

SUGGESTIVE THOUGHTS

by Rack-Coon

Thirty minutes until boarding.

Veronica's eyes were glued to the screen above the gate. Thirty minutes and she'd be on the way to Dublin. Well, on the way to New York, then taking another flight through the states until going back over the Atlantic to Dublin – she couldn't risk being followed, even if it took forty times longer than a direct flight. But once there, she'd be under the jurisdiction of the European Union. She'd make use of her right as a whistleblower to get protection. Everything was fine. She got the situation under her control. And most important, she got her tits under control.

Pressing her heels against the bag under her seat, Veronica breathed in deeply. No, she thought, no deep breathes – they would accent her... don't think it! Don't think it! But as her mind strayed to her breasts, even for just a second, she could feel their reaction. Faintly, the plain mounds of her bosom tingled. Underneath her baggy buttoned-up coat, her breasts were bulging inside her blouse. Swelling against the white fabric they cambered the wrinkles, subtly pushing them against the inside of her coat.

Immediately Veronica clenched the button in the middle of her chest. With shallow breaths, she tried to calm her breasts. Distraction, she needed a distraction! Around her, the benches of the gate were filled with people from all around the world. Their conversations were a clutter, so Veronica tried to focus on one to get her mind off her breasts...

“Did you hear about the accident in Manchester?”

“You mean the pharmacy company, right?”

Not that one!

A pulse went through her, resonating in her breasts. While her little bumps steadily billowed, their surface puffing up and getting rounder under her clothes, Veronica peeked behind her. A black-haired woman with a ponytail was sitting next to a blonde with a bun. Veronica tried to filter them out, but their words were boring themselves into her ears.

“Real crazy shit” Ponytail said, scrolling over her phone. Her lithe frame was hugged by a purple turtleneck sweater, with a small keyhole that showed the tan but cleavage-free skin of her chest. “Social media is full of how it’s burning down – look!”

Bun leaned over. Veronica did her best to avoid looking at the blonde’s breasts, a modest pair forcing some slight cleavage into her orange, low-cut tank top. “Sheesh, you almost wish EU regulations back. It’s a miracle no one was hurt!”

Technically, that was true – Veronica didn’t get hurt. But as she felt her dent her coat, it was hard to say she was “unharmmed.”

“Apparently, some chemicals got mixed up and blew the whole thing into smithereens” Ponytail said, scrolling through some videos of the burning factory. “To think headache pills and linctus caused this – I’ll never take aspirin with eucalyptus drops again!”

Bun shook her head. “The one responsible must be a real doofus!”

Silently, Veronica snorted. It wasn’t like it was *all* her fault. Maybe she pushed some wrong buttons and sent a setting too far into the red zone, but the security measurements had been a mess to begin with. Everyone makes mistakes on their first day on the job! Hers just blew up her working place – some people would WISH for that!

As her mind lingered on the incident, the tingle in her chest intensified. The wrinkles collapsed on her bosom as it pushed forth more forcefully, gradually puffing up her clothes. Veronica tried to abandon all thoughts about her breasts and the incident again. The fabric was smoothed more slowly yet continued to billow into a gradually rounder shape. And while Veronica kept her bosom in check, she couldn’t stop listening to the women behind her.

“You know, there are rumors there was some shady stuff going on at that factory” Ponytail said, putting the phone into her pocket. “Like, testing drugs that stimulate brain growth and shit – the kind of things some evil company in a movie would do.”

Veronica’s shoulders tensed up. Clutching her chest, her hand was pushed forth, along the button of her coat. The surface of each breast billowed into a hemisphere, increasing the angle at which they jut out from her torso. While the growth of her mounds peeled her coat off her blouse, the buttons of her blouse were slowly lifted off her sternum underneath. While the gap between coat and blouse shrunk, another formed under her blouse, her breasts swelling in the free space from both sides as they shaped up.

“Pfft, yeah right” Bun laughed. “Next, you’re telling me someone got superpowers in that explosion!”

Veronica shifted around her seat. She wasn’t sure if turning into a psychic whose breasts grow when thinking about them really counted as a superpower, but they were unnervingly close to the truth...

“Maybe not like in a comic” Ponytail said, looking up at the tall ceiling of the airport. “But if they really did some crazy brain experiments at that factory – maybe the explosion turned them into a psychic?”

The word “psychic” almost made Veronica flinch. Her slight motion was enough to move the mounds inside her blouse, being already large enough their surface rippled a little. Lying like two halves of an apple, they steadily conquered her chest, the gap between them shrinking as their curves swelled towards each other.

