

It was dark. Suddenly, a single floodlight turned on from above. Allison was standing on a huge stage, unable to see anything in the black distance. She could just barely make out a light up sign with a giant "3" on it, as well as a blinking red light. The faint shine from the screen faintly illuminated a crowd in the distance watching her. Where was she? What the hell did she do last night? She couldn't remember a damn thing. Her confusion distracted her that she was currently in her underwear.

"Uhhhhh...Hello?" She called out.

A voice called out in an excited tone, saying, "Tonight we have Allison Smortypanz, a highschool english teacher. She might be our toughest contestant to crack yet! As always, out contestant's, heh, score is up there, folks." Was this a...gameshow?

"Please spell melons." The voice said again, in a commanding but calm voice.

"Is this a spelling bee? What am I, seven?"

There was an awkward pause, as Allison waited for anything else to happen. Tough crowd.

"Please spell melons." The voice repeated.

"Fine, geez. M-e-l-o-n-s."

"Correct."

"Of course it's correct. I'm not a preschooler." She scoffed.

The sign flicked from 3 to 4, and the crowd cheered as if she had done something actually amazing.

Allison ignored the weird, itching feeling in her chest and the buzzing of an oncoming headache. It was probably just stage fright and the crowd yelling. This whole situation was strange though.

"Next, spell udders."

"U-d-d-e-r-s."

"Correct."

The most easily impressed crowd Allison had ever seen erupted in applause again. The sign changed again from 4 to 6, and finally, she could feel what it was indicating.

Faster than before, her udders grew, pushing out the mint green tank top she slept in. She could feel them fattening up, wobbling just a little bit. Her unremarkable B cups had surged into E cups without her even noticing!

"Holy shit..." She gasped. Allison kissed any thoughts of seeing her feet again goodbye, as her vision was tremendously taken up by her terrific teats.

The light shining down on her, combined with the ooing and aahing of the crowd and the fact that her boobs were now HUGE caused her to sweat, making her stretched thin tanktop cling to her body even more.

Allison moved her hand to wipe at the sweat, unintentionally pawing at her new boobs. With a single squeeze, she felt more pleasure than she had in her entire life. Tens of hundreds of the most hung lovers couldn't compare to the sensations that shot through her entire body from one solitary grope of her mountainous mounds.

Hands flew across her chest, groping herself like mad. The pleasure distracted her from the crowd of people staring at her turning this spelling bee incredibly un-child friendly. They fucking loved it. The crowd was whooping and hollering, egging Allison on to touch herself more.

She was more than happy to oblige, but the crowd quickly died down, and the host cleared his throat.

"Next, spell boulders."

Oh, right. The spelling thing. Allison would much, much rather grope herself, but judging from the reaction of the crowd, and how she grew from getting the answer right, she reasoned it was in her b(r)e(a)st interest to play along.

"Mmm, Boulders? Uhhh, B-O-L-D-E-R-S." As the letters escaped her lips, she realized her mistake. "FUCK, I MEANT THE U."

She expected a howling of boos, but the crowd sounded more ecstatic than they had been before, and she quickly figured out why. The sign flipped from 6 to 12.

Her boobs grew again. The feeling instantly felt better than last time. Her headache grew stronger as the pleasure made her whole body feel like it was about to go blow up. She was rewarded for getting it wrong...?

"Ah ah ah, no take backs, it doesn't work that way, Ally.~" The host teased.

The advancing assault of assets obliterated her tank top, tearing it to tiny shreds. Her boulders bounced free for the whole audience to see. It felt like orgasming a thousand times over.

Ally raised her arms above her head and shook her tits over and over again. They bounced and wobbled from side to side, although they never flew too far as to make them look saggy. They were insanely round and perky, the size and shape of basketballs, like super sized implants.

The crowd loved it. They were wild for her. For a second Ally thought, "What the fuck am I doing?!" but the fog in her head was too much for her to care. Modesty was for flat girls, anyway. If you got it, flaunt it, right? Right.

"Alright, calm down everyone. Next, spell hooters."

Ugh. Why are they trying to ask her questions? They should just be letting her play with her

puppies more!!

"Uhhh, can you...use it in a sentence?" Her voice had a little bit more of lilt than what she was used to.

"Alli has a giant pair of hooters."

The crowd and Alli both giggled at the host's joke. She liked the spotlight, both the one shining on her making her sweat like a super curvy pig, and the fact that everyone was looking at and enjoying her! It was fun when the center of everyone's attention was her boobies!

"Okay, hehe! Hooters," she groped her boobs while she talked, "hooters...W-H-O-T-R-S!"

"I'm very happy to say that's wrong." The host said. Then, the crowd, the sign ticking to 24, and Alli all seemed to be in agreement. They were excited for just how big she'd get next.

Alli's enormous funbags rumbled, like a building volcano. The crowd waited. She waited. She waited too long, in her mind. She started to wiggle her hips, squeezing the sides of her boobs. "Come oooooon!!! I lost, didn't I?!" She whined.

As if in retaliation, her boobs grew so huge and so quickly that bounced and hit her in the face. She didn't mind though. That just meant her boobies were even BIGGER, and that was always a good thing no matter what!!!! She couldn't describe how good, how blissful, it felt to grow, except that she needed MORE of it.

Alli had to start heaving her jugs with both hands, lifting them up. They hid her face this way, but who cared, it was easier to carry and it was like she was presenting them off to be judged! Even when held up so high, the lower slopes of her spherical twins reached her navel.

It took the audience ten entire minutes until they could finally be coralled back into silence so that the host could ask another word.

"Next, spell mountains."

The host had to repeat it a couple of times, Alli was so lost in the world of pleasure that was her bust. Who would wanna like, ignore all that sexy good feels to do stupid vocabularly, anyways? She would have totally tuned out the host if it wasn't for the fact that they helped her chest grow.

"Uhhh, like...M-O-N-T-I-N-S...right? Hehe~"

Before the host could tell her she was wrong, she could already feel her 'mistake.' Her boobs rumbled so powerfully that the entire building shook. The crowd, still excited, scattered to the back, and the host quickly followed them.

Alli's brain was completely gone, melted by the eldritch emotions brought on by HER MASSIVE KNOCKERS.

The sign flipped from 24 to 48. She was brought down to the ground, her bed sized tits becoming too heavy for the bimbo teacher to hold now.

HUGE BOOBS.

48 to 96. The first two rows of chairs were crushed like dust. It made her shotgun orgasm five times.

GINORMOUS FUCKING BREASTS.

96 to 192. The building had to be evacuated, as Alli was quickly outgrowing it.

BIG FUCKABLE MONSTROUS HEAVING SWEATY BIMBO TITS.

The newest episode of the popular game show Vocab Bust cut to its first commercial.

The ratings were going to be huge.