

# Magic VERSUS Science

## and their roommate in between (their boobs)

*by Rack-Coon*

“Like it or not, my potion makes boobs much bigger than your weird juice!” Olive yelled, defiantly sticking out her swelling chest. Her mounds the size of small melons, they pushed forth the three buttons of her azure tube top, the lowest slowly climbing up the bottom slope that rounded down her ribs. She wore a white blouse over her tube top, all buttons open as she had knotted it under her chest and curving across the cambering curves of her breasts. Steadily, their crests were slipping out of her low-cut top, bulging towards the moon-shaped pendant of her necklace that matched her earring. Cut short on the sides Olive’s ginger hair was styled into a slight pompadour, with a big curl hanging into her frowning face. Her freckles popped from her pale cheeks, just like her green eyes as she glared at the woman in front of her.

“First, it’s not juice, but a carefully crafted formula to stimulate breast growth” Python replied, her voice calm but with some snide as she pointed her own swelling chest at Olive. Slowly, her large cantaloupes stretched her black halter neck top around them, the sides of the silken fabric curving over their flanks. Bit by bit the edges of her bust were unveiled, cambering out of her top and growing beyond her body. Her red tie was gradually bending over her swelling bosom, their fronts billowing on either side of it. One hand on her waist the hazel eyes of the dark-skinned woman returned Olive’s glare, her black hair falling in thick waves over her shoulders and down the top of her back. “And second, you don’t need to perform a statistical analysis to see whose tits are bigger.”

Busts growing towards each other, the two were standing in the living room of their tall apartment. While their furniture consisted of nothing unusual – couch, TV, couch table and some shelves – various peculiar items were scattered on every surface: Gears and machine parts rested next to paper scrolls and bags with strange powders. Flasks were littered throughout the room containing chemicals, herbs, potions and formulas, as well as books were either consisting of complex mathematical equations or runes and occult symbols. Several doors led to other rooms, while a bend led to the dining section of the L-shaped apartment. Both women were holding an empty bottle in their hand, Olive’s with a round bottom while Python’s looked like a test tube.

“If you think your boobs are bigger than mine, you should get your eyes checked” Olive huffed, crossing her arms under the knot of her blouse. As the bottom of her bust lay on

her arms, slightly flowing over them and against the neck of her bottle, their front slowly loomed beyond them, their swelling shape pushing off her blouse. Steadily tighter its sides lay on her breasts, the wrinkles on the edges smoothing as the fabric slid off her tube top. In her steadily growing cleavage, the inner slopes of her breasts gradually bent towards each other, increasing the squeeze of her mounds as they filled the little space between them. “A pair of glasses would suit an egghead like you, anyway.”

“Instead of checking my eyes, a doctor should check your brain.” While Python said that with the driest of sarcasm, her top tented up under her bosom, a slant reaching from its bottom down her abdomen. As the fabric was peeled off her body the curves of her bust’s underside blurred a little. But the further her top was pulled up the more it tightened, wrinkles forming on the entire width of the slant. Hanging slightly over their bottoms the tip of the tie was steadily arching across the growing curve of her breasts, slowly getting pulled up the prospering front of her rack. “A warped perception resulting from envy is nothing uncommon, however if you believe to have bigger tits than me you’re starting to hallucinate.”

“You think you’re sooo clever with your big words, don’t you?” Olive snarled, taking a step towards Python. The buttons of her tube top drifted apart over her bulging rack, just like the fabric between them. Slight slits formed over her breast gap, turning into windows of cleavage that steadily curved outwards, growing from thin lines into small ovals.

The further Python’s assets stuck from her the more they cambered her top, pressing their round shape against it. As such, the fabric indented over her breast gap, forming a shallow half-pipe underneath her tie where the fabric was slowly bunching up into wrinkles. “I would articulate myself in a manner closer to your level of intellect, however I don’t speak cavewoman” Python shot back, also taking a step forward.

Standing almost face to face, Olive’s and Python’s swelling breasts steadily closed the distance between them. Growing to the size of their heads, they were large enough for Python’s test tube to be stuffed between them with neither top nor bottom poking out. Their tops got wrapped tightly around their curves, pushing beyond their shoulders and obscuring their arms. While the sides of Python’s black top continued to arch over the flanks of her bosom as they puffed up, the frontal crests of Olive’s orbs pulled the buttons wider apart. Around the central one the fabric knitted, the little dot shaking on the azure fabric in a dangerous way – almost as dangerous as the glares the two women were casting at each other, looking like they were about to murder each other.

A knock on the door interrupted their stare-off.

“Come in!”

Just as they shouted that and turned towards the door, their breasts swaying from side to side, it opened by a notch. A woman poked her head into the room, her dark skin a shade

brighter than Python's. Her curly hair was combed to one side, falling over her ear. "Um, excuse me, but-"

*BANG!*

The central button popped off Olive's top, uniting the upper cleavage windows as it flew straight at the woman. Her head snapped back as it hit the bridge of her nose, her mouth producing a weak "Ouch!" She squinted her dark eyes at the button, following it when it fell to her feet, before raising her gaze towards the two busty women staring at her.

"Oh my gosh, I'm so, so sorry!" Olive apologized, holding her bottle against her mouth as she clapped her hands over it. "Are you okay?"

"I-I'm fine" the woman stuttered, eyes glued to Olive's and Python's breasts. Though it was faint, she could see as they steadily swelled larger, the growing bulges reaching beyond their torsos towards their shoulders while falling down their abdomens.

"I take it you are here because of the vacant room?" Python assumed. Without the snide, her voice was rational and collected, if a little monotonous.

The woman nodded, fully opening the door and taking a cautious step inside. Around her lithe torso, she wore a colorful off-shoulder top with short sleeves, looking like an abstract street graffiti in several shades of purple, pink and blue. Despite barely bumping around her flat bosom, the hem of the cropped top waved loosely around her chest. The spaghetti-straps of her tank top and thick holders of her sports bra looked out, lying comfortable on her shoulders. "M-my name is Quianna" she said, trying not to blush. "And, um, y-yeah, I'm here for the f-free room."

"So glad to meet you! I'm Olive" Olive chirped, her bottle on her cheek as she clasped her around it. With a smile she leaned a little forward so the crests of her bust were rising out of her top towards Quianna, winking at her with a finger on her lips. "And just between the two of us, I'm a try and true witch!"

"A... witch?" Quianna repeated, attempting but failing not to stare at the cleavage bulging out of Olive's top.

"Don't ever tell her a secret" Python warned her, snide back in her voice. When she turned towards Olive, Quianna could see the sleeveage steadily growing across her breasts as her top wandered across their flanks, approaching their widest slope. "Unless you want the whole world to know it."

"You'd need to have a secret first – but that's only for people who have a life, not dorks who barricade themselves in their rooms every night." While Olive's breasts pulled on her blouse the knot began to tighten against their bottoms, their curves steadily bending over it. "Besides, if she's gonna be our roommate, she should know she's living with an awesome witch – and a crazy scientist."

Python shook her head, the tip of her tie swinging on her breasts while they pushed it forth their swelling curves. “My name is Python – well, Peithon, but everyone calls me Python.”

“Because she’s a toxic bitch!” Olvie whispered towards Quianna, at which Python rolled her eyes.

“Because I did my bachelor thesis on snake DNA. Also, Pythons aren’t poisonous – a witch should know her familiars.”

“There she goes again with the bigotry and stereotypes!” Olive hissed at her, angrily poking Python’s bust. “You think witches are all old hags talking to snakes and bats while riding on brooms, don’t cha?”

“Are you seriously talking about stereotyping after calling me a crazy scientist?” Python snapped back, also poking Olive’s chest. Facing each other the gap between their bosoms closed, their fronts bulging against each other. Quianna watched the surface of their breasts squeezing each other flat, causing them to splay further around their bodies as they blocked their growth forward.

“Sorry, I meant to say whack-o who’s playing with her chemistry set all day!” Poking each other’s busts, the dents in their surface bulged around their fingers, making it look like they were pressing harder the larger their bosoms grew.

“And you’re an annoying little brat who believes in fairy tales” Python shot back.

“I’m not believing in fairy tales, I *am* a fucking fairy tale!”

“I wish, cause then you weren’t real!”

“Bitch!”

“Birdbrain!”

“Mini-Boobs!”

“Tiny-Tits!”

While the swelling of their breasts declined, the squish between them still increased as they leaned towards each other with each insult. From the door, Quianna watched the mounds of their chest billow around their bodies, to the point they nearly spilled up to their chins. “*A scientist... and a witch... with huge honkers... huge, growing honkers.*” As their growth came to a halt, Quianna gulped. “*W-what place did I stumble into?*”

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“Alrighty!” Olive beamed, her bosom shaking as she clapped her hands. “Let’s get this started!”

The three women were sitting at the dining table behind the bend of the apartment. The ceiling was a little taller than the room was wide, making it look like a corridor, though one still with plenty of room. There wasn't much but a large table in the center, some photos and a cupboard with knick-knacks on one wall and the windows on the other. Quianna sat with her back to the living room, Olive and Python across her. Olive folded her hands on the table while Python crossed her arms under her chest. Both their busts hovered above the desk, protruding from their bodies as if they had stuffed their tops with volleyballs.

"If you want to rent the free room in our apartment, please tell us about yourself" Python said in a matter-of-fact manner.

Olive glared at her roommate. "Pull out that stick, will ya? This isn't a job interview, just some small talk so we get to know each other."

