

Play and Win

Jason groaned and stretched his arms over his head before leaning on his computer desk with a heavy sigh. “It’s always so boring being home from college for Spring Break...”

A heavy beat rattled his walls from his older sister’s music upstairs, the tune giving him a headache. Rubbing his temples, he groaned again. “Why couldn’t they just let me go to the beach with my friends?? Mom and Dad aren’t even home half the time! They’re always at their dinner clubs!”

After putting in headphone to drown out the noise, he grabbed the computer mouse and started browsing various games he had stored on his computer throughout the years.

“Played it... Played it... Beat it...”

Watching the history of his purchases scroll by was almost as mind-numbing as listening to his sister’s music. “Maybe there’s something online,” he sighed with boredom.

One of his favorite game sites filled the screen with a list of free titles. In the corner sat an icon he didn’t recognize: a well-endowed woman staring with puzzlement at a question mark sticking out of her cleavage.

“Well that’s new!” Jason perked up at the erotic icon and clicked the link. The browser took him to a relatively simple page with the title of the game sprawled across the top in bubble letters and framed with a curvaceous woman on either side. “Questions of Growth...” he read. “Kind of a dumb name if it doesn’t tell me what the game is about.”

Below the title sat an empty window with a solitary button reading ‘Upload’ and a block of text:

*Upload an image of a woman and answer trivia questions!
Each correct answer will net you a healthy upgrade!*

Jason stared at the text and reread it multiple times. “This is stupid! Upgrades? What kind of upgrades can a trivia game have??”

Drawn in by the attractive models, he found himself unable to step away. He clicked the upload button and began looking through his computer for any images fitting the description. The first he came across was a picture of his sister from a family trip to a water park the previous summer.

“Fine, whatever,” he agreed.

The game whirred for a moment before springing to life. On one side of the screen was his chosen image, the other displaying a multiple choice question.

What is Lindsay’s favorite color?

Jason felt a chill run down his spine. “How did it know her name? Does this thing link up to Facebook? The answer is easy either way: orange.”

He clicked the answer and a shower of confetti rained over the screen. A glimpse of movement caught his eye in the picture and Jason quickly did a double take upon closer inspection. His sister’s breasts and butt looked bigger in the picture now, a slight hourglass shape taking form where previously none had existed on her petite frame.

“Uh...”

Jason didn’t know what to think. A new question presented itself.

What year was Lindsay born?

“1992...” he clicked.

This time he watched the picture anxiously. Slowly her chest overflowed her bikini top, small B cups growing into large melons. Likewise, her backend bloated to either side of her hips to overtake the shrinking bottoms.

“Neat!”

Meanwhile upstairs, Lindsay was relaxing on her bed and absentmindedly scrolling through her phone. A chill ran through her body and she shivered despite the warm atmosphere before adjusting her legs and shoulders. Her pajamas didn’t feel like they were sitting properly on her body, as if they were askew.

Lindsay thought nothing of it. A few more flicks of her thumb later, another chill chased its way through her spine. A strange heat was warming her core and her eyes caught an unusual movement across her front. Her legs felt as though they were tilting at an awkward angle onto the mattress.

“H-huh...?” she whimpered, seeing movement under her shirt.

What color is Lindsay’s hair?

Jason scoffed. “Oooh trick question! It’s red in the picture, but only because she dyes it. She’s blonde.”

“A-Ahh!” Lindsay moaned from her bed. The movement grew more intense under her pajama shirt, the span of fabric across her bust bulging higher as two large mounds pushed against it. “What’s happening?!”

Lindsay’s curves swelled in every direction. Her eyes bulged wide as each breast grew multiple cup sizes in the span on a few breaths. The fabric of her top drew tight when the small B cups bloated larger than her own head. Stress lines shot across her bosom and windows spread open between each button to reveal her heaving cleavage.

“M-My boobs!!” she cried out, dropping her phone and pressing her hands into her chest with worry. They sank into her burgeoning flesh, watermelon-sized knockers resisting her palms.

