

Seaside Sugar Rush

By Normal_Abnormalities

"But it's so hot!" whined Alex as they pulled up to the parking spot.

"We just ate over an hour ago, how can you possibly be this hungry?"

"I'm a growing girl," Alex grinned, shimmying in her seat in an attempt to show off her newer assets to very little success. Her short bob of hair rustled more than her slight feminine charms.

Nicole sighed as she parked the car and turned off the ignition. Her best friend could be sickeningly sweet and actively restless by default; when she wanted something she turned relentlessly whiny and persistent. Nicole usually gave in just so she wouldn't hear about it for hours afterwards.

"C'mon Nic, it's the beginning of summer vacation! This isn't the time to get all hung up on diets. Live a little!"

"Says the twig," Nicole intoned. "You didn't have to watch your figure, and that's beside the point. We already ate!"

"You don't have to rub it in," Alex sulked with her signature lip pout, arms crossed. "Besides!" she exclaimed, gracelessly unbuckling her seatbelt and bouncing back to optimistic mode. "All that is about to change today."

"That's ominous," smirked Nicole as she opened up the trunk. "It's almost like you planned a trip to the beach to prove something."

"Maaaybe," teased the blonde. "My master plan to become seaside supermodels is only in its first phase!"

"Uh-huh. And is that why you brought multiple swimsuits and a bunch of snacks?" Nicole gestured to the blue and white cooler. "We're only here for a few hours, so why'd you bring so much ice cream and treats? I already have water and tea if you're hot, and did you forget where we are?"

"The beach was simply the ideal location; can't show off a bodacious beach bod anywhere else, silly!" Alex explained, obviously sure she was onto something in her past few weeks of personal experimentation. Nicole cringed at the outdated slang, but smirked at her friend's confidence. "Besides, you need to loosen up. The sun and the surf'll do you good! You need some proper R&R anyways. You've been so uptight lately."

"Have not," Nicole snapped. "I just need some time to relax as you say, but I'm not upright. Just exhausted."

"I told you she was trouble when she wa-"

"If you want me to even *address* you this afternoon, do not finish that sentence."

"Fine, but you know I'm right. You cheerleaders take everything so personally, Nic. Besides, the squad still had your back; and with me having your front..." Alex said, cupping Nicole's serviceable chest from behind, "...you have nothing to worry about!"

"Cut it out!" Nicole hissed as loud as she could, squirming a bit at her friend's cold hands. "Your fingers are ice!"

"See, that's what I mean: it's in the 80s out here and you haven't thawed a bit," Alex chastised as she backed off to continue struggling with the cooler a fourth her weight. "Mean girls are sometimes just mean girls, there's no secret behind that."

"That doesn't.. Nevermind, and I know that. I just can't stand people like her."

"You mean you can't stand *girls* like her," Alex corrected, finally having a firm enough grip on the cooler to begin waddling towards the shore. "Rumors are one thing, but you've never had the patience for liars."

Gathering the blankets and umbrella, Nicole took the time to think back on the last few weeks. The fun sports events, the dull practices, the annoying rumors, the inevitable-in-hindsight backstabbing; just thinking about all the pointless drama to drum up "drama" was making her livid. While it was true she never minded baseless accusations from any gender, she hated when fellow girls got catty for their own selfish ends.

College could be worse than high school sometimes, the 19-year-old mused.

"You're making that face again," a recently returned Alex remarked.

"Gah! Need to put a bell on you," a startled Nicole joked as she adjusted a heavier-than-expected backpack from the back of the car. "And was I? I really do need this day off."

"Yes, you do!" chirped Alex with a glint in her eye that Nicole couldn't quite place but knew it meant something mischievous. "Once my plan is complete, you'll be back to being the undisputed role of Most Gorgeous Cheerleader, setting the world back in order!"

“Right, ‘the plan’ you keep going on about. I’ll let you do just that if I can enjoy a calm afternoon at the beach,” Nicole grinned, passing the struggling girl as she dropped the cooler into the sand. “Need any help?”

“Not... this time... thanks...” a winded Alex grunted, eventually sitting on the box to catch her breath. “I brought it, I can deal with it.”

Smiling at the unwavering commitment, Nicole began setting up their site further down the beach near the waves. Enjoying the salty breeze billowing her sundress, Nicole looked back at her friend, currently waddle-walking the cooler by its corners. The five-foot-nothing blond that was her best friend since middle school always had a commanding presence for someone so tiny. Her scrawny arms and tiny legs were ill suited to carry anything over twenty pounds, but she could give orders like the best of them.

In fact, they weren’t really orders. More like persuasive suggestions? Voluntary commands? Alex never really “demanded” your attention but you’d always notice her in a room despite her stature. The blonde hair with the silver highlights certainly made her stand out in a crowd, but even on the sandy beach she seemed to radiate a sense of warmth that Nicole found hard to place.

Then again, this tiny nerd was also her friend for a decade; no one who knew Alex well would ever see her as anything but a dedicated friend. Even now, cursing up a storm at stubbing her toes trying to kick the plastic icebox out of a small sand dune, Nicole knew Alex would rush over if she suddenly felt ill or some random unwanted guy would hit on her. Alex always did put on hold whatever she was doing to help her out.

Guess that’s what a decade-long friendship will get you.

“Are you sure you don’t need help? It’s getting kind of sad now.”

“N-O spells no!” yelled a frustrated Alex. “This is my plan. I will do it myself! Just relax! Go swimming or something.”

There’s that word again: plan.

Nicole had a faint flash of memory, like glimpsing someone you think you know across a busy street. She mentally recalled every recent vague phrase and suspicious activity: hushed tones when jotting down notes, her recent obsession with various juices and sweets, purposefully buying various clothing sizes too large, that envious way she spoke of the Queen Apartments Incident...

The heavier backpack?

