



TITLING

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The Breast Expansion Story Club

Ammonia molecule (NH₃)



Tithing

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TITHING

Chapter 1

Allyson was striding across campus towards the chemistry building, head down and arms swinging, when she heard Ericka calling her. “Allyson, wait up!” Allyson turned and squinted into the setting sun. Ericka waved at her and jogged to catch up. “Rae call you?”

“She did,” Allyson said. The phone call had been brief: “Meet me in the basement of the chemistry building. I’ve made an amazing discovery!”

“Did she say what she wanted?”

Allyson snorted. “You know her. It’s got to be her latest research project.” Allyson looked up at Ericka, who was taller than her by half a foot. Ericka didn’t look like she’d been planning on going anywhere tonight. She had on a pair of grey running shorts and a ratty tank top. Her brown hair was tied back. “I see you dressed up for the evening.”

“What?” Ericka replied defensively. “The only people I’m going to see are you and Rae and it’s not like either of you care.” She gestured at Allyson. “Besides, we can’t all wear short shorts like that.”

Allyson rubbed her palms on her shorts. “It’s true, I am petite and cute.” She agreed.

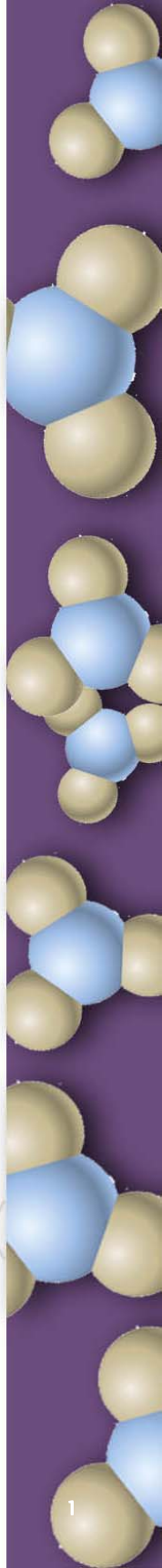
“That’s not quite what I said.” Replied Ericka. Her strides were long, forcing Allyson to walk quickly to keep up.


“Close enough.” The two walked in silence for a minute. “So what do you think? Is this going to be like the free energy machine?”

“God, I hope not.” Ericka said, smiling. The free energy machine incident was infamous among the students who had lived on the second floor of Hannigan Hall their freshman year. Ericka and Allyson, roommates at the time, had both been in their room when they smelled something burning. They discovered the hall was filled with black clouds of smoke. Girls were coughing, tears streaming down their faces from the acrid smell. Allyson had had the presence of mind to get down on hands and knees, dragging Ericka down with her. The two of them had crawled towards the exit, only to have Rae trip over them both. “That’s not at all what I expected.” She had told Ericka and Allyson as all three had army-crawled their way outside. Rae had looked so miserable that Ericka, sweet-natured and too soft-hearted, had consoled her.

They’d ended up becoming good friends, much to Allyson’s surprise. The cheerleader, the brain, and her. Okay, so maybe Rae’s relentlessly impractical nature sometimes drove Allyson crazy. And perhaps Ericka was so happily dim that Allyson couldn’t keep herself from raining sarcasm on her. But overall their dynamic worked.

“Let’s find out what she’s been up to,” Allyson said. The chemistry building loomed above them, a brick box that also housed the physics department. Allyson trod down the stairs, Ericka skipping behind her.





“There you guys are!” Rae said, glasses glinting in the basement’s utility lighting. “You’re just in time! I’ve almost got it working. A few more minutes and I’ll be ready.”

The basement was filled with all manner of cast-off equipment, much of it now strung together with wires and string. A tesla coil sparked, lighting the glass retorts next to it with its blue flashes. “Is all of this going to catch fire like your exercise machine?” Allyson asked.

“Don’t be silly.” Rae measured out some chemicals, rubber gloves on her hands and a rubber apron around her.

“So what’s this going to do?” Ericka asked.

“I’d rather show you. It’s going to rock mightily. Just hang on.”

Ericka and Allyson watched Rae for a good half-hour. She moved equipment. She re-strung wires. She scrounged more equipment from the junk pile in one corner. Every few minutes she promised, “Just a few more minutes!”

Finally, Allyson’s patience wore thin. “C’mon, Rae! What’s taking so long?” she asked.

“Yeah, Rae.” Ericka chimed in. “It’s been way more than a few minutes.”

Rae pushed her hair back from her forehead. “This isn’t as easy as it looks, you know. Blending science and magic like this—”

“Whatever.” Allyson crossed her arms and hopped up on one of the desks that littered this part of the basement storeroom. “You promised us something cool.” She drummed her heels against its side.

“It will be! I promise! Just give me a little more time.” Rae moved an old TV aerial to one side, then the other, squinting at an oscilloscope the whole time.

“How *much* more time?” Ericka was pacing around, stepping nimbly around the sparking tesla coil. “Because, honest, if I have to wait down here for much longer? I’m going to kill someone.”

“Don’t step on the equipment!” Rae said. She made an exasperated sound and pushed her glasses further up the bridge of her nose. “Look, if you’re that bored, go find Lance tonight.”

“I can’t. He’s busy.”

Allyson sniffed. “I wondered why you weren’t off screwing him right now.”

“He has to study! He’s got to pass Freshman Comp.”

“Be a lot easier if he hadn’t failed the last three years,” Rae muttered under her breath. Lance wasn’t the sharpest guy around. She consulted a grimoire open on the table, one of many tattered old books scattered around her workspace. Rae made one change to the tesla coil’s location and said, “There we go. Time to give it a try.”

“Give *what* a try?” Allyson asked.

Rae turned around and gestured. “Ladies and ladies, I give you: the tithe machine.”

Allyson and Ericka eyed the motley collection of lab equipment, fusty books, and bubbling retorts. “I get enough of that at church, thanks,” Allyson said.

“Not that kind of tithe,” Rae said. “According to Simon Sinjin’s *Human Physiology in the Astral Realm*, people’s physical essence is coded in their aura. Your aura determines how tall you are, how athletic, everything.”

“Uh huh.” Allyson looked at the collection of discarded Mountain Dew cans in one corner. “How much sleep have you gotten lately?”

“That doesn’t matter right now. What does matter is that, if my calculations are correct, I can make tweaks to our auras and change stuff about us.”

“Uh huh,” Allyson said again. “Look, for one thing, you saying ‘if my calculations are correct’ guarantees that your mad science project is going to come to no good. For another thing, that sounds like a bunch of bullshit.”

“There’s only one way to find out.” Rae yanked out several strands of her hair and pressed them into a clay figure that was sitting next to the aerial. The figure had two lumpy arms, two lumpy legs, and a bulge that could be mistaken for a head if you squinted right. “There’s the conduit. All that’s left is the Latin.” As Rae chanted, a blue glow settled around the aerial. Everyone’s hair began standing up.

Ericka said, “Rae? Is it supposed to do that?”


Rae finished her chanting and blinked at the aerial. “Oh, sure. I think.” She turned to a panel with a row of knobs. “Lessee. Roughly 2,000 people here at BEU, that’s in about a 2 mile radius. My eyes are 8 diopters, so everyone’s eyesight will be 0.004 diopters worse. I can live with that. And might as well make it happen all at once.”

“What the hell are you talking about?”

“Hang on.” Rae turned several knobs. “That should do it.” She consulted another book, said another Latin phrase, lit a match, and dropped it into a pile of powder that was sitting on a lab table. The powder burned in an instant, giving off a bright white flash that scorched everyone’s eyesight. The aerial’s blue glow intensified. And then—

A clear spherical wave front leapt from the aerial, passed through all three of them and kept going. It reminded Rae of how air wavers above hot pavement. Everything seemed to ripple and distort as the wave passed. There was a hushed sound, as if the whole room had drawn in its breath. The wave reappeared, reversing its path. It collapsed into the aerial. A spark jumped from aerial to clay figure.

“That was really weird,” Ericka said. She wasn’t too surprised. You expected some weirdness when you were a student at Bulwer Elevester University. There were all kinds of stories about the strange things that happened to students. It was what had made Rae’s babbling about a great discovery seem even slightly plausible. “So what happened?” She turned to look at Rae, who wasn’t paying any attention to her or Allyson. She was staring at her hand, wiggling her fingers.



“Rae?” asked Allyson.

“Wow.” Rae took off her glasses. “Wow. Wow wow wow wow wow.” She looked up at Ericka and Allyson. “I can see.” She looked at her glasses, dropped them, and ground them under one heel. “I can see!” She stared at the remnants of her glasses and put a hand over her mouth. “Whoops! I probably shouldn’t have done that - just in case.”

Allyson frowned. “Rae, hun, you’re headed into crazy white coat land. Mind calming down and telling us what just happened?”

Rae grinned. “I gave my bad eyesight to everyone. You two included.”

“Err... what?” Ericka said, while Allyson stared at Rae.

“Oh, don’t be a wuss. Your eyesight isn’t that much worse. You’ll never notice. It was part of the tittle.”

“There’s that word again,” said Ericka.

“You know what tittle means, right? It’s when you give a tenth of what you earn. Traditionally you give it to God. In this case you gave it to me.”

Rae patted the aerial, which had stopped glowing blue. “What this contraption does is let you specify a physical characteristic, what percentage of it you want to take from people, and how far away people can be and still be affected. You can set how fast or slow the change occurs. You can even run it in the opposite direction and spread one of your characteristics out among everyone. That’s what I did.” She sat down on the desk next to Allyson. “BEU has about 2,000 students, and they’re clustered within two miles of this building. That means if I spread out my bad eyesight, everyone’s eyes will be about 0.05% as bad as mine. That’s completely unnoticeable. So I fix my eyes and no one is really hurt.”

“And it works.” Allyson looked thoughtful, her brow wrinkled.

“I found the original spell in a book, but it was far too limited. You could only take or give to a handful of people, and everyone had to hold hands.” Rae ran a hand through her hair. “That’s when I got the idea of using science to make the spell more effective.”

“I know you wanted to clear things up, but your explanation? Not really helping,” Ericka said.

“Another demonstration, then.” Rae hopped up and grabbed a glass jar. Pulling the stopper out of it, she dumped some of the powder in the jar onto the burn mark on the table.

“What is that stuff?” asked Ericka.

“Magnesium. Gives a nice bright flame. Now. What is the one thing you’d change about your body?”

“What? I’m fine the way I am!” Ericka sputtered.

“Hey!” Allyson said, hopping to her feet. “How come she gets to go first?”

Ericka spread her hands. “I don’t care; you can go.”

“She goes first because I picked her at random,” Rae sighed.

“She always gets to go first.” Allyson muttered.

“What are you, six years old? Chill,” Rae said. She turned back to Ericka, who blushed. “So you’re telling me you wouldn’t change anything about yourself?”

Ericka looked down at the floor. “My weight, I guess.” Allyson snorted. “What?”

“You weigh like 120 pounds.”

“Yeah, but I’ve been trying to lose ten pounds all semester and I just can’t do it. I’d love to—OW!”

Rae had stepped behind Ericka and yanked out some hair. “Wuss.” She pulled a second clay figure from a drawer, shoved Ericka’s hair into it with her thumb, and placed it next to the first figure. She picked up one of the ratty books. “Now, let me see. Weight, weight, weight...aha.”

“That book tells you what to say?”

“Yeah.”

“How fat is this going to make the rest of us?” Allyson asked. She was really swinging her legs fast now.

“Ten pounds spread out over 2,000 people? Three paper clips will weigh more than what you and I are going to gain.” Tik, tik, tik went the knobs as Rae adjusted them. “Here we go.” This time everyone looked away from the powder when Rae lit it. The flash reflected off of the walls, lighting everything with an actinic glare. The clear wave front followed; everyone was able to see it much better this time, eyes unblinded by the magnesium. The hushed sound filled the room.

The wave returned, a spark snapping from aerial to Allyson’s doll. Rae and Allyson were watching Ericka. The effect was subtle, but they could see her slim down just the tiniest bit.

“Hot damn! That’s great!” Ericka twirled around.

“How’d it know to slim down her and not you?” Allyson asked.

“That was part of the incantation. I described her in the spell.”

“You can say ‘selfish bitch’ in Latin?”

“Shut up,” Ericka said but she was smiling when she said it, too pleased to be angry.


“What about you, Allyson?” asked Rae as she replenished the supply of powder. “What do you want?”

“Longer legs.” The words were out of Allyson’s mouth almost before Rae stopped speaking. She stood, drawing herself up to her full height of five feet. “Make my legs longer.”

“Just your legs?”

“For now. I want to be better proportioned.” Allyson held her hand out towards Rae. She’d already pulled out several strands of her short blond hair.

“Okay, right, I think that’s possible.” Once more Rae searched through the leather-bound book. “It’s a little more complex but not too bad. I’ll give you a couple of inches.” She practiced the phrase under her breath while she put Allyson’s hair in a third clay figure.



“Did you make those out of Play-Doh?” Ericka asked.

Rae nodded, absorbed in her task. More powder, more adjustments to the knobs, and then everything was ready. The powder flared into life and the clear wave sped through the room again. It returned almost instantly. The spark was loud in the quiet basement.

Allyson’s legs pushed out of her low-rider shorts. Her growth was slower than Ericka’s weight loss had been. Ericka and Rae could see her legs lengthening as she gained height.

“How’d you slow that down?” Ericka asked.

“One of the knobs,” Rae said. “Looks nice, Allyson.”

Allyson looked down at her body. She stretched one leg out in front of her, her small muscles bunching. “I’m taller!” She smiled at Rae, a big grin that lit up her face. “Do you know how long I’ve dreamed about something like this?”

“Okay, my turn again,” Ericka said. “And I know what I want to do next.”

“Sorry, Ericka. You’ll have to wait until tomorrow.” Rae held up her now empty jar of magnesium.

“You can’t get more?” Allyson asked. She chewed on her bottom lip.

“Nuh uh. Not until they open up the chem storage room tomorrow.” Rae dragged the large book of phrases over to the desk where she and Allyson had sat. “But we can go shopping ahead of time!”

The three girls leafed through the book. “There’s all kinds of things listed in here,” Allyson said, excitement in her voice.

“No kidding,” Rae replied.

Ericka asked, “Like, so, can you make us all smarter?”

Rae shook her head. “Nothing mental. The words help guide the tithe but your mind ultimately shapes it. Trying to change how your brain works in the middle of the spell is bad juju. The other books I read about this spell had terrible stories of what would happen.”

“I guess there’s no helping Lance, then.” Allyson said.

