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grow

comics

Chapter 3: **Regaining Control**

H2grow

H2grow

THE SWIMMING POOL OF MEYERS UNIVERSITY HAS JUST BEEN THE SCENE OF AN UNPRECEDENTED EVENT: THE BREASTS OF SIX COLLEGE WOMEN HAVE MYSTERIOUSLY GROWN TO HUGE, EVEN RIDICULOUS PROPORTIONS IN MINUTES.

HANNA, THE ONE GIRL WHOSE BREASTS WERE UNAFFECTED, AND PETER, THE POOL MAINTENANCE PERSON, HAVE BEEN LOCKED IN THE STORAGE CLOSET, UNDER THE ORDERS OF BIRGET, THE SWIM TEAM CAPTAIN. NOW THE REST OF SWIM TEAM FIDGETS, AS THEY DECIDE WHAT TO DO NEXT.

I JUST WANT TO GO.

GO?! LOOKING LIKE THIS? LOOK, DESIREE. WE HAVE TO FIGURE OUT WHAT IS GOING ON HERE. IF NOT, WE'LL LEAVE TONIGHT, WHEN IT'S DARK.





OK, EVERYONE FAN OUT
AND LOOK AROUND.

WHAT ARE WE LOOKING FOR?

I... DON'T KNOW.



OH, JEEZ, BIRGIE!
I DON'T HAVE TO 'GO'!
I HAVE TO..!

BIRGET STARES AT REBECCA, INCREDUOUSLY.

GOD... WHY AM I SO HORNY?
THESE TITS ARE JUST ACHING
FOR SOME ACTION!

UM...
BIRGET?
I NEED TO
VISIT THE
LADIES ROOM.

HOLD IT! LOOK
AROUND FIRST.

SHE CALLED ME, *BIRGIE*.
AND WHAT THE FUCK
IS SHE DOING? SHE'S
SQUIRMING LIKE A HORNY...

BIRG...

YOU TOO, ELLEMA? WHAT'S WITH THE SHORTENED NAMES? THESE GUYS KNOW I HATE THAT!

...UM... DON'T YOU FEEL IT? WE DO!

ACTUALLY... I DO. BUT I'VE BEEN TRYING TO IGNORE IT.

LOOK AT DAKOTA!

DAKOTA IS IN THE CORNER, EYES CLOSED, HANDS RUBBING AND CARESSING HER GARGANTUAN BREASTS, MOANING SOFTLY.

OK... EVERYONE
- EXCEPT DAKOTA -
START LOOKING AROUND!
NOW!

I DON'T EVEN THINK DAK
HEARD YOU, BIRG.

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PETER LOOKS AT THE GIRL AT THE OPPOSITE END OF THE CLOSET. SHE IS OBVIOUSLY WITHDRAWN.



HE JUST MEANT TO HAVE A LITTLE FUN. FROM WHAT HE READ, ALL THE EFFECTS ARE NOT PERMANENT. IN FACT, THEY SHOULD WEAR OFF BY TONIGHT.



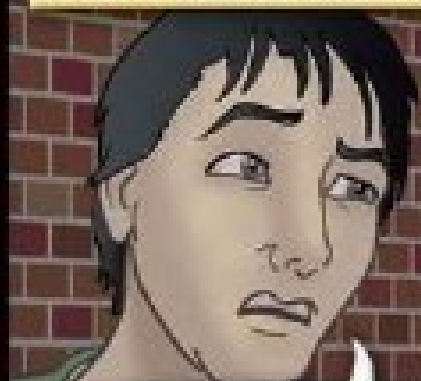
BUT WHAT HAPPENED OUT THERE WAS NOT WHAT HE PLANNED, ESPECIALLY TO THIS GIRL – WHAT DID THEY CALL HER? HANNA? SHE WAS ALWAYS THE ONE HE HAD AN EYE ON WHEN HE'D COME TO CLEAN THE POOLS.



AND NOW ALL HE DID WAS GET HIMSELF CAUGHT, SCREW UP THE FORMULA (ALTHOUGH, THAT WAS FUCKING HOT), AND HURT THIS GIRL.



HE HAD TO SAY SOMETHING...



GEEZ... SHE'S A BITCH!

LIKE A DEFLATING BALLOON, HANNA'S HOLD ON HERSELF EASES. SHE SMILES, FINALLY ACKNOWLEDGING PETER WITH HER GRIN, IF NOT WITH HER EYES.



ICE BROKEN!

WHAT'S SO FUNNY?

THAT'S WHAT WE CALL HER BEHIND HER BACK... "BITCHY BIRGET". WELL... AT LEAST DAK, WINI AND I DO. DEFINITELY NOT REBECCA. SHE'S BIRGET'S FUCKING LACKEY!



THE FLURRY OF NAMES INITIALLY CONFUSES PETER. BUT WITH THE EARLIER EXCHANGE OF WORDS BETWEEN THE GIRLS, HE CAN AT LEAST GIVE IT A GOOD GUESS WHICH MONICKER BELONGED WITH WHICH CHEST... ER, FACE.



BITCHY BIRGET. IT'S GOT A CERTAIN RING TO IT

AND A CERTAIN TRUTH!



YEAH... NO KIDDING.

WINI... THE "SMALLEST". DAK IS THE ENORMOUS ONE. REBECCA MUST BE THE ORIENTAL GIRL.



I'M HANNA. AND SHOULD I CALL YOU? "OGLER?"

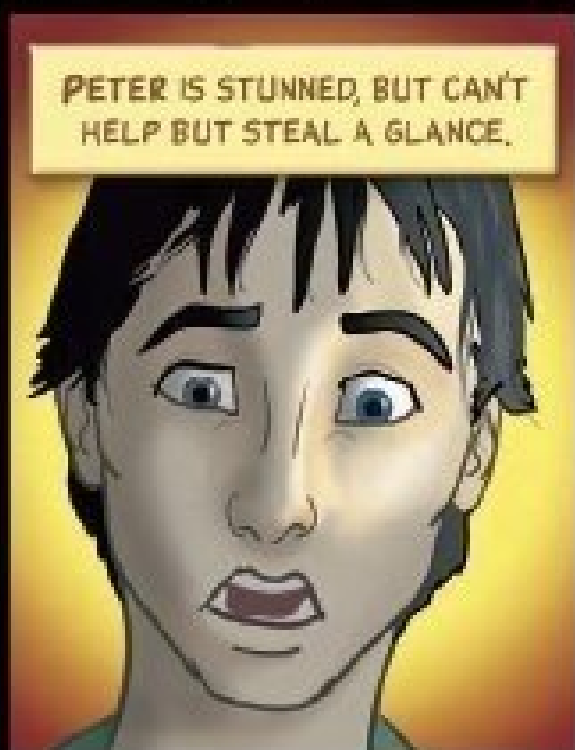
OH! UMM... HEH HEH... YEAHHH... PETER.



HMM... I DON'T KNOWWW...



SITTING UP STRAIGHT, HANNA STRIKES THE POSE SHE DID EARLIER - ARCHING HER BACK, AND THRUSTING OUT HER CHEST.



PETER IS STUNNED, BUT CAN'T HELP BUT STEAL A GLANCE.

