**Boob Note Part 3 by ShamusBaran (Covers 3-1 through 3-4 on Deviant Art)**

Chris came to the bar five minutes early, dressed to impress with a bundle of African roses.  The tricky part was carrying the notebook.  He stashed it at the small of his back; under his belt, thankfully it was pretty small.   It’d still be uncomfortable as hell when he sat down, though.

Penelope waited at a nearby booth, wearing a skimpy little number showing off her (now) natural triple Ds.  She waved back at him.  “Chris!  Come on over, I want you to meet my friend.”

He walked over to her, wearing a winning smile.  From the looks of it, his ‘competition’ hadn’t arrived yet.  Penelope’s friend was cute, a perky redhead with striking blue eyes and full lips.

“This is Sadie,” Penelope said.  “I told her all about you.”

“Not too much I hope,” Chris said.  He took a seat next to Penelope and draped an arm across her shoulder.

They shared a laugh.

Sadie didn’t look impressed.  She shrugged a shoulder and leaned back in her seat.  “You’re Chris, huh?  I know you.  I go to MSU too.”

She didn’t look familiar to him.  He glanced down at her, just a casual peek.  She had a nice body, probably C-cups and in good shape.  She probably worked out.

“The one and only,” Chris said.  “You in the art department?”

She raised a brow.

*Lucky guess.*That was the only part of the campus he avoided.  Artsy girls tended to be complicated.  “You certainly look talented.”

She rolled her eyes.  “Seriously?  That’s lame.”

Penelope glanced over at him, giving him a worried look.

He stayed calm.  “So the stereotype about redheads?”

“Ha.  That’s *completely* true,” Sadie said.

*Oh, I know.*  “So where’s your date?”

“Oh, he’s running late.  Jared tends to stay over on practice.  He’s pretty dedicated.”

Chris lost his smile.  He knew him, the captain of the football team.  “Jared Hetfield?”  *Should’ve known.  A fucking Jock.*  “I thought he was dating that chick in the music department.”

“As of today, not anymore,” Sadie said.

“You cheater,” Penelope said.  “That’s against the rules.”

“Not if they were keeping it a secret up to now.”  Sadie grinned behind a sip of her beer.  “Ready to call this one a win for team red?”

Chris shook his head.  “Not at all.  Penelope has the better date.  That guys’ just a meat head.”

Sadie chuckled.  “Oh, I’m sure he’ll love to know you called him that.”

“He knows he’s a meat head.  Whatever.” Chris stood.  “Hey Penelope, let’s huddle.   We got time before he gets here right?”

“H-huddle?  *Here*?”  She flushed red.  “But...”

“I just mean let’s talk.”  Chris pointed to a quiet corner of the bar.  “Won’t take long.”

“So *that’s* what they call it these days,” Sadie said.  “Play safe kids.”

Chris led Penelope away, lowering his voice to a whisper.  “Relax Pen, I got this.  You asked me on this date to impress your friend.  You wanted to prove you have the better date. You *do* want to win, right?”

She nodded.

“How close are the two of you?  You mind embarrassing her a bit?”

“What?  Why would I--”

“I’m asking you if you want to win.  If not, we might be in trouble.”

Penelope bit her lip and nodded.  “I do.  I’ve never beat her, not once.”

“Seriously?  You’re a babe.  That’s a shame.”

“Well... she’s *talented*.”

Chris raised a brow.  “Oh?”

“*Really* talented.”

“Fine, I’m gonna use some magic.”

Penelope grinned.  “So you were serious?”

“Yeah, but this might embarrass her a little.  You’re sure you’re OK with it?”

“Yeah.  I’m sure.”

Chris pulled out the notebook and wrote Sadie’s name.  He showed it to Penelope and pointed to the B Natural that appeared next to it.  *B-cup huh?  I guess she’s stuffing a little bit.*

“Whoooa.   That’s neat.”

“I’m gonna test things out a bit.  If you don’t mind.  I’m still learning.” Chris wrote next to Sadie’s name.  *Sadie ends up waiting for Jared, he shows up exactly twenty minutes late cause of traffic.  He brings Sadie a bouquet of wildflowers and Sadie has an allergic reaction.  Unaware of this, she accepts the gift and takes a deep sniff.   The allergy sets her into a sneezing fit, and each sneeze deflates her breasts until she’s left with A-cups.*

Chris lifted the pen and waited.  To his surprise, the ink flashed red.

Penelope looked over his note and frowned.  “That’s mean.  But wait... that’ll never happen.  Jared doesn’t buy flowers.”

“He does now.  Don’t worry, I’ll fix it later.  I have the power.  For now, this is our little secret.  Keep it and I‘ll make it worth your while.”

Penelope nodded at him.

Chris tucked away the notebook and returned to the seat with Penelope.  They sat down and ordered a few beers.  The first part of the prophecy came true, and Jared came into the bar looking irritated.

“Over here, J!” Sadie called to him.  She was completely unruffled by his tardiness.  “Heroes always come late.”

Jared held out the flowers and Sadie beamed at them.

“No way, for me?”

“Yeah, some dude was selling them just outside, weird huh?”

“I love them.” She took the bouquet and sniffed.  “They smell awesome.”

“I dunno.  They look kind of dubious,” Chris said.  “You sure that’s not poison ivy or something?”

