

## Alison WonderBra Expanded

~ An expanded homage to a Kris P. Kreme classic ~

AUTHOR'S NOTE: Hey there! if you're reading this, I'd like to share a primer of sorts by suggesting, if you haven't already, that you read Alison Wonderbra, a comic that more or less locked me in to the joys of this scene years ago. What feels like a lifetime later, I wanted to pay my respects to a story that helped me get through college. As I'm sure many of us who have read this comic before might agree, I have always wondered what it would be like to have this story fleshed out further. For me, it was all thanks to the closing panel, which didn't necessarily imply, but eluded to a possible future story involving Wonder Fashion Products.

This story I've written started off as my take on the original; an extended retelling, novella-ization or reimagining (a re-expansioning??) of sorts, then gradually reveals it all to actually be a sequel to the original Kris P. Kreme joint... the formats are all collapsing over one another. Right off the bat, you'll find there's a redirection that could be implied following the ending of the original, but for the uninitiated, still serves as a good entry point to the story if you don't have the means to view the comic this is based on (though I personally can't recommend it enough). Besides, it's a fetishy take on Alice in Wonderland, so linearity, time and space don't really need to make sense - we're all mad down here!

To that end, I'd like to provide a summary of some content warnings that appear in the story in advance, shared in no particular order because I'm adding this after finishing my editing process and plugging these in as I find them. You may skip this section if you feel you are not sensitive to any of these warnings and wish to avoid spoilers:

This story contains expansion, all of which takes place once the main character enters what she initially believes is a "dream-like state" after the opening chapters, and all of which takes the forms of height expansion, butt expansion, and copious, ample amounts of breast expansion, all of which is caused by the main character consuming various edible objects. Prior to the main character's arrival in her "dream-like state", she is given an allergy pill that causes a rather powerful drowsiness due to an empty stomach, which may be interpreted as the main character being drugged, but the character who provides her with this pill is acting with the intent of helping the main character with a sinus allergy issue. There's a bit where the character's hair gets re-styled into a pony-tail for the distinct purpose of snapping the hairband off and releasing her hair later in the story. Connected to that, there are several instances of clothing destruction. There are multiple implications and depictions of the main character orgasming through her expansion and also because of an external, magical source. The magical source that causes a couple of her orgasms also serves as a form of hypnosis at a couple of points in the story. The other orgasms she experiences are almost entirely because of one of the edible objects she consumes. One of the edible objects that appears in this story has a trait that could be considered an act of forced-feeding. A handful of the main character's orgasms render her unconscious for a few chunks of time, and the perspective changes to another character during these moments. There are a number of events where the main character is "trapped/tied up/bound" or "wedged" in or between objects, the latter of which temporarily immobilizes her. There is a bit where an animated object observes the main character while the main character is unaware of their presence. That same animated object causes some hijinks that include a couple of moments in which the main character is "tied up", but also includes some temporary undressing of the main character. There is a character who gropes the main character's breasts a number of times as she's undergoing expansion, as well as one loose implication of the main character inadvertently groping herself without knowing it. One character provides the main character with an enchanted layer of clothing that both gropes the main character and is

intentionally ill-fitting for her size. There are suggestions that the main character has undergone memory loss following the events of the previous story, and certain characters make references to the original story as mentioned above. While it is not always explicitly stated, the main character views all of these events as strange moments during her journey, moments of impossible bliss, or simply details from a dream, and accepts each of these events as such with varying degrees of consent, mostly neutral, otherwise various forms of either annoyed resignation or acting passively judgmental towards these events, referring to them as strange or curious, in addition to addressing her confusion over the loss of time experienced in this story. At no point is the main character depicted as being terrified or feeling as if she is in any actual, material danger. She largely accepts the explanations of what is happening as magical or scientific as she receives said explanations. The main character is eventually "reverted" to her previous measurements, but there are scenes that follow where there is an explicit implication and description of how her expansion, specifically her breasts, is not finished. There is a scene where the main character enters a machine that might suggest a hint of claustrophobia, but the machine itself is not described in great detail intentionally to mitigate this for readers. The main character is also groped by a number of characters near the end, including another character who explicitly asks for the main character's permission to do so.

A summary of a summary for all of these things is that you will see a number of events throughout this story sharing themes of the main character having little to no control over the story as it progresses, but accepting these events as they are happening. She sees this all as part of a dream for the most part, of which when she wakes, she believes everything will be back to normal.

The expansions themselves, as they appear in this story, take varying degrees of time for each process to complete. Some occur only over the course of a minute, others a few minutes, and some repeat, and for as long as hours (perceivably), some are never explicitly detailed and left for the reader to make their own inferences as far as time spent on the process. There is no popping or gore to be found in this story. The main character's breasts grow to a rather massive size, while her height growth is measurable in the range of 10-15 feet, and her butt growth is substantial, but not nearly as much as her breast growth.

IF YOU'D LIKE TO SKIP DIRECTLY PASSED THE OPENING CHAPTERS AND STRAIGHT TO THE EXPANSION-CENTRIC CONTENT, SEE CHAPTER 3: DOZE & DROP.

Ok, spoilers and signals out of the way. Here we go. I sincerely hope you enjoy Alison Wonderbra: Through the Peeping Glass!

## PROLOGUE

Back to college. A dreaded feeling, but eventually accepted out of necessity. Alison had been somewhere close to ten years removed from her undergrad years, and nearly as many deep into her engineering career. But as advancements in automation and robotics replaced many workers like her, and the job market having nothing to offer, she decided to start all over from scratch. Back to her small town home, to her small alma mater, in the building that was once her stomping grounds along with her fellow techs, having since been moved to a different corner of campus and mostly replaced by the various business programs.

Alison had endured a semester of *deja vu* with a hint of nostalgia, knocking out all the cobwebs as she recalled the best shortcuts in and out of campus, now all the more important as she moved into an apartment off-campus. She had drawn a line at living in the dorms with a bunch of kids fresh out of high school, knowing full well how many would ask her to sneak liquor to their rooms in exchange for not nearly enough cash. Her apartment wasn't necessarily far away, rather more of a fair distance between school and her bartending job. Her old haunt, *Bust 'a Brue*, was still kicking, but this time around she'd be on the other side of the counter. Her savings were in good standing from her post-college years, so a part time gig wasn't totally necessary, but the extra income made the sting of tuition fees draining her accounts all the less painful. Every new dollar took care of rent, and the tips took care of everything else - shockingly.

Having never worked in the service industry prior to this life change, Alison found herself on the receiving end of a pile of cash every other shift that she couldn't quite explain, especially considering how often she'd been outright ignored as a customer all those years ago. She found her success here rather humorous considering past employees used to joke that they couldn't see her waiting "under the counter" to place an order, on account of her being quite short. A few of her peers at work surely got their share, but each night she closed the place, she was told what was hers, was *\*hers\** by her manager, and it always seemed to be a lot. Some weeks, she was taking home what may as well have been about the same as what she was making before she got laid off!

But that wasn't why Alison Small had come back to town, back to college for a fresh start.

Her new focus, a somewhat major departure from Mechanical Engineering, had shifted into a different type of engineering: the wonders of Fashion.

It's part of the reason why Alison came back at all. Not only to pursue a dream she had set aside previously for more of a sure thing, but because she felt so deeply connected to a brand she felt she had taken advantage of all these years, and it just so happened that this brand had been headquartered just a little West of town. Or was it East? It always felt as if someone had a different answer for this question every time it came up.

Wonder Fashion Products, a women's fashion brand that could seemingly do it all. Jeans that always *\*felt\** right, lingerie that accentuated curves, and bras that could effortlessly hold even the heaviest of busts. It all seemed like magic, and Alison had a deep appreciation for every last product she owned under what quickly became a household brand while she was growing up, especially considering the support she needed up top.

Alison figured this time around she'd go all-in towards this goal. What friends she had made the first time around had all split off to pursue their careers and start families. For her, this meant no distractions, and she had developed all the soft skills necessary to succeed in higher education, so this time, college would be a

breeze. Her first semester back, she didn't have to go through all the General courses they made her suffer through the first time. Everything was straight to the point, which was both relieving on her wallet and helpful in maintaining her focus, though there were times she had wondered if maybe she could sneak in a class on Baking, just to break up the monotony after a couple of months. Besides, some of the credits from the fashion classes she had taken before had evidently carried over, making this return to college go by just a bit faster.

To Alison, everything seemed as if she was becoming more and more equipped to be the next big thing when she'd have her chance to interview at Wonder Fashion. She was told she'd have a degree in-hand if she focus fired on her courses over the next year-and-a-half, and after passing the first leg of classes over the course of a rather warm winter, that degree would be hers in no time!

## CHAPTER 1: THE TRIP OF A LIFETIME

"Achhh-phewwww!!"

Sinus allergies... her painful kryptonite had returned, and perhaps at the worst possible time.

A few days before Spring finals, Alison was preparing for a field trip she had been bursting at the seams excitedly over after her professor first announced it to her and the rest of her Advanced Garments Construction class. Wonder Fashion had shared a rare, chance opportunity for a private tour of their facilities to their Fashion Design students, but only a select few would be invited. Unsurprisingly, the criteria was a combination of who had the best grades and a special review of their portfolios to see if any of the students might be ready for a future job interview.

To her delight, Alison and a handful of others had all been chosen, and in place of needing to pass her finals for the semester, she was instead instructed to take this tour by her professors.

"This is the first time we've had invites sent our way in a long while," one of them had told her during a counseling meeting she had to reschedule after a migraine sidelined her earlier in the week. "These finals would just be a formality for you anyway."

Alison would need to write a report on her tour to share with her peers before the semester was over, which was an entirely welcome break. Concentrating on four different exams was the furthest thing from her mind while she was suffering sinus pains and nasal drip, along with whatever crud would come along with that. A field trip would be a welcome breath of fresh air.

But allergies? Now? \*That\* was certainly unwelcome!

## CHAPTER 2: BACK ON TOUR

A bus that was entirely too big for seven students had arrived on campus, and out came a Wonder Fashion Products employee who explained that she was their driver. Alison was too focused on standing up straight to take in the details after suffering for four days straight, but she noticed the person she imagined would

maybe also be their tour guide was wearing an entirely pink pantsuit, and that was the best she could make out as she held her hand just above her eyes to block out the sunlight. Her sinuses were flaring in a pain that just might have ruined everything if another student hadn't grabbed her attention once they sat down on the bus. Alison had pulled the hood from her thin, pink sweater over her head in the vain hopes of keeping the lights inside away from her eyes, which might have only agitated her further.

"That sounds pretty bad..." the student suggested after Alison unleashed another sneeze.

"Yeah," Alison was holding the side of her head, thankful that the air conditioning was distracting her from the pain. "It's my sinuses. You'd think at my age I would always have something on-hand to deal with this, buuuuuuuut I don't."

"You don't have an antihistimine handy?"

"No," Alison briefly saw a halo on her right eye, and winced. "I'd blame the pharmacies for not being open around my schedule, but I figured I could just sleep this off. I might just have to power through today."

"Well, we can't have that. I can spot 'ya something good if you promise to enjoy yourself?"

"Huh?"

"It's just," the student stalled, her blonde hair falling over the side of her face. She had cute, button eyes with gray-green irises and tanned skin with a very light set of freckles that complemented her high cheek bones, but she looked almost as if she was offering medicine to Alison in deference. "It's just, you always seem to be so focused on class work, and I think the others are kinda intimidated by you, and not just because of your grades."

She was clearly eyeing Alison up and down.

"Me," Alison said as another sneeze was coming. "I'm shorter than all of y--- chooo!"

"Ok, ok - forget I said anything. I just think you can let loose with us once in a while, can't you? Sometimes I think you're so laser focused that the rest of us forget you're even there, which is kinda wild to think now that I'm looking at you. You're such a standout, I'd be surprised if you didn't \*literally\* have a leg-up on most of us in class... and a rack to match, too."

Alison wasn't sure how else she should take that other than to maybe deflect or ignore her. They were all part of a fashion program, not modeling. She was generally pretty evasive when it came to people calling out her appearance, though she did enjoy compliments on her scarlet red hair. Every other part of her body, however, was something she always found odd to have pointed out. Yes, she was rather curvy, but at her height, \*everything\* looked big against her frame. Her bra size would be considered substantial on \*any\* body, but on her, they looked even \*bigger\*. She couldn't count on ten hands just how many times her friends wouldn't believe her chest was that big, all on account of the fact that she was barely an inch or two taller than five feet tall. But to Alison, it was usually little more than a topic of feigned interest on her part. Her body was just part of life as she saw it, and this was just a momentary distraction that came with her classmates' kindness, overly friendly as it was. Alison recalled the many instances of her old college friends poking and prodding her to see if what she was carrying was actually there, and snapped herself back to attention as her singular focus was made all the more clear, despite the pain she could feel above the bridge of her nose. She came back to school to achieve a goal, though she wasn't opposed to making new friends - it was more that she was trying to get her butt in gear for a new career, and didn't want to relive all the antics

of college life all over again. Going on a tour while fighting off something like this might jeopardize her chances of making a grand impression, and so she nodded in agreement with her peer.

And so, she popped whatever pill was handed over to her after taking a strong glance at the label. It was certainly a prescription-strength nasal decongestant that best supported her sinuses from the looks of things, but it also carried a warning about taking it with lunch so as not to fall to drowsiness. The pill had already fallen halfway down her throat with a quick swig of water from a bottle she kept in her purse before she could recall whether or not she had packed a sandwich for the trip.

"Just... try to remember this is a tour and not a competition, ok? This is supposed to be fun!"

With the distraction cast aside, Alison looked to her fellow classmate and nodded again, this time a bit more politely, right before a sneeze threatened its way out, then gave up before it had the chance. Evidently, this pill was fast-acting. When Alison hadn't sneezed, the two shared a giggle.

The drive was over within an hour, and the students had arrived just outside of a building that seemed to resemble a factory that looked a lot more like a castle, neighboring a more traditional headquarters building and a sprawling iron fence surrounding it. Alison couldn't take her eyes off the castle-like factory, where she imagined all the \*actual\* workers presided, bringing the magic of their brand to life. By the time she got off the bus, her head was swimming with ideas of what she'd hope to be doing in either one of these buildings, imagining herself rising to the top of the food chain at Wonder Fashion Products like a surging meteor. However, her brain also started feeling as if it too was swimming as a wave of drowsiness had taken over, right as the driver turned from her seat and told everyone to leave any bags and cell phones on the bus, as everything they were about to see inside was considered proprietary, and quite confidential. "No surprise," she thought to herself.

At the back of the crowd, Alison felt a resounding yawn take form from deep within her lungs. Her eyelids suddenly felt several pounds heavier. Even her jeans seemed as if they were dragging her down a bit. But all the sinus pain had been otherwise replaced with a sense of relief, which was more than good enough for her. She could power through drowsy, especially if there was a vending machine or a coffee maker inside. A gate with the letters "W-F-P" above the center railing screeched open, which made her jump nearly out of her shoes.

"That's a good afternoon jolt," she said to no one. The rest of her classmates practically rushed the gates as soon as they could.

Approaching the students was a man in a suit that was matching in color with their bus driver, though he was wearing a much longer jacket to cover his legs, and a black bowler hat on his head. Tiny glasses covered half of his bulbous, but welcoming eyes as he gestured the group towards the building.

"Welcome, everyone..." his voice was astoundingly booming, as if he had a microphone built-in to his diaphragm. "...to Wonder Fashion Products! Please follow me, and we will begin this exclusive tour of the inner workings here at Wonder. I hope you're prepared for the time of your lives!"

Alison found herself walking almost on autopilot behind the group. Every last bit of excitement and energy she had stored up for this tour had been spent just keeping herself upright. Evidently, taking the sinus pill on an empty stomach had taken a large toll on her, and she found a sort of comfort leaning against every wall she could find once they were inside, placing her weight on either hip for a second or two as her eyes fluttered between introductions from employees they'd pass by. She tried spotting a coffee maker, a water fountain... anything at all to force her awake. But after the fourth or fifth turn, she could at best tell that she

was ready for a nap.

The blonde student was the only one to notice Alison stumbling about, so she hovered back to stick close to her. She placed an arm behind Alison to help her stay propped up, sometimes even going so far as to gently pull at her bra band to shock her back to attention, but it didn't seem to help. Alison was clearly on the verge of passing out, and her classmate asked the tour to stop so she could find a place for her friend to rest after explaining that she had been studying late into the night. A white lie that served a helpful purpose as Alison was brought to a private enclave, with low light and a chair that looked sort of like a cocoon. Her classmate found a device that played ambient noises, and after reading off the options to her, suggested ocean waves for her.

Alison didn't seem to mind. She spent these last waking moments noticing that her classmate was rather tall compared to her, and likely wouldn't have argued one way or the other as she fell into the chair and almost immediately fell asleep against the sound of crashing waves, which over time sounded less like water rushing against the shore after her peer left the room, but gradually shifting into a sound that was much like a pump of some kind. In a timing sequence mirroring a rather slow heartbeat, this sound continued, and before Alison was completely under, there was this plastic, muffled sound of \*popping\* occasionally, every ten seconds or so, but a sound from which she couldn't quite place the origin.

But slumber, to her, was far more important.

### CHAPTER 3: DOZE & DROP

She wasn't sure how long her nap had lasted, but her eyes lifted open slowly to find that whatever enclave she thought she had been left in was little more than a fabrication before she more likely had collapsed to the floor, far behind her classmates after lagging in step. She was back in the hallways where she first thought to take a snooze, with her hood over her hair and a pair of grunts to signal to anyone nearby of her awakening. However, the dandelion painted walls were a much deeper blue now, as if all the lights had been turned off. A confusing visual, as she couldn't actually spot any light fixtures on the ceiling or walls, and she worried that she had somehow slept long after the factory had closed, and she was locked inside without her classmates even trying to find her.

"Oh no, oh no, oh no."

A voice around the corners, or perhaps further still, echoed in her direction. It was hurried and confused, There was a clapping of pleated footsteps against the floor as it seemed this person was rushing about the hallways, repeating their words over and over before shifting into saying "I'm late, I'm late, I'm late."

Alison shook her head, then tried to stand, just as this person seemed to trip right over her.

She let herself sit back down. No sense trying to muscle her way into standing up and hurting herself. Whoever this was, they were about to take the worst of it as their body flipped right over her, chin first towards the ground. However, this person seemed to fly forward several feet too far, way farther than they should have, as if gravity didn't seem to matter. Eventually, she was able to suss out the visage of a man in a white suit, with white hair and a white beard and white shoes. The sound of glasses white white frames clattering against the floor arrived before he had finally come into contact with the ground, and his body slid another few feet with an ear-scratching squeak before he began scrambling for his missing glasses.

Quickly enough, Alison beat him to finding them, and reached towards him with an offering of his sight.

"I'm so sorry," she said. "Here. I think these are yours."

"So late," he didn't even acknowledge her apart from clearly giving up on his glasses for the moment, as he picked himself up off the ground, brushing his knees a couple of times and straightening his suit. "So very, very late. I'm in tremendous trouble now - I'll have to double time!"

As he became satisfied with his adjustments, he grabbed his glasses from her hands and began bounding off again, moving rather nimbly all the sudden, with long leaps across the floor, light and floaty, like a rabbit.

"Hey, wait!"

Alison chased after him, just barely keeping in sight as she called out. She turned a corner, and the walls were no longer a deep blue, rather a checker board of various colors, brighter, then duller, striking, then cool. The floorboards had been replaced by a number of green and black waving lines that seemed to draw a graph of sorts, perhaps showing her a path, but as she stepped across them, some seemed to shift into something more akin to a spiral before dissipating. While it all seemed so visceral to her, she was quickly convinced she was still dreaming, and continued chasing.

