

Wedded Bliss

For as long as I've known Bobbi she's always been kind, caring, generous, and very insecure about her body. I couldn't understand why. She was naturally thin and could pull off any outfit. It didn't matter that she had no curves to speak of, she made everything she wore look good. To her, though, being flat was a big deal and she rarely wore low-cut clothing or swimsuits.

That is, until that Bust Booster stuff came out a little while ago. Her wedding was only a few months away when it hit the market, but she was so enamored with what it could do that she postponed the whole thing in order to focus on her new fascination. Every time I saw her her boobs were bigger than before, eventually coming to their current size: just barely reaching the floor. Apparently it also effects your butt, because Bobbi's got a bowling ball booty now too.

It was absolutely mind boggling how she even functioned like that, but she never complained and half the time I would even catch her admiring them with the same loving look she gave her fiancée. It was during one of these stares that she half distractedly gave me and the rest of the bridesmaids the shock of our lives: she was mandating a minimum bust size for us. On the day of the ceremony she would be giving each of us enough Bust Booster to bring us to two feet. Then she broke her gaze and looked me square in the eye: except for the maid of honor, who she wanted to be four feet.

I gulped loudly and looked down, cupping my modest chest. When she first started growing I had confided that I sort of did want to be a little bigger, but this was ridiculous! Our lives would be completely upended! How could she just demand that from her closest friends?!

But today's the big day and here I am with a dress that looks like it could double as a tent in an emergency. I can't believe I'm going through with this. It's for Bobbi, I reminded myself with a sigh.

The barnyard looked absolutely gorgeous, with Bobbi's signature rustic chic style on full display. Due to the postponement it was a bit of an off-trend location, but the spaciousness of the barn made it perfect for someone like her...for someone like me.

Taking a deep breath, I stepped out of the car and gathered the humongous garment into my arms. It was time to say goodbye. With one hand on the hood any hope of driving again was finally extinguished. It's not like I was going to fit behind the wheel anymore. At least I could make some extra money selling my old ride.

The barn door was cracked open and I made my way inside. The style was similar to the outside, but lacked the same charm. It was evident that the interior had been renovated to capitalize on the "barnyard wedding" fad, but that also gave it a bit of a generic undertone.

"OH MY GOSH, LEAH!!! YOU'RE HERE!!!" Tara screamed excitedly, grabbing my shoulders from behind. The surprise nearly caused me to drop my dress. Before I could even respond she was dragging me to the dressing room, "C'mon, c'mon, over here! Bobbi wouldn't let us take the Booster until you showed up!" Her enthusiasm was a bit jarring, but hopefully it would alleviate what was to come.

None of us had seen each other in a while. After the mandate we had been so busy getting our affairs in order for post-wedding life that we just didn't have time to hang out. As the door opened everyone else elicited a shrill simultaneous form of "Hello!" and I instantly felt at ease. Things were about to get extremely awkward, but there's no other group I'd rather go through it with.

It seems like we all had the same idea for the occasion: hit the tanning salon beforehand and wear baggy clothes. We all looked pretty comical wearing our expensive hair and makeup with t-shirts and sweatpants.

"Hey everyone! It's so great to see you all again!" My arms spread wide for the inevitable group hug.

Nicole was the first to join. Her brown hair fell straight down just past her shoulders. It was an extremely simple hairstyle, but far more lustrous than usual. Her makeup somehow made her lips look even more plump while downplaying the slight hint of chubbiness in her face. As the tallest she had to bend a little to reach me.

Next was the ever-exuberant Tara. She had been on a grueling diet to try and look her best, but once the date got pushed back she quit. After she realized her new size would hide her stomach eating healthy went completely out the window. She wasn't obese by any means, but she had definitely put on a lot of weight since I saw her last. She wore her jet-black hair in fancy braid that extended down to her lower back.

Last to join the celebration was Jeanne, who looked even more nervous than me. We had been texting and she really didn't want to be any bigger, but, like me, was making the sacrifice for Bobbi's sake. It seemed like she was starting to warm up to the idea more recently, but it was impossible to tell now. She's the fitness fanatic in our bunch, but sweets are a close second favorite. As a result, she always carries just enough fat to mask the fact that she's actually quite muscular underneath. Her dyed blonde hair was set in a stylish choppy bob.

We all separated from each other's embrace and started chatting about what had happened over the last few months, but Tara just couldn't wait any longer.