"You may call it otherwise, but this is still an interview" Python replied. "At the end of which we are to decide whether she can move in or not."

"Sheesh, maybe it's a good thing you barricade yourself in your room on weekends, cause you'd be the death of any party."

"Better death of a party than brain-dead from killing my neurons with alcohol."

"At least I'm enjoying myself – shall I explain that foreign concept to you?"

"Bold statement from someone who probably can't spell foreign."

"Bitch."

"Birdbrain."

"Mini-Boobs."

"Tiny-Tits."

While the two of them bickered, Quianna felt the knot in her stomach grow even tighter. Her hands clenched her lap while she crossed her legs under the chair, trying to hide their shaking.

"Aaaanyway, best we start by introducing ourselves first" Olive said, throwing one more glare at Python before smiling at Quianna. The swells of her cleavage wobbled when she jumped on her feet, the curl of her pompadour dangling as she made a V-sign in front of her face. "I'm Olive, 25 years old, star sign lion. Like I said, I am a witch, complete with magic and stuff. But don't worry, I'm not going around and turn people into frogs – I only use my magic to make the world a sexier place!"

"With second-rate boob potions."

Olive paused for a moment, scowling at her roommate, before cheerfully continuing: "You may wonder how I became a witch. Well, it was more or less an accident: One

night, while I was stumbling home from a party, I came across a secret witch gathering, performing some sort of moonlight ritual. Curious, I approached, but then tripped and ended up falling into their ritual. Instead of hexing me though, they were super nice, even asking if I wanted to join their circle. I gave it some thought, and eventually signed up for the deal.”

“To sum it up, she was drunk and stuck her nose somewhere it she wasn’t supposed to.”

Olive’s brows furrowed in anger, but she shook it off. “As I was saying, they let me join their circle and taught me how to use magic. I was a little clumsy...”

“She still is.”

It took a little longer for Olive to calm down. “*I was a little clumsy* and struggled with learning the standards. But I bit through, hammering all the knowledge into my noggin, until finally, they taught me how to make my own spells. I was shy at first to use it for my personal... interests. But eventually I stopped caring and focused my magic on my greatest passion.” She put her hands under her breasts, hefting them so more cleavage spilled out of her tube top. “Boobies!”

Having listened the whole time with a blush, Quianna’s eyes followed the jiggles of Olive’s jugs as she dropped them. “B-boobiess?”

Excited Olive nodded. “Eyup! All my potions, all my spells, everything I do is for the sole purpose of making them bigger. The other witches found my obsession a bit odd but quickly came around when I showed them the fruits of my labor. After creating a spell of my own design I passed my apprenticeship and became a full-fledged witch!”

“In other words, she made up some mumbo-jumbo and now thinks she has a proper education” Python said dryly.

Throwing a grim look at Python Olive stemmed her hands into her sides. “Anything else you want to add?”

Not looking at her Python sat quietly in her chair. Olive puffed up her chest as she took in a deep breath, nerves calming down as she breathed out.

“...birdbrain.”

“Okay, that’s it!” Fuming, Olive snapped her fingers. Quianna flinched as a large book appeared in a blue cloud of smoke, hovering in front of Olive just so high above the table Quianna still had full view on her bosom. The book opened on its own, flipping through the pages while Olive raised her hands. “I’ll show you my mumbo jumbo!”

Settling on a page the book began to glow. Eyes closed Olive made some hand signs, head held high as she mumbled under her breath.

“*Biggus boobus maximus...*”

The book glowed a little brighter, illuminating the underside of her bosom. A faint sparkle suddenly surrounded her curves. A moment later, right in front of Quianna's bulging eyes, they slowly grew larger. Reaching over the book, their bottoms steadily bent over the knot of her blouse, hiding it behind their increasing bulk. As they flared to either side of her torso the sides of her bosom stripped out of the white fabric, making it crease up and retreat towards their backside. The further her breasts spread out, the more clearly they reached around her body, creating a steadily sharper transition as their slopes obscured her arms. Wider and higher the crests of her breasts reached out of her tube top, slightly overflowing as their slopes cambered over the neckline. As their fronts billowed away from her, they steadily swelled beyond the buttons between them, which continued to arch across the growing curve of her chest. The gaps between them expanded around her gradually tighter breast gap, the surface of her cleavage slightly billowing inside the diamond-shaped windows.

Olive proudly stuck out her chest, making it bounce. "How you like them tits?" she asked as her flesh seeped more and more prominently out of her top, pushing the buttons forward while the pendant of her necklace was getting obscured by her rising cleavage. "This is the spell that earned me the title of witch! It even got added to the great compendium of witchcraft – a feat only one in a hundred witches pull off!"

Python glanced at the swelling breasts of her roommate from the side, watching them protrude from. "It is kind of impressive" she admitted as Olive's orbs stopped growing, a pair of grand spheres around the size of basket balls. For a split second, Quianna believed to see a trace of genuine happiness in Olive's features, even a little blush. It was quickly gone however when Python added: "You added a spell called 'Biggus maximus boobus' to the standard compendium of your pseudo-craft, for future generations to read and laugh about."

Olive's face turned bright red, Quianna not sure if it was out of anger or embarrassment. "IT'S BIGGUS BOOBUS MAXIMUS!!!" she yelled, slamming her flat hand against the floating book. A bright light suddenly flashed from the pages. At the same time a ball of blue sparks dropped from the cover on the table, bouncing off like a rubber ball right at Quianna. Before she knew it, it hit her chest, making her whole body glow as it dispersed into it.

"Kya!!" That was all Quianna could squeal before tingling sensations overwhelmed her, focusing on her chest. Beneath her shirt, faint curves tented up the fabric of her tank top and sports bra, billowing inside the puffy folds of her top. Steadily, the slack was filled by two bumps rising from her body, until the very crests of their fronts pushed against it. The loose folds began to tighten while arching over the steadily rounder shape of her breasts, the colorful spots of pink, purple and white shaping up into a convex surface. Between them the fabric slightly dented, forming a soft half-pipe as fistfuls of flesh pushed against her shirt, a slight shadow indicating their inner slopes.

“Wha-wha-what?!” Lips shaking and eyes flickering, Quianna watched her bosom surge out from her, forming two steadily larger swells that grew into small hemi-spheres. The further their slopes were bulging, the more prominently the gap between them became, even as her shirt was lifted off her tank top. On their edges they then began to curve outwards, like balls that were squeezed out of her body as their widest parts swelled away from her and reached to the sides. All around pockets of space formed in the fabric as it was pulled up their billowing curves, before it began to snuggle the slopes that bent beyond her torso.

“W-what is happening to me?!” Quianna screamed, her body frozen safe for her growing rack. Underneath the colorful the spots that stretched and warped around the rounding shape of her bust, her tank top and sports bra were stretching as well, although more rigidly: Below the shallow half-pipe of her shirt, her tank top was folding into an even deeper one, creating a gap between the two shirts. Her bra meanwhile still rested on her skin, creasing a little as the inner slopes of her breasts pressed against it. The further her bust projected from her, the more the inner curves bulged, turning into cliffs that cambered towards each other. Eventually, they lifted her bra off her chest, three pockets of space gaping between the three layers of her clothes and her body. While her breasts gradually blocked the view on her waist, her shirt began to drape from them, loosely at first. But the clearer their fronts were pressing their shape into the fabric, the more the slant creased, gradually tighter folds cascading from her chest down her body.

Unable to do or say anything Quianna simply stared at the swells protruding from her, prospering into grapefruits of flesh. Quianna’s paralysis didn’t wear off even when the tingle inside them subsided, her shirt billowing more and more slowly until it stopped. Finally, her mind grasped the situation: The once petite, barely existent curves of her chest had miraculously grown to a modest, yet clearly visible bump on her body.

“My...my...!” She couldn’t finish the sentence, only fold her hands over her mouth, eyebrows arching even higher when her elbows grazed her bust. Hesitant, she took er hands off her mouth and put them on her breasts, carefully cupping her palms around them. Her fingers twitched as they hugged her curves through the fabric, clearly feeling their bulge. “This... this can’t be, I-I mean, how... what...?”

But as she threw a glance full of questions at Olive and Python, the two of them weren’t even looking at her.

“I’m just saying, one look into an online translator and you could have saved yourself a lot of humiliation.” Python’s voice was full of snide, all directed at Olive.

“Any dum-dum can use a translator!” Olive snapped, pushing her slightly larger bust against Python’s. Still standing while Python sat, the bottom of Olive’s bosom lay on top of Python’s breasts, pushing them down. “It may be silly but at least it gives my spell some flavor!”

“And what flavor is ‘biggus boobus’ supposed to be? Idiot nut?”



“Better idiot nut than party pooper!”

“Keep aiming for those low bars and one day you may pass one.”

“Bitch!”

“Birdbrain!”

“Mini-Boobs!”

“Tiny-Tits!”

Cupping her breasts Quianna stared at the two women quarrelling with each other, eyes blank and jaw dropped. *“They... didn’t even notice.”*

With a flick of her bosom Python pushed Olive’s breasts off. “Anyway, I figure it’s my turn for introductions” she said as she stood up. Pouting, Olive sat down and snapped her fingers, at which the floating book vanished in a puff. “My name is Peithon, but like I said, you can call me Python. My age is 27, my blood type B. I’ve got a master’s degree in biochemistry and am currently working to acquire my PhD. As I already mentioned, I worked with snakes during my bachelor thesis, originally researching their immune response to viral infections. However, due to my knowledge in human physiology I realized that after infecting certain snakes with genetically manipulated viruses, by mixing their blood serums a biochemical compound is released that if injected into a human woman would cause the natural cell regeneration in their breast tissue to-”

“Zzzzzz...”

