

Flash fiction based on this prompt:

*A woman's breasts swell up from heat, so after a day of tanning, her bikini is tighter, etc.*

Contains: *Breast Expansion*

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## They Plump When You Cook 'Em

I should have known better than to tell Kyle about my secret.

But then, what was I supposed to do? He was so worried about me after that beach day. We were only out in the sun for a couple of hours, but it was over 90, and I went from my normal D cups all the way to fat round F's. I tried to tell him it was just my Norwegian heritage being extra sensitive to the light, but Kyle wanted to take me to the hospital! To be fair, the redness of my face probably didn't help, but how was I supposed to explain that I was just turned on and not *super* sunburned?

Anyway, I told him. It's nothing to do with sun per se, but my tits swell up in the heat. The adorable bastard even remembered that stupid hot dog commercial. He also figured out pretty quickly how much I "enjoy" the experience, whether I want to or not. More than once, he used the damn heated seats in his car to resolve some argument we were having. By the time my bra hooks snapped, I didn't even care about whatever I was mad at him for. After a few extra cup sizes, the most inexperienced virgin could make me come with a few fumbling squeezes. And Kyle is more than experienced with his hands...

I'm getting distracted again. Damn this heat.

It was Kyle's idea to install a sauna in our place, but I'll admit I didn't argue too hard against it. In small doses, it was really nice— get a quick bump up a size or two, and I was raring to go. Over time, I noticed I never quite got down to my normal size. The absolute smallest I can get now is a solid E-cup, but I don't mind it so much. They certainly come in handy talking my way out of traffic tickets.

But now here I am, stuck. I fell asleep in the damn thing, and Kyle's nowhere to be found. I left my phone outside; the humidity in the sauna isn't good for it, but I *really* wish I had it now.

–*boom*–

I don't even know what size I am now. My tits are filling my lap, and it's difficult to stand. Even when I *do* get myself upright, I can't maneuver to open the door without mashing my hugely bloated tits into the wall and collapsing to the floor with another earth-shattering orgasm.

–*creak*–

It's a good thing I'm naked in here. Nothing I own would fit me. I bang on the door, hoping that Kyle is somewhere within earshot. The motion sends my taut orbs wobbling again. The sensation is more than I can bear. The damp air in the sauna feels like a thousand warm, soft hands caressing my skin. I can feel the juices dripping down my legs, and I know I'm about to come again.

I sit back down. There's nothing I can do. Even if I *could* get the sauna door open, I'm probably too big to even fit through it. I rest my hands on top of my breasts, feeling the skin get tighter as the flesh within swells from the damp heat.

I beg them to stop growing, but secretly hope they won't.