



Lacey raced around her house with party supplies in hand. Only two hours ago her parents had finally departed to celebrate their anniversary, leaving her alone for the Halloween weekend. This left far less time to prepare than she initially thought. Most of the food was yet to be set out and it wouldn't be long before the early birds started knocking at her door.

In the midst of the rush her friend's voice came through the phone pinned between her shoulder and ear.

"This is going to be so much fun!! I can't believe you're actually going through with this! It's like something out of a sitcom!" Kate's excitement was enough to make Lacey wince from the shrill voice.

"I know! But--*whoa!!*" Lacey dropped several plastic bowls after not watching her step. "There's so much to do still! Do you want to come over and help set up? I'm about ready to pass out trying to get everything ready!"

The call for help fell on deaf ears. "Is your costume ready yet?? Are you still going as Poison Ivy? I finally found a plaid skirt short enough for what I want!"

"It's almost done!" Lacey was pouring two bags of snacks at once into different bowls. "I'm still...putting on the finishing touches!"

"And you have what I need for mine?"

Lacey took a moment to breathe. All of this running around was making it hard to stay upbeat and enjoy herself. Kate's lack of sympathy and willingness to help only added to the turmoil. "Yes, Kate! My bra is at your service..."

"*Perfect!* It's so small it'll push my boobs up to my neck! Paul won't know what hit him when he sees me." Lacey could sense the lust in her friend's voice when Kate added, "I'm going to make every schoolgirl fantasy of his come true tonight."

Silence filled the connection until Kate realized what she'd said. "Oh, n-no offense... About the bra thing..."

Lacey waved the comment from her mind. "None taken, I guess. My bras *are* basically mega push-ups to you. Assuming it even fits..." Mental images of Kate trying to wear her lingerie were more self-deprecating than they were humorous. "Don't you have any old bras of your own you could wear?? I remember you wearing push-up bras in high school!"

"I threw them all out after my last growth spurt! They didn't fit!"

"Lucky you..." Lacey sighed. Under her top sat her lifelong B-cups. They had just enough mass to add a teasing bit of definition to the Autumn-striped sweater but not enough to keep a boy's attention. "Would you mind telling me your secret sometime? You know, share the wealth?"

"Then it wouldn't be a secret!" Kate sang.

Lacey blinked in an effort to read her friend's tone. "You know, sometimes you act as if you *actually* did something to make yourself grow instead of just getting lucky with genetics."

"Hmmm... I don't knooooow!" Kate hummed.

If there was a secret, Lacey knew she wasn't prying it from Kate's lips any time soon. Not before the party at least. Finishing up the snack table, she headed for the garage. "Ok, I need to go so I can finish my costume and give the paint time to dry. See you tonight?"

"See you tonight!"

CLICK!

The call ended and Lacey set about to the remaining task of finishing her Halloween costume. Through sheer luck, fate had aligned in such a way as to usher her parents out of town in time for the party-prone holiday. Such territory was unknown to her. Though light, bubbly, and full of energy, her social life left much to be desired outside her closest group of friends. On a whim, she decided to throw a costume party and push herself outside her comfort zone. If she happened to find a boy in her bed the next morning, it was only icing on the cake. Kate called it a quarter-life crisis, but Lacey insisted it was for the sake of broadening her horizons and experiencing new things.

"Ok... Ok, where is it?" she asked herself. Bare feet padded across the garage floor on the way to her father's workbench. An old white bra was clenched in her hand ready for a makeover. It would be trash after tonight.

Shifting eyes scanned the packed shelves of spray cans and lubricants. "Have more stuff, Dad." A far corner was dedicated solely to paint supplies. Standing on her tiptoes, she searched the contents.

"Gold... Red... White... Another white... Clear..." Lacey rattled the colors off as she saw them. The longer it took, the more she began to fear she may not find what she sought. "Come on! Where's the green?!"

Shoving aside a grey bucket of decade-old spray cans, Lacey spied a green lid near the back. It sat behind a small urn labeled 'Trigger', a name she recognized as her father's childhood dog. Moving it aside revealed a small metal container with a green rubber lid. The label was covered in lime rivulets oozing down the side like a poster for an 80s horror movie.

"Monster Blood..." Lacey said, reading the label. Much of it had worn off due to time. Turning it over revealed viscous liquid sloshing inside. "Never heard of that brand. Sounds like a good name for green paint, though!"

POP!

The lid peeled away along with the dust of several decades. Despite its age, a bright green substance sloshed around the container. Lacey smiled.

"Looks like green paint to me!"

Throwing her bra onto the workbench along with the can of monster blood and a paintbrush, Lacey took to coating her undergarment in the green hue. It flowed over the cotton cups and spandex straps like syrup and seeped deep into the padding. When left alone for several seconds, it self-leveled to create a shiny glaze and reflected the fluorescent light overhead.

“Maybe I will keep this bra after tonight,” she thought, “It looks kind of cool! Kind of like a sour candy apple bra!” The inside was sure to stick to her breasts after the thick coating she’d applied, but it was worth it for the appearance.

A tap of her finger told her the paint was quick to dry. Shocked but not one to complain, she grabbed a bag of fake green leaves she had prepared previously. Quick hands set to work spurred on by excitement and a tinge of arousal at her costume. It didn’t take long before the bra was covered in a layer of green leaves sewn into the painted fabric.

Lacey held it into the air and marveled at her work. “*Perfect! I’m actually really impressed by myself!*”

Beaming, she glanced at a clock on the wall. It featured a half-naked woman lying across the hood of a muscle car. There wasn’t much time for Lacey to admire her handiwork. The sun was setting and soon it would be time to put her leaf-covered bra to the test. Lacey only wished she had something more to fill its cups.

(.Y.) (.Y.) (.Y.) (.Y.) (.Y.)

KNOCK KNOCK

Flustered, Lacey opened her front door to find Kate standing there with a set of clothes draped over one hand. They didn’t need to be on her body for Lacey to recognize how little fabric made them up.

“You’re not dressed yet??” Kate exclaimed.

“I’ve been too busy setting up for the party!”

“But you need to get *yourself* ready too!”

Lacey wrung her hands nervously and glanced around the decorations and food spread throughout the downstairs. “I just want to make sure people have a good time...”

“They will! Now let’s get dressed before any of them get here!” Kate pushed her way through the door.

