

The Goddess' Fun Shop

The Unknown Duel



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A Breast Expansion Novella

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The Breast Expansion Story Club
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The Goddess' Fun Shop : The Unknown Duel

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The Goddess' Fun Shop: The Unknown Duel

By Quadhouse

Prologue

She woke, again. The world was quiet. The prayers that once filled her ears had gone silent. But the silence ran deeper. Where were the thoughts of her colleagues? What had happened to the mighty pantheon of gods and goddesses? She searched the world and was shocked at what she found. All but a handful were sleeping. Even the ones who were awake were fading.

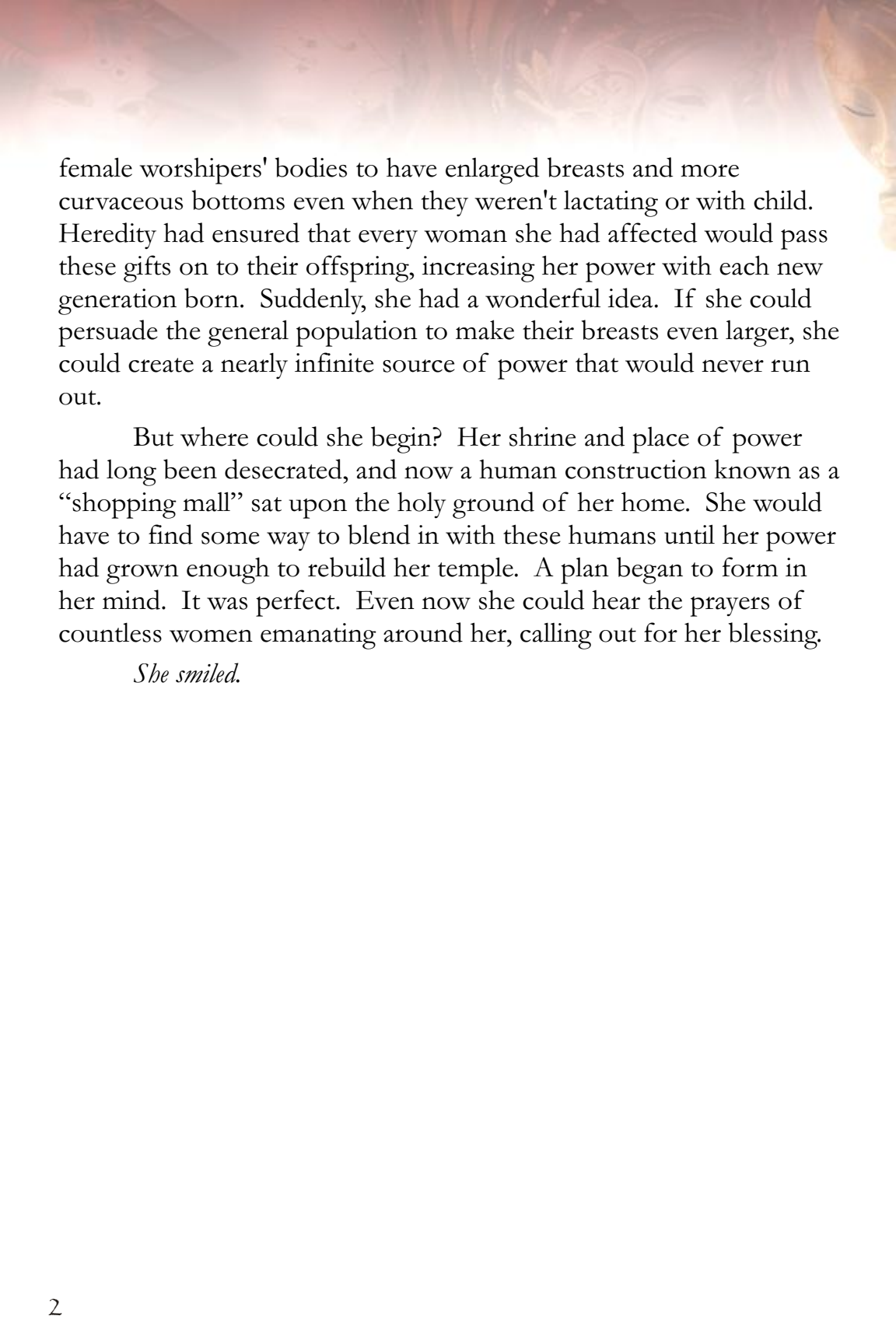
It was to be expected. She *was* one of the first gods humans had worshipped, even if her worshipers had died before humanity had learned to write. To be fair, she had warned them that she was going to sleep. She had even told them how to wake her if anything happened that they couldn't handle. Was it her fault that the sisterhood had grown corrupt after a few thousand years? That was why, when she awoke six thousand years later, she found herself in a strange world without any mortal support.

Not that it bothered her. She had never based her power on her worshippers. A lot of the gods had made that mistake, and now they were sleeping time away, never to reawaken. It made for a lonely existence, but she didn't mind that either. It just meant more converts for her, if she could find anything to do with them. She looked over the world and sighed. It had changed so much, especially in the last few hundred years. Humans were such adaptable creatures.

And yet.

What was it humans said? she wondered. *The more things change, the more they stay the same.* She smiled at the irony of that statement as her mind wandered over the world. The adoration and worship of the female form had not diminished in the least over the countless ages. Fuller breasts, wide child-bearing hips... humans were even more obsessed about these qualities than they had been in the history of mankind. That pleased her very much.

It was such a small change, all those millennia ago, altering her



female worshipers' bodies to have enlarged breasts and more curvaceous bottoms even when they weren't lactating or with child. Heredity had ensured that every woman she had affected would pass these gifts on to their offspring, increasing her power with each new generation born. Suddenly, she had a wonderful idea. If she could persuade the general population to make their breasts even larger, she could create a nearly infinite source of power that would never run out.

But where could she begin? Her shrine and place of power had long been desecrated, and now a human construction known as a “shopping mall” sat upon the holy ground of her home. She would have to find some way to blend in with these humans until her power had grown enough to rebuild her temple. A plan began to form in her mind. It was perfect. Even now she could hear the prayers of countless women emanating around her, calling out for her blessing.

She smiled.

Chapter 1

"It's not fair," Emily muttered, walking aimlessly through the mall. "I'm the older sister, so I should be the one with the bigger boobs."

Emily Strombel was a 17 year old, 5'7" blonde with medium-sized breasts and a bottom-heavy figure. Not that she minded having a big butt. It wasn't like her sister's or her (shudder) mother's. Theirs was fat, while hers was the muscled butt of a runner. Emily didn't even exercise much. She just seemed to put on weight in all the right places, and she carried it very well, in her not-so-humble opinion. Her waist was surprisingly thin, which gave her a voluptuous and womanly hourglass figure. Her C-cup breasts, which were a delightful handful, had a nice round tear-drop shape to them, with perky nipples that had just slightest bit of upturn to them. All in all she was quite satisfied with her body. In fact, she wouldn't have any problem at all, if it wasn't for her younger sister.

Lisa was more than a year younger and almost three inches shorter than Emily, but she had a pair of breasts that practically dwarfed her older sister's. And she didn't let Emily forget about it. Every chance she got she would emphasize the difference in their sizes. She would constantly leave her F-cup bras laying about the house in places where Emily would see them. Whenever their mother wasn't looking she would grab her breasts and squeeze them, forming a giant line of cleavage, just to taunt her older sister even more. She was always teasing Emily about her "itty bitty titties," and this teasing had even continued at school, where Lisa would lord over the fact that Emily was the "little sister" in the family. Just thinking about it made her mad.

Emily sighed again, looking at one of the store windows as she passed. She wasn't really in the mood for shopping, but, she had to do *something* to get her mind off her breasts, and the mall was as good a place as any to get away from her annoying sister. If only there was something she could do. *God, I wish my boobs were bigger!* she screamed silently to herself.

Of course, it was then that she bumped into something soft and yielding and was nearly knocked on her butt.

"I'm sorry," a woman's voice said.

"Don't worry about it," Emily replied, gaining her balance.

She looked up and her chin hit the floor. The woman before her had a pair of the largest breasts she had ever seen! Emily found her eyes instantly drawn to them. They were larger than any stripper she had ever heard of, yet they had a soft curve to them that at once looked natural and real. Emily gulped as she realized that these magnificent breasts were what she had bumped into.

"No, it's my fault," the woman continued, smiling at Emily's stunned and slightly envious gaze. "I really should have watched where I was going. I was in such a hurry when I realized how late it was. My store just opened this week and I'm nervous."

It took a few seconds for the words to make sense, but when they did Emily tore her eyes from the woman's chest to look at her face. "A new store?" she said. "I didn't hear anything about a new store opening here."


"I'm not surprised," the woman said, a curious grin crossing her face. "Would you like to see it?"

Emily didn't have to think twice about it. Anything to keep her mind off her troubles was too good to pass up. "Sure," she said. "Let's go."

"My name is Catherine, by the way," said the magnificent woman as she turned to walk in the direction she'd been going.

"I'm Emily," said Emily as she hurried to follow the beautiful woman.

As they walked through the mall, Emily noticed all the stares they were getting. Or, all the stares *Catherine* was getting. Eyes bulged in shocked awe men, women, boys and girls. They all stumbled to a halt with their gazes locked on Catherine's massive



swaying breasts. Emily was trying not to stare as well, but Catherine's figure was just so amazing to look at. Her predominant breasts rode high on her chest, and she carried them with grace and ease. She was as tall as an Amazon, and her legs were long and had an overabundant amount of curve. Her golden hair bounced with an unnatural vibrance. Her full red lips, high cheek bones, small slightly upturned nose, and sparkling green eyes were just icing on the cake. Emily blushed as she realized she admired this woman like no other woman she'd met in her life. There was something almost supernatural in her beauty.

After a few minutes walking, they finally came to a little-used area of the mall. Set in the side of the wall between a clothing store and record store was an unusually decorated glass door with flowers painted on it and the words “The Goddess' Fun Shop” arranged in elegant letters near the top.

“Well, here we are.” Catherine smiled as she ushered Emily into the small shop.

As soon as Emily stepped through the doorway, she heard an almost insanely cute voice greet her. “Welcome to The Goddess' Fun shop!” Emily looked up to see a pretty teenage girl sitting on the store counter. “Oh, Miss Catherine, you're back.” The bouncy girl jumped enthusiastically to the floor and made an enormous bow in front of Catherine and Emily.

“Hello Susie,” Catherine said once the girl finished genuflecting. “Thanks for watching the store while I was out.” The girl beamed with pride at the compliment. Catherine nodded and turned to Emily. “Anyway, how do you like my shop?”

Emily looked around. It was a small shop, so space was limited. The walls and the few shelves were crowded with the widest assortment of items imaginable. There were shoes, creams, pills, lotions, pens, paper, necklaces, rings, and broaches. The middle of the store contained racks of shirts, panties, bras, and all forms of

sexy lingerie. The list went on and on. It looked like a cross between an underground novelty store and a Victoria's Secret.

"It's different," she said. "What are all these for?"

"Most of these are for breast enlargement," she answered. "Some are for other things."

"Breast enlargement?" Emily asked flatly.

"Yes," said Catherine. "Everything in this store is designed to enlarge breasts with magic." Emily gave her a disbelieving look. "You do believe in magic, don't you?" When Emily shook her head, Catherine placed her hands gently on her massive bust and said, "Then how to you explain these?"

"Implants. They have to be implants," answered Emily.

"Hahahah," giggled Suzie. "Silly. You really should believe Miss Catherine."

Catherine smiled and continued, "Do you honestly think these are implants? There's no place in the US that makes implants this big and natural-looking."

"Actually," Emily said, "I don't think they make any that size any where in the world."

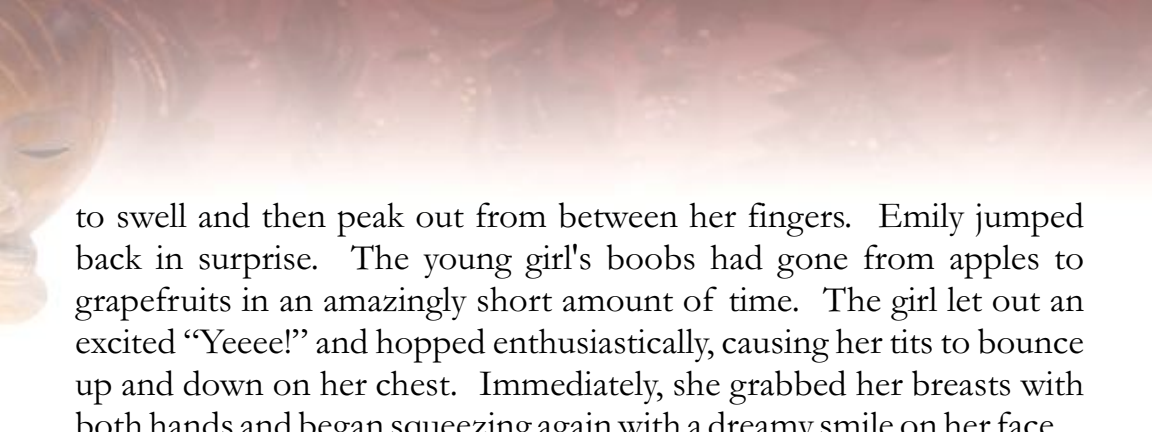
"You'd be surprised," Catherine said.

"Uh huh..." said Emily, disbelieving.

"Ooh, you're a tough one," said Catherine. "Well, I guess there's no other way. Suzie, would you be a dear and demonstrate one of our products, hmm?"

"Oh *thank you* Miss Catherine." Almost dancing, Suzie skipped joyfully to the nearest rack and grabbed a pretty, emerald-jeweled ring and slipped it onto her finger, saying, "This is my favorite. Watch this! It'll knock your socks off!"

Suzie eagerly grabbed her breasts and began rubbing them in circular motions. Within moments, the flesh beneath her fingers began



to swell and then peak out from between her fingers. Emily jumped back in surprise. The young girl's boobs had gone from apples to grapefruits in an amazingly short amount of time. The girl let out an excited "Yeeee!" and hopped enthusiastically, causing her tits to bounce up and down on her chest. Immediately, she grabbed her breasts with both hands and began squeezing again with a dreamy smile on her face.

"Oh my god." Emily was stunned.

"Yes, I know," said Catherine, smiling.

"They're not done yet," cheered Suzie, squishing her boobs together exuberantly and moaning in pleasure. Emily blinked as the girl's breasts began growing again. Boob-flesh filled her shirt to capacity, and then started peeking out from under the hem. The fabric creaked and groaned with stress. Suzie moaned even louder as her breasts got so incredibly large that her tiny hands could no longer hold them. Then they seemed to stop, and with a dreamy smile on her face, the happy girl sighed and slumped to the floor, still rubbing her overgrown breasts. Emily stared in shock.

"That girl," Catherine sighed. "She makes such a scene sometimes. She is completely *obsessed* with breasts." She turned to Emily, "Now, what can I do for you?"

"Me? I don't need anything," a nervous Emily said, blushing and looking away from Suzie.

Catherine gave her a look. "Is that so? You looked so deep in thought earlier when you bumped into me. Surely there's *something* that you desire."

Emily blushed. It was true. She *had* been thinking about something. Her face reddened as she looked down at her mid-sized breasts. "Um, actually," she said, "there is something you can do for me after all."

"That would be?"

"My boobs," Emily said, blushing even more. "My sister is always

telling me how much bigger hers are even though she's younger than me. I mean, not that there's anything wrong with mine, but hers are like... huge." Emily held her hands out several inches in front of her chest, trying to show Catherine how much bigger her sister's breasts were than her own.

Catherine nodded and smiled. "I think I know what you mean."

"So, could you make it so that I'm bigger than her?"

"Easily," Catherine winked at Emily. "Just how much larger do you want to be?"

"I get a choice?"


"Yes," said Catherine, winking. "I *do* aim to please. And how can I please you if I don't know how much bigger you want to be?"

That made sense to Emily, sorta. "Um," she said thinking, "Well, I want to be large enough that it's obvious that she can't fit my bras. I wanna be *really* big so that she can't outgrow me." Catherine raised an eyebrow and Emily blushed. "That's not too much, is it?"

Catherine laughed and looked down at her own massive breasts. "Not at all. I'm delighted, actually. Large breasts are what define a feminine figure, you know. Okay, what I'm going to do is cast a spell on you. But I need to get the components from the stock room. Why don't you keep Suzie company until I get back?" With that, she went through the door in the back.

Emily looked over at Suzie. The young girl was completely lost in her breasts now, squeezing and caressing them with such passion that she wondered if the girl should get her own room. "Wanna feel 'em?" she asked childishly, rubbing and squeezing her breasts.

"Uh... that's okay." Emily took two nervous steps backwards. She wondered if this was such a good idea. She wasn't one of those people who had to change themselves just to be happy. She liked how her body looked, and didn't need bigger breasts to feel good about herself. But she really couldn't stand any more teasing from her younger



sister. She definitely hated it when the more popular girls in school pointed out their difference in size. *I'm just taking control of my life*, Emily thought. *I'm choosing not to be a victim*. Having reassured herself, Emily knew that she was doing the right thing.

To distract herself from these thoughts, she looked at some of the closer items and thought about their possible uses. Some were obvious. There was a spinning display with earrings and various types of jewelry. On the counter sat a bowl full of chocolate candies that looked like Hershey's kisses with a note saying "Take one. They're free!" taped to the side. Emily briefly thought about trying one, but changed her mind fearing what they might do to her. A small box display next to the cash register caught her attention. On the front the words "BE Cream" were written, and inside where several large tubes of what looked like hand lotion. Emily picked one up.

"Works while you sleep," she read. "Apply lotion directly to breasts and rub thoroughly. Repeat as needed."

"Here we go," said Catherine, returning with a handful of items. Her face brightened when she saw the lotion Emily was holding. "I see you've found our BE cream. I just sold one of those to a girl yesterday."

"Oh." Emily gave a small smile as she dropped the tube back in the box.

"So are you ready?" Catherine asked, setting the items on the counter.

"Yes," was the answer. "I'm sick and tired of my sister always lording it over me how much bigger she is."

"Great. Let's get started then."

Emily looked down at the counter and blinked. All the items that Catherine had brought out were now set up. There was a three-legged stand that held a small bowl. In the bowl were several different herbs. At least, she thought they were herbs. The way they glistened told her that some oil had been poured on them. An ornate fan and a lighter had been laid to one side. Catherine had been busy, but Emily didn't see her

move her hands after putting all this down.

"What do I do?" she asked.

"Nothing," Catherine answered. "I'll burn the herbs and fan the smoke toward you. I'll also chant the spell as I'm doing this. The changes won't be complete until I finish the chant. Then your breasts will grow until they're larger than your sister's. And she won't ever be able to fit one of your bras, for you will always be larger than her. Do you understand?"

Emily nodded.

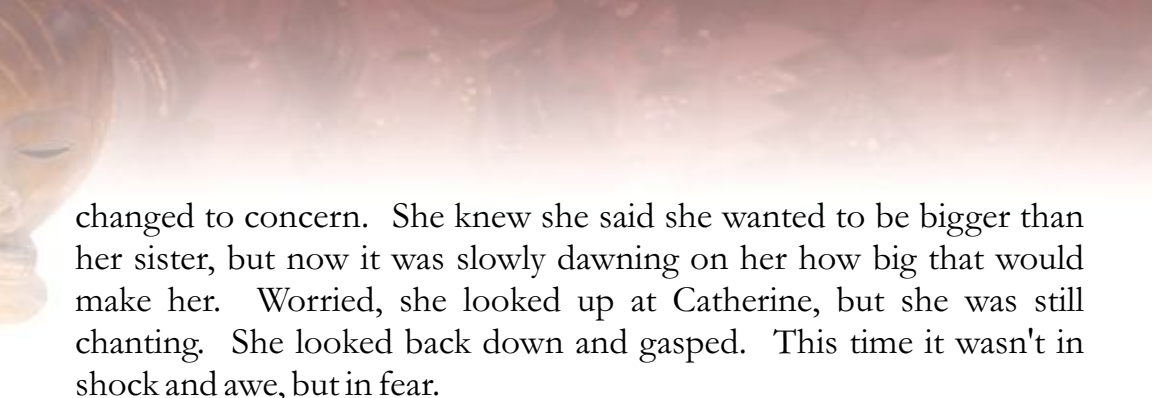
"Good." With that Catherine picked up the fan and lighter. Emily watched as she lit the herbs and waited a moment for the fire to spread, before blowing the flames out. Then she began fanning the smoldering remains and chanting.

Emily gasped as the smoke suddenly thickened. She glanced up at Catherine, but her eyes were locked on the bowl. Emily turned back to the bowl in time to see the smoke gather itself into one thick stream. She grew nervous as the smoke started to circle her. She tried to keep one eye on the smoke and the other on Catherine. It wasn't long before she had something else to watch.

Her breasts were growing.

Slowly, Emily's breasts extended their reach in front of her. Her eyes widened with every inch. It was the one thing she wanted to happen ever since Lisa passed her in size. It seemed too good to be true. Slowly she raised her hands and grasped them. She could feel her hands being pushed apart by the growing spheres. Her nipples hardened, digging into her palms. She shifted her grip to the undersides of her breasts, feeling the increase in weight. She couldn't help but bounce them as they grew.

She smiled as she passed her sister's F-cups. The feeling was wonderful, and she swelled, literally, with pride at the thought that Lisa would never make fun of her again. But then they kept growing, and didn't show any sign of slowing down. Emily's happiness quickly



changed to concern. She knew she said she wanted to be bigger than her sister, but now it was slowly dawning on her how big that would make her. Worried, she looked up at Catherine, but she was still chanting. She looked back down and gasped. This time it wasn't in shock and awe, but in fear.

She had already hit headline stripper size and was fast approaching big bust porn star size. When was she going to stop? She closed her eyes hoping that her breasts would soon stop growing, but suddenly her eyes snapped open as she felt a new sensation. The fabric of her blouse rippled and began changing under her hands. To her complete astonishment the material lowered and split straight down the front, revealing a mind-boggling amount of cleavage. Buttons materialized and began marching down the center, disappearing over the outcropping of her bust and continuing downwards. Lower down she felt her pants shift, rising to form a knee-length skirt. She frowned as she studied her outfit. It looked like a very practical work uniform, but for where and why she was wearing it, she didn't know.

Eventually, Emily's breasts stopped growing. "That's it," Catherine said with a smile. "What do you think of them?"

Emily stared at her breasts in awe and a little fear. "They're so big," she said hefting them. "And heavy too."

"Of course," Catherine laughed. "That's what you wanted."

"Wow, do they even make bras this big?" Emily quickly checked to see that she was, indeed, wearing a very sturdy-looking bra underneath her work shirt.

"Not off-the-rack," answered Catherine. "You, my dear, have all your bras custom made."

"Those are expensive," remarked Emily. Her hands hadn't left her breasts.

Catherine grinned at Emily's antics. "That would explain the waitress uniform." At Emily's blank look she continued, "Apparently you support your need for... well, *support*, by working. Probably at a

diner, since most restaurants won't hire a girl as well-endowed as you now are."

"When did I start working?" asked a puzzled Emily. "I remember talking to Mom about it when I was fifteen, but we never decided when, or if, I should start."

"This is a result of the spell. It changes things slightly so that you grew up with those boobs. Everyone who sees you on a regular basis will remember you growing them normally. You will always remember why and how you got them but you will also remember the altered past. It will take a little time before everything comes to you though."

Emily was starting to realize how much her life had changed. "That's just great," she said. "So, what am I supposed to do now?"

