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Happy Holidays 2020

Chapter 1
Black Friday Blues
Word Count: 6475

“Got a boyfriend yet?”

Olena managed to avoid the question from her father with nervous laughter and impromptu trips to the bathroom. When the family settled in the den after Thanksgiving lunch, she made the mistake of cornering herself on the leather brown loveseat. Usually, nothing could keep her father away from the parade, the football game, or scouting deals for Black Friday—being financially conscious was in her Russian, immigrant blood. But this holiday, she erred in her sense of security. She hadn't counted on him being so persistent.

In front of extended family.

“Whatever happened to that one girl you were dating? Hershey? Jarvis?”

Olena had been playing a colorful puzzle game on her phone, trying to escape from the family situation. She looked up toward her father's recliner, which hadn't moved position in twenty-five years, huddled under a Tiffany, mosaic glass lamp from Belarus; family heirloom and reading light.

“Her name was Jersey and we broke up four months ago,” Olena said, flatly. “I’m not seeing anyone right now.”

“Sweetheart,” said her mother. “You never told us.”

No, she hadn't. For a few reasons.

Even though she'd turned twenty, Olena still hadn't grown out of her teenage obsession with hiding her relationships from her parents. She might never. No amount of being older changed how it made her cringe.

Then there was the embarrassment when they asked about how a queer relationship differed from straight ones. Like how her father still wanted to give Jersey grief as he would a male

suitor but ended up talking NFL and the stock market with her. Or how both parents had prepared a speech about pregnancy when they met Jersey for the first time and tried giving it even though most of it was rendered inapt by her gender.

But the worst of it, what constituted the complete muteness on the topic of her break up, was because Olena had been the one to break things off. It just seemed, after all the effort of normalizing her nontraditional relationship with another girl, that it was unfair somehow to then be the one to end things. Her parents loved Jersey. Her sister loved Jersey.

She still loved Jersey, too.

But Olena knew it was impossible for her to love just one woman—learned it quickly and messily. Jersey had every reason to be apprehensive about that fact, very happy in their monogamy. It took a single strained week after Olena's admittance of polyromantic feelings for the paranoia and tension to set in. To spare what was left of their phenomenal friendship, Olena broke them up.

Olena was being forced to remember it all again; how she and her best friend tried so hard to make up for Olena's crazy, fragmented heart. Days of Jersey feeling like she wasn't enough and giving up. Days when they would try to match the sexual activity of five or six people—no regrets, there. There was only so much the two of them could do, though. And Olena grew weary of asking her perfect partner to be anything she wasn't. It was hurting them both and it was hurting her now to remember it all.

Jersey was one piece in a big puzzle that Olena realized was her romantic, erotic, relational life. How could she explain that to her parents?

The game on her phone chimed, her thumbs gone still. She fought tears which came more from frustration than sorrow.

"Is behind her. No need in dwelling," said her father in his distinct, vodka-drenched accent. "Now, I know great guy only nine years older than you. He works at 'ze bank. Just met him yesterday. Can you believe it? What luck I have. You two make beautiful, rich grandchildren."

Olena fidgeted in her seat, turning slightly away as her face went blotchy red. Her two cousins were on the couch across from her, whispering to one another. Their mother, Olena's aunt on her mother's side, looked ready to go for her fifth piece of pumpkin pie just to avoid being part of the conversation.

"Daddy!"

"What? He is nice boy. And I say before: I need another man around here to help me out; not as young as I used to be."

"Well then, you should date him," said Nat as she came in with a drink in hand.

Nat was Olena's older sister by three years. Tall, curvy, outgoing and confident. She could verbally spar with their father and often swooped in to save Olena when she couldn't find the gumption to save herself. She was everything Olena wasn't. Typical of an older sister, which Olena was gracious for.

"You know what I mean," their father said, then dropped the conversation.

Later, Olena thanked Natalie. They were sitting in Nat's room on her old bed. It had a larger closet for them to dump all their things when they arrived.

"I owed you for that sweet little speech you gave before dinner, about how you were so thankful that I was your big sister. Anytime you need dad off your back from here to Christmas, count on me." Nat crossed her long legs, sipping on cider that wisped with steam and smelled of spice and alcohol. "But why haven't you started dating again? Haven't found the right person? Cause I know it isn't the other way around. I'm sure you've had your pick of pursuers—keep up those squats, girl."

Olena rolled her eyes. She started undressing without a second thought, supplying a shimmy with her hips that Nat applauded for. She changed into a blue work sweater and khaki pants, fishing in a gray duffel bag for the matching belt that she'd gotten in trouble for forgetting at least one-hundred times.

"Thanks go to the retail work out plan: squat to arrange merchandise, wait five minutes for a texting teenager to knock over your display while driving one of our electric shopping carts, squat some more to pick it up. Guaranteed your beach body by spring." Olena looked herself over, craning around. She hadn't noticed the tone in her thighs or the extra pertness of her rear and was happy to have a little strain buckling her belt. "Now, if there was a full-body program so I wasn't a walking set of turkey legs."

"Maybe ask those silly teenagers to come up with one. They could become your trainers!" Nat cocked a grin that Olena complained about. "Don't change the subject. Why no man? Or woman?"

Waiting for the perfect moment to drop huge news was a practice reserved for parents and extended family. Olena couldn't keep the motor mouth away when she and Nat were alone. Still, she was coy about the admission. It was her first time doing so out loud. "Why not both?"

"Sure. Both, then."

"At the same time. Together," Olena clarified.

“A group of three people dating?” Natalie crossed her arms, jacket ruffling as she moved. “I mean, I’ve heard of it. Very uncommon.”

“Three. Or more. Ideally, five but only if they’re pretty amazing people—. . .”

Nat’s eyes bugged just a little at the realization. “You’re poly? Wow, I’m happy for you. And, it explains so much, now that I think about it!”

Olena recoiled. “Explains what, exactly?”

“Why you were upset in second grade when you gave everyone cards on Valentine’s Day and were upset when none of them cared the day after. I swear, it was like you expected all twenty-four kids to go on dates with you. And when you were on the basketball team, you were always the last one to break the huddles. Oh, and when Marques and I got back from our trip to Japan, you favorited every picture online of ours in an open-air hot spring.”

Olena felt exposed. “You’re memory is scary.” She would have said more, but Nat was off the bed and hugging her tightly. She dug her face into her sister’s shoulder, savoring the close, nurturing touch. What she didn’t favor was the smack on her ass. “Hey!”

“Get to work. You’re going to be late and it’s Black Friday time. I love you and hope you get a whole basketball team to love you as much as I do.”

Not exactly how she had expected the confession to go, but she loved Natalie’s special way of giving her blessing. It also helped that, as sisters, most everything was communicated in the hug. Olena felt a huge burden being lifted in Natalie’s arms. She didn’t have to explain a single thing.

Olena did as she was told, said goodbye to her family, and stepped out into the late fall chill.

“I’d like to remind you all of our sales contest. Corporate is pushing it extra hard this year since we’ve taken another hit in revenue. Thanks a lot, online shopping, right? Haha!”

Jackie, manager at Crafty Shack, gave marching orders to her staff of eight. Olena was among them, full of turkey from the meal earlier, and a little freer. Her chat with her sister had lifted her spirits. It always helped to know that there was somebody in your corner to talk to about anything. So many sibling relationships were toxic and messy. Olena had gotten a hug for

admitting about herself what would have been unthinkable to their parents. It made facing a horde of bargain hunters seem easy.

She only half-listened to the speech, then went about making sure she was ready for the rush. Empty the trash can, have extra coupons for people who forgot, plenty of extra change in her drawer. Tonight, she only needed to ring people up and send them on their way. If her goal was to win the sales contest, it was a shot in the foot. But, if she considered the stress of trying to sell arts and crafts to a mob of mostly picky women, full of questions, and likely to ask for the manager when something was out of stock, she considered it a net gain to her positivity.

The automatic doors opened. Debbie came running out ahead of a large crowd of people, rushing for areas they'd scouted several days in advance. Briefly, there was calm before the storm as shoppers pilfered buggies and filled them. Once people started checking out items, all six registers had lines.

Olena moved her hands and smiled. She kept herself from looking flustered by the accelerated tempo with relative ease, too. This was her first Black Friday sale at the Crafty Shack but not her first job as a cashier during a rush, so she handled customer questions and with a deft that only required half of her attention.

Unfortunately, the other half of her attention was occupied by the carousel of women passing her by.

She blamed her sister's mention of a team of athletic girls all dating her at the same time, mixed with her missing Jersey and their active—some might say 'overactive'—sex life. Still, she noticed that the level of attractiveness in the Crafty Shack was higher than she was used to, and had to focus on cheesy Christmas music and scanning merchandise instead of well-curved bodies and friendly smiles.

Two sisters caught her eye, making Olena miss the togetherness of being in a relationship during a holiday. They were gorgeous, one managing the buggy full of hot deals, the other managing two young children.

If only they could have known how badly Olena wanted to be with them—to joke around, to snuggle near a fire, to kiss drunkenly as snow fell outside. She was only twenty, so the mothers would be doing the drinking, but it still sounded like a good time. Despite herself, a story of her as a babysitter started playing in her head. She watches the kids and has an amazing time on a cold winter's night. Then, the beautiful mothers come in and reward her for having the kids in bed by eleven. . .

Olena shook the silly thoughts away.

She focused on making money. College was going to be expensive, as was room and board. Her khaki pants were getting tighter as well, as Nat had brought to her attention, so a new wardrobe would be a good idea. She also wanted a car, however janky. The thought of taking Ryde drivers for a whole semester didn't sit well with her.

Oh, and there was that pesky idea of getting a boob job that she'd had forever. Maybe save up for that too, while she was at it.

"But at this rate. . ." she mumbled to herself, bending beneath her register for her bottled water, dubious.

"At this rate, what?"

She stood again, turning. It was a customer so an automatic apology and customer service smile flashed across her face. "Oh, it was nothing."

"It seemed like something." The woman wasn't the tallest, but she had a few inches on Olena and seemed to be fixated on looking the cashier up and down repeatedly. "Look, you've probably been worked to death so if you need to be candid for a few seconds, go for it. I won't tell your boss."

"I've got nothing to say. Seriously."

"Would you prefer to groan? Or sigh? Or break one of those cheesy ass ornaments?"

"They're not cheesy, they're Christmas. I happen to love Christmas."

The woman threw a hand onto her hip. "I love Christmas too. I'm just honest when Christmas has gone too far. Like, I don't know, Santa in a speedo. That's too far."

True, Olena thought, as she laughed and took in who she was talking to.

She realized she was talking to a total babe. The milfs had captured her in one sort of way, pulling her out of her job and into a fantasy. This woman, though, was so hot that it brought her screaming into the present moment. She became immensely aware of where she was and that she was standing awkwardly without saying anything.

"Yea, uh, stressful night," said Olena, followed by a nervous laugh.

"Day went okay? How was Thanksgiving for you?"

"Actually, I couldn't wait to get here to work."

"You'd rather work retail on the busiest day of the year than eat pumpkin pie with your loved ones?" the woman asked through her teeth, which were white and straight. Then, they hid behind a set of full and glossy lips.

There was a pause. The two looked over each other and made eye contact again. Truly, this stranger was radiant.

"Uh, yea. . ." Olena answered dully, lovestruck.

The woman was in a dorky, tan shirt with brown balls running down the center and a white circle on the belly. Brown freckles were painted onto her face. Olena had been too busy admiring hazel eyes to notice a set of antlers poking out from acres of silver hair.

It was the first time Olena could truly say she was ogling a reindeer—or, a woman in a reindeer costume. Still, the blouse flattered her, as did the deeper brown leggings. The top was a tight fit that cinched nicely at the waist. Up from there, though, sat the most delicious pair of breasts Olena had ever seen—on the internet or in real life. They were perfect teardrops, swollen and outlined well by the shirt she was wearing. They were wrapped like presents, thin whisker wrinkles running to and from their full peaks from all over.

Just huge. Head sized. Being so close was making Olena salivate. God, it had been so long since she'd been with a woman—with Jersey. Her body was not about to let a thrilling, bouncy body pass without reacting.

"Didn't think a Thanksgiving could be so bad. I'm sorry to hear this year was sort of a let down for you," said the woman. "I make great pumpkin pie; had a ton left over. You should've come."

"I didn't get an invitation. Plus, you probably spent the holiday with your own family," Olena mentioned, not even realizing she was prodding for more information unconsciously. "Whereas, You know, eating all the food, catching up. Whereas, for myself, the most fun I've had lately is wondering how I'm going to meet my sales goals for some stupid company contest."

"Oh!" The woman's hazel eyes twinkled, specifically the emerald flecks in each one. "So this is one of the stores? Yea, I think I remember seeing the Crafty Shack. Very cool." When Olena didn't spark with the same realization, the woman continued. "I'm sorry. I totally should have said something—I'm Nicole. I'm on the board that approved the incentives that funded the reward for the sale's goals."

"Oh. I, uh. . . I didn't mean 'stupid' company contest. No. What I meant was, uh, 'stupidly *fun*' company contest"

"Too late. You're on the naughty list. As I said, I won't tell your boss but you'd better show me that pretty smile and remind me of your tree decorating classes or else." Nicole leaned closer,

scrunching up her cute little nose. “Just kidding. I don’t have that kind of power. I mostly meet with a bunch of rich men and talk about how we can give back to the small businesses in town for the holidays. I recommended we spare some money for craft stores and I remember an email about one branch using the money for a contest. Must’ve been you guys.”

Olena was getting hotter already. Beautiful, hot, and confident enough to rock her tits in a reindeer costume? This Nicole woman was something else. “It’s us. Though, I’m not exactly making a ton of sales standing up here. They pick sales by department or reference and, well, people don’t know my name till they’re already in line. Besides that, I’m lucky if they buy a piece of gum from my rack there.” She gestured to the display, designed to milk the last few pennies out of a shopper’s purse.

Nicole frowned, puffing out her breasts inadvertently. “Poor girl. Well, here. This is what I’ll do for you, hmm,” she bent forward and her boobs did a pleasant swing. “Olena—very pretty. I’m going to buy one of these and, since you’ve been so easy to get along with, I’ll sweeten the contest some. How about that?”

Nicole handed Olena one of the holiday gift cards that were on the stand next to the gum. They came in denominations of ten, twenty-five, fifty, and one-hundred dollars. Nicole placed one of the hundred dollar cards on Olena’s conveyor belt. Then, another. Then three more. Then five more.

“Uh, no. No way, I can’t—. . .”

“The others are likely making that and more. And here you are, looking cute, working just as hard as everybody else.” Nicole leaned forward and her huge boobs squished deliciously against the credit card pen pad, all but consuming it. “My Black Friday gift to you. I hope this makes up for the mediocre Thanksgiving, Olena.”

Olena froze, openly watching Nicole’s body—flirty eyes, a chop of white hair, big, sexy boobies. She was so horny it was embarrassing. The cards swiped over her scanner in motions she couldn’t even register making.

Nicole drew out a black credit card with a golden chip and slipped it into the reader. Waited, quiet. Then, it beeped, and she claimed the gift cards she’d paid for.

The instant the transaction cleared, Olena felt something like lightning striking her chest. She was short of breath, stomach buzzing like she’d had a little too much eggnog. Suddenly, her level of arousal worsened, and she had to lean on the conveyor belt to steady herself.

“Oh god,” she whispered, brunette hair blocking her features.

