

Big Breasts At Tiffany's

“Finally, I can get around to checking this place out...”

She had lived in this neighborhood for about a month now. Having moved across several cities to get closer to her work, she was still learning the area a bit. Not that she hadn't visited before she had moved; quite the contrary, the very reason she was visiting this little oddity shop at all was *because* she had seen it on her travels here before, but she just hadn't gotten around to seeing it yet. There were a few rivaling thrift shops and outlet stores all across the road of the suburb, but there was something somewhat...odd about the thin, long entrance of a wide, brick building covered in ivy. Natasha couldn't help but save it for when she had finally settled in and gotten used to her new work schedule.

She swung the door open, a musty smell instantly washing over her as she stepped in. It took her a touch off-guard, but she continued her way down to the main anteroom of the shop. Across from her was a cash register, surrounded by a small counter, operated by a redhead with rimless glasses. She waved at her kindly.

“Welcome in! Let me know if you need help finding your way around, dear.” Natasha smiled and nodded.

“Thanks!” She waved back, making her way up the small three steps across from the counters and into the main building. It was divided off into different sections, some being aisles of bookcases, some shelving, some just open air with larger objects littered about. Natasha took her time, taking in the dimly-lit ambiance of the shop as she observed all the different oddities. There were several different globes, statues of all kinds, and the books seemed to go on for miles!

Natasha felt herself somewhat drawn to a shelf littered in what looked like perfumes and body oils. Below it, a sign that read “PLEASE: NO TESTING UNLESS MARKED WITH A RED DOT. THANKS! -TIFFANY” “Hmm...must be the expensive ones or something...” Natasha thought with a shrug, pulling up several bottles and looking at them up close. One small black bottle had a simple label that read: “PUERARIA MIRIFICA” in all black letters with no other explanation. She sniffed it, the scent being very neutral. “I don't even know what that is...” She muttered, setting it back before letting out an “ooh!”, spotting a familiar phrase on one of the medium clear bottles: “Flaxseed Oil”. Lifting it up and staring at it, she thought to herself for a moment: a friend of hers had *insisted* that using a little bit of this stuff and massaging every day for a few months caused her boobs to grow a few cup sizes. The thought had always intrigued Natasha, being only around a B cup herself, and always being secretly envious of said friend's sudden endowment.

She also thought that she was full of shit, and that she had likely just had gotten work done. They seemed natural, but she had never seen her without her top off before, so she wasn't really sure.

With these thoughts swirling in mind, she checked to see if there were any red dots on the bottle. Seeing none, she wanted to give it a bit of a test before taking it home and trying it out, something she always did with any beauty product she bought. Popping the cap, she sniffed it a bit before pouring a decent amount directly onto her exposed cleavage. She was shocked with how much came out, the liquid more thin than she was expecting. “Shit!” She whispered to herself before setting the bottle aside and rubbing her tits down to help the substance soak in before it stained her clothes.

It didn't seem to tingle or burn or anything, so that was a good sign. Satisfied with her test and picking

the bottle back up, she began to make her way up front to make her purchase, before a sudden wave of heat went across her body, quickly centering on her chest.

“What the-” She doubled over, dropping the bottle onto the floor as it rolled away from her reach, frozen to the spot as she grabbed at her chest. Without any more warning, it vaulted out into her bra, cups quickly overflowing as her tank top groaned on the sides, arms digging into her shoulders as flesh rapidly poured in. “Oh GOD! What...what did I do?!” Gone were Natasha's B cups – as she straightened her back, the sudden growth seemingly over, she now seemed to boast a healthy pair of G cups. The hem of her tank top now showed her full stomach, it's real estate now fully used for her knockers, which muffined over her now way-too-small bra. “How the FUCK did it work so fast? It took Chelsea like...months or some shit, these just...” Looking around the ground and noticing her feet were now no longer in sight, and instead were two breasts *desperately* trying to escape captivity within her bra.

