

The Swelling Month Preview

“Any bets on Mrs. Halbarow?” Smith asked as they walked towards their classroom, “Swollen or not swollen?”

“Swollen. Definitely Swollen,” Brad said confidently.

“Is nothing sacred?” Mike asked, refusing to take part.

The three stepped into the classroom and Mike couldn't help but look in their professor's direction along with Brad and Smith. Immediately Brad chuckled, “What'd I tell ya? *Swollen*. Man, she blew up!”

Taking his seat, Mike had to agree; Mrs. Halbarow's usual blouse was near-overflowing with her chest now. The usual handfuls hidden below had engorged to large melons designed to immediately grab his attention. On her tall, slender frame they looked massive and larger than her own head.

“All right...” she sighed heavily, standing up from her desk with an obvious wobble. The added weight hadn't been around very long, Mike noticed, realizing she must have engorged the previous night or even this morning. Based on her flushed face and heavier-than-normal breathing, Mike thought it was a good guess it had happened only recently.

“Are there any questions from the homework?” she asked, having to hold the book away from her body.

An elbow nudged Mike in the side, Smith trying to get his attention. “What?” Mike asked softly.

“I think she's still engorging...” Smith said with wide, excited eyes, “Her top is getting tighter.”

On the other side of Smith sat Brad, watching Mrs. Halbarow like a hungry dog to a bone. A brief inspection of the teacher's front affirmed Smith's observation; stress lines were pulling across her chest now, as were spaced opening between the buttons. The blouse looked to be growing uncomfortable, Mrs. Halbarow nonchalantly pulling at the bottom to adjust for her changing size.

“I had a question on number five,” a girl in the back asked.

Mrs. Halbarow began to read the question. “Given the integral of--”

“She's going to pop out of her shirt...!” Brad whispered excitedly.

“Shh,” Mike hushed. It was one thing to stare, but another to hope for public embarrassment. Sometimes Brad could be a little much. Regardless, after eyeing the teacher's chest again while her eyes were down, Mike found it difficult to ignore the signs of growth.

Mrs. Halbarow's blouse was slowly filling with swelling flesh. The windows between each button were undeniably new, her top approaching comical sizes as her chest ballooned.

“Whoa... She's a quick sweller...” Smith awed.

“Here w-we would take...” she stopped for a brief moment as if to catch her breath. The tightness of her shirt was making it difficult to inhale fully, lest she force a button across the room. “We would take...*nnggh*...t-the derivative first and...”

“She can’t take it,” Brad said hopefully.

Part of Mike’s heart went out to the teacher. Having to ignore the orgasm-inducing sensation of engorging in front of her class couldn’t have been easy. On the other hand, however, part of him was really enjoying the show.

She pulled at her blouse again, the front pulling free of her skirt. Three cup sizes had been added to her bust since class began and the shirt was beginning to show its stress like a ticking time bomb. Mike could see a smooth bulge of her chest pushing higher and higher towards her collarbones as her breasts were forced flat.

“T-Then...then you need to...*nnnnggh*...”

Mike was holding his breath. Thick nubs revealing the size and location of her nipples shown through her bra and top. Flesh oozed and bulged through her blouse and pushing into her sleeves. Her legs started to wobble as her thighs clamped together over the throbbing storm between them.

“It’s gonna blow...!” Brad prayed.

“C-Class I think you’ll have to excuse me...for...a seco--”

PING!!

PING!!

Two buttons exploded from her front and sailed across the room, one striking Brad between the eyes. Even against the airstrike, he hadn’t even blinked, his eyes trained on Mrs. Halbarow’s bosom.

A jiggling rush of cleavage quickly spilled free of the flared collar of the blouse, her engorged tits overflowing into the open space like rising dough. The beige of her bra cups and band presented themselves as well, the size much too small for the amount of flesh packed into it. Mike could swear as she looked down at her chest in shock, a look of relief also fell over her face. Someone in the class whistled softly, snapping her out of her surprise amongst the nervous laughter and stares.

“You’ll have to--*erm*--excuse me, class” she apologized, trying to pull at the front of her shirt. Mike was certain he could see part of her nipple over the crushed cup of the bra. “Let’s try and act like the adults we are; swelling is perfectly natural this time of year and--”

PING!!

Another button burst across the room, fully exposing Mrs. Halbarow’s chest engulfing her bra. She sighed with defeat, closing the book before grabbing her coat and draping it over her front. “Class dismissed.”

Brad looked like he might never lose his grin. “I *love* swelling month...”