

Bubbles on the Side



Casey's stomach was in knots. This would be his first real job. It wasn't going to be like his past 'jobs' where a family friend paid him under the table to help on a farm for a few hours here and there. The IRS would know about this job, which was as real as it gets. He knew his wallet would thank him for the extra college money.

Brisk morning air made his breath fog on his car windows. The parking lot at Suzy's Diner was empty save for his car and several others parked around back. Casey had been told to show up half an hour before opening. Waking up at five a.m. was hard enough on his stomach without the added stress of a new job.

"Well..." he sighed, feeling a nervous lump in his throat while the radio hummed, "At least I'm only a dishwasher. Not too much I can mess up when I'm only cleaning dishes."

Meager confidence instilled, he turned off the car and stepped into the open. The back door of the 50s diner was propped open by a wooden wedge. It meant some of his coworkers were already inside.

Casey poked his head into what looked like storage. It was mostly empty save for some janitorial equipment. "Hello?"

There was no answer. He was certain this was the time he was told to arrive. There were voices coming from down a short hallway branching off from the kitchen. A metal door was partially cracked.

This is probably where they gather for the morning meetings, he determined.

The door swung open with an alarming creak. Those inside were alerted to his presence and Casey saw right away how wrong he was.

It was a small locker room, no bigger than a modest walk-in closet. Three girls were in the middle of changing into their waitress uniforms. Casey had managed to walk in during the middle of the process, leaving them exposed in the barest of garments.

One was a fairly petite girl with a black pixie cut: Amber. He remembered her from physics 304. She was cute by Casey's standards. Unfortunately, a single word had never passed between them. Seeing her in only a pair of lace panties and what he guessed to be an A-cup bra was a shock to his system.

At Amber's side was a blonde. Casey didn't recognize her and she looked to be several years older. Taller and curvier than Amber, she reminded him of a stereotypical cheerleader. A bubbly smile cracked through a well-tuned layer of makeup as if she were excited for someone to have caught her in such a state of undress.

Then there was the third girl, bigger in every way. She had a few inches on Casey who was already pushing six-feet tall. Brown hair fell around her shoulders and piled on top of a large, sloping chest. It took the cake for the largest pair of breasts Casey had seen in person, each one easily as large as his head. They fit her frame beautifully and hung to her elbows like fruit.

After surveying the scenery, his eyes were inexplicably pulled back to Amber. Perhaps already having an association with her played a factor in his prolonged gaze. Her bare frame was almost fairy-like.

He knew he'd stared for too long when Amber opened her mouth to say, "Can we help you?"

The busty waitress laughed and went on with stepping into her waitress uniform. "Wrong room, new guy! Go wait in the kitchen; Margaret should be here soon."

Casey backed out and slammed the door shut. Heat flooded his face at his shameless ogling.

Great! I'm here for thirty seconds and I've already made a fool of myself! Why wouldn't they lock the door?!

The girls were oddly cavalier about his intrusion. So much so it made Casey all the more nervous. Were they mad? Was he already on their bad side? Hearing giggles come from the locker room only worsened his imagination.

The next five minutes were torture while he waited in the kitchen. Soon Margaret, the owner of Suzy's Diner, made her appearance. She was followed closely by two boys and the three girls. Casey couldn't look any of the waitresses in the eye when they stood across from him next to the grill. Not when he'd seen what was under their cute, pink retro uniforms. The busiest of them was busy smiling at him while drinking a protein shake smelling of mint.

Margaret's voice was firm and clear. A gold cross sat around her neck with pride. "Good morning, everybody! We have a new face joining us today!" She gestured to Casey. "Say hello to our new dishwasher!"

"Hey, guys," Casey said timidly.

Margaret continued with the introductions. "These are our cooks, Ryan and Butch."

Ryan shook his hand with a smile like an older brother. He looked to be around thirty years old. "How's it going, man?"

"Sup, Case!" Butch was far more chaotic, shaking his hand as if hoping candy might fall out.

Margaret motioned to the girls. "And these are our lovely waitresses: Amber, Kara, and Melanie."

A giggle came from the blonde, Kara. "Oh trust me, we've already met."

Casey's cheeks went red and he stared at the tiled floor. Amber's eyes were like coals burning into his chest.

"Oh!" Margaret's face brightened, "Well, in that case, I guess we can save a little time! Girls, go on out and get ready for the breakfast rush."

It was a relief once the introductions were done and Casey's duties were explained to him. With the girls bustling about in the diner and Margaret retired to her back office, he was left

alone with the two cooks. Although they had clearly been working behind the grill together for years, they made an effort to make Casey feel welcomed into the kitchen clique. It didn't take long for him to become comfortable enough to share in their jokes or making general conversation. Doing the same with the waitresses would be another challenge.

It was about nine a.m. when Kara came into the kitchen to pay a visit to the employee coffee maker. Casey was slammed with a constant stream of dishes and struggling to keep up, though the work was exciting.

"How ya doing?" Kara asked, staring at him from over the rim of a mug.

"Hanging in there!" Sweat on his forehead from standing near the industrial washer for so long. "I didn't think there would be so many dishes to take care of!"

"Don't worry, around ten o'clock or so it slows down until the lunch rush. That's when you'll *really* need to--"

Amber poked her head through the food window over the grill. "Kara, table four is ready to order!!"

"*Finally! They were taking forever!*" Her break cut short, Kara left her coffee on a table in the kitchen while she left to take an order.

Casey thought nothing of it until Ryan brushed past him with a devious snicker. Reaching under the dishwasher, he pulled out a bottle of industrial soap. Casey was dumbstruck when he held the bottle over the waitress's coffee and let several drops fall into the dark liquid.

"What are you doing??" Casey asked.

CLANK!

A plate slipped from his distracted grip. "*Dammit.*"

Ryan replaced the soap bottle and glanced at his cooking partner. "Butch, you didn't tell him?"

"I forgot! What do you want me to do about it?? I'm flippin' cakes over here!"

Rolling his eyes, Ryan returned to his spot on the grill. He addressed Casey's concerned expression. "Don't worry about it; just watch..."

Kara returned a few minutes later with a breakfast order. Unsuspecting, she sighed in exhaustion and drank what remained of her coffee. She caught Casey staring at her, mostly due to the dish soap she just drank in her coffee.

"Everything all right?" she asked.

Casey wondered if he should tell her. Would it be the right thing to do? Ryan had acted as though this was completely normal. Glancing at the cooks, he saw them subtly shaking their heads tell him to keep quiet.

