

Macromastia Millie

The late August sun glared high in the sky, already warming the northwestern city of Spokane to a balmy 80 degrees, the hot air rushing in whenever someone left the building.

I looked at my watch nervously, for what was probably the fifth time in the last two minutes; it read 9 o'clock.

"Dad, come on!" I yelled into our hotel room. My mother stood by my side, waiting as well. We watched from the hallway as my father hurried around the room, making sure we hadn't left anything plugged in or under the bed.

"You know your father, always making sure we didn't leave anything."

"If we leave something, they're not going to give it back!" He yelled, "I told you about my wallet right?"

"Yes, Dad, we've heard the story about your wallet. Come on! Check in is at 9:15!"

"It's just down the road, Hon. How about you go put our stuff in the car and we'll check out, meet you out there." My mother suggested.

"Fine, but I can't be late for orientation because Dad is paranoid about losing a sock or two." I grabbed hold of the cart and pulled, wheeling it into the late summer morning outside, trying to hold the door.

A business looking man jogged towards me saying, "Let me get that for you," holding the door open while I pulled the luggage cart over it's threshold.

I looked him in the face, a youngish looking guy with what was probably a bright future ahead of him. "Thanks!"

"You're welcome..." He sounded distracted, as he entered the hotel, and he hadn't return my eye contact. Hardly any men ever did when they first saw me. The first thing they saw was my chest. Always. Although I could hardly fault them for it.

I wasn't an unattractive girl, in fact I usually thought that I falled on the 'cute' spectrum. I had a thin, shorter build, and according to my driver's license I was 5'1" with brown hair and hazel eyes, weighing in at 160 pounds.

I know what you're thinking: I'm coming in at five feet tall and 160 pounds, and I'm saying I'm thin? Here's the catch; part of that weight is my chest. I know it is by definition, but for me, it's a significant part. Late in high school I was diagnosed with Macromastia, which basically means I have big boobs. Really, really big boobs. It affects every woman differently, but for me, we're taking larger than my own head. In terms of bra sizes, let's just say that my cup size wasn't exactly in the first half of the alphabet.

So you can see why I can't really blame them for starring a little; they're often the first thing they see when they look at me. My chest enters a room before I do.

Looking down, the lightweight tank top I had chosen was showing a big of cleavage, my boobs packed into two sports bras. I sighed a little bit, pulling up the neck line as best I could,

but it couldn't really be helped. It was going to be a hot couple of weeks, and I'm not going to be able to wear very concealing clothes. It's cleavage, or boob sweat.

I had become used to the staring, even the pointing done by some kids. But I would be lying if I said my boobs weren't one of the causes for the anxiety I was feeling on my first day of college. It was hard enough going through such a big change in my life; worrying about how an entirely new group of people would react to my condition wasn't helping.

Opening the car and tossing our bags onto the pile of my belongings from home, I looked around for my parents. I could see them inside the lobby, talking with the receptionist. Bouncing nervously on my heels didn't seem to make them move any faster. Finally the door slid open and they met me at the car.

"Ready to go?" Dad asked, pulling out his keys. I didn't even answer, only jumped into the car and buckled my seatbelt.

The drive to my campus seemed long and drawn out, and Dad didn't seem to want to listen to my directions. But finally, the moment arrived, and as we parked along the curb in front of my new dorm building, it suddenly became real. Hordes of new and returning students were everywhere, and I found myself actually a little afraid to get out of the car.

"Do you need to go sign in or anything, Sweetie?" Mom asked, looking at me in the back seat.

"Yea..." I confirmed hesitantly. Part of me wanted to just go back home. Maybe I didn't really need a college degree. But I knew that wasn't a smart choice. "Wait here for a second..." I finally said.

Gathering all the courage I could muster, I opened the car door, and leaned out, using the ceiling handle for support as my breasts carried me out. I know, it's surprising, people do actually use those handles sometimes.

Closing the door, I felt my chest heat up like ten different pairs of eyes were already on it; or it could have just been the sun. Regardless, I had to push forward into my new adult life. I approached the sign-in table, thanking God that it was a woman sitting there. Women's eyes still shot to my chest, but they didn't linger near as long as guy's did, usually. My heart beat wildly in my chest as I neared her.

"Hi! Welcome to Swandon Hall!" She said to my breasts, her eyes wide. "Are you new here this year?"

"Y-Yes, Millie Carter..." Guys were ogling me as they came out of the building. A couple of them have each other fist bumps.

"Great! You're going to have a fun time here. I'm going to be your RA; my name's Jasmine." That time she had spoken to my eyes, and she reached out her hand. I eagerly shook it, she seemed nice. "Here are your keys, you're in room 306. And here's a map of campus with a schedule for orientation weekend. Just let me know if you have any questions, and you can start moving in when you're ready! It looks like your roommate has already checked in too."

"Thanks, Jasmine." I said smiling, hoping I had matched her energy. I didn't think I had.

