

Alchemamary II

by Rack-Coon

There was no other choice: Belle had to lean forward.

Taking a deep breath she slowly tilted her body. The vendor did little to hide he was glancing at her cleavage as her scoop-neck stretched around it, expanding the already generous view on the top third of her bust. Belle rolled her eyes, then reached for the herbs at the back of his stand. The frills of her white underdress got buried under cleavage oozing out, while the laced corsage of her red dress groaned as she grabbed the herbs. However, while her fingerless glove clenched the plants, her breasts swung above a crate full of nectarines. Though they only swayed slightly, the size of her assets, as wide as her torso was enough for them to knock one fruit off the pile, smacking it right on her knee-high boot.

“S-sorry!” Quickly Belle bent down to pick it up. Alongside her braid brushing her shoulder strands of her dishwater blond hair fell out of her red bandana with the white polka dots. She brushed them behind her ear while she grasped for the fruit. It was a finicky task, her breasts blocking her sight on anything below her. While fishing for the nectarine, Belle could feel the stares behind her back, making her fumble even more.

“Got ’cha!” she finally said as she grabbed it, triumphantly getting up. She was a little too fast though, hitting the crate with her bust and sending more nectarines flying out. Her cheeks bright red she watched them roll around the crowded marketplace, some people almost tripping over them. “I... I’ll buy all of those” she mumbled, eyes on the ground to avoid both the stares of vendor and everyone behind her.

After paying up she quickly left with her groceries, dodging some nectarines that were still rolling around. People automatically stepped aside, as if the rhythmic sways of her bosom split the crowd in front of her. Eyes lingered on Belle even after she passed by, watching her breasts wobble past the puffs of short sleeves. All the attention made Belle walk faster, in turn shaking her breasts even more.

Eventually Belle calmed enough to slow down. When she raised her gaze people avoided looking at her bust, though they kept peeking at her cleavage. Belle noticed but tried to ignore it as she scanned the other vendors on the market. “*Doesn’t look like anyone has mandrake nectar.*” Eyes bulged when her hand dived between her breasts, pulling out a small sheet of paper. “*Let’s see... I still need some maws of a Jupiter fly*

trap, roots from a devil ash, and... oh. Rose honey.” She put the list aside, staring at her plethora of cleavage. *“Right. Rose honey season has started again.”*

One breast slightly pushed out of her dress as she heaved the heavy sphere hanging to her waist, feeling its weight. *“Guess I can finally go back to normal.”* Palm covered by her glove, she stroked the convex slope with her fingertips. *“I mean, they do feel nice”* she thought, slightly arching her back *“But they’re a pain to handle, even with the back-enhancing potion. Once I find a jar of rose honey, I’ll ask Lady Adria to make the remedy – I mean I can’t walk around with giant breasts for the rest of my life... can I?”*

Her breast dropped as her hand moved to side of her bosom, then the edge of her cleavage, brushing the frills of her underdress. Eyes half-closed, she gave her breast a soft grope – and immediately froze as she remembered she was in public. Seeing all the wide-eyed stares around her she blushed, and quickly walked on. In her haste though, and as she avoided staring anyone in the eye, she overlooked the woman in her path.

Boing!

With her enormous bosom Belle bumped into her, pressing her mounds against her. Startled, the young alchemy apprentice stared over the swells of her cleavage, into the most stoic, unwavering face she had ever seen. Quickly Belle jumped back, her bust bouncing forward as it was released from the pressure. *“Oh my gosh, I-I’m so sorry! I should have looked where I was going!”*

“It is quite alright.” The words coming out of woman’s mouth were so dry, so void of life, it made Belle shiver. The effect was enhanced by the black lipstick on her bottom lip, as well as her porcelain skin. Her short hair was smooth and silver, bangs covering one of her purple eyes. Still, Belle noticed as her gaze wandered to the leaps of her rack, before she looked her in the eyes again. *“I take it you are Belle, the apprentice of Lady Adria, alchemist of this town?”*

Belle raised an eyebrow. *“Um, yes. How did you...?”* A thought struck her. *“Wait, it couldn’t be... did she recognize me because of my...?”* She shook her head. *“I-if you want to see my mistress, I’m afraid she is currently out of town!”* she quickly said. *“There is no way... I mean, surely I’m not known as some sort of boob monster in the land!”*

“Actually, I wanted to speak with you” the woman replied, *“The one known as boob monster in the land.”*

Belle wished she could sink into the ground with her monster boobs. *“Oh. Um... what can I do for you, then?”*

“If I may introduce myself” the woman said, indicating a bow *“My name is Cinzia. I am the one who invented the potion that gave you those monster boobs.”*

Belle blinked at her in surprise, before eying her more skeptically. The woman's slender figure was wrapped into an unusual dress: The sleeves were white and went up to her palms, while the rest of her attire was pitch-black. Intricate laces in the shape of roses had been sown into the chest segment, with stalks full of thorns and large blossoms, although hard to distinguish on the black fabric. Between neckline and collar, a black net covered her sternum, with dark grey silk filling the diamond-shaped gaps in it. For a split second, Belle's gaze rested on the lacey roses, lying plain on her inconspicuous chest.

"You think my boobs are too small to invent a breast growth potion?" Cinzia asked dryly.

"No, no, no, no!" Belle hectically waved her hands, squishing her breasts between her arms. "It's just, er..." She cleared her throat. "L-Lady Adria told me a royal alchemist invented the potion. And not to be rude, but you look a little young to serve the court – you are barely older than me, if even."

Behind her bangs, Cinzia's violet eyes glanced at the crowd around them. Some people had stopped to gawk at the strangely dressed woman talking with the ultra-busty apprentice of their town's alchemist. "...Let us discuss this somewhere a little more private."

"You're apprentice of a royal alchemist?"

Over the top of her bosom, Belle stared at Cinzia. The two sat on the terrace of a small café, in a side street off the main market. While Cinzia was sipping on a cup of tea Belle had ordered nothing – even if she had been thirsty, it would have been impossible to place her cup on the small table, for her half was fully occupied by her breasts.

"Correct" Cinzia said as she put her cup on its saucer. "As such, I do not bear the title of royal alchemist – yet."

Belle leaned over her scoop neck. "And... your mistress stole the growth potion from you?" she whispered.

"More precisely, she ordered me to make it and then took credit for it" Cinzia explained. "When huge bosoms became popular my mistress was tasked with creating a breast growth potion. However, although she is well-versed in the craft of brewing, she lacks the creativity to create new formulas. So, she passed the task to me. In long, exhaustive nightshifts, I created the most potent breast growth potion in the realm. When done, she handed it to the court and claimed she had made it, without any mention of me." Cinzia

said this without any hostility or bitterness, more as a matter of fact, and with a completely straight face.

