

A few weeks ago, Monica had started at a new university. She had already gotten a few years done at community college, and from the references from her friends and things she had read online, there was a certain university she was interested in on the east side of the state. It wasn't as crowded as other schools, it was relatively newer, and offered programs that others simply didn't.

About a week in, once orientation had finished and she was familiar with her classes, she started to notice something odd. For one, most of the students around her were women; secondly, these students were...unusually well-endowed. Monica wasn't exactly small; her breasts stuck out on her lithe frame, two orbs the size of her head that she would usually show off with pride. Monica loved her body, and she had no shame in having large breasts...but when they suddenly bloated out a few inches yesterday, Monica awoke this morning to a whole new thing to worry about. Was she not done growing yet?

The classroom was semi full at 5 till class start. It wasn't as crowded, but it was rather minuscule for an auditorium. Only about 30 seats or so in the main aisle, with another 15 opposite the walkways. Monica stood in the doorway, eyeing the room. All the girls were very much endowed like she was. Only a couple were bigger, and only by a small margin at best. Her newly grown soccer ball bosom stuck scandalously out from her frame, stretching her keyhole sweater and making it quite ill-fitting. This pulled her skirt hem up higher over her shapely backside, fitted in dark green yoga pants. She ducked into the farthest row from the front, hoping not to catch anyone's eyes. Even though she blended right in, she felt so out of place having even bigger boobs.

"Thank god the bras were so cheap..." She muttered as she felt her undergarment fighting the movements of her bosom. To and fro they swung, as she sidestepped the compressed aisle and found a seat towards the center. Her behind had little wiggle room, only a couple inches on either side of her. She noticed a few other ladies had clipboards rather than using the built in mini tables tucked under the arm rest.

"That's odd..." Monica thought, but was immediately taught why. She rotated the table up and tried to set it over her lap.

bwmmp

Monica's gaze darted down, finding that her new rack was so big that it kept the table from rotating. She turned at the waist, but her boobs were still so big that they kept the table from laying flat. She actually had to lean back and lift her breasts high in order to get the desk down.

"Jeez, what a pain-" She stopped. Her breasts were now much higher than normal, blocking her view of the seats in front of her. On top of that, she had no desk space now. A few students gave knowing chuckles as Monica struggled with herself. Not the best way to start class.

The bell rang, the teacher walking in not long after to start class. Literature wasn't always the most interesting class, but it certainly beat her algebra class by a mile. Trying her best to move around and adjust the things near her, Monica's breath was now mildly labored from all the compression on her bosom. "I...might need to try something else here..." As if on cue, a classmate walked up to her and placed a wooden clipboard on her bosom with a smile.

"Congrats, by the way! Must be exciting!" Before Monica could ask what she meant, she had walked away to the front of the class where she promptly sat down, adjusting her own bosom to fit in the desk.

Monica quietly and clumsily did away with the desk table, breathing happily as she could see again. She placed the clip board to her left, leaning to her left so she was supported by her arm, making it so that she could reach the clipboard with her other hand. Even still, she felt the arm rest under both of her boobs.

'Why is everyone so.....okay with this?' She wondered as she took periodic notes. Every so often she

took a moment to survey the other busty girls in class. There weren't many men present in this class, and those that were seemed to be able to focus with no issues...somehow. Speaking of the girls, she noted how many of them were at peace with their sizes. Some were even making use of their low cut tops for pencil holding. Monica spotted one girl with her phone in her shirt, playing a YouTube video. Something poked Monica suddenly, making her jump and in turn, her large breasts double bounce. In her cleavage was a crumpled piece of paper. She took the offending object from her bust and slowly unfolded it.

How many times has it happened for you?

Monica looked around everywhere suspiciously, her eyes darting around for the culprit. Her eyes eventually rested upon a shy girl near the corner, glasses up, tits at looking relatively normal, considering the exaggerated proportions Monica had been exposed to all day. Monica looked back down in the note and wrote the words what do you mean? on it, just in case, before tossing it back at the shy girl. A few moments passed before the paper dived back in, with a reply:

The growing?

Monica bit her lip. At least she knew she wasn't alone here, but it didn't make it any less weird. She wrote down the word once and tossed it back.

Monica went back to her notes to catch up on what was happening. Not a minute later did she hear a quiet shuffle and the presence of the girl next to her.

"H-hi" She whispered to Monica quietly, seeming to be rather intimidated by the black haired beauty, more so of her very, very large chest. "I-I'm Abbey."

"Hey Abbey...uh..." Monica didn't quite know what to say, looking down at the shy girl's bust, then back to her. "So uh...you know about my growing too, huh?" She muttered awkwardly, unsure of what to say in this situation. She shuffled her feet under the desk.

