

Physical Education

The girl's locker room bustled with chatter as the senior class prepared for gym. While most of the girls were already stripped out of their uniforms and switching their normal bras for something more sporty, Marnie and Ruby were standing around with only their blouses undone.

"Hurry up! She'll be here any minute!"

Ruby glared at her friend. *"I'm trying! Do you want to do this??"*

"If you don't do it faster, yes!" Marnie insisted.

Ruby held a metal canister, shaking it over a sports bra to pepper it with a fine powder.

One of their friends, Claire, approached while unzipping her skirt. "Whatcha guys doing?"

"April Fool's prank on Agatha," they replied together, not looking up from the bra.

"Oh..." Claire stared at the canister. "What's that stuff you're--"

Ruby interrupted, "Some itching powder I found on a Chinese website. Supposed to be *really* strong stuff."

Marnie nodded. "That's why we don't want to use too much. But it's water-activated. So it won't kick in until Agatha starts sweating! Or we're in the showers! It's about time someone took her down a few notches."

"Huh... I mean guess she's not the *niciest* person, but still..." Claire chewed on her lip and slipped her bra down her arms. "Better hurry; she just walked in."

The girls looked up. *"What?!"*

A short brunette approached with a scowl on her face. Whipping the bra and powder behind their backs, Ruby and Marnie stood shoulder-to-shoulder to hide their deed.

"What? What do you want?" Agatha asked in a short tone after approaching her locker.

Marnie feigned a laugh. "Nothing! We were just--"

"Well could you take it somewhere else? You're blocking my locker."

Both knew Agatha couldn't open her locker yet; her sports bra was still clenched in Ruby's hands. "Uhh--"

"Like *today*, maybe??" Agatha sighed. "I need to change."

Putting on her best helpless face, Marnie pleaded, "C-Could you give me a minute? I was trying to change away from everyone else today... I'm kind of embarrassed, and--"

"Ugh, just stop." Agatha huffed and threw her bag on the floor. "God you're weird... Grow up already and change in front of everyone like the rest of us. What's the problem?" Her eyes fell to Marnie's front. She smiled at the pink bra covering the petite B-cups. *"Afraid someone might see your weird inverted nipples?"*

Marnie froze. Her face turned bright red. Few knew about her secret.

Agatha smirked. "Thought so. I'll go to the bathroom first. Is that enough time for you to hide in the corner and change? If you're not gone by the time I'm back, I'm telling everyone."

She left them. Marnie's face burned watching Agatha leave.

"M-Marnie, she--"

“Dump it all.”

Ruby clutched the bra and canister tighter. “W...What?”

“I said dump it all on her fucking bra.”

“I’m not sure that’s such a--*Hey!*”

Marnie snatched the can and began shaking madly. Heavy layers of powder coated the bra and settled into the fabric. Using her other hand, she worked it deep into the padding and band. Not an inch was left uncovered.

“Marnie! That’s-- Ah!! Careful!! You’re getting some on me!”

Marnie stopped, finding herself breathing heavily. The sports bra was a shade lighter now. “There.” Agatha’s locker slammed when she replaced it on the hook. “Bitch.”

“You couldn’t be a little more careful?? You got it on us too! It’s everywhere!” Ruby moaned, wiping it off her chest.

“Yea, well... It will be worth it to see her squirm.” Marnie snorted. “Just imagine that precious chest of hers turning into Mt. Itchy. We’ll see how much she enjoys having F-cups then.”

“Easy for you to say... I got a lot more than you did... Are you sure that was a good idea?? What if--”

“What if nothing. Agatha deserves it.” Marnie brushed her chest off as best she could and went back to her locker to continue changing. A blouse and bra fell away to uncover her breasts, each topped with a nipple pulled back into her areolas. They looked like tiny pink pursed lips. Ruby knew how sensitive she was about them. Not wanting to push the matter, she turned to change into her own gym clothes.

A blur of light brown came stomping around the corner. Agatha stared daggers at the girls and approached her now-vacated locker. “Thought so...” she snickered.

Despite her small stature, Agatha packed a lot of attitude. She was one of the shortest of the soon-to-be-graduating class at barely four and a half feet tall. What she lacked in height she made up for in curves as her figure boasted a healthy hourglass shape complete with F-cup breasts and a pair of hips as wide as her shoulders. Marnie knew most of the boys called her a shortstack.

