

Alchemamary

by Rack-Coon

Under Adria's keen watch, the crests of her bosom spread out in front of her. Growing to the size of her head, her breasts flared past her shoulders, to the point one could watch them reach beyond her body from behind. At the same time, they ascended above the height of her neck, mushrooming out of her clothes and obscuring her collarbone. Below the low-cut neckline of her dress, two thirds of her bosom still stretched the fabric tight around their wide, cambering slopes. Projecting straight from her torso, their bottoms lolled past her ribs, gradually swelling down her waist. Only a tiny bit of fabric fell down her breasts, folding into sharp wrinkles that cupped their swelling undersides.

Similarly, while the dark green silk was smoothed over the front and flanks of her bust, it creased around the edges. Where it was pulled up her bust, folds of fabric accented where it sprouted from her body, ever more the further they bent over the bulging slopes. Between her breasts, the fabric dented inwards, also creasing a bit while highlighting the shape of each individual asset. A long, horizontal fold was running through the middle of her chest, mostly on the right breast, while on the left two smaller wrinkles framed its tip, forming an inverse arrowhead. As they kept cambering, the wrinkles slightly shifted position, becoming sharper while seemingly shrinking between the growing slopes.

Adria watched her breasts swell up and beyond, her entire field of view consisting of almost nothing but cleavage. On the center of her dress' neckline, a V-shaped rift gaped in her dress, through which her frilly white underdress was peeking out. With her bosom surging forth, the pleated fabric was bit by bit unfolded, the slants and shadows between the wrinkles becoming less apparent. At the same time, the frilly rim poked over her neckline as her dress was pulled down the front of her underdress and rack. For a moment, Adria saw the frills slip out under the retreating neckline, until the tops of her bosom bulged over them, lips of flesh rolling down and blocking her sight on her dress. Unable to oversee their growth any longer, Adria glanced into the mirror she had set up on her workbench, in the middle of various flasks and cauldrons. A little larger than her head, her breasts stood proud and round from her. Gauging their size and the rate at which they were growing, Adria frowned.

“No, no, no! This is all wrong!” Furious, she stomped on the ground. Her bosom bounced up, slightly smacking her chin before falling back on her ribs. “They should be far bigger by now, and growing much faster!”

Her breasts swayed left and right, a little further with each swing as she stormed through her lab. Standing behind her, her apprentice Belle quickly stepped aside. Her mistress' swelling pendulums nearly graced her own chest, a humble board with barely a curve. "Please, milady, you've been at this potion for days now" she tried to calm her down. "Don't you think it's time to take a break?"

"I won't stop until I've nailed it!" Adria shouted. Standing at the wall, hands on her sides, she looked over the various shelves in front of her. All kinds of bottles and flasks were arranged on it, filled with liquids, powders, fruits in the shape of organs or plants resembling human limbs. As she looked on, her bosom steadily inched towards the shelf in front of her, their gently arching slopes reaching for the various ingredients.

"But milady, what about our commissions?" Belle reminded her. "The town guard asked us to brew something against a ghost haunting their quarters, and we still haven't finished the duke's weekly remedy against his receding hair line. Can't we at least finish those before you continue with... this?"

"My pride is on the line here, Belle!" Her elbows stroke along her cleavage as she reached out for the shelf. While rummaging through it, a small nut fell out of a flask, right onto her bust, from where it bounced into her cleavage. Nestled between her breasts, their swelling slopes slowly bulged around and embraced it. "At the alchemy convention, I said I could figure out the ingredients of any potion after taking one sip from it. And I figured out the receipt of every single potion they handed me – every single, except for the breast growth potion that bitch of a royal alchemist had brewed up! But I told her I would figure it out within a week, and that deadline is tomorrow!"

Standing behind her, Belle watched the breasts of her mistress swell beyond her torso. Even as she bent her arms to grab something from the shelf, their flanks reached past her elbows, and arched further away from them by the second. "Is this really necessary?" Belle asked. "Everyone in the kingdom already knows of your legendary tongue, how it can detect even the faintest flavor just by one taste, in its exact concentration. It's what makes you one of the greatest alchemists who ever lived."

"But not a *royal* alchemist." While reaching for the highest shelf, her bosom was only millimeters away from colliding with a red flask. The jiggling swells of her cleavage grazed the glass as they oozed out of her dress, almost as if they were stretching out to grab it. "If I don't show these snobs I live up to my reputation, they'll never invite me into their ranks!"

Belle cocked her head. "I thought you loathe the royal alchemists, and that you rather keep your independence and help the people of the town instead of working for the corrupt court?"

"True, but I still want them begging me to join, just so I can reject them." Once she had grabbed a bottle with a root that looked like a crying infant, Adria stepped back from the shelf, just as her bosom bumped against the flask. It tumbled a little but remained in

place. While Adria walked towards another shelf, the nut sunk a little deeper in between her mounds, almost disappearing. Then, the swells eating its shell gradually swelled up more slowly. Adria stood still for a moment as her curves ceased to expand, resting within her dress like a pair of big pumpkins.

“Right on time for our next attempt.” Adria grabbed a few things from the shelf, her bosom almost knocking several flasks over. “Let’s see... There was a touch of mandrake in that potion, as well as some crushed scarlet dreadnuts, definitely, and one or two leaves of a willow planted on a graveyard... and I’m sure I tasted a pinch of cinnamon...”

While her mistress fetched the ingredients, Belle cleared her throat. “Um, pardon milady, but before your next attempt, shouldn’t you first...” She gesticulated over her chest, her hands forming large round swells.

Turning towards her apprentice, Adria didn’t catch on at first, until she lowered her gaze into the vast expanse of her décolleté. “Right, of course. Be a dear and hand me the remedy, please.”

Quickly Belle headed to the workbench. Several cauldrons were standing on it, small flames underneath heating them up. Belle picked up a cauldron with a bubbling purple liquid and turned to her mistress. Unfortunately, her feet got caught up in one another, and before she could react, she was already falling forward. With a shriek, she crashed into the ground, dropping the cauldron in the process. The potion spilled right out of it, flooding the floor around the workbench.

Once more Adria stomped on the ground, her bust bouncing in fury. “Darn it, Belle, not again! That’s the third cauldron this week!”

“I-I’m so sorry...” Blushing, Belle got back on her feet, brushing the dust off her dress – mostly to avoid staring her mistress in the eyes.