"Uh huh. Its sort of a thing at this university" Abbey answered as she scribbled down notes. "I just hit my 5th growth spurt this month"

"Fifth?!" Monica said it a bit too loudly, attracting the eyes of others in the class. Sinking down in her seat until they looked away, she addressed Abbey again. "You've gone through FIVE growth spurts?" "Oh, no, I've gone through much more than that. I've just had five this month. I used to be flat chested before I went here..." Abbey squished her boobs together and sighed.

Monica just gaped at the girl. 'Over 5 growth spurts?! Holy Hell!! She is only an E cup or so!! W-what does that mean for me!?' She thought, looking down at her own front.

"I've never met someone so big who only had 1 growth..." Abbey said, giving Monica a glance. "Its a sort of unspoken thing, but all the girls like to find out who is gonna be the biggest this semester. For both the tops and bottoms."

"B-bottoms?" Monica nervously touched her plush cushion. While she had always had a rather sizable rear, she had never dreamed of it getting any bigger. That growth spurt overnight had been focused on her boobs. But her ass getting bigger too? That was...concerning, to put it lightly. Horrifying to put it another way. "W-well, I already had boobs the size of my head when I got here-"

"Really?! No WONDER you're so big already! I'm so jealous!" Abbey touted, her hands clenched in fists and pumping in the air.

"C-calm down" Monica hissed, hoping no one would see Abbey's animated frustration. "Can you tell me WHY the girls here are growing?"

Abbey did as told, calming back down into her demure stature that she had walked over with. She pushed up her glasses, giving a light sigh. "Unfortunately, I do not. I've asked around, but I've never gotten an answer. Honestly, I'm asking all this because I was hoping YOU would know! You seemed like you had a lot more experience with it, and I thought we had just...y'know, never met or something..."

Monica leaned over a bit more. Her breasts flowed over the armrest and was pushing up on Abbey without Monica realizing her volume. "I haven't the faintest clue. Over the weekend i grew in my sleep. I'm just glad that the bras they sell on campus are so cheap here..." While Monica leaned over, she was aware of a strange but faint tingle in her bottom. She chose to ignore this as she continued her conversation with Abbey. "And why aren't the guys, y'know, more...distracted?" Monica asked, noting the few boys taking notes.

Abbey shrugged again, her own tits jostling in their confines. "I think they're just used to 'em, honestly. Oh, and I think a lot of 'em just...aren't interested if you know what I mean?" Abbey said rather bluntly, giving Monica a light jab with her elbow. "They have really strict rules for that at this school when it comes to male students. So they have to actually behave on this campus or else they get kicked out."

"I see..." Monica muttered, the prickle in her boobs spreading over them slowly. She continued ignoring it, however.

"U-um...I...t-this is embarrassing...but...c-could I...feel...them?" Abbey struggled to say, taking quick looks at Monica's frontage. Monica giggled inwardly, trying to imagine what it must be like for the shy girl. Taken aback slightly, but feeling somewhat generous, she simply turned her self a bit more so her breasts were fully in Abbey's space. She couldn't help but notice her hips felt a tad uncomfortable touching the metal framing.

Abbey looked around to see if anyone was looking before tentatively bringing her hands up to the imposing orbs of flesh. Slowly, but surely, her fingers made contact with them, slowly pushing into the fabric of Monica's shirt, before she squeezed a bit harder, but not too hard. All Monica did was coo under her breath, doing her best to contain herself. They never felt this good before she started going here.

Abbey's massages came with brief pauses, which seemed to start getting more and more infrequent until she stopped moving "I-I think...woah, you're growing again!"

"What?!" Once again Monica had glares in her direction, but this time, she didn't care. "Now, of all times? You cant be serious!" She hissed between her teeth. But Abbey nodded. "Y-yeah...you're getting bigger, for sure!"

"W-what do I do Abbey?" Monica panic whispered. She brought her chest back to her arms. Sure enough, she could feel them pushing down on her arms, their swelling minute, yet she still felt the difference. Almost painfully slowly, her sweater tops moved. Her bosom rose up in her bra, creating a soft pillow top bulge that undulated with just her breathing. They pressed into the arm rests more so, widening every few moments a hair. Now sitting normal, Monica was painfully alerted to her hips pushing very harshly on the metal seat framing. In fact, she couldn't move her lower half at all now.

