

Somewhere in the world, there exists a shop. A very special shop. One that specializes specifically in the beautification and expansion of women. It fronts itself as an antique shop and goes under countless different names. Merchandise from this shop can sometimes “slip through the cracks”, so to speak, and end up in the unwitting hands of the general public. These are a few short stories of these very people’s misadventures.

1. The TV

“Perfect!” Samantha chirped as she stepped back from the wall. Her TV had successfully been mounted above the entertainment system, right across from her couch. It had taken almost half a year of waiting and watching, but she had managed to buy a TV from a local thrift shop that met her needs, and her wallet size. An impressive 32” for only \$60? That was a steal! And it was why shopping at second hand stores was one of her favorite past times. Hell, almost every single piece of furniture she had ever bought was from one!

She grabbed the remote and turned it on. She knew it would take a day or so for cable to get hooked up and everything to get squared away, but she could at least get it set up and her game console plugged in beforehand. As the screen loaded on, the company logo flickered for a brief second before it went black again. Samantha kicked back, dropping back on her butt onto the couch behind her. Slowly, the picture hummed on. ‘Must be older than I thought...’ Samantha noted as she watched the picture finally appear clearly.

The image confused her, however. On the screen was a long line, which looked like a volume slider or something, with the bar at the very left end of the line. Samantha scratched her head, then shrugged.

“Must be contrast or something.” She lifted the remote for the TV and pressed the right button a few times, the bar going in that very direction a few notches. Samantha suddenly gasped, the remote dropping to the floor as she grasped her chest. “What the hell?!” A strange pulse had rocketed through her body as soon as she had made the changes to the TV. What she didn’t know was that those very changes didn’t apply to the contrast, the volume, the tint. None of that. It all applied to her chest. Each notch that the slider went up by seemed to add a cup to her bust size, her tits now an impressive D cup.

“Wh...what...what the...?” Samantha couldn’t make much sense of what was happening. All she knew was that her chest had surged out into her baggy t-shirt, the material now fitting comfortably across her new bust. She was lucky to not be wearing a bra today, or else it would be cutting right into her shoulders. She stood from the couch, watching as her tits jiggled in their confines. It was a low cut shirt, so she could see cleavage now heaving out of the collar.

Her eyebrow arched, she picked the remote off the floor, regaining her balance again, before pointing it at the TV once again and pressing the right button.

The feeling almost took her by surprise again. She gasped, feeling as her chest puffed out once again into her shirt. The hem rose as she broke past D cups into E, which given her lithe frame, projected out quite a bit from her.

“Woah...this is interesting...” Was all Samantha could mutter as she weighed her new size. She went up on her toes, then flopped back to her heels, her tits wobbling and smacking against her ribcage and jiggling madly. Her shirt was creaking harshly. “But...these are kinda...huge now, for what I’m used to...” Coming to a logical conclusion, she lifted the remote and pressed the left button on the remote.

Much to her chagrin, however, this button had no effect on the slider, and thus, no effect on her bust. After several more presses on the button, she gave up, turning off the TV and tossing the remote onto the couch. “Ugh. How convenient. Whatever, I need a shower.” Samantha stepped away, heading into the bathroom and stripping down.

She stared at herself for a moment in the mirror, grinning at her reflection. She turned and looked at her profile, wiggling them around a bit before hopping into the shower to get them clean.

Not long after, her roommate Karen came home. Slamming the door behind her, the exhausted woman collapsed onto the couch before looking up at the wall. She grinned.

“Nice, she picked out a good one.” Eying over to the remote on the cushion, she plucked it up and pointed it at the TV, powering it on and waiting for it to warm up. Slowly, the image of the slider appeared on screen, the bar in the same place it was before it was turned off. Just then, Samantha came out of the bathroom, drying off her hair, clothed only in her panties and a bathrobe. She lifted her head to see Karen pointing the remote at the TV, finger on the familiar button. Her eyes went wide in panic.