“Welcome to my home!” Lacey invited sarcastically.

Kate was already on her way up the stairs. By the time Lacey caught up and found her in the middle of her bedroom, Kate was already undressing.

“A warning would have been nice!” Lacey recoiled after seeing her friend bend over to remove her underwear in favor of a pink thong.

“Oh grow up, we’ve changed together at school for years.” Kate straightened up and snapped the thong to her hips. Bare breasts distended from her torso like luscious ripe fruits. Lacey could never admit how much she wanted to squeeze Kate’s assets from behind at that moment, mostly for the thrill of seeing the bulging experience from a first-person point of view. Somehow, as Kate’s bust wobbled back and forth while stepping into a plaid mini-skirt, Lacey felt her friend had grown yet again. Despite them being into their twenties, over the last year Kate’s breasts had gained not only a handful of extra cup sizes but also enhanced their shape and

firmness. Kate was insistent on denying implants. Her changes had been too gradual for such a method as well. The wonderful mounds taunted Lacey from afar with their mysterious ability for post-pubescent growth.

“Where is it??” Kate asked after donning her skirt.

Lacey knew exactly what she wanted. “It’s on the bed. Under my leaf bra.”

Kate’s eyes lit up when she saw a black B-cup sitting on the bed under a pile of fake leaves. She snatched it away before removing a hand from it in disgust. “Eeeewww, what did you do to it??”

“Huh?”

“It’s covered in green stuff!”

Lacey looked over to find both her bra and Kate’s hand covered in green liquid. “*Oh no!!*” she cried out, “I thought the paint on my bra was dry!! I-I know it was!!”

Kate flung her hand back and forth to try and remove the paint. It wasn’t easy to remove. She inspected the borrowed piece of her costume with a frown. “Well... At least the paint only got on the inside of the cups... And I’m willing to bet Paul won’t complain if I ask for some help cleaning paint off my boobs.”

With a shrug Kate slipped her arms into the bra. Lacey had secretly been waiting to see this event. How would her B-cup handle Kate’s hanging treasures? They each held their breath for different reasons when the concave padding connected with Kate’s skin and sank into her mammaries.

“*N-Nnngh... It’s...really tight,*” Kate grunted, struggling to clasp it behind her back.

SNAP!

“*Ahh! There we go!*”

Lacey gulped. There was flesh at every corner. The poor bra looked ready to give up. It wasn’t meant for this daunting task. It wasn’t born with the underwire necessary for such weight. Overflowing skin bulged from the cups at every seam like some kind of erotic seize weapon loaded and ready to fire.

“*Oohhhhh that’s cold!!*” Kate shivered after the bra settled. “I-I think some of the paint soaked into the padding!” Adjusting the cups, Kate placed them on the bottom of her breasts so they connected with her ribs. With so much mass stuffed into them, her nipples peeked into the open and skin heaped around the shoulder straps. There was no doubt in Lacey’s mind that Kate would fall out of she bent forward.

She admired herself in a vanity mirror. “God this thing makes me look *huge!!*” Kate giggled and groped herself. “*Talk about bringing enough tit for the class!*” Grabbing her blouse, she began the task of stretching the buttons over her boosted bust. She caught Lacey staring with envy from across the room. “Where’s the rest of your Poison Ivy costume?”

Lacey sprang out of her trance. “Oh! It’s right here!” She dove into her closet momentarily to retrieve the homemade outfit. “I had to hide it from my parents. They would *never* let me wear something like this, no matter how old I am.”

A miniskirt made of leaves strung across a green elastic waistband fluttered in her hand. Going down the sides were green curtains made of a sheer fabric designed to tantalize and tease.

Kate's eyes bulged at the sight of the thing. "Wow... You're really going for the maximum amount of skin, huh? Like seriously, if there's a breeze people will get an eyeful."

"I-It's not *that* revealing," Lacey lied. She knew full well she risked exposing intimate parts of herself tonight. It was something she had been psyching herself up for all month. "It's basically the same costume Poison Ivy wore in Gotham by Gaslight! Just enough to be sexy."

Kate snorted at her friend's knowledge of comic book characters. "More like just enough to lure a guy from a Halloween party into bed."

"*Shush.*"

"Well hurry up and get those leaves on! People are going to be here soon!"

Lacey hesitated with the hope of privacy but realized it was a foolish request given her intentions for the night. Stepping out of her pajama pants and pulling her sweater overhead, Lacey revealed her slender frame devoid of any underwear. Her bare breasts seemed minuscule compared to what had been hanging free in the same room only minutes ago.

Careful not to damage the sewn-on leaves, Lacey stepped into her skirt of foliage and drew it around her hips. It sat exceedingly high with the tips of the leaves reaching only a few inches below her pelvis. Following up with her painted bra, she stood before Kate feeling more naked than before.

Her friend's mouth hung open. "*WOW that's hot.* Like...seriously, *I* might even try and get into bed with you tonight, Lace. Is something like that even *legal* to wear around people?? You're really not going to wear underwear with that??"

Lacey's face was beet-red. She certainly felt like her lack of underwear was obvious. Every leaf was placed precisely to cover what needed to be. This didn't mean certain curves and contours of her pelvis, butt, and thighs weren't visible. It also didn't mean an awkward step or mishap wouldn't flash everyone in the vicinity. The bra had even been enhanced to give her a respectable amount of cleavage considering what she had to work with.

Her heart raced while wondering if she was actually brave enough to dress as Poison Ivy to such an extreme extent. "I-I wanted to feel a little daring tonight... My parents are gone and I'm throwing a big party; I might as well be a little risqué while I'm at it... Plus the leaves are big enough nobody can see anything!" She moved her hips in several directions and inspected the results. More skin peeked through than she anticipated. "R-Right??"

Kate was speechless. "I... I'm going to be honest, Lace; you're making me feel like I'm wearing a nun's habit right now. And I'm dressed as a slutty schoolgirl!" Lacey's face turned redder. "By the way!" Kate laughed. She quickly turned around and bent forward like a model. With the help of her hand, her skirt flipped up and she groped her chest. "How do I look? Think Paul will have any complaints?"

CRREEEAAAK

Lacey's eyes moved from the pink thong running between her friend's thighs to her tortured bra showing through Kate's thin white blouse. It complained under her squeezing fingers. "You look like you're about to break my bra!" Lacey said, voicing her concern.

