

## Birthday Blunder Part 1

“Thank you for a wonderful birthday, honey...” Maria sighed with contentment. “I couldn’t have asked for a better day!”

The night was growing old as the couple prepared for bed. Ever as beautiful as the day he met her, Connor watched Maria slip into her nightgown. By her neat appearance, one would have never known she’d just been ravaged to the point of desperate moaning by a passionate session of lovemaking. The scent of their pleasure still hung in the room as he watched the silky garment flutter over her naked body. Perky C-cups held the bodice outward with nipples still firm from lingering arousal.

“Wait,” he said when she pulled aside the covers to climb into bed, “I have one more surprise for you.”

Maria looked up. “Another?? Honey, I don’t know if I can go for round three; I’m ready to just--”

“Happy birthday!!” Connor exclaimed. Withdrawing his hand from under the sheets, he presented a final wrapped gift. It was roughly the size of a tube of toothpaste and had a gold ribbon tied around the ends.

“What’s this...?” Maria’s eyes sparkled when she took the small box.

“Open it and find out!”

She wasted no time in removing the ribbon and wrapping paper. A nondescript vial of light-pink fluid tumbled into her hand. The top featured a small spray nozzle. There was no label. A puzzled expression fell over Maria’s face as she rolled it in inspection.

“I repeat the question,” she chuckled.

Connor beamed. “It’s a sleep aid! I know you always have trouble turning off your brain... Supposedly it’s a mixture of lavender and other stuff to help you fall asleep easier.”

An eyebrow raised. “Really...? Usually they would label that kind of stuff...”

“It came loose in the shipping box like that.” Connor scratched his head. “I thought it was strange too, but it smells like lavender!”

“Hmm... So I just...spray my pillow? Spray my tongue?”

“You’re supposed to spray a cloud into the air and walk through it, but spraying your pillow also works.”

“I see!” Excited by the thought of finding rest easier, Maria spritzed her pillow several times, followed by creating a dense puff in front of her. She quickly walked through the cloud and breathed deeply before coughing. “T-That’s...strong stuff! *Whew!*”

Connor’s own eyes stung as the spray permeated the room. He watched Maria swoon. “You alright?”

“Yea... It’s just... *Mmgh... Wow...*” Dizzy, she held a hand to her head and used the bed for support. Blush filled her cheeks and her breathing blossomed into heated gasps. A hand fell over her chest trying to calm her racing heart. “I don’t know if I feel sleepy... But if we hadn’t

just been going at it so hard..." She looked at Connor with hunger in her eyes. "*I think I might have attacked you right now...*"

A tingling excitement rushed through his manhood. "Oh yea? No reason you can't!"

Maria smiled and crawled into bed after turning off her lamp, placing a kiss on Connor's forehead. "I wouldn't be able to walk tomorrow if we went again. I am feeling pretty drowsy, though." A final kiss was delivered to his lips before she settled into her pillow. "Thank you for a perfect birthday... I love you."

"I love you too."

Together in the darkness, the two spooned as sleep overtook their minds. Although too tired to act on it, neither could deny the intense heat flooding from Maria's chest. Her breaths seemed to push her breasts firmly into her nightgown, something she wasn't used to feeling on such a loose garment. Certain it was simply residual excitement from their sex keeping her bust plump, Maria closed her eyes and drifted to sleep amid the scent of lavender.



*STRRRRTCH*

"Nngh..."

*STRRRRRRTCH*

"Mmgh... Connor..."

*STRRRRRRRRRRRRRRTCH*

"Haah... Haaaahh..."

Maria's sleep was overflowing with vivid dreams of unexplainable images and sensations. There were scenes of water balloons attached to a hose, only to be forgotten and found later as they had filled larger than mountains and trembled with bursting pressure. She saw scenes of her high school prom dress shrinking as she danced with her crush, becoming tighter and tighter around her body leaving her barely able to breathe as stitches popped, until finally it exploded to leave her naked in front of the school. Her body tensed when she dreamt about going to a lingerie store to be fitted for a new bra, only for her chest to suddenly start swelling as the attendant tried to measure her bust.

The most intense dream returned her to the birth of their first child. Her chest ached and tingled with the familiar sensations of her milk coming in. Staring down, she was frightened to see her chest visibly engorging with rapidly rising pressure. Her heart raced when the milk didn't stop. She panicked, grabbing her breasts in both hands as they bloated far too large and tore through her delivery room gown. Monstrous heaving mounds wobbled in her arms as nurses hurried around in confusion trying desperately to stop her flow of milk. It wasn't until her cleavage rose high enough to cover her face that Maria was freed from her dairy-flooded dream.

*STRRRRRRRRTCH*

*“Ah!!”*

Her eyes sprang open. She was back in her room with her usual surroundings. Sweat peppered her body to make the sheets cold against her skin. Connor’s deep snoring vibrated the room. Based on the light through the window, she guessed it couldn’t have been later than 6am.