“Smartass,” said Ericka. “Hey, here’s one for smoother skin. Maybe you should use it, Al.”

“Maybe I will,” said Allyson.

“You also can’t add things that aren’t there. Like, if you lost a hand, you couldn’t grow it back.” Rae explained.

Allyson laughed. “No being dickgirls, then.”

“Ew!” Ericka said. “You **so** did not just say that.”

“Coincidentally, here’s the phrase for enlarging a guy’s... you know.” Rae blushed.

“You are such a prude,” Allyson said with a smile. “Can you at least say ‘bigger tits’?” She pointed at another phrase on the page. Rae blushed more.

They spent a good hour flipping through the book, laughing at some entries and making mental notes about others. Rae jotted down instructions

about how to work the machine. Finally she sent Allyson and Ericka packing. “I’ve got to get some sleep tonight. Meet back here after dinner tomorrow. And don’t tell anyone about this. It only works if we spread the effects around as far as possible.”

“Scouts’ honor.” Allyson said, crossing her heart. Ericka nodded. Rae shut down all of the equipment and escorted them out of the room, locking it behind them.



Two molecules of NH₃ are formed and three molecules of H₂ are left over.



Ammonia molecule (

Chapter 2

Rae was deep in the bowels of one of the physics/chemistry building's many storage closets, digging through the detritus of old experiments, when she heard Tyrone say, "Hey, what're you after?"

"Hang on." Rae squirmed backwards, dragging equipment out into the light. "This!" It was a beat-up old computer with an analog electronics card dangling from its back like a sad, limp tail.

"Stealing from Dr. Wu? You know how possessive he is about his equipment."

"Look at this thing." Rae dragged her finger across the top of the computer. Dust coated her finger; the computer now sported a single clean streak. "He'll never miss it."

"Yeah, probably." Tyrone leaned up against one of the storage racks. It rocked ominously. "Say, did you get contacts?"

"Huh? Oh, yeah. Decided to ditch the glasses."

"Cool. What're you working on, anyway? Every time I see you you're running off somewhere with more equipment."

"Oh, this and that. You know. Stuff." Rae had had a crush on Tyrone back when he was her TA. She'd kept it quiet, though. For one thing, TAs and students didn't date, not unless they wanted to get expelled for ethics violations. For another, he'd never seemed interested. Rae had gotten over her crush after a while.

She was just jumpy around him, that's all.

"That was quite the vague description," Tyrone told her.

"It's just a side project of mine. I don't know if it'll work yet."

"Need any help?"

"Uh." *Say yes, say yes!* a voice shouted inside her head. She could imagine them working together, bent over a recalcitrant piece of electronics. She turned her head; he turned his; they kissed.... "Maybe. Let me do a little more work on it first."

Tyrone shrugged. "You know where to find me." He wandered off, whistling. Rae watched his ass as he went, then blushed. What if he'd turned around?

Part of her *really* wished he'd turned around.

Dragging the computer downstairs wasn't much fun, but the rewards would be worth it. She dragged it over to where the panel of knobs sat. She unhooked the panel, tossed it in a corner, and put the computer's analog card in its place. The decade resistor box had been an inspired way to set parameters, if Rae did say so herself, but turning all of those knobs got old. The computer and its I/O card could do everything the decade boxes had. Plus the computer could do the math for her and set everything properly.

Rae whistled tunelessly as she worked. Her fingers flew across the keyboard as she wrote scripts to automate the drudge work and adjust the I/O card's settings. She ran wires to the computer and tested her scripts, watching the card's outputs on an oscilloscope.

Having convinced herself that it should work, Rae debated about testing to see that it *did* work. She should wait for the others. However...

It was the work of nearly an hour to calculate where some of the equipment and mystic signs should be in relation to the unseen stars overhead. Rae adjusted and tweaked until everything was just so. She'd have a while before the stars moved enough to keep the spell from working. While she was at it, she tidied the lab. Rae took the Play-Doh figures that allowed her and the other two to be conduits for the spell and moved them into a metal box under the aerial for protection.

What to do, what to do. She didn't want to do anything permanent to herself, since if she did, she'd have to explain what she'd been doing to Ericka and Allyson. It wasn't fair to them. Rae picked up the leather-bound book of phrases and leafed idly through it. There were so many options. The old sorcerers had been very thorough.

Her eye fell on the phrase for breast enlargement. Huh. That could be interesting. It wasn't as if she *needed* bigger breasts. Hers might be small, but they were plenty enough for her. But Rae had wondered what it would feel like to be more endowed. Not forever, just for a while.

Why not? Rae locked the door to the basement lab and lowered the gate that led to the adjoining loading dock. No one used the old loading dock any more. Ever since they built the new wing onto the building and moved receiving into it, the basement and dock had sat unused. But better safe than sorry.

Rae hadn't added a lot of calculations to her scripts yet, so she'd have to work through the math herself. If the average woman's cup size was a C and if the population was roughly fifty percent female and if she wanted to end up with C cups herself.... She finally decided on a set of numbers that she was comfortable with.

She ran two wires from the computer's I/O card to the asbestos square where she had burned the magnesium last night. She covered the wires with a good supply of magnesium. There. No more matches for her.

The equipment hummed to life as Rae flipped switches and chanted in Latin. The aerial glowed blue. One punch of the "go" button and everything would be set. Belatedly Rae took off her shirt and bra before saying the Latin phrase that would activate the spell. "Here goes," she muttered, and pressed the button.

The magnesium flared up and was gone. The oppressive silence that followed the wave's passage was even creepier now that it was just her in

the basement. Thankfully it didn't take long for the wave to return. The aerial grounded through the metal box to the hidden Rae figure below.

And just like that, she had sizeable tits. Her chest bulged forward and down, like balloons hooked to a helium tank. The feel of her skin stretching and reconfiguring, the sudden added weight, sent strange tingles of pleasure through her.

"Huh," Rae said. She lifted her breasts, gently pinching the skin and feeling the fatty tissue underneath. They felt reassuringly normal.

She may not have cared one way or the other about having large breasts but the feeling of them growing had been really nice. It had happened too fast for her to really concentrate on the sensation, though.

That was easy enough to fix. Rae's program had a slider that let her choose how quickly or slowly changes occurred. She adjusted it from barely half a second to around two seconds. She measured out more magnesium, said a Latin phrase, and triggered her script. She had plenty of time to slide her hands under her breasts before the wave returned with its invisible load of boobs.

Flesh expanded, rubbing against Rae's palms. Her nipples moved inexorably outwards. More and more weight rested in her hands. The pleasurable tingly feeling swelled along with her growing mammaries. What had barely filled her hands quickly overflowed. Nipples sprang erect, signaling her growing horniness.

Wow, that had been nice. Rae's rack would have put most women's to shame. It jutted inches from her torso, each breast hanging down to the bottom of her rib cage. These tits were impractical for day-to-day living but growing them out like this was a surprising turn-on.

Rae measured out more magnesium. One more enlargement wouldn't hurt. Then she looked at how much magnesium she'd already used and guiltily gave up the idea of another round of growth. Besides, if she kept taking more and more from the BEU students, people might notice. She needed to get back to normal and work on increasing the tithe's range. With a sigh, Rae adjusted her script and sent her boobs back to where they belonged. Their shrinking left her a little sad.

Later, she promised herself. Right now she needed to fix the range issue and update her scripts.



"You got more manganese?" Ericka asked Rae as they walked down the chemistry building's stairwell and into the basement.

"Magnesium, Ericka, magnesium. Yes, I got more." She'd also used more but Ericka didn't need to know that.

"Excellent. I know what I'm going to do first." She cut her eyes at Rae. "But it's a secret right now."

"Uh, okay."

Allyson was waiting for them at the basement door. "You people need to be faster."

"I was working on this most of today," Rae said as she put her key in the door. The lock squealed as she forced it open. "I took a break to get something to eat."

"What were you doing all day?"




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M_g

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“Modernizing!” Rae pointed happily at the computer that stood where the panel of knobs used to be. Its monitor flickered, the picture occasionally rolling.

“That has to be the nastiest computer I’ve seen,” Allyson said.

“It’s an old lab computer. I didn’t want to tie up mine.”

“What’s it do?” Allyson asked.

“Makes our lives easier. The big thing it does is calculate how much to take from everyone, for the math impaired.”

“Hon, next to you, we’re all math impaired,” Allyson said.

“I also increased the machine’s radius. I did some research. Did you know there are about 350,000 people within a twenty-mile radius of us?”

Ericka said, “So what does that mean?”

Rae grinned. “You remember how you lost ten pounds and we all gained a couple of paper clips worth of weight? If I’d been using the bigger radius, we’d have gained 100 times less than that.”

Allyson whistled. “That’s some improvement.”

“Yep. But I’m going to have to use more magnesium per shot. It takes more energy to increase the range like that.”

“Since I went last before, this time I want to go first,” Allyson said.

Rae looked at Ericka, who shrugged. “Okay. What do you want?”

“Clearer skin.”

Ericka laughed. “I was only kidding last night!”

Allyson smiled. “I decided it wasn’t a bad idea after all.”

“No problem,” said Rae. “I even have that in my script.” Rae selected Allyson’s name from a drop-down box, set a few numbers, and moved the speed slider to “instant.” She then measured out a heap of powdered magnesium on top of the two wires that ran back to the computer. “Do you remember where the phrase for that was?”

“I sure do.” Allyson turned pages in the phrasebook and pointed one out. “There.”

“Right. Here goes. Watch your eyes.” Rae pressed “Go” on the screen. The magnesium went up with an explosive flash, followed by the clear wave. The wave took longer to return than it had before, but when it did, the effect on Allyson was blindingly obvious. Her skin had not been bad before, but in an instant it became flawless. Her pores were barely visible, and the few blemishes on her face vanished.

“How do I look?” Allyson asked.

“Fabulous,” Ericka said.

“This I have to see.” Allyson rummaged around in her purse and brought out her compact. She examined herself in its small mirror. “This is better than I imagined.”

“Okay, Ericka, your turn,” Rae said.

Ericka grimaced. “No, that’s okay. You go ahead.”

“You sure?” Rae asked.

“I’m sure.”

“All righty.”

“What are you going to do?” Allyson asked.

“Just wait and see.” Rae went through the routine again, though she didn’t have to look up the phrase she wanted. *Flash* went the magnesium, and the room held its breath once more. But when the wave returned and the spark jumped, Rae looked the same. “Nothing happened!” Ericka exclaimed.

Rae shook her head. “Something did happen.” She flexed her bicep. A small, toned bulge appeared. “I increased my musculature just a tiny bit and improved my stamina.”

“Two things at once?” Allyson said, cocking her head.

“Two things at once.” Rae replied.

“You can improve your health like that?” Ericka asked.

“Sure can.”

“Now I feel more embarrassed than ever,” Ericka muttered, slumping into a chair.

Allyson walked over to Ericka and put her arm around her shoulders. “Rae and I both admitted something we’d change about ourselves, right? And it wasn’t too bad. Are you really going to let your embarrassment keep you from getting your wish granted?”

“I guess not.” Ericka conceded after some thought.

“That’s the spirit. What do you want?”

Ericka paused. Rae could see her struggling. “Bigger breasts.”

“Really?” Rae asked.

“Don’t laugh! I’ve always wanted bigger boobs.”

Rae said, “Sure, no problem.” She stared at the computer screen. “Uh, how much bigger.”

Ericka said, “I don’t know. An extra cup size or two?”

“You could always go really really big,” Allyson said.

“Ugh, no thank you. Bigger is okay but freakish? No thanks.”

“You’d better take off your bra,” Rae said.

“And your shirt,” Allyson said. “Go topless for us.”

“Lesbian.” Ericka replied while disrobing.


“Okay, right,” Rae said, “Give me a sec to set the numbers.”

“Can you hurry up? It’s cold down here.” Ericka covered her erect nipples with her hands.

“Got it. Here goes.” Rae made one final adjustment to the speed slider, chanted the appropriate incantation, and pressed “Go.” All three waited while the wave propagated out and back.

Ericka’s growth was readily visible. Over the course of about two seconds her breasts blossomed forth, swelling forward, then drooping down. Ericka cupped them, smiling. “I’ve got tits.”

Allyson said, “You’ve always had tits. They’re just bigger now.” Ericka pulled her t-shirt back on, sliding the fabric over her new assets. “You really want boobs like that?”



Ericka nodded. “You wouldn’t believe how much I got teased about my tits growing up.”

“I’d believe,” Rae mumbled.

“How are you going to explain them?” Allyson asked.

“Oh, right, like anyone’s going to come up to me and say ‘Hey, Ericka, are your boobs bigger?’” Ericka snorted. “I won’t have to explain anything.”

“Let me go next,” Rae said.

“Hey, your magic, your turn,” Allyson said. “Are you going to tell us ahead of time what you’re doing?”

“Sure. I want your great skin.” Rae whistled while she set everything up. She said her Latin phrase and pressed “Go.” The magnesium vanished in a flash.

Seconds ticked by. Ericka finally broke the silence. “Hey, Rae, did you see that weird wave go out?”

“I’m not sure.”

“I don’t think I saw it,” Allyson said. “And the strange hush didn’t happen.”

Rae smacked her forehead. “Crap. The stars must have moved enough for us to be out of alignment.”

“What?”

“For the spell to work, some of the equipment has to be in a very specific alignment. I calculated how everything should be turned early this afternoon.”

“So fix it already.”

The thought of another round of heavy-duty calculations made Rae grimace. “I’m pretty beat, you two. I worked on this most of today. Is it okay if we stop for tonight? I’ll make another script that’ll do the calculations for me automatically.”

“What happened to your wish?”

“I think what’ll happen is that it will occur as soon as I fix the machine. Right now it’s in limbo.”

“That’s okay. I was going to see Lance later tonight,” Ericka mused.

“Yeah, he can try out your new boobs,” Allyson said.

“Hey, yeah!”

“Sounds like we’re fine with quitting, Rae.”

“Thanks for understanding, you guys. Meet back here tomorrow?”

“Absolutely. I’ve got more things to fix,” Ericka laughed.

Allyson sighed. “Don’t we all.”

Hydrogen molecule (H_2)

Chapter 3

"I can't believe you got a boob job," Lance told Ericka.

"I did *not* get a boob job!" Ericka snapped. She grabbed Lance's hands and pressed them into her naked breasts. "Do these feel fake to you?"

"I don't guess so," Lance said. She loved him, really she did, but he could be such an idiot some times. It was a good thing he was so sweet. He doted on her in ways her previous boyfriends never had. Sometimes she admitted to herself that she'd probably end up marrying Lance.

