

The College Experience

It had started subtly...or as subtle as huge boobs could be. A small, seemingly random group of college students had, over the last two weeks, developed breasts bigger than their heads. Two or three had racks large enough to block their whole torso and one nearly reached the ground!

Amber had always been happy with her body. At 4'11" she was one of the shortest girls on campus, with her perky B cups and tight rear looking quite attractive on her small frame. Her natural figure was also quite a sight, giving her a slight hourglass shape. This was all complimented by a pair of bright blue eyes, a cute little turned up nose, one very sweet smile, and wavy golden-brown hair that reached down to her chest.

It wasn't until she started rooming with Sam that she started to want a little more up top. Her roommate subscribed to a more gothic style of dress, often wearing all black to emphasize her ghostly pale skin. The dark eyeliner and lipstick she used contrasted sharply with the bright pink tips of her shoulder-length midnight black hair and her bottom half was almost always clad in a black miniskirt and thigh-high stockings. She would never admit it, but Amber knew Sam loved showing off her thick thighs and wide hips. Of course, this was the side effect of a feature that she was less proud of: chubbiness. Her clothes usually disguised this fact, but DDs don't always lend themselves towards modesty.

Actually living with someone who has such a sizable bosom and seeing how she looked in low cut tops or how they doubled as shelf, storage, and occasional cupholder Amber had become a bit envious, despite Sam's frequent complaints. Back pain, difficulty finding clothes, and frequent inappropriate stares were not an uncommon topic of discussion, but none of the newly massive women on campus seemed bothered by these problems.

Amber was desperate to find out how she could get in on the action and it seemed like the answer had just fallen in her lap. Early in the morning a mysterious invitation had been slipped under the door inviting the duo to some sort of party that promised to "EXPAND your horizons with delicious fresh baked food and plenty of opportunities for personal GROWTH."

On the inside Amber was screaming with excitement, but she played it cool for Sam, not wanting to make her bust lust too obvious. "Do you think this has something to do with whatever made those people so huge?"

"You mean the boobs with legs?" She said disdainfully, "Probably not."

Ignoring her roommate's rude comment, Amber defiantly responded, "No, it has to be related. Whoever made this went out of their way to use and emphasize words relating to becoming bigger. That's too weird to be a coincidence."

Sam just shrugged, before flopping back down onto her bed for some more sleep.

"Well I'm going! I need to have some of that food!" Catching herself, Amber quickly tried to cover her admission, "...Y-Y'know...for research." She blushed deeply and stared at her feet.

"Hey, it's your body. If you want to be some sort of freak that's your prerogative." Sam grinned at the offended expression on her friend's face. "We're still going to be roommates, though, so don't go too crazy. But, uh...if that food tastes as good as advertised bring me something back, would ya?" She quickly flipped over and buried her face in her pillow.

Amber relaxed and smiled, "Sure thing."

Arriving at her destination, the tiny girl nervously knocked on the door. Amber had opted for a sleeveless shiny gold crop top and a cute yellow skirt for the occasion, hoping she wasn't underdressed.

To her surprise, the girl who lived in the dorm above her and Sam opened the door. She breathed a sigh of relief, as the greeter wore an even skimpier ensemble that heavily showed off her recently enhanced figure.

"Amber! I'm so glad you could make it!" She said excitedly. "No Sam?"

How did she know our names and why is she so happy to see me? I've never even talked to her before. "Uh...no, sorry. She did ask if I could bring her some of the food, though." Amber laughed awkwardly.

"Of course!" She smiled warmly, "My name's Taylor by the way, come on in!"

"It's nice to meet...", Amber's voice trailed off as her jaw dropped at the sight of two mammoth mammaries at the front of the room. They looked nearly twice as big as her, each!

Taylor giggled, "Like what you see? That's Christina. Now please take a seat, we're about to start soon."

Blushing, she hurriedly moved into a chair at the back of the small auditorium. Auditorium? That's an odd place for a party, she thought. As she looked around it became clear that this wasn't like any party she was used to, in fact it looked more like some sort of presentation. Oh well, if this'll make my girls bigger then it's worth it, she concluded.

By her best guess there were about 20 or so people in the incredibly diverse audience. Students of all ages, races, and social groups were in attendance. Amber began to wonder if she was invited to represent the short demographic or just as a +1 for a shy goth.

The screechy sound of a microphone coming to life overtook the room. "Hello everyone," Taylor began, "thank you all for coming! Now you're all probably wondering why you're here. Well, you've probably noticed me and some of my friends," she motioned towards the wall of flesh behind her, "and the way our bodies have changed over the last few weeks. It's not random. I have a special serum that has safely allowed all of us to get the figures we always wanted, instantly. It took a while, but I finally learned how to scale up production and now you all get to be the first to try out the new products! If you want to, that is."

Some excited screams rang out and a few girls, including Amber, started to stand up.

"Wait, wait! Let me explain," Taylor calmly implored. "You don't want to accidentally get as big as Christina here," she patted her supersized friend's left breast, "...at least not all of you do," she smirked. She explained that there were three tables against the wall, each lined with a different sweet: the cookies add three inches, the brownies a foot, and the cupcakes double your chest AND butt! "Please feel free to take home as much as you want, but make sure everyone gets their fill while they're here. Plus, you each get a goodie bag with one of each treat when you leave. Now let's get this party started!"

Sam was sitting at her desk in her pajamas: a loose-fitting black V-neck tee and black boxers adorned with cartoon skulls wearing a red bow. She was looking up some new outfits when the door suddenly swung open, nearly causing her to fall out of her chair in shock.

"So, what do you think?" Amber was positively beaming as she bounced on her heels, jiggling her new DDs. The bottom of her crop top hung limply in the air, no longer able to wrap around the golden globes.

Still annoyed at being scared, Sam flatly answered, "Welcome to the club," before returning to her laptop.

"No wait, there's more!" She quickly spun around and bent forward, proudly displaying her newly enlarged rear. The bottom slopes of her cheeks peeked out of her short skirt. It was almost inaudible, but she registered a gasp from her audience and smiled.

"Um...cool? Can you please put your butt away now?" Sam was surprised to see that not only was her roommate correct about the party, she had been able to maintain a perfectly balanced figure too! "Honestly, I thought if you were right you might come back a little more 'exaggerated.' Good on you for showing some restraint!"

Amber pulled a brown bag from behind her back. "Well...actually, I just knew how sensitive you were about this sort of thing so I didn't want to overwhelm you right away," she smiled sheepishly as she removed a few sweets from the container. "They made you a little goodie bag," she tossed her friend a small pink bag tied neatly with a purple ribbon, "but I brought some extra...for later."

"Oooh, I see what you're doing. Well it's not going to work. I'm not going to eat any of this junk," Sam stubbornly crossed her arms.

"Oh okay," Amber's face dropped into a pout, "but I think you'd really like it. It feels SO GOOD, plus um...you'd look really cute." Once again she blushed intensely and looked at her feet.

Sam was totally taken aback. It's not like they never complimented each other, but there was an unusual sincerity this time. "I-I, uh...thanks," she stammered. "But, um...I'm happy with the way I am. I'm, er...'cute' enough as is thank you very much."

