

Out of Control Part 2
Caution: contains popping



“Did you bring it?” The words had hardly left Monica’s mouth before she sat down across from Clint. After the previous night’s events and her now ruined bedroom, she was desperate to prevent another rush of uncontrolled growth. In the last twenty-four hours since frantically calling Clint and setting up another date, every accidental press of a button from his handling of the Tit Clicker threw Monica into a panic.

“Nice to see you too!” Clint laughed, “Been a while.”

It was hard for Monica not to laugh. Something about his confident demeanor and sharp blue eyes drew her in like a black hole. Clint was a hard man to resist; he made Monica giddy.

“Yea...” she giggled while moving some hair behind an ear. The front of her enlarged chest pushed against the table and reminded her of the task at hand. “After I found out I left my remote in the taxi I had to break my three-day rule.”

“I’m glad you did. I was sorry to hear all that excitement on your end wasn’t to get together again, though.” Clint smiled a strong grin that made Monica’s heart race.

“Sorry about that...” The nightmare was still fresh in her mind. Hours passed before enough milk had drained from her chest for her to reach her phone and call Clint. It had taken a little convincing for Clint to follow her instructions and bring her size back to normal. Part of her prayed he didn’t know what the remote was for, but Monica knew it was only a sliver of hope. Though if someone needed to have control of her chest, maybe Clint wouldn’t be so bad once he understood. The thought aroused her.

“I was dealing with a bit of chaos on my end after losing my remote. Thanks for listening when I called; I know it was pretty late. And thanks for agreeing to meet so soon, too...”

“Hey don’t worry about it! It got me on a date with you, after all. Good way to spend a Saturday night if you ask me.”

Monica blushed. Across the table Clint shifted in his seat and she felt an extra cup size bubble within her chest. It had been clicking in his pocket all day, enough to give her an ample set of handfuls. Clint’s wandering eyes said he was all-too-aware of her vastly different bust from the night before. What guy wouldn’t notice a girl going from a leaking armful to supple coconuts?

“Could I get it back now, please? It’s really important to me and it’s been stressful not having it around.”

“You don’t beat around the bush do you?” Clint reached into his pocket and withdrew the Tit Clicker. Monica extended a hand to grab it but he decided to inspect it before handing it over. “What is it?”

It was the question Monica had been afraid of. How would he react if she told him it was a direct control for her breasts and every aspect about them? How would any guy, for that matter? What male would give up such power?

“It’s...uh...a controller for an old TV I have,” Monica tried to lie.

“Really? A *TV*? It says Tit Clicker.”

“Yea you know! If you’re gonna control the ol’ boob-tube, you’re gonna need a Tit Clicker!” A cheesy grin spread over her face in hopes the excuse would pass.

One of his thumbs hovered over a button. “And what exactly does a TV do when you tell it to lactate?”

“It...runs an automatic cleanser to wipe the screen and--”

Click!

“A-Ahh!” Monica couldn’t help but release a groan when milk flooded her chest and skin bulged into her bra. Luckily she had partly planned ahead and wore an outfit with much more stretch than her previous little-black-dress.

“All right there?” Clint asked with a sly smile.

Shivering with passing arousal, Monica bit her lip as she eyed his thumb hovering over a button destined to increase her nipple sensitivity. The dominating look on Clint’s face was driving her wild. She knew next to nothing about this man, but one thing was certain; she wouldn’t mind him having a bit of fun with her breasts.

“O-O-Ok, *mmmm...fine...* It controls me, happy?”

Clint raised an eyebrow. “It controls you?”

“M-My chest more specifically.”

“Ahh, hence the name Tit Clicker,” Clint nodded. It tumbled over in his palm as he looked at it with new eyes. “So when you called me last night?”

Memories of her bosom overflowing her bed were quick to return. “Yea, it was a bit of a situation.”

Chuckling, Clint admitted, “I played with it all the way home. Had I known I would have left it alone! Hope I didn’t accidentally take you too far.”

His eyes were like a tractor beam. Monica could listen to his teasing words all night. “Oh, no I was fine... The girls are tough.”

“Good to hear,” A smile slithered over Clint’s face and his eyes locked onto Monica’s cleavage. “Then I guess you wouldn’t mind if I...”

Click!

“Ahh!”

Skin bulged upwards and Monica’s bosom pressed around the table’s edge as she neared a full H-cup. Clint’s eyes lit up like a child’s. “Would you look at that.”

Using one hand to grip the table and ground herself against the pleasure, Monica reached out. “C-Could I get it back now?”

“Wouldn’t you like to have a little fun first?”

Nothing sounded better at that moment with ecstasy filling her head. A part of Monica knew it was her own libido talking and clouding her judgment, but her sensible side was busy drowning in the milk filling her glands. “What did you...*mmmm...have in mind?*”

“How about I hold onto it for the date and we see who breaks first?”

“You want me to just *give* you control of my boobs? Are you insane?” Monica narrowed her eyes and wondered how deep of a situation she was in. She didn’t like to admit it, but Clint was in control of the situation. Both literally and figuratively. What if he refused to return it?

“I’ll keep it classy!” Clint assured her, “Think of it as punishment for breaking the three-day rule. I promise I won’t do anything your clothes can’t handle. Until we’re home, at least...”

Monica’s body screamed yes but her mind had reservations. Handing over control of the size, contents, and sensitivity of her breasts to a near-stranger was perhaps in the top three rules of what not to do on a date.

“I don’t kn--”

Click!

“*Mmm!!*”

Her nipples flared and engorged with arousal. Monica became acutely aware of the lining in her bra cups, heart pounding at their rising sensitivity. “F-Fine,” she growled, “But you give it back after.”

Clint grinned and gripped his new toy. “We’ll see.”

It was difficult for Monica to recall a time in her life where she felt more alive. Last night at her birthday party had been a lot of fun and games after the introduction of the Tit Clicker. But this was completely different. Monica had just willingly given Clint total control over one of her most private and personal areas to do as he pleases. It wasn’t the first time she had found herself at the mercy of another man; being submissive always managed to rev her engine. This was another type of submission, though. Clint could do whatever he wanted to her breasts at this point and there was little Monica could do to stop him. It excited her like the climb of a towering roller coaster.

“So what do you have in mind...?” she cooed. The idea of giving control over was warming up to her. Bringing her arms together to create a line of cleavage between her H-cup breasts, she pushed them against the top of the table to tease her audience. “Or are these big enough already?”

Clint snickered and toyed with the remote on the table, spinning it around with a finger. “I think that’s for you to find out.”

A waiter approached. “Have we decided on dinner?”

Monica was famished after a long night of outgrowing her bed and her stomach growled at the mention of food. Holding the menu before her, she looked over the options. “I think I’ll have the salmo--”

Click!

“--*aaahh!*” Monica cried out in surprise when milk rushed through her chest to engorge her skin. Her breasts bloated and grew heavy on top of the table, drawing the waiter’s suspicious eyes. Across the table Clint watched with a sly grin and Monica hoped the waiter didn’t notice her grinding thighs.

“S-Sorry,” she coughed, “I’ll have the salmon, please.”

“Very nice. And you, sir?”

“Hmmm...” Clint hummed in false thought. A finger devilishly fingered the remote. A shiver of excitement ran through Monica when it came to rest on the inflate button. “What’s the special tonight?”