Studying her friend, Nicole made a note of her current getup: a small straw hat with sunglasses on top that did nothing to hide her bob of wild blond hair from curling around it, small bangs framing her bright blue eyes, a large white shirt over what Nicole knew was an optimistically-large yellow bikini top, a large towel her legs were drowning in above small flip flops almost falling off her dainty feet... Alex was probably convinced she would have grown into that swimsuit by this weekend, but why the even bigger extras in the backpack then?

Not to mention all the sweets in that cooler. Either Alex thought food was a factor in what made that girl turn into a bee, specifically in the honey that was all over that apartment complex, or she was simply really hot and hungry. Knowing Alex, it was a bit of both, but Nicole wasn't quite convinced her best friend would have been able to keep quiet if she had figured it out, beach pretense or not.

Still...

"So about this plan," Nicole asked as she put on some sunscreen. "This doesn't have anything to do with that girl from downtown, right?"

"If you mean that goddess, then yeah!" perked up Alex. "She was the coolest girl in high school and she became a Queen!"

"A bee."

"Still a Queen."

"And she completely had an entire building under her spell for weeks! How isn't that scary to you?"

"When you look that sexy, you hafta fight off willing drones and soldiers, Nic; with or without pheromones."

"I seriously don't understand you sometimes," shook Nicole's head. "The news said they don't think she can change back completely. Last I heard she was still over two stories tall."

"Yeah, it's a shame. Good thing she kept most of her ti-"

"Alex," sighed Nicole. "That is literally Mad Scientist-levels of shenanigans that went on last year. I know you've always wanted to be bigger, but we still don't know what caused that! It could be magic for all we know."

"Please, Nic, that kind of 'magic' is simply unexplained science," scoffed Alex with air quotes, in one of her more serious tones. "That's simply 'the government' or some other stereotypical

agency not explaining the whole story, that's all. They'll sell back the technology or method once they figure it out how to monetize and/or weaponize it, you'll see."

"Because that's what you'd do?" asked a worried Nicole, scanning her friend's face for any sign that she knew more than what the news reported.

A slight shrug. "I'd definitely be putting it to use more than still trying to keep it a secret, that's for sure. They forfeited the whole 'secrecy' thing the moment a giant naked girl burst through that building."

"And she was a classmate. Who knows if we're all infected or something? They never told us how so many people changed and got controlled. If it's pheromones, we could all be at risk, right? Like a late reaction or something? Or how about all that honey they found in that hive or whatever?"

"Oh my poor, sweet Nicole. This isn't some conspiracy or government experiment. It was probably just a freak occurrence, that's all," soothed Alex, her features softening a bit. "And the sooner I can figure out who did it and how they found it, the better off I'll be. Besides, nothing in the honey they found was contagious or even out of the ordinary. We'd've seen way more bee girls around if it did, right?"

"I suppose you're right. If it were up to you, we'd have an entire army of bee girls around the city," laughed Nicole, pleased the tension had melted away as quickly as it had appeared.

"Damn right I would!" smiled Alex, her teeth almost as blinding as her paleness in the sun. "A whole hive of sexy ladies is way better than any other type of garrison! Plus, we'd be able to make anyone taller who may want to, if it's as safe and semi-reversible as they hope it is."

"You really want to be taller, don't you?"

"Finally gaining some pounds is a start!" a hopeful Alex began to hum. "I'm sick of being a tiny stick."

"Gaining an inch on your butt and boobs hardly requires swimsuits and clothes you can still drown in," Nicole noted, gesturing towards the open backpack of extra large outfits next to her. "Most people just call it the Freshman Fifteen, you know. It's okay to be excited, but I don't want you to get your hopes too high."

"I know you mean well, but my plan will work for sure!" beamed Alex, her toothy grin disarming Nicole yet again. Even if she was overhyping whatever project she was working on, Nicole didn't quite have the heart to pop her bubble on a day at the beach.

“As long as you don't turn into a bee woman, you have my support,” grinned a less-worried Nicole as she stood up ready to hit the water.

“Don't jinx me! Being a monster girl could be fun. But I do admit I don't quite have the complexion for antennae,” mused Alex checking her arms and shadowed silhouette in the sand, no doubt visualizing a pair of wings on her back and stripes on her limbs. She did want to be “That Queen Bee” for Halloween last year but was convinced to go as Alice on the condition Nicole went as the Queen of Hearts.

The things you do for friends, right?

“Besides, I'm a growing girl; what's a few more inches where it counts?” Alex danced a little in place, convinced reaching official A-Cup status meant that would somehow give her noticeable sway under two shirts.

“If you say so,” laughed Nicole. “I'll see you in a bit then! That ice cream will look even better when I come back, so don't eat it all!”

“No promises!” Alex yelled back. Watching her tanned friend saunter off was always worth watching her leave.

If I can reach that level of hourglass, then every busy weekend this past month will have been worth it!

Sitting back on the cooler to catch her breath, Alex dug into her pocket to check up on her phone. Good weather, a nice windy day at the beach, relatively few people crowding up the sand this afternoon. Perfect conditions to give her plan a test run! Picking up the cooler for the final stretch, Alex lifted the corners with as much determination as she could across the final few feet.

If that extractable bit of diluted sugar from that honey sample gave me an inch in height and chest, a more concentrated one spread out for a few weeks across the summer in various foods should achieve a more natural response from everyone else. Best friends will calm down and I'll get the measurements I've always wanted with the help of Science and reverse-bioengineered glucose.

Win-win!

Reaching the blankets that marked their spot, Alex threw herself on the towels, happy her journey was over. Having quickly scanning her social media for anything important and having

successfully moved her spoils under their umbrella, Alex excitedly opened up the cooler she had spent the last ten minutes hauling over.

