*Game Theory (noun)*

*A mathematical theory that deals with strategies for maximizing gains and minimizing losses within prescribed constraints, as the rules of a card game: widely applied in the solution of various decision-making problems, as those of military strategy and business policy.*

Have you ever looked at a part of society and wondered how things got so bad? Maybe you wonder why politicians are all twits, or why every manager at your company is an asshole. There’s a reason for it, actually. It’s not just you.

That reason is game theory. Let me give an example.

Imagine you have three fisherman, all around the same river. They all sell their fish for $5 a head, and think that’s a very fair price. But then one of them lowers his prices to $4 a head. Well, no one’s going to pay more than they have to for fish, so he gets all the business. He puts out more nets and makes a killing while his two neighbors are starving.

So now both the other fisherman have to lower their prices to $4. But then one of them lowers his prices to $3, and the other two have to catch up as well. Then $2. Then $1. Now all of them are barely making it by, the bills are piling up, and everybody is miserable.

Did you see what happened there? Everyone was trying to win, and so everyone lost. That’s basic game theory, the study of how games and events and societies turn out when everyone is trying to get it all for themselves. Politicians know what they’re saying is stupid, and your boss knows he’s an asshole, but just like the fisherman, they feel helpless to stop it. Because the fisherman aren’t evil; the game is rigged.

Imagine you have three women, all in the same office. Each wants to be just a little bit more attractive than the others. They’re each flat chested and are perfectly happy with that. But then one of them shows up with curves.

The invention of a pill that actually caused breast growth was a sensation. The small time pharma company that invented Growinex became spectacularly rich overnight. Flat chested woman could finally have curves, and adventurous types could have the bust they always wanted.

Teenagers abused it. The news was rife with stories about sixteen year old girls with double-D breasts, and warnings from doctors that as their bodies matured their busts would only continue to grow. Some married couples fell in love again. Others had fights. A YouTube video called “How to Talk to Your Wife About Bigger Breasts” got twenty million views.

But let’s return to the three women, all in the same office. Are you imagining them?

Their names are April, Cassidy, and Florence.

April was the smartest of the three. She was also the one who cared the least about her appearance. She didn’t wear makeup and she didn’t wear heels, and it had never really bothered her that she was flat as a board. If she wanted guys to stare at her chest, she’d wear her gag shirt that said: “If you’re reading this, my eyes are up here.”

Where other girls fretted over the decision, she’d gotten a prescription for Growinex because it sounded like fun. She’d taken one pill at work on Friday, and when she walked in Monday morning, she wore her gag shirt.

The writing, once flat, was ever so faintly distorted. For the first time in her life, she wore a bra—a nearly perfect fit for her B-cups.

“What do you think?” she asked her coworker, turning in place to emphasize her profile. She’d dressed up a little. Her natural red hair was kept long, spilling down over her shoulders. She wore jeans that hugged her hips, and her gag shirt was a little tight around the chest.

“I can’t believe you did that,” Cassidy laughed.

Cassidy was the hardest working of the three. When April was learning to code, Cassidy was putting herself through business school. She wasn’t heartless, but she intended to die rich, and she wasn’t going to marry an old man to do it. If she wanted to be an executive, she knew she’d have to put in the time.

And if she was being honest with herself, the only thing she hated more than losers was losing herself. It burned in her heart. She still remembered getting second place in her school’s 8th grade science fair.

“Why not?” April giggled. “It looks good, right?”

“It does look good,” Cassidy agreed. She was a natural blonde, and kept her hair shiny and long down her back. She dressed smartly, pretty enough to catch the eye when needed, but not so pretty it was unprofessional. Skirts, a tight shirt, and a smart jacket—that was her uniform. “But it doesn't feel a little, you know, fake?”

“*Implants* are fake. This is real. I took two pills, they were really sensitive over the weekend, and then I swelled up. Poof.” She grinned, her manner childish and happy. “My skin’s a little smoother too. The doctor said that’s hormones. And it’s good! I feel more, you know, like a woman? You can tell me I’m setting feminism back twenty years.”

“No way. You go girl.” Cassidy snapped her fingers. “Probably not for me though.”

When Cassidy said it, she meant it. Having bigger breasts wasn’t something she worried about.

