*I can’t believe this is it! It feels like yesterday!* It was the last day of my final year of high school. It was amazing how four short years could change a person. I still could see the little girl I was back then. 5’3’’, only a little over 90 pounds, I was just skin and bones! It felt like yesterday, yet it also felt like an eternity ago. I haven't grown an inch since then, well, not in my height that is, but there was a big change on my body. The scale showed 171 pounds, when I stepped on it this morning. I knew the old me would be horrified that I got fat! The thing was, I didn’t get fat at all, my waist was just as tiny now as it was four years ago. I got to admit my thighs filled up a bit and that I developed a bit of a bubble butt, but it wasn’t where all the extra weight went… Let’s say I wasn’t an A cup anymore!

There were times when I needed to upgrade my bras every week. The joy I felt when I reached Bs, Cs and Ds, was quickly replaced by despair, when I kept growing larger and larger. The fact my nickname changed from Izzy to Titzzy might have had some part in it… It was when I officially outgrew every single local store that I decided to search out a plastic surgeon to make my bosom manageable again. The doctor was very nice and understanding, but he still told me no. At least not until I would stop developing. He remained very polite and professional throughout the session, yet when he saw how sad I was about the rejection, he suggested to me he had never seen a more perfect pair of breasts and that I might come to regret the decision later in life. I didn’t believe it at that time… I was wrong!

I guess my opinion started to change when Michael Newman started to take interest in me. A year older, he was just about the hottest guy in the whole school and I had a giant crush on him from the first time I saw him… He did eventually turn out as an asshole and a douche, but it couldn’t change the way how pretty I felt when we were together. I felt beautiful for the first time in my life and for the first time I considered my breasts a blessing, rather than a curse. These feelings stayed with me even after the breakup. I felt good in my skin ever since, and even Titzzy was starting to sound like a compliment, rather than mocking and I started to recognize that more guys looked at me with lust and desire, not with disgust as I thought previously.

The newly found confidence had a downside as well. Most of my friends started to distance themselves from me. It was funny, really. When I was suffering, drowning in the depths of despair, hiding in oversized sweaters, they were there to lay a sympathetic hand on my shoulder. After I accepted my boobs were there to stay and decided to not to hide them anymore, the looks of concern turned into envy and hatred. At first they tried to pretend nothing changed, but I could see the difference in their eyes. It was when Sabine, who used to be my best friend, started to spread a rumor that I was a whore, stealing boyfriends that the girls showed their true colors. How was it my fault her boyfriend was a dick?! That he broke up with her and asked me out? I turned him down, of course! The greedy bastard wanted to trade off her nice DDs for my Ks. *At least I think I had Ks back then…* That perverted idiot only liked her for her boobs anyway! Why couldn’t she see that? I really didn’t understand him. Sabine was like the sexiest girl in school…

So the girls thought I was gonna steal their boyfriends and the guys couldn’t hold eye contact for more than ten seconds, which got pretty annoying very fast. I spent my time alone, with my nose buried in books. I was always a bit of a loner, but I would be lying if I said I didn’t mind it. I held it together for the most part, but when the most disgusting rumor started to spread, that I slept with a teacher to pass his class… I think I spent more time eating ice-cream in my bed, than doing anything else. I doubt it was a coincidence that I hit another growth spurt after that. Having officially grown out of the alphabet, I returned to the school noticeably larger and with a target on my back. The rumor somehow managed to get to the principal's ears and he called for investigation. Poor Mr. Brown was suspended and all my marks and reports were questioned. The accusation was bullshit, of course! If anything Mr. Brown was the one guy who actually tried to maintain eye contact with me and not to look lower! It couldn’t have been easy with my bosom sprawling over a large part of my desk. Fortunately our names were cleared and a few people even realized someone was just trying to ruin my life.

This last year was a lot different than the years before. I don’t know if people just matured, or if they started to realize this was it for high school and decided to be a bit more decent. Even Sabine came to me and apologized, eventually becoming a friend again. Our relationship was never the same as before though. If you thought I would have stopped growing by this point, you would be wrong. I never did. I didn’t have any more rapid growth spurts though, growing only about a cup size a month or so. Well, it was probably closer to three weeks, but… it still wasn’t like the times where I grew multiple cups in a single week. At this point, almost half my weight is stored in my chest and let me tell you, it’s not that simple to move around anymore. My back hurts almost constantly, but I don’t really mind that. For some reason I really enjoy the way I look, the way people (mostly guys) look at me.

“Are you ready, love?” Alex asked.

I didn’t mention Alex, did I? Alex was a new classmate, who transferred from a different school for this year. He was the sweetest pervert you could ever meet! You should have seen the look on his face when he saw me for the first time! It took him a couple of weeks to muster up the courage to ask me out but… We have been dating ever since.

