Deflate, Baby!  
By Mollycoddles  
  
Kristine raised the hem of her fuzzy sweater, revealing her soft stomach. Her belly button was a dark cavern, compressed into a slit by a slight layer of girlish pudge. Not that Kristine was fat, far from it. She had the sort of body that was svelte, sleek, effortlessly feminine… with just the right amount of softness to remind you she was all woman.

Carla envied that! Carla and Kristine had been friends for a long time. They were the only two trans girls in their grade, something that initially made them natural allies, then friends, then finally friends with benefits. Maybe girlfriends? Carla wasn’t sure. Their status in that department was… complicated right now.

“Put it in,” said Kristine. “C’mon, Carla. Don’t you want to see what happens? Don’t you want to see what I’d look like with a little extra up top? I know I would.”

She sucked a gulp of air in between her teeth, standing up straight to thrust out her chest for emphasis. Despite her overpowering femininity, Kristine was woefully flat. Her breasts were barely rounded bulges on her chest. Both girls were taking Gleemonox, a new experimental hormone that had helped to change their bodies to be more in line with who they were. Somewhat. The Gleemonox didn’t seem to help Kristine to grow the boobs she really wanted.

Carla fiddled nervously with the shelium cannister, gripping the release valve with one hand and the input hose with her other. “You’re… you’re sure this is safe?”

Kristine chuckled. “You’re so cute when you worry, Carla. Of course it’s safe, silly! My mom uses it all the time. She kind of has to, she’s almost totally flat. That’s how I knew the Gleemonox wouldn’t help me out there. I just don’t have the right genes to activate! So c’mon and stick it in! I want everything that nature’s cheated me out of. So c’mon! Put the nozzle in and let’s blow these babies up! Gimmie some shelium!”

Created as a low-risk alternative to traditional breast enhancement techniques, the gas was perfectly safe in low doses and could be easily pumped into the human body to enhance its natural curves. It made painful and expensive surgery a thing of the past, and, as an added bonus, the shelium injections induced a temporary but dizzying high.

Carla pressed the nozzle into the slit of Kristine’s exposed navel.

On a regiment of Gleemonox, Carl’s squat, stocky frame had given birth to Carla’s thick, womanly pear. But while the drug had gifted Carla with plump haunches and a heavy bosom, Kristine was tall, willowy and slight. Kristine had, as far as Carla knew, always been Kristine. Kristine had transferred to Los Hermanos High during junior year, and Carla neither knew nor wanted to know her dead name. She had always been a tall, sleek gazelle of a girl with long blonde hair that fell to the small of her back, so tall and graceful that she couldn’t help but turn heads. Her short plaid skirt showed off her long shapely legs and her tight angora sweater showed off the tastefully petite nubs of her delicate bosom.

“That’s so unfair,” said Kristine, sighing as she gazed down at her tiny titties. “Don’t you think it’s so unfair, Carla? Don’t I deserve more? Don’t I deserve a pair of big pillowy pontoons just as much as the next girl? Don’t I deserve to fill out this itty bitty sweater to the limit? Hmm? You agree, don’t you, hun?”

Carla nodded. Her throat was dry. Who was she to resist? Kristine made it sound SO enticing. Maybe she shouldn’t. Shelium was supposed to be safe, that’s what all the studies said. None of the shelium test subjects had been on Gleemonox, though, so… how could she be sure that it wouldn’t cause some harm to Kristine’s Glemonox-built body? But then again, that girlish pout was so hard to resist…

Impossible to resist, thought Carla as she turned the knob

A slight gasp escaped the tall blonde’s lips. The effect was immediate as Carla observed a sudden bulge appear under Kristine’s already snug angora sweater.

“Ooo,” said Kristine, her eyes going wide with excitement. “It’s working! It’s working! Look, Carla, I’m already getting bigger! Don’t stop, let’s see if you can give me some real sweater puppies.”