Jared glared at him.  “Moron, poison ivy ain’t flowers.  These are legit.  Hey, I know you from somewhere?”

He did.  Chris had a few classes with him-- when Jared bothered showing up.  “Maybe.  You are still a student, right?”

“Yeah.  I know your ass.”  Jared snapped his fingers. “Chris.  You think you’re hot shit, don’t you?”

*Know, not think.*  Chris went to respond, but Sadie sneezed-- right on schedule.  Penelope gave Chris a wide-eyed stare.

Sadie sneezed again.  “Gah, sorry.  I don’t know what...”  Chris caught a nice view of her cleavage vanishing.  Without something to push up, padding wasn’t gonna do her any good.  She crossed her arms across her chest.  “What the...?”

“Something wrong?” Chris said.

“N-no,” Sadie said.  “I’m just... I need to go to the ladies room.”

She pushed past Jared and hurried to the bathroom, she sneezed as she went.

“So, Chris, that’s your name right?” Jared said, taking Sadie’s beer.  “She told me about the contest.   Ready to quit?”

Chris shrugged.  “I dunno, are you?”

“Look, bro.  Just cause you think you can score with a little slut like Penelope, doesn’t make you anything great.”

“H-hey,” Penelope said.

“Pen is no slut.   She’s a really sweet girl.”  Chris gave her a gentle nudge.  “I just came here to show off for her a bit.  We’re not even involved.  You and Sadie close?”

“No, way.” Jared took a swig of his beer.  “I’m doing this for a BJ.  I hear good things about her.”

“You’re a jerk,” Penelope said.  “Chris should win by default.”

“Not even.  What’s Chris ever done, unless there’s a scholarship for bangin’ old chicks.”

Chris flinched behind a sip of his beer.  *Fuck, I can’t just sit here and take this.*

“I’m gonna check on Sadie,” Penelope said standing.

“Yeah you do that.  Tell her to hurry up.”

Penelope hurried away and Chris caught a glimpse of a brown haired girl across the bar.  *Maybe my luck’s about to change.*  Chris pulled out the notebook and slipped it onto his lap.  He wrote the name ‘Anise’ and ‘D Natural’ appeared next to it.

Anise was Jared’s (now) ex-girlfriend.  Chris had a plan.

He wrote a story next to the text.  *Anise followed Jared to a bar, not because of jealousy, but to tell him she was pregnant with his baby.  She’d found out the hard way with a steady increase in breast size she’d managed to hide until following him to the bar.  During her confrontation with him, she endures a final growth spurt taking her up to H-cup breasts and causing her to spill out her top.   Jared leaves the bar with her to sort out their issues.*

Chris grinned at the red text going across the page.  *This is gonna be good.*

He slipped the notebook back behind him and Anise stormed over to the table.  A friend tried to stop her, but she wasn’t having it.

“Jared!  You bastard!  I saw it all.  You’re here looking for tail!”

The football star stood, raising his hands.  “What?  Get out of here, you know me and you are done.  Don’t be like that.”

Chris watched with a sly smile, admiring the bulge at her shirt.  Right on cue, her boobs split open the front of her shirt.  The bra underneath stood no chance to her blossoming fun bags and snapped it right at the center.

Jared gaped down at her in shock but wrapped his arms around her to cover her.

*I guess he’s not a complete scumbag.*

“What the... what’s up with your boobs?”

“This is your fault.  Bastard.  You knocked me up!”

The bar patrons muttered amongst each other.   Chris stood and waved them to stop.  “Look, this isn’t the time or place.  Why not take this outside.  I mean it takes two to tango, right?”

Jared gave him a blank look.  “What?”

Anise settled her gaze on Chris and nodded.  “He means this is both our fault... moron.”

“Oh, right.  I knew that.”  Jared squeezed Anise.  “Look, Chris just tell Sadie I’m sorry.   I gotta jet.  I got bigger things to worry about than some stupid contest.”

He led her out of the bar and Chris sat wearing a triumphant grin.

Soon after, Sadie came out with a Jacket followed close behind by Penelope.  She gave him an apologetic look.  “We’re going to get out of here, Chris.”

“I’ll come with you.”

“N-no,” Sadie said.  “I just want to go home.”

Chris gave her a reassuring smile.  “Don’t you want me to fix them?  I mean... if you ask nicely I’ll give you want you want rather than having to cheat to get it.”

Sadie narrowed her eyes.  “What do you mean?”

Chris lowered his voice.  “How big do you want them?  Back to normal, or do you want me to add a bit more, or a lot more?  It’s up to you.”

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Chris glanced over at the clock-- still an hour left before his date with heather.  He lounged on the bed, admiring the scenery of Sadie’s apartment.

On the other side of her queen-sized bed, Sadie straddled Penelope, running her slender fingers over Penelope’s tits, fondling her through her shirt.  The contrast between her and Sadie’s perky A-cups roused something deep inside him.

“You said you could fix them right?   What happened to me?”

“A little magic gone wrong,” Chris said.  “I have the hang of it now, so all you have to do is tell me what you want.   I *did* promise Penelope a demonstration.”

Penelope glanced over at him, smiling.  “So you can make me smaller too?”