“Tell me, Belle, what are the three most important rules for safety in the lab?” Adria asked, her dress overflowing with her bosom as she put her hands on her sides.

Belle gulped. “Um, d-don’t spill anything, don’t add ingredients out of order, a-and don’t fall into the cauldron.”

“Exactly – so be so kind and act accordingly.” Breasts jiggling Adria turned back to the shelf. “Looks like we’re all out of rose honey - I’ll have to buy new one from the market.” With two fingers, she pinched the nut out of her cleavage. It resembled a chestnut, but with a bright, red shell, and the wrinkles on the surface formed the contours of a skull. “While I’m at it, I’ll also get some more scarlet dreadnuts. We’ve almost used up our supplies.”

Cheeks still red, Belle glanced at her mistress. From the side, her breasts projected over three times further from her body than it was wide, giving her an abnormally top-heavy

silhouette. “Milady, maybe I should go instead of you? You may, um, startle the townsfolk.”

Again, her mistress didn’t understand, until she cast another glance at the bulge obscuring her feet. “You’ll only get everything mixed up again. Besides, I’ve already been to town with crow feet and snakes for hair – compared to that, they’ll enjoy this sight.” A sly smirk crossed her face. “And who knows?” Placing a hand under her bust, she gently lifted it in her palm. “When doing the errands, these might turn out to be...useful.”

Crossing her arms Belle frowned at her mistress. “You’ll try to smuggle stuff in your cleavage out of the shop, won’t you?”

“No. Maybe.” Blushing herself now, Adria coughed. “Just... clean up your mess while I’m gone, will you?”

With that, Belle watched her mistress bounce out of the room. Once she heard her close the door at the bottom of the tower behind her, she sighed. “She’s gonna ruin us with this stupid bet” she murmured as she grabbed a mob and a bucket. “If we don’t get some work done we actually get paid for, we’ll have to close the lab. And why did it have to be breast growth of all things?” Mob and bucket under her arm she cupped her hands over her plain chest, pouting. “Flat is justice!”

Miffed, she wiped up the puddle in front of the workbench. On its desk, several potions were bubbling and boiling inside the cauldrons. Most had been like this for days since Belle’s mistress had stopped working on anything but that breast growth potion.

The rest of which was also boiling in a small cauldron on the bench.

As she mopped by, Belle peeked inside it. A pink liquid was quietly boiling inside. Small bubbles rose to the surface, blew up for a moment and then popped. Belle threw a cautious look around her, as if to make sure she was alone, then leaned a little further over the cauldron.

But as she did, she caught a glimpse of herself in the mirror on the bench. A pair of bright hazel eyes looked back at her, just underneath the red, white-dotted bandana tied around her head. Dishwater blonde strands poked out, along a short braid that fell to her neck, resting on her shoulder. Her red dress matched the hue of her bandana, lying over a white underdress with short, but puffy sleeves. Over her chest her dress was closed by a tight bodice, while around her waist she wore a corset with a big red ribbon on the back. Her fingerless gloves matched the light brown boots she wore, while the pearls of her earrings complimented her rosy cheeks.

Turning in front of the mirror, Belle giggled. “What am even I mad about?” One leg cocked she shouldered her mob. With her other hand she made a V-sign in front of her eye, peeking through her fingers while winking at her reflection. “Even with tiny tits, no one can match my cute charm!”

A lot more cheerful than before, she got back to work. Unfortunately, she forgot she still shouldered her mob. So, as she turned around, she knocked it across the shelf above the workbench. All sorts of flasks lined up on it clattered and danced around, almost toppling over. Hearing them shake, Belle immediately turned around, causing her mob to sweep over the shelf again. A small bottle, right above the breast growth potion fell on its side. Shocked, Belle watched a green powder pour out of it, over the shelf and straight into the cauldron.

“Oh no... no, no, no, no, not again!” Dropping the mob she grabbed the bottle, quickly putting it upright again. “Please, please don’t be something rare or expensive - the mistress will kill me if I waste another batch of crushed emeralds!” Her heart beating in her throat, she checked the inscription on the bottle, then sighed in relief. “Oh thank goodness, it’s just sea dust.” To be certain, she dipped a finger into the bottle and licked it. “Yep, sea dust” she said, her tongue curling up at the salty taste.

In that moment, Belle failed to notice two things: First, after the sea dust had trickled into the cauldron, the potion bubbled a lot more heavily than before. And second, as she held the bottle in her hand, she was leaning right above the heavily boiling cauldron. Only when it churned and wobbled on top of its burner Belle looked down, staring at the bubbles piling up inside.

Boom!

All flasks and bottles in the lab were shaken by the explosion. Some of the potion flew out of the cauldron, right into Belle’s mouth. Her scream got stuck in her throat as the liquid forced its way down her throat. Almost tripping over the mob, she stumbled through the lab, before grabbing on to a small table near the window.

Legs shaking, Belle caught her breath. Potion dropped from her lips, its taste still on her tongue. On instinct, she tried to discern the ingredients in it, like her mistress had taught her. Immediately she picked up on the mandrake and scarlet chestnuts for their bitter taste, though it was hard for her to discern the rest. Strangely, it didn’t taste salty at all, despite the sea dust she had spilled into. Maybe less had trickled into the cauldron than she had thought...

A sudden tingle in her chest suddenly cut off all thought about saltiness.

First, she tried to play it down. Maybe, she thought, the sea dust had ruined the potion. Maybe she hadn’t swallowed enough for an effect. But the sensation intensified, so she slowly lowered gaze towards her chest. Her dress still lay flat on her it, the fabric creasing at some spots due to the slack as no curve filled it out. With both hands Belle clenched the edge of the table, arching her back so far all tension lay on her chest. Between pants, she quietly whispered: “P-please...”

A sudden sensation made her wince. Slowly, her dress was arching over her chest. The tiny wrinkles were pushed forward by a small bump that billowed out from her. First,

the wrinkles didn't change shape, simply moving out along the fabric. Then, from the center outwards, it began to smooth across the barely existent domes of her breasts. Two swells forced their shape into her dress, making it tent up around them. At the same time, the wrinkles on their front were pushed aside, while growing sharper and more pronounced on the edges. Neatly holding her dress together, the strings of her bodice stretched as the slopes on either side bulged, bit by bit revealing her white underdress in the tiny gaps between. Slowly, her tiny mounds reached out from her, like a pair of fists that was closing under her dress. Stretching it across their rounding shape, they popped from the fabric, getting more prominent the further they swelled.

