

Enhancing Assets

I have the biggest boobs out of my friends. All of them. Possibly the entire university, but that's up for debate until those cowards in the uniform office decide to publish some numbers...

I'm not saying this to boast or brag. It's just something I enjoy knowing about myself. Out of all the people I spend time with, I'll always have the largest tits in the room. Kind of fun to think about! I may not always be the best at a video game, or a sport, or the latest Tik Tok craze, but dammit, when it comes to sweater meat, I'm untouchable. I'm the Mammary Queen. It's an odd claim to fame, but it's mine and I'm proud to own it.

Let me paint a picture for you. I'm a beanpole with H-cup breasts. If you give me a good smack on the back, there's a good chance I won't be able to stop myself from toppling over. You might not believe this either, but they're actually fairly perky for their size. Like you think they would hang down to my belly button or something, right? Uh-uh, they stand out like a pair of melons. They enter a room long before I do. People think I have giant implants when really I just won the genetic lottery. As well as all the perks that come along with them!

Out of my group of friends, I'm usually the first one to be ogled by any guy looking for a hook-up. They might continue on, they might not, but my chest demands their attention before anything else. My friends take advantage of it, too! My boobs have gotten us more free drinks than any mini-skirt ever has! They *beg* me to wear the tightest, most low-cut top I can find when we go out. I suppose being able to lean forward and produce some fairly excessive cleavage is pretty powerful. Any male staff member melts when I put the girls to work, whether it be a club, bar, or concert. Of course this all comes with the playful jokes and teases from my girlfriends. It's all in good fun; they know I have adequate padding to protect myself from taking them seriously. It would be weirder if they *didn't* mention the giant cushions on my torso. I get my own jabs in here and there... Usually about how my boobs could smother theirs, but I always figured they were happy with their breasts.

That's why I was so surprised when I decided to visit my friend Chelsea one evening. The poor redhead had been having a rough time getting through the tail end of her master's degree coursework, so I decided to surprise her with some wine and cheese! It was just supposed to be a fun, impromptu girls' night! I didn't think it would be so life-changing...

KNOCK

KNOCK

I waited at her front door, but no answer came. At first I thought she wasn't home, given my unscheduled visit, but her car was in the driveway.

"Probably listening to music while studying..." I assumed. Stooping down and struggling to see over my chest, I grabbed a fake rock from the flowerbed. I was within seconds with the spare key.

"Chelsea...?" I called out into an empty foyer.

No answer.

KZZP!

CLANK!

There were sounds of life, however, and they were coming from the basement.

CRREEAAAAAK

The door announced my presence though still no word came from my friend. I could faintly hear classic rock blaring through some headphones fiddling with what sounded like tools.

“Gotta be Chelsea,” I confirmed as I descended the stairs. Sure enough, I found my friend at her workbench working on a strange device. It looked like a futuristic ray gun, though much cruder and with a large black dial on the side.

I inhaled, eager to startle her.

“Chelsea!!!”

“AAHH!!!”

I thought she was going to jump out of her clothes when she saw an unexpected person standing in her basement.

SHOOOM!!!!

Chelsea’s hand flung out as if to protect herself, striking her contraption in doing so, and eliciting a flash of pink light from a nozzle. I gawked as she stood enveloped in the strange glow before it faded away to leave Chelsea standing in horrified shock.

“Chels...? You ok...?” I felt as though I couldn’t have walked in at a worse time.

Slowly, she turned her attention to her chest before her face went white. “Oh no... *Oh no no no no no!! Dammit, Kat!! Why did you do that?!*”

Chelsea grabbed the device and stared at the dial. The longer she looked, the whiter her face became.

“I-It was set all the way to 50...”

“What was??” Guilt gushed from my every pore. I didn’t know what I’d done, but Chelsea was panicking. “I’m sorry! I didn’t mean to scare y--”

STTRRRRTCH

I paused when a strange sound like shifting dough came from under her shirt.

