

**CAUTION: THE VERSION OF THIS STORY CONTAINS AN ALTERNATE ENDING
THAT RESULTS IN BURSTING AND POPPING BREASTS**

“Ugh, this app wants me to pay to download.” Randy said with disgust.

Emily looked at his phone. “It's a dollar for the top rated music player on the app store.” She looked at the twenty dollar pizza they had ordered, sitting in front of them in Randy's dorm room. “You really can't afford a dollar for an app that perfectly fits your needs?”

“It's not because of my ability, it's the principle. I don't pay for apps. Ads are fine; free for me, and revenue for them. Then everyone wins.” He closed out of the app and continued scrolling through the store. “Guess I'll keep looking around...”

Emily sighed, but it was nothing she wasn't used to. Her boyfriend had always had odd principles, as he called them. She grabbed another slice of pizza; at least he was willing to pay for greasy fast food.

Randy chuckled beside her. “Hey look, this app will tell you the bra size of any girl in a picture!”

“There's no way that's accurate. It's just some creepy developers wanting to gather all the pictures of busty women they can.” Emily said. She glanced at the screen and saw the title Boob Guesser written across it. Randy had already downloaded it.

“Smile!” He told her, quickly snapping a picture of her before she could protest.

Her photo appeared on his screen, her face frozen in surprise and a mid-bite of her pizza. Still by all accounts she was incredibly attractive. Emily was on the shorter side, her legs not long enough to reach the ground as they sat on his bed. Red hair hung past her shoulders on thick locks, and even in the photo her eyes sparkled green.

He tapped a button below the photo, a big flashing box that said “Measure Her!” A spinner appeared in the screen as it gave the impression it was thinking. “Let's see how accurate it is!”

“Jerk.” Emily said. She had never like having her picture taken.

Randy's phone vibrated gently, and it displayed a bra size, dancing on his screen.

30A

TINY!

Emily had been looking when it popped up. “Wow, pervy *and* accurate!” She awed, silently wishing it had shown a different size.

“Spot on! That's actually pretty cool...” Randy admitted. Emily was silent. He knew the app had hit a nerve. She had never been shy about how small she felt her breasts were. Randy

had to agree; she was flat as a board. But he loved her all the same. He would be lying if he said he wouldn't enjoy her with a little more on top though.

“Sorry, Em...” Randy apologized.

“It's fine. I wasn't expecting it to be so accurate about how small I am. Although the giant flashing 'TINY' was a bit unnecessary...”

“Like you said, it was written by some creepy developers. They probably don't think about the feelings they might be hurting.” He rubbed her back slightly as she ate her pizza.

His phone buzzed, a notification showing on his screen. Viewing it, he saw it had been sent from the Boob Guesser app.

Based on your last measurement, you might be interested in our other apps!

Randy felt himself shrug internally, and clicked it, Emily watching, self-conscious. The notification took him away from the app, opening a new browser window.

“Enjoy that virus.” Emily snickered.

Randy agreed, the site looked seedy. He moved to close it, but stopped as the list of apps populated in front of him.

“Look at these!” He exclaimed, scrolling through the list, listing them off, “Hair Styler, Thigh Thickener, Remote Arousal... Heh, Mammary Manager.” He stopped at that one.

Emily couldn't believe her ears had perked up. Even less believable was seeing her boyfriend click on it. “What are you doing?? Are you asking to have your phone bricked?”

“Just hang on, I wanna see what it is! Nothing can happen that I can't fix...” Randy assured her.

His screen displayed a download page, Mammary Manager titled across it. He scrolled through the description, chuckling a little. “Look at this! It says it can change any aspect about a woman's chest.”

Emily snorted. “I'm sure it can. Now close it.”

Randy clicked download.

“You're kidding me right?” She asked in disbelief.

“What's the harm? I'll side load this app, and just take a peek! It's probably a photo editing program, can make you look bigger or whatever. Don't you want to see what you'd look like with a nice pair of DDs?”

Emily would be lying if she had said no. “Well... yeah. But... There's probably a reason it's on some website and not the app store.”

“Well just take a quick look. Might be funny!”

“Fine, but I'm not taking my top off for any pictures. No telling what it'll use those photos for in the background.”

“Fair enough.” The download finished and Randy's phone gave him a warning against side loading apps. He quickly dismissed it, the app soon popping up in front of them.

Big pink bubble letters read Mammary Manger across the top. A dialog displayed, asking for the subject's fingerprint. He held the phone out to her.

“My fingerprint? Really?” Emily asked, tenderly holding his phone in her hands.

“Why not? It's not like it's not already in your phone, the school records, and probably five other places.”

“Even the police station from that field trip in middle school...” She laughed, “My dad was furious they had done that. He threatened to sue them.” She put her index finger on his phone's sensor. It buzzed happily in her hands in confirmation, a large pair of jiggling breasts showing a wait screen.

“Here...” Emily said, handing it back to him. “I don't want to get pizza grease on it...”

She already had, and Randy wiped it on his pant leg as he watched the screen. It opened up to reveal a simple user interface.

A computer generated image of a bare chest from the shoulders to belly button was shown on the top half, eerily similar to Emily's own torso. Below that were two large buttons, the top one reading ‘Tap to Increase’. The one below it read similarly, ‘Tap to Decrease’, and Randy scoffed, wondering why even make it an option.

“Is that...my chest?” Emily wondered, looking over at the small A cup breasts barely rising above the slim torso. “It looks exactly like me. This is kind of creepy...”

“It's all just science.” Randy assured her. “Probably between your fingerprint and the photo from earlier it knows enough to take a guess at what you look like.”

Emily looked uneasy, but was curious all the same. Even as a CGI model, she wanted to know what her breasts would look like larger. “Press the increase button...” she told him softly. Randy pressed it.

The model's breasts swelled slightly, distending a little on its chest, gaining a full cup size. “Ha! Look at that!” Randy said. He pressed it again, watching as the breasts grew out further, becoming tiny C cups. “How about those boobs?” He asked, looking at Emily.