Until she saw all the guys who stopped by April’s desk to flirt. A few of them were creeps, but more of them were executives. Guys who were going places.

She gave her doctor a call that afternoon. When he got her her prescription, she took two.

“Oof.” Cassidy groaned, discreetly rubbing her chest under her jacket. When the other two girls around the break room table shot her an apologetic look, she explained, “still sore. I think I’m not used to the bra yet.”

“Admit it,” April grinned, “you saw me flirting.”

“No,” Cassidy replied, taking a sip of her drink to stall for time. “No. No. No.”

“You totally did.” April shook her head, still smiling. “They look good on you though. Looks like you ended up with a C-cup?”

“Somewhere between a C and a D. This bra is a little small.” Cassidy hefted one breast with a hand to demonstrate.

“Never asked if you had a boyfriend.” April shot Cassidy an inquisitive look.

“Not yet. But this’ll make getting one easier. I was thinking of hitting up Tinder, actually. Maybe taking them for a spin.”

The third girl at the table sat there silently, forgotten amidst the conversation. She was Florence, and she was the most beautiful of the three, and the one who cared about her appearance very much. She was flat-chested, yes, but she had wide and full hips, a thin waist, and a firm butt she exercised every day. She kept her dark hair in elaborate braids, and when untangled it would flow all the way down her back. She kept her skin clear, her smile bright, and wore clothes that showed off her figure.

Her figure from the waist down, that is. She’d never had curves to speak of. And sitting at the lunch table, she realized she’d been left behind by the new fad.

She called her doctor that evening. Then she took three.

“What do you think?” Florence asked. She’d worn her best skirt—the best one she could get away with in the office anyway. She’d worn a low-cut black tank-top that snuggled tight against her new cleavage. She was a full DD, and her outfit showed it.

April turned in her swivel chair. She squinted at Florence. For a few precious seconds, Florence got the rush of victory. She’d restored her rightful place as the most beautiful woman in the office, and April was left at a loss.

Then, April smiled. “I think those are some big honkers you got there.”

A bright red flush rose into Florence’s cheeks. For half a second, she stammered. “W-well, I was thinking of going C-cup, but I figured, why not stand out?”

“Sure!” If April noticed Florence’s embarrassment, she gave no sign. “Taken them for a spin yet?”

“Uh…” Florence swallowed, still struggling for a fit reply. “Yes, actually.”

“Is it good? Because I heard with the hormonal shifts, they can be a bit, you know.” She nudged the air with her elbow. “Active.”

“They’re, um… very sensitive, yes.” She drew in a breath and tried to recover her ground. “Not to share too much information, but it might be the best sex of my life. I melted like butter.”

“Sounds like you’re enjoying them.”

“I am,” Florence replied. “It’s good to be—”

“Because I was thinking of going a little bigger myself. I kind of like the attention, you know?”

She pulled a pill bottle out of her desk, grabbed a bottle of water, and took three more little black pills on the spot.

“When my foot hits the floor too hard,” April said, “I jiggle. Not a lot. Nothing anyone else would ever notice. I mean, I wear a bra. But once every few steps, I feel that faint vibration. And it’s a reminder, ‘hey, you’re a woman.’ I feel my shirts *stretch* to support my weight. And that’s a reminder, ‘hey, you’re a woman.’ And then a guy I like oogles me, and that’s a reminder, and sometimes I don’t tell him to stop.”

“So…” Cassidy hesitated. “You feel feminine then.”

“I feel like I’m the biggest girl in the office,” April grinned. She was somewhere north of an F-cup, and over her new bra, she’d worn her old gag shirt. It was so tight, the fabric groaned with her every breath, and the words “my eyes are here” were sucked in underneath her bust.

“They say more than a handful is a waste,” Cassidy mumbled.

“My future boyfriend has big hands.” April gestured at herself, sucking in a breath. “I know it’s temporary, but *wow* they feel amazing. Cassidy said having a man handle hers made her melt. I have to be careful to keep my hands off them or I’ll melt myself.”

“Horny, huh?” Cassidy’s eyes went to the table.

“I’ve been spending so much time flirting, I need to go hide in the conference room to work. Boys are *distracting.”*

“You’re distracting,” Cassidy snapped.