She side-eyed Marnie and Ruby while stepping out of her skirt and panties in one smooth motion and hanging them in the locker with her blouse. A bra with four clasps snapped open and released her bust.

“Need something else?” she hissed.

The girls looked away. They waited impatiently to see if Agatha would notice the excessive amount of powder coating her sports bra.

“Huh? What the-- *Goddammit.*”

They bristled but didn’t dare look.

Agatha held her sports bra out to the room. “*Why the fuck is everything so dusty in my locker?*” No one answered and she put her hands on her hips, boasting intimidating bareness. “*HELLO??*” She turned on the pair with their backs turned. “*Did you two--*”



A timid voice piped from the back. Marnie was relieved to see Claire jumping to their rescue. “I-I think the maintenance guy was doing some work in the ceiling... There was dust in my locker too.” A knowing glance of solidarity flashed between her and Marnie.

Agatha huffed a strand of hair from her eyes. “Whatever...”

The sports bra snapped over her chest with a cloud of white. A pair of workout shorts followed with a loose tank top.

Brrrrrr!!!

A whistle shattered the air, followed by the gruff direction of the girl’s P.E. teacher. “Alright, girls! Twenty seconds and I want you out warming up! Five laps around the court! The gym’s AC is out today, so it’s going to be on the warmer side!”

A mob of groaning students filed toward the gym. Ruby and Marnie stayed near the back, eyes focused on Agatha as she led the way and tied her hair into a ponytail.

“She’ll be on the floor itching before the second lap!” Marnie whispered with glee.

“We might be too, you know... You weren’t exactly careful throwing that powder around.” Ruby grimaced and pulled at her sports bra. Anxiety was already making her sweat. She couldn’t tell if the tingling on her chest was due to the itching powder, guilt, anxiety, or all three.

“Relax. We only got a little on us. Agatha got enough to make an elephant want to roll around in a rose garden. It will be worth it.”

Tennis shoes pounded across a wooden basketball court when the girls began their laps. With the AC’s absence, the temperature was noticeably higher. One lap was enough to leave every girl sweating even at a slower pace.

Ruby fanned herself and puffed her t-shirt to circulate air. “*It’s so hot in heerreee!*” she moaned and wished she had a fan to point down her collar.

“I know... I’m--” Marnie gasped for air and wiped a hand across her forehead. “I’m dying...” Absentmindedly, she adjusted her sports bra through her shirt. The band refused to sit properly and the neckline rubbed across the tops of her breasts in a way she wasn’t used to. “But just think of how hard...all this sweat is going to hit...Agatha...”

Ahead of them, Marnie’s claim rang true. Their target was keeping pace but struggling to do so. Flushed cheeks tinged her cheeks with redness. Through the sides of her tank top Ruby could see the curve of Agatha’s chest bulging over the side of her bra. To see such overflow made her breath catch.

“Hey, y-you don’t think she’s grown even more this year, do you?” Ruby whispered.

“What?” Marnie stared intently. “Heck no... There’s no way those things can get any bigger. They’ll pop or something.” She chuckled. “Why? You envious?”

Ruby squeaked in embarrassment and rubbed her sternum where her breasts began their slope. “*N-No!* I just see Jake staring at them sometimes... She’s mean, but she still hogs all the attention... And her sports bra looks even tighter than normal...”

“You’re imagining things. Agatha just made some deal with a devil...or something to get that late growth spurt. Her figure is her only redeeming...feature...” Marnie assured between heaving gasps.

Ruby kept her gaze on Agatha’s assets. They seemed fuller. Even Agatha was hunching slightly as she ran as if being pulled forward.

They came upon the end of the fifth lap. The girls all stopped in a slow-walking group to catch their breath.

“*Too hot-- It’s too hot!*” Marnie leaned against a wall. A stray hand massaged the top of her chest. In a hushed tone, she asked, “How... H...How are you feeling?”

Ruby was fidgeting. No matter how she stood, her shirt refused to cover her midriff. She tugged it repeatedly, stretching the fabric over her chest to cover her belly only to have it spring back.

“Ruby!”

“*Ah! W-What??*” she cried, looking at her friend.

“Stop that!”

“Sorry! It’s just not-- My shirt doesn’t feel like it fits!” Ruby stretched it halfway down her thighs. The effect pulled the garment tight enough to show off her chest and make Marnie’s eyes bulge.

“Holy... I don’t think Agatha has done any more growing, but what about you??”