"Oh no...I think..." She tried moving it again, to no avail. Her hips were effectively wedged in her seat. "This cant be happening!" Keeping it together was no longer an option at this point. She felt flesh pulsing through the window of her sweater, cleavage puffing out gradually with each second. Stitches began to creak and groan under the added pressure of her growth, and even worse than that, she could hear her leggings creak and snap under her thickening thighs and ballooning butt. She was inflating all over!

She must have been growing down low for some time to achieve the proper width, she thought. Like her ever slowly ballooning breasts, she could feel her thighs pushing against their confines, lolling upwards while her butt puffed back into the seat, pulling her hemline along with its mass. "Abbey, Help me! Make it stop or something!" Monica spoke quietly, making sure she drew as little attention to her dilemma as possible. Her tugs at her hips only made her rounding bust bounce more, which felt oddly good.

"I...I don't know how! If I did I would've done something by now, honest!" Abbey muttered back, simply watching as Monica continued to grow in front of her.

"The first one wasn't nearly as bad as this...why am I growing so much this time?!" Monica asked desperately as her bosom continued to inch forward in small puffs, the growth being unrelenting. Abbey brought a supportive hand forwards, helping Monica steady her inflating rack. "Thanks..." Monica sighed as new contact lit up her pleasure centers gently.

"I've never seen anyone grow this much in a growth spurt ever. Both top OR bottom!" The growth seemed to be slowing, but only by a little. Her soccer balls had now reached new heights, on their way to being medicine balls - all in one growth spurt! Her ass, she couldn't assess properly, but it felt so much more massive. Monica noticed she was sitting higher, both from her vantage point and from how the arm rests pushed into her slowing front.

THPP!!

Monica's boobs pushed out a bit more as her bra gave up on holding them. This seemed to signal the end of her spurt as the creaking and groaning in her clothes stopped. Monica sat there, looking at the tops of her boobs, which blocked her view of the lower half of her vision. "Abbey?...I-I'm really stuck here...I can't move my hips at all..."

"L-let's just wait for class to end, then I'll help you out, ok?" Unsure of what else they could do right now, Monica sighed, pushing her clipboard towards herself and scribbling down a few things. The rest of the hour passed before people began filtering out. Monica pretended to keep herself busy, although it was completely pointless to pretend like nothing had happened. Plenty of people noticed her new size, but didn't whisper or point. Most just smiled or nodded, leaving promptly and trying their best not to stare.

The one girl who handed Monica the clipboard earlier, a red head with an enviable hourglass figure, bounced up to the pair. "Oh wow, you're so much bigger than from the start of class! Are you alright? C-can I help?" She seemed genuine enough, not a tinge of cruelty or mockery in her voice as she asked.

Monica merely nodded, not in much of a place to argue at this point for any kind of assistance. She held her arms up, Abbey taking one and the red head taking the other before they began pulling. It took a few good hard tugs before Monica's rear finally popped out of the seat. The sound of her thick thighs plunging out from the captive chair rang throughout the empty room, like a cork popping out from a champagne bottle.

Abbey giggled slightly. "You were really stuck in there!" Monica looked back and took in the damage with her gaze and her hands. Fingers met puffy yet perky masses still contained within the yoga pants, but only just. Holes dotted her big thighs where the fabric had given up. Her hands roamed all that she could reach, her butt seeming to extend back forever, making Monica strain to reach back and feel the bottoms of her taunted booty. Even with all the added volume it was tight feeling, not a crease to be felt other than the edge of her globular bottom that met with her plump thighs.

"This...this is too much! I cant...I..." Dumbfounded, Monica just looked back at the protruding cheeks that nearly destroyed her yoga pants. Her eyes eventually settled back on her bust, which now crept

dangerously close to her navel. They looked almost twice as big to her than when she walked into class!

"You grew all over!?" The redhead exclaimed, surprise and envy in her voice. "You're just about the right size to enter the Powerwalk club!"

"Powerwalk club?" Monica asked, realizing that she didn't feel much heavier at all, just a bit off balance. "Wh...what's the powerwalk club?" Monica asked tentatively, wobbling in place for a bit, her sense of balance still off. She felt like her bust was projecting a mile in front of her. And her ass...she didn't even want to think about that!

"The Powerwalk club is for the smaller portion of extra large busted ladies who cant comfortably jog anymore." She answered with her arms crossed under her slightly-larger-than-head sized bust.

"Oh...that uh...sounds...interesting..." Monica was still ultimately distracted by her new figure.

"Here, I'll introduce you today, if you want! They were gonna meet up after classes were done anyways. I'm not officially part of it, but I'm the community planner's sister!" She took Monica by the hand and began leading her to the door.