Kate chuckled. "Ehh it'll last a few hours." A glance in the mirror was enough to make her caress her chest while smoothing her shirt. "God, this cleavage... Your bra lifts my boobs to the moon!"

Lacey knew Kate was changing the subject to help her feel more comfortable in her Ivy costume. It had only turned her attention from one insecurity to another. "Well, you *are* like four times bigger than I am... I was surprised they even fit in a bra as small as mine..."

The words left her mouth with a more somber tone than Lacey intended. Kate picked up on this and sensed her envy. "You really do want to be bigger, don't you?"

There was no hesitation when Lacey nodded in confirmation. The topic had been broached many times before; Lacey's breast envy was well-known. She didn't think Kate fully knew the extent. Glancing down at her leafy attire, she tried to imagine what it might look like if a pair of breasts like Kate's were nestled atop her frame. Lacey's chest tingled at the very thought. If she imagined hard enough, her bra already felt tighter.

"They just seem nice to have..." Lacey confessed. "I-I like squeezing things! And they look so soft and...fun!" She glanced away in embarrassment. "And...I kind of wish I was so big I couldn't see my feet..."

Kate laughed lightly with amusement. "Who doesn't like squeezing things?" A part of her went out to Lacey. The difference in their endowments had never been so clear to her as it was right now, due to Lacey's candidness and the extreme tightness of her bra. It felt tighter by the minute.

"Listen," Kate said slowly, "If it really means that much to you, maybe I can tell you my little secret... You are sacrificing your bra for me, after all..."

Lacey's eyes illuminated like fireworks. The fact alone that an actual secret existed was one thing, but it was another for Kate to be willing to share. "*Really?? Can you tell me right now?! Kate I can't tell you how much I've always wanted--*"

DING DONG!

The doorbell rang throughout the house.

"People are here!!" Kate gasped. Rushing to the bedroom door, she made for the stairs. She caught Lacey's wounded expression before she left. Passing a wink, Kate assured her, "I'll tell you later. Promise."

(.Y.) (.Y.) (.Y.) (.Y.) (.Y.)

Lacey's house was busier than any time she could remember in the last decade. Between the loud music blaring from every room, people wandering about in costumes ranging from bulky to body-hugging, and the general air of Halloween excitement, it was hard for Lacey to

hear herself think. There was one other reason her mind found itself scrambled, however: her costume.

A thin curtain of leaves draped across her nether region was far more revealing than she had prepared herself for. Before tonight, walking around without a shirt in a bra was too high of a mountain to climb. Now, as she walked around her own party feeling naked, Lacey knew her cheeks were bright red. Nobody could see anything directly but this didn't stop curious eyes from trying. Lacey could feel gazes lingering on her navel and upper thighs with hopes for an odd twist of her body to reveal what was most certainly an uncovered pussy below.

It made her heart race and sweat bead on her exposed cleavage. Half of Lacey's mind screamed at her to run upstairs and reclaim the panties she'd left on the floor only an hour ago. The other half, fogged by several drinks, found a primal thrill in playing the seductive role of Poison Ivy. Strutting around her crowded house in nothing but leaves made her feel like the queen of the jungle. It didn't matter what costume any of the other girls wore that night; it was nowhere near as daring as her own and their boyfriends couldn't help but stare with drooling mouths.

It was Lacey's first time experiencing such sexual attention. A lack of breasts had left her far less appealing than other girls, but teasing a glimpse of her crotch beneath a single loosely-fitted leaf caused eyes to stick to her like glue. It was better than she could have imagined. It was thrilling and exhilarating. It made her heart race, her loins warm, and her nipples throb in her painted bra. It was intoxicating.

"Niiice costume, Lacey!" a guy named Hal complimented. His eyes never came above her breasts. "I didn't know there would be a jungle girl here! We should have coordinated!"

"T-Thanks!" Likewise, her own gaze lingered on his exposed muscles on display for a caveman costume. She didn't dare correct him in saying she was Poison Ivy.

CLATTER

"Uh ooooh!" a group of guys chided behind her, "We dropped some chips! Could you pick 'em up for us, Lacey?"

They elbowed each other with their clever plan. Lacey knew better than to fall for it. "Sorry! You make a mess, you clean it up!" The disappointment on their faces was golden.

Lacey hurried away before she could be stopped again. It was going to be easier than she thought finding a guy for the night. At this rate she was going to have her pick. The possibility made her bra strain with tightness from her short breaths. The longer the party wore on, the more she noticed an increasing amount of attention around her breasts. It struck her as odd, considering the bra-covered region was the most modest portion of her costume and contained the least to ogle. It certainly didn't feel very empty, however.

"*Lace!!*" a voice called from the kitchen. It was a welcomed relief to see Kate, even if she was wrapped in the wandering hands of her boyfriend. They hadn't left her body since his arrival and after several hardy drinks, they had devolved into heavy squeezing and lifting up her skirt. Lacey couldn't very well blame his drunken arousal; Kate's blouse and borrowed bra looked

ready to explode. How she'd managed to get them closed in the first place made Lacey pause; it seemed an impossible task given how large her breasts appeared. Lacey knew it was time to accept she would never wear that bra again.

"Kate!" Lacey replied, "Having a good time??" From the color in the cheeks and her soft giggles as Paul caressed her, Lacey needed no response.

Her friend had to yell over the music. "Hell yea!! What about you?? You're the talk of the party in those leaves! Even I can't help but stare!! You look hotter every time I see you!!"

Blushing hard and clasping her hands over the front of her pelvis instinctively, Lacey accepted the comment. She felt extremely attractive. The excitement of such an outfit had brought a tingling to her chest which refused to cease. "Thanks!" She watched Paul's hands sink to Kate's chest with no regard for who may be watching. They appeared full and tight in his grip. "I-I..." Lacey had to swallow from watching Kate bite her lip to fight his grasp. "I...I think I'm starting to get used to how much skin I have on dis--"

"We're out of Doritos!!"

"NOOOO!!!"

The kitchen area erupted into a storm of displeasure at the announcement. Lacey was prepared for such a catastrophe. "Calm down, calm down!" she laughed over the roar. Her costume garnered near-instant attention. "I have more!"

"Yaaaaaayy!!!"

"Excuse me for a second," she said to Kate.

