

“Aww, Fiona! A new tablet?” A short brunette exclaimed as she peeled back the white and gold wrapping paper covering a cardboard box. The little tag in the corner simply read: “To: My bestie Courtney.” The reveal brought a light to her bright blue eyes, completely taken off guard by the gift. She had mentioned to her best friend Fiona ages ago that she had her eyes on one, and the fact that she had remembered that old conversation made her feel warm and fuzzy.

“Of course, bestie! Its super easy to set up, apparently.” She sat next to her on the beige couch in Courtney's living room, their hot cups of coffee cooling down throughout the evening. They had both just gotten off work, planning on this little get together before they went off with their families for Christmas the next week.

Courtney stared at the tablet for a moment before blushing a light shade of pink, pulling the small green bag from the tree and offering it to her. There was a part of her that was embarrassed about offering it, the contents inside being a bit of an impulse buy that seemed like a good idea at the time, two months ago when she had ordered it online. Biting her lip, she set it on the coffee table in front of her short friend and waved her hands enthusiastically.

“I hope you like it! Its um...well, I thought it'd be a fun idea, I guess?” Fiona arched her eyebrow, chuckling a little at the hesitation coming from her friend.

“What's the matter, Court? You know I just appreciate the thought...” She mentioned as she began pulling the tissue paper from the bag to reveal a small bottle, also wrapped in red paper. Fiona undid it to reveal a small bottle: it was dark brown, about the size of a small container of vanilla or oil that would fit in the palm of her hand. She could tell there was a relatively thin liquid inside, shaking the bottle causing it to foam up slightly within its container. Studying it for a moment, she scratched her head and looked back up at Courtney. “You got me...a perfume...sample? Er...or is it some kind of like, essential oil?” There were no markings on the bottle, so there was no way to be sure. It was so simple looking, made of glass and in a rectangular shape, topped with a round white plastic cap. Courtney laughed nervously, scratching her head as she plucked the bottle from her friends hand to explain.

“So...you remember back a little while ago while we were taking that trip to Cancun?” Fiona went visibly red at the thought but still smiled broadly.

“Of course I do, that was a blast! I drank more than I ever have in, like, my entire life on that trip!”

“Same!” Courtney laughed, then pushed on with her explanation. “But like...we talked about how like, guys saw us and...how girls saw us...how we saw ourselves. It was like the last night, we were pretty hammered, so its like...its fair if you don't remember but you mentioned like...being jealous of my...my...” She burst out laughing again, shaking her head, her short brown bob flitting about above her shoulders.

“Your what?” Fiona asked, mildly nervous as to why her friend was acting so strange, mindlessly passing the bottle from one hand to the other. Her friend responded with a sigh, sitting up straighter and pushing her chest out. Her breasts then reached out in the tight red sweater she was wearing, their forms becoming quite noticeable as she finished her stretch. A light bulb went off in Fiona's head from the action alone and her face began to flush. “O-oh...yeah, I remember that now. You were talking about how you had to buy new bras and I...I started talking about how I hadn't had to do that since the end of high school...” She laughed at it, prompting Courtney to giggle along with her as they reminisced. There was an awkward silence after that for a beat, Fiona staring at the bottle once more.

“So...yeah, I found that online and its like...said its supposed to do something like that apparently, like, instantly? And there's like, testimonials and before and afters and it was like...it seemed super legit and I was like 'why not?'” She handed it back to her friend, who gaped at her in disbelief.

“Oh, as if!” Fiona scoffed. Looking back down at the bottle in all its simplicity, then back to Courtney, her mood shifted as she contemplated on it. “...you're seriously giving me the gift of big boobies then?” Fiona stated, still confused and bewildered by her bestie's gift choice. That being said it was a bit...tempting as an idea. She shrugged, unscrewing the bottle and smelling the contents. It had a faint aroma of vanilla, and seemed just as thin as the substance. If Fiona didn't know any better, she'd assume it was, in fact, vanilla extract itself. “...so....how much should I take, then?”

“Oh my god, right now?!” Courtney asked, flapping her hands about in excitement. Fiona blushed again.

“Whaaaat? I kinda...wouldn't wanna do that alone, y'know?” Courtney nodded, then shrugged.

“Online all the comments were saying 'less is more', so like...its not a 'drink the whole bottle' situation...I really think only a drop is necessary, to be honest.”