*STRRRRTCH*

*“N-Nnnggh...!”*

There was that sound again. She’d only just come from her slumber, but Maria was certain she’d been hearing it for hours. Her breath was short and fast, labored as if her lungs were straining to fill. The nightgown felt like it was twisted around her to the point of constriction. It shifted around her frame, causing her to wince.

*STRRRRRRTCH*

Movement in the bottom of Maria’s vision made her jolt with surprise.

*“W...What...?”*

*STRRRRRRRRTCH*

The color drained from her face. A weight was growing on her chest, gently lifting the sheets into a smoothed dome atop her torso. Where her C-cups should have been were two mounds the size of basketball halves.

*“T-Those can’t possibly be my--”*

*STRRRRRRRRRRTCH*

*“NGH!!”*

Her nightgown tightened, digging into her swelling flesh. Maria’s heart raced as the sheets pulled up the jiggling mountains. When a sliver of dramatic cleavage came into view, she knew it could only be her breasts.

*STRRRRRRRRTCH!!*

*“A-Ah!”* She gasped, her hands clawing at the bedding. Heat was swirling within her bust as pressure rushed into the bloating mounds. Maria thought herself dreaming but the sight was too real to deny.

*STRRRRTCH!!*

*“NNGH!! C-Connor!”* she squeaked. The mounds rose higher, becoming engorged watermelons. No longer could she see her feet, nor most of her room as the majority of her field of view was consumed by her tits. Every second brought them bigger. Stretching, growing flesh rang in her ears.

*STRRRRRRTCH!!!*

*“C-C-Connor!!!”* she cried out weakly.

Their weight made it difficult to breathe. As sensitive and tantalizing as they felt, she didn’t dare touch them.

*CREEEAAAAAK*

Her nightgown groaned. With the sheet rising over her curves to reveal most of their tops, Maria gazed into the heaving cleavage looming over her face. Shoulder straps sank deep into her flesh to make her skin deform. Drawn so tight, her chest had turned into flesh-colored bulging raspberries.

*STRRRRRRTCH!!!*

*CRREEEAAAANK!!!*

*“Connor!! C-CONNOR!!! MY CHEST!!”*

Flesh overflowed her torso and rubbed against her arms. They were impossibly large, larger than any pair of breasts had a right to be. As the edge of the sheet slipped over her nipples, Maria shivered and saw golf ball-sized nubs trembling against the taut silk.

*STRRRRRRTCH!!!!*

*CRREEEEAAAAAAANK!!!!*

Cleavage pushed against her chin. The heat was increasing, urging her rapid bodily development. The scent of lavender was rich among her jiggling mounds.

*“CONNOR!!!!”*

Finally he stirred. *“Ngh... What...?”*

*“MY CHEST!!!! M-MY BOOBS!!!! THEY'RE--”*

He rolled over, turning his back to her. *“Go back to bed... It's early...”*

*STRRRRRRTCH!!!!!!*

Maria was in a panic when her chest surpassed beach balls in size. Tilting her head back to keep from suffocating, she screamed, *“MY TITS ARE BLOWING UP!!!”*

Connor rolled over with sleepy eyes. *“The hell are you talking about--”*

*STRRRRRRTCH*

*CRREEEEAAAAAAANK!!!!!!*

He froze, awakening fully when he saw his wife's assets stuffed beyond reason into the tortured nightgown.

*STRRRRRRTCH!!!!!!*

*CRREEEEAAAAAAANK!!!!!!*

Maria was trying to arch her back, attempting anything to alleviate the discomfort of the weight and angry nightgown. *“Connor!!!! CONNOR!!! THEY'RE GONNA BLOW!!! THEY'RE GONNA BLOW!!!”*

*“WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU?! MARIA YOUR TITS ARE--”*

*CRREEEAAAAAAA--SNAP!!!!*

*“MMMMMGH!!!!!!”*

The nightgown exploded in a storm of tattered lace.

*BWOOOOMPH*

An avalanche of soft, pillowy flesh jumped off her chest before settling on her torso in gigantic, flattened ovals spanning from her shoulders to belly button.

“Haaah!! Haaaaaah!!” Maria gasped, their weight incredible. She was pinned, unable to rise from under her gargantuan knockers. Every labored movement sent ripples across their shapes. Flashbacks of her pregnancy ran through her mind as her chest felt like a blimp.

“C-C-Connor??” she asked, still clawing at the sheets. Lavender assaulted her senses.

*STRRRRRRTCH!!!*

Connor’s eyes bulged when she continued to grow. “Maria... Y-You’re...”

*STRRRRRRRRRRRRTCH!!!*

“EEP!!!” A whimper escaped her trembling lips. Cleavage pressed against her cheeks. Slowly her breasts were overflowing onto the bed. “Connor!!! ARE YOU SURE THAT WAS JUST A SLEEP AID?!”

*To be continued*