

When Abi and Mia had decided on this trip, it was mainly for one purpose; to relax.

All throughout the past few weeks, Abi and Mia had both run into problems. Problems that had caused their breasts to grow on the spot, much to both of their surprise. Luckily, they had found a way of getting themselves back to their normal, average cup sizes; but the anxiety of those events had taken a toll on Abi. And as they dropped their stuff into their meager hotel room, beige carpet and white curtains adorning the space, which only had one bed. The two raised their eyebrows at that, specifically asking for two queens, but decided to shrug it off for the time being. Enough was going on and to spoil the vacation so early over something like that seemed so...pointless. How long were they even going to spend in this room anyways?

With all their stuff unloaded, Mia practically dragged Abi out of the room, beaming brightly as they made their way through the narrow hallway towards the exit.

“This is gonna be sooo fun, Abi! We’ve never seen west coast beaches before. I hear they’re really nice!”

Abi had only just been able to throw on a beach-worthy outfit, donning a sunhat and wrapping a cover up around her waist and over her modest one-piece swimsuit. They were all pieces that Mia had helped her shop for shortly before the trip, since she hadn’t had a beach day, let alone a beach vacation, since a class trip in high school.

“We haven’t even unpacked yet!” Abi half protested. Mia closed the door to the room behind them, a bag of beach supplies hanging on her shoulder. She tugged at the strap.

“We have everything we need! Snacks, towels, speakers for music-”

“...Sunblock?” Mia tightened her lips.

“We... can buy that somewhere on the way.” Mia was born ready for the beach, much more naturally tanned compared to poor, pale Abi and toned from her time on the Lakeview University volleyball team. She changed as soon as they were checked in, now in a bikini and fraying jean shorts. Mia grabbed Abi by the wrist, steering her down the hotel hallway toward the elevator. Abi followed along, struggling to keep up with flip flops on.

“Mia... can I just- maybe double check to make sure I didn’t forget-”

“We agreed, this little trip was to not fret about the details.” Mia didn’t let up and continued her stride. “If I forgot anything, I’ll go back to the room and you can watch the stuff at the beach and just chill, okay?” Abi felt the sincerity under the commands. The two had been a lot closer, even if they were unexpected roommates. Having gone through their ordeal together, Abi knew that Mia was just trying to get her mind off of what was a harrowing experience for such a meek person like herself. Mia took the sudden growth like a champ, but mousy Abi was a lot more reserved and not at all prepared for the

kind of attention a growing chest gave her.

Maybe Mia was right, Abi thought. Maybe she should try to get out there more often. After all, that whole problem came from Abi shutting herself in the university library all day...

They stepped out into the sun, both shielding their eyes for a moment before throwing their shades on. They both observed the road in front of the hotel, which was really the only dividing line between them and the beach.

"We're lucky we scored a deal on this hotel!" Mia said giddily as they made their way to the crosswalk a block over, the traffic being pretty light for late afternoon. Abi's eyes scanned the little beach town surrounding them, old wood buildings mixed in with newer monstrosities that seemed like they were built only a few years ago. The clashing aesthetic was odd, but somehow, not unfamiliar to them both. Beyond that, however, were seemingly endless strips of sand that stretched out for miles. They felt it crunch under their toes as they made their way through a small field just before the beach, the two both pausing for a moment as they looked to either side in awe.

"I've...never seen a beach this...big and...empty before." Abi muttered. There were plenty of people there, sure. It wasn't barren. But the ratio was definitely in favor of the emptiness and sand. The waves crashed up, the sound rhythmic and soothing. Abi had seen her share of beaches from home, of course; but they weren't like this. For one, the fact that it was actually a nice day was something rare in and of itself, especially for this early into spring. But the sheer size compared to the ones that she lived near was something else.

Mia marveled at it as well, a smile crossing her face as she took her friend's hand.

"C'mooooon! Let's post up then get in the water! There's a nice spot right over here!" They both giggled, Abi tripping over her feet in the sand for a moment before finding her footing and meeting Mia's gait. It seemed the tide was going out, the stretch of smooth sand seeming to pull out as they stood there. Mia took this as a sign to post up where they were at, spreading both the towels out a few feet away from the water's edge. They both sat there a moment, laying down and basking in the sun. Mia removed her jean shorts, and Abi set her sunhat as well as the cloth wrap to the side.

As Mia wiggled off her shorts and threw them towards the bag, Abi's eyes drifted to her bikini top. Just a little while ago, Mia's boobs were the size of her head and contrasted her normally lean figure. How could she act so normal now when her body was completely different not even a month ago? Abi's eyes darted down to her own chest. The neckline of her one-piece was high, but there was still a small gap made by her B-cups, letting her peek at her sternum. She saw a flash of a memory, her cleavage pouring out of the confines of a tight sweater and creating a valley of dense flesh. She nervously dug her foot into the warm sand just beside her towel.

Mia's eyes were on the water before she turned and saw the state of her nervous friend. Abi's jaw was clenched and her hands were balled up into fists. Mia paced around the towels.

“Woah, woah, woah, Abi! This doesn’t look like vacation posture.” Mia gestured towards the ocean, beckoning Abi to stand. “The water will loosen you up.”

Abi returned to the present, sighing and closing her eyes. She took a deep breath.

“How do you do it? How can you act like we didn’t...” she brought her voice down to a whisper, despite being plenty far from anyone who could hear. “...change.?”

“Why does it matter if our boobs grew or not? We got them back down. “ Mia joyfully pointed to her bikini, a huge grin painted on her face.

“It was weird!” Abi squeaked.

Mia laughed, nodding at the simple statement. “Yeah. And now it’s not! That book isn’t going to bother us all the way out here. That’s the whole point of this trip.”

Abi sighed again. Her eyes shot down to the hole in the sand she was unconsciously digging with her toes. Mia looked at her roommate, clearly still not over the events of what happened, even in a sandy paradise. If her mission to let Abi unwind was going to work, she needed to come up with a way to save this spiral. She walked up to Abi and threw her arm over her shoulder. “I just...let it go.”

“What do you mean ‘just let it go?’ You let go that magic exists?!”

“It’s something my coach taught us. When something digs into your head, you can see it, hold it, maybe even understand it, but after that, there’s nothing else keeping it can do to help you. So you have to let it go.”

“And you just-”

“Poof! It’s gone.”

Abi smiled softly, eyes still broadcasting worry. “That... explains a lot.”

Mia smirked, letting out a giggle. “Oh, so you’re chill enough to make fun of me?”

Abi’s smile vanished. “No! I didn’t mean-”

“Relax! I’m messing with you.” Mia teased Abi a little before steering her toward the water. “Now how about we just try to distract you instead. When was the last time you swam in the ocean?”

“Oh- uh, actually I was thinking of reading for a bit before-” Abi’s feet dragged through some sand before being pulled along. She wistfully looked back at the safety of her towel.

“Nope, nope, nope. Beach vacation means swimming, floating, and being lulled by the sound of the waves.”

“But what if it’s cold?”

“You’ll be fine!” There was no convincing her. Abi knew she was going into the water one way or the other, and she preferred if it wasn’t by being thrown in. She stopped resisting and followed Mia to the water.

The waves lapped rhythmically onto land. None of the other beachgoers were near this part of the surf, so it looked like a personal paradise with the blue sky coloring the water. Mia wasted no time and ran straight on and dove in once she got deeper than her thighs. Abi tiptoed up to the waves, letting the water wrap around her ankles to get a sense of the temperature. The water soothed her wary feet, washing away the sand that had collected from her anxious excavation. It felt wonderful, just cool enough to contrast the warm sun above, but just shy of making her shiver.