Greeting her was a mix of the duo's favorite cool snacks: cookie sandwiches, ice cream, popsicles, packaged confections, soda and alcohol alike. Alex was determined to make this plan seem as nonchalant as possible, and wanted to help reward Nicole from weathering stupid college melodrama. By bringing Nicole's favorite foods alongside her own, she'd cut back on suspicion while attempting to relax her best friend. Nicole didn't need to be in Cheerleader Mode for at least a month, right? Enjoying a cookie sandwich wouldn't kill her.

Picking one of her favorite flavors of popsicle from the cooler, Alex reached into her large shirt pocket to bring out a tiny vial of clear liquid. No more than a pinpoint of the special sugar was there, but according to her calculations and tests, that'd be more than enough.

While it was true the enormous remnants of honey found at the Queen Apartment complex came back as nothing but ordinary honey, Alex was convinced there was more to a substance that caused a giant girl they used to know in school to explode out of a building enhanced in every way imaginable.

Having examined the substance for any clues, Alex eventually decided that the glucose in the honey had to be the original cause, if maybe the catalyst, deciding to break it down as much as she could in the college lab while attempting to replicate a growth reaction of some kind. Did it affect the blood? It obviously stimulated cellular regeneration or an extreme pituitary response of some type, to have so many women grow like that, but the cause was not apparent and it seemed like all hope was lost.

Ultimately after weeks of fruitless effort, she was surprised to get her hands on a small sample of what looked like sugar water sent from an anonymous sender with a simple note reading, "Thank me later." Having been suspicious of such a gift given the timing and general fears of biohazardous material her line of work dealt with, all tests turned up negative for any malicious substance save for a hint of cranberry juice and she was convinced it was a prank of some sort.

A few days later an email arrived to the subject of "From a fan of expanding horizons, I hope you enjoyed the sweet gift." A few back and forth exchanges turned up a fellow fan of the Queen Bee that had managed to secure what they claimed was a diluted sample of the "growth juice" that would solve all of Alex's problems. Not only that, the sender was also using a school email address, so it was also likely a fellow classmate. Wary of trying out such an unsubstantiated claim despite the possibility she may have met this mysterious fellow fan, the sender was convinced that a single drop would prove their gift was the real deal and that her fears would have already come up clean given procedure.

Finding no harm in testing it out, Alex decided to put the sweet juice into a glass of water as instructed. Sure enough, after a few minutes of the faint sweet flavor hitting her tongue, Alex had experienced a slight tingling feeling that had given her an extra inch in height, hips and chest. Excited beyond all belief, she thanked the anonymous benefactor.

Asking for another sample was admittedly not a very scientific or even smart move all things considered, but Science didn't lie, right? A safe-if-slightly-mysterious-but-otherwise-normal drop of glucose was a small price to pay for results she was now sporting.

After receiving a second drop and well wishes from the mysterious fan, Alex set out to study her second sample and attempt to reverse engineer what made the sugar so special.

Coming up with very little yet again, she decided to add half of her sample to something fruity and juicy to test out if she could replicate her success, but this time in an inconspicuous popsicle instead.

The plan set and her experiments coming up little in terms of answers, her optimism could not be contained as she looked forward to a day on the beach. Best case scenario, she gained another inch or two in all the right places and could flaunt it at the same time. Worst case, she enjoyed a day at the beach and would enjoy a popsicle.

Everything to gain, nothing to lose, right?

Placing the minuscule amount of liquid atop her treat, Alex excitedly began to lick her green lime popsicle with eager aplomb. She couldn't taste anything out of the ordinary besides the expected zesty sourness of lime, which was expected. The previous sample was also tasteless despite trace amounts of cranberry juice, but that was why she was prepared with a favorite flavor this time around.

Reaching the creamy center inside, Alex was somewhat disappointed the reaction was not as immediate as her previous consumption. The tingling, fuzzy feeling was absent for a full minute, as was any indication that she'd added a mysterious substance to her snack at all.

Beginning to think she might have expected too much from such a diluted amount, Alex resigned to worst case scenario: simply enjoying her popsicle. Lime was always one of her favorite additives in foods, having always enjoyed the sharp and sour spark to various foods.

In fact, maybe it was the excursion of dragging a cooler half her weight through sand, but her popsicle was tasting better as she continued to lick around the eight inch snack. The lime was standing out more as she began to lick the other side, catching a rogue drop as it melted even under the shade of their umbrella.

Savoring a bit of the inner cream as she slowly enjoyed the feeling of ice melting in her mouth, Alex began to feel how warm she actually felt. It was true ice cream was only a temporary fix to this heat, but it tasted so good! Contemplating if she should grab another, she began sucking on the popsicle with more purpose, feeling the icy chill seem to leave her faster than expected.

Turning around her popsicle in her mouth to readjust her grip, Alex began to feel her head becoming lighter. Feeling as if her ears were popping in time to imaginary pop rocks in her mouth, Alex suddenly realized everything felt warmer. Colors looked brighter, like someone had turned up the saturation on the beach, bringing new clarity to her brighter, technicolor world.

Is the sample finally working? Alex began to wonder, recognizing that familiar fuzziness beginning to spread in her mouth. Removing the chilly stick from her mouth, the frozen juice was indeed only melting, that popping sensation seemingly remaining in her mouth and head.

Feeling a sudden emptiness in the pit of her stomach, Alex tentatively licked her treat. In an instant, her mouth was awash in lime, feeling uncannily like her mind was rocking along the shore of a fresh ocean. The world became clearer, sharper. Smiling at a revelation only her subconscious knew, Alex knew her reaction was different from a mere inch growth.

Not that she didn't want a physical reaction, but somehow she knew it was only the beginning, a precursor to bigger and better things. As if her mind needed to click into place before the fun began. To get ready.

Ready.

Ready for what?

For more ice cream?

