

Penelope strolled through the farmer's market, her basket already mostly full of locally-grown leafy vegetables. It had been a rainy morning, and after a slow day, many vendors were already packing up their carts or tables to be ready for tomorrow's market in another location. She'd just swung over to grab some veggies for the week - she was a member of the farm share, and was entitled to collect some of the harvest regularly. It was a good way to get locally-grown food for cheap. She was one of the last customers there, and was heading back towards her car.

Penelope was a rather tall young woman, and was pretty in a natural sort of way. She didn't wear makeup that morning, and her naturally curly chestnut-colored hair fell past her shoulders. It was held back from her face by a green bandana. She was slender in her blue tanktop and hiking shorts that showed off her long legs, and wore birkenstock sandals. She had the earthy-crunchy look of someone who came from Vermont or New Hampshire, and seemed totally fine with the light late-summer drizzle that was falling on her bare skin. This wasn't a woman who let weather get to her.

As she headed back to her car, Penelope suddenly heard a frail voice call out as she passed by. "Excuse me miss," said someone to her right. Penelope turned to see a tiny old woman behind a small wooden table a few feet away.

"Yes, ma'am?" Penelope asked as she stepped over. As she approached, she saw that there was nothing on the table but a few empty baskets. Was the woman going to ask for help breaking down her table? She obviously didn't have anything left to sell.

"You look like a young woman with energy to spare," the lady said brightly as Penelope approached. "Can I interest you in a little gardening opportunity?" she asked. The old woman was small and had leathery wrinkled skin, but her movements seemed surprisingly nimble as she reached into her vest pocket and produced something, then held out her hand towards Penelope. In her palm were two little things that looked like they might be seeds.

"Umm, thank you," Penelope said with an awkward laugh, trying to be friendly with this odd old woman. "What do you mean, a gardening opportunity?" she asked with a smile.

The lady pointed to the objects in her palm. "Well you see, I got these seeds here in exchange for a jar of my jam, only I just realized that I won't have time to cultivate the plants since I'll be flying down to Florida soon for the winter," she explained. "You know us old folks!" she said with a short laugh. "Can't stand these New England winters with all the cold and snow. Anyways, I was wondering if you had a garden, and might be interested in planting these yourself, if you have the time." The woman held out her hand further. Her hand had begun to tremble slightly from the effort of holding her arm extended.

"Uhhh, sure..." said Penelope uncertainly, taking holding out her hand to take the seeds. "I don't have much of a garden but I guess I can give it a shot. What kind of seeds are they?" she asked.

"Pumpkins," the old woman said with a smile, as she began to stack baskets into each other and clean up her table.

Penelope glanced at the two seeds in her hand. She'd never planted pumpkin seeds before, but had looked into it once. "But isn't this way too late to plant pumpkin seeds? I thought they were supposed to be planted back in May, in this climate," she said. It was already September, so there was no way they would be ready to harvest before the ground started frosting every night.

"That's the darndest thing," said the old lady as she loaded up her arms with a handful of baskets. "The man who traded them to me said the pumpkins would be ready just in time for Halloween. Called 'em magic pumpkins, if you can believe that. Ha! I guess you can see why I didn't decide to stick around and wait for them to grow. Anyways, they're your problem now if you decide to plant 'em. Maybe the crazy old coot was right." And with that, she set off in the direction of the market with her handful of baskets, leaving Penelope with the pumpkin seeds clutched in her hands.

When Penelope returned to her house, she decided to plant the seeds. They had been free, and what did she have to lose? It wouldn't be too hard to keep them watered with the hours she worked, and her garden was plenty big enough, with ample sunlight for growing pumpkins. She put them in good soil and watered them regularly. In the next few weeks, the weather was excellent, and she watched as the plants slowly emerged from the soil, their vines growing a little longer every day. They looked like they were growing to be healthy plants, based on what she could tell. The days passed and the pumpkin patch grew, and the plants soon flowered beautifully. But as quickly as they grew, they hadn't produced even a hint of any fruit yet by the time it was 2 weeks before Halloween.

Penelope kept a close eye on the plants as October continued to pass, but resigned herself to the certainty that even if they did produce any fruit, there was no way they'd be even close to big enough for harvesting by the time it started frosting every night, let alone Halloween. It had been unseasonably warm in the autumn so far, but there was no way it would last. The pumpkin plants would surely die before they produced any fruit. However, when there was only a week left before Halloween, Penelope was still pleasantly surprised that morning to find that two tiny pumpkins had become visible on the vines. Maybe there was some hope, after all. Even if they were tiny and only available in November, they would still be nice fall decorations.

As Penelope knelt down in the garden that morning to admire the small budding fruit, she felt a slight twinge in her chest, right around her nipples. Penelope was flat-chested, and didn't wear a bra. Her ass was something to admire in her tight jeans as she bent over, and she had a slim yet athletic figure on her tall frame. But she didn't have any breasts to speak of, really. Right now they felt sort of itchy under her shirt. They were tender, and as she itched them it seemed like they were a little swollen. She brushed it off as the feeling subsided, and went back to delicately inspecting the tiny pumpkins. She was glad at least she was going to get something out of this pumpkin patch.

The next morning, Penelope got dressed, then went out to check on the pumpkins before leaving for work. As she stepped out her back door, she was delighted to see two orange globes that, while small, were easily visible in the garden right in the center of her backyard. As soon as Penelope stepped outside though, she felt a twinge in her chest. It felt like someone had squeezed around her nipples slowly and deliberately, but from under her skin somehow. The feeling was very faint, but so strange that she couldn't help but notice how odd it was. It went away as soon as it came, though.

After a brief pause to wonder what the hell that was, Penelope shook off the strange feeling, then crossed her small lawn to check out her pumpkins. They had doubled in size overnight somehow, and were the size of golf balls after only the second day of growth. They looked so cute and tiny that Penelope excitedly took out her phone and snapped a photo to post on social media. If they were growing this fast, maybe she would have something worth harvesting by Halloween. Maybe the old woman had been right, and these were miracle pumpkins.

