

Tina watched as Tiffany continued madly googling away, concern rapidly building in her mind. Before she knew what exactly she was doing Tina grabbed the notebook and quickly wrote in it: 'Tiffany's breasts will swell into beachball sized tits that prevent her from moving.'

Her heart pounding, she put down the notebook, only to look up into Tiffany's panicked face.

"What have you done!"

Was all she managed to demand before her breasts began to press against her top, cleavage quickly pressing up and out of the collar of her shirt. Her breasts rapidly grew in weight, pulling her down towards the table as they strained against the confines of her shirt. With a tearing sound, that made them both wince, her shirt tore down the front, allowing her breasts to spill out and onto the table, before quickly taking up the whole table.

Finally, they stopped, hard, erect nipples inches from Tina's face on the other side of the table. The look of despair, betrayal and arousal plastered on Tiffany's face.

"Why did you do that?!" She demanded between gasps.

