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A pair of climbers scale the slopes of a living mountain.

Contains: *Hyper Breasts, Breast Expansion as Weight Gain*

Mount Madison

Meghan and Britney walked through a neighborhood of houses in the shadow of an enormous wall of skin. They'd driven through town and past many normal-looking dwellings, but over half of them sat empty; everything within two blocks of Madison had been evacuated. Meghan had parked Britney's car in the driveway of the first abandoned house they saw, and they went the rest of the way on foot.

"Should we really be doing this?" Britney asked. Like her partner, Britney carried a small pack on her back. It didn't hold much: a few liters of water, some protein bars, and a first aid kit. Both women carried harnesses, their straps and carabiners swaying as they walked down the eerily quiet street.

"Of course we should," Meghan said, "We've climbed every other named mountain in the country. We have to finish the list before we go to Alaska next summer."

Britney gestured at the breast looming ahead of them. "I don't think this really counts, Meg."

"What are you talking about? They said she passed a thousand feet back in June. That's twice as high as Sunshine Peak, and we climbed that."

"Yeah, but this isn't a geologic formation; it's a... a person." Britney trailed off as she finished, craning her neck as her gaze drifted up and up.

Meghan, too, was silent. The two women slowed their pace as they took in the sight before them. The mind-blowing sight of Madison's town-crushing, ever-growing breasts. Forcing her eyes back to her partner at ground level, Meghan said, "We already paid the company to let us use their rigging, and it wasn't cheap. You can't chicken out on me now."

Britney sighed and hurried to catch up with her partner. As they passed the last intersection, only two houses stood on either side of the street before they reached the base. Madison's right breast rested on the pavement, and it pressed against the last two houses. Vinyl siding warped and buckled, and the walls leaned away from the heavy wall of flesh. Britney winced; those houses wouldn't be standing much longer.

Near the center of the street, a net of rope rigging hung nearly to the pavement, stretching upward a few hundred feet before disappearing from sight. Britney and Meghan dropped their harnesses and started stretching. Britney noticed Meghan's shoes for the first time. "What have you got on your feet?"

Meghan's "shoes" looked more like gloves, all rubber with individual toes. She said, "I thought I told you to bring yours! We can't do this in normal climbing shoes."

"Why not?"

Meghan put a hand on the pale wall, going silent as her eyes traveled upward again. When she spoke, her voice was nearly a whisper. "This isn't rock, it's skin..." She turned to Britney and, in a normal voice, added, "We have to be gentle with it."

Britney rolled her eyes. "What am I supposed to do, then?"

"Climb barefoot?"

Britney fixed Meghan with a flat stare.

"Fine," Meghan said, "You can use my spare pair."

Meghan fished a second set of the weird shoes from her bag. She stepped into her harness and tightened its straps while Britney changed her shoes, grumbling. When they were both geared up, the two women started their climb. Ascending the rigging was like climbing a ladder, but for the first hundred feet or so, their weight made it fall away from the fleshy surface, hanging free from the slope above. Every few steps, they clipped their harnesses to a higher point on the net, then undid the lower clip. When they reached the point where the net rested against Madison's skin, they could see over the roofs of all the houses in the path of Madison's constant expansion.

Britney felt the warmth of Madison's skin against her knuckles every time she grabbed the rigging, and it unnerved her. The surface seemed to tremble faintly. It was likely just blood flow, but Britney couldn't help but imagine torrential rivers of nutrients flowing into the city-sized gland, spreading into cells, making them swell and divide and swell some more. "Meg..." Britney was surprised at the shakiness of her own voice.

“Hmm?”

Britney climbed another step, adjusting her carabiners. “I think... I think I can feel her growing...”

“Don’t be ridiculous,” Meghan said, moving her own carabiners and rising another step to level with her partner. “She doesn’t grow *that* fast.”

Britney forced out a soft, nervous chuckle. “I guess you’re right.”

