

Bigger is Bimbo-er!

Happy Birthday, Dave

Story:

"You what?" Miranda, his blond-haired boss stared at him over the rim of her rectangular glasses, an immaculate eyebrow arched as she stared him down. Which really said something, as she wasn't even five feet tall, and he was nearly six.

"I, uh..."

"Spit. It. Out." Her high heels did make up some difference, and the tapping of her foot, the clack of each hit on the tiled floor, more than emphasized that she had him by the balls, figuratively.

"I made a spray that can make women taller and, well, bustier."

"To what end?"

He blinked and looked to his left, where his direct supervisor, yet another short, serious woman, Jenna, briefly covered her own glasses with one hand before pushing her long, straight black hair back over head to focus on Miranda. "I try and encourage our group to follow the Mad Scientist creed to encourage creativity."

"Which is... what?" Miranda couldn't hide her glower at Jenna who simply rolled her eyes, used to the other woman's antics.

"Remember kids, when you're a mad scientist, 'because I wanted to' is all the reason you need." Dave dutifully recited, earning yet another eye roll from his supervisor, and a bug-eyed glare from his boss. "S-sorry."

Miranda sighed, which only emphasized her tightly packed power suit and the pair of large breasts that were locked and loaded with a good six inches of cleavage in view. "And does it work."

Her answer was a spritz of the stuff directly into that deep, dark inviting cleavage.

She started to say something, unsure of what she'd really say, when her body gave a tremor and in a sudden spurt, expanded in every direction, her outfit exploding off of her body in tatters. In a single moment she'd gone from small and busty, to over eight feet tall with breasts the size of beach balls.

"Uh, what?" Miranda reached up and squeezed her new spheres from either side, her glasses and tight panties all that remained of her outfit.

"Was it supposed to have that strong a reaction?" Jenna asked, staring up at a woman who used to be every inch her physical equal."

"I think I might have misplaced a decimal point..." Dave did his best to meet his boss's eyes but couldn't move past her head height breasts.

“Do it again!” Miranda insisted, one hand up in her voluptuous, blonde locks while the other squeezed a huge, spherical breast.

“Again?” Jenna and Dave said in unison.

“Yeah, or you’re fired.” Miranda gestured to Jenna. “And to her.”

Jenna swung her own heavy breasts, once the prize of the office, to face Dave, a look of shock in her face as she opened her mouth to try and countermand the CEO’s command, interrupted utterly by Dave spraying her own well displayed cleavage.

The detonation of Jenna’s \$1300 suit was the next sound to fill the office as a suddenly nine-foot-tall brunette with gigantic breasts and a wide pair of hips.

“Uh, excuse me?” Miranda looked up at her subordinate before turning her attention back on Dave. “I believe, given the new dynamic of our office, it is clear that the BOSS should be the biggest woman around.”

“Uh...”

“Oh, you think so, huh?” Jenna, if anything, sounded more perturbed than the blonde. “Well I think all department heads should... uh... be the same size.”

“Dave hit me again!” Miranda demanded, her long, flowing blonde hair flowing like a waterfall over her magnificent spheres as she twisted at the hips towards the beleaguered young man.

“M-madam!” Dave seemed to be waffling between incredibly turned on and terrified of the two Amazonian busty women before him. “I’m worried about side effects. This entire bottle shouldn’t have been enough to make either of you as big as you are, let alone two spritz being enough to-”

“DAVE!” Jenna bellowed. “Shut your mouth and blow up these tits.”

“Or you’re fired!” Miranda added, and Dave felt the true fear of two extremely busty women wanting MORE.

And with that, he gave them another spritz. Each.

And then more of a broad spray across all four tits. Because, well, go big or go home.



And big the two women got. The two women squealed in both surprise and more than a little orgasmic fun. Before his eyes, both women's breasts expanded towards him, even as they rose up, both their heads hitting the eleven-foot ceiling and soon both women were hunched over, then squatting down, then suddenly their legs were filling the lab as they crisscrossed their legs.

And then, as their asses began expanding, their pussy gave a sound not unlike the biggest, wettest kiss possible as the two sets of labia slapped together.

In a startling short amount of time, the room became utterly filled with blond and brunette hair, two women who felt like it had become increasingly hard to think throughout the last ten minutes, and more tits, ass, and pussies grinding together, than probably made sense.

The world got a little smaller, the room got a little tighter, and then that decimal point just went through the window and flew to Texas as two women became a single two headed, four breasted, giantess.

Wrestling with their breasts, they finally both had one large eye each peering through their combined cleavage at Dave.

"Like, Dave?" Miranda asked, her voice a bit higher pitched and a bit airier than Dave was really used to.

"Y-yes, boss?"

"Does that stuff... that... spray stuff... like... work on cocks too?"

It was an interesting evening, to be sure.