"I think she knows what you're going to do next," Catherine said as she pointed through the glass door of the shop to a girl about Emily's age who was pacing back and forth in the mall with a worried look on her face. She was wearing the exact same type of waitress uniform as Emily. "It looks like she's waiting on you. You probably should hurry out before she leaves."

"Yeah. Yeah, I guess I better," said Emily as she turned towards the door.

"Just pay the twenty dollars before you leave."

Emily fished two tens out of her purse and handed them to Catherine. "Here," she said. "Thanks."

"Your welcome! And be sure to come back if you need anything else."



Catherine smiled as Emily left the shop. The young woman didn't know what she had gotten herself into, or just how much her life had already been touched by magic. After all, it wasn't often a girl as young as Emily's sister grew such large breasts in the first place. It was a



shame really, how easy it was to manipulate these simple mortals.

Speaking of simple... she thought as she looked over at Suzie and frowned. The girl still hadn't stopped rubbing her breasts. Catherine snapped her fingers, and the jeweled ring on her finger disappeared in a cloud of smoke.

“Miss Catherine, no!” Suzie wailed as she clutched her shrinking breasts. She threw herself on the ground in front of the goddess, her tits deflating until they were smaller even than their original size. “Please leave me something,” she begged. “I'll be good.”

“You went too far,” snapped Catherine. “You almost scared her off! Why did you pick that particular ring? You knew what it would do to you!” She stared as Suzie trembled. “You will stay that size until I say otherwise. Now get up and clean the store.”

Suzie jumped up and started cleaning, eager to avoid any more punishment. Catherine smiled and shook her head. From time to time, she would take on a slave girl like Suzie for amusement and to do various menial tasks. That and she needed someone to test out new magic spells on. Suzie proved to be especially eager, but she needed to learn some self control if she was ever going to help the goddess sell her products and become more powerful.

Chapter 2

Emily exited the shop in a daze. *Did that really just happen? Did I really grow a giant pair of breasts in a few seconds?* Looking down she felt somewhat surprised to see the two massive twin globes quivering slightly with each step she took.

“What *took* you so long?” the girl standing before her demanded, dressed in the same type of waitress uniform as Emily. Emily recognized that it was Amy Kanton, a girl she went to school with but didn't know all that well.

“Um... hey Amy,” she weakly said.

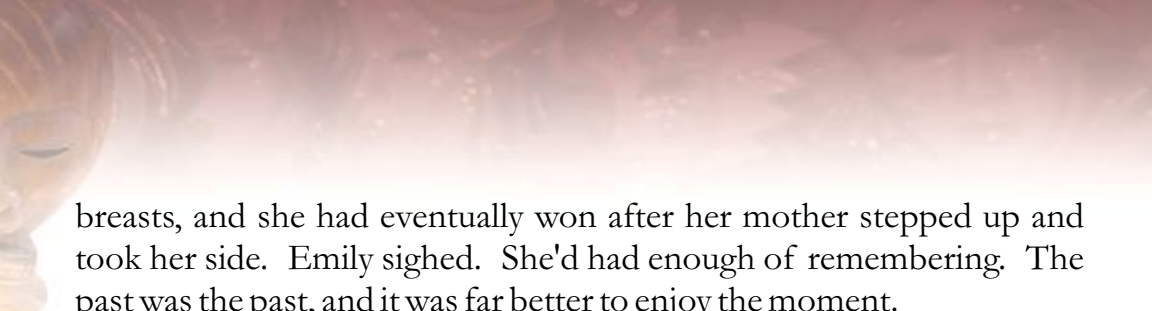
“Don't 'Hey Amy' me. Do you want to be late?”

Emily frowned in thought. What was she going to be late for? She gasped as the memory surfaced. She and Amy had been called in to work extra today at Joe's Diner. “Shit! I'm sorry Amy.”

“What were you doing in there anyway?” Amy asked as they started walking.

“Nothing really,” Emily answered. She briefly thought about trying to explain the fact that her breasts had just grown twenty cup sizes in the last five minutes, but realized that would take too long, and she'd probably just sound crazy. She wouldn't have believed it herself if it wasn't for the very heavy evidence hanging from her chest.

They chatted as they walked through the mall heading for the exit, but Emily wasn't paying much attention to what they were saying. She was thinking about her and Amy. As new memories surfaced, she realized they had become friends since she started growing in the fourth grade. Emily recalled with some amusement that she had been the first girl in her class to need a *real* bra. She and Amy had grown closer as her breasts grew larger, until eventually they had become best friends. Wherever one went, the other was close behind. They even started work together at the same restaurant, shortly after Emily had gotten her driver's license at sixteen. She and Emily took turns car-pooling to work so they could save on gas. She suddenly remembered a huge argument with her father about whether it was safe enough to drive with her large



breasts, and she had eventually won after her mother stepped up and took her side. Emily sighed. She'd had enough of remembering. The past was the past, and it was far better to enjoy the moment.

As she walked, Emily found to her delight that she enjoyed the bounce and sway of her bountiful bust. Everyone within sight was looking at her. Some people stopped and stared, while others pretended to look away whenever she looked at them. The attention made her feel like a celebrity, and she knew at once that she loved it. Most of the men, and even some of the women, were giving her appreciative looks. She didn't let the glares and envious stares from most of the women get to her she had been one of those women not too long ago, and it felt good to finally be on the other end for a change. It was a strange experience. Having large, no, enormous breasts and having memories of being envious of those who were larger than her. Taking it all together, she decided she liked the “new her” and the feeling of power it gave her.

When they got out to the parking lot, Emily had a brief moment of panic because her car wasn't where she'd left it, but then she remembered she had ridden with Amy today. "So how come we got called in to work today?" asked Emily, trying to start a conversation.

"Jane called in sick and Melissa couldn't find a baby sitter."

"Is Jane all right?" Emily had a flash of a pregnant woman with short brown hair.

Amy shrugged. "Yeah. Mr. Teinton said that she had an upset stomach and there was no one else to call." She gave Emily a look as they got in the car. "Not that he was upset. He'll make a killing once the truckers tell everybody that *you're* working today."

Emily blushed. "Don't say things like that," she said. "You think everyone only comes in because I got big tits."

"You *do* have big tits," Amy replied as she started the car. "I wish my breasts were half as big as yours."

"You have nice breasts, Amy. They're cute and perky. Not big and heavy like mine."

"Mine may be cute and perky, but they're not the ones people talk about," said Amy. She shot Emily a lustful look. "Besides, I *want* big and heavy. C-cups aren't enough."

Emily caught the look Amy threw her and felt a flutter in her stomach. She had always kept it a secret that she was attracted to girls, and she thought Amy was rather cute with her petite body and never-ending positive attitude. But in her old memories, when Emily had invited Amy over to her house on occasion, she had never paid much attention to her and instead was always sneaking peaks at her younger sister Lisa. Apparently Amy had some fascination with girls who had large breasts. Now that Emily was the one with the larger breasts, Amy was attracted to her. In a way, it upset her that Amy wasn't any better than most boys.

"Do people really talk about me?" she asked, changing the subject.

"Yeah. It's mostly crude remarks," said Amy. "Some lustful ones of course. Most of the women either feel jealous of you or feel sorry for you and want to know when you're getting a reduction."

"What?!" shouted Emily. "I don't want a reduction! I *like* my boobs. They're a part of me and I wouldn't change them in any way." Blushing, Emily was just as surprised by her outburst as Amy.

"Well then... how about bigger?" Amy slyly asked.

"Ummm."

Amy laughed.



Emily was surprised at the size of Joe's Diner. It was a lot bigger than the one in her memories. Then she had a mental flash. She had started working there just after her 16th birthday, and just a few months later Mr. Teinton added a new dining area to the building, something he had wanted to do for years. She found herself comfortable working as a waitress. The people were friendly and the regulars kept the first-

timers from getting too friendly with her. The other waitresses were nice and didn't resent the attention she was getting. Of course, that could be from the increase in tips they were all getting.

Some of the more adventurous customers even asked how she liked having such a large chest, and Emily found she loved talking to people about her breasts. Some women she talked to were considering getting implants. She didn't encourage them, but she didn't discourage



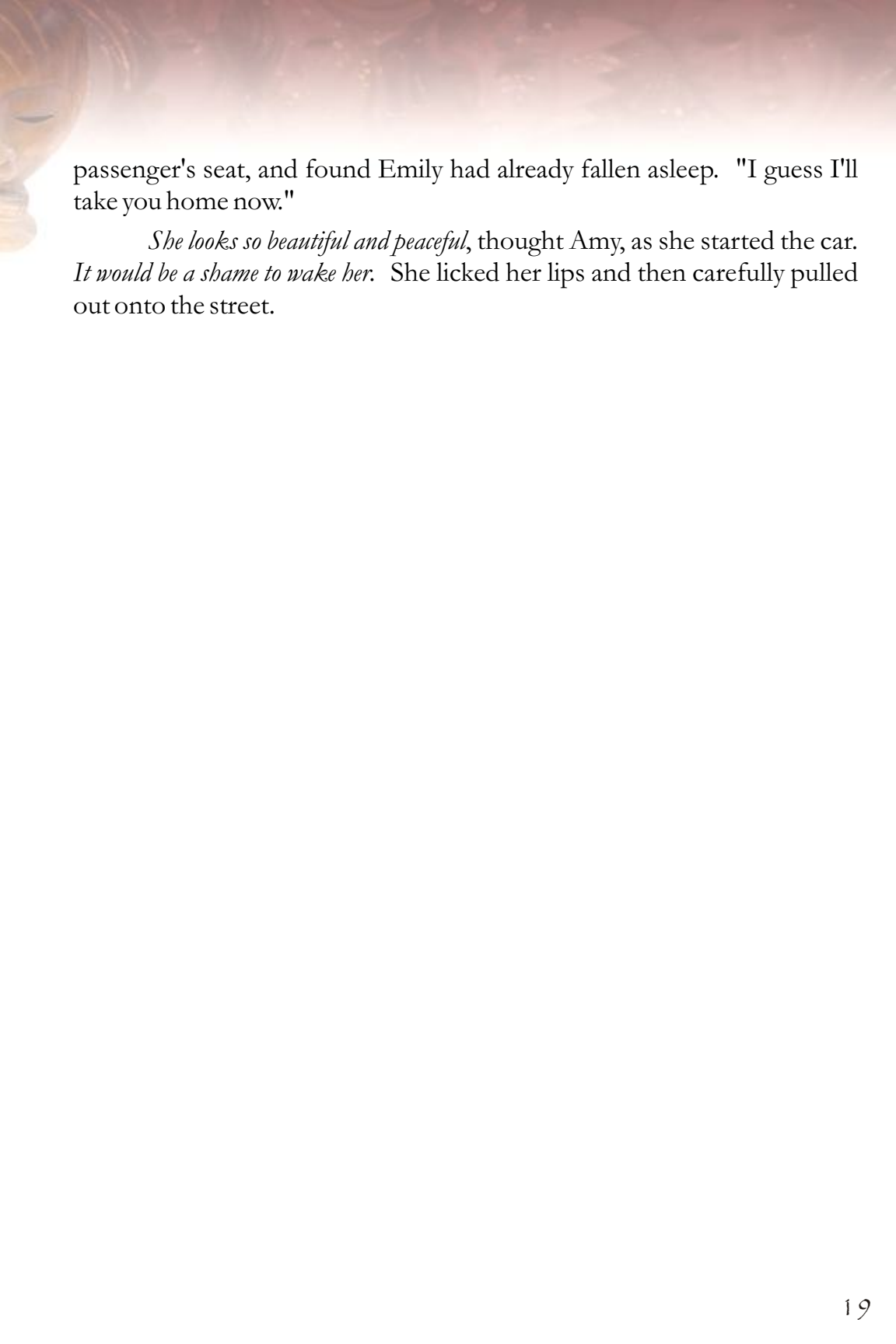
them either. She just told them how she felt that she enjoyed having such large boobs, that she didn't mind the stares and comments, even when some women shouted at her, telling her that she was a disgrace to women everywhere and that she needed to have a reduction.

On the whole, being a waitress was fun, but it was also lot harder than she imagined. There was so much walking and running around. Half the time, she thought people ordered stuff just so they could watch her walk. It didn't bother her too much when the men did it, she expected that. They *were* men, after all. It was the women who creeped her out. They didn't just watch her, they *evaluated* her. They made guesses if her boobs were real, how much they weighed, and how she could even walk. It was nothing she hadn't heard before, just not from grown women.

She was getting a fortune in tips. She remembered what an older waitress had told her, "The bigger the tits, the bigger the tip!" and most people seemed determined to prove that adage true. Sometimes they tipped thirty, forty, or even fifty percent of the bill, so that after a few hours Emily was carrying around so many wads of cash in her pockets that she was running out of places to put it. When she tried to share the money with the other waitresses, they declined, telling her to save it for more bras.

Before she knew it, it was time to go, and Emily left the diner with a curious mix of sadness and relief. She sighed as she got in Amy's car. It felt good to get off her feet. Checking to see that no one was looking, she quickly unbuttoned her shirt and slipped off her bra, noting with a snort that the label read "38QQQ." Placing it on the floorboard, she groaned. The muscles in her back were sore and her shoulders had been aching all evening. She wouldn't have believed that breasts, of all things, could be so heavy. Now she knew why most larger women complained about back problems. All she wanted to do was sit and rest. Even the seatbelt, which smooshed her right breast uncomfortably as she pulled it into the buckle, didn't bother her. She laid her head back and closed her eyes.

"God, I can't believe how busy we were," sighed Amy, getting into the car. Emily didn't move. "Especially you. I think the guys called all their friends when they realized you were working today." She glanced over to the



passenger's seat, and found Emily had already fallen asleep. "I guess I'll take you home now."

She looks so beautiful and peaceful, thought Amy, as she started the car. *It would be a shame to wake her.* She licked her lips and then carefully pulled out onto the street.

Chapter 3

Emily woke with a start. At first she didn't know where she was or what was going on. There was a huge weight pulling at her chest, and the inside of both breasts were rubbing against each other. But that couldn't be. She didn't have boobs big enough cause these kinds of sensations. She looked down to see what was going on, and there, in front of her face, were two of the largest boobs she'd ever seen. A suddenly feeling of panic washed over her.

Amy's chuckle snapped Emily out of her wide-eyed stare. "That must have been some dream," she said. "I've never seen anybody wake up like that."

"Like what?" she asked.

"Like you couldn't believe your tits were real," answered Amy. "Most girls I know would be happy to wake up with boobs half the size of yours."

"Well, ah..." Emily looked around for something to talk about. It was then she realized they were in her driveway. "How long have we been sitting here?"

"About five minutes."

"Why didn't you wake me?" Emily took off her seat belt and struggled to get out of the car. "You could've been on your way home."

"You looked so cute and peaceful sleeping there," came the answer. "I just didn't have the heart to wake you."

Emily blinked at Amy. "You think I'm cute?" she asked.

"W-where did you get that idea?"

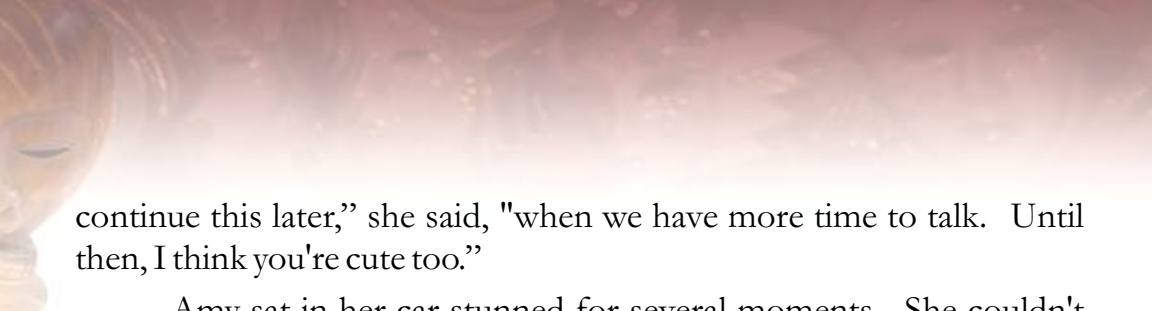
"You just said I'm cute. Do you really think so?"

Amy's face had turned red. "I guess so. I haven't really thought about it. With all those boys chasing you and stuff."

"And just how many of them have caught me?"

"I don't know," whispered Amy.

"I think you do," said Emily, as she got out of the car. "We'll



continue this later,” she said, “when we have more time to talk. Until then, I think you're cute too.”

Amy sat in her car stunned for several moments. She couldn't believe that Emily had actually flirted with her. Sure, she only said she was cute, but that was more than she said about any boy. Shaking her head she started her car and drove home.

As Emily walked toward her house, her mind was full of conflicting emotions. She couldn't believe what she just did. *It has to be the boobs*, she decided. She hadn't done or said anything like that before, so it had to be that, right? Well, it was too late to change things now even if she hadn't been attracted the girl for the last three years. She sighed, opening the door to her house.

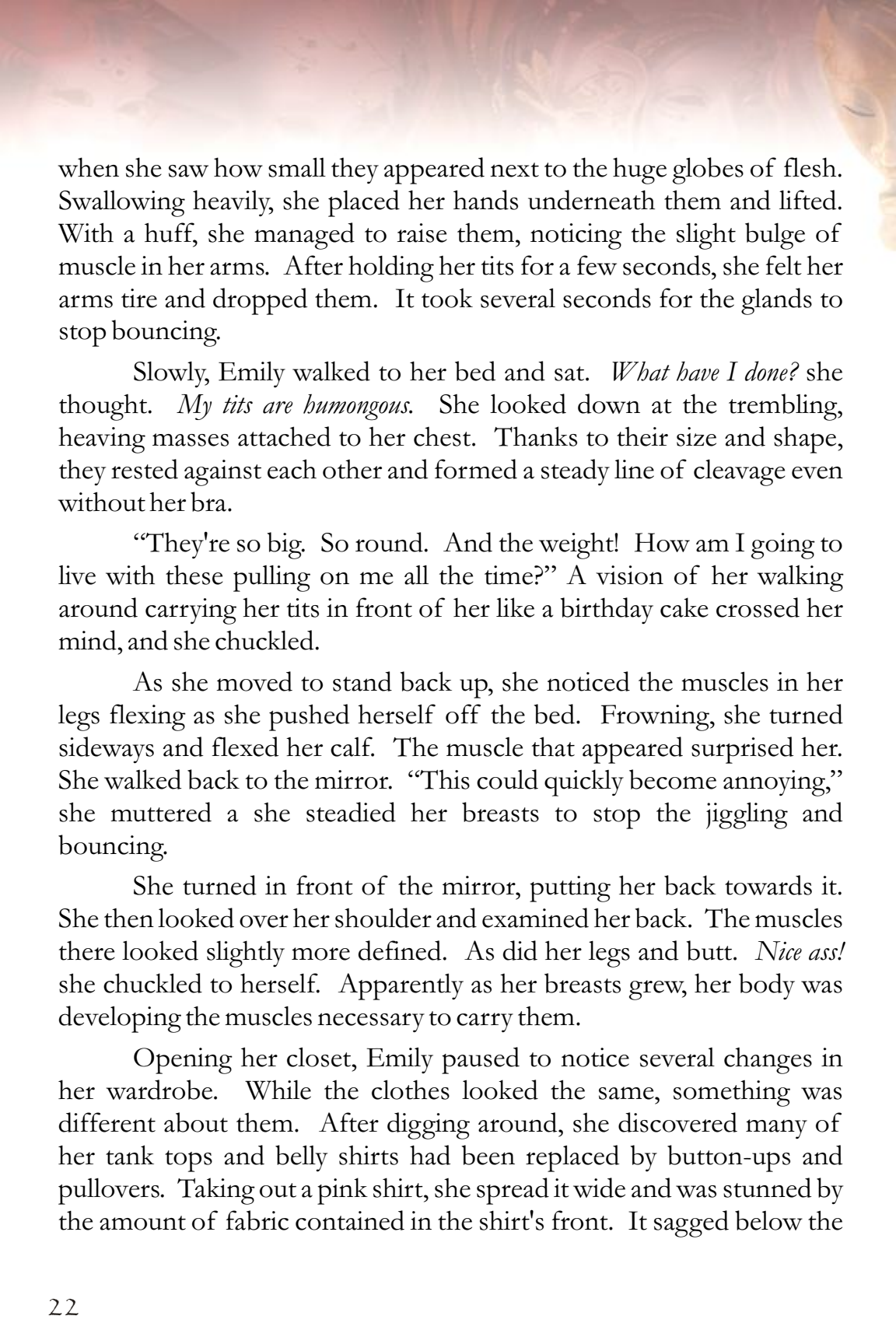
“Is that you Emily?” called her mom. “Dinner's ready if you're hungry.”

“I'll be there in a minute, Mom,” she called back. “I just want to change into something more comfortable.” She hurried to her room, so happy to be home that she completely ignored the bounce and sway of her breasts or the soreness in her back. Once in her room, she quickly stripped down to her socks and panties.

Standing in front of the mirror on her closet door, she examined her body. To her pleasant surprise, her hips, thighs and butt all seemed a little slimmer. Her waist was as firm as ever, making a dramatic change between it and her curvaceous hips.

Then her eyes rose to meet her breasts. They completely dominated her upper body. Each one was as big as her head. Starting high on her chest, they expanded both out and down, still keeping their plump, teardrop shape. They covered everything from her collarbone down to her belly button. Thrusting out proudly, they seemed to defy gravity. There was very little sag. Each breast was crowned on the end by a large, pink, puffy areola the size of a saucer, which in turn was capped by a light pink nipple as big as her thumb.

She placed her hands over the front of her breasts and paled



when she saw how small they appeared next to the huge globes of flesh. Swallowing heavily, she placed her hands underneath them and lifted. With a huff, she managed to raise them, noticing the slight bulge of muscle in her arms. After holding her tits for a few seconds, she felt her arms tire and dropped them. It took several seconds for the glands to stop bouncing.


Slowly, Emily walked to her bed and sat. *What have I done?* she thought. *My tits are humongous.* She looked down at the trembling, heaving masses attached to her chest. Thanks to their size and shape, they rested against each other and formed a steady line of cleavage even without her bra.

“They're so big. So round. And the weight! How am I going to live with these pulling on me all the time?” A vision of her walking around carrying her tits in front of her like a birthday cake crossed her mind, and she chuckled.

As she moved to stand back up, she noticed the muscles in her legs flexing as she pushed herself off the bed. Frowning, she turned sideways and flexed her calf. The muscle that appeared surprised her. She walked back to the mirror. “This could quickly become annoying,” she muttered as she steadied her breasts to stop the jiggling and bouncing.

She turned in front of the mirror, putting her back towards it. She then looked over her shoulder and examined her back. The muscles there looked slightly more defined. As did her legs and butt. *Nice ass!* she chuckled to herself. Apparently as her breasts grew, her body was developing the muscles necessary to carry them.

Opening her closet, Emily paused to notice several changes in her wardrobe. While the clothes looked the same, something was different about them. After digging around, she discovered many of her tank tops and belly shirts had been replaced by button-ups and pullovers. Taking out a pink shirt, she spread it wide and was stunned by the amount of fabric contained in the shirt's front. It sagged below the



hemline! She dropped it and grabbed another, then another, and another. All of her tops, even the few dresses she found, had changed in the same way! She couldn't believe it.

As she stood in shock, Emily's stomach growled, reminding her it was dinner time. She quickly put on a pair of baggy sweats and went to eat, leaving the mystery of her clothing for another time. On the way, she passed her sister Lisa in the hall. For a moment, Lisa looked shocked to see her, but the look passed too quickly for her to be sure.



