

The Goddess' Fun Shop

CHEERLEADER'S PRIDE



By Quadhouse - Illustrations by Leo Ton

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San Francisco - Tucson - Buenos Aires - London



The Goddess' Fun Shop - Cheerleader Pride
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CHEERLEADER PRIDE

Prologue

Suzie looked up as the door opened. "Welcome to the Goddess' Fun Shop," she said. "How may I help you." A tall busty blonde walked in. "Hello Mistress. How was your walk?"

"Very productive, Suzie," the woman answered. She lead a short busty Asian girl in. "See who I found."

"Who is she, Miss Catherine?" Suzie asked as she studied the girl. She frowned when she noticed that her breasts was smaller than the newcomer's.

"This is Jennifer Lin," Catherine said. "She's my new shop assistant."

Suzie's eyes filled with tears. "No Mistress!" she cried. "I'll be good! I won't use anything unless you tell me too! Even then I won't go too big."

Catherine and Jennifer stared in shock. "What are you talking about?" Catherine asked.

Suzie turned her tear-streaked face to Jennifer. "I know she's her to replace me," she said. "Just, please give me another chance! I'll really be good this time."

"Suzie," Catherine shouted. "I'm not replacing you. Jennifer is here for training. She's going to be my new assistant in the shop I'm opening in the next city."

Suzie stopped crying. "I'm not going to be replaced?"

"No," Catherine firmly answered. "I'll be branching out soon and I need more priestesses to work the shops. Jennifer is the first of those."

"So I'm not going to be replaced," Suzie confirmed.

"No, you're not," responded Catherine. "Jennifer, stay with Suzie and she'll show you how things are done." She started walking toward the back. Out of the corner of her eye she noticed Suzie studying Jennifer's figure. "What is it now, Suzie?"

Suzie stiffened. "Nothing Mistress."


"Don't try to lie to me."

Suzie started fidgeting. "Well, you see, Mistress. Jennifer has, um, well. . ." She looked at Catherine's face. "She has bigger boobs than me," she blurted.

Catherine just stared at her. "I don't mind," Jennifer said. "You can make mine smaller."

"No, Jennifer," Catherine said, never taking her eyes off Suzie. "I promised that you would have nothing smaller than DD-cups and I meant





it. Suzie is just boob crazy. But she does have a point. She was first so she should be the largest.” Her gaze intensified. “As long as she doesn’t try to make what I give her larger.”

Suzie gulped. “I won’t mistress,” she promised.

Catherine waved her hand. Suzie’s breasts instantly went from B-cups to DD-cups. Suzie couldn’t help giving a little squeal of pleasure. Her hands shot up to feel her expanded endowments. After a few squeezes, she shakily removed her hands and grabbed the counter. She gave Catherine a brittle smile.

“See,” Suzie said. “I can control myself.”

Catherine ignored the trembling in her assistants arms. “I’ll be watching,” she said. Then she continued her trip to the back.

Chapter 1: Discovery

Kendra Hillman hurried through the halls. She was late. But it wasn’t her fault. Mrs. Johnson kept her after class because she didn’t have her homework assignment. She couldn’t help it if she had left in on her bedroom dresser. If the power hadn’t gone out last night, she would have brought it. Damn storms.

That reminded her. She didn’t know why she was hurrying. It wasn’t like there was going to be a game this week. Thanks to freakish number of tornadoes all the high schools within two hundred miles had suffered some type of damage. None of them had a usable football stadium. So the high school football season was on hold, for the moment.

She slowed to a walk. Since there wouldn’t be a game this week, they didn’t need to practice as hard. At least, that’s what she thought. Coach Burns probably had some other idea. She usually did. And it usually involved a lot of sweat.

“Hey! Slow down. My cart can’t move that fast.”

Kendra stopped. She knew that voice. It had to be Emily. And she could only be talking to Amy and Gina. They were the only ones in the building besides the football team and some of the geek clubs. And only because it was too much trouble for Emily to move through the crowded halls.

“It could if you’d let us help.”

“You just want to grab my boobs,” Emily said.

“Yeah, hands off, Gina,” a third voice said. “I’m the only person who can touch Emily’s boobs.”

Kendra approached a corner. She peeked around and saw three girls. She could see the tall, slim, figure of Gina on the right and the mind boggling top heavy figure of Amy on the left. Amy’s one hundred and thirty five inch bust shocked everybody who saw it. Everybody who hasn’t seen Emily, that is.

Emily’s bust measured close to three hundred inches. She, her sister Lisa, who measured an even two hundred inches, and Amy were medical mysteries. None of ~~the doctors could explain how~~ either of the insanely busty girls could be alive. But that didn’t stop them from living and enjoying

their extreme breast size. They were moving away from her.

“You just want to keep them to yourself, Amy,” accused Gina.

“True,” Amy admitted. “But I only touch them to give Emily pleasure. She’s the one I love. Not her boobs.”

“The boobs are just a perk,” Emily said. “Besides, I’m not the only one with huge boobs. I just happen to have the biggest.”

“What I want to know is, if Lisa’s going to go back there?”

“Back where,” asked Amy.

“You know,” Gina said. “That shop in the mall. What’s it’s name, The Goddess’ Fun Shop?”

“I knew we shouldn’t have told you about that,” Emily said.

“I find it hard to believe that you can go there and buy stuff to make you boobs grow.” Kendra’s eyes widened.

“Shhhh. Not so loud,” Amy said. “We don’t want that to get around.”

“Why not. It’s not like people would believe you.”

“You said it,” Emily said. “It’s bad enough having boobs this big. What would people think if they knew I believed I bought these in some shop in a mall?”

“You got a point,” admitted Gina. “But I still would like some larger boobs.”

“Go to a plastic surgeon,” Emily said. “If you go to the Fun Shop, there’s no telling how big you’ll get.”

Stunned, Kendra watched the trio turn a corner. As she continued to the gym, she thought about what she had just heard. It couldn’t be true, could it? There’s no way a girl could go into a shop and buy something that made her boobs grow. Especially as big as Emily was. But what if it was true.



Chapter 2: The Plan

As Kendra walked into the gym she could hear the excited voices of the cheerleaders. Pushing aside her thoughts, she eagerly joined the group.

“What’s going on,” she asked a 5’5” blonde.

“You haven’t heard,” the blonde responded.

“Misty, would I be asking if I knew?”

“That’s true,” giggled Misty.

“So what happened,” Kendra prompted.

“Oh, we get to use the pro football stadium for our games.”

“We get to do what!” shouted Kendra.

“That’s right,” another girl said. She was an inch shorter than Kendra’s 5’7” and was a C-cup. She had red hair and gray eyes. “Mr. Kelsey donated the use of his stadium to the local high schools for use until we can get ours repaired.”

“We can’t fill that!”

“I know,” the girl said. “Several pro players have said that they’ll be at the games to sign autographs for anybody who shows them a ticket.”

“Do you know how many people will show up for that, Mindy,” Kendra breathed. “I’ll bet even the networks will cover our games.”

Mindy nodded. “That’s what got Sarah so worked up.” Sarah was the head cheerleader. She continued at Kendra’s puzzled look. “You know how much Sarah worries about our appearance.” Kendra nodded. “Well, with the networks covering our games, our faces will be spread nationwide. With that happening, Sarah wants something special to set us apart from all the other high schools out there.”

Kendra thought about what she had heard Emily, Amy, and Gina said. “I think I may have something,” she said. “Where’s Sarah?”

Mindy turned and pointed. “Over there,” she said.

Kendra looked to where she was pointing. She saw Sarah, a red head, standing with three others. Jean, a brunette, Heather, another brunette, and Carol a blonde. She started walking toward them. Mindy followed while Misty stayed behind.

“Can’t you think of something,” Kendra heard Sarah say as she neared the group. “We really need something to make us stand out.”

“I’m sorry Sarah,” Heather said. She stood 5’3” and had slim figure with a bubble butt and B-cup breasts. “Any new routines we make will not be ready in time.”

“Besides,” put in Jean. “The coach won’t let us practice them until after the season is over with.” She stood 5’6” and had curvy figure and D-cup breasts.

“I may know of something,” Kendra said. The others turned toward her.


“Oh,” Sarah said. “What?”

“It’s something I overheard Emily and Amy talking about.” The others winced as Sarah scowled. Sarah didn’t want anybody talking about Emily, Amy, or Lisa around her. Mostly because their breasts made her DD-cups look like beestings.

“Spit it out.”

Kendra looked around then leaned closer. “This doesn’t go past us,” she whispered. The others drew in closer. “On the way here, I saw Amy and Emily walking in the hall. Gina was with them. They were talking about Emily’s boobs, or course. But this time was





different. From what they said, Emily, Amy, and even Lisa had gotten their boobs from a shop in the mall. The Goddess's Fun shop, to be exact."

"And you believed them," Sarah said. "They were probably jerking your chain."

"They had no reason to lie," Kendra insisted. "They didn't even know I was there. I was behind them and you know Emily doesn't like to turn around." The other girls nodded. As big as Emily was, there was no way she could look behind her without hitting one wall or the other.

"I've noticed some strange things about that shop," Carol said. She was 5'5" and wore a C-cup bra. She rarely showed any cleavage unlike the rest of the cheerleaders. Kendra wondered about that.

"Like what," Sarah asked. Curious despite her efforts not to be.

"Like nobody ever talks about it," Carol said. "It's there, but nobody goes in. At least, I don't see anybody going in. The people in the mall seem to walk right by and nobody notices it. How can a shop stay open if nobody shops in it? Until today, I didn't even know that anybody went in."

"That's if they were telling the truth," Heather said. "Like Sarah said, they could have been lying."

"Yeah. Think about it," Mindy said. "We've known those three for years. They were the first girls our age to need a bra and they just kept growing. All three of them are in the Guinness Book of World Records you know. That shop wasn't even here when we were kids so how could that shop give them such huge boobs."

"I don't know, but I'm going to find out," Kendra said. "If it's true, we could all have bigger boobs." She saw Sarah's eyes light up. "Being the bustiest cheerleaders would definitely set us apart."

Sarah was tempted. Kendra could tell. Sarah never liked that fact that she wasn't the bustiest girl in school. Sure, the fat girls had bigger boobs, but they didn't count. But Emily, Amy, and Lisa did. Well, maybe not Lisa with her droopy boobs and ginormous butt. Just the chance that she could close the gap between her and Emily may be enough to convince her.

"Okay," Sarah finally said. "Check out the shop. There's too many stories floating around. Even I've heard about them." She studied Kendra for a moment. "When are you going to go?"

"Today," came the answer. "After we're finished here."

"I can't believe I'm doing this," Sarah muttered as she, Mindy, Heather, and Jean walked away.

"Um," Carol said as the others got out of hearing.

"What is it?"

"I'd like to come with you," Carol said as she looked at the ground.

Kendra blinked. "Why? Aren't you big enough," she asked. "Most girls will kill to be a C like you."

Carol blushed. "Can't I just go with you? I'll tell you why later, ok?"

Kendra studied the girl for a moment. "Sure, why not," she said.

"Thanks. Meet you after practice."

Kendra watched as Carol walked away. Shrugging, she turned to face the torture that Coach Dixon was sure to give the squad.



Chapter 3: The Shop

Kendra groaned as she got out of her car. Coach Dixon was a demon today. She was determined to beat the squad into readiness for next week's game. While she did agree that the squad needed to be ready, Kendra thought that the coach was going too far. It was probably the stress of knowing that the game would be on national television. But that doesn't help her aching muscles.

"Oh God, don't do that," moaned Carol as she got out of the car. "You just remind me of how much I hurt." After practice, Carol had insisted on riding with Kendra. She had said that she didn't want to drive with the way traffic had been. Kendra didn't believe her. She knew the girl had just gotten her driver's license last month and wasn't comfortable with driving by herself. "I'm just glad you find a close parking space."

Kendra shrugged. "The mall usually isn't crowded at this time of day," she said. She locked and shut her door, as Carol did the same. Together, they started toward the mall.

"So," Carol started. "Do you really think this shop is for real?"

"I don't know," Kendra replied, thinking hard. "If it is, it would explain Amy's and Emily's tits. Especially Emily's."

