

# SARAH'S BUSTING IT!

*by Rack-Coon*

“...est, test – is this recording?”

Sarah checked the recording sign on her phone, and that its stand was secure on top of the wobbly contraption. When sure everything was ready, she quickly stepped back, until her whole upper body appeared on the screen.

“H-hello!” A bit stiff she raised her arm, waving at the camera, her other hand behind her back. “I, I’m, er, Sarah, S-Sarah Jimenez, 21 years old, s-self-taught inventor and engineer, here to d-document the trial of my latest invention!”

Her nervous smile was so huge, the wrinkles hid the dark freckles on her deep tan cheeks. Large chestnut locks flowed out of her red baseball cap, framing her face and falling past her shoulders. Some of the spiral curls hung between her ebony eyes, Sarah quickly blowing them off and brushing them under her cap.

“T-today, I’m trying out the newest prototype of my most ambitious project yet.” She put her thumbs under the suspenders of her blue jeans-overalls, peeling the denim off her chest as she pulled them forth. “A b-b-breast expansion ra-ray gun!” she exclaimed, tilting to show the loose red shirt under her overalls. But her hands were shaking so much, the suspenders slipped out of her thumbs, Sarah blushing as they snapped back against her plain bosom. “Um, yeah, er... I-I’ll make my boobs grow.”

As she said this, her gaze wandered from her phone to the contraption it was standing on: A large ray gun, looking like it was ripped straight from a sci-fi movie. It was standing in the center of the little shack she used as her workplace, the shelves in it filled with all sorts of technological knickknacks. Mounted on a tripod, the round tip of the spiraled barrel pointed right at her.

“I know this sounds cuckoo, b-but I’ve built my theory on a solid hypothesis, a-and am sure a successful implementation will make the world a better place, like, um...” Glancing at the tall ceiling she pondered for a moment. “Less popped implants because of shady boob jobs!”

As her words lingered in the room and her mind, she blushed again. Coughing, she put her hand into the chest pocket of her overalls and pulled out a remote. It was a simple grey box with a small antenna at the top, a dial that could be turned from one to ten, and an on-off switch.

"A-alright!" She set the dial to one and pointed the remote at the gun, thumb on the switch. "Breast expansion ray gun, prototype number..." She looked over her shoulder, counting the pile of broken, busted and demolished contraptions behind her. "Ten... eleven... Twelve! It's prototype number 12!" Facing the camera again, she took a deep breath. "Here goes nothing!"

Hand shaking, she pressed the switch. At first, nothing happened. After eagerly staring at the gun her heart sank alongside her shoulders. However, she perked up again when a soft humming stemmed from the barrel, slowly growing louder.

"O-okay, it's doing something." Her phone shook as the gun trembled below it. The barrel jittered but its tip moved to keep its focus on Sarah. She leaned left and right, with the barrel following her. "Auto-lock-on seems to be working... and it hasn't exploded yet." Pulling up her cap she scratched her forehead. "I mean, even if this is another bust, at least I don't have to scrap the metal off the--"

Suddenly, the humming of the gun turned into a buzz as it shot a green beam at her. "Gah!" Sarah gasped and took a step back, clenching the remote while almost stepping into the pile of prototypes behind her. The gun kept its focus on her as she stumbled, shooting a constant stream of wailing green energy into her chest. "H-holy moly!!" Her knees trembled in her slack overalls, Sarah biting her lip at the sensations filling her body. "This is way m-more intense than I thought i-it would be!"

Then, as her whole body got tense from the tingling, she felt it: Under her clothes, the flat surface of her chest slowly began to bulge.

"Oh... my... gosh!" She flicked her curls as she looked down on her breasts. The ray shot right between her non-existent swells. But although it wasn't visible, they did slowly fill the slack inside her shirt. Steadily, they were growing against the loose wrinkles, making them tent up in a hemi-spherical shape. Eventually, the fabric billowed so far it started to camber her overalls, two small bumps faintly distinguishing themselves around the waving energy.

"I... can't believe it!" Mouth open Sarah gawked at her breasts as they pushed her shirt against the denim, each making it puff up from the center outwards. The further they grew forth the cleaner her overalls smoothed over them, slightly elevating the fabric between them, where the ray was transmitting its energy into her. "It... it... it..."