Click!

HSSSSS

“*Oh!*”

The waiter tried to ignore another outburst from Monica and a muffled hissing like a burst of air. Keeping the menu upright and in front of her chest, she looked down to see an airy tightness spreading across her bust. “*M-Mmmm...*” she whimpered helplessly.

“Tonight we have a lamb salad with fregola,” the waiter recited. “This comes with your choice of--”

Click!

HSSSSS

“*A-Aahhh mmm!!*” Monica squirmed in her seat and dug her fingernails into the menu. Two bulbous mounds inflated into her dress and pulled the straps tight across her back. In no time she had grown from swollen handfuls to impossible-to-miss melons jutting off her chest.

They demanded the majority of her table space and bulged in their tight inflation. Had it not been for the protective menu hiding their bulk, the entire restaurant would have been able to see the swollen basketballs blowing off Monica's bust.

The waiter continued after a frustrated glance at the flustered woman with what he was positive to be a swelling bosom. "This comes with your choice of red wine or--"

Click!

HSSSSSS

"M-M-MMM!!"

Monica had to bite her lip when her breasts inflated once more. They billowed and filled like party balloons straining for release. Even in her baggy clothes, her tits didn't need much more girth before they could burst free. Hoping to save a little modesty and tease Clint, Monica draped the menu over her chest and giggled innocently at the waiter. "S-Sorry, tickle in my throat."

A peek of cleavage flashed Clint from under the menu as she tried to conceal her breasts. Monica saw hunger and greed flash in his eyes at the sight of her burgeoning mammaries and her heart fluttered. This was the most erotic thing she had done in a long time and they hadn't even left the restaurant.

"Should I come back?" the waiter asked, unable to hide his frustration behind professionalism. It wasn't the first time a couple had had fun with what he assumed was a remote-controlled vibrator.

Clint chuckled and waved a hand. "No, no, that's all right. I'll take the steak medium rare, please."

"Glad to hear it." The waiter took Clint's menu from him and Monica saw a smile flash over her date's face a second later. Anxiety fluttered in her chest when the waiter reached for her menu. "Ma-am?"

Face red with excitement and embarrassment, Monica held a straight face while relinquishing her cover. The waiter's gaze wasn't lost on her, nor were the countless eyes drawn to their table from around the room.

Breasts larger than Monica's head rested on the table like erotic centerpieces. They stood high and round from the multiple blows of air pumped into their forms. Monica's skin was smooth and shiny from the airy pressure within and smooth pink ridges of areolas shown around her dress. Bubbly cleavage rose as high as her collarbones and side by side her breasts sat wider than her shoulders. Clint couldn't stare hard enough.

"Mmmmm..." Monica moaned softly, "Look what you did to me."

The way he grinned made shivers run through her body. "You're looking a little full."

One of Monica's fingers ran over the top of her exposed bust before slipping into taut cleavage. "Trust me, they can take *much* more."

"Can your dress, though?"

"I'm willing to bet you're going to find out."

It was the first time Monica had ever considered leaving a restaurant before their food had even arrived. Her loins ached to have Clint and his dominating personality inside of her. She wanted to know how far he could take her.

Click!

"Gaah!!" Glasses and silverware jolted when Monica gripped the table suddenly and cried out in surprise. Heads turned to look at the commotion and she clamped a hand over her

mouth to stifle the noise. Her nipples flared with heat and arousal against her dress. Clint was messing with her sensitivity levels. “E-Easy...with that...” she warned, “I can g-get...a little loud...”

“I think I might like to hear you get excited,” Clint decided.

“M-Maybe go easy on the--”

Click!

“*Mmmmmmmaaahh!!*” Monica’s nipples felt as though they were massaging themselves. Clint could see their thick nubs expanding and contracting against her dress with lustful arousal. Panting heavily from the rushing endorphins and thrill of doing something so private in such a public place, Monica looked near faint. She didn’t know how much longer she could stand to sit across from the man in control of her chest.

Her heart skipped a beat when his thumb played over the buttons.

Click!

HSSSSS

Click!

GUUURRGLE

“*Ahhhhh oooooOOHHH GOD!!*” The restaurant fell silent at Monica’s outburst. It was impossible to avoid when milk and air had just flowed into her chest simultaneously.

Skin stretched over the table cloth and crept towards the center. Stitches popped along her sides and shoulder straps against the tension as Monica filled with fluid and air. Both stuffed inside of her, every heavy breath and motion caused a loud sloshing. Clint had been neglecting the grow button thus far and Monica’s skin had become tight and strained as a result. Her rounding breasts rested on the table like fantastical implants with more of her nipples visible than hidden. The heightened pleasure of having them rub against the dress was enough to paralyze her in place.

“C-Clint...” she moaned, trying to keep her breaths short for fear of her dress breaking.

“Hmm?” He raised an amused eyebrow at the scene before him. This was unlike anything he had felt before: the power to control a woman’s breasts. It was awe-inspiring, and it was consuming. He felt drunk on his new ability. It was everything he had ever hoped it could be.

Monica groaned loudly when her chest bubbled. “Take...*nnngh*...Take me home.”

SNAP!!

A strap exploded over her shoulder and slapped on top of the table, revealing a bloated nipple swollen with need and desire. Milk sprayed over the tablecloth in Monica’s vibrating arousal.

Clint couldn’t have held himself back any longer. Throwing money on the table and grabbing his coat, he lifted Monica by an arm and caused a symphony of moans when her chest fell heavy and round against her torso. Milk gurgled within their air-filled shapes. He paraded her out of the restaurant amid agape jaws and wide eyes.

Moments later the waiter arrived with their food to find an empty table in disarray and showered in a sweet liquid. Taking the money, he groaned and returned the food to the kitchen. “There’s always *some* couple...” he grumbled.

“T-Take me to your place...” Monica begged as she was led into the parking lot on Clint’s shoulder. One of his hands slipped up her side and groped her exposed nipples with a full palm, almost making her collapse under the sensation. “*Ahh!!*” Breathing heavily and head

swimming in desire, she added, “A-And you can make me bigger.” Having her nipples played with at such sensitivity was like being struck by lightning.

Clint brought her to a car dripping with an owner’s pride. Cars had never been one of Monica’s passions, but she knew a restored muscle car when she saw one. Every detail was babied and meticulously taken care of, Clint’s chest swelling with pride when he stopped before it.

“What do you think?” he asked with admiration. “Restored her myself. Took years to finish.”

Monica had a hard time believing they were still standing in front of his car while her breasts were ballooning off her front. Still, she humored Clint in her aroused state. “She’s nice...”

Stepping forward, Clint opened the passenger door and ushered Monica inside. “Try not to leak on my seats.”

Small bubbles of caution rose within her. Something about this guy’s priorities felt off. Hardly in a state of mind to care, Monica ducked into his car and bounced into a leather seat. The door closed and pushed against her right breasts, the cold glass of his window pressing against firm skin.

Clint sat behind the steering wheel seconds later with key in hand. “If you think you’re horny now, just wait until you feel this engine vibrate that pussy.”

She wanted to roll her eyes at the statement but it was hard to deny the feeling between her legs when the car purred to life. Monica groaned as milk sloshed inside her bust and pressed against tight skin. “C-Can you...make them grow a little...please?” she pleaded, “Just so they l-loosen up? Only filling them with milk and air makes them r-really tight.”