"So very very late. What am I to do?"

"Wait up a second. I'm supposed to be on the tour. Can you help me get back to my classmates?"

"Late, late, late - a tour? Today? Of course - no way! No wonder I am late!"

They had bounded around a number of corners now, and Alison had stopped taking in the sights around her. It was all so strange and out of the ordinary after seeing nothing but the dandelion yellow plainness of the walls. She lost sight of him, having realized he never once even took a glimpse at who was chasing him, before she turned a corner on a guess in time to see that he was panting just outside of a door, leaning up against the wall while drawing out a keycard, on a white lanyard, no less, with the image of his face plastered on the card itself. Alison was focusing entirely too much on the card as she was still trying to close the gap between them, and just as she was calling out to him to hold up for just a second, she took one false step on to nothing, a chasm that was clearly not cordoned off next to a sign she had only caught in her periphery that said "Wonder Lab Exhaust: Keep Out". There were smaller words beneath them, but she hadn't the time. A trail of purple smoke was crawling upwards in front of her, then entirely above her, then even higher than that. She could have sworn she heard this man say something to himself, something curious like "now see here-", but at this point it was already too late. Alison thought to scream, but she was too surprised and feeling out of breath.

Falling. It all felt like falling. Alison could only think of such a dangerous violation of building safety codes as she was witnessing a mesmerizing array of colors in each and every direction as the entirety of her weight was plummeting down towards what she could only think was a giant, green and black bullseye, but all around her flailing arms, she kept feeling her hands brushing against a velvety material that kept pushing back against her. Sometimes it felt like a strap wrapping around her fingers, other times it felt as if the palms of her hands were cupping something large and soft. It was all so strange to her, but then all at once, the sensation of falling no longer felt so constant, like she was drifting for a moment to see everything around her, and then it all stopped, and she was practically enveloped in something incredibly \*soft\*. There was a rather loud \*poofing\* sound as she felt like she had been plucked from the sky.



"Oh," she groaned dazily as she turned her shoulders to face the endless black ceiling above, where nothing looked back at first. "Where am I now?"

Scanning about the room, she learned she had fallen on top of a massive pillow, a pair of them actually, larger than any she had ever rested her head on. What she thought was the bullseye she had seen from above was actually more of a spiral shape emblazoned between the two of them, taking on countless many colors across the spectrum. She pressed her hands down on this pillow, and admired just how strong and firm the cushion was, but there was something off about how it all felt against her hands, like the pillow was made of more of a soft, fatty tissue instead. On top of that, the more she pressed down on the pillow, the more she felt as if *\*something\** was squeezing up against her, directly on her own chest. It was as if an invisible pair of hands were copying her movements directly upon her as a mental image formed in her mind of some disembodied entity asking how *\*she\** liked being squeezed, so she stopped, and rolled off of the pillow. She wasn't entirely sure if these seemingly invisible hands had let her go, as it felt like her chest had been pushed into her until she was standing up. By the time she was on more solid ground, Alison inspected the room more thoroughly. Everything seemed so *\*big\** around her. There was a circular table with a surface that was just above her shoulders, with several clocks of various sizes, each bigger than her head and scattered on every side. There were these gigantic armoires and dressers shoved into the corner of the room, each one taller than the last and know what secrets they held. There were mushroom-shaped lamps with power strings that were just out of her reach. Countless many more clocks adorned the walls, along with a perfectly still grandfather's clock as the centerpiece of them all, but not a single one told the same time as the one next to it. She found herself wondering if maybe these were a depiction of every time zone in the world shown at once.

Out of the corner of her eye, she saw something falling gracefully to the floor, slowly, almost gliding in random directions until it was more in view. Alison recognized what looked like a neon pink, black spotted bra falling to the floor, and then another, a much more plain blue, followed by a third, a more pastel purple. An entire flock of falling bras were on their way down from high above, as if they were following after her.

A few of them landed lifelessly on the floor. Alison walked over to one to find that this bra was about the entire length of her body, far too big for her to wear over her form. A small flapping sound behind her drew her attention as another hit the ground. This one, the pastel purple, seemed to be even longer than that.

Alison hadn't noticed that a bra that was much more closer in approximation to her size was falling much more slowly than the others, directly above her head. It began swirling as she was more intentionally inspecting the bras on the floor. She bent over to pick up the neon pink one.

"This dream is so wild," she said to herself. "You'd have to be twenty feet tall to wear this!"

The swirling bra above began circling, just behind her before she could notice. It seemed to take on a sort of life of its own, opening up in such a way that the cups were stretching forward, just in front of her from above, while the backstrap seemed to open almost like a net from behind, or perhaps a clamp. Satisfied with the shape it had taken, it fell to her shoulders and latched on above her pink sweater, cupping her chest and attaching itself, though it was clearly a few sizes too small for her.

Alison gasped in surprise, dropping the giant pink bra to the floor as a very tightened sensation took over. She looked down to see what appeared to be a bright yellow bra affixing itself to her chest. All she could do in the immediate sense was look around to see if someone had pulled a prank on her.

"What is this," she cried. "Where did you come from?"

The bra clearly did not fit, but that didn't seem to be its intention. It began repositioning itself along her natural shelf, slowly forming underneath her bust, then lifting ever so slightly. At her age, Alison had grown accustomed to a bit more of a natural sag in her chest, but with the support of the bra she was already wearing, and now this one trying its best, she only just barely noticed a sudden lift that pulled her breasts up higher towards her shoulders.

She tried reaching for the latch on the back to get the bra off of her, but there was no point. No sooner than when she stretched her arms behind her and arcing her back forwards, the bra burst right off, independently and with a nearly violent velocity. Alison could only think to take a few steps back in shock, but then she stepped right into the range of another bra that had somehow come to life, waiting for her to enter its floating trap. This one was a bit bulkier with a beige complexion, and had followed the same pattern as the first, but once it latched onto her, it had instead begun squeezing tightly against her chest repeatedly and finding precisely each of her nerve endings, almost like she was being pumped for a good minute before following the same escape plan as the first. The bras had flown a good fifty feet away from her, and were now just as inanimate as the others.

"H-How very strange," she muttered through a few deep breaths when all was said and done, feeling rather sore in a matter of moments. "I don't think I need to wear two bras at once, ok? Haven't been to the gym in a while!"

She giggled, but then spotted a rather tall mirror in the room. She initially paid it no mind, and continued with her inspection, where she next found a door that was entirely too tall for her to reach the knob. An exit sign was legible at the top of the frame.

"Ok, now that's just insulting," she said directly to the door. "How am I supposed to open a door that size?"

Alison hadn't noticed, but in her reflection, her sweater had seemingly cropped just a bit to reveal her midsection, just barely visible now as opposed to grazing across her waistline. Throughout her investigation of the room, her breasts had been lifting up ever so slightly, pulling the fabric of her sweater along with them. Each time they rose just a little bit higher, there was this nearly imperceptible image seen entirely in her reflection of one bra after another flying directly at her to help them up just a little bit more, all while the hem of her sweater continued upwards for the ride.

Strangely enough, as Alison continued walking around the room, seeking new answers and muttering about "finding another exit", the mirror seemed to follow her visage, somehow repositioning her reflection so that she was always in view, all so it could continue watching her. When she wasn't looking, Alison's reflection had taken on a life of its own, and began walking back towards the pile of bras on the floor while she was busy looking underneath a new, much shorter roundtable, shorter than anything else in this room, bent over once more as she was reaching for what she thought looked like a key that she figured she could grab, only for it to slide just a bit further out of reach.

Her reflection smiled in Alison's direction, directly at her seat as it was up in the air. As she was bent over, Alison's jeans were falling just a bit as her backside was competing against the strain of her reaching under the table. Her mirrored effigy had taken this opportunity to have a little fun at Alison's expense while she wasn't looking, and grabbed a different bra from the floor, this one a teal color and strapless, and far too small for Alison's size, but the reflection didn't seem to mind as it stretched the bra over its own ample chest. Before Alison could finally grab this key, the bra in the reflection's hands came to life, and attached itself around the reflection's shelf, creating a rather constricted appearance in the mirror as her breasts squished outwards in four separate spaces while the bra shrunk tighter on her before bursting off, all while seemingly

making her sweater shrink a smidge along her torso, but Alison was still too occupied to notice, so the reflection grabbed another with a squint of annoyance. This time, it grabbed a bra that was all black and lacy, but easily several times larger than Alison's actual size. Just like the teal one before it, this bra animated itself and formed around the reflection's chest, but then fully tenting her sweater outwards several inches in a rather exaggerated way, as if Alison had stuffed her shirt with bed pillows to magnify her form. The bra and her reflection mockingly pretended as if this explosive size was too much for the black bra before it flung off of the reflection across the room. When Alison still hadn't noticed, her reflection crumpled its face and took things a step further by unbuttoning her jeans.

Just as she strained to grab the key under the table, she heard a rather loud popping sound that felt entirely too close to her waist, and she backed out from the table in time to really feel out what had happened, as the length of her zipper was completely undone as well. This certainly worked to grab Alison's attention as the seat of her pants fell to her thighs, right before she could grab the key in her fingers, and had to grab her pants instead.

"Yeesh," she sounded annoyed. "What is going on here?"

Refastening her jeans, she finally noticed just how much had changed within her sweater as she had to lean forwards much more than she expected. Her chest appeared to be practically bulging up towards her neckline, a line of cleavage now showing where previously it would be fully hidden underneath, not that this was hard to notice as her sweater appeared to have been stretched wildly far outwards, giving her a clear look downwards at her chest, like there was something inside holding it so far out. Her bra no longer felt like it was gently hugging against her, rather more of a tighter fit now. In her mind's eye, she was reminded of her much younger, perkier days at the sight of her rather full assets, but was all the more confused to feel as if her top was being pulled forward, and resting all the more tightly against her back.

"Oh, this is just *\*far\** too curious for me. Can I wake up now?"

She hovered her hands over her breasts, then looked about the room for an explanation before taking a cautionary, but phantom squeeze. There was indeed nothing visibly causing this predicament, and she was hoping to figure out why. Instead, she was presented with a slice of cake on another new table that had formed next to her, oblong in shape and much more normal in size. A rather prominent sign that read "EAT ME" in black lettering with a light yellow construction paper arrow pointing to the cake that sat behind the plate.

Alison's stomach rumbled fiercely in response, having been neglected for what felt like hours now. She raised a curious eyebrow at the sign, but her stomach was much louder and demanding. She knew she was hungry *\*before\** she had passed out, so maybe her brain was sending her some obvious signals.

"Now, where did you come from?"

With no answer from the table, Alison leaned into the siderailing as much as she could, as if she were magnetized to the plate, and still ignoring the mirror as her reflection seemed to be watching her intently. Alison took two distinct looks once more before grabbing the cake. Almost instantly, her reflection dissipated to its normal form, proud of the momentary chaos it had caused.

"Well," she said to her stomach, not that she could see it beneath her chest. "I *\*do\** owe you one."

She took a rather heavy bite, devouring most of the cake in one fell swoop. She couldn't restrain a moan of joy from the taste. Crumbs were falling into her sweater, leaving nothing more than a fluffy warmth on her

chest. She didn't mind. Alison was already taking another mouthful of cake, and then another, an act that made her wonder what else could possess her to eat so fast, leaving nothing more than a few strands of melting, creamy frosting that she licked off of one finger, then the next...

But before she could lick the last of her covered fingers, she noticed the frosting seemed to bloat for a moment, like it was bubbling up and covering more of her skin by the second before running down and plummeting into her cleavage. A sort of worried look took over, but then she decided that maybe the frosting was just melting in such a way that it was tricking her eyes, and she cleaned off her finger. Ecstasy followed as she immediately forgot about the crumbs and cream on her chest.

"Oh, my goodness," was said before the words could form in her head. "This is \*incredible\*!"

Alison looked back to the table to see if there was anything else, not entirely sure if sugar was the best meal for the moment. She was somewhat relieved to see the plate empty apart from some cream that had lined the plate, but she restrained herself. She was confident that her ravenous response most likely would have repeated, but her train of thought was immediately broken as she heard the sound of stitches popping in her jeans, right at the bottoms of the butt pockets.

At about the same time, the lower stitchings of either pocket had erupted half off of her seat. Alison's neck craned quickly behind her in time to see that her caboose had plumped outwards visibly, perhaps a good few inches more than she remembered, and surely too big now to have stuffed into her pants this morning. She turned towards the mirror in time to see that, once again, the button in the front had popped open, but this time around, it wasn't from the strain of reaching for that key she never got under the table, rather a new strain, forced to take a form that was more revealing of her widening hips and thighs squishing together closely into her crotch, already pushing these jeans to the best of their comforts, now looking more like they were on the verge of exploding off of her. Mercifully, the zipper seemed to hold strong, not fully exposing her underwear. Alison had a passing thought of how her pelvis had to be changing along with her, but it had happened so fast she barely felt it. There was only - \*simply\* the feeling of being overly stuffed into her jeans, and nothing else.

"Wait, what is happening to me?"

That was about all she could say before rather quickly, in the mirror, she saw herself spring upwards about six or seven feet, all in a matter of seconds. There was this dramatic pause as she got a good look at herself. Her sweater had risen up higher on her torso, now fully exposing her toned belly. Her jeans were still holding together somehow, but she heard a much louder rip from behind, and she could see that they were no longer long enough to reach down to her ankles, and were a lot more snug at her calves.

"I don't understand... am I groOWWWWWWW---"

Before she had too long to inspect these changes, she shot another few feet upwards again, and she yelped in surprise.

The strangest thing about all of this was seeing her clothes, for the most part, were stretching right along with her, but she felt as if her bra was popping off underneath her top, several times over and over, as if she had been stuffed into a dozen or more without knowing, but she couldn't see underneath her shelf if that was what was actually happening, because her sweater remained tented outwards, though it too appeared to tighten just a bit closer as she grew taller. Each bra she couldn't see visibly popping resulted in her breasts undulating within the clearly visible bra she wore to the tour. She just felt less and less restrained, until that feeling came right back as her sweater kept riding up higher and higher, stopping right around her rib cage

before one last \*pop\* released her sweater to its resting form, hugging against her torso, having tightened around her visible ribs. Her long sleeves, amazingly, seemed to stretch in length along with her arms during this whole ordeal, but there was no fooling anyone: her sweater had completely reshaped itself to be so much more revealing than before, not that her breasts were hidden well to begin with.

All of this, and she could feel more stitching in her jeans giving way. When she finally stopped growing taller, she took a glance behind to see that the furthest swells of her ass had blown out most of the bottom of her jeans as it too had grown some more, having taken on more of an upside-down, heart-shaped form as a pair of full cheeks had puffed outwards, clearly larger than before. Her underwear was now partially visible, a light pink pair of boyfriend shorts with red pipe-lining that was now straining weakly against her hips, and a small tear forming as they seemed to recede into the center against the mass they were failing to cover. Without being able to see it beneath what part of her jeans survived, she remembered these undies had little illustrations of cake on them. "How on the nose," she thought as she took in a profile view of herself. For how much she had grown just now, a disproportionate amount had gone directly behind her, filling her figure out to compete with what she had in her sweater. What was once a somewhat complimentary rump had plumped into something with much more of a circumference than she could ever imagine herself having, perhaps akin to the shape of a pear now.

To say nothing about the shock of this transformation, Alison noticed that it was mildly difficult to breathe being so much taller, though she wondered if the state of her clothing might have something to do with that. Perhaps the most concerning thing of all was the sight of her completely ruined shoes and socks, left in tatters on the floor. She hadn't even noticed them falling to ruin given everything else she had just experienced.

But all in all, the growth seemed to slowly stop, just as the tears in Alison's jeans began crawling downward towards her thighs.

"Well," she took an uncautious, deep breath, eyes widened at the sight of herself in the mirror, which was now about the same height as her, then looked over at the door, which she was now of the correct height to reach. "No more cake for me."

But then, a warm sensation seemed to emerge around her cleavage, underneath her sweater. Alison turned back towards the mirror in confusion, having forgotten about the crumbs and cream that had now melted into her chest. This feeling was so much more obvious compared to rapidly growing ten-to-fifteen taller over the previous minute or so, much more \*intentional\* compared to the sudden bursting out of her jeans. She managed to button her pants back together so as not to compound her worries as this warm feeling in her chest forced her to otherwise freeze where she stood, staring vacantly at her reflection as she was waiting for something to happen. Her eyes darted around a few times as she became mentally focused. Alison figured the best way to know what might be happening would be to look elsewhere in the room, then back, then somewhere else, then back again, but the warmth was only spreading, now more and more across her natural shelf. There was no point in looking anywhere else, and with this understanding, the warmth in her chest was supplemented by a tingling she could feel across the entirety of her bust.

She pulled on the neckline of her sweater, figuring she should maybe try to swipe the crumbs or smear the cream off of her breasts, only to find that they were all gone, with no visible signs showing that they had all been absorbed into her chest, and that she was bulging over her bra again, perhaps just a bit more than when it had clearly shrunk just a minute ago. Alison let go of her sweater. All she could do was look into the mirror again to confirm a new suspicion.

Yes, after another minute of Staring With Purpose had passed, that was indeed what she was seeing. Much

like her backside, her tits were joining in on the fun. A slow and gradual swell had begun as they were filling out wider on her shelf, taking up more and more space as they appeared to be growing in such a way to make them fuller and rounder rather than simply bigger, not that that didn't appear to also be happening. Alison was simply impressed with what she was seeing, as her already generous size was creeping slowly beyond their original form. It wasn't so sudden as when it was happening to her hind quarters, but it was perceptibly persisting as another minute had passed and they were still filling out - just short of wide enough to the point that they would rest at about the furthest reach of her ribs if this continued longer than a few more minutes, and likely graze against her triceps if she held her arms at her sides. Strangest of all, there was a sudden absence of any sound in the room other than this visceral \*puff\* she could hear, like something was pumping inside of them. The tingling sensation was rather pleasant, most certainly not present compared to this last experience. It was as if this cake had taken on a separate initiative to grow her out, and wanted to remind her of its victory. Each extra bit of swelling was complimented by this gentle feeling of being squeezed from a source Alison couldn't see.

Another minute passed, and they were still growing, more slowly now as it seemed the extent of this expansion was nearing its end. Alison was too mesmerized by what she was seeing to notice that her sweater had now risen up further as her bust continued filling outwards, now just up to the point that the band of her bra was teasing its presence under her shelf each time she took a breath. It would seem throughout this, her breasts were rising naturally upwards on their own, perkier and firmer through each minute, now showing more than a few inches of cleavage higher than where her sweater would have previously concealed them. Finally, as the last few tingling pangs brought another centimeter or two of flesh into the world, the hem of her sweater was cresting no more than an inch or two beneath her now apparent undercleavage. Along with seeing the now visibly obvious cups of her bra that had been shoved directly and very nearly through the thin layer that was her sweater, she could see the band of this same bra she was wearing this morning visibly beneath as the mirror seemed to magnify more and more closely on her chest, right in focus in front of Alison's eyes. This revealed that her breasts had also grown a bit underneath, as there was bulging flesh peeking under the band now. By the time that was obvious without looking at the mirror, her breasts had finally stopped. Bulges and swells were clashing against the frame of her bra, though it seemed to be holding well enough against their new, larger and fuller size.

She waited a full minute just to make sure, leaning in a few different directions and hoping there wasn't any other crumbs just waiting to be absorbed, but this somehow wasn't as dramatic a change to her body, all things considered, further confirmed after looking back at her butt just for good measure. "Yep, still fully blown out," she made a mental note to herself. Alison didn't quite have any measuring tape on her, but there was no denying that her breasts had likely blown up somewhere close to a couple of cup sizes over the span of a few minutes, and her bra was practically begging to be released. However, to her surprise, it wasn't causing her any pain or chafing. The straps were somewhat digging into her shoulders, sure, but she was learning rather quickly that her breasts didn't feel any heavier.