Cocking her head, Belle crossed her arms under her breasts, sending a ripple across them. “I mean, it does check out with what Lady Adria told me about your mistress. But to be honest, I’m not fully convinced you really are the apprentice of a royal alchemist – anyone could come and claim that.”

With the slightest of sighs, Cinzia grabbed into a pocket of her dress. From it she pulled a small vial with a pink liquid. Without saying a word she popped off the cork, then emptied it in one go.

Watching her Belle’s eyes bulged. “Wait, was that...?”

No sooner Cinzia took the vial off her black lip, movement went through her chest. The flat bodice slowly started to bulge over her chest, cambering the lacey rose as they swelled forth. Filled by her bosom her dress steadily tented up, forming a pair of small bumps that reached from her.

“The basis is sea dust” Cinzia calmly told the bewildered Belle as her breasts grew larger, clearly arching from the plain fabric on her abdomen and the net below her neck. “One and a half leaves from a willow planted on a graveyard are added, alongside a knife’s tip of a mandrake root.” Bit by bit, her swells billowed the lacey roses over their fronts. Their edges of her breasts distinguished themselves as they bent outwards, forming visible slopes. At the same time their inner curves blurred as the fabric was lifted between them, stretching over the sink that formed the larger and rounder her assets were growing. “You can add some scarlet dreadnuts to cover the salty taste of the sea dust, as well as a pinch of cinnamon for a finer note in the aftermath, and-“

“Okay, okay, I get it!” Belle interrupted her, eyes fixated on Cinzia’s breasts. “You know the ingredients of the potion.”

“Correct.” Cinzia’s fistfuls pushed the fabric between them forth, until their curves melted into a uniform bump. Upon close look, one could see through the gaps the laces how her breasts swelled into the gap between them, slowly filling it. While the roses puffed up, the net was peeled off her sternum, stretching from her neck towards the growing crests of her breasts. “The only ones who should know are your mistress with her legendary tongue that can trace back the recipe of any potion she tastes...”

“...and the royal alchemist who created it” Belle finished.

Cinzia nodded. “And, of course, their apprentices.”

Watching the bulge of Cinzia’s bust jut from her, Belle pursed her lips. “But... I would have believed you just with the recipe – there was no need to drink it.”

“I know. I just felt like getting bustier.” All around Cinzia’s breasts were getting rounder, shaping the fabric into a pair of domes. As their bottoms cambered downwards, the fabric below them tented up, slightly blurring their outlines. Still, her breasts visibly bulged downwards, the fabric falling from them even accenting how they stuck out from her. “Pardon me for saying this after the fact, but I would ask you to be discrete about what I said about my mistress taking credit for my potion.”

“O-of course.” Belle stared for a moment at the roses on Cinzia’s rack, stems and blossoms visibly expanding, before she raised her gaze at the purple eye looking out under Cinzia’s silver hair. “Still... this doesn’t explain what you want from me.”

Cinzia took another sip of her tea, sticking out her chest ever so slightly. In addition to stretching the roses, the billowing fronts also creased the fabric between them, the wrinkles making each breast pop as the fabric around them distended. The further the fabric bulged, looking like a pair of large peaches was stuffed into her dress, the further the net got pulled forth, fully getting lifted off her sternum up to the collar. Into the space that the net spanned her breasts were slowly growing, past the rim of the bodice so a faint line of cleavage shined through the silk patches. “After finishing the potion, my mistress soon approached me with another request” Cinzia said as she put down her cup. “The court had demanded her – and therefore me – to refine it.”

“Refine it? You mean they... wanted it more potent?” Hands on her bosom, Belle squished it slightly. “Sheesh – I know walking aren’t with big breasts is in vogue at the court, but to think they’d go even bigger...”

“They don’t.”

Belle raised an eyebrow at Cinzia. “...Come again?”

As the net got dragged over the top of Cinzia’s breasts, they slightly bulged against the patches of silk. The blurry gap between her mounds became clearer, slowly growing deeper the further the net was pulled down her chest. “Breast growth potions are used for amusement at parties, not to permanently increase one’s bust. Noone at the court is walking around with breasts of even your size. The fact that you’re going about like this indicates a concerning level of boob greed.”

As Cinzia said that with complete stoicism, Belle felt both embarrassed and irritated at the same time. “H-how can you say stuff like that with such a straight face?”

“The court didn’t ask for a more potent potion” Cinzia continued, her breasts at that point roughly the size of grapefruits. “They were perfectly happy with the size.”

“Then why did they ask to refine it?”

“It was too salty – they wanted one that tasted better.”

Remembering her accident, Belle shuddered. “Well, it was very salty, true...”

“Like I said, the basis is sea dust. Dreadnuts can cover that, but the court also wasn’t fond of their bitterness.” As her dress was pulled down the crests of Cinzia’s breasts, their round bulge swelled more prominently against the net. Taut from her neck to her bosom it latched on to their curves, the silken gaps stretching around them as they swelled towards her collarbone. “When all attempts to replace the sea dust failed, my mistress ordered me to create an entirely new potion. I tried several approaches, all with mixed results – the one I took just now is one of the less effective variants.” For a brief moment, her features lit up. “However, I also stumbled upon a more... potent variant, as you would say.”

Hearing those words Belle flinched. “Are... are you serious?!”

“Yes.” Growing rounder the flanks of Cinzia’s bosom billowed over her torso, their shape popping from the fabric as her breasts swelled into a pair of firm spheres. “During my research I’ve stumbled upon a mixture of such extraordinary strength, any other pales in comparison.”

Belle gulped. “How... how potent are we talking here?”

“I am not sure. I developed the recipe and did some calculations but haven’t tested it yet. The court would kill me if I used them as test subjects, and I couldn’t find anyone willing to take it. With no way to evaluate the effects, I came to accept the results of my work would always be theoretical.” Belle watched slight, but steadily larger swells overlap Cinzia’s torso and obscure her arms, while her dress tented up all the way down from her waist, large creases curving towards her bust. “But then I heard about a woman with an extraordinary bosom, in the very town where the alchemist lived my mistress had that ridiculous feud with. I quickly connected the dots.”

Flustered, Belle shuffled on her chair. “It’s, it’s not like you think. There was an accident, I fell into the cauldron, w-we had plenty of remedy but when I was about to drink the last batch I dropped it, and rose honey season was over and... and...”

