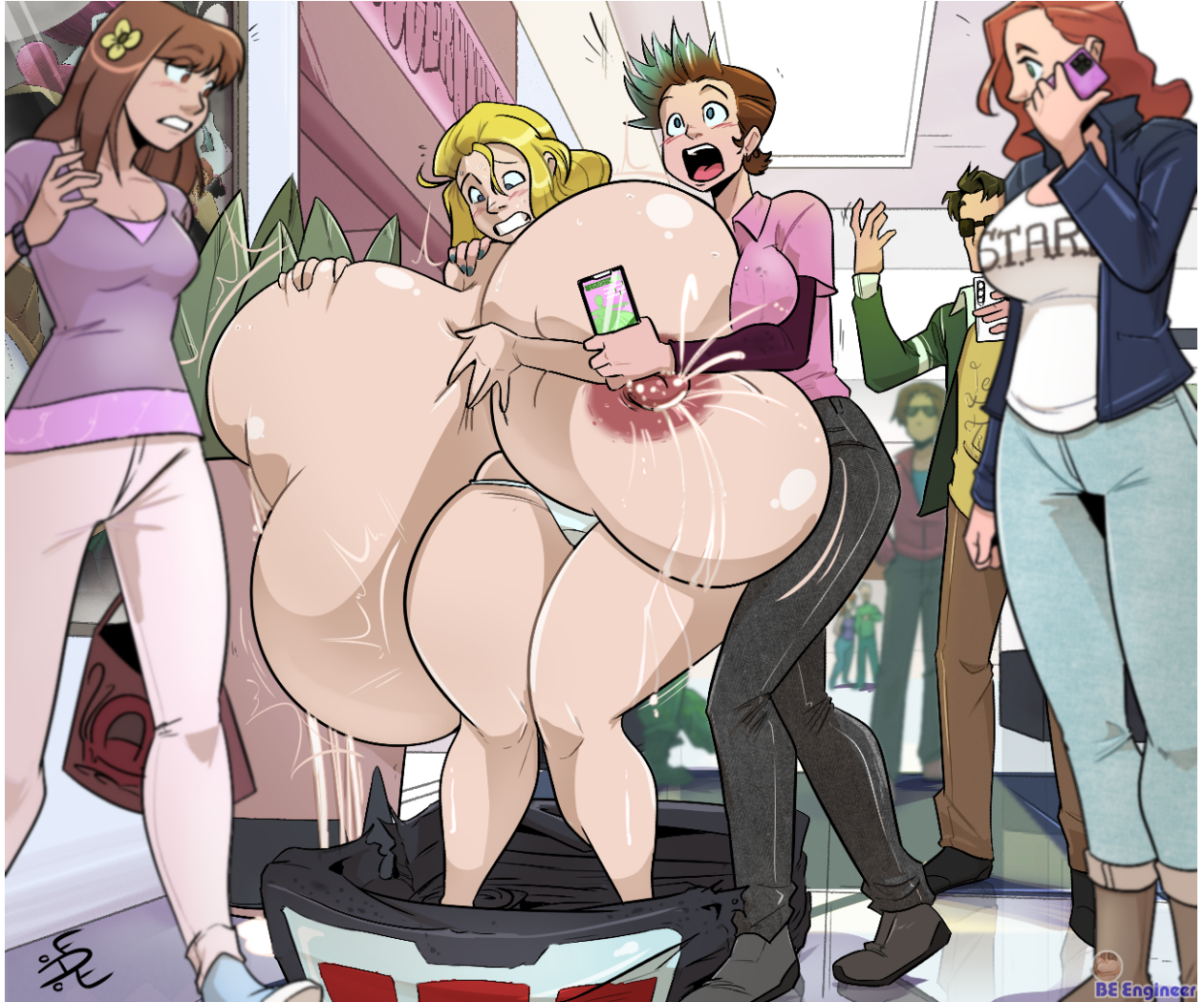


Bloatware



“Oh my...”

Flora stood in the backroom of a mall’s tech repair shop, her thumb rapidly scrolling through the gallery of a customer’s phone. Each photo made her blush more than the next as she took in various private nudes yet to be deleted.

“*Oh MY!!* This girl does *not* hold back!! Just going full turkey!!”

One of her coworkers, Julie, walked by with a laptop in need of a new hard drive. Only a glance was needed before she knew what Flora was up to. Sighing, she set the laptop on a labeled shelf and stared at her friend.

“You’re too snoopy for this job...”

Flora shushed her, staring at the girl’s impressive breasts on display in her gallery. “Hey, they sign an agreement giving us the right to look through their files to find the problem! Come here come here, you *have got* to see the rack on this girl!!”

“I’m fine, thanks.” Julie crossed her arms against the soft pink polo of their uniform. The form-fitting fabric betrayed the substantial DD-cups below and the outline of her bra. “And that policy doesn’t just allow us to do whatever...”

Nodding and not listening, Flora scrolled before gasping loudly and turning the screen toward Julie. “*You think she does something to get her pussy this puffy?? There’s no way it’s naturally that big right?!*”

“*Jesus, Flora!!!*” Julie shielded her eyes. “*It’s ten in the morning!*”

She returned the phone to her gaze and chewed on her lip in thought. “A pussy pump, maybe...?”

“You’re way too horny for me this early...” Julie rubbed her temples trying to get the swollen image out of her mind. “What’s that phone in for anyways?”

“Charging port was clogged with lint.”

“*Flora!!! How does that necessitate looking through her photos?! Put it away!!*”

“*Fiiiiiiiiine.* I’m turning it off.” With a click and a huff, the phone was placed in a bin on the wall awaiting its owner’s return. “Happy?”

“Only if you leave it alone after I leave the room.”

A grumble replied, “I will...”

Ding!

Julie motioned with her hand toward the door. “There, there’s even a customer waiting! Go take care of them while I open this laptop up.”

“Yes, *ma’am! Right away, ma’am!!*” Flora agreed with an exaggerated salute before stepping into the front room.

The sounds of a bustling mall washed over her. People strode by outside the tech support shop in groups large and small. Scents of fresh pretzels hung in the air as a constant temptation, one Flora could hardly ever resist when noon came around.

Plastering a smile over her face, she approached the counter. A woman stood there with a bored teenage son. He couldn't have been older than fourteen; too young to drive himself, too old to want to be seen at the mall with his mother.

"Hello, welcome to Fix-It Freddy's! What can I help you with today?"

The woman's lips smacked when she spoke. "Well... My son has been complaining about his phone running slow and it's *brand new*." She glared with a mother's disapproval. "I hope he hasn't been looking at things he shouldn't be."

"*Mom... God.*"

Flora didn't care enough to pay either mind. "Well we can certainly take a look at that for you and get things running smoothly again!" She placed a clipboard in front of them. "If you'll just sign this, I can take the phone off your hands and our team will see what the problem is."

The woman frowned. "What's this?"

"Just contact info and a general agreement saying you give us the right to open your son's phone as much as needed to fix the issue."

"Mom, I don't want people going through my--"

"Why is that, Caleb?"

"Cause!"

"Have you been looking at naughty things? You *know* what Reverend Pope says about that."

"*No!*" He looked around, red-faced. "*Say it a little louder, why don't you??*"

"Then you should have nothing to worry about." She signed the waiver and passed it back with the phone. "How long will this take?"

Flora maintained her smile. "Hard to say, but usually these problems are resolved within an hour or so. Feel free to stick around the mall and get some shopping done and we'll give you a call!"

"Ok, thank you. Come on, Caleb; we can find you some pants that fit."

Containing her snickers was difficult as the teen was pulled from the store and led into the throngs of teenage girls by his mother's hand.

"Poor guy..."

Flora shrugged, taking the boy's phone and documents into the back as Julie exited. A freakish yellow mascot costume was held in her arms. One of the latest additions to their marketing ploys, their boss had deemed it necessary for someone to wear the outfit and dance in front of the store as a giant yellow retro cellphone.

"Have you seen Hank?" Julie asked, frustrated.

"No, why?"

"This costume looks ridiculous. It's not even a smartphone! Nobody wants to bring their tech to a repair shop with an old brick phone dancing out front! Not to mention it's kind of snug across the chest."

