

An easy thing to start with was that Cora was tired. She was the oldest among her friends and felt as worn as a wheel. On their romp to the island chalet one weekend, and when Rachel had gone off with Rissy and Hansa for a game of pool, she fell asleep by the one in the yard.

She'd gone in for a dip in her underwear, having forgotten to pack a swimsuit. What was the use? She didn't have one— her time at school never allowed for it. She went in and out, and spent a joyful afternoon soaking up the sun on a deck chair, asleep, her hands on the underwire of her simple white bra, housing humble B-cups.

And then they jolted.

Cora awoke. Rachel had tapped her shoulder. No, Rissy had shaken her and ran. Nothing. But now she came face-to-face with her boobs, which had somehow swelled into great D-cup domes. Her bra dug thinly into her skin.

Oh, she thought. And then *ouch*. She held them in her hands. They were wonderfully firm. Her little white bra strained against them just barely, something filling it out at last.

But the wetness was now getting to her.

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"What do you mean, you just slept?" A peanut-chomping Rachel said indignantly.

"I just slept," Cora repeated. "And then they just—" a soft, strapless beige bra caught her eye. She took its hanger off the rack. "Does this look granny-ish?"

"*You're* granny-ish," Rachel admonished. "You just slept and then your boobs just—" Rachel made a popping noise. "God, you're so lucky!"

"No, because nothing I brought fits me now!" Cora whined. "And do they even allow food in this store?"

Rachel shrugged. With one hand she scooped another salty one into her mouth and fingered a hot pink sheer bra on the display with her other.

"I think I'll just take these," Cora swallowed, taking three of the same beige ones.

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"*What.*"

"Rissy," Rachel said in a hush. "Where are you?"

"*The fucking beach market,*" came the voice over the phone. "*Hansa and I are getting smoothies— ah fuck, you want one?*"

"Make mine banana," Rachel nodded. "And by the way, something's up with Cora. Her tits are swelling."

A pause over the phone.

"Rissy, you there?"

"Oh I'm sorry," Rissy said sarcastically. *"I could've sworn you said Cora's tits were swell—"*

A shout broke the quiet in the chalet.

"Just get over here!" Rachel hung up and dashed to Cora's room. She was there alright, in one piece, with two unmistakably expanding breasts filling out her tank top.

"Oh my god."

"Stop gawping at me, Rachel!" Cora yelled, boobs spilling out her hands. "Help me!"

"Help you how?? What did you do??"

"Nothing! They just grew!"

Rachel stared at the pure volleyballs Cora now had for a chest, mouth failing her. She would be jealous, but Cora was such a looker. Damn.

"Jesus, you must be what, an N-cup? Double Ns?"

"I don't even know!" Cora tried to cup her huge breasts, and they only seemed to increase in size. "My bra's not gonna hold, I'm gonna need—"

Said bra snapped. Cora inhaled sharply, and with a wobble her massive bosom perked up into perfect spheres. Her tank top stretched down to show her magnificent cleavage, side seams starting to rip.

"New clothes to see a doctor in?" Rachel finished, eyes wide.

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Cora pinched the side of Hansa's gym bra miserably. It was the only thing in all their suitcases that would stretch over her new boobs.

"I feel like a freak."

"You look an amazing freak," Rachel said, grasping her hand tighter. She looked at the address the chalet's receptionist had given her, a bit of shaky cursive because she hadn't been able to see her writing over her tits. Was every woman working on the island so terribly buxom?

"Rachel!"

"Okay, sorry," Rachel giggled. "But you *do* look amazing. And here we are!"

The clinic, a whitewashed building with a light-up red cross on the roof, came into the distance.

"Thank god this place has actual first aid," Cora rubbed her aching back. "I was thinking we'd have to go to a hut and get voodoo stuff done."

"You've been reading too many of Rissy's horror books," said Rachel. They walked through the sliding glass doors, and Cora breathed a sigh of relief. Waiting chairs, TV on the wall, lollypop and magazine stand! It was so comfortingly normal.

"Hi there," said the nurse, a cute redhead with the *biggest fucking knockers either girl had ever seen*. Her white coat had been parted and buttoned below her colossal breasts. Her nipples tented her tight dress.

"Um," said Cora.

"My friend here needs the doctor right now," Rachel said, barely, staring in awe at the nurse. She seemed to notice, and smirked coquettishly.

"Alright! Dr. Parnapy is available right now," she waved a hand at the door next to her counter. Cora nodded, dazed, and made her way. Rachel did as well, ready to follow her in, but the nurse stood up.

"You're just accompanying, right?"

"Er, yes."

"Then I'm afraid you'll have to sit and wait," the door clicked shut behind Cora. The nurse practically shoved her tits into Rachel's face directing where she could sit. "One patient at a time."

"I'm not a—" Rachel said, but huffed and walked to the plastic chairs across the room. The nurse grinned.