“I am not interested in the details” Cinzia cut her off. Growing to the size of cantaloupes, her breasts bulged the roses and pushed the net down their curves, past their highest peaks down their frontal slope. More and more clearly cleavage shined through the windows of silk, showing as the gap between her breasts shrunk to less than a finger wide. “All I need is someone willing to grow absurdly huge boobs.”

Though her cheeks were bright red, Belle harrumphed. “Well, I don’t know what you thought of me, but I’m not some braindead breast addict – and I certainly don’t want to be someone’s test subject!”

While the net tightened and stretched over Cinzia’s breasts the gap between them closed, staying just wide enough for a paper note to slip through as they squeezed against each other. “If you don’t wish to keep them, we can reverse the potion’s effects anytime.”

“Then why don’t you try it out on yourself?”

“It’s hard to estimate the effects with yourself as reference” she replied, the squish between her assets increasing as they continued to flare out in all directions. The threads of the net stretched and curved around the wide slopes framing her breast gap, accenting their round shape as they pulled the fabric tight on them. “Also, I’m not some braindead breast addict.”

“So you do think I am one!”

Belle abruptly turned quiet. Having gotten agitated she was leaning over her bust, squishing the table with it. Despite sitting relatively isolated, people started staring at her immense cleavage and Cinzia’s growing bosom. “P-putting that aside, potion effects don’t stack” Belle said more calmly, cleavage wobbling as she straightened herself. “So, before I get rid of these, drinking a revised formula won’t do anything.”

“I told you, it’s not a revised formula but a completely new approach.” Alongside the net and puffs stretching across her rack the fabric falling off her breasts got pulled under them, showing more clearly as they bulged down her ribs. “I created the ultimate breast growth potion, far more powerful than anything the world has ever seen.”

Though irritated by the calm with which Cinzia said this, Belle couldn’t help but feel impressed. “That’s... quite the devotion to big breasts.”

“Perhaps.” Steadily clearer her dress pocketed her breasts, distinguishing them from the rest of her bodice. “When I started work on this potion, it was just another job for a bunch of bored aristocrats.” With two fingers Cinzia traced along the increasing curve of her bust. “But the more I worked on it, the more breasts I watched grow, the more I got enthralled. Inventing new ways to create the most massive mammaries the world has ever seen gave my life a whole meaning I never knew I needed before.” Taking her fingers off her bust she openly stared at Belle’s cleavage. “Nothing would make me happier than seeing those tits of yours burst out of your dress and grow into mountainous melons of meat.”

Belle sat frozen on her chair. “You... really gotta stop saying stuff like that with such a straight face...”

Cinzia’s breasts pulled down the net so far, the entire to top of her bosom bulged against it, visibly warping the squares over their round surface. In a similar manner the laces distended across their front, warping the roses as her breasts pushed them forth. “I assume I am a breast addict after all” Cinzia said, grabbing her cup. “It was presumptuous of me to think you would share that passion.”

As Cinzia drank more tea she arched her back. Quietly, Belle stared at the cleavage puffing up behind the silk. Memories came back about her accident, when she had been nothing but a pair of breasts, with a little bit of body attached. She hadn’t been able to

move, work, do anything but lean on her breasts, squish her breasts... cuddle her breasts... fondle her breasts... goosebumps formed all over Belle, her lips quivering. Alongside those memories, Cinzia's words echoed through her head: "*Most massive... whole world has ever seen...*"

When the sides of Cinzia's bust approached her shoulders, their growth slowed down. "Anyway, thank you for taking your time for me" Cinzia calmly said as put down the empty cup. A little smaller than her head her breasts ceased to grow, grazing the edge of the table as she bowed slightly. "I will no longer bother you with my--"

WHAM!

The cup jittered as Belle slammed her hands against the edges of the table. Jumping to her feet she almost knocked her chair over while making her breasts tremble on top of the table. "Let's do it!" she shouted, leaning so far forward she almost shoved her cleavage against Cinzia's. Sweat was running down her face, and her heart was beating in her throat, but at the same time her eyes were sparkling. "Give me the most massive mams the world has ever seen! So large that I'm completely immobilized!! Unable to do anything but enjoy being a tit monster!!!"

Her excitement abruptly dropped as she felt the eyes on her. The glances from around turned into open stares – even people inside the houses poked their head out of their windows, all staring at the yelling alchemy apprentice with her enormous bosom.

Steam basically blew from Belle's hot head as she gazed into her cleavage, not daring to look up. "I-I mean, um, if you say it's t-t-temporary, then maybe, we could, we might, we may..."

She stopped stuttering as Cinzia reached around her bosom and touched her hand. Thought she was softly holding it, the look on Cinzia's face remained as stoic as ever.

"Let's blow up your tits."

"STOP SAYING THAT STUFF WITH SUCH A STRAIGHT FACE!!!"

Since the windows in the lab were smaller than her bosom, Belle had to stand sideways to lean her head out of one. Being on the highest floor of the alchemy tower, she looked down on the city. The roods spread out in front of her, with a clear view on the clock tower of the major's hall. It was hard for her to enjoy it though, her fingers nervously tapping on her breasts. Behind her, she heard bottles clank, corks pop and small items fall into liquid, as well as the bubbling of a cauldron.

“I don’t mind you watching” Cinzia told her. Standing at the work bench, she dropped a handful of black adder morals into the small cauldron in front of her, the rising steam billowing against her bosom. “Considering the fame of your mistress, I’d expect you to taste the ingredients anyway once you drink it.”

Not turning around Belle shook her head. “My tongue is nowhere near as good as Lady Adria’s. Also, it’s your recipe – I don’t want to steal any ideas from you, not even by accident.”

“My mistress doesn’t share that view, but I appreciate it.”

Without peeking at the cauldron Belle smiled at her. The work bench stood a little off the center of the room, with Cinzia working at the side away from the nearest wall. The rest of the laboratory consisted mostly of shelves on the walls, as well one small desk in the corner. All shelves, including the one on the work bench were stacked with flasks containing powders, liquids, dried plants, and mushrooms as well as oddly shaped fruits swimming in greasy stuff. Several ingredients were laid out to Cinzia’s right. Whenever she took one, she made a note about it on a sheet to her left, meticulously writing down how much she used.

“You don’t need to keep book” Belle told her as she heard the scribbling of the feather pen behind her back. “Lady Adria doesn’t mind me using ingredients for my own studies.”

“Be that as it may, I intend to fully pay back every bit I’m using.” After putting down the feather Cinzia took an urn with the ashes of a fire-resistant fungus and poured it into the cauldron.

“That’s really not necessary.” Eyed on the outside Belle’s shoulders slouched. “I waste so much stuff with my clumsiness, the bits you’re using will hardly deal a blow to our budget...”