Putting the car into first gear, Clint shook his head. “Not in here! I don’t want to damage anything.”

Monica wrapped her arms over her bust when the car roared onto the highway. The contents of her tits jiggled and sloshed, tickling her skin and causing her nipples to pulse with screaming ecstasy. The drive to Clint’s house was like pleasurable torture and by the time his tires screeched into the driveway Monica was certain she had come at least twice. Her breasts felt like shaken soda cans fit to burst.

“Hope you’re ready to blow that dress apart,” Clint teased after opening her door and lending a hand.

“M-More than...ready...” she groaned.

The inside of Clint’s house rushed by in a blur once his front door closed and he got his hands on Monica. They embraced in sex-fueled arms and kissed violently. Monica’s breasts bulged dangerously between their chests as Clint pulled her close and pushed her into the bedroom.

Monica fell onto a bed, hands steadying a wobbling bust casting a shadow over her face. She didn’t care that her legs were spread and dress lifted to reveal what lay underneath; she was more than ready for Clint to have his way.

Circling the bed like a predator as he undressed, Clint inspected the buxom woman. The Tit Clicker rested in a firm grip. “Let’s make a few adjustments before we get started, shall we?”

“W-Wait before we do that can I take my dress off--”

Click!

Click!

Click!

“O-O-Oooooook nevermind!!” Monica gasped with wide eyes. Massive surges of growth pulsed across her chest when Clint increased her cup size. They grew up and out over her torso, their increased mass allowing their shapes to flatten with new capacity. It was a relief for Monica to no longer feel a load of milk pressing against her skin. Softness and pliability returned to her breasts while her skin started to jiggle with her heaving breaths. Their increased capacity was glorious. The remaining strap of her dress was swallowed into the bulges of her left mammary.

“That’s a start,” Clint teased, “You look ready to fill up all over again.”

Monica could only whimper in helpless response. The sensation of growth incapacitated her. It was all she could do to watch her chest rise higher overhead like parade floats and cleavage engulf her chin. A loud groan escaped from her dress against the rising pressures and they both knew another jump in size would be the end of it.

Click!

“Mmm!?”

SNAP!!

Again her chest swelled larger. A gasp of arousal stretched her dress to the limit and blew apart her remaining strap to reveal a nipple the size of Clint’s thumb. With so much sensitivity running through them, Monica was unable to touch them herself and had to find other ways to steady her bosom by pressing firmly on their sides.

Clint stepped to the foot of the bed. A hand ran up Monica’s thigh causing her to hum with longing. Fingers gripped her ruined dress and pulled it down her body, soon followed by a soaking pair of panties. When he climbed onto the bed and straddled the naked woman Monica’s chest shimmied like jello.

“So these are what you like?” she cooed, running her hands over the swollen forms of her beach ball breasts. It was necessary to crane her neck to see over their tops, but the look of carnal hunger in Clint’s eyes was all she needed to see. Strong hands grabbed her thighs and bent her legs into her chest before Clint leaned into her waiting pussy. The force of her knees sinking into her chest pushed them into her cheeks.

“*S-Shit!*” Monica gasped loudly when his member entered into her. With so much sexual build up, the simple act of insertion was almost enough to drive her over the edge.

“Look at you...” Clint stated as if speaking to an animal performing a trick. Laying on top of her chest, Monica’s tits flattened to her sides as they supported his weight. “So big I can hardly kiss you.”

“Mmmmm... You could always suck a little milk out of these udders if you need to and--*AHH!*!”

Clint’s movements were swift and strong. In one motion his hands had grabbed her forearms and pulled them over her head where he held both wrists in place against the headboard. Desire and submissiveness flared within her at being manhandled so roughly. Monica was never one to turn down a little restraint or bondage, but a seed of worry was growing in the back of her mind.

“They’re a start,” he said almost commandingly. His free hand fumbled with the remote at Monica’s side.

“D-Don’t go...too big...” she said half-seriously. “It takes...a lot out of me... A-And my chest...”

Thrusting movements sent ripples across her bloated bosom. A cock like a lead pipe slid in and out of her to bring waves of ecstasy.

Click!

Click!

“*M-M-MMM!!*” A stifled moan escaped Monica’s pursed lips when her chest resumed lactation. Milk flowed through her and engorged her skin to her sides and against Clint, raising him a few inches into the air.

“C-Careful with...the milk!” Monica panted, pulling at his grip, “They can only...hold so much...! Especially when you’re laying on them!”

Leaning more heavily into their beach ball bulk, Clint smiled. “They seem to have plenty of room left to me.”

Click!

Click!

Click!

“*A-Ahhhh!! C-Clint...! God that’s a lot of m-milk at once! Slow down!*”

Monica scrunched her eyes when her dairy production was thrown into overdrive. In no time her tits had regained their previous firmness and rounded shapes, filling to the brim with creamy milk. They sloshed loudly with each thrust of Clint’s cock. Each nipple pressed into his chest like an angry finger demanding release from the mounting flow behind her areolas.

“O-O-Ok that’s...*nnnnnggghhMMMMM...enough milk!*” Monica stammered when the rush tapered off. Her chest was beyond realistic sizes and verging on cartoonish. She doubted she could have met her hands across their front if she had to. Despite their monstrous, gurgling mass, Monica’s mind was flooded with hormones and lust. The pleasure rushing through her was rare and hard to come by, the kind only found in dangerous situations.

She wasn’t sure how much more she could take, both in her growing bust and the amount of stress on her mind. With sensitivity through the roof and pussy filled with hard dick, Monica was growing exhausted. Going through so much growth and milk production so quickly was a major drain on her stamina, even more so during actual sex.

Clint chuckled, pressing onto her firming skin and tapping a finger. “Enough milk, huh?” His thumb changed positions on the remote. “If you say so.”

“W-Wait--”

Cliiiiiiii--

Monica’s eyes bulged and her breath caught in her chest when Clint held down the growth button. Lightning struck continuously as cup after cup poured into her tits as if from a faucet. Tugging at her wrists held so firmly in Clint’s grip, she squirmed under her bloating mammaries.

“T-T-Too much, Clint! Slow down!”

He didn’t appear to hear her, keeping the button depressed. Flesh stretched and developed before Monica’s eyes. The sensation was quickly overwhelming her senses and her mind grew foggy. The mountainous growth she experienced the night before was nothing compared to this. These weren’t random, sporadic button presses. This was pure, unrestrained growth blossoming within her bust.

“C-Cli--*MMMMM!!!* This is...*nnngh!!...t-too big!!*”

They heaved and wobbled higher. Clint had to change his position when resting his weight atop their globe-like forms was no longer an option.

“T-Too...fast!” Monica wasn’t sure if she were referring to the growth or the number of orgasms running through her body. Combined together, though, it was becoming too much to bear. “*NNNNGGGHH CLINT!!!*”

In a sudden rush, he released his hold on Monica’s wrists. Her hands flew to her titanic tits, massaging their flowing skin helplessly. Her eyes widened when two fists wrapped around her nipples like joysticks.

“*AAHHH!!!*” The pleasure was like a load of bricks being dropped on her head.

