

Bolstered Bonds Collection 1

A collection of short stories about breast expansion and friends-to-lovers relationships.

Written by Saint Limey

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Bigger for the Beach

Synopsis: College students, Mel and Sam, go on vacation together. When Mel's poor body image keeps her shut inside, Sam goes out of her way to grow her friend's confidence in herself—and her tits.

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[Morph by FemaleMorphLover on DeviantArt](#)



“Mel! Are you ready? C’mon!” Sam yelled. She sat on the queen sized, smoke grey sofa bed, bikini clad and antsy to see the beach with her own eyes rather than on a brochure or through the window of her taxi.

An online group that hooked college vacationers up with affordable temporary housing solutions in their desired locations had connected Mel and Sam just as Mountainwood State College released for summer break. For weeks they’d chatted about their mutual majors and lack of funds, but in short order they’d both managed to escape the whirlpool of textual pleasantries to become fast friends and scramble together the funds to split the small, one bedroom condo for a weekend on Bald Cypress Beach, Florida.

Admittedly, the cost for a single weekend would still baffle a parent—*had* baffled their respective parents—but Sam and Mel reasoned that there was more to lose by spending a precious summer on campus. Just the experiences they could share together would be worth the hefty sum of borrowed money.

Sam stood as the bathroom door opened. Out stepped Mel, a long-torsoed brunette with a pleasant smile and soft features. She was still in the same t-shirt and leggings she'd gone in with, a blue bikini scrunched and twisted between her fisted hands.

"Um, . . . You're wearing *that* to the beach?" asked Sam. Her eyes flicked to the ordinary, lazy garments just before her face shifted; light with recognition and a shade darker with disappointment.

"Actually, I was just going to hang out here today. I-I'm not feeling the beach."

"Not feeling. . . the beach?" Sam started. "This vacation was about going to the beach, wasn't it?"

Mel's lips pulled to the side of her face. Avoiding the danger of Sam's chagrin, she admired the jagged lines in the hardwood floor. No, actually, it looked to be linoleum. The pieces didn't line up like the job had been rushed. "I'm just not in the mood *today*. We have a whole weekend, right? I'll just enjoy the peace and quiet here for a little while—unwind from the plane and car ride. Then, we can explore the night life together. Sounds good, right?"

Sounded plenty good. Downright reasonable. But Sam slumped her head and exhaled hard like she was blowing out the last embers of frustration within her. What was left was a cool, sober sensation in her chest.

Online relationships were known for their superficiality, but Sam had a knack for reading the subtlety in Mel's messages from the very start. Undertones, subtext. Both what was said and what was omitted usually had meaning. Unfortunately, this skill transferred well into in-person meetings as Sam could tell immediately how Mel was using her own reasonableness to keep from dealing with something else. And, to the shorter friend's surprise, a guilty spike lodged between her ribs at the thought that Mel didn't feel comfortable enough to just speak her truth around Sam.

Maybe we're just friends? That would explain this treatment. No sense in tangling such heavy emotions into it, Sam instructed herself. She rose, conjured a smile out of her hopes that Mel might really change her tune by the evening, and patted Mel's shoulder on her way toward the front door.

"I'll run the streets solo, then. Be back up around lunch time, so call if you change your mind or want anything."

Mel waved her off.

Sam left, and thumbed her white bikini slip a little lower, focusing on the water, beach, and fun. It was easier than trying to dissect the briefest flash of sadness she'd seen washing over Mel's face as she left.

Sam had no luck in forgetting that morning's little disparity.

Being single and young and bikini clad on a sunny Florida beach should have been enough to melt away all concerns. Her first stop was a lengthy pier which draped herself over with intention; pert rump angled back and average cup size resting on the wooden railing supported by her arms. She winked at the attention of the people that passed. Flirtatious eyes from strangers did still send that tingle of satisfaction up her spine, but her dominant thoughts were still on Mel and how the two friends were supposed to be looking summer ready in their bikinis *together*. The boys that approached her—bold, summer empowered men, with broad shoulders and enormous chests—would have had two visiting babes to contend with, and Sam was supposed to be relishing the fun of sharing their bounty of lusty gazes with someone whose presence she enjoyed.

The dating game on a beach was like their overpriced condo: best when split between two friends, overwhelming when braved alone.

And when Sam took the initiative by buying drinks or ice cream for cute girls on the pier, laying the charm on extra thick, and asking to exchange contact info, she couldn't enjoy the success she'd earned fully.

Mel had been so cute and shy when they flirted over text. Out in the open, Sam wondered if her friend was the same way, shy around pretty girls and embarrassed by their overtly sexual affection.

Every corner of the vacation, for Sam, seemed to hinge on doing it with Mel. Being on the beach actually made that fact clearer.

A little after twelve, Sam returned to the condo as promised. She used her key to open the door—no sense in knocking if she was paying for the place—and was welcomed by the scent of salt from the tides below filling her studio space. Gulf breeze brought her attention to the sliding door near the back where Mel's hair was being twisted by the whipping wind.

Legs crossed, backdrop a stretch of endless sky, Mel stood on the patio clad in her little blue bikini.

Her silhouette was enchanting. Thick thighs and strong, curvaceous calves. Smooth skin in an alluring blend of pink and white. Blue was her color. It brought out Mel's bright, playful girlishness. It also made her round rump all the fuller looking, barely concealed by a sliver of a triangle and the delicate knotting of a few strings on both sides of her hips.

Sam neared, Mel not taking notice until the smaller brunette was within speaking range.

"Like what you see?" Sam growled, forgetting to cool her jets after going full-on flirt mode for several hours.

"Eep!"

Mel spun, pressing her back against the railing, arms up and balled up fingers—cute and shy, like she'd been watching porn and didn't hear her parents entering the room.

"It's beautiful, isn't it?" Sam said, coming beside her to look over the railing. Before Mel could fully recover, Sam added, "And that bikini is very beautiful on you, too. Had me watching from the moment I stepped inside."

"Thanks," Mel replied, face scrunched as if calculating the length of time her booty was on display for Sam's enjoyment. "It was on sale."

"You should show the world. . . The people on this beach? They were super friendly. Like, I barely had to smile at people and they'd basically hop in my lap," said Sam, excitedly. Did they really? No. But being a little hyperbolic might give Mel the confidence to get over whatever hump she was struggling with.

"That sounds awesome," Mel giggled. Only half the energy was in it.

"Well?"

Mel was silent. Recognizing something about herself, she pulled her arms around her body, hugging herself across the chest. "I-I just can't right now, Sam."

Sam took her time, let the two of them look out at the people having fun in the early afternoon sunny day—waited till the tension brought on from such a statement and its implications diffused. Gorgeous people were everywhere. Seemed like mostly a spot for singles and very open relationships, though maybe it was just Sam's wishful thinking.

Sex, specifically sex outside of the same circles of people back at the State College, was as high a priority on her itinerary as priorities could reasonably go. It was one of the questions on the vacationer's matching website: are you okay with other vacationers having 'company' over? Sam's answer was a resounding yes. She'd *planned* on being the one with her own 'company' coming over.

But Mel had answered the same. Almost all their answers, actually, were basically the same. If they hadn't filled out both their profiles weeks apart, it would have been easy to assume that the same person took the test twice.

I-I just can't right now, Sam. . .

Those words. Sam just couldn't sit with them—not after everything that had happened. It was incomprehensible for her.

"I'll go ahead and say this, then," Sam said, taking a seat in one of the white plastic chairs. Even as a small girl, it struggled to remain balanced; one of those flimsy ones from a discount store. "This was a rushed vacation, so I sorta get the shock of things since we've just gotten here. But Mel, you're missing out on the opportunity of a lifetime. There's no telling if the landlady will let us rent her apartment again next summer. There's no promise that we'll be able to get anything for this price again—no promise our parents will lend us the money a *second* time. This weekend is the only opportunity for something like this." She paused, captivated by a sudden swelling in her heart over the rawness of the truth she uttered next. "It made me really sad down there when I was enjoying the weather and the people and the beach and you weren't right there with me. . . I wish I knew what was on your mind. I hoped you would trust me enough to let me help. . ."

"I do trust you, Sam. But. . ." Mel frowned. "Have you seen the people on this beach? They're all so pretty and, well, perfect. Like, they look like all of their social media accounts have a million followers. Nobody told me it would be like this in Florida."

"Well, yea," Sam said. "That's Florida in the summer. Everybody is out, and if you've worked all year to have a nice body then my guess is that you'd want to show it off by this point."

"Not like that. . ." Mel said. Then, she pulled from the railing where she was looking and turned full on toward Sam. Slowly, having to think hard about her choice to do so, she unfolded her arms and stood there, in nothing but her bikini, arms by her sides. "There isn't anyone down there that looks like me."

Sam really wanted to play dumb. Really, she did. She liked Mel and considered her beautiful. But Sam was also a woman, one with eyes and insecurities of her own, so she could tell right away that Mel was referring to her curves.

It wasn't even that Mel was particularly small. She had a full set of what looked like C cups and hips that she didn't have to pose to make stand out—one of Sam's personal qualms with her own slender body. Mel was hourglassed very well, and scored perfect marks as far as her face and symmetry. There was nothing really to detract from her looksome charms.

However, Mel was tall. Taller than average? Just a little. But that height did give the illusion that she was skinnier than she was. They'd stayed up in their talks, hours and hours into the night, and when nobody was around and the evening shrouded their conversation, Mel would admit that she wished she could be bigger.

"Being tall and slender just makes me look sick," Mel had said, even though that was the farthest thing from the truth. She was a curvaceous, tanned goddess as far as Sam was concerned—and not even in that fake way that girls threw around compliments to make each other feel better.

Sam, on any given night, would have slept with Mel. It was actually the cherry on top of this vacation plan—cuddling with her new friend for a few hours before they had to return to their homes on Monday at least, turning Mel into her 'company' at best. Sam's attraction to Mel, and so presumably other people's attraction to her, wasn't in question anywhere except, apparently, in Mel's psyche.

"I need to fill out. I wish I could gain weight—I've literally tried everything." The texts would come, in so many words, back to back. "But I just can't keep a ton of food down. Working out actually makes me skinnier, too. It just isn't fair. Some girls gain twenty pounds over break and it all goes to their boobs. Some lose twenty and get to keep their already humongous knockers. Why can't I just be like them? I just want a nice pair of boobs that match my body. . ."

