**Boob Note, Part 2**

Chris worked through the rules he knew while eating out Sam.  The smell of cooking oil clung to her, mingling with the smell of her sex.  It was strangely arousing, it made him hungry and horny all at the same time.

She leaned forward as he worked, running her fingers through the sides of his hair.  Her tits were big enough to flop against his scalp.   He looked forward to playing with them while he fucked her.   For now, he didn’t want to take chances raising her ire.   It was all about her right now.

Rule one:  The book only accepted women’s names.  When he tried to write his own name, it vanished into thin air.  He needed to try writing another guy’s name just to be sure.

It was hard to think.  He was stiff as a rock from licking Sam, the combination of her brusque confidence, her moist pussy and the tuft of red hair just under his nose really pushed his buttons.   No matter how hard he worked she kept her composure, relishing her control over him.

Rule two: The variables after the name can change size.   Just thinking about her tiny tits before his experiments urged him to suck harder.   Because of him, she’d gone up a full ten cup sizes... even larger when he made the mistake about leaving ‘reduction’ on the page.  Though he’d love to see the look on her face if she knew the difference first hand.

Rule three: The victim treats the change as a past life event.  He pushed her legs up, lapping harder from the bottom to top, tickling the tip of her clitoris on each upstroke.  *Need to break out the big guns here.*  That caught her attention, her legs drifted apart urgently.

*Maybe I could work through the details with her when my mouth isn’t full.*

“Wow, you are pretty good at this.   I might have to keep you for myself, after all.”

Chris glanced up to her.  The concern must have shown on his face.

“Just kidding, relax.   You’d have to accidentally put a bun in the oven for me to even consider that.”

*Thank god for condoms.*

Rule four:  The effect has a limited range.   He was able to inflate the flower girl across the street up to Z cups without leaving his restaurant.  He stole a glance at Sams bouncing tits. *Sam’d look amazing with another sixteen cup sizes, what she doesn’t know won’t hurt her.*

Rule five: He could write stories for more accuracy.   He turned that mom into a sex goddess with a half-baked idea.   Sam  moaned noisily, letting him know she was ready for the main event.

He pulled away and worked her clit with his finger while fumbling with the condom wrapper.  They only had so much time for the break, after all.  It was no easy party trick, slipping on a raincoat with one hand.

Chris slid up and toyed with her, looking for the go-ahead nod.   She gave him a dazed nod and pushed into her.   *Heaven*.   Sam’s cunt was amazingly tight and pinched him just right.   He grabbed her hips, focusing on the nape of his neck-- trying not to get too riled to quickly.   If he blew a load early she’d skin him alive.

It was also incredibly awkward.   He’d usually kiss a girl right about now, but Sam?  It felt like raw mindless sex.   He really didn’t see her like that, just a booty call.  *Besides I don’t want to give her the wrong idea.  She forced me into this.*

She reached out and grabbed Chris by the neck, chokehold style and stood.   Like a damn miracle worker, she flipped him over, slammed him on the table and rode him hard.  Chris’s head swam, each thrust put him deep inside her, with a long lingering press.   She was taunting him to cum and cum fast, the last thing he wanted.

“Uh... Sam... b-back off a bit.”

“No way.  I’m out to prove you’re just a two-minute wonder.   Go on, I won’t tell.  These tits are just too much for you, aren’t they?”

Her mention of them made it impossible to ignore.  Every bounce atop him slapped her boobs hard on her chest, building the illusion of them fattening on every landing.  Once his imagination got involved he was no match.  He bit his lip and nodded.  “They are sexy as fuck.  Let me suck them.”

“No,” she said.  “You haven’t earned the right.   Hold out for four minutes more and I’ll think about it.”

*Four minutes?  To suck on those ladies?   Done!*  Chris clenched, focusing on the goal rather than the act.  It only made him harder, and thus made it harder to release-- sort of like pinching off a firehose.

“H-how about we sweeten the deal.  I last six and you let me try something with the notebook.  I have an idea.”

She raised a brow.  “Go on.  I’m listening.”

*Conversations while having a hot girl bouncing on your cock should be an Olympic event.*  “I-I found something cool.  I can write explanations and they come true.”

“Like what?”

The slapping of her hips against his was maddening.  It went in time with the noisy flop of her tits, making a delightful harmony of sex.  He swallowed back a lump in his throat.  “A m-mom, I put some stuff about herbs and... it worked.”

“You inflated a mom?  You got a milf fetish or something?”

*Yes actually, but that is neither here nor there.*

“We have a deal or what?  I can make you bigger and you’ll know about it.   That should prove my point.”

“Deal.”  She leaned closer, stuffing her nipples against him.

*That’s cheating!*  Chris bit his tongue trying every dirty trick he could think of the quell the flow.  It’s a good thing that rubber’s here, if not no way I could hold out this long.

She lifted a tit close to his mouth, teasing him with it.  He looked away and squinted.  “No way, that’s my reward.  I’m not taking it early!”

“Not any more it isn’t.   Now it’s the chance to make these lady bumps lady boulders.

*Pretty sure they’re already boulders lady.*   He slipped his lips around her erect nipple and savored the girth of her areolas.  The pink skin topping her boobs were too big to contain, but it was fun trying.   He sucked hard, daydreaming that enough pressure could make them bigger.   He got his wish in part, the attention smoothed out the tender skin and made it glisten.

