

April Fool's

Jennifer was jogging on the treadmill, performing her morning routine before class. A quick eight a.m. trip to the gym hardly ever failed to get her mind spinning and clear the cobwebs of sleep. It had been a warm Spring morning walking to the gym, the Spokane sun shining in the sky, but the building's heat hadn't been turned off yet from the chilly winter.

It was making for a bit of an uncomfortable run, and she could feel long beads of sweat running down her neck and chest, her dark hair pulled back in a ponytail hitting her wetly. There was only a few miles left in her run, but Jennifer could feel herself overheating. Reluctantly, she pulled her t-shirt over her head and draped it over the left part of the display.

Her bare stomach and shoulders felt instant relief, but now she felt self-conscious. Running in only a sports bra had never been very enjoyable for her; it often elicited stares from other runners or gym goers. At least she was on a treadmill, not running around outside giving everyone an opportunity to ogle her bosom. It's not that she wasn't proud of her ample E cups, quite the contrary; Jennifer loved the figure her breasts gave her slender form, supple hand-overflowing mounds hanging from her chest. She believed they were her most womanly trait! In fact she sometimes found herself wishing her boobs were a bit bigger. Nothing much, just a few cup sizes, enough to give her a *real* pair of tits. But running there on the treadmill shirtless now, feeling their heavy bouncing weight straining the bright orange spandex of her bra, it was just a little too much advertisement for her liking.

It was a little odd, thinking that the only thing protecting Jennifer from giving every other person in eye shot a full on view of her bare tits, tight pink nipples and all, was this tight fitting sports bra. It was strange how much faith girls put in their clothing sometimes. All too often, Jennifer had seen some poor girl become the victim of a failed piece of clothing, whether it be a poorly-tied swimsuit bottom, or a button up that had been much too small from the start. She could catch glimpses of her cleavage, jiggling just out of focus, and silently hoped that was all she would display.

A cooling droplet of sweat ran from her collarbone and between her breasts, and she felt it like a cool breeze blowing through a canyon. Puffing with effort, Jennifer tried to restrain herself from looking at the mileage on the display in front of her. It always seemed to go faster when she ignored it.

BEEP BEEP BEEP

The treadmill sounded off, quickly coming to a stop. Jennifer leaned forward on the hand rests on each side of her, breathing heavily. *Five miles in forty minutes, not bad...*, she thought. In high school, Jennifer's boobs had been big enough to keep her from performing well enough to join the varsity girls team. That hadn't stopped her from doing her best, though. And even now as a sophomore in college, she strived to push her body. *Who says you can't have a nice rack and run fast?* she thought.

She stepped off, grabbing her shirt and throwing it over her shoulder; it was still too hot to wear it, despite her being bashful. After hitting the water fountain for a solid thirty seconds, Jennifer made her way outside, going back to her dorm. The outside air felt like a cool blanket on her body, and a soft breeze made her skin prickle a little. Glancing down she made sure that her nipples weren't showing themselves off to everyone she passed. There were tiny round shapes around her areolas, but that was it. She spent a few minutes stretching on the concrete stairs before taking a light cool-down jog back home.

Her roommate, Lucy, was up and about their room eating a bowl of cereal in her pajamas, her blonde hair still messy from sleep. Much of the other students in the building were still asleep, blessed with no morning classes. Lucy saw Jennifer come in the door, closing it softly behind her. "Felt like showing off today, I see," Lucy joked, seeing her friend shirtless.

"It's a warm one out there! Funny how sixty degrees can either be hot or cold based on the time on year," Jennifer responded.

"Is it really sixty degrees?? I might have to find my shorts..." She continued munching on her cereal. "You know, I would go around in a sports bra too if I had anything to show off up there. Must be nice." Lucy glanced down at her B cups, braless under her sleepwear.

Jennifer ignored her. "I'm starving. Think I have time for some Marshmallow Mateys before class?"

"For sure!" Lucy said, "But we're out of milk."

"Crap, really, Lucy?? You know I hate it when you do that! Cereal is like my one joy in the morning and--"

"April Fool's! Relax, there's plenty of milk left." Lucy chuckled, slurping at her spoon.

"You suck...!" Jennifer laughed, throwing her dirty socks at her. "Is it really April already?" she asked, pouring herself a bowl. She shivered a little, feeling goosebumps spread over her skin like a draft had invaded the room. Her bra felt tight and askew on her body, and Jennifer found herself wanting to get it off.

"I know, right? Be time for finals before you know it."

Jennifer brought a spoonful of sugary delights and milk to her mouth, chewing it happily. A little dribble of milk escaped from her mouth with the spoon, and dripped onto her chest.

"Ha! Talk about milky tits!" Lucy poked fun at her, "Here, clean yourself up..." She handed Jennifer a napkin, who took it graciously. "That's what you get for having your boobs out like that."

