

The brochure ruffled shut as Lucy finished looking it over for the sixth time that day. She was sure about this now. Lacing her fingers behind her head of dark hair, she leaned back in her creaky chair and enjoyed the view from the bridge.

The vast expanse of space spread out before her. Hundreds of thousands of stars permeated the nothingness, some twinkling, some seemingly disappearing when she looked directly at them. Lucy often caught herself considering just how far away they were, and if there was anyone or anything out there looking back and thinking the same thing. The view at the bottom of the window was dominated by the curve of a planet. Lights twinkled over its deep red surface, reflecting off the glass domes that were known as the biospheres. Inside were the cities of Mars. They weren't nearly as big as the ones back on earth, since the biospheres could only be built so big. Without them, there would be no oxygen and all the buildings would be good for was show.

Lucy kicked back off her seat and started striding out of the room. Then she stopped and walked back to the bridge's control panel, flicking some switches so that an alarm would sound if a ship came too close. That was why she was here; to monitor passing spacecraft. If they went behind the space station she was on, she would have to contact them and warn them they were exiting controlled territory and were at their own risk if they were continuing. Not exactly a glamorous job, it was boring. Whole days would pass without someone trying to coast by them.

The station itself was even dull. 'Outpost 14' was its name, which sounded just as uninspired as its design. It was a glorified corridor, in effect, not even wide enough to spread both of her arms out to the sides. Plain, smooth panels adorned every wall in the architecture, something that was common in the early days of the colonisation of Mars. The first homes down there shared the same 'futuristic' panels. Off the corridor were 6 rooms. A kitchen - where even the countertops were covered in the smooth panels, a bathroom, 2 bedrooms, a docking station, and the bridge, which Lucy finally exited from.

She strolled down the corridor, running her hands along the walls, something that had become a habit of hers. She liked the smooth, neat feeling of them. As she approached the bedrooms, each one on opposite sides of the corridor, she started tying her long hair back tightly. She knocked three times on the door and stood back. "Mel, are you up?" She called, "I'm heading out, so you need to take command of the bridge. I doubt anyone will come by, but it's best just to be safe." She heard shuffling movement from inside the door so turned to her own bedroom and entered.

Inside the small space, there was a long counter that ended in a sink, a bed that was attached to the wall, a desk, and a chair. A mirror was bolted to the smooth wall above her desk, and a largely unused noticeboard was positioned alongside it. The only thing pinned to it was a picture of Lucy's parents who still lived back on earth. She walked over to the final object in the room, the wardrobe, and changed out of her white overalls into something more comfortable. She slipped on a pair of red jeans and a long sleeved top that showed her favourite band that recently went on a tour of all the inhabited planets. She liked it because it hugged her body tightly, showing off her slim and toned stomach and accentuating her somewhat small bust.

She left the room and was pleased to still hear her co-captain moving about. "Okay I'm going, I'll see you later Mel," Lucy said as she went to the docking station to suit up and pilot the shuttle to Mars. She was finally going to see if the brochure would make good on its promises.

Meanwhile, as Lucy stepped away from her door, Mel approached it. She pressed her palm against the side of her head, grunting in discomfort. 'Too much to drink' She thought to herself. She didn't think she would actually have to be on duty until later today. Lucy didn't usually leave this early. While she should have been suspicious, Mel decided to shrug it off, going over to her closet and sliding it open. She grabbed her uniform, the standard white jumper, and tossed it onto her unmade bed.

She exhaled, peeling off her tank top, her full chest bobbing to and fro as she did so. Looking down, she debated to herself about wearing a bra today.

'Meh. Not like it matters. No one ever comes up here anyways.' She thought to herself as she tossed on her work shirt, then pulled the overalls over them. 'Such a dorky outfit...' she scoffed. Even if she had been working her with Lucy for over a few months, she couldn't get over how ridiculous the uniform looked. Walking over to her cabinet and pulling out a scrunchy, she pulled her long red hair back and tied it into a

ponytail, as per regulation for the bridge.

Finally, she pressed the button near the door, letting it open with a 'whoosh'. She stepped forward, letting the door close behind her, walked down the narrow hallway and into the bridge.

"Another fun day" Mel muttered sarcastically. "Wonder what Lucy is up to?"

A few minutes later, Lucy was approaching Mars. Its surface rushed up to meet her, the domes' curved sides expanding into view. She pulled back on the handles and pressed a button to deploy the landing gear as she neared the ground. Dust whipped about the shuttle as its thrusters slowed the descent, and Lucy began searching for a spot to set down. She had always found it amusing how much the shuttle bay resembled a car park back on earth. She manoeuvred the craft into a spot marked out with a holographic square field that flickered in the corner of her eyes. The technology was dated now, Lucy recognised it as some of the first holograms used industrially.

She left via the ramp at the back of the shuttle, bracing as the winds peppered her with red dust. Stepping out, she shut the exit and walked towards the city. Her suit protected her from the elements, sturdy and with a supply of its own oxygen, it was perfect for small journeys like the one she was on. The boots left a trail in the sand as she left the shuttle bay, filled with multiple patterns of vehicles. She looked up at the biosphere ahead of her, craning her neck in an attempt to see the top of it. The sun glimmered off its peak, just at the top of her view. Inside, the buildings ruled. Towering monstrosities filled the centre of the dome, making use of the space available. On the edges were smaller structures, crammed together in narrow streets that reeked of unidentifiable smells.

Lucy arrived at a massive, curved gate, flashing her pass before being allowed in by a worker inside. The bare steel opened just enough to allow her inside before shutting again. She walked into a large open space built into the biosphere itself. A few people milled around, heading to an information booth to the side, or just looking at the view of the city from a balcony high up above. Lucy didn't waste any time like these others were; she knew this city and she knew where she was going.

First, she stopped at a storage room and put her suit in in exchange for a few credits. She then walked directly over to her right, passed through a doorway and into a train station. A train, dull white in colour, was waiting at the platform. A few people were already seated inside waiting for it to leave. It was going directly to the other side of the dome, to an entrance gate at that side. It would stop at certain points along the way, letting passengers on and off. Lucy was headed to a stop just a few before the dead centre of the city, where the big companies were located. But first, she would have to wait for the train to pass through the edge of the city, an area the locals called 'hell's gate'. She had never set foot in the area, just choosing to let the train take her deeper into the city.

She sighed and walked towards the train. The journey was going to be a few minutes, so she plonked herself down in a seat and relaxed, hoping Mel was up by now.

Mel sighed as she watched the emptiness before her. Space had always sort of bored her growing up. While others stared up at it in wonder and intrigue, Mel merely saw it as a big empty space. Cynical? Perhaps. But the fact of the matter was that this attitude made her hate her job that much more.

'I'm a glorified toll booth attendant...' She thought to herself for what felt like the millionth time in her line of work. Why did she apply here again? Oh yeah, her father was the one who helped build it. With the job market being so abysmal back on Earth, she really had no choice but to take her efforts into space. With this in mind, she reminded herself that even if the job wasn't what she wanted, at least it was a job.