This is so embarrassing! I can't believe I said that! Amber chided herself. She just wanted to get out of the room and forget it happened. "O-okay, well I'm going to go take a shower. There was a lot of..." she paused, trying to find the right words, "...physical contact at the party."

Just as she was about to leave Sam called out, "Hey, but, like if I did, uh...want a larger derrière, how would I, um...go about doing that? Y'know, hypothetically of course." Her cheeks were completely flush, but she didn't break eye contact.

Suddenly her bright smile returned as Amber giggled at the awkward confession. "Oh, of course!" She winked. "The cupcakes do that! They're really tasty! That reminds me! I'm going to go check out a specialty clothing boutique called Bigger Is Better tomorrow. You're welcome to join if you want." And with that she closed the door and headed for the bathroom.

Alone again, Sam gently removed the ribbon from her bag and pulled out a cupcake topped with black icing. She rolled her eyes at the blatant pandering; all of the other ones that Amber brought back were iced with bright pastel colors.

For several minutes she stared at the sweet, wrestling with the idea of permanently altering her body almost on a whim. After all, it was only a few hours ago that she looked at those "enhanced" women with derision. "Ah, screw it," she finally decided, the decadent delight disappearing almost instantly.

The effects were immediate, starting with a low moan that slowly built louder and louder as her cheeks swelled larger and larger. Their pressure against the sides of her seat only

served to heighten the experience as she climaxed in a loud scream of pure ecstasy that coincided with the growth's finale.

Her back still arched, she rubbed and squeezed her new booty, cooing gently from the residual sensitivity. As she began to relax she unexpectedly felt something soft come into contact with the desk. She looked down and came face to face with a pair of I cup breasts, her creamy cleavage practically pouring out of her V-neck. "Crap! No, no, no, no! This wasn't supposed to happen! Amber said- Amber, that sneak!" She jumped up from her chair and moved towards the mirror on the back of their door. "I can barely even see my feet anymore! How am I supposed to go around looking like...like...."

She stared at her full form in the reflection, her perky new assets raising the hemline of her shirt to reveal some sexy new hips! Giving her an incredible, bottom-heavy hourglass shape her basketball cheeks stretched her boxers to their absolute limit, looking almost as though they were painted on. A weak smile appeared on her face. "I guess it's not all bad," her hand slowly travelled along the curve of her behind, "and I can't remember the last time my back felt this good." She was shocked that despite being twice as large her boobs barely rested any lower on her body. It looked almost as if she were wearing a bra; the only hint of their freedom being the nipples poking into the fabric. She sighed heavily, "I guess I can forgive her. It's not the worst thing in the world...and I can't wait to buy some new skirts! Besides, no one's going to be looking at me if the stuff from that party's out in the open now."

Suddenly she heard footsteps from the hallway. Oh no! This is so embarrassing, I can't let Amber see me like this! She hurriedly hopped into her bed and pretended to be asleep, the sudden motion finally causing her pants to give way and explode off her body, a small "eep!" escaping her lips.

Once she was certain her roommate was slumbering soundly Sam surreptitiously grabbed her phone and pulled up the website for Bigger Is Better, navigating to the boutique's selection of skirts. Her eyes went wide and her mind began to race as she saw their largest sizes.

Chapter 2: Summer Vacation

It was a warm, sunny August day. Taylor's formula, now known as Bust Booster, had started selling in stores less than a month ago and Amber was dying to see her friends again. With precious little time before the next semester began she had managed to convince her old high school friend Debbie, as well as Sam, to come and hang out at the beach for the day.

The trio headed for a secluded area where Amber and Debbie used to go every summer. No one seemed to know about the spot and it was a great place to have some fun in the sun.

Amber, adorned in a striped green tube top bikini designed to make her two foot boobs look like watermelons, quickly placed the beach towels down, her beach ball booty raising high in the air as she bent over.

"Thanks! Stuff like that's not so easy when you've got girls like these!" Debbie laughed. With each step her legs bumped against her three foot hooters and made them jiggle. The pair were cradled in a bright red bikini that seemed oddly oversized and covered the majority of her spheres. Although it was hard to see, behind the deeply tanned orbs was a thin, toned body and cheeks the size of basketballs. Her frizzy light brown hair, dark blue eyes, and squared off features completed the beautiful package. She dropped a cooler next to the towels.

Last to arrive was Sam, rolling her eyes at Debbie's comment behind a pair of stylish sunglasses. The pale girl wore a wide brimmed black sunhat that matched her black tankini with the image of a broken heart printed above the left breast, her I cups stretching out the top and revealing a few inches of tantalizing cleavage. The outfit revealed just enough of her midriff to show off her muffin top while hiding the fat roll on her belly. Below she proudly displayed her bodacious butt, every bit as large as Debbie's, in a teeny tiny frilled black bikini bottom. Her job was to set up the umbrella.

"You're welcome, but it's not so simple for me either," Amber explained. "I can barely reach around my twins."

"Um, hey Deb," Sam interrupted. "I'm thirsty, do you mind if I grab something to drink? What'd you bring anyway?"

Suddenly a huge grin sprang onto Debbie's face, "Oh, I brought some sodas! They're a new brand. Supposed to be *really* good, I hear." She opened the cooler to reveal four oddly unmarked green glass soda bottles. "Here, you take one too Amber. Let's all catch up while we work on our tans! ...Do you tan?" She raised an eyebrow at Sam.

"Look at me. What do you think?" She answered flatly as she sat down under the umbrella's shade.

Each girl tucked their bottle into their cleavage for easy access, the ice-cold beverages causing their nipples to stand at attention and tent their already tight tops. Condensation began to form on the glass and a rivulet of moisture slid down Amber's slopes.

It was then that they noticed someone walking by along the edge of the water. Amber immediately jumped up and ran towards her, her bust bouncing wildly the whole way. "Q!!!"

"Q?" Debbie looked over at the equally bewildered Sam.

"I thought you guys said no one knows about this spot."

"I've never seen anyone here before," Debbie shrugged.

"Guys, this is Q," Amber began as she led the woman towards the group, "she was my professor for creative writing! She's the best! Q, this is Sam and Debbie."

The duo eyed their new guest. The young teacher looked to be around her mid-thirties and was rather unremarkable in appearance, although she was still pretty. Her smooth blonde hair fell simply just below her shoulders, outlining her freckled face, brown eyes, and pointed nose. She was tall and of average build, aside from her exaggerated hourglass shape. Her provocative reddish orange one-piece featured a plunging V-shaped cutout that came to a point just below her belly button. It was clearly intended to show off the wearer's body, but now most of the open space was occupied by two lightly tanned one and a half foot globes. Her hips were quite wide too, but compared to the rest of the group her volleyball cheeks seemed small.

"Professor Q? Sounds like some sort of superhero or something," Sam remarked.

"Yes, well that's just Amber's nickname for me. My real name is Professor Quinn, but since we're not on campus you can call me Connie," she smiled warmly.

"So, what are you doing here?" Amber cut in. "We thought this spot was a secret."