Her flushed face turned redder and she released her shirt for it to return midway up her belly. She stared at herself and squeaked, noticing a difference in her view. “*D-Do they really look bigger??*”

“A little, I guess? New sports bra?”

“No! This is the same one I always--”

“Nnnngh...!”

A groan drifted through the girls. They looked up to see two classmates approaching Agatha as she leaned on a knee with one hand and hugged her chest with the other.

“Jeez... You ok?” one asked.

“You look like you’re gonna pass out!”

Agatha delivered her trademark side-eye. *“I’m...fine. Leave me alone.”*

When she straightened up, Marnie and Ruby’s breath caught in their chests.

Flesh bloated from the sides of her tank top. Even considering Agatha’s usual size, the amount of mass tenting her shirt was excessive. Skin struggled against the sides of the sports bra where the amount of overflow was most obvious. Other girls’ eyes widened as Agatha stretched and leaned back. Sweat ran down her front in heavy enough waves to soak her tank top and make it cling to her front. She looked like she’d run through a field of sprinklers rather than a school gym.

“Anything else,” she snapped, *“or are you just here to stare??”*

They scurried away and left her to wince and pant for air.

“Marnie--”

“I see it.”

“Do you see her--”

“I said I see it!”

“But she’s-- Her boobs are--”

They watched, slack-jawed, as Agatha recovered from the run. A look of discomfort contorted her face and she struggled to slip a finger down the side of her bra and adjust how it sat. A hand pressed into their bulbous fronts as she sought any form of relief.

“She’s HUGE!” Ruby whispered too loudly. *“I told you she was bigger!! You don’t think she was allergic to that powder, do you??”*

Marnie wanted to disagree but she couldn’t look away. Agatha’s grapefruits had turned into melons. “I mean... They’re not *that*--”

Brrriiii!!

A whistle cut her words.

“We’re playin’ volleyball today! Divide up evenly between the two courts!” the teacher announced before turning to scroll through her phone.

Half were pleased, half bemoaned the class’s content.

Marnie followed her classmates but Ruby hesitated, staying by the wall and hunching over.

Looking back, Marnie paused. “What? Hurry or we won’t be on the same team.”

She had resorted to holding her shirt down. Ruby knew if she let go, it would show even more of her belly than the last time. “I-I feel like something is wrong. Something doesn’t feel right!”

A twinge of anxiety gnawed at Marnie’s core. She wanted to agree as her own breasts sparked and tingled in her bra, but she ignored it in favor of keeping Agatha within eyesight.

“Can’t you put up with it?? You can’t leave now! Look at Agatha! She looks like she’s ready to crawl out of her skin already! Do you want to miss that??”

“No, but...” Ruby shifted her legs and pulled an arm across her chest. *“I feel weird.”*

“Weird like--”

Her voice rose as a throbbing passed through her nipples. *“L-Like my chest is all tingly and hot and my bra feels really, really tight!”*

Marnie shifted her eyes and checked if anyone had heard the outburst. “I’m sure it’s--”

“D-Do you not feel the same thing??”

“What? No...! N-No!” Marnie laughed nervously and scratched at her chest. “It’s just the itching powder. You’re letting it get to--”

“Are you sure?? Because you look a little bigger too.”

Marnie’s words died in her mouth. Regardless of what she claimed, it didn’t change the fact she could feel her sports bra squeezing her breasts an uncomfortable amount. Her gaze turned down slowly and her hand lifted. There was a bulging overflow of cleavage pushing over the bra’s neckline and against her shirt.

“It-- It’s only itching powder, Ruby! It doesn’t make boobs grow or--”

“Look at Agatha again then if you don’t believe me!”

Marnie stole a glance. The brunette was standing on the sideline of a court supporting her chest with one arm and wiping her brow with the other. No matter how she tried, her eyes were always drawn to the blushing cleavage spilling out of the tank top.

“I-I guess maybe she’s a *little* bigger... But that could just be because she’s been scratching! Or maybe--”

Brrriiii!!

The whistle scolded them. Not looking up from her phone, the teacher yelled, *“Marnie! Ruby! Hop to it!”*

The girls squeaked and hurried to a court. Fate had them playing against Agatha’s team, though neither could focus on the game at hand.

Agatha groaned in agony. *“God it’s FUCKING HOT IN HERE!”* She pulled her shirt in and out to circulate air. Flashes of a drum-tight sports bra packed with two breasts the size of cantaloupes peeked at Ruby. *“I’m sweating like a pig! It’s disgusting!”*

“Zero serving zero!” Claire announced, serving for Marnie’s team.