"Gee, thanks! You're such a friend." Jennifer took the cloth and dabbed at the tops of her breasts, feeling their supple round curves press into her fingers. The sports bra looked a bit small on her, a balcony of boob flesh bulging over the tops and sides. They seemed more weighty as she patted them. *That's odd...*, she thought, *I shouldn't get period boobs for another week or so...* Jennifer brushed the thought off, continuing to chow down on her breakfast; class started within an hour and she still had to shower.

Finishing and grabbing a towel, she headed towards the communal showers still clad in her workout clothes. This early, it wasn't hard to find an empty shower stall and as usual, Jennifer had her pick of the litter. She chose the stall far down in the corner. It was slightly larger and meant to be wheelchair accessible, but she hadn't seen a handicap girl in their dorm all year.

She pulled the curtain closed behind her and began undressing, pulling down her jogging shorts first. Soaking wet, Jennifer might have weighed 130 pounds, and she didn't have much curves to speak of aside from her chest. *Maybe that's why I wouldn't mind a few more inches on the twins; make up for lost volume!* she thought, giggling softly. Straightening up, she pulled at the orange spandex holding her chest tight. It gave her a bit more resistance than she was used to as she pulled up, and the band didn't seem to want to stretch fully over her boobs. Jennifer winced as it indented into her mammaries, giving her a quad-boob appearance, before it finally sprang free and her boobs fell against her ribs with soft slaps.

Throwing the bra on top of her shorts, she looked down at herself. "Jeez..." she muttered, "I must be retaining water or something..." Jennifer cupped her tits, feeling their added weight. They looked and felt more massive. "I'm...at least a cup bigger! Maybe even two!" She jiggled them a little, feeling them trying to escape from her thin hands. Apart from the new girth, they felt normal. Her skin did seem a tad taut, but she thought nothing of it. Jennifer had learned from puberty that boobs can sneak up on you; if her body wanted to give her those extra few cups, she was all for it.

Jennifer spent a bit more time soaping up her chest than she was proud to admit. Feeling her new size and weight run over her hands, her skin tight and slippery against her, was like playing with a couple of toys. It brought her back to the days when she would play with her boobs when they had just started coming in. By the time she forced herself out of the shower so she wouldn't be late for class, Jennifer was feeling playful and happy. It was going to be a good day.

Of course her surprise growth meant none of her bras fit regularly. Looking in the mirror at the blue 30E sized bra she had chosen, and the way her boobs were being mashed together and pushed out the top made her huff in frustration. *Looks like a trip to the lingerie store might be in my future...* She grabbed a light-weight sweater from the closet, colored blue to match her bra.

"I didn't know you owned a push-up bra," her roommate chimed in, looking up from her studies.

"Heh, I don't," Jennifer said with an air of pride.

"Seriously?" Lucy asked in disbelief, "I'm over here leading the itty-bitty-titty club, meanwhile you're getting a second puberty? What's your secret? Is it a special body wash?"

"Yea, I'm sure that's it," Jennifer chuckled, grabbing her bag. "I'll see you tonight for dinner?"

"I'll be here."

Jennifer left for her history class. They had a test scheduled for today, and despite the impending doom, she could feel a certain bounce to her step. She knew exactly what it was, of

course, and found herself playing with the effect a little, landing extra firm on each step. Incredibly, even with how large she had been before this unexpected growth spurt, Jennifer could feel a distinct difference in how her boobs reacted to her actions. Her sweater was a tad small for her now, and it looked like she had bought it for the sole purpose of showing off her assets, two rounded blue mounds protruding from her front.

She could feel herself catching a few stares from men as she walked, and it was a little off putting. But still, it was nowhere near as uncomfortable as having to parade around in a sports bra. *You can't stop them from looking all the time...*

Jennifer was about half way to class before she heard a voice call out to her. "Jen! Over here!" She looked around, looking for the source, smiling as she saw her friend, Megan, standing in a group on the steps of the school center. "You hungry?"

Jennifer had never been one to pass up free food, especially as a college student. She picked up her pace a little, skipping up the steps. Noticing the extra bounce in her chest, she soon put a stop to that, seeing a couple pairs of eyes shoot to her front. "What's up?"

"We're giving out free cookies to celebrate the game tonight! Thought you might like some early morning sugar." Megan picked up a platter of frosted sugar cookies from the table behind her, "Take two or three!"

Jennifer eyed them hungrily. "Don't mind if I do...!" she accepted, taking a cookie from the plate and biting into it. She chewed it for a second, smiling at Megan. "Thanks for the cookie, I have a test to get--" Jennifer had started to turn away, but her smile had turned into a pucker, a look of disgust coming over her face. Megan and the group around her started to crack smiles.

"Is this...toothpaste?!" Jennifer exclaimed, dropping the minty-fresh cookie on the ground.

"April Fool's!" Megan and a few other student yelled, the rest of them laughing.

