

“Where did you find this?” Laney said, eyes wide in amazement.

“I found it last week at an antique shop, and thought it’d be perfect for your costume you’re working on.” Said her boyfriend Mike, who was holding a toy raygun.

Laney held it gently, examining it closely. “How much did you spend on this? It looks like it’s from the 60s but also brand new.”

“Well it wasn’t exactly this nice when I found it so it was only a couple of bucks. It was all dirty looking and I couldn’t get any of the lights to work. So I did some polishing, rewiring, added some batteries and voila. Go ahead and pull the trigger.”

Laney pressed down on the trigger, it had a little resistance to it and nothing happened. Even though the thing looked brand new, she could feel the age on the trigger.

“Yeah the trigger was a little rusted so it might get stuck, just pull harder on it to get it loose and it should work fine.”

She pulled on it again, applying a little more pressure and suddenly it lit up and came to life. Her eyes went wide and she smiled brightly. The base of the toy was chrome, which curved up to what looked like a small glass ball with a metal rod going through it. Past the ball were three disks that descended in size the closer they got to the end which was capped with another even smaller glass ball.

As Laney pressed down on the trigger the shifting green and blue light illuminated the first glass ball at the end of the handle. The main shaft illuminated quickly before each disk began shifting between green and a light shade of blue. She let go of the trigger and the light quickly faded.

She looked up to Mike in awe, before leaping onto him kissing him repeatedly before saying. “Thank you thank you thank you thank you!”

Mike, unprepared, almost fell back as he caught her before lowering her to her tiptoes. She looked up at him, standing nearly a full foot shorter than him at 5ft even, her eyes still full of stars.

“This is awesome, did you put LEDs in it or something? They look brand new.” Laney asked, examining the gun closer.

“No, those are actually the original lights and everything, all I did was add some new wires and connectors for the batteries.” Mike said, scratching the back of his neck.

“Really? They have to be ancient, what kind of lights even are they?”

“Nothing I’ve ever seen before. I feel like I honestly got lucky getting it to work at all. The whole inside of it seems unnecessarily complicated, especially for something so old.”

“Weird,” Her face lit up again, “It must have been some kind of movie prop! This thing could be priceless!”

“Yeah, who knows, it’s probably worth more than any kind of jewelry I could afford.”

She kissed him again, this one much slower and clearly with much more intention before saying, “And I shall cherish it always.” Without an ounce of sarcasm.

She turned and suddenly ran out of the room. She quickly reappeared with a piece of paper.

“I got our passes printed out,” She held it out in Mike’s face.

He leaned back slightly before taking it.

“You said you’ll be there around 3 right?”

Mike looked at the paper, it was a full day pass for a local comic convention. Laney was obsessed with all things nerdy, she specifically had an affinity for old school sci-fi. They had been together nearly two years and he had never actually been to a con with her. He had many of the same nerdy interests as her, but definitely not to the same extent.

“Yeah, I’m sorry I might miss the cosplay contest. If I can get out of work early then I’m hoping I can at least catch the end when you sweep everybody else there.”

“Thank you, but I doubt that’ll happen.”

“What are you talking about? Your stuff is always, like, movie level quality.”

Mike was right, she always put a lot of time and effort into her cosplay and it always paid off. She had won contests in the past, and was well regarded online for the quality of her props and costumes she would mostly make to sell. She would occasionally post pictures of herself online with her cosplay, but much of it would be quite modest or even just a full blown suit of armor. However this specific cosplay was different. This one was the first one one could describe as sexy in any way.

She chose to cosplay as the main character of her favorite anime Aika from *Star Valkyrie: Dying Nova*, which was a bit obscure and themed like a 1960s sci fi movie. The main character being an astronaut with a nonsensical space suit that was basically just a revealing leotard with platform boots. Laney always loved the aesthetic the character, and despite being pretty outgoing she was feeling

“I know, but it just doesn’t seem perfect like the others felt when I wore them.”

“Well your hair is spot on.”

She had spent several hours the previous day working on her hair, never being one for wigs; she always opted to go all out and cut and dye her hair however necessary. “Thanks,” She said, turning away, “but I really don’t think I can pull Aika off.”

“Oh come on, why don’t you just show me?”

“I’m pretty sure your opinion is going to be biased.”

He stood behind her and placed his hands on her hips, “You’re right, but I know what Aika wears, and I’m pretty sure you could pull that off.”

“You just want to see me in a tight skimpy outfit.” She said as she broke away from his embrace and turned to face him.

“Yes, yes I do.” He said smiling.

“Fine,” She said as she turned and began heading to her room, “But I’m not wearing the helmet, it’s not finished yet.”

“Don’t worry, I think I’ll get over it.”

Laney looked at herself, disappointed. Everything looked perfect, from the platform boots, to the replica jetpack. The space suit itself was a leotard that she had actually made entirely herself. It was clearly much higher quality than the typical cheap type of costume you could just buy. Her only issue with the costume was that it was visibly just barely too big for her.

She had never made anything meant to be that form fitting, and all it did in her mind was highlight her petite frame. She was nearly foot shorter than Aika, and clearly not as well endowed as the window to her cleavage pushed up b cups were trying their best.

