

Sex is a wonderful thing, the union of two or more people engaging in the most carnal of desires. A natural instinct that we as a species have developed to survive. Copulation being pleasurable is an evolutionary advantage, a trait to carry us forward; should someone want to get those urges out without a partner, then who has any right to stop them? To even attempt such is a grave crime that only the privileged can enjoy.

These were the thoughts that ran through Yola's head as she wandered about her shop, a little place of respite for the horny dregs. Yola herself happened to be one of those horny dregs. A native woman with long raven hair, she looked more at home in a mortuary than a sex shop. Garbed in thin and silky black robes that gripped so tightly to her form that they might as well not exist. Sporting tits as big as buoys and an ass to match, with a waist so thin you'd imagine a stiff breeze would snap her. She'd run this shop for years and had been the center of more scandals than she could count, but as she always said, "sex is a natural instinct", so she endured. This week happened to have another brewing scandal, as she's gained the attention of a rather rowdy group of protestors. Even now she could hear their self-righteous leader storming at her gates.

"Bring it down! Bring it down!" A chant came over the loudspeaker in the leader's hands.

Their leader was one of the most repressed women that Yola ever had the displeasure of meeting. A frumpy and churlish woman that went by the name Bethany, with brown hair in a bun wound so tightly that her hair was taut as steel. Always draped in the most basic of beige suits and pant skirts, she dressed like color was a crime. There was a heat and fervor in her words; her spitting protests were laced with venom and malice, like she had something to prove. Many seemed to agree with her; a gaggle of angry protestors had been camping outside of the shop from daybreak to sundown every day. It was always the same faces as well; Yola wondered if they had jobs to get to or any kind of hobby or lives. Their choice of timing was an odd one; not many people were going to a sex shop before sundown, so it just came off as comical. Of all the protests she'd seen, this was by far the most comical.

"This house is filled with evil and sin and run by a sinner." Bethany barked her insults at the shop, pointing towards windows and to Yola.

Yola took this as her call to test the wills of the so-called mighty crusaders. As the shouts rose in volume, Yola sashayed her way to the window. Rocking her hips back and forth so the crowd could see her massive booty swing behind her. Swaying wrecking balls that would destroy her shop if she hadn't constructed it around them. The bayed window had a counter on it, normally for display, but conveniently empty at this point in time. With the stage set and the view perfect, Yola bent down to rest her massive tits on the counter. Seas of caramel flesh spilled over the rim of her dress; her generous Vee became the perfect window for her cleavage. Flowing out like waves of dough, her soft and massive tits flowed out onto the plain wood. Shades of her dinner-plate areola peeked out from the silken fabric, the barest hints of chain following as Yola put more of her weight down.

Her breathtaking cleavage was enough to make the crowd stop in their tracks; the men in the crowd were stunned and speechless. Stammering over themselves while some of the women couldn't pull their eyes away. Yola flashed them a coy smile, rocking her head invitingly before pulling herself back up. That was enough to buy her a few minutes of peace while Bethany tried to rally the crowd. Yola returned to straightening her shop before she heard the familiar bell of the door opening.

tingaling

Mentally preparing herself, she turned around to greet what she expected was a protestor, but instead it was a frequent rider. Bianca the Bodacious, an up-and-coming Onlyfans model who had a local reputation. She wasn't the most blessed girl when it came to curves, she rocked a more classic look. Like she stepped out of a 70's film, she sported long bronzed legs and a slender waist. Not impossibly slender like Yola's or a runway model, the look of a woman who had spent her nights burning calories in the bedroom. Long tawny hair that clapped at the center of her back, she was a welcome sight. She was a bit obsessive, a bit dedicated, but also Yola's best customer. She was sure that Bianca only started her OnlyFans to fund her lusty habits, considering she would drop a thousand a week on her toys.

"You're here a bit early." Yola cocked her eyebrow, wrapping her hands over her waist.

"Have a big day today. And I need something big." Bianca leaned in, almost burying her head in Yola's bust. "I need the Yakni."

"Nuh-uh, no way. You are way too horny for that." Yola shook her head adamantly, her voice stern.

Yola may be a sex-positive woman, but her enchanted goods were a bit too much for some people. Her magical goods required a balance, and the Yakni was the most demanding of such. A large and girthy dildo, made of the finest silicone and as large as a forearm; it was a speciality she only sold to certain people. It was too large for anyone to fit comfortably into them, but that was where the magic came in; it would grow you to fit it. For people who had easily fulfilled desires, you'd only grow a few feet and have the best night alone of your life. For those who had unquenchable flames, it was a death sentence, and she knew it.

"Come on, you barely sell that thing to anyone. That one has been on the shelf for three years." Bianca pointed angrily at the towering rod on the display hooks.

