**Dreams Become Reality**

**By DelphinusBE**

This story is for ages 18+

If you should not be reading this, then don’t!

This story contains fetish content such as breast expansion, masturbation, and clothing destruction.

If you are offended by this, then don’t read it!

Lacey was fast asleep in her bed, dressed in her loose, pink, button-up pajamas. It was July and very hot outside, so she slept without a blanket. Her long blonde hair spread across her pillow as she lay on her back, her small, pert breasts rising and falling as she breathed.

Lacey has always been pretty self-conscious about her body, especially her boobs. She was a B-cup when she was sixteen and now six years later, at twenty-two, she hasn’t grown a bit. Because of this, Lacey tends to have pretty erotic dreams that involve her having bigger boobs. She would often have dreams where she is on the beach showing off her big tits in a small bikini or sitting at her desk at work with her boobs stretching her sweater to the breaking point.

Tonight, isn’t any different, except for one thing. It started when Lacey began to move around in her sleep, something she often did when she started dreaming.

*Lacey was sitting on a bench by the fountain at the mall, eating a bowl of fried rice that she bought at one of the Asian food restaurants at the food court. She was wearing a white tank top and booty shorts, trying to show off her body as much as possible without being too slutty. While she ate, she noticed two girls walk by, chatting and laughing as they carried bags with the logo of one of the famous lingerie shops in the mall. One of them was short, about 5’2”, with black hair cut in a bob. She was wearing a black crop top and black pants. Her breasts were average, maybe a C-cup.*

*The other was much different. She was a brunette that looked to be about 5’8”, wearing an orange halter top that was filled to the brim with largest tits Lacey had ever seen. They spilled out of the sides of her top, her massive cleavage jiggling with ever step she took.*

*Lacey’s eyes were glued to those beautiful massive globes of perfect tit flesh as their shape was redefined as she walked.*

Lacey’s hands began tracing the outline of her body, starting at her breasts, moving down towards her hips and then back again. As her hands returned to her boobs, she gave them a small squeeze, moaning a little as her nipples began to stiffen and tent the fabric of her pajama top.

*“I can’t believe they actually had something in your size!” the shorter girl snickered.*

*“I know, it’s pretty hard to find clothes that fit over these huge things.” The brunette said, cupping her huge tits, making them spill out of her top even more than they already were.*

*“What are you now? A G-cup? H-cup?”*

*“Try K-cup” she laughed, giving her titanic knockers another squeeze.*

*Lacey spit some of her rice out of her mouth at the comment. She couldn’t believe what she had just heard.*

*“Did she say K!” Lacey said under her breathe, trying to wipe the rice off her tank top, some of it spilled into her bra as well. As she picked the grains out of her bra, she listened in on the girl’s conversation some more.*

*“I bet all the guys at work stand at attention when you walk by!” The black-haired girl giggled.*

*“Yeah, the attention is nice, but they can be a pain sometimes. They’re so heavy they make my shoulders hurt, it’s almost impossible to find cute clothes that fit, and don’t get me started on the boob sweat!”*

*The two girls turned a corner and disappeared from sight, leaving Lacey alone at the fountain. She finished picking the grains of rice out of her bra, sat her food down and stood up, staring at where the two girls disappeared from. She pulled out a quarter, some of the change left over from when she ordered her food and held it in her hand.*

*“She made it sound like she didn’t like her boobs. But they were amazing. The way they moved when she walked, the way they stretched her shirt.” Lacey squeezed the coin tighter in her hand and closed her eyes.*

*“I wish I had boobs as big as she did! Or even bigger would be nice!” Lacey opened her eyes and dropped the coin into the fountain.*

*“Fat chance that’ll ever happen.” She said sadly as she sat back down on the bench. The moment her butt hit the chair; a strange tingle shot through Lacey’s chest causing her to let out a small “Eep!”*

*Lacey looked down at her chest and saw nothing out of the ordinary. Her small B-cup breasts were still as small as ever in their bra and tank top clad prison. Her nipples, however, were hard and poking into the back of her bra cups. She brought her hand up to the outside of her shirt and gave a gentle squeeze. Lacey moaned as another jolt coursed through her chest and her boobs began to grow.*

Lacey’s erect nipples poked even harder through her pajama top as her breasts began to swell up. Her hands continued to explore her expanding boobs as they slowly pushed forward, her tiny tits gaining extra flesh by the second. Her fingers slowly being pushed apart as she grips her boobs.

