

Soaked Part 2

Contains unwanted breast, butt, and thigh growth via water

“A-Amy! My butt is getting too big!”

I glanced at Justine. She was trying desperately to wipe the rainwater from her dripping backside while also trying to pull her skirt down for any remaining bit of modesty. Both goals were a fool’s errand. She might as well have been trying to cover a table with a napkin.

CRREEEAAAAAK

My situation wasn’t much better. Complaints of pressure and stress screamed from my bra. Even with half of my shirt blown open, it was difficult to see the lace from between the heaps of oozing flesh trying to swallow my lingerie. I noticed an increased effort in trying to stand as well; my thighs and butt had grown thick enough to change my footing.

I looked down the street past the jiggling mounds of women unfortunate enough not to escape the rain’s swelling influence soon enough. Their hulking tits and ass dominated the roads. More and more raindrops were finding their way to us through the weakening leaf cover overhead. We would be in the same boat as all those women soon enough if we didn’t act fast.

I spied a canopy down the street. It hung off the side of a large office building and appeared to be a small picnic area meant only for two or three employees. It didn’t provide much cover, but a solid metal roof was better than leaves.

“Over there!” I pointed, accidentally hitting my chest with my arm. “If we can get under that canopy, we should be able to wait out the storm!”

Fear was constant in Justine’s eyes as she followed my direction. *“Are insane?? We’ll get soaked if we run over there!”*

“We’ll get soaked if we stay here! I don’t think my top can hold out much longer!”

Justine’s breath heaved in confusion and arousal. “But what if--”

“Would you rather take your chances and wind up naked under this tree in a few minutes??”

BOOM!!

Lightning flashed overhead with a crack of thunder. Somehow, the storm was getting worse.

The threat of forced nudity was enough to silence Justine’s worries. I could see plenty of Justine’s butt, and her panties were nowhere to be found. They were either swallowed by her girth, or she’d been daring enough that morning to forgo them. Either way, her modesty wouldn’t be preserved much longer.

“N-No...” Justine whispered, trying to pull her skirt down her front and back.

“Then we have to move!” I began unbuttoning what remained of her blouse.

“What are you doing?! Someone might see your--”

The damp fabric peeled away from my frame as I left myself standing topless. My breasts were far bigger than I thought. It must have looked as though I were smuggling two small watermelons in my D-cup bra. “We’re going to need every bit of cover from the rain we can get! Take off your shirt and hold it over your head like an umbrella.”

Justine inspected her blouse. It was near the breaking point, though she couldn’t expose herself for the sake of preventing further growth. “*I-I can’t! There are too many people!*”

With a sigh, I held my shirt overhead and looked toward our destination. “Fine! Then you’re going to have to run fast!”

We left the cover of the tree to be met with a thick curtain of pelting droplets. My curves instantly stretched with renewed growth and I wondered what in the world we were thinking, but we had no choice.

“*C...Come on!*” I yelled back with laborious breath. My bra provided little support for the massive weight of my chest. Every step sent it heaving in either direction. My gait felt closer to a waddle.

“*Amy... A-Amy! I’m growing again...!*”

I could almost hear Justine’s body swelling behind me. Even with my make-shift umbrella, I wasn’t protected from the rain’s effects. Drops fell from my shirt and pelted me through the wind. I couldn’t only imagine the effect it was having on Justine without any kind of protection.

“*We’re almost there!*”

PING!!

PING PING!!

“*Amy!! My blouse!!*”

“*Hurry up!!*”

The rain vanished once I fell under the shadow of the canopy. It wasn’t much, even for one person, but it was protection. That is, until I saw Justine lumbering after me.

“*A...A-Amy...! I’m getting too--*”

SSHHHRRRIIP!!!

Justine’s clothes burst open like fireworks. In a spray of buttons, seams, and threads, she was rendered naked on the sidewalk. Tattered remains of her underwear hung limp between her thighs. The embarrassment turned her bright red and she flailed to cover her nudity.

“*Ahh!! No!!*”

BWOOMPH!!

Justine tumbled under the canopy’s cover. I was nearly thrown back into the rain when I caught her mass. My hands sank into her sloshing boobs when my arms wrapped around her front. I couldn’t believe how warm she felt despite dripping wet.

“*My clothes!!! Amy, my clothes ripped off me!!*” Justine scrambled to her feet and leaned against the building with my help. I’m sure the people inside were loving the view of her massive rear end pressing against the glass. Meanwhile, her hands flew over her body trying to

cover whatever she could. Her hourglass figure was far too large to control. A single nipple was impossible to conceal within her grasp.

“I-I’m too big!! I got too big for my clothes!” Justine was a mess. As I saw her frantic attempts to cover herself, I knew I would soon be in the same boat. My bra felt like a cable ready to snap and my skirt was little more than a decorative belt. I was thankful to have worn a pair of stretchy cotton panties, though even they wouldn’t last much longer.

“We should be safe under here for a while,” I tried to reassure her. “We can wait out the storm and--”

WHOOOOOOOSH!!!

To our horror, the wind picked up. Torrential rain whipped at us from the side, piercing our cover and dousing us in a layer of chilly water.

SWEEEEEEELLLLLL

“A-A-AMYYYYY!!!” Justine cried out.

SNAP!!!!

