

## Sweater Puppies

“Jasmine!” Olivia called, “There's a package for you at the door; come sign for it!”

“Be right there!” Jasmine replied, getting out from under the pile of textbooks on her bed. Walking out of her room she greeted the delivery man holding a large package. It was only then that she remembered she had made a study day of her Saturday, only wearing pink sleeping shorts and one of her favorite camisoles with no bra. She regretted it when she felt the cool spring air hit her through the door, feeling her nipples stand on end.

“Jasmine Phiefer?” He asked, trying to maintain his eye contact and professionalism.

“That's me...” Jasmine crossed her arms in front of her chest trying to hide her personal-thermostats, but it only gave the man a new view of her cleavage as she pushed her chest. His will had been broken, momentarily.

“Sign here, please.” He held out a digital pad, and she scribbled her signature, feeling his eyes on her as she did. Trading it back to him Jasmine received a large box that looked big enough to hold a couple toasters. “Have a nice day!” He said quickly before turning to leave.

“Yea you too.” Jasmine closed the door, carrying her package to the living room and sitting on the couch. Her roommate was still there, watching the ordeal.

“You know I'll probably order a pizza tonight if you want to answer the door in some lingerie, or I don't know, maybe just your panties?” Olivia laughed, “Pizza guy probably wouldn't even ask for a tip!”

“Very funny. I wasn't expecting to have to be presentable today. And I should be able to lounge in whatever clothes I want in my own apartment without the fear of being ogled. They're only breasts, we've all seen them.”

“Yea, I'm sure that poor delivery man isn't thinking about the peep show you just gave him *at all*. I'm sure you made his day.” Olivia joked again.

“I admit I should have put on a coat or something, alright?” Jasmine said, putting the box in her lap. She knew Olivia was probably right; she had given the guy an eyeful, not leaving much to his imagination.

Jasmine was an attractive young woman, although she didn't like to advertise anything below the neck very often. She was medium height and fit, weighing in around 130 pounds with the classic blonde hair and blue eyes combo. Her waist curved in slightly giving her a small hourglass figure, supple thighs extending from her hips, with a small butt she often described as 'cute'. With her frame, the pajama shorts wrapped around her hips might as well have been a miniskirt. But her chest was her body's crown jewel; generous and perky C cups extended from her torso, sometimes puffing up to D cups on a good day. Occasionally she thought they were a little big on her, but she had never gotten a single complaint from a date.

*Might as well of just flashed her delivery man...*, Jasmine thought. Her top made no effort to hide anything about her body. It provided a little support and rounded out each of her breasts, the low neckline giving an easy view down between each of her mounds. She couldn't

have made her size more obvious if she had a tattoo giving her bust measurements stamped on her collarbone. Glancing down, Jasmine felt her face grow red when she realized she had worn the one top that was slightly see-through, the colors of her nipples showing softly through the white fabric, still erect from the cold.

“Hey you still look a little chilly, want me to turn up the heat before you poke an eye out? Or were you planning on opening your package with those diamond tips?” Olivia was on fire today.

“Shut up and get me a knife, what's done is done,” Jasmine said, pressing the box against her chest. She had never liked people staring at it, even when they were only joking.

“Ok, ok, I'm sorry...” Olivia apologized, grabbing a knife from the kitchen, “Here. what's in it?”

“Thanks. I think it's a care package! My mom had said she was sending one soon.”

“Nice! I got mine last week. A bunch of cookies and weekly comics from the newspaper I've missed.”

“Not a bad deal. This feels pretty heavy; I'm betting it's full of clothes.” Jasmine ran the knife along the tape and opened the flaps. There was a note on top in her mom's handwriting:

*Hey, sweetie! We're all thinking of you  
back home, and gave you some things we  
thought you might like. We know how  
cold it can be in the spring up there! Enjoy the  
cookies, and remember to call once in a while!  
We miss you and are always thinking of you.*

*Love, Mom and Dad*

Jasmine looked down at the contents of the box; she was right. She pulled out the first thing on top; a large green jacket that looked like it had been worn for 5 years. She recognized it as her older brothers, and although warm, it would swallow her up. “Great. They're all hand-me-downs.” She dismayed.