Maybe nobody else has seen it, it is pretty obscure. She thought to herself. She adjusted her breasts as much as she could before turning around to try and pull up the bottom of the costume. She tried to get as much of it as she could to wedge between her perky little cheeks, but only made it evidence that she was doing so as the costume was visibly bunched directly above it.

“Who am I kidding.” She said aloud, knowing that it would be obvious with a costume like that that the character was meant to be absolutely stacked.

She looked at the makeshift helmet she had made out of a clear plastic salad bowl. It was a miracle that she was able to actually shape and cut it into the way it looked now, which was impressive. Yet it still seemed way too much like a cheap replica then like her typical quality of prop. She stepped over to a shelf next to her desk and looked at a large figure of Aika. She popped the helmet off and looked at it, wishing she could have something as detailed as it.

She sat down on her bed and stared at it. She never really felt self conscious about herself like she had with this specific cosplay. As insanely curvy as Aika was, Laney never compared herself to her. She was a fairly confident person, and throughout her whole life had loved her body. It was only in this instance, where her obsession with perfection with her work collided with her petite frame.

She stood up and set the small piece of plastic on her nightstand. She picked up the ray gun and admired its detail. It may not have looked identical to something from Star Valkyrie, yet the fact that it was from Mike and he had done so much to fix it for her. She felt loved just holding it. She looked back at herself in the mirror and posed with it really quick. She pointed it at the mirror and pulled the trigger. It quickly lit up all the way to the glass ball at the end of it, and suddenly became very bright. There was a slight whirring sound before a cartoonish sounding *ZAP!* A bright flash emitted from the toy gun, the combination of the sound and sudden bright light made her jump. She closed her eyes after the flash and slowly reopened them looking down at the chromed gun in her hand.

“Hey, you good in there? I don’t want to rush you or anything but I still have to get to work.”

Laney stuck the gun in a holster resting on her hip, relieved that it fit perfectly. She walked to the door, stumbling a bit, her platform boots seeming tighter as she did. She maintained her balance and took another careful step, she seemed fine, yet they still felt off in some way she couldn't place.

She opened the door only to be surprised to be staring eye to eye with her boyfriend. They both seemed to be taken aback for a moment before she broke the silence by saying, “So, what do you think?” She did a quick turn, almost stumbling again in her boots.

Mike was at a loss for words, he tried his best to keep his eyes upward, but the form fitting leotard highlighted his girlfriend's body in a way he had never seen anything else do

before. He didn't understand if it was just how tight it was, but it showcased her body's curves in a way that had him mesmerized.

"Those boots seem to be working overtime." Was all he could manage to say.

"Yeah," Laney said, lifting one, "I guess they're a bit taller than I thought they were." She looked down at herself running her hands over the costume, confused at how taut it felt.

She could have sworn only a moment ago that there were creases in the material, but she was now not only feeling but seeing that it seemed to be fully fitted to her form. Most notably to her was her much more pronounced cleavage, now that she was aware of it she could feel them being more constricted and pushed up.

"I think you look great." Mike finally said, not sure why he seemed so nervous. He had seen his girlfriend fully naked plenty of times, yet for some reason this costume seemed to make her much more intimidating to him, from the way it pinched at her hips, to the way it hugged her waist, squeezed her breasts, it was almost as if she was all around... bigger.

She put her arms over his shoulders and kissed him, "Of course you'd think that, you probably just like it because it seems like its performing miracles with my boobs." She stuck her chest out, "Honestly don't know how they look so good in it."

"I won't lie to you, they look amazing. Did you pad it? I swear they look bigger." He said.

The fact that Laney wasn't the only one that noticed filled her with a hint of worry.

"No, just kind of shaped the top to give me a bit of a push. No where near Aika levels, but they do look good." She gave them a light squeeze, her unease growing, because she knew her body. As she gently pressed into them she could tell that there was something different, they didn't just look bigger, they felt bigger.

She looked back up at him and gave him another quick kiss and said, "You sir need to get to work. I've distracted you long enough, and you're distracting me from finishing my costume."

Mike groaned and said, "Ugh, you're right." He checked his watch, "Maybe I can wait around just a bit longer?"

She began to push him through her apartment towards the door and said, "You'll have plenty of time to see my boobs later mister. Go be responsible for a while."

"Okay okay, yes ma'am. Like I said I'll try to get there as soon as I can but if I miss the contest, kick ass and I'll celebrate with you after."

"Okay okay okay, love you now go." She said nearly shoving him out the door.

"Love you too" He managed to get out before Laney closed the door.

She leaned against it before looking back down at herself. She hurried back to her room and looked at herself in the mirror. She stepped out of her boots and her heart sank. It wasn't just the boots, she was taller. She was at least five inches taller than she had been a few minutes ago. She stepped closer to the mirror and lifted one of her legs, running a hand down it. Both of her legs were longer, and ended at her hips to her butt to her surprise it didn't seem any bigger then before. Despite this her leotard was pulled way further up then it was earlier, with no slack anywhere to be seen.

She brought her attention back to her breasts. She slowly brought her hands to them before pulling down on the window to her cleavage causing them to slip out. They were bigger, not too much larger than before, but still noticeably so. She had to have gone up a full cup size.

