

# Family Recipe

Warning: contains popping



*POUND POUND POUND*

The front door rang loudly from a fist thumping against it.

“Oh! That’s probably your sister,” Margarete guessed, hardly taking her eyes off the raw turkey in front of her. The door endured another round of heavy slams. “Better hurry, it’s probably freezing out there!”

*POUND POUND POUND*

“I’m coming! Jesus!” Ruby called out, wiping her hands on a nearby dish towel. “Calm down!” Her mother smiled, already feeling like the family was back together.

Ruby unlocked the front door and braced herself against the torrent of freezing air that rushed towards her and blew the hem of her dress around her legs.

Her sister stood on the front porch shivering while trying to hold a large bowl of mashed potatoes steady. The glass container was clasped against her chest as if in an attempt to steal its warmth for her own.

“About time!” Sophia shivered, kicking the excess snow off her boots. Stepping inside she shivered one last time before gently trying to knock the flakes from her hair. “Can you believe this storm?? Thought I was going to freeze out there!”

“Nice to see you too, Sis...” Ruby sighed, taking the dish from her and shutting her eyes when she was showered in her sister’s discarded snowflakes. “Where’s Tom?”

“He’ll be in in a minute; had to put a cover on the windshield or something for the snow.”

Setting the bowl of food down on a nearby coffee table, Ruby used her hands to brush the front of her dress free of the melting snow. Sophia stared for a moment at her sister’s outfit now that she had a free moment, Ruby seeming to feel her eyes lingering on her front. Her hands stopped brushing, a red tinge coming to her face when she met her sister’s gaze with a crooked frown. “Is it too much?”

“Uh, well, I mean... *Wow*,” Sophia tried to say. Ruby had chosen to wear a semi-casual dress, its blue fabric flowing around her before provocatively ending just above her mid-thigh. Looking higher, however, the dress started to look as if its sole purpose in life was to accentuate her sister’s breasts. Two generous mounds of flesh that Sophia could only guess to have measured out at 32G suddenly jutted from her otherwise slender frame, an expanse of cleavage bulging over a neckline that looked like it was more of a dam than a collar.

“That’s about what Mom said, too,” Ruby admitted, smoothing out her dress again.

“You always were the more...uh...*blessed*, between the three of us,” Sophia admitted, still staring, “But seriously, that dress looks like it’s about to split down the front. And have you heard any word from Kimmy?”

Ruby groaned. “Yea, I know, I know!” Her eyes cast aside in an embarrassed fashion. “They kind of grew again... I didn’t have time to update my whole wardrobe yet. And last I heard her flight had been delayed. Could be here in an hour, could be here in five.”

Sophia shrugged, “Nothing we can do about that. She should have left earlier.” She snickered at Ruby then, eyeing her breasts. “Did you say they *grew*? More like they *ballooned*. It’s bad enough you took all the good genes; now you’re just trying to make me feel small.”

Ruby looked her sister over. Unlike herself, not much had changed. Her sister was wearing a pair of slim blue jeans, her body topped off by a skin-tight red sweater with long sleeves and a neckline that hugged her collarbones. Two bumps rounded out the front of her chest, Ruby guessing most of the size no doubt coming from the padding of her bra. Sophia had always tried to make up for her lack of curves, feeling left behind ever since her breasts had stopped at a perky B cup while Ruby’s had swelled onward and outward.

“It’s not like I *made* them grow,” Ruby protested, “I would share if I could.”

“And you just decided to wear the most revealing dress you have to a Thanksgiving dinner?”

“I told you, I haven’t had time to shop! *None* of my freaking bras or blouses fit because my tits are too bi--”

“Hey, Ruby!” a male voice called.

Ruby’s face went red, her words stopping at her lips when Tom suddenly appeared at the door. Neither of them had noticed it opening from its ajar position.

“T-Tom! Happy Thanksgiving!” Ruby called, trying to recover. She stepped forward to hug her brother-in-law. Both women saw Tom’s eyes shoot to the fissure of cleavage cast from her front, Sophia rolling her eyes.

“Good to see you,” he greeted, hugging her. Her breasts pressed firmly into him, their size apparent even through his winter jacket.

Both girls wished to leave the situation behind as soon as possible. “Come on in! We’re just about ready to put the turkey in the oven,” Ruby informed, taking their plate into the kitchen.

“You haven’t even put it in yet?? It’s almost two o’clock!” Sophia despaired, taking off her shoes. She looked up at her husband’s face, squinting menacingly. ‘*Don’t stare,*’ Sophia mouthed to him. The last thing she needed was her sister not only taking her bust but her husband’s attention for the night as well.

“Don’t yell at your sister!” another voice responded, “It’s my turkey, I can do what I want with it!”

Sophia sighed and lead Tom into the kitchen, her mother greeting them warmly. Her apron was messed with different splotches of food and sauce, her hair smelling of an assortment of spices. “So good to see you... You too, Tom; how’s my son-in-law? That job still running you all hours of the day and night?”

Tom hugged Margarette warmly before standing beside Sophia again. “It’s gotten better. Keeping my eye out for new firms, though.”

“Remember, family comes first,” Margarette reminded, “Especially when you two are sure to be giving me a grandbaby any time now.”

“Mom...” Sophia warned.

“What? I want a kid to spoil!”

Ruby called from the living room couch, “It’s her uterus, Mom! And you already *have* two kids of your own to spoil right in front of you!”

“I’m making you all a Thanksgiving meal, aren’t I?” Margarete waved her hands and returned to her cooking.

Sophia sighed and rubbing down from her temples to her eyes. “What can I do to help?” Sophia offered, Ruby getting up from the couch not wanting to be outdone by her sister. Tom took over her spot and flipped the channel to one of the many football games for that day, well aware of the cleavage trying to draw his eyes in like a magnet on the way.

Their mother replied, “I have it all pretty much covered. Although, I do want to get the table set. Ruby, can you finish up preparing the bird? You know the recipe, right?”

Ruby nodded, taking her mother’s place. “What’s left?”

“Just the stuffing and the extract!” her Mom responded from outside the kitchen.

“I’ve always loved Mom’s almond turkey…” Sophia grinned, her mouth watering at the thought of it.

“Good! Cause you’re going to be taking home half of it tonight!” Ruby laughed, “There’s no way you, me, and Tom can finish this monster.”

Sophia looked at her sister questioningly. “You forgot Mom.”

She shook her head, grabbing a box of stuffing from the center of the counter. “She’s on a vegetarian kick. Has been for the past few months.”

“*What?*”

“Mhm! Not even giving it up for Thanksgiving. You would know that if you came around more…”

“Tom and I--”

Ruby bumped her sister with her hips, chuckling. “I know, I know; ‘married life is busy’ and all those excuses. That’s why I gave it up. I’m just messing with ya, Sis. Can you grab the almond extract?”

