**Implants**

**Warning**: The following is erotic content featuring *breast expansion,* and other minor fetishes. You know why you’re here, so don’t complain to me if it’s not your thing.

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* *Madam Materia*

It was unusual to say the least. Jill couldn’t recall ever having seen the musty smelling knickknack shop in the mall before, yet she found herself wandering in like it was her favorite tea place. The shelves were lined with oddities, from vintage bottles to more modern looking electronic devices, but none of them seemed to have any prices. Especially strange for a mall, but weirdness wasn’t about to stand in the tall girl's way.

She was a woman on a mission, her folder hugged tightly to her chest and her olive eyes immediately locking onto the main desk. Taking a breath in she straightened up, long legs carrying her one stride at a time up to the oddly dressed woman, boredly waiting behind the counter.

“Excuse me,” Jill piped up to grab the woman’s attention.

With a tilt of her head the wide brimmed witch hat the woman wore tipped to reveal her gold hued eyes. “Can I help you?” she purred, dark painted lips pulling back into a grin.

It was almost unsettling the way those orbs stared through her, as if the woman could read her like a book. Still, she needed to keep cool and professional. Reaching up and brushing one of her light brown hairs over her ear she got right down to business. “Would I be able to speak with your manager?” she asked.

The golden eyed woman covered her mouth as she giggled, her fiery locks dancing about her shoulders in her amusement. “I am she,” she replied with a shimmy of her shoulders that made her pendulous breasts sway back and forth. “This is Madam Materia's Magical Menagerie, and I am the titular Madam Materia, though Matty is just fine for customers,” the woman explained, her boredom washed away as she perked up in her seat.

Jill simply listened, fishing into her folder when the witchy woman had finished her little spiel. “Would it be okay if I dropped off a resume missus Materia?”

“Madam,” Matty corrected, though it was too late for her not to receive a crisp sheet across her counter.

The tall woman maintained her composure despite the slip up. “Sorry Madam,” she rectified, practically holding her breath.

Whether she didn’t notice, or simply didn’t care, the Madam's dark lips just curled into a smile and she picked up the offered resume to give it a peek. Her golden eyes gave a lazy scan, as if she’d seen it a thousand times and was just brushing up on the finer details, and a delicate finger tapped the back of the sheet thoughtfully. “So Jill,” the fiery haired witch mused, resting the girl’s resume back on the desk and leaning over it, “why exactly do you want a job here?”

The way Matty moved drew the tall girl’s attention, the fullness of her bust pouring over her arm to the point of hiding even the bolded text at the top of the page. She knew she was staring, her hold on her folder tightening to cover her frankly nonexistent chest, and there was a spark of jealousy deep inside her. The redhead was beautiful, naturally gifted with a body Jill would have killed for.

That wasn’t to say that Jill wasn’t attractive. Her face was soft, with high cheeks that brightened her smile. She was fairly tall for a woman, which had earned her a great deal of teasing as a child, and had a metabolism that kept her lean and sexy. It was a double edged sword however, as she felt her petite nipples against the fabric of her top. She had no curves to speak of, feeling like a boy half the time when she looked at herself in the mirror.

All of it added up to why she was here. Biology gave her the short stick so she had to take it into her own hands, and get herself a boob job.

Tearing her olive eyes up from the woman’s cleavage Jill put her thoughts together. She couldn’t rightfully admit that she was only interested in a job to buy bigger boobs, she'd never accomplish her goal that way, but at the same time she had no proper idea what this place did to give a tailored response. “I’ve always had an interest in curios, and a can do attitude for sales. Being able to work for a place like Madam Materia's would be a perfect fit for me.”

Matty just gave a chuckle, shaking her head. “Lying doesn’t suit you Jillian,” she teased.

Jill stiffened, fighting the pink tint in her cheeks. “What are you talking about?” she countered nervously, “Why would I lie to you?”

Those dark lips curled into a smirk. “Would you like the real answer to that question?” the witch continued to tease, flashing those golden eyes at the girl. “Because you're embarrassed to be here, begging for a few extra cup sizes on that flat chest of yours.”

The tall girl turned bright red, hugging her dossier to her body. She floundered for a response, ready to open her mouth to ask how, or what would make this woman think something like that. She was beaten to it.

“Come now Jill, mortals like you are an open book,” she purred, resting her elbows on the counter and nestling her chin into the bridge of her slender fingers. The pose had her breasts windowed perfectly, billowing outward to further torment the girl.

Swallowing thickly the light haired girl did her best not to stare. She was off kilter, trying to find her bearings against the witchy woman. The best she was able was to latch onto a jealous anger, “So you can make fun of me for not being a busty cow like you, big whup,” she hissed defensively.

“People compare me more to a fox actually,” she mused in lax reply. “You’d be happy as a nice big titted cow though, and I can give that to you.”

Jill simply scoffed. “What are you going to pay for my surgery?” the lithe girl challenged to keep on top.

Matty's smirk turned to a mischievous grin, quite befitting a title like “fox”. “Oh nothing so crude. This is Madam Materia’s *Magical* Menagerie, we specialize in offering people like you what, quote unquote, *real life*, fails to provide,” she explained.

Absolutely absurd, yet the girl found herself nibbling at the bait in spite of it. “So you want me to believe in magic now?” she countered from her shaky podium of disbelief and spiteful anger.

Rising to her feet the redhead stepped around, her spatted heels clacking with each footfall. Even with her tall hat the woman was dwarfed by her customer's stature, but she carried herself with confidence that turned their physical disparity on its head. “You don’t need to believe in anything Jillian,” she mused, wandering between the shelves and brushing her fingers over one item after the next. “You’ll see the results with your own eyes.”

As the witchy woman’s hand settled on something Jill couldn’t quite make out she visibly perked. “Here we are,” she chirped excitedly, collecting the objects in her arms and skipping back around to the tall girl. “These will solve your little issue.”

There was a swell of hope that filled Jill for a brief moment, until she saw what exactly it was Matty was carrying. “Seriously?” she scoffed, letting her arms fall to her sides as she looked at the translucent bags of fluid spilling over the shopkeep's arm. “Bra stuffers? If I wanted to fake it I could fill a nylon with rice.”

“I assure you,” a grin spread across the woman’s dark lips, “these will make you the biggest girl in the room.”

Those golden eyes gazed right through her as the witch touted her wares. The sheer charisma she exuded made even such nonsense claims sound almost possible, but it was just that. And it wasn’t the solution the girl was looking for. “Look, Matty, I'm not about to buy falsies,” she explained pulling her arms back up defensively.

The redhead placed one of the sacks in the crook of the girl’s elbow. “Who said anything about buying?” she pointed out matter of factly. “We don’t take payment here, not in the traditional sense anyway. For all intents and purposes this is a gift, I wanna see you get what you’ve always wanted,” she finished, resting the other one in the girl’s arms.

Without realizing it Jill had opened up, now holding these things against her chest. She could feel their squish against her as they settled in behind her folder, pushing up towards her chin to make a line of cleavage she could imagine to be her own. A quick glance up at the other woman, smiling there with her arms behind her back, pushing her chest out tantalizingly; they were bigger than the witch's even. If it was free… it couldn’t hurt just to keep them for the fantasy, right?

“Alright,” the tall girl conceded, struggling to keep a straight face as she looked into her imaginary bust, “I guess I can take them then.”

Matty gave a delightful giggle, her chest bouncing with the motion. “You won't be disappointed,” she assured the girl with a Cheshire grin before waving her out of the store.

It wasn’t until after Jill left the unusual store that she regretted not asking for a bag. Indulging her fantasy of a bigger chest was one thing, but carrying a pair of fake breasts around the mall was another entirely. She couldn’t even sneak off to hide them in her top; not only did she lack a bra to stuff them in, but the paranoia that someone would notice her going from flat to stacked after a bathroom visit kept her firm in her tracks. So with all the stealth she could muster, keeping her resume folder up and pulled in tight to hide her guilty gift, she slipped out to her vehicle and drove home with her prize.

