Lila whistled as she walked down the street, smiling at people as she passed by them. The early morning sun peeked through the city streets and she basked in it, stretching out her arms.

At 5’4, pale and slender as anything, Lila was a petite bundle of positivity. Her long brown hair was capped by a beanie that she pulled off and stuffed into her shoulder bag. She pulled her hand out with a key in grasp and unlocked the door to her store.

At 25, Lila was living her childhood dream of being a florist. Her store was warm and cozy, and the smell of flowers mixed with the warm orange light filled her senses as she stepped inside and flipped the lightswitch. She spun the sign on the door to read ‘open!’ before placing her bag behind the counter. She pulled up the roller blinds along the front of the store and began arranging her displays.

The first couple hours of the morning progressed as usual, a steady flow of customers trickling in from her location flush with foot traffic. As eleven rolled around, she began to wonder where the day’s delivery was.

“Elia is never late.” She mumbled to herself. Elia had been Lila’s delivery driver for years. A tall, lanky man, he was unbelievably timely, dropping off the day’s bundles of flowers at 10:45, almost to the minute.

Lila was broken out of her pondering when a woman placed a bouquet on the counter and cleared her throat.

“Oh, hi!” Lila stammered, jumping. “Sorry, little distracted there. Wonderful choice by the way, this bunch is really…”

Lila trailed off as her eyes found the woman’s ample chest, bulging against her bra beneath her shirt.

“…full.” She finished. She blushed deeply and quickly rung the woman up. Breast envy was, well… it wasn't unknown to Lila. She was pretty, for sure. Slender and petite, she had a comfortable toned build, but she was flat as a board, and had always found herself jealous of women with a bit more to show off upstairs.

The woman left and she was again shaken from her thoughts, this time by a familiar honk from out the back. She hurried out to see trays of flowers & bouquets arrayed on her table in the loading dock. Elia was already climbing back into his van, and gave her a cheery wave.

“Sorry, Lila! Serious traffic on the way here, and I’m behind. You take care now!” He called, jumping into the van and disappearing around the corner. He left as quickly as he had apparently unpacked, and Lila began hauling trays of flowers inside.

After a few minutes she had carried the last of the flowers inside. She went to close the back door, when a flash of pink caught her eye. On the floor by her delivery table was a ceramic pot containing a plant she had never seen before. Had that been there when she was unpacking? Surely she would’ve tripped on it. She looked around, but nobody was in the dock besides her.

With a frown she picked the pot up and carried it inside, closing the door with her foot. She carried it through the shop and to the counter, sitting down on her little stool.

The plant was composed of delicate green stems, with a pink flower atop each. The petals of the flower were bulbous and closed, almost like pink petals in the shape of an onion. The tip where they met was a deeper pink, almost like a…

Lila blushed at her own thoughts. “My mind must still be on that woman earlier…” she mumbled to herself. She idly poked one of the flowers with a finger tip, and it sprayed a mist of yellowish pollen from its core.

“Ahk, the fuck?!” Lila coughed, wheeling her chair back and waving a hand. She’d taken a breath as the flower had spored and had inhaled a lot. The air quickly cleared, though not before Lila noticed an odd smell. Almost… creamy?

She barely had time to puzzle over this odd, pollen-filled plant before a few customers filed into the store. She bustled over to help each in turn.

Lila conversed with each customer, learning a little about why they were there, what the flowers were for, and eventually helping each pick out the perfect bouquet.

Through the process, she couldn’t help but notice a growing sensation in her chest. It started as an itching, but then seemed to dissolve into a dull… pressure?

As she helped the last customer of the wave, a pink-haired woman looking to buy a bouquet for her girlfriends’ birthday, Lila found herself absently rubbing her chest through her top, and only caught herself when she noticed the girl’s raised eyebrow.

“Sorry! Just my chest. Erm, ah… allergies. Itchy.” She stammered, flushing and leaving the girl to browse. She made her way back to the counter and sat down. Her eyes drifted down to her chest, and then shot wide open as she saw the erect nipples tenting her shirt. They strained against the fabric like two fleshly little grapes, incredibly obvious.

Her jaw dropped and she barely noticed the pink-haired woman arriving at the counter in front of her with a bouquet in hand.

“Are you okay?” The woman asked, her voice a mix of concern and amusement. Lila snapped from her shock and nodded, moving to ring the woman up and trying desperately to ignore the jolts of pleasure that came from her nipples with every movement of her shirt.