“This is insane.” She said quietly, cupping them in her hands. “What the hell happened to me?” Looking at her reflection her eyes remembered the ray gun holstered at her hip. She pulled it out and examined it once again, “There’s no way.”

She went over to her bed and grabbed one of her many stuffed animals stacked on one end. It was a small stuffed rabbit, one that out of all of them had the least sentimental value. She sat it up in the middle of her bed, before patting its head and saying, “Thank you for your noble sacrifice for the sake of science.”

She stood back and pointed the ray gun at it. She slowly pulled the trigger, causing it to light up and begin whirring once again. She squeezed the trigger all the way, but continued holding it after the initial flash of the end lighting up. She watched in awe as a steady beam of green light shot from the end of the tiny contraption and was directly hitting the small stuffed rabbit’s head. Her eyes were wide as she saw the rabbit’s head slowly begin to expand and grow before her eyes.

She stepped closer, continuing to shoot it with the device. The rest of the rabbit's body appeared to be growing but at a much slower rate than where she was directly shooting. She stopped firing, noticing how hot the handle of the gun had become. The rabbit’s head was now larger than her own, and the rest of it appeared to have doubled in size.

“So whatever gets directly hit grows faster than the rest of it.” She said smiling, “This is so cool.”

She looked down at her nightstand and saw the small plastic helmet on her nightstand and a lightbulb lit up in her head. She stood above it and pointed the gun directly at it. She pulled the trigger down all the way again and let it blast at full force into the small piece of plastic. She watched as the helmet grew slowly before picking up pace. She held the trigger until the helmet nearly met the end of the gun before letting go. She watched as the helmet continued to emulate a faint green glow before its growth stopped.

She picked it up and admired it for a moment. Its size was perfect, and looked so much more authentic than the helmet she had made. She put it on and stepped back to admire it in the mirror. It looked perfect, it could use a bit of padding on the bottom to make it a bit more comfortable, but it was nothing she couldn’t get done before the convention.

She only then realized that her breasts were still hanging out the front of her costume. She felt them in her hands before bobbing up and down on her tiptoes, watching her boobs bounce. She giggled, never having enough up top to bounce like this before.

Not too far off from Aika now. She looked back down at the gun and felt her heart flutter with excitement. With only the slightest hint of hesitation she pointed it upwards and placed the rounded end between her tits. With her free arm she squeezed them together around the end and pulled the trigger. She shuddered this time as she saw her breasts illuminate with a green light. She was shocked that she actually couldn’t feel the beam hitting her, and the only way she could feel them growing was the sensation of them further enveloping the tip of the gun and pushing

against her arm. They grew for a few more moments after she let go of the trigger before stopping after doubling their previous size.

She swayed side to side laughing aloud as her weighty breasts now slapped against her sides, each nearly the size of cantaloupes. She squeezed them together with her arms.

These are perfect! She thought, *Exact same size as Aika.* She turned and posed, frowning as she saw her backside. *Not fully the same size.* She wedged its end of the gun between her cheeks, surprised at how warm it was. She pulled the trigger only briefly, there was a green flash behind her, and she immediately felt her wedgie grow tighter.

She gasped as her buttocks tripled in size, and her legs extended by another couple of inches. She stumbled forward before turning to look at herself in the mirror. She put a hand over her mouth in shock as she saw the twin masses wobbling behind her.

Maybe I overdid it a little. She thought as she rubbed one of her bloated cheeks. *It's so round...* She absentmindedly thought before giving it a light slap. She once again bobbed up and down on her tiptoes, her over enlarged buttocks clapping together without much effort. She covered her mouth again, stifling a chuckle. She faced forward, her now curvaceous body filling the mirror. After some struggling she was able to stuff her mounds back into the costume, at least enough to cover her nipples.

"There we go," She said aloud, admiring her body "I may actually have a shot at this contest now."

Laney walked without a specific destination, but with the appearance of purpose. She was clearly drawing attention as she walked past. She couldn't blame any of them either, it was probably difficult to not look at her ass as she walked past considering how much space it took up. She reveled in the desire and jealousy she was instilling in passerby's, never thinking she'd like this type of attention. At the same time it was also a tad bit overwhelming, she felt relieved that she was far from the only scantily clad curvaceous women walking around. Some bigger than she was, and also clearly had their own fanbases as many were taking pictures with people. All the same it made her a bit more comfortable knowing all of that type of attention wasn't solely on her. She got herself a churro and sat down at a table in an area roped off to be a designated food court area.

Can't believe they're allowed to charge \$10 for a churro, and one that's this small too. She took a quick look around before unholstering her newly acquired growth ray and quickly zapped her tiny piece of overpriced fried dough. It quickly doubled in size.

She hesitated before taking a bite, *I hope this thing doesn't like irradiate stuff... Eh I already zapped myself with it so I'm already this deep.* She took a bite, honestly surprised that it just tasted exactly the same.

Just then her phone started ringing, it was her friend Savannah, who she was supposed to meet in the food court 15 minutes ago.

"Hello?" She said looking around.

"Hey I've been walking around for like an hour and haven't seen you anywhere."

"I'm in the food court where we said we'd meet."

“I was just there, I didn’t see you anywhere.”

Laney looked up from her phone and looked around before hearing Savannah in person say, “Laney!?”