That day at her boring office job, Penelope felt a bit strange all day. Her breasts felt swollen and tender in her shirt. They were usually only noticeable when she was on her period and her nipples felt occasionally sore, but she wasn't on her cycle, and they felt different than when she was ovulating. Instead they just felt... bigger, somehow. And sensitive. She could feel the fabric of her shirt pinching into her chest slightly, and wondered if she had gained weight or something. It was very distracting once she noticed it. Penelope took a trip to the bathroom to check up on herself. She got into the stall and took off her shirt, and her eyes widened slightly when she looked down at her chest. Her boobs seemed larger today. Or rather, they seemed to be actually visible. Instead of a flat chest, she had flesh that made small mounds on her ribcage. They were certainly still small, but to Penelope, who had never had breasts, they were incredible.

Feeling disconcerted, Penelope prodded her flesh, then cupped her breasts lightly. They didn't hurt at all, but felt very sensitive. The contact of her hands on the soft skin felt nice. Experimentally, she pushed the flesh inward, and was amazed that her chest actually had some give to it. What was happening to her? This wasn't normal; women in their mid-20s didn't just suddenly start growing breasts. She briefly wondered if she was pregnant, then dismissed it. It had been a month since she'd gotten laid, and she'd had her period since then.

As she pondered what could be causing her sudden growth, she continued to poke and prod herself, feeling for any weird lumps that might indicate tumors or something terrible, but her flesh felt normal. There was just... more of it. Penelope did this for several minutes, then finally put her shirt back on, perplexed. She would have to schedule a visit to the doctor and see if anything was wrong with her. As she went back to work, she couldn't help but feel a heightened awareness of her boobs, which felt slightly constricted by her top. She didn't think it was a noticeable difference to anyone else, but all she could think about the whole morning was how weird it felt to have tits. Eventually she got used to the feeling though, and by the time she went home for the day, she had forgotten about it. When Penelope changed into her pajamas however, she did notice the feeling of her breasts rubbing against the flannel, and she drifted off to sleep that night wondering what was up with her body.

The next day, Penelope went through her morning routine, still perplexed that her boobs were now noticeable. They hadn't changed at all from yesterday though, and she picked a top that felt a bit looser so she wouldn't feel constricted at work. If this weird swelling was somehow permanent, she'd have to get some new shirts. After she got ready for work, Penelope grabbed the watering can to tend to the pumpkins before she left. When she went out the back door, she was amazed to see how much bigger the pumpkins were than yesterday. They appeared to have doubled in size again, and now looked like they were about as big as tennis balls. Suddenly, just as she stepped onto the lawn, Penelope felt a pressure inside her chest, like she had the day before. It felt like someone was squeezing her small breasts gently, but with consistent pressure. Only the feeling was coming from inside.

She stumbled and stopped, looking down at her chest as she tried to figure out what was causing the strange feeling. As swiftly as it came though, it passed almost immediately. "What the hell IS that?" Penelope asked aloud, looking around futilely for anything external that might have caused the weird sensation. Her yard was small and fenced in, and she couldn't see anything that would have affected her. Not that she could guess what sort of thing would cause that feeling. Penelope put down the watering can, and cupped her breasts gently, glancing around as she did so. Her fence was high enough that no neighbor could really be watching though, and none of the houses near her were more than a single story. Her small backyard was nice and private, part of the reason she liked her house so much.

Penelope felt her breasts through her shirt, wondering if that weird internal pinching feeling was related to her swelling from yesterday. Maybe there WAS something wrong with her. As she prodded at her boobs, she noticed that they felt mostly normal, just softer and squishier than she was used to - but she had noticed that yesterday. She did feel them tingling slightly, but couldn't tell if that was just because she was groping them at the moment.

After a few seconds of inspection, Penelope couldn't tell what had caused the weird feeling, but resolved to schedule a doctor's appointment before going to work. She picked the watering can back up and crossed over to the pumpkin patch to water the vines first. The pumpkins were coming in beautifully, identical in size, about as big as her clenched fist. They were orange and perfectly round, and looked like they would make great decorations for Halloween. Penelope was excited to see how big they would get.

As Penelope straightened up from watering the pumpkins, she felt something odd in her chest again. Her shirt felt tighter. Penelope looked down, and her eyes widened at what she saw. Her breasts were bigger. "What the hell..." she said, dropping the watering can. Her boobs were noticeably larger than they had been only minutes ago. When she had put her shirt on, it had been a little tight, but not THIS tight. The collared button-up shirt had creases in it from the taut fabric, and there were small gaps between the buttons. She had breasts now. Not just little bumps on her chest, but tits that one could actually jiggle if she bounced. They weren't big, but to Penelope the increase in size was obvious. She brought her hands up and cautiously grabbed them, and was rewarded with a handful of soft flesh through her shirt. These were real, and they had grown in the few seconds it had taken to water the pumpkins. They felt good.

Penelope felt a little awed and excited, but at the same time, very worried, about what was happening to her. She had gotten over living with a flat chest, and had learned to accept it. Now she had breasts that actually filled her hands. She was a slightly giddy at the notion of how sexy she would look if she got dressed up and showed these knockers off. But then she shook her head. This wasn't normal, and it might be something bad. Penelope stirred herself out of her self-study and dashed inside to schedule an immediate doctor's appointment, before calling in sick to work. Whatever strange thing that was happening to her body, she wanted to know as soon as possible in case it needed to be treated fast.

