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| By Hattushilish & Tusdine |
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# Prequel: Isabella’s Story

Isabella stepped out of the shower and stopped to admire herself in the mirror. She couldn't help it. Even through the mostly still-foggy mirror it was obvious that Isabella could stop anyone in their tracks, even if it was only because of the sheer volume of her breasts. Each one was considerably larger than inflatable exercise balls, and nearly as round. Even naked, they maintained their perfect shape and heft, without a hint of sag. On a body like Isabella's -- which would make most men drool uncontrollably -- her massive breasts looked even more impressive.

As she wrapped a towel around her long blonde hair, she looked over her giant twins with even more consideration than usual. The first couple of pills Peter gave me seem to be working already, she thought, Although it is hard to make out a mere extra inch on these babies. It won't be long before I'm in a whole new dimension of bust sizes, all by myself. Soon, the world will be divided into two categories - small-chested and ME. And Candace will be nothing but another tiny-busted slut compared to me. As she dried off, her thoughts drifted back to what lead her to this point and her new goal... er, goals.

\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*

Isabella was the youngest child in her home, with three older brothers. Her family had little money, so Isabella was forced to wear hand-me-downs that had been passed from her oldest brother, to the next brother, to the youngest brother, and finally to her. In addition, due to money being tight and old habits dying hard, Isabella's mother gave her the same haircut as the older boys... a bowlcut. For most of her youth, Isabella didn't think twice about having to wear old and patched boy's clothing, or having an awful haircut, becase it was all she knew. Her schoolmates would make fun of her, but Isabella was used to much worse torment, growing up with three boys on her parents' farm. She didn't even mind being friendless -- her chores at home kept her busy enough and that was just the way life worked for her and her family. The farm wasn't doing well, and her brothers had stayed at home long after turning 18 to continue helping out, especially as their parents grew older and unable to work as hard.

By age 15, Isabella had reached what would be her full height of six feet, two inches. Very tall for a woman, but nothing compared to the burly men in her family. Isabella was no sloutch in the strength department, either - her arms and legs had nicely defined muscles without looking like something on a female bodybuilder, and her back was especially strong due to carrying huge bushels of hay and other farm equipment. In other parts of her body, however... Isabella definitely was lacking. Her hips were narrow, her face still looked young for her age, and she had no bust at all. Since she had nothing to compare herself to -- her family didn't own a television and she avoided girls her own age as much as she could -- she didn't care about her looks... until one particular day.

A new girl had moved into town from a city, and much to Isabella's surprise, the new girl sat next to her at lunch.

"Hi, I'm Sarah." the new girl said cheerfully. She was very pretty, and was wearing makeup and what appeared to be very expensive clothing.

"Uh, hi." Isabella said awkwardly, not sure what was going on.

Sarah smiled. Isabella was stunned at how white her teeth were. "I didn't think I would meet anyone like you on my first day, but I'm glad I did."

Isabella was confused. "Um... What do you mean?"

"I wasn't happy moving out to the sticks from my home, but then I thought that there might be some good in it. I've always had a thing for down-to-earth country boys, for one. And here I find myself a tall one with a toned body..."

Before Sarah could say another word, Isabella stood up in shock. "You think I'm a BOY?!" she shouted, then ran off without waiting for the answer she already knew was coming. That moment radically shook up Isabella's life. That evening, she saw herself in the mirror and for the first time, she saw a stranger looking back at her. She knew right then and there that she needed to become somebody new, or more accurately, she needed to become herself.

Around this time, Isabella's parents received an offer on their farm from a large company that wanted to build a factory. The payout was pretty nice, but the family had so much debt that after everything was settled, there was just enough to buy a small house and to allow the parents a much-needed retirement. Isabella's older brothers took this opportunity to move out and make their own way in the world. Isabella, however, was still underage and only had one particular set of talents: farmwork. So, she decided to earn money by working as a part-time farmhand on another nearby farm.

After saving up some spending money, Isabella decided to take a bus into a neighboring town to do some shopping. She decided to go to thrift stores and other discount chains to get the most for her buck. Before she went into any clothing stores, however, she knew that she had to go to a hairstylist to fix the awful look that she had tolerated for her whole life. It cost a lot of money -- more than she expected -- but there was a marked difference in her looks and Isabella was extremely pleased with what she saw. Damn, I look amazing, she thought as he stared at herself in the stylist's mirror. There hadn't been a lot of hair to work with, so the stylist had to cut the hair pretty short to make it look good, but it worked. And even better, Isabella had started looking more womanly in her face, and the shorter hair made that all the more apparent. I can't wait for my hair to grow out! She thought with a giggle and a devious smile. When people see me, they're going to see a true woman.

After being asked to leave because she was taking too much time looking in the mirror, Isabella ran into a problem with her "true woman" plan. It was very difficult to find clothing that fit well or looked sexy with her small chest, which had gone from a practically nonexistant A-cup to a modest B-cup in the last several months while she had been saving up money. As she was nearing 17 years old, she became concerned for the first time that she wouldn't have what she considered to be a "womanly chest". She decided to find information on the subject, if she could, and to buy clothing that accentuated the more mature parts of her body in the meantime.

She bought up as many short shorts, miniskirts, and tight jeans as she could to help show off her sexy long legs and her full, rounded ass. At Isabella's height of 6'2", practically every skirt was a miniskirt to her and she took full advantage of that fact. She also made sure that the bottoms she purchased were a few inches wider than her slim, toned waist, so she could wear them lower around her wide hips. She had spent some of her free time in her room at night figuring out how low she could wear skirts and pants without getting in trouble at school for looking "obscene".

To help draw attention away from her painfully small chest, at least for now (she hoped), she bought simple black tops that revealed as much midriff as could be allowed at school. The contrast between the dark blouses and her creamy skin would be sure to naturally draw eyes down to her midsection and below. Isabella grew excited as she tried on her clothes when she got back home that night, thinking about how easy it would be to make men... and jealous women... notice her.

It was attention that Isabella wanted, and that's just what she got. It didn't take her long to realize that she still wasn't a social person after all, and she quickly grew irritated at the simple-minded classmates that started hanging around her. It was at this point that Isabella learned about the simple pleasures of insulting and pushing away people, much as had been done to her throughout her life, until now. She figured they all had it coming to them. Almost moreso than insulting others, Isabella realized that she sort of enjoyed using her body and sexiness to make people do things for her, even those who she had previously treated badly. They're like desperate dogs, she thought. They're just happy to have any attention from me at all.

Being located in a fairly small, rural town, Isabella's high school only had a couple of computers with internet access on them. Internet access was either unavailable or too expensive for many of the families in town, so there was a long waiting list of students (and some faculty) signed up to use the Internet for mere minutes at a time. Isabella had used computers before, in some of her classes, but had barely any experience with the Internet and she certainly had no patience to wait several days or more on a wait list. One day after school, she walked straight up to a scrawny freshman who was typing away in a message board and demanded that he look something up for her. The boy took one look at her, his eyes going up, up, up over her very tall body, before meekly agreeing to the demand.

"I want you to look up 'big breasts.'" she ordered.

"Uh, I can't," the boy replied nervously. Isabella shot him a violent glare, causing him to wince.

"What?!" she barked. "Why?"

The boy gulped. "There's a firewall on the school's network that prevents looking at a-a-adult content. T-trust me, I've tried everything," he admitted quietly. Although she didn't quite understand, she got the gist of it, and Isabella didn't even give him another look before she stormed off in a huff. How was she supposed to learn about breasts now? She was desperate to see if there was any indication that her breasts might grow larger naturally, or to do... SOMETHING to increase them otherwise. Fortunately, on her next trip into the neighboring town to go shopping, she spotted a small Internet cafe from the bus. She pulled the cord and dashed off of the bus and down the street to enter. She tossed a few bills onto the counter and sat at a nearby computer station to attempt her search.

It wasn't easy for her, but before long she was flooded with images of women of various sizes and shapes with large breasts, most of them ranging from the DD- to F-cup range. She noticed that some of them hung lower or sagged somewhat, whereas others were almost perfectly round. Isabella soon realized that she was seeing natural as well as augmented breasts, and like aspects of both. She loved how the natural breasts had smoother skin and looked heavy, and she loved the sheer size, perkiness, and shape of the breasts with implants. Realizing that naturally huge boobs were sadly out of her reach, she found a new goal in life to strive for: to become successful, make a lot of money, and buy herself a beautiful pair of tits. Elated, she began searching for the biggest fake boobs that she could find, and soon stumbled upon women like Beshine and Chelsea Charms. Isabella was utterly blown away by the size of these womens' breasts and felt like something new was awakening in her. She had to leave these women in the dust and have tits far beyond anything they could imagine. I do admire them for trying so hard, she mused, But let's face it -- I'm much better looking than them, and before long, I'll make their chests look like planks.

Isabella's Senior year of high school went by in a flash, as she spent most of her time working, studying, and applying for every scholarship she could. Her 18th birthday came and went without much fuss. Around that time, her bosom had grown into a C-cup that would have looked fantastic on any other woman, especially one as beautiful as Isabella, but she was so determined to have gigantic tits that anyone could tell that there was something off, or lacking, about her chest. Isabella was ultimately accepted into a few different colleges, maybe not the most prestidgious, but they would work just fine for her. She ended up choosing a school that she had read a bit about during some of her infrequent breast implant Internet searches. It seemed that this particular university was known to have a very attractive female population with a surprisingly large number of young ladies who had already recieved modest (to Isabella) breast implants, probably as graduation gifts from parents who were wrapped around their daughters' fingers. Isabella decided to major in Sociology, as she thought it might be useful to help her understand how people worked so that she may better manipulate them one day. Classes were the last thing on her mind, however -- all Isabella could think about were the college reunions down the line. She imagined seeing the women who had DD- or maybe E-cup implants looking older and tired, then imagined herself entering the room with implants at least twice the size of Beshine's, making everyone envious.

Soon College had begun, and it was no time at all before Isabella's attitude and behavior made her roommate irritated enough to spend as little time in their dorm as possible. Isabella didn't really think twice about her. She was too caught up in herself, not to mention her studies, and making sure to find time to work out, since she wasn't doing heavy farm work any longer. The only tough part for her was finding a source of funds. Isabella kept herself so busy that she found it difficult to work a job into her schedule, and it didn't help that her abrasive nature didn't exactly endear her to interviewers. It was a stroke of luck that, after one of her science classes, the professor mentioned that test subjects were always needed for various experiments such as food additive and drug trials. This didn't catch Isabella's attention until the professor mentioned that the subjects would be getting paid.

Over the next few months, Isabella signed up for a handful of trials and each had gone well so far. The one exception was for a pill that was intended to reduce excess body fat: due to her amazing physique, Isabella was removed from the trial. She convinced herself that she was too good for that one, anyway. In January, after her first science class of the new semester, Isabella noticed a small group of young women standing around the notice board where upcoming trials were posted, giggling and poking fun at each other. Isabella grunted "Move it, skanks" as she pushed her way through the girls to see what they were talking about. She saw a notice for a new drug trial that specifically requested women, particularly women with no breast augmentation and of various cup sizes. Isabella sneered at the notice, as she didn't want to be associated with other women who also lacked implants, and she didn't want to sign up only to be classified as a tiny C-cup. She turned to walk away, then realized that her spending money for clothes and makeup was running very low that month, especially after being turned away for the last drug trial, so she begrudgingly decided to sign up for this strange, breast-related trial. She figured that she could always quit if she didn't like what was going on.

The drug trial started a couple of days later. Isabella strode confidently into the lab and noticed the other girls in there who had also signed up for the test. Even taking into the account that only women could sign up for this trial, there seemed to be very few students who wanted to participate. Probably because so many girls here already have implants, Isabella thought bitterly. There were only two other girls there apart from Isabella, one with a D-cup chest proudly on display in a low-cut blouse, and the other with a surprisingly large (for being natural) E-cup who seemed to be very shy about it, wearing a heavy sweater, although it was still very clear that she had extremely large breasts filling it. Isabella very nearly turned around and left when she saw that she had the smallest breasts in the room, but then her stomach grumbled... reminding her that she spent the last of her food budget on a sexy new pair of boots the other day. Isabella sat down in a huff and shot an evil glare at the other two girls. The D-cup just smirked and stretched, showing off her delicious pair even more, while the E-cup crossed her arms over her chest and sank down in her seat.

An older man in a lab coat entered the room and introduced himself as Dr. Wood. He thanked the girls for signing up for the trial and begin to explain what they were in for.

"I need each of you ladies to be well aware of what you're signing up for before we begin. You see, this drug will have... obvious effects when it is taken, so you may want to take that into account," Dr. Wood said. "The drug's intended use is to stimulate the body into increasing one's bust size naturally, with no ill effects." He coughed lightly. "At least, we hope there will be no ill effects. That's why we are moving on to human testing."

Isabella's eyes were the widest they had ever been, although she tried to keep her face looking as disinterested as possible. This could make my tits grow naturally?! she thought excitedly. Even if this doesn't get me anywhere near my ideal size, it would take me part of the way there, and it will cost less in the long run to get them enhanced... which means that after college, I could make them even bigger, even sooner!

The girl with D-cups also looked excited at the prospect of larger boobs, but the E-cup looked even more nervous before. "Um... I could really use the money. I... I guess it wouldn't be so bad if they were just a little bigger." she said quietly.

"Considering that the results of this trial, good or bad, will make an obvious effect on your body, this trial does pay considerably more than the usual amount." Dr. Wood explained, which made all three girls smile. "But first, I will have a female nurse examine your breasts as they are now to ensure that you are a good match for this trial. She will also be measuring you for our records."

A door opened to a side room and a nurse stepped out and invited one of the girls in. Isabella, of course, made sure she went first. She hated hearing about her tiny breasts and wanted to get it over with. The nurse checked her over and then began taking Isabella's measurements. Isabella chose not to pay attention for the bust measurement, as she was already well aware that she was a 32C based on the bra size measurements she had done when she purchased her most recent set of bras. The nurse also took Isabella's waist and hip measurements, just for their records in case the drug had any additional side effects. Isabella had never thought about taking actual measurements for other parts of her body as she was just pleased with the fact that she was very fit and sexy. As she wrote the measurements down, the nurse informed Isabella that her full set of measurements were 35-24-39, which initially confused Isabella. The nurse patiently explained how bra sizes list the band size, and the bust measurement takes into account the three extra inches that her C-cups consisted of. Isabella was cleared to return to the lab. The shy E-cup went next, and Isabella couldn't help but notice that the nurse had to spend a lot more time with her to do a full inspection, which really ticked her off. Eventually, the E-cup returned to her seat, her face completely red with embarrassment. Finally, the overconfident young woman with the D-cups went into the other room for her inspection, but came back in even less time than Isabella had, her face looking furious. She grabbed her bag and left without saying a word. Dr. Wood spoke with the nurse briefly before returning to the two remaining women. "It seems that our friend there either didn't read or ignored the qualifications for this trial, as it seems that her breasts had been augmented recently. I was hoping for a much wider selection of sizes for this, but I suppose having breasts on both sides of the spectrum will have to do." Dr. Wood began filling out the paperwork for the two women to sign, and Isabella tried her hardest to not explode with rage at being described as on the opposite end of the bust spectrum from Little Miss Huge Tits a few seats down.

The rest of the evening went by in a haze for Isabella, as she could do nothing more than think about the drug making her breasts start growing. After what felt like an eternity, Dr. Wood gave Isabella and the E-cup girl, who was appropriately enough named Emily, a small pill that he took from a container in what looked like a small fridge, and told them they could take it. The pill went down easily for Isabella, and she practically held her breath for a few moments, as if she expected something to happen right away. Dr. Wood told them to come back at the same time every evening for their daily pill, and said that they would be measured every other day to see if there were any changes. The girls were then released, and Isabella practically ran back to her dorm to fall asleep so that it would be time for the next day's pill as quickly as possible.

The next morning, Isabella shot out of bed and went straight to her bathroom mirror to inspect her chest. Her first thought was that they had indeed grown a little bit, but she did her best to keep herself calm and not overreact in case she was wrong. After looking at them from all angles, and while cupping them in her hands and moving them around a bit, she managed to convince herself that whatever growth that may or may not have taken place could be the result of hormones, or weight gain, or maybe even just a very excited and active imagination. As the day went on, she made sure to focus her mind on her schoolwork. After her classes were over, she put in an extra hard workout, then went to the lab several minutes early to wait for Dr. Wood. Emily showed up right when she was supposed to, still looking apprehensive, and the two girls were each given their pill for the day. Dr. Wood asked them a few simple questions about how they had been feeling, and both Isabella and Emily said that they hadn't felt anything in particular. He reminded them that they would be measured again tomorrow, to which Isabella rolled her eyes impatiently ("I know," she sighed) and Emily blushed slightly.

Isabella could barely sleep that night. She could no longer convince herself that the pills had no effect on her after a single night, so she was more anxious than ever to see how they looked the next morning. Despite barely sleeping at all, she got up right when her alarm went off for class and practically sleepwalked to the bathroom mirror. Her eyes widened in surprise when she saw her naked chest. Not only had her breasts definitely grown, they looked to be a full cup size larger than they were before she started taking the pills! Isabella started laughing with joy, although to anyone who might have heard it, it sounded somewhat sinister. The official measuring couldn't come fast enough for Isabella, but she managed to make it through the day. She loved how her shirt felt just a little bit snug on her chest and was anxious for that feeling to increase.

That evening, the measurement proved it: Isabella had grown about one full inch over the last two days, bringing her C-cups up to D-cups, something Isabella had never thought possible for her without implants. Emily's measurements yielded the same results, only it was less obvious that her large E-cups were now F-cups at first glance. Dr. Wood was surprised, yet pleased, with the consistent results between the two different women so far. Emily seemed more nervous than usual, however. "Will we be growing about half an inch every day?" she asked with fear in her eyes.

Dr. Wood rubbed his chin for a moment. "It is highly likely that your bodies are still becoming adjusted to the drug, and so the drug may be affecting you more than it will once your bodies have grown accustomed to it. My hypothesis is that the growth will start to slow down, and may even stop completely, once your bodies have fully adjusted." That was exactly what Isabella had feared most, but she already knew that she would continue taking the pills long after the growth had stopped if she could, maybe even offer to take larger doses, if it meant that they might start working again. In the meantime, she was excited to see how much they continued growing.

Another two days passed, and the growth appeared to be staying consistent and roughly half an inch per day. When the girls met for the measurement, Isabella's new DD-cup chest was slightly bigger than the enhanced girl who was turned down for the trial. Emily arrived a little late, and she looked very concerned -- her breasts looked more than an inch bigger than they were two days ago. Emily stretched and tried to rub her aching back as her measurements were taken by the nurse, and soon it was revealed that she had grown a full two inches since the last measurement. Dr. Wood did some calculations but didn't seem surprised. "It appears that one of the possible hypotheses was correct," he began to explain. "Women with naturally larger breasts react stronger to the pills. They may go days, or potentially weeks, of growing half an inch per day, but eventually the growth becomes considerably greater depending on the original amount of breast mass. Fortunately, very few women have natural E-cups, and it's almost unheard of to have a natural bust much larger than that. I would imagine that most women with naturally large breasts would be less likely to take this pill if it were available, and at their size, it would be even less likely for them to wish to take it for more than a few days."

Isabella definitely disagreed with that, and she knew that she wanted to take the pills as long as she could. She only wished that her bust was naturally larger so that the growth would occur that much faster. Dr. Wood looked over his notes as Isabella considered the future possibilities, then he cleared his throat. "Emily, I would like for you to continue the trials so that we may confirm the effects of the drug on your mammary glands. Let me assure you that since we have far fewer test subjects than we anticipated, we will be able to cover the costs of a breast reduction when the trial is over."

Emily shook her head quickly. "No! I mean, I think I'm going to quit. I wasn't even expecting them to grow half an inch each day, and now they're getting so much bigger! My back already aches and people won't stop staring. I... I just can't do this." Isabella frowned at Emily in disgust. She hadn't felt any pain due to her powerful back, and she intended to continue working out to be able to carry a bosom of any size. The idea of someone quitting now was repulsive to her.

Dr. Wood sighed. "Well, if that's what you wish... I can't force you. The rapid increase in growth breaks the terms of the agreement you signed, so it's your decision to continue or quit. Come back tomorrow for your paycheck." As Emily left, Dr. Wood turned towards Isabella. "Please tell me that you, at least, will be continuing. We can't let these tests stop now. I can assure you that we now know that your rate of growth will continue at a rate of roughly half an inch per day."

Isabella grinned. "Doc, there is nothing you could say that would make me stop taking these pills."

As the days went by, Isabella grew larger and much happier. She got a perverse pleasure as her breasts developed to E-cups, then F, and G. She thought about all of the busty women on the Internet that she had looked at and how the women with thin waists and huge breasts tended to cap out around G-cups. That seemed to be either where their bodies had stopped or the limit that their thin frames could comfortably carry. Isabella still felt incredibly comfortable with G cups, for the brief period that they were only that size, and enjoyed working out with them and watching them bounce and shake. As she grew, certain stretches and exercises became more difficult -- but only because her heaving breasts would get in her way. She took that as a challenge, and found new ways to complete those exercises. In some cases, she had to start developing entirely new ways to work out to compensate for her ever-expanding bosom. The school's gym started becoming crowded during Isabella's regular workout time each afternoon as more and more people, mostly men, flocked there to see the busty, tall, blonde with the huge knockers bouncing all over. Isabella, lost in her own world and obsession, truly didn't notice, especially because everyone made sure to give her a wide range so she could use whatever floorspace, weights, or machines that she desired. A number of male students even dropped out of their late afternoon classes so they could join the crowd in watching Isabella work out.

By February 1st, Isabella had been taking the pills for twenty days and had gained ten inches to her bust measurement, which was now 45 inches around. She would have been considered a 32L if that had been a size you could buy in stores, but even the stores that specialized in larger-than-normal bras didn't have bras that would fit Isabella's combination of huge breasts and comparatively tiny band size. As such, she had to start getting her bras custom-made. Dr. Wood covered the expenses -- mostly because Isabella threatened him -- and made a deal with the custom bra company to have a new custom bra sent every week. Apparently, Dr. Wood had made the seamstress sign a non-disclosure agreement so that the particulars of the drug trial would not be revealed. As Isabella only received a new bra once per week, she would have to wear her current bra until it was tighter than she would have liked before she could properly fit into the new one.

Apart from their incredible size, the most impressive part of Isabella's growing bust was that they were impossibly round and didn't sag in the least. The flesh was both soft and firm and hung on her chest just like a pair of implants, only without any kind of scarring or stretching. Dr. Wood was especially proud of the pill's ability to grow without leaving stretch marks, but Isabella didn't care to listen to the complicated particulars of how it worked.

As March rolled in, Isabella had added another fourteen inches, bringing her bust up to a mind-blowing 59 inches. Her breasts were still ridiculously round and perky, with smooth, silky skin. The bottoms of her enticing tits were just an inch or so above her belly button and each one was clearly larger than her head. Her nipples had been growing, as well, only not at the same rate as the rest of her breasts. Her areolae were two inches in diameter, and each nipple stood out nearly a half an inch when they were fully erect... which they very often were. Isabella was in love with her changing body, and every new day in her life was the new best day she ever had.

When she arrived at Dr. Wood's lab for her next measurement, he looked very pleased. "Isabella, I still can't believe how successful this drug trial has been. There have been no side effects and your growth has been incredibly consistent. And if I may say so, your breasts look amazing... the shape, the skin... every worked out perfectly."

Isabella basked in the compliments until something struck her as odd. "What do you mean, it worked out perfectly? What are you getting at?"

Dr. Wood clapped his hands together. "We're calling the trial a success! We still want to do another test with at least a couple of women with different sized breasts to confirm our data, but apart from that, you're all finished. You'll be given a large bonus that you may use to reduce..."

Isabella shrieked. "NO! Doc, this can't be over. I want to continue doing the trials. I HAVE to keep doing them!"

Confused, Dr. Wood cocked his head slightly. "I'm afraid I don't understand. I would have thought that you would be happy to stop growing, and to go back to a more reasonable, comfortable size."

Isabella shook her head violently. "I can handle anything you give me!" As she was already in her just bra, she turned around to show off her muscular back and flexed. "Doc, I want to see how far we can go with these experiments. Imagine the size... I mean, imagine the data you'll get! If I can keep growing and I'm able to handle them without difficulty, well, just think what a success your drug will have been!"

Dr. Wood looked from her back to her utterly huge tits. He was a man who was able to absorb himself completely in his work, and prided himself on that fact, but just for a moment he allowed himself to think, well, to think like a man. And he did like what he saw. She was doing a fantastic job of handling these breasts... maybe they should go ahead and see how far they can go, he figured. Without removing his eyes from Isabella's cleavage, he reached for the bottle of pills and removed one, holding it as if to inspect it. "Well... I suppose we do have a very large supply of the pills since you were the only one testing. Perhaps..."

Isabella snatched the pill right out of his hand and gulped it down before Dr. Wood could react. "Finally! Next time, just let me do the thinking when it comes to this part, okay? Great. Seeya, Doc."

After this point, Dr. Wood seemed to be noticeably more excited about the constantly growing results of the trial. He remained a perfect gentleman, however, and Isabella (who rarely considered anyone but herself anymore) assumed that Dr. Wood primarily saw Isabella's tits as a means to earn funding for future experiments. This wasn't truly the case, however. Dr. Wood, like most people, had never really found himself thinking of breasts beyond the usual sizes, but seeing such a beautiful pair develop so quickly really stirred something inside him. In that sense, Dr. Wood was almost as excited about the continued expansion of Isabella's tits as she was, but did his best to remain as professional as possible, so as not to scare her away. Using her natural talents as a controlling jerk, as well as her new, heavy juggs, Isabella took advantage of Dr. Wood's newfound determination and demanded that he use more of the funding to pay for new custom-fit tops. Until this point, Isabella had been more than happy to wear her old clothing and loved to feel how tight and uncomfortable her shirts got as the days passed. Struggling to button up a blouse without ruining it was one of her favorite parts of the day, and it wasn't long before she had popped her last button on her last blouse. She would only wear her large, baggy pajama tops after that, but eventually they wouldn't fit over her ever-growing bosom, even after having been stretched to their maximum capacity.

When Isabella had her first measurement in April, she was very proud to have reached a whopping 75 inch bust. She felt like she had reached a milestone: she was now officially bustier than she was tall, by a whole inch. Even more exciting to Isabella was the fact that she was now larger than the top busty implant model, Chelsea Charms, by a few inches. Isabella had once sought to take that title for herself, but was at that point slowly growing larger with each passing moment, and without the need for implants. Her mind-blowing tits now reached the top of her hips at their lowest point, which was further away from the rest of her body now more than ever as her breasts retained a remarkable amount of roundness. Her admirers at the gym started to get nearly as excited to catch a rare glimpse of her sexy midsection as they used to be just from watching her exercise. While Isabella continued to have no trouble carrying or moving her massive tits around, their extra weight was undeniable as they bounced and swung on her chest as she exercised or just moved around.

The crowd at the gym didn't last forever, though -- as Isabella's gigantic juggs gradually crept up toward the triple-digits, while retaining their impossible shape and firmness, even her most devout fans started to suspect that something fishy was going on. Rumors started spreading that she was conducting some kind of weird sociology experiment for one of her classes, and that she was wearing fake breasts. The fact that she was never seen spending time with anyone only served to confirm the rumors for most of the students. Throughout all of this, Isabella remained unaware of anything but herself and her bosom, but eventually did notice that the gym seemed to be a lot less crowded than it used to be.

As her breasts grew and took up more and more space in front -- and increasingly to the sides -- of her, people started giving her more space than usual. However, it wasn't just because of politeness. Her abrasive personality and the rumors of her conducting a weird social experiment made people want to steer clear of her as much as possible. Isabella was just glad to be able to stretch out in class, and would often sit at her desks with her chest turned to the side to rest her bosom on the neighboring desk so that she could take notes on her own desk. Around this time, she began having trouble fitting through most doorways. Facing them straight-on was difficult at best, and she ran the risk of ruining her shirts if they got caught stuck between the door frame and her swelling boobs. Eventually, she found the easiest way to enter a room was to do so backwards -- pulling her bosom through the frame seemed to take less resistance than pushing them through first. Most of the time she would simply squeeze them as much as she could to get through doors, which often caused buttons to pop or more skin to be exposed than usual.

Isabella's mammoth mammaries finally reached the 100-inch mark in the second half of May, right as the semester came to an end. This was a date that she had been dreading. She was deeply worried that Dr. Wood was going to end the experiment at this point, but had been too afraid of the answer to actually ask him. Until this point, whenever she found herself thinking about the end of the semester, Isabella would just distract herself by reaching out and stroking her enlarged areola, which were now a little bigger than four inches in diameter, and her nipples, which stood proudly at one and a half inches long each. However, as the semester drew to an end, Isabella found herself unable to reach her nipples any more... at least not without great struggle.

Not wanting to return home, and just in case there was a chance that the experiment could continue, Isabella had been putting aside some of her earnings to cover the cost of a small apartment near the college for the duration of the summer vacation. And it was good that she did: the next time she saw Dr. Wood, he asked if she would be willing to keep the trial going over the summer. Isabella's sigh of relief was an epic sight to behold, as she popped the last few strained buttons on her overflowing blouse in doing so. This wasn't the first time Isabella had suffered a wardrobe malfunction in Dr. Wood's lab. Normally, she would have trouble putting her shirt back on after her measurements, so Dr. Wood kept a huge poncho that she could throw over her bosom for her walk home.

With school out for the summer, Isabella found herself with nothing but free time. She would stay in her apartment all day, then work out in the afternoon (Dr. Wood had made arrangements to allow Isabella to use the school's gym during the summer), and then get her pill afterward. Perhaps it was the pills or maybe just the fact that Isabella did practically nothing but obsess over her burgeoning breasts every waking hour, but Isabella became even more fanatical about her expansion as the days went by. She would arrive at Dr. Wood's lab earlier and earlier each day, just sitting in the hallway by herself as she stroked the tops and sides of her swelling tits. Isabella used to be more than happy to discuss her growth with Dr. Wood -- in fact, it was the only subject that ever seemed to make her happy -- but as June went by she would snatch her pill, demand a measurement, then leave without a word. She wouldn't even bother putting on her new bras as they were delivered and would just take them home with her.

Then came the darkest day in Isabella's life. It was the day after her bust had been measured at a whopping 122 inches. Her tits, by this point, hung down to her thighs and had been growing outward more into more of an ovaloid shape, but still defying gravity in a mouthwatering fashion. She arrived at the lab to snatch her pill, but Dr. Wood wasn't holding it out like Isabella had grown accustomed to. Instead, his arms were crossed, and there were four campus security guards with him. She stood there, confused, for several moments.

"Doc, what the HELL is going on?" she demanded.

"Isabella..." Dr. Wood said quietly. "The trial is over." He had never before seen such pure rage in another person's face before.

"You are FUCKING KIDDING ME, right?" Isabella shouted. "Give me my GOD DAMNED PILL!"

"Isabella, I was going to give you a list of reasons why I was ending this trial, but your behavior right now is really all I need to justify my decision."

Isabella was speechless. Dr. Wood could practically see flames in her eyes. "YOU CAN'T DO THIS TO ME!"

Dr. Wood was getting frustrated as well by this point. "We've proven beyond the shadow of a doubt that the drug works, but your behavior the past few weeks has been disturbing. It may have nothing to do with the pills themselves, but I need to be safe. There is no need to continue the trials any further. It's over, Isabella." It did hurt Dr. Wood to have to do this, but he was concerned that Isabella would soon become a problem and he didn't want potential investors to see the tit-crazed maniac that she had become.

Isabella screamed much like a toddler throwing a tantrum. Instinctively, she lunged at Dr. Wood to grab him, but instead plowed him over with her bigger-than-ten-feet-around, biggest fucking tits in the world. The moment he hit the ground, the security guards grabbed Isabella and escorted her off the campus, kicking and screaming the entire way.

In one of Isabella's classes during the previous semester, she learned about the five stages of grief: denial, anger, bargaining, depression, and acceptance. She was, however, unable to realize that she began these stages after being deprived of her precious pills. She spent the rest of the summer in great denial, thinking that Dr. Wood would come to his senses and start the trial again once school was back in session. She occasionally managed to convince herself that the pills had an after-effect and that she was still growing a little, just incredibly slowly. Summer ended, school started again, and Isabella attempted to speak to Dr. Wood again, only to be stopped at the entrance to the building that contained the lab by a campus security guard.

"Move it, I need to get inside."

The guard looked over her body, incredulously. "I was told by Dr. Samuel Wood that the school has banned you from coming into, or near, this facility. He said that he could have had you expelled, but he wanted to apologize for any inconvenience."

That sent Isabella right into the "anger" stage. "Oh yeah?! And how do you know you're talkin' to the right person, asshole?"

The guard cocked his eyebrow in confusion. "...Seriously?" Isabella punched the wall of the building and stormed off.

She was never an overly pleasant person to deal with on a good day, but now, Isabella was known more for her attitude and her rage more than her bust. And that's when Isabella met her new roommate.

Isabella thought she was hallucinating when a young woman who was nearly as tall and as busty as she herself was entered the dorm. The biggest difference between the two was this girl's black hair compared to Isabella's blonde. Isabella instantly noticed another difference, though: while this girl was insanely busty, her bosom was slightly smaller than Isabella's. Most people wouldn't be able to tell, but Isabella had spent more than enough time obsessing over her own body to know.

The black-haired, beautiful young woman smiled and her eyes grew wide. "Oh my god!! Look at you! I can't believe I'm seeing someone like me! Hi, I'm Candace!"

Isabella clenched her fists in anger. This... this bitch must have developed like this naturally, she thought. There's no other explanation. This girl was given everything that I wanted and never had to ask for anything.

She sneered at Candace. "I'm not a damn thing like you, slut."

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Back in the present day, Isabella finally finished drying off her gorgeous flesh mountains, as best as she could, at least. She was finally back on her pills, but remembered that Peter had only given her seven total, leaving five left. She was going to have to... convince him to get more soon, but then she wondered exactly how many more there were in Dr. Wood's lab in the first place. Isabella thought that Peter seemed meek and desperate enough to be near her, so perhaps she could get him to even make more pills somehow. She already knew that she would do anything to keep her supply going and her bust growing. Isabella had most certainly reached the bargaining stage, but if her plan worked out, her grief would be nonexistent.

