



grow/cinema™ 3

Expanding Horizons

"Coastal Swells"

A BUSTARTIST COMIC

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to continue to produce works like this!**

This issue alone took me over 275 hours to complete!

(Along with the wonderful proofreading skills of my wife, “Juliekat”)

Help out! Purchase “grOw”! THANKS!

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Off the tropical coast of a Pacific island, a collegiate, marine biologist in-training group is getting ready to enter the warm waters for a dive team excursion...

Jessica. Do you know why divers usually drop backwards into the water?

Why?

Because if they fell forward, they'd land in the boat.

You and your dad jokes, **Professor Williams.**



Bahhahahaha

Of course you would laugh at that, **Ryan.**

Oh, god. Do I laugh? It was a bad joke, but **Ryan** is laughing. He is so... gorgeous!

As part of a larger group, **Brooke, Jessica, Ryan, and Professor Williams** are looking for any rare or even new species of undersea life to study...

It's been nearly a week since the team began their exploration, but the group has very little to show for their efforts...



Approaching the reefs, **Brooke** suddenly spots a fish that she has never seen before. She swims closer to see if the animal is a new species...

Well, **hello** little guy!
Who are you?

Facinating! Looks like a **blowfish**, but I've never seen colors like this. Oh boy! We might have found something!



Whoa! Holy cow, you're **huge!** Sorry little guy, I didn't mean to scare you.

Boy, your colors are... quite funny. You look like a **boob.** Heh heh.

I'm gonna' call you, **Booba.**



Brooke waves to attract the attention of her friend, **Jessica**, to announce her discovery...

But, in her excitement to share her sighting, she accidentally bumps the spines of the startled creature...

OWW!

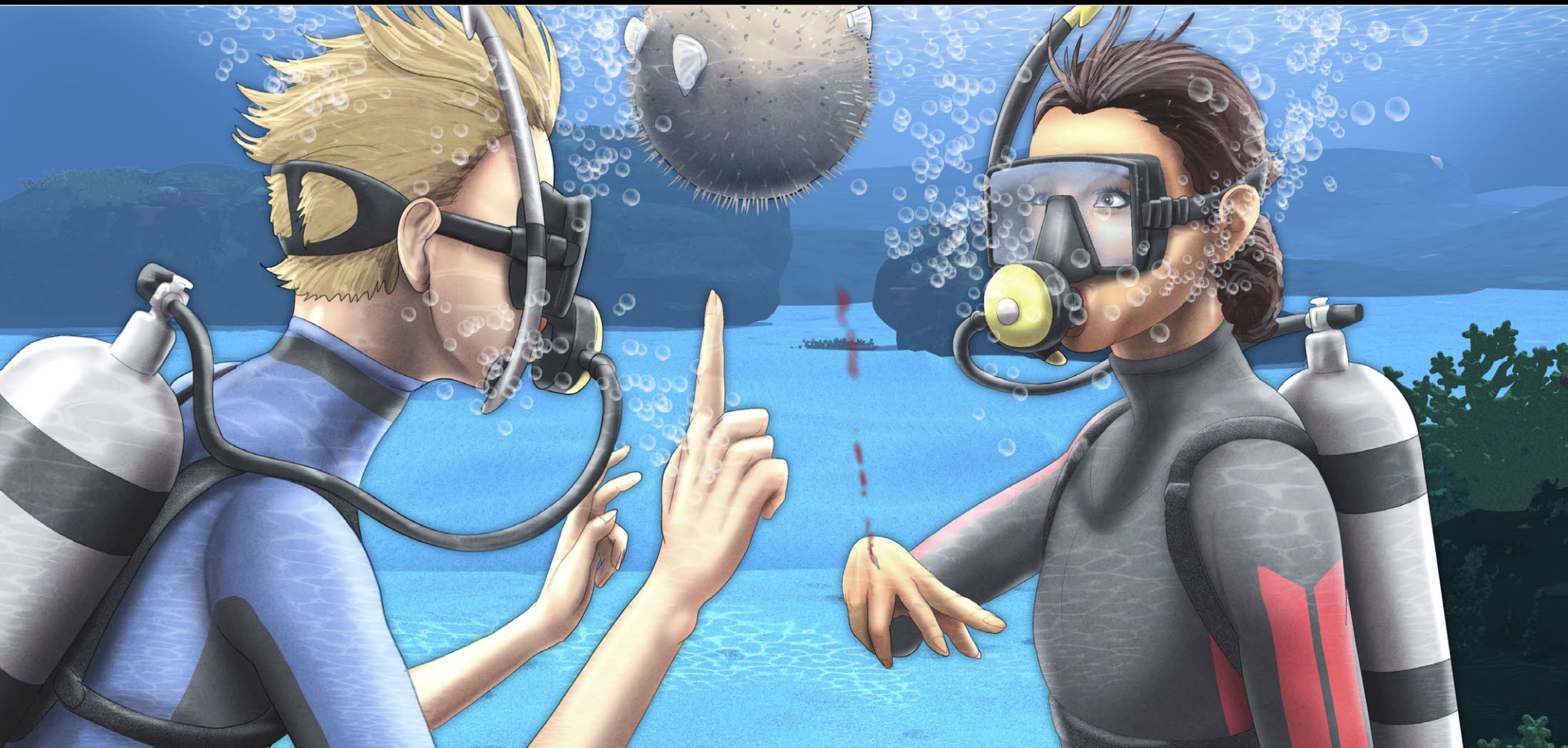
Oh no!



*Jessica desperately tries to communicate to **Brooke** that she needs to surface quickly. Frantic gestures lead to some underwater vocalizations of fear and panic...*

Mmbllrrbble
mmmbblblrble
MMBLRRMMBLE!

MBLRRGLE MMBR
MBLRRGLE MBLR
MBLRBLLR!



The dive group breaks the surface with a commotion that startles **Professor Williams**...

Hey! What's going on?!
You guys just left me down—

Brooke's been stung by a **pufferfish**! Get her on board!

Oh, shit! They're **poisonous** aren't they?!



Yes, you can say that!

Oh god!

Hurry! Get her up here!
We need to get you to the hospital quickly,
Brooke!

After a couple of hours being observed, scanned, and tested, the hospital doctor invites, with her permission, **Brooke's** friend and professor into the exam room...

Doc?
How is she?

Her injury resulted in a small laceration. Her tests and CT scan all are negative. While no specific laboratory tests exist to confirm tetrodotoxin poisoning, we diagnose largely based on history and symptoms.

The doc said I should have felt something within 10-40 minutes. It's been nearly 4 hours and *nada!*



Correct.
You're *sure* it was a pufferfish?

Well, we know it was a puffer since it inflated when I approached it.

Yes. And it had **spines**; and it was the right general shape and all...

But the coloring was different... new, in fact. It's most likely an undiscovered species.

Well then, maybe you were lucky. Either the toxin didn't get into your system, or this species is *not* poisonous. But I'm not sure if there are any non-poisonous pufferfish.

There's not — at least, to our knowledge in the marine biology field.

Do you *have* the fish so we can study any toxins it may have?



No, we didn't get a chance to study the fish before **Brooke** suffered her injury.

I can release you, **Brooke**, but please stay close by to the hospital and be vigilant.

Come back *immediately* if you feel any symptoms, however mild.

Yes, doc.
Thank you!

Later that night, at their hotel, the **dive groups** wind down from the day, celebrating the events of their last excursion...

Well, *there* she is!
The death-defier!
Brooke the Invincible!

Oh god! It's **Ryan**!
And he's coming
towards *me*!

Uhh, hi, **Ryan**! Heh,
yeah, *um...* still alive
and kicking!



Aaaaand...
Supposedly, she
discovered a **new**
species!

Heh heh.
M-maybe. We
still need verification.

Incredible! Let me
buy us a round of drinks!
Let's celebrate!

Oh god!
Ryan wants to buy
me a drink?! I'm
freaking out!