But April only smiled. “You flirting?”

Next week, Cassidy found April in the conference room. There was there early, the blinds drawn and the door shut, trying to focus on her word. Her fingers typed quickly, and her keyboard produced a steady clatter. The noise stopped when Cassidy entered the room, her coat pulled tight around her.

They locked eyes across the conference room. Silence hung in the air.

Then Cassidy dropped her coat. Her bra was from a specialty store, and even then, it strained to support her weight. April couldn’t even guess her cup size, but it was somewhere above an H-cup. Two tiny nipples poked into the black fabric of her bra.

“You said,” Cassidy spoke first, “that when you took too hard a step, you jiggled? I jiggle with every step. Step aside, biggest girl.”

“Wow,” April said. She shut her laptop. “You jiggle with every step? You must feel like *such* a woman.”

“Matter of fact,” Cassidy grinned, her face flush. “I do.”

“Felt them up yet? I bet they’re sensitive, that big.”

“Not that it’s any of your business.” Cassidy ran a finger down the side of her left breast. “But I did. And I came. I came just from having my tits handled.”

“Big, sensitive, bouncy, you’ve got it all.” April tilted her head. “And your nipples are stiff. I can see them poking out.”

“Hah!” Cassidy snorted. “Now you’re the one flirting.”

“What if I am?” April learned down over the table, showing off her cleavage for all the world to see. Her bra stretched as she moved, and Cassidy stared.

“I’m not into girls.”

“Maybe, but your nipples seem to be.” April pointed, and Cassidy looked down. Her nipples were sticking out even further into her bra, and she quickly reached up to cover them with her hands. “Don’t feel bad,” April said, “I’m not normally gay either, but with the level of hormones in your system, it’s amazing you’re not trying to fuck the furniture.”

“It’ll wear off!” Cassidy snapped.

“Sure. But it hasn’t worn off yet.” April rose from her chair, sauntering over Cassidy’s way. “Here. I can help you rub them down.”

April slowly reached a hand out to cup one of Cassidy’s massive breasts. The flush in Cassidy’s face deepend, spreading down to the rest of her body. Then she snapped herself away. “I gotta go.”

“Nearest bathroom is up the hall,” April laughed. Then she turned around, sauntering back to where she sat. She opened her laptop and with a flush in her face all her own, got back to work.

Up the hall, Florence heard the sounds coming from the bathroom.

That Monday afternoon, Florence texted her two friends.

“I need you two to come help me,” the message said, “in the empty office on the second floor.”

Was was in the empty office, with the blinds drawn and the door locked, and she didn’t open it until she was sure it was her two office mates outside.

Her breasts were the size of watermelons. Thick, stiff nipples poked out into the open air. Her bra, obviously too small, lay discarded on the floor. And her entire body was red, her skin on fire.

“I wasn’t done growing,” she stammered as soon as they were inside. “My bra got tighter and tighter in the morning, and I thought I’d just take it off for a little bit to get comfortable again, but now it doesn’t fit.”

“I think you took more than the prescription dose,” April stared. Then she sniffed the air. The room smelled like sex. “Been satisfying yourself? Trying to take the pressure off?”

“It’s not *working*,” she hissed. “It’s the best sex of my life but it isn’t enough. I didn’t want to be *this* big!”

“We’ll have to wait.” Cassidy folded her arms under her chest. She could hardly fold them any other way, now. “We can’t leave her alone in this condition.”

“It’ll take days for the hormone rush to wear off,” April shook her head. “She can’t stay here until she’s better.”

“But we can’t sneak her through the halls if she might pop like a balloon anytime something brushes a nipple.” Cassidy drew in a breath, her own nipples pressing out into her shirt. “We’ll have to wait until after hours.”

“We…” Florence bit her lip. “I’m not sure I can control myself that long.”

“So touch yourself again.”

“No, you don’t get it.” Florence groaned. “I keep thinking about men. Men with their hands all over me. Jack up the hall. Or Ryan downstairs. And I think I could text them to come up here.” She bit her lip hard. “I can come until my panties are soaked but I keep getting hornier.”

“I’m getting a little wet myself.” April grinned. “Cassidy, you want to keep her company?”