Biting her lip, Natasha nervously bent over, trying to find the bottle and see if there was any fine print she had missed. “Where did it...?” She muttered, looking around, struggling to see past her chin as her tits bumped against it with every step she took. “I feel like a fucking cartoon right now...ugh...” Natasha bemoaned them, even if she was a little giddy regardless. Crouching down and peering under the furniture, she finally found the bottle, rolled up underneath a nearby shelf. She got on her hands and knees, new bust squeezing against the floor and igniting all the new nerve endings she had suddenly grown, the feeling new and exciting, but at the same time, annoyingly distracting and in the way as she tried to reach for the bottle that had made its way just out of her compromised reach. She struggled for a moment, still finding no luck, before sighing and sitting back on the floor, skirt pooling out around her thighs as she sulked.

Rocking back off her legs, her bottom hit the floor, a sudden sharp pain causing Natasha to yelp and quickly stand back up, grabbing at her backside. “What the fuck was that?!” She looked behind herself, lifting her skirt cautiously while looking around to make sure no one else was around; stuck to her backside were two small metal pins, topped by bright red feathers. “...are those...blow darts?” She looked at the floor where she had sat and noticed several more scattered across it, a small bag of them seemingly knocked over from her wild bumbling earlier. “...shit. That can't be good...” Looking back at her tits, their forms quaking before suddenly dropping down – it seemed her bra had finally had enough, giving out and causing her breasts to vault out into their full, tear drop shape. Natasha lunged forward a bit at the new weight that pulled at her, but managed to pull back and let out a sigh of relief.

“This is insane...” Reaching back, she grabbed onto one of the darts and quickly pulled up, letting out a yelp as she did so.

Doing so was like pulling a pin from a grenade; her ass exploded in size, a once very ordinary backside soon transforming rapidly into two pieces of sporting equipment. Natasha's jaw dropped. She dropped the blow dart to the floor, head shaking as her eyes almost fell from her head. “My...my...my ass...” She brought a hand up to it, gently rubbing the side of its new curve, each cheek almost basketballs in size. Quickly retracting her hand, she brought her attention to the second dart, still firmly planted within her rump. “...if just one did that...” She tugged uselessly at her black skirt, already short to begin with, which had no chance of covering what she was carrying now.

“This is so bad...I have to get out of here before anyone sees...or I make things even worse...” Just as she began to dash for the exit, she bashed her face directly into a pair of breasts that rivaled her own new pair, before stumbling backwards. The familiar shop keep merely looked on at her, a scowl across

her face.

“So...think you can just use my products for free, then? Does this look like a loaner shop to you?” She asked, crossing her arms across her impressive chest. Natasha merely scoffed.

“Um...excuse me! I didn't want this! At all!” Natasha felt her anger level rising as this complete psycho of a shopkeep tried to gaslight her into thinking that this was somehow *her* fault. “In fact, if this is the kind of shit you sell here, then I don't even want to come back! Do you have a cure for all this, anyways?!” Natasha demanded, gesturing to both sides of her body frantically. Tiffany's expression softened.

“Ah, so you had no idea! My mistake. You have no idea how MANY moochers I get here, dear. Now then, the first product you used was over here, yes?” She bent down and grabbed the bottle from the back and observed it, raising an eyebrow. “...flaxseed, huh? That's a...pretty common one in the...y'know, in certain places.” She wiggled the bottle almost tauntingly at Natasha. “So...why this one?”

Natasha sighed, letting her guard down a bit, hoping it would work out in her favor.

“Look, I...I have a friend who used some of that stuff and it worked really well for her. But it only made her a little bigger, and it took, like, months to work!”

“Right, well...this isn't *ordinary* flaxseed, but...I'm sure you've pieced that together by now...” She stepped back over to Natasha, circling around her and observing her exposed backside, slightly peeking out under her skirt. Tiffany could only smirk at the sight of it, a smirk Natasha noticed as she turned her back away from Tiffany.

“Don't even think about it!” She warned, holding a finger up to the redhead. Tiffany hadn't stopped smirking, however; it had only grown as she gradually brought her hand up, blow dart between her index and thumb.

