

The Goddess' Fun Shop

DREAMS MADE FLESH



By QuadHouse - Illustrations by Mac the Knife

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A Breast Expansion Novella

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San Francisco – Tucson – Buenos Aires – London



The Goddess' Fun Shop – Dreams Made Flesh

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Prologue

Suzie was working behind the counter. She loved working here, especially the employee perks. She looked at her chest. When the Mistress picked her, she was flat chested, now she could fill a C-cup bra. She had hopes of getting even larger. She looked up as an extremely busty blonde walked past. "May I ask where you're going, Mistress."

"Out to get a customer," Catherine replied. "The women aren't coming here fast enough."

"But we just opened, Mistress," Suzie said. "They must have time to desire the bountiful bosoms you yearn to give them."

Catherine gave Suzie a long look. "You've been reading the thesaurus again, haven't you." It wasn't a question.

"But I like reading the thesaurus!"

Shaking her head, Catherine left the small shop.

Suzie waited for a minute. When it looked like Catherine was gone, she started eyeing the nearby items. Slowly her hand stretched out for the closest ring.

"Don't even think about using any of the merchandise," Catherine's voice rang out just before Suzie grabbed the ring.

"I won't Mistress," Suzie called out as she jerked her hand back.



Chapter 1

She stared at her reflecting in the mirror. She couldn't believe she was doing this. Leave it to Cheryl to talk her into something like this. She had to admit, though, she did look good. Her red hair accented her pale skin. Her figure was slender except for her chest. There she had put a couple of balloons under her shirt to simulate breasts. Huge breasts.

"Cary."

She should have looked ridiculous with those huge things stuffed into her shirt. But, somehow, they improved her figure. She actually looked good with huge breasts.

"Cary!"

Who would have thought that a couple of balloons would have made so much of a difference? She didn't even like big boobs. She had always been satisfied with her C-cup breasts. So what had changed?

"Cary Alderspike!"

Cary squeaked and turned around with a small hop. Behind her stood her best friend, Cheryl. She was a tall brunette with a slim but stacked figure. Her lips twitched as she spied Cary's enlarged chest.

Cary tried to cover the balloons she had stuffed into her shirt. "This isn't what it looks like," she tried to bluff.

"Oh, really," Cheryl said. "It looks like you actually liked having a larger bust last week." She and Cary had gone to a costume party last Saturday. Cheryl had gone as a witch while Cary went as a cheerleader. Since Cary's C-cup boobs didn't fill out the top, Cheryl had blown up balloons and had Cary use them to fill out her figure. She looked her friend's current figure over. "I do admit, you look good."

Cary blushed. "Please don't tell anyone," she begged.

"Who would I tell? It's nobody's business what you do in your spare time." She paused. "Have you been doing this since the costume party?"

"Just a little bit," was the quiet answer.

Cheryl grinned. "Don't worry. All girls do this at one time or another. You're just later than normal."

Cary gave her a look.


"Really," Cheryl said. "I did it when I first started developing. I know my older sister did when I grew larger than her." Cary's eyes dropped to Cheryl's E-cup breasts. "I know several of my friends did it as well. So stop worrying."

"I can't," responded Cary. "You all did it when you were growing. I'm doing it now. What kind of grown woman goes around stuffing balloons in her bras?"

"A lot more than you think," Cheryl replied. "Now, pop those balloons or pull them out. We got some shopping to do."

Forty five minutes later they turned into the mall parking lot. "Seriously," Cary was saying. They had been talking about her breasts the entire drive over. "I just can't get that night out of my head. I mean, everybody was looking at them, and, at first, I hated it. But then I started getting into it."





Cheryl chuckled. "I know that feeling. You know you're the center of attention. All the men want to fuck you and the women are jealous. It's the power of big boobs. Not everybody can feel or enjoy it. And with them, you can control the world!"

They looked at each other and burst out laughing. "Thanks, I needed that."

"But seriously," Cheryl continued. "You don't need to worry about enjoying that. A lot of women would like to go larger if they could go back to their normal size later. You're just being curious."

Cary was still worried. "But what about the stuffing?"

"I told you, a lot of women stuff." She thought for a moment. "I know several websites where people actually pay to look at pictures and videos of women who stuff balloons into their clothes. They even have videos of them inflating them inside their clothes. You're only doing this for yourself. Don't obsess over this."

Cary didn't look convinced.

Cheryl sighed. "Look," she said. "We're here at the mall. Let's do some shopping and hopefully get you mind off this."

"Okay."

Chapter 2

After two hours of shopping, Cary had to admit that Cheryl was right. She did feel better. She turned toward Cheryl to admit the truth, but froze instead. Cheryl had stopped. She stood there staring at a store. With a sinking heart, Cary turned to see what the busty woman was staring at.

It was a Victoria's Secret. And they were having a bra sale.

"No."

"What," a surprised Cheryl asked.

"I said, 'No.'"

"But why?"

"You're the one who said I shouldn't obsess over this," Cary reminded the busty woman. "You even took me shopping to get my mind off the balloons. And now you want me to watch as you pick out so new bras to fit over your larger breasts?!"

"But I need new bras."

"You can get them when I'm not with you," Cary replied. "Why do you need them anyway? You told me you just bought five last week."

Cheryl turned away mumbling.

"What was that?"

The busty woman sighed. "Cary, we've been friends for a long time now haven't we?" Cary nodded. "Then please don't get mad at me when I tell you this."

"Tell me what," the now nervous woman asked.

"I'm thinking about going larger."

At first, Cary didn't understand. The words just didn't make sense. She stared at her friend for a moment, before it suddenly became clear. "What?!" she fiercely whispered. "You're already an E-cup and now you want to go bigger?! Are you trying to give me an inferiority complex?"

"It's not like that. I just like big boobs. You know that. And I want to have mine bigger. I didn't want to tell you before since you don't like implants."

Cary thought for a moment. "Then why are we here?"

"I need to see what size I want." Cheryl waved at the store. "They should have the larger bras I need."

"I'm not going in there to watch you try on larger boobs." Cheryl couldn't help herself. She started to giggle. Cary's outraged stare didn't help matters.

After a few moments, Cheryl was able to regain control. "I'm sorry," she said. "It just struck me as funny. You don't have to go in with me. Why don't we meet in, say, thirty minutes at the food court?"

"Okay. Just do me a favor."

"Yes."

"Don't tell me what size you settle on, okay." Cheryl nodded and the two women went their separate ways.



