

Ripple Effect

"How am I going to explain this to mom?"

The words had been echoing in Jill's head the entire drive home. It was only a day ago that she had been a C cup and now it was a challenge just to steer comfortably.

Over the weekend Jill had gone to visit an old friend who lived out of town. She said she'd finally achieved her breakthrough serum and wanted Jill to be the first to experience it. It turned out that it was a formula for rapid breast growth and the secret had been hiding under everyone's nose the whole time! The recipe was quite simple and virtually undetectable when mixed with food or liquid. Of course, the duo spent the weekend making as much of the formula as they could (and testing some samples for "quality control").

While Jill was overjoyed that she had finally attained her dream size it was still going to be a big adjustment and a huge surprise to everyone she knew.

Finally reaching her house, she remained in her car a few minutes trying to come up with a reasonable explanation for her new appearance.

"Growth spurt? No, I'm too old for that. Implants? That would probably make mom even angrier, besides they don't even make ones this big." She patted the top of her beach ball boobs. With a heavy sigh Jill defeatedly admitted, "I guess I'll just have to tell her the truth, as crazy as it sounds..."

Opening the car door Jill stepped out onto the driveway. It was abundantly clear, even with the vast majority of her torso covered by her preposterously perky projections, that she was gorgeous even before the visit. Her naturally fit hourglass physique was perfectly complimented by a natural tan and an adorably attractive face: button nose, beautiful brown eyes, and a sweet smile that would brighten anyone's day, all of which was framed by her silky smooth shoulder-length brunette hair.

Jill's friend had been prepared and purchased clothes to keep them decent until they were able to shop for a new wardrobe. At the time it seemed almost comically large, but now the plus-sized sleeveless V-neck barely covered her front, leaving her midriff exposed and allowing the tiniest glimpse of underboob. The garment was chosen to show off as much cleavage as possible, but that was more hindrance than help now.

Turning the doorknob Jill steeled herself for what was to come. Thankfully, no one was around as she entered her home; however, as she turned to close the door her new knockers

noisily nudged a nearby knick knack onto the floor. Jill winced as a voice rang out from the next room:

"My pumpkin is home!" Little did she know how inadequate that nickname had become. "Jill, how was your friend's hou-" As the pale blonde woman turned the corner her jaw dropped.

Jill's mom, Heather, was almost the complete opposite of her daughter, although she remained attractive even as she was exiting her mid-forties. Her smaller, somewhat chubby frame was topped by a sharp, short pixie cut that stood in contrast to her rounded and freckled features. Since it was still the weekend she had on only a red tank top and grey yoga pants, both emphasizing her natural curves and providing some teasing D cup cleavage.

"What the heck happened to you?! You look like a blimp! How did you even drive home? How are you going to find clothes that fit? How-"

"Mom, calm down. It's okay. I can explain. You see, my-"

"What's all that yelling down there?!" The lightly tanned form of Jill's younger sister Taylor, a sophomore in college, quickly descended the stairs.

Taylor took after her mom, with similar rounded features and blonde hair cascading down her back. Physically she was naturally fit like Jill, but completely flat-chested.

"Mom, is Jill ho- HOLY CRAP!!! Jill you're massive! You must have had some weekend!" She teased.

"Alright young lady, I want an explanation. Now." Heather demanded.

"Okay. You're not going to believe me, but my friend developed a special formula that causes immediate growth in the...chest region." She motioned toward her bosom. "We both used it to give ourselves our dream bodies."

"You're right, I don't believe you," Heather retorted, offended by her daughter's perceived lie. "That's not even physically possible and even if it was there's no way my mature, responsible daughter would willingly do such a thing to herself."

"I can prove it!" Jill reached into her pocket and produced a small vial filled with a clear liquid. "This is the formula my friend created." She popped open the vial, but before she could take a sip her mom snatched it away.

"Oh no you don't Jillian! You're more than big enough already! I'll find out if you're lying right now!" Heather placed the vial to her lips, threw her head back, and let out a satisfied "Aah!" Instantly a warm tingling sensation overtook her breasts. Naturally, she reached to feel her boobs and was met with the side effect of heightened sensitivity. The surprise of the

sensation caused her to let out a quick moan, but before she had time to feel embarrassed her chest began to swell. She did her best to school her features, but the flustered redness of her face made it obvious that she was still experiencing the intense pleasure of the growth. The effect lasted about a minute before Heather's hooters settled at around G cups. What once was a tease of cleavage was now a small canyon.

Still in shock over what had just occurred, Heather turned to Jill. "W-well it looks like you were telling the truth. So, you really want to look like that?" She asked sternly.

"Yes mom, I'm very happy being this big."

"And did you have plans to use more of that...stuff...on yourself?"

"No, I'm satisfied with how I am now." Jill replied with calm confidence.

"Well okay then. I'm going upstairs. I need to be alone so I can process this situation." With that she turned and headed for the stairs.

Before she had fully ascended the staircase Taylor called out, "Uh...hey, mom? I just want you to know that you look really good."

Heather hesitated for a moment before continuing to her bedroom.

Now it was just the two sisters left in the living room. "Oh my gosh, Jill!!!" Taylor's hand shot to Jill's bust fast as lightning. "Wow, they feel so soft and firm! What's it like being that big? How big can they go?" Taylor inhaled deeply, "Do you have MORE of that jumbo juice?!"

The sudden change in her sister's demeanor, as well as the rapid-fire questioning and hand on her bust was both exciting and overwhelming. Jill removed Taylor's hand and replied with a smirk, "Come help me empty out my trunk. The whole thing is filled with those vials and not all of them are as weak as what mom drank."

As the pair made their way to the car Jill considered that, although it was super uncomfortable, things had gone better than expected today. Then she remembered: "Oh man, Taylor. Work is going to be crazy tomorrow."

Chapter 2: The Office

Heather had been tossing, turning, and groping all night; wrestling with a single question: did she actually like her bigger boobs? Once again she lied on her back and watched their newly enlarged forms rise and fall with her breath. Maybe Taylor was right, they do look pretty good. No! What am I thinking? I look like a porn star! What will people say? What about my job? It was too late now, she had drunk the formula and there was no turning back.... Maybe I was too hard on Jill, after all she can make her own decisions and she's probably just as nervous as I am. I'll try to be more supportive, I would want the same from her. With that resolved she finally nodded off to sleep.

Jill groggily awoke to the blaring of her alarm. Her newly limited range of sleeping positions was going to take some getting used to. The one thing her and her friend had not accounted for was pajamas. Luckily, Jill had an old oversized nightgown...well, it used to be oversized. Now it just barely covered her nipples and was so tight that it hardly mattered. This was going to be a particularly awkward morning.