Just like Belle's eyes as she watched them grow.

"This... this is... ugh!"

Belle was lost for words. In the last few days, she had watched her mistress grow to ridiculous sizes over and over. However, experiencing it herself was something else entirely. The wrinkles around her breasts arched up their billowing slopes, standing straight from her body. Stretched between the rising crests on their front, the bodice got lifted off her chest, the strings hovering above her underdress while gradually drifting apart. Bulging inside the white fabric, her breasts smoothed it around their curves. As two layers of fabric were pushed forward, a small pocket formed between her breasts. While spreading out from her body, turning from barely convex to slightly hemispherical swells, their inner curves steadily approached each other. At the same time, a frame of wrinkles formed around her breasts, adorning the sides and bottoms as they squashed and stretched the fabric. The further her breasts surged out from her, the more they lolled towards her corset tied around her waist. Similarly, their crests bulged higher, causing the fabric to slant from her shoulders towards them.

Eyes fixed on her bust, Belle gulped. Her formerly flat bosom had turned into a humble, yet noticeable bump. More and more prominently each individual curve was shining through the fabric, as her dress creased around them while getting stretched across their ballooning surface. Rising like bread in an oven, they puffed up right under Belle's nose, who could watch as they reached away from her, slowly obscuring her midriff. Pulling on her bodice from both sides its strings stretched and spread out, widening the cleavage on her underdress. Underneath the bodice, a row of small silver buttons was rising out of the shadows. As the gaps between the strings widened, the frilly white ruffles surrounding buttons came into view. Despite her breasts swelling forward, the buttons seemed to sink into the gradually deeper valley between them. As the slopes cambered and protruded forth, they pushed against the ruffles from underneath while bulging towards each other, steadily closing the gap between them while peeling the fabric off their curves.

Arching on all ends, her dome-shaped breasts transcended to globes as their curves reached over her torso. Spreading out and billowing, the flanks of her bosom flared towards Belle's shoulders, while the bottoms began to lap over her corset, gently

pushing against the soft leather. Slight shades formed around them, growing darker the further they protruded from her, while also casting a shadow on themselves. Inside that shadow, the wrinkles framing her rack were growing sharper, transforming into ruffles around her bosom. Gradually, these ruffles were hidden behind the bulk of her bust, vanishing in the fold between their curves and her torso. Like oranges tucked under her dress, Belle's breasts jut out straight away from her, blowing up larger and rounder with each second.

“Ugh... it's a good thing they are so firm, but they are still getting heavy.” A slight shudder suddenly went through Belle: Beneath her underdress, the arching walls of her breasts grazed each other. Belle clenched the table more tightly, while giving in to their weight a little. Even when leaning forward, her breasts remained stout, showing no signs of sagging. Seeing how her lower body slowly vanished behind the bulging horizon of her bust unnerved the young woman a little. Hesitant, she took one hand of the table, and carefully placed it on the side of her bust. The swelling curve pushed against her fingertips, gently, yet she could feel the building pressure. Her fingers dented the fabric, making it crease ever so slightly around them. Feeling her breast grow against her fingers Belle's cheeks reddened. “T-this is really awkward” she mumbled, taking her hand off her chest.

Leaving humble and average scales behind, Belle's breasts approached dimensions that could truly be considered busty. Some of the wrinkles around them smoothed over their curves as they billowed outwards, breaching beyond the sides of her body, while also steadily spreading out backwards. At the same time, the bottoms rolled over her corset, their swells and shadow creeping down the leather. Similarly, their tops arched towards her neck, bulging the fabric round their cambering slopes. The further they swelled up the more fabric was peeled off above her breasts and pulled towards them. Long creases ran from their crests to her shoulders, folding up into large cylinders reaching over her bust. Around the size of large grapefruits, their fronts slightly drifted apart as they billowed against each other, while pressing their shape into her dress. The soft embrace of her assets gradually got firmer, as the supposedly round curves squeezed with growing force against each other, trying to flatten the other and spread out as much as they could.

Pulled from both sides, the strings of her bodice were stretched over the inner slopes of her bosom, slightly cutting into their sides hovering above the buttons of her underdress. The ruffled button line was steadily pushed forth, trying to close the gap to the strings. At the same time the bodice reached away, both cambering across the curve of her bust. All around, her clothes were strained by her breasts: Taut and firm her red dress rested on them, only growing tighter the bigger her bosom became. Across the protruding front, the stitching began to widen. As her white underdress slightly showed through the fabric, two bright spots spread out around the crests that protruded from her rack. Over Belle's labored breath, the noise of stretching fabric was ringing in her ears. “Please hold out...

This dress survived too many lab accidents to get ripped to pieces today.” But knowing how big the potion had made her mistress, Belle feared her pleas would be ignored.

Her breasts spreading to either side beyond her, most of the wrinkles framing her chest retreated into the gap between their slope and her body. Some folds extended upwards, across the bulging flanks and bottoms. Despite their size and weight, their shape refused to fall into a teardrop. Instead, they firmly pointed from her, reaching out at an almost equal pace in all directions. Only their inner slopes were blocked by each other, gradually flattening as they squeezed together. Still, as some curvature remained even between her breasts, their burgeoning fronts kept drifting apart, forcing her bodice to do the same. More of her underdress poked out as her bodice split over her bosom, fully exposing the ruffles framing the row of buttons. Seeing them exposed by her growing breasts and get pushed forward made Belle increasingly uneasy.

Eyes on the silver buttons, watching them get embraced by her breasts swelling forth on either side, Belle noticed the fabric around them began to crease. Between the two central buttons the ruffles arched and bent backwards, forming a large, pyramid-like fold one each side of her underdress. These folds were gradually pulled apart, forcing a small slit to form between them. At first, the inside of the gap was veiled in darkness. But as the pyramid-shaped wrinkles drifted apart, a black line came into sight, followed by skin-shaded slopes flanking it. As the folds bent towards her breasts, the slit transformed into a small diamond-shaped window, bit by bit growing across her bosom. Belle stared at the gap in her dress, her eyes widening like her cleavage. Since the curve of her chest continued to arch out of her sight, she only caught a glimpse at the skin showing between the buttons. Still, watching that tiny spot expand across her chest, a slight sparkle gleamed in her eyes. “I... I have... cleavage” she stuttered. “I have cleavage!”