Sophia frowned but dug around on the counter’s pile of ingredients nonetheless. She found a large brown bottle with a picture of two almonds dripping a tan liquid on the label. It felt oily, no doubt from years of use in other baking projects.

“Nice! I’m gonna finish up the stuffing; can you take a tablespoon of that and toss it inside the turkey and another to rub on its outside?” Ruby instructed.

“Yea,” Sophia agreed, unscrewing the cap and starting to pour into a measuring spoon.

Ruby started to stir the stuffing in a large bowl, the obvious wobbling of her chest taking Sophia’s attention even from her peripheral vision. The blue of her dress shook like two water balloons with the strong motions of her arm carrying into her torso. How her sister had managed to squeeze herself into that dress was beyond Sophia's imagination.

*CLANG!*

“Shit!” Sophia swore, the bottle slipping out of her hands and falling onto the turkey, knocking against the large metal pan. She fumbled to pick it up, the sound of the extract gurgling out of the opening filling her ears and the inside of the turkey.

“I said a *tablespoon!*” Ruby yelled, watching her sister pull the near-empty bottle of almond extract out of the bird, “Not the entire freaking sixteen ounces!”

“I’m sorry! The bottle was covered in butter or something; it slipped!”

“What’s going on in there?” their mother called from the dining room.

“Nothing...” Ruby replied. “Uuugh...” she groaned, “Ok, it’s fine. If Mom finds out she’ll insist on getting a new one, and there’s no way I’m doing that. She’ll never know, anyway.” She sighed again, leaning on the counter to inspect the damage, her breasts being forced together between her biceps. “Hope you *really* like almond.”

“I’m sorry...” Sophia apologized again.

“Don’t worry about it.” Ruby laughed a little under her breath as if a funny thought had come to mind and she wasn’t sure if she should say it. “Maybe it’ll help put you up a few cup sizes.”

“*What?*”

“Almonds have a *ton* of estrogen. At least that's what I've heard.”

“Oh please... If almonds could give girls the chests they always wanted, plastic surgeons wouldn’t be millionaires.”

“I suppose that’s true,” Ruby shrugged. Sophia could swear she dropped her shoulders hard on purpose, making her mammaries come to rest only after a massive bounce and jiggle. “Here, move aside. The stuffing is ready.”

After getting the turkey into the oven and helping their mother set the table, the group of four gathered in the living room to chat and catch up until dinner was ready, Tom’s mind focused mainly on the game playing in the background. Unless he found a moment where he could glimpse Ruby’s dress without being noticed. Football was the second-most-important thing to watch for him that day.

A few hours later, when the chatting had started to die down and the traditional hungry anger had begun to set in, the timer went off for the turkey. Ruby opened the door to the oven and shut her eyes against the blast of hot air, her eyes stinging when she opened them again.

“It’s popped!” she called out, “Get ready to chow down!”

She pulled the turkey from the oven and set it on a hot pad while the others started to bring the rest of the food to the dining room table. With a fork, she pulled a savory morsel off the side to test it, a large bite flaking off as juices flowed from the hole.

“Mmmm!” Ruby moaned after popping the piece of turkey into her mouth.

“Well? How is it?” Sophia asked nervously, praying she hadn’t ruined the meat.

“It’s not bad! Don’t get me wrong there’s a *ton* of almond in there, but it tastes great!” Ruby pulled off another piece near the bottom when it wouldn’t be noticed, savoring the crispy skin. “Oh *man!*”

Sophia reached out to take a piece of her own, only to be slapped away by her sister.  
“Hey!”

“Only cooks get to test it. You have to wait for the table.”

“I helped!”

“You dumped a giant bottle of extract into it. I wouldn’t call that cooking. Bring your potatoes to the table; I’ll follow.”

Sophia grumbled under her breath, grabbing her contribution from the second oven they used to warm food. After arranging the turkey on a platter Ruby made to start carrying it to the table full of hungry family.

A gurgle in her stomach made her stop for a moment before turning the corner into the dining room. “Oooh...” she moaned, feeling her insides churn. She felt hot and flustered like she had just embarrassed herself in front of an auditorium of people. Part of her was surprised not to see steam pouring out from under her dress when she doubled over slightly, taking care to not drop the turkey when she felt the need to hug her stomach. Then as quickly as it had come upon her it was gone. She felt oddly refreshed and stood up straight while trying to right her hair without using her hands.

*CRRRRCH*

A strange sound found its way to her ears but Ruby brushed it off, unsure of the source and assuming it was an oven cooling down. Making her way to the dining room she found that she was being extra careful carrying the turkey. *This thing is heavier than it looks...*, she thought. Every step she placed seemed as if it was slightly more off balance than the last, her body always trying to adjust to something that she couldn’t put her finger on.

“Who’s ready for some almond turkey??” her voice rang out, Sophia putting the finishing touches on the table layout as her mother and Tom took their seats.

“Yes please!” Sophia replied while taking a seat by Tom.

Ruby leaned over the table, placing the turkey down. However, when it fell away from her front and revealed her chest she could almost feel every pair of eyes shoot to her front. Even she had to admit now that the dress felt like it was much too erotic. *God, I feel like I’m about to bust out of this thing!*

Her mother was the first to break the silence. “Honestly, Ruby, I can’t believe you wore that to Thanksgiving dinner.”

*CCRRRRRRRCCHHHH*

Ruby blushed red, sitting down and slouching over slightly. It felt like her cleavage was trying to escape her neckline, a quick glance down confirming the bulge she felt in her tits. She heard the strange sound again, feeling like it was coming from close by but still unable to place it.

“Shall we say grace before digging into this wonderful meal?” their mother asked, extending her hands.

Begrudgingly, her daughters each grabbed one, Tom grabbing their other hands on the other side of the table.

“Dear Lord in heaven,” Margarete began.

*CCCCRRRRRCRRRCCHH*

Ruby shifted in her chair uncomfortably, feeling like her dress was trying to squeeze the air from her lungs.

“Thank you for this bountiful meal.”

*CCCCRRRRRRREEAK*

“N-Nngh!” Ruby whimpered softly.

The sound was becoming much more pronounced now, even Sophia glancing up at her sister from across the table. She saw Ruby with a slight grimace on her face, a rise of flesh overflowing her neckline like a pillowy avalanche. *What the hell...*, Sophia thought, *she was NOT that big before...was she? Her tits look so....bloated!*

“We have so many blessings in our lives to be thankful for. Please continue to bl--”

*CCCCRRRRREEEEAAAKKK!!*

Her mother stumbled on her words, a loud stretching sound filling the room suddenly. It sounded like fabric being pulled and strained to its utmost limits, rubbing against an unrelenting force. Margarete continued, “U-Uh, please continue to bless our lives and our hom--”

***BOOM!***

***THUD!***

A loud bang filled the room like a gunshot, all four of them jolting in their seats. Everybody looked at Ruby, seemingly the source of the strange noises. Her eyes were wide and her face pale, both of her hands shaking slightly. Without warning, she stood up out of her chair fast enough to knock it back onto the floor with a wooden clatter, stumbling away with what looked like a poor sense of balance.