Cutting off Jeanne mid-sentence, she confidently commanded, "Alright gals, enough chit chat! Let's hit that sauce and get into our dresses!"

Nicole seconded the motion with a hearty "whoop!" while Jeanne and I shared an uncomfortable glance. After a deep breath I added a meek "hooray."

"Oh come on you two," Nicole prodded, "you know you're going to like it!"

"That's easy for you to say," I retorted, "you're not growing four feet! That's almost as tall as me!"

She walked over and comfortingly began to stroke my long orange curls. "Look Leah, I know this isn't easy for you, but try to focus on the positives. You're going to be so sexy after this! Besides, I know you and you're definitely prepared for whatever challenges come your way. Why not just enjoy it, at least for today?"

Maybe Nicole was right. I should just relax and try to stop worrying. After all, it is my best friend's wedding!

"Thanks, you always know what to say. And you're not going to look so bad yourself," I added with a wink. She gave a reassuring smile and we both went to retrieve our doses.

As we sat around the room Tara began counting down, "Alright everyone, on three. One...two...THREE!!!"

In unison we threw our heads back and swallowed the serum. Almost immediately an overwhelming pleasure overtook my body. My boobs were swelling right in front of my eyes! I'd like to be modest and say that my jaw dropped at the sight, but it was just a chorus of outright moaning from all of us. As my vision began to go hazy I reached up and felt their continuous forward push. They had just surpassed my ideal size when it all went black.

The next thing I know I'm topless and the other girls are all standing over me. At least I think they are, it's hard to tell with this tan stuff squishing into and over me. As I attempted to move it out of the way a sensual "mmm" unconsciously escaped my lips. THAT SQUISHY STUFF IS ME!!! They're totally obscuring my vision and I can't even reach halfway around! Just before I could hit full blown panic someone took my hand and pulled me to my feet.

It was Jeanne, her previously oversized t-shirt now stretched skintight across her huge hooters and revealing a sizable amount of underboob, not to mention the nips practically boring through the fabric. "I thought you might need a hand," she said sweetly.

The present circumstance was too distracting to offer a proper thank you. Even standing they were brushing the tops of my feet! But at least now I could see again. Slowly, my hand travelled across the seemingly never-ending expanse. The sensitivity was quickly going away, but it was still enough to make me bite my lip. This...is all me. This is who I am now. Suddenly a giggle registered nearby. Breaking from my trance, I looked around and found the source.

Tara and Nicole were both topless, although whether this was voluntary or a result of the growth remained unclear. Now that the shock was over I could see that everyone's bosom covered their whole torso, except for Nicole, whose height allowed a scant few inches of unexpectedly trim tummy to be seen. Their nipples were also surprisingly large, although it was probably proportionate considering what just happened. If they look like that at two feet then what do I look like now?

Tara feigned a swoon, fanning her hand towards her face, "Whew, that was a good show, Leah!" Her and Nicole both started giggling again.

The vague memories of our behavior just before I passed out suddenly returned. Oh, this is so embarrassing! What did I do? What did I sound like? My cheeks burning bright red, a "Really?" was all I could squeak out.

The whole room erupted in laughter. I tried to curl up into a ball, succeeding only in burying my face in cleavage. The sensation of my legs against my new mass was really strange, but also kind of nice.

Still chuckling, Nicole called out, "Don't get upset, Leah. We're just joking around. It's not like we all weren't doing it." I peeked my head out, nervously laughing away the anxiety. "Besides, some of us might even be a bit jealous." She not so subtly jabbed a thumb into one of Tara's twins.

"Stop that! I-I-uh..." Tara stammered, blushing profusely.

Finally, it was my turn to laugh. The energy in the room returned to its old jovial state. "Well, um, you gals look great! How's it feel to be huge?" I turned to Jeanne.

Her eyes went wide, totally unprepared to be singled out like that. "W-well, um...", she suddenly lifted her shirt off, revealing nipples close to twice as large as the others! It suddenly dawned on me that they had been tenting her top without even being erect! "T-they're not as bad as I expected and at least I can still reach around them."

"Yeah, we love 'em," Tara butted in. "They're way perkier and more lightweight than we expected, but I guess that's just added benefits." She attempted to hug herself, her fingers just barely reaching around the melons that were squished nearly to her chin.

"Now that you mention it, these are crazy easy to carry around." My arms resting atop my giant boobs, I playfully tapped a little tune.