"So if it's not a boob job, how'd you make them bigger?" He ran his hands slowly over her mammaries. The heat of his fingers felt so good on her stretched skin.

"Can't tell you."

"Can't? Not even if I do this?" He leaned in close. Their lips touched. His tongue slid into her mouth, teasing her. Ericka closed her eyes and concentrated on the feel of him against her.

"No, not even if you do that."

"What if I do this?" One hand left its post on top of mount mammary and crept its way down her stomach and into her pants. She gasped at the trail of jangling nerves he left in his wake. She could feel his thick fingers at her waist, then below it, then to either side of her pussy. "Or this?" His finger entered her and gently stroked her clit. Ericka's eyes rolled back in her head. She collapsed onto the bed, letting Lance continue.

"Well, maybe if you do that."

"Or if I do this?" He slid off Ericka's pants, his hands gripping her thighs tightly. Next went her thong. She lay naked on the bed, the air conditioning raising goose flesh on her. She kept her eyes closed, the better to revel in the feelings coursing through her. He rolled on top of her, his dick rubbing between them as he positioned himself. "Maybe this will make you talk."


It didn't make her talk, but it did make her gasp when he entered her. He took his time, the head of his penis probing at her labia, then sliding past, sliding into her, deeper into her, deeper still, until he had sunk his entire shaft into her. His tongue explored her nipples and breasts. She gasped again and dug her nails into his back.

His strokes were languid. She wrapped her legs around him and pressed against his sliding shaft. With each thrust her sexual tension built. His tongue was on her nipples, on her neck, in her mouth, tickling her ear. When he stroked her clitoris, she yelped involuntarily, the pleasure spiking through her.

When she came she bit back a scream. His orgasm was nearly simultaneous. Jets of hot semen filled her, driving her crazy. He kept thrusting even in the midst of his climax, and she shuddered at the orgasmic wave that made her muscles tense.

Lance rolled off of her, his softening dick sliding out. He played with one breast. "I think you get more turned on now that you're bigger."

"Yeah, maybe so," Ericka agreed.



“So are you going to tell me?”

What could it hurt to tell him, really? They were soul mates. He’d understand. “Rae made a machine that did it.”

“I bet. No, really, how’d you do it?”

He didn’t understand. “No, really, Rae made a machine that made me bigger.”

Lance levered himself up on one elbow. “Like a pump or something?”

“No. It’s this magic...thing. It’s got a big aerial and a computer and it lets you change anything about your body.”

“Magic. I didn’t know magic worked.”

“I didn’t either.” Ericka hissed when Lance started stroking her nipple in a circular motion. “Ooh, yeah, keep doing that. It’s magic and it works. You can change anything about your body.”

Lance stopped. “Anything?”

“I said, keep doing that.” Lance resumed playing with Ericka’s nipple, a sheepish grin on his face. “Just about anything.”

“Does it only work on girls?”

“No.” Ericka sat up. “Hang on. I’m not supposed to have told you about it. Besides, right now it only works on me, Allyson, and Rae.”

“Allyson? I wouldn’t mind seeing big tits on that small body of hers.”

“She didn’t ask for a boob job.” Ericka snapped. “Even if it did work on you, the machine’s not working right now. Rae’s going to have to fix it tomorrow.”

“So tomorrow we can get me added.”

“I told you, Rae can’t know I told you!” Ericka paused, looking thoughtfully at Lance. “We could sneak in there, add you tonight, and do most of the spell. Rae said that any changes we tried right now would be stuck in limbo, but as soon as she got it working again the changes would go through.” She crossed her arms. “But I am not sneaking across campus this late, Lance.”

Twenty minutes later they were outside the basement door. “Stay back,” Ericka hissed at Lance. “Rae can’t see you.” She knocked on the door. Echoes bounced down the bare hall. “Rae? You in there?”

Lance walked up to Ericka. “There’s no light coming from under the door.”

Ericka tried to open the door. “It’s locked.”

“One side.” He pulled two thin pieces of metal out of his wallet and went to work on the door.

“Lance Ruffo, don’t tell me you know how to pick locks!”

“What? It’s a useful skill.” He tugged and the door swung open, revealing the basement room beyond.

“The first thing is we’ll need to get you one of those doll things.” Some rummaging around turned up the Play-Doh Rae had used previously. Ericka shaped it into a humanoid shape. “Give me some of your hair.” Lance dutifully tugged out some strands, which Ericka mashed into the figure.

“Looks like Rae moved everything into this metal box.” Ericka opened the box and tossed Lance’s doll inside.

“Now what?”

“Now? You tell me what you want to do while I turn on all of this equipment.” Thank goodness Rae was so organized. She’d written out a checklist of how to turn the equipment on and off and what incantations activated the aerial.

“I guess I’d like to be as strong as I was when I was playing football.”

“Aw, honey, you’re still strong.”

Lance shook his head. “Not like I used to be.”

“No problem.” Ericka had finished setting everything up. She found the appropriate phrase in the phrasebook. “Now I say the magic words.” The incantation said, she pressed the “go” button.

When the magnesium combusted in a bright conflagration, Lance cried, “Ow! Too bright!”

“Sorry, I forgot to tell you to look away.”

Lance flexed his arm. “I don’t feel any stronger.”

“I told you, nothing’s going to happen until Rae fixes this. Help me clean up.” The two of them turned everything off, making sure to put everything back like it was before they broke in.



Allyson snuggled farther into the pillows that remained on her bed. Several had been knocked or kicked off; the covers were in complete disarray. May worked her way up Allyson’s naked body, tongue tracing her curves. “That’s one way to spend an evening.”

“That’s the only way to spend an evening, the way I see it,” May said. She curled around Allyson, her hands passing through Allyson’s short hair. Allyson could lie still all night and enjoy the tactile sensation of her lover’s caress. May’s long, lanky body was warm against her. “You seemed different tonight.”

“Yeah.” The problem with trying to be completely honest with someone was when you wanted to hide something. “About that.”

May sat up and stared at Allyson. “Are you trying to break up with me?”


“What?” Allyson’s heart started beating faster.

“Only, we just had a good fuck and now you’re withdrawing and being pensive.”

“No! No!” Allyson sat up beside May and took her hands. “That’s not it at all.”

“Then what is it?”

Allyson hesitated. She gnawed on her bottom lip. May’s distress was visible and growing worse by the second. If this was the price of doing



what Rae wanted, it wasn't worth it. "I'm not supposed to tell, but — oh, screw it. I am different tonight. My skin's a lot better."

"That's a good thing, I guess."

Allyson took a deep breath. "And my legs are longer."

May blinked. "Your legs."

"Right."

"I think I understood better when I thought you were breaking up with me."

This was going to take a while. "Rae discovered a spell that lets you change things about your body."

"A spell."

"Yes. And it works. Rae, Ericka and I all tried it. I lengthened my legs and improved my skin." Allyson saw May's frown and said, "I'm serious!" She paused. "I'll prove it to you, May. Get dressed. You're coming with me."

"What are you going to do?" she asked, pulling on her underwear. "Cast the spell on me?"

"Yes. Be thinking about what you want to change." Allyson yanked her tank top on over her bare breasts.

"Why can't you do it right here?"

"There's a lot of equipment involved."

"We've got equipment here." May said.

"Not that kind. I only hope we can get into the basement."

They could, as they discovered after they trekked across campus. "Good thing this was unlocked."

"Interesting," May said, looking at the aerial and all of the supporting equipment.

"Now where did Rae put her notes? Aha, here they are." Allyson brandished several sheets of paper. "Her handwriting is atrocious. Help me out here." The two of them turned everything on. "I need some of your hair."

"Allyson, this is getting a little creepy for me." May was eyeing the glowing aerial with concern. "Are you sure this is safe?"

"Do I look hurt? Now give me some hair." Allyson had found Rae's stash of Play-Doh and had shaped a new homunculus for her. "I've got to put it in this doll."

"Now it's getting a lot creepy," May said, but she did as Allyson asked. Normally Allyson appreciated how May balanced out Allyson's wilder impulses. If only her caution had an on/off switch. A good measure of magnesium and they were ready to go.

"Have you decided what you want to do?"

"You really believe this is going to work, don't you?"

"I do. It won't work right now; something's wrong with the machine. Once Rae fixes it, though, the changes will go through."

“Right. And the check’s in the mail. Why don’t you give me bigger breasts, then?”

“Okay.” Allyson wouldn’t have pegged May as someone who wanted bigger tits but whatever made her happy. Allyson found the correct phrase and repeated it aloud. “Don’t watch this next part,” she said as she pressed the program’s “go” button.

“Why not—whoa, shit.” The magnesium flash lit up May’s face. “That was really bright.”

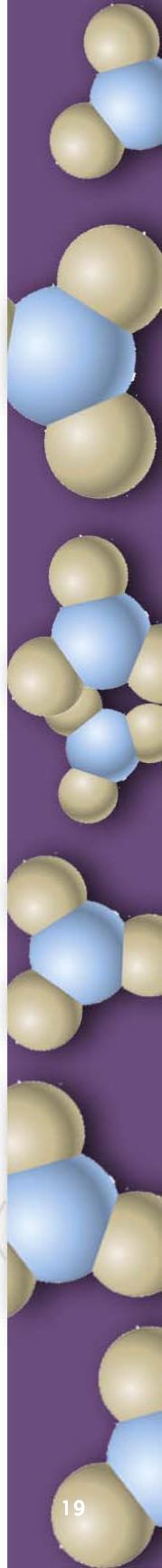
“Now we make it look like we were never here and wait for Rae to fix everything.”

“I won’t hold my breath,” May said as she helped tidy the lab.

Two molecules of NH_3 are formed and three molecules of H_2 are left over.



Ammonia molecule



Chapter 4

The stupid rotation table Rae had ganked from the undergrad labs was stuck. She sprayed WD-40 on its gears and hoped the lubricant wouldn't damage anything. It puddled underneath the stage. No matter how much pressure she put on the crank though, it still wouldn't turn. "Come on, come on," she muttered under her breath.

"Looks like you need help." Tyrone was silhouetted in the doorway, preventing Rae from seeing his expression.

"Oh, hey." Rae straightened up, massaging her lower back. "You found me."

"I found you." He didn't move out of the doorway. "I'm guessing this is your project."

"Um, yeah. Yeah, it is." Not now! He wasn't supposed to be here now! The thing wasn't even working! "Just having trouble with this rotation stage."

"Let me see." Tyrone finally stepped into the dimly lit lab — and why hadn't she turned on more lights? Was this some sort of metaphor about how secret she'd kept this? She could feel herself starting to blush, and hated her traitorous body. Was there a phrase that would let the tithing machine remove her ability to blush? "This stage?"

"Right, this stage."

"Did you loosen the locking knob?"

"Uh."

Tyrone leaned past her and turned a small knob on the stage with one hand. With the other he twisted the top of the stage, which now moved freely. "Looks like you didn't."

"Oh." She was really blushing now. Rae wanted to go somewhere private where she could bang her head against the wall over and over and over again until pain swamped her embarrassment. "Thanks."

"S'okay." He coughed, looking away from her. "So tell me about this project of yours."

"You're not going to believe me," Rae said.

"Try me."

Try him. Right. He'd laugh, or worse, think she was making up stories to get rid of him. "I..." Rae's voice trailed off. She tapped her foot, slow at first, then faster. Blood pounded in her ears.

Tyrone spread his hands. "I don't want to pressure you. I'll let you get back to work." He turned, hands in pockets, and headed for the door.

"It's a magic driven device that lets you alter your physical state." The words leapt out of Rae's mouth, seemingly bypassing her brain. Her heart stopped. She couldn't hear her pulse thundering any more. Silence blanketed the lab.

Tyrone didn't turn around for several agonizingly long moments. When he did, he didn't look angry or skeptical. He looked curious. "I'm not sure, but did you just say you've invented a device that gets you high? Because

someone invented the bong a long time ago.” He grinned. “Made you blush. Again.”

Rae waved her hands. There were times when she regretted not taking more English classes. “You can make changes to your body using my device.”

“And it uses magic.” He still looked curious.

“Yes. And it works.” But how to convince him? Rae knew the answer instinctively. “In fact, let me show you. I’ve almost repaired it.”

“It was broken?”

Rae shook her head. “It has to be aligned with the stars to work properly.”

“Well. The stars.” Tyrone put his hands on his hips. “If the stars are involved, it must be magic.” Rae ignored him and concentrated on turning on the equipment step by step. The aerial took on its now familiar blue aura. “Hey, that’s pretty. Almost like it...whoa!” Light warped as a staccato burst of waves raced out of the aerial. “What the hell was that?”

What a time to forget the request she’d made last night. Oh, well, at least proof wouldn’t be long in coming. “I’ll explain in a moment. Right now I need you to watch my face.”

“Are you flirting with me?” His smile was crooked, revealing a chipped eyetooth.

“God, no. Wait, that came out all wrong. I didn’t mean — that wasn’t exactly—”

His smile grew. Rae was ready to melt into the floor. “Don’t sweat it.”

“Watch.” The waves were back, contracting around the aerial, until they entered it and discharged their energy with a loud *crack!*

Tyrone blinked, and blinked again. “It looked like someone just airbrushed your skin.”

Yes! Success! “That’s what I was hoping for.”



Freshman Comp wasn’t any more interesting this year than it had been in previous years but Lance wasn’t going to fail this time. Whatever it took to pass, he was going to do it. He’d even pay attention to Dr. Baker’s droning lectures, as long as he got that gentleman’s C. A less-than-gentlemanly D would be fine, in fact.

It wasn’t easy to listen. Baker would have a hard time making the Superbowl sound interesting. The classroom was stiflingly hot. Lance found it hard to breathe.

That’s when he realized that it wasn’t just the classroom’s fault that he was having trouble breathing. His clothes were growing tight. It was as if he and all of his clothes had been dropped into a washing machine’s hot water cycle.



Great. He'd bought defective clothes. He'd never heard of shirts or pants that shrunk long after they'd been washed, but with these new fabrics, there was no way of being sure.

Lance was going to have to bail on class and go change. There was no way he could sit in here in too-tight clothes and not go crazy. Slowly he bent over to pick up his books. As he lifted his backpack, he noticed how his forearm swelled. His strength had returned, and then some. That thing Ericka had done had really worked! Cautiously he fished out his cell phone and text messaged Ericka.



May was luckier than Lance. She was in her room, vegging in front of the TV, when Rae fixed the machine. Her first warning was the tightness in her chest. It was like how a heart attack was supposed to feel. Between one breath and the next, she began to feel compression around her torso, bands tightening around her. It was accompanied by the most unusual feeling of pleasure that spread from her breasts outwards.

