

Rising Dough

Sarah poured the contents of the popcorn bag into a bowl, letting the warm fragrance wash over her and fill the apartment. Tossing the bag, she crossed the small distance back to her couch and sat down in a heap, feeling her ample chest bounce against her sports bra.

She was wearing matching kitten-print pajamas, the top few buttons of her top undone, and her brown hair done up in a simple ponytail; the perfect outfit for a well deserved Friday night. She placed the bowl in her lap and switched on the TV, letting her mind wander as she pieced on her snack.

Ding dong

The doorbell rang around the small apartment, breaking Sarah out of her trance.

"It's open!" She yelled to her visitor, aware of who it was.

The door opened to reveal her friend, Chelsea. She was dressed in her pajamas as well; loose fitting blue fleece pants with a form fitting pink cotton top. It did well to show off her extremely slender waist, but the thin fabric made no effort to hide the flat polka-dot bra she was wearing underneath. Her blonde pixie cut was slightly messed, like she had just gotten out of the shower and dried it with a towel.

"Sarah!" Chelsea squealed, closing the door and jumping on the couch.

"Careful you'll spill the popcorn!" Sarah scolded, snatching the bowl into her hands before it could dump over.

"Sorry, I've been looking forward to this night all week!" she exclaimed, grabbing a handful of puffed kernels and shoving them into her mouth. "Mithdoms awo aphhol."

"Swallow before you talk."

Chelsea chewed and swallowed quickly before repeating, "Midterms are awful!"

"No need to tell me! You wouldn't believe Yerron's test. I swear he specifically chose only concepts he hardly covered in class."

"I keep telling you, just report him for looking down your shirt and *boom*, you've got your A!"

Sarah laughed, "I actually wore a low-cut shirt just for that test, hoping it might persuade the old pervert to go easy on me. It's usually good for a few extra percentage points."

Chelsea grabbed more popcorn, looking at Sarah's chest, "Wish I had secret-ninja-boob techniques like that! My best push-up bra isn't even good for giving me cleavage."

"They're not all people make them out to be; you don't even want to see how much I spend at the chiropractor every year since these things came in!" Sarah laughed, grabbing her F cup breasts. She looked at Chelsea; she wasn't laughing.

"I saw Thomas talking to that slut, Amy, again today," Chelsea said, still staring at her friend's boobs filling her hands, "I bet if I had a big pair of tits like *Amy* he would talk to me too."

Sarah let go of herself and hugged her friend, "A guy should like you for your overly-enthusiastic personality, not any boobs you may or may not have," she assured.

"I know, but it's hard sometimes. When we go out, the guys' eyes all go straight to you first. Sometimes it would be nice if they saw me first... Or at all." Chelsea admitted. She could feel Sarah's breasts bulging through her shirt, engulfing her own, as she embraced her.

"You don't need to have a chest that enters a room before you do! Besides you're like 100 pounds soaking wet; anything bigger than what you have now would be *too* big of you ask me." Sarah tried to assure her, releasing her hug.

"Thanks, Sarah... I feel a little better I guess. We should get going on our movie!" Chelsea said, quickly returning to her giddy self, bouncing on the couch.

"Grab a blanket! I've got one of my favorites ready to go," Sarah told her, grabbing the remote.

"Hang on, before you start it I wanna grab something to drink. Do you still have that energy drink mix I like?"

"Really? You think that *you* need more energy?"

"Believe it or not, I get tired too, despite always exuding happiness and joy to those around me."

"Shelf above the stove, to the left in the packets." Sarah told her, pressing play.

"Ahhhh don't start it yet! I love the previews!" Chelsea panicked, running into the kitchen. She kept her eyes on the TV while rummaging around in the shelf above her head for the packets. Her hand fell into a box and she grasped one of them, throwing it onto the counter.

"You've seen all the movies they're previewing here already!" Sarah called.

Chelsea was dumping the contents of the white packet into a glass and running cold water into it, still watching the previews intently, "So? A well made preview is always worth watching." She chugged the full glass within seconds, putting it back on the counter and wiping her mouth off with the back of her hand, making her way back to the couch. "Ugh, I swear that stuff never starts tasting any better. Keeps me awake though..."

"So maybe buy your own sometime and stop stealing mine?"

"Why, when there's an endless supply of it here?" Chelsea exclaimed with a smile.

"Just watch your previews."

They both sat quietly for a bit nibbling popcorn, soon passing the previews and entering into their movie. Chelsea was finding it difficult to get comfortable, and felt claustrophobic. Her stomach felt like it was doing flips.

"Is it hot in here?" she asked Sarah, fanning the neckline of her shirt open and closed rapidly.

"I don't have the heater on, it's still sticking above 60 degrees outside at night. You want me to turn on the AC?"

