

## After You

The sound of heels snapping across the floor echoed sharply through the narrow hallway. The modeling studio had been busy with women coming and going every hour, many greeting each other cheerfully with kind smiles should they come paths. Though when Ally and Sarah's eyes met from opposite ends of the hall, the air was filled with electricity. Their chests tightened, and not just because they were filled to the brim with silicone.

"Hello, Sarah," Ally hissed as they approached.

"Hello, Ally."

"Are you just now getting to your shoot? The photographer looked pretty tired after mine. Guess they wanted to get the good ones out of the way first!"

Sarah sneered at the insult and stayed her course. "Please, with tits like that? I've inflated beach balls larger than those!" she laughed, eyeing her rivals ample implants. They wobbled firmly with her steps, each breast wider than Ally's own torso.

"Do I detect a hint of envy?" Ally giggled, patting her cleavage pushing over the top of her dress.

"You wish. If I remember correctly, the doctors refused to make your implants as big as mine, isn't that right? Something about your little titties being too small?" Sarah laughed, knowing her size was dominant in every way. The overgrown pumpkins jiggling tightly off her body stood round and proud, unrivaled in the silicone industry. Sarah hadn't been able to reach her hands across the front of her chest in years and after the last filling, which her doctor had warned to be her max capacity, she had trouble reaching even her nipples.

"Shut up," Ally glared, the difference in their capacities always quick to make her rage boil over. Though if she couldn't be the biggest in the breast category, it helped to know she had beat Sarah out on hip size.

The two women were nearly together in the hallway now, their heels clacking and chests bouncing angrily as they puffed them into the air with authority and pride. When they intersected, however, each refused to step aside for the other.

"*Nngh!*" they both grunted suddenly, a pressure against their chests.

Having stayed their prideful course, the women found themselves wedged against one another, their breasts smashed together and into the cold concrete walls.

"M-Move!" Ally demanded, pushing her hands into the sides of her tits in an attempt to overcome Sarah.

"You move! I'm the bigger one here, you should make room for me!" Sarah grunted, leaning her full weight on her bust.

The two women inched forward, thrusting themselves into their busts in attempts to assert their dominance. As they clashed, their mammaries bulged against their clothes and walls enough to take on ovalish forms, cleavage bursting from the tops of their shirts as if in a show of self-defense.

“I said...nnngh...move!” Ally repeated in anger. She moved forward but came to a jolting halt when a loud squeak echoed in the hallway.

“U-Uh oh,” Sarah moaned, staring at the cleavage rising into her chin with concern.

“*We’re stuck!*” Ally screamed, “Look what you did, you overblown cow!”

“What *I* did?? I was just trying to get to my shoot and you--”

“*Ms. Alstair, we’re ready for you,*” a voice announced over the intercom.

Sarah began moving with more determination, shoving her chest further into the wall and Ally. “Get out of my way! They’re ready for me!”

“Ow! O-Owww! Watch it!” Tight squeaks emanated from the women, exposed skin rubbing tightly between cleavage, chests, and walls. Somewhere on Ally’s shirt a seam burst, creating a tear running down her front to display a custom-made bra cradling her trapped mammarys. “Hey, you tore my shirt, you bitch!”

Sarah looked at her front and snickered. “Looks like an upgrade if you ask me.”

Red flooded into Ally’s face and anger filled her eyes. “*Let’s see how you like it!*” She shoved with all her might, wedging her straining breasts further between the wall and Sarah.

“S-Stop! Stop it!” Sarah yelled, a tightness quickly spreading over her front as her tits were smashed and forced together. “You’re going to make my--”

*SHHRRIIIPP!!*

Sarah’s face went pale as a loud tear shot across her front and a cool breeze wafted across her exposed skin. The sight of her taut, silicone-filled tits covered in veins made Ally laugh. “Maybe you should have gone with fewer CCs! You look about ready to blow!!”

Through laughing, tear-filled eyes, she noticed Sarah’s bra had become askew in their scuffle and was sitting awkwardly over her chest. A nipple the size of a small dinner plate was staring back through the tear. Its shape had become flat and wide, pulled in every direction by the gallons of silicone pumped into Sarah’s chest.