After making herself a bowl of cereal (even this simple task proved more difficult than expected) Jill settled at the table. As her flesh hit the cool surface her nipples sprang to attention and her chest squished ever closer to her chin. She swore she heard a stitch pop.

As a high school teacher Heather had to leave especially early for work, so she rarely saw Jill for more than a minute before leaving. She now noticed that even from behind Jill's mams were clearly visible. In fact, from this angle almost all she could see were her daughter's bare breasts. She swallowed hard, forcing herself to be positive despite the barely clothed young lady in front of her. "Good morning, Jill."

Oh great, she had to show up now, Jill thought to herself. Turning as little as possible to avoid further embarrassment, she greeted, "Good morning, mom." She noted that her mom was wearing one of her blouses with the almost scarf-like amount of extra fabric on top; clearly trying to hide her melons.

"Jill, I'm sorry for how I acted last night. It was just such a shock and, well...it's a lot to take in, literally and figuratively. Anyway, I want you to know that I'm here for you and I support your choice to pursue the body you want," Heather said reassuringly.

"Wow mom, thanks. That means a lot. And don't worry, I get it. It's an adjustment for all of us. I'm sorry about your, er...developments, too. You didn't ask for that and I should have been more careful. I love you." Jill allowed herself a small smile.

Heather finally remembered that the exaggerated individual in front of her was still her sweet, loving daughter and her heart melted. "I love you too, honey. It wasn't your fault. Even though I didn't believe it I knew what might happen when I drank that junk. Oh, time for work! Have a nice day!"

It was nice to know that she wouldn't have to tiptoe around the house, but her mom was oddly accepting. She thought for sure it would take at least a few days before she began to feel comfortable with things.

Finishing her morning routine Jill put on the only fitting top that was appropriate for the office: a formerly full length short-sleeved floral dress that now ended just barely below her knees. It wasn't too flattering, but it kept her covered and was within the dress code. There was no hiding these curves anyway. With that, she got into her car and headed off to work.

The nerves built up within her once again. It wouldn't be as bad as her mom's judgement and initial disapproval, but she still worried how her coworkers might react, especially her boss.

Entering the building Jill's gargantuan girth grazed the doorframe. Funny how she never noticed how small it was before. "Good morning, Rita!" Jill said cheerfully to the receptionist, trying to maintain a sense of normalcy.

"Good morning..." Rita's voice trailed off as she saw the cartoonish figure passing by.

Everything about the Hispanic woman screamed jolly, from her plump physique to her infectious smile and sweet, high-pitched voice. She was the very model of an ideal greeter.

At 25, Jill was one of the youngest employees in the cubicle farm. It was dingy and a bit behind the times, but her coworkers kept the place lively and enjoyable. Her job was relatively simple data entry work. It didn't use her degree and it tended to be rather boring, but it paid the bills and allowed her decent spending money.

Continuing past the rows to her desk she tried to ignore the stares from male and female coworkers alike, although Ebony nearly choking on her coffee gave her a good chuckle. It wasn't that she minded the looks, in fact she rather liked it, but it was awkward when they came from people she had worked so closely with over the past year and a half.

Settling into her chair Jill realized her first problem: in order to reach her keyboard she was going to have to squish into her desk just like at breakfast, which would make her look even larger. Secondly, reaching ahead to type required mashing her chest together horizontally as well. She could lower the chair and place the keyboard on her bosom, but that seemed more uncomfortable for a variety of reasons. Seeing no other way around the situation she squeezed

forward and did her duty, pushing her bust nearly to her chin and revealing the cleavage she had tried so hard to hide.

The day continued uneventfully. Jill ate lunch at her desk, still a little self-conscious and unsure how everyone felt about her appearance. In the back of her mind she noticed that it was very quiet in the office, almost too quiet. That was when the notification from the company chat app appeared on her screen: a group message with Barbara, Ebony, Erica...and her boss, Angie. Jill gulped as she opened the window.

Barbara: Alright, spill Jill. What happened to you?

Jill cringed as she saw the question on her screen. Wow. I know they're a bit gossipy, but they're never this nosy, Jill remarked to herself. Before she could respond a new message popped up:

Ebony: Daaaang gurl, you lookin fine lol! How do we get some curves like that?

Breathing a sigh of relief Jill now understood that she was still a part of the office crew. To anyone else this might've constituted sexual harassment, but on the inside she was beaming at the thought of letting her work friends in on the fun.

Jill: Hey everyone. So I guess you've noticed, huh? It's sort of personal, why do you ask?

Erica: It was kind of hard not to notice. To be frank, we're curious because we want to look like you. Well, maybe not exactly like you.

Her boss remained conspicuously absent from the conversation, but that didn't stop the excitement from ramping up within Jill's body.

Barbara: I'm sorry, this isn't a workplace appropriate topic. We just got overexcited I guess. Please don't report us.

Jill: Oh, no no! I'd love to tell you my secret!

Jill: I was just making sure we're all on the same page. I found a special formula over the weekend that can make you any size you want. Don't worry, it's non-allergenic and flavorless. Do you want me to bring some in tomorrow?

The response was almost immediate: a unanimous "YES!" from all three women.

Angie: Hey guys, just wanted to let you know that as long as you're able to perform your jobs you can't be fired because of your body. Jill, bring me some too ;)

Jill's heart practically leapt out of her considerable chest! She was going to come into an office full of bodacious babes every day!

Jill: What are you guys looking for? So I make sure to bring enough, I mean.

Ebony: I want what you got!

Barbara: Just a few cup sizes for me please, I don't want to go overboard right away

Right away? Did that mean she might go bigger in the future? Jill wondered.

Erica: I was hoping to even out my top and bottom

Angie: H. At this rate we may have to adjust the dress code to accommodate for our "enhancements" ;)

Jill: Got it! Can't wait to see you all tomorrow!

She finished up the rest of her workday and headed home, barely able to contain herself over what was to come.

However, before she got there she stopped at Bigger Is Better, the new clothing store for more...extreme body types, to pick up some pajamas and work outfits. They had just opened the Friday Jill left to visit her friend, almost as if they knew demand was about to surge. Ebony happened to be shopping there as well. The two women giggled excitedly as they picked out some of their new wardrobe.

Arriving home, Jill heard her mom call out, "Welcome home dear! Was work oKAY today?" Making sure to emphasize the "kay" sound.

Hmm, mom's home early. Must've been a half day or something, Jill reasoned. "Hi mom! It was actually great! You won't believe what..." Her eyes went wide in shock. Seeing her mom she now understood the odd emphasis in her greeting. The ruffled fabric meant to hide her assets was now mostly gone, stretched taut around a bosom nearly half Jill's size! "...happened."