“You have your principals, I have mine.” After dropping some tiger-striped girolles into the cauldron Cinzia stepped back. The bubbles grew larger, little drops flying out of the cauldron as they popped. When it was about to boil over Cinzia shut off the flame. Past her net cleavage she watched the bubbles calm down, until the potion was only simmering. Grabbing the handles on each side Cinzia lifted the cauldron off the burner, holding it in front of her bosom towards Belle. “It is finished.”

Slowly, Belle turned around. Craning her neck over her bust, she saw a purple liquid slosh inside the cauldron, some bubbles still rising to the surface. “So... this is it? The potion that will give me... monster tits?”

Seeing as Belle bit her lip, Cinzia cocked her head. “Yes. This is what you wanted, isn’t it?”

Belle heaved her breasts. Feeling her arms strain from their weight, seeing nothing but cleavage as she looked down made her realize once again how huge they really were. “I mean... I did say that, but...”

Cinzia lowered the cauldron into the shadow of her bosom. “If you have doubts, it would be better to think this over.”

“Is that really okay for you?” Belle asked bashfully. “I mean you went through all the trouble of making it...”

“If we properly store it, it will stay effective for at least half a year. I will take it with me, and when you have made up your mind, just note me.”

Hearing that Belle breathed a sigh a relief. “Thanks! And... sorry for chickening out.”

“It’s your body. Just tell me where I can find an empty bottle.”

“Right behind you! I’ll fetch one.” As if a weight had been lifted off her chest, Belle skipped towards the shelves on the other side of the room. However, just as she was about to bounce past Cinzia, her feet got caught up in one another. Her cleavage engulfed her chin as she fell right at Cinzia, squealing. Belle’s bust knocked the cauldron out of her hands, the momentum flipping it over in the air. The cauldron dropped on Belle’s head, drenching her in potion while she fell on her breasts. Stretching her dress, they billowed around Belle’s shoulders as she compressed them, before they bounced back up, sending Belle wobbling on them, the cauldron on her head, traces of potion trickling out around it.

Cinzia still stood as if she was holding the cauldron. No muscle in her face moved as she peeked at Belle jiggled below her, her breasts lifting her to her knees. “Well shoot.”

Once her bosom calmed down Belle wrapped her hands around the cauldron. With some effort she pulled it off, dropping it between her cleavage and Cinzia’s feet. Drenched by potion the hair looking out under her bandana dripped, while her wet braid stuck to her shoulder. As Belle spit potion out of her mouth, a knot formed in her stomach. “Um, Cinzia?”

“Yes?”

“This potion, it, it was supposed to make my breasts really, really big?”

“That is correct.”

“And... and falling into a potion makes its effects way, way more potent than drinking it?”

“I presume this is not the first time this happened to you?”

Hands on the rim of her décolleté Belle gulped. “Soooo... w-what’s gonna happen to me now?”

She didn’t need to wait for a reply. Inside her chest, something was stirring up – faint at first, a weak tingle. However, the sensation quickly grew stronger, taking full hold of her mounds. Her shoulders tensed and pulled on dress, while her torso shivered on her soft mounds. Belle took in a deep breath, then another, panting as the tingle grew more intense by the second.

“I am not sure” Cinzia said, watching Belle twitch at her feet “The only thing I know is, it’s gonna be damn hot.”

Trying to keep her calm, Belle looked up at Cinzia, her face half obscured by her breasts. “You... you really gotta stop saying... stuff like that... with such a... such a... Haaa!!”

Belle’s voice got stuck in her throat. Mouth agape, eyes half-closed, she felt the pressure her breasts put on the floor increase – not because Belle put more weight on them, but because they were growing against it. Steadily, her bosom pushed against the floorboards, spreading out all around Belle. Fabric stretched over their billowing slopes, while flesh oozed out of her cleavage towards her face and the cauldron at Cinzia’s feet. Underneath them the halves of her bodice were pulled apart, stretching the strings of her corsage. Lying stiff on her rack Belle’s torso slowly was lifted by the growing mass of her bust, her knees getting pulled against it as they flared down her midriff.

“Hnrgh...!” Gritting her teeth, Belle clenched her bust, creasing fabric and flesh between her fingers. Quickly though her clothes slipped out of her grip, her red dress groaning as it stretched across her rack, while cleavage continued to escape the neckline of her underdress. While burying the frills with their lips her breasts squished against each other with growing strength, flowing out in front of her. Her canyon of flesh picked up the small cauldron, steadily pushing it towards Cinzia. Getting pulled down along her décolleté her dress grew taut over the steadily rounder and larger sides of her bosom. Sheer smears spread out as it took on a steadily brighter hue, her underdress showing through it. As her torso rose higher her legs were tilted by the bottom of her bosom, its slope growing against them. “It... it definitely feels more... intense than last time” Belle finally brought out.

Silently Cinzia watched Belle rise to the level of her lap. As Belle’s bust embraced the cauldron and pushed it against her black boots she took a step back. When Belle approached Cinzia’s waist her red dress suddenly ripped over their wide flanks. A long tear formed on each, quickly followed by more that ran down her bosom like claw marks. Through them, bulges of white fabric swelled through, forming bulbs that steadily stood off the fabric. Clenching her bust even tighter Belle threw back her head, suddenly wobbling on top of her bosom. As it spread over the floor, the growing mass relativized the weight of her body on top, causing their fronts to round slightly and

giving Belle another push upwards while also making her less stable. Grand domes of flesh mushroomed out of her dress and overlapped her mouth, nose, even her eyes, while reaching from one side to the other as far as she was tall.

Step by step Cinzia retreated as Belle's bust pushed the cauldron ahead, which looked incredibly smaller in the shadow of her bosom. As if to stabilize herself Belle spread out her arms over her breasts. From her shoulders to her wrists her arms latched on to their cambering surface, arching on top of the gradually wider curve. Shoved back by her breasts her heels rose from the floor, her knees pushing steadily deeper dents into the taut fabric. When only the tips of her boots touched the floor, her legs were lifted into the air. More than before, her body shook on top of her rack, supported by nothing but its firmly shaped, yet soft mass.

“Ah...!” Arms and legs flailing, Belle balanced on top of her breasts. More and more horizontally her limbs were resting on them, their slope seemingly flattening around the spheres growing underneath. Her wide eyes were right in front of Cinzia's breasts, lifting her from the lacey rose towards the net cleavage. All the while, the sides of Belle's breasts continued to billow beyond her, tearing her dress open and exposing white, billowing bulges.

Shriip!

