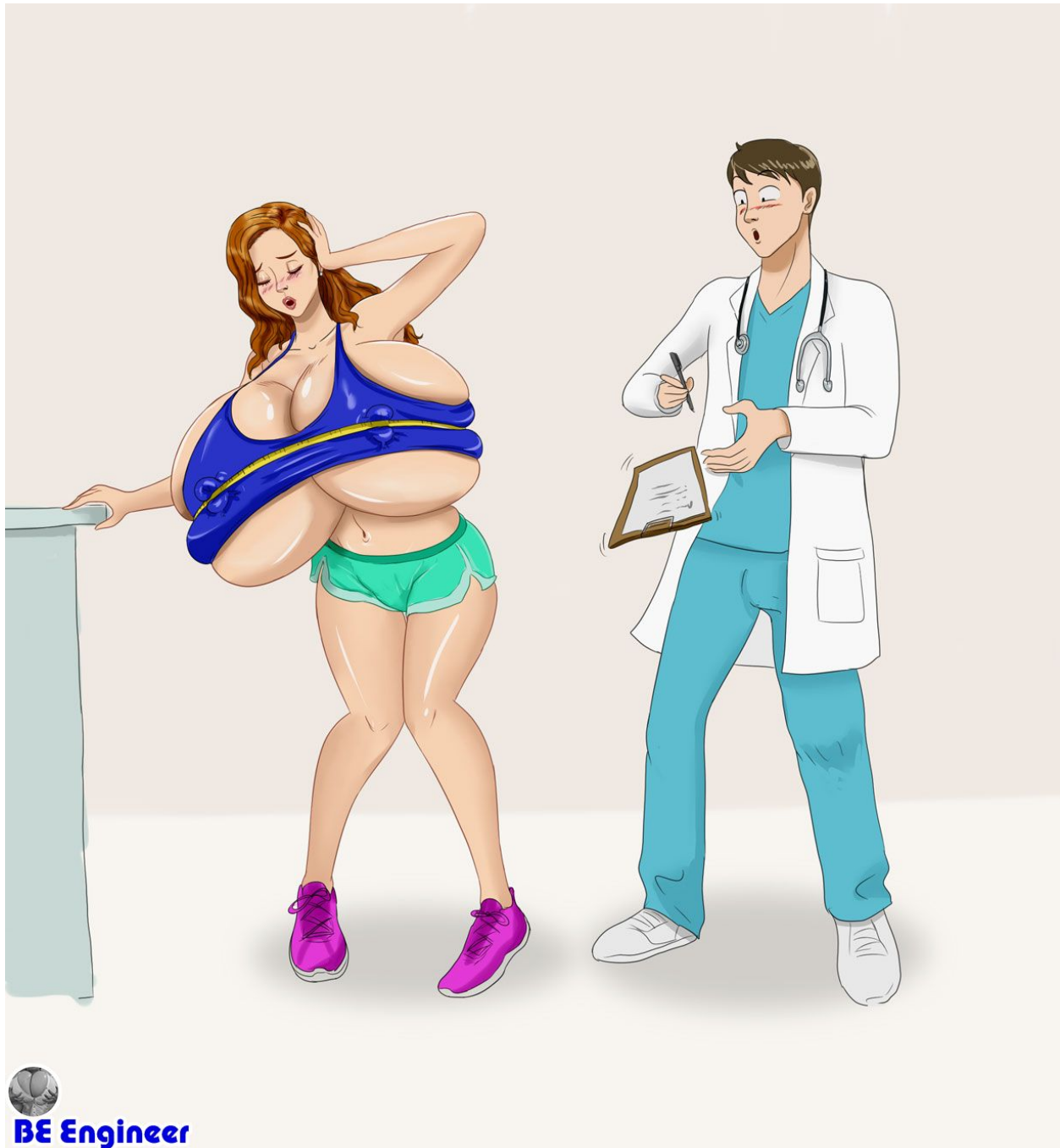


Clinical Trials



“Ma-am? Ma-am, excuse me!” a young man called over the passing traffic. Cally’s focus hardly varied from her path despite the call. “Miss! In the pink blouse!”

The mention of her shirt caught her attention. Pausing in the sidewalk, she looked behind to find who was trying to grab her consideration. “Did I drop something?” she asked, holding her brown hair behind an ear to check the concrete.

Approaching her, he flipped through a stack of pink flyers and offered one. He was dressed in a button-up shirt and long pants, complete with a tie. From the thin layer of sweat along his hairline Cally assumed he must have been standing in the sun all day. Always suspicious, she glanced at the establishment he was perched in front of. It looked like nothing more than a simple health clinic, and he couldn’t have been out of his early twenties. Probably just a college student trying to make a few extra dollars.

“What’s this?” Cally asked, not wanting to be rude. The woes of school expenses weren’t so far in her rearview mirror; she understood the stranger’s assumed plight and inspected the paper flapping in her hand.

“Our clinic is taking part in a clinical study and we’re looking for volunteers to--” His words cut off when Cally’s eyes went wide and her nostrils flared.

“Is this a joke?” Cally asked in a flat tone, narrowing her gaze.

“N-No! We’re partnering with a pharmaceutical company to begin trials on a new line of breast enhancement--”

“And what, you saw me walking down the street and thought *I* might be interested??” Fuming, she stepped forward, forcing him to step back in fear. Motioning to her breasts, she continued, “Are mine not *big* enough for your tastes? Do you just stand here all day handing out these perverted flyers to any woman not flaunting eye-catching cleavage? Does this look like Napoleon Dynamite to you??”

“I-It’s my job, I give them to every woman that walks--”

“And how is that working out for you so far, hmm? Have they been thrilled or excited when you give them this?”

“No, n-not really. I get a lot of dirty looks. I see most throw it away in the trashcan down the way...”

“I wonder why!” Cally huffed, crumpling the paper in her hand. “Aren’t there newspaper ads for this sort of thing? The internet maybe? Something better than telling a woman she needs bigger breasts to her face?”

“We do all that but no one reads newspapers anymore and no one trusts internet ads...”

“But women will be jumping at those boobs pills if they’re offered by some kid on the street?”

He shrunk down and felt the brick of the clinic press into his back. Somehow Cally had managed to herd him backward until he was cornered by her fury. “L-Listen my boss just told me to do it! I have to pass them out!”

Cally rolled her eyes and crossed her arms over her chest, now self-conscious. “Well you need a new job.”

Defeated, the student lowered his head. “I know... I didn’t mean anything by it. I’m sorry if I offended you. Can you please just take the flyer with you? I can’t go home until they’re all gone...”

“Ridiculous,” Cally grunted. She couldn’t blame him too much; times were tough and some jobs had to be done. “At least work on your delivery.”

“Thank you...”

Still riled up, she walked away from the clinic with a new resentment. The frustration still flourished when she arrived home. The scent of her sister's cooking filled the small apartment like a fog. It wasn't a great smell, but it was better than any food Cally could produce.

"I'm home," she announced bluntly.

"That sounds like the tone of a happy day!" her sister laughed, seeing Cally drop her things on the kitchen table. "Did you bring home money for rent? Gibson was by again today. We're still late on last month's and I won't get paid until next Friday."

"I'm working on it, Lana. I need a second to relax." Breathing deeply to cleanse herself of the ordeal and wash away any insecurities, Cally went to change while asking, "Smells good, what's for dinner?"

"Pasta casserole! With sausages!"

An excited moan wafted from one of the bedrooms. "Mmmmm..."

Bored from stirring, Lana's eyes drifted to Cally's belongings on the table. A bright pink paper covering in folds caught her eye. A giggle fell from her lips when she read the header. "Gee, Call, didn't think you were having that much trouble in the dating scene! Looking to upgrade the headlights so more guys will want to take a ride?"

"Don't even bring that up," Cally groaned, returning to the kitchen fully progressed into pajama mode. "Some clinic was passing them out whether or not you were interested."

