

## Command Mode 2

The sliding doors opened to allow the couple access into the store. It was relatively calm for a Friday afternoon, but Jemma welcomed the lack of shoppers. The industrial air conditioning was refreshing beyond measure. After the week she had spent slave to her husband's every command, Jemma felt like she needed the icy chill to help cool her down.

"Remind me, what are we here for?" Jack asked at her side, pushing a cart in front of him.

"You know *exactly* what we're here for." The tone in her voice was one of both accusation and teasing.

"Yea but I like hearing you say it," Jack grinned. "Tell me."

"Well, among some general groceries, I'm in serious need of some undergarments after all the fun you've had. Couple new pairs of panties... A few new pairs of bras to replace the ones you've blown apart..."

"Oh right!" he chuckled, "I really did a number on your wardrobe, huh?"

"Half of my clothes are shredded because of you," Jemma whispered sternly.

"True, but you enjoyed every minute of it. Admit it."

"Yea yea, I did..." Jemma kissed him on the cheek before pointing in the direction they needed to go. "Now come on, *Master*; we have shopping to do."

Following behind his wife was nothing Jack had to be told to do. Between the white button-up blouse and a flowing skirt reaching almost to her knees, Jemma was a tantalizing sight to watch sway back and forth with every step. Just thinking about the easy access to the tight rear gently lifting the skirt behind her made him giddy. Jemma knew he loved skirts and the fact she had put one on only made his urges climb.

"Let's see..." Jemma hummed, tapping the list of groceries. "Eggs, bacon..." She giggled, adding, "Milk... As if we really needed anymore after what you did!"

"What can I say?" Sneaking behind her in the middle of an aisle, Jack wrapped his arms around her waist and kissed her neck. "Guess I'm just a thirsty guy!"

"Mmmm, watch it..." Jemma moaned at the tingling on her neck, "We're not at home, you know." Someone walked past the aisle and eyed the public display of affection with a sneer, though Jemma hardly took notice. She was more concerned with Jack's strong hands gripping her hips in the firm, iron-clad grip she loved so much.

"You're right," Jack agreed, "It would be such a shame if something were to happen..."

"J-Jack... Seriously, I know what you're thinking, but... *mmmm*..."

He kissed her neck again with slight suction before whispering, "*Come for me.*"

"*A-Ahhmmpphh!*" Jemma cried out suddenly before one of her hands clamped over her gasping mouth to muffle her pleased cries. Another hand grasped their basket for support as her legs shook under her body. Eyes shut tight against her trembling loins, Jemma waited for the pulsing orgasm to pass before brushing the fallen hair out of her face.

“W-What...do you think you’re doing??” she snapped, still recovering.

“Just having a bit of fun,” Jack grinned.

“We can’t...*ngh*...do this here...!” Jemma continued to scold, the last waves of pleasure leaving her body.

“We’ll see...!” Confident, Jack returned to the cart and pushed it past his blushing wife, though not without whispering in passing, “*Grow a little.*”

“J-Jack!!” Instantly her hands flew to her bust where the effects of his words were most pronounced. Although her blouse had adequate room to hide the D cups lurking beneath, she wondered how well it would fare against his commands. “Seriously! I-I...*mmmm*...”

Oblivious to the employee watching her grope herself, Jemma sank her hands into her chest in a futile effort to stop their swelling. They bubbled and rose against her bra, an overflowing shelf of flesh flowing over the cups and pulling the top tighter.

“Uh uh! Put your hands down,” Jack commanded, “Wouldn’t want someone to see you squeezing yourself, would you?”

Jemma whimpered as her hands were lowered to her side, her eyes fixated on the tightening front of her blouse. Slowly the empty space was filled and the fabric pulled taut across her bust. “How little is a-*a little* growth to you??” she gasped. Just as her bra lifted away from her torso, the growth ceased and left Jemma wobbling to find her new balance with the pair of H-cup melons fighting their way out of her clothes.

“Right about there,” he chuckled in response. “Come on! We have shopping to do, remember?”

It didn’t matter how many times Jack made her body change; the effects were mind-numbing and near incapacitating. Feeling her breasts grow and develop at such an incredible rate was like a dream and it filled her skin with tingling as it stretched. Taking a step to follow, their new weight announced itself to her in the form of heavy wobbles and swaying. It was then she noticed a certain jiggle had been added to her ass as well, its growth included with her bust.