The mirror had seemingly taken a liking to this change. Alison looked up again to see that she was seeing a different angle of herself in her reflection, now looking as if she was peering up at herself from underneath her rack. The twin orbs that were even further jutting out now were quite visible, as her bra had also been pulled up along for the ride while the hem of her sweater was starting to be pulled forward. It was all she could do to stare in wonder at herself. Never in a million years did she think she would get any bigger up there than she already was, and to see this so vividly in a dream was completely out of the ordinary to her.

"Ok, \*now\* no more cake for me," was about all she could think to say. "I've got to get back to the group, if this dream will let me... or maybe someone who can help me..."

The door was the only thing she could think to reach, though she had to steady herself with each step, as

there was a new, unexpected bounce to her gait she had to account for. The knob was easy enough to grab now, but twisting it was another issue in the moment. There was this immediate feeling like someone was trying to gently pull her hair up into a ponytail as she wrenched at the knob, and when she looked over at the mirror once more, that was precisely what she had seen with the reflection turning back to normal, but at this point, she had had enough of this room. For all she cared, this was nothing compared to what she had just witnessed.

"I'm not even gonna touch whatever that is," she gestured with a wagging finger at the mirror as she flung the door open, she could feel a number of bras on the floor beneath her bare feet, shaking themselves to life as they were trying to latch themselves on to this person who was several times too large to strap themselves onto, though Alison did take a moment to consider grabbing one of the giant bras from the floor. She took a quick glance down at what her sweater could still hide, and took a deep breath to see if her own bra was managing with all the new heft. Of course, with how swollen and spilled over everything was now, it was hard to tell for sure just how much of her bra was still functioning at all, though she was still mystified over the fact that the bra had at least tried keeping up with them. Alison looked back to the pastel purple bra that was at one point more than twice as long as her body if she were to lie down next to it, and sighed. Hopefully this one wouldn't animate itself and cause any problems like the others.

Taking care not to cause any further damage to her clothes than she already had, she squatted to grab the bra, only to hear an exaggerated rip in her seat. She frowned for a moment, then grabbed the bra in defeat.

"Let's get this over with."

She stood back up, and unfastened her nearly useless bra from the morning, and it made a snapping sound that was far louder than she expected before it fell forward and into her free hand. The poor thing looked to be completely mangled and warped after carrying these swollen mounds for maybe a few minutes. Mourning the loss of a favorite, she dropped it on the table where she found the slice of cake, marveled by the sight of it covering more than most of its surface where previously it might have draped delicately over the "EAT ME" sign, then prepared the purple bra for duty. She had but a moment to appreciate her sweater for holding out the way it had, even holding up her breasts as a momentary substitute, but then slipped the bra on, finding out rather quickly that, while it was seemingly appropriate for their new size, there was a slight itch coming from the padding that she had no choice but to ignore. She blew a raspberry, which seemed to make her chest jiggle involuntarily.

One last look in the mirror, and she saw a new, bright yellow band holding her ponytail in place. With no clue where it came from, she marched towards the door, and was overwhelmed by a burst of sunlight that met her the second the door closed behind.

#### CHAPTER 4: PATTERNS AND THE FAMILIAR

Alison was greeted by a sprawling forest, with trees taller than she expected from within the confines of the factory, taller still compared to the room full of clocks that had easily been eclipsed by the daunting size of this space before her. There were \*clouds\* of all things to see here, along with rolling hills and a covered path beneath the canopy ahead. Far off in the distance, she could see through breaks in the trees, a silvery-gray dome with letters emblazoned on it that matched the iron gates she remembered seeing outside the facility. She was so stunned by this unexpected beauty that an unsure step backwards made her nearly fall back on her seat, but then steadied herself - balance was clearly a new problem for her to sort out. She found her

hand resting against where she thought the door had let her through, only to find that it had been entirely replaced by a giant, equally splendid white wall that stretched in either direction, and further than she could see. The dream must have been telling her to move onwards. Was she really only lucid enough to move and interact with this realm, but not lucid enough to will her way out?

Turning back towards the forest, she decided against standing still.

"Wow," she said, soaking in all the greenery. "How do you even fit something like this inside here?"

She began walking towards the covered path. There were no other visible cues telling her where else to go - where she even *could* go, and the further off the path she looked, the more untamed and likely lost she'd become. She figured this was her best shot at getting back to the group, perhaps little more than a projection in her mind of a symbolic path towards the waking world that awaited her. She passed all kinds of small bushes and unfamiliar flora, with butterflies resting on top of tall grass in colors far outside of what she was used to. There was one that was so brightly blue in hue she could only stop to gaze upon the patterns on its wings. Each time it delicately flapped, there was a small shift in the design, like it was putting on a show for her.

"What a curious find here at Wonder Fashion Products."

The butterfly continued flapping its wings, without leaving its perch on the tall grass.

"Do you think someone is down here to tell me where I am?"

As if on response, the butterfly's wings began flapping faster, accelerating in an unnatural way, until they were practically buzzing before her. Alison couldn't see that her own eyes began taking on a rather pale blue sclera as her irises deepened into an intensely sapphire-like color, shining back at the wings before her. A trail of drool fell from her mouth as she saw the patterns on the wings mold into more of an inky blot.

Locked on to the butterfly, she watched as it lifted off from the blade of grass, then high above her head. Alison tilted her head upwards and stood up to meet the insect as it began dancing around, like it was calling on her to follow. The butterfly's wings began buzzing even louder. Alison could feel this from where she stood now, like she was being massaged at the nape of her neck. It was so pleasant, she hadn't noticed her jaw slowly falling slack as she cooed softly a couple of times, and the buzzing only became stronger as the butterfly beckoned her off the path. The sensation had traveled down her spine before settling just around her abdomen, then spreading lower, and then lower still. To Alison, it was one of the most pleasurable feelings she had ever experienced, euphoric and alluring, just as much as the butterfly she was following, though she noticed a wetness in her jeans that she thought might just be dew from the underbrush as each step beneath her became less clear, though it was soft and cushioned on her exposed feet.

The trees were starting to become all the more unruly, drawing in closer to one another as Alison was forced to weave between them just to keep up with the butterfly. As she followed it deeper into the forest, she felt like others were now orbiting her, grazing against, then landing on her sides and waist, their tiny legs tickling against her exposed skin. She would flinch and recoil in surprise, making her chest bounce, and she'd have to adjust her sweater just to make sure she wouldn't fully spill out, she was at least conscious of that, but otherwise fixated on the blue butterfly that was still just out of reach, even as the many legs resting on her felt so intensely overwhelming she felt her hips buck a few times involuntarily. Blades of grass would caress her inner thighs, and she held back an excited, sensual moan that was about as familiar as that final bite of cake. And yet, she continued walking, even as her legs grew numb from the constant pleasure, her knees buckled a few times, and she stumbled forward, lurching just enough as she made one last attempt to



grab the butterfly from above her, losing her balance and hugging herself for support as she fell forward, until all the momentum stopped. It was a jarring experience to not feel her face meet the ground after the obvious slip and fall, the betrayal of her balance as her chest, hefty yet not heavier, led the way forward, then only barely down as she closed her eyes in anticipation of the collapse. Alison blinked several times as the buzzing noise she was hearing and feeling disappeared in an instant, and her eyes gradually returned to their normal, less intense shade of blue. What came after was a feeling of being held tight by something unmoving and strong.

All at once, Alison realized she had become wedged between a pair of trees that almost appeared to bow directly in her path explicitly so she could get stuck within their rigid trunks. Gnarled roots seemed to wrap around her feet, pulling them back just enough that she was forced to lean her weight forward, just barely off balance so she couldn't simply lean back and wrestle herself out of this situation. There was no other way to look at this: she was trapped between two trees, with no one around to notice. As much as she could look around, there was nothing but endless forest around her, and the trail nowhere to be seen. If there was one silver lining in this moment, it was that she had folded her arms underneath her chest to prevent another opportunity for her enlarged breasts to break free from their confines, though she did notice a rogue twig had burrowed its way through the armpit of her sweater, simultaneously pulling her neckline down and to the side while also pulling the hem up just enough to expose the right cup of her new bra.

"I don't understand," she said in a fit of frustration. "How did this even happen? One minute I was walking on a path, the next I'm... stuck? How?"

In the back of her mind, there was the lingering concern that maybe she was still drowsy from that sinus pill she took, and the gaps in her lucidity was making the dream stronger than her will. Perhaps she had begun wandering without really noticing, but this far? And with this little wherewithal of her surroundings? Something wasn't adding up. With nowhere to go, Alison stared down into her cleavage and frowned.

"I can't explain why, but I feel like this is also your fault. Lousy, stupid curves of mine."

"I wouldn't call your curves 'stupid' Young Lady," a voice called out to her. Alison's head snapped to attention.

"Is someone there," she called out.

There was a sound of wings fluttering and flitting just out of view. She couldn't shift her weight in any direction, but she knew *\*something\** was there, rather *\*someone\**. She had no chance of spotting them unless they revealed themselves to her, but then she felt a poke on the side of her exposed bra, right on the spilling over flesh.

"Quite the contrary, I'd say you have quite the marvelous figure. Quite disproportionate against your short frame, although it looks like there's even more to be seen than I expected. Have you already had a taste of the magic here at Wonder Fashion?"

"I," Alison paused. This unseen being somehow noticed the recent changes. "I ate some cake that was left on a table for me before I got here."

"Interesting," the voice said. "The cake is supposed to bring about a wildly different set of effects. For it to have filled you out like this, well, you must have had quite the reaction to it! Just look at you: the outline of your bra, the obvious bulges announcing their constriction, the apparent fullness... Yes, your voluptuous curves are even more wildly disproportionate against your short frame... but still, you're still several feet

taller than me, so don't let me get away with calling you 'short'."

A disembodied giggle followed as Alison felt a rather tiny hand rest fully on the bra, pushing in just a pinch.

"Who ... wait, what kind of dream is this? Who are you? This isn't a free show, you know!"

"A dream," the fairy replied. "If that's what you think..."

After a couple of gentle squeezes, a rather small figure floated up to her eye level. Before Alison was a flying creature that could best be described as a masculine fairy of sorts, though they had a rather weasly face behind their olive skin, with eyebrows practically locked in place, far too high on their forehead with tiny gray eyes brimming with excitement, like this fey-like creature had just stumbled across the score of a lifetime. Four iridescent wings sprouted from their back, directly through a mauve tunic with a matching night cap, and to round out the outfit, an outstretched pair of shoes in the same color that were both about as long as Alison's little finger.

As best as she could presume, this fairy looked far too excited to see her like this.

"And besides, I'm stuck! What about this would make you think this is marvelous?"

"To be clear Miss," they had a rather musical voice. "I'm saying your *\*figure\** is marvelous, though the state in which I have found you in is quite marvelous in and of itself, but that's besides the point. I am one of the Wonder Folk who preside within this marvelous factory, and I happen to know a way in which you can make yourself quite unstuck if you so wish."

"Wonder Folk," Alison's voice trailed off as she began examining her surroundings. She wasn't sure what she wanted more between hoping no one else was around to see them or someone else would arrive to draw this creature away from her so she could figure this problem out by herself.

All the while, the fairy took this opportunity to hover back down towards Alison's chest while he obviously wasn't being listened to. He began pulling down on the neckline of her sweater so he could get a better view of her cleavage, which was all the more shoved together as the trees ever so slightly squeezed into her just a bit more. He then flew into her top, and with either of his hands, began tracing his fingers along her areolas, making Alison's nipples almost immediately pop through her bra.

After everything she had been through, she was completely caught off guard at the fact that they *\*felt\** as if they too had grown, though it seemed like that was not nearly as much of a change compared to her breasts. Nevertheless, the simple, circular motion triggered a number of pleasure centers at once, and Alison relieved one of her arms to grab the fairy and toss him out with relative ease.

"Hey," she almost shouted with a tinge of annoyance. "Let's focus on the task at-hand here. How exactly am I supposed to get unstuck, as you say?"

"My apologies. Those are simply - *\*every\** bit as wondrous as they are right now, especially with the extra bulk. It's almost a shame we'll have -- ah, who am I kidding, let's get you unstuck."

With no words to follow, Alison became confused as the fairy began scanning the trees from where he was hovering. Looking intently at the leaves and branches before unleashing a rather subtle *\*A-ha!\** before flying into the cover of the canopy. Alison took this moment to herself to sigh as she waited for her highbeams to cool off. That lone touch was enough to nearly set her off. What had that cake done to her beyond the

swelling? They were incredibly sensitive, apparently, but that hadn't immediately happened. It was almost like a delayed reaction of sorts, but boy did that feel like nothing else she had experienced during this lone tour.

The fairy returned, leading a pair of branches down with him, like they were following his command. Each one was long enough to just barely reach down to Alison's head so that she almost look directly up at them. Hanging from these branches were a number of strange blossoms, numerous and aroused by the new daylight, they were each circled by a ring of green petals, with a deep pink blossom on the face that were each shaped like an overswollen berry. And, in a less than uniform fashion, each of these blossoms featured a straw-like protrusion that was maybe two inches in length each, more or less, some having a very rounded out tip, and others a bit sharper, resembling a stinger. On second glance, the ones that looked like stingers were actually dribbling a substance from their tips. One such drop fell directly between Alison's cleavage, and she was surprised to feel just how warm the liquid droplet was as it ran through, down her midsection, then down the front of her jeans, like a warm finger traveling down the length of her body.

"All you need to do is drink the nectar from these tree blossoms. I'd say one each should do the trick. The trees saw you coming, you know, and saved you from taking quite the tumble further in the forest, and they simply want you to enjoy their gifts before they let you go. In fact, you'll find yourself quite unstuck before you know it!"

"That seems all too simple, but if I mus--"

Alison was interrupted as one of the branches seemed to drop, directly in front of her mouth. She went wide-eyed from the surprise as the blossom reacted to its opportune, and sudden entry, spurting its nectar directly along the sides of her mouth, then down her throat in successive, but gentle waves so she wouldn't choke. The flavor was nothing short of a creamy magnificence in Alison's eyes, and it was only getting stronger with each pump as she squeezed her lips tighter on the protrusion, almost feeling like she was drinking hot raspberry jam. She hadn't noticed that the straw-like protrusion that remained out of her mouth had separated into separate strands along the base of the stem before it had begun expelling its contents into her, then clamped down over her full lips, holding them shut in case she had lost interest while the extension at the end continued filling her mouth with this nectar. The blossom had pumped most of its contents before she could really process all that was happening, and by the time it was fully emptied, the blossom broke free from the branch and fell to the forest floor, releasing her lips in the process. The fairy, clearly satisfied as he grabbed his own hands tightly, watched from another branch that had sagged down from up high. Alison hadn't even noticed when the blossom fell from her mouth, the impossible taste was still lingering in her mouth, and she was simply stunned into sucking air for a moment, just long enough for the other tree to extend its own blossom to her lips, and repeating the same process. This blossom was at least an inch or two in circumference fuller than the last, and Alison once again felt the full brunt of its release, making her eyes roll back into her head from bliss.

"My word, they really seem to have taken a liking to you, haven't they? Drink it all up, I say! I should get in a few more squeezes before the show begins."

Alison couldn't hear him. There was only the muffled sounds of pleasure exhaling from her as the nectar was running down her throat, like it had somewhere to be, rich and warm and sweeter than even the cake she had consumed in the room full of clocks. She didn't want it to stop. Of all the things that Wonder Fashion Products had to offer in this dream of hers, she wondered why had they never gotten into the market of sensual treats? She supposed it didn't matter. This was a personal treat she would hopefully never forget.

As the blossom continued squirting nectar into her mouth, the fairy approached once more, caressing as

much of her breasts as he could and burying his face into them while Alison was squirming with glee, clearly too distracted to pay him any mind, as he focused on the side where her bra was hanging out. But after half a minute of feeling her up, he pulled his head away from her, staring directly at her mostly covered tit with a widening smile as he noticed just a hint of extra bulge, and a new, but slight tightening in the bra itself, the kind where a smaller fold in the fabric had smoothened out over the lack of space. He stuffed his head into the spot one more time just to feel what was happening. What was already a fairly dense chest had seemingly stuffed itself silly, having swelled in volume just in this spot alone. He could barely press his weight into it anymore, rather he felt as if he was being pushed back as growing folds of fat were slowly rolling over from within, gradually making space for more.

"Oh-ho," he sang to himself. "I see it's already starting!"

The fairy pulled the hem of her sweater back down over the exposed cup of her bra, then broke the branch to free her armpit from any further discomfort, not that it would matter whether he left it or not. He did this more for himself than her. He fluttered away just as the second blossom's contents were fully expelled, and it too fell to the ground. Alison was still mouthing as if she was ready for more, but the Fairy gave a wave to the trees to back off, just as the first tree was dropping another blossom towards her, jealous that the other had given her one that was bigger than the first. The fairy hesitated, almost teasing the tree, then looked to Alison again, who was still sucking air, a small trail of nectar trailing down the side of her mouth and then off her chin. He had wished that her arms were free enough to make sure nothing had gone to waste.

"They're asking if you want a third..." he said shyly. "But there's always the question of how much is too much when it comes to your curves."

"My curves'? Why... why would that... be?"

The fairy could see that Alison was in a daze, only conscious enough for little more than a sputtering response as her face began blushing so hard her cheeks matched the color of the blossoms. Her eyes kept fluttering from the sheer felicity that could only show she wasn't aware of what was happening. From a few feet away, he could see that her sweater was already just a bit more taut against a small, but visible puff that filled her chest out, perhaps a few centimeters in circumference now since it first began. Those twin nipples he was so enamored by were already back on full alert, threatening to force their way through the thin materials between her bra and sweater.

"Oh, you'll see soon enough," he said just below a whisper to himself. "Those bountiful melons of yours are bound to ripen to unreasonable extremes!"

To Alison, the world before her was a magnificent rose. The fairy's voice had been completely tuned out as there was little more before her eyes other than this feeling like her entire body had been pushed to an overwhelming pleasure, one that could only be described in her mind as an engine running at its maximum potential for the distinct purpose of providing her with sensual zen. There was no way for her to notice her sweater feeling tighter, for the trees to not move even one inch so they could watch over her, for the throbbing pulses of something bursting to life in her chest, pumping her fuller and fuller as her breasts mounted higher on her shelf, burgeoning, assuredly, but at a pace that was somehow slower than when the cake crumbs had stuffed them up in the clock room.

Sitting back to enjoy the view, the fairy could only watch so as not to disturb her extended climax, the kind he had seen countless many visitors and Wonder employees experience in the past in this impossible space within the factory, but a vision of beauty like this one was for the ages, perhaps just as he remembered her, and with the added delight of knowing she hadn't recognized him. He knew this initial stage of growth would

likely be the hardest to control, as the sheer instability from the combined force of two blossom nectars had been known to cause a rather progressive swell to start things off, before they'd eventually slow down for the elongated process that would follow, but that didn't make this any less exciting. There was another swell in her breasts as they ballooned just a bit more, having bulked up from within just enough to further bulge, and he got to witness one of the straps of her bra snap from the front, nearly flicking into her face as her sweater was smoothing out more and more as it grew tighter against her frame, wrinkles forming near her armpits before slowly producing a small tear near the sleeves as the fabric was left with no other choice than to stretch along with her, but that was the clear end to the initial growth. It would likely be another few minutes before the next time they'd so visibly distend quickly, albeit not nearly as much at once from this initial stage, but it seemed that, as this nectar has evolved over the years, the subtle waves of growth were maintaining their stability, not blowing her up so rapidly as it had once before. Perhaps his favorite byproduct in this change was those little spurts of growth, where her entire chest would shake as the growing tissue balloons forming inside would run out of room to bulk, then after latching on to the lobules and any other fatty space from within, activating a surge where her breasts would stretch out to create a whole new wave of space to take up. It was a brilliant combination in his mind.