A bit hesitant, she put a hand back on her breast. From the wide flank her fingers traced along its curves up to the front, feeling its wide arc swell underneath them, before moving on past her bodice. Over the ruffles of her underdress, her fingers glided right into the cleavage window, touching the bare skin. Slight goosebumps formed all over Belle, even more when she felt the swelling curve push against her fingers. A big blush on her face, she whispered: “This feels REALLY awkward, but... not *that* bad.”

Carefully, she took a step away from the table towards the workbench. With the extra weight, she was a little shaky on her legs, but just walked far enough to get a shot of herself in the mirror. Around the size of cantaloupes, her breasts dominated her lithe figure. No signs of sag were showing, their crests cambering up all the way to her collarbone despite barely hanging down to her waist, while still clearly bulging over her corset, and their flanks standing almost past her shoulders. Tightly wrapped around them, her dress did little to hide their curves, with big bright spots growing on their front as her underdress shined through. Over the entire length of her chest her bodice was split apart, stretching the crossed strings to their limit, and showing the line of buttons as it bulged over her bust. Bit by bit, the swells in her cleavage window lolled forth, until her

bare skin pressed against the bodice. Billowing against and around them the strings seemingly dug into her flesh, as if her bosom was behind bars. The stronger her breasts against the strings, the more her cleavage window expanded across her bust, turning from a diamond to an oval as the sides stretched and rounded over her it.

Though she was still nervous, a small smile snuck on Belle's face. "Heh. This kind of works." Arms behind her head, she stuck out her chest, her dress creaking around her it. Her curves popped out even further, jiggling a bit as they protruded grand and full from Belle. Between the ruffles of her underdress, the swells of her bust bulged against the strings, swallowing the ever-thinner threads in the field of her burgeoning cleavage. "Still cute but leaning into sexy."

Snap.

Her cheeky pose faltered when one of the strings suddenly snapped across her cleavage. Swells of meat burst forth and wobbled, slightly oozing over the ruffles. Between the remaining strings, her cleavage slightly jutted forth, mushrooming little by little out of her underdress.

"...Or rather, leaning into silly." Putting her arms down, Belle placed her hands under her breasts. Her palms were being pushed down and overflowed by flesh clad in fabric, which creased and stretched between her fingers. Feeling lips of flesh bulge down her corset like a slow avalanche, Belle turned up her mouth. "I get wanting a bit more up top, but this ultra-boob craze at the royal court is just ridiculous."

Knowing she still had a way to grow, she took her hands off her breasts. While her lady bumps reached down her corset and billowed over her midriff, they also continued to ascend, their wide crests spreading out right under her face. Between her breasts and shoulders, more of her dress was peeled off her body, until all fabric above her chest was stretched like a sheet towards her bust. Though the slant hid their curves a bit, their crests gradually pressed their shape into the fabric hovering above them as they ballooned upwards. A softly arched valley formed between the tops of her assets, some wrinkles creasing up around the buttons lying in the sink. Bulging away from her, the buttons of her underdress steadily drifted apart, across the ever-wider curve of her bust. While the cleavage window continued to widen over the middle of her chest, slits appeared between the buttons above and below it. Like before the ruffles folded outwards, opening into diamond-shape gaps. Three cleavage windows now projected from her rack, steadily overflowing with the billowing lips of her breast flesh that squeezed against her bodice.

Again, Belle glanced into the mirror. Despite approaching the size of her head, her breasts were still incredibly firm and round. Yet the pounds that had piled up were wearing on Belle: Her knees were shaking, her legs bending, and with each bit her breasts swelled away, her back buckled a little further. "Better make sure I keep my balance. Don't want to knock over a shelf – again."

Unfortunately, after some mishaps from Belle, her mistress had banned all chairs from the lab. So, Belle carefully made her way to the nearest wall. Her body tilted and swayed as she struggled with the weight, her breasts jiggling in accordance. The creases around them shifted a little in position and size but were mostly locked from the pressure enforced on them. Once near the wall she stretched her hand out, then carefully turned around. Sticking her fingers inside the large cracks of the masonry, she pressed her back against the bricks. “That should do” Belle said as she leaned onto the wall. “Not comfortable or really practical, but it should do until I’m done growing.”

Decently supported, Belle felt a bit relief, even as the weight of her breasts continued to stack up on her. Under loud stretching they pulled her dress over their curves and spread out from her, her bodice still widening across them. The broken string limply dangled around, while the others were thinned to invisibility, sinking into the skin of her cleavage and fabric of her underdress. Another string then snapped. The split halves flew off, before swinging around in pendulum movements to either side of her bodice. The other strings held out for the moment, one lying just above the button separating the upper cleavage windows. As Belle looked down, she noticed the creases around it were suddenly billowing. Her cleavage squeezing against the button, it almost vibrated over her rack, and she believed to hear a stretching noise from it. “D-don’t tell me it’s...!”

POP!

Just like that, the button flew off, cutting the string that lay above it. As it soared away and through the lab her two upper cleavage windows fused into one, fabric rushing across her curves as her underdress opened across them. Instead of two palm-sized gaps, one the length of an entire hand now exposed bright, jiggling cleavage. With ample of skin on display, her swells visibly arched out and against the ruffles. The slight bounces further stressed the bodice, which was cutting deeper and deeper into her flesh. More strings snapped, both on her big upper and small lower cleavage window. As they split and swayed from side to side, her dress glided over her growing curves. The further the red fabric retreated, the more noticeably its constraint became, her underdress bulging a bit further through the bodice, while her bare flesh lolled forth the most. It was a subtle difference, but the larger her breasts grew the more apparent it became, little by little separating her bust into three segments.

“N-nothing some needle and yarn can’t fix” Belle murmured. Larger than her head at this point, but still a bit smaller than her mistress’, her breasts dominated her body. A few strings still crossed over the top and bottom slopes of her bust, Bell gritting her teeth as they ploughed deep lines into their surface. Beyond the front of her bosom, where Belle couldn’t overlook them anymore, she heard a snap. A slight wobble went through her entire bust as another string broke, causing her swells to bulge farther through the small cleavage window. Then, one by one, all remaining strings broke in quick succession, each snap sending a jiggle through her mammaries. The formerly restrained swells bust forth, further widening her cleavage windows. With nothing left to cut into

their slopes but the fabric, it was even more striking how wide they really were, protruding far in front of her body.

