

Haunted H-Cups

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Sam was a girl like many others; she would stay like that for a few more hours.

She smiled taking in the panorama. First day of camping with her best friend – high school was over and they had their entire lives in front of them. A small satisfied sigh escaped her lips as she contemplated the beautiful valley leading all the way from the tired backs of the mountains to the hills to the sea. Many girls like her must lay in the sun, cooking their skin raw while they waited for a long night of partying and booze, but this was nothing like Sam (short for Samantha, as her mother never had the best taste with names).

“Can you please turn it down with the happiness?” Lisa asked behind her. “Leave some for the rest of us, will you?”

“Oh, I thought you wanted to come as well, but sorry for putting you in a box and spiriting you away in a decent place for once,” she jokingly retorted.

Lisa scoffed, crouched and took another picture of the surrounding woodlands. They had set up camp in a secluded spot Sam had visited with one of her boyfriends two years prior and now staying there with Lisa was a way to paint over the bittersweet memories.

The summer night promised to be clear and warm. Her eyes moved to the small telescope she and Lisa mounted right in the middle of the

clearing, together with their barbecue and their tent. It was going to be a great night! The best ever.

"I wouldn't mind some more company next time, though," Lisa said, standing up. "This place is supposed to be haunted, you know?"

"Haunted? That's ridiculous."

"Yes, I have heard about an accident taking place here a few years ago," she pointed at the cliffs around them, the road flowing over their profile like a discarded snakeskin. "A car fell out of the road and tumbled down through the trees. The girl died but the man survived for some reason."

"Hmmm..." Sam felt a tiny bit of apprehension creep up her spine but when she looked at the tree line she saw nothing that pointed at a car rolling down the hillside. If it did, some of the trees would be bent or broken. Maybe it was just an urban legend meant to scare people off. "What's this, are you getting ready to tell me ghost stories all night?"

"Maybe if that helped you get off your ass, for once..."

"Hey, I keep in shape! I do a lot of jogging!"

"You ought to go to the gym a lot more. Keep in shape!"

"Excuse me, I am not blessed like you are," she said pointing at her tits.

"Oh, you are always obsessed with the size of your breasts, grow up..."

But it was true that compared to Lisa, Sam was a bit of a ugly ducking. Her redhead friend was a bit of a stunner with her full C-cups breasts, spilling out of her pink tank top, her trim waist and flaring hips, her long legs barely covered by her jeans shorts. Lisa was a knockout, especially when she took the time to draw out her deep hazel eyes with a bit of smoky mascara. When the two of them took a walk, Sam was like an afterthought to the dozens of boys (and men!) who turned their head to look at her friend.

Compared to her, she did not look like anything remarkable. She was comfortable in her trousers and checkered shirt, but she had to admit that her wavy blonde hair might use a bit of trimming, as could her eyebrows. Lisa always complimented her olive eyes, but she never got the time or interest to draw them out with a bit of makeup, nor did she take care of her thin lips.

Also, she was a bit pudgy here and there – the results of not setting a foot in a gym since she used to be a kid. Lisa had the luck of sporting her comparably large rack together with a trim figure.

They were a bit like the sun and the moon, hm...

“Oh well...” Sam said, mostly to herself, “time to have some fun and stop thinking about it.”

“Sure thing. You get the meat ready and I start the fire?”

“Aye aye Captain!” Sam agreed.

The rest of the afternoon and evening proceeded without incident, except when Sam tripped and threw an entire plate of sausages onto the grass, but thankfully they just put them back on the barbecue for a bit and in the end it was no big deal.

The two friends kept chatting about their future between a bite and the next. Lisa would probably skin college and try to find a job at once, while Sam really wanted to get into university, maybe math or even astronomy... she really liked to look up at the night sky and maybe studying it would be a good compliment to her interests.

“Gotta be hard, but you can do it,” Lisa said when she shared her idea.

“Thanks... I... I think I will.”

