

THE LAUNDROMAT

Author's Note: *Hey there! If you're new to my stories, just wanted to give a fair warning: there's no sex in this story. I know, I know, lame, but I'm just not one to write it. So if you were looking for any of that kind of action, you won't find it here. But if you're looking for giant tittied fun with characters, hey, you've come to the right story! Enjoy!*

Chapter 1

'I hate these places'

That was all Rhea could think as she leaned up against the dryer. Her clothes weren't quite ready for this machine yet, but they would be soon. But all she could do in the mean time was wait. Listen to the machines thump and whirl as they cleaned all of the mountains of cotton, linen, polyester, you name it. What was not to hate about this kind of place?

'That damn washing machine...' Rhea knew that it would eventually kick the bucket, and that maintenance would need to fix it, but a whole week until it got repaired? How inconvenient could you get? To be fair, it wasn't something where the apartment maintenance crew could just come out and replace a part. Serious pieces were fried and falling apart. It was beyond repair. And all Rhea could do was wait until the replacement came.

She huffed and drew a lock of her strawberry-blonde behind her ear. She kept it in a bun on the back of her head, but a few strands would fall here and there. She needed a haircut. But that was just one of the many things that were on her mind these days.

Aside from the washing machine, and her hair that needed a desperate cut, there was rent for her apartment, which she just barely managed to pay off from her menial job as a receptionist at the insurance company near her place. Add all of that to the fact that her boyfriend dumped her for whatever reason...she still didn't understand that. He gave no reasons, just left a text that he didn't want to see her anymore and disappeared, like that. No call returns, no follow up texts, nothing.

'What a coward.' Rhea thought with an exasperated sigh. He wasn't the best guy in the first place, but for such a sudden leave, she couldn't help but think there was something wrong with her. Was it her looks? That was the obvious go-to for why most guys don't want to stick around. Or was it? Rhea didn't know. And she didn't want to think about it with much further detail.

BZZZZZZT

The washer had finally come to stop. Rhea turned, opening and removing her load of clothes and tossing into the laundry bin she had taken with her. Hoisting her damp clothes over to one of the large dryers located on the far wall, she started tossing it in. As she did so, a pair of shoes came into her view, just beyond her laundry bin. Her eyes scaled up, noticing the shoes were filled by a person: a man. Clean cut. Smile on his face. Nametag. Not exactly a suit and tie, but still, she could tell he worked here.

"Need any help with that?" He was being genuine, she could tell, but nonetheless, she didn't need anyone around her at the moment. She shook her head.

“No thank you, I think I can handle this.” Rhea said it as politely as she could.

“No problem, let me know if you need a hand with anything, alright?” Rhea nodded and thanked him, watching him walk away. What was the name on his nametag? Matt? Mack?

'Whatever' She thought, shaking off the thoughts. Coming off a break up right away, the classiest decision wouldn't exactly be to bang the closest guy who gives you the time of day. Despite how lonely you might day. 'Try to keep your shirt on, Rhea...not like you have many to spare right now in the first place...' After putting in her clothes and a bit of fabric softener, she decided to exit the building for a bit and head somewhere else that was within walking distance – the department store nearby.

Was it a smart idea to leave her clothes unattended at a laundromat she had never been to? Not at all, she knew that. But a minute more in that place and she'd be driven insane. She needed an escape, at least for five minutes.

She stepped in, immediately spotting the clothing department, and deciding to take a look around. She browsed, looking at all the new patterns and displays. Nothing appealed to her. Well, alright, that wasn't 100% true. There were a few fashions and designs that caught her eye. But it wasn't as if she could afford them anyways. Not with her secretary position. Maybe if she finally got into one of those cubicles in the office as an insurance agent. But what then?

Rhea shook out the thoughts. Now was not the time. Deciding enough was enough with the overpriced clothing, she decided to check out other sections of the store. Namely: electronics.

DVDs were always a go to look through for her. She couldn't afford Netflix, so searching around in bargain bins to find the one nugget of gold was always a nice surprise. And it gave her a decent amount of entertainment, whether or not the movie was good or bad. And they got BAD sometimes. But she couldn't help but enjoy those “so bad its good” movies either.

Eventually, she realized she had been digging through the bins for a while, and decided to look at her phone. It was at that moment she realized she had been there for nearly 20 minutes. Her eyes widened in shock as she made a dash for the exit, trying to maintain her composure as she made her way back to the laundromat. As she stepped in and made her way to the dryer, she realized it was too late.

“Ugh! Fuck.” She groaned the words to herself aloud as she saw the clothes inside the dryer were indeed, not hers. They weren't anywhere. She searched the ground nearby and found nothing. She searched her clothes bin and found nothing. Was it really that easy to steal clothes from a laundromat? She had never had this experience before...mostly because she had never been to a laundromat before. She sighed, sad and frustrated, and stepped over to an older looking woman behind a counter. She stared at a screen. She had a larger build, a darker skin tone and messy, long black hair. Her eyes darted upwards as Rhea approached her.

“How may I help you?” Her voice sounded tired and disinterested. Rhea didn't blame her at all.

“Hey uh so...I left my clothes here and um...” For some reason, this got the woman's attention. Her head tilted towards Rhea and her face contorted with concern.

“Oh miss, don't tell me someone took off with your clothes...” Rhea sighed again.

“It seems that's the case...unless you have a lost and found in here?” The owner shook her head, disparagingly.

“No, I'm afraid not miss. Oh goodness, this never happens here. It just goes to show that Mark keeps a good eye on this place while I'm distracted. I'm not as much of a hawk-eye as I used to be...”

“Er...come again?” Rhea was slightly confused at the owner's remarks.

“Oh, miss, you see...how do I put this...” The owner turned in her seat, adjusting her view to face Rhea better. “I know...a lot of these types of places may seem like...people don't care about their customers or their belongings...I care. I wouldn't want my clothing to be stolen, and that's why I don't want anything to be taken from you or anyone else in this store. And that's why I have people like Mark to look over the place while I'm away or distracted.”

“Then how did-”

“I sent Mark home early. He was working so hard today and he seemed very tired. They must've snuck past us while I was seeing him out.”

“Just my luck...” Rhea muttered in response. They both remained silent for a moment before the owner stood and began to walk towards one of the doors near the dryers.

“Come with me dear, I may have a solution for you.” Rhea followed her into the room. The light flickered on to reveal a small space – no larger than a walk in closet. But it was filled to the brim with clothing! “Now, this is where I keep the stragglers...clothing that gets carelessly left behind, but nobody comes back for them. I keep it here anyways, just in case...” She stepped out of the room, gesturing for Rhea to enter. “Now, I know it's not the same but...if there's any clothing in here that can replace what you lost, I want you to take it miss.”

“Oh, but...don't you, like, sell this or-”

“No, nonono, miss, I donate anything I have at the end of the month to thrift stores and such. No use in selling things that aren't mine – it goes against my morals, you see.” Rhea nodded as she stepped in, looking around to find anything she may like. It was sparse – and it was a lot of men's clothing. But she decided that, for the time being, that they would do. Even if it went against the owner's morals to sell them off, it didn't go against Rhea's. She took her time and picked out some nice blouses, some pants and skirts, even a nice sundress that had been left behind somehow. And, after she checked that the owner had left her be, she picked up some bras and panties as well. Of course she was suspicious of them, but they smelled fresh, and she'd be sure to wash them when she got-

Oh. That's right. Well, this was a laundromat after all. It was highly unlikely that this stuff hadn't been washed at least once since it got here. Cautiously, she filled up her laundry bag, grabbed her bin, and went over to the owner.

“I think I've got stuff that will last me for a bit...thank you, so much, by the way, Miss...er...”

“Debby, miss. And it's no problem. Take care, alright?” Rhea nodded and headed home, still disappointed in her loss, but the sting of the blow had worn off with the haul she now had in her bag.

The drive home seemed longer than it really was.

When she finally tossed herself into her room, thrown her bag onto her twin-sized bed in her small studio apartment, and collapsed onto her couch, she exhaled deeply and leaned her head back. Who knew that standing and walking around a store could wear a person out so much?

After a bit of a rest, she decided to pull herself up and walk over to her haul of strange clothes. Pulling out one outfit at a time, she noticed that some of the stuff she had seemed to be related. The tan Khakis that she had picked out somehow seemed as if they belonged to the tan bra she had picked out. That bra actually looked sort of nice now that she had a better look at it. At first glance it looked like most other plain, ordinary bras. But the frills on the edges, the wide under wire, the strange clasp...

Something compelled her to try it on.

She picked up the garment and walked to her bathroom, tossing off her loose shirt and peeling off her old ratty bra (it was the only one she had that was clean at the time). Pulling the straps around and clasping it together, she looked at herself in the mirror, only clad in her yoga pants and the “new” bra.

“I don't look half bad in this...” Rhea muttered, admiring herself. She had made sure it was the proper B-cup before she had left the laundromat. After a bit of posing, she pouted. “...not the biggest boobs in the world...” she patted them softly, feeling them lightly jiggle within their restraints. “...but you're MY boobs, heh. And I'll take having some rather than none like some other...huh?” It was then that she noticed a slight prodding on her left breast. She had noticed it immediately when she had put it on, but it was starting to bug her. At first she thought it was the underwire, but it was too wide and bulky for that. Rhea dug around the cup for a bit, feeling up herself until she finally peeled off the accused irritator.

A small, square shaped piece of plastic. It seemed to have a screen of sorts, but nothing was displayed. On the side was a single, small button. Out of curiosity, she pressed it, thinking it was an on switch.

And she was correct.

Just as she pressed it, a digital “5” appeared in red on the screen. Just as that number appeared, however, Rhea felt a sharp stab in her breasts, just underneath them. She let out a yelp and stumbled back for a moment.

“What the hell?” Rhea yelled to herself, observing her condition. Nothing...appeared out of the ordinary...but what was that feeling then? Did she just get zapped by the device? What kind of bra was this?!

