

The Breast Concert Ever

The Breast Concert Ever, as it was cheekily called, would begin soon. A women's only event, the main draw (besides featuring three of the literal biggest pop stars in the country) was the special wristbands given to every ticket holder. Each filled with a random amount of Bust Booster, only one was loaded with enough doubling agent to keep the expansion going for the whole event. The lucky lady wearing this wristband would also win \$5 million and a fully furnished house specifically designed for women of extreme size.

It had taken nearly every spare cent she had, but Erica was able to secure two tickets as a high school graduation gift for her daughter.

As they parked the car she turned to Meghan and quipped, "If they don't call next year's concert The Next Breast Thing I'm going to sue."

"Ugh! Mom, you're so embarrassing." She rolled her gorgeous green eyes. Once they were out of the car Meghan gave her mom a big hug, a considerable feat given the twin beachballs in front. "Thanks again for this. I really hope one of us wins the grand prize!"

"You deserve it sweetie! It's not every day that you graduate y'know...but I'm not so sure about the grand prize." She chuckled nervously. It had been a long time since Erica doubled her assets, but she still struggled to accept all the extra skin it regularly revealed. Even now the inches of flesh pouring out from the top, bottom, and sides of her too small Metallica tank top made her uneasy.

As they walked toward the entrance Meghan teased, "What's the matter? You don't want a ton of money and a fancy house?"

"Oh no, those are great, but think of how big you have to be to get it," Erica answered.

"Are you kidding? I haven't stopped thinking about it since graduation!" Meghan cheered loudly and several passersby returned the sentiment.

"Alright. Well just remember that it's the size of your heart that matters, not your boobs," Erica reminded. Her daughter had never needed help in that department anyway, her basketball bosom serving as a counterpoint to her absolutely average derrière.

"I know, I know." Meghan rolled her eyes again. She couldn't understand why her mom was so self-conscious of her body. She would kill to look that hot, to stretch out tops like that, to...

"Ticket please! Ma'am, ticket please!"

Meghan was broken from her reverie. Handing over her ticket she was outfitted with a neon pink wristband, identical to her mother's. Looking ahead she saw that everyone else wore the same. There truly was no telling who would be tonight's big winner.

In order to avoid accusations of favoritism towards higher paying customers the event organizers chose a vast open field as the venue. There were no seats and all tickets were sold at the same price; anyone who wanted to get near the stage had to arrive right as doors were opening.

Despite the high attendance there was minimal crowding in the audience. Like Erica and Meghan everyone was trying to make sure they had space to enjoy the effects of the evening.

Once they had found a place to settle Erica stopped and looked at her daughter. Anyone else would have seen a cute young woman, face lightly dusted with freckles, hair dyed fiery red, wearing little more than a loose fitting "I <3 THE HEADLINER" crop top and matching white bikini bottom; but all she saw was the best kid a mother could ask for. As evidenced by her choice of attire the unconventional mom was more of a metalhead, but this concert meant the world to Meghan and she would do anything for her.

It was getting almost too dark to see.

Head cocked, Meghan inquired, "Mom? Are you alright?" A quizzical expression on her face.

"Yeah," a slight waver evident in her voice, "I'm just so proud of the person you've become. I love you."

Without warning all the lights surrounding the venue burst to life to reveal the first performer. The formerly petite young star had become famous for her long ponytail, rabbit outfits, and incredible size: her melons were planted firmly on the ground while remaining level with her chin. The crowd went wild as a countdown appeared on the stage screen. In sync with the timer she shouted, "BREAST! CONCERT! EVER!!!"

The first note blared across the field, greeted by a chorus of gasps and moans. The competition had begun.

Erica's hands shot to her breasts like a magnet. Her last coherent thought of the night was that they must be using some kind of experimental variant.

One of Bust Booster's many unconventional techniques for testing prototype formulas involved supplying large quantities to event organizers for free in exchange for being absolved from any liability related to their use. Additionally, a Bust Booster scientist was required to be on site in order to collect data and observe results.