"True. I can't imagine having boobs that big." Carol shuddered. "I don't want to be pinned by my own boobs."

Although she agreed with Carol, Kendra didn't say anything. The conversation had reminded her of a question she had asked the blonde girl. A question she had put aside. She hadn't asked her in the car, or earlier when they had stopped by Carol's house to pick up a change of clothes, but she was going to ask now.

"Carol," Kendra began as they entered the mall.

"Carol! Kendra!" Both girls looked around as their names were called. Walking toward them was Sarah, Mindy, Heather, and Jean. Apparently, they had come straight to the mall.

"What are you guys doing here," a not so surprised Kendra asked.

"Sarah wanted to make sure you really was going to that shop," Mindy said.

"Of course I'm going," huffed Kendra. "You didn't have to come here."

Sarah shrugged. Not at all apologetic. "I need some new shoes anyway." She looked at Carol. "Are you going too?"

"Why not," Carol answered. "I'd like to see the inside of the shop. Who knows what's all in there."

Sarah turned back to Kendra. "Will you meet with us after you finish there?"

"Here?"

Sarah nodded.

"Yeah, I'll come back. Do you know where it is?"



“It’s not on the map,” Heather said.

“We’ve looked,” Jean put in. “Besides, if the shop sells what we think it sales, it wouldn’t be. No other store would be able to stay open.”

“Okay,” Kendra said. “Meet us back here in forty five minutes. We should have found the place and got something by then. This place isn’t that big.” At the other’s nod, Kendra and Carol walked away.

After twenty minutes of walking, the two cheerleaders found the shop. They stared at the store. Unlike the others in the mall, it actually had a door. It was glass with flowers painted on it. The Goddess’ Fun Shop was written in elegant letters near the top. Now that they were here, the girls were starting to feel nervous.

“Well, here goes nothing,” Kendra said. With a deep breath, she opened the door.

“Welcome to The Goddess’ Fun Shop,” she heard a cheerful voice say. “How may we help you?” When the two looked for the source of the voice, they found a teenage girl not much older than them and a short Asian girl of about the same age. Both of them had DD-cup breasts.

“No thank you,” Kendra said. “We’re just looking.”

“Call us if you need anything,” the Asian girl said.

Kendra and Carol headed for the back of the shop. “They aren’t that busty,” Carol whispered when they were out of hearing.

“Maybe not,” agreed Kendra. “But would you want to have your clerks boobs so big that most people would stare in shock?”

“I guess not,” Carol said. “But it would go a long way toward making people believe.”

Kendra shrugged. “Anybody can buy fake boobs and put them on,” she said. “That’s what I ~~would think after getting over~~ my shock. You don’t even need to buy fake ones. You could make your own. Of course, they won’t look as good as the store bought ones.”

Not wanting to admit the point, Carol looked around. “Kendra, have you looked around,” she hissed. “Are you sure this is the right place?”

Kendra stared at their surroundings in shock. Around them was the most mind boggling assortment of junk she had ever seen. There were dolls, shirts, shoes, creams, lotions, shampoos, deodorants, and all manner of jewelry. She couldn’t believe her eyes. There were even things that made her blush and that her mother will kill her if she knew she had seen them. “Let’s just get something a go.”

“What,” asked Carol. Together they looked at the nearest shelf. It held a collection of dildos and vibrators. Faces burning, they skipped the next two shelves. On the third shelf they found a collection of pills.

“Mr. B’s Breast Enhancers,” read Kendra. “For fuller, larger, firmer breasts. Take one at a time until desired size is reached. Effects may take up to three hours to take affect. Do these really work?”





“I don’t know,” Carol answered. “But there are a lot of them.” She took a bottle down. “Mark T’s Bust Booster. Take once a week for larger breasts. They have to be kidding. If these actually worked, they’d be millionaires by now.”

“Take a look at this one.” Kendra handed a bottle to Carol. It’s label read Munchwolf’s Breast Pills. “This one says it’s affects are temporary.”

“What? How can that be? Boobs can’t just shrink.”

“That’s because it’s magic,” a voice said. Both girls gave a little shriek of surprise and turned. Behind them stood the teen. “I see you’ve found our collection of breast growth pills,” she continued. “They are a popular item. Oh, my name is Suzie.”

“Do these really work,” asked a skeptical Kendra.

“Everything in here works,” Suzie replied. “In fact, every item in this shop causes a woman’s breasts to grow.”

“You sure,” challenged Carol. “You aren’t that busty you know.”

Suzie’s eyes brightened. “Do you want a demonstration? That can be arranged.”

The two cheerleaders looked at each other and shrugged. “Sure,” Carol said. “We’d like a demonstration.”

“Ok. Then follow me.” Suzie turned and started walking to the front of the store. Kendra and Carol followed each carrying a bottle of pills.

“These two would like a demonstration,” Suzie told the Asian.

“They would?”

“Yes, they would. Which one should we use, Jennifer.”

“This one,” Jennifer said as she picked up a perfume bottle. “I just love this scent.” She turned and pointed the bottle toward Suzie.

With a squeak, Suzie ducked out of the way. “What are you doing,” she demanded.

“Giving a demonstration,” was the innocent reply.

“Not on me,” Suzie said. “You know Miss Catherine said that I wasn’t supposed to use anything.” The cheerleaders watched in some amusement.

“Come on,” pleaded Jennifer. “Miss Catherine won’t notice a little growth.”

Suzie frowned as her nipples erected. Her will was weakening. Jennifer had hit upon her ultimate weakness. Unknowingly, she took a step toward the smiling Asian. Jennifer raised her arm to spray Suzie.

With a gasp, Suzie ducked out of the way. “No,” she said. “Miss Catherine will make me flat if I let you do that.”

“I won’t tell if you won’t.”

Suzie’s hands raised to her breasts. Unconsciously, she started to knead her breasts. Her erect nipples became even larger. She watched as Jennifer slowly raised her arm. The perfume bottle was swung into position, nozzle pointed directly at Suzie’s breasts.

“Excuse me,” a voice said. Everybody turned to find a mousey looking

woman standing in the door. She stood 5'7" tall. Her hair was brown as was her eyes. She was wearing a loose powder blue shirt, blue jeans, and tennis shoes. "I'm here about the job."

"Um, you have a sign in the door," she continued as the four stared at her. "Is the job still open?"

They all turned to the door. The woman was right. There was a sign in the door. Even from the back, they could see the words 'help wanted.'

"Did you put that there," Suzie asked Jennifer.

"No. Did you?" Suzie shook her head. They turned to face the cheerleaders.

"Did you two see that when you came in?" They shook their heads.

Suzie thought fast. "You're hired," she told the woman. "What's your name?"

"Samantha Wingley," she answered. "Um, when do I start and what do I do?"

"You start right now," Suzie said as she eased herself away from Jennifer. "And your job is assisting Jennifer here." She grabbed Samantha and put her next to Jennifer. "She was just demonstrating the perfume."

Samantha stared as Suzie rapidly backed away. Not knowing what else to do, she turned to face Jennifer. "How do you demonstrate perfume," she asked.

"Like this," grinned Jennifer as she squirted Samantha.

Samantha breathed in deeply. "Mmm, lilacs," she said. "But why did you need me?"

Before anybody could say a word, Samantha's eyes suddenly widened and her hands leapt to her chest. There, they cupped the two bulges that had appeared. Stunned, she stared down. Never before did she have enough to hold. Now she could feel the pressure her breast exerted on her bra. Samantha could only wonder at her sudden growth.

Samantha wasn't the only one surprised by her growth. Kendra and Carol were also shocked. Even though they had heard the rumors and knew the two employees were giving a demonstration, the woman's growth caught them by surprise. They shared a look before turning back to Samantha.

"Wh, what just happened," Samantha asked.

"I just made your boobs bigger," Jennifer giggled. Samantha stared at her in shock.

"Just relax," grated Suzie. "Making boobs grow is what we do here. Miss Catherine loves larger boobs."

"And we're not done yet," Jennifer said. She raised her arm and sprayed Samantha again.

Samantha gasped as her breasts grew in her hands. She could feel her bra get tighter. Hear the threads snap and pop. She watched in increasing awe as her breasts claimed more and more of the space within her shirt. When she had entered the shop, Samantha only wore a bra for propriety since she wasn't even an A-cup. She would have been ecstatic to have been a B-cup.





So, when Jennifer sprayed the perfume on her and she grew to what she guessed as a C-cup, she was overjoyed. But now, now she was becoming alarmed. Her breasts had grown past a D-cup, finally snapping her bra, and was approaching an E-cup. And they weren't showing any signs of stopping.

The cheerleaders watched k in shock as Samantha's breasts grew. Even though they were watching it, they couldn't believe their eyes. The first time she grew, Samantha could have had an inflatable bra or something stuffed under her shirt. Even this second growth spurt could be faked. But neither girl could hear the tale tail hiss of air being pumped. Also, neither could believe a woman would walk around wearing inflatable underwear. There would be too much of a risk of leaking.

They all gasped as Samantha's breasts suddenly stopped growing at an astounding F-cup.

"Ok," Kendra shakily said. "We'll buy these." She put the bottle of pills she had been holding on the counter. She had to nudge Carol before she placed hers as well.

Suzie came over, taking a wide path around the perfume wielding Jennifer. Jennifer didn't notice. She was too busy admiring Samantha's new breasts. And Samantha was trying to decide if she wanted to stay there. "Nice choice," she said as she picked up the fist bottle. "Of course, Miss Catherine doesn't let me test the products anymore." She pointed to the small print on the labels. "You see here? These two alter reality. So you want to be careful with them. Even if you will remember what happened before the changes, um, happened."

"These can do what," a nervous Carol asked. She didn't know what the phrase 'alter reality' meant and she wasn't sure she wanted to.

"Make changes to the past," stated Suzie. "Do you want people to know you didn't have big boobs yesterday?"

The girls shook their heads.

"Ok then." Suzie rang up and bagged their choices. "That'll be \$48.95."

As the two cheerleaders searched their purses for the money, Suzie took a peek at Samantha. She so wanted to go over there and caress those boobs. Her hands were trembling, her nipples ached, and sweat was beading her forehead. She wasn't sure how long she would be able to hold out.

"Here," Kendra said.

Suzie took their money and made change. As soon as they had it, Kendra grabbed the bag and left. Neither wanted to hang around any longer than necessary. They weren't sure if their craziness was catching.

"Um, excuse me," Samantha said. "It's not that I don't like them, but could you turn my breasts back to normal? Please."

"Oh no. We can't do that," Jennifer said. "Your boobs are wonderful. In fact, they would be even better if they were bigger."

"Bigger," exclaimed Samantha. "I just wanted a job! Not giant breasts!"

"Those aren't that big," breathed Suzie. She was staring at Samantha's breasts. "I've had larger. Of course, Mistress Catherine shrunk them." She took a step toward the worried woman. "Besides, only Mistress Catherine can shrink boobs."



Jennifer watched in glee as Suzie stepped closer and closer to Samantha. She slowly moved into a position where she could spray the both of them. Before she met Mistress Catherine, Jennifer would have never guessed that she liked watching other women's breasts grow to enormous sizes. But she loved knowing that it was her who caused the growth.

Wide eyed, Samantha watched as Suzie approached. Her glazed eyes were glued to her breasts and she kept licking her lips. Slowly, her arms raised, hands ready to grasp and massage. She wanted to back away from the teen, but couldn't. She had never been fondled before, and some small part of her wanted to. Especially since she now had something to be fondled.

"Suzie, who is this person?"

Instantly, Suzie's eyes cleared. She jumped back from Samantha with her hands behind her. She turned to face the incredibly busty blonde woman who had suddenly appeared in the shop. Her breasts were so large that they made Samantha's impressive new endowments look small. She practically dwarfed both Suzie and Jennifer.

"Mistress Catherine," Suzie gasped. "I didn't hear you come in. Um, this is Samantha. She's our newest employee."

Catherine raised an eyebrow. "Who told you to hire another person?"

Suzie's bottom lip started to quiver. "I'm sorry Mistress. But Jennifer was going to use the perfume on me." Jennifer hid the hand holding the bottle behind her back. "I had to do something. You told me not to make my boobs bigger." She started crying. "It was so hard. I really want bigger boobs."

