

Going for a picnic in the park was the best idea Kitty had all week; it was one of those vanishingly few winter days where going outdoors was actually possible without the both of them ending up shivering in the cold, even if they had to wear jackets to protect from the wind. There were a few other couples taking advantage of the lull in the chill in order to have a good time as well, and after spending a couple of hours chatting about nothing, Emily figured it was time to start working on what her real plan was. Not a single day had gone by in the past few weeks where she didn't think about it, but the weather had unfortunately kept her from putting it into action; it was one thing to act when she had plenty of room to move about, another one completely when they were both confined to their apartment, huddling in front of a space heater and using it as an excuse to snuggle up for whole days at a time. Sure, there were plenty of opportunities for her to pad out certain *parts* of her, but nothing anywhere near what she had in mind for that day; after all, Kitty was such a loving, attentive and responsive partner that, frankly, it felt wrong not to give him something special every once in a while.

The other cat didn't see it coming, as he never did; he was too busy staring at the clouds, trying to find interesting patterns or a topic of non-conversation that could keep them busy for another hour or so, when he felt something large, soft and warm press against his side. Before he could turn around to see what it was, however, it overtook him, two large masses that exuded heat in such great quantities that he actually started purring from how cozy and comfortable he felt, even when his body was being pinned down by whatever they were... of course, by the time he opened his eyes properly and saw that those two *things* were attached to Emily's chest, and her head could be seen poking up from above them with the most devious little smile stamped on her face, all the worry flushed from his system; he didn't even mind that his better half was doing this in public where anyone could see them, much less that everyone around them had already noticed and had begun making loud comments about how out of place that growth spurt was. For the two cats, the only thing that really mattered was the fact that they were together, they were appreciating one another's company, and there wasn't a single thing in the world that anyone could do that would stop that.

Of course, it was easier for Kitty to think this, because all *he* had to do was lie there and be squished underneath a progressively larger and heavier pair of breasts; even after Emily got back on her feet, their body significantly taller than it had been before (and quite nude, given that her clothes weren't as stretchy as she was), all that was required of him was his undivided attention and the occasional blushing side glances whenever he liked to pretend he was too bashful or embarrassed to really appreciate the view. Meanwhile, all the "work" fell on Emily, who played her own role by doing her level best to make her partner mewl and moan at the mere sight of her; it would've been nicer if she had something to use as a means of support, something like a large pole or a building whose roof she could hijack, but she was nothing if not inventive. Even with nothing around her, even when she was quickly becoming the tallest thing in that section of the park, the cat could still rock her growing body in a way that would make *anyone* weak-kneed at

the sight; what hope could Kitty have to resist her allure, now that he was once more being handed his literal dream scenario on a silver platter? Really, it was all he could do to resist making demands (or begging, to be more precise) on what part of herself Emily should improve next; this resulted in a very flustered-looking cat sinking his claws on the ground as his eyes glazed over the more his partner grew, a partner that seemed to be enjoying her transformation about as much or even more than he himself was.

Not that this was in any way surprising; as much as Emily liked to splurge out and make her bust or rear larger when she was alone with her love in the privacy of their own home, it wasn't every day that she got to loosen up and let go of her limits and reservations like that, not necessarily out of her ability to do so, but more because of opportunity. It was something special, something that *shouldn't* happen every day, or else it would end up losing its novelty; and when growing to become a giantess with hyper-exaggerated assets became *mundane*, that's when all joy was sucked out of the world. Thus, she tried to keep her little growthsplosions to very rare occasions, no more than twice or thrice a year... but made up for it by making them *count*; it had barely been five minutes since she started and already her body towered over not only the park itself, but every apartment building around it, still not reaching skyscraper height, but getting there very quickly. Her bust had ballooned outwards to an almost obscene degree, completely covering her chest and jutting out several feet from either side of her, providing an ample amount of backboob that she was more than happy to put on display whenever she wasn't directly facing Kitty, dangling those colossal breasts over him until his body reacted by itself, moving his arms upwards with grabby little greedy hands. Below the waist, Emily's form had similarly been engorged to accentuate her abilities, with that perky bubble butt of hers expanding to become something powerful and large enough to flatten entire city blocks if she dared to sit down anywhere, an incomprehensible amount of jiggling taking place at the slightest motion.

And still she grew, pouring more and more mass into her body in one of the few times of the year that the city around her got to enjoy watching her become a curvaceous giantess; in her mind, it served as their belated Christmas gift, a little something special for all the little ones around her, but *especially* for the sake of the love of her live, who was yet to receive the real gift she had in mind. That day was special, not just because Emily got to splurge out a bit, but also because she didn't intend for it to stay as a mere visual display; instead, she fully intended to give Kitty a closer look at the goods, and by closer she of course meant picking him up gingerly with two fingers and then unceremoniously dropping him on top of a single breast, where it became painfully obvious just how *massive* she had become in comparison to him. The poor guy was so flabbergasted by the difference in size that all he could do for the first few minutes was stare ahead at the soft fur he was hugging, the pudgy breastflesh underneath offering the best bed-slash-body pillow that he could hope for once he got over his awkwardness and actually started squeezing down on it; Emily had expected him to do this, and while it was certainly quite fun to watch her special other lose himself on a mound several times bigger than he was, this

wasn't really what she had in mind for him. No, the feline had thought of something far lewder, something that would not only leave Kitty completely breathless after the experience, but would leave an indelible mark that would follow him for the rest of his life... at least until the next time she went overboard with her size and topped the experience, but that was a matter for another day.

