

## Raptured

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Kelly was in the shower when it started. A short, thin blonde, she had just finished high school and was getting ready to go celebrate with her boyfriend. She was a straight-A student; introverted but not stuck-up. The stereotypical girl-next-door with a good head on her shoulders. She was running an internal stick of herself while she shampoo'ed her cute chin length blonde hair. She was cute, she was self-aware enough to know her strengths- she had a very nice symmetrical face with cupid's-bow lips-but she was lacking in some areas. Her blue eyes glanced down at herself with regret- she had not yet developed much curves as she would like. Her mom was statuesque, why wasn't she? "It's not fair." she muttered while soaping the tiny mounds on her chest, "Why won't you grow??" she was proud of her skinny physique but she wanted more. Her internal monologue was interrupted by a quivering feeling behind each of her nipples. "Oh?" she pressed her hands against her breasts, causing them to fully disappear into her chest. Nothing felt different, but then she felt a pulse, as if her breasts were pressing outwards against her hands. "Are...are you trying to grow?" she questioned herself, and her sanity, but was only answered by another pulsing feeling. She released her mounds and stared at them, but saw nothing.

"Whatever." she sighed with a mix of relief and frustration and left the shower to dry off. While toweling she paused and lightly cupped herself again. "Is it my imagination...or do you feel...bigger?" she looked at herself in the mirror and hoisted her small breasts, looking for a difference and turning profile to see if they stuck out any further. It wasn't noticeable...but they felt more substantial than they had in the shower, and while drying them off they seemed to jiggle just a bit. That's when she felt another pulsing sensation and she immediately looked down. "You ARE growing...aren't you?"

She hefted them again in her fingers. There wasn't doubt anymore- they were bigger. She had a sudden flash of trepidation. Clearly this shouldn't be happening...not this quickly? Unsure what to make of it, she decided to continue getting ready, when the pulsing sensation happened again. This time she clamped down on her breasts, not allowing them any room to expand. She felt a weak pressure against her hands for a second or two, which then dissipated and sent a tingle through her whole body. She shivered and felt...weird. She looked at herself again in the mirror. Something seemed off, but she couldn't tell what it was. "What...oh!" yet another pulsing feeling, and she clamped down on her chest again, and again, a weak pressure (or was it stronger?) for a couple seconds, followed by a tingle in her body, but this time she noticed, she had gotten taller!

She took a moment to contemplate her plight. Her breasts were trying to grow, an odd, inhumanely fast pace of surging waves, but they were trying to grow nonetheless. When she denied them their growth it...spread to the rest of her body. A slow smile crept across her face. She wasn't sure what was going on...but she was going to take advantage of it. "Somebody's about to grow up." she stated to her reflection.

Before another growth pulse hit her she quickly put on her smallest bra, a padded bra that would bring her up to an A cup, which she normally didn't fill out anyway, and noticed it was a bit more full. Still not completely, but she definitely took up more space in the cups than she had. "You'll be filling this out soon!" she continued with a button-down silk blouse and a tartan skirt- a more adult version of the schoolgirl uniform she was finally free from; something for her boyfriend to enjoy. She barely showed under the shirt and noticed with some chagrin that she'd never pass for 18, but then her spirits lifted knowing that was about to change. She then got an idea and set up her phone to record herself in the bathroom. "Sean's going to love this." she started doing her makeup, thinking of her boyfriend's possible reactions and deciding to role-play the innocent, secretly waiting for the next event.

As if in response, the pulse went through her breasts again, and she -felt- them move against the padding of the bra cups, shifting and taking up more room inside the cups. She undid a couple buttons and looked down; sure enough, she had almost filled it out! "Oh my gosh!" she couldn't mask a feeling of delight as yet another pulse cruised through her chest and she actually -saw- them grow into the cups, filling them completely. She gave a little shriek and buttoned up her shirt, then clutched her chest as if in an attempt to protect herself from it. "What is happening to me...?" the pulsing feeling was coming consistently now, in slow methodical waves every few seconds. The feeling was quickly becoming intoxicating as her body kept responding to the stimulus.

Her taught AA cup breasts were pressing insistently against her bra and shirt, but the garments were not giving in. The pressure was definitely gaining in force, and she could hear seams creaking with her breath...but still her mounds were suppressed as mounds. She felt the familiar dissipation exactly like when she had been holding herself flat before with her hands. She glanced in the mirror and saw it: she was taller! "What is going on?" she asked her reflection in mock surprise.