Lisa walked back to her room and slumped on her bed, staring unhappily at her boobs. *I don't understand it*, she thought. *My breasts are still smaller than Emily's*. She knew she had used the cream that she bought from the mall yesterday. *Maybe I didn't use enough before I went to bed*, she thought sourly, thinking about what she had just witnessed in the hallway.

Ever since she could remember, Lisa envied her sister's breasts. Emily had started developing early and by her tenth birthday she was already a B-cup. After that it seemed like she was going up one cup size every month or so. Suddenly Lisa was the little sister that everybody ignored. Her mom and dad stopped paying attention to her and all they ever talked about was Emily's breasts. "What are we going to do about Emily's breasts?" and "Emily's breasts are so much bigger than her little sister's," they would say. Everyone showered her sister with attention. Attention that she wanted for herself. They didn't even notice when she got her first bra, except to breath a sigh of relief when she didn't immediately blow up like Emily. She so envied her sister that she started stealing her old bras. She hid them in the back of her closet and wore them whenever she could get away with it.


Then one day Emily had came home early and caught Lisa wearing one of her bras. That was the day everything changed. She had been terrified and embarrassed. She had stuttered and stammered,

trying to come up with an explanation. Emily just laughed and asked what she was stuffing with. Stunned, she watched as Emily started pulling piles of socks out of her bra. Emily then laughed and showed her littler sister how to stuff a bra and make it look real. She went to the bathroom and blew up two balloons with water and gave them to her. Then Emily made a deal with her. As long as Lisa didn't wear the stuffed bras where their mother could catch them, she would provide Lisa with all the bras she could ever want. The only bras Emily wouldn't let her wear, was the ones she currently fit in. Lisa had felt so embarrassed and jealous. It was then that she decided that she would do anything to have great tits like her sister, maybe even bigger so that her sister would be the one having to stuff her bra.

And then yesterday, the impossible had happened. While window shopping at the mall, she ran into a mysterious woman. She didn't know how, but this woman knew about her desire. The woman showed Lisa a cream that would supposedly make her as big as Emily. At first, she didn't want to buy it. She wasn't stupid enough to believe in breast enlargement creams. Especially creams that would keep people from noticing the sudden growth. But then that weird shop girl ate a chocolate candy, and her boobs swelled up like yeast rolls in an oven. After she saw that, she eagerly bought the cream, convinced that it was exactly what she'd always wanted.

Once home, Lisa had quickly gone to her room clutching the tube of BE cream. Her mom asked what it was, but she told her it was a new hand lotion one of her friends had recommended. In her room, she nervously took off her shirt and A-cup bra. Once she could see her naked breasts, doubts started to rise. What if it didn't work? Could she face herself in the mirror? She was already self-conscious about her butt and thighs. Did she really want to wake up to another morning of being disappointed about the shape of her body? She almost threw the tube in the trash, but a small part of her asked, what if it *did* work?

Lisa thought about it. She could see herself with larger tits. She could see herself actually filling her sister's bras with *real* tit flesh instead

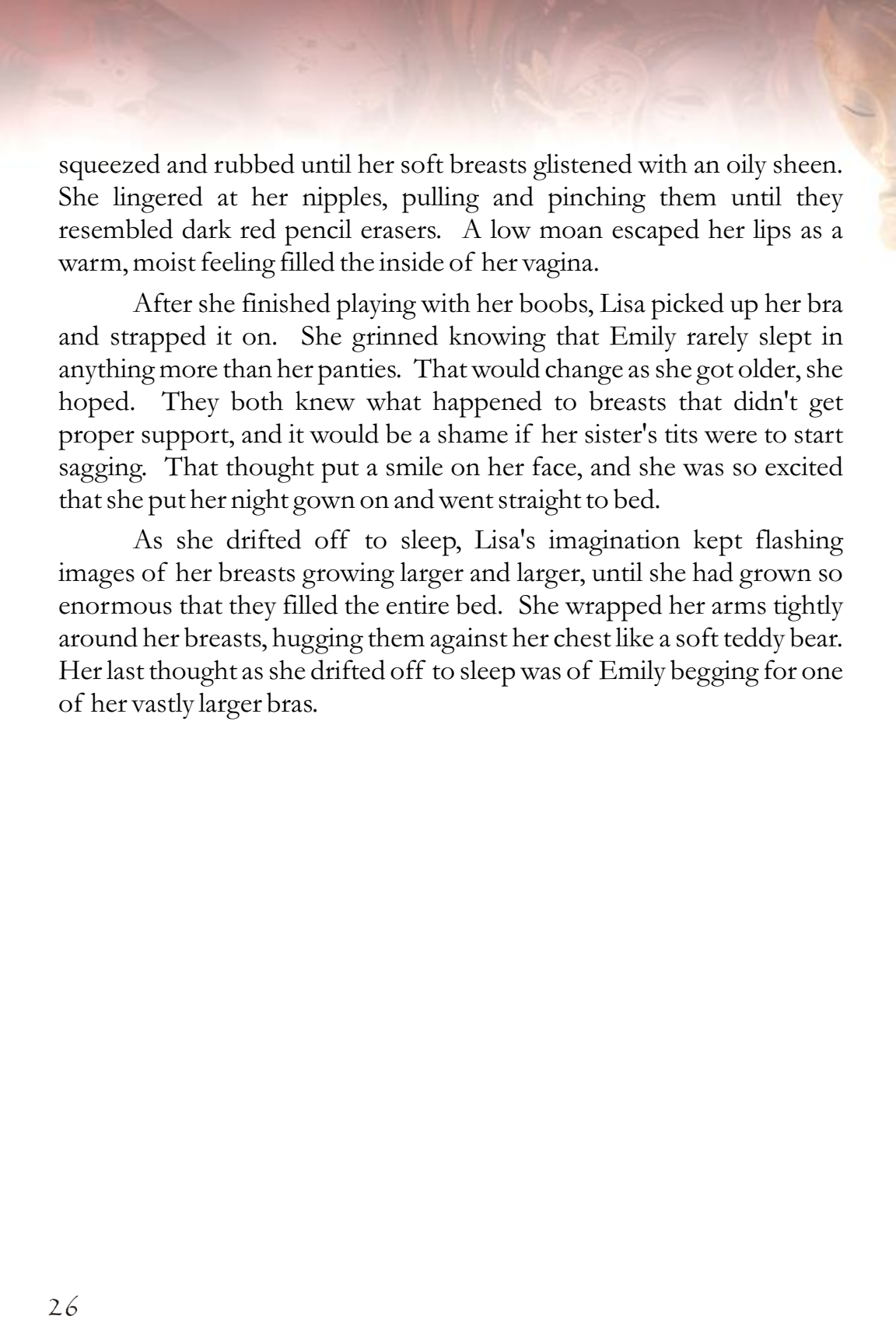


of socks or water balloons. Maybe even over-filling them. With this cream, she could do it! Quickly she uncapped the tube and squirted some in her hand. She grinned and started rubbing it in circles, gasping as the cream warmed her small, A-cup tits. The sensation caused her to moan. *This feels so good I may do this again even if it doesn't work*, she thought to herself. It was the last thought she'd had that night.

The next morning she was surprised to find a large pair of natural-looking F-cups hanging from her chest. A quick pinch proved that she wasn't dreaming. Overjoyed, she jumped out of bed. The shock of breasts actually bouncing froze her for a second. It was the first time in her life she had been large enough to actually bounce. Her new breasts sat low on her chest like her mother's, but once she put on a bra it was hardly noticeable. For some odd reason she had gained a few extra pounds in her hips and thighs. That disappointed her somewhat, but a loose pair of pants easily hid the problem and she vowed to work out later at the gym. The most amazing thing was that everybody seemed to believe she had grown normally. All together, it was really nice to be the “big” sister for a change. She spent the whole day walking with pride, drinking in all the admiring stares and comments.

That is, until she saw Emily. Now she sat in her room wondering why she had been so excited all day. Emily was *still* larger than her. Something didn't seem right about that, but she couldn't seem to place her finger on it. The fact remained, however, and there was only one thing to do about it. Lisa had to make her breasts even bigger. She went to her purse, and after searching for a moment, pulled out a large tube labeled “BE Cream.” The tube was almost completely full. Smiling broadly, Lisa eagerly took off her shirt and bra, and jumped onto her bed.

“Say goodbye to those little bras,” she told her breasts as they jiggled from her rapid movements. Opening the tube of cream, she carefully squirted out a handful, and then started spreading it evenly over her soft breasts. She made sure to cover every inch of her soft plump flesh, marveling at the smooth, silky texture of the skin. She



squeezed and rubbed until her soft breasts glistened with an oily sheen. She lingered at her nipples, pulling and pinching them until they resembled dark red pencil erasers. A low moan escaped her lips as a warm, moist feeling filled the inside of her vagina.

After she finished playing with her boobs, Lisa picked up her bra and strapped it on. She grinned knowing that Emily rarely slept in anything more than her panties. That would change as she got older, she hoped. They both knew what happened to breasts that didn't get proper support, and it would be a shame if her sister's tits were to start sagging. That thought put a smile on her face, and she was so excited that she put her night gown on and went straight to bed.

As she drifted off to sleep, Lisa's imagination kept flashing images of her breasts growing larger and larger, until she had grown so enormous that they filled the entire bed. She wrapped her arms tightly around her breasts, hugging them against her chest like a soft teddy bear. Her last thought as she drifted off to sleep was of Emily begging for one of her vastly larger bras.

Chapter 4

Emily blinked herself awake. For a minute she stared at the ceiling trying to remember what day it was. She had never liked mornings. They happened before any decent human should be awake, she believed. Eventually she remembered today was Sunday and she could go back to sleep. She yawned, rolled onto her side, and froze. Something was wrong. No, something was *different*. Something about her boobs. She hazily frowned. For once, she wished she took mornings better. Suddenly it came to her the mall, Catherine, the spell, her enlarged breasts. She sighed and relaxed. There was nothing for her to get worked up about. Eager to confirm her memories she reached for her breasts.

It was all she could do to keep the shriek of shock from escaping her mouth.

She jumped out of bed and stared down. During the night, her breasts had almost doubled in size, and now two of the largest tits she could have ever imagined bounced freely in front of her. *I'm still dreaming!* she thought frantically, slapping herself to make sure she was awake. Reaching down, she touched her breasts, feeling their solid firmness. They were massive, looking for all the world like two flesh-colored beachballs attached to her chest. They were so large that they covered the entire space from her armpits to her waist. Looking in the mirror she realized her breasts were now the widest part of her body and preceded the rest of her by a good two feet. With some relief, she realized they had kept their shape, looking like fat teardrops resting against her flat stomach. Her nipples still held their slightly upturned shape.

With some amusement, Emily realized she could barely reach her arms around the front of her breasts anymore. She ran her fingers over her areolas and huge, pink-tinged nipples, which had apparently kept pace with the rest of her breasts. Her areolas had reached the size of dessert plates, and her nipples were as large as spools of thread. She marveled at the spongy feel of the skin around them compared to the smoothness of the rest of her breasts. There were little bumps covering

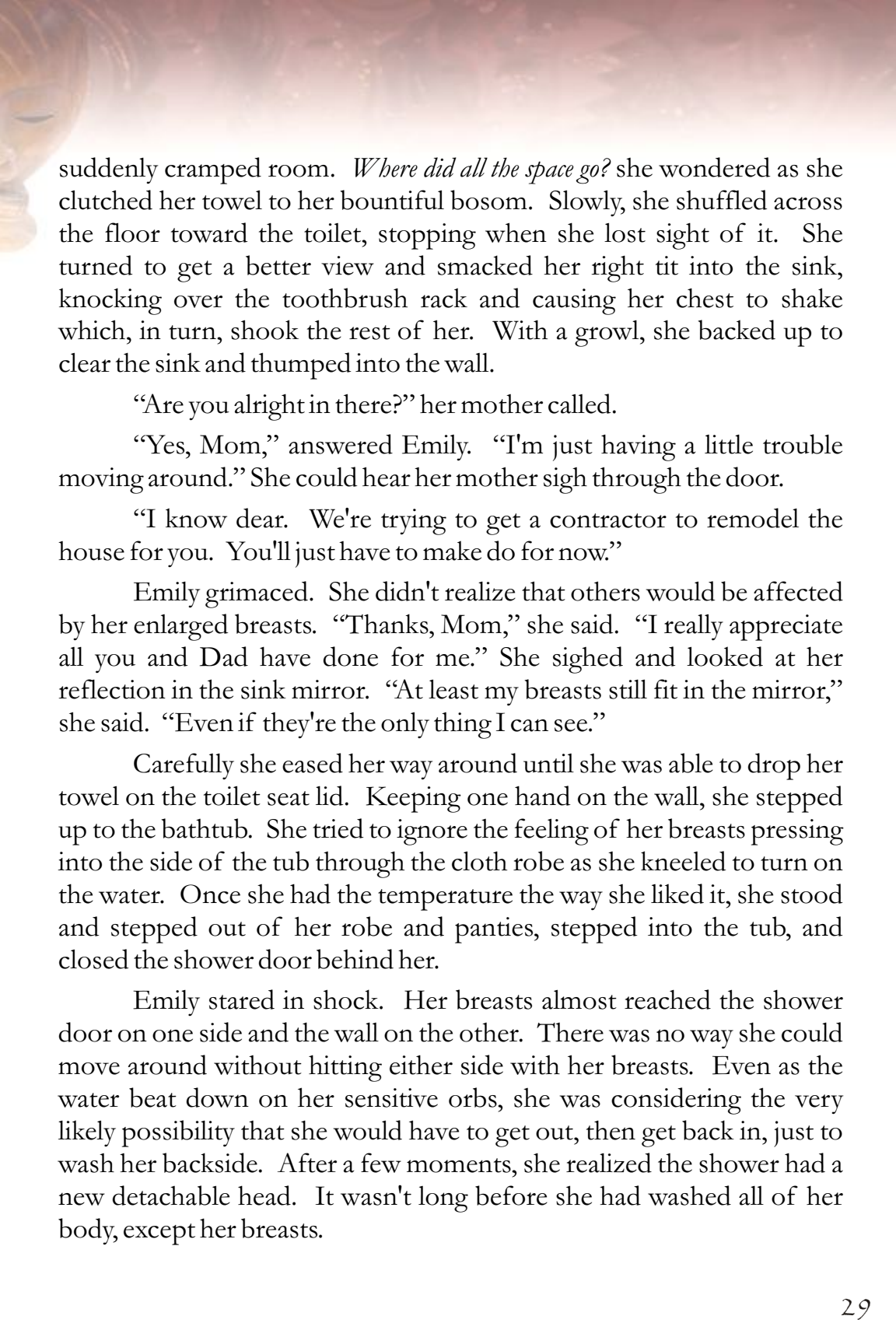
her areola, and the skin there was more sensitive than the rest of her boobs. Whenever she squeezed and let go of her nipples, they instantly puffed back out into their original shape. It was only then that she realized they had grown more than the rest of her breasts. “Puffy nipples,” she muttered, then gulped. That was the same way her nipples had felt when she first entered puberty and her breasts started growing. *Could it be that I'm still growing!?* thought Emily with a gasp of surprise.

Returning to her bed, she sat and tried to calm herself down. Why had her breasts grown overnight? Had something gone wrong with the spell? There had to be a logical reason. She quickly suppressed a giggle when she realized she was trying to be logical about *magic*. She didn't know if there was *anything* logical about magic. She rubbed her arms as she tried to figure out what to do.

The feel of muscle caused her to stare at her arms in shock. The muscle tone was now obvious on both arms. A sudden thought caused her to return to the mirror to examine the rest of her body. Her leg muscles were visibly larger. She whistled appreciatively as she studied the toned, muscled physique in front of her. Her lower body had taken on an almost Amazonian-like quality. “Oh my god,” she said, “I'm starting to look like Wonder Woman.” Her back had also added another layer of muscle, creating a shallow groove above her spine. She spread her breasts to expose the toned abs of her stomach. She definitely liked the look, but she couldn't figure out the reason for all these changes.

There was only one thing for her to do. She had to get back to the mall and speak to Catherine. That was the only person she could talk to about this. *After all, she's the one who placed this spell on me.* With her decision made, Emily put on her robe and headed for the bathroom to take a shower. After knocking one of the pictures off the wall because her new protrusions, Emily slowed her walk down. Face burning, she quickly checked to make sure nobody saw her blunder. Relieved, she quickly eased her way into the bathroom, frowning at how little clearance she had between her tits and the doorframe.

Emily leaned against the bathroom door as she stared at the



suddenly cramped room. *Where did all the space go?* she wondered as she clutched her towel to her bountiful bosom. Slowly, she shuffled across the floor toward the toilet, stopping when she lost sight of it. She turned to get a better view and smacked her right tit into the sink, knocking over the toothbrush rack and causing her chest to shake which, in turn, shook the rest of her. With a growl, she backed up to clear the sink and thumped into the wall.

“Are you alright in there?” her mother called.

“Yes, Mom,” answered Emily. “I’m just having a little trouble moving around.” She could hear her mother sigh through the door.

“I know dear. We’re trying to get a contractor to remodel the house for you. You’ll just have to make do for now.”

Emily grimaced. She didn’t realize that others would be affected by her enlarged breasts. “Thanks, Mom,” she said. “I really appreciate all you and Dad have done for me.” She sighed and looked at her reflection in the sink mirror. “At least my breasts still fit in the mirror,” she said. “Even if they’re the only thing I can see.”

Carefully she eased her way around until she was able to drop her towel on the toilet seat lid. Keeping one hand on the wall, she stepped up to the bathtub. She tried to ignore the feeling of her breasts pressing into the side of the tub through the cloth robe as she kneeled to turn on the water. Once she had the temperature the way she liked it, she stood and stepped out of her robe and panties, stepped into the tub, and closed the shower door behind her.

Emily stared in shock. Her breasts almost reached the shower door on one side and the wall on the other. There was no way she could move around without hitting either side with her breasts. Even as the water beat down on her sensitive orbs, she was considering the very likely possibility that she would have to get out, then get back in, just to wash her backside. After a few moments, she realized the shower had a new detachable head. It wasn’t long before she had washed all of her body, except her breasts.

Staring at her boobs, Emily wondered just how she was going to do this. She basically knew how to wash the rest of her body. She just had to modify it for her abundant breasts. Even so, there were several gasps as she hit either the cold wet door or the equally cold wet wall. It didn't help that they seemed to be everywhere. Whenever she bent, twisted, bowed, or reached, her breasts were there, getting in the way, frustrating her with every bounce, shimmy, and shake.

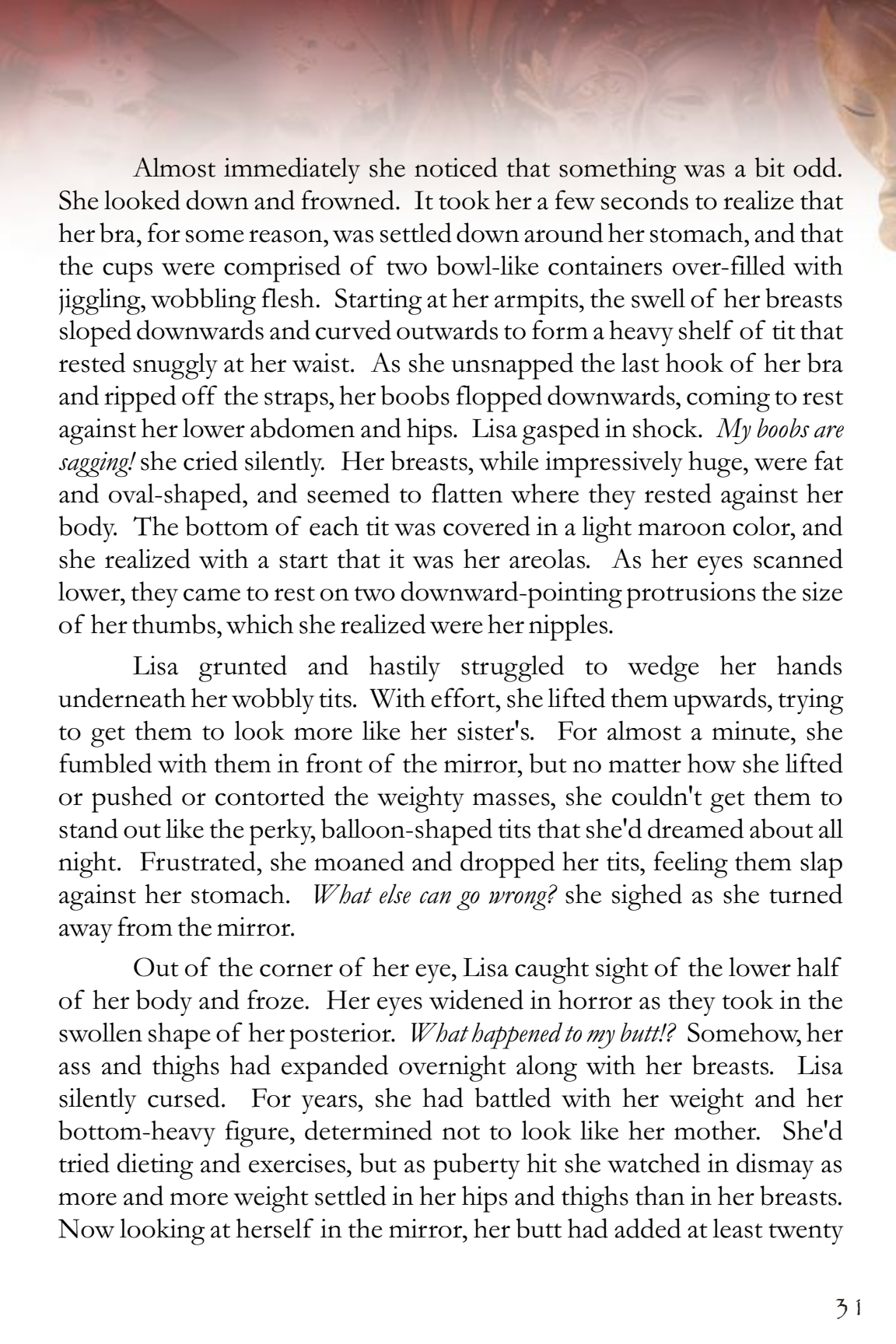
She soaped the washcloth that had been hanging under the shower head. She had been staring at it throughout her shower, wondering why it was hanging there. With one hand, she attempted to raise a water slicked tit. The breast seemed to fight her as it wiggled and wobbled out of the grasp of her soapy hand, causing its sister to do the same. The size of her boobs just made it impossible for one hand to adequately hold them.

With a frustrated growl, Emily shoved the washcloth under her breasts, soaping the sensitive skin. She made sure to rub the cloth over every inch of her breasts, slowing as she wiped her nipples. The sensations coming from her nipples were incredible, and as she lingered over them with her washcloth, she felt a warm feeling start to build slowly between her legs. It was only when her knees began to wobble that she was able to pull herself back from the brink of orgasm. *That felt really good!* she thought, blushing.

With a mischievous grin, she began soaping up the rag again.