Gripping her nipples in a relentless hold, Clint withdrew himself from Monica’s crotch only to slam his throbbing cock into her quivering cleavage.

“*O-OOOHHH... NNGGHH...!!*” She could feel his load of cum pumping between her tits, his member completely buried between her piles of flesh.

Pulse after pulse filled her cleavage with Clint never releasing her nipples as if they kept him grounded to Earth. Soon enough the flow ceased and he relaxed on top of her. The two lay in bed panting for a time until Clint pulled free of her mammoth cleavage and rolled onto his back next to her. The majority of the bed was taken up by her breasts and he was forced to reduce her size.

“That was...” he breathed, “Awesome...”

Monica could hardly hear him, her mind already drifting off to sleep. Such intense growth had spent her energy and exhaustion was quick to steal her mind and push her over the cliff into rest.

Sunday morning arrived with a warm sun filtering through Clint’s drawn blinds. Monica’s eyes opened unwillingly. A rocking motion in the bed had awoken her from a growth-induced slumber. The sound of a door closing and an empty half of a bed told Monica Clint had gotten to and gone to the bathroom.

Memories of the previous night flooded back. It felt like remembering a dream turned nightmare. It had started out wonderful and sexy at the restaurant, but their night grew increasingly stressful as Monica recalled it. The thought of being at the mercy of Clint and his voracious desires again made her shiver. The size she had reached would have been fine had he listened to her needs but instead he ignored her pleas and brought her there much too quickly.

Monica no longer wanted him to have her Tit Clicker.

She bolted upright. Heaviness presented itself as a swinging bosom and she groaned feeling her chest still swollen to the size of ripe melons. Monica placed her hands over them to steady their motion and sighed in an attempt to distract herself.

“That was *way* too much growth too quickly,” she grunted. “They’re not freaking balloons...” Naked, she slipped from under the sheets and ran to the other side of the bed and began looking for the remote. “Where the hell is it??”

It was nowhere to be seen on his nightstand, nor was it lying forgotten on the bed or under his pillow. Growing desperate, she stooped down and searched through his discarded clothes. Her breasts swung towards the ground and slapped softly together when she checked his pockets.

“Where the fuck is--*AHH!!*”

Monica fell forward and caught herself with a hand against the floor, her other arm wrapped across her bust as growth surged within her. They bulged over her forearm and quickly grew to twice their size, rivaling basketballs. “W-What??” she cried out in confusion.

“Looking for something?”

Monica froze when Clint spoke from behind her. She had been so focused on finding the Tit Clicker she hadn’t heard him return to the bedroom. Enormous amounts of swelling flowed across her bust, their weight becoming heavy as her nipples brushed against the floor.

In his palm was the remote, a thumb firmly holding down the inflate button. “C-Clint! Please I need--”

Standing over her with glee in his eyes, he watched as Monica’s chest inflated from her body and pressed into the floor.

“S-Stop! That’s my remo--”

“It’s *my* remote now,” he said calmly, “And those fun bags belong to me.”

“I..I--*Nnngh!*” Monica moaned as her tits engorged wider and rounder. Against the clicker’s power there was nothing she could do but watch helplessly as they expanded beneath her. Paralyzed from the growth, they grew large and unwieldy, quickly surpassing large beach balls. It wasn’t long before Monica could feel them pressing upwards into her torso, their airy forms supporting her weight. “*Clint!*”

“I’ll stop when you say they belong to me,” he calmly instructed. “Let me hear you say those tits are mine.”

“*Nnnnghh...N-No! They’re not! It’s my body!*” Monica wanted desperately to rebel in some way but the reality of her bust was overbearing. It was quickly becoming too much to handle as she rested atop breasts like exercise balls. “*S-So...big!*”

“Let me hear you say it!”

“Clint I--”

Cliiiii--

“*Aaahhh!! No no no!!*” Monica looked at her chest in fear when he began holding down the lactate button. Milk rushed into her like a hydrant, tits bloating from underneath her as skin vibrated with intense stretching.

“Say it,” Clint sang happily.

Skin pushed into her arms and stomach, causing fear within Monica. “O-Ok ok ok!! You can keep it!! They’re yours!” She could hardly believe the words coming out of her mouth.

“Good...”

A sigh of relief fell from Monica’s lips when her growth stopped. Between the wall and the bed, she had nearly run out of room to expand. Bending over her bust and still naked, she felt more exposed than she would have liked to this madman. Feeling them diminish in size a second later only helped a little.

“What would you like for breakfast?” Clint inquired happily with an iron grip on the Tit Clicker.

Time crawled as if Monica were in a never-ending nightmare. Spending another second with Clint was unbearable after finding out his true colors, but leaving the madman to have his way with the remote felt like a disaster waiting to happen. Monica was torn between fighting for

control of her own chest or leaving and hoping he wouldn't overdo it until she could find a solution.

After an awkward breakfast of watching him eat and Monica repeating how she didn't feel hungry, he was gentlemanly enough to drive her home. Listening to Clint drone on about his precious car for thirty minutes was almost as painful as knowing her breasts were in his hands. More than once she considered threatening harm to his cherished vehicle if he didn't return the clicker but ultimately decided against it when she realized he could easily immobilize her once more. Being forced into submission by your own chest wasn't fun to start with; doing the same in public eyes along the side of a road would be even worse.

"Here we are," he grinned after parking outside Monica's house midday Sunday. "Try not to slam the car door, it only needs a little push."

"Right..." she grumbled.

"Last night was incredible. You made so many of my dreams come true." Clint leaned in for a goodbye kiss but Monica spun her head and grimaced when his lips fell against her cheeks. "Don't be scared to break the three-day rule again!"

Without a word Monica opened the door to leave.

Click!

Click!

"*N-Nngh!*" She did her best to stifle a moan when her chest bulged out of her neckline, much to the sly grin on Clint's face.

"Had to see it one more time before I left," he chuckled. Shooing her out and wiping the leather seat free of any lint, he called through an open window before driving off. "Don't be afraid to send a pic or two either! I wanna see those puppies *grow*."

The parting words made Monica shiver even in the warm Summer sun. He drove off a moment later, taking the clicker with him and any hope of Monica regaining her bust's freedom.

"Fuck," she swore. The Tit Clicker had only been in her life for two days and it was already a disaster. It had been so much fun at first; how could it have gone wrong so fast? They were her breasts and yet Monica had gotten to use the remote the least out of anyone.

Stress and anxiety hung over Monica's head like a thundercloud for the rest of Sunday. She never had to deal with any immobilizing situations, but every random increase in cup size, spur of milk, or rush of air made her hold her breath fearing the worst. Eventually, it became clear to her that Clint was only pressing her buttons in an attempt to get a response. Making her too large to stand was more than thrilling for him, but not worth much if he couldn't get a reaction out of her. Monica wondered how long it would last before he showed up at her door demanding a show.

Despite her anxiety, sleep came easily after two days filled to the brim with such an excess of growth. While rest was simple for her body, it was not so forthcoming for her mind. Monica's dreams were assaulted by sensations of stretching and fears of blowing her top in public. Nightmares of air-filled tits floated through her dreams alongside leaking udders overfilled with dairy. She awoke more than once to find her bosom swollen to volleyballs and leaking over her sheets, Clint surely having some late-night fun with his new toy. Hardly an hour went by when he didn't text asking for a picture threatening another increase if she didn't deliver.