The ball sailed with a slap. Agatha rushed to claim it. Pillow mass squeezed between her arms when she struggled to bring her wrists together, pushing cleavage up to her collarbones.

Wham!

Ripples shook across her chest when the volleyball bounced off her forearms. She stumbled back, woozy and shaking sweat from her eyes. She dared to look down for a moment, wondering why there had been so much pressure on her chest. Enlarged curves brought pause.

“What the--”

The ball came over the net. Girls danced and watched.

“Ruby! That’s you!” Claire called.

"I see it! I got it! I--"

Strrrrrrtch!!

"A-Ahhh!!!"

Ruby froze halfway to her goal when creaking fabric sounded from under her shirt. Her attention shot down and her breath hitched, eyes widening in confusion as a hand grabbed a breast.

Slam!

"RUBY!" the girls yelled when the ball hit the ground.

"That's our point!" the other team yelled.

She looked back from her chest now flustered and dizzy. *"S-Sorry! I'm sorry!"*

"Their serve..."

"One serving zero!"

Marnie leaned over, noticing her friend's panic. *"Hey, what's wrong??"*

"My chest grew!!"

"What?"

"MY BOOBS GOT BIGGER! I felt it! AND heard it!" Ruby stared ahead with a blank stare of terror. *"Something is wrong, Marnie! Something is-- M-Mnngh!!!"*

Strrrrrrtch!!

They grew again, this time for Marnie to see. Ruby's t-shirt was turning into a crop top as her breasts reached beyond the DD-cups she'd always dreamed about. The ball struck the other team's court but neither took notice.

"What's happening?? What's happening to me?!" she whispered frantically.

Strrrrtch!!

"EEP!!!"

Marnie cried out now, tensing when her breasts followed suit. Firming nipples wanted to peek out of her areolas: a rare feat for her hidden nubs.

Rapid breaths lifted Ruby's chest repeatedly. *"See?! We're I told you something was wrong! We're growing! I feel like my chest is blowing--"*

"NNNGH!!!"

A distressed grunt came from the other team. All turned to look, finding Agatha hugging her chest as if she were hiding two extra volleyballs.

"Whoa...!! How are you doing that, Agatha??"

"What? What's she doing?? Is she alright?"

Fingers started to point. *"Her tits are getting bigger!"*

A girl snorted. *"Like that's even possible. They were already--"*

"NNNGH!!! F-Fuck, my chest!!"

"Are you allergic to something??"

"Just having a red face doesn't mean I'm allergic to something, idiot! I'm just short of breath today and--"

“I-I-I mean because you look kind of swollen... Your chest is--”

Flustered, Agatha fanned her face with a hand. “*Mind your own damn business!*”

“*One serving one!*” Claire announced.

“Claire, can you hold on a second?? Agatha is--”

Wham!

The serve came. Like a homing missile, it arced through the air directly for Agatha. She looked up in time to see it pass in front of her face before slamming into her chest.

BOOMPH!

“*Mmph!!*”

She fell like a tree in a storm. When she landed, her chest heaved with a torso-quaking energy. Cleavage bulged from her tank top to rub against her chin and side-boob overflowed under her arms with more mass than some of the other girls’ entire chests.

“*Holy shit!*”

“*Are you ok?!*”

“*AM I THE ONLY ONE SEEING HER BOOBS GET BIGGER?!*”

STRRRRTCH!!!

“*Mnngh!! Nnnnghh!!*”

Agatha writhed on the ground, holding her chest as it bloated within her embrace. Mass bubbled within her spandex, pulling the garment to the point of deforming her chest. Sweat dripped constantly from her body to the floor. Ruby and Marnie gathered with their classmates and cast fearful glances between each other.

“*They look like basketballs!*”

“*Did she actually get implants and they’re exploding?? I KNEW she grew too fast this year for it to be real!*”

Her classmates were stunned. Only some had their wits about them. “*Ms. Carlyle! Agatha’s hurt!*”

The P.E. teacher glanced up from her phone. “Agatha? How ya doin’?”

“*I need-- Nnngh!!*”

STRRRRTCH!!

Color drained from Marnie’s face when Agatha’s bust engorged. Underboob revealed itself from the bottom of her lifting shirt. The tank top was devolving into a sports bra of its own.

