

Big Fun on Deck Part 1

The time had finally come. Spring break was here and Mackenzie was diligently getting ready with her roommate Laura. Three days aboard a lavish yacht awaited them alongside the company of two fellow college students.

The first, Harry, was lucky enough to have connections with the local boating company. Being in good standing and willing to do a little advertising along the way, the company had agreed to rent him the small yacht at a heavily discounted price for the trip. Cherished boyfriend to Laura, Mackenzie had never felt so lucky to be her roommate.

Even more exciting than the trip itself was the fourth guest, Damien. Friend of Harry's and secret long-time crush of Mackenzie's, she would have agreed to go anywhere if it meant Damien would be there. Having him to herself aboard a boat in the middle of the calm bay was only icing on the cake. If fate was on her side, she might return home with a new romantic relationship in tow.

The excitement of such a possibility made her heart palpitate while packing. There were hardly any clothes to speak of in her bag; they would be spending most of the time in their swimsuits. Trying her bikini on one final time, Mackenzie stared in the mirror and sighed.

"Do you think he's going to even notice me...?"

Laura chuckled. "There's only four of us on the boat! It will be hard for us to ignore anyone!"

Mackenzie frowned and turned for a profile view. "You know what I mean. I really like this guy..."

"Well, it's hard to ignore a girl in a skimpy bikini."

She blushed. There was a lot of skin on display. Far more than she was used to exhibiting. A bra and a pair of underwear would have been just as modest, if not more. "That's why I bought this one. I'm starting to think it's a little *too* revealing though. I'm usually a single-piece girl."

Laura inspected the swimwear closely. "I think it depends on what you're after in Damien. Are you looking for someone to connect and spend time with, or someone to fuck your brains out on the top of a yacht under the stars?"

"...Both?"

"Skimpy is the way to go then!"

The advice hadn't helped much. Mackenzie continued staring at her slender frame in the mirror. The bikini was great decoration, but there wasn't much to decorate.

"What is it?" Laura asked, sensing her friend's apprehension.

"It's really showy, but I don't really have very much to...*show*." A glance at Laura leaning over her suitcase brought a stab of envy. Even the C-cups hanging in her bra would be a massive upgrade.

Laura was quick to catch on. Looking up, she caught Mackenzie's gaze before she could turn away. "If *that's* what's worrying you..." A hand fumbled around her bag momentarily before pulling out a bottle of lotion. Mackenzie didn't recognize the brand. "Use some of this!"

Mackenzie caught the bottle when it was tossed her way. "W-What is it?"

"You rub a little on your chest and it gives you a few extra cups for a little bit! Kind of like temporary implants, except they're still real."

Mackenzie's jaw dropped to the floor. "*What?? This stuff cannot be safe! Assuming it even works!?*"

Calm as ever, Laura waved a dismissive hand and took the bottle back. "I use it all the time! Just a little dab here and there for a little bra-busting swelling. It drives Harry *insane* on date night. He can't keep his eyes off of them." Laura giggled before adding, "He has no idea I even use it. It's just fun watching him try to figure out how I randomly double my bra size!"

"*Double?!?*"

Laura shrugged. "Yea, sometimes! Want to try some? I promise it only tingles!"

The thought of doubling her A-cups sounded like a miracle. Still the proposition didn't sit right with Mackenzie. "I-I don't think I'm willing to go that far... And honestly it seems too good to be true."

"No worries! Damien is a really nice guy. If it's meant to be, I'm sure he'll like you regardless of your body."

Mackenzie ran her hands over her front. "Or maybe there's a chance he's into small boobs...?"

Later that day, the students gathered at the dock. The yacht was far larger than what was necessary for only four of them but this only added to the excitement. If the situation called for it, there would be plenty of private space for them to have their fun. After spending some time unloading the cars and loading the yacht with enough food for the next several days, it was finally time. Mackenzie waited with Laura on the yacht while Harry and Damien finished business with the harbormaster before joining them.

"Everyone ready to go??" Harry hollered, always brimming with excitement. Damien was grinning at his side in swim trunks and an open shirt. Mackenzie had barely said a word to his thus far due to shyness.

"Damn right we are!" Laura was already settling in. Whipping off her shirt, she presented her own bikini and the modest breasts it cradled.

Damien's line of sight couldn't have been more obvious. The only pair of adequate breasts on board were in plain view and his eyes were drawn to them like magnets while she spread sunscreen over herself. This was not lost on Mackenzie and filled her with dread. She feigned confidence and pulled her own shirt off in hopes to attract a similar gaze. She turned her attention away to provide him the most opportunity.

In the corner of her eye, she noticed Damien glance her direction. Hope flared until he looked away a second later and returned to sneaking peeks at Laura. Mackenzie's heart sank; it

was the worst possible situation. How was she supposed to compete with Laura running around in a bikini as well?

“Let’s shove off!” Harry announced. This grabbed Damien’s attention and he followed his friend towards the main cabin.

“See? What did I tell ya?” Laura grinned after he’d left, “A full bikini never fails to make them--”

Mackenzie rushed at her like a madman. Grabbing Laura’s bikini top in her fist, she pulled her roommate down to eye level.

“*Hey watch it!*” Laura cried out.

Mackenzie ignored her breasts bulging around her fists. Desperate after witnessing Damien’s reaction, she growled, “*Give me that lotion.*”

Laura snickered. “I knew it.” Releasing herself, she dug into her bag and produced the miracle substance. Mackenzie took it greedily and squirted a heaping portion into her palm.

“Easy, easy!” Laura warned, “That stuff goes a long way!”