She looked to her right and saw Savannah behind the rope to the main area. She was standing there in shock staring at her friend’s new body. She put her phone in her pocket, ducked beneath the rope, and rushed over to the table.

“Holy shit that is you.”

“Oh, hey, what’s up?”

Savannah leaned in close, she was wearing an anime T-shirt and jeans. Her pink hair was in a ponytail tucked through the back of a baseball cap. She dropped her bag next to the table and stared into the chasm of her friend’s cleavage.

“What’s up? What’s up?!” She leaned closer to get a better look, “What the hell happened to you?!”

Laney looked around embarrassed by her friend’s outburst, hoping she wouldn’t draw attention. “I-it’s just a costume, you know how I go all out.”

Savannah leaned in even closer and scoffed, “If I thought those were prosthetics I would’ve just asked where you got them.” She poked one of Laney’s boobs.

Laney slapped her friend’s hand away and covered her chest.

“Yeah, those things are definitely real. You need to spill what happened right fucking now.”

Laney stood up, Savannah’s eyes going even wider as she now had to look up at her. “Okay, okay, just calm down. You also have to promise not to say anything to anybody.”

“Holy shit Laney,” Savannah whispered, “I’m not sure I can promise that.”

Laney rolled her eyes, “Just come with me.”

“No fucking way!” Savannah said, less in disbelief, more in excitement.

“I’m dead serious,” Laney said, showing off the mysterious device to her friend.

“And he just found this at an antique shop?”

“That’s what he told me, I don’t think he knew what it really was. I mean nobody would assume a toy ray gun would be a legit sci-fi growth ray.”

“I want to see it.” Savannah said, giddy with excitement.

Laney knew it was probably a bad idea to be messing with something beyond their understanding, however in her defense she also thought that it would be really fun to mess with.

“Fuck it,” She said, pointing it at her friend “what first, tits or ass?”

Savannah jumped back, covering her already sizable bust with her arms. “Hold on, that’s not what I meant!”

“I’m kidding, here watch this.” Laney saw a discarded paper cup next to a nearby trashcan and pointed the gun to it.

She pulled the trigger, only holding it briefly, and a small beam shot from it and into the cup. In a matter of seconds it grew rapidly, now able to fit at least a gallon. Savannah jumped and clapped with excitement.

“Holy shit!” She looked down at the bag she was carrying and quickly reached into it. “Hold on, I got an idea.”

Savannah took out a small keychain that appeared to be a replica of a sword meant for some kind of figurine.

“Shoot this!” she said, a bit too eager.

“Shhh, keep it down, I don’t want too many people seeing this. It’s probably bad enough that we’re being irresponsible with it.” Laney said, looking around at passersby.

“Fine, come on.” Savannah said before running over to a nearby bathroom.

Laney rolled her eyes as she tried to keep up, struggling on multiple fronts to hurry over. Her now ill-fitting boots were enough to slow her down, but she also felt incredibly weird feeling the weight of her new curves wobbling and shaking with every movement, especially her backside. The longer she’d had it, the more she could feel just how disproportionate it was atop her slender in comparison thighs.

She awkwardly made her way over to the bathroom, more aware of her body than she had been the past several hours. She opened the door to just be immediately demanded by Savannah to, “Quick lock it!”

Laney turned back to the door immediately after it closed only to stop in her tracks.

“It doesn’t just lock, I don’t think I’ve ever actually seen a public bathroom with just deadbolts on—” she stopped as she saw Savannah giving her a weird look. “What?”

“Sorry,” she said smiling, “Just hadn’t seen you directly behind yet.”

“Is it really that bad?” Laney said, looking over her shoulder, the two giant orbs tailing behind her clearly visible to her.

“If I’m being honest...” She replied, leaning down a bit, sizing up her friend’s derriere. “You’ve seen Dum-Dum Suckers before right?”

“Ugh, you’re kidding?” She lifted one of her cheeks, testing its weight. “I know I went a little bit overboard.” She walked over to the mirror and examined herself. “My legs do look really skinny compared to it. Ugh and I swear this thing wasn’t meant to be a thong.”

“Like, seriously, it’s so far up there I’m surprised it’s not coming out of your mouth.”

“Trust me I can tell how bad it’s riding up, I just wish it didn’t look so fake honestly.”

“Yeah, trust me I know how big of a perfectionist you are, but why don’t you just balance your thighs out. You know, make it all match.”

Laney took a moment to think it over before deciding, “Did you check the stalls?”

“It’s fine, we’re alone. Now hurry up and do it before somebody walks in.”

“Okay okay, just stand back.” Laney said, squeezing the tip of the ray gun between her thighs. She took a deep breath before quickly pressing and releasing the trigger.

Her thighs were briefly enveloped in a green glow before beginning to puff up like rising dough. The gap between them filled in as they pushed outward in all directions. She winced and quickly pulled the gun from their cushiony expanse of her plumping legs as she felt it nearly burning her due to how hot it suddenly felt. As they appeared to cease growing outward, Laney could feel her boots constricting her legs even tighter, leaving her worried she may not be able to remove them without a scalpel.

“Woah,” Savannah said, “I think you actually got taller by a few more inches.”

Laney turned to look at herself in the mirror, “Yeah I can tell, it looks like my ass got even bigger too.” She said, frowning.