Over the largest tears in her dress, her underdress suddenly ripped as well. A shudder went through Belle as the frayed fabric slid across her skin, her bare flesh now growing out of her clothes. On each side, her breasts gained a three-folded appearance, with the red fabric cutting deep into their surface while the naked portions prominently bulged outward, and her underdress being somewhere in between. At the same time the neckline began to rip across her muffin-tops, the frills getting tattered all around. Like firm swells of cream her breasts rolled over the floor, only getting rounder the more the weight ration of her body favored her bust. Pressed against the floor the strings of her corsage stretched into thin lines, cutting into her underdress that bulged against them. One by one the strings snapped, each break causing the halves of her bodice to diverge a little further underneath her rack.

Again, Cinzia stepped back again from the wall of cleavage that formed in front of her. “I'm surprised your dress is so sturdy” she remarked as Belle's face rose to the height of hers. For a moment, the two women were eye to eye, Belle's panicked gaze meeting Cinzia's stoic one, before the latter had to look up as Belle was elevated above her. “Your tailor is astonishing.”

Panting, Belle tried looking down her breasts at Cinzia, even though she steadily disappeared behind them. “I... I reinforced it with a... with a potion... since it kept breaking around my... my...!” Belle's voice trailed off. With all the sensations hitting her, it was hard to keep a clear head – especially when her face was about to get eaten

by her breasts. While the pressure in her clothes increased by the second, they continued ripping around her breasts. The fleshy stripes bulging grew so large, the fabric between them was bunching up, while her red dress rubbed against the bulges, only the pressure against the floor keeping it over her breasts.

Shrrrrriiip...!

Suddenly, like her corsage before, the stripes of red snapped across her rack. From the center outwards they broke off, her bosom rounding each time one broke. When they were all gone only her underdress covered her breasts. Its cover however steadily diminished as her breasts grew out of the tears, turning the fabric into thin bands just like the red fabric before. Eventually the lines of her underdress vanished between the flesh reaching out of them, turning the sides of her bust into bulbs of garlic. Similarly, her mounds were oozing out of her cleavage, tearing her neckline and pushing it down to the equator of her bust.

“It’s... getting... too... too... ti-ai-ai-ai-aiiii!” Belle screeched as the stripes of her underdress ripped apart. The swells they separated fused, Belle wobbling on her breasts as they were released in all their grand glory and shooting her even higher. “Gaaah!” Belle cried, her bare flesh bouncing and jiggling. With nothing to hold it the fabric on the bottoms was crumbled into their gap and was sucked up, until it was completely folded in by her breasts. Ascending into the room Belle rested over two meters in the air, her body like a stick balancing between two large melons. Arms and legs spread out on her bust she panted, feeling her breasts swell underneath her limbs. “P-please tell me this will end soon!” she begged Cinzia.

Cinzia looked up the growing slope of skin, then into the dark abyss looming towards her. “I’m afraid I would be lying if I did. By my estimations, you are now about just as large as if you had drunken the potion.”

Belle’s eyes almost grew bigger than her bosom. “Are you kidding me?” Her gloved hands clenching her breasts as she pulled herself forward, trying to look past them at Cinzia. “This is how big you wanted to make me!?”

Unfazed, Cinzia glanced up at her. “What part of most massive in the world did you not understand?”

Though Cinzia said that without any snide, Belle blushed. A moment later however, her rosy cheeks turned pale as realization hit her. “B-but wait, if this is still within the normal range of the potion, a-and I fell into it, then how much bigger...?”

She suddenly flinched. Spreading out through the room, her right breast collided with the work bench. Though it slightly pushed Belle aside, her breast reached over the edge on its surface. Flowing over the bench it buried the list Cinzia had written, Belle twitching as the tip of the feather pinched her, before shuddering when its hairs tickled

her skin. Conquering the workbench in its depth and slightly shoving her other breast aside, Belle's flesh pushed against the flasks scattered across it. Some were knocked over while others were gently pushed aside, towards the shelf on the bench.

“Urgh, I hope I won’t break anything” Belle mumbled, nervously feeling as her soft flesh shoved the bottles aside. “I’ve already used up my budget for lab accidents this month...”

Cinzia watched Belle’s breast grow over the workbench, picking up more flasks the more space it consumed. Suddenly, Cinzia’s own breasts swayed as she turned on the spot. Quickly she walked to another cauldron on the far end of the bench, grabbing some flasks on the way.

“Um, what are you doing?” Belle asked as Cinzia popped up on the very horizon of her bust. Though she steadily vanished behind the gradually larger field of again, she saw Cinzia put mix ingredients into the cauldron while lighting up its burner. Her movements were hurried but precise, maneuvering the ingredients around her bust.

“Do you have ground moonlit truffles?” Cinzia asked after stirring everything with a scoop.

“Um...” Belle looked around the shelves. Seeing as she grew up board after board made her tremble, but she kept looking. When turning to the bench she spotted a tall flask with a silver powder on the top of it, right before it vanished behind her bust. She tried reaching for it, but even when stretching her arm as far over the cambering surface as she could, her fingers were another armlength away, the distance expanding as she was rising and the bench pushed her bosom to the side. “I’m... afraid I can’t... quite...”

As Cinzia saw Belle reach for the bottle, she turned off the flame and lifted the cauldron against her breasts. Scoop still inside, she walked over to Belle’s bust. In front of her breast gap, she stopped. Her silver bangs bopped as she looked up the swelling curve, before letting out a faint sigh. Stuffing the cauldron under her arm, she knelt to the one at the foot of Belle’s bust. With some effort, she pulled it out of its nest, then took it under her other arm. Careful not to spill anything she climbed on the workbench. When standing on top of it, raised her foot towards the bulge swelling over its surface, pushing some flasks against the shelf.

“EEP!” Belle squealed, feeling Cinzia’s black boot on her breast. In a nearly impossible act of balance, the royal apprentice walked up the swelling wall of flesh, a cauldron under each arm. Her own bust bouncing she climbed the swelling slope, her expression not wavering in the least. Near the top, she put down one cauldron on the almost even surface of Belle’s breast to grab the bottle with the silver truffle, just before it was enveloped by Belle’s swelling flesh. It took some strength, but she pulled it out, then bite the cork off and sprinkled a bit of the dust into the cauldron under her arm. While watching bubbles rise, Cinzia heard some faint crackling noises below the mass of

Belle's breast. Dropping the flask and letting it roll off Belle's breast, she grabbed the other cauldron and quickly walked to Belle's body. Having watched everything Belle stared in confusion as Cinzia pulled the scoop out of the cauldron.