Cheerily, Heather explained, "I found some more of those glass tubes in your room and helped myself to another, I hope you don't mind. What do you think?" She struck a pose to emphasize her new figure.

"How? What? Why? When?" Jill fumbled over her words, completely flabbergasted.

"When I went into work today," Heather began, "I was still embarrassed about these." She hefted her breasts for emphasis. "That blouse seemed to hide them so well, but somehow my coworkers noticed anyway. Okay, truth be told, I was more conflicted than embarrassed. I was in denial at the time, but I kind of liked them. Anyway, instead of scorn my gal pals totally had my back. In fact, they wanted in too! After talking it over they convinced me to embrace my body and I fell in love with what had happened to me! So, um...I'd like to bring some more of that liquid to work tomorrow if it's alright with you."

Jill couldn't believe what she was hearing! There was no way her mom, her no frills, never-wore-a-bikini mom, was into this. After a pause to process, Jill skeptically responded, "...Are you sure that's what you want?"

"Listen sweetie, I know it's weird hearing your mom talk about her body and desires," Heather soothed, "but your happy accident opened up a part of me I never knew. Those vials, this body, is exactly what I want."

Jill smiled. She never thought she would bond with her mom like this. "That's great mom, I'm so happy for you. I actually had the exact same experience at my job too, but...uh, you still didn't explain why you took another drink."

"Oh. I've got to give the girls at work some inspiration! If I'm going to make my friends busty well then go big or go home, as they say!" Heather cheered, causing a noticeable jiggle.

"Maybe it'd be more inconspicuous if you baked the formula into your famous chocolate chip cookies. Y'know, drugs in school and all that," Jill rolled her eyes.

"You can do that?!" Exclaimed a wide-eyed Heather.

"Mmhmm. Totally flavorless so no one'll even notice. Plus, the baking process amplifies the formula's effectiveness so one vial makes a full batch with each cookie as powerful as a full dose!"

Grabbing her daughter's hand, Heather ran towards the kitchen. "Oh, we've got to try that!"

The two women spent the rest of the afternoon baking, bonding, and enjoying all the new experiences of their size. It was the best day of Jill's life.

Chapter 3: College Cuties

Jill and Taylor both agreed that it was best to wait until she got back to college to use the formula, in order to give their mom time to cool off. After carefully explaining the different doses Jill gave her sister an entire case to bring with her! Before she left Taylor texted her two best friends: "Heading back now. Meet me at my room. Bring baggy clothes ;)"

She was practically shaking with excitement as she climbed the stairs to her dorm. Taylor paid extra to have a room to herself; as much as she loved to party she needed a private space to decompress afterward. As she was setting the case on her desk Christina and Emily strolled in.

"So, what's the big surprise?" Christina asked, annoyed at being woken up so late.

"Yeah, and why do we need baggy clothes?" Emily whined.

Emily was runway model thin with long dirty blonde locks outlining her old-fashionedly attractive face. With a strong, square jaw and a teeny tiny mole on her cheek she wouldn't have been out of place as the starlet in an old black and white film. On top of this she had what would've been a modest rack on most, but with her slight build it was rather impressive.

On the other hand, Christina was tall, leggy, and had a strikingly catlike face. Her dark brown hair fell to her lower back, which, like the rest of her body, was wide and sexy. She was the biggest of the bunch, at a respectable D cup.

Both girls had a deep tan. They were proud of their figures and liked showing them off as much as possible. Right now Emily was wearing booty shorts and a spaghetti-strap periwinkle crop top that fully showed off her slim stomach. A turquoise halter top teased a peak at the bottom of Christina's belly, but she hadn't changed out of her pajama sweatpants adorned with the college logo.

Without a word Taylor picked up the lowest dosage vial, looked both her friends in the eyes, and downed it. "Oh wow, Jill didn't tell me it would feel like this!" Taylor and her friends enjoyed an incredibly close friendship, so she allowed herself to grope and moan openly.

The two guests were totally unfazed by this behavior, completely engrossed in the rapidly swelling mass filling Taylor's hands.

As the sensations faded and Taylor settled at C cups she sarcastically quipped, in between heavy panting, "You couldn't have closed the door?"

Christina silently closed the door with one hand and picked her jaw up off the floor with the other.

Throwing their spare clothes on the bed, the two friends practically tackled Taylor; her knees buckling from the residual sensitivity. Satisfied that she wasn't joking the girls gleefully demanded she share her treasure.

Regaining her composure, Taylor once again responded with sarcasm, "Do you think I called you over just to watch that? Now let me explain."

Emily groaned impatiently.

"This one here," she held up a red-capped tube, "is the smallest dose. It'll add about 3 inches. This next one," she presented a blue cylinder, "grants a whole foot of sweater meat. Lastly," she hoisted a yellow flask above her head, a twinkle in her eye. It was larger than the previous examples. "This is a special variant. All Jill told me was that it effectively doubled the user's proportions. Okay girls, take your pick!"

Emily and Christina rushed to the desk, almost knocking the whole case over in the process. They both returned to their starting points with two containers of the footlong fluid, but Christina was gutsy enough to add yellow to her mix. Taylor calmly picked up a double dose of the minimum.

"Alright, on three. Ready?" Emily began the countdown, "One!"

"Two!" Christina continued.

"Three!" Taylor squealed as everyone chugged their supply. The real fun was about to start.

The room filled with moans and screams of pleasure. It must have sounded insane to anyone passing by outside.

Inch after inch piled onto the women, with equal amounts being removed from the hemlines of their tops.

Naturally, Taylor was the first to finish, her I cup bosom filling out her previously loose-fitting lime green tee excellently. The shirt had risen so far that it revealed just as much of her tummy as Emily's crop top. Having regained her senses Taylor greedily took in the sight of her two pals, each getting hotter by the second and rapt in orgasmic bliss. "If the one minute per three inches rule is constant," she mused aloud, "then I've still got a little while to enjoy the show." She pulled her phone from her pocket and hit record...for posterity, of course.

The timing couldn't have been better. ***SNAP*** went the straps of Emily's former crop top. It would have fallen off, but was so tightly constricted around the breasts muffining over and under that it was impossible. It wasn't long before a ***SHRIIP*** overtook the room. The garment was destroyed just as Emily's growth subsided; her new knockers overtook her whole torso yet remained perky despite being totally braless. "Taylor," she panted, "I look incredible!" She was still cooing with pleasure. At over two feet they rested comfortably in her lap, but it would take some serious squeezing if she wanted to wrap her arms around them.

"Heck yeah you do," Taylor said sensually. "Now come over here," she patted the bed next to her, "so we can watch the grand finale."

