**Cleaning Out The Attic**

By Trilon

The trap door slammed open, and dust puffed everywhere. A hand reached up, and clicked on the light, casting shadows through the small attic. Betty climbed up through the trapdoor and surveyed the scene with a disdainful glare. She was tall, blond, slim and stern, and was going to get this done once and for all.

She wiped her hands on her apron, which was covering her black dress, and strode purposefully through the attic, looking for *that* box. Henry’s. She’d asked him to leave almost a month ago now, and she had cleansed the whole house of his things. Except this.

Henry had been a scientist, and had always spent too much time on his work, and not enough on her. She’d loved his brains and his work ethic, but she never felt he wanted her. Despite his frequent protestations, all she’d heard was “I’m not enough”. Well, she’d be enough for someone else.

Angry at the memory, she shoved boxes and bags to the side, until she found it. His box. It was too painful to think about, so she grabbed it and went to leave. A small photo fluttered out, landing on the floor. She almost left it. But curiosity got the better of her.

She wished she hadn’t looked. On it, was a hugely busty woman - presumably a model of some kind - wearing an outfit that looked like it was for someone fives sizes below her. Her humongous tits were bulging out of it in what Betty thought a very unseemly way, and her behind was equally huge. Betty felt a queer tightness in her chest, almost an *excitement*, looking at the picture, but she quickly ignored it. Turning it over, she saw “almost there”, written in Henry’s hand, along with “EXP-029”.

Pornography! This was worse than she thought. She put the box down, and put the picture on top, determined to burn the lot, when she saw a green glow emanating from the box. “It’s not like it’s going to be worse than *porn*”, Betty reasoned and scrabbled through various trinkets and pages of notes.

It was some kind of vial, or test tube, containing a glowing green liquid, with the label “EXP-030: BETTY”. Her name! Could this be...could she have been wrong the whole time? The light was very dim in the attic, but using the glow of the liquid itself, she scanned a few documents. Turned out this was what Henry had been working on the whole time they’d been together. Using a rare sample of a certain crystal, he’d been working on a serum...for Betty. She was stunned. All this time she thought he didn’t care.

“I should think about this, but to hell with it”, Betty said, out loud. She’d been miserable for too long, and if this was what her husband had been working on, she needed to know. She grabbed the vial in one hand and took a sip.

She remained, kneeled by the box, for ten seconds. Nothing. It was deathly quiet. Suddenly, Betty felt pressure on the back of her calves. She pumped up, slightly higher and further forward, despite being on her knees. “What the-”

Again. She pumped forwards. It was like there was less room between her legs and...her ass. It was...getting bigger. Pumped outwards, bigger and bigger, pushing the rest of her body up to make room. She was...growing?

Instantly, she felt down with hands, and noticed she did indeed have a bigger rear. It was packed into her tight dress. She was in her late 20s, and had a very good figure, but it was never one she would have described as ‘curvy’. And yet now, standing up, she had a lovely, round, pert ass filling out her black dress.

And it was getting bigger.

She put a hand on her left cheek, and felt the warmth as it swelled outwards, inching bigger and bigger with each passing second, pressing into her hand, as more and more ass cheek swelled into her hand. Her ass was now so big and round and firm - just like the girl in the picture! So *this* was what Henry was working on! Well now, this was *quite* the development. Maybe all that work was for her after all. She’d always told Henry she’d wished she was bigger. Betty doubted Henry knew just how big she wanted to get, though.

While she was thinking this, she felt her ass swell further and further, tightening her dress against her slender frame, as the fabric was pulled tighter to contain her massive cheeks. She had a *really* large ass now, and it looked incredible, but slightly out of place on her thin frame. Betty wondered if this “EXP-030” would take care of the rest of her too. She wouldn’t need to wait long.

Seconds later, Betty felt the warmth extend to her breasts and felt an incredible thrill surge through her. She was going to have tits! Potentially pretty big tits! She wondered how big they were going to get and found with surprise that the thought *really* thrilled her. She suddenly realised she wanted to get very large indeed.