“Okay, a little more won’t hurt,” said Carla. “But let’s be reasonable…”

“No,” said Kristine sharply. “Don’t be reasonable. I didn’t steal my mom’s shelium allotment just to be reasonable! I want you to give it all to me… I want you to pump me so full of shelium that my tits are as big as watermelons… as big as beach balls!... as big as…” Kristine struggled to think of a comparison. “as big as… as big as… as big as they fucking get! I don’t want you to stop until the cannister is completely empty, no matter what happens! I want… I need to be filled to the absolute brim!”

Kristine was already rubbing her hands over the swell of her new assets, her long slender fingers sinking into her supple new flesh. Her nipples tented the fabric of her sweater, revealing just how much she was enjoying herself. Carla could see Kristine’s girl dick rising to attention under her skirt, tenting the fabric. Kristine probably wouldn’t have been embarrassed to know her erection was on display, but she was too fascinated by her new hooters to notice.

“Blow up my boobs bigtime,” commanded Kristine.

Carla nodded dumbly. What danger could there possibly be? Almost every woman in the country had at least a couple pumps of shelium adding volume to their boobs or lift to their buttocks.

Carla turned the knob again and the hissing increased as another blast of shelium escaped into Kristine’s body.

“Oh!” Kristine whimpered, her hands hovering over her chest as her breasts surged forward. They looked like a pair of party balloons quickly gaining volume beneath Kristine’s sweater, swelling from pert little nubs to suddenly plump little pomegranates. Carla noted that they started with the natural, slightly oblong, slightly saggy shape that characterized imperfect natural boobs, but, as they grew, they quickly assumed the perfectly round, overinflated look of silicon-enhanced knockers. Not that there was an y silicon inside those jugs! They were light and bouncy and obviously shelium-filled, but somehow that only added to their appeal. Carla longed to reach out and touch them, but she kept her hands to herself for now. They were growing so fast that Carla was afraid a simple touch might be enough to make them suddenly pop!

“You’ve got to be a DD by now,” said Carla. Kristine’s sweater was dangerously snug, the buttons pulling tight around the supple new flesh. “We should probably stop.”

“No, no! Why stop now? We’re just getting started!”

“C’mon, Kristine, don’t you think you’ve blown yourself up enough? You get any bigger and you’re gonna give yourself stretchmarks all over your tits!”

Kristine gingerly ran her hands over the expanse of her bloated boobs, teasing the crease beneath her new orbs where her underboob met her chest and then fingering the new cleavage between her beautiful new babies.

“Stretchmarks? That’s a small price to pay to have the biggest tits in school. Ooo, could you imagine that? Could you imagine me, Kristine Sanders, with the ansolute biggest hooters in the entire school? Gawd, it makes me so hard to think about that… You know Janet Hodges would be sooooo jealous!”

Carla grinned. Janet Hodges was a total bitch. She sat in the back row during homeroom and thought that she was above everyone just cuz she had monster F cup tits. Carla and Kristine knew her exact cup size because Janet never passed up an opportunity to brag about it.

“C’mon, just a little more. Make me bigger than Janet and I’ll rub that bitch’s face in it sooo hard!” Kristine grinned, scooting up to Carla and pressing her bulbous new front against her friend. Carla swallowed hard, feeling Kristine’s hard nipples through her sweater. “And maybe I’ll rub YOUR face in it too, hmmmm? What do you think of that?”

“Okay, okay, Jesus! Cut it out, you’re making it hard to concentrate!” said Carla. Nevertheless, she followed Kristine’s orders and kept the air flowing.

Kristine was growing more stacked by the minute. The hem of her sweater rose higher, inch by inch, as her buttons continued to spread, threads along the sweater’s side seams starting to pop one by one. Kristine closed her eyes and sighed wistfully. “Gawwwwd, it feels soooo fucking good, Carla! You got to try this… no wonder mom uses this stuff all the time! I feel like I’m gonna cum sooo bad…”

“Shut up, you slut,” chuckled Carla. “You’re just trying to get me all hot and bothered, it won’t work.” Carla’s face was flushed, though, and her dick was at attention despite herself. Shit.