"But it says you could see increases of up to *four* cup sizes! That would bring you to a total of like..." Lana made an ordeal of counting on her fingers and wordlessly moving her lips, "almost *five whole* cups!!"

A glare was shot at her older sister. Cally had always been a petite girl, slender and toned her body over. Clothes were easy because she never had to worry about covering very much. "Your math is a bit off," she growled, "I'm a B, even a C-cup on a good day."

"Just messing with you, Sis," Lana smiled, still holding the flyer. "So you're gonna do it, right?"

"Hell no! I'm happy with the boobs I've got."

Lana scrunched her face. "Did you even read the flyer? Or did you just yell at the kid once you saw 'breast enhancement'?"

"Well... I didn't yell..."

Turning the paper to show her, Lana pointed to the description of the trial. "They're offering *two grand* to anyone who participates for the entire duration of the study. We need that money."

"So suddenly I have to take boob-growth pills so we can pay our rent?? Uh uh!! My breasts are fine; they're small but very manageable."

"Mine knocked my coffee off my desk this morning..." Her eyes lit up and she laughed, "Maybe that's why they call them knockers!"

"You sound so proud... Why don't you do it if you enjoy them being so big?"

"Hey, you offer me a pair of H-cups and I'd take those puppies in a heartbeat, but I can't make it to the check-in meetings with my work schedule. But you know who can?"

"Not me--"

"You!"

"I'm not going to make my boobs bigger so we can pay our rent!" Cally stated again.

"Please, they won't get bigger. Those pills never work. If they did, implants wouldn't be a thing."

“Well... I guess that’s true...”

“Right! So you just go back to that clinic, sign up, take some pills for a month or three, then we’re back in black!”

“Lana, come on...!” Cally moaned, looking at the paper with a distaste in her mouth.

“Unless you have a better idea to keep us from being evicted?”

Cally looked at her chest slightly pressing into her pajama shirt. Sighing and crossing her arms, she pouted. “I don’t.”

Standing in front of the clinic the next morning was near the top of Cally’s list of humbling experiences. Not even twenty-four hours had gone by since she berated the poor flyer boy yet she found herself waiting at the doorstep. What made it worse was seeing him sitting behind the reception counter.

The door chimed when she walked in as if it were a cheap convenience store. “Good morning, are you here for an appoin--” He froze when he recognized Cally from the previous day’s incident. Based on the color draining from his face, she knew she must have left a lasting impression.

“I’m not here to yell,” she assured. Head down in embarrassment, she walked to the counter and placed the pink flyer before him. “I’m here for...ugh...the enhancement study.”

He perked up. “Really?? We’ve had hardly any come in! My boss was starting to blame me for the lack of interest!”

“Well... Flyers aren’t a great way to do it.” Wanting to change the subject to something more closely related to her motives, Cally asked, “So I just have to participate and you’ll give me two thousand dollars?”

“Oh, I don’t know very much about it apart from what is on the flyer. You’ll need to ask the doctor.” His voice was chipper and his hands shook when giving her a form. “Fill this out and then we should be able to see you right away!”

Reading through the questions made Cally blush. Growing more reluctant by the minute, she took a pen and found an empty seat to fill in the blanks.

Weight: 110

Age: 28

Current estimated breast size: 30B

Target breast size:

She paused as images of her chest enlarged to Lana-like proportions filled her mind. 30B, she wrote firmly.

Reason for participating in clinical trial: Not being homeless

Are you pregnant: No

Are you breastfeeding: NO

Are your cycles regular? YES

The questions continued on. When finally done, she realized she would have to hand it over to the young man at the desk. Trying not to look him in the eyes while relinquishing such personal information, she said, “All done.”

“Great! I already let him know you’re here.”

“Him??”

A man had stepped into the waiting room before she could object further. “Cally, you can follow me if you would like.”

The doctor was tall and handsome. Brown hair lay in feathered rows from the front of his head to the back and sharp blue eyes hypnotized Cally. She realized she would very much like to follow him wherever he may go. The trial might not be so bad if she gets to spend time with Mr. Dr.

“Good morning!” she greeted, noticing her sudden mood change. She wouldn’t want to be rude, after all.

“And a great one at that! We’ll have you go right in here,” he gestured to an open exam room. Closing the door behind them, he extended a hand. “I’m Louis.”

“Cally!” she shook, responding in a higher voice than she would have liked.

“So you’re interested in taking part in our breast enhancement trials?” Louis glanced at his clipboard. “Says here you’re currently a 30B?”

Cally’s face grew hot from a stranger mentioning her bra size. “I’ll be honest, I’m just here for the money...”

Laughing, Louis tapped her form. “Which would explain a lot!”

“Is that allowed? Can I still join the study?”

“Of course! So long as you follow the rules and are willing to accept the possibility of an increase in bust size. Having someone not mentally inclined to additional growth will be an interesting data point. The mind can be a powerful force in making changes to your own body, you know.”

“I’m very happy with my current size. Besides, boob pills don’t actually work. I don’t plan on seeing any changes besides the numbers in my bank account.”

Louis hummed and looked Cally over, something she found oddly tantalizing. “You wouldn’t happen to be the girl who yelled at my intern yesterday would you?”

“Guilty...” she confirmed. “I wasn’t trying to be mean, I just didn’t like what he was suggesting. I’m happy with my body. I think every woman should be...”

“You’re a beautiful woman; you have every right to be content!” Cally blushed at the compliment and he continued. “I apologize for Harold and the unorthodox flyers, but it really is hard to find participants for something like this.”

“Cause pills like this are just a scam.”

“I wouldn’t be so sure; my clinic has partnered with one of the biggest pharmaceutical companies in the country. Science is understanding more of the human body every year; the preliminary results are very encouraging.”

Cally didn’t like the sound of that very much but knew she had to roll the dice or face Lana and the landlord’s wrath.

“Still interested?” Louis asked, raising an eyebrow when seeing her grow wary.

“Definitely.”

“Great. Now if you wouldn’t mind removing your blouse and bra, I’ll perform the initial physical exam and we can get the paperwork started.”

“Y-You want me to undress? Why??” Cally backed towards the exam table.

“I’ll need to measure you so we have a solid number for your starting size.”

“Didn’t I already give you my bra size??”

“You did, but often women wear the wrong sized bras. For research purposes and in the spirit of scientific accuracy for the trials, I’m afraid I do need to get a proper measurement.” His

eyes were firm and professional, the shocking blue almost enough to make her shirt melt off her body.

Cally was just noticing the tape measure draped around Louis's neck. As attractive, and nice, of a man as he was, she wasn't the type to just take her top off because he asked. Even if he was a doctor. "Is there a female doctor or nurse who could do it?"

"There's not, unfortunately. You're my first appointment of the day and I'm manning this ship alone with Harold until about noon."

She frowned. "I've got meetings at work all day..."

"You're free to reschedule if you want, but if all the slots are filled before you come back I won't be able to include you I'm afraid."

Cally's heart thumped in her chest. She couldn't believe what she was about to do. Securing her chunk of money would be good, but Louis didn't seem like such a bad guy to undress for either. Cally wondered how skilled those doctor hands were at unclasping a bra. "W-We...can do it now."

"You're sure? I wouldn't want you to be uncomfortable."

"It's fine," she nodded.

Louis was as professional as ever. "In that case, go ahead and take a seat on the exam table and remove your shirt and bra."

Head flooding with a rushing pulse, Cally unbuttoned her top and unclasped her bra. The chilly exam room air brought her nipples to life but the doctor's stare didn't linger. He pulled a measuring tape around her ribs first, clipping the tape together behind her back before taking a reading.

"*Ahh! Cold!*" she shivered.

"It'll wake you up!" Louis nodded, leaned forward to read.

"You really are thorough about this," Cally observed, trying to keep a level head as he stared at the side of her bare torso. He couldn't have been more than a few inches from her naked breast.