Why is he suddenly
coming on to **Brooke**?
He's never shown interest
in her before, as much as
she has a crush on him.

As the night goes on, the group relaxes, laughs, and gets tipsy...

Maybe it's the brush with death, but you're looking *really* nice tonight. **Vibrant!**

Heh. **Me?** Nooo. I didn't do anything special.



I was thinking the same thing. All through college, **Brooke** never went out of her way to dress up.

Now she's wearing a **too-tight** bathing suit and she's plumped her lips a bit. Maybe it **is** her brush with death? Is she getting over her usual shyness?!

Uhhh, **Brooke**, maybe you should take it easy. You feeling all right?

Brooke leans in close to Jessica to whisper...

*Shhh... I'm feeling a little **tipsy**, but I'm not wasted. I'm feeling fine. **Great** in fact.*

You're letting the drink go to your head and you're not focusing on the pois—

Pshah! I escaped death! Time to **enjoy** life! Plus, this is **Ryan** next to me! **Ryan!** Knock it off!



*Wha—? I've known **Brooke** all through college. She's always been nearly as flat as me. Is she wearing some sort of push-up bikini top?*

Just... be **careful**. Make sure you're watching for **side effects**—

Pshssh.
Of cooourse.

Eventually, after the excitement of the day, **Brooke** retires to her room. She allows **Ryan** to escort her back.

Jessica decides to follow from a distance, keeping an eye on her friend while also trying to give her some privacy...

Ohmygodohmygodohmygod!
Ryan! I hope I don't
fuck this up!

Well, I'm not sure what
you did, but you're
looking very **hot** tonight.



Oh, it's just the
alcohol. *hic *

Maybe **more**
than the alcohol...

As they get to **Brooke's** room, her excitement and anxiety ramp up due to her infatuation with **Ryan**...

Well... I— *heh*.
Here's my room.

Thank you for allowing
me to walk you back
here. May I... say
goodnight?

Oh, god, yes!
Uhh... I mean...
uh... Sure.



Mmmm...

Ooooooh wooww!
Wow! Butterflies in my
stomach! Oh god, **Ryan**
is kissing me! **Me!**

What if he thinks I'm a bad
kisser?! I mean, it's **Ryan!**
I can't look bad! Ooooh!



She's a really nice kisser!
A little timid and inexperienced,
but... so soft and delicious.
I wonder if...

Oh, she is very soft!
So cushiony.

Oh god! His hands feel
soooo good!



Whoa!
I— I must be drunk
than I thought.

Whu—?



Y-You're **bigger** than
I thought... How- how had
I not noticed before?

Oh my god!
I'm... **not**.
Or wasn't!

Holy shit!
I'm a **few cup**
sizes bigger!



UHNNN!
What is going on?!

Oh no!
Is the **toxin** taking effect?
Am I **swelling** from an
allergic reaction?!

Uhh!
I need to go!
Please!

I— uh— s-sure.
Of course. Buh— Wha—?
Are you all right?



What the—?

Wh-what just happened?

Hey! What did you *do* to her?!



I— I didn't do anything!

And she what? Decided *not* to?! You know, "no means **no!**"

Yes! Of course, I know that! It wasn't *that*.

Oh my god! Maybe it's the **toxin!**

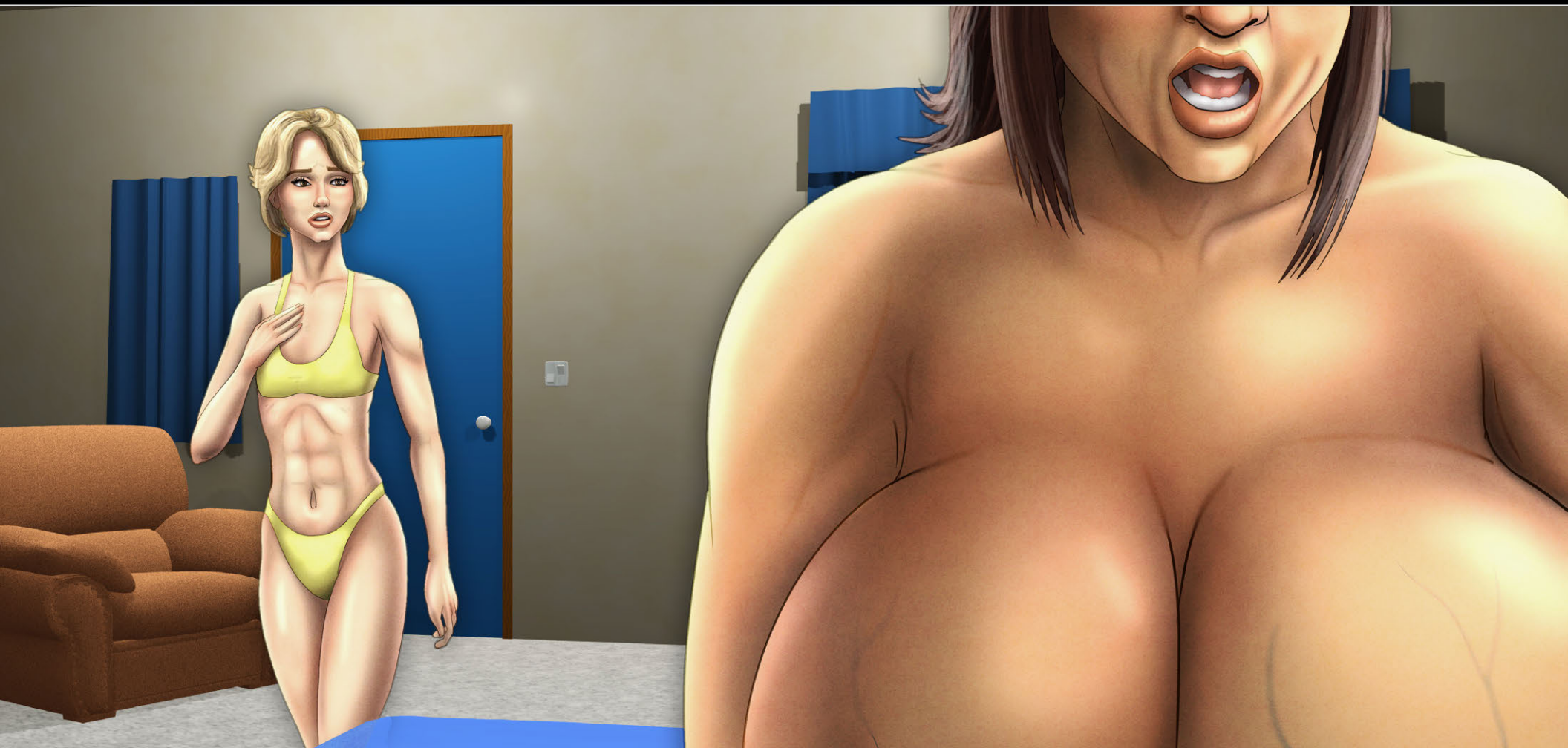
Just go! I'll handle this!



Brooke! Are you okay?
I saw you and **Ryan**, and
then you dashed in here...

UUHNN!

Oh god! Are you in
**pain?! Are you feeling
numb?!**



Nooo. I feel....
wonnnderful!
Uhhnnmmm!

Oh fuck! I was going to send
Ryan to fetch Professor
Williams. I thought you
were dying!

Well, I “died” a little inside
when these swelled in
front of **Ryan**. I was sooo
embarrassed.



Not funny. You
sure you're okay?
I mean— *well, just
look at yourself!*

Yes. My embarrassment
made me panic. But... I
feel just fiiiine now. In fact,
I feel amaaaaazing.

But— you're *obviously*—
swollen! Yes, maybe it's just I
y-your— **breasts**, but the point
is that the **toxin** is still in you!

Maybe. But this is the
type of **swelling** I can
get into! *Mmmm...*

I should apologize
to **Ryan**. Oooo **Ryan**!
He felt me up!

