

Given an Inch

Her leg bounced with anxiety in the waiting area. It had been months since she scheduled her appointment. Now it was within minutes of happening. Weeks of anticipation, excitement, daydreams, and the occasional nightmare were all coming to a head. She was ready to leave her B-cup bras behind for something bigger. More feminine. More...*filled out*.

The door to the back office opened. A nurse stepped out in a revealing white uniform with a zipper running from her thigh to her underarm. Cleavage pushed into view from a wide keyhole window meant only to advertise what was certainly the doctor's handiwork. The nurse looked like she couldn't be prouder of the head-sized mounds straining her uniform.



“Constance?” she called with a glance at a clipboard.

It was time. She rose from her seat with a flutter in her chest and a quickness to her step. A timid hand lifted as if to confirm her presence.

Warmth came with a smile to soothe any fears. “Right this way! You’ll be in the second room on the right.”

The clinic’s back halls were quiet. After all the stories she’d heard, Constance found it difficult to believe there wasn’t more noise coming from behind the closed doors. Along the walls stood plaster busts of past clients, mostly celebrities. Bronze plaques flashed their names below a cast of their enlarged chests. Constance could name each one purely by the breasts alone after hours of browsing the site’s before-and-after section.

“Right in here~” the nurse guided.

Constance took in her surroundings. It was pleasantly warm inside the exam room. There was a chair in the corner, presumably for a husband or romantic partner who wished to watch. In

the middle stood an exam table inclined at a forty-five-degree angle. Two swiveling arms protruded from the back. On each end extended a cone with a mouth the size of a dinner plate. They faced each other, focusing on the empty space at the center of the table. An array of green bulbs filled the cones' interiors like a glass beehive. Swinging overhead like a referee's microphone was a grey remote. Constance's eyes followed the spiral cord to the ceiling and down the wall, where it eventually connected to the exam table.

The door closed with a soft click.

"Last name and date of birth?" the nurse asked.

Constance faced her, unable to look away from the nurse's bust. It was a mixture of awe and envy that drew her eyes to the woman's impressive melon-like features. "M-Meadows... And May sixteenth, 1982."

"And current bra size?"

Her voice went to a whisper. "3...30B..."

"Thank you~" A pen tapped the clipboard. "Alrighty! Dr. Montague will be with you shortly! Please dress down to your comfort level while you wait."

Constance blushed. "H-How much should I--"

"At least your shirt and bra. Anything beyond that is up to you." Looking Constance up and down, she pointed to her jeans. "You can keep those on if you want, but a lot of women end up wishing they had worn only underwear or less."

Blush colored Constance's cheeks. "They do??"

"Whatever you're comfortable with! Honestly, if I were doing it again, I would strip naked and wear the exam apron we provide. Then I wouldn't be driving home in wet bottoms, if you catch my drift..."

Eyes widened with intimate realization. "I... I see--" She shifted in place. "I was actually hoping to--"

The nurse grinned and breathed a laugh through her nose. "Hoping to keep your bra on during the procedure?"

Now her face turned red. Constance stared at the floor.

"No need to feel embarrassed. We get that request a lot! I wanted to do it too. This kind of growth is a dream come true for every woman who walks through our doors. It's cathartic in a way, outgrowing your bra..." She looked away, pensive, before smiling. "There's a desire to *feel it explode* off your new chest, isn't there? Like you're finally bursting forth into the woman you've always wanted to be."

Constance trembled. The nurse had read her heart. To hear her bra creak and groan against her chest was something she'd dreamt of since high school. More than one bra had met its end during her more desperate nights, where she'd hugged her legs to her chest and crammed her knees into the cups before stretching the bra to the point of snapping. That sound alone was often enough to push her over the edge.

The nurse grinned. "I can see it all over your face. I know you've probably wanted to feel that for years. I know I did. Unfortunately, it's against clinic policy. We can't have anything interfering with the equipment, and the doctor needs to have unrestricted access to your chest to monitor progress."

"I understand..." Constance said, sullen. "So, *at least* fully topless?"

"Yes please." The nurse grasped the door handle. "I'll leave you to change and the doctor will see you shortly."

The door clicked. Constance was left with a whirling mind. Not being able to wear her bra during the procedure was disheartening, but it didn't matter. Knowing she would still be leaving with the chest of her dreams was more than enough.