“Well some of them might be nice!” Olivia suggested, sitting next to her. Reaching in she pulled out a pair of gloves meant for deep winter in the mountains. “Or maybe you can make friends with a nice hobo when you donate a lot of this...” Olivia pulled out a floral print scarf, “This isn't too bad!”

“You know that's not my style. My sister just got tired of it once she found something else she liked.” Jasmine tossed it aside.

They continued pulling out articles of clothing. Small packages of candy and chocolates were sprinkled throughout the contents, which Jasmine stashed away for a later time. She pulled

out a giant t-shirt, and Olivia's eyes widened when she saw what was underneath. She quickly grabbed at it.

“Look at this thing!” She exclaimed, holding up a red and pink bra, covered in lace. The cups were placed inside of each other to help save space.

Jasmine quickly grabbed it from her. “What the hell is my sister thinking?” She wondered, “Does she even know what I look like? This is way too big for me!” She unfolded the bra and held it up to her own chest. It engulfed her breasts, like coffee mugs covering two golf balls.

Olivia stared in awe, “Well your sister must be a damn lucky woman to be able to fill out something like *that*. Guys must weep for joy when she takes her shirt off.” Something fell out of one of the cups while Jasmine handled it, and her roommate snatched it up. “And apparently, it's brought her a lot of luck too! Think she's hoping it'll do the same for you.” She held up the item; a condom, shining in a brightly foiled gold wrapper.

“Fat chance. I would have to get implants to fill this thing. Or hit another growth spurt and gain maybe 4 cup sizes.” Jasmine grabbed the condom dangling from her friend's fingers, “And she knows I'm not doing that stuff yet.”

“I think that's the point. Pretty sure the mailman just saw more of you than your boyfriend has.” Olivia chuckled. “You only let him feel you up over your clothes; stop being so shy and at least give him a peek already!”

Jasmine's face grew hot. She hated talking about her romantic life with others. Olivia was a good friend and a good listener when Jasmine needed her, but confiding in her backfired sometimes. A bag of cookies on the bottom of the box caught her eye and she and opened it, shoving one on her friend's mouth. “Shut up and eat a cookie. You know I have a thing about showing myself to people, even romantically. For now, James is fine with me keeping my clothes on.”

“At least let him put his hands *under* your shirt or something, the poor guy...” Olivia suggested, through bites of chocolate chip cookie. “Hey, there's something else in there...” She noticed.

Jasmine, ignoring her suggestion, looked in the box and she was right. Under the large ziplock of cookies was a neatly folded blue sweater. She lifted it out and let it unfold in front of her; it was knit with a decorative ribbed pattern rippling across it. The sleeves looked extra long, and the neckline plunged a little, enough to show a little skin below her collarbones.

“Ooooh...” Olivia awed, “That's actually really nice!”

“Yea it...kinda is, actually... And I don't really own a nice sweater either...” Jasmine admitted, somewhat shocked at the quality. She stood up and held it against her body; it looked like a perfect fit. “Thanks a lot, big sis!” She said, “Finally gave me something I could wear!”

“If you don't, I will. That sweater is gorgeous! But it must have a lot of stretch to it if whatever filled *those* cups fit into *that*.” Olivia was looking back at the lace bra, “Talk about filling out a sweater...”

As Jasmine held the sweater against her, a slip of paper fluttered out from inside, landing on the ground. Olivia picked it up and read, “Relax a little bit, Sis.” Laughing at the message, she agreed and said, “A piece of paper has never been more right!”

“Yea yea... I'm uptight, I get it.” Jasmine shrugged off, “But it is a really nice sweater, I think I'll wear it on Monday.”

“Yea I'll bet James would love to see your sweater puppies!” Olivia teased.

Jasmine narrowed her eyes at her friend, “You don't get any more of my cookies.”

The rest of the weekend passed by uneventfully. Like clockwork, Monday arrived unwelcomed and too soon, announced from the alarm clock by Jasmine's bedside.

She rolled out of bed groggily and heard Olivia snoring loudly in her own room. The late-starting schedule her roommate had taken on was something she had come to both resent and envy.

“7 am is too early to wake up...” she mumbled to no one in particular. The cool morning air of the apartment whisked around her as she marched naked to the shower. She shivered as she turned the knob for the hot water. Goosebumps spread across her body like a virus as she stood for those miserable few minutes waiting for the water to heat up, her nipples thickening in the chill.