“Karen, N-” Before she could get the words out, Karen pressed down, holding the button for a good few seconds before turning her head. The bar slid further towards the middle of the line before Karen finally turned her head towards her friend. When she did, she got a full view as Samantha's chest almost exploded from her towel, gaining inches in mere seconds. She almost lunged forward, but overcompensated in a backwards motion, effectively correcting her posture and having her lean up straight. The result, however, were her now monolithic breasts smacking against her waist, nearly knocking her onto her back. They were the size of jumbo watermelons! She cartoonishly waved her arms around in circles, wobbling on her heels until she settled with a sigh.

After the shock wore off, her eyes darted up to the brunette on the couch in a glare.

“Karen, what the fuck?!” Karen raised her hands defensively, dropping the remote.

“Dude, how was I supposed to know-”

“You shouldn't be fucking with things you don't know how to use-”

“Its a TV! I didn't know TVs could just do breast enhancements now!”

The two squabbled that night, the TV remaining on for it all, until Samantha finally shut it off, for good. This thing was going in the trash the next morning, no questions asked.

2. The Drinking Glass

With a yawn and a stretch, the petite blonde pulled one of her new drinking glasses from the cabinet. A gift from her friend. Oh boy what a gift. A plain, ordinary glass. Standard size drinking cup. If Rae was anything, it definitely wasn't ordinary or plain. She considered herself a cut above that. A bit cut at that. She worked hard to get where she was. Well, if you considered going through men like tissues to get her way to where she was and abusing her power in order to push herself to the top, yes, it was very hard work. Rae acknowledged that it was a scummy thing to do. It was impossible to not admit it. But it wasn't impossible to ignore for her. She didn't care. She was in this nice house with nice furniture and nice dishes.

Well, aside from this shitty cup she had gotten from an old friend as a sort of 'congratulatory' gift, whatever the hell that meant. But it was the only glass she had that wasn't in the dishwasher right now. She sighed, making a mental note to buy a few more next time she went shopping. She swung open her large refrigerator, taking out some milk (her personal favorite kind, glass bottled skim) and poured it into the glass on the counter. Rae sauntered over to the kitchen table and sat, taking a sip from the glass and setting it down, thinking about how she might spend the rest of the day.

'Should I call Damon? No, no, I was just with him two nights ago...can't seem clingy...'

She took another sip.

'A visit to Romano's Jewelry? Hmm...no, today feels like one of those 'stay at home' days...'

Another sip.

'Ah! I should reorganize those bins in the guest room. I really want that cleared out for when I-'

Crrrrrk...

Rae's thoughts and plans were interrupted by a strange creaking sound emanating from below her. To her surprise, she saw two bumps slowly pushing their way out into her bodice. The dress she had on was slim, low cut, fashionable. And it was getting ruined by the now grapefruit sized flesh orbs squeezing into it!

"Ah! ...I..." She was at a loss for words. She could only gawk as her chest swelled out into bigger sizes. Rae had never really had much to show in terms of bust size before, and honestly, she had always hated that. Big tits were becoming a sort of fashion trend in her area these days. Gone were the times of thin rails like her being the most desirable women around. These days, men wanted big busted, thick hipped women with lots of curves. She noticed this trend had started to impede her progress with various suitors, and "business" had been rather slow lately.

With all this in mind, Rae smirked, leaning back in her chair. Glass in hand, she swirled the milky substance that remained inside with a flourish as her chest continued to billow out at a slow pace, now well into what she would consider DD, from the looks of it.

"Well, this is certainly odd...but I'd rather not complain about miracles..." she chuckled, downing the rest of the milk from her glass and setting it aside. This action caused her tits to surge outwards drastically, nearly dragging her forward. Her dress almost tore to shreds, but instead, the straps busted, causing the whole front to slide off, her tits lolling out in front of her. Now nearing the size of her head, Rae glanced down, then over to the cup. She lifted it to her face, feeling her chest squishing into the edge of the table, looking at it with a curious look on her face.