“Okay.. for real, you’re starting to look like the Goodyear blimp,” said Carla. Kristine’s tits were bigger than honeydew melons and just as round, ready to bust out of her sweater. “I’m cutting you off.”

“Awww!”

“Don’t ‘aww’ me! You’re huge! Just look at yourself.”

Kristine looked down at two massive mammaries so big and round that they were practically smothering her. She smiled.

Carla fingered the knob on the cannister dubiously. She had heard way too many horror stories about how addictive shelium could be, how some people just couldn’t resist the euphoric, almost sexual rush that came with shelium inflation. Kristine definitely seemed to be… enjoying the experience more than maybe she should. Carla wondered if it was safe to leave the cannister here tonight or whether she should insist on bringing it home with her. She should probably take it with her. She wouldn’t want Kristine to be too tempted and to blow herself up until she, well, blew.

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“Shit, Kristine, what happened to you? You’re even bigger today!”

Kristine smiled. Last night’s experimentation had been a complete success, but today, in the harsh light of day in the school hallway, she looked even more endowed. Way too much more.

“How did you keep pumping yourself up after I left?” asked Carla. “I took the cannister home with me! Don’t tell me your mom had a spare?”

“Nope,” said Kristine, grinning widely. “They just kept growing. Little by little. I thought I was imagining it last night, but this morning I was sure of it. I looked it up online and apparently that’s one of the side effects of taking shelium when you’re on Gleemonox. It can cause… additional growth. It makes the gas keep expanding inside your body! Isn’t that great?”

“Is it?”

Kristine ignored Carla’s tone, instead turning her attention to her heaving new bosom.

“Ooo, now these are some real mommy milkers,” said Kristine, running her hands over her bulbous new curves and pausing to tweak her nipples. “Mmm, I love how tight my sweater is, just look at it, Carla! I swear I’m about to just completely bust out. Wouldn’t you like to see that, Carla? Wouldn’t you just looove to watch me completely blow the buttons right off this tight little sweater of mine with my big fat mommy milkers?”

“You hardly have mommy milkers,” said Carla. She tried to look away, but Kristine’s new chest was mesmerizing. She was genuinely huge! At least a G cup now, if she’d been wearing a bra. Of course, she’d never needed one before with her flat chest… but now it was positively obscene for a girl as busty and buxom as the new Kristine to walk around braless!

“I bet I know what you’d like to see,” said Kristine, stroking Carla’s chin and gently nudging the shorter girl to look her in the eyes. “I bet you’d love to see me just completely bust out of this new sweater. Can you tell it’s new? I had to steal it from my mom’s closet this morning. You know I was even bigger when I woke up? I was so big I just HAD to let some of the air out and it was still a chore to fit into my mom’s top. I just couldn’t fit into any of my old tops after what you did to me last time. I’ll have to buy a whole new wardrobe. And look at me now! You pumped me up way too full and tight. I read that shelium on Gleemonox can become unstable at high doses like that, so now look! The gas keeps expanding inside me and now I’m even bigger than ever.”

“Wait… ‘let the air out?’ You can do that?”

“Of course, hun, didn’t you do any Googling before we did our experiment? Watch!” Kristine reached up to gently tweak her nipples, visible as prominent bumps through the stretched-out fuzzy fabric of her sweater. There was an audible hiss and the twin orbs of her magnificent mammaries retreated slightly. Kristine closed her eyes and sighed.

“Oh, that’s a relief! My tits were getting SO big and SO tight… You know the gas just keeps expanding? I have to keep letting the air out or I’ll just get way too tight. But I bet you’d like to see that.”

“I-I-I…”

“Hmm. I know you would, don’t deny it, you naughty girl. That’s why you pumped me up so big in the first place, isn’t it? I saw the look on your face yesterday when you thought my buttons were gonna start flying.” She winked. “Maybe today I WILL make my buttons start flying.”

