

A Bookstore in Brighton

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What did she have that I didn't?

I entered an old bookstore and started to browse the romance section. Moving to a new city, the first thing on my to-do list was usually to find the dustiest shelf of books I could. There was a lot that a person could tell about a town by the selection of books in their used book sections. Political leanings, religious backgrounds, social expectations were all reflected in what items were donated to be resold. Titles like 'How to Start a Vegetable Garden with Minimal Effort' and 'Everything You Need to Know about Pubic Hair' spoke for themselves, too.

For people who required extra intel before diving into the social network of a new town—people like myself—book shopping was a telling and enjoyable experience.

This time was different, though.

An embarrassingly public rejection witnessed by people who I'd thought were going to be my new friends had me blitzing from the falafel shop on twelfth street, jogging twenty blocks without

stopping to the one other place in town that I knew: the bookstore. Before that, I'd thought a lot about relationships, specifically how I wanted one so badly and how moving to Brighton was a chance to experiment, hook up, and remake myself as an open, interesting girl with a lot to offer. Hopes dashed, I concluded that something about my introverted, bookish personality was still too obvious, and that no amount of putting myself out there was enough to put me on par with the legion of other pretty, professional, mid-twenties women that I'd encountered.

They had money, experience, attention and sex. Me showing up threatened that. And in a competition for those things, Amy from the office, with her above-average cup size, beat me and my C cups every single time.

Of course, it wasn't *just* cup size, but I couldn't keep my fists from clenching with rage and it was easy to project the indignant fury onto such a conspicuous discrepancy; to be pissed at a girl for having natural boobs twice the size of mine.

So, I used books to escape the pressures of social life, not unlike what I had done since the age of five. Becoming 'New Stephanie' would have to wait till my blood pressure went down.

Half an hour in, and three selections set to the side for personal consideration, I stumbled upon a skinny romance called "Growing Into Her Own". A woman with brunette hair and a pretty face popped off the hardback cover. Stuffed into her dress was the best looking pair of tits I'd ever seen—the used book prophecy of mine rang true, since I hadn't seen a single flat-chested girl in Brighton in my week of living here—overflowing a tiny slip gown, clearly alluring, and overly-developed.

What did she have that I didn't? Money, experience, attention, sex. . . and a *killer* pair of tits.

After having normalized, my blood pressure ascended again. *Damned tits*, I thought. *Seriously, what gives with the girls in this town. Who donated this junky book anyway?* And it was a trashy-looking read just based on the gratuitous, gaudy flavor text. Yet despite my initial dismissal of the text, I flipped through the first few pages, determined to find something incriminating about her stupid, rounded, fat boobs. I'd feel vindicated if someone in the book called out the girl on the cover for something stupid she did.

I speed read, blazing through the first chapter, taking a seat on a low bench right there in the book store. I wanted to experience what she did in detail; wanted to find her flaw as a character while feeding the jealous monster within me. Page after page, I scrutinized her exploits. The cover character had been flat chested her whole life, the image of purity at the beginning, but a curse gone wrong had inspired a magical surge of boob growth that had changed her life forever. It was everything I hated, wanted, and was unironically aroused by in a short, succinct book—which, in my current mood, ticked me off even further.

I read through it anyway.

It wasn't long before my posture made my own bra feel uncomfortable on me. I quickly adjusted myself and kept on reading, both envious and aroused at the depiction of a rampant and wild sex scene between the heroine and a complete stranger. The story made huge boobs sound amazing—made me want them so bad! In short form, it used breasts to invoke feminine power, sexual freedom, and esteem. I would have been sucked in entirely had it not been for my underwire pinching me back into my own body. As the book continued to develop the romance and sex further, I pulled on my bra strap, trying to situate myself so I could fully escape into the realm of fantasy.

It was like my tits were choosing now to stand out. Why couldn't they have done that earlier today at the falafel shop? Might have saved me some suffering. . .