The same essay that Mel wrote over text and recited over phone calls for weeks leading up to the trip, was repeated now on the ninth floor studio condo, overlooking the beautiful beaches. Sam, ignorantly, figured that being on the beach and seeing all the fun she was missing out on

would change Mel's mind. Instead, the insecurity doubled down, and Mel wouldn't even leave their room.

"I'm sorry that you feel that way," Sam said. "And me saying so doesn't help, I know, but you're plenty beautiful. I'm sorry I just sorta left you in here by yourself today while you were feeling like that. That was *not* what your best friend should have done."

Mel smiled with a healthy dosage of sadness still in it. "I would have felt awful if my feeling bad about my body also kept you inside, Sam. This is your vacation too. I'm glad you got out and took the town a little. In fact, you should do that some more. Feel free. Don't worry about me."

Sam stood, unable to *not* worry about Mel. Maybe she was being a little too empathetic but she couldn't resist from hugging Mel. She leaned on the taller girl, making herself small and warm in her own bikini as she tried to comfort Mel.

"I'll find a way to make this vacation fun for the both of us. I'm not going to be satisfied until I make up for leaving you by yourself. It's *our* vacation. Not just mine," Sam said.

And Mel hugged to that, neither confirming or denying if she thought it was a good idea that Sam hunt for a solution to her voiced insecurities. "Thanks. Just, don't forget to have plenty of fun."

"I won't. . ." Sam said, then peeled herself off of Mel one bit of skin at a time, her hand lingering on Mel's hip as she turned to saunter away with a swing of her long, brunette hair.

Mel inhaled deep after that, sensing traces of Sam's sweetness in the salty breeze. She sighed longingly, wished she could be confident enough to be on the beach and that by some miracle her friend Sam could find a way to help.

Little did Mel expect that Sam would come barging back into the condo with progress in her hand barely half an hour later.

“Hello, lovely! Guess what? I found you something to help with confidence.”

Mel was laying on the bed, helping herself to one of several romance novels on the small bookshelf. It had started hot and was getting hotter, in a way that stirred her memory of hugging Sam on the balcony.

Sam hadn't been gone long enough for Mel to know what would become of that sexually starved protagonist, so she tossed the book aside to once again present herself to a world where she was, in the same way, a sexually starved protagonist, conscious of the resolution her body craved.

“Umm. . . You found confidence? Was it, like, at the store?” Mel asked.

“Nope. You know the landlady that rented us this condo?” Sam didn't wait for an answer, but came over the bed where Mel's legs were dangling. They were both still in bikinis as Sam produced a white bottle with a sun prominently printed on the front. “Well, in her correspondence with us, she said if we needed *anything* to call or text her. So, I did. When I told her about you turning into a hermit, she actually gave this to us as a gift.”

Mel ignored the fact that Sam had shared the anxiety that made her housebound to a complete stranger and stared suspiciously at the bottle. “Umm, okay. So what exactly did she give you.”

“It's a type of tanning oil, sun screen, massage oil, something something. Essentially you rub it all over and sit in the sun and it's supposed to make you feel better.”

“Umm, but how does that make me want to go to the beach? Don’t I need to be on the beach to tan in the first place?” Mel cringed, thinking about herself laying naked on the beach with her modest breasts, face up and soaking in the sun’s rays while surrounded by other women whose tits scoffed like mad at her pathetic excuse for a chest. “This wasn’t well thought out, was it?”

“Don’t be so quick to judge. You can actually get your tan on the balcony—that’s what the landlady said. Just put this on and lay in the sun on the reclining chair. Since the condo faces west, it gets really sunny in the afternoon.” Sam leaned on the bed, closer and closer, till Mel could smell her hair again. Their faces were close, and Mel felt that same spark scampering up and down her body before growing brighter in her core.

Sam went on. “If you’re going to stay up here in the condo, the least you could do is take some time to work on your tan. And maybe if it’s looking good in the next couple days we can hit the beach Monday morning before check-out.”

Mel compromised more because Sam was cute and clearly excited and had taken efforts to help her. She had little faith in the brandless, sunny bottle of whatever it was. “Sure. Okay. Let’s get tanned up, I guess. . .”

Sam leaped up and skipped onto the balcony. Mel, pleased greatly by the sight of such enthusiasm, followed behind. The two figured out how to lower the reclining, plastic chair, then agreed that it would feel better if there were towels and pillows and something alcoholic to go along with it.

Mel laid there, as relaxed as she’d been since arriving in Florida, a drink in her hand and the beach stretched before her. Nobody could see her so high up, but she had the full Floridian experience.

Minus the actual ‘people’ part of it.

Sam squirted out a ton of the clear, shiny goop into her small hand, swirling it like it was the whipped cream topping to a milkshake. “Welcome to the Spa d’Condo. I’ll be your masseuse today. My name is Samantha. We’ll start with your top, if you don’t mind removing the bikini. . .”

Mel flushed just a little at that. “Isn’t it okay to keep it on? I don’t mind bikini lines.”

Sam shrugged. “Landlady said that this stuff can stain clothes. It’s better to be without your bikini for it. If that makes you uncomfortable, we could just start somewhere else?”

Mel thought about that. Her stomach would be a neutral, easy place to start. It was pretty lean and slim and she wasn’t ashamed of it. But what was she ashamed of, exactly, if not that her chest would be compared to a bunch of the other Floridian girls. None of those girls were here. None could bother them. It was just her and Sam, and really, it could stay that way the whole vacation and Mel wouldn’t mind. Sam was cheery. She smelled nice and clearly would do anything to make Mel happy. That seemed like enough, didn’t it?

And Mel thought that maybe she shouldn’t be so uptight about her body around Sam. Perhaps it was the alcohol or the vacation making her a little bit daring, but Mel bit her lip and leaned forward to reach for the knot around her neck. Nobody was judging her chest size here—the grating and protesting inner voice was dulled by the novelty of the situation and whatever ungodly concentration of vodka was mixed in her drink.

Down came her bikini. Her bare breasts, light and pink like the rest of her, were in the open. She felt a little embarrassed, but figured that confidence was the purpose of this whole exercise and said nothing, just sitting with her feelings.

Sam blinked slowly, a silent word on her parted lips as she smiled. Apparently, the lost word wasn’t important, because she slapped her palms together and began to heat up the oil as she rubbed her palms together.

Her hands were sopping with the stuff, dripping down her wrists and arms, splattering on Sam’s exposed thighs and the cement below. She announced the start of her touching and Mel closed her eyes, encouraging herself to just feel what it was like to get a massage on a sunny afternoon in Florida.

Fantastic. Frankly, tremendous. The oil was extra warm on her skin and made Sam's already smooth and slender hands feel all the silkier. Mel found herself sighing and tracking the movement of those palms, starting high just below her collarbones and roaming off to the sides toward her armpits. Sam. . . was surprisingly good at this. Her touch was light at first, acclimating the skin to her touch. After that came soft brushing from the center of her pectoral to her sensitive sides.

Sam adjusted herself. She couldn't get the best angle from the side, opting to sit on a towel behind and above Mel, granting uninterrupted access to all of Mel's torso.

Mel felt this shift and sighed longingly. It was so good. Being rubbed so slow and tantalizing made her shudder, her nipples going to points almost immediately. She wasn't the biggest, but she could tell by how she tingled that every bit of her breasts were getting royal treatment from Sam. It was like they were being worshiped—not just the nipples or their fronts, but their sides and underneath them, with pressure and depth and shallow jiggling.

"That feel good?" Sam cooed.

Mel didn't realize how close Sam was. Her eyes had been closed. When they fluttered open, she looked up and blushed at the sight of Sam's own pendulous breasts, dangling just out of reach as her friend played with her nude C cups.

"Y-You must have taken some massage training at some point. I feel so good."

"Hehe, I did. I took a few classes. Almost got certified. I figured it would come in handy if I ever met someone I liked."

"Hmm. . ." Mel said, ending the conversation.

Someone she liked? Did Sam like Mel? And why was there a little flutter in Mel's belly when that thought lingered on her mind?

She tried to dismiss it. No way a hot little bombshell like Sam could be fawning over her body. This was a friend doing something kind for another friend. Just because Sam could make her nipples tingle like mad, and make her cunny clench with want around nothing at all, didn't mean that they were made for each other in any meaningful capacity.

Mel should expect a massage and nothing more.

Which was why, when the massage intensified, Mel was shocked by how it made her breasts feel.

She wished she could attribute it all to Sam's talents. Her belly felt nice from the warmth of touch as did her shoulders and thighs. Sam had teased with the idea of working under Mel's bikini bottom, too, something that excited the coy brunette to no end. But really, the way that her boobs felt was different from all other parts of her body. They seemed to throb with need and only stopped when they were being touched. It felt so good to have Sam working them, moving them around, making them fit tight into her small hands.

It would have been too embarrassing to just ask for more if it; to just sit up and say, 'Sam, could you just stay right there, squeezing my boobs?' so Mel resisted. What she couldn't resist were the whimpers and moans coming from her as a result of the expert wobbling and moving of her flesh beneath Sam's hands.

"I'm not being too rough, am I?" Sam asked, concerned that the noise was a signal of her going farther than was appropriate.

Mel shook her head, her nose momentarily sweeping past Sam's dangling tits in the process, sparking a blush. "N-No. It feels good. Feels amazing. Keep going. . ."

Mel hoped beyond hope that her words were clear. She couldn't just say it, but maybe Sam had picked up on it.

The way their friendship had sprouted instantly, the way Sam had noticed something in Mel earlier that was deeper than Mel just being 'tired, and the way she'd gone above and beyond to help Mel with her confidence. . .

Could Sam see how good Mel's boobs were feeling, too?

Slowly, thankfully, Sam squeezed Mel's shoulders. "Okay. I'll keep going," she said, voice a rumble. Then, she moved ever so slowly straight down from the taller girl's shoulders to the rounded bulbs of her breasts. Sam got it. Just like everything else—reliable as a beautiful Floridian sunset, Sam could see everything that Mel wanted.

And at that moment, it was even more sensational, sapphic titty play.

"Mmmh," Mel moaned.

This was new, this focused attention. Before, it had been such a general thing and she couldn't really blame Sam for that. But now, Sam knew—gosh, she just loved how Sam *knew*. Everytime those palms passed over Mel's nipples, it felt like she was melting. She resisted the power of it, how good and sensitive her boobs felt and how smooth properly lubed hands were, but soon it overcame her. She couldn't shake the feeling of floating, like she was a wave growing bigger and bigger, eventually going to crash into some exotic shore.