So encouraged, the two friends started to get ready for the big event, a night of start shooting. They pointed the telescope and their cameras up and began to take pic after pic. Sam smiled looking at Lisa – her friend was much more of a party girl than she was, but she still shared genuine interests with her. If she went to college, she would miss her a great deal...

Still, it wouldn't be *bad* to get a little mor up top in the following years. They said girls did not stop growing in the chest until they were in their mid-twenties, so maybe she could still get a bit of leverage from that...?

She sighed. It was probably just wishful thinking.

Then she turned her head up to take shoots at the moon. It was mostly covered by the tree line though, so she moved a little bit to the left, then a little more and before she had realized it, when she finally found a good spot she had left the camp behind.

“Crap,” she said putting the camera down, “I hope I can find Lisa again.”

She was a bit scared of the night, though it was still very bright for being in the middle of the woods and it was a safe summer night. She stumbled through the bushes, cursing softly at her absent mind.

Then her shin hit something hard.

“Ow...” she hissed, nursing her offended leg. It did not look like a root or a tree trunk. Too hard. She took out her phone and it cast a cone of light over the carcass of an old car. Between the moss and the rust one could still see the glimpse of white paint, the skeletal remains of the turning wheel and old cables sticking out like spilled intestines.

Lisa’s words came back to her. These woods were supposed to be haunted... and only the guy had survived the accident. Would she find a ghostly visage looking at her at any moment?

“Spooky as fuck,” she said walking away from the car.

Gee, thanks.

She froze.

It was a faint voice that spoke to her. It seemed to come close to her ear, but the echoes dropped off in the distance.

“W-Who’s there? If it’s some kind of joke I’m armed!”

In the sense she had all her limbs but hey, it might scare off the people trying to prank her.

It wasn’t Lisa’s voice though. Not by a long shot. It was lower and smokier, almost seductive.

Calm down cutie. I’m just curious about getting a visitor, that’s all.

Again that voice. She had to run away, it would have been the best thing to do but... she was rooted in place, unable to move. Something about the voice kept her stiff like a log.

Hey, do you have a lighter? I didn’t enjoy a cigarette in a lifetime!

The voice let out a hollow laughter. Slowly, from the passenger seat of the car appeared a translucent shape, rising through the car. First a long mane of wavy hair, then two bright eyes and a pouty, thick-lipped mouth, curled in a sneer. The rest followed: the apparition – a girl – sported a thin tank top strained by her heavy, spherical breasts. A pair of big silicone implants as large as her head put those stitches to the breaking point. The top clearly showcased her abs and thick hips, coated by a very thin pencil skirt. She looked like a hooker, and the cheap kind at that.

Not the kind of apparition Sam wanted anything to do, in this life or the next.

Her camera slipped off her fingers and fell on the ground, forgotten.

Her eyes roamed the surface of her bust, sticking out like a pair of wrecking balls. When the ghost leaned forward her arms brushed against those huge orbs, making them jiggle a bit, but only a bit, as if the phantom silicone inside them kept them stiff and heavy and inflated even in the afterlife.

"S-sorry, I don't smoke," Sam replied taking a step back. The ghost quirked a perfectly-made eyebrow.

How can you not? Like, I really used to have an oral fixation, you know. If it wasn't a cig I would really need something else to put in my mouth... a big cock or two... that was what caused me to end up like this, you know...

"Really?"

Yes! Unbelievable... you'd think some guys would pay attention to the road even when you are blowing them off... heh I take it as a compliment. I used to be great at sucking cock! A waste, really.

"I'm sure. Uh..." Sam's eyes trailed once again towards her boobs. They were just so... out there, even for a ghost. To think someone would get implants like that was ridiculous. They really seemed bothersome and silly.

Looking at the merchandise?

The girl stretched, displaying her prized orbs filling her top to capacity.

Best investment I ever did. I'm sure you are all jealous and shit, not worry I get that a lot.

Sam's mind went back to her thoughts about Lisa's chest and her own tiny mosquito bites... but she refused to back down.

"I'm not!"

Yeah sure. Flattie.