Chapter 3

Cary shook her head as she walked away. She would have liked to say that she couldn't believe Cheryl, but that would have been a lie. She knew the girl liked big boobs. Ever since she had started growing them in high school that was all she could talk about. At times, Cary was sick of Cheryl's constant talk of breasts. She wasn't jealous. She was just tired of her talking about them all the time.

She took a deep breath and let it out. That was neither here, nor there. She needed to concentrate on her shopping. She had just enough time to find a store she and Cheryl hadn't visited yet. She turned when she heard someone calling her name. It was Cheryl.

"That was a quick."

"They didn't have anything larger than a F-cup," Cheryl scowled. "But I did get the name of a store here that does have larger bras. It's on the other side of the mall though."

"As long as I don't have to go in with you, I don't care where it is." Cheryl grinned. The two friends chatted as they walked through the mall. Stopping in the food court to get a drink. They sat for a few minutes to enjoy them.

Cheryl finished her drink and stood. "I'm going to that store now," she said. "Should we meet here in another thirty minutes?"

"That's fine," answered Cary. "I'll probably window shop until then." She then watched as Cheryl nodded and walked away. Cary then finished her drink and started walking around.

As she walked, Cary looked in the various shops and stores, looking for something to catch her eye. Gradually she became aware of excited chatter behind her. Curious, she turned to see what was going on. She saw a small crowd looking at something. She moved closer.

At first, she didn't see anything. But, as she moved closer, she began to see a figure. It appeared to be a woman. But that couldn't be right. The woman appeared to be in her late teens, early twenties. She stood about 5'7" tall and had an athletic figure. She also appeared to be massively pregnant. Her stomach sticking out, at least, a couple of feet in front of her. The poor girl didn't appear to have any breasts. Then she turned ponderously to the side and Cary's world was turned on it's ear.

What she thought was a massively pregnant stomach, turned out to be the woman's tits. When she had turned, she faced Cary for a moment and she could see the colossal swell of her breasts. The lower curves were down around her hips and the outer were past her shoulders. Their weighty bounce and sway only emphasized the size of her enormous nipples as their movements lagged behind the rest of the gigantic tits. She tried to swallow with a suddenly dry mouth. Even though the evidence was right in front of her, she couldn't believe boobs could grow that large.

"She sure is big," a voice said beside her.

Cary nodded.

"Don't see why people get excited about her though," the voice continued. "She comes here every week. Her and her even larger friend."

At that, Cary turned to face the unknown speaker. Standing beside her was a tall blonde woman with sparkling green eyes. Her full red lips were curled in a slight smile as she watched at Cary. Something about that stare unnerved her. She blushed and dropped her eyes. It was only then that she noticed the blonde woman's breasts. They would have easily been the largest she had ever seen had she not seen the gigantic woman that was now slowly walking away.

Then the woman's word suddenly made sense. "There's somebody who had bigger tits than she does?" Cary blurted.

The woman's smile widened. "Yes. You see, Tammy comes here once a week. There's also another girl as big as Tammy. She comes here every week too. But there's another girl who only comes here every other week or so. Her boobs are so big that she needs a cart just to move around."

"Oh my," Cary said. She looked to her own breasts. They looked very small now.

"Why don't you come with me," the woman said. "My name is Susan."

"Cary," came the distracted reply.

"Well Cary," Susan said. "I do have a shop near here. You're welcome to sit there until you feel steady." Cary indicated her agreement and the two women walked off.





Chapter 4

Cary's mind whirled as she walked with Susan. She couldn't help but think about that woman's - Tammy's - breasts. And then, there were those two other girls. They were all so huge. Surely nobody could have tits that big. And Susan said there was a woman who was larger. Now she was starting to think about getting a boob job.

"Here we are," Catherine said. Cary looked up.

They were standing in front of a little used section of the mall. It was between a clothing store and a record store and the glass door had flowers painted on it and the words "The Goddess' Fun Shop" ran across the top in elegant script.

"Come on in," Catherine invited as she held the door open.

As Cary entered the shop a cute voice greeted her. "Welcome to the Goddess' Fun Shop," it said. Cary looked around to find an attractive teenage girl standing behind the counter. She was wearing a pink sweater. "Miss Catherine, we didn't have any customers while you were out," she continued.

"Thank you, Suzie," Catherine replied. "What do you think of my shop?" she asked Cary. "There's very little we don't have or can't get here."

Cary looked around the small shop. The walls, shelves, and racks were crowded with a large selection of items. She saw ink, pencils, bras, rings, blouses, panties, pens, paper, shoes, pants, and skirts. With such a selection, Cary couldn't decide exactly what type of store she was in.

"Why do you have so many different things here?"

"We need a wide variety," Suzie said after a glance at Catherine. "We have to give our customers something that won't draw attention."

"What do you sell?" Cary asked, puzzled. Her mind wasn't working too well after seeing Tammy.

"We sell magical items that make a woman's breasts larger," Catherine said.

"Oh, you do? What?!"

Catherine nodded as Suzie giggled. "It's true. Everything you see here will make a woman's breasts larger."

"But that's impossible," Cary stated. "There's no such thing as magic. And even if there was, this shop would be crowded with women and girls wanting bigger boobs."

"Not everybody can find us," Catherine replied. "Only those who truly desire larger breasts can find us."

Cary started to ease away from the busty woman. "But you brought me here."

"You would have found this place whether I brought you here or not," grinned Catherine.


Cary was starting to regret coming here. "I don't believe you," she nervously said. "There's no way anything you said can be true."

"Would you like proof?" Catherine asked. Suzie visibly perked up.

Cary nodded. "Yes I would. And it had better be convincing!"

"You heard her Suzie," Catherine said as she turned to face the teen. "Pick something out and demonstrate our products to her."

With a squeal, Suzie quickly came around the counter. She walked to a rotating display rack holding earrings. After a moments thought, she picked out a set shaped like butterflies. "You will really like these," the eager girl said as she placed them in her ears. She then cupped her breasts.



At first, Cary couldn't see any changes. Then she noticed that Suzie's hands seemed to holding more boob than a second ago. She could have sworn that the girl was a B-cup when she first saw her. Now, she was at least a solid C. In fact, they appeared to be growing still. Oblivious to Cary's stare, Suzie started massaging the growing orbs. Suzie's breasts started bulging between her fingers as they increased in size. Growing past generous handfuls and continuing to swell to the size of large grapefruit. Her sweater stretched around the increasing mass of the boobs. Cary couldn't believe her eyes. In front her, a woman just grew a pair of tits any stripper would be proud to own. And they were still getting larger.