The receipt machine whirred with the accepted payment. Her line had built up again, customers enraged by the lengthy wait. Still, she waited out the hit of, well, she didn't know what it was. Just that it had brought her to the edge of a public orgasm, and that it was subsiding as quickly as it had come.

"I'm gonna get back to shopping. When are you off?" Nicole asked as if a cashier having heart palpitations just came with the process of shopping at Crafty Shack.

Olena tested her voice. It came out smooth and needy. "Two. A.M."

"Late. I'll be around. Good luck with the contest, Olena."

Nicole sauntered off. Olena followed the sway of her hips in her dumb-but-amazing reindeer bottoms. As it turned out, she had a tail back there the whole time. It was crazy how even that turned her on, how it followed just a millisecond behind the bounce of each of her round buttocks.

She blinked a few times, breaking the spell that had been cast on her. The rush of blood came back into her as did her breath and she realized she was, indeed, still at work. A different woman impatiently asked to purchase more items.

She apologized and spent the next few checkouts just trying to cram her arousal somewhere it wouldn't be a bother to her. It refused to disappear as she hoped, but it resided off to the side where it could still be inflamed by pretty customers.

She simply had to settle for that, and scanning items endless Craft Shack items.

Though every time she scanned a speedo Santa, she thought of Nicole.

The tingling in her chest never subsided.

The handwork she had been doing, moving items over her scanner and into plastic bags, seemed to aggravate them somehow. She felt them with her every move, the insides of her arms bumping them. They felt raw like she hadn't worn a bra to work. Sensitive and in the way of everything—how she imagined her sister Nat felt with her double D's.

But she was a B cup. She could play sports and do jumping jacks and reach tall shelves—not too tall, but five-foot-six tall—without worrying about stabbing herself with whatever was on the shelf underneath. Why did she feel herself throbbing all of a sudden?

She tried unlocking her knees, thinking maybe a lack of blood flow was the problem, but it didn't help. Warmer and warmer, like a hot pad was placed square over her nipples, radiating through her bra cups.

"What? It isn't a good one?" a customer asked.

Olena didn't know what was meant, answered with a, "Hmm?"

"I was about to put it back. It's kind of tacky. My son's a firefighter and he loves dogs, but he's about to be thirty now. I know, I'm just doing a mom thing by buying him this, but. . ."

Olena realized she'd sighed rather loudly as she beeped another item for the current customer; a frizzy looking mother with a buggy full of gaudy, useless trinkets, all in the holiday theme. The sigh hadn't been directed at the items, though. Olena just had to release the building tension in her core, the steam in her lungs, the arousal itching all over her.

She pushed the silly dalmatian in a red fire station hat through her scanner and plopped it into a bag with about fifteen other silly ornaments, separated by brown sack paper. . .

"I'm sorry, it's a cute ornament and it's sweet that you care. I didn't mean to sigh, just tired."

"Thanks. Sorry. I'm sure you're working very, very hard." The mother seemed nice and continued shoveling her goods onto the black moving belt for Olena to grab.

Pull it together. You can ask for a bathroom break just as soon as someone comes by to take your place. They're all probably busy though. And my chest is just so. . . tight.

She'd been fighting the urge to adjust her bra, as she could feel the moisture of sweat and tightness like her heart was swollen, pushing against her ribs. It didn't seem to fix itself and her patience with it was thinning.

She tried talking to the mother to ground herself, almost certain it was of little use. "I am, but it's to be expected of a day like today. I quite like my job. Better than where I was before."

"You must be crafty to like working here. You an artist?"

"I couldn't draw to save my life," Olena shrugged. It moved her boobs and she made a mental note not to do so again. "I do enjoy the atmosphere, though. Quiet, calm. Everyone who is here wants to be here."

"Why would you say you like being here?" the woman took two of the bags from the carousel and placed them in a second buggy; one a customer ahead of her had left nearby.

Gerda went even faster, picking up items two and three at a time, barely checking to see if the two-for-one discount was being applied to each little ornament. “I like puzzles. I’ve got a big love for them, actually.”

“My goodness—you’d love my house this time of year. No animals, tons of counter space, and thousands of little pieces. We consider ourselves puzzle champions.”

“Oh? Have any of you competed?”

The mother laughed, but Olena was serious. When the customer realized, she tilted her head and opened her eyes wide, wrinkles drawn into the skin beside them. “There are real puzzle competitions?”

Olena blushed—harder. She blushed even deeper because she had already been glowing with an aching that Nicole had left her. Had her hands not been busy, she would have fanned herself with the collar of her shirt. “Yup. For money and glory. They measure your speed at different puzzle piece numbers and determine scores based on the complexity of the picture. I do a little on the side when I’m not here.”

“Well, kick my rear! You’re a professional puzzler? I’ve never even heard—Clarissa! Clary, get over here. Listen at this!”

Off at a display was a woman with a fabulous butt in tight jeans. She turned at the sound of her name and came bounding over. She looked Olena over for a moment before the cashier found herself breathing heavy at the girl’s cuteness.

Enough. I’ve gotta adjust this shirt. It’s just too tight!

Olena pulled at the fabric of her shirt; atop her chest, on the sides, pinching any extra space she could find. Clarissa took notice.

The mother went on. “Clary, you know how we do all the puzzles at Christmas? This girl does them at competitions! Did you know about professional puzzle people? This is my daughter, by the way. My youngest.”

Clarissa looked at Olena with brilliant admiration. “That’s amazing. So you do big puzzles? Or do you just do them quickly.”

Olena ate up the attention. “Both. I’m okay with big numbers—twenty-five, fifty-kay. But I have to practice harder for those. Speed is more of my thing. Blind jigsaws puzzles, usually five-hundred pieces with a team or a partner.”

“Do you. . .” Clarissa looked shy, hands making subtle motions in her denim jacket. “Have any, like, social media of you doing it? Videos? I’d like to watch—that’s the coolest thing.” When Olena shook her head, the girl looked thoughtful and mustered the courage by clenching her jaw. “Then, maybe, your number? You’re probably busy for the holidays, but sometime after it would be cool to see you doing it. I grew up with a jigsaw puzzle in my crib—. . .”

Her mother scolded her. “Don’t say that in public! Those were choking hazards.”

Clarissa giggled behind a fist and Olena couldn’t keep from watching. Her body tingled at the clear, whistle tones of the young woman. She had looked her up and down several times and was happily surprised to find that she was doing the same.

But Clarissa’s eyes were focused somewhere south of Olena’s eyes. They seemed distracted, avoiding and yet finding their way back to the neck of her sweater.

No. Even lower.

Olena scanned another ornament—seriously, they wouldn’t *end*. How many trees could one family decorate?

This time, she *really* felt her arm squeezing her boobs together. Her flesh slipped under the soft fabric of her work sweater, making goosebumps all over. Her heel was tapping just to try to work off the sexual energy she felt from having her boobs do little more than exist.

And then there was Clarissa, whose laughter had ended but whose ogling had not. There she was, openly, unashamedly, watching Olena’s boobs.

Why does it feel so awesome being ogled by a stranger?

“Clarissa, you should respect her privacy. Plus, it’s Black Friday! She doesn’t have time to be writing her number down—. . .”

“Just say it. I’ll remember. I could never forget. . . *never* forget it,” Clarissa swallowed.

The truest meaning was clear. Flirting made Olena feel so good she groaned openly with desire. The sound of her own growl shocked her and she lost hold of the ornaments.

Before she knew it, she heard a loud *POP!* and glass painted with pink and white went skittering across the tiled floor. The low buzz of noise from chatting customers in line died. They all looked in Olena’s direction.

“I’m sorry! Sorry, my fault,” said the Crafty Shack employee, looking frantically for something to sweep up the mess with.

“No, no. It’s okay. We were distracting you. And we didn’t need that one anyway; got plenty here,” said Clarissa’s mother.

There wasn’t a broom and dustpan. In all her preparation, Olena hadn’t checked the cleaning closet nearby. In the course of the evening, somebody had probably taken the broom designated for her area. It wasn’t an uncommon occurrence, just an inconvenient one.

Leaving the mess was also an option. It was mostly out of the way and broken into large pieces. But her twisting and turning her body to look for a broom had reminded her of why she had to get away. The people in line watched her edging away from her post. She bent at the middle, tucking herself forward awkwardly.

“No broom or dustpan here. I’ll go snag one from the back, okay?”

Several of her customers groaned—a few went to a different register—as Clarissa and her mother had taken a considerable amount of time and the broken ornament would take even more. Olena couldn’t bring herself to care.

Her sweater. It was wrapping tighter and tighter around her. Her bra felt like it was murdering her, underwire digging in at awkward angles. Her shoulder straps pinched at her back. Each step was a reminder. Boobs were annoying, no doubt about that.

So she left in search of solace.

She turned left at the seasonal section, dodging entire hives of customers in chilly fall gear. She caught a peek at Lana who was having a conversation with two men about different sized Christmas Trees for different parts of the house. Lana knew that sort of thing well; measurements, practicality, making plans. It suited her to be discussing how things would look when they were finished just by standing over a white box in the middle of the aisle.

But as Olena neared, she could hear the conversation more clearly and realized that Lana was doing a lot more than designing decorations. She was designing the next few evenings. Her knowing, slanted smile and rolled back shoulders indicated that she was alluding to more than erecting a tree.

That, too, wasn’t unlike Lana.

What was different—what struck the eye of the woman who could do little more than think about her boobs for the past hour—were Lana’s prodigious tits. Lana had been flat chested before, a complete washboard. She and Olena had often joked, thankful for having decent looking facial features because their bodies were pretty stark as far as anything extra.

Lana's titties now bowed pleasantly away from the jacket she was wearing. The unzipped portion created an amazing window to boost her forward, carelessly, even boldly, putting her ripe Christmas ornaments on display. They looked bigger than handfuls—actually, Olena recognized the size. Lana had gone from nothing to double D, the same size as Natalie! And the men had taken notice.

Forget asking her for a broom. What is going on tonight?!

She found herself in the staff lounge.

Nobody was around, so she had full access to the roomy staff restroom. Probably, they were all on the floor, busy selling or shelving or talking to customers.

In Lana's case, they were providing excellent customer service, displaying all the premium holiday options, and advertising some recently arrived wares.

As soon as she came to the cheap, over-the-door window inside the stall, Olena knew something was amiss on her body.

First off, the walk had all but knocked her out. It felt like she had run a marathon just getting to some privacy, lungs rising and falling erratically. Then, there was the tickle of her skin being half in and half out of her bra cups the whole way. Her power walking couldn't have helped the half-coverage cups in doing their job.

"I'm not a pervert. I'm not, I. . . I can't be, and yet," she whispered, then took in her full reflection.

Her hair was disheveled; previously styled with brown-black on top lightening to platinum blonde tones naturally, now a muddy mix. Nude-natural makeup, done minimally, seemed to curve and bend at weird angles because of her confusing expression—was she smiling nervously, impatiently, or erotically?

But they couldn't distract from her chest. That's what she focused on.

Her sweater looked deformed by how huge she was. Olena gasped and held her breath, unintentionally puffing herself even larger, fuller. They were plump, round, and so very there—there when they hadn't been.

"It can't be," she breathed.

And yet it was. Her hands went to rescue her bra only to find that it had slid down and coiled around her ribs. Fingers got a taste of her new body. Smooth, seductive skin. Touch that was

barely there screamed at her like flashing police lights, so dazzling and natural. Her boobs had never felt that way with such ease. It usually took her being warmed up, naked, secure in the arms of a lover with hours and hours of play between them. Touching her swollen chest now was all of that and more—her fingers made her yearn beyond what she had expected.

Her hands lingered, their outline visible in her reflection under her clothes. Motion translated, moving lines of tension around. They were full, her palms, and looked so small in comparison to her jutting chest. So did her abdomen; her shoulders, her head. The rest of her was so much smaller when her boobs were so big.

“No. No, this isn’t right. It can’t be h-happening. . .”

A full-body shiver made her bite her lip, tasting the strawberry chapstick she’d put on before work. Not only did she feel the tremble in her mounds, she saw what happened as her chest seemed to swallow up even more space; hanging weightless, yet so very heavy in her hands.

Squishier, softer. Her warmth spread against the heel of her palms, poking cutely between her spreading fingers. The shift brought her nipples to her attention—things just popped into her awareness one by one now that she was alone, groping herself.

Her nubs felt amazing to touch. They bent a little against her hands. When she set one between her middle and ring finger, she saw the throbbing head pressing against her sweater, so aroused, saying ‘hello’.

“Are you okay, Olena? O-Olena.”

Shock balled her fists, but she didn’t take into account just how good it would feel when she mauled her hooters with her hands. Olena slunk, momentarily blinded by pleasure. She heard a pornographic moan leave her.

Clarissa came running to her side.

She barely had time to blink herself awake again as she was lowered into one of the chairs near the lunch table.

“You’re burning up! Jesus, I should call a doctor or an ambulance or—. . .”

Olena realized her hands were still in her sweater and pulled them out quickly. “No! No, don’t. I’m alright. I just had a little spell there. Nothing to it. . .”

Clarissa was turned to the sink—thank goodness—when another tremor shot goosebumps down Olena’s arms. She could still feel her bare flesh pressing into her sweater, making it change shape with the pressure. This new surge was a different sort of enjoyment, as she got to

both see and feel her tits ballooning bigger and bigger. It seemed to happen with her breathing, the quicker the puffs of air, the higher her torso would go. The fabric held her tight. She panicked at the amount of protruding her nipples were doing, how she was quickly developing a shelf.

And yet, it filled her with inexpressible joy.

When she looked up again, just a few seconds later, Clarissa was standing over her with a wet paper towel. Her breasts dangled, a window of cleavage clear under her navy blue hoodie.

I'm much bigger than her. And getting even bigger. . .

The thought came so fast and was so positive, Olena barely recognized it. Cool water did all but hiss as it hit her forehead. Clarissa was close, her scent wafting down. The two were silent, one tending to the other. Then, the younger girl looked down at the employee. There was nothing between them this time as she went from blinking confusion to sensual regard for Olena's dominant curves.

Overhead, she swallowed a massive lump in her throat.

Olena's urges warred within her. Her body felt open like it was on the cusp of something. The quaking inside had stilled, but it was starting up again. Her boobs wouldn't stop. She feared she'd tear a hole in her sweater, that she might never stop. Clarissa would see her explode out of her clothes. Embarrassment. Something about this shifting, molding body of hers was too contradictory—it was a thrill to exist inside of, full of tingles and buzzes, changing so fast that she felt she could do anything.

But incomplete. Unfinished. Not what it's supposed to be. An unfinished art piece, half a good song, the roughest draft of a book. It was such a disappointment. The only time Olena had ever felt something similar was puberty. This boob growing thing, whatever it was, was magnitudes worse.

Stay, or go? Enjoy herself with a girl she no doubt had sexual chemistry with or push her away?

Press your huge, inflating titties against her. Those eyes she's giving you—you know she wants it.

Olena groaned as another surge hit her, pushing each breast absurdly till they bumped into Clarissa's dangling pair. They were ripe, aching, ready to be pleased. The touch of another pair excited them, making Olena's heart flutter.

Clarissa leaned, seeing and feeling the same way. The kiss was coming.

But Olena couldn't.

She tore away, breasts bunched in her arms. She fled the staff lounge, Craft Shack, and everything.

Everything except the amazing indulgence of feeling her titties grow bigger and bigger in her arms.

Chapter 2

All I Want for Christmas. . .

Word Count: 6015

There was nowhere to go.

