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1,079 words.

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<Hooked>

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by <Growing Desires>

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Thank you for three wonderful years

-Growing Desires

Chapter Three

I nodded, what else was I going to do? A woman offered to make her tits bigger, I was pretty drunk, there was no embarrassment about my appreciation of gigantic watermelon tits.

“Well...” Michelle paused and let her boobs swell against my head that was still half buried in them. “You need to do something for me...”

“Anything.” I barked, too horny for rational thought and the prospect of living a fantasy far too great for me to even consider no.

“Oh baby, so eager...” Michelle put her hands on the back of my head and pressed me into her cleavage again.

I was, I was so ready for it, I just needed her to tell me what to do.

“Well...” Michelle moved back, the warmth of her breasts leaving my face and I looked at them in their bountiful glory. “If you want these to grow bigger... You need to grow too...”

What?

I raised my eyebrow and looked at her confused.

“Let’s make it a game...” with a little shimmy the dress fell down onto the floor around her.

Michelle was standing naked; she had no underwear on when she was out at the bar. Her physique was magnificent, I felt bad for only focusing on her “two friends” as she called them. I am not sure she minded so much, they just looked so good. I started to undress and she stopped me.

“Not yet...” She cooed. “I’ve already grown so much for free... I think it is your turn now, if you want to play of course...”

I nodded; I was too drunk to really comprehend but I just agreed.

“Good.” Michelle bit her lip and she leaned over, her boobs swinging off her chest, dangling before me tantalisingly, she moved her finger to my body, and she poked the top of my stomach.

I was about to reach out when I felt a strange sensation overwhelm my body. It was a pressure, a tightness that was building up in my stomach. I was still clothed, designer jeans and a designer shirt. I stopped thinking about making moves on Michelle and I looked down and saw my bloated stomach looked bigger.

That couldn’t be what she meant...

I was in denial because I had drunk so much more beer before and not looked this bloated. My shirt was starting to become tight around my rounding belly, I looked up at her and expected some sort of look of disgust or maybe to see her laughing but she wasn’t.

Michelle was touching herself.

Her fingers were pinching her nipples, pulling hard, moaning softly and gasping as her hand sunk into her big boob. Her eyes were glued to my belly, and her other hand was playing with her clit.

She's enjoying this?

I didn't know what to think, I just felt my stomach becoming tight, tighter than it has ever been before. I looked like I had been pumped full of air and with whatever magic this was, it certainly could be the case. My skin grew tight and taut; the buttons were becoming strained and there were fleshy diamonds trying to bust their way out of the expensive shirt.

What is going on...

The disbelief continued and my hand reached my stomach, and I rubbed it, testing to see if it was real. The pull from the side of my body as my belly continued to swell was becoming greater, I could feel how my stomach bulged out from under my chest.

So full...

I was grateful to see the swelling stop. I let out a sigh of relief and looked at Michelle who probably looked about as turned on as I had when I was watching her grow before me.

“Ff-fuck...” She moaned before she reached out with a trembling hand.

I had at first thought she was nervous, but I realised that when her fingers touched the tightly packed shirt with my swollen stomach underneath, she was shaking because of her arousal.

She likes this?

I couldn't comprehend it, I had never seen this type of thing before, I was flabbergasted, not just because of the magic but because I still looked normal enough, I just looked like I had been eating for days straight. Tightly packed and bloated. Her fingers and reactions told a story of a woman who was enjoying every single inch of my growth. The side of my belly was where she focused her fingers, rubbing the most taught and swollen part of my belly.

"Your... So big..." She moaned as her index finger twiddled with a button on my shirt. Popping it through, I moaned at the relief in pressure, my stomach barged the fabric aside around the one button that she popped open, and I lay waiting for more touches from the busty goddess before me.

I didn't know what to say, I didn't know how to feel, I felt huge, but her tits were still there, I was still so horny, and I was conflicted to say the least.

Michelle didn't let the war rage on in my head for too long because she knew exactly what she wanted, what she liked, she dropped to her knees and quick as a flash she pulled out my throbbing cock. It was buried between her boobs in seconds, and she pushed her boobs together and looked me in the eyes.

"Do you want to keep going? Round two?" Michelle's voice was hopeful; she wanted it as much as me.

Bigger... She wants me bigger?

The thought made me almost groan from the pressure. I looked down at her boobs swallowing my dick, my belly rising out from my middle and I

couldn't help myself. The thought of her growing bigger was too much. I looked back at my tight stomach.

Maybe a little bit more...

I nodded.

“Oh!” She moaned, squeezing her boobs tighter together. “I’ve never had someone say yes... to round two...” her eyes were practically glowing, and her smile was radioactive. I could feel the excitement oozing from her.

“Well, I guess it’s my turn...”

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