She hadn’t planned on being home so early, but the benefit of not having her roommate around to potentially notice her carrying in her fake tits was a blessing. Dipping through their doorway, and immediately rushing to her room, the tall girl immediately tossed her acquisitions on the bed and flopped herself down next to them with a relieved sigh.

There was still anger buzzing around in her head from her dealing with Materia, the coy superiority the redhead not only demonstrated but rubbed in her face with those pendulous tits. She found her hands traveling to her nonexistent chest, olive eyes looking down sadly at the flat plane of her body. With all that had happened she hadn’t even managed to get a proper interview, so she was no closer to her goal of affording the surgery she wanted. All she had to show for the day's efforts were a pair of bra stuffers.

Her gaze drifted over to them, laying there one the bed next to her resume folder. The semi-clear plastic bags looked almost like real silicone implants the way they jiggled on the bed as she moved. She had the time, it couldn’t hurt just to try them on. Maybe then she might even feel a little better.

Rolling out of bed Jill was up on her feet and to her closet in only a few long strides, casting it open and rummaging through her wardrobe. For what the tall girl lacked in the chest department she had more than made up for buying everything she could to get the most of her existing figure. Tube tops, tank tops, crop tops, you name it she had something striking. For this though she needed a little something she kept hidden at the back, where nobody would go snooping.

Pushing in past her clothes the tall girl knelt in to fetch a small shoebox, immediately opening it up to reveal an oversized bra, and a handful of different methods to stuff it for sexy selfies. Peeking back at her two new acquisitions on the bed she realized she'd need to make some room in her little box. Something to worry about later, for now she was slinging her stuffing bra over her shoulder and contemplating whether to go topless in this little fantasy. No matter how nice these falsies were, they were still that. They'd look much better under a top, she settled. Plus it would help sell the illusion all the better.

With deft fingers she sorted through her tops to settle on a nice stretchy orange number that would outline everything nicely. “Perfect,” she mused to herself, tossing everything into the growing pile on her bed.

One by one the lithe girl went about unbuttoning her blouse, slipping out of the more professional looking garment and letting it unceremoniously fall to the floor. Nude from the waist up the subtle curvature of her form was visible. One could follow the line her body made, dipping in from below her cute little cinnamon nipples to her slender core. Despite the flow of her body however, when she caught the pretty woman in the mirror her self consciousness over what she lacked was the only thing Jill found herself feeling.

For a few minutes at least though that feeling could go away. She drew up her big bra, taking a moment to admire the thirty six double D tag. “If only,” she sighed, with a little smile as she did the under thing up and slipped it into place.

The empty voids in her cups were cool, puckering her nipples and begging to be filled. Who was she to deny them? With a bounce to her step the tall girl collected the squishy sacks from her bed, reveling in the way they spilled over the sides of her hands with a giggle. Sliding them into her bra she marveled at how they just barely fit in, the overflow causing the lightest bit of muffining, as well as that beautiful line of cleavage she'd spotted in the store earlier.

Unfortunately the look was marred by the visible lines between her skin and the faux breasts. Time for the top. The stretchy shirt went over her head easy as always, but when it hit the shelf of her boobs it bunched up; stopped dead by her artificially stacked form.

The girl couldn’t keep the grin from her face. It was always her favorite part stretching her top over her imagined assets. Their size had the threads of the underprepared article separating until Jill could see the dark colour of her bra. It was positively perfect.

She turned to the mirror, resting her hands on top of her new assets. Her top hugged them so tightly she could make out their bulge over her ill equipped cups. “Mmm, maybe I should consider bigger?” she mused as she admired herself.

Bouncing on her heels her olive eyes got to take in the show of the fluid filled bags jiggled about. They were so realistic she couldn’t help but giggle, giving another few bounces; they were even good at staying in place. The only downside was they were a tad itchy to wear. She was no stranger to extra sweat when she had padding on, but this was just a pinch more notable. It wasn’t bad enough she was about to take them off any time soon; she had the place to herself, so she could enjoy a little bit of big tit life.

Just taking a step was an ordeal that had her giggling excitedly. She had to find her center of balance, nearly toppling herself as their fluid mass shifted back and forth, and she couldn’t be happier about it. These were as close to the dream as she'd ever been, enough to consider thanking the witch bitch next time she was at the mall.

For now though, as she looked down to see the view of her feet blocked by her own shelf of breast, Jill was going to have some lunch. One long step at a time, chest hopping in the confines of her bra, the tall girl made her way into the kitchen and set about the art of cooking. She'd played out the fantasy with other stuffing before so, beyond a little swaying as her faux breasts whipped back and forth, there was no trouble getting started. As the bacon was frying however, the girl learned all was not as it seemed.

With a sizzle and hiss an errant drop of grease fired up at the tall girl. “Ow,” Jill muttered to herself, taking a cautious step back to avoid any more spitting.

Checking her top though, the stain was far to low to have hit her skin. The dark spot was clearly on the shelf of her falsies. Had her top slid down when she moved? No, it was in a constant struggle to do the opposite and come back up. Poking the little mark she could almost swear she could feel the residual heat, the pressure from her finger, the texture of her top. It had to be her mind playing tricks.

As she pulled open the neckline of her top to see however, her expression blanked. Her olive eyes stared down into a shelf of her own skin, parted by a picture perfect black line of cleavage.

Words danced around in her head, making no sense and seeming more like jumbles of letters than anything sensible. What? Why? How? The sensation of fear battles viciously with one of excitement. She had tits. How did she have tits?

She wasn’t given proper time to assess the situation further. Her unattended cooking continued to heat, filling the air with hot steam and the beginnings of smoke that had the fire alarm blaring out like a siren to snap her out of it. “Shit!” she cussed, turning off the burner and rushing to slap the reset and quiet the apartment.

Such violent motion had the dark haired girl leaning on the wall for support when she finally ground to a stop, her breasts having had their way with her, bouncing all about and threatening to knock her in the chin or too the ground. She could properly take stock of everything though at least; and first order of business was the full picture of her chest.

Struggling to take off her top lacked the same excitement it had held not a half hour ago, as worry pumped through her with her panicked heartbeat. She felt the tug of her skin when she snagged on the underwire of her bra, the way her heavy jugs dropped when the orange garment released them to settle back into place in their cups. It made the sight of them all the more real when she tossed the undersized shirt to the wayside and properly took in the globes on her chest.

They were unnaturally round, the same as the sacks of goo they had been previously. Were those things inside her now? How could she even find out? The first rational thought she managed to muster was to call the doctor. As the initial shock wore off though, as she moved, watching and feeling the way her new breasts reacted to each motion, she wondered if it was really all that worrisome. After all she'd always wanted bigger boobs, and as she cupped them in her hands she couldn’t deny these were indeed that. Hoisting them up to spill over out of her bra she could see her nipples, still the previous little quarter-sized nubbins she'd always had.

What would her roommate think though? Surgery took weeks to recover from, there was no way she could play off going from flat to stacked; not even overnight, but between morning and dinner. Running her hands over her firm tits she searched for any sort of seam, some was to remove these things from her chest. All she got was a self fondling that had her unfortunately revving her own engines. Maybe she could hide it?

“Gah!” Jill shouted, ruffling her hair with her hands. There were just too many questions, too many problems to address, and all she wanted to do was enjoy having a rack worthy of a double take.

The smell of her lunch brought her back to reality at least; she’d think better on a full stomach. Salvaging what she could she ate in just her bra, able to crack a smile at least as she resumed her big tit fantasy. Without her top though, spilling crumbs into her new cleavage, it was way better than before.

With a deep breath, an empty place, and the positives floating through her head she could think straight. No matter how nice it felt to have big boobs, not knowing what was happening was out of the question. She had to go see her doctor, maybe ask if she could get an X-ray to see if those things were in her. As for Danica, her roommate, she'd have to try and hide them. Maybe a top tight enough to press them down a bit, and a sweater to cast off suspicion? She’d look like a tool, but it was the best she could come up with for now.