But the wait was always worth it, and the shower exquisite. Jasmine soon emerged and toweled off, preparing for her day of classes. Drying her breasts, she did feel a bit of excitement grow in her as she thought about her boyfriend seeing her new sweater. Guys liked tits in sweaters; she didn't understand it, but nearly every girl knew it. Something about those smooth, round bulges made them crazy.

Returning to her room, she began picking out her clothes for the day; hot pink underwear with a small picture of a cat's face on the front with a pair jeans. On top she donned a pitch black bra with a little padding to boost her up another cup size before grabbing the sweater off the hanger and pulling it over her head. She instantly felt full of warmth, and confidence started brimming out of her.

Eyed herself in the mirror, Jasmine was pleased with the girl staring back. The sweater was form fitting and accentuated her breasts rather nicely, two proud mounds rising out of her chest and filling out the front. *I know they're just breasts... But I gotta admit, they look pretty great in this sweater*, she thought. She gave a test bounce on her heels and the front of her sweater jiggled, but only a little. She felt ready to enter the world, unable to remember the last time she had felt this relaxed on a Monday; it was her busiest day of the week.

Quietly leaving the apartment, Jasmine began her day. She found herself feeling giddy and actually happy to be out doing things. Her early morning classes went by fast, even her extended periods. By noon, she was actually contemplating eating lunch in the nearby park.

Everyone she passed on campus seemed to reflect the same feelings of relaxation and general happiness. No one seemed in a hurry to get to their destination, and everyone smiled as

she walked past. Even though she caught a few guys sneaking glances at her chest, Jasmine easily brushed it off. *If I had known sweaters were a natural relaxant, I would have worn one ages ago!* She thought. Nothing could phase her today it seemed.

Her phone buzzed in her bag; it was a text from James.

*We still hanging out tonight? :)*

She responded, *For sure! I'll be by around 7. Have a little surprise for you ;)*

*What is it? :D*

*You'll have to wait and see! But I'll trade you for one of your special massages ;) I've been wanting one all weekend!*

*Mmmm it's a deal ;)*

Jasmine put her phone back in her bag. She almost couldn't believe how flirty she was being. For a split second, she had actually considered sending James a picture of her breasts; something she had never considered before. This sweater was making her feel beyond relaxed; she was starting to feel loose. Jasmine felt like she could have been talked into doing just about anything.

As she walked to her last class for the day she was beginning to notice more and more glances at her chest, even by people she knew well. Even when sitting down at a table she felt multiple pairs of eyes on her. Cautiously glancing down at her chest, she could see why people had been staring.

The sweater seemed to have an effect on her bust, making it look much larger than it really was. The knitted, lined pattern going down her front seemed to accentuate her boobs, making them look like they extended much farther from her torso than they really did. *Through the power of illusion!* She thought mystically, *I guess I didn't really need that padded bra if this sweater was going to add two cup sizes!*

“Do you see Jasmine?” One of the guys behind her whispered.

“How could I miss her? Did she always have those?!”

Jasmine listened to them and smiled. Usually she would cross her arms over her chest or put on a sweatshirt if she felt like she was being ogled. But instead she crossed her arms *under* her bust, lifting them up and cradling them on top of her arms. Even the professor's concentration was broken for a split second. She didn't know what it was, but Jasmine was loving the confidence her new sweater instilled in her.

The attention on her bosom made the class pass by astoundingly fast. As Jasmine packed her bag and stood up to leave, she could feel eyes watching her chest bounce. *I hardly ever notice their bounce... And this is a heavy bounce...*

On the walk home she found herself stepping hard on her heels, enjoying the shockwaves sent through her body and chest. The soft fabric of the sweater rubbing against the tops of her C cups was so calming and inviting, like a warm blanket on a winter night. Inserting her key for her door, Jasmine was wishing the walk home had been longer.

Olivia was on the couch and greeted her, "Happy Monday! How did your sweater work out--" Her voice trailed off.

"Looks good, right??" Jasmine asked, pushing her breasts together between her arms and jiggling them, "You wouldn't believe the looks I got from it today!"

"You...uh...look a little different..."

"The pattern on the front really does a lot, doesn't it? I did wear a slightly padded bra though, I'll be honest." She patted the fronts of her tits and added, "This isn't all me."

"That's more than just a *little* padding, Jasmine... Your tits look twice as big!"