Not wanting to think much more on the subject, Rhea went for the clasp and undid it, attempting to remove the bra herself. Unfortunately, that was easier said than done. For some reason, when she tried to pull it away from her tits, the bra pulled back, as if it was clinging to them. When she pulled harder, all she did was bring a sharp pain through her chest.

“Shit!” Rhea stopped tugging and relaxed for a moment, stepping back into her bedroom, her bra still undone, but hanging from her breasts. She stared down at it, incredulously. “Seriously, what kind of bra...is this?” She muttered, laying down on her bed. For the next hour or so she pulled, delicately, then firmly, but got the same result as before. Discomfort, pain, and a bra that stuck to her like it was glued

to her skin. “Goddammit, if this is some kind of...joke bra that that lady used...dammit, if I’m being pranked right now...fuck!”

Understandably, Rhea was upset, but there was really nothing she could do at the moment. She had to sleep in her bra tonight, so she clasped it back up and sunk back down on her bed. She was exhausted. Too much had happened today. She easily slipped into sleep, as the device she had messed with waited idly by on her counter, flipping its number from five to four...

Chapter 2

Rhea awoke groggily. She didn't like sleeping in a bra. It was never comfortable or easy. The sleep she did get was restless. Work was gonna be hell today...

AS she rolled out of bed, she had to balance herself a bit. Something felt as if it was...tugging on her chest. She looked down, seeing the usual cleavage she sported, except...was she perhaps, a tad bigger than she was last night?

No, no, that couldn't be. Rhea calmed her thoughts, standing and stretching a bit, feeling her chest heave upwards, then back down to her ribcage. She yawned, then sighed.

“Really fucking hope this is a joke...” Slinking over to the bathroom, she looked in the mirror. She unclasped the garment, tugging lightly at its front. No dice. It was still firmly grasping her modest melons, and when she pulled too hard, that familiar sharp pain returned. How could they hold on so well? Was it really some sort of adhesive that quick dried on her skin? But what was the initial pain then? Just what was happening with this damn thing?!

She had no answers, and could only mutter curses to herself, realizing that she couldn't take a shower for work with this thing on.

“Oh boy, today is going to be juuuuust FUN.” She muttered grumpily. Slapping on some deodorant and running a comb a few times through her long hair before putting it up in the usual bun, she went to the kitchen to whip up a bite to eat, throwing on her work blouse as she did so.

Toast and eggs. The usual on days like these where her fridge was getting bare. Payday couldn't come soon enough, Rhea thought. As she ate, she browsed the web. Scrolling through facebook to see the events of friends she never talked to, save for one or two out of the 100.

“Why do I even check this anymore?” She muttered miserably. Shrugging off the thought and finishing off her toast, she took her dishes and cleaned them, staring down at her chest as she did so. Did the buttons seem...strained? No, no, you're seeing things, Rhea thought to herself. If anything, its this damn bra pushing my tits up or something. What a pain. What an absolute pain. That bitch at the laundromat probably knew this would happen. I bet she's laughing at desk right at this moment, Rhea thought.

Rhea returned to her room and freshened up a bit more. She put on some light make up (she was never a fan of getting “dolloed up” for work, but as a receptionist, she knew it was part of the drill). She put on her black pencil skirt and her black leggings, her white blouse suiting the look. She always managed to clean up well, bra or no bra, at the very least.

With all that done, she picked up her purse and stepped down the stairs of her apartment, towards her

car and out of the driveway. All the while adjusting her shirt so it wouldn't pinch as bad. Messing with the underwire of her bra so it would fit better. Oh yeah, today was gonna be just dandy.

Finally at work, she stopped in the back to lock up her purse, then went to the front desk to begin her daily to-dos, setting up before the office opened. They never had too many people. Except for perhaps on Fridays.

'Shit, today's Friday, isn't it?' Rhea sighed. She had lost track of the date again. Sitting down in the usual office rolling chair, she looked through the schedules and call-ins today. Names, dates, time-codes, all of it on her books. She was usually pretty good at keeping it all organized. She had some help from the closing receptionist, however.

And thus the day began. Rhea just sat there, awaiting customers, employees, and visitors alike as they would arrive. She kept herself busy on the computer, looking through various sites. She never dared to look through clothes or lingerie during work hours, the wall behind her being glass. Sure it was frosted, and had the large words of her agency scrawled upon it – that didn't make her any less paranoid about what she looked at online. Soon, one of the employees came in. Gerald or something like that. None of the employees really stopped to chat with her before going in. They just stood at the desk, wrote out their info on the clipboard upon it, then went on their merry way.

Mary was usually the only one that would chat with her, speaking of. She usually clocked in at around 11:0. An hour from now. Rhea kept herself busy, looking through files and switching them around to keep them organized. Soon the phone started ringing and she said the usual.

“Pemdor Insurances front desk, how may I direct your call?” And she would go through with connecting the customer to the proper agent. The agency she worked at wasn't really that big – big enough to need a receptionist, but it wasn't a large scale skyscraper facility. It didn't break 5 floors, that she knew for sure, because the numbers on her phone contact re-directs never broke 500.

The day went on and on, crawling by at its usual speed. It wasn't until Mary stepped in that Rhea noticed something...unusual with herself. Her blouse, it was...tighter? She brought her hands down and adjusted it, pulling it down and forward, but it didn't seem to be any sort of solution. The buttons had been pulled outwards, forming small diamonds that gave tiny windows for her cleavage. Had the shirt shrunk in the wash? Wait, she wasn't able to wash it, how was that-

Snapping out of her thoughts, she watched as Mary walked up to the counter and smiled.

“Hey there Rhea.” Rhea smiled back, politely.

“Hey Mary. How's everything?”

“Oh, you know. Same old, same old. Hoping my new client doesn't get cold feet.” She mused as she wrote down her info on the clipboard. After she finished, she looked back up at Rhea. A puzzled look crossed her face. “Hey uh...did you...did you do something new with your hair or something?”

“...no, why?” Rhea reflexively touched her hair bun.

“I dunno, you just seem more...” Mary paused, choosing her words carefully. “...robust today.”

“Oh um...guess I just...had a nice shower, I suppose?” Rhea tried to pass it off with a chuckle. Mary went along with it, giggling back before wishing Rhea a good day. Rhea called back the same, watching as Mary passed through the glass swinging door.

'Alright, so...not my imagination...' Rhea thought to herself worriedly. 'So either this shirt is just noticeably tight or...this bra is some kind of auto-pump up or something...' She groaned, then immediately thought of the device that she had pulled out of it the night before. 'Oh shit, was that thing, like, the remote or something? Dammit, why didn't I think of that before! If I can just get to it, maybe it can, like, release me or something...'

That couldn't happen any time soon, and Rhea knew it. She knew all she could do now was wait. Answer phones. Check times and dates. Help people in and tell them what floor or what door to go to. All the while she felt the discomfort of her shirt against her chest growing throughout the hour. It seemed as if the buttons were getting pulled further and further apart. No amount of adjusting and stretching could make them stop either.

With another groan, she pulled herself together as a man walked in through the door. He didn't look familiar, so he must not work here, despite the suit, tie, and slicked-up hair combo. He smiled genuinely, briefcase in hand, approaching the desk. Rhea smiled her usual smile at him.

“Hey, so uh...my name's Brad...or Mr. Baker. Whichever is on there.” Rhea nodded and went to work.

“Baker...Baker...” she muttered to him as she went through her online database. Scouring the hundred or so people that were online could be a chore sometimes, but right now, it was even more difficult considering something was distracting her. It felt as if the middle button of her blouse was straining...

“Now are you one of our recent customers or...?”

“No, I'm a transfer from the King County branch, I should be on there...” Bradley leaned over the counter to get a look at the computer...

What he did get a look at was one of Rhea's button flying from her chest and smacking onto the computer screen, her shirt letting out a slight “pop”, along with a dull “thud. Rhea suppressed a yelp, pausing a moment to look down at herself, the source of the commotion.

And within her blouse she could now see an absolute canyon of cleavage. That was DEFINITELY not there this morning. Or ever, really. She felt her face go hot, knowing full well that Mr. Baker still had his eyes on her. Pushing through, pretending as if nothing was happening, she doubled her efforts on the computer to find him.

“Is everything...?” Bradley was unsure of what he saw.

“Yes, yep, everything's just-”

POP!

Another button went sailing. This was one that Bradley could not deny seeing. His face contorted into one of absolute bafflement. Rhea paused again, now feeling her face getting hot, sweating just a bit, before finally pulling up his info.

“Suite 304. You'll find it on the third floor. Directly to your right. Just sign there and you'll be good to go.” The words practically poured from Rhea's mouth. She gestured to the clipboard, and after a confused moment, Bradley took it, the look on his face seemingly plastered on. Without a word, he finished what he needed to do, and walked over to the elevator nearby, catching one last glimpse before he walked on.

After the coast was clear, Rhea let out a deep breath, feeling the remaining buttons strain as she did so.

“Alright, ok, yeah, no, something is up. I don't like it, but something is definitely up.” Rhea took the phone and rung up her boss, something she usually never did. But today was an exception. After a few rings he picked up.

“Yes?”

“Hey, Mr. Beuford, I feel...somewhat ill. Can I get someone to cover for me so I may see a doctor?” Rhea said it as calmly, yet convincingly as she could. After a few moments, her boss replied.

“Of course, doll, lemme just call up Veronica and let her know. I'll give you a call back to let you know how everything goes.”

“Ah, thank you so much sir.”

“No problem at all, doll, take care of yourself, ok?” Despite him being the head manager of an insurance agency, he was always very sweet to her. She kept an eye on that. Closely.

After a few minutes of twiddling her thumbs and staring at the remaining buttons of her shirt, she got a call back, telling her her replacement would be there in five minutes. Rhea sighed in relief. She just had to wait it out for a little longer...then...she could get all this sorted.

That was when HE walked in.

Rhea had no idea who he was. What he was doing here. Or what he wanted. All she knew was that he had the stagger of a drunk man and the attire of a hillbilly. He stumbled through the door, muttering and giggling to himself, his liquor “aftershave” permeating the air as soon as he stepped in. Rhea's nose curled at the stench. After a moment of looking around, he continued his walk towards Rhea. The closer he got, the less she liked the look in his eye. But she tried to keep up appearances even for him.