And still, she was none the wiser as it seemed another wave of ecstasy made her release a moan of bliss, just as she arched her back, the entire lower band of her bra was now fully exposed, and along with it, a competing, yet stunning display of the lower curves of her rack bulging downwards, trying to break free from below. The fairy knew it would maybe be a few minutes before she would possibly regain her composure, but this was almost never the same thing twice. After all these years, he hadn't quite had the hang of influencing the trees' production of this nectar, not that they hadn't produced such sterling results.

At the moment, it didn't seem to make a difference. She was still gradually swelling up, by now at least a full cup size larger than the already too large size for the bra she had changed into, and still going strong. The way they were fattening up, growing immeasurably dense and fuller so slowly for a bit, then a sudden surge in a snap, then back to a slow and steady swell had the fairy reevaluating what part of this was actually his favorite thing to witness. He could only think to fly back over to her before her continuous climax was over so he could examine these breasts in full. The second shoulder strap of her bra gave way, a sure sign that the only thing keeping them contained now was whatever strength the band provided and her thinning sweater, which seemed to form another tear similar to the ones near her armpits. The faintest hint of cleavage could be seen dead center over her sternum as her breasts were now fully mashing into one another, cramped together and fighting as one for space as they were also rising up through her neckline.

Alison was on the verge of passing out, having had the entirety of her stamina drained in such a way she had never fathomed, but as the extent of this unexpected climax was drawing to its conclusion, she felt a rather strange *\*fullness\** she couldn't explain. There was this twin sensation of voluminous presence, perhaps a pressure that, had she mustered the energy to keep her eyes open, she might have seen, but it was already too much for her simply staying conscious. A problem for when she'd come back. She was wondering if the fairy had left her, trapped between these two trees that still hadn't released her. "So much for getting unstuck," a labored thought passed through her mind.

A ripping sound brought about a momentary alertness after what felt like a minute of a dozing, tired feeling she remembered after one night with a past lover. This sound wasn't like the popping of stitches in her jeans, rather a much weaker fabric in her top. But she had been rendered exhausted, and couldn't muster the strength to examine what had happened, only gasping before her eyes fell again, receding against the increased weight of her eyelids.

The fairy had the best sight of this as the next surge arrived, just a bit more this time compared to the last, and perhaps one of his predicted, more *\*unstable\** of the surges she would endure since this process began.

A full inch of tit-flesh had emerged, now stretching her bra to its limits and ripping the fabric of her sweater at the same time. At the furthest point of either swell, her breasts were just short of the width of her shoulders, though it seemed after this surge they were taking a bit of an expected break, or perhaps the visual of them ballooning so suddenly against the gradual growth had taken on the facade of diminishing swells, but the fairy knew that the party had only begun. This was little more than the last tease of seeing a too-tight bra holding on as a quadrant of bulging flesh was winning against the stretching band and last bastion of support before they were released on the final layer of fabric she had left for a top, though it too was clearly suffering its own losses as her cleavage was unleashing a secondary assault, now tearing the neckline downwards slightly to intersect with the horizontal tears that were only growing longer. The purple pastel bra was failing against an increasing series of bulges that were slowly enveloping around and over the cups as Alison's boobs were inflating behind them. Between the surges, the swelling pace had remained, perhaps even slowed as the larger they got, the more bulk and tissue they required to continue.

Reflecting on her previous experience, the fairy somewhat missed the sight of her expanding so rapidly into a pair of cushions so large they could replace a sectional couch, but he was more than satisfied not having to sacrifice his precious trees anymore for a similar result that would take longer to reach. A great deal of magic went into creating these trees, after all, and they hadn't quite enjoyed being destroyed by his test subjects. This was more than a happy compromise, but part of their end of the bargain was to eventually release her, and it seemed they were starting to grasp the need as a creaking wooden sound filled this otherwise quiet space, where at most a chirping bird could be heard in the distance. Her growing mounds, now on the verge of heaving, were starting to press into the trees where they were most deeply embedded into her frame to hold her in place, and the bark against breast contact made the trees shudder from above in fear of a past memory. One tree unraveled a branch into the fabric of her sweater and grabbed on to a loose thread, helping the tear just a bit before the fairy could stop it.

"No need to rush things," he said to the tree as he slapped at the branch. "Let the tension build!"

Even as the trees gave her just a bit more breathing room, her swelling breasts only served to get Alison wedged back between them again as they grew fuller between what little space she had. The fairy wasn't entirely sure if they were maybe restrained a bit, and their true size was somewhat hidden, but at this point they were rounding up past another cup size as the bra was riding up higher, and to the point where her thimble-sized nipples had been released just beneath the band, just barely visible through the fabric of her sweater.

"Ah, now *\*this\** is actually my favorite part," the fairy might as well have licked his lips. He could see the hint of her areolas now, having grown just a bit larger than the diameter of quarters through the entirety of her growth. As her top looked stuffed even further now, there was a rather obvious rip at her armpits as her sleeves were nearly separated from the front of her sweater. Where once there were four separate mounds of bulge at the top and bottom of her bra, there were now two additional swells coming out of the sides closest to where her torso wrapped around to her back, wet and glistening with sweat as these bulges found purchase in freedom, but were also ripening over the lower band of her bra. At this point, the hem of her sweater could rise no further, but the lower cups shared with Alison's audience a tale of woe as a fabric straining crescendo began.

Perfectly timed, it seemed, as another surge arrived, and fattened her breasts another half inch in circumference. For the bra she had only just put on before finding this forest, this was the final straw. The fairy hovered in awe as he witnessed the purple pastel bra quake for a moment behind her burgeoning breasts, heaving towards their freedom as the band snapped loudly, making the entirety of her chest shake vertically before the sweater could tame them to the best of its increasingly limited ability, almost the entire lower half of her shelf on display already while the neckline seemed to spread further outwards in retreat

against her mounting cleavage. The bra, broken and ruined, fell from the hem of her sweater and to the ground. The fairy had completely lost his composure in this moment, and fluttered just underneath Alison's chest so he could take a quick measure of her changes. Using both hands, he pushed upwards from her undercleavage, seeing if he even had the strength to maneuver them, but their sheer density was so overpowering that they easily held him back, perhaps even compensating for his intrusion as he could feel either breast pumping firm, tangible tissue into his hands after the surge had ended, like he had helped them find a new spot from which to build.

They were entering another bulking phase. At this point, they would need a handful of minutes before the next surge, though it appeared they were still, ever-so-gradually blowing up, but he knew that Alison would be returning to consciousness soon. There was a part of him that wished he could freeze time so he could enjoy them forever, but he knew this wasn't meant to last. The company wouldn't allow the suspicions that came with missing visitors! After a few gropes and squeezes, the fairy flew up to take another look at and then trace his finger around one of her erect nipples, now more firmly peeking out against her torn sweater. It was perhaps the most inspiring view of her expanding curves yet, as the hem of the sweater was now stretching outward horizontally against her widening shelf. He might have cried a bit at the sight of the lower bulges filling out more, but in the periphery of his eyes, he caught one of the trees betraying his order, and a third blossom was just reaching the edge of her mouth.

"Oh no," was all the fairy could say as the straw-like protrusion dribbled just a bit in excitement before plunging forward into her open mouth. Four separate strands of the straw had split like they had before to hold her mouth closed, not that it appeared necessary while she was clearly out cold, but it began pumping more of the nectar into her mouth with an almost satisfying series of thrusts. This blossom was about as large, if not a bit larger than the second.

The fairy, eyes bulging out of his sockets, had no idea what would happen after this. With all the changes to the nectar's concentration from years of experimentation, he knew the exchange of slowing down her growth dramatically also meant her breasts wouldn't grow as big as they had before, hence why he offered her two this time around in an attempt to compensate, but a third? Well, that might throw everything out the window. There was no point trying to wrestle the blossom away from her mouth. The protrusions were quite strong compared to the rest of their form, though it wasn't as if he would make much of an attempt to interfere to begin with. He flew up to her face to listen as the spraying of nectar against the sensitive muscles on the insides of her cheeks stirred her momentarily, though she could only respond with the same muffled moans as it became obvious that same, extensive ecstasy was about to make its return, right before the compounded concentration of growth would follow.

At this point, Alison's breasts had grown large enough that they were beyond the threat of simple, cosmetic tears against her sweater. They had reached the point where each subsequent surge would be an assault on the remaining integral stitches that would need to find a new courage it couldn't possibly muster if it were to hold against these ballooning orbs, which were only getting fuller as the minutes passed. By the time the third blossom had finished stuffing her throat with nectar, the fairy became a little frantic over what was coming.

"I think I'll need to get her back on the path," he said to himself as he just missed another stitch pop on her sweater. He could see a new tear form, running parallel against the left side of her neckline. With the compounding power of the nectar likely forming within her breasts, he knew at the very least there was still going to be one expected, less stable surge of growth, but even with the addition of a third blossom, he hypothesized that it should have no effect on the pace of her swelling. It was all just a matter of how big she'd get by the end of it all.

Alison, still wrestling with slumber and exhaustion, suddenly felt the return of that impossible bliss. Against her tired body, it almost felt stronger now, as if that was even possible. Waves of climax erupted within her, causing her hips to sway while she was still wedged between the trees as her own body acted against her will. A passing thought made her wonder if she had drank from another blossom, or perhaps her mind was recollecting this intense feeling all over again. Still, with what consciousness she could hold together, there was also this combined feeling of being released, but replaced with a different tightness; a grander fullness that had since escalated.

The fairy was trying his best not to go too far from her. He wanted to watch her growth in full, after all, but they were deep in the forest, and he wasn't exactly built for moving heavy things. He wasn't lying when he told Alison that she had been saved from a tumble, deeper into the unknown, but normally the trees would have found her much sooner, much closer to a spot where another employee could collect her, so he needed to figure out a way to get her back on the path...

A lone, blue butterfly had found its way to them. One he recognized as the type that led her to these trees before, perhaps a sibling of the same specimen, but the most useful one to him now. He coaxed the butterfly into following him to Alison, then commanded the trees to release her. She had fallen so slowly to the ground, onto her chest, just enough where they were only barely grazing against the soft grass, tickling her exposed skin. He had the trees hold her head back enough as he pulled up against her eyelids, and he signaled the butterfly to begin its call.

Through her bliss, Alison could see the faint outline of a butterfly behind the blurring, rose tints of pleasure in the air. Above the height of her climax, she could hear the buzzing of its wings before its power had taken hold of her once more, stimulating her to rise on her own as her billowing chest swayed along with her while she was moaning uncontrollably. Even though she was fully spent, the butterfly led her away from the brush, though the fairy had to do his part in guiding them both, all while that intense buzzing found its way back to her abdomen again, which made her swollen breasts quake against the vibrations.

It was tough being a breast-obsessed fairy in this moment. He was juggling the need to steer the ship towards a clearing while also watching Alison closely for her continued developments. Thankfully, she hadn't yet reached the next surge in growth, perhaps the combined power of three blossoms had slowed this process a bit, but he could clearly see they were still gradually swelling, or maybe they just appeared bigger now that she had been freed from the trees. He lamented not grabbing the broken bra before they left, but he had much larger priorities at stake. He watched her raise her left arm towards the butterfly like she was trying to pluck it out of the sky, only to finally rip the corresponding sleeve of her sweater away from the rest, now only held together now from her back. The same bulge from the side had taken advantage of this moment to occupy the new space, now having swollen fully over her bicep. On her right side, the equally large and still-growing breast had fallen a bit, and the entirety of her nipple had been freed from beneath the hem.

The fairy knew this forest all too well. They'd reach the path in a few minutes, so he plotted out a spot where he could make them stop in case the next surge was imminent. The butterfly, having spent much of its power, was growing restless as it began buzzing harder, making Alison clench her hips as she seemingly couldn't stop walking and whimpering from the constant bliss, and the fairy relented. He presumed he would have to wait for the next one as they continued onward.

Luckily for him, the next surge waited long enough for them to reach the clearing he had in mind. Not quite the path, but a spot where she'd be much easier to find once all was said and done. The butterfly was buzzing so prominently now that Alison's widened hips were shaking from the pressure, and her tongue lolled out of her mouth, nearly breathless from the endless overabundance of elation. Her jeans were clearly wettened



from the throbbing of being stimulated so immensely, which also made her bounce her chest in a series of mesmerizing, vertical undulations. This only served to rip her sweater just a bit further downwards near her cleavage, which had also stuffed itself upwards over her neckline as her breasts had likely grown a couple of centimeters while they were walking. By the time the butterfly stopped buzzing, Alison's knees buckled and she fell a bit forward. The fairy had summoned enough of his magical power to break her fall after letting the butterfly free from his charm, holding her up by her shoulders so she wouldn't fully collapse, but that was about the extent of what he could do without also tearing the rest of her top off of her prematurely. Her swelling breasts would take care of that in due time.

Alison, no longer overwhelmed by the combined force of the buzzing with the nectar's euphoric blend, let her weakened hand fall from where it was stretched out to reach for the butterfly, down to a resting spot on her forehead. She had been sweating so much, it was a surprise that her clothing wasn't entirely doused in the warm excretions. All the while, the next surge had finally arrived, and it was, as the fairy figured, an unstable growth. Another full inch of breast tissue had pumped out of her, this time assailing her sweater across the entirety of her twin circumferences, making each tear believably exaggerate their pains at once. There were new tears forming at the top-front bulge over the right breast, split apart like a crow's foot had done the deed, just as the flesh spilled as much as they could through them. The entirety of her breasts had filled up just a bit more, and all at once as the surge died as quickly as it activated, each simultaneous rip loudly signaled their arrivals.

It would seem that even though she had consumed another blossom, the full results of their effects would still take time, a relief in the eyes of the fairy, but most certainly not for Alison as she slumped down, and he let her relax a bit onto her seat. The fairy circled around her to see that the back of her sweater had stretched to its capacity, with several small rips exposing her shoulder blades. At the rate she was growing, having just begun her next bulking stage, it was more than likely this sweater was operating entirely on borrowed time.

With not much else to do while she was sitting, breasts nearly enveloped in her lap, the fairy used his power to help her sit upright, a much less strenuous use of his power now that she was sitting, and continued monitoring the situation, touching and squeezing wherever he could. He slid his fingers between the tears, feeling more and more delighted at just how firm her breasts remained, all while they continued stuffing themselves from within. Every swell he grazed his hands along had layers of doughy fat rolls that were plumping up from within, seemingly stronger than when she had only taken two of the blossoms' nectar. It was as if the tissue had so much density to them they could stretch as much as they wanted, but were taking their time to ripen as the magic of this concoction had commanded. With the power of two blossoms, he knew she'd have another few minutes before the next surge, but he hypothesized there were two possibilities at play here with the third blossom added to the mix.

Either there would be an addition of several surges to her growth, or the continued swelling between surges would simply \*continue\* until long after the final surges ran their course. There was a distinct possibility of both these things happening for all he knew.

"Quite the wild card to today's events," he muttered as he wondered when exactly Alison would wake up, right as her left arm finally fell limp to the ground. But for now, he had to enjoy himself as he tickled her undercleavage. For how firm they were, they were still so incredibly soft to the touch at the epidermal layers. There was a new excitement once he was satisfied that the mixture retained its stability. How big \*would\* she grow, after all?

As Alison's breasts slowly continued swelling larger, it was growing harder to see just how much they were growing between surges as the bulking phase needed to generate so much more tissue each time to actually expand her impressive chest, which had finally gotten to the point where it was all a roll of a dice that would

decide which tear would finish the job on her sweater. It was as if her breasts were growing in such a way that each bulge of her swells would take turns filling out to delay this freedom, despite stressing out the fabric so much. Bigger and bigger, there were now these quiet successions of stitches popping as strands of her top were failing to contain.

The fairy wished he hadn't left that purple bra behind, just so he could alter it to fit her current form, then watch it get destroyed by their ever-growing size. It would be a lot easier on him not having to manifest one from nothing, but he supposed this was a special event where he'd risk exhausting his own power, and pocketed that thought for later. In his mind, this event was truly a massive success, a process that was only growing more successful as he could sense the next surge was coming.

## CHAPTER 5: UNINTENTED ITERATION

Alison had been through a number of climactic experiences beyond her comprehension over a span of time she wasn't at all sure how long. As she was coming to consciousness, she felt a certain weightlessness at her back in direct contrast to that same, increasing fullness in front of her as she was finally coming to. Her eyes fluttered again, and she once again found her left hand on her forehead to wipe off a bead of sweat that was traveling across her brow.

"Oh," she moaned quietly. "What h-happened to me?"

Her vision was quite blurred for a bit, but before long, she saw them. Two gigantic, distended breasts that had seemingly replaced her own, slowly, at a snail's pace, willing their way out of her ruined top. At the same time, she felt like something was holding her up from behind, just as it was about to give out from enduring so much extended labor of holding up so much weight, disproportionate to its own. By the time the fairy's magic gave out, Alison's shoulders slumped forward, and surprisingly, the yellow hair band holding her ponytail burst, letting her scarlet hair fall down to graze against her neck.

The fairy, expended, but not nearly as tired as her, realized her consciousness and flittered his wings towards her.

"A most \*splendid\* thing," he fought the urge to fly down between her cleavage. "As you and I can see."

Alison placed her arms behind her back as a means to provide additional points of contact with the ground so she wouldn't just fall forward, which she found to be easier than she thought based on what she realized was happening. Much like with what she had seen in the mirror, she could vividly see her breasts swelling up before her eyes, though in a strange twist, she couldn't \*feel\* it happening, at least not in the same way she had with the cake crumbs. There were hints of tingling, sure, but there wasn't that same warmth, only the relentless fullness. She wasn't entirely sure how she would articulate the feeling of growth in her mind or to anyone who might ask her. The best she could think was that her breasts provided her with the sensation of overly being \*there\*, and then they \*felt\* like they were even \*more there\*, blowing up before her as she watched more of them persisting to be just a \*little bit\* more there, and as there was more to be there, she could see this inflation before her providing a stronger sense of \*there-ness\* that persisted beyond that. An astonishing sight, assuredly, but that it was happening to her rather than a loaf of bread in an oven or a bag of popcorn swelling in a microwave, or the extension of a lover's member, various thoughts swirling through her mind that best served as her approximation of how this all seemed from her vantage. But each of those things had their limits, a trait in which her breasts seemingly didn't appear to share as she could just barely perceive a hint of just a little bit more of them arrive.

"How are you feeling, by the way? You had quite the journey just to get here!"

"How am I feeling," Alison said sarcastically. "I'm feeling like my tits are being blown up! Was this from the blossom nectar?"

"Most assuredly, Miss. They're working impressively well. Shockingly under control despite drinking from three, though it seems we've reached the point where this current bulking phase is taking longer than the others."

"Three," she asked as a rogue dribble of spit fell from her lips. She was still somewhat not in control of all her faculties. "Bulking phase?"

The fairy nodded as they both heard another rip, this time from the fabric on her back, which had now formed quite the intricate web. Alison's eyes went wide in surprise.

"I just don't understand. Is this supposed to be happening?"

"I might have figured after the third blossom that we'd have a lot more difficult a time getting you out of the forest, though something like that may happen anyway, but yes, this is precisely what the nectar does."

