

Molly's Mounds

by Walster

Molly was a very insecure girl ...and an upcoming milestone, her 20th birthday, was *not* filling her heart with gleeful anticipation. In fact, quite the opposite was the case. As a younger girl, she had thought that by the time she had reached her twenties she would her life reasonably worked out. In her adolescence, Molly had pictured that by her 20th birthday, she would firstly have a cute boyfriend ...maybe even a loving husband if she was over partying. She also figured that a good school record in her early years would continue to help secure her a place in a good college.

However, as in most cases, life doesn't always turn out as planned. While her mother was a very good looking lady for her age and her elder sister Fiona had been blessed with all the benefits of puberty, Molly had sometimes thought she might be adopted. Her sister, Fiona, began her growth spurt at the age of thirteen and never stopped growing in *all* directions until her late teens. Fiona grew to be taller than her mother at 6'1" with limbs that were also thinner and more toned than her mother's at a similar age. The other key feature that was more impressive than her yummy mummy was her bust. While her mother had always sported a generous C-cup, Fiona had grown through that range by the age of 16. Two years later, she proudly boasted a widely admired set of DD's.

Molly, who was only just fifteen months younger than Fiona, reached her mid-teens with big expectations after watching her sister continue to develop into a very hot teenager. Molly's 14th birthday came and went, then her 15th and by her 16th she was still wearing a training bra (although she used to pad it to avoid utter embarrassment). Her breasts started to grow to her delight just after her 16th birthday and she was looking forward to being a late bloomer. But soon after she had finally reached a full-ish A-cup, they stopped growing ...for good. Molly tried repeatedly to tell herself that she was as pretty as her mother or sister, that she really was a B-cup and that a second spurt would come along any month to complete the job ...none of those thoughts would prove to be true.

As Molly's confidence nose-dived about her looks, many other facets of her life seemed to change for the worse as well. Most of her childhood friends seemed to drift away as they became pretty and hung around with the popular girls. Her increased stress about her looks ensured she was less focused on her school work and her grades began to slip – soon after, she wasn't even smart enough to hang around with the nerds. Any potential suitors that knocked on the front door or instant messaged their home PC always wanted to speak with Fiona, not Molly.

Molly's life was not a *total* disaster, a month away from her 20th birthday, she was healthy and she had maintained one true friend, Ingrid, all the way through to college ...community college, that is. It was in a community college class one day that her friend Ingrid, in an attempt to match-make, introduced Molly to her cousin Clinton (Clint, for short). Clint was no oil painting – if the truth be told, he was a scrawny, untidy young man. However, it had been a long time since Molly had had anyone resembling a boyfriend and Clint was prepared to talk to her at length – beggars could not be choosers.

Around four weeks later, the day before Molly's 20th birthday, Molly was still seeing Clint and things seemed to be moving along well. Clint had started to work out at the gym, he was smartening his appearance up and it seemed like he really wanted to make a go of it with Molly. Molly would not know it, but Clint was actually a fairly shy guy and hadn't even propositioned her to get to third base as yet – he thought he might try his luck on her birthday. However, Molly's insecurities kept borrowing away at the back of her brain – she'd noticed that other girls in the class were now noticing Clint as well and she couldn't help but think that Clint, while he seemed interested in her, would soon leave her for one of the prettier girls in the class. Lord knows that he had seen his mouth agape those few times he had crossed paths with her sister Fiona at her house.

Molly could not handle the building anxiety any longer – she was sure she was going to lose Clint if she didn't do something about her boyish exterior. She considered all of her options and kept coming back to the fact that she could not afford cosmetic surgery. Then a thought crossed her mind. She had remembered a story that she had heard in her final year at high school from some of the Goth girls (that could bear her company at the time) that there was a place called SEEK & HYDE that could help

people with their insecurities. SEEK & HYDE was a little shop in a mostly vacant shopping mall in a quiet part of town. Supposedly, they sold items that were able to help people overcome their greatest fears. At the time, Molly did not give it much thought, as she did not have much money to throw around in her school days. Now however, thanks to a bit of recent part time work, she had a little money to examine this possibility. Molly figured that it could just as well be a schoolyard myth, but she was desperate – she had to give the store a visit.

