

Gran Teton's - Part 4

"Research & Development"

(series inspired by the drawing "rosegrow.jpg" - created by the legendary "Bust Artist,"
<http://www.bustartist.com/> - for heaven's sake, go see his stuff...and buy it!)



Rose ran back to the apartment faster than she had ever done in her life - even with the need to hold down her basketballs to keep them from whacking her in the face.

Leaving a street full of astonished - and often aroused - spectators in her wake, she pounded into her building and took the stairs to the second floor three at a time. The relatively short length of hall between the stairs and her apartment was covered just as fast, leaving her almost sliding right past her door as she skidded to a halt.

Recovering - and briefly scowling at the crack in the wall that hadn't been there before they'd done the balloon-breast thing - she slammed her key into the lock and ran in.

Miyuki was almost bouncing with excitement as Rose entered - which with breasts her size made for a pretty...bouncy...display. Even before Rose could get a word out about what she'd learned at *Coffee City*, Mi bubbled over.

"Remember when you said we shouldn't have been able to pick Chris up?" She blurted, the words almost running together. "Well, while we were straightening we discovered something. I'll show you."

And with that, she half-ran over to where their futon that served as their couch now sat.

One of their breasts - probably Chris's given where it was - had slid the futon back up against the wall, but surprisingly it was relatively intact, with only a single armrest being cracked. Miyuki moved around to one end of it - opposite that cracked armrest - and crouched down. Small hands grasped the legs of the futon firmly and then, with nary so much as a grunt, she stood up, lifting the entire thing into the air. Its end waved a bit as she walked with it back to the center of the room where it had once set, pre-Chris-breast, but remained firmly under her control.

Stopping, she gave it a sort of circular "tah-dah" gesture, then looked at Rose. "Along with super-sized breasts, it looks like that stuff gave us super strength!"

Rose stared open-mouthed as five-foot of Miyuki held a six-foot long futon up in front of her by one end. Easily, too - like she was holding a small cardboard box.

Then her mouth closed as what she was seeing worked it's way through.

"Mi," she said slowly. "That's not 'super strength...'"

Miyuki blinked and sat the futon back down with a puzzled *clunk*, then stared at Rose with hands on her hips and a look of combative confusion. Chris was staring too, with equal puzzlement.

"What do you mean? It weighs a good two-hundred pounds and I lifted it like it weighed ten! It took the two of us to do that last time we moved it, remember, and it was *heavy*! And Chris was three-fifty and we moved hi...her like she was nothing" she retorted.

Rose shook her head. "That's not the point," she said. "'Super strength' might let you pick up that much weight - heck, it doesn't even need to be all that 'super' for two-hundred pounds - but nothing short of nailing your feet to the ground could have then let you hold it out from you like that! You should have, well, just tipped right over," she made a "tipping-over" gesture with her hand. "Like a badly balanced stack of books."

"Oh," Mi said quietly, her eyes widening as she worked it out.

"For that matter," Chris said thoughtfully. "I shouldn't have been able to walk when my b...breasts first grew. They were too heavy to stick right out like that without me falling on my face."

She held her hands out in front of her, roughly tracing how big her breasts first were, then looked down.

"Okay, not on my *face* so much, but..."

Rose nodded. "It should have happened to Mi too - you can't have seventy pounds of boob on your chest and walk normally, not outside of a comic book. Heck, I thought of that when I saw her on the scale earlier. 'Course, that impossibility was kinda overshadowed by the simple *creation* of seventy pound of boob out of nothing but half-a-bottle of soda...and then things went weird...so I didn't say much about it. But still, even now we should at least have *balance* problems with these basketballs, but it's like they're not even there."

Her gestural "not even there" hand flip bopped her left boob and she grimaced in annoyance.

"At least, from a weight standpoint. Mi, you were probably right, 'cause I think 'magic' is looking better and better as an explanation - probably the *only* explanation."

She paused and then frowned.

"And this little weightlifting display totally put me off track - because we have *lots* bigger problems. Chris, your stupid boss *gave* the rest of that case of soda to, and I quote, 'some girls who were having a party.'"

"Oh...fuck me sideways..." Chris said weakly and fell heavily into the freshly repositioned futon.

Miyuki's mouth hung wide open. "Who," she finally got out. "Who *were* they?"

Rose punched the wall in frustration. It cracked under the impact - but as it had already been cracked from the earlier breast-pressure, this didn't seem to much of a problem.

"He doesn't *know*," she said, looking up at the ceiling in a "why me?" way. "He *thinks* they're

probably from the college as he *thinks* he's seen them at *Coffee City* before. In reality, they could be almost *anyone*."

"So what do we do?" Miyuki asked.

Chris stood back up with a jerk. "We have to find this party and get those sodas before anyone drinks them!"

"Damn straight!" Rose said. "We can't let anyone else drink this stuff. We're the *only* ones who know what it'll do - and the number of women who want tits the size of basketballs is trivial."

"Forget women growing," Chris pointed out. "The number of *men* who want tits of *any* size is trivial - and I'll lay you long odds there'll be at least *some* guys at that party."

"And what happens if they drink *more* than what we have?" Miyuki asked. "I mean, if less than two bottles will turn a guy into a girl, what would three, or four do to someone?"

"I don't think we want to know," Chris said darkly.

Rose nodded. "And look what happened with just the *three* of us touching," she added. "God knows what'll happen if it's five or ten or however many touch after they drink it and 'bust out?' They might balloon up big enough to cover the town. Or explode. Or never come down out of that über-orgasm."

She paused, then sighed.

"Or maybe they just plain old *die*!"

That brought the discussion to a halt.

"Rosey," Miyuki said quietly. "What if this stuff could kill us too?"

"Honestly?" She answered. "I have no idea what this stuff will do next or what we could do about it. All I can say is in that case, at least then we wouldn't have to find bras that fit these things."

She thumped the side of her left breast to emphasize what "things" she was talking about - and then scowled slightly at the fact that this thump felt good.

"That's not exactly a big plus," Chris said sourly.

Rose shrugged. "Chris, the next 'big plus' we find in all this will be the first."

Miyuki sighed. "So, how do we go about finding this party?"

As the head of a sorority - and with a name like Jessica Caden Chadwick - standard characterization in all the "teen sex comedy" and "dead teenager" films out there would have her being rich, blond, whiter than white, close to too thin but with a "C" or "D" cup, and be a royal status-climbing bitch - probably frigid - whose only goal in life is to keep "undesirables" down...usually to help her equally Nazi-youth boyfriend.

"Undesirables," of course, who would win in the end.

In reality, Jessica was closer to those teen-film "undesirables" than any sorority-bitch-queen caricature. More a scion of the lower-middle-class than the rich, she was a short brunette who, while no one would ever call her "fat," was far from being "too thin" and with small breasts equally far from being "D's." Finally, with a light caramel skin-tone thanks to her Mom's Peruvian genes, it was insured she had no future at all pulling off the "whiter than white" shtick even had she wanted.