“At least you’ve got the legs to keep that thing up now.” Savannah said, watching her friend feel herself up.

“Fuck if this isn’t temporary it’s going to take forever to burn all of this off before my next cosplay.” Laney said, squeezing her gargantuan cheeks.

“Just do Chun-Li and you won’t have to worry about it.”

“I still can’t believe this is my body. Mike is going to be so floored when he sees me.”

Savannah’s eyes went wide, “He doesn’t know yet!?”

“No, I was going to surprise him.”

“He’s definitely going to be surprised, he’ll probably have a heart attack.” Savannah said, quietly. “Can we do my thing now?”

“Sure, yeah let’s do it. Let me see the keychain.” Laney said, holding out her hand.

“Actually,” Savannah said cautiously, “Do you think I could try it this time?”

Laney hesitated for a moment, before handing it over and taking a step back. “Just be really careful, we don’t need any accidents. I’m big enough.”

“Don’t worry I got this.” Savannah said, setting the keychain on the counter. She closed one of her eyes and bit her tongue focusing as best she could, awkwardly pointing the gun directly at the tiny sword.

She pulled the trigger down, yelping and smiling as the beam struck the miniature blade. It rapidly began growing. In only a couple of seconds it was already more than 25x its original size. Laney took notice of how much faster it grew than everything that she had used on it.

“Holy shit!” Savannah said, attempting to pick the sword up with one hand, “Woah, it’s a lot heavier than I thought it would be.”

“Hey! I said be careful with it, don’t just wave it around all willy nilly like that.” Laney said attempting to grab the device from her friend.

Savannah held it away and held out her other hand to try and keep Laney from grabbing it. Doing so she let go of the now 5ft long replica sword, causing it to slip off of the counter and crash onto the floor, the metallic clang creating the type of reverberating sound you can feel in your teeth.

Laney stumbled back, her breasts slipping free of their confines. She yelped before quickly covering them with her arms.

“Stop laughing, it’s not funny!” She said, struggling to shove her melons back into their tight confines.

“It actually is pretty funny, how the hell did you even fit those cannons in there in the first place?”

Laney scowled at Savannah, the pink of her areola still peaking through the window in her suit. She held out her hand and said firmly, “Give it back.”

“Oh come on now, it’s not my fault your tits are too big for your costume.”

“I’ve got a bad feeling, I don’t think we should be messing with it so much.”

Savannah held it loosely in her hand, “I didn’t fire it off when the sword dropped, I’m pretty sure it’s in good hands.” Just then the ray gun flashed and released a beam, which reflected off of the mirror, and again off of a light on the ceiling, before going over the top of one of the stalls eliciting a yelp from behind the stall door.

Both Laney and Savannah were frozen in place.

“I thought you said you checked the stalls.” Laney whispered, grabbing the gun out of Savannah’s hand.

“Well I didn’t say that. I just thought we were alone.” She replied. Before the door flew open and a voice screamed.

“What the fuck!?” Out stumbled a woman cosplaying as what looked like Nami from One Piece. She stumbled out of the stall, her green and white striped bikini snapping off almost as soon as she did, two breasts the size already larger than her head spilled out, adorned with two erect pink nipples. “What did you do to me!?”

“Holy shit Savannah! What did you do!?” Laney said, holstering the cause of this poor woman’s sudden change.

“I didn’t pull the trigger I swear!”

The woman’s breasts continued to bulge and push outward, she attempted to cover her nipples, but even that was already becoming a difficult feat for her.

“Holy shit Laney, she’s getting really big. What do we do?”

Laney didn’t know what to do, it was such a quick zap, it had to have been the same as the one she initially shot herself with, yet this woman was growing much faster and for much longer then she did.

“Laney I said what do we do!?” Savannah reiterated.

“I-I don’t know!”

“There isn’t, like, a shrinking option or anything? She’s getting huge.”

The woman was groaning as she hugged the beach ball sized orbs now threatening to pull her to the ground. “Please help me!” She pleaded, her eyes fluttering as her hands squeezed her nipples, her areola now so large they couldn’t be covered by her hands. None of the women really even noticed that they were no longer growing, stuck just under the size of two yoga balls.

“I don’t think so! All you can do is pull the trigger and it makes things bigger!” Laney said, panicking.

“You two are crazy!” the woman said, gasping, leaning against the stall’s frame. “H-help! Somebody help me!” She began calling out.

“Oh shit, go go go!” Savannah said, as the two ran out of the bathroom.

They hurried away further into the crowds and stopped at the edge of a row of booths and tables. To try and collect themselves.

“That was really bad Savannah.” Laney said, “What are we going to do?”

“I have no idea! I don’t really know if we can actually get in legal trouble for that, I don’t think there are any laws that apply to what just happened.”

“Did you see her? We have to figure out how to fix this. Also why did she get so big? I knew something has to be wrong with it, I told you I had a bad feeling.”

“Okay let’s just calm down, maybe there’s some kind of way to reverse it and make it shrink instead.”

“Okay, you’re right, you’re right. Fuck we really shouldn’t have just messed with it like that.” Laney said, taking the gun out of its holster. Her worried expression remained as she looked down at it. The whole thing was still lit up without the trigger being pressed down at all. “That can’t be good.”