Python was interrupted by Olive’s sound snoring. She had put her bosom on the table, crossed her arms on her cleavage and nestled her head in them, eyes closed. Quianna wasn’t sure whether she was truly asleep or faking it.

Though her mimic was more subtle than Olive’s, Python’s features clearly warped in anger. “Right. I forgot some people in this room have an attention span of two and a half seconds.” From her pocket Python pulled out a syringe, filled with a bright red liquid. “Perhaps a visual demonstration is more appropriate so the immature will stay focused.”

With no hesitation she rammed the syringe into the side of her bosom. After injecting half of its content she took it out again, pulling her breasts slightly and making them jiggle. Shortly after their wobbling ceased their flanks moved again, protruding steadily further beyond her body. Her upper arms bit by bit vanished from Quianna’s view behind their bulk while the rim of her top was pulled past their widest slopes. As the fabric formed a crescent over each breast, growing side cleavages poked out of her top, reaching for the front of her bosom. The frontal crests of Python’s breasts steadily reached away from her, ever larger domes forming billowing around the tie. Bit by bit, its tip got pulled up her bust, hanging more limply from her curves while snuggling the shape of her breast gap. The further her bosom’s tops arched against the black fabric, the more it creased under the tie, slightly lifting it up between the rising slopes.

Quianna's eye almost dropped out of their sockets as they watched the scientist's breasts bulging towards her. "S-so that's... snake blood?" she quietly asked. "And it makes... breasts grow?"

"A mixture of blood serums to be precise, but yes." Her syringe still in one hand, Python ran her other over the exposed side of her bust, stroking her dark skin with her fingertips. "It may seem fantastical, and many of my colleagues doubted me. But I already had a fair share of experience with breast enlargement using hormone-stimulating compounds."

"You had... what?"

"A little hobby, so to speak. Anyway, I pursued that line of research further, and decided to base my master thesis and now my PhD on it." While she talked, the bottoms of her breasts flared into the space of the fabric falling off them, gradually pulling it from her abdomen. The wrinkles dropping from her rack sharpened, tenting up into columns while slightly denting inwards over her waist and smoothing against her breasts. "I am currently working to refine the virus while testing different snake species for more effective mixtures. After that, I'll conduct a clinical study on a large number of test subjects, which should give me plenty of data to earn my doctoral degree."

When her bosom was just as wide to overflow a large dining plate, the growth slowed down, quickly coming to an end. With calm pride Python stuck her breasts from her, Quianna blushing while following the jiggles of their bare sides. As they calmed down Olive slowly got up from her bosom, cleavage bulging between her buttons as she stretched herself. "Did I miss something?" she asked, letting out an exaggerated yawn. Throwing a glance at Python's bosom, she added: "I'm not into science, but it sure doesn't look like there was a significant change here."

Python's eyebrow twitched as she clenched the syringe. "Like I said, you may need to get your eyes checked..."

"And you may need to get your boobs checked" Olive cut her off, grinning mischievously as she got up. One hand on her own bosom her other cupped Python's, hefting both in her hands. "Like, even with aaaaall your big and fancy words, you can't catch up to my mumbo-jumbo."

Python's grip on her syringe tightened, so far it began to slip out of her hand. "Would you kindly refrain from invading my personal space?"

"What, you mean like this?" Putting both hands on her bust Olive shoved them up and down against the flanks Python's, rubbing the bare skin with her cleavage. "I'm sorry, but am I in your personal space now? I wouldn't know, for I'm just an air-headed birdbrain."

Shaking in anger Python turned at Olive. "HOW DARE YOU MOCK MY GLORIOUS MOUNDS WITH YOUR TINY TITS?!"

Her grip on the syringe become so tight it flew out of her hand and high into the air. While Python grabbed her breasts and pushed back against Olive, Quianna slid back with her chair, watching in fear as the two angrily shoved their busts against each other. She didn't see the syringe soaring in an arc until it fell right at her, needle ahead.

“EEP!” she squealed as the syringe pierced through her top into her breast. Quickly Quianna pulled it out, only to see that the force of the impact had already unloaded the rest of the serum into her. Staring at the empty syringe, a warmth suddenly built up inside her. Her blood pumped in her ears, the serum cursing through her veins and making her breasts tingle. Soon they were growing again, pulling her clothes even further over their prospering shape. Between their fronts the fabric knitted, bridging their fronts as it stretched it towards their level, her tank top and bra following underneath. At the same time, the neckline of her off-shoulder shirt slowly slid downwards, slipping past the holders and neckline of her tank top and bra. As it revealed her underclothes her colorful top got peeled off her collarbone, floating towards her bosom. Eventually it landed on the slope of her breasts, steadily gliding over her tank top on their cambering ascent.

Shortly after, her tank top got picked up as well, alongside her bra. As their holders stretched between her shoulders and bosom, their necklines were dragged onto her bust, a slim line of cleavage poking out behind her bra as they followed her top. Alongside reaching for the steadily higher curve of her bosom crests, her sports bra began to ride up on the bottom, slowly tenting up towards the slopes that bent over and bulged down her body. On their front meanwhile, the gaps between her clothes were steadily closing, her tank top and bra getting raised towards her shirt which steadily threw wrinkles over the center of her rack. Though the gap under her bra expanded, it was quickly invaded by the inner curves of her bosom. With their bulges reaching towards each other, the space between them took on the shape of an hourglass, small patches of space framing the steadily thinner line between her assets.

Aghast, Quianna stared at the bumps that looked like cantaloups stuffed into her bra. Around them, the colorful patches of her shirt warped larger, growing blurry while their hue brightened. The creases running between her breasts spread out, forming an accordion that reached from the swelling front of one breast to the other. All around, her breasts were arching around her, reaching up her sternum and down her ribs, while their flanks passed her body and bulged over her arms. The larger they grew, the more striking their firm and round shape became, blowing up like a pair of round balloons. Bit by bit her cleavage expanded, the neckline of her shirt approaching the peak of her bosom while her bra curved between the holders, with her tank top between them. Alongside peeking out in a gradually growing field of cleavage, her breast gap was growing narrower by the second, the gap between her breasts turning into a crack. Finally, the inner slopes of her bosom bent against each other, Quianna getting goosebumps as they gently grazed one another. The soft graze however quickly got tighter, a squeeze zone spreading out between her mounds. Unable to distend to their full round shape the

pressure between her breasts increased, tightening the gap in her gradually deeper décolleté.

Once her breasts stuck out a little more than half a foot from her the warmth inside Quinna subsided, decreasing along their growth. The syringe dropped from her hand, rolling over the table and falling off it as she stared aghast at her assets. While she whimpered at their sight, Python and Olive were still pushing their busts against each other, throwing insults forth and back.

“I am aware my research is on a level far above your comprehension, yet it would still be polite to at least feign interest and not pretend to fall asleep!”

“What else was I supposed to do to celebrate your snoozefest? Like, who introduces themselves with their friggin’ blood type?!”

“Blood type is a valuable information in case you need treatment - Zodiac sign is an obscure piece of superstitious nonsense!”

“It’s fun, okay? F-U-N! A brainiac like you should know a simple word like that!”

“The only type of fun you know is whoring yourself out!”

“Bitch!”

“Birdbrain!”

“Mini-Boobs!”

“Tiny-Tits!”

While the two of them glared daggers at each other, Quianna slowly digested the shock. When neither of them reacted to her puzzled glance, she cleared her throat. “Um, excuse me but... m-maybe I should introduce myself now?”

“What? Oh right, of course.” Olive’s bust swayed as she turned to Quianna, her frown turning upside down. “Okay then, tell us a bit about yourself!” Python also calmed down, both sitting down as they stared at their guest.

Quianna glanced at the two top-heavy women across the table, then at her own chest that in any other context would have been a huge rack at this point. Trying to get them out of her head for the moment, she took in a deep breath. “I’m, I’m Quianna, 23 years old, and-”

“Really? Cool!” Olive’s eyes lit up, her bosom bouncing in joy. “I always wanted a little sister – or well, younger roommate, but what’s the difference? Don’t worry, your big sis Olive is gonna protect you from all danger – especially mean bitches trying to haggle you” she added, at which Python harrumphed.

“Er, thanks. A-anyway, I used to live in the dorm of my college b-but that’s not an option for me anymore because...” Quianna sunk into her chair, looking anxiously at Python. “I... d-dropped out of college.”

“That’s nothing to be ashamed of” Python said, much to Quianna’s surprise. “The important thing is you tried and strived for higher education – and didn’t settle for staying a superstitious birdbrain” she added, at which Olive stuck out her tongue.

“Yes, thank you... I guess. W-well, I recently got an office job, so paying my share of rent will be no problem, and...” Quianna paused. “And... and...”

As she thought about what to say about herself, she realized how boring she must have looked next to a witch and a genius scientist. Her breasts fell on the table as she sunk even deeper into the chair.

“I... guess that’s it. I’m just an average girl, without any big talent or hobby... except for being into anime, but compared to magic or science-“

“You’re into anime?” Olive’s breasts jiggled in excitement. “Then I got something you’ll love!” Bust wobbling ahead of her she dashed past Quianna, vanishing through one of the doors in the living room area. After some sound rummaging she returned, bouncing back to her seat. In her hand she held a large birdcage that she set on the table. Inside it a pink ball of light was floating around, glitter falling from its iridescent butterfly wings.