"Ohhhh, must be *soooo hard* having DDs."

Julie glared. “Shut up or I’ll make you wear it out front for the day.” A mean smile crossed her lips. “*You* shouldn’t have any problem fitting into it.”

Flora gasped and hugged the clipboard against her near-flat bust. “*MEAN!!*” she said, walking past Julie into the backroom before pausing.

SMACK!

“*Ah!! F-Flora!!*” A hand spanked her rear as revenge for the tease. Several customers looking at new phones turned to stare at Julie jumping and grabbing a stinging cheek.

Flora fled the scene. “*Sorry!! Busy with work!! Good luck finding Hank!!*”

She closed the door before Julie could fight back. At the end of the day, it was all in good fun between lifelong friends. This summer job was just a good excuse to see each other more while making money.

Alone in the backroom, Flora couldn’t resist falling into her usual antics. With the passcode removed by its owner, the phone opened with a click of a button. The haphazard home screen of a teenager opened before her.

“Now let’s see what we’ve got here...”

She began scrolling through the phone’s contents. Half of her efforts were directed toward finding an obvious source of the slowdown. The other half were purely out of curiosity.

“That is *some* browser history...” she whispered. “Kid spends a lot of time on DeviantArt and Reddit... How the hell does someone even get into this kind of--”

Something made her pause after closing the browser to view the rest of his apps. There was no sign of the usual slowness-causing culprits, but there was one with an eye-catching name.

“*Body Mod...*” Flora whispered.

The icon displayed a woman’s figure outlined by several stages of progressive development. A warning icon told her it wasn’t from any official app store.

“Did he sideload this thing?” Such endeavors almost always carried the risk of viruses and malware. “Or maybe he’s into app development?”

She opened it. A dashboard featuring full-body pictures of several girls presented itself. Each had measurements defined for them, as well as voluptuous proportions that made Flora blush.

“Caleb really gets around at school...”

Clicking on a brunette revealed more info. Alongside her original photo was a detailed CGI model of her same body with different assets. According to the data, her breasts were changed from C-cups to F-cups and several inches were added to her hips. She’d been drastically shortened into the high four-foot range as well. An array of sliders and checkboxes existed under each set of photos as well as a play button.

“What...*is this??*”

Flora’s heart was racing as she looked through the rest of the girls. Each was modified in some way, complete with a surprisingly accurate model. She was about to start messing with a

particular redhead's settings when her eyes were drawn to a large 'ADD PROFILE' button in the top right.

Tap

She couldn't resist. A camera popped open. Looking around, Flora made certain she wouldn't be disturbed. The camera switched to selfie mode as she placed it upright against a box on a table and stood back.

3...

2...

1...

CLICK!

The screen flashed as she stood in full view.

"I'll delete it after!" she assured herself, watching a spinner process the image. "I just..." Her mouth was dry as she waited. The strange app was more than intriguing. "*I just want to see how a few things would look...*"

Finally it finished. Her own settings page opened. The detail of the nude model was far more accurate than she expected as it displayed her meager A-cups and diminutive hips. Somehow it knew about a small birthmark in the intimate cradle of her navel, slightly to the right of the upper pillow of her pussy.

"H...How does it know about--"

The door opened.

"Hey! What's taking you so long in here??"

"*I WASN'T DOING ANYTHING!!*" Flora fumbled when Julie returned with the costume and an annoyed expression. Hiding the phone in her back pocket, she tried to regain composure. "I was just getting that customer's phone all ready to go for IT before heading to an early lunch. I skipped breakfast this morning."

Julie narrowed her eyes. "Really? You *weren't* snooping?"

"You told me not to."

She remained unconvinced. "Never stopped you before." She wasn't in the mood to argue. "Alright, go take your lunch. I'll hold down the fort and wait for Hank. Which phone was it? I can take a look while you're out."

Flora was already halfway out the door. "Uhh... The one on the top left!"

"Top left?" Julie looked around at the many shelves. "Top left of where?? Flora!"

She'd already gone, merging into the rush of the mall.



“There are so many settings...” Flora whispered. “Chest...Height...Weight...Hips... And everything has its own subsection...!”

The lines of the food court stretched around her. Happy to have the chance to explore the mystery app, she took the time to look through the numerous sliders and options beneath her profile. There were only two she was primarily interested in, and they sat directly at the top of the list.

“Breasts...”

The word fell from her lips like a feather to be lost in the bustling food court. After seeing the impressive CGI results on the other girls, her thumb was trembling over the control. She’d always wondered how she would look if puberty had been more generous.

“Says my bust is currently thirty-four inches...” Flora chewed on her lip and dragged the slider to the right. “Maybe try...forty inches? Buuuut that seems so small!! How big is Julie? Like fifty??”

She’d never had a reason to learn bust measurements beyond her own. Out of sheer unbridled curiosity, she set the slider to the max at 300 inches.

BEEP BEEP

A yellow banner appeared at the top of the screen.

***Warning: Size differential may exceed the current subject’s capabilities.
Consider a smaller size to avoid overdevelopment.***

Flora snickered. “So it can make a hyper-detailed CGI model, but it can’t blow it up very well, huh? Why even allow the slider to go that high then?” The warning went ignored. “Now then... How about a butt I can finally write home about?”

Her hip desires weren’t nearly as strong as those for her breasts. Playing on the more conservative side, Flora merely doubled the measurements for her lower half. Her model remained unchanged and as petite as if she were looking in a mirror.

“Uhhhm... Ok, now I just hit play, I guess?”

Tap

BEEP!

A second banner appeared beneath the persistent warning.

***Estimated development duration remaining: 60 minutes
Current progress: 0%***

“Huh... That’s weird... It can’t just re-render the model right away? Why in the world would it take sixty minutes?”

The play button became disabled, as did the navigation. Behind her virtual model appeared the gray outline of a woman’s figure blown to extreme proportions. Seeing her breasts reach to her feet and extend out of the available frame made Flora’s eyes bulge.

“Shit that’s way too big... Ok, uhhh...cancel? Is there a cancel? Cancel??” Her fingers searched the screen for any way to abort the process. *“I need to give this phone back in an hour!! AND it still needs to be fixed!!!”*

Heat rose from Flora’s polo. Her heart was pounding and sweat peppered the back of her neck. She realized her breath was labored and hot. The hardened points of her nipples stood against her bra.

“Come on... There has to be something here! I-I need to delete my profile!”

She watched as the countdown continued and the progress ticked to one percent with barely a change to her model. The flashes of heat passed momentarily, leaving her feeling slightly constricted and trapped in her uniform.

“Shit... *Shit shit shit!! What am I going to--*”

“Miss?”

She looked up. The line was clear and it was her turn to order. *“Oh!! Sorry!!”*

By the time she’d ordered and gotten her food, the hot flashes were rising again. Flora felt dizzy as she carried her grilled cheese to a nearby empty table. The food court was spinning and her head was swimming.

BEEP!

BZZZZZ

The phone beeped before vibrating non-stop in her back pocket.

“Ah!?”

CLATTER

A rush of strange sensations caused her to fall forward, stumbling onto the table for support. Gasping breaths brought her to pause.

BZZZZZZ

“Hah... Haaahhh... What’s... Nngh... What’s wrong with me all of the sudden... Why is the phone...going crazy??”

BZZZZZZ

Flora stared at her food as the phone continued to tremble. Intense pounding pressure beat behind her nipples in sync with her heart. Her uniform refused to sit properly as she tried to compose herself and pull her polo down. It was impossible to catch her breath. The heat was unbearable and poured into her like boiling water settling within her breasts and thighs.

“Nngh... Mmmnngh... Why... I-I can’t...”

BZZZZ!!

She closed her eyes, her body tensing enough to make her hands clench on the table. Her breasts ached as if experiencing growing pains. A slight wedgie pinched her underwear beneath her jeans. Despite the odd discomfort, Flora found herself experiencing intimate levels of arousal. A gentle dampness moistened her lips against her panties and the hardness of her nipples bordered on embarrassment.

BZZZZ!!

