

Poppin'

Contains popping

Mara stood in front of her living room window facing her neighbor's house. It was always exciting to see what kind of college crowd the property would attract and this year she'd won the lottery. The latest renter, Brady, was everything she could have hoped for and more. Only a few weeks into his semester and she'd been dropping hints regarding her interest. Instances of teasing, tight clothes, bending over, excessing cleavage, and fuck-me eyes had all but made the student drool.

"Time to seal the deal..." Mara hummed.

Like clockwork, Brady never failed to mow the lawn at this time every week. Normally Mara would take this opportunity to watch him push the machine back and forth, but today was the day to put aside such fantasies. A simple button-up blouse draped across her naked body was all she needed to lure this fish.

A growling lawnmower cut through the late-summer afternoon. Mara felt herself grow wet with anticipation when he appeared from the corner of his house. Based on the absence of a t-shirt and his sweaty body, she figured he must have been doing some other yard work prior. This only fueled her lust. Getting him over would be a snap.

Brady cut a streak through his lawn. Watching his head bob above the fence, Mara stood waiting with a pen. He neared the area across from her window. With weeks of sexual teasing ingrained in his mind, Brady's thoughts were already trained on the lustful woman next door.

TAP

TAP

TAP

The sharp sound of her pen against the glass cut above the mower with ease. Brady looked to the source.

Standing in the window was his voluptuous neighbor. Black hair tumbled over her shoulders and cat-like eyes stared with hunger. A white button-up covered her body in a way found only in Hollywood. Its tails sat against her thighs with the hem only a hair's breadth away from revealing her crotch. Perky nipples tented the cotton. Their dark shade shone in erotic contrast to the fabric.

Their gaze connected. Brady froze at the sight and Mara smiled temptingly. Bringing the pen to her lips, she nibbled on one end as if contemplating showing him more. Another hand played with the bottom of her shirt. She lifted it just to the point where Brady thought his head might explode from anticipation.

To seal the deal, Mara dropped her pen. Expert acting brought a surprised gasped to her face. She smiled while turning her back to Brady before bending at the hips to retrieve the object

and presented him with a full view. She never saw his reaction; there was no need to look back. She straightened up and walked away from the window.

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK

“Right on time,” she mused.

The door opened to reveal her catch. In the background the abandoned mower continued to chug. Brady didn’t seem to care.

“Close the door behind you,” Mara instructed.

Brady did so and rushed to his prize after it clicked.

Mara held up a finger. “Uh uh uh, stop right there.” Brady froze as she grasped a small bottle from a nearby table. “Just enjoy the show for now. *I want you so ready to fuck that your stomach is growling.*”

Anxiously, he watched as she tossed several tiny pink pills between her lips and swallowed. An immediate effect caused her nipples to harden against the shirt.

“*N-Nngh... Ooohh...*” Mara shivered with coursing sensations. Each came as a rising wave centering on her DD tits. “*I’ve been...saving these for a special occasion.*”

Brady was about to say something until the button-up shifted. Slowly it lifted away from Mara’s body. He thought she was simply breathing heavy, but as the shirt continued to rise, he realized its contents were growing.

“*There...There they go...!*” Mara panted. “*Mmmmm it feels so good to swell up!!*”

Mara’s breasts ballooned. Gaining mass and weight, they distended from her torso and pushed into the shirt. Being an ample size to begin with, it didn’t take much before her increased bust pulled the front of her blouse taut. Stress lines ran across the fabric and cut into her skin.

“*Mmnggh!! Oh it’s getting so tight!! My tits...are so big!!*”

The blouse hovered above her navel and away from her body. Containing two basketball-sized knockers, it refused to lay properly. The sight of her exposed pussy was nothing compared to the sight of rapidly swelling tits. Brady’s eyes were glued to her chest.

CRREEEAAAAC

“*Nnghhh I don’t think it can hold much longer!*”

Gaps spread between the buttons. Thick as her thumb, Mara’s nipples pressed into the shirt like prisoners desperate for freedom. Cleavage plumped like rising dough and bulged out of her collar.

CRREEEAAAAC

Brady winced as seams and stitches popped. Watching her fill the garment was as exhilarating as waiting for a firework to explode.

“*O-Oh!! Mmnggh!!!*” Mara arched her back and thrust her breasts out. “*I think it’s about to--*”

POP!!!

POP!!!

POP!!!

POP!!!

POP!!!

POP!!!

Buttons rained from her front in a plastic assault chain reaction. The blouse burst open to release two watermelon jugs reaching her belly button. Color tinted Mara's cheeks with extreme arousal while Brady gawked in stunned silence.

"Well...?" she cooed, cupping her massive rack. "What do you think?"

Brady stammered for a response but no words came to mind.

"Should I go *bigger*?"

He nodded and swallowed against a dry mouth.

Mara cradled her chest while reaching for a nearby chair. Draped over the back was a pair of prepared denim overalls. Her breasts swung beneath her as she stepped into them. It was a shame watching her nakedness disappear, but the sacrifice was well worth it when she stood in front of him. Flesh bulged over the denim at every turn. Pressed together by the shoulder straps, Mara's cleavage heaved full and deep with every breath. Brady ogled as she popped several more pills.

"*M-Mmm...*" Her growth was already resuming. Mara ran a finger down her overflowing chest. "*Why don't you... Come rub them for me? These overalls are going to get AWFULLY tight.*"

The denim was already starting to shift. Brady watched as curves of tit flesh inched down her stomach and filled the excess space. Within moments, the only way her breasts could grow was up and out.