"That's all right Suzie," soothed Catherine. "You've taken your first step toward proving your self-control."

"Really," sniffed Suzie.

"Despite several temptations, you managed to control yourself." Jennifer tried to make herself smaller while Suzie sighed in relief. Samantha started to poke wonderingly at her enlarged chest.

"Yes," Catherine said. "I'm very pleased with you. In fact, I think I'll reward you."

Suzie's face brightened with joy as Catherine waved her hand. Instantly, Suzie's breasts grew. Ripping through her bra and blouse to hang hugely in front of her. Suzie's hands leapt up to catch the wobbling mass of her breasts. They had grown so much that her arms couldn't contain them. "Thank you Mistress," Suzie moaned even as she buried her face in her own cleavage.

Catherine noticed that Jennifer was pouting. "What's wrong," she asked the Asian woman.

"I wanted to do that," whined Jennifer.

"That's why Samantha is here," sighed Catherine. Samantha jerked her head up as Jennifer started to smile. "You can make her larger if you want. Just don't make her too big. She still has work to do."

"N, n, now wait a minute," stammered Samantha as Jennifer slowly

approached her. "You can't use more of that perfume on me."

Jennifer stopped. "You're right," she said and Samantha gave a smile sigh of relief. Jennifer went behind the counter and pulled out a large water gun. "This would be much better."

With a scream, Samantha ran for the back of the store. Jennifer chased her, laughing all the while.

Catherine held her head in her hands. "Now I have two of them," she moaned.



Chapter 4: The Test

Kendra and Carol rapidly made their escape. They couldn't believe the way those women had acted. Neither wanted to go back. One or the other of the store's clerks would probably use one of their products on them. It wasn't until they were in the middle of the mall that they slowed down.

"Oh man," Kendra said when she caught her breath. "Can you believe those two?"

"Not really," Carol replied. "But now I know why they're only rumors about that shop."

Kendra nodded. She didn't want to tell people about that store with the boob crazy clerk. And Jennifer seemed to be just as bad. "I sort of feel sorry for the new girl."

"Oh yeah," Carol said. She had forgotten about Samantha. "She doesn't know what she's getting into, does she?"

Before Kendra could answer, they met the others.

"Back already," Sarah said. "Was the shop even there?"

Carol and Kendra looked at each other. "Yes," Kendra said. "It was there."

"Do they really sell things to make your boobs bigger," Mindy quietly asked.

"Definitely," Carol flatly stated.

Sarah scowled at Mindy. "So what did you buy? Some sort of pump?"

Kendra held up a bag. "Pills," she said. "Would you like to take some now?"

"No," snapped Sarah. "You and Carol are going to take some. Remember? Besides, how do I know you really found the shop. You could have went to some health store and bought a bottle of vitamins."

Silently, Kendra opened the bag and took out a bottle of pills. She handed it to Sarah.

"Ok, maybe you did," Sarah admitted after examining the bottle. "You two are still going to take the pills first."

"Of course," Kendra said as she took the bottle back. She looked at Carol. "Carol and I have homework so we'll be going home now. We'll take some when we get back to my house. Tomorrow we should have bigger boobs." The others looked skeptical.

"It's true," Carol said. "They do work that fast. We had a very realistic demonstration."

"Balloons," Jean quietly said. "It could have been balloons. Or an inflatable bra."

"They were not fakes," Kendra said. "Now, unless you have anything important to add, Carol and I are going to my house. You know Coach Dixon ran our asses off." They all groaned agreement. "Besides, we have homework. You know how my mother is about my grades." She turned away.



"I'll see you tomorrow morning at school," Kendra told the group over her shoulder. "By then, we'll know one way or the other." She walked away with Carol following.

"She just keeps getting worse," Carol said as Kendra drove them back. "I can't believe she didn't trust us."

"Don't let her get to you, Carol," Kendra said. "Sarah's always been that way. She's just really into being a cheerleader. Her mom was one, and she feels that she has to keep up the tradition."

"But your mom was cheerleader too," Carol said. "You're not as crazy as Sarah."

"Yeah, but that's because my mom doesn't expect me to follow in her footsteps. Sometimes I pity Sarah, but not today." Kendra sighed. "Let's talk about something else." Carol shrugged and started to talk about every subject except the one thing on their minds.

All too soon they were at Kendra's home. They exited her car and entered the house. "Kendra, is that you," her mother called as they shut the door.

"Yes," answered Kendra. "I brought Carol too. Can she spend the night."

"Of course she can," Mrs. Hillman said. She gave Carol a hug. "You know you're welcome anytime, dear. Now go and wash up. Dinner is ready."

The two girls went upstairs to Kendra's room. Kendra showed Carol in and shut the door. "Are you going to take the pills now," Carol asked.

"I don't know," Kendra replied. "Do you think I should?"

"How long does it take to work."

"Let's see." Kendra took the two bottles out of the bag. "For Mr. B's," she read, "you take one pill for every cup size you want to grow. The affects will take up to three hours to occur."

"No telling when they'll grow, huh," Carol said. "I say we take some now." She paused. "How many are in there anyway?"

"Two hundred and fifty," Kendra shouted. "Who in their right mind would want to grow that many cup sizes? I don't think they could even walk if they took all those pills."

"Maybe, it's for groups. I mean, that's how we're using them."

Kendra thought about it. "I can see that," she said. "So, how many should we take?"

"Enough to make us bigger than Sarah," Carol said. "She couldn't doubt us then."

Kendra nodded as she opened up the bottle. "Let's see. D, DD, E," she counted the pills. Not stopping until she was at an H-cup. "That should be enough." She handed the bottle to Carol.

"Well," she said when Carol didn't count out her own pills. "What are you waiting for?"

Carol fidgeted. "Um. Do I have to take mine now? We really don't know



if they'll work like they said they should."

"You're backing out?"

"No! I just want to make sure there's no surprises."

Kendra rolled her eyes. "Fine. I'll take the pills now. When I'm finished growing, you're taking yours." After Carol nodded her agreement, Kendra went to her bathroom to get some water.

As Kendra walked away, Carol looked down at her chest and sighed. She had managed to hide it for almost three years now. She had hoped for longer. She raised her hands and cupped her breasts. Who would have thought she had gotten away with stuffing her bra for so long.

Two hours and twenty minutes later, the girls were back in Kendra's room. Kendra's parents had congratulated the cheerleaders over dinner, while her younger brother, Jonathan, complained about Carol's unexpected visit and the attention they were getting. Kendra and Carol ignored him.

Once they were through eating, the two girls went back to Kendra's room. They told Mrs. Hillman they were doing homework. And they were. Along with listening to Kendra's radio, surfing the net, and calling their friends.

"Finally finished," Kendra said as she arched her back in a stretch.

"Took you long enough," Carol said not looking up from the computer.

"I can't help it. I suck at geometry." She started putting her books away. "What should we do now?"

"I don't know," Carol answered as she turned to face Kendra. She frowned as Kendra stacked her books. There was something different about her. Something about her shirt. "Kendra," she gasped. "Your boobs."

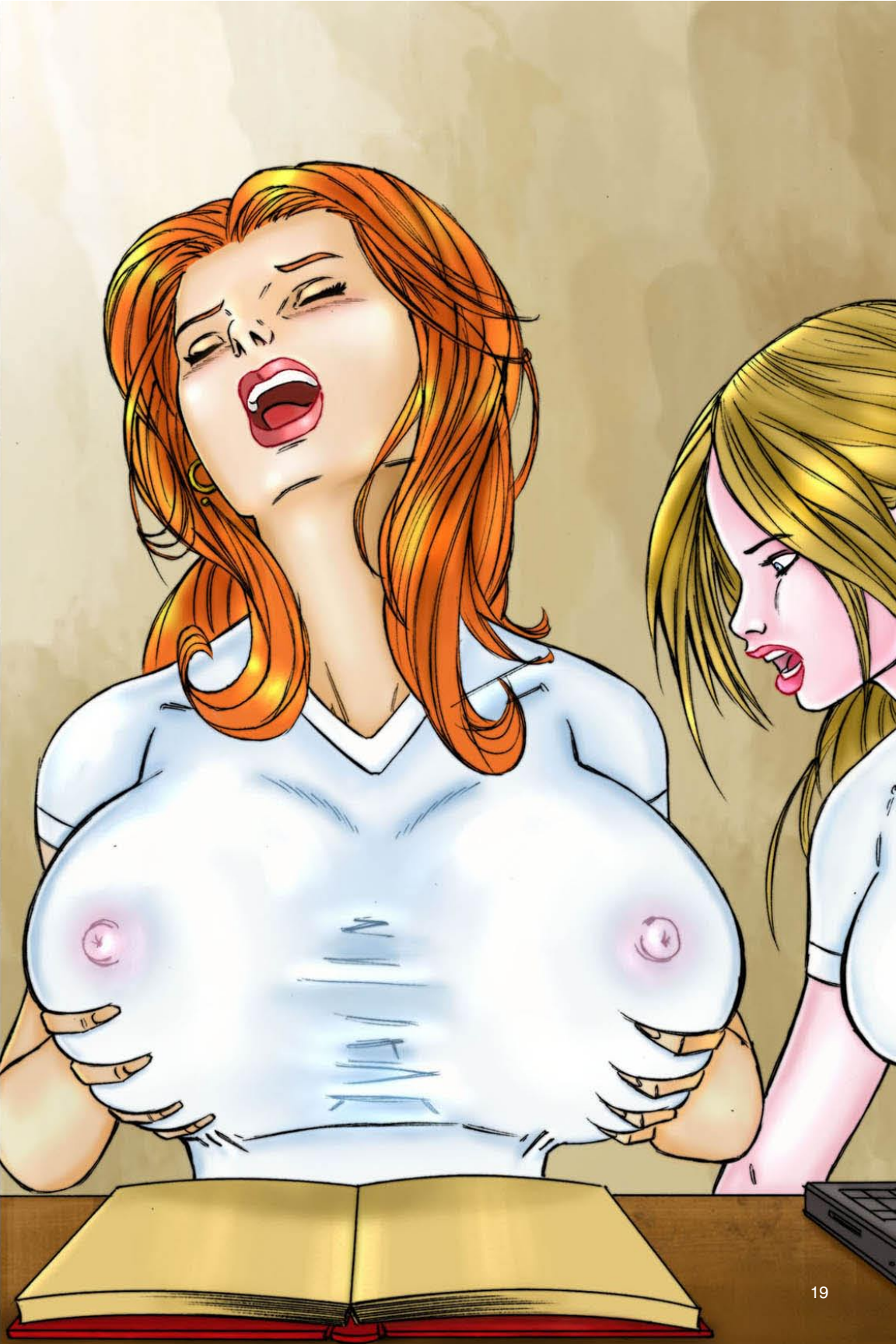
"What about them," Kendra asked as she looked down. When she saw her breasts pushing her shirt out further than ever, her eyes widened. "My boobs! They're growing!"


Kendra was correct. Her breasts had grown past D-cup and was well into DD-cup range. She watched in shocked awe as her breasts grew in size. Even with the demonstration those girls had put on, Kendra didn't completely believe that taking those pills would cause her breasts to grow. Now, here she was, rivaling Sarah in size. And she was still growing.

Slowly Kendra brought her hands up to gently cup the undersides of her breasts. Her fingers were forced further apart as her boobs gained in size and weight. She could feel the fabric of her shirt slide beneath her hands. She was startled when she realized that her bra was growing with her.

Kendra was aware of a pleasurable warmth in her boobs. She didn't know if that was from the growth or the pleasure she was experiencing. Either way, she couldn't stop her hands from rubbing her growing chest. She moaned in pleasure as her eyes closed. Only to pop open when her hands ran across huge, thumb size protrusions on the ends of her breasts. They were her nipples! She now had F-cup boobs and nipples the size of her thumbs.

Kendra gave her breasts one last squeeze as they finally stopped growing. Looking





down, she couldn't believe how big she had grown. She hadn't known how big an H-cup actually was. She practically dwarfed Sarah's DD's. She had to get a better look.

Kendra stood up. Causing her now massive breasts to shimmy and quake. Despite being bound by her bra. She also heard a gasp. It was only then that she remembered Carol. She looked to find the girl staring in shock at her swelling chest.