Before I continue, there’s something you should know about Chelsea: she’s *very* small-chested. The padding of her A-sized bra cups almost doubles her perceived size. If I’m one extreme, Chelsea is the other. That’s why it was *very* obvious when I noticed her chest rapidly increasing in size.

SSTTRRRRTCH

“C-Chelsea...” I breathed, watching her minuscule assets swell outward as if by some invisible flesh pump. How she’d grown from flat to respectable C-cups within seconds was short-circuiting my brain.

Her eyes bulged and she breathed deeply. Cupping the blossoming mounds, she explained, “I-I was working on a...*mmmnggh*...breast-enhancement device... It’s meant to--*O-Ooohhhhhh*...”

She had to pause as her shirt drew tight and rubbed across her nipples.

“It... It’s meant to encourage post-pubescent breast growth...”

“You made a boob ray?!”

“I-I--”

SSTTRRRRTCH!!

“Ahh!! T-They’re more sensitive than I thought they would be! God, they’re going to get so big...!”

Chelsea glanced up at my gawking face and chuckled.

I couldn’t believe my eyes. *“What’s funny?? You look like you’re about to rip through your shirt!”*

“It’s just kind of...mmnggh!!!...poetic that you’re here for the first human test, since you were the inspiration for it...”

“I was the inspiration for--”

SSTTRRRRTCH!!!

SHHRRIPP!!

“MMNGH!!!”

Chelsea doubled over when her shirt stretched to the point of failure. It wasn’t difficult to see she was awash in arousal and heat. Her tits must have felt like a furnace; I could feel their heat even standing several feet away.

“Ooohhh they’re getting so big... I-I wasn’t planning on setting it that...h-high! I feel like I’m going to faint!”

SSHRRRIIIIP!!!

“Chelsea...” I ogled. Pale skin bulged out of every rip and tear in her t-shirt. There seemed no end to her development. Even as her breasts somehow managed to stretch and match the size of her head, as well as rival my own breasts, they refused to stop. *“How big are you going to get?!”*

“M-Much... Nngh...! Much bigger...! Auugh!!”

SHHRIIP!!!

BWOOMPH

A pair of ripe melons toppled free. I’d never seen such a massive set of knockers, not even in the mirror. Her nipples shined like wet strawberries.

“Hah... H-Hahhh... Kat...!” Chelsea moaned. *“They’re too...heavy!! I can barely touch them, they’re so sensitive!! Is this what yours feel like all the time?!”*

SSTTRRTCH

SSTTRRRRTCH

Chelsea's legs trembled. I could see her crotch soaking through her pants. It must have felt incredible for her chest to grow so much so fast. As she leaned on the table for support, we watched her breasts extend out and down as giant fleshy teardrops. A soft creaking of expanding tissues came from her body before they came to a wobbling rest at her hips.

Chelsea struggled to gather her own body in her arms. Simply brushing a nipple widened the soaked spot in her pants. *"I-I-I...I'm MASSIVE!! I can't see my feet!"*

I stared. There were no words for the transformation my friend had just orgasmed her way through. Watching those giant tits jiggle and sway, my mouth went dry as I suddenly felt very small in comparison. I felt a strange sensation, an emotion that was alien to me... I didn't know how to explain it. Until I watched my friend outgrow her top, I'd never felt small before...

Boob envy.

"God, they're heavy!"

I reached for the boob ray. "So... All it took was a single hit from this to blow you up, huh?"

"M-Mhm... Like I said, I wasn't planning on making myself this--"

SHOOOOM!

It tingled! For a moment, my vision was bathed in a pink haze before I was left with a giant grin on my face. Chelsea didn't share my excitement.

"WHAT ARE YOU DOING?!"

"I just thought I should at least match your size, you know?"

SSTTRRRRRRTCH!!!!

My boobs jumped to life like startled deer under my sweatshirt. I had to grab them from the sudden jolt, crushing the boob ray against them.