A good paying one at that.

Mel looked over, messing with some of the drawers, opening them up and looking inside their empty compartments. But the shelf at the bottom held a surprise for her. A brochure of some sorts.

'What the? Did Lucy leave this here?' Mel thought as she pulled it from the drawer. On the bright orange paper were the words 'try our new nanite technology! become a new you today!'

'Nanites, eh?' She opened the brochure, and found nothing but two pages. On one side was a slip that held a small holo chip, the other side had a list of side effects and cautions, all of which Mel disregarded out of boredom. She withdrew the chip and walked over to the holo deck, inserting the small device into the receiver and flicking on the power.

A blue glow suddenly hummed to life as a small globe with a rocket orbiting around it appeared in the holo caster. A small jingle played as the globe slowly turned into a man, or rather, a scientist.

"Hello, and thank you for taking interest in our newest experiment in nanite technology!" The man spoke officially, but somewhat casually as well. "We here at Nanite Industries are always striving to break new ground with the technology that we have invented. So far nanites have been used to cure various diseases, rebuild limbs, and other such wonders. But now, we have outsourced our technology to professional cosmeticians elsewhere, so that they may use it for less practical means. I'll have Dr. Malans explain."

The hologram flickered and changed to a different man. A large beard and glasses adorned his face.

"We here at advanced Cosmetics Corp. are proud to have joint partnership with Nanite Industries." Mel leaned on her hand, elbow resting on the armrest, her interest slowly waning. "We have recently uncovered a way of using the nanite technology for more cosmetic purposes. We have now definitive technology that renders implants obsolete." This piqued Mel's interest, her head raising suddenly and looking at the projected man with intrigue.

"No more costly surgeries or nasty scars across your body. Now, we can simply inject the nanites into the section of your body of choice, and the nanites will multiply, before deactivating and converting to flesh within the week. Quick, easy and painless. Thank you for taking time to learn about this newest breakthrough."

The projection flickered back to the other representative.

"For more information about this groundbreaking study, contact us at 555-NANITES. This number is also marked on your brochure. Sign up and schedule a consultation today!" With that, the hologram dissipated. Mel ejected the chip and smirked.

"Well, well, well Lucy. Getting the ol' surgical enhancement I see?" Mel looked down at her bust, a proud pair of DDs hanging off her chest. "Wish I could join you, but I'm quite large enough as it is..." she hesitated, then turned her head to face her backside. "...well..."

Back down on Mars, Lucy was finding her way to the Advanced Cosmetics Corp. building. The wide streets were a bustle of activity, full of smartly-attired people weaving in and out. Lucy dodged her way down the street which was lit by warm street lamps since the towering buildings blocked out the sun for the majority of the day. As she rounded a corner, she collided with someone, knocking her into a spin. "Oh, sorry..." Lucy said, turning with a smile only to find he was already gone, striding away to some urgent meeting, no doubt.

"Okay then... this had better be worth it." She said, inhaling deeply. She walked on and on through the city, checking the signs that were above the doors of the buildings on either side of her. Then she came across the one she was looking for. A set of gleaming stairs lined with golden handrails led up to its entrance. She climbed them, looking up to see how far it went. All that accomplished was giving her a sense of vertigo, so she looked ahead as she entered the building.

The lobby was like nothing she had ever seen. Cavernous, clean, hard to take in. Large holo projectors were set up around the room to explain the cosmetics options available to customers, accompanied by sets of sofas neatly arranged in the room. Two curving sets of stairs lead to the main area of the building, the part Lucy knew would be where she was going. She turned to the reception desk first and gave in her name.

"Great, head on up the stairs and Dr. Malans will see you in just a moment," said the receptionist with a smile after checking for Lucy's appointment.

"Thanks," said Lucy, before obeying and climbing the stairs. Just as she arrived at the top, the man she recognised from the brochure approached her. His beard looked even fluffier in real life.

"Lucy, I presume?" He asked. Lucy nodded. "Excellent, right this way and we will get started." He started walking towards a double door and Lucy struggled to keep pace. They walked on through into a corridor lined with pictures of biological stuff that, although she didn't understand it, Lucy found profoundly beautiful.

"Just a little longer until the elevator," he said, looking back and grinning at her. "So, are you excited for this study? I know I am."

Lucy nodded. "Yeah, sounds like it will certainly help advance the cosmetics industry." She followed him to a door. Next to it was a button that he pushed and the elevator soon arrived. "After you," said Dr. Malans, waving her inside. He entered and pressed a button labeled '46'.

"Now, let's talk about this study while we ride up," said the doctor, smiling again. He reminded Lucy of her grandfather and she decided she was going to plan a trip to earth sometime soon.

"Absolutely," she replied, "what am I getting myself in for?" She chuckled an awkward chuckle.

"Now now, there's nothing to worry about. What we're going to do is have a sit down and a chat about how things are going to work. Then you'll sign some papers for consent. After that comes the juicy part! We'll go into a private room and I'll have a female doctor come in and administer the nanites to your... breasts was it?" He inquired. Lucy nodded. "Very well, and then we'll bring you out, give you a quick check up and you'll be on your merry way."

Lucy nodded again. "And... I hate to be so pushy about this, but when does the money come into it?" She asked, already feeling herself blushing.

"Ah yes, that will be sorted out after the trial has finished. It will be transferred directly into your account if that is satisfactory?"

The elevator came to a stop and the doors slid open smoothly. "That's fine by me, let's do this," said Lucy, stepping out into the room where the doctor had promised 'a chat'.

"Alright, before we begin, let's go through a few precautions first. Take a seat, please." he gestured to the doctor's bench; even in the future, patients still had to sit on the uncomfortable paper-lined reclining benches in the doctor's office. Lucy stepped up and sat, watching the doctor with anticipation.

"I assume you read through all the warnings, but I have to list them in this meeting, for legal reasons. Now, there might be some soreness and tenderness near the injection point, as well as possible redness or bruising. If the growth happens to be rapid for you, there may be some stretch marks or tight skin, but that goes away after a week or so. Now, as these are experimental, I'll have to ask you to stay away from microwaves or other radiation-emitting devices." Lucy nodded.

"I work in a space station...would that be a problem for this?" She asked.

"Well, maybe, maybe not. I am going to say that there is a very small chance that anything would happen. Space does have a lot of strange phenomena, but I don't think it will be anything that can truly effect the nanites. Now then, onto the process..." He began running tests on Lucy, such as temperature, blood pressure, eye and nose checks, any sort of standard procedure for a regular check up. "...the nanites that are being injected will naturally multiply. They essentially become larger in volume until they eventually convert to tissue. You see, its basically stem cells with an electronic mind that allows us to program how much they multiply. The electronic mind eventually disintegrates and deactivates."