"No thanks, I'm fine... Must have just worked too hard this week..."

The minutes passed by, and Chelsea continued to squirm. She felt like her bra was cutting into her and she couldn't breathe right. She had to cool down. She stood up and headed towards the bathroom, "No need to pause it," she said, closing the door with a click.

Chelsea leaned on the counter with her hands and looked at herself in the mirror, seeing a thin layer of sweat on her forehead. Her shirt was riding awkwardly on her body and looked weirdly stretched across her bust. She could have counted the number of polka-dots on each cup from how clearly they were showing through the fabric. Chelsea was breathing heavily, feeling like she was burning up.

She pulled her shirt off and threw it next to the sink, dipping her head down to splash some cool water on her face; a process that hardly ever failed to help her in these situations. She felt it run down her cheeks and dribble onto her neck; it was incredibly refreshing and she already felt better. A few drops ran down the length of her neck and shoulders, passing between her pert breasts and running down the length of her cleavage.

Oops..., she thought, straightening up away from the water, *don't want to get my bra wet.* Cherise grabbed the hand towel from the wall and patted her face, following up with her neck and chest. But then she stopped, standing frozen in the mirror looking at herself.

"M-My boobs..." Chelsea whispered, the towel falling from her hand. Her palms hovered in the air in front of her breasts, afraid to touch them. What had been nearly flat not even half an hour ago, were now two full, jiggling mounds filling the bra beyond its limit. *To be fair, the bra didn't have much of a limit to begin with*, she thought, her hands moving closer out of curiosity.

Placing her hands on each of them was like holding two soft halves of an orange, each one warm to the touch. They filled her palms, and their rounded curves pushed into each other; her bra was working hard to contain them, but it was holding steady. Excitement began to bubble up in Chelsea, as she sank her fingers into her boobs for the first time. She started giggling.

Her hands fell away, and she looked at her new profile in the mirror, admiring the way they projected from her torso. Bouncing up and down on her heels, she could feel her bra stretch as it supported their new weight, and she involuntarily bit her lip when she saw her soft white skin jiggling in the tiny cups, coming over the edge.

Turning straight ahead, she looked at them straight on. *Are they...even **bigger** now?!* A new roundness had appeared on the sides of her bra, overflowing the cups towards her arms. Chelsea gingerly poked both bulges with her index fingers, and watched as each of her breasts shifted in shape and formed deeper cleavage, trying to accommodate the pressure. She pulled away, and they rounded back out, overflowing her cups everywhere but below. "I-I'm still growing..." she stammered. She stared at them hard, and could swear she could almost see the growth happening. It was slow, but steady. *Goodbye oranges, hello softballs!*

"Sarah..." she called. No response. "*Sarah!*"

"What?!" Sarah called back, annoyed, "You fall in or see a spider or something??"

The bathroom door flew open, Chelsea running out with her shirt wadded up in her hand. "Put a shirt on Chel-" Sarah began to say. But then she could only stare and stutter, "W-What the hell happened to your...your..."

"*Boobs!* The word you're looking for is *boobs!*" Chelsea screamed, jumping up and down. Her chest bounced wildly, starting to overpower her tiny bra. One of her nipples slipped free and she stopped, giggling as she stuffed it back in, "Or maybe *tits* would be a better word for them at this point."

"Wha..." Sarah started to say, "Ok, haha jokes over."

"These are real, Sarah!" She groped her boobs and squeezed them. They flowed between her fingers and bulged out of her bra.

Sarah only continued looking at her with disbelief.

"Still don't believe me? Fine." Chelsea reached behind her back and unhooked her tired bra, fumbling a little at first with the tension of the band. The hooks fell away and she let her bra spring off of her front, falling off her arms to the carpet. "How about now?"

Sarah's jaw dropped. Her friend who would have given an ironing board a run for its money only a little bit ago, now had breasts that were swollen and round, each a full perky mound swinging on her bare chest. Her nipples protruded proudly off each of their curves, like pink pencil erasers in the center of a penny-sized areola.

"H-How..." Sarah still stammered.

"I don't know!" Chelsea squealed, shaking her chest, "I don't know and I don't care! I think I'm going to pass a C cup soon!"

"*Soon?*" Sarah repeated, "As in you're going to get *bigger?*"

"Mmhmm!" Chelsea nodded. She bent down to retrieve her bra, putting it back on, she grunted as she struggled to clasp it behind her. Her breasts were bulging out of the cups in all directions like rising dough with straps wrapped around it, but she managed to clip it together. "Ahhh..." she sighed, "Like I said, I don't know how, but I'm slowly getting bigger. I can actually feel them growing!"

"Well we need to get you to the hospital!"

