

UnInhibited

NSFW content! Not recommended for people who are not into or disturbed by the Breast Expansion Fetish. I make no claims to the accuracy or legitimacy of scientific or biological facts used in this story.

The first time she stepped into a bar at 21, she was apprehensive. Dressed in a tight top draped over her bosom with an F cup bra for support Roxanne and her friends entered and bought their first legal drinks. Taking a variety of cocktails, liquors, beers, and wine to a table the three had a blast taste testing all manner of alcohol.

Roxanne's bust had always been a conversational favorite for her friends, and with the spirits running wild the soft milkers came up more than once. Her friends talked about them, even swearing that they had grown larger since the beginning of the night, but Roxanne told them they must be too drunk to see, she was the same size as always. The girls were brought home in an uber and the night ended for now, but the effects lasted much longer.

While the other two girls rose from their beds light-headed and a little hungover, Roxanne awoke to two full-sized boobs filling her loose pajama top. In just one night she had grown from F to J cup and felt mildly perturbed. She was happy of course, Roxanne loved boobs as much as anyone could, but this meant she had to buy a new bra.

She bought one and immediately went to her doctor. After explaining the situation, the doctor had no idea what had happened to her. No cases of alcohol causing breast enhancement had ever been brought to her attention so she simply decided to take preliminary tests so that she could discuss the issue with other doctors. A physical checkup and some blood samples were taken, then Roxanne returned home assured that her doctor would contact her soon with more information.

She knew that it would be wise to avoid more alcohol until she knew more, but growing bigger boobs was so enticing, and she still had most of the alphabet to grow through. After much deliberation, Roxanne decided to get drunk one more time the next night.

Roxanne bought a six-pack for the occasion and went to town. She drank all 6 in one go. She was already pretty dizzy from the first 5, then the last one had her feeling pretty slick, but she could handle it. When she looked down, things weren't developing fast enough for her to watch it happen, but she could tell she was bigger than before. By the end of the day the J cup bra was struggling to hold back Roxanne's greatness, and she

took it off before she fell asleep again. The next morning Roxanne was beholden to two wonderful L cup boobies!

Roxanne giggled happily and played with them for about an hour before getting out of bed. She then had to go buy another new bra. She decided "That's it. I have to control myself from now until I understand what's happening." Roxanne waited for news from her doctor.

Two months passed, and Roxanne got just one phone call saying they were still looking into it. During this time Roxanne continued to grow, for reasons that will be clearer soon. She grew from an L to an O before her excited boobies started to slow down!

Roxanne was contacted by a researcher working with her doctor. The researcher sounded like a young woman who was just able to contain her excitement enough to still sound professional. She explained her current working theory and asked Roxanne if she would allow her to perform experiments to test it. Roxanne agreed happily! She wanted to grow more, and this was a perfect opportunity!

The researcher's theory was that Roxanne's response to alcohol was vastly unique. Generally, alcohol suppresses your brain's functions, and different people lose different parts of the brain. When Roxanne drinks alcohol in large enough amounts to be considered drunk the part of her brain that controls development shuts off, and her brain begins releasing breast growth hormone in large quantities.

After a lot of complicated paperwork, Roxanne is brought to a laboratory where she meets her doctor and the researcher. The facility includes a comfortable living space with a large window into another room. This is the testing chamber where Roxanne will be able to remain in a test for several days without losing access to daily comforts, like a bed and television. The next room through the window is the observation room.

Roxanne is given time to acclimate to the new environment, and the next day they begin testing. If the researcher is correct and Roxanne's condition involves the inhibition of brain function and not some other chemical reaction between alcohol and something else, then Roxanne's increase in size will be determined by how long she is drunk. The first couple of tests are basically control tests, they give her alcohol, but not nearly enough to get drunk. One shot of whiskey, one glass of wine, one beer. Nothing, not even an itch.

The next step is testing a null hypothesis. Meaning testing as if the amount of alcohol is the determining factor. The scientists must use different tricks to make sure Roxanne is drunk for the exact same amount of time during each test. They start with a set of three

shots and Roxanne gets drunk quickly. The target time for future tests will be determined by how long she stays drunk in this test. She hasn't eaten anything and is given no water or stimulus outside of talking to her to keep her awake. Roxanne is drunk for about 2 hours and as expected, her bosom grows in response.