“Can’t you just take the battery out or something?” Savannah said, taking a step back.

Laney turned it over and inspected it carefully. “I think you have to fully take it apart to do that.”

“Okay just put it back in the holster, and then let’s call Mike, see if maybe he can reverse whatever he did with it.”

“Yeah, yeah, I bet he can.” Laney said, getting a hold on her breathing. Only for her heart rate to shoot back up as the gun went off as soon as she holstered it. It immediately grew too big for her and slipped off of her hips, falling to the floor causing the ray gun to tumble out of it.

Before she could even reach down to grab it it began to go off, firing short blasts, each one sending it up, almost causing it to bounce as it sent green beams in all directions. Most hitting random objects in displays or booths nearby. A tent pole at one of the booths doubled in size, collapsing the rest of the tent, with onlookers looking around in confusion. Random collectables and figurines growing to life size. Then there were a few blasts that hit other patrons of the con.

One hit a stormtrooper directly in the head, causing his helmet alone to rapidly grow. He threw it off before it stopped at 4 ft in height. Another hit a woman in full halo spartan armor, causing the centerpiece of the armor which seemed to be molded EVA foam to rip in half as it grew and split off of her. Then there was one blast that hit a much more scantily clad patron.

There was a more notable cosplayer that clearly had a decent online following as there was a line of people waiting to get pictures with her. She was wearing some sort of demonic priestess inspired costume, that was for the most part a thong and top that looked like two skeletal hands barely covering her massive bust. Perhaps if it weren’t for her already immense curves the beam may have just flown past her, but she was bending over doing a cute pose for the camera when a stray beam from across the convention hall struck her directly in her already large ass.

She didn’t even seem to notice, unlike the many people around her who saw her lower half briefly glow for a moment before her thong almost immediately snapped off and dropped to the ground. She smiled nervously covering her nethers, only saying “Whoops!” and laughing before her butt exploded in size. The first wave of growth was fast, her butt doubling initially, causing her to have to lean forward, the inches began to add themselves much slower, yet continuously.

She sank her hands into them, her confusion rising as she felt it grow into her hands. “What’s happening to my ass!?” She spun around trying to get a better view of it, accidentally slamming it into the patron she was taking a picture with and sending them to the ground. She

yelped, “I’m sorry!” before it surged in growth again, she fell forward, catching herself with her hands.

Her bulbous cheeks wobbled above her, each now approaching several feet in diameter. Her legs and arms shook, struggling to hold the increasing weight. She tried to push herself up only to fall backwards onto her expansive backside. She sank into them, like two doughy beanbags before they pushed her further upward. She looked around, and grasped at her growing backside as if she could pull it back in. It didn’t take long before her feet were fully lifted off the ground. She was uplifted faster, and higher. Sitting on the monument her ass had become she looked down at all of the panicked patrons around her unsure of how to help.

Across the hall Laney and Savannah watched as the tiny woman atop two gigantic pale orbs was lifted into the air, their growth ceasing just as they reached the size of bouncy castles.

“Maybe that’s just a figurine, or display, or something.” Savannah said, breaking the silence between the two of them.

They could both clearly see the looking around in a panic atop the enormous room filling ass. “We have to get out of here.” Was all Laney could manage to say, looking down at the ray gun, which was still whirring, but no longer firing off.

“Hey you two!” They looked over to see the incredibly busty Nami they had left in the bathroom leaning against the wall, a thin strip of toilet paper being the only thing barely covering her nipples as she attempted to stagger towards them, “You two need to fix this now!”

Unfortunately for this poor woman the ray gun began firing off again, and struck her square in the chest. She immediately fell forward as her breasts spilled outward in front of her. In a few seconds her feet could no longer touch the ground and she was trapped atop them.

“No, not again!” she cried as their growth slowed, her complaints were then drowned out by her own orgasmic moaning.

“What the fuck?” Savannah said, “Does it really feel as good as that sounds?”

“No, I think that’s just her thing.” Laney said, blindlessly staring at the mountain of tit in front of them.

“Oh shit!” Savannah cried out, drawing Laney’s attention back to the ray gun.

She turned just in time to see a beam blast her friend square directly in her midsection.

“Oh no, Laney, you have to help me! I don’t want to end up like her!” Laney panicked, her shirt beginning to shift.

She stuck out her chest expecting it to balloon outwards, only for her shirt to completely envelop her body, before its neckhole grew so large she slipped right out of it. It bundled at her feet, like a huge cotton tarp. She looked around before sighing in relief, left standing there in her light blue bra.

“Never mind, I guess.”

Laney looked around at the panicked crowds of people either rushing to the exits, or stopping in awe at the two massive women on either side of the convention center.

“This is my fault, I’m the one that brought this thing here.” She looked down at the cause of all of the chaos unfolding around her, and saw that it was beginning to glow brighter than it

had previously. She looked at Savannah and said, “Run!” before removing her helmet and leaping onto the gun immediately before it began firing again.

The inside of the helmet was filled with a blinding green light. Savannah jumped back and watched as Laney laid on top of it, both surprised that the helmet didn’t appear to be growing. Only seconds later her breasts slipped free from their confines and enveloped the glowing helmet.