“*I-I think I need to...see the nurse!*” Agatha moaned between gasping struggles for air.

“Fine. Go and come back if she gives you the ok.”

Hands tried to help Agatha to her feet but she slapped them away. “*Stop! G-Get... Ah!*” Momentum took her as she rolled like a stranded turtle and managed to get onto all fours.

“*Somebody-- Did this to me! My chest feels like it’s--MMMM!!!*”



STRRRRTCH!!

It reached toward the ground for all the girls to see. None dared speak as they watched Agatha's sweat-doused chest balloon larger than watermelons. Even more stunning, they watched the crotch of her athletic shorts grow dark with a rush of moisture.

"M-Mmmm!! Fuck!"

"Language, Agatha..." the teacher warned.

Agatha panted and got to a knee then rose. Tottering and swaying, she made her top-heavy way through the gym.

"Stop-- Stop staring! They're just--MMGH!! Have you never seen tits before?!"

She whimpered before falling through the door to the locker room with her chest filling her arms.

Every student gawked at what they'd just seen. Then the whispers started.

"You don't think she took something do you? Like to help herself grow...?"

"My mom said it's all the bovine growth hormone in the milk these days."

"Maybe she got into lactation... When my sister had her baby, her boobs filled really fast if she stopped pumping..."

Marnie approached her friend and whispered, "R-Ruby, we--"

Strrrrtch!!

"Mmph!"

Ruby squeaked when her bra pulled. Several girls turned at the sound. Their jaws dropped and their fingers pointed.

"RUBY, YOU'RE GROWING TOO!!"

"They both look bigger than usual!!"

“Oh my God!! Is it contagious?!”

“IT’S SPREADING!”

Marnie raised her hands as most of the girls fled and some crowded. *“Easy! Easy! We’re not--”*

“Let us see!”

She froze. *“What?! No!!”*

“I wouldn’t mind being bigger! How does it spread??”

“N-Nothing is spreading! We’re--”

“EEK!!!”

Ruby shrieked when someone pulled her shirt up from behind. Her sports bra winked into view with bright blue spandex. Their classmate’s pleas turned into astounded gasps.



Ruby’s small breasts had turned into hefty mounds testing the limits of her bra. Overflowing cleavage pushed high and tight, squeezing against her as she breathed and took in the sight for herself.

“T-T-They’ve even bigger than I thought!!” she cried. She took them in both hands, feeling the bloated orbs overflow her hands as if she were securing two water balloons against herself. *“Marnie, I’m huge! I-I’m too big!! I’m--”*

Strrrrrtch!!!

“Ahhmm~!!”

A moan slipped free when they swelled further. Gentle underboob pushed from her bra. Every girl held their breath as they saw Ruby’s chest engorge.

“Put your shirt down!” Marnie hissed, pulling the top down for her before pulling her aside. They left their classmates to bewildered whispers. *“Do you want to get in trouble for flashing the class??”*

“I don’t want to get bigger! I don’t want to be as big as Agatha!” Ruby pleaded.

“I know! I know! But I think we have a much bigger problem than that right now!”

“What could be worse than this?! We’re about to blow out of our bras and we have math in thirty minutes! I--”

“Just listen!” Marnie took her by the shoulders. *“The powder is water-activated right??”*

Ruby nodded, lip trembling as her chest swelled against her arm. *“M-Mhm...”*

Looking at the locker room door, Marnie swallowed and slowly asked, *“You don’t think Agatha would shower before going to the school nurse, do you...?”*



“Nnnngh... Mnnghhh, God... What...the fuck is wrong with my chest??”

Agatha stumbled into the locker room holding her front. Heat and energy pulsed through it with every beat of her heart. She remembered her old sports bra feeling tight when she outgrew it during her last growth spurt. The tightness of her current bra put that to shame.

STRRTCH!!!

“A-Aahhh! Haahhhh, f-fuuuck!”

Sweat pelted the floor in her wake. Dizzy with warmth and mystery arousal, she made her way toward the showers.

“Rinse off... Then see the nurse... Maybe I am actually--”

STRRTCH!!!

“--nnghhh a-allergic to something!”

Taking her shorts off was easy. Agatha let her budding weight pull her forward and she slipped them over her hips. After that they fell the rest of the way down her legs. Her tank top was another story. She found herself stretching the hem to get it over her bust, as well as squeezing her breasts to get them through the garment.