Roxanne came to the facility with an O cup, and after the first real test, she's now a P cup. In order to make sure all the hormones are used before the next test, Roxanne's blood is monitored, and the amount of breast growth hormone is measured until there's none left. It takes two days for it to clear up before the next test.

This time Roxanne is given a slice of bread, 4 shots, and water. Consumed in that order Roxanne is drunk for the same amount of time and grows just as much. They run several more tests, 10 in total until Roxanne has 12 shots in the last test, and they even use a dialysis machine to make sure she's only drunk for the same two hours as before.

Going by cup size isn't all too accurate in representing how much Roxanne is growing each time, weight and volume are the key to that kind of test. The scientists note that Roxanne gained about the same amount of weight in each session regardless of how much alcohol she consumed. After the 2nd phase of tests, Roxanne is now an S cup.

The next phase of testing is the alternate hypothesis. Roxanne will take the same amount of alcohol but the team of scientists will let it last for longer and longer periods of time. Roxanne basically performs the last experiment again taking 12 shots and remaining drunk for only 2 hours, then takes 12 shots and the scientists aim for her to be drunk for 3 hours. By spacing out her shots the scientists only manage to keep Roxanne drunk for 8 hours by the last test, so they only have 7 points of data for the second set of tests.

As for Roxanne's growth during that time: every test caused Roxanne to produce more growth hormone, grow larger, and it took longer for the growth to stop. If it were linear, Roxanne would've grown 4 times as much as she did in the last experiment than in the first. However, Roxanne actually grew about 6 times as much.

Roxanne grew past the end of the alphabet in this set of testing, so now we have to represent the size of her assets by her bust measurement. For reference: Roxanne's band measurement is 34 inches, meaning her bust measurement in a Z cup bra is 60 inches.

After the 3rd set of tests, Roxanne's bust measurement was now 65 inches. Roxanne was loving getting bigger and bigger. These tests were the best thing that had ever happened to her. So she asked the Researcher if there were any more tests. The

researcher smiled and even blushed a little and said, "Yes, there's one more set of tests, that I hope you're excited about,"

Phase 4: extrapolation. The last step was to test if the scientists could use the data they had gathered to accurately predict Roxanne's growth at much larger timescales. They argued for a while before deciding on three points of interest: drunk for 15 minutes, drunk for 16 hours, and drunk for 3 days. Roxanne was excited to think that she would be growing for 3 days!

The first test wasn't exciting, there was barely anything registered on the scales and sensors. But it did match the predictions from the data, so that's a good sign. The next day was the 16 hours test. For these tests, Roxanne was not limited on the amount of alcohol she drank like before, the only concern was reaching and not passing 16 hours. Roxanne's chest filled up more and more as time went on. She seemed almost delirious in her drunken state and talked about many nonsensical things. By 16 hours Roxanne was growing noticeably faster and the chair she sat in began creaking as she grew. Roxanne's bust was 75 inches by the time she sobered up, but right afterward she fell asleep and kept growing for a few weeks before the residual hormones stopped coming. Roxanne's bust was now 82 inches, and there was another test still to go.

The scientists debated for a long time if it was even a good idea to keep going, but the head Researcher argued that as long as Roxanne was okay with it they would continue to the last experiment, of course knowing well that Roxanne definitely would want to keep growing, she was a boobie lover just like the Researcher.

Roxanne's growth looked the same as last time until one full day had passed. Now her growth was getting even faster, and she had two days to go. More and more boob appeared in front of Roxanne continuing to grow more and more. By the end of the first day Roxanne had reached 92 inches, then growth accelerated until the end of the day when she was 114 inches. The chair she sat in for this experiment was specially made and out of metal. Doing as it was designed to, it slowly bent further and further until Roxanne was on the floor and still growing. Even while drunk, Roxanne could feel the growth at these sizes. She loved the feeling of growing bigger and bigger and more voluptuous. The longer it went on the more Roxanne's conversation was just about her growing boob and how good it felt. The head Researcher sat, breathing heavily, and rubbing against the corner of her chair. By the end of day 3, Roxanne's growth was fast enough to watch it happen as she rose higher and higher. Her bust measurement was 146 inches and she still had more hormones to work off. Roxanne's previously oversized shirt was straining and tearing in many places now, it ripped apart over the next few days as Roxanne continued to grow. She didn't run out of hormones until 6 months had passed and she was a hefty 164 inches around.