The tall girl still had time before Dani would be home. So squishing her new titties together with her arms, and grinning at the results, Jill went about the much more fun task of figuring what other activities she could get into and enjoy her new size. Especially not needing to hide it.

“Jill you home? I saw your car out front,” Dani called out as she came in the front door.

Stuffed into a too small sweater, over a too small shirt, and a too small training bra, Jill could hardly breath with the pressure her oversized boobs were applying to her rib cage. Still though, she managed to speak up. “Yeah,” she called out through the apartment.

With all these layers the tall girl looked barrel chested. It was hardly convincing, so doubling down she was hiding under a blanket on their couch. Even with the weather though it all had her cooking, sweat trickling down her neck and into the canyon of her breasts where it pooled and lay trapped by her assets. She needed a ling term plan for hiding from Dani, but for now she knew she had to weather the discomfort.

Walking through the place the tall girl’s roommate wandered into their living area. Where Jill was, or rather had been, a skinny bean pole, Dani was squat. Barely over five foot, and the body type that had her shopping in the plus sized section, they were kind of peas in a pod when it came to body image issues. Still though, the short brunette generally kept a pleasant demeanor about it.

Seeing her roommate all bundled up, the squat girl couldn’t help frowning. “Not feeling well Jilly?” she asked, voice full of concern as she began closing the distance between them.

Uh oh. Immediately Jill pulled up the covers, wondering if she should go along with her roomie's assumption or deny it. “N-no,” she stammered nervously.

There was no stopping her. The brunette’s hand was on her forehead, checking her temperature. “Well no fever, but I can smell your sweat from here. Eat anything I should check the expiry date on?” she teased.

Jill just shook her head, racking her brain for the right answer to get out.

“Bundling up isn’t going to help. Why don’t you take a shower, wash some of the sweat away before you stink up the blanket?” Dani suggested, pulling the blanket away.

The tall girl didn’t really have the time to react, losing her grip and letting out a worried yelp as her most effective covering was swept away. The brunette’s hazel eyes immediately dropped to her roommate's constrained chest, even as Jill hurriedly threw her arm up to shield the view. “I can explain,” she spat immediately, fumbling to find her bearings.

Her roommate just let out a sigh. “Seriously Jilly? I told you, you should have gotten some bigger bras for those things,” she chastised, resting a hand on one of her plump hips.

That caught Jill by surprise. “Huh?” was all she managed to vocalize, lowering her guard.

“Look, far be it from me to judge your preference, I keep telling you those aren’t double Ds though. Even before the swelling went down I could tell you'd gone bigger than your estimate. You need to get properly measured and then get yourself some fitting bras girl. You'll never survive with just one undersized bra, your back will kill you,” Dani explained, oddly casually, as she folded up the blanket in her arms.

Stunned the buxom girl didn’t quite know how to respond. “You know about them?” she asked, dumbfounded.

“How could I not?” her roommate scoffed. “The way you flaunt 'em around every day,” she gave a shimmy of her shoulders, making her chubby assets swing back and forth. “I’m glad you're happy you finally got them Jilly, but seriously. You've gotta take better care of yourself with them. By maybe not sweating up our furniture wearing a dozen layers on to keep them from bouncing about?” the squat girl not so subtly suggested.

All she could do was blink, trying to process exactly what was happening. Dani knew, and was talking about her tits like she'd had them a while. In didn’t make sense, but then Materia's words flitted into her head. *“You don’t need to believe in anything Jillian. You'll see the results with your own eyes.”*

Magic. It had given Jill her implants, and it had ever so gently bent events to make it believable. Her look of initial confusion changed in an instant to a wide grin. If these were the results, the tall girl couldn’t help but be ecstatic. “I’ll see about it tomorrow Dani,” she promised, getting up from the couch. Immediately she regretted it as the chilling sweat she'd been accumulating slipped down her body to her hidden navel. “Till then, I guess I'll have that shower. And change into my best fitting bra,” she chuckled.

No longer quite as concerned, knowing the problem wasn’t as severe as originally thought, Dani just gave the two heads taller woman a playful glare. “Alright just don’t use all the hot water. Some of us had to work today, and would like a nice cool down before bed.”

Stripping off her sweater was a relief, and the dark haired beauty wasted no time in deftly tossing the garment in the laundry hamper. Her breasts practically surged into their new freedom, stretching her training bra to whorish globe shapes. “I won't,” she promised with a giggle, slipping into the bathroom to finish disrobing.

It felt gross, but the sheen of sweat on her body was the kind you'd see in magazines. The best part though was coming out of the poor sports bra; having her breasts hanging free, tugging on her chest as gravity weighed on them. No support, no body glue, these were hers. Starting up her nice hot shower she found herself toying with her round bosom until steam filled the room and reminded her what she was in for.

Stepping under the stream her focus lazered in on how the water washed over the curve of her tits, to tickle her cute little nipples before trailing off to the rest of her body. It couldn’t be all fun and enjoying her body though. The worry of Dani finding out was gone, but that didn’t mean she should just be careless. She needed to know exactly what was under her skin, which meant seeing her doctor for those X-rays.

Dani had said she “finally got them”, unfortunately Jill didn’t really know the whole details of it herself. It meant she didn’t, no, she shouldn’t panic about it booking the appointment, but she also couldn’t be specific with details because truthfully she didn’t know them.

Running her soapy fingers through her dark locks, the tall girl ran through a couple different ideas in her head, finally setting on the one she liked best with a smile. Just in time too as her roommate came knocking on the bathroom door. “Hey, you said you weren’t gonna use all the hot water!”

“I’m just finishing up,” Jill called back as she went in for a rinse, watching the foam masking her beautiful bosom wash away to show them off once more.

Sleeping presented issues Jill had never really thought about in all her time fantasizing. She always ended her play before tucking in, so never had she really tried to do more than lay down and play with her faux boobs. Now though she couldn’t just take them off, and was left to deal with the consequences.

The tall girl liked to sleep on her front, so that her long legs could poke out of the sheets and rest on the footboard comfortably. Now her stripper sized tits made that impossible, holding her too high up for her to rest her head on the pillow without serious strain on her neck. She tried bunching her pillows up to close the distance, but between how stiff it made them, and the uncomfortable arc of her back, it was a no go.

With a grunt of annoyance the girl swapped to her side, but that presented its own troubles. After only a few minutes she could feel the sweat building up between her boobs, returning that overall gross feeling she had when she’d bundled under a dozen layers to try and hide them. Lowering her blanket helped but left her cold, and with the problem isolated to her chest she couldn’t even pull it up and let her uncovered feet regulate her. Plus she was forced to curl up in a semi-fetal position so she wasn’t kicking the end of the bed.

Finally the third option of on her back was the worst of all. She’d never liked back sleeping, what with the awkwardness of her long legs being laid flat, and now she could feel the weight of her chest pressing down on her ribs and constricting her breath. The girl couldn’t even catch a wink with her lungs taking in raspy gasps.

After an hour she managed to orchestrate a workaround with the lesser of three evils, curled up on her side with a pillow shoved between her breasts to prevent them sweating too badly. Still it was a taxed sleep, and when she woke in the morning to the salty smell of her pillow she decreed she'd have to ask her doctor for a proper solution. When she saw him anyway.

Jill managed to get herself a same day appointment with the fabrication she was having some trouble with her breasts, keeping it vague and only mentioning itching and sleep issues. And blessings or curse it was for mid afternoon which gave her the day to go out shopping for proper support. The now buxom girl definitely felt it a blessing, as she walked through the mall again, her glorious new chest squeezed into her only slightly undersized bra; the whole of it given just enough mystery via a nice flowy camisole that danced about her waist to tease peaks at her toned core.

She was drawing eyes, and replying to the looks with smug little smirks or the occasional arch of her back to show off. It was exhilarating, maybe not for forever, but now while it was fresh and new the tall girl couldn’t help but revel in the sensation. Maybe she should consider the bar this evening and flirt up a date or two?

All in due time though. For now she needed that support, and she only knew of one bra store that catered to an above average sized clientele. “Morning miss, can I help you?” one of the reps for Buxom chirped up as she wandered into the store.