She rang for Nat but her sister didn't answer the phone, likely napping after a huge meal like the rest of her family or arguing with their father about why spending money on 'unbeatable' sales that only happened once a year was a good thing.

Olena's list of friends was short, too; coworkers and kin. Both were out of the question. There wasn't a chance that she would go back to Craft Shack so soon.

There was only one other person for her to call: her ex-girlfriend Jersey.

They were still on great terms. No fighting or squabbling had come from the breakup; just a week of silence to, well, *reset*. They weren't yet mature enough to not feel the pain of being friends instead of partners. The end of their relationship was the end of something more and they both knew it. It was like that week had been silently agreed upon to mourn it.

Which was why it was weird to ask if she could come over.

Olena's heightened sensual state did bring her some pause, but not enough to put down her phone as she sent a quick message. Jersey answered right away, permitting access to her apartment. "My door is always open for you," her reply read.

So Olena opened her Ryde app and heralded a driver to take her ten minutes away, knowing that she would likely save the money and walk in any other circumstance.

She just needed to be with someone as soon as possible.

Jersey answered the door with a hesitant smile. "Hey, Olena. Come in, out of the cold."

Olena greeted her, moved inside past the hall and into the sitting space beside the kitchen. She took her place on the couch, wondering how long it would take for Jersey to mention—. . .

"Holy cow," Jersey covered a gasp with three fingers. "Damn, Lena. Just. . . *Fuck*, girl!"

"I don't know how it, uh, *they* happened. It was really, really bad at Crafty Shack but not so terrible on the ride over. Something about the store, I guess. Had to be—and not just me, either. Lana was straight up chesty last I saw her and some male customers seemed to like it." Olena spread herself comfortably on her cushion, like the rest of her body was distancing itself from the culprits in question. "Something weird is going on."

"Christmas miracle," Jersey muttered, clearly staring.

Olena was used to the low, groaning comments and caught it despite the attempt at hiding it. "Not now, Jers! I-I'm not feeling myself tonight. . ."

The words hung heavy. It was so clear that two lovers were in a room, alone, on a cold night. There was nothing like old fire to warm a fall evening.

"Let me fix us something warm. I'll be right back."

Jersey left, parting with a final glance over her shoulder. A few minutes later, she returned with two mugs full of cappuccino, stent as a barista part time coming in handy. The one she handed to Olena showed a food pyramid with a woman sitting astride it. The text 'proud vagitarian' was printed on it. Olena still remembered the purchase; done as a dare at a GSA rally at the local State college.

It was just the sort of thing she needed: a tiny slice of a good memory to take the edge off the present.

Olena sipped and explained the night's events. Jersey sat next to her, listening intently, turned on the chenille, stone-colored couch so her leg was up. So smooth was the conversation that Olena didn't cut out the part about Clarissa coming on to her. In the Ryde over, she had consciously decided to leave that part out. It was Jersey, though. Nothing felt like it should be a secret from Jersey. The girl was just so open, easy to talk to, soothing in nature. The situation came tumbling out in its entirety, and Olena felt all the better for it.

Jersey was still all while she listened. She raised her mug. Hers was a gift from Olena with the text 'Wifey's missing piece' and an emblem of two puzzle pieces coming together. Wonder if she thought about the decision or if it still came natural to her to parade their relationship around. Olena even wondered if it was a hint toward rekindling their old romance.

Figured it best she leave the hint alone; not to ruin this good exercise in sharing their feelings, which they hadn't done in far too long.

"Actually, yours isn't the only case of this. I personally wouldn't have believed it, but Hedda has gotten it too—whatever it is that's making you," Jersey paused, pushing her hand out in front of her to demonstrate the process of boob growth. "And that woman you mentioned had singled her out too. Nicole. I did some digging and found out that she used to live in Bristlebank a long time ago, even went to our high school. She's back now, apparently because she heard about the fires and wanted to bring some corporate success back to her hometown."

Half of Bristlebank was swallowed up in a wildfire the previous year in October. Mostly old housing communities that hadn't been up to code; left many homeless or transient. Last Christmas had been the saddest one in Olena's memory, and much still needed to be rebuilt on the west side of town a full year later. It made sense that a person of means— a Nicole—would come and play Santa if she could help it.

"But my chest. . ." Olena brought herself up again reluctantly. Even so, at the mention of it, Jersey blinked her gaze down and took a nice, lengthy viewing. "Even if this is her idea of 'giving back', it should still be impossible. Boob jobs just don't fall out of the sky."

"And virgins don't usually lactate, but my sister is a living example of that being the case."

"Nicole got Hedda pregnant?!"

Jersey tucked a tuft of her medium-length, black curl behind her ear, exposing small acorn-sized earrings made of silver and bronze. "Not if the doctor she saw is competent. She met with Nicole at her job, flirted hard with her, and that evening she realized her shirt was wet. That was a few days ago. Now, she's a lactating machine and can't stop eating. She's obsessed—losing interest in anything but eating and milking herself. I've tried talking to her. Not much use."

"I'm sorry to hear that," Olena said, and felt her arm moving up to comfort her friend.

"Don't be. She couldn't be happier. Apparently, she had a huge complex about her lack of curves. Having a big, taut belly and nice breasts are basically what she's wanted her entire life. I don't understand the belly part, but I'm happy when she's happy."

"The boob part though?" Olena found herself asking.

Jersey levelled eyes, clearly asking for consent to something. "I fully understand why a woman would want bigger breasts. Especially looking at you? They, uh, flatter you. You're beautiful regardless, but objectively I think you went from a ten to an eleven."

"You're not the one who just outgrew her clothes in a public setting."

Jersey sat her mug down on the floor; inched closer. Olena could smell her perfume, light and charming; floral. The thought of fooling around like they used to was there. Worse, the desire roared like a ravenous beast inside her. It didn't help that she never exactly needed an excuse to want to cuddle with Jersey.

Still, it felt like the wrong time and place.

"You should look for answers with that Nicole lady. Whoever she is, she's the only thing in common between you, Hedda, and Lara. It's usually so quiet and uneventful around here. Getting a new school bus is enough to make local news. So women whose bodies are constantly changing? And a billionaire arriving in our town, being public about helping the communities? Seems clear enough to me that there's probably a link."

"Good idea. Except, there's no way I'm doing it."

"Why not?"

Olena felt heat creeping up her neck. Nerves motivated her, pulling at her sweater which only brought more attention to her bulbous, delicious titties. "I'm pissed at her." That wasn't the fullness of it. Pissed that Nicole could be behind all of this and not say anything. Pissed that Nicole thought she had any authority to go around changing women without their consent.

Pissed that Olena loved, loved, *loved* her new body. Pissed that she wanted to feel the tingles again, even more now that she was just a cushion away from Jersey, the singular female responsible for all her most precious and exciting sexual memories. Pissed that she was ready to pop with sexual aggravation whenever she thought about Nicole's hourglass body, quirky outfit, and confidence.

Yea. Pissed. Bad idea. . . and I should do it.

"I know. It's probably super hard to adjust. You're in for it once you start going about your daily life. I've personally heard Hedda's stories about life with extra weight and things can be very different. But hey, always remember that I'm here. You're still my best friend. There's a couch and a cappuccino with your name on it any time."

Then, because she couldn't put it off any longer, and because Olena had been feeling the exact same way, Jersey leaned over and wrapped her arms around Olena's shoulders, holding her sweetly.

The flood of memories came rushing. Olena turned, hugging her friend back, nuzzling into her sweet smelling hair. Having support like this felt unfair—wrong, illegal, impossible. Jersey was

an astounding woman, and Olena was reminded of it as she accepted the best embrace she'd had since their break up.

They didn't work together, as a duo. Yet here they were, making what they had work.

Jersey went to release, going for a short burst of confident squeezing, but Olena's body clinged just a little while longer.

"Thank you," Olena murmured.

"Th-they're enormous," Jersey murmured back. "Can I just. . ."

A knock from the front door rang out.

The couple split apart, Jersey's hand still in a claw only an inch above Olena's cushiony, velvet shelf of girl meat. Had it not, they would be in full grope mode. That hug had been all chest, puffy balloons being thrust into Jersey's own. They'd been so close.

But they reeled themselves back.

"I'll be right back," Jersey stood.

But Olena insisted that she'd been around too long and needed to leave. She wanted to try to sleep everything off, reframe the situation, try again with a new start the next morning. Promises to text and call came natural, then Jersey opened her front door. Olena looked straight into the face of a gorgeous woman with short blonde hair, dressed in a cute dress under a heavy winter coat.

Suddenly, Jersey's effort in her appearance made sense. The sweet smell was perfume. Her hair had been recently styled hair. And those cute earrings on a random Thanksgiving Night. . .

Jersey had planned a date.

Before her ex could offer an invitation to dinner with her and Raine—because everyone was out shopping, nice dinner places were basically empty—Olena dismissed herself and started walking.

"Raine." The name was burned into her mind. She couldn't forget it—would never.

She felt so stupid for hanging on to Jersey's neck so long.

Two weeks of adjusting and Olena still couldn't get used to her size.

She woke up in the middle of the night all the time, unable to sleep on her stomach or back. Simple tasks like brushing her teeth caused an inordinate amount of jiggle. Even more surprising than how much huge boobs moved was how easy they were to turn on. She lived on the third floor of a decent apartment building and taking the stairs to the ground floor not only made for a show going and coming, but usually made her so heated that she had to find a quiet place to give herself a good groping.

Honestly, she was bisexual, but a person couldn't tell by how much she enjoyed mashing her big, beautiful boobies in her hands at quiet moments. It seemed much more like she was a lesbian in those times; even autoerotic, just wanting to find ultimate sexual pleasure in her own body.

She had just gotten back from a bathroom break—where she had no trouble finding the pleasure in her body—when she walked back into the staff lounge at Crafty Shack to streamers, party blowers, and applause.

“Congratulations, Olena! You just barely squeaked by with the win in our staff sales competition!” Jackie waved her palmed fingers like pom poms. The other employees joined her, mostly happy for the winner, eager to close up shop early so they could celebrate properly at the lounge downtown.

The rest of the day, Olena received pats on the back, hugs, and warm wishes. The store as a whole broke their quarterly record because of the contest and everyone was getting a massive Christmas bonus to celebrate.

Except, Olena could barely focus on her work that day, as Nicole's effect apparently had gotten to the entirety of her coworkers. Minus Will, the stock manager and the muscle, the seven ladies of the Crafty Shack had all received impressive improvements.

The most obvious were Lana and Debbie, who were second and third place in the competition by a tiny margin. Lana had started modest just like Olena, but now they were titty rivals, sporting spheres that made them look like long lost winners of some genetic sweepstakes. Debbie, on the other hand, was short and plump with large breasts to begin with. Adding any additional cup sizes to her only made her look squishier and softer. Hers were literal melons, having done most of their growing on the night of Thanksgiving and ballooning a little more since then.

Lana, too, did most of her growing Thanksgiving and Black Friday. Still, the following week while the contest went on, Olena would look and look again when Lana was bent over a box or holding a ream of paper against her chest. They had a wonderful perky quality to them, springy

and likely fun to play with. The girl couldn't walk without them hopping from side to side just a second after her.

Multiply the effect over all seven females that worked at the Crafty Shack and it became clear why two rounds of drinks were already paid for when they came into Rock Paper Lounge around nine.

Jackie brought a lemon cake to their little VIP area and rented a room in the hotel next door, understanding that the drinking going on would make it unsafe for some of her girls to drive home. Debbie had already agreed to sleeping over, as did Francine and Barb. There were going to be at least three drunken, busty friends sleeping in the same room tonight.

It made Olena's womanhood quake just thinking about it.

Forget that she'd linked their growth to how much they managed to sell, or that this celebration was in her honor. The need to be sexual was clawing at her insides to a dangerous point, centered almost entirely around her huge, sexy boobs.

She was, afterall, the same size as Debbie while sporting a waistline that was less than half the circumference.

Olena watched her friends drink, talk to cute waiters, and go off to dance when popular songs came on. Instead of joining them, she sipped cranberry juice from a flute and literally commanded herself to keep her hands away from her torso. Even her dark brown sweater couldn't hide their size in the dark. She'd worn nude leggings to try to steal some attention away, too.

But men still approached her, focused on the beautiful swell of her upper body. Women still looked as they passed, then looked again as they made an excuse to pass again. She tried so hard to avoid making the night about her tits only to really enjoy that the night was all about her tits.

"Come dance, cutie! I lost fair and square." Lana called Olena over, taking her hand when a familiar song came on. Olena relented only after Lana added, "Just one, then you can sit down. I just want a dance with the top seller."

Frankly, she couldn't dance. Not really. She could move with a group of girls as she had during school dances and weddings. As long as everyone was stepping and moving their arms, it passed. Lana had no interest in that kind of dance. She used Olena as a pole. The dance floor had pockets but was still full enough that a small crowd formed to watch the tipsy girl in a revealing top scrub, bump, and grind against the girl in the brown sweater.

Olena was inflamed. Her tits were screaming as Lana worked rhythmic magic on them. Their jugs were at matching heights and they danced close enough that their fronts slid and bounced against one another. Lana moaned over the music. Olena found out that sex on the dance floor could pass as dancing.

They both sent bolts of want with her eyes.

In a brief moment, just when the song ended, Olena could see herself going back to the hotel and sharing this blazing arousal with her coworkers. Her recently awakened polyamory cheered for just such a scenario. And yet, she couldn't. She knew she'd never be able to.

Her body was still too strange a thing to her—wild and scary. She had Nicole to blame for that.

And just when she sought to cast blame, there, by chance alone, in the doorway, stood the billionaire whose presence had apparently started the boob job contest.

It took little more than eye contact to know she had to have her. As revenge, as reward, as fulfillment, as explanation. Olena thanked Lana and dismissed herself from the floor. She signalled plainly at Nicole with a passing touch of her hand, and left the club without a word to the rest of her party, silver haired woman of mystery close behind her.

"Have you thought about me like I've thought about you?" Nicole asked her once they hit the street. "What am I kidding? Of course you have."

"I don't know what you did or how, but I do not appreciate you changing my body or my mind the way you have."

"I didn't change anything. I can't just change people's thoughts and feelings." They entered the hotel next door, pinged the elevator. "But people have said that I have a way of making them truer to their feelings. It's easier to be yourself when you're with me, right?"

Olena didn't like how innocent Nicole was acting. "That doesn't make these past two weeks feel any better, understand? I haven't been able to sleep the same, or eat the same, or do the same things. My body is constantly popping, buzzing, glistening. I can't stop touching myself. That isn't just me discovering something about myself—you did something and now I can't think straight! Wanting you has made my week hell and you're playing it off like it's nothing. Take responsibility!"

It was unlike Olena to raise her voice; even less like her to make demands of strangers. But it was just so plain to her what she needed, like craving sweetness after salt, like a gasp of air after having held it.

The elevator door rolled open. Mirror walls reflected Nicole swinging Olena's body around, pinning it to the wall. The older woman with brilliant white hair pressed the key for the nineteenth floor as a mere afterthought, then sank her burdenous weight and height into Olena, pinning her to the wall by her voluptuous breasts.

"You're all I've thought about, too," she answered, sinking down.

Olena beheld her gorgeous face, the shadow it cast as it sank lower and lower. Instinct tilted her chin up and she swam into a kiss so full and hot she melted.

They scurried rampantly over each other's mouths, rolling lip over lip, inhaling one another. Fire wasn't a small ember or a steady glow but a blazing inferno. It would swallow them both. Nicole held her down, and Olena simply became what was held down. It felt so right, hands squeezing her shoulders, then working their way to her wrists before rising once again.