A sudden growing feeling of emptiness wrung her stomach, her insides feeling warm despite the ice cream she'd been eating for the last few minutes. Resuming her licking with purpose, Alex relished in the flavor of zesty sugar sliding down her throat, cooling a growing fire she felt inside her. Each drop of green somehow both cooled and warmed up her inner furnace, a feeling that began to spread from her small midsection.

Turning her popsicle around again, Alex felt her warmth and satisfaction from eating begin to stir into a different form of warmth. The need to fill her stomach up began to change into a different need, one also eager to be filled. A red blush began to spread from her pale cheeks, embarrassed at the heat beginning to form between her hips. The buzz in her head made it feel more powerful than it probably was, but Alex was hard pressed to find it unpleasurable when that feeling also began to center around her nipples.

Moaning a bit as she swallowed more lime-flavored ice cream, Alex began to rub her small A-Cup chest, her mind racing with the extra inch she expected and was beginning to crave. Pushing her oversized bikini top into her sensitive skin from under her large shirt, she took a solid bite from her snack, downing an inch and finding the plastic stick inside. Holding it between her teeth, she began to rub her stomach as she could feel the warmth begin to spread.

The elation that filled her mind was as soothing as it was exciting, her sex beginning to dampen as she could feel her hips begin to tingle. Each second the popsicle was in her mouth helped her feel more, appreciate more; the way her bikini top rubbed against her tiny nipples, the way her sleeves tickles her upper arms in the slight sea breeze, the way each grain of sand felt on her skinny legs.

Having eaten over half her treat, Alex shifted to biting the rest off the stick, deciding that she was going to treat herself for feeling so good. There was a piña colada popsicle in there somewhere and if she was going to grow another in up and out, she was going all out to really treat herself.

Enjoying all the concentrated chill she filled her mouth with, her nipples began to stiffen, spurred on by her cold consumption of ice cream and her dampening bikini bottom. She was certainly eager to grab a second popsicle, but why was she being sexually aroused by the prospect? She knew she'd grow a little, but some other thought kept nagging her behind bright eyes and a green-ringed smirk.

Something's off, but not in a bad way, she thought to herself. She didn't know what her subconscious obviously felt it knew, but Alex's gut had rarely let her down. In fact, her gut wanted more ice cream, and her head was certain that was next on the docket.

All according to plan, after all!

Reaching over to open the icebox, Alex admired the view. Nearing 4 o'clock, the sun was still high enough overhead to leave the ocean its dark cerulean hue while occasionally hiding behind cloud cover, the wind beginning to pick up. Feeling the breeze slip through her sleeves, Alex shivered as it rustled her erect nipples, aching for attention.

While there were few people around her, probably on account of the wind and darker clouds shuffling in within the hour, Alex still had her modesty. She was a firm believer in the "if you got it, flaunt it" mentality, but she wanted more to flaunt before she felt comfortable sneaking in a self-groping session, even if it was relatively safe to attempt.

Besides, I'd rather let Nic rub me, watching her hands kneading my almost-Bs. Her crush on her best friend was always a known quantity and Alex wasn't shy of expressing it, but she'd fallen for an oblivious cheerleader. Nicole always smiled and played along, but she never seemed to

reciprocate the feeling beyond being touchy-feely and slightly-flirty by default, thus Alex never made a move. Friendship was far more important than the slight sting of unrequited love.

Now if there were more of her in the T&A department like Nicole...

Glancing a plain yellow wrapper, Alex recognized the homemade treats and snagged her other favorite flavor. Licking her lips with a slightly-green tongue, she unwrapped her piña colada popsicle and began to calmly lick the top, determined to savor the flavor at her own pace. Settling back in the little hole she dug her section of blankets into, Alex slid her feet into the sand, putting on her sunglasses as she lowered her small hat to combat the lowering sun, clouds or not. Furrowing her brow slightly as she brushed away a bit of her bangs, Alex scratched her head as she untangled some hair from a few rogue pieces of straw.

Closing her eyes, Alex felt her breathing deepen, a slower and more deliberate pace that she knew was needed. Like jogging a few miles, she had to save her strength for the final stretch.

Stretch.

That sounds good.

Raising her bum off the ground slightly as her arms reached towards the umbrella, Alex could feel her bones pop slightly. The kind of audible sounds that let others know you had a good one. But the feeling it unleashed in her mind was exquisite. Addicting, almost.

Stretching a second time with a slightly loopy grin on her face, Alex felt as her skin began to warm up again. Spurred on by the feeling, her small nipples began to itch, then throb in time with an increasing heartbeat.

All the while she was enjoying the mix of frozen pineapple and coconut milk. The homemade popsicles were her treat to herself, having a bit of rum in there for good measure alongside other personal flavorings for the “real piña colada experience” as she liked to put it.

As she sucked on her snack, Alex could distinctly taste each individual flavor: the sour-sweetness of the pineapple, the dash of lime, the creamy banana, the smooth coconut milk. Each had their role to play, and they began to do their duty.

Shivering as she swallowed a small chunk of banana, Alex felt her nipples perk up, their pulsing intensifying as the banana travelled down to her eager stomach. Moaning into her food, Alex felt her nipples begin to rub underneath her loose top, a top that was beginning to feel less-loose as the seconds ticked by.

Reaching underneath her shirt, Alex rubbed her tingling chest as she felt the warmth was causing her to break out into a sweat. A drop of her ice cream fell forward onto her arm, evaporating as she heated up, seemingly fueled by the ice cream.

Licking her hand, Alex continued to watch as she could feel her skin crawl, ready to stretch as she felt her bones begin to tighten, her blood boiling as she felt the sample in her work its magic.