"This measuring tape clips to itself so it can stay in place without me holding it. Makes for a much more accurate reading. Just under thirty inches," he jotted down, "Now the bust."

Louis unclipped the tape and breathed warmly on two spots with a flash of sarcasm. A giggle escaped Cally's throat. Had any other man done that she would have called it sexual harassment, but Louis had made it funny. He clipped it across her nipples, pulling the tape snug against her breasts.

"Still cold?" he smiled.

"*Nngh yup!*"

"Thirty-two inches, right about where you thought." The tape fell away and Louis turned his back. "You can go ahead and get dressed. I'll start on the paperwork and then we can send you home with your first bottle."

No sooner had Cally buttoned her last button when Louis stepped away from the counter with a stack of forms. "Signing here states you'll follow the regimen honestly and that you'll receive compensation in stages throughout the trial. It also states you're aware of any possible risks and the likelihood of breast development."

"O-Ok..." Cally signed.

A large bottle rattling with pills was placed in her hands along with a small cup of water. "Take one in the morning and one at night," Louis instructed, "You may feel some tenderness

and increased sensitivity in your nipples; that's normal. It's early enough you can take your first pill now."

Deciding to push through her better judgment, she gulped the first pill and looked down. "Well I'm not popping out of my shirt yet at least..." Cally giggled. "How do they work exactly?"

"I would have a raise in my future if that's the case! The science is a bit complicated, but they're hoping by increasing the breasts' sensitivity and providing a constant internal stimulation that they'll induce their own growth. It's very interesting, really..."

"So...I'm just going to be horny all the time now??"

Louis smiled at her blushing face and scribbled a phone number on a piece of paper. "Run into any problems or questions feel free to give me a call."

"Do the questions have to be about the boobs pills?"

"Did you have something else in mind?"

Cally had a grin to match Louis's. After exposing herself this next part was easy by comparison. "How's dinner sound?"

"I would love to."

"Don't forget to take your boobs pills before you go! Never know, you might get lucky and have them kick in before the date is over, Mr. Dr. Man won't be able to resist you!" Lana called to her sister.

"Shut it!" Cally growled from her bedroom between pulling on a pair of blue lace panties and slipping a black dress over her head. "They would have started growing by now if they were going to." All the same, she stomped into the kitchen and opened the bottle for her nightly pill. The container was light and rattled with the handful of pills remaining. "Dammit, Lana! I told you to stop taking these! I'm going to get in trouble!!"

A sneaky grin crept over her sister's face. "I think you're just mad they've actually been working for me. Did you really bring a bottle of experimental breast enhancement pills home and expect me *not* to try them out?"

Cally stared at Lana's bust. It had only been a week since the trial started and Lana had begun sneaking her own doses. The growth she managed to show in such a short amount of time was surprising, her already-ample E-cups having plumped into eye-snagging Gs. In Cally's case, she had only found a growing sensitivity in her nipples slowly driving her insane as if they were always being played with.

"I think you're just mad that they're working for me and not you," Lana repeated teasingly, shimmying her front. "If I knew they would grow this much this fast I would have joined the study myself, forget my job! I've outgrown most of my wardrobe at this point."

Admittedly, Cally felt a little left out. It was like watching her sister be given a gift for no reason, even if Cally herself wouldn't have wanted it in the first place. "I'm not jealous, I'm just worried they'll cut me from the study when I run out of pills twice as fast! This bottle is supposed to last through the month!"

"True... But, counterpoint, my boyfriend *loves* seeing them so much bigger. I think he was so turned on by a picture of me overflowing my bra this morning that he actually ordered

some fancy sex toy for us to use. Men do the craziest things when they get horny... *Especially* when they're out of town. Our Skype calls have been so hot..."

Cally had been ignoring most of Lana's words while straightening the front of her dress. "How do I look?"

"Hmm... Little low cut without any cleavage to show, isn't it?"

"Wow, a small boob joke, real original coming from you. Next, why don't you made fun of my--"

Knock knock

Cally's mood shifted instantly and she rushed to the apartment door. Louis waited on the other side, dressed formally as well. "Whoa," he awed, "I might as well have worn sweats and a t-shirt; nobody is going to notice me when you're dressed like *that*."

Cally giggled like a schoolgirl, eliciting a snort from Lana in the kitchen, before joining Louis outside and closing the door. "Ready to go?"

Going on a date with a man she hardly knew was difficult enough. Having him be a doctor with more knowledge about her body than most men she already knew was even worse. Cally was glad the restaurant was within minutes from the apartment; a little wine was sure to help loosen her mind. Thankfully Louis had maintained most of the conversation until the car was parked.

"You know, I've never been here..." he confessed, walking with Cally to the entrance.

"Best salmon in town. My sister wouldn't stop asking me to bring her home a to-go plate. I lost count of how many times I said no."

The interior of the restaurant was dim and speckled with candlelight at every table. Classy antique oceanside decor hung from the walls. Cally had always been fascinated by the polished wood figurehead from a massive ship hanging above a fireplace like a wooden angel extending its arms over the diners.

"Who knew pirates were so classy," Louis approved.

Cally was in love with his ability to make conversation. It was rare she felt so calm around other men. There was a connection between them and it went deeper than the Spring-like infatuation she had been struck with.

After a bottle of fancy wine was delivered to the table Cally took a generous sip. It helped calm her racing heart and distract from the sensitivity of her nipples. "Finally buying a girl a drink! You might dig yourself out of the hole you're in before the night is over..." Cally teased after a sip of wine. Its effects worked their magic quickly.

Louis scoffed. "And how exactly am I already in a hole?"

She chuckled, taking another sip. "Usually a date happens *before* a guy gets to second base. Can't say I've ever taken my top off for a man within five minutes of meeting him before."

"Oh I see, and me being a medical professional doesn't excuse me from these obvious shenanigans you're pulling?"

Cally eyed him like a playful cat. "Mmmm 'fraid not."

They both smiled, committed to the flirtation. Louis leaned forward and asked, "What else can I do?"

"Some mozzarella sticks would go a long way."

The night was off to a fantastic start. Any fears of awkwardness flew out the window within minutes of them sitting down. The wine helped a lot, but it had only been a catalyst.

The longer the dinner drew on and the more Cally came to know Louis, the more she realized she liked him. She wondered how much of a medical professional he truly was; how much had he thought about her sitting topless on the exam table? Did he like what he saw? The questions burned in her mind and didn't help the heat pulsing in her nipples. Even if her chest had shown no signs of growth, the pills were definitely having *some* kind of effect.

"This may be the best salmon I have ever eaten," Louis admitted. "How do they do it you think?"

"Butter. It's always loads of butter. Probably best we don't know how mu--*oh!*" Cally jumped in her chair, startled by something brushing against her leg. When Louis didn't react and she felt it again, she realized it was his foot brushing against the side of her calf. His touch sent waves of pent-up arousal into her core when the tip of his foot slipped under her dress and rubbed her bare skin.

"*Doctor...*" she teased, breath growing hot. The activity under the tablecloth was driving her nipples mad; Cally wasn't sure if she was more drunk on wine or arousal. It felt like the front of her dress was squeezing her breasts. Adjusting her position and leaning forward, she stared into Louis's piercing eyes. "Is it time for another physical already?"

"I seem to recall only inspecting your top half..." Louis slipped his shoe further up her leg past her knee. He felt her leg shift to one side slowly, opening an inviting space between her thighs.

"I hope...*mmm...*my insurance will cover...a-another physical...so soon..." Speech was difficult for Cally as her body demanded an increasing amount of oxygen. Waves of insatiable pleasure washed over her from unknown sources, pouring into her breast. For a pair of small B-cups, they sure felt constrained under her dress.

"Are you feeling all right?" Louis asked, stopping his foot with uncertainty.

"Just...J-Just fine...!" Cally swooned. "I think those pills a-are just...having an extra effect on me tonight. My chest feels so warm..." Any other time she would have been appalled at what she had just said out loud. Under the pressure of Louis's exploring foot, however, she was finding an all-new level of transparency.

