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*Friday, 7:39 P.M.*

*Good Times Bar and Lounge*

The best date of her life was the only thing convincing enough to compel Hallie to call her little sister.

Her reflection distracted in the clear bathroom mirror. A silhouette, strangeness defying recognition, couldn't be ignored as the brunette dug through her jacket pockets for her phone. Her teeth chattered. She grunted; signs of anxiety. Unable to find it, she unshouldered her leather layer and spread it between two sinks.

Again, she met her gaze in the mirror. Again, her heart quickened.

"C'mon, Poppy. Don't do this to me," she whispered.

Hallie made sure she was alone with her panic. She chose a staff bathroom; one she wouldn't expect usual club goers to use. It bothered her to violate the rules, sure, but she could feign ignorance if caught. Plus, she didn't want to risk being found out once she got a hold of her sibling. Even the worst punishment for being where she didn't belong didn't threaten her like being discovered in a compromising position; one that she would soon be in—if Poppy's promise was kept.

Privacy bought little more solace than that, though. Hallie had been waiting for half an hour—all day, actually, but thirty minutes at the sink. Thirty minutes spent thinking about her plan falling to pieces around her, about how she'd been played, about the failed opportunity to knock her partner's socks off. Her mental fortitude waned quickly. Shock and denial elapsed followed by an anger that clenched her fists and made her sick of the entire idea of surprises, dates, and trust in her little sister.

*Poppy should have called already.*

Seven o'clock was Poppy's idea—her stupid little sister's idea. School pictures were supposed to happen during the day and afterward, since everyone was looking their best for Senior Portraits, Poppy and her friends would go out for an early dinner. She should have been home plenty before seven.

It was sloping toward seven-forty.

*That's normal dinner, not 'early' dinner.*

Hallie's shallow breath made a quarter-sized ring on the mirror. The shape shrank no sooner than she'd created it, but her eyes were fixed on the spot, mostly absorbed in what appeared after the misty circle shrank.

The red dress; no longer shielded by sleeves, collar, or the zipper of her leather jacket. The dress was cute and hyper expensive—nearly half a month's pay saved meticulously just to impress her date. Golden frills down the bodice. Hoops along the hems. A sleeveless affair with a heart-shaped cut pointing low toward her stomach and a slanted cut that pulled up her thigh dangerously.

At least, that's how it was supposed to fit.

The song pounding the dance floor changed to a faster bumping tune. Hallie knew she'd feel sexy and fierce if her dress would actually stay on. Her reflection in the mirror was so frail, weak, and bony. Forget dancing, if she so much as stood up straight the dress would come tumbling off of her, peeling away from her featureless frame. She felt like a coat rack propping up a designer gown; jutting, jagged edges. A scarecrow dressed like a runway model.

"Shit! Shit!" Hallie heard her ringtone going off. It helped her find her phone inside the breast pocket of her brown coat. It must've been Poppy—it damned well better have been Poppy.

Some digging manufactured her vibrating, wallet-sized device. *It's Dana.* Much worse than Poppy. Hallie answered.

"Hey," she wished her excitement sounded even ten percent less facetious.

"I'm outside. Where are you?"

*In the bathroom, having a mild panic attack.* "I'm already inside."

"Good. Those pictures of your dress look amazing, by the way," Dana's car door could be heard opening over the phone as she got out. "You're going to look gorgeous. I *need* to see you right now."

Hallie picked right up on the arousal in Dana's voice. They'd been exchanging dirty messages all day and fireworks were about to go off the minute they met each other. Hallie wanted it badly. Even as she knew her dress wouldn't fit her in a million years, she fixed her hair and checked her teeth in the mirror at the mere suggestion of quality time with Dana. Fatal attraction did bring shelter in this stormy situation, however brief. But the brevity leant to the power of her emotions towards her partner. It felt like she was holding back all the ocean's waters when she tried being composed with her sexuality. And rivulets were slipping through her fingers with increasing tendency.

"I'll be at the bar," Hallie answered after a pause. "I'll, uh, get us both something."

"Thanks. I'll be there soon."

The phone clicked off. She was left with the music and her own anxiety. Poppy still hadn't called.

Time was too short and the girlfriend she was craving a dance with was but a few feet away. Hating to initiate, she squeezed her phone and found Poppy in her contacts.

The first time it went to voicemail. The second time, a familiar voice cut the third ring in half. "Yo!"

"I'm never giving them to you ever again. And when you ask why, I'll remind you of this moment," Hallie used one hand to hold her phone and the other to hold her dress.

"I've still got half an hour!"

"Seven my time, six yours. I made that *clear*, Poppy. You can't blame time zones for this one."

"Would you calm your tits? The nerve, calling me in the middle of. . ." her voice trailed off.

The indignant little twit. Hallie began to pace, already feeling the tension she tried to avoid by only communicating with Poppy when necessary. Unfortunately, this situation was dire. "I'd calm them if I had them."

"Funny. I hope Dana brings a bottle of water on your date. Your humor sounds extra dry tonight," Poppy said.

"You'd better be finding a nice, private place so we can get this over with."

"And what if I'm not? What if I just want to talk to my big sis?" She sounded like she was exerting some effort to move, so Hallie didn't call her on the topic shift. She faced the cutting words like an adult, knowing they would cause her injury on what was supposed to be a perfect

night. “You know, the way we did before you moved out? I’d even talk about grades at this point—*anything*.”

Hallie felt a guilty pang.

She wasn’t fond of friction. That’s why she rarely contacted Poppy. All good sisters fight sometimes, but Poppy had a unique way of pressing her buttons. Sure, it was in good fun and half of the participating parties probably considered the harmful jabs to be bonding experiences. Hallie, for the life of her, couldn’t see them in such a way.

In her head, a little sister was supposed to have fits of jealousy surrounded by a broad circle of appreciation and admiration. Hallie wanted Poppy to like her, be jealous of her, and look up to her. Maybe if Poppy was that sort of little sister, she wouldn’t feel as guarded about staying in contact. If she knew she wouldn’t be so easily written off and made to feel small, she might reach out more.

As fate would have it, though, Poppy was Hallie’s complete opposite. Rebellious, snarky toward authority, and terrible at school. When Hallie wanted quiet reading time, Poppy wanted to turn up the radio. When Hallie was responsible and offered to wash dishes, Poppy made a point of sully a few extra plates and utensils just to spite her. There wasn’t a single bit of Hallie that Poppy ever wanted to emulate; from housework to school to respectfulness. Jealousy of her older sister only seemed to kick in when Hallie experienced puberty.

Womanhood smacked Hallie like a baseball bat. Then, not satisfied with the first bout, it circled back and whacked her another. She barely had a night to adjust to her swiftly changing body, blooming from girl to woman so fast it nearly felt like a dream. For Hallie, being a woman was everything she’d wanted. All her childhood was spent training for it, all her academics to better it, all her discipline to serve it. She’d trusted the adults in her life and forgone so much fun to at last be a grown up. Developing curves added physicality to what she already practiced: at last, she had a woman’s body to match her maturity.

And Poppy couldn’t stand it.

The attention Hallie got seemed unfair. Having her curfew extended was unfair and helping to buy her a used car for her sixteenth birthday was unfair. It was like the whole world now catered to Hallie just because she sprouted some outlandish cup size in just a few weeks. And, as wrong as it probably was, Hallie relished having something over Poppy. At last, they could be proper sisters. The four year age gap finally benefitted her.

Then, Poppy came down that fateful morning. Hallie had been worried. Poppy went to her room the night before after a rigorous verbal sparring with their mother about grades, partying, boyfriends, and responsibilities. Those words haunted her.

"It's like Hallie's tits rule this whole damned family! It's bullshit, but I guess the biggest bust always wins!"

The quip flashed like a shooting star in Hallie's mind when she saw her 'little' sister stretching her tank top. It was unbelievable—boobs so huge didn't belong on a girl that young. Where had they come from? Hallie knew they shared genetics but didn't expect her baby sis to go full bimbo in a single night. Poppy was a freshman in high school but looked every ounce of barely-eighteen.

She pranced across the living room rug in plain sight of everyone, perky femininity abundant. The walk to the granite breakfast bar was a catwalk that sent her newly blossomed globes ricocheting wildly. Then she slapped them up on the counter with an audible smack so their weight wasn't left to any imagination. Upon contact with the cool surface, prominent nubs rose at their fronts; as tall and round as dimes bending against her fitted cotton top.

"Biggest bust wins," Poppy shrugged, too proud.

Over the years, Poppy continued to flaunt her size at every possible moment. Instead of being something to bond over, they became a wedge that pushed Hallie away for good. Except, for a few curious occasions, when the sisters would come together to form a peculiar contract with one another. The contract recognized the oddity of instant puberty, of rapid breast development, of one-minute sex appeal. That morning that had Poppy slapping her titties on the breakfast counter, strangely, didn't feature Hallie doing the same.

Hallie *couldn't* do the same. It had, overnight, become a strange impossibility; a lack of mass. Hallie's boobs divided the night Poppy's multiplied. It took them several years, after which they only understood the very basics of the strange interaction they shared.

"You said you need *all* of it?" Poppy breathed into the phone.

Hallie fought off the disgusting image of what her sister must have been doing to get ready. At the very least, she hoped Poppy had found a locked room so no one would find her in such a jeopardizing position. "Yes. This is a huge night for me."

"So you want to be *huge* to match."

"Sure, you can say that."

"Mmm, c'mon Hale. Tell me how big you want to be."

"Would you not? Ugh, you're gross."

A wilting pitch drifted down from constricted breath. Poppy exhaled around jagged pleasure. "You could shave off a few seconds if you were a little more accommodating."

"I'm not participating in your sick fantasy anymore than necessary. It's really messed up that you think of me like that. . ."

"For fuck's sake. You find Dana, a lesbo-queen among lesbo-peons, and you think every human with a vagina is dreaming about you? Even your own sister?"

"I don't just think it. It's true. You've admitted it."

"I've admitted to getting hot whenever I think about what happens to you." Poppy rediscovered a fevered pitch, the same one she found each time she and her sister struck a deal. "It's the process, not the person. And I'm not alone. Apparently, there are a bunch of people who I-love to imagine awkward, n-nerdy girls getting uncontrollably—. . . *fuck! Unng! Yes, yes!*"

The door to the bathroom opened on Hallie's left. She swore, ducking into one of the stalls. Just her luck that somebody would show up just when Poppy was finishing. The tingling had already begun along with the moderate vertigo. There was very little time to reflect before Hallie's heart began to force blood even faster till it pounded louder than the club music in her ears.

Her eyes rolled to unfocus. She closed them, singling in on her breathing.

"I'm gonna hang on to a few if it's fine with you. You can spare a D cup, right?" Poppy taunted with post-orgasmic whispers.

Hallie's first instinct was to argue for her deal, but she already felt herself lightening. Her energy needed to be spent on keeping herself upright. "S-sure."

"It evens out, I promise. I picked up a few extra pounds this month anyway and it *all* went to our boobs. Even if I stay at F cups you'll still be the bustiest girl in the room—. . ."

"Y-you just said D c-cups," Hallie managed.

"Compromise is double D. Take it or leave it. I've got a boy waiting on me and he's gonna be disappointed if there's nothing to hold on to."

"F-fine. Good. B-be safe. . ." Hallie hissed a puff of steamy air.

"I will," Poppy said, sounding of gratitude that Hallie would worry about her. "Have a good night, Hallie. Love you."

The phone clicked.

Immediately, the device gained one hundred pounds and dragged Hallie's clenched hand to her side. She wanted to focus on those last words from Poppy. Did they sound sweeter than normal? Or was it sadness that colored them? Just what was going on in her little sister's life? Hallie should have been more concerned—actually, she was very concerned but was often too conflict-avoidant to stick her neck out.

Nerves were zapped with lusty lightning. Hallie would worry about her sister later. *Really, I'll make an effort this time.* But in the present, she had Poppy to thank.

She waited like a pregnant woman for what was hers to arrive. The process pushed and pulled on her, making her muscles flex and twist. Occasionally they would cramp which Hallie breathed through while trying not to make a fuss that might attract the attention of whomever was in the bathroom with her.

Still, a sigh rolled over her lips. Her chest lit up with tingles like a limb that had fallen asleep from blood loss. The opposite was actually the case as her body awakened. Energy and mass came together before her, prodding her bestial arousal in a way that nearly consumed her. When it became so intense that she couldn't resist a moan, her expectations met reality.

Her chest. It rose and rose. Not from her expanding lungs which were working like they did on her morning runs, but from the ether. Her breasts found a new softness, pushing away from her as the cushion between nipple and pectoral swole. It was as if her quickened breaths were being trapped under her skin, making her modest B cups inflate rapidly to latter letters.

Their form was flawless, as was their shape. Hallie gasped. Her head became heavy and she leaned it back against the wall. Without sight, she felt the building weight on her front; how gravity pulled at her and how she resisted it. Each of her mounds found the front of her dress in a matter of seconds and the softness of the fabric against her growing bosom felt like a puzzle piece being tucked in its proper place.

Palms flat against the wall behind her, back sliding lower as her legs lost strength, Hallie's nostrils flared. "Yes," she pleaded in airy tones. "Yes, yes." All together, her identity as a busty woman came rushing back. The maturity and sexiness she'd connected with since puberty flooded her. Her boobs continued to fill out her dress and since she was in a hurry to feel herself fully, her shoulders rolled themselves back. Her shelf of tit lunged forward, cleavage smashing through the low cut heart. There hadn't even been cleavage a few minutes ago! This swelling was happening so quickly.

Before long, she was at her most familiar size. G cups were what she considered her standard; oversized on her frame without being dominating. Her look was dangerous with G cup tits, so much so that playing up her sex appeal was an afterthought. She could get away with wearing

anything and still be cute, or do anything and be recognized for her looks. That was what beauty meant to her; representing desire without trying.

And trying too hard was probably the chief of deadly sins in her mind.

But, to her dismay, the growth persisted. She fully expected to feel herself slowing; to regain control of her mind and body. Maybe her thighs would stop twitching and the vein in her neck would submerge once more after having successfully warded off an orgasm. None of that was the case. If anything, her growth accelerated. Along with it, her dismay peaked.

“Fuck,” Hallie moaned, a panic in her voice. “Sh-shit stop. Stop, Poppy.”

Hissing whispers slipped between her flushed lips. She was big enough now, right? G cups were big enough yet she grew even larger. Despite her fear of being too overbearing, too much, too sexy to the point of muteness in all her other qualities, she continued on inflating with the very curves she’d asked Poppy to give her.

Her chin met her collarbone as she got a better look. She couldn’t believe what she was seeing—let alone what she was *feeling*. In a burst, her tits ran away from her. Defiant, they charged ahead. Flesh bulged up toward her nose just as much as it could be felt crawling down her gown. She was already huge, already busty, but her growth wouldn’t stop.

Poppy had mentioned she’d gained some weight, Hallie remembered. But just how much? How many extra cup sizes did Poppy have to give? She was just eighteen, after all. A late puberty growth spurt could have made her enormous. Being out of touch with Poppy meant Hallie didn’t know; yet another reason to curse herself for not being involved enough.

How much longer would she have to go through the expansion process? She wasn’t close enough with Poppy to estimate. That worried her. What if she grew too big—so much she couldn’t hide it? So much bigger that people pointed it out? An annoying part of her cheered at the thought while her conscious mind remained trapped in a body whose inevitability seemed to be busty beyond recognition and damned well delighted to be so.