Lucy nodded. While she understood, it still sounded like so much pseudoscience to her.

"So, with all that in mind, do you still wish to continue Lucy?" The doctor asked, with hopeful eyes.

She stood. "Yes of course, it doesn't sound half as bad as I thought it would be," she said.

"Well great, let's get the procedure done," he said, smiling. He left the room for a moment and came back in with a woman in a lab coat. She smiled at Lucy and introduced herself as Dr. Etal. In her hands, she held a small plastic box.

"Okay then, I'll see you in a few moments," said Dr. Malans, turning and leaving the two girls alone.

"If you could just lie back for me," indicated the doctor. Lucy did so, feeling the cold surface spread up her back. She watched as Etal opened the box, which emitted a hiss. She then pulled out a small, plastic, gun-shaped device used in place of needles in the more recent years. It was a quick process. Lucy pulled up her top, revealing her average-sized B cup bust. The doctor placed the tip of the device against her right breast, sending a shiver down her spine and tingles through her bosom. Then came the momentary pain as she pressed the trigger, and it was over. The same happened for her left breast, completing the procedure.

"We're done doctor," announced Dr. Etal when Lucy had covered herself up again. The door swung open and he glided in, grinning.

"Excellent, now just for a few check ups and you will be on your way," he said, getting to work on the standard tests. When he was done, he thanked her again, gave her a form with all the details she would need if she wanted to get in touch, and walked her to the elevator.

"Do contact us when the nanites have finished their work, and we will schedule a follow up consultation to monitor the success of the trial. Thanks again," Dr. Malans said as the doors closed.

Lucy pressed the ground floor button and, as the elevator began going down, she felt the mild soreness in her breasts that the doctor had warned her about. She clutched the form tightly in her hand and reassured herself verbally, "this will be worth it." She exited the elevator and descended the stairs, flashing a quick smile at the receptionist as their eyes crossed. Then she was out into the city again, and on her way to the train station. It wouldn't be too long before she was back at the space station.

An hour or so of boredom later, Mel finally saw a space pod sending upwards towards the station. Knowing full well who it was, she grinned. It stopped at the gate, as usual, and Mel activated the intercom.

"State your business." She teased. Lucy huffed within the space pod.

"Just lemme in Mel." She could hear a brief snicker from the other end of the line.

"Whatever you say madame." Mel continued in a teasing tone as she pressed the button on her end, allowing the pod to enter the docking station. Mel waited there, spinning in her chair with a silly grin on her face, until Lucy finally walked into the bridge. "Why helloooooo there Lucy." Mel said with a wink. Lucy arched an eyebrow.

"What's gotten into you?" Lucy asked as she set her purse and belongings to the side. Mel stood from her chair and walked over to her co-worker and friend.

"I think that's a better question for you." Mel said, pointing an index finger at her. Lucy merely stared at her.

"What're you-" She was cut off as Mel poked one of her tender bobs. She let out a yelp, the flesh still very sensitive to the touch. "HEY! Don't do that!" Mel snickered.

"So you ACTUALLY went to get tiny robots shot into your tits, eh?" Lucy looked up at her, horrified, and began blushing a bright pink hue.

"Wh-what?! I didn't-"

"You shouldn't leave your paperwork lying around, Lucy. Someone might get a hold of it." Mel chuckled as she waved the brochure teasingly in front of Lucy's face. Lucy merely gawked in embarrassment.

"Look, that's...that's none of your business Mel!"

"I know, I just find it funny how you want bigger tits in the first place, ha!" She laughed again as she tossed the brochure aside on the table nearby. "Wait...don't tell me you're..." Mel turned on her heel, leaned over and groped her boobs together with a large grin on her face. "...JEALOUS, are you?!" She stuck out her tongue and juggled her tits back and forth teasingly.

"Shut up Mel," said Lucy, raising her lip and shaking her head. "It's not like that..." She trailed off, grabbing her brochure from the table. She stuffed it into her pocket and went to sit at the control desk.

She felt the warmth of embarrassment in her cheeks as she tried to look at ease. "So erm... Has anything happened while I was away?" She asked, trying to change the subject. It was a futile and obvious attempt and she knew it.

"Well nothing much," said Mel, already sniggering. "Oh, besides you getting robotic tits!" She burst into laughter, pleased with herself. She came over to sit beside Lucy, looking at her chest with interest. "They don't look any different... Are you sure they did it right?"

"Yes, Mel, it just...takes a day or so for it to work..." Lucy replied, blushing, a seed of doubt planted in her mind. What if they didn't work as advertised? What if it was all a scam and they injected some sort of tracking chip into her tits? She shook her head a bit, wishing the thoughts away. Mel took notice.

"You have no idea if that was even a real doctor, do you?" Mel said with a grin. Lucy's naivete was something to behold.

"Yes, they were a real doctor Mel, God, get off my ass about this!" Lucy finally stomped back to her room.

"Ahahaha, what, did they inject robots in there too?" Mel joked.

"No Mel, unlike you, I actually HAVE an ass!" Lucy replied, sticking her plump, but tight posterior outwards before shutting the door to the restroom close.

She walked to face herself in the mirror. She was met with her angry, blue eyes staring back at her for a moment, her nostrils flaring with each breath. Then she started laughing. The sound travelled through the door and down the hallway, hitting Mel's ears. She was about to go and say something when Lucy walked out of the restroom.

"Sorry Mel, this is a big ridiculous," she admitted. "I did get the nanites injected, I'll admit. And it WAS by a real doctor... At least I'm pretty sure it was. And um yeah... I'm sorry about the ass comment. That was a low blow." She grimaced. "Anyway, I'm probably gonna get a nap in, it was tiring going to the surface! Are we good?"

Mel rolled her eyes. Her friend's flippant attitude always made her switch emotions on a dime.

"Yeah, yeah, we're good bio-boobs. Go get some rest, I'll keep an eye on deck."

"By keeping an eye you mean blast music and read, right?" Mel pointed at her and made a "click" sound with her tongue.

"Correctamundo." Lucy laughed, then retreated to her bedroom. Meanwhile, Mel made her way back over to the deck. She pulled out her MP3 player and plugged in her dynamic headphones, strapped them on and blasted various heavy metal tunes into her head. She rocked her head back and forth as she leafed through beauty magazines.

Mel mostly read things like Vanity Fair and whatnot to gawk and laugh at the ridiculously dressed women, as well as the asinine "tips" that it offered. The modern day "fashion" that these people wore were a riot. Sometimes they'd be lucky to be wearing any more than a strip of red leather! Other times it looked like they were dressing up for Christmas in July. It was such an odd culture. But that's what space waves will do to people, Mel guessed.

As she leafed through the magazine, she came across an article.

"Top 10 Exercises That Will Tone Your Butt!" Mel groaned. She continued on, reading how "a nice butt is something every woman should have."