This sent Ally into another fit of laughter. “Oh my *God!* Are those actually your *nipples?*!” she roared with laughter, ignoring the rage building in Sarah’s eyes. “No *wonder* you don’t do topless shoots anymore!! I could use those things for target practice!”

Sarah shoved without a word, pushing with all of her might and mounting anger. A loud creak sounded from their fighting chests, ceasing Ally’s chiding. “H-Hey! *OWW!* Hey stop it!! That hurts!!”

“What’s the matter?” Sarah glared, pushing again, “Your poor little tits can’t handle a little...nnngh...bit of...” she pushed hard, her heels scraping on the floor, “*PRESSURE??*”

“I can actually still stretch! Unlike some over-filled *bimbos!*” Ally pushed as well, the knockers wedging further. A bright sheen was appearing over their cleavages, skin pale and tight under the fluorescent lighting.

“*Ahh!*!” they both gasped in unison, wincing with discomfort.

Sarah was the first to notice, looking down to spy a red stretch mark running between her stressed breasts. “A-Ally, don’t push anymore!”

“Why...not...?” she panted, still angry. “Afraid you’ll fall over and not be able to get back--*ahh!*” Ally cried out, her hands rubbing her bust tenderly. A set of stretch marks presented themselves to her now, lining her jugs like ribbons.

“I-I think we need to back up! Something is happening!” Sarah said worriedly, a deep pressure filling her bosom. To her side, Ally started to panic, her breaths long and full. Each inhale pressed their chests together more. “S-Stop!”

“What??” Ally gasped, scared to touch her tits.

“Stop breathing so much! We...*nnnngh!!* We need to call someone! Something’s not right!”

“Then back up!” Ally demanded. Against her ego, she tried pulling back a little but found her udders firmly wedged. Pulling on them sent a shock of fear through her. “*A-Ahh!*”

“See?? T-This...*ooooohhh* this isn’t good!”

The girls began to panic. Every breath caused a new stretch mark to rocket across their tits, Sarah’s flattened nipples bulging dangerously into large pink domes. The four boobs fought against the walls like balloons with nowhere left to inflate.

“I-I feel so tight!!” Ally groaned, not daring to touch her breasts.

“We need to get out of this, quick!”

“A-As long as we don’t move...we’re fine, right?” Ally asked.

“*Nnnngh...* I don’t think so; look!” Sarah motioned to Ally’s bust. To her widening eyes, she saw her cleavage slowly creeping higher, skin stretching to contain the expansion.

“M-My boobs! What’s happening?!” she cried out, watching her bosom grow.

“I think...*nnnngh...*t-the compression is causing our silicone to expand from the heat!” Sarah yelled, her own chest swelling with deep, creaking anger.

“*Ahhhhh!!* Stop stop stop!!” Ally pleaded, “I can’t take anymore! My doctor said I can’t go any bigger!”

“And you think I can?!”

“S-Shit you look like you’re about to *explode!*”

“Help!!” Sarah screamed, their chests pushing tighter by the second. Worrying creaks and groans escaped their heaving udders, expanding silicone bloating without limits.

“I-I...*ooooohhhh* I can’t take much more!! I’m almost as big as you! The doctors said I couldn’t stretch any more than I already had!!” Ally screamed. “My tits are *going to burst!*!”

Their clothes began to tear across their bodies, expanding flesh bloating in every direction available. In mere moments the trapped women were rendered half-naked in the hallway, struggling for escape before their doom.

“I...*nnnngh...*c-can feel it...” Sarah moaned, her chest like yoga balls, “My skin can’t...s-stretch any more!”

“Make it stop make it stop!!” Ally begged, “I don’t want to *BU--*”

*KABLOOSSSHH!!!*

Ally's overstretched body split apart like a balloon, showering Sarah in a torrent of warm goop. The force of her breasts being released so quickly and allowed to return to a rounded shape sent a massive shock wave through Sarah, only enough time passing for her eyes to widen in fear as her own breasts exploded from the sudden movement.

*"SHI--"*

*KABLOOOOOOSH!!!*

The hallway was drenched in a flow of silicone and shredded pieces of clothing, the women's pride their own undoing.

Among the dripping and oozing, a voice came over the intercom to repeat, "*Once again, Ms. Alstair, we're ready for you now.*"