Lacey entered the pantry. Taking care not to stretch in such a way that would hike her leaf skirt high enough to reveal everything, she grabbed a new bag of snacks. Hungry gaggles of monsters and ghouls watched as she came to refill the bowl. "Plenty more where that came from!" she promised.

A nearby girl slapped her boyfriend on the arm. "Stare a little more, why don't ya? Jesus..."

"What?? I like her costume!" he responded with a shrug.

Lacey blushed at his praise. At the end of the table she could feel a group of men staring at her torso. They made no efforts to hide their conversation.

"Great set of tits on her..."

"Is that Lacey? From high school??"

"Fuck me if it is! She was flatter than a day-old soda, remember?"

"Hey Poison Ivy! What happens if I throw a bucket of Miracle Grow on you??"

Lacey giggled and did her best not to shy away from the attention. "What do you think would happen??" she teased, setting down the chips and motioning to her costume, "I would grow right out of this thing!"

SNAP!!

Something in the corner of her vision fluttered to the ground. Stooping down while cautiously keeping her back straight, and well aware of the hopeful eyes watching her skirt, Lacey picked up a leaf from the floor.

“How did this fall off...?” she questioned.

Looking closer, she discovered the thread she’d used to sew it onto her bra was snapped in half. A glance at her side revealed a gaping spot of green cotton where it had fallen. It looked as though her bra had stretched to the point of breaking the loop of thread.

“What the...” Lacey grabbed the bare patch of her bra in perplexment. It was tight around her body. Wetness met with her grasp and she recoiled in surprise to find her palm covered in green goo. “*It’s still not dry??*”

SNAP!

Before her eyes, another leaf was released. Lacey caught it in midair. Between her ever-tightening bra and the heightening intensity of the tingling in her breasts, she was sobering up more by the minute. Heavy masses carried her forward from the motion of grabbing the leaf.

“*W-Whoa...*” she swooned from loss of balance. Out of instinct, her hands flew to the source of the weighty shifting. They collided with two soft masses completely alien to Lacey. She squeaked in shock before looking down, now paying attention to more than just her breaking costume.

Her bra was heaped with flesh. Two large grapefruits were stuffed into the tiny undergarment. It was lifting away from her torso and pulling tighter with each and every breath. With so much mass stuffed into such a confined space, Lacey was entranced by the heavenly line of pale cleavage striking between her groping hands. Multiple fingers sank into her skin up to the first knuckle. A thin trail of green liquid squished from between her mounds and ran down her stomach.

“*O-Oh my God!*” she squeaked again. Lacey’s hands held onto her swollen chest for what seemed like ages while she ogled their pale forms and the straining bra. “*I-I-I...I have boobs??*”

“*Hey, Lacey!! Calm down over there!!*” Kate chided from the kitchen.

Lacey looked up to find half of the party watching her grope and ogle herself. “*Ahh!*” she gasped, letting herself go. The room of witnesses laughed at what they assumed to be a drunken girl’s sexy prank. “*T-This costume might be a little revealing!*” she whimpered.

In the kitchen, Kate chuckled at her friend’s predicament and turned her attention to Paul. A rock-hard erection had been prodding her back all night. “You can thank Lacey for this lovely view down my blouse, by the way.”

Paul grinned and ran a finger under a cup. A nipple slipped free for all to see. “You’re going to have to keep that tiny bra. I hope you know that.”

“Oh really?” Kate inhaled deep and arched her back. The bra wouldn’t allow for much before she risked bursting free. “I’m not even sure I could fit into this thing again if I had to!”

Stress lines ran across the front of Kate’s blouse. Flesh folded over itself in the schoolgirl’s cotton prison. Inside the cups she could feel the green paint still wet against her

breasts. It was stimulating her nipples beyond anything she'd ever experienced. They hadn't left their rock-hard forms since she'd gotten dressed.

GUUUURRRGLE

"N-Nnngh..." Kate groaned. Fabric creased firm into her back.

"You all right...?" Paul asked, biting Kate's ear.

"Yea... Yea..." Panting, she released she couldn't breathe. "I think this costume...nngh...is just a little...too much!" Eyes of arousal tempted Paul as she gasped. "*I think I'm getting full...*"

A shaking hand reached for her blouse to undo the topmost button. It needed only to be brushed before it sprang open.

BWOOMP!

GUUURGLE

"Nnnmmmmmmgh!!" Kate shivered at the release of her breasts. They felt like two bloated watermelons stuffed down her shirt. Running a hand behind her to grab Paul's member, she whispered into his ear, "I-I think...mmnngh!!!...it might be time...a-already!" Moisture covered her lips. She delivered a demanding squeeze to his shaft. "Help a full girl out?"

Paul nodded like a puppy ready for a treat. Kate smiled excitedly at Lacey before taking Paul's hand and leading him towards the stairs.

From her position, Lacey watched the entire scene unfold. She was short of breath from the absolute girth of Kate's breasts. Undoing a single button had sent them jiggling like basketballs reaching beyond her elbows. Kate was big, but Lacey knew she wasn't *that* big.

"She looked like she was going to fall over..." Lacey whispered in disbelief. She couldn't explain it, nor prove it was only in her head. She did know Kate had just taken Paul up to her room for some Halloween fun. She only hoped they would stay off her bed. Beyond that, nothing else mattered aside from her own enhancement.

"Hey, Lacey!"

For the first time that night, two girls were trying to grab her attention. Lacey recognized them from high school but barely knew them otherwise. "Hey, guys!" Their names had faded away long ago.

"We *love* your costume!"

Lacey grinned with pride. "O-Oh! Thanks! I--"

"What kind of props did you use?" the other girl asked.

"Uhhh... Props?" Lacey cocked her head. "I used an old bra and some fake leaves, but other than that I--"

"No, I mean your boobs!! I do a lot of cosplay and I *wish* I could make myself that big and have such realistic cleavage! Are they foam? Latex?"

Lacey began stammering. "I-I didn't use anything! These are just my--"

CRRREEEAAAAK

“Eeep!!” Lacey shuddered when her bra tightened and her breasts distended. Like two swelling fruits, they expanded outward into her cups and bulged in heavy overflows. Several inches were added to her girth before they stopped at a size resembling cantaloupes. She looked down at her bust in shock and awe, unable to know how to cope with such a drastic change in her anatomy. Beneath her leaf skirt, slick fluids were leaking onto her thighs.