Their heads tilted and scooped. Necks swayed like heavy branches in the storm of their pleasure.

"I've never been kissed like that," Olena confessed, as it seemed the appropriate thing to do.

"I've never been with a woman who enchants me like you do. I can't get enough."

There was a flicker in her eye that showed she hadn't forgotten what Olena now sported; what was trapped between the weight of their bodies, growing hotter by the second.

"Take them. Do it. Take me—. . ."

Nicole wrung her hands into Olena's massive tits like she hadn't needed permission. She mauled so powerfully—it hurt and it tingled. Olena slammed a palm against the elevator wall as her back warped into a bend. It felt amazing—her tits felt so damned good in another woman's hands.

She was torn where to put her eyes. Above, Nicole's white hair looked like angel wings. Below, her boobs just looked so humongous as they were squeezed.

Boobs won her over, as they had for the past two weeks.

Size changed her. She thought there wouldn't be anything special about watching another person fall in lust over her melon titties. She saw the balance of the experience; spine-tingling excitement when she or anything touched them, but also the uncomfortable sleep, and moments when she would much rather be taken seriously. The fits of body dysphoria and anxiety were other downsides.

But seeing Nicole, the object of her self-groping session, being doubly excited by how huge she'd become made everything sweeter. Her tits were amazing. The sight quelled any doubt.

If anything, she wanted them even bigger just to get another reaction out of her lover.

The door dinged. Nicole backed away. Olena grasped her hand and walked out with her into the hall of the hotel like they'd known each other for ages.

For the tiniest sliver of a second, Olena knew that everything about that day had gone way too fast. Party, club, dancing, Nicole. What came next would happen just as quickly if she didn't force herself to slow things down.

But then, why slow down at all? The new level of sex in her life was a little gaudy but. . . satisfying.

"Walk beside me. Slowly," Nicole asked so it sounded like a command.

But Olena knew better. She'd seen, no, *felt* Nicole's excitement through her luscious breast flesh. Control was hers, and she wielded it as best she knew how in the moment.

They sauntered down the hall, swinging hands like high schoolers going steady. Olena threw her shoulders into her walk, sensing the momentum of her weight, letting herself be pulled instead of guiding. A sweater two sizes too small had no option but to hold on for the ride. Her jugs punched and sloshed. Left, then right. They slapped at one another, making faint clapping sounds that Olena hadn't even been aware that she could make, but was impressed to hear regardless.

"Stop that. You look surprised by how busty you are," Nicole commented, squeezing their fingers.

"I am. I'm just so huge! I tried to pick something to wear that wouldn't make me look like a blimp smuggler. . ."

"So you picked a knit sweater? You really are new to the world of huge boobs, then. Sweaters make boobs look twenty times better."

"You know, I had the sneaking suspicion but. . . I guess I was in denial?" Olena gave a more deliberate shimmy, tossing her chest with the flippancy of a softball in her hand. Her own opinion of her sex appeal bloated as large as her bosom. She blushed like strawberry sorbet. "It might actually be twenty times."

Nicole caught Olena under her arm. The brunette felt the space of warming touch as Nicole's right boob settled on top of her own.

"God, you're adorable. I almost feel like crap for thinking about all the sexy things I'm about to do to you."

Olena liked the sound of that. Though she had her questions, she needed the bug of lust out of her system. The radiating throb of her gluttoned tits was too much.

"Don't. You deserve to at least think about it. You helped me win the contest at work."

"Happy to help. Now, what do I have to help you win to have a peak right now?"

Olena thought, then thought better, then thought much worse. It was clear her brain was saturated in desire. She turned, went full Jersey levels of rambunctious, and pulled her sweater up and over a single one of her jugs.

Her white-pink skin flashed like a light. A nipple the diameter of a quarter waved as it bounced. She swore, she didn't think her titty would ever stop bouncing and bouncing.

Nicole's jaw actually slacked. She froze in space to watch.

Olena giggled. "There. That payment was plenty." It felt so nice to have her titty out, she simply had to give her exposed skin a quick rubbing. "So, which suite is yours?"

The two crashed through two rounds of sex like a twister.

"It's not supposed to feel that good, is it?" Olena shivered. Her thigh hadn't stopped spasming from her last orgasm. She wouldn't be able to get up from the queen sized bed to walk, but she wouldn't have even if she could.

"You make it so, so easy," Nicole was out of bed, prancing around the moonlit suite in nothing but lingerie; red lace toward her hidden slit, green ribbon on the cord that held tight around her hips.

"If it's easy, then why do you need a break?" Olena chided. When Nicole looked, she circled a finger around her swollen teat. The sensation made her wince with the thrill, manifesting in a delightful lip bite. "Here. I want you back here."

Nicole listened, crawling back into their shared bed, wrestling Olena onto her back so she could continue the nipple play.

“Somebody likes having their titties played with,” teased the silver-haired succubus. “We both do, but there’s some spark in you about it. I can’t get enough of seeing you enjoying being squeezed.”

For Olena, it was true. Recently, she’d thought about nothing but her tits, even with Nicole’s slender fingers pressing into her warm cavern. Now, with two climaxes behind her, she felt lucid enough to realize that maybe she should be up to more than asking for more sex.

The conversation she had with Jersey played in her head. Just in time for her to speak, though, Nicole came down from above and lost her fingers in Olena’s plush breasts. It made the brunette groan, long and light encouragement.

I-I can feel every single finger sinking in. My tits feel so good. So amazing! My huge, soft tits are too big for just two hands.

“That face. You’re just a glutton for people worshipping your huge, squishy chest, aren’t you?” Nicole mauled her amorously. Olena’s body was nude and ready underneath, being kneaded like dough.

“I-I am, but. . . N-Nicole. Go slow, okay? Too fast, and it’ll be too much for me.”

“You ask so much of me, but since you’re such a sweetie. . .” she let that be her answer.

The kneading came to a slow push and pull, barely a massage. It kept the buzz flowing, but Olena could keep it at bay.

“You know I haven’t always been this big,” Olena started. “You met me before.”

“Mhmm,” Nicole said, still losing herself, pressing Olena together, scooping her titties up in her palms like clay. “Wanted you so bad then. But you were busy. Good thing I’m patient.”

I wanted you too. I’m not even close to done. . .

“That night, everyone in the Crafty Shack started to change. We all got bigger boobs.”

“Bet you were all glowing on Saturday. Seen a lot of action between the lot of you.”

Olena thought back. Everyone did seem rather happy when she came back to work Saturday morning. Customers were nicer, too. “Okay, true. And the stories that went around the staff lounge? The gossip was great.”

“You have to fill me in over breakfast,” Nicole slithered the invitation in.

At the same time, her finger bumped over Olena's glowing peak and she swore she had a minor orgasm right then and there. Her tits needed a mouth badly. But she also needed answers. "Hell yes. B-but not before we discuss this."

Nicole's eyebrow flared. "Discuss?"

This being a rare chance when they both weren't ready to devour each other, Olena came out as clean and clear as she could. "You had something to do with the boobs growing at the Crafty Shack. And my, uh, friend's sister who works at this hotel; she expanded after meeting you too. I don't mean to sound so accusatory, but. . . is it really you?"

A precious drip of time came between them, during which Nicole's expression flattened to an indecipherable nothing. Olena felt her heart rate stall in her chest. She'd asked the wrong question at the wrong time.

She's not going to suck my titties anymore. Great.

For whatever reason, that thought frightened her in a way she didn't know she could be frightened.

But Nicole bounced right back. Actually, she came down and snuggled next to Olena with a kiss. The way she held on meant their tits were smashed nude and raw against one another. Olena was so large that she could fit both Nicole's breasts into one of her own.

"I'm behind it, yea. I'm sort of, uh, magic like that. Yea, the easiest way to describe it is magic," she confessed. "It's really not, but it would take too long to explain, and I'm kind of wanting to keep rolling around in bed with you. Do mind if I save it for later?"

Olena did mind, actually. "Wait. Magic how? Yea, I can't just keep going along with this." Sure, her body was more than happy, and if it got to the point of her leaving and never seeing Nicole again, she knew she would never meet sexual companionship of the same kind as she had just under an hour ago. Still, some part of her was unsettled by the easy admission. "So you can make breasts bigger. You have magic, and you use it for that? And you have a lot of money, too. Instead of spending it on important things, you drop several hundred dollars to help a stranger win a contest at her job?"

That word rung loud between them. 'Stranger'. Olena was in bed with a stranger! With clarity, she distanced them some, able to numb herself momentarily by reminding herself that she had once been a reasonable, logical girl fresh out of a relationship.

Nicole, though, looked pained by the declaration. “I can teach you more about me. I think I understand you okay—there’s a lot that people can learn about each other just having quality time. . .”

“I don’t even know your last name,” Olena blinked, neck tucked in. She backed away even further, sat up in the bed. “Or anything about you—your real job, your family. You’re a complete stranger. I just made love with a complete stranger. . . God. . .”

“I work in benevolence for a multinational company. I can’t exactly disclose the name of it, but we do charitable works all around the world, especially during the holidays. I can say you’ve definitely heard of us, or an affiliate of ours since we make sure to do a great job at advertising the good deeds done.” Nicole sat up, rattling off as quickly as she could once she realized Olena was backing away. “I have four sisters, all younger. I’m the oldest. We all, um, ‘practice magic’, if you want to call it that. I’m in an open arrangement with the woman I married. Her name is Jane. She isn’t magic. She doesn’t know about you. . . I kind of wanted you and her to meet over breakfast.”

“I let a married woman eat me out. . .” Olena mumbled, pressing the bridge of her nose with two fingers. “I can’t believe myself. What does your magic do to me—what is it if it isn’t magic? Nevermind. Too much mystery. I’m sure you’re lovely, but my friends are probably worried sick about me. I have my own life. I don’t think I’m ready to be a billionaire’s side piece.”

“Olena.”

The brunette had turned, was gathering her things to leave when Nicole came up beside her. She found a sensitive cluster of tender affection at the base of Olena’s spine and carressed it. “You are not my side piece. You can leave if you want, and I’ll keep my distance, but don’t say there isn’t a connection when there is one. I’m. . . good at realizing who is meant to be in my life. Me finding Jane first doesn’t make you second. If anything, I’m so excited to bring you into my world. You’re so, so special.”

“You can’t know that.”

“Magic, remember? It’s corny, but you twinkle like Christmas Lights when I look at you. It’s the only way I can describe it.” Despite everything, Nicole managed to sound like nothing she said was a lie. Magic, twinkling, having more than one woman in her life. It was lunacy—okay, it was also polyamory, but it sounded insane out of Nicole’s mouth. “And, of course, being large breasted flatters you. I’m sure you think so as well. Even if you walk out and we never meet, I want you to tell me if there’s anything you’d change about your body. You deserve that, at least, from me. For your troubles.”

Olena had been beyond words—hearing them, caring about them, speaking them. It had little to do with Nicole. She just wasn’t ready to move into this bizarre life. Sweater and leggings on, she

made toward the door with Nicole at a respectful distance. Again, she reminded herself that she was leaving for herself. Nicole had done nothing wrong except do what she apparently did for every girl she happened to like. And as creepy as that was, Olena had been the one to let her body guide her, leading her into bed with said creep.

In the end, she had to conclude that she would be best suited with a girl like Jersey or Clarissa. Her polyromantic mind raced at the idea of her existing in a trio with Nicole and Jane. Her logical mind doubted that anything so majestic could ever exist, and if it did, she was better off getting it on her own terms. She couldn't trust this opportunity.

"I've made up my mind. I should be going," she said. Her want for Nicole was out of her system. "Tonight was a rush. I'll never, ever forget it. But we should keep things as they are. It was great for a night."

Olena turned once she was in the hallway, clothed. Nicole braced on the doorway, arms crossed, eyes pained. "Okay. I can respect that. Thank you, as well. If you need me, I'll be in town till Christmas. You can find me."

"Sounds good." Olena bowed slightly and broke free, taking off down the hallway.

You should ask her for bigger boobs. You want them bigger, right? You're huge, but she can make you gigantic. She can make you the biggest!

Olena turned, caught Nicole looking at her. She didn't move her lips but the thought of magic causing her to grow made her tingle.

Even that sensation couldn't keep her in place, though. Away she walked, likely to never see Nicole again.

Chapter 3
Hot, Hot, Oh! She's Got It
Word Count: 5605

Olena dialed up Jersey again to fill her in.

Jersey insisted she come over at once, but Olena put off their meeting for a few days knowing how the last meet up between them had ended; how she wasn't ready to talk about how easily the two of them were falling in love again after all the effort to separate them.

Wasn't ready to talk about that Raine girl either.

But Saturday was the weekend and it was Olena's off day so there wasn't a good enough excuse. They met at a local bookstore called Paper Cuts. Prices were always being 'slashed' so the name fit well. Periodically, they sold an entire series of books at once at a discounted charge with extra accessories too. Even the used books were mint condition, which betrayed the store's rustic, shady exterior. If a person were a huge bookie and wanted an entire trilogy, hardcover, and signed by an author or actor Paper Cuts was where they could find it.

It didn't only deal in books, though. During the cold season, they opened up a drink bar where they cashed in on warm beverages that people could enjoy while taking shelter from the cold. With Christmas two weeks away, business was booming because they sold hot chocolate. Their 'buy one get one free' on science fiction didn't have as strong a pull.

Olena finished recounting the night to Jersey at one of the ash wood tables in a corner of the lounge area. "She said she worked in benevolence or something. And that she has a wife and that she's magic," said Olena. She drank from a chocolate frappuccino of the largest size they sold. Hers had foam at the top, and peppermint shavings hid in the dark froth, pricking her tongue with a crisp, refreshing spark whenever she found one. "That's what she said when I called her out."

"So, you two met at a club, had a civil and normal conversation, then you decided she wasn't best for you and walked away?" Jersey fanned her eyelashes innocently then broke her act in half with a scowl. "I wasn't born yesterday. Unless you two have recently become ladies of the cloth, I'll assume sex happened. I've seen Nicole in pictures online and she is one-thousand percent your type."

Olena had tried avoiding the topic of sex around an ex who she still loved, but here it was. "That did indeed happen. Sex, I mean. But it isn't as strange as, oh, I don't know, saying she's a tit growing magician with a straight face." Olena sucked compulsively on her drink. "Delicious! And wait. I have a type?"

"Hourglass figure, light-colored hair, a little taller than you. The marriage aspect probably helped, too. You seemed to like the taboo aspect of it."

Wrong, Olena liked the idea of having multiple partners. A group can always be there. A group offers diverse emotional support. A group can cover each other's weaknesses and bolster each other's strengths.

A group meant polyromance and polysexuality. The taboo of dating a married woman had little to do with it—her sex drive was just *that* high. In Olena's case, having two partners is just convenient.

Olena rebutted. "I don't care about taboos. They're dumb and old-fashioned. And I don't have a type, either. Even if I did, Nicole isn't m-my. . . Uh."

Jersey stood from her seat, modeled her form-hugging, double-breasted parka. She twisted her red hair—gone pleasantly orange with the cool temperature—and slid her hands down her tight little waist. By comparison, her top and bottom bowed voluptuously. Maybe it was just the winter ten or fifteen, but she had curves where she hadn't in the Spring. Nice ones. And her outfit flattered them.

She's dressed like this is a date. Hell, it is a date.

