

## Addicted to Curves

*HOOOONK*

“Sorry!” Amanda yelled, waving at the man in front of her, “They’re new!”

A rude gesture was returned and Amanda giggled. “His loss, bet his attitude would be different if he knew it was these massive *puppies* honking the horn!”

Hiding her legs and half of the steering wheel from sight were Amanda’s breasts, plumped and filled from a session with her new favorite toy. Waiting for the light to turn green, she reached onto the passenger seat and grasped a small canister with a mouthpiece attached. It hissed loudly as she sucked, tingles running through her as it filled her belly slightly before dispersing to upward. A giggle escaped her pursed lips, watching her already basketball-sized hooters balloon slightly larger. Squeaking sounds against the plastic of the steering wheel filled the car, making her laugh hard enough to open her mouth.

“Mmm!” she moaned, smacking her lips. “Can’t believe how good that stuff is! The guy warned me it would be addictive, but maybe if it didn’t taste so good or make me so horny I wouldn’t like it so much!”

Setting her precious canister on the seat she tapped the top of her breasts eagerly. They rebounded with a hollow echo similar to balloons. “You girls are going to be the most popular attractions at the beach... Who would ever believe I was only a D cup earlier this morning??”

The light turned green and she drove ahead, soon reaching the parking lot of a public beach. Exiting her car proved difficult, her chest larger than when she had first entered. The spectacle of a woman fighting her breasts trapping her in the tiny car drew the eyes of every man around, much to the anger of their wives and girlfriends.

Unable to stop herself from giggling, Amanda popped free, her tits bobbing lightly in the air with only her bikini to hold them down. Grabbing the canister of gas before anything else, she made her way to the beach. “This Shelium stuff isn’t going to leave a single pair of swim trunks fitting loosely on the entire beach,” she planned. Already she could feel countless eyes drinking in her air-filled body. The thought alone was enough to make her nipples poke tightly into the stressed top.

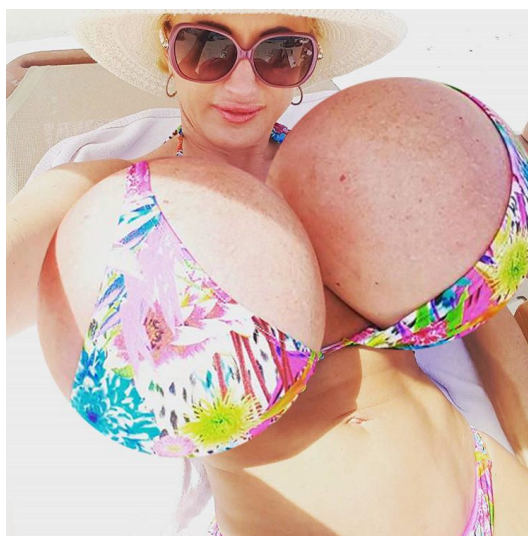
Finding an open area with plenty of eyes to watch her enjoy herself, Amanda set up camp and reclined into a beach chair, her breasts resting in front of her like two bouys blocking any view of her belly or legs.

A need for another quick puff won her over. Amanda was happy to indulge, letting the canister of Shelium pump her assets with additional inches. Not a single mouth hadn’t dropped in her vicinity.

“Mmmmm...” she moaned, exhibition one of her favorite turn-ons. “Stare all you want, boys... These blimps are here *all day*.” Unconsciously, she inhaled from the canister again. The taste and feeling of its effects were intoxicating and more frequently she was longing to feel the gas rush into her chest once more, despite a growing firmness and ache.

Her mind snapped free for a moment. “Oh! Can’t let my followers miss out on all the fun!” Digging for her phone, Amanda couldn’t help but smile when she had difficulty fitting her breasts into the frame. The sight of her tits bloated to such round shapes made her desperately wish she could play with them, her nipples screaming for attention as they stretched flat on her tight form. Tapping out a quick message, Amanda blasted her followers with a picture she was more than happy to gloat about.

*Spending the day at the beach! Pretty sure there’s no way I could  
drown with these personal floaties*



A group of men jogged past. When their pace visibly slowed and their conversation faded into silence Amanda smiled and waved lightly. Inhaling more Shelium from her canister, the sight of her breasts bloating to new limits caused one of the men to trip over himself, eliciting a rash of giggles from Amanda.

“Gosh I’m big...” she said in awe of her own body. The majority of her field of vision was filled with her firm skin. It was like gazing between two tan mountains. Despite searching for days to find a bikini with a maximum amount of stretch, whatever was left of her modesty was beginning to fail. The straps were digging into her beach ball-sized balloons, making them bulge along the bands and triangles of the top. It made her shiver with need.

“Mmmm,” she groaned, her crotch vibrating pleadingly. “No one would blame me if I was just *adjusting* my top,” she rationalized.

Raising a hand to her breasts, she caressed them gently. Her skin felt like a drum beneath her fingertips, smooth and taut with the building pressure of the Shelium. Slipping a finger under a bikini cup, she cried out when she rubbed against a puffy areola. “Oh! T-They’ve stretched so big!” she sighed in arousal.