"You're huge," breathed Carol. "Sarah's gonna freak."

"They're not quite finished yet," Kendra said.

"Those aren't H-cups," Carol exclaimed. "B-but you're so big."

"And still getting bigger," said Kendra. "They're getting heavy too."

Both girls watched as Kendra continued to expand. Neither could believe just how big she was getting. After a few more seconds, Kendra finally stopped growing.

"That's it, I think," Kendra said.

"How did it feel," blushed Carol.

"Good. Almost too good." She grabbed her breasts, causing them to bulge up to her neck. "There was this tingly feeling as they grew. It almost makes me want to take more pills."

"Can, can I see them?"

Kendra stared at Carol. The question caught her by surprise. But, the more she thought about it, the more she wanted to see them too. "Ok," she said and took off her top.

Both girls couldn't help but gasp as the largest breasts they had ever seen were revealed. The cups of the bra looked large enough to fit their entire heads in them. But Kendra still bulged out of them. Her bulging mounds formed a line of dark cleavage where they met.

Slowly, Kendra's hands rose to her bra's clasp. It took her a moment to get her shaking fingers to undo the bra. She paused. Did she really want to do this? She watched her breasts bulge with each and every breath. What had changed about them, she wondered. I never could stare at them like this. With one quick motion, Kendra took off her bra.

For a moment, both Kendra and Carol were frozen. Together they watched Kendra's enlarged breasts bounce and wiggle. They were not shaped like they expected. Instead they were shaped like fat torpedoes pointing down at an angle. Her nipples were on the ends of her breasts and a dark pink in color. They were about as thick as her thumb and a little over an inch in length. They were surrounded by palm sized areola two shades darker.

"Are big boobs supposed to look like that," asked Carol.

"It depends," Kendra absently answered. "Boobs differ from girl to girl. What? Wait. You should know what boobs look like." She stared at Carol.

"Well, um," Carol stalled. She sighed. "I guess I better get this over with." With that, Carol took off her top and bra.

Kendra saw that Carol's pale pink nipples were even larger than her own. Her areolas, on the other hand, were tiny. Barely wider than her nipples, and almost the same color. Other than that, Carol was completely flat chested. "What happened to your boobs," Kendra demanded.

Carol blushed. "I stuff," she said. "I've been stuffing since the last half of the ninth grade."

"But you grew."

Carol gave a small smile. "The key to good stuffing is not to go overboard. That and gradually adding more over time." She raised her bra. "See. Nothing in there but padding."

"Why did you start," Kendra asked as she stared at the bra in fascination.

"Because I had these huge nipples," responded Carol. "All the other girls were getting boobs. Then there was Amy and Emily."

Kendra nodded. Who could have forgotten those two. When other girls were getting their first real bra, they looked like short strippers. Strippers who didn't know when to stop getting larger implants.

"I just wanted to fit in," continued Carol. "When I first padded my bra, nobody noticed. But, as I added padding later, mostly to keep from nipping out, people started to notice me. And I liked it."

Topless, Carol walked to where they had left the pills. "With these, I can finally have some real boobs. And I'm going to make them big. I'm tired of being flat."

Kendra stared at Carol. This was a side of the girl she had never seen before. She hadn't even guessed that it was there. She wasn't sure if she should say anything or not. "Okay," she ventured. "Just don't make them too big. We don't want you using a 'booby-cart' like Emily."

Carol gave her a grateful smile. "I won't. I like walking." She counted out the pills she would take. She made sure she would be larger than Sarah, but smaller than Kendra. She wasn't sure if she wanted to be the bustiest cheerleader yet.





Chapter 5: The Results

Kendra stirred in her bed. The unfamiliar weight shifting on her chest woke her. Blearily, she stared down at her body. The huge lumps under the covers shocked her. Awestruck, she grabbed them only to confirm what she knew to be true. Last night, she and Carol had taken some magic pills that made their boobs larger. She was now sporting a pair of H-cups and Carol. . . She gasped. She didn't know what size Carol was!

Kendra and Carol had tried to stay up long enough to watch Carol's growth. But the workout they had taken during practice had taken its toll. They had fallen asleep a little over an hour after Carol had taken her pills. So they both had missed her growth. But now it was morning, and Kendra was eager to see Carol's new chest.

Quickly she rolled over to look at the slumbering girl in a sleeping bag on the floor. The shifting of her breasts distracted her for a moment. She wasn't used to them moving around so much. Maybe she should have kept the bra on. But she just had to sleep at least one night without her bra.

She frowned as Carol came into view. Carol was sleeping on her side. Facing away from Kendra. From where she was, Kendra thought she could see the curve of a breast. She wasn't sure though. Carol had pulled the bag up to her neck. Masking everything below. Clutching her breasts, she got out of bed to get a better look.

Kendra walked around the slumbering girl and squatted in front of her. She could see a large bulge where Carol's chest was. She poked at it. It gave easily enough and resumed its shape when she let up pressure. It could be Carol's breasts. She started running her hands over it. Trying to determine all that was Carol and what wasn't.

Suddenly, Carol opened her eyes. Caught in her stare, Kendra could only stare back. Carol's gaze traveled down Kendra's arms and to her hands. Kendra blushed and removed her hands. "Why were you holding my boobs," Carol asked.

"Um, I wanted to see how big they were."

Carol stared at her for a moment. "You could have just woken me," she said. She started to get out of the sleeping bag. Once she was out, she smoothed her nightgown. "So, what do you think?"

Carol's breasts were pushing out the top an astonishing amount. They started high on her chest and had a teardrop shape. Their base was broad giving her a canyon of cleavage. Kendra could see veins running under the skin. But what really held her attention was the nipples.

"Your nipples are huge," Kendra said.

"What," Carol said. She reached for her nipples. She paled when she found them. Carol's erect nipples almost filled her grasp. She quickly went to the full mirror on the closet door. There, she could see the true size of her nipples.

In the mirror, Carol could see that her nipples had more than doubled in width. They were easily three inches long and covered in little bumps. Kendra wasn't sure, but she thought their color was still the same. She didn't like her new nipples. Her old ones were bad enough. She could still hide those. These, she didn't know what to do with.

"Carol," Kendra called. "Are you all right?"

"No," Carol said. "I can't hide these things."

"Then don't," came the astonishing reply. "Amy and Emily don't hide theirs. I don't



think Lisa hides hers either, but I can't really be sure. I have a hard time not staring at her butt."

"Yeah, but their boobs are gigantic," Carol quietly said. "My nipples are almost as big and my boobs aren't even half their size."

"Nah. I'd say your nipples are about half their size. You boobs need to grow some to be even half of Amy's." Carol gave her a look. "What? Don't tell me you haven't looked," Kendra said. "I'll bet all the boys and at least half the girls have looked at their nipples."

Before Carol could respond, Kendra's alarm clock went off. Both girls jumped at ~~the sudden noise and both~~ grabbed their breasts to stop then resulting bounce and jiggle. The girls looked at each other before they stared giggling.

"We need to start getting ready for school," Kendra said. "You take a shower first. Who knows, we may come up with a plan by the time we're ready for school. Remember, those pills said they could change reality."

"What does that mean?"

Kendra opened her mouth, only to slowly close it. "I don't know," she finally admitted. "But we'll figure it out. Go and take your shower."

Kendra sighed as Carol finally went into the bathroom. Then she went to her closet, turning off the alarm as she went by. She had to find something that would fit. Maybe one of her pullovers will stretch enough to cover her. She opened her closet and blinked in surprise. All of her tops had changed.

As she examined her clothes, Kendra saw that her all her tops had gone up several sizes. She pulled out a cute top, and, except for the size, she saw it was exactly the same as the one she remembered buying. In fact, she could remember buying the blouse in this size. She frowned in confusion. How could she remember buying both when she only bought the smaller one?

Kendra shook her head. She could figure this out later. She grabbed a pink button blouse with a scoop neck and a matching skirt. She then went to her dresser to get a pair of panties and a bra. She had picked up and bra and was halfway across the room before she realized her bras had changed.

Her bras were not the cute lacey things she usually wore. Now they were huge and sturdy looking. The cups looked big enough to fit over her head. She wasn't sure she liked them. But, looking down at her large chest, she decided that she needed them. Curious, she looked at the tag. Sure enough, it showed that she was an H-cup. Now, all she had to do was wait for Carol to finish her shower.

In a daze, Carol shut the bathroom door behind her. Despite what Kendra had said, she still wasn't sure about her nipples. They had been huge before, and now there was no way to hide them. Sure, they weren't that big in comparison to Amy and Emily, but their boobs were gigantic. People expected to see giant nipples on giant boobs. Her boobs weren't, but her nipples were. Maybe she could put some Kleenex in the cups.

She stopped and giggled. Here she was with huge boobs and she was still thinking of stuffing her bras.

She looked into the mirror. She had to admit. She did look better with big boobs. With a nervous glance toward the door, Carol took off her gown. She gasped as she beheld her naked breasts for the first time. As she saw earlier, they were teardrop shaped with huge nipples on the end. Her areolas were still just wider than her nipples. Looking in the mirror, she could tell that they wider than her chest, hiding part of her upper arms from view.

Her nipples were a disappointment for her. While they weren't as big as they feared, they were still larger than she wanted them to be. If it wasn't for their thickness, they would look like fingers sticking out from the ends of her boobs. She frowned. She didn't think she could get enough Kleenex into her bra without making it obvious. Her nipples were just too big. Maybe she could go back to that shop and get something to make her nipples smaller.

With that in mind, Carol quickly took off her panties. As she leaned over to turn on and adjust the water for her shower, her nipples touched the bathtub. With a squeak, she straightened up. It was obvious to her now that she was going to have to do this differently. She squatted by the tub and placed her breasts on the side. This way, she was able to ignore the chill.

Once she had the water to her liking, Carol quickly stepped into the shower. It was only as she washed herself that she realized how much large breasts got in the way. No matter what she did or how she twisted her body, her breasts were there. Reminding her of their presence with every move she made. If her breasts moved this much, Carol didn't want to think about how much Amy's moved. Let alone Emily's.

Finally all she had left to wash were her breasts. Emily stared at them. Since she never had breasts before, not even small ones, she wasn't sure how to continue. She did know from experience that she should wash her nipples last. Now, just needed to know how to wash them.

Looking around the shower, she saw a thin washcloth hanging below the shower head. The cloth triggered a memory. Somehow, she remembered washing her breasts with such a cloth in her own shower. How, she didn't know, but nothing else came to mind. She soaped up the towel and slowly started to wash her breasts.

Carol was surprised at the amount of pleasure she got from washing her breasts. The feel of her hands as they slid over the slippery skin was exciting. Her nipples, which had started to relax, stiffened into towers of pleasure. It was all she could do to keep herself from tugging on them. She knew her shower time just extended itself.

Carol and Kendra hurried through the parking lot. It was close, but they were still on time.

"You drive like a maniac," Carol said.

"I wouldn't have had to if you had warned me."





“How was I supposed to know you didn’t know how sensitive your nipples would be?” Carol had exited her extended shower to find Kendra lost in her closet. She had been taking clothes out and trying them one. She was acting like she had never seen most of them before. That surprised her.

She received a bigger surprise when she opened her bag and found that her clothes had all changed. In her bag was not the blouse and jeans and padded bra she had grabbed yesterday. Instead, there was a blue blouse with a v-neck, a long denim skirt, socks, panties, and a gigantic bra. The bra was the biggest surprise of all.

Carol examined her bra as Kendra entered the bathroom. The first thing that attracted her attention were the cups. They were big, but she expected that. What she didn’t expect were the shape of the tips. They were cone shaped. Possibly to give her huge nipples room and to keep them from poking through her clothes. She really liked that idea. Especially since she didn’t think she could stuff her bra anymore. The more Carol looked at her bra the more she could see that the cups gradually rose to the cone shaped tips. Eliminating the cup-under-shirt look she was half dreading.

Curious, she looked for the bra she wore yesterday. When she found it, she saw that it had changed as well. It was no longer the heavily padded bra she knew. It now matched the other in size and design. Puzzled by who would design such a bra, she looked at the labels and gasped. They were both Kingly bras. That was the same bras that Emily, Amy, and Lisa bought.