Abi waded into the waves and pushed forward to join up with Mia, who was already breast stroking even farther out. Abi trudged onward and got up to her knees, then her waist, then up to her neck in the cool water. She let her lungs fill with air and she floated, bouncing to the beat of the ocean. She closed her eyes and remembered Mia’s advice. That book couldn’t bother her out here, so why worry? She’s on vacation, a very well deserved vacation, and all that had happened doesn’t matter anymore. It wouldn’t help her float here in the water, face warmed by the sun. She blocked her nose and dove under water, weightless in the flow. She could feel her hair poof out and dance in the water like seaweed. This was nice. She could get used to this. She made her way back toward the surface.

As she broke through water, however, she felt something touch her chest. The feeling immediately struck panic in her, but she assured herself that it was a piece of seaweed or something, looking down at her bikini top nervously. Underneath her one piece top, tangled up in the fabric, was a long, thin cylindrical object. Abi couldn’t quite make out what it was, and the thought of a foreign object down her top wasn’t exactly fun.

“Uh...Mia, I think...something got in my top!” Abi called out, Mia stopping her strokes to look over at her friend, having swum out a decent distance from shore. She waved back at her, holding a hand to her mouth before shouting:

“Then take it out!” Abi rolled her eyes at the instruction, taking a hand and pulling at the object as she tread water. But it was just too awkward. Keeping herself afloat and pulling this object – which had somehow wound itself around the shredded fabric at the front of her one piece – was too much to do at once. Without much more said, Abi made her way back to the coastline. Mia noticed this, rolling her eyes as she started to swim back to shore as well, trying her best to beat her friend to the coast so she could convince her to stay in the water.

Abi landed first, however, legs feeling heavy as she walked out of the waves and gradually to drier sands. The tide had gone out slightly already, their towel further out than Abi had recalled. As she got her bearings, she looked down once again at her chest to see the small, black tube sticking out. Her cheeks going a slight pink in hue, Abi took the tube with one hand and began to tug. To her dismay, and confusion, the object didn’t want to seem to leave so easy – it almost seemed like her cleavage was pulled closed by it. The sensation was something Abi couldn’t easily describe – as if some kind of invisible suction force was present, but only ever-so-slightly. Finally, Mia came to shore, noticing her friend struggle with the object, now using both hands and failing to extract it from her cleavage.

“Need a hand?” Mia couldn't help but smirk at her friend's struggle. “Always something with the boobs with you, y'know that?” Mia teased, Abi dropping her hands without another word as she went a slightly darker shade of pink.

“Hey, you got big too, y'know. Hmph.” Abi wanted to cross her arms, but pushing her chest up higher was something that didn't exactly feel all that comfortable at the moment. Mia took hold, with both hands, before yanking with all her might on it.

“C'mon...you...stupid...thiiiiing...!”

“Careful, Mia, you're gonna pull me ov-WAHHH!” Mia had started putting her full weight into her pull, which only pulled Abi off her feet, causing the two to stumble onto each other and into the sand with a synchronized “OOF!” Once the sand settled and their respective coughing fits ended, Mia lifted herself off from her friend, legs straddling her friend's thighs as she coughed out a few more handfuls of sand.

“My bad. I got a bit...uh...” She stared down, seeing a now broken tubular object jammed down Abi's cleavage seemingly vanish in front of her eyes. “Huh. That's...”

“Uh...Mia...you um...you got...” Abi was failing at the words, but merely pointed at her friend's chest. Mia looked down and gasped, seeing the other broken half of the tube neatly tucked down her own cleavage, before it seemingly evaporated before her eyes.

“...uh...well...hm...”

“...why do I have a bad feeling about this...?” Abi groaned, shifting in the sands. “...can you get off me, Mia?”

Mia was still gaping at her chest. “Oh... sorry!” She hopped off of Abi, bouncing up to her feet and putting out a hand for her friend. Abi grabbed it, teetering out of the sand.

“You saw that right? It just... disappeared! Tell me you saw that.” Abi was riding the line between frantically investigating her swimsuit and not looking like she was feeling herself up to onlookers.

Mia pulled at the straps of her bikini top, scanning for any evidence of the object on her chest. There wasn't even a trace. “I don't know... maybe it was just a bunch of sand stuck together or something.”

Abi was still examining herself, expecting the worst. Mia rolled her eyes. “Or! It was something that just was really worn down from being in the ocean for too long. Come on, things get in swimsuits all

the time. Just come back into the water to get some of the sand off of you.” Mia tried to ease Abi back into the water, but she dug herself in, crossing her arms.

“I- I think I’ll just use a towel. I’ll go back in later.” Abi said meekly as she backpedaled up to their beach bag. Mia sighed and watched Abi retreat. She shook her head, unable to help but think to herself that this plan to get Abi to relax was going to be a lot harder than she thought. Mia returned to the water, still worrying about her friend.

Abi made it back to the towels, trying to rub the sand off her with her hands before settling down on her towel. As she laid down to let the warm sun dry her, she snuck another peek of her bust. That was definitely an overreaction, she thought. It would be silly to come all this way for a vacation and then get all worked up over something falling down her swimsuit. She’s definitely allowed to be sensitive about that... area, but maybe Mia was right, it was just something that was just out in the ocean for ages and disintegrated as soon as it broke in the fall. She took a deep breath.

She looked over her shoulder. Why did she have the feeling she was being watched? There were other people at the beach, sure, but none were close enough to get any of the embarrassing details. Was she just that paranoid from what happened before? Having your boobs grow can really make you self conscious. But she was on vacation! She had to at least try to let go a bit.

She wanted to relax, after all, but that strange object stuck in her head. Why couldn’t she get it out? What was that weird suction effect that pulled her boobs in around it. Was she just imagining things? No, see. This is the reason she needed a vacation. She kept thinking: you run into a little bit of boob magic and now suddenly everything weird that happens to you is going to be boob magic. It’s illogical. It made much more sense to her that the water pushed out air somewhere and it made a vacuum or something. Abi laid down on top of the towel and closed her eyes, letting the rays soothe her nerves. Maybe just some peace and quiet will help. She took another deep breath and remembered Mia’s advice, just trying to let the event flow over her like the crashing waves nearby.

The sound soothed her. The warmth of the sun, the crashing of the waves, the serenity of how little people there were...over a bit of time, Abi’s mind stopped wandering to the anxiety that she had been holding onto. Gradually, as her toes dug further into the warm sand, her mind released and she found herself finally zoning out for the first time in a very long time.

Mia looked out from the water, noticing her friend seemingly napping on the beach, one arm over her forehead, the other crossed across her stomach. She smiled, shrugging to herself in the water.

“Hey...its not as fun as swimming, but...as long as she’s not worried...” She muttered to herself before continuing her swim in the water, sighing as the waves cooled her from the beating hot sun above.

A few more minutes passed. All Abi could hear were the waves crashing up on shore. All she felt was the warm sand between her toes. She opened her eyes after a bit, the sun shifting just enough in the sky to hit her in the eyes. She brought her hand up and covered her eyes in response, but as she did so, she felt something rub against her arm. Something soft. Squishy. Unfamiliar, yet...

Abi bolted upright, sand flying out from around her as she pulled her feet in close. “Wh...what?” There was a part of her that didn't want to look. A part of her brain tried to rationalize with her; what she felt was just her normal, B-cup breasts. She was just out of it and groggy after lying in the sun for a few minutes. Panicking about the weird object earlier didn't help either. Abi, in this moment, forced herself into believing that everything was just fine, and when she looked down, all she would see was her normal body.

