

The bell rang as the final class of the day started to make their way into the halls and back to their dorms.

“See you Monday, Brook!” A classmate greeted another as they made their way out the door. Brook waved, the bangles on her wrist jangling about as she put her notebook in her backpack and slung it over her shoulder. Pulling out her phone, she started checking to see if anybody had messaged her while she was busy. Adjusting her tight pink shorts, which contrasted nicely with the dark complexion of her thighs, she made her way out into the hall, then further out into the courtyard. The leaves had finally started to turn, little piles of foliage gathering around the bases of trees as groundskeepers blew them around with their blowers.

As Brook scrolled her phone, making her way back to her dorm, it started to buzz, the name “BIANCA <3” appearing on the screen before she quickly picked up the call.

“Hey girl! What up?” She asked.

“Brook! You on your way yet?!” There was a frantic, yet excited, tone from beyond the receiver.

“Yeah, yeah, I’m on my way. What’s going on? Is everything ok?”

“Oh, everything is *a-ma-zing* right now, hehe! Listen, come over to the dorm as *fast* as you can, ok? I gotta show you my secret project!”

“Girl, you’ve been talking about that project for years, when are you finally-”

click

Bianca had hung up on her. Usually this rude gesture would anger Brook a bit, but because Bianca tended not to do that sort of thing to her, it only made her quicken her pace to her dorm, breaking out in a light jog as she made her way into the imposing brick building. Brook was fit, so she didn’t mind breaking out into a faster pace; the only thing that slightly embarrassed her was how loud her cheeks were when she moved at a higher pace. Her ass clapped every so often, depending on how hard her steps came down or if she rushed up the stairs. Putting the sound out of her mind, Brook kept the task on her mind as she made her way down the third floor hallway, all the way down to the last door on the left. She pushed open the door, which was decorated in pink and black stars, only to reveal Bianca rushing around the room in a frantic, manic fervor. The blonde stopped mid pace and looked over at the door to see Brook, a big smile crossing her face.

“Brook! Check this out! I finally cracked the code!” Brook wanted to say something, but her words caught; her attention was quickly captured by her best friend’s chest. Namely, the fact that her plaid button-down shirt had seemingly popped open before Brook had gotten there, and the thing that had popped it open in the first place were the two melons that were practically oozing out of her neckline.

“You...cracked...that’s for sure...” Brook muttered out, absolutely mesmerized by Bianca’s new appearance. Bianca had always been pretty stacked before; she fit the bimbo stereotype to a T, with blonde hair, a tight, petite figure, and a pair of Dds that she flaunted *constantly*. Brook knew, however, that these looks were deceiving, and that every chemistry class she had with Bianca, the blonde was always the one with straight As for every science class. History? Maybe not so much. But science...

“They look good?” Bianca asked with a wink. Brook shook her head, going a bit pink and trying to get the spotlight off of her.

“Wh-what do you mean?! What the hell did you-”

“So it turns out, all I had to do was...well, I won't bore you with the science of it all, but let's just say that things just...lined up after a while! And here I am with the proof of all of my research: body fattening ointment!” Brook winced.

“That name is jank, Bianca.” Shrugging her shoulders, she gestured down at her breasts, like she was a model on a game show bringing out a new car.

“The results are not, though, Brook. After all, how else could I have gone from a DD this morning to a...oh gosh, I haven't measured them yet!” She quickly stripped, ripping her shirt open and letting her tits fall against her body. Tossing her shirt and busted bra aside, Brook's eyes went wide at the sight of the nearly head-sized orbs that now hung from Bianca's chest resting against them with a light *slap*. Brook couldn't look away; while not necessarily what she was into, she couldn't deny that Bianca's tits always looked stunning before...and now, after blowing up as much as they did...

“Alright, gimme a sec...” She wrapped a tape measure around her underbust, then over her nipples, then scratched her head as she did mental math. Her eyes suddenly went wide once she realized the answer:

“Oh holy shit, I'm a G cup now...”

“No fucking way! What is that like...four cup sizes?” Bianca nodded, biting her lip with excitement before tossing a loose t-shirt on. “How...how long did it take to grow?”