“I-I-I…”

“Hmm, I bet I will. If I keep growing, who knows how big I ‘ll be by the end of day? But I’ll do it, just for you, Carla. I’m not gonna let out any air for the rest of the day and we’ll see how big they get. That’s my promise to you!” She winked again. “Let’s see how long they last before buttons DO start flying! Oh, I think it’s almost time for homeroom; wait til Janet gets a load of these knockers!”

Kristine took off down the hall. She put an extra swagger in her step, grinning widely as her new G-cup breasts bounced and swayed with her every step. They were so light and buoyant that it was obvious they were filled with shelium, but, by this point, so many young girls were taking shelium supplements that no one minded.

“shit, shit, shit,” whined Carla, trailing behind as Kristine sauntered through the homeroom door. Carla had seen plenty of girls at school with bigger, bouncier shelium hooters – there were always a few over eager newbs who busted into their moms’ shelium cabinets and didn’t know how to administer the gas right – but none of them had the easy confidence that Kristine had. She was born to have big titties and she obviously regarded her new bustiness as her due. Her gravity-defying G-cup wobbled from side to side with her practiced steps, so that Carla had a clear view of their mass even from behind.

It was pretty fucking hot! Carla couldn’t believe that Kristine was going to go through with it. The teachers might not bat an eye when a girl came to class with a new set of tatas, but they would probably get angry at the distraction if a girl started to grow in the middle of class!

“Sorry I’m late, Mr. Jones,” cooed Kristine, striking a pose so that her ample assets sloshed heavily within the confines of her brassiere. “I’m afraid that I got a little preoccupied this morning…”

Mr. Jones waved Kristine to her seat without a thought. “Sure, sure, Kristine, it happens. Take a seat.”

Kristine was obviously miffed that her new voluptuous physique hadn’t gotten a bigger reaction from their jaded teacher. Mr. Jones was an old curmudegeon who was mainly looking forward to retirement these days, so maybe he couldn’t get it up anymore for a hot, stacked babe! The boys in the class, however, were far from jaded. Every young horndog was eying Kristine up as she flounced to her seat.

She plopped her pert bottom into her chair, her chest wobbling in response. True to her exhibitionist nature, Kristine had worn the most scandalously tight sweater she could find. The fuzzy material stretched across the summit of her magnificent mammaries like a second skin, the buttons tantalizingly pushed to the brink by her jumbo juggs. Carla wondered how much Kristine must have struggled to button up that sweater this morning, since large diamond shaped gaps billowed between each button. Every time that the overly buxom girl inhaled, you could see her buttons quiver. Kristine smiled smugly and folded her delicate hands together on her desk, sitting up ramrod straight in her seat to thrust out her bottom and her bust even more. Jeez, she loved the attention! Kristine could feel every eye in the classroom on her body. The idea that everyone was admiring her ridiculous curves sent a delicious shiver through her supple body, causing goose pimples to pop out along her arms and forcing her to cross her legs to hide the growing boner under her way too short Catholic schoolgirl skirt.

Jeremy Fincher raised his hand. “Could I be excused, Mr. Jones?” he asked, his eyes glued to Kristine’s heaving bosom. “I need to… go to the bathroom.”

Mr. Jones nodded distantly. “Sure, whatever.”

Jeremy flew from his seat and left the room. Kristine smirked even wider; she could guess why he needed to use the bathroom. All through the lesson, more and more boys begged Mr. Jones to be excused. The teacher granted each request without question. If he knew what was happening, he literally did not care. But every guy in this classroom must be frantically jerking off while thinking about Kristine, thought Carla suddenly. That was… weird to think about. She didn’t entirely share Kristine’s exhibitionist streak, but she couldn’t help but feel a twinge of pride that her absurdly hot girlfriend was having such an impact on all those poor boys.

BANG!!!