Chris lost his smile.  “I could... if you really wanted me to. “

“W-well.  I feel bad.  It happened cause I wanted to win the stupid contest. “

“I’m not mad,” Sadie said.  “I mean, it’s not like I had much in the first place.  But you said you could fix my boobs too, right?  You said I could get extra right?”

Chris nodded.

“Then give me Pen’s boobs.”

Penelope gaped up at Sadie.  “What?”

“Heh.  That seems sort of fun.”  Chris picked up the book from the nightstand.   “I have a condition.  You have to suck them out of her.”

“S-suck?” Sadie said.

“Mmmhmm,” Chris said as he started to write.  “Kiss her.  I’ll handle the rest.”

Sadie looked down at Penelope with a blank expression.  “Uh, I’m not really... gay...”

“I told you, it’s a condition.   Just pretend it’s someone else then.  Or if you prefer, play up the part.   Like you’re a boob vampire-- instead of drinking blood you’re stealing her boobs.”

“That sounds stupid,” Sadie snapped.

Penelope squirmed underneath her, Chris had the suspicion she was into the idea.   He knew a submissive when he saw one.  “Just do it.  You’ll like it, I promise.”

“F-fine.”  Sadie pulled a lock of hair behind her ear and lowered down to touch Penelope’s lips.   She widened her eyes at the kiss like she was zapped by a surge of energy.   Penelope let out a small moan into the kiss.

The ‘magic’ kicked in immediately, and Sadie's breasts bubbled outward against her shirt.   She sat up quickly, leaving Penelope breathless.

“W-why did you stop?”

Sadie looked down, running her hands over her breasts.  They’re back...  I’m normal again and Pen--“

She looked down at her friend, Penelope’s breasts shrunk down a bit, down to a still impressive pair of Double D’s.  Her shirt hung a bit looser on her frame, but it was hard to tell the way she lay on the bed.   She’d stripped away her bra, leaving it discarded on the bedroom floor.

“Can't you tell?  You’re... smaller.  I did it.  I stole some of your boobs!”

Penelope couldn’t hear her.  She was flushed pink with passion, lost in the zone of fantasy.   Chris guessed it wasn’t about being shrunk, but rather playing the victim.

“There’s plenty of boob left,” Chris said.  “Might want to take that top off, it won’t last long.”

Sadie complied, exposing her perky B-cups without a second thought and kissed Penelope again.   This time she kept her eyes closed and drank in the kiss like she was sucking down water from a water fountain.

Penelope moaned into the kiss again.  Chris moved from the head of the bed and got a closer look, resting his hand on Penelope’s thigh.   She drifted her legs apart-- she was eager for attention.  Now Sadie was lost in the kiss and her breasts swelled against Penelope’s shrinking ones.   It didn’t take long for Sadie to ‘catch up’.  In the transition from C’s to D’s Penelope withered to the small letters of the Alphabet.

Chris rewarded Penelope’s enthusiasm, slipping his hand under her panties.   Her lips were wet and eager.  *Too bad I’m not doing more than visiting.   She feels pretty ready.*

In the short time he glanced down there, Sadie passed her up.   Now she was the one with a jiggly pair of Triple D’s while Penelope barely had an A-cups.

Even those melted away and Sadie’s breasts jiggled to full G-cups.   She pulled away, gasping for air and ran her hands underneath her new assets.  “I-It worked!  Wait no... I’m bigger than she was.”

“Well yeah, you got a little greedy,” Chris said.  He worked to finish of Penelope, she was so close to orgasm.  He raised his free hand to shush Sadie and Penelope let out a shrill scream of pleasure.  She slumped onto the bed, blissfully unaware of her predicament.

“You really did it.” Sadie leaned close.  “Pen really knows how to pick em.”

“Are you happy with that?  Or did you want more?”

“M-more?” Sadie straightened her back, looking down.  I’m already so... big.   I’m good I think, but poor pen...”

“Don’t sweat it.   I’ll just give it back.”

Sadie covered her chest.  “No!  I want these!”

Chris laughed.  “Don’t worry.   I just wanted to play around a bit.  You didn’t actually steal her boobs.   She just shrank, and you grew.   He slid away and recovered his book, smiling down at the words.   “There’s still one part left.  A lone condition.”

Sadie donned a coy smile.  “Oh I get it, you’re just using us to get off.   Small price to pay I guess.”

*I like her.   She catches on quick.*

“So what do I need to do?”

“Blow her back up.  She looks sort of sad with no tits, don’t you think?”

Sadie saluted.  “Leave it to me.  I’ll get right on it.”  She moved to hover over Penelope again, but Chris stopped her.

“Not like that.   She needs to be filled somewhere else.”  Chris pointed to her pussy.

“What?  I told you, I’m not--“

“You want to help your friend, don’t you?”

Sadie pressed her lips together.   “Seriously?  You just really want to see me do this, don’t you?”

“She deserves a bit of attention.   All things considered. “

“When should I stop?”

“You’ll know.  I’ll leave it up to you,”  Chris said.

Sadie settled down next to Penelope and pulled off her shorts and panties.   Her delirious friend made no move to stop her.

“Mmmm?” Penelope said, drifting her legs apart.  “More?   But I’ve been so bad...”

Sadie gave Chris a sideways look.   He waved her to continue.  “What should I do?”

