

Max Occupany

DING!

The elevator doors opened to reveal two models, Claire and Lily, waiting for their ride.

“Going up?” Claire asked the two women staring back at them.

“Yea, girl!” a model by the name of Ivanka waved, “Squeeze yourselves on in here!”

To the tune of much giggling, the elevator doors closed after the four girls were situated in the close confines. It rose with a shudder and began climbing floors with a grinding creak.

“You know, this is probably the most expensive load this thing has ever carried...” Sammy guessed, eyeing the model’s various endowments. All of them proudly sported a fortune of curves meant to luxuriously fill out their clothes.

“Please, by tits alone there’s got to be almost a hundred grand riding this death trap.” Lily reached forward and smacked Claire’s rear, sending ripples through the stuffed yoga pants. “Add another couple grand if you count these fine bumpers!”

“Hey watch the merchandise! Don’t you ever clip those nails??”

The joke brought forth a storm of giggles and squeals from the giddy models. The elevator lurched and the laughter died down.

“You would think with all the business we bring the agency they could afford a building with a proper elevator...” Lily sighed.

Nodding in agreement, Ivanka added, “Mhm! I *swear* they make it bounce on purpose so the security guards have something to stare at on camera.” After adjusting her neckline and firm, H-cup breasts, she said, “I just want to get to my floor without fear of falling to my--”

CRREEAAK!! CLUNK.

The elevator stopped with a sudden lurch. Lights flickered before turning off completely to leave the women shrouded in darkness.

“*Ahh!* I knew it! *I knew it!*” Claire groaned, “This thing finally broke! I--*Hey!* Whoever that is, paws off!” She slapped a hand away from her chest in the darkness.

“Sorry, I scare easily...” Sammy apologized.

“Take it easy... If we just wait the lights will come back on.”

Not a moment later their vision was restored and a wave of relief fell over the models. Anxiety returned, however, when the elevator did not resume its trip.

“Why aren’t we moving?” Claire asked.

A voice came over the intercom. “*Attention: a gas leak has been detected from the lab. Repeat, a gas leak has been detected in the lab. Evacuate the building immediately by way of the stairs.*”

Ivanka began to panic and shout at the security camera. “H-*Hey!* Hey we’re stuck in here!!”

HSSSSSSSSS

Several of the women squeaked in fear when a pink mist billowed in from the roof of the elevator. It descended upon them like a thin fog.

“*Heeeeyyy!!!*” Lily yelled, pounding on the door.

The girls started coughing as they inhaled the gas, their chests tight with fear.

“O-Oohh...” Claire swooned. Leaning against a wall, she gently rubbed her exposed cleavage. “Anyone else...feeling a little...weird...? My boobs kinda feel...*nnnghh*...”

Lily pointed to her friend’s chest and shouted, “Ivanka! Your tits!!”

Her own eyes glued to her bust, Ivanka gaped at the holes opening between her blouse’s buttons. At increasing speed, her breasts were filling the shirt and rising out of her bra. “The hell’s going on?!” she cried out, pressing her hands into her front. “T-They’re getting bigger!”

Coming to realize their situation, Sammy clamped a hand over her mouth. “Shit! I know what this stuff is! The agency used it to make my implants expand!! Don’t breathe it in!”

The girls did as they were told but it was too late. The four pairs of eyes grew wide with fright when they saw their own and each other’s bodies beginning to swell.

“I-It’s happening to me too!!” Claire cried out, watching as her volleyball mammaries bloated multiple cup sizes larger and rounding out.

Ivanka felt her pants shift across her butt and the wall press firmly into her cheeks. Startled, her hands left her mouth and flew to her backside, clasping firmly against an ass that was no longer hers. “My butt!!” she wailed, feeling it press against her hands and stretch her spandex.

Panic filled the room in much the same way as the expansive fumes. “*HEEEELLLP!!! We’re blowing up in here!!!*”

No model was safe from their own curves; they were helpless to watch their breasts engorge to ridiculous sizes. Sammy, the largest to begin with, was already seeing rips opening in her shirt as beach ball knockers wobbled tight and firm off her chest. In such a confined space, the girls were forced to lean against separate walls to maximize available room.

“Make it stop make it stoop!” Lily begged, her bra snapping across her bosom. Erect nipples stuck into her tortured top like thumbs, silicone expanding against her skin. “They’re too tight!”

The distance between the pairs of breasts was growing smaller. Ivanka was the first to feel truly helpless when Sammy’s breasts began pressing into hers. “S-Sammy! *Ahh!* You...*nnngh*...You’re pushing on my boobs!”

“I can’t help it!” Sammy argued, having difficulty seeing over her titanic breasts. More than a third of the space was dominated by her chest, the other women’s being forced against it like a silicone-filled balloon battle.