And as her current boyfriend and one ex had discovered, "frigid" wasn't in the cards either...

Jessica was friendly to almost everyone. She ran a sorority more notable for its total lack of anything even vaguely "hazing-like" than for an obsessive need to bring down the local "Animal House" equivalent. Heck, she didn't even have the required (again, by teen films) S&M leathers for presiding over initiations.

But while they lacked the sadomasochism, the Chi Omegas *did* manage to keep up the one teen-film tradition of throwing good parties. Oh, they rarely ran over fifty people, major-music-groups-who-by-happenstance-were-in-town-that-day never played at them, and the cops had only come out twice in the last six years. Further - which would be much to the disappointment of teen film *watchers* - they never once devolved into an orgy.

Still, they were widely regarded as a "good party" by those who ended up at them.

Tonight's party was going to be fairly small - mostly the sisters, boyfriends (if available) and a handful of "others" to make for a more interesting mix. As it was still on the hot side of warm, even this late in September, it was going to be a pool party, with the requisite barbecues and whatnot, that would blend into dancing later in the evening.

Jessica along with two of her sisters Kim Mallery and Anna Malone - who had tried but failed to get themselves nicknamed "the M&M Girls" two years back, though no one knew why either they'd tried *or* they failed - had been planning it for a couple of weeks and had spent the morning picking up the last of the supplies. They'd lucked out in grabbing that free soda for Anna's "whatever" punch - which got it's name and occasional fame because Anna made it of "whatever" happened to be handy at the time - but they really didn't need it as the party was well budgeted.

Supplies tucked into cabinet, refrigerator and freezer, Jessica and her friends moved on to the "decorating" line of the check-off sheet.

Meanwhile, one-hundred and thirty-eight glass bottles of orange-colored magic chilled in the fridge...

Miyuki was on the net, seeing if by some chance this party big enough to be noticed there - or at least, blogged about - while Rose was on the phone, checking with some friends to see if *they'd* heard about a party tonight. She had one friend - Marsha - who normally knew of the existence of every party within two-hundred miles. But of course, that was also the *one* friend she couldn't get a hold of. Probably, Rose thought with annoyance, she was at a party.

She kept trying, as did Mi.

Chris, meanwhile, finished straightening up the living room. Or at least straightening it up as much as it could be without some plaster, paint and possibly a few new studs. Talking to people was pretty much right out for Chris, of course, with a voice a good two-octaves higher than any friends of "his" had ever heard.

It didn't help that "she" was still trying to get used to the existence of that "s" before "he." Though if Chris was going to be honest with himself...or herself...or *whateverself*, while "used to" would probably come before the heat-death of the universe, it wouldn't be very *much* before that time. And "used to" probably wasn't wanted anyway. What Chris *wanted*, of course, was to be male again - with all the dangly-bits and flat-chestedness that implied. A basketball-breasted bimbo was pretty much the complete opposite of that.

But if h...*she* thought about it too much - which pretty much translated as "at all" - *she* would just end up getting mad...and frustrated...and depressed. Really, *really* depressed. Scary depressed. That whole "superboob orgasm" thing had broken her out of it, but before that, Chris had been falling into a *very* deep hole, lined with thoughts that frightened her even more than the one of being a girl for the rest of hi... *her* life.

So Chris cleaned...and tried to think of what else to do. Maybe the bathroom next.

A few minutes later, Chris walked into the bathroom carrying windex, a roll of paper towels, and a scrubby. Rose was still on the phone, though now she was busily writing down names, addresses, times and - if she was lucky - phone numbers. She'd finally gotten through to Marsha and discovered that over the next three days, "party" had an "s" after it...possibly several. Miyuki had given up googling and was now mapquesting the addresses almost as fast as Rose was writing them down.

Chris had just sighed after looking at the ever lengthening list of parties. It was probably to be expected, after all: City plus College plus Weekend pretty much equaled "Party Town." Still, they were now looking at trying to track down one case of soda that might be at anywhere of over a couple dozen parties over the next three days, brought there by three girls out of potentially *thousands* of people. Assuming, of course, it was even still *in* town.

Chris sighed again and put down the cleaning stuff on the bathroom's counter - then glanced in the mirror...

...and stopped.

Chris had been avoiding mirrors since this had all happen, pretty much subconsciously. So looking into this one now, Chris froze when it wasn't "Chris" that looked back, but an unknown and stunningly sexy woman.

"Damn," Chris whispered, turning one way, then the next to look all over. "I look *good!*"

The stunningly sexy woman in the mirror started crying.

She was a blond of average height, but far more than average beauty. The long golden hair framed a face with high cheekbones, full lips, and surprisingly large blue eyes, with hints of green and gray.

Chris's eyes had been brown.

Panning down the breasts - of course - caught your eye first. It would be hard for them to do anything else, as they were formed perfectly curves of smooth, unblemished flesh pretty much the size of basketballs, which at the same time managed to both hang with a solid weight...and look like they were floating along as she moved. Nipples the size of chapstick caps poked forward from the coaster-sized pink bulges of areolae that finished off the supernaturally firm globes.

The jiggles that ran through them with every slight movement were almost unbearably sexy.

But - and Chris had an almost hysterical giggle in her head at this thought - *she was far more than just a pair of breasts*, no matter how huge or perfect. Shoulders wide for a woman held up those behemoths, which shadowed the taper down to a narrow but smoothly muscled waist. From there, came a flare of hips and smoothly bubbled butt, and shapely, muscular legs that - as the expression goes - just wouldn't quit. Chris now gripped the sink, unable to look away...

...part of Chris *badly* wanted to fuck the woman in the mirror...

...part blazed in wonder at the thought "I'm...*beautiful*"...

...and part just wanted to smash her head into that mirror again and again and again, until it shattered into dust and made that woman go away...



"But she isn't going to, is she?" Chris whispered to herself finally, releasing her death-grip on the porcelain - then picking up the windex and paper towels to begin to polish the horribly sexy woman in the mirror...

It was just after 4:30 that afternoon when the three finally left the apartment and climbed into Miyuki's Civic to begin their search for the right party. Rose held the list that was the fruits of their days work, along with a good thirty pages of maps downloaded from the web, roughly ordered to make the most of their driving time. She also had Mi's laptop, in case they needed to search for anything else online.

They wore, basically, the only thing they could - Miyuki's "sleeping" t-shirts. Nothing else the girls owned came even *close* to fitting over their new chests without stretching tight enough to threaten buttons or seams or both. And while they no longer qualified as "baggy," they were at least covering and nondescript. Along with some simple pairs of jeans - though it further depressed Chris that she now fit perfectly in a pair of Rose's - they hoped that the total effect would be a casual blandness that would help them to stand out as little as possible...and attract as little *attention* as possible.

Mind you, this would probably work better had they been able to work out anything even vaguely bra-like. Six large nipples poking against fabric that stretched over huge breasts which bounced to and fro every time they moved, or even simply *breathed*, just plain attract notice - even "camouflaged" within totally nondescript t-shirts.

