

Soaked Part 1

Contains unwanted breast, butt, and thigh growth via water

“Brrr!!” I shivered while wrapping my arms around myself. “I should have brought a jacket today!”

My friend Justine nodded in agreement. Her eyes cast themselves to the sky above. Dark, ominous clouds blotted out the sun in swollen plumes of grays. “I didn’t think it was supposed to rain...” she said.

A wind whipped around us and threatened to lift our skirts. Our hands held them at bay but the image was almost as awkward as the one it prevented. “I hate our school uniforms,” I grumbled.

Justine clicked with amusement. “Until you catch Brian staring at your legs. Then you’re *aaaalllll* too happy to let your skirt ride up a little!”

“Shut up!” I blushed, only adding color to my chill-reddened cheeks. The thin white cotton of my button-up blouse wasn’t much for protection against the rain-beckoning breeze. I wasn’t sure if my nipples were hard because of the wind or the thought of Brian warming them up with his hands. “Let’s just get home. It looks like those clouds could start dumping at any--”

PLOP

PLOP PLOP PLOP

A drop of water exploded on my forehead. Several more followed seconds later to pelt the front of our blouses. They acted like invisible ink, revealing tiny circular windows to our skin below through the wet fabric.

“Crap,” Justine frowned as thunder boomed.

We were caught along a road outside an urban subdivision. Up ahead I could see a bus stop across the street. It would shield us from the rain but there was no time for us to find a crosswalk and trek across the busy traffic. Our only choices were to run home or take our chances waiting out the coming rain under a large nearby oak tree. Based on the scent of spring rain permeating the air, I figured the later was out best bet.

PLOP

PLOP

“Come on!” I yelled, starting to jog towards the tree.

Justine was hot on my heels by the time I entered the shelter of thousands of leaves. It couldn’t have been a moment too soon; a curtain of fat raindrops began pelting the ground outside the tree. Water ran down the gutter while we listened to the sound of rain funneling over us. The cover wasn’t perfect, but at least we weren’t going to get drenched.

Justine was trying to catch her breath. A backpack was thrown from her shoulder to the base of the tree trunk. “What...happens if this goes on for more than five minutes? We can’t just stand here! It could storm all night!”

I stuck my hand out only to bring it back dripping wet and wipe it on my shirt. The downpour was heavy enough to tickle my palm. “You can go if you want, but you’re not going to make it home without your blouse becoming see-through.”

“Damn school and their cheap--”

“Hurry, Carla!”

“I’m coming, dammit!”

Justine and I glanced across the street. Two women dressed in office attire were rushing to the bus stop. They must have come from one of the nearby business complexes. Their heels carried them as fast as they could but it wasn’t enough to avoid a healthy layer of wetness splattering their clothes. Once under the metal shelter, they breathed a sigh of relief.

“Oh look, we have friends,” I chuckled. A weak wave of hello was passed from our group to theirs as we shared the same predicament. They checked their phones and began touching up their hair before too long. The rain was too loud for us to catch any of their conversation.

“What did you think of the physics test today?” Justine asked, leaning against the tree. “Question three was impossible.”

“Yea...”

“I’m honestly not even sure I had the right equation for the buoyant force. This whole chapter is--*Hey, earth to Amy!*”

I was too busy watching the women across the street tend to their appearances. They wouldn’t stop smoothing out their pencil skirts and pulling the fabric down over their legs as if it kept climbing back up. Even from where I stood, I could see wide holes gaping between their shirt buttons. Were their chests that big a minute ago?

“S-Sorry,” I mumbled, not having paid attention to Justine’s physics woes. “Look at those women; do they look...*off*, to you?”

Justine pushed away from the tree trunk and stood with me at the curb. Narrowing her eyes, she stared through the rain. “Off how?”

“Like their clothes! They’re *clearly* too small! Their shirts look like they’re about to--”

“*Ahh!*” One of the women gasped suddenly when she sat on the bench. She was red in the face and her coworker was too busy laughing to say anything. From our perspective, I could see a gaping hole in the front of her blouse. Obvious cleavage packed tightly in a beige bra shown at us like headlights. At the side of her thigh was a large window of skin bulging through a burst seam in her skirt. Several cars drove by to deliver honks of approval.

TINK!!

“What was that?” Justine looked around when an object struck the tree behind us. It rolled to her feet as if asking for help finding its way home. “A...button?” she wondered.

I didn’t dare suggest that it had come from the woman across the street. But the fact a button had just whizzed past our heads and she was missing one was too much to ignore. It couldn’t possibly have made it across the street, could it?

“Justine,” I whispered, watching intently at the woman’s confused glances at her own body, “There’s something weird going...”

“*Crap crap crap crap CRAAAAP!!!*”

A new voice joined the fray. Our stranded groups turned our attention down the street when a woman swore loudly. She was dripping from head to toe. Makeup ran down her face and fabric clung to her skin like paint. Only a small suitcase was held overhead for protection but it did nothing against the violent rain. It had soaked her through to the bone. She looked like a Maria to me.

