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## Chapter Two

The next day couldn't have come quickly enough for Sandy; Emma was interested but certainly not as excited as her shorter friend. Waking up Emma noticed that she felt different, not bigger, just felt like there was something buzzing in her core, a normal side effect of the band but it was something their bodies would get used to.

Arriving in the kitchen she was shocked to see Sandy, she looked like she hadn't slept, her hair was messy, her eyes had bags under them and there were more than a few cans of energy drinks left on the counter.

With her back to Emma, Sandy was typing away.

“S-andy?”

Slowly the girl turned around, and Emma was immediately shocked to see there was a difference already. Sandy had changed even in the few short hours that the bands had gone live. Her boobs, the fact she had them was enough to show that there was a change. Emma looked at the two budding

breasts on her chest, even though the top she had on it was clear that she had changed.

“Woah!” Emma said, stunned.

Sandy smirked. “Wait until you see this.”

She got off the stool for the breakfast bar, and she stood up and walked over to her friend. It was obvious that she was taller, there was formerly a four-inch difference in height but now it was more like a single inch.

“It works...” Emma gasped.

“Did you doubt it?”

Emma shook her head. “It’s just very different seeing it in the flesh.”

“There is plenty more growing to do, so get used to it.” Sandy thrust her chest against her friend’s still flat one.

“My turn I guess...” Emma said, with a bit of worry in her voice.

Sandy looked unamused at the thought that Emma could start growing, like she was already ahead. Cupping her breasts, she scoffed and turned back to the computer and typed. Emma recognized the screen; it was the message screen.

“Why haven’t you tipped me yet... I will block you in 5 minutes if you don’t tip me, day one of growing and you aren’t helping at all. Be better.”

Sandy spoke aloud as she typed her message.

“Isn’t that a bit... Harsh?” Emma said aloud.

“What? No, that is what these men are here for, to pay me and see me...”

Sandy trailed off before she looked down. “Grow...”

With that Sandy started to move under her clothes, her chest seemed to fill out, as did the rest of her. In real time before Emma she was changing, Sandy moaned, apparently it felt a lot nicer than advertised. Her boobs grew to a solid C cup now and she grew that final inch in height, standing eye to eye with Emma, her larger bust squished against the smaller Emma.

“Can’t argue with results.” Sandy tutted, pushing off her friend and turning back to her laptop, taking a snap of her increased bust for her tipper.

Emma didn’t like that idea of extracting money from them like they were some sort of animal and they were farmers. Instead, she fired up laptop and logged in, notifying her fans that she was online and her band had started. Although Emma clearly didn’t have as much drive to grow like Sandy, she did like the idea of getting tips a bit more, just so she could afford to buy some nice things in her life. As long as Emma didn’t think about it, she didn’t feel selfish about admitting it.

The main fun she had however was talking to her fans, she had managed to avoid a lot of the random dick pics and horny messages, instead finding people who were there to comment on her looks and made her feel generally good about herself.

Her fans were very chatty and seemingly caring, much like Emma herself.

Having logged in she saw a few messages already waiting but after her post she was hit with a bit of a busy rush. There was no change in her body at that moment but that was because she realized the chat had to be open for her

to grow. There was a little icon next to people's chats that showed they had sent a tip, meaning that without her clicking through she wouldn't experience the growth.

That level of control made Emma feel better, she was concerned about maybe being out grocery shopping and then she suddenly burst out of her shirt or something.

Clicking through, the blonde-haired girl felt the heat wash over her like a tide, Sandy couldn't help but hear her friend gasp and she looked over to see Emma experiencing her first growth.

There was a scowl spreading over Sandy's face as she watched Emma fumble with her swelling breasts.

"Oh my god!" Emma moaned, her hands rubbing the warm feeling spreading over her chest.

In seconds her boobs, non-existent, blossomed into something she would now need a bra to manage. B cups might not seem big to most people but as flat as Emma was, to have something there now, it was infinitely bigger than they were previously.

Sandy also saw how she was starting to grow too, her clothes looked tighter all over as she grew in height, a subtle difference that nobody else would notice but the hyper aware Sandy saw, the growth she had done so well to get so far was slipping behind to Emma as she took that first round of growth.