"Grows giants breasts," she muttered. "You're making my curves even dumber than they were before."

"Another miracle of Wonder Fashion, if by 'dumb' you mean 'humongous'. It's not entirely without purpose, though there's so much to this nectar than you could ever know."

"I was hoping to work here one day," she said flatly as she felt her chest quake. "Enlighten me."

"Just a second," the fairy teased. "I think another surge is coming."

"A surge?"

As if on queue, that was precisely what had happened. Alison's breasts bloated a few centimeters, causing more of the tears in her sweater to stretch as her own blossoming chest bloomed further, shockingly not putting an end to her tortured top. Alison gasped at the suddenness of it all, as if this surge was waiting for the exact moment to catch her off guard. Three deep, heaving breaths, not entirely confident that the way they inflated with each inhale didn't result in an equal return to form after each exhale, but enough to threaten the stability of her top further, and then she was calm once she saw that exhaling even more produced no such counter to this gradual swelling.

"What in the world... Is it over?"

"Not nearly," the fairy answered. "You *did* drink three blossoms. Logical extremes might not apply anymore. I don't entirely know."

"What does that mean," she said almost through a gasp. After the surge of growth had ended, she started to feel a sort of filling sensation in her boobs, now returning to their bulking phase once again as every ounce of energy within them was working towards the next surge, filling the new, loosened space they created with skin and tissue for the express purpose of stretching even more. She wondered just how far she had grown beyond the conventional bra sizes she had known, though she remembered one such course focused on correctly identifying the expanded, niche measurements, a class she hadn't taken yet.

"\*That\* would be the bulking phase, my Dear. At your size, they're going to take longer and longer to complete between each surge. Until you're completely done absorbing the nutrients from the nectar, this will likely continue as you're going to swell beyond your wildest imagination."

"My goodness," Alison huffed as she couldn't help but give herself a squeeze, delicately so as not to expedite the final ruination of her top. "How big am I going to get?"

"It's beyond even my own imagination, I'm joyous to say. If it were only two blossoms, I might have an idea..."

"I remember you saying I only needed to drink two."

"The trees thought otherwise. Remember when I asked?"

Alison tried remaining focused through the question as she felt her breasts churn somewhat, like they were distributing all the new tissue to their most appropriate vacancies as she watched the gradual expansion persist. They had gotten so big from her perspective that the uppermost bulges were cresting up towards her chin, higher than her collarbones. She couldn't even see the front of her top anymore, though she imagined there must not have been much left to contain them.

"I genuinely don't remember much other than this feeling of climax."

"A new addition to the nectar compared to," the fairy cut himself off.

"All of this is new to me," she said as she heard a split in the fabric. She wondered how much time she had left before her sweater would give in.

The fairy gulped as he had almost spoiled the game to her. She still hadn't remembered her last visit to Wonder Fashion Products, evidently. He sighed.

"I suppose while we're here, I could give you one insight we never share with outsiders. The nectar, in a much lower dosage, is generally used to test the limits of our bras for the more typical sizes. The one you were wearing before your breasts destroyed it, for example, might have endured a lesser subject. You, however, are a much more extreme situation."

"You can say that again," Alison's retort had a sting to it as she wasn't sure which bra he was referring to, but she tried her best to understand a Wonder Folk's logic behind growing her breasts so much. "I must not be dreaming after all. Are they supposed to feel so full?"

"You can swell assured this is not a dream, and that what you're describing is a byproduct of the magic. The bulking phase is quite figuratively the accumulation of breast tissue and fatty cells formed by the nectar as it is absorbed into your already existing base. That slower swelling you're seeing is them firming up with an exaggerated density before a surge arrives, which as you noticed, is when you grow a little bit more at once, before you return to bulking after more loose space is created. If you haven't noticed thus far, each bulking phase results in you growing almost as much as you would during a stable surge."

"Figures. I'd hate to see an unstable surge," Alison didn't like the implication.

"You would? I suppose I can't be surprised that you haven't noticed, but you've already had \*two\*! It's possible you might have a couple more to go... not counting the other surges still to come."

"Ok," she started thinking aloud. "Well, as you can see, I'm about to be very exposed, which might be hard to explain to my classmates, if the giant boobs were something they could even suspend their disbelief over. Can your magic do anything about that?"

"You mean you'd rather they be constrained further instead of being free to bloat? I suppose I could arrange something, but I'd need a promise from you in return."

Alison sighed as she was starting to feel as if the fat in her chest was slowly rolling outwards, having finished locating the new spaces to fill and moving in. The furthest swells that were visible appeared so tightly squeezed behind the fully-thinned out fabric, on its last breath, she knew it wouldn't be long before the tatters that remained would falter.

"What did you have in mind?"

"Since it appears you have a vested interest in joining Wonder Fashion as an employee, and given your current condition, I would like to exploit this experience for my own research."

"You're not going to make me drink more of that nectar, are you?"

"Now," the fairy's question was laced with a feigned tone of offense. "Heavens, no! I need space to actually work down here!"

"That doesn't sound like a 'no'."

"It's certainly one aspect of what I'd ask of you, though in a much more controlled environment, but as you can already guess, I'm not sure what's going to happen to you long term after taking in three blossoms in such close proximity to one another."

"By proximity," Alison intuited before she felt the crow-foot shaped tear stretch a little. "You mean one after the other?"

"Another insight as part of the promise, and to better your understanding of the magic: drinking from the blossoms without moving from where you stand activates a power intended to activate a dramatic increase to their concentration, and for the sake of repeating my jubilee: that was based on what I had prepared with just \*two\*."

"Ah... of course it would. No wonder those trees held me in place."

"I had been speculating on this while you were," the fairy trailed off. "\*Euphoric\*." Given that your melons haven't immediately exploded to a room-filling size, I think right now I can reasonably deduce that there is something \*magical\* about your own build that is perhaps resistant to their power, maintaining some aspect of control while the swelling continues."

Alison wasn't entirely sure what to think about what he was saying. Having gotten everything he clearly wanted from this whole situation, she found it odd that he wasn't necessarily lying, but was clearly omitting something else, some other half to his story that she wasn't sure how to procure from him. He had a look to him that gave this away. But in pondering over this since he first started articulating the terms of this supposed 'promise', she hadn't been paying attention to her chest, which had seemingly vaulted just a bit more, now announcing the imminent death of her sweater as the hem was slowly giving out against the

vertical tear from her cleavage. She wondered if she was approaching another growth spurt.

"I won't deny that you're going to grow fantastically big. Perhaps even larger than one of the hills you can see in the distance! But the thing is, I've a feeling this much intake may alter your body's makeup in ways I can't quite foresee... need I remind you, the intention was only for you to consume two, which has satisfied my hypothesis that you would take significantly longer to blow up in size, yet still grow you to the exponential extent I was hoping for. It's just... \*now\* I'm not so sure when that will stop."

"I get it," Alison stopped him as a warning from the hem of her sweater signaled to her that the fullness was starting to reach a peak. "You can examine my curves to see what long-term affects may have happened if you fix my top so it lasts a bit longer!"

"What is it," the fairy teased. "Is that a surge I see coming, perhaps a bit sooner than expected? I didn't hear you say 'I promise'..."

Alison's jaw dropped at his words, right as the fullness had dissipated - somewhat - as quickly as it peaked, right as she saw her breasts quake where they rested on her chest, as if an eruption of sorts was imminent. She knew it was already too late as a rather deep, heavy tear had ended her sweater, and her breasts, seemingly growing a full inch and a half in circumference at once, celebrated their freedom with a spasm she could feel flap against her abdomen, though they clearly didn't fall from where they rested once they had finished lolling. The way the weakened fabric tore away from her front sounded like a water balloon popping, but as she saw, both of her breasts were still intact, and quickly returning to another bulking phase as she felt the return of that gradual churning. They were jutting out just a bit farther now, having filled out so much compared to her recently enlarged backside, perhaps even more now that they'd been freed. With no attachments whatsoever to the back of her sweater, the pathetic tatters fell listlessly before her.

"Ok, ok," she relented. "I promise... all those things I just said!"

"I accept your promise," the fairy side with a wide grin. No more than a few seconds after the tatters of her sweater had touched the ground were they miraculously affixed to her chest once more, though it seemed that her sweater had been stretched out to accommodate her inflated tits, now having grown well past the size of the purple bra she was wearing before.

However, Alison was a bit dismayed to find that the sweater, enhanced for her current size, was still shaped in such a way that it failed to conceal her rib cage, much less the lowest bulges of her shelf, and her cleavage was still prominently on display. Given his predictions that were shared with her, she realized rather quickly that this was only a delay towards the same outcome, though it appeared all of the rips and tears were absent for now.

"You don't think you could have made this a bit bigger after all you've told me?"

"Oh most certainly not. You did say 'so it lasts a \*bit\* longer'. I had to do my best to interpret from there. Maybe if you promise to drink another nectar blossom every so often in the future, I could provide you a more suitable covering? It would make my job of finding test subjects a lot easier as I continue refining the concoction."

"Definitely not," Alison answered quickly. Already she could feel the enlarged sweater tightening as it started to strain against her chest as the bulking phase was working her over.

"That last one must have been another unstable surge, by the way. Three already! And easily bigger than the

previous two. How are you feeling now?"

"If my entire body wasn't so sore, I think I'd try to stand up. I can feel them squishing up against my knees."

Alison took another look at them, something that was increasingly difficult to avoid, and noticed a thin, white layer had been added underneath her sweater. In her mind, it was an article that barely resembled an attempt at a bralette, much less lacy and more of a solid, slapped-together fabric, but where her neckline had plunged, she could see this flimsy covering exposed just in front of her cleavage, with thin straps at her shoulders, though after a quick swipe along her midsection, she learned that this new article did nothing to cover her stomach either. She rolled her eyes. Clearly, the word usage in her promise had no bearing on what actually happened, but she was no less sure if she could deny the terms on her end anymore. It was clear the fairy simply wanted another chance to see her destroy whatever clothing she was wearing, and the thought made her take a glance at her seat, which had been neglected for so long since its own expansion. At some point through all that had happened, the entirety of where her jeans covered her ass had torn away, revealing the back of her briefs in full now, along with the fullness of her hind quarters, which looked quite smooshed, but still rounded out on the field grass.

Compared to her breasts, she felt this was an overly generous, but welcome addition to her figure, always being top heavy with only a bit of counterweight was something she had hoped to one day focus on, but the cake had clearly circumvented that task.

"Why don't you try any way," the fairy suggested. "I think you'll find that - despite their obvious heft - they aren't weighing you down like you'd think."

Alison raised an eyebrow of suspicion as she looked up to him, sliding her arms more to her sides rather than behind, and leaning her weight forward a bit as she found herself quite off-balance. Her chest swayed from this minor inconvenience, but apart from the soreness, she indeed found the strength to pull herself off of the ground. As she found a tenuous form of poise, she got a good look at the impression she had left in the grass, only to notice in the round crevice she had created that the flattened blades were seemingly writhing with a life of their own. She hadn't noticed through all the soreness that she was being gently caressed by the flora, now easily feeling a light tickle under her feet.

Placing her hands on her widened hips, she tried spotting the fairy, only to find that he had gone missing. She turned her head a few times, trying not to disturb her burgeoning rack, but then felt some poking at the undersides of her bust again. She arched her back in recoil as he managed to poke right at a nerve ending, making her chest bounce almost to her chin, and a sharp gasp that followed.

"They really are getting stuffed in there," the fairy said as if taking notes for himself. "I can barely press my fingers in anymore."

"I'm glad you're enjoying yourself. I think I'm starting to understand this feeling of fullness, kind of, but why are they so firm? I'm not complaining or anything - my back sure isn't - but how are they holding themselves up like this? They didn't sag much once my top exploded, either."

"Part of the magic is maintaining their form for as long as possible before gravity ultimately wins. Once they get to the point that they could be used as a couch, the lowest bulges down here will likely graze against your waist, while the outermost swells here..."

He floated to her front and pressed his hands in on her left breast, making Alison bite down on her lower lip. All this new tissue was tender and sensitive, and she could feel them pressing back against him as the

gradual swelling was seemingly responding to his touch, taking notice of the loose space that was in need of new density. She pressed and rubbed her thighs together to hold back a vocal response.

"Well, for now it seems they are plumping themselves upwards to the best of their ability, so even these proud nipples of yours will remain pointed up high through the end! But eventually, these twin masses will likely find some drag, especially since you're likely to balloon so much it'll be a bit hard to walk. Might as well get your steps in now while you can!"

"Three blossoms," she muttered in annoyance as she started walking slow, tenuous steps around the clearing, waving him away. "I know."

As this most recent bulking phase continued for another few minutes, Alison was starting to question whether the fairy was correct about the slow growth matching the surges, as he had explained. Maybe he meant it would match the most recent surge, but she was feeling more and more certain that this stage of steady swelling was about as much, if not more volume than this most recent, apparently \*unstable\* surge, though she had no idea how she could ever know for sure. Her breasts had widened passed the full width of her shoulders, and were quite crammed into her expanded sweater, which was once again showing signs of struggle as the short-lived stress folds were smoothing out slowly, at least the ones she could see. She was certain if she had remained topless, they would reveal they were likely wider than that - a thought she'd have to block from her mind for now. As the uppermost swells continued ascending, exaggerated in part because of the white top that had been added, she could see the bulges of her own flesh out of her periphery, even if she tilted her chin slightly upwards towards the sky... or the ceiling. She wasn't quite sure anymore.

"My, oh my," the fairy seemed to notice her noticing the bulges up top. "It's like looking at a set of butterfly wings!"

He must have been referring to the white top beneath her sweater squeezing back the lower half of her distended shelf, which she only just noticed was stretching along with her. The rather flimsy material must have been much stronger than she thought, even though it was clearly ignoring the lower-most bulges of her tits that was already on their way to freedom beneath the hem of her sweater. If anything, this pseudo-bralette only served to make her feel just how much more present her lower swells were within this top. More importantly, it felt like her boobs were being massaged by the white top itself, along with a faint, light tracing where she imagined her areolas rested, which made her lower lip quiver.

"Soak it all in, I guess." Alison was clearly at a loss. "So what am I supposed to do now, exactly? Just keep growing until I'm completely immobilized?"

"I'm sure another employee will find you in time before that happens entirely, but if I can reduce any further suspense, that is precisely what will happen."

"Wonderful. And I don't suppose you're going to help me find another employee down here?"

"You're welcome to try by your lonesome," the fairy took a few wayward glances around. "But I think you're just as likely to find yourself in the same predicament that you were in before I found you. I don't think that would be such a great idea, at least for you. I wonder how you'd respond to a fourth blossom..."

Alison threw her hands up to her temples, trying her best to ignore how her arms had to work around the width of her shelf.

"Enough with the blossoms," she forced an annoyed laugh.



"Good choice," he replied. "Best to stay here and avoid the unknown."

By the time Alison was done walking slow laps around the clearing, another surge made its presence known. This one, according to the fairy, was a return to the more stable surges, only filling her out with a couple of centimeters in growth as she felt like her breasts were reaching out further forwards than if she were to stand with one foot directly in front of the other, with maybe half a foot of space between them. She only barely attempted to stand like this, but the shift in weight was most unwise as she tried to raise her arms out like she was on a balancing beam, which only served to let her cans threaten a complete escape from beneath the hem of her sweater as the sudden sway in her shoulders jostled them out of control for a moment.

Giving up quickly on her own personal attempt at measuring the slow, yet constant increase in size, Alison could only think to blow her hair out of her face and keep an eye on the fairy, who kept trying his best to sneak out of her view so he could exploit the spaces where her vision was blocked by her inflating bust. He was quite successful at this as she continued sprouting more and more tit flesh each and every minute, one surge after the other, and after what felt like an hour of endless growing, new discoveries of ways her top could tear itself apart from the sheer size of her breasts as they continued swelling from the power of the blossom nectars. The fairy had made a game out of stimulating her nipples, most often using the white top under her sweater to trick her into thinking it was him, only to have her grab at her own chest and make her own knees weak from the reaction. She wondered if all this production of fatty tissue was also providing a number of new nerve endings that weren't present before, as it seemed every time the fairy found a place to poke and prod at her, this same unexpected excitement would return. She nearly drew blood from how many times she had to bite down on her plump lip.

Nevertheless, her heaving shelf was still high and perky by the time her breasts were just short of the size of bean bags, though she could at times feel them touch against her belly when she'd lean forward enough. The tears from her cleavage revealed just how little the white top underneath was covering much of anything, seemingly positioned to intentionally restrain them in the least helpful way as the built-in cups, never once actually supporting her chest from the start, were being swallowed whole. Its obvious purpose was to help the fairy get in extra squeezes while the top would distract her by maneuvering itself in such a way that it would require her to reposition it so that her breasts wouldn't have such an easy time wrestling their own way out.

But as more of her chest was coming free once more, bulges and tears in each region of her sweater, Alison noticed a change in the patterns. The fairy most certainly had, too, judging by the way he saw her blushing in a sudden, more constant sense.

She had entered a rather extended bulking phase, nothing new there as she had reached this size, but to Alison, this phase had not only lasted somewhere close to eight or ten minutes, but in addition to this feeling of her chest churning and the unfolding of fatty tissue all about, there was this new tingling sensation that wasn't far from what she felt in the clock room. No, it was more akin to a strong stretching entirely within both of her breasts, along with the prickly tickle that resembled said tingling.

The fairy spoke first as Alison let out an involuntary moan.

"What is it, my Dear? Something new?"

"Oh yes," was all Alison could say at first as she felt the white top seemingly pinch her tits. "It feels like... I don't know. It feels like something opened up in here."

"Opened," the fairy asked thoughtfully. "Like a flower? A flower blooming?"

"Maybe? How would I know?"

"I couldn't say," the fairy admitted. "This is new, for sure. We'll just have to wait and see. Does it hurt?"

"I wo-wouldn't say that... F-far from it," Alison was panting between words. "Now that - oh - now that you mention it, it does kind of feel like a number of stems are in there, and there's something growing on them!"

"Oh my," the fairy's curiosity peaked. With a hint of his own power, he altered his vision to see right through Alison's colossal chest, which was still swelling through the process of the bulking phase she was undergoing, but indeed, there was something else that had been created, most likely a result of the combined power of three blossom nectars. There were most certainly a series of new, separate strands, unfolding like fingers, wrapping along the lobules and wedged between several of the many nerve endings, most likely why she was able to feel them upon their arrival, and in a resulting shape that was not unlike the lactiferous ducts, but entirely separate from them. Along the length of each strand, he could see some of the tissue being filtered through them, then sprouting these tiny buds of much smaller fatty tissue buds forming along each stem, slowly at first, but over the course of maybe half a minute, they had enlarged to the point where they were likely three times the size of a popcorn kernel, in a shape not far from a fully-formed tissue bulge. As they continued their own swelling, he spotted a few shaking at the edge of their own stems attached to the larger root, before popping into what he thought at first was nothing, though he couldn't see for sure while under the influence of his own magic. He released his spell, and flew as close as he could to her chest.

"I'm going to press in a lot," he said.

"Not aga-" was all she could say as a rather loud squeal of pleasure followed. It felt like she was being tested the same way one might measure the resilience of a waterbed, only with creamier contents inside.

The fairy's hands shook with anticipation as Alison's tits quaked from a separate release she had experienced from this contact. There was indeed something else that was created by the bursting of these tiny blooms in her chest... he saw a leak had formed near her areolas, dampening the fabric of her sweater.

...Had she created her own nectar? It was the first, intrusive thought that entered his mind as he activated his spell again.