# Lucky I

There are good days and bad days in one's lifetime, but there are some days that can change that life forever in ways you never expected or even dreamed about. I consider myself one of the luckiest guys ever because if it wasn't for that single day I would still be living a plain and drab life fantasizing about what I have now. Don't get me wrong, life wasn't bad it was just…boring.

Getting back to college lectures and courses after summer vacation is one of the most tedious and bothersome things most people can imagine. However that's not my case. I remember waking up that Monday, smiling, knowing I had to go back to school. But that's how life is, isn't it? As much as I dislike to get up early, I had to go to classes but I had some significant motivation to do so. One of the great advantages of going to college is that there is abundance of pretty sexy girls even if one isn't looking for them, and my college not only wasn't an exception but in fact I would think it was "blessed." So after getting ready, I got into the auditorium well before most students had arrived. It was just matter of time before some gorgeous girls entered the room. One of the advantages of my college is that all over the year the climate there is sunny and warm, so the girls dress accordingly with light clothes such as miniskirts, shorts, spaghetti-strapped or strapless tops, small dresses and all that kind of clothes which expose lots of skin. Also because of that most (all?) girls seem to take a lot of care about their appearance and it was widely supposed that maybe this was the college with the hottest girls of the country if not from the world, many were definitively drop dead gorgeous. Of course not all that "hawtness" was due to mother nature's generosity. I suspect that the percentage of girls that have had plastic surgery could be highest in the world and could even put to shame plastic surgery cities like LA or Miami, and I wasn't the only person that thought so. But I'm going too off-topic here. The point is that most girls here care a lot about their appearance, even the nerdiest or geekiest ones. So I was enjoying the view, daydreaming and fantasizing about the hotties who sat just in front of me, or in the far left corner.

I have to accept that even though I found all of them hot and that I would love to have any of them as my girlfriend or something I have always had a strong bias towards the slim and stacked type…but which straight guy doesn't? However most if not all of them know what they've got, so I always considered them out of my league. My eyes seemed ready to explode as some of the hottest girls I had seen were just a couple of seats away from me. They had pretty obvious implants. A brunette and a blonde. Their implants were so evident and they showed so much cleavage most average people would even consider them obscene or grotesque, the poor fellows…oh well, more boobs for me…or in this case, for their boyfriends . I have never been good at calculating volumes, but I suppose those were over 1000cc apiece. I smirked and sighed as one of them stretched her arms up in air, causing her chest to raise. Seeing her from the side, I noted the amazing projection and shape of her enhanced assets as well as the breathtaking bust to waist ratio. Yes, this was an incredible semester start, I just hoped they graced us with their presences every day. But even after what I just saw, I wasn't prepared to what was about to happen next. Just before the professor arrived I looked casually at one of the doors. Then everything got slow motion. Some round, huge (and I mean huge) globes in a blue blouse showed at the door frame and behind them their owner: a divinely gorgeous girl. My jaw dropped to the floor, my eyes were about to pop when I saw her. In every aspect she was perfect. She had long, shiny, straight raven black hair tied in a long ponytail. Perfect eyebrows and large, expressive, abyss-dark eyes.

Below that, she possessed a tiny, slightly-upturned nose and full, fleshy, shiny lips that would put Angelina Jolie's to shame, lovely ears adorned with 4-inch-diameter earrings. Long, perfectly-toned legs that made up more than half of her tall body, wearing mid-shin-length boots. An amazing, round, perky, bubble-butt, that would have made JLo jealous even during her heydays, was hugged by a tight, denim miniskirt that left so little to the imagination. Her hips tapered towards a tiny waistline with a flat, toned, exposed midriff. Her sexy navel adorned with a kitty-shaped piercing (as I figured out later that day) was hidden, as the girl's most obvious physical assets dominated her frontal view. Calling them massive was an understatement. They were bigger than medicine balls and almost as round. The phrase 'gravity defying' didn't do them any justice. How was she standing and walking? The circumference of either one would have doubled their owner's waistline. Her amazing bust at that time must have weighed at least 33% of her total body mass. I had no idea how her blue, strapless top covered those magnificent structures. I could almost hear the stressed fabric groaning. I had never, ever seen someone with a body like this and I was a hardcore fan of girls like Chelsea Charms and Beshine, but this college girl seemed to be in a whole, new level. I watched her as her breasts bounced slowly, heavily and lazily with each step. I heard some background noise and whisperings becoming loud, but I was too focused to pay attention to that. She walked so majestically and with such elegance. I became hypnotized by the bounce. Then she stopped on my side. I froze; I had to look elsewhere. She scanned for free seats. She didn't pay attention to the auditorium howls and comments. Then she noticed that a seat on my side was free.

"Hey, is that seat occupied?" she said to me. I looked at her dumbfounded I was so nervous…I felt sick and I had no idea if she indeed was talking to me or to someone else.

"N-n-no, it isn't…" I stammered.

"A'ight!" she said in a bubbly tone and sat there.

Then the professor arrived. The comments and howls stopped. I don't remember what he said or anything. I was too focused on trying stop avoid eye too boob or eye to eye contact with the goddess on my side. I was in auto-pilot mode taking notes of everything the professor said. However the urge to look to my right where she had sat was unbearable, especially because a considerable part of my peripheral field of vision was occupied by her monumental flesh-orbs. Some funny remarks made by the professor made the auditorium laugh and I could see how the girl's round gigajuggs jiggled. That was too much of a test for my will. I looked at them in their full glory, easily 5 times bigger than my head, if not bigger, resting on a support that seemed too feeble for such mass. But something told me I shouldn't stare at them for long. So I looked up. She was writing on a small agenda or diary-sized notepad, as writing on a normal notebook would be impossible for her due to her exuberant anatomy. But suddenly she took her eyes away from the front of the class after the professor made a funny remark, and looked at me.

"Did you lose something?" she asked.

"N-no…I-I just heard that joke before," I replied. She wasn't angry nor upset or bothered. She seemed to be happy, however I felt as if her expressive eyes looked right through me. I was so nervous I felt I ruined it and that I would be a creepy guy that should be left alone.

" It is super funny, don't you think?" she said, again with that bubbly tone. She was killing me.

"O-oh…yeah! Hehe," I said, smiling nervously. At least it seemed like she didn't think I was too creepy to avoid all communication or to get a seat far away from me.

For the rest of the class I decided to not push my luck and I had to resign myself to seeing her with my peripheral vision. It seemed like almost as soon as it had begun, the class was over. I watched as she got up and left as impressively as when she arrived. She had my full attention, she clearly hypnotized me. After the rest of the crowd left, I followed. Every conversation that reached my ears was centered about this new girl, and obviously revolved about her mighty mammaries. Some were hilarious while others were plainly offensive. But I wouldn't waste my time dealing with ignorant people. I knew I should go and get some lunch before food ran thin. On my way to one of the many cafeterias on the campus, I still felt I was in autopilot. I almost bumped into someone, and then almost hit a tree. My thoughts were on that goddess-made-girl and I was daydreaming, especially considering how nice she was to me, or at least I thought so. How was it possible for someone with that body to be a mere college student? Why wasn't she a trophy wife or girlfriend of some creepy tycoon? Also, she seemed totally okay with the howls and insults before and after classes, that could only mean that she was used to them. Were they natural or enhanced? To be honest, I didn't mind about that aspect, as long as they were big and nicely shaped. They didn't shoot 'fake' in my opinion, while at the same time were way too perky to be naturals at that size. Half-dreaming, half-awake I walked, ignoring most of what happened around me. Then I did hit something. I rebounded on the soft surface and fell to the floor.

"Ohmygosh! I'm so sorry! Are you okay?" she asked, stretching her hand in my direction. I looked up slowly at it, but didn't grab it at once. From my point of view, I could only see her hand, legs, flat tummy with the pierced navel and her boobs, which clearly dominated her upper body. Her head was eclipsed beyond them. I got up slowly trying to enjoy the moment.

"O-Oh it's okay no worries…it was my pleasure…I mean thanks for the help…errr ? " I said, rather nervously, even more now that I realized she was taller than me. I wanted to continue to stare, but I forced myself to look away from her.

"Candace! And nice to meet you more formally, guy from earlier…so what's your name?" she asked. That was totally unexpected. She remembered me? And she wanted to know my name. Okay, I tried not to show it outside, as I needed to stay cool. But it was the happiest moment in my life so far.

"Peter, and it's a pleasure to meet you as well," I replied. I wanted to say something else but I was so nervous. Girls like her would never talk to guys like me. I had no idea what to say as I didn't want to drive her off by saying some unwanted comment, but I didn't want to let this 'opportunity' get wasted.

"You seemed to be in a hurry or too focused on something. Where were you going?" she asked.

"Ah I was going to the cafeteria…but how about you?" I was trying to reply more to make it clear maybe we could be friends. My attempts were pathetic, but on those circumstances it was the best I could think of.

"Oh, the cafeteria! I was looking for a place to eat something. Would you mind if I kept you company?" she asked, smiling. This was so odd, why was she being this friendly? I wasn't complaining, but this was so unreal.

"Of course, I'd enjoy your company" (Yeah, she had no idea how much I would). "What would you like to eat? I'll treat you to it."

"Oh, please don't…I can't allow you to do that…we've just met," she said.

"I insist, just get us a table and I'll get you a bit of everything…consider it a welcome present," I replied. I had no idea why my words were flowing like it in that moment. That was good.

"Oh, okies, sure then! Thank you! And yeah, a bit of everything would be good," she said, almost giggling just before she walked away towards an empty table. As soon as she entered, I heard loud howls and heard people whispering while I was on my way to the buffet-bar. I ignored the 'nice' and not-so-nice comments. I couldn't believe how much people judged Candace by her looks alone, and she seemed to be more than that. Funny or ironically enough, I didn't think about her outfit until I heard a couple of girls wondering if she was stuffing her top for a crazy experiment for some sociology course. She did seem to enjoy showing the goods, as excessive as they were for most people even in my college. Maybe she got them implanted, but how did she get such big implants then? Bigger than any other implanted girl I had seen, even in the internet. In any case, it would have been sinful to hide her. I just thought this day was too great to be real and for a moment I turned off my thoughts and fantasies.

When I spotted Candace, she was just pressing her swollen underboobs on the edge of the table. She wasn't sat in a hunched position, her spine stood straight and proud. Either she had a strict education, or she indeed was proud of her overly generous assets. Her perfect megajuggs almost rested on her lap and stuck in front of her almost as far as her knees. Her top seemed even more flimsy than before, the seams looking painfully stretched due to the extra stress of her pressing the mighty mams on the table edge. She sat back in her chair while she was listening to music from her Ipod, shaking her arms and head in the air. When she saw me she took the headphones off. "Over here, Peter!" she called as she got up and waved, and then sat down again. "Thank you! you're a cool guy!" she said, pulling the tray with the food towards herself. She started to eat before I sat down, seeming to be quite hungry. She bent over a little and stretched her neck and arms and started to eat in a pretty awkward way.

"Oh, by the way, I got some chocolate dessert for you, Candance" I said, smirking at her.

"Aww, I don't like chocolate," she said as her face turned sad. I know it wasn't a big deal, but I felt something stopped in my chest, I was starting to feel disappointed just as she spoke again. "I kid! Thanks…I will treat you next time". I smiled, relieved, as I felt my heart beat again.

"As you wish," I said forcing a smile. I watched, as she ate in that seemingly uncomfortable position.

"You know…not that I'm complaining but I prefer small saucers…I can get them closer to my face" she said, giggling. At first I chuckled myself, but then I realized she must have been serious as I imagined how much comfortable must have been for her eating that way.

While we ate we both stayed pretty quiet. I know I was quiet because I had nothing interesting to say. So, naturally, as we finished our lunch I expected her to leave, but she didn't. "Sorry I was so quiet…I don't talk much when I'm eating," she said suddenly as she pushed the tray aside. "So, what are you majoring in?"

"Huh? Oh Biochemistry…I know, I'm a geek," I answered. I still was confused but I wanted to show this ubergirl I could at least chat to her. "What about you?"

"A geek, huh? Then I am a geek as well," she said, winking…that scared me a little. "I want to be a pharmacist like my mom and dad. Hey, maybe we would be colleagues or something?" she said. She was so happy and optimistic, totally the opposite of me. No girl I knew in real life behaved like her.

"You don't look much like a pharmacist, you know… but you will be a great pharmacist."

She laughed "I'll be a great pharmacist? How do you know?" she raised an eyebrow and then got a more serious tone "And what's that that I don't look like a pharmacist?" when she said that she ran her hands on the sides of her hyper vast behemoths. I calculated each one would be as wide as her torso. I became worried and if I offended her in any way I'd regret it for the rest of my life.

"Uh…ah…you look healthier than any other pharmacy student I know," I said, not thinking much about how ridiculous it sounded.

"Healthier? Oh, I thought it was for some other reasons," she said, smirking mischievously and took

off her hands from her boobs. That was weird…how should I interpret that? "Anyways, I must get going. I have classes at the other end of the campus," she added. Aww, I tried to hide it but I think my face showed my disappointment. "But I'll see you in classes," she said.

"Oh sure! But...don't you have MSN or something?" I tried to think quickly. I lacked malice.

"I don't use it often aside from vacations, sorry. Bye!" she said, smiling back. She got up and left. I said nothing. In that moment, I thought it was over for me.

The remaining days of the week were quite torturous especially considering it was only Monday. I couldn't take Candace out of my head even though I thought I had little chance that she'd want to be my friend. I waited for next Monday, at least to see her one more time.

And so Monday came. I was inside the auditorium as early as last week but this time I saved a seat for Candace. I kept telling myself that I was holding false hopes but I still I did it. Then the world stopped for me as she entered the room, as impressive as the first time. Her outfit was less revealing this time: a spaghetti-strapped, white top above low-cut, blue jeans and sandals. There were a few more ornaments in her hair. She looked around the place and spotted me, waving her hand and bouncing in my direction.

"Hey P…may I?" she asked, pointing at the seat I was saving for her. I was kind of distracted looking at her, because she stood there so close to me her head was one more time eclipsed by her hindenburgs.

"Ah, sure, I was saving it for you, Candace," I replied. I felt so dumb when I said that. I just felt totally unworthy

"Aww, that's sweet, thanks," she said as she sat beside me. Her gigantic bombs resting on the flimsy desk, I noticed how they spilled onto my own desk and onto the one on her other side. "Oh I was thinking…I heard that this course is pretty tough, so we could organize some study sessions for the semester. That is, if you wanted to," she said. What?! She didn't need to ask that. I would have killed to get such an offer from her, and she made it for free.

"Absolutely! I would love to….I mean, we could complement each other's insights," I stammered.

"Insights….right," she giggled. Her enormous mammaries jiggled, and I almost could hear the fabric of her top groaning. I still thought she has behaving weird. This was too good to be real. Maybe she just wanted to get good grades. After all, I do have a kind of geeky look. But even if that was the case, it was way better than nothing.

"We could arrange something at lunch time," I suggested.

"Oh yeah, that could be great!" she said. I was obviously really happy and so excited. I felt lightheaded and Candace just giggled again. Then the professor entered the classroom. It took all of my will to glance at her only from time to time, but I just didn't want to behave like a creep staring at her all day. My brain told me I was wasting my time looking at the diagrams instead of feasting my senses in this candy-smelling sex-nymph. But inside I thought it was the right decision. It was funny because every time I glanced, she had her eyes fixed on her notepad or on the professor and his diagrams. I felt kind of guilty because maybe I was underestimating her intelligence.

In any case, class was over, all too soon. Obviously, it was hard to focus when your classmate's impressive bust rubbed and pushed away your hand or notebook every time the professor said something important. She didn't seem to notice it though.

"Okay, let's go, Peter! This time we'll go to a little cafeteria near my dorm. It is just across the street. I hope you're as hungry as I am," she said. She got up, and as she did so her breasts bounced for seconds. She would crush me with them if she wanted. Really, those things would put a Holstein cow to shame.

I got up and followed her. People couldn't take her eyes off those heavy round wonders. Girls and guys alike watched their jaws hanging. In fact, the impression Candace caused was so great, I didn't hear anyone even whisper. I have to admit I felt kind of proud of being 'friends' with her. In fact, as I realized eventually, I enjoyed bragging about her. That made me get into some arguments but I won't go into the details of that.

When we arrived, food had already been served, and we were almost alone. A couple sat in the tables out at the terrace. The food was served in bowls and there were a lot of them. I watched Candace in action. She was able to bring them close to her face this time. She ate fast and in great quantity. I thought maybe all of that would end up in her breasts….where else?. When meal was over she rubbed her stomach a bit, or was it her underboobs?

"Okay then, in three weeks we have our first test. But before going into business, me and my friends will be going out this Friday, and I was thinking maybe you would like to come, maybe you'll have something in common with them," she said. What? She wanted me to join her gang to go out, just like that? I was dumbfounded; I had to say something quick.

"Oh, I'd love to…not too many people ask me to go out, and you're definitely the fun kind of girl," I replied.

"Oh, I am! Trust me. Anyhow, we'll meet here and then we'll look for a bar or something to have some fun."

"Sounds like a plan," I said resolutely. I had no clue what else I could say, I was so happy. But I kept my visible reaction subdued.

"Yeah, now, next week we could have our study session, if you have time."

"Sounds perfect to me," I replied. Dang! I was sounding stupid with these short replies. Honestly, I was curious to see how good of a student she was.

"And I need your cell phone number…to keep us in touch," she said. I blinked twice as my brain said, "Whaaa?"

"Oh, here, have it," I said, stammering as I gave her my number.

"Thank you, now let me see if it works," she said, dialing. Almost Immediately, I've had a message from Candace with her number.

"Thanks too, Candace," I said.

"Okay, now I have to go…classes again. See you soon, P!" she replied. She bent over allowing me to take a look into her abyssal, deep cleavage while we touched our cheeks and kissed the air.

"Oh, bye…have fun" I managed to say. I still felt lightheaded and dizzy. I didn't know how it was possible for a girl to cause me to feel this way. On a second thought, I think I did know.

During the rest of the week, we had a few phone conversations. It was safe to say I considered her my best friend since I started college. We had lots of things in common, from music and videogames, to books and other interests.

Then Friday evening came. I arrived at the cafeteria. I was impatient to see Candace. But she was nowhere to be seen. I expected it…after all, it was too early. A few minutes later, a cute asian girl approached me. She definitely had a gorgeous face, and she was in shape. Nice amount of curves. I have to admit, she seemed attractive to me. She wore a top, some furry boots and a tight pair of blue jeans.

"Hey…are you Peter? I am Maia, a friend of Candace," she said with a smile.

"Yes, I am Peter, nice to meet you, Maia," I replied. I got up from my seat, hugged her without getting too close and pressed our cheeks together.

"Oh, so did you get the message from her?" she asked.

"What message?" I said, a bit confused.

"On your cellphone…I suppose."

"Oh, the battery died a while ago," I said, frowning a bit as I showed it to her.

"Well, you're lucky I showed up then. Besides, Candace's the typical girl who takes decades to get ready. I'm way more practical." In that moment, I realized Maia was quite a tomboy, not so much in looks but in attitude. "Let's go, then," she continued, trying to hurry me up.

"Uh….sure!" I said. I followed her to Candace's dorm, it was a couple of blocks away from the cafeteria. Maia opened the door and the first thing I noticed was the mess everywhere, and the loud music coming from somewhere. Maia yelled, "Cand, are you ready?!".

"Yeah! Just about," She yelled back.

"Gah! She's still in the bathroom," Maia said back to me. Then we heard steps getting closer.

"You know, I—oh, hi, P!" Candace said. There she was. In her underwear. She wore a white thong with a colossal, lacy bra, that dwarfed any other bra I'd seen before, including the bras of Chelsea Charm and Beshine. On top of that, she was overflowing it quite a bit! She looked so much bigger. I swear an expedition team would get lost inside her Mariana-Trench cleavage. I almost fainted at such a sight. I was so impressed I was unable to blush. I turned all pale and cold. I waved back nervously, trying to look elsewhere.

"H-Hi, C-Candance," I stammered.

"Are you okay, P? You don't look good at all…M, get him some water or something?" Candace said.

"I-I'm okay…I'll wait outside until you're r-ready," I stammered. Maia smirked maliciously as I spoke.

"Outside? Don't be silly, P! C'mon sit…uh," Candance said, looking for an empty seat and grabbing my hand. "…here," she continued, as she grabbed some clothes on an old couch and threw them to the floor. "I'll be ready right away."

"Yeah…right," said Maia, not hiding her sarcasm.

"Shut up, M! I will!" she called, and she stormed back to the bathroom. I could almost feel the ground trembling at the beat of her bouncing, majestic giants.

Maia started to mock Candace's most prominent physical assets, and I have to admit she made me laugh. However, the music Candace was listening was so loud, I supposed she was unable to tell what were we doing in the other room.

"M…I need your help choosing a top!" Candace yelled from the bathroom, one more time.

I was unable to understand the following argument fully, but it seemed like most of Candace's tops weren't fitting anymore. I started to imagine that maybe Candace's glorious, rotund mastodons were still growing. I daydreamed until Candace shouts woke me up.

"Oh, I think this one will do great!" yelled Candace.

"You're taking a huge risk with this…I don't think the seams were made for such stress," replied Maia.

"I look good, don't I?" said Candace, waiting for a positive reply.

"Sure…if you say so," replied Maia, obviously unconvinced.

Immediately, I saw Candace's immense, perfect orbs exit her room long before the rest of her did, with Maia following. Candace wore a super-stretchy, almost skin-tight, black top. Her overfilled bra could be seen under it. It did seem like the seams of it were at their limit; as I looked at her sides, a few threads were holding the front and the back of the top together. On her hips, she wore a cute, school-girl miniskirt.

"Okay, I'm ready! Sorry for taking this long. Let's go, before Isabella arrives!" said Candace in an excited tone.

As soon as I got up, we headed to the club. "Eh? Candance? Who is Isabella?" I asked, quite curious.

"She's her roommate. However, they don't go too well along. I don't get why. They have lots in common," said Maia.

"Lies! She's a pain in the butt, I can't wait for the semester to be over so we can part ways," Candace replied, obviously upset.

"Really Cand, I don't get it, you two have two huge things in common, that must count for something," said Maia.

"Hush! Stop it already!" Candace said, getting even more upset. Maia giggled, but kept her mouth shut. In that moment, I was already imagining Isabella to be a pretty top heavy lass. I was curious to know why she and Candace didn't get well along. After all, what's better than a super-busty girl? Two super-busty girls. I stayed quiet. The last thing I wanted was to upset Candace, or get involved in something that wasn't my business.

We arrived at the club. Candace seemed to frequent that place, as the bouncer let us in and didn't have to wait. The place was pretty crowded, and yet Candace made quite a ruckus as she entered. I had no idea how she managed it, she behaved as cool as usual, greeting people around her and not getting bothered by the negative comments. We sat at a table where two other girls and a guy were waiting for us. They greeted us and introduced themselves to me as I was the new guy. We all drank for a while. However, Candace proved to be a lightweight, after a couple of beers she was behaving as if she had drank seven. She got up.

"Hey, let's get up and dance, P," she exclaimed.

I nodded, dumbfounded. I was curious how someone like her would dance.

We danced around for a while. Well, Candace did. I just moved around her, marveling at the hottest body ever. It was so amazing to watch her dancing. She seemed to be in control of the insane inertia caused by her enormous milk-makers, or at least she seemed used to it. However I was bumped by her enormous, rotund funbags a handful of times, and I enjoyed so much how they felt. She had more boob volume on her body than all the other girls in the club put together, it was crazily hot to think about it. I know I was taking advantage of her, but she didn't seem to mind it at all. After several minutes we were both panting.

"Ugh, let's have a seat, I'm tired," Candace said grabbing my hand and pulling us to the table. We sat again and more drinks were waiting for us. Candace didn't want more but was forced to partake by the rest of the bunch, me included.

The night went on until it was finally time to leave. We all had a great time. But even though Candace seemed to be happy, her mind was only like 20% with us. Maia and me decided it was time to take her home. Candace was so difficult to control, and her anatomy had a great deal to do with it. She was unable to walk in a straight line, and the weight of her overdeveloped assets didn't help at all. We finally arrived, the dorm room was dark and lonely.

"Let's put her on the couch!" said Maia. So, with quite some effort we put her in place. After we were done, she looked at her watch.

"Crap! I had no idea it was this late. Bye Peter, see you soon!" said Maia, exiting the dorm room.

"Uh…oh, bye, nice to meet you," I said.

Obviously, I didn't want to leave. I tried to get Candace comfortable with some pillows and cushions. Every time I touched or rubbed her was amazing, but I didn't want her to catch me touching more than I should, especially since I knew she was semi-conscious. I went to her room looking for a blanket on her bed. Then I heard at someone opening the door. I got back to Candace just as an unknown girl voice 'greeted' me from the kitchen.

"Who are you? And what are you doing here?" she demanded.

# Lucky II

I turned around slowly, and then I saw her, Isabella. Her face was like Avril Lavigne's, who I consider hot, even the heavy panda-like makeup around her eyes. She could have been her twin if it wasn't for her overdeveloped body. I mean, not only she was taller, but she was at least as big Candace, unlike Candace however, Isabella was blonde. Sadly, the dim light and the jet-black outfit she was wearing made it hard to see, but it was still good enough for me to have a view of her. She wore a super-tight, black sweater that struggled with her enormous round boobs, with holes on her cleavage and shoulders that showed lots of skin. She also was wearing black, fingerless gloves, a pair of tight, black jeans and black boots. I stayed there dumbfounded, staring.

"Hey, I'm talking to you! Stop staring and answer me, or I'll kick you out of here," she yelled.

"Oh, I am Peter, I'm a friend of Candace, you must be Isabella, right?" I asked, trying to get away from my imagination.

"Hmph! Hanging out with the slut. What exactly are you doing with that blanket? Wanna get laid, with her? Ugh, so disgusting," she grumbled.

"N-no! It's not like that!" I said loudly, shaking my head. I was just trying to help, and why did she call Candace slut, when she was just confident and even proud of herself? I decided to stay quiet as honestly I felt quite intimidated by her.

"Huhhhh…what's going on here?" I heard asked from behind me. I turned around and realized that Candace just got up.

"Great, you woke her up!" Isabella sighed, not pleased about it.

I said nothing, but Candace said, "So what if he did, eh?"

"I'm not talking to you, slut," said Isabella, with a fake smile on her face.

"Listen, Isabella, I'm sick of you calling me like that, I'm not a slut, got it?" Candace said, walking towards Isabella until their breasts bumped and were pressed together. She didn't look happy at all, and I could feel the tension. I thought Isabella would say a snappy comeback. But in the last moment it seemed like she changed her mind.

"You know what? I'm tired, I should get some sleep," Isabella said grabbing a couple of cookies, while still pressing her breasts against Candace. Then she stepped back and to the side and headed to her room.

"Bitch," whispered Candace, watching Isabella leave.

The animosity between them both made me feel a little bad, even though I would have loved to be sandwiched between them while they argued.

"Sorry about that Peter. Isabella is just an arrogant bitch," Candace said, looking at the remaining cookies with a somewhat disgusted expression. "Gee…I'm still not feeling so good. I'd rather go back to bed. Thanks for everything, P. Tonight was fun. Feel free to stay here as long as you want, but I'm going to bed. Goodnight, and thanks for bringing me here!"

"Oh yeah, good night Candace, and you're welcome. I should get back to my place as well. See you on Monday, I hope," I said, as she waved at me without turning around. I exited her place, and a goth guy approached me outside.

"Are you Isabella's new friend?" He asked abruptly, with a frowning expression on his face.

"Ahhh….no," I replied, quite worried. He began chuckling, becoming louder until it was a full-fledged laugh.

"Hahaha…sorry, I just…haha…if you could see your face, hahaha!" He laughed, trying to calm himself. "I'd have been so surprised if you said 'yes.' I know Isabella isn't the friendliest girl around. Oh, by the way, my name is Kevin, sorry if I startled you."

I looked at him, confused. "Ohh, my name is Peter," I replied, still not knowing about what to do or say.

"You must be friends with the other girl, Candace, right? It's funny how she and Isabella ended up as roomates,"

"Huh? Why is it funny?" I asked. The guy seemed a little drunk, in my opinion.

"Oh well, nevermind that. Where are you going?" he asked, seeming like he wanted some company.

"To my room. It is at the other side of the campus," I replied, not knowing what would Kevin do.

"I think we live close to each other, then. Mind if I go with you?" he asked. I nodded at him. So we headed to our respective places, taking our time.

"You may think Isabella and Candace live together because they both have similar physiques. That's right, but the funny part is that Isabella wasn't gifted by nature with large tits like Candace," Kevin explained as we walked.

"Huh, do you mean Candace is natural? And Isabella's are implants?" I asked, quite surprised. I thought it was amazing that Candace was natural, considering how unnaturally perky her humongous, round knockers were. Even though I didn't know Isabella, it seemed like hers could have been implants.

"Implants? Ha ha ha!" Kevin laughed. "Nope, not implants". I was now confused, I imagined some crazy stuff. Kevin paused for a second and then continued, "According to Isabella, Candace must be natural, cause she's a freshman and since she met Isabella she has been as prominent as she is. Anyway, about Isabella, she told me she was part of some clinical trial here at the campus. She even showed me the pills they were testing on her. Pills that are supposed to make boobs grow. She never said the name of the researchers, she just said it was a study in the Biochemistry department." Researchers working on bust-enhancement pills sounded quite unreal to me but I was puzzled, I hadn't heard anything about this. They must be keeping the study quiet.

"Biochemistry? Really, I'm majoring in biochem. I had no idea they were working on this," I said, curious.

"Oh, you are? I'm majoring in sociology. That's funny, even a biochemistry student hasn't heard about the study. Isabella was taking those pills since winter of last year, I think. She said she got a scholarship and some money being a guinea pig. She went from a c-cup to her current size in just seven months so it must be some quite powerful stuff. Then a few weeks before classes started this year, she told us the researchers took the pills away from her. They told her that she was getting too big. I think getting taken off the pills, and Candace's arrival turned her into the ogre she is these days. Her mood was slightly less corrosive back when she was still taking them. I think she became addicted to them, or something," Kevin said. I was astounded at all of this. It sounded more like science fiction than reality, Isabella going from average to chestacular in a few months blew my mind away. Before I knew it, we had arrived at Kevin's place.

"This is my place, dude. Nice to meet you. See you!" he said, entering the building.

"Likewise, bye," I replied. My own place was a short distance away. I couldn't take the idea of the pills off my head. I also kept wondering if Candace's boobs were natural or not. I was lucky that it was Saturday, because I was unable to sleep that night. When I finally drifted off to sleep the sun was about to rise.

Saturday was pretty calm, until I realized the following Saturday was the first test of the semester. I had to refresh myself on some of the concepts. Starting Monday, Candace and I had agreed to have some study sessions. We hadn't decided about about our schedule yet. I was so impatient that I was unable to focus. But I didn't worry; after all, there was a whole week before the test, and the topics seemed rather simple. I called Candace later on in the evening, but she didn't return my call. I didn't want to flood her with messages so I decided to leave her alone.

Sunday arrived. First thing, there was a text message from Candace on my phone. She wanted me to go to the fountain square, a large plaza in the middle of the campus. I supposed she wanted to arrange the study sessions for the week, but even if it was something else, it was always a pleasure to see her.

When I arrived to the plaza there were a few people, but Candace was nowhere to be seen. I sat on a bench and waited for her. After a few minutes, I felt something round and soft that bumped my nape. They had to be Candace's glorious udders. I turned around, and all I could see were two colossal orbs that dwarfed the biggest tit model's jugs. They were barely covered by a thin black layer of sweater fabric. I looked down and caught a glimpse of the owner's flat tummy. The sweater must have been huge, but for the girl wearing them it was like a tight, tiny belly-sweater that struggled to cover the underboobs of such immense behemoths. However, something wasn't right. I looked up and I noticed a strand of hair. It wasn't raven black. It was blonde.

"So, you did come, hmm?" asked the person behind the immense milk makers. That wasn't Candace's voice.

"I-Isabella? What…? I-is Candace coming?" I asked, the only thing I could think of to say.

"That slut? Nah, I just wanted to discuss something with you, so I borrowed her cell phone and I left you a message," she said. It was kind of amusing to hear her talking to me while her face was hidden behind such enormous breasts, at least from my perspective. "May I have a seat, please?" she continued.

"Ah…yes," I replied, scooting over. I still felt intimidated by her. Even if she was mean, she was hot as hell; she was the only girl who looked as good as Candace, at least in physical terms.

"Listen, I think we got started on the wrong foot. I was wondering if we could start over," she began, her voice halting for a moment as she moved closer towards me. She bent towards me a little, just enough so that her underboobs pressed heavily on my thighs. They were massive, but they felt so amazing. She gazed at me, looking me face to face. I was so nervous, my heart was pounding in my chest. Then she moved her hand to my shoulder, and ran her finger down my arm. I shivered at the sensation. "Maybe you could even do me a BIG favor," she murmured. I gulped hard.

"W-what kind of favor?" I replied.

"Well, I need you to get some pills for me. From the biochemistry department. You're almost a Biochemist, huh?" she said. She smirked almost evilly at me while she played with her fingernail. I wondered who had told her I was studying Biochemistry. Most likely Kevin, the goth guy.

"I'm just a sophomore," I explained. I tried to keep myself out of trouble, but obviously this girl was persuasive.

"Aww, I just need you to get some pills from Dr. Wood's office, you surely know him, right? I could do it on my own, but if I get closer than a hundred feet from him or his office, I'll be expelled from the university," Isabella said. "He thinks I've had too many of the pills already," she pouted. So, old Dr. Wood was behind this. I had to think fast. I could get in so much trouble if I was caught stealing those pills, but if they really had made Isabella grow, this was an opportunity a boobphiliac like me couldn't reject.

"Yes, I've heard of him," I said. Now I knew which professor was running that study. "Okay, Isabella I'll help you out, but I don't work for free," I told her. Maybe this would make her angry, but I didn't mind now that I knew who had the pills.