The time had come for me to move into my dorm, but boxes were something I despised. For obvious reasons, I had to carry them under my breasts, and it was impossible for me to stack them. It was times like this my condition really became an inconvenience. It made me feel less-than-helpful, watching my dad carry stack after stack of boxes up three flights of stairs, meanwhile I had to keep my load small.

Walking through the halls of my new home for the next year, I felt the eyes of parents more than my fellow students. A caught a couple wives glaring at their husbands when they saw them staring. One guy got a slap to the arm.

For the first few trips to my room, only my roommate's stuff was there. It wasn't until we were nearly done making trips that we walked into the room and saw her and her parents helping her unpack. Her mom had been hanging clothes in her closet, and was the first to see me. I swear her eyes nearly bugged out of her head when she realized the two giant white cushions on top of the box i was carrying were actually my breasts. She had a gold cross hanging around her neck. It was always the Christian moms that had the worst ideas about me; funny how easily that 'made in God's image' concept can fly out the window.

"Sarah, I think your roommate is here!" Her mom called.

The girl looked up from some boxes, and had a similar look of surprise come over her face. "Hi, I'm Sarah!" She was a tiny girl, with black hair cut into a pixie cut.

I put my single box down heavily and shook her hand. "Millie. Apparently we matched on that personality test they had us take!"

Sarah smiled. "These are my parents, Hank and Liz." Her dad leaned forward to shake my hand, his eyes looking like they were going to split his face at the seams as he tried to maintain eye contact. Her mom actually gave me a hug, which seemed like a normal thing for her, although I could tell she felt awkward with my chest pushing her away. My parents injected themselves, introducing each other to the three of them.

They all seemed very nice, and I was actually excited to get to know Sarah. Having someone I could pick out in a crowd at this point comforted me, and I felt a little more relaxed. My parents left the room to grab more boxes, and Sarah's seemed just about done bringing stuff upstairs.

"Alright Sarah, think we're going to head back to the hotel. We'll see you tomorrow before we head back home, sound good?" Her father asked, giving her a hug after her mother.

"Sounds good, thanks for helping me get set up. I'll text you about the orientation!" Sarah replied.

"And, Millie, it was very nice to meet you. Good luck at college, and please keep an eye on our daughter; she can be a bit of a handful." Hank said to me. His face blushed a little bit after saying handful.

"Nice to meet you, Millie." Her mother confirmed. I watched them both leave the room, leaving me alone with my roommate for the first time. As they walked through the hallway her mother's voice echoed, "Honestly, they're like basketballs, Hank! What are girls thinking

nowadays? They're 18 years old and ruining the bodies God gave them..." Her voice blended off in the distance, becoming unrecognizable. I blushed hotly; apparently Sarah's mother thought I had done this to my body at my own choice.

Sarah saw how uncomfortable I had become, hearing what her mother had said. She smiled weakly, saying, "Sorry about that... My mom doesn't really understand that her voice travels..."

"It's alright..." I accepted, awkwardly going through my boxes.

Sarah was quiet for a moment, feeling as awkward as I was, if not more. "I don't think they look fake..." She finally said, "If that helps."

It did a little bit, but it didn't help diffuse the tension. In the past, I had found it better to just explain them to someone if I was going to be around them a lot. "They're not fake, I have a condition..."

"I think I've heard of that! Macro something..."

"Macromastia," I finished for her, "It means I had a lot of growth in not a lot of time." Things were quiet again for a moment, and the need for a comic relief was painfully obvious. I broke down and added, "But if you think these are big, you should see my back muscles!"

Sarah snorted, and started laughing uncontrollably, much more than the joke had been worth. She looked at me with teary eyes. "Guess that's why we paired on the personality test; opposites attract!" She patted her own chest, a much much smaller pair of B cups that complemented her own frame.

I was already feeling comfortable around Sarah. I felt like she was someone I would really get along with. We chatted for a bit while we unpacked, getting to know each other, finding out what we had in common while my parents brought in the remainder of my belongings. They were in a hurry to leave before the day got too old.

My dad placed the last of my boxes on the floor, sighing deeply. "Think we're about done here, Millipede." He had called me that since I was little. Sarah giggled to herself upon hearing it. "We stocked your mini fridge with some snacks, and all the heavy stuff has been taken care of."

My mother was standing beside him, dabbing her eyes, "I can't believe I'm going to leave my baby at college..." She started crying, and approached me for a hug. "You make sure to call everyday. Twice sometimes. Even if you don't need anything."

"And watch out for boys. I won't be here to give them a talking to like high school." My dad made sure to add.

"I will, Dad." I assured him while still clamped in my mother's grasp. My breasts always seemed so small in her hugs... My dad shooed my mother away, giving me one of his goodbye bear-hugs. "Take care, Millipede." Even my dad seemed choked up.

The goodbyes said, my parents left, dramatic wailing following my mother as she walked out of the building. I had to fight back my own tears as I thought about how much they had done for me as a child to get me to this point. They had sacrificed so much, and always supported me

through whatever I had wanted to do. Even with my condition, they supported me as I tried out for every kind of sport. They were good parents.

But now I was on my own. And my breasts seemed to weigh extra heavy as the solitude set in. Sarah's voice made them a little lighter.