“Yes,” Jill replied excitedly, spinning on her heel to look at everything wall to wall. The deep cupped undergarments all hanging and sorted by style and size, smallest at the bottom with the truly huge sizes near the top; like a ladder of bust hierarchy. “Sorry, I just never really thought I'd be in here,” she said absently with a giggle.

The clerk took a peek at the girl’s bust as she spoke, putting on her best smile. “Perfectly fine, take your time,” she offered, meandering about the store and tending to the small tasks of a slow day.

With a giddy hop on her heels the tall girl approached, feeling the words on the tip of her tongue swell her ego even before she said them. “I actually need to be measured. Ended up a little bit bigger than I intended,” she teased, taking her round tits in her hands to show them off.

Despite being arguably petite, in many ways compared to the woman standing above her, the girl was unfazed by the brazen showing off. “Alright, if you'll just follow be to the fitting room I can get you measured up,” she told her customer cheerily as she guided her to the back of the store.

“It looks like you’re wearing a bra right now?” the smaller girl asked as she ushered Jill into the change room.

She was so tall she could clearly see over the top of the door and into the rest of the store. “Yes,” the dark haired beauty answered truthfully.

“You’re going to need to take it off for me to get proper numbers,” the clerk explained, tossing a measuring tape over her shoulder and picking up a pen and pad. “You can put your top back on after if you’re not comfortable.”

Jill couldn’t help but chuckle at the idea. Showing herself off, uncomfortable? “I'll be fine,” she teased with a grin, slipping her camisole over her head and hanging it on the door.

Undoing her too tight bra was a pleasure in so many ways. Just needing to reach back and fidget with the hooks was a simple joy, her arched back shoulders pushing her breasts out further. Then the sweet relief of the undersized garment releasing her and letting her boobs spring forth. She let out a content sigh, looking down with mixed feelings at the sharp line curved over the middle expanse of her bosom.

“Ready,” the buxom girl chirped to beckon the clerk for measuring.

When the short girl walked in there was a brief moment of stunned silence, as she properly took in the girl who'd come in. Her eyes were practically level with the tall woman's firm tits, those tiny nips would probably graze her lips if she got too close. It passed though, and she got to the task at hand. “Alright, raise your arms please,” she said, setting her pad down and running the tape through her fingers to get a good length.

Doing as told Jill reached for the ceiling, letting the petite girl maneuver about her as needed and taking a peek out at the floor while she waited. She couldn’t help feeling a little disappointed that the girl wasn’t more stunned by her perfect assets, but then again she'd probably seen thousands of breasts as big or bigger from the store's clientele. The tall girl even saw one walking in now, as the flexible ruler was being wrapped about her under bust.

Her olive eyes, peeking over the door as she was measured, took the girl in. She was curvy for sure, but a lot of it was lost from her more plus sized figure. Not her boobs though, those stood high on the girl’s chest, round, proud, and about as big as the girl’s head. Undoubtedly the work of an excellent bra, holding up such heavy naturals.

Such roaming thoughts distracted Jill from the goings on, at least until she felt the itching sensation of her skin stretching. Without even thinking she moved to scratch, and immediately she felt her breasts inflating under the touch of her lithe fingers. As it dawned on her brain exactly what it was her other senses here telling her, her gaze shot down in horror to see her tits ballooning out before she eyes.

She was about to scream aloud, cuss, but her shock had her stepping back into the petite clerk trying her best to measure the huge girl. “Miss, if you’re not comfortable just tell me,” she grumbled after having the wind knocked out of her from the stacked girl inadvertently bowling her into the wall.

Could she really not see what was happening? Jill was half turned, her growing bust inches from the girl’s face, and the clerk had no reaction other than to reach up and try to adjust the taller woman’s posture and get back to the job at hand. All the while her boobs continued their expansion. She could feel their weight on her chest threatening to pull her down, watching as the tape measure wrapped around the apex of her bust slipped through notches and whole numbers.

When finally it ceased, the tall girl threatening to fall over once more from her warped center of balance, the petite store worker announced her findings. “So you measure out to a thirty six H cup. You'd probably get more support out of a thirty eight G though, considering how,” she took a moment to clear her throat, pushing down her more personal choice of words, “firm, you are.”

An H? Jill was twice as big as she'd ever intended to be. Reaching up she could hardly contain one of her tits even with both her hands. They were huge. Perky, over round, and almost looking like bolt ons with her lithe frame, they were beyond anything she'd imagine she would have. As her fingers sank into them however, they proved much more giving that a typical oversized implant. Semi natural, even if they didn’t look it.

Releasing the huge orb the dark haired girl struggled to stay upright, catching herself on the wall. “Would you be able to find me a few I could try on?” she asked the clerk as calmly as she could.

“Of course,” the petite girl replied, carefully stepping out of the changing room and leaving the girl to her body.

The confidence that had gotten the buxom Jill this far was suddenly nowhere to be found; pushed out by this sudden new revelation. What had happened, and how had she been the only one to notice? That girl had literally had a band around her chest as it grew, and she hadn’t even batted an eye as it dragged through her fingers.

Was it all bad though? Taking a peek at herself in the dressing room’s wall length mirror she couldn’t deny it; she was smoking. Her tits were huge, yeah, especially on her frame. They didn’t sag though, they were perky and sat high on her chest. Her nipples had stretched a little to accommodate her huge size, but they were perfect little caps for her picturesque boobies. Reaching around and toying with them they were so tight as to be tender. It ran a shudder down the girl’s spine, and she was forced to bite back her moan. She supposed she could enjoy this new size.

Her olive eyes wandered back out onto the sales floor, immediately settling on the plus sized customer who'd wandered in just before all of this. There was a panging at the back of her mind, like she was forgetting something important. Comparing herself to the other girl however brushed such troubles away. It was hard to tell exactly, what with the radical differences in their frame, but Jill definitely felt she was bigger. Even if she wasn’t, she for sure wore them better than the other girl. It inspired her curiosity, and she found herself hoping with a small smirk that one of the sales associates might let slip the bigger girl’s size so she would know for sure.

What was she thinking? There were more important questions at hand. Why had this happened? That same worry from yesterday though crept back into her mind, and the tall girl was suddenly very thankful she'd be able to see her doctor this afternoon to find out what was going on. How much would he really be able to tell her though? Her roommate hadn’t noticed, the salesgirl hadn’t noticed, what would her doctor be able to see? At the very least, hopefully, she could get a look at what was inside her chest, hiding beneath her skin.

She was absentmindedly fondling herself when the short clerk returned with a pair of bras for her to try on. Their size was unbelievable, resembling small hats more than bra cups. Looking down at her chest though they suddenly seemed much less absurd.

“Here you go. This one has a standard underwire,” the girl explained, holding up one of the oversized garments that looked similar to Jill's old bra, “and this one has one of our new silicone underwires. It’s more flexible, and won’t jab into your side if it somehow manages to pierce the lining,” she finished, bending the fancy bit of mammary support engineering in her fingertips.

It may as well have been made of sunshine for all the experience Jill had with these things. “Um, I'll start with that one,” she stated, pointing to the at least semi-familiar article.

Now was time for the newly buxom girl to make a fool off herself. Her new tits were massive compared to what they were earlier, obscuring her view down completely. She did her best to fit the cups into place and follow the band around, but the sheer size and weight had it dropping off her body as she fidgeted with the hooks behind her back. How many of the things were there, like five? Her old bra just had three, and practice was the only reason she'd reliably been able to do it up this morning.

It was a minute of struggling before the petite clerk offered a hand. “It’s easier to do up bras of this size in the front and then rotate them around,” she explained in a level tone, demonstrating calmly even with the woman’s unreal boobs in her face.

Redness filled the tall girl's cheeks, thankfully hidden by the shield her stacked chest offered, as embarrassment washed over her. She felt the fool, causing defensive anger to bubble up inside her. She wanted to pipe up and tell the woman off, but found herself stumbling.