Jasmine looked down at her chest and grabbed the front of each breast. They compressed softly against her, overfilling her hands as her fingers sank into them like two halves of melons. "They just *look* big."

"You look like you could almost fill that bra your sister gave you!"

"Don't be ridiculous, the sweater is just a lot thicker than it looks. I'm pretty sure I would know if my boobs had grown enough to fill that thing!" Jasmine laughed. She looked at the kitchen table and saw a mess of dishes and homework.

Olivia noticed where she was looking. "Sorry, I know you hate when I do that, I'll clean it up right now."

"Nah, don't worry about it..." Jasmine shrugged, releasing her chest and shrugging.

"Wha..." Olivia was dumbstruck, "You're oddly calm right now... Usually you'd yell at me for leaving a mess. And you would definitely never *grab* yourself like you just did."

"I've been really relaxed today! Going with the flow, you know?" She shrugged again, and left her backpack on the floor against the wall. "I'm gonna go hang out with James, just came by to drop off my backpack. I'll see you later!" She opened the door and left her friend staring on the couch, wondering what she had just seen.

"I don't know what happened... But maybe her breasts should swell like that more often... Looks like it does her good..." Olivia said as she returned to what she had been watching on TV.

James was sitting on his couch alone in his apartment. It was getting dark outside, and he knew Jasmine would be by soon. As if on cue, a couple light-hearted taps sounded on his door. His girlfriend waltzed in not a moment later before he could answer, except part of her didn't seem familiar.

James' eyes widened as he took in Jasmine's form, her breasts appearing much larger than the last time he had seen her. *Much* larger. "H-How are you, Jasmine...?" He managed to say, his eyes never leaving her boobs for a second.

Catching his line of sight immediately Jasmine giggled. "I see you've noticed my new sweater!" She grabbed the bottom hem of it and pulled down, stretching it tightly over her breasts, "What do you think? Really makes me stand out, doesn't it?"

"T-That's putting it lightly... Did something happen to your chest? You look... *bigger*..."

"Ok, I confess, I do have a padded bra on under this..." She teased, "I knew you'd notice!"

James didn't know what to think. Something seemed fundamentally different about Jasmine. She seemed loose, calm and collected. Where was the uptight girl he was so used to being around?

"You look comfy... Hey, you still have my pajama pants here, right?" She asked, eyeing his loungewear.

"Yea I think they're in my closet somewhere... You want me to grab them?"

She looked around thoughtfully for a second. Then said, "Eh, forget it... I feel like my legs had been cooped up all day..." James couldn't believe his eyes when Jasmine faced away from him and started unbuttoning her pants.

Undoing her jeans and sliding down the zipper, his girlfriend firmly grabbed her waistband. They were a tight pair of jeans, meant to show off the wearer's legs, and she had to work her thumbs between the fabric and her hips. She ran her hands around her waist, gently wiggling her pants down her hips. James felt his cock fully harden when she bent forward slightly and slid them over her small, rounded ass to reveal the tiny pair of pink panties underneath. She bent farther forward, her thighs coming into view as her pants lowered; James' breath caught in his throat as he caught a glimpse of her pussy, bulging under her underwear through her small thigh gap. Still presenting herself to him, she let go of her jeans, letting them slide down her calves and around her ankles. Gracefully she tiptoed out of them, kicking them into a corner.

"Whew, that's *much* better!" She sighed, turning to face James. He caught a glimpse of the cat face printed on her underwear and blushed. In the last fifteen seconds, he had just seen more skin belonging to his girlfriend than the rest of their relationship. It was almost unbelievable that she was still standing in front of him, running her hands down her hips as she adjusted her underwear. The upper half of her body was still wrapped in the sweater, its hem barely reaching her belly button as her breasts caused it to lift up. "Hope you don't mind, kind of feel like going without pants tonight."

He only nodded in response, folding his hands over his erection. This was a much better surprise than anything he had been expecting.

“Now then, since you've already gotten your sweater-surprise, I believe you owe me something.” She cooed, strutting towards him. He was mesmerized by her breasts and thighs as they neared him. “One of those *special* massages?”

“O-Of course! Whenever you're ready!” James invited, opening his arms to welcome her. He didn't know what to think of the scene in front of him.