Louis cocked his head. "It feels warm? I did mention the increased sensitivity didn't I?"

"M-My...*nnngh...*nipples..." she groaned, dropping her fork and sitting back in her chair, allowing her head to crane towards the ceiling and her hair to drop behind the backrest. Closing her eyes, she reveled in the flashes of pleasure. "A-Are my breasts supposed to feel heavier??" she gasped to the ceiling.

Eyes widening, Louis inspected Cally's front. The small curves of her breasts were barely visible on the sides of her plunging neckline, but he was positive there was cleavage where previously there had been none. Breaths increasing to quickened gasps, Cally's chest rose and fell rapidly.

"L-Louis, something...f-feels different! What's...*mmmmm...*going on??"

"Uhh..." Coherent thought was impossible for the doctor at the moment. Two soft curves bulged from Cally's torso with her every breath. The sight of curved flesh widening into soft mounds was beyond what he recalled measuring. Ever so slowly, her breasts inched closer towards the middle of her chest before meeting in a stunning line of pressed cleavage.

A shiver raced down Cally's spine and made her body jolt. The force made Louis's foot slip from its perch by her knee and plunge between her thighs, her legs clamping around his shoe when it dove under her dress.

“*Mmm!*” Cally cried out, taking a handful of the tablecloth in each fist. “W-What’s happening??”

“Cally... C-Cally, your...” Louis couldn’t say it, he could hardly explain what he was witnessing. Watching his date’s mammaries slip from her dress before his eyes was awe-inspiring. Two firm nubs slid under the tightening dress fabric towards the neck line. It wasn’t meant to hold the hand-filling mounds heaving on her front.

“*Ahh!*” Cally gasped, drawing every eye in the restaurant. Louis froze, one of her breasts slipping free of her dress. It stood into the air, topped by a quivering nipple like the end of a pinky. Stunned, he retracted his foot. “O-Oh wow...” she breathed, dizzy after such an ordeal.

Louis watched Cally run her hands through her long brown hair and sit forward, leaning her elbows on the table to catch her breath. “S-Sorry...about that...”

“Cally, your--”

“I don’t know what came over me... I just suddenly felt so...*m-mmm*...I can’t explain it...”

“Cally, I think you--”

“I think I caused a bit of a scene, didn’t I? Crap, everyone is looking this way.”

“Cally you fell out of your dress!” Louis finally exclaimed.

Confusion filled her face, soon to be replaced by horror when she looked down to see a chest much larger than she remembered. It bulged between her fingers when her palms flew to cover herself, the dress far too small to cover such an increase in skin.

“W-What the hell? *What the hell???*” she panicked, trying to cover herself.

Louis couldn’t believe his eyes, and he had just seen Cally outgrow her dress in less than a minute. “You didn’t mention you had grown so much,” he awed.

“I-I didn’t! I mean...” Breath quickening into a panic, Cally exclaimed, “I-I’m like a D-cup!!” She could only ogle in shock. The more she tried to stuff herself back into her dress, the tighter her cleavage bulged through the front. Hugging her arms around herself, she looked to Louis for help. “T-Take me home, I need to go home! *Please!*”

“Of course!” He didn’t hesitate, knowing whatever had just happened to Cally was not fit for the public eye. Throwing a stack of bills onto the table, he went to her side and threw his jacket over her front.

“What the fuck just happened?!” she asked once they were outside.

Louis opened his car door for her and helped her inside. “I have no idea; was the dress too small?”

“It fit! I-I swear it did! It’s like...like I *outgrew* it!” she shouted, pointing to her front. “Didn’t you see??”

“Would you like me to take a look at them?” Louis had entered doctor mode, but the glare from Cally told him she wasn’t aware of his concerns.

“J-Just...*nnngh*...take me home. This better just be some rapid swelling. They grew s-so fast...!”

Not wanting to prolong her ordeal, Louis sped to her apartment where she promptly stepped out of his car the moment he parked at a curb. “Thanks for the dinner,” she said in a rush, leaving his jacket on the seat. “I-I’m sorry it ended so abruptly, but...y-you know...” She stumbled away from his car towards the complex, desperate to find privacy.

Louis didn't even have time to unbuckle before she was gone. "Call me...!" he announced, unsure if he meant the offer to be professional or romantic. The images of Cally's soft skin bulging against her dress flashing through his head told him the latter.

"And you just popped right out of your dress?"

"Yes!!" Cally buried her head in her hands and pulled her legs into her chest. She sat on the couch next to her sister, both clad in pajamas. The TV droned on in the background. "God, I'm *mortified*. I swear it fit!"

Lana stared at her sister's breasts bulging around the sides of her thin legs. "And you're sure they weren't that big to start with?"

Raising her head to deliver a glare, Cally pressed her hands into her front. "I think I would have noticed these things when I got dressed and none of my clothes fit!"

"I was just asking! My growth seemed quick too, but to go from a B to a full D in a matter of minutes... Damn... Maybe the pills must have been building up or something."

"They feel so big," Cally complained, "I wasn't supposed to grow! I thought these kinds of pills never worked! God, are your nipples always hard now too?"

"Are you kidding? It's harder every day to keep my own hands off them. And it's not so bad; I think they look really good on you!"

"Sure, a tiny girl with giant tits. Exactly what I always wanted." Cally rolled her eyes.

"Hey guys really like that look, don't be so quick to dismiss it. What did the good doctor think of the view?"

"I don't even want to think about it... Ugh, I have to go see him tomorrow after work for a check-up too. What am I supposed to say when he measures me and I've doubled in size?"

"He already saw how big you were, might as well let him get a better look!"

The commercials ended and the girls turned their attention back to *The Bachelor*. The show was just beginning and opened on a shot of a muscular man climbing out of a pool.

"Mmmm, what I wouldn't give to do a few laps with him..." Lana ogled. Cally saw her bite her lip and stare with wide eyes. Usually reality TV didn't do much for Cally, but in this instance she had to agree with her sister; the dripping man on the screen was revving her engine.

"Think they make him wear that speedo?" Cally wondered, allowing her eyes to drift South.

"Who cares. I want to know how long it took him to stuff himself into it."

The girls watched as if in a trance. Cally lowered her feet to the floor and clamped her thighs together as best she could. A strange arousal was welling within her and it felt like it was about to overflow through her nipples.

"M-Mmmm..." Lana moaned. "How much do you think he benches?"

"I'll bet he could curl me like a grocery bag..." Movement under Lana's pajama top caught Cally's eye. Small gaps had spread between each button and she was positive the multiple windows of cleavage hadn't been there before. "U-Uh... *Nnngh*... Lana?"

"I wish Dave had muscles like those."

Heat was pouring off Cally and she could feel the same radiating from her sister. Each gasped silently with open mouths as they fought a rising pressure behind their chests. Cally slipped a hand between her thighs, squirming through the discomfort of denying herself pleasure.

“God, my tits feel like they’re on *fire*...” Lana huffed, arching her back. “Those pills make me...*so horny*...!” Cally watched one of her hands run over her breasts like hidden melons under Lana’s shirt.

“L-Lana, are you...*mmm*...getting--*ooohhhh*...” Cally swooned, the image of the muscular man wrestling with her mind. Each of her nipples slid across the inside of her top, drawing a cry of surprise. Cally could feel the weight of her bust increasing. “Something...S-Something is happening...!”

Unable to resist, Cally sat at the mercy of her slowly swelling bust. The longer she watched the TV the larger her breasts grew. It was like watching the man filled her with an urge to grow. It didn’t take much before another cup had poured into her further-developing bosom. Lana’s was in much the same boat, cleavage pushing between buttons like soft canyons.

“L-Lana... Lana!” Cally gasped, her fingers twitching between her clenching thighs.

“God, can you *imagine* him manhandling you?” Absentmindedly, Lana pinched a swollen nipple and began to pant. “I-I would let him do whatever he wanted... Tie me up...”