She was mad because this girl was showing her, like a child doing up her shoes, something she'd have figured out; or more accurately, she should have known. If this recent growth spurt was like earlier with Dani, Jill had probably, to everyone else, had these tits for a while. It made her like a novice suddenly in the deep end. There were things she'd be reasonably expected to know but didn’t have a clue about; like the comfort of a properly fitting bra.

As the salesgirl finished helping her, flipping the bra around so the cups were resting just under Jill's massive globes, she stepped back. With the new perspective the mixed look of lost embarrassment, confusion, and that borderline frustration on the tall girl's face was visible. She'd dealt with this kind of customer a thousand times, and knew it as the unspoken hint for the smaller girl to hold her tongue.

On her own, her olive eyes looking down and barely able to catch the edge of the fabric past her chest, Jill set into the familiar motions of her fantasies. She slipped her arms through the straps, adjusting the band to where she tended to wear it, and marveled at the look of her chest encased in such a flattering piece . She'd have never thought in a million years she’d be able to wear something like this. Catching herself in the mirror again she couldn’t help a small smile at the way she looked.

With the change of demeanor the clerk moved back in. “May I?” she offered, giving a quick point at the girl's bra.

Her tone could have used work, but if Jill was doing something wrong she wanted to know. “Sure,” she replied with harsh firmness.

Getting to work the shorter girl curled her fingers into those huge bra cups, tugging them up into proper position. It was a hassle reaching up past such a generous chest, but the girl wasn’t going to push anymore than she had to by asking Jill to bend down. “These are new I take it?” she asked as she adjusted the straps, stripping them of their slackness as she properly fit them to the big girl's size.

The buxom girl’s blush returned. Feeling the way the new fit supported her bust though, taking that heavy weight off and spreading it across her shoulders, she supposed it would be obvious to jump to such a conclusion. “Yes,” she answered, keeping her prideful chin high as possible.

Knowing better the clerk stopped there. “So, how does that feel?” she casually returned to business.

Pulling her shoulders back the stacked girl watched the bra work its magic, pressing her tits together for that ever-delicious cleavage. “Great,” was all the grinning girl could answer.

“Would you like to try the silicone underwire?”

Once more a lack of experience reared its head. It was just the underwire, and Jull could barely feel that part of the bra; not that she wanted to. The sensation of soft fabric hugging her curves was wonderful, and appropriately distracting.

“I think I'll just take this one,” she finally replied, admiring her reflection.

The clerk just nodded along, hanging the unwanted bra over her arm to return to the rack. “Would you like to wear it out?” she suggested, looking to the woefully undersized bra she'd somehow come in wearing.

“I would,” the tall girl replied, grabbing up her camisole and pulling it on over her head.

Nothing made the growth of her bust more obvious than seeing it back in her shirt. Where the garment before had flowed down to her waist, now it struggled just to cover her rack. She had no doubt the sales clerk probably had an excellent view of her bra from below, even as she tried to pull the top down to offer herself some modesty; an act that just served to make it stretch and show more cleavage up top in her field of vision.

Not that she minded at all. Even if she was a bit bigger than she intended, this was what she’d always wanted. She wasn’t flat, and had knockout curves even she couldn’t ignore.

Also on the couldn’t ignore list were her worries. What had caused that growth spurt, and what if it happened again? Stepping out she could feel the heavy bounce of her new chest, even with her new bra supporting them. Once again she'd have to adjust, but the immediate looks of wonder and envy she got from shoppers looking in was managed to distract from her concerns; at least a little bit. Shoving her old under thing into her bag she paid for her new one, and went out to enjoy the attention a little longer before her doctor's appointment.

Whilst at the mall Jill enjoyed the looks her new figure was grabbing. Her doctor's office however, was an entirely different experience. Immediately upon entering there was an air of stigma. Mothers with their children scoffed at her, openly displaying their disgust and even voicing it with crude remarks like, “How could you even go out in that?” or “Have you no shame?”

The tall girl didn’t take such comments lying down either, bristling up with her replies. “Jealous you couldn’t pull this off since you dropped a crotch goblin?”

It shut them up, to a degree. Unfortunately a particularly butt hurt bitch complained to the staff, and the buxom girl was politely told if she didn’t cease her remarks she'd be asked to leave; which would mean a missed appointment and an accompanying absence fee. So begrudgingly she holed up in the corner of the waiting room, her arms crossed under her huge bust as she waited for her name to be called among the whispers.

“Jillian?” a nurse finally summoned her for her appointment.

Just standing drew the assistant's eye, and the tall girl could see the strain on the woman’s face as she did her best to keep a professional demeanor. “Something to say?” she challenged pushing her breasts up with her forearms.

The nurse's gaze sat on those huge tits. As she opened her mouth though she held her tongue. “No miss. If you'll just follow me,” she said with a sweep of her arm to gesture the buxom girl along.

There was pride in her step as she followed, knowing she could silence anyone who had a problem with her so easily. Her height had been her main play for such things before, but now, with her boobs and the confidence they provided her, she felt like she could really assert herself. She could be the woman she'd always wanted to be, at the head of the social chain. Once she sorted out her worries anyway.

“So, what has you in today Jillian?” the nurse asked as she led the girl into an exam room.

Puffing her chest out the busty girl propped herself up on the exam table, positively towering the other girl. “Just a bit of discomfort with my chest,” she explained, running a finger overtop her exposed cleavage and teasing her neckline. “Some itchiness, swelling. I was hoping maybe for some X-rays just to make sure everything's kosher.”

With a nod the girl scribbled down a few things on her pad. “Those are pretty normal symptoms after any invasive surgery. I wouldn’t worry too much, just apply some aloe to ease the swelling and you should be fine in a few days.”

That “swelling” had been three whole bra sizes. Unfortunately she really couldn’t admit such a thing without knowing all the specifics, and she needed to know what was inside her for that. “Still, I'd like to get some X-rays done to make sure nothing's going wrong with my babies,” Jill responded with obvious passive aggression, giving her tits a bounce with her arm for emphasis.

The nurse visibly had to restrain herself, getting out half an eye roll and taking in the breath she would have released as an annoyed sigh. She let it out silently, marking something down on her pad before coming over and getting a fresh cap for the exam room's thermometer. “Alright, well, lemme grab your temperature then. Make sure you haven’t got an infection or anything,” she relented.

A few quick tests, and notes taken, later and the nurse was satisfied. “The doctor will be with you shortly,” she offered before disappearing through the door.

Left to herself the buxom girl put on a smirk, glad to be getting her way. She found herself idly adjusting her top as she waited, admiring her magnificent chest in all its glory. She tried to imagine what having this chest back in high school would have been like; unfortunately realism rather quickly kicked in. Instead of being made fun of for her height and lack of a chest, she'd have been made fun of for her height and her whorish chest. She likely would have been asked on a few more dates by the pervier boys though.

It felt like minutes before there was finally a knock on the door, her doctor stepping in to catch Jill bouncing her boobs in her bra boredly. “Jillian,” he muttered to make sure he had the girl’s attention.

She wasn’t even embarrassed, happy to flaunt herself even accidentally. “Yes doctor Alfons?” she purred with a catlike grin, pushing her chest out for him.

Her actions drew his attention, though she got far from the reaction she was hoping for, as the stern gazed man adjusted his glasses. “I see you went through with going bigger, even despite my recommendations,” he scolded her, shifting his focus to her charts.

Even with the negative attitude, that was useful information to have. If Dr. Alfons hadn’t endorsed her current size it meant another doctor had, which hopefully meant there were records. Hopefully. There was really no certainty with something claiming to be “magic”.

“Did you get my information from the surgeon?” she bluffed, not even knowing if it existed.

Flipping the page on his clipboard the doctor gave a nod. “Yes, a doctor Kinley. States she bumped you up from five hundred ccs to eight hundred,” he read off. Great, she could look up her surgeon later if things didn’t go well. “How’s your back? That kind of weight isn’t good for you Jillian, especially with your stature,” he asked, keeping as professional as he could referring to her above average height.

Most of what she'd felt in terms of straining had been on her chest, and walking with her new bra had seemed fine. “No issues,” she answered coyly, as if she’d cracked some secret to having huge tits without problems.

