

All Dried Up Part 1

Dishes clinked together in the sink as Dave worked to clean up from Saturday breakfast. The sweet scent of bacon and waffles still hung in the air, making the chore a little less mundane.

“Ahhh!!! Oh my GOD!!”

A cry shot from upstairs, quickly followed by the pounding feet of a rushing redhead. Isabelle jumped the last several steps with a single bound to land in the kitchen. Such forces tested the abilities of her pajama shorts and tank top.

“Dave!! Guess what!” she squealed with joy.

Her boyfriend glanced in her direction, not wanting to remove the leftover strip of bacon from his mouth. “Whaph?”

*“The local college wants me to *model* for the art students!!”*

Isabelle beamed with pride and confidence. Eyes sparkling, she waited for Dave’s response. He knew very well it was one of the items on her bucket list. A lesser item, compared to her dream of flying a biplane upside down through a barn wearing only a loincloth, but a bucket list item nonetheless.

“That’s fantastic!” he exclaimed. Setting down his plate, he opened his arms for a congratulatory hug. “When??”

“In an hour! Their usual model had to cancel and one of the teachers suggested me! The professor saw some pictures and said yes!!”

Giggling, she ran over and accepted the embrace. Her excitement translated into a gentle vibration shaking her entire body.

“Can’t believe I’m dating a supermodel,” Dave chuckled.

“Hush, it’s not *that* impressive.”

“Those are still some very lucky art students!”

They separated. Her excitement was apparently working on several levels; glancing down, Dave noticed two gentle bumps revealing Isabelle’s hardened nipples.

“So you don’t have any problems with it? You’re not...*jealous?*” Donning a teasing grin, she pulled at her tank top to reveal an excess of cleavage.

“Jealous? No way! You know I love showing you off.” Unable to resist, Dave took hold of their kitchen sink wand. “I even have an idea how you can give those students a nice challenge!”

FWOOOSH!!

Water sprayed the redhead’s chest in a quick shower. She raised her hands to block what she could with poor results. *“A-Ahh!! Dave, stop!!!”*

Shutting off the flow of water after a quick dousing of Isabelle’s front, Dave watched gleefully when the colors of her chest shone through the dripping fabric.

A stifled moan escaped her lips. Brushing off what water she could, Isabelle tried to stave off its effects. *“M-Mmm...! Why...Why did you do that??”*

“I thought it would give them a nice surprise! They’re always drawing proportional figures... Give them something stunning to work with! A curvy redhead with a nice, big rack!”

“*Mmmgh!*” Shivering in her cold tank top and feeling her nipples stand hard as iron, Isabelle leaned against the counter. “*I... I never said... O-Oohhh nooo...*”

SLOOOSH

Her chest absorbed the small amount of water like a sponge. Cleavage and amassing flesh pushed into the thin tank top until it was forced to carry two extra cup sizes than it had previously bargained for. Nipples ready to spring over her neckline, Isabelle’s breasts wobbled full and swollen.

“*Dammit...*” she swore while biting her lip in pleasure. “*You got me...*”

“I bet they *never* get to draw boobs like that!”

Isabelle glared and delivered a gentle slap to his arm. “Dave! I never said I was posing *nude!!* It’s a *clothed* modeling session!! I was going to wear that cute pink sweater!! You know, the one that’s *already* tight when I’m at my *normal* size??”

“Oh.” Dave wasn’t nearly as broken up about the situation as he half pretended to be.

She grabbed her breasts and tested their weight. The water residing in her body wouldn’t soon dissipate. “How is it going to look if I wear it with these things??”

Dave snickered. Risking another love tap, he dared to say, “Uh... Even better than before?”

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The local college campus showed little signs of life when Isabelle arrived. Being only a scenic five-minute walk from their house, coming onto the deserted grounds was an unnerving change of pace.

“I guess 11 a.m. is a little early for college students to be up after a Friday night,” she mused, fondly recalling her own wild experiences.

The solitude wasn’t helpful in quelling her anxiety. Though a dream of hers, she was nervous to pose in front of a class. It felt similar to speech class, although now she would be silent while her body did the talking. Her bust wobbled with extra fullness from Dave’s unhelpful enhancement. Spying a nearby hose, she briefly considered boosting herself a little more.