Molly walked through the doors of SEEK & HYDE, but apart from the doors being open, she could have easily been mistaken for thinking the store was no longer trading. There were shelves of bric-a-brac, some old trunks and plain boxes, racks of grey and black clothes (now she realized why the Goth girls were fond of the store) ...and no other shoppers. In fact, she could not see anyone in the store at all, not even behind the counter. Molly was cursing herself for a wasted trip and began to walk out the door when she heard a crackly, “Are you looking for something?”. Molly spun around to see a tiny old lady hobble out from behind a clothes rack, using a walking cane to help keep her steady. “Ah ...ah, yes”, Molly said surprised, “but I’m not sure if you will be able to help me”. Molly continued a little embarrassed, “I was told you sell things to help people with their insecurities ...but I can’t really see anything that might help me...”. The old lady interrupted, “But you haven’t seen everything yet, have you my dear ...and it may not be something you can see that is able to help”. The old lady then motioned to Molly to follow her to the back of the shop where she should see a purple curtain. The old lady slowly stepped behind the curtain and before Molly could follow her, a hand reached out with surprising strength and pulled her into a dark tiny room. At that moment, there was a blinding flash of light and Molly fell backwards. While Molly rubbed her eyes and regained her vision, she noticed that she had fallen into a chair ...or had she been pushed, she could not be sure. Either way, she was still recovering from the shock of the bright light and the surprising amount of strength the old lady seemed to possess. When Molly looked up, she was amazed that the old lady did not look nearly as old. Indeed, now that her vision had fully returned, even in the darkened room, the store owner had to be at least thirty years younger. Molly was still in shock. There was no one else in the room – the room was only just big enough for the two chairs she found themselves now sitting in and a small table in between. On the table

was an old lamp which at the moment was clearly not shedding any light. The store owner now introduced herself. Her voice also sounded younger. "I am Mistress Hyde and I believe I can help you with what you seek", she stated. While still quite freaked out, Molly was also intrigued. This Hyde lady must be a sorceress of some kind – what else could explain what just happened. After a large gulp, Molly began to explain in detail how she came to be in her store in the hope that Ms. Hyde may be able to help her.

Mistress Hyde listened to Molly for ten minutes before she was able to tell that Molly's greatest insecurity was her frame, in particular her A-cup breasts. Mistress Hyde had heard enough and broke into Molly's story to confirm that she would be able to help with her biggest insecurity.

And then came two small catches... firstly Mistress Hyde asked Molly for her trust ...and \$500. Secondly, she said that the service she could perform could only take effect on the anniversary of the day of Molly's birth, but that the effects would be everlasting from that day on. Most importantly, SEEK & HYDE provided a money-back guarantee. Molly thought for a moment. She liked the coincidence that tomorrow was her birthday so she wouldn't have to wait long. But \$500 was a massive chunk out of her savings. On the flipside, it was still a lot cheaper than surgery ...and hey, she was sitting in a room with someone who seemed to be a sorceress, a sorceress who could provide a money back guarantee. While Molly finished thinking, Mistress Hyde had already put an EFT machine on the table. Within a minute Molly had swiped her credit card and Mistress Hyde had begun speaking in soft tones. As Mistress Hyde kept murmuring, the ancient lamp started to glow brighter. Molly began to think if she had just paid \$500 to be hypnotized but before she could think much more, she was out. With Molly's head slumped on her own tiny chest, Hyde continued to chant an ancient language and Molly's hypnotic state continued to get deeper. The Mistress then began to speak in English and conveyed to Molly's subconscious... *"on your birthday, you will not worry about your small breasts ...in fact, you will draw attention to your breasts, that's right, you will draw attention to your breasts, because each time that a person talks about your breasts, they will grow in size ...each time another refers to your breasts, they will become bigger ...draw attention to your breastssomeone else speaks of them ...become larger ...your breasts ...some one else ...breasts bigger..."*