They were near the halfway point, and the town spread out behind them. The houses below were like a collection of shoeboxes set up in rows. To her right, Britney could see the wall of flesh they climbed, extending what looked like miles, the remnants of the old town giving way to tree-covered hills. The view was similar to her left, but she saw the vast complex of factories clustered around Madsgenix headquarters. Somewhere down there was a girl no bigger than herself, permanently attached to the behemoth she and Meghan were climbing, and its twin she couldn’t see. Few people ever saw the rest of Madison, but according to the internet, the buildings around her that weren’t dedicated to research and development were all for processing food. That food was pumped into tubes that led to Madison’s private room, where she spent every waking minute eating, fuelling her endless growth. Britney saw Meghan’s toed shoes pass her head and resumed her ascent.

As they climbed, the slope became less vertical, and they were able to increase their pace. It was still too steep to stand, but their climb became more of a crawl. Britney cringed every time her toes sank into the flesh oozing between the squares of the net. Without warning, the tremors she felt under her hands intensified. She heard a soft rumble, and the mass beneath them started to gently sway. Fighting down panic, Britney said, “Oh my god, she’s *is* growing!”

“She’s not growing!” Meghan insisted, clipping all her carabiners to the net and wrapping her arms around the ropes. “I read about this. It’s a boob quake.”

“The fuck is a boob quake?”

“Never mind, just get strapped in!”

Following her partner’s example, Britney clipped her harness to the net and grabbed the rope with both hands. The rumbling grew louder, pulsing against Britney’s chest like the bass at a nightclub. Madison’s breast undulated in and out,

sending the two women up and down like kids in a wave pool. If she hadn't been clinging to the rope rigging for dear life, Britney might have seen some houses below lose a few more boards and shingles in the wake of Madison's quake. She might even have seen the two houses where they started their climb collapse into piles of rubble. The waves intensified, and as the pair were thrown upward, Britney lost her footing. The rope slipped from her hands, and she dropped nearly two feet before her harness caught her. The quake tossed her back and forth across Madison's skin, dangling like a cat toy as she scrambled to hook her fingers back into the rope rigging.

After a few minutes that felt like hours, the quake subsided. Britney held the net in a white-knuckled grip, gulping air as she rested her body flat against Madison. Meghan climbed down until they were level again. "Are you alright?"

"I'm fine; I just... need a minute."

"Sorry, I should have warned you about the quakes. They don't happen often, so I thought we'd be okay."

"Well," Britney's lip curled upward in a sardonic grin. "I guess that's what harnesses are for."

It took another hour for the slope to level enough for them to stand and walk the rest of the way to the peak. The pale surface of Madison's breast spread out around them like a plain. Behind them and to their right, the rolling green hills of the surrounding countryside were draped in fog, making Britney feel like they were standing above the clouds. Ahead of them was Madison's left, and somehow, the sight of a second, equally enormous breast blew Britney's mind all over again. She turned to her left and discovered that they were high enough to see the ocean. The factories and towers were gone now, faint plumes of smoke the only sign that they were still down there. Meghan stepped up beside her, and she felt her partner's knuckles brush her hand. Their fingers laced together as they took in the view.

"Amazing, isn't it?" Meghan asked.

Britney curled her toes into the skin beneath her feet. "That's one word for it."

A buzzing in Meghan's pocket made her pull out her phone. She accepted the video call, and they saw a well-dressed Asian woman on her screen.

"Hello, ladies. I'm Chloe, Madison's VP of Operations. I want to congratulate you both on your successful climb."

"Thank you, Ma'am," Meghan said.

"I also want to apologize for the quake," Chloe said, her face showing more amusement than remorse. "When Madison found out the two of you were climbing her and that she's technically big enough to qualify as a mountain, she got a little... excited."

"Um, that's alright," Meghan said.

"I'm glad to see you both made it up safely, though."

"We did, Ma'am. Thank you."

"Do you need anything? I can send a chopper to take you back down."

"Oh, no, we're fine."

"Alright, well, I'll leave you to it, then. Congrats again."

The call ended, and Britney stared at her partner. "Excited?"

Meghan grinned. "Did I not mention that? The rumors say the quakes happen whenever Madison comes *really* hard."

"Seriously?"

"Yep. And I think Chloe just confirmed it."

Britney was silent for several moments. Her face broke into a wide grin. "You wanna fool around a little while we're up here?"

"Really?"

She shrugged. "Why not? Why should Miss Grand Tetons down there be the only one who gets off today?"

Meghan closed the distance between them, pressing her lips to Britney's as she slid a hand down to cup her partner's ass. "I think we can spare a little time before we head back down..."