"Y-You're so gorgeous," Sam commented. "Sorry, I just couldn't keep that to myself."

"Sam. . ." Mel said. "Mmmh, don't stop. I-It feels like. . ."

"Go ahead. Don't hold back. I wanna see you cum for me. . ."

Was that what she was about to do? Yes. Yes, it was. Mel hadn't realized. It had snuck up on her, but she was about to orgasm with nothing more than having her C cup boobs played with. Whether that had to do with Sam's skills or the start of a spark growing bolder and brighter between them, she couldn't know. All she knew were the sensations in her body:

The fullness of her breasts. The shudder of her breath and the heat with which she inhaled. The groaning, attention-seeking nature of the skin on her body, warmed by the sun and by a lover's touch.

If she closed her eyes and focused on those, it wouldn't be long until she. . .

"C-Cumming," Mel's voice hitched. Her eyes slammed closed and she watched stars erupt into the darkness of the afternoon. It took her to another place, this orgasm. It felt unlike anything—sexual, spiritual, romantic, or otherwise—than she'd felt before. Boyfriends, girlfriends, her own hands. None of them felt quite like this, so centered in her chest and augmented by her breath, done with the hands of someone she adored.

Brain foggy, a fulfilled sort of grin on her face, Mel surfaced a full minute later from the best climax of her life to hear Sam carrying on.

"Mel! Mel. . . Oh, god Mel. Are you okay? Do you see this? Look at this!"

Mel found herself wanting to just spread out and relax. The sun felt amazing on her skin now and everything tingled. "Hmm?" she said lazily.

"Your boobs! Mel, look at your boobs please. Oh my gosh. . ."

"Y-Yea, Sam. They feel really good—you did a hell of a job with them. I-I know this is weird to say, but I've never cum from just nipple play before. Your hands are incredible—you're incredible." It was impressive enough that she could form coherent sentences the way she was

feeling. Her head was in a tenacious fog and every nerve in her body gave their approval at what she'd just experienced.

Just being squeezed in this moment felt good enough to orgasm again, too.

"No! Mel! Look at your body. Gosh, darnit girl. . ."

Mel made a few more pleasant mewls, very pleased by how Sam was groping her boobs. Then, she felt a powerful tweak that sent her jumping, obviously done to get her attention.

"Sam!" Mel balked, erecting upward and face planting into Sam's breasts from below. "Mmph! Pppfaaah! Sam, that felt too good. . . Not so hard like that or I'll. . ."

"God, they're massive. . ."

Why yes, Sam, your tits are rather large. . .

Mel had let that thought swim in her mind unhindered as she could still feel the soft warmth of Sam's underboobage on her nose and cheeks. Still, it seemed her deft masseuse was referencing something else entirely. "Hmm?"

"Look. . ."

Sam leaned up. Presumably, Mel had been on her to sitting up when she'd been bounced back by Sam's beanbags, so the masseuse gave the girl the clearance she needed to sit up properly.

Much to Mel's surprise, sitting up on her own took more effort than she was used to. Not only that, but it felt like her breathing had changed; like it took more work.

Granted she was not only tipsy from her vodka sangria but from a rather lengthy ‘O’, so coordination wasn’t something she could wholly put her trust in to begin with. It was normal to be short of breath when a hottie was squeezing and massaging your body, anyway.

But to remain that way several minutes afterward? Even if Sam was still around—and Mel still captivated by the view of her from her lying position, ogling Sam’s beauty and those soft, round mounds she’d just bumped into for as long as possible before getting up— it was still odd how she felt. It was like she’d been floating before and now something was weighing her down.

That’s when Mel saw them.

Looking down, her legs and waist and torso were all being bathed by sunlight. All of them felt warm and tingly, but no more so than her tits. They were almost vibrating with a sensation of fullness that she just couldn’t shake and when she inhaled, trying to fill her lungs with air, she could have sworn that she saw them vibrate even more and retain some of the size they had gained from the filling of her lungs.

She breathed deep again, and it happened again. She rubbed her eyes and bit back the gnawing need to have someone touch them, focusing on how full the pressure was, before opening her eyes to even bigger boobs.

“Th-they’re. . .”

“Growing,” Sam completed. “Holy tits, you’re growing tits right now. Mel! Look at you!”

Sam scooped underneath Mel’s arms and met an unstated demand to have her new breasts groped. Mel could have wept with the joy of being held. Her body had never been so needy before, but now she could tell by the way that loving fingers clinged to her orbs that booby squeezes were a thing she would need until this experience was passed.

“That’s so good. . .” Mel moaned, reason and logic stolen when Sam squeezed her from behind.

There was so much more to squeeze, too. Mel hadn’t ever really been small, but she’d been lacking. In short order, just seconds, she had palm fillers that Sam could easily sport in her hands like a pair of perfectly ripened fruit. They were both taut and firm, fun to play with and extra bouncy. In fact, Sam helped herself and Mel looked on lustfully as her flesh bounced around both with and without the assistance of Sam’s hands. Before, Mel could barely get herself to jiggle when she ran. They’d always been an afterthought as far as bras and what she wore as most things couldn’t flatter them what with her height and size in comparison.

Now, they were fair enough to call proper breasts. Their size and jiggliness would be obvious in most shirts that Mel owned. Certainly, if her bikini was fixed around her neck as it ought to be, they would jut out beautifully and fill her cups, attracting the attention of people passing by. She had something to show now.

She didn’t exactly factor in how happy that would make her. It was indeed a boon to her sense of joy.

“They’re pretty,” Mel said, before she could stop herself. “They really do look so nice.”

“They definitely do. Mmm, Mel. They feel nice, too. Nice and grabbable,” Sam moaned. From behind she had access to Mel’s back and dotted it with kisses and licks and bites. “I just want to squeeze them forever.”

Sam’s grip tightened, then. Flesh pooled around and between her fingers, flesh that hadn’t been there just moments ago. Mel moaned, taken yet again by how good it felt to have her boobs squeezed. The act itself felt right on a level she hadn’t recognized, like these new breasts only were the way they ought to be if hands were on them and constantly groping them as they grew.

Her pleasure caused another shudder to ripple through her, tensing her muscles and dotting her brow with the combined heat of sun and effort. As Sam clutched her, she noticed the sensation of her skin tightening again and in a rhythmic, full-body quake, she felt herself getting larger.

Another growth spurt pushed her cup size by cup size. She'd only been able to enjoy being adequately well-breasted for about a minute. Now, that time was over. Mel could only look forward to becoming the envy of women, pressing further into double and triple D cup sizes. She watched herself grow, felt her skin stretching as new flesh and weight filled the space in front of her, filling Sam's palms. Soon, she was too big for the little hand bra provided by her vacation buddy, outgrowing it in a flurry of growing spells that pushed her out far enough to block the view of some of her lap from above.

"Nnnngh! Hmmmhm!" Mel moaned.

This was the best sensation in her life. Nothing could beat getting bigger the way she was in such a short amount of time. She felt herself filling with something, a swirling warmth, that mirrored the way the sun made her feel. It was like she was being massaged again, this time on the inside, by the same force that was causing her to grow.

"Gosh, they're even sexier now. They're still growing for us," Sam said.

For *us*. "Yea, Sam. They're for both of us. They're for the two of us to enjoy," Mel said, breathless.

She leaned her head back and found Sam's chest, resting against it like a pillow, exhausted by the energy required to go through booby orgasms. When she did, Sam was right there waiting and the two leaned into each other naturally forming a bridge with their lips. They kissed, having needed to from the moment they'd met in person and finding this moment, one where Mel's chest was becoming what she'd always wanted, to become what the two of them had always wanted.

Just seconds into kissing a hot jolt rushed through Mel's body. Another spurt of growth, she realized. The tightness returned, as did the warmth and swirling, and she could feel inch after inch of new skin and flesh being added to her already impressive bosom. Her gasp broke their kiss, but both girls didn't seem to mind. The admission of love had been a catalyst, sunlight making Mel grow like a coconut tree, larger and ripper with her new fruit.

"Bigger—I-I'm getting even bigger. Mmmhm! So good!"

"So damn gorgeous! You're getting big so fast this time," Sam said, testing the weight with her hands.

Mel continued to grow and expand, her body soon becoming dominated by the pair of breasts atop it. She'd gone from having barely anything to boobs being the first thing anyone would notice on her. They jumped and heaved, making her sigh and moan, weighing supple but heavy against her. Sam helped, as the surging waves of pleasure mimicked the waves with which Mel's tits swelled to greater and vaster volumes. Her nipples extended as well, turning into cute peaks that were a blend of pinks and browns, slowly deepening in color along with her areola. Her boobs became fuller and shaplier. The more that Sam squeezed, the more it felt like another tier of rapture was just around the corner.

"I can't believe these are still tits," Sam sighed. "They just keep getting bigger and bigger. Can people be this size?"

"I-I don't know," Mel replied, having nothing really to say other than expressions of how good it felt to be sunny and warm and in Sam's arms, advancing through the alphabet with every breath. "B-But I like it."

She inflated up to volleyballs. When it seemed like her tits couldn't become any larger, she felt her abs clench and the heat inside of her roar as she shuddered into another set of jiggly, sexy growth spurts. Mel realized they couldn't be stopped. Whatever was happening was making her huge and the bigger she got the better these body tremors felt. She started to hear herself moaning, eyes slamming shut as her shiny, round globes sank further into Sam's hands and crept further down her body. All the while, she couldn't help but feel like she was becoming what she should have been all along.

A tall, busty brunette. No, the *bustiest* brunette.

“Mmmh! *Mmm*, they’re still going!” Mel moaned, head thrown back, eyes turned to slits.

Sam stole a kiss, unable to resist. “I can’t even hold onto them anymore. They’re so huge and heavy and. . . Mel, do you like having such big boobs?”

Mel kissed back, her arms rose and held Sam by the back of the neck, securing them. When they kissed and her eyes were closed she felt much more connected to the growth somehow, like she could sense every shift in volume and size.

Mel tried to let her answer be the kiss in how she tilted her head and moaned into Sam’s mouth with no reservations. But even so, it seemed only right to say it. “I love having huge, bouncy tits. And I love when you squeeze them like you do. . .”

“Mmmh, you don’t say. Perfect,” Sam groaned, giving Mel a manful final squeeze. “Then let’s see how huge they can get.”