“How may I help you today, sir?” She almost had to say it through gritted teeth to keep herself from gagging. The man was silent for a bit, just looking at her. Long and hard. Uncomfortably. But not at Her. No, no that would be much too polite for him. His eyes were glued directly on one SPECIFIC point of Rhea's body, and it would take a blind man not to see that. Rhea cleared her throat.

“Sir?”

“Boy, they sure do get 'em...pretty like in this place, donney?” The man slurred, itching his side while finally averting his eyes and looking around the room. “Nice 'n...young...”

“Was there any business you needed done here, sir?” Rhea was doing her very best to keep up her nice

act for him. She wasn't sure how long she could handle it.

“Oh, I was jus'...in the neighborhood 'n...was wondering if you could tell me where...where I could find some kind of life.”

“...ex...excuse me sir?” Rhea's shirt tightened again. 'Oh don't you even DARE right now...'

“Well...this is a life store ain't it? Where you...sell lives and such?”

“No, sir, this is a life INSURANCE firm...” Why wasn't this the first time she had to explain this to some drunk moron?

“Ya don't say? Ya don't say...” He trailed off, looking around the building, then back at Rhea. “How do I go 'bout getting dis here...insurance' of yours?”

The button was creaking, it was her top one. The last top one. The last defense between her cleavage and the outside world. Or, more importantly, this drunken weirdo.

“Well, sir, you'd need to make an appointment with one of our representatives first...” It was CRYING now, that button on her blouse just wanted to dart across the room...desperately...

“Oh? 'N how would I do THAT now, pretty lady?” Oh he was getting fresh now.

“Sir, don't make me call secur-”

Just as she wanted to finish her sentence, the man got a tap on the shoulder.

“Sir, are you lost?” A feminine voice asked from behind him. He turned looking over at the source. Veronica had arrived.

“Hooey, another one eh?”

“Sir, I'm going to have to ask you to leave.” Veronica always had zero tolerance for these kinds of guys.

“N why is that?” The drunkard wasn't having any of it.

“Because if you stand here for one more second I'll have to call the police.” Veronica said all this with a smile on her face. What a bitch, Rhea thought with a smile on her face.

“Why I...I...oh, hell...” And that's all it took. The man stumbled out towards the door, as Veronica walked up to the counter, rolling her eyes.

“God, I wish we were in a better part of to-”

Just then the button gave up the losing battle, flying away and hitting Veronica dead in the forehead.

“AH, JESUS!” Mostly out of shock, and not pain, Veronica rubbed her forehead, collecting herself before looking back over at Rhea. “Ah-oh...oh...” Rhea blushed again, knowing her cleavage was just open to anyone who would look her way. Veronica was that anyone right now.

“Yeah, this is why I'm calling out.”

“I'm not even mad. I needed the overtime. What's wrong? You PMSing?”

“I don't know what's going on. All I know is I got some weird bra and its been messing with my head all day.”

“Bra?” Veronica raised an eyebrow.

“Long story involving theft at a laundromat. I kinda wanna just get home for now and rest, hope it all blows over.” Veronica nodded, then shrugged.

“Alright, well, you feel better soon, ok?” Rhea nodded, standing to go gather her things from the back.

“Thanks Veronica, I really appreciate it.” Veronica waved her away as Rhea made her way to the back to gather her things. As she did, she made an effort to check herself out. The effort wasn't that extraneous. Her tits were definitely bulging now – very little restraint keeping them from poking out an extra two or three inches than Rhea was used to. Her eyes widened, taking her finger and poking the exposed flesh. Oh yeah. That was her alright.

“No, no, it can't be, just the bra...bra doing...whatever!” She didn't want to think about it here. All she wanted was to go home. And that she did. She gathered up all her belongings and made her way out the door, hiding her body from anybody else that may have been passing by. Hopefully while she was home, she could get some answers somehow...

Chapter 3

Finally home.

Why that drive felt longer than usual, Rhea didn't know. Likely because she wasn't used to the traffic that occurred during her working hours. She groaned, tossing her purse to the side of her bed and immediately heading to the bathroom. As soon as she got there, she stripped off her over-taxed work blouse, needing to unbutton three less than usual. Just fantastic, Rhea thought sarcastically. As if I wasn't missing enough clothes as it is...

She observed herself closer. Surprisingly, the bra still fit like a glove. No stretching or stress was apparent across its surface. It actually seemed to push her bigger breasts outwards, as if it was part push up. But no, no, these weren't her breasts. The bra was just...pumping up some weird air pads or something, thought Rhea. Right? She put a hand to the bottom of one of her boobs. She felt it squish and move with her palm. Feeling that there was, unfortunately, no air pump or device attached, Rhea began to sweat nervously. Was...was that really all her?

Once again, she tried in vain to remove the bra, hoping that something had changed from this morning, but nothing had. That's when the idea she had earlier had returned to her.

“Right! That...device or whatever from the bra...shit, where did I put it?” Rhea scoured her apartment, looking for said device until finally, she located it, placed upon a small counter in her bathroom. She lifted it up, seeing the number 4 glowing in red on the surface. “You've gotta be the culprit of

the...whatever is happening to me right now..." She pressed the button on the bottom of the device, hoping that would shut it off. To no avail. The number remained at 4.

"Couldn't be easy, now could it?" Rhea mourned with a sigh. "C'mon, just..." She pressed and held it, thinking of how to power off her phone. After a solid minute of holding the only button on the device, nothing happened. She felt like holding that button down all day, but she had a feeling it would lead to nothing. Frustrated, she tossed the device aside, hoping it would break. But that wouldn't happen any time soon either. Just what was it made of anyways? Titanium steel? It definitely didn't feel like cheap plastic, that's for sure...

"Dammit, dammit, dammit!" Rhea cursed as she flopped down on her toilet, face in her hands. She felt her boobs wobble and slap against her chest as she sat, and she tried her best to ignore it. "I can't...I can't go to work like this...thank God I don't work tomorrow anyways. That's a relief I suppose. But still...what do I do about this? Do I...see a doctor?" She weighed her options now. "I mean, what could they do?"

Rhea stood and went over to her bed, laying down harshly and feeling her body wobble from the springs in her bed pushing her back up. "This is a mess...I guess a doctor could tell me SOMETHING...if I had the insurance for this sort of stuff I'd LOVE to go see one..." She really needed to sign up for her work's insurance, but she could barely pay rent and buy food as it was. She really didn't have that option available to her right now. That was when it occurred to her. She sat up straight in her bed with a sudden rush of determination.

"The laundromat! Betty! Or...Dolly or whatever her name was! She has to know about this thing!" Rhea had it all figured out. It was all some elaborate joke being played on her from some woman that worked at a laundro-

"Ok, no, that sounds really dumb, actually." She groaned and flopped back down on her bed, feeling her tits smack her chin as she did so. She'd have to get used to that one... "But...she has to at least know where the clothes came from, right? Then again...they were probably just some outfits that were left by random customers...ugh, whatever! Its the only lead I have!" Rhea tossed herself onto her side, then back to her feet, stripping further out of her clothes until she was only in her bra and panties. She tossed her clothes to the side, deciding to put them in the laundry bin in the morning.

"Sleeping in this thing again, oh joy..." She gripped at her bra wire, her breasts jiggling in the cups madly as she did so. "As if one night wasn't annoying enough..." She tossed herself onto the bed, falling into a restless slumber. All the while, the device sat on her counter, its number eventually flipping from 4 to 3. As she slept, the bra did its work. A light creak filled the still air as her bra stretched and re-adjusted to her growing bosom. It seemed to grow faster while she was asleep, Rhea all the while tossing in turning in a fitful manner. Her tits pressed out, the thin blanket she had on her body slowly raising upwards as her breasts surged upwards. Cup after cup was pushed into her, inch after inch, second by second, completely unrelenting. Her Ds became Es and soon larger and larger, growing past their grapefruit size and soon into softballs, then bigger than that. All the while Rhea's face twitched and contorted with discomfort, but still, she remained asleep.

Her tits climbed upwards and downwards as they grew, eventually coming up to touch her chin as she was laying flat. They dominated her torso, crawling down halfway to her navel. The leap in size they made in such a short amount of time was something to admire. But likely not from Rhea herself. She groaned and gasped for air as more flesh was stacked on top of her, the weight alien and unfamiliar.

Eventually she rolled over to her side, and her breathing became normal. A few more inches were added for good measure before the growth came to a halt for the night. The bra made a few last adjustments before finally stretching for her now prolific knockers. She barely made a sound for the rest of the night.

Eventually, sunlight broke through her window sill, and slowly roused her from sleep. Her eyelids flitted open, and she was slowly made aware of the sensation touching her chin. Something soft...squishy and...

“Oh fuck don't tell me...” Rhea groggily looked down. The sight immediately brought her out of her haze. “Ho-LY SHIT!” She immediately thrust herself upwards, her tits falling down upon her body, her head knocking hard against the headboard. “ACK!” She rubbed her head, the pain a minor distraction from the very drastic changes done to her body overnight. “O...k this is getting really, really bad now.” How big were they now? Cantaloupes? Bowling Balls? Her own head? Somewhere in between? Were tits of these size even humanly possible? Thoughts were rushing through her head as she propped herself onto her feet and towards her closet.

Her legs were wobbly under the weight of her new chest. She leafed through her clothes in a panic.

“How...why...what is even...” Incomplete thoughts and questions rushed through her head, and she muttered them aloud. How were boobs of this size possible? Why did this have to happen to her? What is this bra even made of, and how is it doing this to her? Was it radioactive? Were her tits now just two giant tumors? More and more morbid and terrified thoughts ran into her head. She calmed down for a minute and sat at the edge of her bed, sighing. She put a hand to one of her monumental tits.