Jasmine giggled and hopped towards him. Turning her back to him, Jasmine sat between his legs before lying back onto his chest. He felt her butt pressing into his crotch, and she giggled again. Leaned her head back and nuzzled into his neck, she whispered, “This isn't too much for you, right?”

“Not at *all*.” He promised.

“Good, now get to it!” She grabbed his hands and thrust them onto her supple breasts. He couldn't believe how big they were. They had swollen so large that they were too big for his own hands! He couldn't contain them without some bulge of breast flesh finding a way out. The sweater felt warm against his fingers, and he could feel it stretching against her. “I've been waiting for this *all day*.” Jasmine cooed in his ear, sighing deeply.

While Jasmine had never been very open to letting him see any part of her naked until now, she had been willing to allow him to touch her body through her clothes. She often complained of her chest being tight or sore, and one day James had suggested a breast massage. She had been apprehensive at first, but it had done the trick, both easing her discomfort and giving him a good reason to squeeze her breasts for an hour. It had become a regular bonding experience for them. In addition, it often relaxed her enough that from his position, he could get a good view down her cleavage as he kneaded and squeezed her breasts.

But now, he was faced with a completely new pair of boobs in his hands. Far from her original C cups, he guessed she had to be pushing at least an H or I cup. He could feel them overflowing her bra in their swollenness as he ran his hands over them. *Does she really not notice how big she is now?*, he thought to himself, *It's like she's almost oblivious that she's tripled the size of her tits!* He looked below her collarbone, and could just see the tops of each of her breasts through her neckline, waxing and waning as he massaged them.

“Mmmmm *ooooohhh* *yeeeeaaaaa*... Just like that...” Jasmine sighed softly, her breathing slowing. His hands were pushed away from her chest slightly.

*Hang on.* James had to think about that for a second. He had felt her breasts actively push into his hands. *Are they...even bigger now??* He stared in disbelief, more cleavage creeping towards her collarbones.

“Mmmmm...” Jasmine moaned, shifting her position a little. Again he felt pressure against his palms, and he was watching this time. Her breasts had definitely risen higher on her chest, engorging rounder and outwards.

*She's growing! Her breasts are literally engorging larger and larger in my hands! She's already a few cup sizes bigger than she was a second ago!*



“You know I could just fall asleep like this... It's soooo relaxing... Can you massage them in wider circles please?” Sure requested.

Her tits puffed outward, James's hands rising a full inch higher into the air. Her sweater pulled against her as she grew, her tits ballooning out into full ripe watermelons. They rode on her chest like fleshy balloons, two mounds filling out the sweater a comical amount. He craned his neck and saw that it was riding higher on her body, its hem just below her ribs. *Where is this all coming from?* The view beyond her tits was filled with bare skin, her thighs bent up and spread to reveal her soft panties leading into a flat tummy.

“Ah!” She gasped, James unable to resist the urge to squeeze her jugs, his fingers starting to look dwarfed on her chest. He felt her bra cups buckle as they slid down her slopes to rest against her ribs, something thick and firm poking into each of his palms. James felt his cock throb against her ass when he realized they were her nipples. They felt wide and hard, like someone poking the centers of his hands with their thumbs. His fingers started to run over her breasts, tracing along her bra straps indenting her curves like rope.

Unaided by her bra cups, her breasts started leaning to her sides. They bobbed slightly as they bounced into her arms. Her neckline widened as they continued to swell into widening heaps of flesh, and James was starting to get treated to an even better view. He pinched each nipple through her sweater and used them to gently rotate each breast. He was sure what was going now, and he was sure he could exploit it. *Get bigger...*, he urged Jasmine inside his head.

“Oooooohhh you know *juuuust* what I like...” Jasmine squirmed in his arms as she expanded further. Her neckline widened and he could see the round base of each boob where they sprouted from her chest. A black bra could barely be seen deeper inside her sweater, buried by her massive under-boob. Each breast sat on her chest like a water balloon, rising over a foot above her. Taking his pointer fingers he poked them against her nipples and pressed into her, letting them sink into her breasts like giant doorbells. *Her nipples even feel full! I can feel them engorging against my hands!*

“Ah!” She moaned, this was one of James' favorite moves. He gently vibrated his index fingers, her breasts jiggling more wildly than they ever had in the past when doing the same thing. Her legs shuffled together, her thighs rubbing each other in arousal. Jasmine started breathing heavily, the cleavage in front of her growing moist from her exhales; he knew this was going to be a big one.