Laney kept her eyes pinched shut, and continued laying atop the helmet despite being able to feel the mass being added to her chest. She heard the helmet begin to crack as more and more weight was placed on top of it. The two pale beanbags of flesh finally won the battle and Laney could feel them crush the helmet, followed by a green flash bright enough that she could see it shine all the way through her cleavage just as she opened her eyes. She could no longer hear the loud whirring of the ray gun beneath her, assuming it must have been crushed along with the helmet. Before she could even begin to process the sheer size of her chest, or the relief of the growth ray finally stopping, she noticed something else. She could see it even in her hands, her whole body was glowing ever so slightly.

“Laney!?” Called a familiar voice in front of her.

Just past the horizon of her twin peaks was somebody standing in a full futuristic set of sci fi armor. He removed his helmet and rushed over to her.

“Mike!? What are you doing here? Why are you dressed like that?”

“I-I,” he stammered, “I was going to surprise you, I’ve been working on this for months. What happened to you? Laney you’re so big, and... You’re glowing.”

She fought back tears, “You were going to surprise me? That’s so sweet, I’m actually going to surprise you too, but I wasn’t this big a minute ago. It was the ray gun you got me.”

“What do you mean?” he said, leaning down next to her, unsure of what he should do.

“It was like a legit growth ray or something, I used it earlier to make myself look more like Aika, but it’s broken or something and started going nuts.” She said, as the glow faded from her skin.

Mike looked around at the random enlarged objects, as well as women.

Laney noticed the glow had faded and said, “You and Savannah need to get out of here, something’s about to happen.” She looked over to where Savannah was, only to see her fleeing with the other convention goers.

“Sorry!” she yelled back, “You said to run!”

“Hey,” Mike said, placing a hand on her shoulder, “I’m not going anywhere.”

“I love you.” She said, tearing up before kissing him.

Mike fell forward as her breasts surged outwards once again. The both of them being uplifted into the air by her growing bust. There was a sudden stop in growth as both of them were stuck atop her bus sized tits. Mike is now ten feet away from her laying on his back, struggling to roll over atop his girlfriend’s vast assets.

“Ah Mike! Stop moving so much, that feels really weird!” Laney cried out to him.

“Oh, sorry.” He stopped after awkwardly getting into a sitting position, trying his best not to slip into her canyon-like cleavage. “Did you stop growing?”

“I think my boobs did at least, but I still feel really weird so I don’t think I’m done-” Just then she was cut off by the sound of her arm ripping through her sleeves.

She held her arms up and watched as they lengthened, the sides of her leotard also bursting apart. It didn’t take long before she had torn completely through her skimpy outfit. The sensation of no longer having tight spandex flosses between her legs would have been relieving if the anxiety and confusion hadn’t been her most dominant feelings.

“Mike? !” She cried out as she began to roll back on her breasts as the rest of her body continued to grow. The movement caused Mike to slip into her cleavage.

Her feet touched the ground, causing her to realize she hadn’t even noticed her boots had split apart until she could feel her feet completely dwarf their tattered remains as she now stood roughly 15 ft tall against her monumental tits. She looked around and saw that the convention floor was already empty, with only a few people remaining not far from the exits to the large room recording the entire scene.

She shot up another few feet, now able to see over her breasts, but to her horror Mike was nowhere to be seen. She could feel him wriggling around between them, yet even at her size she still wasn’t big enough to grasp around her boobs enough to spread them apart and free him.

“Mike! Hold on, I’ll AH!” She yelled, startled by another surge in growth, this one was significantly stronger. She held up her arm to shield her head from the large overhanging lights above her. Some of the lights burst, shooting sparks down onto her. To her surprise she couldn’t feel a thing. Stray bits of fluorescent bulbs dusted her platinum hair, only adding a glittery effect to its sheen, which was now disheveled and in her face. She had to go from a standing position to a kneeling one. As she got down on her left knee, her foot shot out behind her as her legs lengthened, tents and tables littered with comics and collectibles went flying.

She brushed her hair from her face, and only then was able to fully take in the sight of her body. She had to have been over 50 ft tall, already far too big to stand up straight. She also only then realized that her breasts had not been growing with the rest of her body, as they now would have only covered her torso. She had no idea how long she would continue to grow, but couldn’t focus on anything other than saving her boyfriend who was no doubt suffocating within the plush abyss within the depths of her cleavage.

“Woah!” she cried out again as she grew slightly, her right foot slipping. Her knee hit the ground with enough force to cause the entire building to shake. Her foot tapped the side of the woman dressed like Nami’s right tit, eliciting an orgasmic cry from her.

“Sorry!” She called out behind her.

Only receiving a lust-filled, “Oh fuck yeeessss!” In response.

Damn, she’s got something wrong with her. Laney thought, before slipping forward growing yet again. Her arms were now finally big enough to make it around her breasts. She caught herself with her hands and kept herself from falling forward, but she couldn’t stop the mammary tidal wave that spread out in front of her as her chest collided with the ground.

She pushed herself upward, uplifting her breasts from the ground. They swayed like two fat wrecking balls briefly colliding with any structure or display that hadn’t already been flattened by her. She slid an arm underneath them and leaned forward. She lowered her butt

down to the floor, as it collided with it, sending an even more powerful tremor throughout the building causing the lights to flicker. It seemed to wobble indefinitely, the large rounded masses only comparable to hot air balloons in size.