But instead, what Abi saw was two more inches of cleavage than earlier. And the sight caused her heart to sink like a rock. The warmth of the sun seemed to disappear and her hands could feel every tiny microscopic stone of sand pushing into her fists as she clenched them together. She had gained two cup sizes, easily; her cleavage was puffing out from the once modest one-piece, and she felt her skin prickling around the fabric that pinched into her flesh. Her voice choked in her throat as she stared downwards, her body in full blown panic mode.

“Abi? Abi!” Even from a distance, Mia could tell something was wrong with her friend. When she had sat up so abruptly, she had noticed it out of the corner of her eye. When she didn't reply to her calls, she knew to start swimming inwards, quickly exhausting herself as she got to shore, clutching her knees to catch her breath for a moment before stepping over to her friend. She had a panicked look across her face, and her hands on her head. Curled into a little ball, Mia couldn't see much of her until she reached out and grabbed her by the shoulder. “Abi? What's-”

Abi quickly jolted backwards, eyes wide before softening at the sight of her companion. Her eyes quickly scrunched up, tears forming in the corners as she pulled her knees back to show her swollen chest.

“It...its happening again...” Abi muttered, sniffing a bit as she adjusted her top, to no avail. Mia was at a loss for words, for two reasons; for one, Abi's tits looked FANTASTIC, but more importantly, they were definitely bigger than they were just five minutes ago. And that was a big major problem when they were trying so desperately to relax and escape all this.

“Wh... what happened?” Mia tried to pull her stare away from the tent Abi's swimsuit was forming over her chest, but her gaze kept falling back into the cleavage she could see between Abi's knees.

“I-I-I don't- I just closed my eyes for a little and-” Abi kept her knees up but motioned to her breasts with her hands. She couldn't put the words together, all she could do was mutter something close to “It's happening again” over and over.

“Hey hey hey.” Mia jumped down to Abi's level, putting a hand on her shoulder. “It isn't... you know, something you haven't handled before...?” The comment turned upward as a question. Mia was trying to find some way to comfort her, but it didn't work. Tears welled up again in Abi's eyes and she ducked her head down into her knees.

“I didn't want to have to deal with something like this ever again...” Abi said, voice muffled into her legs. Mia tightened her lips, eyes sliding to the side, thinking of another approach. This is just what this trip needed, she thought. Before, Abi would just jump at imaginary problems, now she was spooked by two, very real problems. She had to come up with something fast or she was going to keep spiraling.

“Abi, let’s just... think about this for a second.” Mia pleaded, trying to pacify Abi with a pat on the back. “You grew... yeah, but... do you think it’s more likely that something happened again or... like... this is just some residual... stuff. Some left over magic or something.” Mia scrunched up her shoulders bracing for another reaction. Abi sniffed and pulled her head out of her knees and her breath steadied. Mia couldn’t believe that worked, even a little. Abi wiped her cheek with her thumb.

“Does that mean... they could go back down?” Mia shrugged, struggling with a proper response. Abi’s swimsuit was pulled taut around her torso, material pulled upward from her waist up to her new D-cups. Mia finally broke away from them to respond. “I mean, they... did last time.” Abi gathered a deep breath and fanned her eyes dry. “If it’s the book, then they’ll... It’ll be fine. It’ll be fine.” She chuckled, but only a little. “I really thought I figured out how it worked.” Mia lowered her shoulders and loosened up.

“It’s magic, Abi. I don’t think it can ever make sense, like...at all.” She bounced up and grabbed her towel. “How about this... how about we take a break from the beach and hit the pier! That way we can try something new and...” Mia’s eyes bounced down again, but back up in a flash. “...maybe something that fits a little better?” Abi nodded, flinching as she thought she saw something bright glint off of glass and hit her eye. But when she looked, she saw nothing. Shrugging, Abi and Mia began to gather their belongings and make their way off the beach for now.

It was best that they got to the pier before the sun was at its highest, at least as far as Abi’s complexion was concerned. The pier itself was just like it was on the postcards, with a variety of booths and attractions to help make the vacation feel like a vacation. That was lucky for Abi. Mia bought her a large, novelty t-shirt to cover up her one piece, but it wasn’t as necessary as they thought. There might have been some truth to what Mia said about it being a lingering effect of magic from before, because Abi’s bust had gone down a cup size by the time they were making their way around the pier. It was a real load off of Abi’s back (and shoulders.) She was just starting to loosen up again, even if she still wore the t-shirt just in case.

“I’m STARVED after all that, Mia...” Abi groaned, grabbing her stomach and groaning in an exaggerated fashion. “I think I saw a hot dog stand near the end...”

“Bleh...no thanks...” Abi turned to her friend and cocked one of her eyebrows, confused.

“Since when do you not enjoy a good hot dog?”

“First off: pier hot dogs are hit or miss. Second...ever since last summer, with the...spoiled relish incident.” Abi winced at the mention.

“Oof...true...shoot, now I don't want one...” She looked back over at the booth, then smiled. “Never mind! They have pretzels too!”

“Well...you go grab a bite, I'mma check out some of these booths and see what's up.” Abi waved at her friend, the smell of fresh baked pretzel wafting over and capturing her full attention.

“Sounds good! See you in a bit!” With that, Mia left to look around the various small pop up stands that littered the pier. Inside one was what seemed to be a collection of arts and crafts projects, with Popsicle sticks glued together and painted, shaped like starfish and seashells. Mia smiled at the humble little artwork, moving onto the next hut near it.

“Woah, jackpot!” Mia exclaimed to herself. Inside the room were two large leather chairs, which seemed rather up to date from the looks of the light up console on either one. Mia approached it, seeing that she merely had to tap her phone against the screen and select how long she wanted the massage to last. “Fuck yeah...five minutes in this and I'll meet back up with Abi...or she'll find me here first, whichever works...” With the money loaded, Mia slipped into the chair and waited for it to kick on. Within seconds it sprang to life, Mia jolting up briefly before slouching back and practically melting into the upholstery. “Fuuuuck I needed this...so bad...” A few moments passed and Mia felt herself start to slip from consciousness, body completely going limp at the vibrations across her whole body...

This absolute bliss state Mia had reached distracted her from what exactly was happening to her body, however. As all her stress slipped away, her usually flat chest started to shift within her small swimsuit. The cups, once flat up against her skin, began to round outwards. Ever so slowly, Mia's once modest chest became that much more scandalous, flesh starting to peek out of the top of her bikini and wobble about, the massage chair keeping its hold over Mia as she merely let her head roll back and relax. Throughout all this, Mia failed to feel the rubbing of an unseen cylindrical object between her bust...

“I wonder how Mia's doing...” Meanwhile, Abi finally sat with her pretzel in hand, about as big as her head, chomping on the side of it and smiling. “Mmm...fresh and salty...” She giggled, sitting at a bench and watching the waves crash against the beach. The sight was definitely soothing and beautiful, but as Abi looked back down at her own chest reflexively, she couldn't help but have a flashback as to what had just happened earlier that day. Her nerves still a bit shot, she continued chomping on the pretzel to distract her worried mind.