A ringing moment of clarity came to Hallie just when she started to ask herself how she ended up in this situation. It all went back to that fateful morning when Poppy to breakfast deficient in shame and abounding in creamy, perky boobage. Hallie was plenty disgusted but didn’t truly notice what had happened till she left the table to get ready for school. The taste of milk from her cereal tasted bitter to her, definitely connected to Poppy and how ladylike she’d behaved by throwing her wrecking ball sweater puppies into their peaceful family dynamic.

Hallie scoffed. “Only Poppy could use puppies for evil.”



She couldn't let Poppy get to her like that, though. They were sisters. It was a matter of time before Poppy went through body changes too. Time waits for woman. She had to get a grip on reality. The same DNA that gave her awesome tits was working in her sister—just earlier and faster. . .

*Did she have to change so fast? I'm four years older. C'mon, God. How is that fair?*

Her spiral of disgust paused only when Hallie started dressing for school. Her jeans fit fine. Her top? Something was off. She understood it was just a school-approved polo with an emblem ironed over the left breast pocket. Certainly not manufactured to fit her specific body type, in other words. Yet the sleeves sagged strangely on her this morning as did the collar. And usually having it unbuttoned to the third fastening was liable to get her a warning from a teacher about decency. Buttons completely undone, her cleavage wasn't even present now.

*What gives?*

She had to bend close to the mirror, almost parallel to the ground to find her tits again. The front bit of her unpadded bra was like a wet noodle due to a lack of ivory gourds. The undergarment had lost almost all its filling! She must have been too cerebral and mopey to notice; mopey over her little sister's immaculate inflation.

So Poppy tripled in size and Hallie lost half of hers? At the time it was implausible—actual nonsense.

Yet, as time progressed, the duo came to terms with their unique relationship. That fateful day was no coincidence. Hallie and Poppy *shared* their boobs.

Hallie slunk onto the bathroom floor. *My dress*. She hoped they cleaned the floors so there wouldn't be a stain or marking. There just wasn't any form left in her legs. Tremors of need vibrated through her, tremors that matched the thump of dance music outside the door. Unconsciously, her seated position opened as a heat wave blasted her insides.

"I-It won't stop. Should I. . ." Hallie started. Call her sister? Poppy probably wouldn't pick up even if the blue-eyed brunette could find a second when she wasn't being ravaged by pleasure to placed the call.

It was cartoonish how her boobs bobbed forward even bigger. Her dress was made for her G cup size with a valley made wide enough to show off without her feeling publically nude. Several cup sizes past that limit meant her dress was exploding away from her, gripping onto her passing curves like trying to reach out and stop a passing car. They felt just as heavy as vehicles as well, at least to Hallie. Her hefty knockers could very easily be classified as melons before, which left her pondering on a new classification once they passed the size of her head.

She bit her lip. She knew one way to make it stop.

*Pass some back to Poppy.*

Panicked, she considered her options again and again. Her cleavage line sank deeper, her flesh blooming into broader hills of white; a literal tit shelf. If the growth didn't cease her dress would be unwearable for an entirely different reason; before she was too thin, soon she would be too curvaceous. When would it stop? When would it *stop*?

All the while, her loins could be felt as she hiked up her leg. Hallie knew they were glistening, that her sex cried for attention. If she gave it that while thinking of her little sister, it would throw the pressure valve and Poppy would receive what was left.

However, Hallie couldn't bring herself to do it. It was strange. A perverse fascination kept her in a cruel knife's edge; a stroke away from cumming, a thought away from peace. Her body felt foreign to her which frightened her. It also enhanced a voyeuristic quality. Just how big could she get? It was quite peculiar to think about. What would she look like given another thirty seconds of inflation? How about a minute?

*Hallie! Your dress! Do not ruin this dress—it cost entirely too much.*

Nothing like practicality to sober a girl's breast greed.

The strange daze lifted like a curtain. Hallie came crashing back into her body which was ripping apart in two directions. Her tits swole larger and larger, skin stretched taut. Sweat glistened at her brow, skating down her cheeks and chin till it joined the velvet textured female swell of her billowing bluff. As tight as they were squeezed in, though primarily from a need to fuck, her nipples showed in her dress. They were proportionate to her expanding tits; perhaps just a little larger than they ought to be. Either way, they terrified her. They'd never been so pronounced. In a way, it was a mystery even to Hallie what they might look like when she got out of her ruby gown.

*If* she got out. And, by the rate of change, it might not even be of her own accord. Gosh, she didn't want this evening to happen like this. Her boobs in her amazing dress were supposed to be an ornament to a stellar night. Instead, they were dominating it, dousing heaps and heaps of gasoline on her carnal fires. No slow burn, just a white hot coal. With boobs the size of soccer balls, she felt herself hostage to her own base needs.

Momentarily, the music grew louder. Then the door closed and heels clicked into the bathroom. "Is, uh, is Hallie in here?"

Everything stopped. Hallie brushed fallen hair away from her. The voice was Dana's.

"Hello?" Dana called again.

Hallie almost replied. Then her tits lunged angrily in a comically potent swell that flayed her dress apart further than ever intended. *And after it seemed like they might be slowing down, too.* Perhaps they were, she thought in the wake of the swell. But she could only hope. And, even with said hope, the release of tension she felt was none other than the heart-shaped valley of her dress bursting and stretching lower than ever intended. Hallie's fear was realized. A misty knot accompanied tears.

Her shoulders rose and fell with full gulps of air; attempts to self-soothe. Fruitless attempts. She felt an impossible braid of emotions, too. Futility in stopping herself from destroying her dress but a contradictory swell of libido in response to being so naturally busty. She knew for sure the tears she felt had to be part from grief and part from elation.

"Hey," answered some girl. Yes, it was the one who'd sent Hallie to the privacy of a bathroom stall in the first place. "Who are you looking for?"

"My date. Her name is Hallie."

A warmth came with Dana's admission. It was so sweet to refer to her as a 'date' like that. And to a complete stranger, no less. But the darkness of the corner she was in matched the overcast mood she bore. Hallie knew her makeup, no matter how scarce, was running. And that nobody who saw her would care because her tits had fought and won against her red gown.

They hovered ever-present in her periphery like boobs were never meant to. No underwear to speak of meant their self-supporting nature was just par for such deluxe feminine lobes. They couldn't even sag like regular boobs. They simply *had* to embody the word 'rack' by being so full and plump and *juicy*. And contradictorily, by the way the remnants of her outfit dangled from beneath them, Hallie knew they had to be soft. The way they rolled up over the upper hem and bunched down the slice at her front proved that much.

But they were so *big*. Way larger than her head. Larger than Dana had ever seen her. *She's going to think I'm a freak.*

"Sorry, don't know a Hallie," said the girl.

"Thanks anyway, I'll just give her a call. She was supposed to be ordering us drinks."

A call. Dana was too quick on the draw. Before Hallie could find the phone she'd dropped in her kerfuffle, it tap danced across the tile floor. Hallie squeaked.

"Hallie? Babe, is that you? You alright?"

The jig was up. Dana was at the door to the stall. “Y-yea, it’s me.”

“Did you get sick? Do you need me to get you anything?”

That’s why Hallie liked Dana. Sure, they poked fun relentlessly when all was well, but at the first hint of trouble, Dana went full commando. (Not *that* kind of commando, though Hallie did want to meet Dana in full commando later that evening—if she didn’t scare her away with her mountain monsters). It was then that Dana’s protectiveness came out. Nothing would stop her from making sure Hallie was alright. It reminded Hallie of her father and uncles and she’d been told that women date people like their family members.

Poppy came to mind. Yes, Hallie did date Dana for her rebellious wild side too.

All that was playing second part to the current tragedy being performed, though.

“Do you have a change of clothes? I-I think I just want to go home.”

“Sweetheart,” Dana’s black wedges took another step toward the door. “You sure? We’ve been planning this night forever.”

“I know.” That’s why it hurt so much. “I know, and I’m sorry.”

“I’ve got my workout clothes in the car. . .”

Hallie agreed and sent Dana for them.

In the few minutes it took for her girlfriend to leave and return, Hallie concluded that she’d stopped growing. Her legs were wobbly as she went to stand. Balancing with so much mass tilted toward her front was a challenge. The wall was her crutch for a while and tense air felt squeezed from her lungs from the extra weight. Heaving boulders wrapped in holiday colored wrapping came to mind when Hallie perused herself; and a child had to have wrapped her because she was oozing clearly, ruining any sort of surprise.

Despite the embarrassment of it all, Hallie paused and ran her eyes down her cleavage a few times.

*I don’t look so bad. . .*

In fact, she looked billowing and near explosive which wasn’t a bad look. Girls with nice legs wore short skirts for the same reason; the threat of a breeze that was a little too strong might whip up the tail and ‘accidentally’ reveal what they knew everyone wanted. Hallie had what she knew a lot of people would want. That brought pride, pride that squared her shoulders and curled her back away from the wall to stand up straight.

Then the jiggling began. She recoiled like a turtle under threat, bracing on the wall again.

*They move so much!*

The idea of being so risky like a girl in a short skirt was appealing, but actually *being* one? That was on Hallie's list of fears, not accomplishments.

When Dana came back she tried opening the door to the stall. Hallie kept it locked making an excuse about wanting privacy while changing. A few seconds later, fingers still playing with herself to get things to fit right—like that could happen with her sheer boobage—out came Hallie.

Dana started saying something only to have it strangled to death by the need to address the elephants in the room. "What nice. . . uh."

"Want me to wait for you to come up with a witty thing to compare them to? Actually, you can figure that out. I'm gonna wait in the car."

Hallie started away and paused only two steps later, clutching at her chest. Her pillows bunched up in her arms, her body arching forward to cover them. Her skin went clammy before warmth began to spread. She didn't realize how turned on she was—couldn't have ever anticipated it.

"C-can you drive, actually? I'll leave my car here."

Dana was facing in her direction. They beheld each other briefly. The heat of it made Hallie look away where her reflection was captured in the glass. It was too much—she was *too* much. If she held out her arms her nipples would be several inches past her elbow. And they were full, too, from root to tip. Only at this swollen size did they go from globes to slanting, sexy blimps. She needed more hands to carry them; more muscle, too. She realized she was at the biggest size she'd ever been, with tits that barely fit between her shoulders, boobs that rested on her lowest ribs, tits that entered a room several seconds before she did.

And Dana's gym clothes looked like circus apparel. What a laughable fit! Her lady lumps overflowed the dipping top. Hell, they were so huge they made a window on the bottom where the 'W' shaped dips of her soft chest oozed underneath.

Then, the taller brunette in front of Hallie cocked a grin. "I bet your dress looked gorgeous on you."

Before Hallie could snidely answer back, Dana linked their arms. They collected what was left of Hallie's pride, her leather jacket, and her ripped dress and went outside.

Every step was torture. Hallie's tits grated on her mind. They were always present, always in motion, psyching her out. It was like knowing a fly was in the room that needed swatting. Her skin itched with the presence of it. Except, waiting for a fly and swatting it was a problem with a simple solution. Hallie's mounds were infinitely larger—than flies and cantaloupes and her own imagination—and swatting them would only increase the wobbling issue. Dana's athletic bra had zero restraining properties; just a tangerine orange rubber band with red trim. Flesh wrapped around, bounced up and down, and lunged forward like threatened beasts.

The parking lot was dark but it was clubbing hour and plenty of eyes were on Hallie: the girl who was not only leaving early but also doing so in athletic wear that only hid about one-third of her boob meat. To the tune of catcalls and cheers, Hallie slid into Dana's sedan. Once her boobs stopped jiggling, at last, there was a solace.

"Ahh, god!" Hallie sighed.

Dana dropped into the seat next to her. Even that changed the weight of the car and sent Hallie sloshing. Futile fingers went to try to contain her sweater meat. Momentum slowly eased though not willingly.

"There are so many things I want to say about this," Dana said.

"Give me the bullet points?"

"Alright. I hate that we're missing tonight. I'm not going to lie and say that it doesn't hurt a little. Also not going to try to pretend that there was much of a choice."

Hallie's arms uncrossed just a little. Her boobies relaxed some as her arms stopped squeezing them. "Sorry, Dana."

Dana's middle finger went up to join her pointer finger. "Next, I had plans for a nice dinner. . . that we aren't going to make it for since I don't think you own anything fancy that would fit you. And by the looks of things, I'll need a new bra since that one's going to be stretched to fit Planetary Carrie and probably won't go back to fitting little modest me."

"Sorry again, Dana."

"Third." Dana breathed deep and smiled on the exhale. "I love you so much. Every time we meet, there's something new and ridiculous I get to enjoy. Guess your little sister held nothing back this time, huh? Either that or you threatened her. She normally doesn't donate so much willingly."

"Sorry, Dana?"

“Forgiven.”

“Oh.”

Hallie received a short, shallow kiss from Dana that made her blush lightly. At last, enough attention freed itself to notice her girlfriend fully. Dana was the tomgirl everyone knew growing up who time transformed into every bit of woman her demeanor contrasted. Hallie adored how her long legs carried her just two inches shy of six feet—strong height instead of spindly. She was a personal trainer, musician, and Internet influencer—yes, very busy. Hence, spare time was lacking in her life and it guilted Hallie that she’d made a muck of it. There were people who paid thousands for Dana’s time and here Hallie was throwing it away.

An overwhelming need to please rose up in the smaller girl, a trait she picked up during childhood; one that could be evoked if her conscience nagged her enough. She looked into Dana’s eyes and leaned to kiss her back.

“You’re trouble,” Dana growled.

Hallie felt her smile against her lips. “Amnot. I’m just apologizing.”

“You know how bad I need you tonight. And you had to grow so huge. . . I always tell you why your body never leaves my mind.”

Hallie had heard it hundreds of times. She wore it like a merit badge—one for each of her bazongas. “Doesn’t hurt to remind me, though.”

“It’s no mystery that I love your curves. But these,” Hallie felt a cautious hand light on her left bosom. Even the gentlest touch yielded and sank in. “I’m barely going to make it back to your apartment.”

Hallie smirked, backing away from their intermittent kissing. “So if I ask to stop for ice cream?”

“After I get a good helping of you, I’ll be happy to make a run and pick us up some strawberry.”

“Aww, my favorite.”

“Strawberry? I thought you liked vanilla bean.”

Hallie knew she didn’t have the most expressive eyes and her unease about her hulkish breasts made her doubt how much her legitimate desire for intimacy would be conveyed. Still, she knew what Dana wanted so she pawed her own boob with her right hand and said, “Not talking about ice cream. My ‘favorite’ is when you get your fill of *me*.”

It was a bold move, but when she wasn't hosting her own bouncy house, Hallie did feel bold. She checked for Dana's validation. She received it with a naughty look.

The couple left for home, exchanging sexual vows.

1.

*Next week, Thursday, 8:41 A.M.*

*Johnstone's Therapy and Chiropractic Center*

Hollie arrived a few minutes early for work like always, though later than she would have liked.

Her legs and arms carried her through the routine of turning on lights, setting the air conditioner, starting up the coffee, and setting out treats for the patients. All the while, she cursed the hectic morning.

Nobody around, she centered herself in the mirror above the Keurig. She let the whirring and promise of caffeine temper her nerves while she went for her top. With nothing else that would fit, a long cream-tan dress happened to do everything right as far as her figure, making it the single worst thing to wear in a business setting.

"Tone it down, girls. Yeesh."

From just her morning rounds, the fabric had bunched up under and around her swells making an air-filled ridge at her underbust. With thumb and index finger she pulled it out, and straightened the top hem which seemed to sink down lower and lower. Her cleavage was doing the impossible: losing at a game of peek-a-boo.