"So did I," she said with a laugh, her chest quivering slightly. "When I was your age my friends and I used to come here too. It's been many years since I've been back. Who would've guessed I'd run into you!"

Debbie, without hesitating, seized the opportunity to steer the conversation towards more a more scintillating topic, "So, like, are professors allowed to use Bust Booster? I'd pay tuition if they all looked like you."

Connie blushed deeply and scratched the back of her neck. "Y-yes, there's no rule against it. We're a bit progressive on that matter since one of our students and a former professor are CEOs of the company."

Debbie's eyes almost bulged out of her head. "Amber! Why didn't you tell me that?! You've gotta be living at the hottest college in the world!"

"I don't know, it didn't seem relevant. You knew I got these," Amber squeezed her chest, "before Bust Booster came out. Did you think I was the only one on campus like this? Anyway," she returned her focus to the enticing educator, "Q, we were just about to have some soda and catch up on old times. Why don't you join us?"

"Oh no, I couldn't," she politely declined.

"Come on, it's just one drink with your favorite student," Amber pleaded. "It'll be fun, you'll fit right in!"

"Hmm...alright, but just one soda."

The short senior giddily grabbed the last bottle and handed it to the perky professor. After depositing it in her cleavage like the others the outer edges of her areolae began to show as her nipples protruded into the fabric.

Already the least social of the group, Sam felt completely out of place as they chatted away about their summer and new bodies. She just sat quietly in the shade and watched the waves roll in, slowly sipping her curiously good soda. Lost in thought, she barely noticed that at some point she had nearly drank the whole thing. As the final drop disappeared behind her lips a familiar warmth overtook her body and her breathing began to quicken. She had just enough time to shoot Debbie a glare and let out an icy "What did you do to me?" before her gasps turned into moans and she began to swell.

Connie let out a satisfied "Ahh!" and plopped her empty bottle in the sand, only just now becoming aware of the events unfolding before her. As the sensations began to overtake her her only remark was a half-hearted "Uh oh."

Debbie, knowing full well what her beverages would do, looked at Amber and the duo excitedly raced to finish their supply.

For a brief time the beach was filled with the sound of crashing waves and screams of pleasure, but it was not long before Sam's experience came to a climactic end. After a few moments to regain her composure she looked down to find almost a foot of cleavage, sighing bitterly as she accepted that she was now just as busty as Connie had been. Unable to see below her chest she slowly slid her hands down her sides, savoring the increased sensitivity. It

seemed that now her top more closely resembled a traditional bikini, her entire stomach on display and underboob threatening to peek out at any moment. She almost stopped there before realizing that her hips curved away from her body much more sharply than they had before. Quickly twisting around, she gasped at the sight of two beautiful white beach balls, the bikini bottom having disappeared in between them and stretched into the appearance of a thong. While the others were distracted she took the time to play around with this unexpected development.

One by one the remaining women reached their new sizes. Forced into a standing position, Amber's four foot jugs rested comfortably in the sand while sitting level with her shoulders. Her eyes were wide with wonder as she took in the expanse in front of her. "No way. I can't believe this is all me," she mumbled to herself, her jaw still hanging open in awe. She shuddered as her leg rubbed against her bosom and slightly smaller posterior. Cooing with pleasure, she spent the next few minutes simply caressing her form with each of her limbs, none of which even came close to reaching halfway around. Finally, she broke from her trance and looked around at her comrades.

Connie was still sitting on the ground, her naked three foot breasts overflowing her lap and reaching high enough to cover her mouth. Based on her size she must have finished growing well before Amber, but she was still lost in orgasmic reverie as though it had never stopped.

Then she found Debbie. Resting six feet in the air atop her new 12 foot wide bed the girl giggled as she traced circles on her skin and kicked her feet against her soft backside, still the same size as Sam's.

"Oooh my gosh, Debbie this is incredible!" Amber yelled. "We all look amazing! Thanks for the surprise Boost!"

With a heave, Debbie descended to the ground, revealing her now perfectly fitted bikini top. "No problem, girl! You know I always bring something to liven up the party! Speaking of which...hey teach! You've gotta be the biggest professor on campus now, right?"

"Not...ungh...if the rumors I heard in the teacher's lounge...oof...are true. Not even close," she distractedly answered in between grunts and moans.

"Well we can change that," a devious smile began to spread across Debbie's face as she gave a swift kick to the cooler. A secret compartment dropped open to reveal two more bottles filled with a neon blue liquid. "Amber, can you please hand us those? Bending over isn't exactly in my repertoire anymore."

Leaning as far as she could and grunting with effort Amber found that this too was no longer possible for her, the newly discovered limitation making her a little excited. "Sorry, I can't either, but maybe...." She rotated around, leaving a large rut in her wake, to find Sam, grinning subtly as she kneaded her doughy derrière. "SAM!" Amber shouted, snapping her friend out of her happy haze.

"Huh? I wasn't- uh...wow. You guys got huge. That looks pretty tight, are you comfortable?" Sam tried to deflect from her own changes.

"What? Oh, I hadn't even noticed!" Stretched into a thin band, the watermelon illusion was completely shattered by the flesh billowing over and below the garment. Amber smirked as she thrust her chest forward, tearing the fabric apart and freeing her hand-sized nipples, "There! That's much better!" Returning her gaze to the gorgeous goth she gasped at the uncommon sight of her mostly exposed figure. "I keep telling you you should start wearing crop tops! You look so pretty right now!"

"Yeah right," Sam sarcastically responded, "because everyone is just dying to see my fat gut." Her face grew red with embarrassment and frustration.

"No way! I love your pudgy tummy, it makes me want to give you a big hug! Er...if I even can now." Amber dropped her arms behind her bosom and made eye contact with her friend, switching to a more comforting tone, "You might not be nuts about your figure, but trust me: any guy would kill to be with someone as sexy as you."

"R-really?" Sam looked away, her reddened cheeks fading into a blush as she tugged at the overtaxed collar of her swimsuit. "Thanks."

"I mean it. Now can you please hand Debbie and Q those two sodas over there? None of us can reach," she chuckled, causing her bust to shake.

"Uh, yeah. No problem." Sam stood, her luscious legs looking even more ravishing with the added width, and grabbed the bottles from their container. "So Debbie, the last drinks were obviously infused with a doubler. What do these ones do?"

Taking the beverage in hand, she casually took a sip. "No idea. Once I finished with the others I just dumped whatever Bust Booster stuff I had in these. Now stand back and enjoy the show! We're gonna be a while." With that she threw her head back and greedily guzzled the whole thing, taking a quick hop just before finishing and returning to her perch atop the massive mounds.

At the same time Connie had just emptied her glass, the two women simultaneously screaming in ecstasy as the incredible force of the mystery concoction hit them.

The two roommates simply stared slack jawed at the sight. Ten minutes went by, then twenty, then thirty, yet still neither woman showed any signs of slowing. Their friends' enormous endowments completely dwarfed their bodies, each one more than twice their height.

"...How big do you think they're going to get?" Sam asked, finally breaking the continuous sounds of erotic bliss that had been echoing across the beach.