"I'm sorry, I just can't. I have a couple of other stimulating pieces and some special lube you can buy. Both of them together will give you an orgasm so hard that you'll flood your room." Yola tried to steer Bianca towards some of her other toys.

"Come oooooon, please? I've got a show in the park tonight and want to give people a show. It will be advertising." Bianca pleaded on her knees for the chance to try it out.

“No way. There’s enough free press out there.” Yola motioned towards the angry crowd at her door.

Jingaling

Another woman came through Yola’s door, a woman in a trim suit with a microphone in her hand. It was Tina Times, with Channel Nine; she was the most popular reporter in the city, climbing her way from weather girl to field reporter. Long blonde hair, sculpted features, she looked like she’d be at home on the beach as some lifeguard. Sporting a rather slim bust and fairly generous hips, she looked poured into her yellow pantsuit. Everyone knew Tina, and everyone wanted a chance to be on her segment, Tina Time. So to see her show up in Yola’s shop was quite a surprise.

“Let’s put a pin in that. Feel free to look around.” Yola held up her finger as she walked over to Tina.

Bianca huffed a little but relented, wandering around the shop as her temptations grew.

“Hey there, are you Yola?” Tina pulled her microphone out, almost shoving it up Yola’s cleavage.

“I am. And you’re Tina, right? What brings you in my shop today?” Yola gave a generous bow before Tina interrupted her.

“Today you’re going to be the star of our first impromptu Tina Time!” Tina shouted in excitement as a camera drone followed her in.

The hovering lens seemed so out of place in an old shop like this, but Yola couldn’t exactly complain. She took her time to explain everything there was about the shop, their motto, and how long they’d been in business. While Yola talked, Bianca got to work; unable to contain her desire for a big show, she grabbed the Yakni off the hooks. Feeling its hefty weight in her hands, she wandered to the counter. Dropping a stack of bills as thick as the Yakni and leaving the shop without a word. Yola was too caught up in the interview to notice, not until she got to the section of the shop.

“Over here we have...can we show this on TV? It’s a dildo.” Yola paused before she directed Tina to the displays.

“I can blur it out; I just want to see what’s got everyone so riled up out there.”

“Then over here we have my prized creation, the...She took it!” Yola shouted in anger as she looked at the empty hooks.

Catching a glimpse of the stack of cash on her counter, Yola knew what had happened. She was just glad she had a replacement to show off, pulling out the massive dildo, careful to keep it out of her tits. She put it back on the hooks to explain to Tina. Their little interview went on for a while longer before she left. Afternoon turned to sunset, and the sky darkened. With the looming nighttime, the protestors had left, and Yola had her busiest night of the year. Throngs of people flooded her shop from Tina's segment, coming in to buy all manner of toys. While she was distracted, she failed to notice two guests that had snuck their way in. Tina had returned, and at her heels was Bethany, both wrapped in heavy coverings and shades. Unrecognizable to the average person, they went to the back, where Yola had shown off the Yakni. Walking back behind the curtains and into the backroom, they had a mission in mind.

Standing before them in that backroom were dozens of dildos, all of varying sizes, but the prize was ahead of them. In their own individual cases sat two more of those fabled sex toys, the Yakni. Wordlessly they stole them, absconding from the scene as stealthily as they entered. Filtering through the throng of people while Yola dealt with the endless crowds. When the night finally ended her shelves were completely bare and her registers overflowing. Flush with enough cash to weather a thousand storms, she closed up shop, locking the doors and heading to the back room.

"That's a problem." Yola looked at the blank spots where two Yakni once stood. "Time to file a police report and get a lawyer."

She shook her head in frustration, wandering to her counter for the waivers she had people sign with the Yakni. It would become fairly obvious who took them in the next few days.

The next day came around, and just as Yola predicted, the first of her little thieves had made her presence known. Bianca had reserved a special plot in the town park, a place she could showcase her exhibitionist display. She even changed her clothes so nobody would be able to see her lady lips when she put it in. Skirting so many restrictions that you'd think she had a legal degree. Today her clothing was about as barebones as she could get away with, rocking a pale blue sports top with her OnlyFans handle plastered on it. Her bust wasn't enough to do much for the imagination, but she hoped her next little addition would help; that is why she altered her pants. Bianca's white booty shorts had been altered; a slit had been cut through their front, leaving her access to her aching nethers. Trying to control herself before the scheduled time was torture; she wanted so badly to impale herself upon that rubbery spear. Looking at the Yakni made Bianca bite her lip; she'd heard so many rumors about it, so many sordid tales. The last person she saw who used it looked like a goddess and lived like one too.

"Just a little sample couldn't hurt." Bianca reached for the massive toy, wrapping her hands around it.