Each of the stems now had several of these tiny buds, swelling while she was clearly on the verge of her latest surge. Walls of fatty folds had reached their destination, with skin cells prepared for the next stretch, but these bursting buds must have been formed for a new purpose, as he predicted. The thing is, her milk ducts seemed walled off from all the growth, so what would happen with this nectar unless it passed directly through her \*actual\* lactiferous ducts, through the twin thimbles at the furthest reaches of her chest as some of it clearly had, with nowhere else to go?

"Likely to do what it has been doing this whole time," he said out loud thoughtlessly.

"Do whaaaa," was about all Alison could say as the blushing seemed to intensify, almost sounding as if her words slurred together.

The next surge arrived, and this was the fourth of her unstable blow-ups, but only the fairy got to see it happen as Alison was clearly fading into ecstasy again. Alison's sweater was already losing this second war

against her swelling breasts, which had just pumped up a full two inches at once as the sleeves tore half of the way from her chest, now showing the white top shrinking into her bulging skin beneath. She had easily ten or eleven inches of cleavage rising over the neck of her top like fresh dough spilling over the pan, and the lower bulges were pulling the hem out further and further. Most assuredly, the back of her sweater was completely taut again, likely to tear into a new and intricate web of ruined strands in time.

But this unstable surge didn't seem to end right away, not so instantly as the other three before it. There was a second quake from her expanding bust once the initial growth ran its course, which was usually the fairy's sign that it was about to happen, before they once again swelled up another inch, maybe a bit less. This must have been just one of the results of the third nectar blossom, compounding its power over the others. Or maybe this alleged nectar Alison had created within her shelf was the cause?

Needless to say, if that was the case, her day was only getting bigger by the minute. Three blossoms was an impossible quandary for the fairy to figure out after factoring in the more likely traits, but if she was producing her own nectar now, there was no telling how huge she would become. The factory might not be able to hold her!

As Alison unleashed one last moan from an orgasm, she started falling forwards, but the fairy used his power to hold her up by the back of her shoulders, a strain that became all the more challenging at her latest size. She was falling unconscious again, which at least would stop her questioning, he supposed, and maybe gave him more freedom to examine these changes, but there was no telling what she'd see once she had awoken.

He left her to stand and swell while her eyes fluttered. The next bulking stage had begun, and her breasts were so huge now, her sweater would likely break long before she woke up again. The white top he had given her was already useless, so he ended its animated form of life, and let it break off of her by the time she reached her next surge, yet another unstable one as her breasts fattened another inch, then an undulating spasm, then immediately another, before they returned to another bulking stage. There was a kind of fun he was finding in wondering if maybe the bulking stages would work harder to keep filling them up to combat against two sequential surges, but this could only mean Alison's breasts would likely grow faster than he had wanted them to, expediting the end of their second meeting as the Man In White would find her once she had reached a certain size. He knew the rules of their agreement, and lamented that he'd eventually have to abandon her. The primary reason he changed the concoction to such a slow-release agent was so he could have more time to enjoy the process, but even he was starting to tire from the expense of his limited powers and all the \*questions\*.

"Can't a fairy just experiment in peace," he said to no one. "A new breakthrough in my research, and she's probably going to swell too fast for me to really learn anything from it!"

He turned on his vision altering spell once more to examine the new stems in her breast, and sure enough, behind what looked like a number of more swelling walls of fatty folds and breast tissue latching wherever there was space, he saw each and every tiny bud that had burst off of the stems were starting to form again. Based on his observation, he mentally suggested that - if left alone, Alison might be perpetuating her own growth. While not entirely of her own volition, this was a stunning discovery all the same.

Flying over to the side bulge of her right breast, he took another shot at squeezing the loose fat before the swelling folds could reach them, and boy was it difficult against how firm they had become, even more than before, but there was indeed a feeling of something creamy filling them up inside, but then seemingly \*melting\* away from his hands and into her flesh, as if it had been absorbed like the nectar she drank before it. To the fairy, this was more than enough to confirm his suspicions.

Without warning, another surge burst forward, and Alison's breasts ballooned another couple of inches again, on top of all the swelling from her previous bulking phase, making the fairy flinch in surprise. This one was so much earlier than anticipated, not even a few minutes in to what he would have expected, which was confusing to the fairy. At the same time, he watched her shelf quake as one breast seemed to rip a crescent tear through her sweater once their bulk was too much, and the hem of her sweater failed as the lower half of her breasts were now impossible to contain, and had broken free. The bulking phase she was going through still hadn't finished, but now he could see a couple of new fatty folds taking hold within her chest.

"So with all this nectar, she's not only making herself grow more, but is activating bulking phases that overlap with separate surges at opposing intervals. My goodness!"

He thought back to when he first witnessed the tiny, new bulge in her pastel bra when they first reunited, and sighed when he knew his time with her was drawing to a close. One last squeeze, perhaps, but he would need to leave before the man in white would appear.

Luckily for the fairy, through these massages and squeezes, he got to experience the continued expansion of Alison Small, rotating through alterations of his vision to watch her body produce more nectar, then grow, bulk, surge and repeat until her breasts had fattened far beyond destroying her sweater a second time, and she was clearly none the wiser while she was on the mend from her latest euphoric experience, which he wondered when, or even if that would come to a close now that she was creating her own buds within her chest. He watched her expand with her backside in the air, something he hadn't really taken notice of, but admired the shape within her burst jeans and receded underwear, but that was nothing compared to the inflating tits that were taking up more of the clearing as subsequent surges made it harder to tell how much she further she would grow the more they continued. He approximated she had undergone upwards of sixteen, independent stable surges, likely more than double as many as he predicted when she was only supposed to drink from two blossoms, and then somewhere close to six or seven unstable surges - if he was combining the recent consecutive unstable surges as one, which was obviously why they had gotten so big she could rest her entire body on them by the time he had to flee, upset that he wouldn't be allowed to see how far the Man In White might let this go...

The fairy placed a tired hand on one of her massive breasts, now so firm that he could barely push into the epidermal layers.

"Goodbye for now, Alison. I look forward to your voluptuous future at Wonder Fashion Products."

He left her in the claring, all by herself. The grass underneath her impossible breasts was slowly tickling against the ripening, sensitive skin, which was only growing more while she remained under a blissful unconsciousness. Twin pumpkin carriages holding up the tiny frame of a sleeping beauty, large enough for her to swim inside them if they weren't so full and buoyant.

## CHAPTER 5: LATE TO THE UNKNOWN

As the last vestiges of her ecstasy waned, Alison finally willed herself awake as she felt like she had been sleeping atop a rather impressively large mattress, firmer than any she had ever laid her body to rest on. Her arms, outstretched as far as they could on either side, were not nearly enough to reach the end of their fleshy bulges...

"Flesh," she asked no one, quietly through a soft, near whisper. "Am I - Am I still here?"

The answer to her question presented itself, rather \*themselves\* as obvious as they could to her, as Alison recalled the feeling of her breasts churning with swelling life once more. It would seem that for however long she was unconscious, they had blown up tremendously in size, and were at the point where she imagined the fairy predicted they would end up, but clearly not quite done yet. As the details were returning to her, she bit the side of her lips slightly as she remembered she never got an answer about the new stems that had evidently formed within her breasts, though she couldn't feel the tingling sensation from them anymore. Perhaps they had grown too big for her to notice, but the telltale signs of a bulking phase were still quite present as she could feel countless many more fatty folds building up from within. Against the palms of her hands, which had nowhere else to go at this point, it was this astounding feeling of being gently pushed, only now it was the rest of her body being shoved away - rather, \*upwards\*.

"Wow," was about all she could think to say at the realization of her size as she tried to roll herself back, which was shockingly possible as her body started to slide down through the lower expanse of her cleavage, but then she decided against the risk of being swallowed whole beneath them, and willed herself forward by starfishing her legs across the lower bulges before it was too late. Across the furthest swells of her chest, she could see them blushing a deep color that wasn't far off from the blossoms from the trees, and she wondered if that was just from the sensation of growth, an imitation of sunburn or something else. She looked around as best as she could for the fairy, but after a minute of nothing, not even one of his attempts to squeeze her when she couldn't see him, and seemingly yet another surge taking place just in time to nearly bounce her off of them like a trampoline as her breasts rapidly swelled a bit more at once, she realized she was likely alone.

Alison could feel a heat on her face, not quite like the overwhelming bliss from drinking the nectar, but right on the cheek bones and near the inner muscles of her mouth, she felt a certain stimulating flush that was growing stronger with her return to consciousness. The bulking phase that was continuing beneath her had seemingly never stopped before the surge caught her by surprise, which was cause for concern. She wondered if this was the effect of the third blossom? How long until the next surge would arrive this time?

"Stupid fairy," she said as her eyes involuntarily rolled back from a pinch she felt in her chest. Somehow, she had been moved closer to the edge of the clearing, and the tall grass, somehow even taller than her, was resting just on and under her rump, tickling gently against whatever it could reach. "How am I supposed to get out of here now?"

"Ah, there she is," a new voice emerged just outside of the clearing. This one sounded much more calm and perhaps a bit authoritative than the fairy's. "Here we are again."

"If you're another fairy thinking of turning me into a human pair of zeppelins, your friend beat you to it."

An astute observation, as another surge had arrived. Alison felt her butt jiggle as her breasts seemed to buck her through this next growth. There was no calculating how much they bulged in this moment, but looking behind her, she saw that a few stems from the flora were stretching towards her with barbs along their leaves, and had fallen behind from this recent growth, but from her lowest swells, she could feel the grass caressing her skin. Perhaps a bit more worrisome was that there was seemingly no break after the surge where she had a moment to feel like her breasts had been loosened up from the quick pulse of growth. No, there was indeed an immediate, follow-up surge that arrived shortly after. The bulking stage was indeed continuing, almost as if it was compensating for the second surge that had come so soon, or maybe the first was delayed or out of sequence? All she could think was that this process was likely far from over. Then, intrusive thoughts filled her mind of a life within this forest... the mountain-sized breasty woman who wanted to be a fashion engineer, now a fabled story of a student who had wandered from a tour and won a pair of breasts too big to fit in an empty field as her prize.

The voice hadn't immediately responded to her suggestion, but after the surge had ended, he spoke up with an apparent "Oh me, oh my, this seems like so much more than before," which rendered him all the more familiar to her.

"Before," Alison clocked his words. "What do you mean before?"

She tried to lean herself forward, only to find that her breasts would only let her shift her weight so much. Backwards into the chasm between her cleavage was the likely only direction she could move at this point. She leaned her forehead into her tits, feeling the firm flesh push back against her as the gradual swelling was seemingly more powerful than before, but then the tingling she remembered before she passed out had returned. It was much weaker this time, rather more distant from her, but she could sense it.

She lifted her head up in time to see that a phantom arm was raised up to wave at her, much more human in size compared to the tiny fairy arms she had grown used to since finding her way into this forest. She didn't get to appreciate the appearance of a familiar white sleeve long enough to feel her briefs being tugged at by the clearly interested flora. A vine was wrapping itself around the left side of her plump seat, squeezing it in an almost intimate way. For now, she would ignore it as she hoped this new person would get her out of here.

"Ms. Small," the man she assumed was wearing a white suit said. "You must not remember me from your previous visit, but that's ok."

"Uhhh," was all she could say as the small, simple tugging at her underwear seemingly worsened as she heard a tiny rip. The barbs were enough to do this, but not break skin from the looks of things, but she wasn't sure what else would happen while she was trying to maintain concentration on this discussion, not to mention the tingling that was continuing in a static sense. She could have sworn she had just heard the tiny, barely perceptible sounds of something bursting, like a water balloon popping, but she couldn't tell from where.

"But I've never visited Wonder Fashion before," she cried, just as the barbed stem ripped the last, stretchy stiches from the waistband of her briefs away, then pulled them over to her ballooning breast on one side, and receded back into the brush before another vine, similar to the first, descended to her other cheek, and followed its sibling in a rhythmic motion. With as much as she could crane her neck, she likened this experience to watching a cat kneading dough, but these vines were clearly working the entirety of her backside, which to Alison was quite relieving compared to the constant soreness. While she didn't appreciate her underwear being ruined, the vines didn't seem interested in anything else back there, so what else was new at this point.

"As I said," he spoke almost like a professor. "It's likely you don't remember. It was more than a decade ago, and I found you here under similar, but not nearly the profound conditions as I'm finding you today. You really have blown up quite large!"

"I should point out this wasn't intentional," she snuck the words in as the fullness from her bulking phase had returned, this one so strong it was like she had been through a buffet line a thousand times in just a few minutes. "You might want to step back a bit if you're close... I can't exactly tell."

Just then, another surge had spilled forth, pushing Alison back into the brush a bit. The vines, apparently annoyed, began kneading her seat a bit faster.

She heard the man yelp just a bit as he seemed to double back, falling on his own seat, but then picking himself up as he walked back closer to her, trying his best not to seem phased by what he had just witnessed.

"Impressive," he said. "You're still growing after two blossoms?"

"Three," Alison corrected him. "Though I don't remember drinking the third."

"And with all that concentration," he sounded almost entirely in wonderment. "There must be no telling how big they'll get."

"Can we get back to the part where I'm a return visitor? I'd like to figure out my options that can help me reverse this since that must have happened before ... unless I'm mistaken and haven't noticed I've had boobs bigger than a garage my whole life?"

"I would say the last time you were quite done at a size that was much more manageable than this. You could stand and walk around somewhat easily. Otherwise you were quite full-figured before your consumption of the nectar. I don't think I can get you to the old juicing room with you being this big, not that we use that one anymore."

"The juicing r-" Alison was interrupted by another pinch in her chest. She wondered if her nipples were overwhelmed by the constant tickling from the grass, but until she could see them herself, there was no way of knowing for sure. All she knew is that there was this sudden feeling of bulking she had grown familiar with, compounded by the new surprise of what felt like a creamy slosh she could feel right where her breasts were now touching her face. But as she leaned in with her cheek as much as she could to better assess this presence, it had disappeared, replaced by that same feeling of intense bulging, like two separate bulking phases were overlapping one another.

"It's not important," the voice called back to her. "We have some improved methods that will hopefully relieve you from all of this. Are you sure you don't remember your last visit at all?"

Alison wasn't sure if she appreciated the attempt at jogging her memory just to be reminded that she had gone through something similar in the past. Another surge filled her chest out again, but hadn't moved her along her expanding shelf as the previous had. She looked back to the vines to see that they had finished massaging her, and she wondered what the point of that exercise was. Her plump behind was no longer sore, but was gradually starting to feel firmer than it had. She was in no place to be trying to figure that out while she was still growing a pair of hot air balloons under her disproportionately small body. Evidently, the man's voice continued speaking while she was distracted.

"Not even dreams of your breasts being so large you can hardly walk? I'm honestly surprised it's all gone from you, maybe even blocked out. I knew this was one potential result from the juicing, but usually our employees eventually regained these memories, but this is something that has me worried."

She felt his hand press into one of her breasts as he was clearly thinking out loud. The touch itself made her fold her lips in behind her teeth as she barely held back a moan. The touch of another was so overwhelming now, she quivered all the way down to her toes.

His hand released from them.

"My goodness, I've never seen them so dense like this. You really are still growing, and why is the ground wet

here?"

A couple of quiet pants, then she pulled her head up as much as she could, just barely seeing the tips of white hair over the edge of her swells. By the time she'd undergo another surge of growth, her breasts alone might be too tall for him to see her without the use of a ladder.

"Ok, so I was once a visitor here before, but that would mean I had some interest in fashion like I do now, but how did I get here back then? I was a mechanical engineering student, not even close to the fashion majors back then? I remember a Pattern Theory class because of the vaguely overlapping applications to my major, but there's no way you would have invited me!"

"On the contrary, Ms. Small, you were quite the astute fashion student then as you are now. We actually selected you to take this tour without you needing to prove anything to us this time around, as we've known of your interests for quite some time, and we had interests of our own, of course. I have some suggestions as to what led you on an alternate path after your first visit, but I'm not sure if that's so important other than making up for lost time ... we were wondering if you would ever return. But for a second time now, you're seeing just what you're capable of."

"How does growing my boobs so big have anything to do with Wonder Fashion Products? You don't really sell anything like this, do you?"

"Not in my lifetime," he almost sounded depressed. "The concoction has undergone so many iterations from the Wonder Folk that we deemed it too unstable for the masses to consume... unless."

"Unstable," she said as there was a pressure forming in her breasts. One bulking phase was competing against another as there was seemingly an approaching, simultaneous set of surges coming at roughly the same time. Alison braced herself as she could feel that same blush on her face strengthen before her breasts bloated from two, seemingly unstable surges at the same time. She couldn't hold back a rather strong moan that came with them. Of course, as if this roller coaster had no logical end, she was not granted a break from her growth, as it would appear another bulking phase had begun, and the gradual swelling, now so slow she wondered just how many separate processes were in action at the same time, continued pumping her breasts with new, fuller and firmer tissue.

"It's really not stopping," he said after waiting for the surges to pass. "Is it?"

"All I remember is that after three blossoms, the possibilities would be endless. I was a little too unconscious to catch all that we learned through that."

"I see," the man said. "And I'm sure the fairy's explanation was filled with whimsy and wiles."

"I don't know," Alison answered, not questioning for a second how he knew about the fairy. "He was really enjoying himself the whole time, but he was rather capable of sharing in enthusiastic detail."

"For some of the Wonder Folk, it's the highest form of joy they know to see their work grow to life - forgive the pun. If this is the same one you met before, then I remember him telling me how much he enjoyed your willingness to go along with everything. Now that I think of it, I remember you rolling with the punches, so to speak. You're the exact kind of talent we need here. I wonder what he'll do if you are indeed producing your own nectar now? A wondrous thought we believed wasn't possible."

It was all starting to dawn on Alison now. Not the memories, but the extent to which these blossoms had



affected her. She licked her lips as she recalled that fleeting moment of feeling a slosh in her heaving chest just moments ago, and tried to feel around for more with her hands and face, but with her ear pressed in, all she could do was listen to the soundless motions of her chest, which was still pushing around all kinds of bulging fatty rolls and pumping the swollen fibers of stretchy skin cells anywhere they could find purchase. But then, for a second time, she just barely caught the faint sounds of several small things \*popping\*, only now she could clearly sense this was happening in her chest. From here, there was no way of knowing for sure what that meant, though the tingling feeling that had persevered since she had awoken was just a bit stronger now. She waited a few seconds, then pressed her hand in where she could, and felt that creamy fullness once again. As the man had said, she had most curiously produced \*something\* creamy in there, likely her own nectar. With this moment of revelation upon her, she worried. Would they ever stop growing?

But then, she felt the remnants of her jeans being tugged, rising up towards her waist, specifically the upper half of her butt pockets now. As the vines were massaging her seat, they had been planting seeds of their own. Firm, fibrous cells that were melding with her backside, then plumping and lifting them while leaving the lower swells to their own devices. Alison turned back after all the faint bursting sounds in her chest subsided to see that her jeans were being attacked by a new swelling as her rump was taking over the space, the upper half of her seat appearing to match the furthest swells of the lower half with gradual ease. Stitches popped and the front of her pants started digging into her pelvis before the button holding it all together, one final time, burst off of her entirely. She could feel the button falling between her cleavage before getting wedged between their overly inflated, fattened folds. She had no appreciation for this parallel moment that reminded her of her time stuck between the trees. With the space tightening and giving on opposite ends, she felt the zipper fall to its end and loud ripping sounds as the fabric on her hips gave way, but it would seem that these seeds from the vines lacked the staying power of the nectar, and her ass only filled out enough to further round them out, now widened along with her hips a bit further than the formerly upside-down heart shape they had taken before, almost like it had all been flipped to keep it all together. Her thighs, already swollen to go along with this growth, had bulked up some more, just enough to support this change, and her jeans were threatening some holes in that region as well. Alison rolled her eyes once it was finally over, until it wasn't. The lower half seemed to follow suit shortly after the top half had finished, now going through its own stage of widening outwards for a bit, but then quickly coming to a stop once it was confident it had allowed for a rather widened canal near her loins.

