**The Booth by Shamus Baran**

Each step reminded me why I wanted to use the booth.   My breasts still jostled with every stride.  It’s been that way since I was twelve-- looking back on it now, it seemed like they grew over night.

I folded my arms under them, it doesn’t help.   In fact, it draws more attention from passing men and some women.   The attention doesn’t bother me as much as the dull ache of pain in my back.

I heard about the booth from a friend, Janice.   She came to me looking like some sort of porn star,  like she held out her hands and said: “out to here, please.”  like we jokingly did before we grew our own breasts.

Janice hadn’t been so ‘lucky’ with perky B cups that drew plenty of attention from boys.  She just didn’t know any better.  I imagine she’ll change her tune in a few weeks-- when the novelty wears off.

I approached the booth, a sleek silver thing in a quiet part of town.   A group of three women, a few years older than me--girls out of college age-- whispered to each other and pointed to it.

“I dunno.   It just seems sort of creepy,” one said.

“I don’t really want implants,” another replied.

According to Janice, they weren’t implants.   They were real.  That’s why I came here.   It had to work in reverse too.

I politely pushed past the three women and into the lone curtain.   The inside was roomy, larger than the inside of van.   Otherwise it looked like one of those photo booths you saw at carnivals.

Janice said it was free too.  So what’s the harm?

A sterile stink of cleanliness invaded my nostrils, not really a bad smell but the sort of thing you’d expect in a hospital.

“She’s actually gonna do it?” a voice said from outside.

Hell yes I’m gonna do it.  I’m sick of these ugly bags of fat.

I reached out and pressed a button just below the ‘camera window’ or at least that’s what it looked like.  It let out a gentle chime and gentle light filled the room.  A thin metal door slid shut behind the curtain and all trace of natural daylight gave way to artificial illumination.

A blue glow appeared in front of me-- it looked like a single eye.

“Hello, welcome to the New U system,” a voice said with the deep tremolo of a male.  IT sounded pretty sexy.  “This is a complementary beta testing phase, please note there may be some unexpected circumstances.  Despite this, satisfaction is guaranteed.  Do you agree to the Terms and Conditions?”

I let out a small sigh of relief, and parted my lips to agree, but a wall of text appeared on the screen before me.   It was no different than a website with a scrolling bar on the side.   I looked through it, reaching out to scroll through eight pages of legal jargon.   None of it sounded bad, including the part where I would still be allowed to  pursue damages if I wasn’t happy.  My sister was a lawyer, so I knew a few things.

“I agree.”

“Excellent,” the voice said.  The text vanished and a slow rotating 3D hologram of my body projected in the air.  It was a little creepy, considering I was naked and I got a good look at myself in a way I’d never seen. It wasn’t like I made it habit to take nude pictures.

I’m a nice looking girl, if I say so myself.   Relatively slim save for a bubble butt and a pair of triple Ds.   The holo was monochrome, the same blue glow as the eye, but my long red hair was the same too-- they just splayed it out so it didn’t cover my back.  The image left me feeling a little self conscious, it even showed my lady parts-- where I’d had boyfriends tease I have ‘chubby lips’.

‘Marie Kolsten’ appeared on the upper right corner of the illustration.  That’s me, I guess I should have mentioned that.

“What do I do?”

“Make the desired adjustments on the holo.   Do not worry, there will be a confirmation period before any changes will be applied.”

I raised a brow and reached out.   When my finger got closer, the image stopped spinning and a little pointer appeared alongside my finger, scanning over my nude body.  It took me a bit to get used to it and I double tapped on the breasts.  A slider with a plus and a minus sign framing it appeared.   I tapped the minus sign and low-and-behold the holo’s breasts shrunk to Double Ds.

I was elated.  This was going to work great.  I mashed the minus button until the holo showed me completely flat-chested.   I got a little too excited from the prospect-- even sexually aroused.  The room’s neutral aroma gave way to the smell of my own arousal.  It was really embarrassing.

I shouldn’t go too far.  I mean... I still want to have boobs.

I tapped the plus button twice and it left my image with perky A-cups.   I couldn’t wait.  I could wear cute little outfits, go braless if I wanted to and even take up some sports.  I couldn’t see a confirm button.

