

Boo!



Katie rubbed the towel over her head, squeezing the tangles of blonde hair while she dripped onto the shower mat. The bathroom was cold from the Autumn air outside and she shivered slightly.

“Turn on the heater already, Mom...” she groaned, feeling goosebumps prickle over her naked body, “It’s almost November! It was thirty-five degrees this morning!”

Her rather petite body grew colder with the air playing over the layer of water on her body. Drops formed on the ends of her erect nipples topping a prize-worthy pair of C cup breasts that wobbled elegantly from the towel’s motion. Letting her hair fall damp around her shoulders, Katie ran the cloth over the rest of her frame, patting dry her chest before running it over her toned waist and between her legs.

Katie possessed the epitome of a young woman’s body, falling between fit and still curvy enough to give her past boyfriends enough to squeeze and play with. All tied together into a compact five feet tall. She took pride in how well she maintained her body, looking over herself in the bathroom mirror after wrapping the towel around her frame.

Taking a deep breath, Katie started to style her hair. She had a date scheduled for tonight. More specifically, she had Halloween plans with a guy she had had her eye on at school for a while now. In less than an hour, he would be by to pick her up for the night.

“Wonder what his costume will be,” Katie pondered over the roar of the hair dryer. She hadn’t even been told their actual plans for the night, just that Jason had some ‘Halloween fun’ lined up for them, as he had called it.

“Jason...” Katie mouthed slowly before giggling. He was fairly attractive, towering more than a foot taller than her with a muscular build that boasted hours spent at the gym. Her nipples engorged into the towel wrapped tightly around them as she pictured her date. *I wouldn’t be opposed to spending the night inside and just modeling my costume for him, honestly...*, Katie thought.

In truth, Halloween was at the bottom of her Most Beloved Holidays list. It had been fun as a kid in elementary school and she would always cherish the trick or treating memories she had made with her friends, but in recent years Halloween had begun to lose its appeal to her. For two main reasons.

Feeling comfortable with her hair, Katie opened the bathroom door to release a wave of steam when she exited into the hallway.

“Katie!!” a voice yelled suddenly, startling her when she walked out.

“Jesus!” Katie shrieked, stumbling a few paces. The towel dropped from around and fell to the floor, Katie clutching at her fast-beating heart. “Joan!” she growled, “Don’t do that!!”

Her younger sister leaned against the wall holding her sides with laughter. “You’re always so easy to scare, you know that? Not scaring you would be like passing up money on the sidewalk!”

Quickly realizing that she was naked in her parents’ house and fearing her father might walk up the stairs any second, Katie reached down and gathered up her towel.

“Please, show some decency...” Joan chuckled, watching her sister try and overcome her embarrassment.

Flushed red, Katie stood up and immediately wrapped the towel back around her body, frowning when she tried to tuck two corners across her bust. “Ugh, great. Thanks for that, Joan,” Katie grumbled, trying to make the two ends meet.

“Oh *wow!*” Joan ogled, “I really got you, didn’t I?? Look at those things!” Joan stared at her sister’s breasts, now too big for the towel to meet across them. Her C cups more resembled a hefty pair of 32Fs and looked bulbous on her otherwise slender frame. The fabric dug into them, making her boobs bulge upwards into tight mounds that pressed into each other.

“Dammit...” Katie grunted, giving up as the towel refused to fit. Lowering it a little, she wrapped it just below her chest and used her arms to hug her nipples.

“Aw, I’m sorry... I only meant to scare you a little...”

“Oh, good to know! You were only going for one cup size! Not these monsters!” Katie rolled her eyes, “Do you think Halloween is an easy time of year for me? I don’t need you making it any worse.”

“I bet your date wouldn’t mind,” Joan grinned, “In fact, he might appreciate me scaring you a few more times before he picks you up! How stretchy is your costume? Think it can hold a bit more??”

Making her way towards her bedroom, Katie was hoping her sister was kidding. “Not very. And these are going to go down by the time he gets here, don’t worry.”

Joan followed her into the bedroom and sat on the bed. “It’s Halloween though! What if he has some spooky stuffed planned?”

“Won’t matter!” Katie assured, still clutching to the towel and her dignity. Grabbing a small bottle from her dresser, she shook it so Joan could hear its contents rattle. “I have plenty of my anxiety meds. They won’t stop me from gaining a cup or two, but they’ll stop me from blowing up like a balloon. Remember that time at Grandma’s when the power went out while we were alone?”

Joan’s eyes lit up. “Oh yea! You were scared enough when it was just dark! Your bra snapped after only five minutes!” she laughed, “But when Dad knocked on the kitchen window I thought you were about to blow out of your t-shirt!”

“I *did* blow out of my t-shirt... And it was one of my favorites...” Katie corrected, remembering it’s tattered remains. “But I don’t need to worry about that tonight. So long as I have these,” she set the bottle back on her nightstand, making a mental note to put them in her purse before she left.

“It’s too bad, really... You could make a great costume! Or better yet, you could make Jason’s niiiight!”

“Ugh, would you get out already?? I need to change!” Katie demanded, not feeling comfortable getting dressed in front of her sister. Lifting her arm away from her chest to inspect

her size, she continued, “Look, I’m already almost back to my normal size. Show’s over.” She started to gather up her costume, trying to force Joan out.

Still giggling, her sister hopped off the bed and left the room. “The show is *never* over with you, Kate.”

The door clicked, leaving Katie alone in her privacy at last. A sigh escaped her lips and she let the towel finally fall to the floor. “I really need to get my own place...” she told herself. It was too dangerous living at home. Especially with her condition and a sister like Joan.

Around the time Katie had finished puberty many years ago, she noticed that sudden frights added a little extra to her bust. The doctors, of course, had no explanation for it and could only attribute it to an extremely active part of her brain that controlled her estrogen levels. As she continued to develop, the effects became increasingly obvious and more difficult to hide and control.

Anything that scared her resulted in temporary breast growth, the amount dictated by how intense the fright had been. She hated jump scares the most; they caused quick, intense bursts of swelling that almost always put her up a few cup sizes. These were the hardest to handle because if they happened in succession and quick enough, Katie would quickly find herself popping out of her bra and clothes before she could do anything. She had learned this the hard way at a horror movie night at a sleepover in high school. That had earned her the fabulous nickname of Balloon Boobs, a nickname she had been happy to leave behind once college started.

