

Big Fun on Deck Part 3

Damien stared into the abyss of Mackenzie's cleavage. The longer he ogled, the deeper it seemed to become. Every heavy breath of her's sent Laura's bikini into a fit of strained complaints.

CREEEAAAAAK

"Nnngh! O-Ooohhhh my God..." Mackenzie groaned. Controlling herself was difficult, especially seeing Damien's cock ready to break through the front of his swim trunks.

CRRRREEEEAAAAAK

"This bikini...*can't take much more!*" She used her fingers to test the fabric's tension. It was pulled tight as a drum and dug into her flesh. The very seams were overflowing with her watermelon-sized knockers and her growth was only just beginning. Such an exhilarating experience made her crotch leak through her bikini bottoms.

She glanced up to catch Damien's slack-jawed expression. Her confidence was through the roof. At this point, Damien was putty in her hands. There was nothing left to do but enjoy the ride. "Well?" she asked, wobbling her chest back and forth, "Can you help a girl out? There is an *awful* lot of lotion on these things... They're so big I'm not sure I can handle all of it by myself! There's a *lot* of skin to cover..."

Damien gulped. The intense swelling plaguing Mackenzie's tits was more than apparent. There was no explanation for it but Damien wasn't sure he needed one. One thing he did know, however, was that he needed to get his hands on her. "S-Should we go downstairs...?"

"Mmmmm!! I thought you would never ask."

CRREEAAAAAK

The bikini groaned in agreement.

Mackenzie rose to her feet with motions drunk on her own weight. Her chest lurched side to side. Cradling them in her arms, she led Damien to the hatch leading from the yacht's roof to the sleeping quarters below. "Why don't you go first?" she teased. Cleavage engulfed her chest up to her collarbones and she played with her bikini bottoms.

Damien would have jumped off the boat had she suggested it. He scrambled through the hole and down the ladder within seconds before looking up to see his prize: Mackenzie's lower half coming toward him devoid of any bikini bottoms.

"How's the view?" Mackenzie giggled, wiggling her rear and arching her back for the best possible display.

Damien's mouth was dry as he watched her thighs move and grind down each ladder rung. He could almost taste the moisture between them. Her pussy was deliciously wet and plump.

SQUEAK!!

"O-Oohh!!" Mackenzie cried out suddenly.

The sunlight was blocked from above. Damien tore his eyes away from her crotch to see heaps of flesh filling the hole. “Are you all right??”

“*Just a little stuck! Ngh!! N-Nngh!!*” Mackenzie shimmied and pulled with her body, trying to fit her breasts through the narrow passage. Her head became engulfed by her cleavage. “*Mmmmpfh!*”

CRREEEAAAAAK!!

Damien watched her butt shake in every direction as she struggled. She looked like a pufferfish caught in a trap.

SQQUUEEEAAAA--POP!!

“*Whoa!*”

Mackenzie’s breasts blew through the hole all at once. The release sent her falling from the ladder where Damien’s eager arms caught her. Open palms sank into her chest as he reached around her torso.

CRRREEEAAAAAK

“Holy shit...” he whispered. Her chest was unlike anything he’d felt before. Feeling her skin stretched against his hands was magical.

“*Mmmm... Easy there, sailor.*” Mackenzie spun out of his grip. “Why don’t you climb onto your bed?”

Being tight for space, the yacht was outfitted with one sleeping quarters. It consisted of a pair of bunk beds sunk into the walls for privacy. Damien’s was the top on the left. He eagerly climbed up and waited for the vixen to join him.

Mackenzie’s breasts entered the sleeping space before she did. Using their weight to her advantage, she anchored herself on the mattress and swung her legs over the side to come to lay on top of her prey. There was just enough room for her to straddle his hips and raise herself into a cowgirl position.

“You’re so big...” Damien ogled. Most of her body was hidden behind the mammoth tits hanging in front of his face.

“Why thank you! I’ve been working on them.” Mackenzie beamed with pride.

CRRREEEAAAAAK!

“*N-Nnngh!! I don’t think...this bikini can hold me much longer, though!*” A hand drifted across Damien’s swimsuit. “Same goes for these pesky trunks of yours.”