“At least I’m in a skirt...” she sighed. However, the panties inching their way between her cheeks made her wonder if it would be better to remove them now. The wetness in her crotch begged her not to.

Jemma caught up with Jack and hugged his arm, pressing her volleyball bust into his elbow. “You trying to tease me?” he asked, eyeing her curiously.

The pink and red in her cheeks told him she was loving it, despite her protests. “Just...*mmmm*...k-keep it small, all right?”

Jack smiled as if he had just been given a free pass to Disneyland. “Sure thing!”

The chill of the refrigerated section washed over them as they turned a corner. The sound of Jemma stifling a moan alerted Jack to the presence of two small nubs pressing into the front of her shirt despite the layer of cotton from her bra.

She giggled, having to hold her chest with an arm. “Little cold around here...”

“I’ll say. How about we warm it up? Grow a cup size.”

“*N-Nnnghmmm...*” Jemma shivered, though not only from the chill. Stress lines pulled over her top as her bosom quickly grew by an inch, pressing her nipples further into the top.

“*Plump,*” Jack commanded.

“*MMMM...!!*” Jemma had to hang on his arm for support as her nipples throbbed to a larger size. Jack watched the nubs eagerly, gazing at the bumps quivering and enlarging in their prison.

“*Plump... Plump...*” he repeated.

Each nipple looked as if it were an animal trying to dig its way through her blouse. Bumps larger than strawberries pulsed on Jemma’s tits, the pressure against them causing her obvious pleased discomfort. “*O-Oh, God... J-Jack, please...*” Jemma begged, unsure of what she even wanted.

“Grow three more cup sizes.”

“*OOOHHHHH...!!*” Jemma’s boobs bloated quickly and distinctly, pulling her shirt to its maximum capacity in a matter of seconds. Buttons spread to reveal windows of glorious cleavage heaving in a bra acting more like a belt.

*Smack!*

Both of them looked up to see a twenty-something man standing slack-jawed, a dropped package of bacon resting on the floor. No doubt he had seen Jemma nearly bloat out of her shirt, nipples three times with thickness of his thumb prodding outward.

“She gets *really* excited about bacon,” Jack explained. Grabbing a package from the display he added, “She was flat before she started eating this applewood smoked stuff.”

He led Jemma away with their bacon in hand, oblivious to the man grabbing five packs of applewood-smoked bacon for his own basket.

“This...m-might be big enough now...” Jemma moaned.

“*Might?*”

“My blouse can’t hold much more!”

“All right; unbutton it.”

Jemma’s face flushed red as she released her hold of Jack’s arm and began unbuttoning her blouse while standing in the middle of the grocery store. Each one released sent a jiggling wobble through her bust, flesh graciously accepting the open area. Cleavage flowed from her open front in heaps, Jemma’s hands shaking.

“J-Jack...!” she gasped, fearful she was going to be forced to go topless in a few seconds.

“Stop.”

Her fingers ceased working and Jemma sighed with relief. Although the majority of her bra and chest was spilling out of her shirt, she had still maintained some form of modesty. “This is not keeping it small!” she accused, wrapping her arms over her watermelon bust to cover her peeking areolas. “I’m too disproportionate!”

“Only because you’re so top heavy! I can fix it--”

“W-Wait that’s not what I--”

“Hey, ass!” Jack directed, “*Catch up!*”

Jemma actually thought she felt her butt vibrate and shake before its growth erupted. Each hand flew behind her to press into her swelling cheeks, feeling them bulge and press against her palms in every direction. “Not what I meant! *Not what I meant!*” she gasped, her panties pulling tight and flossing against her crotch.

A cool breeze washed over her lower thighs as her skirt began to rise behind her, lifting the fabric like a curtain. The tortured underwear pulled into her hips like twine wrapped around a pair of engorged melons. Within a minute her ass ballooned to double beach balls and they came to a bouncing stop in her shaking hands, Jemma’s mouth open in disbelief. The girth of her rear end had enlarged to the point her skirt was resting on top of her cheeks and falling over their sides before barely covering her front.

Jack couldn’t hold back his grin, nor the bulge in his pants. Breathing heavily, Jemma demanded, “I-I’m about to burst out of these clothes, Jack!! This skirt looks like a tablecloth on my ass!”

