

Raspberry Rain

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A Breast Expansion Novella

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It was a fairly unremarkable evening and like most such evenings, Susan was spending it reading a book. Slender legs partially covered by a pair of shorts were crossed in front of the young woman, legs which lead up to a full, rounded bottom. Blue eyes scanned the pages in front of her. Lush, red hair came down to just past her shoulders, and her simple blouse covered a mostly flat chest.

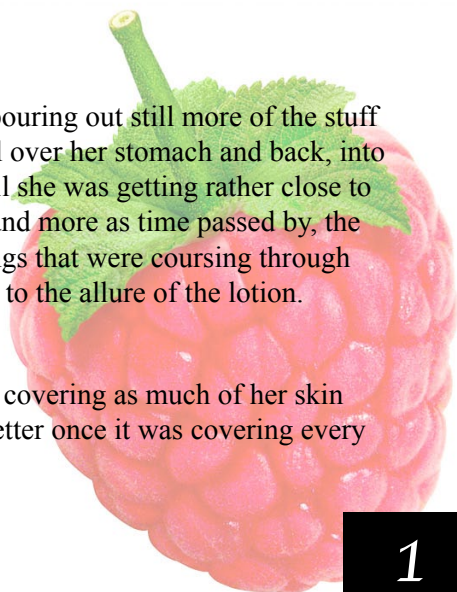
After awhile of reading, Susan noticed that the skin of her hands were starting to become dry. She casually got up to walk over to a nearby shelf, and picked up a small, plastic bottle of hand lotion. After flipping up the lid that topped the container, Susan's nose was overwhelmed by a strong raspberry smell. She enjoyed the pleasant aroma for a couple moments, and then released a small, pinkish-white dollop of lotion onto her finger before returning the bottle to its previous spot.

When Susan began to rub the sweet smelling balm into her hands, a warmth began to spread through her skin, quickly followed by an odd tingling. By the time she had finished moisturizing her hands, the tingling feeling in her hands began to grow both more intense and oddly pleasurable. Suddenly wanting more, Susan picked the bottle back up and squeezed a little more lotion out of it, rapidly massaging it onto her arms and then onto the parts of her legs her shorts didn't cover.

Within moments, Susan felt the newly moisturized skin of her arms and legs also heat up slightly before it began to tingle, just as her hands were. The young woman rubbed the now sensitive flesh of her arms and legs briefly, reveling in the sensations for as long as she could before realizing that she needed more. With a few smooth but hasty movements, her top and shorts came off, leaving Susan in only her underwear.

The redhead took up the lotion bottle once more, pouring out still more of the stuff and began to spread it all over her body. It went all over her stomach and back, into what little cleavage she had, and up her thighs until she was getting rather close to her private areas. Susan's breath quickened more and more as time passed by, the young woman growing ever more lost to the feelings that were coursing through more and more of her body every time she gave in to the allure of the lotion.

She couldn't help herself; the tingling felt so good covering as much of her skin as it already did, and she knew it would be even better once it was covering every





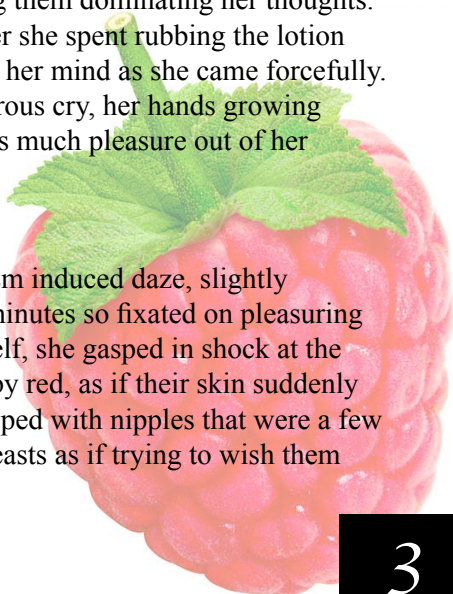
last square inch of her. With Susan becoming more and more frantic as the pleasure coursed through her, it was with an almost fierce desperation that she ripped her bra and panties off of herself, revealing the most private portions of her blushing red skin. She grabbed at the lotion bottle with a trembling hand, it slipping from her grasp a couple times in her haste as she brought it to herself so she could open the cap.