I spent several pages just trying to ignore it. Like, if I stayed as still as possible, I wouldn't have to deal with the sensation of my boobs going one way and my bra going another. But just breathing evoked the feeling after so long, and me pulling my cups down to keep the tufts of underboobage from catching became quite the chore.

I even started to pace, holding the book in both hands as I read, trying the opposite approach. It worked a little, but it wasn't long before my arms got tired and the book had to sink lower and lower. Soon, my chest blocked the bottom of the pages, which was odd. My boobs were sizable. Not Brighton leagues of bodacious and yet not mosquito bites either. I could thank my smaller stature for helping what were average C cups fight in the same ring as D or double D's on many occasions. Even so, they'd never truly gotten in the way of anything. Nor had they ever felt so present in my bra. What was happening?

I marked my page with my thumb and closed the book over it. What was wrong with me? My body looked normal. My striped orange top fit me as it had this morning, as did my jeans and sneakers. There was no reason for me to feel so conscious of my body. Yet, standing there, I couldn't help but start picking at the tighter areas of my top; ribcage, collarbone, tummy, chest. I'd thought I could pull off this look; thought it was flirty and that I'd get some good attention as a result of it. Proudly walking out my door, I had believed that this uncharacteristically tight outfit, combined with wearing my hair down, would have won me a few brownie points with some of the cute locals. It hadn't.

That has to be it. I'm self-conscious about what happened. Still. Ugh!

Wishing that the hurt of it would leave so quickly wasn't realistic, though. And I didn't know what I could do to speed up the healing process. I gave the hem of my top a tug so it covered a little more of my belly and to my surprise my cleavage poked through the neckline. At first, I was tempted to make a fuss over it, but remembered that that urge to fuss was the part of my ego that remained bruised and wrote off my attention to my boobies.

“Just keep enjoying your book,” I told myself, flipping it open and returning to my spot on the nearby bench. “Wait. I’m not enjoying this. It’s research and a distraction. That’s all. Just one more little adjustment here and I can get started. . . Uh. *Whoa*—. . .” I said.

I held the book in my right hand while I pushed up my chest with my left. They were heavier than I remembered. Lines of tension were forming over the front and sides of my top. Suddenly, it was like my breath was stopping at my boobs.

Mind playing tricks on you. You’re grieving. Just read, Stephanie. Enjoy, erm, investigate. And ignore the urge to touch your boobs.

My focus was to flip through pages as fast as I could; skimming when necessary. A state of flow assisted by speeding the passage of time for what was probably twenty minutes. The plot came to a point where the main heroine was having another growth spurt after discovering the inner workings of the misfired magic curse. She exploited it, discovering that sensitivity grew in tandem with her size. At this point, the sex went crazy. She entertained four or five partners on rotation, male and female, ranging in age from a fresh eighteen year old to wealthy CEOs in their fifties. It was exhilarating and tiring to read, but mostly torturous because sexual descriptors were blasted liberally from the firehose of the author’s imagination and I, the reader, was in a public setting where nothing could be done about the smooth knot of pleasure cinching at the base of my spine.

Most impressive was how, after half a dozen encounters, the heroine left each partner sated. Her humongous, ever-growing jugs were enough to satisfy four or five lovers in a variety of ways—god, the ingenuity of the positions and actions. And yet, having all of that sexual dexterity, the melonous, breasty swells were not yet enough to satisfy their wielder.

Line after line described her lust for size; how being big and knowing she was the biggest around came with confidence and poise and acceptance. I couldn’t help but relate. Every page I turned, breezing through large percentages of the harlequin romance in a matter of minutes, I could feel the building pressure described in my own chest. My heart began to suffocate under a growing weight, as did my sense of urgency to get to the next paragraph, describing her growth. The character’s expansion had started with her being rather small before blossoming into a legendary L cup by this point in the book—I couldn’t fathom such a size! How huge would a girl have to get to sport an L cup bra? The question itself inspired fantasies and fancies that aroused and excited me.