Stunned, Carol looked at her breasts. There was no way she could match any of those three in size. So why was she going to the same bra maker? She thought of her nipples. As big as they were, she needed something to protect and hide them. She could imagine how the kids at school would react to them. Idly, she put on the clean bra and was stunned at how easy it was. Somehow her body had learned to deal with such huge glands.

Again she studied her bra. It was well made with sturdy fabrics. It should be, as it was a Kingly. It wasn’t as pretty as the bras she had before. Those had more lace, while these only had lace on the edges of the cups. Apparently, in an attempt to make them more appealing. Maybe the lace should be extended to the cups as well. As decoration. Carol could see lace designs on the cups. They lace could be in complimenting colors. Either to the bra or the to person wearing the bra.

Carol was so caught up in her thoughts that she didn’t notice the time passing. If it wasn’t for Kendra’s mom, they would have been late. As it was, they only had time to grab a cereal bar and a bottle of orange juice on their way out. Carol tried to ignore Jonathan’s rapt stare as she went through the kitchen. But Mrs. Hillman acted as nothing had changed.

“It’s not like I can go around asking people about that,” Carol continued. “People would think I was some kind of pervert.”

“You still should have warned me,” Kendra groused. “My nipples never felt so good.”

They reached the school doors and found the others standing there,

waiting. "Oh, hi," Kendra said as their eyes widened.

"You're huge," breathed Heather.

"Those can't be real," Sarah said even as she eyed their abundant cleavage.

"They are," Kendra said. "We'll tell you everything once we get into homeroom."

Five minutes later, the girls were sitting in their homeroom. Since Coach Burns was their homeroom monitor, they knew they could get away with a lot. As long as they were quiet about it. They weren't the only cheerleaders there. Most of the squad was there, sitting in different groups.

"Okay, spill," Sarah said as Coach Burns finished taking the attendance.

Carol and Kendra shared a look. They both knew why Sarah was acting this way. "It's like this," began Kendra. "The pills we bought yesterday will make you one cup size larger every time you take one." She glanced at her chest. "We took several."

"How big are you," asked Jean.

"I'm an H-cup," Kendra proudly said.

"And I'm now a G-cup," Carol put in. The others could only stare in awe.

"So," Kendra said as she pulled the pills out of her bag. "Who wants some?"

"We all do," Sarah said. "How does it work?"

"Like I said, you take one pill for every cup size you want to grow. Three hours later, you grow."

"That's all," Mindy asked, skeptical.

"That's what it said on the bottle," defended Carol. "It was about two and-a-half hours later that Kendra grew. We don't know how long it was for me, since we fell asleep waiting."

Sarah looked at the two busty girls for a moment. Silently, she counted out enough pills to make her bigger than Kendra. "Everybody's going to take enough to make them at least an F-cup," Sarah said as she handed the bottle to the others. "We're going to be the bustiest squad on television."

"I don't know," Heather said as she watched Jean count out her pills. "Not even the pros are that big."

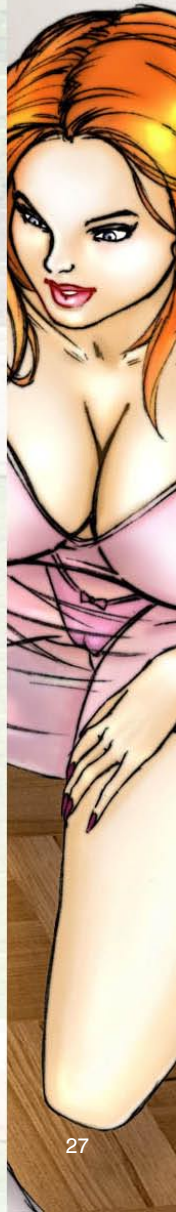
Sarah shrugged. "We need something to make us stand out. Do you think the other squads won't try something. We don't have enough time to create and practice a new routine."

"I know that," Heather said. "But can't we come up with something else? I mean, what good will it do us to have such huge boobs? We wouldn't be able to even jump."

"We could do low impact cheers," shrugged Sarah. "Besides, just think of how your boyfriends would treat you."

"Give me that," Mindy said as she snatched the bottle from Jean.

Heather rolled her eyes. "But what about the rest of the squad. Wouldn't





it be strange if only the six of us had huge boobs and the rest had normal sizes. Half of the squad can't fill anything larger than a C-cup."

Sarah frowned. "You got a point there," she said. She thought for a moment. "Kendra, are you going to need these pills later?"

"No," answered Kendra. "I'm big enough. Why? You're not going to take more, are you?"

"No. I have a plan to get the rest of the squad to take some pills." The other stared at her. "Remember I have Coach Burns for my study period before practice? She always has me make the Gatorade whenever we have practice. I'll just grind up a few pills and mix them in. Simple." None of the girls could argue with that. Though several wanted to.

Under Sarah's watchful gaze, Heather counted out enough pills to make her an F-cup. She then handed the bottle to Sarah who put it in her bag. "What about our parents," she asked. "Won't they notice our bigger boobs?"

"No," Kendra said. "My family didn't say a thing."

Carol nodded her agreement. "It was weird," she said. "There we were with these huge tits, and they didn't even bat an eye. They acted as if we've always had them."

"The pills had something on them that said they would alter reality," Kendra continued. "I guess that means that everybody will believe we grew naturally."

"Well," Heather said. "Isn't that convenient?"

Forty minutes later, Jean was taking a test in her Spanish class. The test was a lot easier than she expected it to be. It probably was all the studying she did last night, trying to keep herself from thinking about those pills. Who would have believed that taking some pills would make a girls boobs grow. Not her, that's for sure.

When Kendra told them what she heard Emily and Amy saying, she didn't believe her. You can't go to some shop in a mall and get something to make your boobs bigger. That's what a plastic surgeon's for. Besides, who would settle for selling something like that in some mall shop? Jean knew she would be selling it worldwide. Being a D-cup, she believed she didn't need bigger boobs.

Jean frowned as she became aware of a tingling in her breasts. She took a quick look at her chest as saw that her nipples were erect. Since she was in class, she didn't want to rub her boobs. That would make every boy in class stare at her. She tried to ignore it and continue with her test. She only had five questions left. Maybe she could get a hall pass to go to the restroom after she finished.

But even as she continued her test, she could feel her breasts growing heavier. She took another look and had to stifle a gasp. Her breasts had grown! What was worse was they were still growing. She couldn't believe it. Even after seeing Kendra and Carol earlier. This wasn't possible.

She squeezed her eyes shut, then opened them. The only thing that changed were the size of her breasts. They were now an EE-cup. “How many pills did I take,” she thought. “Seven, eight? And how much did Kendra say I’d grow with each one? One cup size?” She wasn’t sure. The only thing she could do was watch as she became increasingly busty.

Nervously, she looked around the room. Surely, somebody had to be watching her. But they weren’t. All the other students had their heads bent over their own tests. Nobody was paying attention to her. Here she was, her big boobs were getting bigger and nobody was watching.

She saw the teacher watching her and dropped her head back to her test. Or what she could see of it. Her breasts had grown so large that they were hiding half of the paper. They were even touching the desktop. She had to be an F-cup now. Just how big was she going to get? Grimly Jean moved her breasts out of the way. She had to finish her test. Growing boobs or not.

Jean gritted her teeth as she felt her breasts spread out over the desk. “As soon as this class is over,” she silently vowed. “I’m going to find Sarah and smother her.” Her breasts grew on. Not stopping until they were a very full GG-cup.

At the same time, Mindy was nervously sitting in her Literature class. She had noticed that Brad, her boyfriend, was watching Emily and Amy more often lately. Of course he had been watching those two before. Every boy in school did. Well, the straight ones anyway. But now, it was like he didn’t even see her. All he could do was watch those two as they walked around the school in the morning and afternoon, and she was getting tired of it.

That was why she took the pills. She wanted bigger boobs. Not just because she thought Brad might like them, but because she wanted them. There had always been something about big breasts that excited her. She wanted touch, squeeze, and lick them. She wanted to feel their weight in her hands. Watching them bounce was enough to take her breath away. Watching Amy walk was an exercise in torture. She didn’t want to think about watching Emily.

So when Kendra told them about the shop Mindy was willing to believe. But, when she saw both Carol’s and Kendra’s new, larger breasts the next day, she was ecstatic. This was her chance. It was her dream. She had to take it. There was only two problems that she could see.

The first was Sarah. With her ego, she would never let another cheerleader have larger breasts than her. She’d take more pills to make sure she was the biggest. That didn’t really bother Mindy. As far as she was concerned, there was no such thing as breasts being too big.

The other was, when should she go super big? Should she do it now, or wait until she finished college? If she did it now, she’d have to live off her parents. Mindy didn’t want that. But if she waited until she finished college she’d have an education and be able to work from home. Decisions,



decisions, she couldn't decide. She shook her head in frustration and felt an answering bounce from her chest. A large one.

Blinking, Mindy stared straight ahead. Bouncing, from her boobs. She knew she wasn't big enough to bounce that much. Slowly she lowered her head. Now that the moment was here, she didn't want to look, almost. It was all she could do not to scream in joy when she saw her cleavage bulging up from her shirt. She had to have grown at least one cup size.

Unlike Jean, Mindy knew how many pills she had taken. Nine pills. Just enough to be an H-cup like Kendra. She would still be smaller than Sarah who had taken enough to be an I-cup. She was looking forward to her new life as an very busty woman. With these pills, she would no longer envy Amy and Emily. She could become just as big, if not bigger than them.

"Mindy."

The call snapped the girl out of her delirious haze. "Yes, Mrs. Lee," she said.

"It's your turn to read your poem," Mrs. Lee said. "Step up to the front of the class."

Mindy smiled. Already she could try out her growing boobs. She took a quick glance as she stood up. She was edging into an E-cup. The increase in weight was noticeable. As was the change in her balance as she finished standing. She had to pull her shoulders a little to maintain her erect posture. This, of course, forced her breasts to extend further out in front of her. Her smile widened.

As she walked, Mindy enjoyed every movement her breasts made. Every bounce, jiggle, and wobble only increased her pleasure. She knew her nipples were standing out, but didn't care. She only hoped they grew huge. She wanted people to see her nipples, whether she was excited or not. She didn't mind that her shirt and bra changed when she was halfway there. Her shirt became tighter. Molding itself to her chest. And her bra changed from a push-up. But then, who needed a push up when you could fill an EE-cup bra.

By the time she reached the front of the room, Mindy's breasts were large enough to obscure part of her upper arms. She couldn't swing her arms with hitting the sides of her breasts. She wanted to squeeze her arms together and make her cleavage bulge out her shirt. But she knew that Mrs. Lee wouldn't let her. She was definitely going to do it later. Most likely in the girls restroom where she could watch the effects in the mirror. On her breasts, and on the other girls.

She turned to face the class and glance down at her poem and almost burst out laughing. She had forgotten that she had chosen to read a poem about the blossoming of flowers. It was fitting that she read this poem at the time. Since she was blossoming herself. She could almost believe the poem had been written with her in mind.

She took a bra stretching breath and read her poem. Her smile, and the excitement in her voice only grew as she did. She went past the minimum F-cup that Sarah had set. The weight and pull on her back and shoulders was startling. She didn't know breasts could get this heavy. Amy moved around like hers weighed little and Emily had her cart. Kendra and Carol didn't say anything about their increase, so she really didn't know what to expect. But she loved it. It was just confirmation of her size.





By the time she had finished her poem, she had stopped growing. She was now and awe inspiring H-cup. Her breasts hid her body from collar bone to a couple of inches above her belly button, and from arm to arm. Her very full breasts made their presence known as she made her slow way back to her desk. She even received a compliment from Mrs. Lee on the amount of excitement she put into her reading.

Mindy's last thought as she sat in her desk, breasts spreading themselves over the desktop, was that she might let Brad play with her boobs tonight. That is, if she wasn't too busy playing them herself. She peered over her abundance at her textbook. She was definitely going to enjoy this.

Sarah sat in her Modern History class and chewed on her hair. She was supposed to be watching a recorded news broadcast but was too busy thinking. It had been almost two and a half hours since she had taken the pills, and she hadn't seen any growth yet. If she hadn't have seen Kendra's and Carol's growth, she wouldn't have believed it. She had seen enough boobs to know that theirs, whose cleavage they were displaying, were real. Especially since Carol never did show any. And since when did Carol show cleavage anyway?