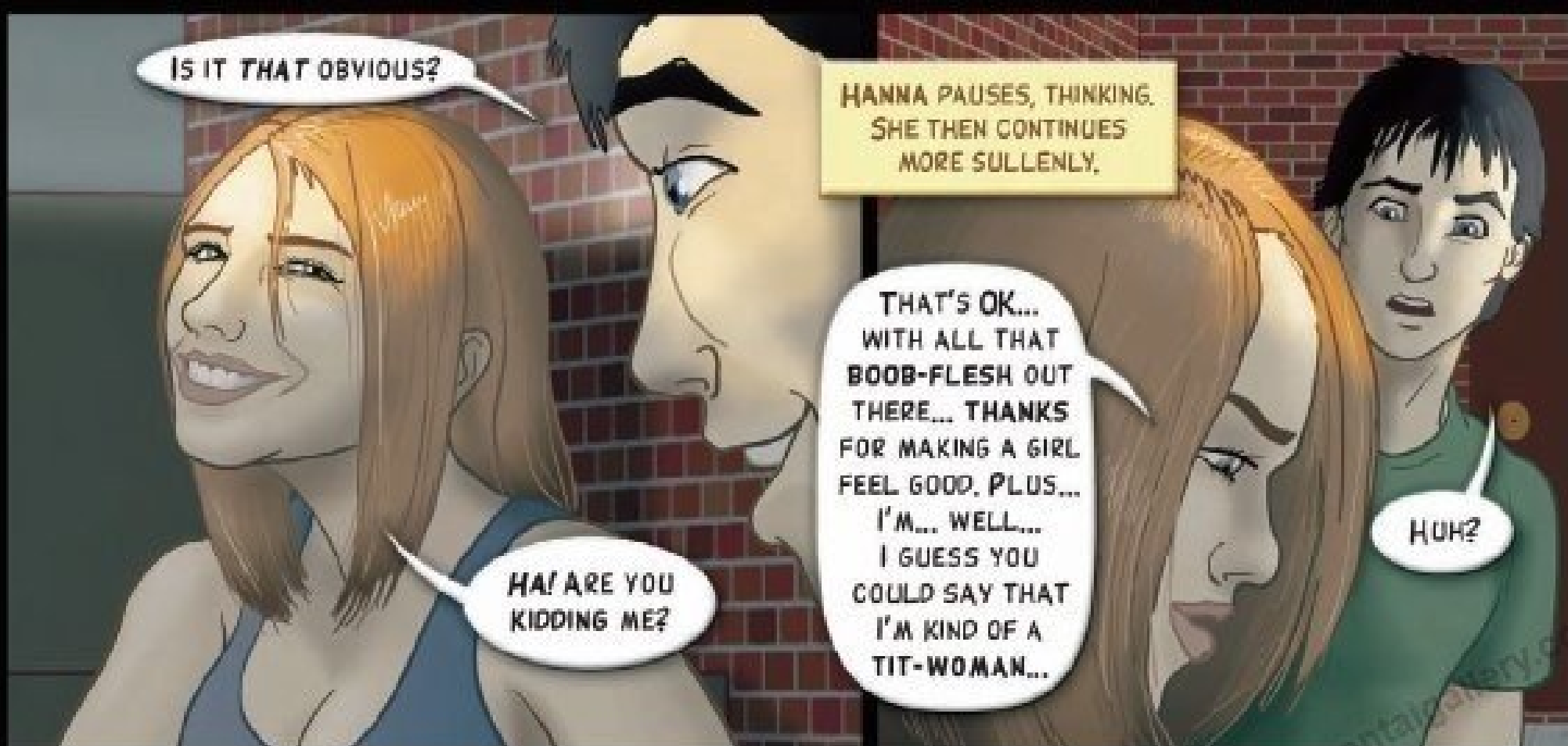


I THINK I WILL CALL YOU OGLER!

PETER IS A BIT EMBARRASSED.

OOPS...HEH, HEH... SORRY, I AM A BIT OF A... UHHH...

A "TIT-MAN" ?!



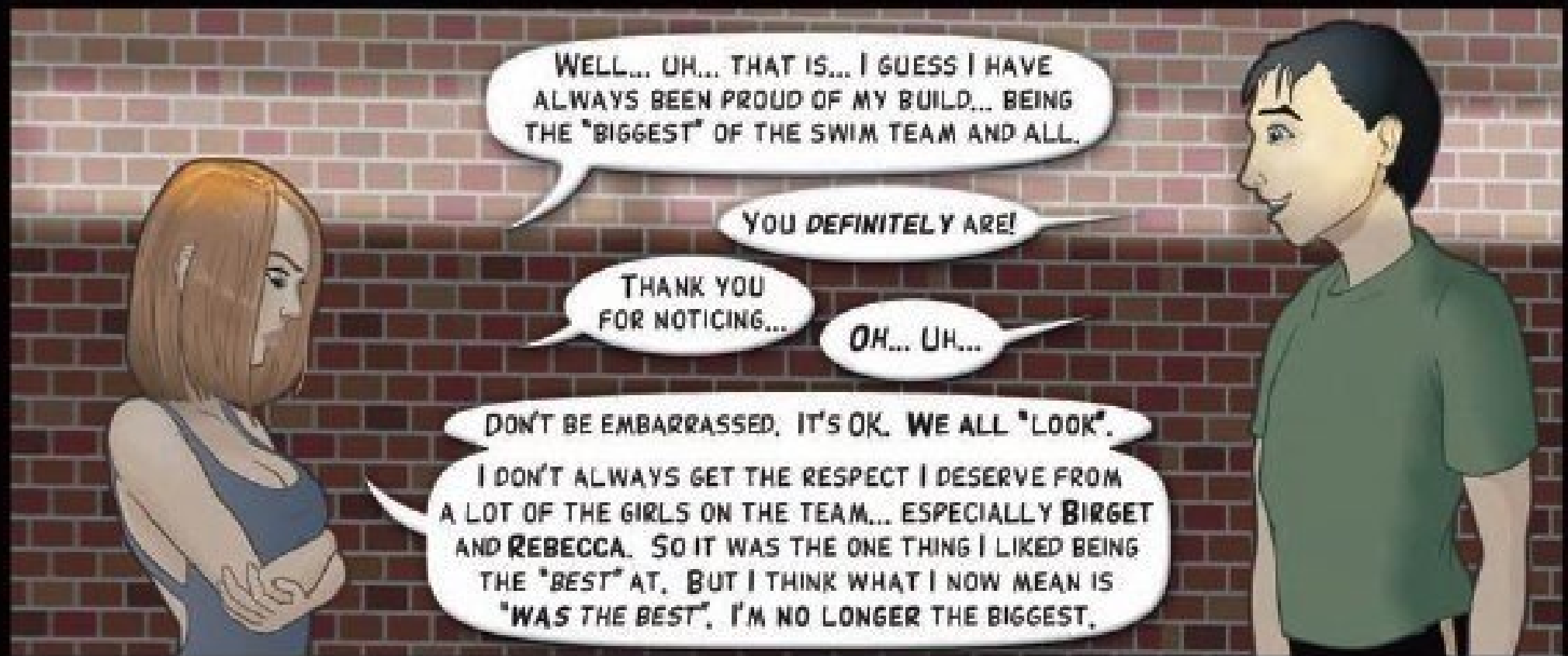
IS IT THAT OBVIOUS?

HANNA PAUSES, THINKING. SHE THEN CONTINUES MORE SULLENLY.

THAT'S OK... WITH ALL THAT BOOB-FLESH OUT THERE... THANKS FOR MAKING A GIRL FEEL GOOD. PLUS... I'M... WELL... I GUESS YOU COULD SAY THAT I'M KIND OF A TIT-WOMAN...

HA! ARE YOU KIDDING ME?

HUH?



WELL... UH... THAT IS... I GUESS I HAVE ALWAYS BEEN PROUD OF MY BUILD... BEING THE "BIGGEST" OF THE SWIM TEAM AND ALL.

YOU DEFINITELY ARE!

THANK YOU FOR NOTICING...