The world disappeared around her, her only focus the sensations of the growth. Every added inch only seemed to bring greater pleasure, the feeling of soft, warm skin traveling slowly down her stomach and the back of her thighs driving her absolutely wild. She didn't notice as her shirt and jean shorts exploded off her body, nor the fact that it had been several minutes since she was last able to reach her nipples. They passed her thighs, then knees, then shins; everything below her collarbone was encased by sweet, squishy spheres.

She DID notice when her jumbo jugs contacted the ground, the friction of each blade of grass against her slowly spreading mass adding a whole new dimension to the experience.

She couldn't see when the second performer took the stage, her vision nothing but her own breasts rising even further above her head. Her every movement now contacted her sensitive form. The beating of her heart, the tickle of her breath, the repeated curling and uncurling of her toes as she was rocked by orgasm after powerful orgasm; all of it added wave after wave of pleasure. Nothing had ever felt this good before and Erica never wanted it to stop.

Time lost meaning. She knew she was still growing, but no longer cared how much. Every thump of bass, strum of a guitar, or high note hit was a new earthquake of bliss.

As with all good things the show, and Erica's subsequent enlargement, eventually came to an end. The quartet of perfectly symmetrical 25 foot orbs that comprised her body clearly labeled her the night's winner, but an hour and a half of such intense physical activity had left her too weak to celebrate. She turned her head to the right and rested it against her pillowy pair, noticing two ten foot freckled hooters in the distance that she assumed were her daughter's. Just before drifting off to sleep she realized how right Meghan had been about winning.

Second Verse

The first note blared across the field, greeted by a chorus of gasps and moans. The competition had begun.

Meghan's hands shot to her breasts like a magnet. The world disappeared around her, her only focus the sensations of the expansion. Every added inch only seemed to bring greater pleasure, the feeling of soft, warm flesh traveling slowly down her stomach and the back of her thighs driving her absolutely wild. She didn't notice as her shirt exploded off her body, nor the fact that it had been several minutes since she was last able to reach her nipples. The sexy spheres passed her thighs, then knees, then shins; everything below her collarbone contacted sweet, squishy skin.

She DID notice when her jumbo jugs contacted the ground, the friction of each blade of grass against her slowly spreading mass adding a whole new dimension to the experience.

Unfortunately, over the next 35 minutes the fun slowed to a halt. Continued sounds of pleasure were the first part of reality to register, letting the new grad know she was not getting a house tonight. A frown creased her face for only a moment before her vision returned and she saw...nothing. Nothing but two freckled orbs whose tops were completely out of reach! In a burst of aroused excitement she ran her fully extended arms across as much of herself as possible, realizing a pleasant buzz still permeating her body. Then her elbows hit something soft. With a gasp Meghan turned to see two beachball sized cheeks, just like her mom's! No, wait. That's how her mom used to be. The memories were starting to return. Her mom! Meghan's head snapped to the left and she almost fell back onto her new cushion.

Next to her was the nude form of her mother, boobs several feet larger than Meghan's, a matching booty, and both still growing! She was attacking herself with a sexual frenzy unlike anything the young woman had ever seen.

Meghan was positively beaming; they still had a chance to win!

As entrancing as the sight was, the fact that it was her own mother was just enough of a turnoff for her to turn away and check out the entertainment. An entirely different singer had taken the stage without her even realizing. "Mmm, that really must have been some good stuff," she reminisced, idly running a finger along her new developments. From her position there was only one screen still visible over the rising sea of mega mammaries. She blanked on the name, but knew that the black-haired bombshell had been famous for her substantial rack even before Bust Booster. She was clearly larger than the last star; in fact, she was probably the same size as

Meghan! Another rush of excitement hit, sending a shiver down her spine as the buzz intensified.

Amidst the rapidly filling field of flesh Meghan began to dance. Every once in a while the physical contact would build to a climax, although there was an unfamiliar, almost imperceptible stretching sensation that came with it.