The cameras were set up and rolling; she just needed to wait a few minutes and do her intro, but that was a few minutes too early. She'd already been waiting all night and day, and she was done. Bianca clicked on the cameras and planted the Yakni on the stage, a massive rod that was too large to get a single hand around. Her thumbs barely met in the middle as she balanced it on the stage.

"Okay everyone! You're not getting a warning. I'm starting now; tell your friends!" Bianca shouted to her ambient mics as she clicked the cameras on.

Without missing a beat, she perched herself over the massive toy, spreading her legs wide to accommodate it. Carefully positioned, with her hands framing the tip, she lowered herself. Bianca's lips parted around the hard rod, its sculpted surface tugging at all the right spots, enough to make her buckle. The tip was barely past her quivering lips, and she was already panting, already breathing hard. She couldn't resist; Bianca dropped her entire weight down on the Yakni, letting it skewer her from the insides. A tearing and breaking pleasure that shook her body; Bianca couldn't even make it past the tip before she felt the mighty oak tap against her insides. She was full, completely, a feeling that she had never felt before; no man, no toy, nothing had ever filled her so completely and so suddenly. Her pussy was stretched so wide that she couldn't remove it; unable to lift and grind on the pole, she satisfied herself with mere grinding. Grinding as best she could, a feeling started to overtake her, a warmth that ran up her legs and into her chest. The Yakni's magic was starting to work.

"**Ooooooooooh!** Fuck!" Bianca's moan of pleasure was so loud that it echoed across the park, garnering attention from those few passersby.

She expected that things would feel great, but not that she would be cumming so soon; juices spurted around the tip of the toy, lubing the surface to let it dive deeper. As she sank further onto the dildo, it started to shake. Vibrations ran through the toy and shook her to her core; as they climbed higher, she began to change. It started with her hips; they began to widen, stretching her lips with them. Her lower half began to curve out, flat thighs gaining a decided healthy curve to them. Morphing into hips that could make a fertility goddess blush, they extended past her waist. Bloating and filling, padded with a combination of fat and muscle; alongside her hips, her backside rounded out. Turning her booty shorts into panties as her flat cheeks ballooned. Blowing up into a ghetto booty, her cheeks expanded outward, gradually filling until they were enough to get a handful of. Sloping bubbles that curved perfectly into her hips, as if they were sculpted by an artist's hand. Filling out the rest of her lower growth were her thighs, once spindly twigs, now juicy trunks of meat. Thighs large enough to break a watermelon and soft enough to lie your head upon.

As she grew, she slid further down the Yakni, going further until she felt it tap against her insides once again. She felt that shiver of warmth rise up her body, but she didn't wait; she needed it. Bianca forced herself upon the rod, skewering herself so hard that it bulged her insides, a noticeable protrusion forming in her pelvis. A rounded bulge that met the shape of the toy, a bulge that vibrated so violently it shook her whole form. Cum slipped down the

ridges of the dildo, flowing down the textured surface like they were channels. She kept forcing the matter, her drive and desire urging her to go deeper.

Crrkkkkkk

She could feel something changing inside of her, a creaking sound like straining wood; she could feel a tingling deep inside of her core. The tingle grew stronger, climbing up her whole body as her view changed. She could see herself rising into the air; she was getting taller, growing in height as pleasure wracked her body. Taller than any man she knew, taller than her own front door, and still growing. It was an addictive growth, one that pushed her forward. Every thrust was another inch outward and upward, her height gradually increasing as she transformed into a towering goddess. At full stance she was at least as tall as the trees in front of her. It wasn't until she cast a shadow past her stage that she noticed another factor of her growth. Despite everything in her life telling her that it would grow no bigger, her bust was filling. Straining against her imprisoning top, her breasts began to slosh and shake. Carried by the vibrations of the Yakni between her legs, her sloshing tits bloated. Flowing over the shrinking cloth of her top, she blew past cup sizes and moved into the realm that no bra could contain. Supple flesh seeped out from the edges of her top, olive balloons that only grew as time passed. Moving past melons and into beach ball-sized milkers, she couldn't help but fondle them. Kneading the flesh with her fingers, her soft flesh felt liquidy, like water balloons. Bianca couldn't pinpoint the feeling, but she wanted more of it. Her skin was so sensitive, so responsive; every touch was greater than her strongest orgasm. She craved more.

She was large enough now to grab the Yakni by the base, shoving it up her tight lips and embedding it into her person. Taking it up to the shaft, she pushed it further, cum splashed from the imperfect seal as white seed splattered to the ground beneath her knees. A shimmering glow ran across her body, making her glow with ancient magics. It started dim at first but rose to a shining sparkle as her body rose into the air, her entire body bloating out of control. Rising higher and higher as did her lust, Bianca couldn't help but shove her toy deeper, trying to disappear it past her lips. Soon she towered over the treeline, rising higher than the surrounding trees, looming past it like a giant. It was the most euphoric orgasm she had ever felt, the most addictive pleasure there had ever been. She was so horny that she couldn't focus on what to do with her hands. Scrambling between her sensitive tits and her quivering lips, playing and tweaking as her body inflated.