"Thank you! I knew you were really smart. Helping me out will have some very, very big benefits for you, if you know what I mean. Here's the tag from one of my old pill containers, so you can find them," she said. She handed the tag over to me and then winked, placing her hands on the sides of her monstrous bosom and pressing a bit her beachball sized beauties. "I am looking forward for our next meeting. After you've got the pills, of course. See you!" As she spoke, she got up slowly and walked away, swaying her hips from side to side. I knew she was using me, but I had gotten a closer look at her fabulous body. I was sure now she was bigger than Candace. Now I just had to find a way to get those pills.

I was a bit disappointed that it wasn't Candace who wanted to see me, but at the same time I was thrilled that I'd gotten to see and feel those enormous bombs on Isabella's chest. On the way back to my place, I looked at the active compounds in the tag Isabella had given me. I realized that I had never heard about any of them. But they had suffixes that reminded me some signal amplifiers of certain hormones for specific target cells. Instead of studying, I spent the rest of the day surfing the databases about those compounds. Nothing interesting turned up, even after hours of searching. The next time I looked at the clock, it was two in the morning. I guess I'd have to worry about those substances later.

Monday started as it always did, classes with Candace. She seemed to enjoy miniskirts, this time a pleated one. She also seemed to like low cut blouses, which obviously attracted attention to her main guns. This one even had the upper buttons unbuttoned. This kind of schoolgirl outfit suited her well…very well. It must have been a custom-made shirt for her luscious, top heavy torso.

"Hey Peter, we should arrange our study sessions for this week. What if we talk about it at lunch?" asked Candace, in her usual lovely tone.

"I'm sorry, Candace, but I need to talk with a professor after class. It's about some semester project," I said, half lie, half truth. I needed to discuss something with Dr. Wood, and with luck maybe get some pills from his office or lab.

"Oh, okay, then it would be better if we solve this right away," she replied. She clumsily searched the desk area beneath her enormous bosom. "Oh, here it is," Candace said, pulling a small agenda from beneath her chest. "Okay, what about tomorrow and Thursday, afternoon and evening both days? Are they okay for you? Say, after 5 pm, at my place? No, wait, we can't do it tomorrow, I think Isabella will be there," Candace considered, frowning a bit.

"You're always welcome at my place, Cand. How about if I picked you up at your place at 4:30?" I said, innocently.

"Goodies, then," she replied, and wrote something in her agenda. "Tomorrow at your place, Thursday at mine. I'll start studying on my own today, and I think you should too," she added with a smirk.

"Oh, I've already started," I laughed.

"Booo! such a dork!" she pouted, and then smiled. I smiled back, nervously. It was just a joke.

I was quite tense, thinking about what to do and how I would get those pills. On top of that, I also needed to find time to study for this test, and also for a couple of others scheduled for next week. I know I probably missed some great opportunities to get lost inside Candace's abyssal cleavage, but life's not fair. Before I knew it, classes were over and Candace was saying good bye.

As I sat there absentmindedly at the end of class, she said, "So, see you tomorrow, eh P?"

"Huh? Oh, yeah. See you soon!" I said, and got up and headed to Dr. Wood's office.

I knocked at the door.

"Come in, please," said the doctor's voice. I opened the door, and he was looking inside a large fridge at one end of his office. He turned around and said, "Oh, Peter, right? What can I do for you?"

"Dr. Wood, as you know, we have a semester laboratory project for the endocrine physiology course, and I've become deeply interested in steroid hormones lately. I'd like to ask if I could have access to the laboratory one evening a week, as it's the only time I have available to work on the project. I know maybe I'm asking too much, since I need to have access at a time when maybe you won't be available--" I began, but I was cut off by Dr. Wood.

"Don't worry, Peter, you can have access anytime you want, you could use the small lab at the back of my office. I know you're a outstanding student and I like to encourage the future researchers," he said, but then he was interrupted by the phone ringing. Dr. Wood answered. A few minutes later the call was over.

"Peter, I have to leave for a moment, I'll be right back. Don't go away," he said, then he stormed out of his office. I was curious about the fridge. It seemed that it even had a lock, though Dr. Wood had left it open. Inside there were countless jars with tags of different colors. I took out the tag Isabella had given me. I had to be quick. If I was caught, I would be in some serious trouble. I examined the tags quickly, but there were no obvious matches, and I was running out of time. Just as I was about to give up, I found a bunch of containers with the tag I had. I opened them and they were filled with pink pills. They had a faint candy smell. At first I thought it would be easy to steal a jar, but I worried that maybe Dr. Wood had them counted. No, it was better to take a few pills from a handful of containers, so Dr. Wood wouldn't realize something was missing. I took some from several containers as fast as I could. I was sweating. If Wood returned, my university life would be over. I was able to get 20 pills, which I hid inside a small empty bottle I found in my backpack. I put every jar in place and half-closed the fridge's door. The very moment I was hiding the bottle inside my backpack, the office door opened. Dr. Wood was back. My heart was racing.

"Anyway, Peter, you needed access to the lab, I can understand that. Here, take this key and card, just be sure to store them in your locker so they don't leave the building," he said, handing me a chip card and a key.

"Thank you, Dr. Wood" I said, sighing. It had been such a close shave, I was glad it was over, at least for now.

"Anything else you need?" Wood asked.

"Maybe some literature, but I can ask you about that later. Thanks again," I replied.

"Very well then, see you later," he said. As I exited his office, I could feel my heart pounding. I sighed, relieved, as I headed back to my place. I had to put those pills in the fridge. I spent the rest of the day at my place, studying. I was so focused, I forgot to bring the pills back to Isabella. I had the pills now, she could wait a couple of days.

Tuesday came. Unfortunately for me, I forgot I had to present a report later that day so I spent the morning doing it. Again, I forgot to give the pills back to Isabella. Luckily for me, everything went okay. As soon as I delivered the report to the laboratory assistant, I headed to Candace's place. I had left the pills in the fridge at my place, so if Isabella showed up she could either come home with me or she would need to wait to get them tomorrow. I entered the building and the first thing I noticed was that Candace was in the hallway. She wore an old, large, yellow t-shirt that seemed like if it would explode in any moment. Beneath it, it was quite obvious where her bra ended. It did seem to be a couple of cupsizes too small to hold those mammoth monsters. But I had to admit, she looked great. One would think that maybe I should have gotten used to them by now. But staring at such wonders was always marvelous. I didn't know how it was possible for such beachball-sized mammaries to be that round and without sag. She was wearing some tight old shorts, as well. Her beautiful legs and shapely buns deserved to be showed off and bragged about. She was a gift from heaven, I decided.

"Candace…what are you doing out here?" I asked, curiously.

"Ahm, I didn't want to deal with Isabella. She's evil! So, let's go. I hope your place isn't as messy as mine," she said, smiling at me.

"I don't know. I guess you'll see," I laughed.

"So, did you really have time to study? I didn't, sorry. Maybe we could start with an overview? That would help remind me of the concepts, how about if we start with the oxidative chain stuff?" she said, cutely.

"It's okay, after all we are here to help each other," I said. I began to review the oxidative chain for her. Thankfully, she seemed to understand what I was trying to tell her, as she made some clever comments regarding the topic. Her being with a taller than me had its advantages: It was hard to tell exactly where was I looking from her point of view. Of course, my face was really close to her jugs, which made anything close to them look so irrelevant and small. They bounced so mightily. It was so odd I was able to stay focused with the explanation.

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When we arrived at my place, I opened the door for Candace. For a second, I thought she would't be able to get in, as the door frame was quite narrow. But she made it through. My place wasn't the tidiest home, but it was surely better than Candace's.

"Welcome to my little corner," I said.

"Thanks," she said, smiling. "So, what if we study for a while, have a bite to eat, and then finish studying. I brought my own snacks for the meantime. I hope you don't mind," she said as she opened her handbag. I hadn't noticed it until that moment for two very obvious reasons.

"It's alright, please make yourself at home. I'll grab my books and my notes," I said. I went to get them, and brought them back quickly. Candace was already checking her own notes in her little notebook. I found myself daydreaming about her losing the notebook in her vast cleavage. There's no way she would find it except by taking her clothes off. Speaking of clothes, her t-shirt seams seemed to be overstressed. If she inhaled too deeply, that top would be no more.

"So, I was thinking should practice with some old tests first, just to see what we remember, and what we need to work on. I brought a few, let's do a couple, and then we'll know what areas we need to study most," she said handing me a copy of a test. "Too bad you've already studied," she laughed. I grabbed the test, thinking about how Candace's hands wouldn't meet if she tried to wrap her arms around her baby-feeders. "Anyhow, let's get started. If we find a question we can't answer, we can discuss it after we finish the test. Okay, go!" As she spoke, she pulled out a clipboard and began doing her test on the board atop her flesh orbs.

Candace was indeed crafty when dealing with her boobs. I tried to focus on my test. It was not easy at all with her so near. She seemed to be so focused, so I thought it was safe to stare from time to time. As usual with these kind of tests, some questions were too easy some others were very hard. Before I knew it, she had finished her test.

"I'm done, how about you, mr. P?" she asked, looking at me as she pulled a small package of cookies and a box of juice from her handbag and started to eat.

"What?" I asked in surprise. "No way, I need more time," I protested. I didn't want to be rude, but I expected her answers to be all wrong. Imagining her as being smarter than me was quite intimidating. I hurried through my test as she opened her notebook and glanced at her notes, eating her cookies slowly. Half an hour later I was done.

"Finished, now let's check our answers," I said.

"Finally," Candace giggled in reply. We checked our tests, and I was surprised that she had got most of her answers right. I had no idea why, but that woke up some competitive spirit in me. We did the second test and then we had a question and answer session. Slowly, the intimidation I felt turned into admiration. She proved herself; she was more than her physique and personality. This girl had brains. In my mind, she existed to be praised and treated like a goddess. Before we knew it, it was eleven o'clock at night and I finally felt hungry.

"Hey, Candace. I think we have studied enough for today. I mean, six hours in a row, I'm getting hungry," I said, not expecting her to be hungry after all those snacks she'd brought.

"Okay, I am hungry as well. It was a good study session, you're a smart guy. So, what do you have to offer?" she asked. As she spoke, I stared deeply and obviously at her monumental mammaries. "Peter? Oh, I see! Hey, my face is up here!" Candace called. I shook my head suddenly and looked up at her face. She didn't seem to be happy. My heart skipped a beat. I felt as if a huge, bottomless pit just opened under my feet. I took my eyes off her face, flushing in embarrassment.

"I-I-I'm sorry!" I said, beginning to apologize, but I was suddenly interrupted by Candace.

"I'm just kidding. I know it is not easy to take one's eyes off them. I mean they are, like, well…big! Hahaha," she laughed, her expression pleased again. She added, "Also, you have been so nice to me, it's obvious you like them." I opened my eyes wide enough that they felt like they were about to pop out and shook my head violently. "Ha! C'mon P, don't deny it. I knew it from the first moment we met. And there's nothing wrong with liking them. You think that if I didn't like them I would go out dressed like this?" she laughed, gesturing at her clothing.

"I-I guess you're right, B-but how did you figure it out?" I replied shyly, feeling embarrassed but at the same time quite relieved that my secret was finally out.

"Huh? I dunno, you guys are so obvious! I know most don't like them as big as mine. They think I'm a circus freak or who the hell knows what else, but I also know some like them almost as much as I do," Candace replied. Almost as much as she did?! For a moment I thought this must be a dream. She continued, "And I like huge boobs a lot! Too bad Isabella is a bitch, because if she wasn't, I'd jump her over and over again." I blinked twice, confused, and Candace laughed again, "Oops! it seems like I said more than I should. Just kidding about Isabella!"

"Oh, yeah, haha," I said awkwardly, forcing a smile. I was surprised. Was she lesbian? I didn't care. It was awesome to have her as a friend, specifically this kind of ginormous-titted, wet-dream lesbian. However, that probably took me out of the running for anything more intimate.

"No, seriously. What a waste! And to make things worse I'm kinda jealous of her," Candace huffed. That was something I didn't expect her to say.

"Jealous? Of her? Why? You've nothing to envy about her," I said. I really meant it. Everything seemed like it was happening so quickly. I wanted to tell her how much of a goddess she was in my eyes. But I guess I was too shy or stupid to express it.

"Well, umm, please don't laugh or think I'm crazy," Candace began. "When I met her, I was surprised to see she was about as busty as I am, but I also felt a bit uneasy, you know. It was like when a girl thinks she has the cutest doll but then she realizes her friend's doll is just cute as hers, or maybe even a bit better." She paused a moment, seeming to think of past experiences. "Of course, almost as soon as we met she showed her claws, if you know what I mean. Anyway, I wanted to prove to myself that I was 'better' than her. Now, the silly part is that for me bigger means better." I blinked twice, a strange expression on my face. Was she really telling me that? Was she being honest? "So the first day I was left alone, I entered her bedroom and looked for her bras. There were many, some of them too small to be hers, but I was looking for the biggest. When I found it, I decided to give it a try. I did, and the cups were a bit too big. I was quite disappointed. I also got quite angry. I was mad that someone as mean as her got such prize, having boobs that big. Life is not fair, I think," she said, sighing.

"But, Candace, the difference isn't noticeable, you shouldn't worry," I said, trying to make her feel better.

"Maybe, but there is a difference," she said with emphasis. "But I guess you're right, I should just cope with it. Oh, just forget everything I said. This will sound silly, but I wish my tits were bigger." I was shocked as my brain tried to digest her words. She tried to look as if nothing happened, but that wasn't the case.

"Hmm, listen, Candace. I don't know if you know this, but Isabella had help getting her boobs that big," I said, opening the fridge and looking for something to eat. There was stuff, but not anything worthy of her.

"Help? What kind of help, implants?! That big?!" she exclaimed, quite surprised. "How do you know? Did she tell you?!"

"Ahh no, not implants," I responded. I gave her a bottle of soda from the fridge. "Wait just a second, I'll give a call to the Chinese restaurant I usually order from. Would you like some, I have a friend who works here he would bring us the food"

"Sure, thank you, but hurry, I want to hear the rest of this story about Isabella," she said excitedly. I quickly made the call, placing the order.

"Okay, it will be here in 15 minutes. In the mean time, she got these," I said, grabbing the bottle with the pills from the fridge and showing them to her.

"What are those? Pills? What are they for, and how did they help Isabella?" she asked. I smiled at her, her expression one of puzzled excitement. I told her everything I knew, how and why I got the pills, save for the details of how Isabella convinced me. She grabbed the bottle and stared at the pink pills inside, examining them. I just couldn't believe she wanted her incredible boobs to be even bigger.

"So, you got these pills for Isabella?" she said, not happy at all, just before the doorbell rang. Expecting that it was the restaurant delivery, I got some cash and went to the door, greeting the delivery driver and paying him. I brought the food back into the room. "P?" she said, wanting answers.

"Uhm, listen," I said. "Isabella has no idea I already got the pills, or how many I got. What if I give some to you? Sound good? " I expected she would be happy with the deal. But she frowned at the idea.

"Some? I want them all! You know that bitch doesn't deserve them!" Candace said. She was expecting me to yield. I was putty in her hands, and she could have made me give them to her if she wanted.

"You're right, maybe you do deserve them more than her," I said, embarrassed. "Listen, you're the hottest girl I know, by far. Ah, sorry, I don't know why am I saying this." I was about to collapse from embarrassment. Candace smiled at me.

"Aw, thank you! That's so nice of you to say that," Candace said, pleased. I hesitated, because I had more to say and I wasn't sure she would like it.

"But don't you feel a little sorry for Isabella?" I asked. "She has so few assets besides her body. At least from what I've heard, she was slightly happier when she had the pills. Also, she was the one who told me where to get them, and I think we still need to find out how many it's safe to take. Playing with this stuff is serious business." I hoped Candace would listen to reason.

"Fine, give some to your precious Isabella" she huffed, opening a one of the boxes of Chinese food. I smiled back to her, hoping she wasn't too upset. "You're too good to her, P. I think you're making a mistake, but it's your decision." To be honest, I didn't know Isabella that well. Maybe if I helped her, her mood would improve. Besides, if it was my decision, I'd love to make every girl bigger than Candace or Isabella, but I just couldn't tell that to Candace. As she spoke, I found an empty jar and began placing pills inside.

"I've been thinking though, you can't keep these pills at your place or Isabella might find them," I said, speaking as I was dropping pills into the jar one at a time. "Maybe you should keep them here at my place, so she doesn't know you have them." Candace nodded in agreement, but she was watching the pills. In the end, ten pills were in the jar, while ten pills stayed in the bottle. She objected immediately.

"Wait a second, I only get half?" she wailed. "Nuh-uh! I want more! C'mon, P, give me some more please. I know you will like the effect they'll have on me, and my frequent visits here to take them," she said, winking to me.

# Lucky III

"Okay, okay," I stammered. I picked pill by pill from Isabella´s bottle and moved them to Candace's jar until they were thirteen for Candace and seven for Isabella. I sighed as Candace smiled to herself. Then she picked a pill and was about to put it in her mouth. "No wait!" I exclaimed. "We don't know if there are any special instructions on how to take them! Please wait until tomorrow, and I'll ask Isabella."

"Geeze, okay. But you should take more risks, P, no risk, no reward," she said, putting the pill back in the jar.

"So that's settled, then. Now that you know my kryptonite, do you mind if we talk about 'them?'" I asked nervously, gesturing at her humongous knockers. Candace laughed.

"Nah, it's fine. I think they like when I talk about them," she laughed, as she helped herself to a bit of the food. I was a little embarrassed to ask the first question that came to my mind, but I worked up the nerve to say it.

"Um, okay. So, I've been wondering since the first time I saw you, are they natural?" I asked, face flushed. I didn't mind if they were implants but still I was curious.

"Yeah, they're homegrown pumpkins," she laughed, trying to cup them, her hands completely hidden beneath such prize-winning melons. "But it's funny, you know. They didn't grow overnight or anything, but they weren't here three years ago."

"You mean they grew like this in three years?" I gasped, amazed. "So when you were fifteen, you had no boobs?" Even though I knew she had no problem with it, I tried not to stare for long at them.

She explained, "No, I think I was just late bloomer." She looked down at her boobs proudly. "But when I bloomed, I really bloomed. Because I was flat-chested for so long, I learned to appreciate my boobs more than most girls. Ever since my friends' and classmates' boobs had started growing, I wanted mine so badly. And not only big, more like huge!" I listened to every word, rapt with attention. I was so focused on her. She was my dream girl, she was so perfect.

"How huge are we talking about?" I asked, desperate to know.

"Hmm, well, I remember when I was younger, there were a bunch of those silly 90s talk shows. I don't remember which show it was, but it was a summer special with a bunch of huge titted ladies. I think I've wanted huge boobs since that day. I had no idea there were boobs that size. Of course, later in my life I realized those were only implants," she laughed, patting her huge chest.

"Heh, well, I think those talk shows are guilty of getting me interested in huge boobs too," I said, embarrassed.

"Oh yeah, I wanted my chest to be bigger than theirs. 'Someday I'll be bigger than them,' I said to myself, and guess what?" she giggled, winking at me.

I asked, "Huh? What?"

"I am now, don't you think? " she said, laughing one more time. "Too bad my boobs didn't grow even more, but now I have these 'magic' pills that you say made Isabella get so big. There's never too much of a good thing, right P?" I nodded, of course I agreed, but was she being honest, or just teasing me? I know I always thought things like this when she was around, but was this for real?

"But Candace, just imagine what these pills would do to you. Look at Isabella; she started just as an average girl," I said, almost involuntarily. I was so excited about the idea that my thoughts escaped my mind.

"Omigosh, P! That would be so amazing!" she exclaimed. Candace indeed was so excited about the idea. "I need you to talk to Isabella, like, say, yesterday!"

"I promise if she doesn't contact me tomorrow I'll contact her," I said, placating her. "By the way, Candace, sorry for asking this, but what are your measurements? I was thinking it would be nice if you had a growth blog or something." I did think that was a good idea, but I was also desperately curious to hear her measurements.

"P, you're on fire today! That's a great idea! How about if you helped me measure myself? My arms can never quite seem to reach," she said trying to hug her immense, bouncy orbs. I was so excited that I got a little shaky, almost in shock that she was inviting me to measure her. I know I had touched her before, but this time she wanted me to help her and I would finally see how big she was.

"Ah, um, I think the problem is not your arms, Candace," I laughed nervously, trying not to stare at her gigantic chest. "Okay, just let me get a tape measure." I walked to my bedroom and looked in the drawers, trying to calm down a bit. I ran back as soon as I found it. "I hope this one will be long enough."

"Haha, I think it will be," she giggled. "Now come here," she demanded, grabbing one end of the tape. "Start at my hips and go up. After I start taking these pills, I want to make sure only my boobs that grow and not me all over. Have you done this before? No worries, just do it over the fullest part, as they do on TV. "

"O-okay, I'll try," I stammered. I thought I was about to enjoy this, but I did feel a bit overwhelmed, since I'd never done anything like this before.

"And don't be shy, I want a correct measurement," she instructed, patting her hip. I nodded as she handed me the end of the tape, then I bent over as she raised her arms, hefting her giant juggs into the air.

Her hips felt so nice, the perfect amount of muscle and fat. I tried not to touch more than I had to touch. I knew she couldn't see me because her boobs were in the way. It was such a hot view. Her ass cheeks were amazing, even though I could only rub them a little. Those were made to be played with. Candace was so well-padded in all the right areas. "38 inches," I said out loud. As I announced the number, she wiggled her hips.

"Not bad, huh? It's good to have some junk in the trunk to fill out some clothes," Candace laughed.

"Yeah! You're wonderful, you're so...so," I began, stopping myself because I wanted to say perfect, but maybe that wasn't the right moment for it.

"'So' what? Don't be shy! C'mon," she begged, seemingly intensely curious.

"So…well proportioned?" I mumured. That was the only thing I could make myself say, it was lame.

"Hahaha, yeah, well-proportioned, right…thank you, I suppose," she giggled, her breasts bouncing slightly. I'd love to be smothered by them.

I moved my hands up to her tapering waist. I marveled at how something that slight was able to support the colossal, twin behemoths above me, each one five times as big as my head. She was a wonder of nature. Her big shirt was so overwhelmed trying to cover her boobs that her lower tummy and pierced belly button were exposed as usual. Most of the time they were overlooked and hidden from view. I wrapped the tape around her waist. I wanted to feel her back muscles. They were really hard, and I knew the reasons were the pair or orbs just over my head. "24 inches," I said, shocked. Her boobs were so much bigger than her waist. "It's amazing how your body is designed, you seem so slender around the waist, but your back can support such a huge chest," I murmured, awestruck at her proportions.

"You think so? Hmm, I'll take that as a compliment, hehee. At least, for me it is. Thank you, P," she replied, her tone of voice sounding very bubbly.

"You're very welcome, Candace." Then I stepped back and got up, smiling at her. It was time to measure her bustline. My mouth felt a little dry, and it was like my heart was hammering in my chest.

"Okay, let me help you with that," she said stretching out her hand. I handed her the end of the tape measure. She pressed it to the side of her left boob.

"Thanks," I said, gulping as I realized it was easier to measure her if I walked around her. I knew she was bigger than any other woman I knew, it was mind-blowing to stare at her, but for some reason discovering inch by inch how big she was seemed to be even more impressive for me. Far behind were sixty, seventy and even eighty inches. I had no idea she would be over a hundred inches! I gasped in awe as we passed the hundred-inch mark.

"Are you okay, P?" she asked me. I realized I'd been standing still for a moment.

"Oh, yeah, I'm fine. It's just, I had no idea they could be this big." I forced a bit of a chuckle but this wasn't funny to me. This was wonderful! A dream come true! I was enjoying even touching the clothes covering such tremendous knockers.

"Now, you know!" She looked at me and stuck her tongue out playfully. She looked so cute! I smiled and kept measuring, then, finally, I reached the other end. One hundred and twelve.

"One hundred and twelve inches?! Oh god, is that possible? Wow! That's incredible!" I gasped, stunned. I looked at the tape again. "Yes, you really are that big!"

"Are you sure?" she said. She looked a bit confused and unhappy.

"Yeah, it is. Is that bad?"

"No...it's just that Isabella is even bigger than that," she pouted, and raised her eyebrows, looking inquisitively at me for some answer.

"Don't worry, Candace. You have the pills now," I said, just to say something.

"Yeah, you're right," she sighed, looking a bit relieved. "So? What do you think?" She winked at me. That caught me off guard.

"Words don't do you justice, Candace. You have the most spectacular body I've ever seen, ever! Don't take this wrong, but I bet carrying them all day is a great exercise for your body. That must keep you in great shape," I said, praising her. Maybe I said that too soon, but that's exactly what I thought about how she looked.

"Aww, it's so sweet from you to say that," she said, and smiled at me. For a second it seemed like if she wanted to say something else, but she changed her mind.

I think even then we could have talked about her boobs all night long. I wanted to make it evident that I liked her, but I still felt some residual fear that I could scare her away by really showing her how much of a boob freak I was. I still worried, even though she seemed just as interested in boobs as me, plus she was the owner of the second biggest pair of breasts I've ever seen and the biggest I've touched on purpose. When it was two in the morning, Candace decided it was time for her to go home. I kept her company back to her place. When we reached her destination she stopped.

"Our next session will be here, P. Don't forget to study. But more importantly, don't forget to get the information from Isabella!" Candace said.

"Oh, I will," I promised. "Isabella wants her pills badly, so you don't have to worry about that. You shouldn't worry about the test either, you do have a great understanding of the subject!"

"Haha, thanks. Well P, see you soon, good night!" Candace said, squishing me with a hug that pressed her giant breasts against my chest. My heart beat double-time.

"T-take care, Candace," I stuttered. As I said, so she entered her room and closed the door. On my way back to my place, I got a text message from an private number. It was Isabella, and she wanted to meet at the library in the morning. She wanted me to bring the pills.

The next morning, I entered the library. Isabella was on a bench in a spot visible by nearly everyone there, getting a lot of stares and comments both good and bad. She seemed to enjoy attention, at least as much as Candace did. They were so similar and yet so different. This time, she wore black leather boots, a skin-tight pair of black jeans, and a translucent, long-sleeved top. Beneath the thin fabric, a gigantic, sturdy, black bra could be seen, along with a small corset which only enhanced her impossible figure even further.

"Hmm, you're late. How's my package?" was the first thing she said to me, no greeting. I looked at my watch. I wasn't late.

"Yeah, I have them here, don't worry," I said. I was about to give them to her, but she stopped me. She had the biggest weapons of mass distraction ever.

"Not here!" she sighed. "Follow me, we need to go somewhere more private." She got up, her breasts wobbling. I examined her magnificent physique. Maybe Candace deserved the pills more than Isabella, but it was a sin to deny Isabella the chance to become even more amazing. I followed her into a section of the library I had never been in before. The musty smell indicated it wasn't frequented by anyone. "Here, no one can see us. Now, please give them to me." I was about to hand them over as she asked, but I stopped. She looked eager in her anticipation.

"Before I give them to you, I have a couple of questions," I said. I'm sure she didn't expect that, as she seemed to be surprised and frowning slightly.

"What is it?" she snapped impatiently, trying not to sound too impolite.

"Well, I'd like to know what's the daily dose for the pills," I asked plainly.

"Why would you want to know? That's none of your business," she said, crossing her arms beneath her gigantic chest. I made the gesture of pulling my hands out my backpack. My hands were empty.

"I need to know how many pills I need to take from Dr. Wood next time," I explained. I didn't elaborate, I didn't want her to suspect that maybe not every pill I was stealing was for her. Isabella made a sour face and answered me.

"One pill a day is just what I need, now please, give them to me!" Isabella said extending her hand towards me. I pulled the bottle out of my back pack and gave it to her. She looked at it for a second. "What? Only seven pills?"

"You have no idea how hard it was to find them. If I took a lot, Dr. Wood would notice the lack of pills," I complained. I wasn't lying when I said that.

"I suppose. But still, if you got more pills each time you'd have to steal them less frequently." She grabbed a pill and swallowed it. "Ah-h-h, that's it, that's so much better…now let's discuss your payment. Don't push your luck though, you brought so few pills."

"I'd like to touch your boobs before they get bigger," I stated. Maybe I was being too straightforward, but the worst that could happen was that Isabella would say no. She smirked, looking up and down at me in an obviously contemptuous way. And then she laughed.

"Fine, you can touch them," she agreed. "When you lift them, I'll hold your wrists. Don't move your hands from where I put them or you'll suffer greatly. Put your hands where I can see them." I spread my arms and Isabella grabbed me by my wrists. My hands disappeared under the enormous knockers that totally dominated her frame. "Now lift them, don't be shy," she said. I did as I was told, eagerly. I felt my hands digging into the immense volume of her underboobs. They did feel awesome, and hell, they were damn heavy. I should have expected it considering their size. Still, I wouldn't have missed this chance for anything.

"Wow! S-so heavy!" I gasped. My face was red because of the effort. I guessed they could have been at least a hundred pounds each. Isabella smiled smugly. She was proud of what she had.

"I know," she said dryly. "But I KNOW I can handle even more. Okaaay, so we're done." She moved my hands away from her, smirking. I panted due to the effort involved in hefting her chest. "You're stronger than you look…you lifted them, congratulations. Now, let's part ways. I'll see you soon with more pills" She left, and of course I watched her leaving. Her ass looked awesome as she walked away. More boob could be seen from behind Isabella than on most busty girls' fronts. Maybe Isabella was a bitch, but she was hotter than a blue star core.

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Later that day, Candace arrived at my place. I felt unrealistically lucky, so lucky that I thought all of this couldn't possibly be real.

"Hi Candace, please come in," I said to her. I loved how narrow the door frame was compared to the upper half of her body.

"Thank you! So, did you have your li'l meeting with the unpleasant one?" she asked out of curiousity, as she followed me to the kitchen.

"Yeah, in fact, she told me the recommended dose is one pill a day. She just took a pill in front of me and swallowed it," I said, taking the jar out of the fridge and handing it over to her.

Candace thought about this for a moment. "Only one? What if I took even more? Would I get...even bigger?" It was official: I loved her attitude so much.

"I'm not sure, what if you grew boobs were you shouldn't?" I asked, joking. Candace looked at me in surprise, wondering if maybe that could indeed happen.

"Oh well, I guess one pill a day then," she sighed in resignation, picking up a pill and swallowing it immediately.

As I watched her take the pill, I added, "I was thinking, we can't depend on the pills made by Dr. Wood or we'll get caught eventually for sure, so I think maybe I could start making our own pills as soon as I know how much of each ingredient is inside each one. I have a friend that could help me in that." I looked at her. She was grinning at me

"That would be awesome! Oh em gee! You could even make some special more powerful pills for me and you could stop giving them to Isabella!" Candace squealed. She was killing me. I couldn't believe someone with breasts that huge and perfect wanted them even bigger. I was starting to think maybe she was even more obsessed than I was about this whole idea.

"Then I better start working on it after this weekend," I said. As a side note, I added, "by the way Candace, I hope you got measured earlier and got the first entries in your log."

"Duh! Of course! I can't wait for my babies to get bigger. Now, I hope you haven't forgotten that tomorrow we have a study session at my place. But now there's an entrance fee," she said playfully. I wasn't sure how she thought I could forget about that study session, any second close to her was all I needed to be happy.

"What entrance fee?" I replied, confused.

"A pill, of course!" she laughed "I'm good at reminding people about stuff. But now I have to run some errands for Maia. Lazy girl! Bye P, See you tomorrow!" She kissed me on the cheek and headed out of my place.

I have to admit, I was kind of disappointed. I expected a reward like the one Isabella gave to me earlier. But the last thing I wanted was to be demanding things from Candace, especially considering how nice she was.

I spent the rest of the day trying to focus, but I couldn't. I daydreamed, imagining the girls' tits growing beyond I thought was possible in real life. I imagined them forcing me to give them pills even though I didn't want to. Maybe I was just imagining things, but what if they were even more obsessed with their boobs than I was? Just thinking that was driving me crazy. Caught up in my daydreams, I fell asleep.

When I woke up, I wasn't in my place. I was sitting in some sort of laboratory. I looked around and it looked so similar to one of the research labs of the biochemistry department. Then I felt something large and soft pressing on the back of my head. I looked back and my line of sight was overwhelmed by the bulging fabric of a lab coat.

"Oops, sorry P. It isn't easy to realize what's in front of you when you've got these," said a girl's voice, sounding familiar. She stepped back and I realized it was Candace. She tried to cup her immense bazooms and made them bounce little for emphasis. They definitively looked bigger than last time I saw her. Also, the buttons on the lab coat seemed ready to pop at any moment. The gaps between the buttons made it evident she was wearing no shirt or bra underneath, and yet those fabulous jugs looked almost perfectly round. A pity the lab coat wasn't skintight, but it didn't matter, for some reason it turned me on as much or even more when clothes seemed tight just in the 'bigger is better' areas. I moved my eyes up to see that she was wearing glasses, something new to me, and her hair was in a ponytail. She looked so insanely hot.

"W-what are you doing here Candace?" I asked. I was confused, how did she get in here? Then I heard the door opening.

"Hey," another woman's voice said loudly but without emotion. "Ugh, I hate that they don't make lab coats of my size." I looked back at the source of the voice. It was Isabella. She was unable to button up the upper buttons of her lab coat and showed countless inches of cleavage. She didn't seem to be wearing anything under it either. "Let's get started shall we?" she asked expectantly. I was confused, get started with what? I didn't remember agreeing to work in a lab with the girls.

"Yes, we're ready, right P?" Candace said, getting the glassware ready. "Gee, I'm glad you're here to help us out, Peter, with our boobs it's not easy to handle ourselves in a laboratory." I stared at Candace's heaving perfect bosom, my mind completely lost.

"Uh, ah, would you please care to remind me what you're doing here?" I said, looking at Candace and then Isabella. Isabella sighed, and walked towards Candace and me.

"We are here to make sure you fulfill your promise," she said. Okay, now I had no idea what were they talking about. I tried to remember, but to no avail.

"It wasn't as bad as I expected. I tried to deny it, but I admit it: I think we both would like to do it again," Candace said, smirking in a seemingly lewd way.

"Maybe for you. For me it was a real sacrifice to make out with you," Isabella huffed. What? Candace and Isabella made out? How was it possible I didn't remember these goddesses making out? Candace smirked one more time.

Candace said in a flirtatious voice, "don't be mean Isa, admit it you liked it! 'Specially afterwards. I had no idea you were such a lightweight, you passed out right after we got really naughty." Naughty? It seemed like I missed more than a few kisses. I was almost furious with myself for not remembering it. I looked at Isabella, and saw that her face was red as a tomato.