Standing up was surprisingly effortless, considering the new weight that should have been added. Emily moved next to Taylor on the bed, her bare boob brushing the hostess' arm.

It was impossible to tell what had become of Christina's shirt at this point. Her humongous hooters overflowed her lap and covered her entire top half, showing no signs of slowing. She could no longer reach, or even see for that matter, her front, but what a sight it was to behold.

Just as the voyeuristic duo were beginning to become concerned with the size of Christina's swells they slowed to a halt, over 15 minutes after it began. It was still some time before she snapped out of her pleasure fueled trance, realizing her situation and remembering where she was. "Oh...oh my GOSH!!! Guys, look at me!" She screamed enthusiastically.

"How could we not?" Emily purred.

Taylor ended the recording and got up to help the buxom beauty off the floor...and get a "feel" for the situation. Soft and firm, just like Jill's, Taylor noticed that the areolae were as big as yoga balls and her soccer ball-sized nipples stuck out a good six inches. She yanked her friend's arm with almost too much force, both surprised at how easily she was able to stand.

At around four and a half feet each the balloons rested halfway down Christina's shins and were almost as wide as the whole dorm! None of the women had ever dared to dream that boobs this big were even possible.

"You guys look amazing!" Christina complimented, finally able to take her eyes off herself.

Her enormous pair pressed against the wall of flesh, Emily incredulously answered, "That goes double for you, literally!"

The next half hour was spent giggling and moaning as the trio took turns feeling each other's developments, with the room dominating duo obviously receiving the most attention.

"Whew! I'm never going to forget today!" Emily sighed, "But I've got an early class so I've got to get back to my room. My roommate is gonna freak when she sees me!"

She unfurled her "baggy" backup outfit, but baggy not being a part of her vocabulary, much less her wardrobe, the replacement was basically pointless. After several minutes of wrestling with the material it looked more like a tube top about to burst at any moment, Emily's areolae still clearly visible. "...I'm going to need to shop tonight," a mixture of joy and concern evident on her face.

Squeezing past Christina Emily left the smallest and biggest alone. A minute later the faint sound of ripping fabric and Emily swearing could be heard outside the window.

"I should get going too, but there's two things I'm still confused about," Christina stated, tapping her finger on her chin. Even this simple act had her elbow resting atop her tan valley. "First, why is it so easy to move around? It's not like I wanted to be immobile, but this doesn't make sense."

"Oh, that's simple!" Taylor paused, clearly trying to remember through the fog of the night's activities. "Jill said that part of the formula also proportionately strengthens your back and chest muscles, that way there's no pain and they're just as perky as if you're wearing a bra!"

In awe of the detail that went into the creation of the magic substance Christina distractedly responded, "Wow, that's amazing. Okay, so my second question: what am I gonna wear?"

In the excitement of the moment she hadn't considered the ramifications of her extreme dosage.

"Oh crap," Taylor muttered under her breath. "Um...uh..." She scrambled around the room looking for anything that could cover the behemoth before her, repeatedly eliciting a soft "mmm" from Christina as she bumped into the mounds. At last she found the school issued bedsheets she stowed away after bringing her own pink bed coverings. "This is probably all that will fit you right now, and even that's a stretch, literally."

"Do you think I went too far?" Christina pouted as Taylor tied the thin sheets like a bikini around her colossal chest. It fit only marginally better than Emily's spare clothes.

"Hey," Taylor turned Christina's face to meet hers with one hand while using the other to gently caress her left jug, "you're beautiful. We're going to figure this out. Go get some sleep. I'll text my sis and have her bring over some stuff you can wear tomorrow. You're probably not going to class," she grinned.

A weak smile crossed Christina's pretty face. She knew what she was doing when she grabbed the doubling dose; this is what she wanted. It was just so scary thinking about the limitations she had placed on herself. "Thanks." She hugged her friend as best she could and turned for the exit. She had only taken a few steps when Taylor gasped loudly.

"Oh my, Christina look!" There, at the bottom of her smooth bare back, her lengthy hair rested atop twin volleyballs snuggled in her not-so-loose sweatpants. "I guess that's what Jill meant about doubling proportions!"

She reached back and grabbed far more than a handful of cheek. Christina couldn't believe no one had noticed before. There were a lot of...distractions at the time.

Seeing Christina getting lost rubbing her own booty Taylor prodded, "you better get out of here before I make you stay," while mockingly making bedroom eyes.

She snapped out of her stupor and blushed, "Oh, uh, yeah. Thanks again." She paused to analyze the best way out the door, turning sideways to minimize her profile; however, it was futile. Hopelessly wedged she turned to her friend, "Uh, a little help here?"

Chapter 4: Staff Meeting

Since her mom needed to stay somewhat decent to keep her job Jill ended up being the taste tester for the cookies and had ballooned to cover what little of her stomach had remained exposed. She could still reach past and around her chest, but it was becoming a struggle. It was worth it. Her relationship with her mom had never been closer.

Unfortunately, Jill had to take the day off of work to help her sister with an emergency at college, but she made sure to drop by the office to give out the supplies. They were all so giddy! Her boss was playing it cool, but Jill was beginning to suspect that Ebony might not be the one most excited by yesterday's news.

Seeing her sister again turned out to be the perfect way to spend the day. Considering her reaction at the house, Jill was surprised to see Taylor was not the one in need of emergency clothing. Then she met the reason for her trip; Jill couldn't get the image of Christina's massive mammaries out of her head! She desperately hoped it wouldn't be the last time she saw a pair that size.

Her body filled with excitement instead of the recent nervousness, Jill had to keep her hands at ten and two on the wheel. It was the only way the buxom beauty could reach now, her arms resting on top of the breasts resting in her lap.

With a slight squeeze Jill entered the building and started for her desk, but Angie called her into her office before she could sit down.

Her light brown hair perennially in a bun, Angie's angular face capped a body that was thin as a rail and just as curvy. Her redeeming feature was her pert rear that suggested a former athleticism, despite no such history. This was not the Angie standing before her now.

Her unexpectedly lengthy locks covered her chest, as much as was possible, like a mermaid. Jill's suspicions were confirmed. The twins hanging at navel level, they were far larger than the H's she had asked for originally.

Jill had slipped a clearly labeled flask of the doubling agent in her coworkers' bags yesterday as a not so subtle nod to her true desires; clearly, it was the right move.

Angie wore her favorite top: an extremely plain sleeveless white shirt with three buttons extending down from the front of the collar, although at this point calling it anything more than a crop top would be an overstatement. It was her most revealing outfit even before, but now it was almost obscene. "What do you think?" She twisted and turned to show off her new assets, their outer edges just visible from behind.