“A psychic?” Bun repeated. “Like, people who can make stuff float with their minds?”

“Yeah! Or read their minds. Or start fires with a single thought!”

Veronica’s stomach acted up. Absent-minded, she brushed the hair of her wig behind her ear. She had tried picking out the most mundane and inconspicuous hairpiece possible, alongside a pair of sunglasses that fully covered her eyes. However, as she felt the swelling of her breasts accelerate, she knew the best disguise would do little if people started noticing her growing bosom. Little by little, her coat was starting to bump over her chest, tenting up the fabric below them the further they jutted from her.

“Start fire with their thoughts?” Bun raised an eyebrow at her friend. “Okay, you just made that up.”

“It’s true! I read about that once – it’s called, er, pyrokinesis.”

From halves of a round object, each of Veronica’s breasts started to transition into globes, swelling from her body like loam was scratched out of her body and shaped into small softballs.

“Seriously? That’s just pyromaniac and telekinesis slapped together. It’s like saying barberkinesis is the power to cut hair with your mind.”

Ponytail giggled. “Or the power to make coffee with your mind – caffeinesis!”

“Recyclinesis, sorting the trash with a single thought.”

“Tangokinesis, the power to dance tango without learning it!”

“Procatrinesis, putting off work by thinking about anything else.”

“Cheesykinesis, the power to make corny jokes.”

“Heh, we don’t need psychic powers for that.”

Around Veronica’s breasts, her coat was already throwing wrinkles. Closing her eyes, she tried to reign them in. “*Don’t panic.*” As Veronica banished all thoughts about her breasts from her mind, their tingle decreased, while her coat stretched more slowly across them. “*They’re just blind guessing. Making jokes. There’s no way they can figure out I got psychic boob powers.*”

“Oh, I got a good one!” Ponytail suddenly chirped. “Boobykinesis!”

Veronica’s heart skipped a beat, while her bust skipped a cup-size.

“Boobykinesis?” Bun repeated. “What’s that supposed to be?”

“Well growing boobs with your mind, duh!” Ponytail cupped her hands over her chest. “Like, you just think about having bigger boobs, and boom!” She spread out her arms, mimicking an explosive growth spurt. “Instant killer rack!”

Veronica tried to control her breath, and her breasts. But her breath was growing more labored, while her breasts were growing steadily larger. Her coat rounded into two distinct bulges, both its buttons and those of her blouse getting nestled into the sink that formed between them. Gradually smoother the fabric was stretched across the fronts of her assets, projecting like a pair of pomegranates from her chest. The fabric that was pulled up creased more prominently, while slowly smoothing on the cambering underside of her bust.

“Psychic boobs?” Bun shook her head. “That’s gotta be the most ridiculous thing I’ve ever heard of.”

“Only because you don’t need it!” Ponytail mumbled, poking the tank top of her friend. “I’d love to have boobs like yours with a single thought.”

Bun shielded her chest. “You’re silly!” But as she unfolded her arms, she eyed the slight cleavage looking out of her top. “Although, I do wonder sometimes what it would feel like to have full D-cups – not C, but the true league of the busty.”

“I’d be happy with the fake league of the busty” Ponytail sighed, again cupping her flat breasts.

The more the two talked about breasts, the more impossible it was for Veronica not to think about hers, which in turn strengthened their growth. “*This is bad! Why do I have to sit right behind two boob-brains?!*” She pulled her coat forward, trying to hide the swells inside it. But the artificial slack was quickly filling again, clearly rounded by the buns swelling inside.

Veronica glanced at the screen. Twenty minutes until boarding – she could already see the airplane through the window, but the gateway was still set up. “*I... I have to distract myself!*” Trying to ignore out the women behind her, Veronica looked around. There were families, couples, businessmen, all kinds of people around her. Her eyes fell on the flight attendant at the terminal. Dressed in a standard uniform, complete with a blue vest, white blouse, and a little hat, she stared around in boredom.

“*Perfect!*” Veronica sat up, just so much her bosom wasn’t too striking. While it gradually shaped the sides of her coat into round bulges, entering the “true busty league”, Veronica intensely stared at the attendant through her shades. As much as two women

had joked around, they had guessed right twice about her powers: In addition to an instable cup-size, the accident also had given her the ability to peek into people's minds. She wasn't good at it, but desperate enough to try and bring her bust under control.