“S-S-Sorry! I-I’ll be right back!” Ruby stammered, wrapping her arms across her bust, “D-Don’t...Don’t wait for me! Dig in!”

They watched, almost dumbstruck as she backed out of the room, knocking into a wall before running out of sight. A moment later the bathroom door slammed shut and they were left in relative silence.

“Well, what was that about...?” Margarete wondered, looking at Ruby’s overturned chair.

“I have no idea...” Sophia replied, a thoughtful look on her face.

Tom remained quiet, unsure of what he thought he had just seen. He was positive that he had witnessed the side of Ruby’s dress bursting open just under her arm, the source of the loud booming noise. Not a second after that, it had almost looked like her breasts had slammed onto the table in front of her like they had been fighting to free themselves for hours. Strangely, the amount of flesh he had seen billowing out of her exploded dress did not match how large she had looked when they arrived. *Those looked absolutely massive...*, he thought, the image of what

looked like a cantaloupe-sized breast bulging out of her torn dress still fresh in his mind. He had to adjust himself in his seat, the thought making his pants tight.

“Maybe you should go check on her?” Margarett suggested, looking around the stunned table.

“I’m sure she’s fine... Dress probably just finally had all it could take.” Sophia responded, picking up a serving spoon. “Tom, what can I get you?”

“L-Little of everything I think,” he said slowly, still not sure if he had just seen the biggest breasts of his life burst free of his sister-in-law’s dress. Sophia began slicing off a large piece of turkey for his plate, stopping when he put his hand up. “None for me thanks.”

“Oh right! You hate almonds. You nutcase.” Sophia teased. She continued her slice and put it on her plate instead with a wide grin, “That’s fine; more for Ruby and me!”

Sophia set a plate piled high with food in front of Tom, Margarett frowning slightly. “Tom I really wish you had told me you didn’t like almond. I would have made another turkey!”

“He’s told you every year, Mom...” Sophia said rolling her eyes.

Despite the lack of traditional meat, Tom’s mouth still watered at the assortment of treats. “Don’t worry about it. There’s plenty here to keep me happy!”

Sophia filled her plate next, adding on an extremely generous helping of turkey to her plate on top of the slice that Tom turned down. “I waited all year for this turkey...” she told no one in particular. Truthfully, Sophia was just excited.

The three adults started eating, not many words passing between them as they sought to eliminate their hunger. Margarett was the first to speak after ten minutes of relative silence.

“I hope Ruby gets back soon. The food is going to get cold! It’s never the same out of the microwave...” Margarett said worriedly.

Sophia mostly ignored her words, continuing on a sandwich she had been working on making with buttered rolls, mashed potatoes, yams, and turkey. She marveled at her creation, a layer of juicy turkey thicker than her thumb resting between the roll halves. Sinking her teeth into it the flavor was almost overpowering. *Holy almond!*, she thought, *It’s almost more almond than turkey! Really not all that bad though...*

Her stomach growled from a day of not eating in preparation for this meal and Sophia began eating ravenously, the sandwich soon gone in a fraction of the time she had taken to create it. Leaning back in her chair and wiping any drippings off her chin, she almost felt the need to pat her belly.

“That was some good turkey, Mom,” she admitted.

“Oh, I didn’t do much on it, Hon. It was you and Ruby. You should try going vegetarian next year, though! It’s not bad!”

“Ha!” Sophia laughed, stretching her arms over her head, “That’s real funny, Mom. Thanksgiving without turkey would be like Christmas witho--”

*GRRRRRRR*



Sophia's stomach growled loudly, vibrating hard enough for her to feel it in her chest and hips. Her arms slowly went to her sides, rubbing the smooth red fabric of her sweater.

"Still hungry?" Tom asked, "There's plenty of everything! Even turkey after that huge portion you had."

"I-I'm fine for now. I might have a little more turkey later, though."

Sophia felt like hugging her stomach, her waistline slightly bulged out from the food she had scarfed down. Slowly the pressure started to dissipate, turning into waves of heat and intense tingling.

"Ooooh... Whoa..." Sophia swooned, feeling light as air when the pressure vanished.

"Everything all right?" her mother asked, looking up from a pile of yams.

"M-Mmm, fine," Sophia assured. Something inside of her was bubbling up, making her mind swim with different erotic thoughts. Under her sweater and inside the depths of her bra, she could feel her nipples perking up in hard, erect nubs. She felt them fighting against the soft padding with a surprising amount of sensitivity.

"Ow!" Sophia cried out suddenly, drawing both Tom's and Margarete's eyes.

"Soph?" Tom asked, "What's wrong?"

"N-Nothing," she said, "Just something stuck to my clothes pricked me was all." She feigned a smile, hoping it looked more sincere than it did aroused. She winced again, feeling the band of her bra sliding against her ribs. It felt like the spandex had been pulled taut, sliding against her with enough pressure to cause pain. *What the hell??*, she wondered, trying to adjust her undergarment through her sweater without drawing attention. *This was my most comfortable bra!*

Making sure neither of them would see, Sophia glanced down quickly at her chest.

"Eep!"

"Sophia!" Margarete scolded, "It's not polite to act out like this. Act like the adult you are."

She ignored her mother, as well as the smile Tom was trying to hide between bites of food. Sophia was sure she had seen it. What else could it have been? She looked down again, steeling herself to not make a noise this time.

The sight made her bite her lip, sending a quivering sensation down through her legs and into her loins. Through her tight sweater, the outline of her bra cups could be seen indenting her front. Between each of their curving semi-circles, a soft bulge of flesh was pushing into the fabric where cleavage had previously been nonexistent. Even under her sweater, she could see that what had been empty space moment ago had now closed together into a mash of breast flesh, clearly too large for her 30B bra. It made her want to moan.

The heat she felt running over her body was becoming more intense and starting to focus on her breasts as if they were two spotlights. Her nipples felt like hot poker, pulsing with engorgement. *T-They feel so swollen!*, Sophia's mind cried out, feeling her nipples' tightening skin throbbing with heat.

Her bra shifted again, her cups lifting away from her ribcage until she drew a breath and they slid off her breasts and back to her torso. The lining rubbed against her nipples as they traveled, making Sophia jump in her seat from the sudden surge of intense pleasure.