“Believe your eyes, this right here is a real fairy from one of dem tales!” Olive declared as she opened the cage. The little ball of light flew on her palm, Olive proudly presenting it to Quianna. “I found it floating near a bed of flowers. It embodies the spirit of spring and bloom, the rise from adolescence to adulthood, the virtue of love and-“

“Does it make breasts grow?” Quianna interrupted her.

Olive blinked. “Well, yes.”

“Ridiculous.” Arms crossed under her large chest, Python got up. “If you are into anime, I got something that suits your interests far better.” A gentle sway in her bosom she walked into the living room area through another door. Shortly after she came back, holding a futuristic ray gun like from an old sci-fi movie.

“Aside from biochemistry, I’m also into physics and engineering” she said as she sat back down, one arm under bust while the other held up the ray gun. “In my spare time, I am experimenting with wavelengths of the electromagnetic spectrum. Some time ago, I found a specific frequency that modulated with the right amplitude and overlapped with interferences from other spectrums can stimulate cellular reactions which in turn-“

“Does it make breasts grow?” Quianna interrupted her.

Python blinked. “Well, yes.”

“Maybe mini-boobs like yours.” Olive’s elbow squished her bust as she raised the fairy above her cleavage. “But if you want some serious honkers, try this!”

Pinching the fairy’s wings, Olive gave it a soft shake. Pink glitter rained down on her bosom, each spark ringing like a cymbal as it landed on her skin. “Hmmm” Olive hummed, softly swaying her head from side to side while letting go of the fairy. Once all glitter had landed on her bust it began to glow, even more as it started reaching out from her. Blowing up larger on all ends her breasts stretched her tube top over their bottoms, while their tops were steadily rising out of it. Her necklace was obscured behind the crests muffin-topping out of the fabric, swelling high enough to cover her shoulders from Quianna’s point of view. While the bare skin billowed beyond her arms the fabric held back her curves, the constraint of her shirt slowly separating her bust in a naked top that billowed past the restrained covered bottom half. It still bulged far enough though to push off the last bits of her blouse, the white fabric creasing up in the gap between her breasts and body. At the same time, the knot was buried under her breasts, their bottoms squeezing it against her body as they lolled past her ribs down her abdomen.

“Thaaat’s the stuff!” The fairy floating around her head Olive groped her bosom with both hands, cooing. While she massaged her growing flesh her breasts continued to grow around her torso, gradually pulling her top around them. Between the steadily wider domes that projected forwards, the cleavage windows were pulled wide around her breast gap. Ever further they were bulging through them, forcing the buttons apart. Suddenly, the bottom one popped off, creating one large window only held by the button of her neckline. Quickly Quianna moved her head, avoiding getting another button between her eyes. While Olive’s orbs bounced in front of her, they swelled through the large diamond in her top, slowly expanding it around their billowing bulk.

With prominent swells standing off from her tube top, the growth of Olive’s bust calmed down. The shimmer around her breasts steadily faded, their curves settling around the size of big medicine balls. “See?” she said, letting the fairy hover on her palm as she winked at Quianna. “This is how you grow boobs!”

“In your tiny world, maybe” Python deadpanned. While Olive had grown herself, she had fumbled around her ray gun, and was now pointing it at herself. “Now that the kids are done, it’s time for the adults to play.”

A sound like from an old arcade machine emitted as Python pulled the trigger, shooting a green beam into her bust. Like Olive’s it began to glow, only in a green aura instead of a pink one. Once she stopped shooting herself, her mounds began to grow, pushing against her top and mushrooming out on the sides. Further and wider the flanks of her bosom rounded, standing beyond the fabric and forcing it to retreat towards the middle of her bust. For a second her top ran in a straight line down her breasts from the front, before its edges began to curve inwards, creasing as lips of her bosom bulged around it. Underneath her red tie, the wrinkles above her breast gap grew larger, the fabric

snuggling the slopes that bent against each other, increasing the pressure inside the fabric. The tip of the tie was raised until it fully rested on the top half of her bosom, constantly arching along her bust. Knits formed on the entire length of the red fabric as her breasts bulged and folded it between them. The further they billowed beyond it, the smaller her tie looked on the surface that ballooned around them.

“There we go” Python said, holding the gun next to her face as she stuck out her assets. Across their tops and bottoms the fabric was vaulting, their round shape showing while her upper body steadily disappeared behind them. While knitting on every edge the fabric slowly turned sheer over their widest slopes, her dark skin showing through the dark fabric. The wrinkles pulled over her bosom turned sharper the further the slopes bent up her neck and down her waist, while the hem began gliding up her abdomen. The fabric falling from her bosom dented inwards, smoothing against her breasts and latching on, forming a breast pocket. As a result, the size and shape of her bust popped even more the tauter her top taut around them, leaving nothing of their curves to the imagination.

“I could go on about the exact specifications of the ray gun as well as my bosom” Python said as she the glow around her breasts faded. Holding up her ray gun she placed her other hand under her chest, coyly smiling as the swelling ceased within her palm. “But I think it’s sufficient to say that by all scientific metrics, these are some seriously huge knockers.”

“See? I win” Olive said, holding the fairy with one hand while cupping her bust with the other. “Your breasts are seriously huge, while mine are fantastically huge – that’s like, one magnitude bigger at least.”

“If you mean fantastical as only in your fantasy, you are correct” Python shot back, her hand overflowing as she pushed up her bosom.

Even more than before, the air frizzled between the two women. Before long they were pushing their busts together again, glaring over their bulging racks at each other.

“Just admit already I’m bigger!” Olive yelled, holding the fairy above their bosoms. “Your little toys can never match the forces of mother nature!”

“Please” Python responded, pointing with her ray gun at the fairy. “As if your hocus pocus could compete with modern science!”

“I’ll show you hocus pocus, bitch!” Taking a step back Olive winded up her arm with the fairy.

“Try it, birdbrain!” Python said, taking aim with her gun.

Feeling like the situation was about to escalate (even more) Quianna thought about intervening but hesitated too long. As Olive threw the fairy at Python while Python shot at Olive. The beam collided with the glittering fairy, the air frizzling as magic and

science met. With a loud puff the fairy was blown to the side, while the bean bounced off in the other direction. Quianna watched the fairy fly in a wide arc above her, leaving a trail of glitter before landing in the living room, near the TV. Runign her head to see it lie on the floor Quianna suddenly hear cymbals jingle, while feeling a tingle in her bust. Immediately she turned her head, just to see the glitter popping on her bosom. Meanwhile, the beam of the ray gun reflected off a photo on the wall, bounced a few times between the windows and other reflective surface before hitting Quianna right in the chest.

“Gack!” Quianna gasped, her whole body on edge as tingling sensations flooded it. From head to toe she was glowing in a mixture of pink and green. Rearing back her head over the backrest, her mind went blank as fabric bulged around her breasts, the colorful spots further stretching and thinning across their burgeoning slopes. Her shirt, tank top and bra glided down to the front of her bust, expanding her cleavage across the crests that pushed higher behind them. Though the three necklines approached each other her shirt still raced down the fastest, going for the equator of her bust, with her tank top slightly behind while her bra was last. Hovering between her shoulders and chest its holders began to fold in the middle, forming an elongated pyramid-shape, while the spaghettis of her tank-top were stretched into nylon threads. The further her top was wrapped around her expanding curves, the dome of each breast popping from the colorful fabric, the more tightly they pulled her sleeves against her arms, steadily constricting them as they outgrew her head in size.

Her bosom rising right in front of her Quianna tensed her shoulders, overwhelmed by the mixture of fairy magic and electromagnetic radiance cursing through her. It felt like they were whirling around inside her bosom, sending pulses through every single cell, down to the very soul and DNA of her breasts. To each side of her body, they billowed beyond her, forming rounder and wider slopes. Folds piled up on the periphery of her bust while the fabric was stretched smooth across their widest curves. Similarly, the bottoms of her breasts bulged as firm domes down her body, hanging past her ribs over the top of her waist. With how much fabric they pulled around them, the hem of her shirt was lifted off her abdomen, steadily rising towards her bust. While creasing and shortening towards her rack the hem of her shirt slid past her tank top and bra, the later knitting over her ribs as it was riding up.

Though still intense, Quianna got so far used to the sensations she could form clear thoughts again. Swelling swiftly around her, her breasts wobbled from Quianna’s heavy breathes, slightly rocking forth and back as they grew to the size of basket balls. The white of her shirt turned fully sheer while the blue and purple became semi-transparent, her dark tank top shining through. Slopes billowed around her body, the wrinkles on her shirt bending over the backside of her breasts as they stretched out to all directions from of her body. It took a while until Quianna really grasped the size of her bust, her lower body pretty much gone behind the fun-bags dangling from her— no, they weren’t dangling, as Quianna ran her palms over them she found them so be just as smooth and



firm as after their last growth spurt, despite being more than twice the size and still going up. Staring at her immense bust, having to tilt her head to actually oversee all of its growing girth, Quianna placed a hand on her mouth. “This can’t be” she whispered, her other hand wandering under one breast to feel its weight. Everything she had seen, felt, experienced in this apartment, it was all crushing down on her, both the impossibility and reality of it. “This, this, it can’t be, I mean breasts, they don’t just...”

However, she couldn’t really finish the thought, for the bickering of Olive and Python cut into it.

“No matter how you look it at, the fact you puny beam bounced off my fairy means it’s more powerful!”