Ugh, magic. She hated that word, but there wasn't a proper way to put it. The sugar in question was only put in her first popsicle, so why was it affecting the second one? Unless it was a catalyst, and it was in fact working off of fru-

A sudden lurch in her stomach halted all of Alex's internal monologues. Mouth hanging open, she sucked in air through her teeth as her nipples rose to attention, digging into her top with such sensitivity her bikini bottoms were suddenly drenched with her lust. Eyes glazing over, Alex knew in the back of her mind that she was about to get way more than she bargained for, and she was ready to see where that wave took her.

Slowly, almost imperceivable to the naked eye, the petite girl was steady gaining proportions in every direction. Her blond hair began to swirl around a shrinking hat, bangs beginning to grow around her sunglasses. Her legs began to lengthen into the sand, burying her feet as they began to grow into her flip flops. Her back faintly popping, her spine making room for the goddess she always wanted to become.

But more immediate was her chest, slowly beginning to rise like bread in an oven, her insides boiling and baking her at the perfect temperature. Alex groaned as her nipples finally ran out of slack, her tightened bikini top finally filling a bounty more worthy of its cups. Her breasts were finally signaling the immediate growth she wanted to witness, changing from small protrusions she'd been excited to finally sport over the last few weeks to the more healthy cone shape she'd seen her classmates grow into over the last decade.

But she wanted more, and she had more ice cream to accomplish that goal with.

Closing her mouth, wiping away some slight drool as she did (*curious*, she noted to herself), Alex resumed sucking on her treat, tasting more of the coconut as she felt it slide down into her longer midsection. Her towel began to shift, her bum finally gaining the width she'd wanted since she hit puberty. Her hips slightly popping as they grow, she felt the blood in her legs rush towards her toes, wiggling in her bliss.

Tweaking a nipple with her left hand, Alex felt her boobs stretching her skin, their growth tied to her active heartbeat. She felt them move to fill up her cups, the string behind her finally pushing into her back. Licking her lips between sucks, Alex felt her lips had also joined the fun, giving her a slight pout she'd always envied Nicole for.

Stomach growling, Alex rubbed her stomach and felt a hint of muscle not there ten minutes ago. Lifting her shirt above the new fleshy shelf she was nurturing, she watched as she could see a

faint outline of abdominal muscles she only felt during particularly painful trips to the gym. She stared as a drop of ice cream fell between her bigger breasts, slowly trailing towards her belly button before disappearing.

Smiling in literal heat, Alex moaned as she took a large bite out of the melting treat. In a flash of heat, her tits began growing without warning, filling up all available space in her cups. Giggling about some internal joke about her coconuts, she reached behind her back to lengthen her top, wanting to at least fill it up completely before the afternoon was through.

Having readjusted her girls to better center her nips, the yellow triangles that had been sadly covering almost her entire flat chest hours before were now adequate to hold what was something along the lines of a normal 34C bust size. Being a previously small woman, Alex comfortably sat in the 28A range earlier, but such numbers and letters would be meaningless if she was able to get her wish and outgrow any form of normalcy in her clothing decisions.

Deciding it was okay to begin flaunting now, Alex groped her left tit, smiling at the added weight and heft it was beginning to display. Her nipples now the size of small thumbs, she felt them stretch further into the yellow fabric, her arousal obvious to any passersby within earshot. Each lick brought her closer to the edge, a cliff she wanted desperately to dive off from without a parachute.

Swallowing another bite of cold bliss, Alex felt her back snap, her skeleton rearranging itself for a newer, bigger body. Smiling as her blood pumped through her, she felt her feet tightening against too-small flip flops, waiting to see her toes break completely free from their shackles. She shifted in her seat, her hips now wider than her shoulders, her butt beginning to fatten up, not to be outdone by her upper mounds. Her towel was beginning to undo itself, but Alex was glad it held on. She's been staining it for the last few minutes, her lust causing a small but constant trickle of moisture that threatened to flood her seat.

But her breasts were not to be shown up so easily. Reading the final two inches of her popsicle, Alex began to slurp up the melted sides and began to dig into the remaining pieces on that wooden stick. With newfound energy, her mammaries began to bloat with purpose. Running out of torso, the base of her breasts began to shift their shape from healthy teardrops to inflating balloons.

Admiring their spherical shape, Alex felt as each swallow came with a taut feeling around her nipples, watching as her top struggling to keep her decent as her areolae began to peek from the sides of the shrinking yellow triangles. Readjusting with a sticky hand, she found it more difficult to center them around her perpetually stiff nipples, but the feeling was worth the effort. Mashing her palm into her right boob rewarded her with a mini-orgasm that finally soaked her bottoms completely, her loose towel loosening completely as she came.

Panting with a bite of ice cream left, Alex moaned as she felt her boobs react to her loosening her top a few more inches. Taking the action as a challenge, she felt them spread across her torso, their shape hefty from gravity but perky enough to remain suspiciously round. Her shoulders began to ache as she got to her knees to survey herself.

Her hair was a mess, now shoulder length and caught in her miniature straw hat. Her sunglasses were beginning to pinch the bridge of her nose, but the pain was a dull rose compared to the heat her body was in. Sweating from every pore, Alex saw how flushed she was, her abs more prominent, her hips wider than necessary, how tight her top was beginning to feel already.

Taking the last bit of ice cream into her mouth, she moaned as she held it in her mouth, the coolness radiating in her mouth, as her body warmed up in anticipation. Her nipples pulsed to her heartbeat, her breaths coming haggard and deep, her fingers trembling to fight the urge to grab her breasts for another small orgasm.

With a groan, Alex felt her back crack again, eyelids fluttering as she felt herself stretch a few more inches higher, knees digging into the sand. Her hair was beginning to overflow her hat, her glasses shrinking on her face as they began to get caught in her longer blond tresses. She cracked her knuckles and toes in an effort to keep them occupied, to retain her senses as she observed the rest of her growing hourglass. Fingers stretching longer with each flex, her toes curling as they begged to break out of their flimsy straps.

