

Believe the Fortune-Teller

by Layla Heles

Disclaimer: This is a breast expansion story. The protagonist are all adults. If you are older than 18 years old well, you can read this.

“Danny, don’t look at me like this...!”

“What do you mean with *like this*?”

“Oh, come on! With *like this* I mean *as if my tits were about to inflate like balloons at any moment!*”

Danny and his girlfriend Layla were standing in the bedroom of her house. Layla’s voice was frantic, her hands moved anxiously. Danny glanced at the young woman with a mixture of apprehension and repentance, regretting for own equivocal look. The tension was so high that misunderstanding was easy.

Danny sighed silently, still wondering how could be so lucky that Layla loved him as much as he loved her. And Danny was deeply and madly in love with her. The guy embraced her girlfriend, trying to offer comfort. The couple closed their eyes, like the silent darkness between their bodies in contact could give more reassurance.

“Thank you dear...and sorry. I didn’t mean to be harsh with you...” Layla whispered, smiling weakly despite her preoccupation.

“Nah... don’t worry. Nothing happened.” he answered while started to caress gently her long red hair.

Everything had begun in the morning of the same day. Layla and Danny had gone at the Carnival, enjoying various attractions and eating sweets. Then they had passed in front of a fortune-teller’s tent. Danny had joked about it and had asked her to enter, challenging the distrust of her fiancée about this type of things. Or at least, she had masked an apparent distrust because she was too superstitious but was too embarrassed for admit it.

“Pleaaaaase darling! It is only an attraction like one other here! What it cost you?” he had asked.

At the end Layla had surrendered, entering with him in the black tent. On the inside was sitting a woman with dark bobbed hair and black make-up, dressed in a large black tunic. All her appearance was mysterious. In front of her there was a crystal ball, few tarots and a couple of candles. The fortune-teller had looked their future in the crystal ball. Layla was puzzled and a bit disappointed when the dark woman had told her to pay attention to the future, as a strange and unexpected development could have overwhelmed the red haired girl. Vague warnings like those were common and predictable from fortune-tellers and probable scoundrels.

“Mh... I could read it also on the newspaper’s horoscope. How could a development be something alarming? What type of development? How to predict it? What does it mean? Development can be a

good thing unless we are talking of disease or anyway something against me. I had bet that this game was useless...” had said Layla with a cryptic look, like she was arguing the prophecy. The fortune-teller had shrugged, not sure to can be more specific: predictions aren’t always clear and sure. Layla was about to leave the tent shaking her head uncertainly and skeptically, Danny confused on why her girlfriend had reacted like this, when the other woman had given them a pissed look.

“You shouldn’t joke with the future and the magic world. They might backfire against you!” had said harshly the fortune-teller, getting up from her seat. A sudden wind from nowhere had blown on the candles, extinguishing the flames. This thing had slightly preoccupied Danny and most of all Layla, unable to reply.

“My family is ancient and powerful. I can accept that not everyone believe in magic, but if someone enter in my tent and offends my prediction with contempt I am not surely happy. Magic is not at everyone's service and don’t show every angles of our life.”

“I didn’t mean to offe--” Layla had started talking uncertainly, but the fortune-teller had interrupted her.

“I can read your soul. You mistrust magic world because you are afraid of it. Every action has its consequence. Are you afraid from developments in your future? Well...”

Layla was incredulous: her behavior had spoken by herself also without clear words. Danny had not dared to do or said something: that situation had only confused him. He had only wanted to try something funny like discover their future, not create a mess! It would have been better leave that tent and continue to visit the Carnival.

“My prediction for you has come to me a bit generally, but I can reassure you that I have the power for add something more specific. Something decided by myself and not coming from your real fate, but that I can transform in a piece of your destiny!” had continued the mysterious woman, starting to move her hands in the air and reciting incomprehensible words like a spell... or an insult in another language. Maybe both. In the end of her mysterious act the fortune-teller had moved her gaze lower, from Layla’s face to her bust, emphasizing her voice.