Still, you do what you can. And what they could do at the moment was drive off towards party number one on the list and just keep hoping they got lucky...

While they were on their way to that first party, Jessica was making sure that the barbecue was up and running, then delegated to Kim and Emily the job of tossing hamburgers and hot dogs - and four tofu-dogs for Lin, their "token" vegetarian - onto the grill and then into the foil serving pans when done. A handful of guests had already arrived and the pool now echoed to delighted yells and screams and splashes as those in it made the most of what was probably their last chance until next summer.

With food cooking or already out and guests arriving, Jessica now had the chance to run upstairs and change into her bikini and put on a wrap around her hips. She came back downstairs to discover that her boyfriend Brandon had just arrived and welcomed him with a tight, warm hug and even warmer kiss. Five more guests had come in with him and the gathering was beginning to find its legs.

She smiled as she headed back out to the pool area, leaning on Brandon's strong arm. It was going to be a great party...

Party number one was a complete waste of time. Not even five yet, and the drink of choice seemed to be either Vodka, Bourbon, or Jägermeister - and Rose was terrified by the thought that the choice "all three" was just as likely. No one there would have brought something as obviously *non-alcoholic* looking as the *Gran Teton's* tonic even if they knew its effect on women - though judging by the crude comments, the mostly male guests certainly appreciated those "effects" on Miyuki, Rose and Chris.

Party number two was much less boozy and a great deal more cordial...but no more home to the tonic than the first. And while, unlike the first party, no one made any comments - rude ones, at least - it was easy to see that their three pairs of giant tits were attracting an *alarming* amount of attention.

Still, on the upside, they *did* distract enough that no one got around to asking just *why* they were looking for this "special soda."

They were searching and questioning at party number three - being held at a frat house - when Miyuki turned...and found two hands gripping her breasts, their owner managing to both grin like an idiot and leer at the same time. She blinked in disbelief for a second, then, as they threatened to go from gripping to kneading like bread dough, hauled back and slapped the asshole.

Apparently their "super strength" did more than let them carry giant breasts and lift futons, because she was shocked to see him fly half-way across the room to slam into a bookcase. There, he crumbled into a heap of books and deep unconsciousness. Chastised - and frightened - Miyuki quickly turned and half-ran for the door, while the rest of the party goers looked on in surprise, several heading over to check on the guy. Miyuki didn't stop until she got back to the car.

She was followed a couple of minutes later by Rose and Chris, who stayed just long enough to make sure the guy was all right, apologize...and casually not find any *Gran Teton's* bottles. They found her sitting sideways in the back seat, clutching her knees to her vast chest and rocking slightly.

"I could have killed him," she whispered as they got in the car, Rose taking the drivers seat.

"It's okay Mi, he's fine," Rose offered quietly.

Miyuki shook her head. "I still could have, could have...Rose I just *slapped* him! I almost knocked him through the wall. What if I had *punched* instead? What if he landed wrong. Rosey, I just almost *killed* someone!"

She began to cry.

Rose reached back and hugged her, resting her forehead against Miyuki's - and delicately tried to limit skin contact. For several minutes, Mi sobbed, then slowly the tears began to stop.

"Now we know," she said, wiping red eyes as she sat back up, turning the right way in the seat. Taking a deep breath and letting it out she continued. "Now we know that we have to be *careful*. It's more than the breasts or instant orgasms or even Chris's sex change - this stuff has made us *dangerous*."

The car was quiet for a minute.

"Next one?" Chris finally - if hesitantly - said.

Miyuki sniffed and nodded. "Next one. We *have* to find the stuff and find out what the *hell* is going on with us."

Rose turned the key and they headed off to party number four...

The party was winding into the evening. Almost everyone had finished swimming and now hung out inside the house proper, drinking, dancing and in general having a good time with one-another.

In spite of the natural reluctance of most to risk it - previous versions had ranged from quite good to scary-bad - Anna's first batch. of "whatever" punch was now down to some foamy scum at the bottom of the bowl. Most were now drinking beer or wine - or just plain old soda - but she still felt it worth the effort to mix another load.

In the kitchen, she pulled out ingredients. The generic lemon-lime soda was gone, so she started grabbing *Gran Teton's* bottles out of their case at the bottom of the fridge. After deducing the cap, she gave one bottle a slight taste and nodded to herself in approval - then began to pour.

With their small size, it took nearly twenty to make the equivalent of two two-liter bottles her "recipe" (for lack of a better term) called for, but soon a big bowl of punch, orange fizzyness highlighting the swirling white of the ice cream, was moved out to the table for guests. Anna herself grabbed the first glass...

The Civic slid itself at an angle into what wasn't really enough curb space to park at. Still, they all felt that with the next available space a good two blocks away - and parking tickets *way* down the current "worry list" - caring about poor parking really wasn't worth the effort.

This was party number seven on their list of eighteen and the first six had got them nothing but a handful of unwanted "call me" phone numbers (*especially* unwanted in Chris's case) and Miyuki a sore hand from slapping that guy. Their breasts continued to attract huge amounts of unwanted attention, which made the supposedly simple process of going to a party, checking it for the tonic, and then leaving a much longer process than they'd hoped.

When you have to half-fight your way through an instant crowd of admirers - and when asking a simple question of "do you have any of this 'Gran Tetons' stuff" it involves the difficult task of first getting them to move their eyes *up* - things just take longer.

The car was filled with discouragement.

Discouraged or no, though, all three of them climbed out of the car and headed for the Sorority House. Party signs directed them to the back, next to the pool, but when they got there only one guy was still lazily swimming about and it was obvious that all the action had moved inside.

A propped open door proved to lead to the kitchen, temporarily empty of both guests and sorority sisters.

Chris was the first to spot the now empty *Gran Teton's* bottles in the recycle bin and he grabbed a couple to show the others. Excitement quickly changed back to discouragement as she felt how light they were.

"They're empty," she said to them, dully.

"Oh great," Miyuki said. "So someone drank them?"

"And the other twenty-odd bottles in the bin," Chris added, eyeballing the pile of brown glass.

Rose grimaced. "If they have, it obviously hasn't taken effect yet, or we'd be hearing about it: The party still just sounds like a party. Any bottles left with something in them?"

"Not that I see," Chris replied. "Maybe they're out there with the rest of the party."

"Then let's get them before someone else does," Rose stated. "Come on."

The three headed for the door that led further inside.

As the evening continued, a few gave the punch a taste. Ten of those actually liked it enough to follow Anna's lead and get their own glass, including Jessica and Brandon. Lin and Hailee - neither of whom drank more than a single glass of wine when they drank at all - apparently appreciated the non-alcoholic concoction very much, as they were both on their third glass when a scream came from the second floor.