“You're in my shop, dear. I decide what happens when you're under this roof. Understand?” Tiffany stated, almost monotonously. Natasha wanted to respond, yet she was frozen to the spot, eyes wide at the orange feathered dart that twiddled between Tiffany's fingers. She could only cry out as pulses started to go through her butt, eyes darting down as her skirt began to shift upwards yet again. The growth was different this time, it wasn't as sudden. No, it seemed like it would take...longer this time, every pulse adding a centimeter here or a centimeter there. Each pulse seemed to shoot from her cheeks and across her thighs, all the way in to her crotch, then back out. The resulting feeling caused Natasha to bend over, harshly gripping a nearby table as she let out a low moan, ass adding centimeters faster and faster by the second as her hips charged out to become almost two feet wide.

“That...sounds...illegal...” Natasha muttered out before groaning loudly once more, the rate of the pulses increasing once more, her ass resembling two massive beach balls now, with no end in sight. “Please...when will it stop...?” Natasha asked breathlessly.

“Who says it will?” Tiffany replied with a grin. “I only ever use one dart on people, after all. Never even considered using more than that, honestly...”

“Wh-what?! N-no, I never wanted-ah!” She looked back to see her ass quickly adding mass. The pulses

had ended; the growth was now long and continuous, cheeks stretching out from behind her and spreading down her legs, hips stretching gradually to accommodate the oncoming mass. “Make it stop! Please!”

“Alright dear, but only because you asked nicely.” Tiffany snapped, and the room went dark. When the light returned, Natasha gasped, feeling as if the world around her was spinning. She dared to look behind herself, and was relieved to see a normal ass once more – not her old size, by any means. But the two basketballs she had before the second blow dart was pulled was now a relief to see, somehow, before the disappointment set in shortly after. Looking around, she noticed she was still in the shop, with the fiendish redhead standing nearby, leaning against the counter.

“Now then. Considering this was all an accident, I won't worry about payment this time around. Monetary payment, anyways...” She tossed the bottle towards Natasha, who instinctively caught it. “You're free to leave, no questions asked. As long as you use some of that tonight, before bed.” The room was silent for a moment.

“This is fucking weird...” Natasha was stunned. She didn't understand any of it. Looking down at the bottle in her hand, she looked back up at Tiffany, a skeptical look on her face. “Why the hell would I do that...?”

“Because otherwise, I'll track ya down and use another one of my 'special blow darts’” She threatened with a wink, causing Natasha's face to go cold. “And I'll know if you do or not, dear! I always know.” She winked devilishly, the act sending a chill through Natasha's spine.

“What...is wrong with you?” Natasha asked bluntly. Tiffany shrugged.

“I've asked myself that at many points in my life, dear. I used to not let it get in my way all that often, and it created quite a few headaches for me down the line. But this...” Gesturing to Natasha, she shrugged again. “Old habits die quite hard, dear. I only ask of this because...well, I can tell that deep down, you...really want to.” Natasha scoffed at the suggestion, but looked down at the bottle, then back up at Tiffany.

“...fine. But I'm barely using any.” She turned and went for the exit, bottle in hand. Tiffany could only shake her head and mutter to herself:

“We'll see about that...”

Natasha made her way into her studio apartment, a box still left unpacked near her closet and a few paintings still not hung up. Procrastinating was Natasha's specialty, and it was an ability she should've used for this stupid oil before she had gotten herself into this mess in the first place. Her ass was still huge, much to her dismay, and she'd have to get all new bottoms. She likely had some baggy sweatpants to wear, but it was definitely a more slim selection. She pulled a pair of dusty pink yoga pants and tried them on. To her surprise, they actually fit – although, they were going a bit sheer at the very furthest reaches of her cheeks. The sight made her blush a bit in her full-view mirror, but...

“Damn...” She turned to see it from another angle. The longer she looked at it, the more she realized...