Then there was the other scenario, where the fear was slow and steady, building up inside of her. Most people would say that suspense made their chest feel tight, but Katie knew that sensation on an entirely different level. Suspense was where her real growth came from. It caused a continuous swelling in her bust, one that slowly pumped her larger and larger. On more than one occasion Katie had found herself facing the certain destruction of her clothes in very public places, and this of course only helped to fuel the fear inside of her. She immediately rejected any kind of suspenseful media, unless of course, she was alone in her room.

When left alone with her chest and a suspense-filled movie, Katie found a certain thrill from feeling her tits grow as the movie grew more intense. Given the opportunity, it wasn’t uncommon for her to end a movie with a lap full of heaving boobs that made her bed creak. In a controlled environment, Katie actually found pleasure in feeling her breasts swell and bloat. The tightening of her skin made her spine tingle and the way their engorged masses wobbled so plump and firm was enough to make her wet. As restrictive as her condition was, Katie was glad that she was able to reap at least some benefits from her easily-scared tits, even if only a few nights a month alone under her covers.

Stooping down, Katie slipped her legs into a pair of pink panties before pulling them snug around her hips. Spying a bag from one of the local Halloween shops on the floor by her bed, she took it in her hands and opened the top to pull out a cheerleader’s uniform.

The costume was fairly simple: a two-piece with striped red and white patterns. The skirt flared provocatively just above her mid-thigh and gave enough of a leg-tease that Katie knew it was a perfect fit. However, she hesitated when it came to the cheer top.

Holding it against the front of her body, Katie stared at how her still-swollen breasts made the front bulge outwards. She frowned slightly and felt butterflies in her belly. She didn't need a bra; the cheer top had a pair of circular pads sewn inside of it. Holding it above her head she let it slide down her arms until it rested on top of her shoulders, before pulling at the hem and stretching it over her bust.

It snapped against her ribs and flattened her chest a considerable amount, but even so, Katie could still see that she was slightly too large for it. "Hmm..." she sighed, "Maybe this isn't such a great costume for me..."

Staring at the perky mounds stretching the front of the top, Katie could see her boobs slowly becoming smaller. Less than a minute later she could see they were back to her original C cups and fitting snugly into the top.

A smile formed on her face. "There we go!" Giving herself a test bounce on her heels, Katie made sure there was no chance of a rogue wardrobe malfunction no matter how jostled her breasts became. "That should hold you two troublemakers."

The sound of a car pulling up outside her house drew Katie's attention. Grabbing her purse and running to her door, Katie stopped by her mirror to make sure she was satisfied with her hair and Halloween costume. She thought she looked downright adorable, and even some level of sexy. Hearing a knock on the door downstairs she knew it was time to go. Taking one last look around her room to make sure she hadn't forgotten anything, seeing nothing, Katie hurried down the stairs to get to the door before her parents could.

"Jason, hi!" Katie giggled, meeting him at the door. "Oooh, great costume!"

He stood on her porch dressed in a Zorro costume, covered mostly by black fabric. A red sash wrapped around his waist along with a black mask was resting on his forehead so to not obscure his vision. The front of his shirt split open in a deep V-neck and Katie could see glimpses of his muscular build underneath. He looked down at himself as if to inspect. "Like it? My dad and I would always watch his movies when I was a kid. I would be lying if I said this was my first time dressing up at him."

Katie giggled again, her tummy filled with butterflies. "I'll keep your secret safe. Just promise not to slash a 'Z' across my chest, ok?" She blushed immediately after hearing her own words.

Jason's eyes flicked downward involuntarily to look at her breasts before returning up. "I'll do my best," he said, flustered. Katie was sure he had liked what he had seen. "I like your costume too; if you had told me I could have worn my football outfit."

She stepped out onto the porch and closed the door behind her, feeling Joan's spying eyes somewhere inside the house. "Sorry, I only bought it today," Katie explained walking to his car. "And I like your costume as it is."

They climbed into his sedan and Katie shivered slightly from the cooling night air. "You going to be warm enough in that?" Jason asked.

"I think so!" Katie hoped, "It's not supposed to get below fifty until after midnight tonight. Besides, I would hate to cover this costume up."

"Me too..." Jason agreed. He quickly realized what he had said and started the car, flustered. "You know, I dated a cheerleader in high school."

"Oooh, wow..." Katie awwed, "What drew you to her? Was it her personality, or did she have the biggest *pom-poms*?"

Jason chuckled, pulling into the main road. "I'll have you know she was a great girl! I was quite a gentleman in high school."

"I hope you still are," Katie teased. "By the way, can I know the plans for tonight now, too? I've been waiting in suspense all week!"

Jason smiled and adjusted the mask on his head from sliding down. "I can tell you our first stop; a Halloween movie at the theater to set the mood! Got the tickets and everything."

Katie could feel the blood draining from her face. Although she wasn't growing, the costume felt much tighter around her chest already. "Oh, a movie! I-I thought we would be going to a party or something..."

"Naw..." Jason waved his hand, "Those things are all about drinking and getting laid. Which, sounds fun at first, but I had enough of that in college. You're ok with a movie, right? We can do something else for two hours if you want."

Katie gulped. On the one hand, she remembered what has happened in the past with horror movies and the countless shirts and bras she's broken because of them. On the other hand, sharing a drink and popcorn with Jason made her heart flutter. *Maybe he'll hold me and I won't even feel scared...*, she thought, *Plus I have my anxiety meds*. The thought of hiding her face in his chest sealed it for her.

"A movie is fine! What are we seeing?"

"The Babadook!"

Katie made an almost audible whimper. She had heard about that movie but had never put herself through it.

"You haven't seen it before, have you?" he asked. Katie shook her head slowly, feeling as if her top was growing even tighter. Jason continued on while more color drained from her face, "I came out a few years ago, but they're showing it only for tonight; it's a great horror movie. Tons of jump scares!"

"S-So I've heard..."

The theater wasn't very far from her house, only a short ten-minute drive. They pulled into the parking lot of a plaza with many of the buildings decorated for the season. There were more people with costumes than without, the majority of them filing in and out of the theater.

"Looks like we're not the only ones with this idea," Jason observed while parking. Katie's skin prickled when the car shut off and the heater stopped blowing, the chill in the air when Jason opened his door almost a warning. "Come on, starts in ten minutes."

He met her on the passenger side of the car and actually opened the door for her, something that Katie had been sure only happened in movies anymore. It actually warmed her a little and encouraged her to get out of the car.