Damien’s cock was whipped out in a flash by a tender grip. He saw her adjusting herself legs but wasn’t expecting the rush of searing heat when his shaft plunged into Mackenzie’s pussy.

“*Aaaahhh!!! OH GOD!!*” she screamed, feeling his manhood throb behind her pelvis. “*You’re...bigger than I thought!*”

CRREEEAAAAAK!!

Mackenzie’s breasts ballooned outward at the rush of pleasure. Excess lotion dripped from their tight curves as she began grinding. “*M-Massage them!! Rub all that lotion in!*”

Damien was more than happy to oblige. Once contact was made with his hands, the bikini top grew angry with pressure.

CRRRRRRREEEEEAAAAAAK!!!

“Ooohhhh... Ooohhhh it can’t hold me!! I’m...TOO BIG!!”

Damien stared with wide eyes as flesh heaped around the cups. Mackenzie’s breasts were massive and threatened to swallow the bikini. Plate-sized areolas inched into the open and nipples like fists tented the fabric.

CRRRRRRREEEEEAAAAAAK!!!!

“Too...tight!!! OH GOD I WANT IT TO BURST OFF MY BODY!!” Mackenzie rode Damien’s cock up and down with loud smacks. The forces tested the bikini beyond its limits with her heaving tits.

Meanwhile, as a pile of underboob brushed Damien’s stomach, his hands greedily rubbed her tight skin. It was slick with lotion but always thirsty for more. It was absorbed into Mackenzie’s body as if she were a sponge.

CCCCRRREEEEEAAAAAAK!!!!

“It can’t take it!!! IT’S GOING TO BLOW!!! I-IT’S GOING TO EXPLO--”

BOOM!!

BWOOMPH!!

“AAHHHNNNNGGHHH!!!”

The situation escalated in a flurry. Over Damien’s head, the wall was dented when her bikini struck it with the force of a rocket. Following in turn, her beach ball-sized knockers fell onto his torso with their full weight. Mackenzie, meanwhile, shivered with the orgasmic pleasure of growing large enough to break her friend’s bikini.

“O-Oh... Oh God... Oh I’m so big... I’ve always wanted...to be this big!”

Fluid dripped from her crotch. Leaning forward, she leaned on her chest and buried Damien up to his chin.

“B-Bigger!!” she begged, rubbing in the remaining lotion. *“I want...to be bigger!!”*

STREEEEETCH

Skin rubbed against Damien’s body. Releasing themselves from their prison seemed to be a catalyst for further growth. Cock throbbing and mind being overtaken by his fantasies, Damien stared helplessly at the approaching wall of cleavage.

Flesh billowed across the tiny bunk bed. It pinned his arms at his sides and pressed flat against the wall. On either side of his head, he could see soda can nipples quivering with a life of their own. They were as flushed with color as Mackenzie’s cheeks as she slammed up and down on his rod.

“Mmmmm!! M-MMMMM!!” Mackenzie whimpered and sank herself deep into her knockers. They welcomed her like old friends. Their warmth was incredible and inviting. Growing to such a size was intoxicating. She paid no mind as her body was lifted atop their masses and her back pressed into the roof.

“*M-Maphemzie!*” Damien said with muffled words. Skin would swallow his head in the coming moments. From the looks of things, it might swallow his body.

“*Mmmnngh!!! Ohhhhh they’re still growing!!!*” Mackenzie rubbed the lotion furiously.
STREEEEEEETCH

“*OH GOD, I THINK THEY’RE GROWING FASTER!!!*”

Her hips separated from Damien’s little by little. Despite her best efforts, her crotch slid up his shaft as her breasts expanded between them like airbags. “*Nnngh!! N-No!! No keep fucking me! Please!!*”

Damien could only see darkness. “*Mmmph!!*” Breathing was becoming as much of a challenge as not blowing his load. It didn’t help when Mackenzie clenched her pelvic muscles on the remainder of his cock in a vice grip of arousal.

“*F-Fill me up!! FILL ME UP WITH CUM!!*”

SSSSTTRRRREEEEEEETCH!!!

“*MAKE ME HUGE!!!*”

“*Mmph!! MMMPH!!*” Damien struggled. He couldn’t hold it back any longer. Between the tits big enough to bury his body and Mackenzie’s voracious pussy and cries of delight, his mind couldn’t take it. His cock throbbed to its fullest as she struggled to stay latched onto his pulsating head. Fluid gushed into her loins moments later.