Her blushing cheeks wrinkled again as she grinned from ear to ear, this time however not because she was nervous, but excited.

"IT FUCKING WORKS!!"

Tightly holding the remote she pumped her fists into the air, beaming at the slight bumps in her overalls. "I... I finally have boobs!"

Eagerly, she pushed the remote's dial up to two. The size of the ray expanded, Sarah shivering at the slightly more intense sensation. Her overalls bulged more swiftly over her breasts while her shirt latched onto their curves under the denim. Around their edges her shirt creased, slightly at first, but steadily more prominently, making the smooth fronts stand out the larger her breasts swelled.

"Oooh...!" The remote shaking in her hand, Sara was getting goosebumps. Slowly, she brought her free hand to her breast. Cupping her fistful of flesh further electrified her, her bust steadily pushing forth her palm. Bit by bit the hem of her overalls got pulled forth, the still lose suspenders drooping from her shoulders. However, little by little they stretched, no longer hanging as they were lifted off her shirt. A gap formed between her overalls and shirt, the soft cotton of the latter latching more tightly on the inner curves of her breasts while the harder denim got pulled over them like a laundry line. Through the rising hem of her overalls, Sarah watched that gap being filled, while feeling her breasts swell towards each other closing the gap between them under her shirt.

"S-so this is what boobs feel like!" A bit hesitant, she coped a feel on her breast. Her body tensed up for a moment, before gradually relaxing. "Soft... yet firm" she mumbled, lost in feeling her breast. Almost unconsciously, she moved the dial up another digit. The ray intensified, accelerating the growth. Wrapping the denim around them, the edges of her breasts slowly bent over, their widest parts peeling themselves from her body. Wrinkles got shoved to the periphery of the arching slopes, into the steadily sharper knit between her torso and breasts as their shape turned from hemi- into full spherical. Between them their fronts her overall began to fold, long wrinkles bridging her steadily larger mounds around the size of large oranges. Lose and shallow at first these folds steadily tented up, casting shades in the sinks between them. Underneath, her breasts rounded and swelled forth, the space between them shrinking. "Hmm..."

Humming in delight, Sarah sunk her fingers further into the fabric. Feeling the sensation through the hard denim, she massaged her breast, pushing it against her other. Pulling the denim around her fingers, it slid off the flanks of her bosom, her shirt showing on the sides. The red fabric was pushed against her wrist, the slopes of her bosom forming distinctive tops, sides and bottoms. Underneath her overalls her bosom reached over her abdomen, making her clothes slant towards her midriff. The large chest pocket tilted forward, while the sides of her bust slowly swelled towards her arms, slipping out of her overalls even without Sarah groping herself. Similarly, her overalls were pulled lower, while her suspenders tightened as they were stretched from her shoulders to the desk of her rack swelling up her sternum.

"I knew it! I always knew!" Letting go off her mounds, Sarah stared in awe at the pair of grapefruits protruding from her. Grander and rounder curves reached over her arms, aiming for her shoulders. "They called me a lunatic, thought I was a joke of an inventor

who doesn't even have an academic degree." She clenched her breasts again, grinning as she rubbed them together. "Well Harvard nerds? Where is YOUR booby ray?"

Laughing she turned the dial up to four. A slight flinch jiggled her mounds as the energy output increased, making them swell even faster. While her overalls billowed over the fronts of her assets, the gap between her assets shrunk by the second. Gently, their inner curves grazed each other, even without her groping them. The sensation sent a shiver through Sarah as their squeeze zone steadily expanded, their gap growing tighter while her breasts pushed forth the fabric. The wrinkles between them sharpened, forming three thin lines. More and more her overalls got stretched across her curves, her bosom standing as a firm and round bump from her. The fuller her overalls and shirt became with her bust, the wider the smile on her face grew. Reaching around her body they shaped her clothes into a pair of perfect spheres hugging each other, steadily approaching the diameter of CDs. "Hehe, who said Kansas was all flat and plain?"