Buttons popped open. Feeling a little naughty given the setting, Constance shivered as she slipped her blouse down her arms and tossed it over a chair. A tiny white bra remained to conceal her petite assets. It hardly curved away from her body. Warmth graced her face as she unclasped the back and let it slip over her shoulders before joining her blouse.

Even without the bra's aid, her breasts refused to crease and hang downward. Their shape boasted incredible perkiness, but their size was disappointing. Constance longed for something heavy to pull at her shoulders. To feel swaying masses wobble and swing with her steps. Something she had to mind when navigating cramped spaces.

And soon she would have them.

Hands rose to cup the tiny beauties. "Well... This is it, girls... I love you, but you've had plenty of time to do this on your own..." A snuffle brought the sting of tears. "At this point, I really just want you to get bigger and--"

Knock knock

A gentle tap came at the door.

"C-Come in," she allowed. Both arms moved to hug her bareness out of habit.

A man in a white coat entered with a pink stethoscope around his neck. Over his right breast was the nametag 'Dr. Montague' below the clinic's shameless logo of two breasts swollen to the point of blushing out of their bra. He was handsome with a fit body and short-trimmed facial hair. Almost more handsome than Constance would have preferred for someone who was going to be working on her chest.

"Gooooood morning!" he hummed. Looking between a clipboard and the topless woman, he asked, "Constance? 30B?"

She nodded.

"Aaaaand you're looking to... Let's see..." He tapped the clipboard with a pen. "Grow into the G-cup range?"

"T-That's right."

He nodded. "Any particular reason why?"

The question took her by surprise. Usually people only asked how big she wished she could be, not why. "I..." She stared down at her chest. "I-I guess I always heard girls comparing

themselves to fruits in high school... And grapefruits seemed like they were the biggest anyone could match. So... Being the size of grapefruits has just always...sounded like a good goal...?"

The doctor chuckled. "Hard to argue with that logic! Weeeeell let's see what we can do for you! Up on the table if you would."

Constance obeyed and stepped onto a small platform before leaning back against the slanted surface. It was pleasantly warm against her back. The doctor stood in front of her and removed the stethoscope.

"Arms down, please, Connie. Can I call you Connie?"

Blushing harder than ever, she lowered her arms to the side. "S...Sure..."

"Let's have a look."

Dr. Montague leaned in. The stethoscope's head pressed into the sides of her breasts, pushing them up, down, and to the sides as it sank into the diminutive mass.

"Excellent elasticity..." he said softly. The instrument fell back around his neck. "Now, quick pinch here."

"What do you-- *Mmgh!*!"

A thumb and finger coiled around each of her nipples to pinch and twist. It was gentle but firm. The stimulation drew a moan that left Connie's breath ragged. She watched as the doctor released and proceeded to flick her nipples, urging them into hard pink pebbles.

She tensed, not liking how aroused the exam was making her. "*D...D-Doctor--*"

He watched as her chest blushed before straightening up and marking his clipboard. "Are you always this sensitive?"

Having to purse her lips as pulsing heat still moved through her chest, Constance nodded. "They've... Always been sensitive... I-In a good way, I mean!"

He smiled. "I could tell. Now I should warn you; being sensitive doesn't mean we can't proceed, but Ultra-Sonic Tissue Stimulation Therapy has been known to increase sensitivity relative to the amount grown. Meaning the bigger you get, the more sensitive you become."

Connie's eyes dilated at the thought. To have breast any more excitable was borderline frightening. "How much so...?"

"Weeeeell..." Dr. Montague scratched his head. "I've had some girls come in with nearly dead nipples on A-cups and then go home with a pair of DDs and 'orgasm buttons', as they called them. Others, like you, come in already tuned to physical stimulation and then beg me to turn it off after only a cup or two of growth. In the end it's up to the individual what they can tolerate in their daily li--."

"I'll be fine." Her answer came swiftly.

"You're sure you don't want to read some pamphlets or--"

She shook her head. "Doctor, I *want* this. I want-- No, I *need* to be big." Looking into his eyes, she confessed, "A pair of orgasm buttons would just be icing on the top... If I get the breasts I've always wanted, then I don't care how sensitive they are."

His pen clicked. “Can’t argue with a girl who knows what she wants! Let’s get those breasts growing then, shall we?”

Click

A large switch flipped on the side of the table. Gentle humming rose from the metallic cones situated on either side of Connie as the doctor adjusted each one. Together, they focused directly on her bust from the left and right, keeping her in the center. His hands came forward and pressed on the sides of her breasts as if to position them perfectly on her torso.