“Mmph...this is amazing...” Mia let out a cute and content sigh as she stretched her arms upwards. Doing so caused her still swelling chest to project outwards, size now overwhelming her bikini as she crossed over to C cups. They wobbled relentlessly now, and Mia was starting to notice the sensation a bit. It was...alien, yet familiar to her...but she didn't want to open her eyes quite yet. The caress of the massage chair was too great for her to deal with her breasts, which were now starting to get pinched back by her bikini top, flesh oozing out of all sides as the straps started to dig into her shoulders. “Ack! What-” The pain finally snapped her out of the massage reverie, and her eyes darted down to witness her chest give one final bloat of growth, the tie of her bikini finally giving up as the useless fabric popped forward off of her now DD cup sized bust. Mia was speechless at first, the five minutes now

over as the chair slowly buzzed to a stop.

“Uh oh.” Mia held up the cups of her bikini to give her whatever decency she could muster, the force pushing her new bust together into compounding cleavage. Her bust was now enough to bulge out of every side; the hem of the cups, out the sides, and below, flashing a few inches of underboob. It barely covered much at all. “What is- oh God... maybe Abi was right.”

Mia examined herself, marveling at the new DD cups jutting out from her normally sleek and toned form. She looked around, peeking out of the hut. None of the foot traffic had noticed her outburst, but that would change if she left immediately to find Abi. She hefted her chest with full arm to stabilize her top and used the other hand to pull and examine her strap. She did the mental math, there was no way there was enough slack to wrap around her boobs. Even if it did, she'd be spilling out and constantly worried that each jiggle in her step would be enough force to loosen the knot again. Waiting was an option, Abi's growth eventually went down, right? But what if this was something else? Mia rolled her eyes.

“Magic is so fucking stupid.” She crept to the edge of the hut, looking for a solution. Looking over at the food hut that she saw Abi walk to, she couldn't find her anywhere around. Dodging the looks of passerbys as she held her top close to her swollen front, Mia navigated the pier, turning every corner to check for her missing companion.

If she had looked at the small hut further up the way, she would've noticed the makeshift arcade that Abi had wandered over to. Her eyes lit up at the sight of the place – neon carpet, abstract shapes, blacklights and all. Her giddiness kept her from waiting for Mia, and with one last look at the entrance/exit, she made her way over to the bill exchange and changed one of her five dollar bills into a handful of quarters. Giggling to herself, she stepped over to one of her favorite machines, sitting on the stool and scooting it forward until she was comfortable.

“Now let's see here...” Abi mumbled to herself, looking for the quarter slot. As she fumbled around, reaching below herself as she sat, she couldn't help but feel the extra resistance of her still-present bosom that continuously rubbed against the inside of her arms. The feeling frustrated Abi, the constant reminder of something she desperately wanted to go away making itself known every time she reached downwards. “...really hope these go away, like...completely...” she mused, finally finding the slot and pushing three quarters in, the machine blinking to the main screen. A smile crossed Abi's face, her hands taking hold of the joystick and positioning the other over the four buttons nearby.

“Abi? Abi!” Mia continued to call out for her friend. How had she not found her by now? Were there huts further up the pier she had not seen? The thought hadn't occurred to her yet, so she shrugged and began to make her way back to the opposite side. She noticed that her bikini was starting to fit a little again already – there was less underboob protruding from the bottom of her top, and she finally felt at least somewhat decent in public. It was a far cry from her normal size, but at least she could look for Abi without grabbing at her boobs like a weirdo.

Abi hadn't ditched her, right? Just because she was a little embarrassed about her new bust didn't give her an excuse to just up and leave. It wasn't like her. The other thought was that she had been kidnapped, but even worse so, was that somehow, some way, the magic that had been barraging their breasts was responsible for her disappearance. Just as she started looking in various huts, she noticed a glint in the corner of her eye. Looking towards the source of the light, Mia thought she had seen a figure of someone suddenly disappear from across the pier. She shook her head.

"This heat's getting to my head..." Mia mumbled as she continued popping her head into hut after hut, looking for her missing friend.

Meanwhile, Abi had already dropped a few quarters into the machine, just warming up she thought. It was always Level 5, but she was energized by the challenge. If she wanted to spend her vacation spending her quarters on her vacation, she would. Mia wanted her to enjoy herself and this was scratching that itch. Abi's attention was absorbed into her game, beating Level 2. It was pulling her away from the reality of her seriously weird situation. It had also distracted her from feeling extra flesh bubble over the sides of her swimsuit.

Her bust had grown an additional cup size in her focus, bouncing and shifting as she jerked and leaned with the pull of the joystick. Abi had made it to Level 4 again and she wasn't thinking, just reacting. On the fringes of her brain, she felt a cool sensation at some of her chest. Completely in the zone, Abi didn't notice her chest had rounded under the pressure, pushing half the mass of her bust up and out into the open air. The straps of her one piece indented into her flesh, dividing cleavage and distinct side boob to make a bubbling force of flesh. Pressure was mounting in the swimsuit, huddling her breasts and restricting the movements of her energetic bounces. The mounting force behind them had forced her nipples through the material; they would have been striking to any onlookers if Abi wasn't huddled up to an arcade cabinet.

Hitting the start of Level 5, Abi grit her teeth. The world around her didn't exist. No magic books, no growing chest, no hotel fees, no worry about a sunburn, it all just fell out of her reacting in an instant to everything the game could throw at her. She didn't hear the strain of her swimsuit creaking under her arms at the tension from her chest. She didn't feel the sides of her bust spread outward and touch the sides of her arms. The motion of her arms collided with them and caused them to flow like waves into each other, cresting in monumental cleavage.

The hem of her swimsuit began to tear, ever so slightly, with each bounce; the pressure was becoming too great. Abi was fast approaching the end of the level. As she had to do was get past one more enemy and she was home free. Everything was working and she didn't even have to think. The enemy fired off a shot at her and she pulled back on the joystick to evade. The control stick slapped directly into her nipple, sending a shock wave through Abi's body. "Nnghah..." Abi moaned unconsciously, the feeling shook her from her focused state. She looked down at the source of her distraction. Her chest had puffed up to fill the view of her body. She could barely see any fabric of her own swimsuit past the horizons of her heaving chest. "Wh- wait-" BLAM! Abi's game lit up as her ship exploded. "Continue?" glowed on the screen.

Abi sat there a moment, footsteps rushing towards her as Mia charged through the saloon-style doors, which whipped back and slapped her in the ass, Mia jolting forward before stepping into the room with

an irritated look on her face.

"Why the hell are doors still being made like...Abi?" She finally looked forward, seeing her friend frozen to the spot, with tits the size of watermelons. They filled out the space between her and the arcade cabinet completely, their ends squeezing up against the surface of the machine ever-so-slightly. The girl attached to said breasts had eyes the size of saucers, staring down in disbelief at her new size; this wasn't like before. This was beyond anything Abi had gone through previously. All Abi could do as a reaction was sit there, staring at them, brain in static until she felt Mia shake her shoulder. She snapped out of it, if only barely.

"We should get back to the hotel, Abs. Let's go." Mia insisted. Abi looked up at her friend, still comprehending what had all just happened in the span of seconds. Thrown off for a moment, she made a double take at Mia's chest, swimsuit struggling to hold back the freshly grown pair of her own.

"Wait...its...you too?" Abi managed to form a coherent thought, Mia's hand pulling her to unsteady feet as she found her new balance, chest swinging this way and that with every slight movement.

"C'mon, Abs. Let's get back to the hotel..." Mia insisted. Abi shook her head, grabbing the towel from earlier and wrapping it back around herself, the fabric rubbing across her nipples and causing her to wince before she tied it down and secured it in place. They trudged their way from the pier back to the hotel, the distance not far, but now feeling twice as long due to the extra weight both women now carried. Far behind them, something glimmered, unnoticed by either woman. That glimmer belonged to the glasses of a tall, buxom redhead, a wicked smile on her face as she watched the two women from afar.

