

Water Balloons

by Cerine Hero

Cerine leaned back in her seat, sighing heavily. Her thoughts boiled with energy she just couldn't get out. Leaning onto her side, the slender, pink and white vixen propped her elbow on her armrest and dropped her cheek into her palm. She looked at all the mostly-empty pill bottles and boxes of supplements and enhancement powders and special fur shampoos all sitting on her desk. They were all a bunch of online scams.

Her computer speakers began to emit a gentle tune. On the screen, the incoming call window popped up, showing Axis' goofy profile picture. That boy had solid black fur; he needed to take selfies with the light on. Cerine probably couldn't talk right now, though, sitting in the dark in her own office. Only the amber glow of her computer screen lit her up. She reached over with her other paw and pressed the answer button.

The profile picture turned into a video of Axis sitting in front of his webcam. He adjusted his seat and waved towards the camera. "How you feeling? Still frustrated?"

"Yes," the vixen mumbled, slowly turning her swivel seat back and forth with one foot. Her muzzle still rest on her paw. "None of it is working."

"You look a little bit bigger," the wolf offered, shrugging his shoulders. Cerine sat up straight and pulled back on her shirt so it hugged the curve of her breasts more fully. Her bust had grown... slightly, but "slightly" was not the result she was looking for after so many different attempts. "Yeah, I can see it."

"I want more," Cerine whined, crossing her arms underneath her chest. She felt greedy and petulant, but she couldn't deny what she wanted. "I want to be extremely huge. I really thought at least one of these would help me grow more than just... an inch."

"You're really set on this, huh?"

"I am," Cerine answered, brushing her hair off her shoulder. She lifted up her breasts through her top and scrunched her muzzle. "Just... I want to blow up and get massive. Yeah, I know it's selfish, but it's something I've always wanted. It's hard to explain, but... I want to be big."

"I said I'd help," Axis replied, leaning onto his elbows and resting his chin on his knuckles, "but I think we've tried every single thing out there by now. I mean, if some of it is working, albeit slowly, maybe you should stick with that and have some patience? Give it a couple months and you'll be pretty big!"

Cerine sighed and looked down. "I guess you're right. Which of these was it..." She dug through the assortment of breast-enlargement solutions on her desk and found a bottle with some gel caps in it. These were the ones; she was pretty sure. After she took these, her outfits got distinctively more snug. That was an exciting development for a couple days, but the enhancement tapered off as quickly as it came.

Settling back in her chair, the vixen turned the plastic bottle over in her black-furred fingertips and looked at it. There was a piece of paper inside, so she took it out and unfolded it, looking the directions over. She read them before – thoroughly! – so there wasn't much chance that she missed something, but why not look again.

"Say anything good?" Axis asked, watching as his view on the webcam was overtaken by unfolded paper. He let a little smirk cross his face. "Anything about explosive results for over-greedy vixens?"

"Hush, you."

"Well, then, anything about growing to the size of medicine balls?"

"Mmmmm..."

"Sheesh, you *do* want to be huge."

Cerine looked at the specific part of the directions again where it talked about how to actually

take the pills. The steps were pretty simple: take a pill and drink water to reach desired size. Well, she did! Did they really need to specify that she needed to have a glass of water around when she swallowed the pill?

She stared at that part of the instructions again, but closer. The vixen's brow narrowed as she read through it two more times, and suddenly the wording seemed to snap together and actually make sense. It didn't advise drinking water to help the pill go down, it was saying to drink water *until* she reached her desired size. Cerine read it one more time to make sure she wasn't tricking herself. The pills actually worked. She just did it wrong! Her paws clutched tightly around the plastic bottle and her eyes opened wide enough to challenge her eyebrows. Excitement tingled up her spine.

"Hey, lemme call you back," Cerine said, tossing the paper aside.

"Um, alright!"

She closed the call with Axis and bounced into her bathroom, flipping on the light and standing in front of the mirror. The vixen was fairly fit, wearing a black pajama t-shirt around her chest and navy blue basketball shorts on her hips. Before she started to enlarge her breasts, she would have been considered a fairly average size; now a bit above average. But in her mind's eye, she saw her reflection carrying a pair of wholly massive breasts, her top straining with every fiber to not simply burst open. A thrill rolled down her spine and made the fur of her tail stand on end.