“Blow her back up.   Think of a balloon, well... two balloons.”  He glanced down at his book, grinning.  *This thing is so awesome.*

Sadie licked her lips and lowered herself between Penelope’s legs.   There was no way she’d never done it before.   She moved too naturally.  Sadies’ cheeks flushed with embarrassment before she puffed into Penelope’s eager pussy.

Penelope’s chest reacted immediately, perking back up to A-cups after the first blow.  Sadie didn’t even watch, she already started getting into the game.  Huffing and puffing away like her life depended on it.  She pulled Pen closer to her bringing her to the end of the bed so she could get a better angle.

Chris cashed in on this too, setting aside the book to admired from above Penelope, who pressed her hands against her face trying (and failing) to stifle another scream of pleasure.  Her tits quivered with each puff-- but it wasn’t air filling her up, but rather natural breast-flesh.  It only took ten or so puffs for her to return to her ‘natural’ size.

But Sadie was too into it.   She hungrily licked Penelope, practically forgetting the purpose of the game.   Each sigh filled Penelope further and before long she fattened larger than Sadie’s new size.

Chris couldn’t hold back.   He reached out, pinched her swelling nipples through the fabric, and kissed her.  Her breasts bulged against his hair.  *Sadie’s getting carried away, a girl after my own heart.*

The sound of ripping fabric came to his ears.   Penelope’s shirt was no match for her new boobs.  He sat up and admired the way they spilled out of the top of her shirt.  A large rip widened down the middle.   She was pretty friggin huge.

*Guess this is proof I don’t need to write a desired size in the book.  This one’s on Sadie.*

He slipped off the bed and over to Sadie.  “How are you doing over here?”

Sadie snapped out of her trance and pulled away, only then realizing how big Penelope had become.  “Oh, shit!  I-- I didn’t--“

“It’s fine.” Chris said, sidling up behind her.  “You feeling a little riled?”

“Y-yeah.  But what are we gonna do about--”

Chris ran his hand along her thigh, up to her butt.

Sadie squirmed, smiling back at him.   “Uh-- I guess Pen can wait.”

“You want a fill up too?” Chris said.

“But I’m already...” She swallowed a lump in her throat.  “You know what, fuck it.   Do it an extra cup size or three  isn’t gonna hurt me.

*Or six.*Chris pushed his face against her ample butt and nibbled at the lips of her pussy through her clothes.   He did it more to get his bearings more than anything.  She was already moist and warm.  He took a deep breath and blew hard.   She let out a surprised yelp and fell forward.

“Oh my g-god  that felt amazing.”

“Mow Muff?” Chris said, muffled.

“I don’t know, my head feels fuzzy and oh god... boobies.  I don’t care anymore, make me huge.”

“Thafs Me.” Chris said.   He breathed in, smelling the stink of sex from her soaked panties.  He reached forward and felt his handy work, a single puff managed to pile on five maybe more cup sizes.   He got the sudden urge to inflate her even bigger than Ruby.  Without thinking he blew into her, she spread her legs wider and moaned.   Something pushed her farther back  hard against him.   He pulled back gasping for air to find Sadie completely pinned by her tits.  It looked like she was snuggling with two beanbag chairs topped with big fields of pink.

*Wow... that’s a bit overboard.*Chris stood, running for the book and wrote Sadie’s name.  JJJJJJ Natural appeared a second later.  He pulled out his Cellphone, snapped a picture and opened a calculator.   *Every time they go around the alphabet, it adds another letter.   So there’s 6... so... this is one-hundred-and-thirty-nine inches of tit, huh?*

“Sadie?   How you feeling?”

“Buuuh...?” She didn’t look up, instead she just massaged her boobs.  “Love boobies!”

“That’s not good.”  Chris tapped the paper.  “How should I fix this?”

“Chris?” Penelope smiled over at him.  “Didn’t you have somewhere to be at ten?”

He looked over at the clock and realized it was nine-fifty.  “Shit!  I’m gonna be late.”

“I’ll take care of Sadie.” Penelope said is a coy sort of way.  “Just come back when you can, neither of us have classes for the next few days and Sadie’s got plenty of food in the fridge.”

“Y-you sure?” Chris’ imagination went wild.   *Could it be, they plan to go even bigger?*  “Fine, thanks, Pen, call me if you need something.”

Chris tucked away the notebook and hurried out the door, full of ideas on his pitch to inflate Heather.   He just couldn’t get the image out of his head.  *She’s gonna look hot as fuck.  I might have to break my rule for her.   Just this once.*

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Chris didn’t have to go far to meet up with Heather.  Her dorm was only a building over from Sadies’ apartment building.   He texted her on the way.  *We still on for tonight?*

She responded in record time.

Chris let out a sigh of relief.  If Heather had put him off, he’d have a hell of time resisting the urge to go back to Sadie.  *I’m sure Penelope will take care of her for me.*

A few moments later she sent him her room number-- good thing too.   He wasn’t supposed to know it.  He throttled his excitement and forced himself to arrive late.  He needed to preserve the illusion of ignorance.   So he made his way to the central residential area of MSU.

Along the way, he spotted a few familiar faces.  *Couldn’t hurt to have a little fun while I wait.*  He pulled out the notebook and wrote the name, Francine.  The ‘D Natural’ that appeared next to it genuinely surprised him.

