

## Growing Envy

I breathed out long and hard from my mouth; I hadn't expected myself to be this excited and nervous at the same time.

A small box sat in the center of my bed. It had taken over a month to arrive from China, but finally it was here. I could already feel a nervous tingle washing over my chest as if it were already working its magic. That is, assuming it would work at all.

"Please, please work..." I begged to the empty room.

Next to the box sat two bras. The blue B-cup was mine; small and yet still almost too big for the minuscule mounds my body owned. Beside it was my younger sister's black 30DD-cup I pilfered from the laundry. It towered over mine like two twin mountains covered in lace and sexual energy.

A sensation of envy I had grown accustomed to over the last couple of years flared within. It was the result of a classic scene. My pubescent stint had been quick and uneventful leaving me with the B-cups I knew so well. But when my sister, Grace, decided it was time to come into her own, I had to sit back and watch as a pair of supple, hand-filling C-cups swelled on her tiny frame.

It wasn't so bad at first, Grace was only a cup or so larger than me, right? I thought little of it, but the boys sure didn't. Apparently, Grace's ample mounds were like chum to sharks while mine were little more than fish flakes. I put up with the difference for a few years. After all, what's a girl to do?

I started looking for an answer to that question when I came home after college. Grace had turned twenty-one recently, and for some reason her already-generously-sized breasts believed that to be an invitation to up their game. Yea, they were getting *bigger*.

Over the next year I had to watch Grace pop out of bra after bra. She grew as if our house were a dairy farm and she was on a tight schedule to deliver. Low-cut shirts became plunging v-necks and I had to listen to complaints of how hard it is to find bikinis and tops to fit such a large chest on such a small girl. Cleavage came naturally to her and she was happy to display that soft divide whenever possible.

I couldn't really blame her; those puppies were *gorgeous*. According to the borrowed bra in front of me, Grace currently stood at a DD-cup and I was pretty sure her body wasn't done. What made it worse was Grace hardly reached five-feet tall and one-hundred-and-fifteen pounds. She had the body of a fairy but the boobs of a succubus, and on such a tiny frame, those breasts became a pair of jugs. Watching her bouncing around the house and noticing all the eyes ogling her front was more than I could take.

"If I had a rack like that I could get any guy I wanted..." I affirmed. The box sat in front of me, waiting. It felt like I was about to use a cheat code in a game. "And you're just the thing to give it to me."

My heart raced when I finally tore the tape off and pulled a cold metal object from the depths of the packing peanuts. I couldn't help but giggle when I inspected the device.

A skin-colored hemisphere about the size of half a volleyball sat in my palm. On top rested a small pink spout made to look like a puffy nipple. Beneath it was a label reading 'Start'. The entire device looked like a giant boob sitting in my hand. Blood pounding through my excited head, I replaced it on the bed.

"Is that really it?" I couldn't believe it could be this simple.

Either way, I was done wasting time. My shirt was on the floor seconds later and I stood in my room bare-chested and breathing heavily. A shaky hand reached for my sister's bra and latched it around my torso. Despite the band snapping tight around my ribs, her cups stood large and cavernous over my little breasts. Admittedly it wasn't the first time I had tried on her bra, but this time felt different.

I froze then. The button with the ability to make me grow was an arm's length in front of me but it was harder to press than I thought.

Swallowing, I encouraged myself. "I'm going to fill this thing out if it's the last thing I do."

I pressed on the nipple and a soft click made my heart skip a beat. Small puffs of pink smoke started to rise from a small hole, quickly reaching my nostrils and wafting over me with a sweet bubble-gum scent. The effects happened faster than I ever imagined.

I stumbled backward when my breasts broke out in a layer of goosebumps. "*O-OH!*" I gasped when my nipples erupted into hard points reaching into the empty cups. Wetness seeped between my thighs as if a switch had flipped inside my body. "*It's...nnghmmm!! Oooohhhh i-it's working!!*"

A bolt of pleasure shot through my throbbing loins and I would have fallen over had my dresser not been there to catch me. The curves of my breasts were quivering as if pressure were pushing against my skin.

"*A-Ahhh... Ahhhh...!*" I was losing my mind. Intense waves of tightness and swelling washed over my chest and although I hadn't seen them change size yet, I felt like my pussy was about to implode with heat. You can imagine my reaction when I saw my skin bulge and round into Grace's bra.

I came instantly, like a mini monsoon in my pants. Shivers so intense ran through my body I thought I may fall to pieces. Hands flying to my developing chest, I inhaled the device's pink fumes and watched in lustful awe as my bust responded.