For a moment, her breasts aligned with her shoulder width. Then, the flanks of her bust stood beyond her body, while also reaching up towards the height of her shoulders and down towards her elbows, gradually obscuring her upper arms. Between the steadily tighter suspenders, the hem of the denim crawled up their slopes, exposing the creases on her shirt as it was also stretched towards her globes. While the sides of her bosom slipped out of her overalls, their fronts steadily distended, domes pressing against the denim and jutting from her. Getting shoved forward, the three wrinkles between her breasts grew tighter and slimmer, standing off as her breasts vacuum-wrapped the denim around them. Her overalls were stretched almost straight from her waist to her bust, the chest pocket slowly denting towards it. Bit by bit, her overalls latched onto the bottom of her bosom as it bulged into the space under the pocket, outlining the round shape of each breast. Under the creases that formed on the slant, her shirt also began to rise, its hem moving into the shrinking space below her overalls.

"Ooohh, it's too much!" Overwhelmed, Sarah stumbled backwards, again almost tripping over the prototypes. The ray kept its aim on her as she leaned over them and bumped with her back against the wall. Her jugs jiggling she pointed them up, her suspenders cutting into their tops. While stretching from her bosom to her shoulders, the crests of her breasts arched against them, slowly growing out of her overalls. As her shirt was pulled over them, it contoured the slopes of her breast gap, while long wrinkles ran from her neck to her bosom. Little by little, the neck of her shirt got pulled towards lower, warping into a teardrop. While growing in all directions, her mounds continued to billow against each other inside her shirt, even more as Sarah grabbed her breasts again, squishing the remote against one.

"Screw it all!" With a flick of her thumb, Sarah cranked the dial up to ten. The ray doubled in size, Sarah biting her lip as green energy filled her body. Dropping the remote she tightly groped her assets, denim and cotton knitting around her fingers. "Hot damn,

that feels WAY too good!” While driving her hands as deep into her breasts as possible, she felt their flesh swelling even faster, pushing her hands aside with growing strength. Her overalls arched across the steadily grander curve of her bosom, riding up the flanks of her breasts towards their front. Bulges of her shirt reached over the edges of her overalls, throwing wrinkles where they bent out of them, while the fabric was stretched over the flanks of her rack. Gliding up their widest part the denim cut into her breasts, the wrinkles growing sharper the further it pressed into the cotton.

“Yeeaaaah, thaaaaat’s it!!” The wrinkles on the chest pocket also grew as it arched towards her bosom. Bending across her bust and following its slope, the denim was steadily forced under her bust. At the same time, the hem of her overalls was pulled down the entire top of her bust, pulling the suspenders into the rising crests shape of her breasts. Swells reached around the suspenders, her shirt creasing around them as the lips grew to the height of her neck. Larger than her head her breasts swelled into firm and large volleyballs, quickly expanding to the diameter of basketballs. Entranced, Sarah slipped her hands slipped under her overalls, the tight denim outlining her fingers, more tightly while they were pushed forth.

“Hmmm!” Leaning against the wall, Sarah rolled up her eyes. While her chest pocket literally pocketed her breasts, the hem of her shirt was fully peeled off her body under it. Pressed against the denim it slowly rose towards her bust, Sarah helping as she ploughed her fingers into her bust, pulling her shirt around them. Her breasts squeezed even tighter together, yet the growing pressure forced them slightly apart. With the mass of her bosom shifting upwards and to the sides as it escaped her overalls, the pressure on the suspenders increased. The rising bulges around them folded them slightly, while pulling with growing strength on the clasps at her shoulders.

*Snap!*

The left suspender suddenly snapped, breaking not at the clasp but the seam on her breast. Sarah gasped, making her breasts stick even more from her. As the suspender flew over her shoulder, hitting the wall behind her, her released breast ballooned forward, appearing slightly larger than the other. The denim was catapulted off Sarah’s hand before falling back on it, now simply lying on top of her fingers as they arched across her bust.