He sat on a nearby bench, trying to get a good look at her.   She was a cute brunette that favored sweaters, but he’d never really noticed her packing any *puppies* under them.  He almost thought the book was lying to him.

*That’s easy enough to check.*He wrote ‘J Natural’ next to it and glanced back to her once the ink turned red.  Her posture shifted and her once modest breasts swelled and strained against her top.  They still didn’t look nearly big enough, but it hit him all at once.  *Oh, I get it, she’s all about hiding them.*

He poised his pen to change it to a larger size.

“Did you hear about Anise?”  Francine said.  Chris froze.  He thought he imagined it but then she went on, tugging idly at her bra strap through her sweater.  “I heard she ran off with Jared.   He actually took responsibility for knocking her up.”

“I heard that’s not all,” another girl said.  “I heard when she went to confront him about it, her boobs grew.”

Chris tensed at the words, hardly hearing their laughter.   He stood up and started to walk away.

“Hey!” A familiar voice called to him.  “Chris!  What are you doing on campus?   Chasing tail?”

Chris glanced back to spot Naomi-- one of the girls he worked with at Mr. Chen’s restaurant.  Without thinking he waved with the hand holding the notebook.  “Hey.”

Naomi left her chatting friends and jogged over to him.  She wasn’t wearing a bra, per usual.  She didn’t really need one after all.  Her gaze went to the notebook.  “You left work hours ago, what’s with the order book?”

“This?  Oh... it’s my little black book.   It’s lucky.”

“Wow really?   You write phone numbers on paper?   What is this Nineteen-Eighty?   Is my phone number in there?”

“Not yet,”  he said smiling.  “Want to change that?”

“Nope,” she said.  “I’m not dating anyone till I graduate.  Besides, you haven’t really shown any interest in a round two.  I guess I’m just not your type, huh?”

There was some truth to that.  He didn’t really like it when girls lied about their *goods*.  Then again now he could do something about it.  “I guess I’m just honest.  You look better without the ‘help’.”

“You’re still mad about *that*?”

“Not mad, just surprised.” He tucked away the book, just to be safe.  “You should be proud of yourself as you are.   Either that or do something more permanent.”

“Haha.   I bet you’d come running back if I got big fake tits.”  Naomi tugged on her shirt for effect.  “Big pointy ones like Madonna right?”

“Nah, big boobs don’t suit you.   Either you stay the way you are or something reasonable, maybe a nice pair of C’s?”

She chuckled.  “You’re bold as fuck.  Why are you really here?”

“I have a date with Heather.”  He figured the truth wouldn’t hurt.  “She finally gave me a shot.”

“I thought she was one of the smart ones.  I’m not telling you where her room is.”

“You don’t need to.  She texted me it already.”

“So much for your lucky book.   I guess that’s just for the flings huh?”

Chris scowled.  “It’s not like that.  I mean I respected you right?”

“Yeah... and it was pretty fun.” Naomi nudged against him.  “Tell you what, when things fall through with Heather I can help mend the wound.”

*I already have a plan B.*He waved her off.  “No thanks.”  He glanced over at Francine.  Her words still bothered him.

“You must have boob-dar or something,” Naomi said.

Chris looked back at her, surprised.

“Francine is juggy as hell, yo.  She just covers it up.  I found out a few weeks ago.”

“I-I don’t know what you mean by that.”

“No way.   I saw you eying her.   You probably want to tap that huh?”

*Yes actually, but that’s another point.*“Look, I shouldn’t leave Heather waiting.”

“Well, have fun.   I’ll text her and tell her I kept you waiting.”

“Don’t bother,” Chris said.  Judging from her reaction, he said it a bit too fast for his own good.

“Sorry, I’m just... nervous.   I’ve liked Heather for a while.”

“Oh?” Naomi donned a catty smile.  “Until you find some tissue paper you mean?”

*Not a chance.  She’s 100% real.  I’ve seen to that.*  He left giving her a small wave.   He didn’t owe her a response.  The news about Anise was troubling for two reasons.   One, it meant he wouldn’t be able to undo what he did to her if she ran off.   Second, Pen and Sadie might put two and two together if the rumor mill got rolling.   With Sadie filled up to Boobzilla he might have been in a lot of trouble.

He texted Pen as he walked to Heathers room.  *How’s Sadie feeling?*

The response came after a minute or two.   *Bigger.  We’re having fun.*

That could be good or bad.  He’d have to test the range in Heather’s room.   He took the elevator walked down the hall and stood before the door.   A knot formed in his stomach and a boner in his pants.   He knocked once and the door flew open.

Heather wore a cute short sleeve little top without a bra and dragged him inside.   She closed the door behind him and locked it.

Before he could complain, she pressed against him with a needy kiss, running her hands along the side of his body.   Thankfully, the notebook pressed against the door out of her reach.

She pulled away breathless and gestured to herself.  “So?  What do you think?”

He looked her over, she was already aroused if her built in thermometers had anything to say about it.  The D cups she had now were his fault.  “They suit you.”

“Not as much as bigger ones would,” Heather said, grinning.  “I went shopping.”

Chris raised a brow.  “Shopping?”