By the time preparations were being made for the headliner to appear only a handful of women were still eligible to win. Meghan was in giddy awe watching the towering twins rising further and further above her mom, the motions occurring between the four pillows causing them to quiver madly. The young redhead had no idea how she had that much stamina. Whereas before it had been fairly easy to tear her eyes away now she didn't want to. The same sensation that came from dancing was quickly building inside.

Thankfully, a bright burst of pyrotechnics shot from behind a pair roughly twice as large as Meghan's. The owner of the bombastic bosom was completely hidden from view, but she reminded those who would not be winning to just Shake It Off.

Meghan shook her head. That was close. Was she really about to...in front of her mom? BECAUSE of her mom? She tried to pretend it didn't happen and began the sensual cycle of dance anew.

As the final song began a smooth surface made contact with her bust, gently pushing it aside. "Oh, I'm sorry. I must've gotten lost danc-" Mouth agape, Meghan craned her neck to see the tops of the oddly familiar mass. It was her mom and she was still going strong! As quickly as she could the proud daughter spun in a circle, finding no movement among any of the largest hills she could see.

She orgasmed immediately. This time the stretching was noticeable. They had won!

The show had ended, Erica had fallen asleep, and a line had formed to take a picture with the victor. Second place was still almost ten feet smaller. The judges arrived with a drone to measure the final results.

Hovering over the reddish tan valley the reading came back at 25 feet, front and back. Meghan's knees buckled at the news and the floating device made its way over her sizable set. When the judges showed results of ten feet in front and two and a half in back the pleasurable sensation flared up once more and brought with it another feeling of swelling.

A look of shock came over the officials and they backed away, whispering amongst each other and experimentally prodding the double-digit globes of the slumbering giant.

Seeing the concern on the 18 year old's face, the Bust Booster researcher broke from the bunch. Her thick arms betrayed the overweight body blocked by a pair of four foot knockers. "Is everything alright?" Meghan implored.

"It depends. Your mom has definitely won, but it seems there's an unexpected catch." The rule maker's eyes looked anywhere but at Meghan.

"A catch?" They needed the prize to take care of their inflated physiques.

"Yes. Um...well...you see...how do I put this?" Meghan began bouncing up and down on her heels in nervous anticipation. "It's thought that less than half a percent of the population is prone to this unique reaction to this particular formula, which was specifically designed to heighten the feelings of its effects. Basically, your mom and yourself are experiencing ten times the normal sensitivity for your sizes and the, er...end result of your pleasure causes an internal reaction that produces more tissue. To put it simply, both of you are still growing and we don't know if you'll ever stop."

As if on cue Meghan screamed in pure ecstasy and both sides of her body surged a full inch. Everything was beginning to make sense now.

"Um...yes, exactly." She continued explaining, "Due to the extreme dose Erica- er, your mom, experienced it will take a few weeks for her to build up enough tolerance to even make full sentences, but you should start getting used to what you saw and heard her doing here; the feelings will only intensify as you both expand. You can probably expect her to at least double in size during that time. I'm sorry. We don't have a cure for this condition yet, but we are working diligently to develop one. Anyway, transport will be here shortly to take you to your new home." For the first time the scientist smiled, "Actually, if you don't mind, we'd like to give the money and house to the runner up and have you and your mom live on our famous archipelago. That will allow us easy access to study you two and more quickly develop an antidote, plus the CEOs use all their money to ensure that the residents' every desire is fulfilled."

Meghan moaned as her body once again progressed forward. They were going to live in paradise with the world's bustiest women! At the rate they were going they might even be the world's bustiest women soon! Her head swimming with these thoughts she wanted nothing more than to give in and get a head start on her new journey, but after everything that had happened she was simply too tired. "Thank you, I'll let her know once she wakes up." As she started to become drowsy the full scope of what had transpired began to dawn on her.

Looking at the now silent foursome of gigantic globes Meghan remembered how apprehensive her mom had been when they arrived and her last words before everything happened. She had sacrificed everything to make her daughter's dream come true. Resting

against one of the magnificent mounds Meghan whispered a sleepy, "I love you too, mom," before nodding off. In the center of it all, a smile crept across Erica's sleeping visage.