"Uhh, so far!" Casey assured, laughing nervously.

"You're just thinking about this morning, aren't you?" Kara teased and turned to leave. "Don't worry about it! At least you did it on accident. Unlike *Butch.*"

The cook raised a greasy spatula in defense. “Eeey, what am I supposed to do?? Walk on by and ignore the sights??”

Kara gave them a playful smirk on her way out.

“I don’t get it,” Casey admitted when she’d gone.

“I was talkin’ about gettin’ to see them in their bras and underwear,” Butch elaborated.

“Not that! *The soap!* What was the point??”

Ryan chuckled. “Just wait a little longer.”

Only a few minutes passed before Kara was heard laughing through the kitchen pass. She slammed her hands onto the surface, leaning forward with giddy excitement. Casey nearly broke a plate when he followed the cooks’ gaze.

Kara was sporting an unbelievable rack compared to what Casey remembered. Between her arms were two breasts like melon halves. Enough cleavage was crammed into her uniform to force the top button open. The amount of flesh was far more than what was there in the locker room.

“Ok, which one of you got me??” Kara jeered.

Ryan raised his hand in triumph. “Guilty!”

Bounding on her heels, Kara set her chest on the window’s surface as if to show it off. “Nice one, Ryan! I had to loosen my top button right in front of my table before it blew itself open!”

He shrugged in response, donning an innocent expression. “Sorry! You know you can’t trust the coffee around here!”

She winked. “Hey I’m not complaining! Those businessmen gave a great tip!” Busy with other tables, she left with her blonde hair bouncing as much as her breasts.

Casey was stunned. Catching his confused gaze, Butch pointed out, “I think he noticed!”

“*Noticed??* She was popping out of her uniform! What did you do to her??”

Ryan turned around and leaned against the sink to cross his arms. “Couple years back someone decided to prank a waitress by putting some of the dishwasher soap in her coffee. Turns out, once it’s in their system, any movement causes the soap to bubble and *fill them up*, if you get what I mean.”

Casey stared in sheer confusion.

“The soap makes their tits blow up!” Butch yelled far too loudly. “Like titty balloons!”

“You’re kidding. You *have* to be kidding. Is this some kind of tradition? Fool the newbie into doing a fake prank and get arrested for sexual harassment?”

Ryan’s eyes were honest. “I swear to God! It’s been a tradition here for years. As long as I’ve worked here. Why do you think they were so easy-going when you walked in on them changing? It’s cause we’re all already poking fun at their chests all day! Seeing a bit of skin is no big deal.”

“And the girls are just *ok* with this?!”

“They get a kick out of it! We get to have a little fun, and they go home with some extra tips! I’m fairly certain it’s enjoyable for them as well, based on some reactions I’ve seen.”

Casey’s head was spinning, and not just from the dishwasher’s steam. “So...all it takes is some soap?”

Butch snorted. “Damn right! I’ll take some home sometimes and have fun with my girlfriend. I like to watch ‘em blow up while she bounces on my dick. Looks like I’m pumpin’ her up with it!”

Casey was quickly learning to ignore the majority of what Butch said. Ryan’s insight was more useful. “It has to be this brand of soap,” he explained, “Not sure why. It doesn’t take a lot and it usually wears off in an hour or so; depends how much you managed to give them. The bustier they are, the more it takes to have a noticeable effect. Like Melanie.”

“Ooohhhh, Melanie is tricky!” Butch jabbed his spatula into the air in her direction in the front of the diner. “She’s already got a huge rack so she needs a lot of soap, but it gets to the point where she’ll notice the taste of it before she drinks enough and it won’t work! Those protein shakes she drinks every morning are the perfect target is you can manage it, but usually she finishes them before work starts. She’s the only one I haven’t managed to blow a button off yet!”

Casey couldn’t believe how casually they were discussing their coworkers’ breasts blowing through their shirts. “Margaret is ok with this??”

“Hell no, of course not.” Ryan shook his head. “She has no idea it even goes on. So long as we don’t go overboard and we don’t give any to the customers, she doesn’t have to know and we get to keep having some fun inflating some boobs. Got it? Margaret is a die-hard Christian. If she finds out, you can bet it’s over. She’s sent some of the girls home before for showing too much cleavage.” Ryan added proudly, “Not that their uniforms even fit properly at that point...”

Casey didn’t know how to process this information, much less what to do with it. Part of him was overjoyed with the sheer fantastical concept. The other felt it crossed too many lines. Ryan caught his apprehension. “I know it’s a little weird, but don’t be afraid to try it! I promise the girls are all right with it so long as you keep it sensible. It’s like team building!”

Butch munched on a piece of spare bacon and flashed a finger gun at Casey while nodding sentimentally. “It’s good for the *soul*.”

(.Y.) (.Y.) (.Y.) (.Y.) (.Y.)

As the number of days spent at the new job continued, Casey was astonished to discover just how ingrained his coworkers’ behavior was around pranking the waitresses. It didn’t matter how busy Suzy’s Diner was; Ryan and Butch always had an eye open for an unattended drink.

When one of the waitresses was careless enough to leave their coffee, water, or soda out in the open anywhere near the kitchen, the cooks would seize the opportunity.

Even more surprising was how well the girls took the attacks on their bodies. There was never any anger, only laughter and acceptance. More often than not the cooks were applauded for their sneakiness. Aside from actually watching the girls test the limits of their uniforms and social decency, Casey felt their reactions were the most entertaining part of the whole thing.

Amber was the most level-headed of the group. While she didn't have any issues being the target of the bubbly growth, there was a clear air of wanting to keep it professional. Her stern demeanor intimidated Casey to an extent and the same unspoken limitations appeared to be ingrained in Butch and Ryan as well. Regardless of how vulnerable she left herself, neither of them dared give her enough soap to push her breasts any larger than a C-cup.

It made sense. With a body as small as Amber's, anything larger would have been completely overbearing and nonsensical. She didn't have the weight or stature to support the size of breasts Kara or Melanie could, even if they were filled with air. A full C-cup was still a healthy tripling of her natural bra size and Amber seemed happy to entertain her coworkers to that point.

Though as hard as she tried, she couldn't hide the gentle arousal making her cheeks flush with color whenever she was made to grow. She didn't mind the process in the least, and her customers certainly didn't mind the enhanced scenery. Wearing such a small uniform, any change in size translated to over-tightened fabric and straining buttons, which in turn converted to healthy tips straight into Amber's wallet. Sometimes Casey thought she let it happen on purpose for the sake of the extra cash. After a few days of seeing her with an expanded bust, it was odd noticing her in class with a flat chest. Casey would often perform a double-take before he remembered the strange reality of his workplace.