She shook her head as the idle thought brought up many memories. That was something else she had a problem with. She hated having her memories change each time one of the others did. It made for some confusing moments. But it was nothing she couldn't handle. What really got her was when she had seen Mindy and Jean in the halls. Mindy with her H-cups, and Jean's Gs bounced merrily down the hall as they went to their next class. It had been bad with Carol and Kendra, but those two made it worse. It wasn't until she saw Heather that Sarah had been able to relax. At least she wasn't the last to grow.

Sarah shifted positions, causing her bra clad breasts to jiggle. She frowned. Something wasn't quite right. She moved again and her breasts jiggled again. The motion still seemed off. Being a DD-cup, Sarah was used to her breasts moving around. Even when she wore a bra. But the movement she had now was more than she was used too. Did she finally start growing?

Carefully, she lowered her gaze. She didn't want to attract attention. Especially since nobody else seemed to notice the changes they had gone through. No telling what people would say about her if they thought she was obsessed with her boobs. Not that she was obsessed. But she wasn't either. She just believed that, as head cheerleader, she should have the largest boobs in the squad. And, with these pills, she could ensure it.

When her stare finally reached her breasts, she couldn't help but smile in pleasure. Her breasts had increased by two cup sizes. She was now an EE-cup and still growing. She looked back to the television set up in the front of the class. Mr. Blankenship was hard on anybody he felt wasn't taking the class seriously as she had learned from experience.

Even as she watched the news, Sarah wished she was somewhere else. Someplace where she could hold her boobs as they grew. Instead, she had to settle for feeling the weight increase as she grew. She could feel the muscles in her back tighten as the load they had to hold grew. Her bra straps started to dig into her shoulders before suddenly becoming wider and padded. Her shirt grew tighter but not skin tight. That was a disappointment. She wanted to grow out of her top. Rip it to shreds, even. But that wasn't possible as her shirt and bra grew with her. She started to squirm. She just had to hold her boobs as they grew. She needed to touch them to confirm what her eyes, shoulders, and back muscles were telling her. Not that she didn't trust them, this was a once-in-a-lifetime thing. She wanted to feel them grow in her hands. Instead, she had to let them grow, un-held.

Sarah froze when she felt something touch the bottom of her breasts. It couldn't be, could it? There was only one way she could tell. She straightened her back. Her breasts momentarily rose from the surface only to settle back. It was! She had grown so large that her breasts rested on her desk, no matter what she did. She was ecstatic. She now had the largest breast on the squad. With her new memories, she knew none of the others would dare go larger. Coach Burns had said that if she grew any larger, she couldn't remain on the squad. But that was alright, since this was her senior year.

With a smug smile, Sarah turned back to the TV. She really couldn't afford to flunk any of her classes. Not with their television debut next week.

Heather nervously walked through the halls. She didn't believe Kendra when she told them about Amy and Emily. When she returned with the pills, she still didn't believe her. Even when her and Carol came to school with those huge boobs, she didn't believe her. She believed those two had gotten hold of some prosthetic boobs. How they could have gotten some with that level of realism, she didn't know. But they did. Or so she thought.

After Sarah forced them all to take the pills, they went there separate ways. Heather was only humoring the girl when she took hers, but she had a change of heart when she saw Mindy and Jean. They were walking to their next class together just bouncing down the hall. At first, she couldn't believe it. She had just seen them not an hour before. So those couldn't be their boobs. Especially as big as they were.

After she got over her shock, she watched the other students around them. Other than the expected lustful looks from the boys and the jealous or envious looks from the girls, they were not reacting to their sudden and huge growth. She couldn't help herself, she stood helplessly watching as the two walked past. She was so shocked by their appearance, that a few people started to give her looks. Embarrassed, she quickly went to her next class.

All through her class, Heather couldn't get those two out of her head.





It was impossible. Magic couldn't be real. If it was, everything she believed about the world and the way it works was wrong. Then she had a chilling thought. There was another reason why magic couldn't exist. She had taken the pills.

She thought about her Aunt Rachel. Wearing an EE-cup bra, she was the only woman in her family who had natural breasts larger than a C-cup. The reason why she had such large breasts was obvious. She was lactating. The women in her family lactated heavily when pregnant. Every so often, though, there would be one who would start lactating almost as soon as she had breasts. That was Aunt Rachel. Heather didn't want to be like her. But that might not happen. Every story she had heard that had magic in it said that only wizards and witches could control magic. Everybody else got something that only technically matched what they wanted. She had managed to convince herself that, while her breasts would grow, she wouldn't lactate. She completely ignored the fact that she didn't want to lactate in the first place. Then she saw Sarah, and all her fears came back.

She had seen her just as she was leaving class. Her change was even more startling than Jean's and Mindy's. Sarah was and DD-cup before, and Heather thought those were big, the I-cups she now had dwarfed those. Sarah's breasts started at her collar bone and went down to just above her belly button and went from one arm to the other. They stuck out at least a foot in front of her. It didn't help that the girl walked with her shoulders held back, thrusting them out even further. From the look on her face, anybody could tell that she was enjoying being the biggest in the hall. But that was only because Emily didn't fit in the halls when the other students were there, and Amy didn't like trying to force her way through the crowds. Especially since most of the boys tried to cop a feel. She didn't even want to think about Lisa going through the halls with her huge butt.

The sight of Sarah and her resurgent fears kept Heather from noticing the changes her own body were going through. Her former B-cups were no longer Bs. Instead they were full Cs and growing. It wasn't until she was closing her locker door that she noticed. Even then it was only because she had been bumped by a rushing student. She had started to glare at the student, only to stop as her jiggling breasts caught her attention. Even though she didn't want to, she looked down. It was all she could do to keep from gasping. She closed her eyes and took a deep, calming, and blouse stretching breath. Now was not the time to panic. She looked around as calmly as she could. Besides the usual quick peek, nobody was giving her any particular attention.

She started walking toward her next class. She couldn't help but look around as she moved through the halls. Nobody was pointing at her or screaming, even though her breasts were blowing up in front of them. She felt like a balloon with the way they kept growing. She wanted it to stop, but she it wouldn't. They were only now edging into the lower part of her field of vision. She couldn't help but gasp as her shirt changed into a pull-over with a low scoop neck collar. She was now an E-cup.

Heather's breasts bounced more and more with every step she took. As they increased in size, her anxiety grew. She couldn't help but bump into people as she moved through the halls. All the boys liked it and tried to cop a quick feel but she was usually fast enough to get away. The girls, on the other hand, only looked annoyed. Except for a



few. She made a mental note to stay away from them in the future.

By the time she reached her class, she had finished growing. A grateful Heather entered and sat down. She then placed her elbows on her desk and held her head. She tried to ignore her boobs being squished between her arms. She knew she wasn't the largest of the six. In fact, she was the smallest. Something she was even more grateful for. She couldn't see herself with breasts as big as Kendra's or Sarah's. She shuddered as an image of her with breasts the size of Emily's passed through her mind.

The bell rang, signaling the start of class. Mrs. Beck stood up. "Now class," she said. "Today we'll be working on scale drawings." She pointed at a plant in front of the class. "I've brought this plant for you to practice. You can only move to get a clear view of the plant. Otherwise, you can't move from your seat." She explained how they were supposed to draw.

Heather was relieved. This was exactly what she needed. Eagerly, she brought out pencil and paper. Since she liked drawing, she could easily ignore the movement of her breasts now. She studied the plant. She didn't know what kind it was but she could see that it has long, narrow leaves that overlapped each other from her view point. She settled herself and began to draw.

As she drew the plant, she noticed that her bra was pinching her. At first, she was able to ignore it. But it grew more annoying as the class continued. Cautiously, she tried to adjust it. Nothing she did worked. Sometimes her adjustments made the pain worse. She finally had enough and looked down to see what the problem was.

Heather stared in shock. The reason her bra was pinching her was that her breasts were too big to fit. Somehow, they had swollen larger. She swallowed. Now that she was aware of them, she could feel a pressure in her boobs. As much as she wanted to deny it, she knew what it was.

"Very good," Mrs. Beck said from behind Heather. Heather couldn't help but jump. "I see you've already finished the assignment."

Heather turned to face the teacher. "Not really," she said. "There's still the background to put in."

"No. This is fine." Mrs. Beck looked at Heather's chest. "Besides, I think you have something you need to take care off."

Heather blushed. "I, it's nothing," she stammered. "I can wait."

"You always say that," Mrs. Beck smiled. "Go ahead, Heather. You know the longer you delay the more they'll hurt." There was nothing Heather could say to that. Under Mrs. Beck's watchful gaze, and some slightly envious and pitying gazes from the class, she gathered her belongings and left the class.

Once she was in the hall, Heather realized that she didn't know where she was supposed to go. But her feet did. She watched as she walked through the halls to her locker. Once there, she put her books up and opened the lower locker. In there was a large black bag. Curious, she opened the bag and found a breast pump. Her face turned red. Quickly she looked around.

The only person she could see was the hall monitor who just gave her a wave and moved on.

Heather sighed as she closed the bag. While she did need to get the milk out of her boobs, she wasn't going to do it where anybody could walk in on her. There was only one place she could go. The girls' locker room in the gym. Nobody would be there. She could stay in there until she finished then go for lunch.

Fitting thought to deed, Heather went to the gym. Despite her best efforts, she found herself becoming curious. Just how much milk did she produce? Especially since everybody at school seemed to know about it. And what did she do with it all?



Chapter 6: Warning

Kendra was walking through the halls. It was her lunch period and she was headed toward the cafeteria. While she wasn't that eager to meet Sarah and the others, she did want to bask in the stares her new figure generated. And to think, yesterday she didn't even know she could have boobs like these. It was a good thing she had been running late. She wouldn't have missed this for the world.

She turned a corner and ran into a wall. An oddly soft and warm wall. A wall wearing clothes? What was going on here?

"Alright," she heard. "That's enough. You can get off my tit now."

Kendra jumped back. There was only one girl whose boobs were big enough to be mistaken for a wall. With her breasts sitting in her boob-cart, they took up most of the space in the hall. Emily was wearing a dark blue top. Her breasts were so big that Heather couldn't see what else she may be wearing. "Oh, hi Emily," she said. "What brings you here?"

"You do," Amy said from behind Kendra. She walked around to stand by Emily. Seeing her standing next to Emily's breasts really emphasized their sheer size. Heather couldn't help but noticed as Amy's hand reached out to touch the massive mammaries.

"Me? What did I do?"

"How is it," Emily asked, "that before today, we can't remember what your bra size was. But now, we know you an H-cup?"

"Um."

"Don't bother trying to lie," said Emily. "We know you went to that shop."

"What shop?" Kendra couldn't help herself. It just slipped out.

"The Goddess' Fun Shop," Amy said. "How else could you and Carol get such huge boobs so fast?"

Inside Kendra was close to panicking. They knew almost everything. The only thing they didn't know was that she had giving the pills to more than just Carol. "So," she said.

Amy rolled her eyes. "We want to give you a warning."

"A warning?"

"Yes," Emily said. "A warning. You should be careful. Miss Catherine wants to make us all have bigger boobs. She doesn't care how big we get as long as we get bigger."

Kendra faced Amy who nodded. "How do you think we got so big," Amy said. "None of us, even Lisa, wanted to be as big as we are. No. It was because of Catherine. She sold Lisa a cream to make her bigger, then sold Emily a spell to make her always bigger than Lisa. She didn't tell either of them what she did. And both the cream and the spell kept changing things so that everybody believed that they always been that way."

"If I hadn't had went back to the shop," Emily began. "I wouldn't have known what was happening. It was then that Amy got a spell that made her half my size, always."

"So, you're telling me to be careful?"

Both of the hyper-developed girls nodded.

"You don't have to worry about that," smiled Kendra. "This is as big as I want to get. But I'll pass the word to Carol."





Emily and Amy stared at Kendra for a long moment. “Fine,” Emily finally said. “While I don’t think you believe us, you’ve been warned.” Kendra moved to one side as Emily left with Amy following.

