

Suit to Fill

Contains breast, butt, thigh, and some pussy expansion

“Ooooh boy that’s tight... That’s REALLY tight...”

Jeanne adjusted the thick, pink spandex bodysuit as it clung to her like a second skin. The form-fitting outfit put skinny jeans to shame. Looking at herself in the mirror, even she had to blush at the intimate details the suit put on display. Everything down to her nipples and the intricate shape of her labia stood out.

A slender beanpole of a girl, Jeanne thought the suit made her look more like a pink pencil than anything else. The firm compression squeezed her diminutive curves. Somehow her tiny A-cups looked even smaller than usual.

“Might as well be naked in this thing...” she whispered, pulling at the crotch with little effect. “Good thing I didn’t buy it to wear out!”

The open box on her bed sported an IncrediBust logo along with diagrams of their newest easy-to-use product. Jeanne eyed the accompanying remote. Two buttons in particular had her attention: a breast and a butt. Her thumb rubbed the breast symbol and she felt her heart flutter. Jeanne had heard stories about IncrediBust products getting out of control. Most of the time it was user error and the company’s reputation in making growth products was overall quite high. They were the best in the business.

This didn’t calm Jeanne’s anxiety as she imagined what could go wrong.

“Let’s try a few extra cups for now... Nothing crazy. Juuust a little bigger.”

Click

Her eyes fluttered and a squeak jumped from her lips when something came alive within her little breasts. The suit felt as though it was tickling them, sending energy into her skin.

“T-That’s...” she chewed on her lip and felt her face growing hot with arousal. *“That’s not too bad... Kind of feels like--WHOA!!”*

Jeanne’s jaw dropped when her bust moved with a mind of its own. Her breasts looked as if they had awoken from a slumber, each small mound rising and pushing gently outward.

Strrrrrtch

“They’re growing! HOLY CRAP THEY’RE GROWING!!” Her eyes shined. Her thumb pressed the remote harder to not accidentally release.

Watching with growing arousal, Jeanne leaned back. What used to be two apple halves were steadily swelling to rival oranges, then grapefruits. Significant development was transforming her chest before her eyes. For the first time, she couldn’t see her stomach. Weight shifted with her swooning steps backward.

Strrrrrrrrtch

“Mmmmm...!! It... I-It didn’t say it would...feel so good...! Kind of tickles!” she giggled. The crotch of the suit was growing damp around her thighs. Given her sudden blossoming, she was surprised not to find it pulling much tighter against her groin. The suit remained skin-tight.

Every inch of her burgeoning mammaries showed themselves with pride. Even her nipples visibly fattened beneath the fabric.

Lightness filled her chest despite the growing heaviness pulling at her shoulders. Jeanne's eyes widened when she surpassed a G-cup and headed toward a J. The difference was awe-inspiring. Realizing she was sweating, she forced her thumb to release.

"M-Mmgh!" The suit's stimulation died away to leave her with only the sensations of her new breasts. *"F-Fuuuuck they're sensitive!!"*

A hand rose to cup a swollen melon. Jeanne's mind short-circuited when her flesh overflowed her grasp like a dense water balloon. She nearly cheered. Looking in the mirror took her breath away. On her frame, her mammaries were massive and over-engorged. There wasn't enough room for them on her torso. Their plump, teardrop shapes pushed against each other with curves wider than her ribcage.

"Marcus is going to lose his fucking mind when he comes home! I HAVE TITS!!!"

Her hand slid down and she turned her body in the mirror.

"Wow... Compared to these puppies, my butt is flat as a board now..."

Her thumb jumped to another butt. Any hint of anxiety had been dwarfed by her previous growth. There was no hesitation when she pressed down.

Click

"Augh!! M-MMGH!!!"

She fell forward and used the wall for support. The suit's strength was magnified around her more sensitive areas. Stimulating her entire pelvis and thighs, Jeanne trembled as she felt a dozen invisible hands massaging every nook and cranny of her rear.

Strrrrrrtch!