She was swooning, her eyes wide as her eyes looked directly at her chest, her hands hovering an inch in front of them. “Em?” He asked.

“Randy... My chest feels weird... It feels like it's on pins and needles!” She slowly said, her hands trembling. Her t-shirt seemed to be shifting on her body, particularly around her bust. “W-What's happening??” She cried out.

Emily's eyes nearly popped out as she watched the front of her shirt slowly expand, her own breasts pushing it out from underneath. Her breathing came out in fast bursts as centimeter by centimeter her tiny boobs grew out, nearly closing the gap between her and her open hands. Then, all to soon in Randy's opinion, it stopped, two small bulges quivered on her front.

He reached for the bottom of her shirt, not believing what had just happened, wanting to look. Her hand slapped him away. “D-Don't touch me! I'll do it...” She pulled the bottom of her

shirt, lifting it over her head as she threw it in the floor. She whimpered as an unknown weight fell free from her shirt as the fabric left her bust. Randy was starting to think he had made the best decision of his life.

Throwing the shirt down, Emily looked down at her braless chest. Two small mounds stared back, more than double the size she was moments ago. "My chest!" She gasped, half due to excitement. "What happened to me??"

Randy looked back at his phone, and grinned. He held the phone in front of her. "Look." Her breasts looked exactly like the computer model in the app. Even her nipples looked identical, small pencil eraser nubs topping each palm-full of breast. "No..."

"I think so."

"No. How...how would that app even... Randy, I swear if this is some sort of prank."

"It's not me! I mean I did press the button... But I didn't think it would work!"

She looked back at her chest, scared to touch her new assets. "These can't be real..."

Randy reached out and gently prodded the side of her breast with his index finger. They bobbed back and forth a little, her skin pressing into his finger. "They feel pretty real to me."

Emily saw the front of her chest wobbling, and her mind almost couldn't make sense of it. Her hands quickly grabbed them, forcing their motion to cease. Feeling their warmth almost fill out her hands, Emily felt a wave of pleasure she had never felt before wash over her. "T-They are real..." She accepted. Her nipples were standing up now, aroused.

"What else can this app do?" Randy quickly asked, grabbing his phone. He saw a settings tab near the top, as well a button that looked like a faucet. He tapped the settings excitedly. "Look at all these things we can do!" He exclaimed. "Nipple size, sensitivity, growth rate, growth amount, perkiness, firmness, there's even a toggle for if you want those light blue veins some women have!"

Emily was hardly paying attention to the list. "Let's just... Wait for a second, Randy." She told him.

Randy was already in the process of pushing the increase button again.

"Ahh!" Emily gasped, "Randy I said sto--" Her eyes fluttered closed as she moaned. "I...I said...mmmm what did you do...?" She looked down at her chest, eyes half open. They were growing larger in her hands, filling and stretching into her palms.

"I turned your sensitivity up. It was pretty low, you know." Randy confessed, watching his girlfriend grow. Her breasts jiggled as her body shook, each like an apple on her front.

"Mmmnng," She groaned, the growth stopping. "You gotta warn me before you do that!" She punched him lightly, her boobs bouncing around unsupported.

Randy didn't care. "They look incredible!" He grabbed one in his large hand and gave his girlfriend a squeeze for the first time. She shook from his touch, and could feel her nipples harden like iron in the snow. "Do you like them?" He asked, massaging her lightly.

"They're... Better than I had imagined..." She said, enjoying his caress.

"You want to keep going?" Randy hoped more than anything that she would.

“Y-Yes, but...” she began.

“Come on, you can go a little bigger!” Randy encouraged, enjoying seeing her breasts grow before him.

“It's not that.” She told him, removing his hand from her tit. Forcing herself to make the pleasure stop took more effort than she thought it would. “People are already going to wonder where these came from.”

“So you want to go back down?” He asked, sullen.

“No!” Emily quickly affirmed. She had just gotten breasts, and she wasn't about to say goodbye to them. “Let's take a look at those settings again...”

Randy opened them and held the phone between them. Emily looked at them before speaking. “I do want to be bigger...” She admitted. “But it would be best if i didn't show up to class tomorrow with bowling ball tits, you know?”

“Yea...” Randy agreed.

“So what if...I still grew, but we changed how much and how fast?” Emily looked up at him with a sly smile. A few strands of red hair had fallen into her face, her eyes thirsty behind them. She looked like she had waited for this moment her entire life.

“Ok... How big are you thinking?” Randy asked, expecting an answer like D or E cups.

“*Big.*” She said. “I want knockers bigger than my own head. I've always wanted to be one of those short, tiny girls with the massive rack that everyone stares at.” Emily didn't waste a second thinking about it. To Randy it almost seemed like this had been a thought that had crossed her mind more than once.

“Really? Are you sure your eyes aren't bigger than your boobs right now?” He asked, wanting her to say yes.

She nodded, and kissed him. “I'm sure. Boobs have always been at the top of my list of things to get, and I don't intend to pass up this opportunity.”

She turned back to the phone, her topless chest jiggling from her motion. “Let's see... How about the time span for the growth is five days, and for the amount, put...” Emily thought for a moment, as if trying to put her vision of her dreams into a bra size, “put twenty inches.”

Randy had to stop for a moment to make sure he heard her right. “Twenty? As in two and a zero?”

“Mhmm!” She nodded quickly, cupping her chest. “That'll add twenty cups to my bust! Each one will be a good ten inches across!” She leaned in close and whispered to him, “Just so you can picture it, a volleyball is only *eight* inches across.”

The mere idea of Emily having breasts larger than two volleyballs made Randy hard. He put in her requests without another thought.

“And bump up their perkiness a little too please! I want them to hang, but I can't have them smacking my knees. I want them to still be a little round...” Randy was happy to oblige, bumping her perkiness up a considerable amount. Out of the corner of his eye, he saw the crease

from where her current breasts folded over her chest fade away, as her mounds seemed to rise on their own, rounding out into pert breasts.