"Okay, okay! I admit it! Can we please focus at the task at hand?" Isabella replied while Candace giggled. I wanted details, but it seemed like I wouldn't be getting them. "So, pills, okay?"

I interrupted, "but girls, this is an university laboratory, if we're caught stealing the university's reactants and material, we would all get expelled and maybe sent to jail!" I had no idea what else to do or to say. "Listen, I can get the materials from Sigma, Aldrich or any of those chemical retailers!"

"Yeah, but we will have to wait weeks for the reactants to arrive. We want...no, we NEED the pills now!" said Candace, in a really sultry tone. I shook my head. I really wanted to help them, but their current impatience would get us in trouble. Hell, Isabella was even in a building she shouldn't be in to begin with.

# Lucky IV

I was on the laboratory stool, looking down at the table. Suddenly, I noticed everything around me was getting darker. I cocked my head up, and I realized Candace and Isabella had me surrounded. Four huge, round, bigger-than-big beach balls had me trapped. It was hot and quite frightening at the same time, as I didn't expect it. "Girls! Stop it! I'm not responsible for what I might do to you if you don't step back!". But as I said so Candace and Isabella started to bump their boobs against me. They thrust their boobs at me, smooshing me all over. I could have got used to it. Then both said at the same time, "Maybe we want you to do it. Come on Peter, make us bigger, don't you want to make us bigger? Do it!" It was impossible to resist that. The tone of voice they used and the fact I was being boob-assaulted by four gigantic jugs made any resistance futile. I felt so powerless, but thrilled, considering that the four boobs surrounding me probably weighed more than me altogether. If I died right there, and that was a possibility, I'd die a happy man. "If Dr. Wood comes in, we're all dead!" I pleaded.

"You must have some iron will, Peter. I never expected it would be this hard to convince you to help us increase the size of our assets," said Isabella in a childish tone. But I realized she was right. Was my fear for Dr. Wood bigger than my obsession for boobs?

"C'mon P! This is your big chance. We're just test subjects, the best the campus has to offer! It's true, Isabella and I don't always see eye to eye, but there's no way there are better test subjects than us!" Candace said, caressing the side of her humongous orbs for emphasis. I nodded in approval. I was almost being hypnotized by them, and Candace voice sounded specially sweet. She kept talking, but the words went to mush inside my head, I was only thinking of them both getting bigger, bigger, bigger.

"Okay then, let's get to work," I said. It was strange because I was still nervous, but at the same time I wanted to do this. I had a hard time focusing with Candace and Isabella around me, but it seemed like I was perfectly aware of what I was doing, even though I was working with compounds I'd never, ever heard of before. They decided to stay a few steps away from me, chitchatting about all sorts of stuff: perfumes, guys, friends, clothes…bras. Of course it wouldn't be possible for any boob man to focus under such circumstances. I wondered what had happened to them, as they seemed to be way friendlier to each other than they used to be. Maybe it was because of the naughty night I wished I could remember. Two goddesses giving in to their carnal desires…

Time flew. The girls didn't seem to get bored or anything, they just kept chatting as I got the pills ready. The final product looked almost exactly like the pills I had taken from Dr. Wood, but the pink tone was deeper. "Girls," I said.

"Finally!" interrupted Isabella. Both girls walked towards me, bouncing slowly, heavily, as if they were moving in slow motion. Isabella snatched up a pill as soon as they were in reach, and swallowed it without hesitation. I wanted to measure them both, so I turned around and looked for the tape measure until some yells interrupted me.

"Hey! What are you doing!" yelled Candace obviously not happy at what Isabella had done. Candace picked up a handful of pills, and tipped her head back as she swallowed all of them. I was stunned; I wanted to stop her, but it was too late. My entire body felt all numb.

"You traitorous whore! Those were mine!" Isabella yelled back, grabbing a handful of pills just like Candace. The girls fought face to face, well, more like bust to bust over the pills. Both grabbed as many as their enormous assets allowed them to, the girls gulping the pills down without any caution. Some pills were safe as the girls arms weren't able to reach them.

"Girls, please calm down! I can make more, please don't waste them!" I pleaded, but they yelled at each other, completely ignoring me

"Hey, stop pushing me!" yelled Isabella, frowning at her rival's face.

"Hey! I haven't moved a millimeter! You're the one that's pushing me!" Candace said. It was in that moment as I looked at them from the side that I realized it. Their breasts were growing before my eyes. I was completely dumbfounded, staring in shock as I noticed that the girls objections and yells were subsiding.

"No way! Candace...Isabella, you're growing so fast! This can't be happening," I exclaimed. Before I knew it, the girls were moaning.

"Ohhhh goshh! This feels sooo gooood!" moaned Isabella, clutching at her growing breasts. I couldn't believe she said that, but when I moved my eyes up to her face, she did seem to be enjoying it so much, and of course Candace did as well. Then I heard something being broken: glassware. I was so focused on the girls over-developed, giant beachballs that I was oblivious to just how much they were growing. They had doubled in size, and now they were growing even faster.

"Don't ever stop! More, pleaaassee!" cried Candace, the pair growing so rapidly that the space around them almost seemed to be shrinking.

Their ginormous spheres went down to their knees, but not because they were sagging even slightly. Their boobs stuck out almost as far ahead of them, perfectly round. From my position, I was unable to see any of their legs. The tables around us were being pushed further apart the bigger they grew. I spread my arms and legs. I pressed myself against those growing wonders: the left side of my body on Isabella's right boob and my right side on Candace's left boob. I closed my eyes and let the events happen. The girls' moans increasing in tempo were the most beautiful symphony for my ears. Then, I felt something hard and cold pressing on my back. The pressure increased. It was the lab room wall. I was trapped, I felt my entire body being engulfed as the girls were growing too big for the entire room. Their boobs eclipsed my line of sight. I had to gasp for air, my frontal body digging into the girls' firm but soft flesh. I could hear the walls cracking. I could hear some distant emergency siren becoming louder and louder. What would I say to Dr. Wood? What would happen to the girls and me?

I gasped for air one more time, and opened my eyes. I was in my room, and the siren was my clock alarm. My mouth was bone dry. "Wow," I said out loud as I got up.

I knew it was just a dream, but it was also a symptom of how obsessed my subconscious was regarding the girls. I was unable to forget the events that had just played out in my head. It just felt so real and so good. If I'd had that dream before I met the girls, I would have been convinced that no girl would thought the way Candace and Isabella did. But now I thought that if they had a chance they would go bigger than they did in my dream. They were obsessed with boobs more than I was, or at least they gave me that impression. And that was, honestly, too hot to describe with words.

One thing the dream made me focus on was making an improved version of the pills, or at least some pills that were good enough to not need to steal Dr. Wood's again. Of course, improving them, if they worked so well as to be able to make Isabella's boobs grow from her B cups to her omega ones in 6 months, couldn't be an easy task.

Today I had a study session with Candace. I was so impatient, and felt so confident. I wanted to chat about boobs with her, and I could only think about measuring her and giving her the daily pill that would make her bigger. That kind of distracted me from my obligations, especially bad because Thursday was a busy day for me.

When I got back to my place, I was surprised to see Candace sitting on a bench. The sun was pretty low on the horizon already, and the warm orangish tone made her skin and shiny hair look fabulous. Her top was so stretched, the fabric so tight, that I saw the outline of the straps and tiny triangles of what seemed to be a too small bikini top. She wore sunglasses and seemed a little distracted, but before I could greet her she spotted me.

"P! I was waiting for you! Um, I hope it isn't a bad thing I arrived early, but don't worry, if you're busy I can wait. But I'd love to share something with you," she said. She seemed to be a bit happier than usual. I just felt happy for her.

"Don't worry, Candace, I've always got time for you," I said, as she got up and we headed towards my place. "But weren't we supposed to meet at your place today?"

"Change of plans, P. I didn't want you to carry those pills around. What if Isabella discovered those? She would take them for her! So, I thought it would be better if we stayed at your place," she said as she pushed up her sunglasses. "Let's go, Peter!" I walked behind her and I loved the landscape! I'd never get tired of such a view: her enormous, round breasts were much wider than her arms. That reminded me how massive they were. Below, I could see how her top, a normal t-shirt, hugged her waist but left her lower back exposed. Her back muscles made it so hot, even more-so knowing those muscles supported most of her frontal weight. Then by inertia, I moved my eyes down further. I loved the tiny, tartan-pattern micro-skirt. Candace was a living tease. In that moment, I realized why this kind of clothing is forbidden in some places. They are incredibly distracting. I was lucky Candace was leading the way so I didn't hit my forehead on some obstacle.

As soon as we were inside my room, I went to the fridge and brought a pill to Candace. "Here you go, Miss."

"Hmm, thank you, but not yet! I wanted to talk to you about that," she said, and paused. I stayed there, still, the suspense killing me. What if she didn't want the pills anymore? "Look, P, I've been measuring myself since we got the pills, like we talked about. It wasn't easy, but I don't think I made a mistake. But I think I am growing half an inch a day or so..." she said, smiling. Okay, I didn't expect it that soon. She wasn't worried or anything, she just looked really happy.

"A-are you sure? That's…too fast!" I gasped.

"Yes, I am," she replied immediately. "And I want to get measured again. I don't think anything else could have caused it. So, before the pill, I want to be sure. Would you please help measure me?" I didn't understand why she even asked, the answer to her request was obvious.

"Of course!" I replied, grinning like a fool. I hoped I didn't sound too forward. She handed me one end of the measuring tape and we got to work. I wanted to enjoy it, so I did slowly, feeling the fabric of the top and that of the bra beneath. She looked at me while I helped her, even though from some angles her boobs must have eclipsed me. I loved knowing that her bustline was much further around than we were tall. I finished measuring and got the result. "114 inches! You're two inches bigger than last Monday!" I was indeed staggered. It was too fast. It would have been great if it was a breast expansion story or a dream, but this was real life. I looked up at Candace. She was grinning.

"Ohmigosh! Great, I was doing it right!" She looked happy, but it was as if she expected it. "Too bad that these pills are kinda slow!" she exclaimed. She almost sounded disappointed.

"C-candace, do you realize the implications of this? You're growing really fast!" I told her, but she just shrugged as she played absently with her massively developed mammaries.

"It's just a couple of inches, P." I couldn't believe she wasn't understanding it. She was really smart, even more than me, I thought.

"In four days! Imagine two inches every four days for a month or a semester!" As I said this, her expression changed. She stared wide eyed at her own boobs, and the shine came back to her eyes and her wide grin returned.

"Ohmigod, P! Yes!" she cheered, her boobs wobbling. She looked back at me. It was like a kid opening Xmas gifts. She ran her hands along the sides of her giant knockers, caressing them slowly and thoroughly. It was so hot, I had a hard time swallowing.

"But, Candance, these things are powerful. I've never heard of a human growing this fast before." Except maybe, Isabella, I thought. "Maybe we should reduce the dose"

"No way I would do that, Peter! You know that if there was a way I could increase the growth rate of my boobs I'd do it!" She was completely focused on her tits, her hands still caressing the sides of her humongous orbs. She partially closed her eyes. She was enjoying her caresses so much. " Now, give me my pill. Ahhh!" she said, suddenly opening her eyes and her mouth, expecting me me to place the pill on her tongue, and of course that's what I did. She swallowed it immediately. "Mmmm, thank you, P! These things will start getting heavy if they keep growing at this rate. I guess I should plan a workout schedule to strengthen my body and carry them around…and maybe you could supervise me. You know, kind of be my personal trainer." I was suddenly feeling lightheaded, one of the situations which turned me on the most was watching bodacious girls doing repetitive work out sessions.

"Oh, of course, but," I began, but before I could say something else, she interrupted me.

"Thank you, P! You're such a good guy! Hey, wanna feel how heavy they are? Let me tell you, most guys have no idea, not at this size, they have no idea how strong I am," she said, giggling at me. I looked at her incredulously. I placed my hands under her boobs, wondering if this was all a dream.

"I bet they are heavy, they're bigger than the rest of you!" It was one of those moments in which it was impossible to hide my excitement. I spread my fingers as much as I could. My hands sank into her underboobs, until it was impossible for them to get deeper. I knew it was an impossible quest but still I tried. Candace placed her hands behind her head.

"I won't help you, hehe," she laughed. As I had done with Isabella, I tried to lift them.

"They're—so—heavy!" I gasped. As it happened when I tried to lift Isabella's, I got all red faced. "I can't lift them!" I let them go after few instants. I knew I was unable to lift them, but I felt how heavy they were.

"Hmm, not bad, you lifted them more than any of my friends ever have, I think," she said. I was panting, but I smiled at her through my ragged breathing.

"Well, those are the best motivations I could have to become a bodybuilder, you know," I said, not sure if I was joking or being serious. Candace laughed immediately after I said that.

"Ha hahaha! You can be so funny at times, but I suppose you're right," she said, sticking her tongue out playfully.

"Seriously, how can you carry them around all day? You must get tired," I said while I walked slowly around her, examining her up and down. She was a living wonder of impossible proportions.

"Not really, and I can't imagine my life if I did, it would be so awful! Oh, I almost forgot, look at this," Candace said, showing me one of her notebooks. "I have started a growth log!" I looked at the first page. It was divided into eight columns and there were 3 rows of numbers. The headings of the columns read: date , hour, bustline, waistline, hips, circumference of each breast, weight and notes.

"Wow, that is, I mean, how do you measure yourself?" I said, looking at the numbers and then back at Candace. There's no way she could do it alone, her anatomy wouldn't make it easy to get some measurements.

"I told you! Maia helped me when she could," Candace replied.

"Oh, yes, but, everyday? Well, if you ever need help feel free to ask mine!" Again, I was a bit overexcited. I tried to do a better job thinking of what to say before opening my mouth, but it wasn't an easy task. That log woke up the number freak I had always been. Imagining how Candace's stats would only become more impressive as time passed just made my brain go into overdrive. Candace giggled.

"I bet you would love that, wouldn't you? And I need to complete today's entry, you know. You have been so nice with me, do you have some scales? I need to weigh myself." I was dumbfounded. Candace spoke so fast. I just nodded at her while I shamelessly stared at her body.

"Yes! in the bathroom," I said, coming back to reality. She headed towards the bathroom, grabbing me by the hand.

"I need your help! I can't see anything under my boobs!" It was easy to imagine that, and of course the idea turned me on so much. She entered the bathroom and stepped up the scale. "How much, Peter?" she said as I bent over to read the scale.

"265 pounds!" I gasped. She was heavy, but no doubt half or even more of it could be her boobs, or so I thought.

"Thank you! Yup, they are definitely getting heavier, I think." I looked up from beneath her, and of course her upper body was hidden because of her heart-stopping zeppelins. In that moment I got an idea.

"Have you tried to weigh them?" I asked, since she didn't have such entry in her growth log.

"Yes, I've tried, buuut, ehhh, my boobs cover the scale entirely, and if I try to lift my boobs to see the numbers, I can't get an accurate reading." For some reason, I couldn't help myself and I decided to play a bit with her belly button piercing while she was telling me that. "Hey! stop it!" she said.

"Sorry! Sorry, heh, it's just, it'ss just that I really like your piercing," I said as I got up, and that was the truth. I kind of wanted to know how heavy they were, but I decided to settle with 'Heavy.'

"Why, thank you! And speaking of that," as she spoke she started to pull up her t-shirt. What was she doing!? I froze, as did my vocal cords. "Stupid tee, so tight," she complained, as she struggled to take it off. Her heavy spheres wobbled and undulated as she squirmed. The first thing that hit my mind was wondering if this was another dream. No, it couldn't be, I could see so realistically how her underboobs were slowly being revealed. The perfect curvature was interrupted by the elastic fabric pressing on them. Inch by inch, more was revealed. It seemed like time stopped, like the first time I looked at Candace.

"Oh dear," I whispered. "D-do you need help with that?" I stammered a bit. I felt lightheaded and for good reason. This was driving me insane.

"Thank you, but I must do this alone," she teased, as her top passed the equator of those planets. After that it all went easier. Her white bikini-top beneath the shirt looked as if it was struggling against some cosmic force as the straps dug into her flesh. Yet her breasts were almost perfect spheres, completely defying gravity, and she was wearing no bra this time! In that moment I wondered why she wore those sturdy bras before, if her boobs were supporting themselves with no help at all. "Whew, done," she said rotating her torso a bit, from side to side. Her breasts shimmied impossibly. I just stared, with my brain completely blank. "Hey! my eyes are up here!" I blushed and got red like a tomato. My heart sank into an abyss as I broke out into a cold sweat. I felt terrible for getting caught staring, and in that awful moment that I had the feeling that I was about to throw up. I think she read the worry on my face and laughed, "I'm just kidding! I love when people stare like that. I know they are amazed with how I look. I know I LOVE how I look." I looked up at her as I slowly regained control over my body.

"You're amazing Candace, I really don't have words to describe it. You're the best thing that has ever happened to me. I can't believe you're real," I said, or at least that's what I remember saying. I felt so confused and dizzy.

"Aww, thank you! You're really sweet, you know?" she said smiling at me. I suppose she knew I was about to collapse.

"No, thank YOU, Candace, f-for being you! If only my brain would work as it should," I said, rubbing my forehead.

"Ha ha, I suppose, hmm, but we aren't done yet. There's a reason why I'm wearing this. I haven't completed today's entries, you see. First, measure my waistline and hips, and then you could help me measure their circumference," she said, hefting her gigantic orbs a bit.

"As you wish!" I said, as I bent over one more time, this time to measure her waist and hips. "24 inches for your waist and, 38 down south."

"Thank you! Now lastly, get up again and give me one end of the tape." I did as she said. I watched in awe as she put the end of the tape in her cleavage, and pushed it deeper down with her left hand while using her right hand from under her breasts to pull it through. "Here it is! Here you go, P. Now let's measure them around the fullest part."

"S-Sure! Now let me see," I said, as I started to measure her right breast. There was this thing about her measurements, the numbers fascinated me. I already knew they were huge, but numbers put it all in perspective. I loved it, and still do. My mind was reeling just the sensation of my fingers touching her warm, soft skin. I noticed the delicate, faint veins, just barely visible. I sighed. It was so amazing and wonderful, how all of that was her. I looked at the numbers once and then again, just to be sure. "Oh, dear," I said out loud, "70 and ¼ inches."

"Thank you, and now the other one, please!" I did the same as with the right one. I wanted so badly to kiss and caress them, but of course I didn't dare. I had to resist.

"71, exactly," I said, as I retrieved the tape measure.

"Thank you, P! I completed today's entries, I guess it is time to study then. So, would you mind if I stayed like this? It's a quite warm evening," she said, patting her enormous breasts playfully. She looked right through me. It almost seemed like she was flirting with me, but that couldn't possibly be true coming from a girl like her. I nodded with intense enthusiasm, willing to do whatever it would take to keep her beach balls on display. Then I got an idea.

"Sure, ahh, right, the studying, but I was thinking, are you sure you don't get tired of carrying those all day?" My intentions were probably clear but I didn't want to make them too obvious.

"Hmm? What do you mean? I told you, I'm reaaally strong and I proved it to you," she giggled as she looked back at me smirking, pretty confident of what she said.

"I know, but pampering your lumbar area a bit won't cause any harm. What if I massaged your back while we studied?" I asked, barely daring to hope she'd say yes. Candace rolled her eyes playfully as if she was considering it.

"M'kay, let's give it a try. Now, in your room or on the couch?" My heart skipped a beat I she mentioned my room, but I pointed back towards the living room, and we headed that way. Candace followed me. I sat on the couch as far back as I could, with my legs apart.

"Is there enough room for you?" I asked, patting the space in front of me.

"I guess so," she said teasingly, her breasts wobbling as she took a step towards me and turned around, sitting in front of me. The sides of her hips pressed on my inner thighs. I moved my hands slowly towards her lower back. I was quite nervous. Candace was so much of a woman. In my eyes, she was the ultimate expression of how the raw feminine personification was supposed to look. I felt so inadequate as I looked at her sexy back, nude save for those thin strips of her bikini. Of course, I could see a lot of breast from behind as well. It was so amazing how they dominated her anatomy like that. I just couldn't get those thoughts out of my head. I placed my hands on her skin and it felt delicious under my fingertips and palms. She was soft and warm and smooth. I pressed harder with my fingertips. I wanted to feel her lower back muscles, how they supported everything above and in front of them. I pressed my thumbs on them, trying to massage her. Her lower back felt so toned and firm. I mentally compared her back muscles to mine and hers were in a completely different league based on how they felt.

"Oh, wow," I said to myself, but Candace heard it.

"Yeah?" She asked coyly, as she opened her notebook. "Is everything okay back there?"

" Oh, sure, it's, it's just—" I began, and sighed. I had no idea what to say. She was so impressive, but I thought anything I wanted right then to say would have creeped her out, so I decided to ask something else instead. "Do you use creams or lotions of some sort for your skin?"

# Lucky addendum chapter 0.0

"Not really…why do you ask?" She said trying to look back at me.

"Your skin looks and feels great," I said, in the most honest and straightforward way I could.

"Well, thank you, P. I'm glad you think so. I don't know why…maybe I'm old fashioned, but I like those kind of silly compliments about my skin or my hair or my eyes. You're really nice yourself." I couldn't help but blush deeply at that comment. After all, not many girls would ever say that about me.

"Thank you, Candace…may I be honest with you?" I moved my thumbs on her lower back feeling her amazing muscles, trying to massage them.

"Ahh sure…hey, you're good at this," she said looking back at her notes, while I tried to glance at mine pointlessly as I was focused on her.

"Candace, why are you this nice?... I mean, let's face it, most girls who are just one tenth as beautiful as you tend to be bitches and consider themselves superior to anyone else and for some reason enjoy making other people feel bad just to feed their egos . But you're so different…both your personality and your aspect ….sometimes I find it so hard to acknowledge you're real." As always, I cared so much about what she would say and I didn't want to force things, but at the same time felt it needed to be said.

"Aw, Peter…you say such sweet things! I'm so happy you think I'm nice and all. I just see no reason to treat other people badly. I find it rude and disgusting when other people do so. But why do you find it hard to believe I'm real?" I had been massaging her back the wholetime. I had no idea if it was because I wasn't face to face with her or what, but, I wanted to tell her exactly how I felt, however I knew I had to be really careful.

"I feel so lucky for meeting you, Candace…you're so perfect…so sweet…so unbelievably amazing!" I felt rush of blood to my head. I felt lightheaded and embarrassed for saying such corny stuff to someone I just met a few weeks ago. But it was the truth and just the truth. Candace stayed quiet for a moment, while I kept massaging her. She looked back at me and smirked.

"Be careful, Peter, I don't want to get a toothache…" She giggled "I really get you crazy, Peter…don't I?" I nodded, and of course she did. "You love being friends with a girl as developed as me….specially because I want more…that's why you are helping me. Maybe your rational part says 'She's too big already' and yet you want them bigger as well, because you know that the bigger I get the sexier I'll be…you don't know how happy I am that we met." She paused for a moment. I felt quite uneasy to be honest, but I stayed quiet and listened. "This will sound strange and I hope you don't get the wrong idea, but I really enjoy getting people crazy and I kinda feel I can make you do anything for me…but don't worry, I can control myself and I will use these for good," she said, heaving her enormous assets a bit. "Also I find it interesting for someone to admire me as much as you do…" As she said that she looked back at me smirking. She knew she was right, even though I tried not to make it as evident. I stayed quiet and stopped massaging her for a while. I think that worried Brit a bit. "Sorry if I made you feel uncomfortable"

"Ah, no…it is just that I had no idea you could see through me that easily…" I said, while slowly starting to massage her back again. I was feeling the most impressive wonder of bioengineering with my own two hands.

"Don't worry P, after all ,I never said that being like you was a bad thing and you have some great hands as well!" That was relieving, at least she didn't saw me as a freak, maybe because she was she was a freak as well. "But we could worry about that another time, for now let's study. Oh, and thanks for the massage, but now you need to focus."

We spent the rest of the evening studying. It wasn't easy to focus, considering how little of Candace was being covered by such tiny pieces of fabric and how much skin was exposed. I imagined how one of her bras could make a hammock look inadequately small. She seemed to be too focused, only getting up to eat, from time to time, quite a bit. And this girl was indeed hungry. Of course it didn't require a genius to realize where all that food was being needed. Before we realized it was 2 am.

"No way! Is it 2 am already?!" Candace said, quite surprised, her enormous knockers bounced a bit

"Wow! It seems so…do you need me to keep you company to your place?" I replied.

"I had no idea it was this late already…"

"You know what? You can stay here if you want, I can sleep here in the couch, you can take the bed. And don't worry, I changed the bed sheets today so they are clean."

"Oh? Okies! Thank you so much! If you ever needed to stay at my place, feel free to ask! Now I owe you one! " I was so happy she agreed. It was just another excuse to see her. She put on her skin tight top again and got ready to go to bed. "Good night, Peter."

"Good night, Candace." I knew I would spend all night awake, just staring at her, but I supposed it would be better and more normal to get some sleep myself and so I did.

But I woke up very early...honestly I didn't get much sleep. Just like a kid on Christmas eve, I was so excited, I didn't feel tired at all. I can't say my head was spinning, but as the sun rose I just stared at Candace's geography. How her immense feminine extras created such a landscape of shadows, valleys and extraordinary mountain ranges.

Her delicate face remained hidden in the shadows as her titanic assets wouldn't let the sun reach it for long minutes. Then I noticed something: A tiny ant climbing up such mighty mammaries. Ants usually look rather small, but before Candace's magnificent twin peaks, the words diminutive and tiny acquired a new dimension. Candace breasts were each literally millions of times larger than the tiny insect. There was just so much of Candace under the ant's legs. She marched slowly climbing up the immense domes under the blanket. It climbed and then went down following the curvature of them. I tried to imagine how much was that in 'human scale'.

But the sun was about to rise on Candace's face. I thought it would be a nice idea to prepare breakfast for her. I got up and went to the kitchen, but as I opened the fridge I noticed that it had been sacked. Candace's appetite got rid of the provisions. She was still growing, so I couldn't complain. In the end all that food was there to fuel her breast growth. And who was I to not help her around with such an important task.

It was time to go and get some groceries. The mini mart a couple of blocks away was open. I grabbed as much food as I could. But as was typical, my funds were rather short. I had to be smart and buy as much food as it was possible but not spending it in luxury. However something caught my eye: Protein shakes and growth supplements. Those could help both girls with their overly busy cells inside their volume-increasing assets. That was something that Candace, and maybe Isabella would appreciate. In the end they needed all the help they could get, if with less doses we could maximize the volume gains.

I grabbed a bunch of cans of a generic trademark. It didn't look great but it was much better than nothing. I only needed it to taste decently good and not like vulture vomit. I'd have to test it when I got home. Then the basics: fruits, vegetables, cereal, bread, orange juice, eggs, milk...and bacon. (no bacon=no life)

I returned to my place, and the first thing that struck me was that Candace wasn't where I left her. Had she left? It only took me fractions of a second to realize where she went.

# Lucky addendum chapter 0.1

But I woke up very early...honestly I didn't get much sleep. Just like a kid on Christmas eve, I was so excited, I didn't feel tired at all. I can't say my head was spinning, but as the sun rose I just stared at Candace's geography. How her immense feminine extras created such a landscape of shadows, valleys and extraordinary mountain ranges.

Her delicate face remained hidden in the shadows as her titanic assets and wouldn't let the sun reach it for long minutes. Then I noticed something: a tiny ant climbing up her mighty mammaries. Ants usually look rather small, but before Candace's magnificent twin peaks, the words diminutive and tiny acquired a new dimension. Candace breasts were each literally millions of times larger than the tiny insect. There was just so much of Candace under the ant's legs. She marched slowly, climbing up the immense domes under the blanket. It climbed and then went down following the curvature of them. I tried to imagine how much was that in human scale.

But the sun was about to rise on Candace's face. I thought it would be a nice idea to prepare breakfast for her. I got up and went to the kitchen, but as I opened the fridge I noticed that it had been sacked. Candace's appetite got rid of the provisions. She was still growing, so I couldn't complain. In the end all that food was there to fuel her breast growth. And who was I to not help her around with such an important task?

It was time to go and get some groceries. The mini mart a couple of blocks away was open. I grabbed as much food as I could. But as was typical, my funds were rather short. I had to be smart and buy as much food as possible while staying away from luxurious, expensive items. However something caught my eye: Protein shakes and growth supplements. Those could help both girls with their overly busy cells inside their volume-increasing assets. That was something that Candace, and maybe Isabella would appreciate. In the end they needed all the help they could get, and they had get the maximum volume gain with each dose of the pills.

I grabbed a bunch of cans of a generic brand. It didn't look great but it was much better than nothing. I only needed it to taste decently good and not like vulture vomit. I'd have to test it when I got home. Then the basics: fruits, vegetables, cereal, bread, orange juice, eggs, milk...and bacon. (no bacon is as bad as no life)

I returned to my place, and the first thing that struck me was that Candace wasn't where I left her. Had she left? It only took me a fraction of a second to realize where she had gone.

The shower was on. I had no idea why was she decided to take a shower that soon. I moved closer to the bathroom door and I heard her singing a punk rock song. She seemed to be happy. Instead of fantasizing about her behind the door I went to the kitchen and fantasized about her while preparing breakfast, a large breakfast to keep the girls well fed. Imagining Candace's breasts swelling bit by bit with each mouthful was enough to keep me as motivated and possible. Massive perfect breasts gaining ounce after ounce of precious mass. Her massive breasts getting even bigger. This girl was crazy...crazy hot.

But it was her overdeveloped assets that were making me wonder about how was she taking a shower. The shower stall was not roomy enough for me to maneuver freely, how would a girl built like Candace fit in there? She would be wedged by her own mammaries in such a restricted area. I imagined her filling up every inch of the stall. The breasts firmly pressed on every side by the walls and the doors. There was just so much Candace for such tiny room. I was so focused that I barely noticed as Candace sung louder and louder.

I was preparing a protein shake in a daze and I was about to test it when a loud, crashing noise came from the bathroom. I ran towards there and heard nothing. I knocked on the door. "Are you okay, Candace? What just happened?" I asked.

"Ahmmm...ehhh nothing! I-I promise i'll pay up for any wreckage here...promise!"

"Do you need help?"

"No, no I am fine, I thought you were jogging or something. I was...working out my way...I got a bit too pumped up and well...I think you need need shower stall doors. No offense, but the room in here is insufficient, P. And besides they were poorly installed...Don't you have larger towels, by the way?"

"Ah, I am afraid I do not..."

"Hmmm okay... " There was a short pause and then Candace opened the door. There was some difficulty, maybe because of Candace's voluminous rack. "Coming out!" she said. And so she did. She wore one towel as a skirt, other for her hair and a third to cover the front of her breasts. The towel was way too short to be wrapped around the vast expanse of her monster juggs. I swear her body took forever to show up behind after her humongous breasts had made their appearance.

"Oh my..." I whispered, completely dumbfounded as such incredible display of ... Candace. She walked as if in slow motion, just as the first time I saw her. Shit! this girl loved what she had and she didn't care at all that I was there.

"Don't look!" She said, but obviously I couldn't resist. She was facing away from me and I stared for a fraction of a second as she dropped the towels except the one on her head. And I loved it. I know I had said it countless times, but even if Candace had no breasts, she was a monument. Her legs were so perfectly built and so was her ass. Most of the time, girls with large boobs lack in the ass department. But Candace was just perfect. It looked great in the shorts and skirts she normally wore, but it looked so magnificent this way. I could have stared at it all day it it wasn't for what was above. Candace'selegant and slimly built torso supported such magnificent breasts, that no words I could use would do them justice. Each breast looked almost as wide as her own torso. I swallowed hard. What did I do for the heavens to favour me with their magna opera? My mouth went dry and so did my eyes. I tried not to blink. I didn't want to lose any detail. "Hey! P. I said 'Don't look!'" she said out loud, but she didn't seem to be angry or upset. In fact I think I heard her giggling.

" Sorry...I--- just...sorry" My face was redder than a ripe tomato. I went back to the kitchen and continued with breakfast preparation as Candace got herself ready. A few minutes passed until I heard her voice again. She seemed to be struggling.

"Ugh! Done!...What are you doing, Peter? Gosh! smells good and I am so hungry!" Her breasts showed behind the corner, while she struggled with her tight t-shirt. Under the thin fabric it was obvious that even her huge, sturdy bra was being overflown by her immense milky mountains. The enormous cups looked so mighty as if they were designed to hold the boulders that middle age trebuchets hurled at castles, and yet her breasts were rendering them useless. "Stupid...grrr I guess I will have to go to the seamstress again..." she said. I chuckled at the knowledge that there was too much Candace for everything.

"Yes, breakfast, and I do hope you're hungry!" I said, my body still recovering from the overload I had moments ago

"You bet I am!...oh sorry for the bathroom again... I promise I'll pay!...one way or another."

"Don't worry, you're good not hurt, and that's all that matters," I said.

"Aww, thanks...but still...I guess the world will have to change if I start a trend, huh?" she giggled.

"A trend?...you mean..."

"Oh yah! It is just so much fun to have these!! I feel so...confident!" I smiled back, still a bit nervous

"Here you go...this is a product that I hope would increase the efficiency of the pills" I said and I was just finishing the phrase when Candace, without second thoughts grabbed the huge glass and swallowed what was in it. "Wait...I-" I stammered.

"Done! ...It doesn't taste good...but give me another glass! And what else is in the menu, chef P.?" I couldn't help but smile. This was better than all the money of the world.

-o-

I had foreseen that on test day many would fail, unless they placed Candace isolated from the others. But to achieve that they would need first to find her enough room. When she arrived the assistant that was assigned to oversee us, a female graduate student, I think, looked weirdly at Candace. It seemed a combination of incredulity, pity and jealousy.

"One moment...what is that?" said the assistant, pointing.

"This? this is my bosom!" Candace said with a very obvious pride in her voice.

"Alriiight...I hope you won't smuggle--" suddenly she was interrupted by our biochemistry professor.

"Nicole, let her in please. You can't accuse a student like that before the test has even started!" Of course not. especially nowadays were everyone wanted to make money by suing companies, institutions or individuals.