She wasn't just growing upward; while she rose above the branches, her inflated assets grew, bloating with all the backed-up cum inside of her. She had made a mistake about the Yakni; it wasn't a simple toy, it was a reciprocal lover. It grew with one's lust, growing you to match it and vice versa. For Bianca, a woman who was never satisfied, it led to a cycle; her dildo expanding to fit her growing lips and her desires pushing her larger to accommodate. It even managed to grow her shorts over her increasingly large assets. In the mere minutes since her fun had begun, Bianca's ass had blown out like it was hooked to a hose. Pushing out against her shorts and casting a shadow over her stage. Having morphed from pillowy and pert into pendulous and clumsy.

Bianca's ass sat atop her thick trunks like two massive yoga balls, bloated balloons of flesh that looked impossible on a woman of her size. Perfectly round, merging into her hips and growing with each second. Even with her increased height, they looked disproportionately large, able to accommodate a tree if she chose to sit down. Rounding mounds that flowed into her thickening tree-trunk thighs; not even tree trunks could compete with how thick her legs had gotten. They were wider than her torso, wide enough to park a bike on; rippling and juicy slabs of cum-laden flesh. Her proportions would seem ridiculous if they weren't accompanied by a marked increase in height.

At this point, she was taller than a house, taller than the small office building where she used to work. A single one of her legs was enough to stretch across the whole street and punch through buildings. A miraculous giantess brought about through sexual pleasure, through unejaculated cum. Which is what she was filling with, unbeknownst to her; Bianca's orgasm was backed up inside of her. Without a release, it was filling more than just her tits. Blowing her bigger and wider, to the point that one of her hips was enough to crush a car. Every knead and jiggle of her supple flesh was followed by an audible slosh, like she was some blow-up doll. Bianca didn't even notice; she was too occupied with her overflowing bust.

She had been running her hands through her cleavage the entire time, watching as her growing bust flowed out into her vision. Blocking her view of the ground, they were heaving blimps of expanding flesh and growing larger by the second. Massive, billowing balloons filled with her own seed. They jiggled as freely as water, sloshing with fluid motion as she dug her hands into her cleavage. Up and down, in and out, digging around the front of her top to tweak her nipples. Bianca was having the time of her life, enjoying her immense size until she felt something was off. A heat in her chest. It wasn't the same heat of arousal and pleasure she had been experiencing during her exhibition; it burned like fire. Sweat pooled in her chest, falling down below her like rainfall as she staggered forward, crushing the stage beneath her heel.

rnnnn

For the first time in a while, Bianca's attention was torn from her own pleasure and brought to the city in front of her. A low and strenuous whine emanated deep within her core, the sound of settling metal or a dying motor. It was followed by that same heat again, this time spreading into her lower half. When she looked out in front of her, she saw the city in a new light. She was level with the rooftops and still growing, tall enough to touch the higher skyscrapers. All the while her ass and chest were still growing; her legs seemed to grow disproportionately to the rest of her body, flooding with pleasure that couldn't climb high enough. Every step was a pendulous slosh, every move a crashing wave. Behind her, her mountainous ass cheeks wobbled back and forth, perfectly formed balloons of hot seed. Stretching over the city like great dirigibles, their heavy weight dragging them down into her thighs.

Strrrr

Bianca's ears started to ring with a rubbery sound that invaded her senses; it sounded like it was coming from within. Strain, her body was straining. The magical elasticity afforded by her dildo was running out, leaving her with nothing but her body's natural stretch. Deep down in her loins, the Yakni kept shaking, doing its best to satiate a ravenous appetite. Bianca could feel her body heating up again, a pressure pushing out against her insides. It came in crashing waves, mounting pressure that made her assets strain. She expected them to lurch out, but they lacked the give. Her breasts stuck off her chest like stiff cannons, unyielding armaments filled to the brim with her own lust. Trickle of white fell down from her nipples as seed was pushed out from the swollen nozzles. For the first time, Bianca felt her ravenous hunger begin to fill, the feeling of yearning replaced with fear. Like all sex dolls that take a bit too much love, she was about to burst; she could feel it.

Crkkkkkk

Her creaking skin confirmed as much; every attempt at movement was followed by a discomfort in her movements, the urge for her limbs to snap back into place. She was full to the brim, with blimp-sized tits and hot air balloon ass cheeks; there was no room to grow. A growing tension ran across her skin as it grew thinner, tight as a drum and growing tighter. Bianca's fear was turning to resignation, an acceptance that all balloons must pop.