“No, r-really!” Ivanka groaned, her skin becoming shiny and tight from the compression of her bust. Naturally only an A cup, her body could only take so much. “Y-You’re...pushing too hard...o-on them!! There’s a...a pressure!!”

“Ivanka move your butt! You’re pushing me into Claire!!” Lily cried out.

“I...NNNGHH!...can’t!!”

Clothing burst at the seams and released bulges of tightening skin. In the fluorescent light of the elevator, they shone like over-stretching latex. Breasts and cleavage squeaked against each other in fullness, the girls unable to move without applying dangerous pressure to the others.

“SAMMY I NEED ROOM!!” Ivanka begged. A groan emanated from her bust as skin rubbed against her face. Her own hips trapping her in the wall, she wanted desperately to press against her chest but didn’t dare apply any more pressure. “I-I’m too TIIIGH--”

BLOOOSH!!

Ivanka burst in a wave of heated silicone, dousing the other women in the slick goop.

“S-Shit!” Lily swore, looking at her own yoga ball udders in fear. “Is that going to happen to *us*?!”

“N-Not if...nnnnghhhh...w-we get out of here!” Claire moaned. She and Lily were similar in breast size, but Claire’s ass was gargantuan. Much like Ivanka, she was pinned between the walls and had started to feel the paneling crack with her girth.

Sammy gulped. “G-Guys... I-I feel kinda...”

They looked to their friend and froze. Sammy’s chest was swelling at an unbelievable rate, her nervous breathing taking in large amount of the pink gas. Her jugs filled more than half of the elevator, pushing them into the wall and blocking most of the light.

“Guuuuyys!!” she groaned, loud squeaks and groans emanating from her sloshing tits. “I feel REEAAALLY full!!” Sammy started hyperventilating, her chest rubbing tightly against the walls and other models.

“Sammy stop you’re only breathing in more!”

“T-Too full!! I’m *too BIG!!* I-I’m gonna...O-OOOHHH, g-guys! I-I’M GONNA--”

KABLOOOOSH!!!

More silicon filled the elevator in a gushing torrent, Sammy’s chest bursting open like an over-filling pinata.

“Crap! Crap crap crap!!” Claire cried out. Even with Sammy and Ivanka out of the picture, there was hardly space to move. The two model’s chests pushed against each other and pinned them against opposite walls, slick and shiny cleavage rising towards the floor and ceiling.

“We’re going to explode in this damn elevator!!” Lily yelled.

“S-Someone will come! We just need to--*Ahh!!*”

“What?!” Lily asked, preparing herself for another rush of silicone.

“L-Lily, don’t move. I’m begging you; y-your nails. I just felt them poke me a-and...”

Lily froze, her arms pinned between her chest and the wall. Helplessly, her hand flailed on the other side as Claire’s tits inched ever closer. “I-I can’t move them!”

Skin squeaked loudly when Claire flailed, trying to adjust her self to avoid certain doom. “There’s no more room! T-They’re too heavy to lift!”

The elevator was a sea of bloated flesh, only their shoulders and heads visible above their own cleavage.

“Ahhh!! Lily seriously!! I can’t handle something like that with these things!! I feel like I could burst as it is!!”

“What do you want me to do?!”

The surface of Claire’s chest was closing the gap and rapidly approaching Lily’s manicured nails. *“Lilyyyyyy!?”* Claire had only a split second when she felt Lily’s fingers press into her over-filled bust. For a moment she thought her skin might hold, but the sudden quivering proved otherwise.

KABLOOOSH!!!!

“O-Oooh no, ooooh noooo!!” Lily yelled. Alone in the elevator, her tits grew without limit. The weight pulled her forward until she was leaning on top of their room-filling girth, her ass cracking either wall to her side.

Pink gas continued to flow into the shrinking space, Lily knowing what awaited her any minute. With no room to grow across the floor, Lily’s cleavage rose into the air like an angry wave of flesh. Both breasts towered over her in a matter of seconds to block any view of the elevator door and push her torso backward into the wall of her own ass.

“AAAHHHH!!!!” she cried, pinned between two walls of her own curves. *“My body can’t take any moooore of thiiiiis!!”*

DING!

DING!

DING!

Her bloated body creaked and rubbed against the walls and ceiling, every nook and corner filled with flesh stretched beyond its limit. *“I’m out of ROOOOOOOM!!!”*

Suddenly the doors opened with a mighty squeak against her chest. To the firefighters on the other side, they stared for a moment at the heaving wall of rounded cleavage filling the elevator to the brim. Nipples larger than their heads and lined with blue veins stared back angrily, flared and erect with pressure.

“What in the--”

BOOOOMM!!