The alarm blared obnoxiously Monday morning and alerted Monica to the new work day. It was difficult to look down, not knowing what to expect after such a wide range of size changes

throughout the night. Some relief came when she found a normal pair of breasts waiting under her nightshirt. They were only a cup or two larger than usual but otherwise acceptable for her work attire.

“Maybe he at least has enough respect for my job,” she hoped.

Thinking about it for more than a second, Monica shook her head. After what she had seen, it didn’t seem like Clint. She was surprised he wasn’t expecting her to go to work with a pair of bowling balls attached to her chest.

The idea of calling in sick to work until she found a way to retrieve her remote crossed Monica’s mind more than once. If it hadn’t been such a critical time in her project she may have, but there was an important phone call she was expecting to receive early this morning from a big client. The boss would have her head if she somehow managed to taint the business relationship.

“Please for the love of God just keep them down during work hours *at least*,” she pleaded. There wasn’t much in the way of concealing clothes she could wear to the office. The best Monica could manage was a stretchy blue bra and a baggy, button-up blouse with a bit of play in the fabric with a black pencil skirt. The shirt wouldn’t do much if she was suddenly forced to manage a pair of beach balls, but it would handle a couple of melons should the need arise. At least until she could find a better place to deal with the situation.

Staring at herself in the mirror, Monica sighed. “I must be an idiot for going into work. What woman in her right mind would trust *any* guy in this situation?”

Regardless, she had work to do. If she had to work during periods of random growth and lactation, a desk job wasn’t the worst place to do it. Perhaps after her call she could try and go home sick.

She arrived at the office before the rush and settled into her familiar chair, breathing a sigh of relief. For once she was glad to be restricted to a cubicle. The walls felt protective and private should anything minor happen.

The sound of her ever-present boss speaking to a coworker across the bullpen was loud in the early-morning lull. Clint’s presence in her morning thus far was so far curiously absent.

“Maybe he likes to sleep in until noon. I never did find out what he does for a living...”

The first hour of work was smooth. Smooth enough Monica had begun feeling more relaxed about her situation. Late risers were filing through the halls and bullpen to their individual cubicles as she typed, always keeping her fears in the back of her mind.

“First sign of trouble I need to get out of here,” Monica said softly. While the plan was good in practice, she wondered if she would be able to execute it. Any change in her breasts was incapacitating with the pleasure and sensations it wrought. Staying quiet in her cubicle might be hard enough, let alone trying to make it to her car before anything major happens.

The clock neared nine o’clock; almost time for her meeting. Monica donned a headset and waited patiently reviewing the numbers on her screen. “Just one call and then I’m out of--*nnggh!!*”

An intense tingling shot through her breasts. The sensation was too familiar to ignore and Monica flung her hands into a noticeably larger bust.

“S-Shit!” she grunted, feeling a pair of E-cups pushing back, “No no no no! *Not now!!* Please, Clint, I just need to--*A-Ahh!!*”

Monica clapped a hand over her mouth to bury her cry of arousal while doubling over in her chair with an arm wrapped across her tits. Milk bubbled against her forearm and pushed it away like an angry rising tide.

“*Hah...*” Monica breathed heavily trying to calm herself. Staring at the floor between her shaking legs, she could feel her bra digging into her engorging mammaries. “Milk, why did it have to be milk of all things??” she groaned.

“All right over there, Mon?” a female voice called out.

“F-Fine! Just an early-morning...*nnggh!*...cramp!”

Milk flooded her chest like a holding tank. The situation had become dire in less than a minute and Monica’s mind flew at a breakneck pace. There was still time to leave, assuming she could even walk. It might look odd if she were to rush out with a pair of cantaloupes hidden under her shirt, but it would be better than the alternative. On the other hand, missing her call could be disastrous to her career. It wasn’t something she could afford to do.

“Just...s-stick it out for the call,” she encouraged herself. “If I can just--*M-MM!*” Fluid built inside her bosom at an alarming rate and the loose-fitting blouse pulled tight across her front. It would start stretching soon, but after that Monica didn’t want to think about what could happen. A deep breath elicited the slightest brush from each of her armrests on the sides of her breasts and almost threw Monica into a panic at their size.

“*Shit!* O-Ok, I can’t do this! I’m already outgrowing this chair! I need to leave n--”
Ring! Ring!

Monica froze. It was nine o'clock and it was time for her call. A trembling finger reached out to accept the call from her phone.

She answered in as professional voice one could muster while sporting swelling basketballs on their chest. “H-Hello, this is...*nnggh!*...Monica.”

“How’s work?”

The lactating woman’s face went white. “C-Clint???”

“You sound a little distressed! Something wrong?”

“How did you get my office number?! Y-You need to stop! I’m at work! I can’t be growing!”

“I found it in your phone when you stayed over! And you mean stop *this?*”

The distant sound of her remote clicking came through the phone, soon followed by a gush of dairy into her already-enlarged bust. Smooth skin peeked over her top button and the weight of four gallons made Monica slump back into her chair.

“You...*nnnggh!*...know exactly what’s wrong! Clint, you need to stop this, please!”

Clint audibly pouted through the phone and clicked again, ignoring her pleas. “You know, it’s always been a fantasy of mine for a woman to blow her shirt open in the office.”

“Clint I--*A-Ahh!!*” Monica tried her best to keep her voice as low as possible though when her chest swelled outward and added visible strain to her buttons she couldn’t help but cry out. Lying back in her chair and gripping her armrests for support, she stared at the sloshing udders blocking any view of her thighs. Another click could spell disaster, but the sensation of rushing milk was too great to fight. Monica was trapped.

“You sound like you’re getting pretty full!” Clint cheered, “You’re breathing heavily; what are your coworkers going to think when they see your top blow open?”

“C-Clint... Please, my shirt! This isn’t right! *Nnnnggh!!*”

Ping!

A button flew from Monica’s front under her collar and bounced off her monitor before clattering to her desk. Massive amounts of cleavage spilled out of her front like rising dough and only added to the strain of her remaining buttons.

“Monica could you keep it down, please?” a coworker asked from over a wall.

“S-S-Sorry,” she grunted.

“How full are you?” Clint asked through the headset. “Tell me how much milk you’re holding.”

“T-Too full!” Monica hissed, “Stop this before--*Gah!!*”

Milk was pushing harder against tightening skin from within her rounding breasts. With so much fluid and so little growth, Monica knew she could only hold so much before the situation truly became dire in an entirely new way. Blue veins rushed into her cleavage and strawberry nipples throbbed within her over-drawn bra.

“Seriously, i-it’s too much, Clint! I only stretch when I lactate! T-They need to grow!”

“Really? Well... If you insist.”

Monica’s eyes opened wide. “Wai--”

Before she could finish, an intense wave of growth surged from her front and across her chest. Skin became soft and supple once more as Clint forced her chest larger and larger. Monica’s tits overflowed her bra like a broken damn and filled her shirt to the seams. Skin rubbed over her stomach and into her sleeves as it ran out of room and buttons quivered with pressure. In only a few pulse-pounding seconds she had bloated to a chair-filling size threatening to shred her blouse like two trapped beach balls.