“Maybe I *should* go naked. That would make him jealous... Especially if I came home bigger than when I left!”

Ultimately she decided against it and decided to scheme up other ways of returning the prank.

The art building was dark and desolate when she entered. Its empty halls echoed as if in warning as she searched for the classroom.

“A21!” she cheered softly upon finding her destination. Butterflies fluttered in her belly with anticipation. Isabelle never knew standing still in front of a crowd could be so intimidating.

The door creaked open to announce her presence. An empty room greeted her.

“Hello...?”

“*Oh!*” A startled woman jumped up from behind a desk. “Sorry! I dropped an earring...” Getting to her feet, the frazzled woman greeted the redhead in the middle of the art room. Just over five-feet tall, she was dwarfed by the redhead. Delicate brown skin matched perfectly with large chestnut eyes. Frizzy black hair bounced on her head in a mess of loose curls. Being so small-framed, she had little curves to speak of. Petite A-cups sat beneath a white blouse with its bottom stretched around wide hips lacking any form of cushion.

“You must be Isabelle!” she greeted. “I’m Professor Zoeman!”

“N-Nice to meet you...!” Looking around, she remained perplexed. Empty chairs and easels sent chills down her spine. “I thought I was posing for a class... Where are all the art students?”

“Oh they’ll be here soon! They’re always running late.” Motioning to the wall, Zoeman instructed, “Go ahead and hang your bag over there and I’ll walk you through what we’ll be doing today. I can’t tell you how excited I am to have you with us.”

Turning her back, Isabelle proceeded to stash her belongings. “I’m excited to be here! Posing for art has always been something I wanted to try. Maybe if this goes well, I could do it nude next time and make my husband jea--”

Sudden dread cut her words short when a chilling presence made itself known in the back of Isabelle’s mind. Turning around, she was caught the professor out of the corner of her eye just as a wave of fluid jumped from a plastic container.

SPLASH!!

Frantic, Isabelle stumbled into the wall and immediately began wiping the water from her front. It dripped from her hair, already soaking through her sweater and jeans. “*Professor! W-Why did you do that??*” Her skin tingled with never-ending thirst. If she were to grow, her clothes wouldn’t last very long.

“Whoops! Sorry, dear! I’m such a clutz sometimes!” The professor showed no genuine remorse, nor effort to help Isabelle in her plight.

“I...mmmgh...I-I...I might need to run to the restroom...for a moment!” Feeling her body absorbing the fluid, Isabelle panicked at the sensation of her jeans and sweater riding up her frame. However, as swollen as her body felt, her head felt foggier.

“You alright, hon?”

“I feel...” Isabelle put a hand to her head. The room was spinning and her bra was ready to snap. A gentle muffin top bulged over her jeans. “I feel a little...strange...”

Fabric pulled up to reveal Isabelle’s abdomen. Breasts bloating into ripe melons, her lack of modesty was hidden from view. She would have covered herself if she felt she could balance without both hands on the wall.

“You look a little tired!”

Her vision blurred. Even the sensation of her clothes tightening turned into static. “I... I-I think I... *Whoa...*”

THUD

Isabelle slipped down the wall into a crumpled unconscious heap. Standing over her with a wide grin was the professor.

“Maybe you should just take a little nap.”

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“*Nngh... H-Huh?!?*”

Isabelle awoke with a start. Cold, smooth concrete pressed into her back. Much of her lower field of vision was blocked by the swollen results of her thirsty breasts. She didn’t need to be able to see the rest of her body to know it had outgrown her outfit to the point of tempting fate.

“*N-NNGH!!*”

She tried to move but found her limbs anchored firmly in place. Ankles together and wrists at her side, she lay helpless and immobile. A faint glow emanated from warm shackles attached to the end of each limb. Panic bubbling in her gut, she spun her head left and right. A sprawling warehouse extended in every direction.

“You can keep struggling! It won’t make a difference! I designed those shackled *especially* for you! They’re giantess-proof!”

Isabelle spun her head towards a spine-tinglingly familiar voice. Along a wall over fifty meters away sat a collection of blinking machines and screens. A woman poured over a console, fine-tuning several controls. Even from such a distance, Isabelle recognized the professor’s unique appearance.

“*YOU!! What did you do to me?! L-Let me go!!*” She pulled again to no avail.