Fuck, had Allyson been telling the truth after all? May pulled off her shirt. What had been small A-cup breasts now bulged out of her bra, flesh escaping in all directions, especially up. The pleasurable feeling was dissipating, leaving only discomfort. She reached behind her and unhooked her bra. The release of tension sent May's new bounty of flesh surging forward and out of her bra cups. Wonderingly, she reached up and fondled herself. Those tits were all her.

Wait until Allyson got to try these out!



"See? I wasn't lying," Rae told Tyrone.

"I didn't say you were," he replied.

"You thought it!"

Tyrone never took his eyes off of her. "I can't believe you can change yourself like that. No, that's stupid. I *can* believe it because I just saw it happen. It's just...." He ran out of words and settled for an exaggerated shrug.

"Do you want to try?"

"Me?" Tyrone sounded surprised.


"Why not?"

"It'll work on anyone?"

"It should." She'd tell him about Allyson and Ericka later. Much later. "Give me some of your hair and let's see."

"First the stars, and now some hair. It's definitely magic." When Rae grabbed a hunk of Play-Doh from a drawer and started shaping a human figure, Tyrone said, "This looks like voodoo or something."

"It's nothing like that." Working under his watchful gaze made Rae uncomfortably aware of everything she was doing. This was not the time to screw up.



“If you say so.”

She finished the doll and dumped it next to the aerial. If she opened the box, he'd see Ericka's and Allyson's dolls. “What do you want me to change about your body?”

“Me? I dunno. I'm pretty happy with what I've got.” He shifted from one foot to the other. Rae watched him try to think of what to do. “This isn't permanent, right?”

“Not if you don't want it to be.”

“Then make me taller.”

Rae nodded. “A couple of inches of height coming up. So to speak.” She poured magnesium onto the two wires coming from the computer. Dusting off her hands, she moved to the computer itself.

Tyrone watched over her shoulder as she adjusted her scripts. “You've got a program that runs this thing?”

“It mostly runs this thing. I let it compute parameters for me and adjust the drive circuit. I still have to say the final incantation in Latin.” She opened the book of phrases. Its front cover thudded on the table, sending up a cloud of dust. “Here we are. All I have to do is say these words and start up the program.”

“And then I'll be taller.”

“Yes. Don't watch the magnesium.” She took a deep breath, recited the proper words, and started up her script.

Light. Waves. Hushed silence. Waves. Spark. And suddenly Tyrone's clothes didn't fit properly. A gap appeared above his shorts, exposing the bottom of his stomach. His shirt was tight around his shoulders and, to a lesser extent, his arms. He stretched like rubber, growing taller in the blink of an eye. “Well, how about that?” Tyrone looked wonderingly at his longer body. “Can you reverse the effect?”

“If you want me to.” He didn't look bad taller, just different. Rae wasn't sure anything could make him look bad, come to think of it.

“I do.”

Rae set everything up again and dispersed Tyrone's stolen height back to its proper owners. When he had shrunk, he said, “Now you get to tell me how this works.”

Rae explained the tithing mechanism, how the aerial tweaked the physical aura of those around the machine and transferred characteristics to or from the chosen conduit. “It takes things from people?”

“Yeah. That's why we shouldn't change ourselves by very much and why I can't have everyone knowing about the device.”

“Rae, it's stealing.”

Rae took a deep breath. Steady, now, steady. She needed to give Tyrone logical arguments if she was going to convince him. “Do you know how much height I took from people to give you your extra two inches? A tenth of a micron. Less than the width of a hair. There's no way it hurts anyone.”

“A tenth of a micron?” He whistled. “You must be pulling from a lot of people.”

“There are more than a lot of people in a twenty mile radius,” Rae said.

“Okay, granted but regardless of how little you take, you’re still taking from people.”

“As long as we don’t go overboard, we won’t take enough to hurt anyone, not really.”

Tyrone shoved his hands in his pockets. “And if we do go overboard?”

Rae paused. “If things get out of hand, I’ll smash the machine myself.”

As soon as she said it, she realized that it was true. She couldn’t let the machine be a danger to her or anyone else.

“Really?”

“Really.”

Tyrone smiled at that. “Fine. Who am I to argue at progress?” Rae let out a breath she hadn’t realized she’d been holding. “By the way, you’ve done good work on this machine, though I don’t think you’ve take it far enough. Why don’t you fully automate the process?”

“How?”

“For one, get rid of that magnesium. I bet you could get the same effect with a good spark generator. For another, you’ve got that rotation stage. That’s to make it easier to align things to the stars?” Rae nodded. “You’ve already got an I/O ready computer here. Let the computer calculate the proper angle and adjust the rotation stage for you. I’ve got some old mechanized Legos in my room that’ll make the job easier.”

“Yeah!” Rae’s mind raced at the thought of being able to experiment more freely, without having to filch magnesium from the chemical storage room. “You know what else would be cool? If the computer played a recording of my voice saying the phrases. We could get this machine to function on its own. In fact,” Rae said, excited by her own idea, “if all of that worked, you could send commands over the web!”

Tyrone’s brow furrowed as he thought about this. “That would be an awesome hack. Come on, we’ve got to try it.”

“You’re on.” Then she thought of Ericka and Allyson. They couldn’t come here tonight, not if Tyrone and she were going to be making all of these changes. “As soon as I go to the bathroom.” She scurried out and sent her two friends text messages telling them she was tied up tonight, and that they’d get together the next night.

Chapter 5

Rae and Tyrone had been working on the improved tithing machine for most of the evening and much of the following day. They'd only taken breaks for sleep, hastily-eaten meals, and the occasional class. Tyrone had liberated a microphone from somewhere. Recording phrase after phrase from the dusty book took what seemed like forever. Good thing Tyrone had also found a big external drive to hook up to the computer to store all of those digitized recordings.

Finally they were ready for a full-up system test. Rae checked her watch. If the basement had had windows, she could have seen the sun heading for the horizon. As it was, her gritty eyes and buzzing brain reminded her of how much work the two of them had been doing.

"What do you think?" Rae asked. "Try your height again to see that it works?"

"I was hoping you'd be the guinea pig," Tyrone said.

"A good suggestion, but no."

Tyrone frowned. "That's one evil smile you've got right now."

"Hush and let me work." A day of near constant work with Tyrone had sanded away any nervousness Rae had initially felt around him. "Look over my shoulder and make sure I don't make any mistakes." The new computer script let Rae choose the name of the person to alter, as well as how they should be altered. She selected Tyrone, picked "height", and entered a few numbers. "Cross your fingers," she said and hit the "go" button. The hard drive whirred. Rae's disembodied voice floated from the speakers, chanting in Latin, sounding like an occult voice mail system. The spark generator popped, leaving the smell of ozone.

And the ethereal wave leapt from the aerial.

And it returned.

And Tyrone grew two inches.

"Look at that." Tyrone's grin made him look so pleased and so kissable. Rae did the only thing to do: lean in slowly, their eyes locked and kiss him.

Tyrone's eyebrows flew up in surprise. Rae drew away, afraid she'd made an irrevocable mistake. Then Tyrone leaned forward and kissed her back.

"Wow." Rae whispered when their lips parted.

Tyrone cleared his throat. "You know I've had a crush on you since I was your TA."

"You have? All this time?" Tyrone nodded. "And you never...?" He nodded again. "Oh, God, you idiot. I've been crushing hard on you, too. What do I need to do, carry a sign saying, 'If you like me, TELL ME'?"

"A t-shirt might be more convenient."

Rae wanted to hit him. Instead she kissed him again, long and deep. His tongue was in her mouth. She responded by pressing against him. It had been too long since Rae had had a lover. She wasn't sure how to dance this tango. She pulled back.

“What’s wrong?” Tyrone asked. He shoved his hands deep in his pockets.

“Absolutely nothing.” Rae’s cheeks felt damp.

“Hey,” said Tyrone, moving close to her once more. “Hey, hey, what’s this about?” He put his hands on either side of her face and brushed tears away with his thumbs.

“Happiness. Confusion. A whole mix of things.” Rae laughed, her breath catching in her throat. “Don’t mind me. I’ll be okay in a second.”

“Here, sit.” He guided her to a chair. “That was too fast.”

Rae shook her head. “We’ve known each other for two years. I’d say we weren’t fast enough.” She grabbed his hands. “I really, really like you. I had a great time working on this with you.” She gestured at the device. “And I want us to go clean up, then go out to dinner and have a great time. Okay?”

Silence stretched between them. “Fine. As long as you’re okay.”

“Yeah.” She tilted her head towards him. “See? No more tears.”

“No more tears.” His vehemence startled her.

“I want to tidy up around here. Why don’t you go on ahead?”

Tyrone smiled at Rae. “Only if you promise to meet me for that dinner. Oh, and fix my height.”

“Oh!” Rae jumped up. She’d been so engrossed in her own hang-ups that she’d forgotten about changing Tyrone’s height. “That’s easy enough. In fact, we can test out the undo function.” She grabbed the mouse and moved the pointer over the undo button. She turned her head to watch Tyrone as she triggered the function. The machine crackled, and Tyrone lost his extra inches of height.

Tyrone looked at his arms and legs. “Looks right to me.”

“There we go, then.” She sniffed and wiped the remnants of her tears on her arm. “Go on. I’ll stop by your room at six.”

“I’m going.” But he lingered for a moment before leaving.

Rae took a deep breath. This wasn’t exactly how she’d envisioned her and Tyrone getting together but did that really matter? Not really. She needed to go to the bathroom and pull herself together before calling Ericka and Allyson.

Thankfully both answered the phone and agreed to come to the basement. Rae waited nervously for them to arrive. Allyson arrived first, looking flushed. “You fixed it?”

“Hang on. I’ll tell you everything once Ericka gets here.”


“No need to wait, girl, because I’m here,” Ericka said as she bounded down the stairs and into the room. “Good job getting it working again. Why’d you wait so long before calling us?”

Rae looked at Ericka. “How’d you know I waited a while before calling you?”

“Oh. Uh. I had that request we did last night, remember?”

“I remember Rae’s request. You didn’t have one,” Allyson said.

“Yes, I did!” Ericka crossed her arms and glared at Allyson.



“Even if you did, you don’t look any different,” Rae said. “Oh, no, you told someone. Lance, right?”

“I wouldn’t!” Ericka protested.

“Sure you would.” Rae yanked open the box containing their dolls. “Oh, look, there’s an extra doll in here.” Rae paused. “Actually, there are two extra dolls.” She glared at Allyson. “You.”

Allyson shrugged. “I might have told May.” She walked over to Rae. “What’s the real harm, as long as we don’t add anyone else? Besides,” her hand darted out, “whose doll is this?”

“A...spare?”

Ericka moved in close as well. “You’re blushing, Rae. What kind of naughty things have you been up to?”

“Nothing!”

“I didn’t know you had a boyfriend,” Allyson said. “You’ve been too busy mooning over that Tyrone to really date.”

“Unless it is Tyrone,” Ericka said. Rae’s blush deepened. “It is! Look at her, Al! It’s Tyrone!”

Rae looked at the floor. There were bits of brick scattered here and there; she focused on them. “Maybe he helped out some.” she mumbled.

“Ha! We all told someone!” Allyson crowed. “That makes us even.”

“It’s not safe to tell others!” Rae said.

Ericka snorted. “Come off it. We all got to tell one person and now we’re done. We can get their requests and run them through the machine, then destroy their dolls.”

Rae blurted, “Oh, they can do their own requests.”

“Can they, now.” Allyson stated.

“It’s all automated. Tyrone and I fixed it up.”

“I always did like that Tyrone.” Allyson smirked.

“There’s a web page and everything. You can make your changes over the net.” She showed them the script.

“So if you add Lance’s and May’s name to this, we can all make our changes in private?”

Rae nodded. “In fact, just to be safe, I’ve added in a feature that will undo everything you’ve done. You make a sort of backup copy of your aura and if you don’t like the changes you made, you can undo them all at once.” She showed them how. “I just made backup copies of all of us, so we’re ready to go.”

Allyson looked lost in thought. “That could make experimenting a lot safer.”

“Yeah, that’s the plan.”

Ericka had that same thoughtful look now. “Why don’t you add Lance and May and we’ll go tell them.” She was halfway out the door by now. “Okay? Great! Thanks again!” And she was gone.

Allyson grinned. "I bet I know what she's going to do. Hell, I know what *I'm* going to do." She hugged Rae. "This is ultra suave, Rae. Finish up here and go find Tyrone."

"Oh, I plan on it," Rae said.



Two molecules of NH_3 are formed and three molecules of H_2 are left over.



Ammonia molecule

Chapter 6

Allyson stood in front of her mirror, her laptop close at hand. Her clothes were in a neatly folded pile at the bottom of her bed. Allyson frowned. Too short; too thin; too plain.

She typed on the laptop and turned back to the mirror. She watched herself grow taller and taller, limbs stretching, head rising, until she was nearly six feet tall. At this height, she could wear dresses with big swoopy skirts and not look like a little girl playing dress-up with her mommy's clothes.

Good dresses require good cleavage. Allyson made some adjustments on her laptop. Her breasts distended without sagging, all firm curves and gentle swells. A dress with a plunging neckline would show her off fabulously. Alternatively, she could wear a strapless number and turn heads.

Something was still missing. She was too waif-like for her tastes. She knew how to fix that. Three clicks and her body bulked up. Her muscles firmed, becoming tauter and more prominent. Allyson was now fit and toned. She radiated health and beauty. If she walked into any bar looking the way she did, she'd have to club admirers over the head to get them to leave her alone.

Allyson pirouetted, calf muscles bunching. She loved this body.

She didn't look like herself, though. No one would believe she was still Allyson.

The undo function worked just as advertised. Allyson dressed slowly for her dinner with May.



Over dinner, Rae told Tyrone about Ericka and Allyson. "They're my best friends. I had to tell them."

Tyrone put down his hamburger. "Was that a good idea?"

"No idea." Rae laughed. "You should have seen their faces when the machine worked."

"I bet they looked a lot like I did," Tyrone replied.

"No," said Rae, "They were really surprised. You took it in stride."

"If you say so. By the way, I took a look at the web page again when I got back to my room. You wouldn't believe the ideas it gave me. That thing was the best idea I ever had."

"I think that was my idea, thanks."

"Oh, hush." Tyrone shoved some fries in her mouth. Rae spluttered and retaliated with her onion rings. They both ended up chewing while giggling.

When they had both finished, Tyrone said, "Now comes the hard part."

"Oh?"

"What happens next?"