“Uh, computer?  I’m done.  This is what I want.”

“Are you sure this is the configuration you want?

I got annoyed.   “Of course it is.  I just finished--”

“Error.”

“Whaaat?” I slammed a fist on the bench.  “What do you mean error?”

“This unit is not configured for reductions.  Sorry.”

My heart sank.  It was too good to be true after all.”

“Are you satisfied with the service I offered today?”

I clenched my hands into fists.  “No.  I didn’t get what I wanted, how could I be satisfied?”  I got an idea all at once.  “I thought satisfaction was guaranteed.  It says so in article B-3 that I’m not satisfied I can pursue damages.”

“True.  As such, this unit is prepared to provide reparations.”

I then noticed the door was still closed.  I had a bad feeling.  The light in the room turned red and warmth spread through my chest.  My breasts shook, like I just broke into a full sprint.   The pain was unbearable.   I wrapped my arms around them, if only to stop the motion, but it didn’t help.  They jostled and shimmied underneath and I became keenly aware of the fact they were swelling.

“What?  No!” I doubled over, wincing at the sensation of the added weight.  My nipples became unbearably sensitive and the warmth tightened, focusing on the tips and sending a dull throb through her areola.  They were stretching.

I let out a gasp and sat up straight.  My breasts pushed against my bra, causing the strap to dig into the flesh of my back.  I reached back, fumbling with the clasp but it gave out and snapped before I could finish.  The strap raked my skin, but it was eclipsed by a hard tug on my back-- the discomfort of my breasts flopping hard lower on my chest.

The red light faded and settled to the pale blue.  It was over.

I flinched against the cacophony of sensations and gingerly lifted my shirt.  My breasts were huge.  At least two full sizes larger, but I didn’t even know what bras if boobs bigger than triple Ds.   This was a disaster.

“Are you satisfied with the service I offered today?” the voice said.

Rage bubbled up inside of me.   “Of course not!  I asked to be made smaller and instead you made me look like some sort of cow.   Look at me!  Do I look happy?”

“This unit suspects you are not satisfied.   As such, this unit is prepared to provide reparations.”

“Wait,” I said, calming a bit.  My rage shifted into fear.  “I don’t want reparations.   Just let me out of here.”

“Impossible.  Satisfaction... is guaranteed.”

The lights turned red again.  I turned to the door, banging on it.  “Help me!  This thing has gone haywire!”

No one answered.

Pressure built inside of my breasts, like someone hooked air nozzles up to my nipples and cranked them full blast.  I cradled my hands around them and realized how little they bounced.  They were too full now.  A new problem arose, they felt like they were going to pop.

I groaned against the creeping pain in my back.  The weight was worse, so much worse.  The felt twice as heavy now and I couldn’t imagine standing with such monstrous tits.  It would snap me in two, I was sure of it.

  I leaned back and bit my lip.  My tits swelled past the base of my ribcage and my nipples-- god-- they looked like thumb tips framed with fucking dessert plates.

How could I ever like this.   Bastard computer.

I reached my limit.  My skin couldn’t hold out any more.  A terrifying sensation tugged at the side of my breasts.  I could only describe it as ripping.   A surge of growth came alongside it and I was sure it meant my tits were bursting.  The pain in my back became unbearable, like my spine gave out then and there.  A loud crack filled the air, I assumed the worst.

Instead, I was hit with a great sense of relief.  A sensation I’d never felt in my entire life.  My tits landed hard on the top of my stomach, jiggling more than they ever had.  They were soft again, but pillowy was a better word. The pressure on my nipples vanished and a spreading warmth tickled them instead.

My back felt amazing.  I rocked back and forth to test it, but felt no pain at all.   Instead I felt limber and lithe.  The weight was still there-- amplified even-- but it didn’t hurt.  I felt invincible.

What just happened?

I cupped my hands under my breasts and cooed in pleasure.  Without even touching them, my nipples stood out erect.   I couldn’t resist pinching them and doing so sent a wave of pleasure through my body.

“Are you satisfied with the service I offered today?” the voice said.

I turned my gaze to the blue eye in a daze.  I answered honestly.

“No.  Because I want more.”