“Holy shit, potent stuff then! *If* its real. I've read about this kinda stuff online before, but...” Fiona shrugged, taking the mug she was using for coffee moments ago, only a small puddle left at the bottom, and gently tilting the bottle until a single drop slowly dripped out of the spout and into the cup. They looked at the cup, then at each other, then back at the cup. Nothing had happened to the liquid within, except perhaps a cloudy looking color that took over the light brown of her mocha.

“...you gonna do it?” Courtney ribbed.

“Shush! I...ugh...” There was a back and forth in Fiona's mind about the drink as she brought it to her lips. Hesitating for a moment, she slowly drank the rest of her coffee. Setting the mug down, she let out an exaggerated “ahhh!” as Courtney held her hands to her mouth in excitement.

“Oh my gosh! This is, like, actually exciting, what the fuck?” She giggled, Fiona clearly a bit on edge after what she had done, her mind purely focused on her own body the moment she set her cup down. “How big did you wanna get, anyways? Were you trying to match me?” Courtney pushed out her chest again, her E cups straining the threads of her sweater in the middle with her movements. Fiona rolled her eyes.

“Honestly, I just wanted a couple cup sizes-” Her sentence was interrupted by a loud grumbling in her stomach. They both got silent, once again looking at each other as Fiona began to slouch, her body starting to tingle as the gift took effect. Fiona gripped her stomach as she felt the warmth build within it and crawl up her tiny torso. “Oh...I think its starting...” Fiona's eyes went wide as her chest suddenly sprang outwards, her back arching as her tiny B cups suddenly added a few inches, her breasts going from half handfuls to full handfuls in a matter of seconds. Her tight white top tore at the edges of her sleeves, Fiona gasping as she observed the sudden size change.

“Daaaaamn, that worked quick!” Courtney exclaimed, a wide grin on her face realizing that her gift was a success. “They look natural as hell too, nice!” Fiona fanned herself with one hand and brought the other up to one of her new assets, tenderly grabbing it as she came still felt her body going hot.

"I...don't think its done yet..." She grunted again, her body pushing out as her breasts made another leap outwards, now pushing up and past her friend's impressive sizes before coming to a stop. Her breasts had easily broken into grapefruit territory, which seemed to surprise them both.

"...wow, that really *is* potent stuff."

"No kidding! What the hell, Court, I only wanted a couple sizes up! These are..." She brought her hands up to them and wobbled them about, her shirt creaking and snapping in several different places, a hole splitting near the base of one of her armpits. "Aww, I liked this shirt! Fuck, now none of my clothes are gonna fit..." Courtney nervously chuckled and scratched her head.

"Hey, at least there's still time to ask people for new clothes!" Fiona gave her a glare, adjusting herself as her breasts wobbled about on her frame, a sensation that she knew she'd have to get used to. And yet...she had to admit, they looked *incredible*. Bigger than her friend; bigger than any of her friends in fact!

"...what cup size would I even be now? E? F?"

"I think you could even be a G at this point..."

"G?! No way! I didn't even think anyone had G cups aside from like...porn models who get them fake and like...women with that scary growth disease where your boobs just don't stop growing? What's it called?"

"Never heard of it." Courtney stated bluntly, causing Fiona to pout., merely looking back down at her chest and marveling once more.

"...wow..." She rubbed them a little, but stopped when she noticed Courtney's eyes were practically boring a hole through her shirt. "...did you wanna see them, Court?"

"I mean, I paid for them, technically, sooo..." She shrugged with a wink. Rolling her eyes, Fiona struggled to pull the tight shirt across her bare tits and over her head. She felt them lightly smack her torso, which confused her at first without being used to the feeling. She tossed it aside, and now two pairs of eyes were looking upon two perfect teardrop spheres that took up a good deal of Fiona's frame. They filled out to her arms, their sides slightly eclipsing them as she held them close to her sides. Making her way to the bathroom, Courtney was close behind as the light went on and Fiona let out a small gasp at her new frame.

"Oh wow...these are just...*fuck* Courtney, how would I even explain these to people?"

"Ehh, just tell 'em late onset puberty or something. They'll Google it then leave you alone." Fiona pouted, looking at them from the side and seeing them project out a solid half a foot from her lithe torso. Fiona had seen enough. She wobbled slightly as she made her way back to her room, digging through her drawers to find a loose t-shirt to drape over herself, its hem going all the way down to her thighs.

"...so is this like...permanent or..." Fiona asked. Courtney shrugged. "What do you mean?!"