All eyes turned to Kristine as the first of her buttons finally exploded. It was inevitable, really. The overendowed hottie was propelled backward in her seat from the force of the explosion, her billowing bra-busters shaking wildly as the halves of her ruined sweater parted. The diamond-shaped gap at the apex of her bosom was wider now and her tits were… well, they were bigger. Everyone could tell. Luckily, Kristine was wearing a tank top beneath her sweater, so she could get away with this sort of thing. Wardrobe malfunctions were such a common occurrence since girls started dosing with shelium that most teachers had given up on policing any sort of dress code for all but the most egregious infractions. Sure, if Kristine’s tits completely popped out, she might get sent home with a reprimand. But as long as there was the flimsiest pretense of something covering up at least her nipples, she could probably get away with it.

“Oops,” said Kristine, putting her finger to her lips in an exaggerated display of girlish bashfulness. “Looks like I’m just getting too big for my britches! I really should have picked out a bigger sweater, don’t you think, Carla? Why, I’m just busting out of this one!”

Carla blushed, embarrassed to be singled out by name. “Kristine! Stop it! Everyone is staring!”

“Are they?” Kristine pretended to be surprised, then giggled and rolled her eyes suddenly. Her chest squeaked. Her sweater, tight as it already was, began to grow tighter. A second button suddenly launched itself at Carla’s face.

“Jeez! Watch where you point those torpedos!” snapped Carla, dodgling quickly. “You could put out an eye! C’mon, Kristine, just cut it out… coming to class with big knockers is one thing, but old man Jones isn’t THAT tolerant… he’s gonna notice if you’re growing in class!”

Contrary to Carla’s worries, Mr. Jones could not care less. He was droning on about the Pythagorean theory or something, his back turned to the class, completely oblivious to the chaos that was erupting around Kristine’s chest.

“Oh, but I promised I wouldn’t let out any of my shelium today, didn’t I?” giggled Kristine. “And why should I? It feels SO good when my big round boobies start to grow… It just makes me want to keep growing forever… Oooo…”

Another sudden growth spurt caused Kristine’s bloated boobs to push forward another inch, her sweater, undershirt, and bra releasing a cacophony of creaks as they stretched to accommodate her new assets. “Oh, they’re getting SO big… they’re.. oh!... they’re starting to feel…. Kind of tight… oh dear, Carla, I hope I don’t… oh! I hope I don’t burst… I should really let out some of this shelium…” Her fingers hovered over her nipples, at the ready to touch them but not quite. She flashed a devilish grin at her girlfriend. “Oh, but I shouldn’t go back on my word, should I? Hmm… I guess I’ll just have to deal with the consequences.”

Another sudden growth spurt nearly knocked Kristine backwards in her chair with the sheer force of its enormity. Her buoyant boobs tugged skyward, straining to escape the confines of her bra and tattered sweater. Her eyes went wide with sudden surprise; this seemed a little much! By now her breasts were so pumped with air that she could feel herself lightening, her butt ready to rise from her seat. Her fingers instinctively gripped at the sides of her chair. The boys of the class, who had been crowding in for a better view, all suddenly scooted backwards away from Kristine, almost in unison, as if they realized that something had changed, something had suddenly lurched out of control.

“Are you supposed to be growing that much?” hissed Carla.

“I don’t know!” said Kristine. Her eyes widened with fear as she desperately attacked her nipples. Carla could hear the soft hiss of air escaping, but this time Kristine’s breasts didn’t get any smaller. Quite the contrary, they were still growing!

“Ohhh! Gawd, they’re getting bigger,” groaned Kristine, clawing at the surface of her desk with her manicured nails. Her eyes rolled back in her head and her pouty lips formed into a perfect O as she sucked in a lungful of air. “Shit, it feels just as good as when you pumped me up last night… ohhh Gawd! I knew that overpumping could make the shelium unstable but… this is too much!”

“Do you think it’s reacting that much to the Gleemonox?” asked Carla.