"That's disgusting!" Jennifer grabbed each of her backpack straps at her side and yelled at Megan, who was too busy laughing to feel remorse. "How could you...do that...to..." Jennifer's voice trailed off as she felt her skin prickle. Her bra seemed to be pulling into her, squeezing her tits tightly. Her eyes took what was meant to be a quick glance at her bust, but they instead lingered there, looking at the two rising blue globes under her sweater.

The group around her was still laughing, but one guy saw her breasts seem to shift under Jennifer's sweater. "Woah..." he gaped, his laughter dying off. A few others looked at what had caught his attention, soon the entire group's laughter falling away into silence as they all looked at Jennifer's tits.

She could feel her bra shifting and rubbing against her breasts, as if her chest was trying to escape. The underwire lifted away from her ribs as she felt two curves of flesh push it away from her, underboob peeking out from her undergarment. "W-Wha-" Jennifer tried to speak, but couldn't find any words.

In a matter of seconds, her boobs seemed to push out further and further from her, escaping from every side of her bra cups. Involuntarily, she had begun to lean forward slightly,

their increasing weight pulling her down. Her sweater pulled tight, and wrinkles were forced to form across her front as a clear indent of her bra-indented tits showed through the fabric. Her growth stopped just as the outer curves of her chest pushed into her hands, grasping her backpack straps at her side.

“J-Jennifer, are you...” Megan started to say, but trailed off as if she didn’t know how to finish. She and the rest of the group around her had just witnessed Jennifer’s boobs grow from overflowing F cups to something entirely bigger, each tit slightly smaller than a volleyball and held high by the overflowing bra.

A squeak came out of Jennifer’s mouth before she finally spoke. “I-I need to go! Test!” Before anyone could say a thing about her chest, she turned in place and walked as fast as she could without jogging towards the building. Male and female students alike were doing double takes as they saw her: the girl with two sports ball tits shoved up her sweater. She made for the bathroom as fast as she could. Her chest was bouncing with a weighty heft, and it was all she could do to resist the urge to wrap her arms across her front to steady it. *Act normal, act normal.*

She burst into an empty girl’s bathroom, locking the door behind her. Dropping her backpack on the tiled floor, Jennifer pulled the front of her sweater up, flashing the image of herself in the mirror with a pair of tits more than twice the size she had woken up with this morning. “W-What that *hell?!?*” she screamed aloud in the bathroom, “My tits!”

The cups of her blue bra were indenting into each of her heaving mounds, pulled across her nipples like eye patches. She could feel their weight straining the bra with each breath she took as her lungs tried to lift the weights on her chest, and she started to panic. “What’s going on??”

Jennifer cautiously poked a finger into the side of her right boob, and her chest bounced away, swaying back and forth. “M-Mmm...” she groaned, biting her bottom lip as she felt her nipples rub against her bra. She poked it again, harder, her eyes widening as she watched in the mirror as her breasts slipped free from her bra from her poking and prodding. With a heavy slap they dropped against her, the bottoms reaching to her elbows. Her bra lay limp on top of their slopes.

“I’m *huge!*” Jennifer whispered in awe, gazing at her new body. Even her nipples had changed, her areolas widening and puffing up slightly like platform, raising her pointer-finger-sized nipples out to the world.

CLACK CLACK CLACK

Jennifer jumped, nearly causing herself to fall over from throwing her new balance off. Someone was trying to get in. “Hey open up!” a female voice yelled on the other side.

“O-One minute!” Jennifer cried. *History test; take the test then we can go home.* As much as she wanted to leave right now, that test was the last major portion of her grade before finals, and she needed the points. She pulled her bra down, stretching it as far as possible so it would cradle her tits. It looked like two giant balls of dough had risen out of their bags and were

threatening to overflow her cups at any minute. Her nipples were hidden, but her areolas were clearly visible.

With a whimper, she pulled her sweater down, trying to cover the awkward sight. It hid her peeking areolas, but not her size. Even the bulge where her bra was digging into her was obvious, and the sweater fabric was warped beyond what it was meant to be.

“Hurry up in there!” the voice called again.

Jennifer grabbed her backpack and pressed it to her front; her only shield from prying eyes. Even with it, her boobs could be seen on either side, and if she tried to push them flat, they only seemed even bigger, forcing her sweater to be low-cut and show cleavage. *Get to class, gotta get to class.*

She made for the door, throwing it open and speed walking past the line of students outside. Her chest felt heavy and unsteady behind her backpack, and she tightened her arms across its front, determined to keep them in check. Entering her class and sitting down, she felt them bounce and shift her bra, the cups and band sliding upwards and a mass of underboob forming. Jennifer was panting a little, realizing that she was out of breathe from carrying her growing girth. It felt like a weighted vest had been placed on her, and her back was begging for her to rest them on something. Anything. Luckily, she had sat in the very back of the class, and as best and sneakily as she could, Jennifer rested the front halves of each breast on the desk in front of her. *Ahhh... Relief.*

Except now anyone who happened to look her way would see her resting her swollen knockers on the desk. Already Jennifer could feel herself blushing. She laid her backpack across her front, trying to save any amount of modesty she had left. The class was mostly silent, students nervously looking through their notes one final time. Jennifer shifted in her seat a little, but stopped as she heard a creaking sound come from her bra. It wasn't happy.