Olena frumped, chin dropping, brow hardening. "Just because I fell for you doesn't mean my type is suddenly every light-haired girl with tits," she mumbled, chewing on the red, plastic drinking straw.

"And ass. You like us fun on the top and the bottom," Jersey winked.

"Sit down! People are ogling." Olena groaned. "Most girls would be mortified to gain weight so fast and here you are modeling some company's new winter line. I know I was—scared to gain weight so fast. . . Wait, you didn't have a run-in with Nicole, did you? They aren't growing because of her, right?"

"They grew because I've been eating out and not freezing my ass off with morning runs. Relax." Jersey sat back down and regarded Olena's titties which were perched innocently like mounds of pizza dough on the table. "And you're one to talk, sugar queen. Somebody's gotten even bigger since I last saw her and it probably has to do with how you're nursing that high calorie treat."

"What? Am not. I measured just this morning, and—. . ." Olena looked over herself and her blue, mid-length insulated jacket. Of course, it wouldn't zip so her long sleeve top underneath showed a straining pair of snow globes. But they looked fine to her. Didn't they?

She drank more caffeine, happy that it dulled the sensation of something being amiss as it did to just about every twenty-something.

"You measure yourself?" Jersey leaned over the table, palm on her cheek. "Go on, then. Tell me what you're packing. I've been dying to find out but I know how freaked you've been about it. Couldn't ask you in good conscience."

"Cup sizes are a stupid way of measuring chests. They shouldn't even matter."

"Somebody's grumpy. Taboos are dumb, cup sizes are stupid. It won't get her out of my question, though," Jersey rebutted.

Olena ignored her and drank to the point of brain freeze, but when the time for pain elapsed Jersey was still there. Worse, she was wiggling her eyebrows for an answer because she knew Olena couldn't resist the boyish charm she sometimes had. "A few online communities for ladies with my body type told me how to measure. It came out as 30K, but that seems completely wrong—. . ."

"I'm in love with you."

Olena blushed hard. The words had her heart fluttering, skin vibrating in short, small waves. "Jersey! Not the time."

"You broke up with me, remember? I still have my feelings for you." Olena didn't know why it should have mattered, but Jersey went on. "I love the idea of you staying up late, dressed in an oversized shirt with a blanket around you, phone in hand. You read the guide on Webbit for w/mastasia five times before you actually get out the measuring tape. You're so nervous, and your fingers fidget trying to wrap that thin yellow ribbon around your bust."

Olena hushed Jersey by dropping her hand down on the table between them. "Enough, okay? I-it's like you were there. . ."

"You just do the cutest things when it comes to sexual stuff. It's part of your charm. Don't be ashamed of it—I'm complimenting you."

"Sounds like you're teasing me."

"No, me teasing you sound like this: you probably got so nervous about having K cups that you stayed up playing Tetris online like a geek because you ran out of puzzles to do at home."

"Jersey. . ."

"And you won, like, thirty times. And never once did you think about how a cute, busty girl who rocks at puzzle games could make a killing with a blog or a YouView channel. You could quit your cashier job—you could invest in stock! Doesn't that sound like a fun thing to do in your twenties? I'd get to gloat about my rich, busty internet celebrity friend."

"What do you want from me? I give up. Just stop. . ." The end of that sentence dragged on in an exasperated huff. Olena felt a vein throbbing at her temple and pressed her finger to it till her ex laid off. "Jersey, can we just relax and enjoy festive beverages without all the praise and giant hopes for my future? They make me uncomfortable."

Uncomfortable.

She'd meant the conversation; how it made her feel out of sorts. They were flirting like they were still together. How could they? How could Jersey, after having her heartbroken? And how could it still feel so, so right?—so fun, no matter how she pretended to hate it.

But at the same time, Olena felt uncomfortable in her shifting clothes. Fabric dragged raw over her braless breasts and deduced immediately what it meant.

Still, she looked down just in time to see a leap in size, maybe a whole inch of new boob being added to her already outrageous plumpness.

"Wait. Did I just see. . ." Jersey's lips puckered after she spoke. "Did you just. . . Like before?"

Tones of playful banter left. They both knew what was happening was serious. Olena got up from her chair forcefully. Its legs scrubbed noisily against the floor. Those in line at the drink bar turned to look. Olena wished they didn't, but Jersey had already primed them by being so loud and, well, attractive.

"Not here. Can't do it here—not in public." The embarrassment of such a thing—it would be too much for her.

Olena looked left and right, then felt the bloated sensation of her body's enhancement. The pleasure of it caused her to gasp on a cool breath, then launched into the aisles of books to hide.

Jersey called for her. Olena didn't stop again until she was alone, in the stacks, cornered by old, used fantasy novels.

Her back slammed against a shelf of books, breath already hitching. It was as if knowing she was expanding was a catalyst in itself.

"But the contest was over. That was supposed to be why—every girl in the contest grew based on sales numbers. So why. . .?"

Olena pawed at herself. Her huge tits accepted pressure easily; soft while keeping their form. She could probe her fingers on one side, then pull away and the yummy flesh would rush back into place. They were custom-built for the squeezing and poking of the sort that brought her more sexual satisfaction than she felt was even right to have.

Olena had foolishly thought that her time of growth was over. Her L cup size was already flabbergasting, already so much bigger than anyone she knew. The fact that she'd finally adapted in some small ways—sleeping, adjusting, eating, self-pleasuring—fooled her into contentment. Her knees angled inward now, though, because the sensation of filling up her long-sleeved top delighted her.

Olena could still grow. That fact was being spelled out right before her eyes.

She watched herself blooming into something new. Panic remained—she didn't know why she was growing again. But whenever she felt the tingle of bliss, the panic dulled. That burst of expansion before had battered her with synaptic, chemical happiness. The same was the case as she cupped her bottoms and felt herself grow bigger and bigger, rolling down her own body, further into her waiting hands. With each little jiggle into largeness, her fears disappeared and she could relish herself and her body freely.

“Mmph!” she moaned. A shot of size thrust her body forward. She stumbled and the *Zzzpt!* of her jacket zipper being thrown open was like music to her ears.

Her shirt was so tight on her. The whisker lines of wrinkles started to appear around her armpits as her melonous jugs started to tear the front of her shirt away from the back. Still, the sensation of it was so warm and light, she couldn't bring herself to worry.

In fact, she wondered why she'd gotten up to run from the table in the first place. Her playful, bouncy titties seemed appropriate for just about any situation.

“Olena! O-Olena, I. . .”

Jersey appeared in just the right aisle at just the right time to catch the Russian woman pressing her mounds together, pushing them up to easily touch her face.

“Jersey!” Olean hissed, turning herself away, the relics of shame still animating her. It was of little use. Her size meant she couldn't truly hide, though.

“So they really do just. . . grow. Hedda's are related to the food she eats, but you just grow whenever,” Jersey said, coming closer.

Olena didn't want an audience. She wanted to horde her stupendous size—nearly instinctive. But Jersey wasn't going anywhere, and the hourglass-shaped ex-girlfriend had a way of making life a little easier. Maybe, Olena said to herself, she could make this situation a little easier too. Somehow.

When a hand caressed her arm, Olean turned and exposed her shirt, stretched thin, filled to near-bursting with her abundance of girlish flesh.

Jersey looked at her; piercing, searching. She was about to say something, but it was like she wanted permission first.

Olena ever refuse gave it; a tiny, upward twitch of her lips.

She leaned off the bookshelf which, consequently, pressed her front—erect nipples and all—into Jersey. Olena wasn't supposed to be allowing the current situation. They had broken up, and being together physically would complicate things. Maybe a friendship was too difficult to maintain, she concluded, since all her huge titties seemed to want was the attention of the closest pretty woman.

And Jersey—as was established at the lounge—was very, very pretty.

“This is a stupid thing to complain about,” Jersey started, hands rising to rest on Olena's hips like they always had—always *used* to. “But my entire life has been tits lately. Tits, tits, tits. Everywhere I go, whoever I'm talking to, I can't stop thinking about big, soft titties. I can't escape them—can't stop thinking about them. Then I see you, after so long, and you're the bustiest, most beautiful girl in the world. I want us to be friends, okay Olena? But every so often, I just need things to be the way they were before.”

“That's exactly how I feel,” said Olena, meaning it. Just in time for her confession, her boobs kicked out away from her, throwing themselves against Jersey, weighty and sexual. “I'd love to, but I can't be. . . this isn't the clean break up I'd imagined. I don't want any of the, well, the weird girlfriend stuff. I mean, I do want that with you, but not if it can't also be. . . I don't want to make you choose to be uncomfortable just because I'm poly.”

“I know. I won't.” Jersey demonstrated superior moxie by helping Olena out of her jacket completely; even gently. “I know I can't have you to myself like that. I would never want that since it makes you feel caged in. But I'm not talking about any kind of relationship right now. I need you—us—the way we were.”

“I know that way,” Olena chirped.

“Bet you do, naughty little titty monster.”

Jersey initiated as she always did and the two kissed the way they used to love: wholly, breathy, and deep. Before long, the separated for air and Jersey said, “We aren't together. And I think I can come to terms with that, at least. But this spark between us—it would be a waste to throw everything we'd established away just because we might decide to date different people.”

Such tremendous introspection and awareness had Olena wondering why the hell she wasn't dating Jersey. Such twenty-year-olds were rare and to have such a pretty one whose love and lust were so genuine seemed only possible under certain planetary alignments. There had to be a way to convince Jersey to at least try a different dating arrangement; something less linear and fluid.

But Olena could consider those things later.

Stitches were popping on her shirt. Even the conservative, circular neck of the top was being pulled into a deep 'U' shape. Jersey hooked a finger and pulled on the collar carefully. It stretched. A line of cleavage seemed to race toward the light, appearing pleasantly.

"You look so yummy. . ."

Olena blushed. "Th-thanks. Can't say there's anything I can do a-about it. Mmm! Mmph!" Her moans went higher in pitch. She pulsed with the heat of growth twice—so quickly, it felt like detonating nukes in her body. The heavy weight came harder against Jersey's abdomen both because Jersey had a bit of height on her, and because at her gravity had a general pull on things.

"What could it be making you get so huge? And just let me say, huge is such an understatement. Like, your tits are eating this shirt." Jersey shook the hooked part of Olena's top, sloshing around a jiggly, porcelain sea to her satisfaction.

Olena went all but drunk on the feeling. She loved, loved, *loved* when her titties were in motion, changing shape, barely contained by hands or clothes or a warm mouth. She mewled, jaw trembling at how good Jersey's little trick was. "D-don't know. The contest is over. I-I'm supposed to stop growing now, but. . ."

"There must be a trick to it. Did Nicole tell you anything? What could be in common between then and now?"

Olena had silently wished to grow bigger, after some amazing sex with Nicole. That, she still felt uncomfortable admitting, even if she and Jersey had just sworn to not be exclusive or do the 'girlfriend' thing. But there had been that promise Nicole that seemed important now:

Even if she just wanted to be bigger, Nicole could make that happen. And it was what Olena had wanted at the moment, looking back.

"Since then, I've been growing a little here and there," Olena confessed. "After Nicole and I had our, uh, talk. Since then, I've noticed my clothes getting tighter, bras not fitting or just looking plain slutty on me. . ."

"Nice. Little vixen you," Jersey said, squeezing her hard and tight.

"Aaaaaahmmmn! Hell. . ."

Growth pushed her even larger. Her fat tits overtook Jersey's hands like clouds. They were now of preposterous proportions; a bigger diameter than basketballs, the texture and color of fresh, powdery snow.

“When did you get bigger? Tell me. When did you notice?”

“It seems to matter a whole lot to you.”

Jersey gave Olena a long, vapid stare that said ‘You’re kidding, right?’. Then, she went in and placed a kiss on her rosy cheek. “Night and day, Olena. Even in my dreams, your tits are there. I’m constantly comparing them to other pairs: she’s big, I guess. Olena is bigger, though. That’s a pushup bra, something Olena wouldn’t need in a million years. Her nipples are crooked, Olena’s are perfectly angled and sized. Perfect, perfect, *perfect* tits—even better than perfect because they actually get bigger every time I see them.” Jersey growled with hunger. Sure, it was sexual, but there was an obsessive yet appreciative quality to it. It was awe. Her gratitude for such beauty was so plain and overflowing that it had her moaning. She giggled, aware of how ludicrous she was acting. “So, yea. I’m a little invested.”

Olena had known she wanted Jersey, but never so clearly as when she was struck with that sweet, nervous giggle concerning big boobs. She held out her arms, cupped Jersey by the back of the head, and pulled her in for a lovely, thankful kiss. Jersey kissed back easily, simply. It felt amazing to be one again, at home in a person so familiar. It also felt great to feel herself putting on weight every few seconds. The shiver of their heated macking complimented the bursts of pleasure accompanying Olena’s changing size.

When they broke to catch their breath, Olena turned into a chatterbox. “I felt myself growing when I put up my Christmas wreath at the apartment. It happened after I had finished decorating my whole apartment. And, uh, it’s embarrassing but whenever I tell someone ‘Happy Holidays’ there’s just the tiniest tinge of awareness that I’m so huge. I don’t think it’s growth, but I don’t think it’s *not* growth. And just random other moments, too. Like, I was texting this girl I met at work, and she’s just finishing final exams at Uni. We were just texting back and forth about her plans for vacation—travel, reading by the fire, going to find snow wherever it falls—and I just remember that every time I’d hear my phone vibrate, I could feel the buzzing straight through me, into my nipples.”

Jersey shook her head three times, mouth slipping into a crooked sneer. “You dork. You haven’t put all of those things together yet?” Based on Olena’s expression, she hadn’t, so Jersey explained. “Christmas decorating, wishing people ‘Happy Holidays’, talking about winter vacations. Olena, you grow whenever you do something related to the holiday season. It’s a Christmas miracle—seriously!”

Olena felt the trickle of cold sweat gliding down her lower back. “Oh no. No, that can’t be—that would be crazy, even considering, well, that I’m having my fifth round of puberty in a bookstore with my best friend watching.”

“Then why are you growing right now, hmm? What pill did you take? What’s driving this? I’ll tell you,” Jersey used her hands as paddles, wobbling Olena back and forth. Her poor top groaned effortfully, doing everything short of wailing in pain. “You were drinking coffee with peppermint. Not just normal coffee like you had at my house, but seasonal peppermint mocha frappuccino; only available in December.”

It sounded goofy. Impossible. And yet, Olena felt her outfit giving way under her mass. The tension of it grated on her nerves like she was a present waiting to be opened on Christmas morning.

Wait. Did thinking about Christmas make her even larger? No, but, *could* it?

“What’re you thinking about? Another coffee? I’m buying, so you can drink all you like,” Jersey winked. “Let me take you out. We could build a snowman or roast chestnuts on a fire. Get it? ‘Chestnuts’.”

Olena leaned in, kissed her for her joke. It was meant to cheer her up because she had to have blanched once she accepted the connection between the holidays and her size. “I work in a craft store. All I’ll be doing for the next two weeks is Christmas stuff. What do I do when people wish me a Happy Holiday? And. . . Oh no. Christmas. My family is meeting. We have traditions for Christmas. Jersey, they’ll all be there. My tits are gonna be huge—what if I blow out a wall or something.”

Jersey snaked around expertly so that she was in the tiny space of the corner behind Olena. She kissed the dark roots of Olena’s hair and proceeded to lay into her colossal mountains from behind. As she pulled, the two of them watched all the flesh piling up at Olena’s chin, bubbling, frothing. Their size was incomparable. They flooded her top for space, tenting the area at her ribs where her voluminous, cloud-like mammaries lifted the stretchy material away from her body. As far as distance, she was several centimeters farther away, but that didn’t even come close to expressing how vast she felt.