“So you will understand what it means to have a weight on your conscience and your shoulders... and not only there... remember my prophecy!” had concluded the dark haired woman. Then she had readjusted her posture, letting Layla and Danny could see better something that previously they had not noticed because well hidden: under her tunic the half witch had huge breasts. She had pushed them outwards, covered by the large dress but clear that they were big more or less as volleyball. Surely a lot bigger than Layla’s 34C chest despite the two woman were tall almost the same, more or less 5 feet and 7 inches. The couple had looked at her speechless.

“Let's get out of here!” had said Layla annoyed, dragging Danny out with her. He had looking intrigued at the astonishing figure of the fortune-teller, bringing his attention back to Layla when they came out from the tent.

“What the fuck... it was a waste of time! And Danny, PLEASE, return on Planet Earth! Stop to think about those... *things*... and I hope you know what I mean!! I still wonder how she had hidden them so well!” she had said bothered, her boyfriend turning his embarrassed gaze away from her.

In the next hour Layla and Danny had walked again in the Carnival, but with more tension than before the event in the tent. Then something strange had happened: suddenly Layla had begun to feel dizzy and a bit tired. In a matter of minutes she had started to feel a tingling and hot sensation also on her chest, but she had no fever. Worried for her health, Danny had decided to take her home, not daring to leave Layla alone.

“How are you now? Do you feel better...?” he had asked warmly to her after a bit of rest and a glass of fresh water.

“I don’t know... I feel strange. Thank you for bringing me home. I... I don’t know... I feel like a sort of discomfort most of all on my chest, but also my shoulders...”

The strange fortune-teller’s prophecy had come in their mind...

...as now we can connect with the beginning of this story, interrupted for let a flashback.

Layla and Danny shared a hug, still uncertain of how she could be weak so unexpectedly in relationship with the strange spell of the half witch at the Carnival. He felt guilty, she felt stupid.

Then, when they were still hugging each other, a strange sensation overwhelmed Layla. It was a mix of pain and pleasure, focused on her upper body. She started to moan softly, embracing her partner stronger.

“Layla! What’s happening??” he asked worried, but for her is not easy answered to him.

“I – I dunno... m-my... ch-chest... oooh...”

She closed her eyes as an intense wave hit her... and her breasts started to grow. She could feel her flesh become softer, her chest become larger and heavier second after second, but slowly. They pushed even more towards Danny...and he felt them growing too. The space between the two lovers was even more thwarted by her new development, growing even further not only outward but also downward as Danny’s body interrupted a part of their course. They grew also sideways, pushing on her biceps and then on her elbows as their increased new volume surpassed their arms outwards.

Layla’s enlarged bosom pressed even more heavily against Danny’s pectorals, while they could feel the nubs of her nipples become erect and bigger, stimulated her more intensely. Her breath and moans was louder. In the meanwhile they were still embraced, with Layla’s head laid on Danny’s shoulder, using his body as physical and moral support. He continued to caress gently her hair, trying to offer comfort. He wanted to remain focus on her problems and this bizarre situation... not an easy task for a part of him.

Her breasts seemed to grow for another few minutes, the room almost in silence except for her half suffered-half pleased groans. Then her development came to an end. Surely she was not a C cup anymore, despite they had not see them yet. Her tits pushed also on their stomach, a sign of how large could be now, encased between their arms and bodies... and apparently still inside Layla's clothing.

"M-Maybe it's o-over..." said Layla with dry throat.

"Are you s-sure?"

"Yeah... but I don't want to see them..." she murmured, afraid from the situation.

Danny would have been a liar if he denied that he wanted to see her girlfriend's new body. He was a boobs appreciator, he had never complained about C cup of Layla. He had always satisfied by her body, but now... now he was curios of her new curves, curios as hell. But he understood the panic and discomfort of Layla and he didn't want to seemed callous. Anyway this situation had started to excite him, but praying she had not paid much attention to it.

"I understand you Layla... really... but maybe we should take a look on your situation..."

She didn't answer, still a bit breathless.

"You shouldn't underestimate the problem, darling. You... we should discover what happened to you. For your health."

After another few seconds of silence, she sighed.

"Ok Danny... You are right."