"Wu-wu-wu-wait, my things!" Monica said, stumbling back and going for her bag. Her minor error reminded her that she was extra large, and she had to catch herself on the back of the chairs to keep from falling over. She couldn't even reach down without teetering. "I can't even reach my bags, I'm so huge..!"

"Here, I can help with that!" Abbey offered, bending over and holding Monica's bag. She leaned in and whispered in her ear. "...I've always wanted to see the Powerwalk club for myself...I was always too small to get in...I've heard they're really uptight when it comes to new members..." Monica grabbed hold of Abbey's arm instead of her bag.

"Can I bring Abbey too? She's an old friend form high school..." She lied, unwittingly using Abbey to help her balance with her gyrating figure.

The redhead shrugged, waving her over. "I don't see why not. Just look, no touching, alright?" Abbey hesitantly nodded and before they knew it, they were getting led to a different wing of the school. Monica received as many open eyed glances as she gave out. Everywhere there were various sized bosoms, bottoms, and every combination of the two. Only twice did she spot girls that could rival her in size either upstairs or down; some were even bigger on both sides. "I'm Beth, by the way." The redhead spoke up as she guided them to some stairs, but suddenly stopped. "And we're going to take the elevator instead."

"I'm Monica." She replied as they hustled into the elevator, the twin doors shutting with the three of them inside of it. Monica took up most of the room, the other two girls squished to the side from her sheer size. Abbey and Beth made acquaintances across Monica, or rather, under her protruding shelf. "I-I'm sorry I'm taking up so much space..." She apologized, gripping the hem of her sweater that was easily 5 inches higher than it should be.

Beth waved her hand dismissively. "I'm used to it by now, don't even worry about it. We're almost on our floor anyways." And with a small ding, the doors whooshed open, Beth once again grabbing Monica by the wrist and leading her down a series of hallways until eventually, they reached their destination. "Here we are!" The lounge area of this dorm had been taken over by about seven tremendously endowed women. They all moved with ease, like the massive breasts they hauled weighed nothing to them. There were large and wide chairs for the few that also had large posteriors; beanbag chairs, armless stools, and whatever else that had little restrictions. Only three girls beat Monica in size. And it wasn't more than a couple inches. "Welcome to the Powerwalkers!" Beth

announced, putting an arm behind Monica's back and guiding her in with Abbey in tow.

"Hey. Who's this?" One of the women asked as she moved her way towards Monica. She was the biggest of the squad, her demeanor was intimidating, to say the least.

"Oh uh...h-hi Tina. Th-this is Monica. She wants to uh...join the Powerwalkers..." Tina stepped in front of Monica, her own mega medicine balls nearly touching hers. She looked her up and down, circling her like a shark for a moment before speaking. "And what makes you think you're big enough to join?"

Abbey chimed in. "T-this is her second growth since starting here!"

"So?" Tina asked with an unimpressed tone to her voice. "Jessica over there has only grown four times and she's already bigger than this one. Come back when you're all done and grown, kid." Just as Tina started walking away, Monica could feel the all-too-familiar tingle crawling back into her.

"Oh no..." It was as if her body heard the challenge and wanted to show her up.

"What do you mean oh no...? Monica, its ok, its just a silly club..." Abbey tried to console her, but the look in Monica's eyes told her everything. "N-no way...again? Already? A second one TODAY?"

Monica gasped as a hole broke open over her ass. "Y-yes!!"

"What!?" Beth exclaimed, looking on as Monica's figure began to slowly fill her clothes up even more. Shocked gasps and hushed whispers filled the air, even a stunned Tina looked on in wonder. Never had someone grown twice in a day, at THIS size. Monica could only stand there, slightly mortified as her body once again began puffing up and out and away from her, inches slowly trickling into her body. While it wasn't nearly as intense as earlier, it was still noticeable as her tits began to crawl over her navel and cover her bellybutton. Her size began to rival Tina, and almost beat her. The turn of events got her attention, envy boiling in her before quickly turning to appreciation.

"Well then. Color me impressed..." The busty bitch replied, crossing her arms and conceding as she watched Monica continue to inflate.

"W-wha!" Monica cried as she spread her legs to accommodate her moving center of gravity. Her breasts still puffed bigger, straining the keyhole of her sweater as she filled up the last remaining space. Her hands graced each flank to steady their constant bouncing. They puffed, and puffed, and puffed. Bigger and bigger. As if to put Tina in her place. And that seemed to be the exact thing happening.

Tina gave another humph. "Alright, you've made your point now." Monica could only look back horrified, unable to control her situation in the slightest. Their growth continued regardless, swelling down to her thighs. Her ass had made good progress as well, the hole in her seat progressively getting wider, revealing her taxed blue-and-white striped panties gradually. Her cheeks were starting to rival basketballs.