A few hours later, Penelope walked out of the doctor's office feeling a little relieved, but not entirely satisfied. The doctor had seemed a little skeptical of her claims of rapid breast growth, but gave Penelope a complete physical and had been unable to find anything wrong with her. The mammogram hadn't turned up anything, and her breasts seemed to be entirely normal, except that they were just... bigger. The doctor had sympathized with Penelope about swollen breasts during her period, but when Penelope told the woman that she had already had her cycle this month, the doctor had been perplexed. She ended up telling Penelope that it was probably just random water retention, and that the swelling would likely go down in a few days. Penelope had taken several blood tests just in case, and would have to wait for the results. In the meantime, it seemed there wasn't much the doctor could tell her about her strange condition.

After leaving the doctor, Penelope went shopping for a few tops that would fit her at her current size, and hopefully hide her figure at work the next day. She didn't want to have to answer awkward questions about suddenly having boobs. She also decided to make a small investment and get a bra. If the swelling was going to be around for a few days, she didn't want to be bouncing around unsupported. She ended up settling on a stretchy sports bra that would also have the effect of compressing her boobs a bit, and further help to hide her developments. The bra was a B-cup, which made Penelope feel a little shiver of

excitement. Maybe she would luck out, and this sudden breast growth would be permanent, with no negative effects. She doubted it though. The doctor was probably right about it just being water retention.

Penelope got home from her errands to find that most of the day had already passed, and she decided to take her new sports bra out for a spin at the gym. She spent the half hour on the exercise bike constantly aware of her boobs shifting back and forth in her bra. It wasn't completely comfortable, but Penelope found herself enjoying it, nonetheless. Something about her flesh rubbing against itself made her feel sexier as she worked up a sweat. She realized that she could actually feel sweat trickling into the crevice between her boobs. She had cleavage now. Penelope stole a glance at the mirror next to her spin cycle, and noticed that her bosom made a bump that was visible through her gym shirt when she moved. Just then she caught a man admiring her in the mirror from across the gym. Their eyes locked and the man turned away immediately, but Penelope knew he had been appreciating her figure. She smirked to herself as she concentrated on finishing her session. She could get used to this.

Penelope returned from the gym, showered, did some laundry, and went to bed. She was a little nervous about how she would look at work the next day, and whether anyone would notice. But she was also looking forward to tomorrow, to see if the changes to her body would stick. Maybe she could just have breasts with no consequences. Maybe miracles did happen. Penelope went to sleep imagining that such things might just be possible.

The following morning, Penelope got out of bed feeling refreshed. She stood up, and was pleased to see that her boobs hadn't shrunk since last night. She felt them, and they seemed to feel the same way as yesterday - sensitive to the touch, but in a pleasant way. They didn't hurt at all, and there were no lumps that she could feel. Maybe her body just had a random growth spurt, and everything would turn out okay. Penelope got dressed the way she had planned, wearing her compressing sports bra underneath a black blouse that would hide her curves. The top buttoned up to the neck, and when Penelope looked at herself in the mirror, she seemed to look normal. Someone might be a little curious if they saw her in profile from the right angle, but Penelope wasn't too worried. Chances are she just had to make it through today, and whatever water retention she was experiencing would pass over the weekend.

She finished getting dressed, then got herself a glass of water in the kitchen. As she drank her water, she glanced out the kitchen window into the backyard. What she saw made her gasp. The pumpkins had grown again. Even from the window she could notice the difference from yesterday - it looked like they were twice as big. Now they were the size of softballs. Penelope put down her water glass, intending to go inspect the pumpkins more closely. Just then, however, she felt a twinge in her breasts. Like the two previous mornings, it felt like something was squeezing the inside of her chest with deliberate slowness, like a little pump was expanding and then contracting inside her skin. Penelope looked down at her breasts as she waited for the sensation to pass. As before, it went away within a few seconds.

Penelope continued to watch her chest, holding her breath in anticipation. She didn't know what that sensation was, but had begun to connect the dots between the pinching and her random swelling. Maybe the two were related.

Her suspicions were confirmed a few seconds later as she felt a faint tingling in her breasts, and saw the fabric of her shirt moving ever so slightly. Penelope held her breath tightly, not letting her chest move from inhaling. But her shirt continued to move by itself. It was slowly being pulled tighter across her bust, because her boobs were growing. They were getting bigger before her eyes. Penelope let out the breath

she was holding in a shuddering gasp as she watched the impossibility unfold right in front of her. Her bra already felt a bit tighter, and she could feel the spandex stretching to accommodate the slowly increasing mass of her bosom. Her black blouse continued to shift across her breasts as the fabric grew more taut. She stood paralyzed by amazement as she watched small gaps appear between the buttons as the top filled up with her boobs. Penelope could see a line showing across the black fabric - it was the breast flesh that was pushing up over her sports bra, and creating a muffin top effect.

For a full minute that seemed like an eternity, Penelope watched helplessly as her boobs continued to grow bigger and bigger. They were filling her bra to overflowing, and she could see the gaps between her buttons getting wider. Hints of creamy cleavage were visible between her second and third buttons, and below that she could see the spandex of the sports bra. Her tits pushed outward slowly, yet relentlessly, as the seconds continued to pass. They were getting so big that she could feel the stretchy bra starting to pinch her skin. Penelope was starting to wonder if they would ever stop growing, and raised her hands to start stripping her clothes off so she at least didn't ruin them.

But then, as she placed her slender hands on her breasts, she realized they didn't seem to be getting any bigger. That faint tingling feeling seemed to have stopped. She watched carefully for a few more seconds, holding her hands cupped out a few inches from her boobs, but saw no more movement in the fabric of her blouse. Her bra was tight, but seemed to be not getting any tighter. Penelope let out a small sigh of relief, then walked to a mirror to see herself better.