“Hahh, *hahh*,” I started to pant. The fluorescent lights were hotter for whatever reason. I continued flipping through, careful to observe my surroundings, making sure others hadn’t appeared in the store with me, catching sight of me getting hot and bothered between the stacks.

Pressure mounted inside of me. I felt it grow warm, then hot, then reach a boiling point. I became aware of how much of my tummy was showing and how tight my top was getting. In my mind, I was right beside the woman in the book I was reading, ready to burst from the size of her tits alone.

“God, what if I could just be that big—that huge. Hahh, *hahhn*. . .I—I—. . .”

Ping!

I sat erect and let out a squeak. The sound came from behind me but the only thing behind me was a shelf of books. I looked around again, bending at my middle to see if there was anyone down either of the walkways around me. Nobody. Just me, alone, with a copy of “Growing Into Her Own”—the most fetish-heavy, untoward, taboo book I’d ever accidentally pulled from a shelf *anywhere*. In my moving, I felt something slipping under my shirt. This time, I jumped but didn’t make a noise. After the initial panic, I inspected and found that my bra was sagging on me.

Wh-what the heck was going on? My bra came off?

That was weird. How had I undone it just sitting there reading?

Was the book somehow cursed or jinxed or. . . haunted? Nah, that’s ridiculous. What sort of horny ghost lives in a book, anyway?

With no ghoulish company, I placed the book beside me. My boobs had been nothing but trouble today and I was more than ready to go home and dress in something more casual to rid myself of the concern. My hands went around my back to try to pinch my straps together. I found them under my shirt and ignored how hot my skin felt as I reached to secure the hook to the clasp. Again and again, I stretched myself. My bra wouldn’t fit. The strap was stubborn, unwilling to stretch to reach around my back. In fact, it felt like both hooks had been bent straight which explained that *ping!* but not what had caused this to happen in the first place.

As far as fit, my bras did run a little small. It was a preference. Feeling the extra support without full coverage was a way to balance security and freedom. But the way my boobs were stuffing my cups now was different. Tufts of my flesh, which I could feel with striking clarity, puffed up beneath my underwire and beside their basins. Looking through my shirt, I could see the plain outline of my boobies as they mashed together to try to fit inside my underwear as I pulled the straps together behind me, simulating how the bra *should* have fit.

It didn’t fit at all! The more I pulled on the straps, straightening my back, hoping that my boobs would cooperate and sit where they had sat for the majority of the day, the more frustration I got in return.

“The heck with it,” I said at last, then pulled my straps off my shoulders and pulled the pink bra out from the bottom hem of my shirt. It was a thin one, so I folded it and tucked it into the bag that I brought with me, noticing that it seemed like the tension had alleviated just a little but that my sense of being exposed was five times the usual amount. I was now braless in this book store.

“I should go home. What am I doing being all clingy over this book? It isn’t like I don’t have a shelf full of good books at home to read.” I stood as if to do just that, ditching the expanding heroine exactly where I’d left her. Except, I couldn’t just leave myself halfway. I’d made so much progress and was leaving in the middle of what was an awesome scene of the character’s breast engorgement.

I paused, heaved a sigh, and sat down with the book again.

The pages flew by. I willed myself to crank through the rest as quickly as possible, but soon found I had been absorbed by the fantasy yet again. No sooner than having flipped through three or four pages did the swelling sensation in my breasts resume. They made my breath shallow and I felt the rush of blood to my cheeks. Going braless was not such a great idea, I discovered, especially because now there was nothing to protect my skin from my shirt. For whatever reason, just reaching to turn the page was so exciting that I had to pause to compose myself after I was done.

“God. . . the hell, man?” I whispered, having torn through about thirty more pages before the sensation felt too good to continue. “I just feel so. . .”

Light-headed? Dizzy? *Turned on*. That was it. I needed a break because reading this book was actually making me want to drool. It was as much a reason to stop reading as it was to continue reading. . . which I decided to do after a short bit of respite without stimulation.