“*Hah...! H-HAAH!!*” she panted for air. The phone’s vibrations were almost the worst part, as they forced trembles into her already straining body. “*W-WHAT’S-- MMM!!*”

BZZZZ--

As suddenly as they started, the sensations ceased with the phone’s vibrations cutting off. The heat faded within seconds to leave Flora gasping for full breaths. The band of her bra tightened uncomfortably around her ribs from the amount of air her lungs were drawing.

Sweat cooled her brow when she collapsed into a chair. The steaming grilled cheese wasn’t as appetizing now. She felt like a cold shake or smoothie. Still breathing through her mouth, she tried to adjust her bra without being noticed. The band refused to lay properly around her torso.

“I hope I’m not getting sick...” she grumbled while preparing to eat. Scooting forward, she noticed her breasts brush against the table’s edge: something new. “I can’t afford to miss any--”

BEEP

BZZZZ!!

“*Augh!!*”

Her sandwich fell to the plate and Flora’s body jolted at a bolt of stimulation. Her head threw back as she gasped toward the ceiling. The phone seized in her back pocket once more.

STRRTCH

She felt it this time: her bra tightening, squeezing slightly tighter around her bust. There shouldn’t have been enough mass there to create such a dramatic sensation of bulging, and yet as she struggled for air, she felt as though warm dough was squishing into the cups.

“*Nngh!! Ah!! Ahhh!!*”

People were starting to stare at the girl heaving for breath. Slowly she began doubling over from increasing heat. Her pussy throbbed between her thighs and her jeans rubbed with dangerous pressure. She could have bitten into her sandwich while it lay on the table by the time the vibrations stopped.

“*MGH!!*”

THUD

She collapsed onto the table, eager to just let the cool surface press into her steaming face. “*What’s... What the hell is happening to me??*”

Something was pressing between her and the table. Something firm and round. It squished with every breath, lifting her back slightly and causing distress within her bra.

An irrational fear sparked in her mind then, as Flora pondered what felt like two water balloons replacing her non-existent cleavage.

“*No. N-No, there’s no way. That’s...*” She swallowed, slowly sitting up. “*There’s absolutely no way an app could--*”

The taut front of her polo was enough to silence her words. Stretch lines pulled across it as fabric lifted outward atop two coconut-sized mounds. Their deformed shapes pressed into the stretchy garment, created by a bra stuffed well beyond its capacity for flesh.

Her hands flew to the phone in her pocket. It was hot to the touch. Opening the app made Flora's heart sink.

***Estimated development duration remaining: 54 minutes
Current progress: 7%***

Her CGI model was bigger. Much bigger. Its breasts were strikingly similar to those rising up and down on Flora's own body with each breath. They were big enough to rival Julie's. However, it wasn't the apparent growth that drove so much fear into Flora; it was the warning banner at the top, and the screen-overflowing breast size she'd chosen.

The irrational fear grew more intense, as much as she didn't want to believe it.

"C-Cancel!! CANCEL!!! WHATEVER THIS IS, CANCEL IT!! I CAN'T GET THAT BIG!"

Panic clutched her heart as she searched for any form of resolution. When none presented itself and the countdown continued steadily, she fell into despair. The bloated forms of her breasts betrayed her frantic anxiety. Heat was building again, and by now, Flora had an idea of what that meant.

It was a precursor to growth.

"No... No this is impossible. It's impossible!" Sweat dripped from her brow when the heat reached its peak and she started to shake. ***"This can't be happening. T-This can't be happe--"***

BEEP

BZZZZZ!!!

"NNGH!!!"

The phone came to life in her hands. She cried out, developmental pressure attacking her breasts.

STRRRRTCH!!!

Spandex complained beneath her polo as sunken bulges reared fuller. Her bra's outline pushed into her shirt as massive shelves of flesh overflowed its cups on all sides. Denim tightened around her ass and thighs to the point of turning her relaxed pants into skinny jeans. A gentle muffin top rolled over her waistband.

"S...Stop! Stop!"

Looking at the screen only made it worse. Slowly the progress ticked up. Flora watched her model swell alongside her body, bloating several inches and still nowhere near the ridiculous size she'd chosen.

Rasping squeaks left her mouth. ***"I can't...breathe!! I can't breathe!"***

STRRRRTCH!!

The growth stopped without warning. Flora collapsed back in her chair. Inhaling was difficult and she was scared to look down. When she finally found the courage, all doubts about the app's power over her were gone.

“EEP!”

Two melons were stretching her polo. The stress of her lungs having to lift the weight of two head-sized mammaries was weighing on her.

CLATTER!

Across the way, she saw a young boy drop his fork. His eyes were wide and his mouth hung open. He must have been watching her most recent bout of growth. Flora couldn't blame his reaction: her polo was indecent and her breasts were far too big for her frame. No amount of pulling would make the garment cover her exposed midriff. Flesh pushed up to her collarbones and against the shirt's three buttons. Flora knew if she lifted her arms, bulging skin would present itself through the short sleeves. In the back of her mind, she knew she must have looked like a girl from a prank show inflating two balloons under her shirt to get a reaction.

She glanced at the app's readout and choked on a swallow. *“Only eleven percent?! I'M MASSIVE!!! There has to be a way to stop this!!! I-I-I can't keep growing like--”* Another rush of heat made her eyes dilate.

BEEP

BZZZZZ!!!

“Mmmmmmm no no noooooo!!!”

STRRRRTCH!!!

There was barely enough time to think between each surge. The pauses were nowhere near long enough to catch her breath. Flora pursed her lips to keep from releasing an echoing scream at the spike of pleasure and spreading tightness. Her bra sank deeper into her plumping flesh. Her polo trembled across them, turning into a second skin. Even so, it was losing the battle against her increasing weight.

On the chair, her hips were beginning to wobble and sway. Fleshy cushions were lifting her gently, bit by bit. Even the smallest change in her sitting height was enough to make Flora feel dizzy with the change in perspective as her own hips felt like they were engulfing her waist.

CREEEEEAAAK!

She looked down in time to see a button trembling as flesh and fabric swelled around it.

“Wait!! W-W-Wait wait wait wai--”

CREEEEEAAA--POP!!!

“AH!”

The bottom button blew off. Although tiny, the gap on her polo was enough to exhibit a worrisome amount of cleavage. More than she ever thought she would see coming from her breasts.

When the stage of growth ended, Flora wasted no time catching her breath. She abandoned her meal and stumbled out of the food court with her breasts concealed under her arms as best she could.

“Gotta... Gotta get out of here! I need help!! I need to stop this app before I get any bigger!!”

There was no hiding her preposterous assets. They overflowed her arms as if she were smuggling two large melons under her shirt and drew every pair of eyes she passed. The chilly air wafting around her exposed stomach only served as a reminder of how large she’d become. It didn’t help that every step sent her bottom half trembling with its own new weight. Her jeans felt ready to burst down the back. Bending over even slightly was out of the question, or seams would blow.

“Just... Just grab my stuff and go! Go somewhere private and figure this out before--”
Flora’s heart fluttered. *“O-Oh no.”*

The heat was back, rushing over her like a curtain of invisible fire.

“N-Not now!! Just give me a--”

BEEP

BZZZZZ!!

“H-Haaugh!!”

Flora nearly fell when her growth resumed. Clutching her breasts, she had to stop as her knees wobbled against each other.

STRRRRTCH

“Nnngh... N-Nnngh!!”

Whimpers fell from her pursed lips. Feeling her breasts forcing her arms wider was terrifyingly exhilarating, as if they had minds of their own. Soon there would be no containing them.

CREEEAAA--POP!!!

Another exploding button pulled a squeak from her throat. Forcing herself to stumble forward through the growth, she reached the repair shop just as the surge was ending. Julie and their boss were busy manning the counter when she entered in a sweaty storm.

Julie looked at her friend with a strange expression. “Flora? You’re back early... What’s--”

BOOM!!!

The front of her jeans exploded, breaking both the button and zipper. Flora’s face turned bright red and she bent forward, turning away from her friend and boss.

“Yup!! Yup!! Real quick lunch!!” Flora hugged her chest tighter and hunched further. *“I’ll be in the back!!!”*

The attempted concealment was unsuccessful, drawing both coworkers’ eyes, as well as several customers, as Flora vanished into the backroom with the front of her pelvis fully visible pressing against her exposed panties. Massive breasts filled her arms in a near-comical fashion.