"M-Mmmngh!!! Aaahhh!! Ooohhh that feels...that feels...weird! But also...r-reeeeaaally good..."

"Kat..." Chelsea whimpered as my sweatshirt already started to fail. My growth was much faster than hers. *"Y-You're not going to match mine..."*

"Huh? Why... Nngh... Why not? We both got shot with the dial set to fifty inches! Do I need to do it again?"

SSTTRRRRRRTCH!!!!

"A-Ahhh!!!" I gasped when my boobs rocketed outwards. I reached Chelsea's size in seconds before leaping beyond. Flesh tumbling out of my sweatshirt, I stumbled back with my weight. *"W-What the hell?? Why are they...mmnnhg!!! Why are they still growing?!"*

Chelsea backed up. *"Because that dial isn't inches, Kat... I-It's a multiplier."*

I froze as my boobs brushed against my knocked knees. *"As in..."*

She gulped. *"A-As in your current size multiplied by the selected number..."*

I stared at Chelsea's chest. She was near flat previously; I supposed fifty of her breasts could have made up the hulking globes on her body.

"B-But that means... Aaugh!! They're on fire!!"

SSSTTRRRRTCH

She backed up once more when my chest touched the cold concrete floor. *"Your breasts are going to grow to fifty times their size..."*

BWOOOMPH!!

I couldn't take it. Gravity called. My tits were swelling up like an emergency life raft. It was probably simply by luck that I fell forward, otherwise, I would have been fighting for air inside the inferno that was my cleavage.

The growth ray trembled in my grasp. *"C-Chelsea...! Chelsea, my tits are...mmmnggh!!! GOD I CAN BARELY THINK!!!"*

"Hang on!" Chelsea jumped to grab the ray from my grasp. *"I-I haven't worked out a reverse feature yet! Let me try something to make it stop before you get any--"*

"No!! Don't!!!"

"WHAT?!"

"IT FEELS SO GOOD!!! I can feel my boobs GROWING!!!" I laughed and hugged the gargantuan heaps lifting my torso higher by the second. *"I feel like I'm in middle school going through puberty all over again!!!"*

SSSTTRRRRTTCH!!!!

I ballooned wildly. I couldn't touch them enough! Everything was alive! My pussy had never felt so engorged with lust! I thought it was going to rip through the crotch of my jeans!

CRASH!!!

A pile of books fell over in my wake and Chelsea cried out.

"So big... I-I can't...get enough!!!" I panted for air. My world was a mass of jiggling skin. Watching my soup-can-sized nipples expand and contract made my heart race. I'd always estimated each of my boobs to be roughly the size of a gallon of milk. Multiplied by fifty, I was about to have two udders each as large as a fifty-gallon drum. The image alone made me squirt.

"Y-You LIKE this?!" Chelsea gasped in horror.

"It feels divine!! I might be the biggest girl in the WORLD when they're done!!!" Orgasms shot through me at the thought. *"These tits are beyond huge!! Look at these things! My nipples are bigger than most girls' boobs!!!"*

SSSTTRRRRTCH!!!!

"A-Aahhhh!!! MMMNNGH!!!" I clenched my thighs together. The end was near.

They pushed one final time, creaking with laborious growth. Startling Chelsea, my breasts inched across the floor until reaching their newly expanded sizes. I lay in my cleavage, engulfed and panting in post-orgasmic bliss.

Chelsea stared with wide eyes. Relative to my hulking assets, she was flat once more. None shall topple the Mammary Queen.

"K...Kat..." she whimpered, holding her own chest. *"You're..."*

"Mmmnggh... Huge?" I hugged my enhanced assets and laughed.

“You really don’t want me to try and fix it??”

“Fix it??” Staring at her like a frisky cat with a new toy, I pointed the boob ray at my chest and fingered the trigger. Chelsea’s eyes pleaded at me for the sake of her basement. “On the contrary! I was hoping we could make the dial go *even higher*. How about it?”

SHOOOM!!!!