"See? Total gentleman," Jason grinned, closing the door behind her and pulling his mask over his eyes. He had grabbed a large black hat from the back seat as well, the brim almost wider than his own shoulders.

"Oooh, you've got the hat, the mask...do you have a big sword to match?" Katie teased. Again she felt ridiculous after the words left her lips.

"Better believe I do," Jason smiled. "Though it's probably best to leave it in the car for now."

He led her into the building, the lobby filled with a wide array of ghosts, ghouls, and other monsters. Katie was surprised by the number of adults her own age. Seeing so many people helped calm her in a strange sort of way. *Don't let your guard down; you've gotten too big in public places before.* Something told her that her costume wouldn't hold her for very long if it had to.

Jason passed two tickets to an usher. "Theater 13, to the right," he said in a tired voice, taking a quick glance over Katie's body.

Thanking him, the two walked towards the concessions. "Wow, theater 13 for a horror movie on Halloween night? Can't get more perfect than that!" Jason laughed. Katie responded with a nervous chuckle, actually beginning to feel fear bubbling in her chest now. Already she could feel that her breasts were swelling ever so slowly.

"Want any snacks? A drink?" Jason offered.

Yea I could use a nice drink. "I'm fine, thanks! Actually, I think I'm going to hit the restroom before the movie. Meet you inside?"

"Naw, there's no huge rush. I can wait," Jason assured her warmly. He walked her to the restrooms and waited by the opposite wall when she entered.

Finally alone, Katie could feel her blood pumping and she could breathe as she felt fit. Looking in the mirror she saw that she was pale before standing back a little to inspect the cheerleading uniform. The top was holding firm, although she looked to have pumped up a cup size already. Eyeing the skirt as well, Katie bit her lip and tested lifting a leg into the air. It didn't take much movement for her underwear to be dangerously close to being exposed.

"Jeez... Doesn't really leave much to the imagination, does it?" she observed, "I must be every guy's high school dream right now."

It was too late to think about a different costume, but there was still time to get ahead of her growth. Setting her bag onto the counter, Katie rummaged through it looking for the small bottle of anxiety meds.

“Shit...where is it?!” she worried, not seeing it. The purse wasn’t very big and there were only so many places it could be. “Where is it?! The movie hasn’t even started yet and my boobs are growing!”

Katie’s heart was beginning to pound and she could hear the blood in her ears. Thinking back to when she was getting ready, she couldn’t remember putting the bottle in her bag. She did remember looking around her room for anything she had forgotten and didn’t remember seeing the bottle on her nightstand. “*Shit!*” she swore, accepting that the bottle wasn’t with her. “*Joan!*” she growled, knowing her sister must have taken it when she wasn’t looking.

Glancing at her phone she saw that there were only two minutes until the movie started. *Not enough time to do anything...*, she thought, *Do I leave? Tell him I’m not feeling well?*

Katie knew she couldn’t do that. He seemed as excited about tonight as she had been. And she still *very* much wanted tonight to go well. Her decision to not wear shorts under her skirt was proof of that; she had been hoping to give Jason easy access should the mood strike.

She shut her purse. “Ok,” she looked at herself in the mirror, “You can do this. Keep your eyes closed the entire movie if you have to. Do whatever it takes to keep your tits under control.”

FOOWOOOSH!

The sound of toilet flushing startled her and made her squeak softly. Instantly her top tightened around her and she felt her tits plump into DDs. “*Eep!*”

Another girl exited the stall and glanced weirdly at Katie, having heard her talking to herself. Katie waited awkwardly while the girl washed her hands before leaving her truly alone, stealing curious glances at Katie’s chest on her way out. Closing her eyes, Katie sighed and took deep breaths, pressing her hands into her chest. “Relax...” she told herself, “I’m not going to let a freaking *toilet* make me explode out of my top.”

Her bosom had stopped growing, but it remained two cup sizes larger, an obvious growth spurt under the sports bra-like cheer top. The stripes looked slightly warped on her front as if she had purposefully gone for a size that showed off her assets. “It’ll have to do,” Katie resolved.

Finding Jason where she had left him, the two walked into the darkened theater as the trailers started to play. Jason led her up the stairs to one of the top rows which helped give her some relief; if anything were to happen, at least she would be in the back and out of view. It was going to be hard enough keeping her tits under wraps from Jason and she had already noticed him sneaking glances at her bust from the moment she had exited the bathroom. Mens’ eyes were keen on picking out tops that didn’t fit right, something Katie had learned a long time ago.

Maybe this won’t be so bad, she hoped, sitting next to her date, *So long as I just keep my heart rate down and don’t let the movie surprise me*. She knew how unlikely that was, but still held out hope regardless. Within the first few minutes of the movie, however, Katie could feel her confidence dwindling.

The movie laid the suspense on thick and Katie was quickly growing to realize that she was in over her head. It was only fifteen minutes into the movie and Katie found herself jumping out of her seat. “*Eep!*” she squeaked, a sudden sound shaking the theater as the child scared his mother in the movie. An audible stretching noise came from her cheer top a second later, signaling the swelling of her already bulging breasts.

Trying not to panic, Katie couldn’t believe that she had blown up so large from such a cheap jump scare. Taking a quick look down at her chest she saw that two tightened mounds were fighting their way into the fabric like two halves of a volleyball. *Ooooooh, shit...*, Katie thought, *fifteen minutes in and I’m already looking like some sort of stripper!*

Much of the theater could feel a tense cloud of suspense falling over them. The movie monster was becoming more and more of a threat, both to the characters in the movie and Katie from her seat. If there was anything she hated more than a horror movie, it was a horror movie with an abstract monster that always lurked in the shadows.

“Whew...” she sighed softly, trying to calm herself. The spandex of the top was starting to constrain her breathing and the extra weight was becoming noticeable even in a sitting position.

“Doing all right?” Jason whispered. He looked over for a moment, his eyes lingering on her chest even in the dim light, “Uh...” he started before continuing, “You’ve screamed quite a few times.”

“F-Fine!” Katie assured, adjusting her body in the seat. The straps of her top were digging into her back and becoming uncomfortable. *I’m not fine, I’m not fine!*

Flashbacks of high school were beginning to assault her mind. This movie was a double-whammy of jump scares and building suspense. Each sudden, sharp rise in music or quick movement on the screen sent a shudder through her body that pumped her tits up larger and larger. The cup sizes rolled higher and Katie could feel her skin starting to stretch and shift to accompany this kind of growth, something that only happened when she grew especially large in a small amount of time. This was well past minor-swelling.

