

Jessie Star and Madz is Stacked
in
Club Crawl



The Tilted Hourglass
Part 2

Gooooosh! For what must have been the fifth time, the hourglass added fat to Jessie's and Madz's asses and tits. "I think we should go to the bathroom! Now!" Jess grabbed her blonde friend by the wrist and dragged her to the restroom "Jessie," Madz whimpered, "Why are you being a buzzkill?" Her vision drifted to the mirror, and her jaw dropped open. "Holy shit! Look at these puppies." Madz hefted her now K cup-sized tits, marveling at the vast canyon of cleavage she now sported.

"Yeah, that's what's worrying me." Jessie brushed a lock of red hair out of her freckled face. "Do your breast feel um... a bit-" "Heavy? Yeah, look at these fuckin things!" Madz shook her hefty melons.

"No, sensitive! I think eating those expansion edibles might have been a bad idea." Jessie dabbed some sweat on her forehead. "Is that why we're so big already?" Madz smacked her

swollen bottom and immediately regretted it. Not because it hurt, but because, as Jessie said, things were sensitive. Overly sensitive. As her ass cheek wobbled and swayed, waves of pleasure ran up her spine and into her bloated tits, building up behind her hardening nipples. “Oh f-fuck Jess, what is this!?”

“I th-think,” Jess rubbed her thickening thighs together, trying to ignore how damp her panties were getting, “I think it’s the club effects mixing with the edibles, the p-pleasure is soooooome... some sort of minor s-side effect.” The ginger was panting now. Her face flush and sweaty, hands idly running nails over her hot, engorged breast flesh, trying desperately not to squeeze.

“Minor? Jess, I feel like if I got a butt massage, I would cum right here! H-how do we-” But Madz never finished the question. Deep masculine voices were heard coming into the restroom, and after quickly noticing a row of urinals, Jessie surmised they just might have gone in the wrong one. She grabbed Madz and stuffed the two of them inside a stall. And that is to say literally stuffed. Between their hefty rumps and ballooning bosoms, the two expanding ladies were not built to fit in a single stall.

The girls listened to the men talk about the club and its effect on all the ladies tonight, one breaking in, “Did you see that blonde chick and the redhead? They must have been dancing here since opening!” But Jess and Madz hadn’t been. They were just getting double-wammied by two different expansion techniques. Now wedged in the stall facing each other, the girls squirmed as pleasure and growth continued to build in their bodies. The women covered their mouths, trying to muffle their squeaks and moans. Little by little, their cleavage swelled closer to their chins, nipples the size of golf balls pressing into throbbing flesh. Their asses spread wider against the stall’s wooden walls, mounting fat pushing them closer and closer together till they had no choice but to straddle each other’s gigantic thighs.

Jess wanted to whisper *hold just a little longer*, but it just came out as a strangled whine. Her eyes widened as she felt Madz bucking her hips, grinding on Jessie’s pale wobbling thigh. With each grind, it got slicker, and their grunts got louder. Within seconds Jess was grinding furiously too. The rubbing started a sexual fire that ignited loud enough for people on the dance floor to hear.

The music was louder than ever when the girls staggered back onto the dance floor, faces red, bodies covered in sweat. They came three times in the bathroom and decided to leave when the stall started creaking from the pressure of their curves. “If we get out of here maybe.. maybe I can fix it.” Jess screamed over the music. Madz’s eyes fluttered as she gave a weak nod in reply. The only issue was the room packed full of dancing people between them and the exit. A sea of varying degrees of inflated tits and asses they would have to swim through.

“Are you ready for the flip finale of the hour?!” Yelled the DJ! The crowd screamed back a mighty yes in reply and the magic hourglass began to flip on each beat, sending tiny rotating bursts of growth from tits to ass and tits again in a never-ending cycle. Every person sporting a rack or rump could feel the pulse, like a base installed in their curves throbbing to the music,

signaling the tiny bits of growth. But for Jess and Madz, it was like a giant bass drum pounding into their bodies.

“Go! GO!” Madz yelled. The effects were amplified, where everyone else may get a millimeter here or there, Madz felt she and Jess were getting half an inch per beat or more! Their dresses were out of room, ass, and titties swelling beyond their coverings. They were so big now, and no one would move or let them through! Like whales trying to break through icebergs, they struggled forward. Everyone was gawking or getting smooshed against them. Jess felt her ass touch four people at once. Madz actually had some dude get his face stuck in her cleavage, unable to pull out because the people behind him would make room for him to back away. So much insane pressure and pleasure. Their skin was tight and throbbing. It felt like a dam was building behind their fist-sized nipples, begging to be released. Any second, the giant bubbles of erotic euphoria swelling up inside would burst, and they would be stuck orgasming, spasming, and still growing in the middle of the crowd. But finally, the door was in sight.

“Run! Run toward the door!” Jess said, her words slurring and steps uneven. The two were now drunk on pleasure, their brains so overloaded by endorphins and hormones. With asses and breasts bigger and heavier than beachballs full of gelatine, they wobbled to freedom to get out of the club and away from the music’s swelling spell. They cheered as the hit they kicked the door open and pushed through the exit to freedom when-

BWOMF! Jessie and Madz were wedged in the doorway like a wall of Jello. Between their titanic titties and colossal asses, they couldn’t move forward to escape the club, and the relentless beat continued to flow through the flesh. Nipples pushed out into the cool air. Ass cheeks escaping from the dresses completely. Even the walls around the doorway began to crack and crumble from the never-ending pressure.

“I... I th-think we’re shtuck.” Jessie moaned, feeling her breasts continue to expand against the doorway. Madz’s hand was gripping her ass tightly, groping and pushing but helping little. The redhead could feel the biggest orgasm of her life on the verge of knocking her out cold, speeding at her like a runaway train.

“NN-NO! Keep... Keep going! Don’t stop!” Madz moaned as her face sunk into her out-of-control cleavage. Whether she was talking about escaping or just giving in to the tidal wave of pleasure, it was hard to say, but from the bouncer’s incident report later describing the events that left a club full of people trapped and pinned in a club by “unforeseen obstacles” it is possible to guess. The famous recounting of it read “The minute she said don’t stop they came, and they didn’t stop for hours. I wish we had thought to turn off the music and not try to pull them back inside. The owner has a big thing about never stopping the music, but we never saw anything like this before. I’d never had to wrestle a woman out of a doorway who was packing eight times my body weight just in her bra, or crawl out from a pile of curves connected to an orgasm that just wouldn’t end. Not until that night... That shit was a crazy time.” No one could have described it better.