Finally, Susan had the lotion bottle opened, and spread her lithe legs wide as she tipped the container just above the juncture between her thighs. The redhead moaned rapturously as the balm trickled onto her already plenty moist pussy; Susan's free hand went straight to her lower lips, doing double duty by both stimulating the smooth, silky flesh of her pussy and rubbing the lotion deeper into it. After several pleasure filled moments, Susan stopped, feeling an urge to turn her attention to some skin she had missed.

Making a compromise by keeping her left hand at her dribbling slit, Susan brought her lotion-drenched right hand up to her breasts, gliding it across her chest and spreading the pink-white cream all over it. The usual lack of sensitivity of the redhead's flat chest was effectively gone, with her moaning frantically increasing in intensity as she piled more and more of the lotion onto her chest. Susan's only focus was rubbing the wonderful stuff into her pussy and breasts, not even noticing how her nipples were extending a good inch longer and thicker than they should have been able to in her arousal, nor how those nipples were changing from a dusky pink to a bright fire engine red.

Susan's entire world was centered on her oversensitive tits and slit, with the overwhelming pleasure from caressing and groping them dominating her thoughts. The feelings steadily built up in her body the longer she spent rubbing the lotion into herself, when all of the sensations exploded in her mind as she came forcefully. Susan's entire body went stiff as she gave an rapturous cry, her hands growing more frantic in their fondling as she tried to coax as much pleasure out of her heaving breasts and spurting pussy as she could.

After several seconds, Susan came out of her orgasm induced daze, slightly confused as to why she had spent the last several minutes so fixated on pleasuring herself. As the young woman looked down at herself, she gasped in shock at the sight of her breasts, which had become a bright ruby red, as if their skin suddenly gained the look of shiny scarlet latex, and were topped with nipples that were a few shades darker. Susan stared at her alien looking breasts as if trying to wish them





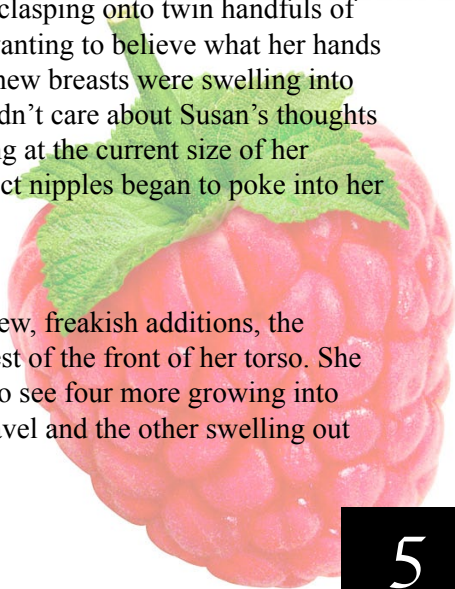
back to normal, when she noticed with dread that the strange color change in her skin was spreading, reaching beyond the bases of her breasts and steadily oozing across her torso.