"Pssh. Right, sure. What a bunch of shit." She said to herself as she tossed the magazine behind her onto the floor. She stood, taking her MP3 player with her and strolling across the deck. As she did, she caught her reflection in the large glass window that overlooked space itself. Her boobs, projecting outwards proudly, she was always happy with them.

But...

"Well..." She placed a hand upon one of her hips, then gently slid it down onto one of her cheeks, blushing at the lack of said cheek. She huffed, looking at herself in the glass with a determined face. "Hey, if she can get robo-boobs...I can get a robo-butt!" Turning on her heel, Mel stormed out of the deck and over to the pod, keeping the brochure in hand and heading to the address on the back.

Lucy heard the footsteps outside as she hung her jacket up in her room. It was something she had become used to, Mel was used to dance around the hallway when the bridge wasn't enough of a dancefloor for her. She barely noticed it now, tuning it out was instinct.

She pulled out her pyjamas for the nap neatly arranging them on the bed. Even though she wasn't going to sleep for a long time, she still felt it was only right to get changed for the occasion. She pulled her top over her head and folded it before placing it in the laundry. The same went for her bottoms. She turned to the mirror. Her body was slim, toned and well maintained; very apparent when looking at her in just her underwear like now. She made sure to exercise and control her diet every day. But that wasn't what she was looking at.

She brought her hands to her small breasts, pushing them up in her bra to get a better look at them. They formed no cleavage but were perky. And tender. She let out a little gasp at the soreness. How long would that last? She looked each breast over, amazed to find that the injection had only left a small red mark.

"Huh, not bad," she murmured to herself, before taking her bra off and pulling her pyjama top on. She pulled the matching bottoms on and climbed into her bed. Despite the mild discomfort in her breasts, she felt strangely optimistic in that moment. Hell, Mel was even keeping it down outside so she found it easy slipping to sleep.

An hour or so had passed, Mel walking out of the doctor's office.

"So...you're sure this will work?" The doctor walked beside her, and nodded.

"I understand that you probably doubt my practice, but I can say that satisfaction is 100% guaranteed!" The man chided optimistically. This only made Mel scowl more.

"Yeah, yeah, well, if this shit doesn't work within a day I'm gonna be PISSED, understand me?"

"The nanites study the sleep cycle of their host. Once you go to sleep they will begin their work. Now, it's probably a good idea to get home soon. I've heard rumor of a solar flare later this evening, so do be careful out there." Those were his last words before he closed the shop door behind himself and locked it.

"Solar flare...? Shit, I left the solar barriers down! LUCY!" Mel exclaimed as she began dashing off to the return pod. Even the mildest jog sent a shooting pain into her backside, which traveled up her spine. "GYAAHHHH FUCKING HELL!" She shouted, rubbing her back. She had to push out the pain. If she didn't get back to the shuttle soon, Lucy could be in some serious danger!

As she dashed to the train to get to the exit bay, she cursed to herself. 'Fuck, fuck, fuck, why didn't anyone SAY there was gonna be a flare earlier?! Maybe he's just talking out of his ass? Well, even if he is, I gotta get home ASAP before it goes down...just hang in there Lucy...' She rubbed her behind, glaring at it. 'This thing is still causing me problems...even with fucking robots inside of it...' She couldn't keep her mind off the station, and hoped the flare would just hold off until she got home.

Back on the station, Lucy awoke for the second time due to the heat. She turned onto her side, feeling a little more weightiness to her chest. Closing her eyes, she tried to focus on getting back to sleep. She adjusted her top, clingy with the warmth. Then she frowned. She felt a little more weightiness to her chest! The nanites must have been working!

She sprang out of her bed, quickly stripping off her top and looking in the mirror. "They... they are bigger," she grinned. Looking at them now, she guessed they were at least a few centimetres larger than her usual B cup size, similar in proportion to tennis balls now. She gave them a quick squeeze, as if to check they were real. The soreness was still there, but not as severe as before. They sprang back into her hand as she loosened her grasp on them, light and perky. And very real.

Lucy grabbed a bra from her wardrobe and fastened it on. Her boobs filled the cups out completely, squeezing out over the top ever so slightly. "Wow, I didn't think it would work this fast," Lucy said. "... I've got to tell Mel!"

She grabbed her top and ran out of her room, putting it on as she went. "Mel! Mel, they're working! You've got to see this, look at my boobs!" She called out down the hallway as she clattered towards the bridge door. As it slid open, Lucy came pattering in on her bare feet. A wall of heat washed over her as she entered, so it took her a moment to ignore that and notice that Mel wasn't present.

"Hey, where are you? You've left the control panel unattended!" Lucy yelled, pressing her lips together tightly as she looked around. Mel did this far too often, going off down the corridor and blasting her music. Lucy left the room and banged on Mel's door.

"Get out here, you-" The space station jolted. Alarms sounded. The heat increased tenfold. Lucy lost her balance and fell against the panelled wall.

"What the..." she breathed, righting herself. "Oh no." She ran onto the bridge, starting to sweat in the heat. The alarms were blaring in the room and a red flashing light drew her to the controls. A bead of sweat rolled down her forehead as she tried to work it all out. Then she saw it: the solar shields were down. She flicked a few switches to get them back online, and then turned on the air coolant systems. The alarms and flashing lights stopped and Lucy took a deep breath of cooling air while adjusting her tight bra straps.

Wait... Mel. Where was she? Then, out of the corner of her eye, Lucy saw a familiar space craft approaching.

Mel gritted her teeth as her hands tightened on the handles of the space craft. It was automated, sure, but she felt that maybe if she put enough pressure on it, it would go faster.

"C'mon, c'mon..." Mel muttered to herself, looking over at the sun through the small window of the craft. Already she could see a strange whip-like wisp of light emitting from all sides of the giant star. Mel feared the worst as it expanded rapidly, like an explosion being set off. It rocketed towards Mel and through her craft, alarms sounding and blaring as a red light emitted. The flare ripped its way through the space craft as well, several servers being rendered useless from the massive radiation spike.

"SHIT!" The ship rocked back and forth as it tried to maintain its course. The heat inside of it was unbearable. Mel couldn't move. She was hot, sweaty, and tingly all over. As she finally docked, she knew she was just blasted with an unknown mass of radiation. She just hoped that Lucy was ok, and that the ship wasn't as damaged as she feared.

Stumbling out of the craft and into the docking station, Mel collapsed upon the floor, breathing heavily. The air was dense and thick, an unexplainable stench permeating the air. Mel wanted to stand, but she couldn't find the energy to do so. Her eyes grew heavy as the flare continued to rip through the station, and every fiber of her being. Could she survive this? She thought as her eyelids closed shut.

From what she learned in science class, as long as you were behind some sort of walls, or shelter, the radiation couldn't kill you. But that didn't mean it didn't have some effects upon the human body. Mel just hoped they weren't severe.

As she slipped out of consciousness, her mind continued to race and worry about Lucy, about herself, about the ship, about all of their safety. These thoughts were met with a sudden blank blackness. Mel passed out.