As Mistress Hyde's words began to trail off, the old lamp continued to glow brighter and the light began to envelop Molly. As soon as Molly's body was covered in light, the light seemed to flash and disappear. The flash of light woke Molly – she felt groggy but otherwise fine. She looked around and could see Mistress Hyde slide a card across the table. As she did so, Hyde said, "your birthday will bring you joy, your biggest insecurity will ebb away". Then the Mistress rose from her chair and promptly walked through the curtain with another bright flash of light. "What the...?", Molly thought as she squinted to regain her sight. Jumping out of her chair to re-enter the shop, she wanted to know more from Mistress Hyde. Instead of seeing the Mistress, she flung the curtain aside to find an empty darkened shop. Where was Mistress Hyde...? Molly called out with no answer. Was it now dark outside...? How long had she been in that tiny room...? Molly paused and then walked quickly out of the store wondering if she had just been stung for \$500. As she walked back to her car, she held the card that she had been given under a shop's security light. The card read "*Mistress HYDE – Helping Your Dreams Eventuate*. Need help – call 1800 MS HYDE". Molly immediately dialed the number and waited ...and waited. No answer. 'Great!' Molly thought sarcastically. Looking at the time on her phone, she realized that it was after 11pm and had to head straight home. She had a day of college and a birthday dinner with Clint to be ready for tomorrow.

Molly awoke from a troubled night's sleep with lingering doubts that she had blown \$500 the night before. Wait a minute! Today was her birthday – she didn't feel any different but rushed to the bedroom mirror anyway. A brief moment of joy turned to despair when she could see that her profile had clearly not changed from the day before. Also in the mirror's reflection, she noticed the time on her digital clock. Shit! She was going to be late for college – she did not want another girl grabbing the seat next to Clint in the first class. Molly threw on the first clothes she could find, ran down the stairs and rushed out the door, with the cries of "Happy Birthday" and "Happy 20th" from her parents and sister Fiona bouncing off her as she flew past. Molly would have to acknowledge them and their presents later. What she should also have acknowledged were the clothes that she threw on herself unconsciously. Double Shit! She looked down and saw that she was wearing her baggy jeans and a white button-up blouse that had clearly shrunk in the wash. The blouse barely covered the top of her

jeans and it was now quite tight around her upper body, showing each contour of her A-cup bra. Fantastic! Way to show the world that you have tiny boobies, she thought. She was normally a lot more careful in the way she dressed and either padded her bra or wore a loose top. Today in her haste, Molly had done neither.

Molly walked into the class just as it was starting. Everyone that attended that class had taken their seats and luckily for Molly, Clint had saved the one beside where he was sitting. Molly also spotted her friend Ingrid who was sitting just in front of where she was about to sit. It was as Molly was moving through the rows to her seat when one of her male classmates whispered to his friend, "Geez, I knew that chick was flat ...but I reckon I ate a pancake this morning that was lumpier than her breasts". As Molly took her seat, she felt like she was out of breath for a second as her chest felt a little tight. The other classmate responded, "you're not wrong there, they sure are some tiny titties". The strange feeling returned for Molly, but this time the feeling of tightness remained until she adjusted her blouse. Clint leaned over and gave her a peck on the cheek and saw the semi-pained expression on Molly's face and asked if she was okay. "I'm fine", Molly replied, "...stupid washing machine shrunk my blouse, that's all". Molly immediately crossed her arms across her chest to cover her insecurity. As she did so, she could feel something pushing from under her folded arms. Molly slid her fingers under her blouse's top button and took a peek down and noticed that her breasts looked slightly bigger. Maybe she should wear this top more often - it seemed to push her breasts together so that she could see a hint of cleavage. As she admired the small crease, her breasts felt like they moved together a little more and the crease got a little deeper and longer. Molly blinked hard in disbelief and said "damn" almost under her breath. She was still looking down when she felt a tap on her head from in front of her. It was Ingrid who jokingly whispered, "sorry to distract you from talking to your breasts ...but Happy Birthday, you twenty-something". Ingrid giggled and turned back around, while Molly began to grimace. The tight feeling returned and Molly couldn't help but look down. This time she noticed her blouse move slightly outwards. As her blood began to pump faster, Molly could feel the pulse in her chest and with each pulse her blouse moved outwards a little more. She pulled her tight blouse forward as much as it allowed and she could see her breasts were bigger ...and still slowly getting bigger. 'Mistress Hyde ...you're a legend!', she thought. Wow, this is amazing. Her breasts were now a B-cup in an A-cup bra, which to Molly looked impressive.