"As you can see," Catherine said. "If you buy something here, your breasts will grow larger."

"Will I turn out like her?"

Catherine frowned at Suzie. "No. She's just obsessed with growing larger boobs."

"But how is this possible," Cary asked as Suzie began to moan.

"It's magic. Everything in here is magical." Suzie's breasts stopped growing at the size of basketballs.

"Magic?" asked Cary. She looked back at Suzie who was now pulling on her nipples. "I could believe that."

"So, what do you want to buy?"

"What, now?"

Catherine sighed. "Yes, now. Unless you have something else you want to do."

"Can't I have some time to look around?" At Catherine's nod, Cary started looking. It wasn't long before something caught her eye. It was a amethyst pendant on a slim gold chain. "This one."

"That's a good one," Catherine said.

"What does it do?"

"When you're wearing it, any dreams you have about your breasts will come true," the busty woman answered. "I hope your dream boobs aren't too big."

"What will people say when they see me," Cary asked.

"Don't worry," Catherine assured her as she rang up the pendant. "Don't worry. The magic makes it so that everybody will believe you grew them naturally. That'll be \$92.48."

Cary handed her a credit card. She glanced back at Suzie. She was now squeezing her breasts. "You're sure I won't become like her?"

"Positive. Suzie, is special. Give her a pair of large tits and nothing else matters." Catherine sighed. "I've been trying to change that. Just sign here and you're all set." She handed Cary her card, receipt, and a pen. She watched as Cary signed and returned the receipt. She then handed her the pendant and her copy. "If you have any problems, be sure to come back." Cary nodded then walked out.

Catherine rolled her eyes as she turned to Suzie. She snapped her fingers and Suzie's breasts shrank back to normal. "Wha-what," a dazed Suzie said.

"You have got to get control of yourself," Catherine told the confused girl.

"I didn't scare her."

"Yes, you did," stated Catherine. "She became worried when you started fondling her boobs." She shook her head. "I don't know what to do with you."

"Let me play with my boobs?"

Catherine handed her a feather duster.

"Um, what's this for?"

"Your are going to dust with it," Catherine replied.

"What dust?" Catherine pointed at the back of the store. Cary turned and then gasped. Everything was covered in what looked like one hundred years worth of dust and cobwebs.

"Get to work."

Cary had just arrived back at the food court when she heard her name. She turned. "Cheryl! What are you doing back here so soon?"

"They didn't have any padding," she answered. "Some woman had bought all they had yesterday. They told me they'll have some more in next week."

"So, um, did you get any new bras?"

Cheryl shook her head. "No. I don't want to buy them. I just want to know what I'll look like. What about you? Did you buy anything else while I was away?"

"No," Cary as she thought about the pendant she had put in her purse. She wasn't sure it would work. It was *magic*. Magic couldn't possibly exist. She looked at her watch. "It's getting late. Why don't we get something to eat and call it a day. Unlike you, I have to work tomorrow."

"Okay," Cheryl agreed. "I'm just glad you could go with me today." They started walking toward the entrance. "Where do you want to eat?"

"How about 'The Olive Garden?'" asked Cary.

"That sounds good." Together, the two women left to eat.



Chapter 5

Cary slowly woke. Her alarm clock hadn't gone off yet so she knew she had a few minutes just to enjoy lying in bed. She was warm and comfortable wrapped in her blanket. It happened so rarely, that she was determined to enjoy the feeling. She felt something slide down her neck. A frown crossed her face as she thought of what it could be. She gave a little chuckle as she remembered the pendant that was supposed to make her breasts grow larger. She couldn't believe she actually bought it. Even with the realistic display the girl put on. She snuggled deeper into her bed and felt her breasts move.

A lot.

Cary froze. After a moment's thought, she looked toward her feet. She couldn't see them. Two mounds under the blanket blocked her view. She thought some more. Tentatively, she raised her hand and softly cupped the mounds. She could feel the pressure from both her hands and her breasts.

"Okay," she told herself. "Don't panic. Your breasts just grew. . ." She took a quick look back at her swollen chest. ". . . a few sizes last night. Catherine said it would happen."

"Yeah," a small part of her answered. "But you didn't *really* believe it would happen, did you now?" Ignoring that small part of herself, she raised the covers to take her first look at her new breasts.

There they were. The breasts she didn't even know she had wanted. Proud, firm breasts stood on her chest. Even lying on her back, she could tell they would jut out when she was standing. Her nipples were pink and large as the tip on her little finger. Even as she watched, they erected to an half inch in length. Suddenly she just had to see them while she was standing.

Quickly, she was standing in front of her bedroom mirror wearing only a pair of panties. She had locked her eyes on her bountiful breasts. They held a teardrop shape starting high on her chest. They were full enough that the inner curves were a bare inch from touching. The outer curves partially hid her arms. Her erect nipples pointed straight at the mirror and seemed to stare back at her.

Slowly, she raised her hands to cup them. She marveled at the velvety smoothness of the skin. Giving a little squeeze she discovered that they were as firm as they appeared. Springing back into shape as she relaxed the pressure. The pleasure she received from just squeezing and releasing her boobs was wonderful. She couldn't wait until she could get somebody to do that for her. Her head rolled back as the pleasure rolled over her.

The harsh buzz of her alarm clock brought her back to the present. She quickly went to shut of the alarm. Enjoying the distinct bounce and sway of her larger breasts. As much as she wanted, she knew she couldn't stay home. She had given up her three day weekend so Tammy could go to her niece's wedding today. She just hoped Catherine was right about people not noticing any changes in her.

Grabbing a fresh pair of panties, Cary headed for the shower. She figured on grabbing a bra when she had a little time to search for one that would, at least, cover her nipples and areolas. She wasn't worried about finding a blouse or shirt. She had plenty that had been baggy.

Once in the shower, Cary tried to wash quickly. But the fascination she had for her breasts slowed her down. She started to play. She caressed the supple curves of her breasts. Trailing her fingers across the slopes as soap suds slid down to drip off the lower portions of each breast. She would press her breasts together just to feel the slickness of the skin as she rubbed them together.

It was only when she nearly collapsed from an orgasm that she remembered work. She hurried the remainder of her shower and rushed back to her room. She groaned when she looked at the clock. She had spent over an hour in the shower! She really had to hurry now.