As the shaking settled a hanging light fell on the other side of the room next to the woman with the mountainous backside.

“Ah! Hey, watch it!” She yelled over to the impossibly large woman threatening to collapse the ceiling.

“Sorry.” Laney replied sheepishly. Now fully aware of the fact that the few eyes in the room were staring at her nude body.

She hugged her breasts a bit tighter, trying to hide her nipples with her arm, while she squeezed her other hand between them to finally free Mike. After fishing around for a few moments she felt something and pinched it between her fingers before pulling up on it. She pulled a red faced and sweaty Mike out from her cleavage. His costume was now bent and broken with some pieces falling off as Laney laid him down atop of her bust.

“Thank you, I could barely breathe in there.” He gasped for air before slowly opening his eyes only for them to shoot open at the sight of his girlfriend. “Holy shit...” He muttered to himself as she looked down at him with a worried smile.

“Thank God you’re okay.” She said, “Sorry about your suit, it must have taken you forever.”

“Don’t worry about that right now, are you okay? Do you think you’re done growing?”

“I think so, good thing too. If I had grown anymore I probably would’ve brought the whole convention center down.” She looked around the convention hall that she had just accidentally destroyed most of during her growth spurt, “You don’t think they’re going to charge me for all of this do you?”

Mike shrugged, still in shock at his goddess-like girlfriend, “Maybe you can just say you don’t know what happened, did anybody else see you with it?”

“Well...” She glanced over at the impossibly stacked Nami behind her. “Whale tits over there kind of overheard us messing with it in the bathroom. Right before Savannah accidentally zapped her.”

Mike peered over Laney’s shoulder at the woman, “Seriously?! Laney, that’s really bad.”

“I know it is!” She said defensively, before the couple overheard the woman’s very excessive moaning. “I have an idea though.”

Laney reached her free hand over to the woman and poked her right boob, eliciting a sharp cry from her. Her eyes were still closed, as she said, “*Mhmmm fuck yessss!*”

“Hey,” Laney said, before tapping her breast a bit more assertively, “Hey Nami, snap out of it I need to ask you something.”

The woman’s eyes fluttered open and Laney leaned closer, which caused Mike to have to grab handfuls of breast meat in order to avoid slipping. Now able to see the woman’s comparatively minute body she was able to see that her tiny jean shorts were pulled down to her knees, and her right arm was between her legs, fervently massaging herself.

“Oh you have got to be kidding me.”

“What? What’s going on” Mike said, trying to get a look. Laney pushed him back into her cleavage, leaving his head and arms free. “Hey!”

“Don’t look, let her have some privacy.” Laney said, turning her chest away so he couldn’t see the woman who was far more boob than anything else shamelessly masterbating right out in the open.

“Well why aren’t you giving her some privacy?” He argued, wiggling trying to push himself up.

“Because, I’m negotiating.” She leaned back towards the woman, “What can I do to make you not mention what happened in the bathroom to anybody?”

“*Mhhmmm, I want you to squeeze my tits.*” She said, in a drunken sultry tone.

“What?”

“I want, no, I *NEED* you to squeeze my tits! Pick them up with your big strong hands, press me into the fucking ground and knead them like dough. I need you to like my nipples, I need you to suck them. Circle your tongue around each one before you press my huge fucking tits together and suck them both until theyre sore! I need you to-”

“Holy shit lady! I am not going to do that. How about I flick your nipple in exchange for your silence on everything that happened in the bathroom earlier.”

“*Mhhmmm, DEAL!*” She exclaimed.

Laney pinched her right nipple and twisted it before letting go, causing the woman to climax, screaming out in ecstasy, beggin through more before her eyes rolled back and her voice got caught in her throat. Laney reached over to her left nipple and gave it a flick. As her finger made contact with the enlarged barrel sized nub, Laney realized that she did not have a good understanding of her new strength because she quickly realized that she had flicked way harder than she had intended to. Ripples were sent through the sea of tit she was laying on. She immediately came, initially crying out in ecstasy before her voice caught in her throat. Her body convulsed, she bucked her hips, and she bent her knees.

“Damn dude,” Laney said before whispering down to Mike, “I think she just passed out. I’m not sure that she’s even going to remember what happened, so I think I’m in the clear.”

“What about her?” Mike said, pointing to the other victim atop her gluteal throne.

Looking at the woman, she had her arms crossed and looked to be more annoyed than anything. The woman noticed Laney looking at her and called out, “What the fuck is happening!?”

“We don’t know!” Laney lied back to her before saying quietly to Mike, “She has no idea, so we should be good.”

Sirens could be heard from outside the building.

“So...” Laney said, “You didn’t happen to also find a shrink ray at that antique shop did you?”

“Not that I know of.” He said pushing himself back up out of her cleavage again.

“Well in that case,” She used both of her arms to squeeze her boobs together, compressing her supple flesh around her miniscule in comparison boyfriend up to his neck

trapping him in place looking up at her, “Might as well get you comfortable, because there’s no way you’re going anywhere.”

Mike’s heart was racing, and his face was flush from the warmth of Laney’s chest. He smiled before saying, “Wouldn’t dream of it.”