

Curvella

The bustling nightclub was left in the far distance, along with the confused screams of several patrons. Their nights certainly hadn't gone as planned. For the evil villain, Curvella, however, it couldn't have gone better.

"*Oooohh what a great haul!!*" The tall, dark-haired woman cackled while walking down the street. A late-summer sun was setting on the city to douse it in the golden hour. Such a glorious glow made her refreshed cleavage sing.

Curvella wrapped her arms under her breasts. Each easily beat a beach ball in size. If not for her dress, they would have spanned her entire torso and hung to her hips as fleshy orbs. Instead they bulged against the over-taxed fabric and brought stitches to the point of crying out with her every breath.

The sight made her giddy. Ignoring any wandering eyes, she lovingly prodded her exposed skin with a finger. Her chest moved as a firm mass. "Nightclubs always have the best pickings... It's like a buffet of world-class breasts!"

Her poor victims never knew what hit them. Neither did their dates. All it took was one touch from Curvella's hand and their buxom assets became her own. It didn't matter if they were small or massive; no pair of home-grown tits were safe from Curvella's greed.

Continuing to walk down the street, the villain stumbled slightly and caught herself on a brick wall. Stealing so much size so quickly was akin to taking a handful of shots. More often than not, these benders left Curvella giddy in the head. The added weight of such a haul wasn't doing her balance any favors.

"Heh, *whoops!* Might have packed the girls a little too tight! Maybe I should have left that blonde with the perky E-cups for next time!" After tonight, her enhanced breasts would last for weeks before she needed to go on another spree.

Always playful, Curvella ran a finger into her cleavage and swam in its warmth. Nothing made her hornier than a successful heist. Her tits agreed, almost growling as if they were an empty stomach. "Not quite full yet, huh?" Curvella chewed on her plump red lips and surveyed the busy city around her. "I think we can find you a bit of dessert on the way home! Might as well top of the tanks while I'm out!"

Her hunger was never satisfied. Grown to her fullest was when it became the most thrilling. Feeling her body stretch to contain and absorb some poor unsuspecting girl's bust was more pleasurable than what any man had ever done for her. And she'd had a lot of men. Their reaction to her power was almost as fun as the sex itself. Sometimes she let them pick out her victims, as if the men were window shopping for the perfect combination of boobs.

A small local restaurant was approaching on her left. The conversations of those dining outside was only white noise as Curvella's gaze fell upon a lone woman sipping a cocktail. She was average build and from the looks of her zip-up hoodie, didn't have much to claim in the way of breasts. Curvella guessed her to be around a C-cup at most.

“*Perfect*,” she growled.

Large sunglasses covered the woman’s eyes. She didn’t glance up from her book when Curvella approached, nor did she react when the villain’s hand nonchalantly extended to brush her shoulder.

“I’ll be taking those...!” she hummed, activating her power. Tension spread across her chest as the transfer began. Curvella loved the tingles it caused more than anything. The way the swelling caused her areolas to dome and plump, and her veins to pop out in vivid blues, was intoxicating. Not missing a beat, despite her gentle swelling, she continued down the sidewalk.

“*Eep!*”

Curvella stopped in her tracks with a fearful squeak. The growth wasn’t stopping. The size pouring into her breasts should have ended moments ago if her target truly was a C-cup. Glancing down, she stared at her tightening knockers.

“What’s the matter? Bit more there than you thought?”

The woman stood up from her table to turn towards the villain. Curvella turned around in a panic in time to see her removing her sunglasses. Her heart would have raced if her chest wasn’t already so tight.

It was Titania. Tall, strong, and beautiful. She was known for her super strength, but famous for her ample breasts.

Sweat beaded on Curvella’s brow and cleavage. “Y-You’re...”

“That’s riiight!” Titania unzipped her jacket. A large pair of breasts were compressed into her torso by taut binding. When she pulled on the second zipper holding her chest flat, Curvella only grew more nervous. Packed flesh bulged into view until finally Titania’s bindings opened to release a pair of tits larger than her head. Curvella gulped.

A crowd was gathering at the scene once they recognized the celebrity. A storm of camera flashes covered Titania’s bared chest but the hero paid them no mind.

“*Shit*,” Curvella swore under her breath. Tightness was closing in on her chest. A soft pair of C-cups would have been doable, but someone of Titania’s girth was going to need a lot more room than she had available.

Titania grinned and stepped forward, ignoring her slowly-shrinking chest. “We’ve been trying to track down a certain breast thief for months! A couple of us noticed most of the women were affected while attending the local clubs, so I thought I might have a little stakeout!” She glanced down at her dwindling chest, almost half its natural size. “Gotta admit, I didn’t think I would catch you on the first try. Looks like you got a little greedy.”

“*N-Nngh!?*” Curvella hardly caught her introduction. The firmness in her chest was quickly becoming unbearable.

“Uh oh, getting a little too big for your own body?” Titania feigned concern. “Honestly I was a little surprised to learn there was even a villain with such a useless superpower! It’s not like you’re going to be robbing any banks with it... Bet you could make a killing at a strip club though!”