Rachel grinned back, and immediately checked the clock. It was nearly dinnertime, and Rissy and Hansa had better return. Walking with Cora jiggling all over the place had been right torture. Desperately not wanting to be reminded of her own inadequate boobs, she snatched the nearest magazine off the stand. On the cover was pop sensation Angelika Anders, posing with her mic and her brand new latex-clad triple Qs.

Rachel groaned.

Dr. Parnapy was sitting in a swivel chair, turned with her back facing Cora. Cora gingerly approached the desk and sat, feeling the pricks of Hansa's bra dig into her once again. She hoped it was just nerves. She couldn't let her *tits* ruin her trip.

Dr. Parnapy then swivelled around. She was a dark-skinned beauty with black curls and just a slightly spilling cleavage over a pale pink wrap shirt that stretched snugly across her. The tops of two black-and-white lace bra cups peeked over her collar.

"Hello dear," she said. "I'm Willa Parnapy. What's your name?"

"Cora Lawrence," Cora squeaked out. "I'm having a bit of a problem... with my chest..."

Willa was a stunning woman. She looked a little like Cora's old girlfriend Londie, minus the rack. Cora looked down at her own and sighed. At least she felt safe at last.

"That's alright," Willa said gently, getting a notebook and pen. "Start from the beginning."

"Well, I was by the pool by my chalet, and I went for a swim."

"How long did you swim?"

"I dunno, I think around half an hour? Then I got out and slept in a deck chair."

"Hmm," Willa nodded. "And?"

"I felt a shock and I woke up. I thought my friends were pranking me, but it turns out my boobs had, well, grown." She gestured to the mounds in front of her. "But not like this. At first they were about a D—"

"The first time?"

"It's happened twice now." Cora said. "The second time it ballooned to *this* and then they just... lifted."

"They certainly look like it."

Cora's face felt warm. She looked down at her cleavage and felt even warmer. The sports jacket around her was starting to feel uncomfortable.

"Alright," Willa leaned over her crossed arms on the table. "Do you feel any pain when they grow?"

"No," Cora said, and then startled a little. Willa's bust seemed to have plumped. The tops of her bra had sunken into her shirt.

"What do you feel when they grow, then?" Willa asked in a quieter voice, as if she knew Cora's eyes were on her boobs. And they most definitely were. The doctor's boobs were

expanding, cleavage deepening, each little growth unwrapping more of her shirt. Cora's heart leapt into her throat.

"Did your boobs just..." she started rather dumbly.

"Thought I'd shake things up a bit," Willa smiled. "I mean, I've been that pithy size for like four hours now. It gets boring."

Cora's eyes were still fixed on Willa's now basketball-sized breasts. "*Pithy?* You're already huge!"

"Oh, no. And neither are you," Willa laughed. "Yet."

"No," Cora inched her seat back as the doctor's tits swallowed the breadth of the *pithy* desk. "No, I need you to give me a reduction."

Willa's eyes shimmered. "Why would you want a reduction?"

Because I have school. Cora thought. I don't want people to stare. I don't want to squash whoever tries to hug me. Hell, I still want to hug people!—

Cora felt a low rumbling in her breasts. The bra audibly strained. She brought her hands to their sides to salvage them, but her touch sent a right shock of pleasure through her. She let out a guilty moan, but the guilt quickly faded for her own massively swelling tits, nipples now showing through the material, were the *hottest* things she had ever seen. Willa smiled approvingly, now fondling her own extending teats. Cora's fingers brushed the tips of her nipples, and she threw her head back in another keen.

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Rachel was doomed to flipping through pages and pages of busty girls. To make matters worse, Hansa had texted her selfies she'd taken with burlesque dancers, her head practically squashed between their huge boobs. Rachel was now just starving hungry. She unwrapped a watermelon-flavoured lolly and sucked on it.

The redhead nurse stood up then, her heels making a clacking sound. She removed something from a cabinet and went through the attached door to the doctor's room. Rachel's eyes flicked to the passage of Angelika Anders announcing her brand new lingerie line, *AngeliX for the Woman Gifted*, when she heard a gasp. And another snap.

Rachel kicked the door open, lolly still in her mouth. And froze. Standing in the room were three *ginormous* canyons of cleavage, engorged and spherical and accompanied by a wall of moans. On the floor was Hansa's poor gym bra, split in the middle, and sitting above it on the chair was—

"Cora???"

Cora's boobs were now bigger than her head. She was moaning and completely topless, leant backwards into the chair, hands clenched furiously between her thighs. The doctor, she presumed, was tacking nipple pasties onto Cora with the nurse, her own dark bosom wiggling all over. Cora yelped as the silicone patches stretched over her tender nipples.

"Feels amazing, doesn't it?" The doctor said. "You look so good."

"Yes! Oh, *yes!*" Cora moaned, head back.

Rachel couldn't even gasp. The lolly turned sour in her mouth. The nurse, face nearly fully obscured by her gargantuan gazongas, turned and smiled at her.

Rachel felt a thump in her own chest. Then a rumble.