“Nope, tumors are like...hard and stiff...” These wondrous mams were soft, pliable, and squishy, yet springy to the touch. They responded to her squeeze with enough give to convince her that her worry of tumors wasn't an issue. Not that it made her feel THAT much better, but at least she wasn't going to die. Of cancer, at least. “God, why do they have to be heavy...” It felt as if she had two sacks of pudding strapped to her chest, and the stress was most apparent on her back. She stretched backwards, hoping the strain put on her bra would be enough to snap it off. But all she managed was to make her big tits look even bigger.

“Tits. Yep, that's the only word to describe these now, isn't it?” The word tits had always been so vulgar to her before. She never liked the idea of having “tits”. She liked her meager little boobs. But nope, her boobs graduated from tit college and here they were, proud four year students. Rhea shook her head.

“That's enough weird metaphors for one day...” For now, she needed a plan. She only had one lead, and that was the laundromat...then again, she hadn't checked ALL the clothes quite yet. Before running out, Rhea checked through the pile of clothes she had yet to organize from the laundromat. She checked jacket pockets. She checked the lining of her shirts. And finally, she checked the pockets of the khakis that seemed to specifically be paired with her bra.

Lo and behold, there was a card inside. The card had obviously been in a run in with the washing machine, but luckily, it was slightly protected by a small cloth wallet. So while the top part of the card had all but disintegrated, the lower part remained in-tact.

“Bingo!” A phone number! To where, she had no idea! If anything it was the number to a barber shop, but it was better than nothing. She might be able to get some leads...

Rhea sauntered over to her cell phone and opened up the dialing pad, punching in the numbers and hitting call, awaiting a response. All the while she stared at her tits worriedly. “Hopefully this is all just swelling and when I get this bra off they can go back to normal-” After a few rings, something picked up. “Hi, hello, is someone-” An automated voice interrupted her. She sulked immediately.

“You have reached the office of Growth Lab Industries” Rhea arched an eyebrow. This was definitely the right place if it was called that... “If this is an emergency, please hang up and call 911.” I honestly doubt they can help me, phone lady, Rhea thought. “If you are calling to ask us about the functionality of our products, please call back during office hours, Monday through Friday, 12-5 PM. Thank you for your business, and have a great day”.

“Shit, one day late!” Rhea groaned and hung up, tossing her phone on her bed and walking over to her computer, hoping to find some answers there. She had a name, so there had to be SOMETHING about it online...

If she could type well, that is. Her tits rested snugly between her arms, making it quite difficult to see the keyboard. It took her a few tries before she finally managed to actually bring up the Google page, then a few more tries to get the actual name in. She combed over the links, but alas, there were no matches. She sighed, leaning back in her chair. “Great. The ONLY lead I have for now is that damn laundromat...and I REALLY don't wanna go out with...” She looked down and poked her left tit, watching a wave of ripples cross its surface in response. “...these...”

After a moment of considering her options, Rhea came to the conclusion that she should probably investigate sooner, rather than later. There were no telling whether or not her breasts were finished growing yet, and the thought brought a chill down her spine. She swung her closet open, feeling her chest sway in the bra like two pendulums.

After leafing through her available attire, with what she had left from the prior visit to the accursed facility she now had to revisit, she decided on a large, bulky sweater and one of her skirts, complete with leggings. It covered her well enough to wean off the self-consciousness that her enlarged tits had brought her. But only by a bit.

“Ugh, these are just...embarrassing.” And heavy as all hell, she thought to herself. She had no idea how her back wasn't killing her by now, but she was definitely starting to feel it in her shoulders. Packing up her purse and pushing off the thoughts, she made her way out and made her way to the laundromat.

Driving was certainly a new experience with her new tits. Rhea had to bring her car seat back all the way to the max, and even then, her arms squished her tits together when she clutched the wheel. She huffed, knowing it could probably be worse. But the question she didn't want answered was...how worse off could it possibly get?

One distracted drive later and she finally arrived at her destination. Swinging the door shut, she crossed her arms under her shelf of a bosom and made her way inside. Not many people were there. Merely the one employee and the owner. Same guy too. She was here at about the same time, so maybe he had a consistent schedule? No time to worry about all that, Rhea thought. She walked over to the owner, tapping the woman on the shoulder. She turned, smiling, but a look of shock immediately ran across her face when she met Rhea's gaze – well, less her gaze, and more her knockers.

“Er...hello again...”

“Hey, so um...I think uh...” Oh shit, I don't want to sound crazy or anything, Rhea thought. For all she knew this was some big joke created by this woman. But she could tell that there was genuine shock across the owner's face. “I'm...sorry, its been a long...couple of days...” Rhea was all over the place. She didn't know what she wanted to address first.

“That's alright, miss...is there...something I can help you with?”

“Actually, yeah, there is, you see...” Rhea took a moment to breathe, then explain her situation as best she could without sounding like a complete nut case. Breathing was easier said than done these days. Her sweater felt as if it was going to burst at any moment. “...and I was wondering if you had...I don't know, gotten any suspicious clothing from anyone lately?”

“Hmm...” The woman stared off for a moment to think, then stood from her place. “Just a moment, miss, let me go check our records right quick...” Rhea nodded and stepped out of the way so the owner could pass. All she could do was stand there while she waited, keeping to herself as best she could, hoping she wouldn't attract any unwanted attention. Unfortunately, she couldn't help but catch the glances from the other guy that worked there. He kept looking over to her, and whenever she caught him doing so, he darted his eyes away, looking at a washing machine or dryer, or just at the floor. Rhea could feel herself going red. Like this guy even cared that much before she got tits the size of honeydews.

Eventually, the employee had taken so many looks that he finally got the nerve up and walked over to her. Or at least, that's what Rhea thought until he came carrying a basket.

“scuse me...” he muttered. Rhea was standing directly in front of a waste bin of sorts. She apologized meekly and stepped to the side. She wasn't used to taking up so much space...

After a few minutes of awkward silence, the man turned to her. “Um...you...seem different.”

“You don't say?” Rhea wanted to be cross with him, but she couldn't help but admit his timid awkwardness was at least cute. He was trying, at the very least.

“S-sorry...I didn't mean-”

“Its fine, its fine.” Rhea waved away his worries. “It isn't your fault anyways...” As far as she could tell, at least.

“Right...wait, what?” He seemed confused. Rhea sighed.

“I don't have them voluntarily.” Rhea admitted quickly. It didn't seem to help his confusion at all. Worried she'd come across as crazy, Rhea shifted the conversation, albeit clumsily. “Say, have you gotten any...weird clothes in here before?”

“Weird...how?” The man seemed to be totally ok with the shift in subject.

“Well...like, did you have any customers that were kind of...off?”

“Wait, which is it, the clothes or customers?”

“Um...both, I guess?” This is getting me nowhere, Rhea thought. Who even was this guy? He didn't wear a nametag, even though she swore he was wearing one last time she had seen him. Perhaps that was a different guy? “Ugh, I'm sorry its just...been a long week, I guess.”

“Hey, I understand. Its been kinda crazy around here lately too.” There was an awkward pause, neither person knowing what to say for a moment. “I'm Mark, by the way.” He held out his hand in greeting. Rhea looked at him for a moment, and before he could bring his hand back, she took and shook it.

“I'm Rhea. Apologies for being so...weird.”

“I'm not exactly normal myself anyways.” Mark admitted, scratching the back of his head with a big doofy grin. Rhea had to admit, he was pretty cute, all things considered. Rhea softened at his demeanor, relaxing a bit more than before. It wasn't until her tits rubbed across her sweater when she moved in a particular way that she was reminded of why she was nervous in the first place. She tried to think of other things, and luckily, it was then that the owner came back out.

Before the woman even spoke, Rhea made sure to pay close attention to her name tag. Debby. Debby. Rhea repeated the name in her head in an attempt to memorize it while waiting for the woman to speak up.

“Well, from the records we do keep, which aren't exactly extensive, we seemed to have a few customers that may or may not have been related to something...odd. We had a few calls earlier in the week from an anonymous company, sending clothes to our place in order to get them washed. It seems they never came to get them back.”

“You keep track of that sort of stuff?”

“I only keep track of calls and requests, miss. Everything else is sort of...out in the open, so to speak. All I know is that the people who requested the cleaning of some of their supplies never came back, and the result was that some of the gear ended up being tossed into the give-away bin...I never thought it could be anything...strange. I figured it was all work clothes.”

“So what exactly WERE those clothes?” Rhea wanted a more concrete answer, but Debby could only shake her head.

“I have no idea, miss. All I have is the date and time when they came in. Earlier this week, requested to have a space open for it to be cleaned, but no pick up date. That's...all I have.”

“Ugh...well, thank you Debby, really. I appreciate it. And I understand that you can't keep track of every sock and shirt that comes through here.”

“I'm sorry miss, I wish I had better tracking, but there's already so much to keep track of around here in terms of potential theft that even THAT can get by me at times.”

“Its fine, really Debby. Let me know if you find anything else out. Here's my number...” After an exchange of phone numbers, Rhea saw herself to the door, but not before bumping into Mark again. He gave her a timid wave, and she decided to step over to him. Why, she had no idea. But her had been

nice and she figured he didn't deserve the cold shoulder from her.

“Hey, um...Mark, right?” He nodded, silently, but still smiling.

“Rhea?” He asked, even though they had just exchanged names only a few minutes prior. Rhea smiled and nodded as well.

“So uh...look, right now isn't the best time, but, er...if you wanted, we could get together sometime. Maybe coffee? Or...whatever, you know.” Rhea hadn't flirted with someone in quite a while. Her prior boyfriend just sort of...happened. Happened and ended just as fast. Getting back into the game was a tad awkward for her, especially with two melons hanging off of her chest.

At the very suggestion, Mark's face lit up, but she could tell by the way he shifted in place that he was trying to play it cool. It didn't work very well, but an attempt was made.

“Sure, yeah, uh...here's my number”

The usual events ensued. Rhea finished up, putting the laundromat behind her and heading back home. By Monday she should be able to get some sort of response from the labs responsible for making her tits bust out of her shirt...and strain her sweater.