"Sorry... but I better be safe than sorry," the student replied. Then, our professor looked inside the classroom before letting Candace in. I was already imagining Nicole taking Candace to the bathroom, to inspect all there was Candace, but that couldn't happen.

Candace was placed at the farthest corner, behind the rest of us. At first they didn't let her use her clipboard, suspecting that maybe she wanted to cheat. Luckily for her they found a new one. It was okay to spend some moments a day with the shoulders and neck sideways, but 3 hours was abusive, no matter how flexible a person's joints were. From what I saw in my short glimpses in her direction, I had to restrain myself so I could not only focus on the test but also avoid being accused of fraud. Candace placed the clipboard with the test on her breasts, sometimes lifting it in front of her face.

Nicole shook her head in disbelief several times. She seemed upset that our professor scolded her only for being suspicious. However who could blame her? Breasts like that on a frame like Candace's; besides that she didn't seem to be annoyed by them but quite the contrary, judging from her clothing and attitude.

Candace finished her test much earlier than me. I suppose she wasn't as distracted as I was. I didn't expect to see her again until monday, after all Candace said a couple of days ago that she had to pay a visit to her seamstress.

When I finished and left the classroom I found her outside, reading something.

"So, how was the test?" I asked her.

"Oh, hi! Well I expected it to be much tougher."

"Maybe you studied too well! But don't let your guard down, I've heard this is the easiest test of the course."

"I know..."

"What are you still doing here?" I asked, curious.

"What kind of question is that...did you want me to leave?"

"What?!, No, no! It's just that--"

"I am playing with you, P. Relax, but you're right i should be at least in my way to my seamstress...but, Maia has a test later today and she won't come with me. I was wondering, if maybe someone else could come with me, after all I really doubt I could stand it another week like this..and I think maybe you would like it...not as much as I do but still-" As I heard that I almost froze. I didn't respond immediately. But when I did...

"Yes!... I mean of course, I would love to," I said. Candace smiled, she knew I was like play-doh in her hands.

"Thank you, P!...let's go then!" she said. 'No! thank you!' I replied in my head.

As we were on our way to the terminal, something completely unexpected happened. Taking my eyes off Candace glorious hyper bust, was impossible. It would be like asking light to escape a black hole. We were talking when something dark was caught by the corner of my eye. The next thing I knew was that my head hit on something soft, round and heavy and was en route de collision with the ground.

"Hey watch out, imbecile!" yelled Candace. I looked up from the ground and I saw who I thought was Isabella, after sometime she had evidently showed up again.

"Make me, bitch!" I heard her voice and undoubtedly it had to be her. Her clothing was much more revealing than usual. Instead of a black sweater and black denim pants, from my position (I hadn't got up yet) I noticed her long shapely legs. They looked not as pale as I expected, considering I expected them to never be exposed to the sun. But I guess that even if she tried, the deep shadows cast by her humongous bosom would make it impossible for the sun rays to reach her legs directly. Anyhow, She was wearing knee high boots, beyond that fishnet stockings. Her legs were so shapely, albeit maybe a bit thinner than Candace's; perhaps because Isabella was a newcomer to the big boob business. Above that, a black pleated skirt. Beyond that all went obscure, although obviously I was speechless. The massive shadows and black bodice looking top added some difficulty when I realized how suffocatingly tight the lower part of the bodice and the mini corset on it seemed. I got up slowly, hearing the girls yell at each other, not trying to miss the slightest bit of Isabella's impossibly built physique. The girls yelled and yelled but I was so focused I had no idea why were they yelling. Their breasts pressed againsteach other like the last time I saw them fighting each other. I couldn't help but feel the urge of being sandwiched by them. I could almost swear that even in that moment the amount of breastflesh sandwiching me could double my total body weight. I daydreamed about these TITanesses fighting over who was the bustiest. Although I doubt they were fighting over that.

In some moment I felt someone pull me by the wrist.

"Let's get the fuck out of here!, it is obvious one can't reason with peanut brained bitches! Ugh!" complained Candace. I looked back as Isabella left.

But suddenly she looked back as well. She narrowed her eyes. My heart felt overwhelmed by the sensation. From what I could tell I imagined she knew I was helping Candace. It was an extremely uncomfortable feeling. I didn't regret helping Candace, but it was as if I was caught cheating.

"Candace...are your fights with Isabella that...violent all the time?" I asked.

"Huh?, that stupid bitch? yeah! she's getting worse! I have no idea why! I am glad she is barely around when I am awake, but I swear she is convinced there isn't enough room for us in this University...I can't wait to outgrow her! I thought I was about to, but I guess the pills are working too well for her. I still think you should give them all to me."

"I am not sure...she was the one who told me about them, Candace...If it wasn't for her no one would have them...besides she seems to like her breasts as much as you do..."

"I don't know! I just know that an ugly fat bitch like her doesn't deserve them!" I couldn't help but chuckle at Candace's words. Isabella could be everything but fat. "What's so funny?"

"Nevermind...we know you're much better than her. Let's make her think she is in control, at least for now..."

"Ungh...whatevs, I guess..."

Even before we got on the bus, we had problems. Candace seemed to be too large for the aisles and even for the seats. What was standard for 'normal people' didn't work well for Candace. Imagining a world were breast sizes as large as Candace's were the usual would require many objects of everyday infrastructure to have a major redesign: buses, doors, bathrooms, closets...even cars, how could girls like Candace drive?

I didn't know how Candace really felt, but the more I knew her the more I was convinced that she loved all these small inconveniences. She seemed to secretly gloat about her body. As impressive, some would say excessively so, as it was already, she was pushing it beyond her former self thanks to these tiny pills. Each one hundreds of thousands of times smaller than the volumes they were feeding. That and the amount of the active ingredient must have been just a fraction of the total pill. I had to analyze the data in Candace measurement log, and discover if the pill effects were still as strong as always or fading and getting lost if the immense volume of breasts they had to nurture. As Candace struggled to squeeze into place, I realized that maybe she was unusual and to get more significant conclusions I shouldn't base my research only on her data. I wondered if Isabella was also taking account of her growth. And I couldn't forget about the chemical make-up of the pill. If we could synthesize it by ourselves we wouldn't be playing with as much risk as we were now.

Candace was on my side. Her enormous rack projected massively in every direction. She had to take 2 seats for her immense boobs. They attracted almost everyone's glare, and Candace had always enjoyed it. She was used to mean comments and somehow I think they were almost like compliments for her ego. I stayed quiet for a couple of minutes, I didn't want her to get tired of me. When I was about to start a conversation, I realized she has fallen asleep, just 5 minutes after we had left the terminal. I loved when she was sleep and calm, I explained it before...and it was not only because I could stare at her in any way and for as long as I wanted, staring at her immense and gorgeous topography, curves and assets worth of a goddess, at scare few inches away from my reach.

It took two hours for us to reach our destination.

"Candace, wake up, we are here," I said. She mumbled and then stretched herself yawning loudly.

"YAWWWN!...huh- wha-?"

"We are here."

"Oh...sure we are...let's go," in that moment she tried to get up. But she couldn't. As difficult as it was for her to get in, she was now wedged there, thanks to her overly developed front. " Aw...help me!" I felt shivers when she said that, once again, too much Candace for the world.

I pulled with all my strength trying to get her out of such situation. I don't understand how she got in. Yes it required some effort but nothing close to the effort needed to pull her off her current situation.

"Harder!! c'mon...ungh! almost there!" She yelled. The bus driver was approaching us when suddenly, she was freed. But, every action has a reaction and when she was freed it was impossible for her to stop, the huge amount of mass in movement didn't stop, it kept going, not even Candace's might was able to stop it. She was falling, as if in slow motion, the shadow her breasts cast over me, got deeper and deeper. She was falling. I knew it was unavoidable to be boob knocked again. I closed my eyes and held my breath. I felt the breast tissue pressing on my face. I was about to have the biggest breast smother I was aware of. All went dark, and when I was expecting such enormous mountains of flesh to cover me they didn't. The massive orbs were suspended above me. Then they retreated. It was as if Jupiter was en route of collision with the Earth and then it just went back.

"Are you okay Peter?" said Candace's voice, obscured by the mammary mountain range between us.

"Ah...yes I am...what happened?" I asked.

"I was about to fall but I got the hold on some seats. You're lucky I am strong...now, seriously, I am sorry..."

"Don't worry, really Candace, I am alright, I am getting used to be knocked down." Candace got up and so the bus driver helped me get on my feet. I kind of regretted that she didn't smother me even if it was just an accident. On the other hand at such size, her mammary mountains were potentially lethal. All of a sudden I remembered a program on television were a kid was killed by a morbidly obese woman. But I wasn't worried in the least, if I died it was the best possible way to do so. But then I thought what would Candace think if she killed someone by accident with her outrageously developed assets. Thinking of her feeling guilty made me feel uneasy. She didn't deserve it. For her own good I had to be more careful.

"I will be more careful next time, promise. Don't worry my body is getting used to these...so let me treat you, let's go to McDonald's before we go to my seamstress' place, okay?"

"You don't have to...I am fine really," I said.

"I insist P. and I won't take a no for an answer, okay?"

I nodded and we left the bus. I tried not to pay much attention to it, but the bus driver was stunned from the very moment he saw Candace, for him it was as if he had seen a flying pink hippo or something ridiculous. Of course, the same could be said about the people in our way to the restaurant, or in any case everywhere.

# Lucky addendum chapter 0.2

Luckily for us, McDonald's doors were wide enough to accommodate Candace's frame with only minor issues. "Just like the bus...if they want to keep me as a client they must think of widening their doorframes," she said, as if she was talking for herself. She ran her hands along the sides of her enormous boobs where the doorframe had brushed against them. Many of the customers glanced up in shock. The place was half empty, but it was impossible to ignore Candace's majestic figure. We intended to head to the counter to order our food. But then I felt Candace's prominences on my back. I had stopped short, but Candace didn't. As I felt her breasts brush against my back, I was suddenly wondering if I was about to be knocked to the ground one more time by her. It got me thinking about what had almost happened back on the bus. I wasn't sure what to say, but I had to say something.

"Candace, I guess you can go to the table and wait for the food? What would you like?"

"Nuh-uh!" she said, as if she hadn't even noticed her chest had collided with my back. "I am hungry, and no offense but you will need help with the trays! But, if I bother you or something, I can wait here for our order." I looked wide eyed at her. Did I just offend her?

"Sorry, I didn't want to make you feel--" I began, but before I could finish the phrase she interrupted.

"Nah, you worry too much! I know you wouldn't. I was just pulling your strings a bit," she said, winking at me. In that case, maybe she did realize she'd just bumped against me?

The people in the line and the guys who took our order were stunned by Candace's presence. She hefted her boobs trying to make her super mammaries rest on the counter, but she was unable to place them on top, It seemed like the underboobs were lower than she had anticipated.

"Okay, now let's see what I want," she said, surveying the menu and beginning to list off her order. With each additional item she mentioned, the clerk and myself grew more and more surprised. "Okay, that seems yummy...and that, and that...err, and that too, okay make maybe two of each." She turned to the side, aiming her colossal mammaries at me. "And you P?"

"I'll take a #4 combo and maybe some of the stuff you don't eat?" I said, still somewhat shocked by how much she had ordered.

"Heheh, it is like you don't even know me, you know, these girls are very hungry and I don't think they would leave anything for you," she giggled. Yes, Candace has always eaten a lot, I knew where all that excess ended. And now that she was growing such demands must have had increased.

"Ah, I think I'll survive," I said, not knowing what else to say.

"Your call..."

As Candace had ordered so much food, three trays were necessary to carry our orders. "See? I told you, you would need my help. Now put the trays on my breasts." I was dumbfounded at first, was she teasing me? But Candace almost grabbed the trays out of my hands. I helped her put two of the trays on top of her boobs, while I had decided to carry the third one. But honestly she would had been able to carry it, and still have plenty of space to spare. In that moment I realized how amazingly round and seemingly unaffected by gravity they were. Their tops were convex as if they were almost perfect spheres. She walked in front of me and carried the trays to our table. Her breasts were like shelves or platforms she was using to carry the trays, to everyones' disbelief, mine most of all.

And now we arrived to our tables. I hadn't noticed how small they were, until Candace covered each with one breast, of course it wasn't that the tables were small. It was more like she had grown more than I expected. I stared at the spectacular landscape, stunned.

I waited for Candace to sit. She didn't. Almost immediately, Candace started to grab food from one of the trays, still resting on top of her giant tits.

"Hey P, put that tray on here, I think there's plenty of space." she said, poking the top of one of her boobs. I suspected there was, and hesitantly complied. "Well, it is a new record!, feel free to eat before I finish all of this by myself."

"Wait a second Candace, I think these chairs are inadequate for you," I said. And they were. If Candace sat on them I am sure her breasts' summits would be well higher than her head. "I'll bring a couple of those bar stools they have at the Mc Cafe bar, I'll be right back."

"Thanks, P, That's a great idea! But hurry back, I am not responsible for the continued safety of your food!"

When I brought the stools we sat on them and Candace's breasts still rested on the tables.

"I bet we got the best tables in the whole establishment" I said jokingly. But I know I wouldn't have sat anywhere else in the room for all the money in the world.

"Ha! Damn right!" Candace replied. She did have a huge appetite. "I hadn't eaten here in a long time, I know it is terrible for one's health but it tastes sooo good!"

We finished our meals in a record time and we headed towards Candace's seamstress' place.

"Hmmm, I really hope you were telling me the truth when you said you were okay after I knocked you over on the bus, I guess I still need to get used to these." Candace mentioned as we exited the restaurant. I'd been thinking about that accident a lot also, but perhaps for different reasons.

"Actually," I began, tongue barely cooperating. "Ah, nevermind."

"Don't be shy!" she said. "Did I hurt you at all? I know these suckers are heavy. If I'd fallen on you all the way, you could have broken something!" she laughed. "I must compensate you for what happened! C'mon, maybe I could make your wishes come true!" she said, smirking at me as we walked. I don't know what came over me, but her smile looked somehow mischievous, inviting.

"I wish you had fallen on top of me," I blurted suddenly. She looked into my eyes, with a slight air of disbelief. Her smile got even wider. Did she think what I said was funny?

"Haha, P! You're serious?" She looked at me searchingly for a moment with a large grin on her face. "Of course you are," she laughed. Then she grabbed my hand and pulled me suddenly into an alley. I was stunned, I didn't know what she meant to do. She pushed me until my back was against the wall.

"Candace, what--!" I began.

"Lean back on that wall, and close your eyes, P," she commanded, cutting me off. I did as she said, heart hammering in my chest. A few moments passed and then I felt her immense bosom pressing onto me. They felt harder than I expected. They were squishy, a bit more like hard jello than the fresh bread dough I had thought they might be like. "For the record, you asked for it!" she giggled. Her voice sounded muffled and far away. I opened my eyes and all I could see were her overly developed assets as she leaned forward and rubbed them on me. It was too much, I mean, I have had fantasies, but experiencing it in real life was something totally different!

I gasped as she bent her knees and crouched a few inches lower, dragging the fronts of her breasts down my body slowly. I could feel the friction between her shirt and her breasts as the cloth went sliding over the monster swells of her tits. She stood again, slowly, dragging her chest back up.

"Candace, I, I--" I stammered, totally flustered, had I died and gone to boob heaven?

She took a step further forward, compressing her giant boobs even tighter against me. The tops of them rose higher. I could feel the incredible weight of them pinning me in place, almost squeezing the air out of me. I could feel how hot those masses of breast flesh were, and they were pressing against my shoulders and neck with the weight of huge sandbags. I realized that only the thin material of her top was keeping me from being inside her cleavage.

"Hush, P!" she said, laughing. "You wish I'd fallen on you, huh? You must really like what your pills are doing to my great big tits." As if to emphasize, she reached past her gigantic melons and grabbed me by the back of the neck, pulling my face against the center of her cleavage. She shimmied from side to side, bounced up and down, and pulled me against herself, burying my face in her front. It seemed to go on forever, and all I knew was the sensation of her enormous jugs grinding and jiggling against my face. "And they're going to get even bigger, P. Because I want them bigger."

I could hear her giggling, was she really enjoying this? Feeling how such ginormic displays of womanhood were rendering me completely powerless, overpowering me in every sense? But I was loving it. Sure, I had some difficulties breathing and I couldn't move. But shit, it was because one of the biggest pairs of tits ever was doing that to me and their gorgeous owner was enjoying that, enjoying the tit-might her rack had given her. And more beyond a merely visual experience, it had become physical now.

# Lucky addendum chapter 0.3

It was a few days after our trip to the seamstress and Candace and I were having our regular Thursday study session. I was looking forward to this particular session for a couple of reasons: first, since we had just taken a big test on Monday, we didn't have much new material to cover. Secondly, and most importantly, this would be the first time I saw Candace since our trip.

Candace arrived at my dorm looking as spectacular as always. Today, she was wearing what must have been a new shirt, as it seemed to fit her current measurements a bit better than her other tops had been lately. Candace was still Candace, of course, so it was designed to reveal a lot of cleavage. With breasts like hers, though, a "lot of cleavage" still leaves a ton to the imagination. The shirt was designed to have buttons going down the front, but a quick glance revealed them to be only for show. It may not have been the desired effect, but I felt a little woozy thinking about the fact that Candace could never be able to reach the front of a shirt to actually button it up. Well, maybe if she had a little help, but I didn't want to let my thoughts go down that path at the moment.

"Heya, P," Candace said with a grin as she entered. "Are you ready?" I knew exactly what she was referring to: her current bust measurement. Despite the fact that she was just professionally measured three days ago, and every time we had a study session since she began taking the pills, and by her friend Maya on every other day, it was still the first thing Candace wanted to check. And I wouldn't have it any other way.

As soon as I closed the door behind her, Candace whipped off her shirt with a lot less struggle than she had had with her tighter tops. She was wearing the new bra that she had ordered from the seamstress. It was crazy to think that I could probably curl up and fit inside either of the massive cups, with room to spare. The Grand Canyon of cleavage formed by the bra pushing her enormous mounds together was like a black hole, trying to draw my attention (and me) towards it, never to return. If nothing else, my willpower had been growing considerably since I met Candace. I grabbed my tape measure, handed one end to Candace, and began making the long trek around her insane bust. I almost didn't check the result, because I knew what it was going to be. Candace had been growing very consistently with the pills, roughly half an inch per day, so I knew that today's measurement would be a whopping 117.5 inches. Something seemed wrong, though, so I took a close look at the tape.

"Candace, this says you're a little over 118 inches now," I said.

"Wow, really?!" she exclaimed. "That's more than usual... wait, P, don't get my hopes up. You've got to take the new bra into account, and besides, with boobs this size there's always the chance that we're not getting a perfect measurement every time." I agreed, but it still didn't seem quite right to me. I figured that time would eventually tell. "Now P, be nice and get me today's pill, won't you?" I dashed into the kitchen and retrieved one pill from the refrigerator.

"Well, in any case, you've almost reached the end of this tape measure," I noted. "It's only ten feet long." ONLY ten feet! How my world has changed lately.

"Ooh, Peter, that's so exciting!" Candace bounced with joy, resulting in her extremely heavy mamms to almost break her brand-new, industrial-strength bra with their movement. "We should do something to celebrate when I hit 120 inches! But first you need to get a new tape measure. I don't want to miss a single measurement. I wonder what the next size up is!"

I had already pulled out my phone to look for tape measures online. "Hmm, the next size up is only 12 feet--" ("That's sooo short," interrupted Candace.) "--But the size after that is 25 feet. I'll order a couple of those so we each have one."

Candace grinned from ear to ear. "Yay, thanks P! You're the best, as always. I'm already so anxious to have a new goal to reach!" Upon hearing her say that, I was immediately lost in thought at the idea of Candace having - and desperately wanting - a bustline that was over two and a half times larger than she currently possessed. She must have seen me in my trance, though, because Candace cleared her throat and suggested that we hit the books.

Lamentably, Candace put her shirt back on so that we could begin our study session. Not having a desk or table to rest her bosom on, Candace sat cross-legged on the floor next to the couch where I sat. Her breasts overflowed her lap and would have spread onto the floor if they hadn't been held up by her powerful bra. I had recently learned to make special marks on my notes for especially complicated material that I needed to go over again, after Candace left, because I could only focus so much of my attention on the studying when she was nearby. Especially when I had to look down to see her face and would get her massive chest in my peripheral vision.

After a little while, Candace stretched her arms and arched her back a little, causing her boobs to quake. "Hey, P, got anything to drink in your fridge? I'm a little thirsty."

I practically jumped up to help her out. "Yeah, sure! I could make you--"

"No, no, sit down, it's okay," she said as she carefully stood up, her bosom rising heavily. "I need all the exercise I can get if these babies are going to keep growing, right?" I chuckled and nodded as she walked into the kitchen. A few moments later, I realized something, and got up to join her.

"I just remembered, I bought some soda this morning but didn't have a chance to put it in the fridge... Candace! What are you doing?!" I had caught her with the pill container in one hand and a pill in the other. I couldn't believe what I was seeing.

"P, come on, I need this. They're working so well, but I just can't stand the thought of not doing everything I can to grow even faster!"

I shook my head in disbelief. "You have no idea what might happen if you overdose. These pills are making radical changes to your body as it is and we're lucky that nothing bad has happened to you so far. Please, give me the pills."

Candace pulled her hands further away from me and popped the pill into her mouth. I ran behind her to attempt the Heimlich maneuver, hoping I could get her to cough up the pill. Unfortunately, I ran into some difficulty: her gigantic breasts weighed heavily on her chest, and with the shirt on it seemed impossible to get my arms around her torso.

"P, what the hell are you doing?" Candace demanded, trying to look behind herself to see me. "You've got to get that pill out of your system," I grunted. "I just want you to be safe! For god's sake, even Isabella managed to take only one pill a day and look how far she got!" That seemed to affect Candace. She stopped resisting, so I stopped my attempts. Candace opened her mouth and extended her tongue, revealing the unswallowed pill. She carefully picked it up with her left hand.

"Hah, you really know what to say, P," she chuckled. "You're right about Isabella. If that bitch can be patient for months, so can I." I breathed a huge sigh of relief and followed Candace back to the living room. "Um," she began, "Sorry about that. You really have no idea how strongly I feel about growing."

I grinned as I sat back down on the couch. "I, uh, think I kinda understand your obsession with it." Candace laughed. "Yeah, I bet you do!" she said. "Hey, so long as we're waiting for the pills to work their magic, I really should try to keep building muscle to support the new weight. You're my official personal trainer, right? Can you make sure I'm doing these squats correctly? It's really hard to balance with all this mass..."

I tried my hardest to not let my jaw drop as Candace turned away from me, extended her arms, and began doing the repetitive sitting motion, her spectacular bosom fighting gravity with each successive lift.

# Lucky addendum chapter 0.4: the heat wave

“Faster, Peter! C’mon! No, not like that!”

“I’m trying! I am trying…oh man…I had no idea this would be so energy consuming.”

“Oh, much better - now harder! Don’t stop!”

“Oh my…”

“Yes! More like that!! Sooo good!! Keep going, please!”

I was there, caressing the biggest existing set of breasts I ever knew. The outrageously massive bust dwarfed anyone who stepped close to it. It stuck upwards from its owners ribcage as if gravity was nonexistent, and that was a lot coming from her incredible mass. From my point of view, I could only see these flesh colored planets and their owner’s lower body, while her face and shoulders were hidden beyond. The breasts were completely exposed, except for two "Hello Kitty"-shaped pasties that covered the nipples, which were about 20 inches above the mattress level. At the Everests of mammaries. No human nipples have ever been this far away from their owner’s ribcage. This was too good - certainly I was unworthy of this, and I totally felt that way.

By this time of the year I had expected the temperature to go down - maybe not to be cool, but at least warm, instead of the real suffocating hot weather we were having. Anyone who says that the global warming is bull is like those fellas that won’t see an elephant 2 inches away from their noses. Yes, many girls wore as little clothing as socially acceptable, sometimes even crossing the line, but it was so hot that I was seriously wondering if the price for that treat was too high. But we have no control over the weather, and as strange as this fall was, my life was becoming just as strange.

It is incredible how our tiny world can change in few weeks. I always thought there was something special between Candace and me. Yes, she was a nice and sweet girl towards everyone, but I mean something else. Her approaches were always of the cute kind, but that opportunity in the alley changed the situation. We went out more than we used to, to the movies, to restaurants, shopping. We asked each other out quite often and most of the time it was us two alone, no Maia, no ‘insert name here’ friend. Just us. And it was

pretty amazing! I wouldn’t say we were girlfriend and boyfriend but we were definitely intimate. And to be honest, I liked it that way. I think she loved how I looked at her, how she had so much ‘control’ over me, how she imagined in my eyes she was much more than just a hot girl. And of course she was. I have said this a thousand times before: even if

she had no breasts at all, I’d still love her, but I love the extras too - especially when those extras include a 120 inch bustline!. I remember when she finally reached that milestone, I was there helping her getting measured. But I don’t remember much immediately after that, i guess my brain got overloaded. And she wanted more!. Yes, those giant mountains were still building up, gaining mass and volume. I think that if I curled up tightly I could easily fit inside one of her titanic bra cups. And she was overflowing those! There was just so much Candace to love.

We talked about her continued growth, and at this rate it will be necessary to get some sort of help to get herself carried around. Candace is a strong girl, yes, but even so she couldn’t beat physics. Unless her body was always heavier than her breasts, or her feet were very strongly attracted to the ground, there’s no way she could be able to walk

unaided which such weight shifting her center of gravity to the front like that. I was thinking, it had to be something that allowed her to move as freely as possible; in other words, something practical, versatile and situation-flexible.

But Candace was very clear in something. She didn’t want the total weight to be supported by the device, she considered that it could make her back weak and too dependent on the device. All that she needed was the machine to carry enough weigh for her to move around autonomously, but she was very emphatic that she loved to feel the weight of her assets. We were in a trial and error stage, but we expected to have a few weeks more to go before the boob carrying device was mandatory.

As part of the perks of being intimate with her, I became her ‘breast massager’. Of course, I didn't need much convincing. But I was so skeptic when she first told me her idea. It was too good to be real. She told me that she played a lot with her breasts, and that it felt good, but that lately it was becoming increasingly difficult to reach some areas. I couldn’t blame her. Such Hindenburgs were massive enough to darken the horizon. I had no idea how she still found clothing to fit her growing shape. The mighty roundness and impressive volume were a sight to behold. When I stare at them I can totally feel how astronauts feel when they look at earth from an orbital space station: such flawless, breathtaking beauty, and of course, so round and so fucking big . I loved to imagine that compared to an atom, each enormous mamm was proportionally bigger than the entire universe compared to the size of her immense assets. While she spoke to me she ran her hands across the mighty expanse of her über developed udders - I guess she was trying to demonstrate her point.

“See, I can’t do it right… and Maia doesn’t want to help me,” said Candace, frowning slightly, maybe due to her frustration. Indeed, a small portion of her breasts was out of her reach, unless she smashed them up against something.

“Ah… well, I…” I didn’t know what to say. As usual, this girl left me speechless.

“Yes you! You must help me! Hmmm, I think this pampering is great to make them grow, you know,” I swallowed hard when

she said so. “C’mon P, help me! I know we both will enjoy this! I feel like if my breasts were the moon, one of the sides is always hidden from me... I need to feel it!”. Candace didn’t wait for an answer. She tried to take her shirt off. I stood there frozen, just like a deer caught in headlights. She finally managed to get it off. The immense bra cups were being overflown by those massive jugs, they were so massive that I imagined they could be adequately used as parachutes to stop those dragster vehicles. The sturdy bra had such immense cups and yet such small back band. You won’t ever find something like that in any store. The straps and band were broad, designed to distribute the absurd weight over a large surface area. The bra clasp had so many hooks. I was so distracted by her tight cleavage that I didn’t notice that Candace was unhooking it. When I realized it, the engineering wonder was on the floor. And before the humongous perfect masses of flesh were released. Life was good, but still the weather was too hot.

I hadn’t seen Isabella in weeks. The fact that she and Candace didn’t get well along was known by all. In fact that‘open war’ relationship was the reason why, on average, Isabella spent only 2 nights a week in ‘her place’ (which was Candace’s too). So, a longer absence wasn’t surprising, however, something was wrong when she didn’t come personally to retrieve her pill doses for two weeks. She sent a emo-looking pale guy with eye makeup to retrieve it for her. The guy didn’t seem too friendly, and I think he was on something when he came to see me. When I asked him where Isabella was, he said that he had no idea, but that she needed the pills and that I shouldn’t make any funny moves. When I told Candace she said that maybe it was because Isabella was jealous that maybe she had been outgrown, and not being able to take it and admitting her inferiority she left. I still felt curious on what drove Isabella to leave. As bitchy as she was, she was a sight to behold.

After the massage session at her place, Candace sat up on her bed.

“Help me get up…” I did as she said. She was heavy… well, not all of her, but at least part of her was. The lousy air conditioner wasn’t working well and we were kinda sweaty after the session. “I’ll stay like this, I hope you don’t mind.”

“Your house, your rules.” I tried to sound cool, but I was begging for her to stay like she was, only in her short minishorts and with the "Hello Kitty" pasties on her nipples. I stared at her magnificent body. “Ahh… it is so hot today… too bad the pool is always completely crowded!”

“I haven’t had the chance to go! This sucks! I shower three times a day and that’s not enough! ...I was thinking, how’s your weekend looking?” Candace asked as she looked at the calendar on one of the walls.

“Well, you know that I always have time for you…”

“C’mon, don’t be silly! I really mean it.” She rolled her eyes. “Well, with or without you, I’ll go to Lake Akatoosh. I have relatives there…”

“But Lake Akatoosh is, like, 12 hours from here, the weekend won’t be enough… oh wait, Monday is a holiday, right?” I sighed in satisfaction.

“We will leave… what about Friday night? We would be arriving at the lake by Saturday morning. And we’ll have to pay nothing for lodging, I hope. I think I still got some relatives there, although I haven’t seen them since elementary school, but they wrote us every holiday season”

“Ah, that sounds like a great idea. You know us undergrads are always short on money."

“I know I can’t bring everyone with us, but I’ll ask a couple of the girls if they wanna come with us. It would be selfish for us to go alone.” I pouted my lips a little when Candace said so, but it was her idea and her family and atleast she invited me.

“Ah sure… may I invite someone too?” Candace looked a bit skeptic at me, she raised an eyebrow but changed her expression quickly as if it was an involuntary reaction.

“Hmm, yes. Just remember we can’t bring everyone with us, being a holiday weekend the bus stations will be crowded.” Hm, another detail that had escaped my mind. Last time we had issues with Candace trying to get inside a bus. Her humongous assets were troublesome at times, and although I enjoyed the experience, Candace’s enormous juggs had gained even more volume. Yes, it was only a bit more, but I wasn’t sure the bus company would be able to deal with such immensities.

“Don’t worry - if I manage to get it arranged, we could be there faster and maybe be more comfortable.”

“Is that so? Well, we still have a couple of days to get it arranged, but for now… where’s that oil?” Candace opened the drawers looking for a bottle of baby oil she had somewhere, ignoring the fact that it wasn’t there.

“You mean this one?” I said as I showed her the bottle.

“Oh yeah!” She sat on her bed and then laid on her back. “Don’t think you will escape your duties, mister.”

“I am a restless worker, miss, I know my obligations!” I squeezed the bottle and poured a generous amount of oil over

Candace's ginormic mountains, and resumed my duty as her massager. The now-slippery colossal planetoids felt amazing, just perfect. I think Candace liked it when I was energetic. However, there was so much ‘awesome’ under my hands I felt even I was insufficient. I massaged more and more. The area I needed to cover was so extense. I spread my arms and I wondered how far would my hands reach. But in some moment, my hands yielded. My face got buried between entire mammary universes. I stayed there for a while, not able to breathe, feeling her delicious flesh surround my face as it got deeper and deeper in her deep cleavage. I stayed like that for 15, maybe 20 seconds. I wanted to lick her all over, but that wouldn't be happening... not today, at least.

“Ah, so, taking a nap during work time? You will have to make up extra time, mister.” Yes, life can be tough too.

# Lucky addendum chapter 0.5: preparations

Candace and I had our Monday morning class together the next day. In some ways I had come to look forward to this class almost as much as our massage sessions, which isn't as crazy as it sounds. From the day we met, Candace's ballooning bosom had already overflowed her tiny desktop and over to each desk on either side of her, but her godly bust measurement was almost an entire full foot longer as of this particular class period. One hundred and twenty-three inches of still-growing, gradually-swelling, warm-feeling, soft-to-the-touch-but-delightfully-firm titflesh. Candace's circumfrence - there is no better way to describe it, what with her being attached to two massive orbs - wasn't the only thing that had been growing. She is a three-dimensional creature like the rest of us... well, maybe moreso. Her wonderful breasts had also been swelling to the point where you could not see any of her pelvic region, even when she was standing, and with every day I could see less and less of her plump lips. When she was sitting, I could barely see any of her face at all from the front.

I was sitting to Candace's left, as I always was, but the staggering amount of growth was now taking over the majority of my desk, making it difficult to take notes and especially to open my textbook. I knew that eventually I would have to move another seat over, but I wanted to enjoy this as long as I could: every jiggle, every "accidental" bump, and especially the part where she first sat down and her mountains made that loud, soft WHUMP sound, immediately followed by the avalance of flesh being squished up by the desk, moving further over into my territory. This was then followed by a huge quake of flesh, barely contained by her bra, and I was close enough to hear her cleavage squish and slap together within her shirt - the aftershocks.

Candace told me that in the first week of school, her professors had each told her she could use an audio recorder in class due to her lack of deskspace, but back then she insisted it wasn't a problem. She had recently started using one, though, and her professors had even adjusted their policy and said that she could have a classmate record the lecture for her so she wouldn't have to deal with taking up even more space. When I asked Candace why she still chose to come to class, she replied "And miss watching you squirm? No way! Besides, my girls feed off of attention."

Needless to say, Candace always left the classroom before me. Not only did I enjoy seeing her massive juggs from below, casting their shadow over me, but I needed a minute to, uh, calm down after that experience in class. This day was no different. As usual, I told Candace that that I would be right behind her as I made a show of inefficiently putting my notes and book back into my bag, rummaging through it as if I was hunting for something in particular. Candace never let on that she knew what I was trying to do, except that she would firmly press her hands on either side of her breasts to push them together as she walked through the door. She never did this going INTO the classroom, and in any case, the class doors were wider than regular doors and didn't actually give her any problems. I met her in the hallway once I was ready.