Roxanne's doctor suggested she get a reduction before going back home, but Roxanne absolutely refused.

"Are you sure, I don't think you'll be able to work a job if you stay at this size," She explained.

"I'm sure, I'll find an online-only job. And I'm getting paid for my time here aren't I?" Roxanne responded.

Oh, yeah, I didn't mention but Roxanne was promised compensation for her time with the experiments since it served as an example of the limits of the human body, and how the breast growth hormone worked in humans. It was enough she could live about 10 years without a job easily.

Roxanne was given a wardrobe befitting her new boobs and said goodbye to the scientist team. She had been in contact with her friends who took her to the bar the entire time she was at the facility. The two of them were excited to see her new assets, but they weren't ready for just how big Roxanne had grown. Standing before them Roxanne's boobs rested on the ground with their full weight supported by the floor, they wondered if she could even fit into the car. She could fit into the car as it turned out, but only if she sat in the backseat and the front two seats were all the way forward and the girls didn't mind having boobs for headrests.

The slightly younger and slightly thinner of Roxanne's two friends was driving, and it was decided that Roxanne would stay at her place until she found a place that could accommodate her new assets. The other friend assured them that she would be visiting often, then went home.

The younger friend was excited, she had been preparing a kind of feast for Roxanne. Ever since Roxanne passed Z cup her younger friend found herself feeling very excited by Roxanne and the idea that her boobs could just keep growing. While Roxanne was scrolling the internet, half looking for housing, half looking at memes and social media, her friend was getting things set up, and brought Roxanne and herself a few drinks. She started talking to Roxanne about what it was like for Roxanne to grow. She knew Roxanne enjoyed growing too, so she began tempting Roxanne with more of that experience swearing that she would only have her grow "a little bit". Roxanne knew what her friend was trying to do, but the thought of how much her friend might actually make her grow was so exciting Roxanne agreed anyways.

Roxanne's friend's house was laid out in the perfect way for someone of Roxanne's nature, the living area that they started in took up most of the house, and was a two-story open space that had lots of room for Roxanne's growth. Not only that but Roxanne noticed that if she did outgrow the house she would go into the backyard, not the street.

Roxanne downed 4 shots right in a row and was now drunk, she could feel a tingling sensation telling her she was starting to grow already. Not enough to see it visually of course. Roxanne's friend kept the booze coming and "convinced" Roxanne to drink more and more keeping her drunk for the rest of the day.

The human brain can't survive for too long without sleep. Back at the lab in order to keep Roxanne drunk through the night while still allowing her to sleep the scientists woke her up 4 hours in and had her drink more so she stayed drunk for the rest of the night. Roxanne had told both of her friends about this method and the younger one was now using it to prolong Roxanne's growth. Staying intoxicated through the night Roxanne approached one full day of growing, and her friend just kept her going and growing bigger and bigger.

Roxanne's friend had about the longest flexible measuring tape she could buy. Roxanne started at her friend's house being 164 inches around, and now she was 169 inches around. Roxanne continued drinking for another day and night and was now growing much faster. It was harder to tell at this size, but she could see her boobs growing more and more, she was measured again and she was 184 inches around. Another day and night passed, and now she had been growing for just as long as the longest test at the lab, she was now 206 inches around.

Roxanne and her friend wanted her to keep going, her growth accelerated steadily for another day and night rising past anything Roxanne had experienced previously, the sensation and the stretching and the flowing of alcohol, blood, and nutrients through her boobs felt euphoric. 245 inches around, and Roxanne wants to keep growing. More booze, more food, one more day, one more night, Roxanne continued to fill up her friend's house. Now at the end of 5 days, Roxanne's growth has accelerated and she's sporting a bust that is 314 inches around. If she could stand up straight she would see that her boobs were taller than her at this point, and she still wanted more!

This hasn't been mentioned before, but Roxanne has been eating more to fill up these massive knockers, and it's starting to get ridiculous. The delivery guys are starting to greet each other in the driveway. Roxanne's friend found a pizza place that makes absolutely huge pizzas for delivery and decides that's probably the best way to feed Roxanne at this point. Roxanne keeps growing, now on day 6 and she's 410 inches around and keeps growing faster and faster.