Rae paused, taking a sip of her drink. "I'll tell you what I think happens next. I think we throw away our trash. We go back to my room. We sit on

the couch for a while, maybe holding hands. Then we see what happens after that.”

Tyrone shoved all of the trash in a bag and wadded it up. “No time like the present.”

“Let’s go, then.” Rae was floating. How was it her feet were still on the ground? She trailed after Tyrone’s fine ass, watching its motion. This time she didn’t blush.



Lance stared at the screen on Ericka’s computer. “You mean we can make changes right now, from here?” He hunched over in the standard dorm-issue chair, looking closely at the web page.

“Yep. You want to know what’s really wicked cool?” She pointed to the screen. “You can save how you are right now, try out stuff, then go back to your original body.”

“Okay, so?”

Ericka rubbed Lance’s shoulders. Sometimes you had to shove to get people moving. “So do you have a fantasy you’d want to try out?”

Lance turned around to look at Ericka. He began to smile.



May and Allyson hadn’t waited long after they got back from dinner to try out the tittle machine’s new features. Allyson had made May’s hair longer as a demonstration. “I can’t believe it worked.” May told Allyson.

“Yeah and we can make it work from here,” she replied. “In the basement I had to stick with changes I could walk across campus with. In your room, I don’t have that restriction.”

May pulled Allyson closer to her. “How kinky are you feeling?”

“Just you wait and see.” Allyson and May kissed, hands exploring each others’ bodies.



Rae and Tyrone made it back to the couch in Rae’s room, but they didn’t spend any time holding hands. Instead, they started kissing right away. Tyrone broke their embrace. “Is this what you want?”

“More than anything.” She replied, pulling his shirt over his head. She leaned in and bit his nipple, causing him to jump. Rae’s body was vibrating with suppressed sexual energy. She molded her body to his, her shirt rubbing his chest. They kissed again. He nipped at her tongue, gently, ever so gently. Then he ran his tongue around her ear, blowing softly across it. Rae’s body vibrated in time to Tyrone’s breath.

Next to go was her shirt. Orange light from a streetlamp outside the window fell on Rae's white bra. She should have bought something sexier. And why was her brain fixated on her underwear right now? To distract herself, she licked Tyrone's chest, working up to his neck, then to his mouth. She felt clumsy, inexperienced.

Tyrone fumbled with the clasp to her pants. "Here, let me help," she said, working the clasp free. She guided his hands to her zipper.

"I can do that," he said, laughing softly. His teeth gripped her left nipple. Nerve paths she'd long forgotten about came back to life. Her breathing sped up.

He was breathing faster, too. When she helped him wriggle out of his pants, she found herself eye to eye with his cloth-covered erection. It poked insistently against his y-fronts. Well, since she was down here.... Her mouth wrapped around the head of his dick, dampening his underpants. It wasn't the most fun thing she'd ever done but based on his gasp, he was enjoying it.

Now they were both down to their underwear, pressing against each other. His skin was hot against hers. She reached around to unhook her bra, but couldn't get it undone. "Here," he said, twisting her around and tugging on the stubborn hooks. One slid out of its eye; the other bent, scraping her back. "Oh, shit, sorry."

"Never mind." She threw the bra across the room. His palms traced her curves, her hips, the swell of her breasts, her arms, her back. He tugged her panties off, slipping a finger into her cleft as he did so. She shivered and arched her back. She dug her fingers into his back, pulling him into her. His cock throbbed against her, separated only by the thin fabric of his underwear. Rae needed him in her.

Tyrone evidently felt the same way. He growled deep in his throat and pulled off his underwear. Freed from its confinement, his dick swayed with his movement. Rae felt him probing against her opening, and then he slid home. She groaned, pleasure spreading through her.

He took his time, moving slowly in and out. With each slick motion she felt her excitement build. The feel of the couch fabric rubbing against her back faded as all of her attention focused on the six inches of flesh sliding in her. When she came, she thrashed on the couch, her orgasm lighting up her brain. Her gyrations drove Tyrone over the edge, sending spurts of his warm cum into her.

They lay on the couch, skin cooling as they relaxed. "We'll have to try that again," Tyrone murmured after a while.

"Yeah. Only on the bed." She kissed Tyrone. "And I want to try the machine."



Ericka jumped when Lance knocked on the door. She nervously smoothed the front of her uniform. Lance cracked open the door and slid into the room. "I found it." He had a shirt bunched in his hand.

“You can see I found mine.” Ericka stood up and did a twirl. Her short skirt flared out.

“Great.” Lance looked excited and nervous at the same time. Ericka knew how he felt. He pulled off his shirt, revealing his newly-muscle torso. He then pulled on the shirt he’d brought: his old football jersey. “You look really sexy in that uniform,” he said.

Ericka smiled. “It’s nice to know it still fits.” Not that her old cheerleading uniform would have fit before Rae’s machine slimmed her down. In fact, the top was a little loose on her now.

Lance pointed at the computer. “You sure you’re okay with this? We can always do something else.”

Instead of replying, Ericka sat back down at the computer. She had already filled in all of the information on the web page, so she sent the command. Seconds later, its effect became apparent. Lance gained nearly a half a foot in height, but that wasn’t the dramatic part: his increase in muscularity and width was. He filled out his shirt, his shoulders broadening, his legs stretching his shorts out of proportion. He hadn’t been a small man before but now he was an extremely big one.

“I guess you *are* okay with this.” Lance held one hand up in front of him, turning it over and over. “I didn’t expect to be this big.”

“If you don’t like it, we can fix it later.” Ericka set up her changes as quickly as possible. Just having Lance standing there was driving her crazy.

“What are you going to do?”

“I want you to at least have a handful.” As she spoke, her chest burgeoned. Her nipples pressed against the rough polyester of her top. Flesh scraped against the sides of her uniform. She hadn’t expected to enjoy the growth as much as she did but it felt good. Ericka breathed in deeply, her chest straining against her uniform. She now filled the top, and was still going. Cleavage grew deeper as her tits mounded up. The uniform wasn’t going to let go, so instead her boobs rose higher and higher. Thankfully her growth stopped before she couldn’t breathe. “I think I underestimated how big I’d get,” she said, standing up.

Lance had watched the show with wide eyes. His hands opened and closed. Ericka pushed against him and looked up. “I think you’ll have to help me out of this.” He fumbled with the zipper, unused to his outsized fingers, until Ericka reached around and helped him. Her breasts relaxed forward and down, resting on him.

“I want you so badly,” Lance groaned as he pulled her top off roughly. Ericka responded by peeling off his shirt, lingering over the ridges of his muscles. She couldn’t believe how big and powerful he felt, and how ready she was for him to take her.



When Allyson stopped licking May's cunt, May gasped. "I think I'm going to try something," Allyson said with a grin. "How tall are you?"

"What?" May was having trouble focusing.

"I said, how tall?" Allyson reached over and began typing one-handed on her laptop. With the other hand she trailed her fingers up and down May's stomach, lightly.

"Five eight, maybe five nine."

Allyson rewarded May with a gentle stroke of her clit. "That's what I figured." Allyson pressed the mouse button and slid on top of May. She only had a few seconds before her body shuddered and began to elongate. She held onto May's shoulders, their noses touching, while her groin, legs and feet slid down May's body, down, down, down, skin rubbing, warming Allyson. Her smile became wider as she passed May's height by a few inches. "Now we're a better match." She said before turning around into the 69 position. For the first time they were perfectly lined up to eat each other out. May caught on quickly, and together they tongued each other into orgasm.

Allyson turned until they were laying side by side, sweat cooling on their skin. "That was nice," May said.

"That was more than nice," Allyson replied. "Do you know how long I've dreamed of being able to do that?"

"A while. I know." May ran her fingers through Allyson's hair. "I love seeing you happy."

Allyson sighed contentedly. "I love you."

May turned towards the computer. "If you're up for more—"

"I'm always up for more," said Allyson, popping May playfully on her ass.

"Then I'm going to give you more. Grab that massage oil." Allyson did so, then watched as May adjusted various settings on the page. "Did you know you can make the changes take minutes to occur?"

"Yeah but why wait that long?"

"How did it feel when you made yourself taller?"

Allyson frowned. "It felt pretty good. But that's no big surprise. I've always wanted to be tall."

May shook her head. "It's more than that. When my breasts grew, it felt really, really great. More nerves or something, I guess."

Allyson reached over and caressed one of May's breasts. "You're going bigger?"

"I sure am, and I'm going to take my time about it. You get to play with them as they grow. Is that kinky enough for you?"

"That's pretty kinky," Allyson agreed. It didn't seem like that big of a turn-on to her but if it made May happy, she'd let her try it. She'd get her own turn next. Allyson gestured towards the laptop. "Is it ready to go?" When May nodded, Allyson straddled May's torso and uncapped the massage oil. "Let's give it a whirl."

Allyson poured massage oil on May's boobs as May pressed the mouse button. May lay back and closed her eyes. Allyson worked the oil into flesh, the cold liquid warming as she worked.

At first Allyson wasn't sure anything was happening but May's nipples tightened and her breathing sped up. Then Allyson felt May's breasts begin to swell. Allyson



continued to massage, adding more oil to cover more flesh. The sides of May's breasts were moving towards the edge of her chest, her nipples spreading out and becoming more prominent. Allyson pressed her hands into the chasm between May's tits, working her fingers under May's breasts and letting them press down, their weight growing as inexorably as their size. May's heavy breathing gave way to moans as she writhed under Allyson.

Her boobs hadn't been all that small before but they were becoming damn huge. Allyson poured on more oil. It was as if her rubbing was causing May's breasts to swell, as if every stroke of her fingers resulted in more flesh to caress. Allyson licked one of May's enlarged nipples, the edible oil tart on her tongue. Then she bit down gently, while running her two hands over May's other boob. God, they were so big now that it was like running her hands over May's head. Her breasts were soft and pliable, now spilling over May's torso. Their bottom edge advanced towards Allyson's crotch, filling the space between them with pale flesh.

May's groans became louder and louder. Allyson kept having to get more oil. May's breasts were so large that Allyson finally leaned forward, squashing May's breasts, and slipped one hand into May's slit. She was sopping wet and climaxed at once, shrieking. Still Allyson felt May's breasts expanding between them, forcing her away from May. May came again as her breasts stopped growing.

"Oh, fuck, oh, wow, oh, fuck!" May breathed. Allyson sat up and surveyed her lover. She had tits like the world's largest water balloons, though that was *not* a comparison she'd ever tell May. May's tits were larger than any Allyson had ever seen. "I'd hoped that would feel good but fuck."

Allyson shook her head. She wasn't interested in boobs like that but if growth felt that good, she knew what she wanted to enlarge.



Tyrone looked at Rae's computer. "What did you want to try?"

Rae leaned over Tyrone's shoulder, brushing her naked breasts against his back. "Hang on." She leaned in further and typed a new address in the browser.

"What's this?" Tyrone asked.

"My full admin page. I didn't tell anyone else about it. I didn't want the others knowing about some of this stuff."

Tyrone read down the list of options. "You're interested in a lot of this?"

Rae blushed. "I didn't want to be limited."

Tyrone turned to look at her. "Rae, you've got depths I didn't know about." They stared at each other.

Rae finally coughed. "Here's something I was wondering about. It will adjust the sensitivity of my clitoris."

Tyrone blinked. "Really? That's awfully specific."

"I suppose I'm not the first person to be curious like this." Rae swung her legs over the edge of the bed. "How much more sensitive do you think I should be?"

"I'm not really sure."

"How about an order of magnitude or two?" Rae asked, clicking the "go" button.

"Are you sure that's a good idea?" Tyrone asked.

"If it's not, we'll change me back." She could feel it happening, as if her clitoris was swelling between her legs. It felt wonderful, her excitement growing with every second. Rae had set the rate of change reasonably slow and thank goodness, or else she would have been overwhelmed by her increase in sensitivity. As it was, she had to grab the edge of the bed and close her eyes as sensation washed over her. It felt like she had a softball between her legs, her clit was so engorged.

"How did it work?" Tyrone said. When Rae pulled her legs back on the bed, her clitoris exploded with feeling. She fell over, gasping. "Rae! Rae! Are you okay?"

Rae didn't move for a moment. "God. That's...wow. Yeah, yeah, I'm okay." Wonderingly, she felt between her legs. Her fingers brushed against her clit, sending a jolt through her body. Slowly, very slowly, she explored its extent, every motion like an ice pick into her pleasure center. Her clit was easily the size of her thumb or larger. She gave it an experimental squeeze and shrieked, jerking her hand out. "That's amazing."

Tyrone looked worried. "Are you sure you're okay?"

Rae carefully moved back to the computer. It was hard to concentrate with her clit lighting up her nerves at every motion, flesh rubbing against preternaturally sensitive flesh. "You have got to try this."

"I'm not so sure," Tyrone said. "Besides, I'm still, uh, down for the count." Indeed, his dick lay soft in his lap.

"I can fix that."

"You can?"

"You obviously haven't read all of the options," she replied. "Here we go. Male sexual recovery time. Plus one for your, you know, sensitivity."

Tyrone frowned. "Be careful," he said.

"Always," Rae said. She watched his dick. Out of scientific curiosity, of course. Tyrone sucked in air as his cock swelled, though the change was hardly noticeable. "Did you feel anything?"

"Yeah," Tyrone said. "It feels a lot more intense." He reached hesitantly for his cock. The moment he touched it, every muscle in his body tensed and he yelled. His tumescence was nearly instantaneous, his erection poking into the air. Now Rae could really see the difference. His cock wasn't all that much longer, but it was much fatter than before. The head was most dramatically changed: it was wildly engorged, swelled beyond the dimensions of his shaft like the large cap of a mushroom.

“I wasn’t expecting that.” Rae murmured. She reached out and touched him. Tyrone yelled again.

“I think this may be too much.” He said, panting.

“We’ll see.” Rae said. She bent over, enjoying how her movement made her clit feel, and licked the freakishly enlarged head of Tyrone’s dick. Immediately he began thrashing around, his hips bucking and seconds later he came in Rae’s face. She jerked back in surprise, then had her own orgasm at her sudden movement.

Rae fell onto the bed, the room whirling around her. She rubbed her knees against each other to keep her orgasm going. Rough sheets bunched under her hands as she gritted her teeth against the pleasure. Her will finally gave out, her legs becoming still. All she could hear was the pounding of her pulse and the rasp of her ragged breathing. Slowly, slowly the aftereffects of her prolonged orgasm dissipated.