He nodded, pointing to the scale in the little room. “I’d still like to have a look if I may,” he told her.

Who was she to argue? Hopping to her feet, boobs jostling in their cloth prisons, she stepped onto the device. She could barely get on, her assets knocking into the delicately balanced measures. She had to stand sideways in order to get fully on, which worked out just fine for Dr. Alfons to check the curve of her back.

Stepping up he ran his hand up her spine, murmuring to himself as he compared it to the rigid straightness of the stadiometer. “Back to the wall please,” he instructed, and she complied; boobs nearly striking him across the face from the rapid whip around.

After taking his measurements the man backed off, taking some quick notes with a concerned expression. It was enough to re-spark worry in the tall girl. “What is it?” she demanded.

“You’re about an inch shorter,” he told her. “Whether you've noticed it or not, you’re compensating for the new weight,” he gave a point with his pen to her oversized bust for emphasis. “You’re arching your back, which could put you at risk of lordosis in the long term. It’s minor for now, as far as I can tell, but I would strongly recommend a reduction,” he explained.

That was it? Spinal issues? The dark haired girl openly scoffed. Being tall gave her enough of that already, a little more from her tits wasn’t gonna stop her. “Not happening,” she told him flatly, hugging one arm under her precious bust.

He couldn’t force her, so he simply gave a shrug. “Well then good news, you’re getting those X-rays you wanted. I'd like to see just how bad the damage is already.”

Despite her doctor's concern the curve wasn’t terrible, nothing a chiropractor couldn’t fix with regular visits, and now that Jill had her tits those savings could go towards such things. On top of that, she got a good look at her implants. If she didn’t know what Matty had given her to start she, like everyone else, would just mistake them for average silicone fun bags. So all in all she was in the clear; or so she had hoped.

A week of shoring up her wardrobe for her expanded silhouette, and flaunting it all she could, was beyond amazing. She even managed a few dates, occasionally sneaking them home for a bit of fun; and what fun it was. Something about having huge playable titties made sex so much better. Maybe it was just being hotter, keeping her partners harder, longer. Maybe it was having them grab her by the chest and knead her taut, sensitive flesh, paying attention to more of her body than before. Hell, maybe she was just finding better partners with a smokin' hot bod? Whatever it was she didn’t care, she was having a blast with her new life.

Her roommate wasn’t though. It was the middle of the afternoon when Jill woke up from her romp, last night’s stand already gone, but the sound of the door rattling was in the air regardless. Pulling her blanket up over herself, the fabric showing her nipples clearly as it hung over her bust, she went to answer it. It wasn’t outside though.

Dani was at the door, her coat on and a heavy bag packed at her feet as she fidgeted with the lock. “What’s up?” the buxom girl of the pair asked, taking in the scene with curiosity.

With a sigh the chubby girl ceased her meddling, turning to the half-naked girl. “Look, I didn’t wanna have this confrontation Jill,” she stated, keeping her voice level, “but I'm done. Ever since you got those bolt ons you've had no respect for the house, and frankly…” she paused, steeling her resolve to say what needed to be said. “You’ve been a bitch.”

It took the tall girl a minute to process what her friend was saying, but when it clicked in she couldn’t contain herself. “Excuse me?” she growled, face twisting with fury.

“When we got this place we were friends Jill,” Dani began, fully facing her roommate and standing firm. “Dealing with the same kind of problems, there for each other when we needed it. I was happy for you when you finally got your surgery, but then… I don’t know if you changed, or if I just got to start seeing the real you,” she explained.

Scoffing the buxom girl’s grip on her blanket-covering tightened. “Oh, I see now. You're jealous. Jealous that I finally get to be the woman I've always wanted, while leaving poor plain Dani in the dust,” she hissed venomously.

The chubby girl responded with her own ferocity. “This has nothing to do with jealousy over your stupid fake tits. You’re self obsessed, like every little thing is about you. One of your one night stands stole from me Jill, just up and left with my mother’s jewelry, and when I told you the best you could do wasn’t even apologize. You just told me you'd replace it and got your next,” the words lingered on the normally kind girl’s tongue, fighting against her nature to get out, “got your next fuck boy, to buy you some shit you bucked off on me.”

“Oh, sorry you didn’t appreciate my trying,” Jill spat back, keeping her sharp edge.

There was no point in fighting. With an annoyed groan Dani went back to the door, the fury and desire to get away from the insufferable bitch making the task child’s play. Tearing it open she took up her bag, turning a dark glare towards the other girl. “I didn’t,” she replied flatly. “I’m leaving. I’ve already had my name removed from the lease, so you don’t need to bother with anything other than your dumb boobs and whatever boys you wanna bring back.”

“You’re seriously walking out on me?” the buxom girl asked incredulously. “After everything, letting a bit of breast envy ruin what we had? Calling me a bitch, but you’re the one I see acting like one.”

Tightening her resolve the shorter girl stepped out, pausing for one final comment on her “friend’s” new attitude. “Fuck you,” she responded, slamming the door behind her.

In spite of the harsh exit, you could hear Dani's sobs as she walked down the hall. Jill honestly expected the girl to come crawling back, but as the stairwell door opened, and the sound of her roommate disappeared for good, the reality, what just happened, started to settle in. Jill's expression softened, and the quiet emptiness of the apartment washed over her.

Her pride told her she didn’t need Dani, she’d manage on her own. The busty girl knew full well though she couldn’t afford the place on her own, not with her current income. So despite everything she'd gained, Jill was unfortunately back in the situation she started in. She needed a job.

Immediately her mind jumped to her resumes. She still had a bunch, and could go back to handing them out at the mall. Hell, she could even apply for a job at Buxom. As she started back for her room though, arms still wrapped around her bust to hold her blanket up, another idea popped into her head.

She had a body that turned heads, dropped jaws, why not put it to good use? Settling down at her computer her lithe hands went to work, stroking along the keyboard and clicking away. It was a roundabout journey, after all Jill barely knew how to find what she was looking for, but eventually she stumbled her way into an advertisement.

Hot girls wanted for adult filming, no experience necessary. It took her a bit to discover it on a reputable site, and with a director's name she could reliably pull up with consistency, but it was exactly what she had in mind. Good pay, close by, and, most importantly, auditioning soon. Sending off a quick email with a few pics, she got a response within the hour.

So much easier than the resume grind. With a smirk the tall girl read her instructions and marked her calendar for the weekend.

The closer the date got the more Jill felt the familiar nerves of any new job application creeping up on her. She was confident in her looks, and her tits, but found herself fussing over whether she'd nail the audition or not. She practiced her looks in the mirror before leaving, running through some of the cliché standards she saw in most pornography, and made sure to pick out an outfit what was revealing without being too whorish. Not that she didn’t second guess that too, wondering if going all out would strengthen her chances.

As she walked into the waiting room those worries compounded. She’d expected this to be a solo interview, but immediately walking in she was one of about a half dozen girls sitting and waiting. Each of them were pretty in their own right, full lips, fine figures, pretty eyes, but none of them held a candle to the tall girl in the chest department.

Beyond a quick glance up at her, none of them were interacting. Likely they were feeling that same kind of anxiety she was, maybe even more so since the stacked girl had shown up; an idea that restored a bit of Jill's pride and let her carry herself smugly to the counter.

The older woman sitting there peeked over her glasses, taking in the new arrival from head to toe; lingering on the best parts of course. “Appointment number?” she asked, fidgeting absentmindedly with her pen.

Right. Jill fished into her purse, digging for the print out of her back and forth email from the other day. “Eleven I believe?” she offered as she got the sheet out to double check. “Yes, eleven.”

The woman returned to her workstation, the list of girls who replied to the ad reflected in her glasses. Finding Jill's, and the picture she'd sent, the woman compared them.  “Alright eleven, take a seat,” she said, satisfied she was who she claimed and pointing to the other girls in the waiting area.

That’s was it? It was almost oppressively curt, leaving even the buxom girl feeling more nervous than when she started. It must have been obvious, because when she sat down one the applicant next to her broke the silence to talk to her.