She finally lost her balance, with the huge masses of breasts piling up in front of her, she stumbled forwards into a beanbag chair. This left her ass free to stick up and blow up for all to see. Monica's torso was then pushed back up from her prone position.

"This is incredible" Beth pulled out her cell phone and began recording. "This must be over 15 sizes in the last 40 minutes!"

"But that's impossible! No woman in this school has ever grown in such a short amount of time!" Tina argued, stepping over to Beth. Beth kept her camera on Monica as she continued to grow, the beanbag chair getting pushed back by her progressive growth.

"To me, it looks like her body must have gotten too much stimulus and was easily susceptible to outside stimuli!" Beth rambled, causing Tina to roll her eyes.

"In English, poindexter!" Tina chided.

"She saw titties bigger than hers and her body was like 'I want that and more!'" Beth simplified with a sniff.

Monica kicked her legs helplessly as she stayed the center of attention. "I-IT CAN STOP ANY TIME NOW! I'M GETTING GIGANTIC!" She cried out in panic, kicking her legs, her feet bouncing off her plushing tush.

Beth looked over at Tina. "I think you owe her boobs an apology..." It was a half-joke, knowing it sounded ridiculous to say in the first place. Regardless, Tina rolled her eyes and stepped over to Monica. "Look, Monica uh...it was Monica right?" Monica merely nodded, her face partially stuffed in the beanbag chair and her tits. "I was...a bit harsh before and uh...I take it back. You can join the club. If you can still walk, that is!"

"S-she still had the wobbles before..." Abbey pipped up from her spot. Tina eyed the rather small girl but let it be.

"Wobbles still? Well, its no surprise. I think she has about everyone on campus beat now." Tina smiled as she knelt next to Monica. "I think you stopped showing me up, hehe. Wanna try standing, or do ya just wanna lay there a bit longer?"

"I...I can try..." Monica put her hands in front of her, wobbling back and forth on the bean bags. She couldn't get a decent grip and ended up floundering in the sack of cloth and foam beads. "...these were hard enough to get out of before!" Monica cried out. Abbey and Beth came up from behind and pulled her up by the shoulders, helping Monica to her feet where she wobbled, tits bobbling to and fro from the movement.

"Well slap my boobs while running!" Tina cheered as Monica stood with no weight issues, only teeters suppressed by Abbey and Beth. "I think we have a new mascot, ladies!" As the others giggled and moved in to greet Monica and get a feel of her inflated form, Beth waved Tina over. "Where's my sister? Is she still in class?"

"Nah, the old mascot was taking a bathroom break. Wait until she gets a load of this! She'll be a bit disappointed, I bet, but I'm sure she'll love teaching the new girl!" They both turned their heads, hearing a familiar jingle make its way to their room. "Ah, speak of the devil..."

Long red hair done up in two pigtails bounded as the tanned beauty strode up to the mass of busty girls. Her heaving breasts easily had several inches in diameter over everyone else. Her sports bra was a bright yellow with red stripes that had POWERWALKERS stretched across the right cup while the left cup had two blimps. Her full hips were wrapped in a matching pair of bottoms; just tickling the tops of her boobs were a couple of necklaces with various charms and such. She wore just as many bracelets too, which made her jingle like a wind chime in a strong breeze. Her eyes widened as the girls spread out and revealed the jiggling newcomer, and biggest girl in the room.

"Oh...my...what do we have here...?" The mascot walked in slowly, seductively, hips waving this way and that, hand on one of her hips like a supermodel. "I see...a newcomer then? Verrrry interesting. And so big! How long did this take you, may I ask?"

Monica felt even more intimidated by the even bigger girl, who was a couple inches taller than Monica herself. "T-this spurt? or all together?"

"Alllll together, dear. How many spurts has it been total...?" Monica swallowed, her mouth dry. Even if the woman technically had smaller jugs than her right now, she had an imposing air to her regardless. "W-well...I guess its technically...three. B-but...most of this happened today..."

The impressive red head froze, her eyes bugging out of her head "THREE!?! HOW IS THAT EVEN POSSIBLE!?" She almost yelled. Monica simply reeled at this, slowly piecing together that she had broken some kind of record along with her poor bra. The woman collected herself rather quickly, clearing her throat and putting her previous confident face back on. "Well, my dear, I suppose you have me beat. Which is rather impressive. I used to be one of the biggest in the school...but now...I suppose I have to hand that crown off to you..." She sank down on one of the armless chairs and sighed. "I suppose I should tell you...what's actually going on here, shouldn't I?"