She was amazed at how big they had grown. The swell of her bosom over the cups of her bra and into her now too-tight blouse was incredible. It hinted at breasts that must have been bigger than DD-cups. Penelope wanted to take her top and bra off, but hesitated. It was a tight fit, but not painful. If she took off her clothes, there was no way she'd be able to get them back on. The growth had stopped, and if it was the same as yesterday it would only happen once, in the morning. The wheels of thought turned over in her brain as she considered what to do. She didn't want to have to call in sick to work two days in a row - taking a sick day always made her skin crawl with guilt. She pondered her options. It was Friday, and likely a slow day in the office. Penelope turned back and forth in the mirror, looking at her figure. There was no way she'd be able to hide these balloons sticking out from her chest. Or was there?

Penelope went to the closet and got her bulkiest-looking jacket and tried it on, turning in front of the mirror again to see how it looked. It hid her figure quite well, and the tight spandex bra she was wearing surely helped to keep her compressed. Not really thinking clearly because of the shock of what was happening to her body, Penelope weighed her choices. She decided not to take a sick day, and just wear the coat all day. She would try to avoid moving around too much, and just get through the day. If anyone asked, she would just say that she was cold. If she could just get to the weekend, she could follow up with the doctor and figure out what was happening to her. Penelope grabbed her purse and strolled out the front door.

She ended up regretting her choice immensely. After only an hour at work, it became painfully obvious to Penelope that big boobs were not meant to be constrained in such a manner. The straps of her bra and edges of the cups were digging into her skin, and every time she moved, she winced. Penelope gritted her teeth though, and tried to power through it, moving as little as possible. By lunchtime, however, she was unable to bear it anymore. She went to her boss's office and told her that she didn't feel well, and asked if she could just go home early. Some of the pain she was feeling must have shown on her face, because her boss sympathetically told her that she looked pale, and told her to go get some rest. Penelope nodded

gratefully and rushed to her car as quick as she could manage, moaning in pain the entire drive home.

When Penelope finally returned to her house, she hurriedly took her jacket off and unbuttoned her blouse, having some difficulty with the buttons because of how tight they were. Finally she took the top off, and was greeted by an explosion of breast flesh jutting up from her sports bra. Just as she had felt, the flesh was puffed up over the cups, but she was amazed by how much cleavage the effect was creating. It would be sexy if it wasn't so damn painful. Struggling with the tight spandex, Penelope managed to remove the bra, and sighed in intense relief as she freed her sweater puppies. They sprang outward from their confinement and hung down on her ribcage. It was so weird to go from nothing at all to actually having flesh that touched her own skin from its weight. It felt soft and warm against her upper abdomen.

Penelope went to the mirror and winced at the bright red outline of the bra that marred her skin. She felt the painful memory of it, and wondered what she had been thinking, that she could have made it through a whole day so confined. The pain and the mark would fade eventually though. In the meantime, she marveled at the size of her unfettered breasts. They were full and firm, yet had a natural sag to them. She hefted them with her hands, grabbing handfuls of flesh and jiggling her boobs around a bit. They were too big to fit in her hands now. What was the old saying? "Anything bigger than a handful is a waste," she said softly to her reflection. But for some reason, she didn't really see it that way. Deep down, Penelope had always wanted breasts. Even deeper down, she had always been fascinated by women with large breasts. They got so much attention, and there was something so undeniably *sexy* about them. Penelope had gotten comfortable with her own body long ago, but that didn't mean she didn't sometimes wish she could have had big boobs.

Well, now it seemed she had gotten her wish. These weren't just boobs, these were knockers. She had a bigger bust than any woman she knew who wasn't extremely overweight. There was no way the doctor would be able to say this was simple water retention. These things were real, and she knew somehow that they weren't just going to fade away.

The thought of the doctor sent a chill through Penelope's spine however, and she stopped fondling her tits. She nervously went to her purse and called the doctor's office, and after waiting on hold was able to get through and ask the nurse about her blood test. The nurse looked at the results and informed Penelope that she appeared to be in perfect health, and asked her if she could do anything else. "Yes, I was wondering if I could speak to Dr. Jackson? Is she in?" asked Penelope.

"No, I'm afraid that she isn't," said the nurse. "She's taken the day off, and won't be back till Monday. Would you like to leave a message with her?" she asked.

Penelope considered what to do. Her abnormal growth was extremely concerning, but she also valued her privacy. She trusted Dr. Jackson with her physical health and didn't want to go with another doctor.

"Umm, yes.. could you just inform her that I've had some further complications with my condition, and I'd like to get some more tests done as soon as possible?" the Nurse obliged, and confirmed Penelope's appointment for Monday.

Penelope hung up the phone, and wondered what she was going to do now. She just had to make it till Monday, and then she could find out what was causing these growth spurts. In the meantime, she couldn't really go out in public, or she'd risk someone recognizing her. She didn't feel like fielding questions about her body that she didn't even know the answer to. She decided to just try to calm down and have a relaxing evening. For a new top to wear, Penelope chose a hooded sweatshirt from the college she had

recently graduated - Ithaca. She had intentionally gotten the sweatshirt a size too large so that it would be loose and able to fit over other clothes if she wanted. Now when she put it on, her breasts filled up the garment completely, making it taut across her chest, but she wasn't stretching the cotton.

Penelope giggled as she settled into the sweatshirt. She had chosen it deliberately, and wore it without any other shirt underneath it, because it was still fairly new, and the inside had the luxuriant feel of soft, new cotton that only freshly-purchased sweatshirts and sweatpants can grant. Against her bare skin, it felt amazing, particularly since there was so much more surface area for it to come into contact with. Penelope was positively wriggling with the pleasurable sensation of her huge boobs rubbing against the soft cotton. She walked back into the kitchen, made herself some lunch, turned on the TV, and began her weekend early.

After a little while she cracked open a bottle of wine as she binged on Netflix shows and settled onto the couch. Before she knew it, the sky had grown dark outside, and the clock was telling her it was 9pm. It had grown a bit chilly, and Penelope grabbed a blanket, settling in on the couch, snuggling herself in with her knees pressed up against her cozy huge tits. Eventually, Penelope fell asleep with the Netflix screen asking her if she wanted to "Continue Watching".