“*Shit!*”

Clint chuckled with amusement and arousal. “How’s that?”

“You *know* this isn’t what I meant!” Monica groaned with each inhale, her bra strap pulling into her torso and back. She could feel the straps being engulfed by her bust. “I-I’m about to bust my bra, Clint... You’ve had your fun, please just wait until after work and then we can--”

“Aww, you’re still in your bra??” The surprise in his voice chilled Monica. “And here I thought you had outgrown that a *loooooong* time ago! Hang on, let’s fix that.”

“Clint! *No no no no nooo!! O-OOOHHH!!*”

Monica’s legs squirmed in her seat as she tried to divert her arousal elsewhere and keep her voice down. Warm milk was flowing into her chest at a constant rate, inching her mammaries up and out with every breath. Stunned by the bolt of growth, Monica couldn’t move fast enough before her breasts bulged around the armrests and pinned her hands. She helplessly flailed her fingers against her tightening bosom, the pressure and weight keeping them trapped against the armrests.

“*N-Nnnngghhmmmm!! C-Clint!*”

“Tell me how big you are...” he moaned, “I haven’t heard a bra snap yet!”

Although it hadn’t gone, Monica could feel its time was near. Constant creaks were coming from her clothes from various tears along the seams.

“I-I’m...too big! It’s...I-It’s gonna...” Monica grit her teeth against the band digging into her chest. “*Clint it’s about to--*”

POW!!

PING!

PING!

All at once, two buttons burst from Monica’s blouse and her bra exploded at the front. Two mammoth tits wobbled like jelly when they lost support and flowed to the sides of her chair, skin rippling in front of her face like a fleshy sea. Two nipples sprang free of her cups and stood proudly into her blouse. Even broken, the bra refused to completely give up. Each cup continued

to pull on its respective breast, the band and shoulder straps creating awkward bulges along the tops of her chest as their curves bulged.

“*F-Fuck you!*” Monica swore.

“I heard that thing break from here! You’re moaning pretty loudly too... Someone is going to hear you.”

Monica hardly had time to worry about her own paralyzing arousal. Dairy was still being produced within her chest at a threatening rate. The bottoms of her breasts pushed against her thighs, riding her pencil skirt up her shifting legs to reveal more skin. Hands clawing at the armrests, she fought against the heated pressure and the sensations of her clothes tightening like cobras.

“*My...nnngh!...My shirt!*”

“Still hanging in there, huh? Well, give it time.”

Milk tickled Monica’s areolas and pushed them into shiny domes. Warmth soon spread over her thickening nipples until she could feel them pulsing and throbbing, leaking fluid into her tortured shirt. Once again, she had been filled so full with milk her udders were nearing a limit.

“C-Clint...” she grunted, firm skin pressing into her chin, “I’m not kidding around, stop with the...the milk!”

“Why? I’m sure there are a few thirsty guys in your office! I bet they would love a nice breakfast!”

“T-This...nnngh...isn’t a joke! They’re getting too full again!” Monica looked down at the over-inflated beach balls half-falling out of her shirt. As she filled and bloated her nipples rubbed over the fabric and sprang freely into the air like fleshy coke cans. Milk splattered over her legs and the carpet when they puffed to their fullest, Monica using all of her willpower not to moan.

“God, I can hear you sloshing from here...!” Clint awed. “I wish I could see how big you are.”

The chair creaked under the immense weight thrust upon it. Warm liquid poured over rising curves and drenched Monica’s legs and pinned hands. When her tightening, milk-filled cleavage rose higher and covered her mouth, Monica began to panic.

“C-Clint! That’s enough milk!! I-I’m...mmmmMMM!! *GOD!! I feel like I’m about to BLOW over here!!!*”

“You and me both,” he said slowly, enjoying every minute of her distress.

Fear bubbled within Monica along with her milk, certain her captor was destined to take his power too far. Dairy sprayed into the air and dribbled around her cubicle.

“Is someone’s water bottle leaking?” a coworker asked, hearing the sounds of her dripping.

“How does it feel?” Clint asked, “How does it feel being *soooo* full?? Are they tight??”

Monica did indeed feel a tightness spreading over her bust. It added a bright sheen to her skin under the white office lights. “I-I’m not a balloon! *Stop b-before I get too full!! I seriously don’t think I-I can hold much more MILK!! I’m going to bur--*”

It sounded like Clint was fiddling with the remote’s battery cover through the headset. “Hmm? What’s this?” he asked curiously.

“MONICA!!”

The color drained from her face when her boss’s voice reached her ears. A mixture of relief and horror filled the helpless women when her milk production stopped but her boss stepped into her cubicle a second later while raising his voice.

“M-Mr. Palmer! Don’t come in--”

“PrideStar has been trying to call you for *ten minutes!* The hell have you been doing keeping your phone line tied up and--”

He stopped when he saw a pair of yoga-ball tits shuddering with milky pressure and Monica trapped in her chair beneath their massive size. Nipples pulsed off their fronts like angry fists pointed at him, milk running from their pink forms and over Monica’s exposed body. A clear view up her skirt had opened with her shifting clothes and shuffling legs. Her boss stood speechless with mouth agape at the impossible sight, his eyes hardly able to see Monica’s pleading for mercy over the top of her cleavage.



Clint’s voice broke the silence in her headset with a flood of excitement. “Hey! Did you know there’s a ‘release’ button in the back of the remote??”

“*CLINT NO--*”

Click!

Unbelievable swelling rushed through Monica’s bust for a split second and bloated her tits like mammoth sponges. Her skin pulsed and contracted and for a brief moment it was lined in well-defined blue veins crossing in every direction. There was just enough time for her to whimper and watch her cleavage rise high enough to cover her eyes with squeaking cleavage.

BOOOOM!!!

Monica's udders burst to release an angry torrent of dairy. White fluid flew through the air and smacked her boss in the chest like a tidal wave, throwing him into the wall and dragging him to the floor.

The sound of a wave rushing back to sea filled the silent office. Milk flowed over the carpet and dripped from the walls, many of Monica's closest coworkers drenched from the sudden shower reaching over the cubicle walls.

Monica sat in her chair, too stunned to blink. She was certain she had been about to meet certain doom as the pressure became more than she could handle. Looking upon the scene of her struggling, coughing boss on the floor now, however, she wasn't sure this was any better of an outcome. An overstretched blouse hung around her shoulders like a cape, her chest returned to normal after the milky explosion rocked the office. Her chest ached to breathe from the sheer forces it had endured.

Monica was too scared to inhale. Clint had dropped off the phone after her release, his voice lulled and content with his fun. Now she had to face her boss struggling to stand in the middle of a widening pool of milk on the company's carpet. Every coworker had come to see what the commotion was about, hearing her epic, milky letdown or finding their own cubicles drenched with milk.

Mr. Palmer managed to stand up, wobbly with uncertainty and disbelief. Brushing his front free of milk, he pointed to Monica. His face was red and full of confused fury. "Clean yourself up and find a new shirt. Then gather your things."

She could barely nod as the room spun around her in an exhaustive flurry. "Y-Yes, sir."

Knock

Knock

Knock

"Monica? You in there?" Samantha looked through the fogged glass of a front door, looking for her friend. She was relieved to see Monica's figure appear moments later.