“Can you help me zip the dress? I can’t do it!” I said, pulling the zipper for one last time. In vain, my prom dress remained just as open as it was.

Aley pulled and pulled, but the zipper barely moved. “Uh, are you sure the dress is big enough?”

“Of course it’s big enough! I had it specially made just a week ago! I don’t grow that fast anymore.” I said, waving my hand dismissively.

“Are you sure about that? You were spilling out of your bra as well.”

“The bra must have shrunk in the wash. There’s no way I grew that much!”

Alex shook his head. “I don’t think so, you look bigger to me! Even though it’s hard to tell at your size.”

“Ooh, tell me Legolas! What do your pervy elf eyes see!” I said, pulling down the upper part of the dress, revealing my breasts in their full, massive glory. Alex stared with his mouth opened wide and I chuckled, making my boobs jiggle. *No matter how many times he sees them, he’s always so shocked!* I smiled. *And happy!* “So… want to measure them, pervy boy?”

Alex nodded.

“Well, what are you waiting for? Go get the tape measure!”

Alex returned with the tape measure and immediately tried to wrap it around my breasts. *He’s so excited about it!* I laughed to myself. “Wait a second, pervy boy! Let’s go from the bottom up and leave the best for the last.”

“I think we both know what the numbers will be…”

“Still, I want to be sure.”

Alex nodded and wrapped the tape around my hips. “36 inches, as usual.” He moved the tape up and stepped behind me, so he could read the numbers without my boobs in the way. “22 inches around the waist. Shocking!” He chuckled. “26 inches around the chest and now for the main event…” He wrapped the tape measure around my bust, using almost all of its 60 inch length. “59 and a half! You were 58 five days ago!”

“I know!” I was shocked, because I certainly didn’t expect such an increase in such a short amount of time. *What have I been eating?!* “We’re gonna need a new tape measure!” I said, putting my hands below my boobs and lifting them. *These two just won’t stop growing! They’re so heavy already…* I grinned mischievously at Alex. “Are you thinking, what I’m thinking?”

Alex’s eyes sparkled with excitement. “I’m gonna bring the scale!”

It definitely wasn’t the first time we weighed my boobs, but it was for the first time in a while. Last time we did so, they were little over 65 pounds. *They feel a lot heavier than back there.* “I bet they're at least eighty pounds!”

“40,2! That means your right boob is half a pound heavier than your left!”

“Dammit!”

“You didn’t get there yet but you’re only like an ice-cream away from 80 pounds in total!” Alex chuckled.

*Hmm, that’s tempting… Wait a second, do I actually want to get even bigger?!* “Ice-cream sounds like a great idea…” I said, licking my lips.

“I think we should get going if we don’t want to be late. You know you’re not so great at moving fast!” Alex said, chuckling.

“Dramatic entrance with everybody there already should be fun! Now, about that ice-cream…”

We arrived at the dance almost an hour later than we planned to. Not that eating a tub of ice-cream would take me so long, but there still was the issue of getting inside the dress, which was even tighter now, when my stomach was full. It took us at least fifteen minutes just to zip the dress up. My boobs were spilling out of the scandalously low neckline, with more cleavage on display than anyone else could offer. A song just ended it as we entered and since the DJ was the first to notice us, an awkward silence fell over the dance floor. The DJ was staring, unable to believe what he saw. Soon, more people started to notice why the music had stopped and all the eyes were glued to me and Alex. *Mostly me though, let’s be realistic!* The sound of whispers filled the hall, the most frequent word I could decipher was ‘Titzzy’. The DJ finally recovered and music started to play again.

“That’s what I call a dramatic entrance!” I told Alex, giggling.

I collapsed on a chair, while Alex headed out to fetch us something to drink. Only after two dances I was exhausted and my back was killing me. I plopped my bosom onto the table and sighed in relief. *That’s better!* It took about seven seconds before some baby faced kid from lower year stopped at the table and asked me to dance.

“Sorry… maybe later.”

Five more guys stopped by in the few minutes it took Alex to come back with the drinks. I was shocked to be honest. And it wasn’t just guys from other classes, but two were actually my classmates. The first one was Robert, a shy kid, who was about my height with my heels on. I don’t really remember a single time we spoke before, but I promised him a dance as well. I saw how pale he was and how afraid he was to approach me, it must have taken all the courage he could muster. The other guy from our class was Michael, an arrogant douche and the only guy I turned down. I was pretty sure he was the one who came up with Titzzy. True, I didn’t mind the nickname anymore, but it still brought me a lot of bad memories. I very much enjoyed telling him to go to hell.