Lucy came racing out of the bridge when she saw the pod come around to dock. The air was dense in the corridor, the coolers were not doing their job here. "Damn it, the flare must have damaged the systems in the hallway," Lucy concluded as she forced herself towards the docking station at the back. The heat was worse than before, and it kept on getting hotter the further she ventured down the corridor. She arrived at the door and pressed the button with a sweaty palm. It slid open to reveal Mel, passed out on the floor.

"Mel? Oh my God, Mel!" Lucy panicked, breathing heavily in the heavy air. She staggered forwards, feeling a hundred pounds heavier in the heat. She shook Mel, yelling at her to get up. No response.

Lucy grabbed her under the arms and pulled her back down the corridor slowly. The sweat was dripping off her now, and she felt exhausted. It trickled down her face and down between her cleavage. And that was when she noticed it. Her boobs had gotten even larger. They pushed out over her bra like two tightly squeezed water balloons. "Oh shit," she panted, continuing to drag Mel towards the safety of the bridge.

Her eyes would keep on drifting back to her bust though, and she noticed something else. They were growing larger before her eyes. Slowly but surely, they pushed further over her inadequate bra. "No no no, this can't be happening now," she complained as she bumped her back into the bridge's door. She hammered on the door release and flopped back into the room, letting the door shut behind both of them. Her tits jiggled a lot more than she was used to as she lay there, regaining her breath in the relatively cool room.

After a few moment of heavy breathing, Lucy unclasped her bra and pulled it from under her top. "Mel, please wake up," she said, "some major shit is going down."

As she sat there with a passed out Mel, she couldn't help but feel something soft pushing into her hip. "Wh..." Lucy looked down in surprise, only to see Mel's pants stretching tighter and tighter against her broadening hips and butt. "Oh Mel, you didn't!" Lucy cried out. The heat was passing, the flare had almost ended.

Even so, she felt her head going fuzzy. Lights and spots were flashing in front of her eyes. All she could feel was sweat and Mel's rump swelling up against her. Then, everything went black.

When she awoke, Mel felt a tightness in her rear. That was the first thing that registered as her eyes fluttered open.

"Unnnhhh...L-Lucy?" She muttered. Sure enough, Lucy was right next to her, slumped over against the wall, passed out. Mel's eyes nearly popped out of her head when she saw her.

Lucy's breasts had gotten immense. Ponderous. Bigger than anything Mel had ever seen. They must have at LEAST been the size of her head. Lucy was stripped of her shirt, her tits on full display. That's when Mel was reminded of her discomfort.

Her eyes darted down and as soon as she saw it she gasped. Turning her head around as she stood, she gawked at her bottom. The difference was startling. Mel had gone from flat bottom to cheeks that stuck out a good half a foot from her back! Her hands flew to it, gripped into its soft pliable flesh and she squeaked.

"OH SHIT THAT SURE FEELS REAL!" Mel admitted to herself, now convinced this was no bad dream. She looked back over at Lucy. What had they done to themselves? She was sure Lucy didn't plan on getting so large...so why did she expand to such an enormous size?

Suddenly, Mel shuddered. Her ass jiggled on its own, then suddenly sprang forth in her pants. "WHAT THE-" Mel's head whipped back again as she watched her booty puff up in spurts, a centimeter added with each puff.

creak *groan* *THWIP!* Her pants tore at the waistband, causing them to sag, her hips too much for them to take. As soon as the episode had started, however, it ended.

"Well...that's...really not good..." Mel said to herself. She went back over to Lucy and started shaking her by the shoulders, watching her titanic tits wobble about as she did so. "Lucy! Lucy wake up!"

Lucy murmured in her sleep, batting Mel's hands away. "Lucy, get up!" Mel tried again, shaking harder. This time it worked, and Lucy jolted awake. "Huh- what's going on?" She asked in a daze.

Then she looked down and saw her breasts. She gulped down air and scooted back up against the wall, as if she were trying to escape the sight of them. "This can't... This wasn't meant to happen!"

"Tell me about it," agreed Mel, standing and turning to point at her butt, which Lucy noted to now be significantly bigger than her own.

"Oh damn, I almost forgot about that," gasped Lucy, the situation coming back to her now. She began to stand up when she felt a shiver run through her body, making her pause halfway up the wall. Then she felt something in her breasts. They were growing again, smoothly like before and at a steady pace. They burgeoned out in all directions, taking up more space on her chest. Her nipples hardened and lead the way as her boobs inched out ahead of her. Then, their growth slowed to a stop.

"Mel... something is very wrong. My tits were meant to stop at a D cup. That was 2 cup sizes ago!"

"No kidding! I sure as hell wasn't supposed to have this fat of an ass! What the fuck happened?" Mel sighed and walked over to the door that connected to the deck. "C'mon, let's figure it out on deck. We still need to look over the damage anyways." Lucy nodded and stood, almost falling flat on her face. The weight on her chest was new to her and would take some getting used to.

They entered the main deck, only to see it in disarray. Papers, folders, and various other materials were strewn across the floor. Several screens had errors across them and needed to be rebooted. Mel let out a sigh.

"Shit, this is mostly my fault..." Mel muttered as she went over to pick up the papers.

"No, Mel, I mean, I shouldn't have just gone to sleep like that. This ship is both of our responsibilities." Mel sighed and nodded. She bent forward to pick up some folders off the ground.

"Yeah, I guess you're-UNH!" Mel's hands suddenly flung to her ass as she felt it press outwards once more. The stitching in her black jeans creaked and groaned. "FUCK! OHHH FUCK NO! STOP!" Lucy watched in awe as Mel grew bigger and bigger, her cheeks puffing out of the top of her jeans. They stretched as far as they could stretch, until finally, the seat of her pants gave out, revealing her red cotton panties. This made her blush profusely. "HEY! Q-QUIT LOOKING!" Mel stammered as she attempted to hide the widening the gap in her pants. The growth finally subsided.

"God...how many more times is this going to happen...?" Mel worried, rubbing her now even more enlarged posterior, now packing on a few more inches than before.

"Let's just hope it stops soon," Lucy said. Then she took note of her toplessness. "Oh, um..." she mumbled

before walking across the room to grab her top. She pulled it on over her swollen boobs to find that the bottom of it was now raised up to reveal a little of her stomach.

Mel had been watching. "Damn that's quite the rack," she teases with a wink.

"Come on, this is not time to be joking miss, uh... junk in the trunk," Lucy said, cringing at her own comment as soon as she said it. Mel just laughed and turned to one of the screens. She began working to fix the malfunction, and Lucy thought she would do the same.

She went over to another console, still flashing red. It was complaining about the damage to one of the less important antennae outside. It was a simple matter of telling the system to ignore it. As she went to press the required buttons, the feeling in her chest returned.