"Hi, Sam..." she said, opening the door halfway. The dark circles under Monica's eyes brought concern back to Samantha.

"Jesus, you look terrible! Where have you been?? None of us have heard from you in days! We were starting to think that guy from the bar might have kidnapped you!"

"You're not too far off..."

Samantha pushed the door open against Monica's better wishes and let herself in. "What's going on? It's not like you to--" Her eyes fell onto Monica's bust, resting under her shirt like two large melons. "*Whoa!* Still having fun with the clicker I see! Wait, you haven't been 'preoccupied' with that this whole time, have you?? I know it's fun but you can't get addicted to it. I knew this girl who--"

Despite her better efforts, emotions flooded into Monica and she fell onto her friend in an embrace. "It's awful!" she cried, "I hate this!! I can't do anything! I can't go anywhere!"

Stunned by the sudden emotional attack, Samantha returned the embrace and rubbed Monica's back lightly. "Let's sit down and you can tell me what's going on."

They sat together on the couch, Monica bleary-eyed with her new reality. She started to speak. "I...I've been trying to figure out what to do! The guy from the bar, he just--*nnngh!*"

Samantha jumped when Monica's breasts lurched forward, bloating with air and almost doubling in size from the massive rush. "Holy shit!" she gasped, "Did you do that?!"

Fresh emotions wracked Monica and she broke down again. "H-He stole it!! Clint's had my remote since my birthday, Sam!! H-He's treating me like a toy! Like some sort of...b-blow up doll!" She hiccuped for breath before added, "I lost my job because of him!! There was milk *everywhere!*"

The situation quickly fell into place for Samantha as she listened to Monica's rushed explanation. She grew angry. "He *stole* it?!"

"I-I said he could use it for a night on a date, but he never gave it back! A-And when I tried to get it, he made me grow until I said he could keep it!"

"Why didn't you go to the cops?!"

"You said Tit Clickers were banned! I didn't want to get in trouble too! I never thought it would get this bad, though!"

Samantha frowned. "Damn, you're right... What a bastard..."

"Is there anything I can--*a-ahh!*!" Milk bubbled within her chest and Monica clenched her hands into fists to fight through the sensations. Seeing her grow unwillingly made Samantha angrier with every cup size.

"We're fixing this. Fucker is going to get what's coming to him, don't worry."

"H-How?? I can't even leave the house without ending up leaking and topless! The guy has no self-control!"

A grin spread over Samantha's face. "We're going to use that against him. Tell me everything about this creep."

The next evening, Monica stood anxiously by her front door with Samantha at her side.

"Are you sure about this?" Monica's eyes drifted nervously to the package in Samantha's hand. "Somehow I feel like have *two* Tit Clickers for my chest is worse than one..."

"Don't worry!" The plastic was torn open and Samantha fumbled to get the battery cover off. "You can trust me with it and we need it to get yours back. You're lucky my supplier even had another to spare. Now here, link it up to you."

Monica didn't like the thought of having another remote connected to her body but Samantha's plan was all she had at the moment. Reluctantly she pressed her finger against the tiny reader and endured the zap.

"Great. We clear on the plan?"

Nodding slowly, Monica straightened her dress. "Just plain growth, right? I'm tired of feeling like an inflatable milk tank."

"Cross my heart!"

Monica's heart beat wildly when Clint's fancy car pulled in front of her house minutes later. He honked his horn to alert her to his presence and she twitched with contempt. "Sam?" she asked.

"Yea?"

"Don't stop until you hear him scream."

Monica stepped onto her front porch while Samantha ran around the back to hide in a bush along the side of the house and watch from afar.

"Don't you look sexy tonight," Clint howled when Monica opened the car door. She could feel his eyes on her bust instantly, a low-cut neckline purposefully showing off her natural

cleavage. “Glad you’re starting to enjoy this as much as I am! I knew you would come around to having some fun.”

A fake smile was plastered on her face. “I’m ready to be your little balloon,” she cooed. Pressing her hands into her front, she continued the charade. “Think you could fill my dress out a little more for our date? It looks a little loose.”

Clint couldn’t grin wide enough. “I was hoping you would ask.” The clicker emerged from his pocket and he fumbled to find the lactate button. “Wouldn’t mind seeing you nice and full tonight.”

Click!

Click!

“Mmmmm!!” Monica feigned a moan as milk rushed into her chest and expanded her breasts. The dress lifted with her frame and pulled tight. Steeling her gaze, she looked with Clint and pushed her bulging cleavage towards him. “How about a little bigger? I want the whoooole restaurant to stare at my wobbling udders.”

Clint looked as though Christmas had come early. “I won’t argue! Just a little though; wouldn’t want you leakin’ in my car.”

Click!

“Mmmmm!! Ooohhhh yeeaaaaa...” Monica shimmied her breasts to show their weight pulling against her dress. “There we go!” Clint’s eyes were locked on her chest expecting the milk to run its course. However, when her breasts didn’t stop growing, a flash of concern revealed itself.

“*Ohh!* You really wanted them big tonight!” Monica cooed loudly, watching her tits grow past ripened melons and fill her cradling arms.

Messing with the remote, Clint looked back and forth with an increasingly-confused expression. “I only clicked it a few times! Why are you still growing?”

“I don’t know,” Monica giggled, “Sometimes the girls just have a mind of their own!” The dress started to strain and bunch across her breasts as she neared massive watermelons big enough to fill her lap. “Look at them go! I’m going to outgrow my seat soon!” The panic sheer spreading over Clint’s face thrilled her to no end.

SNAP!!

Monica’s dress broke apart at the shoulder straps to release an arm-overflowing bosom.

“H-Hey! Stop it!” He started pressing the button to reduce her cup size but it was no use against the constant flow of growth. Watching as Monica engorged larger and larger, taking up more space in his car than he liked, Clint became frustrated. “The hell did you do?!”

“Nothing!” Monica shrugged, sending a giant wave across the heap of tit resting in her lap. “You control my boobs, remember?” Rubbing their sides, she moaned in pleasure for the first time since this ordeal began. “MMMMMM!! I don’t think they’re stopping any time soon...”

Clint frantically pressed his buttons as Monica expanded against the door of his car and center console. The interior was becoming cramped and hot. “You did something!”

“How could I?? You have my remote,” she laughed. The door creaked against the pressure and Monica could feel herself starting to grow upwards due to lack of room. The stick shift pressed into her flesh as she flowed into Clint’s seat. “Uh oh... I *miiiiight* be running out of room in here!!” Monica leaned her seat back, intent on enjoying every second of her retaliation. “*Nnnngh*... I-I can feel them pressing into the dashboard...”

A loud pop shot through the car when plastic started to shift and bend. Horror filled Clint's eyes and he grew desperate. Taking off the back of the remote, he tried pressing the release button hoping it may stop her would-be lactation.

"Mmmm!!" Monica shivered, feeling a gallon of milk spray against his dashboard and floor. "Thanks for that, but I'm not really too thirsty right now..." Her mammaries continued to grow at an impressive rate, Clint inching away in his seat as her skin pressed into his leg.

"Stop! Whatever you're doing, *stop!! You're going to break something!*"

"Stop what? Don't you like liiiiike making me blow up? This was your dream I thought!" Her chest flowed over the top of his dashboard and pressed into the cold windshield. In the driver's seat, she could see Clint was being forced into his door by her billowing flesh. "I'm getting pretty big for this car!"