The new positioning of her bra pushed her breasts upwards, her nipples popping free of the tiny cups. “*M-MM!*” she loosed without control, her thighs slamming shut when she felt moisture beginning to form.

“I-I think I’ll make...*nnngh*...m-make a trip up to...to the s-second bathroom...” Sophia stammered in a flustered voice. She excused herself from the table before anyone could protest. Both Tom and Margarett could hear her stumbling up the stairs moments later, the bathroom door closing suddenly.

“What has gotten into those two?” Margarett asked, casting a look at Tom. “You’re feeling all right, aren’t you?”

“Perfectly fine!” Tom agreed. “Can’t imagine what’s wrong with Sophia. Or Ruby for that matter. She’s been away for quite some time now...”

“Ruby!” she called. No response came and Margarett slanted her frown. “Would you mind going to check on her?”

“Check on Ruby?”

“Just knock on the door and make sure she’s still awake. Maybe she had a bit to drink without me noticing. She always was the problem child,” Margarett laughed, taking a large gulp of wine from her glass. “Please?”

“Sure thing,” Tom caved. *Please don’t let Sophia come down, please don’t let Sophia come down*, he thought. He would never hear the end of it if she caught him talking to Ruby alone in that dress.

The chair squeaked when he stood up from the table, leaving his mother-in-law to herself as he passed into the hallway. The door to the bathroom loomed closer on his left down the hall, a light shining through the crack at the bottom.

“*Nngh...*” he heard coming softly from behind the door.

“Ruby?” he almost whispered. No response. His palms were uncomfortably sweaty, faced with the awkward situation of checking on his sister-in-law in the bathroom.

He knocked gently on the door. “Ru--” he started to call, stopping short when the door slowly swung open from his hand. In an instant, Tom realized that in her rush Ruby had locked the door but not closed it all the way. His heart felt like it was in his throat as it revealed the bathroom’s contents, his mind unable to tell his arm to reach for the door handle, much less tell his eyes to look away from the sight before him.

The tattered ruins of Ruby’s dress lay piled in the middle of the floor in front of the sink, the large gash Tom remembered so vividly from only twenty minutes ago clearly visible as one of the larger holes.

Like a curtain being drawn open his eyes slowly made their way farther along the floor towards the far wall where Ruby’s feet rested flat on the tile. Her legs were bent and spread

apart, her left hand working furiously at a cleanly-shaved pussy with two middle fingers buried past their second knuckles inside herself. They slipped in and out, her palm rubbing and massaging against her clit with each motion. The insides of her thighs glistened from the fluids she produced, her hand shiny and slick.

Still, Tom's eyes pulled higher. The higher he looked the wider they became and the tighter his pants drew. Just above Ruby's navel, two rounded piles of flesh were mashed together, pushed and confined against her torso by her thighs and bent knees. Tom realized with a throb that two gigantic tits were hanging off Ruby's chest, her free hand trying its best to massage them both at the same time. Her hand sank deeply into her engorged udders, groping and grasping at a nipple, trying to massage the palm-filling pink mound. Tom stared wide-eyed at the two biggest breasts he had ever seen in his life, jiggling and wobbling on Ruby's front. He could only guess at her measured size, thinking it better to simply compare them to beach balls.

Following the line of bounding cleavage higher still, he saw that her chin was buried between her mammaries, her eyes shut tight and her mouth open wide while she filled the bathroom with exquisite gasps and moans.

"*Ooooh, Oooohhhh, ooooohhhhh yesss...*" Ruby groaned, her fingers pulling and twisting at a nipple than Tom wasn't sure he could fit in his mouth. She seemed oblivious to him, as well as to her mother's and his calls from before.

Taking a mental snapshot, he slowly pulled the door closed, making sure it was firmly in place this time and tried to walk back to the dinner table. He felt like he didn't have any blood pumping above his waist.

"How was she?" Margarete asked, spooning some mashed potatoes onto a roll, "Passed out?"

"Fine! Totally fine!" Tom told her a bit too loudly, "Just...Just on the phone was all."

"Oh," Margarete seemed taken aback. "Maybe it's a job interview. Life has been so rough on her since the layoffs..."

Tom wasn't paying attention to her words, staring down at the dinner table and the large coasters that reminded him so well of the giant pink areolas he had just seen on Ruby's breasts.

Meanwhile, upstairs in the second bathroom, Sophia was staring in the mirror trying to remember if she had had anything to drink tonight.

"W-What is this... What's...*nnngh, ooooh...*W-What's going on with me??" she moaned.

Her reflection stared back at her with a pair of breasts that were not her own. Two generously hand-overflowing mounds were stretching the front of her sweater, warping the knit design and causing her bra cups to fold under her flesh awkwardly. Each of her nipples stood hard and firm into the fabric, like the ends of two pointer fingers.

Sophia would be the first to admit that she had imagined what it would be like waking up with a nice pair of tits. She had thought of it quite often, as a matter of fact. But seeing her breasts balloon and grow out so quickly, from her B cups to what she could only guess to be DDs

or Fs in a matter of minutes was enough to short-circuit her brain. The intense arousal and sensitivity she was feeling as a result wasn't helping either.

She winced, her bra straps digging into her breasts and shoulders as she visibly grew larger. "Ok, g-gotta get this bra off..." she encouraged herself.

Sophia's hands were trembling when they grabbed the bottom of her sweater, her knuckles white when she grabbed it firmly. Her eyes shut tightly when she tore her sweater over her head, still staying closed when her top dropped to the floor. Slowly she opened them, her mouth dropping open in sheer shock.

"Ho...Hooo...Hoooooooly shit!" Sophia cried out. Two mammaries the size of cantaloupe halves had replaced what was previously hardly enough to fill her palm. Red lines crossed over their sides where her bra straps were digging into them like twine around two rolls of dough. They were pushed together between her bra cups, more cleavage than Sophia had ever imagined flowing off her chest running down from her collarbones. Areolas the size of silver dollars gleamed bright and pink on the front of each one, nipples like the end of her pinky throbbing with her heartbeat while begging to be pulled and twisted. The overflowed cups of her bra sat beneath the folds of her chest, the padding crushed and collapsed.

Sophia was at a loss. Part of her mind wanted to dig her fingers into them and enjoy her newfound size, the other part wanted to reject this sudden and spontaneous growth as a dream. Ignoring the pain her bra was causing her, her fingers reached up and pinched each of her nipples.

"A-Ahhhhhhhhwwwwhoa!!!" Sophia yelled, a pleasure unlike any she had ever felt before shooting through her breasts and into her pussy. It throbbed inside her panties, begging for her fingers. Or better yet, something longer and thicker.

Her eyes fluttered closed and one hand slowly slid down her stomach and under the waistline of her jeans, her fingers diving under her panties to find her moist crotch. A single brush against her clitoris was enough to make her double over, resting her free hand on the sink for support while her boobs hung off her. New sensations assaulted her mind, every movement with her breasts a fresh experience.