"Oh no," was all she said before watching her tits begin growing again. As they expanded out, they brushed against the fabric of her top, making nice sensations spread throughout her. Lucy ignored them. Her boobs expanded larger and larger, filling out more space in her top. More and more of her belly was put on show as the hem rode up. Her breasts finally stopped growing when they reached the size of two large watermelons.

"These are the biggest boobs I've ever seen," Lucy said, "and I own them!" She couldn't really believe the situation.

"Alright, don't get too cocky about it," said Mel, eying her chest.

Lucy began thinking. "Mel, h-how are we going to stop this?" The worry was plain on her face.

"Hell if I know!" Mel called out as she returned to the operating systems. Soon she had them all fixed up, the red light fading and the regular screens popping back up. "I don't even understand why we're still growing in the first place!" Lucy thought about these words.

"W-well...there was that solar flare..."

"Yeah, no duh there was a solar flare." Mel replied flatly.

"No, but..." She stared down at her chest again. She gulped as she viewed her cleavage. It seemed to be a full foot now, but it felt like it went on for miles. "Maybe...maybe the radiation messed with the nanites in our bodies?" Mel hesitated.

"That would make sense...so if that's the case then..are we stuck with these?" Mel asked, a hint of worry in her voice.

"I really hope not. These things are just too big." She indicated to her bust. As if on cue, they jumped out an inch more before coming to a stop. The growth seemed to be sporadic, starting and stopping randomly. Lucy felt her heart pounding.

Then she remembered something that gave her hope. "Oh oh, the brochure!" She said.

"What about it?" Mel asked.

"It said something about the nanites only converting to flesh about a week later. So that means this isn't permanent?" She let out a long exhale.

"Yeah, I guess. But only if we can get the nanites to stop working," said Mel, who looked worried still.

"Okay then, we just have to get down to Dr Melons or whatever he was called, and get him to reverse the nanites growth... Surely," Lucy said, uncertain in her statement from start to finish.

"Yeah, well, I guess its worth a shot. Problem is, we've gotta finish cleaning this place...and we'll have to go one at a time so we can actually not fuck this place up again."

"Really? Mel-" Mel held up a finger.

"I know we're in some deep shit, but we almost let this place burn to pieces. I don't like my job just as much as you don't, but it doesn't mean this place isn't still super important to protect." Lucy wanted to think of something to rebuke with, but could not. She let out a sigh.

"Alright...one at a time it is..."

"And you should go first. I'm the one who got us into this mess in the first place-" She grunted as her pants tightened. The hole in her jeans tore open wider, revealing her now straining red panties, their fabric getting pulled so taut that they were partially see through. At this point, the only thing that was holding up her pants were her ridiculously wide hips. Mel looked down anxiously as the growth came to a stop.

"Mel...its ok..." Lucy put her hand on Mel's shoulder. "Look, if it wasn't for me, you would have never known about the whole nanite stuff in the first place. If anything, this is all MY fault." Mel sighed.

"Alright, then its both our faults." Mel muttered with a chuckle.

"So go Mel, I'll be fine. I have a week anyways, there's no REAL rush, haha." Lucy tried to lift Mel's spirits, and it seemed to work.

"Alright...you're sure?" Lucy nodded again enthusiastically. "Ok. Just stay here and clean up in the meantime...and try not to crush the deck with your tits." Mel teased with a wink as she picked up her purse and walked awkwardly towards the door.

Lucy sat herself down in a chair and resigned herself to her fate for the next few hours. She let out a sigh as she watched the pod zip by the window in front of her. Mel would be back as soon as she could, it wouldn't be too bad. She wouldn't grow too big.

As she tried to talk herself into being optimistic, another growth spurt began. Her tits staggered out ahead of her, swelling up quickly. They expanded into her top yet again, swiftly making the material tighter around them. The space started running out inside her top and soon her tits filled it out completely. They kept on going and going and Lucy bit her lip as she watched.

"Stop stop, why aren't you stopping?" She yelled, waving her hands at them in protest. They blew up to the size of basketballs before obeying her and stopping. Her top was pulled taught across them and her belly was completely on show now. She didn't know how big she would grow before Mel was back, and that concerned her.

"Please hurry," she said, watching the pod shrink into the distance on its approach to Mars.

Mel looked back up at the station as the pod began its landing procedures. She heard the familiar hissing of the pod letting out pressure before docking.

"Just hang in there Lucy..." Mel muttered to herself. Just as the hissing stopped, a tingling washed over Mel's butt and she leaned forward in surprise.

"Hunnnhhh QUIT IT!" Mel moaned. The sensation had an odd pleasure to it. The yoga pants she had put on before she left could only take so much. They were already ridiculously stretched across her massive booty, which must have had cheeks at least a full foot in diameter each by now! "Gotta hurry..."

She exited the pod, still getting used to moving with her new butt. She took the usual walk, onto the train, doing her best to ignore the onlookers and cat callers that chastised her as she made her way downtown.

About half an hour later, she arrived at the doorstep of the doctor. She flung the door open, giving the receptionist a start. Mel glared over at her.

"Where. Is. Dr. Malans?" Mel demanded bluntly. The receptionist gave a blank stare back, then picked up the phone.

"I'll call him over, just...take a seat..."

"Gladly." Mel shot back, her booty jiggling furiously as she sat in the waiting room chair. She felt it squish and wedge itself into every open space that the seat had available. She blushed, knowing full well she was at least a couple inches taller than she usually was when sitting. "He better hurry up..I can't keep Lucy waiting..."

Lucy, meanwhile, was in quite a situation. She was struggling remain standing, topless, and clutching her breasts. They had grown to the completely cover her upper body, a full 2 feet across. She was huffing with the strain of trying not to fall over. They were so heavy.

"Damn it, any bigger and-" she felt them grow larger yet again. They leaped forwards an inch before stopping. Then another. And another. The added weight made her stagger and fall forwards. She landed on her big tits, making them wobble wildly beneath her. They expanded out twice more, jiggling her giant beach ball sized boobs each time. The spurt was over and Lucy's mind once again drifted to how Mel was getting on.

Finally, Dr. Malans walked in, his brow furrowed at the news.

"A patient demanded to be seen?" He announced to the waiting room. Mel was the only one present there, and attempted to stand. When she did, she was tugged back down. She tried again with little success. She looked down, flushing from embarrassment, to see her ass securely wedged in the seat. It must have been growing the whole time she was sitting there! Mel was internally terrified, but she held through.

"Hello, Dr Malans? Remember me?" Mel called over to him. The doctor looked over and his jaw dropped slightly, before he made his way over to her.

"Ah yes...Miss..."

"Last names aren't important here. My name is Mel. And your nanites have seriously fucked up." Mel glared at the man. A cold, clean glare that cut right into him. He shook it off, bewildered by the results.

"Wh...Well, Mel, please...if you would, come into my office..."