As soon as the customer was taken care of Lila hurried to the back room and pulled her shirt up. Flat as a board, she generally didn’t have need to wear a bra, and so she let out a squeal when she saw two small lumps of breast on her chest, adorned by swollen little nipples.

“What the hell…” she murmured to herself as she reached up and gingerly touched them. Her knees quivered at the jolt of pleasure that shot through them like her nipples were dialed up to eleven. She squealed again, louder this time.

“What even… it couldn’t be…” she mused, puzzled. She stuck her head around the doorway and looked at the odd shaped flowers of the plant on her counter. They *were* somewhat boob-shaped, and she had inhaled the misty pollen, but… no. Surely not.

Lila made her way back through the store with her shirt fixed up and leaned over the plant. She looked around; only one customer in the store, another woman on the far side of the display room facing away from her.

Lila tentatively leaned down to the odd plant, peering at a bulb facing her. She pressed the soft leaves with her finger. It sank in, and the plant immediately released a misty cloud of pinkish yellowish pollen. Lila gasped, inhaling a lungful. Her heart fluttered in anticipation as she stood, waiting, but nothing happened.

She chuckled at herself, shoulders slumping.

“It was ridiculous anyway. Probably just hormonal swelling or something.” She muttered to herself. The woman from across the store approached the counter carrying a pot filled with assorted blooming flowers.

“Excellent choice!” Lila said as she tapped on the screen of her register. “What’s the occassiooOOO!”

Her voice trailed into a cry as her chest began to visibly swell, inching its way outwards and climbing gently through cup sizes. Her already-tight shirt began to rapidly grow very revealing, the outline of nipple, aorea and apple-sized breast very evident. She gripped the counter and groaned gently as the tight fabric teased her nipples.

The woman across from her cleared her throat, and Lila clapped a hand over her mouth.

“I am so sorry!” She said, blushing red and trying to regain her composure. She’d completely forgotten the woman was even there as she’d been assaulted by the sensations.

“It’s just allergies. Swe - nnng - swelling, that’s all. Tap here please!” She said, managing to ring the woman up. She paid quickly, a freaked out expression on her face, and left with her purchase. Lila followed the woman to the door and locked it behind her, flipping the sign to closed. She pulled down the blinds along the frontage and then approached the plant.

Tentatively she pulled her shirt up and off, throwing it to the side. Her eyes widened and her jaw dropped to see the milky-white cantaloupe sized breasts attached to her, adorned with plump areolae and thick nipples. This was so, so many of her fantasies come true. Though, in those fantasies…

Lila eyed the plant, leaning over it on her elbows. Not used to her new size, her nipples traced the counter and she moaned, knees buckling. She dropped and, to her shock, her face collided directly with one of the bulbs. It released a thick mist of pollen straight at her, and she inhaled heavily before she could even react.

She shot bolt upright and froze. Maybe she was lucky. Maybe she hadn’t inhaled as much as it had felt like. Maybe-

A wave of pressure flooded through Lila’s exposed chest as it almost immediately began to swell. She staggered as her breasts moved through cup sizes, growing heavy and disproportionate on her petite frame. They swelled quickly, faster than they had previously, and Lila leaned forward onto the counter as they grew heavier.

Leaning on the counter, her engorged chest swung back and forth gently, until it had expanded enough that her nipples traced along the surface with the movement. Then they were pressed into the counter, squished by the melon-sized masses above them. Lila gripped the counter and groaned, face flushed.

“Fuuuuck… please, enough!” She begged her chest, or maybe the plant. “Too… big! These are too much!”

The universe seemed to hear Lila’s wish, and the growth slowed before stopping completely. She stood panting, leaning forward with her arms on the counter. Her tits filled the space between her torso and the counter, resting upon it and pressing against her arms.

She stood with some difficulty, straightening her back against the suddenly beach ball sized boobs. She staggered under their weight and almost toppled backwards before catching herself.

In a haze Lila made her way to the back room, where she had a full height mirror leaning against the wall. She stopped in her tracks as she walked into view of it, staring at the sight before her.

Her slender frame was absolutely dominated by a massive pair of tits. They were wonderfully round, wider than her torso and reaching almost to her belly button. Raised pink areola like tea plates sat atop them, donned with thick nipples.