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"She's not answering either," Hansa said, stabbing the end call button. She and Rissy had come back to a deadly silent chalet, nothing but Cora's oddly torn tank on her bed, bras and Hansa's gym bag open on the floor. "Are you sure they went to the doctor?"

"That's what she said! Because Cora's *tits* were swelling up," Rissy drawled from the table, where she was draining an apple smoothie. What a load of bullshit. That only happened in ultra-specific pornos.

"I'm serious!" Hansa dialled Rachel again. "Something's happened, Ri!"

"Like Rachel doesn't do this all the time," she pointed out. "Always late!"

"Will you shut up! You're making me fuckin' nervous—"

The ringing on the phone stopped.

"Rachel!" Hansa said, relieved. "Where in the hell are you??"

"*We're... on our way back,*" she said, sounding as if she'd run a marathon.

"Are you okay?"

"Oh fuck," Rissy said, standing up. "I forgot her fucking smoothie!"

"Shh! Rachel, are you alright? You sound really... um, tired."

"*I'm fine,*" came the reply. "*Whaddaya say we meet at the market for dinner?*" she said, suddenly chirpy.

"What?" Hansa said. "We're not at the market, we're home now—"

Rachel hung up on her. Hansa whirled around to find Rissy's seat empty. She groaned and made for the door.

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Rissy's phone pinged with a text as the salesgirl handed her the banana smoothie.

Rach: meet at the picnic tables near the sea for dinner, Cora needs air

Damn, this was perfect. She made to text Hansa and pass it on, and she called right there and then.

"Babe! I was just about to te—"

"You have to get here right now," Hansa said, voice like stone.

"Where?"

"Picnic tables. Just by the—"

"I know, I know! Rachel just texted me—"

"GET HERE RIGHT NOW!" End tone.

Rissy quirked an eyebrow. She trudged her way past honeymooners and even more of the nice burlesque dancers handing out lollipops. She hadn't eaten hers, for she'd just bought her smoothie. She produced it from her pocket just as she stepped off the boardwalk and onto the sand.

Rissy froze stock-still. Two girls with breasts the size of beach balls were dancing to a lively song, wearing nothing but skirts and nipple pasties. A girl with a normal-sized chest stood a distance from them, phone pressed to her head.

"Hansa!" Rissy yelled as she ran over. "What's going on?—"

"Hey!" One of the huge girls called out. "The gang's all here!"

Rissy stared. That girl was wearing Cora's blue skirt.

"What the hell?"

"Rachel wasn't kidding," Hansa said, eyes shocked still in place.

"Ooh! Thank you!" The other massively blown-up girl said. She sashayed over and nearly thumped Rissy backwards with her gigantic breasts when she plucked the smoothie out of her hands.

"Rachel??? *Your* tits blew up too???"

"Duh," Rachel laughed, gesturing at her new endowments. The sparkly tassels of her pasties swayed in the little moonlight there was.

"You... swam too?" Rissy tried.

"Actually, it was this!" Rachel pulled what Rissy had assumed to be an unlit cig from her mouth. It was a lollypop. Rissy subsequently dropped the wrapped one in her hands. Hansa's eyes widened even further.

"This can't be happening."

"*C'mon!*" Cora called, boobs a-jiggle. "She's back!"

Rissy stepped forward. Hansa followed, and at the picnic bench was a third woman in a bikini that was surely about to burst. The top of it made her chest bulge. She held a tray of paper plates, stacked with some beautifully-cooked chicken cutlets. Hansa's jaw truly dropped to the ground.

"Dr. Parnapy, this is Rissy and this is Hansa," Cora introduced, sliding next to her on the bench and grazing her tits across the table. She moaned quickly. Rissy took a step back. "Ack, still gettin' used to it..."

"You will," Dr. Parnapy nodded. "Hello, girls."

Rissy didn't know what to say. Maybe it was because this woman was gorgeous, even more so with her supple, lacy-cupped jugs, but it was as if her mouth had forgotten what words were. She looked at her friends with their altered, goddess-like bodies.

"Um," Hansa said finally, "I just ate one of those lollies."

Dr. Parnapy's face broke into a wide grin.

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"It's going to be so great," Cora said as she snapped another selfie. Her cleavage deepened as the camera clicked. "You're going to look so good!"

"I already looked good," Hansa protested from where she'd anchored herself to the couch. Dr. Parnapy sat next to her calmly, topless.

"You're gonna look *better*, then! Imagine all the bras, all the boys, all the—"

"And you can get Angelika's new lingerie line!" the doctor added, noting Hansa's concert tee with the starlet's face printed on it.

"This was when she just debuted," Hansa said nervously.

Dr. Parnapy smiled. "And look at her now."

"Gosh," Rachel said, plopping down next to her. "I just ordered one of those!"

Rissy, sitting across the table from Cora, grunted darkly. She put her head down on the table. Hansa took one last look at her as she felt her breath catching, her heart calming, and her chest twinging.