A finger still rubbing gently under her bikini, Amanda lifted the canister once again to her eager lips and breathed long and deep.

“Mmmmmmm...” Her head rolled back with pleasure. A force could be felt swirling inside her chest against her pressing hand, the bikini pulling tight enough to trap it against her bloated mammaries. Still she inhaled, no part of her wanting to stop the incredible sensations rushing through her.

Something changed then, Amanda’s eyes popping open. Her skin had stopped stretching, but the canister continued to pump her fuller and larger. It almost hurt to have her hand and bikini pressing into her now. “M-Mm!” she cried out, her chest starting to ache and tremble. “MMMMMM!!” For a split second, Amanda had feared she had grown too large.

*BWHOOOOMPPHHH*

A sudden force made her bounce into the air and almost out of her chair. She fell back into the seat with an obvious resistance against her weight and she quickly realized how tight her bikini bottoms had become.

“Ahhh!” she cried out, releasing her lips from the canister. Looking down confirmed what she felt. Her chest filled to capacity, it had forced the air into her butt, making it inflate like an airbag inside her bottoms. Volleyball-sized cheeks stretched at the seams, the spandex flossing its way between her legs as she wobbled and bounced on her swollen ass.

“Oooh yea, *now* we’re talking!” she cheered, both hands running down her waist before hitting an immediate wall of stretched skin at her hips. Between her cleavage a small window presented itself, the view revealing her bottoms wrapped tightly against the bulge of her moistening pussy. Bending her legs to hide her actions, Amanda rubbed her crotch, the slightest touch making her quiver. “O-Oooooohhhh, God even my pussy feels puffy after that...!”

“Holy shit...” a man said loudly, he and his friend ogling the woman with tits the size of over-inflated beach balls sitting on an ass like a pillow as she touched herself.

The eyes watching her with arousal made her hungry, her breasts and butt begging to be bigger. Her hand shook when she reached for the Shelium canister. “Mmmm, l-let’s empty this thing,” she panted. Winking at a speechless viewers she added, “Think this bikini can handle it...?”

Amanda clamped her lips tightly to the mouthpiece with no intention of releasing them. Fueled by arousal and a mind clouded by Shelium, she turned the output to its max setting and instantly felt her body inflate.

“M-M-MMMMMMMMM!!” she moaned, arching her back as her tits expanded outwards. Every inch of her chest and butt stretched like latex, aching with increasing pressure. *M-More...I can take...more!!*

*CRREEEEAAAAAK*

The bikini stop groaned angrily around her breasts, stitches popping from the overdrawn spandex. Her bottoms felt like they were cutting into her cheeks, Amanda’s crotch singing with pleasure as it puffed fuller against the fabric.

*More... Bigger! Blow me up like a sex balloon!!*

The burning intensity inside her chest was reaching a limit. Amanda moaned as her areolas were forced into circles so wide their pink colors could be seen overflowing the bikini on all sides, her nipples themselves flattened into palm-sized platforms. Stretch marks shot down her cleavage like cracks in a chasm, veins pulsing along her air-filled body. Despite the threatening vibrations warning her, Amanda kept her lips sealed around the canister. The feeling of her ass lifting her higher and higher from her seat as it pressed and wedged against the chair was almost more than she could take. *God, it's like I'm sitting on two beach balls!!!*

“M-Ma-am!” a woman yelled, “You can’t do that--”

*SNAP!!*

*SHRRRIIPPP!!!!*

In a heart-pounding instant, Amanda’s suit exploded from her body to reveal her tightly bouncing curves. Her swollen blimps bounced against each other with dangerous violence, their sizes forcing them to point apart with crosseyed nipples. Below she could feel her butt cracking the chair in half, a swollen pussy being squeezed between her slippery thighs.

“MMMMM!!” Amanda groaned, her body surpassing any logical limits.

“Don’t get too close!” a man laughed, “She’s gonna blow any second!”

“Who?? I can’t see anything under those giant tit-balloons!”

*They’re all looking... Watching me inflate like a blimp!*

The canister began to beep in warning as it sensed a dangerous amount of pressure. Amanda ignored it, holding it firmly to her mouth as her tits loomed over her like a parade. *Just a little...more...!! MMMMMM I feel like I could BURST!!*

“Somebody get a lifeguard!!” a woman screamed, “She can’t stop herself!!”

*CRRREEEEAAAK*

Her skin itself groaned this time, turning shiny as it ran out of room to stretch. Each stretch mark burned and ached, threatening to blow at the slightest touch as they turned pink.

*More!! I can...I can take i-i--*

***BOOOOOM!!***

Amanda’s body exploded like a time bomb from the massive pressure of the Shelium pumped into her body. Wooden splinters flew around the beach from the shattered chair her ass split in two, one man finding a pair of stretched bikini bottoms thrown into his face.

A small crater was left in the sand where Amanda had last moaned so loudly, an approaching lifeguard finding her canister at his feet. Smiling, he tucked it away.

“You’re actually keeping that?” another lifeguard asked.

“Are you kidding? My wife has been begging for one of these things for months! They’re fine as long as you have a little self-control. Plus she said I could tie her down and use it on her.”

“Sweeeeet.”