

Oiled Up

Contains bursting

Dan walked towards the dimly-lit massage room. A client was ready for his hands' attention.

"Are you all set?" he asked after a soft knock on the door.

"Come in," a female voice responded. Dan knew he was supposed to keep it professional in such a job, but it was always a joy to hear a woman on the other side of the door. They were far more entertaining to work on.

It was always exciting what Dan might see in such a situation. Even with professionalism a top priority, it was impossible to completely block out all forms of sexual interest. If there was a naked woman on a table in front of him, it was biologically impossible not to take a little joy in working the tightness from her body. Masking his excitement, he opened the door.

Of all the repressed images rattling around in the back of his mind, Dan certainly wasn't expecting to find his next-door neighbor waiting on the table. Much less naked and sitting up.

"C-Carol!" Dan stammered in shock. He averted his eyes. "I'm so sorry, I thought I heard you say you were ready! I'll step out and let you get under the sheets." His hand reached for the door.

"I *did* say I was ready."

Dan looked up. He had to. Carol was an attractive woman. A bit on the thicker side, her body boasted luscious curves his mind had always had to imagine until now. Sitting naked in front of him in the parlor, he discovered he had been nowhere close to their true splendor. Carol's breasts were nearly as wide as her own hips, and her hips left very little to be desired.

Carol crossed her arms. "Not very professional of you, Dan... Are you just going to stare or am I going to get my massage?"

"Sorry! Sorry! I was just..." He swallowed, still astounded at how much she continued to flaunt herself. "I'm surprised to see you here, is all. Most women refuse to have a male masseuse, much less their own neighbor."

"Mmmmm I guess I'm a little different then. I've known you work here for a while and I've always wanted to see what those strong hands of yours can do..." Carol grinned and arched her chest. "I asked for you by name, actually."

Dan was speechless. Carol's areolas looked like small salad plates. Never would he have guessed they were so large. "I'm...uh...I'm honored to hear that."

Swinging her legs onto the bed, Carol laid on her stomach. "Could you start on my back, please? It's been awfully tight."

"Certainly!" Dan would have done anything to move on. The scenery was sexy, but he didn't want to send the wrong message. Unfortunately, standing over Carol's prostrate body, the full extent of her endowment was still plainly visible. Flesh bulged out of the sides of her torso in

large mounds supporting her weight. There was enough surface area to sink his entire palms into with plenty left over had he wanted to.

Skilled fingers worked on Carol's exposed back.

"Mmmmm... God that's nice..."

There was a sexual tone to her voice. Those were not the groans of a relaxing woman. "Is this pressure all right?" Dan asked, feeling hot.

"It's absolutely *perfect*. Those fingers of yours are so nimble... It makes me wonder what *else* they could do to me..."

Dan's throat was dry. Carol had neglected to pull the sheet over her body, exposing herself to his view. Seeing her bare thighs and butt, he had a pretty good guess what else his fingers could do to her.

"What were you hoping to work on today? Just your back? We have a hot stone massage special going if that sounds intere--"

Carol shifted under his hands. Before he could react, she had turned over to present her fully-nude front. Slick with oil, Dan's hands slid from her back and mashed into her shifting knockers as she adjusted.

"Oh I'm so sorry!" Dan said, pulling his hands away. "Let me get the sheet and I'll work on your shoulders!"

"Don't bother. You asked what I needed work done on. If you could massage my breasts, I couldn't thank you enough."

"C-Carol, I'm sorry but we're not allowed to--"

"Ohhh... Please?" Carol moaned and groped her tits. They overflowed her hands at every turn like a fleshy pillow. "My girls have been aching *all day*... They need a good massage so badly I feel like they'll burst if they don't get it!"

Dan was glad the room was so dark. Otherwise, Carol might have seen him blushing like a tomato.

"Please, Dan? We know each other... I'm perfectly fine with it. I *need* your hands on my chest... It will be *our* little secret, ok? I'll even leave you a sparkling review after!"

Reluctantly, Dan nodded and stepped forward. "O-Ok." He reached for his bottle of heated lotion.

"Sorry, but if it's not too much trouble, could we please use this? I brought my own oil."

A small bottle was pulled from Carol's side. The label and brand were unknown to Dan but he didn't see a problem with it. "Uhh, sure. I don't see why not..."

Carol's chest was firm and engulfed his hands. He had been with his fair share of women, but none had provided such an experience for him to squeeze.

"M-Mmmm!! Ooohhhh that's goooood..." Carol squirmed. Her breaths pushed her tits into his palm, forcing skin to bulge between his fingers.

Dan was done trying to look away. All of his attention was locked on Carol and the basketball-sized mounds kneading under his hands. As the minutes wore on, however, he started

to notice an increased difficulty in handling Carol's breasts. His palms weren't grabbing as much as before and her areolas dwarfed his grip. Flesh was overflowing her torso and swallowed her chin.

Carol giggled. "Looks like you're starting to notice..."

"Carol... A-Are your breasts... Are you all right?? You're swelling up!! Are you allergic to the oil?!" Dan was stupefied by the woman's engorging mammaries. They were far larger than when he first set eyes on them, and still they seemed larger every second they spent under his grasp.

"Nnnngh, don't stop!" she begged, hugging them in her arms. Biting her lip, she cooed, "Just keep squeezing them. You can put more oil on them if you want me to get even *bigger*."