Jill remained professional even though she was almost jumping out of her skin with excitement internally, "Wooooow, you look great! We're definitely going to have to update the dress code, though."

Angie blushed. "Yeah, I didn't have time to go shopping last night," she leaned forward on her desk, inadvertently squeezing her new mounds together with her forearms; the buttons threatening to fly off at any moment, "But I think everyone will understand today. If you can convince some of the others to keep 'exaggerating' then I should be able to get approval for a new dress code," she winked.

Jill finally retreated to her desk, but not before noticing a newfound flare to her boss' hips. Breathless and lightheaded, she didn't know how she was going to handle the rest of today's spectacle.

Now that she was back in her cubicle a new problem arose: she wasn't going to be able to type without seriously straining to reach the keyboard all day. "This is getting to be a bit much," she sighed as she placed it atop her bosom. "I guess this is my new desk." Reaching the mouse was still attainable; Jill just rotated to the left a bit.

But before she could focus on her job she needed to see the rest of her coworkers; it was too distracting to not know how good they looked. As she stood up the first person she saw was Barbara, whose desk was on the other side of her cubicle wall.

The dull blonde bob and slightly wrinkled face belied the older woman's youthful energy. Her light blue tank top showed off plenty of skin, freckled from many years of summer tans. More importantly, it provided an excellent view of the perky H cups she now sported. Their rounded forms made the tightness of the top quite evident and Jill noticed that when she stood an inch or two of stomach was on display.

Continuing her tour Jill entered Erica and Ebony's row and what she saw stopped her dead in her tracks. Somehow she must have measured the dosage wrong. Ebony's bust stuck out at least a foot on either side and even from behind it was clear they were larger than Jill's. There was no way she could reach around those anymore.

"Daaaang gurl, you lookin' fine! How did you get curves like that?" Jill joked, mimicking their earlier conversation and hoping that Ebony was not upset by the unexpected extra half a foot.

The beautiful blimp swung around, her ridiculous rack nearly making contact with Jill's despite the distance between them. "Oh you know, some hot chick at work gave me some cool stuff that made me grow. Funny, because she's a little on the small side," Ebony teased. She moved toward Jill and pressed their chests together to emphasize the difference.

Jill's head almost exploded. Pushing up against her body was a foot and a half long dark chocolate canyon pouring out of a caramel V-neck. The bespectacled diamond-shaped face attached to the titans only added to the experience, not to mention the cute mop of black curls on top.

Ebony was always the fashionista, her hair style and color changing regularly and outfits always pushing the dress code. Jill couldn't wait to see what she'd do with the new rules.

Her rate of breathing beginning to increase, Jill took a few steps back to regain her composure. "Haha, yeah. Sorry about that, I must have given you too much." Her eyes were still locked on the cocoa puffs.

"Too much?! You never have to apologize for pumping up my girls!" Ebony responded, a little too loudly. "Besides, I don't think you're that sorry." She crouched to make eye contact, her thighs pushing her boobs back towards her chin.

Blushing, Jill stammered, "I-I uh... I'm glad you feel that way. Um...I've got to get back to work now."

As she turned to leave Erica passed by. Jill was just able to see that the basketballs on Erica's chest perfectly matched the ones in her pants. At least she had gotten that dose right.

Trailing behind her coworker she couldn't help but notice how professional she looked. Her mahogany hair was pulled back by a camouflaged hairclip, descending to the middle of her back and accentuated by hot pink tips. Disappointingly, there wasn't a hint of immodesty to be seen. Her flowing top only had cutouts to reveal her slightly sunburnt shoulders.

At least the rear view was still just as delightful as always. A booty like that was practically begging to be doubled.

Erica split off down the hallway and Jill went to the bathroom. She had to make it look like she wasn't just checking everyone out, after all.

As mid-afternoon rolled around Jill decided it would be a good time to push for that extra "exaggeration" Angie had mentioned. She returned to the group chat.

Jill: Hey everyone, you're all looking super hot today! I couldn't help but notice that finding fitting clothes seems to be a bit of an issue. It certainly is for me. Angie is working on a new dress code that'll make it easier for women like us to be comfortable in the office, but she needs to prove to her boss that there's a real need. Are any of you willing to take the extra formula I gave you?

Ebony: I'M IN!

Jill felt faint. If Ebony doubled she'd be way bigger than Christina!

Jill: That's a lot, you don't have to. You're already proof enough.

Ebony: If the dress code is changing than I can handle anything ;)

Erica: That's nice and all, but I think I'll pass. My clothes fit fine and I've finally got balanced proportions.

Barbara: Me too, I'm pretty happy with where I am.

Jill: Okay, there's a secret I haven't told you. Angie already figured it out.

She paused for dramatic effect.

Jill: That doubling product also

Jill: Doubles

Jill: YOUR BUTT!

The sound of Ebony's keyboard bouncing off her desk and onto the floor echoed throughout the department.

Erica: So I'll still be even?

Jill: Yup :)

A few minutes went by.

Erica: Alright, I'll do it. Watch out world!

Jill: Ooh, I'm so excited! You're both going to look so good! Barb, are you sure you don't want to join us?

Barbara: I'm pretty sure. This tank top has never looked better on me and I don't want to have to buy a whole new wardrobe.

Angie: If you do it you'll probably be about the same size as me now. You know I look good, haha ;)

No response.

Angie: How about this? If you do it I'll double again.

Jill almost fell out of her chair. She wasn't sure if anyone, aside from maybe Ebony, would help and now everyone was growing again! And not just a little; they were all going to DOUBLE!

She peeked over the cubicle wall and caught Barbara with her arms outstretched, miming what her new size would be. From this angle Jill could just make out the smile slowly creeping across her face.

Barbara: Alright, we are a team after all. Jill, you've got competition now :)

All that convincing ended up taking the rest of the workday so Jill got up and made for the exit, more than satisfied with the day's accomplishments; however, right before she reached the door Rita called her over.

"Hey, uh, Jill," Rita nervously greeted while looking at the ground.

"Hi! What seems to be the matter?" Jill shot her a reassuring smile and she seemed to ease a little.

"It's just, um...I noticed that your department...the women look...different today. Since I'm sort of like the face of the building I was...curious and they said you could help me." She was fidgeting and clearly uncomfortable.

A grin on her face, Jill replied, "Word really travels fast around here, huh?"

Chapter 5: The Big Deal

Word spread like wildfire once the student body saw the students' new bodies. As the sole source of the serum Taylor had full control over its public release, but was limited by a quickly dwindling supply.