Her body seemed to tremble and grow a bit more in response, she was close to 5'4" now. The pressure in her bra and shirt was increasing, and the creaking was louder and more frequent. She gasped with realization. "Oh my gosh...I'm growing out of my clothes!" she exclaimed with a mixture of excitement and horror. She -should- be terrified, this wasn't natural! But...it felt good...and the results were appealing, so far. She grew a bit more, untucking her shirt from her skirt, and noticed she was getting leggy, and her hips had actually widened, ever so slightly, turning her skirt into something more alluring and flirty as a pert behind began to stick out into it as well. She was slowly morphing from the girl-next-door into the high-school hottie, despite even her current cup size.

"Unh..." she grunted as she continued to grow, reaching 5'5". Everything was getting longer, and her ribcage and shoulders were starting to fight against her bra and top.

"I have to...resist...MMH...oh...UHN...AAAH!" she pretended to fight the changes and tried holding back the pressure she felt building up in her. It was indescribable but she managed to hold herself in check for a moment... but then lost her grip on it, and was repaid for her efforts with the pulsing becoming more constant as she steadily ascended to 5'7". She was looking

like a model who had dressed up in her little sisters clothes as a joke. They kind of fit due to her slender build...but not really.

Her shirt was now exposing her belly button, out of slack and though she wasn't busty by any stretch of the imagination...yet...she was definitely showing a bit of curve up top as a result. Her buttons pulled at their holes, exposing gaps where she could see her still tiny breasts begging for more space. The bra strap adjusters got jerked down as far as they could go. Her shoulders started winning the fight as the seam down her back began to fail, ripping down past her bra hook, which was bending out of shape. She admired her reflection, loving the changes and wanting more. She decided to play this out as long as she could.

She could feel the edges of her breasts starting to finally peek around the small padded cups. Through the strained opening between her buttons she saw the telltale bulge over the top of the cups. She grabbed her breasts, trying to press them flat but not completely succeeding like she used to. "Ssstop ...growing....OH!!" she shouted. She was answered by her top button pinging off as she reached 5'8". She kept her grip on her chest, though, determined now. "I...I won't let them- EEK!" she was interrupted by her left strap failing under her shirt with a loud snapping sound, followed quickly by the left. She could feel the solitary hook on her back strap starting to fail.

She bit her lip, staring at herself in the mirror with a mixture of desire and determination, and doubled down on her chest. "I...I can't keep them small...much...longerrrr...." her whole body seemed to vibrate in response to her words, the verbal admission that she was fighting a losing battle. A loud sexual moan escaped her lips and she gasped and clamped her mouth shut, shaking her head slowly from side to side. She noticed her hair was growing well past her shoulders now, and looking down at her hands still firmly on her breasts, her nails were longer as well. A climax was building between her legs, one she couldn't suppress. She began moaning quietly as she exhaled through her nose, but it was getting louder against her will. She was soon 5'9" and her skirt was looking more fit for a stripper, now also taught across slender but curvy hips. Another button came off the front of her shirt, followed by more ripping of the back seam. The pressure inside her breasts was palpable, they wanted to be huge and resented their confinement. She could feel their weight gradually increasing despite her best efforts.

"mmm...mmhmm....mmm! MmmMMMAAH! AHA! AAAH!" she was losing control completely as her moans forced her mouth open. Her hands flew to her mouth to keep it shut. In that same instant she shot up yet one more inch to 5'10", popping off the next two buttons on her shirt and exposing a very confined pair of breasts in what would look to an outsider as if she were wearing a training bra on a bet. Her breasts, released by her hands, immediately spread out laterally around the tiny cups, meeting above her sternum in a bit of forced cleavage she never had, or felt before, causing another loud gasp. Her bra hook creaked ominously as she returned her hands to their position, but she knew with her breasts expanded baseline there was no holding them back anymore, so instead of clamping down on them, she cupped them gently and let them push outwards, feeling them growing and overtaking the puny bra. The hook pulled halfway out of its place and her breasts surged outward now, their soft bulges were outgrowing the garment in every direction.

The hook finally broke free of its stitching as she climaxed and G cup breasts lurched out into her shirt, causing all but the bottom two buttons to rip off and creating a long line of tight cleavage. She stumbled forward into the bathroom counter to get her bearings. She pulled her destroyed bra out from under her skin-tight shirt and looked at her reflection, still breathing heavily. She unbuttoned the last defiant button and gently fondled her new assets, starting in amazement at her transformation. She still looked like her...if she had drawn herself as a hot anime girl! Her face was mostly the same, but her body was unreal: long lines, slim waist (in fact, the same as before it all started), modest hips, cute butt, and an amazing rack. She realized she was still recording and flashed a dazzling smile while she tied a knot with her shirt, turning it into a halter squeezing her now huge breasts together and recreating the cleavage she just attained, then as a last minute thought she pulled her now mid-back length blonde hair into two loose ponytails, and her image of a fantasy school girl was complete. She turned off her phone recording and snapped a couple selfies before texting Sean to ask when he was going to pick her up. It was time to go meet her boyfriend.