“There’s room in here!!” one of the women offered.

She was happy to take it. Joining them under the bus stop, the drenched woman threw her makeshift umbrella to the ground and inspected herself. “*DAMMIT!*” she groaned, “I have an interview in thirty minutes!! *It wasn’t supposed to rain!*”

“Oh no...” the office woman consoled her with a frown. “I’m sure they’ll understand. These things happen.”

“I know. It just reflects poorly on my ability to plan and--” She finally got a good look at her two companions. The perplexed expression on her face helped assure me I wasn’t going crazy. “Uhhh...” she hummed, staring at their ready-to-burst wardrobes. Breasts the size of her own head stared back.

They followed her gaze and blushed, covering themselves with their arms. “Sorry, we don’t usually dress like this! Our clothes usually fit much--”

“*Nnngh...*”

I saw the soaking-wet woman swoon. My pulse raced when she placed a hand on top of her chest as if to still her heart. Maria leaned against the glass of the bus stop.

“Are you all right?” one of the women asked. The other was too busy staring at the shifting of rounded shaped under Maria’s shirt. So was I.

“*Oooohhhhh...*” Maria moaned. “I-I think I just...need to sit down. All of a sudden my body feels so heavy...” She sat between them but her breaths did not calm. They came out in quick gasps, as if she were trying not to inhale fully. It wasn’t hard to see why; it looked like two balloons were inflating under her blouse.

“What the hell...?” Justine whispered. She was as mesmerized by the scene as I was.

I gulped, watching Maria’s clothes pull taut over her body. Her hips were inching across the bench as if in conquest and her pants weren’t up to the task. “Justine,” I said softly, “I think we might have made it under this tree just in time.”

“*Nnnnngh!?*” Maria squirmed and arched her back. “W-What’s...*What’s happening to me???*”

“What’s wrong?? Can we help??” The women were frantic. In the few short moments Maria had been with them, her curves had bloated to triple their size. And they weren’t showing any signs of stopping. “Do you need us to call somebo--”

“*NNNGHH!!!*”

POW POW POW POW!!!!

Justine and I jumped when a gatling of buttons exploded from Maria's front. Several reached our location, others sailed overhead. We didn't care. We were more focused on the watermelon-sized knockers trying to break free of a C-cup bra.

"*M-My boobs!!!*" Maria yelled. Her arms cradled them like water balloons. The other two women backed away from the scene as much as they dared without stepping into the rain. The bus stop was only so big. "*WHAT'S HAPPENING TO MY--*"

SSHRRRIIPP!!!

"*M-MM!!*"

A groan rang out amongst the rain when Maria's pants split down her thighs. Pale flesh squished through the blown-out seams and spread across the metal bench. A strip of taut elastic sank into a crease where her thighs bent at her hip. Whenever those panties gave way, there was no chance we would hear it.

I couldn't look away. This woman, once sporting an average build, was now swelling at her curves as if somebody had stuck her on a fire hydrant. Her tits were larger than any beach ball I had ever played with and dominated her figure. I couldn't see anything of her torso behind their quivering girth. Cleavage covered her face as her bra dug into her flesh and created awkward bulging mountain ranges.

"I'm BLOWING UP!! MY BODY FEELS LIKE IT'S...NNNNGH...F-FILLING!!"

SNAP!!!

Maria's bra broke with the sound of gunfire. There was nothing left to contain her now. As her unsupported breasts fell to her lap, they spread over the bench and overflowed her knees. The bus stop was only meant for three people, and Maria was coming close to claiming that much space for herself.

"*What the fuck is happening to you?!*" one of the other women screamed, trying to shrink against the bus stop wall.

"*I-I don't know! I don't know!!*" Maria heaved for breath. Nipples as big as my fists inched ahead of her before extending beyond the bus stop's cover. Rain pelted the pink mounds. Her areolas drank healthily. "*NnnnghhhMMM!!!*"

Maria's growth accelerated. Hands sinking into the tops of her bean bag mammaries, I saw her throw her head back and cry in ecstasy. Skin rushed toward both of the women. The bench groaned beneath Maria's mammoth hips and thighs. Her ass was big enough to be her personal loveseat. It lifted her atop a cushion over a foot high where she bobbed and wobbled on its unsteady girth.

"*S-Stop!! STOP!!*" the women demanded. Frightened, they pushed against Maria's expanding chest and butt. It only made the looming mass bulge and heave.

"You're going to push us out into the--"

CCRREEAAAAAK

Everything but the rain froze. Then, all at once, I saw the bench buckle under Maria's weight. When it folded it took the rest of the bus stop with it. The entire frame collapsed and fell backward to come crashing onto the sidewalk. Being thrown from their shelter in fear and by her titanic size, the two women sat stunned on the ground on either side of Maria. She lay pinned on her back by breasts the size of a small car. A matching rear end lifted her legs into the air where they were consumed by her hips and crushing thighs.