Furrowing her brows, Veronica focused on the attendant. While she crossed the gap to her mind, the gap between her breasts also shrunk, turning into an hourglass-shaped space that thinned in the middle. A slight shiver went through Veronica as her curves touched each other. While the building pressure caused the slopes of her cleavage to flatten, Veronica kept focusing on the attendant. The world around her blurred, the sounds and lights becoming dim as she entered her mind space. *"Alright!"* Faint words rang in Veronica's ears as she listened to the attendant's inner voice. *"Now let's hear what's on your mind, as long as it's not big boobs."*

"Man, I wish I had big boobs..."

Again, Veronica's heart skipped a beat. This was a joke, right?

"Flight attendants are supposed to be sexy but look at me!" The attendant looked down on her chest, frowning at the inconspicuous bump of her uniform. *"Plain on a plane, when I really want to be a blimp!"*

As the attendant cursed her flat chest, her words echoed in Veronica's mind, stirring her growth. Steadily, the pressure between her breasts increased, squeezing each other like soft marshmallows. Billowing forward, they were stretching her blouse from the inside, slowly making the fabric between the buttons drift apart and curve. She had to tighten her grip to keep her coat closed, the fronts of her breasts pulling the fabric around them and making the curve of her chest protrude further by the second.

"Haaa, how I long for a full bust... for passengers to duck their heads when I walk past them... or not duck because they want to get smacked by my glorious tits."

The more the attendant got lost in her busty fantasies, the more Veronica stared at her breasts in panic. With growing prominence, they were shaping her coat around them, their fronts protruding past the buttons while their sides reached to her arms. Ever rounder bulges stood beyond torso, longing for her shoulders and forcing the wrinkles around them in the gap with her body. The bump on her coat got so large, the next button was pulled up the slope, while the wrinkles falling off her bust gradually pocketed their bottoms. Steadily, they were hanging over her ribs, while the top of her bust aimed towards her collarbone, each of her breasts around the size of a cantaloupe.

"Just imagine, tits so huge, I have to squeeze them into the uniform... no, they would have to tailor one especially for me – better, tits so huge they would have to design the PLANE for me to move around!"

As the image of the attendant's giant breasts barely fitting in a plane manifested itself in Veronica's mind, her bust grew even faster. Under her coat, her blouse started to split

between the buttons, slits opening over her cleavage. The edges of these gaps steadily rounded and crawled over her breasts, spreading into double-pointed teardrops. Goosebumps went through Veronica as her skin rubbed against the inside of her coat and its button, more firmly when swells of her cleavage lolled out of her blouse.

“Ah, the sheer thought is making me all tingly: Me, carrying a pair of monster jugs, cramming myself through all kinds of narrow spaces!” The smile on the attendant’s face grew wider, her fingers twitching as she groped her imaginary assets. *“And when I walk from the front to the back, they have to carry weights around so I don’t destabilize the plane – that would be sooo fucking awesome!”*

As the attendant began to fantasize about even bigger breasts, Veronica cut off the connection to her mind. The thoughts and imagery of huge breasts lingered in her own though, keeping her growth at a swift pace. Around the buttons, she could feel her blouse growing tighter, creasing into crowfeet. Though more subtly, the fabric around her coat’s button also started to throw wrinkles, while she felt the fabric try to slip out under her fingers with growing strength. Clutching her coat with both hands, Veronica breathed heavily through her teeth.

“WHAT IS WRONG WITH THIS AIRPORT?!!” In full paranoia Veronica scanned if anyone was looking her way. *“Behind me they’re talking about psychic boobs, and the flight attendant is a psycho who’d risk a crash with her mams!! Is everyone here obsessed with massive, jiggling boobies?!”*

“Hey, do you like women with massive, jiggling boobies?”

Veronica thought she wasn’t hearing right. While covering her breasts with her arms, each jug distending around the button nestled between them, she peeked to the side. Next to her, a young Asian woman was sitting, with short black hair, wearing a white zipped up jacket. She looked at the man by her side, who was giving her a bewildered look.

“B... babe!” he hushed at her, visibly flustered “We’re in public!”

“Sorry, hun” Babe said, looking down on her chest. “It just... struck me.”

Veronica sat petrified. As her breasts puffed up her coat and pushed against the next button in line, they swelled against her arms, making it harder to keep her coat closed. *“Titanic tiddies”* Veronica thought.

