

Extra Credit Part 1

“Give me a B...” Sherry mumbled under her breath. Annoyance still burned in her chest after receiving her test score earlier that day. *“I’m an A-student! I don’t get Bs!”*

Her shoes clicked across the building’s tiled floor. Being a private school, their uniform consisted of fairly stringent guidelines, especially for girls. A button-up blouse and blazer were to be worn with an optional tie. Pants were not allowed; only knee-length skirts matching the blazer. Knee-high socks were optional as well, something Sherry often opted to wear to help keep her legs warm in the blustery winters.

“Shouldn’t have to demean myself by earning extra credit... My essay was flawless. It’s not my fault it went over her head.”

She entered the school’s chemistry lab in a huff. Being Friday night, she was the only soul within the building save for two janitors busying themselves with a game of poker in the basement.

Eager to finish so she could return to her regular studies, Sherry tossed her blazer over a chair and inspected an elaborate chemistry setup bubbling on a table. It had been brewing since lunch. She’d forgone food in favor of getting a head start.

“I’ll give you extra credit... I’ll give you more extra credit than you’ve ever seen.” A disgruntled huff made her chest push into her blouse before falling dramatically in a rapid exhale. Owning a prominent pair of E-cups, Sherry was proud to lay claim to both beauty and brains. If her intellect didn’t get the boys’ attention, the shirts purposefully sized too small certainly did.

Plucking a small test tube from a warmer, she held it at eye level. The contents, a concentrated concoction of estrogen, had changed color over the course of several hours of reduction and heat.

“Hmmm... It’s darker in color...” She swirled the tube, watching the pink fluid lap at the sides. “And more viscous... About what I expected.” Another annoyed sigh tested the blouse’s buttons. “Can’t believe Ms. Yaotle is requiring something so trivial just to get my 4.0 back. It’s like making a monkey peel a banana to prove it’s--*Shit!!*”

The glass slipped from her fingers. Fumbling the vial, it tumbled against her body where it struck her shelf-like chest. Fleeshy pillows caught it, bouncing the vial away and into her flailing grasp, where she caught it upside down.

Sherry’s heart sank when she saw the contents rush from the opening. It doused her waiting breasts in a sudden warm gush. The sensation soaked through her blouse immediately, coating her pale lotioned cleavage and absorbing into her bra.

“SHIT!!!”

The schoolgirl panicked at her carelessness. Nearly breaking the vial when she tossed it on the table, she grabbed her blazer and began dabbing the front of her blouse.

“Don’t stain! Don’t stain!!”

It proved inefficient. The pink color spread across her chest before settling into a large dull blot over her bust. Fabric clung to her curves to reveal her shapes and shadows through the wet surface. Her black bra showed more prominent than ever.

“Great! *Fantastic!* I got my first B *and* I stained one of my favorite tops! *AND* I have to start all over!! I don’t have time for this!! I have other things to--*Nngh!!*”

A spark of intense heat flashed through her chest. Sherry gasped, startled at the sensation. It took her breath away and sent tingling across her skin as if it were crackling with energy. The table served as support when she fell forward. Heat flushed her cheeks and brought her chest to rise in rapid gasps.

“*What’s... Nnngh... What’s happening...?*”

Sherry stared down, watching the movements of her bust. It filled her blouse far more than she remembered. An obscene shelf of overflowing flesh jiggled over the brims of her cups as if she’d chosen to wear an extreme push-up bra.

“*This... T-This... Why are my...*”

A hand drifted to a supple mound. Still wet, it was warm and slick in her grasp. The amount of mass meeting her palm made Sherry’s heart race when she felt the cushiony texture gushing all around her bra.

“*Why do my breasts feel...so swollen?? God... They feel like... L-Like they’re--NGH!!*”

STRRRRTCH!!

“*Ahm!!*”

Sherry nearly collapsed under a massive weight of pleasure and pressure. The clasp of her bra dug into her back. Watching her assets, she whimpered upon seeing gaps spread open between her buttons. Cleavage winked from within, more plump by the second.

“*What’s... W-W-Why am I--*”

Her eyes fell upon her notes. Nervous sweat rolled down her neck.

“*E...Estrogen...*”

STRRRRTCH!!!

Confirming her fears, her breasts bloated several cup sizes. Skin billowed over her bra, pushing it into her blouse to draw the fabric taut.

“*I-I’m covered in concentrated estrogen!*” Sherry gasped. Turning around, she sat against the table and arched her back to lift her chest into the air. It wobbled with a mind of its own, visibly swelling. “*Mmmm!! This... T-This can’t be happening!!! I need to hurry and--*”

STRRRRTCH!!!

“*MMMMGH!!!! A-Aahhh!!*”

It was overwhelming. Enduring months of bodily development within seconds, Sherry trembled at her burgeoning mammaries. Her hands flew to cup their bottoms when their weight flourished.

“*Stop!! S-Stop!! How big are you going to--*”

POP!!!!

“EEK!!!”

A button exploded from their centers and sailed across the lab. The resulting bulging cleavage made Sherry purse her lips with bubbling whimpers of lust.

CRASH!!!