Rose, Miyuki and Chris came out of the kitchen into the main room, heads scanning rapidly for any sign of more tonic bottles. Three beautiful women with three enormous pairs of breasts instantly attracted male attention at the party and before they'd gotten more than five feet into the room all three were fending off attempted introductions and pickup lines as they continued their search.

Not a single bottle - or balloon-like breast - was visible and Rose was about to give a sigh of at least *partial* relief when her eye caught sight of the punch bowl. The orange color was alarmingly familiar - and the fact that it looked only half-full chilled Rose to her core...

...so when the scream happened, she was pretty sure she knew what was being screamed about...

Said scream was loud enough to cut through the noise of the party and bring everything to a halt. There was a crashing noise that drew everyone's eyes to the staircase and gave them all a perfect view as Jasmine stumbled to the landing, bracing herself against the walls with both hands to keep from falling.

Her dress had apparently exploded off the top half of her body, and was hanging loosely around her hips. Completely naked from those hips up, it didn't take a genius to figure out just what did the exploding.

Two round, massive breasts, each larger than her head, hung from her chest, swaying slowly back and forth as she tried to steady herself. Nipples like brown, crinkled marbles capped each wobbling mound. They drew every eye in the room to them as they gently rocked from side to side. For several long seconds, no one said a word...

...then someone yelled "Holy *shit*" and all hell broke loose.



It was about this time that Anna felt a burp coming on. Then she felt her bikini top coming off as her already large double-D breasts inflated like balloons. Two more burps and she hysterically realized that she would never consider double-D to be "too big" ever again, as each tit foamed up to a good eighteen inches in diameter, to finally wobble luxuriantly on her chest. This spectacular inflation was enough to pull most eyes from Jasmine to her as she worked her mouth in a frantic effort to say...well...*anything*.



And then Lin started to blow up. And blow up. And blow up. Three immense stretches had left her shirt in ruins and her tits each the size of a reclining chair. Across the room, Hailee screamed as her own breasts blew up nearly as large. And she just kept screaming.

Then Kim and Emily and Aziza all did some blowing up of their own, each ending up with tits ranging from at least head-sized to full twelve-inch spheres.

In the center of the room, Jessica didn't know what to do - or even which way to look. All about her her friends were blowing up like hyper-porn stars, while the rest of the guests yelled or screamed or just pointed. By now, Jasmine's boyfriend had pounded up the stairs to take her in his

arms, both to give comfort and to conceal her newly vast naked tits.

The "smaller" girls - God! What a word *that* was! - were trying to cover themselves, with hands or remnants of their tops or, in one case, a pillow off the couch. But it looked like the larger girls weren't even trying, as if the shock was too great, or the impossibility of doing so too obvious. Hailee continued to scream while one guy tried chivalrously to cover her four-foot breasts with his shirt, something it wasn't even close to managing. It hung like a doilie over just *one* mighty tit. The rest of those around her milled in confusion of their own over what to do.

And, *my God!*, what was Lin doing? She had fallen to the floor and now - and Jessica couldn't really believe this - was *stroking* her huge growths (Jessica couldn't bring herself to call them breasts) with a...a...*happy* look on her face, as if it was the most natural thing in the world. She turned to ask her boyfriend what was going on, though the question would have a lot of hysterical in it.

What she did instead, though, was burp.

Jessica felt the massive pressure in her chest *bulge* her small tits out. Suddenly, A-cups had become double-D's, or maybe F's and her hands grabbed her breasts in shock, trying to push them back *in!* The second burp proved the futility of that course of action as they plumped up to seven-inch spheres that strained and then *snapped* the strip of cloth between her bikini cups. The top fell away, exposing to all her almost-*vibrating* knockers, giving observers just enough time to wonder at their size before the third burp hit - and that size doubled and became a lot more wonderful.



Jessica, in shock, stood there, simply staring at the vast pair of breasts that had exploded from her bikini top, the remains of which now hung from her shoulders ike a dead thing. Brandon - equally shocked - stared himself at what had been his girlfriend's tits, now swaying balloons of cinnamon-colored flesh, each fully fourteen inches across.

He tried to mouth words of question, words of comfort, even words of "what the fuck?" - but he could get nothing out. So he stood there with mouth open, hands halfway between *pointing* at her boobs and *reaching* for them, with small, incoherent sounds coming out of his mouth...

...at which point the full glass of "whatever" punch he had drunk said "*What Ever...*"

Brandon felt a burp coming that changed halfway up into a punch in the stomach. He fell to his knees with a thud as bits all over his body began *pulling* and *pushing*. His tank-top felt tight, his board-shorts, loose. And this *tightness* and *looseness* seemed to sink right into his skin.

Another burp hit and he half screamed as he felt whole body simply *warp* into a new form. The yell was enough to attract Jessica's attention away from her newly swollen breasts just in time to see her boyfriend suddenly sprout a pair of his own. The front of his shirt rose into two full mounds that had to contain double-D's at least. Her boyfriend groaned with the exertion and began to pant heavily.

But it couldn't be her boyfriend, could it? Her mind burbled in confused denial. *I mean, it sorta looks like him, but...*

"Jessica..." Brandon managed to pant at her. His voice was strangely altered - but it was enough to remove doubt of his identity. That voice rose even higher in octave as he managed to pant out "what's...happening...to...meeeee?!"

The infamous third burp hit.

Jessica watched in horror as all traces of the *male* Brandon melted away from his face and body, to be replaced by delicate angles and rich, female curves. His new breasts *swelled* forth like airbags, bulging their way out of his shirt via the arm holes, pulling the front of it into the depths of newly created cleavage. They continued to swell for a few seconds, then just bounced there as if proud of their achievement. The only good thing you could say about them is that they were still smaller than those on her own newly ballooned chest. Unfortunately, that standard still left *lots* of room for shades of "huge" - and in this case that meant *basketball*-huge.

If she had been shocked by what had happened to others and then her, what had just happened to her *boyfriend* almost obliterated all thought. She stared at him with an wide-eyed intensity that would have set fire to wood, while he - now *she* - flailed hands about, half beating herself as they frantically tried to feel all the alterations and maybe squeeze them back into place. Finally, Brandon looked up at Jessica, face a mask of sheer terror, and began to cry.

What she did next was perfectly natural: She reached to put her arms around Brandon in comfort.

From across the room, Rose and Chris, seeing what was about to happen screamed "NO!" in unison - but neither Jessica nor Brandon were in any state to hear her, or even parse so simple a word as "no." Four absurdly inflated breasts - all completely naked - squished together in contact.

What *that* did, of course, was about as unnatural as it comes.

Brandon and Jessica shuddered and found the terror, fear, confusion and just plain *shock* in their heads was joined and then *overwhelmed* by a huge wave of erotic pleasure and an even huger one of *desire*. A hug that started as gentle one of comfort, intensified instantly into four arms *yanking* the two together as hard as possible, while lips found - and then ground - against each other in hungry kisses. Hips began to rock against one another too, as suddenly wet clits - one of them brand new - were maneuvered to *rub* each other as fast and hard as possible.