"What are you - ?" Belle was cut off as Cinzia shoved the scoop into her mouth. "Mpf!" Belle hammered on her bust in protest, but Cinzia forced it in until she swallowed the potion. "What the heck?" Belle screamed when Cinzia pulled out the scoop. "You want me to grow even bigger?!" She stopped, smacking her lips. "Wait... that doesn't taste like the growth potion."

"Because it wasn't" Cinzia calmly said. "And even if it were, drinking more wouldn't have an effect."

As the taste lingered on her tongue, Belle felt a jolt go through her bust. However, it didn't affect her growth, neither increasing nor decreasing its rate. Instead, it was as if her breasts were getting more resilient, tougher, harder even. It felt like they were reinforced from the inside, making them more robust. "What... was that?" she asked.

"A potion that strengthen the structure of your breasts" Cinzia replied. "A byproduct of my studies."

Belle looked up at the woman standing on her breast. "A potion to strengthen my breasts? Why..."

Crack!

The sound of breaking glass alerted Belle. Buried under her bosom, the first bottles it squeezed against the shelf were cracking. However, although the shards scratched her skin they didn't cut or hurt her, even when more started popping. "Oh... oh! Now I get it!" Bashfully, Belle tapped on her bosom. "Th-thanks..."

But as she flashed a smile at Cinzia, she saw her drinking a scoop of the potion herself.

"Um, why are you taking it?"

"It only affects the breasts" she said as she put down the cauldron on Belle's breast. Closing her eyes Cinzia tensed her shoulders, her bosom growing tighter inside her dress.

While confused by Cinzia's cryptic statements, the pressure against the workbench suddenly made itself apparent to Belle. Though nailed to the floor, she could feel the bench tilt. At the same time, her bosom steadily flowed over its length, while taking up the central space of the room. An eerie realization hit Belle as she felt herself rise higher by the second. Staring above her, her eyes bulged as she saw how close to the ceiling she already was, filling three quarters of the lab's height. "Oh no!!" she screamed as she watched the ceiling approach. "I'm gonna get crushed by..."

Again, she was cut off as Cinzia stepped in front of her. Legs spread out above her breast gap, she ducked herself not to bump her head. She had switched cauldrons, holding the one with the growth potion as she hunkered down next to Belle.

“W-what are you doing now?” Belle asked.

Without saying a word, Cinzia dipped the scoop into the cauldron. She fished out the last remnants of it, and to Belle’s shock, put it on her black lip and gulped.

“Wha... WHAT?! A-are you insane?!”

Still silent, Cinzia shoved aside scoop and cauldron. Suddenly, she flinched, throwing her head back just a little. Shaking her breasts like this, the lacey roses slowly stretched around their jiggling surface as it started swelling, the stalks widening while the outlines of the blossoms blurred further. Already standing off to either side of her body the flanks of her bosom expanded beyond her, reaching beyond her arms and covering her shoulders. Down her midriff her breasts were bulging deeper, the tight fabric accenting the individual shape of each as their bottoms spread out and distended. The threads of the net stretched across the crests of her breasts as they obscured her sternum, the valley between them eventually reaching to Cinzia’s neck and growing towards her chin.

After staring aghast at Cinzia’s growing bust Belle shook her head. “S-stop this nonsense and get down!” she shouted at her. While Cinzia’s breasts outgrew her head, Belle’s own were becoming larger than standing elephants. Behind Cinzia the cauldrons slid down the steadily steeper slope of her breast gap, the last bits of potions running out as they flipped over and fell between Belle’s breasts. Bit by bit the floor vanished as they swelled towards the shelves and walls, turning the space around them into corridors. Already titled, the bench suddenly was shoved aside as the nails flew out of the floorboards. As far as Belle’s bosom allowed them to the flasks rattled as the bench was pushed towards the wall. On top of the gigantic mounds, the two women were steadily raised towards the ceiling. “Or else we’ll both be crushed by my...”

She suddenly squealed as Cinzia lay down on her back.

“What the... okay, will you finally tell me what the heck you are doing?!” Belle shouted as they lay back-to-back on top of her breasts.

Cinzia pulled her arms under Belle’s, which were so tense she had to tug a bit to hook up with them. “I told you, the potion only strengthens the breasts.” While getting lifted on top of Belle, Cinzia’s breasts protruded from her, swelling against the roses and net. Her unwavering stare was directed straight over their rising crests at the ceiling, watching it come closer as her breasts filled her vision bottom up. While the net was growing tighter across them, the silk in the gaps began to bulge, little bubbles reaching beyond the threads. While her breasts casted a growing shadow on Cinzia’s stoic features, they rolled like an avalanche over her abdomen, swelling towards her navel to

and hiding her torso. Similarly, they were flaring past her shoulders, touching them as their slope bent backwards and formed a growing backside. The fabric in the roses got brighter the tighter it was warped across their front, pointing at and approaching the ceiling.

“I still got no clue what you’re talking about!” Belle shouted, growing more panicked by the second. With Cinzia’s breasts swelling on top of her, their weight pushed Belle into the soft swells of her bosom as they filled the room below her. Fields of flesh were rising around her, reaching above the highest shelves. Inside her cleavage the cauldrons were overflowed by walls of flesh, the dents they pushed into them diminishing as Belle’s breasts closed around them. “All I know is that if we don’t do something we’re gonna get crushed by...”

She paused, watching her breasts gap rise, before looking above her, faintly seeing Cinzia’s breasts swell towards the ceiling.

“Wait... you’re gonna... with your...” As realization hit her Belle’s jaw almost dropped. “THAT’S your plan?! You’re gonna destroy the ceiling WITH YOUR TITS?!”

“If they are sturdy enough, yes” Cinzia replied. The overstretched laces glided towards the bottom half of her bosom, leaving the entire top half of Cinzia’s bosom covered by the net. While the net bulged further than the fabric, it still restrained her bosom, billowing more slowly over the swells pushing from beneath. The further the silk patches bubbled forth, the deeper the threads cut into her breasts, slightly getting overlapped by the grey bulges. A checkered surface was rising in front of Cinzia’s eyes, her breasts towering ever higher on top of her body – if she could have stretched her arms straight through her bosom, they would be up to her wrists in flesh. To the bottom, they loomed past her midriff down her lap, while reaching beyond Cinzia’s shoulder above the growing field of Belle’s breasts. Their hooked-up arms got sandwiched by the bosomy masses, Cinzia’s and Belle’s breasts growing against them. “Otherwise, I will simply get crushed to death.”