With each word she heard, the confusion and shock in Quianna’s features faltered. Instead, as the hems of her clothes continued to ride up towards her breasts, slowly resembling Olive’s tube top, her brows began to furrow.

“That only proves it can reflect light – and if I may remind you, my beam pushed it aside, so it’s stronger both in physical strength and in making breasts grow.”

While their fronts surged from Quianna, spreading against the transparent cover of her shirt, her breasts squeezed against each other inside her bra, slowly flattening their inner curves. With similarly growing pressure Quianna was gritting her teeth.

“Oh, is that the great scientific argument you make here? That your dumb beam shoved my cute little fairy aside like a bully?”

It was getting hard for Quianna to move her arms, so tightly the sleeves were pulled against her body due to her shirt being full of her assets. Yet her arms were shaking, the hand under her bosom tightly clenching the growing mass of mammary.

“I don’t need sound science against a birdbrain like you – any rational argument would be wasted!”

As the crests of her breasts were rising out of her top towards her neck, the holders of her bra and tank top tilted towards her shoulders while cutting into their round surface. This didn’t stop her breasts from popping from her body, just like the vein that twitched on Quianna’s forehead.

“I’ve had it with your stupid science!” Olive yelled “You and your teeny-weeny boobs can go and fly to space for all I care!”

“And you can take your joke of a bosom and return into the wonderland you came from!” Python snapped back.

“Bitch!”

“Birdbrain!”

“Mini-Boobs!”

“Tiny...”

*WHAM!*

Both Olive and Python flinched as Quianna slammed her hands against the table. “THEY’RE THE SAME SIZE!!!!” she bellowed at them, her chair almost falling over as she jumped to her feet, bust bouncing in fury and swelling around her arms. “You two have been fighting the second I got in here about who got bigger tits, but the truth is THERE IS NO FUCKING DIFFERENCE!!!”

Aghast, Olive and Python stared at the seething Quianna, then lowered their gaze towards her big, growing bosom. The glow of pink and green started to fade around it, while the rapid growth calmed down. When they were as large as Olive’s and Python’s Quianna’s breasts ended their expansion, hovering just an inch above the table even as she stood. “Oh geez, we did it again” Olive moaned, nesting her head in her cleavage as she dropped her breasts on the table.

Still glaring at them, Quianna raised an eyebrow. “What?”

Python sat back down. “Well, the truth is, you are not the first one to answer our announcement. However...” She coughed, bust quivering as she shifted around her chair. “Everyone who has shown up so far rejected after meeting us.”

“We just can’t keep from fighting over who’s better at growing boobs” Olive sighed, rolling her head around her breasts. “And then we get so caught up we don’t even realize they get caught in the crossfire.” She raised her head, the pendant of her necklace falling between her breasts as she dragged her bosom over the table. “I’m sorry for the trouble we’ve caused” she said as she let herself fall against the chair.

“I apologize as well.” Python’s tie fell a little from her rack as she bowed at Quianna, pushing her assets against edge of the table. “Thank you for showing interest in our apartment. Naturally, we will shrink you back down before you-”

“Are you kidding me?!” Quianna cupped her breasts, her tiny hands sinking into the fabric and flesh. “I love my new boobies! And I ABSOLUTELY want to live here!”

The busts of Olive and Python leapt as they jolted up in surprise. “Wait, really?”

“But of course!” Straightening her back Quianna ran her hands across the bottoms of her bust, beaming at her cleavage. “I mean, I was a little intimidated at first when my boobs suddenly started growing. But they are so big and soft, and barely weight anything despite being so huge. And the feeling of growing, it’s just...” Wrapping her arms around her bosom as far as she could she pushed it against her face, cuddling her cleavage. “Honestly, I never knew I needed a pair of giant blimps for tits, but now I can’t imagine life without them!”

Olive and Python exchanged a glance, before staring at Quianna in confusion. “We’re happy to hear that, but...”

“If you like them, why did you get so mad just now?”

Dropping her breasts and sending them jumping on her frame, Quianna stemmed her fists into her sides. “Because of your stupid fight!” she scolded them “Instead of arguing who can make bigger boobs, you two should work together to create the most mind-bogglingly massive mammaries the whole wide world has ever seen!”

Thunderstruck, Olive and Python turned towards each other, rubbing their busts together.

“The most massive mammaries...”

“...in the whole world?”

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“Careful” Olive whispered. A faint aura surrounding her hands, between which a green sphere was hovering. The light flowed from her fingers into the marble-sized orb, making its color more vibrant by the second. It floated in front of her cleavage as she leaned forward, just like Python who was standing in front of her.

“No need to tell me.” Holding a pipette above the sphere, she poured a single drop of pink liquid on it. It sparkled for a second, before a pink spiral ran around its surface from top to bottom. With a pincer, Python grabbed it from the air, the glow from Olive’s hands fading as both turned to the table. Tilting her body so her bosom wasn’t in the way Python dropped the sphere into a jar brim with others of its kind, sitting right in front of Quianna.

“Alright” Olive said, chest wobbling as she arched her back. “This is the combined boob-growing power of almost every magic and scientific doo-hickey we know, jam-packed into one easily digestible package. I used the bosomy bits of mandrake roots looking like busty women as a basis...”

“...which I genetically modified” Python continued, bosom spilling over her arms she crossed them under it “Adding the DNA compounds of women with gigantomastia...”

“...after which they were drenched in the tears of a hundred flat-chested maidens yearning for bigger breasts...”

“...injected with nanobots that are programmed to rapidly produce breast tissue...”

“...blessed with the light of 100 full moons shining on clearings where busty witches were dancing...”

“...and garnished with a drop of highly concentrated growth hormones.”

Quianna looked into the jar, the little spheres glistening in pink and green. “They kinda look like candy.”

Python cleared her throat. “In any case, this is probably the most potent breast growth supplement that has ever been crafted.”

“That’s right” Olive grinned, proudly rubbing her finger under her nose. “This is the most potent boob magic the world has ever seen!”

Python glared at her. “You mean the most potent breast *science*.”

“What’s that supposed to mean?” Olive snarled, both women turning at each other and squeezing their assets together. “You’re saying my magic is worth less than your science again, don’t you?”

“I’m simply stating facts” Python replied, their busts spilling to their chins as they leaned towards each other. “You can be happy I let you pull off your little tricks, even though they probably dilute the results.”

“Excuse me?! If anything, your science bullshit may be screwing with my magic!”

“Even if that were true, it only proves your mumbo-jumbo is inferior if it can be overruled so easily.”

“Well your face is inferior my mumbo-jumbo!”

“That doesn’t make any-”

*Munch, munch, munch.*

Immediately Olive and Python turned to Quianna. The jar half-empty she shoved another handful of the spheres into her full mouth, happily chewing on them. When she saw the aghast looks on Olive’s and Python’s faces she quickly gulped it all down. “What? Should I have taken them with water?”

“You... were only supposed to take one” Olive mumbled.

“Really?” Quianna cocked her head. “Then why did you make so many?”

Elbow at her bosom Python rubbed her chin. “That... is a very good question.”

Suddenly, Quianna’s stomach gurgled, so loud it made her blush. “Is... is that supposed to happen? O-or this?” she asked as her whole body began to glow. An ever-brighter aura like the little spheres surrounded her, green with a pink spiral moving that slowly spun around her. Most prominently the gleam was around her bosom, the twin orbs glowing in a bright light.

“I dunno?” Olive said, looking a bit lost. “Is it supposed to happen?”

Python scratched her head. “Since we scrambled this stuff together without any tests... no clue.”

A tingle embraced Quianna's breasts, similar to the ones she had experienced several times that day already - only this one was much, much stronger. "S-something's happening!" Wrapping her arms around her rack she pushed her chair back from the table, eyes rolling up as she let out a soft moan. "Ohhh... ooohhhh!!!"

From across the table, Olive and Python watched her with some concern. A sudden gasp from her made them flinch. As the aura around Quianna's breasts faded, they began to rise from her, the valley between them bulged towards her neck while their slopes bent against each other. At the same time, their bottoms swelled down her waist towards her lap, hems of clothes creasing as they were pulled upwards. Following her shirt, her tank top and bra landed on the underside of her bosom, cleavage poking out from the rising hems of her clothes. Keeping their round shape, the sides of her breasts swelled beyond her body, standing as greater and wider domes to either side from Quianna. Long and thin wrinkles spread over the backsides towards the flanks of her breasts, looking like claws of a skinny monster were cupping them from behind. Jutting almost straight from her, their fronts were swelling towards the level of her knees as she sat, the transparent spots of her shirt stretching to invisibility as they blew up to the size of beach balls.

"Ooohhh... Uuuuhhh!" Her bosom feeling like it was on fire, Quianna was unable to articulate herself in any way aside from moaning vocals. The color of her shirt faded, her tank top fully shining through as her shirt was only visible by the folds around her hands. The bigger they grew the more tightly Quianna plunged her fingers into their surface, ploughing like a tractor through her breasts. Eyes closed and head tilted Quianna fondled and kneaded herself with her mouth agape.

"She was more shy when she entered" Python remarked.

Watching Quianna grope Olive herself Olive gave a thumbs-up. "I like her better this way!"

Python smiled. "I wasn't implying a negative."