“Last chance to take off your bottoms,” he warned, continuing to set up.

She shifted. “Is... Is it *really* that much of a problem?”

Dr. Montague snickered. “Only if you hate long drives home sitting in wet denim. I see woman after woman come in here thinking they’ll be able to handle it. They can’t. I always recommend my patients go fully nude. We do of course have half-aprons for modesty if that’s a concern.”

Connie pondered.

“Last chance?”

Hands twitching, and trying not to let his looks get the better of her, she relented. “Ok. I-I’ll take them off...”

“You’ll be glad you did.” He approached a cabinet and withdrew a folded blue hospital garment meant to tie around the waist. There was a square piece of fabric to hang over her front. “Here, you can wear--”

A pair of jeans and pink cotton panties were thrown to the side. Legs bare and lithe, Connie leaned back on the table. “No thanks,” she said softly.

It was his turn to blush as her nudity stared back. A gentle glisten upon her exposed lips revealed her excitement.

“Aaaalrighty then! No apron.” He returned to her side. “Now, Connie, I’m sure you’ve read all the info, but it’s my job to make sure you understand. The growth will happen surprisingly fast.” He pulled the remote from the ceiling, stretching the coiled cord. “So long as I’m holding down this button, you’ll grow roughly a cup every ten seconds. For the size you’re shooting for, that will happen in less than a minute. I’ll stop when we’ve reached your target and check in. If you feel it’s too much before then, just wave a hand and I’ll stop the machine. Understand?”

She nodded. Biting her lip, she looked down at her chest. Both nipples were still at full attention. “And... I-I’m allowed to go larger if I want, right?”

“Absolutely. I find that most women end up going several cups larger than they intended with no regrets. This session is completely yours; you don’t have to leave until you have the boobs of your dreams.”

A giggle shifted her hair. “Boobs of my dreams, huh? Careful, Doctor... I have some big dreams.”

“Weeeeell it’s rare that a patient pushes themselves to the limit of what my license allows me to perform. There is a size I legally can’t exceed. I don’t think we’ll be pushing that today, though.” He fingered a large button on the remote and smiled. “Are you ready to grow your grapefruits, Connie?”

She looked down. Her breasts looked so cute on her front. Almost innocent in their tiny nature. It wasn’t their fault they were so small. They had only followed nature’s orders. With the moment finally upon her, she didn’t think it would be so difficult to say goodbye.

Gentle words were offered. “Not easy, is it? Sometimes it helps to remember they’ll be the same breasts you’ve always had. Same breasts you grew up with and loved, just bigger.”

It helped. Heart fluttering, Connie nodded but refused to take her eyes off her bust. “Ok, I’m ready.”

“Heerree we go!”

Click

His thumb depressed the button. Green light filled the glass bulbs within the cones to bathe Connie’s bust in emerald. Soothing heat vibrated within her mounds.

Strrrrrtch!!

Constance reared back. “A-Ahh~! GOD!!”

Only a split second was given before gentle pressure spread through her breasts as if flower buds were blossoming within her. Connie’s eyes bulged and her breath caught when her mammaries looked as if they were breathing. They quivered and rose, puffing outward from her frame with steady swelling.

“Hahhhhh-- HhaaAAHHHHHH-- O-OHHH--”

Already they were miles larger than when she’d arrived. B-cups had been swallowed by a pair of full C-cups blushing with engorgement. Constance clenched her hands and feet as she saw herself continuing the plump. Subtle surges and pulses of energy traveled through her breasts to make them jump. To see them come alive was enough to send intimate nectar trickling down her thighs.

Strrrrrtch!!

“Ahhhh-- THEY’RE--”

The doctor monitored the machine and watched her growth closely. “Breathe... I know it’s--”

Weight tugged at Connie’s shoulders as her breasts rounded forth into full D-cups. They looked like firm, ripe fruits jutting forth from her torso. Nipples screamed atop their curves with an erectness Connie had never felt. They were plumping with her chest, thickening in sync as her areolas partially swallowed them.

Gravity slowly took its hold as her skin adjusted. Teasingly slow, Connie watched her breasts point downward as their weight finally forced them to crease.

“W-W-W-WAIT!!”

Her arm raised.

Dr. Montague released the button. All growth stopped and the cones fell silent.

“Something the matter?”