Brooke! Forget
about him! Focus
on—



But I'm tired. Drunk.
And I feel fine. I need
sleep. We'll worry
about it tomorrow...

But—

No butts!
Sleep...

*Much to **Jessica's** dismay,
the two women go to bed,
delaying their worries until
the next morning...*



The next morning, as **Jessica's** phone alarm blares...

Groan
G'morning...
You slept in
the nude?

No, just **topless**.
My sleep shirts don't fit
comfortably right now.

I think... I got
a little **bigger**
during the night.

This is
weird.

And, I must
admit, **hot!**



You should go back
to the hospital! Like I was
trying to tell you last night,
you still—

I feel **fine!** I don't
want to be prodded and
poked if I don't have to.

If I feel any of the
symptoms the doctor
outlined, I'll go to the
hospital immediately.

But if this is a **new** species, we might not know what the symptoms are! Or how the toxin wor—

Then we need to find a specimen and bring him to the lab. Maybe we can analyze the toxin.

I mean, we're here to find new species and I think we have! But we left it down there. So let's go back!



Do you remember *where* you found the fish? We might not even find it if its habitat isn't close by.

Booba? Yes, I remember. It was by that beautiful coral. Let's go for another dive.

You *named* it? Really? And **Booba**?!

A little later that morning, as the two women complete getting ready for their next dive, **Jessica** returns from recruiting help...

Okay, I told **Professor Williams** about the dive. He's going to get a small group together for the excursion and get the boat ready.

Oh god!
Not a whole group!
I don't want everyone **staring** at me!

Ooooooh! This is going to be soo embarrassing when they see me!



Well, yes! We need people in the boat. And if one of us gets in trouble, we'll need back-up!

Plus we need strong arms to pull you into the boat should you fall unconscious. Why are you so—?

UUHNN!

Whoa!

Did your breasts
just... **swell**?

I— I— think I *just* did!
I've been trying to get this
zipped up but it's **so tight**!
And now it's even **tighter**!

I got so flustered between
not fitting in this suit and
now with people being on
the boat and... and...
UGH!



Fuck! How will I dive like
this? Can you help me
zip this up, *pleeease*, or
else I'm sunk!

Pull!

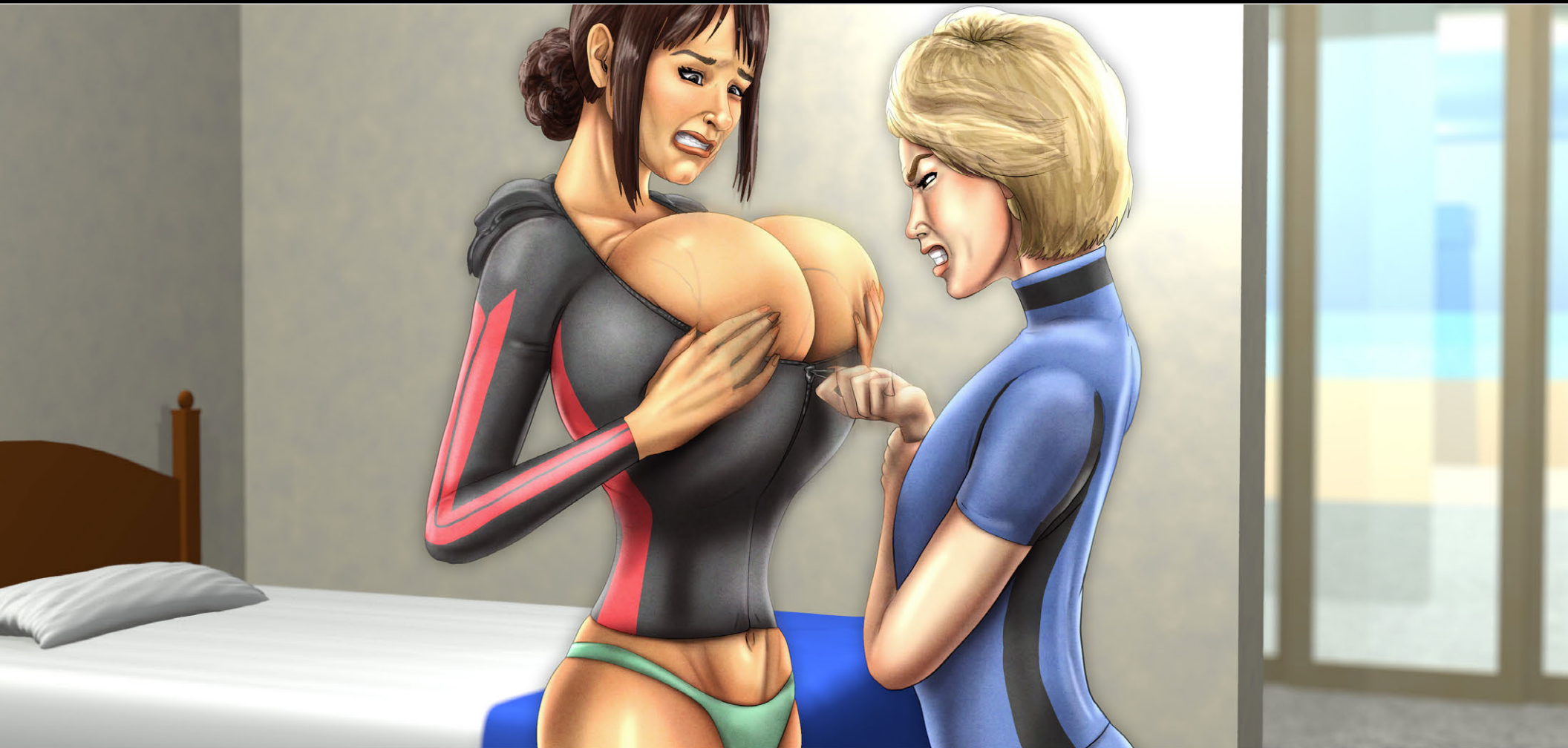
I'm *—grunt**— trying!
Push yourself
together!

UHNN!
So tight!

Can't we borrow
another wetsuit top?

No one is
my size.

Ugh!



Uhhnnnn!
It's *-*grunt*-*
getting there!

I hope this zipper
hoolds!

These zippers are
strong. You... *should*
be all right.

Ooffff!
T-tight!



Can you
breathe?

Kindaaa'.

Okay. As soon as I zip
this up, pull your neck cover
on and zip that up so that
it's fully secured.

With a final zip, **Brooke** seals up her wetsuit top and reviews the results...

I got it closed... barely.

Can you dive like that?

We'll see.

Uhnnn... So... tight!

All right. **sigh** Let's go.



Brooke and **Jessica** made their way down to the dock. There, they meet **Ryan** and **Professor Williams** already in the boat...

Whoof!
Wha—?!

Oh god! So embarrassing! **Ryan** is just staring at my boobs! I think **Professor Williams** has stolen a few glances, too, even though I can see he's trying hard to be professional.

Knock it off, **Ryan**!
Don't say a thing.

S-sorry!
Knee-jerk reaction.



More like **jerk**
than knee-jerk.

You okay to dive, **Brooke**? You sure you want to do this rather than go to the hospital?

I-I'm... fine, Professor. Let's just find my little fish friend.

This does feel kinda' good — like wearing a warm, heavy blanket.

But I obviously look like a **fat seal**... and they're all **gawking** at me. I can't wait to get into the water!

* creeeek *

Oh god! My suit is getting **tighter!**

If it wasn't for the sounds of the engine and ocean, I'm sure they'd hear my suit **stretching**.



It's like last night. Seems whenever my anxiety or heart rate increase, I... **swell**.

Calm blue ocean, calm blue ocean...

Huh — pufferfish also "swell" when fearful or anxious. But, unlike puffers, I haven't gone down.

You okay?