By now, Clint couldn't help but notice that Molly appeared to be staring at her chest. Being a little distracted himself, he reached for his bottle of water without looking and knocked it clean across Molly's part of the desk. Some of the water splashed off the desk onto Molly's blouse making the blouse see-through in a couple of places. Clint quickly fumbled for his handkerchief and tried to help Molly dry herself and her desk. While those around were snickering at the spill, Clint accidentally brushed Molly's left breast while drying to dry part of her blouse. "Sorry, I didn't mean to get your boob", Clint said while blushing. The spilled water was continuing to spill across Molly's desk and onto her jeans so Clint quickly excused himself from the room to get some paper towels. Just as Clint was leaving the room, that strange feeling returned to Molly. This time she watched intently as her breasts began to make decent indentations in her blouse. Her blouse was now being pulled tightly across her back as any spare material was being ushered to the front. Molly could now see her cleavage without pulling her blouse back. The tops of her almost C-cup breasts were now also visible above the top of her blouse. While Molly looked down, her chest also had Ingrid's attention again who had just said "Wow, Clint should spill water on your top more often, it certainly makes your boobs look bigger". As the words finished leaving Ingrid's mouth, another small surge hit Molly. This time Ingrid could see Molly's breasts expanding before her eyes. A decent gap appeared between Molly's top two buttons and then began to fill with deeper cleavage. Molly's blouse was also slowly rising at its base – she could now almost see her belly button. She could feel stitching pull and tear under her arms. She began to hunch forward so it wasn't so obvious to others, but Ingrid could only stare in disbelief as her friend had just grown a firm perky pair of C-cup breasts before her eyes. Before Ingrid was able to speak again, Molly quickly asked Ingrid to cover for her by telling Clint not to feel bad but that she had gone home to get some dry clothes on. All Ingrid could stammer was "o...o...okay".

Clint returned a few minutes later with a handful of paper towels only to look despairingly at the wet empty seat where Molly had been sitting. Ingrid was able to pass on Molly's message after regaining her composure. As she did, she couldn't help but ask her cousin if she knew Molly was getting anything special for her birthday. Clint looked puzzled before Ingrid added, "I know I haven't seen Molly for a couple of days, but you don't know if Molly checked herself in for a quickie boob job, do you?". Clint

looked surprised at the question but then answered, “I don’t think so ...but she was checking her boobs out this morning, wasn’t she?”

Molly was part of the way home, sitting at a set of traffic lights when a warm wave shuddered her body. It felt like she was breathing deeply without exhaling as her breasts grew bigger and bigger. Her top button pinged off and hit her windscreen and her breasts began to spill over her extremely tight bra. Molly had to get her bra off, before it dug further into her back. With her left hand she reached around her right breast. As she did so, she could feel her right breast grow further into her wrist as she struggled with the bra clasp. Once the clasp was released, her boobs spilled into the remaining confines of her blouse of which the bottom edge was now rising steadily past her navel. Now driving again, she could feel the stitching begin to give away down both sides of her blouse as her breasts grew more. The sides of her breasts were pushing their way through the gaps in the blouse’s sides while another button gave way at the front. Molly quickly looked down to see two huge D-cup breasts, nipples barely covered, squashed together by what was left of her semi-destroyed blouse. Luckily for Molly, the growth stopped before she was completely topless. She was also lucky that by the time she pulled in the driveway, both her parents and Fiona had left home for their respective jobs.