"P, I'll meet you in the cafeteria," Candace whispered. "You need to go get more pills from the lab."

I tried to remember if I had made a mistake. "Hmm... No, we have enough for today and the next two days. I'll go to the lab on Thursday before we meet up."

Candace shook her head urgently. "No way! You did that last time we ran out and you ended up late to our study session. I am not going to take my pill later than usual again. We're in the chemistry building. Just go now so I'm all set."

There was no arguing with Candace. She may be a few inches taller than me, but when she's determined, she comes off like she's twice as tall, with twin mountains that could crush me like a bug. I tried to play it cool, like I needed to go to the lab for something else as well. We both knew I was wrapped around her little finger, though.

I grabbed the access card from my locker and entered the lab. It was, fortunately, empty - everyone must have been out to lunch. I opened my bag, pulled out a bottle of asprin and a small plastic bag, then opened the small fridge where (among other things) the Heaven-sent breast enhancement pills were stored. Taking the pill bottle, I gently shook out some of the pills into the plastic bag. Then I poured some asprin into the breast pill bottle, shook it up a bit, and poured some of the breast pills back to cover up the asprin. I quickly checked my plastic bag to make sure there were no asprin from my last visit. Both the asprin and the breast pills were small and reddish, but the breast pills were oval-shaped and the asprin were round. Satisfied, I closed the fridge and bagged the goods. I headed towards the door and reached for the handle, only for it to open seemingly by itself. A male student had opened it from the other side, and I quickly recognized him. We shared a class together on Wednesdays.

"Oh - hey there, Ray, how's it going?" I said, smiling with relief that I wasn't in any kind of trouble.

"Hello, Peter." Ray really never spoke much, but he was very nice. You just had to make sure to lead the conversation if he was involved.

"I was just looking for my sunglasses," I lied. "Left them in here the other day. I was going crazy looking for them." I pulled my sunglasses from my pocket as some kind of proof. Ray just sort of mouthed "ah, ok" and nodded slightly. "Oh, sorry, I must be in your way," I said as I let him pass me. "Actually, Ray, I wanted to talk to you in class, but now that I've got you here... Some friends and I wanted to take a drive to Lake Akatoosh over the long weekend. Problem is, our ride just canceled on us--" Man, I felt bad about lying so much to him. "--and we were hoping you could come with us, since you've got a car." It wasn't the nicest invitation, I realized later, but I was nervous.

"I dunno, Peter. That's really far from here... I really can't afford that kind of trip..."

I interrupted him before he could finish the thought. "No, no, everyone will be chipping in for gas. There are three others aside from me and you, so gas split five ways is pretty good, right? And the lodgings are free."

Some interest was beginning to show in Ray's expression. "Well... That doesn't sound bad. But these other people, I don't know if I would get along--"

"The other three are girls," I grinned. Ray grinned back.

I had been on my way to the cafeteria when I noticed a text from Candace on my phone. I had muted it for class and had forgotten to turn the sound back on, so I missed this message while I was in the lab. She said that she had totally forgotten that she had promised to meet a classmate during lunch to give her some notes, so she had to cancel our lunch plans. I texted her back, letting her know it was okay, and soon she responded with "I'll c u tonite for the usual." Of course, she meant her daily pill.

That evening, she entered my dorm (her bountiful boobs squeezing lightly against each side of the door frame at their fullest parts) and asked me how the lab visit went. I told her that I only managed to get fourteen more on this visit, so her half of the pills only covered her for another week (in addition to the three pills remaining from the previous heist). Candace told me to just keep more and not share as much with Isabella.

"I can't do that. I gave her seven the first time, and nine the second time - she'll lose it if I start giving her less now. You saw that creepy guy who picked them up for her, I'm pretty sure he had a knife on him."

Candace sighed, her chest heaving. "Ugh, yeah. We can't call the cops on him either. There's no way we can have anyone else find out about the pills."

I gave Candace her pill for the day, and told her about my talk with Ray and how he had a car. "Fantastic, P! You did it! Since the trip is officially on, it's time for me to see if my bikini top can stretch enough to fit me." My heart raced as she pulled the bikini out of her purse and she struggled with taking off her shirt. As usual, I was a little disappointed to see that she was wearing her "Hello Kitty" pasties over her nipples. I never stayed disappointed for long - it's impossible to feel any negative emotions when Candace's burgeoning boobs were quivering and heavily - so heavily - swaying in front of me. It was insane how they stuck out so far from her chest yet kept a remarkable round shape without her bra on. The pasties were surprisingly small in comparison to the rest of her breasts - maybe about the size of my hands' palms - so I often tried to ignore the fact that I hadn't seen Candace's nipples by remembering that I had seen the other 98% of her tits.

I followed Candace to my bedroom and she stood in front of my mirror. It was just a face mirror and not full length by any means, but sometimes Candace liked to look at her breasts after I took her measurements, as if all the new flesh was a stranger to her. Well, a stranger she was completely obsessed with. "Take this end of the top, P, that's right, it's just like when you measure me," Candace directed, in a sultry tone. I did as I was told, of course, as I circumnavigated the bikini top around her soft globes. I could feel their warmth when I was this close. God damn. By the time I reached Candace's back, where she was holding the other end of the string with one hand reaching around, the top was stretched taut. The strings were pushing into her breasts so far that I could only see where they made an indent in the swelling flesh. Candace kept urging me to pull the string so I could tie it together. "I don't care about the strings as long as I'm covered where it counts, and the pasties don't help keep my girls corralled!" she grunted as I pulled as hard as I could. With much effort, I was able to get the ends to meet and I tied the world's smallest knot with my now-sweaty hands.

"Perfect as always, Peter," Candace announced. I walked around to her front to see how it looked. The cups - can they be called cups if they're really just small triangles? - looked like they were pasties themselves as the strings were almost impossible to see. Candace tilted her head quizzically. "...Maybe I should keep this on all week under my clothes, so you--" She was suddenly cut off by a small SNAP as the overstressed top snapped in half right in the center, hitting me right in the face like a tiny whip. I let out a small cry of surprise and mild pain and I let myself drop into a sitting position on my bed, which was right behind me.

"PETER!" Candace cried out from behind her practically hovering mammaries. She turned to her right (her bikini-less breasts heavily turning a moment later, then colliding with each other in a loud, fleshy PLAP and slowly shaking back and forth with no end in sight) and sidestepped towards me so she could actually see me. "Are you okay?"

I was actually transfixed by the heaving movements of her breasts and had long forgotten about any minor injury I may have briefly suffered. Candace, who was always a pro and knowing when anyone was even subtly looking at the parts of her body that were bigger than the rest of her, caught on instantly and sneered at me playfully. "Looks like you're doing just fine down there, mister. You need to go on duty." Candace then forcefully thrust herself forward again, facing me. And again, her colossal titans practically WHOOSHED through the air until they could not swing any more to her left side, then they swung back roughly to their normal position, colliding and slapping against each other in a symphony of fleshy sounds. I should point out that I was still sitting directly in front of her, the lowest point of her breasts ending at about my chest level, her cleavage canyon barely inches in front of my face. I gulped. Every day - literally every single day - was a new experience with Candace's features, as they gradually and consistently developed and swelled. These pliant planets that were currently my entire worldview would somehow be old news by tomorrow. They wouldn't exist anymore, replaced by an even bigger pair. No time to mourn - like Candace, I was always thinking about what the next day would bring. I like to think that I also enjoyed the present moment a hell of a lot, though.

"My growing girls are in desperate need of attention," Candace said from somewhere behind her tits. "They feel like they haven't been massaged yet."

I tried to keep my composure. "Not since yesterday. Definitely too long, right?"

I heard her voice again. "Feels like forever, P. And some areas haven't got any attention at all. I like to show off my cleavage, but somehow the top of my girls have been left out. Not to mention the parts where I'm connected to my girls." I could barely hear the sound of her hands running over her skin.

I smiled, not that she could see it. "Ah, that's because you've had me massaging the places you couldn't reach anymore. Do you--" I stopped, again transfixed by Candace's sudden movement as she stepped to the side and around the bed. She bent her knees down onto the mattress behind me, so I spun around. Next, she leaned forward until her breasts reached the mattress, and her upper torso appeared to be resting on two massive pillows. I couldn't believe how little she needed to lean forward before she couldn't lean any more.

"Hurry up, P," she cooed as her gentle hands stroked the upper regions of her vast bosom. They couldn't reach anywhere near the ends of her breasts. I wasn't supposed to think about those areas now, though. "Give the rest of my girls the attention you gave the distant regions."

Between class this morning and this unexpected event, I was a little worried that I might die of, er, lack of stress release. But most of me felt that it would be worth dying for this.

# Lucky addendum chapter 0.6: the heat wave continuation

The next four days crawled by thanks to my anticipation for our trip to Lake Akatoosh. The temperature hadn't changed - if anything, it had been getting slightly hotter all week. I figured that it was better than my fear that the temperature would drop down to freezing just before the trip, canceling our plans and robbing me of fun lake times with Candace. Oh, and our friends.

The hear had been affecting Candace particularly bad: she skipped all but the most important classes and refused to make the short trip to my dorm, instead making me visit her for our study session on Thursday evening. We didn't even really study, or do anything especially fun for that matter. She mostly had me place cool, wet towels over her breasts as she sat on her bed with a oscillating fan pointed at her, in addition to getting her lots of ice water. She was nice about it, if not sort of cranky. I can't say I blamed her. It did feel strange to be spending so much less time with her than we had been over the last couple of weeks, almost like being deprived of a drug. The trip couldn't come fast enough, even if the two of us wouldn't be alone.

Very, very early Saturday morning, I went to Candace's dorm to get her and help with her bags. Maia greeted me at the door, looking just as anxious to get going ("I mostly want Candace to feel better, and to calm the hell down," she later told me). Candace stepped out of her room, looking tired but still gorgeous.

"Hi Peter," she yawned. "I hope this car has working AC. I haven't been able to sleep well lately... I feel like I could nap the whole way there."

She pointed me to her three huge cases of luggage. "Candace, why are you bringing so much for the weekend?"

Giving me her classic "silly Peter" smirk, Candace said "You don't know anything about girls, P. Besides, my clothes take up a lot of space." True enough. Before long, the three of us made our way to one of the many parking lots on the campus... but unfortunately, the parking lot that Ray told us to meet him at turned out to be nearly on the other side of the college from Candace's dorm. I was more than ready to sit down for a long car trip by the time I finished hauling Candace's luggage all the way to the car. I felt bad that I couldn't help Maia with hers, but it wasn't nearly as much as what Candace had packed, and Maia definitely seemed to be surprisingly strong for such a relatively tiny young woman.

Ray wasn't even able to get a "hello" out before he was stunned into silence by Candace's now-125.5-inch bust tightly packed into one of her overly-stretched t-shirts. Her exhausted appearance and messy bed-head was actually looking a lot better by this point: the long journey across campus in the already-far-too-hot weather had made her glisten with sweat on her face and cleavage, giving her a sort of sexy "active woman" look with accidental bedroom eyes. We had just finished packing our bags when Candace's other guest, a girl named Jenna, finally arrived. As everyone piled into the car, Ray suddenly snapped out of his boob-induced haze. He pulled me aside and talked in a worried whisper.

"Peter... Peter, man... I'm pretty sure that cars this size can only carry about nine hundred pounds. Maybe nine-fifty. I dunno. We've got five people and a lot of luggage, and..." He glanced over at Candace, squeezing her way into the back seat, her juggs completely squashed against the seats in front of her. "...A LOT of luggage."

I honestly hadn't even thought about that. Ray looked like he weighed about the same as me, and Candace's friends looked pretty thin. We hadn't weighed Candace since she got past the 300 pound mark about a week ago, as that was as far as my bathroom scale went. I made a mental note to order a stronger scale. "I'm sure we'll be fine, Ray. The, uh, the weight seems to be pretty evenly distributed around the car. Let's just get going before the sun gets too high up."

As we climbed into the car, Ray still seemed concerned, but we started our ten-hour journey. He made it very clear when he started that he didn’t want to be the only one that would drive for 10 hours, and it was a fair request. So he drove for five hours and I drove for the other five. I couldn't help but constantly check the rearview mirrors to see how the girls were doing. Also, to see how Candace and her friends were doing. I hadn’t seen Jenna before, but she was quite pretty, albeit she was almost as flat chested as Maia. She had her shiny auburn hair cut into a bob. She was 5’6” tall, so not too short nor too tall, her face was adorable and her dark green eyes made it stand out the crowd. Her main asset however was on her backside. She being thin and all made it look even bigger. She had meaty thighs and a very prominent butt, which she seemed to be proud of considering the kind of bottoms she wore all the time.

Getting Candace into the car hadn't been easy, but at least we weren’t making uncomfortable a bunch of random strangers like we would in the bus. Although the car was made to be roomy their stunning size of the giant Candace pumpkins greatly reduced the space. I imagined myself being smooshed by them for 10 hours…what would I do to them!. Most of the trip, the girls were fast asleep, each one rested their heads on each of Candace’s boobs. Their heads looked so tiny on top of such enormous masses. And I was jealous, quite jealous. The trio looked so cute. Ray wasn’t much of a talker. When he wasn’t driving he usually fell slept in just 5 minutes if we ran out of conversation topics. This time it was different, he couldn’t take his eyes off the mirror. He had seen Candace before, but I guess he never had the chance to examine her thoroughly as that day. It wasn’t just curiosity, I was sure of it. It was something else. I felt quite proud that at least one of my friends apparently enjoyed how Candace looked.

I dislike long trips, one has minimum physical activity and yet one feels tired and sleepy when destination is finally reached. But sometimes landscapes get impressive enough to catch one’s attention. The deep blue of the distant mountain forests becomes greener as we move closer and closer. The ice capped mountains made me wish I was at their top enjoying the sob zero temperatures instead of being in this oven. Then after almost 9 hours we climbed a hill and there it was: Lake Akatoosh. An old volcanic crater. They said it was deep, very deep, and people claimed from time to time that a monster lives in the deep, blue and cold waters. The road ended and we were still far from our destination. I had to admit it was nice, because that kept away many mainstream tourists from the place.

“Here we are, last stop, all people down!” Ray said out loud. The girls woke up and got their stuff down. Candace told us that her cousins would be waiting for us when we arrived. And that they would bring horses with them, to carry the luggage mostly. And they did bring luggage. It was obvious that they didn’t camp often. Sometimes less is more.

“Hmmm I wonder why Sally isn’t around” Exclaimed Candace. No one could answer that. While we waited Candace begun to work out, while Maia and Jenna tried some yoga on the grass. They looked elegant like cats, and Jenna’s bottom looked fantastic, yes, most of my attention was centered on Candace, but I couldn’t deny that from time to time I diverted my eyes with Jennas contrast between her backside and her small waist, no kidding it was tiny, I was guessing 20 inches. But as you may know the main character was Candace’s gigantic tanktop. It was strained to the limits of the fabric. The enormous exercise ball breasts were contained by so little fabric, they were so full and fat, and the very faint veins underneath made them look even more voluminous. I imagined the amount of tension that Candace’s muscles had to withstand with that extreme weight. How all of that was supported by the small transversal area if her waist. I would even dare to say that Candace was ‘more tit than girl’. I loved the idea, and to make things even more extreme, she wanted more. Her titmass index reached levels above one, when in average the titmass idex of a girl was, no doubt, under 0.10. For me she was already the queen of all mammals. I could see Candace lips moving as she worked out, I tried to read them and I am almost sure she was repeating the word ‘bigger’ over and over again. She really loved her ‘out-of-the-norm’ body and she wanted it even more ’out-of-the-norm’. She really looked like a very developed Lara Croft in a tanktop, those shorts she wore and her hair in a ponytail. Due to the heat the girls were quite sweaty after a while.

Almost 30 minutes later the horses arrived, they were being guided by a beautiful girl. She was dressed with one of those tied around the waist shirts, denim daisy dukes and boots, to complete the picture a cowboy hat. She looked like a stereotype, but what an eye candy one. Her breasts were huge, not as big as Candace, but definitely more than half the size of the latter. And they looked awesome in her attire. The knot of her shirt must have been a strong one. One should must love the exposed midriff between her top and her very low cut bottoms. It was toned. It seems like old fashioned life in the farm was a great workout. She did seem like a hillbilly tomboy, but like those who show up at comedy shows, so beautiful in any aspect. Candace was looking in the opposite direction where the girl was coming and so he assets stayed ‘hidden’ (actually that’s impossible but at least they are not as evident). Jenna and Maia were whispering to each other. Ray stayed in place and let out a muffled ‘wow’.

The redhead girl greeted us:

“Howdy!, My name’s Sally, nice to meet you. Are you Candace’s friends? Where’s my cousin?” She took off her hat revealing her redhead hair tied in twin pigtails, her freckled face and deep green eyes.

“Ahh Candace…” I said. This was Candace’s cousin, yes both were hot, but besides their massive busts and beauty, they didn’t seem to be related to each other. Candace turning around was quite the show, like a total solar eclipse, it was magnificent and of astronomical proportion. Yes, lots of breast was seen from behind but it is the frontal view that would leave you speechless (unless you were an elite boob hound like me). Sally’s face expression changed while more breast area was revealed. I think she had no idea that there were girls bustier than her, and much less so a near relative.

“C-Candace…is this you…?” asked the still skeptical Sally. She couldn’t believe her eyes. Her moth was hanging open, but she managed to change her expression quickly. “Excuse the expression but, Damn, I thought I was big! I can’t believe little Cand grew like this”

“Hahaha, don’t be silly, Sally, you grew a lot too!” Candace approached her cousin. The enormous size of both girls bosoms was extraordinary. Candace stretched her arms just to realize that hugging her cousin from this angle was impossible. The girls pressed her boobs on each other, but even so their strategy failed. Sally then decided to get on Candace’s side, surrounding Candace’s overfed pontoons. Sally was unable to take her eyeballs of such visual treat.

Then the rest of us introduced to Sally. She was apparently happy to be with us. Ah the life away from the cities, physically demanding, but definitely more healthy, for the body, mind and attitude.

In that moment, another issue was evident in that moment. The idea was for us to ride the horses to the small lodge in Sally's family property. However, Candace was massive. There's no way a horse would be able to endure that for more than mere instants. Maybe each breast would need a horse for themselves.

"I am sorry cousin, If I knew I'd have brought the wagon" Sally said, still with her eyes mostly fixed on Candace immense top. It was funny to see the third bustiest woman I knew get do balled by how humongous "Or two extra horses. But don't worry our ranch is not too far away". We all decided, without speaking to each other. That we all will make the trip walking, to demonstrate our empathy for the giant jugged girl.

Sally was right, after 30 minutes we were in her family's dude ranch, the barns and farms rather close. Of course after the long trip it was pretty late in the afternoon when we finally arrived to the dude ranch. The landscape was magnificent. The ranch was mostly in some low hills above the deep blue lake. The mountains surrounded it, covered in deep blue forests, and so was the sky… in fact if it wasn’t for the orange sun, the grass, a few autumnal trees, the snowcapped mountains and the red barns, it must have been a ‘blue pandemonium’. In the middle of the lake there was an island and a small lodge in it.

“That’s the Akatoshee lodge, exclusive and for the rich only. The installations aren’t large but they are very exclusive. My uncles helped build them, but they said the owners are not nice people” said Sally frowning a bit “I have never been there, but all is made of crystal and gold, and they eat strange and fancy food, like fish eggs, stinky cheeses and bird liver paste. Sometimes you can see the rich tourists laying on the beach but they never get into the water, what a waste of time! Ah but let’s talk of some stuff that won’t make me get all ranty! Follow me” Sally said in her strong hillbilly accent, her face expression changing into a wide grin.

We got our luggage down the horses. Sally helped us. And although Ray and me took a lot of it with us (and it was heavy), Sally took as much, or even more and she carried it as if it weighed nothing. This girl was quite strong. A healthy outdoor life, I guessed. We followed her Into a large wooden house surrounded by smaller cottages. Farther away the white fences, the oat fields and the red barns.

“Oh I can’t believe the longhouse is still up“ Said a maybe-too-excited Candace.

“Actually, Cand, this one is different. The older one was burned in a large fire” Sally replied shaking her head in disapproval.

“Ah…ow” Candace was a bit saddened as she learned it. That reminded me how little I know of Candace’s story.

"Let me show you your rooms, I know you’re tired after that long slow trip. There isn’t much space in here. I wish we could give you better locations, but right now we are preparing for winter season and many cottages need serious repairs. Damn termites!. Oh, and the cottages that don’t need major repairs are occupied. I hope you brought sweaters or something, even as hot as this fall has been, the nights in here are quite chilly. If you didn’t we could always lend you some” Sally placed on the floor the luggage she brought. “Let me bring you some blankets and you’re good to go”

Moments later Sally had arrived “Well there you go, now you will sleep well. The meals are communal and made for everyone in the ranch. All are served here. You won’t starve, there are few guests in any case. They are served at 7 am, 1 pm and 7 pm. I don’t think I’d be able to make you company later today, but tomorrow I’ll be here for sure! . After the breakfast I’ll show you how we do things in the ranch and maybe have some fun. I want to see if any of you city fellas ”

“Hey I am the same!” Candace pouted sounding not pleased at the comment.

“We’ll see!, But anyhow, see you all tomorrow, it was a pleasure to meet you all!” Sally exited the long house and we got ourselves installed. The large house had a large mess hall, and two rooms and some sort of small living room with a small library with dusty books in it.

Although the heat wave made it feel like summer, the shorter days made it clear that it was definitely fall. Before we noticed it was dark out, and food was being brought to the mess hall. Shortly after that, a bell was rung and the other guests of the ranch arrived. As always, Candace was the center of attention. She was used to it, and she kind of liked it - bad or good comments, the stares, it was completely impossible for anyone to ignore her and her unusual but truly epic bodily proportions. They were like gigantic motherships that eclipsed anything that got near them. And she was proud of them: she never made the slightest effort to hide them. Candace seemed relaxed and just wore a cotton long sleeved shirt. Most of the buttons of the top remained unbuttoned, revealing ample tracts of the immense worlds under the thin fabric, as well as that abyssal cleavage of hers. That kind of outfit usually makes girls look thinner, but not quite for Candace: her humongous udders looked even more impossibly huge. Maybe it was the long sleeves, but her top really made her main cannons look, well, bigger than than they usually did. Her upper torso rotating was like an astronomical event of colossal dimensions. Her lower body was clad in skin tight denim jeans and boots, not like those a cowgirl would use, but more like urban attire. She looked good... extremely good.

As much as I admired this display, the rest of the bunch, Ray, Jenna, and even Maia, were shocked. Funny, Maia spent lots of time with Candace and yet she had this wide-eyed look of surprise on her face. The dinner chat was quite lighthearted, mostly about how nice the place was, and about what were we going to do over the next few days. I guess we all were pretty tired from the long trip.

After we finished with dinner (of course, Candace got more than the rest of us combined, and we knew where all those raw materials and fuel would end up), we just wanted to sleep. We had expected there would be enough space in the rooms for all of us to sleep. But, surprise, Candace’s physique had other plans for us. There was this king sized bed in one of the rooms, the other room had two twin sized beds. We initially expected the three girls too sleep on the same bed, the king size one, and I think that Sally expected the same thing. We tried, we really tried our best, but Candace’s gigantic mammaries took up so much volume that it seemed impossible for any human more than three feet tall to sleep comfortably in that bed with her.

I am sure I wouldn't have minded being smooshed, pressed, crushed, and smashed by them, in fact, as I have said before, that would be the closest to heaven I’d ever experience. But that was asking for too much. Instead, we all agreed that Candace would have the large bed and that room for herself, Jenna and Maia would have the smaller beds in the other room, and Ray and I would have to settle for the couches in the library. I am sure I’d have been much happier inside Candace’s cleavage, but in life, we rarely get what we want.

In the middle of the night, I got up. My need to go to the bathroom was too intense to be ignored. It seemed like I drank too much water at dinner and it had finally caught up to me. As I was on my way to the bathroom, I heard the hushed voices of Jenna and Maia through their door.

“Candace has been getting kinda demanding lately. I mean, more than she used to be,” whispered Maia,

“I don’t know her as well as you do, Maia. She seems a nice person, the only things that could make me feel uncomfortable are her giant boobs and how she tries to be nice to everyone. But I have to wonder... if she’s that annoying, why do you hang out with her so much?” replied Jenna.

“Well, I know that she's a good person. But, there's something else about her...” continued Maia.

“Yeah, I wonder what THAT could be! Maybe her huge boobs,” Jenna giggled.

“Hah! Well, that's just it! She's pretty remarkable. It's hard to explain. I mean, I'm straight, but she really is something else. She really draws my attention and I like to help her out. She has always been so cool with me, and I know she tried always hard to be liked by everyone, but that’s not a bad thing.”

“I guess it's not... but I sometimes feel she’s too good to be real. Around me, she acts like she's hiding something or has had issues in her life, but I’ll give her the benefit of the doubt. I’ll be right back Maia! Going to the bathroom!”

Hearing that, I sneaked past them. I didn't want to be discovered eavesdropping. I knew Maia and Candace were good friends, but I had no idea Maia felt that close to Candace. I wondered exactly what kind of feeling the former had for the latter. I know that as a male, I imagined all sorts of situations, most of them not innocent at all. I was so distracted, my mind wandering elsewhere, and it was so dark that when I was trying to get back to the couch after going to the bathroom that I had to use my hands to feel the walls and the doors. When I finally reached the place where the library was supposed to be, I felt two immense warm spheres, covered in thin cotton. The sensation was all too familiar.

“Peter, I feel cold,” a voice whispered, obviously Candace's. “I completely forgot to pack warm clothes.” A faint tremble could be heard in her voice.

“Ah, I could give you mine... I know it won’t fit, but at least you could cover your arms with it.” I was about to take off my sweater, but Candace stopped me.

“No, Peter, it is fine. I had another idea…” Candace grabbed my hand and we moved in the darkness to her room. She went to her bed and patted it. “Come here, cuddle me and warm me up.”

It took my extremely tired and sluggish brain a few moments to understand what she was asking me. "Oh, ah, warm you up?"

“Yes! Oh P, you’re such a perv. I meant literally! Let’s cuddle and have some warmth…ehh, don’t try anything funny! If I wanted to have fun, I’d take the initiative, okay.”

I may have been tired, but even then it was obvious that cuddling wasn't going to work. "How am I supposed to cuddle you? You, uh, kinda take up the whole bed..."

In the darkness, I could barely see Candace's coy smile. "Well, it's true that the other girls wouldn't both be able to fit comfortably here, and I figured that it wouldn't be very nice of me to leave one of them in a room all by herself..." I realized that Candace had ensured she would get the room all to herself, and wondered if cuddling with me was what she had always had planned. "See, I've had to sleep a little differently than usual lately," she finished. Candace moved to the left end of the bed on her knees, her massive orbs hovering just inches above the mattress. Then, as she slowly moved into a lying position, she shifted her weighty breasts until her right mamm was completely over the edge and fell. Her left breast was resting heavily on top of the other. I just had to check and see how this worked - she had placed a few extra pillows on the floor so her breast would be comfortable. Fortunately, the bed wasn't as tall as many other king sized beds, or Candace would have to move a little table by her bedside for her jugg to rest on.

"I can't lie on my side if my girls are on the mattress with me anymore," Candace explained. "Not for a couple of weeks or so. Isn't it wonderful?" I nodded, gulping, but there's no way she could have seen me. "I have one other thing I need you to do, P - can you handle the blanket duty? It's very large, so I'm sure the four of us will be fine." I knew she was referring to us and her breasts, each of which could make for a very large person. I grabbed the comforter and pulled it up over Candace's mountainous form, leaving a little for myself on the side.

I crawled onto the bed, laying down behind her. Making herself comfortable, she begun to grind herself on my groin. I have no idea if she was teasing or doing it innocently, but I knew I had to resist it. I placed my arms around her shoulders. My body tightly pressed on her back. She was wearing just the same long sleeved shirt of earlier and her long denim pants. Her back did feel cool but soon we managed to keep it warm. Even with one extraordinary breast resting on the floor, her other equally-amazing breast that was resting upon it towered over Candace's side, completely eclipsing my view of anything below her chin. It was too bad that it was so dark to begin with.

“Thank you, Peter.” That was the last thing she said until next day. Don't you feel at times that some unknown force drives the events precisely to happen in the right moment?

The next morning we got up for some breakfast. The morning was quite chilly but soon, the sun had heated the atmosphere. We stayed in bed for a while.

“Good morning Peter!” Candace said to me, smiling.

“Good morning, Candace, I hope I wasn't too uncomfortable for you.”

“Don’t be silly Peter, you saved my weekend, last thing I wanted here was to catch a cold.”

“I... I just did what had to be done,” I replied back, while Candace was getting up, grabbing a blanked and folding it, covering her back with it. “Hungry?”

“You know me, P. The girls can’t grow without raw materials!”

The air smelled like damp earth and breakfast. Candace got rid of several bowls of cereal and fruit. Appropriately enough, she especially loved cantaloupes and watermelons. It was funny when she asked for the biggest watermelon they had in the farm. It wasn’t round, it had an oval shape and the smaller diameter was like that of a basketball. Candace placed it on her cleavage. And of course I don’t have to tell you that the large cucurbit paled in comparison of its much more enormous "cousins". It was like comparing a softball to a basketball. Candace walked towards our table, carrying around the large fruit.

Candace had once told me that she enjoyed doing stuff that other girls found impossible, because of their much smaller assets. Carrying stuff around in her cleavage or using her obscenely prominent bosom as a shelf were just some of her favorites. For her, a giant bust wasn't just something designed to be shown, admired, and envied, but also for so many other things. Sometimes she placed bottles on the tops of her giant round jugs and counted how many bottles could she have on each boob before they fell off.

Other times, she would walk towards a wall, press her breasts against it, and try to touch it with her fingertips. Each day her fingertips were farther and farther away from the wall. She loved it - a very crude reminder of "how much of a woman" she was.

After breakfast, we went to the part of the ranch where Sally had asked us to meet her. She was already there when we arrived.

“Look what the gusts brought. A bunch of rookie urban cowboys and cowgirls. Follow me, I’ll show you what do we do here, besides helping the city tourists have some fun."

# Lucky addendum chapter 0.7: the heat wave continuation

Sally had put one leg on one of the planks that formed the white fence, her hat covering the upper half of her face. She had a straw or something in her mouth, but she spit it out. “That crap isn’t good for you. Follow me, let’s visit the cows. Watching Candace gave me an idea.”

We followed Sally along the dirt road. All the time Ray looked at me with some hate in his eyes. He knew I spent the night with Candace. It would be no use telling him that nothing happened between us. Meanwhile, the four girls were talking nonstop ahead of us. Sally was enjoying correcting their misconceptions of the rural life. We entered the cattle pen. The cows were aligned in two long rows, feeding on some grain-based food.

“Besides tourists, we also make money by selling some veggies, milk and eggs. This is important because during bad seasons, the income goes down. We take advantage of all the wastes made by the hens and the cows, and we use the gas as fuel for the kitchens.” explained Sally. But Candace and the other girls looked anxious and uneasy.

“So, when do you milk the cows?” Asked Maia. “Do you do it by hand?”

“We usually milk the cows twice a day, one time before sunset and another before dawn, so we arrived just after they have been milked. And we can do it by hand, let me show you. There won’t be much milk, but enough to show it to you.” Sally pulled a small stool and begun to squeeze the cow’s teats. Small jets of milk came out from the clean udder. “But we can’t milk them like this, we have many cows to do so and relatively few people working here, so we use the automatic milk pumps.” Sally got up and showed us the pumps. “You just get the teats inside the nozzles and the machine does the rest.”

“These are holsteins right?” Asked Jenna. Sally nodded. “From here it is easy to tell that Candace is much bigger than them!” Candace smirked at the remark. Yes, she was, by a very ample margin, but she wanted that no one of us doubted it.

As Sally pulled the cow’s teats twice, she looked at Candace’s humongous endowments, each breast over two feet across. Even Sally had realized that that Candace had grown, specially there, but for me Sally seemed to be somewhat annoyed or even jealous from all the attention. “Ah, yes, could be, but maybe it is time for you to meet Daisy, and if you think that Candace was impressive, I wonder what would you'd think of her. Follow me!” We followed the redhead into an area separated from the other cows. To be honest, Sally was a walking stereotype. She looked like if the Wendy’s logo girl, with the twin braids, the freckly face, the red and white checkered shirt. Of course a very nicely developed Wendy’s girl that seemed to enjoy showing skin. I had no idea someone would dress with daisy dukes and boots in real life, unless she was roleplaying or going to a Halloween costume party. Her shirt was tied in a knot and her cleavage was, some would say, obscenely exposed. She filled her shorts up to capacity, and I was sure that the shirt she was wearing would never button in front of those heavy watermelons jutting from her chest. And as far as I could tell, she didn't even wear a bra, either bra. Maybe the super perky big boobs ran in Candace’s family, and now I was once again wondering how the rest of her family looked. Genetic supremacy, I guess.

“Here she is.” Sally slowly opened a door and we were greeted by a very large cow’s rear. My eyes, and everyone else's went down and became transfixed at the incredibly large cow’s udder. At first I thought she had some infection because of how swollen the udder was. However, it looked like the other cows’ except by its awe-inspiring volume. Still, I had to ask, just to be sure.

“Ah, Sally, this cow is healthy, right? You milk her as often as the others…”

“Yes we do, if we didn’t she would become sick and we would never do that to our prize winning Daisy, right Daisy?” The cow mooed, as though in response. Sally walked near the cow’s head and the animal licked Sally’s hand.

“Ew.” whispered Sally, which got Candace and Maia laughing behind her. In no time we had got our cellphones out to take as much pictures of the impressive cow as we could get.

“Daisy always gets us the 1st prize from the county fair, when we go to town and stay there a couple of weekends a year. We always win, so Daisy is pretty much the spoiled one of the family. Some people has offered my dad thousands of dollars for her, but being my pet, he has rejected them.” We all walked around her, and even Candace seemed to be impressed. Daisy’s food looked and smelled different from other cows’ feed. Sally grabbed a handful and Daisy ate straight from her hand, while with her other hand Sally patted the mammal. “So Candace, what do you think? It seems like we finally found ‘someone’ that could beat you.” The rest of us stayed quiet but Candace broke her silence.