“I know I’m a pancake” Babe said next to her, cupping her hands over her small breasts. “So, I was wondering if you’d feel more fulfilled with a girlfriend who had... titanic tiddies I guess.”

Surpassing the diameter of CDs, the inner curves of Veronica’s breasts rubbed on their entire surface against each other, pulling her blouse tight across them. While the

cleavage between the buttons steadily expanded, pressing her naked skin against her coat, the fabric between the coat's buttons was also slowly drifting apart. "*Hyper-sized hooters.*"

"And don't give me some crap about loving me for who I am!" Babe sternly said. "A great personality is nice, but great personality with hyper-sized hooters is even better."

Past the sides of her body, the flanks of her bust billowed to her shoulders, slowly becoming visible from behind as they protruded further. Tucking the fabric under them her breasts formed a clear fold on the bottom, steadily rolling towards her midriff. "*Big bodacious bazongas*" Veronica thought while blankly staring forward. "*Fat sweater puppies busting every bra.*"

"I just want to give you the big bodacious bazongas you deserve, okay?" Babe sighed. "Fat sweater puppies bursting every bra."

Nervously shifting around, her boyfriend cleared his throat. "You're... very expressive today."

"I dunno – it's just coming to me."

Veronica's jaw almost dropped. It couldn't be... did she... could she...? Did the accident not just give her the power to read people's minds? Could she actually *influence* the thoughts of the people around her? Was SHE the reason everyone was talking and thinking about breasts?

Creeeak...

The noise of stretching fabric alerted Veronica. The edges of her breasts fully lapped over, standing as round bumps from her. Only the fabric from her neck slightly hid their crests as it was pulled over them, while on all other sides the tight fabric clearly showed the round shapes that bulged against her coat, knitting and opening the fabric between the buttons. Between her arms, a sliver of cleavage shined through, slowly expanding above the window in her blouse.

Veronica pulled her arms tighter around her breasts. "*Shit!*" Her eyes flickered as she looked around. But although no one had taken any notice of her yet, something else she spotted made her blood curl up: At the neighboring gate, there were two men walking around. Wearing suits and sunglasses, they checked every woman, comparing them with a photo in their hand. With an uneasy feeling, Veronica peeked into one of their minds.

"...like searching a needle in a haystack – it'd be a miracle if we found that gal."

Inside her swelling chest, her heart was racing. No, she thought, don't panic. Maybe they were looking for someone else.

"Oh well, no harm taking a shot. ManMed is paying a fortune for her."

ManMed. The pharmacy company she used to work for. Her breathing accelerated, her bust pulsating under her arms. No, she had to remain calm! She was wearing her wig and sunglasses. They wouldn't recognize her. As long as they didn't know...

"Plus, we get our hands on a chic with balloon tits – seeing the feed on the security cam was already gold, but if her tits were to blow up right in front of me, I don't think I could keep myself from..."

Veronica cut the connection. So much for shaking them by switching flights...

She glanced at her rack. Roughly half a foot it was projecting from her. Though large, her bosom was still a size that could be played off as natural. But once these goons saw her growing, it would be all over. And as the fabric between the buttons drifted, the sliver of cleavage was getting harder and harder to hide...

Hectically Veronica assessed the situation. The ruffians were halfway through the neighboring gate. The boarding only started in ten minutes. Arms wrapped around her breasts, she tried not to think of them, stop their growth somehow. But even as she banished all thoughts of her growing bosom from her mind, she kept hearing people around her talk about them – not just the women behind and next to her, EVERYONE suddenly was engaged in conversations about breasts.

"Remember the hot stuff at the bar? She had some serious hooters!"

"Urgh, I bet my boyfriend ditched me because my tits are too small – wish I had some real bitches to show him up!"

"I'm telling you, those sales figures are gonna explode like a bra off a super model!"

"Hope this bird-watching tour will be worth the money – I heard there are great tits in America."

Veronica tried to filter out the conversations around her, but it was too much. Each mention of breasts pushed hers further against her arms, the overflow stretching the fabric around their crests and bottoms. Sticking grand and vast from her, they slowly pushed apart the buttons, Veronica unable to cover all her cleavage anymore. *"It's no use!"* she thought, hugging breasts almost the size of her head. *"It's as if the more I try not to think about boobs, the more OTHERS talk about them!"*

The more others talked about them. Her eyes fixated on ManMed's goons as they checked the last women, that thought echoed in her mind. *"Wait... maybe that's it? When I try not to think of something, my psychic powers transmit my thoughts to the people around me – like, some sort of autosuggestion. That's why these two also thought about psychic powers when I tried not to think about them! Though that doesn't really help me right now – unless..."* Looking at her breasts, she spun the thought further. *"If*

I can push my thoughts onto others... and my boob growth stems from my mind... then maybe...”