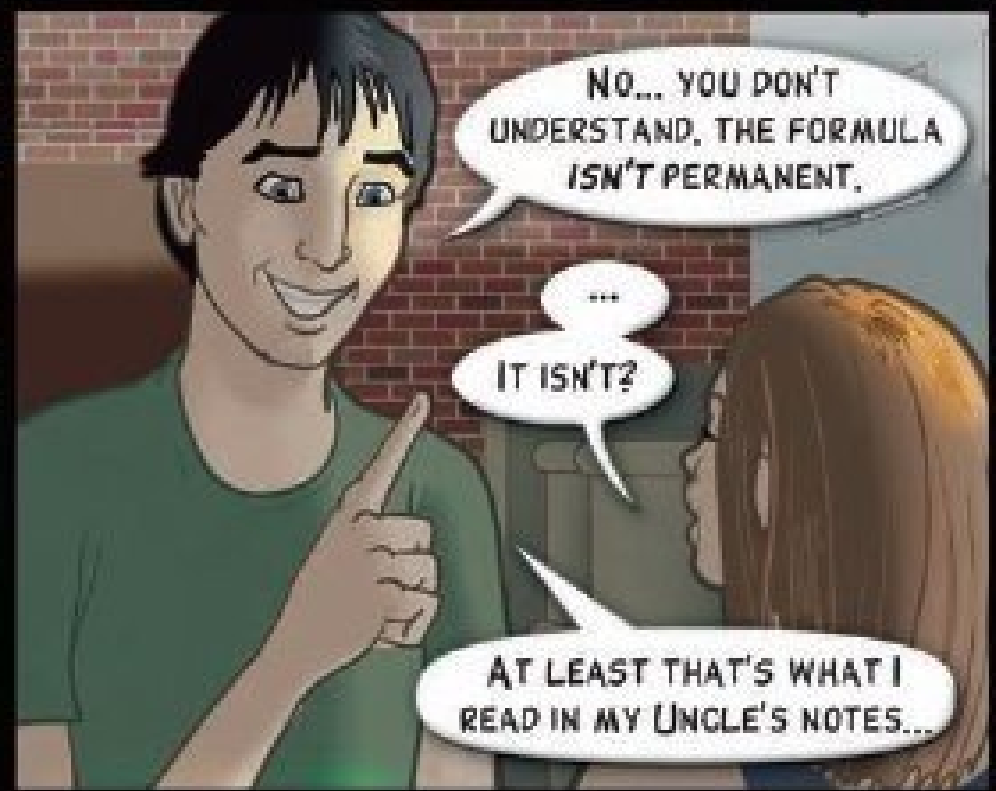
OH... UH...

DON'T BE EMBARRASSED. IT'S OK. WE ALL "LOOK". I DON'T ALWAYS GET THE RESPECT I DESERVE FROM A LOT OF THE GIRLS ON THE TEAM... ESPECIALLY **BIRGET** AND **REBECCA**. SO IT WAS THE ONE THING I LIKED BEING THE "BEST" AT. BUT I THINK WHAT I NOW MEAN IS "WAS THE BEST". I'M NO LONGER THE BIGGEST.



DON'T WORRY, HANNA! YOU WILL BE AGAIN!

WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT? DIDN'T YOU SEE THEM OUT THERE? GOD... I ACTUALLY WANTED TO TEST THE POOL WATER!



NO... YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND. THE FORMULA ISN'T PERMANENT.

...

IT ISN'T?

AT LEAST THAT'S WHAT I READ IN MY UNCLE'S NOTES...

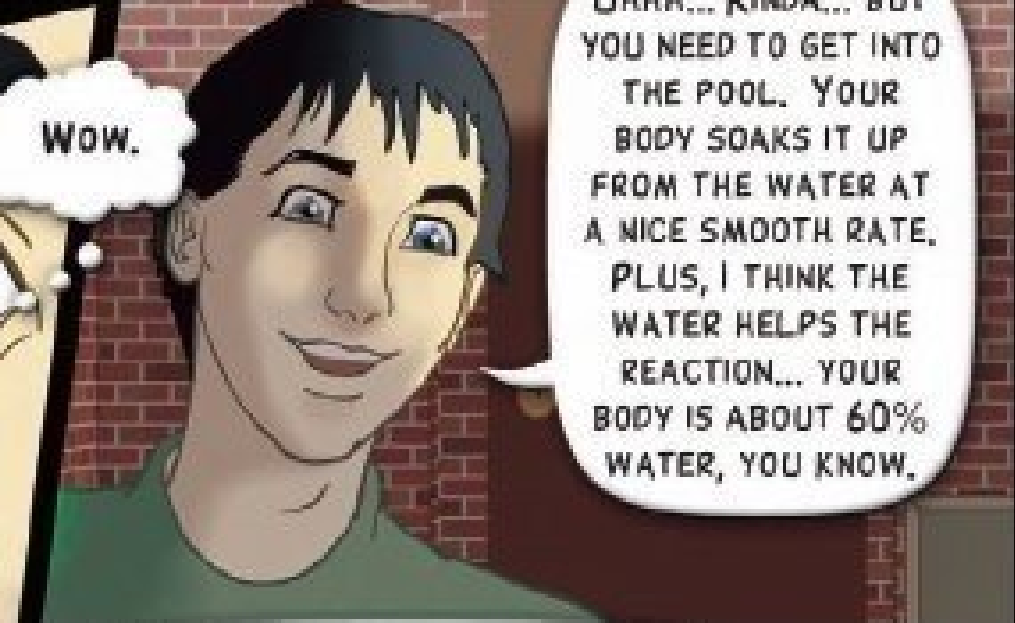
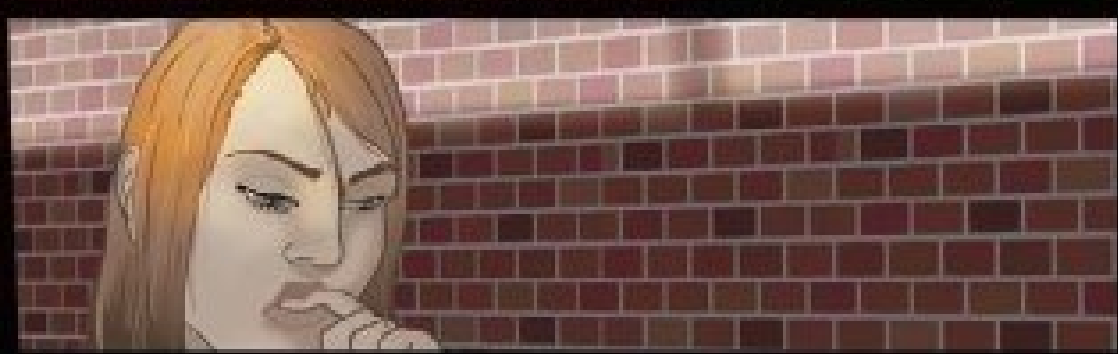


YOUR UNCLE'S NOTES... SO... YOU ARE RESPONSIBLE FOR THIS!



YEAH, I ...

OH SHIT. WHAT THE HELL DID I JUST SAY?





THE ONLY OTHER FORMULA I HAVE IS THIS.

WHAT IS THAT?

SOMETHING MY UNCLE'S
DATE TOOK LAST NIGHT... MADE
HER GROW FROM 5' SOMETHING
TO OVER 6 FEET!

HEH... I COULD USE SOME OF THAT.
I'D MAKE BIRGET THINK TWICE ABOUT
TALKING DOWN TO ME AGAIN!



WE GOTTA' GET YOU
INTO THAT POOL!

YOU'RE SERIOUS?

SURE!



YOU DO THAT,
AND YOU GOT A DATE
THIS WEEKEND.

UHH... WOW...
YEAH! OK.

YES! YES! YES!



BUT HOW ARE WE
GOING TO DO THAT?