“This isn’t funny,” Cassidy snapped.

“Then why am I laughing?”

“Fine, you want to see girls making out?” Cassidy walked over to April until they were chest to chest, their two busts pressing into each other. “Take off your shirt or shut up. I’m calling your bluff.”

“No bluff.” April reached up and slid off her tank-top, her bra soon following. Her F-cups bounced free, perky and nipples stiff. “They’re here, they’re big, and now you’ve got to-”

Cassidy reached out, grabbed one of April’s nipples, and give it a hard twist. “I heard they’re pretty sensitive too!” she hissed.

April’s eyes went wide. She stammered in silence. She bit her lip and her eyes fluttered shut, a faint squeak of pain escaping her mouth. Then her knees buckled, Cassidy let go, and April fell to the ground gasping for breath.

“I’ve had just about enough of your attitude,” Cassidy growled. She reached down and grabbed another one of April’s nipples, her two fingers threatening a sharp twist. “Say you’re sorry.”

“S-sorry,” April said, still gasping. Her heart raced inside her chest, and spots danced in her vision. “T-too sensitive. Hurts.”

“I know it hurts, big girl.” Cassidy took no prisoners. “Now you’re going to kiss a *bigger* girl, say you’re sorry again for being such a bitch, and then we’re going to help Florence. Got it?”

Cassidy leaned down in front of April to put herself in reach. Her massive rack hovered in front of April’s eyes, her glaring face just above it.

And so April slowly lifted her torso and, still on her knees, kissed Cassidy on the lips. Her tongue slipped in, and she cupped both of the massive tits in front of her. She squeezed hard, and an involuntary groan escaped Cassidy where their lips met.

“I’m sorry I was such a bitch,” April whispered before Cassidy could pull away. “You’re nicer than me. And you’re bigger than me.”

“You’re damn right I am,” Cassidy said, pushing April’s hands away. To push both of April’s hands away, she had to release her grip on April’s own nipple.

“You’re also a lot more sensitive,” April said, “and a lot dumber.”

Through Cassidy’s thin, stretched top. April slapped her in the tit. Cassidy bit her lip to suppress a scream, curled around her chest, and fell over onto the floor.

“Stop it!” Florence snapped, rushing over to grab April. April grabbed her first, one hand on her left wrist, the other on her right breast.

Cassidy, forcing herself through the pain, grabbed April’s ankle. Her other hand reached up to grab at April herself, missed, and got a hold of fabric. She pulled down April’s skirt.

When security finally investigated the source of the noise, it wasn’t clear if the three were having a brawl or an orgy. The security report, later censored by HR, read: “I heard both kinds of scream.”

Of course, all three of them were fired.

Their case was not an unusual one. While most women were happy with their natural size, there were always some who had to be the biggest and the best. When multiple women like that were put in a group, competition could ensue. The result was that, within a few years of Growinex being released, it wasn’t uncommon to run into women with truely enormous busts.

The average bust size grew from a 34B to closer to an F-cup. Women who just wanted to be “normal” swelled up to great sizes, and wore clothes that showed off their cleavage. Soon it was a bustier world, and all the women who went to so much trouble to be special ended up being merely “average.”

Remember the fisherman at the beginning of the story. When everyone wants to be the winner, everyone ends up the loser.

But there is a silver lining to this story. Women aren’t fish after all, and each of the three found their own way of dealing with their troubles.

Florence got a new job, married her boss, quit, and became a stay-at-home wife. Their coworkers cracked jokes about them setting a bad example, but neither of them cared. She had an easy life, a husband who loved her, and the best sex she’d ever had. He had a woman bigger than he could have dreamed, and a loyal wife.

Cassidy turned her sexuality into a weapon. She’d never become rich by marrying a rich man, but she could become rich by influencing rich men. She used her breasts to get promoted, to get deals done, and to fend off an annoying inquiry by HR. She eventually ended up as the head of her own company, confidant that she was both the boss and the bustiest woman there. She’d never have to lose again.

April, as a programmer, decided to start working from home. She took three more pills, and swelled up so large she could hardly see her keyboard. She decided to become a cam girl, and got paid by the hour to let people watch her tits jiggle as she typed.

She was, after all, the smartest of the three of them.