It was a crazy idea. Insane, even. Then again, she had psychic powers that made her breasts grow when thinking about them, and apparently could outsource her thoughts. So, why shouldn't she be able to outsource *other* things?

Behind her sunglasses, she closed her eyes. This time, she tried not to distract herself from her growing bust. On the opposite, she indulged in the feeling of her breasts squeezing against each other, stretching her clothes and overflowing her arms. In response, her breasts were bulging faster, steadily conquering her sternum. As the slit cleavage in her coat opened into a diamond, she focused all her thoughts on it.

A shiver went through her. Throwing her head back, she suppressed a gasp. It was as if her mind was flowing out of her, spreading in a wave around the gate. Like with her mind-reading powers, her thoughts connected to the people around her. But instead of hearing their thoughts, Veronica felt like she could make part of her mind flow into them. Keeping her focus, she concentrated on two particular minds...

“Aaah!” Behind Veronica, Ponytail bent forward.

“What’s wrong?” Bun asked, grabbing her shoulder.

“I-I dunno” Ponytail said, clutching her chest. “It’s like... like... ooooh!”

Sitting back up she arched her back. Across her bosom, two bumps pushed against her sweater, quickly billowing the purple fabric into a pair of domes. From nearly flat her breasts swelled into fistfuls and larger, arching the knitted lines. As the fabric between her breasts was lifted and creased, the tip of her keyhole stretched towards them. The inner swells of her breasts grew into the hole that expanded down her rack, showing as their slopes grew fuller and rounder while their gap narrowed. The sides and bottoms of her breasts bent over, roundly bulging inside her sweater and tightening it across their burgeoning curves. From deep purple, the hue of her top took on a slightly lavender hue where her bosom was stretching it, the lines curving across her breasts while the fabric between got pulled into the width. Growing cleavage was showing in her keyhole, getting pulled down the gradually growing swells of her bust.

“Ohhh!” Her body twitched at the sensations, even more when her breasts touched each other in her cleavage. Her hands grabbed her mounds, each perfectly filling her palms and fingers like a pair of large oranges before steadily outgrowing them.

Jaw dropped, Bun stared at the breasts of her friend growing larger than her own. “What the... aaah!” Gasping, she nearly fell out of her seat. Like Ponytail’s, her breasts were swelling inside her low-cut tank top. Wrinkles popped up between them, growing tighter the further the orange fabric was pulled across the fronts of her assets. Steadily, the holders were stretched and lifted off her sternum while her low-cut neck wandered

deeper down her bust, her cleavage extending up the swelling crests. At the same time, the fabric tenting up on the bottom of her breasts was pulled further forward, the space under it filling with bulging curves. Wide-eyed, she stared at the expanding display of cleavage. “Th-this is...!”

Paralyzed, the two women watched their breast gaps growing tighter by the second, their curves squeezing each other flat while making their round flanks pop from their bodies. Billowing towards their shoulder width, their bosoms forced the fabric into the gap around them, while pulling their tops up their midriffs. When they started to crease, the wrinkles were slowly getting pulled against their breasts, outlining their undersides more sharply as they grew down their ribs. Similarly, their breasts were flaring up their sternum towards their collarbones, Bun’s escaping from the neck of her tank top while Ponytail’s stretched her keyhole cleavage into the width.

“Holy shit, what’s happening?!” Ponytail asked, trying to keep her voice down as her bosom surged out from her.

“I... I have no clue!” Bun stared at her breasts, each the size of large, ripe cantaloupe. “Like, we talk about big boobs, and now this fuck happens!!”

While the two women freaked out about their breasts, Veronica felt the growth of her own slow down. Though still pushing more cleavage out between the buttons, their squeeze wasn’t increasing as fast anymore. “*Yes! It’s working! But I need to lay off more of my boobs.*” She focused again, reaching out to another mind.

Next to her, Babe grabbed her hun’s shoulder. “H-hun, I... I feel weird” she murmured, leaning against him.