"Not much more now. They'll be where they need to go in no time..."

The glass doors of the budget hotel swung open at the behest of their plastic card, the side door swinging open and allowing the two stressed individuals to breathe for a moment before making their way to their room. Along the way, a large cork board sat at the hallway, advertising various businesses in the local area. It went missed by the pair, intent on getting back into their private room.

The hotel room lock clicked open and the two huddled inside. Abi went right to the bureau that held the rest of her clothes, as if they could provide any sanctuary for her. Her speed only stalled with the bounce of her mammoth bust bouncing up to her chin as she grabbed an armful and went into the bathroom. Mia crossed her arms over the overflowing cleavage of her swimsuit and pinched the bridge of her nose. This was not going as planned; she'd have to deal with Abi, all of the allure of a relaxing vacation in the rear view mirror.

That was the bad news, but the good news was that the growth didn't seem to last. With their trek back to the room, Mia's chest had shrunk a little more. It still peaked out of her top from every angle, but it could have been much worse, she could be the size of Abi right now. Mia grabbed a T-shirt from the

back that she had chucked onto her bed and pulled it over her head.. The fit of it was pulled up a little, leaving her midriff exposed, but it was enough coverage for her to pull off the swimsuit from underneath. With some more breathing room, her mind turned to Abi.

“You okay in there? If nothing fits we can just give it a little bit of time and take it easy in the room.” In the bathroom, Abi struggled to peel off her one-piece. It was far too taut stretched over her breasts; the straps over her shoulder were easy, but each yank downward only puffed her cleavage upward, bubbling in struggling spheres over the hem of the swimsuit. She threw her arms down in defeat.

“It’s stuck...” she groaned to Mia, frustration caught in her throat. She turned to the mirror of the sink to see her desperate situation from the outside. Her boobs dominated her figure, each roughly the size of her head at this point, shushed into her swimsuit in a way that lifted them from her narrow waist. This was a nightmare.

On the outside, Mia was also taking the chance to check her figure in a wall mirror, cupping her chest through her thin shirt. It was hard to tell how much they had gone down, but they were still a lot bigger than she was used to. Unlike Abi, mortified by whatever was causing this, Mia's feelings were that of indifference. It went down eventually, and while she was never particularly gifted in cup sizes before, it was still her body, and she was afraid of the attention if it came to it. Most of what she was feeling was empathy for Abi, who was now suffering on vacation.

“Do you want it off now? I can come in and pull...” She raised her voice to make it through the bathroom door. The door to the bathroom opened and Abi walked it, straps off her shoulders still but swimsuit still wrapped around her. Her posture was concave, pulling her chest in to make it as comfortable as she could. Slumping to the bed, Abi flopped down, holding her bust to mitigate the bounce, an instinct she developed last time she grew. Mia sat down next to her. “Abi, I’m so sorry, this was supposed to get your mind off crazy boob magic, not find more.”

“It’s okay...” Abi’s face was blank, tired and burnt out from all the synapses in her brain frying at the sight of her chest enveloping a quarter of her body. “You couldn’t know this was going to happen, and when this goes away, we’re going to get to the bottom of this.” Mia nodded at Abi’s resolve. “So, no salvaging this vacation?”

“You said it yourself, this was about not growing, and here we are.”

“But I mean... I don’t know exactly why this is happening, but what can we do except let it take its course?”

“And just grow all vacation?”

“We can plan for it? This is so much different than growing on campus. No one knows us here, no

getting ogled by the guys in a lecture, and maybe some free drinks?”

“I can’t believe you’re trying to spin this...”

“I have to, otherwise you’ll sulk the whole time here AND the ride back home.” Abi sighed. She also didn’t want to ruin this experience for Mia; it was her vacation too.

“We can try to figure out what happened and... I guess... still try to relax.” Mia smiled, hopping up to grab some snacks from the beach bag.

“Let’s give you some time to weasel out of that swimsuit and then we can find a spot to brainstorm.” Abi was free from the swimsuit after about two hours of waiting for her chest to reduce to a manageable size, changing in record speed to shorts and a tank top and thin sweatshirt, a nice compromise between disguising her current F cups and still managing the heat in the later part of the day. Mia’s swells went down to just above her normal size, enough to put on her swimsuit top again and traded a t-shirt cover with a crop top.

“So,” Mia bounced on the balls of her feet, trying to restore some energy to the vacation. “We can brainstorm anywhere, right? Why not find a place where we can vacation and plot at the same time?”

“I guess we could retrace our steps... it doesn’t make sense to waste more time in the hotel room.” Mia grabbed her bag. Mia, smiling wide, had already paced over to the door by the time Abi turned to look at her.

“I think I saw some kinda board on the way in...maybe it has tourist destinations or like...sights to see around the area.” Mia called back as she made her way downstairs and back to the small lobby, spotting a cork board hung by the front door. Her eyes lighting up, Mia rushed over to it, scanning to see if there was anything interesting poked into it. There were really only three posters on it: one for a missing dog, one for some festival that had passed a month ago, and one more for a local spa that apparently was open late. Mia smiled at the sight of it: a sauna. Of course! They could have a room to themselves and enjoy a nice steam bath as they worked things out. And it was relatively isolated, so the worries of growing huge near other people was relatively minimal. The plan settled in Mia's mind, she stormed back upstairs in excitement to tell Abi the plan.

Abi had just been sitting on the side of the bed, staring down at the remaining cleavage attached to her chest. Even though she had shrunk considerably, the fact that she had, for one, grown multiple times that day, as well as gotten even bigger the second round, was definitely instilling a deep anxiety that she simply couldn't shake.

“Hey! How does a sauna trip sound?” Mia broke through this fuzzy wall of static that Abi was drowning in, shaking her head as she regained her composure.

“A...sauna? Like a public one?” Mia shrugged.

“The poster downstairs said that there's smaller private rooms that lock and stuff. I think we should

check it out! Its private, its relaxing...I know you like your hot sweaty rooms..." Abi raised her eyebrow.

"...who told you that?" She asked, stepping back. Mia laughed.

"Ok, fine, I'm lying. But still! This looks like...something, at least! Its not in public, so if this does happen again, which we don't KNOW if it will...but if it does, who cares? It'll just be us!" Abi looked to the side before looking back at her friend. She really didn't feel like going out at all still, in spite of her earlier push of motivation. But seeing Mia's eager attitude always seemed to push her juuuust enough.

"...fine. That...does actually sound kinda nice..." Mia threw her fists in the air in victory.

"Hell yeah! Let's get going!" Mia grabbed Abi by the wrist and lifted her off the bed, the two dashing and giggling their way out of the hotel and towards the spa, which Mia tracked down using the GPS on her phone. All the way there, Abi kept stealing glances at her chest; the more she looked down, the more relief she felt, as it continued its gradual shrink back down to her old size, still pushing at least a DD as they finished their short walk down the main street, then turned down a smaller one, then another, until they reached a somewhat sketchy alley that led to a small brick house next to a cliff, a sign in front looking rather washed out that read "Seaside Sauna".

"This is it!" Mia exclaimed in excitement, shutting off her GPS as they approached the property. Abi chewed the side of her lip, looking up at the intimidating building with doubt.

"Umm...doesn't this seem like a...kinda weird spot, Mia?" Mia shrugged.

"How would we know? We're not from here. Now come on!"