"AahhhHHH!!! T-The rain!!! It's the raaaaaiiin!!! Oh God I'm MASSIVE!!!" Maria screamed and beat at her engulfing tits. I was able to hear them sloshing from here. I would have run if the sight of coffee can-sized nipples shiny with rainwater wasn't so breathtaking.

"CARLA!!! C-C-CARLA!!!"

The other women were thrown into a panic of their own now. Watching as the rain struck their exposed bodies, I held my breath.

"Holy shit," I heard Justine squeaked.

POW POW POW POW!!

POW POW!!

POW!! POW!!!

It didn't take long for their buttons to rocket toward the sky. Sheets of rain fell upon their exposed chests and soaked their bras. Having no way to protect themselves, the process was much faster than Maria's. Frighteningly so.

"I-I'm blowing up!! My skin is...stretching!!!"

Hair clung to their faces. In a matter of seconds, their arms were filled with an amount of flesh too great for any single woman to bear. Their thighs widened and filled their skirts to the brim to the point of overflowing.

SHRI-BOOM!!

The sound of sturdy pencil skirts exploding like fireworks shook the air. I felt the force of the release in my own chest when their legs thickened enough to free themselves.

"OOOHHHH I FEEL SO FULL!!! I'M...I'M ACTUALLY SLOSHING!!!"

One of them managed to roll over before her size became immobilizing. She waiting on her hands and knees for a brief moment of desperation before her tits ballooned quickly against the ground. Their torso sank into the top of their chest as they were forced to lay across it. Neither hand could reach the ground and flesh rubbed against their bare belly as it expanded beneath them.

"H-Help us!!!" one of them yelled at Justine and me. She tried to stand but the weight of her chest pinned her to the sidewalk. An ass loomed behind her like a stalker, pinning both legs.

A wall of flesh crept towards them. Both saw it out of the corner of their eye. They had been so focused on their own growth they'd forgotten about Maria. Full exposure to the rain was just as effective at her titanic size. She ballooned in all directions until coming in contact with the two women.

“*WHAT THE FUCK IS THIS RAIN?!*” one screamed, fighting back the side of Maria’s van-sized tit.

“*Carla! Nnnghh!!! C-Carla I’m starting to feel...really full!!!*” Her chest heaved tight and round. I couldn’t tell the difference between some of her veins and the rivers of rainwater draining into her cleavage.

“*I JUST KEEP GETTING FULLER!!!*”

“*M-Make...Make it stooooop!!*” She was struggling to stay atop her breasts rather than sinking into their inviting cleavage.

A mountain of jiggling female curves filled my vision. There was no sign of the bus stop. They covered the majority of the sidewalk. Traffic was at a standstill as men and women alike ogled the unbelievable scene. Soon enough, Maria’s bloating ass pressed into the side of a car.

Fear suddenly took hold of me like a hand in the dark. I stumbled backward until I ran into the trunk of the tree. Both of my palms flew to my chest to squeeze what I prayed would still be my gentle D-cups. I had been hit by the rain!! Was that going to happen to me?! I could still remember the chilly water touching my cleavage after soaking through my shirt. Was this tightness in my bra just fright or was I about to blow through my blouse like those women?!

“I-I...” Justine took a moment to collect her thoughts. I could tell the same thing was on her mind. She’d expressed multiple times how little the idea of additional breast growth held no appeal. At a full G-cup, I didn’t blame her. “I think it depends on how much of the rain hits you...”

BOOOOM!!!

Thunder cackled overhead. Whatever this storm was, it wasn’t going to stop anytime soon. A mass of tits and ass as wide as a house engorged across what remained of the street. Many were fleeing their cars in fear of the crushing weight only to find themselves trapped in the same situation once exposed to the rain. The men seemed unaffected. Typical.

“A...A-Amy,” Justine stammered. Her face was pale. Water was starting to drip on us from above. The leaves were soaked and too heavy to protect us much longer. “*M-My bra feels tight.*”

I nodded, not wanting to admit to myself how difficult it was to inhale with my bra band pulled so taut. “*Mine too.*” In the wind and uneven cover of the tree, we never could have totally avoided getting wet. I just wish it hadn’t taken us so long to put two and two together.

Swelling curves overflowed the street. There were too many expanding women to count now. Maria stood the largest above them all, but after a certain point it no longer mattered. Our shelter under the tree wasn’t going to last. As clothes burst open and women’s expanding bodies inched onto our side of the street, Justine and I backed away. To either side we could escape into the rain. Escape, or wait and be pushed into it.

“*A-Ahhh!!*” Justine cried out, water running down the tree trunk and soaking her back. I could see her bra deforming to contain her breasts. It wouldn’t take much for her to reach massive proportions. She might give Maria a run for her money if given a chance.

PING!

PING!!

Two of my own buttons sprang free. Glancing down, I saw a heap of cleavage pushing its way out of the front of my shirt. My breasts seemed eager to escape and drink the growth-inducing rain. My skirt rode higher up my legs than ever, lifted by my butt like a shelf.

“A-Amy what do we do?!” Justine stared at her chest in worry as her bra creaked.

Heart racing, I took her hand. “We have to run.”