She grabbed a bra and started to put it on. She didn't realize it actually fit until she was adjusting the straps. Looking down, she did not see her breast bulging out of the bra like she thought they would. Cary put the thought aside. She could think about it at work. She grabbed a sweater and matching skirt out of her closet and put them on. After slipping on her shoes, she went into the kitchen, grabbed a couple of breakfast bars, and walked out the door. As she got into her car, Cary absently adjusted the pendant to a more comfortable position between her breast.


Driving was a new experience now. Before, her breasts were not in the way. Now, whenever she turned the wheel, there they were. She couldn't even grab the wheel without hitting one tit or the other with that arm. Then there were the other drivers. Men would try to stay even with her so that they could look at her boobs. While the women at the stop lights gave her angry and, sometimes, envious looks.

She really couldn't understand the angry looks. She wasn't putting her tits on display. Sure, she was wearing a sweater, but she wasn't showing any cleavage. Nor was she intentionally shaking her tits. She couldn't help it if the street had potholes. She avoided them when ever she could.

Cary breathed a sigh of relief when she pulled into her office's parking lot. Her driving had suffered from her increased size. She found a space and turned off her car. She grabbed her purse and started for the elevator. As she walked, she could pay more attention to the increased weight of her tits pulling on her shoulders. She couldn't understand why women who had grown this large had them reduced. She enjoyed the weight of her boobs. Not the mention the rubbing her nipples received as her breasts bounced in her bra. But, as she got closer to the elevator, worries started to fill her mind.

What if something went wrong and her coworkers realized her breasts wasn't this big a couple of days ago? How would they react? Would they insist on taking her to the hospital? Cary started to panic. Before this





morning, she really didn't believe in magic. Even with the proof right in front of her. She just couldn't convince herself that a pendant had the power to make such drastic changes unnoticeable.

Just when she had talked herself into going home, the elevator opened and out came a tall man carrying some folders. "Hi, Cary," he said as his eyes darted to her boobs and back up. "Getting in a little late today."

"Hello, Tom," Cary automatically responded. "I forgot to set my alarm last night." She was watching him very carefully.

"No sweat. It's nice to know that even you come in late every once in a while. I have to hurry. Mr. Levits forgot his files on the Mullweather case." With that, Tom walked to his car.

Cary watched as Tom started his car and drove off. She couldn't believe he didn't say anything about her breasts. She knew he'd seen them. He looked right at them. But he didn't say not one word. Instead, he acted as if she had them all her life. She smiled. If Tom's reaction was normal, then she had nothing to worry about. Happily, she pushed the elevator button. She couldn't wait until she got in the office. There was one woman she would enjoy seeing today.

Cary sighed and arched her back to relieve the tension there. She now knew why Cheryl was so picky about her bras. A poorly fitted one was very uncomfortable.

"Damn girl. You keep doing that and the men will have to pick eyeballs out of their soup."

"Sorry Jeanie," Cary replied. She was sitting in a restaurant with three of her friends. "I must have grabbed the wrong bra this morning."

"I, for one, am glad I don't have that problem," Stacy said as she rolled her eyes. She was a short, brunette with a slim figure. "Being short is bad enough. But when you add boobs as big as yours makes it worse."

"Yeah," agreed Jeanie. She was average height with red hair. She also had a athletic figure. "Men already try to look down your blouse and you only have a B-cup. Not the monsters Cary has."

"I'm not that big," exclaimed Cary.

"Yeah, right," the third woman said. She was the tallest and thinnest of the group. "At least you three have boobs. I'm 6'2" and as skinny as I am, I look like a beanpole."

"Are you saying you don't like my boobs, Melissa?"

"No," Stacey said. "We love your boobs."

"Especially when her majesty bitch queen Becky is around," put in Jeanie.

"We just don't want them on ourselves," continued Stacey.

"Speak for yourselves," Melissa said. "I would love to have boobs that big. If only to drive Becky crazy. Is there some way you could give me some of that?"

"No way," Cary said. "You wouldn't believe what I had to do to get these. They're mine, all mine." The women looked at each other, then burst out laughing.

"Seriously," Cary continued when she caught her breath. "What is wrong with that girl?"

"Who?"

"Becky! Ever since I started working here last year, she's been a bitch."

"Don't let her bother you," Stacy said. "I started working here before Becky did and she's been that way since she started. When she found out that she had the biggest tits here, she let it go to her head."

"Well, she had her eyes opened when Cary started," Melissa said. The others nodded.

"How do you think she would have reacted if Cary's boobs were bigger," asked Jeanie.

"What!?" the others said.

"Think about it," Jeanie told the others as she looked around the table. "Becky believes big tits makes the woman. In her eyes, she is more of a woman than us and Cary is even more of a woman. Now, how would she react if Cary had even bigger tits?" All the women became silent as they tried to imagine Becky's reaction. All except for Cary.

While the other women thought about Becky's reaction, Cary thought about her breasts. She tried to imagine what they would look like if they were considerably larger. She thought about how much they would weigh and the pull they would exert on her shoulders. The bounce and sway of her tits, how she wouldn't be able to raise her arms without hitting them. She got so into her breasts being bigger that she started to daydream about it.

As she dreamed, Cary didn't realize her breasts were growing. They were quickly taking all the room on her chest and started down toward her lap. Their increased girth eclipsed her arms as her cleavage deepened. Her nipples stiffened and grew in size along with her areolas. It wasn't long before her tits were as big as basketballs. Cary unconsciously adjusted herself by sitting up straighter in her chair and pulling her shoulders. Around her, her friends and the plates themselves adjusted for the increased size. None of the dishes she had eaten from remained directly in front of her. They were now to the side. Jeannie, who had been sitting directly across from her had shifted to one side so she no longer had Cary's breast staring right at her. Through all this and other, minor changes, the four women remained oblivious.





"Hey, Cary," Stacy called, snapping Cary out of her dream. "It's time for us to be heading back."

Sighing, Cary stood up. She paused as her breasts hit the table. Her boobs couldn't be that big, could they? With a feeling of dread, she looked down. Her boobs were planted firmly on the table. Shocked, she jerked upright and looked down again. She couldn't see her feet! She snapped her gaze back to her friends only to find them already heading for the restroom. They didn't see anything wrong. Not wanting to draw more attention than she already had, Cary followed them.

