

Theresa Trinkets

By Lord-Godzilla

It was a bright morning, the sun already beginning to peek out from the clouds, promising a very warm afternoon. Theresa had received a package that morning and sat at her kitchen table, unfolding a letter that had been taped atop a little blue jewelry box.

She brushed a strand of her green dyed hair from her forehead, wearing her loose pajama shorts and minty socks from last night. A simple faded Green Day tee shirt covered her slender chest and belly.

The letter read,

Dear Theresa,

Greetings from your great aunt Clara. I have some sad news. Your other great aunt, my sister Jill has passed away. As you are aware she was starting to become a border line hoarder towards the end, putting so much of her attention into trinkets, scraps and other new age mystic nonsense. Despite her peculiar beliefs she was a harmless, gentle soul and we discovered that she had worked out a last will and testament. You have been granted the ownership of her large collection of trinkets, necklaces, jewelry, and figurines. Enclosed with this letter are some of her favorites and we felt we should ship them to you immediately. Expect the rest of them next week!

Thinking fondly of you,

Great Aunt Clara.

Theresa thought back to the last family reunion. A doddering older woman, wearing wraps and adorned with rings, necklaces and belt buckles. She could remember Great Aunt Jill as looking like a fantasy wizard lost in the modern world. Still she had been a gentle woman and Theresa was honored to be mentioned in the will.

She put aside the letter and opened the box carefully. Lifting the lid released a scent of cloves and perfume and lying within was a collection of jumbled necklaces, little figures and crystals. She carefully pulled a few out, placing them on the kitchen table.

A little stone orca whale sat beside a bracelet featuring green emeralds. An eagle with gold plated claws rested next to a ring carved from dark wood.

Theresa felt like a little girl going through her mom's jewelry box as she lifted out a necklace at the bottom of the box. She felt her eyes widen when it was pulled into the light.

It was a pendant featuring three silver metal circles that were polished bright and shiny, looking like the moon in its waxing, full and waning phases. Clean, unblemished, it gleamed with an almost soulful light. Theresa ran her fingers over the silk tie attached to it.

On impulse she carefully slipped it over her head letting it sit on her chest. As soon as she did something gently crumbled inside her. Some tiny bit of logic undid itself at the pendants touch and Theresa took a deep breath feeling strange sensations buzz in her chest.

With gentle warmth Theresa's tee shirt began to push forward. The old fabric stretching tightly as her breasts billowed out. She watched as if in a trance as her shirt filled her vision. The pendant rode atop her swelling front gleaming cheerily as her old shirts stitching tore loose under her arms and fell from her body, revealing her once modest breasts were now expanding into huge succulent mounds

Theresa sat up and stood back from the table as the pendant worked its magic over her, causing her breasts to swell heavily, growing bigger and fuller with every minute. Theresa felt no fear, only a wonderful sense of heft and warmth from her rapidly bloating boobs. Each little trinket fed a tiny mote of magic to the pendant which fed the growth of Theresa. She placed her hands on her chest feeling her skin sliding under her fingers as she grew.

It wasn't long until Theresa looked down in wonder at her staggering breasts, each one hanging down past her navel, their gravid full bottoms hanging just above her knees. Her nipples, once cute little tan nubs had grown into proud massive knobs the size of soda cans, pulsing from the pressure deep within each massive teat. She pressed her hands on either side of her bosom, feeling her skin stretched tautly, her fingers barely able to dent the soft firmness of her mams. There was no pain, no pressure, Theresa could tell they were heavy but her back was fine. She just felt an amazing sense of wonder at having swollen beyond human limits!



She then realized next week they were sending her more trinkets and she recalled how her Great Aunt had hoarded quite a number of them....

The End