As she watched the two walk away, Kendra thought about what they had said. While she had no plans on going larger, she wasn’t too sure about the others. Carol had been flat, she might want to go bigger. Mindy might want bigger boobs too. There had always been something a little off about the girl. She was always watching the larger girls walk. Sure, she tried to be subtle about it, but she had caught her several times.

She continued her interrupted trip. Maybe she should pass the word. She didn’t want any of the others to end up as big as Amy or worse, Emily. Even though the thought of it sounded good.

Shocked, Kendra stopped. She did not just think what she thought she did, did she? She definitely was going to tell the others now. If she could think that, there’s no telling what the others would do.

When she got her food, she found the others sitting at their usual table. Even though most of them had boyfriends, a lot of boys were sitting at the tables near them. She noticed a strange thing as she got nearer to the table. All but Sarah had their food off to one side. Sarah was sitting with her side to the table. All of the watched her as she neared them. She put her tray down and sat. If it wasn’t for Jean, she’d of put her boobs in her food. It was then that she realized why the others had their food to one side. None of them could have seen their food if they had placed it in front of them. To her dismay, Kendra found that her boobs rested on the table. She’d have to sit like Sarah if she wanted to eat.

She looked at the others, and they burst out laughing. After a moment, she joined in. She had to admit, it was funny. She should have know she couldn’t sit and eat like she normally did. She was just too big. And, from looking at the others, she could tell that they had done the same thing when they had sat.

“Now that that’s out of the way,” Sarah said as Kendra began and the others resumed eating. “If you haven’t gotten a bottle yet, you need to get one soon. Remember I’m going to put some pills into the water at practice today. I got mine. I don’t want to get any bigger. I’m almost to big to cheer as it is.” Only Carol and Jean hadn’t gotten a bottle yet, but they said they would get one before their next class.

“So,” Heather said. “How have your lives changed? I’ve started lactating.” She received a collective blank look. “Making milk.” Their faces cleared up. “I’m now the biggest provider at the Millwood Midwife Clinic. No pun intended.”

“Wait a minute,” Jean said. “Your boobs are making milk and they’re buying it from you?” Heather nodded. “That’s gross. Who would do that?”

“There’s a lot of women who want their babies to drink only the best milk,” Heather replied. “Those women consider breast milk to be the best.

The only problem is that they would have to breast feed to give it to their children. They pay a lot to have the milk they want available and still be able to keep their looks.”

The rest of the table thought about this. They all knew some girls like that so it wasn't a stretch to imagine there were some women like that. They all knew stars would pay incredible amounts of money to keep their good looks.

“Besides,” Heather continued. “I'm not going to use all that milk.” They all laughed at that.

When they had stopped laughing, Kendra decided to tell them what Amy and Emily had said. “Hey guys,” she said. “You'll never guess who I ran into.”

“Who,” they asked.

“Amy and Emily.”

“What did they want?”

To their disbelieving stares, Kendra told them what they had told her. Even as she told them, she could tell that most of them didn't believe her. Strangely, the only one who looked like she believed her was Sarah. But that was probably because she wanted to stay a cheerleader. She already said she was almost too big to cheer. Well, she did warn them. If they grew any larger, it would be their own fault.



Chapter 7: Supersize Me

Carol was toweling off after cheerleading practice. Coach Burns had really worked them hard. Not that she hadn't expected it. What surprised her though, was the number of sports bras she and the others were forced to wear to keep their boobs from flopping around. Especially Sarah. That girl had to wear eight just to keep them from hitting her in the face. Low impact or not, cheerleading with big boobs was hard. Even with the unexpected problems, she wouldn't change a thing. Except, maybe make her boobs bigger.

The thought brought up the conversation the six of them had at lunch. Kendra had ran into Amy and Emily while she was going to the cafeteria for lunch. They had told her to be careful about the pills. Apparently, neither of the girls had wanted to be as big as they had become. Somehow, Catherine, the shop owner, had tricked Lisa and Emily into trying to outgrow each other. And Amy had gotten dragged into it. They didn't stop until Lisa had ran out of the cream she was using to make her boobs grow.

The threat of further growth didn't worry Carol. Now that she was an G-cup, she was having the time of her life. Why she had never thought to make herself this big before, she couldn't remember. She loved the power she had over boys at this size. None of them could look her in the eye. Well, there was a few, but she believed they were gay, so they don't count. When she had stuffed herself to a paltry C, she had attracted a lot of attention. But now, she drew all the attention just by walking into a room. Only the others could draw more attention than she did.

Then there were the girls. They all were giving her dark looks. Take the rest of the squad, for example. The six of them had one end of the showers all to themselves. None of the other girls wanted to come close to them. They were all intimidated by the massive size of their boobs. She kept over hearing comments the others made about their breasts. Some of them kept insisting that Jean had implants. Her boobs were just too round and firm to be real. Carol did have to admit they had a point. Jean's boobs looked like somebody had taken a ball and cut it in half and glued the halves on to her. Her nipples did argue that they were real, but she knew for a fact that a girl could have big nipples and little boobs.

Carol finished drying herself off and started to get dressed. She had also heard the comments they had made about Heather. They pitied her. She had the smallest boobs of the six but she had the most problems. Now she had been making milk since she had gotten her boobs back when she was thirteen. It wasn't until she had outgrown all the easily found nursing bras that she had started selling her milk to the midwife's clinic. They were always looking for natural alternatives to modern medicine. Heather was being paid enough that she was able to afford custom made nursing bras from Mrs. Kingly. She said that they were a lot more comfortable than the store bought ones she had to use before.

Carol finished dressing and gathered the rest of her things. She needed



to get home quickly as she was babysitting tonight. That was how she was able to afford her bras. Not that her parents didn't offer to help her, she just wanted to get them herself. They did get her a car, so she didn't have to depend on others to get around. That was nice.

Carol waved to the few who was still left as she exited the gym. In the parking lot, she looked for her car. It was a small white, Ford Escort. It wasn't the best looking car, but she never really cared about that, she just wanted something to get her to where she was going. She'd let those like Sarah worry over her had the nicest car. She wasn't too worried about image.

She thought about Kendra's warning as she drove home. She thought it strange that those two would be warning others about Miss Catherine. They probably didn't want anybody to get as big as they were. Not that she could. Kendra took the pills back as soon as she had gotten to the gym. She said she didn't want anybody to take too many. Carol might have argued, but Sarah was backing the girl up. She really wished she had those pills. One or two more wouldn't hurt.

Then she remembered. She had taken the other bottle of pills when Kendra was getting ready for school. She hadn't even tried those yet. And didn't they say they were temporary? What was their name? Carol couldn't wait until she got home. She knew she had them in her bag. She couldn't believe that she had forgotten them.

It wasn't much longer before she pulled into her driveway. She hopped out and ran into the house. It was 5:28 and the Thompson twins would be there at six. She didn't have long to do some of her homework and, of course, take some of the pills. She just couldn't see any of the others until the pills wore off.

"Hi mom," she said as she blew past her mother.

"How was practice?"

"Ruff," she said over her shoulder.

Her mother shook her head. "We'll be leaving when the Thompsons drop off their daughters," her mother said. "Diana said pizza was okay. I've left some money for you and I'll get it from her."

Carol waved her acknowledgement as she went to her room. Once in, she opened her bag and dug through it until she found the pills. She looked for directions, but couldn't find them. The only thing she could find was a warning. The warning told her that the results of the pills would vary and that they would only last twenty four hours. That was it. She didn't know if they would vary between pills or between people. Well, there was only one way to find out.

She opened the bottle and broke the security seal. She got out one pill. Pill in hand she went back to the kitchen. She could hear her parents having a good natured argument in their room, so she didn't have to worry about them seeing her take a strange pill. She got a glass of water and took the pill. Then she headed back to her room to get ready for the girls.





Carol looked up when she heard the doorbell. The Thompsons were here. She looked at her clock. They were early. Not by much, just a few minutes. She closed her English book and grabbed some movies she had set out earlier. She took a quick peek at her chest as she stood but there was no changes. She wasn't worried. Mr. B's changed everything so that everybody thinks she'd always had boobs this big. These should do the same.

"Carol, Carol," shrieked two six year old twins girls as they ran to hug her. They were both a little over waist high to her, there long brown hair was back in a pony tail.

"Hello girls," Carol said as she hugged them both.

"Mary, Rose," Mrs. Thompson said. "Behave yourselves. Remember you're guests here."

"That's alright, Mrs. Thompson," Carol said. "They're just full of energy. I'll run it out of them. So you'll have a peaceful trip home when you pick them up." Carol felt a warm tingle run through her chest. She didn't look down but she was worried. She knew the pills would make people believe her new boobs were her original ones, but she had never grown in front of others before. She didn't know if they would noticed her growth.

She could feel her breasts start to grow as her parents and the Thompsons stood and chatted. The twins were running back and forth from the car to the house. On each trip back, they were carrying something. Books, clothes, movies, snack foods, they came prepared. She moved to help them and had to stifle a gasp. In the brief time since she had started growing her breast had double in size.

She could feel them growing larger. They extended themselves further and further in front of her. She already couldn't see her feet. Soon she wouldn't be able to see anything below her breasts. They grew wider as well. The base of her breasts alone had broadened until they ran into her armpits. She didn't think boobs could even do that. The rest of her breasts had hidden her chest and the upper part of her stomach from view. When was she going to stop?

There was no way she could baby sit with boobs this big. How could she chase the little monsters down? Maybe the pills were defective. But that couldn't be right. Nobody reacted to her growing breasts. She knew the girls would have said something. It's not every day you see a person blow up like a balloon in front of you.

"Now you two be good and listen to Carol," Mrs. Thompson told the twins. "You know she can't move that fast."

"Yes mom," chorused the girls.

"We like it when Carol watches us," Mary continued.

"Un huh," Rose agreed. "I like getting big booby hugs."

Carol felt her face burn as she looked away. She caught her father and Mr. Thompson looking away as well.

Mrs. Thompson coughed. "I'm glad you do," she said. "But you shouldn't

say that were other people can hear you. You might get Carol in trouble and then you wouldn't get any more hugs from her."

Wide eyed Rose said, "I wouldn't do that, Mommy. I don't want Carol to go away."

"Me neither," Mary said. "I want her to stay my babysitter."

"Just be careful," Mrs. Thompson soothed her children. "Now, we've got to go. I'll see you when I get back."

"Goodbye, Mommy," the girls said together.

Carol couldn't help but give a sigh of relief as the door closed. It wasn't that the adults had left. It was because her breasts had stopped growing. As her memories rearranged themselves, she knew one thing. She was definitely wearing a Kingly bra. She didn't know of any companies that made a bra for a woman who measured seventy eight inches around. She didn't know of any strippers who could boast of such measurements.

Carol slowly turned around. Even the slow motion of her turn made her breasts jiggle and shake. The bra she was now wearing was comfortable but, for some reason, she wanted to take it off.

"Carol," Mary said as she hugged her from the side. "Are you going to take your bra off now? Mommy and Daddy are gone now."

Shocked, Carol looked down at the big green, innocent eyes of the girl. "What?"

"We know how much you don't want to wear your bra's," the girl said. "And you did say that if we were good you'd take off your bra."

Carol closed her eyes. She couldn't believe she would tell Mary and Rose something like that. But her memories betrayed her. She remembered that she had told the girls that. It was three days ago. She was at their house and she had been pulling at the straps and cups. It didn't help that the girls had eaten some candy before she had picked them and were now burning off a sugar rush. So when Rose noticed her tugging at her bra she asked what was wrong, she told her. Her response was something only a child would say.

She told her to take it off.

She didn't but the Rose kept asking why she wouldn't. When Mary found out what they were talking about, she joined in. Naturally, she was on her sister's side. Finally, out of desperation, she told them that if they were good until Friday, she take her bra off then. Now it was Friday, and her words had come back to haunt her.

"You promised," Mary said.

"Okay," Carol said. She knew better than to break a promise to a child. "I did promise. But I'm leaving my shirt on."

Mary shouted in joy as Carol made her slow way to her room. She was very happy that her home only had one floor. She didn't know how she would have made it up a staircase. Of course, all the noise attracted Rose. She added her enthusiastic agreement to Mary's when she found out what was going on.