“Ha... ha... haha... ahahahha!” Panting, Sarah suddenly began to laugh, rocking her massive mounds. “They all said I was crazy, that my theories weren’t worth cinch.” Her voice a whisper at first, it quickly gained strength as she pushed her back off the wall. Without a suspender holding it, the corner of her overalls hung down her left breast, allowing it to jut a little further to the side. Still restrained at the bottom, it also escaped faster from the denim than her other breast, growing to the size of a large medicine ball that reached from her chin past her shoulder to her midriff. A wide grin on her face Sarah hefted her breasts. Groping their bottoms she felt her shirt glide out under them,

uncovering a sliver of skin. As green radiation streamed into her, Sarah tightly clenched her breasts, proudly sticking them out while taking a step forward in confidence. "Now they are the ones who will go crazy – crazy over my giant, EPIC BOOBIES! AHAHAHA-!"

*Crack!*

Sarah abruptly stopped her crazy scientist daze as metal cracked under her foot. Breasts in her grip, she pushed them aside and turned her body, raising her foot. Past her growing bosom, she saw the shattered remnants of the remote. Before she could assess the situation, a buzzing noise made her raise her gaze. Bursts of green electricity were going across the ray gun, her phone shaking on top of the rumbling barrel. All confidence drained from her features as she watched her machine go out of control. "Uh-oh..."

A burst of energy suddenly went off the barrel. Exploding in size the beam engulfed Sarah's entire body, from head to toe. "Gah!" Sarah screamed, almost stumbling. Her shirt and overalls creaked as they stretched even faster around her rapidly growing bosom. Already dominating her torso, the rest of it vanished behind her breasts, their bottoms slowly reaching down her waist while their tops went up her face. The rest of the chest pocket quickly latched onto her breasts, throwing wrinkles as the denim got sucked into the gap to her abdomen. While her left breast further pushed forth, the denim cut into her right breast, steadily larger bulges spilling out of her overalls. The suspender was driven into her bust, sinking between the lips growing around it. Wrapped around her breasts, her shirt was riding up her bosom, Sarah feeling cleavage spill out under her top against the denim.

"Oh shit, shit, shit!" Wide-eyed, Sarah stared at the tops of her breasts spreading out in front of her nose. In a fit of panic Sarah tried to get out of the ray's path. But her giant mounds almost made her topple, their mass tilting and shifting, while the tip of the barrel followed her movements. "Urgh, motion-tracked lock-on seemed such a good idea on paper..."

Again, she looked at the broken remote, as much as her breasts allowed. Not just the shell was broken, the wires were spilled all around it. In her state, she couldn't repair it – she had to turn the ray off manually. One step at a time, she walked towards the gun, heaving her breasts in her arms. They were slowly overflowed by her breasts, getting embraced by swells of taut fabric. From a teardrop, the collar of her shirt stretched into a sharp triangle, its tip pointing towards her bosom. Lifted off her rack, it got pulled towards her bust – from the right angle, one could have seen some cleavage in the hole as it tilted from her neck to her bust. With one suspender gone the hem of her overall asymmetrically rode up on her breasts, her free breast pushing it down its front while her right flowed around it, also enveloping the remaining suspender. Steadily, the strap vanished between the bulges of red fabric, knitting like an accordion as the lips closed above it.

“Urgh!” Each step that Sarah made was harder than the last as her arms filled with jiggling, swelling breast meat. More and more, the denim was pinching their shape, wrinkles surrounding it as her breasts shoved her shirt out around them. The pressure between her assets was still rising as her restrained breast got compressed, pushing the other even further aside while swelling over her overalls. Though limited in spreading forward the sides of her bust continue to billow beyond her, gradually pushing her arms apart as she tried to hold them at the transition from sides to bottoms. She had to stretch her shoulders, her rack large enough to fill out a small couch table, and craned her neck to look past it at the gun, slowly approaching while it fired its giant beam at her.

“Al... most!” Both physically and mentally exhausted, Sarah made one final push. But when the front of her bust was just one jiggle away, their weight suddenly made her trip. With a loud shriek she fell towards the gun, shoving her breasts against it. The smartphone fell off the gun on the floor, recording from bottom up as Sarah stumbled into the barrel. Right above her half-busted overalls, its tip poked a hole into her shirt, driving the barrel between her breasts.

“This... is bad!” The glow around Sarah intensified, just like the tingle in her giant mounds as the gun fired its energy from point blank into them. She gritted her teeth, fighting down the sensation as she stared over her rising rack at the machine. Her breasts squeezed even further against each other and around the gun as she squeezed her arms around them, trying to get a grip on to the barrel.