"*NO!*" Chelsea immediately protested, "They don't hurt, and I kind of like it. It actually feels kinda good...like I can feel my skin stretching to fit them...and I can feel this pressure inside of them too, pushing them outward!" Sarah stared at her, not understanding. She continued, "You know how it feels when your nipples get bigger and hard? It's like that, but across my entire chest, but warmer and more steady!"

"Chels... This isn't normal!"

"You're not studying for a medical degree, how do you know I'm not just getting a late growth spurt?"

"At least take that bra off, you look ridiculous."

"It'll come off when it's ready. Broken bra or bust! Pun intended." she laughed as she grabbed her shirt, pulling her it over her head. She smiled as she had to stretch it to go over her

bust. It was warped and pulled tight across her boobs, cleavage bubbling up through her stretched neckline.

Sarah couldn't believe what she was seeing. "Tits don't just *grow* like that, Chelsea. You're already bigger than you were a few minutes ago!" She thought for a moment, then continued, "It can't be the popcorn. We've both been eating that and I haven't grown at all, thank goodness." Chelsea was hardly paying attention. "You did have that energy drink mix... You used the orange packets, right?"

"Mmmm...nope! It was white." Chelsea said distantly, pulling her shirt down to reveal more cleavage. She might not have been aware that her thighs were rubbing against each other, pleasure running through her like water.

Sarah walked over to the trash can and plucked out the torn packet. "This one?"

"That's the one! Tasted terrible."

"That was yeast you idiot!" Sarah yelled, "Although I've never heard of yeast causing breast growth... Maybe it's gone bad or something?"

"Well how was I supposed to know?? They were both in the same place!"

"You're supposed to look at what you grab to mix in your water! I keep all the powder mixes with all my baking ingredients, you know that!" Sarah scolded.

"I told you not to press play on the movie yet, I wasn't paying attention! Besides, it's fine; look at me, I'm *hot*!" Chelsea thrust her chest out, and an audible groan came from her bra. Her boobs bulged wildly under her shirt, looking like grapefruits, and she grinned from ear to ear, "Hello D cups!"

"Ugh..." Sarah sighed, returning to the couch. "We don't even know how long they're going to keep growing, Chelsea. Let's just sit down and watch the movie. Maybe it's just some swelling and it'll go down. But the second I see you're in pain or anything else weird, I'm calling a doctor."

"Deal!" Chelsea agreed, hopping into the couch. Her chest bounced tightly in its confines, and Sarah glanced at them nervously, as if they were ticking time bombs.

They continued their movie, but Sarah could see that Chelsea's mind wasn't totally tuned in. She laughed ridiculously at every joke, and Sarah could tell her laughter was more only to make her chest jiggle, than it was out of humor.

On more than one occasion she caught Chelsea massaging the sides of her breasts, or tracing her finger along the edge of her tortured bra. They seemed bigger and more swollen every time she looked, and now they were big and bulbous under her stretched shirt. Cleavage was spilling up and out as her bra compressed her. Only thirty minutes had passed, but they were still growing, as was Sarah's concern for her friend. She had watched as they swelled larger and larger, long past D cups. These weren't boobs anymore: these were melons. She would catch soft moans coming from her every now and then, and actually witness Chelsea rubbing where her nipples would be. She actually watched as her friend grew bigger and bigger, right before her eyes, her top constantly shifting and stretching. For a few minutes Sarah tried to ignore it and

just watch her movie, but then looking back, she immediately realized this had been a mistake. She paused the movie.

“H-How you feeling, Chelsea?”

“Great!” She arched her back as she stretched, and her bra creaked. A stitch popped somewhere, startling her. “Oh! My little bra might not last much longer...!” She placed her hands under each breast and hefted them. Sarah couldn't believe it; she was massive.

“C-Chelsea...I know you're not worried about what's happening to you...”

“Not. At. All.” she said grinning. Her bra groaned again, and her breathing grew shorter and labored.

“Look at yourself!”

“I know, can you believe how big they've gotten?!”

Sarah stood up abruptly and stood in front of her friend, grabbing the bottom of Chelsea's shirt, “No, I mean *really* look at yourself!” She yanked her top up and over Chelsea's swelling bust and off her head. Chelsea looked dazed for a moment before long down. “You can barely even breathe! Take off the bra. You're going to hurt yourself.”

Chelsea looked down and ran her fingers along the different bulges of her breasts the bra was creating, as if she had stuffed two cantaloupes between it and her chest. Her skin was tight and stretched, and her boobs were mashed against each other, and she poked at them tenderly. “Maybe you're right...”

She took a deep breath, and her bra groaned, more seams giving up, but it held strong, her bra cups folding in on themselves now, no stretch left to give in the band. She squinted at them, and huffed. Taking the biggest breath she could, she filled her lungs, straining her bra to it's limit, and arched her back into the couch. The bra creaked and groaned before suddenly,

TWANG!