"Not a clue," Amber slowly shook her head, her eyes glued to the action, "but I hope there's still a while left. I could watch this all day."

"Um...alright." Sam's stomach gurgled loudly. "I'm hungry. I'll go get the sandwiches from the car."

Finally it was just the two of them and the college pals lost track of time (and a few sandwich toppings that vanished into Amber's cavernous cleavage) as they reminisced about how much had changed since that fateful party and discussed the upcoming school year. After bumping into each other far too many times they had both agreed to pay extra and upgrade to a suite for their senior year, although Sam worried that her bosom buddy would just see it as more space to fill.

"Uh, hey Amber...," Sam worriedly peered over her friend's shoulder.

As she turned around the vertically challenged vixen saw Connie, red-faced and coated in a sheen of sweat, grunting as she dragged her 24 foot mammaries and eight foot rump towards the duo. As effortless as it was for Amber to carry around her enlarged assets that much mass was simply too heavy, even with the back and chest muscle enhancements Bust Booster provided.

Moving their equipment next to the preposterously proportioned professor in order to ease her exertion, they finally caught a glimpse of the tired, yet joyful, expression on Connie's face. Still panting, she turned to the students, "This...this is unbelievable! I never dreamed someone could look like this, let alone that it would be me!"

Placing a hand upon an obscene orb, her own pair gently pressing into it as well, Amber nervously tried to assess the situation, "I hope you're not mad at us for all of this. Honestly, I had no idea Debbie had spiked the sodas."

Letting out a small "mmmm" as she hugged as much of herself as she could reach, Connie couldn't have been happier with how her beach trip turned out. "I love this. All of this. Thank you for making me sit with you three."

Amber breathed a sigh of relief.

"And before you ask, yes: I'm definitely going to be the biggest professor on campus now, probably by a wide margin. Who knows? Maybe even the biggest woman on campus, period." The mere thought brought on an intense moan.

"Yeah, but who knows how long that'll last?" Sam muttered to herself.

"The only thing is," Connie patted her front, "these monsters are heavy. I'm seriously going to have to start working out so I can haul these around as easily as you." For just a moment a look of concern flashed across her face.

After taking an exploratory journey around the teacher's twosome, Amber noted, "Q, your nipples are as big as bean bag chairs! How are you going to cover that up for class?"

"Oh shoot! You're right! They're not going to allow me to teach topless." The duo paused to think. After a few minutes a sly grin began to spread across Connie's face. "I guess I'll just have to rig up some sort of bikini so I'm not totally indecent. I'm sure they'll understand, given my...predicament," she faked a pout, although it was clear the idea made her very aroused.

Quickly becoming turned on herself, Amber's voice lowered to a more flirtatious tone, "Ooh, that sounds like an excellent plan. You wouldn't just be the largest on campus, you'd be the hottest too." She began to breathe heavier as they locked eyes and she waded into the sea of flesh; however, before the illicit affair could begin they were both startled out of their stupor by an ear-piercing scream of unbridled sexual satisfaction.

Shocked and dismayed by what had nearly occurred, Amber quickly backed out of her cushiony confines to check on the source of the sound. It didn't take long, as her gaze shifted higher and higher and her jaw dropped lower and lower. Debbie's behemoth boobs dominated the beach and lifted her 60 feet in the air, sandwiching her body between two colossal cheeks that brought her total height to 100 feet. Each wave that crashed against her monolithic mammaries brought with it a new orgasm, the sounds of her pleasure the only evidence that she was still up there.

Sam, seeing how out of control things had become, decided it was time to take charge. Marching over next to her roommate, she called up as loudly as she could, "Debbie! Are you alright up there?"

Well over three hours of the most exquisite sensations she had ever experienced left the tanned titan so exhausted that it was a challenge to even remain conscious, the continuing climaxes sapping what little energy she had left. Using all her remaining strength she shouted back, "Yes...got help...going home...soon," and immediately fell asleep.

"Well at least that's figured out, now it's starting to get late. Amber, let's head home." She watched as her friend remained bolted in place, now tentatively sinking her hand into the soft skin taking up her vision. "Amber! Let's go!"

"...But, but-"

"No buts! It's a long way back to my house and now I've got to drop you off too." It had been a long day and Sam was becoming tired and irritable and just wanted to get home.

Amber let out an overdramatic groan, "Ugh, fine! I'm coming!" Before joining the grumpy goth she returned to the scene of her awkward encounter. "Hey Q, are you going to be okay? I know you didn't plan for this."

"I think so. I'll stay with Debbie and make certain she gets out of here safely. I'm sure whatever's coming to move her can give me a lift too. Thanks again, for all of this," she winked suggestively. "And I hope we see each other around campus, you're not going to be able to miss me. Maybe we can schedule a, uh...'private tutoring session,' if you know what I mean," the tempting teacher purred.

Amber laughed uncomfortably, still wrestling with their earlier intimacy, "Er...I don't know. Um, but good luck with everything! Have a nice rest of your summer!" She hastily exited the conversation and caught up to Sam.

Just before leaving the beach they turned around to see the striking oranges and purples in the sky as the sun set on this unforgettable day. Sam looked down at her body and at the distant circular silhouettes still sitting in the sand, finally realizing the impact Bust Booster was going to have on society. Without thinking she leaned back onto Amber's pillowy pair and whispered to herself, "Senior year is going to be crazy."

Chapter 3: Freshman Fifteen

As evening began to fall the two roommates relaxed in the spacious living room of their on-campus suite. Amber was resting atop her four foot bust, her near equally sized rear almost touching the ceiling as she idly played a game on her phone. The downside of becoming so large so quickly after Bust Booster's public release was that there were very few outfits that could even come close to keeping her decent and those that did were usually uncomfortably restrictive. As a result, she was almost always fully nude when not in public and tonight was no exception. Thankfully, after the events of the summer Sam had grown used to seeing her friend naked.

Sitting on the floor, the goth girl's cheeks spread out beneath her like a comfy beanbag chair. Clad only in a lacy black bra and matching panties, she leaned back onto one of her friend's soft spheres as she read the latest popular horror novel. The formerly hot pink tips of her hair had been dyed neon green for the new school year.

Suddenly, there was a knock at the door. Amber jumped, accidentally dropping her phone into the deep void of her cleavage. "Oh well, I was losing that round anyway," she shrugged. "Sam, can you please get the door?"

"Ugh, fine," she groaned. After marking her place in the book she tucked it in between her breasts, headed for the entrance and, with a click, pulled the door open.

"Oh, uh...Lauren, right? Hi."

"Hello Sam," she replied sheepishly, "I, um...I can come back another day, i-if it's not a good time." She nervously eyed the senior's skimpy attire.

"What? Oh no, sorry, I just dress like this around the suite, y'know?" Her cheeks began to burn red with embarrassment. "So why are you here anyway?" She asked with the usual lack of tact, trying to change the subject.

"It's...kind of personal, can I come in?"