“I can still... make it... just need to... shut... this thing... off!” Twisting her body, Sarah could barely see the gun behind her breasts as she grabbed it past the barrel with both hands. Growing lips of flesh surround her arms as she helplessly fumbled for the switch. Like her arms getting shoved aside and overflown, the pressure on her second suspender increased, fully vanishing in the fissure it dug into her bust. In addition to her breasts growing out of her overalls, they embraced the tip of the gun, moving along the barrel's length. The deeper it got shoved between her breasts, the stronger the tingle inside them grew, the gun pumping its growth energy into them.

“Aaaah! Ha.... Haaaaa!!” Sarah's whole body froze as her warm mounds embraced the cold metal. More and more tightly they hugged the barrel, the pressure increasing like her growth. Way too vast to reach around them, her breasts pushed aside her arms, the gun slipping from her fingers. “Oh gosh, please no, please no, please NOOO!!” The ray tumbled on its legs as Sarah tried shoving her arms past her bust. The hole in her shirt expanded around the barrel as her growing bosom forced it open. Meanwhile, her overalls were fully overflown, barely lying on the bottom of her breasts. All around they were swelling over the denim as it cut into their curves, like two scoops of ice cream stuffed into a way too small cone. “Please... stooooop!”

Her giant rack knocked the ray gun over. As the barrel fell out of her shirt she stumbled forward, almost tripping over the tripod. The gun tried pointing at her, but she stumbled

past it while it fell in the opposite direction, firing behind her. Sarah felt the pulse of energy disperse, the glow around her fading, just like the sensation in her breasts. Shaky on her legs, her bosom swayed and trembled, the lips around the suspender clapping against each other. Though growing more and more slowly, her breasts still pulled her shirt taut across their fronts, making her skin shine through the almost sheer fabric, like a silken veil draped over them. As Sarah caught balance and arched her back the hem of her shirt slipped out of her overalls, racing up her curves.

“Aaah!” Sarah’s cute shriek was accompanied by her breasts making a huge bounce. After fluttering around a bit, the hem of her shirt settled, some under cleavage poking out where her overalls ended. Bulging between denim and cotton, her breasts oozed out under her top, rolling it up her bust and hanging over the denim as they reached down to her lap. The pressure on her suspender increased, cutting so tight into her right breast it was painful, making the asymmetry of her bosom pop even more.

“Urgh!” Groaning while biting her lip, Sarah pulled back her head. Their growth continued to slow down until finally coming to an end, leaving her with a pair of yoga balls as assets. With the heavy load on her chest, it took Sarah all her strength to just keep standing. She tried a step forward but found that even attempting to raise her foot would throw her off-balance.

“Urgh... ngh... Urr!” After some groaning and moaning, Sarah slowly lowered her head. Her nose dipped into her breast gap covered by her shirt, the crests of her breasts on level with her forehead, almost blocking her entire view. Her hands moved to the side of her bosom – afraid to touch the taut fabric, she instead grabbed the naked portion that poked out of her top. Touching her smooth, tan skin sent a shiver through her, before she slowly relaxed.

“Phew... well, that was... something. Something alright.” She glanced to the side, past the vast backside of her bust at the ray gun. Lying next to her, she couldn’t see the tip of the barrel, but its glow indicating it was still firing. Her bosom projected a little further as she took a deep breath, then sighed. “I’ll figure out later how to shut you down.”

Her gaze returned to her bosom, looking over the mounds blocking her sight. Though frightened by their dimension, her features lit up. “I mean, I DID want some massive mams, soooo...” She groped herself, the sensation making her grin. “All’s well that ends swell!”

*Bzzzz...*

Sarah’s face abruptly turned bleak at the buzz growing louder behind her. As far as she could she turned her head around, tilting her bosom while being careful not to lose balance.



The ray gun wasn't firing into empty air. Instead, its beam was streaming into the pile of failed prototypes at the wall. Engulfed by the radiation, the guns shook and trembled, little jolts of electricity going over them as they buzzed. "Wha-?" While watching the broken machines react to the radiation, Sarah realized something: All guns, by pure coincidence, were pointing at where she was standing.