To remedy this she called her sister for a restock and got something better than she could have ever hoped for: the recipe for the formula and a sweeter distribution system! The communal kitchen in her dorm building quickly became ground zero for the boob bakery, churning out mammary muffins, bust biscuits, doubling donuts, and more!

Of course, taste testing was imperative to ensure it was all both delicious and effective; however, Taylor never took a bite. If she got too big to do the baking herself then someone else would need to know the trade secret and she liked being the distributor too much to let that happen.

As a result, Emily's breasts now brushed the ground as she walked and Christina's nine foot whoppers and basketball booty made her a legend on campus.

After a few months most of the female students were sporting E cups at minimum, with a noticeable portion far beyond traditional bra sizes. Despite this, demand was still strong...and a new market was about to open.

Taylor sleepily rolled out of bed and got ready for another day of work and classes. All of her old crop tops fit more like tube tops now, showing off a satisfying amount of cleavage both above and below. She absolutely loved being able to walk around campus in almost nothing so they were pretty much all she wore.

After serving the breakfast rush she began her journey to the day's first class; however, she was stopped halfway there by a call from the distance:

"Excuse me, miss!" The unknown gal sauntered towards the scantily clad saleswoman, a neatly organized pile of folders clutched tightly to her chest. "Hello. I noticed you were selling some food over by the cafeteria. Do you have any more for sale? I forgot to grab something to eat this morning."

Taylor's jaw dropped. In front of her was the most gorgeous woman she had ever seen! Her alluringly tan skin perfectly complimented the golden ponytail that flowed down to the center of her back. With striking blue eyes, an adorably petite nose, ravishing red lips, and cheekbones most women would pay to have, her face was flawless. To top it off, what Taylor could see of her body was just as attractive.

Her stylish black blazer was cinched to emphasize her thin waist that quickly flared out into exceptionally sexy hips with cheeks noticeably larger than Christina's! This was accentuated by a tight white pencil skirt that showed off her luscious legs.

She was definitely new to the college; Taylor would never forget seeing this beauty. She looked to be around her late twenties or early thirties, presumably a graduate student.

"Uh...miss?" The pleasing patron waved her hand in front of Taylor's dazed eyes, a slight annoyance apparent in her voice. "Here's five dollars, just give me whatever you have left."

Still in awe, Taylor absentmindedly handed over an apple fritter.

"Thanks! This looks really good." The mystery miss flashed a stunning smile before turning and scarfing down the dessert.

The trance was broken by a moan and the clatter of dropped school supplies. Beneath that pile was a perfectly perky pair of F cups that only further added to the lady's incomparable figure.

OH NO!!! I forgot to tell her about the secret ingredient! Taylor screamed in her head. It was too late now. All she could do was move her to a more secluded spot to ride it out without being filmed by every male student in earshot. Of course, that didn't mean it shouldn't be recorded at all.

Once again Taylor whipped out her phone with impeccable timing, starting to record just before her subject's blazer burst open to reveal a quickly deepening line of unbelievable cleavage matched by the rising hemline of the white camisole that exposed more and more of her tiny toned tummy. This erotic action was almost too much to handle, but just when Taylor was about to lose control of herself the expansion slowed, awareness returned, and the phone was hurriedly put away.

The cute customer's delicate hands immediately grasped her one and a half foot hooters, a look of fear and confusion on her face. "WH-WHAT HAPPENED?! WHAT DID YOU DO TO ME?!" She screamed.

The intense arousal was immediately replaced by an equal guilt. "I'm so sorry! I was distracted! I forgot to warn-"

"Wait a minute, you KNEW this would happen?!" The victim's fear changed to anger. "That's it. My office. Now!" She demanded. She stood and immediately headed toward the business building.

Taylor hesitated a moment. My office? But she was a stu- OH CRAP! A professor had eaten one of her snacks! She was busted and the whole operation was going to fall apart! She had no choice but to face the music now, besides she would follow that woman anywhere.

From behind her bosom was just small enough to be hidden, leaving Taylor to stave off her anxiety and guilt by watching the hypnotic bouncing of her heart-shaped derrière. The pretty professor seemed totally unfazed by the lustful stares of passersby.

The duo arrived at their destination: the office of Dr. Joscelyn Jones. Before she sat down Professor Jones removed her ruined blazer, fully unveiling her astonishing arms. Every new thing Taylor learned about this tempting teacher only drove her more wild. As she sat in her comfortable looking chair Dr. Jones' newly enlarged assets rested comfortably on the desk. She leaned forward with her hands clasped together; however, this only served to show even more cleavage. Taylor couldn't tell if this was intentional.

With a deep breath the anger faded into an opportunistic focus. Her expression softened, but her tone remained serious. "Alright, so...?" She looked expectantly at her detainee.

"Taylor" came the reply.

"Right. Taylor, do you want to explain what's going on here? The female students on campus have been getting increasingly stacked and no one's been able to figure out why, then you sold me a fritter and this happened." She motioned toward her bust. "There has to be a connection."

Taylor considered lying, but couldn't bear to risk further fraying a potential connection with the enticing educator in front of her. She explained everything except the recipe, "...I know it's technically a drug, but please don't shut me down! Aside from this one mistake every customer is willing and made fully aware of the effects; there's never been a complaint! Plus, the extra money helps pay for books."

"Shut you down? Honey, I want in! If you give me exclusive rights to sell to the staff and keep all profits then your secret is safe." She shifted to sit fully upright, her true intentions becoming clear.

"Um...I'm sorry, what?" The sudden turn brought back all of Taylor's earlier shock and arousal.

"Look, this is my first year here, but I didn't apply for this job because of the pay or the school's scholarly reputation; I came for the hot professors!" Dr. Jones gazed dreamily into the distance, "If there's something that can make them even sexier I'll do whatever it takes to get

them onboard with your supplement. Plus, I want to be your *biggest* customer." Her mind returned to the task at hand.

The lustful look from the professor almost caused the sophomore to jump over the desk, but she had seen this technique used many times before by broke classmates begging for more desserts and realized she was being played. Taylor shook her head and prepared for business; she wasn't going to give up this new demographic without a fight. "I'd love to have a staff insider, but I'm not going to just give my product away for free. I want a 60/40 split; you can have the 60 in exchange for consulting on how to expand the business. Sound fair?" Both women locked eyes, any attraction had vaporized in favor of serious negotiation.

"Or I could just report you and end this all now," Dr. Jones coolly threatened.

Taylor didn't flinch. "True, but I'm the only one who knows how to make these special sweets. If you get rid of me you'll have nothing and I'll still have my profits and a campus full of cuties. That's a lose/lose situation for you." She leaned forward, hands together, evidently taking control of the situation. Her underboob brushed against the tops of her forearms. "If you take my offer you get nearly everything you want."