“You’re out of your mind!!” Pushed into her own breasts, Belle’s face was enveloped by cleavage gradually flowing over her cheeks. Her legs and arms tilted on the slope she forced into her flesh, pulling on her joints. Down on the floor, the flasks not overgrown by her bust fell off the bench as it was pushed towards the wall. All around, her breasts approached the limits of the room, leaving too little space to even walk around them. Though already consuming 80% of the lab her bosom surged further, pushing Cinzia towards the ceiling. “I’m begging you, just leave me here! It was my clumsiness that got me in this mess – now get down and flee while you still fit through the door!... And my boobs haven’t blocked it!”

In addition to getting pushed upwards, the growth of Cinzia’s mounds made them come closer to the ceiling by themselves. Growing sheer over her bust the laces in the roses

ripped across the swells poking through. Out of the growing tears flesh pushed the unwinding threads aside, bulging even further than the silk in her fisher net. While rose-shaped baubles reached for the ceiling, the backsides of Cinzia's breasts started falling on Belle's, each flank protruding far enough around her to cover two people behind them. "Like I said, I have my principles" Cinzia said, tightening her grip on Belle's arms. "It's my potion, so your tits are also my responsibility."

The bangs of Cinzia's silver hair were grazed by her breasts. While reaching all around her over Belle's they grew down her lap to her knees, then past them to her ankles. With only her feet looking out behind them, Cinzia's breasts were inches before touching the ceiling, flesh and fabric billowing towards it. On the very peak of her mounds, the first silk patches suddenly ripped. The flesh they withheld shook as it broke free, while the silk bunched up around it. One by one the patches popped, first over the widest gaps on the top, then also on the sides and front of her mounds. Skin surged out and wobbled, turning into a messy chess board cleavage. When most of the silk bubbles had burst, the threads of the net started snapping as well, fusing the bubbles into larger ones as they bounced forth. Through the gradually larger gaps the crests of her bust were swelling, spreading out even further above her head.

With the roses and fisher net dissolving, more of Cinzia's pale-skinned bosom grew out of her dress, causing the constraint of the remaining fabric to become more prominent. "Urgh..." When it became so tight the faintest noise of discomfort made it out of Cinzia's black lip, and her purple eyes twitched under her silver bangs, the net flew ripped off her bodice, all around at once. Thrown back by her bouncing bust it whirled over Cinzia's head between Belle's breasts, slithering down their slope into the darkness where the cauldrons had disappeared into. With no restraint her bosom mushroomed out of Cinzia's dress, a steadily growing lip pushing down the overstretched fabric. Just as sudden as the net had ripped her bosom plopped out of her bodice, the fabric folding up under her bosom as it jut forward. Free of her dress her breasts bounced on top of Cinzia, their inner curves rounding and pushing each other apart.

Hearing the noise while feeling jiggles on top of her, Belle blushed. "Did... did your dress just--"

"Yes" Cinzia replied, her naked breasts wobbling above her. However, their jiggles quickly came to a halt as their fronts touched the ceiling. Faintly at first, but with growing strength they flattened against the wood while the gap between them tightened. With their growth and Belle's breasts pushing from below, her body-sized mounds quickly were compressed, getting squeezed even further above Cinzia's head and down past her feet. Cambering against her face and the rest of her, the pressure created an imprint like a snow angel in her flesh as it bulged around her body.

"C-Cinzia!" Squeezed between hers and the ceiling, Belle felt the backsides of Cinzia's breasts on her own. Slowly the bodies of the two women got sandwiched between the

rising shapes of their busts, more and more of their naked skin rubbing against each other. “Cinzia, say something!”

With some effort, Cinzia twisted her head until her mouth wasn’t blocked by cleavage anymore. “I’m okay. For now.”

Belle breathed in relief, before all blood drained from her face. In addition to Cinzia’s bosom growing against the ceiling, her own started touching the walls around her. In front of her, her flesh was flowing over the curved wall, while grazing the shelves standing behind her. Slowly her breasts swelled into the space between the shelves, shoving the bottles with potions, powders, plants, and mushrooms against the back. Since the lab was rectangular, there was still some space left and right to her bosom. However, as they flowed around the shelves, Belle could feel her breasts growing against the stone surface of the outer wall, as well as against the windows and the door. “There goes our only exit” Belle sighed, before her bosom flared against the next wall.

“We wouldn’t have fit through anyway.” While Belle painted the walls with her breasts and pushed the workbench towards the last, Cinzia’s bosom was shoved against the ceiling. Even with the huge rack as a buffer, the pressure on her increased, in turn pushing Belle deeper into her breasts.

Creeaaak!

Over the mass of Cinzia’s bosom, the boards of the ceiling suddenly began to bend. The rigid wood arched, gaps forming as it followed the pushing curvature. When Cinzia’s breasts started seeping through the gaps the first board snapped, her flesh wobbling as it burst into the attic. One by one the other boards followed, splintering off her magically hardened skin. Eventually, the fronts of her breasts fully grew out of the lab, poking like domes into the attic. Their surface wobbled as they swelled forth, flowing over the edges of the hole they had created. Every once in a while, the wood around them splintered and broke, widening the hole and allowing her breasts to reach even further.

“Aaah!” With Cinzia’s breasts bursting through the ceiling, some pressure was lifted from Belle’s. While the increasing weight of Cinzia still pushed her deeply into their surface, Belle did bounce up a bit, sending a ripple across her bosom. When her bosom calmed the slope around her was a bit more even, putting less pressure on her limbs. “Th-thanks” she panted, slightly wobbling between her breasts.

“No problem” Cinzia said, also wobbling on top of Belle.

At last, the workbench collided with the wall. It cracked and snapped as it was crushed between stone and flesh, just like the flasks in the shelves were popping and shattering one by one. All around her bosom, wood splintered as the shelves crumbled, her breasts breaking them off and smashing them between their lips– thanks to Cinzia’s potion, it didn’t hurt Belle, but it was still awkward feeling all the splinters and shards squeeze

into her skin. Even more awkward however was that as they swell growing into the corners between the floor and walls, her breasts were taking on a more cubical shape, filling every bit of space into which they could grow. The desk in the corner of the room was overflowed by her assets, burying the feathers, sheets, and ink pots on top of it. Still raising Cinzia on top of them, Belle's breasts rose all around her body, the crests of their backside almost at the ceiling. "Um, a-and what now?" Belle asked, panic in her voice.

While Belle's breasts still swelled swiftly, Cinzia felt the growth of her own getting weaker. Less frequently they enlarged the hole in the ceiling, while also spreading more slowly across the surface of Belle's. "Does it feel like your growth is slowing down?"