After started so small, even the small additional weight of my new C-cups was noticeable. I bounced on my heels and sent a jiggle through my distending breasts I could have only dreamed about until now.

"*T-They're getting bigger! My tits are growing!!*" I almost yelled. I didn't care who heard; I was gradually getting the rack of my dreams.

The air in my room was becoming hazy and pink as the device continued. I thought nothing of it, eager to let it work its magic on my burgeoning breasts. Engorging past a C-cup, I bit my lip when my skin folded over and my new curves rubbed against the bottom of Grace's bra. "*God...this feels...m-mmm...s-so GOOD!!*" I had never felt so womanly.

Nipples throbbing and hard as stone, I watched them reach further and further into the empty bra atop my mammaries. The inches between them and the padding dwindled and I held my breath when they were only a hair's width apart.

"NnnnnNNGHH!!!" I groaned when they connected with the bra, my skin stretching and rounding into the ample cups. Now large enough to actually use the bra, it began pushing my breasts together. The sight of the space between my tits coming together was more than I could take and I slid a hand into my underwear as I formed my first-ever line of cleavage.

Leg's shaking, I could feel the bra growing full of my flesh. My skin bulged over the cups into a hefty shelf wobbling with every labored breath. Greedily, I dug my other hand into my chest and reveled in my cleavage enveloping my fingers. The effects of the smoke on my body were dwindling, but I didn't care; I had what I wanted.

It had taken only minutes, but after years of pining and dreaming, I stared agape at my own personal pair of DD tits. "Ha... H-Ha...! O-Oh my...*God!!*" I exclaimed, "I can't fucking believe it wo--"

My bedroom door opened suddenly and Graced stumbled inside, clutching her own chest. "Janet...?" Grace called out shakily, "I-I feel kinda weird... My bedroom is all...smokey..."

Seeing her clutching at a pair of goosebump-covered breasts, I quickly realized my mistake. Pink smoke still filling my room and escaping through the vents, I warned, "Grace! Get out of here! Go outside!"

It was too late. Combined with her still-developing bosom, the gas forced Grace to her knees where she doubled over. The substance was going to affect her more than it would have ever affected me. "M-My...nnngh...My boobs feel...so *tight!!*" she gasped. "They feel like they're...t-they're...*ahh!!*"

Our eyes bulged when Grace's breasts surged in size. In less than a few seconds they had grown as large as her head and toppled free of her low-cut shirt to hang towards the floor like udders. "J-Janet??" she cried out, panting, "W-What's...*ooohhh*...What's happening to me?!"

We were both powerless to do anything; the smoke was already in her system. Grace's tits were ballooning so quickly I could hear her skin stretching from across my room. Every heaving breath pulsed them closer to the floor, where they finally pressed into my carpet like hanging watermelons.

Grace gaped on in confusion and wrapped her arms around them as if to hug them back to normal size. "They won't stop!! Janet, they're not stopping!! *Why are my boobs getting so big?!*"

Grace's tiny body was fighting a losing battle. They billowed out of her arms and under her body like small parade floats, each tit bloating like a bean bag. Grace struggled but found herself stranded on the floor atop her chest, their weight more than double her own.

My own breasts still slowly plumping in the last stages of growth, I shook myself out of my arousal and ran for the device. Pressing the nipple ceased the expulsion of gas, but my air was still thick with growth-inducing fumes.

"T-Too big... They're too big..." Grace panted and moaned. Her chest expanded across the floor, lifting her lower body and knocking over some of my smaller furniture. A growing

expanse of flesh jiggled before me and I knew the only option at this point was to let Grace's development play out.

Atop her personal mountains, my sister's back rose higher than my bed. Various items on the floor were swallowed and crushed under her mammoth size and weight. I was forced into the back wall where her breasts pushed into my legs and rose towards my hips.

*"Oooohhhh, J-Janet do something!! I-I feel...feel like a water bed!!"*

The sound of cracks forming along the bottom of my walls told me we may be in serious trouble, but as the air started to clear it brought relief with it.

Grace's body slowed to a floor-covering halt. We were both speechless and stared wide-eyed at the gargantuan pair of unholy tits filling the bottom third of my room. Neither of us said anything.

*Snap!*

One of the shoulder straps on my borrowed bra broke against my own pair of brand-new melons, releasing a perky nipple to the open air. My sister, too stunned to make sense of the situation, looked at me and asked possibly the least-important question possible.

*"I-Is that...my bra??"*