Hurf Everyone! Get a load of Bianca's last show!" A stream of cum seeped out from her throat as Bianca shouted loud enough for the city to hear.

grnnnnn

She bent down, sticking her ass out over the roadway, her body straining like the stone she stood upon. Heels cracked the pavement as she cocked her hips.

Rmbblbblbbbl

The pressure increased, her assets turning red as the strain grew. The ground beneath her shook with her skin as she reared her hips back. Summoning what little strength she could, Bianca rocked back, slamming her cheeks into each other with a thunderous booty clap.

Splooooosh

The moment they made contact, her ass exploded. Flecks of olive skin and oceans of cum leaked from her ruptured balloons. The impact was too much for her strained body to take, as the shockwave spread to her tits.

Pop

Pop

Both blimps exploded like bombs, taking the rest of her body with them. Bianca was nothing more than a puddle and stretched clothes. The billowing tarp of her top floated on the ocean of cum, the logo for her OnlyFans slowly sinking into the ocean of seed. Everything shrank down to normal size as the Yakni went dormant. With no lips left to satisfy, it waited patiently for the next one to test their pleasure. People were so flabbergasted by seeing a woman explode in front of them that they barely registered it.

Crassssh

Not that they had much time to register things, as a building crumbled a few blocks away. It was the news building, and out from it tumbled an incredibly swollen Tina.

Tina had been staring at the toy since she'd stolen it from Yola's shop. Originally she planned to use it for her 'expose', but it had been taunting her all night. She wasn't new to the whole sex toy scene; she'd bought a few vibrators in her past, but this one was different. Even locked away in the station vaults, it called to her. It was mere hours before her spot would run, just before noon, and she couldn't resist it. Running down the halls with the Yakni in her arms, she locked herself in the break room, the only place without cameras. Lodging it under the couch, she perched her hips over it. Looking like a rocket ready for takeoff, the Yakni stared back at her, ridged surface looking so inviting. It was at a time like this that she was glad she hadn't changed out of her workout clothes. Like she was right out of the 80's, her getup was a black leotard, a form-fitting piece of spandex that hugged her plush curves. Complete with pink leg warmers, she was the model workout instructor. Tina didn't even bother taking it off as she planted her leg on the couch, sliding the patch of fabric away to reveal her already sopping lips. Pulsing pink flesh stretched and gaped to accommodate the massive rod, stretching so wide that Tina worried it would tear something, but it felt so good.

She felt herself grinding against it, working her loins into a frenzy on just the tip. Pushing lower and lower, the overwhelming feeling of pleasure overtook her body as the toy started to shake. A violent quake that rocked her body, jiggling her ass and shaking her tits, filling the room with a crackling hum. Heat washed over Tina, causing sweat to pool on her exposed skin as a tingling sensation crawled from head to toe. Her jelly legs shook, collapsing under their own weight in the face of unfathomable pleasure. Driving herself upon the massive dildo, letting it pierce her insides and protrude from her torso. Electric tingling arced across her body, sending shivers down her spine as she felt a change.

It started in her ass at first; those heavy cheeks started to round out, expanding with some unseen magic. A heart-shaped rear turning into a plush and firm ghetto booty, the years

of wear evaporating in a second. Filling out with pert fat that kept growing, digging her leotard deep into her crack. Before her very eyes she could see her hips start to round, turning into some real child-bearing curves. Growing past her shoulder and still not stopping; every grind, every shake of her hips, they were more inches on her lower body. She was like a giant pear, her thighs thickening to match her other parts. Juicy shanks of meat that brushed into each other as she fingered her pussy. So greedy, so hungry for more that she couldn't wait for the Yakni to do its work. Pressing the head against her clit, Tina adjusted her stance, spinning on the turgid rod in a movement that made her pant. Rifling her inside like a mixer, that movement brought her to her knees. She forced herself backwards, riding up and down the massive shaft as her body grew, maneuvering into doggy-style.

While her toes curled and her fingers clenched, Tina began to grow. Her height was rapidly increasing, growing her taller and wider to accommodate her hunger. Her massive ass loomed over the couch, rising like an eclipsing sun, ready to crush it with a single sit. Streams of her love ran down her legs, collecting in pools between her legs. With her eyes rolled back in her skull, she could feel the rod perforating her insides, digging deeper while she grew to accommodate it. Her pants and moans were so primal and haggard that she sounded closer to a wild beast. Tearing across the room in a lecherous frenzy, her body writhing against the toy, pressing into the wall and cracking the drywall. Her bloated ass rocked against the ceiling tiles as she slammed her backside into the wall. Every push caused her abdomen to bulge as the toy pushed in and out of her lips. She rode it down to the base, pushing herself down onto the shaking rod.