A sinister laugh drifted from Professor Zoeman. “A little tranquilizer in some water works wonders when your target absorbs it directly into her system! I was honestly doubtful if it would work at all!”

“*LET ME GO!!!*”

“Would Captain Ahab release Moby Dick if he caught him??

“...*WHAT?!?*”

“You’re my great white whale, Isabelle! My great, big...*jiggly*...white whale...” The woman’s laugh echoed through the massive warehouse. Fiendish excitement flashed in her brown eyes. “Or at least, you *will* be soon enough...”

The words made Isabelle shiver. She struggled once more as Zoeman began working the control panel.

WHHRRRRRRR

Movement along the ceiling made Isabelle pause. Among a nest of tubes and wires, a single pipe moved along a track. A joint centered overhead and an arm swung down from the ceiling. Flopping on one end was a flexible hose roughly five feet in length. It dangled only inches over Isabelle's head. Watching the nozzle sway back and forth like an evil snake made her whimper.

Short heels snapped across the concrete. Looking over, she saw Zoeman approaching. A lab coat fluttered around her petite frame and her nose supported a stylish pair of reading glasses. Stooping down, the professor hovered over Isabelle.

"I suppose I should introduce myself... I'm Dr. Zoemie Jabal! Or Zoe, for short, if you'd like!" A grin spread over her face. "You could say I've been a *big* fan of yours for a long time, Isabelle... You and that *hot* sister of yours." Zoe giggled at her joke.

Extending an arm, she ran a trembling finger along Isabelle's body before sinking it into her chest and drawing out a grunt of displeasure. "What your body is capable of is simply beyond words."

Isabelle's eyes widened at the revelation of how much the scientist knew about her and her sister. "*Why are you doing this?! L-Let me go! LET ME GO!!!*" Her chest shook from her escape efforts, which only served to entertain her capture.

"Not a chance. I've waited years for this moment! So many sleepless nights and tireless days spent planning and engineering!"

"*Engineering what?!*"

"Your *destiny*." Ogling her body, Dr. Zoe suggested, "Those clothes look awfully tight; should we fix that?"

Isabelle shook her head in vehement rejection of the proposal.

"It was a rhetorical question." Grabbing the hose above her head, Zoe instructed, "I've waited a looong time for this... Now say 'aahhhh'!"

Turning her head left and right to avoid the hose, Isabelle yelled, "*N-No!! Let me go! Somebody!! HELP ME!!! I NEED HEL--MMPH!!*"

"There we go!!"

The hose popped into her mouth with Zoe's cat-like reflexes.

"*M-Mmmph!!! MPH!!*" Shaking around, Isabelle found herself unable to release the hose from between her lips.

"Hang tight!"

Fear filled Isabelle's chest more than any amount of water when Dr. Zoe returned to her console. Her hands danced over dials and knobs. Pipes vibrating along the ceiling, Isabelle feared she knew exactly what was to come.

"Bottoms up!!" Zoe yelled.

The pipe shuddered. Eyes widening, Isabelle could sense a torrent of water rushing towards her. She suddenly felt very sorry for her clothes.

FWOOOOOSSH!!!!

Water surged into Isabelle's body at gallons per second. Body tensing, she knew only one outcome was possible. Multiple nights spent having fun with Dave had made it very clear what happens when water was forced into her body at such a rate. Arching her back, she closed her eyes and prepared herself.

GUUUURRRRRGLE

Skin shifted over her belly and breasts. Gentle slopes rose under her sweater as her body fought to contain the volume of water. Within seconds, however, it became too much. Isabelle whimpered at the spiking pressure.

"M-MMMPPH!!!"

BWOOOOMPH

In a sudden heave, Isabelle's torso swelled outward like three separate balloons. Enduring the volume of water equally, her breasts and stomach engorged at a rate she'd only dreamed of. Her eyes bulged wide to watch the mounds of flesh bloat off her body. A firehose wouldn't have produced such a rapid rate of expansion.

FWIP!!

Her sweater jumped over the girth of her stomach to bunch under her beach ball breasts. Released to the air, her belly wobbled and flattened with shifting water weight. The churning of water swirling against her belly button. Had her breasts not been in the way, Isabelle would have seen her stomach rise higher than five feet. A massive spherical mass distended from her body to cover her legs and torso. Its dominating weight pushed her breasts up and away.