“Whoooooaaa! Awesome effects!!” the first girl cheered. *“Those look real!! My boyfriend would lose his mind if I had a costume that could do that!”*

The second doubled down for her cosplay needs. *“Did you use balloons?? Maybe some kind of bodysuit fit for your torso?? Is there an air pump wired into the bra??”*

CRREEAAAAAK

The fabric pulled drum-tight. *“A-A-Ahhh!!”* Confused, Lacey wrapped her arms across her tits as they began feeling ready to pop free. *“Yup!! Y-Yup!! Some balloons and a tiny pump!! Had to do my Poison Ivy justice!!”* she lied. Anything to get her free of their questions.

CRRREEEEEAAAAAK

“Ahh!! O-Oohh!!” Lacey jumped. *“Excuse me for a minute!!!”* Holding her breasts in her arms, she pushed her way through an ogling crowd to the bathroom and locked the door behind her.

“Oooohhhh my God... O-Ooohh my God what’s happening to me??” Lacey nearly fell over from her haste in entering the bathroom. She clambered for the counter to catch her fall before leaning over the sink and staring into the mirror. Hands flailing for her bra clasp, she winced as it drew tighter. *“My boobs feel...feel so--”*

FWIP!!

Her bra flung open.

Lacey stared in amazement. *“--BIG.”*

Breasts like volleyballs hung from her frame in plump, luscious globes. With a shape firm enough to make any bra model envious, they pressed into each other in a battle for space. Nipples like half baby carrots trembled on their fronts. Monster blood dripped from her pale curves and pink nubs as if it had been drizzled on. On the sink below, her bra cups were saturated with the goop.

Lacey paid no mind to the strange content covering her chest, nor its presence in her brassier. She was entirely focused on her perfectly-engorged mammaries.

“I-I...I have...” She gulped, afraid saying it aloud might cause them to vanish under her own hands. *“I...have TITS!!”*

Lacey sank her fingers into them with evolving greed.

“NNNGHHH!!! OOHhhh YES!!” Her knees fell into the counter as they weakened and trembled. So much sensitivity had never come from her chest. The sheer act of squeezing herself sent her into a spiral of dizzying arousal. It wasn’t until her thumb and finger inched to her nipple and delivered a semi-cautious pinch that she screamed.

“AUUUGH!!!!”

Fluid dripped down one of her thighs. Covered in the green paint, her breasts were slick and warm. A foggy mind urged her to massage the goop into her breasts. It dripped to the sink below and onto her bra as she did so, coating herself in its throbbing essence. *“H-Hoooly crap... GOD these things...are everything I hoped they would be!!”*

STREEEEEEETCH

“M-MMMM!!!” Lacey whimpered and perspired when her skin swelled in her grasp. Like feeling two water balloons filling in her hands, she shook with anticipation. *“T-They’re still getting bigger!! How is this possible?!”*

Heat rushed throughout her body in rising waves. Lifting them up and allowing their slick surfaces to slip from her hands, she listened to them fall against her naked torso and fill the bathroom with satisfying slaps of bloated skin.

“O-oohh my... Oh they’re so sensitive...”

Lacey bit her lip when she pinched her nipples and stretched them away from her. The rush of ecstasy made her feel like she was floating. Paint continued running down her body and hands. Lacey couldn’t have cared less. She could clean it up later. She didn’t care if it never dried. There was no point in worrying about something so trivial when her womanly dreams were finally coming true.

“I’m...nnngh...I-I think I’m bigger than Kate!!”

The idea of such a monumental achievement threw her libido into overdrive. Squeezing a puffy nipple, one of her hands slipped down her waist and between two leaves to find her sopping pussy. The dripping sight had been hidden from view by a thin layer of cheap green plastic for the last half hour. It was time to give it the attention it deserved.

Lacey’s fingers dove deep. She’d never been so glad to have forgone panties. Massaging a volleyball tit with one hand and fingering herself with the other, she began to rock in approaching orgasm. Her mouth fell open to a silent scream. Heat gushed through her mammaries and personal lubricant coated her hand. She felt she was going to explode from the building pleasure if she didn’t come soon.

KNOCK

KNOCK

KNOCK

“Hey!! Other people need to use the bathroom, you know!!” somebody yelled from outside.

“C-Coming!! I’m...coming!!” Lacey yelled.

The people outside didn’t know how honest she was being.

“NNNNGGGAAAAHHHH!!!”

Tremors shook her body like the ocean and she fell forward. Green paint ran from her chest into the sink, matching the fluid she felt running over her wrist. *“Dear God...”* she moaned. It had never been so hard for her to catch her breath, nor had an orgasm ever come so effortlessly. *“T-These tits...are incredible... My nipples are orgasm buttons!”*

KNOCK!!

KNOCK!!

KNOCK!!

“Hurry up in there!!”

Panting still, Lacey washed the sink of paint before grabbing her bra. The dripping cups delved into her chest and pushed flesh over her collarbones before the clasp met at her back. She stared in wonder at the bulges dominating the garment. “They’re beautiful...” she awed, taking in their majesty. She didn’t care how or why they were growing.

CRREEEAAAAAK!!

“N-Nnngh!!”

Lacey winced when the bra tugged and her swelling continued. Clarity was returning with her orgasmic waves fading. Under a breath of discomfort as her shoulders tightened and she found her balance uneasy, she muttered, “I wonder if they’re going to stop soon...”

Still catching her breath, she tucked an arm under her chest and opened the bathroom door to a line of people. She strode past them standing as straight as her heaving chest would allow while her thighs slid against each other and leaves dripped with her personal lubricant.

Eyes were attracted to her chest like moths to a lantern. Confidence flourished from her core with every bouncing step. Seams creaked and groaned against the two melons stuffed inside her bra.

“Lacey! Where did you get those prosthetics??” the girl from earlier insisted.

Lacey grinned with pride and arched her back. Across the room a guy’s drink fell from his hand due to erotic the sight. “Who says they’re fake?”

SNAP!!

Another leaf broke free of its tether. It was left on the floor without a second thought. Lacey couldn’t have cared less about her costume at this point. All that mattered was its contents. As she walked, however, she found herself having to pull down the elastic around her waist. It was riding higher and higher despite her adjustments. There wasn’t much margin for error in her wardrobe; if she didn’t pay attention, she would find herself walking around with everything in plain view.