As she walked, Cary could feel the increased bounce and sway of her breasts. The bra she was now wearing wasn't able to minimize the movement like her previous bra had. While she did like it, the increased stares from both men and women bothered her. But considering the size of her breasts, she'd probably stare too. She just wished the men would at least try to be subtle.

Once she was in the restroom, Cary went straight to the mirror. While pretending to check her make-up, she checked her new, larger boobs. They appeared to have the same shape, but that could have been the bra. They were definitely wider. Now hiding both of her upper arms instead of just eclipsing them. They hung lower as well. The lower curves were now below her belly button. Her nipples had grown as well, now as big as her thumb tip. She could easily see them through her sweater and blouse. She hefted her breasts. The weight surprised her. Suddenly she realized she was being watched.

Slowly she raised her eyes to meet the gaze of her friends in the mirror. "Um, I can explain," Cary said as she turned.

"Don't worry," grinned Stacy. "It's been, what, six months since they started growing?"

"About that," Jeanie agreed. "And I thought your boobs were big then."

"And when you started growing," Melissa said. "I thought she was going to explode. I wish she had, then we wouldn't have to put up with her."

Cary was stunned. She *knew* she had grown right in front of them, but they're talking as if she had started growing 6 months ago. Was she the only one who knew she had changed. What was going on here? Then she remembered. Catherine did say that the magic would make people think she always had them. But that doesn't explain why she grew again. She *liked* being an E-cup and wished she had more time to enjoy it. "So," she said. "You really don't mind me being so big?"


"As long as you don't fondle them in front of us," Melissa wryly said.

Hastily Cary dropped her hands. Unfortunately, she had been holding her breasts up. Her breasts dropped, slapping against her stomach. Her upper body shook as her breasts bounced and jiggled.

"That really helped my self-esteem," Stacy said.

Cary blushed. "Let's just go back to work," she said.

"So," Jeanie asked as Melissa drove them back. "What's it like having such huge boobs?"



"I haven't really thought about it," Cary answered. "I mean, I'm still getting used to them."

"Are they *still* growing," an envious Melissa asked.

"Maybe," Cary heard herself say. "My doctor isn't sure."

"That virtual boob hyper-whatever thing, right," asked Stacy.

"That's virginal breast hypertrophy," Cary heard herself say. "It's why my boobs grew so fast and also why my doctor can't tell me if they're finished or not."

"Why not," asked Stacy. "She does know the name of this thing, right? So why can't she tell you if they're finished growing?"

"Because nobody has really studied it," came the reply. "Doctors aren't sure what causes a woman's boobs to grow to such massive size anyway. Besides, I don't think you want it to happen to you anyway."

"I don't know," Jeanie said. "I wouldn't mind having huge boobs if it meant Becky wouldn't bother me."

"No, she'd just start rumors about you getting implants like she did me."

"Don't worry about it," Melissa assured Cary. "Even if they wanted to, nobody would believe her. We all watched you grow." The others nodded.

"She's just a jealous bitch," commented Stacy. "Everybody knows she wishes *she* had your tits."

Cary shook her head as they pulled into the parking lot. "I'm glad you guys support me," she said. "But there are times I think you only do it because it pisses Becky off."

"I'm sorry," Melissa said. "Being around you a lot can make a girl feel less of a woman."

"It's not that you do anything," Stacy hurried to say. "It's just, they're so big! Being near you is enough to intimidate most women." The women were quiet as Melissa pulled into a parking space.

"Why don't we go back to work and drop Cary's boobs?" suggested Melissa.

"I'm all for going back to work," a straight-faced Jeanie said. "But I'm not going to drop her boobs. Those things are dangerous when they bounce!"

There was a shocked silence before Cary started snickering and then laughing. Once she started, the others couldn't help but laugh as well. Wiping tears from her eyes, Cary said, "Let's go make Becky's day."

Chapter 6

Cary sighed as she pulled in her driveway. Work had been, different. Before, she was just one of the girls. Sure, Becky had lorded her greater breast size over her, but she did that to everybody. For the half day that she had been an E-cup, Becky had ignored her when she could and snubbed her when she couldn't. But after she had returned from lunch with her super boobs, Becky had turned vicious. Always giving her dark looks, whispering just loud enough for her to hear but not understand what she was saying and starting rumors. It had gotten so bad that Mr. Roderick - Cary's boss - was having her transferred tomorrow.

Cary eased herself out of her car. Her nipples rubbed the steering wheel as they went passed. She was going to have to get used to that. Along with the constant bouncing and swaying of her breasts anytime she moves her upper body, including her arms. The bra she was wearing, comfortable it may be, did nothing to minimize the movement. She didn't even know where she got it.

Whenever she walked in her office, they would wobble and bounce around throwing her off balance. Making her breasts move that much more. She stumbled a lot because she hadn't gotten used to not seeing her feet. This increased the amount of items she knocked off shelves, desks, and walls whenever she moved about the office. Even though nobody said anything, Cary was extremely embarrassed.

Then there was her desk. The first time she sat down she was shocked. Her breasts were actually resting on the top of her desk. How was she supposed to get any work done!? At first, she tried reaching around them, but that didn't work. She knew couldn't reach over them. Finally she tried from the side. It was awkward, but she was able to make it work. Just when she was getting used to it, Stacy came by.


"Cary," she said. "I'm glad you found a way to work, but you may want to face the other way."

Cary gave her a blank look.

"You're giving all the men a free show," Stacy hoarsely whispered. Cary looked down, shocked. "I'm glad you aren't showing any cleavage. The men are having trouble walking straight after passing your office door." Face burning, Cary turned her chair the other way. That wasn't much better, she found out later. As the men could still see her boobs from behind.

But now she was home. Now she could figure out why her breasts grew at lunch. She didn't want that to happen again. Her boobs were more than big enough now. She turned to the side to see the keyhole of her door. She unlocked the door and entered her house. Once inside, she leaned against the door. She sighed as she slipped her shoes off. She thought about picking them up, but a quick image of her falling forward with her face in her cleavage persuaded her not too. She wasn't expecting company anyway. So they could stay there until she figured out how to pick them up.





The knock startled her. She jumped, spun, and nearly fell as her breasts kept moving. She quickly grabbed the bouncing boobs and regained her balance. Once she was steady she looked out the peep-hole. Standing there holding a plastic bag was Cheryl.

"Hello, Cheryl," Cary said after opening the door.

"Is that all you can say," Cheryl asked. She raised the bag. "I even brought gifts."

"I'm sorry. I had a rough day. All I want to do is soak in the tub and then go to bed."