“I am not that sure, Sally…” Candace would, of course, defend her pride but Sally didn’t want to hear that.

“What?! C’mon Cand, admit defeat, don’t be a sore loser. Daisy is a nice winner.” Candace didn’t reply, but Sally noticed that Candace wasn’t too convinced. “You know what? Let’s compare then? Get on all fours!”

“Hmm... Actually, I won’t mind, but if I got on all fours my boobs will mash on the floor.” Candace said, looking Sally straight into her eyes. “But I guess that if you could get me at least two stools to keep my breasts from touching the floor, I'm in.”

“Is that so?” Sally left for a second and returned with four of the small stools. “There you go Candace, please don’t cry after we have realized the obvious. Candace shook her head. It was actually hard to tell from above, but if we counted Candace’s combined breast volume she could have won easily. We all crouched so we could get to compare the breasts with the udder, and having more than one person check cut down on any bias. Candace got on all fours, her hands resting on the milking stools. Although I already suspected that Candace’s breast diameter was about as long as her arms it was the first time I could see it clearly. The idea was for Candace to stand there unaided, but due to her breast girth her breasts upper surfaces were considerably smooshed, and her arms were forced forward and made to spread more than we expected. That it was fair enough. In this position, Candace’s breasts looked even mightier than usual. But on the other hand, for me, Candace’s breasts looked bigger than usual from almost any position.

“So, what do you think? I win, right?” Said Candace. Sally let out an annoyed sigh. Candace’s breasts each seemed to be larger than prize-winning Daisy’s udder.

“Impossible!...you…this can’t be!” Sally was speechless, and so were the rest of us. Saying that Candace had huge mammaries was one thing, for a human, but a completely different one was to say she was big even for a dairy cow. Candace’s mammary glands could easily rank amongst the biggest in history of life on Earth, not only among humans, but among mammals in general. Candace grinned as she got on her feet again. I could see her exposed lumbar muscles, pulling up the insane weight of her bust. “You can always have the second place, Daisy, don’t worry.” Candace said patting the cow’s back. “Maybe next year you will have better luck.” Sally was still baffled. She said nothing, she just looked confused, shocked even.

“Pfff…I guess life goes on…Anyways, let’s go to the orchard.” Sally's cheerful tone had grown dull, after the shock phase she seemed disappointed and a bit sad. “Follow me, please.” We said farewell to Daisy, who returned to chewing on the unusual food mixture, and followed Sally out the cow’s barn and around another one. When we turned the corner, It was us who were shocked when we saw the unreal, massive orange... things.

“Welcome to our small pumpkin plantation.” Sally said, walking towards a pumpkin. The thing was massive, almost as tall as sally’s leg. She could touch it without bending over a single millimeter. “We also produce nice pumpkins in here, don’t you think, Candace?”

“Wow, Sally!...yeah! you really do… These are massive!” replied Candace, while each one of us examined the slightly smaller ones nearby. The goliath-sized ones looked more massive than some compact cars I had seen . “Shit! These could be roomier than my dorm room…” Sally's face brightened up again, it was as if she finally pulled a victory over Candace, or better said, Candace’s breasts. I just couldn’t imagine how much energy had the vines invested in the humongous monsters, and they seemed that they weren’t ripe yet. It was a strange feeling when I looked at my friends being dwarfed by the hyper-grown pumpkins. They reminded me to those garden gnomes some people have in their backyards. Then we entered into another picture frenzy. This time Sally wanted to show up in all of them.

“Yep, we get a lot of pumpkin pie during the last part of the year, and so do our pigs, chicken, cows and guests.”

We all agreed to spend the rest of the day in Akatoshee lake, so we decided to go back to the long house to get our bathing suits. It wasn’t supposed to take more than a few minutes, so we went ahead, but Candace and Sally stayed behind talking about who knows what, but they laughed loudly. But neither Candace nor Sally showed up until a long time afterwards.

So, the rest of us waited for their arrival. When they finally showed up they arrived laughing one more time, and they had a slightly cheesy smile on them. Candace’s top was slightly undone and her boots had pieces of hay stuck to them. She had been in the cow’s barn. Was she measuring up again against Daisy? Maybe Sally was getting her bathing suit as well, as I noticed some strings under her shirt that were not there earlier.

“Sorry guys. I have to take care of something!” Candace said, as she rushed into the long house and headed to her room. “C’mon girls, I may need your help!” she yelled from inside the building. Maia and Jenna got up. I was a bit disappointed that she didn’t call me. I hoped she wasn’t getting tired of me. Minutes later the girls returned, they struggled with Candace. She wanted to go with just her bikini top, but the girls insisted she should wear her shirt. Reluctantly, Candace accepted and we went in our way.

Although it looked close to the ranch buildings, it was actually much farther away than we expected. We walked for hours inside the woods to get to the lake’s shore, but I was okay with the long walks. The forest air was, in fact, much cooler than the air outside, which was a relief considering how much hot the days have been lately. Also I had the fortune that Candace was walking in front of me, so I could see her shorts-clad bottom jiggling in front of me. Yes, Jenna was the booty queen, no doubt about it, however Candace had a lovely and shapely butt, and I am sure that if her breasts didn’t occupy that much of other people’s vision, her gorgeous face and incredible ass could totally make most guys fell in love with her.

And talking about asses, none could compare to Jenna’s. She was overfilling her shorts beyond capacity. Her shorts were almost certainly a couple of sizes too tight for her. I was told that Jenna really liked her curves, but that lately she was growing concerned that maybe she was putting too much weight on her thighs and butt cheeks, but for me they looked damn fine. They were so full and firm. Totally gravity defying, their upper curves were convex where they joined her lower back. They could have been used as shelves to hold all sort of things, and the way they were packed into her shorts was incredible. I have never been an ‘ass man’ but I have always appreciated nice, full and healthy bottoms, usually smaller than Jenna’s, but she sported hers so well, that I offered no resistance to her charms.

As we exited the forest into the lake shore we realized how hot was the day when not under the trees. The atmosphere was so humid and sticky. Leaving our clothes on a rock, Ray and I hurried to the water, to get rid of this suffocating sensation. It is true that inside the forest it was cool, but after the vigorous walk, we were already pretty warm. Now at mid-afternoon, the sticky air near the lake made us feel almost as if we were in a sauna. Still, we got in the water and Ray was already complaining.

“Shit man, it is colder than I expected!” Complained Ray. “Maybe we should’ve waited for our bodies to cool down a bit little before entering the water.” I looked around and we realized that only Ray and I were in the water while the girls stayed on the shore taking their tops off, and then applied suntan lotion to each other. I regretted being so impatient. This must sound crazy or obsessive, but I really enjoyed feeling Candace’s skin under my hands. The girls were laughing in the distance, and they wondered out loud if there was enough lotion for each of Candace’s ‘udders’. As always, she looked spectacular. Of course, the other girls looked pretty nice as well, but to be honest with you, when Candace was around everyone else just vanished from my field of vision. Her humongous pontoons kidnapped all of my brain’s focus. However, a funny situation caught my attention, as it reminded me of an old cartoon I once saw somewhere during my first years on the net.

While Maia helped Candace get the latter’s massive assets covered in suntan lotion, she walked slowly until her breasts were positioned over Jenna who was sat on the pebbled beach. I could see how Candace’s mountain sized mamms cast a mighty shadow over Jenna. Jenna must have had quite the sight. I have always been fascinated by the situations or actions that very large breasts could cause as opposed to the smaller varieties. If Candace was shorter, her breasts would rub the top of Jenna’s head, but being a tall girl Candace’s breasts stayed clear above Jenna. It was indeed like a cosmic spectacle, how these massive heavenly bodies danced gracefully even with their enormous mass.

My trance was broken when I felt water splashing on my face. Sally got into the water. Her breasts, just slightly less dense than the water, sat highly on her chest, covered by a very skimpy bikini. I think I could even see the edge of her areolae poking from one of the sides of the very strained tiny piece of fabric.

“Man…you’re really into her…” Sally said before diving for a second and then coming out jumping, trying to get onto Ray’s shoulders. I got my eyes back into Candace as she moved into the water. I wondered how hers would react, as hers did have much more consistency than regular breasts, but at the same time it was impossible to tell if that meant that they were denser or not. Her breasts buoyed on the water. Or at least it seemed like they did, but there wasn’t much of a change compared to them out of the water, besides they were a bit higher than usual. She swam, slowly, of course those enormous milkbergs offered such a resistance to the movement in the water, and she bumped at me with them.

“Ah, well, good thing that Candace brought the lifeboats.” Joked Sally. “Maybe you could take us to the island lodge, I am sure these fellas would enjoy it.” Sally remarked, slapping on Ray’s shoulders.

“Actually, that’s not a bad idea.” replied Maia, staring at the distant shore. She then pointed at a nearby small dock with two boats in it.

“Ah, don’t count me in. The owners of the lodge don’t like much my family, and by don’t liking us much, I mean not at all. We got into some disputes in the past and they just grew more elitist and snobbish.”

# Lucky addendum chapter 0.8: the heat wave final

“Well guys,” Ray said, “It will make no sense to use one of the boats just to carry one of us… they are too small for all of us to get in a single one. I will stay here with Sally and wait for your return.” The rest of us nodded. I think Sally had a wicked grin on her face. She did seem to be a predator, and a very well armed one. After all she wasn’t afraid to show her body in the open, as she did, even for this ’mostly women’ fellowship, and the color of her skin made it obvious that she was pretty accustomed to exposing it to the sun.

As the rest of us left we could hear Sally’s loud laughter in the distance. I wonder what was so funny to her, but I could imagine things. Then something brought me back to reality. Although the boat wasn’t too fast and there were only small waves on the lake surface, we faced some minor ‘bumps’ along the way. Candace’s gigantic breasts, clad only in the flimsy bikini top, moved up and down hypnotically. They were so massive, so mighty and beautiful. I still couldn't believe how a human body, no matter what kind of help it received, could develop those ginormities. Too bad the small trip was over before I could notice. I daydreamed of the day she was so big I could literally live in her cleavage. And something made me think that Candace would enjoy being so huge that she could hide me in there.

As we arrived to the island, we headed to the lodge’s reception. The air conditioning was definitely on, as the temperature was much lower than outside. The lodge was a large wooden building, and was actually very similar to an alpine resort. The area reminded me of Sally’s family longhouse, but definitely much less rustic looking or feeling, judging from the quality of the furniture the lighting and all sorts of details including fabergé eggs. As we admired the luxuriant atmosphere of the lobby, we overheard two female employees talking aloud. At first I thought it was some fuss about Candace, after all she was just clad in her bikini, but then I realized it was just partially true.

“Holy...! it can’t be possible! That girl must be as big as the blonde girl from last week,” said a woman looking at Candace. Candace face made a confused expression. I could see her lips moving but no sound came from her mouth.

“I'm not sure, Mona, I was with her plenty of times and believe me or not, the blonde girl was even bigger!” When I heard those words coming from the other employee, I felt like my heart sunk into a dark pit. I looked back into Candace and for her it was like she saw a ghoul or something like that.

“No way, Carmen!” Mona gasped in awe before her friend replied immediately.

“Way, Mona! But hush, we got visitors,” said Carmen, who immediately spoke to us. “Welcome to Ambrosia, ladies and gentleman. I am sorry to ask you this, but here in the lodge’s lobby, restaurant, and hallways, it is mandatory to wear a shirt.” Carmen and Mona looked up and down at us, examining what did we bring with ourselves. “I am sorry, but if you have no shirts or similar tops, we can’t let you in. Lodge’s policies. We are sorry for the inconvenience.”

“Oh, and if you’re not looking to stay here here, you will have to leave the island. This is a private property and we can only lend the facilities to our clients and their guests, as long as we have advance notice from our clients.” With no arguments to defend our position, we exited the building voluntarily, and headed to our boat. We didn’t even bother answering the employees. Why would we waste our time in a lost cause.

“Gee, what bitches,” Jenna said as we returned to our boat.

“I couldn’t agree more, Jenna. When Sally said these people were snobbish, I didn't expect them to be that arrogant - maybe they knew we were staying at Sally’s,” Maia said as she looked back at the lodge. “Too bad, because the location could hardly be better.”

Candace was too quiet, and I suspected that it was because she was not as busty as she thought, and if I knew her well that didn’t amuse her the slightest bit... even more so considering who were the women talking about.

On the trip back to the distant shore Jenna and Maia continued chatting, making fun of the women, saying that Candace’s bustline intimidated them and that how they tried to use their ‘authority’ to make up for their self-induced inferiority. But Candace’s silence was worrying me. She wasn’t like that and although maybe she was a bit sad, I didn’t expect the news could get to her in this way.

“Peter, that blonde girl the lodge women were talking about… it was Isabella, right?” Candace asked without looking back at me.

“Honestly, Candace, I don’t know, but it did sound like it was her. I don’t think there would be anyone close to your size now, except her.”

“Oh… I see. We must surpass her, Peter, she isn’t worthy of them, she’s so mean and stupid.” In that moment Candace looked back at me. I found it interesting that she said ‘we’ and I replied accordingly.

“We will.”

On the shore were Sally and Ray. The lucky bastard was being massaged by the redhead, who was sat on Ray’s butt as he laid on the sand. “Oh, you’re home a bit too early… let me guess, the lodge’s assholes kicked you out of the door. I am sorry about that, but I warned you, hell yes I did!” Sally said at us, getting up from Ray’s rear, shaking her head side to side, while shrugging her shoulders. “In part, I'm glad, not only because you realized their true nature, but also because we now have more time to get back to the ranch at a casual pace. Maybe we could exit the forest because the sun is down.”

We got our clothes on again and the rest of our belongings before returning to Sally’s family property. Ray and I decided to be the ones walking behind, while Sally lead the way.

“Hey man, did you have fun with Sally?” I opened the conversation with a joke, the girls slightly ahead of us.

“What?! No! You arrived too early!” Ray snapped back. I was surprised because it sounded as if he was slightly, but legitimately, frustrated. “I guess it was too good to happen.”

“Oh… okay… sorry.”

“It wasn't your fault. I guess now I know where to spend the next holiday season, though. Oh, by the way, I got a message while you were away. It seems like the video surveillance system was already installed in Wood’s lab.” When Ray told me that, I needed seconds to digest it.

“Huh? What?”

“Yeah, they were complaining of some reactants being missing. Man, don’t you work there?”

“Ah, yeah, sorry, I just... didn’t know anything about surveillance. I guess nose picking and ball scratching will be off the menu from now on.” I tried not to sound too serious, but actually, I was worried. Fetching pills was also out of question. I looked at Candace, realizing that her current size was soon to become just her "normal" size. It was breaking my heart. I knew that at first sight it wasn’t much of a big deal, after all, Candace was already massive, however it was like taking away candy from a happy kid.

My mind wandered about as I stared, not too attentively, at the luxurious curves that were ahead of us. Each step and bump made them move. It was truly mind-blowing, but regrettably my mind was trying to figure out how to solve this new obstacle.

“Ray, I need help with a semestral project. I got this ‘blank pill’ from which I must ascertain its components. I think I need some help and maybe I could learn something from you.”

“Hmmm, okay, Peter. I could help you, but ONLY that: help. I don’t intend to complete the project for you. And this is a debt you will have with me, okay. Don’t worry - I won’t ask for money, it will be something else.“ Ray’s attention was focused between Sally and Jenna. I’d have grabbed a stick, hit him with it and he wouldn’t have realized what was going on. But now, I was worried how long it would take to decipher the pill’s formula... there could be dozens of compounds and we had to isolate and analyze each one. The task was daunting.

Back at the longhouse, we want to our own businesses. However, my mind was still worried. I had to make sure that Candace was going to be okay. After all, there was the chance that Isabella could still be bigger than her... and Isabella has been bustier than Candace since the very moment they met. But now I had to think how to tell Candace that our pill source wouldn't be available anymore.

I had already thought of the solution, to decipher the pill composition so I could make them myself, a long time ago. Sadly, I didn’t feel such pressure to do it, until now. Also, if Isabella was still bigger, as the women of the lake lodge had said, that could only mean that Isabella was still enlarging. How was she doing so, if I hadn’t given her her doses for quite some time already? Maybe she found another way to get the pills, and if that was the case, she could feel threatened as well by the surveillance system as well. Maybe it was the combination of the urge to find a solution, along with curiosity to see Isabella again, that made me resolve that I had to find her as soon as I could. Isabella could be a bitch, but hell, she was insanely hot, right? I found my feelings struggling. On one side, my primitive brain was desiring wildly to feast my eyes upon her. My more sentimental part was thinking the opposite. Why was she that mean? And she seemed to enjoy acting like that.

Later that evening, during dinner, we decided that it was better if we left early next day. The drive back to college was a long one and if we left early, we could have chances to at least have some rest during the evening and to get ready to go back to our respective obligations for Monday. Sally, who was dining with us, was sad that we had to leave so soon, but she understood that we had to do it.

“I need more people my age to come here and stay for a while. But, this is mostly a family ranch, so we get middle-aged fellas and their young kids mostly,” Sally said sighing. “Well, have a good trip, you better get to bed early.” I couldn’t help but notice how Sally looked at Ray and how he looked back at her.

Following Sally’s recommendation, we all got ready to go to bed. However, Ray was missing. I sent him a couple of text messages asking where he was. He said he was ‘OK, don’t worry’. I was lying on the couch when Candace showed up.

“Peter! What are you doing there? I've been waiting for you!”

“Ah, sorry, I thought you wanted to…” I replied while getting up but Candace sighed loudly.

“I don’t know what to think of this, do I make you feel uncomfortable? I thought we… oh, just let's go to the room.” She didn’t have to say it twice. This time it was me who grabbed her hand and guided us to her room.

"Now that you're finally here, you can do something very important," Candace said slyly as she reached into one of her bags. She pulled out a small object and placed it in my hands.

"And that would be...?" I asked, holding up the object - it was the folded measuring tape.

"Keeping track of their growth!" Candace exclaimed, obviously quite excited. She loved to be measured so much. And it was quite hot for me as well, of course. She quickly turned away from me and stood in her usual measuring position, then whipped off her thin cotton top. Her impossibly round, firm and excessively developed breasts shook and wobbled with her sudden movements. I could have just saved her breasts for the last measurement, but I was too anxious to find out if they had been continuing their steady growth pattern, so I watched closely and waited for the mamms to slow to a halt.

I handed one end of the measuring tape to Candace and she held it on the side of her left breast, as close to the fullest part (the equator, very appropriate considering her planetary-proportioned bosom) as she could approximate. We had this measuring down to a science, now that Candace was spending more time with me, although we had barely seen each other over the last week thanks to how the awful heat wave was affecting Candace... mostly due to all the extra weight she was putting on her boobs. In any case, Candace seemed to be having a little more trouble holding up the tape than the last time we had done this. Her breasts were bigger and rounder, as everytime we measured, and she had to reach a bit farther to get her arm around the curve of her jugg.

I made the wonderful journey around her colossal chest. She was wearing her Hello Kitty pasties again - I wondered if she had been wearing them all night or if she had somehow found a moment to put them on while I was groggily getting out of bed, and if so, how would she do that? her arms seemed insufficiently long for her fingers to reach her nipples. Either way, her insistence on keeping a very small part of her body hidden from me drove me crazy, in all the right ways. I finished going around her body and checked the results. "One-hundred and twenty-six inches, just as expected," I said.

"Mmm, wonderful," Candace purred. "I love this. Well, I suppose I like it when the number has a half-inch, because it still proves that I'm growing, but nothing can compare to when I get some nice, round numbers." I agreed wholeheartedly as I stared at her nice, round 'numbers'. It wasn't long before my urge to tell Candace the bad news, just to get it over with, overwhelmed my emotions.

“Candace, I have to tell you something. A new surveillance system was installed in Wood’s lab over the weekend. Starting next week, getting you the pills will be nearly, if not totally, impossible. I'm really sorry.” Candace stood there in silence for a while, ruminating on what to do.

“How many pills are left?” she asked. I didn’t have the container, but I extended my hand and fingers. The total amount could be counted with one hand. “Shit…” Candace’s face was grim.

“I-I have thought of a plan, I think that we could try to figure out the ingredients of the pills.” Candace’s gloomy expression changed, and I hated to do what I did but I had to tell her the truth. “But It would take weeks or months. I’d do my best to get it done as quickly as possible, and Ray will help me too. And, also, I have been thinking of getting information from… Isabella."

“What? As if that bitch would help us out!”

“Maybe not, but maybe she would help us without she knowing. She could still be bigger than you--”

“Ugh! Don’t remind me of that.”

“Right, my bad. But that means she’s growing, maybe because she got another way to get the pills besides from me. With the cameras upon us she would have to figure another way to get a pill supply. She thinks she is smart, but she is not as much as she imagines.”

“Well, we can try, at least we have two plans. I just regret there are so few pills now and that we need to use some to get the ingredients. But there’s nothing we can do now. And besides I have to motivate you. But first, you need to finish with my measurements. Don't try to slack off, mister!"

I shook my head to focus on her current body and moved down to her luscious hips to get their measurement. I loved the way her panties were wrapped tightly around her full rear. I struggled with my urges to touch and caress. It wasn't too big, but it wasn't small, it was so nice!

"Thirty-eight inches," I noted.

"As always!" Candace said proudly. "But... it doesn't seem as nice as it used to, does it?"

"What do you mean?" I asked. "It's a very, uh, full measurement--"

"Don't you think Jenna has a much big-- better butt? Don't tell me you haven't noticed, Peter." She sounded very serious and had a firm tone.

All I could do was bend the truth. "But I haven't, really! I'm always too distracted by you to notice, well, anything else, and I can only blame you for that...?" Maybe I shouldn't. True, like most males anywhere I love a nice butt, and although Jenna's was dang good, I could totally be ecstatic with Candace's.

Candace grinned at that. "Oh P, it's fine. Really!" she said with a giggle at my disbelieving face. "Actually, I have to admit - DON'T tell anyone this! - but the main reason I became friends with Jenna recently was because of her butt. I was dumbstruck when I first saw her in one of my classes at the start of the semester. But now that Isabella hasn't been showing her bitchy face and boobs around us lately, I haven't felt jealous in a while, until recently. So, I figured... why not be friends with Jenna so I can see her more often and feel less superior in at least one way." I must have looked confused, because Candace giggled and said "Oh, it's a girl thing! We desire what we can't have."

"If you say so!" I said, shaking my head. "Now how about your waist measurement so we can get some rest for the long drive tomorrow morning?" Candace nodded and raised her arms slightly so I could wrap the tape around her waist. I barely looked at the results because I knew they'd be the same as always, twenty-four inches... but something caught my eye. "Um, it seems to be nearly twenty-five inches. You look just as thin as always, though..."

"WHAT? Why is my waist bigger? Am I eating more than I should?" Candace exclaimed in shock. I hoped that it was just a mistake I had made. I felt like such a bearer of bad news this evening. She ran her hands over her waist and patted herself as if to check for problems. I took this opportunity to touch her waist myself. She seemed very firm and strong as she always did. In fact...

"Candace, I think the 'problem' is that your muscles have been developing," I said. "Between your extra breast weight and your strengthening exercises, it had to happen."

"But, I LIKE my twenty-four inch waist," Candace said regretfully.

"Not sure if there's anything you can do if you still want to be able to walk. I wish there was a pill that could improve muscles while keeping your waist thin. Maybe that should be my next project, after we find a way to reproduce your breast pills, of course," I said jokingly, and expecting Candace would take it as such.

Candace perked up upon hearing that. "P, that's GENIUS! Please please PLEASE try to do that!" And... she thought it could be done.

"Er, I don't know if that could actually be poss--"

But she wasn't listening. "I would owe you IMMENSELY if you could create something like that! Oh, Peter!"

And that was all she needed to say. I resolved to try and find a way to make it happen... not that I expected it to actually work, but with such motivation, what could I do?. "Anything for you, Candace. Um, do you need anything else before we go to sleep?"

"Well, before going to bed, you have one more duty.” Candace threw herself onto the bed. She laid on her back. The gigantic breasts stood tall and proud, barely affected by gravity. “Shut the door.”

I could just stare at perfection straight into her eyes all day long. But she was asking for something more. I grabbed the baby oil from one of her bags and poured it over her humongous roundnesses. I loved how they felt, the consistence or those stress balls, the consistence that makes your worries vanish, replaced by happy thoughts.

“Oh Peter, you’re so good at this. Maia never did this as nice…ohh yes! My breasts…owhhh...” Maia? So she had massaged Candace’s breasts before? Candace was moaning too loud and even though I loved it (I have no idea why, maybe it was hot to think that breasts could cause that much physical pleasure to her), I had to take action.

“Candace, wow. Umm... what would the girls think? Remember, Sally said this was a family place, we shouldn't get her in trouble.”

“Aw…okay, okay, I’ll try to be quieter, just…just don’t stop, okay?” Candace said breathlessly, but from my position and due to her breasts, we were unable to see each other’s faces.

I ran my hands along the vast curve of her assets, from the roots to the tips and back. I loved her breast roots so much - the area where they met her ribcage, the meeting of curves, the concavity, the subcutaneous blood vessels... how they extended out in every dimension. How big each one was, and yet our hands met frequently as she was stimulating herself all the time.

“Ahhh….yes! don’t stop! Oh my…hunhhhh..” Candace moaned, sounding as if she was at the edge. “More! More! Feel them, aahh, so BIG!! BIGGER!!” She was driving me crazy, so without permission, I buried my face in her cleavage, as my arms and hands were busy stroking and pressing my finders into the sides of her breasts. There was so much tit, all hers, so round, so perfect. I kissed as much as I could - the baby oil tasted very faintly of coconut and chocolate.

“Awwww, yes! Yeessss! Yeeeesssss!!” Candace's moans were sounding almost unrealistic, like she was in one of those "organic" shampoo ads. She truly seemed to get an inordinate amount of pleasure from having her giant mamms stimulated. In that moment, I felt an urge telling me to stop. This wasn't the first time that had happened, and I guess I could credit that inner voice for being the reason why I always waited for Candace to make the first move in every way since I met her. But this time, I didn’t do what my brain told me. I wanted her to get the maximum amount of pleasure. She deserved it for being so awesome. I had to do my best. I played with the giant mounds of hardened jello, kissing them all over, sinking my hands in them as much as I could, using my shoulders to heave them and move them in circles. There was so much tit mass.

After she calmed down a little I decided to open my mouth. I could hear her panting and the movement of her breasts made it evident she was ventillating a lot more than usual.

“Candace! You promised!”

“Sorry, Peter, I promise that next round I’ll bite this piece of cloth to muffle the sound.”

“Next round?”

“Oh yes, the girls loved it so much! Please P! Please! My good, good girls. Each one bigger than a frigging prize cow’s udder, and going for much... so much more…ohhh yes! Your caresses nurture and stimulate them so gooood!” That just about pushed me over my own edge. I was practically in a haze as my desire began to take over. Candace always liked to cool down for at least a couple of minutes between "rounds", as she called it, but as always I hadn't received the same release as she had so I was more than ready to keep going.

Without saying anything, I reached my hands up as far as they would go, all the way to the pasties covering her nipples, and squeezed them right in the center. My goal was to stimulate Candace's nipples and by the sound of her sudden pleasurable gasp, I had at least partially succeeded.

"Peter, what-- OHHHH!"

I pushed my hands down hard, squishing as much of her nipples and areola into her breast flesh as I could. This was having an obvious effect on Candace, who was already moaning like she was finishing off another round. That's when something awful happened: we heard a loud knocking on one of the walls, coming from a neighboring guest room. I wondered if it was some angry parent trying to get some quiet for their kids, or even if it was Jenna and Maia knocking out of jealousy. Regardless, it killed the mood like a splash of icy water. Candace and I shuffled into our sleeping positions, mostly consisting of her moving her enormous tits so that one of them could rest on the pile of pillows on the floor while the other rested heavily on top of its twin.

"Goodnight, P," Candace said very quietly, but sweetly. "And thank you for your plan to make me more pills. I know it's asking for a lot, especially with classes and work and such. But if you ever need motivation, you know who to turn to."

As soon as she finished speaking, I heard two loud kiss smacks. Her hands were STILL relentlessly working. I shook my head in disbelief, smiling. I thought no one in the world would like breasts more than I did. But that was before really getting to know Candace.

# Lucky addendum chapter 0.9: interim

I didn't know which was more disorienting: the thumping, loud music, or the flashing multicolored lights illuminating the darkness of the club. This sort of place was definitely not my scene. Actually, the music didn't seem too bad, but it was almost impossible to hear it properly over the crowd and the bass. I was looking for Isabella, hoping that her physique would make her stand out from the rest of the patrons. Her gigantic boobs always made me happy, but I was especially glad that she had them now - almost everyone in the club had painted their faces and were wearing strange clothes and had bizarre, colorful hairstyles. I wouldn't have been able to recognize my oldest friend if they were dressed appropriately for this place. I felt someone complaining that I wasn’t dressed for the occasion, just to be shut up by another person arguing that they were no Gaga fans to follow a dressing code. I was about to thank him when some moshing paraphernalia started. I could see all those fellas kicking, and slamming on each other, with no apparent reason. I barely manage to escape it.

I felt so out of my comfort zone…but I had really good reasons to be there. Thinking that it would probably be easier to find Isabella's source of pills instead of creating them myself, I went about trying to find her whereabouts as soon as we returned from the lake trip. Fortunately, it wasn't too difficult to find rumors about an "insanely busty blonde". Even if she tried to hide them (something that the Isabella I know would never do, because she loved to show and brag of her assets), she would had been taken for a really obese woman and that couldn’t be overlooked either. At the same time I wondered how she was able to remain hidden from such a boob hound as me. But now that I was in the place were all clues pointed at, I begun to feel nervous and not only because how hostile the environment looked.

The club I had just entered was an odd location - a place I had never even heard of. It was located over an hour outside of the college campus, in a very rural area. The closer I got to the destination, the more concerned I was that I was somehow being set up to get murdered, or worse.

Now that I was actually there, I felt completely helpless, but for Candace, and the love of supremely developed breasts, I held my position. I wasn't even sure how I could ask one of the strange patrons about her thanks to the blaring music, and I stood out like a sore thumb to begin with. I pushed my way through the crowd as best as I could without accidentally angering someone. Isabella was bigger than Candace, but how much? Also, how would she treat me? For a moment I thought that the entire experience would be too much for me, and that I would be overwhelmed. I almost left the place, but I had to figure out all I could, in order to help Candace…or at least that was the ’politically correct’ excuse I was using. Watching Isabella’s ginormities was also another reason, but it was better to keep that a secret. Then and with no warning, the music came to a stop. I looked at my watch, It was almost 3 am. A voice thundering shouted through a microphone.

"HERE THEY ARE, THE GROUP YOU'RE ALL HERE TO SEE! GIVE IT UP FOR OUR LAST PERFORMERS OF THE NIGHT, BELLA AND THE BEASTS!"

I hadn't even realized that there was a stage. And honestly I felt disoriented by the too extreme sensations I had just experienced. One of the stage lights came on and shone on the lead singer. There was absolutely no way to miss that it was Isabella. She was wearing all black, as usual, complete with her dark makeup that contrasted with her long, shiny blonde hair. Her breasts were like twin black holes, almost completely covered up and appearing to absorb all light that reached their boundaries. And they were truly gigantic. In the final days of the pills, Candace had surpassed the size that Isabella was at the start of the semester. I had given her less than half of the pills that I stole for Candace and she hadn't even bothered to collect any from me in a couple of weeks. Despite that, it was clear that she had grown a lot larger than I had expected.

As toxic and bitchy as Isabella was, as hard as she tried to make others dislike her, she was a sight to behold. But unlike Candace, that was all that Isabella was. A magnificent physique, but filled with layers upon layers of extreme antipathy. If she was 1% as nice as Candace was, she would have been perfect. But she wasn’t and of course I desired - much more than ever before - for those humongous breasts to belong to Candace’s… or, why not, added to Candace’s current volume. I was entranced. The lights made her look like an angel. Her face was so angelical, so unlike how she really was. She walked across the relatively small stage. She looked so mighty, so unreachable, so magnificent. She was so proud of her assets and it was obvious. She looked at the audience as if they were worthless scum.

And how she had grown! There was absolutely no way that she would be able to reach her nipples with her hands - hell, her breasts extended so far on either side of her that I was sure she could barely wrap them around their curve. They reached almost all the way to her knees and yet they weren’t saggy at all, they were almost perfectly round...and it was when I was looking at the massive underbusts. She seemed to be using some kind of modified wheeled crutch to balance the immense weight of her mammaries. I couldn't see it very well due to the lighting and her bosom overflowing it, but it was definitely there. I remembered discussing the possibility of needing such a device with Candace and wondered how much farther she had to grow before it became necessary. It was the first time I saw something like that, in real life, at least. It seemed to work nicely, allowing her to move as freely as she always had. Without even knowing it, Isabella was giving me valuable data to apply to Candace’s situation.

She stopped, the lights bloomed into red blood . A flesh-tearing scream boomed and resounded in the crowded room. Her voice was corrosive and acidic, just like her. I wondered how long it would take before my ears started to bleed. What's funny is that the song didn't include swearing or blasphemies. It was actually a cover of the corny emo song "Are You Happy Now" by Michelle Branch, but Isabella’s voice was something else. Even the King of Hell would be shocked by it. I stepped back as far away from the woofers as I could. But I think I was left a bit deaf after that day no matter how much I tried to avoid permanent damage to my ears. I focused on her looks, while I tried to get my headphones on.

Even though she wasn't dressed provocatively, her sheer presence was enough to make me practically drool. Even with all the time I spent with Candace, I never got used to breasts of this magnitude, and so seeing them even BIGGER and on a second beautiful woman was heavenly. Thankfully, she and her band had finished their song and the stage light shut off. Maybe "singing" like this was too demanding for her larynx. In the darkness only interrupted by cellphone’s lights, I could barely make our their forms moving behind the stage as the audience erupted in deafening cheers and shouts. Thinking fast, I wormed my way to the front of the crowd and scurried onto the darkened stage. I had no idea where to go, and I knew this was crazy, but I was desperate.