"Hey, you going to the orientation picnic in an hour?"

"Will there be food?"

"There will be food."

"Then I'm there! I'm starving..."

The hour progressed by quickly between Sarah and I chatting and setting up our room. Soon our bellies were growling and it was time for the picnic. Groups of students could be seen migrating from the dorms towards the center of campus; pop music could be heard coming from the same direction.

Walking out of the building, Sarah decided to say, "Just so you know, I don't know anyone else here. So you're stuck with me glued to your side for who knows how long."

I smiled and laughed, "I'm fine with that. I'm in the same situation."

We walked on, taking in the campus, the grass and trees full of late summer lush. "You're like a magnet for guy's eyes..." Sarah whispered to me, looking at the other people passing by.

I laughed a little, feeling my chest bounce. "You don't need to tell me. Usually they regain a little bit of sense after a minute or two. High school taught me how to ignore it pretty well..."

"I imagine you would have to... I barely survived high school as it was... It must have been rough on you."

"It's all in the past now..." I said more for myself than her.

"Hey, how about joining a wet t-shirt contest we're setting up!!" A loud voice called out. We both looked around, and saw a group of older guys standing outside an older brick dorm. My mistake was looking. "Yea, the girl with the giant cans!"

"Ignore them." Sarah told me. I did, but it didn't help much.

"It's pretty hot out! Boobs need to stay cool too!" I heard laughs and high-fives being passed around them.

My face was getting hot and embarrassed, and they were drawing more attention to me with their calls. People were starting to stare at the girl with the giant boobs. Sarah could tell I was starting to get uncomfortable, and she pointed to a path leading between two buildings. "Let's go through there."

I nodded and followed her, still feeling their eyes on me. "You look better coming than going!" They yelled.

"Bastards can get alcohol poisoning tonight for all I care." I stated. I felt like running back to the dorm and hiding until classes started. Or calling my parents to come back and stay for one more night, like Sarah's.

“We don't have to go.” Sarah suggested, slowing down and looking me in the eyes. I'm sure she saw the pile of tears piling up.

I wiped my eyes and looked ahead. “No, it's fine. It's only words...” I half faked a smile, and she smiled back, worried.

“Just tell me who to kick.” She assured me. I laughed lightly at the thought of kicking one of the men, easily twice her size.

“Thanks, Sarah... Let's get going, I can smell the burgers.”

The picnic was relatively uneventful. We had secured our own little spot on the grass as we ate, and watched students as they found their way around. Different groups were already starting to form, and it was obvious who had known each other before college. Even with Sarah, I felt more lonely than I had expected.

“That's the girl I was talking about...” Someone said quietly. I looked up and saw two guys walking past slowly, their lines of sight obvious. “Holy cow...” The other replied, “Literally.” He decided to add, and they both shared a hearty laugh at my expense, disappearing into the crowd. I pulled my tank top up as much as I could, but it didn't help.

“I hear they're playing a movie in the quad tonight on an inflatable screen!” Sarah piped up, trying to distract me.

“I saw that! The schedule didn't say which movie though...” I turned my mind away from it.

“Probably some Marvel movie... Wanna go?”

“Yea! I'll bring a blanket.”

The rest of the daylight slipped away over the next few hours. There weren't that many orientation events planned today apart from keeping students busy. It was mostly meant to give everyone a chance to move in. By the time it was dusk, both Sarah and I had our rooms set up exactly the way we wanted. I grabbed a blanket from my closet.

“Ready?”

“Yea!” We left the dorm, and felt the cool night air of summer rush over us. I held the folded blanket over my arms in front of my breasts, and felt camouflaged. It hid them well.

We found the giant screen set up on one side of the grass, a mob of students sitting in front of it. We found a spot near the back, both agreeing that it would be quieter and easy to escape when the time came.

We didn't wait long for the movie to start, and the experience was surprisingly enjoyable. I had found it difficult to believe people would be quiet in a setting like that. Movies were one of the few things that demanded more attention than my chest, and it felt nice to relax.

Sarah shivered next to me. “I think I'm going to grab a light sweater... Kinda cold without the sun out. You want me to grab you one?”

“No thanks, it feels nice.” I told her. She got up quietly and left for the dorm.

Suddenly I heard a familiar set of voices. I looked towards them, confused how that could be, and my heart sank when I saw it was the same group of guys from earlier. One of them saw me, and whispered to the others, "Check it out, Pamela Anderson is here too." They sat right behind me. One of them sat their backpack on the ground and I heard beer bottles clink inside.

I could feel their eyes burning a hole through my back. "How big do you think she is?" One of them asked.

"I don't know... But I think we found the cafeteria's milk distributor; think she'll give me a discount if I ask??" They got a good laugh out of that one. I could feel my face growing hot, trying to just focus on the movie and wait for Sarah to come back.

"Must have gotten into her daddy's cow's growth hormones as a kid!"

"Moowoooo." One of them took a swig from their beer. They didn't smell like it was their first couple bottles.