Also losing were her nipples. Just checking, she pulled back the thin brown sport coat that warmed her shoulders and acted as a shield to her pokies. Yep, still salaciously pert like they were looking for Dana to come in and give them some love.

Hallie smiled and remembered the weekend. Dana came over and they made slow love repeatedly in every space but the bathroom. Then, Dana found some place where they served food at god-forsaken o'clock and even found some other place that sold ice cream. Hallie had actually fallen asleep waiting and woke up to her naked lover leaning over her body with a late dinner snack and vanilla bean in hand. Talk about an indulgent night.



The only part that didn't sit well was when things got rough. Hallie was more the gentle nurturer and couldn't really get into it when Dana held her down and talked dirty. It was even worse with her huge tits, bigger than any of the pillows on her queen-sized bed. She would have preferred jumping jacks to any amount of sex on her back or side. All they did was move and jerk her body along for the ride. When she was supposed to be thinking about how awesome her girlfriend was at scissoring, some deviant personality played a laugh track only she could hear.

*They're so big and bouncy. You're such a slut. You're as loose as those hoes you went to high school with, fucking every guy on the football team, their fat cans being knocked into orbit by some stranger.*

It was the most contradictory thing. Big boobs made Hallie feel mature, cool, and womanly. But the second they begin to move, all she could think of was how she looked compared to those brainless bimbos that objectified themselves by openly soliciting sex from any and everybody.

In avoidance of being seen this way, Hallie strove toward professionalism while dodging the everyday brand of sexy for much of her adult life. The club night was different. Dancing on Dana wouldn't have made her a whore—it's fun, and exercise, and they were a couple. On the contrary, being caught jiggling even the slightest bit in her office was insufferable to her. To that end, she'd actually faked illness to get out of work this week in order to shop for something—anything—she could wear without feeling like she was giving her customers a peep show.

She tested the button on her suit jacket, buckling it at her navel. A quarter turn to the side, upon inspection, informed that every patron entering the front door during the day would see her immensity but not her raging nipples. That was progress; a step in the right direction. The tortoise beat the hare. Playing it slow could take her through the day, she thought.

As long as she didn't give herself a black eye from bouncing around.

A few hours passed. Hallie found her groove. The phone rang and she answered it swiftly. Three and four callers all scheduling appointments, cancelling appointments, changing credit card information, checking for health care verifications. Then she called doctor's offices around town to verify patients that needed physical therapy, only okaying the ones with prescriptions, putting the rest on hold.

It was busy clerical work that easily fell apart if carelessness was ever tolerated. But everything in Hallie's life prepared her for such attention and diligence.

Her tits didn't even come to mind until one of the personal trainers arrived.

"Morning sunshine," Ryan announced.

"It's afternoon now, Ryan."

"Holding down the fort?"

"Best I can. Slayed a few dragons this morning," Hallie considered her twin dragons with pale-pink snouts and the need to horde attention. "Nothing out of the ordinary."

"You sure are dressing up. That dress hugs you like a straight jacket," said the man.

"What was that? You need me to do an adjustment on your neck? I can, but I'm not certified, so I might end up 'accidentally' murdering you."

The guy howled happily. Probably just finished a workout as his energy levels were through the roof. "Someone's morbid this morning."

Hallie liked Ryan. Normally, working with men involved some sort of social game that straddled teamwork, friendliness, and sexual tension. As a result, it frequently sacrificed one of those qualities—that is, if it didn't just drop them all for an awkward, nose-down silence. Ryan lacked the necessary component to play such social games; the guy was subtle like a hurricane. When he appeared, a six-two fellow with blonde-ginger hair, it was hard not to know. The same subtlety kept him from keeping his opinion to himself, which made him all the more genuine and open.

There weren't any games. She could trust his opinion.

There was nobody in the lobby so Hallie opened up. "I hoped it would bring attention to my hips and legs."

"Stand up a minute?"

Hallie did so. Plenty of perverts might have made gooey, sloppy stares, but Ryan's conciseness meant he was analyzing instead of appreciating.

"It does that. Good job. Just your genetics getting in the way." He left the lobby into the hall and appeared in the receptionist's office behind her. "The last thing anybody's looking at are your legs."

"Ugh, there's no hiding is there?" Hallie sat down again.

"Nope! You know what you remind me of? Botticelli's Venus in a room full of tourists." Hallie turned and he looked to grow even taller with her interest. "There's so much beauty and art to

be appreciated, but all the crowd sees are her tits. She doesn't even have arms but she's topless so even arms are an afterthought."

Hallie's face was flat. "I could say the same about you, *if* I thought there was anything artistic about you. You're pretty two-dimensional, if that counts."

"If I had a soul," he gestured to his punk rock red hair. "I'd imagine that might hurt. Hope you don't talk to your sweetheart like that."

It didn't occur to her until Ryan chinned toward the monitor over her shoulder. The back and forth of verbal jabbing made her forget that she had Dana's social media pulled up on her monitor. The brunette spun, hoping that she hadn't lingered on any image that communicated less than pure intentions. Thankfully, it was just a twenty second clip with Dana demonstrating proper deadlift form.

"It's none of your business how I talk to my sweetheart," Hallie smarted. "But she's not nearly as cocky as you. I don't have to keep her in line as much. And, big shocker, we sometimes even have meaningful, intelligent conversation."

"Sounds boring. Cute, and boring."

Ryan and Hallie took some time scrolling down Dana's Snapbook page. It felt like browsing her social media put her in the room with them. It also made Hallie glow with pride when people talked about their relationship positively, hearing Ryan coo emphatically when Dana would post some inspirational quote about true love, soulmates, and ideal relationships.

"She's beautiful, strong, successful. I'm a personal trainer, so I can tell she walks the walk." Ryan pretended to noogie Hallie's head. "What does she see in a dweeb like you?"

"Wish I knew. I see the world when I look at her," Hallie went sentimental.

"Y'all are too cute," Ryan said. "Don't mess up with her, Hallie. That kind of woman isn't common. You've really got something, alright?"

"Yea, yea. I know," Hallie blushed.

"Any idea what happens from here? Marriage? Kids?"

Hallie soared at the thought but pretended to be bashful. "We're working on moving in together. Looking for a place that's not too far from both our jobs."

"She met your parents?"

Oh how quickly Icarus fell to earth. “No. Not yet.”

“Sorry, sweet pea. Didn’t mean to bring you down.”

“I know you didn’t.”

A chime signalled the noon-thirty client walking through the door. Ryan erected himself, talking to Hallie before he addressed the patient. “You’ll both figure it out. And if you don’t, I’ve got room in my life for the both of you.” He flexed his biceps. “One women isn’t enough. I’d need you both to satisfy me.”

“Yuck!”

Walking out the door, Ryan smiled. “Kidding. You’re like my little sister. It’s flattering that you considered for half a second though!”

Then he was gone, him and his room-filling character.

Hallie worked through lunch on accident, worried that slowing or stopping her job would lead her to think too deeply. Except, each time her titties mashed the spacebar on her keyboard, she remembered. When the lid on the photocopier grazed her bust, she acknowledge them. Dropping into her rolling office chair had her bouncing. She could pretend not to notice the two dinner plate sized spaces before her, except that didn’t make it any easier to do her job. Something too large to ignore was constant.

Sexual pleasure was everywhere she looked, even without looking for it. The more her knockers slung about and rubbed against office supplies, the more time she wanted to spend watching Dana’s Snapbook videos.

“Hello there,” said one of the older clients.

He’d snuck up on her. She blinked herself back into the current moment. “Hello Mr. Wilson. Is it two-thirty already?”

The tall, hunched man grinned wide enough to close his wrinkled eyes. “Time flies. I’m here for my usual. May I sign in?”

“Of course.”

“Where is the sign-in board?”

Where was the sign-in board? Hallie's hands landed on her desk beside her breasts where there was room. She looked under her keyboard, behind the counter, among the organized binders.

The man in his late sixties got her attention and pointed to her left.

"Thank you," she stifled exasperation.

How had it gotten so far away? Without thinking, Hallie reached so far she nearly fell out of her chair. In the process, her massive knockers squished and slid across the desk, making a show for the older gentleman and curling Hallie's toes with pleasure.

*Keep it together, Hale!*

"Here we are sir—" she began as the heavy silver pen which had been balanced on the clipboard rolled away onto the floor.

"My, my," Mr. Wilson shook his bald head.

Hallie apologized and went for it. Again, she didn't go slow enough to factor in her new shelf of flesh. Without backing far enough away, she went for the ground but much of her boobs remained on the desktop. Only after getting far enough away did her weights slink down with her, slapping her knees clumsily; right then left. When her chair was far enough back, her fingers could only tickle the pen as her boobies were crushed between her torso and lap. Admittedly, it was familiar pressure. It took her back to a vivid memory of the previous weekend.

In a flash—short and sweet—she was in her bed. Her face was in a pillow, tits crammed against the mattress, tail wagging in the air. Not an inch of fabric covered her. Then, from behind, Dana buries her face in her lower pedals, tongue exploratory, hot air gasping from her working lips. Every squirm ground her body into the mattress, each bolt of bliss pressed her massive tits with a tighter squeeze. What a position!

Back in the office, she felt her blood beating through her veins. Allure twinkled in her eyes. She'd spent too much time thinking about her sexy girlfriend; too much time excited.

*Get the damned pen, woman!*

Hallie obeyed her inner drill sergeant. She sat up a little, used a foot to roll it back, and sat up again with a grunt; again too fast. Half a second behind her snapping to attention, her sweater junk adopted a sideways wobble after a violent whip-like flick.

Hallie hoped she wasn't as beet red as she felt.

“Here you are! Sorry about that.”

But Mr. Wilson was wiggling a pen of his own and had sat the clipboard on her desk for whenever she stopped fantasizing. “You must have a lot on your mind today. I’ve never known you to be so flustered.”

She almost reacted sarcastically—the kind of sharp humor she directed at Ryan, who was still on her mind. But the distinction between a valued customer and Ryan emerged soon after. “You know me, always got something going on, hehe.” When in doubt, always agree.

Mr. Wilson didn’t look pleased by her response though. “Now, I’ve been around the block a few times and I know this isn’t always the answer. . .”

*Here he goes.* Mr. Wilson had a schtick that needed getting out on most of his visits.

“But maybe you could consider sharing some of that stress with a certain special someone, hmm? You’re quite the charming young woman. Have you considered making a young man the happiest he’ll ever be?”

Hallie’s lips curled upward. Sympathy tilted her head an unoffendable few degrees. “Thank you Mr. Wilson, but I haven’t changed. I’m still very much into women.”

“Aren’t you and Ryan Goldsby close?”

“I’m more like. . .” Hallie fought a scowl. “His little sister.”

“All the better! Siblings take care of and watch out for each other. If you and Ryan have that relationship, I’m sure you’ll make terrific—”

“Old timer! You here to chat up the hot ladies or you here to stretch out those hips?” Ryan barged into the lobby, clearly having been eavesdropping. “Do I need to keep you on a leash today?”

What should have been the most obstinately indignant joke of the century brought untold humor to an elderly man’s face. He went straight to his trainer, leaving Hallie in perfect peace once again.

Except doubt, not peace, slipped onto her face. It came from Mr. Wilson’s words. Not his inability—or unwillingness—to understand Hallie’s attraction to women. It was the sibling thing. ‘Siblings take care of and watch out for each other’. And she was Ryan’s ‘little sister’.

How sad was it to be a better sibling to a co-worker than her own flesh and blood?

*Thursday, 7:13 P.M.*  
*Dana's Apartment*

Hallie couldn't believe it. Her tits were actually growing.

Not that it was hard to believe, considering how she and Poppy had the sisterly-boob-sharing thing. What she couldn't believe was how she'd started to balloon an hour before she got off and hadn't shown signs of stopping.

Fortunately, the growth was slow enough for nobody to take notice. Mr. Wilson finished his hour and bade her farewell. A few new customers came through and were either pretending or were too polite to bring it up. Then, Ryan walked her to her car, glancing as his red-blooded alpha male tendencies prescribed but never disarming Hallie with lechery.

But she knew for a fact that she was growing.

A lighter version of the sense from last weekend bubbled within her. It stained her thoughts and actions like grease. An itch she couldn't scratch, she often found herself adjusting her dress at red lights, hiding lewder actions of reacclimating herself behind her car as she pumped gas, and squeezing her thighs like a vice over every bump on the way to Dana's.

None of it diminished the feeling; Poppy's burden being hosed over space and time to become Hallie's instead. And the devil in sister's clothing hadn't picked up the phone all day, still avoiding Hallie. All the while, Hallie felt new wrinkles as her flesh spread north and south, searching through her sleeves and around her ribs for more space to conquer.

"Just take it off!" Dana came into the spacious living room.

Hallie had been knotting her fingers idly while Dana finished up her business. One of her 'try-on haul stories' on Snapbook. As much as Hallie tried to understand, she was completely illiterate to smartphones and could only use hers to call and text, making Dana a sorceress in her eyes. How she managed to not only survive but earn a significant part of her income using social media was amazing.

"But we just. . ." Hallie's words shrank to nothing.

"I'm not going to think you're a slut or anything. Take it off! Before you tear that dress to shreds the way you did the red one."

Sitting on Dana's cream colored leather sofa, Hallie was optionless. Her suit jacket came off. After finding her zipper, which was partially covered with a hanging pudge of mislocated chest flesh, she began to relieve herself. What started as a desire to go slow and not pinch herself turned into a race with the signature *zip* of clothes being rushed off. Her breasts were to blame. They saw their opening and forced the binding undone, splitting open the side of her dress down to her hip with no hands.

She didn't know she could moan and sigh at the same time.

"That's right, let it all hang out," Dana joked. There was a spot next to Hallie, but she chose the ottoman to sit on instead. "Kidding, don't give me that look."

Hallie feigned offence, then broke it in favor of growing concern. "They're even bigger. I don't know what's gotten into them—into Poppy."

"Good. I didn't get enough last weekend."

"Y-you what? Dana, please. Do you see me? This is just ridiculous."

"Really? Cause I thought you liked bigger boobs. And you're gonna have to make a good case to get me to admit that I don't like seeing you like this."

The comment brought heat to Hallie's cheeks. It spread down her neck, heating up her bosom. She clutched at herself when the passion flowed over her suddenly like a ray of sunlight had smitten her and radiated light through her body. Once the sudden desire was manageable—but only barely—Hallie's hooked fingers lost tension and her dress slunk lower on her. It struck her then that she didn't really know the damage this growth had done; not fully, just existentially. And perhaps it might please Dana to see her fully topless. They hadn't gotten any more sex since Sunday.

But just stripping with no context? Hallie wasn't exactly in favor of it. She only decided to slowly peel her dress away under Dana's reassuring hazel gaze.

*God, don't think I'm a whore for this. . .*

But Dana bore no judgement.



Plus, the still-small greed within her was curious. Her dress had compressed her size for sure. How big would she look when she was in nothing but her birthday suit?

The minute attempted to ease her dress off her body, the shame became too much. Hallie focused on anything else: the vastness of Dana's living room, the black metal trapezoid shelf with scented candles, unopened books used for decoration, wickerwood bowls with inexpensive filling from the local craft store. Away from there, an entertainment system hosted a fifty inch television with soundbar and subwoofer with a game console in a cubby underneath.

Dana had been a bachelorette for a long time before meeting Hallie. That amount of time was intimidatingly stubborn to the point that Hallie wondered if she had a right, or the capability, to try to change it.