“Good morning, everyone,” the professor greeted as she walked in. “Let's put away our things and we can get right to it. You should only have a pencil or pen on your desk.”

Reluctantly, Jennifer put her bag on the ground, exposing her straining sweater, but all eyes were up front by now. The professor started traveling the room, placing a test in front of each anxious student. Jennifer wanted to bounce her leg, but doing so sent quakes through her bust. As the professor came to her, placing a thick packet of paper on her desk, her eyes fell on Jennifer's breasts.

Neither of them said anything. “Hmm...” the teacher hummed silently, as if judging her. The teacher moved on, leaving Jennifer to her work. *Great, my professor thinks I got giant implants or something.*

She brushed it aside, knowing she could worry about it later. Right now her main concern was finishing this test so she could get some place private and figure out why her tits had decided to swell up like balloons.

Ok, ok, question one, Jennifer thought, In what year was Napoleon Bonaparte attacked by a pack of wild rabbits?

She blinked her eyes a few times, even shook her head slightly before reading the question again; it was the same. *What the... Ok, maybe I just missed it in the notes. Question two: The war between the Netherlands and the Isles of Scilly lasted from 1651 to what year?* Jennifer blinked again. *What?!* She had never even heard of 'Scilly'.

She looked around the room. Other students were scratching their heads, and some silent muttering was drifting around the room. "No talking." the professor demanded. Jennifer's heart was throbbing under her swollen tits. *Did I miss a homework handout at some point?*

She looked through the test. At least the majority of it was multiple choice. If luck was on her side, she might still get out of this class with a C. The hour was a painful drawn-out process of taking her best guess at the questions. Most of the other students didn't seem to be faring much better than her.

Time was almost up, and Jennifer had never felt so lost on a test. She was determined to stay after class and ask the professor what she had missed to make so many questions unknown to her. With five minutes left, despair began to set in. Then the teacher stood up.

"Who here is having a difficult time with this exam?" she asked, surveying the room. Everyone's hands shot into the air like fireworks. "That would make sense, considering we never covered any of this."

The room filled with muttering and confused looks. The professor smiled, and turned towards the board behind her, where a projector screen was pulled down displaying the time left. She gave it a yank, and it rolled itself up, revealing "April Fool's" to be written behind it. For a second, no one said a thing, until one student was brave enough. "What??"

"The entire test was a joke! You can all relax!" she said sitting down, laughing now. "The real exam is a five page essay due next Monday. I'll be emailing out the prompt tonight." The room erupted into a mixture of relieved sighs and laughter. A couple students ripped their tests in half.

"*Ahhhh!!*" A high pitch scream rang throughout the room, causing everyone to turn towards Jennifer. "No no no no *no!*" she started chanting.

"Look at her tits!" a girl yelled. Not a single person in the class had to be told to go that.

Jennifer's hand hovered inches in front of her chest, terrified to touch her swelling boobs as they grew and expanded out from her. The entire class watched as she surpassed the size of volleyballs, her sweater becoming semi-transparent from being stretched so tightly over her heaving bosom.

"Now *that's* an April Fool's prank!" someone yelled, clapping.

"I-It's not a prank!" Jennifer cried out, "Please don't look! M-My boobs...something is wrong with them today!" Of course no one could look away from the sight in front of them, and Jennifer could feel herself getting red and hot. *Please no bigger, please no bigger! People are staring!*

"Jennifer, this is not acceptable behavior! Our school dress code clearly states that--" her professor stopped, as an audible groan could be heard coming from Jennifer's front.

Jennifer's breathing became fast and short as she prayed. "No, no please no..." she pleaded to her tits. Inch by inch they swelled out from her chest, obscuring a significant portion of the desk in front of her.

"She's gonna blow!" a guy yelled, "That bra can't take it!"

RIIIP

THWUMP

As Jennifer had feared, her bra finally gave up, tearing down her left side as her breasts won the battle and broke free of their constraints. With a loud pounding sound, her tits landed on her desk unsupported, hard thick nipples poking through the thinning sweater fabric. Each of her mammaries had the volume of a over-inflated basketball, and together they covered half of her desk. She felt a cool breeze on her stomach as her sweater was forced up to contain her new size. *I think they're done... Please be done...*

Jennifer sat there with her mouth open, too stunned to move. Much of the class was in a similar awed situation. She grew beet red, and flung her arms over her mounds, trying to gather them up. Her skin was tight and warm as her arms pressed into them, and she was having a difficult time standing up. Her sense of balance was completely gone, two heavy weights now suspended from her front. With difficulty, trying desperately not to expose herself anymore than she had already, Jennifer grabbed her backpack, holding it under her boobs and against her chest as a makeshift bra, before running as best she could from the room, leaving it in a stunned silence.