On day 7 Roxanne's bust is 542 inches. On day 8 Roxanne's bust is 730 inches. As long as there's room in the house Roxanne and her friend are determined to keep her growing. Even if Roxanne's boobs are starting to reach all four walls in the room, she still has plenty of space above her. Another day, another night, several pizzas, and more booze Roxanne should be dead from the booze but she has a lot of extra space to store toxins I guess. This marks 9 days since she started growing, and Roxanne is too big for the measuring tape, so her friend has to get another one to tape them together. The tape maxes out at 75 feet by the way which is also 900 inches.

Roxanne's boobs have been moving so much fluid through them to keep up with this insane amount of growth. They're making noises like an upset stomach and they keep getting louder. Roxanne's friend finally decides to cut off the booze at the end of 10 days because Roxanne has just about filled the room with her bosom. The floorboards are creaking, but it's hard to hear them over the groaning of Roxanne's rack. Even after her friend cuts her off, Roxanne is still drunk for another several hours before she's conscious. Somehow they're able to measure these bombastic boobies and it's revealed that Roxanne has, at the end of day 10, grown to somewhere around 1600 inches.

Once conscious Roxanne realizes their mistake: There's still plenty of growth hormone inside of Roxanne. She tells her friend about it and says that she should start getting prepared to lose one of the walls of her house, **at least** one wall that is. Roxanne's growth doesn't slow down quickly, she doesn't grow any faster, but it takes a long time for her boobs to settle down, bigger and bigger Roxanne continues to plump up and fill her friend's house. Now that she's sober she can really feel the expansion that she's in the middle of. All the weight, all the nutrients. Each groan is a satisfying vibration like feeling pieces of her new assets falling into place. Roxanne grows and grows reveling in the feeling of her blossoming bosom, she can almost feel how much more growing she has to go and is so excited for all the new boob flesh she's about to gain.

About three days after Roxanne sobered up is when the house had finally had too much of Roxanne's body, and the far wall leading to the backyard finally gave way. The entire wall creaked, cracked, and finally broke off and fell to the ground in a heap of wood and drywall. And glass which Roxanne's friend was sure to clean up before it cut Roxanne's wonderful boob giants. She was now around 2000 inches around and still growing. Day after day Roxanne's friend delivered food to her, and she could just grow and grow all day every day. She never got bored of it either, the whole experience was pleasing from beginning to end. It took over a year before Roxanne was done growing, and even then it was difficult to be sure, Roxanne's older friend had come by since Roxanne started to behold just how incredible Roxanne was, and a second wall to the house on Roxanne's

right also fell over before she was done. With both friends helping, several Measuring tapes, and a couple of ladders, the three of them were able to measure Roxanne's new bust size more accurately. Roxanne's boobs were now **3672** inches around.

She hadn't thought of trying it before this point, but Roxanne's boobs were so soft she could actually walk forward and be enveloped in soft boob flesh. After she discovered this she spent a lot of time in there pleasing herself with the feeling of having the biggest boobs in the world. The wind moving against her nipples tingled nicely, the soft springiness of them all around her was wonderful, and the weight of them felt so satisfying and endearing.

After managing to get her attention, her friends who were attending to her told Roxanne that she had been given an offer. The Researcher from before had used Roxanne's test results to certify consented use of a peculiar machine. If Roxanne agreed to it she would basically become a factory for human breast growth hormone. And the money from it would be enough to support her and her new assets for a long time to come. The machine the Researcher had produced would extract the hormone from Roxanne's body as it was created and subsequently used to fill pills that were sold to people. Roxanne would spend a Week drunk and a week sober, so as to not make her stay intoxicated for too long. The machine would extract most of the hormone, but not all, so Roxanne would still be growing larger while she worked, only she would be growing MUCH slower than before, like 5% the speed she would normally.

Roxanne agreed, of course. At this point, she still wanted more boobs, her desires were insatiable. She figured if they could accommodate her growing boobs then that's her best option since right now she's like her own shelter as she's hiding away in her bosom for most of the day.

The Researcher makes said accommodations for Roxanne, everything is set up so she shouldn't have to go anywhere after she gets to the site, and she only has to be moved once, and in order to do that, they send a fleet of helicopters. Roxanne's friends are allowed to visit, and Roxanne spends her days in a large excavated underground bunker that's several miles across. Roxanne previously was only about 100 feet across, so she has plenty of room. She grows and grows and grows and lives a happy life half-drunk and surrounded by every luxury her condition can afford her.