“Too bad they don’t make milk.  I bet it’d be twice as tasty.”

“Ew.  Really?” She scowled at him.   “Breast milk is nasty.”

“Come off it.”  He worked up the rhythm between her legs, he found a comfortable stride and rubbed her clit with the base of his cock on the up thrust.  *Gotta turn it around.*  “You ever swallow jizz?  How is that any better?”

“T-true.” She said squirming along with his new rhythm.  “You... you know what you’re doing don’t you?”

“Mmm hmmm.”

“Oh god, I- I didn’t mean it I won’t want bigger boobs.   You’d probably pump me to the floor or something.”

Chris flinched.  For all the wrong reasons hearing Sam cry out just mashed on his buttons.   He let slip a little precum.  “N-not the f-floor.  Just maybe enough to make em fuller?”

“F-fuller?  They’re already filling up! “  She arched her back and gasped.  “Oh god, I’m becoming a huge titted milk cow!  Milk... I feel milk....”

Chris scrunched up his nose.   Her breasts looked normal enough, but he urged closer, sucking greedily on her boob.  The idea made him light headed.

“Ahhh!  So huuuge!” She gasped and threw off the rhythm of his thrusts and invoked a too familiar throb.

“Ungh,” Chris tried to hold it back but couldn’t and emptied into the condom.  Sam regained her composure, savored the look on his face and poked him in the center of the chest.  “Gotcha.  Not a bad try though--”

The condom burst and he gushed his second load right into her.

Chris arched his back and came again, pouring into her.  She gaped down at him in the awkward moment of trickling.   She slid off of him, revealing a satisfyingly messy cream pie to end all cream pies.

“You fucker!  You-- you blew a load inside of me.”

Chis couldn’t think straight, rubbing away the sleepy sensation coursing through his temples.  “Relax.  The odds are still good we’re fine and we can use a day-after if...”

“No!  I’m not having an abortion!”

He blinked at her.   Her words sobered him.  “No... I’m not saying... it’s the day after.  It’s totally different.”

“No, it’s not.  I swear to god, if you knock me up I’m gonna make your life so miserable.”  She hurried over to the sink and frantically wiped away semen from her pussy.  “You’re like a damn fire hose.  Oh god, Oh god, you gushed so much inside of me!”

Chris sighed and scooped up his clothes, the book fell out, giving him an idea.  He sat back down and wrote ‘Samantha’.   He gaped at what appeared.

*J -- O Pregnancy*

He wrote ‘natural’ quickly and it didn’t do anything.   The text vanished.  He swallowed back a lump in his throat.  *I just knocked Sam up?   And I can’t do anything about it?*

Chris calmed down and focused.   *No... I can fix this.*  So he wrote a story.

*Samantha, a natural J-cup, noticed she got a lot of sexual attention from guys so she reliably kept up birth control.*  Chris thought that would do it, but a dark corner of his mind urged him to write on. *However, in June of her Junior year of college Samantha got a faulty batch of contraceptives caused an interaction with semen: the first incident enlarges her breasts to an M cup.*

“What are you doing?” Her words snapped him from his trance and he clapped the book shut.

“Nothing... I...”

She staggered and clutched her stomach.  “Ugh... I...  my stomach hurts...”

Chris leaned closer, entranced.

Sam’s nipples went erect, bobbing in a hypnotic quiver.  Her breasts inflated with a low gurgling creak.  Her doubled over posture made it more pronounced.  *Oh shit, I need to play it cool.*

“What the hell?  Are you... growing?”

She groaned, palming the sides of her swelling tits.  “I.. I don’t know.  They just feel so heavy.”

Chris stepped closer and slipped his hands under her breasts.   They felt amazing.  Up close the slow swelling sounded like balloons being filled with water.

Sam flinched, and blushed deep.  He hadn’t noticed his thumbs rubbing across her nipples.   It was turning her on.

“Oh, sorry... I didn’t...”

“S-stuff it.  If you stop now, I’ll kill you.   I need you to fuck me.”

“What?  But... I thought you were mad about me coming inside you.”

“I’m on the pill.   I just don’t like telling people.”  She grabbed an arm, digging her nails in his arm.  “Don’t leave me waiting.   I want it, and I want it now.”

Chris was rock hard, but his break-- their break wasn’t much longer.   Not to mention she’d have a heck of a time explaining away growing three cup sizes.  He grabbed one of her legs and lifted it high.  “I have a better idea.   I don’t usually use this... but I have no choice.”

“What are you--”

He thrust a three fingers into her lower lips and spread them with practiced accuracy, then withdrew his middle finger to press hard on her clit.   She gasped, but he couldn’t stop on that note.   He dropped to his knees and suckled a swollen nipple.

Sam yowled in pleasure, probably a bit loud for discretion.

*Can’t complain.   Mission complete.*

He pressed his face against her tit, sucking harder.  She wrapped her hands around the back of his head, riding the wave of orgasm.  Loud and hard.

Something caught Chris off guard, a moist bitterness filled his mouth in a stream hard enough to make him choke.   A stream of something tickled his uvula and left him sputtering.   Her grip was too strong, though.  All he could do was swallow and get tiny bits of air through his nose.

It was the second mouthful that told him exactly what it was.   Milk.   Sam was lactating and hard.  He let go of her leg and grabbed her other tit.   With a rough squeeze, warm milk ran over his fingers and splattered against his shoulder.