But she did keep stripping. Painfully slow, savoring fabric coasting over inch after inch of her tingling flesh. The daze of sex was helpful in removing her hesitation. The swamp of her mind nearly swallowed her before descended and imposed herself between Hallie's legs. Hands lighted on the tops of her colossal knockers whose size rivalled watermelons in heft.

"You're beautiful," Dana asserted. "I couldn't help it, sorry. You're just so beautiful."

Hallie believed her. "You're beautiful too," she replied.

"I wasn't fishing for a compliment in return, Hale. I'm trying to show you my appreciation."

"This is hardly the time. I'm getting huge," Hallie reasoned. "Your hands feel like a child's on me. . ."

Mentioning them, Dana's hands sank into the tops of Hallie's squishy orbs. They depressed and billowed beside and around the pressure like moulds. "I just want to help somehow. Poppy isn't answering your calls, right? So there's nothing to be done as far as stopping them. At least the growth is slow," Dana's voice came down into a growl. "I just thought being intimate would help you deal with your new size—you're dealing with being turned on too, right? At least we can relieve you in that department."

"O-okay. Right." Hallie's reply was so mechanical that it prompted Dana to roll her eyes and explain further.

"If your baby sis lived with us, I'd accost the answers out of her. Since that's out of my power, I just want you to feel good—about your body, your size, your life. It sucks seeing you so frustrated, Hallie; as a person who loves you."

A moan crept up on her, passing between Hallie's lips in a silent plea. Her body was speaking for her. Dana heard the call and continued on. Hallie's dress hung from her nipples at the

furthest bounds of her weighty globes. Gentle hands peeled the dress away and out popped Hallie's enormous, pale breasts.

They seemed to breathe to a cadence all their own. Rising and falling, mimicking the moon, they were something to behold. Hallie was shocked when her full abundance became aware to her. Her dress was constrictive—more than she had rationed in her imagination. Her true volume was immense and had been well hidden before being put on display. The length of her cleavage was mouth watering. Her prominent tips stretching ahead of her felt like tripwire. All the while, Dana was painfully careful to delay in disturbing them.

"You're magnificent. . ." Dana said, clearly worship on her lips.

But Hallie couldn't seem to get off the fence about it. "Thank you."

"You sound like you need convincing."

"Maybe I do," answered Hallie, wanting to be as invested intellectually as she was physically. If it were possible to be so deep inside yourself that you're outside, that would've been Hallie's mental state.

Electing to resolve Hallie's conflict nonverbally, soft hands moved to survey in mirror motions. Hallie was still as a subject of investigation should, though her excitement welled at the soft brush of finger pads in places only cloth had been before. The air in the room was frigid against Dana's warmth. The space between their breathing was heart shatteringly silent. It was wrong to be turned on so fast by something so simple, but here Hallie was.

"Feels good," she sighed, an observer to her planets bumping.

"Why yes it does. They're so huge and heavy and your sexy for having them. Sexy and beautiful. Gosh, I bet they'd both fit in a salad bowl."

Hallie had to giggle at that. "Are my boobs so hypnotic that they've got you speaking gibberish?"

"Yes," Dana said flatly, paused, and then flashed her brilliant teeth.

Which caused Hallie to fall in love—fresh, new love like the day they'd first met.

When the massaging began, Hallie was only barely believably sized. She was sure her tits might be her starting size and shape if she had eighty or ninety extra pounds of weight evenly distributed over her frame. An hour later, her boulders rested at her belly button while maintaining a youthful amount of smooth pertness and no more sag than could be expected. Her lower back had started to hurt, so Dana laid her down along the couch and they chatted about their days, taking breaks to play with Hallie's immensity.

Poppy came up, naturally.

Yes, Hallie had it in her power to think about her sister and transfer the boobs several hundreds of miles away. She didn't have to suffer the constant build of anxiety that accompanied her truly planetary mammaries. And yet she simply couldn't do that. Each time she contemplated it, the whispers would rise from her deepest happiness and convince her otherwise. There was, recurrently, an entire personality within her that wanted the biggest boobs in the world and yearned for them without hesitation. The shadowy pool of anxiety that worried how others perceived

But realistically, she could stop her distress yet another way. Poppy had shoved extra cup sizes on her without asking. What was wrong with reciprocating? Hallie could be petty and give Poppy a piece of her own medicine; living by a tit-for-tat rule system.

An older sister couldn't be proud of that sort of behavior, though. And, after the conversations at work earlier, Hallie knew the shame she would feel for treating Poppy even worse—even as she herself was being ghosted.

In that hour's time, Hallie hadn't stopped growing. Had she still been in her work dress she knew she would have gotten stuck in the thing. On her side she could detect herself inflating to be farther away every so often. The soft, lulling flow from one inch to the next eased her. Slower expansion was by far preferable. At least Poppy saw it fit to shuttle over the extra weight in tiny increments this time.

And her woman couldn't keep from discovering wonder at each of Hallie's progressive lines. After an hour of augmenting in size, weight, and sexiness, Hallie found it charming that Dana's appetite for her supreme dilations never cloyed. The fact that they could bond over her size meant all the more to the wavy-haired brunette. It made difficult conversations easier when her stretching melons could act as a creamy, soft centerpiece.

"So you're actually worried about her?" Dana groped and kneaded idly.

Hallie's nipple stretched pleasurably, feeding a constant buzz of raw delight. "I am. We've never been that close but we're sisters, y'know? I need to know why she's gained all this weight and why she's been avoiding me so deliberately."

"Don't you avoid her deliberately?"

Hallie closed her eyes. "I could put my tits away, you know."

"Sorry! Being honest. Please keep them out," Dana pleaded.

*As if I'd put them away. Who am I trying to fool? I get more out of this than she does.*

Dana continued de-stressing her girlfriend. In the mix, Hallie adjusted so her butt was pressed even tighter into Dana. Her goal was to keep her boobs from growing off the couch. Room for physical negotiations like that were vanishing, though. "Isn't the problem bigger than you guys not being close? I've known you for several months and you get in these fits where all you think about is Poppy. And instead of doing something about it—like, having a heart-to-heart or something—you retreat into your bubble."

"I couldn't do anything about it if I wanted to." Hallie felt Dana's hands stop. She assumed it was out of confusion and elaborated on her point. "Everytime we talk, we fight. It could be about anything—stupid stuff mostly, but it doesn't stop us from escalating with each other. And since you know me so well, you know I'm not a fighter. I can't think of a reason why anybody would intentionally throw themselves into conflict."

"Maybe if you look at it a different way," Dana said. "Instead of fighting *against* something—or someone, I guess—how about you fight *for* something?"

"You said that without missing a beat."

"I've had to fight a lot. That's all. And maybe you haven't had to fight for much yet, but you will. What is it you want most out of all of this, Hales?"

Hallie didn't have to ponder for wording. Emotions poured out of her and translated perfectly into speech. "I want boobs that make me feel confident instead of ones that bimbofy me. I want Poppy to like me instead of making it her personal mission to inconvenience me. And I want my expanding chest to somehow solve both of those problems because it feels really good when they grow and I do feel really good about how I look with them bigger than G cups."

"You understand that one of those things has to give, right? You're stretching yourself in two different directions—literally, cause you've gone up a cup size or two just laying here. And, you know, you've been handling things alright thus far but as you get older and want to take steps forward in your life," Hallie knew Dana to be talking specifically about *their* future; as a couple. "It becomes more taxing to both struggle with new life and struggle with the old at the same time. That's my vague, big girl advice."

Dana rose and stretched. Hallie watched her shoulders and back in her white tank top. "I hate when you use your age against me like that." It wasn't a serious complaint. More of Hallie pointing out Dana's non-argument.

"You hungry? We should eat, you know, before we make love."

How could Dana still surprise Hallie with the idea of sex? Even when she knew it was coming, she quaked with anticipation.

She was about to agree. Her legs swung down from the couch in time to hear her phone vibrating against a glass surface. The living room table was one clean, clear glass sheet and her black plastic device tittered on top of it with a name scrawled in white over a dark background.

Hasty as not to let it get to a third ring, Hallie swiped it up and answered. “Hey Mom!”

Her mother. Something serious was about to happen. If the family had demands, it usually came down from their father—who was much easier to talk to and inviting toward the newness in the world. If it was their mother, someone was dead. If not, there was some equitable force that the matriarch deemed worthy enough to be relayed to her eldest daughter.

Detecting the railway spike posture, Dana stood at a safe distance and observed. Meanwhile, Hallie jumped through hoop after social hoop. Talking with her mother always left her on edge. Imagining every period in her mother’s sentences as judgement wouldn’t be too far off. ‘How are you?’ and ‘How is work?’ were both venomous fangs sinking in. It felt like her flesh was rotting away, and the respect for her elders that had been ingrained since youth kept her smiling as she watched the edges of her wounds extend.

The message was short and unsweet.

“Your mom?” Dana asked, careful to maintain their space. Dana was on the hardwood floor by her bedroom door.

Hallie felt very much alone on the wide, cream sofa. Her phone remained in her hand. “We’re having a family gathering this weekend.”

“That’s good?”

“No. It’s usually something awful. And mom elected to keep it a surprise this time.”

3.

*Friday, 4:43 P.M.*

*Off Hwy 61, Crawfordville, Mississippi*

'Hallie Bradford' was unfortunately well known around her hometown of Crawfordville, Mississippi.

The population was just small enough for most families to know each other while being large enough for Hallie's name to be in more circles than she could relax about. Just riding into town, she was forced to explain to Dana the significance of every building. Each one reminded her of a reason why she decided to leave home to begin with.

"What's that?"

"The Crawfordville City Police Department. My dad works there."

"He's a cop?"

"Police chief."

"So I shouldn't tell him I worked for a drug cartel during my rebellious teen years?"

"First of all, you absolutely didn't smuggle drugs. As obsessed as you were with the gym, I doubt you had time for anything fun like that," Hallie snickered. "And second, my dad is the last of your worries. He's more focused on retiring than tracking down attempted drug dealers from other towns."

Dana was driving, one hand on the wheel, the other making fingerprints on the windshield. "And that?"

"Crawford Baptist. Where Mom and Dad were married."

"Didn't know you were religious," Dana raised an eyebrow.

"I'm not anymore. I was baptised, though. And I was a choir girl."

"I'm pretty sure any girl with your tits who claims to be chaste and innocent is already going to hell for telling such a fat lie. Also, I didn't know you could sing."

"I can't. I can carry a tune, not sing. And like I said, I don't go to church anymore."

"I'm going to need some proof," Dana's hand lay on Hallie's thigh, drifting inward and back toward the center seam of her jeans. "I'll count how many times you say 'Oh god' before I get you off. Your limit is twenty."

Honestly, Hallie was down. Sex would take the edge off. Honestly, the longer she and Dana were together the more she believed good sex could cure her of just about everything. There

were moments, when she was alone, that she told herself she didn't want to depend on great sex too much. She'd remained completely celibate at home and accomplished plenty through various difficulties; she couldn't lose her edge of independence.

But this case felt different. The moment they'd driven into town, past familiar fast food places, gas stations, and down well-trodden streets, a dread had weighed heavy on Hallie's chest. And even though she didn't like the idea of sex exclusively to take her mind off of things, she needed some matter of release. It was either show up at her family home drunk, high, or recently ravaged. And the only vice Hallie had access to—and had ever tried—was number three.

With some directions, the two navigated to a parking lot behind wide oak trees. The markings were faded and tree roots buckled the ground in places. The sun set at their back. Over a hill to the east, three boys stood in a dusty lot throwing a baseball in a triangle.

"Aww, really?" Hallie sank into her seat. "There's still kids here? Shouldn't they be out somewhere? It's Friday afternoon!"

"Know anywhere else we can get some privacy?" Dana asked.

Hallie thought. There were a few places. According to the clock on the dashboard, though, they couldn't drive to the next stop and not be late for Friday evening dinner. Hallie's mother was a devil for timeliness, so there was little to be said or done about the issue.

Thoughts of her mother ran cold through Hallie. What was so amiss within their family that she'd call a weekend family vacation? Was she the only one who knew? Or, Hallie reasoned, maybe everyone knew except for her making her the center of this cataclysmic ordeal—whatever it happened to be! Now, it seemed like a mistake to have brought Dana along. Hallie's family were southern, christian conservatives. They wouldn't take nicely to seeing their eldest daughter—and fifty percent of the grandchild producing spawn—hanging from a girl like wet laundry.

Anxiety was creeping up. "Dana, come here. Now, please. . ." Hallie claimed the solution that was right beside her in hushed tones.

Dana seemed to recognize the shift in mood—from steamy sort-of public sex to a healthy shot of courage and acceptance. She didn't mention it, though. She would have been a fool to.

The car's engine died. Hallie felt the larger, taller body crossing over into her half of the front seats. The car wasn't huge or accommodating, but that added to the thrill. And to make things at least a little more casually capricious, Dana pulled the lever that leaned the passenger side chair backward.

Hallie had a gorgeous woman straddling her. A face dotted with a perfect number of freckles. Bold angled brows showed determination above glassy hazel eyes. She was equal and contradicting parts from her heritage; half caucasian, half vietnamese. With a striking appearance like hers, it was no wonder the Internet flocked to her.

A dimple hollowed in her full cheek when she smirked and lowered herself. Hallie, eager, accepted. The wideness of Dana's mouth swallowed her and she surrendered her body to the giver of all her carnal pleasures.

"Off," Dana demanded after no more than a few minute's time kissing.

An energetic bolt of passion animated Hallie. For a girl who never considered herself a true submissive, Hallie did as she was told with a readiness to please. The only top that could begin to make itself around her enormous bust—which was only inches from resting in her lap—was a lace-up tank top. It was evergreen color with ruffles surrounding the carefully knotted white strings.

"Yes, Dana," Hallie smarted off because she loved the sound of it. "As you say."

"Nice and slow. Let me kiss every inch of you while you do it. . ."

Hallie was so happy the bras hadn't come in.

Dana was against it, but Friday morning Hallie went to get sized. Really, Dana wasn't so much against knowing Hallie's bust size. Just against the idea of getting a bra for a chest that might start growing or shrinking again. While that was true, Hallie had had enough of jiggling and bouncing. She couldn't even breathe without fearing that she'd put her own eye out—and look all the harlot doing it.

Every stair was an obstacle. Seatbelts were as immoral as segregation. When Hallie's tits were so large, there was so much bad to go with the mind blowing O's. And since Dana was only a C cup, she couldn't understand; according to the flimsy argument Hallie gave that eventually won her a trip to a strip mall.

Perfume smells and bunny ears smacked them when they entered the pink women's store. An attendant was waiting by a cart full of scented candles.

"How are you ladies doing today? How can I help you?"

Hallie took a second too long trying to come up with a less-direct means of speech, in which time, Dana blurted, "My girlfriend's got huge titties and she needs to know her size."



Now, usually Hallie might stand tall and assert her maturity over the younger girl. What she would have liked was to be looked at admirably or wistfully, like some emblem of feminine strength that was gracing the store. Instead, her lower back was aching and her tits hadn't stopped jiggling and all she wanted was to find out if the store sold a suspension system big enough for her industrial sized gazongas. If not, she knew they'd better leave.

But it was too late. Perky shop attendant girl was gawking at her. Her head adopted a sway which caused her blond ponytail to flag itself about. Her mouth was the shape of a chicken egg. Hallie could tell, the must-be-eighteen girly was still formulating an opinion when she said, "Come on in," and escorted her to a changing room.