“GodDAMN this thing shouldn't be this restricting!” Rhea whined as she peeled off her cover. The sweater was supposed to be loose, but with these knockers? Not a chance. She tossed it on the bed, clothed only in a white tank top, strained to the max with cleavage overflowing from the neck.

Heading into the bathroom for a shower, Rhea caught a glance of herself in the mirror and paused. She stared at herself for a long while, taking a finger and poking it slowly into her bosom. It sank, slowly, before the give pushed back, the springiness of her flesh noticeable, despite it being delightfully squishy.

“I wish I could enjoy these...” The strange thing was that Rhea didn't mind having huge tits. Sure, she came off as awkward around people, but that was before she grew these in the first place.

The thought that scared her was that she was growing out of her control. All of these things were against her will, due to the bra, or the device, or...whatever! The fact of the matter was that, if she had a choice, she would stop it all here.

But somewhere, deep in the back of her mind, she knew it wasn't over. Not by a long shot. That's why she knew she needed to contact those labs before matters got too much worse. But until then, she needed to rest. It was getting late, but she was restless, fearing that her chest may make another leap in size while she was asleep.

Unfortunately for her, her bra didn't even wait for her to sleep this time.

Rhea sat on her bed, looking through her phone, debating whether or not to text Mark this soon, when suddenly, her chest was filled with warmth.

“What the-” Her breath caught in her throat. The feeling was familiar, but so much more intense than before. It seemed to hit her like a truck, until suddenly-

SHRIIP!

Her chest suddenly leapt forward, growing a few inches in an instant, big enough to make a large tear down the side of her tank top.

“OH SHIT-” Once again her words were trapped in her throat as her chest wobbled and puffed outwards, now taking its time to slowly swell outwards. All the while, the hole in the side of her tank gradually made its way further down her side, and around her body. Soon another tear formed around the front of her shirt, and the tan complexion of her bra was revealed.

Her breasts had soon graduated from head sized to basketballs, and didn't seem to be done yet. Rhea squeezed her eyes shut, the warmth turning into pleasure. Her hands shot between her legs, wanting to relieve some of said feelings, but decided against it, her anxiety building as her tits puffed outwards. Slowly, steadily, they broke dimensions of volleyballs and made their way to medicine balls.

“STOP!” Rhea yelled. She felt her tank top finally shred its way down the middle, her tit jutting outwards in response. They were enormous. Prolific. Tits she never thought had been possible before. Two Christmas hams attached to her body. Jiggling and swaying as the bra struggled to contain them, and yet, adjusted to their girth accordingly.

And just as soon as it had started, it ended. Rhea looked down at her chest, horrified.

“Even...bigger?” Rhea asked herself, dumbfounded. While she had had her fears, she was hoping to prevent them from occurring by Monday. But she had a whole other day by then! How big could she possibly get within the span of one day?

She didn't want an answer to that question. All she did know was that her expansion was getting exponential by the day. And she needed answers sooner rather than later.

Meanwhile, the device sat in its usual place, the number 2 blaring brightly in red on its screen...

Chapter 4

Awake again. This time, in some strange position that had her breasts twisted in odd positions. Nothing Rhea couldn't get herself out of, but it confused her nonetheless. At least the bra let them maintain their shape, despite growing out of control. Luckily, no cups seemed to add while she was asleep. She breathed a sigh of relief.

“Well, that's a good sign...I hope.” Rhea muttered to herself as she stood out of bed. She felt her breasts droop for a split second before bouncing back up and conforming to their perky shape. While they admittedly had some sag, it was only so much to give them a teardrop shape. A more natural look.

“I guess that's nice. They don't look like two sports balls strapped to my chest...kinda.” Their immense size from her angle gave such a long stretch of cleavage that practically busted her night shirt. The bra was still in peak performance, however, its innate ability to stretch and conform to her immense size never ceasing. Rhea sighed as she stood, steadying herself and preparing for the weight that could potentially pull her down. Luckily, even if they did weigh more than she was used to, the support from her bra kept a lot of it off her back.

“Lucky for me, this thing is actually sort of perfect for these...if it wasn't causing this in the first place...” Then again, was she completely sure it was the BRA doing this, or was there another factor she was unaware of causing her to blow up out of proportion? That device could very well be the key...but she had no link to it, nor did she have a way of getting answers. Today was Sunday, and she needed to wait until tomorrow in order to get in contact with the lab that apparently created this whole mess.

“I really don't wanna go out today...” She had already been humiliated plenty of times this week by her tits, and she didn't want that total going up by any more. She now feared that a growth spurt could occur at any minute, and that if she went out in public, it could even happen while she was driving. If she could still drive with these things. They'd probably slam against the car horn no matter how far back she jacked her car seat. But she didn't want to think about that now. Right now, all Rhea wanted to do was eat. She was always famished in the morning.

She stepped her way into her kitchen, not that far off from her bed, and began pulling out ingredients for an omelet. As she went for the fridge, her arms squeezed against her jugs, the arm going for the fridge pushing her tits to the side and into the opposing arm. Rhea grunted in displeasure, pulling back and opening the fridge before leaning over for the eggs. As she did so, she wobbled forward, suddenly catching herself on the frame of the fridge before landing nose-first into the egg carton.

“Oh...oh today's gonna be FUN, isn't it?” Rhea muttered sarcastically. After gaining her bearings, she she grabbed the eggs, carefully lifting herself up and setting them on the counter. She collected the other ingredients (avoiding similar issues the best she could) and turned on her griddle, letting it warm before putting the eggs on. While she waited, she leaned against the wall nearby and thought. She looked down. All she saw was tits, tits, and more tits.

“Boy, never thought I'd miss seeing my feet...” Rhea groaned as she stretched her back, feeling her bosom push outwards even further into the area in front of her. She relaxed again, letting her boobs slap against her rib cage. They were just barely resting above her belly button. And all she could do was stare, both in awe and disgust. These were HERS. For how long, she had no idea. But she hoped that it wasn't forever.

After breakfast had been cooked and eaten, Rhea slid her dishes into the sink and headed back over to her bedroom. Now came the next dilemma: clothing. To be fair, if worse came to worse, she could just toss her night shirt back on and stay in that for the rest of the day. But something inside of her knew that she had to at least try on some different clothes. As little clothes she had on her at the moment, that is. She opened her closet, her breasts squishing against the wooden surface as she slid it to the side. She shivered as the coarse surface rubbed against her nips, causing her whole body to shake in response.

“Ooh...” Rhea let out a quick moan, but tried to brush it off. At least she was alone. Alone to try on whatever she needed to. Or wanted to...

First, the buttoned blouse.

“This...is a terrible idea...” She muttered to herself as she held the garment out in front of her. Taking a deep sigh, she removed her night shirt and placed it to the side. For a moment, she caught a glimpse of herself in the mirror. She paused, and took in the sight. Without the baggy night shirt hiding all the contours of her body, she could finally see how truly immense they were. They jutted forward in front

of her, while she looked at herself from the side. And from the front, they were wider than her torso, on par with her hips!

“Jesus...” The sight of this brought pure wonder to her eyes. It was catching the sight she had never seen before. Breasts like these, they didn't exist. At least, she didn't think they did. She had never seen tits that had broken past head sized. Then again, she never really went out looking for giant titty porn before. “Might have to look into that...” After a few moments pondering, Rhea shook her head and returned to the task at hand: clothing.

She unbuttoned the blouse and tossed it through her arms, bringing the inner folds together in an attempt to button them.

“I can already tell this is going to go horribly...” Already she was reminded of the humiliating experience she had at the office. The fact that she was doing something even close to resembling that day was baffling. But something kept her going. Gross curiosity, most likely.

She started at the very bottom. One button. Then the next. Then the next. The first three were a snap, but this was where the very crest of her tits lied. From here on out it was a struggle. She pieced the next one together fine, but the one after that came with a struggle. Slowly she threaded the button through the appropriate hole, feeling it pull outwards in defiance. “Just...hang in there...” She muttered to herself. Another button, and another struggle. Only three more to go. She had made it halfway up her bust and already the diamond-shaped holes had begun to form. The next one was the true beginning of the struggle. She pulled hard to get the button through, feeling the fabric pull on her shoulders and lower chest. Eventually, with the struggle ending, the next button fit, if just barely. Its strain was apparent immediately, but she ignored it and went for the next button.

She didn't get two inches with it before the three below it popped open, one by one, flying across the room with resounding “tinks” and “pangs”!

“UGH!” She tore the shirt open and tossed it to the side, burying her face in her hands. She knew that this would be the end result, and yet, she was still disappointed. How could she wear anything? What would she do if she needed to go out, like pay a visit to the lab that caused all this? What if she got...

Bigger?

“No...no, I won't let that happen, I...I can't...” The thought terrified her, and yet it was nagging her ever since she woke up. Before when she gained size it was manageable...but now? She was knocking things over with her tits, and she could barely wear any of her clothes. And the weight! The strain that it was beginning to put on her back and shoulders was excruciating, and each time she had a growth spurt it would get worse and worse!

She let out yet another frustrated sigh, tossing the destroyed garment to the side and tossing herself onto her bed, yet again. She felt the weight of her tits slap her chin before settling, with resounding jiggles, on her body.

“God, they feel like...jello molds...” She mused, shaking them with her hands. She kneaded them for a bit, just contemplating as she laid there. 'I wonder if I'm...attractive.' Rhea had never thought about her physical appeal all that much. She thought that doing so would make her appear vain, shallow; but it was an obvious thought that ran through her mind. A human one, at that. Before, she was happy with

her body. Sure, it wasn't pin-up status, but at least she could move normally! Now with these...were they appealing? Could boobs of this size possibly appeal to...anybody?

Well, the obvious answer was yes, but the real question was if there was anyone that she actually could meet, or hell, even already knew that would-

With that, she looked at her phone. She brought it up close, going one handed up her side, feeling her arm trace the outer reaches of her tits. After a moment of searching, she found the number and decided to contact it. A simple text saying "hey".