“Mmph! E-even tighter. I-I can’t. . .” Olena whispered, eyelashes fluttering like hummingbird wings. Wasn’t the effect supposed to be over? She’d only had one drink. “How much Christmas Spirit can one drink have? Better yet, how could coffee of all things, betray me—after all these years?”

“Betrayal is a funny word. I think it’s blessing you. I wish coffee would make me into a total babe. I’d never leave the coffee shop. The baristas would come to hate me,” Jersey gasped, her index finger finding Olena’s nipple. “We should totally go to an actual shop. I want to show you off, order the pumpkin spice, uh, anything. Wouldn’t that be hot? Your big, beautiful body seducing the bored little baristas?”

Jersey didn't know how much she was playing into what Olena had wanted all along: a group. Being in a relationship with an entire coffee shop's staff sounded like heaven, and having them all be into anatomical top-heaviness would be even better—like putting a puzzle room inside of heaven, leaving Olena to do as she pleased for as long as she pleased.

Olena leaned back, lip quivering. It felt so good to be this huge. Her top had nearly worn out its stretch. Her cleavage was now groping for freedom up top. At the same time, her knockers chased each other down her tummy, just a few inches from appearing at the lower hem of her shirt. Further and further she pushed away, active with sensual pleasure, anxious of how the moment felt.

"I'm too big—they're going to. . . t-to, explode," Olena felt yet another tremor, and her tits ballooned hard and fast, throwing her body forward.

Jersey caught her, enduring. They were both awestruck.

"How can you get bigger and bigger? It's like it won't ever end! My sexy cowgirl, growing just for me. Must be P cups by now at least, right? Or whatever cup size you are when your areola could have their own cup size." Jersey giggled at that.

Olena boiled with the allure of it; not the idea of needing a second bra just for her areola, but of the extremity of her expansion. The vastness of her—that the mounds on top of her mounds outscored the average cup size. Even as she felt stitches snapping near her armpits, she moaned at the idea.

Her moan brought Jersey's lips down. They made out, swift and lovely, to pass the trough of time before Olena expanded yet again.

BOOM! Skkkkrtt!

The girls jumped, Olena's titties jiggling long after the initial panic.

"The hell—. . ." Jersey began.

The girl with boobies like snowballs rolling down a hill was breathless and said nothing. They saw one of the wooden shelves of used books laying on its side. Old paperbacks littered the floor now, some half open, others piled together in an utter mess.

"Oops," Olena whimpered at last.

"Her boobs destroy a bookcase and all she can say is 'oops'," Jersey teased. "Well, actually, they destroyed more than just a bookcase."

“I didn’t destroy anything—. . .” Olena began.

But her words fell on deaf ears.

She felt the chill of exposure on her fronts; saw the flash of her porcelain skin in her periphery. She looked like she’d hidden one of the plastic snow families from work in her sweater. The front of her shirt had been the point of weakness, stretched and stretched to the point of tearing lengthwise across her front. Heaps of her cleavage worthy of being called pillows in their own right poured from the lengthening hole in her front. Meanwhile, the weaker stitching under her arms had all come loose leaving strings of limp elastic to cover her from the highest point on her side to her floating ribs.

Olena had destroyed her top.

And man! It had felt so, so good.

“Is everything alright over here? Anybody hurt?” came a voice.

Olena’s feet were already moving, attempting to run. Jersey held her in place. “No. Stay, turn around. Quick!”

The beautifully buxom Russian was spun. Balance was lost to her due to the sudden shift in body proportion. Her chest was all but thrown in Jersey’s direction. If the goal had been to make her best friend disappear from sternum to pelvis, Olena had accomplished her task and then some. When her titties attempted to flatten themselves, they ran out of space and began to curl around Jersey, accepting her midsection into their soft, warm embrace. Olena could feel herself molding to her ex’s shape like memory foam. Her growth had slowed nearly to a halt—that much, now, she could simply feel—but how much longer before she became a proper mattress was still a concern.

Hurried jogging preceded the appearance of a male manager in a crisp-looking white button-down and a red-and-green tie. He was followed by a female employee wearing an apron. On her head was a headband with jingle bells and elf ears.

Olena could all but feel her nipples stiffening at the sight.

“Sorry! So sorry. Me and her were, uh, browsing your selection. Tight fit back here. Couldn’t really move around well and we sort of knocked over a few books. No injuries,” Jersey said, deliberately leaning forward and over Olena to shield her.

“You sure? Is she alright, there?” asked the man. He was middle-aged; wore a name tag that read ‘Craig’. “Don’t worry about the books. They’re tough. Happens all the time. When you’re backed up like we are, it isn’t uncommon.”

"I'm fine," Olena forced a smile onto her face and knew for certain it didn't appear as convincing as she'd hoped. "Just scared me a little, the noise."

"She's just jumpy in general. She'll calm down in just a minute," Jersey started rubbing circles into Olena's back to emphasize.

Craig nodded, holding a hand up as he passed them to put the wooden shelf upright. He examined a spot on it where the wood looked cracked. At the same time, the woman came by and dove onto her knees to start collecting the dozens of dusty volumes. The act sent her silver bells jingling, warming Olena's titties just by the sound of them.

"Crap. . ." Olena whispered.

Craig turned, looking at the pair of them. Had he heard?

"Sorry! Yea, if it's damaged, we'll pay to replace it. Totally our fault," Jersey rushed, nodding at the shelf.

"This thing is twice as old as you and has never stood straight," Craig moved the shelf around, demonstrating the uneven bottom of it. He made a genuine smile. "As long as nobody's hurt, you don't need to worry about the mess. In fact, could I make the two of you a hot chocolate? It might help soothe your friend—extra big marshmallows, too. On the house."

No thank you, Olena thought. My marshmallows are already big. No need for any 'extra'. Trust me.

The woman who was bent overreached on the ground for a book that had slid under a table. Her jeans were tight around her heart-shaped rear and briefly, just short enough for Olena to look, she saw the print of mistletoe on the back of panties that poked out. The sight caused her whole body to tremble, pools of warmth appearing just behind her nipples as she grew once more into Jersey, short but noticeable.

"Bigger?" Olena whispered, looking between her and Jersey, gnawing at the pleasure of another spurt.

"Uhh, could we get those to go? We needed to be somewhere," Jersey replied. She'd felt the expansion, no doubt. This was the least ideal thing that could be happening. "We're actually late. Time got away from us—lovely selection here. But we've gotta run. Come on, babe."

"Oh! Yes, sure" said the store manager with a grunt from lifting the heavy wooden bookshelf. It had to have taken a lot of force to knock the thing over, even if it didn't stand evenly. Olena's

growth must have come out with quite the jab. "Tell them Craig said it was fine. You two have a Happy Holidays!"

The two bolted as quick as they could as if running from their deeds. Jersey gave Olena the key to her car and the jacket that didn't even fit when she was a K cup to try and help cover the cute little top torn to stitches by her size. Once Olena was seated, boobies in her lap in the chilly Wolkzvagen, she felt a little more secure and pulled the parka away from her front. The tremendous dome of womanly size she balanced on her lap was a marvel to her. Her heart wouldn't stop. Her breath felt so strained behind them. The weight of her breasts pressing into her legs excited her.

Or maybe it had just been the zip of growth she'd felt when Craig wished her a 'Happy Holidays'.

Jersey appeared at the driver's side, returning after running back inside. When she sat down, she extended a plastic cup with a red lid, steam wisping out of the tiny drink hole. She'd gone back for the hot chocolate. "Since I figured you wouldn't let me take you to a real coffee shop after what I said, I went ahead and took Craig up on his offer. Damn, girl. . ." She helped herself to a long, sultry stare at all of Olena's plump, squishable goodness. "You look radiant."

Jersey had a knack for moving on quickly from crazy bookstore situations by peeling out of the parking lot without even bringing up what had happened. Olena could appreciate such a skill since she desperately wanted to be gone, preferably someplace where she wouldn't have to worry about random growth or causing property damage.

"Enough burning holes in my top, okay? I'm freezing over here. Can we go somewhere warm?" Olena slid her jacket over her fronts, enjoying the warmth against her exposed skin.

Jersey floored the gas toward the edge of the parking lot, then seamlessly became one with the line of holiday traffic on the highway. "Anywhere would be warm against you, sweetie. But where? Like, to your apartment?"

Olena groaned. "I think I've trapped myself. I can't go back there the way it is, all Christmas-ed out. Is your place, uh, 'safe'? Anything unexpected I should worry about?" The way she said it, Jersey knew what was meant. Sure, Olena was asking about the status of Christmas at Jersey's place but was also alluding to her chance of being surprised by Raine again.

"Completely," Jersey answered. "We're alone. Just you and me."

"Good."

"And a Christmas Tree." Jersey toed the gas and her car moved with Olena squawking about being trapped with reminders of the winter holidays. The hourglass girl howled with laughter. "Kidding."

Chapter 4
She'll Be Home For Christmas
Word Count: 8036

"Phew, not a chestnut in sight."

Olena stepped into Jersey's apartment again, ignoring the lingering frustration with the fact that a woman she didn't know—she knew Raine to be cute, blonde, and dating Jersey. That seemed like enough—may frequent the same space she now took as refuge.

I shouldn't care who comes and goes, Olena thought to herself. But even she, who would advocate for openness in her own relationships, couldn't make the feeling of possessiveness truly dissipate.

Jersey led the way into the den but when Olena sat down, Jersey said, "Let's go to the master. You said you wanted a warm place, and there's no place warmer."

She didn't know what it meant that she was being invited into Jersey's bedroom—she knew what she hoped it meant, but couldn't know exactly. Jersey opening the door with a wave of her hand, then dismissing herself back into the kitchen in the name of warm drinks.

Jersey's townhouse had two bedrooms. The second was a sparse guest space with off-white walls, a twin bed, and a television that still had that hump in the back.

Her bedroom, by comparison, was a palace. A fuzzy circular rug and the queen sized bed drew the eye, themed three or four shades of purple. The comforter was violet and sat upon a matching bed skirt. Two of the four walls were painted grape in color with spots of green and orange thrown in to accent. Lavender lamps with amethyst sequins flanked the bed on dual night stands; funky, queer. Jersey. At the end of the room, sandwiched by two large window doors that opened to a small patio on the back, was a brick fireplace.

It hadn't hit her until now, but Jersey's bedroom had been built for romance. Any girl might see herself waking up to this fairy forest scene and couldn't be blamed for wanting to stay. Every decision of color and texture and light had intention behind it. The room flowed in a certain

smoothness that was easier to feel than to sort out—like the fireplace; an eyesore to Olena because they dated in a warmer season, but a welcome jewel of thought now that cold stood like gray soldiers in the corners of the room.

Olena regret how sour things had gone between them.

“She better not have let that Raine girl in here. . .” Olena found herself grumbling. Suddenly, a selfishness put her at the center of this holy space. She wanted it all, especially because she knew she shouldn’t want it.

“You guys didn’t get off on the right foot.”

Olena turned, finding Jersey very close. “I didn’t hear you come in.” Seriously, the girl was a flipping ninja. How had Olena not smelled the sweet scent of brew behind her? She had been completely cold before but she could feel Jersey’s body putting off a heat.

The fact that Jersey was only in a tee shirt and heavy, black tights wasn’t lost on Olena.

“You wouldn’t have been honest if I told you I was listening.”

“I’m always honest with you. I tell you everything, even the harsh stuff—you know that.”

Jersey came even closer, like she wanted physical contact. Olena backed herself into her, receptive and wanting in her own way. When they could whisper, Jersey said, “Usually, yes. You’re amazing about communicating. But lately when we text, if the conversation starts moving toward Raine you ghost me. I thought there was probably something up.”

Not true. At those times Olena just happened to find something more interesting to do, like a spontaneous urge to go for a walk at two in the morning in her pajamas, or binge trashy videos on the Internet when she knew she needed to be up early the next day. They hadn’t talked about Raine because Olena was genuinely busy, she told herself.

Yea, busy. . .

Well, now she wasn’t busy. She was alone, with Jersey, and there was no amount of walking or binge watching that could save her.

“Tell me how you feel about her,” Jersey said, extending the mug. Olena hesitated and took it, which made Jersey smile. “The whole of it. Not the pampered up version. Come on, sit.”

Olena sat on the fluffy bed. She hadn’t noticed the tension in her lower back from growing so much but the moment the stress of standing left she heaved a sigh. The hot drink scalded her lips a little, but she yearned to feel the heat and to avoid spilling her emotions for as long as she

could stall. Frankly, it never felt good to turn Jersey into her personal venting sponge; soaking up all her confused, mangled thoughts and feelings.

But when the girl was asking for it. . .

“Are you two dating?” Olena asked with a small voice.

“We’ve been out to eat a few times. Nothing serious.”

“Are you seeing each other, then? Exclusive?”

“Absolutely not.” Jersey drank her own drink, taking the spot next to Olena. The mattress sank in toward the spot between them, so they ended up leaning against one another. “She’s fun, like, a friend.”

“She’s pretty, like, as a partner.”

“We haven’t fucked,” Jersey clarified.

Olena turned toward Jersey. Something warm bled into her—more than the tea she was swigging—when she heard swearing on Jersey’s lips. It was like her body was programmed to respond to the mere mention of it, especially her sensitive breasts.

Guess they really can get even harder. My nipples, that is.

Olena swallowed a long gulp and waited for the warmth of it to hit her tummy before she asked, “Why not? She’s crazy cute.”

“It just hasn’t come up.”

“How do two of the sexiest women I know go out on dates and never bring up how amazing it would be to have sex together?” Olena asked, blunt and real as how she felt.

“That’s not what normal women do, Olena. Having unstoppable desire for someone isn’t a natural thing. Sure, I guess, if you’re pent up or addicted, but most women I know are good about keeping their hands to themselves on dates. Even if there’s hugging or hand holding, it’s mostly out of friendship or comfort, not to get into anyone’s pants.”

“Wow, I. . .” Olena said, realizing the truth of it. “I’ve gone mad. Even I rememeber that—just being in a space with people without thinking about sex.” She thought, slurping loudly to cool the drink as she brought it down her throat. It seemed the more she drank the easier talking became. “It has to be Nicole’s, well, whatever she did. I told you she said she was a magician,

right? Magic isn't real, but whatever hypnosis I'm under is taking over my brain with all these intrusive, sexual thoughts. It's constant."

"Oh. It's the Nicole thing, then?"

"Must be. Right? It has to be."

Jersey went still without moving; from a woman to a statue of one. The shift was so quick and strange, Olena barely noticed it. Jersey spoke after she sat her mug down on the nightstand to her left. "There's no other time you've felt horny for no reason around someone? Like, you know the feelings aren't supposed to be there, but you can't help yourself and it's like you and that person were just made to be together."

Olena had avoided eye contact, but when she rolled her head up to look, she and Jersey were nose to nose. "I. . ."

"We don't have to be together, Olena. . . but everytime I'm around you, this is what I want to do."

She knew it was coming but Jersey's kiss still lit her stomach with butterflies. They kissed and kissed some more. They paused and Olena commented on how long they'd been going, but neither paid much mind to the record-breaking nature of their marathon makeout session. The two simply pressed on, fueled by the love that came from being denied such a simple thing for months.