The next morning, Penelope woke up with a slight headache, and realized that she had finished the entire bottle of wine at some point during the night. She groggily got up and stretched, and when she did so, remembered just how big her breasts were, as she felt them pushing out into her sweatshirt. She was startled at first, but then relaxed. The more she had thought about it, the more Penelope was realizing that it wouldn't be so bad having huge tits. Maybe it would be awkward since everyone would think she got implants, but that was their problem. They would just have to deal with it.

Having come to that realization, it suddenly occurred to Penelope to look at the clock. It was 10 am. Her breasts hadn't grown again this morning. Each previous morning, they had experienced growth spurts right before she left for work, which was right around 8:30. She supposed that meant she was done growing. That was probably a good thing. Why did she feel slightly disappointed, then?

Penelope shrugged, her boobs bouncing in her sweatshirt, and went to the kitchen to make some breakfast. As she walked in, she automatically glanced out the window to check on the pumpkin patch, and despite seeing it the previous 3 mornings, she was once again surprised at how much they had grown. They had grown to the size of soccer balls now, and were easily big enough to carve into jack o'lanterns. Penelope smiled. "I guess they really were magic pumpkin seeds," she said.

All of a sudden, Penelope felt that feeling again. The one she had felt the previous mornings. A pinching pressure in her breasts, like a balloon wanted to escape from inside each of them. It lasted only a second or two, but Penelope knew what was going to come next. "Oh, shit..." she said as she looked down at them. After a few seconds, they once more began to swell right in front of her eyes. What had once been double handfuls of boob meat was slowly expanding to even bigger proportions.

They were growing faster than they had yesterday. Penelope could actually see them gradually inflating inside her sweatshirt, like two balloons being pumped full of water. Only they were already bigger than any water balloons she had ever seen, and they were getting even larger. She felt the soft cotton of her Ithaca sweatshirt sliding against her skin as her boobs ballooned outward, getting noticeably bigger every second. "Oh god, this feels... amazing..." Penelope moaned. The cotton was filling up, and as it stretched across her growing skin, it just felt so... cozy. The letters I T H A C A were becoming more and more

spread out as her plump breasts pushed out further. Penelope's eyes were wide with horror, but the growth felt incredible. Despite her dismay, she found herself bringing her hands up to massage her growing tits.

"Unnh..." she moaned as she rubbed her breasts slowly, closing her eyes and leaning her head back. She grabbed handfuls of flesh beneath her sweatshirt and lifted up her boobs before letting them drop back down with a jiggle. She tweaked her nipples a bit, which were erect and could be seen through the sweatshirt tenting the fabric. Her nipples were even more sensitive than the rest of her skin, and the feeling of the soft cotton against them was pure bliss.

Penelope placed her hands on her nipples and splayed out her fingers, looking down at the spectacle. Her hands were being slowly pushed farther apart, and she could feel the fabric getting very tight across her chest. The sweatshirt had run out of room to stretch, and was struggling to continue containing her ballooning boobs. They were getting so big. The letters for her college had become obscenely stretched out, and still her breasts continued to grow. Penelope watched as they expanded for a few more seconds, and creaks began to emit from the stretching fabric of the sweatshirt. But then, they suddenly ceased their growth.

She looked at them closely for a few moments, watching for any more movement, but all she could see was the effects of her own breathing, no fabric stretching. It suddenly became apparent to her that she'd been breathing in short gasps this whole time, as she suddenly let released the air in her lungs with a relieved sigh. The growth had stopped.

Penelope slowly walked to the mirror, feeling the weight of her boobs pulling her forward. She had to adjust her balance and walk a bit differently to accommodate the massive boulders on her chest. "Holy shit," whispered Penelope as she reached the mirror. Her breasts were enormous. She turned back and forth slowly, observing how obscenely they jutted out from her slim frame. The sweatshirt was filled to capacity, and the letters I T H A C A were so far stretched out that it'd be difficult to even tell what they said. You would have to circle Penelope's breasts to see the entire word over their curvature. She experimentally hefted her breasts inside her sweatshirt and let them drop down. They were so huge. It was like she had soccer balls for boobs. They were as big as the pumpkins outside...

Penelope stopped, her hands frozen on her breasts mid-grope. The pumpkins outside. The miraculous growing pumpkins. Her unexplained growing breasts. Penelope's eyes widened in her reflection, and she immediately turned around to head to the garden out back.

As she approached the garden, Penelope saw the pumpkins sitting in the patch, glistening innocently with a little morning dew. She got closer, marveling at how much bigger they were than only yesterday. But then, her breasts had grown just as big, just as fast. Penelope reached the pumpkins and looked at them closely. They were both almost perfectly round, and her assessment of their size as soccer balls had been accurate. She looked down at her breasts again. They looked to be the exact same size as the pumpkins, if a little squished by her tight sweatshirt. She leaned down, wobbling slightly from all the added weight on her chest, and picked up one of the pumpkins. She hefted the fruit, still attached to one of the vines, and held it up above her boobs. The size was, in fact, a perfect match.

Penelope placed the pumpkin back on the ground, wondering what this could all mean. The pumpkins were growing bigger every day, and their growth seemed to be the only thing that was correlated to the random swelling she was experiencing. It occurred to Penelope that each of the mornings where her

breasts had grown, she had only experienced the expansion after seeing the pumpkins outside. Something about witnessing the pumpkins' growth was making her boobs grow bigger. Clearly that woman from the farmer's market had been telling the truth about them being magical.

She wondered what to do about this situation. The doctors wouldn't be much help here, and no wonder all the tests hadn't found anything. This was some magical shit. Penelope wondered if she should track that old woman from the market down and get her to help. But then, the lady had said that she had randomly gotten the pumpkin seeds in exchange for a jar of jam. She hadn't known what they were. Besides, Penelope remembered that the woman was probably in Florida by now.