“I need to balance out a bit...” She looked at the bottle in her hand, then removed her now ill-fitting tank top, new tits flopping out with a light *slap* across her chest. Her nipples had grown as well, cute

pink nickle-sized bases with little matchstick nubs at the end. "...I can't believe I'm about to do this...but...if I only use a tiny amount. I mean, I had like, barely any tits compared to this and I completely slathered this stuff all over them. So maybe if I just barely cover these..." She opened the cap, putting a tiny, tiny amount on her hand, smaller than a dime, before rubbing it across her tits. Unfortunately for her, she found that it didn't seem to cover much of her breasts at all.

"That...counts, doesn't it?" She muttered to herself before more thoughts rushed to her mind. "Shit...what if it only grows the parts I cover? That would be...ugh, I don't even wanna think about it!" Reluctantly, she put a bit more onto her hand before beginning it again. Once more, she ran out before fully covering herself, and thus, a third coat got applied before she finally felt every single inch of breast had been covered. By the end of it all, it seemed as if she had used just as much, if not more, than she had used on herself before.

And it was only after she had covered it that she realized massaging them felt so damn *good*. She couldn't stop herself, even with all of it rubbed into her pores, she kept kneading at her flesh, sparks of pleasure shooting out from her touch. She tossed the bottle of flaxseed onto the couch as she continued her massage eagerly.

"Wow, fuck...is this...how all big titties feel, or is it just...what this lotion does...ooh, wow, this is getting...uh oh." She felt it, all of a sudden. The very familiar feeling of warmth washing over her as her tits started to slowly swell forwards. One inch puffed in. Then another. Another cup size passed before another quickly soared by, Natasha merely looking on as they continued their charge outwards. Falling on her massive ass onto her couch, Natasha could only sit there and marvel as her chest continued to bloat bigger and bigger, now getting bigger than her own head.

"Ohhhhhkay, I definitely...fucking...did it now...shit, shit, shit, stop growing! Stop!" Natasha commanded her tits to cease, but they relented; onwards they grew, filling out into her arms and spilling further down across her front until they crested upon her belly. "That's enough! Please, I'm big enough! Shit, I used too much of it, didn't I?! Fuck! Noo!" Natasha waved her arms about uselessly, tits wobbling about from her movements and picking up their pace of growth, surfaces now beginning to squish against the tops of her thighs, Natasha gasping as her short frame was now becoming very boob-dominant.

"That fucking bitch...she knew this would happen! I gotta get back there and..." She attempted to stand, but merely stumbled back into the couch, the weight of her new front too great for her to handle. She could only sit there as her chest swelled down her legs, past her knees and over onto the couch, chin starting to brush the top of her cleavage. "...I'm so fucked..."

And just like that, it ceased. Her tits now resembled sedan tires in size, completely taking all the space between her chin and her knees. Natasha sat there, catching her breath, before noticing an odd wet sensation from below her. At first, she had assumed it was just her groin, from all the pleasure that had just shot through her body during her sudden surge in size. But it was only once she was past the chaos of growth that she noticed that there was also a solid object wedged between her couch and her cheeks. That's when she remembered...

"Oh no. The flaxseed." She reached back, arching her back the best she could and removing the offending bottle from behind her, tossing it across the room. In the process of doing so, she flung even more of the oil across her chest from the broken bottle, contents now seemingly empty from the final act. "...it only effects boobs. It only effects boobs. It'll only effect your boobs, Natasha. Flaxseed

only...effects...please please please no...no! NOOO!” Natasha felt herself lift into the air quickly, fleshy orbs beneath her rapidly growing within seconds to resemble two bean bag chairs that absolutely filled her couch to the brim, the arms popping off of the sides with a mighty “CRRRICK!”.

“WHAT THE HELL IS EVEN IN THAT STUFF?!” Natasha cried out before feeling her tits warm up once again, reigniting their growth for the third time that day, flesh cascading across her knees and making its way for the floor.

All the while, Tiffany watched on from her crystal ball, kept in the large storage closet near the register. She chuckled, shaking her head.

“Oh dear...didn't realize things could go THAT badly...seems these humans keep getting clumsier every year.” She shrugged, letting out a sigh. “Ah well. Best go over there and sort things out...” And with that, she snapped her fingers, disappearing in the blink of an eye.

TO BE CONTINUED...