“It was nearly instant! Takes a sec to kick in, but once it does, *woof!*” Bianca smirked, lifting a hand to one of her newly swollen breasts and squeezing.

“Nearly instant? Wouldn't that like...stretch your skin or...?” She shook her head.

“I compensated for all of that. There's stuff in it that makes instant skin cells at the rate of the fat growth.”

“How...never mind, I wouldn't get it even if you explain it anyways...” Bianca laughed kindly.

“There's a reason it took three and a half years to make! Lots of trial and error...this was the first time I ever felt comfortable using it on myself as a test subject. I'm certainly not regretting it...had to go clothes shopping tomorrow anyways...” She said with a wink.

Before the conversation could continue, the door swung open.

In entered Beckie, phone in hand and propped at a 45 degree angle above her head as she wrapped up her latest post to social media – which ones specifically, Brook could only speculate. However, she did follow her on InstaChat, so she did get a taste of her virtual presence – which mostly depicted her shaking her ass, making horny-bait videos of herself walking into rooms with guys watching or doing whatever other depraved shit, and just a general focus on her new ass that she had installed last month.

Ever since she got it, her views and shares online had skyrocketed. It was as if all you had to do these days for instant validation and popularity was inject yourself with pounds of flesh directly into your backside. Brook had considered it, but her already plenty plump posterior was something she didn't want to risk fucking up with surgery. So she saw other women, like Beckie, who had next to nothing for an ass before, and now rocked a shelf of an ass that brought most of her yoga pants to the point where they went completely sheer if she bent over too far. She saw these women and started to question if her ass, already with hips as wide as her shoulders and cheeks as large as pumpkins, was actually big enough for the modern standard. Or if, perhaps, the point wasn't to be bigger than anyone, but rather, to get attention from changing into something *more*.

“Um...am I interrupting something or what?” Beckie asked, awkwardly lowering her phone and stuffing it into her bra. She wore orange yoga pants and a matching burnt orange tank top, midriff exposed, her hair up in a ponytail. Bianca spoke up first, breaking the tension in the air.

“Oh good, you came! Check this out, Beckie-” She lifted her loose top, flashing the new addition to the room. Beckie blinked twice, scratching the back of her head as she processed what just occurred.

“Uh...what...how did...um...wow...” She was at a loss for words, which was something that didn't usually happen to Beckie. She was usually one with plenty to say about everything, and wouldn't shut the fuck up about it. But it seemed like if you flash some giant tits in her face, she shorted out and operated at a normal level again. At least, for a few merciful minutes, anyways.

“I cracked it. Finally! I figured out the exact setup needed in order to create instant tissue growth without adverse, life threatening side effects!”

“You figured that...on your own...how...?” Beckie asked, still stunned at what she had witnessed, shaking her head to knock out the rest of her daze.

“Long term research and plenty of funding from my dad, duh! I've told all this to you already, Beckie!” She crossed her arms under her bloated tits, flesh pushing up into her t-shirt and making it stretch across their forms, accentuating bits of cleavage covered by cloth. Beckie's eyebrow merely raised incredulously, mouth turning into a sneer.

“Instantly? Yeah right, Bianca. I bet it still took WEEKS to grow that big, and even then, you're probably just gonna shrink back down by tomorrow, like the last two test runs you did...” A deep scowl crossed Bianca's face. Impulsively, she turned to her desk, tossing her shirt aside and lifting a small plastic tube, squeezing some of the thick paste-like substance from inside and onto her fingers. She quickly started to rub it onto her breasts before either girl could react, covering every inch of the already swollen surfaces of pale, alabaster flesh. They stood there for a moment, staring at her chest in silence. Bianca merely looked down at her chest, a seed of worry starting to sprout, as she never tested multiple dosages in a row like this...

“Um...was that a good thing to do...?” Brook asked, concern crossing her face as she saw the features on Bianca's face slightly twitch in the extended silence. Another few seconds passed, Beckie rolling her eyes as she looked down at her phone.