“Ok then; take it off.”

Jemma froze, face mortified as her hands slipped under the waistband of the garment. Watching her struggle to pull the elastic over her swollen butt was the highlight of his adventure so far, the band digging into her curves as if they were memory foam as she worked it down. When it finally fluttered to the ground to reveal her ass in all its glory, Jack started to wonder if he had gone too far. Not a customer near them was looking in any other direction.

“*JACK I--*”

*TWANG!!*

Carts screeched to a halt around them as her underwear snapped and shot down the aisle, leaving Jemma’s bottom half exposed to the world. Eyes ogled the bloated woman with tits twice the size of her head and an ass like a flotation device. It felt as though her bra were about to snap as well, revealing her over-engorged nipples. “W-We’re going to the clothes section. *Right now.*” Picking up her skirt with difficulty balancing and using to to cover herself, Jemma walked off before he could respond.

“You got it,” Jack agreed.

They arrived in the clothing department moments later. Jemma was in a huff after trying to learn how to walk again. “You’re going to need to put everything back to normal so I can try stuff on,” she said shortly.

“Do I have to?”

“Unless you want to spend a hundred dollars on a specialty bra.” Jack looked off in thought for a moment, considering the option. “Jack!!” she urged.

“Fine, fine... Go back to normal.”

A loud sigh escaped Jemma as her breasts and butt retreated inwards. Overstretched clothes loosened and hung on her body, her bra taxed beyond repair. “Whew...” she breathed,

“Thank you.” Grabbing some items from the rack, she entered a nearby fitting room saying, “Wait there. I’ll be right out.”

“No problem!”

The minutes passed by and Jack could hear the snaps of straps and spandex on the other side of the door. Looking around revealed their section of the store to be empty compared to the grocery section and he just couldn’t help himself.

“How do you look?” he called.

“Wouldn’t you like to know.”

“*Come.*”

The door clattered loudly as Jemma fell against it for support in her sudden orgasm, the sound of heavy breathing reaching him. “*Jack!!*” she moaned loudly.

“Sorry!” he laughed, “What I meant to say was *come out and show me.*”

Without hesitation, the door clicked open to reveal a barely-covered Jemma. In only matching black bra and panties, she exited the fitting room with a face beet red from embarrassment as she stood in the open visible to any passing eyes. Jack looked over her body with hungry eyes, smirking as a thought crossed his mind.

“Hey, did you grab one of the maternity bras?” he asked.

“What? No, why would I--Jack, *no.*”

“I’m just saying! A maternity bra might be handy if--”

“Jack, I’m warning you,” Jemma’s voice said halfheartedly.

“It might be handy if you just started to--”

“*Don’t you dare--*”

“Fill with milk.”

“*MMMMNNNGHHHH...!!!*”

A soft gurgle filled the rows of lingerie and underwear as Jemma’s tits began to bulge and swell. She doubled over, clutching her breasts when they quickly overflowed the unpurchased bra.

“J-Jack...” she groaned, “Everyone...can see!”

“I think you’ll *GROW* to like it,” he instructed, feeling clever.

“*MMMM!!*” Jemma was unsteady on her bare feet as her butt and chest grew once more.

“R-Really...Jack...! I can’t...*nnngh!!* God, why does this have to feel so *good?!?*”

“Puff up,” Jack commanded with a grin as wide as his shoulders.

“*Oooohhhhh fuck!!*” Jemma’s hands flew between her legs where a oval-shaped bulge visibly swelled into her panties. People were starting to gather now, the cries of a near-naked woman overflowing her lingerie drawing them in.

“Puff your pussy up nice and *big.*”

Jemma fell to the floor, hands massaging a swelling pair of lips between her legs beginning to resemble two oblong balloons. They pushed into her thighs, spreading her legs as

her crotch plumped larger than her own head, overflowing her panties to the point they were swallowed.

“Grow and swell...then overflow with milk!” Jack said, hardly able to control himself.

Jemma’s eyes opened wide as the three-part command hit her body with full force. “MMMMMMMM!!!” she moaned loudly, head swimming with arousal. Every inch of her skin stretched and heaved, the woman powerless to Jack’s words.