Yes. My breasts swelled again — I am so anxious.

I'm stressing out over everyone's gazes, whether we'll find **Booba**, and if I'll **swell** even more.

But... It's... easing now. I think.



That wetsuit looks **poured** on you. No wonder they're staring.

Um, *you're* staring, too. And not helping.

Oops! Sorry.

* *creeeek* *

* *sigh* *

When the expedition arrives at yesterday's dive location, **Brooke** and **Jessica** dive down to the area that they last saw **Booba**, the pufferfish...



Twenty minutes later, frustration mounts as the pair of divers unsuccessfully seek out their specimen...

Easy, **Brooke**.
We'll find him!
Relax!

* creeeeeeek *

Fuck! I'm getting **so**
anxious that I can feel
my suit getting **tighter**.



***Jessica** swims up to **Brooke** and gestures at her chest, making a growing motion with her hands. **Brooke** nods her head and motions to keep looking, fast!*



Jessica suddenly spots the elusive fish, not far away...

MMMFF!



Catching the puffer proves tricky as the tiny fish continually darts out of the divers' reach...

Fuuuck! We have to **capture** it to analyze the **toxin**! It's obviously still active in me!

Brooke's latest thoughts manifest themselves in a **stretching-squeal** from her wetsuit, which seems to be amplified underwater...

What was that **groaning sound**? Was that... her suit?!

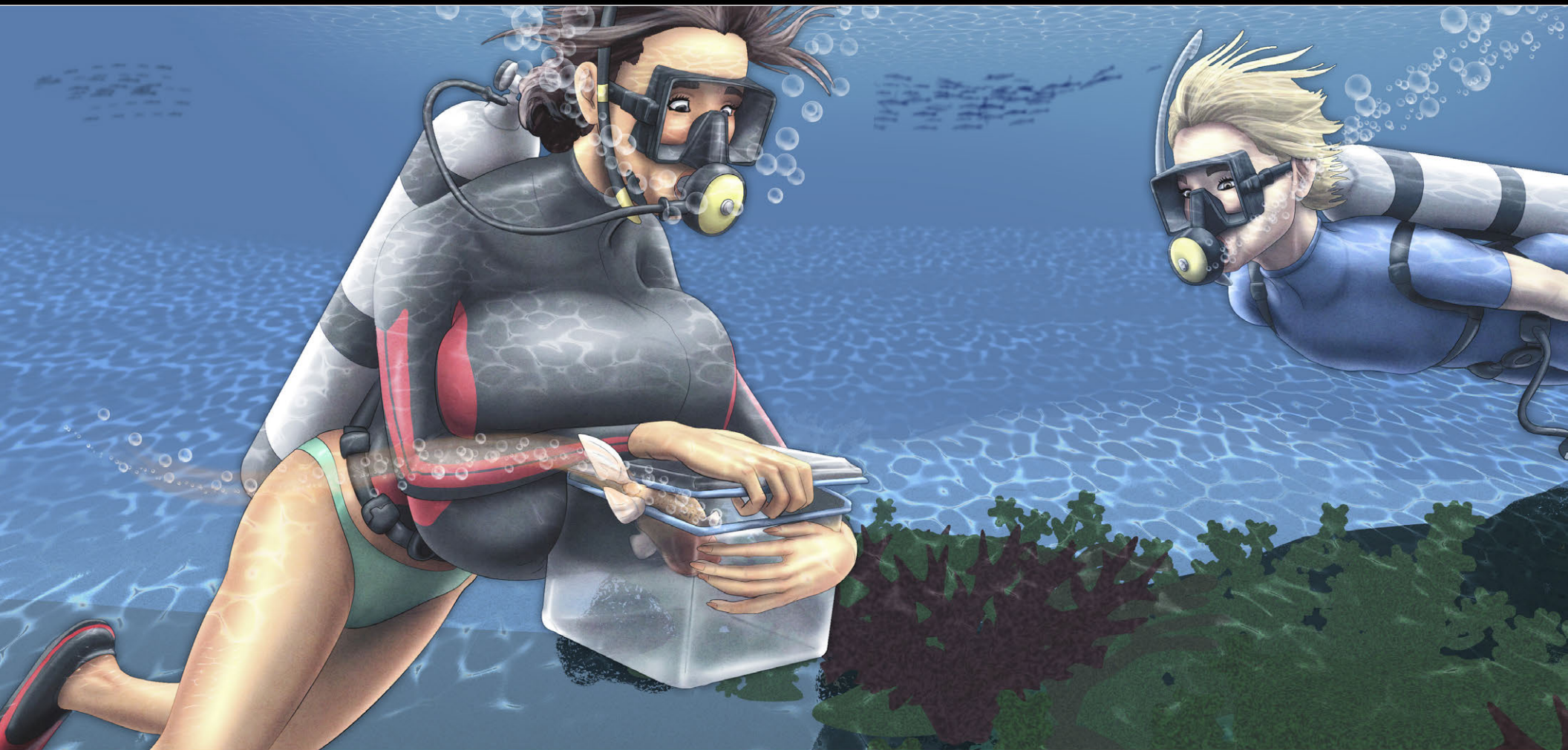
* creeeeeeeak *



After what seems like an eternity, **Brooke** is able to capture **Booba**...

Gotcha'!

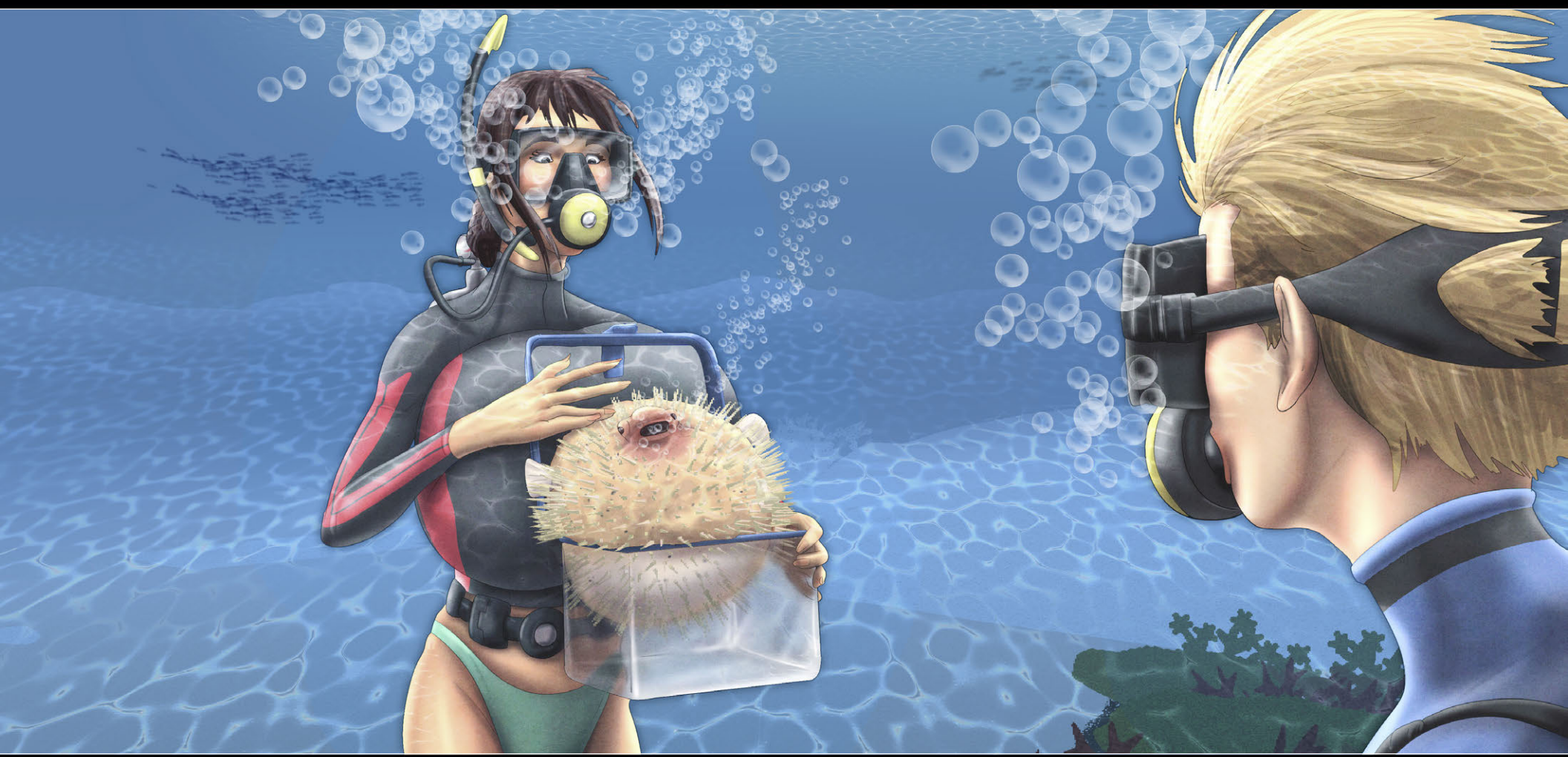
Thank goodness!