Monica nodded, wobbling off to the side for a moment before being quickly saved from tipping thanks to Beth. "Yes, I would like to know why I've suddenly blown up to...to these"

"Well, I can't tell you for certain why you've blown up THAT big...but I can say that this school is special. The kind of special that makes it so girls who attend it sort of...become fuller. Bigger. Curvier. No matter who they are or where they're from, it has that effect on them. None of the student body knows why, but I'm sure the faculty does..." She started looking at her nails, pulling out a file from her bust to fix them. "Some girls grow only a little. Some grow a lot. Some grow all at once, sometimes they grow for the whole year. We can never really tell. All we do know is that we get big. Always. No matter what."

Monica took the info in. Even this explanation left out way too much, but she knew that this was as much knowledge about it right now. "So what your saying is...that everyone in here...may still not be done growing?"

The redhead nodded, not looking up from her nails. "A dreadful curse, I know...honestly, I'm excited to see how far mine will go, but it'd be absolutely awful if I got too big to walk! From how big you say you're getting at your rate, I wouldn't be surprised if you filled a whole room by tomorrow!"

Monica was less than pleased. "WHAAAT?!" She panicked, bouncing everywhere and breathing fast.

"Calm down Monica, remember what happened when you worked yourself up before!" Abbey warned from her side. Monica slowed down immediately, not wanting to prove the redhead right.

"And there is...no way to stop it?" she asked, her yoga balls bounding happily in her overstretched sweater.

"None that we know of. We're destined to just grow it out. Even girls that leave early after finding out still end up growing for however long they needed to. Once you're in, you're big. No way out." She stuck her fingers out again, giving them a dainty blow before resuming her filing

There was a long silence. Some of the girls felt sorry for the newcomer, not sure what to say. "W-what can I do?" Monica asked, determination in her eyes. "What can I do to not be dragged down by this...curse?"

The redhead stood, sauntering over again, putting her hand on Monica's shoulder. "Weight training. Get that back in order. And get ready for a looong semester." And with that, she walked back out of the room, her booty short-clad ass swaying behind her out the door. Monica stood there, taking in the final words from the red head. She had to make it, she couldn't take being a pair of weather balloons bound to one spot for ever. "Right!"

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Over the next several weeks, Monica proved Beth's sister wrong. Every day Monica returned to the Powerwalkers club, training with weights, even jogging for bits at a time. Overall, she had been putting in the time to become physically capable of handling her current bust. She had small spurts of growth here and there throughout the weeks, but they were hardly noticeable considering the size she had already achieved. Monica was starting to feel like, more and more, that she had gotten the majority of her growing out at once.

"So the training's been going well then?" Abbey asked as they made their way out of the school, another day done. Monica's bust had swelled just a bit, only down to her knees. She was able to walk just fine thanks to her exercise routine, but she still had to take the stairs carefully, her bust squishing against her knees as she made her way down.

"As good as it can...luckily, Beth's sister has been wrong about how big I would get...for now..."

Abbey smiled as her basketballs heaved in her vest, covering her own workout top. "W-what was her name again? I only know her as Big Red.."

"That's what everyone knows her as, besides her family, of course..."

"I think she likes the nickname." Monica giggled a bit at this.

"I mean, it really..." As they made it to the bottom of the steps, Monica couldn't help but notice something impressive catch her eye. "...fits..."

A strawberry blonde haired girl sauntered by, her bust relatively average for the school. But her butt was a different subject entirely. It seemed to stretch out a good four feet, something Monica had never seen before! "Wh...who is...?" Monica could barely get the question out, but Abbey knew what she was gonna ask.

"Ah, that's Emma. She's a foreign exchange student from Europe. She's uh...well, you can see why she's gotten so popular so fast..." Monica muttered out a reply, keeping her eyes locked on the booty as it slowly jiggled away from her. A familiar heat was lit deep inside her cheeks all of a sudden, so quick that it made her hop in place, jugs bouncing wildly from the sudden movement.

"Oh nooooo! No no no NO my-!" Monica cried out, rotating in an ungraceful manner and bouncing away with her butt in her hands. Abbey rushed after her the best she could, boobs slapping against her chin as she jogged.

"Monica? What's going on? Wait up!" Abbey found Monica under the stairs, laying on her popular bust and grabbing at her ass. It had already pushed out in the last few moments, and it was still billowing outwards

"Wh...why is this happening?! Now of all times...?!" She gasped, looking back and watching it rise like bread in the oven.

"Oh no! Don't tell me! That foreign exchange girl...she started you back up again! Like what happened at the Powerwalkers!" Abbey deduced, leaning on the wall to catch her breath, chest heaving up and down with each breath.