Emily giggled, noticing the change as well, her chest standing out like she had gotten implants much too large for her. “They look a little strange now, but I’ll need that perkiness later on, trust me!” She was starting to seem like a different person. Randy had never seen her so open about her body like this, much less how much she wanted to change it.

“Is that everything?” He asked, closing out of settings.

“That’s it! Now do it.” She commanded.

Randy tapped the increase button, and they both looked at her chest.

“OH!” Emily squeaked. “It kinda feels like there’s a bunch of warm little feathers running all over them!” She bit her lip as she rolled her breasts in her hands. “Do I look bigger yet?” She cooed to her audience of one.

“N-Not yet...” Randy admitted, although if he was being honest, she did look the slightest bit bigger.

“Well don’t you worry, these puppies are gonna grow!” She told him, ecstatic. She paused for a second, then looked at him with a serious face. “Randy... I can trust you with that app, right?”

Randy nodded. “Of course! Why wouldn’t you?”

“It’s an app connected directly to my boobs, and you’re a notorious tit-man.”

“So?”

“Let me make this clear; you don’t change a *single thing* about my chest without my approval, got it?”

“Yes, yes! I’ve got it! Your boobs your choice.” Randy smiled at her. “I understand.”

Emily narrowed her eyes, but still returned the smile. She grabbed him by the waistband of his pants. “Good. Now, come enjoy your new toys... Because after tonight, you don’t get to see me again until these five days are up!”

Day 1

Emily had gone to bed with images of what would be her breasts in the coming days running through her mind. She had the math all worked out.

Twenty inches in five days; that’s four inches, or four cup sizes, my breasts will grow everyday, she calculated. She knew it was an enormous amount of growth; completely unrealistic actually. And she was prepared for people to ask questions. To the best of her knowledge, no natural process could cause a woman’s breasts to grow four sizes in a day, and people were liable to be concerned. Possibly even make fun of her, or call her a freak. She didn’t care.

It hadn’t been easy convincing Randy not to see her during her growth, but in the end he agreed. They both thought it would be incredibly hot for him to see her with tits suddenly bigger than her own head.

Emily woke up the first morning earlier than usual, feeling anxiety and excitement in the pit of her stomach. It had been more than twelve hours since they had started growing, and she was expecting to see a major size difference.

Throwing back the covers, she wasn't disappointed. Already her mammaries were larger. Staring at the two rising mounds on her chest, Emily could see that they were starting to drift to either side of her chest from their weight now, like two large softballs. She grinned. *Should easily be the proverbial grapefruit size by tonight!* She thought.

Jumping out of bed, their weight caught her off guard. She swayed for a second, catching herself on the nightstand. Her arm crossed over her front as she held them into her, feeling them flatten and bulge out. It made her smile. Emily couldn't remember the last time she was so happy getting up early.

The previous day, after what was perhaps the best sex she had ever excited, her and Randy had gone to the store. Anticipating the next few days, they both agreed it would be best to buy some bras and clothes now. Emily bought three bras: a smaller one, a rather large medium, and a hulking beige one, the largest the store had. She also bought a large sports bra, for the in-between times. Current, she filled out the smallest of the bras nicely, with still some room to grow. Pulling on a low-cut shirt and heading out the door, she couldn't wait for the reactions of her friends and teachers as she bounced out the door to class.

It was incredible feeling her chest bouncing under her clothes, and Emily found herself heel striking just to make them bounce a little bit more. Still she could feel the warm caress of those light touches enveloping her breasts, her growth continuing. The wind blew across her exposed cleavage and she shivered, feeling goosebumps prickle on her new surface areas.

Seeing her best friend sitting in her first class of the day, Emily couldn't wait to see her reaction. She sat down heavily beside her. "Morning, Mari!"

Mari looked over at her. "Morning, Emily... How are yo--" Her friend's words caught in her throat.

Emily smiled. "What's the matter?"

"Y-Your..."

"Boobs? I know! They just started coming in all the sudden! I couldn't believe it." Emily gleefully pushed them together with her arms, squeezing cleavage out of her top. She could feel the eyes of every guy in the room lingering on her.

"Emily... That's not normal. Not that much growth. I just saw you two days ago and you were...well you know..."

"Flat. You can say it. I was flat as a board." Emily said it for her. "But now, I'm big and soft."

Her friend didn't know what to say. "Do they hurt? Mine felt like they were on fire when they came in. And it still took nearly a year to get to the size you are now..."

"Not at all! Feels kind of good, actually..." She said as the professor walked in. Even his eyes found her new chest rather quick. But he was fast to advert them.

Emily was loving her new body. And even as large as she felt now, she knew that this morning was just the beginning.

By bedtime, Emily noticed that her calculations had underestimated her growth a little bit. By the time she was climbing into bed, she was slightly larger than the grapefruit sized breasts she was expecting, around a hefty G cup range. It didn't concern her in the least; in fact it excited her a little bit. Closing her eyes that night, she knew she would again awaken to an even larger chest. Although it took some time finding a comfortable position to sleep in where her new breasts didn't get in the way.

Day 2

Upon waking up, Emily wasn't disappointed. As if the Tooth Fairy's cousin had slipped in and left her a gift, her breasts had swelled even more. Even in her breast-hungry eyes, the large expanse of boob she found in front of her was substantial.

They each had their own weight and pull to them as she rolled onto her back, feeling her chest shift as they flattened out into wide mounds. She pushed her hands into them, feeling her palms sink. "There's no way these will fit in the small bra..." She whispered to herself, as she jiggled them. "They can't even fit in my hands!"

She squeezed a nipple, and arousal coursed through her body, her breasts tingling as her heart rate increased. Emily had to fight the urge to touch herself again, from fear that she would miss her first class because she had to pleasure herself. Reluctantly, she got out of bed and went to shower, her new boobs hanging off her, now becoming disproportionate to her tiny body.