“There were a couple comments here and there that said that they shrank back down over the course of a month...and a few others who said they were happy months after only one dose. So I dunno, depends on who you ask, I guess?”

“Well...ok, that's fair...” Fiona sighed, staring down at her chest in a mix of despondency and wonder.

“...you wanna watch a dumb Christmas movie?” Courtney asked out of the blue, trying to take her friend's mind off her current situation. She was sure that once the shock wore off, Fiona would love her new body.

And so they spent the rest of the night watching old Christmas movies from their childhood before parting, Fiona getting comfy in bed before she heard the door open – her mom had arrived home from work. Fiona had been living with her older mother for several years, even through her mid 20s, helping her pay bills and debts that had accumulated over time.

Looking down at herself, still donning her big t-shirt, Fiona knew that she'd eventually have to tell her mom what had happened. She just didn't want to do it now.

“Fiona? Honey? You home?”

“In my room mom!” Fiona called back, opting to stay in under covers instead of greeting her, hiding her body the best she could. Her door opened, her mother giving her a small wave and a smile. “How was your day? Did Courtney come over?”

“Mhm! It was really nice. Her and I rented movies and hung out and stuff.”

“That's nice, dear. Did she like her iPad?”

“Tablet, mom. And yes, she loved it.”

“Did she get you anything, dear?” Fiona felt herself sweat a bit at the question, shrugging at the question.

“Just a gift card for the mall. She was a little stressed this year so it was hard for her to focus on gifts, y'know?”

“That's fair. At least she remembered ya.”

“She always does, mom.” Fiona stated, blushing while rolling her eyes, the fabric of her shirt starting to irritate her nipples in that moment for some reason, the material beginning to tent as the pink nubs started to harden.

“Well, I was gonna do some baking tonight to relax. Any requests, dear?” Fiona rapidly shook her head, feeling as her nipples extended out a solid inch, trying her best to ruffle the bedspread to loosen it up and hide the slight bumps protruding from it.

“Mnm. Nope. What were you thinking of this time?”

“I suppose I can do sugar cookies this time around...are you doing alright, dear? You seem...tense.” She

took a step into the bedroom, only for Fiona to cringe backwards into her bed reflexively.

“Just tired, mom! I'm sorry, I'm just calling it early tonight...” She faked a yawn, and squirmed in her bed, her body finally calming down as the tents receded back, nipples finally seeming to soften.

“Alright dear, you get some rest. Can you believe its only a week until Christmas?”

“Crazy, right? I can't wait.” Her mom smiled and nodded, closing the door behind her. With that, Fiona turned onto her side, breasts spilling out and squishing against her arm. She fidgeted about, adjusting several times as her breasts lolled about on her body, before finally managing to fall asleep on her back.

Her mother had entered the kitchen, pulling out baking pans, bowls, and ingredients. Grabbing eggs, flour, sugar, and milk, she was now digging around in her cabinet, trying her best to find the vanilla extract.

“Where is that...damn...” Looking down, Fiona's mother saw the small bottle left on the kitchen table. Scratching her head, she approached it, picking it up and unscrewing the cap. “What happened to the label...what in the world...” Taking a sniff and nodding, she moved back over to the kitchen under the impression that she had located the vanilla. Putting five drops into the mixture, she began to stir everything together, before getting the small balls of dough into the oven to bake.

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“That is *so* sweet of your mom to bake cookies!” Courtney exclaimed as Fiona undid the top of the plastic travel container, revealing eight small sugar cookies inside, frosted with crystalized sugar on top.

“You know her, its only the beginning for her this time of year. She always likes making me a personal batch, though.”

“That's what I'm saying! My mom never bakes me cookies. She rarely bakes. Or cooks.” Courtney chuckled awkwardly before clearing her throat. Fiona could only roll her eyes before grabbing one of the cookies. The two were lounging in Fiona's living room, her mother at work as usual as she enjoyed her last day of her weekend before she had to go back to her lousy retail job.

“So how's the new wine job going so far?” Courtney rolled her eyes at her friend's question.

“Wine job' is such a weird description...”

“Its one you use all the time!” Fiona replied with a laugh. Courtney laughed in return, nodding.

“True. True. But its going good, yeah. There's y'know, the usual snobs and all that...” She reached down into the container and took a cookie, taking a generous bite before wiping her lip with her finger and setting it aside on the plate Fiona had provided.