For a while, she left Dana and Hallie alone. Dana played games to ease the moment, though she mostly played with Hallie's tits and tried to guess their size. "I've heard of girls being H cups. H as in helicopter. That might be you," she said.

But Hallie had her doubts.

When blondy returned with measuring tape, she also had a fragile grin on her face. "Before we get started, I just wanted to ask if I could get a picture?"

It seemed obvious that the person she was asking was Dana; the one with the millions of followers and expanded fitness clientele. But the girl actually gestured to Hallie with big blue doe eyes and a curious gait.

*She can't be serious. Why? Isn't this just part of her job? Unless she sees me as some woman of high regard; an example of classy curves.*

"I've just never seen a girl with your proportions. It's so rare to be slim like you but that large in the bust. It's so surreal."

*Nevermind. She thinks I'm a spectacle; a circus performer.*

At least she wasn't afraid or intimidated.

Pictures were snapped swiftly. Afterward, Hallie lost her top and the three girls went about raising and lowering her huge jugs, wrapping them up with the yellow tape, taking fifteen more numbers than Hallie believed were necessary. The assistant did a few calculations. Dana crossed her fingers.

"You're looking like a. . . 32O cup."

"Oh my god," Hallie couldn't believe it. Her arms crossed in front of herself, holding them closer to her. "That's a letter? Like, one they use for boobs?"

“Holy shit,” Dana seemed impressed, which made Hallie blush. “You’re even bigger than I thought!”

“I-I assume you don’t sell that size in the store?” Hallie asked.

The shop attendant’s hands were tied, but she wore a smug expression. As if she’d trained her whole life to give such a speech, she delicately informed Hallie that there were no brassieres they could sell that would do the job of supporting the weight of her boobage while distributing it properly. Thereafter, she pulled up a few websites on her phone. Each proclaimed to cater to women with extreme body sizes.

*Extreme.*

Before they left, Hallie posed for another picture and asked the attendant why she hadn’t been put off or intimidated when faced with Hallie’s problem. She’d also been kind and understanding, even though she seemed to know she wouldn’t be making a sale that day.

“You just seemed to carry yourself well.” She shrugged. “Made me want to help you out genuinely. Boobs that don’t stop growing run in my family and are more common than you think, though I don’t see myself ever being your size. You seemed like a member of my family, that’s all.”

The couple smiled and left. They’d acquired a friend but lost an option. With only a few hours before having to leave, chances were they couldn’t have anything custom built. There was but one other choice: purchase whatever claimed to fit for as cheap as possible with same-day shipping online. While loading up the car to leave, the packages arrived. There hadn’t even been a chance to open them before the girls got on the road.

Hallie finished unlacing her top and thought of the bras with unpronounceable names and no reviews. Each one was a coin flip. One might last long enough to last the weekend or she may have to plow through them all. It would be too much for her to face her parents in any bra that was too small. She couldn’t bare deal with the looks she’d definitely get. And breaking out of it on accident? The horror.

She’d think of that later.

For the time being, Dana was fiery with passion and all Hallie wanted was to curl into her.

Busily, the taller of the duo placed a mouth at the start of a sinfully long line of cleavage and worked her way down and deep. Her tongue and lips were heated velvet, plowing a way for themselves between cotton white pillows. She sank deeper, nose scrunching into softness. Lashes fluttered over the most sensitive skin on Hallie’s body.

Hallie sighed, then hitched on a sharp inhale. Her bosom was being grabbed before her. Long fingers and palms pushed her up, made her weights feel weightless. Between her suspended flesh, Dana motorboated; careful to blend the joy of laughter with the dead-serious art of intercourse. Since they occupied the foreplay round it was okay. However, need was boiling over and demanded attention.

Just when it became unbearable, Dana seemed to read it on Hallie's muscles. Hallie's parted lips were attended to once more. Her overly sensitive breasts were kneaded till the pleasure wet her space between her legs and her core tightened at a fresh onset of rapture.

Their weight shifted. The pace modulated. Each time Dana made love with her there was a story being told. The peaks were so high but the valleys between them rolled slow and peaceful. It was the exact opposite of how she'd expected sex to be while growing up.

*A race to the finish.*

So many people rushed. So few indulged; experienced, soaked. Sex was the story of how a couple mutually pulled themselves apart, unwinding each fiber of being and appreciating, even for an instant, the victory.

The way Dana loved her showed in sex. Hallie's tits were a focal point, but so was her mouth and her crotch. Hands and a mouth routinely poked around elsewhere, finding new segments of her to appreciate. The thin skin just behind her ear, the tightness in her shoulder muscles, the divot where her waist began to pinch inward. They even held hands during the final trough before they went full out in their attempt to summit this sexual mountain together.

Hallie felt a moan ripped from her. One hand was in her hair. Another was wearing her panties as a hat, squeezed between her trembling thighs as Dana worked her.

"Cum for me," a voice so low sounded sweet to her ears.

Hallie puffed out air, felt the exhilaration like she was in full sprint. Without being held aloft, her O cup breasts felt weightless again; weightless and powerful and sexy. Her abs squeezed tight. Yet another moan caused her jaw to slack and brows to furrow. The rolling waves of bliss were getting stronger and stronger; crashing over her so that she could drown in them. Release was going to wreck her, she just knew it. Thankfully, she was laying down.

Then the pressure hit her just right. The tempo matched, and it was a straight shot. With her nipples blazing a brilliant pink that screamed to be had, Hallie took her own tit flesh in her tiny hands and mashed herself into compressed, bulging shapes. Her hips rolled forward and in, urging Dana's fingers all the deeper.

“That’s it baby girl. That’s right. Cum. I want to watch you cum.”

Hallie’s tunnel clamped nearly on command, hugging the long digits tight. “Oh god!” Then the moment melted in the white heat of climax.

The surge was so huge she froze before it, her body seizing up by muscle group. Her steel blue eyes had lines around them they were shut so tight. Nothing was in her control, but she was so very fine with it. She rode out her body’s mightiest experience happily, unvexed by the looming situation.

When it was done a little under a minute later, she felt a dull ache from how hard she’d cum. One sense after the other, the physical world came back to her. The smell of sex sealed in a car, the fog on the windows from her body heat. Cheerful sucking and slurping sounds made her giggle. Seconds later, she felt the source of those sounds.

Her eyes opened and Dana was there, sucking greedily at her breast. Hallie felt she was in a dream, and the positive flow of hormones made her all the sweeter about having the woman in her life so dedicated to serving her body with such zeal.

“You’re the best girlfriend ever,” were the first words from Hallie’s lips.

“That was the best orgasm ever, from what I saw.” Dana teased, catching a lengthy nub between her teeth.

As was customary after a good time, they nuzzled one another with Dana finding the warmth of Hallie’s chest the greatest source of pleasure. Hallie too felt no trepidation about letting herself be held and squeezed. She felt all the more feminine when she could comfort and nurture with her body. So long as her frontward trunk of lady junk wasn’t in her way, she quite liked such warm moments. They might even be worth the trouble. She might even grow used to life with O cup tits. If nothing else, she’d grow used to seeing the dark crown of Dana’s head tucked between her cottony canyon.

Comfy caressing might have lasted longer in a different setting. Unfortunately, Dana was large and heavy and there was little space in a sedan for her size to stretch out. At least her cramps came on around the same time Hallie lost feeling in her legs. They kissed to seal their sex acts; the end cap to a moment they would share forever. Then, they departed to the Bradford house.

The couple arrived just a few minutes late. They were scolded briefly for their tardiness, but overcame the lecture by leaning hard into their apparent excitement to be home.

Hallie’s parents, Diane and Oliver, were everything they were when she’d left home. Oliver was a shorter man with a brick wall sort of build. He’d admitted to being a maverick back when he first started the force; more intense and obsessive. The gruffness and toughness had smoothed

over time, though, and his appreciation for a simple, functioning home life was probably the cause. For interrogatory moments, he did have classic cop eyes that watched a little too long and were unreadable to outsiders. But thankfully, he'd spared his daughters the investigatory death glares in their childhood, focusing more on being an easy-going parent and mostly-present father.

Diane was the lead disciplinarian. While Oliver spared the girls from his weaponized intimidation, Diane left no opportunity to rebuke or lecture on the table. Discipline, respect, and maturity came from her verbal and emotional assaults as did a few other insecurities. Still, Hallie had Diane to thank for many things: her values, her sense of personal responsibility, and decent genetics. Not everything was perfect, but thick hair and large chests were a kind gift to give to her children. Hell, it had probably been the gift that won her an amazing husband and father of her children. Even approaching fifty, Diane started to gray but remained a beautiful woman.

Basic introductions happened at the door. One uncomfortable part about the welcome was introducing Dana as a 'best friend'. They'd discussed it as a couple and deemed it the right thing to do based on how Diane might react, but it still felt wrong. Then, there was the awkward talk about her daughter's apparent weight gain.

"They must pay you well at your job." Diane started with a grin before the judgement came down. "I bet the financial success scares off any potential suitors. Be sure you don't live too lavishly, sweetie. Men like being able to provide for you. They can't do that if you're eating out all the time without a care for your wallet or your body."

"Now there, Diane. Our daughter looks great! Why don't you come on inside, both of you. We've got the table made. The food's fresh out of the oven." Oliver was as sweet as ever.

Hallie made a point to speak mostly to her father. "What're we having?"

"Southern classics. Mustard greens, mac and cheese, hand-mashed potatoes, giblet gravy, cobbed corn, string beans, yeast rolls baked fresh, and all the fried chicken you can eat."

"Go easy, Hallie," Diana warned.

Such comments from anyone else would elicit a slicing sarcasm, but Hallie felt only anxiety and apprehension at her mother's words.

"Hon, the girl doesn't get to eat like this all the time. Let her have her fill! And once she's done, we'll be having your choice of desserts."

Hallie's father started to go through a list of desserts that were a diabetic's worst nightmare and Hallie was along for the ride until they passed the dining room that led into the kitchen. There,

after all the evading, ghosting, and mystery was Poppy. She sat with an ease, scrolling over her phone, not a care in the world.

Nevertheless, for Hallie, it was like walking onto a beach and seeing a sun tanned snowman—this was her sister in the flesh, no matter how she'd been on her mind or in her phone. The tone in the air shifted. Hallie felt herself fuming. There was enough fury in her to fuel an army of men through war. Sensing it, Oliver led Diane into the kitchen to begin fixing plates. Dana remained over Hallie's shoulder for support.

"Hello, Poppy."

"Hmm?"

A girl with near identical features to Hallie looked up from the table. They both had heavily hooded eyes and prominent bags that always made them look despondent or downtrodden. Hallie's had darkened to a slate blue over the years. Poppy's remained strikingly oceanescent against her fair complexion and abundance of wavy brown hair. They each also shared the least attractive nose imaginable—Hallie's opinion—that was big and bulky from a Jewish heritage long forgotten. Both had thin lips to form their scowls with. And each of them had slim frames with short limbs, except for their chests, of course.

Then, Poppy flicked a look down to her older sister's absurd breasts and lingered there. When a smirk rolled her lips toward her nose, Hallie came to her tether's end.

"I see by your texting that you get excellent reception out here. I'd like to know why you aren't taking my phone calls." Hallie had the most threateningly sarcastic glee in her voice.

"I've been busy; life, y'know? And helping mom prepare for this weekend has been a week-long endeavor." Poppy spoke as if apologizing while only providing more excuses. Hallie recognized the tactic immediately but wasn't immune from feeling sorry. "Who's your friend?"

Hallie would have acted upset a little longer if it didn't make her look like a total ass hole. In this case, it would, so she went about introductions. "This is Dana. She's the *friend* I'm always talking about—you know, when we *do* talk."

Dana came beside Hallie, bringing a warmth and comfort that was friendlier than 'just friends'. "Hey, nice to meet you. Hallie talks about you all the time."

"Hi. . ." Poppy trailed, sizing up the woman, aware of more than she let on. "You're, uh, very tall."

"Poppy!" Hallie snarled. "Can't you be a little more—"

Dana chuckled and patted Hallie's arm at the same time. 'Easy there' said the gesture. "I get that a lot, yea. The weather up here's fine, before you ask."

"A tall asian girl? Whose extremely athletic *and* a friend of Hallie's?" Poppy tilted her head toward her sister. "Where in the world did you meet her? You're the least athletic person I know, and all your friends growing up were guys."

Hallie, feeling on the spot unjustly, bristled. "That sounds like dinner conversation. How about I save the breath and tell the whole family over our meal, hmm? Before then, though, I'd like to have a chat with you, if you don't mind."

Poppy's playful smirk flatlined. "I'm busy."

"It'll only take a minute."

"Is it so private that Dana can't come?"

Hallie looked to her girlfriend, speaking with her eyes. Dana was always amazing at reading her; the first to interpret her dull eyes with near-perfect accuracy. "This sounds like a sister thing. I'll go help your parents with plating." Dana squeezed Hallie's upper arm; looked understanding and reassuring.

Hallie felt the support. When Dana left, she knew fully she could depend on her better half for anything. Then, she started to leave toward the hall behind the dining room which led to a bathroom, the parent's bedroom, and a staircase. Her eyes flicked back and found her sister, lingering for as long as it took for the younger girl to get up from her seat and follow.

They met each other in their parent's room, Poppy closing the door on instinct despite not being the most willing to meet in the first place.

"I have so many questions, but those can wait. Pops, my back is killing me. Please take our tits."

Poppy was amused. "Really? They look awesome on you, though. I mean it, Hale, I really like how our combined curves look on you."

"I didn't ask if I looked good. I'm in pain. As great as they are, this is too much for anyone," Hallie replied. She leaned back on her parent's bed, putting the weight on the mattress. Arms behind her, she sighed as her weighty masses parted to each side of her body.

"So if they didn't hurt, you think you'd like to keep them?"

The older sister hadn't thought much about that. "You know what? I probably would. But that's impossible, isn't it?"

“Nah, I don’t think so. If we just transfer the size slowly over a few weeks—give your body a chance to adjust.”

“So you know my body needs time to adjust but stuck me with 32O cup titties anyways? And where did you gain all that weight so quickly anyway? You had to be eating like three-thousand calories per day!”

Poppy gasped. She flicked on the light switch and came closer. “Did you just say 32O cup? ‘O’ like ‘orange juice’? Holy shit, Hallie! Can I touch?”

Hallie squinted. “Uh, why?”

“Cause that’s a fucking huge size and I want to see how they feel? Duh!”

“But I’m your sister. . .”

“Exactly. You’re my sister! Which is what makes it safe.”

“Pretty sure it’s the other way around, Poppy.”

Poppy continued forward, leaning to get different angled views, eyes full of wonder. “It’s insulting when you make implications like that, Hallie. But, since you’ve brought it up in both conversations we’ve had lately, let me let you in on something.” Poppy, probably sensing that Hallie would be uncomfortable with the suddenness, rushed forward and tackled her big sis to their parent’s bed. In her hands were her sister’s massive jugs. She sloshed them about, then massaged in long, indulgent circles.

Hallie couldn’t break free for the life of her! Her tits were too big and heavy to allow her to sit up and Poppy’s thighs were astride her hips. “Poppy! Off! What the hell—”

“Hate to break it to you, Hales,” she put on the perfect act, speaking sincere while molesting her sister’s sexy balloons. “But you aren’t my type. We could never work out, you and I—not just because we’re sisters, either. You’re way too serious; offended too easy, can’t let loose at all. And me? I go with the flow, y’know?”

“Get off, Poppy! For fuck’s sake!” Hallie shrieked in whisper form.