By Emily's math her breasts were adding about six or seven inches to her bust at this point, the amount from her previous size being unknown. They were past the point of ignoring and writing off as a growth spurt, and as predicted, she was forced to wear a sports bra for the day, their size in-between the small and medium bra she bought.

Throughout the day, the one thing she noticed was the weight her breasts were adding. Even walking to class, she could feel a tightness in her neck and shoulders, and their bouncing was hard to ignore. Stairs had become an entirely new challenge.

Her only class that day was a three hour physics lab, and the properties of collisions were introduced to her in more than one way. Not only was her lab partner staring at her front the entire time, hardly able to write, but she found that they were getting big enough now that her tits were getting in the way.

Often Emily would reach for something and her arm would strike her chest, making them wobble in the ever tightening sports bra. More than once she had to stifle a moan as her nipples rubbed against the cotton fabric. Other times she would lean over and completely push them into something, knocking over equipment. To the joy of her partner, she once accidentally made one of the pendulums collide into her boobs, making it bounce off course.

By the end of the day, all Emily wanted to do was lie down and take the stress off of her back and neck. It had started rough in the morning, but as the day progressed and her chest only continued to grow, she could feel the stress increasing, their ever-growing weight threatening to pull her into a slouching walk.

Her bed was a welcome ally of neck relief. As she laid herself down heavily, she felt her breasts bounce and shift like mounds of jello. Tilting her hips up, she found that her breasts reached to her collarbones when she lie flat and angled herself enough. They were even beginning to touch the sides of her forearms.

Emily was grateful for the support the bra would give her tomorrow, but regardless of her aching neck, she was loving every second of this.

Day 3

Randy couldn't remember a set of more painful days in his life. The knowledge that his flat-chested girlfriend was out there growing a giant pair of tits made him giddy. And all he wanted to do was get his hands on them, or even lay eyes on her cleavage.

He understood why she wanted him to wait; the suspense and final reveal would be incredible, possibly orgasmic. But it didn't make waiting any easier. By the third day, he knew she was past the halfway point, and that her breasts must be massive. He imagined her tiny body standing in front of him, tits standing out from her body like bulbous mountains.

Recently he had started looking at the app more and more often, the CGI rendering of her chest the only clue as to what she looked like. Even now in the middle of class, he sat in the back, staring at the chest on his phone, willing the wait to go by faster.

The image moved slowly, as if imitating her breathing. Two enormous breasts hung from her tiny ribcage, each nearing the size of her head. Randy guessed they might each be equivalent to two half gallons of milk. Her nipples had grown as well, becoming longer and thicker in the process, each like the end of a finger. Her areolas were a dark pink, slightly larger than a silver dollar. His mouth watered as he thought about sucking on them, feeling his hands sink into her as he squeezed.

In longing, he tapped on one of the breasts in the image, wondering if it would respond. To his utter surprise, the virtual tit bounced back and jiggled a little, like a boob physics engine in a video game. He poked it again, and it bobbed back and forth, bouncing into the other. He began to smile; even as a virtual model, it was pleasing to play with tits that size. He made a pinching motion on the large pink nipple, and it responded, compressing itself a little.

Just as he was starting to get into it, the class ended. He reluctantly put his phone back in his pocket, fully planning to take it back out the moment he was back to his dorm room. As he returned to his room and closed the door, he didn't even wait to take his shoes off before taking his phone back out.

Even after that short thirty minutes from when his class had ended, her breasts looked larger to him. He smiled as he prodded his finger into the screen, making them bounce like she was braless on a trampoline. As he starting pinching both of the nipples at the same time, he noticed the virtual model's breathing seem to increase, becoming fast and long, almost as if it was enjoying what he was doing to it.

Randy's phone started to ring, startling him. It was Emily. With trepidation, he pressed answer and held it up to his ear.

"STOP IT!!" Her voice yelled through the speaker.

"What?!" He asked, hoping it wasn't what he thought.

"I don't know *what* you're doing, but my tits feel like there are a hundred hands all over them!"

"Oh..." It was exactly what he thought.

"Oh? Oh?! This was you earlier too, wasn't it?! Do you realize that you made me moan in the middle of a test? The entire class heard me!" Emily scolded him.

"I'm sorry! I didn't think it was affecting you..."

"You're lucky I went straight home after the first time. But you almost made me faint in the shower!"

"Did you say faint?"

She sighed deeply on the end of the line. "Yes, faint. I've never felt that kind of pleasure before... Like me tits were connected directly to my pussy..." Emily didn't even seem embarrassed to admit this. Randy couldn't say he had ever heard her talk this way.

"How...How big are they?" Randy had to ask. The wait had been killing him all week.

"I bet you would like to know, wouldn't you?" Emily said. "I'm not telling you anything after what you just did. You're lucky you still get to see them in two days!"

"Can you just tell me what they look like?" Randy asked, almost begging.

"Nope. But what I can tell you, is that for the next half hour, I'm going to be rubbing and cleaning these massive tits with a warm soap sponge in the shower." She heard her boyfriend gulp through the phone. "Gee, I hope I can still fit in that tiny stall... I'll talk to you later, Randy, gotta go soap up!"

Randy began to stammer into the phone, most of the blood now gone from his head. Emily interrupted him. "And if you even touch that app again before you see me, you won't be allowed to touch these enormous titties for a month." The phone clicked as she hung up, leaving Randy with some swelling of his own.

Day 4

The fourth day of Emily's growth was a friday. And it was safe to say that even Emily was in awe at how large her breasts had grown. She was already growing into her thirteenth inch on her bust, and she knew it was time to wear the largest of the bras she had bought. Holding it

up in front of her, she thought about it. Before this week, never in her life had she ever thought she would be putting on a bra this size. It looked like it was meant for an obese woman who was breastfeeding, enormous cups hanging from the strap.

But now, placing it on her chest, it felt right. Her chest filled it out, even overflowing it, the tops of her breasts bulging over the cups. Emily patted the top of her swollen cantaloupe sized mammaries, ripples travelling through their enormous mass, the rest of her body hidden below. *Today is going to be fun*, she thought. By now, her breasts alone were larger than the chest supporting them, both in width and depth.