“I’ll...uh... I’ll be right back, Hank... I think I need to check on her.” Julie sighed. Following, Julie heard a commotion coming from a storage room. Some employees treated it as a locker room for changing into their uniform after biking to work.

CLATTER!

“Dammit!! Shit!! Stop growing!! Please stop growing!!”

A commotion made Julie pause outside the door. There was a whirlwind of heavy breathing and moans, as well as what sounded like popping stitches.

“Flora...?” she called, slowly opening the door. “What are you--” The sight made her stop.

“AH!!! Close the door, close the door!!”

Julie froze in the doorway when Flora spun around. A polo hung limp and stretched in her hands. Within a white A-cup bra were two compressed breasts the size of basketballs. They sat strapped against Flora’s torso like cargo, bulging around every part of her bra. Light pink showed around the cups from areolae creeping into view. Her jeans looked like a pair bought from the children’s section and forced onto her body as they splayed open down the front. Private flesh squished over the gaping zipper.

“F...Flora...” Julie gawked, unable to process the sudden transformation. “*Flora... What... What did you--*”

“Julie!! You have to help me!!”

Flora jumped at her for assistance, desperate and dripping with sweat. Hair clung to her face in ribbons as her eyes wavered in fear. Grabbing at Julie’s shirt, their breasts mashed together.

“This app!! It’s making me grow!! They’re growing!! I-I’m growing!!! I’m blowing up!! E-Every few minutes!! They get bigger!! And bigger!! AND BIGGER!!! They’re not stopping!!”

Julie closed the door before anyone could hear. She was only becoming more confused. “I’m sorry, the *what* is doing *what*??”

Flora knew she didn’t have the time to speak slowly; the heat was returning. “*There’s an app!!! It’s making my boobs grow!! I-I can feel it about to happen again!*” Gasps began spreading her words apart. “*Please! I need your help!!! It’s--NNNGH!!!*”

BEEP

BZZZZZ!!

Julie’s jaw dropped when she saw Flora’s breasts come to life and push against her body. Intense swelling caused them to lift and engorge into tight, deformed mounds separated by straps.

STRRRRTCH!!

“F-Flora... How are you--”

“NNNGGHHHH IT’S TOO THIIIGHT!!”

STRRRRTCH!!

She stumbled, grabbing their bottoms as flesh engorged to swallow the bra. Padding folded onto itself from the garment vanishing within her chest.

SHRRRIIP!!!

A tear opened down the side of her pant legs. Soft skin moved into the open space, taut and smooth. Flora might have noticed if her bra weren't so tense it was keeping her from breathing.

"Ahh!! Haaahhhhhh it's too tight it's too tight it's too tiiiight!!!" Flora arched her spine and threw her head back, thrusting her chest forward. *"NNNGH!!!! Julie it's too TIGHT!!!"*

CREEEAAAAAAA--

BOOM!!!!

AAUGH!!

The growth finished as Flora's bra failed, snapping open to fly across the room and land at Julie's feet. Two watermelon-sized breasts smacked Flora's torso. Their size extended to her belly button as they hung like two swollen teardrops. Such weight made her fall against the wall, gathering them into her arms. Red lines marked their surfaces where her bra used to lay.

"O-Ohhhh God... Ohhhh they're so big... They're so fucking BIG!!" Flora gaped at her breasts with unbridled confusion and panic. She felt like she was more breast than girl.

Julie couldn't believe her eyes. "Holy shit!!! How did you do that?!"

"I... I told you... This app!"

A shaking hand delivered the phone. Julie nearly dropped it due to the heat radiating from the case. She looked over the UI and Flora's profile for a moment.

"Wait. You're going to turn into this?!" she asked, pointing at the massively endowed silhouette behind Flora's model. *"Boobs aren't supposed to be that big!! Those are fucking MASSIVE!!! Flora!! What were you--"* Pausing, she looked more closely at the phone. *"This isn't even your phone!! Flora!! YOU WERE SNOOPING AGAIN, WEREN'T YOU?! You started playing around with that kid's phone and now--"*

BEEP

BZZZZ!!!

MMMMMMMM!!!!

Flora clamped a hand over her mouth to contain a loud moan. Amazed, Julie watched as the model on the phone matched her friend's growth. The progress ticked higher, inching toward a fate Flora didn't want to guess at.

"Mmm!!! Nnnnghhhh, Juliiieee!!!" Flora pleaded, her breasts bloating several more inches. *"These are too big!! I-I only wanted...to see what I would look--MMNGH!!!"*

BOOM!!!!

M-M-My JEANS!!!

Flora's hands shot to her backside when a massive tear opened down the seam. They were useless at this point as cheeks and thighs bulged through the holes. A wedgie made from

her white panties shot down her rear with a sliver of cotton. Dampness caused her crotch to soak through the remnants of her pants to bring her panties into a teasing transparent version of themselves.

Eyes wide when the phone stopped vibrating, Julie stared in awe. “Hoooooly shit! This really isn’t a trick!”

“I KNOW!!”

Back at the screen, Julie asked, “What’s this warning at the top?”

“I-I think I went too big for what my body can handle!! I...I-I don’t know what happens if I grow too much!!”

“Heh... Maybe you pop.”

A terrified whimper made Flora’s lips tremble. *“P-Please don’t say that...”* Her breasts felt overgrown and far too swollen already. Her nipples looked too hard to squeeze, but she didn’t dare try. The cool air alone was enough to make her tremble.

Julie took pity on her, seeing the fear written over Flora’s face. “Ok, ok... That was a bad joke. I’m sorry...”

“You have to help me! Please!! You’re a techno-wizard!! Can’t you do something??”

“I-I don’t know anything about this app, Flora... It could be--”

“PLEASE JULIE!!! I DON’T WANT TO POP!! Can we just turn it off?! Break the phone??”

“Hmm, well... It would probably work... But there’s always the chance it causes some kind of error...” Julie made an uncomfortable face. “Depending on how well it was programmed, if the app stops responding...*it could make your body start growing non-stop.*”

“I--” Flora was about to respond before a rush of heat. *“Nngh!! It’s... Juliiieee! Gaahhh!! It’s going to--”*

BEEP

BZZZZZ!!

Breathless lust covered Flora’s words. The rest of her jeans fell off in a shower of tattered sections. Rendered naked save for a pair of over-tightened panties, she stood before Julie in a storm of gasps as her breasts swelled into her arms.

STRRRRTCH!!

“Mmmm!! Mmmmmmmm please make it stop!!”

Julie was almost too enthralled by the sight to respond. Seeing her friend’s body grow with visible speed was enough to make her heart race. It was like extreme puberty on fast-forward. By the time the surge ended, Flora’s breasts hung like two beach balls.

“Wow...” Julie swallowed. “Does... *Does it hurt?*”

Flora bit her lip and reluctantly shook her head. *“No... I-It’s... Nngh... It’s a...a-a good hurt... Like a deep tissue massage... But... It’s getting more and more intense! I... I-I’m not going to last much longer!”* Flora gazed at her breasts with whimpers and worry. *“They’re feeling tighter!! The growth is becoming stronger! I can barely stand how it feels!!”*

Julie stared at the CGI model's projected size. "Why did you go so big?? Those are fucking weather balloons, you idiot!!"

"A-A girl can be curious!! I just wanted to see how I would look!"

"Well congrats!! I think you're definitely going to find out!"

"Mmm no!! No no no no no! I can't get that big! I know I can't!! That's HUGE, Julie!!"
Scared, she asked, *"W-W-What do you think that warning means? What's 'overdevelopment'?"*

"How am I supposed to know?? Why would they even let you go bigger than you can handle in the first place?? Seems like an oversight." Julie scrolled through the profile, becoming more intrigued. "Look at all these settings, though... They've got everything in here!"

"D-Don't...touch anything!!"

"I'm not!! I'm just--"

Tap

Julie's face turned white. "Uh-oh."

Despair churned within Flora's core. "Uh-oh?? UH-OH?! What's uh-oh?! Julie!! What did you--"

BEEP

BZZZZ!!!