"I remember how wiped you were after shopping yesterday. That's why I brought today's gifts: champagne, strawberries and DVDs to enjoy them with." Cheryl invited herself in. "All you have to do is take off those clothes and slip into something more comfortable."

Cary stared at the woman for a moment. "Is this another effort to see my naked tits?" she asked. Her eyes widened and her hand shot up to her mouth smacking that tit along the way. "Tell me I just didn't say that."

Cheryl didn't answer. She had dropped her eyes and was shuffling her feet. "I can't help it," she muttered. "You know how much I like watching big boobs. And, you got to admit that you do have the biggest around. So, of course I'm going to try to see them every chance I get."

Cary snorted. "Yeah, right," she said as the vision of the girl in the mall flashed through her head.

"The biggest I've seen," Cheryl amended. She raised her head. "Besides, I'll give you a back rub."

"A back rub," asked Cary. Even though the bra provided plenty of support, her back was still tense. "All right, you can stay."

Cheryl did a little victory dance as she closed the door. "So what are you waiting for," she asked as she turned back to the overly developed woman. "Go and get changed." Cary walked to her room.

As she changed, Cary worried. With Cheryl here, she couldn't work out why she had grown again. She was supposed to have grown only when she dreamed, and she knew she hadn't fell asleep while eating. She pulled off her sweater and gasped at her reflection in the mirror.

It was the bra she was wearing. Not only was it the biggest she has ever seen, it was also the strangest. It had hooks, snaps, and zippers placed all over it, all of them were covered by Velcro. She couldn't even see where to begin taking it off. But she had to try. She could just see Cheryl taking it off of her.

Hesitantly, she raised her hand to one very full cup. She paused as she decided where to start. After a moment's thought, Cary decided to start with the zipper between her breasts. She reached under her breasts only to find the zipper wasn't there. She then reached over her breasts. She breathed a sigh of relief when she found the zipper. She had it halfway down when she discovered a problem. She could no longer reach it.

She struggled for several minutes. No matter how she stretched her arms or squeezed her breasts, she couldn't reach the zipper from above or below. She struggled so hard she fell on her bed. As she lay there, panting, she heard clapping. When she looked up she saw Cheryl standing in the door.

"That was definitely a show worth watching."

Cary glared at the woman. "Since you've already given me a hand, come over here and help me out."

Cheryl eagerly went to help the burdened woman. "Mrs. Kingly makes some wonderful bras," she said as she caressed the mighty bra. "I would love to be big enough to wear one of them. Even the 'small' ones you wear."

"Who?" Cary asked. Ignoring the other remarks Cheryl made.

"Mrs. Kingly. The woman who's been making your bras for the past two weeks." Cheryl studied Cary's face. "You didn't fall again? I know you said you were fine last week. And I did tell you to slow down, you know. But you wouldn't listen and your boobs threw you off balance. Again."

"I didn't fall down, Cheryl."

"Did you hit your head with your tits?" Cheryl asked. "I've seen them bounce high enough to hit your face before. Of course, you were falling on your bed at the time."

"I didn't do that either," Cary said as Cheryl unzipped her bra. "I was just thinking."

"About what." Cheryl's eyes were glued to Cary's breasts as they forced the bra open. Gently shaking as if glad to be out of the restraining garment.

Cary turned toward her bed. "About Mrs. Kingly," she said. "I can't help but wonder who else she makes bras for since I'm one of her 'small' ones."

"Hey, what's that?" Cary's movement had caused her breasts to separate, revealing the purple stone she had bought at the mall yesterday. "Did you get that yesterday?"

Cary looked down at the amethyst pendant snuggled in the top of her cleavage. "I forgot about that," she said. "Yeah, I got it yesterday."


"Then why did you tell me you didn't get anything?"

Cary blushed. "Um, well, I." She took a deep breath. "Can't we finish this in the front room? I want something alcoholic in me when I start this." Cheryl gave the red-headed woman a look. Then, shrugging her acceptance, she left the room.

"Okay, spill," Cheryl said as Cary entered the room. Cary had pull on a shirt that would have swallowed anybody who didn't have the massive breasts she did. As vast as the shirt was, it couldn't help but be tight over Cary's titanic boobs as they swayed majestically from side to side.

Cary sighed as she sat down. She picked up her glass and drained the champagne. Then poured her another and drank half that. "Okay," she





said. "I know you won't believe me, but please hear me out." She waited until Cheryl nodded. She raised her hand to show the pendant in it. "I bought this because it was supposed to make my boobs bigger."

Cheryl blinked.

"It's true. Before this morning, I was only an C-cup. Then I found The Goddess's Fun Shop. Actually, the owner found me. She told me that everything in the store would make a woman's boobs bigger." She took another swallow. "At first, I didn't believe her. Who would? But then her assistant put on some earrings and her boobs grew until there were as big as basketballs." Cary picked up a strawberry, dipped it into her champagne, ate it, then finished off the glass and refilled it.

"That's when I bought this pendant," Cary continued. "The owner told me how it would work and I left. That night I put it on before I went to sleep. Sure, I knew there was no way it would work, but I did it anyway. Didn't even think about it. When I woke up, I had E's."

"These don't look like E's to me," Cheryl said.

"I know. When I was at lunch today, they grew to this size. What really bothered me was the fact that nobody noticed. *I* didn't even notice. You'd a thought somebody would have notice a woman going from an E-cup to whatever size these are."

"So," Cheryl said. "Yesterday, you bought a pendant that, overnight, made you grow from a C-cup to an E. Then, at lunch today, you grew boobs larger than any stripper in the world." She shook her head. "If I didn't know better, I'd say you were doing drugs."

"Cary, you started growing 6 months ago. And, one month and four cup sizes later, I dragged you to your doctor who was extremely worried over you rapid growth. Three weeks later, you were diagnosed with VBH. That's the truth. Believe it." She swallowed some champagne. "How did they explain the growth and the fact that nobody noticed you growing, magic?"

She stared at Cary. "Oh my God. They did! And you believed them! What is wrong with you? Did they give you something before they tried to sell you anything?"

"No they didn't," Cary said. "Besides, I can prove it."

"How?"

Cary raised the pendant. "All you have to do is put it on."

"Then what?"

"You go to sleep."

"I'm not sleepy, and I'm not drinking enough to pass out."

"So you believe it'll work?"

"No," an indignant Cheryl said. "I just don't want to go to sleep right now. I've brought movies to watch, you know. Besides, you said you grew at lunch. How did that happen?"