Discreetly she stepped away from him, but still keeping their hands in place on hips' partner. The sight shocked them. Despite her bosom was still in her clothes, probably her boobs filled up them to the brim, threatened their seams to burst soon or later with every little movement. Her V neck t-shirt, previously a bit large and comfortable, seemed by now very stretched and showed few inches of a probably vaster cleavage. The fabric also revealed her stressed black bra below it, with big bulges of flesh coming out in every directions not covered from her undergarment. Her enclosed chest protruded almost 9 inches towards Danny, still slightly touched his torso with her erect nipples. Surely, without any restriction, it would have been more than that.

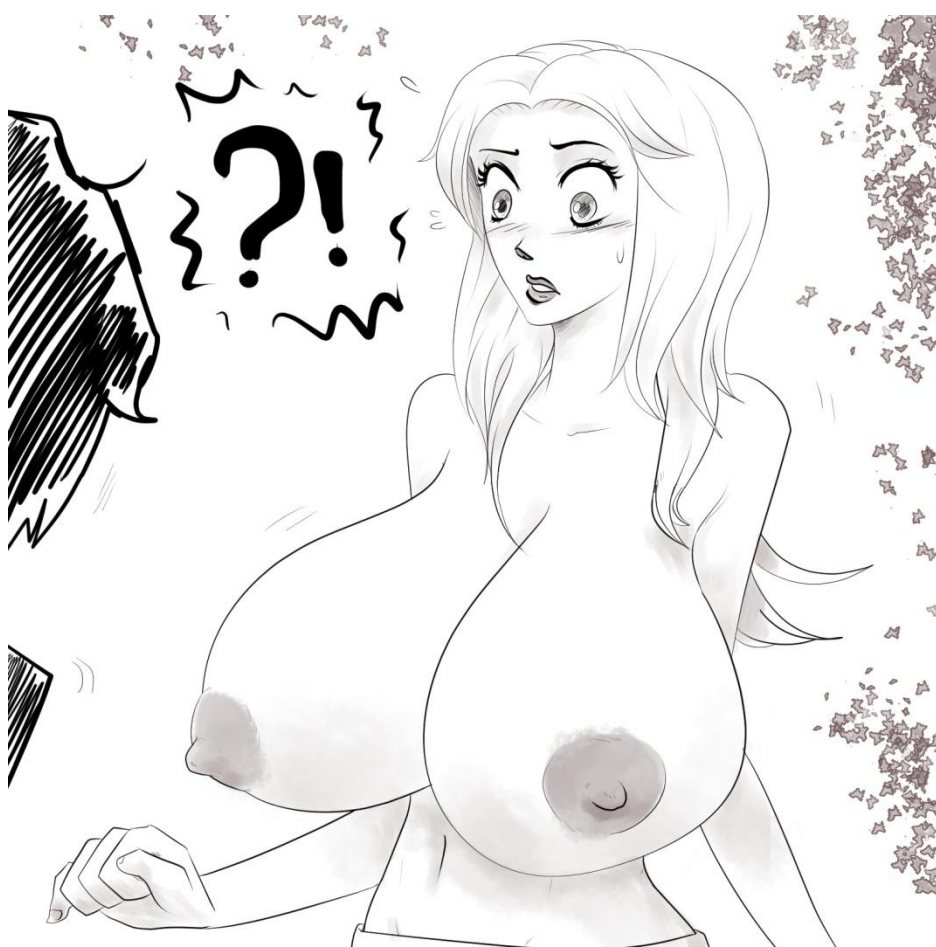
"Oh my... WHAT THE FUCK??" she said worried and upset. Danny watched her gawked... or even better, watched her breasts, unable to see anything under them. He remained silent, starting to blush.

"No, it is not possible. It is a dream. I'm dreaming, for sure!"

"I - I think... no...Layla."

"I... Oh, damn... these *things* are... insanely bigger... and *really* heavy! And my bra and t-shirt are starting to be *really* uncomfortable! I need to take them off!"