"I'd love to, but it seems my ass has grown big enough to serve as a cork for this goddamn chair!" Mel shouted, clearly irritated. Malans nodded to his assistant, who nodded back, picking up the chair from one side while Malans picked up the other. "HEY! W-watch it!" Mel felt her ass jiggle and wobble as she was carried away to the doctor's office.

'Well...at least its progress...' She was placed in the room, Malans looking over his work.

"This is bad...very, very bad." He muttered. Mel picked up on his words.

"Why is that? Cuz your nanites fucked up or because you have a potential lawsuit on your hands?" Her words were like a hot knife. Malans remained composed.

"Well, admittedly both...but mostly that my research apparently has its flaws...you're the only woman who has had this effect."

"Correction: both me AND Lucy have this effect." Mel replied, enlightening the doctor of both the women's issues. At these words, the doctor's eyebrows arched.

"Lucy? My other patient from this week?" Mel nodded. "Interesting...she said something about working on a space station?" Mel nodded again. "Do you work there too?" Once again, Mel nodded.

"What are you getting at doc?"

"If I am to assume correctly, this happened right after the solar flare, yes?" Mel already began to connect the dots.

"You don't mean-"

"Excess radiation stormed into both of your bodies, and thus, fried the nanites circuits. Instead of rendering them disabled, which we have backup safety protocol for in unusual incidents such as these, they went into overdrive. Its most likely due to the type of radiation, or how much there was..." He sighed. "I'm afraid the only way I can fix this is if we...wait it out..."

Lucy was sat at a desk, resting her massive breasts on its surface as she waited for Mel to return. Her boobs were now 3 and a half feet across and didn't seem to be done growing yet. She had mostly given up on trying to move because they were now so heavy. The journey from the floor to the table was a long and hard one, but she finally arrived there after much heaving and grunting.

Lucy heard the sound of the dock warming up and felt her heart start pounding. Mel was back! Lucy would be able to go down to the surface and get herself sorted out too.

She listened to a noise she assumed was Mel running her hands along the corridor walls. The noise got louder and louder until the door to the bridge opened and Mel came falling into the room. It turns out it was not her hands on the side of the hallway, it was her butt. It had grown so big that it pancaked its sides up against the walls in the narrow corridor.

As she landed on her front, her giant ass wobbled back and forth in the aftershock of her fall. She mumbled something under her breath.

"Mel, what is going on? You got bigger! I thought you were going to get this to stop?" Lucy said in rushed tones. The panic was returning.

Mel grunted as she heaved herself up to a sitting position, the back of her legs squishing into her plushy posterior. She grimaced.

"Yeah, well...about that..." Mel hesitated, knowing full well that Lucy wouldn't like the answer. "So, that solar flare kinda messed with the nanites...fried their circuits and all. Basically, they've glitched themselves into constantly producing at random intervals. And there's nothing that can be done about it..." She said the last part with disdain. "Once a week is over...we'll both be stuck with these...and they'll just keep growing until then too..." She glanced back over at Lucy. "Also, he said something about yours being different than mine. Mostly cuz of where they are. I don't exactly know what he meant but...just be careful, ok?"

"Damn..." Lucy murmured, taking it all in. Her boobs were already massive from half a day of growing. What damage would a whole week of growing do?

"Well I guess we're fucked then," she said, dropping her head to rest on her jugs. They filled most of the desk in front of her, rising up to her eyeline when she sat up straight. "Wait, mine are different? They seem to be doing the same as yours," Lucy said with a puzzled look on her face.

"Well, both of us will experience a slowing in the growth through the week. Like, it won't nearly be as bad as it was today. Maybe a couple inches here or there throughout the week. At least that's what he told me..." Mel hesitated. "Except...well, since yours are in your boobs, apparently there is something that will happen at the end of the week....that will signify them being finished growing...but he didn't tell me what."

"Oh well that's just great," said Lucy, rolling her eyes, "I get a nice treat at the end of the week, what more could I want."

She shuddered as her boobs slowly inched out across the table. "Here they go again," she complained. She watched as they spread out over the surface, taking up more and more space. Inch by inch they expanded for a few seconds, and then stopped.

"Damn it Mel, I don't know how we're gonna cope." Lucy whimpered in a defeated tone.

"One day at a time Lucy, that's all we really can do..." Mel mused as she shuffled her way awkwardly to her feet, wobbling slightly as she gained her balance. "I'm not a fan of this size either-" She winced as she felt her yoga pants get even tighter, the waistband snapping in a few more places. It was a miracle they had still held together. "But at this point, we don't really have a choice." Mel took notice of Lucy's downcast look. "Look, I told Malans that if he didn't think of a solution, he could consider himself as good as sued."

Lucy looked back up. "Really?" Mel nodded.

"Yeah. So if we're stuck with these by the end of the week, best believe I'm giving him a call. And if he doesn't work out, I'll give my lawyer a call." She said with a wink. "So don't sweat it...just...keep an eye out for the...'thing' that happens at the end of the week."

"Alright, we can do this," Lucy said, deciding to attack the situation with positivity.

The next few days were much of the same thing. Slowly expanding larger without a way to stop it; attempting to move around with their new proportions; trying to keep motivated since their job refused to become interesting.

Three days past and Mel could barely fit down the corridor anymore. Her hips and butt had become so wide that she had to shuffle her way down the hallway inch by inch. "When did the walls get so close?" She quipped when she reached the bridge. Lucy looked back from her usual spot at the desk to see Mel trying to steady her wobbling butt as she squeezed into the room. "Haha, very funny," Lucy rolled her eyes in response.

Her tits did a small jump forwards, but Lucy didn't pay it any attention. She had become so used to it that she barely noticed it anymore. Besides, the growth spurts were small and infrequent now, which she was thankful for. Her jugs were easily 4 feet across now, maybe a little more. They looked ridiculous on her, and were only getting larger and larger as the days went by.

By the fifth day of their growth, Lucy found she could no longer move since they had become so heavy. "Mel! Mel, come quick!" She had yelled from her compromised position on the floor, lying on top of her tits. She heard the telltale shuffling in the hallway and a few moments later, her friend came jiggling into the room. "Holy crap," was all Mel said when she saw Lucy red faced and trying to maintain her balance by straddling a pair of boobs that were almost as big as herself.

"You need to get me the grav cart," she said after working herself up to say it. Mel burst out laughing.

"What, for your tits?"

"...Yes," Lucy blushed. She couldn't believe she was asking for this. Mel laughed again, having to grab the table to steady herself. Her big booty wiggled behind her as she had a giggle meltdown. She tried to say something but more laughter crept out instead. She waved her hand dismissively and turned to leave the room. Lucy, despite the state she was in, couldn't believe the size of her friend's rear as she left. It was around 3 foot wide and almost stuck out as far behind her. It jumped out another inch as she went, the growth still continuing relentlessly.

A few moments later and she returned with the grav cart. It was a table with a grav field projector underneath it, essentially. Usually, it would be used for carrying heavy loads through the station. But not anymore. Mel brought it over to her friend in need and deactivated it so it sank to the floor.