Compared to the rest of the group, Amber was by far the most responsible. It was impressive considering she wasn't any older than Casey. Ryan had almost three times the number of years working at the diner, yet Margaret trusted Amber to open and close every day. Casey wondered if Amber might be more lenient with their pranks if Margaret didn't expect such professionalism. How she was able to juggle college classes and her responsibilities at the diner was a mystery.

Kara was Amber's polar opposite. She had no problems falling prey to the soap. In fact, she enjoyed it. It only took a day for Casey to realize how careless she could be with her beverages. The ditsy blonde was prone to leaving them half full and in plain sight. It was as good of an invitation as any. There was always an excited giggle from the diner when it took effect. Only rarely did she grow big enough to knock over a glass or two on her serving platter.

On Casey's second night, after a particularly long shift, he was stuck cleaning dishes after the dinner rush before close. Ryan and Butch had gone home. Only himself, Kara, and Amber were left.

"Almost finished up?" Amber asked, fishing the keys out of her bag to close.

"Yea, I just need a few more minutes."

Amber nodded and left towards the back of the diner. "I'll be waiting outside then. I've been cooped up in this place all day."

Casey was tossing the remainder of the dishes into the washer when he noticed Kara approaching. She had changed out of her waitress uniform and presented herself in a short sundress. After filling a glass with water, she smiled as she reached to the bottle of soap on the ground. "Scuse me!" she chimed.

A healthy portion of soap fell into her water. She didn't bother mixing it, instead finishing the glass in one go. "*Augh! Terrible!*"

Casey blushed when she grabbed both breasts in her hands. Shaking vigorously, they jiggled in her grasp as if she were trying to randomize their contents. It was impossible to look away from the sight, no matter how awkward Casey felt.

Kara stopped suddenly and paused to inspect her chest. Even from the corner of his eye, Casey could see her mounds swelling with vigor. They filled the front of her dress to capacity and beyond.

"*Mmmm!*" Kara's eyes sparkled when she pushed against her expanding bustline. Because of her lively shaking, the soap was reacting in double time to blow her up. Casey could almost hear the bubbles and air rushing into her chest with a gentle hiss.

PWUMP!

PWUMP!

"*MmmmMM!!*"

Two tiny domes popped out on the front of Kara's chest. Casey had to turn his hips to hide his erection. He knew he'd just seen her areolas puff outward from the airy pressure of her chest. They were firm enough to distort the front of her dress as well as the cups of her bra. Just when he thought it couldn't possibly hold anymore of her, the tops of her mammaries gently plumped and bulged over the dress' neckline. Kara had more than doubled in size and her face glowed with excitement.

"*Perfect!*" she giggled, looking at them from every angle. Taut skin bounced against her finger when she prodded their tops and tested the security of her dress. Glancing up, she caught Casey's shocked gaze. "I've got a hot date tonight..." Putting a finger to her lips, she shushed and whispered, "*Our little secret.*"

The secret let itself out when he and Kara joined Amber in the parking lot. Amber's gaze immediately fell on her overflowing breasts. She rolled her eyes. "Really, Kara?"

“What?? He’s going to love them!” She turned to Casey. “Ask Casey; he was staring the whole time they were blowin’ up!”

Amber chuckled while she locked the back of the diner. “Oh I’m sure he was. Being stuck with Ryan and Butch all day is going to be a bad influence on him!”

It was an interaction with Kara that Casey wouldn’t soon forget.

Then there was Melanie: the wildcard. Casey hadn’t yet figured out how she felt about the actual growth of her breasts, in part because he hadn’t seen it happen to her. She taunted them whenever possible, mostly aiming her instigations at Butch.

“Wearing a smaller bra today! Suuure would be a shame if I were to pop out of it! I don’t think it would take a lot!”

“Hey, Butch, I thought you liked big tits! Or are mine big enough for ya already?”

“Going on day thirty of being growth-free!”

More than anything, Melanie was simply competitive about the pranks. Her challenges never ended, nor did Butch or Ryan’s efforts to make her outgrow her top. It was a monumental task. Melanie’s natural bust was borderline massive and more often than not eclipsed the biggest even Kara dared to grow during business hours. The genetic lottery had gifted her with a pair of tits too large to be the target of Butch’s playfulness.

The amount of soap necessary to induce any kind of growth in the girl was great. It never failed to overpower whatever drink it had been slipped into and Melanie always sensed the tampering before drinking enough. Casey hadn’t even tried to prank any of the girls yet and he yet he sympathized with Butch and his eternal struggle. The general consensus between the cooks was Melanie deserved to be blown out of her waitress uniform but the goal had been unobtainable thus far. Casey found a part of him hoping he would be the one to topple Melanie’s reign, although he was yet to attempt it, despite Kara’s urging.

It was the Friday morning of Casey’s first week and he was ready for his first day off since starting the new job. All he had to do was make it through the end of the workweek. It didn’t feel like too daunting of a task; his responsibilities were limited to keeping up with the dishes and watching the waitresses test the limits of their uniforms. A college student couldn’t ask for a better benefit.

There was no sign of Ryan or Butch when Casey pulled into Suzy’s. He could hear the girls laughing upon approaching the back door, though. They glanced up when the rusty hinges creaked.

Kara was bubbly as ever. “Uh oh, time to hide our coffees!”

It was too easy for Melanie to join in on the teasing. “Don’t worry, we’re safe; the new guy is too shy to try anything! It’s just those pesky cooks we have to worry about.” Sipping her mint protein shake, she winked at Casey. “Or maybe Casey just likes ‘em small! Better watch out, Amber.”

Knowing how to respond in this kind of situation was impossible for Casey. He hardly knew these girls and yet the majority of their conversations were centered around their breasts. It did amuse him, however, how incorrect Melanie's assumption had been.

Casey adored large breasts. There were few things he enjoyed staring at so much as a massive pair of tits. Landing in this job was a dream come true from day one. Not only did he get to work around busty women all day, but he was privileged enough to watch them swell out of their clothes. He shared in Butch's pain more than the cook knew; to see Melanie's naturally-huge chest outgrow her top would be heaven. He would have attempted it if Margaret's eye wasn't on him evaluating his first week's performance.

Melanie continued her usual egging. "Maybe Casey is just waiting for the right moment to get all three of us... He could be a mastermind of bra-busting just looking for the perfect time to strike."