Flowing against and around the backsides of Cinzia's breasts up their flanks, Belle's breasts met the ceiling. As they grew against it, the force her bosom exerted on the walls and the floor also increased. The legs of the desk snapped under the weight, its surface shattering when it crashed on the floor, while Belle felt an ink spot splatter on her skin. With the last pieces of furniture destroyed her flesh filled out all space in room, including the corners. Yet, all she could feel was the pressure growing, a seemingly infinite mass of flesh flowing into her breasts. "Not... really."

With nothing but her breast gap in front of her eyes, Cinzia felt as her breasts stopped growing. Mounds the diameter of water mill wheels stood atop her body, squishing through the ceiling out of the room. Though not swelling anymore, they were further pushed into the attic by the rapidly swelling mass of Belle's bust underneath Cinzia. "Then let's hope our boobs are sturdier than this tower."

The alchemy tower stood above the rest of the town, just outside its walls. A few birds sat on its cone-shaped roof, chirping their little songs.

Suddenly, their calming melodies turned hectic as they set off. From the top floor, steadily louder rumble sounded, wood and stone cracking ever louder inside the tower. Through the windows, skin-colored bulges were slowly seeping outside, growing from slightly convex swells into fleshy bubbles sticking out into the open. Around them, the stone frames of the windows slowly started to crack. Dust fell as bricks got pushed out of their position. After all, it wasn't restrained to the windows anymore: Beneath the roof the upper floor bulged and rounded, forming a bulb on top of the tower. The bricks took on the structure of stairs as they outlined two round mounds, their shape more striking the further the walls bent around them.

Around the bulges in the windows the first bricks fell out. As the swells expanded more bricks broke off and dropped to the ground, after a while also on spots outside the

windows. All around the tower skin poked into the open, billowing forth as the holes in the wall expanded. With the top floor crumbling, the flesh swells bubbled beyond the confines of the tower. A large section suddenly came down as a large bauble burst out of the tower. Alongside rubbish, the shattered pieces of shelves and flasks bounced off fell down the tower, while more bricks slid down the billowing slope that surged into the open. Another piece of the wall collapsed, releasing a tremendous “cleavage” that oozed out of the crumbling tower, curved walls of flesh tightly hugging each other.

Finally, the whole top floor exploded. Wood, stone, and alchemy components fell off as breasts the size of houses blew them away, while making the roof on them bounce. An avalanche of rubbish slid down their slopes as they wobbled on the rest of the tower. Shaking on the surface of flesh, the roof steadily collapsed, tiles breaking off as the beams forming it shattered. As it fell apart, the jiggling jumbo jugs either shoved the broken pieces off their slopes or into their tight canyon. When the roof had completely fallen apart it revealed Cinzia and her huge rack, lying on top of Belle. Both women panted, Belle more heavily, as they rested on top of her monumental breasts. In a finicky act of balance, they grew on top of the tower, like a pair of candy apples on a stick. Gradually larger curves loomed around the floor below them, their shadow expanding all around the tower.

Arms still hooked up to Cinzia’s, Belle raised her gaze. Her bandana pushing against Cinzia’s silver hair, her vision was a tunnel running between the two women’s breast gaps, with her own extending far further. Though she still saw and felt her breasts swelling while lifting them higher, Belle also noticed the intense sensation was getting weaker. “I think it’s almost-“

She was cut off by a rumble of her breasts. Their inner curves slid around the tower, enveloping it between them. While Cinzia remained silent, Belle screamed her lungs out as they suddenly dropped a level, Cinzia pulling on Belle’s arms. Squeezed between her colossal assets, the tower got crushed inside cleavage, the bricks crumbling along the wood beams, stairs, and furniture. Belle kept screaming as they fell floor after floor, breaking the tower with her humongous mounds.

When near the bottom the rest of the tower collapsed, her bosom burying its rubble as they dropped to the ground. Their round shape was compressed for a moment, Belle’s body sinking deep into their soft flesh, even more as Cinzia pushed from above. It only lasted a moment before they jumped up like springs, rocking the two women on top of them. Cinzia’s breasts flapped around her, bumping against each other as if they were clapping, while Belle bounced up and down on her own, rising and falling several meters.

When Belle felt like her body was torn apart her breasts settled down, the ripples going across them softening until they were only mildly wobbling. Dropping her head into her breast gap Belle wheezed. On top of her she could feel Cinzia’s bust still trembling, but

aside from that neither heard nor felt any movement from her – if she weren't sensing her heartbeat, Belle would have feared she had died.

“That was frightening” Cinzia remarked, as if she were making a comment about the weather.

“You... you are quite something” Belle panted.

Around them, Belle's breasts continued to roll over the piles of rubble, partly burying them, partly shoving them aside into a steadily larger wave of broken stone and wood. Their curves loomed further beyond those waves for a while, their height climbing up the walls of the town. When Belle and Cinzia were lying above the tower of the major's hall, above all buildings of the town, the lift of Belle's bosom finally subsided as it ceased to grow.

It took a while until Belle had recovered so far, she could assess the situation. In a way, she was happy she could look at little more than her and Cinzia's breasts, for that spared from seeing whether people were gawking from their windows at them, or even assembling at the foot of her bust. Feeling all the tiny pieces of rubbish squeezing, poking and scratching her breasts, Belle gulped. “Um, how long is this hardening potion gonna last?”

Cinzia's shoulders rubbed her bust as she shrugged. “A few hours maybe. I haven't done a full test on its the duration.”

Slowly, Belle pulled her arms out of Cinzia's, running her gloved hands across her breasts. To her own surprise, and a bit of shock, feeling the faint curvature of the vast sea of flesh calmed her nerves a little. And although it was awkward to have Cinzia on top of her, the backsides of their breasts rubbing against each other, it didn't feel... bad. Belle wondered for a moment how the two of them must have looked – a pair of apples on top of two melons? Or was even that too little? Though finding a bit of enjoyment in the thought, it didn't take long until the mountainous size of her assets frightened her. “Soooo, how much remedy do you think we'll need to shrink back to... normal?”

Again, Cinzia shrugged. “Not sure. I don't think you can just scale up from a spoonful of rose honey to a dozen barrels without doing some corrections – if it even works with the new formula.”

A shudder went through Belle. Her mind shifted back to all the rubble under gigantic breasts, remembering they used to be her home and working place. “How can I ever explain this to Lady Adria?”

“Simple: Tell her your insatiable greed for boobs destroyed her tower.”

Her face red Belle clenched her fist. “For crying out loud, stop saying these things with such a straight face!!” she shouted, punching Cinzia’s breasts as she pounded on her own.

“I’m lying on top of you. You can’t see my face.”

“But I know you’re making it, or rather you’re not making it while lying with huge breasts on top of my breasts, and it’s driving me CRAZY!!!”