Closing her eyes, she felt the warmth settle in her chest once more, finishing what the frozen piña colada began. Mouth forming a growing O-shape, Alex moaned as her boobs grew to fill their cups to overflowing. Her nipples growing longer, her areolae crept ever closer to the edge of her triangle tops, struggling to keep their burgeoning bounty contained. Letting loose the remaining string in her top, her round lady lumps continued to reach for freedom, her shirt stuck above them, forgotten in their bid for unchecked growth.

Shaking as her breasts slowed to a stop, Alex regained her composure as she surveyed their magnificence. Her top was now cutting into her sides and masses, her boobs beginning to mushroom as her top held taut their weight. Jiggling every time she panted and shifted, she loved how they wobbled with every move, ratcheting her femininity up ten-fold alone. No longer would she be classified as a tomboy, but as a bonafide bombshell.

Add to that her wide hips, slight butt and more obvious abs, Alex was content she'd reached her potential, of a bit sooner than expected. While she'd have to explain how she suddenly grew closer to six feet tall and rocketed over eight letters down the noon alphabet, she hadn't seen much friends and family the last few weeks and could probably play it off with baggies clothing and subtle hints in conversation. She's have to tell Nicole when she returned from swimming, but that was always in the cards. She was finally satisfied.

What wasn't, however, was her stomach.

Whatever sample, no matter how small, Alex had taken to grant her the body she'd wanted for a month now, it was not quite done with her. Lurching as her stomach pained her, Alex doubled over, hand in the sand, tita bounding in her face as she fought to catch her breath and deal with her sudden hunger.

And this wasn't just hunger. It was a primal sort of hunger. An appetite for something more, anything. As long as it was food, it had to be hers.

Blinking back some tears, Alex righted herself as the pang ebbed away. Reaching for the cooler, she opened it up to grab a small fruit mix. Feeling the need for gears and whipped cream, Alex opened the plastic container and dig the accompanying little red plastic spoon to settle down her insatiable stomach.

Her overactive taste buds detected all the ingredients in her small snack bowl, most prominent the grapes and whipped cream. It was a simple dish, but it did its job well; she hasn't tasted grapes this sweet in a long time. Or how plump they were.

Or how juicy.
Juice.

Uh-oh.

Tensing up as she bit into the large green grapes, Alex remembered the brochure on these particular brand of fruit:

"These plump, juicy, all-natural green grapes are one of our newest varieties, and they're one that everyone is excited about."

Plump.

That word was going to be the next adjective to describe her next transformation, her mind knew.

Recalling they had been designed to taste of cotton candy without all the mess or fluff, Alex couldn't help but moan as each bite into them rewarded her with an explosion of sweet flavor. The whipped cream was the extra bit of smoothness that seemed to soak into her very being, a feeling that her body took to heart as she began to break out in a warm sweat yet again.

Sucking on her spoon, Alex stiffened as she felt her body begin another round of preparatory growth. As a scientifically minded girl, Alex appreciated patterns: sweat from energy exertion,

bones readjusting for cellular generation, skin stretching to accommodate new musculature and fat distribution, orgasms for her trouble.

Seemed a fair enough trade for the horny blond.

As she felt her bones thicken and creak, Alex felt the warmth begin buzzing in her lower half. Hearing her bottoms squeak with moisture as her butt began to grow filled Alex with butterflies. Butterflies that demanded more Valerie's as energy to continue their work. Sitting in her feet, Alex felt her vision slowly rise as her bum slowly filled out, firm and slightly tight with new muscle.

She was glad her body was compensating for her growing hourglass form with appropriate musculature to handle it. As much fun as it would be to be weighed down by massive T&A, Alex did want to leave the beach eventually. She was actually somewhat disappointed there weren't too many people around, the running in the approaching storm clouds probably frightening most folks off the beach. All in due time, though. Soon everyone would see how much of a woman little Alex was becoming.

Flinching as her hair finally broke her straw hat apart, they slowly cascades down her face, their wild mess reaching her shoulders. Blowing some out of her face, sticky with sweat, Alex decided to leave her shades on, curious when they'd snap off her nose and untangle from her hair. The sun was beginning to cast an orange glow between the darkening clouds, a faint reflection on the horizon the sign this storm was quickly approaching.

Her red plastic spoon was shoveling as much of the cotton candy grapes into her mouth as it could, leaving a small whipped cream mustache for her sloppiness. Alex took a break to wipe off some with her finger, sucking on it like it was the first she'd ever tasted of cream.

Moaning in her suggestive pose, she felt her body begin to ripen, not unlike the grapes she has been gnashing. She felt her hips dig into her bottoms, their thicker and beginning to separate hip from bubble butt. Her legs has thickened up with both feminine padding and athletic muscles, her thighs reaching a balance between model and love machine. A faint slap on her feet signaled that her flip flops had finally given up the ghost, freeing her feet as they wiggled in the sand, eager to stretch beyond any footwear.

Chomping on more grapes, Alex felt her boobs begin to make up for lost time, not to be outdone by her widening hips and derrière. She let lose a small moan as she felt her top begin to tighten once more, their weight having begun shifting atop her rib cage, signaling bigger loads to carry. Her breasts began to grow in small pulses in time with her heartbeat, slowly pushing out as it fought and challenged her top's string and strength.

Letting out a whimper, Alex felt her nipples enforcing beyond bottle caps, her areolae beginning to show around her yellow triangular tops. She tasted the sweetness of the grapes as it travelled

to her bottomless stomach and came back up as heat, spurring a new feeling. It was heavier, as if the whipped cream's contribution was that of a thickening agent, though it was pulling double duty; it had widened her body for its assistance with the grapes' mission, which was much more fun:

Ripeness.