When Rae sat up, she saw Tyrone gently tapping his dick’s head with one finger, flinching each time. “This is far too impractical for having sex. The instant we started, I’d be done.” The white glow of phosphors lit up his face as he worked at the computer. “Though three seconds later I’d be ready again. I’m going to need to drink a lot of water if we’re going to keep this up.” He gestured towards his crotch.

“Why don’t you make us about twice as sensitive as normal? Then we can try some of the other things I had in mind.”

“Twice as sensitive, coming right up.” He typed on the keyboard. “So what next?”

Rae’s clit shrank, taking with it her heightened sensitivity. She’d have to try that effect again when she was by herself. “Scoot over and I’ll show you.”

From her vantage point, Ericka saw how scarred the top of her desk was from years of use. She’d never looked so closely at it before. Then again, she’d never been bent over it, Lance taking her from behind. She grunted as he slid out and back in again, pressing his muscular legs against the back of hers.

He dwarfed her now and his growth had made him nearly insatiable. In their first round of fucking, Ericka had been underneath, his bulk pressing into her. He’d had to rest his weight on his hands and knees to keep from squashing all of the air out of her. She loved watching his muscles bunch and relax as he thrust.

The second time, she had been on top. She’d ridden him like a mechanical bull, her legs stretched wide around his torso. Lance had asked her to put the uniform back on, so she had, leaving the back unzipped so her breasts would fit. They had a tendency to flop around dramatically when she moved.

Now they'd moved on to this new position. Was it really the growth that had made Lance so excited, or them trying something new? Whatever it was, it had triggered more sex in one night than they'd had in the last two weeks.

Lance reached around Ericka, one paw closing on a boob. Her tits were big enough that, if she were to keep them, she'd need the largest bras the department store had. Even so, Lance's hand easily encompassed one of them.

Fuck, he was so huge.

Ericka closed her eyes and breathed in the musk of their sweat. This was one fine night.



"Here," Allyson told May. She handed a strap-on to May, who began putting it on. Allyson worked on her laptop, setting it up to increase her strength slowly but steadily. She keyed in the change and turned back to May. "Now fuck me for all you're worth."

May pressed Allyson down on the bed and pinned her with May's head-sized tits. May tilted her head. "Have you been bad?"

"I've been very bad." The change was starting. Allyson's muscles were becoming denser, filling her with power. The sensation was intoxicating. May had been right. Growth felt great. "You'd better teach me a lesson."

"I'll teach you a lesson." May slid the dildo into Allyson, causing Allyson to whimper. "I'll teach you good, I will." May was getting into it, grinding back and forth. May's tits massaged Allyson's chest.

Allyson closed her eyes to concentrate on her changes. She was swelling, muscle fibers doubling and redoubling. Her shoulders rubbed across the sheets as they broadened. She opened her eyes and smiled at May, whose hair tumbled about her face. Allyson rubbed May's tits, grinning excitedly when she saw how her biceps rose with the motion. They looked huge, and she wasn't done yet. She ran her hands down her sides and kneaded her thighs, reveling in how taut they felt.

"Yeah, you're getting hotter." May growled. Allyson was, she could tell it. Energy suffused her, making her every movement a symphony of power. She realized that she was done lying here and letting May do all of the work. Allyson wrapped her large (and still growing!) legs around May and flipped them both. "Oh, very naughty." May said, grinning. Allyson ground against the strap-on, causing the bed to bounce and squeak. With every passing moment the squeaking became louder, Allyson's increased mass bending the springs further.

"God, yes, yes!" Allyson shouted as her orgasm ripped through her body. It was as if lightning had struck her, then taken its sweet time before grounding out of her body. She turned on her side, squeezing May to her as she finished coming.

“You’re fucking huge,” May breathed.

Allyson had to agree. Shakily, she stood and faced the mirror over the sink. Her growth was nearing its end. Wide shoulders shadowed a narrow waist that flared out into column-like legs. Her abs were frighteningly defined. When she curled one arm, its muscles leapt into greater prominence, her bicep swelling like a puffer fish. Her shoulder muscles rose to her neck. “I’m immense.” Her grin was blinding. “Bigger than any bodybuilder I’ve ever seen.”

May lifted her bloated tits and moved behind Allyson. She kneaded Allyson’s muscles. “And you’re rock hard. I never knew you liked muscle.”

“I wouldn’t want to be like this all the time,” Allyson replied. “But it feels so great.” Allyson moved around May and sat on the bed. “And if I didn’t have these huge muscles, how would I do this?” Allyson grabbed May and dragged her onto the bed, turning her 180 degrees as she did so. She held May above her head with hands and feet, gently pulling May’s snatch to her mouth. Her powerful tongue began exploring. Now it was May’s turn to whimper.

Allyson had hoped Rae’s machine would be fun to play with but she’d had no idea how much fun. No idea at all.



Rae turned to Tyrone and lifted his hands to her small breasts. “Here.” He obediently trailed his fingers along the gentle curve of her tits, thumbing her nipples erect. As he did so, more and more flesh filled his hands. Rae leaned back against the headboard and watched her growth through her ever increasing excitement. What had been A-cup breasts were now closer to D-cups, heavier and fuller than before. Tyrone began licking her breasts. New nerve endings sang with pleasure.

Tyrone was getting excited as well. His breathing sped up, his erection just visible in the dark hollow between his crossed legs and his torso. He uncoiled and gently, ever so gently, slid into her. They moved together as one, intensity building even as Rae’s boobs increased in size and weight. Her breasts touched, their flesh pressing against each other as their skin tautened. They were like overstuffed pillows, full and ripe, their bottom edge nearing the middle of her chest. They filled her torso to either side now, compressed by Tyrone’s weight. He’d given up massaging them and now was concentrating on thrusting away, headboard banging against the wall.

They climaxed together, Rae hissing and wrapping her legs around Tyrone’s waist, pulling hard to plunge him deeper into her. He relaxed into her, his chest hair ticklish against her boobs. As Rae calmed down from her orgasm, she regarded her chest. She could have taken her new rack to a strip club and made a lot of money, if she’d been willing to be seen naked by people other than Tyrone.

“You’ve got to try growing,” Rae told him later as they relaxed on the bed. She lifted her tits. They weighed several pounds each, puddling over her hands and arms. She tapped her fingers against their skin, feeling their resistance to being deformed.

Tyrone rested his head against one boob, his stubble rasping against her. “What were you planning on having me grow? I think you look a lot better with tits than I would.”

“Silly, I don’t want you to have, you know, breasts. I was thinking of other things.”

“Oh? Oh!” He sat up and shook his head. “Never work. I wouldn’t fit in you.”

Rae thought for a moment. “You don’t necessarily have to fit *in* me.” She waddled over to her vanity, tits wobbling and swaying. How did people function with such large breasts? She needed something to lubricate...ah. Rae lifted up a jar of Vaseline. “You can slide your...yeah, through my...” She squashed her breasts together with the crooks of her arms, forming a deep canyon of cleavage.

Tyrone lifted one eyebrow. “Are you suggesting a titty-fuck? If so, you should just say so. Although,” He smiled, “It’s cute to see you blush like this.”

“Shut up.” Rae muttered, working her way back to the bed.

“This stuff isn’t water-soluble,” Tyrone said.

“We’ll have more of a mess to clean up, then. It’s the best I can do. I hadn’t planned for this, you know.”

Tyrone spread his hands. “As far as I’m concerned, you’re doing great. Go ahead and set everything up.” Rae typed at the computer. Her breasts shrunk like pricked balloons. “Though, uh, doesn’t this work better with big tits?”

“I’ve got to have room to grow, too.” She’d left herself with a handful of breast flesh, enough to give her a bit of cleavage, but not so much that her growth wouldn’t be dramatic. She set up the program to give her tits that would be somewhere between watermelon sized and beanbag sized. Life was more fun with a little uncertainty. And if she was going to be huge, then so was he. She queued up the commands and sent them through. “There. We’ve got about ten minutes to play.” She popped open the jar of Vaseline and smeared some of it between her boobs.

They were both awkward at first. Tyrone’s thrusts were tentative, his dick floundering in Rae’s small cleavage. Rae pressed her breasts together to provide more friction. As they both grew, things became easier and Rae and Tyrone both got into it. Rae’s fingers moved further apart as the breast flesh underneath them spread. The sides of Tyrone’s dick rasped more and more against her as he doubled in width, then doubled again. He moved further back down her torso, the head of his prick sliding up to her chin. If she’d set up everything correctly, he was growing by about half an inch

every ten seconds. It certainly looked that way. By now his cock was past a foot long.

She wasn't far behind him in growing. Every half a minute or less, she'd added another cup size. Already Rae was the size she'd been at the end last time and showed no sign of slowing. "We need more lube," she grunted. Tyrone paused and scooped a large dollop of Vaseline out of the jar. He had to use two hands to smear it over his gigantic rod, and then into Rae's burgeoning cleavage. Rae had to use her whole arms to compress her tits around Tyrone's dick. As big as he was, he was engulfed by her boobs, taut breast flesh tugging as he moved forward and back. When he thrust forward, inch after inch of dick slid past Rae's face.

Rae's breasts were rising over her arms. They spilled out to either side, too large to be fully contained any more. Tyrone pumped faster, leaning against her tits. She gave up holding her breasts in, trusting he could do it himself, and put her hands around his penis above her face. Two hands weren't enough to fully encircle it. Her breasts were pressing her into the bed, weight increasing steadily. Tyrone's dick throbbed, veins pulsing, head turning purple and swelling larger, ever larger. She couldn't see him over the milky curve of her breasts; she only heard him, his excitement building until he came in a torrent, hitting the headboard and dripping onto her.

She couldn't wait for him to shrink down and be inside her. Rae plunged one hand deep into her snatch and thumbed her clit. She rocked against her hand, held down by the weight of her tits and her boyfriend. Her orgasm made every muscle in her body tighten unbearably before relaxing.

It wasn't enough. Her growth had stopped. "Help me up." Tyrone tugged on Rae's arms until she was seated, massive breasts forming a cushion. She couldn't move, but she was within arms' reach of the computer. "I need more."

"You're already huge!"

"Let's try for gargantuan," she said, and typed in her command one-handed.



"More tits!" Lance said happily. "Yours are too small for my hands!" Ericka giggled as she moved the mouse.



"I'll be as big as you," May said, rubbing oil into Allyson's powerful torso.

"Bigger!" Allyson growled, working on her laptop.



Deep in the basement of the chemistry building, an overloaded circuit breaker finally tripped.



Rae waited, but nothing happened. She refreshed the page, only to see an error message. “Oops.”

“Oops? Oops what?” Tyrone peered over Rae’s huge tits. “Oh, oops.”

Panic began to grip Rae. “What if it’s broken for good? No, no, I can’t stay like this.”

“Whoa, hang on, hang on. Shh. It’ll be okay.” Tyrone hugged as much of Rae as he could hold in his arms. “We just need to go over there and see what’s wrong.”

“We? How do you think I’m going anywhere?” Rae stood up by the edge of the bed, letting her breasts rest on the sheets. She could see Tyrone over them, barely. They were giant pale spheres, filling much of the bed. “I can’t tug these things around campus. And what if someone saw me?”

“I can do it, no problem.” When Tyrone moved to gather up his clothes, his dick slithered across the bed and onto the floor. It had softened, but was still a couple of feet long. Rae giggled at Tyrone’s efforts to guide it down his pants leg. “I didn’t say it would be *convenient*,” Tyrone grumbled.

“Just see if you can get the machine working long enough to reset us. Then shut it back down until I can take a look at it.” Tyrone had managed to zip his pants shut, though his outsized cock deformed one trouser leg. Rae caressed Tyrone’s dick through his pants and watched the end of it bulge out, moving down along his calf and towards his ankle.

“You want me to be able to walk or not?” he asked, tweaking her nipples and making her gasp. He paused. “Do you know if the others got stuck like we did?”

Rae pointed at her cell phone. “Hand it to me and I’ll see.” As Tyrone was putting it in her hands, it rang. Allyson’s name appeared on the caller ID. “Looks like the answer is yes,” she said, smiling ruefully. “Call me when you get there. I’ll check with Ericka as well.”

Ammonia molecule

Chapter 7

Rae shoved salad around her plate with her fork. “I can’t believe the circuit breaker blew like that. I checked to make sure the electrical service could handle the load.”

“So we overloaded it. So what?” Ericka asked. “We’re okay now, aren’t we? And I had the best night.”

“I bet you did.” muttered Allyson.

“Come on, like you didn’t. Rae told me she had to reset all six of us.”

“She did, did she?” Allyson stared at Rae, who could feel her face growing hot. “And what exactly did you do? Did you and Tyrone get to know each other better?”

She’d had a hard enough time telling Tyrone what she wanted to do. There was no way Rae was going to tell Allyson and Ericka about what they’d done. “I’ve got to figure out how to keep the power draw from getting too big. Maybe a stricter queuing system.” Her lettuce was brown on the edges. The cafeteria wasn’t very good about keeping food fresh, and by Saturday lunch the situation was dire.

“Well, *I* got out my old cheerleader uniform, and Lance got his football jersey—”

Rae choked on her drink. Allyson said, “I know I make fun of him for being a big dumb jock but he makes it so easy.”

“Shut up.” Ericka snapped.

“I can see the two of you now. Did he spank you like a bad girl? Did he bend you over and take you? I hope you gave yourself more ass for him to grab.” Allyson teased.

This was getting out of hand. Rae needed to defuse the situation before someone said something really regrettable.

“It’s not like I needed much fixing up,” Ericka said angrily. “Unlike you.”

Something like that, in fact. Allyson was glaring at Ericka as if she wanted to melt the other woman with the force of her regard. “What does that mean, exactly?”

Ericka was like a drunk driver who saw the “BRIDGE OUT AHEAD” barricade and chose to drive through it anyway. “I figured you’d at least have stopped being so small and scrawny when you had the chance. Or do you really like the way you look?”

“Listen, you bitch, not everyone has body image problems like you do.”

“Oh? I guess that’s why the first thing you did was make yourself just a little taller.” Both of them were leaning across the table getting ever closer to one another, their voices increasingly tense.

“When you got rid of some of your fat, why didn’t you remove the fat between your ears?”

“I don’t have to sit here and listen to this,” Ericka hissed.

Allyson leaned back and shrugged. Her face was calm. “Go on, then. Maybe Lance can make you feel better.” Ericka opened her mouth, closed it, opened it again, then settled for storming off. “You left your tray!” Allyson called after her. Ericka didn’t turn around.

“That wasn’t nice.” Rae said.

“Yeah, well, tough shit. She’ll go stew for a while and then forget about it. She couldn’t hold onto a thought if it was coated in superglue.”

