

Night Job Part 2

Caution: Disturbing content warning/tentacles/belly inflation

“Th...Thanks...*Thanks for waiting!*” Carol huffed, snapping at her friend after rushing into the house and shutting the door behind her.

Julie wasn't in a much better state and was gasping for air after running home from their late-night heist. Clad in black tights and a black sweatshirt, the house's heat was making both of them sweat. “What the hell happened to you?? You were right behind me after the jewelry store! I thought the cops had found you or something!”

The thieves choked for air momentarily. The job hadn't been clean, nor had it been very profitable, but the two managed to make it out of the jewelers with enough merchandise to get them through the next month at least.

Carol leaned against the door, pleased with the absence of any sirens. Putting her head back and closing her eyes, she rubbed her hands across her belly and coughed.

“You look awful,” Julie frowned after taking a moment to inspect her accomplice.

“Yea, I-I feel... God, I don't know what happened! We were running out of the store and down the alley, right? But something came at me from the darkness and pushed me against the wall! I don't know if it was some sort of animal or what, but I felt something thick and slippery get shoved into my mouth!”

“The hell are you talking about??”

Carol coughed again, still feeling the tentacle-like sensations squirming against her cheeks. “Fuck if I know! I panicked and bit down as hard as I could and tore the thing off! Felt like I was getting jumped by an octopus. Whatever the thing was, it ran away afterward. Fucking thing felt like it slithered down my throat after I chewed it off though!” Carol spat on the floor as if hoping the foreign object may still come up.

More concerned about the job than her friend's perplexing story, Julie glanced at Carol's hands and around her feet. “Carol... Where's your bag?”

“It's back in the damn alley, where do you think?!”

“*What??*”

“Oh, I'm sorry! I couldn't help but drop it when I was getting surprise deep-throated! You can go back if you want, but there's no way in *hell* I'm stepping foot in that alley aga--”

Carol stopped, clutching her belly and gasping in shock.

“Carol? Carol what's wrong??” Julie stood up with worry after seeing the expression on her friend's face.

“I... *Nnngh*... I-I don't know... Something feels like...I-like it's moving inside my stomach! Like that damn thing is s-slithering around!!”

“What are you talking about?!”

“J-Julie, seriously! I can feel this thing moving around!” Lifting her hands away from her belly, Carol could see the faintest bulges swirling against her gut through her sweatshirt. “O-Oh God! What did I swallow?!”

Suddenly the writhing stopped. Both women were dead quiet with eyes locked on Carol’s stomach. Something changed inside of her and her breath grew rapid and short in fear.

“O-Ooohhh...!! M-My...belly!! Julie, there’s a-a pressure inside my body!! God, it’s building so *fast!*”

Shock, fear, and confusion flew Carol’s arms to her side and against the door when something moved under her sweatshirt where her breasts should be. Rounded shapes were pushing from under the black fabric like two balloons inflating simultaneously.

“My tits! M-My tits!!” Carol gasped, helplessly looking down at what used to be her C-cups. Now bloated to twice their size, they showed no signs of stopping and were slaves to the intense pressure surging from her core.

Julie stared wide-eyed, watching her partner in crime’s bosom fill out. “Carol what the hell?!”

She could do little to respond, hardly hearing Julie’s words over her own fearful cries. “I-I can feel that pressure...*nnngh*...m-moving into my boobs! It’s filling them *up!!* I can...*ooohhh*...feel my skin starting to stre--”

Carol’s words stopped in their tracks when her hips pushed away from the door. Body shaking with anxiety, she realized her tights were drawing firm around her hips and thighs. A seam was flossing against her crotch the more it was pulled between her thighs by a rounding ass already bulging over her waistband in a thick muffin top.

“S-Shit!! *Shit shit shit!! What’s happening to meeeee?! I-I’m blowing up!*” Carol didn’t know where to start. Thick fluid was flowing through her body in rivers and traveling straight into her chest and ass as if they were balloons. Filling with such weight so quickly, they grew heavy and round. Even against the force of gravity, Carol’s skin tightened to keep them upright as if they were packed with too large of implants.

Trying to contain a pair of breasts engorged to the size of basketballs, Carol’s sweatshirt was lifting up and away from her abdomen, exposing her pale navel to the room. With an ass intent on outpacing her bust, the tights were packed to the point of bursting. Tight, shiny flesh bulged over the waistband and forced it lower down her hips until it revealed the trimmed border of her pubic hair. Carol’s pussy was trapped between two mammoth thighs ready to split their seams.

