet into the cold sand below me. The areolas themselves must have been like car tires. I actually giggled at the thought.

Try and get your mouth around these nipples, Parker!

“June...You’re not stopping!” Kara yelled. I think she was cupping her hands over her mouth.

“Yes, thank you, Kara, I can see tha---” I stopped, my hands clenching as my fingers dug tightly into my bust. They couldn’t grasp very deep. A vast surge of pleasure was filling me, like an ocean being funneled into my tits. Parker’s dream must have been getting good. My pussy was starting to drip down into the cleavage under my thighs. I didn’t care at this point, no one could see I was so high up.

Their growth also increased with this pleasure and I surged to new heights. Every second that passed I felt like I was climbing higher and higher up a ladder. I could hear some beachgoers screaming all around me.

Somebody screamed, “*She’s gonna blow!!*”

“June, what’s happening to you?!” Ally cried, running a hand over my skin, “How can you possibly stretch like this??”

I was past caring at this point. I buried my face in my cleavage, feeling their warmth engulf me. I could actually feel them trembling with growth, my skin fighting to keep up and maintain my proportions. I could see across the beach now, and even cars on the roads were starting to stop.

“She’s like a beached whale!” someone yelled down below.

“Is this some promotional stunt for a plastic surgeon or something?” a woman asked.

I didn’t have a care in the world. I was on top of my own little planet; Planet June, Where it’s all tits, all the time. My mind was awash in ecstasy, and I’m pretty sure I was panting. I felt kind of naughty, but I was past worrying.

Come on, Parker, we’ve gone this far. Really give it to me! It was amazing what the mind will think when it’s pumped full of hormones.

I could feel the end was near. My tits were shaking with greater and greater power, almost audibly. “Get back! Hurry get back! Something’s happening!” Someone yelled.

“OOOhhhh, you’re damn right ‘something’s happening’!” I yelled. “MMMMM!! *I love this!*”

“June!! Are you ok??” Kara screamed. She must have been thirty feet below. My breasts were easily the size of a two-story house. I was on top of the world.

“OOOHHHHH, never better!!” I called down. “But...mmmghn...you might want to get...mmm...ready!”

“Ready for what??” Ally called. My chest answered for her.

A loud gurgle created by shaking in my engorged mammaries suddenly turned to a viscous tremble, ripples of sand being thrown around my base. My enormous recliner-sized nipples twisted and puffed in the sand, and I could hear my boobs groan with bloating pressure. “OoooooooooHHHHHHH, HERE IT COMES...!!” I screamed, digging my fingers into my tits.

I came. I came hard. Harder than I have ever come in my life. My tits shook with their incredible masses like jello in an earthquake, and I’m pretty sure I saw beach umbrellas fall over down the beach. My nipples dug and twisted themselves into the depths of the sand below. So many tiny grains rubbing all over my over-sensitized skin was enough to make me see stars. If you can imagine a house-sized wall of jiggling flesh vibrating, you’re halfway there.

“Ahh!” I heard Ally grunt as she fell over. My legs and pussy had never been so wet. It felt like I was almost spraying my fluids. I think I literally fainted a few times over the course of the minutes that this lasted. But when it was done, I don’t think a single person was left of the beach; I think I had scared them all off. Save for my friends.

“J-J-June...?” Kara called up.

I raised my head. I felt like I needed a nap. “Yea...?”

“Are you...going to come down...?”

“I will...But it might take a while...” I said sleepily, hugging my breasts. They were literally my entire world right now.

“O-Ok... We’ll be here, alright? We won’t let anyone...uh...touch you. We can’t do much about hiding you, though.” I felt her sit down beside my bust, her and Ally leaning against me. I had good friends.

I sighed deeply. At least with everyone scared off from my house-sized boobs, I didn’t have to worry about being naked. But Parker. Ooooooh, Parker. You’re in a heap of trouble. I grinned a bit, thinking of what he would say if he were to see me right now. Then I giggled. *You had better hope we’re soulmates, because I don’t think I’m ever going to be able to travel away from you like this again!*

TO BE CONTINUED