Meanwhile, the suspense was stalking her like a silent killer. Her stomach felt tight with nervousness and anxiety, her mammaries even more so. Not only did the pressure build as a feeling of fear inside her head, but it built as a literal pressure inside her boobs. Each and every beat of her heart gave a little push to her breasts, like little puffs of growth that urged them outwards just the tiniest bit.

“*AHH!*” Katie screamed, a quick flash of the creature looking through a window making her bring her legs to her chest and bury her head between her knees. An audible popping sound found its way to her ears when a stitch blew along her side, her breasts bloating an incredible four cup sizes so quickly that they made themselves jiggle and bounce.

Her knees pulled away from her face much to her horror, realizing that her chest was blowing up and pushing against her thighs. Its mammoth size mashed firmly against her legs, too

large for her to pull her legs against herself anymore. A bulge of cleavage had even managed to find its way through the neckline, despite it hugging her just before her collarbones.

She ogled at the two volleyballs pushing into her legs with wide, terrified eyes. *This movie is designed to blow my top off!!* The fabric of her top was incredibly taut, so much so that the red coloring had begun to fade into a lighter shade of pink from how much it had stretched and pulled. Two flattened bumps as large as a quarter were indenting her front as well, giving a clear indication of just how erect her nipples were.

A cool breeze blew against the backs of her thighs and with a start, Katie realized that she was still had her legs bent upwards, lifting her skirt to the world. *Good thing no one is looking this way...*, she thought thankfully, *That guy in front of me would get an eyeful if he turned around. Jason, on the other hand, is a different problem.*

Katie's bosom was too large to hide anymore, even in the dark of the theater. If she put her legs down he would surely see the two heaving tits packed into her top if he looked over. Looking up at him, he seemed fairly engrossed in the movie. *Maybe he won't notice...*

Slowly Katie lowered her legs back to the floor in the name of modesty. Ironically, at the same time, she felt like she was unveiling the massive pair of jugs straining her top to the world. They were so large that she felt like she might as well have been flashing the theater at this point. *How am I going to survive this?! Dammit, Joan!*

Suddenly the music changed. The mother in the movie was lying in bed in a dark room and Katie gulped when a shadow moved in the corner on the ceiling. Her bust inched outwards. Fear rose and bubbled inside of her and Katie was unable to look away from the sweat-inducing scene despite how much she knew she had to.

The Bababdook crawled across the ceiling like a demonic stalker, the suspense alone forcing Katie's tits to swell like two balloons. Their weight bulged and heaved on her front, more pops and tears bursting into existence on her top as the fabric strained. Katie whimpered, feeling the cool air run over her stretching skin as she began to bulge out of the bottom of the top.

To her relief, the mother woke up from a nightmare and the music died away. Relief washed over Katie for the time being as another challenge was overcome. *Ok, ok... We can still do this...*, she told herself, *If I can just keep going like this, maybe I--*

The mother looked up towards the ceiling, the face of the Babadook staring directly at her.

"AHHHHH!!!" Katie shrieked, along with much of the theater.

The sheer force of the jump scare coming after such a feeling of relief caused a staggering amount of growth in her chest. The jolt of her tits billowing outwards alone was enough to push her into the seat. She whimpered loudly, feeling her top constricting around her like a giant snake. The fabric strained and groaned loudly like a leather belt threatening to snap as her tits bloated and swelled into it. *S-Shit!!*, she gasped, looking down at her chest.

Each mammary looked like a flesh-colored basketball had been shoved into her cheer top. Pairs of bulges could be seen overflowing from her neckline as well as from either side as she

flowed out of the armholes. An amount of underboob capable of overflowing her regular bras was bursting from the bottom of the top, the hem digging tightly into her stretching skin like a band. Her hands gripped both armrests, the growth seemingly endless as her tits continued to blow out. The top refused to stretch any further, her breasts forced to expand into deformed, flattened ovals and rise out of any available hole like dough.



The movie grew more intense, as did the swelling of Katie's chest. Instinctively, her hands reached out and grabbed Jason's arm to pull herself into it. Burying her face into his bicep she shut her eyes against the horrors that would surely blow her top open if she saw anymore.

Jason jumped when she grabbed him so suddenly, feeling the fright himself. "Whoa! You ok?" he whispered, looking at her clutching his arm.

"M-Mmhhh..." she groaned, praying that he couldn't see her boobs from his angle. Katie, however, could feel them pressing firmly into the armrest between her and Jason. Her top

felt ready to pop open any second and she was cautious of even how deeply she breathed. *Please don't tear please don't tear!*, she pleaded internally.

As uncomfortable as it was, Katie stayed in this position for the remainder of the movie. Her top was simply too full to risk another jump scare. It was fit to burst at any moment, the suspense she felt from hearing the movie alone enough to make her worry. Feeling Jason tense and jump every now and again didn't help her either.

"We can leave if you want," Jason offered after she had continued to cling to him for thirty minutes.

Katie shook her head. If they walked out right now, Jason was sure to notice the watermelons fighting to escape her costume. "I'm fine, I just don't want to look!"

Jason's body suddenly shifted when he freed his arm, lifting up the armrest between them without a word. Then Katie felt a rush of nervousness engulf her as his arm reached around her and pulled her into his chest. As awkward as it was for a first date, Katie felt incredibly safe. It was exactly what she had needed to shield her from the onslaught of boob-filling terror. At the same time, Jason noticed a very firm, round mass pressing into his side and the top of his thigh. It seemed to move with Katie's breathing, but he couldn't place exactly what it was. Looking down all he could see was Katie's back and the back of her head.

Soon enough after being embraced by Jason the movie came to an end. Katie had never been held like this at a movie theater before and she had been surprised by how well it had helped her cope with the film. Taking a peek at the screen, she could see that the credits were starting to roll.

Jason stirred, starting to get out of his chair. "C-Can we just...wait a few minutes?" Katie asked softly, still clutching him. As comforting as he had been, it had only been enough to keep her from getting any larger. She still had two basketballs shoved down her front and the darkness of the theater was the only thing saving her.

"Uh, sure!" he agreed, sitting back into the seat.