Lila tentatively reached up and pinched one of her nipples. The shock of pleasure that ran through her made her cry out involuntarily. She stood for a moment, her mind racing.

Lila dropped to her knees and began to trace and pull at her engorged nipples, shaking and shivering at the pleasure that seemed to run out of them and down her body. This was like so many stories she’d read come to life, so many fantasies, so many private dreams.

She felt an orgasm coming incredibly quickly and dropped to all fours as it hit her, rocking her chest and body with pleasure. She sunk her body into the soft flesh, letting it squish out and around her as she groaned.

Lila wasn’t quite sure how long she had been lying on the ground like that, but when she came to her senses it was with a mild panic. With great effort she hoisted herself up to her feet and stared at herself in the mirror. She couldn’t keep working like this, she couldn’t reopen the store, she… fuck, her shirt wouldn’t even fit her.

Lila bustled around the store making preparations to close up for the day, her massive chest bouncing and swaying with an impressive weight. She wrote a ‘Closed early, sorry!’ sign to stick on the door, and locked everything up. The big challenge was finding something to wear.

The shirt she’d worn this morning was now hopelessly small. It had been a tight, form-fitting piece when she’d been flat as a board. She tried to pull it on, but couldn’t even get it to stretch over the swollen tits.

Digging through the back room cupboards, Lila breathed a sigh of relief when she found old merch. She’d had shirts printed a while ago with her logo and little floral designs, and if she was lucky enough… bingo! She found an XL, tugged it from the messy cupboard and then pulled it on.

The mirror didn’t exactly reveal what Lila was hoping for. The XL fit, but snugly. It hugged her chest like a crop top, showing the size and shape of her breasts, areolae and nipples, and rode up to expose her slender stomach.

“Well, the alternative is walking home naked…” she mumbled to herself. Peeking through the blinds on the front door she could see the quiet street outside. Waiting until sunset was an option, but all she wanted right now was to get home.

She sat in her chair behind the counter, pulling her knees up and marvelling as her sensitive tits filled all the space between her torso and thighs. Eventually she decided on a plan.

Leaving the plant here overnight didn’t seem like a good option. Whatever it was, it was powerful, and possibly very valuable. Plus, she worried that if it had been given to her by accident (though from the way it had appeared by her table this felt very intentional), then the true owners might come looking for it. Her roommate wasn’t home until tomorrow, so she figured if she kept the plant hidden and got it back to the store early the next morning, she’d be in the clear.

She grabbed a cardboard box from under the counter and gingerly lowered the plant into it. She tightly taped it shut and then hoisted it up gingerly. She moved to the front of the store and then took a deep breath before stepping outside and locking the door behind her.

The walk from her store to her apartment was short, but somehow one of the longest she’d ever experienced. Lila was hyper aware of how visible her chest was beneath the stretched fabric, and it didn’t help that every step tugged and pulled the fabric across her nipples.

Carrying the box was awkward too. The combination of her giant chest and the bulky box meant that she couldn’t hold it in front of herself, above her tits, without completely blocking her vision. Compounded on that fact was also the issue that she had to keep it as still as possible for fear of shaking spores loose.

She ended up walking home awkwardly, holding the box to the side and doing her best not to stumble or shake it. She blushed away from the stares of people she passed, though she couldn’t blame them. She was short and slender, with tits like beach balls with soda can nipples attached, all very obvious beneath her desperately stretched shirt. She would’ve stared too.

Eventually Lila made it back to her apartment flustered, embarrassed and more aroused than she’d like to admit. She closed the door behind her and made her way into the living room, where she placed the box on the coffee table and collapsed onto the couch, panting.

“Fucking heavy…” she mumbled to herself, her hands tracing the giant breasts.

For the next few hours, Lila did her best to ignore the box. She bustled around the kitchen, making herself dinner which she ate on the sofa with a glass of wine. She showered with a newfound difficulty and pleasure, and used up all her hot water as she played with her soapy nipples.

Eventually she found herself back on the sofa, clean and exhausted. She found herself fixating on the box, unable to relax otherwise. She slowly convinced herself to check it, just a peek to make sure the plant had survived the bustling walk home.

Lila carefully sliced the tape and then opened the box. She cried out in alarm as a thick, potent cloud of pollen erupted from the lid, billowing out and filling the room. She remembered in a panic how sensitive the plant had been to her prodding. The walk home must have had it spewing pollen non stop.