Danny watched her girlfriend tried to take off her t-shirt. Being more spaced from her, he noticed that her slim belly was now exposed as the fabric tried to cover her new upper development. Big movements of tit-flesh were made as she removed her garment. And after that, she wrestled with her bra, now incomparably small to contain her huge mammaries. Probably the cups were able to cover only a little more of her areolas. With some efforts and imprecations (and almost inaudible moans), she won her battle after a good minute. The vision of Layla's breasts release was truly amazing, most of all for Danny. Finally free of any confinement her bust bounced ponderously in every directions, proving its real size. In that moment she moaned with more emphasis despite she attempted to muffled it. She didn't want to admit, but in the mix of rage and concern there was also... arousal. Perhaps unintentional, but there was. The development must have amplified even her sensations, leaving her breathless again and flushed.



After countless seconds, her jiggling boobs come to an halt. Layla and Danny looked at them silently and incredulous. Her bare breasts were enormous: they projected before her at least 12 inches, still with a slightly pineapple shape but remaining plump and rounded, demonstrating their heaviness and their lower part reaching her navel. Even without a support, they made a soft hint of natural cleavage. Sideways they covered a good part of her arms, sticking out from her torso more or less 8 inches on each side. Her

erect nipples were an inch long, thick as her index fingertip. Her areolas were puffy, 3 inches wide.

Hesitantly, she put her palms underside her overdeveloped melons, bigger than Layla's head. She started to fondle them with kindness, ascertaining their great weight but also suppleness and softness. Compared to her immense bosom, her hands seemed so small and inadequate to sustain all that abundance.

"That... bitch... ! How... could she do that... to me?" Layla asked, still in conflict with herself for her different emotions. She didn't want to touch her own chest again, but in the meanwhile she wanted... she *needed*. As she reached her nipples, she woman closed her eyes when another pleased wail escaped from her mouth.

“Oooh... why my breasts became more... sensitive...?!”

Danny looked ecstatically to her girlfriend, but without lost his concern. All this play-and-discovery of her new giant mammaries made him sooo excited too..., his dick harder. Speak was more difficult for him as no sense thoughts came in his mind. He only wanted embrace her again with reassurance, cuddling her massive udders, surely too much big also for his hands.

“L-Layla... are you ok...?” he decided to speak, approaching to her discreetly.

“Y-Yes... No... Oh, I don’t know. Really. I am surely... furious, for what that fucking witch made to me. Because it is clear that it is her fault, her strange no sense words, only because I discussed her work...! But...”

She stopped her sentence, massaging again the sides of her truly big chest. These movements enhanced her cleavage deeply. Danny stared at her charmed, his throat dry. He waited that she continued her thought.

“But... I don’t know... it is also pleasant. I-I am ashamed to admit a thing like this...” she said, lowering her voice on the final part of her phrase while her face reddened even more.

“She was really a fortune-teller... and a witch... a woman with magic powers, in any case. She predicted a development and... there it is! Well, ehm... she predicted that and she added a development, like her action decided the vague fate she saw for you.” he agreed, scratching the back of his head with slight embarrassment.

“I am confuse, Danny. And I feel myself almost a freak. Look at me!”

“I... I am looking to you...” he said as her girlfriend had moved her hands in the air near her boobs for emphasizing her concept. “... But for me you are not a freak. You are... beautiful, as always.”

“You say this just to be kind with me...” she protested, her voice depressed.

“No! No, Layla... I am honest. You are gorgeous! I love you no matter how your body has changed.”

Danny stroked gently one of Layla’s cheek while his other hand went to do the same on one side of her soft huge breasts.

“...And you are damn hot, Layla...”

The couple looked into each other’s eyes affectionately, then the man kissed her girlfriend. Sensations grew as the kiss became more intense, their hands touched the partner’s body. They moved to her bed, Danny laid Layla carefully on the mattress while he stayed on her. Together continued to love each other with kisses and caresses in a loveable and funny ways, she becoming more confident of the truth of Danny’s appreciation words. She found almost unbelievable that he really liked a bust so large.

He decided to absolutely adore the new personal pillows of Layla. He couldn’t stop himself to fondle and play with them... and surely she liked it too. Her huge breasts filled the space between their upper bodies under the clavicles, her nipples rubbed against his torso. All the kisses, kneading

and friction turned her on madly... and obviously she had felt Danny's excitement too, since their previous embrace.

"Mmmh...D-Don't stop Dan... Please..."