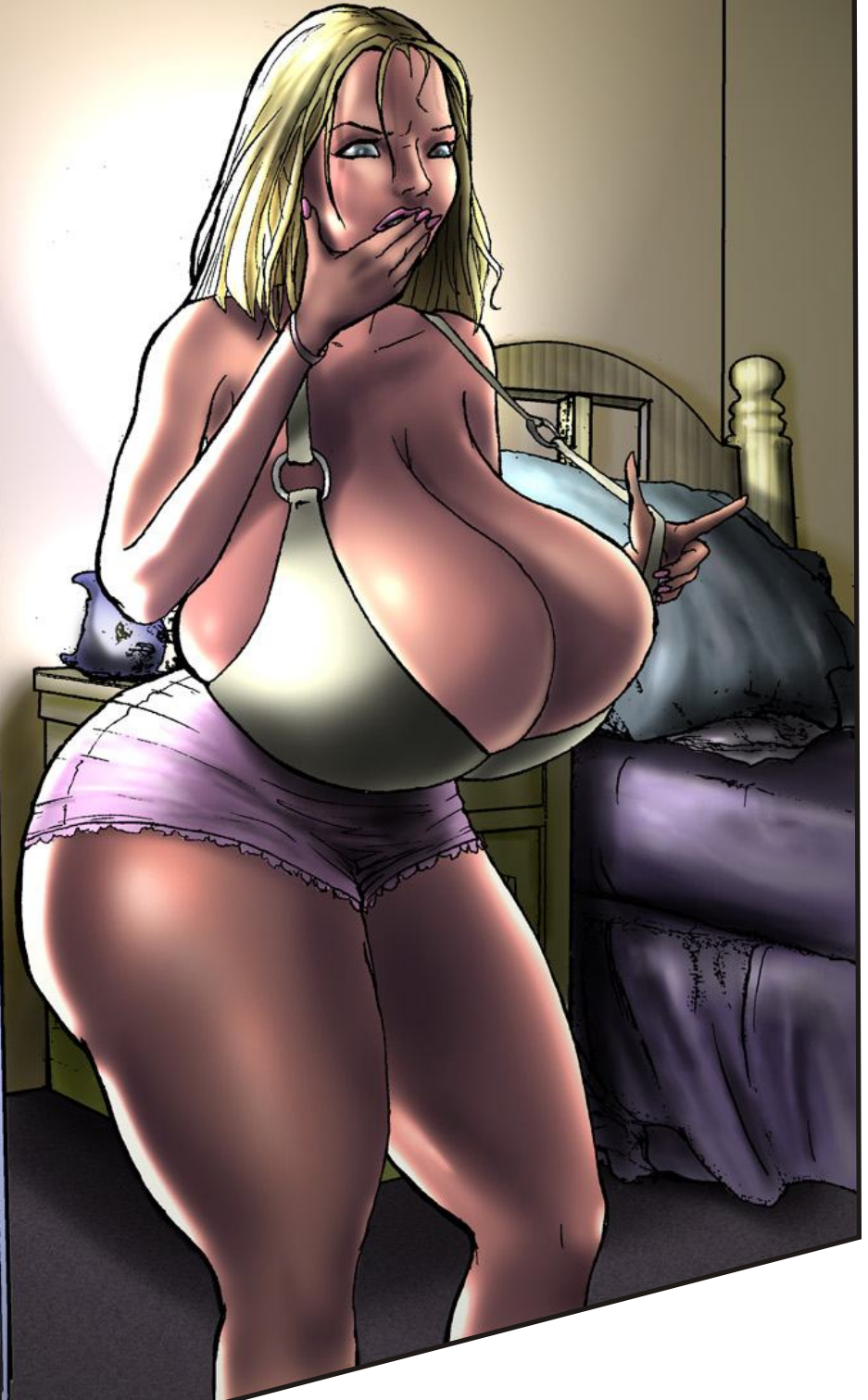
Lisa woke with a start. Her hands flew immediately to her breasts, confirming that they were larger than when she'd gone to sleep. She smiled. Today was going to be a *wonderful* day. Finally she was going to be bigger than her sister. Gleefully she got out of bed to better see her new breasts. Skipping across the room to her full-length mirror, she quickly shed her nightgown and began excitedly unsnapping the hooks of her bra.



Almost immediately she noticed that something was a bit odd. She looked down and frowned. It took her a few seconds to realize that her bra, for some reason, was settled down around her stomach, and that the cups were comprised of two bowl-like containers over-filled with jiggling, wobbling flesh. Starting at her armpits, the swell of her breasts sloped downwards and curved outwards to form a heavy shelf of tit that rested snugly at her waist. As she unsnapped the last hook of her bra and ripped off the straps, her boobs flopped downwards, coming to rest against her lower abdomen and hips. Lisa gasped in shock. *My boobs are sagging!* she cried silently. Her breasts, while impressively huge, were fat and oval-shaped, and seemed to flatten where they rested against her body. The bottom of each tit was covered in a light maroon color, and she realized with a start that it was her areolas. As her eyes scanned lower, they came to rest on two downward-pointing protrusions the size of her thumbs, which she realized were her nipples.

Lisa grunted and hastily struggled to wedge her hands underneath her wobbly tits. With effort, she lifted them upwards, trying to get them to look more like her sister's. For almost a minute, she fumbled with them in front of the mirror, but no matter how she lifted or pushed or contorted the weighty masses, she couldn't get them to stand out like the perky, balloon-shaped tits that she'd dreamed about all night. Frustrated, she moaned and dropped her tits, feeling them slap against her stomach. *What else can go wrong?* she sighed as she turned away from the mirror.

Out of the corner of her eye, Lisa caught sight of the lower half of her body and froze. Her eyes widened in horror as they took in the swollen shape of her posterior. *What happened to my butt!?* Somehow, her ass and thighs had expanded overnight along with her breasts. Lisa silently cursed. For years, she had battled with her weight and her bottom-heavy figure, determined not to look like her mother. She'd tried dieting and exercises, but as puberty hit she watched in dismay as more and more weight settled in her hips and thighs than in her breasts. Now looking at herself in the mirror, her butt had added at least twenty



pounds, so that it was now the most prominent feature of her body. *At least mom's still bigger*, she thought, running her hands over the sides of her bulging hips.

A knock on the door, startled Lisa out of her self examination. "Lisa," her mother called. "As soon as your sister gets out you need to take a shower and get dressed. We'll be leaving for your Aunt Ruth's soon."

"Aunt Ruth's?" Lisa asked with dread. The last time she had been there was two years ago, at which time Aunt Ruth had unloaded a pile of hatred and spite on Emily. She looked down at her own immense breasts. How was Aunt Ruth going to react when she saw how large she was now?

"Don't worry," her mother called from the other side of the door, "If she's as bad as last time, you can go outside. I'm sure you and your cousins will have plenty to talk about."

"Yeah," she answered as she looked at her cleavage. "We'll have a *lot* to talk about."

Fifteen minutes later, Lisa was standing outside the bathroom she and Emily shared. Staring down at the enormous outcropping inside her gown, she realized that at least one good thing had come out of this morning. Today she was finally bigger than her sister. *I can't wait to see Emily's face when she comes out and sees how much bigger I am than her*, she thought, getting anxious. Even though Lisa didn't have as good of figure as her sister it was satisfying to realize that she was at least going to hold the title of biggest tits in the house. Unfortunately, after waiting for several minutes more at the door, her sister *still* hadn't come out, and her back was starting to ache from holding her boobs up. *What the heck is she doing in there?* Lisa thought angrily, starting to lose her patience.

After repeated threats and beating against it, the door to the bathroom finally swung open. Lisa quickly straightened and puffed out her chest. She opened her mouth to greet her sister, but uttered no sound.

Emily's breasts *emerged* from the bathroom, causing Lisa to almost fall over backwards in disbelief. The balloon-shaped breasts tumbled and bounced jubilantly, distorting the terry-cloth robe as they squeezed through the narrow doorway.

“Morning Lisa,” Emily said. “Bathroom's all yours.” She barely noticed Lisa's shocked stare as she squeezed past. “I'll be glad when the contractors finally widen the doors. Be glad yours aren't as big as mine.”

Lisa slowly shook her head as she watched Emily walk away. She couldn't believe it. It just didn't make sense. After using the breast expansion cream twice, she *still* wasn't a match for her sister. Even from behind, Emily's breasts could be seen merrily bouncing up and down with each step she took. Lisa opened her robe and looked down at her own breasts, frowning. They looked so small now. In vain, she put her hands underneath her boobs and lifted, trying to get them to look like Emily's. But the only thing she did was create an impossible row of cleavage. Even pushed up, her boobs were noticeably smaller than her sister's.

"Lisa."


She jumped and her breasts slipped from her hands. She turned to face her mother who asked, “What are you doing standing out there?”

“I... I just realized how much bigger Emily is than me,” answered Lisa, truthfully.

Her mother raised an eyebrow. “You're not exactly what I'd call little,” she told her.

Lisa blushed and adjusted her robe. It couldn't be easy for her mom to be living with two such incredibly busty girls who didn't know when to stop growing. “I know but mine droop,” she said with a pout. “Emily's are...”

“I know, Dear,” her mom interrupted, taking on a motherly tone. “Some girls are just built differently, even sisters. Emily takes after your father's side of the family, while you take after mine. Your breasts look just like mine did when I was pregnant with you and your sister, and your



father was all over them.” She ignored Lisa's quiet gagging noises. “It's nothing to be ashamed about. You should be proud of the way you look. If god wanted us all to look the same...”

“Geez Mom, I know,” Lisa griped. “It's just...”

“Don't let it bother you, honey. Besides, your sister's not going with us today, and this might be the last time we visit Ruth. If she hasn't changed in the last year, we're not going back. So, get in there and take your shower.”

Feeling miserable, Lisa entered the bathroom. She'd heard the “you're special” speech only about a hundred times from her mother. All it meant was, “Emily's bigger so you should get used to it.” *I should have used more cream last night*, she told herself as she stripped out of her robe and jumped in the shower. *If I woke up with the boobs I wanted, none of this would be happening.*

Then a thought occurred to her. *But what if I try again?* Her mind worked feverishly as she soaped her breasts up in the shower. If she hurried, she could get back to her room and use the cream again before going to Aunt Ruth's. Then she could fall asleep in the car, and when she woke up everything would be fixed. *One more use of the cream and I'll definitely be bigger than Emily. Then she can get a taste of being the little sister and see how she likes it.*



Emily sneezed as she entered her room. *Ug, where did that come from?* she thought, wiping her nose. Stripping her robe off, she began looking for some clothes to wear, starting with a bra. After pulling out all her drawers, she finally found one hanging in her closet. Trying to figure out why it was there with her other clothes, she pulled it out and opened it. Mutely, she held the garment out in front of her and shuddered. Instead of the silky, lacy undergarments she was used to, her bra had turned into a scary-looking white contraption full of hooks and straps. Hesitantly, she drew the bra closer, searching for a label.

The only thing on it was a name and size.

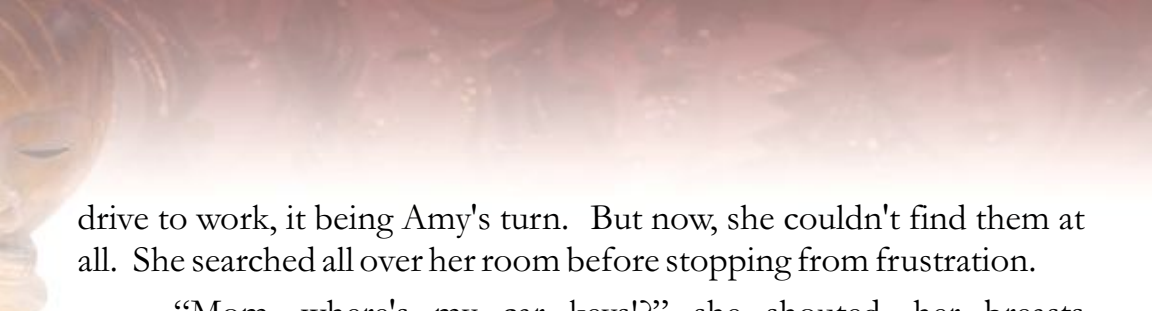
“Kingly 38XLVII,” she read aloud. Her face twisted as she tried to make the sense of the cryptic label. Apparently the person who made her custom bras had invented some weird sizing system to deal with her ever-growing tits. Bit by bit, a face to match the name on the bra's label came into her mind. Mrs. Kingly, a nice elderly woman who made her bras about once every two months since she was eleven.

After five minutes and several entanglements, Emily finally figured out how to put the bra on. It was only then that she realized that it was several sizes too small. Her mountainous breasts bulged out from the top, sides, and bottom off the bra. She gave a nervous laugh as she took it off and dove back in the closet to find one that fit. After several more minutes she finally found one that was only a little snug.

Not feeling like dressing up, she selected a pair of shorts and a lavender top and set them out on her bed. Then she pulled a pair of socks out of her drawer and went to put them on. After several attempts at bending down, she frowned as she realized she should have waited to put on her bra. Her hands stopped several inches from her feet, and no matter how hard she tried, she couldn't bend far enough to put on her socks without falling over or burying her face in her tits.

Sighing, she took off her bra and put on her socks. After a pause, she pulled on her shorts too, just to be sure. Then she put her bra back on and pulled the shirt over her head. She was shocked at how well the shirt fit her waist after struggling to stretch it over the vast expanse of her bosom. She gasped when she turned to regard her reflection in the mirror. Emily hadn't noticed, but the blouse she had chosen had a low scoop neck, and now she was sporting more than a foot of cleavage. Peeking under the collar, she discovered that what she was showing wasn't even half of what she *could*. With a sigh, she decided against changing tops and went to leave.

Grabbing for her car keys, Emily paused. They had disappeared. She knew she had left them on her dresser yesterday. Sure, she didn't



drive to work, it being Amy's turn. But now, she couldn't find them at all. She searched all over her room before stopping from frustration.

“Mom, where's my car keys!?” she shouted, her breasts reverberating with the vibrations in her lungs.

“What?!” Emily heard a sound like a book being dropped, and then feet stomping as her father came marching angrily into the room. “Did you get a car without telling us?” he demanded.

“Huh? No, Dad. You bought me that beige Corolla for my sixteenth birthday. Don't you remember?”

Emily's father looked at her like she'd just sprouted a third breast. “Young lady, did you fall out of bed and hit your head this morning? We bought that car for Amy.”

“But...!”

Emily stopped to think. Slowly, a memory surfaced. By the time she had turned sixteen her breasts had grown so large that she was having trouble fitting behind the wheel. She had passed driver's Ed just barely, but her parents were against letting her drive because they were worried she'd hurt herself. After month-long argument, her father had finally told her that if she could pass her drivers test, he would buy her a car. Emily failed her test horribly, almost running over a cat and then plowing through someone's lawn before knocking over a tree. After a week of crying, her parents caved and got together with Amy's parents. They bought Amy a car with the provision that she would drive Emily to wherever she needed to go as long as Amy didn't have any place she needed to be. Amy jumped at the chance, and had been driving Emily ever since.

“Right...” said Emily. “Sorry, Dad.”

Her father gave her one of his suffering parent looks, and shuffled back out of the room.

Still, I have to find a way to get to the mall, she thought. She couldn't think of another way. She had to call Amy.

Emily entered the hallway just in time to see Lisa running out of the bathroom. *What's the rush?* she wondered. *Oh that's right. They're going to visit Aunt Ruth today.* At the thought of Aunt Ruth, Emily had a sudden flash of two conflicting memories. One of a nice, motherly aunt who coddled her nieces and gave them wonderful presents for Christmas and birthdays every year, and then, a completely different Aunt Ruth who went totally nuts about the size of her nieces' breasts every time she saw them. The last visit had resulted in a lot of yelling and shouting about the way her parents were raising their two children. A particularly stinging insult was hurled at Emily, and her parents promised her afterwards that she could stay home the next time they went.

Entering the front room, she walked over and picked up the phone. Now, if only Amy was awake. It rang twice before it was answered.

"Hello?"

"Hello, Mrs. Kanton," she said. "It's me, Emily."

"Good morning Emily," Mrs. Kanton replied. "I bet you're looking for Amy."


"Yes, I am. Could you put her on, please? That is, if she's awake."

Mrs. Kanton chuckled. "Don't worry. Amy wouldn't miss a call from you for anything. But isn't it a little early for your bra appointment?"

Emily recalled that she did have an appointment later today to pick up some new bras from Mrs. Kingly. "Yes, I'm still going," she answered, embarrassed. "There's an errand I'd like to run before that."

"Sure. I'll put her on."

It wasn't long before Emily heard Amy's voice. "Emily?" she asked. "Mom said you wanted to talk to me. Is there something wrong?"



"Nothing's wrong," Emily answered. "I was just wondering if you had anything to do before you took me to get my new bras."

"No, I don't have anything planned." Emily could hear the smile in Amy's voice. "Where do you want to go?"

"Just to the mall. I need to see someone."

"Oh," said Amy, a hint of jealousy entering her voice. Emily wondered for a moment why Amy would sound upset, until she remembered they had revealed to each other a few months ago that they both liked girls. Ever since then they had been flirting with each other almost constantly.

"It's not like that," laughed Emily. "I swear, you're way too jealous. Remember the shop I went to, yesterday? I need to see the woman who owns it, Catherine. I'm having some problems with an item I bought there and need to return it." *Rather two items*, she thought with a smile.

"Sorry. You know how I get when I think I have to share those wonderful tits."

"Well I'm sorry, but you'll just have to share them with one other person."

"What! Who?"

"Me!" Emily rolled her eyes. "They're *my* boobs you know? You can't do anything with them without my say so. And I won't let you play with them if you don't get your ass over here and take me to the mall."

"I'll be right over," chirped Amy before hanging up.

Emily stared at the phone a moment before hanging up. Did she really act like a tease to Amy? Ever since her boobs had started growing, their relationship was getting more and more involved. If her breasts grew any more, she and Amy might even be girlfriends with each other.

That'd be pretty nice, she thought. In a daze, she sat and watched the TV, absently stroking the sides of her breasts.




After her shower, Lisa rushed back to her room and shut the door. Quickly she threw off her robe and grabbed the tube of BE cream from her purse and hopped onto her bed. She grimaced as her breasts settled and spread across her lap. From watching Emily walk, she knew her breasts were not as firm as her sister's. Nor were they as full. But she hoped this time would be different. Maybe they would change from the long, droopy shape into the firm round shape she so desired. She quickly opened the tube and squirted some of the cream onto her breasts. After a few seconds hesitation, she squirted a little more onto each boob, leaving the tube about three quarters full.

Dropping the cream back in her purse, Lisa quickly started rubbing it into her fat and floppy breasts. As she pressed her fingers into the soft, pliant flesh, it reminded her slightly of warm bread dough. Her tits swelled and stretched as she pressed them outwards in long, kneading motions. She shuddered as her fingers reached her bumpy areolas and her huge nipples. The skin there was extremely sensitive, and her nipples puffed and extended outwards as she tenderly rubbed and pulled at them. Throwing her head back, a low moan escaped her lips. *God, I can't get over how sensitive they are.*

Before she could lose herself in the sensation, there was a knock on the door. "Lisa," her mom called. "Hurry up. We're going to be late."

Blushing for some unknown reason, Lisa quickly finished rubbing the cream into her breasts and reached for her bra. As she straightened it, the tag caught her attention. Even knowing she was going to outgrow it, she couldn't help looking at the size. "42Z," she read. "I'm huge... and I'm about to get even bigger!" She slipped the bra under her tits, hooked the straps, and then lifted her breasts into the cups. It took several minutes to re-fasten the long row of hooks behind her back. Afterwards, she couldn't help but give a big shake and watch her breasts ripple and shimmy in the mirror. The effect was mesmerizing, and Lisa smiled appreciatively.

Once the action had slowed, she opened her closet to pick out



something to wear. With a slight shock, Lisa realized that almost all of her clothes were gone, and had been replaced by a new, larger wardrobe. She found a pair of old jeans that used to be her favorite, but then realized that she had gained too much weight to fit into them anymore. *I'll be able to wear them again after I go on a diet*, she thought as she put them back. After searching in the closet, she finally settled on a low-cut sleeveless shirt and a pair of khaki pants which she thought might draw attention away from her enlarged rear.

After pulling on the shirt, she realized with amusement that the sides of her tits were showing through the arm-holes, and a luscious but modest amount of cleavage showed in the front. She playfully thought about leaving a few of the buttons undone in order to draw more attention to her breasts. After a quick peek in the mirror to make sure everything looked right, she grabbed her purse and headed for the door. She smiled knowing the trip would be short for her, as she would be asleep for most of it.

Chapter 5

The Strombels had already left by the time Amy pulled up in front of Emily's house. She couldn't believe Emily actually wanted to go out. Lately they'd hardly been anywhere but work or school. She sighed. Whatever the reason, she was willing to accept it as long as Emily wasn't interested in another girl. She couldn't bare the thought of sharing Emily.

Calm down, girl, she told herself. She only said she had to pick something up. She's not looking for somebody to be with. She doesn't like boys, and you would know it if there was another girl.

Amy took a deep breath and got out of the car. Her hands were shaking. She always got this way whenever she was going to see Emily. Sometimes, the mere thought of seeing Emily's quaking bosom was enough to make her faint. The first time she had that feeling, she ran, not understanding her turbulent emotions for the rapidly growing girl. At the time, she didn't even know she could have such feelings for another girl. She believed she had to date a boy, something that didn't appeal to her. She clenched her fists in an effort to stop them shaking. By the time she reached the door, she was able to stop them.

She smiled as Emily opened the door. "I missed you," she said.

"I don't know why," answered Emily. "You just saw me yesterday. Or was it my breasts you missed seeing?"

Amy could feel her cheeks heat as she blushed. "Emily," she said. "You're more than a pair of breasts to me. I like *you*."

"So you don't like my boobs?"

"Emily! If you keep this up I won't take you to the mall."

"Okay," the busty girl relented. "So, you're ready?"

"Sure," replied Amy. "So what's this Catherine look like, anyway?"

"Well, she's got pretty big boobs."

"Oh really?" Amy said, failing to keep the interest out of her voice.



"You and your lust for big tits," giggled Emily.

As usual, the ride to the mall was lengthy and boring, and Emily found herself even more cramped than usual in the tiny vehicle. After getting into the car butt-first, she had spent several minutes wrestling with the seatbelt before giving up, which she felt pretty sure was unsafe. But then again her breasts could serve as air bags, she thought.

After a few minutes driving around the lot, Amy found a parking place fairly close to the entrance. Emily groaned as she turned off the car.

"What's wrong with you," she asked.

"Getting out of the car," Emily replied, eyeing the closeness of the car parked next to them.

Opening the door, she began the long ordeal of arm and breast contortions to get herself squeezed out of the narrow opening. Reaching for the door frame, all she got was a handful of tit, and she fumbled for a few seconds more before she was able to grab hold of something solid and push her way forward. As she eased herself out of the car, she found Amy standing before her with an outstretched hand and a mixed expression of amusement and envy. Ignoring the offered help, Emily backed herself out of the narrow space, kicking the door closed with her foot.

"I think these parking spaces are getting smaller," she said.

"I don't think it's that..." Amy giggled as she watched Emily cautiously maneuver her breasts over the back end of the car. "I think your boobs are getting bigger."

Emily closed her eyes as they started toward the entrance. "Please don't remind me," she said. "Any bigger, and I won't be able to work at the diner. Then what'll I do?"

"You could always tutor the football and basketball teams. They

would pay a fortune just to be in the same room as you."

"And how would I get them to pay attention to their books and not my tits?"

Amy grinned. "You could promise them skimpy pictures of your tits if they get at least a ninety. And full body shots if they get the highest scores in their class."

"Amy!" Emily's voice rang across parking lot.

"What?" she asked. "It wouldn't hurt anything. As long as it doesn't go past pictures."

"Do you actually believe I could do something like that?"

"Why not?" Amy asked as she opened the door leading to the shopping mall. "It's not like they'd be getting the real thing, and it's a sure way to get them to study."

"I don't know. I'd die from embarrassment if a picture got out."