YOU KNOW, OLD HOLLYWOOD-TYPE STUFF.
I DISTRACT THEM, AND YOU SNEAK INTO THE
POOL WHEN THEY ARE NOT LOOKING.



WELL... LESSEE...
I CAN GO UP TO THE
DOOR AND...

YEAH... RIGHT. HOW ARE YOU GOING
TO GET THEM TO OPEN THE DOOR?

THE DOOR SUDDENLY OPENS.
THE GIRLS ARE THERE, ANGRY.

IN A SPLIT SECOND, PETER IS DRAGGED OUT OF THE STORAGE
CLOSET FORCEFULLY – FIVE GIRLS GRABBING AND PULLING HIM.

YOU !

YEAH... UM....
KINDA' LIKE THAT.

YOU ARE THE ONE
WHO DID THIS!

YET ANOTHER THING
UNPLANNED.

LOOKIE WHAT WE FOUND. YOUR **GODDAMN
DIRECTIONS!** CHLORINE, MY ASS !

HEY.. WHAT DO
YOU KNOW...

I KNOW YOU ARE OUT
OF A POOL JOB!

A POOL JOB FOR
A BOOB JOB.

I DON'T BELIEVE IT!

THAT'S IT... EVERYONE'S EYES ARE ON ME.
NOW'S YOUR CHANCE HANNA. GO! GO!

YOU CALL THAT A "BOOB JOB" ?!

WITH ALL THE COMMOTION,
HANNA SNEAKS AWAY TO THE
REAR OF THE POOL UNNOTICED.

GOD DAMN ! NO MATTER HOW MANY
TIMES I SEE HER, I'M BLOWN AWAY!

OK, PETER. FOCUS. YOU'VE GOT A DATE THIS WEEKEND WITH HANNA IF YOU GET HER INTO THE POOL.

PETER PRETENDS TO STRUGGLE A BIT. HE DOESN'T WANT TO GET AWAY (WHO WOULD?) BUT WANTS TO MAKE SURE NO ONE NOTICES HANNA SNEAKING AROUND THE POOL. THE GIRLS HANG TOUGH, TRYING TO MAKE SURE THEIR CATCH DOESN'T ESCAPE.

IN THE MOCK STRUGGLE, PETER LIGHTLY ELBOWS DESIREE IN THE BOOB. SHE LETS OUT A MOAN. PETER NOTES THAT IT WAS NOT A MOAN OF PAIN.

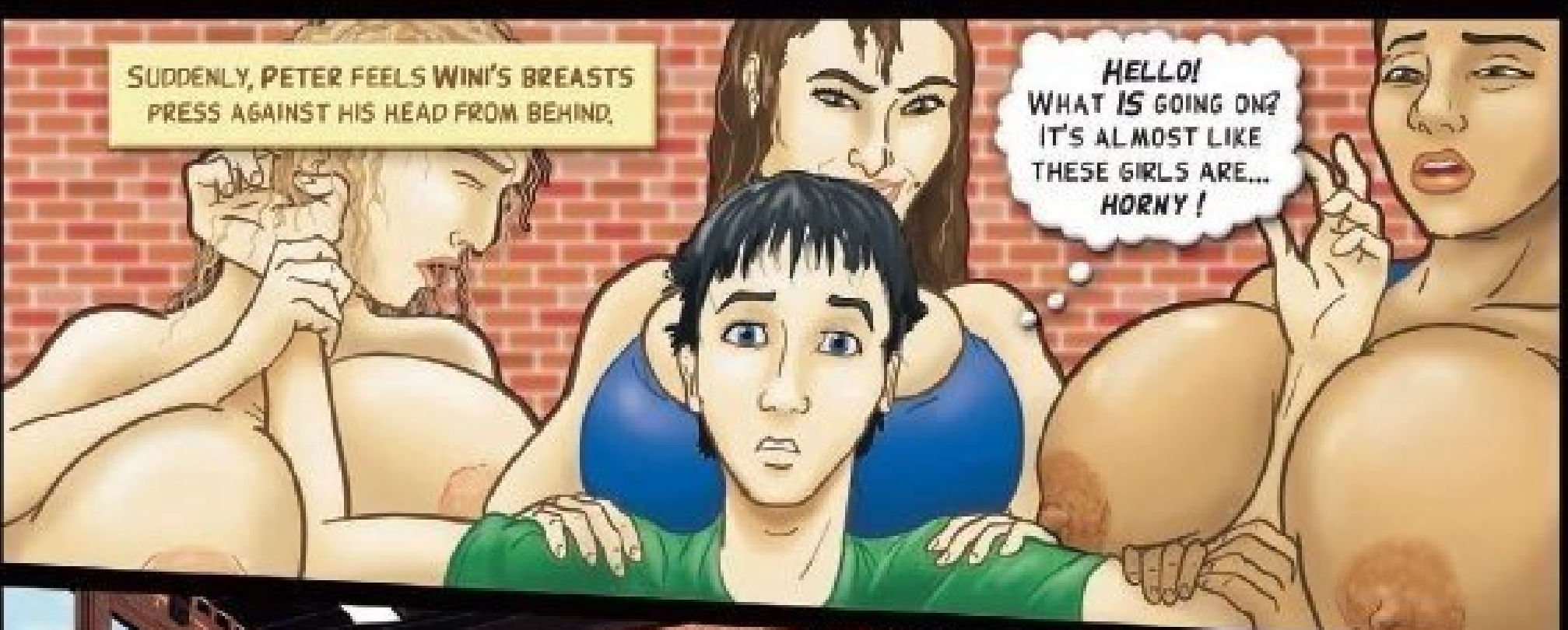
THINGS ARE NOT QUITE AS THEY SEEM TO BE.

HE SEES REBECCA STARING AT BIRGET'S BREASTS.

IS SHE RUBBING MY FOREARM UP AND DOWN IN HER CLEAVAGE?

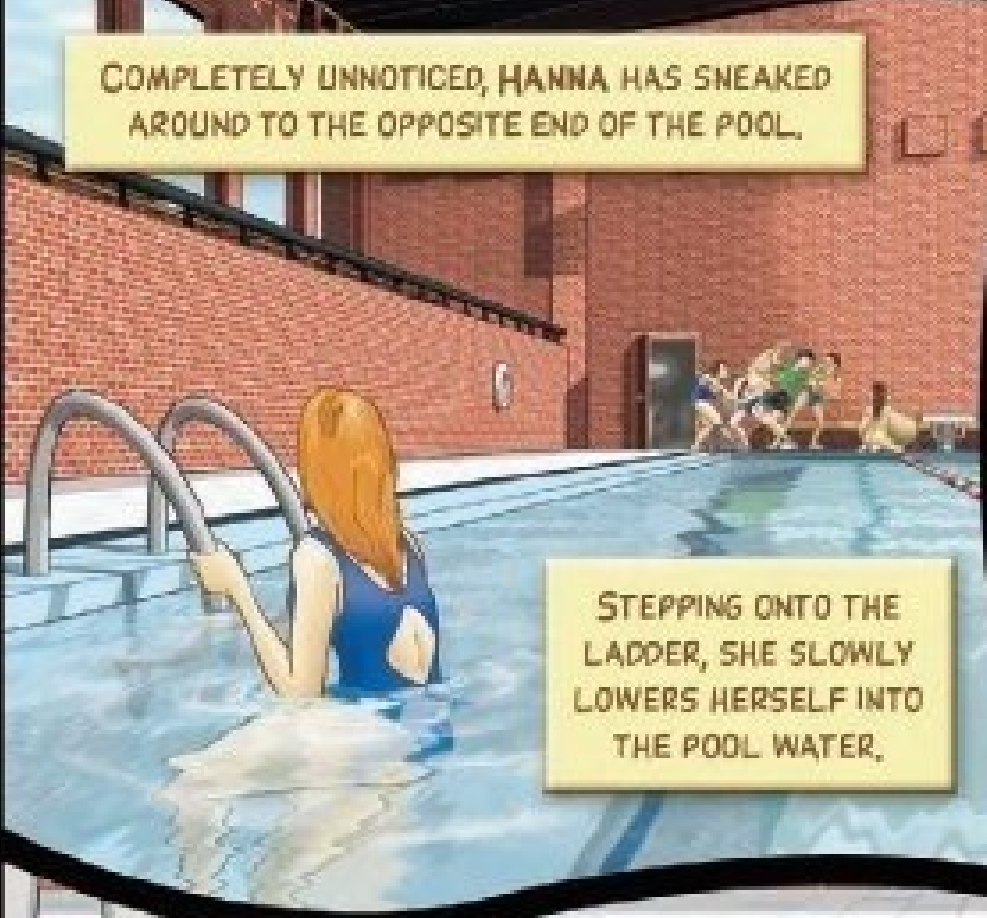
THEN HE NOTICES THE GIGANTICALLY ENDOWED DAKOTA IS SQUIRMING.