The one message gave her about an inch in height and a cup size, a

massive change to the two girls who were so in tuned with what was going on.

Emma sat there panting, having not even read the message, the rush was too great. Looking over at Sandy, she caught her brunette friend scowling before she snapped her gaze back to her own screen and started furiously typing.

“That was... Amazing...” the endorphins that her body had released in that small short of time could probably fuel her for the rest of the week.

Emma saw that there were three more tips to accept and lots of messages. Following in Sandy’s footsteps she took a photo of her boobs, the fact she had them was insane to her, posting it to her wall with a caption thanking the fan for the tip and showing the growth, as slight as it was to them, to her it was everything.

That afternoon she continued to chat away and accept tips, her height went up another 5 inches and her boobs were up to Ds, they were seemingly getting a large amount of that growth but the formally stick thin girl was noticing that she was filling out all over, giving her more curves in the process. Emma now had hips, a butt and even a little bit of squish in the middle.

There were lots of messages and tips given to both girls that afternoon, but Emma had certainly grown the most, with her height already starting at an advantage, when she stood up, she was a few inches taller than her highly driven friend. Emma didn’t mind if Sandy had grown bigger than her, she was having fun, the same cannot be said for Sandy.

Sandy was seething that Emma, the taller, prettier and now bustier one,

was bigger than her. The amount of growth that Sandy had undergone was more from her starting point but that didn't matter, Emma was taller, had bigger boobs and therefore to the brunette, she was winning.

She couldn't stand it.

The only thing Sandy had over Emma was that weight was settling on her butt more, she looked like she was turning into a pear shape whereas Emma was looking more like a strawberry.

"Hey, do you want to get some food? I'll order some takeaway; I got enough tips to buy for the rest of the month." Emma smiled, beaming that people were paying to see her take pictures of herself.

"No." Sandy growled. "I'm going to my room."

The grumpy girl left and Emma decided to order anyway. She logged off her laptop and sat in front of the TV and enjoyed her evening, the whole day had disappeared to content creation, there was no need to give it the whole evening, Emma thought to herself.

If Sandy had been a less jealous and spiteful person, she might've taken the time off or if she stayed on her laptop, she might've used that time in a better way to connect to fans. Alas, she spent her time working out how to sabotage Emma, so that she could be the bigger one.

Reading through the terms and conditions of the website she realized that if Emma took the bracelet off, she would revert back down to her starting size. The wrist band was stretchy; to accommodate for growth but it also had a clasp. Sandy quietly made her way into the front room and saw Emma had

fallen asleep on the sofa, the takeaway boxes were beside her and she was working off the minor food coma she put herself into.

“Perfect...” Sandy said under her breath.

Emma was a heavy sleeper, she wouldn't notice Sandy undoing the clasp. The band clipped off and fell down onto the floor, with a subtle kick, Sandy had hidden it under the sofa.

Sandy could've run but she was enjoying the idea of what was about to happen.

And sure enough, Emma started to shrink back down. Her boobs that were wobbling with deep breathing in her slumber, wobbled back and forth, resting and pooling on her chest like jelly, they started to shrink, disappearing, melting away.

Sandy looked down at her feet and saw that they were slowly receding into her body.

There was one final part of Sandy's plan. She started live streaming, it started like you might expect a Sandy stream to go, asking for tips immediately, she walked around their shared apartment and Sandy, before going from free stream to paid, made sure to show off the smaller Emma now, it was under the guise of showing the sleeping beauty but the intended outcome came to fruition.

There was a big list of things creators shouldn't do on this site, or they'd find themselves losing fans in droves.

Shrink.

By taking off her band, Sandy had tarred Emma with the title of being a fake growth creator.

Sandy smiled to herself at the genius of her plan. There were comments in the livestream already about it, to make sure she looked as innocent as possible she didn't address those outright but was more than happy to mention several times Emma's username on the site.

Going paid she got a few tips and grew but what really solidified a productive night for the E cup girl who was approaching 5"7 were all the comments she saw from people in the public chat and forum talking about Emma. She had clearly made a mark on some of those fans because they were defending her, but the overall sentiment was that she was a fraud on the site.

Sandy cupped her tits and smiled "I'll be the biggest now..."

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