“God, I knew you were just hyping it u-”

Beckie was interrupted by a loud moan, which erupted from Bianca as her chest suddenly surged

forward. Her tits ballooned out, quickly adding cup sizes in seconds as they started to quickly creep down to her ribcage, forms dangling as they formed larger teardrops. Her nipples also swelled, pushing out to become as large as short thimbles; they were bright pink glowing against pale white. Beckie and Brook's jaws dropped as they watched it unfold in seconds, Beckie's eyes immediately lifting off her phone to see the events unfold just as before they quickly ended. Her jugs were larger than her head now, resting an inch or so above her bellybutton, a marked jump from just going up four cup sizes.

“Wow...its...really effective when used in successive doses, it seems...”

“Oh my God, Bianca...you're fucking *huge!*” Beckie remarked, hands up to her mouth in shock.

“Um...yeah, you've really...proven your point, I guess...”

“...well, anyways, other than trying it on myself, I wanted to call you over here for something...specifically you, Beckie...” Wobbling, adjusting to her new center of gravity as her breasts jiggled mercilessly back and forth, the weighty pendulums quickly showing their impositions, Beckie made her way over to her mirror to observe herself. She gasped at the sight, bringing a hand underneath her left tit and lifting it slightly, watching waves ripple across her flesh as she wiggled her fingers. “...sheesh...um, anyways, since this is clearly an effective model, I needed to start getting the word out so I can capitalize on this discovery before some big wig corporate suit comes down and rips me off somehow.” Brook rolled her eyes.

“Ah yes, the big booby CIA, how could we forget?” She asked, cocking her hip to the side.

“I mean...she ain't wrong, Bee. You know how much I paid out to get this thing?” She gestured to her ass, lifted to perfection and clearly disproportionate to her frame. “...just for her to invent something that does it in LITERAL seconds? With no recovery time? I'd be angrier if I wasn't so excited for you, babe!” She scratched her head at her statement. “Wait...does it even work on butts, or is it strictly tits that you got down?”

“Well...in theory...it should work on anywhere fat gets stored on the body. So...it should work exactly the same, yeah.” She sheepishly looked over at Beckie, hand still under her bare tits as she stayed rooted in place, still stunned by her appearance. “But...I don't really want to test it on...*that* part of myself...so I figured you would be interested, since you were just talking about how you were gonna go bigger in a few months once you healed up.” Beckie stayed silent for a moment, then shook her head.

“Nah. Nah, I can't do it.”

“What?! Why not-”

“Bianca, no offense girl, but...this ain't a natural booty no more, its...its fat, but it ain't the same fat. Don't you think you should get someone with something more...y'know, *natural* to test it?” Bianca scratched her chin at this.

“Hmmm...y'know, I didn't think about that...I was so focused on the 'fat' aspect of it all that I failed to think about surgical implications...hmmm...”

“What about Brook?” Beckie blurted out. Brook's heart skipped a beat, her eyes going wide at the suggestion.

"I...um...well..." She felt her cheeks go warm as she looked at the floor, a small smile crossing her face.

"I mean...I dunno, were you interested Brook? I just figured...y'know, you've never really talked about it before..." Bianca stated. This only reminded Brook about how guarded her desires recently had been; she had not spoken them to a soul, not even her best friends. And now here was a cheat code, a gateway that would be a win-win; something that could help her indulge in her curious fantasy, and also be a helpful guinea pig for her friend.

"I mean...I wouldn't mind a little extra if it means helping you out..." The statement made Bianca's eyebrows raise.

"So...wait, Bianca, is this stuff permanent or what?" Beckie interrupted. Bianca looked over at Beckie, scratching her head.

"Well...considering I haven't even used it for more than 24 hours yet, I can't confirm or deny that it will go back down as of this moment. However, past subjects have retained their growth for months, so..." She shrugged. "But I designed this formula with a 'fail-safe antidote', so to speak. As in, if you mix it with a certain amount of water and hydrogen peroxide, it'll diffuse the effects and shrink you over night." The words assuaged Brook's worry; seeing as Bianca had already gotten this far, there was a part of Brook that trusted her when she confidently spoke of this cure.

"Yeah, y'know what? Hand it over!" Brook stepped forward and snatched the tube from the desk, much to Bianca's surprise.