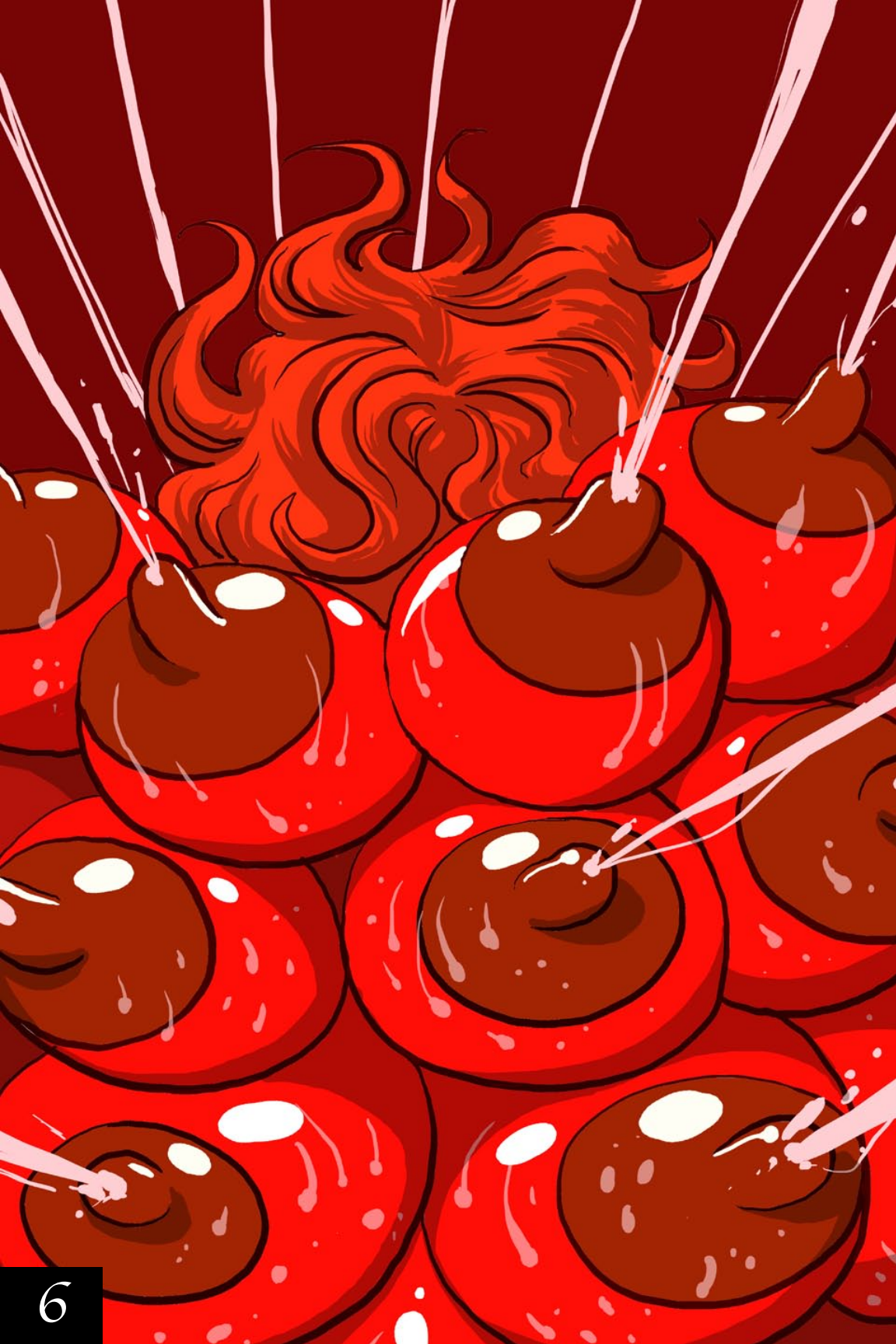
Even as Susan was already beginning to panic, her body began changing again as her boobs began to swell, the previously unassuming flesh suddenly making itself known as it surged outward, steadily making its way through the spectrum of breast sizes until they were each the size of her head. Her nipples, once cute little bumps and now embarrassingly long and thick, began bulging out again as well, growing outward as the deep red of her areolae spilled across her bright red skin like a spreading stain, leaving her with thumb sized nipples on top of areolae as wide as her palm.

Her breasts having stopped bloating, Susan managed to pull her focus off of them to take stock of what was happening to the rest of her body. The changes to her skin had spread nearly across her entire body, with only her small feet remaining untouched, and after a few seconds, even those had become a bright, glossy red. Another wave of tingling went through her skin, and, feeling a subtle difference afterward, Susan brought up her hand to prod a breast. Once her finger pressed into her plushy boob, the woman immediately felt something wrong; her skin was smoother than human flesh should be, and while her breast itself was as soft as ever, the skin felt slightly more stiff, almost like that of a fruit.

Her thoughts on the matter ground to a halt as the area of her torso just below her breasts began to quiver. Unable to see what was happening though her monstrous boobs, Susan reached her hands underneath them, clapping onto twin handfuls of swelling flesh. The woman froze with fright, not wanting to believe what her hands were telling her, that what very distinctly felt like new breasts were swelling into existence just below her normal pair. The boobs didn't care about Susan's thoughts though, happily swelling away until finally stopping at the current size of her original pair, and the hard flesh of new, already erect nipples began to poke into her palms.

Even before Susan could come to terms with her new, freakish additions, the quivering started again, this time enveloping the rest of the front of her torso. She pushed her quartet of boobs to one side, just time to see four more growing into being. One pair forming out of both sides of her navel and the other swelling out