Monica's ass blew up, thickened, puffed, extended, and all other manners of grow. Her thighs fattened right underneath her as it ballooned bigger and bigger. The top swells pushed free from her shorts as her bottoms were pulled from regular gym shorts to hot pants. She moaned, as it felt amazing, rubbing the globular cheeks dominated the back of her body. Just before her hips extended out of her reach, her ass slowed to a stop, testing her bottoms with the utmost pressure.

"Oh my goodness...Monica! Look at it! You're...you're as big as her!" Abbey shouted, unable to believe her eyes. "That stimuli thing Beth was talking about...its getting really dangerous!"

Monica lifted herself up, feeling her new butt bounce and bobble just like her front. "Oh god!! A-am I really as big as her...?" Looking back, all she could see were the twin domes of her bigger ass

"A-actually, now that I look at it...you might be a little bigger! Not by much, but still...its...wow..." Abbey was at a loss for words. Monica's shorts barely fit at this point, her thighs squished together harshly from their new girth all around. "You just keep on impressing me, Monica!"

"I-if my butt is this big...I have no clue if I can fit thru many doors anymore!" She realized as her yoga ball butt and matching thighs wobbled below her, letting her know she was now just as big downstairs as she was upstairs. "Its so...big...huge...just massive..." The words were ringing through Monica's head as she pictured Emma again, but the picture faded. Something was stirring in her and she didn't like it. She needed to leave and get home before anything else happened. "A-Abbey...I...I need to go..."

Abbey gasped suddenly and threw herself onto Monica. They both fell and laid on Monica's bust, Abbey writhing on Monica's right teat. She lay on her back and grabbed her basketballs, moaning as they swiftly began to fill out. They grew in greedy pushes, jutting out more and more, fuller and fuller, until they were the size of beach balls. "Abbey!" Monica grabbed her post-inflated friend, who was shivering from the event.

"Holy crap!" Abbey gasped out, a wide smile crossing her face from her new developments. "I...I had no idea that I'd go...this far! Monica look! Look at what happened!" Monica couldn't help BUT look. She saw the whole spurt happen right in front of her...and it wasn't something she needed to see.

"Let's get you to the club room." Monica said, hefting her friend up with her massive self. They both bounced to the elevator, and when it opened Monica began to stuff her huge front inside, remembering when she could take an elevator ride with more than one other person

"I'll be up after you!" Abbey called as the doors just barely managed to shut. After a few minutes of waiting, Abbey made it up with Monica, the duo wobbling their way over to the club room. All the usual ladies there, including Big Red. "Hey Big Red! Look at this!" Monica gestured at Abbey in a presenting manner, Abbey merely smiling, hands at her hips, thrusting her tits outwards proudly.

"Oh my, The squirt is finally coming into her own! Shit, how much did you grow?" Big Red clapped, her undersized yoga balls bobbling happily. The rest of the room cheered as Abbey leaned on Monica's dirigible bosom. Abbey drank it in, never having fully been accepted in school like she had right now.

Big Red pulled her over, the other girls circling her and giving her pokes, gropes and general observations. Meanwhile, Tina approached Monica, giving her a nudge in the boob with her elbow. "Seems you rubbed off on the girl, busty." Tina joked, standing next to Monica as they watched Abbey smile and converse with the other ladies.

Monica smiled, making sure to keep her backside behind her bust. "On all of you, it seems..." She jested back, giving Tina a gently poke to her boob

"Heh. Well, mostly on her. Seems Big Red was wrong though. You seemed to have slowed down a bit, eh?"

"Thankfully, yes...in fact I think they might actually be done. Haven't had a spurt in a couple days..." Monica kept her butt a secret, in spite of its size. She had a feeling everyone had noticed, but they were all too distracted by Abbey's sudden size to truly think about it yet. They both stood there in silence. Monica stared at Abbey's new figure, the words "huge", "grow", "big", "massive" floating through her head. She shook herself out of it.

"Doing alright there?" Tina asked. "You look...distressed all of a sudden."

The tingle was ebbing at Monica's boobs, She could feel it. Gnawing. Prodding. Teasing. Threatening to make her bigger.

"I...I-I...h-help me..." Was all she managed to choke out.

"What do you mean? Help you with what?" Tina looked at her club mate quizzically, watching as she began to sweat.

"I'm...I'm trying to hold...hold it back, but its...its coming..." Monica gasped out. It had been like this all week. As much as she tried to convince herself and everyone else that her growing was over, every spurt she had felt coming on the past few days she had held back down, by sheer force of will. "What's coming? What are you talking about?"