As soon as Alex placed the glass punch in front of me, I grabbed it and drained half of it in a single go. “Don’t you dare leaving me alone again! I just promised a dance to five other guys!”

“What?! When did you manage that? I was gone for only a few minutes!”

“Well, I guess I’m just that irresistibly hot!” I joked, sticking a tongue at him.

“Yeah, you are.”

I blushed. “I’m just kidding.”

“I’m not.” He said, leaning over the table to kiss me. “You’re the hottest girl I have ever seen.” Alex said when our lips parted. His eyes involuntarily shot just for a split second.

I giggled. “Perv!”

Someone cleared their throat. “Eh, sorry to interrupt, but I just wanted to thank you.” It was a girl from lower year, I occasionally saw in the hallway. She kinda stood out, being the bustiest girl there, sporting a pair of Js. She wasn’t even close to my size, but that didn’t mean her chest wasn’t impressive. Now she was wearing a low cut dress, similar in style to what I was wearing, though hers was a lot smaller and fitted her better.

“Uh, Tiffany, right?”

She nodded, happy I knew her name. The sad part was that the only reason I knew her name was because I already heard Titffany being mentioned couple of times. *My classmates really aren’t very original, are they?*

“I really wanted to say how grateful I am! I used to wear oversized sweaters to hide these, but when I saw you carry yourself with such pride and confidence… And you always looked so sexy!”

I blushed, remembering my own days of struggle.

“You really helped me accept myself and… I guess this is the last opportunity to say it! Thank you!” Tiffany was emotional, her eyes glistening.

“I’m just happy I could be of help.” I said smiling, blushing even more.

“Do you think I could give you a hug?”

“Uh, sure…” I said, unwillingly rising to my feet again. *Let’s see how this works out.*

Luckily, Tiffany was taller than me, so our bosoms didn’t occupy the same space. Her otherwise impressive pair looked quite small when laying on top of my behemoth one.

I collapsed on the chair again. I was in agony and I cursed myself for wearing high heels. My back was killing me, but at least I didn’t have to dance with anyone else tonight. Something weird was going on though. My breasts were tingling. It was always a sure sign of growing. It usually happened at night though. And it didn’t feel this intense! Maybe it was just my imagination, but I’d swear my dress was getting tighter.

The night progressed and the time had come to announce this year’s prom king and queen. I never cared about the title whatsoever, besides I never thought I could be chosen anyway. To be honest, I barely even listened to what was going on, because I was having an entirely different issue. My boobs were definitely growing and my dress let out a couple of dangerous sounds already!

“The prom king for this year is… Michael Donovan!” The applause filled the hall.

“Ugh, I can’t believe some people actually like that douche. I already feel bad for the poor soul that will have to dance with him.” I told Alex, switching my focus for a second from my creaking dress. “I think we should better get going though. I’m not sure how long this dress can hold together!”

While we were making our way through the crowd, hoping to get to the exit as soon as possible, Michael was giving a little speech, as was school’s tradition. I didn’t hear much, for me it was more of a background noise, but from what I could gather, he was talking about how great he is.

At long last he shut his arrogant mouth and the principal continued with the ceremony.

“Isabella Thornton” The principal announced.

I stopped in place in shock. Everybody applauded and cheered and it felt so good to hear people were louder than with Michael’s announcement. There was the other thing though. The stage was the last place I wanted to go to.

“Come on, Titzzy! Don’t be shy!” Michael shouted. Some people laughed, but there were more who stared at him in disgust. Unwillingly, I made my way to the stage. People I was passing were congratulating me and giving me enthusiastic pats on shoulder. It was really heartwarming to see how many of my school mates looked genuinely happy about my success, even though I didn’t really see it that way.

“Isabella Thornton, the prom queen of the year!” The principal announced as I was climbing up onto the stage. The principal placed a little tiara in my hair and stepped back to let me have my speech. My heart was pounding. *What the hell am I going to say?!* “I-“ An awkward silence filled the crowded hall. Someone placed their hand on my shoulder. I turned my head to see it was Michael with an encouraging smile.

“Come on, Titzzy, you’ve got this!”

I nodded and cleared my throat. “Eh, sorry! I don’t really know what to say. Not in my wildest dream I could imagine getting voted to be the prom queen, especially knowing just how many beautiful girls there are. Thank you for voting for me! Most of all, I would like to thank each and every one of you for four great years. Sure, there were some worse days, but I want to assure you I don’t hold a grudge against anyone and I hope we’ll keep in touch.” I was getting emotional, my voice trembling. I took a deep breath to steady myself and heard a ripping sound. The top of my dress exploded, revealing my gigantic breasts in their full glory. I turned crimson red and rushed off the stage.