"M-M-MMPH!!! MPH!!!"

Cleavage was quick to engulf her face. Bloating out of her sweater's neckline, her breasts filled with fluid and dominated her view. Encroaching water-logged skin squeaked and rubbed against her cheeks. The warped sweater held firm enough to deform her massive mammaries and squeeze them into her sleeves. Feeling like a stress toy, she grunted at the pressure applied by the garment.

SHHRRRIIP!!!

The sweater never stood a chance. Tearing down the middle, it released her breasts into their full forms.

SLOOOSH!!!

SLOOOSH!!!

SLOOOSH!!!

Fluid sloshed and gurgled when they fell to the sides of her body. Burying her arms, shoulders, and neck, Isabelle could only watch as cleavage grew tall and plump. Light vanished in the bulging canyon. Only the vibrating hose extended from the chasm.

"M-M-MmmmpH!!!"

Water leaked from Isabelle's lips. Cheeks puffed and rounded with surging fluid, they pushed against her breasts as if they stood a chance of winning.

GUUUURRRRRGLE

Zoe continued pumping the girl with water. Watching from afar, she marveled at Isabelle's ability to contain untold amounts of liquid,

"You're magnificent!!" she yelled. A belly the size of a minivan jiggled in reply, as did two equally sized breasts. *"Take every drop you desire!! Swell for me!!!"*

"MMMMPPHHH!!!"

Dripping skin rubbed across her body. Being filled larger than ever before, Isabelle's belly and bust had no choice but to contain gallon after gallon. Her chest stretched like a pair of titanic water balloons. They rubbed against her belly in a constant battle for space. Filling larger than a small home, one never would have guessed a redheaded girl was trapped beneath the heaving mounds of flesh.

"I wish you could see it!! I feel like I'm staring into the face of God!!!"

Zoe's words could not reach Isabelle from within the prison of her chest. So much water left her feeling massive and ready to overflow. Her belly trembled and quivered in fullness.

THUMP!!!

"MMMNGH!!!"

Pressure forced her belly button into a massive mound pointing towards the ceiling. The force of its reversal sent waves across her gut as if someone had slapped a mound of Jell-O. Quaking waves traveled into her breasts to send them shuddering with pressure. Each rivaling two hot air balloons in size, they squeaked with slippery skin and crept across the floor like B-movie monsters. Beads of water formed on giant nipples the size of doorways. Isabelle had never felt so full. They couldn't possibly hold much more until her nipples were forced to erupt.

BEEP!!

BEEP!!

"OH!" Zoe exclaimed at the sound of a pressure alarm. *"Turkey's done!!!"*

A flip of a switch turned the water off.

WHRRRRR--POP!!!

The hose pulled free of Isabelle's cleavage like a cork before returning to the ceiling. All was silent as Zoe watched the mountain-sized belly and tits wobble with their watery contents. Deep inside the depths of her curves, Isabelle panted in anticipation of what was soon to come. The tingling across her body told her it was only seconds away. It couldn't come soon enough as water-filled flesh squeezed all around her without mercy.

"Now the real show begins..." Zoe giggled.

GRRROOOAAAAAN

SLOOOOSH

The warehouse shook when Isabelle's swollen body shifted its weight. Slowly, the titanic masses dwindled away. Isabelle's body began greedily absorbing every generously gifted gallon. Her hands and feet clenched. Limbs lengthening, she was dismayed to feel the shackles moving with her and changing in size. Cleavage rubbed across her face when her abdomen stretched. She

was growing, and it was going to be one for the record books. A mountain of fuel had just been thrown onto a bonfire.

SHRRRIIIIPP!!!

Her remaining clothes lasted less than a second. Hips and thighs burst through the seams of her jeans without trying. Briefly her underwear pulled into a thong before snapping at the crotch like a rubber band. The stimulation made Isabelle scream.

“A-Ahhh!!! Ooohhh this is too much water! I-I’m absorbing it so fast!!”

Zoe cackled from the sidelines. A foot peeking out from under a glorious belly filled her with glee. Soon it was followed by a shin and knee. The rest of Isabelle’s body slowly emerged from under her curves. As they dwindled like leaking balloons, her emerging body soared to grand sizes.