The two screamed as they came.

A wave of sexual energy exploded from the now orgasming pair and smashed through all those who had drunk the punch. None of the other men who had imbibed had yet begun to change when it hit, but it soon fixed that. Suddenly Anthony and Kajon found themselves going from a pair of guys to a pair of gals - and sprouting two pair of breasts that plumped to eight and nine inches in diameter, respectively. Ethan, Jacob and Danh, who had just tasted the punch before going back to their more standard beers, discovered that even a taste was enough to switch genders, though "fortunately" it was only enough to give breasts ranging from large "B" to larger "C."

Nychelle, the only woman to have "just tasted," found that this made her relatively lucky as well, as a pair of "only" F-cup dimensions suddenly popped almost all the buttons on her shirt and rocked heavily from her five-foot-two frame.

Now, though, no one had time to panic, or fear, or even go into shock, because a much *stronger* emotion instead called to them to grab and feel and fondle and just plain *fuck* the living daylights out of someone - *anyone!*

Thirteen newly grown women then just *jumped* on whoever was nearest, in a state of arousal that made the descriptive "in heat" just whimper and go back to the dictionary to hide from the comparison. Naturally, some of those jumped were jumpers themselves, and six new pairs of breasts made some contact of their own.

The wave of erotic this gave off was almost visible.

Rose, Chris and Miyuki didn't see this - though they felt it deep within. When Jessica and Brandon made their first contact, a collective "oh shit" ran through them and - in spite of the pull to *join in* that instantly filled them, causing nipples to harden like steel bar and panties to grow soaked - they turned almost as one and began to force their way through confused mass of people in the room. Since Miyuki's slap, all three tried to avoid doing anything that might hurt someone, but now they found their new strength useful as they used it to shove through and finally get clear.

Then they bolted for and through the front door, still clutching their sole "success" from this whole mess: Four empty tonic bottles that they'd picked up on their way in through the kitchen...

As the last of the drinkers were sprouting breast - and vagina, in most cases - and the sexual hunger poured through them, the trio were half tearing car doors open on the Civic and jumping inside. The - for lack of a better descriptive - "orgasmic wave" hit them as Miyuki turned the key and the three screamed as they fought to keep from returning just as fast or faster than they had escaped.

And to keep from attacking each *other* with hungry hands and lips.

Rose and Chris both made desperate "go, go, go" motions with their hands as Miyuki's foot found the gas and *punched* it with all the force she wanted to use instead to rip off clothes and grab hot flesh. The car roared down the street, swaying a little erratically, as she tried to put as much distance between them and what was about to happen as possible.

Inside, even those who hadn't had a drop of the tonic were now being affected. The orgasmic field had grown strong enough that they were being impelled to do some "jumping" all on their own - and for the first time, a Chi Omega party *did* end up in mass orgy, just like the teen films would have it.

The fact that some of the woman some of the men were now pounding as hard as they could had - just a little while ago - used the same changing room as themselves at the gym didn't matter in the slightest. Didn't even come up. Forty-seven minds were filled with nothing but arousal and need and orgasm and the one thought of "*must fuck!*"

Then came a new discovery. They didn't care about that either, but it was actually very important. The discovery was that when more than two pairs of tonic-inflated breasts come together, all the tonic-inflated breasts nearby start to again *inflate*.

Slowly tits that had grown up to anywhere from mere "B's" to over four feet wide found that, hey!, we can still grow some more! With more breast-contact here than at Rose and Miuyki's apartment earlier, that growth proved to be even quicker. Piles of bodies and boob, all rubbing as much of each other as possible, began to spread across the floor as those B-cups - and even four feet wide - were left far behind. Soon, two piles hit one another - and the growth almost instantly doubled. Single pairs of inflated breasts that so far hadn't met any others did so now as, like fast rising bread dough, the room filled with swelling tit until all the piles, all the breasts, came into contact.

The house literally exploded as thirty inflating breasts almost instantly ***BLAMMED*** up to twenty feet in diameter each. What had been a two story Sorority House crumbled outward and beneath the massive tit-pile and a collective scream of orgasm burst out of each of the forty-seven mouths of the former party-goers.

And still they grew.

Seventeen woman at the party had not touched a drop of the punch - most, because of earlier memories of drops that *had* been touched. And while now being just as sex-addled and committed to the orgy - and in most cases, *naked* as - as the nine who had (or the six new ones), they were still in possession of the same bra sizes they had arrived at the party with.

That changed.

On the non-drinker's breasts, the tingling already there from arousal grew to a buzz and suddenly a pressure *built* and was *filling* those breasts...

...filling them out to new - rarefied - reaches of the alphabet.

Oh, their growth soon stopped - if "basketball-size" as an end point qualifies as "soon" anywhere but in a pile of other breasts the size of semis - but while the sole difference to the orgy was that, now, there was even *more* to rub and feel, to Rose, Miyuki and Chris when they found out later, one

thing would become very obvious...

...something new had been added.

"Later," though was...*later*. Right then, Miyuki still had her foot all the way to the floor as the Civic screamed ever further away from what had become the "Party of the Enormous Bosoms." They could feel the sexual excitement emanating from the Sorority House behind them - and growing within themselves as well - even as they passed the five-mile away mark doing nearly eighty-five down a highway posted for forty-five.

Rose was desperately trying to keep her fingers off her tits - and more specifically, her nipples - as she fought the increasing need to just *fondle* herself. Hands that jerked away from the sides of her t-shirt encased boobs every time they drifted up to stroke showed that she was only *just* succeeding at this. Miyuki's fingers were nearly white she strained to keep them gripped on the steering wheel and *not* squeezing handfuls of tit. Biting her lip with the effort, she chanted in her head "...drive car not rub breast - drive car not rub breast..."

In the back seat Chris wasn't even trying anymore. She panted tiny whimpers of pleasure and fear as her hands kneaded firmly erect nipples that almost pierced her shirt.

And then they all felt a feeling they knew too well: The slow buildup of urgent pressure within breasts already too large to believe. They were starting to grow again.

"Mi!" Rose almost screamed, as her hands now went to her breasts not to fondle, but to try and hold back.

Miyuki's foot if anything pressed harder on the pedal as her shirt went from tight to overstretched. "I know, I *know*. We've got to find a place to get out fast. Our breasts barely fit in here now!"

"Shirts off!" Chris said from the back. She seemed to be growing slightly faster than the others. "We can't rip these, we don't have any others!"

And she followed this statement by yanking her shirt up above her swelling tits, releasing the beachballs of flesh, where they promptly wedged up against the seatbacks as they continued to balloon.

"Out first! Out first!" Rose said frantically, hugging her breasts back as well as she could and thinking that Chris had fixated on a pretty minor worry, given the situation. "We can't risk touching! *Mi*..." she pointed. "There!"