The heat was worse this time. Far worse, and much, much deeper. Flora's eyes fell to her chest when a strange new sensation plunged into the centers of her breasts. Something had awakened.

GUUUURGLE

Julie watched closely as if Flora were a train heading for broken tracks, frightened by what she'd just done. "Uhhh... *Shit.*"

"N-Nngh! Julie...?? J-Julie??" Flora grabbed her chest and cried out in fear. *"What did you do?! What did you do to me?! My boobs feel like--Ah!!! Nnnngh it feels like something is filling them up!! WHAT DID YOU PRESS?!"*

GUUUUUUURGLE!

The sound made her eyes blur with anxiety. It was thick and churning, muffled within her bosom.

Plat...

Plat...

Plat...

Julie gulped when she saw white cream fall from Flora's swollen nipples as her breasts distended further. "I-I-I accidentally toggled the lactation option..."

GUUUURGLE!!!

"Well untoggle it!! FUCKING UNTOGGLE IT!! MY TITS FEEL LIKE BALLOONS OVER HERE!! I--"

GUUUURGLE!!!

“MMMMGH!!! THEY’RE GETTING TOO BIG TOO FAAAST!! Turn it off turn it off!! Turn off the milk!!”

She tapped the screen frantically as Flora’s nipples bloated into dark pink cylinders to accommodate her flow. *“I-I-I can’t!! It says I can’t turn off any options until the process is finished!!”*

STRRRRTCH!!

“Mmmmm oh fuck!! Ohhhh fuck!!!”

The surge ended with Flora barely able to see straight. The sensitivity within her breasts had skyrocketed with the addition of lactation-inducing hormones. Now tighter than ever, her breasts had taken on a more rounded appearance with a tense, firm shape. Arousal and fullness pushed her areolae outward into supple domes.

Doing her best to cradle them, Flora stared with more worry than ever. Fluid coated her inner thighs and turned her panties dark. *“Haahhh... Haaaaaahhhhh I can’t take this!! I can’t take this, Julie! I’m gonna blow at this rate!! I was already too big!! Why did you do that?! I-I don’t have the room to hold milk in these things!!”*

“I’m sorry I’m sorry!! It was an accident!! If...I-If it helps...you’ve made it to twenty-five percent...”

“Fuck I’m only a quarter done?!?!” She doubled over to relieve some stress on her shoulders. *“You...have to help me!! You know programming! C-Can’t we...hack it?! Get into the app’s mainframe or something?!”*

“I don’t know! I would need to be at my home computer before I could even take a look!! There’s no telling what this app is--”

BEEP

BZZZZ!!!

“Mmmm!! MMM!!! OHHH GOD!!! The surges are coming faster!!”

GUUUUURRRGLE!!!

Flora grabbed her nipples and found them too large for her hands. *“Aahhhhhhhh are they just going to keep producing milk?!”*

Julie watched her friend’s growth, unable to look away from the intense sight. Despite the situation, seeing Flora’s breasts extend past her hips was driving Julie mad in a way she hadn’t thought was possible. A strange desire to latch onto one of the quivering apricot-sized nipples made her mouth water. She was almost sad they covered the enlarged hips Flora had chosen for herself, as well as the tightening display her panties were putting on.

When it stopped, there were thin trails of milk running down her breasts’ underbellies. Flora’s face was red with arousal and stress as she endured every skin-stretching second. Her hands didn’t dare push too hard for fear of the stimulation it would cause.

“I’m... I’m willing to try anything! Let’s go to your place!! My boobs are...getting so big!! My body can’t take much more of this!!”

“You don’t even fit in your shirt! How are we supposed to get you out of a crowded mall?! Plus, *I don’t want you blowing up in my car!!*”

Desperation made Flora scan the room. She would walk out with her naked breasts in her arms if she had to, but then her eyes fell upon a possible escape.

“*The mascot suit!!*” Flora exclaimed, pointing in the corner. “*It’s big enough to hide me!! I’ll put it on and we’ll sneak out to your car!!*”

“We can’t take that! Hank will kill us if we--”

BEEP

BZZZZZ!!!

“*AUGH!!*” Flora pounded her fist on the wall when her mammaries ballooned. Soft, tight skin rubbed across her stomach and thighs. They were becoming firmer and dwarfing her body as she outgrew all realms of reality.

STRRTCH!!!

Her knees knocked together under their weight. It wouldn’t be long until she had no hope of mobility.

Fear and anxiety-filled eyes stared at Julie as the growth subsided, leaving Flora with breasts reaching past her hips. “*NNGH DO YOU THINK I CARE WHAT HANK WILL THINK RIGHT NOW?!*”



Getting the retro phone costume over Flora was relatively easy. The bottom provided a large opening; all she had to do was heft and compress her breasts until the boxy outfit slipped down to her mid-shins. In the absence of any clothes able to fit her growing figure, they both decided it best she go the journey in only her underwear.

“There...” Julie hummed, stepping back. “It’s not too bad. You can’t even tell!”

Only two rounds of growth had struck Flora while she donned the costume, but it still managed to hide her girth well. It would be necessary for her to hug her breasts while inside, but none would be the wiser.

“*Julie... Mng... Juuuulie... It’s soooo hot in here...*” Her voice came from behind the cartoon phone’s goofy smiling face plastered over a screen. To hear such a breathless, anxious voice leave such a happy visage was uncanny.

“Well you’re turning it into an oven. Those costumes are usually hot enough on their own without two giant boobs heating the inside. Are you ready to go?”

“*M-Mhm...*”

Julie led her into the storefront.

Hank was still dealing with customers, many of whom appeared frustrated at the long wait. “Julie! Where are you going?? We’re slammed!”

“Just... Uh... Flora needed a break and wanted to try out the mascot suit! I’m just helping her out front then I’ll be back.”

Hank gave an annoyed nod and turned back to a customer while the girls exited into the mall’s hallway.

“*Ok, go go go...*” Julie pushed, urging Flora along as she stumbled and gasped.

“*C-Careful! I’m... Ahhhhh Julie...! I’m getting...really hot again! I-I think the phone is about to--*”

BEEP

BZZZZZ!!

The phone indeed began buzzing in Julie’s back pocket.

“*Aaahhhh...!! Mmmmm Julie...!!!*”

GUUUUUURGLE!!!!

Milk flourished within the costume, causing some passersby to turn their heads at the strange sound.

“*My...MY MILK!! Julie there’s too much! There’s too much!! I’m getting too big in here!!*”

“Just be cool... Be cool...”

“*I’m trying!! My boobs are blowing up in here, you know!! With milk, I might add!! Gah it’s getting hard to walk with these thighs... I should have taken off my underwear!!*”

Julie could see the struggle in Flora’s walk. Her steps were short and gentle as if she were trying not to spill a cup filled to the brim. She blushed thinking about how tight the pesky pair of panties must have become.

Inside the suit, Flora’s undergarments were hugging her privates with high discomfort. Her rear had grown enough to turn them into a thong, while her thighs bulged outward to overtake the width of her shoulders. Flora could feel the outline of her pussy being accentuated against the soaked cotton, her plump lips being tortured by her thighs with every step.

BEEP

BZZZZZ!!

“*N-Ngh! Julie!! It’s...happening again!! I can’t do this!! I really can’t do this!! I’m not going to make it to your car!!*”

Flora’s labored breaths were visible through the suit with every inhale as its fabric bulged. Every step became more difficult, and Julie found herself needing to support her friend more and more.

GUUUUUURGLE!!!

Flora stumbled with a helpless squeak when cream stretched her skin. “*Ahhhhh!! They’re too full!!!*”

“Sixty percent... You’re doing great.”

The growth waned, leaving Flora audibly relieved within her foam prison. “*Only sixty... Only sixty fucking percent... And I feel like I’m ready to explode! Why is it speeding up?!*”

CRREEEAAA

A worrisome sound made Julie and several passing teens turn their heads. “*What was that??*”

“*My... M-My panties...*” Flora whispered through the discomfort. “*They’re too tight! Mmmmm why did I think a bigger butt was a good idea?!*”

“Just hang on... We’re almost halfway through the mall.”