The gathering crowd roared with laughter. The smaller Titania shrank, the larger Curvella grew and the more attention fell to her. The strain was incredible on her chest. Seams blew at the sides of her dress from the pressure. Slowly their shape was becoming hardened spheres, losing the soft plumpness of her usual supple figure.

SHRIIP!

“*NNNGH!!*” The force of her dress shredding open down one side of her body threw Curvella to the ground. Countless fingers pointed at her heaving chest, as well as jaws dropping at her incredible roundness. This was as dire of a situation as she’d ever found herself in.

“Interesting...” Titania hummed, stepping over her. The sight of so much flesh remaining to be stolen on her chest made Curvella pale. “You can’t stop the process once you’ve started it, can you?”

Grinding her teeth, Curvella spat at the hero. “*Shut up!*”

Titania laughed. “And here I thought I would have to fight you! I was ready to throw down with some serious titty superpowers!”

The hero’s chest was shrinking, but it was still huge. Too huge. Far too much for Curvella to absorb. Her body was already beyond the breaking point. “I...I-I can still...*Ahh!!*”

Several observers backed up when her chest heaved. Veins popped along her skin like fingers. “*Look at those things!!*”

Curvella’s fright was taking hold. Feeling her overstretched skin rubbing across her stomach and engulfing her neck was more girth than she’d ever felt. It was far too large, even for her. “*On no! O-Oh no!!*” She crawled backward on the ground as if trying to escape her own tits. They only groaned with stress and engorged larger. “*Nnnghh!! SHIT THESE THINGS ARE TIGHT!!*”

Titania sighed and followed her with slow steps. Strong hands cradling her now G-cup bust. “I’m going to miss these things... I suppose it’s worth it to rid the streets of your thieving, though. Women shouldn’t fear having their own breasts stolen from them!” The statement induced applause from the crowd.

“*I’m...I-I’m not going to--*”

CRREEAAAKK

Curvella’s skin groaned as stretch marks formed. She’d stolen too much and there was no turning back. But she wasn’t done fighting.

“*She’s gonna bloooow!!*” Some spectators fled, others simply took several steps back.

Titania held her ground. “Looks like you might have bitten off a little more than you can chew.”

A snicker of devilish amusement filled Curvella’s face. “*Speak for yourself.*” With a movement like a viper, she latched onto Titania’s ankle. Curvella’s eyes flashed for only a split second before the sound of stretching skin filled the sidewalk.

CRREEEAAAK!!!

“*NNNGHH!!!! DAMMIT!!*” Curvella released her hold to fall on her back. Both hands groped her chest, unable to indent her skin. They trembled in her grasp, unable to stretch any larger despite still absorbing Titania’s assets. “*I CAN’T HOLD IT ANY--*”

BOOM!!!

Curvella vanished amid an concrete-rocking explosion. The onlookers were thrown to the ground, though Titania stood strong as if it were only a light breeze. Chuckling and donning a smile, she looked down to find two hand-filling mounds remaining on her torso. “Oh! I came out of that with a bit more than I thought I would!” She squeezed them proudly, as if her breasts alone had defeated the villain. “I’m glad she wasn’t able to take everything I--”

Titania’s breasts pushed into her hands. Thrown off her guard, she was shocked to see her bust expanding to reclaim its former glory. “O-Ohh! Oh wow!! No wonder she enjoyed stealing curves so much!”

Watching her bloat to the size of volleyballs, several fans awed. “I never thought I would see the mighty Titania blush!”

“*Mmmm... Shouldn’t you all be moving along now?*” Titania cradled her returning chest. It was almost too good to be true; she had been prepared to say goodbye to her bust forever in the name of justice. As her chest rounded out and two full mounds came to fill her grasp like a pair of basketballs, she sighed with relief. “Hey, girls! Good to have you two back!”

Laughter followed, but it quickly died off to silence. All eyes were on Titania’s chest. It had reached its former size, yet it refused to stop. Trepidation struck her heart for the first time and she took a step back. “*O-O-Ok, hang on...!*”

Her tits wouldn’t listen. They began tightening and growing rounder. Titania winced, her hands cautious not to squeeze too hard. “*Nngh... T-There’s...a pressure! What’s happening to me???*”

Stumbling back, she knocked into the table. Her drink and book toppled to the ground carelessly. Titania’s attention was only on her vastly-expanded mammaries. Her muscles strained to hold them as they surpassed beach balls. Though her skin was tough, she could feel it stretching towards a looming limit.

“Titania...?” a woman asked in worry, “Are you all right?”

The hero swallowed. The growth wasn’t stopping. It was a mirror image of what she’d just witness overcome the now-vanquished Curvella. Cleavage reached towards her head and her tits creaked with pressure. Some began to panic when Titania’s breaths grew short and labored. Powerless against her mammoth bosom as it heaved full and round, she could almost hear Curvella chuckling in the back of her mind before her tits started to creak.