My bra exploded and flung itself several meters into the road before landing with a wet *plop*. Bloated tits fell from my front like beach balls. I could feel the elastic of my underwear popping somewhere between my cheeks and thighs. Somehow I had managed to catch up to Justine in size. As we both swelled into ridiculous examples of the female form, I felt myself being pushed forward.

SQUEEAAAAAK!

“Shit!!”

Our butts rubbed against the building’s window. Inch by inch, we were being forced out from under our cover by our own expanding hips. Wind whipped around us in a flurry of growth-inducing rain. There was no end to this madness.

Justine scrambled backward to avoid the creeping downpour running off the canopy.

“I-I’m growing faster!!”

“Justine, you need to stay calm!! If you trip, you’re going to fall into the--”

SHRIP!!

“EEP!!”

My skirt blew open around my hips to be whisked away by the assaulting wind before I could do anything. With only a pair of soaking Hello Kitty underwear to keep me warm, I stood with my naked friend among the chaos.

Bounce house-sized women filled the streets. Their breasts alone could have served as water toys meant for a lake. I couldn’t comprehend being so big, and yet, if we didn’t do something fast, we were going to find out what such a size felt like.

“I...I-I’m getting too heavy to stand up...!” Justine panted. I could barely see her waist from between her tits and hips. We must have looked like the living embodiment of the fertility idols we were learning about in school. My own pussy was bulging out of my underwear from its increasing size.

We needed to figure something out.

A light flickered across the street. Squinting between the rising mounds of two women filling the road, I saw a café. Its windows were filled with the wide eyes of spectators watching the scene in horror. Some still fit within their clothes as they were supposed to. Others tested the limits of some buttons. Some had completely blown their tops. Regardless, the café was a safe haven away from the rain's swelling effects.

"Over there!" I yelled. *"We can get out of the rain!"*

Justine trembled. *"Go in there naked with all those people?! Looking like THIS?!"*

I looked her sternly in the eyes and pointed to a twenty-foot-wide mass of a jiggling pair of boobs. *"Would you rather turn into that?!"*

She squeaked and fell silent, shaking her head.

"I didn't think so! Then we need to go before the storm gets any worse and we get too big to mo--"

VRRRRROOOOOOM!!!

SPLASH!!!!

It came out of nowhere. A motorcycle flew down the road like a growth demon out of hell determined on immobilizing us with our own curves. In his confused dodging of jiggling road hazards, he drove through a deepening puddle. The wave of rainwater attacking our bodies was comparable to the ocean's embrace. He drove on as if unaware of the two girls he'd just sentenced to a fate of extreme curves.

DRIP

DRIP DRIP

DRIP

We looked at ourselves and could feel the water absorbing into our skin.

"A-A-Amy..." Justine squeaked. *"I think I can feel myself...s-starting to--"*

SWEEEEELL

It was now or never. We had to go. We were about to outgrow this canopy. Grabbing Justine's hand as I felt our thighs grow into each other and our hips expand outside the cover of the canopy, I pulled us into the street. The rain hit our breasts long before it struck our faces.

"Come on!" I yelled, pulling her water-filled mass. We both sloshed and gurgled with laborious movements.

The people in the café saw our predicament and luckily were kind enough to open the double doors for our entrance. Had it been a single door, I don't think we would have fit.

"Amy! My...My boobs are too big!"

"We're almost there!"

Cleavage rubbed against our chins as we each hugged our chests for security. My legs fought each other for space. If we fell, it would be over and we could join the ranks of mountaining women in the street.

“*Hurry!! You can make it!!*” one of the women yelled from the cafe. It looked like she’d only fell victim to several cups-worth of growth. I could only hope I might fit into a bra again one day.

We reached the cafe’s entrance with jiggling, stumbling steps. Unable to support our own weight any longer, we toppled forward into the coffee-rich air.

BWOOOMPH!!!!

SLOOOSH

“Mmnggh!!!”

We both moaned in uncontrollable sensations when our own bodies engulfed our frames. Our overfilled breasts filled our arms and swallowed our torsos and heads, only to give us a window through our cleavage to the cafe beyond.

“Did we make it...?” I asked while finding my breath. It was warm and dry save for the puddle around our bodies. Every other woman backed away from the fear of our water. I didn’t blame them.

SWEEELLLLLL

“I-I’m still...growing!” Justine moaned. *“My nipples feel so HUGE!”*

I could feel it as well; we were still growing, but it was slowing down. Such a fate was expected given the motorcycle’s wave cast upon us. At least there wouldn’t be any more growth with the rain left behind.

“It’s ok, Justine... We’re out of the rain. We can dry off and--”

“Amy...?”

I looked up from within my cleavage. Standing over me was Brian. My crush. My pulse-pounded fantasy. I’d forgotten he works shifts at the cafe between classes. Now, as he stood over me with several towels in hand, I became aware of just how naked I was. Thankfully my underwear still remained somewhat intact.

“H-H-Heeeey, Brian!” I giggled nervously, trying to play it off as if I wasn’t the size of a twin bed. *“Have you seen the rain out there? It’s really coming--”*

SWEEEEEEELL

SNAP!!!

My face turned beet red when my panties broke open and sent ripples across my backside. I wanted to disappear between my tits as Brian caught a glimpse of my swollen pussy squishing between my thighs.

“C-Could I get one of those towels, please?”

To be continued?