“I...” Catching her breath proved difficult. Inhaling meant lifting twice the weight she was used to. *“I just need...a moment... It felt so much stronger than...I thought it would...”* Sweating and soaked with lust, she lifted her hands to inspect before a whimper slipped free.

They were immaculate. Full and hot, her womanly mounds were more than enough to fill her grasp for the first time in her life. Skin bulged between her fingers as she squeezed, kneading and massaging the pale orbs. She dared to venture to their fronts and pinch a nipple. The result made her legs bend and squirm as a mini-orgasm electrified her core.

“Oh my God... O-Ohhh my God~ These are... I can’t believe I--” She swallowed against a dry throat. *“I-I have tits.”*

The doctor looked at a readout on the machine. “Nearly E-cups! You lasted a little over twenty seconds.”

“That was only twenty seconds??” Connie felt ready to melt from the heat filling her system. Lust enough for ten women wanted to explode forth.

“A very fruitful twenty seconds! How do those feel? It’s not uncommon for some women to find out a smaller size is more practical and--”

“Keep going.” Her arms fell to her sides and Connie stared him in the eyes. *“I came here for G-cups and I’m not leaving until I have them or more.”*

“A woman after my own heart. Bigger breasts, coming up!”

Click

The heat came again, stronger now as Connie had more volume to offer. Green light engulfed her chest and it began pushing forth.

Strrrrrrtch!!!

“Mmmnnnghhhhhh fuuuuuck yes~!” she groaned, no longer trying to keep her enjoyment concealed. A hand twitched at her thigh. It wanted to rub her clit. Merely feeling her nipples stretching was sending jolts to the hooded nub.

Her bust swelled. Fuller and rounder, her breasts crept lower on her torso. They abandoned all remnants of their original flatness and began to truly fill out. Connie writhed at the sight of them fattening into teardrops of flesh. Their underbellies tingled with static as a healthy majority of mass settled below her nipple line. They pointed ahead and slightly up, raising upon her filling globes.

“Another ten seconds to go...” the doctor informed. “These are about F-cups.”

“F... F-Fucking... F-CUPS~”

Connie drooled. Eyes shone as her breasts endured months of growth within seconds. Slowly any gap between them narrowed. Their inner curves spread before pressing together with natural cleavage.



She'd outgrown her torso.

Doctor Montague began counting down. "Five... Four..."

Strrrrrrrtch!!

"Mmmngh!! MMMMMM!!!"

They collided with more energy. Fighting like twin sisters, they forced each other to point slightly to Connie's sides.

"Three... Two... Aaaaaand one!"

Dr. Montague's thumb came up. The hum faded with the green light. Connie was left gasping on the exam table in a fog of desire. Every breath sent her chest heaving with fresh weight. Larger than grapefruits, her breasts adorned her slender frame like magnificent ornaments on a tree.

"Well? What do you think of your new G-cups?"

She couldn't speak. Her hands rose to cup them. Softness and warmth overflowed her hands. Flesh mashed against her chest when she hugged them with primal desire.

A nipple slipped between her fingers.

"AAAUGH!!!"

Fluid shot from her crotch when Constance orgasmed. She'd never squirted before, but now, it was like her body couldn't hold itself together. Her nipples were on fire. Breathing over them left her shaking with heat.



“These are--”

“They’re a fantastic size for your frame! G-cups were a good choice. A very popular size these days. Big without being *too* big. Plenty of women shoot for Ds and then decide to go for Gs. I would say--”

Connie shook her head and took a shaking breath. “B...Bigger.”

“Grapefruits old news now?” he asked with a chuckle.

“Nnngh... F...*Fuck* grapefruits. I want melons~”

The doctor hardly missed a beat. “Yooouuuur wish is my command!”

Click

The hum returned. The sound alone was enough to make Connie horny. It was the sound of growth. The sound of fleshy development. That mixed with the subtle sounds of her breasts aching and pushing forth made her core flutter.

Strrrrrtch!!

“Aahhhmmmm~! T...That’s it... Grow~ Keep...nnnghhh!!...growing!”

They traveled down her torso. Round and engorged with arousal, they reached the crooks of her elbows and kept going. Curves peeked from her sides as her torso ran out of space. At the slight angle of incline, they lolled heavy to Connie’s sides like fleshy anchors. Grapefruits were left in the dust; Connie was only interested in growing melons in her garden now.