“The only fun you are is when you’re upset over something. Why do you think it’s so fun to tease you? You can’t even relax with your sister groping your humongous funbags—talk about a stick in the mud!”



There was so much wrong with the situation. Forget the powerlessness and lack of control. Hallie was starting to feel her sensitive skin awakening, heating up, blushing. Her nipples were already constantly erect, but it felt like death to have them lengthening and hardening further. Poppy shouldn't be touching her like this. No matter how good it felt, this was wrong.

But by the heat rising in her body and the swirl of pleasure, Hallie had a hard time fighting off the goodness. It actually took her aback. She had to pause her panic to get a good sense of it. She was feeling so, so good underneath her little sister's paws. So good that she started making rationalizations—good enough to stop struggling and be present in her own body.

*It won't go sexual. It's just tits. Relax, it isn't sexual.*

But she'd only known such pleasure in a sexual context. The only option was to focus on their motion and feel the disgust associated. The confidence of having big boobs vanished whenever she felt them moving, bouncing, or sloshing. Unfortunately, that was all Poppy seemed to want to do; create a show that overstimulated the visual and tactile senses, exploring just how sexy a pair of boobs could possibly be.

"Ahh yea, there we go," Poppy said, speaking low.

"There wh-who goes—" Hallie reacted, but felt her voice break.

*Shit. . . I'm horny. Didn't I cum for Dana? I shouldn't still be horny.*

But she was. And it wasn't for Poppy—thank goodness, she thought. Instead, as vexing as her ta-tas were as they bounced low enough to cover her stomach and high enough to touch her chin, she felt her lecherous necessity to have them keep bouncing. The tingling electricity surfing over her creamy skin demanded a release, which it found with just a few more minutes of squeezing.

Even as she prayed for a swift conclusion, spoke from both sides of her mouth. Hallie wanted more booby play—about as much as she didn't want it. So wrong, yet so right.

Hallie gripped her parent's sheets, conscious of making a mess but convinced she could clean things up anyway. She felt her muscles tighten, flexing at her rapture. For fuck's sake, did her tits have to feel so amazing? Was their size a factor in her pleasure? She'd gotten horny so quick! And it had barely been an hour since the indulgence by the old softball field. Hallie hated to think of it, but maybe Poppy was really fucking good at massages. Or, even worse, the fact that being turned on by her sister's hands was a taboo that might have appealed to a darker side of her. Perhaps the forbidden fruit was the sweetest.

"S-slow down! I-I'll make a mess—" Hallie choked.

“Light weight. Mmmph! Mmm, yes!” Poppy teased, then recoiled into a pleasure she was feeling as well.

“N-not so loud, or mom and dad might—. . .”

“Let them. I don’t care. This feels too great.”

Hallie showed the whites of her eyes. Poppy couldn’t seem to care. And her reasons for not caring became clear when Hallie peeked out of her bliss into the reality of the situation. Poppy’s blouse already sank dangerously low on her, double D cup breasts front and center, but the longer they remained connected—in physicality and in amorous synchrony—the more pressure was applied to the garment. With no buttons, the swinging of her full, round chest became more clear. The pendulous weights, tucked between her busy arms, oozed from the hole in the opening.

Poppy was taking the boobs back.

Hallie should have been elated—so long back pain! But she couldn’t take her eyes off of her sister. Wavy brown hair, long and luscious rivers wrapped around her shoulders and upper back, face wearing a bare emotion that flooded her aqua eyes and flushed her pale skin. Poppy, her little sister, was so beautiful. It was rare to see or hear or feel Poppy without her walls up; without sarcastic humor or the need to tease. Raw human soul poured from her body, a pureness so attractive that Hallie couldn’t help but feel connected.

Her back hitched off the bed, chest pushing further into Poppy’s hands. Her thighs clenched, a brace against the pleasure. Desperation to rid herself of her burdensome vastness equaled the extravagant joy of being one of only two women in the world who could share in size. On her back it was easier to side with the pleasure aspect. Even when Poppy went rough, grabbing doughy tufts and pulling with sensual might, it registered as pleasure, pleasure, and more pleasure. There was only so much brain space for self-consciousness. It dissipated quickly amid the fog of moans and pheromones.

“Sh-shit! Shit yea—oh yes, yes, yes!” Poppy vocalized, hissing and chanting and begging; all bodily experiences audible in her words.

Hallie’s matching moans were simple, like “Take it,” and “Right there”. The realization that she wasn’t suffocating under her own boob meat was both alleviating and, to her surprise, disgruntling. A kiddish selfishness told her she wanted to keep her size—her huge, sexy size—and that it kept her status as ‘older’ sister intact. There was pride attached to her inhuman hyper-female bust. Having it stripped away—and tacked on to a sister she wasn’t on the best of terms with—branded her ego with a painful, flaming sear.

Conflicted with every emotion, Hallie was paralyzed to do much else than moan and analyze. She was positioned astride a wicked orgasm and had to hold the sensation while watching Poppy inflate. With a few strong tugs and squeezes, the titty mojo had the near-reflected version of Hallie pumping up. Yellow fabric stretched nearly to translucence. Lines of tension formed underneath the diving 'V' while increased folds of lady flesh poured from the top.

Fighting her clothes, her tits looked ridiculously erotic. Contained, her sweater puppies smashed into each other after nearly a minute of constant growth. They inflated with a mass that was only theirs to borrow, yet they looked like natural beauties when cleavage defined itself with a dark, mysterious line. Deeper and deeper the line sank, to the point that Hallie became lost in watching it lengthen.

*They're so heavy and full. They have to drop eventually, right? She's taking too much—she's going to take all my bust away.*

And a part of Hallie really believed it. Her peak size of 32O seemed so far away, even as she looked down at herself and realized she was bigger than most women could ever dream to be.

It had to be Poppy—just the image of the baby of the family getting all the tit she wanted.

Hallie needed to find a moment to stop the growth, but was simultaneously transfixed by the bits of skin that were becoming visible through Poppy's thinning top.

Her little sister bit her lower lip; gone pink with the flush of libidinous heat. Whether it was intentional or not, Poppy was grinding her pussy through her daisy dukes on Hallie's lower abdomen.

"I think that's enough, Poppy!" Hallie called, voice still shivering. Her sister had taken so much. Poppy was getting huge and the lines of tension on her shirt seemed moments away from splitting to reveal her naked chest skin. "S-stop it—let go now!"

"Not now, Hale! Please, I-I'm so close—"

"Close? To what? Don't you dare cum on me!"

"Right there! Yes, yes! God, yes there's so much I can't stop—"

Nothing short of herculean effort brought Hallie to the point of bucking her hips with a swift, unexpected thrust. She didn't think she'd have the strength after the long drive and a muscle relaxing quickie near a softball field. It probably had to do with protecting her own titty shelf; jealous sibling shenanigans and the silly narcissism that came with being a big sister.

Poppy yelped. Snapped from ecstasy, she fell forward. Of all places to land, she came down swiftly and bashed foreheads with Hallie. The sisters writhed in the luxury bedding, groaning for a completely new reason.

“For the love of fuck, Hallie! Jeez! Ouch!?”

Hallie rolled onto her side. Her plan had worked. Now, there was a knot between her eyes to show for it. “You couldn’t let go of my tits for long enough to break your own fall?!”

“Why are you so stingy? You’d rather give us both concussions than give me an extra cup size or two?! You’re such a slut, always needing to be so much bigger than me!”

The S word cut deep. Hallie could only see out of one eye, but managed to flip off the bed and look at her curled sister. “Don’t you call me that. Ever. Understand?” Poppy knew the word hurt, so why would she use it?

“Ouchie ouch! Ooo,” Poppy rolled over and sat up, palm just left of center over her eyebrow. When she saw Hallie’s deepest concern beneath her wincing, she turned lethal. “What? Are you offended? You can’t tell me what I can and can’t say—I’m an adult now, Hallie.”

“I’m saying you won’t use that language around me—I deserve some respect. I’m your older sister.” Hallie couldn’t help but notice the malfunction of clothing going on. The last few inches of growth were petering out before her, seeing her sister’s fevered flesh pour like liquid over her unadjusted top. Her tits were truly headsized. Over the lip poked her right nipple, gone vagrant wearing the heat and allure of her body.

Hallie, unable to pay much attention to anything else, swore she saw the start of some moisture at the end of Poppy’s pap but wrote it off as a tear moistening her own eye and thought nothing of it.

“Then why not act like it from time to time. You know, instead of acting like a total whore—”

“Poppy. That’s enough.” Hallie gritted her teeth.

“Whore. Whore. Clit sucking *whore*!” Poppy said, hurt in more ways than one. She leaped from the bed. The sound of a tear filled the room. She inspected her top and found that, at last, the battle was won by her bodacious curves. Right in front of her sister, she pulled at the deepest slope of her stretched out yellow veil and peeled it away with minimal force. “And no matter how hard you tried, I got all the titty I wanted.”

Like ripping through a plastic bag, her shirt was flayed down the center. Rising from the reveal like deployed floatation devices bobbed two monumentally sized tits. They were larger than her

head, larger than her body should ever be forced to carry genetically, and—Hallie noted—definitely larger than her sister's.

But that wasn't the reason for Hallie's was tears.

"How could you?" Hallie frowned. She felt weak; crumbled back to the bed.

"What else do you call it when you show up late for family dinner smelling like sex? What else is it when you go out dancing with tits out to here?" Poppy whipped her brunette hair back so she could gesticulate massive, bigger-than-imaginary titties. Ironically, her reach ended about at her own nipples. "At that point, it's just greed. You've got a fetish for being the biggest girl in the room. What does that make you? Hmm?"

Hallie couldn't have completed her sister's sentence even if she wanted to be an accomplice to her own verbal abuse. What she feared most was being seen as a virtue-less hunk of meat. Now, she was thinking all of her actions summed to her being precisely that. Her dignity was crumbling. The brave face she had meticulously crafted for this family affair was as deflated as her current chest, which was still huge but stripped of all the glory of being the biggest they'd ever been.

"I'll tell you what it makes you. I said it before—" Poppy started, squeezing her luscious new tits together intimidatingly.

"Don't!"

"You're a—"

"Hallie? Babe! Hallie!"

Knocking came loud on the door outside. Neither sister had time to answer it before Dana barged through. A quick scan of the room later, she was at Hallie's side.

The eldest sister collapsed against her lover's body. Her emotions tore her insides raw. Scorned by having trusted the purity she'd seen in Poppy, Hallie balled against Dana in long, whooping cries. It was impossible to tell, but she swore Dana and Poppy exchanged a look after which the younger sister turned and left the room.

In the vacancy, Hallie felt all pride scatter away from her. Deep inside, all she wanted was Poppy's admiration. Now, she knew her sister's true feelings. The connectedness they'd felt in bed was a lie meant to hold her over while she was robbed of the emblems that she connected most with maturity.

*I guess I can be closer to Dana now.*

She could. Her chest was smaller and she fit more perfectly against her lover's body.

The victory was hollow.

#### 4.

"I'm pregnant," Poppy proclaimed proudly.

Oliver cleared his throat. "That could have stood to be a little more subtle, honey."

Diane dropped her spoon. It landed in a cloud of mashed potatoes and gravy. She clasped her hands over her mouth and the bottoms of her eyes bent upward from the grin behind her fingers. "I knew it! I knew it, I knew it! Oh, congratulations, baby!"

That was the big announcement. It wasn't death—like grandma or Pastor Sanford. It was a new life. With the news came little relief. Later, Hallie discovered that her father was already aware of Poppy's pregnancy. He'd kept it a secret leading up to this family dinner. In that sense, only Hallie and her mother and her were truly surprised.

In true Poppy fashion, the news broke at the first dull moment during dinner, most likely to spite Hallie who had successfully avoided eye contact with everyone at the table and pushed her food around enough to convince onlookers of a nonexistent appetite. The eldest daughter focused on her chest instead—her body seemed to be the center of her life lately. Her breasts fit less suggestively in the evergreen lace-up top, still filling it but not bursting from the strings like before. She couldn't keep herself from measuring when she went to her old bathroom to fix her makeup before sitting down to eat. The measuring tape was still in the sewing kit she inherited from her mother.

32I cup. Six cup sizes. She couldn't believe her sister took half a foot from her.

And that was just from rib to nipple. The volume of breasts were so much more than what they appeared since it took an extra amount of adipose to fill each additional cup size. There was just a lot less on her chest. She wished she hadn't measured herself. The number of inches just made things worse. The sensations were all different; balance was a stark change. The alphabet song was cut short. It felt like some crime against humanity.

Why couldn't Hallie stop wanting bigger boobs? Why couldn't she just not care?

“Hallie! Aren’t you excited?! Say something,” Diane leaned to her right and shoved Hallie’s shoulder.

Her mother was at the head of the table, her father straight ahead and Poppy diagonal. Hallie managed to raise her eyes, prodded by a sense of obedience to her mother that should have been long gone. “Congratulations, Poppy.” Hallie went back to twirling around her mustard greens.

“That didn’t sound very sincere,” her father noted rather than accused.

Lacking tact, her mother did the accusing. “Exactly! You don’t sound proud at all. Your younger sister is about to become a mother. Shouldn’t you be a little more flamboyant?”

*Thanks for taking the burden of grandchildren off of me, Poppy. Otherwise, it doesn’t seem like I should care.*

“I’m not feeling well. That’s all. Long drive, heavy meal.” Hallie sounded dejected but hoped it conveyed exhaustion.

To amplify, Dana demonstrated her allegiance to Hallie above all else when she asked, “Would you like to lay down? You can barely keep your eyes open, can you?” Then she turned to the family with a hand on Hallie’s back. “It has been a hectic day. Packing paranoia, traffic all the way. It really must have tuckered her out.”

“If you thought you were feeling ill you might have warned us before sitting down for dinner.” Diane blurted. “There’s your father and me who aren’t spring chickens anymore. And now we have the baby to consider—no, Poppy can’t afford to be sick.”

Hallie ignored the fact that her mother had jumped from ‘wasn’t feeling well’ to ‘swine flu’ and came to her feet. “Excuse me. I’ll be in my room laying down.”

It took very little acting to make depressed look sick. She shuffled her plate into the kitchen, transferred her meal to something disposable, wrapped it all up in aluminum foil, and placed it in the fridge. Before leaving to go to her room, she found an array of sweets that called her name. A slice of german chocolate cake with a butt the size of an eight-hundred page book and so heavy it tilted the plastic? Maybe she’d be in a diabetic coma by the end of it.

Her room hadn’t changed at all. A full sized bed with checkered pattern, a bookshelf full of books in her collections and a hill beside it of those novels on her ‘to-read’ list, an ugly blue carpet in an oval that was graying into slate from being walked over for years. It even smelled the same, meaning it smelled of nothing except the detergent her mother used to wash linen.

Laying in bed under old covers, she read by lamp light and stuffed her cheeks with sweetness, hoping she'd earn the deepest of cavities for her selfish neglect. It was the only peace she could find in the night, and she swore if things didn't improve that she and Dana would leave by morning.

The book was a fantasy. Strong female lead must infiltrate a secret ninja base and runs into a boyish rogue. Being for young adults there was nothing too explicit but the impossibility of a character who was average by her own admission getting hearts in her eyes over an assassin was interesting enough. It soon turned into the couple against the world, guarding a secret and evading discovery. The one character who was privy to their forbidden love was a self-serving agent, too. He could flip at any given moment—demand the lead's affection, in fact, if he so pleased.

She was so invested that Hallie didn't hear the door knock or open. She just looked up and saw her mother.