"We'll see how THAT goes, I guess." Rhea moved as well as she could to the side of her bed. Some time had passed with her just ruminating, and it was well into 10:00 in the morning by now. Time still felt like it was moving so slowly. She needed to get her mind off all...this. First, she threw on a different shirt. A simple white stretchy t-shirt. Already form fitting beforehand, it now stuck to her like a second skin, only large enough to cover her monumental tits, and nothing more. But it was better than going with just a bra, in her mind.

Her curiosity about the company that had caused all this had not been sated yesterday. She definitely needed more information, and she wanted it sooner rather than later. Anything that could halt the effects she was still...suffering from.

Rhea took a seat in front of her computer. Which, admittedly, was easier said than done. As soon as she sat down, she felt her boobs slap up against the desk and slowly take over the keyboard. Her tits were sensitive, and she could feel each individual key pushing against them, even with it still clad in a bra.

"Oh GOD, why is that so cold?" Rhea jumped at the sensation. Ever since her tits had increased so much in size, it seemed that her nerve endings had, naturally, gone up with them. Every poke and prod from the keys seemed so much more...intense than if she had just poked her boobs back when she had them at their normal size.

"Pssh, 'normal' size. Put that word in twenty quotation marks..." Rhea muttered as she adjusted herself yet again. Pulling her tits off the keys, she did her best to push her hands under their monolithic size. She felt them squish over the tops of her fingers, swallowing up the space and weighing them down upon the keyboard. "Well this is working out great." Rhea quipped flatly. She straightened up, putting her spine to the back of the chair as straight as she could. Her tits jutted outwards, taking up a good portion of her lower vision. No matter which way she situated herself here, there was going to be no way she could see the keyboard.

"Ugh, fine, whatever, I'll just guess and hope it works out...least its a good back workout..." Rolling her shoulders a bit, she began a slow type of the name of the labs once again into her computer.

"Growth...Lab...Industries..." She muttered as she typed. "Gotta be something...can't just not exist if it has a phone number..." A Google search brought up nothing, at least in terms of web searches. "Maybe if I try something else..." She sat there and thought for a moment before cross-searching the phone number. Only one result popped up as she did it. "Aha! Jackpot!" She clicked on the link, praying it wasn't spyware of some sort, but thankfully all she got was a webpage. Archaic in design, in complete HTML format, a black screen with white text.

"They...haven't updated this site much, have they...?" She looked through the text wall, hoping to get some information, but strangely enough, the text seemed garbled and jumbled, like it was just a stream

of code and nothing more. “That's strange...” She scrolled down, looking for a sidebar or links of any sort, but when she reached the bottom of the page, she had three options: “Home”, “Results”, “Contact”. She clicked on contact and was led to yet another black screen, with the only thing on there being the phone number. “Dead end there, great...” She clicked “Home” and was returned back to the jumbled mass of characters, before clicking on “Results”. She gasped as the page pulled up. Black and white photos of various kinds were displayed across the screen. She scrolled, seeing four rows of two photos.

One was a normal woman, staring at the screen, almost flat chested, completely nude. The next was the same woman, but now with a pair of tits the size of her head. The next photo was of a different woman, thin as a rail, and in the next photo, she seemed to have gained so much weight; none of it looked natural. This repeated with each pair of photos. The next woman seemed to have gotten a height boost, going from 5' to 6' 5”, as depicted from the measurements at her side on the wall. The final row had what looked like a placeholder, two white boxes and nothing more. Rhea stared at the page, feeling herself trembling, then quickly closed out. For whatever reason, the images unnerved her. They had her heart racing and she had begun to sweat.

'What the hell...' Rhea thought to herself. So she wasn't the only one to fall victim to these...'scientists'. The idea didn't calm her in the least. If anything, it only put her more on edge.

She stood, collapsing over on her bed. Her palm on her forehead, she calmed herself down. Could it be she was just another experiment to...whoever these people were? To this 'Growth Lab Industries'? If that was the case...how much was this intentional, and how much was an accident? She needed to know, and now. But it was no use. The company was closed until tomorrow. All she could do now was wait. She had no work, and even when she did have to go back, she'd likely call in for being ill. Luckily she still had all her sick days.

“What do I do now?” Rhea asked herself. There weren't a lot of options. Studying her giant tits, which weighed heavily upon her, the slopes reaching all the way down to the bottom of her ribcage, it filled her with dread. Then she suddenly felt her bed rumble, and looked behind herself with a start. It was her phone. She had gotten a reply from Mark, a simple text that read “hey. Everything alright?” This got a smile out of Rhea, and somehow calmed her down. She texted back:

“Well, 'alright' isn't a word I would use rn, but I'm hanging in there”. She set the phone aside again and sat, waiting for a reply. A few hours had passed since she had initially woken up, well past noon by now. She really had nothing to do today, so she pulled up her phone and browsed the web, since it was easier to do on there than it was trying to fight with the keyboard. That, and she didn't have to leave her bed. That was nice too. After scrolling through various social networks for a bit, she finally got a reply from Mark.

“What's up? You wanna talk about it?” Rhea thought about this question for a moment. Did she want to talk about it? It wasn't exactly a...flattering subject. But he was well aware of her situation, she knew this from yesterday when she bumped into him. She grit her teeth and went for it, but still remained slightly vague.

“Well, just the whole...'changing' thing. Its got me on edge.” She sent that, not sure what to say to him at this point. Not long after that text was sent out, she got one in return.

“Ahh, with your chest?” Rhea almost rolled her eyes. How obvious did she have to be?

“Yes, with that. Its a bit concerning to have that sort of thing happen without my consent, y'know?” There, she spelled it out. It wasn't as if he wasn't trying, and for all she knew, he was just being careful not to say the wrong things. At the very least, he was being polite.

“Yeah, trust me, I get that. Have you gone to the doctor about it yet?” Rhea began her reply.

“I would if I had the insurance for it. I'm not even sure if I'd be able to get to a doctor in my condition anyways.” She paused for a moment, then continued. “I have heard of some lab that the bra belongs to. I'd like to get there sometime, but its closed until tomorrow.” A few minutes passed, then:

“I feel you with the insurance thing. If you need a ride, just let me know, I have tomorrow off.” This got a smile out of Rhea. Finally, a person on her side. Even if she barely knew him, he was making an attempt. It was easy to appreciate.

“Thank you, Mark, I really appreciate that. I'll text you if I need a lift.” And with that, the conversation seemed to be over. A few more hours passed, Rhea doing little more than taking her mind off of her situation with mindless apps and games on her phone. Before she knew it, she had passed out, from sheer lack of energy from the last couple of days. Her phone slid down her cleavage, the screen shutting off after a minute.

Silence hung in the room. All that could be heard was the noise from outside her apartment building. Cars passing, the occasional shouting pedestrian. It wasn't until late in the night that the device in her room switched from 2, to 1.

In that moment, her watermelon-sized tits began to slowly grow once again.

Rhea's face contorted in her sleep, shifting and squirming in her bed as her tits rumbled and quivered before surging forward in her shirt. It happened in spurts, an inch being added within a split second, then another, and another, until it gradually built up to a steady amount of cup sizes. A moan passed through her lips, her body shaking and moving more and more as her boobs distended outwards, pushing along her navel and towards her thighs. A sudden spike in growth shocked Rhea out of her slumber.

“Ah!” She immediately looked down, eyes wide in shock as she saw her breast flesh cambering further and further outwards and away from her. “SHIT! NOT AGAIN!” She shouted, trying to move. But she couldn't. She felt weak and pinned down by her amassing breasts, as they continued their crawl across her body and legs. They continued to puff outwards by the second, going from their old medicine ball size to hula hoops in no time flat. Rhea could only grit her teeth and shake her head in disbelief as her tits continued their conquering across her. “STOP! UNNH! PLEASE!” But Rhea had no control, and she knew it. All she could do was watch as they grew.

And grow they did. More and more inches piled on as they reached down to her lower thigh. She felt her shirt spiderwebbing as bubbles of flesh pushed out from the holes that slowly crossed its surface. Soon it tore apart in a splendor, leaving her only with her tits clad in the ever-adjusting bra. Even with the bra still in place, her nipples still stood out far from her, two nubs the size of eggs leading the charge forward. Rhea watched, horrified, frozen in place, as more and more tit built upon itself.

“Oh God...I'm becoming more tit than woman!” And with those words, the growth came to a stop right

as they crest upon her knees. They rose so high up she couldn't see past them whatsoever. She was met with a long line of cleavage, and nothing more. "I'm...I'm...huge..." Rhea was speechless. Yet another growth spurt had sent her from massive to impossibly big, yet again. Sizes she thought were once impossible were now what she had attached to her body. It was unreal. It was like a bad dream. But she was certainly awake. The weight pushing down on her whole body, this soft, warm, squishy weight...it was unmistakable.

"I...can barely...move...!" Rhea groaned begrudgingly as she rolled to the side, hoping to drag herself off of the bed. In time, her tits obeyed, and she slid off the bed and onto the floor, breathing heavily from the exertion. After a few moments of being on her side, she rotated herself, slowly, so she could be on her knees. The weight was unlike any she had ever experienced in her life. They were the size of yoga balls, perhaps even bigger than that! How was her body even supporting her at this point? How did enough blood pass through them? How did she not have insane stretch marks or repugnant veins stretching across the creamy white flesh of her tits? She tentatively poked one, feeling the same feeling of plush squishiness as her fingers sunk in ever so slightly before springing back up.

"This isn't right...this is...oh God..." Could she return to normal? Was it an option? She desperately hoped that she was not stuck with such an immense physique, one that made her feel almost inhuman...but the bigger question...

"Shit, how am I even going to GET to the lab tomorrow?!" The question was quickly answered in her head as she looked down at her phone, which was nicely lodged between her massive tits. She felt the small plastic rectangle down there, its surface pressing against the two massive orbs of tit that hung down far upon her body. Taking a deep breath, she plunged her hand in, desperate to find it. What she didn't expect was an explosion of nerves and pleasure to spark through her tits, then rebound through the rest of her being. Her arm immediately shot out. "Holy SHIT!" All those new nerve endings, they were all so...sensitive. She had to really focus in order to get her phone out, which she eventually accomplished. After a few moments to gather her thoughts, fanning herself off from the intense heat of exploring her new décolletage, Rhea finally managed to send out the text to Mark. Although it was late, she didn't have much of a choice at this point, and she needed answers as soon as she could get it.