"Yeah that's kind of what I me-...ok..." Abi tried to interrupt, but failed to do so as her friend rushed down the rest of the alley and up the short flight of wooden stairs to the doorstep. The door was glass and swung open rather easily, the hinges squeaking as it shut behind them. The interior was very yellow beige, with minimalist art statues of odd shapes and vaguely human-looking forms assorted around the various corners of the small lobby. Behind the desk was a redhead, typing away at the computer in front of her. She glanced up, noticing the new guests and smirking.

"Hello. Welcome in. How may I assist you today?" Her voice was proper and sounded faintly posh; the red framed glasses on her face hid hazel eyes that glinted in even the faintest of mood lighting available in the muted reception room.

"We were looking to get a private sauna room for the night." The redhead smiled, rotating from the computer and grabbing a clipboard from the desk nearby.

"Of course. Just sign through this little bit of paperwork for me and you'll be clear for a room. To go over it a bit: we rent out rooms at an hour at a time, \$30 an hour. There are towels available in the cabinet located in the far corner of your space. If there's anything we can assist you with, be sure to pull the cable near the door and an attendant will be right with you." She listed all of this off very carefully, but without pause or trip up, as if she'd said it millions of times that way before. "You'll want to go down that hallway and then three doors down to the left. The room is already heated, so be aware of that when you step in. And have a relaxing night, ok?" She beamed at them before turning back to her computer, Mia and Abi signing off on the one sheet of paper that was essentially just an acknowledgment that they were using a public space for a while and all of the usual rules like no outside food or drink, no roughhousing, etc. After they handed the woman her clipboard back, they made their way down the hall, its color now a shade of light grey-blue, Mia counting down the doors until they got to their room.

"...was it just me, or was the receptionist, like...kinda hot?" Mia asked as she opened the door.

Abi gave Mia a friendly 'oh, you' tap on her arm. "Helps with business I'm sure. Maybe you can ask for her number when..." Abi stepped inside past Mia and felt the heat immediately wash over her. "Wow, that's- wow..." She closed her eyes. The sauna felt... charged. The steam moved over Abi's body like lapping waves from the beach, flowing from the front of her chest all the way through her.

"Mia, this is... this was a good idea." she sighed. She opened her eyes and finally noticed the sauna itself. It was surprisingly spacious, rivaling the size of the hotel room the girls were able to afford. A bench lined the circumference and the walls matched it with oak accents, making a pile of fluffy, white towels stick out from the rest of the room. It was the sight of the towels that made Abi remember. She tensed, feeling herself fight against the therapy of the sauna. "Oh... do you think we really have to... disrobe?" Abi turned to Mia, already "disrobing." Her hands were behind her back untying her swimsuit top.

"Oh, I think it's a safety thing? Like, our skin has to breathe." Mia replied, pulling at the string of her top, catching her slightly-boasted chest with a scooped up towel. Mia gulped. She already was feeling the heat get to her in her thin sweatshirt.

Mia wrapped herself in the towel and plopped down on the bench. "Man, this... this is unreal." She laid back, slack against the back wall as she let the sauna's steam flow around her, melting her senses and causing her to coo slightly. Abi fiddled with her sweatshirt, pulling down the zipper sheepishly.

"Maybe, just the tank top is enough, right?" She turned to Mia for a response, but she was useless. Her eyes were closed and clearly rolled into the back of her head as she melted under the influence of the sauna. Abi, trying not to overexert herself in the heat, took a seat on the bench opposite her, eyes bouncing all over the room to avoid looking at Mia topless behind a towel. "We're supposed to be multitasking Mia, c'mon."

"Mmm o..kay." Mia hummed, rolling her neck back but not rising or opening her eyes.

"Well, first, I think we can..." Abi's eyes turned back to Mia to see two apples of flesh trying to escape out of the top of her towel. She was growing again.

The sight sent Abi into fight or flight mode, and, choosing flight, she made her way for the door, leaving Mia alone and clueless. The door seemed locked, however, only further flustering Abi as she felt the steam within getting thicker and thicker. Somehow her head felt foggier, and she stumbled a few steps away from the door while clutching her head. Vision blurring for a moment, she sat at the edge of the bench to catch her breath for a moment, mind going numb for just long enough for her sweater to feel incredibly tight around the arms, as well as around the front-

"Oh, come on!" Abi shouted out in frustration, staring down at two breasts that were now suddenly back to what would likely be DDs on her, their forms projecting out a few inches from her frame. The returned weight made her go red, Abi struggling to get her breath back as she looked over at the wall near the door, noticing a bright yellow cable. Getting up slowly, feeling her legs going numb even as she walked over to the rope, she just managed to grab it before stumbling back over onto the bench nearby, the feeling in her legs now lost as she sat there, looking over at her friend. The sight made her eyes go wide.

“Mia! What the...what's happening to you?!” Abi could only cry out in shock as her friend's chest steadily ballooned out in front of her, towel removed as they slowly bulged out to be as big as her head. They didn't seem to be slowing down anytime soon either, and Mia merely sat there as her breasts gradually filled the space between her chest and her lap. “...that's not gonna happen to me is it? Fuck...I gotta get out of here somehow...”

Sapped of energy, Abi could only scooch her way toward the door, each slump reverberating with force through her more prominent chest. The force that they pushed through their tank top was small compared to the pulsing waves hitting Mia. Abi resisted the numbing feeling, digging her fingers into her seat. She tried to keep her attention fixed on the door, on the sound of the steam, on anything that wasn't the feeling of her tank top pulling over her titflesh. Between the foggy sensation of the steam and the panic taking over her system, Abi not-so-patiently waited for the pull of the yellow cable to bring on some result, some help.

When nothing came, she took a deep breath, centering her spirit long enough to push her upward and reach for it again. She reached, but failed, dropping back down and plopping back onto the seat, causing her chest to bounce, pressing her breasts together and apart, back and forth, like two coconuts dangling on a tree in a storm. She reached again, this time clipping the cable with the tips of her fingers and falling back down, jostling her chest again so that the open sweatshirt dropped to her shoulders and opened up the view to her bubbling cleavage. The connection was enough to sound the alarm, right? She had to keep trying, she couldn't just stay in here.

Outside, the redhead sat, reading a large book on her desk.

DING

The cable for the room sounded off, no response from its caretaker. She look up to the clock on the wall. She hummed to herself. “They’ve hardly been in there at all... that enchantment should knock them out in no-”

DING

“...time.” The redhead slacked her head, staring blank into the distance. She returned to her book, adamant to let her magic do the work for now.

“C'mon, c'mon...” Abi reached up again, her strength fading fast, once again missing the yellow cable by a few inches. Unable to stand up from the spot, her legs completely numb, Abi merely grunted in defeat as she leaned her back up against the wall. She looked back down, her tank top now beginning to tear at the seams as breasts the size of her head began to push it to its limits. “Mia...can you...?” Wanting anyone's help desperately, Abi looked back over to her friend and gasped at the sight; Mia's breasts had started to touch her lap, and their forms only flattened against her legs as they continued to bloat outwards. Mia seemed like she was in another world, her head slack and relaxed as her whole body sat motionless.

Abi tried moving again, but now found that she couldn't even lift her arms anymore. They felt just as gelatinous and heavy as her legs, which now left Abi completely at the mercy of her slowly swelling breasts. They seemed to be only growing faster as time passed, the anxiety coursing through Abi

fighting the soothing nature of the steam that surrounded her.

“Help! Someone!” Abi could only cry out, hands at her sides as she leaned her head back against the warm wooden wall, her eyes closed tight, before she heard a nearby door creak open.