“Carol you’re getting *huge!*”

Pale and nervous for her tightening skin, Carol hugged her chest as tenderly as she dared, hoping a gentle massage may quell the thick fluid rushing in. “N-No *shit!* Do something before I fucking pop! I feel like...*n-n-nnnghhhHHH!!* L-Like a balloon!!”

Julie rushed forward but was too scared to touch any part of her friend’s body. The sweatshirt was pulled completely around her breasts and struggling to contain their beach ball

girth. Taut flesh flowed into the sleeves, rubbing against Carol's shoulders. Looking down, her chin was met with a chasm of cleavage ready to split her collar open.

"W-What am I supposed to do??" Julie panicked.

"I don't know! *God there's so much pressuuuuure!!*" The spandex of Carol's tights were drawn to the point of shimmering with her skin's color underneath. Loud pops and tears shot from the stitches of her clothes, both garments ready to burst open from being overfilled.

Julie reached out and pressed a hand into the front of Carol's chest. A knob was protruding through the sweatshirt the size of a strawberry and the area around it felt tight as a drum. She withdrew her hand almost instantly, too scared to apply any force. "C-C-Carol you feel *really, reeeaaally* tight...!"

Wincing as the sweatshirt dug into her flesh and made her cleavage and underboob bulge, she grunted. "F-F-Fuck my body can't...hold...a-any more of this--"

GRUUUMMMBLE

Their eyes widened and shot to Carol's belly. A gentle, rounded slope was already present on its surface as if her skin were drawn over half a watermelon. It was motionless for only a second before it rumbled once more and engorged like a balloon, filling outwards from Carol's body.

"O-Oooh God oh God oh Gooood!! I-I'm BLOWING UUUUP!!"

SHHRRRIIPPP!!!!

Fabric exploded into a shower of tatters before leaving the woman standing naked with torn clothing hanging off her swollen frame. Carol's hands flew to her gut hidden below her massive bust and was met with a sloshing sphere. It was expanding at an incredible rate, forcing her hands wider and pushing her breasts into her face. Legs trembling, Carol tried to stay on her feet as her ass rubbed against her knees.

"I'm filling too fast!! I-I'm filling way WAY too fast!!"

Julie was too stunned to do anything. An incredible amount of fluid was filling Carol's body by the second and in no time her belly was bloated beyond the size of a yoga ball. It seemed to grow a foot every few seconds, quickly overtaking her tits and ass in size and pushing against surrounding furniture. An angry belly button forced Julie back a step, Carol whimpering when the bottom of her gut brushed against the floor.

"Nnnnghhhh... I'm too tight... I-I'm too...tight!! I can't just...keep stretching!! J-Julie HELP!"

Carol's legs gave out from under her but she only had a few inches to fall before she was caught by her rear end. Bouncing atop its tight form, her hands trembled against the sides of her expanding belly. Breasts four feet around engulfed her head and fist-sized nipples prodded the rough ceiling. Somewhere on the other side of her fleshy wall, Carol heard a lamp shatter against the floor.

Skin creaking and stretching, the entire front room was filled with Carol's naked, swollen body. A belly twice as wide as a person was tall blocked any path to the woman. With her

breasts blocked by the ceiling, their engorging shapes were forced into ovals and into the top of her stomach, dangerously deforming her tight curves.

“T-There’s no more fucking roooooom!!” Carol pleaded, too scared to put any more stress on her body. “*I don’t think I can hold anymooore!!!!*”

SHAPOP!

The light blew out, plunging the girls into darkness. Somewhere in the void, Carol’s body gurgled and sloshed, groaning as its growth came to a skin-testing halt.

“O-O-Oooh thank...thank *God...*” she moaned, pinned against the door by her body. It refused to move, wedged between the ceiling and floor. “Julie?? P-Please you need to do something! I’m filled to the *brim* here!”

Julie stared at her friend’s girth outlined by the light of the streetlamps outside. Even in the darkness she could see Carol’s breasts and belly quivering with tightness. Awestruck, she stepped back to take in the full situation but was blocked by a presence breathing down her neck. Breath caught in her throat, Julie turned around to see the outline of a tall figure draped in a trenchcoat. It writhed with tentacle-like movements and descended before she had a chance to cry out.