A loud rip turned their focus to the fabric between Quianna's breasts. As it bunched up around her clutching fingers, her top tore apart in the middle of her bust, splitting from the neckline downwards. As the tear slowly expanded, ripping down her ever large breasts they bit by bit jutted out further. More tears appeared all around her bosom, some coming from the neckline, other the bottom, a few in the spots stretching across her rack. Her tank top bulged through the tears as her transparent top slowly dissolved around her bust. With cleavage growing under and over her top, steadily larger swells escaping the confines, the cover of her shirt diminished, more space getting taken up by her dark skin and tank top. When her top was little more than patchwork, it rapidly shredded around her bosom. Quianna gasped as it was blasted off her rack, causing her to let go and drop her arms to her sides. Fragments of fabric fell around like confetti while her breasts bounced above her leg, slapping her legs at each drop. The sleeves that had constricted

her a few moments ago now limply fell to her elbows as the back half of her shirt slid down her, hanging at her waist.

“Haa.. haaa...” Though Quianna panted in exhaustion, her breasts seemed far from down. With her shirt gone, only her tank and sports bra lay around them, stretching across their growing curves. Cleavage pushed her clothes towards the front of her bust, steadily rolling up the fabric around the bulges that reached out of her bra on both ends. Quianna’s blushing face steadily vanished behind their crests, while even as their bouncing subsided their bottoms grazed her lap. The holders arched across their swelling slopes, the spaghettis sliding off her bra straps down the flanks of her bust while diving little by little into the surface of her bosom. Knitting faster around her bosom than her bra her tank top steadily turned into a belt, causing her breasts to swell around it. A gradually deeper dent went around the equator of her rack, her tank top restricting its girth. At the transition between top and sides, the spaghetti holders got embraced by the lips reaching around them, making it look like fissures in her flesh. A faint stretching noise emerged from them, quickly growing louder.

*Snap!*

Like a whiplash the spaghetti holders broke off her tank top, getting catapulted over Quianna’s shoulders before swaying around her back. While ripples went across her bust only its rising pressure kept her tank top in place, the swells of her cleavages steadily closing around it. Her bra also was riding up towards her tank top, its holders pushing into her breasts as they stretched and thinned. The deeper her tank top cut into them, the more her breasts looked like balloons strapped together with a tight rope. With each second, her cleavages loomed beyond it, forming large and round muffin tops on both ends of her bust. These alone were larger than Olive’s and Python’s breasts, her unrestrained bust probably vast enough to cover the surface of the couch table. Restraining the front of her bust her tank top and bra kept shrinking around, making it inch more and more slowly towards the edge of the table.

Only her eyes poking out above the canyon of her cleavage, Python and Olive tried looking around it to check if Quianna was alright. Suddenly, her tank top snapped over the center of her chest, startling the two women. As the halves of the top flung to either side off, her curves jumped outwards, the table jittering as they bumped against it. Though caught by her sports bra, they looked a little less cramped now, their fronts slowly spreading against the table while their sides reached a little further beyond between the swells of her cleavages.

“Aaaaah... ”

A sound somewhere between a gasp and a moan made its way through Quianna’s lips, her cry of satisfaction echoing through the apartment. Quianna slid down in her chair, spreading her legs a little apart as her breasts rested on her legs. Swelling across them the squish of their inner curves spread over her abdomen and towards her knees, their

fronts already looming past them. Even with the bra constraining them they were gigantic, each around the diameter of a hula hoop. Python and Olive caught one last glimpse at Quianna's face, the exhaustion not hiding the glee in her features, before her entire head vanished behind her tight breast gap as it squeezed its way up between the holders of her bra.

"She's... getting really huge" Olive remarked.

Python nodded. "Y-yeah..."

Despite the rapid growth of Quianna worrying them, they couldn't their eyes off the growing mammary colossi. Around the holders of her bra the crests of Quianna's breasts reached above her head, said holders slowly getting swallowed by their flesh. While stretching into nylon threads, they were embraced by the swells rising around them until they disappeared between dark lips of flesh. Pressing into her breasts their bulges closed around them as they steadily reaching above Quianna. Similarly, her bra was pushing deeper and deeper between the cleavages piling up around it, hem and neckline rolling towards each other. Despite holding back the circumference of her bust it continued squeezing against table, looking like the swells around her bra were about to eat it.

Suddenly, the pressure on the table stopped as her bra was no longer able to stretch. Instead, her cleavages bulged around the fabric, slowly reaching over and under the desk plate as if to grasp it. With growing strength her breasts flowed against her lap, hanging around her legs while her breast gap got squeezed between them. Though no longer stretching the fabric creaked as it rolled up around the billowing swells that oozed out of her bra, obscured it behind their curves.

"Too... tight" Quianna whimpered, her voice muffled by the flesh in front of her mouth. The slope of her bosom bent towards her face, to the point her nose almost dived in between her breasts. In an abrupt motion, they suddenly arched away from her as a loud rip sounded from either side of her bosom. Where her bra was stretched from her back over her breasts it began to tear, allowing the slopes of her bust to curve the further it dissolved. Quianna threw her head back, but although her mouth opened no sound made it out, as if it was stuck in her throat. The constant noise of tearing turned quiet for a second, before growing into a crescendo as her bra was blown off her bosom. The fissures on top of her breasts vanished as the holders flew up and her bosom rounded below them, taking the front of her ripped up bra with them. Her bra flung above her for a moment before falling down behind her, hanging alongside her other clothes down her back. At the same time, as her bust line exploded forward it shoved forth the table, with such force its legs jumped into the air, so far the entire table tilted and eventually fell over.

Quickly Python and Olive stepped back as the table fall on its top, almost grazing their busts with its legs. The jar was thrown off and shattered between them, its contents spilling like marbles around their feet. After staring at the toppled table for a moment

they turned back to Quianna's breasts, staring aghast at the monumental wall of mammary mass.

Behind that wall, Quianna tilting her head over the chair, feeling her bosom on her chin. The sleeves of her shirt slid down her arms as she raised them, shirt, tank top and bra dropping to the floor. Completely topless she panted heavily, but still smiled. Far beyond the tips of her fingers, the flanks of her bust were bulging beyond her as she stretched out her arms to either side, before laying them on her curves to feel them camber underneath. In front of her, her breasts were reaching out as far as her body was tall, outgrowing herself with each second. Despite their size their firmness kept their spherical shape intact, spreading out her legs and swelling between them. Their fronts also diverged slightly, no clothes keeping their inner curves compressed. While drifting apart Quianna's breasts bulged towards the upside down table. Ever higher they were rising above her head while weighting on her lap, large swells dropping around her knees and steadily approaching the floor.

Suddenly, the chair she sat on creaked. Its legs buckled, Quianna feeling her body drop until they snapped under the weight. The moment they shattered her bosom dragged her off the seat, flowing from her lap to the floor. It was a short fall as her breasts quickly landed, the rest of Quianna bumping into them. Sheens on the floor her knees pushed against her breasts, their backsides steadily cambering to a nearly flat surface around her leaning body, while her head was getting nestled by their curves. Swelling over the ground they closed in on the table legs while spreading in front of Quianna. With the weight piling up on top their bottoms flattened on the floor, though their firmness refused to fully give up their round shape. Quianna's legs steadily tilted as her bust created a lift for her body, causing the rest of her to rise alongside the towering top of her bosom. Quianna groggily pulled her head out between her breasts, taking a look down her back. It didn't take long until her legs were pulled so far up she stood on her feet. Then, while her bust steadily filled out the space between the walls, her heels rose off the ground, raising her to her tiptoes. Feeling the increasing lift of her breasts, Quianna giggled.

"Hehe, look girls, I'm flying" she joked, spreading her arms out as she took off. Her breasts became so tall they picked her off the ground, each around the size of an elephant. Little space was left between their curves and the walls, and with each second, that space continued to shrink. While steadily filling the width of the room her breasts also approached the ceiling, raising Quianna higher and higher into the air. Her mind giddy from the sensations of outgrowing an entire the room, she latched her arms and legs onto her breasts, cuddling as much of her bosom as she could. Her cheek pressed against their curves, Quianna closing her eyes as she hummed in absolute bliss.

From the other side of her breasts, Python and Olive stared up as they grew higher and wider. Watching the wall of her bosom surge towards them Python's gaze shifted to the side. She just saw as Quianna's breasts touched the wall, their round curves quickly



flattening against it and filling the small corner of space on the bottom. The same happened on her other breast, occupying the room from one side to the other. “She... she just blocked the way out” Python stuttered, struck with realization. With the layout of their apartment, Quianna had plenty of room to grow towards the living room area, while they were stuck in the dining section. The front door and rooms were all on the other side of Quianna’s bust, leaving only the windows to escape – and they were on the fifth floor. “W-we can’t get out of here!”

Olive gazed at Quianna’s breasts rising higher, gradually approaching the ceiling. “Guess climbing is no option too” she said as she looked at the incredibly round slope of her breasts. When they pressed against the table legs and started pushing it towards them, Olive audibly gulped. “I never thought I’d say these words, but... her breasts are getting too big!”

Python stemmed her fists against her sides. “I have published a thesis that conclusively proves too large breasts are scientifically impossible!” When looking up the mammoths of Quianna’s mammaries swelling towards them however, she took a step back. “But, um... w-what should we do?”

Steadily, the inner slopes of her bust compressed as they got squeezed between the walls. Bulging against them, Quianna’s bosom grew over the photos and windows, covering them behind their growing mass. As Olive stepped back, she nearly slipped on something. In the shadow of her bust, she caught glimpse of the little green and pink spheres lying around their feet. “The way I see it, we gotta fight fire with fire” she said as she picked up a few of the spheres. “Or in this case, boobs with boobs!”