She nodded and hurried to her dresser.   Heather’s room was simple and clean with her roommate’s  bed closer to the window.  She must have been out for the night-- which meant Heather had big plans for him.  The window curtains were closed tight.

She turned back to him with a ridiculously big bra.  It looked like two baseball mitts strung together with ribbons.  “This is the largest they had.”

It made Chris chuckle.   “You’re really looking forward to this, huh?”

She pushed the bra against her chest.  “You have no idea.  Did you want to see them before you... well... you know...”

“I... would,” Chris said.  His heart skipped a beat.   He almost wished he’d seen her natural size first.

Heather tossed the bra onto her bed and peeled off her top.   Her breasts flopped free, topped with the tasty looking silver dollar nips he made in his story.   She flushed pink but squirmed excitedly.

“Did you want me to drag this out?   Surely you don’t want to just ‘Bloop’ giant boobs!”

“It’s pretty tempting.”  She said.   She bit her thumbnail.  “I want to enjoy it, though.  What you did to me in the restaurant just... I... promise you won't laugh?”

“I promise.”

“I went straight home and masturbated for like two hours.   I can’t get the feeling out of my head.”

“That’s impressive.  I usually chafe by the forty-five-minute mark.”

They shared a laugh.  Chris stepped closer and kissed her on the forehead.  “I did some research, cause well, I don’t want you to feel uncomfortable.   Triple Z’s are--”

“It’s too much to ask isn’t it?”

He shrugged.  “Not too much to ask, it’s just... that’s really big.   I think that’s close to eighty extra inches of boob.”

“I don’t mind.” She snuggled against him.   “Unless you mean you don’t want me to be gross and fat.   I mean I could see why that’d be weird.”

*Wow, Heather’s a freak.   In a good way, I mean.*

He pulled away from her.  “Is that what you want?   I mean...  girls that big are usually thicker than normal.”

She blushed.   “Oh god, that’s weird isn’t it.   You think I’m weird.”

“We’re talking about inflating your boobs with magic.   Weird is O.K.”

“Then yes... I sort of want to be fat.”

Chris bit his bottom lip.  “I’m O.K. with that.  How about we start with your tits and butt, maybe make you a little chubbier and see how you feel from there.”  He reached back to the book and picked it up. “How should it happen?”

“I get to choose?”

Chris nodded.  “I think I can do it any way I want.  In fact--”

Heather’s phone rang.  She glanced back and scooped it up.  “Huh?   It’s Anise.”

“A-Anise?”

She nodded.  “I have to take this.  I owe her favors.  Hello?”

Chris sat on the bed and opened the notebook.   He wrote Penelope’s name in it and ‘M Natural’ appeared next to it.  *Good, she’s in range.*He wrote something hastily.   Revising the conditions of her and Sadie’s growth a bit.   Most importantly he added a clause:  *No matter what, Penelope or Sadie never say anything to anyone about their growing boobs outside of ‘they just grew’.*

The text turned red and he let out a sigh of relief.

Heather paced around at the end of the hall.  “You what?   You can’t drop out of school.   Jared is a jerk!”

Chris snapped the book shut.

“Just sting him for child support or whatever.   He dumped you once, he’ll probably do it again.  Look I can’t talk right now.   Can you please reconsider this.   Call me tomorrow.”  She hung up and tossed the phone on her dresser.  “Can you believe that?   She drops out just like that, because of a kid.   That reminds me, you brought rubbers, right?”

He nodded.  “L-look we don’t have to have sex.   Let’s take it slow.”  *Yeah, cuz inflating her tits is slow.*

“Oh, right.” Heather scratched her cheek.  “I guess that didn’t really help the mood, huh?”

“It’s cool.  I heard Naomi talking about it.   I saw her in the courtyard.”

“That’s a relief,” she said, sitting next to him.  “So where were we?”

“Talking about how we plan to fill you up.   You uh-- bought that bra... did you want to try filling it out first?”

“I *wanted* to break it.”

*A girl after my own heart.*“Can we start with a smaller one first?   Why settle for it happening once?”

“Oh, great idea.”   She hurried to her dresser. and pulled out a lacy little bra.  “This one shouldn’t last too long, huh?   It’s only a B-cup.  I liked how it looked on me... made me feel like I grew a little.”

Chris waved her over.  “That’ll work.”

She slipped it on, snapping it on from its front clasp.  Her full D cups spilled out of it, like she’d already grown quite a bit.

“Mmm... this is pretty maddening,” she said, letting out a small moan.  “I remember how right it was before, now it digs into my nipples.   I loved that touch by the way...  did you want to touch them?”

Chris nodded and gave them a squeeze, tugging the bra so her tits spilled out the bottom too.   The whole ordeal was awesome.   Heather’s enthusiasm really raised the urge to have sex with her.  “How about we keep it simple.   I’ll make it so you grow a fourth of a cup size with every knead and squeeze.   This way we can draw it out a bit.”

She nodded enthusiastically.   “Sounds good.   What do I have to do?”

Chris wrote the conditions in the book.   He added a very specific kiss as an on and off switch, just in case he couldn’t hold back anymore.  The ink turned red and it was ready to grow.  “You’re sure you don’t mind?   I mean... I haven’t figured out all the quirks.”

“Let’s figure them out together.”  She squeezed her tits together in a sultry fashion.  She looked down and scowled.  “What?   Nothing’s happening.”