Tired in the early morning, Amber wasn't amused. "I'm just glad there is finally someone else at this diner with a sense of professionalism. Don't let those cooks distract you from your work, Casey. It's all fun and games until someone goes too far. Why don't you ask Kara how many times she's been sent home for not fitting in her uniform anymore?"

Kara shrunk away at the comment. Whispering into her coffee mug, she pleaded, "Please don't..."

"Heyo!!"

A booming voice shook the morning slumber from their brains. Butch had entered, along with his boisterous attitude. "Who's ready for the Friday crowd??"

"Mornin', Butch," Melanie waved. "Where's Ryan?"

"He's feeling a little queasy so I offered to cover for him."

Kara frowned at the news. "Aww... So you won't have time to prank any of us?"

"Wrong!!" His spatula waved across the girls. "None of ya are safe. Especially you, Mel. I'm comin' for those tits today."

Amber groaned. "We really need an HR department." A glance at the clock alerted her to the oncoming wave of customers. "All right guys, time to get to work. Butch, if you start falling behind let me know."

"Don't you worry about me!"

The girls made their way towards the front of the diner. In passing Casey, Melanie made a point to lean in and whisper, "You know, Margaret always comes in late on Fridays. Don't be afraid to try giving us some soap! *Especially* don't be afraid to take a shot at me; there's nothing you can't do that I won't be able to handle. Kara is an easy target if you want to start easy though. She always wears a stretchy bra. If you feel brave enough to go after Amber, keep it on the light side. More than a few cups and she'll get really flustered."

Melanie looked over her shoulder to make sure Amber wasn't in range. "Between you and me, she already put a few drops in her coffee to help wake her up. But you noticed that already, didn't you?"

"I-I--"

"If you want something to stare at, I'll give you *plenty*. Just gotta earn it!" Melanie's eyes flashed. "*I dare you.*"

Casey gulped and the waitress strode away. In the back, Butch's jaw was on the floor. "Oh you *have* to get her!" he insisted.

"How??" It was going to be hard enough working with the hard-on Melanie had given him. Trying to figure out how to sneak that much soap into her system was next to impossible.

Butch had it all figured out. "When she's not looking, I'll hold her from behind while you take the bottle and--"

"*No!!*" Casey wiped his forehead from the rising kitchen heat. It was becoming clear how much Ryan was necessary for balancing out Butch's urges. "We'll just keep an eye open. Maybe we'll get lucky."

A proud smile crept over the cook's face. "Look at you plottin' like one of us."

It amazed Casey how much he'd suddenly been pulled into Butch's line of thinking. Melanie was an expert instigator. His mind refused to focus on little else aside from the contents of his coworkers' bras.

The morning passed by with little bra-stretching incidents to speak of. Apart from Kara's usual easy targets and playfulness, Casey and Butch had been too busy to plot or act. The grill was such a flurry of spatulas it was difficult for Casey to keep track of Butch's actions. As crude as he was, Butch was a hard worker. He filled plates as fast as Casey could clean them.

Lunchtime rolled around like clockwork. Gradually, stacks of pancakes became burgers and fries.

"Hey, Case," Butch called from the grill. He nodded to the fridge across the kitchen. "Could you grab me the bin of sliced tomatoes? I got my hands full here."

"Yea hang on."

Casey wiped his hands clean on his apron before opening the fridge. Butch glanced up when he saw Casey pause for an extended period of time. "You got 'em?"

"Hey, Butch... Melanie drinks those protein shakes, right?"

"Yea I see her finish one every mornin'. Why?"

Casey stepped out of the way and held the fridge door open. Sitting on a shelf was a Melanie's half-full mint protein shake: the holy grail. Casey's pulse raced when he saw the cook's eyes light up.

"*Oh you gotta go for it!!*" Butch wasted no time.

"I don't know... What if--"

“Dude! After what she said this morning she *deserves* it! You heard her! She’ll never taste the soap! Those shakes are nasty to begin with!”

“She *did* challenge me... Are you sure you don’t want to do it?”

“It’s all yours!”

Casey knew he had to take this opportunity. It was fate extending its hand. Margaret hadn’t even shown up to work yet. The worst that could happen is Melanie is forced to walk around with some bulging cleavage for an hour or two. It was too perfect to pass up.

The shake was taken from the fridge without a second thought. Butch smiled deviously when Casey removed the lip and held the bottle of soap over the contents. “Make sure to put plenty in there!”

The excitement made Casey chuckle. “Enough soap to blow open her bra, coming up!” It was far more exhilarating than he imagined. Soap poured into the shake to form a thick layer on top. A vigorous stir was enough to make it blend in with the thick fluid, its minty smell masking any chemicals. His ears burned when he set it back in the fridge, as if it had never left.

“She asked for it,” Butch cackled, throwing Casey a fistbump, “And you gave it to her! You might be the first to finally blow her bra! *I’ve waited for this day!*”

“She hasn’t drank it yet!” Glancing through the food window, Casey could see Melanie taking a table’s order. The thought of her large chest doubling in size was dizzying. “But she’ll be thirsty soon, I’m sure.” He couldn’t believe how much he’d suddenly found himself wrapped up in it.

Shirt-busting growth didn’t present itself as soon as they would have liked. After almost an hour, the shake had remained untouched. The lunch rush was slowing down, which meant the girls would start taking their breaks soon.

Knobs clicked when Butch turned the stove on low and sighed with relief. “Hey I gotta hit the head real quick. Pound on the wall if Melanie comes for it!!”

“I will!” Casey assured him. His focus was mainly on getting as many dishes done as possible. The more work he finished now, the more time he would have to watch the fireworks.

A flash of pink alerted him to one of the waitresses entering the kitchen. It was Amber, a far cry from the target on Casey and Butch’s radar. Casey assumed she was only heading to the bathroom until he saw her pause near the fridge in the corner of his eye. When he glanced up, his heart sank.

Amber was guzzling the remainder of the protein shake. By the time Casey had seen it, it was already too late.

“*Wait!*” Casey cried out.

She lowered the glass and gagged. Her expression was of pure disgust. “God those taste awful. What’s the problem?”

A mixture of severe anxiety, as well as arousal, blocked Casey's ability to think. The cup was empty now; no turning back. "Uh..." he gaped, trying not to stare at Amber's chest. "I-I was just going to say, isn't that Melanie's shake?"