Chelsea felt the clasps on her back bend and break, as her bra exploded off of her chest and fell limp around her arms across her front. Her tits rounded out, and fell against her body, marks left over from their prison. “Ahhhhhhh....” She sighed deeply, “That is *so* much better.”

For the third time that night, Sarah was speechless; her friend was actually bigger than she was, significantly. Casaba melon tits hung from her chest, full and perky, their bottom curves reaching down to just above her elbows. Each stood out at least an inch from either side of her ribs, and were so large they actually touched each other with their inner curves. And on her incredibly tiny frame, they looked monstrously massive, jutting out a full five inches in front of her. Her areolas were puffy and like silver dollars, crowned with hard, pretty nipples the size of the end of an index finger. They looked like long pink doorbell buttons, screaming out ‘ring for sex!’. A finger could get lost in her tits pushing those buttons. Sarah's realized her friend was getting out of control.

“C-CHELSEA!”

“Jeez, what??”

“You're too big!!”

“Am not...” Chelsea denied. She gathered her breasts into her arms and jiggled them giddily. She couldn't stop smiling. She laid down on the couch, and they spread out on her chest, actually covering part of her biceps and encroaching on her collarbones. She started giggling as she rocked back and forth, feeling them shimmy. She saw Sarah blushing, and placed her palms over her nipples out of modest. “Hehe, sorry about that... Hey, how big do you think I am? You have a tape measure??”

“You're too big.” Sarah repeated, “You need to stop and think for a second before you get any bigger!”

Chelsea wrapped her arms around the front of her breasts and rocked back and forth, sitting up with some effort, her new weight apparent. She sat down facing Sarah and looked at the white mounds of flesh filling her arms, smiling. “Would you relax? I've always wanted boobs! And now I've got a pair of *jugs*! And I'm pretty sure they stopped growing a while back... I haven't felt that pressure in a while.”

“You got lucky.”

“I know! I couldn't have asked for a more perfect size!”

“That's not what I mean and you know it. What if your skin hadn't stretched, or all that yeast had affected your stomach instead or something??”

“But it affected my boobs, and my skin *did* stretch! And *mmmm* it felt soooo good!”

“They're too big for you, Chels... You look like someone took Tessa Fowler's tits and stuck them on a varsity cross-country runner.”

“I bet Thomas would disagree! Oh I can't wait to see the face on that bitch, Amy, when she sees these *jugs*!” She jiggled herself again.

“Chelsea... No... You can't show him.”

“Can too! Where's my phone? I want to send him a picture right now!”

“Chelsea please...”

“What? This is all I've ever wanted!” She said, struggling to start upright as she played with her breasts.

“You need to stop and think.”

“You're just mad because I'm bigger than you now.”

That struck Sarah, although she didn't know why. She had always taken pride in her bust size, but something about how quickly her friend had overtaken her had bugged her, almost like Chelsea hadn't earned it. She brushed the thoughts aside. “Chelsea, that's not it. I'm happy that you grew, but they should've stopped back when they fit you. Thomas is going to think you had work done or something.”

“I'll let him inspect them himself, I don't mind!”

“He's going to think you're a freak. Who grows boobs like that overnight without surgery?”

Chelsea's smile disappeared; that had hurt her. Sarah could hardly believe she had said it, but she still felt it was true.

“N-No...” Chelsea said.

“Look at yourself... They're way too big for you! You're a 100 pound twig with tits the size of your head that probably weigh 10 pounds each!”

“Stop it, Sarah...” Chelsea said softly, looking at her breasts in her hands, “Why can't you be happy for me?”

Sarah sighed, she regretted saying it. Chelsea's shirt was still in her hand, and she held it out for her. Her friend took it and put it on, stretching it over her breasts. They're size turned it into an extremely low-cut belly shirt, her nipples clearly visible through the thinning fabric.

Sarah sat down next to her friend. “I am happy for you, but you have to know that your body wasn't made for boobs like these.”

“Do you think I look like a freak?”

Sarah was silent for a moment; it didn't help the situation. Chelsea's eyes were starting to sting. “I...think they're just a *little* too big.” Sarah said slowly, watching her best friend's eyes grow more watery. She quickly added, “B-But I bet a lot of their size is just swelling! And they'll go down a little! It was because of yeast, after all...”

“But I like them like this...”

“I'm just looking out for you, Chelsea; I'm your friend.”

“I know...” she sniffled. She hiccuped and her breasts bobbed under her shirt, “Ah...!” Chelsea gasped softly.

“What is it, are you alright? Do they hurt?” Sarah asked with concern.