"Is something happening up there," the man's voice asked her. "I heard ripping."

"Nothing more than what we've got going on below," Alison responded, just as the latest, stable surge took hold. She barely reacted to this next bloom. At least her butt remained relatively contained, somewhat.

"Well, to speak on behalf of the Wonder Folk, I hope you know just how much we've learned from this latest experience."

"Oh good," Alison was reaching a point of frustration. "I was worried this was all just for fun."

"Alison," the man's voice said. "I would like to be serious for a moment."

"I have nowhere to be," she threw her arms up over her head as the tingling went away for a moment, a small relief despite knowing she was still gradually swelling up. "Go ahead."

"We know you wish to join the team at Wonder Fashion Products, and we'll have ample opportunities for you if you accept what we have to offer you in exchange. But I must ask: what kind of career did you have in mind? I can't recall if I told you last time, but I am one of the Directors here, and my word carries quite a bit of weight - most certainly in our research departments."

They were interrupted by another surge. Alison's breasts had amassed in size quite an astounding amount over her time in the forest, but this one seemed to be the biggest, most unstable surge of them all. Alison wasn't sure herself with her face buried in her chest, but from the Director's view, she had blown up a good foot higher all at once before returning to her gradual fill.

"I was thinking," she said after a moment as she waited for any surprise surges, tired from all the growth. "Something Administrative, maybe."

"Oh, come now. I've seen your portfolio. I think you'd be great addition to the team working within our bra assortment."

"Really," she said with her strongest tone of sarcasm yet, remembering her own desires to work on a product she would find the most use for. "What gave it away?"

"The thing is," his voice got a bit lower. "We could probably place you wherever you want and sort out all the paperwork after... the business side can't really ask too many questions when you're involved in grander matters. But first, we would require your commitment to participating in our research with what is happening to you from this latest... development. Tests to ensure that you would be safe to live your life outside of work."

Alison was quiet for a moment, but despite not having any interest in ever returning to the forest, she was growing amenable to the idea of making sure she wouldn't undergo any more of these exaggerated transformations.

"Go on," she said, almost out of breath.

Her temporary faith was immediately betrayed as the Director began rambling.

"The nectar is just one of many steps for our testing we'd need to sample, over and over. Hopefully to build up a tolerance in you to such a form that you aren't having such severe reactions to it, though it seems my fairy friend has indeed proven a way to dramatically slow down the process, truly a work of art I must applaud when I see him next. But yes, we'd need to have you try newer iterations of the nectar once we squeezed you down to your normal size. We would ensure you were in the height of comforts, of course, that amount of growing repeatedly might understandably take a toll on you, but by the end, your pay would likely rival mine. Perhaps you might even grow a fondness towards a more ripened size! Really, whatever form best suits you."

"Mr. Director," Alison tried to say through clenched teeth as she was trying to hold back a gasp. The tingling had returned, and a wave of pressure was building again from all the familiar, but eerily simultaneous bulking, which she knew meant another surge was coming, or three or four if this recent trend was any indication.

"Then we'd finally have a more in-house resident for what other things we haven't learned from the forest. I heard stories there's a new patterned butterfly that can hypnotize you while stimulating your pleasure centers. What kind of ingredients could we extract from such a specimen, I wonder!?"

"Mr. Director," she tried to say again as her voice rose an octave. This tingling was only getting stronger, and she could hear numerous pops from within her burgeoning shelf, which she imagined was the size of two SUV's now. The fullness had grown so strong she could feel her legs being pushed up slightly, arcing her

fattened ass towards the sky.

"And now that we seemingly have a \*human\* producing this nutrient autonomously, perhaps this can finally solve the mystery of how we can lace the padding of our bras with it, in the form of a contact-melting pad, I imagine, one that would help other women hoping to fill out some more without the same dramatic effects. At the rate you've been growing, we could help them swell up any number of cup sizes - though I wonder if this would have diminishing retur-"

He was once again, interrupted, as Alison's tits underwent a rather rapid swelling, blowing up in an unstabled fashion, a few feet in height, even higher than before. Several surges had taken place all at once, culminating in a rapid expanse all at once over the course of several rounds of bulking at various intervals before arriving at this one, massive and simultaneous swell. Not that he could tell so much before, but she had grown so big, there was no telling if there was actually a rather short woman on top of this chest that was nearing as tall some of the trees.

As she was feeling the tingling disappear, but a new bulking phase beginning, she groaned.

"Tell me more about this squeezing. What does that entail?"

"Oh right, the squeezing. This is what's replaced the juicing room, though it does produce similar results, just in a much less invasive form."

"Uh huh," she sounded disillusioned.

She heard a mechanical beep after a number of items clattered along the grass, followed by what sounded like three or four separate inflatable devices forming in unison.

"Luckily, I came prepared. These machines, now much more portable until I deploy them, will take care of the squeezing, and subsequently returning you to your normal form, if you desire."

"Is it even possible? What about the effects of the third blossom?"

"That remains to be seen, but for now, why don't we get you down from up there, unless you know a way to leave this forest at your current build?"

They waited in silence as the inflating devices were outpacing Alison's monumental chest. She obviously didn't have an answer for him.

"I was about a G-cup before all of this, Mr. Director. I'm going to hold you to that."

"Oh, pish posh. I could have sworn you were \*bigger\*, but let's start by getting you back down within the ballpark of the twenty-six letter alphabet first," he replied as the inflating sounds stopped, then were followed by a sudden feeling of heavy, airy padding wrapping around her bulges, only to be shoved back by a relatively stable surge in growth. "Then we'll go from there."

Another, deeper beep followed that, and all Alison could feel in this moment was a buzzing not entirely dissimilar to the butterfly's from earlier, though it was slightly overshadowed by the tingling she felt in her breasts. There was no denying the pleasant feeling that was somehow not triggering every last new pleasure center in her, but after about a minute, she noticed this wet sensation underneath her colossal boobs.

"There we go," the Director said loud enough for both of them to hear, though Alison felt as if a bulking phase had begun specifically to counteract whatever was happening. "The squeezing will begin another minute from now, now that we've tricked all those pesky folds into a new task."

"Huh," Alison was confused. "A new task?"

"Well, it's sort of a process similar to when we juiced you before, but with all the changes to the nectar, we had to create a device that was capable of melting all this breast tissue into a liquid that can be expressed, and from the heat you're going to feel soon, much of this will also evaporate in time... we're literally 'burning fat' through the power of Wonder!"

"You're going to burn the skin, though!"

"Not likely," the Director hinted, though his voice was starting to get drowned out as the vibrations seemed to strengthen, making Alison squirm as the combined power of the third blossom and these strange, squeezing devices had pushed her over the line into a lessened ecstasy. "You're probably going to pass out for a moment while the machines do their work, but then I'll walk you back to the enclave myself if I have to. You'll be back to your norm-- er, you'll be as close to your normal form as possible by then!"

On top of a mounting fullness as her breasts were trying to fight back against this competing power, growing and receding like a giant pair of breathing behemoths, Alison was indeed finding herself overwhelmed once more, squealing in joy and whimpering from exhaustion at the same time before she indeed, passed out, having no awareness whatsoever as to the height of these machines' collective power. Once they began the process of actually squeezing them down, they seemed to each coil around their own designated portions of her breasts, then slowly compressing more and more as the melting tissue was either disappearing from within, as he had said, or expressing directly through her nipples, having nowhere else to go but out. She was dampening the entirety of the grass clearing around her as indeed, her shelf was deflating, slowly and assuredly, but not without their own tantrums, until eventually the rest of her body was visibly in the Director's eyesight. Many blades from the tall grass began brushing along her hind quarters as she was slowly descending, making him slap them away as soon as he noticed, eyes widened at the sight of their collective interests.

"I suppose we can try to fix that, too, I think," he said.

## CHAPTER 6: FIT FOR THE JOB

Once more, perhaps one last time, Alison felt herself rolling over on to her back, stirring to life as she stretched her arms and took a few, thoughtful blinks before realizing she had just \*rolled over\*, completely onto her seat. Her eyes fluttered as she looked down to see that, while her sweater was still in tatters, leaving nothing but the sleeves on her arms and a rather exposed pair of breasts, they had indeed dramatically reduced down, or rather, down to something close to how she remembered them after her time in the clock room. Having developed a gifted size growing up, or at least she believed she had on her own, there came a point where she sort of stopped keeping track of her measurements, and vaguely suggested their size whenever someone asked. Most bras didn't fit all that great anyway, not until she had bought a few from Wonder Fashion, which had such lasting appeal in the form of being comfortable no matter what day of the month it was, and always working best with whatever she chose to wore that day, though she often hid her size behind a hoodie like this one. She had such a deep appreciation for her Wonder Fashion bras that she was certain they were older than the first time she had gone on one of the tours... her face straightened out

and she crumpled her nose.

"I \*have\* been here before," were the first words she said, thinking it was only to herself, taking stock of the fact that while she was happy she was no longer suspended two stories in the air by them, they were most certainly left a bit bigger than when this whole ordeal began. She worried that maybe the growth was continuing even after being squeezed, as the Director suggested. But there was no feeling of fullness, no tingling - \*nada\*. At the moment, it all seemed like it was over.

She looked back to her jeans, finding that she had been given a new set of underwear, somehow identical to the cake-adorned pink pair she wore before, and sure enough, at least from the perspective of where she was sitting, her ass still appeared to be just a bit thicker, albeit not quite the size to burst out of her jeans, though they too were still left in tatters.

The grass in the clearing was still tickling her undersides ever so gently, so she stood up and found herself having no trouble moving whatsoever, though she was impossibly sore - more than she'd ever been before. Standing as tall as her barely taller than five-foot frame would allow, she spotted the now familiar Man In White, just as she remembered him from when she chased him through the halls, inspecting a nearby hanging vine, trying his best not to touch it, or let it touch him. He noticed her staring at him, and remembering her exposure, held her arms over her breasts.

"You know, I grew taller at some point... am I back to my normal height now, too?"

"You did a lot of growing, Ms. Small, but as it stands you're the same height as I imagine you were when I found you. Perhaps you were reversing being shrunk down for all you know."

"I see," her eyes trailed off as she began scanning about for any of those trees, minding where exactly she stood.

Now, you're welcome to do as you please, but I would caution against any excessive contact with your chest. The squeezing process isn't an exact science just yet, so we don't want you to inadvertently reactivate anything that's still lingering in those breasts of yours."

"Glad to hear it," she let her arm fall, then widened her eyes at the sight of her shelf holding firm. "So they're not back to normal."

"They're not," The Man In White asked. "Are you sure?"

She very nearly poked at either one, then resisted the urge.

"Alright, fine. 'Beggars can't be choosers' or something like that. What do I need to do to get started with my - \*ahem\* - my new job?"

"Well, for starters, we should probably announce the news to your classmates before they become overly suspicious over your disappearance. You \*did\* miss the whole tour, though once again, you've had quite the tour of your own."

"I guess that sounds reasonable. Am I going to have to do that topless?"

"Oh no," he stumbled as he slipped a bit in the wet grass. "We have several sweaters like the one you were wearing, probably in the right size, too. We'll give you one once we finish our initial scanning and have a

better determination that what's been left behind isn't unstable."

"I might have figured that you'd already have something on me from before, but fair enough," Alison wasn't sure what to assume from that. "Then what?"

"Assuming you don't start swelling up in front of them, we can either send you home with the rest of the tour for the weekend or you can come on back and pretend like this is just another day at the office. We'd probably bring you right back down here, though... lots of measurements and tests to be completed."

"Bus home sounds nice," she almost shouted over him. "Which way is that?"

"Scan first, then you can join your classmates."

The pathway out of the forest was much less tedious than she might have thought, given just how deep into the unknown she had apparently gone, but even with the slowed pace, so as not to make her bounce too much and cause a reaction, they found a set of metallic doors on their way out of the most magical part of the factory. Throughout their stroll, Alison had this feeling like they were being followed by a number of invisible things, only to have that suspicion confirmed at the sound of some dangerously close \*giggling\* as she felt her chest get poked a few more, final times before the sound of these invisible hands being slapped away put an end to that, and she sighed in relief when no further whimsy continued. After passing through the doors, Alison and The Man In White were greeted by a number of busy staff members in lab coats, practically wearing clipboards on their faces. They were on the move and ignoring her and The Man In White as they passed through the air conditioned hallways, which only served to stiffen her highbeams, but no one seemed to care much outside of a few that seemingly recognized her. She caught one saying asking another "is that her?" and then someone else hoping to talk to her, but she tried her best to ignore these last few distractions. There was a scan to complete, after all.

The Man In White led her to a cube-shaped room that was entirely white like his suit, and inside she spotted a two-way mirror, with an adjoining door and what looked like a station of sorts, she wasn't entirely sure. It reminded her of the machines one would be asked to pass through at an airport security station, where a highly invasive device revealed potentially dangerous devices on a display. In this instance, the display device had taken a rather widened form next to this station, resting in front and somewhat close to the window into the white room.

"I had the team paint this room myself," the Director said, as if the random trivia would endear the setting. "You'll take your scan in the next room. Don't worry, you can keep any jewelry you may have on."

"I see," Alison's suspicions remained, given everything else she had endured up to this point, but she walked through the adjoining door and stood in front of the station. "Do I need to pose or anything? Hold still?"

"Not at all," The Man In White could be heard over an apparent speaker that transmitted the sound of his voice as she realized the door had closed behind her on its own. "Perfectly still is fine. Just take one or two steps back."

She complied. The sooner this was over, the sooner she could take a weekend off to recover, or go clothes shopping, or whatever. But the ideas of what would come next with all the testing were still on the horizon.

Where she thought to expect the whirring of life and static hissing of a scanner, instead she heard a rather metronomic sound, vaguely resembling an accelerated thumping of a heartbeat, or a grandfather clock pendulum swinging, like the hands of a clock moving entirely too quickly, yet still in a steady pattern.

Alison's head tilted in so many directions as she was trying to locate the source, hoping that wasn't actually the sound coming from the machine, but instead opted to wait until perhaps it would stop, which thankfully had after about a minute. Something about the rhythm of this noise, a large departure from what she might have expected, was a bit unsettling, as it reminded her of a pump. She figured she could be forgiven for this concern. Once it stopped, The Man In White spoke over the speaker again.

"Alright, Alison - I think we're set. Let's get you back upstairs."

"That's all," Alison asked. "Is there anything I need to know other than not touching them?"

"For now, that's all we can really surmise. We'll have more for you on Monday. Come on out."

Alison stepped out of the scanning room, looking back through the window after each few steps to see if anything came up on the display, but when it remained a static gray, with nothing to show, she wrinkled her nose a bit and left the room, nearly stepping into the path of a passing worker, who just barely missed colliding with her chest as they tried to move her out of the way. She froze on her ankles as she caught her chest jostled by the surprise. They both stood in silence until the worker apologized profusely to her, but when nothing happened, she looked back to the Man In White.

"I'll catch up with you," he said. "I just need to hand off some notes to one of my subordinates for our records. Just keep going down the hall!"

She wanted to wait with him, but once she saw there was an apparent end to this hall, she started walking slowly again.

In the white room, The Man In White drew a small remote out of his pocket, and pointed it at the screen in the adjoining room once he was certain Alison was out of view. The screen seemed to press directly into the window, stretching to match its width, then forming a picture of Alison standing topless in the station. Next to this picture, a graph seemed to form, taking the shape of several number and letter sequences on a chart grid that were rapidly alternating between characters in a dark blue font before slowly spelling out something. A word perhaps, but eventually saying "Test Subject: Small, to Huge", followed by the date, and her initial measurements, which rapidly populated from her prior visit.

A third image appeared, and this time it shared a resemblance to an x-ray of sorts, focused on Alison's bust. This image showed her curves as they seemed to appear after the squeezing, showing a number of strange renderings within her breasts. For starters, they had indeed been left at a size that was just a bit smaller than when they were inflated in the clock room by the cake crumbs as numerous measurements began appearing around them, with numbers sliding up and down to best approximate where they stood in size. But as the scans progressed, and more letters had sequenced before him, the graph began spelling out another sequence of words, a prediction model of sorts that cycled through two sentences at the center of the graph:

"Residual swelling detected. Subject expected to bloat over the course of the next few days. Projections indicate a few centimeters in circumference, then another few after a week. Squeezing process recommended one month from now to prevent extensive bloat."

Just then, the third image seemed to blink as a phrase emerged underneath the depiction of her bust. "Anomaly Detected" it read.

A flashing blue bulb appeared, then zoomed in at the swell of her breasts where the fatty rolls once made them jut so far outwards, now a rather wide open cavity with respect to her current size. The bulb

disappeared, and behind it, The Man In White spotted two things. First, it appeared that there were indeed, as the graph suggested, a couple of rather small fatty rolls that had remained from the absorbed nectar, dramatically reduced inside, but nevertheless rolling about as they were slowly trying to build up new fatty tissue in a much less productive sense, apparently already activated from the looks of things as he had warned her. The Man In White looked to the graph to see that its projections had adjusted upon this discovery, now saying that Alison's breasts would grow just less than an inch within the next few days, and then a few cup sizes in full by the end of the next week. The graph's Squeezing suggestion had adjusted to be scheduled a week after that. The measurements found on the third image began dialing the numbers upwards slowly as it was presenting its predictions of growth over this projected course of time.

The second thing he noticed, and perhaps the more intriguing of the two, was the presence of a very small pair of stems, one each present in both of her breasts, they had indeed persisted after the squeezing process, but were now so small that, magnified this far, he could only see that either one was only in the beginning stages of growing what appeared to be the tiniest of fatty tissue cells on them. It was an incredibly slow process, but it appeared these too were swelling up, ever so gradually at the size they were now, nearly invisible to the naked eye. But after a few seconds of staring, the cells had seemingly burst, and he caught the slightest hint of a drop of something that had left behind.

"Ah," he sighed in excitement. "There you are."

Once again, the second graph's projections had altered:

"Micro-Presence of nectar detected, absorption of nectar complete. Subject expected to bloat a full cup size by tomorrow morning. Three more the day after that. Suggested squeezing process: before end of week. Error: 2nd Micro-Presence of nectar detected. Two cup sizes overnight. Six more by the afternoon.... Squeezing recommended before end of day tomorrow. Exponential Growth expected. Minor swelling detected."

The third image depicting her bust had adjusted her current measurements, filling the image out ever so slightly while the numbers seemed to rapidly cycle before landing on their current approximation, a feature he knew was generally quite accurate, though the predictions from the new nectar might have been a little extreme.

"I suppose she's going to have to grow used to this."

The Man In White turned the display off, shut down the lights, and locked the room behind him. He decided to disregard the warning, as the scanning machine hadn't been calibrated to project a subject's growth based on the current concoction of the nectars themselves, so it was likely the scanner was calculating against the previous formula. Sure, there was a risk in Alison blowing out an entire room unexpectedly, but she had made her choice, and he wasn't going to dishonor that. There were always countermeasures to outside events. Wonder Fashion could easily control that. He hurried down the hall to catch up with Alison, who had been waiting for him at the end of the hallway, holding her hips as she appeared to have been waiting at least a minute or two. While he couldn't immediately see it, he knew in his heart of hearts that her breasts were already just the teeniest bit bigger again, and she hadn't taken notice to it yet. They continued up towards the main halls, stopping along the way at a fabric sample room to find her a new, matching sweater, one that was at least two sizes bigger to accommodate her still somewhat, but now just a little bit more inflated shelf, along with a new pair of jeans that fit her a lot better now compared to the destroyed pair that only barely survived, a well-fitted bra that was nearly identical to the one she had worn on her way to the factory, then finally a comfortable pair of walking shoes and socks that looked nothing like the sneakers she arrived in, but she figured no one would notice the difference. The Man In White made no mention of what was coming



for Alison, but he also gave her a temporary employee badge and a phone to coordinate travel from her apartment to Wonder Fashion headquarters. Apart from that, he suggested she let him do all the talking from here. The students would all be waiting for her in the lobby by now.