I made my way backstage and tried to listen through the crowd's noises to hear Isabella's voice, with no luck. When I heard (and felt) some loud footsteps coming down the hallway, I panicked and ducked into a dark room until I heard them pass, and I made sure to peek out of the door to see if some of the footsteps belonged to Isabella. Nope. Resuming my search, I quickly leaned in close to the closed doors I came across in the hopes of hearing a familiar voice. The place was so silent now that it seemed like my own footsteps sounded like thunder. I approached my ear to each door. Only male voices could be heard behind them, until I found one at the end of the hallway that was completely silent. My heart was thumping in my chest as I slowly, quietly, turned the knob and opened the door. I regretted the creaking sound made by my steps, but luckily no one seemed to be around.

The gigantic silhouette on the other end of the room was plainly Isabella. She seemed to be doing something with her makeup in front of a mirror and her incredibly wide breasts were blocking the only light source - a small lamp - that was turned on... although it was completely eclipsed by Isabella’s magnificent physique. Now that I was actually there and alone with Isabella, my mind started racing and I was already sweating profusely. What could I possibly say to her about ANYTHING, much less about how she was making her breasts grow?

My thoughts were interrupted as I suddenly felt two huge hands slap down onto my shoulders and forcibly turn me around. I almost peed on my pants as it interrupted the deep silence of just moments ago. I had to look up to see the furious face of the musclebound black man who had me in his grasp. His t-shirt read "SECURITY" in yellow letters, but it may as well have read "GAME OVER" to me.

"Caught another creeper, Bella," the guard grumbled with a deep, gravely voice. "When are you gonna actually lock the damn door?"

Isabella continued perfecting her makeup and didn't turn around. "They need to understand what happens when they try to look at me without permission," she replied icily. "And I love the expression on their faces as you drag them off." She finally turned her head slightly to look at me, and let out a harsh, bitter laugh.

"Uh, h-hey, Isabella," I whimpered pathetically.

"This is a special creeper, Mike. You can drop him. Hard, preferably." Isabella told the security guy, her right hand caressing the side of her humongous mammary.

Mike squinted his eyes at me as he lifted me up towards his face. After a moment, he pushed me roughly to the floor and stomped off.

"Close the door before another perv gets here," Isabella said, turning her attention back to her mirror. I awkwardly got back on my feet. "So, did your slutty girlfriend finally ditch you? Heh, you’re such sore losers…"

“What are you talking about? Candace is not my girlfriend!” In actuality, I wasn't sure just what our relationship could be called, but it definitely wasn't "boyfriend" and "girlfriend". Something very different, but still great.

“Whatever, I don’t care. But even though she’s ‘not your GF’, you knew exactly who I was talking about," she said, wrinkling her nose at me.

“I just wanted to know how had you been; you haven’t gotten any pills from me lately---” Without warning, Isabella interrupted me.

“Pills? I am so over them! Besides, I know that you were giving most of them to that whore. You thought I was stupid or blind, and I am neither!” She seemed to be so distant, so focused on herself, as she always did.

“C’mon, Isabella, I was loyal to our word. I never failed you,” I sighed. I wasn't there to start a discussion, I knew Isabella wouldn't tell me anything of her growth but that wouldn't stop me from trying to get as many clues as possible.

“And what do you want? A medal?” She continued, still watching only her own reflection. But then it changed. She turned around and walked slowly towards me. I always loved seeing Candace turn 180 degrees around towards me, not just because I could see her gorgeous face, but because of the heavy movement of her gigantic chest. Isabella's was on a whole other level, though. With one turn and a slight squeaking of the wheels on the device that was helping her carry her bosom, the room suddenly got a whole lot smaller. In fact, it was so small and her rack was so massive that just after two steps, her massive knocker fronts were being pressed against me. “Tell me why are you here, or I’ll be sure Mike beats the crap out of you - and be honest.”

I swallowed hard. “Well, really I wanted to know how had you been… I… I can’t stop thinking about you." Well, that was actually completely true, but purely for physical reasons.

“Yeah, I can see that… you have always liked me, and you still do. I can totally smell it. We could have been quite the team, Peter, if only you had dropped that ugly bitch.”

“Huh?” I was dumbfounded to say the least. I begun to think of the "what-ifs", despite knowing better. She looked at me with that melancholic face expression, but then she grinned.

“Shit, Peter, you’re naïve… of course not! Never! But it would have been fun if you abandoned her and she did the same to you.” I felt so stupid falling for that cheap trick. Why did tits have so much power over me? I bet that if Isabella had average-sized breasts, despite how pretty she was, I’d have never fell for that bullshit. And I’d have desired to never see her again. I had to be more malicious. I decided to ignore what she just told to me, although it hurt a bit, I quickly remembered who I was talking to.

“You look much better than last time we met,” Maybe some sickening bootlicking could yield better results.

“I know, right! What other obvious crap will you tell me? That rain is wet? Please!”

“I am very serious, Isabella, even just one of your boobs looks like it would be bigger than Candace's entire body.” I looked at Isabella’s face, it wasn't easy to tell what she was thinking, but in a very subtle way it was just like when a dog hears its owner is near and its ears perk up. "Whatever you're doing, it's working. She's got nothing on you."

"She never did. Even though Mother Nature gave her more to work with, she's never been able to catch up to me and she never will, even if she used the same methods as me." Isabella took another small step forward and her acres of flesh slammed me against the door. My body was really being abused, but feeling those incredible mammaries engulfing the majority of my body made it all worthwhile.

I almost lost myself in the sensation of her bosom, but remembered my goal. Besides, if this worked, then a much friendlier woman would be able to grow a body like Isabella's, or even moreso. "Just what are those methods?"

Isabella laughed, but her smile didn't reach her eyes. "How stupid are you? There isn't another person on Earth who deserves to be anywhere near as busty as I am, and that bitch least of all."

I remembered something that Candace had said at the lake: a certain trait that some girls share. "Without any competition, it won't matter how big you'll get. There will only be 'you' and 'every other woman'." I was panting due to having my body squished.

She stroked the top of her right breast sensually. "No shit, that's how it is now, and how it will always be."

"But if you have some competition, then everyone will be interested in how much bigger you get. You can always be one step ahead of someone. People would actually be able to compare how much bigger you are than the second place winner." I had no idea if this was getting through to her, but she was letting me speak, which seemed like a small victory.

"Nice try, idiot. I don't need someone in second place." She stepped away, releasing me from the wall and her breasts. It felt weird being able to breathe deeply again. Isabella walked over to a dresser and started rooting around in it. "But you can give this to your skank as a silver medal trophy anyway." Removing a large item from the dresser, she threw it over to me as hard as she could. I picked it up - it was an enormous bra, and it was clear (even at a glance) that it was considerably larger than Candace's current bras.

"I outgrew this one last week. Now get the hell away from me. MIKE!"

“No! wait! I can---“ Suddenly, I was lifted into the air, being pulled by my pants and shirt. “Wait, Mike, I can leave on my own---“ The next thing I was doing after trying to release myself was getting up from the dirt. I don’t know what to think about this failed quest. I mean, I already expected that there was the chance that I’d get no info from her, which is basically what happened. But on the other hand, I got the chance to feel Isabella’s mighty juggs and I got one of her bras. I felt my body, how sore it was, my hands and knees bruised, my head buzzing. Then I looked at the gigantic bra . I could use the freaking thing as a hammock, or a paraglider. I walked along the edge of the somewhat lonely road. I still had to get back to my place before sunrise if possible, get some rest and start working on the pills with Ray.

I had to get a ride back if I wanted to get back to the campus. I was afraid that maybe someone would drug me to get my organs out and sell them for a couple of bucks in order to buy some crack. But, I gathered enough courage to get in the first car that stopped. An hour later, I was opening the door of my place. I went straight to bed and hoped Candace’s fate would change, and that maybe someday she would show Isabella who deserved to be the undisputed Numero Uno.

# Lucky V: reboot

Telling Candace about my meeting with Isabella wasn't something I was looking forward to. After all, while I felt great joy upon seeing how big the blonde had grown, Candace got no benefit from it (except maybe the observations I made from Isabella’s breast support device, which Candace still didn't need). And actually, it may have been just the opposite. I was still stunned, trying to digest how Isabella got that big without the pills. Isabella’s bra was massive. Carrying it was like carrying a raincoat. As expected, most of it were the truly enormous cups. I have no words to describe how big they were. I bet you could fit a curled up couple inside each cup.

The bra tag had no letters in it, just two numbers: 152/32. It took me a minute to figure it out: that was the total bust measurement and the band size. 152 inches and Isabella had already grown out of it... Candace had a lot of catching up to do, especially at one inch every two days. How did Isabella do it? I had to step on a chair and raise my arms as much as I could to avoid the bra from touching the floor when extended. I imagined how stuff like this could be used in a trebuchet, to throw boulders against a castle wall. I checked the huge clasp in the back. While the back bands and the shoulder straps were relatively short, they were very wide, obviously designed to support the insane weight Isabella’s assets represented. The clasp had 16 hooks, not the usual 4 that normal bras have. It looked like a hybrid of a bra and a bustier. It was mind-blowing to see how much bigger were the cups opposed to the underbust size represented by the band measurement.

As expected, Candace didn't take the news well. For the first time ever, since we had met, I noticed she wasn't happy and optimistic. She wasn't exactly angry, but she looked despaired and gloomier than ever before. I had never seen her like this, and I think she was really trying to control the deep discontent she was going through. Maybe her spirit had been broken. She looked at Isabella’s large bra, which I had folded into a messy ball in one of my dorm's corners. She grabbed it and unfolded it. I told her it was Isabella’s. She exploded and went on full attack mode, asking me how I got it, and why I was keeping it. I regretted that I hadn’t hidden it better. I was afraid it would be like pouring salt over a wound, just what Isabella’s goal originally was, and that’s what happened. I didn’t want to argue with her. One more time I offered my full support, that’s all I could do. I told her that that bra meant little to me, and that if she wanted she could keep it. She calmed down for a moment and examined it.

Then I remembered that I had some good news: I had more pills than I remembered. On the Monday when I stole the last stash of pills from the lab - the day when I convinced Ray to drive us to the lake - I managed to get fourteen pills. Since I was so used to giving about half of them to Isabella, I only considered us to have seven left, as well as the three remaining pills we had from my previous "heist". Judging by the look on Candace's face when I told her that she had another week and a half of pills instead of just a few remaining, she was relieved, to say the least. However, I could still feel she was tense. Candace was a really smart girl. Sadly, I felt she was getting unrealistic expectations on how fast a sophomore like me could work. I knew I’d do my best and push my limits to the extreme, but I was still just learning the basics about biochemistry. She tried Isabella’s bra on, and of course it didn't fit well. She smiled.

“Peter, mark my words, I’ll overflow this bra and break it, and I’ll outgrow Isabella, and what that happens, you and me will pay her a visit, acknowledging how she spurred my victory over her.” I wish I could have promised Candace that she would outgrow Isabella, but the only thing I could promise to her was that I’d do my best. Isabella was still a big question.

I barely saw Candace until the following Sunday afternoon, nearly a full week after returning from the lake. She had been stopping by to get her daily pill, but rarely stayed longer than that. Maybe she was still affected by all the bad news from the last week. I returned to my dorm after grabbing a bite to eat, and surprise: Candace waiting there for me. Typically, on days when she wasn't especially busy, she would show up to my dorm as early as she could so she could take her pill. The last couple of days, although she seemed more distant, weren't an exception. My difficult task on those days was to make her wait until roughly 24 hours had passed since her last dose, but I'm only a man, and there were times when I would give in a little early.

"Come on, P, hurry up. Let's get inside," Candace said impatiently, as if it was her in her normal mood one more time. She was wearing a lilac-colored sleeveless shirt that was so tight it looked almost like it was painted onto her skin. She wasn't displaying much cleavage at all, but instead the armholes were so long that they extended almost to the bottom of the shirt. On a normal woman, it would have been possible to see almost all of her breasts, but on Candace... it only served to reveal most of the bases of her tits. One of my many favorite parts about them. It was so sexy how they curved outwards from her ribcage in every direction and the concavity where they attached to her body, was maybe the best part.

I unlocked my dorm and Candace allowed me to enter first before she squeezed her way through the door. Without a word, and before I even had a chance to remove my shoes and put my keys and wallet down, she grabbed the measuring tape and thrust it into my hands. As she turned her back to me, without bothering to remove her shirt, I wondered if she was wearing an especially tight top so that I could measure her as soon as humanly possible. Either that, or it was too much of a hassle to put it back on afterward. I did the measurement quickly but as accurately as I could, and the results were consistent as usual. I couldn’t help but smile. The jolly, bubbly Candace was so much better than the despaired and gloomy one.

"One-hundred twenty-nine and a half inches," I declared. Even if I hadn't been allowed to touch her incredible mammaries, being able to see that number increase would be one of the greatest parts of my life.

"Great!" Candace exclaimed. "Peter, we're coming right back here after our class tomorrow. We have to celebrate!" I didn't have any more Monday classes after the mid-morning one that I shared with Candace, but I knew that she had another one after the lunch break that she was apparently going to skip. I was just glad that she was interested in spending more time with me like we had been, prior to this week. At least it had given me a lot more time to focus on studying the breast enlargement pills.

"Celebrate?" I asked, although I was pretty sure I knew the reason. Candace loved every half-inch of daily growth, and she always mentioned that she especially loved the whole numbers, but something I learned almost three weeks prior - when she hit 120 inches - was that she REALLY, REALLY loved reaching numbers that end in "zero". 120 inches was nice because it was like 200 cm, and honestly I think Candace enjoys more her measurements in centimeters because they make her feel bustier.

"Yes, P. Tomorrow I hit 130, and it might be a long time before I hit another big milestone.” She paused for few moments, realizing how the near future wouldn't be as nice. “I want tomorrow's celebration to really count!" Just then, I heard knocking at my door. "Oh, that'll be Maia - I told her to come here after her class got out." As usual, Candace was making plans without bothering to consult me. Fortunately, things tended to work out well for me in the end.

Maia looked pretty, as she always did. "Normal" women didn't look quite the same as they used to, since I met Candace. Even without her breasts, her height, gorgeous face, amazing figure, and strong personality would still make her stand out in any crowd. Maia was wearing a cute pink tank top and some jeans, and her clothes helped to show off her slender figure. No particular part of her stood out as with Candace's breasts or Jenna's butt and hips, but Maia's figure was pleasing to look at. We exchanged some pleasantries, and I asked her why Candace had invited her over.

Instead of answering me, Maia reached into her small purse, pulled out a couple of cookies, and handed them to Candace. I just stood there and watched as Candace managed to eat them quickly, but without appearing greedy or sloppy. The moment she had finished, Maia had pulled out a napkin that Candace then used to wipe her mouth. "I asked Maia to stop by so that you could help her out," Candace said.

"Well, it's all to help you out," Maia said to Candace with a grin. "You need a lot more support with each day."

I was curious what this was all about. "What do you need me to do?"

Candace began peeling her tight shirt off. At the first sign of difficulty, Maia grabbed part of the huge shirt and helped Candace get it over the immense curve of her breasts. I felt a pang of jealousy. Despite our almost daily massage sessions, Candace had never let me help her remove her tops. On one hand, I liked watching her struggle as she slowly revealed more and more of her mountains of flesh, but it always made me feel like she was trying to keep a bit of distance between us. I figured that it was just different between two girls and tried to ignore it. Spendex is such a wonderful material.

Soon the shirt was off but Candace's bra still remained. I loved the way that it looked with each passing day. Her measurement was almost a full foot longer since the day she had her current bras fit, and it was becoming increasingly obvious as the cups pressed into her skin more and more. They looked like massive muffins, the most beautiful and delicious looking ones ever. Candace merely glanced at Maia and the slim girl immediately went around to begin unhooking the massive bra. The hooks seemed to be barely hanging on. "Peter, I need you to give Maia a lesson. My girls need a lot more attention as they grow and you're the best at that."

Was she talking about what I thought she was? "You mean... massages? You want me to show Maia how I do it?"

"Exactly. She tries her best, but it's just not the same. You have a certain drive, I think, and this would reeaaally help me out." I was conflicted. Of course I wanted any opportunity to massage Candace's enormous mounds, but I felt like I was being replaced. I thought that it was a special thing that the two of us shared. Was I being phased out? Ignored those feelings was not easy. I decided to play the tough guy, although in reality I wanted to give out a very ranty speech. But I didn’t. I just let out a loud sigh.

“Mmkay, Maia, let’s get started.” As I spoke, Candace took off her constricting bra, went to the bed and laid on her back. Her enormous milk makers pointed upwards, just barely affected by gravity. They were so big and round, they eclipsed her whole upper body. I could practically see them swelling a bit, just before my eyes.

“Well, we can work one breast each… it seems like there is enough Candace for both of us,” I said with a bit of disappointment in my voice. Candace giggled. And it didn’t help.

I sat on the side of one breast, while Maia sat on the other. From this angle, which was more lateral than usual, I could see Candace’s face more easily than from behind the mammary mountain range. Maia seemed eager to start. Candace was closing her eyes. I had conflicting feelings in that moment. Obviously, Candace wanted to focus on the sensations. I frowned a bit. It was like someone was grinding the knife that was used to stab me in the back. On the other hand, it was obvious that she enjoyed how I worked. I sighed again. Leaving in that moment would be seen as silly and immature, and with this being my place, not theirs, they would suspect something was wrong if I left.

Maia and I poured some lotion on Candace’s breasts. The thick cream was used to coat the mountainous assets. They were so warm, they felt so nice, and they were so freaking big. I wondered what Candace was feeling. Since my teen years, I imagined that the bigger that breasts were, the better they would potentially feel, and the more neurons were responsible of processing the information they perceived. Slowly, I lowered my head and placed my ear near the pasties. Maia did the same, imitating my actions.

“Uhh… guys… what are you doing?” Candace asked. I moved my head up, and Maia followed. We coated the breasts thoroughly. Maia had already done this. The difference between Maia and me is that the girl did it only as a favor to a friend, while I did this as something I deeply desired.

I moved my hands starting at the "breast roots" and moved along the circumference, our hands in opposite sides of Candace's bosom. Candace moaned a bit. We focused first on the underboobs and slowly moved inwards. Maia was massaging as well, but she was obviously pressing much less than I.

“Maia, you have to press harder, not much more, but let your hands and fingers sink in a little more… I know it's not as easy as it sounds, but you can do it,” I said, recognizing that Candace’s breasts were much more consistent and less kneadable than a "normal" woman’s breast.

“Peter's right, Maia, please do as he says… please.” Candace was a bit entranced, or so it seemed. Maia pressed harder.

“Ohh… my… okay, I think I got it,” Maia replied as she pressed harder. I am pretty sure she didn’t expect what she felt. Before long, Candace was encouraging us to continue and acknowledging that we were doing a great job. I could see her face as she parted her lips and bit her lower lip from time to time. She was definitively enjoying this. But I didn’t feel as nice. I had to stop it.

“Uhh, Candace…”

“Huh? Yes, Peter?”

“I think we should stop now. I'm afraid I've been putting off an assignment and I've gotta complete it. With the time I've spent trying to synthesize the new pills, I must take advantage of the little free time that’s left to me.” I lied. Maia stopped and Candace got up from the bed.

“Oh… then I guess it can't be helped. Don’t worry, all is well. Maia already knows what to do. Maybe tomorrow we may continue. You need to rest, and be sure to have some fun, too. I hope tomorrow nothing interrupts us,” Candace replied with a sweet smile. She believed the lie. I felt a knot in my throat. Maia helped her get her bra and the top on and both left. “See you tomorrow, Peter, good bye and thanks,” Candace said while I bid farewell to both of them, just before she kissed me on the cheek.

“Bye, see you tomorrow,” I replied back. I closed the door behind them and felt even worse. I had to make up for it tomorrow, it was a personal promise.

The next morning, Candace was waiting for me outside of the building that our class was held in. I was a little nervous that she would be upset about me ending the massage lesson so quickly, but her bright smile and casual wave dismissed my fears. Then I realized that she wasn't waving hello to me - she was motioning me to approach her. She was actually dressed in what had to have been her largest and most loose-fitting outfit, a dark grey shirt that looked like it was draped over her prodigious bosom rather than clinging tightly to every curve.

"Good morning, Peter. May I borrow your dorm room key?" She held her hand out, assuming my answer would be yes before I could get a word in.

"Huh? Why? Aren't you coming in to class with me?"

Candace shook her head, her long ponytail swishing back and forth. "I'm going to get ready for our celebration. Just record the lecture with this so I can review it later. I'm sure you'll help explain the material to me when we study on Thursday, too." I heard a little bit of rustling, then Candace turned slightly to the side. She had reached into her small purse, which I hadn't even been able to see behind the curves of her massive breasts. Pulling out a mini recorder, Candace placed it into my hand, then motioned with her fingers as if to say "gimme the key".

"Class won't be the same without you." I awkwardly reached into my pocket and spent a few seconds trying to remove the key from my key ring before deciding to just fork the whole thing over to her. It had been nearly a month since the time she tried to sneak an extra pill from my fridge, and she had been on her best behavior regarding that ever since... apart from occasionally trying to take her daily dosage a little early, of course. I knew I could trust her in my dorm. In any case, there were only three pills remaining, including the one she would be taking later that day. I still needed to tell Candace that I wouldn't be able to give her one of those pills, because Ray and I had been trying to figure out its components and how to recreate the formula. She may have already figured that was the case, but I didn't like the idea of telling her she would have to grow a little less, even if it was to ensure she could continue to grow in the future.

Just as I had said, class felt very strange without Candace, especially without her twin mountains overflowing onto my desk. It was nice having a normal amount of space, but I felt lonely without the wall of flesh looming over me and quivering with every breath. For the first time, I paid some attention to my other classmates. They gave me odd looks, ranging from pity to jealousy to some type of disgust. It didn't bother me in the slightest. I'd put up with a lot more than some glares before I felt differently about Candace and her amazing body. Or was it the amazing body and its Candace? The ratio was definitely a lot more skewed than when I first met her.

I had to stop myself from running back to my dorm once class got out, since I knew I had to save my energy. My heart was pounding with excitement, but I was also extremely happy about the idea of just seeing Candace again. Her absence in class made me miss her company more than I expected.

Once I reached my door, I knocked just in case Candace had locked it. Sure enough, after several moments I heard the locks click and the door opened just enough for me to enter. The room wasn't completely pitch black, but was a lot darker than I expected, and as my eyes adjusted I saw the sources of light: candles, placed in various places around the room. Maia had been the one who opened the door for me, and she was looking very beautiful in a tight shirt and tiny shorts that displayed her nice legs. "Hi, Peter! Are you as anxious as I am?"

I nodded slightly as my eyes were quickly drawn to the center of my small room where Candace stood. She had a habit of standing out. While she was still wearing the relatively loose-fitting garment from earlier, it did nothing to hide her beauty, although her wonderful chest was continuing to hide more of her face with every half-inch she grew. I almost gasped when Maia put something into my hand as I was staring at Candace: the measuring tape, of course. Maia walked over to Candace and began helping her remove the shirt.

"I ordered this in secret, just after the day we went into town so I could be measured for new clothes," Candace said softly as her shirt made the journey over her expansive tits. "Of course, I've grown since then, but Maia has helped me adjust it a little so I could at least wear it once." My jaw dropped as Candace's secret garment was revealed. It was a bra, but not like the industrial-strength bras she wore daily. This was actual lingerie. The material was black, just like her beautiful hair, and had an elaborate design that must have taken countless hours to make. It was sheer enough to see most of her skin beneath the bra, as well as the Hello Kitty pasties that I had become so familiar with.

Best of all, she was clearly too large for it. Those utterly massive breasts were overflowing the cups, which only served to make the whole sight more mind-blowingly amazing. Candace and Maia must have made a lot of adjustments, most likely in places that I couldn't see, in order for those tits to cram even a fraction of their immensity into that bra. I was certain that it was designed to be extremely revealing back when Candace was around 118 inches, but it was simply stunning as it strugged to contain 130 inches of warm breast flesh. I realized that she had been wearing this under her shirt, and the thought of her wearing this as she walked around campus - with the potential to pop out of or break the bra - turned me on like crazy.

"Candace... you look, um, amazing," I said quietly.

She gave me a knowing smile. "Thank you, P. I'd say that it's a shame that I'm growing too big for it, but... it's not. I can't wait until it's impossible to wear."

That was a great mental image. "I hope you try to wear it at the next milestone," I said without taking my eyes off of the massive, yet undersized, bra. "Maia, is there any chance you could keep altering it...?"

Maia looked at me, her eyes alight with excitement. "Oh, I'll do my best to make it fit, at least a little!"

"I can't WAIT," Candace exclaimed. "I don't care if we have to connect the hooks with a bungee cord stretched to its limit, or if the cups are almost impossible to see against my growing girls... I want to keep wearing this until I can't wear it anymore, then we'll alter it and I'll wear it again! I want to see this bra that was made to fit 118 inches of boob look like a beauty mark on my skin!"

Candace moved over to my bed and shifted onto her back - the usual massage position. As always, her breasts overflowed her upper body and created twin mountains that isolated her head from the rest of her. I looked over at Maia, who gave me a knowing nod, and we made our way over towards our goal. Candace somehow managed to arch her back, grunting sexily from the weight on her chest, and unhooked the bra. If she had been standing up, I'm sure it would have flown off, but it remained on her tits thanks to gravity. Lucky for me - I had been wanting to feel it against her skin.

As I approached the bed, I thought about the measuring tape in my hand. Candace always liked to begin with her daily measurement - it was sacrilege to do anything else first. I realized that she must have been extremely ready to be massaged... perhaps because I had ended our previous session so early.

Maia and I each took one breast, as we had done the day before, only I was kneeled closer to the front of Candace's amazing bosom this time so I could have easier access to the bra. I reached out and touched part of it with my entire hand, fingers spread wide. I heard a slight gasp from Candace, way over on the other side of her tits. I was sure that she was enjoying the sensation of the thin bra material being rubbed against her sensitive skin. Before I knew it, I was using both hands and rubbing the bra harder, until I happened to look over in Maia's direction. She was giving me a slightly confused look, and it was then that I realized that I had completely forgotten about the skin lotion.

I loved how I always had to squirt out slightly more lotion each day as Candace grew. I shared the bottle with Maia, and we officially started. Feeling the cool lotion and two pairs of hands rubbing it in deep, Candace's sensual moans went from zero to sixty in a fraction of the time that they did when I was massaging her alone. I felt a little bad again - was I just not enough to satisfy her in this way? Fortunately, I was distracted by loud slapping noises. They were very familiar... Candace was smacking her hands and arms against her warm, full mammaries, causing quivers and shakes.

That inspired me to start getting rougher, since Candace was clearly in that sort of mood. I grabbed her flesh with my hands and pushed deep into her breasts. Glancing over at Maia, I saw that she was matching my enthusiasm, and Candace sounded like she was enjoying it. "One hundred thirty inches... almost eleven FEET of breast... over three hundred and thirty centimeters! And still growing! Bigger... BIGGER... I want to feel every molecule of my gigantic boobs... oh god... keep it up!"

I wrapped my arms around the breast I was massaging and squeezed it as tight as I could, pressing my face and my entire upper body against it. I could feel the immense weight. As I kissed the jugg as much as I could while trying to squeeze my arms tighter, I suddenly felt Candace's hand grab mine. I let go of her breast with my other hand and leaned back. Maia, having imitated me, had her body pressed up against Candace's other tit and she was kissing and squeezing it. Perhaps to make up for her lack of upper body strength, Maia was gently using her fingernails to scratch as much flesh as she could. Still feeling the tug of Candace's hand on mine, I moved around her huge breast to see her face.

"Peter... work on this side," she said quietly, before loud moans erupted from her full lips. Maia must have been doing a good job. Candace's face was beginning to glisten with sweat and the corners of her eyes appeared wet - I wondered if the sensations were almost too much for her. Then I remembered who that this was Candace... she needed more. A lot more. "Stay near me."

That was like a shot of adrenaline to me. I stroked, grabbed, squeezed, and kissed her heavy jugg like a man possessed. At one point, I did my best to push the breast closer to Candace's face, so she could kiss it herself for a while. I almost went crazy when she opened her mouth to lick her skin, and soon she even bit down on a tiny bit, making herself squeal with pleasure. I wanted to add that to my techniques, but despite everything we were doing, it felt too... personal, too intimate at the moment. Crazy, I know, but I didn't want to risk anything.

Hearing some moans coming from the distant opposite side of the humongous breasts, I shifted over a bit to see Maia really getting into it. Her eyes were darting all over the breast she was massaging, and she was panting heavily. Much to my surprise, she suddenly tore off her shirt - wearing nothing underneath - and wrapped her body around Candace's almost-spherical mammary. "So damn big," she muttered, as her small (even for a "normal" woman) breasts rubbed against Candace's wall of flesh. I couldn't blame her - I had even stronger desires, but I needed to keep them in check. This was Candace's special day, and I moved back over to give "my" breast the extra attention it deserved.

After Candace finished this session with a teeth-clenching groan, I collapsed by her side, our heads facing each other. We were both breathing deeply, but we shared no words. It was less than a minute before Candace closed her eyes and began to rub the upper parts of her breasts again - her not-so-subtle way of telling us it was time for round two. This time was less intense than the first, but even better - I think we all felt more comfortable. At one point, Maia and I switched breasts, and I quickly gave her a couple more pieces of advice, which she seemed very eager to try out for herself. None of us acknowledged her naked upper body, but to be honest, if I hadn't seen her take off her shirt I probably never would have noticed thanks to Candace's impossible bosom.

Candace must have been feeling a truly intense amount of pleasure from this dual massage - not only was she unable to keep her eyes closed, but they were rolling back in her head. Occasionally, she would be breathing so heavily that she was practically panting like a dog, complete with her tongue sticking out of her mouth a little bit. During those moments, I liked to push her breast towards her mouth again... which turned her panting into high-pitched moans.

"We need... to do this more often... once the pills run out," Candace gasped as I mustered up the strength to heave her heavy jugg in different directions, while I pressed my fingers deep into her flesh and moved them up and down. "I want my body to be ready to grow bigger... massage my giant tits so the skin can keep growing, and GROWING. Peter, I'll do anything you need me to do to help you make new pills... I love being able to see less and less every day as my boobs fill my field of vision... I want to get a new bra one day that will heft up my titties so that they're all I can see! Oh GOD, keep it up... reward my girls for growing... they're already bigger than the rest of me, and I'm much taller than you, and especially Maia... they're so HUGE and you've been making them grow more and more and MORE!"

I moved her tit a bit away from the center of her body, then pushed hard so that it collided with its twin with a loud PLAP. The sudden noise and vibrations seemed to shake Maia out of her boob-obsessed trance, and once she realized what I had done, she tried her best to collide that breast with the one I had my arms wrapped around. Soon, we had found a rhythm and we were slapping Candace's enormous boobs in unison. Candace grabbed a pillow, placed it over her face, and let out a loud scream. Moments later, Maia buried her face in breast flesh again and screamed as well. I just tried to avoid thinking about myself as I wrapped my mind around what was happening.

As the day went on, we continued providing Candace with pleasure as the massage sessions continued. We finally started taking breaks, mostly because Candace needed to eat a lot of food. Maia and I mostly drank a lot of water as we compared notes. I had to admit that it was pretty nice being able to talk about techniques and the overall experience with someone else. Eventually, the massages blurred together as we lost track of time. We ran out of lotion by the mid-afternoon, but in a way, I think we all enjoyed the different feelings and sensations. I had even stopped thinking about getting my own personal release early on in the day - we were all so focused on Candace's insanely huge boobs.

I woke up the next day. Contrary to what usually happened, Candace was already awake.

“Good morning, P. Thank you for everything that you did yesterday... It was amazing.” Candace sounded pleased, but a bit less cheery than usual.

“My pleasure, Candace, and really, if there is one who should be saying thanks now... it should be me. By the way, where’s Maia?” I replied, still rubbing my eyes.

“She left, P. Don’t you remember… wow… you were really focused on your business,” Candace replied. I smiled and hugged her breast, the one that was closest to me. “Peter, I wanted to ask you something…” She sounded too serious, so I stopped hugging the breast and looked into her face. It was quite a neutral face expression. “Do you like me, Peter?” Wow, I was so confused by that question. The answer was so obvious that I hesitated. “I mean... besides my breasts," she added. Well, that was much more reasonable.

“Of course I like you, Candace! You’re the best thing that has ever happened to my life - with or without breasts, you’re so beautiful... so beautiful that no words could ever do you justice. And besides being so staggeringly gorgeous, you’re such a nice girl, you’re… you’re… damn… I'm at a loss for words." I really had no idea what else to say.

“Aww, you’re so sweet. Thanks, Peter... It's just that, well, you haven’t tried anything with me... well, anything beyond this, you know, and I felt that maybe something was wrong with me…”

“What? Wrong? No, no! You’re as close to perfect as you could ever get. Busty or not, I’d still really like you. But to be honest... I’d be lying if I said I didn't find these massive girls beautiful, too. To me they're the most delicious topping on the tastiest cake. If I didn't try going any further, it's... well, first, I didn't want to push things. You seemed pleased with our friendship as it was, and going further is not something friends usually do. And second, I was so scared to disappoint you and ruin our friendship.”

“Disappoint me? You, Peter? You have never been so wrong. There’s no way you would disappoint me, P.” I thought all was settled for now, but then I remembered something that had been bugging me for the last few days.

“Even if I was unable to massage you?” At that, Candace laughed loudly.

“Peter, it's just like you feel about my breasts: yes, your manual skills are impressive, and they have influenced my opinion on you, but even if you weren't as good, I’d still hang out with you. It's so cute how you seem to look up at me, and how you like me being in charge. I guess we are even, then? Also... I think we are much more than mere friends.”

“So, if I invited you to a restaurant next weekend, say, ‘La Trattoria’, would we call it a date?”

Candace gave me a grin nearly as big as her breasts. “It is a date P, yeah… that’s the least I could do with my boyfriend. I love Italian so much… on second thought, I love all kinds of food!”

“Your boyfriend?” I whispered and this sounds awful, but I heard Katy Perry's Firework theme in my head.

“Are you okay, P?”

“Yeah I just have to run to the store real quick - I want to make you a huge breakfast! I’ll be right back!” As soon as I exited my dorm, I ran, danced, jumped. It was crazy! How a girl like Candace would become the girlfriend of someone like me. It made no sense... it was absurd. Love is irrational.