But Miyuki had seen it first and was already yanking the car right and into the lot for Doda Park, in spite of her breasts now wedging themselves ever tighter against the steering wheel.. They squealed into a parking spot, front wheels banging into the curb, and all three leapt out of the car

an ran towards the trees-y area across the baseball field...

...or, at least, "leapt" and "ran" as well as anyone could while maneuvering a pair of now thirty-inch wide boobs...

This time of night, the park was deserted and as they ran Rose and Miyuki had joined Chris in releasing their inflating chests from the confines of now even-more-stretched-out shirts, fortunately before anything fabric-like began tearing. Quickly they reached the area of widely spaced oak trees where they were at least partially screened from the highway.

They all slowed and stopped, looking wildly around them as breasts bobbed with the same wildness. Rose shook her head - it was getting hard to think.

"Spread...spread out," she said finally. "And face away from each other. We gotta have room to grow and we *really* gotta avoid touching!"

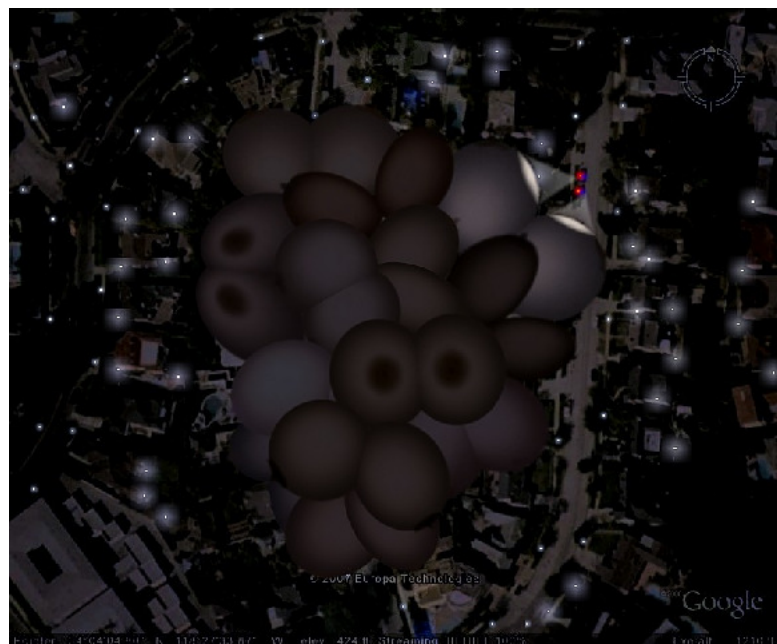
The trio did so, each putting a good thirty, forty feet between their back and the other two's. Then, almost as if at a signal, they all fell heavily to their knees and with porn-movie-like moans, began to stroke the three-foot wide tit-balloons that wobbled dramatically in front of each of them, still growing...

The Sorority House was completely gone now, smashed flat beneath a pile of breasts now wobbling in the five-story-high range. Thirty breasts each over fifty feet in diameter take up a lot of space and the destruction had spread to houses on either side of the sorority, to the ones behind it, and it was edging its way up to the front porch of the house across the street.

And no one seemed to care.

While the owners of these zeppelins were fairly immobile - if you discount the slow but steady spread of their growth - men and less-endowed women constantly moved all over and around the mountainous piles, trying to *touch* every square inch of tit-stuff, even as those square inches constantly increased.

Men came again and again, thrusting impossibly hard cocks against the rumbling mountains of warm softness. Women did too, rubbing their pussies and own basket to beachball swollen tits against their giant sisters.



And those who had drank the tonic - and grown to mountain-size - came in repeated massive explosions without needing to move or rub anything at all.

More and more people arrived as the tit-pile spread and the orgasmic field expanded; tearing off clothing to join the orgy as the men's cocks grew iron-stiff and the women's breasts just *grew*.

The field was spreading so wide now, though, that not everyone could make it to the site before they were overcome by the need to have sex with *someone*. It didn't seem to be affecting anyone younger than sixteen or seventeen - which would be a blessing later - but past that cut-off age, *everyone* found themselves joining in. Even those who hadn't had a sexual thought in decades discovered that the most raging impotence or icy frigidity wasn't going to be any sort of impediment at all.

Within a slowly expanding circle, currently a mile wide, men and women hungrily eying one-another - or several others - and just as hungrily tore off clothing in a need to get *naked* and *down* as fast as possible. Who the other person was - or persons were - didn't seem to matter as the single initial orgy now birthed dozens of smaller, but no less *intense* ones.

And just like in the original, women soon found themselves going basketball.

By now, the event had started to attract official attention: Attention that soon resulted in an abandoned police car sitting near two officers who were doing their best to swallow a nipple pretty much their own size...and a firetruck - slowly being slid sideways by an inflating wall of breast - with its ladder extended so that those it had carried could climb more *quickly* onto the top of that same breast.

Everyone's face was now a tense mask of pure orgasmic pleasure and the minds behind those masks could think of nothing *but* that pleasure as it burned away all other thought in a white flame of erotic fire. Meanwhile, a neighborhood - and possibly soon, an entire town - was slowly being destroyed beneath the spreading, building-sized tits of this hyper-orgy...

...and it just felt so damn *good!!!*

A Rose mewling with her own ever-increasing pleasure continually swept hands in long arcs over what small part of her now six-foot diameter breasts she could reach; feeling the hot, smooth, *swollen* flesh almost vibrating with both arousal and need beneath her long fingers. A fine sheen of sweat covered her from the effort of her exertions.

Nearly ten miles from the former Sorority House, *their* growth, at least, was no where near as mountainously vast, but now every few seconds, another orgasm jerked through them from pussies to nipples, causing the three to scream in delight and shudder - a motion inflated boobs amplified into sloshing waves across their bulk.

Rose could feel the other two behind her - hell, even over her own cries, she could *hear* the other two - as orgasms racked them all. And there was an almost *infinite* pressure for her to *get up* and *go to* them - to *join* them in pleasure - to *touch* and *feel* and *squeeze* every delicious inch of their equally swollen bodies. Rose was sure - *knew* - they were feeling this just as strongly.

Fortunately, "super strength" (or whatever) or no, no one was going to get up and drag what was now over eight tons of tit thirty feet to meet up with sixteen tons more - no matter how much that twenty-four tons total all wanted to be rubbing up against one-another.

Tit-growth stopped - or at least, paused - with each mighty breast just over seven-feet in diameter. The *orgasms*, however, began to grow stronger and stronger. A towering tidal wave of arousal and ecstasy was crashing over them, carrying their rational minds away into an impossibly deep churning sea of pure pleasure...

...something was going to give...soon...

No one was looking - because that would take time away from feeling and touching and tasting and *fucking* - but the whole breast-pile at the Sorority House site was actually glowing slightly...in a nice Cherenkov-blue.

By now a literal range of hills big enough to have elevation markers and passes, the thirty breasts of the drinkers supported hundreds of orgasming others. Everyone there could now feel an immense build-up of pre-orgasm pressure - pressure somewhat similar to that experienced in a *really* small box...when of an H-Bomb is set off inside. Pressure that *nothing* could hold back, not ever...