Amber groaned. "She convinced me to start drinking them in the mornings. They're supposed to help me feel more awake or something. The taste is definitely bad enough to give you a jolt!" She stuck her tongue out and set the empty cup on top of Casey's dish pile. "I couldn't finish it this morning so I put it in the fridge. Works just as well for a quick lunch!"

The lack of color in Casey's face wasn't lost on her. "You all right, new guy?"

"Yup! Totally fine!" Casey gulped. "Just ready for the weekend."

"Heh, aren't we all. Keep up the good work. It'll be second nature in no time." Amber flashed a smile before returned to the diner with a pencil and notepad in hand. Some lucky customer was about to get an eyeful.

Butch returned on queue. "Did I miss anything?" The empty cup in the sink told him all he needed. "*Yes! She drank all of it??*"

There was no easy way to go about telling him. "Butch, I think we messed up."

"No way! You heard Melanie! It's time for us to sit back and watch her finally--"

"T-That wasn't Melanie's shake..."

Butch blinked several times trying to process what Casey's words meant. "What do you mean? She drinks those every mornin'. If it's not hers, then whos is it?"

Not getting an immediate response, Butch followed Casey's line of sight. It fell on Amber's back as she strode among the tables and booths. A stress line had already formed against her back in the tightened uniform. Butch couldn't help but grin like a child who just lit the fuse to a pile of firecrackers. "Oh this is goin' to be amazing."

Casey wasn't so sure. With Amber's small size, it only took a few drops to push her to a full C-cup. What were several ounces going to do to her chest?

It was obvious something was wrong the minute Amber left the kitchen. A sensation of bubbly pressure more intense than any she'd ever felt was rising in her tiny bra. Her breaths themselves were enough to propagate through her torso and help the airiness multiply. Only seconds were needed before her petite body was sporting a pair of rounding C-cups and she hadn't even made it to the table yet.

Dammit, when did that cook get me?, Amber wondered. A quick glance at her chest confirmed her suspicions and did nothing to quell the intense reaction taking place. *Did he put something in my shake??*

"*Nngh...*" She couldn't help but groan. Any resemblance to a C-cup was in the rearview mirror. Ds were heading to Es and beyond. Her bra had never constricted to tightly around her chest. Not during work hours, anyway. The stretching band grew tight and uncomfortable, lifting

away from her ribs. It was enough to make Amber step careful and roll her feet with each step. Any vibration would only worsen the swelling.

She was relieved to arrive at the table. A glance down at her apron to find her notepad was met with only a shelf of pink fabric blocking her view. The two men at her table couldn't help but stare at the bulging sight either.

"H-Hey, folks!" Amber greeted nervously, "Can I take you or--*Ahh!!*"

SSTTRRCCHH

Air rushed into her chest. Amber's tits ballooned several cup sizes. The sharp rise in pressure made her cry out and gasp. She'd never felt such firm cleavage rubbing together and fighting for space.

Ok, Butch!! Getting a liiiittle tight here!!! Amber tried to keep her cool. It was well known how she preferred to stay on the smaller side. Whatever he'd done was pure overkill.

SSTTRRRCH

"Eep!!"

Amber froze with her pencil and pad held in front of her. Any kind of movement was dangerous at this point. Her breasts felt as large as her head, though they were forced inside her A-cup bra. It was impossible to know their true size considering her uniform wasn't meant to handle such girth. It had been deforming the bloated roundness of her chest for the last several inches of growth. The men at the table suddenly found themselves drawing a blank on what they planned to order. They could hardly bring themselves to raise their gaze from Amber's chest, especially after seeing her uniform shift.

"What are your lunch specials today?" one of them asked.

"We have...a grilled chicken...burger..." Amber could barely breathe. The air was being forced from her lungs by an angry bra pushed to its limit. "O-Or...*nnggh*...tomato bisque with...grilled...*haaaah*...c-cheese on the--"

SNAP!!

"H-HHNGH!!"

The men jumped in their seats when Amber cried out. A massive jolt had just lurched under her uniform. To them, it looked as though her bra had leaped from her breasts. From Amber's perspective, she could confirm that was exactly what had happened. Her chest had become so full and taut, her bra was forced to follow its curved until it slid under her breasts and snapped against her torso.

The rough fabric of her uniform rubbed directly against her nipples now. Tiny mounds the size of quarters lifted the surface. If this was what had become of her nipples, Amber didn't dare imagine what had become of her areolas. The sensations of fabric traveling over their air-engorged surfaces was enough to hint at them rivaling saucers in size.

Ok ok this is too much!! What the fuck was Butch thinking?! My uniform is going to blow open at this rate!!!

CRREEAAAK

“U-Uhhh...” Amber didn’t get flustered easily. The extreme swelling in her chest was ravaging her mind. It was becoming clear to her why Kara enjoyed being the target of Ryan and Butch’s fantasies; it felt incredible. Going from an A-cup to a C involved some tingling and more sensitive nipples. Having her chest blow up like a couple of volleyballs was an entirely different level of arousal.

Her inner thighs were hot and slick. Amber could feel the heat rising from her crotch and traveling up her uniform until it collided with that of her chest. The two merged together to form a pillar of warmth pouring out from her collar. She could have cooked eggs on her cleavage based on how it felt.

“N-Nnghmmmmm...”

Guuuyyys this is too BIG!!

The men ogled when a moan managed to escape her lips. Trying her best to fight the tightness, Amber clenched her hand around her notepad. Color flooded her face as if she were drunk. If this continued on for much longer, she may have to sneak away to the bathroom.

CRREEEAAAKK!!

“Mmm!!”

One of the men slid back into the booth. “You ok, miss?”

“I’m...I-I’m fine! Just thinking about those specials...makes my mouth water! You should really try the grilled cheese, it’s--”

POW!!!

“OH!!”

The top button of her uniform blew off like a rocket. It struck the front window with enough force to send the pane rippling with a loud *THUD*.

BWOOMPH

Excited cleavage rose into the open. Whether she liked it or not, Amber’s chest was swelling towards freedom. She prayed it could hold on but could feel the seams straining to contain her with every passing minute.

It’s...getting to be too much!! HOW MUCH SOAP DID THEY GIVE ME?! I’M ABOUT TO BLOW MY TOP!!

There was no room left to grow yet air continued to force itself into Amber’s bust. A storm of bubbles was being compressed under her skin.

A strained smile was forced onto her face. “S-S-So, what can I get you?”

“I think I’ll have the avocado burger,” one of them requested.

Amber scribbled it down and immediately regretted the action. Vibrations traveled through her arm and made her chest shimmy.

CRREEEAAAAC!!