After calming down a little, Belle looked over her assets. Despite squeezing out of her underdress and being held back by her dress, they were incredibly round, only becoming firmer with size. Ever so slightly, their shape bent into a teardrop as their fronts arched out from her, yet they still spread out evenly in all direction, showing no signs of sag. “Okay, should be in the homestretch now” she said, taking in deep breathes. Each inhale puffed up her chest some more, causing the swells to protrude further through the cleavage windows, even making them wobble a bit. “When the mistress is back with the honey, we can make the remedy and all will be fine. I’ll get another lecture for being clumsy, but it’s not the worst I’ve ever messed up. Better at least than when I burped fire for a month.”

However, as Belle watched her breasts blow up, the ground vanishing behind their bulk, concern was suddenly showing on her face. “Um... shouldn’t they be slowing down by now?”

Around this size, Belle was certain her mistress’ growth had always started to cease. But her own rack didn’t show any signs of slowing down at all: The sides of her bosom still smoothed her dress as they flared out, tearing on the seams under her arms. After thoroughly inspecting her bust, Belle’s eyes shot wide open. “W... wait... are they – am I growing *faster* than the mistress?!”

She hadn’t really noticed before. But as her breasts continued to grow larger, it dawned on her that not only they weren’t slowing down but reaching out more at a more prominent pace than her mistress had. “They... they ARE growing faster!” she screamed, her fingers tightly clenching the wall behind her. “But this... this is impossible!!!”

Under Belle’s frightful stare, her breasts exceeded those of her mistress. With each bit they surged out from her, their flesh squeezed further out of her cleavage windows, widening them in the process. Over the arching curves that formed the top and bottom of her bust, the buttons continued to drift apart, heralding the birth of even more cleavage windows. As flesh swelled through the gaps and bulged over the fabric, the buttons were pulled more and more tightly between the canyons of cleavage. Around the buttons, the fabric stretched into thin strands across her breasts, lines going straight to either side of the buttons while cutting into her bosom like the strings of her bodice had. Overflown by billowing flesh the strands vanished, making it look like the buttons rested within the growing slopes of her bosom.

POP!

The lower button of her lower cleavage window was shot into the ground. While it bounced through the lab, a large under-cleavage window gaped in her underdress, mirroring the one on the top. Though narrower, the bottom window was roughly equal

in length, exposing most of her lower bosom's breast gap. Only where her breasts arched out of her body, hidden by her curves as they bent outwards, the two lowest buttons still kept her underdress closed – but even there, the ruffles began to crease and drift apart. While pushing the fabric over their curves, the bottoms of her breasts arched down her midriff, hiding her corset in their shadow. Though Belle couldn't see her breasts inching downwards, she could feel them swell down her body. Their sheer mass pushed down her corset as they rolled over it, the ribbon on the back rubbing against the wall, even more when Belle's bent from their weight. It was getting hard for her to estimate her breast size – all she could see was flesh pouring out between buttons, and fabric cambering over ever-wider curves that spread out from her.

Suddenly, around the flanks of her breasts, her growth seemed to halt. Flesh kept pouring out of her cleavage and billowing her underdress, but as her dress refused to give her bosom any more room, the pressure inside quickly peaked. The seams on the sides curved slightly towards her bosom, while a tearing noise filed the lab. One eye closed, Belle looked down on her breasts, slight vibrations going through them as they fought against their confinements.

“Uh-oh...”

With a loud burst, the seams ripped on either side of her body. Large C-shaped tears ran up each of her breasts, from where they reached out of her body up the billowing curves to the center of each flank. One the edges the fabric rolled up over the wide sides of her bosom, a wrinkle running in an arc over each breast and framing the tear. A handful of stitches stretched from the ripped seams over her bust flanks to the edge of the tears, like the strings of a harp. But as her bosom pushed outwards, her underdress already bulged against the threads, straining them like her bodice before. Over her heavy breathes, Belle heard the tears ripping larger, quietly, but constantly. They steadily spread beyond the crests of each flank, the dress folding up further around them as it retreated towards the front of her bust. Further and wider the swells of her underdress bulged out behind it, stretching the stitches across them.

Seeing and feeling her favorite dress dissolve around her breasts, Belle groaned. “Well, so much for needle and yarn – I can fix a few snapped strings and broken buttons, but this... this is... uhhh!”

Clutching the wall behind her, Belle inhaled sharply. Although the tears gave her breasts more room to grow, her dress still severely restricted them. Ever-larger swells reached over the ruffles of her button line, trying to escape the tight grip of the fabric. Protruding out of her underdress her breasts squeezed against each other, further creasing the fabric around them and widening the cleavage windows. For a moment, her breasts forced their way out between the remaining buttons, some of which vanished between the bulging lips of their flesh.

Suddenly, one of the top buttons popped off. Flying in an arc above her it hovered for a moment, before dropping on Belle's forehead. "Ouch!" she squeaked as it bounced off. It landed on her breast, on the fabric of her underdress that stretched across their top crests. A moment later however it bounced off again as the fabric was suddenly pulled out underneath it and her breasts surged outwards. A button on the bottom had bit the dust, causing the cleavage windows to widen over her rack and fuse into one giant cleavage going over the entire length of her bosom. Only the very top and bottom button of her underdress remained, which were steadily pulled into the gaps between her body and bust. Between the silver dots, a giant oval showed off the wobbling, wide curves of her bosom, framed by the ruffles of the former button line. As flesh flowed out of her underdress the ruffles were steadily pushed to the side, towards her former bodice. Though not as cramped as before her breasts still noticeably bulged over the rim of her cleavage, continuously growing out of it.

Carrying breasts the size of large pumpkins, their weight forced Belle to hunker against the wall. The support of her arms was fading, her hands slowly slipping out between the bricks. The bottoms of her bosom rested heavily on her midriff, while their top reached up above her collarbone. At the same time, the tears on the sides gradually expanded, swells of white fabric oozing forth. Across them, the thin threads steadily dissolved, her breasts surged through between and around them, to the point they disappeared between their bulges. While the stitches cut into her rack, some snapping off it, the tears continued to eat their way across the flanks of her breasts. Between their sides front, the remnants of her dress were squeezed into a band running down on either side of her cleavage window. At this point, Belle didn't know any more if she wanted it to hold out or break.