The effects were breathtaking. In less than a breath, Jemma’s mammaries exploded from her bra and broke it at the clasp, falling against her heaving torso where a hand raced to grope a quivering nipple loaded with hot milk. Her panties were almost hidden from view, either swallowed by the puffed-up pussy pushing her thighs apart, lost between her pumpkin-sized ass cheeks, or vanished in her plumping hip cleavage. Even if it was invisible, the muffles pops and springs of seams couldn’t hide the weakening underwear.

“J-Jaaaaack!!” she groaned, unable to stand. Jemma sat as best she could, an ass raising her into the air and billowing behind her like a bean bag. If he didn’t know any better, Jack would have thought she was inflating a light-pink-colored party balloon between her legs. Topping it off was a pair of mammoth tits overflowing Jemma’s arms. They sloshed and bubbled with milk, her nipples beginning to leak small rivulets of white fluid. “Jack...” she moaned again.

“What?” he asked, looking deep into his wife’s eyes glazed over with lust and heat.

“*Tell me what to do.*”

Jemma thought Jack’s cock was about to break through his zipper.

“Bloat,” he said, issuing a new command.

“O-OHH!! What’s...What’s happening??!” Jemma tried to look beyond her burgeoning tits but found any view below hidden. Something was happening in her belly, gentle rumbling causing a building pressure. “M-MMM... I-I’m... *OHH!!*” She gasped aloud when her tits rose higher, pushing against the top of her swelling stomach. Her hands rubbed its sides, encouraging its gentle growth as her skin drew firm and her abdomen rounded out around her sides and navel.

“J-Jack...my *belly is inflating!!*” she cried in surprise, feeling her tummy pressing firmer into her hands. It bloated as large and full as a watermelon before tapering off, leaving the woman stunned at what her body was enduring.

Streams of milk grew thicker along her breasts as her arousal grew and her capacities were reached. “Can’t have you leaking too much, can we?” Jack said licking his lips. “Tighten your nipples and double your milk production.”

“*AhhhhhHHHH!! OH GOD!!*” Jemma screamed, the only escape for her milk cut off and her lactation thrown into overdrive. The result was a massive bulge and stretch of flesh which quickly engulfed her arms and belly beneath the yoga ball tits. “M-Make me grow!!!” she pleaded, panties soaked with fluid.

“*GROW,*” Jack replied, “Swell like a balloon!”

Jemma's body expanded in all direction, two bulbous ass cheeks growing behind her to match the milk tanks on her front. "YEEESS!!" she screamed, feeling nearby clothes racks toppling as she billowed into them.

"Now come for me."

"NNNGGGGHHH...."

Her tone and cries were unchanged, and quickly Jack realized the growth alone was causing his wife to orgasm at unbelievable rates. "I'm so BIG!!!" she declared, "So...FULL!! GOD, there's so much pressure against my skin!! Can you hear all of my milk, Jack?!"

The muffled snapping of panties meant almost nothing to him now as he gazed upon the heap of curves that was his wife. Her hands couldn't seem to satisfy themselves, and although people were gathering now to watch the helpless woman, Jemma didn't seem to notice or care. No one but Jack had any brainpower to speak.

Jemma was reaching monstrous sizes, the height of her rounding udders meeting Jack's eyes. Somewhere, engulfed by her own body, Jemma sat enthralled with lust and ecstasy. Jack couldn't hold himself back any longer and stepped forward after lowering his pants.

"That's enough," he commanded, ceasing her growth. Amid the jiggling flesh arose exasperated panting. "Now release enough milk for me to reach you."

"Ahhhhhhhhhh....." The torrent of dairy flooding the store was accompanied with a sigh of pure relief and release and Jemma was slowly revealed behind her milk-filled chest. Hands clenched on top of her breasts, she struggled with the sensations coursing through their curves.

Once they stood as high as Jack's mid-thigh, their gushing stopped and Jemma eyed the tortured cock waiting to plunge into her. Seeing all the people staring agape drove a spike of embarrassment into her mind, though it was quick to brush it off. What she wanted right now, more than anything, was to put her body to use.

"Hope you're ready," Jack said, stepping forward and plunging his hands into her soft cleavage.

Jemma giggled and looked him in the eyes slyly. "This was...way bigger than we agreed. Have your fun, but I hope you're ready for some serious payback once this is over."