“I don’t know!” snapped Kristine. “I mean… we did pump them up pretty full? Oh shit…” This was the first time that Carla had ever seen her less than fully composed. Her bra creaked audibly as her boobs expanded like two fleshy cantelopes… No, they were far bigger than cantelopes by now! Carla would have to say that Kristine’s jugs were approaching the size of fully mature watermelons! If Carla couldn’t see her friend’s nipples jutting sharply through the fabric of her overloaded sweater, she might have actually suspected that she was hiding actual watermelons under her clothing!

“Mr.Jones! I think… I think Kristine needs to go to the nurse!” shouted Carla, jumping to her feet and pulling Kristine up from her desk, her behemouth bra-busters wobbling thickly at the motion. Carla didn’t wait for a response from their disinterested teacher as she quickly hustled Kristine out the door, throwing a poisonous backwards glance at the rest of the class to warn away any horny perverts that dared to follow them. Luckily, no one moved. Carla worried that didn’t bode well. If these hormone-addled dunderheads sensed that Kristine’s chest was too volatile to risk an up-close gander… Shit! That was really bad.

“The nurse can’t help me!” cried Kristine. “What’s she gonna do? Stick me with a pin? Ughhhh, they’re growing again!”

Carla quickly scanned the hallway. It wouldn’t be long until the bell rang and then the halls would be filled with students. She needed to get Kristine someplace private.

“Uhhh…. Quick! Into the bathroom!”

She shoved Kristine through the door of the girls’ bathroom, startling another girl standing at the mirror adjusting her makeup. The girl spun around to confront of wall of boobs shoved in her face. Carla recognized the girl immediately. It was Janet Hodges.

“What the hell?!” yelped Janet. “Kristine?!? Oh my God! Did you do shelium—”

“Fuck off, Janet!” snapped Carla. “Get out of here or we’ll… we’ll tell Mr.Jones you’re skipping class!”

Janet rolled her eyes. “That old geezer wouldn’t care. Jesus Christ! You’re as big as a house! Look at the size of these fuckin’ hooters!” She reached out and cupped Kristine’s now beach ball-sized melons, lightly hefting their absurdly inflated bulk. “Goddamn, they’re massive! But they’re so light! Look, I can lift them so easier! You feel like you’re about to float away.”

Despite herself, Kristine couldn’t keep a note of pride from creeping into her voice. “That’s right. You jealous, Janet?”

Janet scowled. “No! Why would anyone want tits THAT big? You look like… a freak!” She scrunched up her face angrily, crossing her arms across her chest and tucking her hands into her armpits as if to hide her suddenly inadequate bust in shame.

“Yeah, you say that… but I know jealousy when I see it! Check it out, Carla, Janet won’t be lording her pathetic little mosquito bites over me anymore! HA ha.. ohhhh…”

Kristine’s gloating was cut off as another growth surge finally blasted the remnants of her sweater off. With a loud tearing sound, Kristine’s bra split in half and her breasts exploded out, jiggling wildly in the open air.

“Shit! They’re gonna blow!” yelped Janet, leaping backwards. “I don’t wanna get killed by your titty explosion! I’m outta here!”

Janet scuttled out, leaving Kristine and Carla alone. The only noise for a moment was the steady hiss of Kristine’s already enormous boobs, two perfect pink balloons topped with big puffy nipples, steadily blowing up bigger and bigger by the second.

“They’re blowing up way too fast! I can’t deflate them fast enough!” cried Kristine. “I can’t even reach my nipples now!”

“Hold on, Kristine! I’ll get help!”

“No! Don’t leave me!”

Carla looked over at her overly busty friend. Kristine’s big soulful eyes were rimmed with tears.

“Carla… Carla, I’m scared! I…oh Gawd, my boobs are getting so tight… I can feel the skin stretching. Oh Gawd, Carla, I was so stupid, I never should have played around with that shelium! I think I’m going to pop! Please don’t leave me, Carla!”

Kristine slid to the floor, sobbing, her boobs filling her lap.