"Just tell them you'll say they snuck a picture if that happens. They'd be kicked out of the study group, not to mention the trouble they'd get in." She stopped and looked around. "Which way from here?"

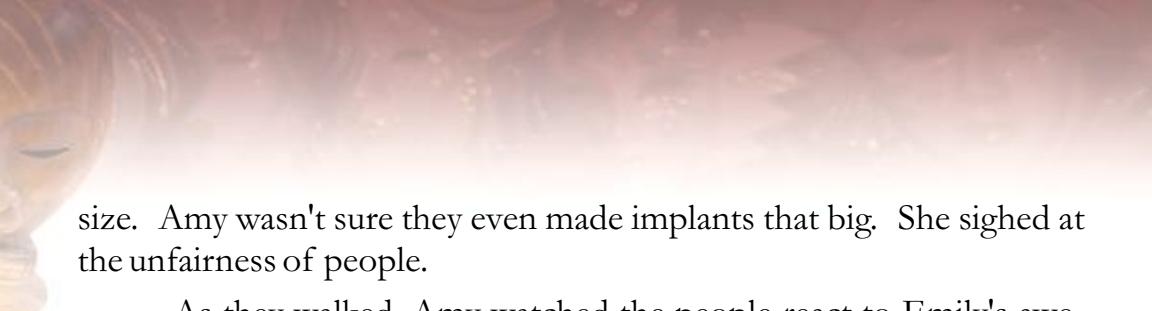
Emily pointed. "That way. Do you really think they would listen?"

She snorted. "Of course they'd listen. Boys won't do anything that'll cause them to lose their pictures of girls, especially, when they're as busty as you."

"I'll think about it. I'm not sure I could trust them."

"Yeah," agreed Amy. "They *are* boys." They both giggled.

Amy was enjoying the experience. It was rare that Emily relaxed in public as most people seemed to blame her for the extreme size of her tits. It wasn't like she chose to have them grow so large. She had trouble just finding clothes large enough to cover her boobs. Then there were those who accused her of having breast implants. As if she could have gotten implants without her parents permission? Not to mention the



size. Amy wasn't sure they even made implants that big. She sighed at the unfairness of people.

As they walked, Amy watched the people react to Emily's awe-inspiring figure. Passers by gave shocked and unbelieving stares. The men looked lustful, and the women looked horrified, pitiful, and sometimes envious. All stopped and stared. A bomb could have exploded, and none of them would have noticed. And through it all, Emily walked, ignoring all but the most blatant of stares. The worse stares, the ones that accused her of having implants or stuffing balloons down her shirt. Or the ones who believed she was a prostitute, despite her apparent age. Those she stared down.

Even as she watched her friend walk, Amy couldn't help the slight surge of envy that welled up inside. Wherever Emily went, people *noticed* her. Sure, it was mostly negative, but she didn't let it get her down. Amy didn't know what she would give to have even half the breasts that Emily possessed. She was tired of being an observer to Emily's courage and beauty. She wanted to walk in the mall head up, shoulders back, and massive breasts thrust out in front of her. She wanted to do that with Emily beside her. Amy blushed as she realized that at that moment, she had feelings for Emily that she'd never felt for any other girl. She sighed at the thought and then blinked as she realized that they had stopped in front of a small shop.

Emily was staring at her with a puzzled look. "Is something wrong?" she asked.

"No. Why?"

"Because I've been standing for a minute in front this shop waiting for you to follow me in."

Amy blushed. "Sorry. I guess I got caught up in my thoughts." She looked at the shop. Unlike the others, it had a wall across the front with a decorated glass door leading in. "So, this is where you wanted to go, The Goddess' Fun Shop?" she asked as she read the name of the shop.

"Yes," the over-endowed girl answered. "Now, don't be surprised at what you see in here. Catherine sells just about everything under the sun. They all do something, so no touching."

"Why? Will I suddenly grow massive tits like you?" teased Amy.

"Yes."

It took a moment for Amy to understand what Emily said, and in that moment, she had disappeared into the store. "Hey, wait up," she called. "What do you mean, 'Yes'? There's no way that could happen."

Amy froze when she entered the shop. Inside was the widest variety of merchandise she could ever have imagined. She saw bras, lotions, gels, lingerie, pills, creams, shirts, medallions, and things she couldn't name. She even spotted something on one shelf that looked like a vibrator. Then she saw Emily talking to a woman, and promptly forgot about the store.

"You've got to help me," Emily pleaded as Amy approached. "My tits keep getting bigger and bigger."

Catherine raised one eyebrow. "Isn't that what you wanted?"

"Yes! I mean no! I mean, I just wanted to be bigger than Lisa," she cried. "Not to keep blowing up like a balloon!"

"But I gave you what you wanted. You don't like them?"

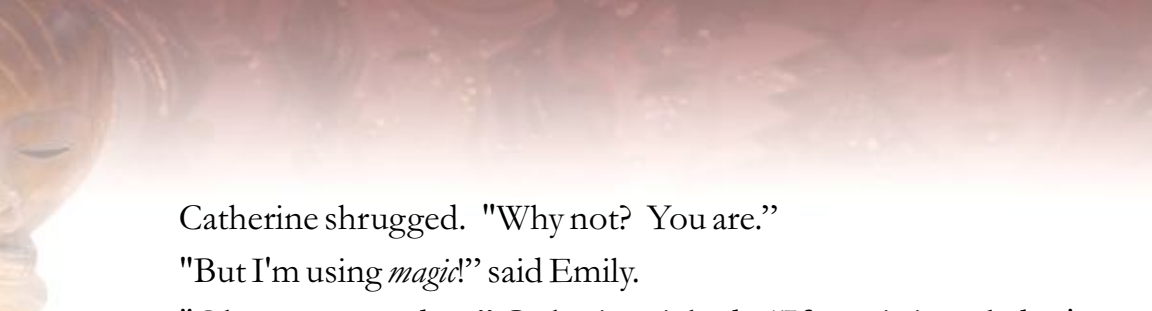
"I do like them," Emily sighed. "In fact, I love them. It's just they're getting so big. Can't you do something about them? Make them a little smaller?"

"No," answered Catherine. "You wanted to be larger than your sister. So you are."

"I *know* that. I just want to know why I keep growing."

"I can think of only one reason," stated the shop owner. "Lisa keeps growing."

"B-but that's impossible," stuttered Emily. "She can't be growing that fast!"



Catherine shrugged. "Why not? You are."

"But I'm using *magic!*" said Emily.

"Oh come now, dear," Catherine sighed. "If magic is real, don't you think *others* may use it too?"

"I never thought of that," Emily said in a small voice. "But does that mean Lisa is using magic too?" Suddenly Emily thought back to earlier in the morning when she had seen her sister after coming out of the shower. Now that she thought about it, her sister *had* been considerably larger than she remembered her being the day before. "Oh no!" she gasped.

"Wait a minute!" Amy shouted. She had listened to Emily as she talked to this woman with increasing incredulity. "Do you two honestly believe that Emily's and Lisa's boobs are growing so huge because of *magic*? They've both been growing for years. Everybody around here knows that."

"You haven't told her," stated Catherine.

"No," came the answer. "I figured she would learn about it here. It's not something one would believe easily without proof."

Catherine nodded. "I guess I'll have to provide the proof." It was Emily's turn to nod. "Suzie, could you come here for a moment?"

"Coming," a voice called from the back. It was only a moment before Suzie approached the counter. Her eyes lit up when she spotted Emily's humongous breasts. In a daze, she walked towards the hyper-developed girl, hands out, ready to grab and rub the giant orbs of flesh.

"Suzie!" snapped Catherine. Suzie started and jumped back. "I called you to do a demonstration for our customer."

Puzzled, Suzie looked at Emily. "She wants them bigger?" she asked.

"No," Emily snapped. "I'm big enough already."

"Suzie," Catherine began. She waved her hand at Amy. "Amy doesn't believe in magic." Hope lit on Suzie's face. "I would like you to

give her a demonstration of our magic.”

“Oh thank you!” squealed Suzie as she jumped up and down. When Catherine raised an eyebrow, she calmed down and turned to face Amy. “Just watch me.” Amy watched as Suzie went to a selection of pins and broaches. She picked up one that looked like a rose and put it on. “I like how fast this one is.”

Skeptically Amy watched Suzie put on the flower-shaped broach. She didn't believe anything would happen. She just wanted to prove them wrong so she and Emily could go. But then Suzie's dark blue blouse instantly tented outwards, making a “poof” noise as it exploded from within. No, it wasn't her blouse. It was something in her blouse. But, it couldn't be that. It was impossible! But, there it was.

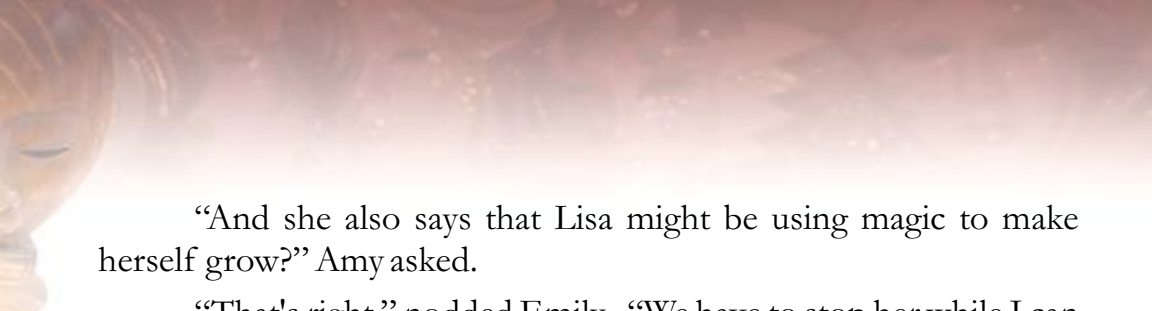
Eyes wide, Amy watched as Suzie jumped up and down, shaking her now cantaloupe-sized breasts vigorously. Stress lines appeared around the buttons of her shirt, and one-by-one they popped off, exposing her bare breasts and enlarged nipples to a stunned Amy. Suzie giggled and put her hands over the front of her exposed boobs. “Oops! Sometimes that happens,” she said by way of apology, then immediately went to feeling up her tits.

“Now do you believe?” Catherine asked. Mutely, Amy nodded.

“Yesterday,” Emily said, raising her voice slightly to be heard over Suzie's moans, “I bumped into Catherine while walking in the mall.” Catherine smiled. “As we talked, she led me here to her shop, where she told me I could be bigger than Lisa.”

“You wanted to bigger than *Lisa*?” exclaimed Amy. “Did you even think of how huge she was?”

“She wasn't that big then,” Emily defended herself. “At the time, she was only wearing an F-cup. I got tired of her teasing me about my smaller breasts.” She took a breath and Amy's eyes dropped to the bulging action. “Catherine cast a spell on me, and I was suddenly bigger than my sister. But now, I keep growing and Catherine says that's because *Lisa* keeps getting bigger.”



“And she also says that Lisa might be using magic to make herself grow?” Amy asked.

“That's right,” nodded Emily. “We have to stop her while I can still walk!”

Amy had stopped listening. She was thinking about her thoughts earlier. Now she had the chance of achieving her dream. She turned to Catherine. “Can you do that to me?” she shakily asked. “Can you make my boobs bigger?”

“What!?” snapped Emily.

“Sure,” answered Catherine. “How big do you want to be?”

“Wait a minute,” Emily said.

“Half her size,” she said pointing at Emily. “That way, I'll have really big boobs, but still be small enough to drive her around.”

“Do I have any say in this?” demanded Emily. The only one to answer her was Suzie, and she just moaned.

Catherine smiled. “I'll get the components from the back.” She eyed the moaning Suzie. “Just make sure she doesn't wander off. You don't want to know the trouble she caused the last time that happened.”

“What do you think you're doing?” hissed Emily once Catherine had left.

“I'm going to get my boobs enlarged,” was the calm reply.

“You *want* to be this big?” Emily nearly shouted. “You know how much trouble I have just finding clothes. And the people. Do you think they'll treat you any better?”

“One,” Amy began, “I'm not going to be as big as you, only half. So, I shouldn't have that much trouble finding clothes. Two, this is my dream. I'm going to do it, no matter what. As for the people, I spent a lot of time watching you. I know how they'll treat me. And I really don't care.”

Emily stared at the determined girl. Why did it matter to her if

Amy made her tits larger? True, she did talk a lot about Emily's breasts. Always saying how beautiful they were, how firm, and how much she loved touching them. Whenever she could, she would take peeks at them, not caring if Emily caught her. She would also look at the breasts of other busty girls. Sometimes she would even ask Emily her opinion of them. It was only now, standing in the shop, that Emily realized that Amy was jealous of her development. Emily was stunned by her discovery.

Abruptly she turned and walked away. Hurt, Amy watched her go.

“Here we go,” Catherine said. She stopped as she saw the distance between the two girls. “Did I miss something?”

After a last look at Emily, Amy said, “No. You didn't.” She looked at the objects in Catherine's hands. “Is that it?”

“Yes, it is,” was the reply. Catherine then set down a small bottle of oil, a small bag of rose petals, and a bowl. She poured some of the oil into the bowl, then took out a rose petal. She dipped the petal into the oil. “Come here.”

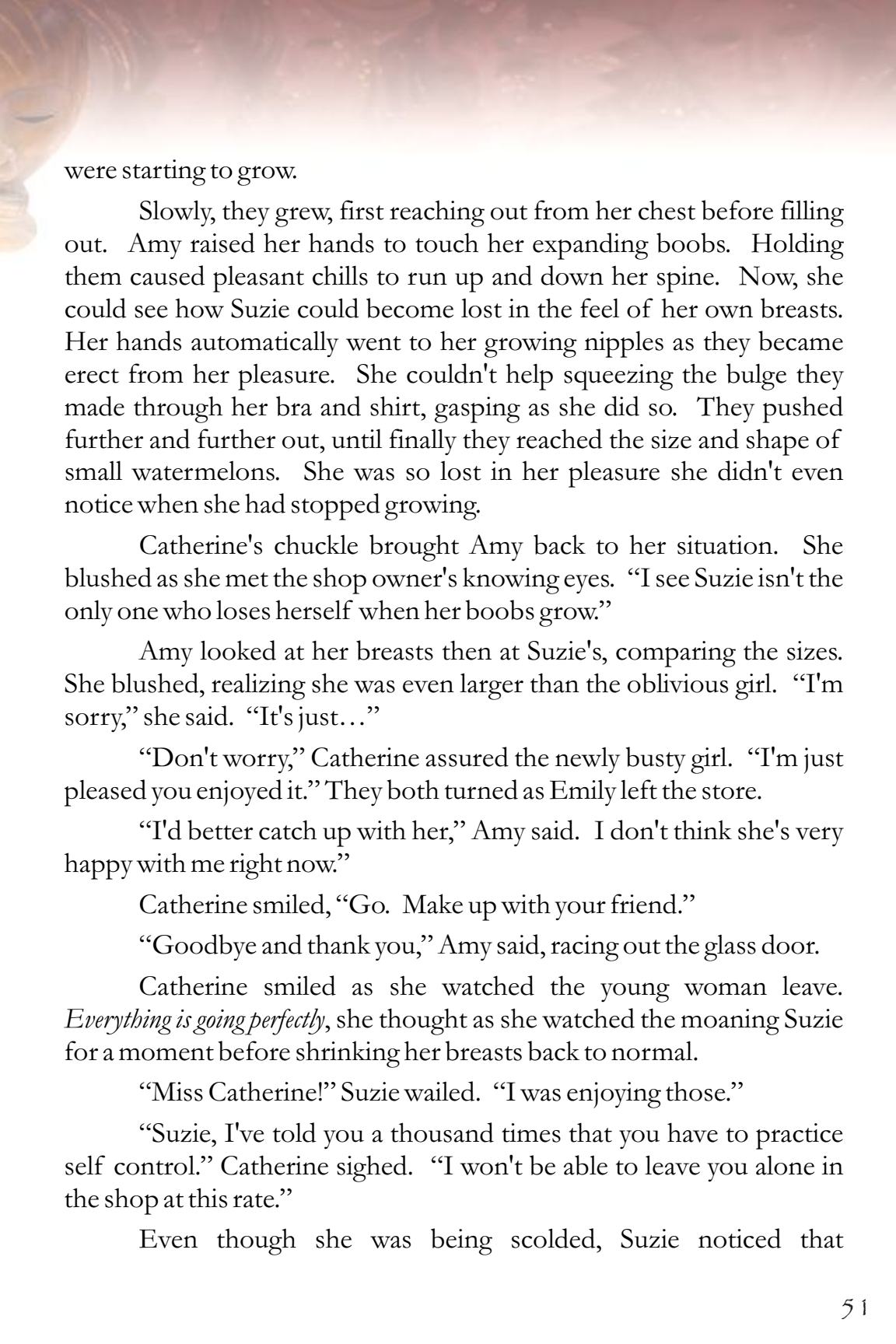
Amy looked over her shoulder at Emily, but she had her back toward them. With a shrug, she stepped up to the counter. “What are you going to do?”

“I'm going to cast a spell,” replied Catherine. “This one will be different from the one I cast on Emily, though. You said you wanted to be half her size, right?”

Amy nodded.

“This spell will do that.” With that, Catherine leaned forward and drew a symbol on Amy's forehead with the rose petal. Once she put the petal down, she started chanting.

Amy eagerly watched her breasts. Looking for any sign of growth. At first, she didn't see any change. Her white blouse was still loose over her C-cup bra-encased breasts. Then she saw it. Her breasts



were starting to grow.

Slowly, they grew, first reaching out from her chest before filling out. Amy raised her hands to touch her expanding boobs. Holding them caused pleasant chills to run up and down her spine. Now, she could see how Suzie could become lost in the feel of her own breasts. Her hands automatically went to her growing nipples as they became erect from her pleasure. She couldn't help squeezing the bulge they made through her bra and shirt, gasping as she did so. They pushed further and further out, until finally they reached the size and shape of small watermelons. She was so lost in her pleasure she didn't even notice when she had stopped growing.

Catherine's chuckle brought Amy back to her situation. She blushed as she met the shop owner's knowing eyes. "I see Suzie isn't the only one who loses herself when her boobs grow."

Amy looked at her breasts then at Suzie's, comparing the sizes. She blushed, realizing she was even larger than the oblivious girl. "I'm sorry," she said. "It's just..."

"Don't worry," Catherine assured the newly busty girl. "I'm just pleased you enjoyed it." They both turned as Emily left the store.

"I'd better catch up with her," Amy said. "I don't think she's very happy with me right now."

Catherine smiled, "Go. Make up with your friend."

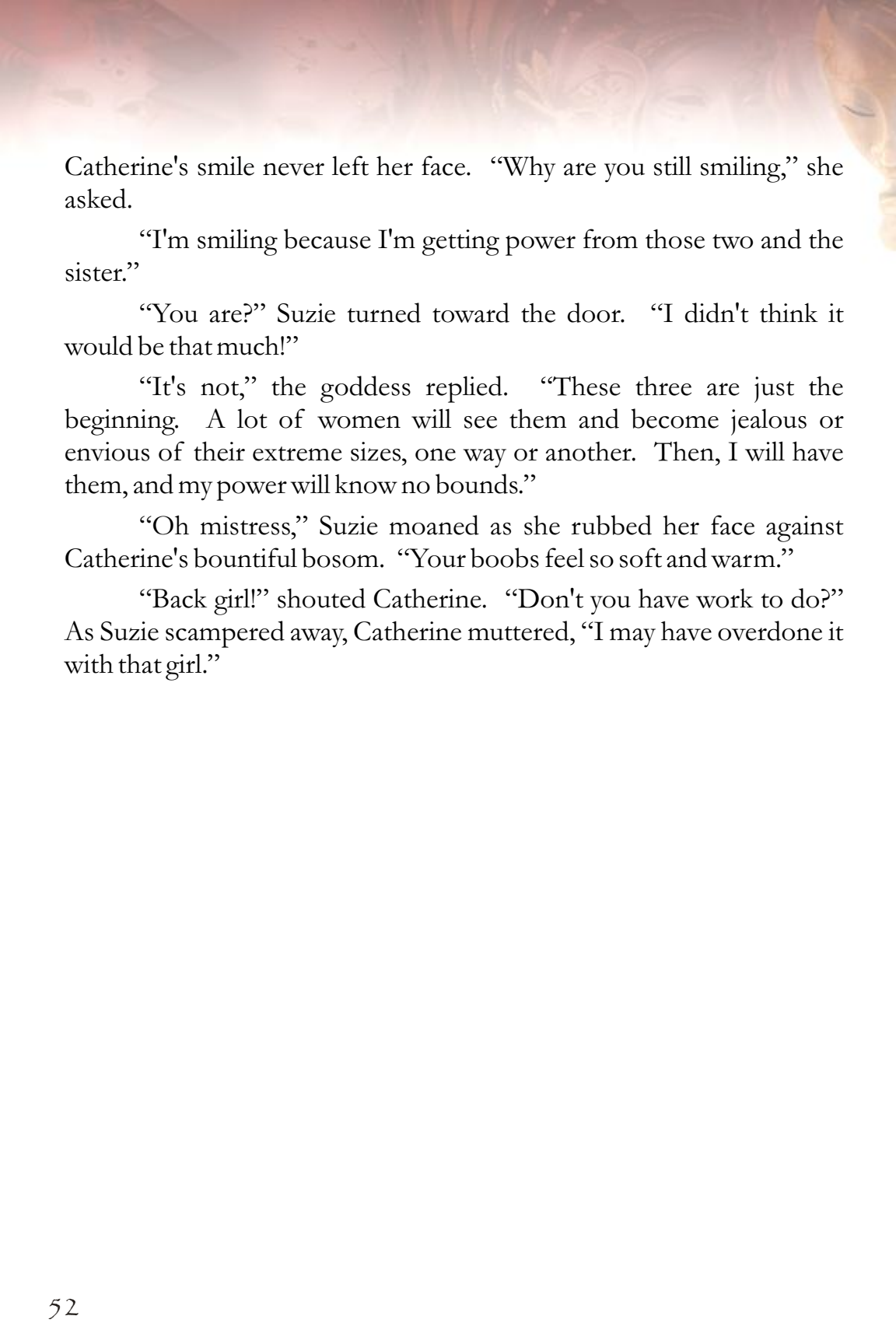
"Goodbye and thank you," Amy said, racing out the glass door.

Catherine smiled as she watched the young woman leave. *Everything is going perfectly*, she thought as she watched the moaning Suzie for a moment before shrinking her breasts back to normal.

"Miss Catherine!" Suzie wailed. "I was enjoying those."

"Suzie, I've told you a thousand times that you have to practice self control." Catherine sighed. "I won't be able to leave you alone in the shop at this rate."

Even though she was being scolded, Suzie noticed that



Catherine's smile never left her face. “Why are you still smiling,” she asked.

“I'm smiling because I'm getting power from those two and the sister.”

“You are?” Suzie turned toward the door. “I didn't think it would be that much!”

“It's not,” the goddess replied. “These three are just the beginning. A lot of women will see them and become jealous or envious of their extreme sizes, one way or another. Then, I will have them, and my power will know no bounds.”

“Oh mistress,” Suzie moaned as she rubbed her face against Catherine's bountiful bosom. “Your boobs feel so soft and warm.”

“Back girl!” shouted Catherine. “Don't you have work to do?” As Suzie scampered away, Catherine muttered, “I may have overdone it with that girl.”

Chapter 6

Outside the shop, Amy looked around to see which way Emily had gone. It didn't take her long to spot the overdeveloped girl. All she had to do was look for the pointing and ogling crowd. Nor did it take her long to catch her, Emily's weighty breasts slowed her down so.