"Moowoooo." They were all getting in on it now. My eyes started to sting as I fought back tears. All I wanted was to feel comfortable in my own body and not be ridiculed.

Moowoooo

Insults seemed to echo in my mind. I couldn't tell which was real and which was my own mind telling me they were right.

"Guys, Bessie isn't responding."

Moowoooooooo

"Maybe she just needs a nice bull to mount her."

Moowoooooooooooo

Tears were all but running down my face now. It was a fight to not squeak when I breathed.

"Ide give her the milking of her life." They laughed, gulping back beer.

Tears rolled off of my face and fell onto my breasts, feeling cool. I looked at them in disgust; I was a cow. No woman needed breasts like I had. I was deformed. More tears fell, and my vision became blurry. A wet hiccup escaped my throat, and I knew I was past the breaking point.

I grabbed the corner of the blanket and stood up, wrapping it around me as I walked away from the drunk college guys.

"Must be time to return to the barn!"

Another hiccup, following more tears as I blinked. I walked away from my dorm, towards a small lake I had seen on the campus map. I just wanted to get away from people.

Hardly anyone was walking around campus, most either at the movie or having a goodbye dinner with their parents. Sniffing as the tears flowed, I weaved through buildings, coming up on a path overlooking a rather large pond. I spied a bench not far away, and felt a possible refuge.

The wood was cool as I sat down, and I wrapped the blanket around my shoulders and chest as I began to sob. I hadn't asked for the body I was given. I was having a difficult time

remembering a time where I had actually been thankful if it. My breasts had been nothing but in the way since high school, even preventing me from doing regular activities like running.

My eyes felt puffy and red, and my breathing was quick and stuttering. I cried silently on the edge of campus, feeling alone and ridiculed. I missed home and my old bed, my golden retriever Scotty.

“You ok?”

I looked up, startled. I hadn't heard anyone walk towards me. He looked like he was just starting college too, but his features were blurred through salty water. “W-What?”

“You're crying, is everything alright?” He asked kindly, sitting beside me. I sniffled loudly, and wiped my face with the blanket, trying to dry my eyes. He had a good complexion, with short brown hair and matching brown eyes. He was in a t-shirt and jeans, and looked like he might be almost a foot taller than me.

“It's nothing...”

He smiled. “I'm Dave.” He held out his hand to shake mine. The blanket fell behind my back as I reached my arm out to meet it.

“I'm Millie...”

“That's a cute name, it suits you.”

I sniffled again, and looked at him. My sadness seemed to melt away as I looked in his eyes.

“You miss home, right? Everything you've gotten used to the past 18 years or so... Suddenly it's all totally different.”

“It's not so different...” I said, looking at the ground. “I thought it wouldn't be so much like high school, but it turns out it's worse. Here people can say what they want; there's no teachers in the halls keeping an eye on them...”

“Did someone make you cry?” He sounded shocked, almost defensive.

I nodded, looking at him again. “They were drunk, saying some really hurtful things. But I doubt the beer had too much to do with it...”

“What could they possibly say about you?” Dave asked, concern in his voice. He leaned on his elbows, resting on his knees.

“They...they called me a cow...” I managed to say, as the tears started flowing again.

Dave seemed dumbstruck. “Why? Why would they say that??”

I looked at him, a sort of anger bubbling up. Suddenly I blurted out, “Because I have these giant useless tits, why do you think?! Do you want me to spell it out for you??” Tears ran down my face.

He continued looking in my eyes, and i felt the anger subside a little. He finally said, “You know, I hadn't even noticed them.”

I stared at him, hard. Not a single person had ever said that to me before. A smile cracked on my lips, breaking into a grin. I chuckled a little, then started laughing, quickly becoming out

of breath. "That's the best joke I've ever heard!" I said through gasps, "'What do you mean you have boobs bigger than your head?'" I imitated him, laughing harder.

He had started laughing with me by now. "Ok ok, I'll admit that I had noticed them..."

"Trust me, no one misses these things!" I laughed, patting the tops of them. I felt like I had done a complete 180 in a matter of seconds; I felt happy and calm in front of Dave. Like I didn't have anything to be ashamed of. He was blushing slightly at the current topic.

"Are they...uh..."

"Real?" I finished. He was blushing harder. "Why don't you see for yourself?" I stuck my chest out towards him and arched my back. It looked like he nearly fainted.

"I couldn't..."

I giggled and retracted my boobs. "You pass."

"I knew it! I knew that had to be a test!"

We laughed for a few more seconds. "But to answer your question, yes, they are real... I have something called Macromastia."

"I don't think I've ever heard of that... Kinda sounds like a type of pasta."

I giggled again. Dave was making me giggle a lot. "It's more a curse than a carb."

The movie sounded in the distance and he heard it. "You didn't want to watch the movie?"

I looked down, "That's where I was before coming here... I don't really feel like going back."

"You want to watch a movie with me? I have a lot on my laptop, and my dorm has a lot of couches."

I looked at him suspiciously, it had been very forward. He seemed to read my mind. "No pressure! You're one of the few people I know here now, just trying to make friends. Nothing weird."