So much for me willing myself to charge to the end of the book. . .

It was at this moment, deciding to take my break, that I started to notice more pronounced changes.

I sat the book in my lap, pages down so I wouldn’t lose them. But then, I was having trouble seeing my lap. In fact, more and more of my lap was disappearing. I only really paid attention because it had been one of the key details in the book. The heroine looked down and noticed she couldn’t see any of her thigh anymore. And here I was, too, looking down at my thighs and seeing less and less of them. Instead, there was more and more flesh looking back up at me.

“The hell. . . What is. . . *Mmmn*, my breasts?”

I went for them with my hands, as I might pat my pocket to see if I'd remembered my phone when leaving the house. What were once decently-sized orbs were now much, much more. The weight as my hands tapped the bottoms of them surprised me, as did the zinging sensation of my nipples rubbing against the fabric of my shirt.

Speaking of, the orange shirt of mine seemed to have changed somehow. Even more of my stomach was showing. I could feel the cool air of the air-conditioned building rushing above my belly button. So much of the bottom part had ridden up. Then, there was the upper portion; the dipping U in my top. I could have sworn I wore more of a crew neck, but as I looked down, I didn't see very much of the orange material at all.

Instead, I saw tits.

I jumped again, just as I had from the ping from earlier—gosh, I was getting jumpy lately. Could I blame myself though? Absolutely not. Before me were boobs. Like, *boobs*. Enormous, jiggling mounds of flesh hanging—though more like standing—on my chest. The jump I'd done earlier had inspired them to move, wobbling seductively around in my shirt like children in a bouncy house. I couldn't believe how much skin I was showing. It embarrassed me first and foremost. But then, it also made me glow with a sort of pride.

“Th-There's no way they're real, right? R-Right? *Mmmn*,” I said.

My patting had been largely investigative. Now, I gently patted myself. My boobs were warm to the touch; smooth under my shirt and silkier as I touched the exposed portions. I could lose an entire finger in my cleavage, I noticed, as my boobs had grown to the size of honeydew melons. I was so inexperienced with chests this size that my instinct to touch them grew larger than anything else.

I reassessed just how much I had been missing out on by not being Brighton levels of busty once I had my full jugs in my grasp.

I felt the tingle in my boobs as my fingers sought to surround them. I felt the pride in being too big for my own hands, filling out my shirt, having my best assets in front of me. As I groped myself I felt a constant flutter in my stomach, confidence that had only come in the past from having half a beer with friends. It wasn't a stretch to say that touching my boobs made me a little drunk on them. There is a rhythm to it that, once found, is so addictive and hypnotic that I could have sat in that same spot, unmoving, just watching my nubby fingers moving around over my huge, new boobs and been perfectly content with it.

It was a risk, but I couldn't put up with groping myself over my shirt anymore. My thighs were grinding together, toes curling in my shoes. I needed more—suddenly, all I could think about was how my hands would feel when pressed against my swells with no barriers. Bra already done away with—out of necessity that I now thought was sorta hot; like, literal bra busting

hotness—I started to inch my hands up my thinning shirt. Every centimeter of motion came with anticipation built in, like edging out onto a frozen pond and seeing the cracks in the ice. I was about to break through to something. Those somethings were rising and falling seductively with my quickened breath.

“Hmm. . .” came a sound.

And I ripped my hands out of my shirt and picked up the book again.

I had forgotten to check my surroundings; too distracted. I searched. Came up with nothing. But it had certainly been a human sound I heard.

Unless I'm hallucinating. . .

Tricks of the mind would have also explained the sudden growth and ramp in sensitivity in my bubble boobs. Maybe there was some credence to it.

“Hmm. . . Ahh.”

No, no. I did have company. Of course there was someone else in the store with me, and in all of my attempts at being hazard conscious I hadn't considered her: the girl at the reception desk. She was doing inventory or something on her computer when I stumbled in. She hadn't greeted me and I had more or less used the signs to find my way around the store, never having to ask her any questions.