A faint ripping noise suddenly emitted from the front. First, the red hue got even brighter across the bulges of her bosom. With growing prominence, her white underdress was shining through the red fabric, which was both stretching across her breasts and getting squeezed by them. Over one of her breasts, the fabric finally gave in, a vertical rip forming. It was tiny at first, just an inch or two in height. But as her underdress bulged through it, the torn edges drifted apart, and the tear quickly expanded up and down her breast. Another rip appeared on her other, not quite symmetrical, but as both expanded, they turned into lines running across the slopes of her rack. Over the center of each breast, her dress was splitting in two, giving their fronts more room to inch away from her.

Belle watched the tears creep up the top of her bosom, while feeling them rip towards their bottoms. On their edges the fabric creased even further, turning into thick red lines framing the tears. All the while, her breasts continued to swell out of her cleavage, and her underdress continued to billow on the sides. The last stitches snapped, leaving nothing to cut into the bounteous wide fabric as it was bulging across the cambering flanks of her bust. With her dress dissolving around them, her assets spread out even further far larger than her mistress had grown to, showing no signs of slowing down.

Leaning forward as her back buckled under their weight, Belle felt them grace her legs, their protruding fronts approaching her knees. “S-stop!” she screamed, panic in her voice. “You’re getting too big! I mean, I didn’t want you to get bigger at all, but now you’re getting way, WAY too big!”

Ignoring her pleas, her bustline continued to jut out from her. Through the grand window of cleavage, the billowing slopes of her breasts reached out, seeping over the ruffles and burying them beneath their lips. With how tight her breasts rested inside her underdress, their curves almost squeezed each other flat, the canyon of her breast gap leading the way for the rest of her bust to grow towards. Around the burgeoning flanks, her red dress had creased in a wide arc, unveiling the entire sides of her assets as they stretched her underdress around them. Through the long tears on the front, the wide slopes were visibly arching, pushing what bit of fabric remained aside. The more her dress ripped, the further it allowed her breasts to splay out, into a billowing pair of spheres about to exceed the height of her torso.

On top and bottom, her dress was still wrapped tightly over her curves, though the tears crept up and down there, too. As her breasts reached past her navel and surged up her neck, only her lap would have been visible if she stood, the rest of her upper body hidden behind her monumental mammaries. Squishing against her, Belle watched her cleavage spill up above her chin while feeling it press against the collar of her underdress. Suddenly, the top button popped off, causing the collar to slip and stretch under the remnants of her dress. Her cleavage window turned into a giant V-neck, covered on the top by her dress, while framed on the rest of its length by the ruffles of the former button line. Ripples went across surface of her breasts, as well as through the white fabric of her underdress as they rocked forth and back, jiggling in all directions.

Pressing her back against the wall, Belle tried to keep an eye on as much of her bloating bosom as she could. While her bare flesh and underdress bulged considerably, her dress held the swells back as it continued to rip around them. Except for small fields of fabric at her shoulders and above her corset, her dress had torn into two lines running over the curve of each breast, like tight chains cutting deep into their slopes. Ripped on one side, the remnants of her dress creased on the other, squished it into thin bands over the crests of her breasts. On their bottoms, her dress and underdress were steadily pulled out of her corset, up the cambering ascent of her rack. Long creases were cupping the bottoms, both on her underdress and the little of her red dress still covering them. A tearing noise announced the next wardrobe malfunction. Closing her eyes, Belle prepared for the worst.

But instead of her dress ripping apart, she heard the door to the lab open.

“That cheap merchant only had one bottle of rose honey left!” the voice of her mistress bellowed into the lab, the grand slopes of her bosom poking through the doorframe. The massive swells embraced a pot of honey, nestled so deep in her cleavage an earthquake

couldn't have shaken it out. "We must nail this recipe with the next batch, or my reputation as an alchemist is gonna be--"

Just then, as the alchemist walked over the doorstep, the pot of honey in her bouncing cleavage, the very instant her eyes lay sight on breasts twice the size of her own, Belle's dress gave away.

First, the part connecting around her shoulders dissolved, until only a few weak threads held it together. As a result, her breasts rushed forward, one bulging a bit further than the other. Next, her dress tore at the bottoms, one tear appearing right at the middle of each. As her breasts jut out the tears rapidly extended up her bust, until fusing with the tears on the front. The remnants of her dress now fully turned into a pair of stripes running down each asset. White fabric burst forth between the stripes, further creasing them around the wide fronts of her bust. Finally, as the stripes vanished within the swells of her underdress, they ripped apart. Red pieces of fabric were launched off her chest as it exploded out from her.

Without the chains of her dress, her breasts firmly bounced up and down, hopping above her nose and slamming against her legs. Her underdress drifted across her curves, her already huge V-neck become even wider, running from her shoulder down the entire length of her bosom. Though still visibly bulging over the ruffles, her breasts weren't as cramped as before despite the white fabric being stretched tight over their curves.

For a moment they bopped around silently. Red shreds gently hovered in front of their bulk towards the ground. In the vast shadow of her bust, a small piece of her dress hung out from her corset, hidden by the swells of her bosom. Belle panted heavily, as if the tearing of her dress had exhausted her. Still in the doorframe, her mistress blinked at her. She opened her mouth, about to say something.

But instead of her voice, another tear was heard in the lab. On the wide flank of Belle's bust, between claw-like wrinkles surrounding it, her underdress suddenly ripped. A bubble of meat bulged through the oval hole, widening it into a circle. The same happened on her other breast, both tears eating their way through her underdress across the flanks of her bust. While growing domes of skin protruded and grew on either side of her rack, another tear appeared, this one between the front and bottom of her bust. It was similar in shape and size, slightly warping towards the bottom as it expanded. Then another tear appeared on the top of her other breast, her flesh mushrooming out through it. And another one. And another. Before long, her underdress was covered in holes, gradually growing and spread out across it.

With growing horror, Belle watched tear after tear pop up. Bulges of bare flesh oozed out everywhere, bending over the fabric as it retreated between them. The white spots shrunk and diminished, her flesh bubbling out higher and wider while turning her underdress into a spiderweb. The thinner the threads were squeezed, the more tightly they cut into her bosom's surface, making the bulges pop even more. Between the fields

of meat bubbles, her cleavage continued to reach out, two giant swells between all the small ones. Gradually flowing over the ruffles, eventually all of her underdress was obscured by her breasts, all fabric enveloped by flesh. Bulge pressed against bulge, while the grand swells of her cleavage pushed the bubbles aside. One by one, the strings buried in the flesh snapped, fusing the bulges into even larger ones. The entire time, her breasts continued swelling as a whole, Belle vanishing behind their curves.