They made out for a while, till the sun dipped into the gulf before them, a melty sherbet ball in the water as the afternoon came to a close.

With sunlight ebbing away, the direct sunlight dissipated. The two had to remain warm and did so using their body heat. It was this that sparked one last fit of growth for Mel’s volleyball sized gourds.

“Mmmn! *Mmmh!* Huge! This time, they’re getting huge—I can just feel—. . .” Mel panted.

“Don’t hold back. Just grow,” Sam encouraged.

This inflation seemed to be the biggest of all. She was so huge and sensitive already. What could an even *better* feeling feel like?

But sure enough, a bolt of carnality slammed into her without warning and her chest leaped forward, both tits slapping into each other then into her rib cage. The wobbling was unimaginable, flesh rolling and rippling as it distended. Glutted, tan moons rolled forward and down. Sam managed to catch them, but at their size there was plenty of titty both above and below her hands. Mel had to help. Surprisingly, this was the first time she'd touched her own chest. God, was she soft and plenteous and just so, so good.

Even on her back, her shape was impeccable. Two mountains rose into the air before her, only barely limited by sag, a pair of perfectly sized bluffs. They were so colossal that they started to wrap around Mel's torso. She couldn't see it, but she was almost certain that her ribs were completely gone. Even so, she pressed on in size, all the bigger and bolder and sexier.

"Th-There," Mel moaned. "I'm gonna—. . . Again."

Sam giggled, kissing Mel's forehead. "Grow? Or Cum?"

Mel couldn't tell, even with the event of it only moments away. "Mmmh! Haaahn!"

She came. And as she did, one final push of her tits made them expand for several seconds straight, capping off in size as the last rays of the sun flashed onto the beach.

When they awoke the next morning, cuddled adorably in their singular bed. Sam and Mel went downstairs to the condo clubhouse where breakfast was being served. Everyone was looking at the two of them, though really it was clear that their attention was on Mel; how she would bend and reach for different bits of food to add them to her plate. Sam watched on, proud of her friend and how she smiled at the side eyes and hidden licking of lips from her little audience. The rest of the world was going to be her audience for a long, long time.

Starting with Bald Cyprus Beach.

They took their plates back up to their room, Mel jiggling nonstop all the way, then they ate together at the bar.

“Ready to get our bikinis out again?” Sam asked, finishing her plate and taking Mel’s, who had finished almost immediately, inhaling what was there for her. Something about larger tits must have improved her appetite. Either that, or she no longer worried about how gaining or losing weight would make her feel.

Seeing Mel so carefree about her size, after all the anxious conversations they’d had about it, was as much a treat as Sam could have hoped for.

Mel wiggled cutely in her seat. “Yes! I was just waiting on you to ask. Let’s hit the beach.”

Sam blinked slowly. As Mel rose, Sam flattened herself against the taller girl and kissed her fully, taking a handful of a breast and appreciating how easy her entire hand disappeared to the wrist in such an ample amount of softness.

Mel blushed. “Wh-What was that for?”

“I need a reason to kiss you?” Sam asked, leaving their hands laced together. “I just thought you looked cute. This Mel is different from the Mel yesterday.”

The brunette looked down, then up again with a deadpan expression and a quirk of her brow. As if to emphasize just how different this Mel was, she rocked her weight back and forth and made her boobs bounce around in the tight little white t-shirt she was wearing.

The thing was sized to her unchanged body and was the only thing loose enough to fit over her. Both girls would have gone to shop for clothes that night, but the seduction of a singular bed, more alcohol, and a novel, unexplored romance was too powerful a draw. They lounged and indulged like queens, ordering dinner in, kissing and holding one another. They wrapped themselves in sheets, bodies inseparable, sweat mingling with salt and beach, sex heavy in the air. No shame, only love. Nothing harsh came between them, because Mel was so giant and fluffy with her new boobies that she blunted the edges of any negativity before it could impede on their night of lesbian ravishings.

Sleep had been the only break they'd needed, it seemed. Before breakfast, they had wild morning sex again, once more neglecting Mel's need for garments of adequate decency in favor of romping that likely made the neighbors beneath them jealous.

There was a lot of weight and a lot of momentum behind it, especially with Mel on top. Sam salivated just remembering the view of such breasts from below, suddenly hollow and empty without her girlfriend's body against her.

She hugged Mel again for no reason at all, kissing her because she was spoiled and could get away with it.

"You must like this new Mel a lot," Mel giggled, holding Sam against her.

Sam shook her head. "I like every version of Mel—new, old. I just love Mel."

"You sure? This Mel is very, very different," Mel said, still rocking back and forth. Her gentle swaying made the hug all the better as Sam could feel herself sinking deeper and deeper into the taller friend's cleavage, nestling into the warmth and pink puffiness of it. "My boobs are different. My vacation is different. We're different. . ."

"We're different?" Sam asked.

“Us. . .” Mel blushed. “You know. *Us*.”

“Us?” Sam looked up, her eyes wide and her head tilted. “Do you want to. . .”

“See where we go? Sure. If not for you I wouldn’t be where I am now. It was very sweet of you to help me.”

“It seemed like the thing to do. No big deal.”

Mel pouted, then surrounded Sam in the biggest bear hug. Mel’s relative size as well as her melon-sized jugs smothered little Sam all the more in a loving embrace. “My boobies are the biggest deal. And so is the love I have for you, got it?”

Sam giggled, the flesh from Mel’s boobs piled up to her cheeks. “Yesh! I got it! Love you too.”

The two kissed and Mel, reluctantly, set her new girlfriend down. The two fetched their bikinis and managed to dress each other amid spontaneous gropes and squeezes and pinches of soft, fleshy, jiggly body parts.

They set their phone on a tripod and posed for a few pictures together, Sam in her white and blue wrap that sent her boobs bulging cutely and Mel in a blue bikini that was way, way too small for her now.

“God girl, what’re you going to do with all that titty?!” Sam would praise, helping herself to a handful and more kisses.

Mel just giggled, pushing out her chest for easier access—even though, with her size, all access was pretty easy. “Let’s go share them with the beach. Maybe drop a few jaws? Find a few cuties to invite over for a little house party.”

“You’ve turned into a little nymph and I love it. Did your boobs do all of that?”

“It’s crazy what I know I can get away with now. . . The beach is gonna be so much fun.”

Sam sighed. “Gosh, if only I could enjoy the beach like a tall, busty bombshell could.” She pined and rubbed her face on Mel’s huge, sexy, new breasts. “At least I get to date the bombshell, though.”

“There is some more of that sun tan lotion. . .” Mel remembered. “I-I was hoping you might forget about it so we could use some more on me, but I’m open to sharing as long as you promise not to be bigger than me.”

Sam winked. “No promises. Then we’ll do it this afternoon?”

Mel held Sam’s head in her hands, surging her pillows up and around Sam’s head in a romantic, steamy gaze. “We’ll do it this afternoon, alright. We’ll do it *all* afternoon. Then we’ll see how big you can get.”

“I love you, babe.”

“Love you too, Sam.”

Emily's House Party

Synopsis: You invite your introverted friend to a party where she's allowed to cut loose for the first time. . .

Word Count: 730

Read Time: 3 min

[Morph by Moonjo on DeviantArt](#)

You invited Emily to your house party because she wouldn't see daylight otherwise. You'd been friends for a few years and were happy when the sarcastic introvert arrived at your pad, sass intact.

But under your roof, **she began to change**. You start to notice she's prettier than you remember; expressive eyes, hickory hair, fitted tank top. **Her chest draws your attention**. You swear she's wearing a padded bra—**she's bustier somehow**. Emily catches you; sticks out her tongue like a little devil. She's quiet but snarky with you.

Your other friends ask who she is. "The chick with the rack," they call her. Full C cups bought attention, but they seemed to buy too much. **Was she larger now?**

Large enough to cause a buzz—from males *and* females! You're still skeptical, but jealous too for some unknown reason.



Once alcohol enters the picture, she's more confident and flirty. Her boobs have been on display all day—more so now than before. They make the spaghetti string look pregnant with twins.

Emily notices the attention she's getting. "The straps dig in so bad. I've already got marks." She slips her bra strap down her shoulder to show you, but a ring of six or so spectators join in. You're protective of her showing off and unmistakably horny at her body confidence. Then, Kenny from trig spills his drink on Emily. Her tits vault vivaciously when she flees with an "Eep!". Following, you catch her toweling off her glistening, creamy chest with one of your towels in your bathroom. "They swell for a few days after my period. Always have. You just *had* to talk me into showing up." Emily taps your cheek patronizingly. "When I say I can't go out 'cause of 'lady problems', this is what I mean." Booze makes Emily uncharacteristically brash. "But I've never been this big before. My shirt's so *tight*." She tests her straps. You watch her flesh jiggle about. Was this some trick? Emily's tits were huge and appeared to grow with each bounce.

She asks you to help her towel off. You do, touching her tits through a thin bath towel. They're growing into your hands! Emily moans. It isn't about drying her off at all. The plunging neckline sinks lower. Exposed skin expands unendingly. Her gray eyes are watching you. She knows her top is giving way. A crinkled smirk is poorly masked with impertinence. "Thanks for not freaking out over my condition. I don't get out much because of it. You're being very sweet." She stuffs your hands with her flesh. Boob melts between your fingers. Lines of tension form as the fabric becomes partly see-through.

"It's tight. I-I can't— . . ." Her voice shifts up several pitches as heady panic sets in. She smells like beer and popcorn—for you, those are aphrodisiacs. She takes off her top. Pure alcoholic confidence blended with. . . Arousal?

Fabric stretches, nearly tearing in her hands. You help undress her and can't help but notice your bed in the periphery.

Her purple bra is stuffed beyond capacity. Flesh oozes above and beneath her cups. Her jugs are cautionless with a mind all their own. "They won't stop! I swear, they've never done this before. God, what do I do?" Emily's gone from an approachable six to an intimidating nine. You have no life experience for this. Minutes pass. She's growing and growing. The sensation of more soft mass blooming into your grasp is intoxicating. She's even more of a woman in your lusty eyes; a woman alone in your bedroom. You carry her weight in your hands till they stop, nearly ten minutes later. Just in time, her bra fasteners fail and her balloons unfurl and spread in your direction like perfect, spherical dinner plates. Emily is panting and looking at you with a blush.