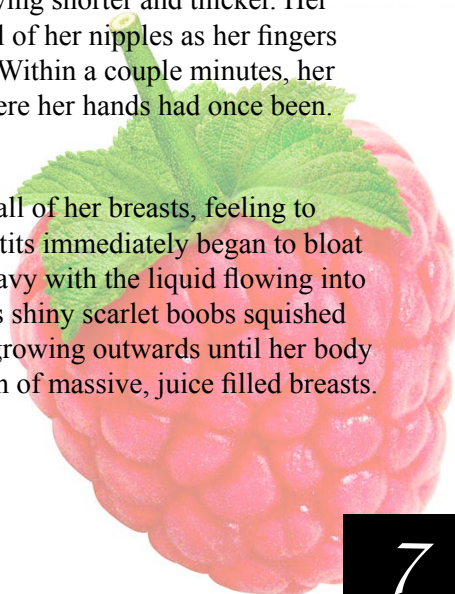
surrounding her crotch, the new tits bulged out as quickly as the others, stopping at the same massive size as they did. Susan leapt to her feet as if the action would somehow distance her from the changes that were somehow being made to her body, her torso-enveloping layer of jiggling boobs obediently following the movement.

Suddenly, Susan's already intense dread deepened: the quivering began again, this time spreading across her entire torso. She looked around frantically, searching in vain for something that could reverse the changes, stop the changes, even simply explain why this was happening to her. No such salvation was in sight though and Susan could only look down at herself in shock as her body began its mutation yet again.

The redhead could feel her body start to pull slightly in different directions as flesh puffed out disturbingly all over her. In pairs down her back, up her sides, from both butt cheeks, and from the spots between her shoulders and her neck, the breasts relentlessly grew from her, pulsing, swelling, taking up more and more space on her body and making it more and more difficult for her to move. Susan grew more and more enclosed within her glossy red flesh as the breasts filled out to the same size as her others, the firm, fruitlike skin keeping them jutting straight out from her in defiance of gravity.

Susan tried to move her arm to assess the damage, when she found that she couldn't, and not even because it was surrounded by boobs. With all of the escalating terror she had felt as her situation had grown worse and worse with no explanation, Susan was too emotionally exhausted to even force herself to feel anything more as she found her arms steadily growing shorter and thicker. Her hands deepened in color to the same dark red as all of her nipples as her fingers retreated into her thickening and softening palms. Within a couple minutes, her arms had become two more boobs, the nipples where her hands had once been.

Suddenly, a loud gurgling came from deep within all of her breasts, feeling to Susan like it was coming from all around her. Her tits immediately began to bloat up again, this time quickly growing immensely heavy with the liquid flowing into them, forcing her to her knees. All of the redhead's shiny scarlet boobs squished together as space dwindled, joining each other in growing outwards until her body was completely encased in a perfectly round prison of massive, juice filled breasts.



Through the silent, dreamlike shock that Susan was in, she didn't even notice how she couldn't move her legs anymore. While she could feel it in some back corner of her mind, she didn't actually notice how they shortened and fattened, the muscle and bone disappearing from inside both limbs as her feet shrank and grew less distinct. Susan had no way of seeing what was happening with an entire torso full of breasts in the way, but had she been alert at all, she would have easily noticed how the feelings coming from where her legs should have been now felt like another pair of sensitive boobs pressing into the floor.

As the final, insulting touch, all of Susan's nipples started to engorge again, plumping up to the size of a fist on top of dish width areolae. With that done, one last rush of juice poured into her boobs, causing Susan to gasp slightly as the fluid flooding into her tits began putting pressure against the inside of her throbbing nipples.

With that, the changes finally stopping, and several minutes passed as Susan stood in place, trying to force her quivering nipple to hold fast against the juices attempting to push their way out through them. Firm, red tits took up the majority of her vision, and most of the sensations she felt revolved around them, especially where the tits growing from her ass, groin and where her legs had once been were pressed into the floor.

Susan's attention was jerked away from herself as the door leading into the room started to open. Since her skin was already a glossy red, blushing was out of the question, but she instead lost her concentration toward holding back the pressure against her nipples, and suddenly almost all of them began unleashing their payload. Bright red juices streamed down from several dark, pulsing nipples, while in other places, the fluids jetted from her, arcing through the air before splashing onto the floor some feet away. Unable to regain her tenuous control over her rebelling body, Susan could only moan and gasp at the sensations of liquid passing through her many nipples and the smooth juices trailing down the sensitive skin of her breasts.

Once the door was fully open, a woman stepped inside, her confident presence nearly preceding her actual body into the room. Black robes flowed around her slim build and a cliché witch's hat was perched on her head, leaving the only parts of her visible to be her fairly ordinary looking face and shoulder length brunette

hair. Her gaze immediately fell upon Susan's mutated form, but instead of looking shocked or even just disgusted, the woman's full lips curled into a grin as she began to walk up to the raspberry woman.