*Zap!*

One of the prototypes suddenly fired. Sarah gasped as the beam hit her in the back, and again when another prototype sprung to life. One by one, they all fired off their rays, until eleven beams were hitting Sarah straight from behind. "The fu – are you telling me all they needed was a kickstaaaaaargh!"

Sarah's mind went blank, her eyes rolling up at the intense wave of energy that washed over her. A huge green aura surrounded her body, so large it almost encompassed the entire hut.

"Oh fuck, oh fuck, oh FUUUUCK!" Charged by the power of eleven rays, her breasts picked up where they left off, slowly growing around and away from her. Down her legs they were starting to loll, while reaching forth over her overalls and to either side beyond her, forming growing swells of flesh and fabric. Still holding on her hands were steadily pushed apart by the bulges escaping out under her shirt, to the point the pressure strained her arms. Swells of flesh also bulged through the hole in her shirt, steadily expanding her cleavage around them. Her overall kept getting pushed down by the growing arc of her bosom, until it was no longer visibly behind the swells mushrooming over it. From top to bottom, the suspender divided her breast in two, causing her free breast to rise higher into her sight than the split.

Suddenly her lack of vision evened as the suspender snapped on her shoulder. Sarah shrieked as it slapped her cheek before it raced down her breast. While the fissure bounced away, leaving a round surface that rocked forth and back, her overalls fell off her bosom. Jiggling about, her breasts turned into two symmetrical baubles that dropped on her lap. Their bounces made her shirt ride up even more before the pressure slowed it after passing the bottom third of her bust. With their whole underside exposed her breasts steadily swelled out under her shirt, billowing beyond the fabric. More and more of Sarah's legs vanished behind them, their bottom crests covering her knees. They tilted forward slightly as Sarah buckled her legs, barely able to stay on her feet. Nervously she stared at breasts so vast a hula hoop wouldn't fit around either of them, growing into small weather balloons.

"Holy... I-I'm more boob than woman now – I'm more boob than two women!" Still firmly holding her breasts her hands ploughed through their surface, not so much to fondle them, but get a better grip. Her hands and arms were completely overflowed with her flesh, vanishing between large lips that swelled around them. While escalating her

head by the second, her vision filling with creased fabric bending towards her face, Sarah continued to bend her knees under their weight. Spilling around them her breasts hung to her sheens, steadily approaching the floor. Wide backsides spread out around Sarah as they continued to reach past her body, wide enough someone could have stood on either of Sarah and only their feet would have looked out under her breasts.

“Hnrg!” Her arms lay steadily flatter on the curves that cambered around her, their slope almost appearing even from Sarah’s position as they grew around and away from her. Almost reaching the equator of her breasts, the hem of her shirt glided up her bosom, its naked underside visibly seeping over the fabric. The bulges of her under cleavage grew against each other as their tight gap was reaching for the floor. Similarly, her breasts were swelling out of the hole in her shirt, expanding it across the front and top of her bust while their flesh was standing off the fabric in ever grander baubles. “Can’t... hold on... much... Urgh!”

It was getting harder and harder for Sarah to think as the eleven rays streamed their energy into her. One thought she did have, however, was that these rays had no motion tracker – just one step to the side would save her. Unable to raise her feet, the bottom of her bosom just inches off the floor, she tried dragging her soles over the floor.

“Come on!” Fighting the increasing mass of mammary, she arched her back, raising her rack as much away from the floor as possible. However, her momentum was too strong: Leaning backwards, she suddenly felt her bosom shove against her, its weight shifting on top of her. One of her legs rose off the ground, pressing her knee against her bust as she leaned even further backwards. Panicked, Sarah felt her body bend into an L-shape, one leg spread out with her humongous bosom right on top. “Oh crud, crud, crud!” Just before she was about to fall on her back and get buried by her breasts, she forced her foot back on the ground, and with a loud grunt shoved her bosom forward. But although this prevented her from falling on her back, the momentum now made her tilt forward, too rapidly for her to stop. “Oh, shoot, shoot, SHOOOOT!”