"That was. . . incredible. Look at me, I'm just—. . . *Whoa*." Her suspended emotions turn to thrill. She presents herself to you. You apologize for coercing her into coming to the party. "Are you kidding? This was awesome. Make sure you throw another one next month too, okay? I'll be

here for sure so you and your buddies can watch me grow again. I've never felt more alive." She hugs you tight, her chest submerges your entire torso. "In fact, you're going to have a hard time getting rid of me now."

Bloatware

Synopsis: A new cell phone comes with some interesting, health-tracking bloatware. . .

Word Count: 8881

Read Time: 44 min

[Morph by FemaleMorphLover on Deviantart](#)



As a college graduation present, I got a new smartphone—fancy, expensive, and anxiety-provoking the second it comes out of the box.

Once it was clear my commoner's fingers didn't stain its glossy finish with sin—fingerprints being another story entirely—I busied myself with 'new phone' things; downloading wallpapers, transferring contacts, and remembering passwords to my favorite apps.

Deleting bloatware was on the agenda too, but among the proprietary clutter was an app that wasn't as easily deleted; one that caught my eye.

"Lime Health?"

Health. Besides some stubborn hip and thigh fat, I was far from a whale. But who couldn't afford to be a little healthier? The half-empty pizza box and bottle of beer on my nightstand agreed, so I tapped around the app till I understood the gist; the 'Get Healthy!' button in bright green falling beneath my poised index finger. My phone pinged.

Your health is being improved! A strong wireless connection is recommended while our app runs in the background.

From there, a loading bar appeared on a minimal background. 0%. Waiting did little to progress, however, so I casually assumed that my weight and health aspirations were in some creep's

database, plugged in the charger at my bedside, and laid down after a long, celebratory night, thinking little of the decision.

Things didn't remain little for long. . .

7%

I worked HR for a large network of lounges and little demanded my time besides the frequent tingles around my bra cups. A cursory search online yielded little in the way of remedies; either puberty-induced hormones were making my girls tender, or I had some sort of cancer that needed diagnosing. Since I was brand new to the job and healthcare paperwork was still a work in progress, I chose to blame hormones—from my period rather than a puberty that was nearly a decade overdue.

This didn't help the incessant need to touch myself. I couldn't get through half an hour of proofing our office e-newsletter without a startling clarity as to the shape of the inside of my arms. My boobs weren't even that big—perky C cups, on the smaller side. But the way they tingled made them feel enormous, two soft domes as live as power lines and only silenced by the coddling of my palm. For a woman like myself, prideful of my work ethic, it was annoying to have to stop, listen for the clacking of my cubical neighbor's keyboard, and cop a quick feel between interruptions. . . but I couldn't stop. Stopping was more maddening by far.

More maddening than the paranoia of being caught; of being the HR worker caught in a near-sexual act or, a worse way to spin it, the new goth girl who was hired for her friskiness rather than her talent.

The connection to my phone dawned on me quickly, as part of having to squeeze my tits upwards of twenty times a workday was remembering that cute skirts didn't have pockets. I carried my new phone in my bra, tucked in the strap on the side, and realized that I'd receive intermittent notifications whenever I felt the need to caress my needy nipples. The one time I was almost caught with my shirt unbuttoned, I managed to lean over just in time to pretend to have had my phone out all along and, after the footsteps passed me by, took stock of what was going on: Lime Health's percentage had gone up—only just, but it was nearing ten percent within a week.

Was there something to this? Some connection? I wondered while the soft flesh of my dangling bosom just barely filled my empty hand, the warmth of my tits an annoying but understandable pleasure. I loathed the thought, but I even seemed to *think* better with a boob in my hand and the more I squeezed, the worse the dependency got.

15%

I didn't concern myself much with the changes for about a week—pushing health concerns to the weekends for the sake of my weekday projects. However, after being bedridden by my chest

both Saturday and Sunday—because even the slightest movement made my tender boobies burn with the need for consideration—I determined that I should bite the bullet and go to a health clinic.

Monday, I braved my apartment again only after some inward bullying-slash-coaching.

“Don’t be such a pussy. They aren’t *that* sensitive. You had to deal with the same tenderness when you were on birth control. Just woman-up and do this.”

Boy was I wrong.

Walking around braless felt almost painfully pleasurable like my body was telling me to be aroused when my brain just wanted coffee and cereal. Even in pajamas, my tits seemed alarmed by every subtle thing around me: the refrigerator is cold, the countertop is smooth, my pajamas are soft. None of this was new to me, but to my girls, everything about waking up on Monday was a novel, adventurous thing. And when they were done exploring this brave new world, they demanded cuddles. . . and I accommodated while my breakfast roast brewed.

Though, when it came time to get ready for work is when the adventure resumed. Warm shower water felt like an angel was playing piano on my chest; an endless barrage of stimulation that I couldn’t ignore the eroticism of. I had a healthy sex drive—healthy enough, I guess? For a girl in her mid-twenties—but I had *never*, even in my teens or in relationships, felt so avaricious toward my feminine wiles, nor so desirous for orgasm.

One sex scene starring myself later, I fished in my drawer for a bra; producing a personal classic—purple with pink frills that spoke to the contrarian in me that rejoiced over girlish lace so long as it denied the stiff, office woman I’d always be forced to convey. I threw my arms through the straps, cupped myself into place, and noticed that I. . . was doing a *fabulous* job of filling out the well-broken-in brassiere. About nine months of wearing it had made it more flexible, which my sensitive bosom appreciated. However, the breast rolls that peered over the cups like a child’s first time on a diving board indicated that something queer—or *amazing*—was happening to my breasts.

“C’mom. C’mom, dammit,” I wheezed, arms cocked in an x-rated version of the chicken dance, begging for bra hooks to find their homes.

When at last they did, I heaved a sigh of relief and sucked in a breath as I heard the unmistakable sound of creaking from the taxed garment. I let out the shoulder straps just to be safe and went for my powder blue collared work shirt which allowed exactly enough space for one phone to slip into place between boob and padding. Before it disappeared, I checked the health app:

19%

I looked like a damned pinup model, but I was clothed in the bare minimal sense of the word. Maybe the app was doing something after all. My bra didn't produce horrid back bulge like before which was something.

No. . . the only bulging going on was toward the front, not the back. . .

The shirt, however, was even more formidable than the bra. Even as I squinted at the cleanly pressed piece of clothing and held it up to my body, I just *knew* that I would never be able to wear the thing in public without a decent chunk of unwanted attention. It was tight around me before—that is, before my C cups started looking like triple D's in the same old bra as before.

It dawned on me that it was stupid to complain. Girls paid money for implants and push-up bras and here I was getting extra mileage out of the same old clothes I'd worn for weeks. I should be grateful. Part of me was.

A part that sort of hoped that losing a few inches off my midsection would sort of cement the hourglass look.

But *experiencing* such a change in my body was. . . different—not to mention a possible illusion. If I was indeed bigger in the bust, it would mean dumping tons into a new wardrobe: new bra fittings, new clothes, new accessories. It meant a total overhaul which sounded exhausting and expensive. I didn't know how much of a woman's life revolved around her breasts until I had the realization that a change in mine would flip a significant portion of mine upside down.

It was much less cognitively dissonant to attribute all changes in size and weight to something else. Maybe I was just bloated. Perhaps I yanked on a strap too hard last time I wore this bra making it appear tighter than before.

Maybe the constant buzzing of sex from getting dressed was giving me drunken delusions about how attractive I was. After all, just because *I* felt like fucking my reflection didn't magically mean I was the bustiest girl in the world. . .

Did I seriously just think about fucking my reflection?

Roughly an hour later, I left for the office. It might have been half an hour, as HR had limitations on female makeup in the workplace making morning preparations a cinch, but the process of buttoning up my shirt was so unsettlingly hot that I had to stop twice throughout the process for a quick five-minute smash and grab. It was the only thing that seemed to calm them down after the process of pulling the two sides of my lapel together, forcing my boobies behind a soft, cotton cage. And even after massaging them back into a slow tremble, I still couldn't get my nipples to stop being so ragingly erect at the sensation of my starched top against my feminine hills.

But things didn't stop there.

People at the office were taking notice just as I'd anticipated. It spiced up our painful paperwork when sore shoulders and neck would cause me to squirm in my large-backed chair, certain staff members showing inexplicit interest by being unusually prompt with their half-hour leg stretching. At first, it was a little embarrassing how close I came to moaning, feeling the pulse of my phone pressed flush to my right breast by my tight little bra, but with the appreciation from my cubicle neighbors apparent on their rapt expressions it was hard not to let a few wanting sighs eke out.

That was right. I, who had scorned the way my breasts paralyzed me the whole weekend, earned a sick sense of satisfaction from seeing how people in a *human resources department* couldn't keep from noticing them.

If the people in the bastion for equal workplace treatment were no match for a raging twenty-something with boobs like a pornstar, then could I blame myself for being so fixated? Did I reckon myself as having more willpower than men and women seasoned with all manner of sexual misconduct experience? Of course not.

And yet, even still, I would have required a steel will to keep from being distracted by how my clothes were fitting after a single weekend.

In fact, not only were they even more sensitive as the week progressed—a feat worthy of scientific note—but their size became. . . a concern.

37%

It was midweek.

Not only did I make the connection of Wi-Fi having some sort of contributing factor, but also that I couldn't exactly bring myself to turn it off. . .

To be clear, I'd been through every excuse I could as to why my bra pinched so much—bloatedness, hormones, puberty-the-sequel—but none of them held any water. In fact, I didn't have an explanation as to why I continued to grow other than, well, Lime Health.

But every time I went to turn it off, there was a sinking feeling in my stomach. A sense of loss. *If* the Lime Health app was responsible for my growth, would killing the app and turning off Wi-Fi reverse the changes? Did I even want to reverse those changes and have to go back to the way I was before? Worse, how would I explain to my horny coworkers that my boobs had shrunk down by a solid five cup sizes?

Which was indeed what I'd gained since the start of my 'health journey'.

I hadn't even known H cups existed until I indulged my curiosity—and fit 'curious Cynthia' into my schedule of pretending to work, squeezing two fistfuls of titty for nearly ten minutes at a time, flirting haphazardly at the few cute staff I worked with and repeating—by looking up the app. First, of course, was a bevy of developer propaganda. *Life-changing results. Impossible improvements. Subscribe for fifteen bucks extra for the premium package. Take your health to one-hundred percent!* But underneath all of that, buried in a comment section that would bring a blush to the raunchiest nymph, were the intimate details of every change from every person who was gullible, lazy, or brazen enough to keep the bloatware.

