

Victim of Bloat Part 1

“Have you actually *seen* anyone bloat up? It’s *insane!* It’s like watching something out of a B horror movie! Or a porno, depending on who you are, I guess.”

Emily shook her head at her friend, Jon, as they walked up the stairs to her apartment. A door opened to welcome them into empty living quarters chilled from the winter day. She was quick to toss her barista apron over the couch after dropping her bookbag with a heavy thud. The college students’ night of studying hadn’t even begun.

“I’ve only heard stories about it and seen a few videos online. I can’t imagine going through that...” Emily admitted. “We’re taking a lot of precautions at the cafe, but it doesn’t sound like anyone knows *for sure* how to stop the spread. It just attacks anyone it wants regardless of how careful they are. They don’t even know how you get infected!”

Jon nodded. “It’s a mess. I’ve heard some girls are actually hoping they catch it.”

“Are you kidding me??” Emily kicked off her shoes and groaned. “I get that some girls want to be bigger, but that is just too far. I wouldn’t want my boobs blowing up like that! It turns some of them into a walking pair of tits!”

Jon agreed, but not fully. He was lucky enough to know several victims of the infamous Titty Bloat Virus and each had been a wondrous transformation. Most found their new assets overgrown, too heavy, and in extreme cases, immobilizing. Little was known about the virus, though it had been proven to affect women ninety-nine percent of the time. Once infected, their bodies were forced to produce excessive amounts of mass concentrated in their busts leading to hyper lactation and arousal. For some, the effects were temporary and manageable. For others, the growth proved to be more permanent. Tissue expansion occurred within an hour of contracting the virus and usually ended just as quickly.

Following Emily into her room, Jon’s eyes lowered to watch her thighs and rear move. His long-time friend with benefits checked almost every box in his list of physical attractions. Blonde, tan, sporting wide hips and thighs to match, Emily’s body lacked only one thing to make her a drop-dead bombshell in Jon’s book. He would never admit it aloud, but secretly he hoped she might catch the virus and her assets would flourish into a heavenly hourglass figure.

“I hope you’re ready to study and not just stare at my ass all night,” Emily teased after looking back to catch Jon in the act.

“I can do both!”

“Riiiiight.”

THUMP!!

A playful bump from Emily’s hips pushed Jon onto her bed. Studying wasn’t the only thing on her mind and Jon was certain he would get to play the friend-with-benefit card eventually.

“Oh! Already pushing me into bed?? We haven’t even opened a book yet!” Jon teased.

Emily snickered and stuck out her tongue. “Keep your pants on for at least an hour. I have a chemistry test tomorrow.”

“Aye aye, captain.”

Jon gave a sarcastic salute and dove into his bag. He didn’t notice Emily gently rubbing her arm across the front of her chest. Inside her bra, her nipples ached and burned for attention. Since getting off work, her body temperature had been rising to sweat-inducing levels. The back of her neck felt steamy and heat poured from her collar. Emily couldn’t recall a time when her nipples felt so needy and sensitive.

“Can we turn some heat on? It’s a freezer in here!” Jon scolded. “Aren’t you cold??”

“O-Oh! Sorry! I hadn’t noticed! I keep it off when I’m at work or class...” Wiping a layer of sweat from her brow, Emily made a trip to the thermostat and turned her heat on for the night. Steam was almost rising from her skin on her way to her desk. By the time she sat down, Emily could feel sweat soaking through her shirt.

“*M-Mmmngh...*” She swooned in heat as the room started to spin. Facing away from Jon, she stared helplessly at the unopened textbook in front of her. “Why am I...so hot...all of the sudden...? My body feels like...it’s on...*fire...* *N-Nngh...!*” The gentle protrusion of her breasts appeared especially inviting.

Jon’s voice came from a million miles away. “How far are you on the Linear Algebra homework? I haven’t been able to get past the first question.”

“*My...My chest...*” Emily moaned. Leaning forward, she hugged it despite the furnace churning within. Sweat ran into her cleavage and she gasped for breath.

“Hmm? Did you say something?”

“*N-NNnnghmmm...!*”

Jon watched Emily double over. Even from across the room, he could feel the warmth radiating off her body.

“*Haaahh... H-Haaahhhh... O-Oohhhhh... My boobs...!*” Emily groaned. Panting and gasping with labored breaths, she endured the rising heat. Pressure pushed against her hands.