"Are you mad at me?" Amy asked as she came up beside Emily.

"I don't know."

"I thought you'd be happy for me."

"I'm sorry, Amy," Emily replied. "I just haven't really thought about all this yet. I've been so concerned with the way my boobs been growing, you caught me by surprise. Everything's different because of these tits. I just can't keep track of it all."

"What do you mean? Don't you like your breasts?"

"I love them," she sighed. "I just didn't want you to go through all the problems I had to go through. What if you couldn't deal with it or you changed into a different person? What if you found out you don't like breasts any more? What if you don't like me anymore?"

Emily blushed as she finally admitted what was bothering her. She liked how close she and Amy had become over the last two days, and now she didn't want anything to change between them.

Amy laughed. "Is that all you're worried about? Of *course* I still like you! Did you think just because I have big boobs I'd stop being your friend? The truth is," Amy said, "I love you."

Emily stopped walking, forcing Amy to stop as well, and turned to the less busty girl. "Do you really mean that?"

"Yes," Amy answered. "I do. I love you. These," she waved her hand at her breasts, "are just an expression of that love. I thought that if I had big breasts too, then we'd have something in common and we'd be closer together. I don't mind the size. I figure that if you can ignore all the comments and stares with breasts that large, I can handle half that, no problem."

Emily ducked her head down, only to raise it and give Amy a shy smile. "Thank you, Amy. I love you too," she said.

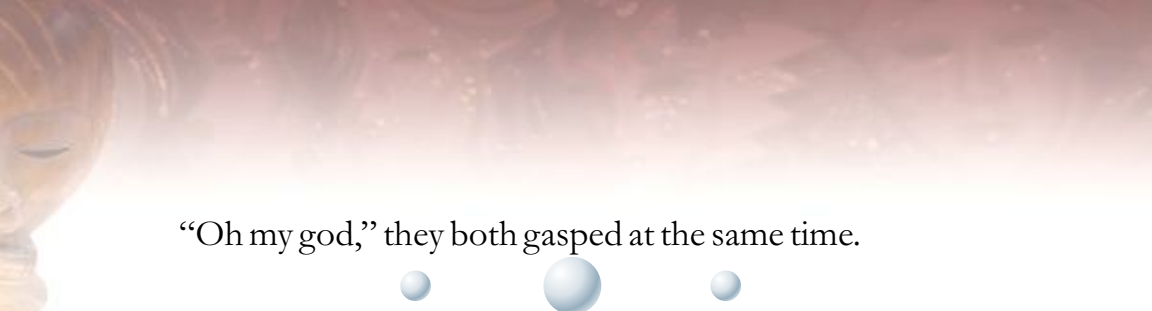
Ignoring the small but growing number of stares, the two girls embraced each other. Emily's breasts crushed and hid Amy's large but still smaller pair from view as they pressed together. Both girls closed their eyes, preparing for a kiss.

Their faces were barely an inch apart when Emily felt it. A warm tingle began in her nipples, quickly spreading to cover the entirety of her breasts. At first, she just thought she was getting excited about kissing Amy, but the growing pressure from her breasts told her the truth. She watched in shock as Amy's lips drew further and further away as more and more of her breasts filled the distance.

"Amy," Emily said. "I think my... our tits are growing..." Amy's eyes snapped down to look at their breasts. Her eyes widened and her mouth dropped open as she watched Emily's already huge breasts swell even larger. Even as she felt her own increasing size and weight, Amy stepped back to better watch Emily's increase.

Like before, with her own growth, Emily's shirt didn't stretch, it grew with her. With every passing second, she could see her tits increasing in size, somehow, keeping their shape. The amazing cleavage displayed by her shirt deepened as the fabric stretched outwards and down to keep up with her swelling bosom. Amy watched as the lower curves of Emily's breasts descended below her waist, reaching for her hips. Her breasts were amazing, suspended so far and firm out in front of her that it seemed gravity didn't exist. She looked up at Emily's face only to see that her gaze was locked on her own growing breasts.

Amy's hands flew to her chest, confirming her own growth. Her boobs had surged outwards and down, keeping pace with Emily's breasts. She could feel the increased weight in her hands, and looking down she was amazed to see the fabric of her shirt knitting and restitching along with her boobs. As her growth neared the end, Amy realized in shock that she could barely hold both her tits in her arms.



“Oh my god,” they both gasped at the same time.

Lisa woke up just as the car was pulling into Aunt Ruth's driveway. The ride had been long and boring, as usual, and it had been easy for her to fall asleep on the way. She remembered the last time they came here, her and Emily had fought the whole way, Lisa screaming the whole time that Emily's boobs were “touching her.” Her father had finally pulled the car over and shouted that the next time anyone's boobs touched anything he was going to chop them off and throw them out the window.

As she wiped the sleep out of her eyes, the first thing she did was look down. She could barely contain her glee when she saw her newly enlarged breasts. *I'm huge!* she thought. *Surely I'm bigger than Emily now.* Her hands flew to her breasts, sinking into the soft, pillowy flesh. She frowned as the sensations from her boobs started registering. With a low groan, she shifted her breasts to find that they had spread out, covering her lap and pooling on the seat to either side. She raised the collar of her shirt to make sure she was wearing her bra. It was there, but apparently this bra's cups were more for support than shape. She clenched her fist. At least she had finally beaten Emily.

The car rolled to a stop, and Lisa opened the door as fast as she could. She was so happy that she forgot about the increased weight of her breasts and almost fell head first into the driveway. Her mother let out a yelp of concern and hurried to pull her daughter right-side up by the arm. Lisa managed to stagger to her feet without too much more embarrassment and then straightened her shirt, checking to make sure no one else saw her.

It wasn't until she looked down that she realized that she couldn't see her feet. For some reason, she wondered if Emily's boobs blocked her vision as well. Cautiously, she followed her parents to the house, testing her balance as she walked. Surprisingly, she found she didn't have to lean back very far at all. It was almost as though something were

balancing out the weight on her chest. A gasp escaped her lips as she saw her shadow on the grass beside her. A silhouette of a short girl with breasts the size of prize pumpkins bobbing against her thighs, and a massive butt equally as large trailing behind. Emily's hands flew to her rear, groping the tight fabric of her pants in disbelief. *My ass is huge! I'm... I'm even bigger than mom!*

"Is everything okay, honey?" her mother asked, turning to stare at her daughter. She saw the concerned look on her face and said, "Don't worry dear, if Aunt Ruth says anything about your breasts you can go outside and play with your cousins." She sighed as she grabbed her daughter's hand, "Let's go and get it over with."

All too soon, they were at the door. Her mother turned to give her an encouraging smile as her father took a deep breath. Then they entered the house. Taking a thread-stretching deep breath, Lisa followed. Her hips brushed against the door frame as she entered.

As soon as her Aunt Ruth caught sight of her enormous endowments, she unleashed a never-ending stream of complaints, accusations, and insults. Her parents quickly shooed Lisa out back where two of her cousins, Jody, a busty blonde, and Kathy a brunette with a pear-shaped figure, kept her company. She could still hear Aunt Ruth and her parents shouting inside.

"I can't believe she's still at it," Kathy said as she shook her head.

Lisa just shrugged. "I don't know why she's this way. I'm just glad I won't be seeing her anymore. Mom and dad said if she made a fuss about my breasts, we're not coming back again."

"Don't rub it in," Jody said, looking down at her bosom. "I just wish mine would start growing again."

"So you can be as big as Lisa?" Kathy grinned, poking the side of Jody's softball-sized breast, causing it to shake.

"NO!" shouted Jody. "That's more than I want. I just want enough so Aunt Ruth doesn't want to see me anymore."

"Are you saying my boobs are too big?" Lisa frowned. *What if they're right?* she wondered. *What if my tits are too big? I never really thought about how other people would look at them. Is that why Emily's a lesbian? Can't she find some man who isn't intimidated by her tits? I don't want to be dateless.*

"Well *you* obviously don't think so," Jody replied. "But that's *way* more than I want. I was thinking of something around a G-cup. Do you think she'll stop talking to me then?"

"Maybe," the over-endowed girl answered. "I think Emily was about that size when Aunt Ruth started up on her."

"Can, can I touch them," asked Kathy.

Lisa blinked. The question had come from out of nowhere. "What?"

Kathy's face turned a bright red. "I want to know if I can touch them," she repeated. "I saw them as you were walking to the house. They're so much bigger than the last time I saw them two years ago. I... I just want to touch them. I want to know how they feel."

"Me too," blurted Jody.

Lisa turned to stare at the blushing blonde. "But you got a big pair!"

"Not like yours," insisted Jody. "I want know how they feel. *Please.*"

Inside, Lisa glowed. This was the attention she had been craving. Nobody ever asked her about her breasts when Emily was around, much less to actually ask to *touch* them. "Okay," she said.

Hesitantly, first Kathy then Jody began to rub Lisa's breasts. They marveled at the way her flesh moved and shook. Kathy couldn't get enough of the way Lisa's breast swallowed her fingers when she pressed against it. She kept comparing it to a large bag of melted butter. How she knew what a large bag of melted butter felt like, Lisa didn't want to know. But it was Jodie who really made Lisa's day. She said that while Lisa's breasts were not as firm as hers, they definitely felt better.

“Warm and soft like fluffy pillows,” she said. It didn't take them long to want more though.

“Can we see them?” asked Kathy.

“You are seeing them,” teased Lisa.

“No,” blushed Kathy. “I mean with your shirt off. Bra too, if that's okay?”

Lisa had a mental flash of her tits covering the entire porch. “Not my bra,” she said. “But I'll take off the shirt.” She began to unbutton her shirt as the two girls' eyes brightened. As soon as she opened her shirt, the girls eagerly reached in and started rubbing.

At first, Lisa enjoyed it. But, as it went on, she began to resent the way they were treating her. What started out as petting and light squeezing eventually turned into grabbing and pinching. It was like she was a petting zoo and her breasts were the fluffy animals. “Okay,” she said as she pushed their hands away. “That's enough.”

“What I want to know is how big those are,” Kathy said poking Lisa's chest with her finger. “You're bigger than the women in my brother's tit magazines.”

“How is Mark,” asked Lisa. “It's been a while since I've seen him. Do you think he'll talk to my tits again?”


“Yes,” snapped Kathy. “And stop changing the subject. I really want to know.”

“Me too.”

Lisa sighed. “Well if you *must* know, I'm a 42XLIV,” she stated to the amazement of her cousins. She continued, “That's not really a bra size. Mrs. Kingly, the woman who makes our bras, doesn't like the sizing system that most bra makers use. So she's making up her own.” Lisa beamed with pride as she told this information to the smaller girls.

“Wow! That is *so* cool,” said Kathy, her mouth hanging open in pure astonishment.

“So is your sister still bigger than you?” blurted Jody. “Is she still



growing?”

“No!” Lisa's said. “I'm way bigger.”

“Wow, that's not what my mom said,” the girl responded.

Lisa fumed. “I've got a picture in my purse. I'll show you.” The two girls hovered over Lisa as she fished inside her purse and pulled out a 4” by 6” photograph of her older sister. As she turned it over, she paused at the image on it. It was a picture of Emily, but with vastly larger breasts than she remembered this morning. “What...?” Lisa barely got the word out of her mouth before Jody snatched it from her hands.

“Oh my gosh, she's *way* bigger than you,” breathed Jody. “Wow, how does she even hold those up?”

Kathy laughed, looking over Jody's shoulder. “So you're like still the little sister then?”

Lisa stood shocked for a moment while the two girls made more sounds of awe and wonder. She couldn't believe what she was looking at. *How can Emily be bigger than me? Didn't I use enough cream this morning?* Even as she thought about it, memories that hadn't existed a moment earlier jumped into her mind. She remembered Emily growing larger and larger over the years, always one step ahead of her, always bigger than her. Bigger even than she was right now. Why she hadn't realized it sooner was a total mystery, but the picture proved it just as was plain as day.

Lisa began to fume with envy. Here she was, miles away from Emily, and she was *still* in her sister's shadow. “Um... well... uh...” she stuttered, unable to think properly. Memories of all the times somebody compared her to her much larger sister ran through her mind. Every time she got a larger bra, they would never notice. They would only talk about how much larger Emily was, or how well she was carrying them, or how far they projected. It was enough to drive her crazy. *No, I can't be the little sister! I-I have to be bigger. I'm the one using the cream. There's no way she can grow that large on her own.*

Unconsciously, her hand crept into her purse, feeling for the tube of BE cream that she kept there. As her fingers wrapped around it, she knew what she had to do.

"Um... I have to go to the bathroom. Excuse me." Lisa suddenly turned and went running into the house as fast as her short legs could carry her. Her breasts and butt bounced so tremendously and violently that they threatened to knock her off balance with every step. The two girls looked from up from the photo to watch her run.

"Was it something I said?" asked Kathy.

"Think about it," replied Jody. "What if you had a sister with much bigger breasts than yours and people kept comparing her to you?"

Kathy sighed. "Yeah, I guess you're right..."



Lisa took a moment to catch her breath as she entered the house. *Oof, I have to remind myself never to run like that again.* She groaned, leaning against the wall and panting. Regaining her breath, she quietly shuffled past her parents and Aunt Ruth who were still arguing loudly. Only her mother noticed her as she headed for the hall, looking for the guest bathroom. Once there, she opened the door and stopped. The bathroom was a lot smaller than she remembered, consisting of a single toilet and sink in about five square feet of space. Somehow, she managed to stuff herself into the tiny room and close the door behind her.

Once in, she found it impossible to move without slamming her tits or ass into something. The wall, the sink, the toilet, everything in there seemed to reach out and grab at her body. Carefully, she reached her hands under her massive mammary glands and maneuvered them over the counter. When she was standing directly in front of the sink, she stopped and gently lowered the weighty masses. Even in her bra,



her breasts rested heavily on the chilly white porcelain and flowed out to cover every inch of it.

Working quickly, Lisa unbuttoned her blouse and took off her bra. She glowered as her breasts spilled out of the cups and filled the sink. Raising her purse, she brought out the tube of BE cream and hastily unscrewed the cap. After a brief pause, she began squirting it all over her breasts, making sure to cover them with a copious amount. *It's too late to stop now*, she thought. With a burst of determination, she took both hands and started massaging the cream into her breasts, eagerly squeezing and rolling the malleable flesh between her fingers. Her fat boobs flopped and wobbled as she struggled to lift them up to cover their undersides. All the while, Lisa kept thinking of how much bigger she was going to be. How nice it would be to finally be called the “Big Sister.”

When she came to her nipples, Lisa gasped slightly. They had gotten immensely larger and more sensitive from earlier in the day. Now they had taken on a thick, rubbery appearance, and as she rubbed the cream into them they began to swell outwards and resemble those little kiddy ice cream cones in school. As she played with them, she began to feel her body get warmer and her heart beating faster. It was a pleasurable feeling, and she had to remind herself where she was before she went any further.

Breathing a sigh, Lisa put away the cream and put herself back together. She poured her tits back into her bra, noticing with a frown it had begun to look more like two buckets with straps attached than the pretty ones her sister wore. Finishing, she opened the door to find her mother standing there with an angry expression on her face. “We’re leaving,” she said flatly. Lisa nodded agreeably and followed her out, waving goodbye to her cousins as she passed them.

“How were the cousins?” Mrs. Strombel asked as Lisa struggled into the car. “I noticed they were a little pale.”

Lisa remembered their comments about Emily. “They’re fine,”

she mumbled. She paused for a moment. "I take it I won't be coming back?"

"None of us will," Mr. Strombel said. "I never thought my own sister could be such a bitch. You and Emily can't help the way your bodies have developed so she shouldn't hold it against you." He sighed. "It's not your fault she had a reduction. Back when we were young, she developed much like you and Emily did. Except she didn't enjoy it. Especially since everybody teased her about her giant tits."

Wisely, Lisa didn't say anything. She just sat back and enjoyed the ride, thinking of how much bigger her tits were going to grow. And how jealous Emily was going to be of her. She rested her head against the back of the seat and sighed. After all the excitement she'd had, it would be easy to fall back asleep on the way home. She looked forward to waking up and finding all her had problems floated away.



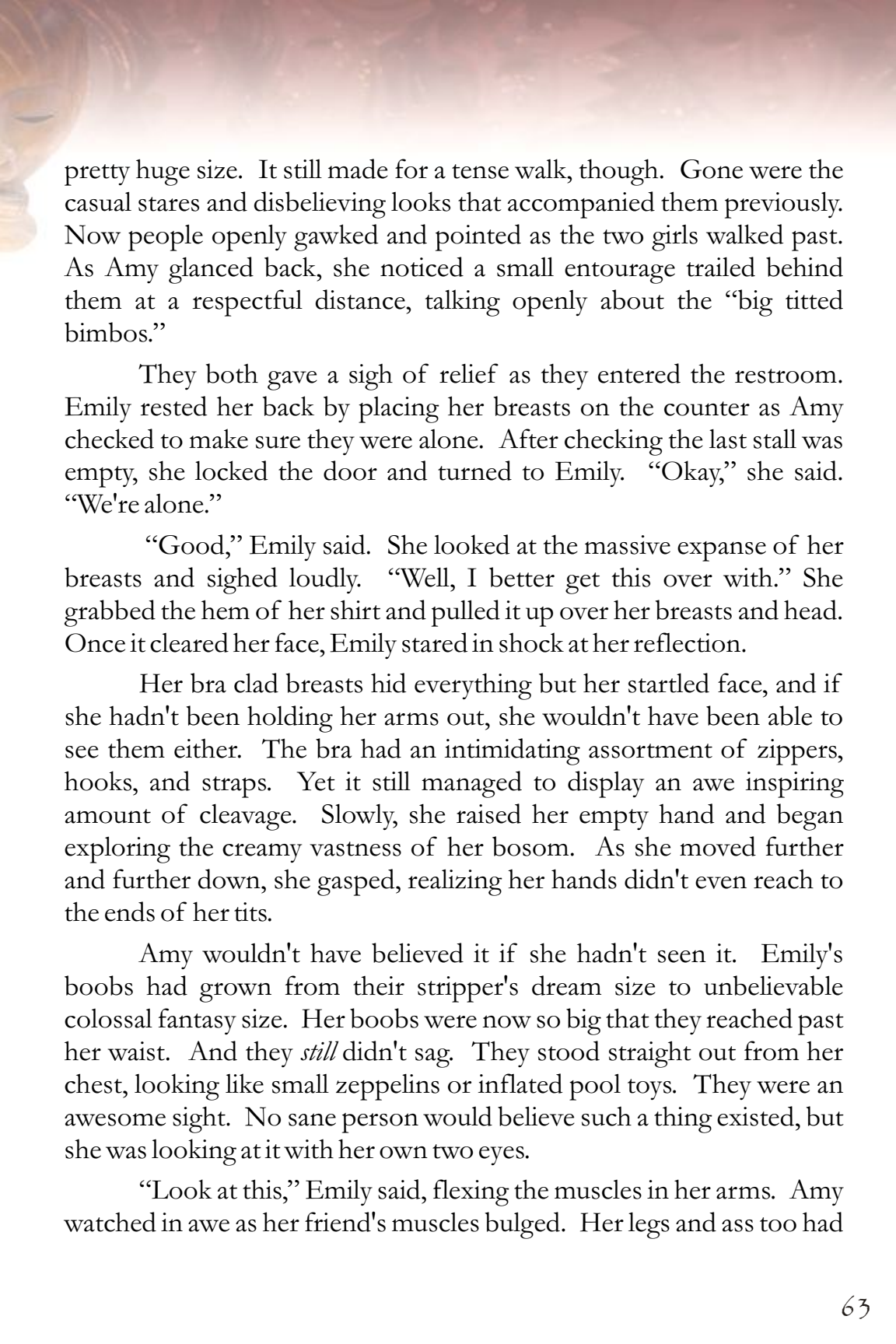
"Let's go, Emily," Amy said as she looked around. A small crowd had formed around the two massively stacked girls. Some of the more eager teenage boys were snapping pictures with hastily bought disposable cameras. "We should find somewhere more private to talk about this."

Emily stared at Amy for a moment before she noticed the small audience they had. "There should be a restroom near here," she said.

Amy gave her a blank look.

Emily came up beside her. "I want to look at my boobs," she whispered into her ear. "And I know you probably want to do the same." Amy quickly agreed and followed her to the restroom.

As they walked, Amy couldn't help but look at the people they passed. Even though both their breasts had grown in front of everyone, nobody said anything about it. Sure, there were looks. She even had a couple of scares as a few people gasped and pointed. But, those were because of the extreme size of Emily's tits and her own



pretty huge size. It still made for a tense walk, though. Gone were the casual stares and disbelieving looks that accompanied them previously. Now people openly gawked and pointed as the two girls walked past. As Amy glanced back, she noticed a small entourage trailed behind them at a respectful distance, talking openly about the “big titted bimbos.”

They both gave a sigh of relief as they entered the restroom. Emily rested her back by placing her breasts on the counter as Amy checked to make sure they were alone. After checking the last stall was empty, she locked the door and turned to Emily. “Okay,” she said. “We’re alone.”

“Good,” Emily said. She looked at the massive expanse of her breasts and sighed loudly. “Well, I better get this over with.” She grabbed the hem of her shirt and pulled it up over her breasts and head. Once it cleared her face, Emily stared in shock at her reflection.

Her bra clad breasts hid everything but her startled face, and if she hadn't been holding her arms out, she wouldn't have been able to see them either. The bra had an intimidating assortment of zippers, hooks, and straps. Yet it still managed to display an awe inspiring amount of cleavage. Slowly, she raised her empty hand and began exploring the creamy vastness of her bosom. As she moved further and further down, she gasped, realizing her hands didn't even reach to the ends of her tits.

Amy wouldn't have believed it if she hadn't seen it. Emily's boobs had grown from their stripper's dream size to unbelievable colossal fantasy size. Her boobs were now so big that they reached past her waist. And they *still* didn't sag. They stood straight out from her chest, looking like small zeppelins or inflated pool toys. They were an awesome sight. No sane person would believe such a thing existed, but she was looking at it with her own two eyes.

“Look at this,” Emily said, flexing the muscles in her arms. Amy watched in awe as her friend's muscles bulged. Her legs and ass too had

become thick and rock hard, and her narrow waste was showing a bulging 6-pack. In shock, Amy realized Emily's entire body looked like those muscle girls in the fitness magazines. "I think it's some reaction to my boobs growing. Like I get more muscles to help carry them around or something."

Amy gulped and turned to regard her own reflection. Despite their small size (compared to Emily's) her boobs still stretched from shoulder to shoulder and descended down past her belly button. It looked like two beach balls had been attached to the front of her chest. Then she saw two large bulges at the ends of her tits. Curious, she rubbed them and found out that they were nipples. She gulped as they increased in size. It appeared her proportionally large nipples had benefited from the growth as well, but otherwise, her body looked the same as before. She turned to the side and gulped again. Her boobs stuck out a lot farther than she expected they would. She raised her hands and cupped them. "Emily," she said. "Why did I grow?"

"Well," Emily slowly answered. "You told Catherine you wanted to be half my size. I guess she made it so you would *always* be half my size."

"So, whenever you grow, I grow?"

Emily nodded.

Amy watched her reflection cup her large breasts. "Emily. Let's go to your house and get your sister."

"I wish we could. She went to my Aunt Ruth's today and she won't be back until this evening. Besides, I still need to pick up my new bras," said Emily, running her fingers across the thick white fabric of her undergarment. She sighed as she noticed the tight bulges of flesh sticking out everywhere. "I won't be able to wear this one very much longer."

Amy's mouth went dry as her hard nipples became even harder.