“N-No... My nipples are just more...you know...after the growth...” She was blushing. Sarah looked down and saw two thick nubs poking through her shirt, like two large pebbles under a tight piece of cloth; her nipples had become erect just from the friction.

Sarah's face went red, and she quickly looked away. “Save those things for Thomas!” Chelsea giggled a little and she bounced again and caused another moan.

“Ok ok, how about before you tear two holes in your shirt I go and find you my biggest sports bra so you can wear something?”

“S-Sounds good... Thanks, Sarah...” she accepted, wrapping her arms across her chest, embarrassed.

Sarah stood up and reached out for Chelsea, “Stand up first.”

She took her hand and stood up, wobbly from her new assets. Sarah embraced her firmly, and for the first time Chelsea experienced feeling her breasts attempting to push another person away. Their sizeable boobs squished against each other, like they were trying to hold two pillows between their chests.

“I'm sorry I called you a freak, I didn't mean it. It was too far...”

“I know you were just concerned... I did kind of balloon up...really big...!” Chelsea said, returning to get giddy self.

Sarah squeezed her again, “I'll get you some clothes, and you can stay here tonight. We'll figure it out, I'll even help explain it to Thomas if you want.”

“Really?? Thanks, Sarah!” They released each other and stepped back.

Sarah smiled, “I’ll be right back, gotta go dig through my closet to find something big enough to hold those things!”

“Mind if I make us some smoothies for the rest of the movie? I’m thirsty...”

“Go for it! Full glass for me, please.” Sarah requested, walking into her room.

Chelsea walked into the kitchen, feeling her breasts wobble back and forth, bouncing lightly against each other. *These are going to take some getting used to...* she thought. She filled the blender with fruit and juice and held the lid down as she pressed the button.

Her arm vibrated, sending small waves through her breasts. Her shirt rubbed against her nipples, and they grew harder than ever. She closed her eyes as pleasure washed over her. “Mmmmm...” she groaned, a hot wetness growing under her pants. The appliance stopped, the mixture fully blended and she sighed. Pouring it into two glasses, she couldn’t help but notice her breasts blocking any view of her feet. *I don’t think I’m a freak... I’ve always wanted big tits... How could she say that to me?*

A thought crossed Chelsea’s mind. She looked up at the shelf in front of her; the box of yeast packets was sitting next to the energy drink mix she had missed earlier. *Should I?*

“Hey I think I found something that might fit your overgrown boobs! Try not to stretch it ok?” Sarah called from the other room, and Chelsea’s choice had been made for her. In a flash she was stirring yeast into Sarah’s glass, before bringing it back into the living room. She placed the drinks on the floor and stood waiting.

“Here you go! This should work...” Sarah said emerging from her room with a large spandex sports bra.

“Thank you!” Chelsea squealed, “I can’t hold these things still!” She tore off her beaten shirt and threw it to the ground, taking the bra from her friend as she stood topless. She fed her arms through it and held them up, letting it fall onto her head. She grabbed the bottom band and pulled it down to her shoulders. As the bra met her new curves, Chelsea was met with resistance. She forced the bra, pulling it over her boobs, as they squeezed and fit into their new prison. The elastic popped over the largest part of their curve and fell into place against her chest. The spandex snapped tightly, and her breasts were forced flat and up. They overflowed over the top and out the sides, rubbing against her arms slightly.

“Little tight...!” Chelsea observed. She slapped her hands against the taut fabric and her mounds rippled, “Thanks! Your smoothie is right there.” She sat on the couch with her usual bounce, sipping her own.

Sarah sat beside her, taking a large gulp and grabbing the remote, “Ready to finish the movie?”

She watched as Sarah took another big drink, “Ready!” Chelsea grinned.

Both of their smoothies were gone in a matter of minutes, and the movie grabbed their attention once again. But it didn’t grab Chelsea’s full attention. She had been keeping a watchful

eye on Sarah for the last twenty minutes, who had recently become restless on her end of the couch. Chelsea tapped her fingers on her bust impatiently.

"Thanks a lot for the bra, Sarah..." she said, "I was afraid I was going to put out an eye with my nipples like that!"

"Y-Yea... No problem..." Sarah responded slowly, her mind seemingly elsewhere.

"You alright?"

"It does feel kinda warm in here tonight... Maybe I will turn in the AC..."

"Yea you look a little flushed!" She watched as Sarah wiped her head with her forearm.

"Mind if I just go in a sports bra too? I'm burning up..." she asked, exasperated.

"You want a glass of water? It's the *yeast* I could do!"

"That would be amazing...wait. What did you say?"

"I think we both know what I said..."

Sarah slowly looked down at her own chest, running her hands over it; the fabric of her pajama top was tighter. Her breath caught in her throat. "Y-You didn't... Chelsea, please tell me you didn't!"

"Oh I'm pretty sure I did!"