“How big am I going to get?!” Isabelle moaned. Pushing her head into her chest, she struggled to fight the nature of her body. *“MMMNGHH!!!”*

Even as her breasts rivaled a small house, her torso came to spread beneath them. Their jiggling masses lifted from the ground atop her frame. Soon they would be proportional to her gigantic size, a thought very worrying to their owner.

The warehouse rattled. Concrete cracked under the influx of weight. Eyes wide, Zoe watched Isabelle’s hips and butt expand from beneath the reserves of her belly. Hips widened daringly close to touching the sides of the warehouse walls. Soft and big as a barn, even one of Isabelle’s cheeks stood monstrous and begging to be slapped. A mess of red hair erupting from under her breasts signaled a climax to her growth.

“Gaaahhhh!!!”

Fresh air rushed into Isabelle’s lungs when her head sprang free. The warehouse ceiling rushed by overhead as her height skyrocketed. Arching her back in the final throes of growth, she felt her body surpass previous limits.

GUUUURRRRGLE!!!!

Her stomach drained until snapping back like a rubber sheet. Every ounce consumed, Isabelle’s body came to a monolithic, trembling rest. Reaching end to end in the warehouse, she filled it from top to bottom. Each breast spanned fifty meters across and wobbled on her fantastic torso. Cleavage dripped with sweat and Isabelle’s moist breath. Her own mind couldn’t comprehend the size of her body. Wiggling her toes felt miles away.

“Nnnngh!!!” she groaned, dismayed to feel the shackles holding her firm. *“S-So... So...BIG!!!”* Panting under the weight of her chest, she tried to yell, *“S-Somebody heeeelp!!!”*

“Look at you!!!!” Zoe stood in awe from below. Wiping a tear from her cheek, she exclaimed, *“You’re magnificent!!!”*

“M-Mmmm!!!” Isabelle whimpered when her nipples brushed against the warehouse rafters. At such a swollen size, they were dangerously sensitive. An orgasm could mean a flood. *“S-S-So...big... I’m so big... Why...? Why did you do this to me??”* It was hard to think of

anything else. She'd hardly ever grown so much so fast. Her gargantuan body was all she could feel. The sprawling pile of red made by her hair could have served as a children's playground.

"The world is a big place, don't you think?"

The strange question struck fear into Isabelle. Looking over, she saw Zoe messing with her console.

The scientist continued. "There's so much in it! And yet, sometimes it can feel so...small. But you and your sister, you're both miracles among this small, mundane world! Your body is capable of converting water into mass!! Jiggling...womanly...*mass*."

Isabelle struggled once more, causing the concrete foundation to crack in several places. The breeze drifting over her exposed crotch was too exhilarating for her liking. "*S-So what?!?*"

"So I would like to *take* it."

"*WHAT?!?*"

"I've been watching the two of you for a long time. Your strange abilities have fascinated me ever since I saw you rip a house to shreds! Until I found you, scalar conduits were only a theoretical possibility! But discovering you turned my research into reality."

The storm of words flew over Isabelle's head. "*Scalar what??* I think you have the wrong girl!!"

"Scalar conduit!! Your entire body simply *exudes* scalar energy. It's an ethereal kind of wave that spreads throughout the fabric of the universe, much like gravity. Normally it's uniform, but around you and your sister, it's positively *overflowing*. So far scalar energy has only been theorized, namely by me," Zoe said proudly. "Those quacks at the institute laughed me off the board when I suggested we fund my research. We'll see who's in charge after *this*."

BEEP BEEP BEEP!!!!

Several screens flared with alerts. Spiking graphs and readings made Isabelle's heart race. "*W-What do those mean?!?*"

Zoe ignored her fear. "With you big enough to fill a football stadium or two, the scalar energy swirling around your body is practically as bright as the sun. *It's time*."

KA-CHUNK!

Something shifted on the ceiling. Through her cleavage, Isabelle saw a large object lower down with a receptor dish. Wires and tubes ran off its silver frame.

"*Stop!! Please! Whatever you're about to do, stop!!*" Struggling only caused her chest to block her view of the glowing instrument.

"Don't worry! This won't hurt a bit. You might even enjoy it!" Zoe assured while donning a pair of goggles. The instrument hummed in primed preparation. "Come to mama."

"*P-Please! Sto--*"

FLASH!!!!