She typed it up as soon as she possibly could, and sent it out to the desired recipient. She sat there, unconsciously rubbing her tits on the sides, hoping the message would get to him soon:

"Hey, so...about that ride..."

Chapter 5

Rhea sat there, tits sprawled out across her legs. She knew the one good thing about this is that she had clothes that fit, even if her tits now reached down to her knees. The accursed bra that started all this still stretched across her vast expanse of bust.

"Only good for one thing, I suppose...but...can I walk?" Rhea wondered aloud. She pushed herself back to the side of her bed, then shuffled her legs. She stretched them out in front of her, laying them out flat. Her ankles and feet managed to poke out in front, sprouting out from under her weighty mams.

"Goddamn these are weighty as hell!" The shuffle continued until she decided to push up on the bed behind her. To her dismay, it slid back, causing her to slide back with it. She grunted, letting out a sigh before pushing her bed all the way back to the wall, scooting on her ass until she had something solid

and stable behind her.

With that, she began pushing herself with her arms. She faltered, sliding down several times. The effort it took had her huffing and panting, until finally, she had her butt on the bed. She sat forward, stretching back. “How has my spine not broken by now...?” Rubbing her back gingerly, she looked behind her before turning her eyes back down to see the veritable cavern of cleavage. After a few moments, Rhea decided to push herself off the bed and onto her feet. Risking falling flat on her face, she rolled up, onto the balls of her feels, then went flat. To her surprise, however, she stood just fine.

“Huh?” Rhea questioned, giving herself a look over. Even with such weighty mams, she seemed to have no problems standing. But now the real test started.

She stretched a foot out in front of herself, carefully. She felt her tits squish into leg, a sensation she was not used to. While it was a bit restrictive in a way, she was still able to walk fine, for the most part. It was almost a small waddle, but after a bit of practice, she could handle what she was doing.

“Wow...I can actually walk! But how?” She tapped her flesh globes, pondering to herself about the ludicrous nature of this whole situation. After a bit of thought, she came to the only rational conclusion. “The...bra?” She pulled at the bra strap, letting it snap back onto her bosom, ripples and waves dancing across the creamy surface. “Huh. So it covers and supports. Like a normal bra, but...extreme, I guess.”

Well, that was all well and good. But the next question was...

She looked over to her bedroom door and sighed. Oh yeah. THIS was going to be just FUN, wasn't it? She stepped over, staring the narrow passage down straight on. Letting out a deep sigh, feeling her tits bob up and down slightly with her as she did so, she took a step forward towards the obstacle.

Obviously, she immediately got stuck.

“I...don't know what I was expecting...”

And the battle began. Bust versus doorway versus Rhea. She twisted and contorted herself, feeling her tits rub up and down across the wooden surface of her doorframe, sending shivers down her spine. Gradually, she felt flesh pushing out of the door. Her tits compressed together, building up inside the doorway, completely obscuring her vision. But she went with it, continuing her push forward as slowly, but surely, her bust popped and wiggled forth from containment.

“WAH!” Rhea cried out, almost falling over as the bouncy nature of her bosom rocked this way and that. But she maintained, by some miracle. She turned her body slowly, facing the hallway that lead to her living room. “Next challenge, I guess?” She stepped forward, her tits filling up the entire hallway. She felt the sides of her bosom press lightly against the walls surrounding her, and as she moved against the rough surface, she let out small coos and awws of pleasure, still incredibly sensitive. So many nerves, and so little needed to rile them up.

Eventually, she made it to the other side of the hallway, once again popping out, but to a much lesser degree than the doorway.

“That is so...cartoony looking...but I guess I am pretty much a caricature at this point...” Rhea mused, stepping over to her loveseat and flopping down. Her tits wooshed upwards before landing on her lap

with a mighty “slap!” Flesh mountain wobbled in its earthquake for a bit, before finally coming to a rest. “Ok, so...I can still function...but still these are absolutely nuts!”

And worse yet, Mark will be here in the morning to see her like this! A guy she barely knew!

As crazy as it seemed, she figured it would be for the best. An almost random complete stranger sees her like this? Big deal, she doesn't have to talk to him ever again, problem solved. No more questions. A family member or co worker? They wouldn't let her live it down. It was better this day.

And so she sat there, watching TV (or half of the TV anyways, it was obscured a bit by the crests of her chest bumpers). After some time, she got another text. Morning had broken. She had stayed up ever since her tits had woken, out of fear that somehow, sleep was contributing to her growth. She looked over to her phone, pulling it over her bust.

“Hey. So I'm the parking lot. Did you want me to meet you here? I got the truck.”

Rhea sighed and replied.

“Yeah, just stay down there, I'll be there in a minute.”

What she was about to do was humiliating, but it was necessary. She needed to take action. If she didn't, things could get even worse...somehow. She slipped on some flip flops, the only shoe she could put on without being able to see her feet, and made her way downstairs, clad only in the bra and some boy shorts. It was all she could get on, considering her circumstances.

As soon as she made it down, she scanned the parking lot to see a running truck nearby. She waved over and saw him. The look on his face was predictable as he stepped out.

“Uh...R-Rhea! What', um...you...er...”

“Save it, Mark. I'm aware my tits are almost as big as me. Now I need to get to the lab that made this stupid thing in order to prevent them in actually reaching that size. Get me?”

“R-right, right...that's what the uh...truck is for, huh?”

“Does it LOOK like I can drive with these things, Mark?”

“Uh...did you try?” I rolled my eyes.

“No, didn't really feel like killing anyone with a car today, Mark. Look, can we just...get going? The less time I'm like this, the better...”

“Alright, gotcha...” With that, he lowered the hatch of his truck, taking her hand and helping her in the truck. There was a tarp nearby, and she took the opportunity to cover herself by laying down flat and covering herself with it. Just looked like he was delivering some yoga balls to the local physical therapist.

“Alright, you good?” Mark asked as he jumped up into the truck. Rhea let out a muffled “yeah” before the truck pulled out, riding out of the complex. She had given him the address to the labs over the

phone, and she could only assume he was driving there. He was the only one she could trust at this point. The drive went on for a while. She couldn't see anything happen on the way. All she could do was lay there and feel the coarse surface of the tarp rub across her fat tits.

Her hands drifted downwards, then away.

“Oh no...you're not doing that here...”

But it was tempting. Never had her tits felt this...amazing before. So sensitive and soft, every little touch seemed to set her off and add fuel to the fire. But she did all she could to grit her teeth and squint her eyes, sitting on her hands as the drive went by. Didn't really feel like masturbating near an almost complete stranger, anyways. No idea what he could pull.

In fact, who knew if he was actually taking her to the lab? For all she knew they were driving to his place, or the middle of nowhere! Shit, she was never good at planning. Why did she think this was a good ide-

“We're here.”

She heard his voice call out from the driver's side of the truck. She pulled herself up, tossing the tarp aside, freeing herself from its teasing rough touch. She looked around and saw just what she thought she would: a small white building. 'The perfect stereotype for a lab?', she thought. She guessed she had never been to a real “lab” before. It was a pretty simple building too. Big, but it looked more like someone's home with a sign plotted next to it that said “Growth Lab Industries”. As unassuming as it was, this was definitely the place.

“Odd place. You sure that was the right address?”

She shuffled down, planting her feet on the ground before stepping over to the side of the truck.

“Yeah...this is it. Thanks, Mark. I appreciate the lift.”

“Hey, no problem. Did you want me to go in with you or wait out here?” She scratched my head a bit, then dusted herself off, making short steps over to the front door.

“I can handle this. But stick around just in case.”

“You got it.”

And with that, Rhea stepped up to the door, taking it by the handle and turning. The door just happened to be unlocked. Yet another battle with a doorway began, before popping her way into Growth Lab Industries.

Chapter 6

“Hello?”

The room in front of her was empty. A few chairs alongside the walls. An end table with a stack of magazines. A counter directly at her face with a swivel chair. Unattended. At least for the moment. A

woman in a nurse's uniform popped her head from around a back wall.

“Oh! Hello there!” She smiled and stepped over to the counter. A computer was behind it and she took the mouse, starting to type who knows what. “Did you have an appointment?”

“Well...no, I...I tried calling, but...you weren't open.”

“Ah, I see...so what seems to be your reason for coming in today.” Rhea just stared at her, mouth agape for a moment.

“Y...you're serious?” Silence between the two of them again before Rhea pointed at her swollen mams frustratedly. “These. Didn't order these. I put on some bra I picked up from a lost and found in a luandromat and grew these in like, less than a week.” The nurse hopped in her seat a bit, genuine surprise crossing her face.

“Oh goodness! One moment!” She stood from her seat and sauntered her way over to the other side of the small room. Rhea then noticed something about her she couldn't see before: the nurse's ass was HUGE! What, was she smuggling bowling balls in there or something? Her skirt barely covered it! If she bent over, it'd be a full moon! “Dr. Barnes? Dr. Barnes, there's someone here to see you!” After a bit of a muffled back and forth, the nurse stepped back out, yet another woman not far behind her. And while that woman wasn't stacked, she was curvy as all hell. A perfect hourglass, from the looks of things. All kept together by a wine-red dress that looked like it was painted on. Black hair flowed down and framed her face perfectly, and stopped just at her shoulders. She had a beauty mark on her lower left cheek. Typical.

“Hello there. I'm Dr. Tanya Barnes. You can call me Tanya if you'd like.” She outstretched her hand for a shake. Out of respect, Rhea took it.

“Hey there. Name's Rhea. And I want an explanation for what the HELL you did to me?” She pointed down to her monstrous globes. Tanya let out a soft chuckle.

