

Gotta be Love Part 3 Preview

“See our bags yet?” Parker asked me. The group around us was thinning out but I still hadn’t seen either of ours tumble down the conveyor.

“Oh! There’s mine!” I quickly pointed to a dark blue case coming down the slide. Parker, always so willing to take care of me, was quick to run up and grab it.

“Good news...” he said, placing it at my feet, “We have your bikinis!”

I pushed my shoulder into him teasingly and giggled, “You *know* I can’t wear those anymore; you get too excited!”

My bra tightened a little bit and I straightened up feeling playful. “Don’t you dare look at my cleavage...” I playfully threatened Parker, but the snuffle I added at the end diminished it a little.

He chuckled softly, “Too late...” he whispered, sneakily prodding the side of my slightly swollen chest with his elbow.

I expected myself to grow a significant amount then, but my breasts stayed the same, not even overflowing my bra. *I’m trying, girls. I’m really trying...*

Eventually we were the only ones left at the baggage claim. Everyone else had left with their bags to start their island adventure while Parker stood empty handed. He licked his lips, “Well, looks like I’ll be skinny dipping for this trip!” He looked at me with a big smile.

“You wish. Come on...” I turned around and started walking towards the front desks.

An attractive woman glanced up from her screen to greet us. “Aloha!”

“Aloha!” Parker responded in a voice touristy enough to make me cringe.

“How can I help you?”

“I didn’t see my bag at baggage claim,” Parker informed.

“Oh I’m sorry to hear that...” she said, “Let me just get some info and I’ll check on the situation for you.”

I stopped listening while they talked. *She’s really pretty*, I noticed again, *she’s like the token supermodel desk woman that you see in movies where the guy buys plane tickets just to talk to her...*

Her hair was jet black and ended in thick curls that I was envious of. I had never been able to get my dirty blonde locks to curl like that. The bright red lipstick she wore really popped against the backdrop of her hair and complimented her blue eyes rather well. And I hadn’t seen them when we had approached her, but now standing in front of the woman I could see the prized knockers she had been hiding behind the computer screen.

It was obvious that she had a push-up bra on, and even more obvious that she didn’t need one in the slightest. Her blouse was unbuttoned clear down to where the bra cups met together and had a display of cleavage like a geology exhibit.

Ha! Sorry, I had to laugh at my joke.

In all seriousness, this woman looked like her F cups would pop out of her bra should she breathe too hard. I sniffled again and looked down at my own chest and the minimal amount of cleavage showing from my tank-top's neckline. *If only you knew what these things could do, Desk Lady... I would put you to shame. Do they pay you to dress like that?*

A familiar tingling sensation coursed through my boobs and my neckline started to pull down. My breath caught in my throat as the top drew outwards from my body as if it had two balloons underneath. Without a sound my underwire lifted away from my ribs and was carried up with my nipples.

I looked at Parker with a glare and noticed he was staring at the woman's exposed tits. I felt myself get angry then. I made a motion to kick his shin lightly but had to catch myself against the counter when I fell off balance.

"Oh! Are you alright??" the woman asked.

"F-Fine," I assured straightening myself. Parker noticed my engorged chest then, but they didn't go down.

Why did I trip like that?, I wondered. Something felt off, like I hadn't been able to maneuver my leg the right way. I shifted my weight and noticed that the sensation was growing, as if everything below my waist was being wrapped in rope.

I looked down and immediately saw what was different. My jeans looked like they were two sizes too small for my. I had never been one for skinny jeans, but the way my lower body looked now you would never know it. I sniffled in fright while I inspected my pants. The denim fabric was pulled taut around my thighs to such an extent that it couldn't slide across my skin. The thigh gap that I had always been so proud of was gone. Completely gone! My thighs were so swollen that they were pressing together from my hips down to the taper above my knees.

Then I felt the real problem. My pants were starting to sit weird on my hips. I could feel the waistband along my back shifting its position while it grew tighter. *My butt?!*, I thought in surprise. I nonchalantly ran a hand down my hips and into my back pocket to try and inspect it but stopped in my tracks when I found I couldn't even fit my hand into it. They were too tight!

I looked at Parker then, realizing that I had a situation brewing. And again I caught him staring at the woman's chest.

"Looks like there was no room, so they put it in the cockpit with the pilot. I'll grab it for you!" she said cheerfully before walking through a door.

I could still feel my chest growing ever so slowly and I was beginning to lose the modesty of my top. My butt and thighs were a different story. I felt like my jeans were clamping down on me like a ratchet and every move I made I could feel my ass wobble as a single compressed mass. But my anger at Parker overshadowed that when I saw him sneaking more glances at the woman.

"Stop it!" I scolded him, slapping his arm.

"Ow, what??" he asked. He looked down and saw my bulging top and bra brimming with generous H cups. "Oh, s-sorry..."

“You were staring directly at her tits! And from the looks of it you were *looving* it.” I yelled while motioning at my chest. They were nearing the size of my head, but this wasn’t the way I had wanted them to get there.

“She might as well have not worn a shirt at all!” he tried to defend, “It wasn’t even buttoned!”

“Oh so that makes it ok?!” My bra tightened a bit further and I felt my panties starting to dig into my thighs. Talking about all this was exciting for him. “Would you like it if I did that??”

His eyes widened when I pulled down my tank-top enough to show an enormous amount of my bust, allowing them to fully rest outside of my stretched neckline. “How’s that?!”

He gulped, “June, I’m sorry...”

He apologized to me but his eyes were locked on my chest. My bra looked ready to snap at the clasps at any moment and my shoulder straps were digging into it like erotic suspenders. Something popped somewhere behind me and I stopped berating him immediately.