"Are you the culprit for all this...?" Rae muttered to herself, her tits making their way down to her navel before finally coming to a halt. She breathed a sigh of relief. While Rae was ok with her new size, any bigger and she would have to rent a wheelbarrow to get around anywhere! Not that she didn't have the money for that, however. "It had to be the glass...I've been getting that same milk for around a year now, it couldn't be that..." Had her old friend intentionally given this to her to sabotage her success? A sort of "booby trap", as it were? Rae could only smirk at this idea. If that was the case, her

plan had backfired.

That was when she heard gurgling coming from a very familiar place.

Eyebrow cocked, Rae looked down once again, feeling a strange filling sensation seeping into her newly grown tits. It wasn't long until the sound seemed to stop, but her tits seemed...heavier. Rounder. Her nipples popped up in attention suddenly. They began to tingle. Burn.

“What is this...feeling...all of a sud-” And just like that, she began to lactate. The action was sudden, yet gradual. A few drips at first before quickly leveling up to small streams from each teat. Rae let out a shriek, standing up wobbly from the table, swinging her tits about as milk splashed across her dining room. As the pressure and spray increased, so did Rae's hurried steps towards the kitchen sink. It wasn't long before the once subtle streams had turned into decent sprays, pumping out like a garden hose from both nipples. She flopped forwards into the sink, her tits continuing their lactation with vigor.

Rae panted. She tried collecting her thoughts. She stared down at her new wonderfully giant tits. But the problem was clear: she wouldn't stop lactating. It felt like she was pumping out with the strength of a fire hydrant with its top lopped off. The violent, loud 'tings' that resounded off the metal of the sink bordered on deafening as she continuously sprayed an unending amount of milk into it.

“They...they have to empty eventually...right?” Rae bit her lip in worry. They were spraying for a really long time now. Her kitchen sink was barely able to keep up, the basin now filled halfway with the creamy white liquid. On and on her breasts gushed milk. It seemed to be going on for at least ten minutes now. How could she move from this spot? What would she drink? What would she eat? She looked back down into the sink. At all the delicious, creamy milk that continued to rise up in it.

Surely she would be dehydrated soon. With all the liquid exiting her body, it was only a matter of time. She was already feeling delirious. Or was that just from the ridiculousness of the situation? Her mouth was dry, she knew that for a fact. And the milk in her sink just got more and more tantalizing.

“Surely...one sip won't hurt...?” It was her milk, after all. And it wasn't in the glass. It would be fine, she just needed to fight off the damn thirst she had. She brought a hand down into the sink and fished out a small sip of milk, bringing it to her mouth and swallowing.

Turns out, one sip was all it took.

Rae suddenly screamed as her tits exploded in growth. She felt herself violently pushed back from the sink, milk spray getting everywhere as her tits got past medicine ball sized, then in no time yoga balls, then further still. Her tit flesh smashed against her cabinets, wood creaking and splintering from the sheer force of her growth. Plates were shattered. The wall creaked as she was shoved backwards, screaming in terror, wide eyed as her back slammed into the opposite wall. Soon her tits had swallowed up the sink, then the counter, then seeped onto the floor. They began squishing up against the ceiling next, then oozing out of the doorway into the living room. All Rae could do was cry out as her tits filled her whole kitchen.

All the while the glass sat innocently on the table, a small rim of milk still embossed on the bottom.

3. The Pillow

“A body pillow for my birthday! Aww, its just what I was asking for too!” Abbie squealed in delight as she tossed the cardboard shipping box to the side. Today was officially the one year anniversary of when she had moved from her parents place, and her parents seemed to acknowledge that with a gift! They were always so supportive of her, but never too clingy. She had been doing well in college, but had mentioned that sleeping was rather tough ever since she lost her body pillow. “Ahh, I can't wait to use this tonight!”