"I've always liked listening to credit music," Katie lied, trying to think of any excuse to explain her odd behavior.

"No worries..." Jason accepted, continuing to hold her.

As softly as possible, Katie worked on taking slow and deep breaths while focusing on calming her mind and racing heart. Very gradually her breasts started to retreat back to their natural sizes. In the back of her mind, she prayed that there wouldn't be any post-credit jump scare to undo all of her work. Jason started to notice a difference in size as well, observing that whatever was pressing into him for the second half of the movie seemed to have disappeared.

The minutes passed by and Katie could sense that her time was running out. *Come on, just go down enough to look A LITTLE natural!* She felt her underboob slide against the shirt as it slid back into its confines, as did the portions bulging out of her neckline and armholes.

Katie was making progress, the massive melons now turning into almost manageable overflowing handfuls. Jason shifted in his seat, growing restless and wondering why Katie had wanted to stay for the credits when she wasn't even watching them.

The top loosened around her back and Katie could feel her lung capacity returning. *Ok, ok... I think I might be good...*

Slowly she released her hold on Jason and sat up, taking a small glance at the damage done. Her cheer top looked stretched and limp as if it had been washed but not dried. It no longer hugged her body as it once had, but even so, two ample breasts could be seen pressing into it. *Well...an F cup isn't TOO bad considering everything*, she encouraged herself, *They're big, but not enormous.*

"Ready to go?" she asked, embarrassed for making him stay.

"All set," he agreed, standing up.

Together they left the theater and braced themselves for the bright light. "How did you like it?" he asked while walking through the main lobby.

"It was too scary for me!"

Jason chuckled, "That would explain the fetal position!" He glanced at her rather quickly, his eyes lingering on her bust. "What happened to your costume? It looks a little stretched out."

Katie reached up and tried to smooth out the stretch marks. "O-Oh! I was playing with it all through the movie... Nervous habit. I guess I got a little too scared." Katie's hands pressed into her swollen tits as she ran them over her front and she saw Jason quickly look away, his face flushed. "Thanks for...you know, holding me... It helped more than you know."

Jason laughed, adjusting his Zorro hat. "Don't mention it. It was nice for me too."

It was Katie's turn to blush now. It was odd being held in such a way on a first date, especially by a guy she didn't know very much about. Oddly enough, she felt like it felt more intimate than if they were to sleep together. Katie found herself wanting to be in his arms again, enough that she moved close enough to him that their arms brushed while walking. It felt like one of her many crushes from high school all over again.

"What's our next stop, Masked Vigilante?" Katie asked excitedly while climbing into the car. *After surviving that movie with my top still in one piece, there shouldn't be anything I can't handle!*

Jason started the car and smiled, tossing his hat in the backseat. "You'll see!"

The two drove on, filling the silence with friendly chatter. Most of it pertained to the classes they shared at college, as well as warning one another about which teachers they were lucky to avoid. All the while Katie noticed that they were getting farther away from city limits. The country around them was starting to open up into farms and older houses, and still, Jason drove on.

"Just where are we going??" Katie asked again, "You know if you're planning on killing me, my sister would probably hunt you down and murder you in your sleep."

He chuckled, "You can tell your sister to put away her machete. We're almost there."

Down the road, Katie could see a splotch of light against the dimming horizon aligned with a copse of aspen trees. They neared closer and Katie could see tall pillars with giant metal jack-o-lanterns lit by fire, surrounded by a sea of cars at their base. A sign hanging over a line of people at a ticket booth made the breath catch in her throat.

“H-Haunted Woods?” Katie gulped.

“Surprise!” Jason exclaimed while pulling into the grass-covered parking area, “I got us express tickets too; no two-hour line!”

“O-Oh, good!”

When Jason turned the car’s engine off Katie was positive that he would be able to hear her heart beating in her chest. She had *always* made a point to steer clear of these types of Halloween attractions because she knew that it meant bad news for her and whatever unfortunate shirt she had chosen to wear that day. But now she was faced with a choice to face her fears or end her date with Jason because she was too scared.

Ending the date really was not something she wanted to do. Katie was sure that Jason would understand if she were to tell him she was too frightened, but she also knew that the tickets were nonrefundable and that he had more than likely spent over sixty dollars getting them.

Jason opened his car door and already the two of them could hear the screams of those walking the attraction’s trail. “Sounds like people are having a good time!” he said getting out.

I reeeeeeally don’t want to do this, she thought. The fear alone she was starting to feel was already making her chest feel puffy and full. The sound of Jason’s car door creaking when she opened it didn’t help to calm her nerves.

“Are you ok with this?” Jason asked her, seeing how scared she looked. Katie stood outside the car and smoothed her costume. The stretched fabric from her ordeal at the theater was already starting to look tighter.

“I-I’ve just never been to one. They have always seemed too scary,” Katie explained. She was beginning to feel like her boobs were never going to be smaller than an E cup after tonight. “We can do it.”

Putting on a brave face, Katie followed Jason to the express entrance. They stood in front of a shack that looked ready to fall over. Fake spider webs covered its surface, dark shadows were moving on the other side of the windows, and a large animatronic reaper stood on the roof above them. A witch rocked slowly in a creaking rocking chair on the porch.

“Welcome to my haunted woods,” she cackled, “You can enter but know that I promise nothing about you leaving!”

Her hand bid them enter into a door that swung open. Jason stepped towards the opening and Katie quickly rushed to stay by his side. Instinctively, she wrapped herself around his left arm and hugged it into herself tightly hoping he couldn’t feel her trying not to hyperventilate. When he squeezed her into his side she felt a little better but once inside they were left in the dark with only a dimly lit path in front of them leading into the trees.

“Mmm...” Katie whimpered. She didn’t care that she was showing Jason’s arm between her breasts and she knew full well that he could feel them pressing into his arm. *Keep it under control, Kate. They’re just actors. This is arguably even faker than the movie when you think about it!*

PHWWWIISHHH!!

“*AHHH!*” Katie screamed loudly, not even fifteen feet into the path. A loud burst of cold air had blasted them from a hidden position along the path. It had been strong enough to blow Katie’s cheer skirt up around her waist and expose her underwear but she hardly noticed. She was almost hanging on Jason like a dead weight from the fright, feeling her tits balloon out from her nearly three cup sizes.