The very first words out of her mouth after closing the door behind her were: "Don't eat all that sugar before bed. You'll get fat."

Hallie cradled the book closer to her eyes, making a scene out of focusing on it instead of the person in the room. Any younger than the age of eighteen and the move would have earned a grounding. Not so now, though her mother's gaze sharpened at the gesture.

"If you get fat, you'll never get a man of your own—you want to be a mom, don't you?"

She did. What she didn't want was to cooperate in her mother's word circles, her judgements, her passive-aggression. "I'm trying to unwind, mother. I think my sickness might be stress related."

"Well if you'd stop reading by lamp light—it's so bad for your eyes. I told you as a kid that you need to read in well lit areas."

"Well, I planned on sleeping after this chapter."

"I was serious about that question, Hallie. Are you seeing anyone? You don't have to tell me any details but you have to know that, as your mother, when I find out your baby sister has one in the hole I can only wonder about my older daughter."

Hallie felt a cold aggression crawl up her back. It signalled her desire to vacate the area. And yet it was so much worse than that.

As a child, she was forced to deal with her parents. They fed her, clothed her, housed her. Any anguish she felt over the parenting style had to be held at the end of a bitten tongue. It was new



to be an adult, making her own money, living in a town that was miles away. It occurred to her that she was laying in her old bed. As a grown up she had her own bed—own food, own clothes, own life. She didn't have to take any of her mother's shit anymore. Daughter she would always be, but being a child was over.

That freedom helped make the decision for her: she and Dana would leave in the morning. The weekend of singing Poppy's praises while throwing Hallie under the bus would have to happen without the butt of the joke being present. They would definitely throw verbal punches at her, things that she might be able to soften by being present. Yet, if her family were the type to be candid about constant interrogation and unbiased insult, they didn't deserve her company in the first place.

"I don't have to tell you any details," Hallie stated, dropping her book to the night stand.

She'd said it as a 'back off'. But her mother opened her stance and glittered to a grin. "So there is someone but you just don't want to tell me too much?"

"That wasn't—" Hallie sat up in her bed. She cut herself before she could tell her mother off.

*What a stupid misunderstanding. She only hears what she wants to hear, dammit.*

"Well, go on. You have to tell me a little more. It's one thing not to give details and another to not share anything at all. You don't have to be specific." Diane was more a gal pal in that one string of words than she'd ever been in Hallie's upbringing.

But—and the sinister quality of the thought was a shock to its owner—maybe there was a way of getting out of this without an explosion. Yes, maybe a subtler touch could subvert the entire talk so it played to everyone's wants.

"That wasn't what I meant," Hallie began.

"Oh? That's too bad—" her mother went a shade darker.

"I meant that there is someone and I'd be happy to tell you about them. I just have to leave out important details—and you have to swear not to tell."

Hallie had never seen the woman frolic—actually frolic, like a fairy—but she did. The old salt-and-pepper lady floated as if on the hot air balloon in the direction of new gossip. Hallie couldn't believe it; she was being treated favorably—like she was Poppy.

"I won't tell a soul! You know me. Everything's on a need-to-know basis." Her mother folded her hands in her lap.

Most of the time, Diane chose in the moment who needed to know. Whoever she felt compelled to gossip with usually got her juiciest news. Their conversation would absolutely be leaked. But Hallie would be gone by then. “Well, then here goes.”

“Please! As vivid a picture as possible.”

“Tall, amazing muscles. Not a bodybuilder—thank God—but health conscious.”

“Mhmm? And?”

“Got a bit of a rebellious streak, but always on the best behaviour around me.” Hallie sprinkled in what she knew her mother wanted to hear. “I’ve never had to open a door myself, never paid for a dinner, and I’m always getting cards and flowers at work.”

“You didn’t mention eyes.”

“Hazel—oh! They’re brilliant. Dreamy but a little naughty.”

“Hallie! I raised you up in church, didn’t I?” Diane tilted her head and pouted. After a beat she shrugged. “But everybody’s got a sin, so at least tell me you’re using protection.”

“Of course, mother.” Dana had actually been the one to suggest they both get tested and practice safe lesbian sex—something Hallie had to be educated on. “We’re very safe.”

“And he makes you happy?”

“He?” Hallie caught herself thinking about Dana and corrected quickly. “I-I mean, yes. So happy.”

“I meant in bed, sweetie.”

The shock was measurable in seconds. But the act needed playing out to completion. Fortunately, this part was all honesty. “If I’d known sex could get so good, you would have had a much harder time keeping me focused on church and school.”

That did it.

Diane hollered, slapped Hallie’s thigh, and danced in her seat. After the news, she didn’t have a word of correction for her eldest daughter. Well, except for what she said as she went out the door.

“When you get a ring, honey, don’t be a stranger. And the minute you conceive I better be the first person you call—before your darling, even.”

Hallie rolled her eyes, snickering to herself. Diane probably thought it had to do with her joke. But it was for a master plan well executed, deception pulled off under the nose of the mother of the house. Hallie as a child would have felt guilt for lying. But as an adult, the woman had reasonable enough justification.

She picked up her book where she'd left off.

The next day, citing stomach pain—which wasn't pregnancy, Hallie affirmed with her mother—Hallie and Dana left for home.

They talked some about what happened, going over the pregnancy announcement and the confrontation in the Bradford's master bedroom. Despite what happened with her sister in her parent's room, Hallie was positive and upbeat.

Dana caught on to it quickly; asked if the stress was driving her loony.

"Mom came to my room after dinner."

"I saw her, and waited in the hall. She came out ecstatic though."

"I maybe told her about you."

Dana efforted through her shock by not allowing the muscle spasm to impact her driving. The car jerked but stayed in its lane. "About me, or about *us*?"

"I told her I was in a serious relationship with nice muscles; who's tall and attractive holds the door open form. That seemed to be all she wanted to know." Hallie waited specifically for Dana's guard to lower before clarifying, "She thinks you're a man, though."

"You told her you were dating a man?"

"I told her nothing of the sort and she didn't ask. She didn't ask for a name either. Just wanted to know if I was in a serious relationship." Hallie's head rolled on the head rest to Dana's direction. She tried making doe eyes knowing she probably just looked sadistic. Damn her sad, blue eyes. "You aren't mad, are you?"

Dana ruminated for a long while during which Hallie touched her sculpted forearm to ground her again. "That sort of deception is really uncharacteristic of you, that's all. I know it comes from your family; probably years of having to pretend, wearing masks, and leaving details out to preserve peace."

Hallie frowned. A common expression of hers taking no effort at all. “Just because that’s true doesn’t mean that’s my reason for doing it.”

“Good thing I never graduated with my degree in psychology, then. Why’d you leave out all the important details with your mom?”

“First of all,” Hallie tuned in to her partner’s feelings just a hair too late for comfort. “I didn’t do it because I’m ashamed of you either. I’m happy your a woman—relieved, really. I don’t even know what I’d do with a guy at this point. You’re the only one for me, Dana.”

The driver rolled her eyes. “I wasn’t concerned about that, but thanks.” Though she said it, Dana did look a degree happier after Hallie’s confession. “Now, talk.”

“Two parts. It just felt good in the moment to have her approval in something. Dinner was brutal and it got worse when mother followed up with a surprise talk that called my life decisions into question. I wanted her to know that I’m an adult with an adult life and adult relationships.”

“The other part?”

“It felt good to trick her.”

Dana scoffed but let go of her offense quickly. As deviant as she was with sex, the taller woman had solid ethics that didn’t stand deception without *excellent* justification. “Again, I don’t approve. Can’t deny there’s issues that need fixing and deception and distortion are what have been used to sweep the problems under the rug before, but you’ve got to come up with a solution to the problems, Hallie—real solutions, adult solutions.”

“If I’m honest, I’d rather disappear with you somewhere to ourselves and minimize all contact.” Hallie was okay with admitting her deepest convictions since they were alone.

Dana handled them like precious gems, careful not to crack an ego or shatter a heart. “That works for a while. But those people become my family too once we’re married. And what if you become a mom? Will you have the heart to keep your mom and dad away from our kids? Our children deserve to know their history, right?”

“Jeez, Dana. Please, not right now, okay?” Hallie curled toward the passenger window, counting cars in the afternoon light. The sun was at their back, driving east after several hours of heading northward. The exit toward town was coming up soon. “Not cause I haven’t thought about all of that—I can’t seem to *stop* thinking about all of that. I just want to leave this weekend behind some. Everything’s still too raw.”

Hallie felt a hand on her back, palming in circles. “Gotcha. I’ll stop. We’ll talk more later, ‘kay?”

Then the car turned. Hallie checked and rechecked the signage. “Babe, you turned off an exit too early.”

“Did I? Was distracted I guess.” Dana’s right hand went digging deep between Hallie’s arm and torso.

The move was clearly for her boobs, so Hallie turned full on again and let her lover indulge as a reward for dropping the topic.

Smaller didn’t mean less sensitive. Her nipples went hard in only moments, heartbeat throbbing in her thick tips as well as between her legs. She’d missed Dana last night. They hadn’t had sex all day, which hadn’t been an issue in the past but was becoming one the more Hallie thought about their futures together.

Hallie had wakeful dreams brought on by a growing sexual appetite and her girlfriend’s previous words. Marriage. Children. A big, happy family. Those seemed like they should be much farther off, muted by the veil of time behind which the future hid itself. But Hallie was twenty-four now; no longer young enough to date, fuck, or dream without intention. She wanted to enjoy married life for a while. That was a year or two. Then have a kid. After the first, she wanted a second. Then, as finances and patience permitted, a third. Spacing a year between each kid, she’d be in her thirties if she started her life plans right away!

Everything had to begin right now—it already was, she admitted.

“Dana, where the heck are we? You didn’t turn around to get back on the interstate.” Hallie started noodle-necking; one unfamiliar landmark to the next.

“I know this place. It’s just a town over. Faster to just make the drive. And quit questioning me. I’m the driver and you’re the hottie whose getting a ride.”

“I’m flattered and aroused by that idea, but I’d still like to know where we are.”

“You’re in your head too much.”

“Weren’t you the one bringing up family planning a few minutes ago—. . .”

Hallie’s breath hitched. Her left tit felt like it was swelling into Dana’s hand. It was squeezed so tight, groped with a mightiness. Her yearning tingled at every juncture, exploding over her through her clothes as her nipple was snared between two of Dana’s fingers.

Hallie moaned, a girlish sort of need that she was relieved to find she could only have for Dana. Poppy, in all her squeezing and play, hadn’t made her beg for more attention the way Dana could.

The car sped up, breaking the speed limit. Engine revs transferred through the seat into pleasurable vibrations.

“Dammit, lady. Don’t make me pull over. Those sounds of yours are driving me mad,” Dana said in a rustic growl.

“I-I wouldn’t advise it anyway. This place is in the middle of nowhere—Dana, we’ve been on this two lane road for a while. Nobody’s out here.”

Dana answered again with more titty play. It felt so good, Hallie undid her seatbelt and pulled her top down so her braless boobs could tumble down freely. Her skin felt like ice being belted by steamy touch. A dark flight brought her into new headiness. Every bump caused her I cups to bobble in Dana’s palms, dancing and sloshing. The movement set off insecurities instantly. Since Dana didn’t seem to have the faculties to drive, grope, and comfort at the same time Hallie captured the groping hand in both of hers and held it close to feel the security of Dana while suppressing the jiggle.

What a sexual collision! Her tit flesh swelled in her nervous paws, completely enveloping Dana’s hand, insinuating heat and warmth so completely while maintaining the aura of powerful feminine sexuality. Dana drove like a mad woman at the feeling; the sensation of losing a body part between breasts big enough to pull off the magic act.

Finally, after winding down a trail that narrowed the whole way, the pavement ran out and dust curved off into a hard left. The couple was officially off road.

Hallie was torn between trust for a person she wanted a future with and fear that she was being led into something horrific. Was Dana in some cult? Was it a sex cult? It might explain the sexual tension building in the car. Was Hallie going to have to sacrifice their first child to some demon?

But before the protests could become verbal the mouth of trees and vines opened. Hallie couldn’t believe her eyes.

Half a sun peeked out on the right above a small pond at the edge of a grassy property. Across the way, facing the westward sun, was a structure. Small but homey, ranch styled, a screened in porch, a chimney poking out of the top, and a stretch of yard next to it that looked primed with mulch.

“Dana. . . Dana? Say something. Please.”

But Dana didn't say a word. She drove right up the driveway and parked in front of a closed garage. Dana hadn't mentioned family that was anywhere close by—whose home was this? White walkway, white wood, and white steps were in clear view leading to a yellow door.

"Dana?!" Hallie was frantic. It could still be the cult thing.

"I recently signed with a pretty major sponsor. It's, uh, not enough to buy a mansion or anything, but combining it with the money I've saved. . ." Dana, symbol of confidence, shrank a little when she talked about the building. Scratching her neck, she let her speech trail some and just absorbed the wealth of reactions from Hallie.

Hallie blended every possible emotion together; surprised enough to gasp, happy enough to shout, thankful enough to cry. So, in the end, she settled on confusion. "I need you to speak very slow and plain to me right now. Babe, where are we?" asked Hallie, perplexed.

Dana's gears turned for some good string of words. After a beat, she shrugged, leaned into a kiss with her future bride, and smiled. "Our new house—if you'd be willing to share it with me."

From there came moment after picturesque moment. Hallie learned that Dana had saved and purchased the property from a family member. It was wooded and uninhabitable to start, but enough money and effort turned it into a manicured space. The pond was fully self-sustaining and there was room for a garden to grow fresh produce.

When she said it wasn't a mansion, she was right. There was only one floor set into a circular design with the living room in the center. Rooms were spokes from the central wheel and a kitchen wrapped around the backside next to a dining space. Two beds, two baths. It was essentially a luxury cabin.

Or a lover's nook.

*Saturday, 11:57 PM*

*The Cabin, AKA the "Lover's Nook"*

"Cum for me, baby. Yes Hallie. Fuck, let's cum together!"

It took less than an hour to go from wonder, to gratitude, to love, to the bedroom. Hallie occupied the bottom position, legs winding up Dana's sculpted body like vines, while Dana rubbed their leaking pussies together. They were officially living together so consummation was a must.

Hallie swore and swore, light-headed on shallow breaths, sweat glistening on her skin in brand new bedsheets. She felt an orgasm coming. It was going to be a big one, too. Dana was all lean and athletic, willing and capable to instigate a greater carnal satisfaction.

'Fucking' was the perfect term for her grinding her hips, thrusting their warm nethers together, and kissing sloppily with their bottom lips. Sensuality would no doubt follow during round two, but for the moment the couple took deep, greedy swallows of each other's sexual auras, thirsty for more no matter how deep they sank. The roughness came out. Concentrated intention on rhythm, speed, and power.

Female endurance drove through passion again and again. It was the kind of sex that made pornstars jealous.

By the end, Hallie curled her front into Dana and thanked her with loving movements while chest to chest. She felt redness all over her, sparklers dancing on her glistening skin. She appreciated Dana's arm around her waist. They were so close and the nature around them was quiet enough to hear their hearts slowing when they floated down on cloud nine.

Hallie, still too love drunk to unroll her eyes, spoke first. "You bought a house. Who goes out and just *buys* a *house*?"

"It's no big deal. If I didn't buy it for you somebody would have."

"What do you mean by that?"

"As gorgeous as you are, you'd have no trouble finding a guy who could buy you one-thousand acres of prime real estate—somewhere exotic, too. Some caribbean island. A mansion on a hill in the richest city in the world. Probably owns property on the moon, too. That's the summer home."

