

Steeped in Growth

“Frank...?” Elouise called. In the deserted tea shop, her timid voice rang out all the louder.

Her boss didn’t answer. She tapped on the box that had just been delivered to the counter. A customs form was plastered on the side along with a mess of postage.

“Frank...??” she called again, not able to leave the register.

This time the tiny old man emerged from the back room. His glasses were on as if he’d been staring at the computer. “What? What??”

“This just got delivered...” Elouise held up the toaster-sized box. “It looks like it’s from--”

“*China!* Her boss’s eyes widened in delight and he rushed forward. “It’s a new tea for our lineup! Should bring in some new customers.”

Tape ripped from cardboard and the box opened to a thin layer of packing peanuts. When Frank pulled out a smaller box, Elouise couldn’t help but blush and avert her gaze; the carton was decorated in close-ups of women’s cleavage. Particularly heavy cleavage made by breasts pushing the limits of their respective bras.

“There we are...” Frank ogled.

Elouise felt her face grow hot. Compared to the box’s marketing, her B-cups suddenly felt very small beneath her slimming apron and blouse. A flustered hand adjusted her apron’s strap while she imagined herself sporting similar assets. “That’s-- Uh...”

“It’s a special kind of tea!” he beamed. “Supposedly one cup of this stuff will make a woman’s chest swell by a few inches! What do you think?? Pretty good promotion, huh? Thinking of calling it ‘Buy a cup, grow a cup’!”

She didn’t know how to respond. Her face grew warmer. Staring slack-jawed, Elouise shook her head. “I-I don’t think anyone is going to do that... Or believe it...”

“They will when they see how well it works!”

“Do you have a model?”

“No, I have you!”

The box was pushed toward her. Elouise pulled her hands away as if it were a crazed animal. “W-What?!”

“You don’t *have* to, but I’ll give you a \$500 bonus if you drink a cup and advertise it for the shop. If it doesn’t work, we’ll toss it in the trash. Deal?”

She paused. The offer sounded nice to her wallet, but the opportunity to outgrow her bra, even temporarily, made her heart race. Elouise’s cheeks burned and she stared at the box. Even at a distance, she could smell the strange tea leaves within.

Frank bounced his graying eyebrows. “Weeeeeell? Could *really* help the shop! And if it works...I’ll be able to give you a raise.”

Almost certain this was some form of HR violation, Elouise took the box. Chinese characters covered the sides with no English to be found. “I-I guess...”

“Wonderful!” He placed a mug in front of her. “Best drink up now while the day is young. I don’t know how long the effects last.”

“Wait! I--” She turned the box on all sides. “How much are you supposed to use??”

Frank shrugged. “Two scoops? Give it a shot and we’ll see how well your apron is fitting in a bit.”

Watching him return to his office, Elouise was more than certain this crossed a sexual harassment line, but the upside was too much to pass up. Before the lunch rush could start, she dumped two heaping scoops into an infuser and let it steep in her mug. The leaves smelled earthy and rich with floral hints she couldn’t place. Their scent brought her nipples to harden within her bra, a fact which only sent her heart pounding all the faster.

Frank was setting up the promotion’s sign in the front window just as her tea was ready. To see him already trying to draw a crowd left Elouise’s hands shaking as she lifted the mug to her lips. She felt like a guinea pig.

“Good luck~” Frank winked on his way back to the office.

“I really need to find a new job...” she whispered before taking a sip.

Elouise squeaked. The taste was sharp but sweet. Far sweeter than she expected. It left tingles racing down her throat and into her chest. Her nipples throbbed as if she’d jumped into frigid waters.

Despite the fresh tea’s heat, Elouise began drinking heartily. Sips turned to mouthfuls of the exotic brew. Her heart pounded behind her tiny breasts as her mind flew with the possibilities. Surely the tea would have been well-known if it actually worked, but still her desires wished for it to be true. Finishing the cup, she gently raised a hand to graze the side of her chest. Whether simply due to the hot drink and excitement, or because it was truly working, her breasts did feel fuller.