"Yes... Yes, come on!! Give me a nice full ass!!!" A hand squeezed her left cheek. Its progress made her moan. *"Can't have Marcus coming home to a top-heavy girl!"*

Twiggy thighs thickened and plumped. The prominent thigh gap she'd had since high school closed within seconds. An outline of a straining pussy pressed against the pink spandex, stressed for space for the first time in its life as soft, pillowy flesh squeezed it from all angles. For a brief moment her thighs flared wider than her hips in a disproportionate scene. Jeanne almost released the button, but felt a shift within her rear soon enough.

Weight poured into her backside. For several breaths her cheeks only filled outward, staying round and firm in rejection of gravity. Then they fell, folding heavily against the backs of her thighs. Jiggles raced through her lower half at the movement. Her hips swayed, growing wider and softer with each cycle.

"Bigger... Bigger... Bigger..." she moaned, eyes fogged at the sight of her incredible hourglass frame stretching to fill the mirror's view. *"I don't want Marcus...to even recognize me!"*

Jeanne panted and fogged the mirror. With her lower half catching up to her breasts, they didn't seem as large anymore.

“Just... Mmmngh... M-Maybe just a bit bigger on top... They always say to go a little bigger than you planned!”

Her other thumb approached the remove. Body flush with tingles of excitement, she pressed the breast button once again.

Click

STRRRRTCH!!!

“AHH!!! MMNNGHHHH FUCK!!!”

CRACK!!!

Light ignited in the back of her mind. Tension flashed through her breasts and arousal mounted enough to make her scream.

“Haaahhhh!! Nnnghhhh oh God!! Almost...Almost there!! I’m almost there!!” she groaned, feeling her nectar coating the inside of the suit. Inches upon inches of growth left her mind reeling. *“GROWING LIKE THIS IS GOING TO MAKE ME COME!!”*

Her eyes fell to the remote then. Her heart sank. Lust was immediately replaced with dread.

It was snapped in half. Broken when she’d screamed and clenched her hands.

STRRRRRRTCH

“Oh no... No no no no no!!! WHAT?!”

The two halves separated in her hands. Releasing the buttons did nothing. Clicking gave no response.

Her body was still growing.

STRRRRRRTCH

“MmmmMMMGH!! Ohhh fuck!!! FUUUUCK!!”

Jeanne stumbled back and groped her curves as if to squish them smaller. The mirror revealed her now-extreme hourglass figure. A tiny waist sat like a toothpick between two beach ball-sized pairs of flesh. Angry breasts heaved against the suit, pulling the spandex tight and creating stress creases across the front. Strawberry nipples throbbed like angry thumbs. Lower, Jeanne felt her legs forcing each other apart as her thighs grew too wide for her hips.

“Stop!! S-Stop growing!! STOP GROWING!!” she begged her body.

It didn’t listen. The tingling pushed onward, filling her frame with growth and development. Fat bloated her curves far beyond anything she’d planned. Competing thighs made her balance unsteady.

STRRRRTCH!!

“Nngh!! Wait!!”

One forced step back sent her arms flailing. Another made the room spin. Unable to get her feet under her, Jeanne plummeted to the bedroom floor.

THUD!!!

“MMNGH!!!”

The collision slapped her ass hard enough to make her breasts leap. Spandex groaned when they lurched and her hips spread to the sides under her weight. Staring on in helpless

growth, Jeanne took in the ocean of her pink-clad body expanding all around her. Mammaries filled her lap. Against her back, the soft heat of her cheeks rose and rubbed against her like a cushion.

“Ohhhhh this is too big!!! I didn’t want to be this big!! I-I only wanted--”

Strrrrtch!

A new sensation stopped her cries in their tracks. The suit was indeed tightening as she started testing the limits of its design, but there was another tension as well: a hot, sopping strain spreading through her groin.

Jeanne’s eyes widened in fear.

“NO!!! T-That was perfect the way it was!! PLEASE NOT--”

STRRRRRRRRRRTCH!!!

“A-Aahhh!!! MMNNGHHHH GOD!!!”

Her hands dove between her thighs. Soft, doughy flesh met her fingers and palms at her crotch. All the stimulated growth was becoming too much for her body. It was spreading. Against her clutching hands, Jeanne felt her pussy plump and swell like a ripening fruit.