"*AahhhhhhHHH!!!!*"

The warehouse was thrown into a world of shifting hues. A swirling purple corona twisted around Isabelle's body in countless ethereal tendrils. As the device hummed to life, the aura began drifting away from its owner. The receptor dish glowed with gathering energy.

"WHAT ARE YOU DOING TO ME?!" Isabelle writhed under a mountain of mystery sensations. Arching her back, she endured what felt like thousands of vacuums pulling at every inch of her body. *"AHHH!!!"*

"I'll be taking that..." Zoe whispered, watching the scene with every fiber of her being. Bright plasma raced through tubes leading away from the receptor and across the ceiling.

Wind whipped past Isabelle's head in a flurry. Surrounded by a cloud of energy, she could see nothing of the world around her. Even her cleavage had faded into the distance. Disorientation plagued her mind. Feeling as though her very soul was being torn away, she screamed as the event reached its climax. A storm of purple surged.

"AaaaaaaAAAHHHH!!!! NO MORE!!! PLEASE MAKE IT STOP!!!"

KA-FLASH!!!

"All done! That wasn't so bad now, was it?"

It was over in an instant. Blinding fluorescent lights flickered back to illuminate the warehouse. Left panting on the ground, Isabelle couldn't find the strength to struggle. Her limbs were no longer restrained by the shackles but she didn't have the mental capacity to process her freedom. Moaning and trying to find her breath, she craned her neck to stare down at her body.

"H...Huh?"

Something was wrong. The ample breasts she'd come to know and love since puberty were nowhere to be seen. A clear view of her feet stood at the end of her legs, something she wasn't accustomed to seeing when lying flat.

The world felt different. The warehouse's ceiling looked miles away. The walls loomed the same as the Grand Canyon. A soft, warm substance nestled her body like a blanket. Turning her head to the side, she found herself lying among a pile of pink fabric sprawling in all directions like a desert.

Isabelle's heart skipped a beat. Scrambling in a flurry of nakedness, she managed to get into a sitting position. Reality was far worse than she imagined.

The redhead sat upon a pile of her tattered clothes. Extending in all directions, it cradled her like a child. Tiny beads of sweat ran down her face when she saw two lace-covered mountains sitting next to her. They reached as high as her shoulders: the remains of her bra.

"What did you do to me?!?" a diminished voice shrieked in horror. *"I-I'm TINY!!!"* Isabelle ran her hands over her body. Only twelve inches tall, her flailing limbs easily became tangled in her sweater. She felt like an insect trapped in a spider's pink web.

WRRRRR!!!

Machinery buzzed from the wall. Isabelle looked over and felt as though Zoe was leagues away. Even so, she could see bright streams of energy being processed and run through several

mechanical steps. Her heart raced as Zoe disconnected something from the wall. It appeared to be a silvery ray gun reminiscent of so many 50's sci-fi films.

"What was that?" Zoe called out while making her way towards the center of the warehouse. "I couldn't hear such tiny words! Perhaps I drained a little too much scalar energy from you... No matter."

A shadow cast itself over Isabelle like a lunar eclipse. Squeaking like a mouse, she struggled to turn her head enough to make eye contact with Zoe. As short as the scientist was, she was now a giant compared to the redhead. Isabelle suddenly knew exactly how Dave must have felt after so many of their escapades.

"*C-Change me back!*" she begged. Gathering what she could of her sweater, Isabelle wrapped several torn pieces around her body. "*What the hell did you do to me?!*"

"Do you like mangos?"

The question was so unexpected it gave Isabelle pause. "*WHAT?!*"

"What about rabbits??"

"...*What the HELL ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?!?!?*"

Zoe hummed. "The best things in life are much too small, wouldn't you agree?" The ray gun was held aloft. She tapped a small meter displaying a needle pegged to one side. "With the amount of scalar energy I've harvested from your body, I can use this nifty little guy to enhance the size of *any* organic object! I call it the Intensifier! Just think of the possibilities! Mangos the size of beach balls!! Bunnies so big you could sleep on their fuzzy little tummies!! *Giant military spiders!!*" The scientist chuckled under her breath, "Portugal won't be so quick to ban me when I show up with *those* at my command..."

Isabelle's jaw trembled in confusion. "Y-You're insane... *You're out of your mind!* You can't just...*take* my size!!"