Penelope stood in her yard, bare feet getting cold from the wet grass and chilly morning, looking down at the pumpkins. If she let them continue to grow, there was no telling how big they would get. The only option was to cut them off the vines. Penelope marched into the house, boobs jiggling in her stretched-out sweater, and grabbed a pair of scissors. When she got to the pumpkin patch, however, she hesitated for some reason. A wicked thought entered her mind, seemingly out of nowhere. What if... she didn't cut the pumpkins off? What if she just let them keep growing, and saw what happened?

A little thrill passed through Penelope, and she looked down at her huge boobs jutting out from her chest. Despite the fact that they were bigger than any she had ever seen, a small part of her wondered how they would look if they were even bigger. That small part was enjoying the hell out of her situation right now, and wanted to test the limits of how big she could push this. Hell, her tits were already too big for anyone at work to take her seriously - they would think she had gone out and gotten enormous implants. Everyone would treat her like some sort of freak. Why not just go all out, and see how far this could go?

But then Penelope shook her head, and came to her senses. It was going to be hard enough to live her life with these ginormous knockers, without them getting any larger. She already would have to get a whole new wardrobe to fit her new size, and would definitely have to get custom bras made. She winced as she thought of the expense. If she got any bigger, there wouldn't be any clothes in the world that would fit her. Leaning down, Penelope began to cut the vines attached to the pumpkins. She found herself having to really work the scissors through the thick stalk, however. It resisted her attempts to cut it, becoming flaccid but with tough fibers preventing it from being sliced. Eventually though, after a few minutes of sawing, Penelope was able to get through one vine, and turned to the other one.

She walked into the house a few minutes later, perspiring slightly from the effort involved with severing the pumpkins, but she had been successful. They couldn't get any bigger, now. She considered what to do for the rest of the day, and once again looked down at her enormous boobs. Going out in public would be difficult with these, and Penelope wasn't sure she had any clothes that would fit. But then, there was no way to get new clothes without going out into public. It was a conundrum. Penelope went to her room and looked through her wardrobe. Glancing at herself in the mirror, she decided she couldn't go in the tight sweatshirt she was wearing. Her boobs looked ridiculous in the stretched cotton garment - it was obvious they'd been packed into something way too small to contain them, and she clearly wasn't wearing a bra. Her tits looked ready to burst out of the sweatshirt, and she would definitely draw stares. It was a Saturday too, so there would be lots of people out shopping.

After looking at all her potential tops and discarding all of them, Penelope suddenly remembered something. She went to the closet near the front door. "Aha!" she exclaimed, grabbing a coat from a hangar inside. It was a zip-up hoodie that used to belong to her ex-boyfriend Steve. Well, technically it

still belonged to Steve, but it had been years since they'd dated, and he must have forgotten he'd left it here, because he never came to pick it up. Steve had been a big man, quite muscular but also with a few extra pounds on him. The hoodie would have been way too big for Penelope normally. Now, it looked like it might be the only thing in the house that could contain her breasts.

Penelope began to peel off the sweatshirt, but after a few minutes of struggling, found herself unable to do so. Her boobs were literally too big to get the bottom hem over them. She pulled at it fruitlessly a few more times. It wouldn't make it more than a third of the way up her huge rack. Penelope found herself laughing softly at her predicament. Who would have thought she could go from flat-chested to this in only a few days?

She ended up deciding to cut her way out of the sweatshirt. It was ruined anyway. Using the same scissors she'd use to slice the pumpkin vines, Penelope sliced the hem of the garment, and then manually ripped it apart, freeing her bazongas. They bounced outward and settled onto her chest, and now she could feel the warm, soft skin of her boobs resting against her upper stomach. Penelope removed the rest of the tattered sweatshirt and walked over to the mirror half-naked to once again see how ridiculous she looked. Even after carrying them around in the sweatshirt, she was still surprised by how large they were, hanging freely from her chest. They had a natural sag, but were still perkier than other large breasts that she had seen. Not that she had seen that many naked. But none of them had been this big, and none of them had been on as slim a frame as hers.

It was strange, but Penelope didn't find herself horrified by her size. In fact, she was struck by how sexy she was finding herself. Pictures passed through her mind, images of how she might look in well-cut garments that showed off her tremendous assets. She could see the men drooling over her preposterous curves as she strutted along in a dress that emphasized her slender figure. Experimentally, she wrapped up a handful of breasts in her arms, lifting them upwards in a loose approximation of how a well-fitting bra might contain her bosom. The amount of cleavage she created was incredible. Penelope leaned down and looked at herself in the mirror, imagining what someone might see if they looked down her shirt. The crevice between her two meaty globes extended almost a foot in front of her chest as she bent over. Penelope smiled wickedly at her reflection. If she could just get some clothes that really fit her, she might be able to really have some fun driving men crazy with these knockers.

In the meantime, she had to get dressed enough to be able to leave the house. Penelope stopped ogling herself and looked through her wardrobe for any shirts that she might be able to wear underneath the hoodie, but found herself lacking. She ended up having to just put it on bare-breasted. Even though it was a man's large hoodie, she still had some difficulty getting the zipper over the swell of her bust. She observed herself in the mirror again, twisting back and forth. It was obvious that she had huge boobs, no matter what angle she viewed herself. There was no hiding these. But then, she wasn't going to be able to hide them forever, anyways. The goal was to go shopping for a few things that would fit her better. At least the fabric of the hoodie was thick enough that her nipples weren't showing.

Penelope got ready to leave, then stopped at her computer briefly to plan out where she would go. She didn't want to go to the mall - she wasn't ready for that just yet. Too many people there, and her lack of a bra would be too obvious. She googled "clothes for plus-sized women" so that she could be certain she'd at least find something big enough to fit her, even if it likely wouldn't conform to her figure properly. After searching for a few minutes, she found a store that seemed promising, and it was only about 20 minutes away. She grabbed her purse and, feeling a little weird going out in public with just a hoodie

between her gigantic rack and the afternoon air, headed out the door. Hopefully the store wouldn't be busy.