...and, of course, nothing did.

There was a...*detonation*...and an entire town of twenty-five thousand people screamed at once in an collective orgasm so massive, Cal-Tech's earthquake sensors picked it up nearly five hundred miles away.

It seemed to go on forever. The sheer pleasure so impossibly strong that, more and more, those experiencing it just...passed...out.

Gradually, it began to fade - as much as because the number remaining *conscious* dwindled like a sputtering candle. Eventually, only the fifteen still held awareness of the nova-flame of the orgasm. Then...they too...one at a time...reached their impossibly extended limit and dropped like gold bricks into unconsciousness.

Now unobserved, the whole bustic mountain range slowly began to subside, carrying its cargo of spent men and balloon-breasted woman slowly back down to the ground. Fully four-hundred people soon lay strewn about the flattened wreckage of a dozen buildings, all of them still passed out from the immense strain of repeated orgasmic-overload.

Slowly, over the course of nearly an hour, the impossibly vast tits of the fifteen tonic drinkers - women and former men - shrank back down to a volume closer to that of medium-sized beachballs than medium-sized stadiums. Mixed amongst the others, they soon became indistinguishable from the other women whose breasts had "only" grown that large to begin with.

Across the rest of the city, those who had been affected by the "orgasmic field" began to recover and crawl back up from dark unconsciousness to a still-blurry world of sweaty exhaustion. Feelings of fear, anger, confusion and simple - if deep - shame ran rampant as the couples (and triples and quadruples and reallyalotples) who had just an hour ago been eagerly attacking each other with sex-starved desperation and "ride 'em cowboy!" vigor suddenly discovered just *what* they had been doing.

With luck, they knew the other (or all of the other) partners - though this was often less lucky than you'd think. With even *more* luck, said other was someone that - in a more normal state of mind - the idea of having sex with had actually existed before. Random chance being what it is, though, this was far from the norm, and fully half the people came off their orgasmic high laying next to someone they at *best* knew from passing them on the sidewalk. Incoherent apologies, terrified screams, and frighten grabbings of clothing (if intact) or other coverings broke out in a city-wide wave. Many, if not most, had no idea that this had happened to more than them - though this soon changed as streets and hallways, not so long ago filled with those looking for sex, were soon filled with those running for home...or the police...or the church...or the hospital...or *anywhere* but where they were.

That most of the women "woke up" to discover themselves the owners of breasts now running from large cantaloupe to larger watermelon in size certainly didn't calm anything down - and perhaps explains why "hospital" was one of the more popular female destinations as they ran.

To say that most people - while "recovered" - were less than "all right" would be an understatement right up there with one saying that, ohhh, Jessica's breasts had gotten "kinda big." While apart from the party site - and some torn clothes and other minor breakage - very little *physically damaging* had actually happened to the town...

...mentally, the place was New Orleans after Katrina - with possibly a bit of Bagdad tossed in.

Still, as more and more people began to regain, well, *themselves*, various emergency services started to power up again as some began to try and deal with what was now the world's first sexual disaster area.

By one a.m., the party site was swarming with police cars, firetrucks and other emergency vehicles. The FBI was there in full suit and tie (even if they had been torn - or burst - off a few hours earlier) and a whole swarm of doctors and scientists were beginning to pick through the remains, question victims, and generally start pounding their heads against the wall from the fact that absolutely nothing made any *sense*.

Party guests - the female half easy to pick out by their beachball-sized breasts, even amongst of sea of basketball-sized ones - were rounded up and tested, with special effort placed on the tonic-

drinkers (at least, after enough witness's reports were shifted through to identify that *they* were the initial...ummm..."expanders"). When it was discovered that six of them *had* been male - and that no trace of that maleness was now findable - those heads against walls began knocking considerable-sized chunks of plaster loose.

By five a.m. what had happened - or at least, what some *thought* had happened - was gradually filling the airwaves across the nation, while broadcasters tried to figure out how they could show - or even *talk* about - a city-wide orgy of wild sex and absurdly growing breasts without attracting FCC condemnations.

By six a.m., stories of the event on TV, radio and internet had gone from "national" to "worldwide" and from "filling" to "full." Images and videos of growing breasts, some bursting from clothes, piles of folk writhing in sexual ecstasy, and the great hulking shapes of the tonic drinkers mountainous tits - most taking by people who succumbed to the orgasm field themselves just minutes or seconds after - filled every online image and video site. Even those that nominally banned nudity or "porn."

By seven a.m., most of the whole world knew of the event - and most had seen at least some of the images or videos. Even in countries that *banned* such things, the sheer tidal wave of news broke through firewalls and laws and fines and at the absolute least, people were hearing by word-of-mouth.

By eight a.m., the Governor had declared the area one of disaster - something which would later be decried as "*much too slow a response.*"

By nine, the Feds had quarantined the whole shebang. Given the number of roads in and out, the little detail that it had been nearly eight hours already - and the fact that you could *walk* over the hills to the next city - this quarantine was far from tight. But it was a sign of how desperate the government thought things just might be.

Something had happened there - something huge. And everyone just wanted to know what.

Ten miles from the epicenter, Rose, Chris and Miyuki recovered a lot sooner than most and even before one a.m. they had shrunk back to their "normal" dimensions - disappointed to find that "basketball" remained their smallest size - recovered their shirts and returned to the car to discuss "what to do next."

Miyuki reached inside the car to turn the radio on and to a local station. The commentary was...well, "hysterical" and "incoherent" pretty much describes it...but from what they could hear, the "event" had spread across the whole town and women all over it - even those who hadn't been within five miles of a bottle of *Gran Teton's Healthful Tonic* - were trying to deal with the fact that their cup sizes now were now being measured in cubic feet.

It was at that point that Miyuki felt two wet spots on her shirt - and was pissed off to discover that they hadn't ended up getting smaller again this time - once again - things had changed. Pulling

up her shirt, two streams of white liquid sprayed from each swollen nipple and dribbled down the deep curves of her amber breasts.

She was now lactating.

Stomping over to some bushes, she spent the next ten minutes trying to express enough milk that her shirt would at least stay dry for a bit - all the time having to ignore the pleasure handling her nipples gave her - while the other two stood around awkwardly, continued to listen to the radio...and worried when it would happen to them.

Finally empty - or empty enough - she pulled the still damp shirt back down and walked back to the car again.

"Okay," she said in a very annoyed tone. "Did I change *again* because the *others* drank the stuff, or because we're just still changing ourselves from it?"

Rose shrugged. "Like we know."

"And as if it matters," Chris said, throwing up her hands. "With all the changes so far, that one's just icing."

Miyuki grimaced at this, pissed by the fact that to Chris, her suddenly become "Drifty, the Driftwood Cow" apparently now only qualified as "icing" - and *really* pissed by the fact that she couldn't actually *refute* that.