“A-And...*nnggh*...for you??” Her words were more rushed than she cared to admit. Any second now her uniform would give up. It felt like there was enough compressed air in each melon-sized breast to fill a large beach ball.

That’s enough!! That’s enough!! I can’t take it anymore!! God my boobs are tight!!

“Amber? You doing all right?” Melanie had caught sight of her predicament, as had several other customers. Half of the diner was focused on her inflating tits like a sideshow at a circus.

“F-Fine!! Just fine! Sir, your order??”

CRREEEAAAAC!!!

“Ohhhh I think I’ll go with the...” His voice trailed off when he glanced at the menu and hummed.



CRREEEAAAAC!!

Oh please! Please no!!! GOD THIS UNIFORM IS SO SMALL!!

Her collar cut into her bulging cleavage as it rose like dough. It would have echoed had anyone flicked it with their finger. Being so full and victim to such a great amount of soap, even

Amber's heartbeat was enough to cause the bubbly reaction. Her skin had stretched firm and airy like latex. Her areolas alone felt bigger than her natural breasts.

The man looked up. "Tell me about the specials again?"

Amber wanted to scream. "W-We have a..."

CRREEAAAK!!

"A-A-A grilled chicken sandwich, or--"

CRREEEAAAK!!

"A-AHH! Or tomato soup and grilled cheese!"

Skin spread across her torso. With no room to expand outward, Amber's tits were forced flat. She could feel them rubbing lower and lower down her abdomen, as well as forcing its way into her sleeves.

"Is it soup or bisque? You said bisque earlier."

Melanie stepped closer. "Amber I think maybe you should--"

"Sorry! It is a bisque!!"

CRRREEEEAAAAAKK!!!

*That damn cook is DEAD when I get my hands on him!! DEAD!! My tits feel ready to--
SHRRIIP!!*

Amber froze. Hers, Melanie's, the men's, and several other table's worth of eyes all centered on her chest. A tiny rip had appeared in the center of her uniform to reveal pale skin below.

She didn't dare inhale. "U-Uh... If you gentlemen with just...excuse me for one second, I'll be right back to take your or--"

BOOM!!!

Amber's uniform burst open like a ruptured air tank. Her remained buttons were the first to go, as well as the only remaining part of her uniform preserving her modesty. Once they exploded in a hail of plastic, the force of Amber's uniform opening so suddenly was enough to rip the fabric at the seams. A seismic tear shot its way down the center of her uniform. Now free, both breasts inflated to full size in less than a heartbeat. They jumped from Amber's frame and surged with stretching skin until each had ballooned like a beach ball. Bubbles pushed from inside her body to give them an airy bounce of weightlessness. Amber's arms shot to her side in utter shock, unable to see anything beyond the over-blown size of her chest. It took several seconds for her chest to settle down and for her mind to process the cool breeze tickling her exposed belly and thighs. The line of sight from her customers' eyes pointed directly to the revealing panties now on display to the world.



“Amber, holy shit!!” Melanie swore. Several elderly women gasped from a corner booth. Every male suddenly found their appetite gaining a second wind.

Amber’s eyes couldn’t have been bigger. Her arms weren’t long enough to cover anything worthwhile on her chest. Trying to preserve her modesty between her legs only caused her oversized tits to bulge against her arms, worsening the situation considerably. “Shit!! SHIT!”

Reflecting sunlight bounced off a car when it pulled in front of the diner. Amber’s heart sank when she saw Margaret step out. “SHIT!!!!”

Amber shot towards the kitchen holding whatever she could of her chest. The soap’s reaction wasn’t over yet and the running only made it worse, but it was better than being caught when Margaret stepped in. “Melanie cover my tables for me!”

As she ran, Amber caught sight of Casey and Butch peeking over the window to the kitchen. They ducked as soon as their eyes met and fire flew from Amber’s nostrils.

“All right, where are you, Butch?!” She hugged her chest in her arms, barely able to brush her fingers against her areolas. She found them hiding on the floor against the grill. *“GET UP! You’re DEAD!! Do you know what I just did in front of the ENTIRE DINER?!”*

Butch couldn’t contain his laughter or his hard-on. Clearly enjoying the view, he snorted before being overcome by merriment and said, *“It wasn’t me! I swear!”*

Blinking in disbelief, Amber turned her attention elsewhere. *“Casey?? You did this to me?!”*

Casey raised his hands in defense. *“It was meant for Melanie!! I thought it was her protein shake!!”*

“IT WASN’T!! I--Nnnghh!!”

Amber pursed her lips when her chest ballooned. Audible hissing and shifting bubbles came from her body. At this rate, it was going to be a challenge fitting her through a door without turning her sideways.

She stared in horror at her inflated chest. There was no hope of containing it in her arms. Skin squeaked in her cleavage and against her sweating palms. *“O-Oh God... H-How much...soap did you give me?! My boobs are blowing up like parade floats!”*

Butch rolled on the floor laughing. *“He put enough soap in there to give Mel her own zip code!”*

The diner’s front door chimed with a bell when Margaret walked in. Casey could see the worry on Amber’s face. *“Great! I’m about to be fired! There is no way I could hide these things!”*

Casey knew he would never be able to forgive himself if he ended Amber’s career because of such an outlandish mistake. He rose to his feet and urged her towards the back of the kitchen. *“Hide in the freezer! We’ll let you know when you can come out and get to your car!”*

“The freezer??” Amber whimpered when Casey opened the door. *“But it’ll make my--Mmm!!”*

The blast of freezing air assaulted her thick nipples. It forced them to thrust outward and puff angrily with air, plumping until they were tight and shiny. *“M-Mmmmgnhh!”* It was torturous pleasure but Amber forced herself into the freezer, where Casey closed the door behind her.

Moments later, Margaret walked into the kitchen. It was obvious she noticed the strange atmosphere in the diner. It was still mostly silent, save for those talking too loudly about the waitress tearing through her dress.

“Afternoon, boys,” she greeted Butch and Casey. *“How is everything going today...?”*

Butch flashed a cheesy smile and gave her a thumbs up. *“Couldn’t be better!”*

“Good to hear it. Where is Amber? I have a church function I would like to host here and I need to talk to her about closing a late tomorrow.”

Casey fought a nervous lump in her throat. “Bathroom maybe?”

“I’ll catch her on the way out I suppose...” Walking towards her office, Casey’s heart stopped when Margaret turned towards the freezer door.

“Wait!”

With one hand on the handle, the owner stared at her newest employee. “...Yes?”