Sam relaxed against the wall and relinquished her hold on him.  He gasped and wiped away milk splattered all over his face.  She gave him a vapid nod.   “OK... *that* was good.   You’re off the hook for now.  But I know this is your fault somehow.  We can talk about this later.”

Chris nodded.  *Good.  That gives me enough time to come up with a way to make her forget this.*  “We gotta get back to work.   I had fun.  Thanks, Sam.”

“Me too champ, me too.”

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Chris was a few minutes late from his break, but only three people were left in the dining room.  He sidled up to the front podium and peered over Sharnel’s shoulder.  Her took a quick peek at her chocolate colored cleavage for good measure.

“I’m back.   So you can give me the next table.”

She peeked back at him, elbowing him gently.  “If we get anyone else.   That’s the busiest we’ve been in weeks.   You coulda hung out back there for another hour and no one would give a crap.”

“Right, but there’s nothing to do back there.”

She turned around, leaning against the pedestal, arching her back.   After scaling the twin mountains of Sam, Sharnel’s hills looked like a nice diversion. “I could fix that.”

Chris almost said yes, out of sheer instinct.   There was no better time to fuck than right after busting a nut, but his ‘rules’ stepped in, distracting him from the siren call of some easy tail.

“We’ve been over this, Sharnel,” Chris said.  “You’re nice to look at, but looking is all I plan on doing.”

“Well, you can start by lookin’.  You might change your mind halfway through.”

Chris rolled his eyes and lowered his voice.  “Look.   I’m not gonna bitch if you wanna show me your lady bags, but my answer isn’t gonna change.  Not today at least.”

“So you’ll think about it?”

“Sure.” Chris retreated to the kitchen alley, rubbing away a creeping migraine.  By all means, Chris was a glorified man whore, but his rules kept him out of trouble.   Sam, even if he hadn’t considered banging her before today, passed his credentials.   He had a nice inside source in the med department of his college-- a smoking hot med teacher named Leah.   It only took a day, and usually some sweet talking, to get his lady on the inside to provide a clean bill of health on anyone he wanted.

He pulled out his cell phone and texted her.  *You know a girl named Penelope?*

She buzzed back in two minutes.  *There’s three in the school, but I assume you mean the blonde with the nice rack?*

Chris grinned.  She knew him too well.  *Yeah, that’s the one.  Though she’s a shadow of you, Miss Jameson*.

The response came back quick.   I’ll check it out.   *She had a checkup a week ago.   Shouldn’t take long.*  *Though, that sort of service is gonna cost you some quality time with my kitty cat.  She misses you.*

Chris went to respond back, but Heather snuck up on him with a jab in his ribs.   He nearly fumbled his phone.

“Sexting someone?” she said.

He looked back and grinned.  “Nah, just asking Miss. Jameson a question about homework.”

“You study her *cat*?”  Heather said coyly.  “Miss Jameson is that lady in the med labs right?   I didn’t realize you liked older women.”

Chris kept his panic down.  *Holy shit, she’s got good eyes.*“She’s a regular Goddess to be sure.   Though, long term I’m looking for a down to earth girl like you.”

“You realize that would mean sticking to one girl.   I’m not really into polygamy.  Tell it to me straight Chris.   How many girls are you tossing around right now?”

“Depends on what you mean by ‘tossing around’.”

Heather let out a disgusted grunt and turned to leave.   He grabbed her by the arm.

“I just wanted to give you an honest answer.   I don’t just pick up girls and fuck them.   Most don’t get that far.”

“That really isn’t helping your case.”

Chris let her go.  “You have a table right now?”

“No, I’ll be lucky to get another one before the day’s out.   The early rush got my hopes up.”

“Then let’s chat.  I’m gonna tell you the whole truth.”  Chris waved her to the back hall.  She followed grudgingly.  “Take a guess who I’ve slept with on the team.”

“Monique for sure.   She’s talked about it to me, won’t shut up about you.  You wouldn’t stoop to fucking Sharnel or Suzie, I know Yuria’s taken-- if that’d even stop you.”

It wouldn’t.   If he had the chance.

“Well, you’re right so far.”

“Honestly, you strike me as a boob guy, so I doubt you’ve given Naomi the time of day.”

Chris shook his head.  “Nope, totally tapped that.   Naomi is a great girl,”

Heather laughed.  “Next thing you’ll tell me you and Sam have been at it.”

He nodded.

“Sam?  What?   No way!”

“Sam is a great friend.” He tapped the notebook in his apron, considering telling her the whole truth.  “She’s a bit of a bitch, but it’s a part of her charm.”

“You *do* realize this isn’t going to help you get in my pants right?   You’re a glorified prostitute, Chris.”

“I don’t get paid for it.  So, no, I’m not.”

Heather scowled.  “According to Mo you *should* be paid for it.”

*Monique is no slouch herself.*  “Sure fan my ego, why don’t you.”

“This.   This is the problem.   You’re just looking for notches on your bedpost.   I don’t want anything to do with it.”

“Is it so wrong that I’ve slept with a lot of girls?   I’m on good terms with all of them.   Doesn’t that count for something?  I’m not asking you to do anything with me.   Like today, you know that blonde girl I waited on?   She asked me to meet her at a bar tonight.   She wants to show me off to win a bet with a friend.”

“That’s stupid.”