The pajama bottoms were quickly becoming uncomfortable on her slender frame. Craning her neck to look over the swelling hills, Lindsay could see her waistband pulling tight around her hips. More and more of her abdomen and navel revealed themselves as her clothes pulled away to cover her engorging curves.

“What the hell is happening to me??” she gasped. “I-I can feel my...skin stretching! Why are my tits growing like a couple of balloons?!”

What university did Lindsay graduate from?

“Give me a hard one... Whitworth!”

“Ahhhh!?” Fear and confusion filled Lindsay’s eyes when her growth accelerated. Seams popped along her hips and thighs while stitches blew across her front. “N-No more...” she grunted, her pajamas cutting into her. “These clothes can’t take much more! *I-I* can’t take much more!!”

PING PING PING PING PING!!!

Buttons exploded off her shirt and flew across the room in every direction. Horror drained any color from her face when two udders the size of beach balls wobbled in front of her eyes, blocking any view of her body below. “Holy *shit!* I’m *huge!*!”

Out of sight, her ass continued to expand as well. It pushed against the mattress and lifted her hips into the air like a large pillow. Lindsay could feel cool air rushing between her thighs as her legs were drawn higher and higher, soon her knees having to bend in order for her feet to stay grounded.

SHHRRRIIPPP!!

A tear shot up her thighs and across her ass, her pajama bottoms coming to rest in tatters around her shaking legs.

“I-I BLOWING UP EVERYWHERE!!”

What is Lindsay’s middle name?

“Alice...” Jason sighed.

“Noooo no no no nooooo!!” Growth was pouring into Lindsay’s body as if her curves were hooked to a hose. “J-Jasooooon! *Help!*!” she called, but her voice was inaudible over his headphones. Helplessly, she watched as her mammaries climbed higher above her head with increasing weight. Nipples the size of her fist stood pink and plump on top of each yoga ball udder, their sides overflowing her arms and pinning Lindsay to the bed.

“No more... Please, no more!” she begged, “I liked having them small!” Cleavage pushed against her cheeks as her breasts flattened out under their own weight. When her toes completely left the mattress, Lindsay truly began to panic.

What did Lindsay major in?

“Art history,” Jason chuckled.

“I’m too biiiiiiig!!”

Lindsay could feel her skin drawing tight and her curves rounding out with pressure. Every tingle running down her spine sent a new, more intense wave of growth across her swollen body. Breasts now large enough to cover half the bed, she struggled to free any of her limbs. Her legs had been forced into the air atop her ballooning ass, her ass cheeks pressing into the footboard.

CRREEEAAA

“Ooooh crap, *oooh crap no!*” Lindsay pleaded, staring wide-eyed into the chasm of cleavage threatening to envelop her head. She knew the weight was quickly becoming too much for the bed to support. “Please don’t break please don’t break! *Just stop growing! JASON!!*”

What was Lindsay’s first pet?

“Mr. Snuffles. Dumb rabbit...” Jason grimaced, subconsciously rubbing a scar on his finger.

“TOO BIIIIIIIG!!!”

CCRRREEEEAAA KKK!!

Lindsay flailed under her incredible weight, one of her breasts pressing into the wall and forcing the other near the edge of the bed. The mattress was covered in the jiggling mass of her bloated curves, a sea of tits and ass engorged to their limit. With nipples as large as soda cans, Lindsay thought she may faint from the incredible pleasure even the slightest breeze brought her.

CCRRRREEEEAAA KKK!!

“OOOOHHH I CAN’T TAKE ANYMOOOOREE!!”

What state does Lindsay li--

CRASH!!

Jason looked up from his computer and removed an earbud when an incredible vibration of destruction rattled the house from above. Looking at his ceiling and the shuddering light, he listened to the music still playing in his sister's room, the source of the crash. A muffled moaning was barely audible over the tunes.

“J-Jason...!” a tired voice called. “I think I need help...!”

He looked back to his computer and the picture of his sister overflowing with unbelievably-sized curves. The game read ‘Only 2 questions left!’.

“Be right there!” he called back, answering the next bit of trivia.