The mug clinked. Elouise looked down and watched herself breathe. She’d drunk it far too fast, that much was clear. Sweat peppered the back of her neck and the front of her breasts burned against her blouse. Slight dizziness swam around her head.

“Imagine if it *does* work...” she whispered, pressing a hand into the softness between her bra cups. “*I could drink some every morning... I could--*”

Ding!

The door opened. Elouise’s hand flung to the counter and her face burned red. “*W-Welcome in!*”

“Hiiii~” a college girl cooed without looking up from her phone. “Can I get a... Uhm... Earl grey?”

“Sure thing!” Elouise turned to her steepers. “How’s your day been so f--”

Strrrrrtch

“Ah!” she gasped suddenly.

The college girl didn’t look up. “Hmm?”

Steam panted from Elouise’s mouth. She leaned on the counter, certain she’d just felt her bra shift around her torso. There were no obvious changes beneath her blouse, but her cups squeezed her in a way she’d never felt.

“It-- N-Nothing--” she trembled. Breathing became difficult and heated. She grabbed a mug. “I was only asking how your day has been--*Nnngh!*”

Strrrrrrtch...!!

This time she felt it coming. Energy rolled in a fluttering wave from her belly to her breasts. Itching and sparking sensations flashed through her chest. Holding her breath in fright, Elouise froze upon feeling her bra tightening around her torso. Her blouse pushed forward into the apron.

Crash!

The mug slipped from her hand when she felt it: her breasts meeting in the middle to form cleavage.

“Oh no, are you alright?” the college girl asked with half interest.

Strrrrrrtch

Strrrrrrrrrtch

Elouise whimpered. Whatever was happening, it was happening fast and her body could barely keep up. She leaned on the counter as tension spread across her blouse and pulled at her sleeves. Slowly filling out with every labored breath, she watched the front of her apron tense against her chest. In only a matter of moments, her B-cups had engorged enough to strain her uniform to the point of spreading her buttons. A line of crammed, pale cleavage stared from the gaps while a pink bra squeezed them together like dough.

“N-No way-- *This--*” Elouise gulped, feeling her bra lift away from her ribcage. Seams strained down her side due to the F-cups she bore within. “*There’s no way that tea actually--*”

STRRRRTCH

“EEP!?”

Ding!

Two girls walked in under a fit of giggles. “Is that sign real??” one asked, blushing with a hand to her mouth.

“*You should get some, Lacey! Might help on your date with Troy!*” the other teased.

Her face turned red and she hugged her existing C-cups. “*Stoooooop!*”

STRRRRTCH!!!

Elouise winced. She’d grown to the point of discomfort as her clothes began constricting her. Every breath seemed to swell her breasts larger. Tension trembled across her apron. Trying

to remain professional, she straightened her back and groaned at the incredible pressure stuffed down her front. “N-Nnngh! Well--It’s-- We’re still testing if--”

Creeaaaaak

POP!!

“Gaah!?”

The first button burst. Cleavage bubbled upward from a ruptured collar and into Elouise’s face. She was far bigger than she thought. Falling back against the wall, she arched her spine and watched her rising bust tense fuller and fuller.

The shop was silent. The customers stared.

“Oh my God... *Is that from the teat?!?*” one of the girls asked.

“No waaaaay. It’s a gimmick! She’s not really--”

STRRRRTCH!!

“MMMNGH!!?”

Both hands flew upward to heft her bust in panic. They felt larger than volleyballs as they sought any and all space within her blouse. The apron firmed and pulled into a sharp slope down to her hips. Stemming her breath, Elouise squeaked at the sensation of her chest rubbing lower and lower down her torso until it touched the soft of her abdomen. Puffiness filled her areolas to what felt like teacups.

Now she had their attention. Even the college girl ogled before snapping a picture with a grin.