Rae couldn’t be around Allyson any more. When she got in one of these moods, she threw off nastiness like lightning, striking indiscriminately. “I’ve got to go fix the machine.” She gathered up Allyson’s tray as well as her own and returned them both.



Allyson was wasting time on the net, waiting for May to return so they could go out for the evening. Dinner and dancing would help her mood. Probably. It would be a lot more fun if they could come back and play with Rae’s machine afterwards.

Idly she typed in the address for the machine’s page. It loaded! She stared at it for a minute before picking up her phone and dialing Rae. “Hey, it’s Allyson. I went to the machine’s web page just now and it came up. Is it working?”

“Sort of. I’m still working out a few kinks, but I’ve got the queuing system set up now. You can go ahead and enter changes but they won’t happen until I bring the machine all the way up.”

“When do you think that’ll be?”


“Later tonight, maybe. I don’t know. I do know it’ll take me longer if I keep talking to you.”

“Sorry,” Allyson said, and hung up. A queuing system, huh? What would happen if she set something up for Ericka? Ha, that’d show her. Ericka liked having bigger tits, did she? Let’s see how she enjoyed really fucking huge tits.



Ericka couldn’t believe how upset she still was. She’d sat down to watch some TV, then stood up and started pacing around, unable to keep still. Why was Allyson so mean? She was always a little prickly but lately she’d turned cruel. Ericka had ignored her asides and her comments, taken and taken the abuse. She was sick and tired of it.

Allyson had some serious hang-ups about how she looked, that much was clear. And now that she had the chance to fix herself up, she was angrier than ever. The inside of her head must be one screwed-up place.



Ericka tried to stop thinking about Allyson but her mind returned again and again to the subject. She needed some way to strike back at Allyson. Some way...like May.

Yeah, what would Allyson think of May if she was fat? Huge rolls of blubber, three or four chins. Allyson would freak.

She checked the machine's page, which was up but there was no listing for weight at all in the options. Rae must have figured they were all thin enough. If Ericka was going to do this, she'd have to go down to the basement herself.

The stairs were dark, one lone bulb doing more to produce shadows than to illuminate. She crept down them, listening. She could hear someone moving equipment in the basement room. From the sound of the muttered swearing, it was Rae. Actually, that was good: Ericka wasn't sure how exactly she was going to do this. She stepped into the basement. "Hey, Rae."

"Ericka!" Rae had been underneath a table, stringing wire. She scooted out from under the table and sat up. "It's not ready. It won't be ready for a while and it'll take longer if you bother me."


Whoa, someone else was all pissy tonight. "Sorry, I'm not down here to rush you or anything. I just wanted to talk to you about how this works." Ericka smiled. "How it *really* works."

Rae's brow furrowed. "What brought this on?"

Ericka huffed. "It's not like I'm stupid. Just shallow." She grinned again and got an answering grin from Rae. "I know you're busy but once you get it working again, we'll spend too much time playing with it to talk about it."

"I guess..." But she was already won over. Ericka had been friends with Rae for years. She knew how much Rae longed to talk about her projects and how few people would listen. With Ericka's encouragement, Rae began explaining the intricacies of the tithe machine. Ericka smiled and nodded as Rae talked on and on. Occasionally Ericka threw in a question, like, "How do you add more commands to the web page?"

When Rae paused to go to the bathroom, Ericka swung into action. She'd been idly leafing through the phrasebook while Rae was talking, and had located the phrase for increasing someone's weight. She recorded it, just like Rae had shown her and added it to the web page. By the time Rae returned, Ericka was innocently wandering around the room, peering at all of the equipment.



Rae typed one last line of code, then spun around in her chair with a flourish. "There!" she told Tyrone. "All done."

"The rest of it looks good to go," Tyrone said. His help had been invaluable in getting the tithe machine up and running once more. He'd

even had a few suggestions to make it run more smoothly. Rae glanced at her code one last time. Tyrone and she had squashed all of the bugs they could find in the new queuing code; now it was time to see how it all worked.

“Cross your fingers.” Rae said and flipped the main power switch. The machine fired, and fired again, two commands working their way through the system. “I guess Allyson and Ericka couldn’t wait to try it again,” she said with a smile.



“Are you ready?” May called to Allyson.

“Almost!” Allyson had been in the bathroom for ages and ages. May was tempted to text her to emphasize how long she’d been waiting.

“Come on, already,” May said. She took a deep breath, suddenly noticing how tight her bra was becoming. “Oh,” she said, “I guess you wanted to start the evening early.” Maybe she and Allyson wouldn’t even make it to dinner.

“What?” Allyson said. She stuck her head out of the bathroom, hair wet from the shower.

“I said, I guess you wanted to start the evening early. I can feel my tits growing.” May thrust out her chest to show off her breasts.

“Huh? I didn’t do anything.”

“Nice try.” May reached around and undid her bra, as it was getting uncomfortably tight. In fact, all of her clothes were starting to feel constricting. A roll of pudge had formed between her top and her slacks.

“No, really. I didn’t do it.”

“Oh, hell.” May’s arms were pressing against her sleeves, fat welling up around the fabric. Her pants were cutting off her circulation. She undid the buttons of her top. May was becoming more spherical. She kicked off her shoes. With effort she rolled her top’s sleeves off of her arms. Red lines showed where the fabric had been cutting into her newly-abundant flesh. Her bra lay flaccid on top of her bulging breasts, which in turn were supported by her enlarging stomach. “Oh, hell!” The button to her pants was stuck, pulled taut by the expanse of flesh around her waist and ass. The bottom half of her body looked like a sausage shoved into a far-too-small skin. The seams of her pants began to let go, unable to stand up to the relentless pressure of May’s growth. With a loud pop, the button to her pants flew off, escaping from between May’s fingers. She fought the zipper next, forcing her pants and underwear down even as they tore in multiple places.

Finally freed from the restrictive cloth, May’s body ballooned. Flesh sagged beneath her arms. Her ass swelled so large that she wasn’t sure she’d ever be able to go through a door again. Even her ankles were large, though dwarfed by the dough-like legs above them.

Then it was done. May shifted her weight from one foot to the other, causing her multiple chins to waggle and her floppy breasts to jiggle atop her gargantuan stomach. She had to weigh three hundred pounds or more. "Who did this?" May asked, tears trickling down her face.

"Ericka." Allyson growled, hands clenching and unclenching.



Ericka finished applying her lipstick, ready for the night's parties. She might be alone but she'd still have a good time. Lance was out of town for the weekend, Rae was busy working on the machine, and Allyson... well, Allyson would have enough on her mind.

Her v-necked shirt tightened. Bra straps dug deep into flesh. Ericka shrieked in pain that was growing greater by the second. Her tits! One-handed she unhooked her bra, letting her boobs surge forth. She could see her nipples pressing against the front of her shirt, the shirt itself growing tighter and tighter, its cerulean hue lightening as the fabric stretched. It couldn't contain all of her; the bottom of her titanic boobs sagged out from under the shirt, its hem running just under her huge nipples. If she stretched her arms out as far as they could go, she could just barely touch her areolae. Her nipples were beyond her fingertips.

Allyson must have done this to her. Angrily, Ericka called up the tithe machine's web page. It was down again. She'd have to go to the basement and fix this herself.

Chapter 8

Tyrone flexed his larger muscles. "Looks like it works. Shrink me down, put the web page back online and let's go have some fun."

Rae's fingers tapped against the computer's keys. "No kidding. This has been one long day." Tyrone's muscles shrank back to more normal proportions.

"Rae?" Rae recognized Ericka's voice. "Rae? Are you down here?"

"Yeah, come on in," Rae said. "We were just finishing up."

"Oh." Ericka didn't enter the basement storeroom, though. Rae looked at Tyrone, who shrugged. "And the web page is working?"

"Ericka, what is it?" Rae walked out of the room and saw Ericka. More importantly, she saw how much more of Ericka there was to see now. "Good grief, you really overdid it."

Ericka tried to cover her boobs with her arms, which was akin to covering the Statue of Liberty with two sticks. "I didn't do this," She said. "It must have been Allyson."

"I can fix this," Rae told Ericka, pulling her into the room. Tyrone waved at Ericka, then did a double-take. "Not a word," Rae warned Tyrone, who nodded. She led Ericka to the computer, where she put the machine's web page back on the server and started entering commands.

"Rae, you'd better be down here. We need help." Allyson came down the stairs and into the room, followed by the fattest woman Rae had ever seen. She was wearing what had to be a bed sheet wrapped around her like a toga. Allyson pulled up short. "You," she said, staring past Rae at Ericka.

Ericka's boobs chose that moment to dwindle back down to a more normal size. "Yeah, me. Just getting rid of your little gift, thanks."

"Then Rae can do the same for May." Allyson said. Rae's eyebrows shot up. Tyrone choked. That immensely fat woman was *May*.

The other shoe dropped. "Ericka, tell me you didn't make May fat." Rae hissed.

"She deserved it! They both did!" Ericka was backing away from everyone.

"She didn't deserve this!" Allyson shouted, then took a deep breath. "Calm. Be calm. Rae, can you undo this?"

"Yes, no problem. I'll fix you up, May." Rae checked the backup copies of everyone's aura, but they'd been erased when she'd updated the system. Stymied, Rae scrolled through the list of modifications. "Wait, this isn't right. There's no weight decrease listed here."

"You mean you can't undo this?" Allyson asked. She sounded eminently calm and reasonable.

"I can! Give me a second to find the right phrase."

Allyson walked stiffly towards Ericka, who backed away. "You punk, pulling shit like this on my girlfriend."

"Calm down, Allyson. It's going to be okay," Rae said. She hated confrontations and was already beginning to feel ill.

"Why May? May's always been nice to you, you know?" Allyson said, teeth clamped tight around every syllable.

"You haven't!" Ericka had stopped retreating. The two women were nose to nose now. "You've always been mean to me. I took it and I took it, listening to you rag on Lance and make jokes about how dumb I am. That bullshit? I'm so through with it."

"You're through when I say you're through."

"Hey, hey, hang on; let's not do something irredeemably bad here, okay?" Tyrone stepped between Ericka and Allyson.

"May, sit on Tyrone," Allyson said. May shoved Tyrone to the floor and flopped on top of him, her ample flesh engulfing him. "You can let him up in a minute." Allyson turned back to Ericka. "You and I are going to have words."

Rae ran to May and tried to shove her off Tyrone's chest. Rae's hands sank into suety flesh, but May didn't budge. "I move when you've fixed me," May said. She shifted, making Tyrone groan.

"Okay, okay, no problem, okay, just gotta find the phrase," Rae said, running back to the desk where the book of phrases lay. The pages shook as Rae flipped through them. Where was the section on modifying weights? Her breathing was so panicked, she was in danger of hyperventilating. This had gone so wrong so quickly.

Ericka's hand dove into her pocket and emerged holding her cell phone. "You like giving people big boobs, do you?" She thumbed several keys. "How about you try them for a change?" Allyson heard the electrical snap of the tithe machine, and in one heartbeat to the next felt her breasts gain a cup size or more. She hadn't bothered putting a bra on under her tank top, so they sagged free, nipples dragging across fabric.

Allyson stared at Ericka, whose eyes were wide with fear and anger. She looked down at her tits, still jiggling from their rapid growth. She



looked back up. She'd always had a bad temper, one that she'd worked hard to keep under control.

There were times when it was too late for self-control.

Allyson reached into her pocket and pulled out her PDA. She held it up in front of Ericka. "I'm not the one who asked for bigger boobs. I believe that was you." Allyson tapped on the PDA. Snap! went the machine, and Ericka's breasts surged forward against her v-neck shirt.

"Oh, yeah?" Ericka said. Her hand closed convulsively around her phone. Allyson's breasts responded, tugging on her tank top, spaghetti straps digging into her shoulders.

"Yeah," Allyson gasped, thumbing her PDA once more. Ericka grew again, her shirt stretching once more to encompass the additional growth.

Then neither spoke, letting their fingers do the talking. Allyson had bigger tits, then Ericka did, then Allyson did again. Cup size by cup size, the two grew. Allyson's breasts reached the size of small melons, looking huge on her diminutive frame. Ericka's shirt was deforming under the pressure of holding in breasts the length of her forearm. The two continued to command the tithe machine, which was now running continuously. Allyson's breasts slipped out of her shirt, riding low on her torso, nipples pointed down at a forty-five degree angle. Ericka's shirt was less resilient, having been stretched out once before. Now it was being stretched further than previously, edges digging into soft flesh as her breasts grew and grew. Allyson was the first to collapse to the floor, her brobdignagian tits and short stature leaving her too unsteady to continue standing. Her boobs landed in her lap when she sat, beginning to abduct her arms away from her sides. Ericka fell when her breasts escaped from under her shirt, throwing her so far off balance that she landed on hands and knees, her tits reaching to the floor. She sat back, dragging her tits with her. And still both of them worked their internet-enabled devices, the tithe machine striving to provide them both with everything they demanded, while pleasure at their growth warred with their anger.


Rae looked over to see boob flesh piling in front of Ericka and Allyson. She had no time for them. If they wanted to be complete fucking idiots, let them. She had to get May off of Tyrone. He was turning blue, his breath becoming more and more labored. If she knocked May out, maybe she could shove May off of Tyrone. It was worth a try. She found the command and slipped it into the queue, the only non-tit-enlarging command in an increasingly-long line of them.

May blinked, suddenly sleepier than she'd ever been, and then she nodded off. Rae ran over to Tyrone. "Hang on," she said, but no matter how much she tugged, May stayed on top of Tyrone. She massed too much for Rae to budge. "I've got to shrink her," Rae told Tyrone, who grimaced.

Allyson was the first to abandon the arms race of breast growth. She had to hold her PDA on top of her unbelievably outsized tits in order to reach it. A few changes to the page and her boobs collapsed to a more normal size. Now she could see Ericka, who was resting on mattress-sized breasts. Allyson stood, moving towards Ericka. Ericka saw her coming and in a panic shrank her breasts as well, falling forward onto the floor. "Gimme," Allyson panted, fumbling for Ericka's cell phone.

"No!" The two of them struggled, the phone getting knocked around in the process. It fell to the cement floor with a clatter. Ericka dived for it. Rather than follow suit, Allyson played with her PDA, increasing the size of Ericka's tits once more. Ericka rolled over on her back, breasts wobbling with the motion, and worked her cell phone to undo her growth.

Rae had grown used to hearing the tithe machine crackle as it worked. When it paused, she glanced up. Ericka and Allyson had shrunk their tits and now were fighting for control of Ericka's cell phone. Whatever kept them busy. Rae had found the right section; now she needed the correct page.