Zoe grinned at the shrunken girl's statement and primed the ray gun. "Let's see about that, shall we?" Several bulbs along its tip glowed to life with purple light. Pointing it at her chest, she exclaimed, "No time like the present for a dry run!"

"*Wait!! Don't!!*"

SHOOOM!!!

Purple aura shot from the gun to envelop her B-cups before fading away. Almost dropping the device from stimulation, Zoe trembled and hugged her arms around her chest. "*M-MMNGH!!! Ooohhhh yes!! YES!!!*"

She arched her back to present her bust to the world. Horrified, Isabelle watched from below as the petite A-cups gently pushed into the scientist's blouse. Holes spread between buttons creating windows to fresh, soft cleavage.

"*Ooohhhh is this what you feel every time you grow??*" Zoe asked, shaking with pleasure. "*It's DIVINE!!*"

Isabelle couldn't speak. The sound of straining fabric from a bra in distress filled her ears. Flesh heaved under Zoe's shirt until stress lines folded the fabric and cut into her girth.

POP!!

POP!!

“*Ah!! Oh my!!*” she gasped in surprise. Skin billowed into the open air when two buttons burst free. The gleeful smile on her face refused to waver; the cleavage shooting down her front was everything she’d ever wanted.

CRREEAAAAAAK

Just as her bra gave one last warning sound, Zoe’s swelling ceased. Trembling hands rose to cup the G-cup assets. Her thighs shook when her fingers sank into a chest she could only dream of owning until now.

“*Hah... Ha!! HA HA!!!*” Obnoxious laughter echoed around the warehouse, causing Isabelle to flinch. “*IT WORKED!!! THEY GREW!!! I’VE GOT A PAIR OF MELONS WEIGHING ME DOWN!!*”

CLICK!

The raygun was primed before Isabelle could react. Targeting her entire body, Zoe declared, “Let’s give me a body to match these new knockers!!!”

SHOOOOM!!!

Purple haze enveloped her in a cocoon before fading away. The expression on her face was pure euphoria.

“*Aaahhhhhh ooohhhh Gooooood...!!*” Zoe stifled an orgasmic groan when her pants tightened to outline her crotch.

CRREEEEAAAAAAK

Seams tensed around the scientist’s body. Her hips flared and bulged while her stomach appeared from under a rising blouse. Isabelle ogled the growing woman as her limbs stretched out of her clothes and her head inched higher and higher.

POP!!

POP POP POP!!!

Stitches blew out. Bulges of skin overflowed widening tears.

“*A-Ahh!!! MNNGHH!!*”

POW!!!

The zipper on Zoe’s pants exploded to reveal a pair of lace panties stretched skin-tight across her navel. Fluid soaked the fabric from her lustful desires finding fulfillment. Having grown to a towering seven-feet tall, the scientist brought her clothes to the very limit.

SHRRRIIPP!!!!

“*F-FINALLY!!*”

A shower of cloth fell around Isabelle. Dodging fabric and pieces of bra underwear, she fell back to see a naked woman standing like a monument. Her body extended into what may as well have been the sky for such a small girl. Zoe allowed her lab coat to slip from her arms, leaving her bare. A pair of breasts grown to watermelons swung from her chest as she explored

her new body. Both hands caressed every curve, groping her thighs and hips, diving between her legs, hugging her stomach, and cradling her mammaries like precious treasures.

She gathered her chest in her arms and stared into the soft cleavage, breathing a sigh of fulfillment. “Oh that was simply...*delightful*.”

“What...What did you do...?” Isabelle whimpered. Fear and confusion filled the tiny girl. However, riling among these emotions was another: jealousy. Something of hers had been taken from her, and she didn’t appreciate how it was being put to use.

Isabelle’s question went ignored. Smiling at the doll-sized redhead, Zoe sighed and squatted down, coming as close to eye-level as she could. Massive breasts bulged over her knees. Seeing the woman come so close when she was so small caused Isabelle to stumble back into a pile of her clothes. She gathered her sweater around her in protection.

Zoe’s words left her lips laced with heat and victory. “You know, I’ve been saying it for years... And I have a feeling you’ll agree with me...” Flaunting her stolen growth, she teased, “Bigger is *definitely* better.”

TO BE CONTINUED