“*Mmm...*” A sexual moan vibrated her lips. Friskiness was taking over. A part of her enjoyed the thought of flashing her enthralled audience. Little by little, she started correcting her leaves less and less. Private contours on her pelvis peeked around the green foliage. At precise angles, slivers of glistening pink could be seen.

“Nice legs, Ivy; you’ve been doin’ some growing looks like!” a thirsty-eyed vampire complimented on his way down the hall.

Lacey felt like a walking pair of breasts and thighs. Nobody was looking above her neck for the first time in her life and she couldn’t have been happier.

CRREEEAAAAAK

Her bra's complaints fell on deaf ears. Finding joy in landing her weight on her heels as she walked to produce a healthy amount of bounce, Lacey strode into the middle of the party. "How about we turn the music up??" she announced.

"Wooooo!!!" The room cheered when she approached the blaring entertainment system. Then, as she bent forward at the hips, the cheers turned to horny hollers and whistles as Lacey flashed her crotch from behind. A teasing bulge between her thighs wouldn't be an image the men in the room would soon forget, or their jealous dates.

"Whoops!" Lacey giggled, making no rush to stand up, "I think this costume might be a little small for me!!" Straightening up required both arms to cradle her chest.

CRREEEAAAAAAK

"Nnnngh...!" The weight of her breasts was more than she thought such a size would produce. It tugged at her petite shoulders without mercy. There were sure to be red marks left on her skin from the cable-tight bra.

"Take it oooooff!!"

"Show us your tits!!"

The party was devolving into a raucous of primal urges. As much as she loved her growing breasts, Lacey was finding it hard to keep up.

A concerned girl pointed towards Lacey's abdomen. "Oh no! Lacey, I think your costume's paint is running!"

Lacey glanced down to follow the girl's focus but was met with an expanse of flesh. Nothing was visible below her breasts. The thrill of not being able to see her own feet made her gush with arousal. Then, for a split second, the fog in Lacey's head lifted and the weight of her breasts hung heavier than ever.

"O-Oh God they're getting kind of big..." she whispered. A hand across her stomach found several rivulets of monster blood dripping from her bra. *"I'm like a walking pair of tits...!"*

CRREEEAAAAAAK

The concerned girl backed away when Lacey's breasts bloated towards her. "Are you ok...??"

"U-Uuuuhhhh..."

"Lacey! L-Lacey!!"

Paul was pushing his way towards her through the crowd. Concern filled his face and she realized Kate wasn't trapped in his arms. "What's wrong?" Lacey inquired.

"It's Kate...!" Paul breathed several times trying to find the right words. "She's... H-Her..." It refused to leave his lips. "She's in your room! She told me to find you!"

The lack of color in his cheeks told her Paul was frantic. Something had happened. With her costume feeling smaller by the second and drops of green goo falling to the floor behind her, Lacey led the way upstairs. She didn't need to be told about the all-revealing view Paul enjoyed while walking behind her.

“*Oh... Oh wow...*” Lacey huffed at the top. Her lungs were screaming for air. Her arms shook from the effort of holding herself steady.

CRREEEAAAAAAK!!!

A red flag rose in the back of her mind. For the first time since growing, Lacey found herself considering her breasts a burden. They were becoming a pair of anchors.

“K...Kate...?” she panted while approaching her closed bedroom.

“*Mmmnnngh!!!! Ahhhhh!!!!*” Only an animalistic moan came from within.

“Kate what is it?”

“*Oohhhh GOD I’m SO FUUULL!!! MMNNGHH!!!!*”

Lacey went to open the door but Paul grabbed her hand. His throat was dry as he spoke. “I don’t know what’s happening to her,” he confessed. “She just started *getting bigger!*”

Lacey gulped as her bra clamped tighter. “Getting *bigger?*”

Color flushed Paul’s cheeks as he revealed personal information. “S-She’s been...inducing lactation to make herself bigger and...I think something is wrong.”

Lacey blinked in shock. “Lactation? Like *milking herself?*?”

Paul nodded and released her hand.

“*NNNGHHH!!!! Laceeeeyyy!!! Help meee!!*” Kate bellowed.

Filled with trepidation about the scene waiting for her inside, Lacey opened her bedroom. There was no way to adequately prepare herself.

“*MMMMMMM LACEEYY!!*”

Lacey stared on in stunned silence as the door closed behind her. “K-K-Kate??”

Bloating across a significant portion of her bed was Kate. The remnants of what looked to be her bra were strewn across the floor. Imprisoned in a blouse ready to explode were the two largest breasts Lacey had ever seen, as well as imagined. Enough to cover Kate’s body from neck to hips, they pinned her down like giant scoops of vanilla ice cream. Nipples bloated to the size of soup cans leaked milk like pink hydrants to the extent of causing fluid to run over the sides of the mattress. Much like Lacey, green goo could be seen covering Kate’s chest like veins. With her arms trying to wrap around her bust, Kate’s eyes were seen peeking over the top of her engorged udders. Below, her legs sat spread to give a clear view up her miniskirt and the sopping thong waiting there.

“Kate...” Lacey whimpered. “K-Kate you’re *HUGE!!!*”

“*Mmmnnnghh!! You don’t have to tell me that!! What’s happening to me?!*”

SPUUURRT!!

“*A-Ahhh!!!*” Milk sprayed the ceiling when Kate’s nipples released a shower of dairy. Flushed with color and gasping from the orgasmic sensations of such milk-based swelling, Kate eyed her friend from over her chest. “Looks...*nnghaaah*...Looks like...you’ve done some growing yourself!”

GUUURRRGLE

“*M-M-Mmmm!!!*” Milk surged, causing Kate to tremble against her chest as it heaved an entire foot in diameter. “I-I thought...you looked bigger earlier!!” Kate laughed weakly. “Are they all you hope they would--*Nnngh!!!*”

“*Nnnghmmmm!!!*”

CRREEEAAAAAK!!

Together, the two girls fell prey to their breasts’ simultaneous growth. Fabric strained and filled the room with aching stitches.