Alex groaned as her top began to cut into her titflesh, beginning to stretch as her mammaries began to play by the grapes' rules. Gasping at their sensitivity, she almost dropped the remaining dessert as her boobs began filling up. They weren't just growing; Alex could feel them expanding with something. She felt her nipples wanting to tear a hole in her cups, her areolae darkening and puffing out as she heard a faint gurgling. The sound was muffled a bit by her groaning and stressed bikini top, but it was there; underneath the noise of stretching skin and popping bones, a fluid was rapidly causing her breasts to balloon out, determined to get out.

Scarfig down the remains of her snack, Alex reached behind to a top too tight to untie. Her tits had reached beyond basketballs and were still enlarging towards watermelons. The constant shaking of her boobs were slowly growing more turgid has the new liquid filled them up and out. Gone was the tantalizing wobble of boobs and in was the growing spheres of engorged tits.

Stretching her top to it's absolute limit, Alex watched as her boobs ceased their expansion and took in her new form. Her body was now the stuff of wet dreams, a teenage boy's wildest fantasy or a grown woman's secret desire. A fantastic spectacle of fertility that Alex couldn't help but giggle at her outlandish shape. This was the dream! This is what she wanted: to be noticed as a woman and to look as confident as she always felt.

There was only one problem.

She felt full, and yet hungry for more.

Not too much more, but she needed to solve her new predicament. She had a need to express, but she didn't have anyone to do it with, and damn if she wasn't going to waste whatever bounty her body was willing to share.

She then remembered her and Nic's favorite food.
And she got a twisted idea.

Reaching into the cooler was challenging what with her larger hands and larger everything, but she managed to carefully pick out the dessert among desserts: bubblegum ice cream.

If this substance was going to change her body, then Alex wanted to go out with a bang. Or in this case, pop. If lime had made her see and taste the air, coconut and banana grew her lady bits to woman parts and grapes with whipped cream plumped her out and filled her up, then bubblegum had to do something with inflation, right?

I made it this far. Who's to tell me when sexy turns to cartoonish, anyway?

Opening up the container as carefully as possible, Alex held it close to her chest, her enormity dwarfing the normally large tub of ice cream. Her heat still present, she hugged it between her breasts, letting it rest atop a canyon of cleavage over a meter long. Overboob and underboob remained warm and firm, the musk from her sweaty body doing a quick job of heating up the treat. Plucking at her thin string of a top, it rang out as a low hum, silently impressing Alex as she admitted her bikini was pretty well made.

Too bad it was gonna get wrecked soon.

Shivering a bit as her nipples ached in sympathy to the chilly plastic, Alex removed the tub and aimed it towards her mouth. There'd be no buildup to this one; she'd teased herself enough and wanted dessert and a full stomach with whatever surprise her body had in store.

Slightly squeezing the container, half the ice cream toppled out, the hungry girl slurping as much of it as possible into her gaping maw. She'd make sure to leave some for Nicole; this was their shared favorite flavor ice cream, after all. With over half in her mouth and some spilling all over her toned and bloated body, Alex set the ice cream down, returning it to the cooler. Tracing the mess that dribbled down her front, Alex licked off what she could as she awaited her just desserts.

Make me the sweetest girl alive!

Wait. Why did that ring familiar? Like a forgotten memory lost in a dream, she couldn't quite make sense of why she was confused, let alone trying to think why she was even contemplating anything but her inevitable growth. Her normal mind was going to be sure to lock that information away for a later date, but her current mind was horny, happy to have all these sweets, and wanted to burst out of her bikini posthaste.

The distinct flavor of bubblegum was all Alex could focus on, waiting for her body to decide what to do with the pink flavor. Enjoying the break in the heat, she enjoyed how her body was resting, if only for a moment. Preparing more like, but she was grateful she wasn't drenched in her own sweat for the first time in the last hour. Her upper lips lapped up the cold pinkness her fingers gave her as her lower lips sat puffier and proud, their resemblance to a camel's toe unmistakable. Alex was so preoccupied with her front and back that she'd completely neglected her sopping sex even with two mind stopping orgasms.

We'll hafta fix that soon!

Taking the chance to breathe deeply without an overclocked heartbeat, Alex enjoyed the chill from her stomach, happy that she might not break out into a boiling hot mess. It was then she

felt the chill heading north and south to both halves of her hourglass. Was her body finally going to act like she just ate something frozen beyond sensitive and erect nipples?

She got half an answer when her breathing turned cold, goosebumps crawling from her midsection up her torso. Reaching her bosom, Alex stiffened as they worked their way towards her stretched triangles, her nipples tenting them out a good two inches. Tweaking a shot glass-sized nipple was a double edged sword, the feeling causing her eyes to cross in a mini-orgasm that caused pleasing ripples across her backside and some undulations across her massive breasts.

Sharply inhaling, she felt her nipples crinkle in response to the cold, a pressure soon emanating from within their mass. Alex whined as a tightness began to push from within, feeling her liquid filling as her chest began to seek an escape. Holding her enormous milk bags up as their weight began to increase dramatically, she felt her fingers sink into their expanse, slightly warm but quickly turning cold to the touch. Soon Alex had to use more of her strength as her fingers were being pushed apart, her boobs filling with alarming speed as they grew taught. Whatever her body made, milk or otherwise, it was time to express.

Her top was stretched so thin her cups were squeaking in protest, her nipples angry fingers trying to claw out of their prison. Her internal bounty had made her tits massive round beach balls, their size dwarfing any conventional bra sizes. Tearing up from the pressure, she felt her her areolae began to inflate outward, the string of her top thinning as it held on for dear life. Her triangles turning transparent, the sides pushed into her domed areolae, dark brown and crinkling from their cold produce.

Pawing at her nipples, Alex's breaths turned rapid and short as she felt the pressure begin to push outwards. As if an air bubble were released, she could feel her ducts widening as the pressure approached her nipples, holding her breath before the moment of truth.

