

## Inversing Proportions Part 1

*Contains breast expansion and female shrinking*

“Oh wow... It’s *heavy!*” Marnie hefted the present from the table. Twice the size of a shoebox, it waited in heart-covered wrapping paper. “You better not have gone crazy!” she scolded her husband. “It’s Valentine’s, not our anniversary!”

Dave smiled at her wonder. “Don’t worry about that kind of stuff! I saw it on eBay and I knew you had to have it for your collection. You wouldn’t have passed it up in a million years if you had been the one to see it.”

“Do I open it??”

“I would if I were you!”

Like a child, the tall, busty blonde tore at the paper. Dave’s hints told her it could be anything. Based on the weight, however, he had more than earned his sex for the night. Dave’s eyes hadn’t left her bust since he arrived home from work. Given the push-up bra hefting her ample F-cups up and out of her tantalizing low-cut shirt, Marnie was surprised he hadn’t already stripped her naked. Even she wanted to fuck her Valentine-clad reflection.

“Ok...” she said with delight after a cardboard box was freed of its wrapping. A postage label from India stuck to the front in addition to several stickers leftover from customs. “Let’s see what it is!”

Dave sipped triumphantly on a whiskey as she removed the tape and packing paper. Excitement beamed from Marnie’s face when she beheld the object inside.

“Oh *WOW...! Dave!!*” Even before removing it, she jumped up and tackled her husband with a hug and several sloppy kisses. She made sure to push every inch of her chest into his as well, giving him a taste of the gratitude to come. “*I LOVE IT!!*”

“I thought you would!” He kissed her back and accepted an opportunity to squeeze her ass through her tight jeans. “Happy Valentine’s Day.”

Marnie giggled and returned to her gift. With gentle hands, she removed a figurine and cradled it before her. Made of grey polished stone, a female figure stood six-inches tall shrouded in an air of fertility and femininity. Most impressive were the figure’s breasts. Dominating her stature and hewn extremely out of proportion, they hung off her front and covered her feet before rising tall enough to reach shoulder height. The sheer girth of her volleyball breasts would have been gargantuan and soul-crushing at real size. The nipples dwarfed the figure’s head.

“*Oh my God...*” Marnie gawked. “*Where did you find this?! I’ve never seen a fertility doll like it!*”

“Like I said: eBay! The seller didn’t offer much info but he assured me it was genuine. Couldn’t tell me from where or when it was from, though...” Dave scratched his head and looked at the odd statue. “If nothing else, I thought it would fit in perfectly with the rest of your collection!”

“This thing is going to be the star of the show!” Marnie lifted the figure in her hands and turned it over delicately. The carved woman looked frail and twig-like compared to her overblown chest. Marnie ogled the statue’s bust with a keen eye. “Look at the detail on her nipples... You can even make out the bumps on her areol--*Ahh!!*”

*THUD!!*

“*What’s wrong??*” Dave rushed to her side when Marnie cried out. The figure fell from her hands and landed back in its box with a table-shaking jolt.

Rubbing her hands as if she’d touched a hot pan, Marnie held them close to her chest and inspected for damage. “N-Nothing... I think... I was just holding it and it felt like I got burned... O-Or shocked... I’m not really sure *what* I just felt...” Marnie stared at the statue in confusion.

“Let me see.” Dave took her hands and inspected for injury. He found none, but was amazed at how thin her fingers felt between his. “I don’t see anything wrong. Are you sure you felt something?”

Marnie didn’t respond. Her eyes traveled around the room in perplexed wonder.

“Marnie...?”

His words fell on deaf ears. Strange sensations coursed through her body. Around her waist and thighs, her jeans loosened to the point of forming wrinkles. The clasp of her bra was no longer digging into her back, an odd reality considering how uncomfortable it had been all night.

“Mar...nie...?” Dave was noticing it now too. Normally, he and his wife could meet at eye level. As he held her shrinking hands in his, however, he noticed her gaze was several inches below his. Marnie’s head reached no higher than his nose.

“Dave...?? What’s going on...??” she whimpered. Marnie looked around the room in horror. Her perspective shifted more by the minute. Nearby shelves stretched taller. Furniture appeared large and engulfing. Most troubling of all, she was having to continually shift her gaze upward to keep sight of her husband’s face. “*WHAT’S HAPPENING TO ME?!*”

Panic was quick to overtake the shrinking woman. She ripped her hands from his grasp and ran them over her body, leaving her wedding ring in his palm. Marnie was horrified to find her clothes loose and baggy as if she’d bought a wardrobe several sizes too large. Her bra hung loosely around her torso and her shirt’s neckline yawned past her sternum.

*“I-I’m shrinking!! DAVE, I’M GETTING SMALLER!! What did that statue do to me?!”*

“Don’t panic! Don’t panic!!” Dave wasn’t sure who he was trying to convince. Every second they spent watching her frame dwindle was another handful of inches Marnie lost.

*“Why am I getting shorter?!”* Standing at four-feet tall, Marnie was brought back to a height she hadn’t experienced since the fifth grade. *“My body is getting sma--”*

She paused with a whimper when something slid down her thighs and bunched around her ankles. Cool air drifted across her pelvis. In shock, she could only stand frozen when she realized her jeans and panties had abandoned their posts.