Jason felt two firm masses pushing into his arm and the fabric of Katie’s top pull taut. He glanced down momentarily to inspect with only the quickest of glances and noticed that two well-grown breasts looked to be pushing their way into Katie’s costume. *Whoa, were they always that big?*, he asked himself. Katie’s chest looked more than twice the size it had been when he picked her up. *Is that a part of her costume? Some kind of busty cheerleader?*

They pushed onward. Every step they took increased Katie’s stress little by little because she knew that each step brought her closer to the next fright and her next bra size. *I hate you, Joan, I hate you...* The suspense alone was like nothing else she had experience in any other thrill-filled situation. Both from her perspective and Jason’s it felt like her heart was pumping her mammaries larger and larger with each beat. The sheer amount of suspense was causing a visibly continuous amount of swelling.

Shrieks reached their ears from the path ahead of them. Turning the corner Katie felt as if her chest had a belt tighten around it. A wrecked bus sat before them, the trail clearly leading them through the door in the back.

“Ooooh, they kept the bus!” Jason said quietly. He approached it, forcing Katie to follow along. She had to release his arm when he climbed into the bus, feeling abandoned until he turned around to take her hand. “Climb on i--”

Jason’s breath caught in his throat when he looked down at Katie from the bus. Her top looked stuffed to the seams with flesh. Two breasts like volleyball halves were threatening to bulge out of her neckline. Even in the darkness, he could see she was blushing heavily. She took his hand and wrapped her free arm across her bust to steady herself when he pulled her up.

Katie’s top was getting tight enough that she was starting to have a difficult time breathing. *Crap! He’s totally noticed my boobs!* “D-Do you think maybe we could--” she started to whisper.

“Welcome to my buuuus!!!” a sinister voice cracked.

Katie froze, feeling her breasts strain against her top. They weren’t even halfway done with the trail and she was already about to surpass the size she had reached at the movie theater. Jason didn’t seem to notice the voice, his eyes locked on Katie’s chest.

The bus suddenly started to rock back and forth, shaking Jason from his tit-induced trance. The two lost their balance and fell into each other, Katie's breasts pressing firmly into Jason's chest and trapping one of his arms between them.

Long shadows stretched over the bus' windows and hands began clawing and pounding against the glass. Desperate moans of zombies filled Katie's ears and a scream bubbled in the back of her throat.

"G-Get me out of heeerrreee!" she shrieked.

Jason made to balance in the rocking bus but stopped when Katie's chest moved and churned against him. It felt like two increasingly firm water balloons were inflating between them. They shook against his trapped arm, his fingers brushing against the top of her cleavage as it began to billow out of her top.

"O-Ooooh no, nonono!" Katie yelled, feeling her boobs engorge at an impressive rate. Flesh bubbled and bulged out of the bottom of her top and out of the armholes, pressing into the sides of her arms. The fabric strained from the heaving masses fighting to escape its clutches and Katie began losing her ability to breathe entirely. Slowly they began to push Katie away from Jason like two slow-to-inflate airbags attached to her chest.

The bus continued to rock, filled with the moans and pounding of the zombies outside. Jason knew very well that they were only actors and that they weren't even allowed to grab you, but judging from Katie's near-hyperventilation he could see that she wasn't handling it too well. Additionally, although he didn't know why, this seemed directly linked to the two cantaloupe-sized tits pressing into him.

Without a word, he straightened himself up and wrapped his arms around Katie and led her through the bus. The ghoulish actor inside cackled sinisterly as they passed by, "Have fun out there, girly! Don't let the zombies bite! *Ehehehehe!!*"

Jason saw the actor reach out towards Katie and almost instantly felt her chest bloat outwards even more. It pressed into his side like an extremely firm pillow, her cheer top beginning to look like a sports bra stretched over two ripened melons.

He ushered her out of the bus as quickly as possible. Stepping out into the cool night air, a few of the zombies started to chase after them once they cleared the bus. Instinctively, he covered her eyes as they fell upon them but she had already seen them approaching. Even with their moans filling the night, Jason could hear Katie whimper when a stitch popped on her top. The two mountains on her chest shook tightly from the force, tiny ripples running over their exposed curves.

"We're almost out!" Jason assured her. She clutched to him as best she could, her tits getting so large now that they were preventing her arms from getting a good grip around his waist. Katie felt as if the zombies were right behind her, inches from grabbing her hair and pulling her off into the woods.

The zombies stopped following them and returned to the bus for their next victims and they were left in relative silence. Jason wasn't sure what to say to Katie, guiding her to a nearby tree out of the way of the path. "What's going on?" he decided to ask bluntly.

Katie didn't reply, only shaking her head buried in his chest. He could feel her shaking from fright and her breaths felt quick and short, the cheer top looking like it was pulling into her back and shoulders enough to leave red marks.

"Katie, I--" Jason started before thinking about his words again. "Are you ok?"

She shook her head against his chest. "I'm sorry... I'm sorry I'm sorry I'm sorry..."

"Y-Your, uh...chest, is that part of your costume?"

She suddenly released her hold on his and stood up, face pale and eyes wide from fear. Looking down at herself they grew even wider. "O-Oooh shit. Oh nooooo!" she cried. Her hands flew to her breasts and pressed against the front of her top. It's fabric refused to indent, the swollen bumps of her thumb-sized nipples even forced flat by the pressure. "Shit they're big!!" Katie exclaimed. It looked like she was trying to massage two flesh-colored watermelons, her tiny hands making them look immense.

"Katie, what is going on?? Are you in pain?!" Jason worriedly asked. He had never seen a pair of breasts so large in person, nor had he ever seen so much flesh packed into an article of clothing that was clearly not designed to hold it.

"I-I-I, sometimes they--" Katie stopped, both of their eyes staring intently at her breasts. They were ever so slowly inching outwards, her overflowing bulges squeezing out more by the second. "Ooohh, ooooohhhh..." Katie moaned. She closed her eyes and wrapped her arms across her chest, taking breaths as slow and deep as she could in her tightened top. The growth slowed but didn't stop.

"Katie?" Jason asked again, looking ready to pick her up and carry her to a hospital.

Her eyes fluttered open and she appeared somewhat calmer. "M-My chest, it...it *swells* whenever I get frightened..." she said finally, looking away from Jason in embarrassment.

"What?"

"It's been happening for years. Whenever I g-get scared, or really anxious, my boobs just blow up! I-I can't explain it! Usually, I can take some anxiety meds to help keep them down but my sister... S-She took them! I don't know why! She likes to see how big I can get or something maybe, I don't know!"