“*Ooohh*... M-My boobs... L-L-Lanaaaaa...!” Cally heaved, “Lana I think our--*NNGH!*” She couldn’t take it anymore. Bolts of pleasure were shooting through her mind straight to her groin. Cally stood up in a flurry, wrapping an arm around her engorged bust. “I-I’ll be right back!!”

Lana barely noticed and slipped a hand under her own shirt to find an engorged nipple.

Stumbling into her room, Cally slammed the door and toppled onto her bed. She couldn’t remember a time she had been so desperate to play with herself and tore her clothes off without a second thought.

“H-Holy...” she ogled, seeing a pair of breasts rising from her chest like mountains. Grown to F-cups, they dominated her torso and overflowed onto her arms. “What...What’s happening to me??” she gasped, curious hands reaching up. They sank into her flesh and drew animalistic cries when her nipples met her palms.

“*Oh, GOD!*” A hand shot between her legs and inserted two fingers. Cally lost her mind all at once as she was caught in a mental avalanche.

“*Oooohhh... Oooohhhhhhh...!*” she moaned, squeezing her chest and exploring its curves. Their growth at dinner had been so sudden she never had a chance to inspect them. Her pleasure finally coming to a head, however, she couldn’t help but marvel at the exquisite jiggles and bounces running over her skin. They made her hands look so small in comparison.

“T-They not...growing anymore... But they still feel so sensitive!” A nipple was pinched between a shaking thumb and index fingers, Cally contorting her face and rolling onto her side as a result, halfway curled into the fetal position. “*Fuck!!!*”

Her thighs clamped so hard around her hand she was fearful it may break. An intense orgasm shot through her body and she clutched at the swollen culprits. “T-Those damn...p-pills...!!” she breathed, “What are they doing to me?!”

When the rush subsided, Cally collected herself and came to face her new F-cups. Flared with heat and sensitivity, she didn’t dare touch them. It was a relief to see the furious round of masturbation hadn’t led to more swelling. “A-At least *that* didn’t make them grow...” she sighed, “But why did the TV? I swear Lana’s...*mmm*...started growing at the same time...”

Similar shouts of joy were coming from Lana’s room. Cally could only imagine how she must look if she had grown as well. Looking at the clock only made Cally feel more exhausted.

Hugging an armful of flesh into her body, she prayed it would be the last of her growth; any more and Louis might treat her like a lab rat when he measured her tomorrow.

Cally awoke the next morning feeling like a second pillow had found its way under her chest. Raising herself onto her elbows, she stared in dismay at the large breasts hanging from her torso like udders.

“They haven’t gone down at all!” she frowned, “So much for hoping it was just a little swelling...”

The clock read later than she had planned on getting up and Cally swore; after the previous night she was surprised she had woken up in the a.m. at all. A hurried attempt to get out of bed resulted in her new top-heaviness nearly pulling her to the ground.

“How do girls get around with these things?? I take a step one way and they swing the other! I-I’m...*whew*...not sure this is worth two grand...!”

Work was waiting and Cally knew she was going to be late enough as it was. There was no time for a shower, much less her usual morning run. She decided to shift her schedule and run after work before going to see Louis. Out of pure habit she reached for her bra and froze when her breasts bulged around the cups.

“*Shit.*”

Unable to believe what she was about to resort to, she left her room and tiptoed her way to the washer. A basket full of laundry waited for her and half-buried in the pile was a bright blue sports bra. It originally fit Lana like a glove, now it was Cally’s turn to fill out the form-fitting spandex.

“Running late huh?”

“*Gah!*” Cally jumped in fright, clutching the sports bra to her bare chest. “Lana, what the hell?! Why aren’t you at work?!”

Her sister was sitting on the couch with a computer across her lap. A blouse was buttoned across her stomach but flared open like an angry cobra hood once it reached her breasts. Each billowed from the opening like ripe melons hanging from a tree, each the size of her head.

“None of my work clothes fit!” Lana explained. “You want me to go in like this? Trust me, I tried to button it. I tried to button *all* of my work shirts. *None* of them even reach across my front now.”

“These pills are a nightmare... Here I thought I was getting big...” Cally couldn’t believe the transformation Lana’s body had endured. Lana’s breasts were in a whole other league.

Grinning, Lana patted the top of her cleavage and watched soft ripples spread over her chest. “Eh, I don’t know, I’m kind of loving it. You should see the kinds of stuff Dave is texting me. He’s asking for an update pic every five minutes it feels like! Poor guy can’t wait to get his hands on them when he gets home.” Lana looked up to see Cally staring in bewilderment at her collectiveness. “What? Some women actually *want* big tits!” The bright blue object clutched against Cally’s chest caught her eye. “Is that my sports bra?”

“U-Uh, yea... None of my bras fit anymore...”

“Ha! Tell me about it.” Lana waved her hand. “You might as well keep it. Keep all of ‘em! I need to find a whole new wardrobe at this point.”

“Thanks, that helps a lot actually.” Cally pulled the sports bra over her head and let it snap around her torso. Soft breasts flattened against her and bulged cleavage through the top. “I-I’m almost too big for this!” she despaired, “My...My breasts are bigger now than yours used to be!!”

Lana threw her a thumbs up. “Welcome to the Big Titty Club!”

Ducking into her room to find a large t-shirt, Cally said, “I have a check-up with the doctor today. I’m hoping all of this is just temporary swelling still. Maybe he’s seen it before in other patients. There is *no way* this is natural.”

“Mmmm I don’t knooooow, they feel pretty real to me... Aren’t yours soft?”

“Yes and they bounce eve--*THAT’S NOT THE POINT!!*” Cally stomped out of her room and grabbed the bottle of pills from the counter. The usual noisy rattle was hollow. A single pill fell into Cally’s hand for her morning dose. “Where are the rest of the pills?”

“Oooohhh yea, about that... We’re out.”

Cally blinked. “We’re *out*?”

“I’ve been doubling my dose for a few days now.”

“These were supposed to last us a month!!”

“Ok, fine, so maybe I tripled the dose a few times! I like what they do, sue me! I left you one for this morning!”

Groaning, Cally threw the empty bottle into her bag. “There’s no way we’re getting that money now. And we need to buy all new clothes too! What’s your plan for rent, Lana??”

Lana didn’t miss a beat, smiling and shaking her mammaries. “Strip on the weekends?”

“You’re drunk on your own tits.”

“Oooooohhh shit, can you *imagine* if these things started lactating?? I could open a dairy farm!”

Cally needed to leave. She couldn’t take any more of her sister’s personality for the night. Opening the front door, she spied a package on the doorstep. “Hey, package for you.”

Lana’s eyes brightened and the laptop fell to the floor she got up so quickly. A passing neighbor tripped when he saw her exposed breasts through the open door. “It’s here!! Dave said it would come soon! This is that sexy toy I told you he ordered me. I might have promised him I would let him watch me use it over Skype tonight...”

“Do I even want to know what it--”

“Remote-controlled vibrator,” she said with a giant grin. “He’s got the remote.”

“Aaaand I’m off to work.” Cally threw her arms into the air and walked away.

In spite of the growth plaguing her body and barring her from wearing her usual clothes, Cally couldn’t wait to see Louis again. Thinking about a possible second date made her heart flutter. Part of her wondered if her infatuation had any connection to her intense growth but it didn’t explain the increases Lana was experiencing. She dismayed at her helplessness and fought through the onslaught of curious eyes at work.

“They must think I got a boob job...” she moaned, feeling her face redden whenever a coworker would perform a double-take.

The day dragged on and thankfully by the time work was finished Cally hadn’t felt the sports bra tighten any further than it was that morning. As much as a relief it was to see her bra size stable for the time being, however, actually going on her after-work run was still a traumatizing experience.