"At least I don't have those... those *ridiculous* fake tits!"

The ghost's face darkened. She didn't stop giving off that milky light, but the stiff curve of her mouth showed she was really pissed off.

These babies were bought and paid for and if it wasn't for that prick falling off the cliff I would have had a great career on stage, flattie!

"W-Well..." it was quite stupid arguing with a ghost, especially over the size of her boobs, but her words hurt and she crossed her arms over her

chest, as if to cover it from the insults coming from the phantom stripper. “When I will be a famous scientist nobody will care about the size of my tits. It’s the size of the brain that matters anyway!” She retorted with one of her favorite comebacks, though one she did not really believe.

The ghost floated through the car. Her oversized rack wobbled slightly with each step – now that she stood outside she revealed the high heels she wore when she died, which, together with her longer legs, made her stand a good head taller than Sam.

I did not plan on doing anything to you, but you’re insulting my girls... and also look at you, young and supple. All thing considered this might be my lucky day.

“What do you... mean... whoa!” Sam yowled as the phantom passed right through her – she felt a momentary sensation of freezing and when she tried to bolt away from the ghost and her ridiculous store-bought boobs she found that she couldn’t.

She was frozen in place and not by fear now.

Slowly the specter reappeared behind her. It pressed its body against her back and for the first time she felt *pressure*... those two huge boobs pushing behind her.

Yes, I think you will do just fine my dear.

“Just fine for whaaaaa-!” She screamed as the ghost pushed right into her body. It was such an odd feeling, like being pushed under a jet of freezing water, the spirit was entering her flesh, it was... possessing her.

But she wouldn’t go down without a fight.

“Get out of here! Leave me alone you stupid... boobs!”

Sam gathered her mental strength and tried to push her away. She did *not* want this and she wouldn’t let her life go to waste just so this ghost could enjoy a cock or two. She had her own dreams and hopes to fulfil, not her cup size to inflate.

Smart, aren’t we? Then how about this, you cheeky brat!

“What... are... you...” she groaned as the cold feeling crept up from her neck to her brain. Then it slowly warmed up until it felt like her skull was filling up sticky cotton candy, pushing all her thoughts away and leaving only a floaty, warm sensation behind, like the ghost was slowly massaging her brain, kneading it into a pliant pile of happy goo.

Shivers of pleasure ran through her body, distracting her from the mental assault.

Her nipples stiffened and invisible fingers rose to brush against them.

“Aaahh...”

Good girl. Time to set your priorities straight. I saw how you looked at my big boobs before. And look here... there's this friend of yours... Lisa? Nice rack, for a natural gal.

“Nooo... nooo... get out of my... head...”

Are you sure? What if I do this?

The cotton candy expanded. Inside her brain and pushing against her skull... warm and relaxing... so soft and alluring. For the first time in her life Sam knew how it felt to just float away with the feelings of her body and leaving all worries behind. And as she had never experienced such bliss before, she had no defenses against it... against the ghost kneading her thoughts into the malleable pile of goof they were quickly turning into, giving them the shape she desired, making her soon-to-be new body a little more... homely. A little more compatible with the stripper's values.

And as the cotton candy inside her brain sucked up all of her thoughts, dreams and ambitions, Sam felt emptier and emptier, her mind reduced to a floating mess of scattered memories, most of them sounding farther and farther from the bliss that was quickly spreading through her body. She felt like being slowly submerged in a huge jar of warm honey, covering her body in pleasant bliss. A dark spot appeared over her trousers where her pussy was rapidly becoming wetter than it had ever been in her life.

Too much stuff here. What's this, astronomy? Yuck, so boring! Into the trash it goes!

Sam felt a little jolt of pleasure as more and more of her memories and dreams were destroyed by the ghost's hand. Her passion for math and stars sniffed out like the light of a candle, together with her high intellect which was rapidly plummeting.

That's better. Now, let's do something about your fashion sense.. first things first, these flat boobs will not do. You just can't compete.

