

“The Pill” Classic Endings

Belle’s Ending: Too Big?

As Belle downed the ten pills you developed a knot in your stomach. The single pill was so powerful... how could this possibly be a good idea?

Noticing your anxiety, a wide grin spreads across her face.

“You should have seen your face!” She exclaims, touching your arm lightly. “Don’t worry babe, I know I’m competitive and never back down, but I’m not **THAT** crazy!”

“When I ordered the pills the company gave me a free set of ‘placebo’ pills” she explains “for a ‘control’... or something”.

She looks into the mid distance, a thoughtful look on her face. “You know I think I might’ve signed me up to be a participant in an experimental drug trial.” She waves the notion away. “Ah whatever.”

“Anyway, I swapped the bottles and took the fake pills when you were gawking at my boobs!” Belle says, holding up a second bottle. “See, this is the real one”.

You give a relieved (and slightly disappointed) look to her, hesitating as you notice the word PLACEBO written prominently on the pill bottle Belle just produced.

Your pose frozen, Belle follows your eyeline to the “real” bottle.

“Uh oh...” she starts to say, before her top explodes out - pushed it to its limits, completely filled by expanding breast flesh. It holds for only moments before being torn asunder, the pressure of her rapidly expanding breasts being too great.

Caught off balance, Belle gives you a worried look before her breasts lurch forward again, propelling her backwards onto the floor. Now in a seated position, her breasts rest comfortably on the floor.

Trying to shift the beanbag sized breasts by rocking forward, Belle rests momentarily on her mounds before being rocketed off her feet as another pill kicks in.

Rapidly approaching your own eye height even while prone and resting completely on her own breasts, Belle shoots you an urgent look. “Fuck me!” she said, her eyes wild. You stammer “I...” words failing you to express the scene in front of you.

“No, literally!” She shouts, her eyeline now above your own. “I cannot tell you how this feels, and I NEED you NOW!” the urgency in her voice evident.

Her breasts now each easily the size of cars, you climbed over them, hastily trying to help your lady with her needs. Your raging boner did not help matters.

You reach her pants, finding them already soaking. Apparently Belle was not kidding about the pleasurable sensation of growing.

Ripping off her pants and sitting on her enormous breasts you mount her, rocking back and forth like on a water bed.

Finally having far exceeded your innate stamina, you collapse onto Belle's breast-bed and find her similarly passed out. Rolling on the giant warm mounds of flesh you notice a glint in the corner of the room.

Sitting there are both pill bottles, knocked over and resting opened, their contents intermingling.

You pick up a breast pill. It could've easily come from either bottle. Looking up at Belle an idea pops into your head.

She always was fond of games. You bet she'd be in for a round or two of "Bustin' Roulette".