Sam raised an eyebrow. This girl was a freshman and they had only talked a few times during a group project, why would she be coming to her for a personal issue? As much as she really wanted to get back to the story, the desperation on her classmate's face told her she really didn't have a choice. "Hold on." She turned and called over her shoulder, "Hey Amber, this girl Lauren from my European History class wants to come in! Are you cool with that?"

From somewhere beyond the door Lauren heard a muffled, "You're making friends now? This really is a crazy semester!" She smirked, the joke easing her anxiety. "Sure, I'd love to meet her!"

Sam turned back to her guest, looking slightly annoyed. "Alright, come on in," she sighed heavily, already exasperated.

Lauren entered, immediately confronting the four fleshy orbs dominating the couch. "Whoa. That's hot." Immediately she covered her mouth with both of her hands, mortified at her inappropriate behavior.

"You're not so bad yourself," Amber fluttered her eyes, instantly smitten with the beauty that had just stepped into the room.

She wore a body-hugging maroon sleeveless turtleneck crop top that stopped just short of the bottom of her ribcage and showed off her flat stomach and waspish waist, which flared out into what would have otherwise been fairly average hips. Her honey blonde hair flowed smoothly down, with two thick cone-like spirals covering her shoulders in front, delicately framing her gorgeous oval-shaped face. Pale green eyes stood out against her light skin and the slender bridge below sloped gently down to an adorable round nose. The girl looked like she should have been a model, and yet here she was feeling shy and insecure amongst the two overdeveloped roommates.

Lauren looked away bashfully, "I-I'm sorry, I didn't mean to be so forward. I don't know what came over me."

Quickly jumping in before her flirtatious friend could respond, Sam got straight to the point: "Alright, you're in now. What did you want to talk about?" Her arms were crossed beneath her bust, pushing it up a little and causing her bookmark to tickle her chin.

"So...", she looked at her feet, uncomfortably tracing a circle on the floor with her red Chuck Taylor shoes, "before college there were no girls like you two."

Sam shot a defensive glare.

"That is, I mean," Lauren quickly corrected herself, "there was no one like any of these curvy girls on campus, at least as far as I know. All the freshmen were really shocked and, for the most part, a little jealous. Then there was this one girl, a junior I think, who said that in the future the 'freshman fifteen' will be measured in inches instead of pounds. She said she was starting a club and she'd show us all how everyone got to look like that." She began to shuffle around, clearly very uneasy about what she was about to say. Mustering up her courage, her face rose to meet Sam's, albeit without making eye contact, "T-tonight is the first meeting and I-I'm a little scared to go by myself. Sam, would you want to come with me? I know we barely

know each other, but in our group you were so nice and, er...I haven't really made any friends here yet." Once again her gaze fell towards the floor.

"Sorry, not my kind of scene." Sam nonchalantly pulled the book out of her bosom, causing a slight jiggle, and curled up on the edge of the couch. Just as tears began to well up in the eyes of their devastated guest, she added, "Amber, you're not doing anything tonight. Why don't you go with her?"

"That sounds fun!" Amber answered cheerily, returning to the ground with a grunt. "Do you mind, Lauren?"

She sniffled, "R-really? You don't have to."

"I know I don't have to, I want to," the buxom bombshell smiled comfortingly.

For the first time since arriving Lauren smiled. Her sweet, innocent look of happiness was just as flawless as the rest of her, completely captivating Amber. "Thank you!"

"No problem! Just let me go get dressed first." The supersized siren turned down the short hallway, her body grazing both walls, before literally squeezing into her room.

Lauren sat in the living room for what felt like forever, the only sound the occasional turn of a page from Sam. Feeling incredibly awkward, she began to wonder if perhaps her chaperone had gotten stuck...or just forgot about her. Just as she was about to leave the door opened and a pink pair popped out, shortly followed by a head and two more spheres wrapped in what must have been tissue paper-thin yoga pants.

"Ta-da!" Amber posed with her arms above her head, "Let's go!" As simple as the outfit was, her tank top still showed off over two and a half feet of cleavage and just as much on the sides.

"Wait, Amber, before you leave," Sam stood and walked over to the attractive acquaintances, "please try to remember why we paid more to get one of the biggest dorms on campus," she poked an oversized orb. "Anyway, I'll see ya later, this book is starting to get good."

And with that the duo began their journey across campus to the Freshman Fifteen Club.

The cool autumn air had stiffened Amber's nipples, their outline clearly visible through the taut fabric. She caught Lauren stealing a glance every now and then when she thought she wouldn't be noticed. "Hey, um...I'm sorry about Sam. I know she can be a bit, er...rough around the edges, but once you get to know her she's really very kind and caring."

"Oh, no worries," the blonde babe replied, "it was a lot of me to just show up and ask her to go somewhere. Besides, I'm kinda glad that I get to go with...", she looked away, her hair blocking her face, "...you. Thanks again for helping me out."

"Aww, that's sweet of you to say. You're welcome and I'm happy to get to hang out with you tonight too," Amber smiled reassuringly.

Lauren cautiously looked over at her gentle companion and saw that she was being genuine. "T-thanks. So...um, what's it like? Being huge, I mean."

The busty brunette's face lit up, "Oh, I love it! Best decision I ever made!"

The enthusiasm was infectious, Lauren's smile widening with each word.

"But...",

Her expression quickly became serious again as she continued listening intently.

"It's not for everyone," Amber continued. "The world isn't designed for people this size," she paused, "yet. Even simple things are really difficult. For example, you saw how long it took me just to get dressed...and this is an easy outfit to put on! Then there's not being able to reach around my own body, constantly losing things in my cleavage, and tons of other stuff I simply can't do anymore, like driving or even bending over. For me it's totally worth it, but for others it might not be."

The two were silent for a short while. Lauren knew that things would be different after tonight, but she hadn't given it a ton of thought until now. It was a lot to consider.

Breaking the quiet, Amber's curiosity got the better of her, "If you don't mind me asking, why do you want to do this?"

With a nervous breeziness, Lauren quickly answered, "Look at me. I'm a C cup with a flat butt in a sea of girls with fantastic figures. No one even sees me when there's competition like that around."

"I saw you," Amber retorted, her voice wavering slightly, "and I think you're amazing just the way you are. If you want my advice, you shouldn't go to this club tonight unless you're doing it for yourself. Attention is fleeting, but boobs are forever." She sweetly hugged her hooters to emphasize the point.

Lauren blushed and inhaled deeply, "Okay, I lied. That's not really why I'm going."

The older student gave a suspicious glance, caught off guard by the sudden fib.

"People take one look at me and how I dress and assume that I'm going because of vanity or jealousy; they don't really want to hear my reasons. After this club was announced I

got asked so many times it became easier to just tell them what they wanted to hear instead of trying to explain myself. The truth is, before college there was never even a thought about changing myself. I loved my body...I still do, but...I don't know, once I saw the way people looked on campus it was like someone lit a fire in me, you know what I mean?"

"I know exactly what you mean," Amber grinned. She had had the same feeling when she saw Christina last semester. Her heart began to beat faster as she realized that this night might turn out to be even more fun than she thought.