Her nipples got very hard and began to poke through the black fabric. Quickly, she removed her a-cup bra, praying she wouldn’t need it any longer. Almost instantly, her breasts began to swell outwards, slowly gaining inches as they pressed against Betty’s increasingly tight dress. She loved the feeling of the fabric being pulled firmly across her aroused body as she blew up bigger and bigger with each passing second. The serum was clearly working its magic.

Within a minute, her breasts had swelled to about four inches straight out, putting serious strain on Betty’s dress. She loved the feeling of growing and seeing how large and firm she could become. She hoped the growth would continue, but she felt everything slow. Everything was getting so arousing, and she found herself becoming incredibly turned on. In a fit of madness, she realised Henry had been doing this all for her, and she wanted him back - she should never have left him. Her darling! He just wanted her to be big. She wanted the same thing. She went to pick up the box, and realised her growing tits made this difficult. “Oh well, I only need one thing now”, she smiled. She grabbed the vial and drained the lot.

It hit her almost instantly. Had she read the notes left by Henry, Betty would have realised that she’d drunk a week’s worth of serum in under one minute. But of course, Betty didn’t read anything. She doubled over and felt a huge amount of warmth in her breasts and ass, as they began to swell and bulge, pressing outwards into her tightening dress in opposite directions.

Everything about her growth felt incredible, and Betty hoped it would never end. She felt her hands drifting down towards her cunt as her swelling tits and ass turned her on. She wished Henry was here to fuck her between her fat, growing boobs. She would call him! Right now! Turning to leave, Betty tripped over the box and slipped backwards. She landed with a thud on her huge, growing ass, and marvelled at how little she’d felt it. There was so much padding there now. The thought made her even more wet.

She leant forward to try and get up, but her tits were growing hugely in front of her, jutting out about seven inches already, in huge, round melons that were growing so wide and large that she could barely comprehend it. They were growing so big so fast. She leant up from her position on the floor and found her two huge boobs smooshed into her legs, bulging in massive mounds, taking up all the space that was there. Her dress was getting really tight now, as her ass and tits grew further.

Betty wanted to lie there and finger herself, but she thought she’d better get this dress off, or it’d rip. She was going to need a wholenew wardrobe, she suddenly realised. The thought of squeezing her huge, bulbous breasts and ass into some tight outfits (which would have been positively baggy on her old figure) was tremendously exciting. “Maybe I’ll have to get them specially made!”, she thought, with a thrill.

Rolling to her side, feeling her huge, swollen jugs press into the floor, Betty eventually managed to haul her massive, bulging form to her feet. Her tits were a good nine inches straight out now and were creating a huge tear in the side of her dress, which was simply unable to contain her huge bulk. Similar rips were appearing on the base of her dress at her thighs, as the sheer size and width of her swelling butt proved too much for the fabric.

She wobbled towards the trap door, noticeably growing the whole time. Her tits were truly large now, bulging a full ten inches in front of her. She had about nine whole inches of cleavage bursting out of the top of her black dress, which was cutting into the top of her fat tits, stopping them from showing their true enormity. The dress wasn’t cut out to support this kind of figure, and was ripping further with every passing second, as Betty swelled to bigger and bigger proportions as EXP-030 took its toll.

Betty looked around for the trapdoor. Where on earth was it? Suddenly, she realised with a bolt of pure joy that she couldn’t see it - her enormous chest was obscuring her view. She’d never see her feet again, and she couldn’t be happier. She just wanted to get bigger. Turning to the side, so her eleven inch protruding bust was out of the way, she suddenly saw with a shock how small the trapdoor was. Could she even fit through it?! The race was on.

Betty dropped to her knees, her huge, wobbling tits almost falling out of the dress, and realised with a thought that made her even wetter than before (and she was already dripping with arousal) that her massive udders almost touched the floor when she leant over, and sat back, her huge ass spreading out under her as she put her increased weight on it. Her behind was massive, and as her engorged butt grew wider, the tears in her dress increased; there was just too much of Betty to fit in its meagre form; it was designed for mere mortals, not super-inflated goddesses.