Molly scurried upstairs, tore the remains of her top off and took a long look in the mirror. It was definitely her, but seeing herself with two D-cup breasts was going to take some getting used to. Molly spun around and checked herself out from every angle. She looked great with big boobs, not quite as big as her sister’s but big none-the-less. Molly couldn’t go back to class – she wanted to stay home and try some clothes on her fantastic new figure. She called Clint to explain that she was cutting college for the rest of the day but that she was looking forward to their dinner that night. Clint apologized again for earlier and finished by telling Molly that he would pick her up at 6pm. Molly then ran straight into Fiona’s room. There was no way that many of Molly’s own clothes would fit her properly anymore, especially her bras. She *had* to raid Fiona’s wardrobe, knowing that if she was careful returning her clothes, her sister would be none-the-wiser as she didn’t get home from work until around 6:30pm.

Molly loved trying Fiona’s clothes on and even though some were still a little long in the leg and loose in the bust, she loved the fact that she could now almost fill them

out. Hours passed quickly and Molly paused briefly to mentally thank Mistress Hyde. It was definitely the best \$500 Molly had ever spent. She also remembered that Mistress Hyde had stated that the changes *could only take effect on the anniversary of the day of Molly's birth, but that the effects would be everlasting from that day on.* It had been many hours since Molly's last improvement and she was ecstatic that she was going to be sporting D-cups from here on – she could not wait to go clothes shopping. Well actually, it would have to wait as it was now approaching 5pm and Molly had to begin to get herself ready for her birthday dinner date.

Molly took one of Fiona's DD-bras and doubled a side strap over with a paper clip and sticky tape to hold it in place to remove any traces of slack. She wanted her new puppies to be as perky as possible for her guy. Molly then reached for a beautiful halter neck red dress that she had tried on several times that day. She kept coming back to it because she loved the way it accentuated her new assets. The dress also matched a lovely faux-fur-lined long red overcoat she had found in her sister's wardrobe. She had heard that the forecast was for a chilly evening.

Right on the dot of 6pm, Clint arrived at her house with a lovely bunch of flowers. As Molly greeted him at the front her, she made sure to give him a hunched over hug in the overcoat. She did not want to spoil the 'surprise' until later. Molly shivered a little as Clint walked her to the car and as she sat down his car's leather-like seats made her shiver a little more. As Clint pulled out of the driveway, he reached to turn up the car's heating and the knob came off in his hand – geez, he had been a klutz today. "Not to worry", Clint mused, "we don't have far to go to the restaurant". Molly did not mind as the car was warming up quite nicely now.

Ten minutes later, Molly was still unsure of where Clint was taking her as she didn't think the route he was taking would lead to any of their small town's five main restaurants. Anyway, she did not mind being surprised. However a few minutes later, Molly did begin to mind the temperature inside the car – the heater had definitely got stuck on high and there was no stopping it until the car stopped. As Molly began to perspire under the overcoat, she was getting a little worried that they weren't near a restaurant as yet.

Another five minutes passed and she could swear that Clint seemed to be doubling back on his tracks. Was he lost? That was the least of her concerns as she was now getting *really* hot, sweat was beginning to course down her forehead. Clint

was pretending it wasn't that bad but was also hoping he could get to the destination soon. As Clint pulled up at another set of lights, Molly couldn't take it anymore - she had to begin undoing her overcoat before she passed out. She undid her belt buckle and as she did, Clint noticed lines of perspiration running down from her hair. He followed a bead of sweat with his eyes as it ran down her face. Molly was now undoing her coat. Clint was still looking at the bead of sweat which was now about to drop off her chin ...and then drop it did, onto her huge glistening sweaty breasts. "Holy shit !!", Clint hollered, "Ingrid was right you did get a boob job, your breasts are huge".