ELLEMA IS HOLDING HIS OTHER ARM TIGHTLY BETWEEN HER JUGGS.



SUDDENLY, PETER FEELS WINI'S BREASTS PRESS AGAINST HIS HEAD FROM BEHIND.

HELLO!
WHAT IS GOING ON?
IT'S ALMOST LIKE
THESE GIRLS ARE...
HORNY!



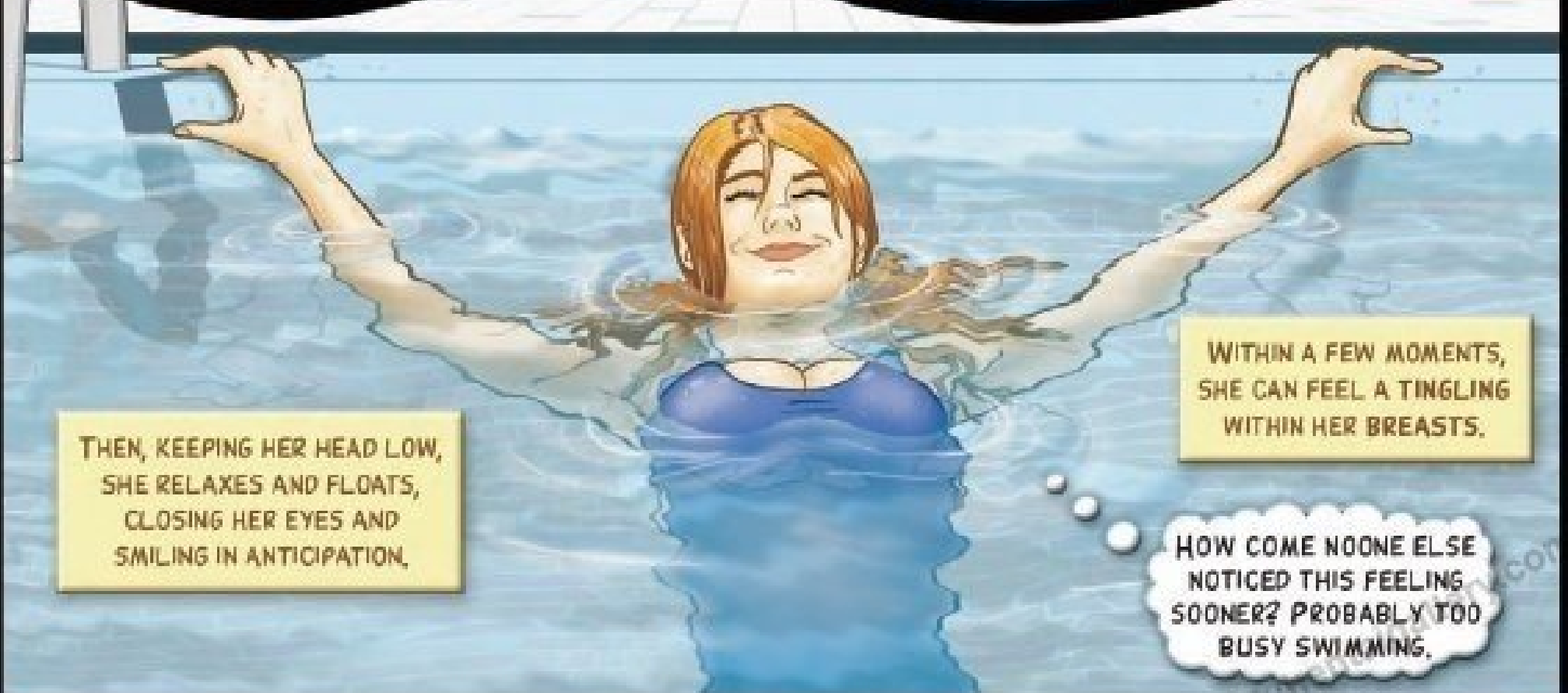
COMPLETELY UNNOTICED, HANNA HAS SNEAKED AROUND TO THE OPPOSITE END OF THE POOL.



SHE MAKES SURE SHE IS AGAINST THE WALL, SO THAT VIEW OF HER IS MOSTLY BLOCKED.



STEPPING ONTO THE LADDER, SHE SLOWLY LOWERS HERSELF INTO THE POOL WATER.



THEN, KEEPING HER HEAD LOW, SHE RELAXES AND FLOATS, CLOSING HER EYES AND SMILING IN ANTICIPATION.

WITHIN A FEW MOMENTS, SHE CAN FEEL A TINGLING WITHIN HER BREASTS.

HOW COME NOONE ELSE NOTICED THIS FEELING SOONER? PROBABLY TOO BUSY SWIMMING.



GET HIM ON THE GROUND.

IN A QUICK MOTION, **BIRGET** TRIPS **PETER**, AND THE GIRLS HOLDING HIM GO DOWN ON TOP OF HIM. THE SURPRISING ACTION, WHILE A LITTLE ROUGH, TURNED OUT TO BE **NOT SO UNPLEASANT**.

AGAIN... NOT PLANNED. BUT I'M NOT COMPLAINING THIS TIME!



THE GIRLS QUICKLY REPOSITION THEMSELVES FOR BETTER LEVERAGE ON THEIR PRONE CAPTIVE. **DESIREE** AND **ELLEMA** PIN **PETER'S** ARMS, WHILE **WINI** SECURES HIS LEGS.

KEEP HIM FROM STRUGGLING. **DESIREE!** SIT ON HIM!

OOF!



HELLO!



OH MY... NO WAY! THESE GIRLS AREN'T GOING TO... "DO" ME? ARE THEY??!!



HANNA LEANS AGAINST THE POOL WALL, TRYING TO USE IT TO SHIELD HER FROM THE REST OF THE GIRLS.

SNEAKING A PEAK TO MAKE SURE SHE WASN'T DISCOVERED, HER EYES CLOSE AGAIN AS SHE FEELS THE TINGLING IN HER BREASTS INTENSIFY.

THEN IT HAPPENS, A NEW FEELING...

SWELLING. BLOATING. PUSHING. IT IS HARD TO DESCRIBE. BUT HANNA KNOWS HER BREASTS ARE STARTING TO GROW.

THE PRESSURE ACROSS HER CHEST IS UNMISTAKABLE.

I'D BETTER TAKE THIS SWIMSUIT OFF... IT'S GETTING TIGHT...

HANNA SUBMERGES TO HIDE HER STRUGGLES TO REMOVE THE TOP OF HER BATHING SUIT.

THE SUDDEN LOSS OF ROOM WITHIN THE SUIT IS MAKING IT DIFFICULT TO GET IT OFF.