“I can't... compete...” obediently repeated Sam, by now completely lost in the haze. Her eyes turned glassy under the faint light of the ghost, still pressing against her body, and now inside her for about half.

Right. After all, you have always wanted big boobs, right? I know I always did!

"I... uh..." Some scattered parts of her old mind tried to fight back for control. Yes, she had been jealous of Lisa... but... to become like that... like that skank... she didn't...

You have always wanted big boobs. Repeat.

"I have always wanted big boobs," Sam whispered.

Again.

"I have always wanted big boobs." Now with a hint of heartfelt desire.

Like you mean it!

"I have... *always*... wanted big boobs," she sighed, her hands roaming over her flat chest. What a disappointment! She remembered now, looking down at her breasts and wishing for them to grow. She had only put up with Lisa so far because she wanted to take a good look at her tits and imagine having such a big rack.

That's better... but you aren't after any saggy natural boobs, are you? What you want is these! A nice big pair of silicone tits! Guaranteed to attract the most looks... and the biggest cocks!

That was such an alien thought to Sam that it took a bit to worm inside her brain and root into place. But when it did, the girl licked her lips in eagerness.

"Yes... big... fake tits. I have always wanted... needed..."

Exactly. So how about we go have some fun, you and I?

"Yes... please..." Sam agreed, though she did not really know what she was agreeing to. Not that it would soon matter anyway.

The ghost began to slide completely inside her, pushing its ectoplasmic essence inside Sam's nubile body. The young girl cooed and groaned as the ghost did its damn best to try and fit in, but there was just too much slutty essence to snug comfortably inside her skin.

Something had to give.

And as her pussy gushed and the dark spot on her pants spread all over her crotch and her nipples hardened like diamonds and her eyes rolled back in her head, something began to give indeed.

"T-Tits..." she moaned, roaming her fingers all over her chest. She felt it. A pinch of heat, focused on her nipples and then slowly spreading all over her chest, growing and intensified as if something was being

pushed into her tits from behind... and then with a *pop* her breasts began to slowly inflate.

Just a bit at first, with new fat conjured by the malevolent will of that slutty spirit. Then a cool pinch as something inorganic took form under her skin – svelte implants rapidly filling with excited ectoplasm.

“Ohhhh!” She yowled as they inflated bit by bit with ach breath. They grew to the size of apples when they started to strain her bra – quickly spilling over her meagre B cups and ripping through the flimsy material, her tits quickly running down the alphabet as her conjured implants grew in size and importance.

Sam tilted her back as they grew heavier and heavier – her shirt burst with creamy skin and one by one buttons popped out into the night, each of them greeting a new cup size added to her bustline. D! DD! E!

F!

When she reached a G-cup all that remained of her shirt was a tattered remain, her bra just a memory and her new and perfected boobs wobbled softly in the night air, perfectly round and spherical, as to let no doubt over their ghostly – and previously manmade – origin.

Almost there... it's so tight here, even with all that empty space in your head!

The ghost stripper huffed and puffed trying to fit inside her but there was just really too much slutty specter to fit in so Sam's body had to respond in other ways.

First things first, her tits added one more cup size, rounding to be almost as big as her head, softly brushing against each other and against her forearms, protruding out of her chest like a pair of wrecking balls.

Then her lips began to pucker up – not outrageously, but she lost her natural cupid bow into a smooth shape that spoke of fillers, until both her upper and lower lip were as thick as her thumb.

Her nose also slimmed into an elegant, doll-like shape that highlighted her widening eyes. Whatever sharpness might remain behind them evaporated, leaving her with bright green, innocent eyes that quickly darkened into a lust-filled, triumphant gaze. Mascara appeared around them, highlighting her newly-found sultriness.

Then the changes spread down her body. Sam's waist shrunk and whatever pudginess she might have previously had migrated to her hips,

while her belly sucked in, showing a faint line of abs, just to highlight how much her straining tits came from an implant and not from her real flesh, living or ghost as it might be.