It was true that their weight was becoming incredible. Now she knew what most busty women complained about when they said big boobs aren't worth the back pain. The bra helped, but still they constantly tried to pull her face first down to the ground.

Nevertheless, Emily found herself enjoying it. She had accepted that a gym would have to become a part of her routine, so she could strengthen her back and neck, and that most everyday tasks were going to be a much bigger inconvenience now, even just typing on the computer. But she loved it. Every growing inch of her breasts she adored. The weight made them feel significant, like some sort of visible talent. The looks she got from guys as she walked through campus, or any incidents she caused by not accounting for her growing assets, they all affirmed something to her; "I have massive tits". They were all she had ever wanted and more. Walking through the halls or into a room, it was like she put every male in the room into a trance, they couldn't help but look. It made her feel powerful, and proud of her body. Like her superpower was the ability to override the evolved minds of men.

Today was the first time she would see her friend, Mari, since the first day of her growth. Emily shivered with excitement, wondering how she would react to her ballooning girth. She decided to play it as nonchalantly as possible, and called her name as she walked up to her seat.

"Hey, Mari. You finish the homework?" She coolly asked, knowing her friend would turn her way.

"Yea, number eight was a li---*shit!*" Mari swore loudly, making heads turn their way. Most had already been turned on Emily.

"What is it?"

"We're wearing the same outfit. What do you think I'm talking about?! *Your tits!*" Mari yelled, in a softer voice. "What the hell happened to you?!" Mari watched as her friend stood by her seat. The books in her arms were held tightly under her breasts, helping support them. Emily's shirt was tight and pulled across her front, the bra she had on clearly too small for what her chest had become, an obvious shelf of overflowing breast bulging out.

"Oh right, these..." Emily said, as if she had forgotten about them. She placed her books down and sat, resting her breasts on the desk. "Sorry, they're a little heavy."

"They're massive! You need to see a doctor."

"Do not! They don't hurt, and I feel fine! Back is a little sore though..."

“So you go from flat to looking like you’re smuggling out watermelons from a grocery store, and you don’t think anything is wrong?” Mari asked with disbelief.

“I’m just a late bloomer I guess!” Emily shrugged, her breasts making a soft smacking sound as they fell back onto the desk as she lowered her shoulders.

“I’m calling the health center.” Mari stated.

“Oh come on, Mari, there’s no need for that. If you’re envious, just tell me! Then we can get you a nice pair of tits too!” Emily said, full of herself.

Mari found herself at a loss for words. “You’re like a completely different person because of those things... No thank you. I’m happy with what I have.” Mari told her flatly. She seemed finished. “If I’m the only one showing concern out of the two of us, so be it. But a girl’s breasts are only supposed to get so big, and for you, that was a long time ago...”

One of the guys sitting behind them interjected. “I think your rack is hot.” He said, making no effort towards eye contact.

“Thank you!” Emily said. She turned to her friend, “See? Everyone else likes them.”

Mari huffed, and turned to her notes. She wanted no more of whatever was going on in Emily’s shirt.

They were silent for a moment, before it was broken from a creaking sound in Emily’s bra. She giggled softly. “Excuse me...” She said, feeling her bra become ever tighter.

Day 5

Emily jolted awake as the sensation of falling pulled her from the grasp of sleep. Her eyes shot open in time to see the floor rushing up to meet her. She felt herself flinch, but the floor never struck her face. In fact it felt like she was hovering above the ground, her body bobbing awkwardly.

She blinked, confused. She wasn't hovering, she was resting on top of her breasts. Looking down, two enormous beach ball sized breasts were cushioning her body. And they were growing, two mounds of flesh growing out in every direction at an inch every second. She could watch as the floor became increasingly more distant as her body rose higher and higher.

Emily had been pulled out of her bed by her own breasts, probably after she had turned on her side, she guessed. She attempted to stand, wrapping her arms around what she could of her titanic tits, but the strain was too great, her legs unable to lift them.

Panic began to cloud her mind, her chest continuing to grow. She could feel her skin stretching, trying to keep up with her new form, as the pair of mammaries ballooned to an impossible size, each larger than a car tire. *Dammit, Randy, what are you doing to me?! Emily's mind screamed, with no option but to watch herself grow. She could feel her nipples rubbing on the carpet, and actually found herself willing them larger, to grow until she was more breast than person. She started rubbing them, encouraging their growth, moans filling the silent room.*

Then she woke up. Emily looked around dazed, as if she had just woken from a trance. She had indeed fallen out of bed, but instead of being forced down by larger than life breasts, she was on her back, her relatively smaller although still large breasts blocking half of her view. Emily's hands were were mashed into them, large handfuls still squeezed between her fingers. She had been massaging herself in her sleep.

Sighing, Emily released herself. She was surprisingly disappointed to see the dream end; by comparison her breasts now seemed small in reality. There wasn't much longer left in her cycle of growth with less than twelve hours to go. Meaning she had less than two inches to be added to her bust before it stopped.

"They're nowhere near big enough." She stated to no one but herself. She patted the tops of her breasts, each like two heavy overinflated sports balls on her chest. They jiggled and rippled, half of her view completely filled by her own tits. "They need to be bigger."

Her neck and back ached from the past few days, and she considered her options for a moment. It didn't take long before get mind was made up. She picked herself up, filling her arms full with boobs, and fell heavily onto her bed. She felt them smack the bottom of her chin as she wobbled on her horizontal body and it made her grin like a kid on Christmas.

It was a Saturday, and she knew neither her nor Randy had any plans made, except for a night full of breast play. She grabbed her phone and texted him.

Come over at 6 ;) And make sure to bring your phone

Randy never responded, but she knew he had received it. This was all he had been thinking about for the entire week, and her tits were just about ripe. Until then, she was going to give her back a break and stay in bed, exploring her new breasts and relaxing.