Jersey's kiss was so hot and needy. Olena could feel the loneliness in it. She kissed back because she had been lonely as well, missing this one amazing relationship. The hole inside her left by tearing Jersey out of her life was filling again, glowing in her bosom like a star.

Then, she felt that star expanding, going up like a supernova. Her nipples screamed when brushed by Jersey's searching hands. The powerful pleasure pushed Olena onto her back where her colossal tits sloshed to both sides.

Despite leaving the bookstore, somehow, she could still feel them changing. "They're growing again," Olena whispered.

"That's amazing," Jersey said from atop her. "Your body is amazing. What does it feel like to have boobs that get bigger and bigger?"

Olena took a personal inventory and answered. "Like finding a needle in a haystack, but the needle is my rational thoughts."

"The haystack?"

“Tingles and pleasure.”

“Mmm, you’d better share.”

Olena did. In hunting for her own bliss, she pushed Jersey higher off of her to stop how their lips were so casually gliding over one another as they spoke. She then began to rock her shoulders back and forth, sliding her beanbag breasts back and forth over Jersey’s. The size difference was striking. Yet, everytime she felt the hardness of Jersey’s nipple against her plush flesh, she groaned with satisfaction. When the opposite happened—when her finger-sized rods pushed Jersey’s sizeable chest around—she moaned with pleasure.

And the scene of it was a completely different kind of delicious amusement. She was simply gargantuan. She could hold Jersey in her cleavage—a whole girl encased in her jiggly flesh. When she thought she wanted larger breasts from a boob job, never once did being such a size cross her mind. As it turned out, she had saved a lot of money and disappointment because not only was she bigger than any safe breast augmentation could make her, but she was only just starting to be satisfied with her swollen size.

Swelling. Not swollen, but swelling. Still getting bigger—softer, squishier, comfier.

Jersey’s arms started to tremble where they were mounted. “I can’t believe my tits feel this good,” Jersey gasped. “Just being fondled by your melons, Olena. I-I could just keep doing this.”

Olena’s hands sank to Jersey’s waist and pulled down. Her shoulders folded inward so all her softness bulged up on her chest like a set of decorative pillows. She squeezed their bodies together as tight as she could manage. They both wailed in delight—it was the perfect move for both of them.

“Now, I feel you growing too,” Jersey’s smile was so dorky and cute—it was awesome seeing how happy Olena’s growth was making her. “It’s just a tremor here or there, but you’re definitely stacked and getting stackier.”

“Stackier. I can learn to like that,” Olena teased.

Jersey pulled back and let herself fall, happily springing up and down on Olena’s size. Her weight wasn’t even enough to flatten Olena while on her back, just going to show that Olena’s boulderous bust was equal parts soft yield and springy bounce.

“I have a confession though. I, uh, may have tried to make you grow a little just now.”

Olena wasn’t so much upset as she was curious. “How could you manage?”

“The tea I made, it was from what you brought over here when we started dating. One of the flavors was peppermint. I may have intended on making that for you but, well, I thought better of it before I got to my room. You looked so scared at the bookstore and I couldn’t bring myself to make a joke of it so soon. I just gave you regular tea and drank the peppermint myself.”

Peppermint. If their understanding of the growth process was correct, holiday themed things were the cause of Olena’s growth. Peppermint tea wasn’t exactly festive, but it was connected to the colder, Christmas season. If that was considered wintry enough—by whatever standard was used to gauge such a thing—it would have made Olena expand.

Olena blinked slowly. Her emotions roiled within her and she didn’t know which one would win out. Finally, after encouragement from a booby tremor that left her a solid half an inch larger in bustline, she squeezed Jersey tight between her boobs and kissed her long and deep.

“Not only are you the only person I know who would think to do such a thing, you’re the only one who would admit to it and then apologize for it even after deciding not to go through with it,” Olena said. “So it’s perfectly okay. I forgive you. Just. . . Let me keep kissing you.”

Jersey grinned, knowingly. “I love you—I love *us*.”

“I love us too. Us.”

They kissed a sloppy, happy kiss till it started to get cold in the room, as they would have when they started dating.

“You taste like peppermint,” Olena would say as she felt the twitch of her nipple from expanding. “I can still taste a little tea on your tongue.”

Jersey would stick out said tongue and wink. “You didn’t have to stop to tell me.”

They matched mouths over and over like skilled sparring partners. Olena sucked for dear life on that sweet, minty taste on her lover’s tongue. She could all but feel it flowing inside of her as she took it far behind her teeth, nearly to the opening of her throat. Every drop seemed like nectar from the gods. She couldn’t have opened wider for it, those tiny traces of permanent, lasting change.

And her breasts reacted in their own kind. They felt so good and tight. The stretch of her body to wider spaces made it even harder to breath—in conjunction with sucking face, which stole its own partition of her oxygen. She couldn’t come to terms with the feeling of being so heavy and yet so light. She was being pressed down and in by Jersey and her clothing and the sheets, but she was also pushing against them all. With every tiny swig of flavor, she was adding to herself, pushing larger and larger.

The thought itself took her into a strong, body-wide tremor of release.

She heard Jersey like drowned garbles. “Shirt! Shirt!” Was she actually swearing? Or referring to a shirt? Olena didn’t know; couldn’t even bring herself to care till her nipples stopped feeling like they were exploding.

The nipples—my nipples just get so sensitive! I can’t take it.

Shhhkrt!

“Holy shit,” Jersey’s voice came through at last. “You tore the damned thing from top to bottom.”

“Hmm?” Olena sighed, radiating absolute satisfaction. Her grin was easy, her muscles lax.

“What thing?”

“Don’t look so innocent, dammit,” Jersey leaned in, kissing her to block her view, then tugged at a bit of fabric from Olena’s shirt. “Your boobs just turned your warm weather shirt into a flirty V neck. And that wasn’t a thin fabric at all.”

Olena blinked slowly, mind still foggy except for a few twinkles of awareness coming from her body still changing shape. Tenting the blankets were her bare globes, peaked by raised hills the size of kitchen measuring cups. “I-I’d actually forgotten I was wearing a shirt. It kind of fit me like a second skin and we got busy so. . .” Olena found herself blushing. “Did I seriously just tear open my shirt with no hands?”

“Yup,” Jersey smirked. “And here’s your prize.”

Jersey tore her own clothes away, shaded herself beneath the sheets, and slithered out of sight. Before Olena could object, Jersey was fast at work on pleasuring her in yet another way.

Olena was surprised to find herself wondering if having her womanhood ministered to by a peppermint-flavored tongue would make her grow just like making out had.

Olena didn’t remember going to sleep.

She only felt herself coming awake when someone pulled a blanket up and over her shoulder. Usually, such an act would have been a quick and uninvolved thing, but the size of her boobies demanded even more cover, so the struggle was an immense one just to get regular sheets to fit over her.

Still, she pretended to sleep through it, only opening her eyes when she heard Jersey's exertion.

Her lover was stacking logs in the fireplace. Olena caught it just as the first licks of fire twirled upward and presented Jersey's near-nude silhouette. The winter pounds showed on her body. There was always an hourglass there in her hips and chest, but to see it so plain in the limited light was tantalizing.

Olena tried sitting up, but found herself too tired to do so. Her weight pulled her back into bed.

"Want out? You hungry? I can get you something. Growing probably burns a lot of calories," Jersey said, turning.

"I do want out. I'm also hungry, but those have little to do with each other." Olena smiled pitifully at her state. "I don't know if I'm too tired to get up or if I've finally gotten so big that I'm bedridden."

"Both." Jersey came over—topless, nipples attentive, breasts swollen and perfectly symmetrical. Even in the dark, a familiar floral tattoo under her right collarbone seemed to bloom. She helped Olena up from the mattress. "You're so pretty, though. You could convince me to just let you lay in bed all day. I'll work and cook and clean."

"I could never let you."

"I know. It pisses me off. Pretty, busty women aren't supposed to also have flawless character too." When Olena gave a tired pout, Jersey doubled down. "You know how I feel about it. You're too damned shiny; just too good to be true. Even when you develop a sex addiction—I had hoped it would bring some juicy disfunction to your life. Instead, you still don't miss a day of work despite the back pain and lack of sleep." Jersey squeezed Olena's cheeks as she kissed her purposefully. "Damned little angel."

"Blame my parents. All hard work, education, and frugality. Immigrant stuff." Olena shrugged. "Sort of wish I could change."

"It would seriously turn me on if you told me you robbed a bank."

"Jersey. . ."

"Or a convenience store. Just a chocolate bar. They'd probably give it to you without a fuss if you flashed them."

Olena kissed back, silencing her best friend with benefits. "I'd much rather just turn you on the normal way. Dad would kill me if he knew I stole anything."

Jersey asked Olena about her family; usual stuff, like she always did when they were together. Olena slipped down out of the pile of blankets she was under like a new creature from her cocoon. When she saw herself and stopped talking, Jersey noticed and pressed herself close, full of desire for Olena's body.

"I can't even see your belly button when you stand up," Jersey commented. "That's not what people mean when they say people have a protective layer of fluff."

"I don't know, they do feel like spare tires. . ." Olena commented. The pull of it all on her neck and shoulders was definitely there, but so were the abundance of tiny electric sparks that cropped up as Jersey touched her. "I'm so much bigger now. So much. . ."

Jersey pulled back, gave Olena the thrice over and licked her lips. "C'mon, darling. Let me feed you something."

Even though only a third of her tummy could even feel the coolness of the night, she could still feel its emptiness. She wasn't going to turn down food, even though it meant learning to walk again.

They didn't untwined their fingers as they walked romantically through the house, eager for a meal. It wasn't until the afternoon of the next day that Olena returned home, Jersey coming with her.

They were inseparable again.

How so many people managed to cram themselves into the family's house was a defiance of every law of physics—not that Olena could critique such laws given her current bodily situation.

Sure, Olena's family had a large house in square footage, but the age showed in how narrow the walls were. In many cases, the only way to get from one of the spacious rooms to the kitchen—or anywhere, really—was a tunnel disguised as a hallway; no stone, but dark colored wood throughout the entire house. It resembled a dungeon.

And that was just with their family of four.

There were twenty people in the home on Christmas Eve, and only four of them knew that it normally took a person turning to the side to let another pass. As a result, traffic sometimes came to a standstill when going between the master bedroom where the Christmas presents were stowed and the den where Father sat in his recliner or anywhere the rest of the family

wanted to gather. Had there been any furniture in the halls, it would have been like reducing a one-way road to a quarter-way road.

And unfortunately, Olena now carried small furniture wherever she went.

Jersey had been a saving grace for her—always was, actually, which was why their FWB situation was working out so well—by finding some options online for Olena to buy. Not being able to try on any of the outfits before they arrived had drawbacks, but they did their best research before picking the ‘checkout’ button.

Olena split one straight down the middle, reminiscent of that night after the coffee shop . Another couldn’t even function as a bra, unable to stretch around her tremendous size. They tried so hard to shimmy a cute little dress over her body, but the emphasis was on that ‘little’ detail. It came apart in pretty, wine red pieces in their hands, tear holes that stretched down for several inches at the front of the gown. Of course, Olena’s plush flesh rushed to fill the space, stuffing themselves into the opening, pudging out of the space, marshmallow soft. It should have been expected, really. Just because an online distributor says ‘R cup’—and there were a handful, to Olena’s surprise, that boasted such a lettering to describe breast size—doesn’t necessarily mean they meant for Olena’s brand of ‘R’ cup to fit pleasantly inside.

After, say, G cup, the sizes stop mattering as much as the overall fit.

It had been fun, though. They made two nights out of it; had to stop for some seriously fun times, hopping back and forth between Jersey’s house and Olena’s apartment.

Olena had even felt so good about their relationship now that she welcomed the chance to meet Raine. They had a meet up scheduled for after Christmas, sometime around New Years.

But this family gathering was a gauntlet. Not only did Olena have to struggle through the door, but the halls she’d weaved through easily as a young adult were now her worst enemy.

Two outfits ended up fitting her. For the gathering, she wore the thick, pastel yellow sweater she could find. It wasn’t a turtle neck, as that would look yucky and stretched out. With a crew neck, at least she could cover the four inches below her collarbone that her pulling, cloth-devouring titties created without looking too crazy. An ash gray scarf did the trick for that.

Her younger, male cousin answered the door. Zach. They had met a few times when his family visited but it had been years since they were together under the same roof.

Conversation was hesitant and decapitated. “Hello, Olena.”

“Hey, Zach. How are you?” Olena started with a smile, a little too eager. Ordinarily, she would greet this family member with a hug and a pat on the back.

They both quickly realized why that couldn't happen now.

Standing awkwardly, they both took each other in—Zach really took Olena in while Olena absorbed the fact that she was now the width of the entire front door, boobs alone. No matter how much she wore or how she leaned or walked, her monuments to sexuality preceded her. Family were not immune to her oddness—obtuse size and tremendous squishiness per capita. And even if Zach was the perfect gentleman, friend, and family member, he was still in his late teens and still hadn't learned to pretend not to stare at people when they were different somehow.

All guys looked at boobs. No guy could miss Olena's boobs. There was a subtle but important difference between those two thoughts.

He greeted her with a distant 'Hello'. Not a sweet 'Hi' or a familiar 'Hey'. It made sense, since she wasn't at all the woman he would have remembered. Zach then backed away from the door, standing sideways so that she could likewise turn and crabwalk her way into her own home. As she did, she started to turn in his direction but she saw him having a nervous breakdown as her tremendous bust would have to pass just in front of him and decided to keep her back to him instead.

"You doing alright?" she asked him, as a general question of life as well as a momentary question aimed at his present reaction to her.

He audibly gulped before answering. "Doing fine. You?"

"Fine," she fired back, automatic. But then, yes, she was doing better than fine. She really was. Jersey was good to her, she would get to see Nat again for the first time since Thanksgiving, and it was Christmas. Even though she would have to keep an eye out for being overtly festive—her tits felt like radar for the wreaths and string lights outside and they started feeling bloated as she entered her home—she could enjoy this time with loved ones at a respectful distance. "Actually, I've been very well. If I can just relax and enjoy our family, it will be an easy way to round out the year."

"Round it out, huh? Yea, I think it would be a great way to do that. . ."

"Is my sister here? Natalie?"

"Think she's out on the back porch, last I saw."

"Thanks, Zach."

Olena had to speak the rest as she walked, careful to watch where she was going while bringing relief to her favorite cousin by not being a foot away from mummifying him in her tit flesh. She asked about graduation, about romantic partners, about music. He seemed to like talking so long as she was leading and her back was to him.

Eventually, they parted ways; him into one of the bedrooms where other male cousins had commandeered a television for a console game, her toward the back porch.

To get there, she needed to pass through the kitchen, though.

When she looked around the corner, thankfully, Nat was just behind the sink, chatting away. Cursedly, the kitchen was packed with family—because if her family could do anything, especially the women, it was talk and eat.

Apprehension always came first. Olena was a pair of buoys now. Tits on tits, stuffed in silly normal people clothing. She felt the grip of fear on her as she had that first Black Friday with Clarissa in the staff lounge. Her body was terrible, changing thing. It was never where she thought it ought to be, always moving—in her clothes, but also between states of size; growing, staying the same, or straight up expanding. If she sat and meditated on her concerns, she could become paranoid about it. Like, was it just a jiggle she felt from normal motion or was that the groaning stretch of her humongous curvature pushing even further away from her petite frame?

She saw all the desserts laying out on the counter. They usually would have struck her with a hunger, but they only filled her with anxiety now. Cranberry apple pie, perfectly latticed. Gingerbread cake with freshly-made cream cheese icing. Every friggin' cookie in every shape and flavor she could dream up. By the time Christmas was over, she would have put on twenty pounds from eating it all.