Dr. Montague lifted his thumb. All growth ceased. “Another twenty seconds in! You should be around an I-cup. Thoughts?”

Connie wiped sweat from her face and bit her lip. Shaking her head, rabid eyes looked between her chest and the man in control of how big she could go. She knew she wanted them big, but the larger she saw them become, the more she wanted to see. Her heart wouldn’t tell her how big. It knew only one goal.

Her lips pursed. "...*Bigger.*"

Now his eyebrow raised. "You're sure? This is very large for your body type and there's no reverse button." He eyed the breasts rivaling the size of her head. "There's no harm in taking them home for a few days and letting yourself adjust. Maybe--"

Connie almost growled, "*I said BIGGER.*" Her tone surprised herself. Hands clawing at the table, she breathed rapidly with a burning need. "*You hold down that damn button until I say they're big enough.*"

The doctor made a face of hesitation but recovered quickly. Connie wasn't the first patient to show a rash of boob greed, and she wouldn't be the last. Many women couldn't help themselves. All he could do was advise. "Yooouuur the boss! It's your session, after all." He reached and adjusted the growth discs downward to focus better on her new assets. A wink was delivered that nearly pushed Connie over the edge again; if he wasn't careful, she wasn't sure she could control herself. "Another round! Just say when~"

Click

"*GAAAHHHH!!!*"

STRRRRRRTCH!!

It came stronger than ever. As if being electrocuted, her breasts tensed into a more rounded shape from their gravity-held ovals: pressure of pure growth. Connie bridged her back when an inferno of heat gushed into her waiting breasts. Honeydew mounds shuddered before bloating outward in rapid swelling. Permanent erection filled her nipples until they looked like pink walnut shell halves.

"*M-My skin!!! I can feel-- Everything stretching!!*" she cried in ecstasy. "*MY WHOLE CHEST!!*"

Dr. Montague watched the timer closely. "That's twenty seconds..."

"*More!! KEEP...GOING!!*"

Fingers clawed at the table. Her chest wasn't just outgrowing her torso; it was taking it over. Breath after breath saw her engorging mammaries distend further down her abdomen. Skin rubbed across the bottom of her ribcage as her breasts encroached onto the soft of her belly.

"Sixty seconds total now..."

Constance's mind flew. The math made her quake. "*O-cup!! I'm and...O-CUP!! Fuck~! F...Fuck~! That's--*"

Looking down made her forget how to breathe. The rounded, watermelon-sized globes inching forth on her body weren't just disproportionate for her frame; they were monstrously oversized. Each one was nearly the width of her torso itself, and together they fought for supremacy. Rasping breaths swallowed her words. Amazement and greed covered her words in drool.

"*D-Don't-- Stop-- I--*"

"Ninety seconds."

His voice was firmer now. With a releasing click, the machine powered down. Massaging warmth faded from Connie's chest and her globes settled, no longer tensing with development.

"Hey... H-Hey!!!" She snapped. *"I didn't say stop!!! Keep going!!!"*

"Connie--"

She growled like a dog having its bone taken away. *"You said I could go as big as I wanted!!!"*

Dr. Montague stared at her progress. "I feel I need to remind you of your original goal. G-cups? Grapefruits? Remember? You've more than doubled that. Nearly tripled it."

"S...So?! SO WHAT?? I-I want them bigger!! As big as you can!! They're MY tits!! And I want them BIGGER!"

Remaining stern, he took out his stethoscope and pressed it upon her chest to listen at various locations. Firm, blushing skin bulged around the small disc. "Coming from a B-cup, this is a lot to put your body through." His hands rose and he lifted her chest by the sides before letting them fall against her.

Smack!

"A-Auugh!!!"

A fleshy collision against her torso sent shockwaves bouncing across her bust in ripples. The pleasure was enough to knock the wind out of Connie.

"How do they feel?"

"In...Incredible... They're the..." She groaned, catching her breath. *"They're the most amazing thing...I've ever felt..."*

"Not too tight? They don't feel strained?"

Connie panted, wincing but unable to hide a flash of discomfort. *"O-Only a little..."*

He eyed the intense flood of lust leaking down her thighs. "Let's remember this appointment isn't for pleasure; it's for growth. It might feel good, but you're not here to enjoy yourself. You're here to get the breasts you dream about. It's easy to get lost in the--"

"I know. I KNOW. Just--" Connie growled. *"Just click the damn button and make me bigger already!!!"*

The doctor sighed. Some patients were impossible to please. At the end of the day, it was their signature on the waiver. "Alright. This has to be the final round."