The hours flew by, the shades of light changing outside of Emily's window. It was almost time for Randy to show up. More than likely he would be here early. With some effort, Emily roused herself, dragging her body from the bed. A noticeable girth had been added to her breasts in those hours, and the light warm touches of those invisible feathers were beginning to fade.

Grabbing the biggest bra from her floor, she pulled it tight across her bust, the cups quickly overfilling. Yesterday she had already been bulging out of it; today it looked ridiculous that she would even consider wearing it. More tit was showing coming out of the cups than they held, and as she sucked in her breath to latch the clasp behind her, Emily felt it squeeze her breasts tightly like a corset.

It groaned softly, fabric pulling against stretched elastic and underwire. Hugging her enormous front, Emily didn't want anything about this experience to stop. She enjoyed not being able to see her feet or stomach, and the feeling of her breasts brushing against her arms whenever she raised them. It was as if her body was constantly screaming at her, "Hey! Your boobs are way too big for me!" Nothing turned her on more.

Knock knock knock

There was a quick excited pounding on her door: Randy. Emily scrambled for her largest sweatshirt, pulling it over her breasts before she answered the door. Randy rushed into the room.

“Can I see them?” He begged.

Emily stood facing away from him, locking the door. “Hmmm... I don't think they're *quite* done yet...” She teased, looking down at them. Randy could see that her sweatshirt was hiked half way up her back.

“It's close enough!” He cried.

“Ok, but you'll need to do me a favor after I show you.” Emily bargained.

“Whatever you want.” Randy agreed. He didn't see Emily smile, biting her lip.

Slowly she turned around, her hands resting on top of her breasts. “What do you think?” She cooed. Her sweatshirt was stretched tight over her front, not even wrapping far enough down to cover the bottom of her bra. Randy could see that she was swelling out of it, indentations showing through the thick cotton fabric.

Randy slowly approached her, taking hold of her sweatshirt and started to pull it up. “Careful! You release these puppies, they're a pain to get back in!” Emily continued to push him, making him want them even more.

He pulled up, overstretching the hem of the sweater as it rolled over her front. It pulled into her tits like a belt, before finally popping off of off her. He ripped the limp piece of clothing over her head, and her breasts jiggled free. His breath caught in his throat.

As Emily had predicted, her breasts had grown to ten inches across each, completely swallowing the top of her tiny body. The bra was meant for a pair of boobs much smaller, and looked like it was about to give up at any second. Bright pink crescents were peeking over her bra, her breasts overflowing enough to threaten her nipples popping out. They both heard a loud creak come from the bra.

“Uh oh... I think I'm about to outgrow it...!” Emily sighed, closing her eyes. “One last bit of growth!”

She breathed deeply, feeling her breasts swell out, her nipples springing free and pointing outwards, hidden below the massive overflowing boob shelf the bra was creating. The bra protested like an overloaded support beam. It looked like a dam holding back twice as much as it was designed to.

SNAP!

With a loud sound like a rope breaking, the bra gave out, both the band and a shoulder strap snapping. It sprang outwards, falling limp as it's remaining strap slid down her arm to the floor. Her breasts fell unsupported like an avalanche, nearly taking Emily with them as they fell against her. They bounced and rippled, reaching her belly button. Had she been wearing a shirt, a quick enough glance would have made it look like she was nine months pregnant with twins.

They were wider than her own waist, and had nipples like the ends of a hose, begging for a tongue or pair of lips to meet them. Finding her balance, she wrapped her arms around them and gathered them up. It looked like she was carrying two giant flesh colored water balloons.

“Hope that was worth the wait.” She winked at him as he stood slack jawed. Her red hair hung around her, some lying on top of her breasts like decoration.

“You’re... You’re bigger than anything I’ve ever seen...” Randy admitted.

“Oh if you think these are big... Just you wait.” Emily told him deviously. She pressed herself into him. “Where’s your phone?”

“Right here...” Randy held his phone up, fumbling it for a second.

“Open the app.” Emily demanded.

His screen blinked on; the app was already open. Emily guessed he hadn’t closed it since her growth began. “Now I want you go into settings and change some things for me.”

“Name it.” Emily seemed like a different person with her new assets, and Randy was liking it.

“I want to be big.”

“Aren’t you already-”

“No, I want to be *big*.” Emily stretched her arms out to her sides as far as they could reach.

“Em, that’s...” He was at a loss for words. His girlfriend was about to be gigantic, and completely at the mercy of her own tits.

“I know how big it is. I want to be so big that I can’t even stand!”

“Are you sure?” Randy asked, wanting to know for certain before his hopes got up.

She nodded, grinning. “Don’t get me wrong; these are some incredible knockers. But I just want to see what it’s like to be *enormous*. We can always go back to how big I am now, there’s the decrease button. Plus you said you would do whatever the favor was.”

Randy thought for a moment. She was right, they could always change her back; there was no harm in letting her get it out of her system. He nodded to her. “Ok, how much more do you want to to grow?” He asked, looking at his phone.

“Thirty six inches. Three feet each.” Emily stated.

Randy coughed. He just about came right there.

“Thirty six inches, Randy. It’s my body, and they’re my tits.”

“No need to twist my arm!” Randy typed the number into the field. “How fast do you want to grow?” Randy was shaking from excitement; he couldn’t remember the last time his cock was this hard. It felt like his pants were choking him.

“One minute.”

Randy just stared at her.

“You heard me. I’m not waiting days for it to happen this time. And this way, you get a nice little show too!” Emily pouted her lip a little and hefted her breasts into Randy, “Don’t you want to see my boobs get really, really, *really* big?”

He nodded and put in the info, returning to the home screen.

“Now stand back, and press it. These things are gonna grow like weeds!”

As commanded, Randy stood back, shaking from excitement. As different as his girlfriend was now, she sure knew how to turn him on. He pressed the increase button, ready to watch her balloon.

