

Wake Up And Grow

Mary felt the sun streaming in through the window and slowly sat up.

Last night was a blur. Was she at a party? Yes, her friend Abigail had invited her over for drinks. Well, less a party than two people getting drunk. Mary wasn't complaining.

But the night had taken a turn when Abigail had brought up a new party drug she had found on the internet.

"It's uh, kinda wild. Don't judge me, okay?" Abigail grinned, her excitement masking her nervousness.

"Alright... what exactly are you getting me into?" Mary, buzzed and a little apprehensive.

"Okay, I'll just say it. It's a drink that makes your boobs bigger!"

"What?! How is that even possible?" Mary replied, incredulous.

"I don't know, I haven't tried it yet. I thought we could try some together?" Abigail said, hopeful.

Mary had had a few drinks by this point, and was struggling to think of a reason not to have bigger boobs.

"Won't we be stuck with stupidly huge boobs?"

"No, it says on the bottle: Effects last 6 hours."

Mary pondered a moment. 6 hours of huge boobs?

"Ah sure, fuck it."

"Yesss!!!" Abigail squealed. She rushed over to the table and retrieved a small bottle out of an open package.

Walking back, she opened the bottle and poured two, small, equal measures into some shot glasses that had contained some very cheap tequila.

"It's so pink... and thick..." Mary said, looking at the liquid in her shot glass.

"And it tastes like strawberries!" Abigail replied, her mouth already full of the liquid.

Mary waited a moment, her eyes on Abigail's chest. Nothing happened. She shrugged.

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"Well, here goes nothing." Mary downed her shot.

The girls waited expectantly for a moment. Still nothing.

"Well, that's \$100 down the drain." Abigail moped.

"You spent \$100 on that?!" Mary exclaimed.

"Yeah but there were hundreds of reviews claiming that it was the real deal!"

"Obviously fake, come on Abi!"

"I knooow, I'm fffffffUCK-" Abigail cut off and lurched forwards.

"Omigod, Abi are you okay?"

Abigail leaned back, revealing her tank top stretching dangerously, trying desperately to contain two watermelon-sized breasts that were bulging out the gaps.

"Oh my god, I knew it would work!" Abigail jumped up, squealed with glee, her chest bouncing and jiggling.

"That's... impossible, right?" Mary muttered, hypnotized by Abigail's breasts, their round fullness, the jiggle.

Mary looked at her own chest just as it started to grow. Her favorite band tee started to bulge as her breasts swelled rapidly underneath. The band name distorted and was barely legible as her chest finished growing. Mary stared at her own watermelons.

"Fuck, are these real?" She wondered. Mary grabbed some shirt-covered boob flesh and found that it was very much real, the sensation taking her by surprise. Apparently this drink increased sensitivity, as well as size.

Mary felt flushed, just grabbing her own boob was enough to make her wet. Maybe Abigail hadn't noticed?

Mary looked over and saw Abigail massaging her own breasts, lost in her lust. No, she had definitely not noticed.

Gingerly, so as not to overwhelm herself again, Mary started massaging her own boobs and quickly found it hard to stop. She was so wet now it was almost embarrassing.

"We... should.... take another... shot..." Abigail moaned. Mary was unable to respond, rapidly approaching a climax. A moment later, Mary screamed in pleasure, and Abigail took that as a yes.

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Abigail poured two more shots and dropped the bottle back on the table, where it rolled away, hiding the large letters on the label which read:

"DO NOT MIX WITH ALCOHOL".

The rest of the night came back to Mary with a flash.

"Oh my god, I thought that was a dream. An amazing dream..." Mary got out from under the covers and stretched.

Mary felt her chest swell again. Her shirt buttons burst as she yawned, which turned into a yell.

Her boobs were massive, even bigger than last night! Why hadn't they shrunk?

She grabbed her phone and called Abigail.

"Abi, my boobs are huge!"

"Mmmph, what?!" Abi's voice was groggy on the phone. She had just woken up.

"My boobs, they're still hu-" Mary started, but was cut off by a yell from Abigail.

"My boobs are massive!" Abigail yelled over the phone.

"Oh my god, you too? I thought you said it wears off? Where's the bottle?!"

"I don't know, I can't find it!" Abigail was panicking.

Suddenly, Mary felt another rush in her chest. Her boobs started creeping forwards again.

"Oh no... Abi? I think we're still growing..."

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