THAT DIFFICULTY
CAUSES HANNA'S
HAND TO SLIP
UNDER HER
SHOULDER STRAP.

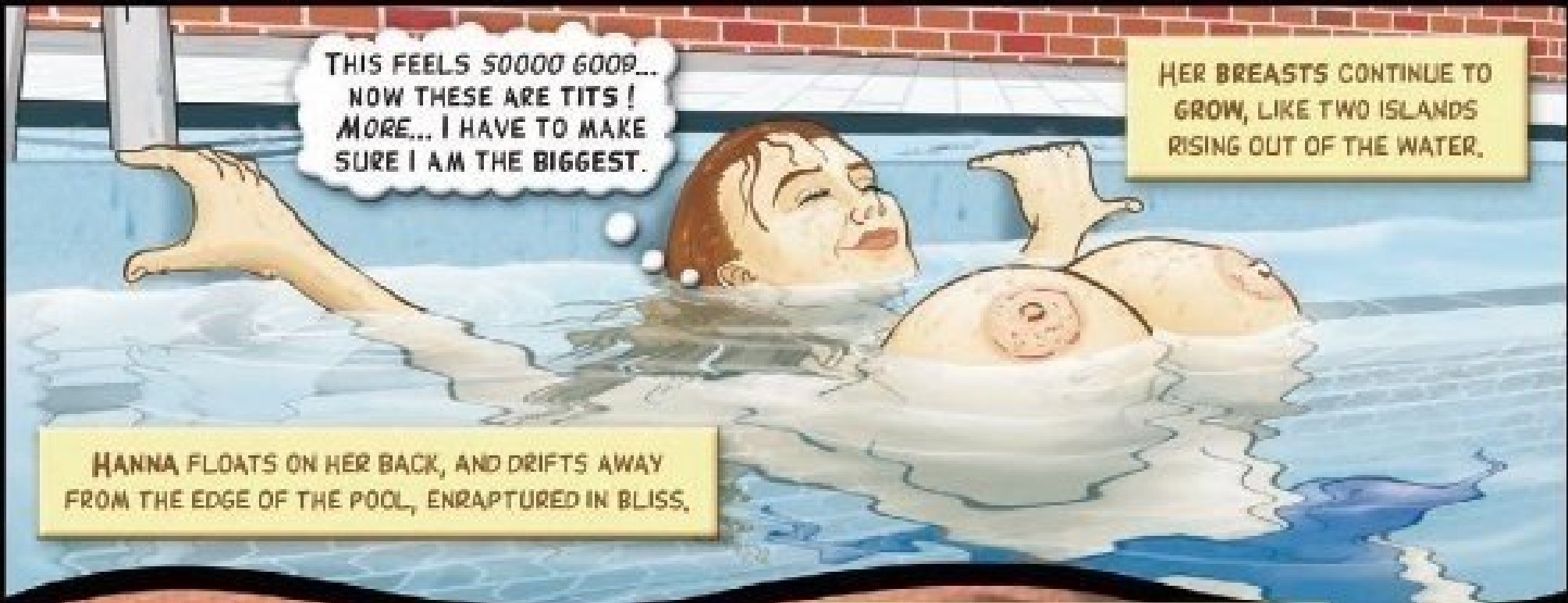
SHIT, I'M CAUGHT.
AND I'M STILL GROWING.
I HAVE TO GET FREE.

WITH A HEAVE, HANNA
RIPS THE SHOULDER STRAP,
SETTING LOOSE HER ARM.

THE SUDDEN RELEASE
ALLOWS HER ENLARGING
BREASTS TO POP FREE OF
THEIR CONFINES,

AND ONCE FREED, THEY CONTINUE
THEIR EXPANSION, UNABATED.





THIS FEELS SOOOO GOOD...
NOW THESE ARE TITS!
MORE... I HAVE TO MAKE
SURE I AM THE BIGGEST.

HER BREASTS CONTINUE TO
GROW, LIKE TWO ISLANDS
RISING OUT OF THE WATER.

HANNA FLOATS ON HER BACK, AND DRIFTS AWAY
FROM THE EDGE OF THE POOL, ENRAPTURED IN BLISS.



THAT'S IT.
PIN HIM.
WINIFRED.
HOLD HIS LEG!

BIRGET GRABS THE JUG PETER DROPPED
EARLIER, AND HANDS IT TO DESIREE.

WILL YOU DO THE
HONORS, DESIREE?

MEEE?

THAT'S WINI,
BITCHY BIRG.



THEN, LEANING DOWN, BIRGET RIPS
DOWN PETER'S SHORTS AND BRIEFS.

OH MAN OH MAN OHMAN !!
I'M GLAD I WORE AN ELASTIC
WAISTBAND TODAY...

YOU'RE IN THE PERFECT POSITION. LET'S GIVE MR. OGLER SOMETHING THAT WE CAN OGLE!

BIRGET! ... I...

DESIREE TAKES THE BOTTLE OF GROWTH FORMULA FROM BIRGET ALMOST AS IF SHE WERE IN A TRANCE. HERE SHE WAS, ON TOP OF A CUTE GUY WHO HAD HIS PANTS DOWN AROUND HIS ANKLES, AND WAS SHOWING OFF A RAGGING HARD-ON.

ON TOP OF THAT, SHE WAS NOW INSTRUCTED TO POUR SOME CRAZY GROWTH FORMULA ON HIS DICK. **HER!** A GIRL WHO ALWAYS WAS CONSIDERED A "SIZE-QUEEN"— THE BIGGER THE DICK THE BETTER. AND BIRGET *KNEW* IT. SHE ALWAYS TEASED DESIREE ABOUT IT IN THE LOCKER ROOMS.

NOW SHE WAS GIVEN THE CHANCE TO LIVE OUT A FANTASY. TO BE GIVEN THE POWER TO MAKE A GUY'S COCK AS LARGE AS SHE DARED. OR MORE!

HEY... WHAT'S THAT BOTTLE? DESIREE, GET IT!

HUH?

DESIREE IS TOO DISTRACTED, SO WINI GRABS THE BOTTLE.

THE BOTTLE OF HEIGHT GROWTH FORMULA HAS FALLEN OUT OF PETER'S SHORT'S POCKET.

NEVER MIND, DEZ, I GOT IT. HERE YOU GO, ELLEMA.

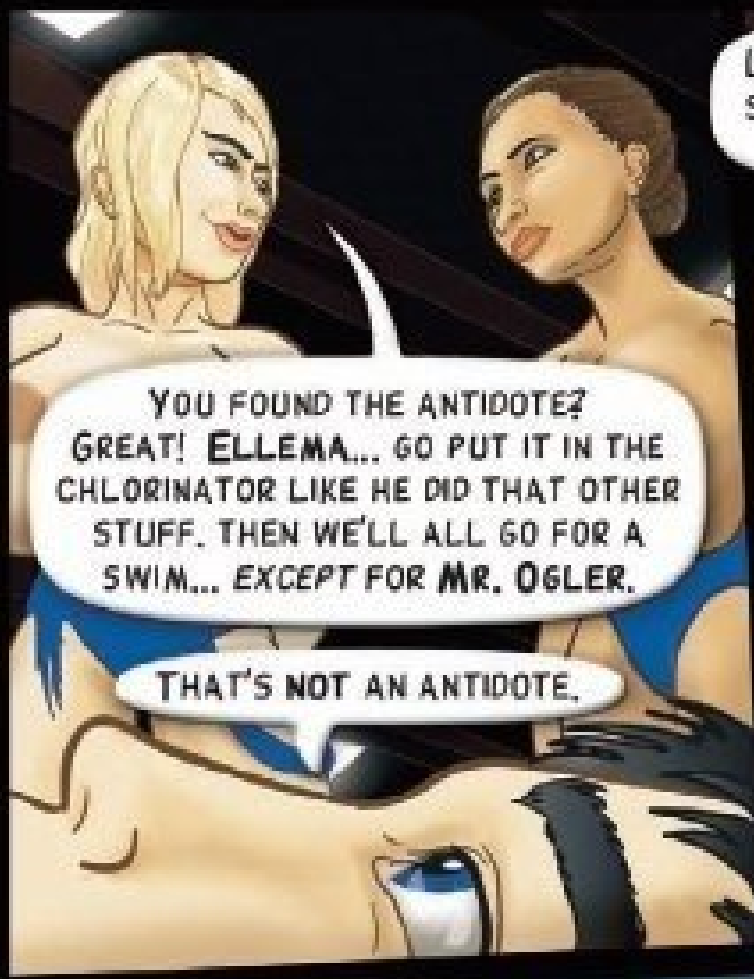
IT'S ANOTHER FORMULA... THIS ONE HAS LETTERS ON IT... 'AD'