Python looked at the spheres in Olive’s hand, then around the room. “Guess we have no choice” she murmured, kneeling on the ground. Both she and Olive had some trouble picking up the spheres with their busts in the way but eventually got all that lay around them. “Though eating something off the ground isn’t something really hygien-”

“Oh shut up and eat!” Olive snapped before shoving the spheres into her mouth. Quickly she chewed them into tiny bits, taking step after step back from the approaching wall of Quianna’s bust. Once she swallowed a rumble emerged from her stomach, before a green aura with a pink swirl surrounded her, Olive nearly stumbling at the sensations that hit her. “Woah! T-that’s some stuff!”

Python, who had also eaten her spheres, was visibly struggling to keep her cool as her body started to glow. “It is quite... potent.”

Once the aura around them had faded, motion went through their tingling bosoms. Over the neckline of Olive’s top, the swells of her medicine ball-sized mounds were piling up higher and wider, steadily bending over the front of her bust. Her cleavage rose up to her nose, the crests of her breasts mushrooming around her face and lifting the pendant of her necklace. Still lying between them, the tip of the silver crescent dropped between their slopes, gradually getting enveloped until it fully sunk into the tight abyss. Nestled

between her orbs the pendant rose as her breast gap arched higher, their squeeze zone steadily expanding as space in her top shrunk. While the chain of the necklace got pulled upwards, the pressure between her breasts increased, making her cleavage look more and more like a single swell with a cleave in the middle. Though her breasts were noticeably bulging over the fabric, they were also forcing it to billow around them, gradually obscuring her body. The knot of her blouse was pressed flat against her abdomen by her bust, tightening as her breasts cambered the fabric of herb blouse that had knitted up around their curves. Far faster than during the growth spurts before, the front of her rack arched away from Olive, pushing forth the final button and cleavage window it framed. “Yowzah!” was all she could say as she watched her rack grow, the cleavage of her beach balls conquering her sight.

Like Olive Python was getting more endowed by the second. Though the fabric vaulted around the front of her rack, the flesh most prominently bulged out of her top, reaching further beyond her shoulders by the second. On the edge of the fabric, wrinkles were piling up around as the hems were rolled up, forming a thick frame for her bust to swell out and around. Meanwhile the backsides of her breasts pressed against her arms, their surface expanding so far their slope started to appear even around her torso. Eyes on her breasts, Python saw their tops raising her tie, making it sink between the ever-larger crests eclipsing around it. While the rate at which her bosom escaped from her top still increased and the fabric cut deeper and deeper into her skin, low tearing noises suddenly sounded all around her bosom. On each side, the rolled-up edges were fraying, getting torn up around the lips billowing out of her top. Steadily her shirt dissolved around her breasts, allowing their flanks to splay further outwards. Little by little her top creased up towards her tie, its edges appearing more ragged by the second. “T-to think Quianna had as much as both of us combined, probably more” she mumbled, each of her breasts larger than a yoga ball.

The constant ripping off Python’s top got accompanied by stitches popping on Olive’s. Stressed to its limit the final button jumped off her rack and against the giant curve of Quianna’s, the impact causing a slight ripple on the vast, bulging surface. More prominently were the wobbles of Olive’s released mounds as their circumference increased, her cleavage window opening into a wide V-neck in the middle of her bust. However, her breasts still were heavily constrained inside her top, their cramped bulges reaching up to her forehead. While towering above her they forcibly pushed her neckline down their curves, large knits assembling around her bosom as it loomed over the fabric. When the fabric passed the equator of her bust, it suddenly rushed down the bottom slope, causing her breasts to pop out of her top. As the fabric bunched up around the knot of her blouse her bosom dropped and rounded on all ends, the jiggling swells of her jugs rubbing against her top and tied up blouse. The chain of her necklace rattled as the pendant was still stuck between them, her breasts bouncing in front of Olive. As they calmed down they reached to her lap, steadily swelling deeper while spreading out wider and higher around her.

While Olive's top came down her breasts, Python's shirt continued to dissolve around hers. The further the fabric retreated towards her tie, the more tattered it appeared, threads curling up around the lips of her dark flesh. When her shirt was only a band barely thicker than her tie a rip suddenly formed from the bottom. Between the undersides of her breasts, her shirt was ripping apart, the tear steadily growing around her breast gap. Finally, the bottom half tore off her top completely. Immediately her breasts bounced forth, swallowing the fabric while catapulting the tie against Python's face. She flinched as it bumped against her nose and forehead, before falling back down between the crests of her bust. Slowly, red stripe of fabric sunk between her dark mounds, vanishing in the abyss just like her top. Only the knot and halter neck around her neck reached out, indicating the presence of her clothes.

With nothing to constrain them Olive's and Python's breasts freely flowed from them. Large enough to be used as bean bag chairs, they firmly projected to either side beyond them while obscuring their torsos down to their knees. However, despite the astonishing rates at which they swelled, their fronts slightly diverging due to their round slopes pushing each other apart, Quianna's still approached faster, the size difference making their breasts look like marbles in front of baseballs. It was slowly getting darker in the room as the windows were covered by crawling swells of flesh, which at the same time bulged over the cupboard on the opposite side of the room, pushing the items against the wall.

"Fuck! I know she had a lot, but how is she growing so fast?" Olive yelled, staring in a mixture of horror and awe at the wall of flesh. The last theoretical escape route disappeared as the top crests finally reached the ceiling, squeezing with gradually growing strength against it.

"It must be from all the other growth spurts she had today" Python concluded, taking a few steps back from the dark bulges of Quianna's bosom. As the cupboard was fully enveloped by flesh it snapped, the little dent in her flesh smoothing as they pressed the broken board against the wall. Noises of stuff getting crushed emerged from behind her breasts, alongside the cracking of glass as the photos broke. "The mixture of magic and science of so many different kinds in such a short time must have destabilized her breasts."

Towards the two steadily top-heavier women, Quianna's breasts were rolling like an avalanche, pushing the turned-up table forward. Squeezed between walls and ceiling, their breast gap was growing tighter by the second, approaching the convex surface of their fronts as they filled the room. "You mean, we made her breasts hyper-sensitive to growing?" Olive asked, equally awestruck and panicked. She put her arms around her bosom, not even reaching past their backsides, the swelling curves slipping out under her fingers. "Then what can we even do not to get crushed by her tits!?"

Python raised her head, looking above the rising horizon of her bust at Quianna's, before glancing over her shoulder. There wasn't much space between theirs and Quianna's

bosom, and maybe half a dozen feet to the wall behind them. “I can only think of one thing.” From her back, Python pulled out her ray gun, and pointed it at Olive. “If mixing science and magic made her prone to growing gigantic, it may work on us, too.”

Olive stared at the gun, then at Quianna’s rapidly approaching bosom, and nodded. The back of her hand touched her bust as she put her fingers into her mouth and whistled. Moments later, a pink shimmer flew through the gap between Quianna’s breasts, just before they bent so far towards each other not even a bug would have fit through. As the fairy hovered towards Olive she pointed at Python, at which it flew over and circled around the scientist’s bosom.

“Let’s do this!”

“Ready when you are!”

The moment Python pulled the trigger the witch whistled again. While the green ray hit Olive’s bust pink fairy glitter rained down on Python. As she radiated with green energy Olive’s knees shook. “Oh gosh, why did you never tell me your science stuff feels so... good?”

“L-likewise” Python murmured, sounds of cymbals going off as the fairy glitter fell on her breasts.

As Python continued to shoot Olive with her ray gun and the fairy sparkles jingled on her bosom, the swelling busts of the two women glowed, Python’s in pink and Olive’s in green. Steadily, the pace at which their curves were growing increased, reaching faster and faster for the wall of flesh in front of them. Their inner curves cambered, forcing their fronts to spread apart little by little. Despite the giant curve looming towards them, Olive’s and Python’s view on it shrunk as their own breasts swelled up above them, the squeeze of their gaps reaching above their heads. The further the curving swells surged up the higher the valley between their crests rose out of their sight, their vision purely filled by a dark maw of flesh. Python’s tie tightened around her neck as her breasts pulled it forth, while the chain of Olive’s necklace was pressed against her neck, the witch feeling the tips of the pendant poke her.

“Ho... ly... shit!” Olive moans, grabbing her breasts. “I’ve never felt something... so...so... *ugh!*”

Wider and larger, the backsides of their bosoms were swelling, spreading out into convex fields around them. Olive’s fingers and arms bent across the cambering slope, while Python’s bust squeezed her wrist as she fired at Olive. Despite trying to stay calm her hand was shaking from the sensation, their bosoms growing faster as fairy glitter and ray energy filled their busts. Down to their laps, the gap between their breasts were reaching as their bottoms lolled towards the ground. In addition to growing towards it, they also approached the floor due to Python and Olive’s legs bending, the weight overwhelming the two women. Almost at the same time they collapsed, their busts

hitting the ground and their bodies dropping against them. Rocking around like an appendage to the wobbling mass, their bodies were dwarfed by their breasts as they arched in front of them, their bosoms growing taller than the rest of them while flowing over the laminate.

Just as Python's arm was pushed back by the swell of her bosom her gun fizzled. With a small bang it went off, Python dropping it to the ground. "I'm afraid my device has reached its limit" she said, watching embers jump from the smoking pile of metal. At the same time, the jingling of cymbals got quieter, until suddenly ending. Shortly after Python felt something very soft bounce on top of her breast, resting on the rising surface. "And your little friend is also out of juice."