“You need a napkin?” Fiona asked, getting a nod in response. The two sat and chatted for a bit, chatting about work and recent drama while each eating their share of the cookies in the container until it was empty. A few more minutes passed before both women started to shift around uncomfortably.

“You got the heat on, Fiona?” Courtney asked, tugging at the neck of her sweater.

“No...but now that you mention it, it is a bit...warm...” Fiona noted, fanning herself slightly before tugging on her own sweater. Courtney began pulling her own garment over her head, tossing it aside and adjusting her top underneath. Something was off, however – the hem didn't cover her stomach all the way now. Thinking it was because she was slouching on the couch, Courtney sat up straight – this only caused the clasp of her bra to snap, the article of clothing springing forward and causing Courtney to gasp. The sight in front of her took her off-guard – she was so used to having a pretty standard pair of D cups that the now head-sized pair of knockers hanging from her chest only caused her to stare. Fiona stared too, and once she removed her own sweater, a pit in her stomach opened as she realized that her own already massive pair had grown as well – her already too small bra was pinching in and flesh oozed from the top of it. Reaching back and releasing it, Fiona now sat bra-free with her friend in her living room, completely dumbfounded as to what the hell was going on.

“So...what the fuck?” Courtney asked bluntly, pointing down at her clearly swollen chest.

“How the hell should I know? I'm bigger too, Court.” Courtney blinked and stared at her friend's chest a moment before responding.

“Shit. You're right.” Shaking her head, feeling her massive hangers wobble about in the tight confines of her thin tank top. “No, the question still stands, Fiona: What the fuck?!” She shouted it now, bringing a hand up to one of her breasts before pulling it away just as fast with a gasp.

“...you ok?” Fiona asked, a look of concern now growing across her friend's face. Courtney shook her head, staring down at her chest before looking back over at Fiona.

“...I think...I think they're still growing...” Sure enough, the threads were starting to split across at the top of her pink shirt, the stitches becoming more and more see through before a sudden hole split across, a bubble of flesh poking its way through before the hole widened, allowing for a section of her cleavage to join in. They were bigger than her head now, going on the size of bowling balls as Courtney could only watch, speechless for a moment before she glared back at her friend. “What did you do with the stuff I gave you?”

“Nothing!” Fiona raised her hands defensively, only smacking into her own boob, which had seemed to gain another half inch or so in the time she had noticed them growing, her black long-sleeve now starting to get tight around the arms as more and more flesh continued to pump into its strict confines. “After you left, I...I got in the shower, then got in bed...then my mom got home and-” Her eyes went wide in realization, looking over at the empty cookie container next to the table. “She made cookies.”

“You...you put the titty growing stuff away before she got home, right?”

“...I think I left it out on the table-”

“Fuck, Fiona! We ate that whole fucking thing! How much of that stuff did she even use?!”

“I dunno, Court, I don't know her recipes!”

“Well...shit, if its anything more than a drop of it, we're *fucked*.”

“...really?” Fiona asked, a whimper in her voice.

“Let's just say...there's people online that complain about weird...uh...side-effects when taking more than a certain amount...but everyone's 'certain amount' is different...so...”

“I mean, she wouldn't use *that* much vanilla in her recipe...I hope...” Fiona stood from the couch and went into the kitchen, opening up the cupboard and reaching up on her tippy toes, her chest squeezing against the edge of the counter as she reached up and pulled down the familiar bottle from inside. “...can't believe she actually used this stuff...” She muttered as she stared into the brown translucent container. It seemed to be more than halfway full, which gave Fiona at least some relief. “...doesn't look like she used *THAT* much...but...” She pocketed the bottle and closed the cupboard, feeling her tits graze the bottom of the counter, which was a first for her, their forms now starting to conquer more and more upward and outward space as they crossed into honeydew melon proportions, their growth unrelenting. “...sure does *LOOK* like she used...*enough*.” Biting her lip, she made her way back into the living room, jumping in shock when she saw Courtney, who was struggling to use her laptop. They were now starting to reach her lap, an inevitability that did not go unnoticed by her as she adjusted this way and that, typing becoming somewhat of a chore as her arms squeezed more and more tit together every passing second.

“I'm trying to find some more info on this stuff...why are we growing like this and for so long? Its supposed to be, like...instant. Like how it happened to you yesterday!” She pointed out, Fiona still stunned at the sight of how big her friend had gotten, and how fast they had achieved that size. They were easily more than one foot wide across, each – and their growth seemed to be going unabated, their squishy surfaces squeezing under the pressure of her arms and her laptop. An idea came to Fiona almost instantly.