Emily smiled at her breasts, palming her nipples. The effect was immediate, and it made her gasp. The soft warm feathers that had been caressing her breasts for the last five days were now like hot bubbling waters, churning and pushing her breasts in all directions.

“Ahh!” She moaned, feeling her tits grow outwards.

Randy took another step back cautiously. It looked like a fire hose had just been turned on inside of Emily. Her breasts were growing at an incredible rate, more than an inch every second. She continued to hold them in her arms, but it was quickly becoming a race she would lose.

They pushed into her elbows, forcing her arms wider and wider. Her hands clasped together, her knuckles turning white as she struggled to hold onto them. “S-So fast!!” She yelled out, straining to maintain her grip.

Inch by inch her fingers slipped, as her arms began to be swallowed by her burgeoning mammarys. Her hands had disappeared into her cleavage as the top half of her breasts folded over them. “I can't hold them much longer!” Emily cried out. Randy wasn't sure if she had meant that as a warning or a triumph.

With a great huff, her hands were forced apart, and Emily's overgrown tits flowed back into each other, already twice as big as she had been. Her eyes grew wide as she looked down at them, each breast as large as her torso, and quickly growing still. Putting her hands under each of them, she tried to lift them. It looked like she was trying to carry two gigantic balls of dough, as they flowed over her hands. Her knees weakened a little, bending slightly.

“Now these are a pair of tits!” Emily declared, shaking as she tried to hold them. Randy's phone was burning hot in his hands, her growth continuing.

Her body started to shake as she tried to hold her new weight. Inch by inch her boobs grew larger, growing past her hips and starting to round out. Randy had to agree with her now; raising her perkiness had been a good idea. Even her nipples were puffing up, each one as wide as a quarter. Her areolas stretched tight across each front like a small plate.

Her legs began to buckle. “They're.... They're getting to heavy...” Emily panted, unable to hold herself up anymore. With a loud grunt, she fell to get knees, shaking the room. Her tits met with her carpet with a soft smash, spreading out before her into two swelling mounds. Even on her knees, she was able to keep her back straightened, her chest large enough to reach the floor on its own.

“Look at them, Randy!” Emily squealed, “I'm going to be the biggest girl in the country with these prized milkers!”

That had given Randy an idea. He quickly opened the app again, remembering the small valve icon near the settings. He thought he knew what it was for now.

She pushed her hands into their sides, making their rounded shapes become more oval. They shook against her hands angrily, threatening her with more growth. “Keep going, keep going...” Emily pleaded, “I don't want to be able to stand!”

“Hey, Emily, you want to be big, right?”

“Yes! Yes, yes, yes!!” She cried, enjoying every second of her ballooning breasts.

Randy took another step back, preparing for what he was about to do. His busty girlfriend was only half finished and even now she looked unbelievable. The doorway was completely blocked, and soon she would be pushing into her wardrobe and wall. Her breasts continued to round out, her skin allowing for no other shape.

He watched as her nipples grew with her, seeming to pulse larger and larger every second. They were well past any natural size, each one now puffed up and swollen past the size of a small fist.

She was indeed growing big, but not big enough. Randy knew she could grow more. And he had found that he had an appetite for her growing; he wanted her bigger, much much bigger. Without a second thought, he tapped the valve icon. It became animated, the knob spinning and a white fluid beginning to gush out of it. A dialog appeared, titled Lactation Manager. Randy smiled; it had been exactly what he had been hoping for.

There were only a few settings, all but one disabled. An enabled checkbox at the top read “Fill to limit”. But below it were different quantity fields. Unchecking it, a warning was displayed.

Caution: Do not exceed breast capacity limit

Randy smiled devilishly and clicked ok, the other fields becoming available. He quickly filled them out: 5 gallons every minute for an hour. He pressed confirm, and waited. “Emily, I'm going to make you bigger than you ever dreamed!” He told her.

Emily threw her arms over the top of her breasts, rubbing the top of her curves as her skin stretched tight. “Yes! Please, Randy! Blow me up like a balloon! I want monster tits! Forget the thirty six inches!!” A burning force was still working inside of her like a furnace, and a thin layer of sweat was in her brow as her body worked. She tried raising herself up, to see how tall she could stand. Her boobs wouldn't allow it.

As she realized she was stuck, she sat back on her legs, angling herself for the incoming growth she thought she was going to receive. The basketball sized tits from only seconds ago were long gone, replaced by breasts she could use as a bed. She winced as something shifted inside her chest, the churning being joined by what felt like a bubbling, almost a rushing sensation. She felt her bosom bulge out, its growth increasing drastically. The tops of her tits rose higher, meeting with her neck and shoulders as they widened out.

“Oh! *OH!*” Emily began gasping. She had been expecting her growth to be nearing its end, her chest becoming overblown and bulbous, but this was an increased growth. Her sides

brushed against her wardrobe and wall, forcing her breasts to only grow higher. “Randy!” She called, “I’m too big for my own room!” She cried out, laughing almost. “I never imagined my tits could get this big!! Look at me! Let’s see that damn app call them ‘tiny’ now!!” She yelled in triumph.

Her tits were blowing up incredibly fast, gallon after gallon of milk being produced my her body filling her from the inside. “I-I don’t know what you’re doing, Randy... B-But don’t stop! I can feel my breasts literally stretching! Like they’re filling up!” Emily moaned.

The wardrobe shifted on its legs slightly as she expanded into it, and her face became hidden by their rising oval shapes. Dinner plate nipples stared like owl eyes at Randy as he backed into the wall. She was quickly becoming beyond massive.

Emily didn’t realize that her growth was due to the flood of milk swirling inside of her breasts, filling them up gallon by gallon. It was obvious that this growth was different; her skin was slowly acquiring a bright sheen, her breasts now rounding out unnaturally.

“Oooooohhh my skin feels so tight!!” She yelled. Randy heard her give her tits a tight slap, and they jiggled threateningly like overblown water balloons, echoing with a deep hollow sound. She giggled. “Listen to my boobies! Mmmmm it’s like they’re begging to get bigger...” Emily sighed.