“I wouldn’t take it personally. I heard Kayla Kups is applying for this part,” she explained.

Kayla Kups? “Who’s that?” Jill questioned, trying to maintain her air of superiority with her tone and posture.

From behind another of the girls piped up. “Seriously? With those things I figured you had to be a fan of hers or something,” she snidely remarked.

Immediately the buxom girl was on the defensive, tongue ready to lash back when the first girl did it for her. “Don’t be a cunt,” she snapped, forcing the girl back into silence in her seat.

“Really, who’s Kayla Kups?” Jill repeated, looking between both women when they were interrupted by the door.

All eyes turned to the woman walking in, bust first. Her chest put even Jillian’s huge knockers to shame, each one like a gallon jug hanging off her chest. There wasn’t a top made for them, the closest thing a wrap of fabric around their apex that gave a clear view of her deep cleavage. Each step the girl took sent a wave of motion across their surface, and had her curly red locks bouncing in kind. Suddenly the tall girl wasn’t feeling on a high horse anymore, outshined in nearly every way by the super busty star.

“Kayla,” the woman at the desk greeted her warmly, standing up to receive a hug that squished those massive tits right up into her face, nearly knocking the woman’s glasses off.

Deep in the pit of her stomach Jill's insides were tying in knots. That feeling would quickly become the least of her worries however, as the feeling of her bra riding up, straps digging into her shoulders, demanding her attention.

Her olive eyes tore down, catching the sight of her top beginning to push out. “No, no!” she protested, grabbing at the hem of her top as it crept up her body and tried to pull it down. “Not again.”

As last time the rest of the world didn’t even register her plight. A few eyes turned her way at the outburst, but the extent of the response was just jealous scoffs as they watched the overstuffed girl toy with her top.

Why was this happening here, now? She’d gone a week without any random growth spurts, she thought it was over. Her breasts were fighting back against her struggling top, countering her work to yank it down by instead muffining up and out towards her neckline. Her bra wasn’t doing any better. The previous perfect fit was now digging into her under bust, as she started overflowing it in every possible direction.

“Maybe buy tops that actually fit cow,” the snarky applicant from before piped up, rolling her eyes at the scene; or what she could perceive of it anyway.

“Cow?” the word sparked the tall girl's memory, back to her meeting with that witchy woman who'd given her these in the first place: Materia.

What was she forgetting? *“So you can make fun of me for not being a busty cow like you…”*

*“You’d be happy as a nice big titted cow though, and I can give that to you.”*

Jill replayed it all in her head, her breasts continuing their relentless growth. Her bra straps whipped across her shoulders as they were torn from their little loops, too strained to keep together as her boobs outgrew the poor thing. Soft titty flesh was pouring from the top and bottom, her shirt doing its best to compress it all into a uniform surface. It was getting harder to breath from the pressure on her ribs from her own growing assets, and her back was aching from the lack of support for such huge knockers.

She needed to focus though, step by step running through everything she'd been told. *“Bra stuffers? If I wanted to fake it I could fill a nylon with rice.”*

*“I assure you, these will make you the biggest girl in the room.”*

It hit the increasingly busty girl like… well her bust. As things ground to a halt she looked down at her new chest, realizing she would struggle to even wrap her arms around these new monsters. “It looks like you may a little competition,” the woman behind the counter joked to Kayla, pointing Jill and her mammoth mammaries out to the girl.

The redheaded star gave a giggle that rippled through her bust. “All natural?” she teased, stealing a peek at the extremely proportioned titties stuffed under the girl’s groaning layers.

“Nah,” the bespectacled woman answered, dropping back into her seat. “Some of the best fakes I've ever seen though, must have cost a small fortune.”

As her friend got back to work Kayla made her way to the waiting area, extending a friendly hand to her fellow super buxom girl and surprising the other girls there. “It’s nice to meet you, I'm Kayla Kups,” she offered warmly.

“I-“ Jill started, holding her bust in her arms as she processed all this new information. “I have to go,” she said, rising to her feet.

Unused to her new weight she nearly bowled Kayla over, their comparable tits docking from the lack of space offered between them. She didn’t have time for that though, pushing her way out and stumbling with each step as she fought against yet another new center of balance, she needed to fix this. She could hardly carry these monsters, and the idea of growing any more… she didn’t want to think about it.

Jill needed to get these things out of her, and she only had one name who would know enough about them and her situation. Madam Materia.

“I’m sorry miss, but there’s never been a store here,” the man running the information desk told the hysterical woman, as he tried his best not to stare at her poorly contained breasts.

Impossible. “It was right there!” the tall girl snapped back incredulously, resting her heavy chest on the counter. Coming all this way had practically winded her, not to mention she'd knocked almost a dozen people over with the awkwardness of their sheer size. “Madam Materia’s Magical Menagerie, knickknack shop, impossible to miss,” she explained.

Fixing his hair the man did his best to keep his composure. “Ma’am, no such store has ever existed in this mall. Are you sure it wasn’t another of our locations?” he offered, though the doubt was obvious in his voice.

There was no way she was mistaken, which left the only other option as this being yet more “magic” at work. Just like no one noticed when her boobs were inflating, no one remembered there ever being a store. “I’m sure it was this one,” she still stated out of sheer spite, hauling her breasts up with her arms as she straightened with a huff. “I guess I'll just keep looking then.”

“Good luck miss, and thank you for shopping,” the man offered, eyes glued to her bust the whole time.

Jill just replied with a scoff, dipping back into her thoughts. If the source of all this was out that meant she needed a mundane solution, before her back gave out. Stretching her poor spine she nearly knocked the block off a shopper walking by, their face connecting cleanly with her huge rack.

“Watch where you’re going!” she chastised them with a hiss, hunting out a bench to rest herself on. She didn’t even want to sit, it would just have her hunched over to rest them in her lap. Instead she leaned over the back, letting the weight come off her with a relieved sigh.

What were her other options? Doctor Alfons. Well she certainly agreed a lot more with his back assessment now, rubbing the small of her tired arch. He wasn’t a surgeon though, and she recalled him not having recommended her old size, she didn’t want to think about his opinion on her new one. He'd dropped her surgeon’s name though, doctor Kinley.

Pulling out her phone she did a quick net search, rather easily finding the details of the surgeon in question. She was a local office, and had a contact number Jill's phone was ready to autofill from memory. So she'd, according to reality anyway, called before. That meant she'd have to do a little bluffing to not sound the fool.

As the phone rang the overstuffed girl felt her nerves rising. “Doctor Kinley’s office,” a woman’s voice greeted laxly as unidentifiable sounds added noise to the air.

“Hello, would I be able to book an appointment to see the doctor?” Jill asked calmly, as professionally as she could muster.

There was a chuckle from the other end of the line. “Going bigger again Jill?” the woman replied.

Such a casual response threw her off her game, a rednesss filling her face that had her drawing more stares from passersby. “N-not quite,” she offered, putting the pieces together with what she had. If the secretary knew her then she had to have visited a few times to get to her size. “I was hoping doctor Kinley might be able to just have a look, I've been having some… issues,” she kept vague.

Once more there was laughter from the other end of the line. “Come on Jill, my voice isn’t that forgettable,” the woman joked, clearly shifting around in a rolling chair from the sound of it. “I’ve got another appointment today, but if you can make it in by about four I should be able to take a quick look for you.”

She was talking to the doctor? Her embarrassment only grew, leaving her scrambling to keep some semblance of acumen going. “Thank you doctor, I'll see you then,” she finished, quickly hanging up before she could make more of a fool of herself.

Without a moment lost she was back at the office's website, pulling up directions. If she was going to make it for four she didn’t have a lot of time. So once more, hoisting her bust with a grunt of effort, she started her way back through the mall.