Sarah started to panic. She looked behind the couch at the kitchen counter; two torn packets of yeast were still sitting there.

"*TWO?! Chelsea why?!*" Sarah screamed.

She stuck out her lip and pouted, "Because it really hurt when you called me a freak... But now you're going to be *huge* and then we'll see who the freak is!"

"*That's why?!*"

"There were other reasons too I guess... I also wanted to know if the yeast affected other people besides me, and how big it could make someone! This should be really fun since you were already so big to begin with!"

"Chelsea I was big enough as I was!!" Sarah screamed, now hugging her breasts into her, "If I grow like you did..." Her eyes got wide with terror as her imagination went wild.

"Don't worry so much! It actually feels *really really* good... And plus, like you said, most of it's probably just swelling, right? They'll go down after a while..."

Sarah could in fact feel herself growing aroused, but she could also feel her sports bra slowly tightening around her chest. "I-I'm getting bigger, Chelsea!"

"Doesn't it feel amazing??" she squealed.

"Chelsea please you have to do something! If I get even bigger than I already am... *Ohhhh...*" Sarah tried to protest, but was overcome with pleasure as her growth surged. Her cotton bra rubbed against her breasts as they swelled, bubbling larger and larger. She felt her pussy grow moist under her pajamas; suddenly she found herself wishing she had worn panties.

"Look how fast you're growing, Sarah!! I didn't even grow *that* fast!" She was right. Sarah could feel herself tits expanding out into her hands as she squeezed them, trying to stop her

growth. It was like trying to hold onto two balloons someone had attached to a bike pump, except these balloons were growing heavy and full, stretching her clothes.

Her shirt was trying to accommodate her growing problem, and was starting to pull tight across the front of her bust, the cotton wrinkling and folding as it ran out of the little stretch it had. Buttons strained, threads pulling tight as small diamond shaped windows opened between each button as her breasts grew. Cleavage rose and fell below her chin as she breathed, short and small breaths through tightened lips. Even in her large sports bra, her breasts were beginning to overflow the top, rounded curves bulging over the elastic and peeking out from the top of her shirt, the unbuttoned collar freely opening.

“T-Too big...” Sarah moaned. She noticed she was rubbing her nipples through the fabric, proud points sticking into her hands, “Why does this feel so good?!”

“You might want to take off your top soon!” Chelsea suggested, “Your buttons look like they're about to blow!” In a matter of minutes, her friend had grown from her original coconuts to what could only be described as volleyballs, each stuffed in the front of her aching pajama top.

Sarah closed her eyes and leaned her head back on the couch, massaging her chest as she began to pant lightly. Her clothes were growing taut, and tapping her fingertips on her burgeoning boobs was like tapping a silent drum.

“Mmmmm...” she moaned, feeling the pressure building inside of her mammaries, pushing against her skin and her top. They stood out large and round on her chest, larger every second, threatening to break out of her support. A seam burst on her side, revealing the grey color of her bra, startling her. Her eyes popped open and beheld her body.

“How much bigger can I get?!” she yelled, “*What is happening to my tits?!* ” Sarah leaned forward, their weight carrying her faster than she expected, and she fell, her breasts mashing into her thighs. The burst seam widened, and a button popped from her front somewhere from the impact, as her mounds were flattened against her legs. She rested on top of them for a few seconds, panting hard as her clothing restricted her.

“Wow, Sarah... You're way bigger than I am! That yeast *really* must have affected you...!”

“Shut up...” she replied, trying to sit up. She cradled her breasts in her arms, and another seam blew as she straightened her back. “I-I don't want to be any bigger, Chelsea! I'm not...mmm...going to be able to go out in...*ungh*...public!” She was having a difficult time talking through the pleasure wracking her body. In fact she was sure if she stood up, there would be a wet spot left where she was sitting.

POP!

“Ahhh!” A button exploded off the center of her pajamas, startling her again, a large hole now showing her sports bra. She was still swelling, and fast. The top third of her breasts were oozing out of the top of her shirt, overflowing her bra and pushing against her neck; she could have rested her chin in her cleavage had she tilted her head down. She got scared when she suddenly felt the edge of her breasts expand into the openings of her arm holes, grazing against

her shoulders and biceps. “I look like a *blimp*!!” she yelled, hugging her breasts. Her nipples protruded out like D batteries under her shirt, and the slightest touch made her body shiver.

Chelsea started giggling, “You look like you inflated two beach balls under your shirt!”

“Ooooh they're so heavy!” All Sarah could see below her were her massive breasts, wider than her shoulders and sticking out more than a foot in front of her. Her shirt was trying desperately to support their weight, but it was a losing battle. “My shirt can't take anymore!” She could feel her breasts being pushed out of the holes in her shirt, round bulges of flesh and bra lining the front of her top.