As Penelope pulled out of her driveway, something was happening in her backyard. The pumpkins, you see, were magical, and they weren't done growing. Shortly after being severed from their vines, the fruits had begun to rapidly swell, visibly gaining more mass every second. The whole time Penelope had been in the house, they had continued to expand, pushing into each other as they grew larger, and eventually rolling out of the garden, which was becoming too small to contain them. They were soon as big as yoga balls, and even as Penelope was putting on her new hoodie, they surpassed the size of sofas. The pumpkins were slowly filling up the small backyard. If Penelope had looked outside, it would have been impossible to miss them. But she didn't. So as she left the house, she remained blissfully ignorant that the pumpkins had just bumped against the wooden fence of her yard, and the wood was starting to creak.

About two hours later, Penelope was returning home from her shopping trip, having spent several hundred dollars on new clothing. The clothing store had been mostly empty and she hadn't gotten much attention, except from the rather large woman who had assisted her when she had inquired about their bras. As Penelope had expected, the store didn't have any bras that would fit her slim body and tremendous bust. More than once she saw gaping stares from the woman who was helping her try them on, but she'd clearly been too polite to ask direct questions, which Penelope was grateful for. She ended up getting some measurements from the slack-jawed woman, and decided to look for specialty bras online. At the very least, Penelope had been able to get some large shirts and two jackets that would fit her without stretching. Right after leaving, Penelope had covertly found a restroom at a gas station, and put on one of her new shirts to wear under her hoodie. As she left the gas station, she caught the teenage clerk staring with his mouth hanging open. She smirked as she got into her car.

Penelope flipped through radio channels idly as she drove through town. All the pop songs on the radio were overplayed, and she didn't feel like hearing them. As she switched stations, something caught her ear on the talk radio channel. She switched back, and heard a woman speaking in worried tones, "...seemingly without explanation. They have already demolished several neighboring houses, and appear to still be getting larger. Police and firefighters have been dispatched to the scene, but so far no injuries, as the pumpkins are growing slowly enough that bystanders have had no issue getting out of the way..." Penelope's heart froze as she heard the word "pumpkins." "Oh my god," she said, continuing to listen intently to the news report, unaware that she was still driving on autopilot, and had pulled into her neighborhood. The reporter on the radio continued to speak, "The loss of property has been severe so far, with several cars and houses being crushed by the expanding fruit. Local authorities appear to currently be at a loss as to what could be fueling the growth of these pumpkins, or where they came from."

Just then, Penelope turned onto her own street, and hit the brakes as she saw a wooden road barrier erected across the street. Flashing emergency lights were visible everywhere, and people in uniforms were standing around looking up the street. Time seemed to slow down as Penelope looked past the police and firefighters, and saw the colossal pumpkins.

Dual orange globes bigger than multi-story office buildings rose up a few hundred yards ahead, their point of origin centering right where Penelope's house had once been. "Holy fuck..." she whispered, her eyes growing wide and her mouth opening in horror. This wasn't supposed to happen. She had taken them off the vines. There was no way for them to get nutrients. How did - suddenly, she felt it, and all thought stopped. The feeling was back again, the pinching pressure inside her boobs, like something inside them

was trying to squeeze its way out of her skin. It pressed against the insides of her flesh for a few seconds, then stopped. "No..." whispered Penelope, looking down at her breasts with an expression of pure terror. As she watched, a flood of tingling entered into her boobs, and they began to inflate rapidly, like helium balloons attached to an industrial tank. Only it was all flesh. "No, no, no no no no!" Penelope screamed, unbuckling her seatbelt with one hand and opening her car door with the other.

A creaking sound emitted from the fabric of the hoodie as her tits filled it up to capacity in moments. Her breasts were growing so fast that in a few seconds, they had already reached the steering wheel. As they applied pressure into it, Penelope was struggling to extract herself from the car, leaning back as far as possible as she attempted to squish past her burgeoning boobs. She heard a popping sound as the hoodie zipper burst open, and her breasts exploded outward, covered by a tight white shirt that was already at its own limit, despite being designed for an obese woman. Her swelling mammaries pushed outward, one making it harder to get past the car door, the other pressing itself against the steering wheel with increasing pressure, and the car horn blared for a few seconds. Everything seemed to be moving in slow motion still, and Penelope was briefly able to glance upwards as she struggled to escape, and see the emergency responders turning around to look at the source of the noise, their eyes widening in shock at what they saw.

Finally, with a tremendous effort, Penelope was frantically able to squeeze her left breast past the car door and back up, taking the other breast with her. At that moment, she heard a SSHRRIIPPP sound as the shirt she was wearing tore to shreds while she fell backwards. She was still tangled up in the seatbelt, however, and she twisted around to let it slide up and over her arms. The belt was ripped away from her as the car slowly began to roll forward, as Penelope had left the car in "Drive" and hadn't applied the parking brake, in her haste. Meanwhile, her twisting motion had taken her off-balance, and her boobs - already the size of beanbag chairs - were much too big for her to stand anyways. She stumbled forward a few steps and then landed with a smack on the pavement, her humongous breasts cushioning her fall.

"Oh, god!" Penelope exclaimed as her tits continued to rapidly gain mass, pushing her upward off the pavement steadily. Her arms could no longer reach the ground, and the angle at which she was leaning was slowly increasing as more and more flesh accumulated beneath her. Penelope heard shouting coming from behind her, and turned her head around to see that many of the police and firefighters had seen her, and were jogging towards her, waving their arms to get others to come help. Penelope suddenly realized how ridiculous this whole situation was, and let out a chuckle despite her distress. It wasn't like there was much they'd be able to do. Her boobs were already the size of couches, and showed no sign of slowing down.