Nothing came to mind. There was nothing Casey could say that would stop her from opening the door and finding Amber waiting in her underwear.

“Can I get my lunch now?” Margaret asked, annoyed.

Casey only nodded.

“Thank you.” The freezer swung open. Both Casey and Butch waited for any sort of reaction when she stepped past the doorway. Nothing came. She only grabbed a frozen container of leftover lasagna from a nearby shelf and closed the door.

“I’ll be in my office. Send Amber my way if you see her!”

Casey’s heart had never raced so fast. There was nowhere Amber could have hid in the freezer. The shelves were stocked full from wall to wall. After hearing the click of Margaret’s office door, he and Butch rushed to the freezer. A phone rang in Margaret’s office and they knew they had at least a few minutes to smuggle the waitress to her car.

“Amber...??” Casey called out.

She was nowhere to be seen. The freezer was empty with nowhere for a girl with breasts her size to hide. That was when her tattered uniform fell on his head. It was still warm and smelled of fruity perfume.

“U-Up here!” Amber whispered nervously.

Turning his head above the doorway, Casey saw the inflated girl floating against the ceiling. Clad only in her underwear, the air from the fans made her shiver and break out into a rash of goosebumps. The sight of a near-naked girl struggling in midair was better than anything any stripper could pull off.

“*How are you doing that?!*” Butch gasped.

“How do you think?! I’m so full of hot air that the cold air is making me float!” Amber pushed against the ceiling in frustration and bounced off with her breasts. “*Now stop enjoying the view and get me down!*”

Angling one leg, Amber squirmed in the air until Casey managed to grab hold of her ankle. It didn’t take much effort to pull her down, similar to holding a bundle of balloons from floating away. He made the mistake of turning his gaze upwards only to be met with Amber’s lace-wrapped crotch and her hovering spheres.

“*D-Don’t look up at me!*” she complained. Crossing her legs and using her hands as best she could to cover herself and keep from bouncing off the walls, the bare waitress felt like a blimp on display.

Casey motioned to Butch. “Grab one of the trash bags! We can use it to help cover her!”

The cook showed visible disapproval but knew better than to argue. They’d had their fun. With only one wall separating them from Margaret, doom could come at any time and ruin any future possibility of soapy fun.

Amber flailed anxiously. With Casey pulling her out of the freezer, gravity was starting to take effect once more due to the warm kitchen. “Hurry! I need to cover up and get out of here before--”

In the corner of his eye, Casey saw Butch standing motionless. The sound of Margaret’s office door opening had frozen him in place. “Crap,” he frowned.

Margaret stepped out with a perplexed and troubled expression. “I just got a call from an elderly woman complaining about one of our waitresses *flashing* the entire diner and--”

Amber came back to Earth just in time for Margaret to see her feet touch the ground. The waitress stood in only her underwear with Casey’s hands wrapped around a thigh to hold her down. The entirety of her torso was hidden behind two bulbous, air-filled tits. Each had inflated to a staggering three-feet across, far too large for Amber to contain or hope to cover with any sense of modesty. Both nipples resembled intimidating puffy pink soda cans bulging on top of areolas like soup bowls.

“U-Uh... Hi, Margaret,” Amber squeaked, now wishing her breasts were larger so they could cover her revealing panties.

A deeper color of infuriated red had never filled Margaret’s face so quickly. “*STAFF MEETING!! NOW!!*”

The demanding yell drew every eye in the diner to stare in the kitchen. Kara and Melanie stared in horror. Seeing their audience and Amber’s very visible nakedness, she pointed and instructed, “*Locker room. And Casey, get your hands off her. You should all be ashamed of yourselves!*”

“Y-Yes, ma-am.” Amber tried to shrink away when she passed under her boss’s eyes. Trying to fit through the door was met with her globes rubbing against the doorframe and a flurry of sharp squeaks.

“*Stop messing around!*”

Face red with embarrassment, Amber red hugged her breasts together. They still refused to fit. “I-I’m too big! They won’t go through!”

Smoke plumed from Margaret’s nose like an angry bull. “*Then take off those fake breasts! You look absolutely ridiculous!*”

Amber’s coworkers stared with wide, helpless eyes. They all knew her appearance was far from fake. Whimpering with fear, Amber turned to her side and tried entering the locker room.

SQUUEEAAAK!

The metal frame rang out against her stretched skin until it met with her bloated nipple. Amber knew she had to push through it, sucking in her chest as best she could. It wasn't enough to clear her nipple. Casey's mouth watered when he watched her nipple fold over as it was forced through the door.

POP!!

“NNNGHHMMM!!!!”

It sprang free on the other side and sent an echoing ripple of sound through Amber's hollow breasts like a balloon taking a punch.

Margaret growled at Amber's sexual pleasure. “Stop with this disgusting act. You're embarrassing yourself.”

“I-I wish...I could!” She was only halfway through the door and unsure if she could take the pressure again without losing control. “Just...give me a second to--”

“I'm through waiting!” Margaret wasn't having it. Shoving her way past Casey, she stood menacingly over Amber. Her palms reached out to press on her chest.

“Margaret! P-Please, don't push on them! You're going to...mmmm!!! M-Make me...”

SQUEEAAAANK!!

“What kind of immoral store would sell such disgusting props??” Margaret fumed, sinking her hands into the taut surface.

“A-Ahh!! MMMM!! Margaret, please!!”

Casey watched Amber's thighs clench and grind. An unmistakable glisten had moistened their inner surfaces. Amber looked to be fighting every urge in her body screaming for release.

SQQQUUEAAAK!

“M-MMM!!” Amber whimpered as her breast was squeezed. “You're...I-I'm going to...MARGARET PLEASE!! Before I--”

SQQQUUEAAAAAAA--BWOOMPH!!!

“Auuughhh!!! O-Oh GOD!!” Amber was shoved into the room against a wall of extreme inflated ecstasy. Overcome with an orgasm blown as large as her chest, she fell to the floor to land on her mammaries. They bounced under her weight and her back arched in release while she came to rest on her hands and knees. “NNGHHHHMMM!!!!” Unable to control herself in such a state, her butt trembled in the air while a hand slipped between her thighs to grasp a screaming pussy. The entire scene happened before Casey and Margaret's eyes. Little was left to the imagination through the sheer lace of her underwear.

Amber continued shaking. Margaret's jaw dropped in disbelief. Finally making their way from the diner, Kara and Melanie reluctantly joined the team meeting. Drinking nervously from a water bottle, liquid shot from Kara's nose when she found Amber in such a vulnerable state.