Size or weight were never an issue for Cally. Running had been simple and without issues all her life. Now every stride came packaged with a massive heave of flesh fighting for room inside the borrowed sports bra. Each breast jiggled hello to every passerby like happy puppies excited to be out in the world.

“H-How...do busty girls...do this??” Cally huffed. Every footfall brought with it a random shift in weight pulling her otherwise petite torso to one side. “I feel like...they’re trying to *make* me fall over!”

She was forced to cut her run in half due to shortness of breath and general exhaustion; her body just wasn’t conditioned to running with so much extra weight. Sweat pouring off her, Cally walked back to the car where she collapsed in the driver’s seat. Cleavage slick with perspiration bulged over the neckline of the sports bra.

“I really hope Louis can do something about you guys...” Cally sighed, staring at the fleshy abyss. “My body wasn’t made for monsters like you!”

The doctor’s office wasn’t far away and she grew anxious the closer she drew. Cally knew her hopes of temporary swelling had a slim chance of being a reality but it was her only hope at this point. Stepping through the front door of the clinic was a different kind of humbling.

Howard looked up when Cally entered. “Hello how can--” He recognized her and felt a rush of fear return. “--I help--” Then his eyes fell downward and widened in shock at the large globes filling her front. “--uhh...”

“Nice to see you too,” Cally sighed. “I have an appointment?”

“I-I’ll let him know you’re here...” The intern was flabbergasted beyond repair.

Louis found her before his young mind could reboot itself. “Cally?”

She appreciated his professionalism despite their previous date and exposure. Even so, she could feel him inspecting her new size with curiosity. The warm smile on his face was almost enough to make her forget about outgrowing every bra she owned in a single night. Following Louis with high hopes, he led her to an empty exam room and closed the door. The moment they were left in privacy Cally started talking.

“We need to talk about these damn pills,” she said, grabbing the empty bottle from her purse.

Louis stood agape for a moment at her bluntness. “I-I was going to mention your exceptional development. It looks like you haven’t had an opportunity to find new clothes yet.”

“Because I didn’t need new clothes before our date!!”

Cally could tell he was confused; his rational, medical-trained mind was refusing to believe he had seen two breasts outgrow her dress. “Growth can seem to happen overnight sometimes. Many girls have the same reaction during puberty. I realize it can seem quick but--”

“No I mean I literally *grew* to that size *during* dinner, Louis!! You *saw* it happen!” Cally pulled her shirt over her head and hefted the packed sports bra. “*Look at me--NNGHH...*” Her nipples were on fire and begging for attention. Firm nubs stuck into her palms even through the taut spandex.

Louis was speechless when faced with a pair of breasts even larger than he remembered. The soft mounds were enormous on Cally’s small frame. “I...Hmm...”

“I need you to tell me this is just temporary swelling. *Please* tell me this is only swelling, Louis.” Absentmindedly she pinched a nipple and shivered. “I-I can’t live with these things. What i-if I have another growth spurt like last night...”

Tapping a pen against his clipboard with curiosity, he said, “We both had a little to drink last night; I’m sure the increase wasn’t as drastic as you remember. Sometimes it takes an ample change before your mind actually notices it. Though you do seem to have grown a decent amount since starting the trial.”

“A *decent* amount?” Cally could feel heat bubbling inside from frustration and nipple-fueled arousal. Louis was a good guy, but he needed to see her situation for what it truly was. That, or rip her running shorts off and bend her over the exam table. She would settle for either situation right now. Thinking about what his cock must be like fogged her mind.

“T-They’re huge, Louis. Look at them! My breasts keep...*nnngh*...g-growing in surges...”

He raised an eyebrow and marked his clipboard but remained as calm as ever. He still thought she was overreacting. Taking notice of her prominent nipples, he asked, “As far as side effects from the pills, have you been feeling an increased libido? Sex drive?” Cally nodded.

Continuing, Louis asked, “This may be a little personal, but have you masturbated since taking the pills?” Blood rushing to her cheeks, Cally nodded and recalled her furious self-pleasuring from the night before. The amount of professionalism covering Louis’s interest was monumental and Cally had to wonder what was going on behind those medically-trained eyes. “Do they seem larger after a session?”

Cally shook her head. “N-No... But I’m always incredibly h-horny when they grow...” She couldn’t believe what she just said. “Louis, I’m telling you something isn’t right!”

He nodded. “Well let’s get a measurement and then if you would like I can give you a more detailed exam to dispel any worries.”

The thought of Louis giving her an exam made Cally’s thighs quiver. “That...*mmnngh*...w-would be great.” How this man could keep his cool with Cally practically collapsing to the ground and opening her thighs was beyond her comprehension.

The tape measure slid from around his neck and he approached Cally. “A measurement through the sports bra should be fine for these check-ups,” he informed, “We’ll get a more precise one when the trial is finished. Arms up, please.”

Something was nagging at Cally. The thought of the tape measure pulling against her chest was tantalizing but it threw alarms in her mind. “L-Louis I--*Ahh!*!”

Click!

It slid across her bust and rubbed her nipples, pulling taut when Louis clipped it behind her back.

“Ok, now exhale...” he instructed.

“N-*Nnnngh*...” she moaned, feeling the tape tighten despite her lungs deflating.

Click!

The tape jumped a tooth and sent a bolt of pleasure through Cally. “*Ahh!*”

“Sorry, I know it’s cold!” Louis chuckled. “Thirty-seven inches. Incredible...” He stood up and gave his attention to the clipboard, jotting down Cally’s new size. “Five cups of growth in only a week...!”

Click!

Click!

Two more teeth jumped on the measuring tape’s clip, Cally feeling her breasts pushing into its firm grip. It played with her nipples like radio dials, pinning them down and making them puff with need. “L-Louis...” she moaned, “I-It’s ha...happening...”

“Now you say you’ve been experiencing a higher sex drive,” Louis confirmed looking over her file. “How often would you say--”

Click!

Click!

Click click click click!!

The measuring tape was snapping larger and larger by the second. The more it pulled into Cally's flared nipples the greater her languished agony of pleasure ballooned. Every breath sent heaving waves of growth into her breasts and the sensations were all-powerful.

"L-Loooouuuis...!!" she gasped for air, feeling the tape snap larger again. Flesh was overflowing the sports bra like an angry blob. Soft skin rubbed against her biceps and traveled towards her belly button as underboob flowed forth.

The doctor was oblivious, scratching his head with a pen. "Have you started any medications since the trial? They could have an adverse effect, though it wouldn't exactly explain so much growth in only a week. Any birth control?"

CLICK CLICK CLICK CLICK!!!

The tape was starting to sound like a train clattering down the rails. What used to be melons were engorging too fast for her mind to keep up with. Before she knew it they were comparable to basketballs and displayed no signs of stopping. "T-They grew in a night!!" Cally reminded him, "A-And they're...*nnngghhh ooohhh, God...L-Louis they're growing right--*"

"Do you have a history of high estrogen levels in your family?"

CLICK CLICK CLICK CLICK!!!

Bright blue sheens were crossing over the sports bra as it stretched beyond its design. Cally's bloating tits heaved on her tiny front in desperate attempts to break the pleasure-inducing tape. The clip rattled with every inch shoved into her bosom. Staring with a labored gaze, Cally's heart thumped when the straps were engulfed between two mounds of divided skin. Her nipples felt like angry marshmallows being poked and prodded. A shaking hand couldn't help but touch one trapped under the evil tape measure and Cally cried out when she could feel her pink spout bulging around the strap with a puffy form.

"L-Louis!! Ooohh, l-listen please my boobs are--" Her voice was so strained for breath she could hardly speak.

"Was your mother's chest very large?"

CLICK! CLICK!!! CLICK!!!

SNAP!!!