“How is everything in here?” The familiar voice of the receptionist echoed through the small, steamy room as the door swiftly shut behind them. She looked over to see Abi, eyes wide and desperate, looking down to see that her top was still holding back the mounting cleavage behind them. “...you were supposed to strip, you know. Have you never been to a sauna before, dear?” Abi was unresponsive, completely numb and stuck sitting on the bench as the steam continued to fill her head with clouds.

“What...what's going on...?” Abi choked out, mind swimming as her breasts finally started to rip through her top, seams ripping across her armpits and across the front as the material reached its maximum stretch limit. Onward they lolled out, material starting to lift upward past her belly as it continued its stretch outwards. “Why is this...happening...?”

“Well, you're in luck dear. Because I have answers.” The woman sauntered slowly over to Mia, still completely zoned out as her tits continued to fill her lap. The redhead couldn't help but smirk, letting out a soft chuckle at the sight. “Well, she certainly loosens up easy.” Stepping closer, the receptionist stared at the swelling mounds for a moment, before reaching forwards thrusting her arm deep down into her cleavage. Abi went wide-eyed at the sight, jaw dropping as the woman boldly dug around. All the while, Mia's over-bloated front wobbled to and fro with the movements. Mia didn't seem to react at all, eyes still glazed over as a bit of drool leaked from her mouth. After a few moments, the woman removed her arm, an object clenched in her fist.

“Ah! There we are.” The object seemed relatively simple, from what Abi could tell. And after a moment of staring at her hand, she noticed that it was also very familiar. A short, black tube with a few holes drilled into it, seemingly made of some sort of ceramic material. “Now then, to get the other half...” She turned to face Abi, who merely looked on in complete terror as the woman approached her.

“Wait, wait!” Abi pleaded, writhing on the seat. “Please, just...” Her energy was still running low, and the words weren't coming to her like they should have been.

“Now dear, I know this is a lot at once...and to be fair, I never meant this to happen to you.” The redhead explained, tapping the broken cylinder against her hand. “When I misplace things like this, I make it a top priority to track them down and contain them. Unfortunately, you just so happened to get a hold of it before I could.” Abi's memory fired off a scene from earlier in the day, the strange glinting she had seen on the beach...

“You...have you been following us...?” Abi asked, tits still slowly crawling down her torso, making little progress compared to Mia. However, when Abi looked over at Mia, she noticed that her tits had,

in fact, stopped their growth.

“Well, you see...I knew this particular object was going to be a bit of a...problem to get back. Simply walking up to you and putting my hand between your breasts isn't exactly the strongest strategy.” She chuckled a bit, staring on at Abi's cleavage. “...we do have a bit of an issue...which is both frustrating and impressive to me, dear.” She tapped one of Abi's teats with the smooth edge of the cylinder in her hand. “In order for me to grab the half on you, I need you to fully relax. Can you do that for me, dear?”

“I... don't understand.” Abi was even struggling to talk clearly; she leaned her head back, lightly hitting the wall behind her, only able to follow the redhead with her eyes.

“Well, let's put it this way: I could go into extreme and excruciating detail, covering exactly what kind of magic you've invoked, its history, its uses, et cetera...” The red head trailed off, waving around the broken tube like a pointer stick. “Or, you could just lean back, suffer a good feeling for once, and I can tell you all about it later!” Tiffany capped off the sentence with a smile, a smile that Abi truly didn't know how to feel about. She tried doing the math in her head, but she felt the soothing sensation of the sauna and the cooling feeling within her bosom brush up against the effort. The more she thought, the longer she was going to grow. With that realization in mind, she steeled herself, closing her eyes.

“I expect... an explanation...after...” Abi drooped her shoulders, leaving all of her guard down for the soothing spa experience.

“Oh, we'll see about that, dear.” Tiffany chuckled as she watched Abi gradually loosen up, her body fully relaxing as she let the hot steam soothe her. “Now, was that so hard-” Before the redhead could even finish the question, the growth in Abi's chest picked up speed, nudging the redhead from the side. Stepping back, she saw Abi's sweatshirt zipper fall all the way down, her tank top lurch forward and a spilling of titflesh right behind it. The slack of the top was gone in an instant, tightening around her chest and causing her breasts to lap over the top of its hem. The straps of the top grew taut as well, sinking into the puffy flesh bubbling up from below. Abi's pale skin plumped upward like a muffin over the restrictive top. The tension of the top thinned the material; between that and the sweat from the sauna, Abi's skin was more and more visible through the fabric, so much so that the line of her cleavage became a clear, dark line that bisected the top. The red head took another step back, just in case. Pushing forward against the tense material, her breasts bubbled underneath as well, creating impressive underboob that rivaled the size of the boob flowing over the top hem.

A deep sigh broke through Abi's lips. She rolled her head, feeling the intoxicating magic at its full strength. In a moment, her chest had erupted, each orb the size of a basketball and fighting a war against her tank top. Through closed lids, Abi's eyes rolled back. Her consciousness waned, but she was still feeling the tightening sensation across her front. Flesh was rushing into her breasts like they were the reserves of an open faucet, jiggling with the force of the growth alone, their motions, jostling and vibrating up and down with every surge. The bounces not fully finishing before the next surge forward. The straps of her tank top now pressed harsh valleys on the flanks of their curves. The stress in the fabric cut through the air around each strap with a stifled stretching sound, until-

SNAP SNAP

Both straps exploded off of Abi's shoulders, flipping backwards and hitting off the wall she was leaning on. Without the support, her top and breasts slapped downward, heaving with a massive bounce, the rebound making it close to Abi's slack chin. The tank top itself had become a tube top, wrapping around the middle of her breasts and her back. It holstered her breasts, now the size of beach balls. Just shy of falling onto her lap, the sheer pressure continued in the top enough to hold them up, maintaining a rounded shape despite their size. A tear formed at the top and down hem, but the scratching sound was lost to Abi, as she felt the force of an arm dive directly into her cleavage. Abi was able to open her eyes, just barely. It was enough to see the redhead was smiling, holding another broken cylinder. It was the last thing that Abi saw before she passed out.

* * *

When Abi awoke, there was sky above her.

She sat abruptly upright, looking around herself to see unfamiliar territory. There was a dirt path downward, a sharp decline blocking her view of the distance, the horizon blocked out by the nearby thicket of trees and brush.

Looking to the other side was a cliffside, only feet away, which overlooked the ocean. The very beach that Abi and Mia had seen just earlier, pier and all, was in complete view. The white waves crashed upon the thin line of beige sand, a strange sense of nostalgia briefly washing over Abi.

Another glance forward revealed Mia, propped on a nearby tree, sleeping soundly not far from her. The space was small. There was a mossy park bench nearby that Abi decided to get up and sit on for the time being. She didn't recall how she had gotten here, but the last thing she did remember was-

She gasped, looking down at herself, specifically her chest, in a panic. The panic quickly alleviated, however, as she saw that her breasts had gone back down to their normal size, before any of this trip had ever happened. She was once more in her bathing suit, as was Mia, something she thought had been destroyed before. For a moment, she felt like it was all a distant dream. But then she remembered that she was awake now, and in a way, she was looking down upon that dream on a completely different day.

"Doing ok over there?" A familiar voice made Abi jump up, quickly looking behind herself to see a redhead in glasses peering over at her. She wore a simple black sweater with a matching skirt, her eyes bright and piercing as they looked over at the demure Abi. Abi still didn't know how to feel about this woman. She was cautious, but didn't want to risk being rude either.

“How...did we get up here...?” Abi asked, looking over at Mia as she started to stir. Eyes slowly opening, she began to let out a big yawn as she scratched her back groggily.