Once in her room, Carol quickly took off her top. She stopped to stare at the acre of creamy cleavage she now had. The skin of her breasts was pale and covered with large veins. Her cleavage was tight from her chest to the gigantic bra cups. She doubted she could have stuck a card between her breasts. She really wanted to run her hands over her boobs, but with two active six year olds in the house, she didn't dare.

When she went to take off her bra, she received a surprise. She knew Kingly bras were different from others. She had always thought that was because each was hand made by Mrs. Kingly. But her bra proved her wrong. In all the other bras she had seen, all clasps were either in the back, or in front, between the breasts. On the Kingly's, there were no clasps. Instead, there was Velcro covered zippers and a few hooks. The zippers were placed one under each arm, one between the cups of the bra and one in the back.

After a moment, Carol managed to push aside her shock and take off the bra. She quickly slid back into her shirt. The fabric caused her nipples to stand erect. They had grown even larger. Before, her nipples were only three inches long. Now they measured seven inches in length and a little over two inches thick. At such a size, it didn't take them long to put some serious stress on her shirt.

Looking at her reflection, Carol hoped the girls wouldn't make fun of her nipples. Or worse, pull on them. She could feel the increased sensitivity and wondered, again, why the Thompsons left their children with her. It didn't matter, she had them and now had to watch them.

As she turned to leave, Carol saw the bottle of pills. 'One more couldn't hurt,' she decided. As big as she was, a little more would be unnoticeable. Not that that would matter, since she was the only one who would remember. It was only after she had swallowed the pill that she remembered what Kendra had told them at lunch. Now, she believed the warning. She was very happy that she only had the temporary pills. As soon as these wore off, she was going over to Kendra's to return them.

"Okay girls," she said when she joined them in the living room. "What do you want to do first?"

The twins turned and their eyes widened. Carol's enormous braless breasts were still shaking from her walk. The huge nipples were nodding with each and every jiggle. All they could see from her shoulders to her waist were her breasts. Either of which weighed almost as much as they did.

"Will we grow big boobies like you," Rose asked.

"I don't know," Carol said. "I'm the only one in my family who's this big. You might, but then you might not. The only thing I can tell you is that you will grow breasts when you get older. And they're called breasts not boobs. I'm not going to get in trouble for teaching you the wrong words. Now, what do you want to do first. Tell me quick. I want to sit down. My breasts aren't light you know."

"Playstation," they said in unison.

"Let's play Kingdom Hearts," Rose continued.

Carol looked at the television. Her PS2 had been connected to it and some of her games had been placed by it. "Sure," she said. "Rose, you can put in the game and Mary and bring me the controller."

The girls sprang into action as Carol sat down on the couch. She turned on the TV and turned it to the proper channel. The Playstation logo was already on. Both girls came back together and Mary handed her the controller.

"Now, you two aren't going to fight are you?" They shook their heads. "Good, you will take turns. Every time you clear a level or get killed the other takes a turn." She took out a coin. "Now, heads Mary starts first, and tails Rose." The girls nodded and Carol flipped the coin. It landed heads up on her left breast, causing the twins to giggle. Carol just rolled her eyes and handed the Mary the controller.

Almost as soon as she let go of the controller, Carol felt a warm tingle spread through her breasts. Since she was expecting it, it wasn't a surprise. She believed her breasts would just double in size like they did before. While that was bigger than she wanted to go right now, it was something she could live with for twenty four hours. She always wondered what it would be like with gigantic boobs.

Carol wasn't worried when her breasts started growing. Nor was she worried when they rolled off her lap and onto the cushions on either side of her. The twins just scooted over to make room for her growing bosom. But, when her breasts grew enough to fall off the couch and reach for the floor, she started to worry. At that size, they had already doubled her previous size. And they showed no sign of slowing down.

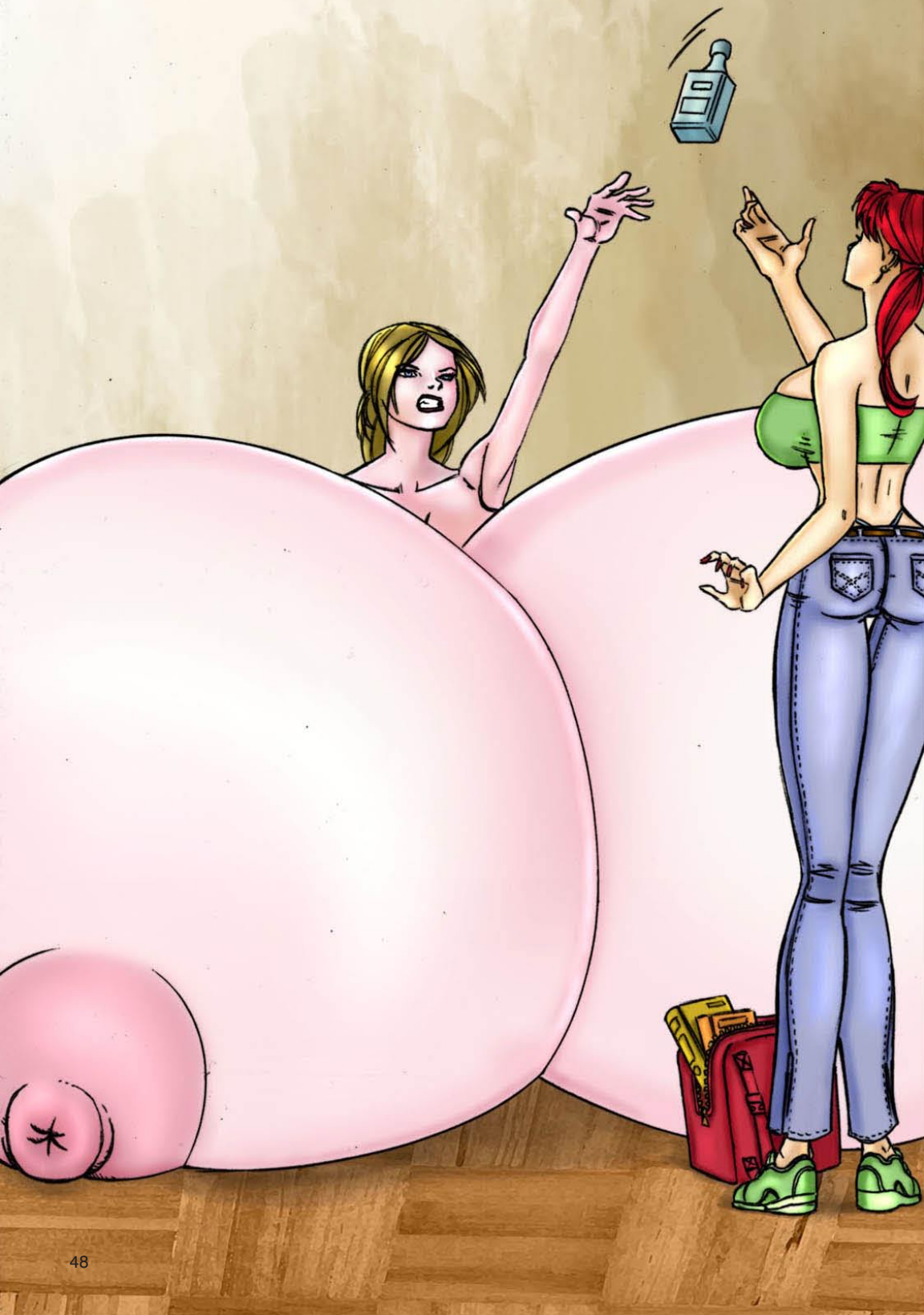
She grew increasingly nervous as her bounty increased. They had already grown larger than she could stand with. They looked like two giant watermelons, grown great and round. As big as they were, she couldn't believe the twins hadn't noticed anything. But there they were, sitting on the floor leaning against her massiveness.

And still she grew. It wasn't long before her breasts started to hide the TV from view. The only other girl she knew who was this big was Emily. She started to panic. While she wanted to be bigger, she didn't want to be that big. She really should have listened to Kendra. If she could reach the phone, she'd call her to come and take the pills away from her. But she didn't want anybody to see her so big. Nor did she want to hear the lecture Kendra was sure to give her.

She was startled out of her panic induced haze by two sudden weights on her breasts. She looked and found a surprise. The twins were now stretched out on her breasts. One girl to each breast. From the way they were acting and the careful way they moved, it was obvious that they had done this before. And why not, Carol's breasts were large enough to be a good bed for the girls. And they were still growing. At this point, the only thing she could do was sit and take it.

'It could be worse,' she thought. 'I could be topless.' She could just see herself trying to explain why she had two girls lying on top of her huge





naked boobs. She sat back and watched her boobs grow.

Epilogue

It was 2 o'clock Saturday afternoon. Mindy pulled up into Carol's driveway. She had forgotten to take the girl her school work yesterday and only just realized it. She missed having her on the squad. It just hasn't been the same since she decided to stay at home. But, as big as her boobs have gotten, she could understand why she wasn't in school. The only other girl who was even close to her size was Emily. And she was barely half her size.

She got out of the car and walked to the front door. She pulled out the key Carol's parents had given her. They wanted somebody who could drop by and check up on their daughter while they were out. She opened the door and went in. She made sure the door was locked behind her. She went straight to Carol's room.

She gasped as she always did when she first saw Carol for the day. Somehow she always forgot how big she was. Her breasts dominated the room. They left little room to walk around let alone furniture. The only thing in the room was the futon that Carol was laying on. All of her clothes were in the walk in closet on the other side of the room. She did have a TV suspended from the ceiling. She had her PS2 connected to it. She was watching a movie at the moment.

"Mindy," Carol shouted when she saw the cheerleader. "Here, catch."

Startled, Mindy still managed to catch the object flying toward her. She looked at the object. It was a bottle of pills.

"Take those to Kendra and tell her I'm very, very sorry and I will never do that again."

"What are these?"

"Those are the pills I took from her when we went to that shop in the mall."

"What," shouted Mindy. "You know you haven't left your room in almost a year. Kendra went to the Goddess' Fun Shop Thursday after school."

"I know," Carol said. "I was with her. We bought two bottle of breast enlargement pills. We tried one of the pills that night and gave you guys some the next day."

Mindy narrowed her eyes. So far, everything Carol said had been true. Except for her being there. Maybe being by herself so often had messed up her mind. "If that's true," she said. "How did you get so big?"

"I took some of those pills last night and then I had these monsters. Now, are you going to take those pills to Kendra are not?"

"Sure," Mindy answered. She handed Carol her school assignments, making sure to trail her hands only her gargantuan boob. "Here's this weeks work. Aren't you coming back to school. I miss you."

Carol rolled her eyes. "Don't worry. These will be gone by seven tonight. I'll be back in school Monday with G-cups."

The two girls chatted for a while before Mindy left. She had things she needed to do. First, she was going to give those pills to Kendra. Then she was going to the mall. She had a little shopping to do.

Suzie peeked around the corner. She didn't see anybody. But that could be misleading.



She had had several close calls already. Jennifer was a very tenacious woman. She wasn't satisfied with using their products on Samantha, she had to use them on her as well. Or, at least try to. So far Suzie had been able to avoid her little surprises. And, thankfully, Miss Catherine had ordered Jennifer to leave their food and drink alone.

"Looking for something?"

Suzie shrieked and jumped. She whirled around to find herself facing Miss Catherine. "You startled me," she said.

"I know," Catherine replied. "I couldn't help myself. So what are you looking for?"

"Um," Suzie said looking around. "You haven't seen Jennifer or Samantha around, have you?"

"I've set them up in another shop," Catherine replied. "It's time to branch out."

"So, I won't be seeing you that much any more?"

"Child," Catherine said. "You are my high priestess. You'll be seeing a lot of me."

"Oh Miss Catherine," Suzie said as she threw herself at the goddess.

"Back," shouted Catherine. She pried Suzie from her body. The girl always tried to rub her face into her bosom. She really must have overdid it with this one.

The door opened and Suzie reluctantly release Catherine. "Welcome to the Goddess' Fun Shop," she told the girl who walked in. "How may we help you?"

"I heard that you have some breast enlargement pills that work," Mindy said. "How much are you selling them for?"

The End