“Amber! Take it easy!” she howled with laughter, “This is a place of business!” The joke

received a gentle slap on her arm from Melanie. A flash of hellfire shot from Margaret's eyes. "S-Sorry, ma-am."

Looking ready to erupt, Margaret huffed to release pressurized anger. "This is unacceptable," she insisted. "You exposed yourself to our customers, and then I find Casey feeling you up, naked, with *giant inflatable breasts?! Among our FOOD?! Is this any way for an assistant manager to act?!*"

"I-I...Nnngh!!" Amber could barely speak. It was hard enough keeping her fingers out of herself. "Ahhh!!"

Casey had to step in. "It wasn't her fault, Margaret!! I--"

CRREEAAAAAK

"Oh!!" A gasp and muffled giggles came from behind him.

PING!!

Both mortified for different reasons, Margaret and Casey turned to stare at Kara. Her uniform had blown a button to expose a generous portion of a pair of breasts rivaling Melanie's.

Kara was terrible at reading the room. "Whoa! Good one, Butch!!"

Pinching the space between her eyes, Melanie sighed, feeling like the only responsible one for the first time. "Dammit, Butch..." His smile was proud as ever.

Margaret stood petrified. Between Amber using her breasts like a cushion as she moaned with orgasmic pleasure, and Kara ready to burst through her uniform, she had lost her patience.

Casey tried to make his case before she could say anything. "Margaret, really! I can explain! It wasn't Amber's fa--"

"Mmmnnghhh!!!! Ahhhh!!!" Giving one last scream, Amber slumped to the ground. It took no effort to roll onto her back and cradle her breasts in her arms as they wobbled on top of her. No longer caring, her legs fell spread with her panties askew from handling the vicious orgasm. The scent of sex permeated the room as they stared at Amber's exposed privates. "*God that was good...*" she moaned.

Stony and beyond anger, Margaret pointed to the door. "You're all fired. Get out."

(.Y.) (.Y.) (.Y.) (.Y.) (.Y.)

A week passed before Casey saw any sign of Amber. She was absent from class and despite his best efforts, he could not find her on campus. The last he had seen of her was buried under her inflated breasts and Margaret's rage. Guilt had proceeded to wrack his core not only for her fate but the fate of his other coworkers as well.

It was a relief when he saw her approaching from across the quad on the following Friday. He couldn't get his apology out fast enough when she was within earshot. "Amber, is

everything all right?? I am *SO sorry!* If I had known that was your shake, I never would have put so much soap into it! Melanie just got in my head and I got caught up in proving her wrong and--”

Amber held a hand into the air to stop him. “It’s all right, Casey. It was an honest mistake. I know how good Melanie can be at antagonizing you guys...”

“But everyone lost their jobs and...and...” Casey’s thoughts trailed off. Amber’s shirt was more filled out than usual. What he guessed to be D-cups were pulling the neckline of a tank top.

Amber followed his gaze. “O-Oh! Yea, they never fully went down... I had to hide in my room for a day or two until I was even able to hide them in a giant sweatshirt. Eventually the deflation became so slow that it just stopped. I think I can kiss my A-cups goodbye.”

Guilt panged Casey. “I gave you a *lot* of soap...”

She shrugged with a playful smile. “It’s not so bad. And I promise I’m not upset. In fact...” She took his hand. “Come with me.”

Amber led him around the back of a nearby school building. Once they were out of sight from any passing students, she became excited. “Listen; when Ryan heard we were all fired, he quit on the spot.”

“He’s jobless too?? He’s been there for years!”

“Just listen! After he quit, Ryan started joking about opening his own diner.”

“Like Suzy’s?”

“Except it’s themed. Around tits. And, it turns out Ryan’s older brother is an investor with a taste for top-heavy women.”

Casey was having trouble making sense of where she was going. “H...Huh?”

“You saw how the customers at Suzy’s liked it when we were all puffed up! Most of them like it, at least. A few old ladies didn’t like my display at the end there... But thanks to your little mixup, my last paycheck had more money in tips than all my other tips combined! Margaret looked ready to explode when she handed the stack of cash to me! Ryan’s brother thinks there’s a good market for an adult diner!”

Casey couldn’t believe his ears. “So Ryan is going to run a diner themed around inflating the waitress’ chests???”

Amber winked. “For an extra fee on top of their meal, of course. You want in? We need a dishwasher! We’re thinking about calling it Sud’s.”

“You...want me to work there???”

“We all do! You were part of the team, even if only for a week! We thought it was fair to offer you the same position. But you never know, there might be lots of room to grow.”

Casey couldn’t answer fast enough. “*Yes! Definitely!*”

“Great! Butch is going to love having you back. You’re his hero after what you did to me. There is one other thing.” Amber pulled a small bottle from her pocket the size of a travel shampoo. “Since we’re theming an entire diner around it, Ryan decided we’re going to need a

better way of getting the soap into us. He ordered some of that soap from the distributor and came up with these little guys! He calls them Waitress Boosters.”

“You’re telling me if you drink that, you’ll--”

“Watch.” Amber twisted the cap and swallowed the single gulp inside. “*Gah...* Tastes a lot better after whatever Ryan did to it!” She turned her attention to her chest as quickly as Casey.

HHIISSSSSS

Gentle bubbles were already flowing into her chest. Ryan’s concoction was far more potent and fast-acting than the regular soap. Holding her arms across her stomach to keep her tank top in place, they watched Amber’s breasts and bra slide into view. The neckline stretched over her bloating curves as she grew as large as melons. Supple skin pressed together in a tantalizing chasm of cleavage bulging over her cups.

Amber’s breath grew hot and drawn out. Watching her chest swell from her thin frame in such a way was more of a turn-on every time. Her skin creaked against her bra. To either side of her shoulder straps, flesh pushed against her biceps in a final search for space. Finally, as she rounded full and tight, her tits puffed to the size of her head before coming to rest like two pale balloons.

“*W-Wow...*” Amber swooned, smiling weakly. “That takes a little getting used to!” Holding her chest out, she allowed Casey to ogle the results. “According to Ryan, that bottle was a ‘Level 2 Waitress Enhancement’. It lasts for about ten minutes.”

Casey’s mouth was dry. “How many levels are--”

“It goes up to five,” Amber winked, relishing in his mesmerized gaze. She had to reclaim his attention. “So you in?”

“*Are you kidding?! Of course I’m in!!*”

“Good! Welcome to the Sud’s team! You might say it’s going to be *big*.”