Chapter 7

"Hey, are you going to just sit there?" Emily jostled Amy as she sat staring at the wheel in front of her, her tits wedged tightly between it and her body. She ignored Emily's not-so-quite giggles as she leaned forward to put the key in the ignition. She almost jumped out of her skin when the horn went off. Only Emily's hysterical laughter kept her seated. Grumbling, Amy ignored that too.

"Shut up or I'll make you drive," she snapped, trying to adjust her seat. Emily had had such a hard time getting the car that Amy didn't even think about her own expanded breasts being a problem. Looking over at her girlfriend, she wondered how in the world she had managed to stuff her boobs in the tiny space of the front seat. The seat had been pushed as far back as it would go, and Emily's breasts filled the entire space from her chest to the dashboard, and then some. Emily could barely see over the top of her bust even as she continued snickering at Amy's dilemma.

Once she had started the car, Amy got a surprise. Her breasts were now so large and firm that they interfered with her driving. With the seat backed up, she had to hold her arms straight out in front of her, squeezing her boobs together, and her feet could barely reach the pedals. When she tried to adjust the seat forward, her erect nipples rubbed against the steering wheel whenever she turned it. This caused her no end of distraction, since they were always erect around Emily. After driving with her nipples in the wheel for a couple of blocks, she decided to push her seat back and drive with her finger tips and toes.

After a long and difficult drive, they finally made it to Mrs. Kingly's house. "Good grief, if I get any bigger, I won't be able to drive us around," Amy complained as she opened her door and heaved her tits out of the car. She turned just in time to see Emily maneuvering herself sideways.

"At least we made it," said Emily, pushing her breasts out of the doorframe and placing her feet on the ground. With a grunt, she managed to lift herself up. "Ooh, we're going to need a bigger car I think." She groaned as she stretched the kinks out of her back and

started walking towards the house.

Amy followed Emily up to the house. She still couldn't get over how much larger both their breasts were. Emily's massive boobs even pulled attention from her round butt. It was even firmer than she remembered it from before. The muscles in her legs bulged with each step she took. She could watch Emily walk all day. The sway of her hips and the ponderous swing of her breasts could hypnotize any who watched. Not a day passed there wasn't the screech of brakes or the blare of horns. Some of them were even caused by Amy.

Suddenly the ground reached up and grabbed her tits, slamming her into the hard turf.

"Honestly, Amy," Emily said as her friend lay there, clutching her breasts in pain. "If you're going to walk behind me, you could at least watch where you put your feet."

"Who said I was watching you walk?" protested Amy weakly. "I could be having trouble placing my feet."

"Oh really?" Emily sighed. "Why don't you walk in front of me? That way you can concentrate on where you're going."

"Um."


"Look," Emily said. "The sooner you get up, the sooner you can watch Mrs. Kingly measure my naked boobs."

Amy found herself on her feet, breasts bouncing jubilantly, pulling at Emily's hand. "Come on," she said. "We can't keep her waiting."

"Slow down," chuckled Emily. "Unlike some people, *I* can't move very fast. Besides, it's not like you don't see them every day."

"I know. I just want to see them without your clothes on." Amy stopped, eyes wide.

"It's okay," Emily said. "I'd like to see yours as well. I want to know if it's your tits holding the bra up or the bra holding your tits up. But that's not going to happen until we get inside." With that, both girls



started walking.

Mrs. Kingly met them at the door. "I was beginning to think you'd changed your mind," she said. She was a sweet woman who looked like somebody's grandmother. She was wearing a long gray dress and her gray hair was in a neat bun. Like any good seamstress, she had a cloth tape measure draped across her neck and a line of safety pins hooked in the front of her dress. "After all, I can't be the only bra maker in town."

"No, Mrs. Kingly. Amy and I had to talk for a minute. I hope we didn't keep you waiting."

"By the way Emily, you, Amy, and Lisa do remember you have an appointment to meet with Miss Cary Smith Wednesday, don't you? She's been calling me every week asking when you girls are coming by to get measured for your new clothes." Amy couldn't suppress her surprise when Mrs. Kingly mentioned her as well.

"Yes," answered Emily. "We'll be here at five o'clock."

"That's good. I'm sure she'll be delighted to see how much you girls have grown." As they entered the room, Mrs. Kingly said, "Now, Emily. If you'll please take off your top and bra, we can get started."

Emily blushed, "Um, do you have to say my measurements out loud this time?"

"Yes she does," stated Amy. "I like hearing your measurements. Not to mention the faces people make when they hear an actual number."

"I never thought I'd meet a woman who loved breasts more than any man," Mrs. Kingly said shaking her head. Amy blushed. "That's all right though," she continued. "Breasts that size should be loved by as many people as possible." Now it was Emily's turn to blush.

"I can't help it. They just don't know when to stop."

"I'm not complaining," the woman said. "You and your sister are walking billboards for my business. But there will be people who will be

nasty towards you because of the extreme size of your breasts. They'll take any excuse they can to embarrass or humiliate you. Those, you should ignore. Right, Amy?"

"Right," she answered. "Living a good life is the best way to get back at them."

"Thanks, but I've had plenty of practice ignoring them. You wouldn't believe some of the things people have said to me."

"You'd think women would be more considerate considering the amount of weight we have to carry around," Amy said.

"Some people even believe that I have implants," exclaimed Emily. "As if they make implants my size."

"The nerve of some women," Mrs. Kingly said. "Now Emily, enough stalling. Let's get you out of that old bra. It's bound to be getting tight on you."

This was what Amy had been waiting for. Face flushed, she quickly took a seat and eagerly watched as Emily bared herself to her waist. She sighed as Emily's breasts were revealed in all their glory.

"Should I get you a bib?"

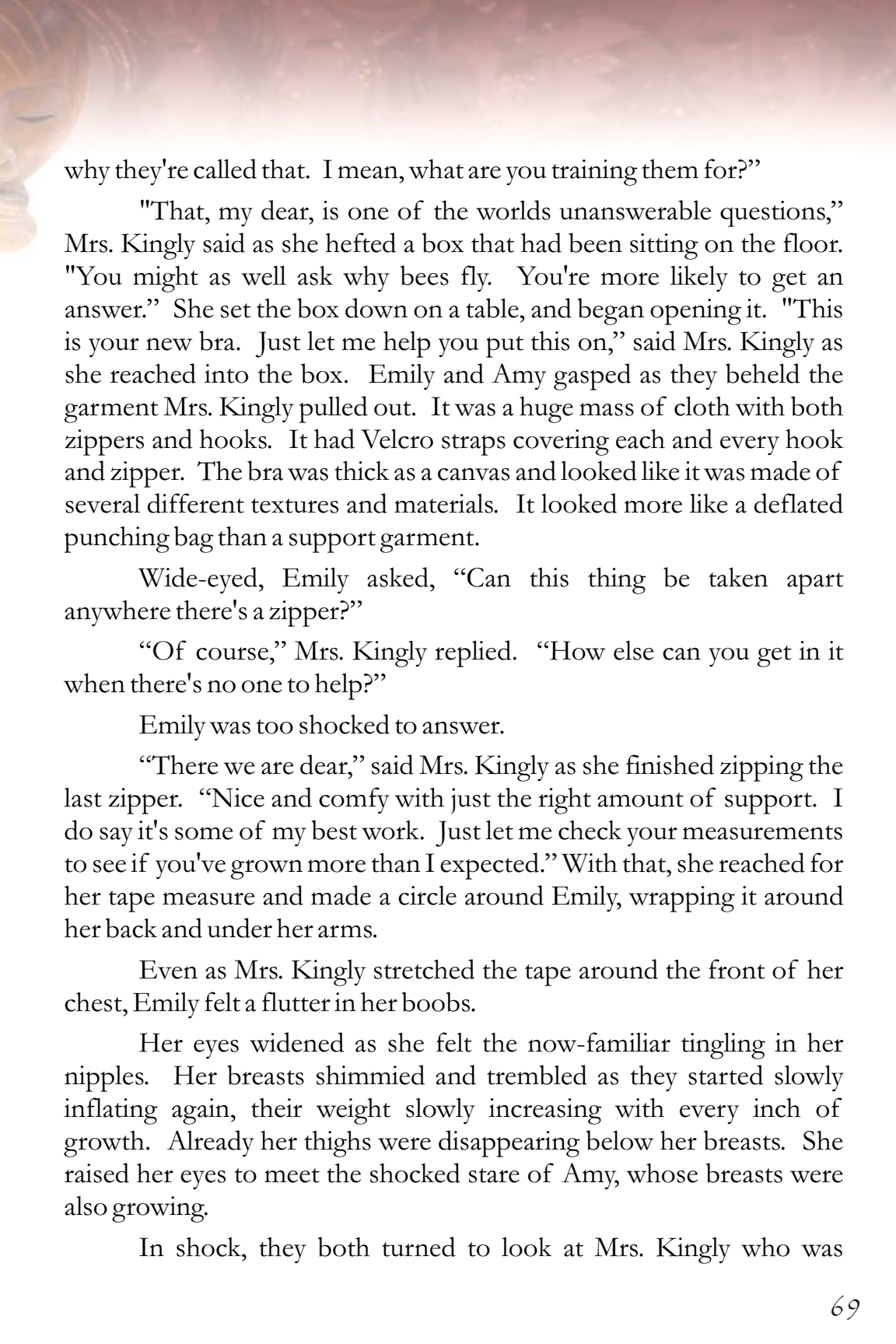
"Sorry," Amy mumbled as she quickly wiped her chin. She wasn't drooling this time. "Sometimes I just can't help myself."

Emily shook her head. "I don't understand you," she said. "You have your own breasts, so why are you so obsessed with mine? I know it's only mine since you hardly look at any other girls."

"I really don't know," came the answer. "I guess I could say it was the size. That could be true. It's not every day you see a pair as large as yours."

"Unless you're me," quipped Emily.

Amy stuck out her tongue. "Anyway," she continued. "I'm not sure it's only size, though. Ever since you first started growing, I've been attracted to you. You were the first girl in our class to need a *real* bra and not one of those damn 'training' bras. And I still want to know



why they're called that. I mean, what are you training them for?"

"That, my dear, is one of the worlds unanswerable questions," Mrs. Kingly said as she hefted a box that had been sitting on the floor. "You might as well ask why bees fly. You're more likely to get an answer." She set the box down on a table, and began opening it. "This is your new bra. Just let me help you put this on," said Mrs. Kingly as she reached into the box. Emily and Amy gasped as they beheld the garment Mrs. Kingly pulled out. It was a huge mass of cloth with both zippers and hooks. It had Velcro straps covering each and every hook and zipper. The bra was thick as a canvas and looked like it was made of several different textures and materials. It looked more like a deflated punching bag than a support garment.

Wide-eyed, Emily asked, "Can this thing be taken apart anywhere there's a zipper?"

"Of course," Mrs. Kingly replied. "How else can you get in it when there's no one to help?"

Emily was too shocked to answer.


"There we are dear," said Mrs. Kingly as she finished zipping the last zipper. "Nice and comfy with just the right amount of support. I do say it's some of my best work. Just let me check your measurements to see if you've grown more than I expected." With that, she reached for her tape measure and made a circle around Emily, wrapping it around her back and under her arms.

Even as Mrs. Kingly stretched the tape around the front of her chest, Emily felt a flutter in her boobs.

Her eyes widened as she felt the now-familiar tingling in her nipples. Her breasts shimmied and trembled as they started slowly inflating again, their weight slowly increasing with every inch of growth. Already her thighs were disappearing below her breasts. She raised her eyes to meet the shocked stare of Amy, whose breasts were also growing.

In shock, they both turned to look at Mrs. Kingly who was





blissfully unaware of either of the girls' predicaments. Even as she pulled at the bra and made adjustments, the material was stretching and morphing to contain her swelling mammaries. Zippers elongated over the fabric. Hooks dotted up the back. Even as she adjusted the straps, they split apart and got thicker in order to hold up the quickly-increasing weight contained within. In the back, Emily felt a sturdy brace forming inside the bra to add extra support.

“One hundred-forty-two inches,” Mrs. Kingly announced.

But even as she said the numbers, the tape slid rapidly through her fingers. Emily saw it slide past the hundred-and-sixty mark even as Mrs. Kingly pulled it away.

“You've grown quite a bit since last time you came. It's a good thing I made this one larger just in case.”

Stunned, Emily weakly nodded.

“It's not every day you see such large breasts, Emily. You should be proud,” the elderly woman continued, oblivious to Emily's growing chest. She placed the tape measure on a chair as she turned toward her sewing table. “Let me make just a few more adjustments.”

Out of the corner of her eye, Emily noticed Amy trying desperately not to burst with laughter as their breasts continued growing in front of the unaware woman.



Lisa's parents had decided to stop for a bite to eat before they reached home.

She grunted as she gingerly tried to exit her parents' van. She'd almost panicked when she woke up in a different vehicle than she'd gone to sleep in, but after looking down, she realized there was no way she would have fit in the car anymore. Her breasts were massive and gigantic. So large they filled the entire back seat of the vehicle on either side of her. As she struggled to push herself out of the door, her

behemoth breasts slid off the seat and poured downwards. Both her parents were there to grab her hands and keep her from falling out onto the ground. They didn't want a repeat performance of earlier at Aunt Ruth's. Especially since there were several people staring at them in the restaurant parking lot.

As she stepped out into the parking lot, Lisa felt her boobs settle and bounce heavily against her knees. She could tell her parents were uncomfortable with the looks she was getting, but she didn't care. Let them look. She was proud to have such a startling bosom. She started to thrust out her chest, but a look from her mother stopped it. She sighed. *What's the use of having such a magnificent chest if I can't show it off*, she thought. Upset, she turned to follow dejectedly behind her parents.

As she walked, she could see a reflection of herself in the restaurant's glass windows. She stopped when she saw her body. Her breasts were shaped like two giant overstuffed bean bags, hovering barely a foot off the ground and swaying pendulously with each step. Behind, her enormous butt followed. Even accounting for her breasts, her ass was still the widest part of her body. As she turned to the side, Lisa felt a muffled cry catch in her throat. She realized with a gasp that her butt and breasts were so large that she was nearly as wide as she was tall. It was just another reminder of how different her body was from her sister's. Like she needed that considering how her breasts rippled when she walked and Emily's bounced. Then there was the fact that without her bra, her boobs would be down to her ankles, maybe lower. That was way more than her sister.

Head down in thought, she mumbled thanks to her father as he held open the double doors of the restaurant. She had only taken a few steps into the building before the silence registered. She raised her head to find every face turned toward her. She looked at all the disbelieving, shocked, angry, and pitying stares, then shrugged. It wasn't anything she hadn't faced before. She turned to her parents and saw the anger in her father's face and the worry in her mother's. "Don't worry," she told her parents. "I go through this everyday." Reluctantly, her parents



agreed with her.

A waitress appeared to seat them. "If you'll follow me," she said. "I'll take you to your seats." Even though the waitress was talking to her parents, Lisa noticed she couldn't take her eyes off her chest. Her father cleared his throat and the waitress blushed as she jerked her eyes up to his. She quickly turned and led them away.

As they walked toward their table, the crowd slowly started talking again, mostly in whispers and hushed voices. At the table the waitress pulled the chairs out for them. Unfortunately, she didn't pull Lisa's chair far enough causing her to slam her breasts against the table when she went to sit. The condiments spilled all over the table, and both the waitress' and her mother's face turned beet red. Lisa just shrugged and pushed the chair out farther.

As she sat, Lisa noted embarrassingly that she didn't so much descend into the chair as instead backed her enormous rear onto the top of it. Her ass and thighs flowed around and out as she eased her weight down. The chair groaned loudly under the stress but somehow managed to hold her bulky body aloft. It was only then that she realized she couldn't reach the table. Taking a labored breath, Lisa stood to turn the chair to the side. She was shocked to find that even though she was standing, her butt was still resting in the chair. As she turned to adjust it, her massive hip bumped into the table, knocking it over. Her blush deepened as the waitress hurriedly bent to pick everything up.

Lisa backed away to avoid any more accidents and heard a muffled shriek as she felt something bounce off her butt. Turning, she found a little girl picking herself up from the floor. The girl's mother approached, face red. "Jeanie," she said. "I told you to watch where you're going." She turned to Lisa. "I'm terribly sorry. It won't happen again." She grabbed her daughter's arm and quickly walked away, shushing her daughter as the youngster loudly talked about how the big-boobed butt lady had tried to attack her.

Shrugging, Lisa went back to sit in her chair. As she settled into

the creaking furniture, she looked up to find the restaurant had grown silent again. Looking around calmly, she soaked up all the stares and whispers, and smiled. Her body was finally getting her the attention she craved, in one form or another.



Chapter 8

Several minutes later, Emily had her new bra on and was walking out of the front double doors of Mrs. Kingly's house. She mutely watching her breasts, if they could even be called that anymore. The monstrosities loomed in front of her, creating so much upper body mass that she felt like a spinning top that was about to fall off balance at any moment. She wondered how could keep from falling over. They were so wide she knew they would get stuck in any normal door she tried to go through. And the weight! Even with the very comfortable bra, even with the sturdy back brace pressing against her spine, she could feel her boobs tugging on her shoulders and back as they rested on her hips and bounced against her legs.

A sharp twinge in her back muscles made her stop walking. *Maybe it's time I finally got that wheelchair Mom and Dad keep trying to buy me.* She paled when she realized what she had just thought. She didn't want to be in a wheelchair. Even the powered one her doctor suggested. She looked back down at her gigantic tits, still swaying ponderously. Sadly, she wouldn't have a choice if they continued to grow. She could feel the corded muscles in her butt and thighs flex with every step, working hard to keep her upright and moving in the right direction. Even with the muscled body of an Amazon, it was barely enough to carry her monstrous tits. She started watching where she was going as her left breast brushed against a rocking chair on Mrs. Kingly's porch, almost knocking it over.

For some reason, the more she thought about it, the more this didn't bother her as much as it should have. In fact, she found the idea of having breasts so large that she couldn't walk strangely exciting. She wasn't sure if any one else would, but she was starting not to care about that. She loved her breasts, and it would be the best thing in the world if they were even larger.

What am I thinking? Emily asked herself. She looked back at her breasts. Yes, she loved them, but she didn't want them to get any bigger. Did she? She would be dependent on others to help her outside the house. Outside! What about inside? She couldn't reach anything in

front of her. She couldn't see herself cooking from the side.

And bathing. How was she going to wash herself when she couldn't even reach her nipples?

She started walking again, staring blankly as her boobs swayed with her movements. They had gotten too big to bounce and instead appeared to hover perilously in front of her as she moved forward, threatening her balance with every step. A sudden thought flashed through Emily's head. "Amy," she said. "Do you think my boobs are too big?"

Lost in thought, Emily's question took Amy by surprise. She had been thinking about her own growth. She was coming to enjoy her incredible size. She knew she couldn't hold a candle to Emily, but most people didn't see girls with ninety inch busts as deprived in any stretch of the meaning. That was bigger than every big-bust stripper. She looked at Emily's face and saw that she was serious. She hefted the box she was carrying underneath her breasts. "No," she answered. "I don't think they're too big. Yeah, they are the largest I've ever seen, probably the largest in the world. But that doesn't change the fact that I love them."

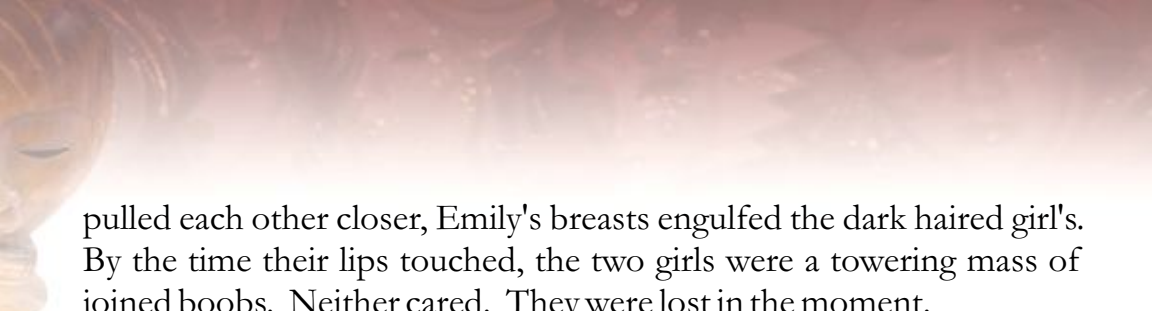
Emily visibly perked up when she heard those words. "What about the rest of me?"

"That's a given," she smiled. "I can't love them without loving you. Besides, no matter how big they get, to me, they're only a small part of why I love you."

"Amy, I'm a hundred and eighty inches. That's not small no matter how you look at it."

"Aw, none of that matters to me. Besides, I'm just trying to say that the size of your boobs isn't important," Amy said. "I don't care how big they get. I love you, Emily. I always will."

"Oh Amy..." Emily turned and slid up beside Amy as she dropped the box on the front porch. Leaning toward each other, breasts pressed side-by-side, they grabbed each others hands. As they



pulled each other closer, Emily's breasts engulfed the dark haired girl's. By the time their lips touched, the two girls were a towering mass of joined boobs. Neither cared. They were lost in the moment.

Memories flooded the two girls as their lips and tongues crossed and joined. Emily and Amy had been intimate together for months, after being girlfriends for years in school. They were lovers and lesbians, and weren't afraid to show affection to each other where others could see. They gasped in unison as their lips locked, realizing how much they loved each other now. It was the breasts that caused these feelings, but somehow they knew they didn't mind. They were meant for each other.

A loud "Ahem" brought a quick end to their reverie.

"I hate to interrupt you two love birds, but you told me you had to get home by five." The words came from Gina, a tall red-head. She was standing next to a blue van and twirling a set of keys on her finger.

Emily felt her face burn as she realized her and Amy both had to be driven around town now. "Let's go," she said. "I want to be home before they get back." She opened the sliding door of the vehicle and pushed herself into the backseat, which had been moved back a row to allow room for her stupendous figure. It wasn't until she was seated that she noticed she had an audience. "What?"

"Did you know you got in one tit at a time?"

"Amy!" she shrieked.

"You did," insisted Amy as Gina nodded in agreement. "You're so big now that you can't go through doors like everybody else."

"You mean normal people."

"No, just everybody else," Amy sighed. "You're as normal as the next person. You just have really big tits. And you're not a freak so don't even start that." She walked around the van, gave Gina a puzzled frown, then looked down at her tits. You could almost see the light bulb turn on above her head. Blushing, she went back around to the passenger side. "Now what brought this 'normal' bit on?" she asked

Emily as she got in.

“I never really wanted big tits,” Emily said. “Lisa just kept rubbing it in that her boobs were larger than mine.” She rubbed her forehead as Gina frowned at her. “All I wanted was to be bigger than her, but she keeps getting bigger and bigger. That makes me grow. I’m starting to regret that spell.”

“Yeah,” Amy said. “Any bigger and I’ll have to put a couple of wide load signs on you.” Both girls giggled at that, as Amy struggled to put her seatbelt on.

“Are you having some trouble,” Gina asked.

“Yes,” came the reply. “Unlike some people, I can’t reach across my chest with these lap belts.”

“I’ll help you,” Gina offered. She reached over and started adjusting the belt, caressing Amy’s breasts at every opportunity. She helped her fit the belt under her boobs and behind her back, snapping it in place. “Piece of cake,” she laughed.


“You grow a pair as big as mine then we’ll see how easy it is. You don’t want to know how many times I’ve pinched my boobs putting on a seatbelt.”

Gina opened her mouth to speak as she started the car, but Emily spoke first. “Amy, are yours getting in your way as much as mine are?”