"Fine, but it had better be a good movie." I smiled at him, and he returned it with the same warmth I was becoming accustomed to from him.

"The best. Have you ever seen *Rubber*?"

"Dave, without a doubt, that was the *worst* movie I have ever seen." We had just finished watching *Rubber*, and we were sitting on one of the couches in a back room of his dorm looking at the credits scroll on his laptop.

"What's not to like?? A tire develops telekinetic powers and takes its revenge on different people around town! It's revolutionary!" He laughed at his own description. "Do you need to tell your roommate where you are?"

"Already did before we started the movie. So you better not kill me; someone knows who I'm with and where!"

“Unless I have you a fake name! I might not even go to this school! This might just be the laptop of some kid I already killed!”

I couldn't help but giggle at most things he said. I looked at his eyes as he looked back, and not just felt happy, but safe too. I pulled my knees up to my chest, and could see his eyes straining to maintain contact. “Oh just look already!”

“I'm sorry! Is it that obvious? I'm trying to be a gentleman, but biology makes it hard. But I know there's a lot more to you than your boobs...” He was blushing again. Even in the low light from his computer it was obvious.

I was almost speechless. “No one has ever said something like that to me...”

“But it's true... You're a full person, and have a great personality to boot. It must have been hard growing up with Macromashia.”

“Macromastia,” I corrected him.

“Right, that!”

He had been right though. “It was hard... Especially high school...”

“How do you get diagnosed with that anyways? It can't be something that just happens over night...” He stared at me as I raised an eyebrow. “Right?”

“You'd be surprised actually...” I took a deep breath, “Hope you're ready for an awkward story about my giant boobs.”

He wiggled in his seat, acting like he was settling in. “Will there be visual aids?”

“Shut up!” I giggled, “You're lucky I'm about to tell you my life story.” Looking at my chest, there was a fair amount of cleavage showing; for once I didn't try and hide it. I sighed again before starting. “I can't believe I'm about to tell someone all of this...”

Dave waited with a smile.

“Nothing happened until after puberty. It's a common misconception that with Macromastia you suddenly go from flat to giant when puberty hits. That's not the case; puberty had been pretty normal for me, no less so than any other girl's actually. At 16, I had a respectable D cup. Nothing weird, right? Totally normal pair of boobs. But then a little after I turned 17 and went into Junior year, they started growing again. And I don't mean a little here and there. I mean my boobs went from a D to an E cup literally *overnight*. I woke up and none of my bras fit. They hurt like hell, and were sore all the time. And they didn't even stop there! This continued for like two weeks. I would cut the tags off a brand new bra in the morning, and by dinner I was popping out of it like a balloon. There were times when I was actually scared I was going to burst if something touched them. My parents didn't know what to do, and even the doctors were confused. Eventually a specialist was brought in, and at the end of Junior year i was diagnosed with Bilateral Virginal Breast Hypertrophy.”

“That's a mouthful...” Dave said.

“It's an armful, is what it is. Basically my boobs were going to grow extremely fast in a short amount of time, which they did. By the time I was diagnosed a few months later, I was a 32K cup. Let me repeat that cup size to you: 32K. In high school. My tits were these giant flesh

monsters growing off of my chest like I was part of some wacky science experiment, and my skin could hardly keep up. My mom was fretting about rubbing them with lotion every night to prevent stretch marks. And they called me so many different names in school. The worst was Milky Millie, which is why those guys calling me a cow hurt so much more. And you know what else? The doctors don't even know what causes Macromastia. Even worse, some people have the same thing happen, but to only one breast. Not even both. In those terms I got lucky."

"No kidding... That sounds like you'd be confined to bed or cursed with a messed up back..."

"Right? But I got lucky, and instead *both* my tits grew to be enormous. Also lucky for me, a little after the diagnosis, their growth slowed down drastically. The doctors said they would, but it was impossible to say when. But another common aspect of Macromastia is that the growth never really stops, which brings us to today."

I inhaled deeply before continuing, "Right now, my official bra size is a 32S. *S*. As in 'snake.' That means my breasts add nearly 20 inches to my bust, at this moment. They don't even make bras half that size regularly! And get this; they're still freaking growing. Can you believe that? My boobs don't think they're already big enough. So now, starting college in my young adult life, my tits are still growing at about a cup every two years. Based on the doctors last physical."

"I-I don't know what to say..." Dave admitted.

"You don't have to say anything. It's no one's fault, my boobs are just broken. One day I'll be forced to get a reduction simply because they won't stop growing."

"Have you considered doing that now?"

"Oh sure! But they don't do it on anyone under 21. I'll be a 32T or a 32U *at least* by the time they'll touch me with a knife. Until then, I can't do any sports, I can't wear regular clothes, I can't hug people without making it awkward, and I can't go anywhere without my tits being watched. I can't even have kids because of the risk it will pose to my body when lactation starts! I'm a freak with tits bigger than my own head that are always growing."

"I don't think you're a freak..."

"Dave, you're a nice guy... But you have to admit, these are too big."

"I think you're beautiful."