He adjusted the energy cones once more. Watching her bust closely, he flexed his thumb on the control.

Click

STRRRRRRTCH!!!

"A-AAHHH~ AAAUUUGHHHHHH FUUUUUCK!!!"

Connie couldn't breathe as her chest swelled outward and down her belly. Heat swallowed her belly button when taut, bloated underboob brushed against her pelvis. Jutting

more than a foot in front of her at their fullest, Connie's breasts looked as though they each held a water-filled beach ball.

"That's-- THAT'S IT-- MORE-- PLEASE, MORE!! GOD I DIDN'T THINK IT WOULD FEEL SO GOOD!!!"

An orgasm trembled through her hips as the doctor watched the timer closely.

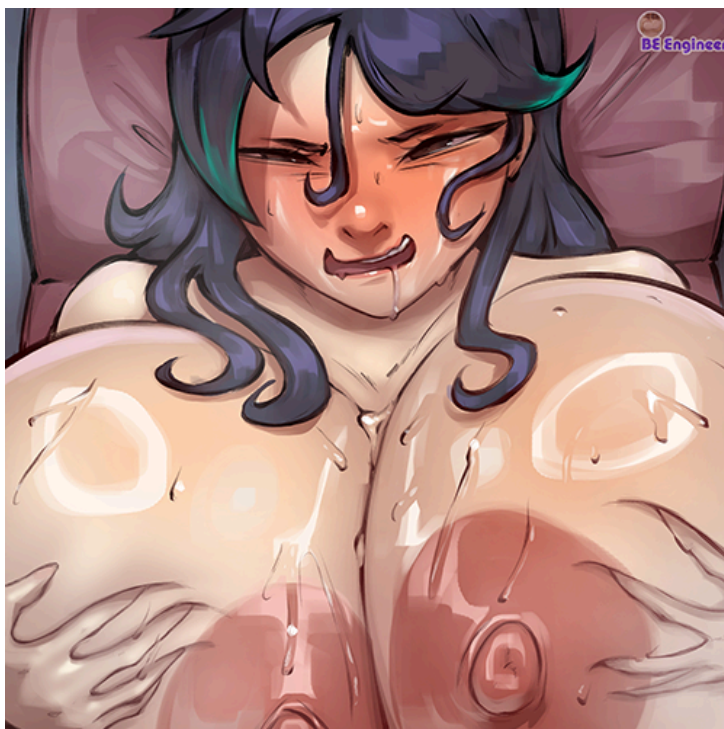
"Thirty seconds..."

"I don't care. I don't care!! Let it go for five minutes!! TEN MINUTES!! I'LL STAY HERE ALL NIGHT IF IT MEANS--"

The machine's hum faded. Dr. Montague stepped back.

"Haahhhh~ HAAAHHHHH NNGH!!!"

Connie hefted her breasts in her arms. Hands weren't enough for the beasts consuming her torso. Maniacal giggles moistened her lips. Her eyes bulged with all-consuming pride and greed as she gazed upon her treasures. *"I-- I look like Chelsea Fucking Charms!!!"* Hunger seethed from her eyes when she looked up. *"Keep going."*



Dr. Montague shook his head. "I'm sorry, Constance, but we're not allowed to go any larger than this. I'm estimating you're around a U or V-cup. Our license only allows a total growth amount of roughly ten times the original breast volume." Staring at the hip-concealing fatty teardrops stealing the woman's breath away, he added, "Aside from the legal complications, I can't in good conscience make you any larger. It's simply too much for B-cups to take all at once. After the required amount of time passes and your body has adjusted, you could come back for another session."

Connie's lips trembled with primal need. *"H...H-How long is that?"*

“Currently five years, according to insurance.”

Hunger turned to rage. *“FIVE YEARS?! I’m not waiting that long!! I--”*

Her hands slipped. Both strawberry-sized nipples grazed under her hands as they mashed and squeezed to regain grip.

“Mgah--”

Connie’s mind went black with a grunt. When her vision returned, her legs were wet down to her feet. Thirty seconds had passed on the clock. Her core was trembling in a way only a mind-rending orgasm can cause.

“What... What...happened...?” She was out of breath.