However, the tiny fish activates its defense mechanism. **Inflating** inside the cage, the cage's door pops open again...

MMMMFF!!
blbblebrble

Whoa!

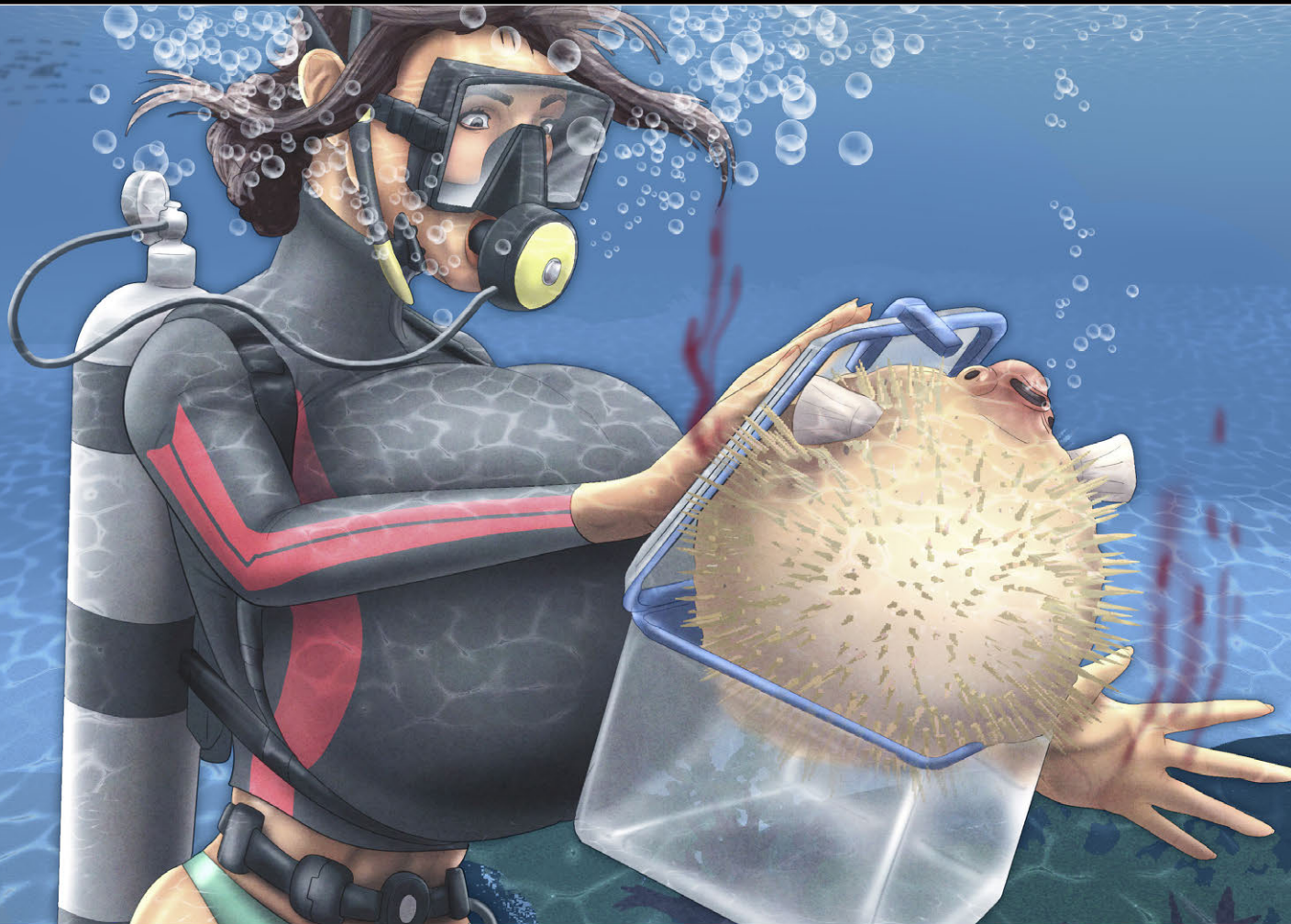


Frantically trying to shut the cage latch before the tiny sea animal can escape, **Brooke** is **stung** again, this time by multiple spines...

MMMFFFF!!

Oh god!

No! Not again!



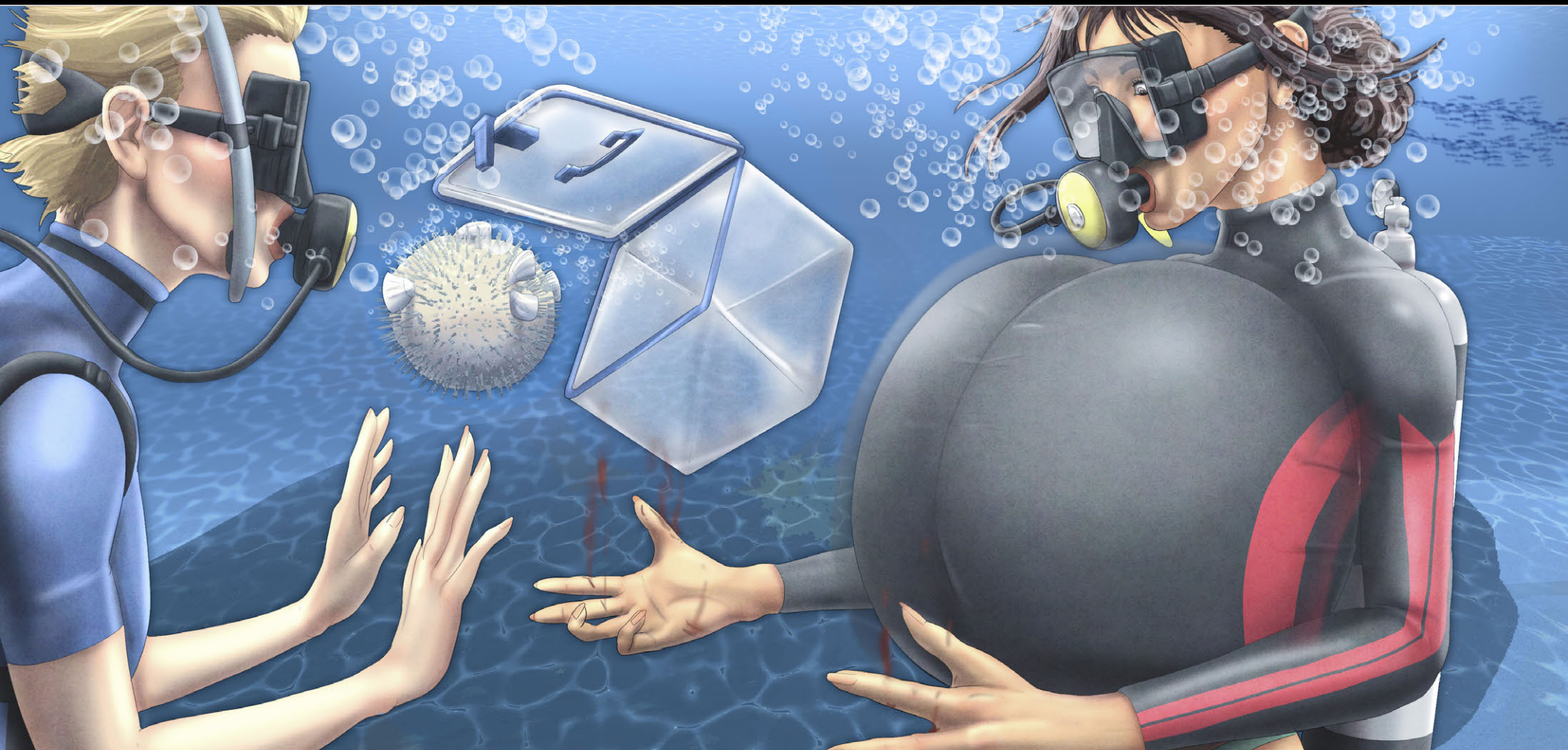
Jessica swims over, eyes wide as she realizes what happened...