Julie tried to be positive, but things weren’t looking good. Flora was slowing down with every round of growth, and the surges were coming faster and with more strength. The mascot costume was beginning to deform around the hidden bulk of her unbelievable bust.

“*I’m... Aahhhhh I’m getting hot again!! I can’t grow... I can’t grow anymore!!*” Flora gasped from heat building across her body into a sweltering inferno. “*J-Julie I don’t know if I can--MMGH!!!*”

BEEP

BZZZZZ!!!!

“*Aahhhh!!! AHHHHH!!!!*”

Their path became blocked by a throng of people. With a swelling Flora in her arms, Julie tried her best to shepherd her through. “*Excuse me! E-Excuse me! We need to-- Move please!!*”

GUUUUURRRRGLE!!

STRRRRTCH!!

“*Nnnngh!!! My boobs.... Ohhhhh my BOOBS!!! Everything is so...TIGHT!!!*” Flora’s voice was rising in volume, no longer caring who heard her distress. “***WHY WON’T MY FUCKING PANTIES BREAK?!***”

“*Flora!! Shhh!!! There are people everywhere!*”

THUD

They ran into a larger man, his elbow colliding hard and deep into Flora’s front and sinking several inches.

“*MMMMMGH!!!*”

SPLRRRTCH!!

“Oh, sorry,” the man apologized.

Julie did her best to control the situation when the sound of spraying milk and whimpers came from the costume. A puddle dripped around Flora’s feet, no doubt caused by the sudden jab. “Don’t worry about it; we’re just trying to--”

GUUUUUURGLE!!!

“*Haaahhhh!!!! JULIE!!!*” Flora’s feet stopped moving and she tilted forward.

“*It’s...getting kind of...cramped in here!!!*”

“*Shhh!! Shhhhh you’re ok!! Come on! You’re almost there!*”

“*M-Mmmm!! They’re so big!!! They’re so big!! I feel like...I’m going to faint!! I feel like I’m going to pop I’m holding so much milk!!*”

Inside the suit, Flora was completely overtaken by her own breasts. Flesh was everywhere, now pinning her arms against the suit. Cleavage rose like a deadly tide into her face to the point only her nose could breathe. Sweat ran down her legs from the furnace of her flesh squeezing around her entire body. Second after second applied more pressure as she grew within the shrinking confines, the suit forcing her milk-laden breasts into tall ovals.

CREEEAAAANK!!!

“Aahhhh oh God my fucking underwear are too tight!!” Flora yelled. *“I feel like I’m straddling a cable!”*

“Come on!! Come on!!” Julie pulled, knowing another surge of growth could spell doom for their escape. *“We need to hurry!!! Before--”*

“HAAAAHHHHH!!!! IT’S SO HOOOOOT!!!”

BEEP

BZZZZZ!!!

“NNNNNGHHHHH!!!! MY BOOOOOBS!!!”

They were walled in by people. Rising weight stopped Flora in her tracks as her legs surpassed their abilities. Coming to rest next to a large flower pot, Julie knew they were never going to make it to her car.

“I...I can’t...! Too...Big!! I...” Flora swooned, tottering.

Julie barely caught her in time before she fell. *“H-Hey! Come on!! Stay with me!! Stay on your--”*

STRRRRTCH!!!

CREEEAAAANK!!!

“TOO BIG!!! I’M TOO BIG IN HERE!!”

“Flora!! Flora, come on!! WE NEED TO--”

CREEEAAAANK!!!

A sound of rupturing foam and stitching drew the eyes of those closest to them.

The front of the costume was bulging outward as if the phone character was suddenly becoming pregnant.

“F-Flora--”

GUUUURRGLE

CREEEAAAANK!!!

“Ahh!! Julie there’s too much!!! I can’t move!! I can’t breathe!!!”

Mall-goers were taking notice of Flora’s fright and the strange transformation within the costume. It was a relief when the wave of growth ended, leaving the phone bloated and rounding at the sides. Another wave might mean the end.

GUUUURGLE!!!

“My milk... My miiiilk...” Flora whined. *“It can’t leak out! My arms are blocking my nipples!! My tits are too damn BIG!!”*

A woman covered her child's ears with a look of disgust. Several teens had their phones out, recording every moment of what was thought to be a strange marketing event.

Julie leaned in and whispered, "Flora... Flora, listen to me. This suit is about to explode. We need to--"

"I'M ABOUT TO EXPLODE IF I GET ANY BIGGER!! God!!! I can barely think strai--"

BEEP

BZZZZZZZ!!

"FUUUUUCK!!! WHY DOES IT HAVE TO FEEL SO FUCKING GOOD?! I DON'T WANT TO POP!!!"

GUUUUUUUUUURGLE!!!

Onlookers backed away at the scream of distress and what sounded like fluid rushing into a straining holding tank.

SHRRRIIP!!!

POP!!! POP POP POP!!!!

A seam blew on one of the costume's corners to release a heap of pale flesh. Several stitches followed, warning of future failures. Looking closely, Julie could see dark spots forming through the foam.

Flora was leaking. Even with her arms blocking her flow, the pressure was too great to be contained. Thirst struck Julie as she watched small trickles of milk running down the costume. They joined others making their way down Flora's bare legs before meeting in a puddle around her feet. It was there she saw the bottoms of Flora's breasts bulging out of the bottom of the costume, and she realized it was filled to the absolute brim.

STRRTCH!!!

"Julie! Julie!!! JULIE!!!" Flora's voice squeaked. Her head was tilting up as cleavage closed around her neck. Soon it would smother her as there was nowhere else for her breasts to expand. The scent of milk and sweat made her dizzy as the costume's air holes were blocked. *"My milk!! My tits!!! GOD MY PUSSY!!!"*

STRRTCH!!!

Julie's pulse quickened and her eyes bulged. The heat pouring off her friend was like a bonfire. *"Holy shit..."*

The outfit was tight as a drum and swelling like a balloon. The numbers on the buttons were being distorted and pulled to the point of cracking. No longer pregnant-looking, the phone had transformed into an oval-shaped grinning monster with square corners on the top and bottom as the pressure built.

GUUUUURRRRGLE!!!!

SHRRRIIP!!!

"AAHHHHHH IT'S GONNA BLOW!!!! IT'S GONNA BLOOOOW!!! THIS COSTUME CAN'T HOLD MY--"