“Ah-- S-Sensitive! They’re so--”

The shirt popped over her head and fell from her grasp. Agatha stared at the impossible mammaries packed into her pink spandex. Bigger than party balloons, they overflowed the bra on all sides with little modesty to show for it. Deep blushing pink tinted her skin. Slowly she ran her hands over the taut bulges of mounded skin that made up her cleavage.

“What-- H-How-- Why am I--”

STRRTCH!!!

“M-MMNGHH!!!”

They bloated. Seams creaked around her torso. Agatha whimpered when cleavage pushed firm and hot against her neck.

“Shower! Quick fucking shower then nurse!”

Removing the bra was easier said than done. Squeaks of pleasure left her pursed lips as she wedged her fingers between her chest and bra. Pulling it up applied pressure to the incredible assets, squeezing them all the harder and wildly deforming their shapes.

“Ahhhh, oh please! Please...come off...!” Agatha gasped, air unable to enter her lungs. *“I can’t...fucking...breathe...in this--”*

SNAP!

Bwoomph!

“Hah~! Haaahhhh~! Haaahhhhoooly shit!!”

Their true size was revealed. Agatha dropped her bra in shock. Fat and rounded, they hung clear to Agatha’s hips as if she’d been filled with four gallons of fluid. Swollen nipples hung off their fronts like sagging pink thumbs. Red lines raced across them like a racetrack where the bra seams had rubbed hardest. Cleavage dripping with sweat shined and slid against itself.

These made her F-cups look small.

Agatha hesitated. Her hands hovered around her breasts as she wrestled with the sudden urge to explore them.



STRRRRTCH!!!

“A-Ahh!!”

They grew before her eyes, inching downward to conceal her hips in a matter of seconds.

“No bigger...! No...bigger!” she pleaded, turning toward the showers.

Bare feet padded into the large blue-tiled room. Individual shower heads lined the square area. P.E. classes and sports teams would often shower here together once their activities were done. Agatha rushed toward the far wall and threw a handle. She didn't dodge the deluge of chilly water; there wasn't time to wait for it to warm.

"COOOOLD!!!" she screamed, arching her back and letting it strike her chest.

STRRRRRRTCH!!!

The sensations were stronger now, hitting Agatha like a punch. She doubled over, cradling her breasts as they enlarged dramatically.

"W-What?!"

They grew faster. Agatha shivered, not from the water, but from spreading tingles and waves of sensitivity pricking her bust.

STRRRRRRRRTCH!!!

Skin stretched. Her breasts rounded, their underbellies pulling taut and pale as they reached below mid-thigh.

"S-Stop! STOP GROWING!" she demanded, taking them in her hands. *"AHMM!!!"* The pleasure was great. It nearly took her off her feet when she sank her hands into them. A flash of sexual desire flashed. *"Oh no... O-Oh fuck... I can't--"*

STRRRRRRRRRRTCH!!!

The water turned warm. Agatha's knees buckled and threatened to collapse. Standing with only half of her mind intact, she squirted some body wash into one hand and started to lather. Suds bubbled across her naked body. Steamed breath mixed with the shower air when she slid her hand between her enlarged cleavage. Nipples thrummed against her gliding fingers.

STRRTCH

STRRRRRRTCH

"Haaahhh~ They're...getting... I can barely...stand...! H-How am I supposed to get to the nurse's office with tits like--"

STRRRRRRTCH

Agatha's voice trembled. She couldn't contain them. There was always more skin to soap up.

STRRRRRRTCH!!

"Mmmnngh... How big...can they get?? This..." She took them closer. Heaving mounds shined with bubbles. Tempting weight pulled at her shoulders. Agatha had adored her breasts more with every passing day when she was growing. The treasures before her were intoxicating. *"Whatever this is... I-It puts puberty to fucking shame..."*

Boomph~

"H-Huh?!"

The shock of cold tile snapped her from the trance. Her legs had slowly weakened until she was kneeling. Feeling her bean bag-sized breasts mash across the shower floor sparked panic.

Still the shower head poured from above. Realization struck.

“W-Wait!! WAIT!! Is it the water?!”

STRRRRRRTCH!!!!!!

They ballooned under the shower’s flood. Water bounced off her skin, urging her bust larger with more speed than ever. Agatha panted in panic, feeling her own chest pushing her backward across the wet tiles as it grew. Cleavage rose higher than her shoulders.

They were swelling too fast to react.