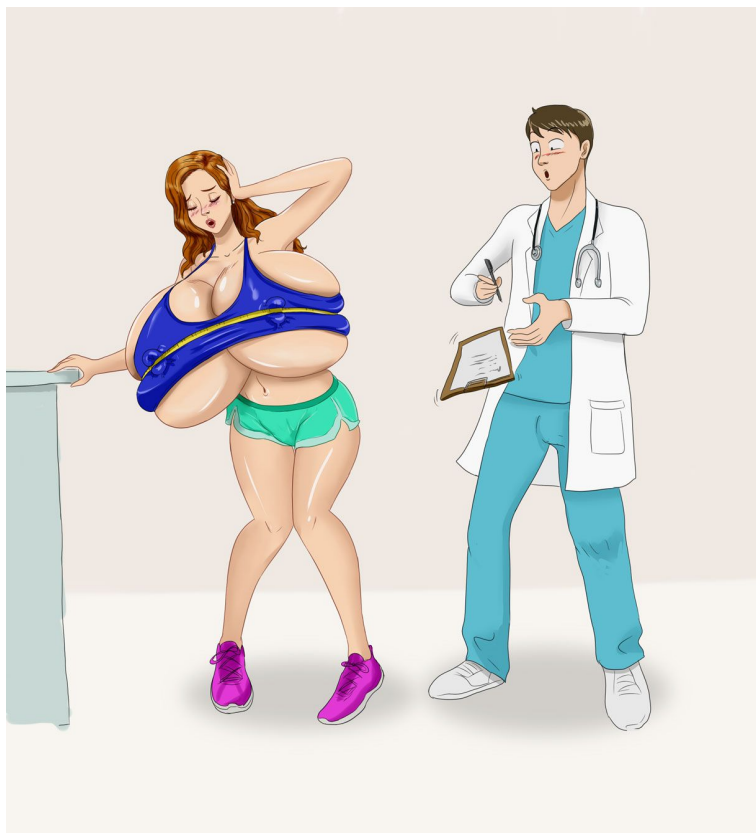
"NNGH, GOD!!!!" The tape jumped several clips before the plastic piece jammed. Cally had reached its maximum size and she stared on in horror as it held firm around her front. Every second it played with her nipples was another second she grew larger into its belt-like constraints. She didn't need to touch her nipples to know they were so engorged and puffy they were overflowing the top and bottom of the tape.

The weight of her tits pulled Cally towards the floor menacingly. An unsteady hand reached out for support on a nearby table and she felt her mammarys stretch toward the floor. Massive rolls of flesh swallowed the sports bra and tape with a high likelihood of breaking free given a large enough breath.

"I-I can't take this... I can't take this!!" Cally cried out, watching her cleavage extend away from her. The sensation of swollen tit rubbing across her abdomen was mind-numbing. The random popping or bursting seam sending vibrations through her mammarys wasn't helping. *"LOUIS MY BREASTS!!"* she screamed. So much pleasure and growth was overwhelming; she was surprised she couldn't hear herself dripping on the tiles below her quivering thighs. Her free hand held her head as if it may float away from the intense ecstasy surging within.

"Sorry, that tape can be a bit of a pain to unhook, especially when it's latched behind your back." Turning around, Louis went to release Cally's prison. "Let me--" He stopped and

stared with saucer-like eyes at the woman about to collapse. The clipboard fell from his hands and clattered to the floor.



“It’s making me grow... *It’s making me grow...!!*” Cally repeated. Her hands clawed at the tape buried under her skin but it was too tight to find a grip. It dug into her bust before vanishing from sight between jiggling folds. “*Louis I can’t take anymooore!!*”

SNAP!!!

“MMM!!!”

Cally leaned on the table with both hands when the sports bra and measuring tape gave up in a firecracker-like explosion. The tape shot across the room in a celebratory fashion while a beaten and tattered shroud of spandex snapped around Cally’s back before hanging limp at her sides. Two gargantuan tits hung off her front with marshmallow-sized nipples reached past her hips. A red line shot across their fronts where the tape measure had previously resided.

Exhausted, Cally fell to the floor and let her breasts spread her thighs. “O-Oh thank God...” she moaned, leaning back on her hands and surveying her body with delayed shock. “They...*nnngh*...finally stopped... That damn tape!” Looking up, she saw the stupefied face of her doctor. “How about...n-now? Is this still only *decent* growth?? My tits probably weigh more than *I* do!”

The doctor was unable to process Cally’s transformation. From her position on the floor, Cally was overwhelmed by her new size but at the same time couldn’t help but stare hungrily at the bulge in Louis’s pants. The position she was at would be perfect for wrapping her lips around

what was sure to be a beating shaft. Such thoughts drove the electric pleasure in her nipples into high gear.

“How...” Louis gulped, “How is this even possible? What *happened?*”

“I tried...*nnngh*...t-to tell you! They just *grow!* Oooohhh they got really big this time... *T-Too big...*”

“A-Are you all right? Do they hurt??” Going into full-doctor mode, he bent down to Cally’s side and pressed a hand into an enlarged breast. It sank multiple inches into her skin like an exceedingly-soft pillow.

“*Ahh!!*” Cally yelled when pleasure shot through her at his touch. Nothing in the world sounded better than having her nipples fill his mouth. “*L-Louis!*” She leaned forward and clenched her hands into fists as her breasts grew outwards a handful of inches and spread her legs wider.

Surprised, Louis withdrew his hand and backed away.

“Y-You can’t...touch them...” she groaned. “God I want you to, b-but...*nnnghmmmm*... t-they’ll grow again, I’m sure of it!”

Wracking his mind for any possible answers, Louis asked, “You said this has happened multiple times now? Do you feel anything when it starts??”

“J-Just...*horny*...”

“But they didn’t grow after you masturbated last night?”

“I...*nnngh*...No... But before that... W-Watching the...Bachelor...”

Louis watched Cally rubbing her chest with no further swelling. An idea flashed in his mind. Slowly he reached a hand out.

“What are you d-doing??” she recoiled, “You’re going to make me bigger!”

“I just need to make sure,” he said. Gently his fingertips brushed her skin.

“*Nnngh!!*”

Again her skin swelled outwards like inflating beach balls and Louis withdrew his touch. “Dear God... My hand, the tape measure, last night at dinner... It’s all external sources of stimulation.”

“Wha...What??”

“You only grow when a force outside your own consciousness causes you to be aroused! That’s why nothing happens when you touch yourself! I-It must trigger breast development through the pills’ hormones!”

“That’s...That’s insane!” Cally shifted her body and sent ripples across the expanse of flesh under her arms. “B-But it’s the only thing...*mmm*...that makes sense.”

Louis grabbed the pill bottle from beside Cally’s bag to look at the label. Before he could read it, however, he noticed it was empty. “Did you take *all* the pills already??”

Shaking her head, Cally gasped, “M-My sister has been taking some. Sometimes...*nnngh*...d-doubling or tripling the dosage...”

“Uh oh,” Cally swallowed.

The two sat in silence for a handful of heartbeats before their eyes met in realization. On queue, Cally’s phone rang. Fearful, she took the device from Louis’s after he grabbed it and answered the unknown number.

“Hello? Is this Cally??” a stressed voice asked.

“Y--*nngh*--Yes, who is this?”

“This is Dave, Lana’s boyfriend. She uh...she told me to call you. I think she needs your help.”

“What’s wrong??”

“We were just on Skype a-and--”

“Where is she?!”

“The apartment, but I don’t underst--”

Cally hung up and looked to Louis with eyes full of concern.

“We need to get to your sister,” he nodded with a pale face.

“Lana!! Lana!” Cally yelled, fumbling for her keys. It was impossible to see anything under her mammoth bust. Even hidden under a doctor’s coat turned backward, Cally was having a difficult time maintaining any modesty. Mobility was another problem entirely. Between getting back on her feet, finding something to cover her tire-sized breasts, and riding in the back of Louis’s car, she wasn’t sure how much more she could take before she collapsed. It was a miracle she had made it back to her apartment.

“Let me help you!” Louis offered, stepping forward to take one of her arms around her shoulder.