The frantic flailing of her arms didn’t help her from falling, with such force her feet were lifted off the ground. Though her breasts squished against the floor, their firmness made them roll a little, Sarah’s cap falling off her head as her body was dragged up her bosom. Screaming, Sarah feared to roll over and get buried on the other side of her bust. Fortunately, when she was about to topple over the momentum decreased, and her body shifted back. But her feet were nowhere near the floor when she tilted forward again, then back, over and over, each seesaw a little weaker than the previous. Finally, she was lying perfectly vertical on her assets, wobbling on a soft bed of bosom.

“Woah!” Arms and legs stretched out, Sarah tried balancing on her bust. When she was relatively stable, she slowly lowered her limbs, resting them on the table-like surface of her breasts. Flustered, she could feel them camber under her body, pushing her higher in the air.

“S-so much for a smooth escape” she mumbled, still lying in the crossfire of all eleven rays. Beneath her, her breasts spread over the floor, pressing her cleavage window against it. Lying in the center of the shack, the shadow Sarah’s bosom cast steadily expanded. A flinch went through Sarah when the bottom of her breast swelled against the toppled ray gun. For a moment she was hopeful of pushing it aside, so it would no longer fuel the prototypes. But to her dismay it only got shoved towards them, keeping the ray in line with the prototypes. Though faint on their vast mass, she could also feel her bust rolling over her smartphone. When fully lying on it the screen crumbled, Sarah gritting her teeth as she felt the shards – her flesh was too firm to get damaged, yet the splinters poked her. “Urgh, that’s what I get for buying a cheap phone.”

Unlike her phone, her shirt miraculously was still holding over her weather balloon-sized breasts. Lying skin-tight over the slopes framing her breast gap, the faint line showed through the fabric, her shirt having turned into a pink hue. Little by little, its restraint made Sarah tilt forward as the swells escaping out under her shirt bulged faster, pushing her legs up in the air. Blood streamed into her head, the curls of her hair falling forward from her face, with the fabric of her shirt billowing against them.

Just as Sarah feared she might fall forward and get buried by her bust after all, her shirt groaned all around. A large round hole suddenly appeared on her right breast, before a long tear formed on her left. As her bust continued lifting her up and filling the room the tears expanded, slowly spreading across the flanks of her breast and reaching under her bosom. In addition to expanding the holes her breasts swelled through them, standing off from the ripped fabric. The frayed edges creased, further opening the tears to uncover the tan skin of her bosom.

“Gaaah!” Sarah gasped when the neck of her shirt tore as well. A couple of inches it ripped down her bust, exposing a sliver of cleavage, before splitting several feet down her shirt. As the ripped fabric latched on to her curves, pronouncing the overflow effect of the cleavage, it steadily slithered across her skin, approaching the cleavage window that got pressed against the floor. “This... feels really... reeeeeaaaalllyyyy awkward!”

Ever larger fields of skin and taut fabric distended around her. Filling out the entire middle of the room she stood taller than if she was on her feet. The further her breasts swelled around her the more their backsides pushed up her arms, the point their “crests” were bulging above her shoulders. Similarly, they grew against her legs, her knees pushing growing dents into their bare skin. Sarah raised her head as her breasts arched towards her blushing face. Ever wider fields of skin spread around her bosom, their round crests slipping out of the fabric that ripped across them. With the holes on the sides, front and her neck, her shirt turned into four lines, with half her bosom swelling out under them. These lines were steadily overgrown by the flesh bulging out of them, cutting steadily deeper into it.

“Urgh!” Sarah wriggled on top of her bosom, her shirt growing painful on her growing bust. The fabric between V-neck and cleavage window dissolved, growing thinner until both displays of her bosom fused into one, fully dividing her shirt into four lines. When these were almost invisible behind the swells flowing around them, the stripe left of her cleavage snapped and fell down her breasts, bunching up on the foot of her bosom before slowly getting rolled over by it.

“Uuurgh!” Sarah floundered and groaned, arching her neck with her eyes rolled up. The stripe right of her cleavage joined the left, her breast wobbling as it pushed outwards. One giant cleavage encompassed her shirt, only the slim frame of the hem keeping her mounds in check. That frame however had rolled up into a thread, to the point nothing but a deep cut on her bust was visible. For Sarah, it was like wire had been strung around her breasts and was steadily pulled tighter as if to slice them up. “UUUUUURGH!!!”