"Ten out of ten! Too useful! Never paying for drinks at the bar again ;)"

"Husband is very pleased. . . Let that sink in."

"I'm a guy. At least, I was. . . Confused as I am horny."

"I've seen ads for the porn industry's best-kept secret but never expected to find it."

It wasn't hard to fill in the many missing words: everyone changed when they used the app. If they weren't just paid actors or employees touting the praise of bloatware they depended upon for a salary, then an innocent graduation present was suddenly becoming a device that defined my entire life.

By teaching me that 'H cup' was a real cup size and not something made up by breast enthusiasts.

What they didn't tell me was how, once I achieved that size, I wouldn't even want to turn the app off anymore. As I'd mentioned, it became a little game to see what percentage I woke up with and how it changed overnight. So long as I remained connected to a strong wireless signal at work or home, I saw an upward progression. The loading bar filled with a welcoming evergreen color, a bubbling green animation that played on loop with shiny bubbles that a person could meditate on for hours.

But it was more than life gamification. My chest *missed* the phone being off. Sure, they had a mind of their own in one fashion, but the few times I forced myself to go into work without wireless networks turned on, I immediately was filled with an utter sense of anxiety. It was nothing short of mania. My mind raced as did my heart and the urgent need to wrap my little fingers around my fat, shirt-stuffing titties was of the utmost priority. It appeared that the longer they were left alone, denied regular pleasure by the intermittent vibrations that made them tremble and jiggle delightfully, the hornier I became.

Wednesday was the first time I went without Wi-Fi, remembering to place my phone on do-not-disturb and disconnecting from anything that stood a chance of interrupting a corporate meeting, but forgetting to fish my phone out from my stuffed shirt and turn those settings back on as I continued my day.

An hour in and my usual breaks to play with my boobies weren't effective. They wanted more than I was able to give them through my shirt. Taking *off* my shirt only got me marginally closer to what they craved. Within ninety minutes, I was topless in my cubical and the first person to confront my heated state, well, we certainly trampled over every protocol we'd had the meeting about in the first place.

Carla had to have been a lesbian before her husband, children, and corporate office job. . . At least I knew she'd take our tryst to the grave, as would I.

But only in the unlatching of my bra with the office milf's mouth on my needy nipples did I take note of my phone's utter silence. After dismissing Carla and cranking all the settings back on, I was filled with sudden levity and release.

Because my phone's vibration would keep me sane. . . and because I knew a mouth was the next step up from hands whenever I had a particularly high craving for chest pleasure.

41%

Friday, I walked to a local cafe for lunch. I could feel the urgent jitter of my phone as it clung to the invisible public networks all around me. Even the slightest signal would cause a buzz—I guess such reliable Internet could be considered a blessing for many. For me, though, it was a condemning march. Each step came with a jolt from my boobs, a small shudder causing them to jiggle more than normal.

More because this morning, for the first time in two weeks, my classic purple bra with pink frills would no longer latch. The girls were nearly free, breaking the bindings of underwear until I fished out a boring black bra of the sort that came packed in a group of three or four. Where the others went, no one could say, but at the very least it had a three hook setup and a flexible enough band. Needless to say, the girls were *not* pleased and were less than subtle about that fact.

I jiggled the whole walk to the cafe where the cute barista couldn't help but mention them right away

Her name was Amy—simple, easy Amy. And her customer service face was as couth as the first words out of her mouth. "Did you finally get that boob job you were talking about?"

Since I took early lunches, there were only three people at the small, outdoor coffee bar, but nothing gets people looking at your chest like the mention of a boob job. I felt skewered by eyes, my chest holding the few buttons I managed to fasten hostage.

"No," I growled. "And could you not be like *that* about them?"

"I was being sarcastic. You're obviously bigger. They look good, though by how you were talking about it before I assumed you would go—. . ." Amy's sentence was lopped off by the startled expression on my face.

From her perspective, I probably just looked like my lunch was threatening a resurgence. But since I was at the cafe for a lunch I'd yet to consume, nausea was off the table as an option.

Instead, prompted by an absurdly strong Wi-Fi signal, I felt a prominent surge in my bosom.

I dug my teeth into my lower lip, happy that I'd decided on a cold latte because its contents dripped down my hand with how tight I squeezed the cup. "*God!* It's so much worse today. It used to just be every so often, but this app has been relentless."

"It's an app?! You have to show me," Amy said excitedly, bouncing in her converse and modeling a stark lack of jiggle in any regard.

"I would but it's. . . I don't exactly have any pockets so it's—. . . *Mmmph!* Holy *Hell*. Did you guys do anything different with your network out here?"

"Hmm," Amy thought, thumbing her thin, kissable lips. "We did have IT come out lately. I think they bought us a new router because people complained that the service was slow. That was sometime last night I think. Why?"

"Oh *god*. . ." I groaned, actually *feeling* the improved connection through the sharp jolts of pleasure centered almost entirely in my tits. "I-I can tell. Dammit all, Amy. Couldn't you have warned me?"

Amy's eyes popped. She leaned over the counter, the stud piercing at the corner of her mouth rising as she glistened with intrigue. "You're kidding. Your phone lets you know when it has a strong connection by—. . ."

"How are you *not* freaked out by this?" I squawked, the end devolving into a moan as my free hand leaped to my engorged orb. I felt obligated to squeeze myself and found that, yes, even though I played off and ignored the sensations, that my breasts did indeed feel bigger; not just in my shirt but in my *hand*.

With dollar store measuring tape and a calculator I hadn't used since college, I came up with myself being a J cup which was, all at once, too massive to *not* form an adequate quadboob in any piece of underwear I owned. Even with double-layered protection, my hand sank into my chest, new squishiness welcoming anything and everything with a firm, loving hug.

I wish I could say that this was still more bang for my buck, that it was hormones or bloating or shape change or birth control. But no. Just *no*. There was *more* of me. More breast. A *lot* more

breast. And with each thud of my phone's incessant rumbling against my tight, sensitive skin, the more I got the message that Amy had alluded to:

The health app was making my tits grow.

"Mmph! Dammit!" I moaned, finally finding the sense to place my drink on the counter before turning away from the small crowd. My latte went to the bar and my free hand rushed to the aid of a melon in need of petting, stains on my shirt be damned. They only felt good when I was touching them; when hands were their cradle rather than a pesky little bra. Even so, my hands were pithy at the job of holding them as I felt the slow progression of weight.

They were large as over-ripened honeydew, an inviting 'Y' of cleavage showing down my shirt as they pressed together. Tighter, tighter, *tighter*. The bigger they got the more they didn't just push into my shirt or buttons but into each other and me. They were climbing my front in no time, the continuous progression prompted by runaway bloatware that I still had mixed feelings about stopping. I could feel warm metal from against my soft skin but also on the outside where the slender device made a small indentation and an obvious vibration against my fingers. I couldn't grope myself without feeling it going off again and again—could see how it made my flesh jiggle from the part of my boob that made contact, serving as a sort of protective case around my premium device, all the way to the surface where my cleavage slithered seductively without my permission.

"Whoa. . . I want that app."

I started suddenly, feeling a presence at my front and finding the *whoosh!* of Amy's green hair in my face. She had come around the bar, not content to watch from a distance, small and eager to be close to me as I experienced the most awkward moment of my life.

"Amy. . . Don't—. . ."

"Don't be greedy! Help a girl out. Do you see me? A girl like me would kill for just a few extra cup sizes. Ugh, Cynthia! C'mon!"

What wasn't surprising was how Amy, too young to care about appearances but too old for it not to be an act of sexual frustration, brought her hand down on my breast without warning. What was surprising was how amazing it felt—that someone else's hands on my boobs made for a notable qualitative improvement over having one pair of hands on boobs.

"Mmmh! Mmph, dammit," I moaned, eyelids growing heavy as the pleasure burst within me, the sense of growing improving as she neared.

"Talk, or I'm not stopping."

Don't you dare stop. . . Cynthia thought—with her tits rather than her brain.

“I-I uh. It’s just bloatware. I got this new phone a week or so ago, right? I told you about it, right? Well, it came with a health app and I figured it couldn’t hurt to give it a try. Always a good time to be healthy and—. . . H-Holy! These *breasts!*”

True to her word, or maybe just playfully sadistic, Amy began to claw into my breast all the more. She came close, discreet enough to stand so that others who might have had an angle to view what was happening would be blocked off, but not discreet enough to stop squeezing and molding the tight orb in my little collared shirt.

“Oh, it’s *bloatware* alright,” she winked. “But no. If you expect me to believe that you’d actually try one of those shitty apps, then you take me for a fool. Nobody uses the pre-installed stuff. Everyone deletes it right away to clear up space—especially since phones don’t have expandable storage anymore. Every gig counts. I’m not fooled for one second.”

I panted, the most recent surge causing moisture at my temples from the strain of my body changing shape. Every wave was something that needed to be braced for like I was pushing against some invisible wall as size funneled into me from the ether. I continued to grow, not in sense alone but in real, tangible size. Even as Amy talked, her eyes would glance down and behold how my melons were becoming soccer balls within a few minutes of conversation. It seemed like just a matter of time before something happened—*something* was imminent, approaching a breaking point. I could only fit so much breast into this bra—so much arousal into this body.

Taking bodily inventory, the sense of my breasts inflating was only the start of my symptoms. My body grew moist in every conceivable way—salivation in my lips, sweat on my brow, a sense that I would need a change of panties before the day was through. My heartbeat was so hard that I felt the throb of blood in my ears. If Amy and I didn’t do something quickly, or if I so much as lightened the squeezing of my thighs together, I would surely lose myself right there on a bar stool on my brunch break.

All because of some app that Amy didn’t think I still had on my phone.

“Amy. . . I need you to—. . .”

“I need *you* to tell me what you’re really doing, you busty little succubus. . .” she winked, leaning even closer to me, living up to the lesbian tendencies that I had assumed she had.

“It’s the *app*.”

“There *is* no app. C’mon, you and I both know that—. . .”

“Look for yourself then! Just get my phone and look for yourself!”

Frustration caused my voice to creak, a squeal that was plenty loud enough to be heard by the others in the outdoor bar. I heard someone clear their throat and another rustling their copy of the morning paper, doing their best to feign ignorance to the obvious grope show happening just a few meters away.

Amy's eyes, a green that matched her hair, flashed with enthusiasm. The sexual tension between us mounted, and she allowed her eyes a feast of my expanding breasts, slowly rolling in a scorching progression down the expanse of flesh pooling at the top of my shirt.