Her butt firmed up, giving her a nice rounded profile, then it filled even more, turning rounder and wider, showing that Sam's tits were not able to hold all that need for slutty fakeness and something else had to carry it. She was left with a spherical bubble butt that while it could not really balance out her overbearing chest, nevertheless it looked nice enough to give her figure a bit more steadiness.

Then the changes spread to her legs as they stretched, leaving her with long, luscious legs. As a last touch, her toes and fingernails grew, coated with a garish red color.

And finally, Sam grinned and passed her studded tongue over her bee-stung lips, savoring her rebirth.

"In fact, you know what? Sam is kind of a boring name." She said with her new sultry, throaty voice, snapped her fingers. "*Sin* is a much better one. Sounds good as a stage name. I love it!"

The newly-christened Sin roamed her hands all over her body.

"Oooh, lovely. These are so firm! A little smaller than they used to be, but at least some of it went where it matters..." her hands went down to knead her firm enhanced buttocks. "Nice. I never thought about this back then... can't wait to shake this booty all over the club!"

Then a memory surfaced. It belonged to Sam of old, but Sin had a much better use for it.

"But what of little old Lisa... the poor girl will be shocked to see me..."

Then the grin widened.

"I might just have the right thing for her..."

She found her still sitting around the campfire. Lisa was looking up at the night sky and turned to look at her when Sin came back from her little life-changing trip.

“Sam? Took your sweet ti-iiiiih!” She shrieked seeing her enhanced, and much improved shape. “You’re half-naked! What happened to you? Your boobs are huge! And your lips... and your ass... are you really Sam?”

“Of course it’s me,” she replied on a slow prowl that carried her closer and closer to her previous best friend in the world. And now... “But I answer to a different name now... Sam is just so boring. Not to mention Samantha. Yuck!” She pretended to gag as she pushed her inflated chest against Lisa’s much smaller and natural boobs, squashing them without mercy.

“Sam... what are you talking about? We must bring you to a hospital... are you on drugs?”

“No drug can ever feel as good as these,” she replied grabbing Lisa’s hands and pushing them against her fake tits. “See? Grope them all you like, you have earned a little touch after all!”

“These are... implants? So firm! Sam, what happened...?”

“I told you it’s Sin! I’m not this Sam girl anymore.”

“No this cannot be... whoever you are, give me back my friend!” She withdrew her hands and caught her shoulders in a vice, freezing her in place. “Now you are going to bring me back to Sam, and youuuuhhm...” Lisa’s eyes went wide and then took on a glass-like sheen as Sin grinned.

“Poor girl. I gave you a chance to help me willingly but I guess we have to do a little bit of... cleaning upstairs. Move a few things around...” Sin whispered. Lisa couldn’t see them but thin strands of ectoplasmic power extended from behind Sin and pushed deep through Lisa’s ears and into her soft, pliant brain. It was a trick Sin would have not been able to do ten years prior, but being left alone in that stupid forest for so long had given her many a chance to improve her abilities.

“Hhhnnnmgrblr...” Lisa groaned, unable to form any intelligible thoughts. Her hands dropped to her sides and she stood there with a thin line of drool falling down her mouth while Sin prodded the insides of her mind.

“There’s really too much stuff here... oh you wanted to go to trade school... beauty school even? Well girl for a natural you are talented, I must give you that. But you’re not nearly hot enough nor horny enough to enjoy my company, so how about...” An evil grin spread on her puffed-up lips as the ectoplasm tentacles raised to the call, kneading Lisa’s brain into a more useful form, shifting her thoughts and memories.

“That’s right... we are going to make sure you are too excited to think so we’re going to make you bisexual... not a lesbian because I still want you to enjoy sucking cocks, but surely now you will be unable to resist any pretty girl!”

Lisa blushed as her sexual preferences were changed irreversibly. The part of her mind that could still perceive a knockout such as Sin standing right in front of her picked it up and her nipples stood out at attention right away. A dark patch appeared over her shorts as her pussy followed.