"So you're not in pain?" Jason asked nervously, not taking his eyes off her bust. She looked fit to burst out of her top at any moment, something he admittedly wouldn't mind seeing.

"No, no no... I-I just can't...*nnggh*...handle being scared is a--"

A sound to Katie's right made her stop. A man was standing there in a mask holding a long chain in one hand and machete in another. Any growth that had ceased in her breasts instantly started back up, Jason's eyes bulging in disbelief when he saw her top become even tighter. It didn't have long for this world.

“Why don’t you come a little closer?” the man asked, waving them forward with the blade, “I won’t bite.”

“N-No, please no,” Katie begged. A loud stretching sound came from her chest.

The man stepped towards her, trying to force them to continue on with the trail before others caught up behind them. The zombies moaned loudly at the bus, signaling their approach. Katie only heard the sound of the living-dead and the danger they posed to her tits.

“Katie we need to keep mo--”

SNAP!

One of Katie’s shoulder straps tore apart at the seams, the fabric rocketing loose as a wave of boob flesh flowed out of the relaxed space. Her chest sagged a little, her support system failing to hold her mammoth weight any longer.

“Huh?” the masked-actor said in surprise, seeing Katie’s basketball-like tits wobbling heavily as he approached.

“*Stay away from meeee!!*” Katie screamed. Driven purely by fear she ran past him, arms wrapped around her mammaries as best she could to keep them secure. Jason had seen her chest now; there was nothing left to save except what little modesty she could by getting out of the woods.

“Katie wait!” Jason yelled, running past the surprised actor. He shrugged and hid off the trail to prepare for the next batch of victims.

Jason chased after his date, quickly catching up to her in a matter of seconds. Even terrified, her breasts had grown so large that they kept her from running well. “I-I can’t breathe...” she gasped, slowing to a walk, “God, I’m *huge!* This top is killing me!”

Jason didn’t know how it was possible, but she was right. Katie looked like two beach balls were being smuggled under her top. Two light-pink circles could be seen showing through the thinning fabric, like two saucer plates marking the exact spot where her nipples were begging to be freed. Jason hoped his costume would be able to hide his erection well enough to not make the situation any more awkward. Finally, she had to stop walking altogether and lean on her knees to catch her breath. She didn’t care that her skirt was riding up enough to give Jason a scandalous view of her rear.

“Katie, I don’t think--”

“P-Please, we need to get out of here, Jason!” Katie pleaded, interrupting him, “I-It won’t be long b-before...before...”

“Katie we shouldn’t be--”

“I-I haven’t been this big in a *long* t-time... I feel like my heart is about to burst out of my chest!”

Something scraping on the ground caught her attention. Katie looked up from the run of cleavage below her chin and observed her surroundings. She had stopped in a large clearing, scattered tombstones placed around the area. A dense fog covered the ground so thick that it nearly obscured their feet.

Something moved again and Katie was sure her heart was going to stop.

“Don’t look at it!” Jason told her, seeing her breasts start to engorge from suspense alone. The cleavage piling out of her neckline was almost reaching above her shoulders now.

Katie couldn’t look away. In the fog among the headstones, a figure began to rise from the darkness. It moved in clunky, disjoint gestures, acting as if most of its tendons and muscles had long since deteriorated. Even Jason could feel fear setting in from the sight of watching it rise from a heap on the ground. It started staggering towards them in a dreadful moan, limping as it was missing an ankle.

“*Nooooo!!*” Katie screamed. She tried to run but tripped over her own feet and fell to the ground and landed on her butt before leaning on her arms for support, her chest swelling larger on her front. Underboob pushed its way towards her navel, sheer terror filling her with pressurized growth.

Fog swirled around her legs and her skirt flipped up, bunching together underneath her. She didn’t notice, nor would she have cared. The figure ignored Jason, going after those who would be most frightened. It loomed above her, arms outstretched as it loosed a grisly moan.

“*AHHHHHH!!!*” Katie shrieked.

Jason moved to help her up but stopped short in his tracks. Katie’s cheer top was quivering like a rubber band, her tits releasing an audible stretching sound as they moved against each other and fought for freedom. They ballooned outwards, inches by the second, her overflowing bulges folding over the fabric and swallowing it into a mass of deformed breasts. Katie started to hyperventilate, unable to draw breath both due to fright and her overfilled top.

SHHRRRIIPP!!

The world seemed to stand still for a split second. A tiny tear formed in the middle of the cheer top before ripping up the length of her bust an instant later. Threads tore apart and finally, Katie’s titanic bust fell out from its confines. Two overblown beach ball-sized udders fell against her body and smacked loudly against her stomach, reaching almost down to her skirt. Her nipples absolutely stunned Jason, each one like half roll of quarters. They quivered and shook in full engorgement, their pink masses begging to be squeezed and rolled on a tongue. Shiny areolas puffed out below them like drink coasters, numerous pale veins running away from them and over her breasts’ surface.

“W-What the--” the ghoul stammered in surprise, the sight of seeing Katie’s tits bursting out of her top enough to make even him break character.

Katie’s hands immediately flew to her boobs, trying to cover her nipples from view as she lay helpless on the ground. Her palms sunk into her flesh like a pillow and her arms forced them together in a world-class display of cleavage. “*Get away from meeee!!*”

Jason snapped himself out of his trance and stooped down the ground. Putting a hand under her armpit he pulled a gasping Katie to her feet. “S-Sorry,” he stammered, feeling his arms pressing into her tightening chest. She was growing incredibly fast and Jason knew they had to get out of the woods as fast as possible.

“I-I can’t...take much more...” Katie panted as they left the stupefied actor, “I-I can...can hardly walk!” Katie cradled her chest in her arms, letting them overflow them her forearms. They hung heavy and jiggling with each wobbly step she took leaning on Jason’s shoulder.

One of his hands slipped and pressed into the side of her chest, the firmness of her skin surprising him. It was smooth to the touch and shown pale in the moonlight. “S-Sorry!” he apologized, not yet taking his hand away. He wanted to cherish the feeling of her breasts until the last minute.

“I-It’s ok,” she gasped, “You’re r-really warm...”

Jason felt her shiver followed by a swarm of goosebumps under his palm. One of her nipples hardened into stone and forced its way out from behind her arm with a soft *POP!*, the cold forcing them to a new size. Without a second thought, Jason took off his Zorro cape and draped it across her front to help warm her as well as save her pride.