Her fingers tightly clinging to cracks in the wall, Belle arched her back. Once more, the shreds of her underdress tightened around her rack as she stuck it out. Bubbles of flesh wobbled and bulged larger, looking like they were about to fall off her bust. Finally, the web of her underdress ripped apart. Shreds of fabric were catapulted off her breasts as they burst outward, relieved from all pressure. Unable to hold herself any longer, Belle dropped to the ground. The impact sent even more jiggles through her bosom, but as her breasts flowed over and rested on her legs, they didn't bounce up quite as high anymore, their frontal crests surging around her knees.

Feeling their weight on her, Belle put her arms around her breasts. Barely, her fingers reached over their flanks, the tips just grazing the edge of their fronts. Underneath she felt her skin slipping out, rubbing against her palms. Her cleavage up in her face, she had to raise her head so it wouldn't engulf her chin, the slopes of flesh steadily creeping up to devour it. She stared over the wide horizon of her bust, past which the head of her mistress poked out. Still standing in the door, the usual composed alchemist looked at her disciple in total bewilderment.

"M-milady, I'm, I'm so sorry." Cheeks burning red, Belle lowered her eyes into the huge chasm of her breast gap, the swells muffling her voice. "I, I just wanted to wipe the floor, b-but I was careless, and the potion, it, it FLEW into my mouth, and the next thing I know, my breasts grow, and they won't stop, and I... I..."

A shadow fell over her. Raising her eyes, the breasts of her mistress loomed above Belle, holding the pot of honey in their grasp. At least a whole foot of cleavage leaned over the alchemy apprentice, yet the mounds forming it looked tiny compared to her own. Above the still outrageous neckline, the eyes of her mistress intensely stared at Belle's breasts. They way they scanned their surface, taking in every slope as it cambered was making Belle feel even more uncomfortable. "Um, m-milady?"

Without saying a word, Adria placed her hands on Belle's breasts. The flesh bulged around her palms, squeezing through between her fingers. Adria pushed her massive melons against Belle's as she leaned over them, placing her cleavage on the wide surface of her apprentice's rack. "Your growth", her mistress murmured, running her palms along Belle's bust, feeling it inflate beneath them. "It's... it's..."

Completely confused, Belle didn't even notice that her breasts were reaching out more slowly from her. Only slowly it dawned on her they were pushing with gradually less force against her legs and her mistress' bust. Their crests swelled up to Belle's eyes

while their fronts reached out a little further beyond her knees, before finally, her swelling stopped. Firmly resting on her, Belle's bosom was large enough to fill an entire dining table for six people. Carefully Adria ran her hands over their curves as if to make sure they weren't growing anymore. After thoroughly inspecting them, her face lit up.

"It's PERFECT!" Adria exclaimed, beaming with joy. "The rate of the swelling, the way the slope bend, it's *exactly* like at the alchemy convention! Tell me, what did you do?!"

Confused, Belle tried to gather her thoughts. "Well, um, I... I accidentally spilled some sea dust into the cauldron and-"

"Sea dust?" Belle's bust trembled as her mistress lifted her rack off it. One arm under her own, Adria stroke her chin, her elbow pressing against her cleavage. "That's odd. Sea dust is notorious for its salty taste. Even an untrained tongue can easily-"

Suddenly, she froze. "Of course!" she said, slamming her fist against her palm and shaking her breasts in the process. "Scarlet dreadnuts hide the taste of salt! That wrench put them in just so I wouldn't figure out the sea dust as key ingredient." Once more, her elbow shoved against her bosom as chuckled into her fist. "Oh, the nerve she has, tricking me like that! Without your little blunder, I may have not realized I was played."

Belle looked over the breasts filling out her lap. "L-little?"

"How I can't wait to smack that recipe in her face!" An eager glint in her eyes, she looked down on her disciple. "Tell me, Belle, exactly how much sea dust did you add to the potion?"

But Belle could only return her mistress' anticipating stare with a shrug invisible behind her breasts. "I-I don't know. A handful, maybe two... th-the bottle just fell over and... y-you know."

The smile of her mistress turned into frown. "That won't do – that won't do at all." Between her breasts, the pot of honey trembled as she turned on the spot, bouncing to the workbench. While she grabbed bottles and flasks, including the sea dust, Belle put her hands on the wall behind her. Her knees rubbing against her bosom she worked her way up, carefully getting back on her feet.

"W-what are you doing, milady?" she asked, halfway back up.

"What does it look like?" Adria's breasts wobbled as she pulled the pot of honey out of her cleavage. "I'll brew a remedy potion, drink it, then test out several dosages of sea dust until I get it right!" Putting down the honey she grabbed the cauldron with the remaining potion, lifting it against her breasts. "While I'm at it, you dispose of the remaining potion – no wait, I'll do it myself. No more accidents today."

Aghast, Belle stared at her mistress. Knowing her, she would go at it until all the remedy was used up. "Wait, milady!" she yelled, taking a step forward. But in her hurry, Belle stumbled over her own legs. With the weight of her rack, there was no way for her to

catch balance, falling right in front of her mistress. As her breasts smacked at the alchemist's legs, she also stumbled, and in the process dropped the cauldron. It turned around in the air, landing upside down on Belle's head. She could only let out a small "oomph" as it was enveloped by the cauldron, and everything around her turned dark.

Silence fell over the lab. Adria's breasts jiggled within her low-cut dress, while Belle's body wobbled on top of her own. From around the edges of the cauldron, traces of the potion flowed out and dripped on Belle's cleavage. Again, Adria's assets bounced as she bent over her apprentice. With a bit of effort, she pulled the cauldron off her head, the momentum agitating her bust once more. More potion was spilled over Belle's bust, flowing between her breasts, but the majority covered her face. Her eyes fluttered, dripping with liquid, before Belle looked up at her mistress.

"Um, milady, I, I think I swallowed some more" she said, the salty taste on her tongue. "But luckily, potions only work once, no matter how much you take, right?"

Adria bit her lip. "How shall I say this, but... this may not be the case."