“Well, it seems you got a hold of our prototype product, the Bra Bust Booster. Version 1.6, from the looks of it.” She stepped around her, her high heels clacking as she made her round, looking Rhea up and down. “I must say, I am impressed by the effects.”

“Yeah, well, I'm not. If you wouldn't mind, I would like to go back to normal. Please?” Rhea tapped her foot impatiently. She was not having whatever this woman was selling. Tanya stared her down for a moment, her eyes deep and seductive, before twirling around to face the other side of the room. She waved her assistant over, and the stepped into the room she had exited out of previously. Rhea stood there, as patiently as she could, before they both stepped back out.

“Right this way, Ms. Rhea.” Rhea nodded and wobbled her way over.

“Its just...Rhea, by the way.” The nurse nodded and led her over through a different room, a much larger room. All that was inside of it was a counter, a stool, a row of cabinets and a bench.

“Take a seat, she'll be right in with you.” Rhea nodded and sat down, feeling her tits wobble and slap lightly against her lap, spilling over her knees. A few more minutes passed before Tanya stepped in, carrying a small briefcase.

“Now, I have no idea how that bra got tangled up in some sort of laundromat...” She spoke as she made a bee line to the counter near one of the cabinets, sitting down on a stool. She opened the briefcase and within it, from what Rhea could see, was a syringe and several different bottles with all sorts of different chemicals. Mostly clear, but there was a light blue and light yellow one in there as well. “But I must say, it wasn't my intention to have it happen like this. For just a stranger to wind up with one of my experiments...well, that can obviously lead to some unexpected exposure. Say you went to the hospital or the police first? Where would I be then?”

“Uh huh...” Rhea listened to her, craning her neck and watching Tanya as she dipped the syringe into several of the different bottles, one at a time.

“Then again, this isn't exactly the most easy place to find...”

“I dunno, I found you guys in a Google search, so you're not THAT well hidden!” Tanya paused for a moment.

“Is that so?” Rhea remained silent. They stared at each other for a moment before she resumed her work. “Nonetheless, I suppose its good that you found this place before there was any sort of...adverse effects, yes?”

“More adverse than my tits almost outgrowing me?” Tanya chuckled and stepped over to Rhea, leaning down to the side of one of her tits.

“Yes. More adverse than that, Rhea. Now then, you'll feel a pinch. This should counteract the effects of the bra...” As promised, she felt the needle poke into the side of Rhea's tit. The added sensitivity did not help with the pain, and she leaped a bit in my spot, biting her lip as Tanya circled around and did the same to her other tit. “There we are...effects shouldn't take too long for this one...”

Rhea felt her breasts get warm. It was a similar sensation to when they grew but...different. The tingles came and went, flowing and receding, until eventually...

They began to shrink down. Rhea's eyes lit up with surprise and delight as they got smaller and smaller, crawling up her legs and off her lap. To her dismay, however, they didn't shrink all the way back down. They remained at about a medicine ball size.

“Hey uh...they're still-”

“I'm aware, hun. The effects of this serum need to come in parts, or else it will be too much on your body. Now then, the bra...” She went over to Rhea's back and began to fiddle with the clasp. After a few things that Rhea couldn't see her do, the bra slid off of her and over her head. Finally, Rhea could see her tits in all their glory once again. She had never seen them this big...nude before. It was kinda hot...

Rhea's nipples were like tiny, erect bottle caps, standing full force due to the slight chill in the room. She let out a small shiver, Tanya stepping over and handing her patient a cotton t-shirt.

“Figured you might want to cover up before you head out.” Tanya gave her a smile before going back over to the counter. After all that, she handed her a clipboard with a few sheets of paper. “If you would sign these out dear...just confirm that your issue was handled and that you won't press legal charges...”

“Uh, but what if they don't go down all the way...”

“At least leave your name and address so we know who you are if you try to contact us again.”

“...alright, fine.” With that being one of the only things Rhea provided her, she stood and walked over to the door. The t-shirt she wore just barely managed to fit, her nipples almost clearly visible through the sheer fabric. Better than nothing, anyways?

With that, Rhea stepped out of the lab and waved over to Mark.

“Hey! So they fixed you up...mostly, huh?”

“She said it would take a few days for the swelling to go completely down, but yeah, she fixed me on up. I have their number so if they don't, I can just call them back.”

“Awesome! Ready to go home?”

“Mmm...sure, but can we go somewhere to eat first? I'm starving!”

As Mark and Rhea pulled out from the parking lot, however, they couldn't hear the conversation that Tanya and her assistant had between one another. Tanya had a sinister smirk across her face.

“So which one was it, Dr Barnes?”

“Oh, a special one. A mixed bag. She doesn't know it, but I have a feeling we'll hear back from Rhea very...VERY soon, hehe...”

Chapter 6

Rhea almost barged into her apartment, rubbing her head. She had spent pretty much the whole afternoon with Mark, just chatting him up while they got a quick bite to eat at a local restaurant. He was a pretty sweet guy.

“I mean, he kept staring at my tits, like, the whole time we were there...” Rhea muttered. Still, he listened to her. For the most part. She knew she could count on him if she needed him with any more boob-related problems ever again.

In the meantime, she went over to the bathroom to relieve herself, and just to get a look at herself in general. Her hair was a mess. And her boobs didn't look...too bad? They were still undeniably huge, no doubt, but at least they weren't as heavy, with or without that bra. Come to think of it, was the bra the thing that was actually supporting her, or were her boobs really just this light? Had she gained back muscle out of nowhere? All of this was really-

Out of nowhere, Rhea snapped out of my thoughts. A sharp jolt went from her head, down her spine, and deep into her butt, causing her to let out a shudder.

“What...the...?” She leaned forward on the counter, bracing herself as a strange warmth came across her ass.

A familiar one.

“...no...no, no, no! Come on! Really?! That BITCH!” Rhea gasped as she felt her ass shudder before vaulting out into her boy shorts, gaining mass at a breakneck pace. While she had never had the most amazing ass, that was soon to be a thing of the past. Her hips widened out as her butt cheeks pushed away from her, gaining inches of flesh at a time. She kept leaning forward, gritting her teeth as her bottom filled out her once loose fitting boy shorts just nicely. The cheeks bubbled out as her thighs kept up with their growth, soon getting as big as her head.

“This can't be happening...stop!” She brought back a hand and squeezed one of her cheeks. Her eyes shot back open, twisting her head to look behind herself. They had gotten bigger than she had thought. Soon the size of basketballs, she had an ass that would make that nurse at the lab get jealous! “Holy SHIT!” Rhea felt every inch pile on by the second. She felt as her cheeks crawled down her thighs, pushing oppressively against the shorts that restricted them. The fabric was now skin tight, the dark blue color starting to thin and get lighter as her hips reached two feet wide. “This is crazy! I already had massive tits, did I REALLY need an ass to match?!”

Another jolt went through her body, her ass then letting out a giant lurch in growth. It puffed out so rapidly, a foot being added to her hips as her ass swelled to the size of her still huge tits in no time flat. Rhea's ass and cheeks wobbled as her shorts shredded to pieces, her panties somehow barely hanging in there. Likely the stretchier waistband. Not that she could care right now.

That spurt seemed to signify the end of it, however. Rhea just stood there, still leaning against the sink, breathing heavily, feeling as her ass wobbled like mad jello as her bosom did the same.

“This is so nuts...” She looked over and saw something familiar she hadn't looked at in a while: a small black device lit up in red. “...wait a minute...” She picked it up and looked at it. The face, showing a one in digital red numbers, was just as simplistic as ever. “...wait, was this some kind of...”

The number switched to zero.

“...timer?” Rhea gasped out, dropping the box to the ground as she stumbled backwards, out of her bathroom. An intense pleasure was flooding her body, something she hadn't even experienced up to this point. Her fleshy ass plopped onto the bed, which was still jammed against the far wall, as her tits wobbled and tingled madly.

“No more...no more, please...” But it seemed like her body wouldn't listen to her. As usual. The sound of stretching fabric filled the air as her tits swelled out once more, faster than they ever had before. Her white cotton shirt tore to shreds in almost an instant. Rhea stared down wide eyed as her once shrunken bosom returned to its full blown yoga ball size. But it didn't stop there. “Oh you GOTTA be kidding me!” Rhea pushed herself back onto her bed, putting her back on her wall as her tits spilled over her lap, the flanks of her tits resting on the surface before begging its charge off the surface. They grew onwards, soon reaching the size of her. But they still grew.

“Fuck! Nooo!” Rhea pawed into her blossoming flesh as it soon touched the floor from the bed, widening out across the surface of her mattress. Her nipples were as wide as frying pans, and about as long as one as well, taking the lead as they made their way onwards and outwards. They pushed up, growing up over the top of her head. She felt their forms pushing against her whole body, her plushy

ass squishing against the bed and the wall behind her. “You can stop now!” No dice.

Their surfaces began squishing up against the various furniture in her room. They pushed out onto her desk. She could feel pens and pencils and notebooks pressing into her bosom. She let out a small whine.

Her eyes shot wide open as she felt them finally press against the ceiling.

“You have to be KIDDING me! My tits full up the ROOM?!” Indeed they did. Lucky for Rhea (and her landlord), they seemed to stop there. All Rhea could do was sit there, out of breath, her tits bigger than anything she once thought ever possible. Flesh muffined out of the doorway. She could feel that. Skin pushed up against the window of one of her bedroom walls. She could feel that too. She could feel her dresser. She could feel every handle of it was well. She could feel the knickknacks. She could feel the couple of storage bins she kept in the corner. She could feel her closet door and the handle. She felt everything at once. It was overwhelming. She never thought she could feel this many things at once. But here she was, tits the size of monster trucks, packed into an apartment bedroom.

Suddenly, she felt her phone vibrate. She had been smart and kept it on the bed. It was right in her reach. Nonetheless, the vibrations against her tits got a long shudder out of her, bringing her to the brink of orgasm. She pulled it up against all odds, and put it against her ear.

“H-hello?” She asked weakly.

“How do you like them?”

“...Tanya?”

“Hehe. We'll need to have a little talk soon. I'll be right over.”

...THE END?