The tough facade broke a little. She may have been a professor of business, but the student she had first seen as a bimbo was making a good argument. "You drive a hard bargain, but I'm no consultant. Make me a partner and let's turn this into a real business: 50/50 split."

A heavy exhale came from the other side of the desk. It would be risky to make this kind of commitment without getting approval from the original creator of the formula and she barely knew this potential partner. After a brief moment to think Taylor was confident she could make the necessary arrangements. "Let me add my sister as an equal partner too and we've got a deal!" She stuck out her hand.

One third of the profits was an extreme decrease from her original goal, but once they got this off the ground that'd be more than enough to make them all the wealthiest women in the world! "Deal!" She shook her young partner's hand, "And now that we're working together you can call me Josie." The new team quickly exchanged contact info. "I'll be by in the morning to pick up my stock for tomorrow."

She grabbed the suit jacket on the back of her chair, stood up, and put it on in one smooth motion. It was obvious that her new associate was smitten and now that the rivalry was gone Josie was beginning to feel an attraction too. "Alright," she began buttoning the bottom half of the jacket, occasionally fumbling since it was no longer visible, "we've both got classes to get to. You better get out of here. Call your sister and we'll draw up the contract to make this official ASAP."

"This is gonna be great! It's a pleasure doing business with you," Taylor practically sang the words as she began to exit, but stopped in the doorway. She turned around and was disappointed to see that the siren's stomach was now covered, but pleased that the more than half a foot of cleavage was impossible to hide. "Hey Josie?"

"What?" The professor quickly hid her experimentally squeezing hand. She was canceling all of her classes for the rest of the day.

"I want you to be my biggest customer too." She tossed her a donut and winked as she closed the door behind her.

Chapter 6: All In a Day's Work

Once Rita had grown and the new dress code was in place the office changed fairly quickly. After a few months it had become challenging to find a bust without a keyboard on top and standup desks were increasingly becoming a necessity.

This was facilitated by the new rules requiring only that women be able to show that they made a real effort to remain covered up. That, and Jill's seemingly never-ending supply of supplement sweets.

Jill was in a great mood today. Josie and her sister were closing in on potential manufacturers and distributors, which meant that the business would be launching in the near future.

She wore one of her favorite outfits: a sunflower yellow off-the-shoulder sundress. The way it flared out to emphasize her incredible bust while simultaneously hugging her slim body and showing off a ton of toned leg made it the sexiest thing she could wear at work. The fact that it showed off over a foot of cleavage and complimented her ever deepening tan didn't hurt either.

All of the entrances had recently been widened to accommodate the changing workforce, but sometimes she missed the gentle squeeze of the old doorframe.

"Good morning, Rita!" Jill beamed.

Rita took her role as the unofficial face of the building seriously, so as the average chest size ballooned so too did she. Now they were as big as they could be without becoming a work-from-home employee. They rested on the ground as she stood and stopped just below shoulder level so that the keyboard was visible and accessible. It was far larger than she ever intended to go and the apparent bust lust at work meant that it happened quicker than she expected as well, but she was proud to perform her (self-imposed) duty for the company

"Good morning, Jill!" She cheerily replied, her infectious smile radiating from behind the sea of flesh.

Jill walked past the rows to her desk, waving at Erica as she passed. The two beachball-breasted bombshells were among the smallest in the building, and definitely within their department.

Erica still dressed as modestly as possible, but as Jill knew all too well there was no hiding curves that size. For some reason there was a unique allure to the unintentionally exposed inches of flesh that seemed to peek out wherever they were least wanted.

Jill settled into her chair and placed her keyboard atop her "desk." She loved the sensation of her bare arms resting on her bosom as she typed.

Looming over the cubicle wall was Barbara, whose orbs hung near her ankles and necessitated a standing position for work. She wore the standard bizkini, her nearly nude top covered by little more than two forest green triangles over her sizable nipples.

The sudden surge in super extreme women meant that both fashion and supply had not yet caught up to demand. In order to accommodate this new market as best they could Bigger Is Better rebranded their largest bikinis as business wear. It did the job, if just barely, and was easier to restock since it used minimal fabric.

Jill reached up and poked a soft sphere, "Good morning, Barbara!"

Being unable to see her sitting coworker the sudden contact startled her, resulting in a noticeable jiggle and causing her nips to stand at attention.

The already tight fabric tented to reveal the outer edges of her areolae. As far as Jill could tell Barbara had no idea this happened when she received her morning poke and she wasn't about to tell her; it was her favorite way to start the workday!

"Oh hey, good morning, Jill." She reoriented her body to see her coworker's face. "Um...did you bring any gingersnaps today? It's probably time for these babies," she patted her boobs, "to stay on terra firma from now on. I was thinking about adding another foot. I know it's overkill, but when you're this big why not, right?" An excited smile had sprung up as she discussed her plans.

"Absolutely!" Jill quickly pulled a cookie from her purse and handed it to Barbara with pride.

"Thanks! I hope this still fits on Monday." She worriedly adjusted her bizkini straps.

"I'm sure it'll be fine," the young baker reassured. "Now you better not start working from home! It'll be awfully lonely around here," she teased with a mock pout.

Barbara took a few steps back and leaned forward, resting her body against her twin mattresses. "Would you blame me if I did?" She began to run her fully extended arms across as much of herself as she could reach, "After all, you're the one who convinced me to keep growing. I used to think H cups might be too big!"

They both exchanged a good chuckle, then returned to their work. As the day wore on Jill once again found herself missing the exuberant presence of Ebony and Angie around the office.

Ebony was the reason the new work-from-home policy was put in place. After doubling her already overinflated pair they equaled her in height. She swore it wouldn't affect her work, resting herself atop them to demonstrate how she would perform her tasks; however, it quickly became clear that she was simply too large to move around the building and didn't intend to stop using the formula. During this brief period she and Angie developed a friendly rivalry. By the time the new rules were in place both women had to be sent home, and even that was beginning to get cramped thanks to the "care packages" Jill had sent with them.

Almost as if on cue the video chat icon popped up on Jill's screen. It was time for the weekly check-in! Just because Angie couldn't physically fit in the department anymore didn't mean she wasn't still responsible for making sure it ran smoothly.

"Hey guys! How's it going?" Angie greeted, a big excited grin on her face. She had managed to just edge ahead of her competitor for now, but since she ran out of product she lived vicariously through Barbara's expansion and frequently encouraged Jill and Erica to join in.

The angle of her camera was set intentionally far away so that the lower third of the screen was entirely filled by her pale 15 foot boobs. Resting atop this was her bare torso; her slender shoulders, arms, and face almost all that could be seen due to the beachball booty that dominated the upper portion of the capture.