"Yeah," Nicole added, "you shouldn't even be able to stand right now! No wonder Bobbi doesn't complain."

Oh shoot, Bobbi! I'm the maid of honor, I'm supposed to go help her get ready! "Hey, could you all help me get my dress on? I think I'm running late."

It took all four of us, and an uncomfortable amount of skin contact, to get me outfitted for my role. Getting dressed by myself tomorrow is going to be quite an experience.

For the first time I saw myself in the mirror. From the front it was like a cartoon: two huge lavender breasts with a head and feet, but when I turned to the side my mind began to change. The dress was tailored perfectly to accentuate my every curve. From my perspective it was difficult to see how much cleavage was showing, but now it was clear that almost two whole feet were on display. Further down the slopes were some comparatively small nubs, thankfully nothing too noticeable. In fact, Jeanne's may have been almost the same size. Putting aside my legitimate concerns about life at this size, there was no denying that Nicole was right: I look pretty hot!

Following the curve back to my body I gasped at the sight of another new development: my butt got huge! I mean, maybe it was a little above average before, but now my cheeks are like basketballs! I'm basically the same as Bobbi! There's no way that's an accident.

"Leah, don't you have to go?" Jeanne reminded.

With a start I turned back to the group. They were all dressed already! How long had I been checking myself out? At least on their "humbler" frames I could tell what our outfits were supposed to look like: a tastefully simple floor length lavender dress with a single floral strap over the left shoulder. On me it sort of just looked like a pretty tarp. They each were showing about a half foot of cleavage and, as predicted, Jeanne had some subtle nubs poking through too.

"Huh? Oh yeah, I've got to go! Thanks for all the help guys, you look fantastic!" I made for the doorway as fast as I could, my balance still a bit off.

Suddenly, still squeezing through the doorframe, I felt the sharp sting and loud smack of a solid, yet playful slap on my new rear. A small "yip!" escaped my lips.

"Aww, you're adorable," I heard Nicole say from behind. "Remember, just have fun tonight!"

As I made my way across the barn I couldn't help but notice how much smaller it suddenly felt. There was also the new sensations of my arms and legs constantly bumping and jiggling my jugs just from the simple act of walking. That was going to take some getting used to.

Unsurprisingly, Bobbi's room had the largest entranceway. Somehow the soft "pat, pat, pat" of my breasts bouncing against the wood floor didn't alert her to my presence as I entered. Maybe she had gotten so used to the sound that it didn't even register anymore, I mused.

Then I saw her. Bobbi looked incredible! Her absolutely insane strapless bridal gown showed off what looked like nearly half of her colossal chest, an ocean of skin clearly visible even from behind! The exposed upper back, bare arms, and body-hugging fit of the dress only added to her beauty.

"Ahem, hi Bobbi," I sheepishly greeted.

As she turned it became clear that the tightness of the gown was pushing her bust back up towards her chin. They-er...she had never looked so good.

"LEAH!!! YOU LOOK AMAZING!!!" She shouted. There was close to nine feet between our faces and yet we couldn't be any closer. Once again, the oddness of this kind of skin contact entered my mind. Despite both our chests being essentially at ground level the height difference between us meant Bobbi's were still larger.

"Thanks. You look unbelievable! I like what you've done with your hair."

Her raven hair transitioned to a radiant red as it cascaded down before elegantly curling back up, the lowest point of the curve just tickling the tops of her shoulders. "You don't think it's too much do you? I wanted to try something that would really stand out."

"Bobbi, I can guarantee that your hair is not going to be what people think is too much," I grinned, looking towards the colossal canyon across from my own.

She chuckled. "I guess you're right, but hey, they shouldn't knock it til they've tried it, am I right?" She moved sharply, causing both of us to jiggle.

I blushed, "...It's definitely a lot different than I expected, but I'm getting used to it much faster than I thought I would. Speaking of which, um...I'm not sure how to help you get ready. There's not a ton of room for two women our size in here and dexterity isn't exactly my strong suit right now."

"That's okay, I'm just really glad you're here," Bobbi's tone suddenly became quite somber as she made eye contact. "I love my body now, but this hasn't been as easy as I may have made it look. There are a lot of people who don't approve and a lot of lifestyle changes that go into maintaining these," she patted the tops of her smooth spheres. "You've been so

supportive of me through all of this and it means more than you know that you would go this far just to make me happy," her eyes began to water.