They continued to push outward and upward as Penelope heard the crunching of gravel and several sets of footsteps behind her. Emergency responders, mostly men, of various races and heights, were approaching, their eyes and mouths wide open. One of them stepped forward, a tall man with a chiseled jaw, but a bit of a beer gut showing through his cop uniform. "Ma'am... are you... are you alright? Are you in any pain?" Penelope was looking up at him at an awkward angle, as she still couldn't stand up fully. That would change soon though, if her boobs kept growing at this pace. Penelope shook her head in response to the man's question. She looked around, as the uniformed people surrounded her expanding breasts, keeping a few yards back as they watched the spectacle before them. "Do you know what's causing this... condition?" the man asked, clearly trying to maintain his professionalism. "Not really," Penelope said calmly. She sounded much calmer than she felt.

Penelope looked back up at the man, moving a strand of hair out of her eyes. Her tits were approaching the size of sedans, and she already found it easier to look up at him. "The pumpkins are causing this, that's all I know," she explained. Then, suddenly, she burst out laughing, collapsing into her boobs and spreading her arms out across the tops of them. "I'm sorry," she said after a few seconds of laughter. She lifted her head back up and propped her chin on one hand, with her elbow sinking into soft breast flesh that was slowly rising upwards. "Sorry, it's just..." she looked up at the cop. "I sound like this is a routine thing here. 'Officer, my cat is stuck up in a tree,'" she mimicked, putting on a distressed lady voice. "'Officer, my boobs started growing and they won't stop,' ha-HA!" she laughed again, wiping a mirthful tear from her eye.

The officer looked dumbfounded as to how to handle this situation. Perhaps he expected more screaming and demands for help from Penelope, but this whole situation was so absurd that she couldn't help but find it amusing at this point. The whole time, her breasts were continuing to swell larger. She was able to stand almost completely straight now, and both boobs had grown to the size of SUVs at this point. They were as tall as she was, and still growing. She couldn't see over the tops of her breasts. Through her cavernous cleavage, however, Penelope could see one of the firefighters standing somewhat awkwardly. "That guy's got a huuuge boner!" she exclaimed with glee, pointing between her boobs. Guilt spasmed across the man's face, wiping away the lustful stare, before he turned away, hunching over as he retreated out of sight, beyond the swollen dome of her bosom. Penelope didn't know why, but she was enjoying this for some reason. She was already going to be all over the news - she might as well embrace it.

Penelope suddenly felt a strange pressure against one of her breasts, like it had run into something about waist-high and narrow. It was a mailbox. Her tits had filled the street and spilled out into the sidewalk, and were now going to start engulfing people's property. She felt the weight of her flesh push against the metal mailbox, bending it over with ease. Shortly after that, she felt her other breast hit a different mailbox on the opposite side. "Honey?" she heard a female voice to her right, and turned to see a woman, shorter than her, in a cop uniform, standing next to her looking concerned. "Are you feeling alright?" she asked.

"I feel just fine," Penelope said in a casual voice. "You know, aside from my tits blowing up like fucking blimps," she said. "Where'd the other guy go?" she asked, looking around before seeing him. He was standing a few feet away, not facing her, and his shoulders were hunched strangely. "Awww, he got a boner too," Penelope giggled.

The lady cop glanced over at the man and shook her head, then looked back at Penelope. "Listen, ma'am... do you know what's causing this growth? Do you know how to stop it?"

Penelope shook her head and shrugged her shoulders. "No clue," she said. "All I know is that they're probably going to keep growing until they're as big as those pumpkins," she told the woman. As soon as she finished her sentence, Penelope heard a grunt over to her left, and a whispered "Hoooooly fuck," coming from a man who she couldn't see, to her right.

A look of disgust crossed the female officer's face as she looked at something around the curve of Penelope's breast. "Shit, Lansky, did you just come in your pants?" she said with a mix of amusement and horror in her voice.

Penelope heard footsteps running off down the street, and she burst out laughing again. "I guess we know what these boys like," she said in a soft voice to the lady cop, and patted her breast.

The two women shared a knowing look, and then they both rolled their eyes. The lady cop said. "Well, if you're right, we've gotta let all the people in the neighborhood know that their houses are about to get flattened. Maybe they'll have some time to get some of their belongings." and with that she marched off, and Penelope heard her giving people some orders to clear the area and knock on some doors.

Penelope's boobs continued to grow bigger and bigger, spilling out past the sidewalks and into people's lawns. Despite it being late autumn, it wasn't a cold day at all, and the sunlight felt nice on Her skin as she felt her breasts advancing forward. The soft grass felt quite refreshing as she gradually spread across it. Her boobs were probably as big as her house had been by now, though she had no way of telling their true size from where she was. A wall of flesh had grown up in front of her, preventing her from seeing anything at all except tit. Penelope leaned forward into her gargantuan tits and let the softness envelope her, pressing her face into her warm cleavage and just relaxing as she let the growth take its course.

Sometime later, she felt one of her breasts run up against a structure, and shortly thereafter another one on the other side of the street. She could see that it was some houses which were in the path of growth. After only a few seconds of pressure being applied to each of them, there was a mighty crunch, followed by another one, as both walls collapsed inward. Penelope felt the houses being consumed by her growing boobs foot by foot, and hoped everyone had been able to get away with their possessions. She hoped insurance would cover all this.

Suddenly she was being tapped on the shoulder, and Penelope turned her head to see the female cop standing next to her. "Listen, ma'am, the good news is, it looks like those pumpkins stopped growing a few minutes ago. So at least you won't keep growing forever." Penelope nodded gratefully. That was good news. "And the bad news?" she asked, raising an eyebrow. "The news crews are here, and we can't keep them away for much longer. Since it looks like you won't be going anywhere anytime soon, I hope you're ready to answer some awkward questions on national television," the woman said sympathetically. Penelope smiled ruefully, shaking her head, as she heard the sound of helicopters getting closer.