PETER IS SO ENGROSSED IN THE GIRLS ON TOP OF HIM, THAT HE DOESN'T YET RECOGNIZE THE SIGNIFICANCE OF THEIR DISCOVERY.

AD? WHAT DOES THAT STAND FOR?

ANTIDOTE?

ACTUALLY, IT'S MY UNCLE'S FIRST AND MIDDLE INITIALS.



YOU FOUND THE ANTIDOTE? GREAT! ELLEMA... GO PUT IT IN THE CHLORINATOR LIKE HE DID THAT OTHER STUFF. THEN WE'LL ALL GO FOR A SWIM... EXCEPT FOR MR. OGLER.

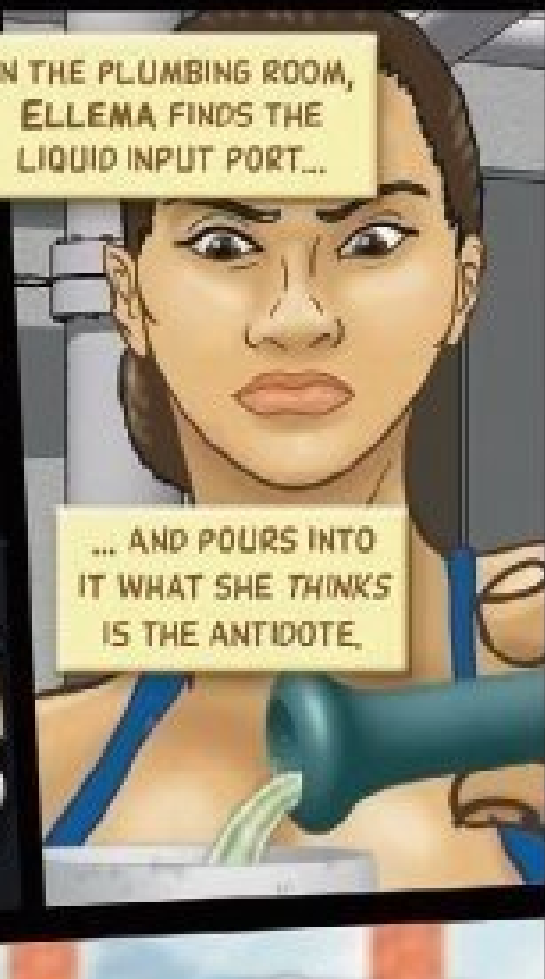
THAT'S NOT AN ANTIDOTE.



LIKE WE SHOULD BELIEVE YOU. AND, SORRY, BUT THE ANTIDOTE IS FOR US. ONCE DEZ IS FINISHED WITH YOU...

YOU'LL HAVE TO 'WADDLE' HOME FOR MORE.

'WADDLE'? WHAT THE HELL IS SHE TALKING ABOUT? WAIT A MINUTE, PETER, YOU IDIOT! THEY'RE NOT GOING TO DO ME. THEY'RE GOING TO...



IN THE PLUMBING ROOM, ELLEMA FINDS THE LIQUID INPUT PORT...

... AND POURS INTO IT WHAT SHE THINKS IS THE ANTIDOTE.



A FEW MOMENTS AFTER ELLEMA FINISHES PUTTING THE SO-CALLED-ANTIDOTE INTO THE CHLORINATOR, HANNA STARTS FEELING SOMETHING ELSE. THE TINGLING THAT WAS FOCUSED SOLELY IN HER BREASTS CAN NOW BE FELT ALL OVER HER BODY.

GOD... I AM FEELING SO HORNY!

THE LOWER HALF OF HANNA'S BATHING SUIT, WHICH SHE IS STILL WEARING, STARTS TO GET VERY TIGHT ON HER,



HUH? WHAT'S HAPPENING?

THE BATHING SUIT STARTS TO CONSTRICT ON HER HIPS, AND WEDGES ITSELF AGAINST HER CROTCH AND IN BETWEEN HER BUTTOCKS.

I NEED TO GET
THIS SUIT OFF!

WHAT THE... WAIT... IS
THE POOL... SHRINKING?

COMING UP FOR AIR, SHE NOTICES
THE DEPTH OF THE POOL...

HANNA DROPS BENEATH
THE WATER'S SURFACE
AND STRUGGLES TO
REMOVE THE LOWER PART
OF HER TORN SUIT.

WAIT... 9 FEET?
THAT CAN'T BE RIGHT...

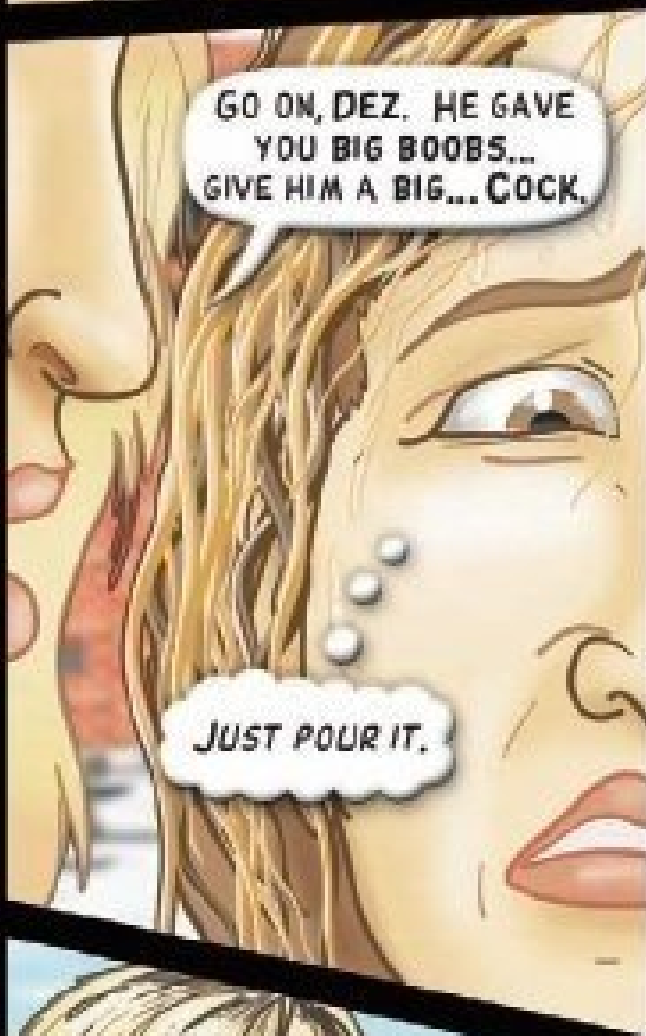
...I'M TOUCHING
THE BOTTOM!



GO ON, DESIREE, I KNOW YOU WANT TO.