Each thrust made her bigger, wider, taller. Rising higher and higher into the air, her legs elongated to accommodate her new frame. Floorboards cracked under her growing fingertips, carpet tore up in swatches as her powerful desire overtook her. A couple more thrusts and her bulging rear was already through the ceiling, bouncing the plywood tiles like they were paper. Behind her the wall began to crater, cracks spiderwebbing and crawling their way up, spreading to the outer walls. Sweat dropped from her forehead as an unimaginable heat filled the room; her own body heat was turning the room into a sauna. Steam rose from her sweat as she grew larger, her chaotic thrusts whipping her into a frenzy. The foundation beneath her began to crack as her leg shot through the back wall, crashing through and piercing another room. Soon she was pinched by the room, her size so great that she was pushed into the lighting and wiring. Her prodigious backside brushed against the walls before they were trapped in the walls' vise-like grip. Everything was getting more cramped as she struggled to move, but that didn't stop the Yakni.

Even without her movements, the device could read her lust and worked accordingly. Growing her taller until she filled the room completely, she was forced into a crouching position, driving her nethers into the floor as everything around her cramped. The room filled with the sound of bowing steel and breaking concrete before she burst from it like a hatching chick. She didn't stop growing; after having broken the first barrier, the rest were easy. Pushing through floor after floor until she was twelve stories tall, her head breaking through the floorboards as she rose up.

On the outside, the new building was bulging and making odd sounds. Hills of bowing concrete formed from its facade; numerous glass windows curled with it. Cracking against the wave behind them as it grew, a tiny pane of creamy flesh displayed on the empty pane. People stopped in curiosity before moving to a full sprint away from the bulging rocks as the building began to shake. Those bubbles of stone curled, growing larger until they looked like two blimps on the building's surface. A single gap formed into the grey bubble, revealing a creamy surface beneath it. Then another and another until the entire surface exploded in a spray of stone and metal, revealing the massive blimps beneath. Bouncing from the building's recesses came two massive ass cheeks, bloated blimps of flesh that lifted higher, carving a chasm in the building's face. The cut path revealed incredibly plush thighs connected to those huge mounds of flesh. Juicy enough that they sloshed without moving and wobbled freely; while people were focused on the massive asscheeks, they completely missed the frock of blonde hair that sprouted from the top. Then came a head, and then her whole body. Tina emerged from the building, a giantess of epic proportions. The sudden freedom only threw her off balance, sending her massive cheeks hurtling towards the ground.

Cars were crushed and pavement cracked as Tina went sailing head over heels, her massive body wobbling in a heap above her. She audibly sloshed like a balloon as she fell, her legs forced into the splits by her fall, leaving her posing like an old fitness model. One leg stretched far up to her chest, and the other splayed backwards. Her ass had gotten so enormous that it had completely eaten her leotard, leaving her cheeks exposed to the public.

Tina was ready to panic, but then she saw a glimpse of herself on a nearby screen. She looked so glamorous, so immense; she couldn't help but enjoy it. Posing for whatever cameras were still watching her, she pulled her leg up, smacked her cheeks, rotated her hips. Doing anything and everything she could put her figure on display, each movement filled the city with sloshing echoes. The street beneath her kicked up with her fancy gymnastics; building faces were glanced by her elongating toes. Her movements got clumsier with each passing moment, the whirring Yakni still pushing away at her insides. Small rivers of seed spilled from her lower lips as she moved about.

Sploooooooooossh

Tina leapt to her feet at the sound of a distant pop and the ensuing wave of cum that came with it. White waves washed across her ankle before vanishing into the earth beneath her. Suddenly, Tina felt the tension in her body. The unmistakable feeling of stretching skin, like she'd spent too long in a tanning salon. Snapped from her lust, Tina realized just how tall she'd gotten. Not even the tallest skyscraper could match her in size; she could see from one side of town to the other.

Crkkkkkkk

A plastic creak cried out from her skin, loud enough to drown out the whirring sound of the Yakni. That creak was followed by a burning pain; her massive hips had turned a shade of ominous red as she began to pulse. She couldn't figure out what she was filled with, but it had pushed her to the absolute limit. Tina panicked.

Oh fuck. I'm gonna pop, aren't I? That's what happens to balloons when they get too big!

Tina planted her hands on her backside, confirming that they were, in fact, massively overfilled balloons. They were so large that she couldn't get her hands around them, a double-labe ass with a roadblock attached. They were hot to the touch, so hot they burned; Tina panicked.

She didn't know why she was growing, but that sex toy must have had something to do with it. In a fit, Tina pulled at the base of the Yakni; she gripped the balls of the toy as hard as she could and started pulling. Up and down, rocking her hips to try and get some leverage.