Jessica tries to make calm gestures with her hands to ease her friend's anxious flailing...

MMM!
MMMMFF!
blurbbleble

It's starting again!
My breasts are puffing up!

creeeeeeeak



Oh god! No, no, NO,
Brooke! Stay calm!
Calm!

But the toxin is already showing obvious effects on **Brooke** as her chest swells again even faster than before.

The terrified diver's wetsuit strains against the sudden, **swelling tide of boob...**

** creeeek **

MMM!
MMMBLBLE!

Whoa! Her **breasts** are growing out of the bottom of her jacket! My god! She's getting **so big!**



** cr-creee-ee-eeak **

Oh fuck!! So... **tight...** trouble... breathing! How is this zipper still—?

Suddenly, **Brooke's** zipper gives up **explosively**, the immense strain bursting open its upper half. Teeth break, launching outward as her cleavage bubbles out like an airbag...

MMFBRURBLE!!

There's my answer.

BLURBLE!

Oh my god!

* creee-PWOOMPF! *

* plink! *

* cr-clink-tnk! *

* crk! *



Jessica tries to hand signal to ask *Brooke* if she's all right, worried about deadly side-effects from the toxin.

The other woman signals **yes**, her wide eyes staring at her **enlarged breasts**, which now break out of the lower half of her suit with a staccato of broken zipper teeth...

MMF? MMMM!
* BLURB-BLE! *

MMMM!
* BLURBLE!! *

* crink! *



* cr-plink! *

* PWOMP! *

* cr-clink-tnk! *

As her **breasts** bubble out of her swimsuit, **Brooke** points frantically to the surface.

But **Jessica** shakes her head, and puts a finger up to her mouth while pointing up...

What does she mean, "be quiet"?! I'm **blowing up** like a balloon here and—



*But the answer comes
soon enough when
Brooke looks up...*

Shark.

Fuck my life!



The two divers cover **Brooke's** injuries as best they can. Luckily, the bleeding proves to be minor and short-lived...

But the anxiety of a shark swimming above with blood in the water gets the better of **Brooke**, causing her breasts to swell even further...

Crap! Crap! Crap!
Crap! CRAP!

Fuck! I'm **still growing!** Calm down, calm down!



Oh god! Th—they **won't stop!**
I have to get to the surface!
Maybe I **should** have gone
to the hospital!

Fine. I'll go now.
But I can't surface! And
now I'm freaking out so
much my **boobs** keep
growing!

But a **shark?! Really?! NOW?!
Fuck! My! Life!**



Ugh! I hope that shark isn't attracted to all this noise **Brooke** is making!

Uhhnn! Skin— feels so— **tight!** Breasts— still getting— **bigger!**



The shark, seemingly no longer interested, slowly swims away. **Jessica** points up frantically, gesturing that it's time for them to surface...

Oh, thank goodness!
I think my growth has eased
along with my anxiety.

Brooke does her best to signal that her breasts have stopped growing, and that she wholeheartedly agrees with **Jessica's** ascent suggestion...



Ugh! Swimming with all
this added **mass** is a bitch!
So much **drag**, I can't swim
nearly as fast!



The women break the surface, startling the men on the boat...

Whoa!

Pull her up! She got **stung** again!

Oh crap! Grab my hand, hurry. We spotted a **shark** nearby!

Yes, we saw it! Another reason we need to get out of the water!

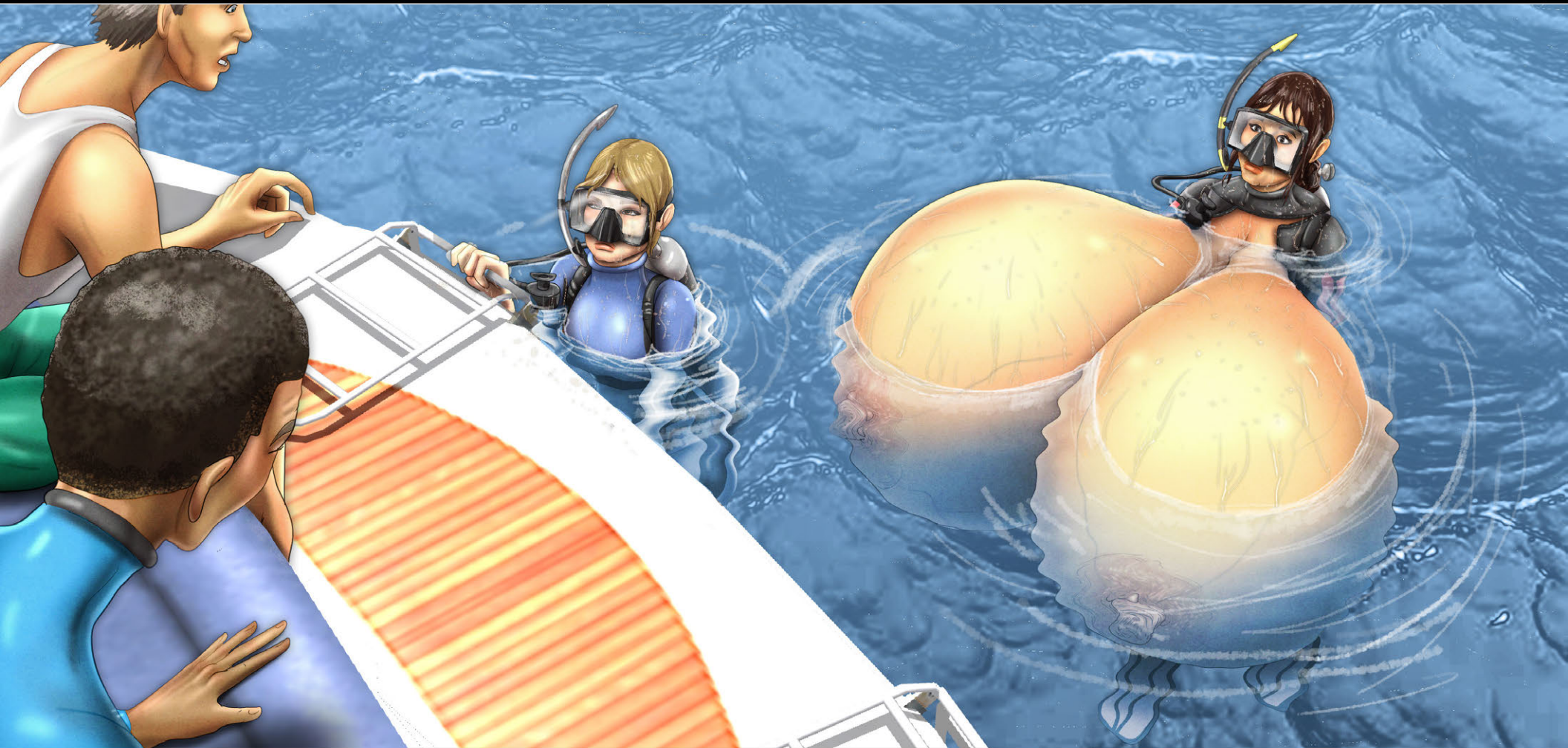


Despite the excitement, the frantic surfacing, the shark, and the fear of a new injury, the group of divers is eerily quiet as **Brooke**'s unbelievable reaction to the toxin is not lost on anyone...