It was a labored run back to her dorm, filled with the slack-jawed gasps and awes of passing students. She could feel her broken bra hanging limp on top of her tits under her sweater. Their jiggling was driving her crazy, and with each heavy step her breasts threatening to slip out of her grasp. *I don't know how or why, but the cause is too obvious to ignore at this point; my tits swell if I get pranked!* Jennifer thought, trying hard to find any other reason for her boob troubles. She couldn't. The number one priority in her mind right now was to get somewhere away from people.

Her dorm room was empty, and Jennifer sighed with relief, locking the door behind her. She dropped her backpack, panting from her exhausting run. In front of her, two giant blue slopes cascaded down her sweater. Without her bra keeping them upright, her sweater was having a much easier time containing her size, although it didn't do much to hide it.

Scared to look, Jennifer turned to the mirror, pulling off her sweater. She squeaked a little when she saw what her tits had become. Two enormous melons hung off her body like fruits, each nearly as wide as her own waist. They hung to her bellybutton in two heavy-rounded shapes. Light blue veins were crossing over them like a road map, and her skin felt taut and full.

"My nipples..." she whispered to herself, seeing her once cute points now turned into thick puffy nubs as large as half of her thumb, areolae each like a pink saucer on her front. Jennifer grabbed each of them gently, rolling them in her fingers. "A-A-Ahh!" she gasped

breathily in surprise. Her nipples seemed exceedingly sensitive now, and she felt them thicken a bit more in her hands.

For a split second, she chewed on her lip, contemplating sitting in her bed and exploring them a little more.

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A key was rattling in the door handle. Before Jennifer could react, her roommate opened it and entered, stopping in her tracks when she saw Jennifer bare-chested holding a pair of tits like giant jugs of milk in her hands.

“J-Jennifer... What is going--” Lucy started to ask.

“Lucy you’ve got to help me!” Jennifer lunged at her.

“What happened to you?!”

“I-I don’t know! Something has been going on with my chest!”

“I’ll say! You’re *gigantic*! I thought you were carrying two tan water balloons when I walked in! How did you make them do that?” Lucy looked down at her friend’s boobs cradled in her arms in wonder.

“Nothing!” Lucy looked up at her with a questioning look. Jennifer continued, “Really! All day it seems like if I get pranked for April Fool’s, my tits swell up! I thought they were just a little swollen this morning after you pulled your milk stunt, but then they grew huge later after a toothpaste cookie, and then they just exploded out of my bra in front of the entire class! I think the serious the prank is, the more they grow!”

“...toothpaste cookie?”

“That’s what you got from that?!” Jennifer yelled, walking away from her friend. “Lucy, this is serious! My tits take up my entire chest! I haven’t seen my feet in over an hour!”

“Ok, ok, I get your concern. But you have to admit, this is what you wanted...”

“Excuse me?” Jennifer narrowed her eyes at Lucy.

“Well I don’t mean *this*, obviously,” Lucy corrected, waving her hands at Jennifer’s breasts, “but you have always had a bit of boob greed... You’re not subtle.”

“I have not! I was already big before...whatever this is happened to me!”

“You talk in your sleep.”

Jennifer grew red when she heard that. “I-I do?”

“‘Make me bigger...’, ‘I wish I was a G cup...’, ‘My bra is so tight...’,” Lucy quoted.

“I had no idea...” Jennifer slumped, embarrassed. She hefted each of her tits in her hands, feeling them overflow her palms. “But I didn’t mean this big...”

“I hope not! You look more boob than woman almost! My B cups don’t seem so bad anymore!” Lucy laughed a little, and Jennifer tried to cover her bust, wrapping her arms over her nipples.

“Please just help me...” she whimpered, “My back is killing me and I feel like I can’t leave the dorm.”

Lucy thought for a moment. “Actually, I think leaving the dorm is the perfect thing to do.”

“What?!”

“Think about it! You’ve got these massive knockers bigger than any girl on campus! We should go out to a bar! Guys will be all over you!”

“You know I don’t like people staring at me...”

“Sure, so I guess you just wanted bigger tits so you could play with them in the shower?”

Jennifer didn’t know what to say to that. “I don’t even have anything that will fit these. Even my sports bras wouldn’t fit over me now.”

“So wear some Under Armour. It should give you a bit of support.” Lucy opened Jennifer’s closet and yanked one of her winter-workout shirts from a hanger, throwing it at her.

“I don’t know...” Jennifer said, catching her shirt.

“Look, we can either go out and have dinner like we planned, and you can pass your unbelievably huge tits off as a hilarious April Fool’s joke and we can have fun, or you can spend the night cowering in your room.”

“Can we stay in our room until it’s time for dinner? I don’t trust other students right now. It seems like the bigger the prank, the more I grow. Even your little milk stunt this morning put two cups on me. I don’t want to know what else might happen...”

“That’s fair, we can hide out until tonight... But I’m not going to allow you to let those babies go to waste.”