“WAIT!! I-I need to--”

She strained, trying to reach the shower handle. The weight anchoring her in place was too great; she couldn’t hope to move her table-sized breasts, nor reach the shower from behind them.

STRRRRRRTCH!!!!!!

“AAHH!! No no no no no!!! STOP!! That’s--” She looked around, watching her chest inch larger. Apple-sized nipples pushed against the wall, forcing her bust to swell even taller. *“I NEED TO TURN THE WATER OFF!!”*

Steam billowed. Agatha felt her ass rubbing further back across the tiles. Looking up, she saw her chest rise to loom over her like a parade float. It pulled at her torso, lifting the girl into a partial standing position as the bases of her breasts rose with it.

“H...H-Help!! HELP!!! SOMEONE!! I’M--”

STRRRRRRRRTCH!!!!!!

“MMMMGH!!!” Her hands pushed into the creeping wall of flesh and her feet slid against the floor as she fought back. It felt like fighting a glacier. *“WHY WON’T THEY ST--”*

“HOLY SHIT!!”

Voices came from behind. Agatha turned. *“Please!! You have to do something! My chest is--”* She saw Marnie and Ruby standing at the entrance to the showers. Prominent breasts stretched their t-shirts beyond modesty.

They ran forward, staying several steps back from the heaving monsters.

“Ruby, what the hell did you buy?!”

“I don’t know! It said it was itching powder!”

“She doesn’t look itchy! She looks like she’s about to blow!”

“Well I can’t read Chinese! I’m sorry!”

Agatha stared. *“WHAT ARE YOU TWO TALKING ABOUT?!”*

“We tried to prank you with itching powder in your sports bra...” Ruby said softly.

“ARE YOU FUCKING KIDDING ME?!”

Marnie motioned to her chest. *“Well we didn’t think it would do this!”*

STRRRRRRTCH!!

Skin pushed into Agatha’s face. *“AHHHH I DON’T CARE! I DON’T CARE! I’LL KILL YOU TWO LATER! JUST MAKE IT STOP!!”*

The girls looked at each other. Marnie instructed, “*You go find some towels, I’ll turn off the water! We need to dry her off!*”

“Right!”

Ruby left while Marnie went to the front of Agatha’s chest. The shower head was over its center several meters in.

STRRRRTCH!!

“*MMNGHH HURRY THE FUCK UP!*”

“*I’m trying, ok?!?*” Marnie yelled, trying to squeeze between her and the wall. Water ran down to soak her immediately.

Strrrrrrtch!

“*Gaah!!!*”

Marnie’s chest was struck with an accelerated punch of swelling. It bloated between Agatha and the wall, squeezing tight and wedging Marnie in place.

STRRRRTCH!!!

“*Marnie!!*”

“*I’m...trying!!! Kind of growing over here too!!*”

“*Oh, I’m sorry, are you the size of a fucking car?!?*”

Shhrrriip!!

“*N-No, but--*” She whimpered, seeing tears spreading across her t-shirt. “*--I might be on my way!!*” Leaning in, she tried to reach the handle. Her hand fell short as her beach ball breasts pushed her back. Agatha’s chest bloomed, cleavage swallowing the faucet. “*U-Uh oh.*”

STRRRRRRTCH!!

Thud!!

Marnie was pushed out, landing drenched and soapy on the ground. Rips widened over her t-shirt and she felt her sports bra reaching its limit.

Rushing back with a stack of towels, Ruby announced, “*I got them! Let’s--*”

SHRRRIIP!!!

Marnie’s chest tore free of her clothes. Big enough to fill her lap, it tumbled from shredded cotton and spandex into bloated teardrops. Puffed areolas jutted like tea cups with pursed lips holding her nipples hostage.

“*Marnie, what happened to you?!?*” Ruby saw her wet hair and see-through t-shirt then. Fearful, she dropped the towels and retreated from the steaming rush of water. “*The shower...*”

“*Mmmm!! Mmmngh, they’re--*” She trembled, feeling her nipples hardening within her breasts. “*My nipples feel like they’re--*”

STRRRRRRTCH!!!!

Pomph!! Pomph!!

Marnie and Ruby’s breath cut short when two strawberry nipples sprang into the open. Marnie stared in awe, never seeing her nubs so clearly. They were incredibly fat, far wider than any nipples she’d seen.

Agatha groaned. *“Great! You have nipples now!! AAhhhhhh now do somethiing! I’m turning into a fucking blimp!!”* Agatha begged as she grew ever larger. Her breasts widened dramatically and the shower head sank into her cleavage and gave muffled gurgles.