“*Shhh!*” Mackenzie hushed, “Damien could be back any second! I need to fill this thing out!”

Her hands were a lotioned-up flurry as they rubbed across her chest. They dove under and around her bikini cups making sure to coat her entire breasts. Almost immediately her nipples perked up to thump against her fingers.

“*W-Whoa...!*” Mackenzie shivered, “That *does* tingle...! *Ooohhhh that’s weird!*”

“I told ya!”

Looking down and wondering what she just did to herself, she stared at her breasts. An undeniable tightness was spreading under her bikini though nothing had risen aside from her excited nipples. “Now what??”

Laura found a pair of sunglasses and sat down to enjoy the rushing sea breeze. “Now you just relax and let the lotion do its thing. Trust me, it doesn’t take long. Especially with how much you put on!”

“Heh, right,” Mackenzie laughed nervously. The tingling had grown more intense but there was nothing more she could do other than hope. Joining her friend, she focused her mind on other things and watched Damien help navigate from the top deck. The idea of her breasts swelling to the magnitude Laura had spoken of seemed too good to be true. Between her disbelief, the warm breeze, and the spray of the waves as they left the mainland behind, Mackenzie’s mind drifted to other matters.

After about an hour, the yacht’s motor turned from a roar to a gentle hum. Their speed slowed to a gentle drift. They were alone with only the sea and the sun for company.

“It’s so beautiful out here,” Mackenzie sighed while staring out into the horizon.

There was silence until her roommate snorted loudly. “Lookin’ good there, Macky!!”

“Huh?”

Following Laura’s amused gaze, Mackenzie’s eyes turned down to her chest.

“Oh my God!!”

She was far beyond the realm of simple swelling. Mackenzie’s A-cup breasts had bloated into massive E-cups trying their best to escape her bikini. Soft skin overflowed the cups at every seam. For the first time in her life, Mackenzie saw a line of cleavage shooting down her torso. She grabbed her chest in surprise and marveled at its weight. How she’d managed to engorge to such a disproportionate size without her noticing was a mystery.

“I-I’m HUGE!! Laura, look at my BOOBS!!” she cried out. They wouldn’t stop jiggling.

Laura couldn’t contain her laughter. The sound of footsteps approaching only added to the hilarity. “Uh ohhh, here comes Damien!”

As if her mother had just walked in, Mackenzie slapped her hands into her lap. Damien and Harry arrived seconds later.

“All right, we’ve officially left civilization!” Damien announced, “Let’s break out the booze and--”

His eyes fell on Mackenzie. She was much more endowed than he remembered, to the point he was certain her areolas were escaping her bikini. “Wow...” he whispered in a trance-like state.

The mesmerized attention caused confidence to flourish within her. “Stare a little more why don’tcha!” A playful kick connected with Damien’s shin. Arching her back, she proudly tested the limits of her bikini. The result sent her bulging dangerously close to popping free. Even Laura was shocked at Mackenzie’s daring posture. It was the curved bulge in Damien’s swimsuit Mackenzie was most interested in, however.

It took everything for Damien and Harry to pull their gaze away.

“Hey, Mackenzie,” Damien smiled warmly. “You want a drink? I’m great at mixers.”

“Sure!” She giggled and shrugged. The resulting jiggle surprised her as much as it pleased her crush.

“I’ll have a sex on the beach, Harry!” Laura requested. The two men walked away and left the girls alone once more.

Laura was beaming. “Nicely done...!”

An odd sense of pride was welling within Mackenzie. Puffing her chest out to inspect its full, rounded glory, she cupped herself with squeezing hands. “I think I could get used to these! In fact...”

The bottle of lotion was snatched up in a flash with another heaping dose squirted into her palm.

“You’ll want to go easy on that,” Laura warned once more.

“Psh, ok, Mom. Did you see Damien’s face?? He’s a total boob man!” Mackenzie began rubbing the lotion into her bust despite the caution.

Laura shrugged. “Whatever, you do you!”

Within moments her chest was slick and shiny. The tingling had returned but not with the same strength. Mackenzie frowned. “Come on... Get bigger!”

Hardly glancing over, Laura chuckled. “Oh don’t worry, they will! Try tugging on a nipple.”

Color rushed to her face at the lude suggestion. Making sure the boys were well out of sight, Mackenzie pinched a puffy nub.

“Auugh!! Mmmm!!!”

STREEEETCH

“H-Holy shit!!”

Her bikini expanded outwards against a surge of skin. The growth had been so intense Mackenzie’s fingers were engulfed in her breasts before she could move them out of the way.

POP!

POP!

Coming to resemble ample melons, Mackenzie’s tits dominated her tiny frame. Her nipples sprang free from the bikini top with no hope of staying hidden again.

“I-I don’t fit in my bikini anymore!!” she gasped. Any attempt to stuff herself back into the privacy of her top proved fruitless.

“I tried to warn you! Maybe next time you’ll take it slow and--”

“Are you kidding?! I love them!!”

Mackenzie’s excitement surprised Laura. A part of her wondered if offering the lotion in the first place had been a bad idea. There was an amount of greed in Mackenzie’s eyes that was off-putting. This wasn’t like her.

“Damien isn’t going to be able to keep his hands off me,” she mused. Rubbing her still-swelling mammaries, Mackenzie dressed them up as best she could for her crush’s return. The bottle of lotion stayed close by her side. With it at her disposal, she was certain to have the time of her life.

CREEEAAAANK

A straining complaint from her bikini agreed.

TO BE CONTINUED