The door groaned from her weight as did her seat. Something broke in the center console and Clint grew frantic. "That's enough! I'm sorry! J-Just stop before you get any bigger!"

Monica breathed heavily and pressed into her skin, enjoying how deep her hands sank. "I don't think they're done yet though! Hope this car can hold a biiiig pair of knockers."

She started to laugh when Clint's arms pressed into her left breast and tried to fight the creeping mammary and push it back to her side. It was a useless endeavor, her sheer size too much to cope with in the small car. Within seconds he was forced against his door, arms pinned against him in such a way to prevent him from opening it to escape.

"S-Stop! Please!" he begged.

"What's that? I can hear you over my boobs!" Monica called out. Her cleavage pressed into the roof, the front of the car running out of space.

"I'll give it back! I'll give the remote back! I'm sorry!"

CRREEEAAAAAK

Plastic ached from Monica's pushing udders and moving parts were put under a bind. Her seat lurched backward when its locking mechanism broke, forcing Monica onto her back under a pile of jiggly flesh. The cold of his windshield made her nipples stand hard and proud.

"*Stop!! My car!!*" Clint wailed.

"Hmmm??"

CRRNNCHH

CRRRRRACK!!!!

A hollow sound and a sharp sound cut through the air suddenly. Monica felt his dashboard crumple under her chest moments before his windshield shattered into an array of spiderwebs.

"I'm sorry I'm sorry! You can take your damn remote back!!" Clint begged from underneath her flesh. He could hardly breathe from being pinned between her and his door.

"And you'll never bother me again?"

CRASH!!

The passenger window shattered and rained upon the sidewalk, followed by a massive bulge of pale skin trying to escape through the opening.

BWEEWW!!

The suspension blew out on Monica's side from the incredible weight forced upon it, making the car rock and fall onto the pavement. Her tits wobbled as a single mass packed into the car, sending out a cascade of breaks and cracks along the interior.

"Y-Yes! I promise!!" Clint yelled as he was pressed into the window.

“I can’t hear yooouuu!!”

“*Ahhhhh!!!!!!*” Clint screamed loudly as her chest pushed into him, nearly blowing his door off the hinges.

The heat of Monica’s chest fogged the window by his head as he tried to move but found it impossible. A shadow appeared outside his door momentarily before it was yanked open.

“Ugh!” he grunted when the door opened and he was flung from the car like a bouncy castle. He landed on the pavement in a heap gasping for air with Samantha standing over him with a disgusted scowl.

Her face brightened slightly when she saw the remote resting on the ground. Picking it up, she walked away from Clint saying, “Your car looks a little beat up. Might want to look into that.”

He coughed in response and clutched his sides. “I think she broke some ribs!” His worry was redirected when his car continued to groan with internal stress. “H-Hey! I gave the remote back! Make her stop growing!”

Monica’s breasts creaked against the car’s interior. Walls of flesh bulged from the open door and broken windows like swollen blisters. Buried deep within came Monica’s voice, muffled and labored. “S-S-Saaaaam!!” she called loudly, “You can stop noooow!!”

Clint crawled backward on the ground as flesh squeaked in his car. At his side Samantha looked at her remote with confusion. “I’m not pressing it anymore!”

Skin wobbled angrily in the car before a loud crack signaled the driver’s seat breaking. The backseat was flooded with Monica’s form and Clint’s car ached from being filled with engorging flesh.

“Then why the hell am I still growing?!” Monica groaned loudly with a barely-audible voice. “T-This doesn’t feel like normal growth! They’re...*nnnghh!!!*...S-Sam they’re filling up!!”

A loud gurgle and sloshing sound verified Monica’s fears. Sam joined Clint in stepping back from the scene, his car a comical vision of flesh airbags. Nipples the size of throbbing coffee cans jutted from the windshield.

“My remote...” Clint swallowed, “I think I felt my remote crack while I was in there...”

Looking over the original clicker, Samantha indeed found its frame had been broken and a rattling sound coming from inside. Whatever signal it had sent to Monica wasn’t about to stop. Sam’s face turned white when a loud groan came from the jiggling mass.

“U-U-Uhhhh, Saaaam?!” Monica yelled, “These are getting *r-really, REEEAALLY* full!! Do something!! There’s broken glass in here!!”

Desperate to stop the process, Sam tried every combination of buttons she could think of. An excess of milk rushed into a screaming Monica and moments later the white fluid poured over the hood.

“Do something before I *explode*!! God they’re so tight!!! I feel like a fucking stress ball stuffed in here!!”

Monica’s panicked words fell onto stunned ears. Loud creaks emanated from both her chest and Clint’s broken car as axles strained to support the weight. Tires and skin looked fit to blow at the slightest prick.

“*Oooohhh hurry hurry hurriry!!! Sam!!!*” Monica yelled, “My tits are *too full for this thing*!! T-They’re not stretching!!”

The Tit Clickers fell from Samantha's hands and clattered uselessly to the ground. There was nothing to be done. Both her and Clint jumped when the roof of his car buckled and bulged into a dome.

"O-Oooh, GOD! Oooohhh I'm gonna blow, I-I'm seriously going to burst!! My boobs are going to *POP!!!* AhhhhhhhHHHHH *I can't take all this PRESSUUURRREEE--*"

BOOM!!!

Samantha was thrown onto the ground next to Clint by a massive explosion of air and milk. Both looked on in horror as torn and shredded car parts rained down, neither caring about the heavy clumps of metal crashing around them. The vehicle had split down the middle like a burst can of soda. All that remained was a hollow disfigured shell with a bare-chested woman resting in the passenger seat with a look of sheer shock.

"My car..." Clint said slowly. "My *car!*!" Milk ran out of it like a fountain amid broken doors and crumpled frame.

"M-Monica??" Samantha gasped, seeing her friend alive and well. Her dress looked like it had been through a battlefield and her chest was flat as could be.

"H-Huh...??" Monica moaned, looking over her unharmed body. The absence of even her natural bust was almost as shocking at her survival. "Are...Are my boobs gone?!"

Samantha was at her side in an instant and pulling her from the wreckage. Supporting her by a shoulder, she assured Monica. "Don't worry, we can use the remotes to--"

Her words stopped when she looked back in the middle of the road and saw the shattered remains of the clickers under a piece of Clint's car. They were useless.

"I-I can get another!" Samantha promised, "We can get your chest back to how it was and--"

Monica had never shaken her head so fast and with such firm decision. "No. Absolutely not. I'm done. Those damn clickers have been nothing but trouble."

"Are you sure?? We could just get them back to normal and then lock it away!"

The glare from Monica silenced Samantha in an instant. "I've gone through more growth than a thousand women's lifetimes in the last week. I'm through with them; they're too dangerous."

Samantha understood and reluctantly let the issue lie. Together they stood on the side of the road, listening to Clint cry over his broken car. Looking at the damage done, Samantha started to see the wisdom in Monica's decision.

"So this might be why the clickers were banned, huh? Guess they do have their flaws..."

Monica nodded and wished to leave the scene for good. Watching Clint sob over his ride was entertaining, but it wouldn't bring back everything he had taken from her. "You have no idea."