Chris leaned forward and kissed her, bumping the tip of his tongue against hers just for a moment.  He pulled away, smiled and gestured to her chest.  “Now try.”

She looked at him in a daze.  It must have been a while since she got a good kiss.  That left him feeling great.   She kneaded her breasts and let out a surprised squeal.  A quiet gurgle came from her chest and filled the tiniest bit.  She gaped down at herself and worked quicker.  The bra tightened and strained, her nipples stretched out and pinched against the bra sending waves of pleasure through her.

“I-it’s really happening,” she said.   She arched her back and let out a moan of pleasure.  The pressure got to her but not more than the pressure got to her bra.   It snapped at the clasp and her tits flopped free.

A glorious set of H-cups quivered before her.   She leaned closer and whispered to him breathlessly.   “We’re just getting started Chris.   It’ll take way more to pop that monster.”

They smiled over at the giant bra on the bed.  It was gonna be a fun night.

--

   Heather’s breasts strained against the bra with each breath.   It became a game.   With each inhale, her breasts quivered and fattened.  It was getting hard for Chris to resist pouncing on her-- he could already tell she was soaking wet and ready.

   He had to distract himself.  “How do they feel?”

   “Really full,” she said between gasps.  “I feel like I’m going to pop.”

   “That’s no good.” Chris pulled closer, intending to kiss her.  She stopped him.

   “I said I feel like it.  I’m not going to.  It’s happened a few times already.”

   “What do you mean?”

   Heather leaned back and moaned.  Instead of telling him, he got  a nice demonstration of her point.  Her breasts gave out slightly, sagging lower on her chest.  All at once her breasts gave more slack, permanently stretched by the bulging surge of fat.

   “Oh I get it... they’re stretching out a little.  It doesn’t hurt does it?”

   “They’re stretching out a lot.  It hurts a little, but it’s making me really horny.   C'mon Chris, fuck me already.”

   Well, she did ask.    Chris leaned close to kiss her.  She backed off, but this time he caught her chin.  “I don’t want you to get carried away during sex.  We can always make you bigger after the fact, right?”

   “But I want to inflate while you fuck me.”  He words were low and lusty.   “I bet that would feel amazing.”

   Chris smirked.  “And let you overshadow my talents?  No way.  Just humor me here.”

   She didn’t resist his kiss this time.  He touched his tongue against hers, the signal for her to stop growing according to his story written in the book.  What she didn’t know, he’d included another little surprise for her.

   He turned her over roughly and unbuckled his pants.   She giggled against the sensations of the second condition.  “What’s so funny?”

   “My stomach... its ticking.”

   “Well.  I listened to everything you had to say.  I hope you enjoy the ride.”

   He tore open a condom and slipped it on with practiced expertise.  A lewd gurgling filled the air and Heather’s delectable derriere quivered.

   “Y-you... Oh, Chris, this feels good-- really good.”

   He rubbed her tailbone, sliding his fingers to cup the curve of her ass.  To be honest, it was his favorite part of her body.   He just couldn’t get the image of her naked butt out of his head, but he had no problems giving it a bit of a boost.

   He pushed the tip of his cock inside of her moist pussy,  but she flinched away.

   “A condom?  Why?”

   He frowned.  “Well... you know safe sex and all--”

   “No way.  I want it the real way.  If you have the power to make my tits grow, you have to be able to keep me from having babies.”

   That was true enough, but it didn’t protect him from STDs... and he hadn’t gotten confirmation from his inside source yet.  “I’m thinking.  Just, give me a sec.”  Maybe I could write something in the book to make sure she’s clean.

   Chris scooted over to the nightstand and plucked the boobnote from it.  “This might be a weird question, but have you ever had sex before?”

   Heather flushed red.   “Of course I have.”

   Thought as much.  Chris twirled his pen.  That’s problem, right there.

   She sat next to him and peeked down at the book.  He made no move to hide the page, it was dedicated to her after all.   She read the passage under her breath.  “Huh?  The hornier I get, the fatter I get?  With a five-minute time limit after you stop my boob growth?”

   “Yeah, I didn’t want you to end up like Jabba the Hut.”

   “But that means I’m wasting time.”  She spread her legs and fingered herself.  “I wonder how big I can get.”

   Heather closed her eyes and worked herself into a sexual frenzy.  Her stomach shimmied from her tracing circles around her swollen clit.

   “You’re really into the idea of being fat, huh?”

   “The fatter I am, the bigger my tits can be, right?”  A surge of weight poured into her waist and a flatulent slapping sound came from her.  “Heh.... excuse me.”

   Chris lowered his pen to write, but he caught a glimpse of her breasts straining against the bra.  The weight of her breasts shifted and bubbled out the bottom.  She hadn’t grown any, but her breasts lost firmness.  She’d gotten more ‘room’ in them.

   “Take off your bra,”  Chris said.  “I want to see how big you’ve really gotten.”

   Heather complied, the bra came off easy and her tits sagged down to her belly button.   She’d gotten a nice belly now, not really fat so much as pleasantly chubby.

   He kneaded a free hand against the skin of her stomach.  “That’s a good stopping place, don’t you think?”