What I'd heard was her sighing, probably stretching from being seated too long. Nothing came after, too. No footsteps or shuffling or scratching of her chair across the hardwood flooring. Even though I couldn't see her, I could tell that she hadn't moved. At least, I hoped she hadn't moved.

A breath of relief cooled me down a little bit. “What the hell am I doing?” I asked myself. I was sitting in an old bookstore in the town I had just moved to, reading through a book about a girl whose boobs get bigger, thus transforming her entire life. Except, I wasn't just reading the book anymore. Sure, the book was open but I was the girl having her life changed. Suddenly, my chest was double its previous size. With said expansion came a sensitivity update too. Never before had I gotten pleasure from touching my boobs, and that pleasure hadn't activated some part of me that wanted to do so for hours and hours without stopping.

That same part of me was still in motion. It reminded me of what the receptionist looked like and wondered if she noticed me come in or if she would notice me now with tits that were way more pronounced than before. I wondered if she would like my chest like I did, or if she would be interested in knowing how I got them.

I looked down at the increased batch of tingles and noticed my nipples going rock hard at the thought.

Then, a devilish thought came to my head. “Does this book do this to everyone? O-Or just me? Wait. Is it really the book doing it to me?”

I couldn’t exactly tell. Thinking back, it was while I was reading it that I started to feel uncomfortable. It was in the midst of her expansion scenes that I myself felt my bra failing, coming off of me with a snap.

Testing, I started to flip the pages of the book as I might riffle through any book of similar size. I wanted to get a feel for the pages, subconsciously remembering my place in the book for later reference. Expecting something to happen, I did so again after the first time, leafing through page after page like I was hunting for something specific.

Nothing happened. My chest contained the same amount of warm, tingly bubbles as before. I monitored them closely—both because they were *very* nice to look at, and because I wanted to be sure to catch any amount of change—and came up short.

“Okay then, so what about this?”

Next, I started to skim, just flecking my eyes over the text starting at the beginning. The scenes I vividly remembered went even faster as I breezed through each and every page like I might cram for an exam I’d forgotten about.

That had a lingering effect. It was like my body’s temperature started to rise as familiar images and words flashed in my head, evoking my memory. But there was no growth to be had. I may have used skimming as enough sensation to masturbate to, but not enough to change me as I’d been changed up until now.

That left reading. “Okay then. Page 128.” I turned back to where I was, describing a scene of the main protagonist walking down a familiar street and painting a picture of the effect of her tremendous titties on the people passing by. Everyone from the oldest man to the youngest little girl admired her. Her reflections in the windows of the building framed her busty visage. Traffic lights were hotspots as everyone in cars stalled in front of the changing light to see her as she crossed the street, letting her pass out of false courtesy. She knew what they wanted to look at and thanked them by adding an extra spring in her step, all but having a nip slip as a result to reward their flattering interest in her swinging mammaries.

The thrill of having that much fun and confidence in her body was everything I had been feeling jealous of all along.

I was done with ten or so pages before I realized that I had been reading for a purpose. I paused at the break between chapters and checked out my body. Like a kid on Christmas, I examined my presents and found that, while they still felt amazing against me, they hadn't changed. Hope leaked out of me. Maybe I had done something wrong? Maybe knowing that they were supposed to react was part of why they wouldn't react to me reading anymore. I'd spoiled myself of the ignorant fun of a free boob job and now I'd ruined it.

It was like being cool or confident in an actual public setting. I cared too much about if what I was doing was working and, as a result, it didn't. I just looked awkward.

"Too good to be true. . ." I huffed, disappointed. "I just wanted to see if I could get a little b-bigger. . . *Whoa.*"

There. That sensation. That feeling of being filled, floating like soda bubbles from my core to my boobs, swashing behind my nipples.

