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Contains: *Breast Expansion*

Don't Blink

"Come on," Sophia purred, running a hand up Emma's middle to cup one of her breasts. "You know I'm on board with this whole... exhibitionist thing—"

"It's not—"

"I just want an hour. An hour of just you and me."

Emma's house was covered with cameras. The living room, the kitchen, the bedroom, even the shower. Little black domes with red LEDs glowed as her every moment was streamed on dozens of services and websites. Emma said it was for her job, a new kind of influencer and content creator. She said the feeds where she might be less than fully clothed went to members-only adult websites. Sophia found it all pretty hot, and even if she'd had privacy concerns, she probably would have set them aside for the sake of Emma's incredible body.

Five-six with L-cup tits and an ass that wouldn't quit, Emma was Sophia's ideal fantasy come to life. But after six months of dating—and mind-blowing sex—she burned for the chance to have Emma all to herself. The fact that Emma always refused just made her want it more. It had become a forbidden fruit, and she had to have it, no matter how briefly.

"That's not a good idea, Soph..." Emma whimpered as Sophia riled her up.

"Please, Babe? What about half an hour?"

"Sophia..."

"Twenty minutes? Fifteen! Just fifteen minutes. You can tell your sponsors or whatever it's an internet issue."

"I have redundant connections..."

"A power outage, then!"

"There are batteries and a generator in the basement..."

"Come on, Em... please..."

Emma sighed. "Okay, if we're gonna do this, you have to promise me something."

Sophia groped Emma's chest excitedly. "Anything, Baby."

Emma slid away from her on the couch. "I'm serious, Sophia."

Sophia sat back, folding her hands in her lap. "I'm listening."

"You have to watch me. Don't take your eyes off me for a second."

Sophia snorted a laugh. "What?"

Emma glared.

"Okay, sorry, sorry. Listening."

"This is very important. Your life may depend on it. Don't turn away, don't blink. Don't even blink."

"Wait... isn't that from that doctor show?"

"Sophia..."

Sophia held out her palms. "Okay, okay. This is super weird, for the record, but I promise I won't take my eyes off you."

"Swear it?"

"I swear."

Emma led them to the bedroom. Pausing at the hall closet, switched off a camera controller. "The cameras in the bedroom are off."

Sophia gave Emma a full-bodied kiss, steering them into the bedroom.

“Keep your eyes open.”

“They are.” Sophia couldn’t really see anything but Emma’s long brown hair, but she was willing to play along with whatever weird roleplay her partner was into.

They started to undress, but Emma stopped her before she could pull her shirt over her head. Right, that would be even worse than blinking. She pushed Emma down onto the bed and straddled her hips, kneading her heavy breasts and gliding her fingers along the skin of her waist.

As she slid Emma’s shorts down, Sophia blinked.

Emma felt heat in her chest, praying it was just arousal. Sophia slid two fingers into her, and her own eyes fluttered closed. In a heartbeat, she realized she shouldn’t set a bad example for her partner. She looked up to see Sophia staring at her. That was good, but it was also way hotter than she expected. She slid a hand up Sophia’s skirt, sliding her panties to the side to plunge a finger into her.

Sophia moaned, her head lolling back as her gaze drifted to the ceiling. The warmth in Emma’s chest grew to a rumbling tremor—it was happening.

“Babe!” She gasped.

Sophia looked back down at her again, her eyes going wide as they locked onto her tits. Her brow furrowed, and she groped Emma a little harder. “What... how...?”

Emma didn’t think she’d grown even an inch. How could Sophia tell? Before she could think of anything to say to distract her partner, Sophia pinched both her nipples. She felt an intermittent pulsing in her chest, and when she opened her eyes, Sophia was taking intentional blinks. A second closed, then a second opened. Emma could feel her breasts swelling every time she was unobserved. “Babe, stop!”

Sophia met her eyes. “How are you doing that?”

“You promised!”

“Okay, sorry, sorry...”

Without breaking eye contact, Sophia slid her fingers in again, working Emma toward release. Her body was so charged from the growth that it didn't take long. When Emma came, Sophia squeezed her eyes shut.

"Wai—aaaAAHHH!"

Emma's breasts exploded as she came, the blazing heat of their growth making it one of the most intense orgasms she'd ever had. Sophia was watching her again when her eyes opened.

"That was so hot..." Sophia breathed.

Emma wanted to be upset, but she was still floating in ecstasy. Sophia fingered her again, and she was bucking against her partner almost immediately. Sophia's eyes clamped shut, and Emma let out a wordless wail.

The buttons on her shirt catapulted across the room. Emma looked down at her boobs. They were like beach balls resting on her chest, and with Sophia's eyes still closed, they rose like balloons attached to a faucet. "Open... your eyes," she panted.

Sophia held her arms, grinding her body against Emma's and burying her face in her growing tits. "Can't... boobs..."

Emma wriggled, trying to get out from under her traitorous partner. Sophia was shorter than her, but she had the benefit of a few dozen pounds of boob to help pin Emma in place. She had to get out of here—get back to the hallway where the cameras were still on.

And still, she grew. Sophia kept her eyes shut tight—slowly pushed back away from her as she rose on the swelling pillows that were Emma's tits. Her breasts burned and tingled, churning and audibly gurgling as they grew bigger, and bigger, and bigger.

At last, Emma's boobs got so big that Sophia couldn't hold her anymore; her hands dangling uselessly to either side as they stroked and hugged the massive lobes. Emma heaved herself to the side, the new, unfamiliar weight sending Sophia crashing to the floor. Heaving her breasts with both hands, Emma staggered to the door.

Her chest stilled, and she guessed the fall had finally forced Sophia to open her eyes. She must look so absurd that her partner couldn't stop staring.

Before she could step through the doorway, Emma felt a tight squeeze against both sides of her bare chest, and her progress halted. Had she really gotten too big to fit through the door? Grunting and straining, she put all her weight against her bloated orbs to no avail.

Pulling herself back out of the doorway, Emma slumped onto the bed. Her breasts filled her lap, spilling over her knees, and she rested her arms on top of them, exhausted.

“Damnit, Sophia...”

“Sorry, Babe.”

“You’re paying for all my new clothes... and a contractor to widen that door.”

Sophia grinned. “Deal.”

Then she closed her eyes.