Grnnn

Each time she rocked her hips, her ass bulged backwards, eliciting a rubbery groan from the overfilled balloon. Her thighs had gotten so full that they brushed into each other, pressing and squeezing each time she moved. Her frantic pulls only added more strain to her body, as her thighs and ass turned an angry shade of red.

Rmbblbblbb

She was too afraid to notice her ass begin to rumble, vibrating like the toy between her lips and throbbing from pressure.

Gonnapopgonnapop, gotta get this thing out or I'm gonna pop.

Lust had devolved into full-blown panic as she pulled as hard as she could; her arms twitched, and her whole body turned red. Her pussy's grip on the toy was creating a suction that made it immovable. Yet she kept trying, straining and struggling, ignorant of how red she was getting. With a final pull, her body bulged out one last time before the inevitable happened.

Kerbloooooosssh

Tina exploded into a shower of cum that fell over the city like rainfall, splattering on the rooftops in a mess. Her leotard snapped back into shape, flinging across town as her massive cheeks ruptured with enough force to take the rest of her with it.

Bethany clicked off the television just as Tina exploded, flustered and blushing at the images she saw. Behind closed doors, she was far less fiery than what she was out in public, a meek and rather secretive woman by nature. She had been watching that news report with her panties slipped down to her knees and her finger at the knob. These kinds of visceral sex acts aroused her, brought her closer to climax than anything else could. That is where the war started in her head; what her body wanted, she denied. Instead using her lust to fuel a rage and wage a war against the forces that filled her with such impure thoughts. Yet, despite all of her rage, she couldn't stop herself from enjoying them.

She replayed the news footage, felt the heat grow in her loins, and couldn't resist her own touch. Running her fingers over her throbbing lips, she could feel the aches of pleasure in her bones. Alas, as always, she was short of her climax, unable to muster even a single drop of her own seed. In her frustration, she looked across the room; to the massive piece of timber she and Tina had pilfered. It was that devil's prized possession, the Yakni, surely a toy enchanted with sinful magic. That's what she thought to herself as she got up from the bed, her urges lifting her feet for her. Before she knew it, she already had her hand around the tip of the Yakni, squeezing it hard enough to leave indents. Her grip left ridges along the soft silicone, creating ridges she didn't know she wanted.

Biting her lip, Bethany replayed the footage on TV, watching Tina's growth as she poised the toy between her lips. Entirely unfamiliar with the use of a sex toy, she just rammed it in there the moment she felt any hint of arousal. Parting her lips like the sea and stretching herself wide to accommodate the massive rod, the ridges served to stimulate her sensitive clit.

“OOHHH OHHHHH” Bethany cried out with pleasure so loud they echoed through her walls.

A streak of blush ran across her face in embarrassment, the shame of her release washing over, and still, she persisted. Overpowered by her suppressed urges, she dove onto the shaking oak. Gushing pleasure seeped past her lips as the Yakni worked to moth her body, widening her hips to fit a dozen children, bloating her thighs to comfortably conceal them, and adding inches to her ass. Her fatty body flowed out over the bedsheets, her skirt growing with her curves as her undershirt rode up her torso. Her petite bust was growing, filling with her own lust as the Yakni pleased her. Expansion from oranges to melons and then to massive balloons. Her top strained to contain her overflowing cleavage, causing it to flow over the rim of her bustline like dough. Her growth only made her more sensitive, sparking a desire to push harder. Bethany's whole body shuddered as she pushed her weight against the ride, using her bulk to pull her apart and rearrange her insides. To her it was a fate worth the pleasure, but surprisingly, she felt no pain.

Looking at her mirror, Bethany realized she was growing in height, legs and torso lengthening until she was a mighty amazon. Growing so large that the bed began to creak under her weight. Her increasing height only spurred her further, making her grab the rod with

both hands. Fluid flowed from the gap in her lips like a leaking hydrant; clear and viscous, it was no different than her other ventures. It felt so good, so why couldn't she reach her climax?

Bethany kept grinding, letting the pleasures of flesh overtake her mind. Pushing harder as she began to tower over the toy. Hips wider than her shoulders, touching the rails of the bed, an ass larger than a beanbag and thighs thicker than her torso. She was bouncing so hard on the Yakni that her body was sloshing, bountiful tits bouncing up and down with force. Filling with her own pent-up pleasure until they looked like engorged beach balls: heavy, sloshing balloons of seed that sagged over her torso from the weight.