“What’s wrong, babe?” Immediately he grabbed her hand. “Are you sick or-“

Suddenly, he froze. As Babe leaned against his shoulder, he felt the teeth of her zipper push against his arm. At the same time, something was swelling around his shoulder, softly bulging the fabric of her jacket. As his girlfriend pulled back her head while gritting her teeth, he was stunned by her bosom rubbing against him, the usually flat mounds suddenly feeling bigger and fleshier – and more so by the second.

“Wha-?” Unbelieving, he stared as Babe’s breasts grew against his arm. Steadily, they embraced his shoulder, growing into swells that protruded to either side around it. While wrinkles grew where they squeezed against him, the fabric was stretched smoothly over their fronts, showing how round and firm they were bulging. Out of her body, their curves were bending, creasing her jacket on their edges while pulling it tight across their flanks. Between her breasts, the zipper was put under growing pressure, even more as she rubbed it against her hun’s arm.

Fidgeting around on her seat, Babe bit her lip, trying not to moan as her breasts grew from nearly flat into large grapefruits hugging her boyfriend’s shoulder. “Uh... ohh...

urgh!” she groaned, her jacket outlining her breasts while they swelled against her boyfriend, who stared dumbfounded at them.

As the women around her grew, Veronica felt the pressure in her own chest subside. Her swelling calmed down, barely bulging her coat and blouse anymore. However, while she was relieved, she couldn't help but feel a twinge of guilt. Was it right to use her powers like this? Putting the burden of her breasts on others? They had talked about wanting bigger breasts, but how much of that was their own wish and not just her autosuggestion? Doubts settled into Veronica's mind as she pulled her arms around her breasts...

“Holy shit, this is amazing!”

Veronica perked up. Behind her, Ponytail was groping her breasts. Watching her keyhole fill with tight tan cleavage, reaching one third down her bosom, she grinned from ear to ear. “No idea what's going on, but sure as heck it's sweet!”

Though more reserved, Bun also caressed her breasts, smiling as her neckline approached the middle of her chest. “Must be boobykinesis” she joked, the holders of her tank top cutting into her skin as they got pulled over her breasts.

“So how is it in the true busty league?” Ponytail grinned as she watched the bottom of her friend's breasts pull her top around them, bunching up the fabric under their bulk.

“You tell me” she replied, also smirking at her friend's sweater seams drifting apart across her bust.

While Veronica listened to them, she also heard a soft giggle next to her. Having digested the first shock, Babe wrapped her arms around her boyfriend. “So, how do you like them?” she asked, a seductive ring in her voice as she pressed her bosom against him. “My big bodacious bazongas?”

Though clearly flustered, her hun couldn't hide his excitement. “W-well, they surely are, um... big. A-and bodacious.”

His girlfriend laughed, then leaned closer to him. As Veronica watched her kiss him on the lips and heard the women behind her grope their growing assets, her conscience was eased.

However, there was another problem: The more openly her targets enjoyed their “gifts”, the more people were becoming aware of their growth. Steadily more eyes shifted in their direction – and as such, also in Veronica's. And while her growth had slowed down, it was still swelling slowly. If she wanted to avoid attention, she would have to spread the growth more evenly over the gate.

“Here goes nothing.” Closing her eyes, Veronica focused on all women around her. *“Everyone here thinking about big boobs... wishing for them... get a load of THIS!!”*

A wave went through the ocean of her mind, reaching all around her. Women gasped all over the gate, several grasping their chests. Many screamed upon feeling flesh swell within their hands, filling their palms and fingers. It was faint on the flat chests, miniscule swells billowing the fabric until it bulged enough round bumps distinguished themselves from their clothes. For the bustier women, the growth became striking much faster as tops stretched over, buttons and zippers arched across, and necklines were pulled down by rapidly inflating bosoms. On more and more tops, the outlines of individual breasts appeared, swelling from bumps and domes into steadily rounder bulges that oozed out of the women's bodies. Gradually more were affected, the rows filling with women whose busts were blowing up like balloons. Aghast, they stared at their dresses and tops growing fuller and tighter by the second.

“Ah! W-what's with my chest!”

“Oh my gosh, look at my boobs!”

“My tits, they're... they're...!”

Had the women around Veronica drawn most of the attention before, it was now divided between bosoms everywhere at the gate. While reaching out inch after inch from them, their curves were growing rounder and fuller, swelling down ribs while distinguished themselves on their way up necks and towards shoulders. Looser tops were pulled tight across racks, looking like the fabric was getting vacuum-wrapped across them. The tighter shirts were stretched thin, slowly growing transparent, while logos and writings warped across the round swells expanding beneath them. Bras shined through taut tops, first as outlines, then dark shades and in color, until frills and laces of the risqué ones were visible. Small busts left their humble origins behind as they swelled into globes the size of pomegranate, while the larger busts steadily cast growing shadows on the midriffs below them, standing as proud and large grapefruits.