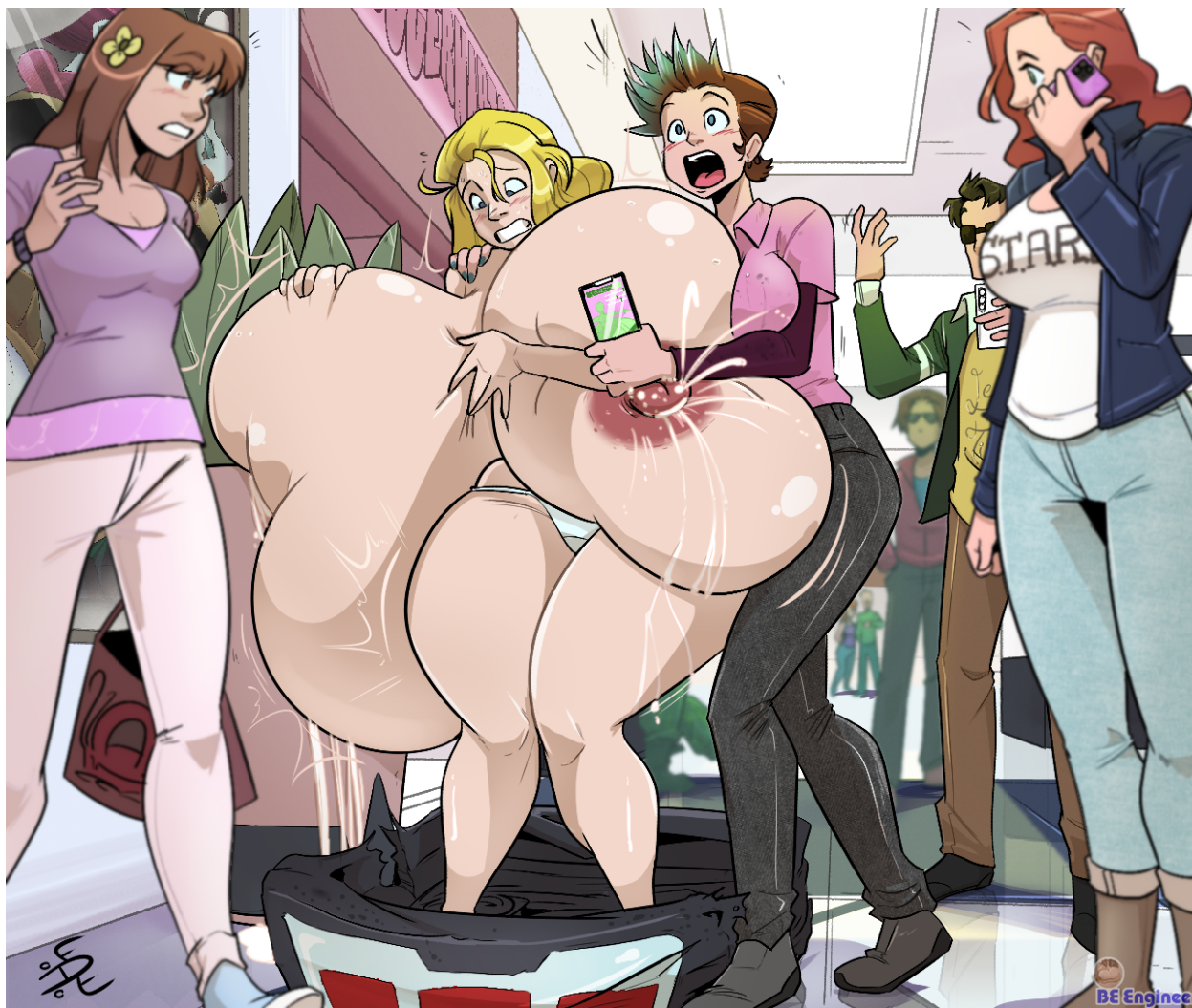
SHRRRIIIIIIIIP!!!!!!

People fell back in surprise when the guise exploded. Foam and fabric blossomed like a peeling banana around Flora. Without the aid of its support, her titanic breasts fell free into their true forms.

BWOOOOMPH!!!

“AHH!!!”

Flora cried out in the rush of fresh air caressing her body. Her breasts tried to carry her forward as they extended halfway down her shins. Full and laden with milk, they hung like teardrops with bellies as large as yoga balls. Their weight could have pulled her to the ground if not for one of her hands falling onto the rim of a flower pot for support. Her other hand grappled with one of the massive mammaries, unable to process the extreme growth she'd endured.



“Oh fuck!!! OH FUCK!!!” Flora swore repeatedly, eyes staring into the heaving chasm of her overwhelming breasts.

“How is she doing that??”

“Hoooooly tits!!”

“Are...they allowed to do that in the mall?”

“Victoria’s Secret probably...”

*“I would pay to know *that* secret...”*

The crowd was growing with a rising murmur, much to Julie’s horror. Few people didn’t have their phones out. Some had looks of horror on their face, seeming to understand that what they were seeing was real but unable to process it.

“I-I can’t... I can’t stay up!! They’re too heavy!!” Flora warned, her legs shaking. Nearly as large as her waist, her thighs pushed against each other in greedy conquest for space. An ass too big to sit in her car wobbled within dangerously tight panties.

Julie looked around for anyone maintaining common sense. *“People, can we make a path please?? We need to get her--”*

BEEP

BZZZZZ!!!

“MMNNNGHH!!!! JULIE! I CAN’T--”

THUD!!!!

A few ounces of milk proved to be the straw that broke the camel’s back. Breasts engorging too large and too full for her petite frame, Flora found herself falling backward under their mass. For a second she was grateful she’d chosen such a large size for her rear when it cushioned her fall, but then she rolled backward, an avalanche of sweaty flesh pouring on top of her.

SLOOOOSH

SLOOOOSH SLOOOOSH

STRRRRRRTCH!!!!

“MPH!!! M-MMPH!!”

Their growth was only excited by the newly available space around them. Flora’s legs bent up to try and give their bottoms support, gifting everyone a healthy view of her privates imprisoned against drum-tight underwear. The amount of skin on display left the crowd bewildered.

“Is she...growing?”

“Duuude they’re getting BIGGER!!” Several friends high-fived.

“Is she alright?!”

An older woman huffed. *“Girls are growing too big these days...”*

“Does she need an EpiPen?? I have one!!”

Julie tried to field them but there were too many interested in the bean bag breasts creeping across the floor. *“Please!! Can we back up!! Give her some space!!”*

GUUUUUURGLE!!!

Flesh pressed into the back of Julie’s legs. The realization of Flora’s size made her freeze.

“*Mmm!!! Julie!!*” Flora squirmed and tensed under her immobilizing mass. Wide eyes stared up at the quivering mountains that used to be her A-cups. Pale veins were beginning to cross over them as their shapes rounded with pressure. Trickling milk ran down their sides from nipples the size of apples. “*Do something!!! D-Do something!!!! I’M GETTING TIGHTER!!! I-I DON’T THINK I CAN GROW MUCH MORE!!!*”

BEEP BEEP!!

BEEP BEEP!!

Julie glanced at the phone and found it agreed with Flora’s approaching overdevelopment. It burned in her hand like a red coal. The warning banner had taken to flashing red and yellow. It was enough to drain the color from Julie’s face.

“O-Only seventy percent done...”

“*WHAT?!*”

BEEP

BZZZZZ!!!

“*NNGHAAHHHH!!!!*”

Fluid sprayed from Flora’s crotch as extreme stimulation pushed her body to the limit. Rolling orgasms brought her vision to blur and double. Her thighs swelled to squeeze her pussy between them and against her panties. Her bottom half raised higher inch by inch from her bloated cheeks.

GUUUUUURGLE!!!

SPLRRRRTCH!!

SPLRRRRTCH!!!

“*I CAN’T HOLD IT!! I CAN’T HOLD MY MILK!!*”

Dairy sprayed in fountains and coated those within the splash zone. This was enough to dissuade many of them with looks of disgust. Others couldn’t get enough even as it dripped down their faces.

CREEEAAAAAK!!!!

“*YES!!! YESSSS!!!*” Flora screamed in desperation. “*MY PANTIES FEEL LIKE THEY’RE GOING TO--*”

BOOM!!!!

“*EEEK!!!!*”

Flora’s legs jumped open when the cotton garment finally burst apart. Strands of elastic and fabric flung around and whipped private fluids across the floor. Blossoming to its fullest, her pussy revealed itself from between her thighs. They squished it without mercy, pushing it out until her folds came into their full glory. A waterfall of nectar ran from her tunnel from relentless orgasms quaking her form.

“*I can’t!! Ohhhh I can’t grow anymore!!! It’s too much!!!*” Flora wanted to push her chest out of her face but her arms were helplessly pinned. Sweat poured down her brow and milk ran down her cleavage in a never-ending stream. So sensitive, she could feel dozens and dozens of

eyes upon her body as if they were hands massaging and squeezing every inch. “*Why did I have to play with that stupid app?! My tits feel like they’re about to pop!!*”

SPLRRRRRTCH!!!

“*AUGH!!!*”

Milk erupted as if to confirm her fears. Flora had taken to short, rapid breaths to stem her development. Anything to relieve the pressure of such dramatic overbearing growth.

BEEP BEEP!!

BEEP BEEP!!

The app’s warning grew louder. Julie was beside herself as her friend ballooned across the tiled floor like a milky human balloon.

BEEP

BZZZZZ!!!

“*MMMMMMMM NO NO NO NO PLEASE NOOOO!!!*”

Flora’s back arched when growth poured over her.

STRRRRTCH!!!

“*MMNGH!!! NNNNGH!!! TOO TIGHT!!! TOO BIG!!! TOO FUUUULL!!! I’M OVERGROWN!!*”

People were backing up now, feeling too close to what appeared to be an out-of-control situation. Her nipples throbbed and pulsed with pent-up pressure. Over a foot tall, each areola quivered with pillow-like fullness.