Quickly she pulled her hand out of her pants, standing up straight with such speed that her chest bounced free of her bra straps, wobbling as if to draw her into grabbing them again.

"No, *no!*" she told herself, "I can't just finger myself in my mother's bathroom during Thanksgiving dinner! I-I need...I need to..."

Sophia's words fell away, her eyes being drawn back to her bust. "O-Oh dear," she gasped. They were still growing. It was a slow growth, but they were visibly becoming larger. She could watch in the mirror as her skin stretched and swelled, her mammaries filling out from the inside and deforming her bra around them. Their sides gently crept wider, her face losing its color when she saw her breasts becoming wider than her torso.

The sight made her want nothing more than to run a bath and collapse into its steaming waters and pleasure herself, watching her burgeoning tits bob and wobble in the water all the

while. But she resisted and reached up to undo her bra. It shot off her like a cannon, her boobs falling slightly without support, taking on a shape that was more natural and less resembled globes.

“T-They’re reaching down to my elbows...!” Sophia whimpered. Her hands reached up to touch them again, but she held firm, grabbing her sweater instead. “Just get through this dinner. Get through this dinner and back home. Then I can talk to Tom without Mom and Ruby having to see me like this. How am I going to get past them, though?? These things are almost bigger than my head!”

She pulled the sweater back over her body, the increase in her cup size an obvious upgrade than what she had been an hour ago. The sweater did absolutely nothing to hide her chest, her nipples tenting the front as if to draw extra attention to her newly-grown melons.

“O-Ok, ok...” Sophia told herself, “I can just...cross my arms in front of them for now. If I lean forward at the table I should be able to hide them. And how much bigger can they really get?”

*GRRRRRR*

Her stomach rumbled as if in response and Sophia froze. The rate of her growth increased, her front rounding out as her breasts crept lower and farther out. “Shit.”

Downstairs, Tom looked up from his plate when he heard Sophia returning. She entered the dining room, her arms clutched awkwardly over her bust. “Brrr! I-It’s a little cold in here, isn’t it, Mom?” she tried to act, seeing Tom’s eyes looking her over. *PLEASE, don’t say anything, Tom, please! I know you’re a boob-man; you’re going to spot these in an instant if I give you a chance!*

“Feels good to me!” Margarete laughed.

A small part of Sophia felt some relief when she saw that her mother had had a bit to drink. She never could hold her wine very well. Sophia sat at the table, hugging her chest tightly when they bounced in her braless state. She leaned forward and hid their bulbous curves under the table as best she could, casting a smile at her husband.

“Ruby’s doing fine!” Tom replied loudly. He seemed nervous, his face slightly red.

“Uh...G-Good to hear, I guess,” Sophia accepted, not that she had asked. *She did go to the bathroom rather quick. I wonder if she’s in a similar situation. Not that she needed it. A comical image of her sister stranded on top of a pair of tits as large as her own body came to her mind. Bet you’ll have a hard time fitting something like that in a dress!*

Her mind was drawn back to her own situation when her breasts suddenly grew into her lap and pressed against her thighs, her cleavage pulling down the neckline of her sweater. *T-They’re not stopping! How can my chest grow like this?! Ruby was the least of her worries.*

“Getting a little late, don’t you think, Mom?” she asked with a shaky voice, trying to start the conversation of leaving.

“I wish your father was here... And Kimmy too.” she replied, pouring more wine, “The holidays just haven’t been the same without them.”

Sophia rolled her eyes. “Mom; Dad and Kimmy are fine. He’s just overseas and she’s stuck flying home from school. And you’re drunk.”

“Now see here, young lady! It’s Thanksgiving! I can drink whatever I want.”

Sophia looked at Tom; he was pushing a pile of yams around on his plate. “You just let her clean out her wine rack?”

“What was I supposed to do?”

“Talk to her! Do something--*OOOOOhhhhh*...” Sophia moaned, her hands pressing into her chest under the table as if to try and halt its sudden growth. She felt a wet spot forming between her legs, fearing what would happen if she were to stand up now and have her mother see her crotch soaking through her jeans.

“You all right?” Tom asked, hearing his wife groan, her arms hidden behind the table. The sides of her sweater seemed to be billowing out, her neckline running away from her shoulders.

“*N-Ngh*, never b-better!” Sophia grunted, feeling her growth accelerating. Soon her chest was going to be too big to hide, but at that point she was afraid of what other problems she might have.

“Sophia, stop leaning forward so much!” Margarett scolded, “It’s not ladylike! And you should really wash that sweater; the neckline looks like if it were any lower I would see your belly button!”

*You’re gonna see something if it gets stretched any more!*, Sophia panicked. Her skin continued to round and bloat outwards against the table, mounds of flesh filling her lap like a warm pillow. Sophia had to bite her lip to keep herself from moaning when her nipples rubbed against the table frame, the warm skin of her underboob rubbing and pressing into her bare belly.

“Sophia, are you sure nothing is wrong?” Tom asked again, leaning in a little and whispering. “You look like you’re trying to hide something under your sweater...”

“N-Nothing is wrong!” she assured, her pussy throbbing with heat. Sophia was beginning to fear that she may come if she moved her thighs too much. Whatever was happening to her body was just getting started, and she felt it getting ready to ramp up again. “I-I’m just...a little...l-little...*o-o-ooooohhhhhHHHHHH!*”

*CRRREEEEAAAK*

Her chair grated across the floor, her breasts forcing her backward from the table as they ran out of room to swell. Her hands gripped the underside of the frame, bracing herself against the onslaught of cups that seemed to be pouring into her bust. *Oh no oh no oh noooo!*

The look on Tom’s face said it all. Sophia glanced down at her chest to see that her neckline had stretched far enough away from her shoulders that a generous helping of bulging cleavage was being presented to the dinner table now.

“Uh...” Tom mouthed, speechless. For as long as he had known her, Sophia had always been flat chested. Now, seeing cleavage on her frame after all this time out of the blue, Tom felt as if his mind had short-circuited. Less than an hour ago his wife’s breasts couldn’t have filled

his hands. Now they looked to be overflowing her lap, a flash of skin peeking out from the bottom of her sweater. He felt like his cock might burst through his pants zipper.

The jig was up and Sophia knew it. There was no hiding the gigantic melons engorging off her front any longer. Tom's eyes looked as big as her nipples felt.

"T-Tom," Sophia whispered, "I-I need...*nnnghhh*...n-need to...g-go!"

"Go where??" her mother asked, still oblivious, "It's Thanksgiving night! And Sophia, fix your sweater. I feel like I can see down your shirt."