"It's all good here. How are you?" Erica replied flatly. She knew these calls were more about breasts than business and since she wasn't adding any inches it seemed a frustrating waste of time.

Suddenly a similarly stunning sight was added to the chat. "Hi everyone, sorry I'm late! I forgot the meeting was happening now." Ebony's camera was even farther back than Angie's, not because of her chest (which was only half a foot short of matching her boss), but because her natural curvaceousness meant that her rear was more than twice as large! The beautiful brown bombshell's thick arms pushed the tip of her new hairdo away from her glasses.

Even with her limitations she was determined to remain fashionable and Jill often wondered what lucky hairdresser got to climb those chocolate mountains. The old curls had been replaced by more of a punk aesthetic, with the right side of her head shaved and a long shard of black hair extending from the left half to cover her eye. The edges of her hair, including the whole shaved section, were dyed an electric blue.

"No biggie," Angie loved to use these phrases to tease her size advantage, "we were just about to review this week and plan for the next one."

After a lengthy period of discussing actual work relevant topics the conversation began to die down and the homebound hotties' real interests came into focus.

"Hey Barb, is it just me or did you get bigger AGAIN?" Ebony asked, idly twirling a loose strand of hair around her finger.

Barbara smiled warmly and held her cookie up, teasingly rotating it back and forth. "Not yet! After this weekend they'll be permanently grounded!"

"Ooh, Ebony! Do you remember when that happened to us?" Angie chimed in, "That's a moment you'll never forget! And what about you Jill and Erica? Any plans?"

"No," Erica answered, trying unsuccessfully to mask her annoyance.

"Yeah, no plans for me either. Same as always." Jill smiled politely.

Both busty behemoths were clearly disappointed.

A smile quickly returned to Ebony's face. "Oh well! When you do decide you're going to love it!" The unseen kicking of her feet caused her cheeks to jiggle madly. "Hey Jill, do you think you might be able to bring some more...?"

This time it was her turn to restrain her frustration. Her arms crossed atop her melons, Jill answered firmly, "No, I've told you both before I will not do house calls. I'm sorry."

They were both desperate to continue their rivalry and made this request every single week.

"Oh, alright," Angie frowned. "Well, I guess I'll see you all next week. Barb, I'm looking forward to seeing the new size!"

They all said their goodbyes and signed off for the day.

Jill sat in her cubicle for a few minutes before leaving. This job used to just be something she had to do, but now coming in and seeing the ever-expanding workforce was one of the great delights of her life. The problem was that more and more people were either reaching the size cap or working from home. There was less to look at with each passing day. She hoped the new business would give her more to look forward to.

Chapter 7: Epilogue

As the sun began its descent towards the horizon a soft breeze rolled across the beach. Two years had passed since the business launched.

Just as Josie predicted, the Bust Booster, as it had come to be called, exploded in popularity and all three women were now the wealthiest people in the world.

The original inventor of the formula opted to become the head of R&D rather than partake in the significant profits and worked continually to test and create new variations on the formula.

The national average bust size had increased from C-D to G-I, but it was still quite common to see women at much larger sizes and not totally rare to find someone beyond the lettering system. According to recent data this average was expected to continue to rise over time, with conservative estimates placing the plateau in the M-N range and others suggesting that measuring in feet would be the new normal for women in the future. Regardless, it was now nigh impossible to go outside without being awash in the sight of cleavage.

Fashion also changed to meet these new sizes, with Bigger Is Better leading the way and rapidly expanding into a national chain. The demand for bras and women's button-up shirts dropped to record lows. Despite the larger amount of skin to cover, clothing was paradoxically trending towards smaller outfits that used less fabric.

The three business owners had combined their money to purchase a modest archipelago with the intent to make it into a paradise for the world's most boob-obsessed women.

Jill shared an island with her mom, who had celebrated the move by downing an incredible amount of Bust Booster. After more than three hours of bliss she now enjoyed 50 foot breasts, cheeks the size of vans, and a continuous undercurrent of increased sensitivity. It didn't matter how much the product strengthened the user's muscles, there was no moving those beached whales.

With her responsibilities much more limited on the island Jill finally felt free enough to grow until her melons rested on the ground and stood level with her shoulders. She had thought her previous beachball size was the ideal, but the sensation of the sand against her bosom as she walked continuously reminded her how wrong she had been.

Her sister had just returned to college after spending spring break with the family. She would be graduating soon and starting her own island with Josie and her friends.

Taylor had followed Jill's example and remained manageably sized, while Christina stayed at nine feet in order to retain mobility and serve as inspiration on campus.

Josie quit being a professor to focus on the business, much to the dismay of the male student body, but now that they were all able to "retire" she fully intended to fulfill her promise of being Taylor's biggest customer.

Emily had dropped out early to pursue her true dream of modeling as the face of Boost Buster and would be rejoining her friends once this year's shooting schedule ended.

Together, they intended to make sure every day felt like that fateful night two years ago in Taylor's dorm. That video, as well as the one of Josie, had gone viral and inspired the trio to start streaming their progress once they got settled.

Per Jill's request the first outsiders to join the community would be her old coworkers Angie and Ebony. She was so excited to see her old friends again and even more enthusiastic about stoking the flames of their rivalry! In preparation for the island she sent each of them a new "care package." Their neighbors kept complaining about the tree-sized nipples in their backyards, but the dueling duo couldn't have been happier to be back in action. There was no way to know how far they would take their competition, but it was guaranteed to be a fight for the ages.

It was near sunset now. The vibrant hues of purple, orange, and red crafting a beautiful end to another perfect day. Jill squeezed her nude body tightly between the magnificent mini-mountains and bountiful booty, nestling comfortably near her mom. They were both too large to hug anymore, but with some maneuvering they could still hold each other's hand.

A camera had been set up in front of Heather so that she would still be able to see the world beyond her body. Currently, this setup was being used to take in the spectacular sunset through the live feed on her phone. If you had told her a few years ago that she would end up living on an island completely immobilized by her own desire for bigger assets she would have thought you were insane and scoffed at the notion of altering her physique, totally unaware of the desire hidden within herself. This was everything she never knew she wanted and she couldn't be happier. She was so proud of her daughters.

Wrapped in the warm, loving embrace of her mother's form Jill was completely at peace. As her eyelids began to grow heavy she started to reminisce about the ripple effect of that one weekend with her friend: the world had completely changed and she was at least partially responsible. She yawned and snuggled deeper into her mom. There were still so many islands to fill and she wondered who else would become part of the community. Jill closed her eyes and drifted off to sleep, dreaming of her friends and family becoming ever larger in their personal utopia.