“T-Thanks,” she accepted.

“We’re going to cover your eyes for the rest of the trail, ok?” Jason told her, “I-I’m not exactly sure how it works, but that would help right?”

“Y-Yes,” she confirmed, “But at this point, I’ll be lucky to fit in your car after this. I’m sorry for ruining tonight.”

“Trust me, you didn’t ruin *anything*,” Jason assured her, pulling the cape over her eyes. “I’ll lead you.” Katie felt something brush against her leg as they walked and suddenly realized that Jason was hard as granite.

She felt a little heat rise up in her and push some of the fear away. “Do...Do you think you can help me...c-carry them?” she asked.

“Uh...” Jason started to ask. He decided not to say anything, instead putting a hand under her chest and helping lift it up. Katie shuddered from the sensation of his hand sinking into her breast and could swear he was gently massaging her with the tips of his fingers. “Like that?” he asked.

“J-J-Just like that...” she whimpered. It was almost enough to make her forget about the trail.

PHWWWIISHH!

“*Ahh!*” Katie yelled after another blast of air. The sudden spike of adrenaline after feeling calm for a few moments rushed into her system. Jason’s arm shook as her tits bloated outwards, their sides peeking out of the cape from their size. Her skin stretched and groaned against his hand, firming and tightening enough that he could feel it pushing his hand away and creating less of an indent. Her legs shook from the new weight of her swelling and her nipples prodded into her arms like angry fingers.

“Ohhh...Oh man...” Katie moaned, her heart thumping in her chest like a tit-pump, “P-Please tell me it’s almost over.”

“The exit is just up here I think,” Jason told her hopefully. If Katie were to get any larger Jason was afraid he was going to have to walk behind her and wrap his own arms around his bust to help support her, a sacrifice he was more than willing to make.

They turned a corner and Jason could see the exit to the haunted path, the pillars with the flaming pumpkins beyond them. “Ok, I see it! Just hold on, ok?”

“N-Nngh...” Katie moaned in reply, the stress of her tits were taking on her body drawing all of her strength. She had never found a limit to her growth, but this was one of the rare times she was scared that she might actually reach it.

Soon Jason could see that the path ahead of them was lined with scarecrows on either side. Slowly he led Katie through them thinking it best to not say a word, passing silently by their watching eyes. “We’re almost there...” He knew at least one of the scarecrows had to be someone in disguise, but in the darkness, he couldn’t make out any obvious clues. One by one he passed in front of them, expecting arms to suddenly reach out and grab for Katie.

“I-I really don’t like this,” Katie said softly, knowing they were in danger of being jumped.

“I’ve got you.”

The exit neared closer and still, nothing moved. Jason was beginning to feel oddly at ease now and even when they left the group of trees and stepped into the same field they had parked in, nothing sprung out at them.

Taking one last look around to be sure, Jason pulled his cape away from Katie’s face. “We’re out,” he told her.

Her eyes sparkled with glee, seeing the car ahead of them a few rows away. “Oh, thank *God!*” she cried, “Can we please get me a shir--”

“*BOO!!*”

A raspy voice came from behind them suddenly, Katie crying out in surprise, her arms clenching tight to her chest a moment later as growth fell upon them. Jason jumped in place as well, turning to see a scarecrow running back into the woods. “Bastard waited until we let out guard down!” he told Katie.

He realized she wasn’t listening. “O-Oooh I’m getting *too big!*” she moaned. Her eyes were as big as the moon and her breath told Jason she had just had the sanity nearly scared out of her. His cape rippled on her tits when she started to engorge even fuller, Katie’s skin tightening and her breasts’ shape rounding out in their absolute fullness. They reached past her skirt, nipples plumping into thick cylinders like soda cans. Jason quickly stood behind her and reached around either side to help support her tits.

“W-We need to get to the car,” Katie demanded, her legs feeling weaker by the second.

Awkwardly they walked in an embrace, Katie’s mammaries nearing the point of becoming immovable. People stared at the girl with a black cover billowing out in front of her, two large bumps sticking outwards like fists.

“That cheerleader has some *spirit!*” someone yelled, receiving a few laughs.

“I want to know where she got that costume!”

“Ignore them,” Jason grunted in effort, “We’re almost there.”

The car approached and he had to release one of his hands to find his keys. The doors clicked open and he made a motion to open the passenger door. “N-No, I won’t fit,” Katie told him, “Trust me, I’ve been there before.”

Nodding, Jason opened the back and threw everything to the floor to clear the seat. Slowly he helped Katie turn around before lowering her into the back of his car. She fell heavily onto the seat on her back, the car rocking from her weight as her tits wobbled on top of her like two fleshy exercise balls pressing into the back window and the back of the driver seat.

Jason was gifted with an incredible view that most men could only dream of. Katie lay back in his car, a mountain of tits filling nearly half of his backseat and blocking most of the window. Katie’s arms were clasp to the sides trying to reach her gargantuan nipples, small circular motions made by her palms. Her legs sprawled apart and extended outside the car door, her cheer skirt having been bunched up underneath her and pulled high enough that Jason could see a full view of the tantalizing panties she had chosen to wear underneath. He looked at her crotch and the bloated pile of tits above it, feeling overcome.



“J-Jason?” Katie’s voice called, muffled from behind her chest. Her tits jiggled tightly with each motion. “I-I know this is a lot to take in right now, but thanks for helping...” she moaned, “G-God my tits feel so tight and full...”

“What happens next?” he asked, not taking his eyes off her. “How...How do they, you know, go back to normal?”

Katie’s chest visibly blushed in the illumination of the car’s dome light. “W-Well, usually I...when they get too big...I...”

Her words stopped and Jason watched her hand slip down from her breast and disappear between the seat and her flesh. It reappeared by her waist, her fingers searching for the lace of her panties. Once they found it, she worked them down her hips in small shimmying motions until they rested around her knees, her skirt flipping down to cover her pussy.

“I’ve found that u-usually the best cure for a little fear is...a-a little pleasure...” she finished, lifting up her skirt as a final invitation.

Jason grinned. Katie moaned loudly when he grabbed her knees and bent her legs upwards into the car and rested her feet on the seat. He climbed in between them, closing the door behind him to cover them both in darkness. Soon Katie began to scream in happiness for the first time that night, steam fogging the windows to shield them from the frights of Halloween.