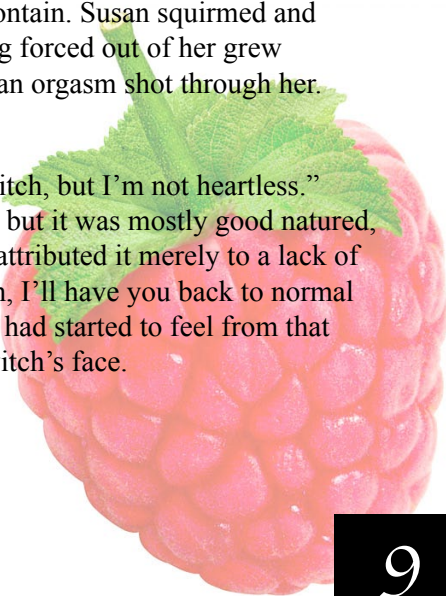
"Ah, this one turned out even better than I hoped." The witch's statement in her satisfied tone was followed by a slender hand coming up to press against one of Susan's numerous breasts, causing the redhead to gasp at the firm yet gentle contact. Nimble fingers went to the engorged nipple, giving it a squeeze that was rewarded with a gasp from the redhead and a thick spray of scarlet juice. After several moments, the woman finally seemed to notice Susan's head hidden behind the firm, juice-dribbling tits, addressing her in a voice that was apologetic, yet not.

"Sorry if my little experiment gave you a scare, it's just that I saw you coming home from shopping yesterday and thought that you would be the perfect target for my new raspberry expansion idea." The explanation having helped her get over the shock of the changes to her body, Susan shouted angrily at the woman before her.

"Oh really? Well, how am I supposed to live now? I'm just a... a ball of boobs! Why would you do something like this to me!?" The witch said nothing, only rolling her eyes for a moment as she snapped her fingers.

As the sharp sound rang through the air, Susan gasped as the liquid pressure in all of her shiny red boobs redoubled at once. Juice audibly sloshed around inside her breasts as it was pumped into them, the crimson fluid spraying out of her engorged nipples as the pressure inside grew too intense to contain. Susan squirmed and moaned as the sensations from so much liquid being forced out of her grew overwhelming, her pussy dribbling fruity juices as an orgasm shot through her.

"Who do you think you're talking to? I may be a witch, but I'm not heartless." There was a hint of irritation in the woman's voice, but it was mostly good natured, as if she had completely expected the reaction and attributed it merely to a lack of information. "Now, if you just stay reasonably calm, I'll have you back to normal soon enough." However, the slight calm that Susan had started to feel from that started to fade again as a wicked grin crossed the witch's face.



“Now first, we’re gonna have to get you juiced.” Another sharp sound pierced the air as she snapped her fingers again.

“Aah!” Susan screamed as it felt to her as if all of the breasts growing from her were being squeezed at once. It wasn’t really from pain though; while there was intense pressure being put on her breasts and nipples, it immediately began to be released as surges of her raspberry juices began to fountain from her in all directions. Her dark red nubs pulsated as near rivers of fluid passed through them, the sensations driving Susan to cry out again as she came, the same liquid pouring out of her plump pussy yet again.

As quickly as the constriction against her boobs had started, it went away, leaving the spraying liquid to slow to a stop, the pleasure gone from raging through her to the point that it was all she could think about, to simmering just below the surface, never quite gone from her thoughts, but not exactly the focus of them. Susan panted in the aftermath of the brief juicing session, noting that her breast were slightly smaller, but still quite massive, and still mostly covering her. The redhead’s gaze turned back to the witch, whose grin had gone from wicked to just mischievous.

“We have to do this in spurts; you wouldn’t be able to handle the feelings of so much juice coming out of those sensitive nipples all at once, you know.” Susan’s breathing had slowed back to normal, having calmed with the knowledge that the witch seemed both willing and able to help, and she didn’t want to give the brunette any reason to change her mind. After a moment’s pause, the witch gave a small nod, as if confirming something to herself.

“Alright, you look ready for your second go.” Before Susan could even think of saying or doing anything, the witch snapped her fingers again. The second of what was obviously to be many juicings began as all of Susan’s overfilled breasts were overwhelmed by the compressed feeling again. The moaning redhead could only focus on the rain of raspberry juices coming from her as the returning pleasure kept her from thinking about anything else. As the night passed by with the witch steadily juicing her back to her original form, Susan couldn’t help but think a couple times that maybe the experience of becoming a raspberry girl hadn’t been all that bad.

THE END