Bethany bit her lips, moaning loudly in pleasure as her bulking body towered over the room. Flourishing from her own stimulation, she rose up higher, head brushing against the ceiling as she glanced back at the footage of Tina. A combination of stimulation and deafening pleasure pushed to a point she didn't think was possible; she was cumming. It started as a tingle then turned to a heat, her whole body burned bright with pleasure. The walls around her shook and cracked from her massive curves, their surging growth striving to push the bounds of her penthouse. Underneath her, the floorboards began to crack and splinter from her weight; her bed splintered, breaking in half from her violent motions. She didn't care; she could finally feel the impending wave of climax at her doors. She just needed to push further, grind a little harder.

Ooh

Ooohhh

Oooooohhhhhh

Bethany cried out in ecstasy as her orgasm finally hit her; muscle-deadening, knee-buckling climax shook her body. Atop the wreckage of her bed, she writhed, caught in the throes of pleasure like she was possessed. The heat and tingling of her sins rose in her body, mounting in an ever-increasing fever that drove her to madness. Bethany was ready for that release, but it never came. She was stuck mid-climax: mounting ecstasy scratched at her brain as she looked down in confusion. The Yakni had sealed her completely, blocking her lips and preventing her cum from escaping.

Grlllll

In a sudden spurt, Bethany's body began to grow out of control, filling with her own seed like a balloon. Years of denied orgasms all came rushing out at once; she grew up like a tree, taller than the apple tree in her yard. Piercing the ceiling of her apartment before her elongating legs punched through the floor. Board after board broke as her mighty thighs crashed down to the ground level. Trapped in her own room, she was forced to wear it like a top as she struggled to find some kind of footing. With her head at the rooftops, she could see the city shrinking on the horizon. Buildings turned into pieces of furniture before her very eyes,

their scale changing as she grew. When she finally hit ground level, she was above the roof of her neighboring building. As tall as Tina was when she blew and still growing.

Crash

Her breasts burst from the stone casing of her building, lodging themselves atop the neighboring roof, obscuring her vision with their growing cleavage. She stumbled forward, ready to crash through, but was topped by her own widening ass. Her hips had blown to a ridiculous size, large enough to reach the end of her block and so plush that they took up two apartments. She couldn't stop; no matter how hard she tried, her body kept growing.

Crkkkk

Until it could no longer, her assets were turning red before her very eyes, her skin creaking like an overfilled balloon. Vast expanses of skin larger than hot air balloons, tensing at the very thought of popping. Her mind was overwhelmed, stimulated by a flood of climactic pleasure that she couldn't control. She was a runaway train careening for the cliff's edge, and she'd lost the brakes. The Yakni had gotten lodged deep inside of her, too deep to grab at; her flesh had enveloped it completely.

Rmbbbblbbbl

Bethany's body began to shake as the cars at her feet stopped to see the spectacle. Despite the danger, her neighbors had gathered around her, members of her protests that observed the spectacle she had become. She had been exposed, as the sex fiend she was. People looked at her with disgust and surprise as another rumble shook the ground.

Ohhhhhhhhhh

Debasing moans of pleasure escaped her lips, moans so loud they were heard across the neighborhood. Her skin was red hot, throbbing, and aching for some kind of release as her mind went blank. The conflicting shame and pleasure had broken her mind, leaving her a husk in the last moments.

Rrrrgggggg

A final low groan roared from her body as her form turned beet red; the shadow of her massive hips loomed over the streets. Another groan and another throb followed; cum bubbled under her paper-thin skin as great rivers of cum seeped down her leg. Gushing uncontrollably, her body surged out a final time, blowing out like a water balloon at the tap before giving out.

hoooooooooooo

Splooooooooossh

With a scream of pleasure, Bethany exploded, skin and fabric torn apart by the crushing pressure of her detonation. Her neighborhood flooded with her own seed as small remnants of her skin floated in the white ocean. In the middle of it, the Yakni stood vibrating before vanishing under the waves.

Back at the shop, Yola was shaken by another earth-rending explosion as the last of her Yakni reappeared at the rack. Still dripping with cum and shrinking back to a normal size, their appearance told Yola what those explosions were from. With an exasperated sigh, she pulled out the phone, dialing a number.

“Hey Leena...Yeah, it’s me...I didn’t see the news, but I think I know what’s going on...Yeah, I’m going to need you to cover my ass on this one...I know, I know. I need to get locks on the backroom...Sure, I’ll be over tomorrow morning. Be ready for the press and some commotion. Tina popping live on TV is going to raise some.” Yola clicked her phone off as she breathed a sigh of exhaustion.

Knock

Knock

Knock

Her exhaustion was about to lead to more exhaustion as she saw a horde of people at her windows. All of them pounding on it excitedly. Somehow her misfortune was about to be turned on its head, but did she have the stock for it?

Yola smiled to herself, walking towards the door to flip the lock. She knew one thing for sure; business was about to be booming.