That had stunned me. I had been told I was beautiful before, but Dave had sounded so sincere when he said it. Most importantly, he had looked me in my eyes when he said it. I was speechless.

He continued. "They're big, exceedingly big. But like I said before, you're more than your chest... You're kind, and I think you understand people, and you're gentle. I feel like I could talk to you all night. But your breasts are a part of you too, and if they're a part of you, then they're beautiful. No matter the size."

I kissed him. I couldn't believe it, but I kissed him. I had known this guy for only hours, and here I was pressing my lips into his. What's even crazier, is that he kissed me back.

We leaned into each other, our breathing growing heavy. I could barely think. I felt myself taking his hand, and pressing it into my left breast. His hand groped me firmly without hesitation, and started squeezing me, exploring my titanic size. He laughed slightly.

"They really are big..." He admitted.

I smiled, "Told you." I arched my back and pressed my breasts into his hand. I couldn't believe what I was doing; I had never let a guy touch my breasts like this. I could tell he had an erection, and it edged me on.

I started leaning back, letting him lie on top of me as we continued kissing, both of his hands now massaging my breasts. He pinched my nipples through my shirt, perky nubs poking through my sports bras.

One of Dave's hands wandered downward, climbing under my tank top and started pulling it up, grabbing the elastic of my sports bras. I squealed softly.

"M-Maybe wait a bit before going that far?" I asked.

He kissed me again, pulling his hand out of my shirt. "No problem. So long as you're comfortable!"

I felt my heart leap. My arms wrapped around him and pulled him in close, holding his head into my breasts. He didn't miss a step, burying his face into my cleavage. I felt like for the first time, they had a function, and that was holding him close. I ran my hands through his hair as I felt him breathe against my chest. I could feel myself drifting into sleep, holding this guy I had only met, but felt like I belonged with. I closed my eyes, and enjoyed the weight of his head on my breasts.

A bright light was shining on my face. My eyes opened heavily, and I felt an even greater weight on my chest than usual, and the sun was shining through the window. Then I remembered. I had fallen asleep with a guy on top of me. Lying on my boobs like pillows. He was still there, his hair messed, snoring lightly. I couldn't believe what I had done last night. I barely knew this guy! And yet, it felt right...

I hugged him lightly, feeling him press his head into me as I woke him.

"Hey..." I whispered.

"Mmm hey..." He responded. He looked up at me and smiled.

I giggled, bouncing his head on my breasts, "Sleep well?"

"Better than ever. Have you slept on these things? They're amazing."

My heart fluttered. "I should get going back to my dorm..." He looked at his watch; it was only 6:30 am.

He groaned sleepily, "I'll walk you back."

We got up slowly, standing alone in the room, probably the only people awake in the entire building. And we hugged, kissing again. The magic from the previous night was still there, alive and beating.

He hid his laptop under the couch to retrieve when he got back, and we walked through the building quietly, trying not to talk too loud. He actually held my hand on the way back.

Standing in front of my dorm, we looked at each other. "Can I see you later?" He asked.

I kissed him goodbye. "You better believe it. Text me when you get the chance." I squeezed his hand, and scanned my way into the dorm.

Sarah was asleep in our room when I unlocked our door. She turned out to be a light sleeper, turning over to see me.

"Well well well..." She teased, "Look who it is..."

"Shut up..." I couldn't stop smiling.

"So you met a guy!" She exclaimed, "Tell me about it."

"He...treated me like no other guy ever had. He was kind and gentle and he *listened* to me. I've never opened up to someone like that before, Sarah. I told him so much about me..."

"Sounds like a great guy!"

I hesitated for a second before saying anything more. "I...I let him sleep on my chest..." I finally said sheepishly.

"Ooooh, so he's a great guy, and a boob guy!" She cooed.

"He seemed like a *big* boob guy..."

"Perfect for you then, right?"

I didn't say anything in response.

"You going to see him again?" Almost on queue, my phone buzzed.

"Looks like he already misses me!" I said full of glee, looking at my phone.

I had a great night last night :) thanks for opening up, I'm glad I could be there for you

"Breaking the three day rule, bold strategy!" Sarah teased.

I ignored her. This guy was giving me heart palpitations. I squealed softly, reading the text again and again.

"I'm real happy for you, Millie." Sarah congratulated, rolling over in her bed. "He sounds like exactly the kind of guy you need."

For once, I was happy to have my breasts.

The first month of school flew by. Dave and I had decided to start officially dating only a week after first meeting each other; we spent time together nearly everyday after classes, and most nights on weekends. But soon I learned something about Dave that I hadn't been expecting, but would change how I felt about myself.

We were lying on his bed one night, relaxing after a long Friday. I looked up at him as I lie on top, and gave him a soft kiss.

“You know, I can honestly say that I have never been happier in a relationship.” I said after a moment.

“It's only been a month!” Dave laughed lightly, “I must be a pretty great boyfriend.”

“I hope I'm just as good of girlfriend!”

“You most definitely are, with even a couple great side benefits if you ask me.” He kissed my forehead and poked a finger into the side of my chest, bulging out between us.