She placed her legs through the trap door and rested them on the top step of the ladder. So far, so good. She turned around, so was climbing down the ladder, and began to slowly descend. She could feel her swelling figure still bulging outwards as she clambered down, her dress tearing further with every step.

She made good progress, climbing down step after step, dreading the moment when her ass had to fit through. She was bent forwards, and her massive behind was in the air. She wished there was a cock to fuck her from behind (EXP-030 clearly had side-effects, or else she was, deep down, a total horn dog), but she was temporarily preoccupied with not being stuck up in the attic without a phone for god-knew-how-long.

Another step.

Shit. Betty felt her tremendous ass rest on the lip of the trapdoor. It hadn’t even made it *into* the hole, it was so huge. Betty instinctively breathed in, to make more room for her butt to squeeze down, which had the side effect of making her tits look even *bigger*. They’d been growing the whole time, and a huge thirteen inches of cleavage was Betty’s reward. Looking down, all she could see was breast. The thought aroused her beyond belief.

Having breathed in, Betty’s colossal butt just about squeezed over the top lip, and wedged firmly in the trapdoor, still growing. Betty pushed and pushed, and her huge, swollen ass slowly moved down, getting through the gap. Of course, Betty couldn’t see anything below her titanic bust, but she could feel the cool air on her bare legs (her dress was riding up something awful) and knew her swollen form was at least moving.

With a burst, her huge butt popped out of the trapdoor, and Betty fell down. She didn’t panic though, knowing her huge tits would barely make it *in* the trapdoor, let alone through. They were about fifteen inches straight out in front of her and were so huge and swollen.

Betty’s arms were in the attic, her legs sticking out below, her tits in the middle, still growing, wedged in the trapdoor. Hopelessly trapped. Her large breasts began to bulge around the square trapdoor, her expanse of titflesh swelling up over the lip, like rising dough. Betty was scared. She wanted to get bigger, but she wanted to escape, what could she - suddenly, she realised: she could do both at once.

Reaching one arm (which looked pitifully small next to the enormous, sixteen-inch breast it was next to), she reached for the box, which lay nearby. She stretched her fingers, as her bust swelled, clawing the box’s handle...eventually she latched on, and with all her strength, pulled. The box tipped over, and its contents poured out on the floor. Reflected on Betty’s face was a familiar green glow. She smiled.

Reaching a dwarfed arm over, she took another vial of “EXP-030” and with her thumb, popped the lid. She looked down at her tremendous, eighteen inch bust, and knocked back half the vial.

Instantly, there was a rumbling as her growth intensified, pushing into the trapdoor. Pain in her back grew as she was pressed back by her swelling bust, which was literally smashing through the wood, growing bigger and bigger. She was growing too big for the trapdoor to contain her.

She looked at her breasts bulged upwards, unable to push outwards. She felt her cleavage become bigger than anyone on earth had seen before, swelling and rising, until it nearly hit her chin. She heard the cracking of wood. She hoped the trapdoor would give soon, or she’d drown in her own tits. Not the worst way to go, but still.

As her swollen cleavage bulged ever bigger, Betty heard a large crack, and a large section of the trapdoor gave way, finally allowing her humongous tits to swell out to their true size. It looked to be over twenty inches. Betty was so wet. Before she could do anything else, the trapdoor broke further, and her huge tits were released, dropping Betty onto the ladder.

Taken completely by surprise, Betty managed to grab a hold of the ladder, but her enormous weight combined with the drop caused it to crack and slowly topple to the side. This all happened in a matter of seconds, but Betty’s enormous form fell to the floor. She was cushioned by her titanic tits and felt nothing but relief.

She lay on her back looking at the truly gargantuan breasts that rose up from her comparatively tiny frame. She could just about reach her nipples. That was good.

First, she was going to fuck herself senseless. Then she was going to call Henry. She had an apology to make. Plus, she was going to need more EXP-030.

And the latter wasn’t going to fix itself.

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