"*Nnngh!!! So TIGHT!! M-Massage them for me!! Please!!*"

Brady stepped forward and placed his trembling hands on the sides of her chest. Skin stretched and creaked against his fingertips, spreading them apart as she grew.

"*Ahh!! A-Ahhmm!!*" Mara gasped as cleavage pressed into her chin. Growing fuller by the minute, the overall straps dug into her breasts. Skin piled up on either side to swallow the straps in heaving canyons of flesh.

"God, you're massive," Brady stared. Her skin was tight in his grasp. Mara's entire front appeared as a massive balloon packed into the overalls. Flesh pressed between her legs like a massive pregnant belly and forced them apart.

GRRRRROOOOOAAAAAN

A sound like metal straining against pressure emanated from her chest. Eyes wide, Brady stopped massaging.

"*U-Uh oh,*" Mara gasped for air, "*You might want to stand back. These overalls...f-feel like...nnngh...they're ready to blow!*"

GRRROOOAAAAAN

Brady stood back as denim stretched. Straps trembling within the folds of her chest, Mara cried out as her body pushed the garment to its breaking point.

“Aaahhhh!!! It can’t TAKE IT!!!”

POW!!!!

POW!!!!

The overalls exploded like a gunshot. Straps breaking at the metal clasps, they shot behind her to leave dents in the drywall. Flesh forced the overalls down her body as her breasts rose from their confines with a mind of their own. Mara moaned and squirmed as her breasts flowed. When all said and done, the overalls fell around her ankles with the crotch soaked in fluid.

“O-Ohhhh... O-Oh wow...” Mara breathed. Arms sinking into her chest, she cradled the engorged beach balls extending to her hips.

Brady was ready to burst out of his pants if he had to wait any longer.

“My my, someone is enjoying the show,” Mara giggled while shimmying her chest.

*“Would you object to *one more* round?”*

Brady would never reject such an offer after what he’d seen. He nodded as she took his hand.

*“There’s a certain tube top I’ve been *dying* to rip to shreds. If you help me get it on, I’ll let you do anything you want to me once it’s in pieces.”*

In her room, Mara motioned for Brady to retrieve a pink tube top from her closet. It took considerable effort to stretch it over her breasts. The end result left a cable-tight ring of fabric digging into her mammaries and lifting them from her body.

“God this thing feels ready to burst already!”

BWOOMPH

Mara collapsed back onto her bed before opening the bottle and dumping the remaining dozen pills into her mouth. Listening to her crunch, Brady stammered, *“Are you sure that was a good idea?”*

CRREEAAAAAK

He wasn’t sure if he’d just heard the tube top or her chest stretch. Such weight on her body didn’t leave Mara with the mental capacity for such worries. *“Oh just shut up and enjoy the show. I’m not too big for you now, am I?”*

“N-No,” he confessed.

“Good.”

CRREEAAAAAK

Flesh wobbled on top of her. *“God these puppies feel like they’re about to blow up like a couple of blimps!”*

Mara’s bust expanded in all directions. Held across its center, it folded over itself in a glorious display of quad-boob. Her fist-sized nipples lay constricted beneath the top. Pride covered Mara’s face as a shadow of cleavage crept over her eyes. Growing larger than yoga balls, she winced at the intense tightness of her wrapped tits.

“Nngh! O-O-Ok, so this thing is...n-nngh...a little tougher than I thought...”

CRREEEAAAAAK

Brady took a step back in fear. Seams were blowing open somewhere within her bust, though it wasn't nearly enough to render the top broken. Still her breasts expanded around it, deforming themselves to conform to its pressure.

GRRROOOAAAAAN

"Ahhh!!! Nnghh!! SHIT!!" Mara cried out suddenly. *"T-That sound didn't come from the top!! Fuck this thing is tight!!"*

"Do you want me to do something??"

"Get it the hell off me!! I'm too...full!!"

Sensing her panic as her skin firmed and groaned, Brady rushed to her side and grabbed the tube top. It was far too tight and sunken too deep within her chest for him to grab. Desperation made him struggle and send tight motions through her chest.

"Ow ow!! STOP!! GET IT OFF!!! IT'S CUTTING MY BOOBS IN HALF!! Find some goddam scissors or something!!"

Brady rushed around the room to find anything sharp enough to cut through the resistant tube top.

"Ooohhhh hurry!! Please hurry!! They're getting too tight!! I think I might actually--"
BOOM!!!

Brady froze at what he thought was the sound of mammoth tits exploding. To his relief, the tube top slapped against the bed and Mara heaved with relief. Breasts like bean bags pinned her to the bed with tight, round forms.

"Oh thank God..." she gasped, *"I thought that thing was going to--"*

CRREEEAAAAAK

Her eyes bulged when skin stretched further. Growing faster than ever, pressure rose to dangerous levels within her swollen knockers.

"T-They're not stopping!! THEY'RE NOT STOPPING!!!"

Realizing the tube top had been helping to slow her growth, Brady stepped back. Two bombs were set to go off any second.

Mara watched as he inched towards the door.

CRREEEAAAAAK

Leaving the room, Brady sprinted from the house.

"WHERE THE HELL ARE YOU GOING?!" Mara screamed, engulfed by her chest. *"MY TITS ARE...NNNGH!!!...T-TOO BIG!!! GOD I CAN'T TAKE IT!!!"*

CCRRRRRREEEEEAAAAAK

"THEY'RE GONNA BLOW!!! MY SKIN!!! CAN'T...STRETCH...ANYMORE!!! BRADY GET BACK HERE BEFORE I--"

BOOOOOM!!!!