Her elbow struck her setup, knocking it to the floor as she leaned onto the table.

“A-All that estrogen... It’s making me... I-I-It’s making my breasts ...SWELL!!! It’s so fast!!!” She stared as more of her vision became blocked by her bosom. *“Why does it feel...so good?! They must be bigger than my own head!!”*

CREEEAAAAAAK

Stitches came to life on her blouse. Stress lines shot across her curves like comets. Sinking uncomfortably into her skin, Sherry felt her bra screaming for relief. Its cups sank several inches to deform her bust. The band felt ready to burst as her shoulders ached against the straps.

STRRRRTCH!!

“Mmmgh!! This... This has to stop!!” She watched, helpless and worried as her mammaries continued without a care. *“How can I possibly get so big?! I-I-I’ll explode if they keep swelling like--”*

POP!!!

POP POP POP POP!!!!

“AAUGH!!!!”

Buttons blew from her blouse in a sudden array of plastic. Bounding across the floor, the gentle taps were drowned out by Sherry’s cries of ecstasy. She leaned back on the table, gasping at the heaving watermelon mounds rising off her torso.

STRRRRTCH!!

“Nnngh!!! W-Wait...! Please--”

CREEEAAAAAAK!!!

They bloated larger. Her bra struggled, trembling with drum-tight tension. Sherry’s view was nothing but cleavage as she ballooned without end. Estrogen still lubed her cleavage as her breasts rubbed together. Each breath only helped rub the hormone into her body.

CREEEEEAAAAAAK!!!!

Her bra screamed as spandex popped and snapped. Sherry’s hands clenched into the sides of the table for strength.

“W-W-Wait!!!! My bra!!” She arched her back, terrifying of the ticking time bomb wrapped around her hyper-sensitive breasts. *“I-It’s too tight!!! I can’t--”*

BOOM!!!!

“MMMMGH!!!!”

She collapsed onto the table when the garment burst apart like a firework. Flesh pinned her down, overflowing her torso and quaking with her every movement. In the flurry, her hand had shot down the front of her skirt. A sopping pussy was found begging for attention within her panties.

“Mmmmgh!! MMMGH!!!! Ooohhh they’re not stoppiing!!!”

The lab was spinning. Writhing in orgasmic delight under their weight, Sherry bucked her hips in time with her hand. Her skirt caught the edge of the table, slipping down her thighs to the floor.

“They’re so...heavy!! They’re so BIG!!!” Helpless, she watched the beach ball-sized globes jiggle between her arms. *“H-How much bigger can they get?!”*

Cautious, she pressed a hand into the side of a breast. It sank several inches before meeting firm resistance. She started massaging, reveling in the pleasure her extreme size brought. Sweat ran down her face when she dared to pinch a strawberry-sized nipple between her thumb and finger. Oversensitized pink skin squished like a plump marshmallow.

“MMMMMMMMMMMM!!!!!”

SPLRRRTCH!!

Fluid gushed from her pussy, coating her hand. Sherry’s legs flailed in orgasm as she forgot how to breathe.

“AAHH!!! MMMMGHHAAAHHHH!!!”

STRRRRTCH!!!

She felt them grow. Cleavage pushed into her chin as skin inched down her stomach. Her body felt like Jell-O. Trying to catch her breath, she opened her eyes to see the ceiling above. She’d managed to make her way fully onto the table, lying on her back in a layer of perspiration. Her underwear hung around her knees, heavy with fluids.

“This... T-This is... Too much... This growth... It’s... Mmmm what am I going to do?!”

STRRRRTCH!!!

Sherry bit her lip. They were slowing down but were far from stopping. Brief moments of clarity flashed through her lust-riddled mind.

“I... I-I have to get up! I need to get out of here!! Before--Mgh!!”

She tried to rise but found their weight impossible to manage. Her naked body writhed, fully exposed to the room as one leg kicked free of her underwear. The table was cold against her bare ass as she slid in her own juices.

“Ok... O-Ok... I just have to...”

It was difficult to think straight. Gathering her chest in her arms like a giant pillow, she strained herself to roll over.

BWOOOMP!!!

“MMMGGH!!!”

She slid against the surface of the table, managing to flip onto her stomach. Her breasts settled beneath her as massive cushions.

“O-Oh wow...”

The sight stunned Sherry. Supporting her entire upper body, her arms sank into her breasts as she leaned into their forms.

“They’re so soft...” she whispered.

STRRRRTCH!!!

“Ah!!!” A squeak echoed through the lab when she felt her torso rise an inch. *“A-And still growing!!”*

She looked around. There was no chance of her getting to her feet. The size of her chest alone was too great to carry in her arms even if she could stand.

STRRRRTCH!!

“Ngh!”

Her thighs clenched, sending her supple rear to jiggle in her delight. Sherry turned her gaze downward, taking in the full extent of her bust creeping ever larger.

CREEEEEAAAAAAAK

The table groaned ominously, making her heart skip a beat. Worry mixed with her arousal at the worsening situation when her arms sank deeper into her bloating mammaries.

Sherry gulped, stranded. *“I... I might be in a little trouble...”*

To be continued