“I know right?   But I’ll blow her off if it bothers you.   I’m just happy to help her out.   She seems nice.”

“Yeah.   Nice and busty.”

Chris quirked a brow.  “You think this is about tits?”

“I don’t know what I think.” Heather folded her arms.  “I just wonder if... say I did go out with you and things did get serious, would you just blow me off for a nice girl with a big rack?”

He smirked.  “This is about boob envy?”

“No!  I’m fine with-- I don’t have any--”

“Does it bug you that me and Sam have done it, and you’d think I wouldn’t be interested in your body?   You think I’m that shallow?”

“Yes.   I mean... maybe... I--”

Chris relaxed.  Now wasn’t the time to push.   He didn’t want to seem creepy.  “Well you’re wrong.   You’re the kind of girl I’d like no matter what size you are.”  *Especially since I can prove that point with the scratch of a pen.*

“F-fine.   If I tell you something will you promise you won’t laugh?”

“I’m all ears.”

“I’m thinking about getting implants.”

This caught Chris off guard.   WAY off guard.  “You?  Really?”

“I told you not to laugh.”

“I think you got it backward.  I daydreamed a bit when you mentioned it.   Like... you have something in mind?”

Y-you aren’t making fun of me?”

“Of course not.   It’s your body.  And I think you’d look good with a little bit more.”

She lowered her gaze.  “Oh.”

“Whats wrong?”

“I wasn’t thinking about a *little bit* more.  I mean like... a lot.”

This got ‘little Chris’’ attention.   Thankfully, his notebook hid his boner really well.  “Like how much?   You talking like Sam big?”

She shook her head.  “You know the lady in the flower shop across the street?”

“Yeah.”  *The lady I gave Z cups to.*  “She’s... really big.”

“What do you think of her?”

“Well, she’s kind of a pain.  But... yeah, she’s nice to look at.”

Heather poked her index fingers together.  “I was actually thinking that’d be a nice *start*.

Chris gaped at her.   *I’ve created a monster.*  He couldn’t smile or laugh or he’d discourage her.  He needed a different angle.  “I don’t think implants that big are very safe.”

The look of disappointment broke his heart, but he meant that.   After all, it might mean Heather could get hurt.  “I did the research... there’s a type of string implant that--”

“What if you could... snap your fingers and just have it happen?”

Heather searched his eyes.  “What do you mean?”

“I.. might be the reason you got this interest.  And I want to tell you, I’m... not just a normal waiter.  I’m a boob god.”

Heather looked at him blankly.  The corners of her mouth turned up and she laughed-- harder than he’d ever seen her laugh before.

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Chris let her get it out of her system.   It didn’t matter if she mocked him.  It didn’t matter if she didn’t believe him.  What was important, was that it was true.   He really was a deity of breasts-- as hilarious as it might sound.

If he so desired, he could have already inflated her as big as the girl across the street, for all he knew he could make her twice that size.   He wasn’t joking and he let that truth sit on his face.

Heather’s laughter petered out and the laughter turned into an awkward silence.   “You... you weren’t making a joke?”

Chris shook his head.  “If you’d like, I could prove it.  The thing is, I meant what I said.   I care about you being comfortable.  So the real question is: were you serious about being that big.”

Heather blushed and looked away.  “Y-yeah.   But it’s crazy right?   I wouldn’t be able to afford such  a surgery.  And--”

“You weren’t listening, were you?  I said I could make it happen.  No surgery, no implants, you just get them.   I’m more than willing to do it for you, even if you’re not that into me.”

“You’ve gone nuts Chris.”  She put a hand on his arm.  “No one can just snap their fingers and make boobs grow.”

“Well, you’re right about that.  I don’t need to snap my fingers.   Pull out your order book.”

In a trance, she did so.  “What do you want me to do?”

“Write your bra size on one of the pages.”

Heather got coy.  “Oh, I get it.  You’re just fishing for my measurements.”

“I don’t need to fish.   I already know.  You’re a 36C.”  Half of that came from the book, the other half experience.   In fact, the book only confirmed what he already knew.   Thanks to the incident in his friend’s dorm, he’d seen her in the buff.   He could tell the rest from the taper of her hips.

“T-that’s just a lucky guess.”

“Believe what you want.   If you want this, I want you to help me too.   Just because I’m a boob god, doesn’t mean I’ve mastered my powers.  This isn’t a part of the process, I just want to know how deep the rabbit hole goes.”

“S-so you can do it?   You really can make me bigger?”

He nodded.

She wrote down her cup size in her order book.

“Good.   Now one more thing, write down how big you want to be.”

Heather flushed a deeper red.  “What?  I don’t know that.   It’s not like I know bra sizes that well.   How big is the lady across the street?”

“A Z cup.   A know because I did that to her.  She used to be smaller than you.”

Heather gaped at him.  She went to write and hesitated.  “What’s even bigger than a Z cup?”

“That’s the tricky part.  I don’t know the particulars.  I imagine she’s got twenty-six inches of extra boob difference between her rib measurement.   So it all depends on what that extra inch comes up as.”

Heather clapped her hands on her cheeks.  “I still can’t believe this... you’re just saying this to get me in bed with you, aren’t you?  Just stop it.   You’re making me flustered.”

Chris put a hand on hers, smiling gently.  “Just skip that part for now then.  More importantly, if you could pick how they grow, how would you do it?”