Cerine opened the pill bottle and fetched another of the gel caps with a claw. She put the bottle out of reach – she wasn't crazy – and filled up a tall cup to the brim with water. Licking her lips, the anxious vixen put the pill on her tongue and brought the cup to her lips. She sipped at first, to get the water washing down her throat and send the pill on its way. Then she tipped the cup higher and higher, chugging down the water in one go. It took a moment to gulp it all down, but she clutched her free claws around the edge of her sink and raised the cup all the way above her head.

Her chest tightened and swelled outward as she drank. She lowered the cup down and gulped in a big lungful of breath after the long drink of water, making her chest push into her cotton top. Wait... what happened? Cerine blew out her breath and inhaled again, and once more, her shirt tightened even more around her breasts. She gasped and dropped her cup, letting it clatter around in the empty sink. Her reflection was visibly bustier! The vixen pushed up her breasts on her palms and she overflowed them. It was just a couple sizes, but still, it was more than every other effort combined!

Trembling paws seized the cup and filled it again. She chugged it, her other paw on her bust to feel herself grow. Her titties plumped up around her palm, slowly pushing her fingers apart. It was actually happening; she was growing bigger! Her shirt was getting snug around her back and chest now, and she could feel a draft around her mildly-soft tummy as the hem of her top was lifted up slightly by her expanding bustline. Cerine could feel her heart racing with excitement, and adrenaline made her paw shake against her chest. It all fed back into a loop – her shaking paw bounced her chest, which made her excitement double over, and her nerves went into even more wild jitters. Her tail was jittering stray strands of pink fur onto the floor.

Cerine hooked a finger under the end of her shirt and lifted, pulling it up enough to peek at the bottom of her new breasts. White fur bulged out underneath her top and she had underboob cleavage – honest-to-goddamn-underboob-cleavage! Her boobs were being pressed together by her tight top, but Cerine wasn't ready to take it off yet. She wasn't sure she could. Tugging her top back down, Cerine rest her paws on the curves of her bigger breasts and tried to smash down the overwhelming static of excitement and arousal that turned her thoughts into a buzzing soup. She was constantly purring, feeling the vibrations in the top of her bosom. She probably wasn't going to stop anytime soon.

And she didn't want to stop growing, either. The vixen wanted to be big; jaw-droppingly big. She wanted to stop conversations wherever she went. The idea of a swell of massive, white-furred mountains preceding her made her giddy. A very guilty thought crossed her mind: How much further could she push them? How big could she *really* get off these pills?

A couple pawfuls?

An armload?

Swinging past her knees?

The shudder of deep, desirous excitement nearly knocked the vixen off her feet. She stumbled into the wall, her breathing shallow and quick as her tiny black nose flared at the end of her muzzle. Holy fuck, she was actually going to let herself do something really wild and really stupid with a grin on her face. She was going to inflate herself and never look back. Cerine reached out to fill her cup again. It was hard to know how long the pill would work, but she had more. Still, filling the cup over and over was slow, and she'd get in her own way eventually...

The vixen looked sideways and her blue eyes drifted up towards the shower. The shower head sparkled with chrome reflection like the answer to her wishes. Biting her lip, Cerine rushed out of the bathroom, using her arm to keep her chest from flailing wildly in her top. She came back with a garden hose and dropped most of the coils onto the tile. Stepping into the shower, the vixen reached up and unscrewed the shower head from the spout. Her breasts shook every time she twisted her arms over her head, almost as if they were trying to distract her on purpose. She dropped the shower head into the corner and then screwed on the end of the hose. Licking her muzzle, Cerine grabbed the receiving end of the hose and felt her heart thump its way upwards in her chest by a few ribs. She gingerly put the hose between her lips and placed one paw on her bust and the other on the water spigot.

She pulled in a ragged, shaking breath through her nose. If she did this, she would be enormous. She wasn't flirting with a few cup sizes now. Her life was going to change. And it was insane how much that excited her. Cerine twisted the spigot and water rushed through the hose, blowing air through the fox's clenched teeth. The whooshing sound in the hose reached a crescendo and water spurt from the end. She closed her lips around it, but not before the front of her shirt was soaked and sticking to her enlarged breasts.