“Holy shit...!”

“Wha... what's going on?!”

“Am I dreaming?!”

Faces turned pale, others red or blue, of the ones affected as well as those watching them grow. With bulging eyes men stared at the bulging racks, unsure how to react.

“E-everyone, calm down!” the flight attendant shouted. Though raising her hands to defuse the situation, she was visibly bewildered, even frustrated. “As exciting... I mean shocking this must be, please... um, d-don't panic, and – GAH!!”

As if hit by a cannon the flight attendant stumbled back. Sticking out her chest, a great bulge was pressing against her uniform, growing larger and rounder by the second. The V-neck of her blue vest widened as her white blouse pushed through it, cambering the

buttons between her growing breasts. At the same time their fronts reached around them, the sides of the vest billowed and distinguished themselves from her body, wrinkles piling up at the periphery of her swelling curves. “Wha... what?!” Wide-eyed, the flight attendant watched as her breasts surged out, making her vest retreat over their slopes while pushing her blouse out. Popping from her vest as it bunched up, her breasts bent over the sides of her body, their hemispherical shape transitioning into full globes as they swelled past her body. The fabric falling off her bosom was forced into its gap, further highlighting the growing form of her assets. Unbelieving, she stared at their crests rising higher up her sternum, growing against her necktie.

With the flight attendant stunned, there was no one to calm the situation. But while most women panicked as their busts blossomed under their eyes, some shyly groped their assets that swelled within their palms, even openly fondling themselves like Ponytail and Bun. Couples started making out like Babe and her hun, breasts growing between their bodies as they kissed. This put their clothes under more strain, fabric creasing around hands that massaged them or getting smothered on their partner’s chests. In addition to stretching over their bosoms, their clothes also showed steadily more skin: V-necks widened and crept down steadily deeper décolletés, cleavages popped up between buttons, zippers began to climb over the growing ascents of busts. The shortest cropped tops were riding up as breasts continued to climb up the cup-size alphabet, exposing bulging lips of under cleavage that rolled down bodies.

Suddenly one woman jumped to her feet. “I... I gotta get the fuck out!” Panicked, she hurried down the row of seats. However, at the same time another woman jumped to her feet, also about to flee. Colliding with each other, the two women fell on the laps of another woman. While their busts formed a steadily tighter sandwich, the woman who had first tried to flee had her face planted in the growing bosom of the woman they had fallen on, all of them blushing. Scenes like this started playing out all around with women running into each other as they fled, tripping into other woman’s breasts, or even falling on their bosoms or backs. Chaos was spreading, making those who stayed seated either more nervous or more excited.

While turmoil broke out around her, Veronica felt the pressure of her own breasts steadily decrease. Better yet: in addition to pushing her growth on others, it felt like her bosom was shrinking, if only by a little. She opened her eyes, first glancing at the gap between her buttons closing again, then over to the two goons of the pharmacy company. One had become aware of what was going on and pointed at Veronica’s gate. *“Alright! Now to make sure they’ll pay attention to everyone but me.”*

She closed her eyes again, increasing the ripples in her mind ocean. A collective gasp went through the gate as the growth of everyone picked up. The size of their breasts ventured into steadily larger melons, the first approaching Veronica’s peak. Bust bumped against bust as they swelled beyond shoulders towards the neighboring bosoms,

creating rows of seats where breast rubbed against breast. Buttons started popping, flying around as they released swelling mammaries. A zipper flew off a jacket, while necklines started ripping down shirts, and hems were rolled up. Skin of every color escaped out of under cleavages, V-necks and splitting fabric, releasing gradually tighter breast gaps. More and more tops were giving in, seams splitting across growing flesh. Women stared in panic as rips spread over their bosoms, while on others the fabric was turning into Swiss Cheese, several holes popping up.

Shriiip!!

With loud bursts the first tops shredded completely. Shrinking women grabbed their bosoms, trying to cover themselves as their cloth turned into confetto. In addition to skin flashing, the holes also revealed the underwear the women were wearing, from sports bras to colorful garments and scandalously scanty lingerie. While fabric dissolved around steadily larger breasts, the women lying on the floor were either weighted down or pushed up by their bosoms, and those lying on top of each other got sandwiched even tighter. It was a bizarre situation as women all over the gate grew bustier and their bosoms were exposed by fabric ripping apart, some being shocked, others confused, but a lot also delighted.