She yanked away her hand.   “S-stop it.   You’re weirding me out!”

“I’m doing this for you, not me.   If you want me to leave you alone, that’s fine.”  He shrugged and turned to leave.  “I should probably check to see if there--”

Heather tugged on his shirt.  He stopped without protest.  “Wait.  If you’re serious, prove it right now.   If you’re telling the truth.  I’ll totally go on a date with you.”

Chris grinned without turning.  *It starts.*  He regained his composure and turned to her, pulling out his notebook.  “It’ll be hard to explain if you just got huge all of a sudden, so how about I just do something easier to hide for now?”

She looked up at him with an adorable pleading expression.   Part of him wanted to kiss her then and there.  Finally, she nodded.

“I’m gonna bump you up to a D-cup with a surprise.   Just to prove my point.”

“C-chris... seriously... you’re getting me riled up here.  I’ll never forgive you if you’re teasing me.”

Chris pulled out his notebook and wrote ‘Heather’.  As always ‘C Natural’ came up.  He checked his watch and wrote a story:

*After learning about Chris’ powers, something strange stirred within her.  After instructed to say ‘I must increase my bust’  A surge of arousal increases her breasts to D cups and her areola stretch to the size of silver dollars.*

He lifted his pen and sure enough, the black ink turned red.

“OK.  So all that’s left, you need to say ‘I must increase my bust’.”

Heather peered over his shoulder, checking to make sure no one else heard or saw them, swallowed back a nervous lump in her throat, and spoke.  “I m-must increase my bust.”

She flinched and doubled over, letting out a quiet moan.   Chris was well versed enough to know an orgasm when he heard one.  *She must be a lightweight.*  She put her hands on her breasts supporting them against the pleasure.

Chris raised a hand to her mouth and covered it.  Raising a finger to his lips to shush her.  The orgasm struck her again and her mouth lolled open behind his hand.  Her tongue pressed against his hand and she let out a desperate cry of pleasure.  Best of all, her boobs bubbled out of the top of her bra and the tops of her nipples peeked out over it.

She’d only gained a cup size, but the way she pushed them up made them look gigantic.  True to his ‘prediction’ her nipples got larger and darker.

Heather slowly regained her composure and slowly caught her breath.  She looked up at Chris wide-eyed when she finally realized the truth of his words.  “I-it’s true!  You really are a boob god.”

“It’s our secret for now,” Chris said.  “I think you’d prefer to enjoy the change right?”

“Oh yes, please...” Heather said.  She let go of her breasts and looked down at them, then pulled out her shirt to take a peek.  “What the...?”

“Found the surprise huh?”

“My nipples are like... pancakes.  What did you do to me?”

“That’s the surprise.  If you’re gonna be huge, you should have huge nipples right?  Call it an advance.”

“How am I supposed to hide these, Chris?   You... really made me get bigger.”

He nodded.  “Now you owe me a date.”

“I owe you more than that.  Even this... just saved me thousands of dollars and they’re real.   Oh, my god... Chris.  I need more of this.”

He waved her down.  “Relax.  I’m not going anywhere.   You want me to put you back to normal first?”

“No!” She backed away covering herself.  “This feels amazing.  I can’t wait for more!”

She wasn’t the only one riled up now, that was for sure.

“You should go back before--”

She closed the gap quickly and kissed him.  It desperate kiss with a needy tongue darting around in his mouth.  He let her take the helm and relaxed.  He could still taste cigarette on her mouth, covered by a faint minty taste.   He wasn’t bitching.

He slipped his arms around her, resting his hands on the top of that amazing butt of hers.   *I wonder if I could make this bigger too?*

She pulled away, pulling a lock of hair out of her face.  “S-sorry I just needed that.   I’m super wet right now.”

“Good to know.”

“S-sorry.  TMI, I guess.  It’s just... how do I thank a god?”

“I was just kidding about the god part.  I’m still just Chris.   Just with boob powers.”

“Well, you got your date.   When do you want me?  Tonight?”

“Eager aren’t you?”

She nodded.

“I should keep my promise to Penelope.  Tell you what.  Meet me at my place at ten.  As I said, it’s not a date with her.  I’m just helping her impress her friend.  I’ll send you a text if something comes up.”

Heather grabbed his arm.  “I’m sorry I doubted you.  Please don’t hate me for it.”

Chris chuckled.  “I’m telling you.  It’s fine.  And don’t feel obligated to do something you wouldn’t want to just because I can hook you up with your dream body.”

“No, you don’t understand.   I want this so badly,” she squeezed his arm.  “Ever since high school I’ve fantasized about being inflated.  I--” She looked to the ground.  “I’m probably weirding you out, aren’t I.”

*A little, actually.*  It didn’t matter.  He had a willing subject now, one that wasn’t planning to blackmail him.   Heather was too nice for that, he was sure of it.  “It’s pretty overwhelming.  The idea of a girl like you being into this is pretty awesome.  I’ll be gentle, I promise.”

“Thanks, Chris.  Here you wanted this, right?”  She kissed him on the cheek, scribbled something on her order book and tore away a page.  She handed him the ripped paper and hurried away.  Just in time to catch the door chime signaling a new customer.