Fssshhhhh!!

Another head turned on, cascading her with fluid.

“AAHH!!” Ruby screamed, startled. *“How did that turn on?!”*

Fssshh!!

Fssshhh!!

Two more heads came to life. Marnie got to her feet, still recovering from her exposure. *“Her chest is so big it’s reaching the other handles! It must be turning them on as her skin shifts against them!?”*

STRRRRRRTCH!!!!

“Aahhh!! AAAHHHH I’M GETTING TOO BIIIG!!!” Agatha howled. Slippery feet slid across the floor as she tried to wrestle with her bust. Skin squeaked over the tiles, reaching the ceiling moments later to draw a gasp from its owner. *“I-I’m going to get stuck!! I’m gonna get stuck in here!?”*



Ruby and Marnie backed away. The back half of the showers were completely taken by Agatha’s chest. Like the walls closing in, her chest pushed backward, rapidly working to fill the rest of the space and forcing the trio toward the door.

STRRRRRRTCH!!!!

Fssshhh!!

Fssshhh!!

Half a dozen more showers erupted into life. Steam billowed in thick curtains from the room, urging Marnie and Ruby to slowly retreat backward.

“Are you two dead?!” Agatha yelled. *“DON’T JUST STAND THERE AND WATCH!! DO SOMETHING BEFORE I EXPLODE!!”*

Ruby twitched at the word and her swollen breasts ached. *“C-Can that happen??”*

“I don’t know!” Marnie gawked. Her bust certainly felt bloated enough to pop within her arms, yet given Agatha’s size, she wasn’t sure what to believe anymore.

Fssshhh!!

Fssshhhh!!

STRRRRRRTCH!!!!

“AAhhhhh!! AAHHHH NO MOOOORE!!”

Every shower head roared. Agatha’s feet flailed over the tiles and her body pushed into her chest.

“T-They’re squeezing against the walls and ceiling!! HOW CAN I BE THIS BIG?!”

STRRRRRRTCH!!!!

“Ahhh~ MMNGHHH!!!! I’M...I’M GONNA KILL YOU TWO WHEN I-- AHH!!”

Her feet left the ground as she was pulled into the air by her breasts. Agatha beat her hands against them as if they were a bully refusing to put her down. She neared the shower entrance. Less and less steam escaped as the space in the room shrank and filled with flesh.

“M...Marnie...” Ruby whispered. *“What do we do?!”*

Agatha’s body pushed out of the door. Even at ten feet wide, the entrance slowly sealed off with the backs of her breasts. *“I’M STUCK! I’M FUCKING STUCK!!”*

STRRRRRRTCH!!!!

“...Run? Maybe if we--”

Brrriiii!!

A whistle screamed.

“What’s with all the yellin’ in here??” The teacher had arrived, along with her a crowd of curious schoolgirls. *“You girls are supposed to be seeing the nurse and--”*

Her whistle dropped, along with every jaw in the room.

CRREEEEAAAAAAAK!!!

“AAHHHHH TOO BIG TOO BIG TOO BIIIIIG!!!!”

Slippery, wet skin bulged around the shower entrance. Heavy creases overflowed the tiled corners, squeezing Agatha’s chest until it formed peaks and valleys around the walls.

“IT’S TOO TIIIIIGHT!!! THERE’S NOT ENOUGH SPACE IN--”

STRRRRRRR--CRACK!!!!

The walls around the shower bowed before buckling. Fissures ran through them, tile and brick falling to the floor as the walls curved outward. Lockers jolted and warped nearest to them.

“AAUUGH!!!! MMMMMMMMM!!!! N-No!! I’m-- I’M GONNA-- AAHHHHH~!!”



Agatha writhed in the air against her chest, orgasming for all to see. Clenched, trembling thighs dripped with a thick nectar as she whimpered and pursed her lips. Inside, the shower heads were forced to stop their flow as the pressure of her skin sealed them off.

The teacher's face burned with rage. Students shrank back.

"WHAT IN THE HELL IS GOING ON?! MARNIE!! RUBY!! TELL ME WHAT THIS IS!!"

Marnie covered as much of her chest as she could with two hands. Stammering swallowed her words as she looked between the teacher and the gasping Agatha lifted toward the ceiling.

"Uh..." A cheeky half smile spread with hope. *"A-A-Aprils Fools...?"*