The machine spat behind her. The clear wave passed through Rae and out of the basement before returning. She kept flipping pages. The next clear wave traveled through Rae, stopped just beyond her, and returned. She gasped as her breasts ballooned forward. Oh, this was not good. The reason for her growth was clear in the computer's on-screen command log: Ericka had reduced her breasts, but in the process had set her radius to be only two meters. Rae was the only one in range, and as a consequence all of Ericka's excess breast flesh was going to her.

The machine fired twice in rapid succession, and Rae grabbed at her chest as her breasts swelled. They had gone from small to orange-sized. Her nipples jutted against her hands through the fabric of her BEU t-shirt. The growth made her feel so good, as if she was having a tiny orgasm each time she grew. She shook her head. Concentrate! The easiest thing would be to smash the damn machine. Things were certainly getting out of hand. If she hadn't had to shrink May, she would have started breaking the machine.

The machine fired again, Rae's tits pushing against her shirt. She now had breasts that stood out five inches from her chest wall. Each wave of growth only increased her pleasure. She'd never tried sequential growth like this, but if she'd known how wonderful it felt, she'd have done it long ago. Her chest was stretching her shirt, distorting the BEU mascot, the Fighting Titmouse, on its front. She focused through the pleasure, scanning page after page. Her growth felt so good, though, so right. Thank goodness she hadn't worn a bra tonight.

Rae couldn't help herself. While she flipped through the book with her right hand, she lifted her left tit with the other hand. She tweaked her nipple, gasping at how good that felt. Her breasts swelled forward again, pressing against her hand. She compressed her breast, its flesh resisting the pressure like an inner tube. Her boobs had passed beyond the size of small fruit and were moving into melon territory. When she leaned forward to look closely at the book, her tits mounded on the table.

The machine was relentless, commanded by Allyson and Ericka. Her shirt was becoming her bra, flesh pressing against the confines of cloth. Nipples poked out, lightening the shirt's forest green fabric. She'd need a new shirt after this was over.

There! She'd found the phrase to shrink May. Frantically she recorded it, queued up the command, and turned to watch Tyrone. May's reduction was dramatic, flesh evaporating from her. Tyrone heaved mightily and the sleeping May flopped to the ground beside him. Gingerly he stood and crossed the basement to Rae. "We've got to turn off the machine."

"In the middle of all of those commands? It might destroy it! And I'd be stuck like this!" She gestured at her breasts, jiggling and wobbling in her shirt. The shirt strove to contain them, mashing them together and forming a canyon of cleavage that was visible through the stretched neck of the shirt. Together her breasts were wider than her chest. "Maybe we can...ooh."

Rae closed her eyes as a feeling of power washed over her. Her shoulders broadened, her biceps and triceps becoming more defined. Where her shirt had ridden up, pulled by her large breasts, her abs swelled. Leg muscles writhed and grew, stretching her running shorts.

“What the hell?” Tyrone said. They turned to look at Allyson and Ericka. Allyson had evidently given up making Ericka’s breasts grow. Instead, she was increasing her own musculature and in turn Ericka was reducing Allyson to her normal size, funneling Allyson’s extra muscles straight into Rae.

“Tyrone, I’m...oh, wow.” Her arms grew to look more like those of a male bodybuilder. Her calves became noticeably heart-shaped; her thighs, rock-rigged. Rae’s shorts had been loose on her before. Now they were being squeezed by Rae’s growth, looking like tight cut-offs. “I’m having trouble concentrating here.” She shivered as another wave of growth engulfed her. The increase in her pectoral muscles lifted and separated her boobs.


“Rae?” Tyrone asked.

“We’ve got to...oooh.” Her forearms, biceps and triceps swelled. Rae’s shirt sleeves stretched to encompass her now-massive arms. The sleeve cuffs rode up her arms and over her biceps. Rae’s back spread, muscles pushing against her shirt. The t-shirt was in a losing battle between the pressure of muscle-backed mammaries in the front and her shoulders and back. Veins appeared, running along the major muscle groups. Rae’s musculature increased again. BEU clearly sold quality shirts, as the seams around the arm and shoulders failed to give way. Instead the shirt dug into her flesh, fighting to deform her awesome muscles. Rae’s boobs had filled her shirt too much; she couldn’t pull the shirt up and off of her.

The transformation of her legs was no less dramatic. Her kneecaps were nearly engulfed by huge thigh muscles. Rae was a bas-relief of musculature, every sinew visible through taut skin. The expansion of her thighs had stretched and squeezed her shorts and panties to the point that her shorts looked like panties; her panties, a thong engulfed by her diamond-hard ass.

That’s when things *really* got out of control. Allyson adjusted her PDA, causing her to grow larger all over in an attempt to overpower Ericka. Ericka flailed at Allyson. A lucky blow caught Allyson on the wrist. Her PDA sailed through the air, skidding face-down across the floor, bouncing off of loose bits of brick and changing various options, until it stopped, pressed against a particularly sharp brick fragment whose tip rested against the “go” button.

The tithing machine crackled. Rae grew all over, matching Tyrone’s height. Her eyes bulged as her shirt dug deep into the back of her neck. “Your knife,” she panted at Tyrone, who was already unlimbering his Leatherman. Rae shivered as she grew again, straining against her clothing.



Seams burst in her cheap tennis shoes, allowing her feet to escape. Tyrone sliced the neck of her t-shirt between her breasts, creating the start of a tear. Rae took it from there, grabbing the shirt to either side of the tear and pulling. Her arms, already huge, swelled even larger. The arm seams tore, unable to withstand the force of her muscles. Finally the shirt gave way, ripping from neck to hem. Rae's giant tits surged forth. She tore the remnants of the t-shirt from around her.

She grew once more, now topping Tyrone's height by half a foot. Her shirt demolished, she turned her attention to her shorts. They were stretched painfully tight across her ass and thighs, bunched at the crease of her legs. She tugged and tugged at the shorts, but they stubbornly refused to give way. Tyrone slid the blade of his knife under one edge, careful not to cut Rae. He sawed until the shorts began to part. Rae groaned as her size increased once more. The tear in her shorts became a rip, then lengthened until it hit the distressed elastic of the waist. The tops of her sneakers gave way completely, her toes poking out of the front. Rae's breasts now hung pendulous in front of Tyrone's face. Rae pulled the same trick on her shorts that she had on her shirt: she pulled and twisted until they completely gave way. Her panties had long ago snapped, and now dangled loose from the folds of her muscles and skin.

"We've got to stop this," Rae said, turning to the machine. Its electrical snap heralded another round of growth. Her head was nearing the ceiling. Tyrone looked like a child to her. She could have rested the bottoms of her breasts on his head. She tried to type in a command, then swore when her huge fingers hit several keys at once. Tyrone stepped in front of the computer. Rae's shadow covered the workbench, her breath harsh from panic and the erotic effects of her growth. Again she swelled, larger than before, now feet taller than Tyrone. She was gigantic, muscles standing out like a relief map of power, breasts shaking with every breath she took.

"God, you're beautiful," Tyrone breathed.

"Concentrate!" Rae said.

Tyrone looked helplessly at the computer. Then, inspiration struck. "Aha!" he said and triumphantly yanked out the ethernet cable, severing the machine's connection to Allyson's PDA.

The machine spat again. Rae went down on one knee to keep from cracking her head open on the ceiling. "Too many commands in the queue!" she said. Her voice was deeper than before, shading from alto to baritone. She easily pushed open the loading dock gate and moved into the space beyond, where the ceiling was much higher. She stood up, and then further up as she grew once more. Tyrone came up to her waist now. He looked so small to her.

"How do we stop it?"

"I don't know!" Rae shivered as she enlarged, making her titanic tits wobble and bounce. She was torn. She couldn't keep growing, not without bringing the chemistry building down on everyone. But if Tyrone stopped the machine, the overwhelming feelings of pleasure and power would go

away. She stared down at Tyrone, who kept looking up at Rae and then back at the computer.

If she couldn't turn off the machine, maybe she could find another way to keep it from working temporarily. What if they kept the machine from vocalizing? Rae called out, "The speakers! Yank the speakers!" Her height increased again.

"But what will that do?"

"No speakers, no spell," she boomed as she continued to enlarge. "YANK THEM!" Tyrone snapped into action, pulling the plug on the speakers. The machine kept humming, but Rae's growth stopped.

Rae stretched her large frame. She had to be three times taller than Tyrone now. Tits that had been the size of melons now protruded four feet from her muscled chest. Her biceps had been the size of small loaves of bread; now they were like filled cinderblocks. There was so much mass in her tits that when she moved, they didn't stop wobbling for a half a minute.

Allyson and Ericka were still struggling over the cell phone. Rae knelt down. With one two-foot-long hand she scooped Allyson up and pressed her back into Rae's tits. With the other she held Ericka back. "Enough," she rumbled.

Allyson turned her head and looked up at Rae. "Holy shit." She was pressed deep into Rae's boob, flesh mounding around her.

"This was supposed to be fun to use. Instead you two twisted it." She tightened her hand on Ericka's shoulder and squeezed Allyson against her. Both of them gasped. "And I got caught in the crossfire." Rae released the two girls. They edged away from her until they ran up against the loading dock door. Rae turned to face Tyrone. "Fix them. Then fix me."

"Will do," Tyrone said. He walked over to Rae and stood on tiptoes. "Would you think I was perverted if I told you I think you look really sexy right now?" he whispered

"Time's a wasting." Rae said but she smiled, showing domino-sized teeth.

"Actually, do either of you need changing?" Tyrone called to Allyson and Ericka.

"Huh, it doesn't look like it," Allyson said. Ericka shook her head.

"Figures," said Rae.

"Here we go, then," Tyrone said. Rae's size went first, her height diminishing until she was once again shorter than Tyrone. Her muscles went next, then her tits, leaving her naked but normally-proportioned.

"Thanks." A chunk of 2x4 rested against the table where the tithe machine sat. Rae lifted it and tapped it against her leg. In one violent arc she swung it into the air and brought it down on the delicate machinery. Bits of wire, metal, and Play-Doh scattered around the room. "And that, as they say, is that." She turned from Allyson's and Ericka's shocked expressions to look at Tyrone. "What? I told you I'd smash it if things got out of hand."

Tyrone ran one hand through his hair. “Far be it from me to argue with an angry naked girl.” He looked closely at Rae. “You’re not blushing.”

“I think tonight cured me of my bashfulness.” Rae turned back to Allyson and Ericka. She pointed at them with the 2x4. “You two.” She pointed at the door. “Out. And take May with you. We’ll talk tomorrow.” The 2x4 clattered on the floor. She folded her arms over her naked breasts and watched while Ericka and Allyson man-handled May out of the room and up the stairs. Rae closed the door behind them and shot the bolt on the lock.

“Wow. I still can’t believe you smashed the machine like that.”

Rae’s smile was huge. “I didn’t smash the machine. I smashed the aerial and the Play-Doh figures. We can replace those easily.” She shivered. “But not tonight. Tonight I want some clothes, a hot bath, and sleep.”



a mixture of one N_2
six H_2 molecules

Nitrogen molecule (N_2)

Hydrogen molecule (H_2)

Epilogue

Rae panted as her feet thudded against the sidewalk, long strides taking her past the chemistry building. It had been weeks since she'd been down to the basement to repair the tithe machine. If only she'd been more cautious about revealing it to her friends, Then again, it had been fun overall.

It had also changed her, Allyson, and Ericka for the better. Allyson and Ericka had been uncomfortably careful around each other and around Rae for a week. Slowly that prickly feeling had gone away, leaving behind a new politeness that had made Rae happy. Allyson wasn't so mean to Ericka, Ericka wasn't so thoughtless about her and Allyson, and both of them actually paid attention to Rae and what she wanted to do.

Tyrone hadn't quite gotten Rae back to her right size. She was a lot more muscular than before, though not so much that she drew stares. She wanted to keep that muscle mass, so had taken up weightlifting and running. She certainly wasn't complaining.

The buzzing of her cell phone in her shorts pocket distracted her. She dropped from a run to a walk and answered the phone. "Rae," she said, breathing hard.

"Hey, girl."

"Tyrone." Rae answered. She grinned.

"I'm hungry."

"I'm running."

"I know. Why don't you run this way, take a shower here and we'll go eat."

"You got it. See you in a minute." She closed her phone with a click and resumed running. At the corner she turned right, towards Tyrone's dorm. She reveled in the sound of her feet on pavement, her arms swinging in time with her stride. She felt great, suffused with pleasure.

Her pleasure was growing and with it the realization that her chest was bouncing a lot in her sports bra. She looked down and saw her bra bunching and stretching, forced outwards by her suddenly expanding tits. Rae redoubled her pace, dropping into a flat-out run. Damn Tyrone, he knew he wasn't supposed to change her when she was where others could see her. His dorm was directly ahead. She could get to his room and chew him out in private. With every step her boobs became larger. By the time she reached the dorm, her sports bra's compression had become nearly unbearable. Cleavage mounded out of its top.

The elevator would take too long, so Rae took the stairs two at a time. She reached Tyrone's door and pounded on it with the heel of her hand.



“Tyrone!” The hall was deserted, thankfully. It was becoming difficult to breathe. Fabric bound her breasts tight. She glanced down. Flesh continued to well out of her sports bra.

“Who is it?” Tyrone said through the door.

“Tyrone!” Rae hissed. “Let me in!”

He took his time opening the door. Rae shoved the door open and barreled into the room, pulling her bra up over her head. Her boobs tumbled out, freed of their confinement. Her boobs were much more than a handful now. “You made them bigger!”

“I’ll say.” Tyrone leered at her.

“You’re not supposed to do that!” She lifted up her tits. “Someone could have seen these just now!”

Tyrone had the good sense to look abashed. “Sorry, I know. I got impatient to try this out.” Tyrone lifted an old Apple Newton he’d bought off of eBay and had been hacking on. Rae had assumed it was one of his random projects-of-the-month that he liked to indulge in.

“Wait. You didn’t.”

“Did you know the verbal component of the tithe spell can be replaced? Or that your entire apparatus can be handled by a very simple computer and some specialized electronics?” He wrote on the Newton. The world rippled as a clear spherical wave front expanded from the Newton. It returned, and Rae gained another two cup sizes. She breathed in deeply, pleasure spreading through her.

Rae stared at the Newton, a smile forming. “You know, I think dinner can wait an hour or two. Gimme.” She snatched the Newton from Tyrone. “You’d better get undressed fast, mister.” And with that, she began writing on the Newton.

The End