The next few minutes couldn't have gone much worse. They each had to work together to heave one gigantic breast at a time onto the grav cart. They strained and strained to shuffle them onto the cold metal surface, and they even had to take a break halfway through. After a good 15 minutes of trying, they had done it though, and each of them breathed a sigh of relief. They powered it up to a low setting, hovering at about knee height. Lucy's breasts filled the space in front of her as she walked around to test it.

"Thank you Mel, I wouldn't have been able to manage these last two days without this," she smiled, still embarrassed at the situation.

"No problem, Lucy" Mel replied as she sauntered back over to the monitors. Luc pushed her bosom with her, her boobs gliding as she walked back over to her work station. To her dismay, all she could see was boob, and there was no way around it.

"Shit...Mel...how am I supposed to get any work done with these?" She complained as she squeezed her tits together, hoping that would somehow let her see around them. Mel looked over, seeing her friend's distress, then thought for a second. An idea came to her mind. She walked over, her hips wobbling side to side heavily, before she swung one into Lucy's hip, nearly knocking her over.

"Whoops! Sorry Lucy, I forgot how heavy this thing is!" Steadying her friend, Mel continued. "Look, I'll handle the monitors if you handle all the math and coordinates, alright? You were always better at that sort of stuff than I was." These words lifted Lucy's spirits some. She nodded.

"Ok...thank you Mel."

"No problem gigaboob." Mel joked as she wobbled her way back to the monitor station.

A few days passed. An inch or two was added to each of them, but nothing truly substantial. Finally, the end of the week had arrived, and Lucy awoke with a start. She shivered, feeling her breasts tingle and begin to quake. She called out for Mel.

"MEL! SHIT! MEL COME QUICK!" Mel's eyes shot open and she darted out of bed, balancing herself before she rushed as fast as she could to Lucy's room. She wrenched the door open, only to see Lucy on her bed, shaking and sweating as she clenched her bosom in a panic. "Mel...I think the thing that you were talking about...is starting..." Lucy said between heavy breaths.

"Shit, shit, shit!" Mel cursed, trying to figure out what to do. "Look, just-" She was interrupted by Lucy's moans.

"Unh...UNH..UNNNNNNNHHHHHH!" It started.

Lucy already had already formed an idea of what may happen at the end of the week, and it was coming true in this very moment. Her breasts pulsed with sensation similar to the one she had become used to when they would grow out a few inches. Only this time, it was much stronger.

"Holy... ohhh," she moaned as the growth spurt began. Her giant bosom, already four and a half feet in diameter, expanded quickly out. Lucy found herself trembling as the feelings became more and more intense... eventually becoming intensely pleasurable.

Mel watched as her friend sat on her bed and the changes took hold. Her tits rolled on forwards, enveloping her legs inch by inch before hiding them from Mel's view. Lucy's hands ran all over her gigantic bust as it expanded, and she moaned loudly over and over. It was such a nice feeling that she forgot the situation she was in.

"Lucy..." Mel began, but didn't find the words to finish the thought. Lucy's jugs expanded towards Mel, filling up more space in the room with each second. They filled out and filled out, coming into contact with the walls on either side of the girls. Lucy's vision became a whole world of tits as they expanded up past her head. She didn't care though, the orgasmic pleasure washed over her whole body and tingled in her tits. "Oh my... gooooood, yessss," she moaned out, feeling her mammaries pressing up against the cool walls of her room.

Before long, her expansion brought her tits into contact with Mel. They gently pushed up against her as they grew onwards, seemingly without the intention of stopping their expansion.

As they grew on, Mel was slowly pushed out of the room, closing in on the doorway as her tits grew to fill the whole room. Mel pushed back on them, eliciting several moans from Lucy as she shoved herself away. She stumbled backwards onto her cushion of a butt, and stared at the room from the hallway. There, she could see as her tits pressed against the opening, muffining more and more as they squeezed against the entryway.

Mel could only stare in horror as cracks began to appear on the walls from the pressure. Shaking, Mel got to her feet, fearing what would happen. Would she burst a hole through the ship? If so, would they all suffocate from the damage? What could she do now? As her thoughts raced through her head, an alarm suddenly went off from the deck. Mel's eyes darted over to it. It was the solar flare warning. The shields needed to be raised.

"Shit! Seriously, today of all days?!" Mel cursed, wobbling her way towards the deck. Before she could get much further, the deck shook violently, knocking Mel onto her side, then rolling onto her stomach, her ass pinning her to the floor. Lucy's tits had grown so big, they had thrown the weight of the ship completely off balance. "Oh God! No!" Mel could only watch helplessly as the flare began to rip its way through the entire ship, and subsequently, through both Mel and Lucy's bodies.

The radiation ripped through them. Mel grit her teeth as Lucy's moans grew louder, the flare coursing through every fiber of her being. As they did, the nanites went into overdrive, causing her breasts to inflate even more rapidly by the second. Soon the walls had begun to crack and creak, flesh poking from the wall as pieces fell from its structure.

On and on the flare went, causing the nanites in Mel's ass to restart and overload.

"N-noooooooooOOOO!" Mel shouted as her ass pulsed outwards, inch by inch as it swelled continuously, her hips and thighs following suit. Mel could only lie there as the weight was added onto her back, tears beginning to stream down her face as flesh piled on and on and on...

The flare had a sudden intensity spike. It hit both of Mel and Lucy harshly, so much so that the nanites overloaded. Their circuits fried, and they finally disabled themselves as they were supposed to in the first place. The flare ended with that, and the girls merely laid in their positions, panting and heaving, both marveling in horror at their preposterous sizes.

Lucy sat panting, trying to catch her breath as the afterglow of the sensations started to fade away. She couldn't see a thing past her gigantic breasts, but she could feel the destruction that they had caused. She knew that the walls around her had snapped and fallen and she knew that the room was no longer intact. Then her thoughts jumped to Mel.

"Mel?! Are you okay?!" she shouted, hoping to god that she hadn't crushed her friend under her giant tits.

"Yeah, I'm okay... ish," came the muffled reply, "I'm just glad it stopped before you tore right through the station!" Lucy blushed. It had gotten a bit out of hand, and all she was enjoying every minute of it. They sat there in silence for a couple of minutes until Mel spoke up again. "We have to call Dr. Malans. He should hopefully be able to fix this."

"Right, do that," Lucy agreed. Something inside her felt sad at the thought of getting rid of her giant breasts. She had grown accustomed to having them so large. She thought about it some more. She was sure about it now. "Wait! I agree that we need him to come and sort this out... but can you ask him if he can leave my tits at a... fun size?"

Mel looked at her for a moment before letting a small chuckle. It soon evolved into a louder and more boisterous laugh, in which Lucy eventually cracked a smile then joined in. They sat there, laughing, their bodies jiggling and quaking from the activity. Somehow they both knew that everything was going to be ok.