

SPF 80085 Preview

“I-I” Lacy tried to speak, but her teacher was beyond intimidating.

“Come on! We just need to get them plumped up a little! Even just some nice C cups!”

Audrey cooed.

Lacy shifted uncomfortably in her seat. She knew this was her last chance to make herself bigger before the semester ended. Audrey had spent so many extra credit sessions with her to help maintain a passing grade, but it just hadn’t been enough. She had to get it this time.

Audrey clapped, “All right! Now do as I do; concentrate...” Audrey closed her eyes, looking serene, “And picture your chest growing, inch after inch being added to your bust... And just...let them grow....”

Lacy watched as her teacher’s breasts billowed out slowly, any wrinkles across the front of her shirt becoming smooth. Her tits swelled out, becoming like her head as the buttons pulled tight, tiny gaps opening between them. Audrey released a sigh, letting her growth stop.

“There, nothing to it!” Audrey claimed, “Now you.” Audrey narrowed her eyes at Lacy, expecting results.

“O-Ok... I’ll try...”

Lacy closed her eyes, trying to calm herself. In her mind she pictured her own, tiny boobs, so carefully cradled in her beige bra. *Ok, now grow... grow...*, Lacy demanded, imagining her bust overflowing her cups. She couldn’t feel anything happening under her shirt, and focused harder, trying to start from her nipples and work back. *Bigger...*

“Ok, Lace, that’s enough.” Audrey said bluntly.

Lacy opened her eyes, looking down. Her chest remained the same, small B cups. “I-I’m sorry...” she tried to say. Lacy felt like she was on the verge of crying. Her GPA was riding on this class.

Audrey sighed. “Honestly I’m about finished here, Lace. It’s such a simple thing. If you can’t do it, I can’t help you.”

Lacy could feel her eyes getting hot and wet. *It’s NOT a simple thing!*

Audrey continued. “It’s one of the easiest things in the world! Every woman can make her chest swell out into a nice, bouncing pair of *tits*! Even Hannah has managed to give herself a nice pair of *Ds*!”

Lacy was beginning to feel a bit mad now. It wasn’t her fault she couldn’t make any growth happen. And her teacher’s constant berating and put downs weren’t helping.

“I’m afraid I have no other choice but to fail you, Lace. I’m sorry, but *As* get you an *F*.”

“No!” Lacy yelled, “I can do it!” She wanted to stand now, feeling furious.

Audrey laughed. “Oh come on, you’ve had all semester! I’ll tell you what,” Audrey said, standing directly in front of Lacy’s desk. She leaned forward, letting her collar fall open to reveal the incredible cleavage nestled under the thin cotton. “If you can give yourself a nice rack like

these,” she groped her boobs, squeezing her fingers and letting them sink into her supple flesh, “Then I’ll pass you!”

“I can do it! I-I can!” Lacy cried, closing her eyes and putting all her mental strength into her focus.

“Ha! All you girls wish you could be as *big* and *round* as me! But that’s why I’m the teacher, because *I’m* the biggest.”

Lacy was mad now. In her mind she saw not only her chest growing larger, but also Audrey’s shrinking in turn, all of her incredible size making her own boobs swell.

“Just learn when to quit; some girls aren’t meant to have such supple...swollen...”

Audrey’s voice trailed off. Lacy’s shirt had shifted, something stirring under it’s buttons. Lacy had felt it too, and it fueled her. She willed harder, urging her growth. It was working; she could feel her bra pushing outwards! The cups moved and stretched awkwardly as her tiny mounds turned into hills, her blouse quickly running out of room when she surpassed C cups.

Lacy opened her eyes, looking down. “I-I did it!” she exclaimed, grasping her mammarys. The filled her hands completely, the filled shirt making squeezing them difficult.

Audrey seemed taken aback, but quickly recovered. “Well, they’re only C cups. Nowhere near as large as mi--”

She stopped talking again, noticing Lacy’s determined look. Her chest was growing again, her own buttons opening up small gaps. Audrey’s gaze slowly drifted down as she felt her own shirt becoming loose, her bra seeming to push her chest back into her.

“S-Stop it! Stop it!” Audrey yelled, “What are you doing?!” Her hands flew to her chest, but hovered just in front of them, scared to touch her disappearing curves.

Lacy laughed, feeling confidence flowing into her. “I’m doing what you said, *Teacher.*” She focused harder, and Audrey’s breasts shrunk faster, their own diminished size pumping into Lacy. Her chest quickly grew, bloating outwards. Cleavage was forced upwards through her collar, her shirt and bra quickly forced to the limit. Lacy’s tits, now like volleyballs, were forced into flat oval shapes and they began swelling into her sleeve holes. A button blew off her front, striking Audrey.