“Hngh!” Grasping for the podium of the check-in, the flight attendant leaned back. When tilting forth her head, she was met with a pair of fleshy mounds as wide as her shoulders. Wrapping her blouse around them, they fully pushed out of her vest, creasing the fabric around their steadily sharper curves. Holes appeared between the buttons, slim slits that stretched into round holes, then diamonds out of which cleavage was oozing. Suddenly, the shock in her features gave way to excitement, desire even as a wide smirk crossed her face. “Fuck yeah!” Her blouse knitted as she grabbed her breasts, pushing them up to her face. “Whatever this is, I need more – MUCH more!!!”

That moment, Veronica felt something. The connection between her and the attendant, it strengthened. At the same time, it felt like her own bosom was less... full. Curious, she let the more of her mind flow into the attendant. As if in response, the woman’s breasts grew even faster. Quickly they reached over her torso, outgrowing her shoulders while lolling down her ribs and reaching up to her neck. Reaching inch by inch away from her, the cleavage windows expanded over the fronts towards the flanks of her bosom, even more when the buttons of her blouse started popping. One by one they flew away, releasing a pair of bowling balls that swelled into grander and grander sports balls. “More, MORE!!!!”

Again, her growth accelerated. Veronica didn’t even have control over it anymore – it was as if the attendant’s desire to grow was pulling the growth out of her mind. Arms crossed over her bosom Veronica felt it deflating, the round swells steadily shrinking into hemispheres, then back inside her body. The growth of the other women also slowed down as the flight attendant was visibly outgrowing all of them, her breasts reaching

from her neck down to her waist. Pumping her fists and pulling back her shoulders, she stuck out her chest. “More, more, more, moooooooore!”

All remaining buttons popped off at once. Set free, her breasts bounced about, their backsides squishing her shoulders as they fabric was blasted off them. The attendant toppled, hastily grabbing her breasts as she almost fell on them. Panting, she smiled at the beach balls in her arms, gradually growing out of her hold. “Alright! We’re ready for take-off!”

The moment she burst her top, Veronica almost keeled over. Panting, she clutched her chest. Having sported record-breaking assets a moment ago, her coat was now as flat as it could be, showing no signs of a feminine curve. It wasn’t just her bosom though: A similar feeling of “flatness” was inside her mind, as if a part of it had been pulled out. “*W-wow! It feels like my powers have been drained completely.*” However, deep down, she could feel the mysterious force in her mind was still present – for now though, it was slumbering.

Sitting up straight, Veronica looked around. The smallest breasts she saw were around the size of heads, while, ruling out the attendant, the largest women sported basketballs. Some women tried holding on to the shredded remnants of their clothes, while others covered themselves by pressing their bosoms against the seats or the ground. A few huddled up, squeezing their breasts together while blushing. Others were not as decent, openly displaying their huge bosoms, even showing them off with hands on their sides or behind their heads. The men were in a weird state between trying to look away or sneaking glances at the women fondling and groping their breasts.

“H-help!! I’m naked!!”

“What the hell was that...?”

“Fuck, these feel AMAZING!!”

Veronica looked at all the big breasts, listened to people talk about them. No tingle in her own. No pressure. No swelling. For the time being, it really seemed like she was empty.

Veronica then looked at the goons of ManMed. Having rushed over, they stood in the middle of the gate. Thought clearly enthralled by the sight of so many big bosoms, they were just as confused, helplessly comparing the photo with all the busty women. Silently, Veronica breathed a sigh of relief.

In that moment, the sign above the gate said turned green. “*Ladies and gentlemen, we are now ready for boarding*” an automatic voice declared.

Without any haste, Veronica got up. She grabbed the trolley under her seat and walked towards the check-in, stepping over the remnants of several tops. She briefly showed the

flight attendant her ticket, who simply waved her through, too busy massaging her massive mounds. Some passengers followed Veronica, women hefting their breasts while looking over their shoulders, most still unbelieving of what had just happened.

As Veronica walked down the gateway into the airplane, she chuckled. She knew her problem wasn't solved. That she was still a ticking time-bomb whose breasts could blow up any second. But at least she now knew a way to release some of the pressure.

Although, with the revelation of her power to influence other minds, she had to be careful in the future not to think too suggestive thoughts in public places.