"Well," Cary said as she thought back. "I was an E-cup then, and the girls and I were talking about how Becky might react if I was even bigger. I started thinking about it, I mean really thinking. The next thing I knew I had these."

"If thinking about them is enough to make the 'magic' work, then why do you have to go to sleep?"

"You sleep so the pendant can get to your dreams," came the answer. "Ooooh. So that's what happened."

"What? How what happened?"

"At lunch, I wasn't just thinking about having bigger tits, I was *daydreaming*."

Cheryl had a blank look.

"Don't you get it?" and excited Cary asked. "It's not just when you sleep, but anytime you dream."

"What are you talking about?"

"You wanted proof, right? Well here it is. All you have to do is put that on and daydream about having bigger tits. I know you can do that. Besides, I won't change my mind about my tits until you prove me wrong."

Cheryl looked at the pendant. She cared about Cary. She didn't want to see her hurt. But... she was worried about her. Cary had always been self-conscious about her boobs ever since she started growing. Somehow those women tricked her into believing that this pendant was the cause of it. She had to break her out of this delusion. She stared into Cary's eyes. "Okay, if this is the only way to convince you, then I will."

Slowly Cheryl put the pendant on. "Now what," she asked.

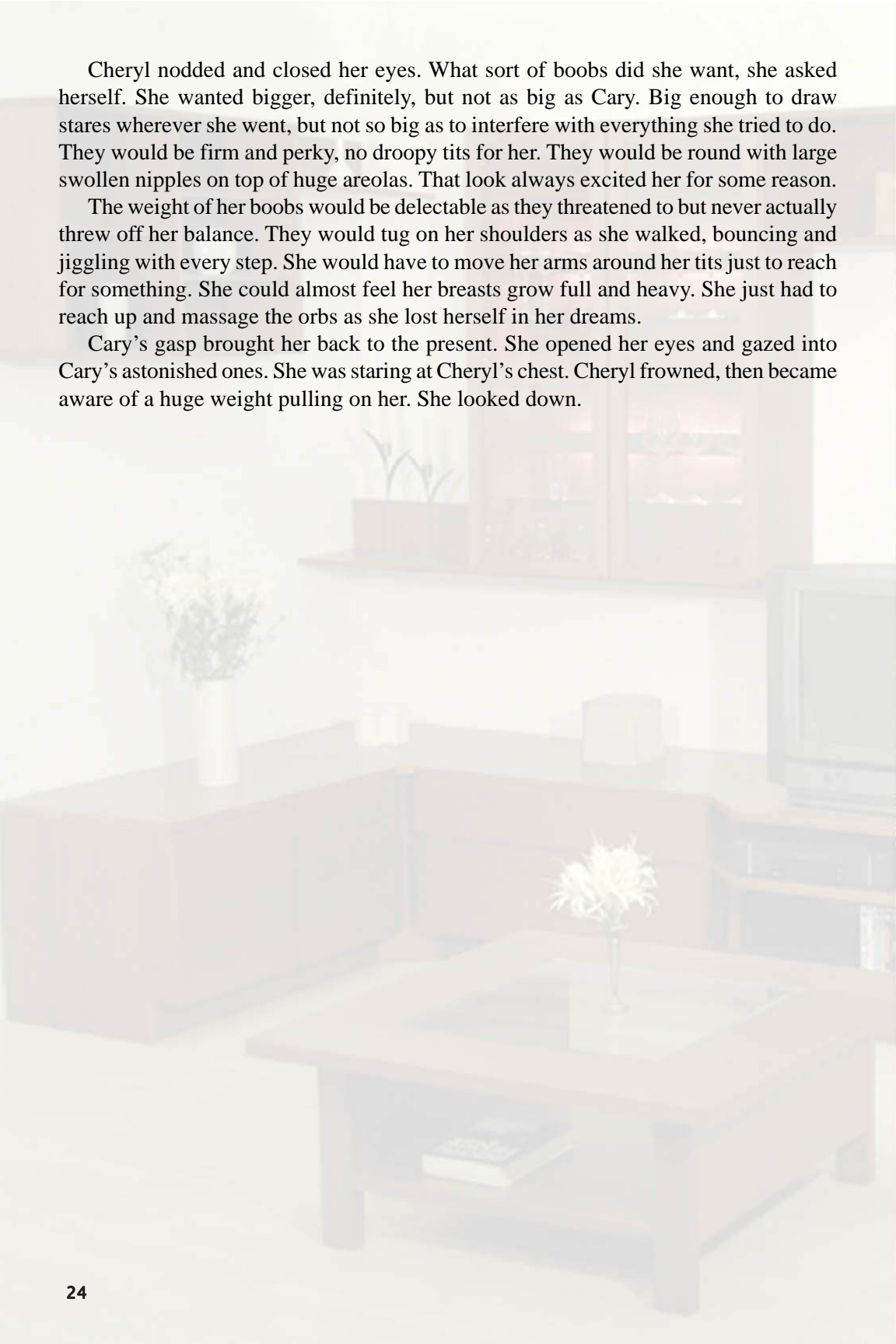
"Just imagine yourself with bigger tits," Cary replied. "You can't just think about how they'll look either, I think. At least, I wasn't. I was thinking about how Becky and everyone would react and how they would feel if I had them."



Cheryl nodded and closed her eyes. What sort of boobs did she want, she asked herself. She wanted bigger, definitely, but not as big as Cary. Big enough to draw stares wherever she went, but not so big as to interfere with everything she tried to do. They would be firm and perky, no droopy tits for her. They would be round with large swollen nipples on top of huge areolas. That look always excited her for some reason.

The weight of her boobs would be delectable as they threatened to but never actually threw off her balance. They would tug on her shoulders as she walked, bouncing and jiggling with every step. She would have to move her arms around her tits just to reach for something. She could almost feel her breasts grow full and heavy. She just had to reach up and massage the orbs as she lost herself in her dreams.

Cary's gasp brought her back to the present. She opened her eyes and gazed into Cary's astonished ones. She was staring at Cheryl's chest. Cheryl frowned, then became aware of a huge weight pulling on her. She looked down.





Chapter 7

Cary didn't know what to expect when Cheryl closed her eyes. When Cheryl's boobs didn't start growing as soon as her eyes closed, Cary was disappointed. But she had jumped the gun. Cheryl's breasts gave a little quiver, then started swelling larger.