Amy started laughing. She laughed so hard tears started to flow. “Oh God yes,” she said once she caught her breath. “I can’t see my feet or anything below my chest for that matter. I have to be careful when I walk or I lose my balance. They get to things before my hands do. Their weight is always there, pulling on my shoulders, pressing on my stomach, and, when I sit, covering my legs. *I don’t have a lap anymore!* Of course they get in the way, they’re too big not to. But I still love them.”

“What are you two talking about?” demanded Gina.

The two overdeveloped girls looked at each other. “Nothing,” they said in unison. Amy continued, “Still, it’s nothing compared what



you must go through.”

Eyes wide, Emily looked down at her chest. “What am I going to do with this?” she breathed.

“Well you could start by letting me play with them,” Amy suggested brightly.

“What about me,” asked Gina. “Don't I get to play as well?”

“No,” chuckled Emily. “Only Amy gets that privilege. You just drive us around.” Gina pouted as Emily continued, “It's a good thing I have you, Amy. I might have become depressed otherwise. But seriously, we need to find Lisa and stop her from getting any bigger. I'm having trouble walking and you know I have trouble fitting through doors.”

Gina gave them a confused look then started muttering something about girls with giant tits, and shrinking brains. The other two ignored her.

“Do we have to stop her?” she smirked. “I would love to see them bigger.”

“Yes, we do. I'm not going to spend the rest of my life in a wheelchair!”

“I could push you around,” Gina said.

“No wheelchairs,” Emily firmly said. “I'll never let someone push me around. I like walking with my own two legs.”

“You could always go back to Catherine and have her give some of those boobs to me.”

“And have me grow smaller?” Emily asked. “No way. Besides, it wouldn't work. The spell says I have to be larger than Lisa.”

“Oh. Well maybe she could do something about your nipples,” Amy joked.

“What?!”

“Your nipples,” Amy said as her face flushed. “They're

proportional to the size of your breasts.” She reached back and rubbed her hand over the giant mound in front of the hyper-busty girl's boob. Emily stared back with an incredulous look. “Well they are.”

“You know I can't even see my nipples,” Emily began, “I mean since they grew this morning.” Gina frowned, trying to figure out what these two were talking about. “I think I could barely reach them with a shower brush now. The only thing I know about them is that they're big and sensitive.”

“And oh so suck-able,” sighed Amy. Gina stopped trying to figure them out and started concentrating on driving straight. “And let's not forget lick-able, or the way they feel between my fingers when I twist and pull on them.” She shuddered and Gina moaned with the imagery. “I get wet every time I think about them.”

Emily blushed. “Let's just get home. My boobs aren't getting any lighter.”



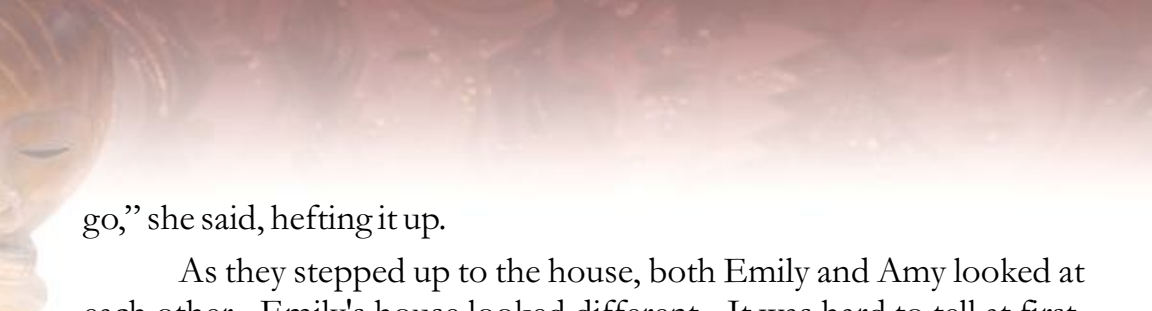
The trio pulled up to Emily's house. Gina shut off the engine and turned to face Amy and Emily. “Alright,” she said. “You two have made me wet. Now, as your parents and sister aren't home, Emily, I want my payment. Now.”

The busty girls shared a look. “Okay,” Emily said as she licked her lips. Neither her nor Amy tried to hide their *very* erect nipples. “We'll pay as soon as we get to my room.”

All three girls opened their doors and started to get out. Of course, Gina was the first out with Amy close behind. Emily, on the other hand, groaned as she maneuvered the bulk of one tit out the door, then followed it with her body before dragging the other out.

“My bras,” gasped Emily as she balanced herself against side of the vehicle.

Gina ducked under her breasts and dragged the box out. “Let's



go,” she said, hefting it up.

As they stepped up to the house, both Emily and Amy looked at each other. Emily's house looked different. It was hard to tell at first, but there were many subtle changes. The walkway up to the front entrance had been widened, and a railing had been placed to allow for balance and safety. The front door had been replaced by two large double doors, which swung outward to allow Emily enough space to walk through. Apparently, Emily's parents had finally had the house remodeled to accommodate her wider dimensions. As they entered, Emily saw the full extent of the changes in the house. All the furniture in the living room and kitchen had been moved or replaced to allow for wider walkways and sturdier sitting arrangements. The doors and hallways on her and her sister's side had been either knocked out or widened, and railings were lined in all of the hallways and rooms. Emily realized with a start that her parents' side of the house was no longer accessible because she couldn't fit through their hallway.

The girls made their way to Emily's room. Once in her room, Emily noticed her mattress was now lying on the floor, probably to avoid her accidentally rolling off in the middle of the night. Exhausted after walking from the van, Emily collapsed onto the bed, face flushed and panting. “I swear that hall is getting longer.”

Amy chuckled as she sat on Emily's desk, resting her back. “No,” she smiled. “You're getting bigger.”

Gina entered carrying the box of bras. She dumped it on the floor and turned towards Amy. “My payment, please. You promised.”

Amy smiled and walked to a shelf with a box on it. She could hear Gina's eager intake of breath as she walked, breasts swaying, majestically, from side to side. Once there, she reached in and removed some pictures. Flipping through them, she picked four and replaced the rest. “I hope these will do,” she told Gina as she walked back to her. “I'll have the gas money when you pick us up in the morning.”

Hands shaking, Gina took the pictures from Amy's hands. “Oh

these are *awesome*. The best yet!” she said as her face flushed a bright red. She swallowed a couple of times before continuing. “I’ll pick you up in the morning.” She turned and walked unsteadily out the door, her hands clenched tightly to the precious pictures of Amy and Emily.

As soon as Gina left, Amy sighed and fell into bed with Emily. “Now we can have some fun,” she said. She grasped the hem of her shirt and slowly pulled it up, causing Emily to gasp as her bra came into view. Emily could see the bulges Amy’s nipples made and couldn’t resist rubbing her hands over them causing Amy to gasp in turn.

Amy’s hands weren’t idle. She caressed Emily’s overgrown udders as she undressed. She slid her hands up from her waist and over the reclining girl’s giant, perky breasts. She stretched for the huge, protruding nipples, but could barely reach the areolas. “I remember when my boobs were Gina’s size,” she said.

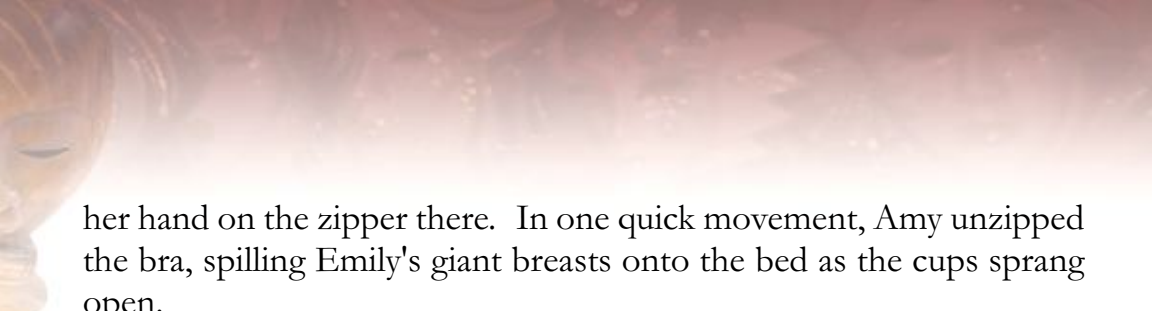
“I’m glad they’re not anymore,” Emily replied. Her hand slid around to Amy’s back and started opening the hooks of her bra.

Taking the hint Amy shrugged off the shoulder straps but held the cups to her breasts. “Do you want to see these?” she teased. “Do you want to suck on my huge nipples?”

Emily nodded and licked her lips as Amy dropped her bra and allowed access to her nipples and areolas. Even braless, her boobs thrust out aggressively. Emily raised one breast to her mouth. Slowly she licked around the puffy areola, making Amy gasp and shudder in delight. Once she got the nipple wet, Emily gently blew on it and Amy collapsed onto the bed.

“It’s my turn,” stated Emily after Amy had recovered. She had taken off her top, shoes, shorts, and panties. Amy stared, captivated by the sheer size and majesty of Emily’s breasts. She began licking, kissing, and rubbing the all the exposed flesh she could reach.

Head lolling, Emily squirmed in enjoyment under Amy’s actions. She snapped her head upright when she heard the Velcro between her bra cups rip open. She found a grinning Amy between her breasts with



her hand on the zipper there. In one quick movement, Amy unzipped the bra, spilling Emily's giant breasts onto the bed as the cups sprang open.

Amy then pounced on the jiggling masses, pinning a huge, erect nipple between her breasts. Emily's nipples were now masses unto their own. Surrounded by areolas the size of dinner mats, her nipples stood firmly from of the center, angled slightly up. As Amy rubbed and squeezed them between her boobs, they quickly grew erect, standing out five or six inches from their base. It made for an enjoyable mouthful, but she had other ideas of where the Emily's nipples could go. Mounting Emily's tit, Amy began sliding and rubbing her moist pussy against the hard, rubbery protrusion.

It wasn't much longer before they were moaning and gasping in pleasure.

Chapter 9

Lisa pouted in the back seat of her parents' vehicle. She had wanted to stay inside and eat but her parents weren't used to the stares yet. *One would think those people had never seen tits before*, she thought. She looked down and smiled. *But then, it's not everyday people see tits this big.*

She ran her hands along her breasts. They were fat and pliable, covering not only her lap, but all the back seat as well. And she was still in her bra. She didn't want to think about what they would look like out of it. *But it was worth it. I finally did it*, she thought. *I'm finally larger than Emily. There's no way she could ever match my size, even if I did have to go a little too far.*

Lisa contemplated the changes as she further examined her body. *There's some things I would change*, she admitted to herself. *Like the shape of my breasts.* They looked like giant laundry bags filled with Jell-O. Not like her sister's wonderful boobs. *And the size of my butt...* she thought sadly, as she ran her hands over her inflated posterior. It had swollen so much she felt like she was sitting on a beanbag chair. She sighed. "At least I still have a waist," she muttered.

She looked out the window and saw that they were almost home. She turned back to her parents. "Why didn't you want to stay there," she asked. "I didn't mind the stares."

"I'm sorry dear," her mother said as she turned. "I just got so upset with all the stares and comments. Don't those people have any manners?"

Lisa shrugged, secretly pleased with the attention she received because of her colossal tits. "I'm used to it by now Mom," she said. "They seem to think that big boobs mean I can't hear or see them. I think they're jealous."

"Lisa!" exclaimed her mother.

"How else can I explain their behavior?" Lisa sniffed. "If they weren't they wouldn't have said all those things."



“Do you and your sister go through this every day?”

“Not every day. The football team doesn't like people insulting their tutor. And they protect me because I'm her sister.”

“The football team!”

“Yeah, Dad,” Lisa said. “The football team. Don't worry though, neither of us is sleeping with them. You know Emily doesn't like boys.”

“I know,” her father replied. “I was just hoping for a grandchild.”

“You want your teenage daughter to get pregnant?” Mrs. Strombel gasped.

“No,” Mr. Strombel sighed. “I want our mature and responsible daughter to have a child. She's proven she can handle it. Besides, I want a grandson to spoil.”

“What about me?” piped Lisa. “Don't you think I'm ready to have a child?”

“No!” both her parents shouted. “Your sister,” continued Mr. Strombel, “has proven her responsibility by finding ways to pay for her bras. You haven't.”

“I'm working on that,” Lisa said. “Not that many of my friends can drive yet, and it's hard to find places that will hire me.”

“Well that didn't stop your sister.”

With a frustrated sigh, Lisa looked out the window knowing the conversation was over. She'd had this talk several times with her parents and it always ended the same. Still, she had hope. Her friend Stacey already had a job lined up whenever she got her license, and maybe she could put in a good word for Lisa. Then she and Stacey could go to work together. That would calm her parents down.

She sighed and let her thoughts wander. For some reason, she couldn't help wondering if she was *too* big. Sure, she got the tits she wanted, but they weren't like her sister's. And her body had changed in

ways she didn't like. She was starting to have trouble fitting through doorways and sitting in chairs. For the first time, she wasn't sure if it was *really* worth it. But then the thought of Emily's face when she saw her went through her mind and she smiled. That thought alone changed her mind. *I will be the big sister. No matter what.*

It wasn't long before they arrived home. "It looks like Emily and Amy are back," Mrs. Strombel said, noticing the light coming from Emily's bedroom. She sighed. "I hope they waited long enough for Emily to pick up her new bras."

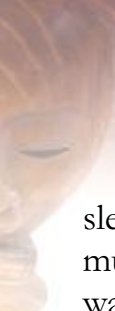
"Could you not talk about that," Mr. Strombel asked with a shudder. "I may accept the fact that Emily is a lesbian, but that doesn't mean I like it."

"Sorry, dear," Mrs. Strombel replied. "I didn't think. At least our daughter found someone to be happy with. It may not be the perfect relationship, but there's always a chance they could have a family." At her husband's raised eyebrow, she continued. "Well, there are other options, and Emily or Amy will want a baby eventually. Whenever they decided to have children, maybe they can find a sperm donor."

"That may work. But what about a father figure?"

Lisa didn't hear the answer. They had pulled into their driveway and stopped. She had her door open and was out of the van as fast as she could, which wasn't very fast considering how her breasts tumbled out of the seat, causing her to stagger and stumble. Halfway there, she stopped and grabbed her breasts, trying to steady them. The rest of the trip was finished at a fast walk, her legs bumping into the bottoms of her boobs and sending giant quakes through them with each step. She had to get to Emily. She *needed* to prove her tits were bigger.

Once inside, she went straight to her sister's room. While she didn't know *what* they were doing, she had a pretty good idea. As much as their parents loved Emily, she knew they didn't approve what Amy and Emily did together in private. She wondered how Emily could



sleep with girls. She just couldn't understand the attraction. Boys were much more interesting, even if they were always talking to her chest and walking funny when they were around her.

She cracked Emily's door and quietly peeked inside. She froze at the sight revealed to her. Emily and Amy lay twisted on Emily's bed, naked and sweaty, their breasts heaving. Amy was lying straddled on top of Emily, French kissing her while excitedly rubbing her body into the creamy mountain of her breasts. Emily moaned as she pulled on one of Amy's long nipples with her free hand.

Lisa watched as Emily's humongous breasts undulated under the ministrations of her lover. They looked even larger than what she had shown her cousins earlier. They enveloped her body as she lay on the bed, and were so big around that she doubted Emily could lift even one of them without effort. They were firm and massive and beautiful. Lisa didn't even have to look down to know that her own breasts were far inferior. She didn't know how, or why, but somehow Emily had still managed to beat her.

Lisa stood staring down at her body. She couldn't believe what she was seeing. She was *still* the little sister. Even after all she had done, after all she had sacrificed. Ignoring the sighs and moans coming from her sister's bedroom, she angrily turned and stomped to her room, slamming the door.



“Did you hear something?” Amy asked, sliding off Emily's breasts.

“Mmm... I think that was Lisa's door slamming,” Emily said, coming down from another powerful orgasm. “Oh shit, Lisa's back! We've got to go talk to her before our breasts get any bigger.”

Amy bounced around the room kicking pillows across the floor. “Where's my panties?” she asked, searching around the bed.

“Forget about that. Help me get up!” Emily demanded, struggling to get out from under her boobs.

In the hall, Emily's parents were staring at Lisa's door, wondering what caused her to slam it. Puzzled, they turned to see two busty, naked girls come bursting out of Emily's room.

“Put some clothes on!” roared Emily's father as the young girls hurried down the hallway. Emily's mother just gasped and started pulling her husband away. Neither wanted to think too much about *why* the two were not dressed.

Amy and Emily didn't even slow as they headed towards Lisa's room. Emily shoved the door open and stopped, shocked. Amy couldn't stop in time and her tits shoved the girl further into the room. Together, they gawked at the scene before them.

Sitting in the middle of her bed, Lisa was stripped down to her panties, her naked breasts laid out before her. They had grown to such a degree that they covered the entire bed like two lumpy pancakes. The only reason they knew they were breasts was because they were attached to Lisa's chest and two bulbous, nipple-like protrusions were attached at each end. As they watched, Lisa held a tube of cream over her head with both hands and started squirting it furiously all over her tits.

“What are you DOING!” Emily screamed.

Lisa laughed triumphantly. “I've lived in your shadow long enough. People keep talking about you and your tits. Asking me how much they've grown and how they look. I have big tits too! And now, I'm going to have the biggest tits in this house. Now you're going to be the one with the 'itty bitty' boobies. And there's nothing you can do about it!” Lisa finished emptying the cream on her breasts and threw the empty tube across the room. With a laugh of triumph, she lunged forward and started spreading the cream all over her tits with her hands and arms.

Emily just stared with her mouth open. Her sister had gone crazy. She opened her mouth to try to talk some sense into her, but her



voice failed her.

“You've been using magic,” Amy told Lisa in a flat voice.

“How do you know?” said a near-frantic Lisa as she continued massaging, rolling, and flopping her tits around on the bed in front of her.

“We know because we did too,” answered Amy.

“Stop and listen,” Emily finally said. Lisa froze, watching her sister. “I went to a shop in the mall called 'The Goddess' Fun Shop.' There, I met a woman named Catherine and asked her to place a spell on me. The spell made it so that I would always have bigger boobs than you. So Lisa, no matter how big you get, I'll always be larger. You might as well give it up. Let's go,” she told Amy as she turned ponderously toward the door.

As they closed the door, there came a scream of frustration.

“So,” said Amy. “Do you think Catherine did this on purpose?”

“I don't know,” answered Emily. “I believe she knew about us though. How she knew, I don't know. I do know I'm not going back there again.”

Amy watched as Emily walked down the hall. One boob hitting the wall on one side then the other. As she watched the proud, beautiful girl in front of her, she could see why she wouldn't want to go back. Then she looked down at her own ponderous chest and decided she didn't want to go back either.

Chapter 10

It was morning and Amy stood before the mirror. True to form, both she and Emily had grown during the night. Her boobs had grown half again in size, covering her body from shoulders to knees. They had lengthened as they grew, until they stood out from her chest in a torpedo shape. Her nipples and areola had grown to resemble rounded traffic cones. They stuck out an embarrassing eight inches when hard, and were almost four and a half inches thick on top of puffy areolas that stuck out several inches themselves. They were real attention-getters. Emily would probably tell her they were sexy, but she didn't have to hide the monsters. Her hips and thighs had widened a bit with muscle, and her butt was fuller. In fact, her whole body had increased in size, putting on a smooth layer of fat and firm muscle. Over all she liked the changes.

She could see Emily stir in the mirror. She studied the impossibly endowed girl for a moment. Like Amy, Emily's breasts had grown. The monstrous glands had swollen to such a size that they each dwarfed the rest of the girl. They sat on either side as she lay on the bed, almost hiding her from sight. Even in this position, they reached past her feet and stood over four feet high. Her boobs looked more like mountains than breasts. That included the leviathan nipples on her huge, puffy areolas.

She sighed. Those nipples. Those wonderful nipples. They weren't as long as hers, but they sure were thicker. Amy could, and had, spent hours just sucking on them. When she didn't have them in other places.

She watched as Emily moved her feet. Amy knew she would be fully awake soon. She thought about the parts of her she couldn't see. Emily's thighs, hips, and butt were just as packed with muscle as the night before. If anything her waist actually became firmer as she had spent the most of the last year pulling or pushing her breasts around in the makeshift "breast cart" Emily's father had invented to keep her from trying to carry them or having to use a wheelchair. That was when Amy had moved in with her to help her move around and get dressed in



the mornings.

Emily groaned as she slowly came awake. Amy rushed to her side as she started to struggle upright, using one of the newly installed pull rings that hung from the ceiling in several places around the house. Amy began pushing pillows behind her to help. “Are you happy?” Amy asked expectantly.

“Strangely, I am,” Emily answered when she had sat up, breasts sprawling in front of her. Even though she had sat up, her breasts hadn't moved. They remained in the same position on the bed. “I know I can't walk without my cart anymore, and that Catherine basically tricked me into this, but I wouldn't change it for anything.” She grinned, squeezing the side of Amy's boob. “Besides, now I have some big boobs to play with.”

“Seriously big,” agreed Amy.


“Yeah,” Emily said. “Now, you need to get over here and help me get my giant tits dressed so we can have breakfast and get to school.” Giggling, Amy moved closer to give her lover an affectionate kiss, avoiding the numerous pillows scattered around the floor.

Just then the door opened. In it, stood Lisa. Yesterday's news had really hit her. She had bags under her eyes, her skin was pale, and her hair was dull. Her boobs looked more like gigantic, skin-colored duffle bags than actual breasts. They billowed down around her body, and where they reached the floor they gathered and piled at her feet. Her maroon areola and giant, cow-like nipples could be seen trailing out from under them. Her nightgown, if it could be called that, fluttered out in a bell-shape, barely covering half her enlarged rear. Her hips and buttocks emerged from underneath, as wide as the re-enlarged doorway. Lisa's hand reached down and scratched absently at one of her massive tits.

The three girls stared at each other in silence for a moment. Amy and Emily could see a vein pop out of Lisa's forehead as she stared at their perfectly-shaped breasts, standing or sitting proudly out from







their chests. She balled her fists, looking like she was about to explode. Then, all at once, she deflated. “It's time to get up,” she said. “You should be careful. Mom and Dad *might* find you 'playing,' and you *know* what they said about you guys fooling around where I can see you.”

“We're not playing,” Amy said.

“That's right,” agreed Emily. “She's helping me get dressed. And you should be wearing your bra. You don't want to get your nipples caught under the door again.”

“Be nice, Boobzilla,” chided Amy.

“*Boobzilla!*?” shrieked Emily. She picked up a pillow. “Them's fightin' words.”

Lisa turned and stomped away angrily as shrieks of laughter filled the room, dragging her massive udders with her.

Epilogue

Suzie sighed as the image faded from the mirror. “Mistress,” she said. “Do you think I’ll ever have boobs that big?”

“Maybe,” Catherine answered from behind her, “but not until you practice your self control more.”

“They look so happy.”

“And you just proved my point,” the goddess stated. “You should know that’s because of my spell. Even though to most people, they’re massively and impractically huge, those three will always be content with their bodies. They will live productive, peaceful lives secure in the knowledge that they’re unique and special. When the two lesbians are ready, my magic will help them conceive. And even the younger sister will find loving men and have *lots* of children, and live a very fulfilling life. It’s an affect all who receive my blessings are gifted with. With those three walking around, more and more women will come to want bigger breasts. Either consciously or subconsciously, they’ll all come to me in time. And in the end, I’ll be the most powerful god in the world.”

Eyes wide, Suzie nodded. “Mistress, you’re the best!”

The End