"Now what the hell do we do?" Chris continued. "We haven't got the stuff - heck, *no* one has the stuff anymore..."

Chris was wrong on this - but none of them knew it at the time.

"...we still don't know where it's from, *and* we now have absolutely zero leads."

She kicked the tire in frustration.

"Oh, and just for fun, I might get some 'icing' of my own and start fountaining milk at any second!"

Rose sighed. "Well, at least we won't be the only ones researching it now. Town's going to be *crawling* with scientists trying to figure what happened."

"And they've got exactly the same information to start from we do - a bunch of empty hundred-year old soda bottles. Except that I bet *they* won't connect them to what happened at all!" Chris pointed out with a grumble.

Miyuki, still pulling the front of her shirt away from her breasts so that it would dry quicker - which took considerable pulling, even as stretched out as it was - nodded. "And what help will it be if they do? Face it, it's *definitely* magic - or science so far ahead of us they'll *never* figure it out.

Our only hope is that some sort of antidote exists - so we've got to find where this stuff came from ourselves."

Rose grunted an agreement. "Yeah - and I think we should start someplace other than back at the apartment. I'll lay really long odds it'll be *very* hard for three women with basketball-sized breasts to get out of town soon - and probably for a good long time. They might think we're contagious or something. Hell, *I'd* think I was contagious if I didn't know what happened."

Mi let go of her shirt and put her hand on Rose's arm - twinging slightly at the blip of pleasure it brought. "Rosey," she said quietly. "You know we might very well *be*. The radio said women were growing all over town - maybe *all* of them. *They* didn't have any of the tonic, but they were growing just the same. And if they grew without *drinking* it, that only leaves them being *made* to grow by those who *did* drink it. And that includes us."

And *that* caused a solemn pause in the discussion.

"We don't have a choice, I think," Chris said finally.

"No. No we don't," affirmed Rose with a sigh. "Though we can take it as read that if we thought boob-touching was dangerous *before*..."

"...now we know it's just not *us* who's in danger," Miyuki finished.

The solemn pause returned. Soon though, the three slowly got back in the car and Miyuki pulled them out on the highway...

...headed away from town.

By five in the morning, while most of the world was just discovering "a plague of breasts," they were in a Santa Monica motel room a good hundred and fifty miles away and hoping that even *their* breasts might not be noticeable - or *too* noticeable - ten minutes from Hollywood and five from *Dr 90210* territory.

Still, only Rose had gone in to register, since even a night clerk at five a.m. isn't sleepy enough to not notice *three* pairs of women smuggling volleyballs under their shirts. At least she didn't seem to connect Rose's impressive frontage with the reports just hitting the aging TV behind her of something strange happening in a small college town near San Luis Obispo.

Rose really hoped that lack of connectivity would continue.

Three showers - and a stop at a drive-through just up the street from the motel - had done a lot to improve their moods. While they were still tired, they decided to examine the only thing they had to show from the nights events: The handful of empty tonic bottles.

The three spent the next ten minutes carefully examining the four bottles they had held on to during their rather rushed escape from the Sorority House, looking for *any* information about where they came from. Or indeed, any information at *all*.

There was the label on the front that they by now knew so well, with its mocking stylized "mountains." A tiny legend on the ceramic "bottlecaps" pronounced them to be from the "Albuquerque Safety Bottle Closure Company" - which was interesting, but not thought highly useful.



Finally Miyuki noticed it on the bottom of each bottle. Molded into the glass at the center was a small number, "1898." They guessed this was probably the year the bottle was made. And in very tiny rounded letters molded around the bottom's rim, almost invisible unless the light hit it the right way, was the statement:

"Gran Teton's Bottling Company - 21 West Extension Street - Pechos Grandes, New Mexico"

"Okay," Rose said. "Looks like we have a location to start."

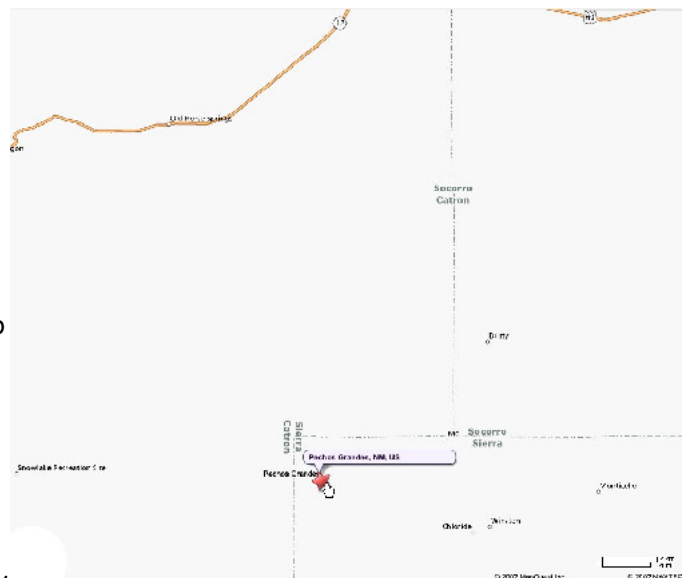
"If it is - or was - a real address," Chris pointed out. "'Pechos Grandes' is just Spanish for 'Big Chests' - it

could just be a joke."

Miyuki chimed in. "To Mapquest, then!"

Mi's laptop did a quick online search and they discovered there *was* a small town called "Pechos Grandes" about a hundred odd miles southwest of Albuquerque, just north of Gila National Forest in an area lightly dotted with equally small towns with names like "Chloride" and "Franks Place." Zooming in all the way also showed an "Extensión Street" - possibly long enough to have a number 21...

"It still could be a fake," Rose said. "But at least we've got a place to start looking. It's weird, though. If it was made there and this crate got all the way to California, these *can't* be the *only* bottles of this stuff they produced. They had to have made hundreds, at least - maybe thousands.





And even if somehow this is the *only* crate of this stuff they ever made - which is unlikely as hell - heck, Chris, you said there were four bottles already missing from this crate when you found it. We've seen what happens when some of this stuff gets loose. So shouldn't there be reports of a 'plague of enormous breasts' in New Mexico from 1898 or so? Even *one* person drinking this stuff at the time would have been, well, *noticed*."

"Well, those four could have been broken or something, but I get your point," Chris said. "Instant 'Enormous breasts' get noticed - especially a century before silicone."

She grimaced.

"And when they sprout on women who used to be *men*, they'd get even more noticed. Maybe if we do a look through newspaper articles from that time we'll see some sort of mention. Maybe," she started to get excited, "maybe they'll even link it to the 'tonic!'"

"Well then *this*," Miyuki said, pointing dramatically

upwards, "looks like it's Road Trip Time!"

To be continued?

Written by David Johnson - "Fuzzy" - ©August 28th, 2007
[http://members.bearchive.com/~Fuzzy/
djheadmonkey@earthlink.net](http://members.bearchive.com/~Fuzzy/djheadmonkey@earthlink.net)