As I looked on, I got to see them growing. My boobs, the ones blooming out of my chest like rockets, were on the move again. It was a steady, slow thing, this growth. It may have taken the span of about five minutes or so and maybe I went up about a cup size. But I could tell they were growing. My shirt was stretching. Their size went fuller and fuller on me, filling any extra space on my body. This growth, in particular, was just enough so that boob flesh began to pile up and peek over the lip of my shirt, doubling up in a quadboob effect. At the same time, the dip in my shirt began to lower. It was part of the magic too! My shirt had begun as a crew neck and was well on its way to being a date night top, top plunging even lower so that my tits wouldn't threaten another clothing mishap.

"H-*Hahhn*, man. *Ahhm*, God that feeling." Somehow, I was blind to it before; numb to myself and the unique sensation of the stretching of new skin and the addition of new weight. Now, I felt those things and more in earnest. They made me squirm about in my seat. I was so big now that just squeezing my elbows toward each other was enough to feel my boobs press together, kissing one another, rubbing their flesh over and around and under each other in my teeny little top.

They were expanding. My chest grew larger and larger with each breath. Again, nothing stark or amazing as I'd only read a small bit of the book before looking, but I could tell from the intensity that me reading had done the trick. I wasn't just feeling good for being huge anymore. I felt good because I was inflating. Growth was the secret to reaching my personal bliss.

It was like discovering buried treasure. I'd discovered something so magical—literally. Reading this book would make me huge.

And read I did.

I no longer wanted to leave the store, gripped by shame and jealousy and negativity. I no longer was looking to escape where I was. For the first time in a long time, I wanted to just be me, in the present moment, reading a book that I enjoyed. I didn't hate the woman on the cover anymore. After all, that woman was me in a way.

So I read and read, digesting each word and sentence and paragraph, learning how they were put together so that I could recall them later; making notes of my favorite descriptions and scenes. This time, instead of examining every few pages, I would let a chapter go by before I took a break to check out how my body was coming.

It was hard doing. I started to moan, unable to hold back how my boobs made me feel. They were so hot; made me unbearably horny. They grew and grew, inch by inch, pulling my shirt in all directions around them so that there were wrinkles at the front and along the weakened sides. During one growth fit, I sat the book down, so sad to be nearing the end, and gave myself some mindful squeezes. I was even bigger than the last time I'd pulled on them, and my hands were even smaller by comparison. That realization, in and of itself, was enough to push me to my greatest sexual heights. My core roared to life. My pussy called to be touched and I, throwing abandon to the wind, unbuttoned the first button of my jeans. I had been smaller just a few minutes ago. Now, I was bigger and my hands couldn't even hope to contain me. It was like I had the breasts of a woman who weighed fifty pounds more than me.

These tits, these melons, they were mine. And they weren't done expanding for me just yet.

I sat there, legs wide as one hand worked fingers down the front of my jeans. My other hand worked my titty. Its weight sloshed around in my top like mad, growing all the grander and heavier as the seconds ticked by. My nipples raged for attention, so hard and sharp they looked like they might tear through my top at any moment. At last, the V of my shirt dipped deep enough for me to feel confident in fishing one of my titties out. The left was the lucky one, breaching in the air before smacking my ribcage when it fell. My boob was so much bigger than my head and perfectly pink. It looked delicious.

No thought, just action. My nipple came up and I sucked it into my mouth. My pussy lips gripped around my finger immediately, motivated by the pleasure. My tits had never been so sensitive before; they'd never brought me so much bodily satisfaction before. To think that my body was hiding these feelings from me—these moans, this lusty, fleshy smell, and this experience of self-sufficiency—was so ludicrous. How had such a book just been sitting on a shelf if it did all of this? Maybe the book had been meant for me to find it—I had been born a busty girl in an average girl's body, then.

It felt so good to be in the body I deserved.

I worshipped my expanding form, finding a love for myself as I might lust for the body of any other woman. I could have gone for a girl or guy romantically, but that scale was tipping much,

much further into the female category. How could I turn down a woman anymore knowing that they could appreciate these hulking, body dwarfing tits of mine? How could I deny myself the opportunity to lust after yet another pair of boobs?