Chris looked down at it.  It read: *Heather 36C, I want to be a ZZZ cup.  Walking’s overrated, Whatever!  Thanks again 'Boob God!'*

He grinned and pocketed the note.  *She might just get her wish.*

--

The restaurant stayed dead for the rest of his shift.   He only got one more table-- a pair of friendly guys who talked a lot.  Judging from the tip they were *interested* in him.  Chris didn’t mind waiting on gay guys, he even humored their flirting.   It’s not like he had to act on it.

He kept his nose clean, helping out the others clean their tables and keeping on Sam’s good side by keeping her in the know with more things he learned about the book.   He left out the part about inflating Heather.  He kept that little experiment vague.

Sam seemed fine with staying bigger and she looked damned good with the increase.   Two of the server girls even noticed-- she wrote it off as being ‘swollen’.

He spent the rest of the day gawking at the flower lady across the street.   She seemed content to be huge, but he really wanted to confirm that.   His shift ended while he was daydreaming.   Shanel nudged him.  “Mr. Chen says you’re done for the day.   I’ll clean up your section if you wanna leave early.”

Chris took off his apron, pulled out his notepad and handed over the balled up garment.  “Thanks.  I’ll take you up on that.”

“Want me to take that too?” Sharnel reached for the book, but he snatched it away.

“No,” Chris said.   He cleared his throat.  “Err.  I scored some phone numbers and I’m gonna take this one home.   I think it’s lucky.”

“Anyone good?”

Chris decided to tell some truth.  “Two, actually.  A gorgeous blonde-- Penelope was her name.   Plus a cute plumper named Vanessa.”

“Ew.  Really?   I hear she’s a super bitch.”

Chris laughed.  “Bitches need love too.  Besides, I have ulterior motives with her.  She writes for the college paper.”

“What, you want her to put up an ad for manslut services?  Can I be first in line?”

Chris winked.  “Maybe when you’re in college.  I’ll give you a discount on top of that.”  He gave Heather and Sam parting waves.  The others were sorting out their remaining tables.  He had some time to kill before his date, so he didn’t see the harm in buying some flowers.

He hustled across the street and stopped in front of Ruby’s shop.   She arranged her goods on window shelves, giving him a nice peek of her bountiful cleavage.  Despite being so huge, she wasn’t wearing a bra.  Stooped over as she was, he got a nice little peek of the tops of her massive areolas.

Ruby kept working without looking up.  “You need something?”

“Yeah.   Some flowers.  I got a date.”

She straightened, sizing him up.  “A date, hm?   You know what you’re looking for?  Or do you need some suggestions?   Wait a sec, you’re the guy from the restaurant across the street.  Chris, right?  If you’re buying flowers does this mean it’s someone special.”

He relaxed, trying to get into his comfort zone.  After all, he wouldn’t mind some quality time with Ruby-- older lady or not. “Something like that.  I’m actually aiming to impress, money isn’t an issue.”

She looked him over coyly.  “Money’s not an issue, huh?  I might have a few things.”  Ruby turned away, giving him a nice look at her cute little butt.  The ‘boost’ he gave her kept her slim outside of her tits.  Her tight little daisy dukes showed some quality ‘whale tail’ when she reached up to the higher shelves.  He never really thought about it, but Ruby had to have been in her mid-thirties.  She was somewhat tall with short strawberry blonde hair and a round pretty face.

“So, is there a Mr. Flower man?  Or is this a one-woman show?”

She glanced back at him.  “Are you flirting with me?”

“I am,” Chris said.

“While shopping for a date?”

“It’s not a real date.  I’m just helping a friend look good in front of her girlfriend.  One hundred percent true.”

“I’m not some desperate floozy.” She scoffed, plucking two pots from the top shelf.  “I heard all about you, Chris.   You’re an enemy to women.”

He frowned.  “Me?  No way.  I’m a--”

“Cut the crap, gigolo.  I’m old enough to know better.  You’re just looking for cheap tail.”

Chris kept the annoyance off his face.  He hated being turned down, in a bad way, but it happened.   There was nothing he could do about it-- or was there?  He glanced to the flowers.  “Well, I still want to shop here.  Are these good for the date?”

“Yes, a rare African breed.  She’ll love them.   Problem is, they’re twenty-five a stem.”

Chris gaped.  “Twenty-five bucks each?”

“I thought money was no issue.”

He bit the nail on his thumb.  *Me and my big mouth.*“Fine.   I’ll take a dozen.”

She grinned.  “Really?   And how will you be paying?”

“Card, lemme just check my book.”  He pulled the Boob Note from his pocket and worked through his master plan.  He wrote ‘Ruby’ in the book and a ‘Z Natural’ appeared next to it.

“That’s three hundred bucks if your math is bad.  No sales tax on flowers.”

He nodded and wrote a story.    *Ruby always despised Chris but harbored a curious sexual interest in him.   One day when he came into her shop to get flowers for a date, she saw her opportunity to test his worth.  She takes a chance, offering him a special discount for a breast massage in her back room as long as he promises to keep his mouth shut about the fling.*

He kept writing, just out of  sheer spite.   After all he was a boob god now.

*Roused by his expert handling, Ruby goes down on Chris.  She urges him to cum and his load of semen enlarges her already impressive bust by ten inches.  Embarrassed by the ordeal, she pretends it is caused by an herbal treatment she makes a habit of using.  A later check up shows no clear explanation for the growth.*

Chris stopped writing and the text turned red.   *Perfect.*

He glanced up at her.  “Actually, I’m a little short.  Maybe I’ll hold off on buying the flowers.”