Veins started appearing across their taut surfaces as the minutes passed. “Hey, you turned on that vein setting, didn’t you?” Emily teased. “Can’t blame you, they’re tight enough they deserve them!”

Randy was watching her blow up like a blimp. Her breasts stood over an impossible four feet tall now, quickly reaching for her own height. She slapped them again out of pleasure, and a loud sloshing sound emanated from her.

“W- Why do they sound like that...?” She asked, concern touching her voice.

“Sound like what?” Randy played dumb.

“Something...Something is different, Randy...” Emily gasped, “I don’t feel like I’m growing in the same way... I-I feel like I’m blowing up! Like they’re filling with something!” Emily said, beginning to realize.

Her breasts were near filled to her capacity, her glands stretched full, pushing against her breasts. Her skin squealed loudly against her wardrobe and wall, fighting for space.

Why do I feel so full??” She yelled. “*Ahhhh, Randy my skin feels so tight!!*”

As her nipples surpassed the size of soda cans, they began to twitch and pulse. Slowly, tiny trickles of milk began to stream from them, running down the overblown curves on the front of her tits. Randy smiled; Emily was about to get the biggest breasts she could hope for. The flow increased, rich, creamy milk gushing down the wall of tit.

Behind them, Emily felt the carpet under her knees become wet, a large white puddle forming around her. “W-What is this?” She called out. Instantly she realized what Randy had done. “R-Randy... You didn’t... Please no! I’m lactating aren’t I?!” She screamed, clawing into

her tits. Her fingers couldn't even make a dent. "Do you know how much milk I'm going to produce with tits this size?? I don't think my body could handle that!"

"You're going to produce as much as I say." Randy informed her. "I told you, I'm going to make you bigger than you ever dreamed!"

"W-What?! I wanted big tits, R-Randy! Not overblown milk jugs! Please I feel like they're going to burst soon! I'm not stretching much more!"

Her lactation continued, more and more milk gushing through her nipples. *Can't have that...* Randy thought. He opened the app and looked at the milk settings. He found what he wanted, and unchecked it: "Allow nipple leakage". In an instant the flow from her breasts ceased, her swelling increasing as a result.

"*AAAHHHH!*" Emily yelled, feeling her mason jar nipples close off. "Randy please! T-There's pressure building...*inside* of them!!" Her mammoth mammaries began to shake now, threatening to burst at any second. They expanded outwards, pushing backwards into Emily, sliding her across the floor and pinning her against the door.

Randy's phone buzzed, an alert had been displayed.

Warning: Mammary capacity reached, cease milk production to
prevent rupture

Randy ignored it.

"Oooooohhh I'm getting too *full!*!" Emily pleaded, "I-I'm gonna EXPLODE! I can feel it!" She called out.

The wall of tit in front of Randy had grown taller than him now, completely blocking any exit.

CRACK!

The door to the wardrobe and the wall had just broken in simultaneously, the firm, pressure filled tits pushing into them too great.

"Randy, really! I'm way way way too big! I'm not stretching any more! Uuuughn, I don't even know how I'm the size I am now!! I feel like my nipples are about to blow out! *I feel like a giant milk tank!*!"

She was right. Looking at the manhole cover sized areolas it looked like some force was fighting its way out behind them. Her enormous nipples were quivering, shaking from the milk inside of them, and her areolas were puffing and bulging out into large domes, as if there were balloons being inflated underneath them.

Emily's breaths starting coming faster and faster. "Something... something is gonna happen... I'm too...too big! Oh please, Randy, no more milk! My poor titties can't handle it! I-I feel..."

Randy heard her stop talking, as a massive grown came from her bosom. The entire mass of her shook, her nipples projecting out dangerously large. Veins the width of his finger crossed

her like a map, pulsing heavily, her skin refusing to stretch another inch. Randy knew she was at the limit.

“I-I can't take any more!” She yelled, her body forced between her drum like breasts and the door. “Aaahhhhh I'm about to *pop*!! Randy my tits are going to EXPLODE FROM THE MILK!!”

CRRRRAAAAACK!!

A loud shatter rang in the room as the rest of the wall gave way, a view into the next room visible through a hole.

“What the he--” the occupants started to say. But they were cut off by Emily.

“*MY BOOBS ARE GONNA BUUUUURRRS--*”

KABLOOOOOOSH!!

All at once it seemed her breasts exploded outwards in all directions, a wall of milk released in a giant white wave. The room was flooded, Randy being knocked off his feet by the force of Emily's breast explosion. For a moment he floundered in three feet of the warm, creamy white liquid, surprised at the sweet taste, before regaining his footing.

“E-Emily?” Randy called out. No response. He looked to where she had been, and saw her floating face down. He rushed over. “Emily!” He yelled, turning her over and taking her in his arms.

Her eyes opened slowly and heavily, and her red hair dripped with her white fluid. “R-Randy...” She moaned, coughing a little.

Randy sighed, relieved. “You're alright...” He looked down at her bare top; her breasts had returned to her original tiny A cup, flat as can be.

“No thanks to you...” She whispered. “And now my boobs are gone...” She realized, sad. Suddenly she cried out. “A-AaaaaaAHH!” Wincing as she grabbed at her breasts, her eyes widened, as it slowly expanded and rose out of the pool of milk like buoys.

“W-What's happening to them, Randy?? I thought it was done!” Her eyes grew as they ballooned larger and larger out of the water, becoming round and tight, larger than her own head in less than ten seconds. “My tits are still blowing up with milk!”

Randy's face went white, noticeable even under the layer of milk on his face. He watched as her tits ballooned dangerously large without stretching, impossible pressure inside of them, tight round mounds rising above the surface crossed dangerously with veins. Randy knew exactly what was happening; Emily's hour of heavy lactation, five gallons every minute to be precise, wasn't over yet. Only this time, she didn't have tits the size of her body to hold it all. There was going to be a lot more milk very soon.