Fuck! From one shark in the water to two in the boat!

They're just **staring!** And now I'm completely **topless!** This is so fucking embarrassing!

And it's not like I can even reach my nipples to cover them!



Brooke's escalating distress revitalizes the toxin's effects once again...

— UHNN! —
Oh god, no! **NO!**
Not again!

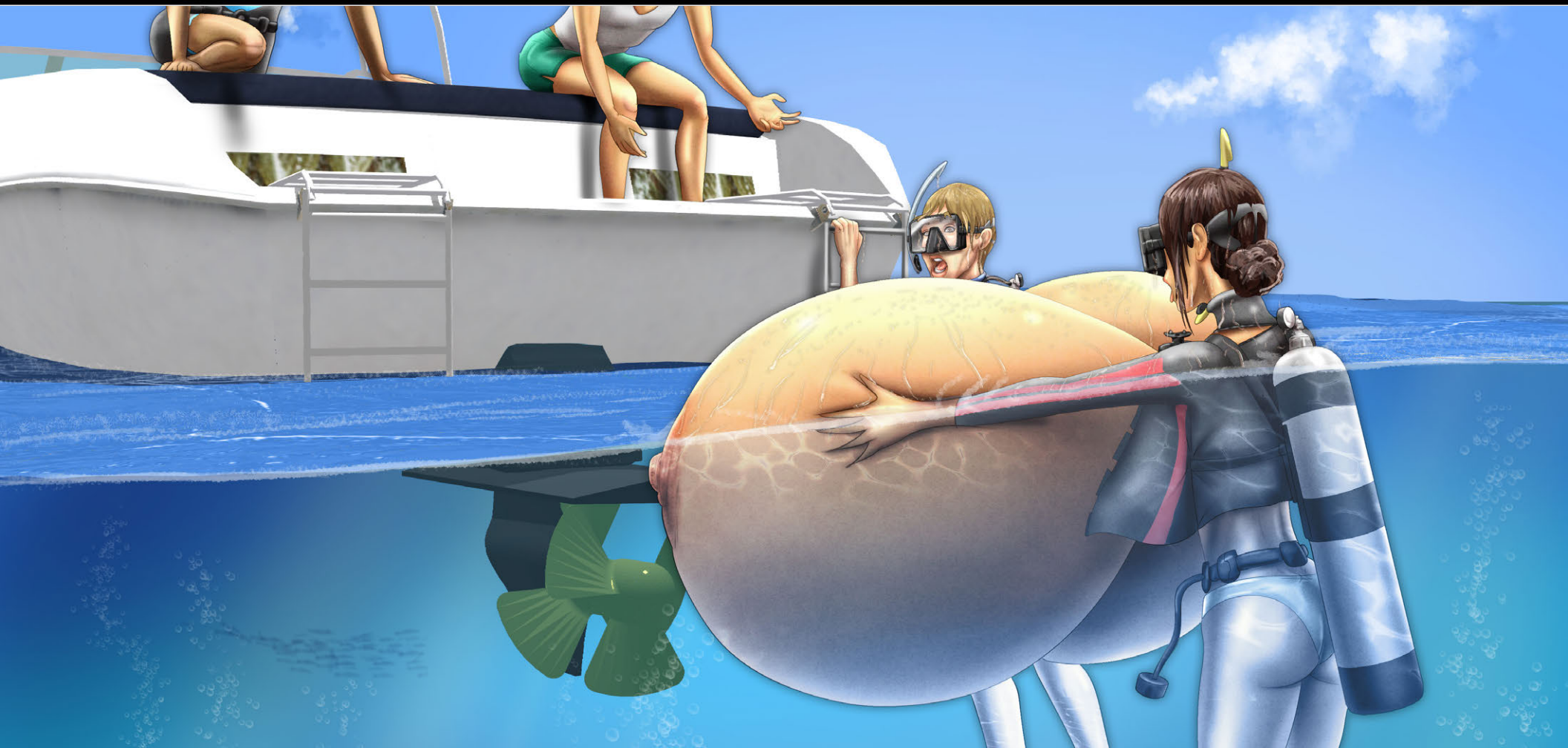
Holy fuck!

Wha—?!

I'm **growing** even more!
I'm already **ridiculously huge!** The more I—

Shit!

Oh shit! **Brooke,**
think calm thoughts!
Calm thoughts!



Fuck!
They're just **ogling!**
At me!
Me!

So humiliating!
And—

— so arousing!

I can't believe I'm
saying this, but partt
of me kind of **likes** them
looking at me this way.

Guys! Knock it off!
She's scared and
embarrassed enough!

Hssst!
Ryan! Knock
it off!

I— uh—
Sorry...



God! I'm **mortified** — **AND excited!**
Seeing them so slack-jawed is actually
turning me on. **Ryan is looking** at me!
Me! With desire? With something — but
it doesn't look bad.

Easy, **Brooke!**
Eeeasy.

They're just...
surprised.
We *all* are.

Yeaahh...
I guess.

I mean, I'm not exactly "normal"
size any more. Hell, I'm waaaay
beyond "busty" at this point.



Just as **Brooke's** angst begins to wane, a sudden cry goes out...

SHAAAAARK!



Almost immediately after the warning shout, **Brooke's** breasts suddenly **swell** again...

OH FUUUCK!
UUUHNN!!

Fuck! The growth came on fast!

It's headed this way!
Pull us out!
Pull us out!

Fuck!
Pull! **Pull!**

I'm getting **really** huge
now! **Booba** might not excrete
a deadly toxin, but she packs
a **hell** of a punch!

Where's the shark
repellent?!

I don't think
we have any!

Dammit!



F-fuck!
I- I'm having trouble **seeing**
the **shark** over my **growing**
boobs! UGH!

Grab her!
Pull her in!

I'm—
trying!

UHNN!
I'm getting so big **so fast!**
Wh-where's the shark?

It's still heading this way.
He's moving slowly, but he's
definitely hunting, and
coming our way!

Her growth is astounding!
But then again, her anxiety
must be through the roof!



She's **too heavy!**
We **can't** pull
her up!

UUHNN!
Am I *that* huge?!
C'mon! **Puuuuull!**

AARRRGH! *Fuck!*
She weighs a **ton**,
Professor!

Heeeey!

AAAAHH!
Here it comes!



Brooke screams in panic, causing a final surge of breast growth...

AAAHHH!

PUUULLL,
RYAN!



*Suddenly facing a pair of **huge, round predators**, the shark swiftly turns away just a few feet from **Brooke's growing boobs**, deciding to look for a much smaller lunch...*

The shark! It's swimming away! Oh, thank goodness!

Ha haaaaah! Yeesss!
You scared it away! You're
too big to attack!

**“Too big”?!
Again — how big am
I to be able to chase
a shark away?**

Brooke. *Shhh...* The
danger is gone! Okay?
You need to calm down!
You're **still growing!**

Fuck, I know!
UNGGNYAH!



As the men realize the futility of pulling **Brooke** onto the boat, a soft but sizable “double thump” from its bottom rocks the craft...

* BHUMF! *
* BHUMFP! *

What the hell was *that*? Did the **shark** return?!