IT'S TRUE, BIRGET DOES KNOW MY DESIRES. SHE'S TEASED ME ABOUT IT IN THE LOCKER ROOM BEFORE... I CAN'T BELIEVE THIS IS HAPPENING - THAT I CAN CONTROL THE SIZE OF THIS GUY'S DICK, AS BIG AS I WANT... JUST POUR IT... JUST POUR...



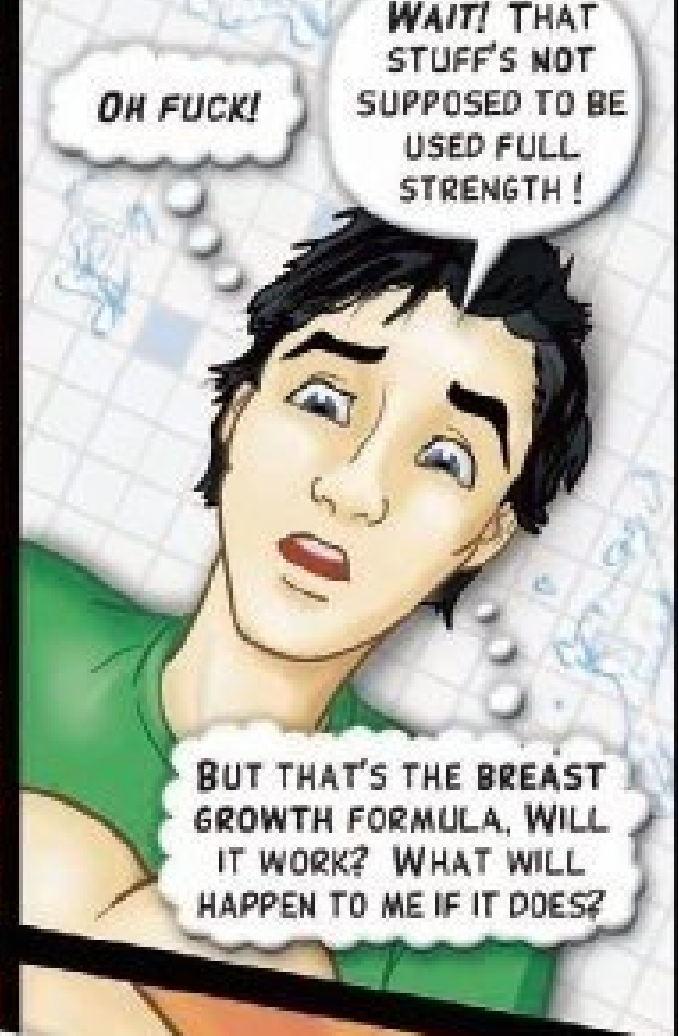
GO ON, DEZ. HE GAVE YOU BIG BOOBS... GIVE HIM A BIG... COCK.

JUST POUR IT.



YOU... KNOW... YOU... WANT... TO...

YES... I DO... DAMN YOU, BIRGIE.



OH FUCK!

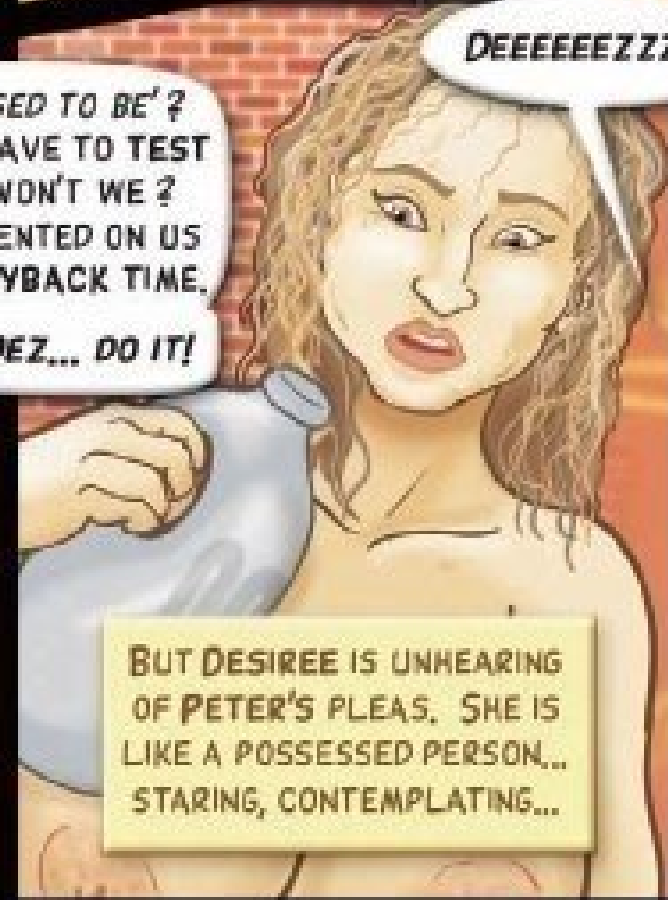
WAIT! THAT STUFF'S NOT SUPPOSED TO BE USED FULL STRENGTH!

BUT THAT'S THE BREAST GROWTH FORMULA, WILL IT WORK? WHAT WILL HAPPEN TO ME IF IT DOES?



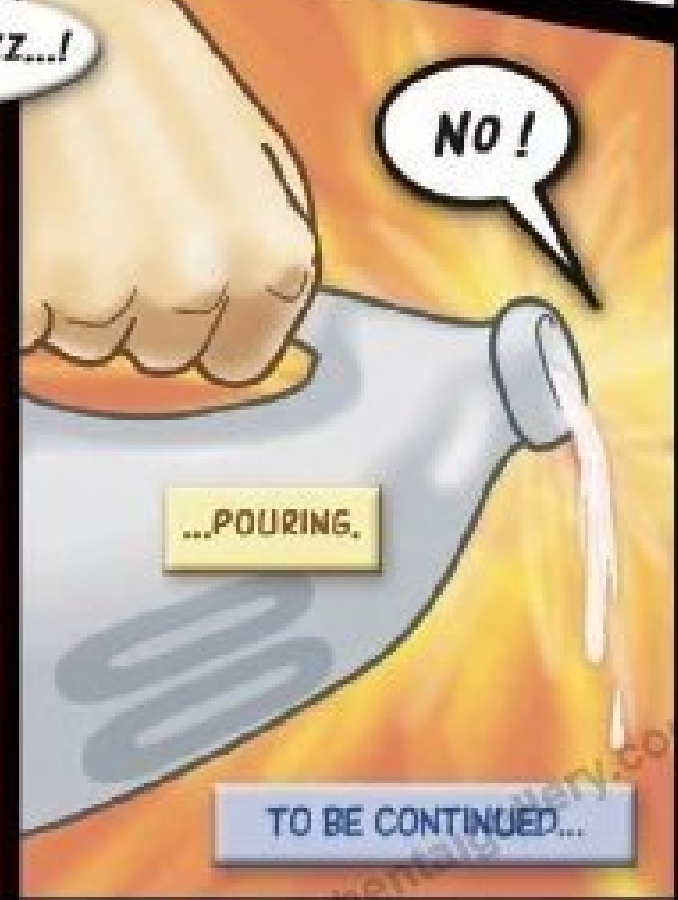
NOT 'SUPPOSED TO BE'? WE'LL JUST HAVE TO TEST THAT OUT, WON'T WE? YOU EXPERIMENTED ON US ...NOW IT'S PAYBACK TIME.

DEZ... DO IT!



DEEEEEEEZZZZ...!

BUT DESIREE IS UNHEARING OF PETER'S PLEAS. SHE IS LIKE A POSSESSED PERSON... STARING, CONTEMPLATING...



NO!

...POURING.

TO BE CONTINUED...