Her passionate voice convinced him to satisfy her request, like she had forgotten the rage towards the cause of her bizarre situation. His lips touched Layla's skin passionately but gently, from her lips to her neck...and finally reaching her fabulous mounds. He kissed them lovingly and with pure desire. She tilted her head backwards when her boyfriend started to lick and suck her swollen left nipple like a baby who wanted mother's milk. Arousal grew more and more as he did it, the woman pushed and kept Danny's head with one hand against her soft breast. With the free hand Layla tried to reach blindly inside his pants, grabbing his erect penis. She was glad that her boyfriend was already in that emotional situation too. He moaned as she did it, sucking with more emphasis on her nipple.

"Layla... I'm..."

"I'm ready, dear... please... do it..." she said looking into his pleading eyes, just like hers.

Danny nodded with a smile. Their lips met again and then he put his throbbing member inside her wet cunt. She felt him enter and start to thrust back and forth in her, every movement sending thrills of pleasure, both moaning almost in sync. The fact that his manhood was well-developed, 7.5 inches long and quite large, made her sensations fairly strong. And, as if this were not enough, her magnificent breasts were caressed and rubbed by Danny's body through his passionate movements, trying to find more room for bounce between their bodies. The two lovers were tightly embraced, making the task of her boobs more difficult. He continued to kiss her on her lips, then her neck. When he decided to change a bit his position and use his hands for knead her great chest and her nipples, Layla's feelings grew stronger. She closed her eyes biting her lower lip as Danny thrust faster in her, understanding he was near his climax. When it happened, he clung to her with more emphasis, resting his head on her left shoulder and wanting more physical support. She reached her climax almost in the same moment, only one second after him. She did the same, clinging to his body more strongly and both moaning with pleasure during the orgasm.

They remained embraced on the bed for almost twenty minutes, trying to catch their breath.

"Hey dear... is everything ok...?" he asked to her. She nodded wearily but satisfied as him, a feeling that wasn't so easy to believe for her. But it was undeniable: their last sex had been truly amazing, probably the best they had done. Could the merit be of her bigger bosom?

"Mh... I think yes. I don't know what to think, Danny..."

He looked at her, still close to him. She seemed so sexy, fragile but strong all in one. He was fascinated and more in love with her. He would have done everything for her.

Suddenly, when Layla tried to move a bit and change her position, she made a lament. This worried her boyfriend.

"What's wrong darling?" he asked.

The woman sat up slowly, placing one hand on her left shoulder. Her huge breasts rested easily and comfortably on her thighs. She should have started getting used to feel the sheer weight of her chest against her flat belly... but also feel the effect of that weight on her shoulders and on her back too.

“My shoulders... they started to bother me. The fault is of my tits, I suppose...”

“Oh... ehm, yes... they got pretty big... is comprehensible...”

Layla looked at him. He had not stopped to smile nicely at her, ready to offer to her every type of possible comfort for her problems.

“Maybe I could try to... ehm... massage you.”

She was pleased from his proposal.

“Oh yeah... Thank you. It would be great!” she answered to him, smiling heartily.

With Danny’s good massage on her shoulders, her body recovered a bit of energies. During the process her eyes were not able to look away from her new boobs.

“A weight on my shoulders. The fortune-teller said something like this.” tried to remember Layla.

“And not only there, she added.”

“... I am not sure to want to try a weight scale now...!”

“... surely you gained weight on your chest. She meant this. But as I said, you look beautiful. And our love was... whoa! I want it again!”

Layla sighed, but also smiled at him as he did it.

“I want it again too. I am honest: despite the strange curse she made to me, I liked all the consequences. But next time I will learn to shut up in front of someone magic!”

“Every consequences? Really?”

“Mmmh... maybe *almost* every consequences. I don’t like backache!”

“Then... are you less angry?”

She let her head sway, then nodded.

“Yeah. Anyway I need to get used to it. Now I am a well-endowed woman. I mean, a REALLY well-endowed woman. And believe me, speaking of necessity, I absolutely will need some new larger clothes and bras. My old C cups are now enough to cover only my areolas! Who knows what size I need now!”

The End...?