No. I believe that was —*ahem*— the ocean swells pushing her **breasts** against the boat.

Oh... my... god... H-how... b-b-big is she?



UUHNN!

Oh god! That was **me!**
I'm **that** huge! I just bumped,
and **shook**, a whole boat
with my **boobs!**

Stop! The more you think
about it, the more you **grow**,
and then it just keeps
going in circles!

Be calm.
Caaaalm.
Shhhhhhh...
Breeeathe!

Okay.
I'm... trying.
exhale

* BWUMPF! *

* BOOMP! *



Breeeeathe.
That's it...

Okay. I'm...
chilling out.

Wait!
I see help!
HEEEY!!

After signaling for assistance
on the radio, a **fishing trawler**
pulls up minutes later...

Need a hand?

Actually,
a **net** if you
have one.

What do
you need a
net f— ?



Oh.

Holy m—!



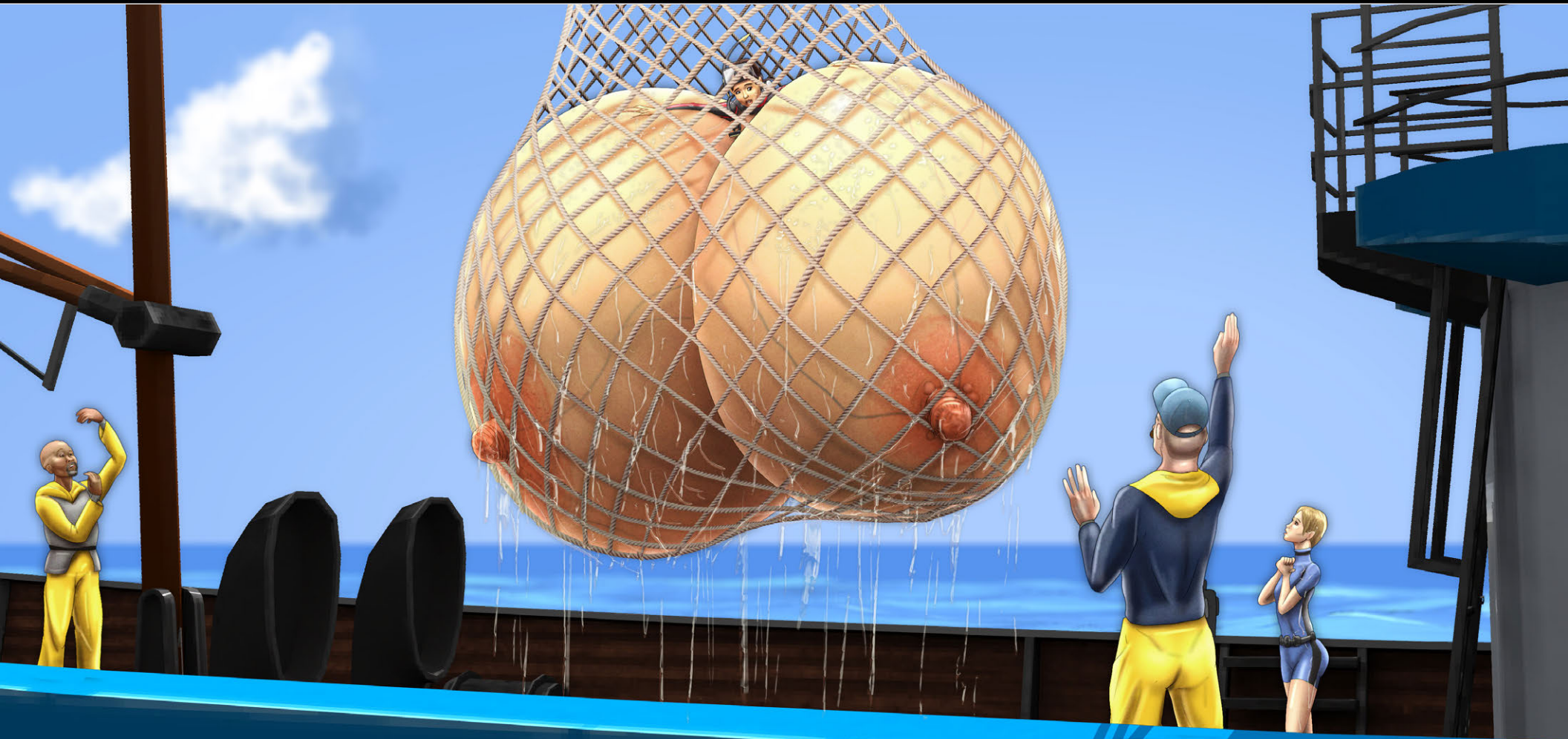
Later...

That's it!
Eeeeeasy.

There we go!
Lower her to
the deck!

Hahaaa!
This might be our
biggest catch
ever!

Hold it together, **Brooke!**
Thaaat's it. I can feel myself getting
anxious at this exposure. Seems
I can control my growth. Either that
or the toxin is wearing off.



There ya' go young lady!
Hopefully we weren't too
rough hauling ya' up. We'll
get you to shore in no time.

How are you
feeling, **Brooke**?

I feel... good. No other
side effects other than—
well, you know.

And I haven't
had a... "puffer incident"
since the shark.



Days later, **Brooke** continues her study of her specimen back at the college's lab. Her unique experience has made her a leading expert on the new species...

Hey. Not wearing your lab coat?

Pshh. That thing won't fit me. I **barely** got this outfit on.

Wow. I'm not even gonna' ask where you got stuff *that* large.



So, how's it going?

I've identified the **toxin**. It's remarkable how it functions!

Um, cool.

Yeah. Thank goodness, too. We nearly used up all the toxin specimen samples that the guys were able to get.

Glad they were able to go back and capture a fish after we hauled you back to shore.

I just realized how much you've **shrunk** since our last dive.

Well, the toxin has run its course and is most likely out of my system.

I no longer grow when anxious. Well, not unless I get stung again.

Which is why I am handling this stuff so carefully now.

Why do you think you're *still* so **big**?



We're thinking because I grew sooo huge, that I can only shrink so much. I may be **stuck** with these babies.

You don't sound... disappointed.

Well, it's a challenge to learn how to navigate with these. Hence the media cart beneath them. But, they "open doors" with the guys.

And some girls!

Are you going anywhere for Spring Break next week?

I'm too invested in this. Plus, it was way too difficult to get on a plane last time with my boobs, so, we're just staying home.

"We"?

Yeah, **Ryan** is helping me on this project. We've been doing a lot of research together on the effects of the toxin.

Oh really? "Research"? Is that what you call it?

I— uhh— heh— um, yeah.



Heh heh. So! What about you? You going anywhere?

Umm, yeah. I'm still deciding on where, but I'm going to dive — but for **fun** this time.

Sounds nice!

MANY THANKS TO
Dr. Enlarge, for his major support of my art creation

AND TO MY “ZEALOTS” ON **PATREON** (patreon.com/bustartist)
WHO HELPED SUPPORT THIS RELEASE
including:

- Adam C • Alexander • Beriri • Bowser • CholericGardener • course_correction • Demoman1999 • G Perksn • Genesis13 • Kim Metzger • knivesjc • Loxz • nitste • Nonya175 • Ortega_Omega • Redd • That New Shoe Smell • The Bat Mantis • Vanilla9415 • Walter A.
- and many others who chose not to be named

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 Freida Brest. as Jessica
 Harry Cox as Ryan
 Hugh Jorgin as Professor Williams

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During her Spring Break, **Jessica** returns and dives in the area where **Brooke** had been stung and injected with toxin...



Where are you,
you amazing
boob-fish?

I need to
conduct my **own**
experiments.

After a number of dives over three days, **Jessica** finally spots an elusive specimen swimming alone near the coral...

Finally! You are proving to be a **rare** species, my friend.

Or maybe not so rare.