“W-wait,” she said.  “Don’t be so hasty.  Tell you what, you’re confident in your skills right?”

“Skills?” Chris said.  *I need to play along.*

“I wouldn’t be caught dead fucking someone like you, but if you amuse me in the back, keeping it above the belt, I’ll let you have them for five bucks a stem.”

“Wow, are you serious?” Chris said, grinning.  “I *do* love a challenge.”

“I’m not making it easy for you.   You need to impress me, or no deal.   The instant I get bored the deals off.   Understand?”

“So you just want me to play with your boobs?   I mean, that seems easy enough.  It’s a pretty sweet deal anyway, I’ve been checking you out for a while.”

“Let me close the shop then.  Wait for me in the back.”

Chris moved to the back, looking around at the rows of seed packets.  It looked pretty dull back there until he spotted a stashed dildo under a counter.  *In case of quickies I guess.*  He poked around and found an unmarked little remote.  He recognized it.  They were controls for a discreet pleasure vibrator.  He pocketed it as a plan B.

Ruby closed the windows and sauntered back, pulling off the sundress over her massive tits.   Free of their containment, her tits flounced heavily to her waist.   Her massive nipples topped her swollen funbags-- ones he personally installed.

*And in a little while they’ll be even bigger.*  He waved her closer.  “Come on over, I’ve got this.”

She flushed red, a little embarrassed from the ordeal.  He ran his palm over her giant areola. pinching the swell of her nipple  with his middle finger and ring finger.   He leaned closer and surprised her with a kiss.   He was surprised by the lingering taste of vanilla.  He spotted an empty drink cup near by.  *I guess that change to her body made her a milkshake person.  It certainly brought me to the yard.*

Ruby backed away.  “What are you doing?”

“You said above the belt.  It’s fair game, right?”

She scowled.  “No kissing, just touching.”

He shrugged and gave her nipple a rough tug.  She gasped.

“You sure?  You might draw some attention otherwise.”

“Y-you...” She trailed off when he brought his other hand to her breast.   He tugged that one twice as hard, pulling like a milk machine on an udder.  She staggered.  “N-not so rough!”

“You like it rough.  I can tell,” Chris said.  “You wanted me to impress you, so I’m being rough.   So stop complaining.”

“Y-yes sir,” she said.  The fight left her immediately and her legs drifted apart.

*Too bad sex isn’t on the menu.*He stooped over and released a nipple,   It snapped back into place wobbling enticingly in front of his face.  He buried his nose in the center of the dark brown dinner plate topping her tit and nuzzled her.

She let out another gasp.

*Oh, you like that, huh?*He licked her nipple hard and sucked.   She wasn’t producing milk, thankfully.  He had his fill from Sam.  He kneaded her breast with his other hand roughly.  *I can’t want to see these get bigger.*

“C-Chris you’re... you’re...” She arched her back and let out a moan.  “I can’t take it.    I want it!  Give me it!”

He looked up at her, grinning.  “Sorry, Ruby I have rules.  I can’t go below the belt.”

“My belt!”  She said.  “Yours is fine!”

He grinned.  *Technicalities are my friend.*

They switched places and she unbuckled his pants, revealing his rock hard cock.   She wrapped her lips around it and sucked desperately.  She kept her arms at her sides to let him keep giving her breasts attention.

Not wanting to disappoint, He pulled on her tits, lifting them to the sides of her body.  Supporting them by her nipples drover her in a frenzy.  Her sucking increased in intensity as well and it started getting to Chris.

*Especially since I know how this ends.*  He had to wait long enough to push her to climax.  His pride demanded that much at least.

She moaned noisily against his cock, squirming against the mixture of pain and pleasure shooting through her.

He felt something under his butt, something small with a protruding part.   *Oh... well, it’s not exactly cheating if it’s an accident.*  He squirmed and nudged the button.   She went berserk, letting out muffled cries of orgasm.  They were all the inspiration he needed and he exploded into her mouth with a torrent of spunk.

A surge of weight tugged at his fingers and her breasts slipped free of his hold.  They landed hard, fattening wildly with every bounce.  The sight overwhelmed Chris and he came harder pushing against her and ran his hands through her hair.

She struggled to pull away and he realized it too late.   He let go of her and another squirt splattered all over her face.  There was something oddly satisfying about her disgust.  Her breasts surged outward, shaking and fattening like rising bread.

“Wh-what’s happening to me?”

“Heck if I know.” Chris lied.  “I mean you’re huge already what’s another few gallons?”

“F-fuck you...” She moaned reaching down to her panties.   She pulled out the vibrating sex toy and struggled to regain her senses.

“Against the rules,” Chris said, smirking.  “Take that as a gift... from your god.”

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Ruby kneaded her still growing bosom.  Jiggling flesh squeezed between her fingers, the sight was enough to get Chris ready for another round.   Best save some energy for Penelope.  She looked up at him, eyes full of panic.  “Why are they still growing?  What’s this shit about ‘my god’?”

   Chris shrugged.  “Maybe you should have been nicer to me.   Bad things happen to people that annoy higher beings.”

   “Higher beings?   Have you gone crazy?” She flinched at the final surge of growth.   She struggled against the weight of her new assets.