BEEP BEEP!!

BEEP BEEP!!

BEEP BEEP!!

BEEP BEEP!!

The warning was like a siren as people started to scramble.

STRRRRRRRRTCH!!!

SPLRRRRRRRRRRRTCH!!!!!!

Milk arched through the air with worrying pressure to pelt the ground in a ten-meter radius.

“*TURN IT OFF!!! TURN IT OFFFFFF!!! TURN IT OFF, JULIE!! DO SOMETHING!!*”

Julie backed away as well, Flora’s bosom becoming a small bed. “*S...S-Seventy-five percent...*”

“*WHAT?!?!*” Flora tilted her head back, her breasts tight against her cheeks. “*I’M NOT GONNA MAKE IT!!! I’M NEVER GONNA MAKE IT!!! I’LL BURST BEFORE--*”

GUUUUURRRGLE!!!

The wave’s ending brought a final rush of pressure to make Flora’s eyes dilate. Her milk glands were full. Her breasts were far overgrown. Her butt was intent on lifting her abdomen into her cleavage.

“*NNNGH!!! JULIE HELP ME BEFORE I EXPLODE!!!*”

SPLRRRTCH!!!

SPLRRRRRRRTCH!!!!

“L-Like what?!”

Flora gasped, tensing at every little sound her breasts made. “*I don’t know!! I don’t know!! But I reeeaaaally don’t think I can handle another round of growth!!!*” She felt like someone was inflating a giant balloon against her bare skin with dangerous pressures.

“*But--*”

Her heart started racing. The heat was building once again and driving Flora into a panic. “*AAHHHH HERE IT COMES!!! I’LL POP!! I’LL POP I’LL POP I’LL POP!!! FUCKING DO SOMETHING!!!*”

Julie’s hands shook as she navigated the app. There was nothing she could find to stop the process, even as the banner flashed with anger. “*I don’t know what to--*”

“*NNGHHH OH FUCK!! OH FUCK!! THIS IS IT!!!*”

BEEP

BZZZZZZ!!!

“*AAHHHHH!!!!!!*”

The signal of growth made both girls’ hearts skip a beat.

STRRRRRRRRTCH!!

Flora’s breasts marched onward, driven larger and larger despite their limits. “*No more!!! JULIE!!! I CAN’T GROW ANYMORE!!!*” Stifled gasps made her words little more than squeaks. “*STOP!! MAKE...IT STOP!!*”

GUUUUUUUUUURGLE!!!

“*I CAN’T HOLD ANOTHER DROP OF MILK!!!*”

Milk backed up in Flora’s chest to cause intense, sudden bloating and rising veins. Her nipples were unable to release through their overgrown size. They’d become tight and pink, swollen into shiny ridged mounds of extreme size with fleshy bulging appearances.

Julie swallowed, making a choice. “*I-I’m going to turn the phone off!?*”

“*DO IT!!! DO IT DO IT DO IT!!!!*” Flora clenched her hands as everything tightened and trembled on top of her, reluctant to grow any further. “*HURRRRRYYYYYYYYY!!!!!!*”

STRRRRRRRRRRTCH!!!!

GRRRMMMMBLLLL!!!!

Almost protesting the decision, her breasts rumbled like thunder. They were getting rounder and far too pale. Mall light reflected over them like latex.

“*MMMMMMMMM!!!! JULIIIEEE!!!*”

GRRRRMMMMBBLLLL!!!!

Her A-cups had reached their limit.

“*I’M GONNA POP!!! I CAN’T TAKE IT I CAN’T TAKE IIIIT!!!!!!*”

Julie's finger trembled over the power button. "*O-Ok!!! I'm turning it--*"

Julie fell silent, staring at the screen as the sounds of growth ceased.

"*HAAHHH!!! NNNGH!! I-IS IT OFF?!*" Flora didn't dare move. Under so much weight and breasts big enough to overflow her queen-size bed, she wasn't certain she could. "*W-What happened?! Julie?!*"

"It..." Julie paused, waiting for any sign of an approaching growth wave. "It... T-The app closed on its own..."

A notification popped down from the top.

Body Mod has been successfully updated!

Delirious relief washed over her. "Ha... HAHA!! Flora!! I-It started updating!!!" She showed the screen as proof. "*An update forced it to close all of its processes!! Do you know what that means?? We could have turned it off this entire time and been fine!!*"

GUUUUUURGLE!

Flora pursed her lips as her milk settled, churning with a swirling pressure.

"*M-Mmmngh... F-Fantastic... Now--*"

BEEP

"*AHH!!*" The familiar warning tone of incoming growth made her scream in fright. "*OH NO!! OH NO OH NO OH NO!! WHAT WAS THAT?! IS IT STARTING AGAIN?! JULIE TURN IT OFF!! I REALLY CAN'T GET ANY--*"

"Relax! Relaaax!! It's alright! It's... Uh... The app reopened itself with a dialog." Julie read it aloud.

***Incomplete modification session found.
Would you like to resume?***

Flora's eyes turned into saucers. "*NO!!! FUCKING CLICK NO!!!*"



"Hello! Welcome to Fix-It Freddy's! How can I--"

"*We dropped off my son's phone yesterday and never received a call to pick it up and I was told it would only take an hour! This is some of the worst service I have ever--*"

The woman paused, looking the girl behind the counter up and down. She was certain it was the same girl who had helped her previously, but her proportions were far different. A pair of impressive, blush-inducing breasts as large as her head were stretching her polo to the point of indecency. A flash of midriff sat exposed to the world, growing and shrinking with her breaths. Jeans too tight for their own good hugged her lower half.

At her side, the woman's son gawked shamelessly as Flora brought her hands in front of her on the counter, making sure to push her breasts together as she listened.

"*Caleb*," the woman hissed.

Flora gave a gentle smile, seeing the woman's eyes lingering on her body. "Ma'am? You were saying something?"

"This..." Her anger returned after several blinks. "*This is the worst service I have ever received! I demand my son's phone back so I can take it somewhere competent!*"

"Aw, I'm sorry to hear that..." Flora gave a half-hearted frown and pretended to type at the computer. "Looks like we were having some trouble with that particular job... There's a weird note here..."

A girl exited from the backroom carrying a box.

Flora looked up. "Oh, Julie, do you know anything about this phone that was dropped off yesterday?"

She set the box down, revealing her torso. The customer performed a double-take, finding a pair of swollen melons stretching her shirt as well. Confusion fell like a curtain over her face, while Caleb only became happier in his decision to come to the mall.

"Oh..." Julie frowned, leaning forward to the point of her breasts mashing across the counter. "Hmm... I'm sorry Ma'am, but...I'm afraid it's been misplaced."

Her jaw fell open, stunned not only at the obscene cleavage bulging through the girls' unclasped buttons, but by the turn of events. "You...*lost my son's phone?*?"

Julie nodded, standing up with a playful arch in her back. "I'm terribly sorry... These things happen sometimes with our contract IT guys. They bring so much work home that things get lost along the way."

"You...*LOST his phone?!*" Her face was turning redder, while Caleb's was reddening for a different reason.

"We'll be happy to reimburse you the full amount of the phone's worth!" Flora offered with a grin. "But--*Mm!*"

BEEP

BZZZZZ!

STRRRRTCH

Her cheeks turned pink as her polo pulled tighter to the point of its stress creases being forced flat. Firm outlines of cleavage and padded cups pressed through the slightly transparent fabric.

Ding!

A sound like a kitchen timer rang somewhere behind the counter, leaving Flora with a squeak of blissful delight. Caleb's eyes bulged into tiny moons, recognizing the app's sounds immediately. Even worse, he knew he couldn't say anything. Julie caught his gaze and passed a knowing grin.

The woman fumed in raged confusion, certain she'd just seen the infuriating employee's breasts somehow swell larger. *"IS THIS SOME KIND OF A JOKE??"*

"B...But..." Flora squeaked before regaining her composure and finishing, "I am afraid the phone is gone..."

"HOW CAN YOU JUST STAND THERE AND--"

Julie interrupted with a smile, adding, "We'll be sure to let you know if it turns up!"