“Em...?” Worried, Jon rose and went to her side. He stopped upon finding her hands overflowing with a pair of breasts swollen to triple their natural size. “*What the fuck?!*”

“*Ooohhhh... Ohhhh God!! My TITS!!!*” Emily cried. Stretching her blue barista shirt to the limit, Emily’s bust heaved off her front like two volleyballs. Bulging flesh oozed between her fingers and rose out of her stretching neckline like dough.

“E-Emily!” Jon said, stumbling back. “I-I think you caught the--”

“*MMMNGH!!!!*”

A room-shaking moan of pleasure cut off his words. Completely losing herself to the sudden bout of bloating, Emily arched her back and thrust her chest into the air. They heaved off her front to overflow her grasp and demand every inch of her shirt.

CRREEAAAKK!!!!

“*MY BRA!!!*” she yelled between pleading gasps for air. Jon watched her shirt outline the shape of her lingerie. “*God it can't hold me!!!*”

SLAM!!!

Two jiggling globes fell onto the desk to send several knick-knacks clattering to the floor. Massive strawberry nipples tented the polo as Emily leaned her weight onto her bust. Watching them squish between Emily's fingers made Jon's jaw drop. Every bit of stimulation only drove Emily further into the depths of maddening pleasure and accelerated her growth. It was the Titty Bloat Virus, and she was in the middle of its overpowering effects. Watching her chest balloon with flesh into ripe watermelons was everything Jon had dreamed it would be. However, when they continued gaining weight, he knew she couldn't be allowed to continue playing with them. He'd seen firsthand how bad the situation can get when a girl can't keep her hands off herself.

“*Emily! Stop touching them!!*” Jon yelled with worry. He jumped behind her to hold her arms back.

“*N-No!! Let me go!! I have to touch them!!!*” Struggling, Emily shook her chest left and right. Friction against her tightening shirt stimulated her nipples like a thousand tiny fingers.

GUUURRRRRGLE

“*MMMNGH!!!*”

A fluid-like churning came from her tits. Such a fleshy, bubbly sound caused Jon to falter against a tightness in his pants. Drops of warm liquid pelted his face. Licking his lips, he tasted a creamy sweetness like frosting. A layer of white droplets covered her desk. Mouth going dry, Jon realized milk had sprayed from Emily's nipples in her struggling.

“*M-MMM!!! Oohhhhh they're GETTING BIGGER!!!*”

GUUURRRRRGLE

Her chest bloated full and heavy with fluid. Watching skin overflow her shirt as if two beach balls were inflating, Jon knew he had to act fast. Pulling with all his weight, he yanked Emily from her chair to drag her onto the bed with a shirt-straining slosh. The struggle found him tumbling under her until they came to rest with Emily lying on top of him in a sweaty heap. He was lucky to have maintained a hold on her wrists.

“*Mmmnghh!!! OOHhhh MY TIIIIITS!!! They won't stop BLOATING!! I can feel them...SWELLING UP!!! God, am I a BALLOON?!*”

Every ridge of her chest pushed against Jon's chest. Full, tight, and leaking, her breasts felt more akin to two balloons growing dangerously full. Still he refused to release her wrists for fear of her massaging pushing her breasts to new limits.

“*Mmmngh... M-MMM!!*” She whimpered loudly. “*Let me go, Joon... Let me touch them!!! Please!!!*” Misty-eyed, Emily looked between her cleavage to his face below. “*I-I just want to play with them!!*”

Emily rubbed her crotch against his hardened shaft. Hot moisture soaked through their pants until it felt as though their skin were pressed together. Jon couldn't believe the lust dripping from Emily's breath, nor the intense fluid leaking from her nipples and crotch. The

virus had turned his friend with benefits into a raging sex-fueled succubus wanting nothing more than to urge her mammaries larger and fuller.

“MMMMM!!! M-Mooore!! MORE!!” Emily begged. She rubbed her body up and down Jon’s to generate friction against her nipples. *“Come on... Don’t you want to fuck me with these giant engorging udders?? I’ll let you do whatever you want to me! I want to feel you pump me with your cock while my tits pump up with milk!!”*

GUUURRRGLE

Milk flowed though found nowhere to go. With both nipples pinned against him, Emily’s udders had no choice but to expand and swell. Fluid gushed against her skin to stretch her inches at a time.

CRREEAAAAAAAK!!!

“Ohhh my bra!!! MY BRA CAN’T TAKE THIS!!”

“E-Em!! You need to get a hold of yourself!!”