And sure enough, there they were. The Man In White revealed to her classmates that Alison had been planted among the tour to serve as a liaison of sorts, a boots-on-the-ground recruiter who had learned rather quickly about this class's talents, and she had been pulled aside to share her recommendations to her superiors, and that each of the students would have their tuitions paid for their next year of schooling, with job placement support to follow after they'd graduate. Having otherwise disregarded their suspicions, Alison's fellow students sighed in a collective relief, even if one or two of them had mentioned how odd it was to be observed by an employee in this manner, but The Man In White seemed to have an answer for each of their questions to him, while Alison found her own relief in no longer having so much attention on her, for at least a little bit.

Alison overheard a number of murmurs from them as The Man In White thanked them for visiting their factory, handing them business cards for a number of his assistants and gift cards for some partner stores that carried their products, then eventually leaving after giving her a knowing wink. The only thing she could think about was how this new sweater did nothing to hide her obviously swollen chest, which more than one student clearly noticed. One girl walked up and asked her what happened to them, but Alison could only think to say there was no way she'd believe her. Somehow, that satisfied her classmate, who then turned and said "I had no idea she was so stacked" as carelessly as she could to another. Alison broke away from the group and thanked her lucky stars that the bus back to campus was already here. She'd plan to be back here on Monday to report for work, whatever that entailed, but for now it was time to go home and shut down for a long weekend of absolutely no responsibilities.

She bolted for the back of the bus after grabbing her purse from where she last sat, hoping she was short enough behind the plush seats that no one would see her as they filtered in. She rifled through her purse with purpose as she was looking for any strange new additions that might have found their way in, satisfied to not notice any changes. With only a handful of classmates that came with her, it should have been easy enough to go back unnoticed, but the blonde student who gave her the sinus pill to begin with had quickly found her, almost as if Alison had a homing signal placed on her. She hadn't immediately ruled that possibility out, as there were still a couple pockets in her purse to check.

"I gotta say," her classmate said. "You had me worried there."

Alison considered faking a yawn to avoid this conversation, but figured the students had nothing to do with her private tour, and gave a friendly nod at her classmate.

"It was a developing situation, I guess, but I knew the company had the best intentions while they were recruiting future talent."

"'Developing situation' is apt," the blonde gazed at Alison's chest. "How are those feeling? Are they heavier? Definitely fuller, but they look even better on you than before."

"Hm? I uh, what do you mean?"

"Oh, you don't have to hide it," her classmate had taken a different posture, sitting up a bit more straight. "We're basically coworkers now!"

"Oh," Alison could only think to shrug as the bus started moving. "I guess that's true with that promise of job

placement after you all graduate."

"No, no. I mean we're coworkers \*now\*. I work in the Marketing Studio. I'm Nelly, or 'Nel' is what I went by when we were in that Pattern Structure course."

Evidently there was more than one "plant" within the tour attendees. Alison hadn't quite paid any mind to of all her classmates outside of group design projects, but she was just realizing that this Nelly character wasn't always present in their mutual classes. There was always some family issue or overlapping 'day job' problem, which was all starting to click. The way she had confidently led Alison to that enclave was making a lot more sense, too.

"It's nice to officially meet you, Nel."

"So how did it happen," Nel didn't seem all too interested in anything else. "Us Marketing types don't have as much access to the facility as the others, but even us flat-chested gals find their way to the 'real magic' eventually. All a matter of 'when', not 'if', I've been told. I've been working for five years at Wonder Fashion at this point, some of us gals you'll meet have a pool going to see who goes the longest without an incident like yours. Yeesh, I'd heard stories of some of the girls growing boobs as big as a car! Yours seem to be a lot more contained, though. Still really big!"

"I uh," Alison wasn't sure how to process these questions and comments as she was realizing all the soreness in her body was completely gone, though there was this lingering feeling of being overly full up top, which made her frown a bit. "It all happened so fast. One minute I was my normal self, the next... the size of... cars, sure."

Nel quietly gasped so as not to draw the attention of anyone else further ahead on the bus.

"No way," she seemed to not believe Alison. "I know how big you were going in. You must have gotten \*bigger\* than that? Can I have a friendly squeeze? They've gotta feel incredible. Don't worry, your secret's safe with me, by the way."

"Is there even a way of keeping that a secret in a place like this?"

"I guess not with that pool going, huh - but hey - we've got a petite clothing line we've got to prep a shoot for in a couple weeks. You should model for us if you're interested?"

"I think I'm going to have to pass. I have a lot of assignments for my first day, apparently."

There was a bit of a pause as the bus hit a pothole, making Alison's chest quake, forcing her to try and hold them still. After noticing Nel staring very intently at her chest, Alison leaned her left breast towards her. At least she had asked.

"God, it's like squeezing a warm ball of cake," she ended up grabbing at them both, and several times. "I might just sabotage my record and take my own private tour as a volunteer."

"You'll meet lots of curious people and things," Alison warned Nel more than anything as the squeezing went on rather long, though she was relieved to find that they were no longer so sensitive and tender that she'd simply orgasm on the spot. "Trust me."

Alison yawned once Nel let her chest go, and not just a little, feigned yawn she was preparing for the start of

this chat, but a genuine, tired exhale that dragged on longer than she would have liked. Nel seemed to take the hint, and let her new coworker lean into the window next to her and pass out. After all she had been through, she had more than earned the nap on the drive back, though that didn't stop Nel from looking over at her companion's chest every so often, enjoying the swollen curves that would vibrate after every little bump in the road. There came a point just before they got back to campus that she stole another glance, only to see the faint outlines of Alison's bra through the fabric of her sweater, almost looking somewhat strained as a tiny bulge in her chest had begun spilling over just the faintest bit, though she figured this was because they had been jostled around so much. She held her hand out, hoping for a stolen graze, but then tapped Alison on the shoulder instead to wake her once the bus came to a stop, then followed her off as she gave her own, private whisper:

"Welcome to the team."

Alison and Nel waved goodbye to their classmates, and went on their separate paths home. Alison trudged along her sidewalk path and around the back of the campus gym, which connected to a road that was easy to miss before passing the communications building, then crossed the street off-campus, on her way back to her apartment about half a mile away, trying everything in her power to be as discrete as she could as the sun was setting behind her.

With each step she took, there had been this persistent feeling she couldn't quite ignore, a phantom tingle or a bounce that seemed just a bit stronger than what would result from her normal gait, but for now, the best course she could think of was to go straight home. She hadn't realized, in her hand, she was squeezing the phone The Man In White had given her, but once she needed her keys, and nothing alarming happened from digging through her purse, she exhaled and placed the phone in a dedicated pocket, then groaned when she realized she hadn't been given a charger.

## FINALE: HOME & AGAIN

Alison found her way to her studio, one slow walk up the flight of stairs and a cautious, fledgling attempt at a stealthy skulking down the hall later. No sooner than when she dumped her purse on her kitchen counter did she take the phone back out to track down a matching cable, and was happy to find at least two that did the trick. She rather intentionally sought out two unused outlets across her apartment, just to have backup plans, then went straight to the bathroom to change.

Finally, she had access to a mirror, one that wouldn't mess with her perspective and one that wouldn't undress her when she wasn't looking. She threw her new jeans to the floor after taking off her new shoes and new socks, shoving the latter over to the corner by the bathroom door, and the jeans into a hamper. After a pause, she drew the jeans back out and left them on the floor. Her suspicions led her to believe that maybe she shouldn't mix these new articles of clothing with anything else, until she had some confirmation that they too weren't going to cause any shenanigans.

She stood in front of the mirror, then pulled the new, but same sweater over her head, dropping that to the floor as well.

There they were, at least approximately as she figured they'd look after the squeezing process that seemed like a lifetime ago now. But boy did they look huge so up close in her reflection like this. After waking up following the squeezing, she thought that they looked about the same as they had after the cake crumbs were absorbed into her chest, but maybe they were just a bit bigger than that, or maybe the bra she was given

might be playing its own part in lifting them up higher on her shelf. At least now she could see in front of them.

Alison shook her head.

"Why is it called 'the squeezing process'? It seemed more like a microwave. A microwave that vibrates..."

The questions would only serve to mess with her head if she kept thinking it over, and if anything had gone wacky, she had a way to call for backup now. The nap on the bus ride home was nice, but she was still exhausted. The tiny window in her bathroom showed the setting sun, maybe just barely cresting a bit more as it descended on the horizon, but she was too tired to really care what time it was. As far as she was concerned, she might just sleep through the weekend.

Digging through the drawers of her wardrobe, right next to her bed, Alison found a rather large, white nightgown with buttons and a barely-there floral pattern that she threw over her head. Her conventional long-sleeve shirt and shorts would likely not suffice for the time being, so she opted for something a lot more loose and flowy, though she immediately exorcised any thought of this garment sitting loose as soon as she pulled it down to settle around her shoulders, as she was reminded once more of her new size as a pair of the buttons had bowed outwards under duress. It felt a little tight at her seat, but the more obvious issue was on display up front. Alternatives weren't available to her, so she tepidly accepted her fate.

"First thing tomorrow, blow some money on alternate fits. Several of them... I should open up a credit card."

She went back to her purse to grab her personal phone, and called her manager at Bust 'a Brue to let him know she had found a new job, and needed to quit. After all the obnoxious whims of Wonder Folk and animated objects, her tolerance for the sobbing pleas of a man who had just learned that his cash cow had found greener pastures was reasonably low, and so she hung up after a few minutes with the most respectful apology she had in mind, right as she was certain he was going to offer her a raise.

Alison was so tired, and she had denied her rest - a *\*real\** rest - long enough.

But sleep didn't immediately come. She tossed over one shoulder, and then to the other a couple of times, feeling her chest follow along with her through the momentum. Would that cause problems? She had already been felt up numerous times since the squeezing process, but if nothing had happened through all that, then would it now? In her most private moments before bedtime? She refrained from further turning her sleep routine into a tumbling act after making herself as comfortable as she could on her back. Maybe she should take The Man In White's caution seriously until they get through at least *\*one\** test.

Alison began thinking of that small enclave where Nel had left her, how she had turned on a sound machine to fill the room with the sounds of crashing ocean waves. It was a relieving experience, one that, had she known Nel was an employee, might have changed everything about her time at Wonder Fashion. The thoughts of the sinus pill returned, and how it had done wonders at holding back the pain, but with not an ounce of food in her body, turned her into a walking corpse. How she had stumbled around the corners of the hallway, lashing out at her classmates, trying to explain that everything was ok to them as she grabbed one and began stretching her mouth over their ne...

Her eyes fluttered. Alison was thinking about the waves again, and that momentary glimpse into her dreams gave her all the confirmation she needed that she was indeed ready to sleep.

The dream persisted, replaying certain events from her private tour, slightly off-perspective and out of

sequence. She kept finding herself back in the room full of clocks, all out of place and a subconscious reminder of just how small she was at the time, only now there was this distant sound of rain outdoors, of a calm storm, the kind where rolling thunder booms beyond a reasonable danger, and she found herself relaxed as she took in the sights of several clock hands reading forwards through time. Twin thumps through the gears as the hands moved forward, some faster than others. A series of separate rhythms, all in tune but off their signatures. Then the grandfather's clock's pendulum swung, and the sound of its sway faster than it should have been against the visible speed it was swinging. Alison looked to the familiar mirror and could only see in her reflection one of her legs, far too long to be seen in full, just barely showing one of her shoes as a pair of garments had fallen from above, right as the laces popped off her from near her ankles and down to her toes.

She tried to look away, then took a few deep breaths - at least she thought she had, and realized that this dream wasn't so lucid. Her neck slowly twisted back towards the mirror to see that the mirror was showing countless many fairies, identical to the one that had fed her the nectar. One was in fact holding an empty stem in his hand, absent a single blossom. He was pointing at the stem with an expressive enthusiasm.

Alison could have sworn that all the clocks stopped making noise at once, or perhaps they were being drowned out, as the sound of a low, but pleasant hiss filled the room, as if someone was deflating an air mattress. She thought she was smiling in the dream, but she wasn't quite sure. She saw herself staring back at the mirror again, and the fairy was giving her a thumb's up, and Alison tilted her head.

Meanwhile, in the very real comforts of her bed, the magic of the nectar had seemingly returned.

While it wasn't quite dark out yet, Alison had finally fallen into her sleep cycles, but her breasts had chosen now to take up just a bit more space in her nightgown, which wasn't quite under a blanket and was growing tighter ever so slowly, little by little as darkness was taking over the room, replaced by the rising of moonlight, which just so happened to shine directly through the window, and from up above through her moon roof, the lone bit of character in her apartment.

This growth wasn't entirely unique, it seemed to be a gradual, steady swell over an extended period of time, her breasts filling out slowly over the course of several minutes, with not a single surge in sight, unstable or otherwise. As this swelling persisted, each of the buttons on Alison's nightgown burst open, one slowly after the other. Before Alison had fallen deeper through her sleep cycles, she had heard these popping sounds, but couldn't place them. She was trying her best to place the familiarity of it all, as the popping sequence was evenly timed, perfectly in sync with a parallel event she vaguely recalled.

But the dream had shifted, and she found herself just freed from the trees, a memory she hadn't had, but all she could see of herself was a pair of breasts so large they were practically swallowing her whole, only leaving her ankles and feet free beneath them. They were rapidly swelling over her before there was nothing but two giant mounds hidden in the underbrush. And then, it was all happening again, this time as she was falling forward, shouting in a form of bliss as the trees that were holding her had exploded trying to hold these expanding swells between them. A fatal failure, they could do nothing but set her free, right as her sweater exploded off from her front, and she was quickly growing faster once her wooden victims had fallen behind her. There was a muffled sound of her saying "Oh, that was wonderful" with her face buried in her burgeoning rack.

Just as quickly, the dream had collapsed into black. The essence of deep slumber had taken hold, and the dream fell by the wayside.

-----

The morning sun was harsh, brighter through the side window than she expected, but nevertheless pulling her out from the depths of her expended night as Alison let her eyes focus on the wood in the ceiling, just away from the clouds that were still above through the blur of the apparent tiredness that had persisted. "Bedrest, day one of four," she mentally joked. She wanted a morning smoothie just a little bit more.

But as Alison tried to prop herself up by her elbows, she felt an immediate fullness that was familiar enough to draw her eyes down exactly where she knew to check. Before her was the burst open neckline of her nightgown, now sporting an even larger pair of breasts than what she had gone to sleep thinking she had the night before. Alison slid out of her bed from under her comforter, noting that just like before, they weren't seemingly an ounce heavier than they already were, and she stormed over to the bathroom.

She mostly kept the nightgown on, sliding the shoulders over the sides and letting it fall down to her waist, where she tied the sleeves around. Staring into the mirror, she remembered she kept her bra on overnight, and shivered a bit at the sight of them. They were spilling over the cups, bulging like she had remembered, and just wide enough on her shelf that some of the fatty folds were brushing up against her armpits. They had grown. Again, and seemingly all overnight. She wasn't sure how much, but she knew it had to be at least a cup size or two larger than this very new bra she had only just been given.

Alison removed the bra, immediately suspicious of it, and looked for a tag of any kind to denote its size, along with any other hidden tricks. She cursed herself for grabbing the first one she could when The Man In White helped her find a replacement outfit, but there didn't appear to be one. After finding no hidden compartments or maybe a spent syringe full of the nectar, she could only deduce that all the excessive contact she had been warned about had come to roost. She shook her head in dismay.

"Great," she said to herself. "How big am I now?"

It was no secret to Alison that her future would be filled with constant visits to the testing floor of Wonder Fashion Products. She rifled through a number of visions in her mind of what was to come if she had already grown back some of that lost size in one night, and if she would need another round of the squeezing process so soon. Was she done growing? Would they make her wait until she was fantastically large before they'd deploy the machines again? Had the tests already begun?

She grabbed the sweater, throwing it over her head, then grumbled "of course" under her breath as she saw that her breasts were fitting much worse into it now, though not quite causing any tears. Alison appreciated that this sweater fit like her original, though it had easily risen up to her belly button to accommodate for her further inflated shelf. She flipped the jeans from the floor using one of her feet, so as not to bend over and lose her balance, then threw them on. It seemed that nothing had changed about her slightly enlarged rump, but she wasn't ready to rule out any chaos back there, either. Alison stormed to her kitchen, much more careless about making her self bounce from her gait, then grabbed her Wonder Fashion Employee phone, and found an installed contact that simply said "Driver", and pressed the call button.

She didn't even bother putting the phone up to her ear.

"Ms. Small," a feminine voice answered within seconds on the other side. "Are you in need of a ride?"

"Evidently so," she answered. "There's been some developments."

"I'll be outside in ten minutes."

A click, then a sequence of thumps that sounded eerily familiar. The call had ended, and Alison rolled her eyes to her apartment door, then the floor, where she spotted a small letter underneath the crevice.

Trying to use her feet again to pick it up, then failing, then bending down to pick this letter up, while bracing herself with her free hand, Alison saw her name on the note. She unwrapped the white envelope, and saw a small card inside with a picture of a purple bra drawn on the stock.

Photo shoot's in three weeks. Bring your A-game... and your T's, too!  
-Nel

Hopefully, Nel had simply meant Alison's tits, and not the letter-size they could reach by then.

As Alison stood up, packing her purse and slipping on her shoes, she had to pause for a moment as there was a sudden jolt through her chest, disappearing as quickly as it had arrived. It was so much like the tingling she remembered, but far too short-lived to really know what *that* was about, but all she could do was think to look down at her shelf, which hadn't done much of anything short of being ever-present at their bulging size once more. She took one last glance in the mirror and saw that the sweater was leaving nothing to the imagination, but since the hem hadn't risen up to her rib cage yet, she wasn't exposed outside of her visible cleavage, but all she could do was sigh as she was resigned to her fate.

"First day on the job," she said to her reflection as she walked to the door.

As Alison stepped outside, the mirror in her bathroom had seemingly pulled her reflection back, leaning around the doorframe as she was walking downstairs to await her ride. The reflection, having a moment to itself, walked into the bathroom and began inspecting itself giddily with no one around, then began digging through the drawers next to the sink, smiling excitedly as it produced a pair of fabric scissors. After a couple test snips, it then took a quick cut at the top of the neckline, then placed the scissors wherever, and started raising its ankles from the floor, and dropping them down quickly, making its chest quake with each successive bounce, gravity served to further stress this tear lower as it kept forcefully bouncing itself over and over, slowly unveiling its fattened chest.

Outside, Alison's ride had arrived early, with the rear door of the passenger side already open for her. She was a rather tall woman, with pale skin and long, black hair that was coiled up to fit underneath a pink hat, and she was wearing a suit entirely the same as their bus driver from the day before, though she looked so serious and cool, the way Alison imagined a bodyguard might.

They exchanged no words, but the driver gave a knowing look behind her sunglasses at the developments Alison had mentioned, and hurried to her seat up front to get Alison on the road. While they tires hadn't squealed once her driver hit the gas, they were quickly on the move, back to Wonder Fashion. Alison stared out the window, wondering what would come next, just as her plunging neckline started to plunge just a bit further.

END