With a loud snap, her top flung itself behind her, freeing her engorged nipples as they let loose a torrent of liquid a meter outwards, her bikini bottom renting as a similar expulsion of girl juice destroyed her coverage. Shivering in organic bliss, her squeals punctuating her multiple shockwaves, Alex fell forward, her breasts continuing their expulsion in high-pressured leaks.

Catching a bit atop her left boob, Alex sampled her excretions. Sure enough, her boobs now produced a fruit cocktail so sweet her eyes rolled back as another orgasm took her, convinced she was now 50% sugar than girl. Her tongue danced around her mouth as she sampled flavors of everything she had eaten while under her amplified sugar rush. As it reached her stomach, it decided that one final push was needed before it was spent, and Alex moaned in approval.

In a flash, her body exploded outwards, gaining a few inches in a heartbeat every direction, her sunglasses finally flying off her nose to get lost in the sands. Her bones creaked as her joints screamed in pain, a warm sensation that only heightened Alex's arousal. Convulsing as her

moans reached a low bellow, her tits now inflated with reckless abandon, her nipples constantly streaming thin but powerful arcs of homemade juice all around her.

Ragged gasps prevented her from noticing a couple leaving the beach as they happened upon a woman larger than ten feet tall and still growing rise further into her umbrella, the wind of the storm upon them doing little to mask the orgasm they were witnessing. Snapping a picture on his smart phone, his girlfriend quickly hit him upside the head as she pulled him away, slightly terrified at how much she wanted to stay and joi- watch the women enjoy herself. The smell emanating from her was sweet, but the salty beach air was their only saving grace from her powerful pheromones.

Shaking her head to unfurl hair reaching down half her backside, Alex reached out to grab her elongated nipples but soon realized she could no longer reach them. Reaching behind her, she grabbed a firm handful of ass. It had continued unabated and complimented her massive udders quite nicely, the hopes of her ever fitting into small doors dashed as it's enormity swelled further and further, taking Kardashian's crown as the queen of asses as far as she was concerned.

Yelling into the wind as their umbrella flew away after her longer leg knocked it out during a previous orgasm, she sank her head into her cavernous cleavage, amazed at how her gigantic funbags had resumed their softness pre-juicing. Their jiggle has returned at her growth was outpacing her juice production, happy she would rest her head on something soft instead of arousingly hard.

Her boobs continued to grow, a bubbling churning coming from deep wishing their mass, producing liter after liter of her sweet bounty. Do you measure such boobage in feet at this point? Meters? If she were proportioned properly, Alex would guess they'd be at least a 28LL minimum on her petite frame. But she was anything but petite now, and at her current size they were approaching the size of Nicole's car.

Alex yelped in shock as her nipples dug into the sand, her breasts massive enough they were pinning her to the ground and beginning to roll her on top of their enormity. Gravity be damned, she was grateful her skin was up to the challenge, not being keen on discovering that the laws of physics hadn't broken around her enhanced and growing boobs.

Reaching between her mountains of flesh, Alex snaked her hands towards her crotch, boiling with need and leaking a constant stream of girl cum. Slapping her enlarged lips with unrestrained arousal, Alex worked herself only she knew how. Brows pinching as her whines became higher, she shook as felt her oncoming orgasm build in her middle, a sensation between vertigo and going down on a fast roller coaster.

In response, her massive mountains of mammoth mammaries rose to send her over the edge, her torrents of juice making craters in the coarse sand beneath her. In one final scream, Alex lost herself to a minute-long orgasm so intense she blacked out just under the half-minute mark.

The last thing Alex felt before everything went dark was all her senses firing at once, the globs of her lust trailing between her legs as her tits fired off their loads so hard they had rocked her back so much her feet touched the ground for a few seconds.

Hoarse from her endeavor, the blond rested for what felt like the first time in hours. Bobbing atop her gelatinous mountains, the young woman remained unconscious for a minute before sleep took the reigns.

Returning from her swim, Nicole rushed as fast as she could along the sand, hands shielding her from the wind whipping her hair into her face. She hasn't meant to keep Alex waiting, but she'd gotten a bite to eat with a few friends that had shown up. Their talk was cut short due to the storm, but she figured Alex wouldn't mind if she brought along some ice cream as a peace offering.

No sooner had she passed what she swore was their umbrella flying off down the shoreline did she see what appeared to be twin weather balloons on the beach. Looking around for their owner Nicole slowly realized someone had climbed on top of them. Not only was their butt rounder than a ripe peach, Nicole's eyes widened as she realized this person was massive.

Not only that, she soon realized their butt's owner was perched atop the most massive pair of boobs she had ever seen outside of the Internet. Further shock filled her up as she realized her best friend was the ridiculous wet dream before her.

Stunned in utter shock and mild amazement that she had, in fact, somehow found a way for that stupid 'plan' of hers to work, she'd also apparently come herself silly.

Typical. She spends all month working away and she blows up on the beach without telling me she actually could.

In truth, Nicole had no idea whether she should yell at her friend or congratulate her on cracking a case the government apparently couldn't figure out. Regardless, her best friend was now a giant mess of hair, butt and boobs.

Nicole was at a loss at how exactly she was getting her back to the apartment as the sky began to let loose droplets. Sighing, Nicole walked around to the ice box to put away her gift to Alex, noting that bubblegum ice cream was all over the remaining snacks.

"Alex, you crazy mad scientist. What am I doing to do with all of you."

With a satisfied lick of her own snow cone, Nicole rested next to her friend's enormous right boob. Sinking into it, she heard Alex mumble something, a soft gurgling sound muffled by sand

and flesh filled Nicole's ears. She glanced at the sand to her left, seeing it rustle as a nipple the size of a 2-liter soda bottle began to grow erect, reacting to a wet dream Alex was no doubt experiencing.