“*AAAAUUUGGHH!!!*” Mackenzie screamed when she felt his load fill her crevices. “*OH YES!!! MAKE ME BIG!! BLOW ME UP!!*”

STREEEEEEETCH

Intense shifting bloated throughout her chest. Damien could hear gurgling in his ears.
POP!!

Mackenzie sprang from his cock at the command of her billowing tits. Cleavage expanded down Damien’s body to cover his knees. Mackenzie found her full body pressed against the ceiling.

CRRREEEAAAK

The sound of aching wood reached Damien’s ears. It was time to leave. Whatever was causing Mackenzie’s growth was becoming too much for this cramped space. She already overflowed his bunk like an overstuffed bread pan. Panicking, he starting wiggling his way free from under her slippery chest.

“*Mmmm!! MMMMM!!! K-KEEP GOING!! Ohhh keep going!! Touching them...MAKES THEM GROW BIGGER!!*”

STRREEEEEEETCH!!!

Flesh gushed and heaved. The pressure pushing down on him was intense. One leg slipped free, followed by an arm. Using the bed frame for support, Damien pulled himself from the heaving mass and emerged with sweat dripping from his face.

THUD!!

He fell from his bunk seconds later with a feeling of being birthed.

CCREEEEEAAAAAAK!!

“Oohhhhh!! OOHHHH GOD!!”

There was no sign of Mackenzie. Only her breasts were visible from the bunk bed. They bulged around the frame as if angry about being so confined. Pressure echoed inside their depths and cracked the wood from top to bottom.

“BIGGEEERRRR!!” Mackenzie screamed from somewhere inside her cleavage.

CRACK!!!

Damien didn't dare spend another moment in the tiny room.

Outside on the deck, Laura and Harry were spending quality time together of their own. A troubling sound of splitting wood caused Laura to pull her lips away from the throbbing job in her hands.

“What the hell was that??” she asked, staring into the yacht's cabin. The kitchen was empty. Beyond that was the bedroom.

Harry was just as concerned and moved to pull up his shorts. “Yo! Damien!” he called to the roof. “Everything ok up--”

GRRROOOAAAAN

The boat heaved to the side like a distressed whale. Clearly misbalanced, it rocked and sent waves in every direction.

“The fuck?!” Harry yelled, trying to keep his balance. “Did we hit something?!”

“Get off!!”

Harry and Laura stared into the cabin. It was shocking when they saw Damien running out of the darkness stark naked. Cum still dripped from his cock and thighs as he sprinted from the bedroom.

“Get off!! Get off the boat!!” he yelled.

Harry was at a loss. “Dude! What the hell are you two doing in--”

Damien ignored every word. Like a mad man, he sprinted past Harry and Laura to the edge of the boat where he vaulted the railing. A splash was heard a moment later when he found the water.

CRRRRRREEEEAAAAAAK!!!

The boat groaned in agony.

CRACK!!!

SPLIT!!!

Laura and Harry took several steps back. The walls of the ship were bowing outward. Splinters broke off to shoot into the distance. The structure looked ready to explode from a swelling force.

“AAAHHHHH!!!!” An intense orgasmic scream came from within as the boat shook like a bomb.

Panic overtook them. Following Damien's lead, Harry and Laura jumped into the water.

CRAAAASH!!!

The yacht exploded behind them in a shower of shrapnel. Debris rained from the sky and littered the ocean in a layer of destruction. Their eyes weren't focused on the falling pieces of wood, however.

"Oh my God..." Laura gawked, fully regretting her decision to lend the lotion.

Floating on the remainder of the yacht was a titanic pair of breasts. They bobbed in the ocean like fleshy icebergs drifting back and forth in the waves. The cold water made giant nipples bloat and harden to over five feet long. Resting atop the house-sized buoys was Mackenzie. If her smile were any larger it would have split her face.

"L-Laura..." Mackenzie moaned, feeling her chest rock in the ocean with its gargantuan mass. Her mind couldn't fully process the size of her mammaries. "I might have...*m-mmm!!*...used a little too much lotion..."

The End