"Wouldn't I have to—. . ." she started, voice low and gruff, experience with sexuality leaps and bounds ahead of mine despite my advantage in age and size.

"Yes," I hissed, knowing that I was underestimating what my words had sentenced my body to. "But not here. Please just—. . . if we don't do it soon, I'm going to—. . ."

"Come. . ." Amy whispered. "Come with me, Cynthia. We can go out back. . ."

We did. Amy stopped squeezing my hefty, growing boulders and I rose out of my seat. She yelled something to an invisible boss of hers. 'Taking a break' or something to that effect. Then, she found my hand and led me out around the counter and through a pair of swinging doors. I was thankful for her guidance as something within me knew that if it were up to me and my own two feet, walking anywhere with any amount of self-direction would have been a spectacular failure.

If the foggy brain wasn't enough impairment, the weight and size of my tits further threw off my coordination. It was a good thing to have Amy, I noted.

Though, the downside of being carted away by someone who wanted to jump my bones was that I didn't get to select the destination. We ended up in the back of the cafe, a part that faced a public park. There was a fence of pathetic quality with slats large enough for local stray cats to enter the alley and partake in the discarded scraps of other little restaurants along the strip. It also happened to be the only place where the small coffee shop could put a freezer room; a box the size of a tool shed that had walls lined with milks of different fat percentages, excess fresh fruit, and frozen pastries to be warmed upon demand from a hungry, carbohydrate craving visitor.

It looked promising; a quiet, dark place with a lock and a hot, green-haired barista acquaintance. The second I stepped into the room, however, I changed my mind. My entire body trembled. Thanks to the discussion and realization from earlier, I learned the reason why and immediately began looking around the ceiling until I found a large white box with an antenna mounted in the corner.

Amy had already closed the door behind us when I spun and asked, "Is that the router?!"

“No, that’s just an extender. We can control the temperature of this room wirelessly from the shop on warmer or colder days, so we needed to have a strong Wi-Fi signal—. . . Oh. *Oh!*”

“Amy you twit! I—. . . *Mmmn!*”

I was nearly delirious with jubilant sensations. I stumbled backward across the wood flooring until my butt slammed against a waist-height freezer. The sudden impact brought a generous amount of bouncing to my boobs, the motion of which was more than enough to force my legs apart and make me see stars. I couldn’t contain how good I felt—couldn’t even bring myself to the logical place of needing to leave the building and rid myself of such semi-public indecency.

Thank god the freezer room was private.

“They really *are* growing. . .” Amy said, stalking across the small room, taking her time and leaning from side to side to get a better view of them. “That’s insane. I didn’t think I would be able to tell so well, but just looking at you in here—there’s just so much *more* of you.”

“Now is *not* the time, Amy,” I winced. The sense of imminence dominated me again, the fullness in my chest worsening. Pale white flesh crawled up higher and higher, kissing the bottoms of my collarbones and, based on the sensation, rushing down my ribcage. My bra straps dug into me like saw blades and my cups had lifted away from my body, flesh trapped underneath them, pushing the material flush to my shirt such that the impression of the insufficient little piece of underwear showed like a sore thumb underneath my work top. “Get the phone out. Get it. G-Get it before—. . . *Mmmh!*”

Amy neared enough that, as she held up her hands, my softness leaped toward them in a desperate entreaty for attention. I felt myself melting against her palms despite the tightness caused by narrowing confines. Some part of me was happy that her hands fell half on the taut, rigid surface of my shirt, crinkled into wrinkles by my enhancing jugs, and half on softer, exposed flesh of the sort that sank like quicksand.

“Cynthy. This is insane. You’re way bigger than before. Like, what sort of implants—. . .”

“Not. *Implants!*” I groaned, too put off by this whole fiasco to care anymore about my noise level. My physical needs had made me raw and edgy, and rather than retreat away from her loosely open hand, I pushed away from the freezer behind me and found Amy’s wrist. “See? It’s here. Amy, my phone is right here!” I couldn’t help but be turned on by her hand as I guided it down to the under half of my crescent moon, not ignoring the thin ridges and stress creases across my shirt. I couldn’t see now, I noticed, because I’d grown so large that my underboob would have taken a hefty swing upward to look at, but by touch, we found our way southward.

There, trapped between my bra and fleshy softness, was the outline of a small, candybar-sized brick in need of extraction.

“H-How am I supposed to get that?” Amy asked, eyes gaping at me. “It’s at the very bottom. Unless I go in from the. . .”

“Oh, so *now* you’re acting coy? You were cocky when everyone was watching but now that I need you to get into my shirt you’re scared?”

“It’s easier when you’re embarrassed. . . When you’re forceful like this it’s. . . different.”

And I could have sworn that I saw a glimmer of something else in Amy’s green eyes; a reminiscence or the glow of attraction. But I was too impatient to humor it and urged her forward anyway. “It doesn’t matter, okay? If we don’t get the phone out and turn off the Wi-Fi setting, you’ll be the one explaining why the fire department had to be called to pull me out of this shed with the jaws of life.”

Amy blinked, my worry reaching her as she gave a resolute nod.

There were only two ways into my shirt as there were in just about any shirt: go down the top or go up the bottom.

Frantically, Amy went first for the open swell of my cleavage. It was, after all, the most upfront and forward part of me and an easy first choice. One barely needed a reason to attempt to stuff their hand between a pair of smashed-together breasts and in this case, Amy had an exclusive invitation to do exactly that.

And I was too obsessed with being touched to care much which direction she chose.

So, with a brief look of a warning, Amy lifted her arm. “Get ready,” she said. I stuck out my chest for her, serving myself up, astounded by how much distance my titties could project if I pushed them out, shoulders thrown back.

There had to be at least a foot of me pushing forward. *Holy hell.* . .

Even Amy, with her gusto, hesitated when she saw just how much of me there was to sink herself into. “Maybe I should leave a trail of breadcrumbs. I wouldn’t want to get lost. . .”

I started to express my rage at her words until I felt them evaporate at Amy’s proximity. Seeing her so close, the softness and vulnerability of her expression, I couldn’t bring myself to take my need for release out on her. If anything, we’d both needed that small bit of emotional release and with her joking, she provided it.

What came out of me, as a result, was some strange belching, gasping, giggle—the least cute thing imaginable. And once it was over, she went to work.

There was no graceful way to do it; not that our sex-addled brains could concoct on the spot. Amy went down the front of my shirt, doing a five-legged walk with her hand down, finding whichever spots of least resistance there were to find.

“That’s tight,” she commented, her hand barely to the wrist.

“You’re telling me,” I said through gritted teeth. “I think I’m about to—. . . *Mmmh!* Again, here it comes—. . .”

I felt the vibration of my phone pulsing, another build toward health and wellness according to the sadistic, voodoo app developer. My titty flesh rattled around in my shirt, causing ominous creaks to ring out. Amy and I went still. We could sense that something bigger than us was nearby. It was a prey sense, keenly aware of the predator that was stalking us.

Except, we were alone in the little freezer shed; alone with my tits.

THTCH!

“Ow!”

“Sorry!”

Amy reeled back some, pulled her hand out of my shirt, holding the freed hand up to her eye. Across the room, a plastic button went skittering innocently as if it hadn’t just been made into a projectile by the biggest set of tits I’d ever seen.

The biggest pair. . . I glanced down and—. . . “*Fuck!*” I couldn’t help myself. The only thing potentially hotter than a pair of immense sweater puppies shrink-wrapped by a button-down shirt was a pair that had a spirit of freedom so strong that they began to dismantle their prison bars and turned them into a projectile in the process. My tits sloshed in their new space. Every inch of new area was swallowed up by my attention-starved, marshmallowy bosom, ounces and ounces of fresh femininity pouring into and over the new openings. They applauded their new freedom, the softer portions clapping against one another lewdly, bringing attention to their weight and unscientific preservation of momentum. I felt like a damned cartoon character.

One of those hot ones that people post online—hyper-sexualized and so, so adored.

I didn’t know what to make of the fact that I was even more turned on with fewer clothes on, but honestly, with the spread of breasts before me, I couldn’t exactly tell myself ‘no’. They were inviting on a level I had only experimented with thus far. Part of me thought the feeling would eventually wear off like I would come to terms with my size or sensitivity and the sight of my breasts would cloy.

But it was hard to write them off; hard to ignore how they moved and pulled on my front. I wanted them *more*, despite them already being mine. And because they were mine, there wasn't any reason to put off what I wanted to do most.

"Amy?" I said, addressing the woman who was supposed to relieve me of my still-expanding knockers.

She had her hands on her hips now. The button had come close to hitting her in the eye, but since she wasn't still clutching half her face, I presumed that she was fine. Instead, her top canine teeth pinched into her lower lip. "Yes?" she sassed. "If you're planning on warning me about a wardrobe malfunction, you're a good minute too late."

"Get. Over. Here," I growled, then pulled myself back against the freezer, hopping on top of it and making an ample show of how, when the rest of my body stopped moving, each of my basketball-sized breasts perpetually wobbled. "You're not off the hook. You need to get my phone, remember?"

The coolness in my voice spoke volumes and Amy, given permission to act, leaped into action without any apprehension. "Fuck yes. . . *finally*." She'd been holding back for my sake—always pressing my buttons but always guarding my feelings; from the way her body blocked her groping in the cafe to her selection of the freezer shed in the alley.

She fought her work apron off in the three steps it took her to get to me. Once close, she plunged headfirst into my chest. I could have blacked out from the pleasure, sparks like the fourth of July smattering my vision from corner to corner as my luscious, new female blessings enveloped her. I could make out every detail of her face thanks to the softness in my bosom; the heat of her breath, the shape of a curious tongue, her winsome grin. Then, all at once, her palm came down against me so that she could press them further into herself. I helped how I could, wrapping my arms around her so my flesh burgeoned above her head, my pillows becoming home base for our sapphic excursion into my new body.

"You're good for a straight girl," Amy scoffed during one of her oxygen breaks. "Or maybe you're not as straight as you let on."

Honestly, the concept of sexual orientation, for me, at that moment, felt vapid. There was no reason to care about a label so long as I could have my tits appreciated; smothering someone, juggling my fleshy balloons against a face, hands, or a body. "I'm just enthusiastic," I answered back, proving the point by drawing my upper arms together, pressing her deeper.

We both heard a *SHHKKRT!* and our eyes bulged in delight.