"Careful with how much you-" Brook waved her away, her confidence guiding her now.

"I got this, Bianca, don't sweat it..." She peeled down her shorts, wearing just a white thong underneath. Squirting a generous amount of the substance into her hands, she started to smear and massage it across her expanse of booty, a strange tingling sensation starting to wash over it as she covered every inch of her mocha complexion. Beckie watched in shock at how quick Brook was with her decision; usually, Brook was the kind of person who needed all the time she could use to decide classes she took, places she wanted to eat...practically any decision needed ample time to think. This impulsive act was certainly not something Beckie had witnessed, and it only made her eyes glue to Brook's booty as she started to moan, capping the ointment and setting it aside on the counter.

"Oohh...is it supposed to tingle like that, Bianca?" She rubbed her backside, finding it unable to take her fingers from her flesh as it started to throb with her heartbeat, which she felt getting quicker and quicker the more she rubbed into her backside.

"Yup...be careful, I think if you stimulate too much you'll-"

"OHHHHHHHHNNNNNNNNN!~" Brook grit her teeth as she came, ass quickly pushing out behind her in pulses. Inch after inch shoved into the already massive cheeks, swelling bigger and bigger in little time. Brook leaned over, clutching the chair nearby as she pushed her booty out behind her, the basketballs quickly evolving into medicine balls before ceasing. Nearly collapsing, Brook stumbled over to the bed nearby and fell on her front, her massive backside wobbling like coffee-tinted jello before her two friends. She needed a moment to catch her breath.

“Yeah, that.” Bianca stated with a deep sigh.

“Wow...that worked well too, huh?” Beckie stated. She stamped her foot in frustration. “Dammit, Bianca! Why couldn't you have figured this out sooner?! Her ass looks *perfect!*” Bianca merely shrugged.

“Hey, I didn't force you into that BBL, that was YOUR call...I even told you I was nearing something solid, and all you did was say 'sure, just like last time.’” Beckie sighed.

“...well what do you expect, Bianca? I'm a fucking ditz.”

“...and a slut.” Bianca added. Beckie couldn't help but chuckle at her timing.

“Yeah...that too.” She gestured at Brook, who had finally come to and started pushing herself to her knees, her ass proving an obstacle as flesh filled the space between her back and her thighs, causing her back to arch forward as she sat up.

“Woah...this is...fucking insane, Bianca...” She reached back and rubbed it down, in awe of the growth spurt that had just rocked her. A bit unsteady, she shifted her weight to her right hip, which popped out sideways further than she was used to. This movement knocked into the end table near the bed, sending her alarm clock tumbling to the ground with a violent '*crack!*' “Shit!”

“Don't worry about it, girl, look at you!” Bianca exclaimed in excitement. “It worked perfect! Gosh, it evenly distributed everywhere...perfect bubbling, just what I thought...wow...wow, wow, wow!” Bianca's fawning brought out Brook's sheepishness, her eyes drifting to the mirror that Bianca had just stood in, observing her backside as it stretched out behind her, its full form unable to fit on the thin frame of the standing mirror. Its shelf-like form was cut off, and she found herself leaning forward, then backwards, so she could see the whole view of her bigger booty.

“Y-yeah? You don't think it looks...y'know...too much?” Beckie snorted.

“One thing I've learned from this whole thing, Bee, is that when something becomes 'too much' for one person, it becomes the next person's 'perfect.’” She snickered, leaning over to see Brook's behind from the bottom, its crest completely blocking view of a majority of the ceiling space above it. “...and the line for that train of people never ends, trust me...there's always someone else who asks for it to get bigger...” With a wicked and mischievous grin, while Brook was looking away, she wound her hand back and gave the one of her cheeks a mighty “SLAP”! Brook let out a loud yelp, bringing her hands back in time to feel her ponderous cheeks heave back and forth from the sudden impact. After a few seconds, they settled.

“Ugh, Beckie, you bitch! Don't just-”

“Hold on a second, Brook...” Bianca rushed over, tape measure in hand to quickly record Brook's new measurements. “...wow, Brook...each cheek is about a foot in diameter...”