   “Mmmm not yet.” She arched her back and moaned again.  Her swelling stomach looked great in contrast to her heavy breasts topped with hard nipples.

   Chris couldn’t really argue.  As she went from chubby to outright overweight her breasts lolled to either side of her stomach.  He turned away to write in the book.  Heather.

   The book responded with an unsurprising estimate of her current breast size, a T cup.  He resisted the urge to up that number and wrote a bit after it.  If he was going to have sex with Heather, he had to make sure his bases were covered.

   His phone chimed-- Leah texted him, he recognized it from the sound.  He picked up his phone and scowled down at the screen.   I knew it.  According to Leah, Heather was a no-go.

   “Mmmm, what’s that all about?”  Heather said through her trance.

   Chris waved off the concern.  “Nothing I can’t fix.”

   He wrote in the Boob Note.   Most of it was the same as his story from before, but he mentioned Heather being a virgin-- but lied about it to her friends.   To make it a bit more believable and to prevent a ‘mess,’ he mentioned her experimenting; secretly ordering a dildo online and accidently broke her hymen that way.  He also made sure she started taking birth control for college.  Seconds later, the text turned red and Chris glanced to his phone.   Leah’s text had changed.  Heather’s all clear.  Have fun!

   He loved this book.  He send a quick ‘I’ll make it worth your while’ back.

   “C’mon Chris... I’m ready,” Heather said, her voice low and lusty.

   Chris tossed aside the book, slipped his cock free and rolled on top of her, kneading his fingers in the soft folds around her stomach.  She’d overdid it, but it didn’t make him ant less excited.

   “Hmm, someone’s a liar.”  Chris said, nuzzling against her neck. “You’re new to this.  You’re sure you want me to just barge in.”

   She blushed furiously.  “H-hey.  I just didn’t want you to... you know--”

   He put a finger on her lips.  “It’s cool, there’s nothing to be ashamed of.”

   Chris chuckled just beneath the surface.   He couldn’t help but wonder who he’d erased-- but he probably did her a favor.   That bastard gave her an unwanted gift in exchange for taking her virginity.   Nothing a Boob God couldn’t fix.

   His phone beeped again.   He ignored it this time and pushed into her.  As fat as she was now, she was super tight-- but she wasn’t tense at all.   She wanted it.

   He kept it slow and waited for the time limit to wear out before he built rhythm.   Her tits and stomach wobbled with each thrust.  “This is nice... but I sort of like you the way you were originally.   I’ve wanted you for a long time, you know.”

   Heather clenched the bed, balling her hands into fist.  “R-really?”

   “Yeah,” Chris said.  “It was true enough.  Giant tits were nice and all, but Heather was genuinely cute, dating material.  You don’t mind if I put you back to normal for round two do you?”

   “R-Round two?” She said, sighing.  “I’m not sure I’ll make it through round one.”

   They shared a laugh and he kissed her.   Her breasts pressed against his chest.   The small talk kept him centered.  After all, he didn’t want her ‘first’ time to be disappointing.

   His phone beeped again.

   “Someone’s popular today,” Heather said.

   Chris pushed deeper into her to answer.  He didn’t care who was calling him.   This moment was for him and him alone.  Best of all, he didn’t need to lie about anything with Heather.  She let out a satisfied sigh of pleasure and they struck a rhythm of pleasure.  Time lost all meaning and he surrendered to a passion he didn’t know existed.

   He tottered on the edge of ecstasy but couldn’t release, his body wouldn’t let him.   Chris kissed her deeply, savoring the urgency of it all.

   “You... You can come inside me.  I’m on the pill.”

   “I know,” Chris said.  “But I want you to know, I wasn’t kidding when I said I wanted you... and now that I have you--”

   His phone started ringing.

   Irritation bubbled up in him.   What could be so important that--

   He lost his focus and realized how long he’d been holding it in.   All at once he erupted inside of Heather.   She donned a coy smile and and squeezed him, milking out every drop.   Chris was mortified, he couldn’t remember the last time he went before a girl and with Heather of all people?

   Heather kissed him on the nose.  “Someone really wanted this... huh?  I guess you owe me one.”

   Chris pulled away sheepishly and scooped up his phone.   It was Samantha.

   Huh?  Why is Sam calling me?  He answered it.  “What’s up?”

   “Fucker!  Answer your phone faster!   It’s the restaurant, something really bad has happened.”

   The worry must have been on his face, because Heather gave him a concerned look.   Or she could just hear Samantha’s loud ass voice.

   “What happened?”

   “Mr. Chen... he’s been arrested.   The Police are swarming the place like flies on a corpse.  It’s like something out of a movie!”

   Chris’ heart sank.  “Mr. Chen Arrested...?   For what?”

   “Human-fucking-trafficking!  Chen’s a slave trader!   Look, I gotta go.   Meet me at the restaurant.   There’s gotta be some mistake.”  She hung up.

   “Chris?   What happened?”

   “Something really bad.”  Chris gave her hand a squeeze.  “Sorry, but they’ll expect you to come too, so we’re gonna have to put you back to normal.”

   “What?  Oh... well.... I guess that makes sense.  And I mean you could always just to it to me again right?”

Chris nodded, half listening.  *But I’m a little worried.   There’s no way the allegations aren’t unrelated to this book.   I had better play it safe.*