“And just to make sure, let’s also make it so you can’t resist a nice pair of fake tits like mine... let’s push that fetish up to eleven!” Sin cackled madly. Lisa’s eyes rolled back as her proprieties were further changed and warped. All she could think about now was the fact she had just touched the best fake titties in her entire life, and the most plastic girl she had ever seen was standing at arm’s reach and she was such a silly girl thinking about Sam when that pair of perfect boobs was just sooo enticingly close...

“Heh. I thought you would put up a bit more of a fight. I suppose you’ve always been a bit of dyke... you skank!” Sin snickered, withdrawing her tentacles. Lisa stumbled back, steadied herself and her eyes focused again, training immediately on Sin’s boobs. For good measure she made sure to lean back a bit, just to show them off to the best of her ability.

“Tits...” was all that came out of Lisa’s modified mind. “Big fake tits!”

“That’s right... the best tits for a stripper like me!” Sin replied, swatting away Lisa’s eager fingers. “But if you want to touch them again you will have to do a few things for me. Understood?”

A glimpse of old Lisa seemed to flicker on for a moment, to fight, to remember her friendship with Sam and refuse to be bent like that out of the sheer maliciousness of this spirit.

Then Sin slapped her pneumatic chest, which wobbled only slightly and she creamed her panties.

“Yes! Yes please let me touch them! Please I will do anything! I will call you all you want!”

“Good girl,” Sin replied. “Get our stuff into the car. We’re going back to the beach, I really need some drinks and some studs to fuck!”

“Yes yes yes whatever you want I will do it at once!”

“That’s right...” Sin grinned, getting off Lisa’s eagerness. She quickly gathered their things, snuffed out the fire and put it all in the car, while Sin sat on the driver’s seat, slowly playing with her nipples and enjoying the sight of her new pet.

When Lisa finished, she stood in front of her, panting and sweating.

“I did it! I did it all... can I touch them?”

“I suppose you’ve earned a little fun...” Sin replied, oh-so-slowly leaning back. Lisa couldn’t hold it back anymore and she launched herself at her former best friend, groping her too-large boobs. She could barely cup one of them with both her hands and she kneaded and groped them with abandon, sucking on her nipples and licking and just getting off on her implanted love of implanted boobs.

Sin snickered and got off more on her eagerness and craving than the feeling of her hands and her tongue. She needed something bigger inside her.

Still...

“Come here,” she said, pushing Lisa’s head towards her pussy. The brainwashed girl moaned in disappointment for a bit when she had to let go of her boobs, but quickly found her rhythm and Sin enjoyed the moment. She got better tongue-lashing in her previous life but Lisa more than made up for her lack of experience with her enthusiasm. As for experience... by the time she was finished with her, she’d got plenty of it.

When Lisa began to moan her name while she pressed her tongue deep inside her, Lisa came, her first orgasm of her new life. The first of many.

They lay there like that for a bit, enjoying the moment their new lives were just about to begin... lives of debauchery, fun and a lot of fucking!

A few moments later, when Lisa had finished cleaning both of them up, Sin drove their car downhill, cackling madly at each car they met, showing them the finger if they dared to complain about her crazy driving.

“Hahaha! That’s life! I can’t wait to go back to the beach! Studs, drinks and a lot of fucking! That’s what life has in store for me...!”

“Boobs...” Lisa whispered from the passenger seat, her left hand roaming Sin’s underboob.

She turned to glance at her former best friend. Maybe she had been a little too harsh with her brainwashing. The girl was a drooling moron now, obsessed with tits in a way she doubted even the nerdiest of nerds was.

Oh well. She would make for a useful pet. Her love for her boobs would keep her close and it was always useful to have one more pair of hands.

“Woo-hooo! I’m back, bitches!” She pushed her palm hard on the car horn and proceeded to drive downhill, towards her new life.

###

Thanks for reading! This story was a commission and it was my first time writing a story with breast implants as the expansion medium, together with possession. I hope you enjoyed it!

If you want to get your very own commission write at janavalker@gmail.com!

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Thanks for reading!

Jana Valke