“*O-Oohh God... This milk!!!*” Kate rubbed her mammarys before squeezing them for another spray of fluid. “*I don’t know what’s wrong with me!! The lactation caused some growth, but not like this!! I’m a walking milk tank!! I was big enough as it was!!!*”

GUURRRGLE

“*Mmmnngh!!!*” Kate whimpered and saw a river of green gush from her cleavage. “I think...something is wrong with that paint you used, Lacey!! *It’s making our chests grow!! And...A-And I think it’s...making my milk grow inside of me too!! No matter how much of this green stuff I wipe off, more keeps coming!! I-I’ve never had to hold this much milk!!*”

Lacey found the claim ridiculous, despite the absurd contents bulging over her arms. “The paint?? Kate, that’s insane! It was only green--*NNGH!!!*”

The tingling surged like lightning and struck Lacey’s breasts. Several inches of growth bloated her tits to the point of her flesh engulfing her bra straps. The sudden addition of so much weight sent her stumbling backward where she caught herself on her vanity.

“*O-Oohhhh... Oh these things are really getting heavy...*” Lacey moaned. It was becoming unbearable. “*I don’t know...how much more I can--*”

Her eyes turned up to a frightful reflection.

It was hard to see anything other than her breasts. Taking up the majority of the reflections, her three mirrors revealed the full extent of what her chest had become. As large as beach balls, Lacey’s breasts sat heavy in her trembling hands. Her bra was stretched beyond recognition and would soon face a fate of vanishing completely into her flesh if it didn’t snap soon. Lacey’s mouth fell open into a horrified gawk at her sheer girth. Just as concerning was the top of her head refusing to fit in the mirror. An unexplained increase of height made her reflection alien and pulse-pounding. Cast in the shadow of her bust, Lacey could see her skirt covering only the most minuscule amount of her crotch. How long it had been so naked was a mystery. The act of walking surely exposed her pussy. She didn’t need to turn around to know her ass was on full display.



Lacey's jaw trembled. She'd been so enthralled by her new breasts that she had no idea just how far her growth had progressed. Now faced with her development in three different views, she shook in fright. She glanced between her chest and Kate's heaving in the background.

"O-O-Oh my God!! I'M MASSIVE!!! K-KATE I'M GETTING WAY TOO BIG!!"

"You're getting too big?! Lacey I'm about to break your bed in half!!"

POW!!

POW POW!!

"Aahhughhh!!!" Kate howled when her chest blew her blouse open and buttons shot against the ceiling. No longer contained, they spread out to fill Lacey's bed from edge to edge. Her arms were nowhere to be seen. *"Holy shit!!!"* Kate stared.

Lacey was facing troubles of her own. The ground seemed further away than normal and her legs elongated. Her room as a whole had taken on a different perspective as if she were standing on a small step stool. The bottom of her crotch inched into view from below the largest leaf.

"L-Lacey!! Lacey!!" Kate panicked.

CRREEEAAAAAAAK!!!!

"Mngh!!" It wasn't Kate's cries that brought Lacey back, but the extreme tightness of her bra.

Kate panicked. *"Go get that paint!! The label has to say something about this!! Something about exposure to skin!! O-Or allergic reactions!! Anything!!"*

SPUUURRRRT!!!

"Aahhhh!! Please!!" Kate's eyes widened when milk gushed in rivers and skin swallowed her legs. *"Before I turn into a fountain!! I can't hold much more milk!!!"*

Lacey tried speaking but her mouth was too dry. Her breasts suddenly felt far too heavy and cumbersome to move. How she'd been walking this long was beyond comprehension.

"I'll...I-I'll be right back!!"

Almost falling forward, Lacey grabbed for her door handle and opened it just enough to squeeze through. Her breasts bulged against the frame as she did so, spiking the tightness in her bra.

"Is Kate all right?!" Paul asked in a flurry, trying to see past Lacey's body into her room. *"I heard screaming!"*

CRREEEAAAAAK!!

"M-Mmm!!" Lacey tried to keep her cool. *"Kate is just...taking a breather! All that milk went straight to her head!"*

Paul started to respond but instead fell silent when a trail of green goo raced from Lacey's cleavage and down her abdomen before caressing her naked crotch and traveling down her thigh. Everything tingled momentarily and the world shrank by a tiny amount. For the first time, Lacey could see the top of Paul's head. He stared in silence at his girlfriend's friend's development and nakedness.

"I'll be right back, Paul!!" Lacey promised, making her way to the stairs while making sure to use the wall for support. *"Don't go in my room!"*

"S-Sure..." he said slowly as Lacey took heavy-breasted steps down the stairs.

The house had transformed into an obstacle course unfit for a woman of Lacey's endowment. Given her drastic transformation, not a soul believed her breasts were real. This led to curious hands and fingers reaching out to poke and grope her chest as she fell into people on her way to the garage.

"M-Mmmm!! S-stop touching them please!!" she begged. Every brush sent shocks of pleasure through her system. With her loins completely exposed, there was no hiding the resulting moisture. *"Excuse me!! I...I need to get through!!"*

“Awoooo!!” someone howled, *“I’ve always wanted to see Poison Ivy naked!!”*

“Looks like Poison Ivy trims her hedges!! Talk about irony!!”

The jokes and adoration failed to register for Lacey. Relief was in sight when she grasped the garage door and threw it open. Muffled party sounds thumped behind her when it closed.

“Where is it?? Where’s the can?!” she panicked. Every second bloated her breasts larger.

CRREEEAAAAAAK!!!

“Oohhhhh my BRA!! I’m too big for this thing!!!” Traveling by an awkward combination of stumbles and steps, Lacey made her way to her father’s workbench. The can of paint was waiting where she’d left it. Horrifically, it was overflowing with a sea of green goo leaking onto the floor in a shiny puddle. *“WHAT THE HELL IS THIS STUFF?!”* she screamed, recoiling at the shocking sight.

Steeling herself, Lacey grabbed the bubbling can and wiped it clean to read the back label. Her breasts inched outward as her eyes flew across the lines.

Monster Blood

Apply for a larger-than-life experience

Lacey’s heart beat against her chest. *“What does that even mean?! Why is there so much of it?! It’s like it’s growing!!”*

CRREEEAAAAAAK!!!

“Oohhhhh my bra!! M-My bra can’t...take this anymore!!” Lacey gasped for air as the garment restricted her breathing. She brushed more goo off the label. She was starting to miss being able to see her feet. Hope revealed itself then.

Neutralize with saltwater

CRREEEAAAAAAK!!!

“Saltwater!!” she cried out while grimacing. The can was returned to the workbench. *“We need saltwater!! I’ll just--”*

BOOM!!!