The two girls raced to the counter.

“Holy cow!?”

“*Is that really the tea?!?*”

STRRTCH!!

“How fast does it work??”

STRRRRRRTCH!!

“Please!! I--” Elouise squeaked for air. “*I-It--*” Flesh was filling her blouse to the breaking point. Cleavage bulged over her apron and against her shoulders. She could feel the tea still churning in her belly, filling her with warmth that immediately raced to fill her breasts like fleshy balloons.

“Does it hurt??”

Creeaaaaaak!!

“How big were you before?! I remember you being pretty small.”

CREEAAAA--SNAP!!

“GAAHHH!?”

A terrific rupture of spandex shot through the tea shop when Elouise’s bra gave way. Two basketball-sized mounds fell unsupported into her apron, relieving two buttons of their duties at

the same time. Straining against the shifting weight, she stumbled to fall over the counter. Skin pulled at her shoulders and cleavage burned like a sauna.

The college girl started filming with a snicker. "Holy shit," she chuckled, "this is gold..."

"Now you *HAVE* to get some, Lacey! *LOOK AT HER!*"

The girl shied away. "*I-It looks really...intense...*"

CREEAAAAAAAK!

"Mmmngh!! *F...Frank--*" Elouise rasped for help against the chest anchoring her to the counter. Done with her blouse and bra, only her apron remained. Flesh bulged over the top and sides in an expanding display of bare skin. Peeking pink of her areolas escaped from the sides.

"*Did the tea make your nipples that big too?!*"

Elouise looked up in panic. "*W...What?!*"

"Your nipples!" She pointed and pressed a finger into a strawberry-sized mound doming the apron. "*THEY'RE HUGE!*"

Elouise's eyes dilated. Pleasure shot through her at the touch and the girl recoiled.

"*Ahh-- AAHHHH~!!! MMNGH!!*"

STRRRRRRTCH!!!!

Flesh billowed at the rush of stimulation. Heat churned and boiled within Elouise and stole the strength from her legs. Desperate, she hugged her arms around the pair of watermelons and felt her heart race when they continued to push her arms open. "*Ohhh don't touch them!! They're too-- Hah-- Haah-- They're--*"

CREEAAAAAAAK!!

One girl backed away. "I don't think Troy likes boobs *that* big..."

"Well maybe it depends on how much you drink!" Ogling the overgrown breasts, she piped, "How much tea did this take?? I can't believe they're still growing!! You look ready to--"

CREEAAAAAAAK!!

"*MMNNNGHH!!*"

She couldn't hear their voices now. Nothing mattered except for the raging sensitivity and skin-stretching growth assaulting her mammaries. Elouise tensed, balling her hands into fists against her chest as the apron started to complain.

"*They're-- Mmgh!! T-They're gonna--*"

CREEAAAAAK!!

The college girl chuckled and zoomed her camera. "Uh oh~ I think this barista is gonna blow~"

Elouise's full weight pressed upon them as they bloated to the sides. Cleavage swallowed her neck and chin. "*T-They can't-- I'm gonna--*"

CREEAAAAAK!!!

"*Hahh-- Haahhhh~! MMNGAAHHHH!!!!*"

SHRRRRRIIIIIIP!!

Fabric slapped across the counter when the apron's shoulder straps ripped apart. With nothing holding them back, a pair of beach ball breasts surged forth across the counter. A torn blouse and bra hung limp at her sides as she hugged the gargantuan globes close, unable to maintain any sense of modesty with her nipples out of reach.

They sang with sensitivity. Overgrown and stretched pale, they held Elouise in place with a heaving weight. Four pairs of eyes stared in awe at the incredible breasts as their growth ached to a halt.

Elouise swallowed. They commanded every neuron of her brain. She could hardly focus on anything else. Gently sinking her hands into them and feeling her thighs grow wet, she whimpered helplessly.

"Nnngh... F...Frank...! I think two scoops...might have been...too much...!"