“Damn, no kidding?!” Beckie asked with a bemused look of surprise. “...that's how big I was aiming for...they told me I would need at least three different surgeries before I got there...” She balled her fists and stomped her foot, feeling her own bubble butt bobble about. “Fuck, Bianca, I am *so* regretting this thing already!” Bianca could only shrug.

“Again, I don't want to spend all night saying 'I told you so...’” Beckie huffed, crossing her arms, before a sudden thought crossed her mind.

“Oh right!” She stepped over to her obnoxiously sized, bright orange purse, pulling a full pint of tequila from within it. “I almost forgot! I brought the party to *your* dorm this time around!” Bianca cackled at the sight, clapping her hands in excitement.

“Oh my God, yesssssss! Time to celebrate Friday night, right?!” Bianca turned to Brook, who eagerly nodded at the suggestion. Beckie poured a shot glass for them each, and they raised them high.

“To bigger booties, boobies, and a whole lotta cash ahead!” Bianca announced with a wide grin. Beckie rolled her eyes, but still clinked her glass against the other's before taking a drink.

Within hours, they already found themselves lounging around in comfier clothes, Brook opting for grey panties, which now fit much more snug, digging into the new expansive surface of her backside, as well as a pink tank top that held her D cups comfortably. Beckie had opted for a pair of black shorts with white hems, which fit like a glove over her curves, as well as a loose yellow camisole. Bianca put her baggy shirt back on, and kept her backside covered with white cotton shorts that only went down to the base of her thigh, revealing a majority of her toned legs. They were chatting and laughing spiritedly, passing around the small bottle as it quickly dwindled between the two of them, a handful of shots shared between all of them already.

Beckie, out of nowhere and in her usual 'can't handle my drink so I'll start asking inappropriate questions' shtick, she looked over at Brook and quickly asked her:

“So you liking the new ass?” Brook could only laugh and rub the side of one of her engorged hips, cocking her head to the side in casual agreement. “You surprised me, Bee...I didn't think you'd do it so quickly. I always thought you already hit the jackpot, honestly...” Brook shrugged.

“I dunno. It just...seemed like fun, like...its not about being the biggest, just like...what its like to be bigger, y'know?”

“Exactly! That's why I...well, part of why...” Beckie grabbed her backside and shrugged. The two couldn't help but hear a soft noise; like a low, petite rasp that was emanating from the bed. They both looked over, seeing a passed out Bianca on the bed. They both chuckled at the sight. “She's always first out, I swear...she'll be up early tomorrow as always too, I bet...” Brook grinned and nodded. Looking down at her phone for a moment, she could feel the dizziness starting to set in and she set it back aside, looking over at Beckie, who had her eyes locked on the counter top. The same counter where the ointment sat innocently.

“What you thinking about, Beck...?” Beckie's grin widened.

“So...you wanna do what Bianca did and...have some more fun?”

Now, if Brook was in her right mind, she would've shut Beckie down right then and there, as she usually did whenever she had a bad or wild idea. But right here, right now, in this dorm room, four shots of tequila in, she couldn't help but only remember how *good* it felt when her ass pushed against her hands as it got bigger...and bigger...and bigger...

Suddenly, everything was a blur...Beckie offered to help, and Brook eagerly accepted...Beckie slathered it all over her backside and rubbed it in...the moaning...the groping...the temperature rising as the two got more and more involved...the gurgling and stretching sound that filled the room as Brook cried out in pleasure...laughing...messing around...and then complete darkness.

* * *

This was a fuzzier morning than Brook had had recently. She wasn't sure why; she had really only had four or five shots, why was she feeling this groggy? Why did she sleep in until 11:00? There she laid, on her stomach, alone in the dorm room. Bianca and Beckie had both left already, leaving Brook to stir slowly from her completely drained state. Reaching over, she grabbed a water bottle from the floor nearby, the mattress squeaking as she shifted her weight around. She felt...heavy. It wasn't dawning on her all that much until she tried moving around. Looking behind herself, all she could see was a massive pile of blankets piled up on her backside, likely thrown on her as a joke from Beckie after she had passed out.