"Should I be concerned?" Amy mused, a concealed means of asking if I was comfortable with continuing.

"It was just across my back," I answered. "Why? Starved for oxygen? Need a break?"

"Not even close," Amy rolled her eyes. "I just wanted to know where to do. . . *this!*"

I hadn't felt her arms slinking around me. After all, there was simply too much sensitive, squishy boobage at my front for me to pay attention to any creeping thing along my sides. It was too late when I felt her fingers slinking between my taxed shirt and my bare back. She barely had to exert any effort to pull my pathetic little collared top apart, opening me up wide at the back in two strong pulls—while smothering herself in my cleavage simultaneously, of course.

We both chirped like we were taken by surprise as my shirt came apart in two hardy snatches. It remained on my body but the pull left me with an exciting tickle up my spine as cool air assaulted me from behind. On Amy's front, she got a mouthful of my breast, which was its own sort of assault. I thanked her by cutting off any semblance of an airway that she may have had.

"I think you're going to have to tug it one more time," I winked at her.

She offered a cute mumbling at my teasing, which I found absolutely adorable.

"Don't quit. You started this job so go ahead and finish it. Tear this tiny shirt off of me. Come on Amy. Do it."

I felt another strong moan coming on at another bit of growth pushed my tits even further away from my body. My knockers were heavy sacks that pushed away my cuddling partner. I playfully fought their expansion by holding her closer, simultaneously rocking my shoulders back and forth so that she could have the pleasure of my cleavage slapping against her cheeks. It was unclear if she could hear me because so much flesh was piled up around her ears but I trusted that the sentiment was translated through our bodies.

Still, I was *massive*. I couldn't believe that just a few days ago I had thought that I was busty. The size I was now made cup sizes a moot point. By comparison, each of my gourds was larger than Amy's head by a significant margin. Only her green locks poked out of my cleavage and only if I relaxed my arms, filling up every centimeter between my elbows in an off-white sea of thick, inviting duvet. Even my nipples extended further than her hair did thanks to their finding a way out of my bra. Somehow in our little romping, I realized that my bra had slipped down and was wrapped around my rib cage like a belt so that my girls were completely free besides the remaining couple buttons on my shirt. I was relieved that I wasn't razing yet another innocent piece of clothing.

But also sort of wished that the straps that had threatened to dislocate my shoulders earlier were still on the chopping block. Maybe I'd try stuffing myself in them later. . . for the spiteful *fun* of it.

But no. It was better to have it intact; for it to serve as a reminder of how far I'd come—how far my new device had brought me. Getting a new phone was only supposed to improve my communications; the ways I kept in touch with my family and plugged into current events. I couldn't have guessed that some crappy piece of bloatware would be responsible for changing the way that I communicated in a much broader sense.

Tucked within the den space of the outdoor freezer and under the constant barrage of amazing Wi-Fi connectivity, I wrapped my legs around Amy's waist and leaned forward. Using only my breasts I was able to slowly raise her so that our lines of sight were level. I could tell that I had interrupted something because she was completely flustered and panting from kissing and licking my balloon-disgracing breasts.

"Finish what you started," I begged her again. Except this time I talked with my full body and bent down for an emblazoned kiss.

I immediately felt the overwhelming desire Amy had been suppressing for so long. My mouth was full of her tongue, stuffed to dripping by the taste of her in my breasts, compressed even further with the tightness of our embrace. Now she didn't just use fingers but her entire fists were balled up at my back and using the already serrated parts of my work shirt as leverage she pulled me deeper into her kiss, a symphony of fabric sounding off behind us.

At the same time, I blossomed into yet another size and it was too good to be believable how amazing it felt to grow while simultaneously having a piece of clothing fail all around you. My breath was fed by Amy's mouth, my body with our shared arousal, and my breasts by some unseen technology.

I grew and grew and grew. I couldn't be stopped, not with everything coming together at once like this. I felt my skin stretching almost to the point of pain and clung on to Amy's barista top for dear life as my bosom continued conquering the space between us. It bulged up toward our chins in a rush and tumbled down toward the ground like a tsunami. All the while the ominous vibration of my new cellular device kept fueling our wildfire, to a point that we would have to worry if our combined heat would spoil the coffee ingredients in the room around us.

Such debauchery could only be contained for so long. Within three minutes, we both came. It was such a beautiful and all-encompassing experience that we realized too late when the sound of crunching metal echoed together with a concerned gasp behind us.

"Amy? It's time for you to get back in here. We've got the lunch rush in... mother of *fuck*! The *hell* of you girls doing?"

It had been a long time since I'd had an orgasm so long and visceral, so the post-climax clarity sharpened my senses beyond what I expected. I came crashing back into the moment, into both my body and space. The light from outside was noon-time sun and everything was still around us including the flabbergasted manager of Amy's coffee shop job.

"Amy! Off! Your boss is. . . Amy, *now*. Stop that," I urged.

It was like prying a starving kitten away from a bowl of milk. Amy's languid and satisfied form reluctantly budged from my barge-sized bosom only after a few more romantic kisses and a lick that left a shimmering twelve-inch trail on the top of my exposed titty. She offered a goofy grin, gone delirious with affection, and only backed away enough so that she could face her boss. When she saw the manager, she woke up the same way that I had.

The green-headed lesbian swore and began to straighten her shirt while she sprinted toward the door. In the same move that she picked her apron up off the ground, she also swung around and saw the origin of the metal crunch from earlier.

A premium, rose gold candy bar-shaped piece of technology laid lifeless and shattered on the hard flooring. She looked at her boss who was livid to the point of speechlessness, then slowly walked my phone back to me.

"Sorry, Cynthia. . ."

I took the device from her, running my fingers along the spider web fractures in the screen. Holding down the power button proved that the tumble had killed the unprotected device upon impact.

I looked down between us, forced to acknowledge that Amy couldn't get within two feet of me without having to take my tremendous berth into account. The final surge had left me gargantuan such that my breast tumbled over my knees like snowy waterfalls even when I leaned as far back as I could. Deep and shallow within my ivory hills ran sky blue trails of veins that pumped fresh liveliness to a pair of six-inch nipples, both throbbing like antennas.

"You two need to get the hell out of my freezer," the manager barked. Amy and I winced at the sudden noise, stolen from one final intimate moment.

Seconds. It had taken *seconds* before my four combined feet of breast flesh had made us ignorant of the fuming manager. Boobs like this were dumbfounding—quite literally.

"Don't worry about it," I whispered like a teenager who had just been caught exchanging notes with her crush. Then, since it was clear that we were being run off, I urged Amy out of the way and came crashing down from my perch. My new weight caused my knees to buckle but I didn't have to fight too much to stay standing.

Guess Lime health saw it fit enough to make sure the rest of my frame could stand to the power of my titanic titties.

Still, I wish it had given my tits some sense of decency, especially in front of disgruntled discoverers. They probably didn't *have* to leap victoriously for five countable bounces, but since my shirt was a complete afterthought and their perkiness remained despite their size, I couldn't fully keep them from defying gravity as well as decency.

At least I could only be labeled 'the bustiest girl around' instead of the 'girl whose tits grew for no easily explainable reason'.

"Your phone..." Amy began, slow to pull her hand away from where we were exchanging the shattered device.

"Insurance," I whispered quickly. "I can just go get it replaced later."

"Pick me up," she said with that same flash of energetic fun in her eyes as she shared with me when I first felt her hand on my boob. "I get paid today. I'm off at five."

"You're lucky I don't fire your ass right now. Delaney! Get behind the register!"

Amy squeezed my hand and gave me one last devious look before sprinting toward the door. With her smaller frame, she was able to pass within the narrow opening left between her boss and the threshold of the door.

"And you. Get out of here before I get the cops to trespass you."

I had no intention of being trespassed from my favorite coffee place so I forced myself to learn to walk again, crossed my arms like bars in front of my new, effectively-topless body, and walked toward the exit. Where Amy had had no trouble slipping through so long as her boss stayed put, I had no hope of getting past the woman who was demanding that I leave.

"Um, excuse me."

"You're disgusting. I can't believe I got a line out the building and staff threatening to quit because of a woman like you..."

I was immediately taken aback by her rudeness and showed it by cocking my chin down and raising one eyebrow. "You going to let me leave or not?"

The woman had to have had at least ten years on me but the look she gave me came straight from the playground. 'I'll move, but you're going to have to make me'. Not to mention that her words to me earlier had both the sting of venom in them but also a sort of sorrow and, dare I say, jealousy.

But I had too little consideration of her to try to parse apart her words. I had to think about how I was going to explain my own tardiness at work while also somehow factoring in my lack of a shirt.

Oh, and there were also the breasts that were thrice the size they had been when I left. Those needed explanations, too.

So I forced my way past the woman with long black hair, gold hoop earrings, and caramel skin by using my weight advantage. I hadn't meant to put so much of myself behind it but I was a little spiteful and thus satisfied when my shoulder was empowered by the momentum of my chest and shoved her to the side. She clattered against the freezer wall, hand thrown out to catch her.

I exchanged another quick look with her then, my own sort of playground ethics. 'Don't fuck unless you can back it up', said my angled brow and terse pout.

Amy's boss looked me up and down, her face showing the same conflicted emotions as before.

I left satisfied that I had used my improved weight to immediate good, then was happy to find that Amy's first concern once she got inside was stealing an old jacket for me to throw on for some coverage. Before her boss could catch up to us and see, we exchanged a kiss and a promise to meet this evening.

Then, I learned to drive with tits that submerged the steering wheel and made way toward home where my phone's emergency insurance paperwork awaited, as did the promise of even more bloatware.

What percentage did I make it to, that gave me four-foot breasts?

And would the next phone start where the last one left off? Or start at 0%?

Author's Note

Thank you for taking the time to read over my work. I'm a big fan of the expansion community and enjoy making stories about friends to lovers as a theme, but also other sorts of narratives that involve relationships, lactation, and expansion.

Below are links to my socials including my [DeviantArt](#) where you can read all of my stories for free. Definitely give it a visit if you're interested.

I write all of these stories and make them available for free, but I only have so much time to devote to writing. If you'd like to buy me more time or would just like to express your thanks, consider supporting me on my [Patreon](#). If you do, you'll also gain access to my story releases several weeks before the public release, commissioned artwork that is released early as well, a status on the [Church of Saint Limey Discord](#), and a backstage look into several other behind-the-scenes content that I work on in my down time.

Thank you again for reading.

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