*“My pants!!!!”* she cried. Her shirt hung limp and slid over a shoulder reminiscent of the 80s. Marnie moved to hide her unwanted nudity but found her sense of balance extremely

lacking. Heaviness pulled her front towards the floor with greed and she swayed to stay standing. *“Don’t just stand there!! DO SOMETHING!!”*

Dave wanted to help, but his eyes were too focused on Marnie’s chest to blink. “U-Uh...” he stammered. “Marnie...”

*“What?? HELP ME!! I’m going to have to live with Snow White if this keeps up!! Call a doctor!! O-Or...I don’t know!! Somebody with a growth ray!!!”*

Raising a finger, Dave pointed to her chest.

Every bit of her was shrinking, save her for breasts. Remaining large, full, and plump on her withering frame, Marnie’s mammaries stood out as massive melons the size of her head. The baggy clothes hanging ready to render her naked did nothing to cover her and revealed them in full.

*“What are you pointing a--”*

*SLIP!!*

Nearing three-feet tall, Marnie’s top and bra fell down her body like a New Year’s Eve ball. It took total nakedness for her to grasp the ridiculousness of her situation.

*“OH FUCK!!”*

Tiny hands grabbed at would-be watermelons. Like an elf trying to hold two basketballs, Marnie stumbled back against her heavy bust. Each nipple throbbed larger than her thumbs.

*“What’s happening to me?!”*

Dave stared in amazement. He couldn’t understand how his wife had come to such a small size. Exploring her exotic body, he wasn’t sure her pussy could have handled his index finger. A desperate need to see his cock wrapped in her small arms and kissed by her lips was overpowering.

*WHAM!!*

Marnie toppled to the ground. Shrunk so thin, her legs could not find the strength to support her bust. She fell into her discarded clothes feeling like a child’s toy.

Dave gulped. “Y-You’re shrinking... But I think your chest... Is actually getting *bigger*.”

*“WHAT?!”*

Marnie stared at her tits. Though they appeared larger compared to her chest, she couldn’t help but notice their rounded forms expanding outwards at a slow, steady pace. Deep cleavage met naturally as they were pushed closer by her tiny torso, yet their increasing size couldn’t be denied. They heaved larger with every shrunken breath and applied enough weight to make her arms tremble.

*“M-My body...”* Marnie squeaked. *“Dave help me!! My chest is going to be too big for my body!!”*

There was nothing he could think to do. It was like watching a horny teenager play with the character customization sliders in a new video game. As Marnie shrank, her bust continued swelling in turn. Her clothes rose around her like a mountain range of fabric.

“D-Dave!” she piped in an increasingly high-pitch voice. At less than two-feet tall, Marnie’s thighs were no thicker than two inches. Her arms commanded less circumference than Dave’s index finger. Yet her breasts had blown to the size of beach balls.

“M-Make it stop!! I’m going to get too small!! MY TITS ARE GETTING TOO BIG!!” Marnie struggled to stay upright but the weight of her chest forced her onto her back. Around her, the cups of her push-up bra loomed overhead as lacey domes. “My boobs are too big for me!!”

Dave watched her body vanish under two jiggling orbs. Marnie’s thrashing arms could be seen beating back the encroaching mass of her chest like B-movie monsters.

“Dave!! DAAAAVE!!!”

Marnie’s voice dwindled to muffled yells of a fairy until her limbs were completely hidden under her chest. The sight was too much to process. Where his wife had stood no less than a few minutes ago, now sat a pile of her clothes with a pair of beach ball-sized breasts wobbling amongst the fabric like abandoned watermelons. They shook with the tiny fury of Marnie struggling beneath them for freedom and air.

“Hang on!” Dave exclaimed.

Stooping down, he slid his hands between the two mammaries and Marnie’s clothes until he cupped them like two large water balloons. They jiggled and stared at him with puffy nipples as he gingerly lifted them from the ground.

“A-Aaaahhh!!! Ooohhhh God!! Be CAREFUL!!” Marnie squeaked from below as she hung off their bottoms. “MMMNGHH!!! They’re so fucking sensitive!!”

Dave couldn’t be sure if he’d just heard a groan of orgasmic delight come from his tiny wife. She continued to moan and pant as he struggled to turn them over in his hands. So full and soft, his palms sank several inches into them and proved difficult to maneuver. Eventually, he managed to set them down on the table with Marnie laying across their tops. Her frame required only six inches and was dwarfed by the relative size of her bust.

“The hell did you do to me?!” she cried out, unable to move against her anchoring flesh. Marnie thrashed back and forth, trying to find any bit of control. “I’m no taller than that statue!! EXCEPT MY TITS ARE EVEN BIGGER THAN HERS!!! I CAN’T EVEN--WHOOAA!!”

**BWOOOMPH**

As if in a cartoon, Marnie’s struggling tilted her chest too far and she found it rolling backward on the table. Her arms flailed as she grasped empty air.

“W-Wait!! Dave, stop them!! MMMMMM!!! O-OHHH GOD!!”

Marnie’s tiny body vanished behind her tits when they rolled upward to stare at Dave once more with nipples engorged to strawberries. With Marnie nowhere in sight, he was left ogling the disembodied breasts sitting in front of him. Majestic cleavage pressed tight and firm.

Marnie panted against the oversized sensitivity affecting her small figure. A gentle breeze against her nipples was enough to send her into the convulsing throes of orgasm. Unable to see anything from behind her boob wall, she listened to the sound of Dave standing up.

“D-Dave...?”

*ZIIIP!!*

She whimpered upon hearing the sound of his pants coming undone.  
A pair of tits had never looked so good.