“...fuckin'...slut...” Brook muttered, sidling back over and practically draining the water bottle of its contents in a few gulps, tossing it aside as she shifted around. Finally deciding it was time to get up and be a human, she reached back, peeling off a layer of blanket at a time, until she had finally reached the last few...

“...w-wait...what...?” Looking behind herself, her jaw dropped when she saw the silhouette beneath the thin blankets that remained draped over her backside. Her hips alone...they flared out at least three feet wide behind her...and those “one foot in diameter” cheeks she had sported last night...they seemed to have doubled in size! Slowly, she pulled off the remaining blankets, the fabric slowly pulling away to reveal the mammoth forms of her dark flesh, piled up so high that they nearly met her at eye level as she laid there. “Oh...hell...no...this isn't...” She pushed herself up onto her arms, leaning back and feeling her cheeks start to press up against her back. Gritting her teeth, she swung her legs around, gasping as her feet hit the ground, yet her cheeks remained supported by the mattress behind her.

“You've gotta be...ugh! What the fuck even happened last night...?” She struggled to grasp the memory of the night before, only remembering events that occurred before Beckie pulled out that damned tequila bottle. She had only grown a little bit...so why was she so huge? Scrolling on her phone, she noticed she had received a message from Beckie through InstaChat. Arching her eyebrow, she opened it, seeing a video attached that depicted her and Beckie in the thumbnail. Her heart dropped as she clicked on it, the video depicting the two of them with their backs to the camera, rolling their hips as they shook their asses. Some obnoxious song blasted over the footage, Brook hypnotized by her booty in the video, one that looked huge...but not as big as what she was currently carrying.

That was until, however, Brook froze up in the video mid-twerk, but her cheeks kept wobbling; as they continued to jiggle, the song played un-interrupted, but Brook's face scrunched up into a face of surprise and pleasure, her ass suddenly vaulting out a few more inches until it reached her current size. Brook felt herself go cold at the sight of it, and closed the video right as it ended, Beckie seeming to take little to no notice to Brook's final transformation as she grabbed for her phone to end the video.

Brook played the video again. Then again. Then again. Her eyes glued to her own ass as it shook and wobbled, back and forth, bounding and jiggling in tight shorts that started to tear as the growth surge

hit. Hand over her mouth, Brook's shock gradually wore off as she came to a conclusion:

“Nope. Nope, we're *not* keeping this. I don't need this thing, I never wanted to be...this...fuckin' *huge*, damn...” She rubbed her hands on her hips in circular motions, feeling her cheeks slightly react by pulling lightly to the sides, tugging her slightly in either direction. She began moving, very awkwardly, around the dorm room, feeling her hips knock against various furnishings and walls as she paced about. “Ok...so...think, Bee...hmmm...” Fighting through the haze, Brook recalled a brief conversation from last night. Bianca's words started to come through in her mind...

'...I designed this formula with a 'fail-safe antidote', so to speak. As in, if you mix it with a certain amount of water and hydrogen peroxide, it'll diffuse the effects and shrink you over night...'

“Right, right...'fail-safe', I like that word...” Brook made her way over to Bianca's 'science corner', which consisted of a small corner table messily covered with equipment and papers. Brook leaned in to read through the random papers, feeling her exposed backside push out into the open air behind her. She felt a gentle tickle from one of the blankets she had tossed aside on Bianca's bed nearby. Looking behind herself, Brook's heart sank at the sight of just how far away the object that touched her backside truly was from her. She could reach from here, but she wouldn't even be able to touch it! Sighing, she resumed her scouring, picking papers up, reading them, then setting them aside.

Eventually, after a few minutes of frantic searching, Brook came across a paper with some magic words on it: 'hydrogen peroxide, water, new formula...' Reading it over, Brook nodded, a smile crossing her face as she started to gather the simple materials needed to shrink her back down. First off, she needed more of the ointment; the idea of rubbing herself down with even more of the stuff made her hesitant, but from what she could read on the paper, hydrogen peroxide and water apparently reversed its effects and made the fat 'dissipate instead of replicate'. Turning to their sink, her shelf of an ass rubbed across Bianca's science table, knocking nearly every object to the floor with several clatters and smashes.