“Deal.” Jennifer agreed, feeling apprehensive as her breasts wobbled against her toned stomach. “But you can’t let me get pranked again. I’m not sure these could get much bigger...”

As the sky darkened outside of their window, Jennifer was feeling anxious. She had spent the last few hours lying on her bed, gently playing with her boobs as she laid flat on her chest, pushing against her chin. She really couldn’t believe how large she had grown in only a few hours earlier that same day. It seemed impossible, and yet, the two pale fleshy mountains obscuring most of her view proved it to be real. She poked at her skin again, marvelling at how firm it felt. Out of the corner of her eye she caught Lucy glaring at her. It wasn’t the first time she had caught her roommate staring.

“You ready to get going?” Lucy asked, standing up from her desk.

“I think so. Maybe it really won’t be so bad!” Jennifer was starting to gain confidence now. She grabbed the Under Armour shirt, and pulled it over her head. With a grunt, the stretchy material was pulled down over her breasts, and after some re-adjusting, it held her surprisingly well.

“Not half bad!” Lucy said, looking her friend over.

“It looks pretty good, considering!” Jennifer looked at herself in the mirror. The shirt was incredibly tight, but it was because of that that her boobs were supported now, two rounded mounds sitting high on her chest. It had turned the garment into more of a belly shirt, and her

nipples were indenting her front, but she felt well confined in her makeshift sports bra. Grabbing the biggest sweater she owned, Jennifer pulled it on. It had a lot of stretch to it, just enough to cover her chest and belly.

She thought she looked like a world-famous boob model, the way her clothes were accentuating her bosom like two basketballs; it thrilled her, to a point. It wouldn't exactly be the end of the world if she was stuck with them.

"Now *those* are a pair of sweater puppies!" Lucy attested, "Now come on, you're driving."

It took a little convincing for Jennifer to agree to drive, but Lucy insisted on being able to drink tonight. Much to her relief, her car seat slid back just enough so her breasts weren't pressing into the steering wheel. They had gone only a mile down the road, Jennifer just getting comfortable driving with her new assets, when her heart skipped a beat. Red and blue lights were flashing in her rear view mirror; a cop wanted her to pull over.

"What did I do?!" she cried, "I'm wearing a seatbelt, it looks ridiculous, but I'm wearing it! And I wasn't speeding..."

"He probably just wants your number! Or he thinks you're driving with your airbags deployed." Lucy chuckled. "Better pull over."

Jennifer drove to the side of the road. She hadn't even made it out of campus, and now she was watching a young officer get out of his car and approach her. She jumped when he tapped loudly on her window, and she quickly rolled it down.

"License and registration, please," the cop said.

"Y-Yes, Officer..." Jennifer agreed, trying to get to the glove box. Her breasts smashed into the center console as she leaned on them, and for a second she felt like she was leaning on a giant marshmallow. Lucy was snickering above her. "Here you go," Jennifer handed over her information.

He looked it over for a moment. "Do you know why I pulled you over?"

"No..."

"The tags on your plates have expired."

"M-My dad usually handles that! And I haven't gotten anything in the mail...!" Jennifer stammered. She couldn't afford a ticket; her budget was tight for the school year.

"Maybe it's time you start taking on more adult responsibilities."

"I'm sorry, Officer, I really had no idea! How much would the citation be?"

"These tags expired months ago; could easily be two or three hundred dollars. Let me run your info on my computer."

Jennifer felt her face go pale. She couldn't afford that kind of money right now, she would miss rent! *I knew I should have stayed inside tonight, I knew it I knew it!* She looked in her rear view mirror as the cop typed on his laptop, his face emotionless. She gulped as he stepped out of his cruiser.

"Please, I really can't afford a ticket like that..." Jennifer pleaded.

The officer sighed deeply. “I’m sorry, Miss. Can’t have your registration lapse that much.” Her heart sank as he tore a citation from a pad in his hands, handing it back to her with her driver info.

“I-I...” Jennifer felt like she was going to cry. Her spotless driving record was gone, as was two-months-worth of food money.

“Any questions before I send you on your way tonight?” he asked.

Jennifer looked at the ticket in her hands, her head swimming. Then she looked at it again. Nothing was filled out, but scrawled across it in large black marker was ‘April Fool’s!’. Jennifer started to hyperventilate. “N-No... No!”

The cop started laughing outside her window, and Lucy joined in. “This is Tyler! I know him from criminology class! He’s interning at the local police station!” Lucy was cracking up at the prank she had set up. “Your tags are fine! I totally called your bluff!”

“L-Lucy, how could you?! I said no pranks!” Jennifer was livid, and wanted to shout at her friend. “I told you what would happen! What about...a-about...o-ohhh no...” Jennifer felt something stirring inside of her breasts, a deep tingling warmth that filled every inch of them.

“Please, you’re overreacting! How could being pranked ever do something that?! You almost had me going when I walked into our room this morning, but then...” Lucy stopped laughing, looking at her friend, “Hey, Jen, come on, it was just a prank!”