"Then let's double down some more!" While the glow around their bodies faded, Olive summoned her magic book, letting it float above her bosom. "*Biggus Boobus maximus!*"

A ball of energy flew out of the pages, soaring in an arc over to Python. As it hit her a surge went through her bosom, making it glow again. Though Python struggled with the sensations, she pulled a syringe from her pocket and tossed it to Olive. "Y-you know how to use that?"

"Well duh" Olive said as she caught it, her book vanishing in a puff of smoke as she held the needle against her breast. "I work at a hospital."

"I... I didn't know that."

"Being a boob-growing witch is awesome, but it doesn't pay the bills." After ramming the needle into her bust and infusing the serum a warmth filled her bosom, heart pounding in her ears as she dropped the syringe. "A-alright, let's hope this will do."

With magic and science mangling inside their bodies, both their busts grew even faster. Their breasts flowed over the floor, steadily lifting them back on their feet. As they spread out and cambered, the gap to Quianna's bust closed, growing with equal speed towards them. Eventually, Olive's and Python's bosoms pressed against the bottom slopes of Quianna's, each symmetrically squishing against one of her breasts. While escalating above their heads their mounds rose towards the center of Quianna's, the fronts and tops bulging against the giant mammaries, pushing a steadily larger and deeper dent into their surface. Meanwhile, the sides of Olive's and Python's busts swelled beyond their bodies, gradually filling the remaining space between each other and the walls.

However, despite exerting tremendous force on them, Quianna's mounds were pushing back with equal strength. While their breasts raised their off the ground, Olive and Python slowly moved backwards, the flattening bottoms of their bosoms rubbing over the floor. As Quianna continued to charge into the room, it shoved Olive and Python forward, towards the wall behind them.

Olive looked up the rising swells of her own breast gap at the bulging curve of Quianna's rack, casting a steadily darker shadow on her. "Python?"

"Yes, Olive?" Python replied, while trying to look past her breasts at the walls. Cracking noises emerged from them, just like from the windows and the ceiling. From behind the massive curve of Quianna's breast, she could see a crack spreading out.

"In case we're not gonna make it, I just wanted to say..." Olive paused as her feet left the ground, her body hovering while Quianna pushed her backwards. "This is the fucking sexiest thing that ever happened to me!" she moaned, groping her growing flesh.

Python, also leaving contact to the floor, put her fingers on her swelling bust, its slope feeling almost even due to how wide they were arching around her. "I concur."

More and more tightly, Quianna's breasts were squashed between the walls and ceiling, while their arching slope continued to grow into the room. The squeeze between them steadily increased, her breast gap only a slim line around which her curves were steadily reaching forward.

"Also, I... want to apologize for calling you a bitch and everything" Olive suddenly said. With each second her bosom was lifting her higher while distending against Quianna's, squeezing like a pair of apples against a melon. "I was just jealous, I guess, that you're smarter than me."

The backsides of her breasts swelling around her cheeks, Python shook her head, trying to keep her face out of her breast gap. "No, I really was a bitch." While piling up around them, her and Olive's breasts were swelling into the space Quianna's bosom left of the room, steadily growing towards each other and the walls. "You are great at what you're doing, and that's worth way more than an academic degree. From now on, I'll stop calling you out on your education, and won't use so much scientific terminology." Feeling herself get pushed back, less than three feet separating her and the wall, she added: "If we survive, that is."

"But I love it your big science words!" Olive called over her rack, raising her head as her chin was surrounded by breast flesh. "Hearing you go all academic is making me tingly!"

"It's making you... what?" Python asked, her knees pressing ever deeper dents into of her bust as it bulged against them. "Are you serious?"

"Yes!" The creaking grew louder around Quianna's bosom, cracks spreading over the walls and ceiling. The crests of their busts almost half the way up to Quianna's Olive mumbled with a blush: "T-truth is, I... I've been having the hots for you ever since I first stepped in here."

Wide-eyed, Python stared past the cambering slope of her bosom at Olive, both women hanging on their breasts. “R-really? But you’re always going out, having fun with other people...”

“I’m just sitting at some bar until I fall off the stool.” While their bosom’s bottoms inched over the ground, their sides were only a few finger widths apart from each other. Their busts pressed deeper and wider dents into Quianna’s wall of a chest, her flesh seeping over the top of theirs, slowly growing across them. “I’d much rather spend the nights with you at home. But you always barricade yourself in your room with your science stuff, and, and it makes me feel like you avoid me, so I get mad.”

“I... thought I was too boring for you” Python confessed, suddenly feeling very embarrassed. Her shoulders and heels grazed the wall behind her, just like Olive’s, the two women getting slowly pushed against them alongside being dragged up as their breasts continued to lift them. “And, if we’re being honest here... I-I was also smitten by you the moment I first saw you but was too shy to admit” she blurted out, feeling even more embarrassed.

“Are you telling me we both had a crush on each other this whole time?!” Between the three women’s racks, the table was squished, its legs keeping them from flowing over its surface.

“I guess we were so abrasive to shield our feelings.” Masses of breast flesh flowed around and between the table legs, making them bend under the rising pressure. With a loud crack all four legs suddenly broke off, falling onto the table while their breasts bulged over them.

“Fuck!” Olive screamed, the table getting buried under their busts. “Just think how much time we wasted fighting when we could have been making out!”

With growing strength, Quianna’s breasts pressed their bodies against the wall, causing the slopes of their breasts to flatten against it. “Well, I’d say getting squashed to death by titanic tits qualifies as sexy time” Python deadpanned.

All around their bosoms were bulging against the wall, sandwiching their arms and legs while squeezing their cheeks and torsos. “Then let’s enjoy the little time we have before we become a splatter on the wall” Olive said as the swells of her breast gap reached around the curl of her pompadour.

As Python’s breasts enveloped her head, the strands of her hair stroking their skin she said: “Agreed.”

Though both women couldn’t see much but a black line surrounded by bulging skin, they their busts filling the room in its width. First they touched each other, swelling with growing strength against each other before bulging against the walls. Forming a unified front they pushed against Quianna’s breasts, which continued to reach against and across them. Over the expanding crests, Quianna’s flesh kept rolling, creeping like a slow

avalanche towards the fairy on Python's bosom. However, as they were cramped between the walls, Olive's and Python's rack slowly pushed the bust wall away. With a sound as if someone was trying to shove a balloon into a box Quianna's rack began to move backwards. While the squeeze between the three pairs of breasts steadily increased, cracks started popping up all around them, reaching towards the ceiling and around the walls.

But as it seemed like Olive and Python were making some headway, when their breasts reached up three quarter of the room, the pace of their swelling began to decrease. More and more gently they pushed back Quianna's bosom, causing it to squish them with more force again.

"I guess that's it" Python said, voice muffled by her bust. As it lost its glow, her whole body was planted firmly against the wall, unable to move her legs and arms as lips of flesh surged around them.

"Let me just tell you, despite all I said, you were a great roommate" Olive yelled, also feeling her growth coming to an end and the pressure on her body increase. "I only regret I'll never get to know you if you are a great lover, too."

"Same."

Almost simultaneously, both of them stopped growing. With no more resistance building up Quianna's bust shoved them against the wall, squishing them like rubber balls. The windows crunched around her flesh, some shards falling off as spiderwebs of cracks spread across them. Meanwhile the cracks in the wall spread out over the ceiling, also above Python and Olive. A large chunk suddenly broke off the ceiling. It fell between Olive's mounds, alongside a lot of dust that trickled on both on her and Python's bosom. Ripples went across their breasts, slightly agitating Quianna's where the surfaces touched. While the piece of concrete was slowly enveloped by Olive's mammaries more rubble fell from the hollow inside of the ceiling. At the same time, the walls slowly cambered around Quianna's bust, her curves forcing them to bend from their shape. The windows shattered to pieces, bulging into the open as her breast flesh seeped through the frames outside. On their crests, the ceiling began to rise, while the floor dented beneath Quianna's mounds. About to break out of the apartment, Quianna's breasts squeezed more and more strongly against Python and Olive, their bodies islands in a sea of their flesh with an ocean flowing against them.

However, just when the pressure became so strong they feared their bones would start popping, it piled up more and more slowly. The room bent less prominently around Quianna's breasts, eventually able to hold its girth. Across the desks of Olive's and Python's racks, the avalanche of flesh flowed more and more slowly. Just as they were about to bury the fairy the growth of Quianna's breasts stopped, resting like a pair of blimps in the half-broken apartment.



An eerie silence fell over the place. Squirming behind her breasts, Olive eventually called out: “Is... is it over?”

Python tilted her neck so her mouth wasn't pressing against her bust. “I... think so.”

A faint shimmer was shining from above her rack on Olive, stemming from the cracks in the wall. “Are we... are we still alive?”

“I... think so.”

Suddenly, behind the impossible wall of bosom, they could hear a whimper. A quiet, shy voice called out, somehow making it past the masses of flesh to their ears. “Er, g-girls?” The excited ring from Quianna's voice was gone, replaced with concern and shame. “Are you... are you alright?”

“W-we're fine!” the two called over their breasts.

“Oh, thank goodness.” Then, even more meekly, Quianna asked: “Did... d-did I overdo it?”

Feeling their breasts fill out the room, with Quianna's almost entirely consuming them, both Olive and Python said in unison: “Nah, all good.”

“G-great.” Behind their bosoms, they could hear Quianna cough. “Soooo, um... c-can I have the room?”