His eyes grew wide when he realized just how much he was causing her to swell. The canyon between each boob where he had previously seen her bra was closing before his eyes. Her mamaries were quickly growing wider, their weight now restricting how high they could reach. Their inner curves grew closer and closer until James witnessed her breasts make contact, the empty space now filled with a wall of cleavage. But she wasn't done. *Uh oh... I might have gone too far...*

Her breasts had to compete for space now, her sweater full to the neckline of her udders. James watched as her breasts grew like bulbous mountains before his eyes, rising engorging in

every direction. *They're like basketballs... Beach balls....! Even bigger!! How is she stretching like this?!* He stared in awe as his girlfriend puffed larger, her labored breathing seeming to spur her development. They grew out to overflow her arms, one of them now pushing against the side of the couch while the other threatened to pull her off the side.

James found that he was having to stretch now to keep in contact with her nipples, her breasts now so large and round his arms could reach. Nipples stuck like thimbles against his fingers and he found he was only able to rub around them now, their tempting pink towers out of her reach. Though when he found the puffy edge of her areolas, tracing circles as large as his own palms, Jasmine loosed pleased whimpers that begged for more.

“MmmmmmmmmMM!!” she groaned, initiating more swelling. The sweater was starting to resemble a crop top, more than half of her flesh billowing out from the bottom as the hem started to dig into them. Her weight was becoming immense on James’s chest as each tit ballooned impossibly large. They were rising and falling quickly with her breaths, wobbling as her thighs tried to rub her pussy. Just barely he could see the large bumps the created through the sweater by her nipples.

“J-James...!” Jasmine gasped.

His heart stopped. Had she noticed? How was she going to react when she saw her chest, each breast like an overinflated beach ball filled with milk, wobbling in front of her like mountains of flesh. He stretched his arms and tried his best to grab what would be the underside of her breasts. Although he could only reach around the edges, he found the bottom of her sweater; it had ridden up so high now that it was acting as a giant sports bra. As he reached, he could feel her overflowing boobs bulging around his arms.

For the first time, he felt the skin of her breasts, and she moaned loudly as his fingers ran along their bare curves. *Her skin is so tight, and her breasts feel so full! This sweater has turned her boobs into a pair of balloons!* He felt the band of her bra, still clasp around her, but it disappeared under her breasts; the cups were nowhere to be found, buried beneath her mammarys. He pat her breasts lightly, watching as they wobbled heavily towards his face before wobbling back. Jasmine’s skin had a little give, but not much, and it was becoming obvious from her breasts’ rounding shapes.

“Mmmmmmm!!!” Jasmine bit her lip, and her sweater grew tighter. James’ jaw dropped as he saw her arm holes fill and stretch out, her breasts running out of room to go. *She's going to be too big for this sweater soon...!*

He maneuvered his arms to the side of each knocker, feeling like he was trying to hug two thirty-six inch balloons in his arms. His palms fell against her bare skin, the sweater no longer covering the majority of her chest. He pushed into the side of each tit with all his might, massaging them the only way he could think. They bulged upwards in oval shapes, their weight only allowing for so much before his hands sank into them a full two inches before her skin refused to stretch anymore.

“MMMMMMAAAAHHHHH!!!” Jasmine cried out. Her tits bloated uncontrollably outwards, bulging onto her stomach and covering her belly button. In a matter of seconds, her cleavage ballooned upwards towards James’ face, bulging out of her neckline and resting warmly against her chin. The hem of the sweater popped some of its stitches before sliding over her giant nipples, revealing them to be pointing towards the ceiling.

“J-James!!” She groaned in pleasure, writhing on top of him as best her body would allow. He said a silent prayer, unable to imagine how she would react to the growth her body had gone through. There was no way she could ignore this kind of growth. Jasmine’s breathing was heavy and labored, her nipples standing out like ripe strawberries on top of giant piles of jiggly vanilla ice cream.

“Y-Yea?” He asked with hesitation, scared to squeeze the swelling bust increasing in his hands.

She panted heavily a few more times, the top of her cleavage swallowing her chin. Slowly she panted, her hands struggling to slip her wet panties down her quivering thighs, “*Bigger.*”