Still, she didn't bring her better half over to her bosom just so he could rub himself all over it with no regard for what was happening all around; she did so in order to show him just who exactly he was dealing with, who he had for a partner, who he had beside him every day of his life. Exercising as much care as she could, Emily poked the very top of Kitty's head with the very tip of one of her claws, still enough to almost cover the former completely, and gently whispered for him to look up, even then her voice booming in the wind; now, the smaller of the two cats knew better than to ignore a suggestion like that, but when he *did* go through with it... it was just as wondrous as he imagined it would be. He knew where he was, knew that his position on top of one of Emily's breasts meant that she should be able to see her face right there in front of him, especially given the few times she had grown enough during their more private hours that he *could* lie atop one of those mounds. Instead, however, what he saw was an expanse of soft boob, spreading in every direction around him, with a thin layer of clouds between him and what he could only presume was part of Emily's *neck*; he was staring up at her, having assumed that her smile would be beaming down at him, and instead received something that came straight out of a kaiju movie, albeit one with a lot more tits than usual. His love was *gigantic*, to the point where even using that word at all felt like an understatement, and for the first time in quite a while, Kitty genuinely felt small.

Not just small, but *tiny* even, inconsequential in fact; like Emily could simply sweep him aside without a thought, along with a large chunk of the city. In fact, though he couldn't see it from where he was lying down, the macro-sized cat was having some trouble not destroying her surroundings, given that her paws alone had grown to be the size of entire city blocks, and collapsed the ground for several feet of depth wherever it was she anchored them. It was always a bother whenever this happened, hence why she began looking around for any opening that she could exploit to get as far away from downtown as possible; after all, she was large enough that a single large step could bring her from the park all the way to the suburbs without too much of a hassle, even if it did mean moving at such speeds that poor Kitty had to practically sink his claws into the breast beneath him just to avoid being dragged off by the wind currents. This only served to drive the point home on just how colossal his partner had become, along with deepening the already bottomless well of adoration he had for her inside of him; really, at that point, he almost felt inadequate for being so tiny and unable to do anything for Emily when she was that large, even when he knew for a fact that most of the reason why she went that far was precisely because of *him*, to make *him* feel as if she was literally his entire world.

Little did he know, however, that as soon as Emily was safely away from the constricting confines of the middle of the metropolis, the moment she had some room to maneuver in that wouldn't require destroying buildings, that's when she decided to spring her surprise on him and show her loveable Kitty just what her lewd little mind had come up with. By that point, at her size, moving the smaller cat was actually quite difficult; even a single fingertip was enough to miss him completely, resulting in her dragging it over her breast without actually dragging the poor guy along with it. It took a few tries, and a bit of licking in order to glue her better half to the tip of said finger, but she finally managed to pull him off, bringing him upwards at such a high speed that Kitty could barely breathe by the time he got... there. There, in the heavens, looking at Emily's face, the most alluring expression eyeing him with just the slightest dash of a predatory stare, threatening to give him a big, sloppy kiss that would no doubt end up covering him in spit from head to toe. But that wasn't what Emily had in mind; rather, there was a very good reason why she had Kitty stuck to the tip of her finger and not anywhere else, and that was because it made it significantly easier for her to point it downwards and then unceremoniously shove it straight into the middle of her cleavage.

In an instant, the outside world ceased to exist, replaced on all sides by the tight hug of two colossal, chest-obscuring, milk-stuffed mounds that churned and roiled so loudly that Kitty felt like his ears were going to rupture. And yet, despite this, he had never felt more comfortable in his entire life: it was like a full-body massage, one that never ended, one that surpassed anything that mere mortal hands could produce, leaving him feeling like he had died, gone to Heaven, died again and was then provided an express ticket to some sort of super-afterlife that made the regular stuff look as mundane as the real world. There he was, stuck between two tits big enough to smother the entire city he lived in, trapped between what had to be *miles* of boob in every direction, unable to move and yet also utterly unwilling. Why *should* he move when he was in the best spot he could be? Or rather, the best spot up until Emily decided to put her hands to even better use, squishing her breasts together and working them in just the right way to make the poor kitten trapped between them tumble around like he was in a washing machine, feeling like his entire world was being turned upside-down and inside-out every second... and loving every moment of it.

As for Emily, well... she could barely see the city at all, owing to the rather large amount of clouds in the way, but she knew she was about as big as it was, and her breasts and buttocks probably outsized it on their own. It was a good size, she wasn't about to say otherwise... but it felt insufficient. Didn't Kitty deserve *everything* she could give him? Hadn't he earned her *full* abilities being put on display? Because he certainly did. And she could certainly grow bigger than this.

So why not do it?