Short Story Challenge 1

Content: This story contains breast expansion, and depictions of softcore sex.

The morning started like any other; dark, with a bit of dawn light to promise the coming sun.

I woke with an ache pressing into the back of my brain, ripping into wherever said organ kept my motor skills. Flopping out of bed with all the grace a beached whale could manage, I tried my best to take stock of my surroundings. There it all was: the telltale teal walls, all four too close for comfort. *At least it’s my room this time*. With a sleepy stretch I scanned the contents of my bed, barely lit against the cool glow that drifted between my choppy blinds.

*Damn, I did alright last night!* This guy, had he not been drooling into my pillow, would have put a lot of magazine covers to shame. The first thing I noticed about him was his hair, a shiny black waterfall that flowed just past the tops of his shoulders. I doubted that any clip, tie or hat could hold it for long. Behind that downpour of hair peeked a soft tan face comfortably asleep, embellished by a mouth with surprisingly full lips.

As I looked at those lips, I noticed my tits aching for the first time, a minor accompaniment to the din going on in my head. *Heh, guy must have been a biter.* I gave my reddened nipples a little bit of a rub beneath my shirt, hoping to take some of the edge off. I had to wonder at times if Freud was right. Man, woman, or anything in between, a hot night wasn’t complete without some kind of tit sucking. Regardless, I couldn’t help but admit it really got me going... made me feel sexy. What I had in terms of boobage wasn’t the greatest; they were just a couple of white, fluffy mounds that sloped outwards from my body, but fuck me I was proud of them tonight!

What I could remember came flooding back in murky feelings and images, egged on by the memory of this dude sucking on my tits. We may have both been drunk, but he was real considerate; asking ‘can I do this?’ before absolutely going to town. With enough deep reflection, I could even feel the ghost of that tongue working its way around the puffs of my areolae. *Damn*. The thought alone was taking me to primal places. I took a short glance down his body before heading to the bathroom.

I gave myself the once over in my mirror, which consisted of a top-down appraisal of my hungover mug. I looked surprisingly… healthy? I was having a good skin day to say the least; my face was clear, save for the familiar smattering of freckles across my nose. My lips seemed to have a happy pink glow, and were in that perfect goldilocks zone between chapped and swimming. And rather than being the red mess I’d expect them to be, my eyes looked as if they’d been closed more than the five hours I’d allowed them. It was like someone had thrown a subtle layer of makeup over my face, without the disgusting ‘slept in cosmetics’ feeling.

Forgetful drunkenness would usually have rendered me a zombie for the first six hours of the day, but the headache receded as if it were just the aftereffects of a dream. As that bad decision rinsed itself from my body, I could feel my raw nipples more distinctly.

I smiled at myself: a happy, goofy grin. Post-party, post-fuck and I was cute as a button.

My hand pressed into my nipple, and I racked my brain for any more sensory details from last night. All I could think of was that tongue, making hot, circular motions on each bud before easing into a gentle, up and down licking motion. I pushed deeper into my thin shirt, sighing as I did so. *His teeth… when he finished drilling into me with that tongue he looked up into my panting face and pleaded, pleaded so hard. He saw my red cheeks whisper yes, I need you to do whatever you were going to do and do it well and so he did… Fuck, yes he did.* The thought alone was burning me up inside. Both of my hands worked up to my breasts and began to knead. I looked so good today, and needed to give my body something, anything as reward. My aching breasts, responding in kind, pressed up against my hands in a way foreign to me, but so natural. I bit deep into my bottom lip as I could feel their soft flesh filling my hands, every pound of my fluttering heart filling them fuller. *He sucked as hard as he could before sinking his teeth deeper into my chest, pinching them harder until I thought they would burst. I screamed for more, yelled yes and hugged my body to his, tighter than my arms would let me.* I squeezed my swelling bosom; my shaking fingers exploring the new volume that they filled. Through my wispy v-neck, I could see the cleavage, *my cleavage*, press together like never before: a deepening line where I could feel the warm surfaces of my great tits against each other. As I rubbed, the circles I traced grew wider as more flesh pushed my hands outwards. As my body grew more generously outwards, the hands which could previously have covered my entire boob now seemed to shrink against them. The pressure they applied only made more titflesh push outward from my palms, making fat creases along the bases of each breast. Both of my arms ached with the pressure I put on them.

My breaths were short, my mind filled with images of the man in my bed putting his mouth around these huge, puffy nipples and working them raw all over again. With one final squeeze I could feel them push outwards in one final spasm before stopping. The force of this stop was enough to send a jiggle through the breasts, despite the fevered pressure my hands put on them.

Bleary-eyed, I looked back at my reflection with new interest. My breasts, once small creamy hills on my chest, now strained the front of my meager sleeping shirt. Through the window of my collar, their mass created a pair of dimples on either side of my torso. I let down my unsteady hands. Their new weight slapped against my ribcage, trapping part of my shirt in the underboob. They were magnificent, stretching out the fabric of my top so that a sliver of flat stomach showed between the hem of my shirt and underwear.

My mouth slightly slack, I gaped into the mirror like a frozen statue. *This is so unre-*

A knock at the door broke me out of my revelry. A voice, deep and melodic, sang from the other side. “Erm… you alright in there? I was gonna make breakfast, if you wanted. Eggs?”

I tore open the door, and we got the first full looks at each other since last night. His face was only the beginning of my winnings. I was looking at a Samoan Dionysus. His shoulder length hair tickled a slender, yet muscled torso which seemed to draw me closer by magnetism. A flat stomach led to a pair of pecs that bounced and shivered with every movement, all topped with a cute face that froze at the sight of my heaving breasts.

Richly brown eyes squinted at the sight, and he began to work that beautiful mouth “I’m really sorry about that. I can shrink them back down.”

Stopping to process what he’d said for a split second, my face relaxed into a seductive grin. I let a single hand drift up to my breast, making sure his eyes followed. “You’ll do nothing of the sort.” Closer I came, letting my enlarged tits brush up against his shirtless torso. I grabbed one of his arms, guiding it around me. We made eye contact, the room heating up around us.

“Will you fuck me again?”