“...yo, Abi? What's going...” her eyes went wide as her hands flew to her chest. Luckily for her, the massive beach ball sized breasts she thought she had were now gone, and her old, flat chest had returned. Frowning a bit, but shrugging regardless, Mia looked up to see Abi, clad in her swimsuit, across from a mysterious redhead that looked vaguely familiar. It took her a moment to understand her surroundings as well, but it didn't take long to dawn on her that she was in an unfamiliar, yet familiar, place. “Hey! You're the spa lady!”

“Very astute of you dear, yes.” Tiffany snapped back with a roll of her eyes. “Now then...you wanted an explanation, hmm?” She asked, eyes narrowing in on Abi, who merely swallowed nervously at the thought. She was so confident when her tits were breaking out of her clothes. Now that she was back to her old self, with nothing at risk, this woman seemed so much more...severe than she had before.

“Erm...I mean, if you didn't mind, that is...” Abi replied bashfully, avoiding eye contact as much as she possibly could. This merely made Tiffany smile broader, pulling the flute out from behind her.

“Hey, where were you keeping tha-” Mia attempted to ask, but Tiffany merely held up a finger, which seemed to shut Mia up immediately. Somehow.

“Now, I won't go into what I am, or what I do, but I will tell you...that I have many different valuables - some of which I made, some I did not – and those valuables specifically specialize in, well...” She shrugged her shoulders and gave a cheeky grin. “...I'm sure you've put that together at this point, hm? Anyways, I traveled here to find this flute...” She presented it, its slim, simple design reminding Abi of a wooden piccolo, although it seemed to be made of clay or stone instead, being pure black in color. “I had a feeling it'd wash up somewhere around here, considering who lost it...and how...” She giggled at the thought, a gesture which concerned both Mia and Abi.

“...who was that?” Mia dared to ask. Tiffany merely looked over at her and paused before speaking.

“Doesn't matter, dear. Not a part of this story, I'm afraid.” Mia merely arched her eyebrow as Tiffany looked away to continue her explanation. “Now, while I knew it'd likely end up on this beach, I had no clue it would end up down your top, dear.” Abi blushed at the memory of yesterday, the strange object that refused to come out of her chest...

“Its unfortunate that it stuck so bad to you, dear. I'd blame the fact that it was wet, and that you already boast a pretty solid set as it is.” Tiffany stated, pointing to Abi's C-cups. Abi went a deep red at the statement, Mia merely laughing at it.

“Thank you! I've been trying to tell her that for so LONG now, GOD!” Mia cried out, hands gesturing

emphatically at her words. Tiffany chuckled, pushing forward with her explanation.

“When you two broke it, and somehow got it stuffed down your bustlines, it decided to act...erratic. From what I could tell, it caused you to grow when fully relaxed; only then would the flute fully show itself.”

“So...that's why you were at the spa?” Abi pieced together. Tiffany nodded, then smiled broadly.

“Dear, I made that spa. Everything there was of my design! If you were to return to that spot now, however, you'd find an empty lot just like where we are now.” Abi and Mia's eyes both went wide, now a bit scared of whatever this woman was. “I knew I had to retrieve it. I couldn't just let something like that out in the wild. But I had to have a plan, because I know how you mortals get when someone asks about your chest!” She waved her hand nonchalantly. “So the spa trick it was! And now, I get my flute back, and you two get to be back to normal. “ She pushed herself off the tree, giving Abi a slight nod. “And there you have it; your explanation. Anything else, dear?” Abi tried to think of something else, but couldn't, merely shaking her head. Tiffany smiled, Mia standing up to join Abi at the bench, before looking behind herself.

“Damn that's a nice view!” She muttered to herself before looking back over at Tiffany, flute in hand. “So like...do you play the flute or something? Why a flute?”

“Mia...” Abi urged her to not be herself for once, but before she could, Tiffany's smirk broadened.

“In fact, dear, I can play the flute. My collection is...numerous. You could say immeasurable, with how long I have been at this. But this flute...it was one of my first. And I know it quite well...its very special to me.” She walked up the bench, between the two as they stared up at her, flute in hand, eyes glinting through her frameless glasses. “You see, when its not being snapped in two, its tune can make all women around who hear the melody...well, let me demonstrate.”

“No wait, that's-” Abi tried to interrupt, but before she could, Tiffany held the flute up to her lips and played a quick little five note tune, the sound echoing through the silence of the forest. Abi and Mia froze in place, looking over at each other, then quickly at each other's chest as they erupted forwards in their bathing suits. Abi watched as Mia's chest filled up her tank top quickly, inches pouring behind the fabric as her once flat frame became handfuls in no time flat. Within mere seconds, Mia now had a chest that could easily fill out a D or DD.

Mia was distracted, however. She could only gasp as her friend's chest quickly bloated outwards, her one piece quickly running out of fabric up top as her B cups upgraded size after size, quick pulses of growth shooting through her before they settled on a size that almost seemed to rival large grapefruits. Before either of them could say a thing, they looked up over at the culprit, who was smiling at her handiwork.

“Consider it a parting gift, dears!” Tiffany snickered before holding up a hand and snapping.

“Wait, you can't-” Abi was talking to air. They were back on the beach, the two of them left with their overtaxed bathing suits. It was as if they had both blinked and ended up there, the sight making their heads spin for a moment. “...you gotta be kidding me.” Abi stated with a sulk, hefting up her new breasts with the palms of her hands, flesh now able to spill over her fingertips.

“I mean...they look...amazing...” Mia stated, trying her best to not ogle Abi too hard. Which was definitely a challenge – not only were Abi's new breasts twice as big as her own, even after her own growth; they also had a perfect teardrop shape to them as well, fitting on her frame with seemingly no effort at all.

This brought Abi no comfort, regardless. The boost in size was not just noticeable, it was painfully obvious. How was she going to explain this to anyone at home? How some magic witch played a flute and made this happen?

“...this vacation was a disaster...” Abi muttered. Mia frowned, putting her hands on her hips sassily.

“Hey! You're not the only one who grew like...four or...three cup sizes-”

“Mia, I grew like...five cups, at LEAST!”

“Ok, ok, point is! For one, this might wear off! You never know, she didn't say it didn't-”

“She called it a 'parting gift'...”

“Yeah, and she just might be fucking with us, y'know?” Mia assured, trying her best to help Abi through it. Abi sniffed a bit, letting her hands drop off her new breasts, their forms hardly sagging in the least. She sighed.

“...y-yeah, maybe...” Looking off into the ocean, the light glimmering off of the waves, Abi couldn't help but feel a silent resentment towards Tiffany. And whether or not they would cross paths again, Abi didn't know. A part of her never wanted to see her again. And the other part...

It hoped they would meet again soon. Abi had more questions for her.

Later, while Abi and Mia were packing up from the hotel, belongings all stuffed into their respective

suitcases, Abi looked down her shirt and frowned. It stretched out across the front, tenting and denting in ripples across the fabric. She had kept every inch given to her. It seemed like this size was hers to keep this time around, much to her dismay.

“Hey! When we get back did you wanna head to the mall?” Mia asked, throwing her arm around Abi's shoulder, catching her by surprise. “I'm gonna need some new bras...” She muttered the last part, which made Abi blush. Regardless, she nodded.

“Uh...s-sure!” Abi couldn't help but smile; in spite of everything, Mia kept every ounce of enthusiasm that she had come here with. And Abi realized that as long as she had someone like that by her, at the very least, she didn't feel nearly as bad about it all. “C'mon, let's get going!”

THE END.