When the pressure became unbearable the fabric finally snapped. The sudden release sent ripples across her bust as it burst outwards. Moaning Sarah rocked around on top of her breasts as they bounced to their full size and shape. Forcing her mouth shut she gulped, waiting for the jiggles to calm down. Lying on a rack at least one and half times her size, the room vanished behind it. The slopes of her giant, naked breasts rose around her, nestling her body between them. While Sarah felt her bosom still push the ray gun towards the prototypes, she saw the ceiling come steadily closer – or rather she was steadily approaching it. At the same time, she could faintly see behind the horizon of her flesh how their cambering shape neared the walls and shelves. A corridor formed around her bosom, one that was getting narrower by the second, to the point someone would have to squeeze themselves around her bust.

Sarah buried her face deep between her breasts. “T-this is not how this was supposed to go...”

*Clank!*

Her head shot up at the clank, at the same time feeling something metallic on her bust. Her eyes widened as she realized her breasts were shoving the ray gun against the prototypes, and steadily growing over them. As the barrels were overflowed by her flesh and the ray gun pushing into the heap of scrap metal, Sarah felt the prototypes poke into her bust, pouring their energy directly into her. If possible, the glow around her got even brighter, while her whole body was set on fire. Sarah's limbs grew stiff, her breasts swelling around them, while she raised her head, whimpering with her mouth open. Suddenly, her arms latched onto her curves tightly, grabbing them.

“You know what? Fine!” The ceiling just above her she pressed her body against her bust, blushing with a defiant look in her eyes. “If I'm meant to turn into a booby blimp, so be it – do your worst!” Closing her eyes, she braced for what happened next.

As her breasts filled the rest of the room it felt like their flesh rounded even more, getting so huge her own body couldn't put any weight on them. First the flank of one, then the other breast touched the walls, slowly spreading against them. The bottom of her bust fully rolled over the prototypes and squeezed the wall behind her before the other end did the same. Little by little, her breasts smoothed against the walls, while overgrowing the workbench and shelves with her equipment. Their flesh flowed into the space between the boards, knocking over items and pushing them against the wall. Some of her tools poked into her skin, but her breasts were too firm and vast to get damaged. Deep beneath her, she felt the legs of the work bench snap, her breast pressing its desk flat on the ground. After a while, the round shape of her globes turned cubical as they grew into the space of the corner. But it wasn't just her flesh that changed shape: All around, the hut was bending around her bust, slowly vaulting on the outside.

"Hoooollyyy fuuuucking daaaaaam!" Absorbed in the feeling of her breasts filling the hut, Sarah suddenly bumped against the ceiling. Like their front against the floor, the backside of her breasts flattened on it, pushing her body with growing force against it. Though the ceiling also bent around her breasts, the pressure mostly increased on her body, forcing it into the gap between them. Similarly, as her breasts rolled around the prototypes they pushed it between them, until the machines were lying in the tight, bosomy embrace of her cleavage. As her limbs got squashed against the ceiling and the shack steadily cambered around her bust, Sarah closed her eyes. In silent prayers, she felt the wood bulge around her bosom, while her body was submerged in her cleavage.

*CRASH!*

With a loud bang, the hut exploded around her bust. The broken pieces of the walls and roof were flying off her curves, landing on the abandoned field around the hut. As the slopes of her rack spread in all directions outwards, Sarah was catapulted even higher up on top of her mounds, wobbling and shaking like she was riding a rodeo bull. Her breasts were already far larger than the little hut, around as tall as a one-story house, steadily approaching the second floor.

"Y-yikes!" Despite the fact she was attached to them Sarah held on to her breasts as if she was afraid to slide off. Slowly, their jiggling calmed down, stabilizing her body on top of them. What did not stabilize however was their growth, Sarah still feeling them getting larger by the second. As her bust expanded beneath her, slowly rolling over the abandoned field, she felt the prototypes in her cleavage, still firing their energy into her. Rising higher and higher, Sarah carefully moved her hands over her bust, her freckled cheeks deeply blushing. "G-guess people were right... I really am crazy..."

Suddenly, she pulled her arms around her bust. "Crazy in love with those boobs!" she squealed, grinning as she hugged as much of her growing flesh as she could grab.