Carla sat next to her friend, gripping her hand tightly in her own. There wasn’t much else to do. Who could help them now? Kristine was inflating too fast, too big… all they could do would be wait it out and hope that she didn’t blow like a megaton bomb. There wasn’t much hope. Carla tightened her grip and closed her eyes, tears spilling from below her eyelids.

“I love you, Carla,” breathed Kristine. No sexy teasing, no lascivious double entendres. Just a pure expression of love.

“I know,” said Carla. “I love you too.”

“Oh Gawd,” whispered Kristine. Her voluminous breasts were so pumped with air now that they pulsed as they grew like overfilled balloons ready to absolutely burst. “This is it. I can… feel… it… oh jeez… it’s…soooo… goooood…”

Kristine kicked her legs feebly. Her erection was raging under her skirt; Carla looked away. She couldn’t believe Kristine was getting off on this! Though Carla could feel her own dick painfully straining against her jeans as Kristine’s warm, full, womanly orbs ballooned bigger and bigger, her yielding flesh pressing into Carla’s shoulder with mounting intensity as the poor girl blew up.

“Oh Gawwwwwwwwdd…. I think… I think this is it…. I’m gonna…. I’m gonna…. I’m gonna blow….”

Kristine bucked and twisted, her mouth a perfect O, her eyes rolling back in her head, her hand tightening around Carla. Carla bit her lip and braced herself. It was all she could do!

And then… nothing.

Carla opened her eyes. Kristine was still intact, her massive chest heaving and slick with perspiration. Kristine’s face was flushed and sweaty.

“Um.. are you okay?”

“Yeah… I think I just… ahem.” Kristine adjusted her skirt, suddenly embarrassed. “I mean, I think I stopped growing.”

“Jesus. Thank God. I thought you were about to…”

“Look at how big they are!” Kristine let go of Carla’s hand and scrambled to her feet. As big as she was, her lighter than air tits made movement easy.

“Your tits are ridiculous, Kristine! What are you now, an S cup?”

“Maybe! Shit, they’re so light! I can barely keep my feet on the ground!” Kristine bounced up and down in place, grinning widely as her medicine ball-sized jugs bounced in time to her movements. Despite their size, they were absurdly light; her fat nipples pointed skyward, as if they were ready to lead the charge to launch her lighter-than-air femmeballoons into the stratosphere. “But if I can just find a bra big enough, I should be fine!”

“You’ve stopped growing,” said Carla gently. “You could just… deflate.”

Kristine looked at her like she had two heads. “Deflate? Are you insane? Why would I do that?”

“Just down to a… more manageable size.”

“These are perfectly manageable,” said Kristine. “I earned this titanic tits and I plan on keeping them! Besides… I can tell you like them.”

She grabbed at Carla’s crotch, sliding her palm between her tummy and waistband to squeeze at the bulge between her legs.

“Shit! Kristine! That’s not fair.”

“Oh yeah, you DO like ‘em, don’t you? Don’t be so shy about it, Carla. The way you talk, you’d almost think that you want me to reduce… But I think actions speak louder than words, hmmm?”

There was that old confidence again! Now that Kristine was out of danger, she was just as lascivious as always. Carla sighed as she plucked her friends hand out of her pants. Kristine was always a handful! But truth be told, Carla wouldn’t have it any other way.

And maybe she didn’t want to say it out loud, but she did have to admit to herself: She wouldn’t mind having the most hyper-voluptuous girlfriend in school.

Because that’s what they were, right? Girlfriends.

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Molly Coddles is a longtime writer of weight gain, inflation, stuffing, and expansion erotica who loves big girls and everything about them! If you enjoyed this story, please consider leaving a review on Amazon to tell other readers’ what you thought! You can also find more of my work at the following addresses:

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Thanks for reading! You can also tell me what you thought of my writing (or send me suggestions for future stories) at [mcoddles@hotmail.com](mailto:mcoddles@hotmail.com) . I always love hearing what people have to say!

Best wishes,

Molly Coddles