“No!” More calmly, she repeated, “N-No, thanks but...if you touch me again they’ll...”

“You can barely walk!”

“And if I get much bigger I’ll barely be able to stand!” Body flooded with hormones, Cally desperately wanted to let Louis ravage her. The glint in his eye revealed how desperate he was to sink his hands into her new body. “You should...t-take it as a compliment... You made me pop out of my dress just by rubbing me with your foot... Just being with you right now is still making me bigger. I-I’m not sure I could handle your hands on them.”

Louis looked like he was about to say something. Or take off his pants where he stood, but Cally could have just been imagining it.

“A-Ahhhhh!?” a pleased scream echoed through the complex.

“Shit, Lana!” Cally swore, wrapping her arms around her bosom for stability and walking to their door. The apartment opened to a wall of intense gasps and moans.

“Ooohhh... O-OOOHHH... God!”

“Lana?? Are you all right?!” Cally yelled, almost falling forward through the doorway.

Her sister called out from her bedroom with labored breaths. “Cally!! Cally help! M-My tits!! It’s...It’s *unreal!!* MMMMM you need...need to *stop* this damn thing!!”

Trepidation gripped Cally when her chest pushed against Lana’s door and her hand gripped the knob. With Louis behind her, she opened Lana’s room and felt her jaw hit the floor seconds later, followed by the lab coat slipping absentmindedly from her arms.

Overtaking the bed was a pair of gargantuan breasts dwarfing Lana’s body. They extended from her torso and reached to her knees. In their supreme softness and weight, they filled the top of her bed like two piles of dough topped with soda can-sized nipples inching towards her feet. Pinned between them and the headboard was Lana, gasping and covering in sweat.

“Are they there???” an electric voice called out. A laptop rested at the foot of the bed, no doubt Lana’s boyfriend watching the scene.

“Y-Yes...Yes she’s here... *O-Oohhhhh...*” Lana moaned.

“H-Holy shit...!” Cally gaped. Every time she blinked her sister’s breasts looked larger.
“*LANA YOUR BOOBS!!*”

“I-I might have overdone it...” Eying Cally’s own chest reaching to her belly button, she added, “Y-You’re not looking so small yourself either.” Louis appeared behind her and Lana looked him over. “Mmmm you must be the doctor... Cally was right about yo--*nnngh!!*” She bulged forth with an excess of growth. Returning to her senses, Lana looked to Cally. “W-We were using the new remote-controlled vibrator and...and my boobs just started to...*grow!!* T-That cheap remote vibrator broke and wouldn’t turn off and I...*nnngh!!*...it was so intense that I couldn’t take it out myself!! I can...*MMMM*...barely see straight!”

A faint buzzing could be heard from within Lana’s body. Louis wasn’t sure which of the three of them blushed harder.

“C-Cally... You need to get it out of me, I can feel it...*nnngh*...m-making me grow!! I’m *massive!!*”

Eyes wide, Cally looked at the jiggling mass of flesh covering her sister’s lower body. “You mean...it’s...”

Lana nodded, biting her lip against the constant growth assaulting her senses. “God my nipples feel like time bombs!!”

“O-Ok ok!!” Cally stepped forward. An abyss of cleavage rested before her. “I’m going to...r-reach in, all right?”

“Hurry!”

Forced to let go of her own breasts, Cally rested them on top of Lana’s and leaned forward into her cleavage.

“*Ahhhggghh!!!*”

Both Cally and Lana shook with ecstasy, their chest surging in size as they rubbed and pressed together.

“*Why are your tits so hot??*” Lana panted.

“Speak...Speak for yourself!” Knowing she had to fight through the ordeal, Cally pressed on and slipped a hand into Lana’s cleavage. It was slick with sweat and invited her in.

“*N-Nnngh!!! GOD!!*” Lana’s chest bloated outwards and soft skin swallowed Cally’s arm.

“Sorry!!”

“I-It’s fine!! Just...don’t stop!! I can’t take much more!”

Nodding, Cally climbed onto the bed for more leverage and leaned her body across the top of Lana’s bust. Her hand dove into Lana’s cleavage, drawing labored cries.

“*O-Oh shit... Shit that feels good!!*” Lana moaned, knocking the back of her head against the bed. “I-I feel like I’m...g-gonna come...!!”

“Don’t you dare!” Cally grunted, fighting off her own growth. The sensation of Lana’s overgrown breasts engulfing her own was intoxicating and threw her into an ocean of growth-fueled wonder. From the doorway and the webcam, both men looked upon the glorious scene like a modern miracle.

“A-Almost there... You’re almost there...!” Lana begged. “*Ooooh my pussy!*”

“D-Don’t say that right now!!” Cally could feel the vibrator’s buzz increasing in strength. Closing her eyes, she inched her hand upwards and felt Lana’s thighs pressing on either side. They were wet with arousal and hot like an oven.

“O-O-Ooohhh, God... C-Cally...!” Lana heaved. The closer her hand drew to her groin, the faster her breasts bloated and swelled.

“Almost...there...!”

Cally’s fingers brushed against something slick and incredibly wet.

“GAH!!! T-That’s it!! That’s it!!!”

Lana’s chest soared with growth, partially lifting Cally into the air as a nipple worked its way between her legs. Through her thin running shorts, she could feel Lana’s engorged pink cylinder throbbing against her pussy and inner thighs. It threw her growth into overdrive and started to pull her arm from Lana’s cleavage.

“N-Nnngh!! I-I’m losing it!” Cally gasped. “God, my TITS!!”

Starting to panic as the bed creaked, Cally thrashed her fingers against Lana’s pussy. Something hard and plastic was extending from her lips and pressing against her clitoris. When it met her touch Lana screamed, “Take it out!! For the love of God, *take it out!! My tits are...NNNGHH!!!...blowing up!!*”

Cally gripped the slippery sex toy and prayed her grip would be enough as her breasts carried her higher.

“AaaaahhhhhhHHHHH!!!” Lana bellowed, feeling it slip from her crotch and travel through her cleavage.

WHAM!!

In her forceful withdraw, Cally’s weight carried her off the bed and threw her onto the bedroom floor under a pile of wobbling flesh like a beanbag. In her hand rested a vibrating object dripping with juices. It was tossed aside without a second thought and both girls heaved a sigh of relief. Cally could still feel the heat of Lana’s massive nipples rubbing against her crotch.

“T-Thank...God...” Lana breathed, closing her eyes in exhaustion. The bed was covered in her chest with flesh overflowing the sides of her mattress. Any view of her feet was gone, as was most feeling in her legs. “Gotta say...Sis... That might have been the best...nnngh...I-I’ve ever had...”

Cally was silent, staring at the mountains dominating her view and pressing into her cheeks. Lying on her back, they flattened out and pinned her arms to the ground and reached to her hips, each as wide as a large couch cushion. Pleading nipples topped their domed peaks like doorknobs.

“My...My boobs...” Cally stammered. “L-Look at my...breasts! Louis, look at me!! *What am I supposed to do with these?!*”

He was speechless from the scene having just unfolded in front of him. “I-I-I...I don’t know what to say! The pills weren’t...They weren’t supposed to do *this!*”

“Lana?? You all right??” Dave asked through the computer. “All I can see is darkness!”

“Ummm... Feeling a little trapped, but they stopped for now!”

“What do we do, Louis??” Cally cried. “I can’t even...get up!”

“I-I guess wait until the pills are out of your systems! After that...”

Lana’s foot brushed against her nipple and she shuddered. “O-Ooohh those are sensitive...” Looking at Louis, she asked, “Cally is still getting paid though, right?”

Both Cally and Louis looked at Lana with disbelieving eyes, though Cally could hardly crane her neck enough to see over her chest.

“*That’s* what you’re worried about right now?! You look like a blimp!”

Lana continued. “What?? With our chests like this we’re going to need a bigger place to live!” She looked at Louis. “I don’t suppose it’s too late for me to join the study too, is it? Cally is out of pills...”