*CRRREEEAAAAAK*

Her chair was forced backward again, her tits growing an impressive amount in less than a second. A pressure was building inside of her body, forcing and willing her to grow larger and larger. "P-Please! They're...r-really getting full! My sweater can't...can't last much longer!"

"Just like Ruby..." Tom said slowly, not taking his eyes off his wife's swelling tits. Her cleavage was new and hypnotic to him, beckoning him closer into its apparently endless and warm depths.

"*What did you say?!*" Sophia yelled.

"Her chest... I-It was...too..." Tom hardly had the willpower left to keep his pants on, let alone make coherent sentences.

That was when it clicked for Sophia. "Oh my God..." she said softly, looking down at herself, her breasts fighting to force themselves above the edge of the table. Any moment now she felt they would be impossible to hide any longer, her sweater creeping higher over their lower curves. Even her sleeves had begun to fill with flesh while her chest sought out any available room to bloat and fill. "T-The turkey... It was the almond turkey!" she cried out, eyes wide.

"What are you two whispering about over there?" her mother asked sternly, "This is supposed to be a family dinner!"

"How big was she, Tom? How *big*?" Sophia asked, ignoring Margarete.

Tom's face paled a little, his arms slowly extending out in front of him to signify the beach ball-sized breasts he had seen pressed against her spread thighs. Sophia's face drained of blood as well when she got the message. "O-Oh *God*. She only had a bite. I-I...I had a...an entire..."

*BAWWWOOMPH!!*

Sophia didn't get to finish her thought, her swollen udders choosing to confirm her fears for her. A loud rumble filled the room and a massive burst of growth pushed through Sophia's bust, her skin churning and filling out like two fleshy globes. The sheer size of her breasts forced them up from her lap and onto the table, two bloated tits rushing over the edge fast enough to move her plate aside and knock over her glass of water. The fluid spilled across the table, her sweater soaking it up causing a large wet splotch to form over her chest. Two massive thumb-like bumps shown through the overtaxed sweater, inching their way farther onto the table as Sophia's mammaries blowing past beach balls.



Her mother dropped her wine glass at the sudden sight of her daughter's endowment. "S-Sophia!" she stammered, positively shocked at the appearance of such a monstrous chest.

"O-Ooohhhh..." she moaned in response, her hands trembling in a mixture of arousal and embarrassment. "M-My chest! My *tits!*" she cried out. Cleavage climbed higher towards her face, her sweater running out of stretch and forcing her chest into oval shapes. "I-I-It's gonna blow! M-My sweater! *N-NNGGH...*"

Sophia felt the rush of another surge of growth, multiple tears forming along the side of her sweater and across the front. A nipple sprang free from one of the rips, a bright pink nub as round as a quarter taunting Tom with its firmness.

"*Ooooooh God! OH, GOD!*" Sophia yelled, arching her back into the chair. Stitches popped and burst along her red garment, entire holes blowing open up her sides. "J-Just...*Burst* already!" she begged.

*RRRIIIIIIIIPPP!*

The tortured sweater gave up the fight, a tear shooting down her cleavage to rip the top in half. Sophia's breasts tumbled out into rounded heaps, pushing more dishes out of the way as their growth pulsed and forced her larger.

"Y-Your breasts! Sophia! My God, *your breasts!*" Margarette cried out, a pair of tits eclipsing her view of her daughter. Plates began clattering to the floor, any space on the table being claimed by her chest.

Sophia stood up, ignoring her mother's horrified face. Leaning on her chest for support she started to pant. The total amount of pleasure and heat she felt pumping through her and into



her breasts was like nothing she had ever felt before, lines of wetness marking the insides of her thighs through her jeans.

“T-T-Tom...” she moaned, hands massaging the tops of her breasts. “I-I’m sooooo *BIG!* T-They feel like they might burst at any moment! F-Feel how tight my skin is! Feel how *big I’ve grown!!* W-what if I...I get t-too big??”

Despite her words, Tom didn’t think Sophia sounded very worried. She seemed to be enjoying every minute of her almond-fueled growth. “Sophia, I...I don’t think you should...” he stopped, trying to clear his mind, “We need to stop this!” he finally said, gazing at the yoga ball-sized knockers wobbling on top of the dining table, “How did this happen?! Your chest is like a blimp!”

“W-Where did they come from?! Are you all right, Sophia?!” Margarete screamed, backing away from the table and her daughter’s massive chest. She looked almost ready to faint.

“Nooooo, not *at alllllll*. You have *no* idea how goooood this feels...” Sophia moaned, burying her face into her cleavage and leaning farther onto her tits. She stuck her rear out, gazing lovingly at Tom as if tempting him to have his way. Her face was red, her hands trying desperately to reach her nipples. Tom wasn’t sure if she was trying to rub them or save what little modesty she could salvage.

“T-They’re not...not done...g-growing yet...” Sophia moaned. “I-I can’t believe this is happening to me! B-But I don’t really want...*nnggh*...want it to...*s-stop!*”

Her breasts surged forward like a release valve had broken, knocking every other plate off the table with loud crashes as her tits swelled feet at a time. Their flesh billowed and flowed like gargantuan water balloons, both of her nipples plumping and engorging to massive coke-can cylinders that visibly throbbed and quivered. “O-Ohhhhhh *YES!*” Sophia screamed out, feeling her skin draw tighter and firm into a rounder shape. “I-I don’t care who sees anymore... I just want to *GROW!* Oooohhh I *love* how *TIGHT* and *FULL* they feel!!”

*CRRREEEAAK*

A loud groaning sound filled the room, seemingly unheard by Sophia. Both Tom and her mother heard it, however, quickly glancing at the table holding Sophia’s titanic mounds of flesh.

“Margarete! Get back!” Tom yelled, the table groaning again as the stress increased. A leg splintered halfway up its length, the structural integrity failing.

“MMMMMMMMMMORE!!” Sophia begged, clawing at her shimmering skin.

The dining table released a tortured sound similar to a large tree being forced to its limit by the wind. Just as her breasts had started to overflow its edges and bulge into the air, the wooden legs gave out in a chorus of loud cracks and snaps.

*CRASH!*

*BAWOOMPH*

The table gave up the battle, sending Sophia’s chest crashing to the floor in a sea of jiggling flesh that sprawled between Tom and Margarete like an erotic bouncy house.

“OOOOOOOHHHHHH YYYYYEEEESSSSSSS!!!” Sophia screamed, collapsing with her tits. She fell to her knees, resting on her breasts for support. The tops of her curves reached over four feet above the ground, taking up more than enough space on the floor to completely cover a California-king mattress. Soup can nipples pink as bubble gum jutted out from their fronts and rested in the center of areolas rivaling the size of dinner plates. They heaved and domed out into puffy mounds that Tom somehow felt resembled giant pleasure-buttons for his wife.