Jennifer’s eyes were wide and staring directly at her chest. She was petrified, too scared to move, and she could already feel it happening. Her sweater shifted across her front slightly, the patterned material warping a little.

“H-Hey, Jennifer?” Lucy asked. The cop outside of her door took a small step back. He could have sworn he just saw Jennifer’s tits move.

“W-Why, Lucy?” Jennifer squeaked. Her breasts began swelling out in all directions, her sweater moving like a living thing was writhing underneath. “S-So fast!” Jennifer gasped, watching as her left breast closed the gap between her and the door, filling it with tightly packed flesh.

Her seat belt snapped against her like a belt as her front expanded outwards, and it began digging into her, morphing her bosom into odd shapes. Her clothes, already at their limit when she initially put them on, were now straining and fighting to contain her massive size.

“Y-You mean this is real?!” Lucy yelled, watching as her roommate grew outwards, now wider than the car seat.

HOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO--...

The three of them jumped as Jennifer’s mammaries grew into the steering wheel, pressing on the horn. It echoed loudly through the campus, and people walking by were turning to look. Jennifer knew she had to think fast, while she could still work the steering wheel, or see the road for that matter. Luckily her arms were underneath her breasts, and could grasp the wheel at five and seven o’clock.

POP!! POP POP!!

Seams were bursting down her sides as the Under Armour fought for its life. She could tell the sweater wasn't far behind, already stress wrinkles pulling across her bust as it rose to block her view of the dashboard.

"Shit!" Lucy swore beside as her growth became dangerously large for her tiny sedan, backing away to the far side of the passenger seat. Jennifer could feel that her growth wasn't over yet, and with the car horn still blaring, she floored the gas, making a U-turn into traffic back towards their dorm.

Tyler the cop stood stupefied on the side of the road. "D-Drive safe..." No one at the police station was going to believe him.

Not a minute later, Jennifer drove into their lot, double parking in two handicap spots. "Open my door!" she commanded. Lucy didn't argue, jumping out of the car and running to the driver's side, yanking the door open. Jennifer felt her left breast relieve some of its pressure, no longer pressing on the door. She tried to slide out, but couldn't, her boobs how large enough that they covered most of her view of the windshield. The horn was still blaring, and students were looking out the window to see what the commotion was about.

"Pull me out! Pull me out!" Jennifer pleaded, flailing her left arm out towards Lucy. She grabbed it and pulled, more stitches popping along Jennifer's clothes from the stress. She prayed she would make it to some place private before it was too late. "Harder, Lucy!" Jennifer felt her pull with all her strength on her arm, and she tried her best to lean out of the door, pushing as best she could on her right breast with her free hand. With a loud grunt, she felt herself slide from the car, the horn finally falling silent.

In an avalanche of stretched fabric and tit flesh, she fell out of the car, landing on her chest like a water bed. "Oooh I'm so big!" Jennifer cried out immediately, "And I'm still growing! I-I have to get inside!"

With all her effort, Jennifer wrapped her arms around the sides of her tits, trying to lift them off the ground, but she just wasn't strong enough. Lucy came to her side, lifting her from the front as a loud tear ripped down the side of Jennifer's sweater, exposing the black spandex beneath. Together they waddled into the dorm, and Jennifer had never been so happy that she lived on the first floor. They passed a few students, rendering them speechless, but before they could reach their room, Jennifer's legs gave out from the weight.

With a heavy moan, Jennifer fell to her knees in the middle of the common area, leaning on her breasts between two couches. "H-How am I so big?!" she wondered, staring wide-eyed at the rising forms in front of her.

A ripping sound filled the room as her sweater finally gave up, splitting completely down her side, revealing her tortured Under Armour. It was torn in several places, including a massive opening across her front where a giant nipple the size of half a water bottle wiggled free. Bulges and curves of white flesh were oozing out of the many tears, threatening to burst the fabric at any second.

“Jen, you’re monstrous!” Lucy yelled, backing up and sitting on a couch. Her friend took up most of the floor in front of her like some kind of erotic coffee table, tits each three feet across resting in front of her like yoga balls.

“I...I think they’re slowing down, though...” Jennifer admitted, exhausted. She was breathing hard; between their added weight and the growth, she was drained of energy.

“Look at you! I think you might have a world record pair of tits!!”

Jennifer craned her neck up, her growth now ending. She could breathe a little easier now, knowing it was finished. “W-Why did you do that?!”

“Honestly I didn’t believe you! I thought you were pulling some prank of your own! But now look, you have the tits you’ve always wanted.”

“I feel like a blimp...! I can’t even stand!” Jennifer surveyed the mounds in front of her, noting the dark blue veins that were visible through the holes. She took a deep breath, and watched as multiple holes spread further, releasing more of her breasts. “I’m lucky I got out of my car in time...”

A couple students were coming out of their rooms to see what all the yelling was about, and Jennifer started to realize that she had a different issue to deal with now. “L-Lucy, help me up! People are starting to stare!”