I lusted for my own tits, lusted for the ones I read about—the main heroine had reached her optimal size, and had built a life for herself that conformed to the beauty that so few people really appreciated—and now I wanted more.

Charging through the rest of the book, I read over the ‘about the author section’ and found it wanting. There wasn’t a portrait of the woman who I imagined would pen the piece. There wasn’t a picture at all. At the end was a descriptive excerpt about the author and her inspirations.

Worse, though, to my disappointment, there were no more books in the series. This one book marked the end of the road for myself and this amazing author. . . for now.

“She’s gotta have more stuff. Has to. . .” I thought outloud. “A-And I’ll find it. I’ll find it so that I can—. . . Ooo, *mnn*. Yea, right *there*. . .”

My pussy was so wet just thinking about a trilogy of books just like this one; stories of other busty characters in other universes swelling so huge and helping me swell as well. My tits could fit in my lap comfortably at this point with just a slight lean forward. I was enormous, my shirt serving more like a sling for my delicious, gigantic mammaries than anything else.

Determined, I hefted my boobs up again and began to suck my lengthening nipples, coating each of them in kisses and saliva and gnawing them gently till the anxiety of book lust went away. I escaped into my own body this time, even though I swore on my new boobs that I would find who it was that wrote a magic book that made the reader grow four or five times their original size.

I sucked and sucked, stuffing my cheeks with the plenteous quantities of my own titflesh. There was so much love to give boobs of my size; so many areas to explore with my mouth and hands, and favorites that I had already made in just the few minutes since I’d been there, ministering to myself. I looked forward to the time I would spend at home, alone, and the times I would get to spend in public as the main character of the book had.

It was this sucking and the catch up growth I experienced from finishing the book, that eventually sent me shivering into a full-body flow of ferocious bliss. It was a storm inside of me that raised me to a level where I felt I couldn’t be touched by plaguing insecurities ever again. All the squishy, soft goodness to be found in my new frame comforted me. My identity as a reader who found the most priceless goods in the deepest, darkest corners of bookstores strengthened me.

I was so proud of the woman I was, even if that woman was masturbating in the back of a bookstore with boobs that could replace beach balls as far as huge, round playthings.

“Ahh, *ahh* man. *Mmn*, that felt amazing,” I sighed, still vibrating from the peace that had overtaken my body. I didn’t think I would ever come down fully, and that made me happiest of all.

Then, as I looked out of the end of the aisle where I’d first started my search through the romance section, I saw her.

Almond hair with matching skin. A knowing, but an innocence too, hiding behind coke bottle glasses and a shocked, circular mouth.

It was the assistant at the front desk; the one who hadn’t noticed me when I came in. She noticed me now—could do nothing but notice the stacked brunette sitting on bench at the end of a stack of books, stroking her pussy with her jeans open and boobs out.

This time, I really noticed her too, though. There was an appreciation for her form that hadn’t been there before, and I suddenly had a wealth of amazing ideas about what I wanted to do with her. Instead of making me nervous, though, they just excited me. I thought about how great it would be to share the new woman I was with her as my partner.

I stood, a little wobbly but able to giggle about that fact. As I rose, my chest followed behind me. Gosh, were they heavy. They slung like weights below me for a long while before I could fill myself with the oxygen and the strength to erect my back. When I did, they went off like bombs. They were mammoth in size and clearly the center of the space I was in. I commanded it. Even if it was just me and one other person, I felt myself so large and dominant in the space that I could think of little else to do than smile and roll my shoulders back.

Looking down, I couldn’t see my feet or a fair share of the floor in front of me. For more than a foot in front of my person, all there seemed to be was my soft, waiting flesh. They never seemed to come to a complete halt, so most of my view from above was wobbling, jiggling, bouncing, sloshing flesh, all but pleading to resume what I had just finished.

I was instantly turned on by myself. Crazy experience, but not unwelcome.