"Like, I could live the rest of my life the way I am now and it'd be fine, but there's something deep inside of me that says that being bigger would just feel...right." Lauren huffed and puffed, suddenly out of breath. "Sorry, I've never told anyone the whole story before. Feels good to finally get it out. Thanks for listening."

Finally, they arrived at the entrance to the meeting room when suddenly Lauren stopped and firmly placed a hand on her friend's left breast, "Amber, wait!"

A worried look came over her face, "What? What is it?"

"I just remembered something kind of important: how did your parents react to all of this?"

The two moved off to the side, with Lauren taking a seat on a nearby bench.

Amber chuckled, "Don't worry about that too much. Always remember, no matter what anyone says, that it's your body and if it makes you happy that's all that matters. But to answer the question, when I first went home I was about half this size. Of course they were really shocked; like you said, most people don't really look like me, especially back then. In the beginning they were pretty mad." She did her best to make her voice deep and gravelly as she imitated her father, "No daughter of mine is going to go around blowing herself up like some sort of balloon! We're not paying all this money so you can turn yourself into some sort of floozy!"

Both girls giggled at the poor impression.

"My mom was more understanding, even though she still didn't really approve. It was awkward for a while, but they seem to be coming around on it. In fact, when I told her they were going to start selling Bust Booster my mom said she was going to match whatever I did to myself!"

"Wow, so does that mean...?" Lauren stretched her arms in front of herself.

"Yep! My mom's got four foot knockers now, except she's taller so they're not on the ground like mine. I think the original intent was to try and deter me from getting any larger, but

once we were equal it seemed like she was enjoying her new size more than she was letting on. I do feel sort of bad, though. Neither of us expected me to get this big and it's been a bit of an adjustment for her."

"What do you mean you didn't expect to be so big? Doesn't Bust Booster come in specific increments?" Leaning in close, Lauren was intensely curious to hear the boob backstory.

"Yes, but back in August, a little after they started selling it in stores, I went on a beach trip with Sam and my friend Debbie. I guess I sort of knew that Debbie was planning some kind of surprise; back in high school she was always doing something crazy to liven up a party." Amber's voice became somber as she continued the tale, "At the time it was absolutely amazing and I was totally into it, but looking back it was a major violation and I should've at least warned Sam about Debbie's reputation. Anyway, long story short she spiked some sodas that she had brought along and we all doubled."

Lauren's eyes went wide, both intrigued and disconcerted by the idea of non-consensual growth.

"Like I said before, I love my body and I don't regret what happened to me...but Sam definitely didn't want that," she sighed. "On the bright side," Amber's smile returned, "she seems pretty happy now and it definitely helped her confidence a lot! I mean, it wasn't long ago that she would get mad at me for even suggesting she show a little more skin, but now...well, you saw her. Anyway, to the original point: yeah, my mom and I are pretty much the same size. My butt's still bigger, though," she proudly patted her cheeks.

"Man, that's a little scary. Good thing it all worked out in the end. My parents are pretty relaxed, so it sounds like there's nothing to worry about on that front. Still, I don't know how I'd feel if my mom grew a huge rack like yours did."

"Why?" Amber asked, a look of pure confusion on her face.

"No offense, but based on what I've seen from you she's probably going to be half naked all the time and, um...", Lauren began to blush as her eyes drifted lower, "her nipples will probably be fairly obvious no matter what she wears. Plus, after tonight we'll probably be bumping into each other all the time. None of that bothers you?"

Amber giggled, "You're probably not wrong, although not everyone likes showing off as much as me. My mom has a few outfits that would probably qualify as modest, relatively speaking. But no, none of that makes me uncomfortable. Maybe it's weird to say, but my mom's huge hooters look great on her and in case you couldn't tell: massive mammaries are sort of my thing." She slowly ran her arms along the top of her exposed expanse. "Anyway, when is this thing supposed to start? Aren't we going to be late?"

"Oh yeah, right." Lauren rose from her seat and they both headed back to the entrance. "Do you, uh...need help with the doors?"

"I should be good, but you can go first...um, in case I get stuck," she laughed faintly.

Taking a moment to steady herself, Lauren pushed open the doors with trembling hands. The room was filled with the nervous chatter of a significant portion of the freshman female student body, some of whom had also brought a full-figured friend for support. There were several girls she recognized from her classes and it put her at ease to know that she would not be alone. Suddenly, everyone went silent as they immediately shifted to look directly in Lauren's direction. She froze, bewildered and frightened by the abrupt change in focus, before nearly falling over as Amber shoved into her from behind.

"Oh my gosh! I'm so sorry! Getting in here was a tighter fit than I expected and I guess my last push was a little too much." The object of awe blushed before realizing all of the eyes pointed at herself. She was used to stares, but this was uncomfortable even for her.

Thankfully, a squeal from the microphone shook the onlookers from their fixation. "Hello everyone and welcome to the Freshman Fifteen! My name is Taylor and I'm here to help you get your ideal body!" A few excited shouts rang out from the crowd. "Ooh, it looks like there are some more 'experienced' women here too." She squinted as she looked across the audience. "Amber, is that you back there?! Looks like you had a *really* good summer!" Her laughter echoed around the room.

Once again the unwanted center of attention, Amber sheepishly waved and did her best to shrink down behind her bust. It was no surprise to her that the "mysterious" junior leading the club would be the student CEO of Bust Booster, but it was very shocking to see that her figure was unchanged from when they had first met.

As the introduction and explanation of the night's events continued the sexy senior leaned back against the wall and simply admired her enthralled comrade. Eventually the speech ended and everyone began to shuffle towards the tables piled high with sweets. Lauren returned with a small white bag of goodies.

"Ooh, what'd you get? No, wait! Surprise me!" Amber giddily swung around and faced the wall, nearly bowling over a few attendees in the process. "Okay, okay! Whenever you're ready!"

With a bemused smile she hesitantly pulled out three danishes and began to eat. Every pastry finished brought a new wave of pleasure as her body swelled larger and larger, the moans growing louder and more passionate with each delectable bite.

Amber bit her lip as the sexual noises drove her absolutely wild; however, it was not long before she heard stitches popping and gasped, an unexpected "mmm" escaping her lips. Whatever was happening back there, it was big.

As the sounds of pleasure gradually faded into coos she at last heard the magic words: "Okay, you can look now." Quickly and carefully turning around, her jaw dropped and she became breathless and speechless before the vision of beauty. The rest of the room disappeared as she took in Lauren's dazzling new physique.

Her gaze lovingly focused on the pristine two foot breasts overflowing her arms, her crop top having risen to reveal their bare forms blocking the vast majority of her svelte stomach. She turned and revealed several inches of booty cleavage as her volleyball cheeks stretched her skinny jeans beyond their limit, her newly thickened thighs puffing out of the holes in the sides of her pants like rising dough. Then it happened.

"Would you go out with me?" Amber blurted, an expression of terror coming over her as she realized what she just said. She quickly buried her beet red face in her cleavage, humiliated by her outburst.

"Wh- um, I-I..."