I had no idea she felt this way! She was always so cheery, never letting on about these private struggles, even to her best friend. And I had the gall to assume this mandate was the selfish request of an obsessive! Shame began to well up inside of me. I should've known that it was a cry for help, that she just wanted someone to relate to.

"Hey, you're going to mess up your makeup," I soothed. "You've always been there for me and I speak for all the bridesmaids when I say that we'll always be there for you too. If the roles were reversed I know you would do the same. Now c'mon, let's get ready. The luckiest guy in the world is waiting to marry you."

The ceremony was beautiful. Aside from a few awkward moments due to our new circumstances and some gasps from the audience, everything went off without a hitch. Afterward everyone piled inside the barn for the real fun: the reception!

As the bridesmaids our table was right near Bobbi's towards the back of the room, which was exactly where I wanted to be. It's one thing to get used to looking like this around my friends, but being in public is something else entirely. Tara and Nicole didn't seem to have the same inhibitions, dancing and jiggling wildly as if nothing had changed.

Bobbi and I were the only two who couldn't sit for our meals. Using my own body as a table was unbelievably strange: the warmth of the plate on my skin, the way it sunk slightly with the pressure of my fork, and most of all the fact that any crumbs or spills I made now looked vaguely sexual. Thankfully, I could reach it all. If someone needed to help clean me up I would've died of embarrassment.

Then, just as the meal was ending, Bobbi tapped her glass with her fork and began a speech. It was largely the usual "thanks for coming" sort of thing, ending with a toast as we all drank our champagne and politely clapped.

Suddenly, a ripping sound overtook the room. Bobbi was growing! Ballooning outwards and upwards her breasts stopped just below her mouth, allowing a clear view of her delighted smile as she tenderly kissed the new developments.

Still in shock, I didn't even register the echoes of tearing fabric around me until something soft nudged my chin. I'm just as big as her! This is way too much! I'm sure Bobbi's heart is in the right place, but it's not okay to do this without permission.

That's when I realized I wasn't the only one she surprised: all the bridesmaids were affected! Nicole and Tara were wide-eyed in wonder, gleefully attempting to feel as much of

their new knockers as possible. Now at three feet, none of them were able to reach around their chest anymore. That's life changing and they didn't even have a choice in the matter!

Wait, Jeanne! She didn't even want two feet! My head snapped to the right. There she was, slowly and tentatively exploring the new limits of her reach. Unbeknownst to her it seemed the Booster was having an outsized effect on her nipples, the twin pink sunrises peeking out of the bottom of her neckline highlighted the outrageously taut peaks that were even larger than Bobbi's! For just a moment the corners of her mouth turned up into a smile. I breathed a sigh of relief, she was going to be okay.

Then I noticed that no one was looking at us or even the bride, they were all focused on themselves. No. No way. Bobbi's not that crazy. But there was no way around it: the amount of cleavage on display had significantly increased. She had spiked everyone's champagne! At least she only gave the rest of the guests a few extra inches, it seems.

All at once the room exploded in chatter. Some were angry, others were confused or conflicted, but by far the most common reaction was enthusiasm.

"Hello again, everyone!" Bobbi's voice rang out from the DJ's speakers. Somehow she had managed to make her way across the barn without anyone noticing. "I hope you liked the champagne," she winked. Every male attendee, as well as the majority of the women, cheered. "Oh good, because starting now every drink at the open bar has been infused with Bust Booster!" Several chairs fell over with a loud "bang!" as the bartender was instantly overwhelmed. "If anyone needs some extra-large coverups later please go to the room to the left of the entrance!" With a cute giggle the bride returned the mic to its owner and sauntered back to her table to watch the party really start.

The average cup size quickly began moving upward as competitive feuds broke out, college students snuck drinks, and husbands and boyfriends desperately tried to convince their significant others to keep drinking. And yet, I can't help but feel a sense of relief. If this many people are so eager to get as huge as the bridal party (and by the looks of it, quite a few want to go beyond) then perhaps life with this body won't be as tough as I first thought. Maybe Bobbi knew what she was doing.

As the night wore on I became less and less of an outlier. I couldn't see a single woman that looked smaller than a M cup, and most had settled at a "modest" two to three feet. Gosh, I can't believe I'm calling that modesty now.

Of course, Tara had ballooned herself to eight feet and Nicole had decided to copy me and Bobbi. Jeanne still wanted to be able to go to the gym so she stayed sober with me.