"Surprrrriiiiise...", was all Molly could get out before she was distracted by a familiar feeling of growth. Cars were honking Clint as the lights had long gone green and he knew he wasn't far from where he needed to be – and he was going to get there as quick as possible". Molly started to moan as her breasts surged forward beginning to fill her sister's dress. She felt the paper clip ping off her bra strap as her breasts were now ballooning to fill the DD-cup bra as if it was always hers. Clint could not help but cop another peek at her magnificent shimmering breasts as he rounded the final corner to their destination. His boner was threatening to tear a hole in his pants as he now noticed her breasts swelling. "Your tits Molly, what's happening to your tits!". Molly's eyes then rolled back in her head as another massive wave of expansion hit her. Molly's breasts continued to swell up out of her dress which was now rapidly becoming too tight. Clint could see a pool of perspiration in her massive cleavage as her cleavage got closer to her chin with every labored breath. Molly placed her sweaty hands on them now and felt her wet breasts slowly slide her fingers further apart as her breasts grew and grew. Molly began to writhe in a combination of pain and ecstasy, now arching her back so that her massive mammarys projected even further skyward. Molly then squeezed one hand deep into her cleavage so that it could no longer be seen between two beautiful F-cup breasts. Just as she did, something in her subconscious was tweaked - it dawned on her what could be causing her breasts to continue growing. As the growth slowed and stopped, Molly labored to say, "Clint {pant} {pant} whatever you do {pant} tonight {pant}, please, pleeeeeeassee {pant} do not mention my breasts again", and with that Molly took a huge sigh and passed out from exhaustion. Clint screeched the car to a halt at their destination. He jumped out of the car and ran around to get Molly out of the sweat box as quick as possible. Clint didn't really understand Molly's request and figured that the heat from the car might be

expanding whatever Molly had had injected into her breasts. He needed to get her inside quickly. As Clint carried Molly through her front yard, the freezing air outside began to bring her to. By the time Clint had opened the front door, Molly was dazed but awake. With Molly in his arms still, Clint fumbled for the light switch. As he did someone else reached out and turned the lights on for him...

“SUUUUPPPPPRRRRRIIIIIIISSSSSSSEEEEE!!!” shouted the chorus of 24 voices, the loudest of which was Ingrid who had organized for her friends and family to gather for a Surprise 20th Birthday Party at Molly’s house while Clint was taking her on a extended drive around the block.

As Clint helped Molly to regain her feet, you could hear a pin drop as Molly’s sweat covered F-cup breasts continued to bounce and wobble being so restricted in Fiona’s dress. A second later, the silence was broken by a volley of exclamations, “shit, look at her boobs”, “oh my gosh, your tits”, “what happened to your breasts”, “great boob job, girlfriend”, “wow, her tits are bigger than Fiona’s”, “my beautiful daughter, what made you want boobs that big”, “they’re stripper tits”, “what a rack”, “they’ve got to be the biggest boobs I’ve ever seen”...

As comments continued to flow, Molly’s began to feel a familiar pressure and it was building fast. Her body began to shake. Her breasts started to pulsate, first slowly, then quicker. Just as Molly could feel her boobs ballooning, she wailed, “Please nooooo, not any more, they’re big enough now”. Her body wasn’t listening though and her breasts were soon G-cups, her sister’s bra quickly gave away which allowed her sister’s halter dress to take up some of the space of her now rapidly expanding hooters. Molly placed her hands over her nipples which were now as big as wine corks and tried in vain to push her boobs back into her chest to stop the growth. This only made her cleavage look even more stupendous as two massive sweaty globes collided and pushed their way up towards Molly’s chin.