“S-Sophia!!” Margarete was the first to yell, dumbstruck by the transformation she had just seen her flat-chested daughter undergo in a matter of minutes.

She giggled in response, her black hair matted to her face from the sweat of a powerful orgasm. “Do you think you could grab me a blanket...o-or maybe a tarp, Mom? I feel a little *exposed*.”

Margarete stared at her with a loss for words. “I...How...What happened?! Your breasts look like they belong at a carnival! I must be dreaming! Let me call an ambulance, o-or a...a doctor! Something!”

Sophia laughed again, turning her head to Tom to meet his hungry gaze. “Mmmm, no need for a doctor...” she licked her lips, running a hand into her canyon-like cleavage. “But I do need a certain kind of injection. ASAP.” Tom gulped, seeing the dark splotches between his wife’s thighs and wanting to feel her heat engulf him.

“This isn’t normal, Sophia! T-This is *unnatural*! Look at yourse--”

Her mother stopped speaking when the debris around her daughter started to shift. Margarete fell to the ground in fear, Sophia’s mammoth tits inflating like a parade float in the dining room.

“O-O-Ooooooh I don’t think I’m *dooooone!*!” Sophia moaned loudly, “O-Ok, they’re getting a little tight now... A-As good as...NNNNGH...as it feels, I-I really don’t know h-how much more I can...can take! I was so *flat* before! I-I can only stretch so much!”

The pair of breasts billowed out, a rumbling in Sophia’s belly fueling the growth. Her nipples almost seemed to wiggle and bulge, reaching outward as if reaching for a goal. Tom watched as his wife looked ready to faint, one of her hands sliding down the front of her jeans.

“O-Ohhh God this is too *fast!*” she cried out, “I can feel it...OOOooooohhhh *I can feel something...something happeniiiiing!*!” Sophia’s skin drew tighter and tighter, forcing her breasts into incredibly rounded shapes that squeaked as they rubbed together. She looked almost shiny from the tension stored in her bosom.

“Aaargh!!” Tom heard Margarete cry out, “S-Sophia! You’re crushing me!” she cried, a breast almost the size of her car bulging over her legs.

Veins were starting to run over Sophia’s chest, leading away from her tire-sized areolas like massive throbbing rivers. As much as she had managed to grow, her skin could still only take so much.

“T-Tom, my tits feel so *gigantic!* I don’t...mmmmm...want it to e-ever STOP!!” Sophia admitted, her hands buried in her panties.

Her skin started to shake and vibrate, the amount of estrogen her body producing too much for her to handle. “I-I can’t stretch fast enough!! I almost...almost feel like I could...c-could *BURST!!*” Her chest shot towards the ceiling and overshadowed Tom in height as he gazed helplessly at the quivering wall of tits in front of him.

Hollow echoes bounced across her mammaries, Margarete pounding at Sophia’s breast as it started to engulf her torso. Tom’s wife’s crotch looked soaked through, the outline of her hand moving furiously. “OOOOOHHHHH *GOD, here it COOOOMES!!!*” Sophia screamed, her legs clenching in orgasm just as her areolas and nipples bloated into massive, shiny, pink mounds. “AaaaaaAAAHHHHHHH *I CAN’T STRETCH ANY MOOOOOREEEEE!!!*”

***KABOOOMMMMMPHH!!!***

Tom shielded his eyes when a deafening boom shook the house, knocking him off his feet. He struggled to open his eyes a moment later, disoriented from the force of the blast. The room looked like an explosion had gone off, debris from the table scattered everywhere. Margarete leaned against a far wall in a state of shock.

In the middle of the room, he saw Sophia lying on her back, bare chest with only a tattered sweater to cover her shoulders. He could hear her snoring, apparently sleeping off one of the best Thanksgiving meals she had ever had, a hand still resting in her jeans.

“O-Oh my God...” Margarete gasped, “Oh my God...”

“I think she’s all right...” Tom assured her.

“Hey!”

Tom and Margarete turned to look for the source of the voice, Margarete somehow looking even more surprised despite what had just happened.

“*RUBY!!*” Margarete gasped loudly.

Her second daughter stood in the doorway to the dining room leaning on the doorframe, her brow wet with sweat and a smile on her lips despite the heavy exhaustion showing on her face. Her naked body struck Tom with full force, her overgrown, watermelon-sized tits overflowing the arm she used to support her bust. She looked dehydrated and spent, nipples hard and round as a roll of quarters. Hunger and a hunt for satisfaction flared in her eyes in a similar to Sophia’s, her fingers unable to fulfill what she needed despite her best efforts.

Ruby panted, out of breath from her past hour on the bathroom floor. “Is there...a-anymore of that...” One of her hands slipped across a slick nipple and she cried out, “M-Mmmmm oh *God!*” She breathed a little with fluttering eyes, thighs trembling before finishing her sentence, “Anymore of that...turkey left?”

Margarete stared slackjawed at her overdeveloped daughter and her melon-like mammaries. No words could come to her lips, unable to process anything after seeing Sophia’s own breasts nearly crush her. It was simply too much to comprehend.

Tom smiled, seeing a chance for initiative and the turkey in front of him. Sophia began to stir when he picked it up, the almond smell drawing her out of her orgasm-induced slumber. She

and Ruby eyed it like animals in his hands when he presented it to them and asked with a sly smile, “You want a breast or thigh?”

Epilogue  
(belly inflation ahead)

A key slid into the front door, its soft clicks sounding loud in the middle of the night inside the sleeping house.

“Hello...?” Kimmy whispered, hoping the door wouldn't creak if she opened it too fully. “No one answered their phone; my plane got in an hour ago. I had to take an Uber...”

No response. The darkness loomed ahead of her, the house refusing to even acknowledge her arrival. “Guess they're all asleep,” Kimmy sighed.

*Grrrrrrrr*

“Shhh!” she told her stomach, its rumbling echoing through the night, “I know I'm hungry; you don't need to remind me.”

After locking the door behind her she carried her suitcase into the front hallway, passing by a bathroom that smelled strikingly of sex and sweat. Turning through the dining room to enter the kitchen, her foot struck an object on the ground and caused a loud clatter when it collided with other unknown entities. Kimmy prayed no one had woken up from it.

She turned her phone on and used it as a flashlight, gasping at what she saw. “What the...”

The dining room looked like a wrecking ball had gone through it. Food and broken plates littered the ground while the dining table looked as if it had been crushed from a car falling on it. At her feet, a large piece of a table leg rolled back and forth. The torn remains of a red sweater caught her eye as well.

“Did they get attacked by mountain bandits riding elephants or something?”

*SNNOOOOORRK*

Kimmy jumped, hearing a loud snoring coming from upstairs. “Ruby,” she sighed, holding her heart, “Unmistakably Ruby. They're fine.”