“...is it cuz it was baked? Like...exposed to heat or something?” Courtney paused, then nodded, typing furiously before pulling up a promising page. She felt the remains of her shirt shred across the center of her bust, their forms suddenly popping outwards and sending ripples across their surfaces.

“Shit, here it is!” Trying her best to ignore her new toplessness, Courtney began reading off a review of the product from one of the members that gave just one star. “‘Wouldn't recommend. Left the bottle in the sun and when I took it I didn't grow instantly as advertised, but instead, over the course of a few *days*-’”

“WHAT?! DAYS?!”

“DAYS?!” They said in unison, aghast at the review as they looked back down at themselves in complete shock and horror.

“Oh this...*cannot* last days...I'm already fucking...dammit!”

“Why are you so much bigger than me, anyways?!” Fiona asked, genuinely stumped. Courtney looked at the floor bashfully as she answered.

“...cuz I ate more of the cookies than you, I bet.”

“So it really is how much you have of it, then?” Fiona asked, looking back down at herself as her breasts continued to balloon, now making it down to her belly button and continuing their charge outwards beyond where she could reasonably reach with her shorter appendages. “Fuck, my nipples are

getting out of reach, Court! What the fuck are we gonna do?!”

“I’m looking, gimme a sec!” Courtney had to keep readjusting as her breasts finally started to fill her lap and spill across her thighs. “Dammit, why did I even buy this stuff-”

And in that moment, their growth came to a sudden halt.

Courtney sat there, staring down at the pair of pumpkins she had resting on her legs, face aghast at how truly massive they had become. While it was slower than Fiona’s growth yesterday, it had still happened all within a few minutes. Fiona also merely stood there, her breasts a bit smaller than Courtney’s, however, with her height difference accounted for, they looked relatively even in size. For a moment, neither of them spoke, until finally, Courtney raised her eyes from her chest and over to Fiona’s. They were somehow still covered, if only the very top third of her chest, leaving her nipples out for display.

“Damn, you got huge.” Courtney stated flatly. Fiona rolled her eyes.

“Look who’s talking miss ‘I ate more than you did’”. Fiona retorted, gesturing at Courtney’s bloated front. The brunette dived her face into them and screamed, the muffled shriek causing Fiona to jump back.

“I never...fucking...*wanted* this. I already *had* big tits. I was already gaining weight and growing out of my *FUCKING* bras, and now...fucking...THIS?!” Courtney shouted out in frustration, Fiona flinching at her friend’s shrill hysterics before waving her hands out in an effort to catch her attention away from her seething.

“Hey, hey! Hey. Look, we both know this is bad, but for all we know it could get worse. That person...said it lasted all day, right?”

“Yeah, but we stop-”

“Yeah, *for now*. Who knows how long that’ll last. You said it yourself, there’s weird side effects if you take too much right?”

“...right.” Courtney didn’t like where Fiona was going with this.

“So...we probably shouldn’t get too comfortable tonight, considering...well...we could be ticking time bombs as we speak...”

“I mean...do you feel like you’re gonna...pop or anything?” Courtney asked, adjusting in her seat and scratching under her arm, feeling unfamiliar weight wobble from side to side as she merely scratched herself. The sensation certainly wasn’t welcome.

“No, I...I honestly don’t feel at all like before, just...y’know, my back already hurts...” She complained, grabbing at the back of her shoulder and groaning.

“Tell me about it...” Courtney agreed, rolling her shoulders and feeling her tits leap up and down on her legs.

“Is there anything else in that forum that relates to this? You just had the page up right?”

“Right, yeah, lemme see...that review was pretty much just what I read, but let me see if anyone else did something like this...hold on...” She began typing again, fixated on the screen as she attempted to put the smaller laptop atop her bosom, it balancing perfectly on top of their surfaces if she hunched down onto her legs. “Fuck, can't believe I can do this...weird...” she continued her search, finding no results for the key word “baking” or “cookies” or even “brownies” anywhere. “I...think we may be the first to bake with it before, which is...uh...well, concerning, to say the least.”

“So we have absolutely no idea how this stuff is going to affect us going forward, then, is what you're saying?” Fiona asked, hands on her hips. Courtney merely nodded.

“Oh yeah. We're fucked.”

TO BE CONTINUED...