Abbie had just gotten home from a long class, and would have work tomorrow at the coffee shop. Her back had really gotten out of whack recently! Upon further inspection, however, something seemed to be...off about this body pillow. “Huh? Wait, why is it so...small?” Compared to most body pillows, which tended to be long and narrow, this seemed to be shaped like an ordinary pillow, albeit a tad bit larger. “I don't understand, they said in the card that it was a body pillow...” After studying the tag, she found it to be covered with a price tag. She promptly ripped it off, slowly as to not ruin the print underneath, to see the name brand printed underneath.

“‘Chest Pillow’? Huh? I've never heard of one of those before...hmm...” Brief instructions were written on the larger tag behind the brand tag. “For best results, stuff pillow underneath undershirt and let rest on body overnight.’ That...sounds really weird for a body pillow...but maybe this will be better than a body pillow!” Abbie cheered enthusiastically. She couldn't wait, she wanted to try it out right away! It was late enough anyways, and she had gotten a bite to eat from campus before she got home.

Throwing on some loose PJs, Abbie rushed over to the mirror that was hung on the back of her door, the full length one. She took the Chest Pillow and did as instructed: shoved it up her night shirt. Its fluffy surface rubbing across her exposed nipples made her shudder and blush, but after it was situated, it seemed to stay up her shirt just fine, somehow. Its form wrapped around her sides, maintaining an actual puffy appearance, shoving her nightshirt outwards, her navel exposed as a result.

“Ahaha, this looks so silly!” Abbie muttered as she posed, swinging herself from side to side, checking her profile, her front, and from the back. She felt her butt jiggle as she did so and blushed again. She never liked how big her butt had gotten over the years. You could almost safely rest a wine glass on it these days! She chalked it up to genetics from her mom's side. She kept herself trim and fit, but even with her strict diet and exercise, her ass puffed out regardless. At least she didn't have to worry about having too much upstairs.

These thoughts swirled around her head as it got foggy. For whatever reason, Abbie suddenly felt really tired. She yawned, stretching her arms out to the side, feeling the pillow shift underneath her shirt. Without much more thought, she dive bombed into her bed, almost immediately passing out as she drifted to sleep...

Night passed in an instant. Abbie felt hot when she awoke. Sweaty. And...squishy? Abbie's eyes slowly opened. She was laying on her chest, on the pillow...her chest pillows...

“Er...pillow. Right, better get that thing out of there...” she murmured as she flipped herself up and sat on the edge of her bed. That Chest Pillow really did the trick! Somehow a bit...too well...

But when she reached down into her nightshirt, what she actually felt wasn't pillow. It was flesh. Squishy, jiggly, and surprisingly light flesh.

“WH-WHAT?!” Abbie nearly fell on her face off the bed. She scrambled up and flipped on her light to

look at herself in the mirror. She peeled off her night shirt and had a good look at herself. Her jaw dropped.

The Chest Pillow was gone. Now all that remained were literal chest pillows. Her tits were enormous. Incredible. Bigger than she ever thought possible. Each one was about the size of her torso, and hung down to crest just above her hips. Abbie could merely stare, poking, prodding, lifting and dropping. They felt real, aside from the fact that they were almost weightless.

“How in the...world did this...” She turned to the side, viewing her profile. Her eyes once again almost shot out of her head. For once, her ass wasn't the thing to jut out in her profile. Now her tits took that place, large and perky, pushing out about a foot away from her.

“I'm...a...perfect hourglass now...” Abbie muttered in complete bewilderment as she faced the mirror straight on again. It was true. The width of her tits now matched the width of her shoulders, which matched the width of her hips. Her proportions were literally perfect on all fronts. She couldn't believe any of it. How had it happened? Where did her Chest Pillow go? And most of all...

“How am I gonna explain this to mom and dad?!”

...

“Whit, my dear. I'll be out for a second.” Tiffany called back to the open door of her shop. “I gotta go round up the straggler items. Be home later~”

THE END.