It was too late, a group of students were forming in the common area, and Lucy was still sitting on the couch. Questions and comments began to rain upon Jennifer: “Jennifer is that you?? What happened to your boobs?!” “Fuck, I’ve never seen a pair of knockers that size. How did she afford implants that big?”, “Her nipple is bigger than one of my breasts alone!”

All around her, eyes ogled and minds judged. “Lucy, what happened to her?” someone asked her roommate.

“Oh, it’s unbelievable! Whenever she--” Lucy started to explain.

“Lucy, NO!” Jennifer yelled. If everyone discovered the cause of her growth she would be in massive trouble. She tried to get up, but her breasts were too heavy, pinning her to the carpet. It was a miracle her shirt had managed to stay on as big as she was, preserving whatever privacy she still had. *About a nipple’s worth...*, she thought.

Lucy looked around at all the phones taking pictures and videos of her engorged roommate. “What’s the matter, Jennifer? You don’t want to be bigger anymore?”

“Please, I-I just want to be alone! Stop looking at me!” Jennifer’s boobs were jiggling, making her shirt groan dangerously as she struggled to get up.

“Oh, but then they would miss the show!”

Jennifer stopped struggling. “What are you talking about?”

“Well, remember how I said earlier that ‘I called your bluff?’”

“Yea...” Jennifer wasn’t sure she liked where this was going.

“I lied. I totally set up that prank so you would grow like this.”

“Y-You don’t mean.... Lucy please! I-If you do th--”

“That’s right! April Fool’s.” Lucy grinned fiendishly, while Jennifer’s face went white.

I grow based on the severity of the prank... And Lucy just pulled the granddaddy of pranks on me. Jennifer thought, her pulse racing. Already she could feel her growth stirring inside her bust.

“Her tits are moving!” someone screamed, pointing at Jennifer.

“L-Lucy, *why?!?*” Jennifer begged, clenching her hands into fists on top of her melons. Already she could feel that she was about to become immense.

“I’m just giving you those few extra cups you wanted! They’re in the somewhere.” Lucy laughed. As much boob greed as Jennifer had, Lucy had been hiding a deep ocean of boob envy. Jennifer realized this all too late.

“I’m gonna grow, I’m gonna grow!” Jennifer started yelling, as if to warn the crowd of students around her. The whole dorm must have gathered by this point.

Her body was too weak to move, and already she could feel her torso rising as her exercise-ball tits ballooned under her. Inches were added every second, and all too quickly her Under Armour was failing her, riding half way up her jugs and tears threatening to reduce it to tatters.

Jennifer felt her massive nipples throb larger and larger, her other nipple now popping free from a newly formed hole. “No more! N-No more!” She winced as a seam burst. Then all at once it fell apart.

RIIIIIIP

A massive tear tore up the front of her shirt as it gave up the ghost. In front of the entire dorm, Jennifer’s massively engorged tits fell free in front of her as if a dam had broken. “*Ah!*” Jennifer squeaked as she felt her skin pull tight as it quickly flowed to its natural shape.

In front of her a pile of flesh sat as wide as the couch Lucy was laughing from. “Look at your nipples!” Lucy cried, “They look bigger than my head!”

Jennifer felt at her limit. And yet her boobs continued to grow, her skin continuing to blow out in front and below her. She was startled as she felt her breast skin rubbing tightly against her tummy as they began to swell under her. “I-I’m being lifted up!” she cried out in despair, as her feet left the ground.

People around the couches began backing up now, fearing for her size. Many seemed nervous, but none left. It was mostly silent, save for Lucy’s hysterical laughter and Jennifer’s heavy panting and nervous groans.

“Looks like those are your new bed now!” Lucy declared, poking her toes into Jennifer’s breast as it swelled into the couch. It shook tightly, large ripples running over her surface.

“D-Don’t touch them! I feel so big, and I really don’t know how much bigger I can get!”

“I’ll say! Look how firm they are! You’re even starting to round out!” Lucy lost herself in another fit of giggles.

Jennifer laid her head on top of her breasts as she gave into their size, panting as her energy was spent. Her tits had swelled out behind her, lifting up her legs and forcing her to lay

flat on top of them as they began growing upwards. “No more... No more...” Jennifer begged, as she watched her breasts lift her higher and higher.

The couches surrounding her all shifted outwards as her breasts expanded into them, filling the common area. Lucy fell over onto her side, clutching her belly as she laughed. Jennifer's bosom shook a little, as her growth slowed to a stop, perching her five feet up on a mountain of tit flesh that surrounded her on every side.

Every motion Jennifer made sent waves through her flesh, her arms and legs flailing weakly around her. “I can't move! How am I supposed to do anything?!” she cried, “I've never been so embarrassed in my life!”

Lucy ignored her plight, turning around on the couch and lying back into Jennifer's canyon-like cleavage as if it were a recliner, still trying to contain herself. She looked around the room at the slack jawed students. “I guess some prone just can't take a joke!”