Cleavage squished out of her collar and engulfed Jon’s face. Restraining her felt closer to fighting a human water balloon at this point. Emily’s constant struggles filled Jon’s ears with sloshing. Tight skin pressed into his arms and pushed their bodies apart like airbags. Drawn to the point of popping stitches, Emily’s work shirt acted as little more than a sports bra stretched across a pair of giant breasts.

“NNGH!!! O-Ooohhh yes!! God YES!!! I’ve always wanted this!!!” Emily screamed. Lust flooded from her groin to drown Jon’s cock. He was going to burst through his boxers at this rate.

“No you haven’t!! You never wanted them bigger!” Jon argued. He knew very well how much Emily enjoyed her original C-cup breasts. The monsters threatening to suffocate him never would have appealed to her sane mind. *“You’re not going to be able to stand up if they keep growing!!”*

“I don’t care!!! I don’t care!!” Emily bit her lip and applied her full weight to her chest. Their bulging size almost forced Jon to let go of her wrists. *“I want them to bloat!! I want to feel how big they can get!!! Can’t you feel how FULL I am, Jon?! Can’t you feel how much milk is STUFFED INSIDE MY TITS?! I’m like a human COW!!”*

GUUURRRRRGLE!!!

Their contents couldn’t be ignored. Jon felt every heavy ounce pushing him down into his mattress. Breathing under their weight was hard enough without her cleavage blocking his nose and mouth.

CRREEEAAAAAAAK

“Em!! Your bra!!!” Jon warned.

“Let it break!!! I want it to snap!! I want it to EXPLODE!!”

CRRREEEAAAAAAAK!!!!

Jon winced at every complaining stitch. It was like waiting for a balloon to explode in his face. Pressed against him, her bra felt like a bomb set to go off at the slightest touch.

“Mmmm it’s gonna break!! It’s gonna break!!”

CRREEEAAAAKK!!!!

SHHRRRIIP!!

Jon felt a tear open on the side of Emily’s shirt. Flesh bulged free and rubbed against his arm with smooth, latex-like tightness. He wouldn’t be able to restrain her much longer. Just like her clothes, he was fighting a losing battle. Rock-hard nubs prodded his chest and he knew her nipples couldn’t have been more engorged.

GUUURRRRRGLE

“Haaahhh!! Ooohhhhhh GOD!! H-Here comes more milk!! I don’t know...if I can hold it all!!! It’s making me stretch!!”

“Then stop struggling!!”

“B-But it feels so GOOD!!”

“You’re just making your boobs bloat even bi--”

SNAP!!!!

SHHRRRRRIIPPP!!!!

“AUUUGH!!!!”

A storm of spandex and cotton exploded around them. Finally breaking free of their prison, Emily’s breasts burst into the open among the tattered remains of her work uniform.

SPLUUURRTCH!!!!

Jon couldn’t be sure if the spraying liquid was coming from her nipples or her crotch when Emily screamed. Her entire body tensed as her chest endured a massive onslaught of growth comparable to a bouncy house inflating. Flesh billowed across Jon’s bed and over his body. It pushed against his trembling arms until he couldn’t maintain his grip any longer and he was forced to release Emily’s wrists.

“MMMNNNGHHH!!!!!!!!!!”

Frantic with lust, she attacked her chest. Jiggling mounds expanded between them to lift her into the air. Nipples like angry fists beat against Jon’s body.

*“OOOHH GOD!!!! GROW!!!! SWEEEEEEELL!!!! **BLOAT!!!**”*

Emily chanted for her transformation. Erupting with orgasm, she trembled atop engorging tits swelling with her arousal. The process continued for several minutes until her cries died off into labored gasps. Fluid dripped from her thighs into her cleavage below. The virus’s effect was waning, as was its grasp on her judgment. Slowly, she came to her senses and looked around the room in confusion.

“Mmmmm... M-Mmm...?”

Emily stared. Her body shuddered and ached with growing pains. Dazed, she looked down from her overblown yoga ball breasts to barely see Jon’s head peeking from the top of her cleavage. His arms and legs lay pinned beneath her girth, as did a mattress dripping with lactation.

“Jon...?” Emily squeaked, shocked at her immobilizing transformation. “What...What happened?? What are these things?! I-I don’t remember...anything after I...sat down...!! *What happened to my breasts?!*”

“Yoph caught mpha vras!”

A muffled yell came from below. Scared to hear the truth, Emily spread her steaming cleavage apart to find Jon buried below. “W-What did you say??”

“What do you think happened?? You caught the virus!”