“Your body couldn’t handle the sensitivity of your nipples. You touched them and blacked out from the orgasm.” Dr. Montague scratched his head. “That should lessen over the next few days. I would recommend ice packs to numb them in the meantime. Maybe--”

“Please... M-Make them...bigger...”

His jaw nearly hit the floor. “Are you out of your mind?! Constance, excuse my bluntness, but *you cannot handle any more growth*. I won’t be a party to it. I’m going to have to ask you to--”

The exam room door opened. A nurse stepped inside. “D...Doctor? There’s--” She froze, blushing and eyes turning to saucers the moment they fell upon the overgrown woman. Regaining her train of thought took a moment. “T-There’s an important call for you.”

“In a moment. I--”

“It’s your wife. Says it’s an emergency? Told me to tell you it’s about the milk?”

His frustration grew. Rubbing his temples, he nodded to the nurse. “I’ll be right there. Constance, I’m sorry you’re not completely satisfied, but this is all we can do today. There are extra-large tops in the cabinet so you can have something to wear. Please tell the front desk to schedule you for a follow-up in two months.”

Only her ragged breath came as he took his leave. An ogling glance from the nurse was the last communication before the door closed, leaving Connie alone with her new breasts.

“Ten times the volume my ass...” Loving hands circled her bust. She shivered at the taut sensitivity of her skin. *“I can go bigger... I-- I WANT to go bigger. I NEED to go bigger.”*

Her eyes darted to the door. Then the suspended controller. Consuming greed pulsed through her chest.

“Just... J-Just a little more...”

She reached out and grasped the controller. The button was still warm from Dr. Montague’s thumb.

“J-Just a little--”

Click

STRRRRTCH!!!

“GAAHHH!!!”

Flesh bloated and stretched down her front. It lasted only a few seconds before Connie's hand released its grip and she fell back on the table writhing in heat. The sensation was too strong to allow control of her muscles.

"Hhaahhhnnngh... D...Dammit..." she panted, seeing the controller swinging. *"I can't hold it down! I need to--"*

Desperation sparked an idea. She grabbed the remote while feeling through her hair with the other hand. A bobby pin slipped free. Bending it with her mouth, she breathed madly while jamming one end between the button and the remote's housing.

"This-- This will...hold it...!"

Her fist slammed down. The bobby pin snapped off. The button depressed and jammed, holding firm with the wedge.

Click

STRRRRRRTCH!!!!

Connie fell onto the table and reared back, thrusting her breasts into the green glow of growth. *"AAHH!! YES!!! T-THAT'S IT!!"*

Skin shifted and pulled. Her body quaked at the intense overgrowth pushing her chest beyond the legal limit. Waves of hot nectar dripped from her lust-plumped pussy and coated her thighs and ass in her pleasure.

STRRRRTCH!!

"MORE~! M-MOOOOORE~!" she demanded. Watching with a flesh miser's gaze, she laughed. *"Forget grapefruits! Fuck watermelons! I don't even want to be able to be compared to something as ridiculous as fruit!! I WANT...BLIMPS!!"*

Flesh inched below her hips. The majority of their mass began growing outside the range of the cones. Slowly, as she grew beyond the girth of hefty pumpkins, Connie saw her breasts start to slow. Leaving the cones' range left her feeling cold and abandoned even as the machine hummed.

"N-No!! NO!! BIGGER!!" She grabbed the arms holding the cones. They rattled but wouldn't angle downward more than a few inches. *"I SAID--"*

Crack!

Her arms trembled. *"--I WANT--"*

Craaaack!

Plastic and metal complained. *"--TO BE--"*

CRAACK!!!

"--BIGGER!!!"

The arms shattered. Wires came loose from their housing as Connie took both cones and brought them to hug the sides of her chest like metallic bra cups. Her eyes widened and her lungs squeaked.

"Ah--"

Connie's mind broke before she could scream. Eyes dilated into dark moons. The cones hummed directly against her breasts. Pure energy poured forth, flowing like a gushing, unrestrained river of lava into her fattening mounds.

RRMMMMBBBBLLLLL

"Ah-- A-Ahh--"

Growth vibrated enough to be heard inside her head. Heated mounds of flesh consumed every thought. Drool ran from her lips as she stared at the heaving monsters concealing her body.

Across her hips...

Down her thighs...

Covering her shins...

Pressing upon her feet.

"B...Bigger-- BIGGER--" Connie commanded her ever-growing mammaries.