She watched as they grew fuller, pushing both bra and shirt out. Then they started growing out, reaching to take up more space in front of the woman. Her hands twitched. For some reason, she wanted to hold the glands as they increased in size. It wasn't long before Cheryl was into the custom bra range. Once there, their growth slowed and her nipples and areolas grew. They quickly reached an astonishing size resembling a large, shallow bowl overturned with two huge marshmallows placed on top. Cary gasped.

"Well," came Cheryl's too calm voice. "It seems you were telling the truth."

"I told you," Cary softly said. "You should have listened to me."

"That's right. But then I wouldn't have these wonderful boobs."

"You're not angry?" Cary tentatively asked as Cheryl started to take off her shirt.

"No. But I am going to take off this bra. It's not as comfortable as the ones you have. Maybe I should grow a little more so I can have some bras from Mrs. Kingly."

"They're expensive." Her eyes were fastened to Cheryl's naked boobs.

"And back surgery isn't?" snorted Cheryl. "Besides, I want to watch those movies."

"Your boobs just became huge and you want to watch movies," shouted Cary.

Cheryl calmly replied, "Yes. Magic is real, and my boobs are huge. I want time to get used to those facts. But first I'm going to get drunk. Very, very drunk."

Bemused, Cary watched as Cheryl finished her glass. "Where are you going?" she asked as Cheryl got, unsteadily, to her feet.

"I'm going to get the other bottles. This one will not last long."

"What about the strawberries?"

"Fuck them," Cheryl said as she made her way toward the kitchen. "We can have shortcake tomorrow."

Even though the movies played they weren't watched. The two hyper-busty women were lost in their own thoughts as they drank glass after glass of champagne. It wasn't long before both were drunk. Sometime during the evening, Cheryl had convinced Cary to take off her shirt. She didn't think it was fair for her to be in just her panties and had Cheryl take off her shorts.

"I think," Cary carefully said. "I think, we should stop now."

"Why," Cheryl blearily asked. "I can still put two and two together."

"Because, any more and we won't make it to bed."

"Okay."

Both women slowly stood, leaning against each other. Cary closed her eyes as the room started to rapidly spin. "Ooooh," she said. "I drank too much." Cheryl started giggling.

"Stop that," Cary giggled. "I got enough problems. My boobies don't want to go straight."

"Mine don't either," Cheryl gasped. "They want to stop here."

"No. Bed. Now."

With much giggling, the women made their unsteady way to Cary's bedroom. They collapsed on the bed, still giggling. "No funny stuff," Cary slurred as she watched her naked tits bounce around.

"Sleep is good," Cheryl said.

Cary was too busy trying to remember why her tits were naked. For some reason, it seemed very important to her. She passed out before she could.

Before she went to sleep, Cheryl put the pendant on Cary. "Grow for me," she whispered in her ear.

Morning came well before Cary was ready for it. Her head was pounding and it felt like something had crawled into her mouth and died. She started to groan but cut it short when her headache grew worse. She lay there for a moment before she decided that she did want to live.

After a minute or two she became aware of two things. One, her bladder was full, and two, there was a large warm weight pressed into her back. Her bladder, she decided, could wait a moment longer. She reached behind her with her free arm and felt the weight. It was soft, but firm, and definitely warm. As she ran her hand across it, she felt two lumps press into her back and somebody moaned. It was only Cheryl.

That solved, she pushed herself up in order to go to the bathroom. Except, she didn't get up. All she managed was a slight raise in her body before her arm collapsed. The resulting shaking went on for much longer than she thought it should. Puzzled, she looked at her boobs.

In that instance, she forgot all about her aching head and bladder. What was in front of her was impossible. She couldn't be seeing it. She didn't even have the pendant on. She rubbed her eyes and pinched her arm. When she looked back, they were still there.

Her boobs.

Only they weren't the boobs she remembered having yesterday. These were so enormous, that, now that she was aware of them, she could feel part of them hanging off the bed. They had more than doubled in size.





Disbelievingly, she ran her hands over the enormity that was her breasts. She could feel her hands as they caressed all the skin they could reach. She could feel her nipples erect themselves as she examined her boobs. She gulped as she felt them swell larger and larger.

'How,' she asked herself. 'How could this have happened. Cheryl had the pendant.' The pendant.

With her free hand she checked her neck. Just as she thought, the pendant was there. She closed her eyes. Cheryl's fascination was going to kill her. She had to hide the pendant. First she had to get up.

Slowly she pushed herself up to a sitting position. She shuddered as the sensitive skin slid along the sheets. She was dismayed when she sat up. Her enormous tits just didn't rest on her lap, but also on the sheets to either side. She would have to get a reduction. This was too much.

Once on her feet, she slowly, carefully made her way to her vanity. There was a little space between the desk top and the mirror that she can put the pendant in. With any luck, Cheryl would never find it. Once she accomplished her task, she relaxed. Her bladder took the moment to remind her that it was still full. As she turned toward the bathroom, she caught sight of her reflection.

Stunned she stared. Her breasts stretched from her collarbone to her legs. Ending about mid-thigh, they hid everything behind them. Even though they were larger than they had the right to be, they still kept their natural teardrop shape. Her giant nipples, even larger than Cheryl's, were pointing out and up. They proudly rested on swollen areolas. She couldn't believe how beautiful they were. Nor how beautiful she looked. Maybe having such huge breasts wasn't such a bad thing. But she and Cheryl would have to have a little talk.

After she went to the bathroom.

Epilogue

"I wish my boobs were that big," Suzie said as the image faded from the mirror.

"You still need to practice," Catherine said. "You saw what Cheryl did, didn't you? While Cary does trust her, she still hid the pendant from her."

"Yeah. I don't understand though. Cary wanted huge boobs, didn't she?"

"She did. She just wanted to be in control of when she got them. Cheryl took that away from her."

"But she still has the pendant."

"Yes," agree Catherine. "She still has the pendant. She just might grow more in the future."

Suzie sighed and walked away. "I still want bigger boobs," she mumbled.

She wasn't far enough away and Catherine heard her. She snapped her fingers.

"Eep," a startled Suzie cried. "Oh Mistress." Suzie's breasts had exploded in size. They were now as big as compact cars. Suzie was now supported by her breasts in her own cleavage.

"Don't thank me yet," Catherine said. "I found several hundred stray cats in this city and you're going to feed them all."

"Me," squeaked Suzie. She could feel the pressure along with a gurgling noise grow within her breasts.

The End