POP!

POP! POP!

The remaining buttons abandoned their post, and Sarah's shirt flew open, hanging limp at her sides, torn and tattered. Her once confident sports bra could never hope to support her now impossibly large rack, but it was stretched so tight and to its utmost limit, it had no choice. Sarah dared not breath.

Chelsea on the other hand, couldn't take her eyes off of her friend. Two breasts bigger than beach balls sat on her friends chest, cradled in her trembling arms. Her grey sports bra was wrapped around their front like a belt, forcing them into two oval shapes. The shoulder straps dug into her curves, dividing the top half of each breast in two. Both could see she was still growing, each bulge slowly swelling out further and further. Two large bumps were showing through the front of the bra; they could only be from nipples the size of tea cups. A wider, round shape circled them, coming from Sarah's puffed up areolas, each like a small dinner plate.

“*Look at you!!*” Chelsea squealed.

“T-This is all your fault.” Sarah said in a slow voice, scared to move. Chelsea inched closer on the couch, her own large tits swaying slightly. “No! Don't come any closer!”

Chelsea ignored her friend, slowly extending a finger out towards her right breast. “You're absolutely *gigantic*!”

“C-Chelsea, don't you dare! Stay away from me! My skin is so tight! W-What if they explode or something??” Sarah screamed, helpless to move. Her breasts stayed cradled in her arms.

“I can still see you growing! You can't tell me you're not enjoying this.”

Sarah bit her lip; it's true that she was having a hard time controlling herself. It was all she could do to not let herself go, in fact. She felt gigantic, and the larger she felt her breasts grow, the wetter she could feel herself become. She wanted nothing more than to have her nipples fondled, or her clit rubbed. Her head was swimming in ecstasy.

Chelsea's finger made contact, making a slight indent in her tight skin. “Chelsea don't!!” Sarah panicked, jolting away. Her breasts jiggled maddeningly in her arms, and all at once, her bra gave up. Seams exploded on both of her sides, large tears ripping the piece of clothing in half. The front of the bra sprang upwards, and her breasts fell unsupported into her lap in a wave of jiggling white flesh. They filled her lap instantly, running over the sides of her legs and even

forcing her thighs apart as they flooded between them. “MMMMMM!!” she groaned loudly, her breasts pushing against the top of her pussy and inner legs.

Their weight pulled her forward, and she was forced to rest on top of her own breasts like a giant pillow. Her entire half of the couch was a giant mass of breasts, with Sarah lying on top breathing heavily; she was pretty sure she had just came. Her nipples rested above her knees, and even with her full hands, she couldn't hide them. They had grown too wide and tall, and she felt like she was trying to hold onto two tea cup shaped stress balls.

Chelsea was rolling on the floor, laughing uncontrollably, her tits bouncing side to side as she heaved. “Now those are some freakish tits!! Since I'm staying here tonight, you mind if I use you as my bed??” she managed to say between gasps of air. Another fit of laughter took over.

Sarah was at a loss for words. She felt giant and swollen; her entire view was her breasts. Her nipples throbbed in her hands, and she had to stifle more moans. “Please tell me they're done... I feel like I could pop!” she pleaded, “I'm never going to be able to do anything again!”

“Are you kidding? You could get any guy you want! Assuming he's a boob-guy I guess, but still!” Chelsea consoled her, patting her friend's giant chest. It rippled tightly like an overfilled water balloon. “And you look like your growth is slowing down too, if that helps.”

“How could you do this to me?” Sarah panted, staring down at the giant rounded breasts in front of her. They did look like they were slowing down now. Sarah was surprised at how round they stayed, rather than flattening out from the weight; although they filled and overflowed her lap, they still rose up to her collarbone. Her jugs looked like two exercise balls filled with a heavy fluid. “My skin is so tight... And they feel so *full*!”

“Hehe, yea... Guess I went a *little* overboard on the yeast, huh? I didn't think it would make you this big!”

“You're going to pay for this, I hope you realize that.”

“Gotta be able to stand up and catch me first!”

Sarah looked at her, dismayed. “How am I going to live my life, Chelsea?”

“I wouldn't worry about it... To be honest, mine have already gone down a little...”

“R-Really?” Sarah asked, hopeful.

“Mhmm! But I really don't think they're ever going to fully disappear. And that's fine by me! But I do feel kind of bad about what I did to you...”

“Yea? *Kind of*? You're lucky I'm still talking to you! I should smother you under these things!”

“Well not that you have much choice... What are you going to do, call someone? I just wanted to get a little payback for all the things you said...” Chelsea pouted.

Sarah sighed, “I do owe you an apology... I'm sorry for what I said. If you want tits like that, more power to you! And to be honest, they do look fucking fantastic. You're going to blow Thomas' mind.”