There came no end. Skin bulged around the cones as she pushed them deeper into her mass. Her chest glowed a slight green from the pour of energy. They pinned her to the table, overflowing its edges as they sought more space and found the floor. There was no moving her legs now.

Each mound dwarfed her body. Impossibly big and mammoth in girth, Connie's bust began piling in front of her.

RRMMMMBBBBLLLLLLLLL!!!!

"YES-- D-DON'T-- OHHH DON'T STOP~!!"



Panting screeches of desire flew from her lips with steam. She watched her cleavage rise and bubble like angry dough. Skin billowed across the small room until she met the walls to the left and right. Even as she filled the ten-foot-wide space with her knockers, it wasn't enough.

Swirling air bordered on painful as it caressed her nipples with a conditioner's chill. They jutted and puffed, larger than coffee cans atop their pillow-sized areolas. Flashes of brief blackouts blanked Connie's mind from every beat of her heart throbbing her nipples harder. Gasps for air moistened her cleavage as it rose into a wall against her.

Screeeeech!!!

The exam table slid across the floor. The weight of her breasts gathering at the front of the room was proving to be too much.

Screeeeech!!

It slid again, jolting several feet to make her chest ripple and shiver like a water bed.

"*MORE!!! FUCKING-- MORE!!!*" she screamed in ultimate pleasure. Non-stop orgasms assaulted her core. Aches and growing pains flew through her chest in flurries of shocks and pricks.

"BLIMPS!!! B-BIGGER THAN BLIMPS!!! I WANT--"

SCREEECH--THUNK!!!

"*MMMGGH!!*" The table struck the wall along with the back of her chest. She was filling the room corner to corner now, watching the tops of her breasts rise like a rapid tide of skin.



"I-I WANT-- TO BE-- AS BIG-- AS A-- M-M...MOUNTA--"

The door opened. It swung before stopping firm, the edge wedged tight between a nipple and areola like a vice of pink.

"*GAAAAHHHH!!!! AAUUUGH!!!! MNNGGHHHAAA FUUUUUCK!!!!*" Connie screamed, the sheer sudden lightning bolt of stimulation causing her breasts to surge several feet.

"*What the hell?!*" Dr. Montague yelled. "*WHAT'S--*"

CrraaaACK!!

The door shattered when Connie's chest grew against it. They pushed him from the room, rapidly bloating until her nipples pressed into the wall and filled the doorway with jiggling flesh.

"AAHHHHH!!! AAHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!!"

"Doctor!!!" a nurse shrieked, seeing the wall of flesh climb higher. *"W-What's going on?!"*

Horrificed eyes stared and he stepped back. *"She's--"*

RRMMM BBBLLLL!!!

"AAAHH!! AAHAHAHAHAHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!!"

Connie's screams of unbridled bliss rang as her chest swallowed her completely and filled the room. Nurses ran, taking patients with them as they fled the other exam rooms with whatever clothes and breast they had at the time.

RRMMM BBBLLLL!!!!

The walls cracked outside the exam room before bowing outward. Vibrations rattled the entire building.

"CUT THE POWER!!" Dr. Montague demanded. *"CUT THE DAMN POWER BEFORE SHE TAKES THE WHOLE BUILDING DOWN ON--"*

The world fell silent save for groaning framing and drywall. Darkness fell within the halls. Listening to himself breathe, Dr. Montague felt the familiar stillness of a power outage. The clinic sat in silence, broken only by chunks of debris falling from the wall to reveal overflowing flesh bulging eager to break free.

"Mmmmmphh!!! MMMMMNGHH!!!"

Groans of ecstasy came distant and muffled from within the titanic mass of tit. It vaguely sounded like English consumed by meters of growth and an ocean of tormenting sensitivity.

The doctor leaned against the opposite wall. Unbearable heat poured from the heaving mass. Rubbing his temples, he called, *"Nurse...!"*

One of his girls came running. Panic still veiled her face and her uniform had torn down one side from the chaos. *"Yes, Doctor??"*

"Could you please get the--"

Crack!!

"MMMMMPHHHH!!!!!"

The nurse jumped when a door-sized portion of wall crumbled away. A fat, wrinkled nipple as large as her torso pushed into the hall like a pink monster. A sigh of annoyance growled from the doctor as he watched the fleshy behemoth quiver and groan with Constance's hidden breath.

"Could you please get the flatbed company on the phone again...?" He rubbed his eyes. *"And tell them we'll be needing the crane this time as well."*