The thought of her bloating larger than the beach balls in her arms was cock-stiffening. "Carol... I-I don't know if--"

"Mmmmm, Daaaaan..." Breathing heavily, she pleaded while pulling on thumb-sized nipples. "I want you to make me *huge*. Massage my boobs until I'm absolutely *massive*!" A hand slipped from her chest to her spreading thighs. Candlelight glistened off the moisture. "You can do anything you want to me as long as you keep making me bigger..."

It was an offer he could never refuse. Dan was done fighting his moral code. The opportunity jiggling on the massage table was greater than any paycheck. More oil dribbled onto Carol's chest, much to her delight.

"Mmmm!!! I-I can already...feel it making my skin stretch!!!"

Dan's fingers worked themselves across her tits. No matter how much oil he poured, her skin always absorbed the fluid and swelled in turn. In only twenty minutes, Carol was pinned beneath a set of breasts reaching from her cheeks to her hips. Bloated and fat, they jiggled in flattened ovals and only stayed on the table with the help of her cradling arms. Cleavage stretched longer than two feet. It swallowed Dan's entire arm as he continued to coat every inch of her tightening surface. When close enough, he would brush across her exposed pussy and use her own fluids as lubrication. The heat seemed to drive Carol wild with lust.

"G-God I'm...big..." Carol moaned.

"I've never seen anything like this," Dan gulped. A single nipple could have filled his mouth. They had remained hard for their entire session thus far, pulsing on top of her chest like two-inch-thick beacons. "Where did you get this oil??"

"Don't...nnngh!!...worry about it." Carol grinned from under her cleavage. "I'm only able to get this big because I'm so big to start with... If you're thinking about buying some of this stuff to use on that cute little receptionist girl out front, think again; those tiny B-cups wouldn't get any bigger than her head before *pop*!"

Dan's front was soaking in oil. He had started using his own chest for leverage as he was required to essentially hug Carol's breasts one at a time to continue the massage.

Carol's words came out in gasps. *"I've needed this so badly. Getting this big...is just...pure heaven. It's...orgasmic..."* Shivering under Dan's sinking hands, she requested, "I think I need a bit more oil, what about you?"

Who was he to deny her? Hands slick, Dan reached for the bottle and fumbled with the cap.

Pop!

"Whoa!"

The bottle slipped from his hand. Time froze as it bounced on Carol's chest before sticking in her cleavage. A quick gurgle filled the bottle with air as its contents escaped into the fleshy chasm.

"Whoops," Dan apologized, plucking the empty bottle from her chest, "I can pay for a replacement if you would--"

GUUUURRGLE

A bubbling sound came from Carol's chest. Noticing she hadn't reacted yet, Dan glanced at the woman. Her head was craned over the edge of her chest, wide eyes staring at the spot where the remaining eighty percent of her oil had just escaped into her cleavage.

"Carol...?" Dan asked in worry, "Are you all right?"

GUUUUUUURGLE

Her eyes bulged wider as her chest rose several inches. *"Shit!! Shit shit!! Dan that was too much!! I-I can't handle all of that!!"*

There was panic in her voice. The rising rumble from her rounding knockers didn't help either. Dan leaped at her chest, spreading her cleavage to scoop out the oil. It only massaged it into her skin.

GRRRUUUUMMMBLE

"NNNGHHH!!! D-Don't rub them even more!! Y-You're making them grow too fast!! Too...BIG!!" Carol's hands sank into her breasts in fear, feeling her skin tightening faster than ever. They were rounding before her very eyes like balloons. *"G-Get a towel!! Wipe off whatever oil you can!!"*

Dan fumbled for a towel while Carol attempted to sit up. The weight of her chest was becoming unbearable as they swelled tall and wide. Hugging herself was beginning to feel like hugging a bouncy house. *"Ooohhhh I can't sit up!!! They're too...nnngh!! T-Too heavy!! Ahhhh my skin!!"*

Carol was frantic. Her legs thrashed on the table as she tried to move. Their motion ceased soon enough when ballooning flesh pinned them to the pad. Skin overflowed the table in tight heaps. Arms shaking, Carol fought to keep them from falling to either side.

"D-DAN!!! HURRY UP!!" she screamed. *"I can't hold them!!"*

Grabbing the towel from the floor, Dan glanced up to find a shadow falling over him. Rounded tits with nipples as big around as his head groaned in pressurized anger.

CRREEEEAAAACK

“A-AHH!! NNNGHH!!! Oooohh my TITS!!”

Dan didn't know if the creaking had come from the table or Carol's chest. Based on the over-stretched red sheen covering her knockers, as well as the protruding veins throbbing like a city map, he guessed it was the later. Her nipples looked more red than pink.

“OOHHH I'M BLOWING UP!! DAN MY BREASTS ARE TOO BIG!! THEY CAN'T STRETCH LIKE THIS!!!”

Dan backed against the wall. Too large to control, Carol's breasts began swaying in her trembling hands. There was no way she could keep their top-heavy nature upright any longer.

“D-Don't let me fall!! OH PLEASE DON'T LET ME FALL!! T-There's...A-Ahh!! There's too much pressure!! I feel like a bomb about to explo--”

CRRRREEEAAAACK!!

The table's legs buckled after a final complaint. Tilting to the side, Carol's eyes bulged when she felt herself topple.

“DAN DON'T LET ME FA--”

BWOOOPMH

Dan closed his eyes after watching her breasts stretch across the floor like two giant water balloons. Carol sank into them, her weight building pressure beyond her limit as their forms quaked before finally--

KABLOOSH!!!