But now, she would gain weight for a completely different reason.

You always worried about your cup size and curves. All the women in your family are nicely hourglassed, sure, but now you're the biggest. You're more than just a pretty face, now. If anything, you're even more part of the ladies.

She coached herself, pandering to an older anxiety. But her heart was throbbing. A thin dampening of sweat made her sweater feel even tighter, like it was clinging to her skin. She nervously pulled at the sleeves and hissed—a little too loud.

Nat turned from a mug of banana pudding she was eating, spoon in mid-flight when she heard the sound. Her face went 10,000 watts right when she saw her little sister poking her head around the corner.

"Jolly Ole-Lena! Merry Christmas," said Nat, a little too loud.

Not only did the turning faces of the others in Olena's family—two aunts, two cousins, and a niece—make her wince, but just being wished a 'Merry Christmas' had her top thinning. Olena backed further behind the corner, chest starting to flatten against the wall just outside the kitchen. If someone were to come see, it would look like she was trying to balance a pair of beanbag against the wall with her front from thigh to armpit. To know that those dandelion yellow globes that covered the wall in front of her as she leaned around the corner at the doomed state of her kitchen were Olena's breasts would absolutely floor everyone at her family's home.

Coming to make that fear a reality, Nat took Olena by her upper arm. "Come on, come. When did you get here, just now? Don't tell me you've been hiding out."

Panic surged, as did the urge to run—to find Jersey and huddle up under the covers as she had for almost half of the time leading up to this family gathering. Had she spent just a fraction more of that time preparing herself mentally for what she was inevitably going to have to do, maybe she wouldn't be so repulsed and embarrassed by the idea.

"No—Nat, no. Can we talk for a minute?"

"After you say hello to your aunts. They just got back from a trip to Russia a few weeks ago and they have the best pictures of—. . ."

"After. Please, I need to show you something first?"

"It can wait, can't it? Just a few hugs and some basic questioning. Jeez, don't act like they're such strangers."

With a family so big that met once a year, most everyone in her home were, technically, strangers. She saw the gas station attendant more than her aunts.

"Is that Olena? My, oh, my. My favorite niece! Come, give me a hug—you remember me, don't you?" Aunt Olga started her approach, arms stretched. Her cheeks were full of whatever treat she had just 'sampled'. Of all the hourglasses in the kitchen at the moment, Olga's was the fullest and plumpest.

Not for long. . .

In a last ditch effort, Olena gave a strong tug that pulled her sister partway into the hall. Had Nat been paying any manner of attention instead of being swept up in the reason for the season, she would have noticed the change in Olena and taken her seriously. "Private. A bathroom, the porch—I need to see you alone, Natalie. Now."

The use of her full name did turn her head. Head's gaze never went far enough south, though. She held Olena's eyes and gave her a look that said 'don't embarrass us both right now'. "One hug to everyone and I'll do whatever you want. Honestly, what's gotten i-into. . . you. Oh, Olena what in the—. . ."

"My sweet little Olena—uh, little. . ."

The room went quiet. Nat had used all her strength and yanked Olena into the threshold of the kitchen. All of the twenty-year old Russian girl was on display in her cute little sweater dress.

The betrayal of her feelings was most bizarre. On the one hand, there was her pep talk. She was the biggest in the room, definitely the sexiest. Her dress hugged her every curve like, well, like the hug from a Russian aunt who only came to town once a year. Except, the effect was anything but familial. Her R cup titties were still shaking from the hard pull, as close to bumper cars as a body could be. And they warmed at the fronts from the scene before Olena. Every woman except Nat were wearing ugly Christmas sweaters—Christmas jewelry, Christmas scarves, Christmas socks on their feet. It was like she could feel the Christmas spirit—whatever the hell it was—infiltrating her; assisting her, growing her. As big as she was, she hoped it would be hard to notice, but right then and there she began to expand.

It felt amazing; the warmth running all over her. Recently, she'd started to develop beautiful veins in her breasts, and feeling herself becoming aroused was like imagining each of those blue highways shooting load after load of pleasure hormones through her body. Erotic sensations of swelling, bloating, and inflating filled her. Lines began to crease at the sweater's weakest points as the neckline continued to be pulled lower and lower; slow, but so, so obvious to the woman experiencing it all.

"God. . ." Olena whispered. That one word leaving her lips bore everything; all her lewd feelings, memories, and fantasies.

It also harbored the intense amounts of shame; a shame that froze her to her spot even as her colossal R cups continued to trounce about, comically, unendingly.

She didn't even notice her niece in motion—the only person still thawed after Olena's body had turned everyone into petrified, icy statues. All she felt were Anna's arms, shortened by her eight years of age, unable to fit at all her fronts. A small face that felt even more shrunken thanks to the size difference pressed into the inside of her left breast. Olena's foot jumped back to keep her balance at the force of the hug.

"Olena! Hey. I didn't recognize you 'cause you look different. You're bigger now," Anna giggled, full of youthful innocence that vexed the rest of the family. "Mmm, but hugging you is so much easier. I like what you did, uh, whatever it is you did."

It was the sweetest thing; open acceptance and love. It was what the holidays were supposed to be about.

But Olena reared back, clear, hot bullet tears on her cheeks, and ran like her house was on fire toward the front yard. She had to go, had to run, had to escape. Her knees churned as they had from the Crafty Shack, but the effect was all wrong.

Her magnitude made it impossible to be speedy. She'd gained the coordination to walk, but not to run. Each of her burdensome, feminine loads had their own agenda, spreading as they went airborne, crashing into her body when they fell again. If the things weren't so damned perky and bouncy, she could have been out the door in barely-countable seconds. Instead, she got two steps into her jog and nearly slapped herself in the face. She tried wrapping them in her arms, but not only was she too vast to be swept up by her hold, but swaths of sunny yellow boobage oozed above and beneath her grip. It reduced the risk of a black eye, sure, but not the risk of looking like a pair of running titties with a girl attached.

"God. Oh god, why?" Olena heaved. "Why did I ever think I could do this?"

She turned a corner and somehow forgot that her momentum was wonky due to weight distribution. Her balloons pulled right when she turned left and she went slamming into a wall. Tinkling sounds filled the space. Hooks quivered in their holes. Olena paid them little attention until she was at the other end of the hall, where she heard a crash. One of mother's plates, part of a fixture mounted to the wall, was in pieces just where Olena had been.

She stopped to view the damage. White ceramic with blue designs and metal lining were in a hundred pieces behind her. It stung just to see it. Just one plate, sure, but she could remember looking up at the moon shape in her hall from a little kid. It was like she was tearing down part of her family history with her accident.

"My Olena! Are you safe? I heard a crash—I heard you scream."

Olena heard her father's voice and felt the urgency in his rushed steps. She swore the guy who reclined all day watching sports and the stock market couldn't move so quickly. And yet, when he'd heard his little girl and thought her in danger, he was the first to appear—even before the women in the kitchen.

"Daddy," she turned, as her back had been to him. "I'm fine. I-I just bumped into the wall and. . ."

Olena's words trickled to a stop. She saw her father looking at her; up and down, he took her all in. A gruffness dawned him; graveness in his jaw, confusion in his eyes.

"Is this the 'boob job' you get? This?!" he said, thrusting his upturned palms out at her. "You work hard and waste money on this?!"

And just like that, the idea that he would suddenly transform into the father from all the romanticized holiday shows on television vanished. He was just her father—the immigrant, a generation removed from her, who gave pregnancy talks to her and her girlfriend, from whom she had to keep parts of herself a secret.

The strength to keep herself at just one tear vanished, and the dam unleashed on her.

She threw herself past him, unintentionally boob checking her own dad at his waist, and went running down the slope toward the road. Without a ride, she started walking down the street; storming, fuming. She couldn't believe how terrible Christmas had turned out to be.

Holiday ruined.

There was a park she remembered from her youth that she ended up sitting at. Her legs just carried her there.

She plopped down into one of the swings, the one she always went to when she needed time alone back when she was a kid. Most times, she loved her family. Everyone needed a break at some point, though.

The metal in the cold squealed exactly once under her weight. Strange how sometimes she felt every extra pound on her enlarged frame, but other times she completely forgot that she had two R cup breasts.

S now, probably. Just being in her house with tinsel and ugly Christmas sweaters and maybe even the love of family had been enough to make her swell.

Her legs kicked idly. She moved slow. Her huge, comfy boobies kept her thighs warm even as her palms stung with ice—when she could keep her weight centered in her lap. Before her was a sandbox, a metal horse who looked confused as to where his metal stable was, and a slide with brown, rotted leaves collected at the hole near the bottom.

All the kids were home with their families, eating giant meals, playing games, and waiting for Santa Clause to come. Christmas Eve was supposed to be fun.

Here Olena was, feeling dejected by the world and her body and everything else.

“If not for that damned woman—dammit, Nicole.” Gravel shot up from where she kicked. “If I hadn’t met you at dumb Black Friday, hadn’t won that shitty contest. Christmas cheer my ass, you just spread disappointment.”

It was maybe half an hour that she spent outside, brooding. She might have spent even more time ruminating, marinating in her depression and frustration but even the hulking blanket of her size couldn't keep the frost away for long. She stood, ready to go on a stroll through the rest of the park. There, she expected to be alone where nobody could judge her for swearing or cursing the universe.

So she did. She made two full revolutions around the park; about four miles. Nothing like being pissed off to inspire a killer workout. Her back didn't even hurt. She bounced and bounced, arms crossed underneath her simple bigness.

But on the third time around, a woman came down from the road above and flagged her attention.

"Hello! Hi. Hey there," she called before she reached Olena.

The girl with the S cup tits didn't stop, just slowed to give the woman a look; the look of a woman who didn't want to be bothered.

It annoyed her a little how pretty this woman was. Though she wore a light brown trench coat, it only accentuated the difference of her hips and waist. It felt almost like she was programmed to do so, but Olena zeroed in on her bustline. It was definitely above average. Was it Olena levels of ridiculous? No. It had been a week or so since Olena had been her size; so, like, an L or M cup. The woman had to have had a run-in with Nicole, though.

She silently wondered if every woman in town was going to look just like her from having met Nicole. First her, then the ladies on her job and Jersey's little sister, then a random stranger.

"Can I help you?" Olena said, still neutral in tone.

"I-I just saw you walking around all by yourself on Christmas Eve." The woman's hair was plainly orange from a distance, but once their personal bubbles started to touch, it began to crackle like an open flame. She also aged up a little with proximity. Olena had wrongly assumed she would be talking to a peer, then realized the woman had nearly a decade on her. She gestured over her shoulder when Olena gave a confused look. "I work at the mission on the hill. Saw you pass twice and got a little curious, I guess. Keep walking, I'll keep pace."

Olena did continue to walk, but she slowed so she wouldn't sound winded. She wasn't angry enough to slog around her bust without feeling it anymore.

"Just thought I'd get some air," Olena said, thinking the cold would explain the redness in her nose and eyes. She'd feel even worse if a stranger had caught her crying. "Not used to being cooped up in a small space like that with so many people. Big family"

“Aww, yea. I get that. It’s just once a year though, right? You should go back with your family. You never know how many more years you’ll be able to have such an experience.”

“I don’t think I could anymore. I think, uh—wow, I think I just need a break from them.” There they came, the tears. She sniffled, but it was cold so it seemed the thing to do. “I think I need to figure out who I am now.”

“I understand. Sometimes, time apart will help you remember what you really love about someone, you know?” The woman walked alongside her, hands laced behind her back. Her breath puffed from her full, cherry lips as she spoke. Her voice carried slow but full through the air. “But even once you figure out who you are, your family will love you. And they love you now, before you even become all you will be. You seem smart, and I think you know that, so there must be another reason why you’re out alone. Mind telling me?”

The woman’s intuition was on the verge of clairvoyance. She was taking none of Olena’s attempts to smear the details of her life.

It sort of reminded her of Jersey. “You remind me of my friend. She’s got no patience for bull crap.”

“I see a lot of people with much better incentives to lie than you have. Trust me.” The woman took a few steps ahead, her tail of hair swishing cutely before she turned and started walking backwards. She seemed so childlike and carefree, perfectly composed to have a stranger bare her soul to her. “Trust me, you’ll feel better about venting everything the way it is. I can take it. And I don’t know you or your family, so the information is safe with me.”

So stupid. It could even be dangerous, what Olena was considering, but for reasons she just couldn’t understand she trusted the woman walking beside her. It seemed a person wanting something from her wouldn’t be so patient with their request. Someone looking to harm her would do so more quickly.

Plus, this woman just seemed too angelic, and deep inside—silly as it seemed—Olena had hoped that someone would show up to deliver her from her feelings. Maybe this was yet another Christmas miracle. She’d have to tell Jersey about it over cocoa and sex.

“My, uh, family has never seen me like this before; with these, before.” Without touching, she gestured to the vast space nearly two feet in front of her. “And all I did by showing up was embarrass myself in front of people I’ll have to deal with for the rest of my life. And all of it is the fault of some mysterious lady who came to town not too long ago who claims to have cast a magic spell on me that ruins my entire Holiday season. Seriously! I know it sounds bad, but it’s the truth.”

If she was skeptical of the explanation, the woman didn't show it. She continued to walk backward with her pleasant, dark eyes blinking slowly. "That's rough alright. I take it your family didn't take it well?"

"Stunned silence. I'm closest with my sister and even she couldn't say anything. She was the one I," Olena slowed to think, but figured she would plow through the entirety of her talk just to get it out of her mind. "I told her when I came out as bisexual. We're that close. And Thanksgiving I told her I was polyamorous. Both of those times she congratulated and hugged me, but all of a sudden my tits entered the picture and she went stock still; didn't have a thing to say."

The woman nodded, listening. "Badass sister you have. Guess you tripped her up a little with those, though," she said, tipping her chin at Olena's general proximity. "Trust me when I say I get that, dear. I've all but given up on having intelligent conversations with anyone smaller than a D cup—male or female. Large breasts like ours just have a way of stealing words."

"What's your name?" Olena asked to keep from watching the shape of the woman's chest become more and more apparent as she strolled and bounced. "And are you cursed like me?"

"I'm Janie. I work with a special holiday mission's program that feeds the homeless for the holidays. I'm an L cup and I'm not cursed, exactly."

"Exactly?"

"I too didn't become the size I wanted, but I'm very happy I get to be so huge. It's part of why I'm so special."

"But you can't have intelligent conversations," Olena pointed out. "And can't find clothes that don't embarrass you in front of your family." Janie offered a questionable expression, so Olena redirected. "Okay, maybe I'm projecting. But I'm sure you've had sleep problems and lower back pain."

Janie came to a stop so abrupt that Olena didn't react in time. Their shared marshmallow busts smooshed together; the boob equivalent of kissing. "I'm talking to you, aren't I?"

"T-true. . ." Olena stammered.

Damn, is this woman sexy. . .

"So then, we can have intelligent conversation. Like I said, you seem smart at the very least. Maybe girls our size are just destined to enjoy speaking together a lot? Who knows. I'll have to give our relationship more time before I can really judge that." Janie backed away of her own

accord which filled Olena with relief. "Nobody should be alone on Christmas Eve, though. C'mon. You can help me at the mission for as long as you like; take your mind off of things."

Getting out of herself and into a situation where she could be of some use to the less fortunate sure sounded like a good idea, so Olena started behind Janie.