The stunned stammering echoed in Amber's head, pounding like a drum. I finally find someone I really like and I've got to screw it up! Would you go out with me, she mockingly mimicked, we've hung out for like half an hour! I think...I hope...that she liked me too. Her face drooped into a pout as she let out a heavy sigh. Of all the new people I've met since last semester she's the first to see past my fat blimps and treat me like a person. We probably could've been good friends too, but now I've scared her off and we'll never find out.

"...I'm gonna need some new clothes. Maybe I could, um...pick you up tomorrow and you could help me choose some new outfits?" the swollen siren squeaked, her voice fluttering.

Amber peeked out from beneath her hair, "R-really?"

Lauren anxiously fondled her rotund rump, the pleasant buzz of her residual sensitivity distracting from how overwhelming this all was, "Um...yeah. It could be fun! We can grab something to eat while we're out too."

Amber sprung back to life, beyond overjoyed by the offer, "It's a date!" She clapped her hands and giddily hopped in place, her entire body jiggling and threatening to spill out of her top. Finally paying attention she saw the ambivalence in her half naked protégé's eyes as her new reality began to set in. "I'm sorry, I've been making this all about me! How are you? Do you like it?"

Her tension visibly easing with the return of her enthusiasm, Lauren began tentatively testing her reach. "This is a dream come true! It's even better than I imagined, although a little more padding in the rear wouldn't have hurt. They're absolutely gargantuan! In fact, I don't know if I can even...." she squeezed her boobs towards herself, her chin nearly touching their tops. With a sensual gasp her knees buckled as she stumbled chest first into the twin cushions in front of her. "Yep," she blushed, "I can still reach my nipples."

"I'm so glad you're happy. Whenever you're ready we can head back to my place; it doesn't look like there's much more going on around here." Surveying the room as best she could Amber couldn't help but notice that there didn't seem to be any other freshmen even close to Lauren's size. "Sam has a sexy little dress that should really show off your new curves," she winked. "I'm sure she won't mind if you borrow it for just one day."

"Do you really think that'll fit me?" Lauren asked leerily.

With a devious, almost Grinch-like grin Amber simply answered, "I sure hope not."

Chapter 4: Graduation Day

Four long years of work and studying were finally about to pay off.

Sam giddily milled about the back room as she waited for the ceremony to start. In all their time together Amber had never seen her smile as much as she had today, but considering she was the first in her family to graduate college it made sense that this meant so much to her.

As dramatically oversized as their gowns were they still did little to hide both girls' enlarged endowments, with the entire bottom half of Amber's humongous hooters fully exposed. It didn't matter, though. She was proud of her accomplishments, both physical and mental, and being able to show off both at once seemed like the perfect end to her time in school.

It wasn't long before the doors opened and they were all led out to their seats in the football field. Amber stood in the back so as not to block the view of any graduates or onlookers. Speaking of which, she couldn't help but notice that in the months since Bust Booster's release it seemed to have grown relatively popular with women of all ages. The bleachers were filled with mothers, sisters, aunts, cousins, and even a few grandparents who had clearly enhanced their figure. It was an inspiring sight and made her excited to see how the world outside her campus was changing.

Eventually she found her dad in the audience. Even from so far away she could tell he was overcome with pride as he waved with one hand while sticking out his cellphone with the other. He must have mom on video call, she figured. Next to him were Sam's parents. They both strongly disapproved of their daughter's use of Bust Booster, but today there were only tears of joy as they watched her sitting in the crowd of students.

Returning to ground level, there were two other women in the back with Amber. Both were massive by most standards, but with their breasts only reaching their knees they looked relatively small next to the senior size queen. In fact, now that she could see everyone in her graduating class at once, Amber was astonished at how few pairs she could see from behind. There were a little more than a handful whose chests rested in their laps as they sat and perhaps two to three times as many whose curvature stuck out wider than their arms, but the vast majority were still within the range of what was possible before Bust Booster. Somehow Sam had accidentally ended up as one of the curvier cuties on campus.

Finally looking ahead towards the stage Amber's jaw dropped as she saw Q's titanic twosome serving as the backdrop for the other professors, many of whom were much larger than those they taught.

It was impossible to see, but behind the bedsheet bikini and gargantuan globes Q had actually developed a rather muscular figure. Her arms and legs were fairly toned and her abs were well on their way to a six pack. Despite this she was still unable to move around with the ease that she desired, but at least it was livable now.

Amber knew all this from firsthand experience. One date night, when Lauren and she were feeling particularly frisky, the topic of the "private tutoring session" that had been offered in the summer came up. After a little convincing the phone call was made and the three met up for an unforgettable evening; however, after nearly getting caught they all agreed that it would only be a one-time affair.

Soon the guest speaker stepped on stage. Unexpectedly, it was former professor and current Bust Booster co-CEO Joscelyn Jones. Her three foot bosom bounced against her upper thighs, jiggling the foot and a half of cleavage tightly constrained in a navy-blue sleeveless V-neck dress that clung to her flawless body like a second skin. Unfortunately, the podium blocked off her legendary backside, but occasionally when she shifted position a hip would momentarily peek out. Much like the invitation that had started Amber's journey, Dr. Jones' speech centered on personal growth and was filled with thinly veiled allusions to the use of her products.

The ceremony dragged on for a little longer before they started calling students up to receive their diplomas. Amber pulled out her phone and took a picture of her former roommate as she held the document aloft in triumph, smiling brightly as she began to tear up just like her parents.

On her turn, even with the extra wide berth given to her, Amber still managed to nearly knock the podium offstage and felt her bust brush against many others' as she made her way across. She couldn't help but giggle as the male professor awkwardly reached across her chest to hand her her diploma and shake hands.

At last it was all over as everyone broke off to meet with their families. Amber shot off a quick text asking Sam to wait at her car so that they could say their goodbyes before she left.

There was great jubilation and ecstatic chatter around the field and parking lot as she approached her father. They exchanged a big hug as he reminded her how proud he and her mom were. They continued talking for a while before he suddenly remembered a surprise in his truck. After some digging in the back seat he pulled out a nondescript box, "A present, from your mom and me."

Curious, she lifted the lid to find a half dozen of the most delectable-looking donuts she had ever seen. She squealed, knowing exactly what this meant. "Oh, thank you dad! This is the best gift ever!" She hugged him again, almost knocking him over in the process. "Um, do you mind if I go say goodbye and share these with my friends?"

"Of course not!" He laughed loudly before returning to a warm smile, "Your mother and I knew you wouldn't be able to resist sharing. I'll meet you back at the house. I love you."

"Bye, love you too! Thanks again!" And with that she safely tucked the cargo into her cleavage and practically skipped away to go find Sam.

As she travelled across the parking lot it was clear what had become the hot new graduation gift. Grunts, moans, screams, and tearing fabric echoed across the vehicles and it seemed like everywhere she looked there were a few people, including some family members, piling inch after inch onto their body. Her pace quickened as Sam's sedan came into view. This was going to be fun.

"Can you believe it?! We finally made it!" Amber yelled enthusiastically as she neared her ex-roommate.