Cerine gulped down mouthfuls of cold water, stumbling backwards and pressing herself against the back wall of the shower stall. A chilly shiver rolled from the nape of her neck all the way into her extremities, partially from the water and partially from her expanding breasts. Every gulp ballooned her up bigger. Now she was free to watch herself inflate and grow, and it was intoxicating. Her claws squealed across the tile at her sides, desperately looking for something to cling to so she didn't sink them into her own skin. The black cotton of her shirt stretched to its limit and began to creak. Stitching blew at her armpits. Sloshing flesh covered in white fur bulged through the gaps. Her breasts couldn't expand outward anymore, so they started to slip down, pressing her shirt upwards. Cerine moaned as she felt the fabric slide over her fur and stimulated nipples.

Her breasts finally grew too big and heavy and exploded out of the bottom of her shirt, bouncing off her belly and the waistband of her shorts. The vixen looked down, her expression pure shock. She watched her twin, white-furred balloons grow bigger and without restriction, wobbling softly as they added more and more size by the gulp. Cerine clutched her paws against her skull, grabbing two thick pawfuls of white hair. Every blood vessel in her body felt like it was going to burst into flames. She wanted to see. She needed to see. Feeling her bare boobs shaking and swaying, she climbed out of the shower to stand in front of the mirror.

Cerine's breasts were growing wildly. As she leaned forward, putting her paws on the glass in front of her, her boobs hung down in perfect raindrop shapes. They bulked bigger, bouncing off one another as they expanded. Her nipples and areolas were growing, and they were almost as big as her head. With a shudder, Cerine realized her titties were *way* bigger than her head now...

Some people, by now, would have a little voice in their head saying enough was enough. Cerine did not. She wouldn't have been able to hear it over the rush of blood in her ears when her nipples started to brush against the cold porcelain in the sink. The vixen's shoulder muscles bunched in pleasure and against the weight. White fur quickly filled up the entire sink basin and began to overflow it. Cerine tilted her muzzle down, looking at the long plunge of cleavage extending from her body. She was filling up and out, inflating breasts swallowing up the whole sink.

She couldn't resist anymore; a completely different pressure built up in her chest and she simply had to let it out. The hose dropped from her lips as she opened her mouth and shouted, "Fuck, I'm huge!" Panting and gasping, she glanced after the hose, which was still pumping water onto her bathroom floor. "Oh, shit."

Cerine heaved her massively-heavy breasts out of the sink. They were both bigger around than her own torso now, arms included. Wrapping her arms around them, she struggled to waddle towards the shower. Her bust was too big to squeeze through the door – not easily, anyways – so she leaned forward and reached as far as she could, turning off the water by swinging her her fingertips. The hose burbled and the flow of water came to a stop.

The vixen ignored the puddle of water around her feet for now and stood up, sighing as she felt the weight of her breasts shift across her chest and belly. She underestimated the weight as well as how much she'd enjoy it. Slowly, the vixen cupped her paws around the round curves of her breasts, stroking from low to high. Her fur passed between her fingers and a warm rush of excitement overflowed her. She pushed her paws into them softly, discovering she wasn't full of water. This was soft, warm flesh, and so much of it. These were actually *her*.

Cerine slapped a stack of towels into the floor and spread them around with her feet to start soaking up the excess water. She'd come back and take care of it in a minute, once the edge of this high wore off. If it did. The big-breasted fox pushed down her new chest so she could squeeze through the doorway and get back to her computer. Her breath still blowing hot and fast from her lungs, she leaned over the front of her desk and clicked the button to call Axis back.

It rang twice and he answered it, getting a screenful of white. "Cerine? Is your cam on?" he asked. Then he was answered: The fox took two steps back, and the close-up of white fur became a full view of her huge breasts. He could see her shirt pulled up to her collarbone and barely make out her basketball shorts behind her swinging boobs. "Holy hell, you did it. You're a blimp!" The wolf leaned back in his chair, crossing his paws over his own chest.

Cerine leaned down into frame, her eyes wide and excited. "Get over here right now."

Axis didn't even close the call before he lunged out of his seat.

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