The majority of competitions had ended with the participants' rack rivaling or exceeding my own, but there were a select few extraordinary cases. Of particular note was the groom's usually conservative mother, who had gotten drunk, gone outside, and challenged her completely uninhibited counterpart on the bride's side. In fact, they were still fighting! While the groom futilely tried to dissuade his now immobile mom from continuing Bobbi cheered hers on to new heights. At 20 feet each and still rapidly expanding with no sign of either giving in, future family get-togethers were probably going to be a little awkward for the new couple.

The "coverups" for the guests were clearly purchased for form over function. The mottled brown crop top showed off an obscene amount of cleavage, leaving little to the imagination on even the smallest women. On the largest spheres it was almost pointless, stretched into a band so thin that the areolae were entirely visible both above and below. No one seemed to mind, though.

As everyone began to settle at their final sizes and mingle again I realized that there was no judgment. No one was mocking each other or trying to goad anyone to get bigger (except a few guys, of course). For the first time since this all began I started to feel comfortable in my own skin.

Finally, I let myself have fun and really enjoy the festivities! At one point I even squeezed my way into the crowd and caught the bouquet! Alright, it just landed right side up in my cleavage, but that still counts.

Eventually, transportation arrangements were made and most everyone had gone home. The view outside was just two gargantuan walls of flesh. The two matriarchs had dried out the bar a while ago, with the best guess being that they were each somewhere around 35 - 40 feet; however, without a more definitive measurement both sides were still arguing over who was the victor.

In the melancholy emptiness of the once bustling barn I began to reflect on this absurd day. When I woke up this morning I was a normal woman, aside from Bobbi we all were, but now...I craned my neck to try and see if the oddly pleasant friction of my girls rubbing against the floor had turned my headlights on, to no avail, and my furthest stretch barely reached their outward curve. At least us bridesmaids knew in advance about our changes, how was everyone else going to deal with their new lives?

Suddenly, a hand rested on my shoulder. With a jump I turned to see Bobbi, roughly bumping into her bust and causing us both some considerable jiggling. Shockingly, she was just as sober as Jeanne and I.

"Hey. Some wedding, right?" She grinned, some giddiness still in her voice.

Staring at the upper slopes that were now permanently in my line of sight, I could only ask, "You know this was crazy, right?"

A bit taken aback, Bobbi chuckled softly, "Yeah, you're right, but you know me. I wouldn't have done this if I didn't think it would make people happier."

"I guess you're right." I knew she was right. After everyone had had their fill at the bar all they could talk about was their joy and satisfaction with their new bodies. Discussions about what life was going to be like were inevitable, but it seemed the general consensus was that the hardships would be worth it. As much as I didn't want to admit it, this attitude was even beginning to grow on me too. "But how did you know this wouldn't majorly backfire?"

"Honestly, I didn't," she casually brushed her hair out of her face, "but you know how I said it was hard dealing with people's disapproval sometimes?"

"Yeah."

"Well, more often than the rude and disgusted looks were stares of envy or lust, and not just from the men. Over time I realized that a lot, or maybe even most women wanted what I had to some extent. They were just either afraid to go for it or worried about breaking social norms." A broad smile took over her face, "Tonight confirmed that theory."

"Wow. So you did sort of think this through, even if it was still super risky. But what about me? I told you I only wanted to be a little bigger." Without thinking I began to gently stroke my right boob, completely ruining my serious facade.

"That's what you said Leah, but your eyes told a different story. No one ogled my goods like you did," she giggled.

My face turned beet red, "What?! N-no I didn't!"

She erupted into hysterical laughter, her bosom quivering with the motion, "It's alright, I don't mind if you check me out...it's a pretty nice view. Besides, I didn't hear you complaining about the champagne. Now c'mon, you haven't danced once yet!" She grabbed my arm and pulled me onto the dance floor with the rest of the bridesmaids.

We all jostled and jiggled together as the DJ played his final tracks, each thump of the bass sending another ripple across our forms. It was practically nothing but direct contact amongst our overexposed chests, but by now it didn't even register. In the middle of all this a wave of peace washed over me. I've been focusing so hard on the practical problems of a size like this that I never stopped to consider how I felt about it, and honestly...it's pretty great! Sure, I'm way bigger than I ever thought I'd be and there are so many unexpected inconveniences,

but it's kind of exciting to know that I'm going to wake up to these beauties every day for the rest of my life.

Something tells me this could be the next big wedding trend.