"M-my tits.....they want to growwww..." Monica groaned, feeling the tingle spreading like wildfire.

"What, again? Aren't they big enough by now?" Tina backed away, grabbing the attention of the other ladies in the room. "Monica? Are you ok...?" Abbey asked demurely. Monica's face was pinched as she began to sweat.

"I'm trying....n-nooooooot.....t....t....to growwww..." She moaned, trying to keep as still as possible. In front of her, all of her friends boobs and blown up since she first met them. All were between large workout balls and extra large yoga balls. Monica shut her eyes to keep from looking, but the image was burned in her brain.

"Well you kept it down before, just...do that again now!" Tina urged, trying to help her the best she could. There wasn't much she could do, however.

"I...I-I'm trying..." Monica let out another moan, her eyes slowly opened back up to see the whole group of girls in front of her vision, all at once. The thought hit her again; every bust had grown in some way, whether it was a few inches or a few feet. Threatening to all become bigger than her, once again. But Monica didn't care. Her body did, however. It was all so...overwhelming

"C'mon Monica! You can do it! Don't let you boobs win like your ass did!" Abbey chanted.

Big Red spoke up this time. "Wait...her ass?" Big Red sauntered around to get a better look. She gasped at the sight. "Oh my goodness! Look at how huge this thing got!"

"Red, you're not helping!" Tina scolded her.

The rest of the ladies clamored behind Monica and all gasped, giving gentle pokes and prods, saying things like balloon, swell, massive, giant. It was too much for Monica. The damn broke. The tingle engulfed her 3 foot wide breasts

"OH GOD!" She screamed and moaned as the swelling began. Despite how intense it was, the rate was the same. Gradual puffs slowly swelling outwards, her tits crawling down past her knees and across her calves, slowly but surely widening out, beginning to beat her hips in width.

The world fell away as Monica kneaded her billowing mattress breasts, eliciting moan after moan as she was flooded with gallons of pleasure from her actions. She slowly rose on their forms, reaching double the side of her ass and still going. The girls in the room scrambled, many of them leaving in fear of just how big Monica would get. All that remained were Abbey, Tina, and Big Red.

"What do we do?! What do we do?!" Abbey panicked, pacing around, her new tits smacking around as her friend pulsed bigger and bigger without any signs of stopping.

Big red knelt down to the poor inflating girl. "Listen to me Monica: you are big enough. You have

everyone in school beat in size. I'm sooo small compared to you now that you have no more competition...just relax...you're big enough...everyone is small..."

Monica's breath started to become less panicked, her panting slowing with her tits as they slowly reached nine feet each, pushing against her and squishing against various objects in the room

Red continued her therapy. "I have no hope of ever matching you in size. You are the bustiest girl ever. So just calm down, let it go. You can still move. You can still powerwalk. Just calm your mind..." As she held onto Monica's hand, she whispered the comforting mantra into her ear, the effect seeming to work on her. Her bust was now letting out small pulses and burps of growth here and there before finally coming to a stop at ten feet. She filled up half the room, Abbey and Tina needing to stay far off on the other side.

There was only Monica's slow and calming breath that made a sound. She lightly bobbed atop her buoyant throne as her butt shifted against the ceiling. "S-so....who wants to roll Miss Bust to her feet again...?"

\* \* \*

With the semester coming to a close, many of the women began preparing for their winter vacation. The holidays were upon them, and the time to go visit families had arrived.

Monica had an awkward trip to make. Her bust, which hadn't gotten bigger than the minivans already attached to her (much to her, her friend's, and the faculty's relief), made transport much more difficult. Luckily, the school had planned for this, and ordered double-wide charter buses to help transport students who had undergone...excessive growth throughout the year. The Powerwalkers had all seemed to balloon in size, unlike their mega-mascot – soon, not a woman in the club had breasts that didn't at least slap against their thighs.

Abbey had continued her growth journey, her butt finally joining in near the end of the semester. What was once quite an average backside had ballooned out into something only XL sweatpants could fit. But it paled in comparison to her tits, which had only continued their swelling well throughout the year, now being the third largest of the group for her height, their bottoms grazing the ground when she walked, her feet sometimes kicking them when she went down stairs.

When Monica arrived home, the door swung open, the color of her mom's skin draining away as all she saw were two fleshy orbs sitting on her front lawn. She heard a voice from beyond it:

"Hey mom! I'm home!" Her mother, puzzled look on her face, managed to speak through the haze of bafflement.

"So...how has school been, dear...?" She managed to choke out. Monica could only giggle, ripples crossing the flesh contained only by a large curtain furnished into a tube-top.

“Well...its certainly given me a new perspective!”

THE END