The pollen filled the room like a misty cloud and Lila took several deep breaths on instinct before clapping a hand over her mouth.

*I need to get out.* She thought, making her way to the door. *I need fresh air, I can’t breathe in any more of this-*

She stopped in her tracks as an intense wave of pressure flooded her exposed chest. It built and built, her nipples screaming in pleasure as some sort of force seemed to push at them from inside. Just when she thought she couldn’t bear it a moment longer, her tits surged in size.

The pressure vanished in a moment as her chest BLOATED outwards, rapidly gaining cup sizes. She fell to the floor as the weight pulled her down. In mere moments they had seemingly doubled their beach ball size, and their sensitivity had skyrocketed too. On her hands and knees they filled the space between her body and the floor, her throbbing nipples pressed into the carpet.

The surge of growth was over as quickly as it had started and Lila breathed a sigh of mixed relief, panic and sheer arousal. She tried to stand but only managed to fall backwards into a sitting position. Her chest smothered her legs in front of her, and rose up to her shoulders in height. She whimpered as her nipples were exposed to the cool air, seemingly throbbing with her heartbeat.

The few moments of calm were broken as a pressure began to rise in Lila’s bean bag sized chest. The air of the room was still full of the misty pollen. She looked over her shoulder and her eyes widened in panic to see that the bulbs of the plant were all shrunken and grey, and each one was puffing out the last of their spores. The plant had seemingly emptied itself into the room. Had she jostled it too much on the walk home?

She barely had time to think about it before the mounting pressure grew in her leg smothering chest. With a grunting effort she managed to pull her legs out and positioned herself to be kneeling behind her tits. The pressure built and built again, and she knew her nipples must be quivering with the pressure, though she could no longer see them.

With a cry of pleasure and a surge of growth her chest bloated outwards again, expanding rapidly in all directions. In a matter of seconds her chest seemed to double in size again, growing upwards and outwards towards the roof and walls. The floor of the apartment groaned gently in protest as her view of the kitchen and hallway disappeared. Kneeling, her tits reached higher than her head, and her expansive cleavage was all she was left with.

Pleasure and arousal swam in Lila’s head. She was panicking, but the growth felt too fucking good. All she wanted was to reach her nipples, but there was no chance of that now. Instead her hands drifted down and found her pussy, where she began to play with herself.

The pollen in the air was slowly clearing, filtering out through doors and cracked windows. This was not a fact Lila particularly noticed as she cried and moaned in pleasure, quivering and shaking as the pressure began to grow in her chest again. It climbed in tandem with the pleasure and Lila soon found herself practically crying at the sensations.

The pressure reached a peak, Lila’s body shaking and chest quivering. As she reached her climax her chest seemed to rumble. She threw her head back and moaned as she came and her chest surged outwards. Her tits flew in every direction, crushing furniture and making floorboards groan. In seconds they literally filled the room in front of her, pressing against both walls and the roof.

The climax was like nothing Lila had ever experienced. Her mind exploded with pleasure and for a time she forgot what was happening and where she was. She slumped against her room-filling tits, shaking and moaning, before eventually passing out. Her tits finished their swelling, pressing against the roof and walls which groaned and creaked in protest.

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Lila awoke to morning sunlight filtering in through the window of the living room. She sat bolt upright, her eyes wide. Her hands flew to her chest, which was… flat? She patted herself, but it was true. Had it been a dream? Maybe it was just…

She looked around and her jaw dropped. The furniture in front of her was crushed and destroyed, and there were faint cracks in the drywall. Fuck, had she… had her own boobs really done that?

She was dressed in a large shirt and pajama shorts. She hadn’t put them on, as far as she could remember. She didn’t remember anything after… her thoughts trailed off as she noticed a pinkish-yellow mist filling the room. She slowly turned around to see her roommate Amber poking a plant that looked to be about twice as big as the one she’d brought home yesterday.

“Oh, you’re awake!” Amber said, looking up from the plant, which was steadily spraying its mist from 10ish bulbs. “Are you okay? I got back five minutes ago and our furniture looks crushed! What the hell happened? And what is this plant?” She asked. She absently rubbed her chest as she looked at Lila with concern.

Lila slowly pulled her shirt up to cover her mouth, though the mounting pressure in her chest told her it was probably too late.

“I think you’re about to find out.”