After deciding it would be easier to just ask about what happened in the morning Kimmy entered the kitchen in search of a last-minute-midnight-Thanksgiving dinner. The light from inside the fridge blinded her momentarily when it swung open.

“Let's see...” she hummed, “Unsurprisingly empty, considering that all the food is on the floor in the other room. Ooooh, what's this though?” A turkey sat on a platter on the middle shelf. It looked like it had been more ripped apart than cut neatly, large chunks missing from its sides.

“Cold turkey; the best part about Thanksgiving leftovers,” Kimmy told herself, removing it from the fridge and placing it on the table. Grabbing a fork she sat in front of it and started to pick pieces off while staring at her phone in the darkness.

“Mmm!” she moaned, “Mom really went heavy on the almond this year!” Her mouth felt flooded with juices, the almond flavoring creating an overpowering aroma.

*GRRRRRRR*

Kimmy’s stomach growled underneath her winter coat. “I’m eating, I’m eating!” she whispered to it, “Hold your horses.” She swallowed another piece pierced on the end of her fork, feeling strangely full.

“That’s some dense meat...” she noticed, “Really filling...” Taking a break she set her fork down and leaned back in the chair, her phone illuminating her face in the dark kitchen.

*GRRRRROOOWL*

Kimmy reached down to pat her belly and instantly noticed something was amiss. Her coat felt taut over her waist, the fabric drawn tight. Her insides churned again, a pressure making itself known to her. “O-Oooh...” she moaned, gently placing a hand on her tummy, “I-I feel *reeeaaally* bloated all of the sudden... Can almond extract do that to you??”

Very quickly, Kimmy noticed that her clothes were becoming increasingly uncomfortable. The waistband of her jeans felt like it was two sizes too small and her jacket felt like more of a wetsuit across her belly.

*GRRRRRRRRRRRRROOOOWWLLLLLLLLLLL*

“O-Oh shit!” Kimmy gasped, the pressure building inside her abdomen. She dropped her phone to the ground with a clatter when she doubled over, both hands pressing gently on the sides of her waist. What she felt between them made her heart skip a beat. “W-W-What the...?!”

Kimmy looked down, the glow from her phone illuminating the outline of her belly from below. Her hands rested on the sides of what looked like a basketball stuffed under her coat.

“A-Ah!!” she cried out, feeling her jeans pulling tighter around her. “W-What’s...What’s happening to me??”

*POW!*

As if to answer, her jeans burst open at the button, her zipper rocketing open as her belly filled the free space and stretched the front of her underwear.

*TWANG!*

*TWANG!*

The bottom two buttons exploded off her coat, the smooth skin of her tummy becoming visible as it bulged larger and larger.

“Ahhhhh *what’s going oooon?!?*” Kimmy cried with a rising volume, her hands pressing into a beach ball belly stretching the camisole she wore beneath her coat. “My *belly!* I-It’s...It’s like it’s...*inflating!*!”

Something else struck Kimmy then, her mind immediately beginning to panic when she felt the underwire of her bra rubbed against her chest. Her breasts began to shift inside her

padded D cups and only served to add to the nervous disbelief building inside of her. “N-No, no no no no no...” she begged, feeling her brassier becoming tighter and tighter. “My boobs too?? *What is this?!*”

Two circular shapes rounded out the top of her coat across her bust, its surface quickly running out of any stretch. They ballooned swiftly as if trying to catch up with her enormous belly, quickly engorging past the size of melons.

*TWANG!*

*TWANG!*

*TWANG!*

The three remaining buttons popped free from her coat, the garment flying open to release her expanding curves. Two breasts larger than her head bounced free, held firmly by a bra that desperately wanted to do its job. Her breaths came out in short gasps when her cleavage started to be pushed up into her face by a belly she could no longer reach her arms around.

“*AAAHHHHHH!!!! I’m blowing up!!!*” Kimmy yelled, “My body feels like a *balloon!!* I-It’s like I can feel myself...*s-stretching!*”

Her camisole stretched as far as it could over her belly before finally snapping upwards underneath her breasts in a wrinkled heap, a belly button springing free on her front in a large nub. The sides of her waist rounded out as well, pressing into the cold metal armrests of the chair and bulging into the openings.

Kimmy was forced to lean backward by her inflating stomach, its top forcing her chest higher and higher until her nipples sprang free of her bra like fingers pointing at the ceiling. Both of her arms flailed when she realized she had become trapped in the chair, her belly swelling so large that she had become wedged between the armrests.

Two mammaries the size of beach balls bounced above her head, heavy as water balloons. She prayed her bra would hold them, despite its band strapped around them like an over-tightened belt. Still, her belly grew menacingly large and round, rubbing against the chair in sudden bursts whenever it became large enough to overcome the friction between it and the armrests. Each time Kimmy felt her heart skip a beat from the hollow rubbing sound that echoed inside her, fearing her skin had stretched too far.

“Please stop please stop please stop!” she begged her body, “I can’t get any *bigger!!* My belly feels like it’s about to *BURST!!*”

Then, just as soon as it had started, Kimmy’s growth slowed to a halt. She continued leaning back, heart pounding and breathing short quick breaths for fear her bra might break and release her engorged tits. On the ceiling, she could see the shadow of her body cast by the light of her phone on the ground, a monstrous sphere darkening the roof from her stomach.

“I-Is it...is it over...??” she panted, her fingers tenderly touching her drum-like waist. She couldn’t make an indent in its surface, too frightened to apply too much pressure with her fingertips. It overflowed the armrests as if someone had tried to shove an over-inflated yoga ball into the chair. “I feel like I could *POP!*”

The kitchen light suddenly came on, startling Kimmy.

“Uh oh... Looks like someone found the turkey...” a voice said.

Kimmy tried to look, scared to move enough to see around her swollen chest. Her eyes widened when she saw Ruby standing in the entrance to the kitchen, her arms overflowing with breasts larger than watermelons.

“R-Ruby??” Kimmy gasped, “What’s going on?!”

“I heard you screaming. But it looks like I missed the show. Trust me though, this is nothing. You should have seen Sophia after how much turkey she ate.” Ruby looked her sister’s bloated body over a little, her eyes running across the gargantuan curve of her belly. “I do have to admit, the giant belly is a surprise.”

Kimmy stared wide-eyed as her sister stepped forward and flicked the side of her stomach, a hollow echo resonating from it. “D-Don’t! It’s too big, R-Ruby!”

Ruby ignored her pleas, resting a hand on it and continued speaking after a chest-jiggling laugh. “Though I guess the belly makes sense when you think about it. After all, it’s not the Thanksgiving dinner you have to look out for; it’s the leftovers afterward that really get you!”