The trip to doctor Kinley's office presented additional challenges, namely how difficult driving was. She’d hardly noticed on the short trip between the porn audition and the mall, she'd been so intent on trying to find Matty. Driving all the way out to this secluded clinic however…

The seatbelt fought its way in between her tits, no matter how many time she righted it, and would proceed to saw against her shoulder blade uncomfortably. The sheer width of her bust, compressed into her ill equipped top, was pressing outwards into her arms and making holding the steering wheel a hassle. Trying to force her bust down to solve that issue however just added another, as it forced her to lean forward and her unwieldy bosom compressed the horn. So bow armed, trying to keep her eyes on the road with boobs pressing towards her chin, Jill somehow managed to arrive on time.

There was barely enough room for the tall girl to squeeze out of her vehicle, her breasts pressing against the door and nearly pulling her to the ground when she finally set her feet down. The idea of living like this permanently was horrifying. Her every hope was that doctor Kinley would be able to help.

A few steps to find her balance and she was at the doors, pushing her way in and taking a look around. It was small, but well decorated with things that showed the office was well off. It made sense. Even if there weren’t people crowding the waiting room, if the place catered to clients looking for enhancement the likes of which she was currently suffering, every surgery probably made bank. Her olive eyes continued to wander about, vacantly taking it all in until they settled upon the only other client there.

Her expression turned to one of horror. “No, no!” she cussed internally, trying to take a step back, but it was too late.

The other girl with her was extreme. It was hard to tell exactly what she looked like under the oversized tent she was wearing, but you could clearly see the outlines of her giant breasts. They were filling her lap, leaving the girl to lean on top of them while she waited with a somber look on her face.

Jill could already feel the tightness in her skin, as her implants prepared to go to work and make her biggest. “No, please!” she pleaded futilely, wrapping her arms around her tits to try and hold them in, stop them from growing. “I could barely function before, I won’t be able to-“

The feeling of her bra band digging into her cut her off. She could barely breath, taking in shallow gasps that were drowned out by the creaking sound of fabric. She could feel the underwire of her bra, already struggling from her previous growth spurt, jabbing into her. With a light pop it broke free, making her whimper from the pain of it stabbing into her tender flesh.

It wasn’t long after the hooks started to go. The five well made fasteners had held on masterfully up until now, but her rapidly expanding mass took no prisoners. The first bent, springing open and letting more of her bust surge upwards. The next tore with the sound of more popping stitching, as the whole anchor was ripped from the lining. Three, four, five without the support tore across her back when they burst, letting her take in a heavy gasp of breath.

Any relief was short lived though, as her boobs bounced out into their new freedom. Their sheer weight dragged her forward, causing her to stumble two steps before falling to the ground. Her assets caught her, and she sank into their pliant surface. It was almost comfortable if it weren’t so horrifying. Laying atop them she could feel them growing beneath her, forcing her up as they poured out to the sides. Her top was just long enough to keep her modest, much of the seam having torn to make it more flowy.

Even such outrageous growth had to stop eventually though. Perched atop her breasts, the cold waiting room floor beneath them, the idea of their size unfathomable to her, she let out an appreciative sigh. “Are you alright miss?” the other client in the waiting room asked, watching with concern. “That looked like a nasty spill.”

“I’m fine,” Jill replied stubbornly, trying to get to her feet. Her tits were so heavy it was a chore, making her groan with the effort of lifting her oversized assets. They didn’t look proper for her body, like each one could have held a tween child, or she was smuggling whole flats from a store under her wisp of a top.

Seeing her struggle the strange girl gave a sympathetic look. “Macromastia?” she asked, resting a hand over her own inconveniently sized bust.

What? “N-no,” the tall girl stammered, trying to manage her new proportions. She could feel the weight in her knees, trying to lift her stupid fake breasts with her arms so they weren’t dragging her down.

“Oh,” the somber girl responded, getting quiet as she watched Jill struggle. She didn’t quite know what to think, she couldn’t imagine anyone to actually want to deal with the things she did every day.

With a wide stance the top heavy girl managed to barely keep on her feet. She needed these things gone, now. Before something happened and they got even bigger.

“Jillian!” a familiar voice chirped up, drawing the troubled girl’s attention.

The woman she'd spoken with on the phone, doctor Kinley. She was a lean woman, with frizzy auburn hair done up in a bun as she stood there in her lab coat, and possessive of a friendly demeanor that rubbed off in every word. “Come on in,” she offered, gesturing for the buxom girl to follow her to a consultation room. “Be with you in a sec Chelsea,” she shot to her other over busted client.

On wobbly legs the tall girl followed, her breasts stopping her as she tried to get through the door. She couldn’t take it head on, the frame catching on the sides of her chest and pressing them together dangerously. No matter how squishy she was, she was just too big. She had to turn sideways, letting one boob into the room with both hands before guiding the second one in when she got through. And then without the support of her full body, she stumbled as the weight once more dragged her down.

She felt the fool, blushing profusely as she fought to stand. “Have a seat,” the frizzy haired doctor offered, seeing the girl’s turmoil.

For the moment her pride was secondary. Jill needed help, and this woman may very well be the only one who could give it. “Thanks for seeing me on such short notice doctor,” she mused, plopping down into the armed chair in the corner. It audibly groaned in protest to her, her tits pouring over the arms even as they filled up her lap.

“Any time,” the kind doctor offered with a smile, “So what’s the problem?”

Climbing her gaze over her bust the olive eyed girl let out a tired sigh, resting on her outrageous assets. “They’re too big doctor. I think I need a reduction, before they ruin my back,” she explained, using her normal doctor’s worry.

Dr. Kinley looked her patient over, picking up a pen from her desk and tapping her bottom lip thoughtfully. “I can understand that,” she said, leaning forward to press home her next words. “You were given the warnings before you went under the knife though Jill. At this point, unlike Chelsea who could have something like this covered due to her condition, you’re looking at this being elective. Which means your insurance isn’t going to cover it.”

A cold sweat broke over the pinned girl. That wasn’t good, she'd spent basically all she'd saved for the original surgery already on clothes and bras; all of which now were basically worthless. She had to fix this though. “I understand,” she said, unable to hide the nerve in her voice.

Sitting back up the frizzy haired doc took up her pad, scribbling something down. “Well, if you’re serious, then this is an estimate at what you’re looking at to have those removed Jill,” she said, tearing the sheet off and handing it to the woman, face down like one would at a pricey restaurant.

Her worry mounting the tall girl took it, pulling it up close before flipping it over. Immediately the colour drained from her face, and she felt her fingers trembling. The price was insane. Over ten times what her original goal was. There was no way she could afford this. She already had the increased costs of living alone to figure out how to cover, and with these ridiculous breasts there was no way she was going to be able to function well enough to do anything.

Jill's breath started quickening, her heart thumping heavy in her chest. Her life was over, she was doomed, trapped literally with no way out. Yet all she could imagine was the coy face of the redhead who'd conned her into all this. That smirk, and the smug chuckle as the witch Madam Materia teased her.

A wry smirk on her darkly painted lips, Matty chuckled at the sight unfolding in the orb held in her painted fingers. “Being the biggest not all you hoped for Jillian?” she teased, leaning back and removing the wide brimmed cap from her head.

As soon as it left her crown the woman’s fingers lengthened into unrelenting claws, as thick fur grew up her forearms. A pair of blonde-furred fox ears sprang up from between her fiery locks, flicking about to get comfortable atop her head. And finally, revealing the whole of her true form, two fluffy fox tails danced into place behind her.

“We all have prices to pay,” she spent a moment admiring her monstrous, oversized paw, “to get what we want,” she finished with a grin, looking down at her beautiful bust.

Rising to her feet the vulpine trickster carried Jill's orb to the back room, to the maze of shelves filled with similar little crystals, each playing out their own version of reality. With a thoughtful tap of her chin she navigated her way through, carelessly rolling her new addition around in her other claw. When the right spot presented itself her foxy ears perked, and with an exaggerated goose step she stopped.

Taking one last look at Jill, pleading for any sort of option with the surgeon, her golden eyes sparkled delightedly. “Guess you weren’t ready to pay,” she finished, slipping the orb in amongst its neighbors, with a happy little bounce on her heels, before returning to her post. She had to be ready for the next customer to wander in after all.