"I do like the caribbean, but living in a moon colony all summer? Think I'll pass."

"We should plan a trip."

"To a moon colony?"

"To the caribbean, you boob." The taller girl pulled her lover close, pressing their naked chests together. Hallie's were plenty large enough to swallow up Dana's C cups, but the sensation of skin on skin made them both coo. "I want sex on a beach, in a cabana, on a pirate ship. While we're at it, let's plan on having sex in every country of the world. I know, it's crazy, but if there's anybody that could make it happen, it would be us."



Lingering modesty made her blush but most of Hallie was still hot and ready. “But I’m not even bored of getting busy in this new bed.”

“We don’t have to do it right away, Hallie. Unless you want to. Ready to join the mile high club, naughty girl?”

Playing coy, she kissed Dana’s collarbone and snuggled into her, sticking her chest as far out as she could till it yielded flat in twin spreads across and around Dana’s torso. “I love you.”

“I love you too.”

Then, to Hallie’s surprise, there was a knock at the door. Barely audible. The emptiness of the home and vastness of the property meant it could have just as easily been miles away or a short walk through the cabin halls.

Hallie’s body tensed. Dana’s didn’t. Why didn’t Dana react with fear or confusion?

It was usually rare and censored greatly by the civility of inner city life, but Hallie could feel the mood of the arms on her body intensifying in protection. Greed turned to stone, sensuality to tension. It was like they were walking past a dark alley, those moments of slightly higher risk when Dana would silently, without thinking, move between Hallie and the darkness, holding her by the shoulder or waist or hand, pulling her along just a little bit faster.

Dana sensed danger. Why was there danger?

“Someone’s here?” Hallie said.

Knocking went harder, more frantic. It was definitely at the cabin’s front door—insistent, too.

“Wasn’t expecting anyone.” Dana said, pulling away. She wasn’t ignorant of how the words sounded to her girlfriend, so she reaffirmed. “I’m sure it’s fine. Someone lost or a neighbor. I’ll go check—”

“Stay. Don’t leave. They sound mad. Just wait till they leave—”

Three snappy raps came from real wood being struck with something small and hard. The fact that they were alone in the woods, fifteen minutes from the nearest human being, was fuel for a fear fire in Hallie’s heart.

“I’ll be fine, babe. I’m going to see who it is,” Dana kissed Hallie’s forehead. “Stay put.”

Dana came down from their bed and dressed in a messy tee and shorts. She looked obligated to go. Not that duty and leadership weren’t also parts of her reason for being first. There was

still the fact, though, in the back of every woman's mind, that even being a personal trainer wouldn't win her a fist fight with a drunken, angry man of an equal or grander size. Not without injury; not without scar.

Once Dana's silhouette dismissed itself from the room, faced with a spreading darkness that was lonelier without a smog of lust, Hallie disobeyed her girlfriend and came down from the bed. She was worried for Dana; couldn't deal with the thought of a person she loved being at risk for her sake. Where she came from—they were in her southern home just a few hours ago, but it seemed like years—people kept guns and were trained markspeople for just such events. Hallie complained about it as a kid because shooting was loud, but her father taught her 'gun safety' a few times growing up. In the country, 'gun safety' was being able to hit vitals on a target thirty yards away with her father's glock.

*And I thought I'd never need that training. Dammit.*

There was no gun in the home that she knew of. There was nothing around she could find that wouldn't be overt. The room was bare and new; limited furniture or decoration. Her phone came off the nightstand into her hand and she used a shirt to hide behind in case, by some miracle, the color white was soothing and would keep a drunken stranger from assaulting Dana. The phone was armed with nine-one-one on speed dial.

*It'd take them half an hour to get out here anyway. By that point—*

She cut off that thinking and slowly trailed Dana. Once down the hall, she took cover behind a media stand in the living space. Her girlfriend went to a window and looked out. Hallie considered filming. There would be evidence, then. Evidence of what, though? Robbery? Murder? That might help find the guy—after the two of them had everything taken and were killed.

Dana looked out the peephole; breathed a frustrated noise. Hallie felt small and weak and yet willing to do anything to keep Dana safe. She'd fight, she knew, and she would lose. But love made her do crazy things—think crazy thoughts.

The locks came undone. The door opened.

Fear tore through her. Hallie pressed the call button; not quite an accident. Then, she swiped the other way. Her phone hung up before an operator could ask what her emergency was.

"How did you find us?" Dana asked, moving out of the way.

Hallie blinked slowly. Her eyes wouldn't agree to change the face she saw in the doorway. Why wouldn't they lie and tell her something more pleasant.

It was Poppy.

Time was a blur. There was a standoff at some point, both sisters watching each other like a carnival mirror, parsing through their thoughts and feelings till they both could settle on accepting that they were in the same place at the same time. It wasn't a trick. Nobody was going to jump out, especially not a heartthrob from the early two-thousands, and declare that they were being punk'd.

It took the head of the house telling them to sit down and communicate over late night coffee for words to actually pass between them. Still, answers seemed in low supply against the high demand for relevant information.

"You know our parents," Poppy started, holding her mug with both hands. The girl was in a tank top, a pair of skinny jeans, and ballet flats. She looked less kempt. Little or no manicuring had been done to push her already extraordinary body to the next level of appeal. "Just like they probably talked to you, they had a talk with me too."

The willingness to be open and vulnerable wasn't there anymore. But Hallie felt it anyway since there was obviously something amiss. "More pats on the back, I assume?" The older sister couldn't keep the petiness out of her words. "You came all this way to talk about the baby even more?"

"Actually Hallie, yes. I did," Poppy squinted her eyes; mostly snide, partly something else.

"How did you find us out here?" Dana said. She was tall in a corner in Poppy's blindspot; judging, reading the girl, and adding tension.

Poppy's shoulders sank a little lower whenever the taller girl spoke. The way she had to turn and face Dana from a lower angle communicated submission.

Hallie refused to buy that her sister could be submissive to anyone.

"I turned on Hallie's find a friend app. Wanted to make sure she was alright but I saw her taking a weird path away from where her apartment is. So, I came over."

"What's 'find a friend app'?" Hallie asked. Her technological illiteracy was almost painful to hear out loud.

"Your phone tells me where you are so if people are driving you into the woods to murder you somebody will know where you were last seen."

"I don't want my phone telling anybody where I am," Hallie grumbled, holding the device in her hands like it had betrayed her.

"If you cared about your sister you would have called first, or texted to make sure she was alright." Dana folded her arms. "You're lying. Why'd you come all the way out here—I don't like being spied on and stalked by some nosy girl who thinks it's okay to track her sister's phone without permission."

Poppy's neck shrank closer to her shoulders. She didn't dare turn to Dana who was throwing icy javelins with her gaze. "I didn't lie. I was worried so I came," she muttered.

"You tampered with my phone. You came all the way out here in the middle of the night by yourself. Are you insane? You must be baby crazy or something," Hallie said, shaking her head. "Actually, I don't care. If you came to rub something in or get my sympathy you won't get it. I suggest you go back home. Text when you get there safe."

"I agree. Go home, Poppy," Dana said sternly.

Poppy didn't move. Her hair blocked her eyes but Hallie knew they were in some corner of the room. Arms were folded in her lap, chest pressed up by her arms so that it nearly kissed her chin.

*Do they have to look even bigger in a tank top?*

Hallie nearly commented again but Dana felt the need to act instead of speak. She began marching in Poppy's direction, before which Poppy jumped out of her seat, opposite Dana, and held up her hands.

"I swear I'm telling the truth this time," Poppy exclaimed.

"This time?" Dana scoffed.

Hallie couldn't help her curiosity. "Please. The truth? If you've got it, let's hear it."

"Hallie, this is hard enough to admit without your attitude, okay?"

"She can have as much attitude as she wants—this is her house," Dana growled. Squared to the smaller girl, she used her size to back Poppy toward the door.

"W-wait! I had an Uber bring me here. It was one way—I don't have a ride home!"

"I personally love moonlit strolls at night, don't you?" Dana smirked.

Hallie stood, knowing full well that Dana could handle the rest. To think, she'd been afraid over absolutely nothing. And it was cruel to count her sister as 'nothing', sure, but their every

interaction in the past twenty-four hours was therapy worthy and depression inducing. Now, there was even less peace because a member of her family knew the location of her secret garden. Poppy could drop by at any moment; only needed to find a brave enough ride sharing service to drive to the end of their old, dusty road.

Heavy with this realization—the people in her life she wanted most to avoid could arrive without warning at any time—Hallie moved toward the hall and, subsequently, her bed where she would wait for Dana to arrive and seduce the knight who had braved the dark to face the dragon for her.

But then the dragon became a weeping princess, wailing with whatever desperate words could make Hallie pause.

“Hallie, please! I-I’ve got nowhere else to go. Mom won’t talk to me, Dad’s too ashamed to look at me. There’s nobody else—I can’t go anywhere else. Please, big sis! Please!”

There was rawness, but Hallie had fallen for it before. She wouldn’t do so again so easily.

No, not so easily. But she did feel herself slipping into sympathy. “Dana, hold up.”

Dana stopped forcing Poppy toward the door. “Careful, babe,” she instructed, then abated ever so slightly.

“You’ve got my ear for thirty seconds. Why are you here, Poppy?” Hallie turned slowly. The metered hesitation was to put up her emotional walls. She wouldn’t be a victim to her sister’s manipulations anymore.

Poppy sucked in a deep breath and made eyes at Dana who tightly crossed her arms. “Mom talked to you after dinner, right? You should know she does stuff like that to both of us.” Poppy inched away from Dana, hands at her chest, fingers laced in a prayerful pose. “Once she left you alone she came to interrogate me. Long argument short, she wants me to marry the guy so things are done ‘right’. I don’t care about ‘right’—the guy’s an asshole and would make a terrible husband.”

“So he’s so terrible that you decided to sleep with him?” Dana mused.

“I was dumb and made one bad decision. Marrying Jordan Bucknam would be worse.” Poppy retorted, then realized who she was being sharp with and redirected eye contact to her sister. “Mom doesn’t approve. She doesn’t think it’s fair that I lean on them while taking care of the kid. She started to give an ultimatum but dad stepped in and gave me a grace period. I have a month to figure out what I’m doing before they start charging hefty rent. I-I decided to just leave right away. Dad didn’t seem like he could stand to look at me for a whole week. He wanted things done ‘right’ too.”

Hallie knew their father. He was in crime enforcement; understood the statistics for single mothers and children from single parent households. He wouldn't kick his daughter off a cliff but he was applying passive force in the direction of marriage. For all its goodness, their southern values did have an element of 'tie the knot, like it or not'. Now, Poppy seemed to understand why Hallie had been so eager to leave.

"You have no idea how bad I want to chew your shit out, Pops. You let Jordan Bucknam fuck you without a condom? And you weren't on the pill—weren't on anything?!"

"You know how word gets around our town. If I start buying up a tone of birth control from the drugstore the word will be around in a few week's time. I can't live with that kind of stigma! They'll look at me funny, people in church will think I'm some harlot in need of baptism."

"So the better option is to still be a slut by having sex with skeevy men but doing so without birth control? Then not wanting to marry him which brings about yet another stigma?" Dana shook her head.

Hallie hated seeing Dana like that. She agreed with her girlfriend's analysis, but what kind of case was this making for their serious relationship? Why would a stable, logical woman like Dana pick Hallie to spend her life with, given a sister who brings her baby-daddy issues around? What if Poppy showing up, verging on tears, was going to be a recurring thing? Things could always get worse—tended to, actually, when they start out with boyfriend drama. What sound minded individual would marry into a family like that?

Hallie processed the problem as she would a dispute at work among clients. She spoke clear and slow and focused on solutions. It was much healthier than asking why, of all the shitty guys in their town, her sister chose Jordan—the kid who put sugar in his father's gas tank, got more bruises from fighting than passing marks in school, who was damaged goods that was written off by most every person in his life.

*Please don't tell me you planned on trying to fix him, Poppy.*

"Here's what needs to be decided. Are you marrying Jordan or not?" Hallie leaned a hip on a couch.

"Definitely not," Poppy answered.

"Are you going to keep his baby, then?"

Poppy grimaced. "You don't mean—"

"Yes. That's what I mean. We're already off the traditional path here."

“Well, I want to keep the baby. Jordan already said he didn’t want anything to do with the kid. He doesn’t give a fuck about the baby so somebody has to, right?” Poppy said it as a hand sank to her stomach. Currently, there was nothing there but her own slight waist, but her touch was more gentle than any hand had probably ever been.

“Alright. Now here comes the hard part,” Hallie bemoaned.

She went into all she knew about raising children; everything that would be necessary. Poppy needed some kind of income, she needed to tie up her life’s loose ends, and she needed security—the time scale was as fast and precise as a guillotine. Just as bloody, too. There was no room for fuss.

Near the end, Dana surprised them both. “You ought to stay here at the cabin.” Both sisters said “What?” at the same time with different inflections. Hallie’s was in unashamed protest. So, Dana clarified with, “She can’t go home and can’t afford lodging. Stress on a mother is bad on the child. We can’t provide much, but we’ve got enough for a cot on a couch till we furnish the other bedroom.”

“Yes. I’ll stay. Please—no, thank you.” Poppy didn’t smile but tilted her head in a short bow.

*Shit. My girlfriend has Poppy’s respect after two days.* Hallie had spent most of her life trying to get that same result. And even while imparting knowledge on Poppy in the moment, she felt the tug of sibling tension in the air.

In the end, she dismissed it and helped Dana with rummaging through some boxes for extra sheets. The couple left Poppy on the couch in the central living space wrapped in new linen while they retreated back to their bedroom.

“Why did you invite her in? There wasn’t anywhere else for her to stay? I’d like to put her in my old place—my lease isn’t over for a few months so I’m stuck paying anyway. Couldn’t we just dump her off there—” Hallie asserted the moment they were alone.

Dana lashed back, flexing her control. “Your pregnant baby sister just showed up in the middle of the night running away from home and you’re talking about ‘dumping’ her off somewhere. This is what I meant on the drive over, Hallie. When it comes to your family, you aren’t yourself—you’re much, much worse.”

“Babe. . .”

“I was all for kicking her out till I heard her story. You and Poppy have a lot in common—you left home to get away from the crushing value system and so did she. If anything, you two should

be closer because of it. But her putting you in a crying fit yesterday and you kicking her to the curb today? That's fucked up. Seriously—both of you."

Hallie understood clearly in that moment that she was part of a collective that was going sour before Dana's eyes. And nothing in the world would undo Hallie more than losing the best thing she'd had since leaving home. "Y-you're right. I'm sorry—I'll change. I-I'll try to fix things." It was more out of fear of losing her girlfriend—instinct against losing something precious, erupting straight from her deepest insecurities.

"You both will. That's why Poppy's staying. You two need to learn how to treat each other like family. At the very least, you two need to be on good terms—you share tit size for fuck's sake! Tell me you haven't forgotten that!"

"True. I guess that took a bit of a back seat. We're kinda weird like that," Hallie said. A person on the outside might think that overlooking such a detail would be impossible, but dealing with past family drama was apparently a force strong enough to dilute the weirdness. "I don't know what I'll do yet. I need time. But I'll do my part, okay? I can't speak for Poppy—"

Dana shook her index finger and turned toward bed. "You focus on being a good big sister, got it?"

Hallie frowned but nodded her head. She was relieved to have Dana kiss her forehead before bed. They were still a couple; still together, still loved each other.

But where the hell did she even begin with Poppy?