   Chris approached, sliding a chair towards her to sit.  She had no choice but to accept it.  He pulled out his notebook and wrote ‘Ruby’.  ‘RR Natural’ appeared next to her name.  He was no math wizard, but it didn’t take him long to figure out what it meant.   Just like the oh so popular ‘Double D’ was also an ‘E’ cup.  It was just a matter of figuring out what the book considered a ‘Double R’.

   “What are you doing with that notebook?”

   “Research.”  He snapped the book shut.  “If you cooperate, maybe I’ll help you with your current predicament.  In all honesty, I thought you looked pretty good with small boobs, but you never gave me the time of day.  All because you don’t appreciate my dating habits.”

   “You’re like ten years younger than me.”

   “That didn’t stop you from asking me to fondle your tits in exchange for a discount,”  Chris said, smiling.  “You can’t stand me.   Why would you suggest such a ridiculous idea?  You’re not a desperate woman.”

   She paused to consider this.

   “I’ll tell you.   Because you had no choice.   It’s fate.  I’m not a bad person Ruby.  I just needed to use someone, and I might as well use someone that doesn’t like me.  Answer my question honestly and I’ll help you out-- even if you don’t deserve it.”

   Ruby narrowed her eyes.  “Help me out?   Unless you’re skilled at breast reductions, or you have a crane in your back pocket, what could you possibly do?”

   Chris wagged a finger.  “There you go again.   Look at what just happened to you.  How did this happen?”

   “You’re telling me this is your fault?   If so this is assault!  I’ll have you arrested!”

   “So, are you going to tell the police, Chris’ magic semen inflated your boobs?   I wonder if they’ll even take that remotely serious.”

   “Yet you’re telling me I should.”

   “You absolutely should.”

   Ruby bit her lip, looking around.  “F-fine.  What do you want from me?”

   “How do you feel?”

   She gaped at him.   I have tits dangling down to my waist and you’re asking me how I feel?”

   He nodded.  “Can you stand?   Have you gotten used to the weight yet?”

   “I can’t believe this shit...”

   “Answer me, or I won’t help you.”

   Ruby let go of her breasts, they lolled heavily onto her lap.   Watching them shimmy was absolutely hypnotic.  She braced, leaned forward and stood slowly.   Her tits slipped off her lap and sloshed back and forth, like overstuffed water balloons.  She winced, in what Chris first saw as pain, but it became clear the weight against her nipples were turning her on.

   “It feels nice, huh?”

   “S-shut up.   I don’t know yet.”  She struggled to straighten.  Her massive areola shimmied in a circular pattern and she buckled her knees inward.  She let out a small moan.

   She’s gotta be soaking wet.  Chris paced around her catching a glimpse at her shapely butt and sure enough he saw traces of moisture in the puffy camel toe of her panties.  He approached and slipped his hands to her ribcage, massaging her chest underneath her heaving bosom.

   “S-stop that.”

   “I’m not touching your breasts, I’m checking your chest muscles.   Are they sore?”

   She shook her head no.  “That feels nice though.”

   “I’ve had a few busty girlfriends.  Not as big as you, but pretty big.”  He moved to slip away his hands and she grabbed him by the wrist.

   “Can you... do that a bit more?” Ruby stuck her butt out, grinding against the bulge against his crotch.  The moisture between her legs was alluring as fuck.

   “Are you... trying to get me to screw you?”

   “No,” Ruby said, her voice small.  “I just... really like being teased.   If you don’t mind...”

   “Not at all,” Chris said.  He deepened the massage on her chest and nuzzled against her neck.  He inhaled deep, the aromas of the flower shop clung to her.   His cock hardened against her.

   “I don’t really get it.  Are you really some sort of... God?”

   He chuckled.  “Just one in training.   I never intended to hurt you, I just... wanted to know the limits of my powers.  If you’re uncomfortable, I can put you back to normal.”

   She shook her head.  “No, this feels nice.  I don’t know how I’m gonna manage with the bigger rack though... It’s tough running the place on my own as it is.”

   “Ever think of a change of profession?  You have a nice  body.   I bet guys’d pay a mint just to see you move.”

   Ruby turned to look at him.  “Are you... suggesting I be a stripper?”

   “Why not?  Something to save money for a reduction, right?”

   “Or... an enlargement,” Ruby said coyly.

   “Those are on the house, lady.  If you’re up for it.”

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   Chris left the shop with a bouquet of expensive flowers-- for the low low price of free.  He gave Ruby a parting wave, stealing one last glance at his greatest masterpiece yet.   It took some trial and error, but her left ruby with fifty-two whopping inches of tit flesh.  She fashioned a curtain into a makeshift top, but it did a shitty job at hiding her gigantic nipples.

   He gave one a playful tug.   She moaned in approval.

   “Are you sure I don’t owe you more for this?   I mean... this has to cost thousands and thousands of dollars.   And best of all, they’re... real.  You really surprised me, Chris, I thought you’d insist on me being a sex slave or something.”

   “Not my style,” Chris said.  “Though, if you want some attention, I’ll try to swing by every so often.   Something tells me you won’t need that offer long.   You could probably skip the stripping and find yourself a millionaire or something.”

   “I dunno... it might be fun.”  She shrugged.  “Will you come to my opening night?”

   “It’s a date.”

   “I’ll save a front row seat for you.”  She gave him a peck on the cheek.  “Thanks Boob God.”

Chris waved, watching her close the door. *I should probably come up with a better name for that.*