“Shit! I'm a fucking bull in an antique shop with this thing...hopefully this formula of hers works...” Pouring water into a cup, she dug through the sink and found the peroxide, with over half a bottle left. She poured to the proper ratio of water and peroxide that was written on the document before her, before squirting out the remaining tube of ointment, the thick liquid dissolving into the mixture before slowly thickening, returning to the paste-like substance it had been previously. “This is such a weird thing she's made...alright...” She started to take handfuls and globs of the supposed antidote and began rubbing it across her exposed backside, struggling to cover every last inch as the furthest reaches of her ass were quite far from her reach.

“Hopefully this just...fixes the whole thing, even if I don't...” Brook muttered to herself right before the door suddenly swung open – it was Bianca, distracted and buried in a science book she had just checked out from the library. For a moment, neither one noticed each other – at least, until Bianca stepped on a dropped test tube that had rolled across the floor earlier. The science nerd stopped, looked upwards and saw Brook rubbing her backside down, with a bottle of peroxide on the counter and a paper tossed aside onto the bed. Her heart sank.

“B...B...Brook...?!” The book fell to the floor. Brook looked over, a wry smile of embarrassment crossing her face.

“Oh! Um...uh...hi, Bianca...I just...I was trying to get this thing to shrink so I just kinda...dug through your stuff...I'm sorry, I wasn't really thinking, I just-” Bianca rushed to the paper, her eyes going wide

at the sight of it.

“Brook! You didn't use THIS one, did you?” She held the paper up and pointed. Brook looked at the paper, then at Bianca, then at her ass. There was a pained silence for a moment before she finally nodded.

“Y...yeah, that's...the one I followed...” Bianca rubbed her hands across her face in frustration and shock.

“That's...that's an old formula, Brook. The date would've told you that if you read it...” She pointed to it, Brook gasping as she saw a date from over a year ago written on the paper.

“Wh...why would you hold onto that?!”

“Old data leads to new data, Brook! I've said that so many times...”

As they argued, there was a strange warmth sweeping through Brook's body. It was...familiar, and yet...also very new.

“Uh...not to interrupt or anything, but I'm starting to feel kinda...” She yelped, feeling her backside start to slowly diminish, cheeks slightly deflating as she let out a sigh of relief. “...oh thank GOD, see Bianca? I knew you were-” She was interrupted as she suddenly felt herself push upwards into the air, while standing completely still. It was as if she had gone on her tiptoes, her entire perspective shifted slightly upwards, but her body had been completely unmoved.

“...with the way that formula works, its...its going to start distributing cells all through your body...you essentially distilled what formula was already stored inside your butt...”

“Do you really gotta try to explain this to me now?!” Brook cried out, feeling her whole body surge upwards again – the ceiling was feeling closer, and the bed now seemed much further away.

“You...should probably get outside soon, Bee.”

“What do you mean?! How are you so calm about thi-” Another spurt hit her, pushing her head upwards, past the six foot mark, then half a foot past that. Her shirt shred apart, her panties quickly following suit, leaving her completely naked. Knowing now was likely not the time to be self conscious, Brook took Bianca's advice, making her way through the doorway. As she stepped through, her body boosted up again, causing her get caught in the door frame for a moment,. Her arms pressed up against either side as she pried her way forward, feeling her hips catch and her ass cheeks squeeze through. Brook stumbled awkwardly into a hallway that once felt so big, but was now distressingly small, yet just as long as it always was.

Frantically, Brook made her way down the hall, hearing gasps and “what”'s from the dorm rooms that she passed that had their doors open. Students quickly stepped out of the doorway to watch Brook stumble her way to the stairwell, feeling herself push up and up into the air every few seconds. Everything was feeling smaller and smaller, the walls getting closer, the stairwell feeling tighter. One foot covered half of a step that could easily fit two or three students, and she found it quite difficult to keep her balance as she tried to rush her way down the spiral staircase. She stumbled, slipping down onto her padded backside as she slid down to one turn of the staircase, slamming into it with her feet.