Some of her party guests stood in shock while others were commenting, “are her boobs are growing?”, “how is she doing that with her breasts”, “does she have a balloon boob suit on or something”, “awesome, I thought her tits were massive before”, “I think her breasts are getting even bigger”. Of course, comments didn’t help ...and Molly’s growth only began to accelerate. Her red dress was fast running out of room to contain her breasts, the hem had worked its way past her knees and was now half way up her thigh. Molly began to implore her boobs to cease growing and the crowd to listen to

her, “Stop, pleeease, stop, I’m huge enough, stop groooooowing”. Her breasts were now blowing up like they were connected to a massive pump. J-cup, K-cup. Her cleavage was now a canyon and her boobs were pushed together so hard in the middle that began to push their way up and under the halter straps as well. Molly hands began to be pushed away from the ends of her boobs as the sides of her boobs were ballooning out under her arm pits making it hard to hold them. The hem of her dress was now at near her underpants and she was starting to lose the battle to remain upright. Molly was sobbing uncontrollably as one of her halter straps gave away, then the other. Her M-cup boobs burst free and caused her to topple. She toppled into a recliner while some guests could not help but still mention her breasts. Not-to-mention, all this action was too much for Clint who had already come in his pants once and was pretending to be concerned for Molly while whispering, “Molly’s boobs, Molly’s boobs, Molly’s boobs, Molly’s boobs...”. He was well on his way to his second discharge when Molly’s inflation intensified once more. O-cup, P-cup ...cup sizes were being passed with every other second as Molly’s naked body was slowly being covered by her own breasts. They were now growing past her hips and beginning to spill over the edges of the arm chair she had collapsed into. Moments later, Molly’s parents both fainted at what they were witnessing, after which some of the male guests, including Clint were now helping themselves to Molly’s expanding fun bags. Her areolas were beyond dinner plate size as her breasts grew their way past her knees. While some guys were groping, one other was filming on his phone and streaming action to the web live. As footage began to be seen around the world, the people talking about Molly’s boobs grew exponentially. As this happened, Molly’s body started to glow, not unlike the lamp in the shop. This started to scare the party guests who began to make their way for the door. The glow from Molly got brighter and her breasts now completely covered her and soon after half of the living room floor. Minutes later, half of the entire living room was filled. Observers outside could see Molly’s boobs pressing up against the windows as they searched for other space to fill. The living room became filled by the biggest boobs on the planet and soon after the room’s walls began to crumble. Molly’s brightly glowing body continued to push her breasts through walls, into the roof and partially out the open front door. Hundreds of onlookers could hear the roof give away seconds before the family home came down around her boobs. Luckily, Mistress Hyde’s strong magic was keeping Molly alive, but barely. Meanwhile, her breasts not unrestricted in

their growth inflated skywards like a king-sized jumping castle, soon they were two stories high, then three stories high. The sides of her breasts began to crush neighbors' houses as the worldwide hit count on the streamed video approached 10,000. Onlookers began fleeing for their lives as more local houses were being engulfed by Molly's breasts as they reached five stories high and then six. The local law enforcement then arrived to help evacuate the rest of the surrounding area as Molly's mounds became hills at nine stories high. Not long after, Air Force jets could be heard in the distance as Molly was now as big as three suburban blocks and the top of her breasts, now 110 feet high, were higher than the tallest building in town. As the jets arrived, they began to drop hundreds of canisters of greenish gas all around Molly. As the tranquilizing gas cloud covered the six blocks around Molly, some of it appeared to be absorbed by the massive pores in Molly's breast flesh. Within minutes, Molly's growth began to slow ...fifteen stories, fifteen and a half stories ...and then her breast expansion stopped. Her breasts rose 160 feet into the air.

The town was now under quarantine as large white trucks drove into the area and all around Molly. Within half an hour, dozens of men in white suits were climbing all over Molly's massive mounds, taking samples and talking into their earpieces.

Just outside the town, a little old lady with a cane stood on a hill. She looked on with little surprise at the events that had just passed. As one of the world's biggest harnesses was secured around Molly and six huge government helicopters prepared to lift off, the old lady pulled out her flip phone and looked at the screen. NO MISSED CALLS. "I really thought you'd call Molly, I really did".