The color draining from her face, Belle looked up at her mistress' breasts in confusion – even though she herself was lying on a bed of breasts, from below the bulge of her mistress' bust appeared astonishingly huge. "W-what do you mean?"

"Well, remember the third rule of lab safety?" her mistress asked. "Never fall into the cauldron? It's not just because of injuries, but when submerging yourself in a potion, its effect can get a little more..."

Just then, a familiar tingle spread throughout Belle's chest – but this time, it felt much, much stronger. Not long after, the pressure of her breasts against her arms increased, steadily spreading them apart. Against the ground, the front of her rack was inflating, their curves pushing up Belle as she lay on top of them.

"Oh dear... well, we'll deal with this once I've figured out that recipe." With that Adria turned back to the workbench. While she got to work, Belle felt her breasts spread across the floor. Bit by bit, she was lifted upwards, rising on top of the mammary mass piling up between her body and the ground. Watching her breasts reach out to either side of her, Belle's eyes widened like their slopes.

"Uh... uhhhhh..."

Under Adria's keen watch, the crests of her bosom spread outwards. Far larger than her head, they were gaining inches in seconds, jutting out several feet from her body. Lips of flesh poured over her neckline, burying the frills of her underdress while gradually pushing it further down. But with how tight the green fabric squeezed on her curves, her neckline only slowly approached the equator of her bust. The cut running down between her breasts was stretched wide across the inflating slopes, revealing a large V-shaped

cleavage that showed her underdress. The once pleated fabric rested almost flat on her bosom, only some kinks indicating their formerly folded structure.

As the swells of her bosom arched out from her, the rest of Adria's torso vanished behind them. Her arms were mostly hidden behind their bulk already, just like her waist was over-rolled by their bottoms lolling downwards. Similarly, the flesh bulging out of her dress shot towards her face, the ascending crests reaching for her chin. With growing strength, their inner curves squeezed against and flattened each other, piling up within and out of her dress. Several large wrinkles had formed around her bust, including a big one running up the bottom of her left breast, while the fabric mostly lay smooth on their wide slopes. Ever wider the cut in her dress opened, showing how her underdress struggled to contain her mounds. Through the flattened wrinkles, her breast gap was faintly shining. As the fabric turned sheer, the soft sound of tearing stitches filled the lab.

Shriiip!

Above the outlines of her breasts, her underdress split in two. Straight down the entire length of the cut, it showed off the deep, narrow gap between her breasts. While the curved slopes squeezed gently, but with force against each other, the two halves of her underdress steadily drifted apart, creasing up on her skin as her cleavage expanded. Between the cleanly ripped edges, the bulges of her bosom reached forth, leading the way for the rest of her rack to protrude from her. Just as the width of her breasts exceeded the height of a doorframe, their growth began to slow down. The alchemist watched them reach a couple more centimeters further out from her, blocking the view on her workbench until only the shelf looked out over their horizon. The tip of her cleavage softly stroked her chin when the last grams rolled onto her bust, leaving her with a pair of breasts larger than her torso.

Slowly, Adria traced her fingers across her curves. Would she have had only one breast, she may have wrapped her arms just barely around it, but together her bosom was far too wide for her to even consider embracing it entirely. To either side, it stood out farther than her elbow when stretching out her arms, her shoulders completely obscured from the front. Their wide crests took up most of her sight as they seeped over the neckline, just like through the deep cut in the middle of her dress. Then, Adria ran her hands over their bottoms, feeling the taut fabric as well as the wrinkles running over their slopes, highlighting how tight it rested on her. Lifting her bosom, a bit, their mass overflowing her palms, she smiled.

“Perfect!” she said, slapping her rack. Adria watched her cleavage wobble, nodding in content. “Just like the breasts at the alchemy convention.”

“Congratulations, milady” Belle's voice whispered from behind her.

“Turned out my I had it with my first guess, save for a handful of sea dust instead of scarlet dreadnuts.” She pondered for a moment. “You know what?” she said, grinning

mischievously “I’m going to keep them in the recipe. Realizing I’ve seen through her little ruse will make her seethe even more with anger.”

“I’m sure it will, milady...”

Carefully, Adria moved through the lab, holding her breasts up with her arms to keep them from knocking something over. Balancing herself like this, she reached a desk with a quill and piece of paper. With her sight downwards blocked, she had to stand sideways as she wrote down the recipe. When she was done, she reached for a potion that lay ready on the desk. She popped the cork open and poured it on the letter. As the potion seeped into the paper it went up in blue flames, curling around itself until it vanished in thin air. “Done!” Adria said and laughed. “That will teach these snobs from the royal court to underestimate my skills!”

“I’m pleased to hear that, milady...”

Her bust jiggling, Adria turned around. “And you sure don’t want any remedy? There’s plenty left.”

A blush, but also a big smile on her face Belle was leaning onto a gargantuan pair of breasts. Not only did they dwarf her mistress’ bust, but also her own body, each large enough to fill a small room – together, they were taking up the wall she leaned against. Belle pushed her bare bosom against it to keep herself somewhat decent, but also to feel its entire size, its entire bulge with the full weight of her body. Despite squishing against wall and floor, their perky firmness was more than evident, projecting as proud and round spheres from her chest and forcing her to stand on her tiptoes, one leg raised in the air as she pressed her body against it.

“Later, milady” Belle murmured, plunging her head deeper between her assets. Rubbing her cheeks against them felt so relaxing...

A hand on her apprentice’s bust, Adria walked along its exceptionally wide arc, her own breast rubbing over Belle’s smooth skin. “At least, you’ve learned that falling into a cauldron with potion or submerging your head into it can make its effects more potent, if a bit unpredictable.” Seeing how happily her apprentice cuddled her cleavage, Adria crossed her arms under her breasts, making them spill even more out of her cleavage. “You know, for someone who scoffed so much at that breast growth potion, you sure seem to be enjoying its effects.”

She didn’t say it in a scolding voice, but Belle still felt bashful. “I do intend to go back to normal, milady” she assured her. Leaning into the swells of flesh that bulged around her, Belle gently stroked their skin with her gloved hands. “Just... not right now.”

Adria’s breasts bounced as she stemmed her hands into her sides. “My dear Belle, you can blow yourself all the way up to the moon if it makes you happy. I just fear how clumsy you’ll end up when you have actual *reason* to lose balance any time.”