Like a bomb going off, Lacey’s bra exploded in several places. Her monumental chest burst forth into its natural shape. The momentum of such mass sent her careening to the ground with flailing arms. A stray hand caught the edge of the can of gurgling monster blood to tilt it over the workbench.

SPLASH!!

Lacey sat on the ground in horror. Dripping from head to toe, the contents of the can coated her body in green slime. It seeped between her breasts and ran down her back and abdomen. Her thighs were slick with the substance and she could feel it sticking between her butt as she fought to stand up in the slippery puddle. Tingling flared across her being.

“G-Gotta hurry!” She didn’t waste time concerning herself with the mess. Intense sensations were assaulting every inch of her body. Going on all fours before rising to her feet, Lacey noticed her breasts reached beyond her hips like suspended yoga balls. Running through the party naked was the least of her problems at this point.

“Ooohhhhhhhh!!! No no no!! No more!! I didn’t want boobs this big!!” she begged, making her way towards the door. The top of the doorframe brushed unnaturally close to her head. The skirt sitting around her belly button was ready to snap though it provided zero privacy at this point. *“I’m big enough!! I’m big enough!! Hang on Kate!!”*

The house welcomed her with the roar of her party. For a moment there was no reaction until people started taking notice of the naked slime-covered girl standing a foot taller than anyone else carrying her breasts in her arms. Lacey noticed the tops of their heads slowly pulling away.

SNAP!!

Under her breasts, her skirt finally snapped like twine. She was utterly naked. It didn’t matter anymore.

“T-Too big!! I’m too BIG!!” Monster blood dripped from her hair and into her face. Her breasts were too slippery to hold. Every time she grabbed at them they were bigger. Slowly they extended to her knees, pushing people over like wrecking balls. Stunned silence fell around her as she waddled her way through the crowd. Green footprints marked her desperate travels.

“What the hell happened to her...?”

“Is this some kind of prank?”

She paid the whispers no mind. *“Hah... Haaaah!!! Ohhh I can’t carry them!!”* Lacey cried. Knees buckling, she stood amid the party as her breasts grew too large. *“N-N-N-No please!!!”* Lacey pleaded to her body when she felt her knees startling to buckle. The floor was a long way down and felt even further with the bulbous fleshy masses pulling her towards the carpet. *“I-I NEED TO GET TO THE--”*

She fell.

THUD!!!!

The house shook when the eight-foot-tall girl fell to her hands and knees. Several men stumbled back in shock and awe at the surprise crotch presenting itself to them. Lacey had no mental capacity to mind to her lack of modesty; her breasts were too busy expanding beneath her like fleshy airbags.

Monster blood dripped from her face to her creeping cleavage. *“S-Stop!! STOP GROWING!!”* Skin bulged around her wrists until she was forced to apply her weight to her chest. It bulged across the floor, causing several people to step out of the way.

“Saltwater!!” Lacey screamed like a lunatic to the stupefied crowd, *“SALTWATER!! Please!!”*

“What is she screaming about?”

“Something about saltwater?”

A sexually-violent scream from above rattled the windows. Everybody looked towards the ceiling with sheer confusion. *“AUUUUGHH!!!!!! MY BOOBS CAN’T HOLD ANY MORE MILK!!!”*

“Kate?! KATE!!” Lacey yelled, *“We need saltwater!!! Somebody get me saltwater!! Before either of us gets any big--”*

GRRRROOAAAAAAAAAANN

Lacey froze. The sound of creaking wood rattled her brain. *“O-Oh no.”*

The ceiling above started to bow. Plaster and drywall cracked and snapped in giant shards. Shaking them from their trance, the party goers screamed in a panic when the ceiling’s integrity failed.

“EVERYBODY RUN!!”

They scattered in all directions and pushed against the walls. The ceiling cracked in the center. Debris poured down as light shone through the broken floor. Within seconds of the chaos, it reached the breaking point and--

CRASH!!!

BWOOOOMPHHH-SLOOOOSH!!!

The ground jumped when Kate fell through the floor as a blimp-like pile of milky mounds. Bloated skin stretched to fill the space and pressed against everyone in the vicinity. Even Lacey was caught in the mess, her growing body thrown against the wall. She stared in fear at the trash can-sized nipples throbbing and leaking milk.

GUUURRRRGGGLE!!

An orgasmic scream came from below the feminine heaps. *“AAHHHHH!!!!!! I CAN’T HOLD IT ANYMOOOORREEEE!!!!!!”*

GUUUURRRRRGLLLLLEE!!!!!!

Fighting to keep the file of flesh from crushing her, Lacey felt the creamy fluid swirling against Kate’s skin. It was taut and firm, vibrating like a bomb ready to explode. As their tops reached towards the ceiling, Lacey and the rest of her guests were pinned against the walls by crushing pressures.

“IT’S TOO MUCH MIIILK!!!!”

FWOOOOOSH!!!!

“A-AHHHH!!! AAHHHHH OOOHHH MY GOOOOD!!!!” Kate screamed, coming close to fainting from the sensation.

Milk erupted from the pool-filling udders in a white-washing torrent. It swept through the house like a tsunami, leaving no one untouched by the creamy release. It lasted for a full minute before the flow ended. Kate’s victims fell to the ground, gasping for air and wiping the milk from their faces. Lacey, heaving against the far wall with her head brushing against the ceiling and her breasts filling her lap, noticed a rejuvenated tingling traveling through her body. The chaotic disaster of her destroyed house didn’t even register. Kate lay in the center, pinned under a pair of

breasts rivaling a queen-size bed moaning from a mind-rending orgasm. Milk continued spurting from her nipples in lingering waves.

Lacey looked around the room and held her breath. Among the sea of white were swirls of thick green goo. It refused to mix and clung to each and every person in thick, slimy curtains. Lacey's eyes bulged when her legs inched across the floor and her chest groaned with a new wave of intense swelling. The fear gripping her chest restricted any words from leaving her mouth.

The house was silent. No one dared say a word after the bizarre, destructive event. Their attention would have been focused on the two naked girls with massive breasts if their attention wasn't directed inward, their gazes lingering on their own bodies. Slowly, people began tugging at their shifting costumes. Seam by seam, various elements tightened and pulled.

One girl found her voice, noticing enhanced cleavage stretching her neckline. With milk and monster blood dripping from her brow, she said softly, "I-I feel kind of funny..."