“I-It’s-- Nngh!! WHY DOES IT HAVE TO FEEL SO GOOD?! I CAN’T KEEP GETTING BIGGER!! I-I’M ALREADY TOO BIG!!”

STRRRRRRRRRRTCH!!!!

Churning, fattening curves filled her ears. Her hips pushed the bed out of the way. In all directions, her body was starting to look like a tightening pink ocean rather than part of a woman. The suit’s struggle came louder and louder, the spandex beginning to pull into a paler pink hue.

Fluid gushed against her hands as she wrestled with her swelling petals. They engorged faster than she could process. What had once been like two soft index fingers had risen to a soda can-sized mound. It demanded room between her legs, plumping with every panicked breath. Jeanne desperately wished she could see it, but her breasts filled every inch of her view. Cleavage rubbed against her chin as she felt her toes become buried.

CREEEEEAAAAAAK!!

“O-Oh no!!! The suit!!! It’s--”

STRRRRRRTCH!!!!

Her arms flung to her sides. Stitches were beginning to break. IncrediBust had built amazing durability into the garment. Now, Jeanne only wished it was more easily destructible as her body swelled into a blimp.

“Nnnnghhhh my pussy feels like it’s going to POP!! M-My whole body feels like it’s going to pop!!” she groaned, enduring what felt like a firm loaf of bread pushing its way between her thighs. A golf ball-sized clit throbbed against the spandex, only serving to drive her wild. Nectar flooded the suit by the buckets.

STRRRRRRTCH!!!!

POP!!!

“EEK!!”

She squeaked at a sharp jolt, fearing the end had come. In reality a seam had burst down her side. Rapid gasps for breath pushed her breasts further and further out. Somewhere behind her, Jeanne felt her butt rub against the wall. Each thigh could have been its own twin bed.

STRRRRRRRRTCH!!!!

“G-Gonna...blow!!! I’M GONNA BLOW!!”

Drum-tight spandex groaned across her body. A seam flossed its way between her pussy and squeezed the sopping lips like a stress ball.

POP!!!

“MMNGH!!!”

Another jolt from a self-destructing seam. Jeanne wasn’t certain she could last much longer. Her tits and ass had total control. She was helpless, immobile between the two walls of flesh. Slowly they rose to bury her in pink-shaded darkness.

CRREEEEAAAAAAAK!!!

“NNGH!! NNNNNNGH!!!!”

STRRRRRRRRTCH!!!

“AAHHHHHHH!!!!” Jeanne dared to inhale as her body trembled and her nipples felt ready to erupt. *“I-I-I CAN’T GROW ANYMOOOOOORE!!!!”*

CRREEEEAAAAAA--BOOOOM!!!!!!

A force shot across her body like a dozen whips. Snapping with elastic tension, her suit burst apart in a shower of pink tatters. Heaving flesh escaped like dough from a ruptured tube, flattening out only slightly before the firmness of her skin refused any more freedom.

“AHHHH!! Mmngh!!!”

The shifting movements pushed Jeanne over the edge. Orgasms rocked her with every sway. She wished she could fall back, but her butt wouldn’t allow it. Somewhere a nightstand toppled over from a sagging, pillow-sized nipple punching outward.

Her ordeal lasted only a minute but felt like an eternity. By the time it was over, Jeanne was gasping for breath and pouring sweat from between her curves. Her arms fought with her breasts to push them away from her face but there was little she could do.

“Mmmmmmmmm fuuuuuuuck! I’m... I-I... What did I--”

“JEANNE?!”

She froze. That was her boyfriend’s voice somewhere outside her imprisoning bulk.

“M...Marcus?” she whimpered, unable to see from within the hovel of her butt and chest.

“WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU?! YOU’RE... YOU’RE A BLIMP!?”

“EEP!!” She squeaked when his hand moved to inspect the side of her breast, reaching taller than his head. Somewhere deep in her mass she felt a gargantuan pussy quiver with excitement.

“I THOUGHT I TOLD YOU THOSE GROWTH PRODUCTS ARE A SCAM!”

“H-Heh... Uh... Surprise??”