“Uh, hey there,” I said, raising my arm. My hand brushed my boob and I felt the urge to drool as it bobbed around in response. I waved at her.

She didn’t seem to be paying attention to civil introductions. “Umm. Oh-Oh. . .”

“They’re nice, right?” I said, cutting to the meat of the matter. I felt bold and like I could say no wrong. “A little intimidating?”

“D-Did you come into the store earlier? Was that you? I-I didn’t notice that you. . .”

“Had the biggest boobs you’d ever seen?”

The girl was quiet, finding my eyes as I said it. I waited for her to cut tail and run or just make a break with reality and go mad. What was before her, between us, was something neither she nor any other girl would have been prepared to witness.

But then, she didn’t do any of those things. She took a step into the aisle. Then, she took another. “Are they real?”

“Very.” I took a step too, coming closer. “But I can understand if you’d like to touch them just to make sure.”

“You sure?”

“I’d be lying if I said that I hadn’t already been thinking about you touching them. It’s part of what inspired that, well, that *relaxation* session.”

The girl looked like I might bite her, but came in close when I went still and slowly extended her hand, touching a naked spot about six inches south of my collar bone. Her hand depressed my skin, flesh bubbling up between her fingers instantly. She smiled at the feeling, then realized I was watching and straightened herself up a bit.

“I’m at work, I shouldn’t be doing this. Would you like that one?” she pulled away, gesturing to the magic book that lay closed on the bench behind me.

I turned, smacking my tits into a bookshelf so that the precariously arranged volumes jostled in their places. None fell, thank goodness, but even if they had, there was a fair amount of cushion protecting most of my body now. My boobs, at their lowest, eclipsed my hips entirely.

“Why yes,” I said, at last. “I’ll be taking it. And any others that you have of that collection would be great.”

“Don’t know if we do or not. I-I need to check my computer to see. I’ll just meet you at the front desk.”

“Wait.”

I asked that she stay when she went nervously away, but the way she spun around—like her tail would be wagging if she had one—told me she had only been overwhelmed with emotion and was happy to hear that I still wanted her around.

“Yes?” she asked, sugar sweet. “C-Can I help you with anything else?”

I thought on it for a moment, then turned to get the book. As I brought it to her, I made to hand it off, but then tucked it between my boobs, making it disappear all together.

“Whoops. Silly me, I must’ve lost it. And it was such a good book too—you’d love it. Is there a way that you could help me find where I misplaced it? I know it’s somewhere around here. . .” I started to massage myself, cleavage bulging up high enough for me to motorboat myself. I settled on kissing my bulging flesh instead, inviting the lovely assistant for a closer look.

“I-I shouldn’t. . .”

“It won’t take long. Just a few minutes and I’m sure we’ll find it. Then, later on, maybe we can get better acquainted. Maybe tonight when you get off from work?”

As I spoke, I was looking at her body. She had a great hourglass figure and I wondered what it would feel like wrapped around my girls. The same way my nipples hardened at the thought of her earlier, they repeated. Except now my nipples were the length of a palm and thick as bottle caps. There was nothing subtle about them, especially what their alertness was meant to insinuate.

“I-I’d love to. I just. . . I can’t believe you’d just choose me like that. People usually don’t notice me. . .”

I felt my heart pang with that and crossed the distance between us in just a few steps. I made good on my imagination and hugged her close, sure to wrap her in the velvety canyon of my cleavage. There was so much of me that I was sure she didn’t even feel the hard spine of the book tucked near my heart. The embrace was just enough to comfort and more than enough to get the cute little brunette squeezing whatever flesh she could reach with greedy hands.

“Trust me, I understand that completely. It’s hard to believe, but I know exactly what that feels like.”

“You do?”

I nodded, offering a sad half-smile. “But there’s always hope. I’ve got something I want you to read. . . tonight.”

“At six,” she replied, blushing. “Don’t forget.”

“I would never forget you,” I offered.

She hugged me tight, arms wrapped around my beach balls. “I couldn’t forget a woman like you either.”