“Hey!” I twitched, “Careful with those! They could pop at anytime you know!”

“Mmm better not grow anymore then, huh?” We were quiet for a second. “Have those guys given you anymore trouble?” The question had hit me out of nowhere.

“A-A little...” I admitted.

“Mel, we need to do something. That's sexual harassment.”

“What can I do? I'm an adult; running to a professor or counselor seems childish.”

Dave thought for a second, and then chuckled. “It's still warm outside at night, and they still sleep with their windows open. We could leave some milk out for a day or so, and then load it into super soakers and douse their room while they're sleeping! Poetic Justice!”

I laughed a little at his idea, considering it for a second. “Sounds like a good prank, but then we're just kinda stooping to their level, you know? It's easier to just ignore them. Or maybe give campus security a tip about all the alcohol they have on our dry campus...”

“That would work too! You don't deserve how they treat you. No one deserves to have their body made fun of. Especially if it's because they have huge boobs!” He poked me again. Something popped up in my mind, and it wasn't the first time it had.

“Hey, Dave?”

“Yea?”

“You're not just with me because of my boobs, right? It's obvious that you're a boob-guy. But sometimes I feel like you like them *too* much... You're always saying how big I am...”

He was silent for a moment. I knew I had blindsided him with my concern, but communication is important to me. For a painful eternity, he said nothing. Finally he spoke.

“I know, I give them a lot of attention. But in no way am I with you *because* of them. Absolutely not.” I breathed in relief, although it still nagged at me. But he continued. “I think you're a beautiful person, inside and out. You're thoughtful, and always putting other's needs before your own. I don't think I've ever been so comfortable with anyone in my entire life. And I've said it before, but it's still true; your boobs aren't who you are. They don't change how I feel about you, it's hard to believe, but it's true. Liking someone for their chest is the same as liking them for their beauty, and it'll fade eventually. I want something lasting with you.”

“I feel the same way, Dave...” I kissed him again. “And I'm glad you enjoy my chest so much too. I know it's a nice perk for you.”

“There is something I have been wanting to tell you though. I've actually never told anyone.”

I held my breath, not knowing what to expect. “What is it? You can trust me...”

He took a deep breath. "I am a boob-guy, you're right on that. But...it's more than that. I have this thing, a fetish I guess...around breasts growing and getting bigger." I could hear his heart beating loudly in his chest as he confessed this to me.

"I'm not sure I understand... Like you're into my condition? Macromastia?"

"Not exactly... I'm into boobs literally expanding and getting big. Like, *big*."

"How big exactly?"

"It depends..."

"Bigger than mine?"

He hesitated, probably scared it was a trick question. "Usually, yes. Sometimes bigger than their own body... But it's not just about the final size, it's about the actual process, and why they're growing, and how the girl reacts to it..."

I could tell he was embarrassed. But I had to know more. "What do you mean process?"

"I mean how they're getting bigger, and why. Could be just plain growth, kind of like what you have, but even more extreme, or it could be because she has hoses hooked up to her, or she starts lactating, or she starts absorbing water... It's a very fantasy based kink..."

"I see..."

"Are you mad?"

I giggled. "I don't know how I could be mad about your sexual preferences. If anything, it really explains a lot. Like why you're always playing with them, or why you always get a boner when I complain about how I'm still growing or how heavy they are."

He blushed heavily. "You noticed that huh?"

"It's hard not to! Plus you're always burying your face in them. It's kinda cute actually. I'm surprised you've made it this long without begging me to take my top off with a fetish like that... Most other guys on dates hardly last through dinner." He gulped. Knowing about his sexual tastes, I felt more connected with Dave now; I understood more about his actions. And even then I realized, after a long day without seeing me, the first thing he always looked at first when he saw me was my eyes.

He clearly adored my boobs, but he adored me even more. Perhaps even loved me. We hadn't said anything like that out loud yet, but it was obvious when he looked at me. I thought for a second, and decided I could have some fun with him. After all, I was perfectly suited for it.

I groaned loudly.

"W-What? Did I say too much?"

"No, it's not that. It's my back; you wouldn't believe how tight my bra was today; I swear my boobs were *enormous* when I woke up." I cooed. I felt him get hard against my leg.

"Yea?" He gulped. His fingers were running along the giant curve of my tits now.

"Oh yea... I swear, it's like my tits just *swelled* last night." His heart was beating wildly. I looked up at him, using my best seductive eyes. "Do you think...you could, I don't know...*inspect* them for me?" He froze, then nodded rapidly.

I straightened up and straddled his hips. I slowly pulled my shirt up my body, grabbing the bottom of my sports bra along the way. I edged them up and up over my boobs, feeling gravity pull them out slowly, his cock tightening against my crotch.

“Ooooh they're so big now... I can barely fit this over them!” I struggled as I pulled it over the largest curve of my breasts, like pulling a belt over two soft basketballs. I felt them fall free, and slap against my stomach with their entire weight. For the first time in my life I displayed my naked chest to a guy, and I felt my nipples straighten out, puffing up to the size of the end of my pinkies. I knew without looking that my areolas were like puffy coasters.