“Ow...this fucking sucks...” Brook noted, rubbing her butt as she felt her body pushing against every surface she was next to, her whole body starting to fill the corner of the stairwell. Regaining her composure, she continued her way down the steps, her hands unable to grip onto rails that were insignificant underneath her palms, instead just leaning against them and feeling them creak under the pressure she exerted on them.

She finally made it to the bottom floor, now leaning over and feeling her head graze against the tall ceiling of the dorm. The doorway, mercifully large and extravagant, was still a bit imposing as she continued to rise upwards. She ducked down, her fingers wrapping around the edges of the doorway as she started to push her way through, a big spurt hitting as she heard the wood crack and give, her ass now as large as beanbag chairs attached to a woman that was now at least twelve feet tall.

Students from around campus stopped in their tracks. They stared in awe as Brook squeezed her way out of the massive building, letting out a loud sigh as she stood there, dusting herself off. She gasped, a sudden surge of warmth hitting her as she quickly started to push up in the air in one last boost of growth. Brook screamed, the ground quickly getting away from her as her whole body grew upwards; students in the dorm went wide eyed as they saw Brook rise up above the 6th floor, then the 7th, then the 8th, each floor taking mere seconds for her to make eye contact with. Each of her eyes was now the size of one of the large windows of the dorm, Brook looking in at one of the rooms on the 9th floor; a blonde girl she had seen walk the halls turned around to see a massive eyeball staring into her window. She quickly fainted.

Soon the space around her was filling with students around campus. They all had their phones out, aimed upwards and taking videos for their socials, all of them muttering or adding some kind of baffled commentary as they stared upwards.

“Can you guys...like...not, right now?” Brook asked in vain, feeling herself boost up once again, her head now above the massive dorm building, able to see across the whole campus, all the way to the city that was a few miles away. Brook felt an odd sense of vertigo set in, the sight of the world around her at this vantage point making her head spin.

Beckie stood by Bianca a good distance away from Brook as she towered above everyone, Bianca shaking her head.

“Damn Beck...I think you're onto something kinda huge...no pun intended, obv...” Bianca nodded with a sigh.

“Yeah...not the best way to learn about it...that and...well, now there's gonna be a million posts about it online...so the cat's outta the bag now, I guess...”

“You think you're gonna get your idea jacked somehow?” Bianca shrugged.

“Tends to be the case in the science field these days. By tomorrow some asshole in Silicon Valley will have patented their own version of it.” Beckie sighed.

“How is that even possible? This formula is yours, isn't it?” Bianca shrugged.

“Yeah...its not like anyone else in the science community isn't as close as I am...I can only hope

someone reaches out and contacts me for info...” They were silent a moment, watching Brook collect her thoughts and start making her way away from the dorm, her footsteps causing small earthquakes as she walked away.

“How many people do you think will take it, anyways?” Bianca shrugged.

“Knowing how people love to hop onto trends, even if they put their whole bodies at risk, it'll likely be a hit...before, y'know, something like this happens...again...”

“Guys? Bianca? I can see you down there...” Brook could identify Bianca's blonde ponytail and massive tits from a mile away. “Are you gonna fix this or what...?” Bianca sighed again, shaking her head.

“Yeah, yeah, I'll get on it Brook...”

For the rest of the day, all Brook could do was make her way to the forest nearby and hide amongst the trees, hoping no one could come by. The damage was done, however; many phones had caught her experience from hundreds of low angles, several through windows that saw her from across the way, and a few from people driving their way through town.

Brook was all over front page news. Every video that got posted of it, however, all claimed that the imagery was fake, computer generated, or artificially generated. Comments went on and on about what flaws in each captured video was, how every angle was likely some kind of advertisement for a movie or show yet to come out or be announced. Brook had reached fame, although not quite in the way she had thought. It was quite temporary, much like her massive growth spurt that Bianca took several days of research in order to figure out.

By the time the next year had come, however, this would all be a memory left behind by anyone that wasn't Brook, Bianca and Beckie. The only trace of the evidence was Bianca's massive tits, Brook's massive ass, and Beckie's endless frustration.

THE END