The photo op with her family now over, the pale bombshell had disrobed to reveal the usual miniskirt and stockings combo as well as a pretty formal top. It gave the appearance of a strapless dress, showing off plenty of her bountiful bosom, but the upper third was finished with an unbuttoned sheer black floral lace pattern that allowed it to be worn like a short-sleeved shirt. "I know! That last math class was killer, I'm just glad we got to walk together." She laughed, ending with a wistful sigh. "I'm gonna miss you y'know. Honestly, I don't know if I could have asked for a better roommate."

"Oh stop, you're going to make me cry!" Amber teased. "I love you too, roomie. But we still have some time together today and you're always welcome to come visit anytime."

Sam smiled gently, "Thanks. The same goes for you too."

Out of nowhere something cool and soft smashed straight into Amber, her view entirely blocked as her front squished above her eye-line. "Ouch! What the-"

The offending object bounced back to a more appropriate distance, "Surprise! Our twins are twins!"

Amber rubbed her eyes, completely in disbelief at the sight before her. Attached to orbs equal in size to her own was her girlfriend! Better yet was the too-small hot pink bikini that showed off nearly her whole areolae and barely covered her huge nipples. "Just when I thought this day couldn't get any better," she purred.

"Sorry I'm late. It took me a while to get dressed, but look! Your favorite outfit still fits me...sort of," Lauren blushed and demurely looked across her new slopes at her partner.

"Mmm, baby, anything you wear is my favorite, but I bet you'd be more comfortable if you...took it off." The sexual tension in the air was palpable.

"Uhh, guys?" Sam quickly stepped between the two.

Shaking her head clear, Amber moved back. "Oh, sorry, sorry. We didn't mean to make you uncomfortable. It's just...a lot...to take in. Um, but I come bearing gifts!" Removing the donut box and placing it aside on her right breast she fished around in her cleavage and produced a small, unmarked vial of liquid.

As she held it out towards Sam it was quickly shoved back. "No! No way! I told you when this all began that I didn't want to be any bigger, then you tricked me into blowing up my boobs. And let's not forget what happened last summer! This is a special day for me, please don't ruin it."

Shocked and dejected, Amber looked her friend in the eye and softly responded, "Sam, you think I don't know that? What Debbie did to us was wrong, but you know me. You're my best friend and I would never do anything to jeopardize that. Yes, this will change you again, but it's special. I talked to Taylor and this is an experimental formula from R&D that'll give you exactly what you wanted from the start."

"Experimental? I don't know...." She tapped her finger to her chin, silently considering the offer for a short while before loudly growling in frustration and snatching the vial from her busty buddy's hand. "Fine! I'll trust you on this, but I know I'm gonna regret it." With that she threw her head back and drank it all like a shot.

Instantly her skirt exploded off her hips and her stockings began to tear as her booty, and only her booty, rocketed outward, accumulating three feet of mass in only a minute.

"Holy crap!" Lauren gasped, "It never happens that fast, does it?"

Amber wordlessly shook her head, staring in awe and glee.

As ten feet turned into twenty Sam's brain finally caught up to the incomprehensibly powerful sensations occurring within. She howled as the nonstop orgasms annihilated any sense of her surroundings. Lightheaded and euphoric she leaned back and rolled atop her thirty foot rump, moving her arms and legs across her ocean of skin as if she were making a snow angel. It barely even began to cover the hypersensitive surface area ballooning past 40 feet. Her vision started to go black as the sheer force of her pleasure threatened to turn her unconscious, but just as she reached the brink it began to ease. Breathless and panting heavily she leaned up on her elbows, nearly falling back down again as the friction brought another orgasm, and looked around. In all directions it seemed like there was nothing but a white landscape, her

cheeks having topped out at 54 feet. It took a few minutes, but eventually she registered that this expanse was her!

Suddenly a vibration emanated from her chest. It took every ounce of focus she had to reach down and grab her phone as she was nearly incapacitated once again. "H-hello?" she stuttered, holding back an unintentional moan.

"How's the weather up there?"

From far below she felt a minuscule slap, not unlike a tiny bug bite. Sam wanted to be angry; once again Amber had completely changed her life without properly warning her, but she had been right: this was everything she ever wanted. This truly was the greatest moment of her life. "It's never been better," she answered with a reluctant cheerfulness. "Amber?"

"Yeah?"

"It's not easy for me to say this; I should be furious right now, but...thank you. I don't know how you knew, but you've always pushed me to come out of my shell and this time I really appreciate it." She reached to scratch a nearby itch on her left cheek and whimpered as the stifled a near-climax.

"Are you okay?"

"Yeah, I just- I have to go!"

Back down in the parking lot a scream of ecstasy rang out from above as Lauren turned towards Amber, "That was incredible. What did you have in mind for me?"

"Actually," the new grad grinned, "this gift is from my parents, as strange as that sounds."

She lifted the lid and Lauren's eyes went wide. Despite her impeccable figure the girl had quite a sweet tooth and the donuts practically had her drooling. Controlling her impulses she looked back up to her lover and inquired, "Not to bring up anything that might be sensitive, but speaking of your parents why didn't your mom come today? This seems right up her alley.

"Why don't you take a bite and find out?" the sensuality in Amber's voice almost as thick as the icing on the treats.

Without hesitation the newly enlarged sophomore greedily grabbed a doughy ring, the sticky glaze coating her fingers as a few sprinkles disappeared down her cleavage canyon. With her free hand she placed two more on herself for later, one on each breast. With the food now evenly split, the perky pair both bit into the decadent dessert.

As a gooey strand trailed away from her lips Lauren's eyes bulged as the familiar feeling returned. Making eye contact with her sexy sweetheart her mouth curled into a delighted smile before parting and making an O shape.

Together they harmonized in bliss as the messy munchies disappeared far faster than their rapidly rising racks. The sugar rush only seemed to heighten the experience and they instinctively licked their lips, as well as any other coated curves, as the process continued.

It was mere minutes before Lauren's top burst off, her erect nipples brushing against Amber's. As their bodies continued to grow into each other the sensation of skin swelling against skin magnified every movement. They had lost sight of one another long ago, but no one could ignore their cries of passion. After nearly two hours the pressure slowed and they both reached their final size: 32 feet.

With great effort they both rolled forward to meet face to face, orgasming the whole way as their brobdingnagian bosoms pressed ever tighter together and their nipples collided with the ground. This revealed, unsurprisingly, that Amber's rear was equal to her front.

Sam gazed enviously at the bodacious butt towering ten feet above her head.

On the other side Lauren had a comparatively tiny 16 foot rear, although it still dwarfed everyone else leaving the ceremony. "You were right, this IS way more comfortable," she cooed across the fleshy valley. "So how do I look?"

"You look like the most beautiful girl on the planet" Amber softly answered, grunting as her toes tickled her sensitive spheres.

Lauren blushed and turned away to admire her backside, "This is really unbelievable. Did you know you're the best girlfriend ever?"

"I am pretty awesome," she joked, "but there is one small oversight."

A look of worry came over the young blonde, "What's that?"

"I have no idea how we're getting out of here."

Lauren relaxed and smiled, "That's not a problem! There's nowhere I'd rather be than right next to you."