I tore my clothes off my head, throwing them on the ground, looking down at Dave as I pushed my breasts together between my arms. “Well? Do they look *bigger* to you?”

He was speechless, staring at my bare boobs as they hung to my belly button. I had hit a sweet spot, and I giggled, jiggling my tits.

“Please, you have to help me, Dave! They feel so *full*! I didn't think my breasts could get any bigger... You can feel them growing!” I grabbed his hands, and shoved them into the mounds sticking nearly 10 inches out from my torso. He latched on, and his member flared under me.

I could feel my nipples grow harder as they pressed into his palms, Dave starting to massage and squeeze my knockers. *That was new.* I realized. Not once had I ever thought of them as ‘knockers.’ I looked at Dave, a look of total fantastical pleasure on his face, and it struck me; I was loving this. I had found a man who not only liked me for who I was, but actually had a fetish that fit my condition perfectly, even taking it to the realm of imagination! I felt in control, like my own boobs had power.

More importantly, as I tried to live up to this fantasy based fetish that I could never fulfill, it actually made me feel more normal. Pretending my boobs were going to swell to sizes bigger than my own body empowered how I felt about my own chest. It made me feel more normal, like their size was natural, and not a medical condition. It made me feel smaller. It spurred me on.

“Dave, I think they're growing even faster!! I-It's your massaging, you're making them engorge!”

His speed increased, as did his force, and I could feel myself getting aroused now. “They're getting so heavy, I don't know much more I can take!” I arched my back, slowly thrusting my tits into his face. I watched as his eyes widened like a kid watching a magic trick.

“Dave, you need to suck on them, please! Anything to slow them down! I won't be able to walk soon!” I didn't have to twist his arm. He lunged at one of my nipples, grabbing it with his mouth. I had never imagined that feeling a man's mouth around my nipples would feel so incredible. Like a warm wet massage with suction. I started moaning, unrelated to my inflation act.

“D-Dave, my tits are starting to get tighter! There's...there's a pressure building inside of them!” That only made him suck harder. I could feel my panties getting wet, the shaft of his member pressing ever harder.

“I think I'm lactating!! My boobs are filling up with milk!” He switched nipples, twisting the one he had been previously attached to, now engorged and wet. “Look at my breasts... And I thought 32S was big!”

He released, and I thought he was tired. But he grabbed both of my boobs, pulling them towards his head. I leaned forward, pressing them into his face as his entire head disappeared under my overflowing flesh. I gasped in surprise, as both my nipples were pinched, and pulled into his mouth. He started sucking my nipples simultaneously, and I could hardly control myself.

I started gasping, my hips rocking and bouncing against his. I was losing control. “Make me bigger, make me bigger!” I hardly knew what I was saying now. “Make my boobs really grow, Dave!” I felt my nipples flipping around in his mouth, being tickled by his warm tongue.

“Ooooooh I'm so big! Really blow me up! *Pump me up!*!” I yelled. I felt him suck hard, his fingers digging deep into my breasts. He seemed to freeze, and his cock throbbed under me. He bit down lightly on my nipples, and I groaned. I couldn't believe I trusted someone enough to let them put my nipples in their mouth.

The throbbing stopped, and Dave relaxed, his lips falling away from my boobs. He reached for my back, and pulled me down towards his side. I laid down beside him as he breathed heavily. I giggled, watching him catch his breath.

“How did I do?” I asked after a moment.

“It...It's not obvious?” He panted. I giggled again. “How... How was it for you?” His face was flushed red. “I wasn't expecting you to do that...!”

“I didn't wake up this morning planning to do it either, but it felt right! And it was actually really fun; I felt so natural doing it. Guess I was kind of built for it, huh?” I patted one of my breasts, sending waves through my flesh.

“You might be the most perfect girl in the world...”

“*Might?* After what I just did for you?”

“Ok ok, you *are* the most perfect girl in the world.” He laughed.

We lie there for a few minutes, enjoying each other's company and strengthened bond. I felt confident in my own body more than I ever had. “You know, the next time one of those guys says something, I think I'll flip them off and keep waking. I don't need their approval, and I shouldn't care about their disapproval. What matters is that I'm happy.”

Dave hugged me then. His arms wrapped tightly around me, and pulled me in close. He looked me in my eyes, and kissed me lightly. “Even if you didn't have Macromastia, I would still say I'm proud of you.” I kissed him back, and we continued lying in each other's arms, soon drifting off to sleep.

I knew that my breasts were still abnormally large, and that there were still many years of college and life ahead of me that would present more challenges than I could imagine. And I

knew that a day would come when I would be forced to get a reduction for my own health. But right then in that moment, I had accepted myself. I felt accepted by the friends I had already made at college. And I found myself thankful for meeting someone like Dave, who could like me not only for who I was, but for what I was, and we fit together like puzzle pieces. I didn't know where the future would take me, but I knew I was more prepared now than I had ever been. For the first time, my confidence was bigger than my breasts.