“You really think so?!”

“I do. Now help me get into a better position. This is all your fault, so you're going to take care of me until these are *much* smaller.”

“I guess I owe you that... You want me to cut one of your bras in half and tape the cups over your giant nipples? Have some modesty.”

Sarah looked at her, then chuckled slightly, before they both broke into fits of laughter.

The weekend passed by slowly. Chelsea had been excited to go out and show off her new chest, but Sarah had demanded she stay by her side.

“You're responsible for making me grow these tits, so you get to clean up your mess!” Sarah would say every time Chelsea was dragging her feet or itching to go outside.

They had made a bed of pillows and blankets in the living room for Sarah, a sort of horseshoe shaped nest to help keep her breasts supported and in her lap while she sat on the ground. Neither of them wanted to discuss their difficulties helping Sarah to the bathroom. “We never speak of this.” Sarah had told her firmly, and Chelsea nodded silently everytime, looking away and off into the distance.

On the sizes of their chests, Sarah had been right; much of the growth had been only swelling, and over the weekend their breasts slowly became smaller.

Much to Chelsea's glee, they didn't disappear completely. By midday on Sunday, both girls had noted a significant decrease in their rate of shrinking, and by Sunday night, both agreed their breasts were done shrinking.

Chelsea was bouncing around the apartment, ecstatic that she now sported a pair of jiggly, perky F cups, hanging beautifully like decorations off of her thin frame. Even Sarah had agreed that they looked amazing, but she had to talk Chelsea out of sending picture after picture to Thomas.

“We'll invite him over for some snacks and games, and I'm willing to bet a couple of questions will come up. We'll try to tell him our story,” she guided, “I doubt he'll believe us, but like you said, he's free to inspect yours any time.”

“He'll have to win me over first!” Chelsea declared, “They are big, but there's still more to me than my tits.”

Sarah's breasts, on the other hand, were another story. As large as Chelsea had settled, Sarah's had started at that size, and the weekend was a nerve wracking ordeal waiting to see just how big she would end up. On more than one occasion, she had told Chelsea, “If I have to get a reduction, *you're* going to pay for it.” Chelsea knew she was serious.

They both observed that the amount their breasts shrunk seemed dependant on how big they had gotten in the first place. As massive as Sarah had become, she saw an incredible decrease in her size, which came as an enormous relief to her, as her breasts lost inch upon inch over the hours. That's not too say she didn't end up with a big pair of knockers.

By Sunday night, she had reached her final size. Sarah stood in front of her mirror looking at her breasts, part of her happy she could stand at all. The top half of her body was ruled

by her bosom. Her old F cups were gone, replaced by a size she didn't know could be attained without surgery. They hung a few inches below her belly button, and stuck out far enough from her sides that her arms would bounce into them. They rounded out far from her ribcage, each one holding a volume equivalent to four gallons. Her nipples were thick and pink, each like half of a AA battery, with areolas as big as small coasters.

"They're so big..." she said, looking in the mirror. She lifted them in her hands, their weight never ceasing to surprise her. They overflowed her fingers and palms, like she was trying to hold two giant balls of dough.

"Don't be so down about it!" She encouraged, "You've got to be the biggest girl on campus! Those tits are going to take you anywhere you want."

"I guess..." Sarah said. She grabbed the bra Chelsea had been wearing when she was at her biggest, and grunted as she pulled it over her bust. It was much too small for her and she bulged out of it, but it held her titanic breasts high and tight on her chest, reaching her armpits at their highest point. Her nipples shown through it like spotlights; there was no hiding them without a real bra. "I feel like a dairy cow with these things!"

"Don't be so down, I said I would pay for your new wardrobe didn't I? We'll go have a good time finding you all new bras and shirts!"

Sarah smiled weakly, "That did sound kind of fun..."

"You're going to look so sexy with the cleavage you're going to have, trust me."

"I'm mostly just scared of adjusting to them...and explaining them to friends and family... Now that it's over, it was admittedly kinda fun growing... I feel like I upgraded myself!"

"That's the spirit! And if anyone asks, it was a late growth spurt; they happen!"

Sarah smiled at her friend, "Thanks... But don't think for a second that you're not still in trouble for doing this. I'm still going to get you back, somehow. You shouldn't go around messing with people's bodies like that."

"I'm sorry..." Chelsea whimpered.

Ding dong

"Oh, I bet I know who that is!" Sarah said, looking at her friend, "Hand me that shirt, and you can go let him in."

She quickly handed Sarah an oversized t-shirt before running out of the room. Sarah pulled it over her head, working out down her breasts as she heard Chelsea talking in at the front door, "Hi, Thomas! How have you been since midterms? You would not *believe* the weekend I've had."