*Lacey’s boobs were pushing into the cups of her bra, slowly pulling them away from her body. Her expansion was slow, but it felt amazing. As more and more flesh pushed into the cups of her bra, her tits started to become too big for it, her boobs gaining at least a full cup size. Lacey’s hand explored her new assets, moaning as they continued to grow. For the first time since the expansion started, she looked down to see it for herself.*

*“Oh my god!” She yelled out seeing her now C-cup, and still growing, tits pushing her tank top forward. Her breasts started to show through the plunging neckline, creating more and more cleavage as they grew. Her breasts weren’t quite big enough to touch yet, but the distance between them was growing closer by the minute.*

*“I can’t believe this is happening! I’m getting tits! Real, big, huge, squishy, jiggly TITS!” Lacey moaned as she gave her growing mams another squeeze. Her boobs were starting to mushroom over the tops of her bra cups now, having gained another cup size. Her bra straps cutting into her shoulders more, the band being pulled tighter against her back.*

Lacey’s pajama top was pulled tighter across her D-cup tits, the buttons starting to spread apart, creating small “O’s” between them. Bits of creamy, white breast flesh could be seen between the buttons now. Stress lines beginning to form across the peak of her boobs. Her moans getting louder the more and more her chest pumps up.

*“This feels soooooo goooood!” Lacey moaned as she continued groping her massive growing tits. Her bra could barely contain them now as they spilled over the tops and bottoms of the cups. Her bra was pulled tight, no longer being pushed out as there was no more room for the fabric to stretch. The straps were digging into her shoulders so much now that it began to hurt, but the euphoria of her expanding boobs was so overpowering she barely noticed.*

*Lacey’s tank top was being pulled up her midriff, her stomach slowly being exposed as her tits continued to swell up, taking up any extra fabric the shirt had to give. Her tits were mushrooming over the tops and sides of the top, the faint sound of stitching coming undone could be heard. Her tits are about an F-cup at this point and growing faster than before.*

*Lacey’s bra was starting to groan, unable to hold the onslaught of tit flesh being piled into it. She began to arch her back, pushing them forward little by little, showing just how big they were becoming.*

*\*CLINK\**

*The first of her bra’s three hooks came undone. “UUUGHHHHH! I’m going to bust out of this bra!” Lacey howled as she continued to straighten her back, another hook snapping as she did. “I can’t take it anymore! I HAVE TO BREAK FREEEEEEEEE!” Lacey violently thrusted her chest out.*

*\*SNAP\**

*Lacey’s bra broke, finally losing the battle to her gargantuan tits.*

\*PING\*

The front most button of Lacey’s pajama top shot off into the air, landing somewhere in the darkness of her room. Breast flesh came pouring into new opening created, putting more stress on the remaining buttons. She began to grope her growing tits even more violently, moaning louder, tweaking her nipples as they pushed into the fabric. A wet spot beginning to form in her pajama bottoms. Lacey was turned on beyond anything she had ever felt before, and she was still dreaming, still growing.

*Without her bra in the way, her boobs were able to fill out to their full size. Her tank top hiked up her stomach about two inches further, attempting to hold her massive milk tanks. Her breasts we mushrooming over the tops and sides of her shirt, the stitching groaning in protest.*

\*PING\*

Another button shoots off as Lacey archers her back further in her sleep. Her deep cleavage pouring through opening, becoming more deformed as her remaining shirt buttons try to hold them back.

\**SHRIIIP\**

*The seam of Lacey’s tank top began to tear under her right armpit, unable to contain her beautiful growing tit flesh. Her fat nipples looked like they were going to pierce through her skin-tight top, her tits now about a I-cup. She moved her hand across their expanse again, her breasts continued growth destroying the seam on her left side now.*

*“YEEEESSSS! BIGGER, FATTER! DON’T STOP!” Lacey screamed as she orgasmed, her breasts gave one last surge of growth, nearly ripping her tank top off her body.*

\*PING\* \*PING\*

Lacey thrusted her tits in orgasmic rapture, blowing two more buttons off her top, lost to the abyss of darkness in her room. Her pajama bottoms were completely soaked in her cum. Her top barely survived the experience. Her tits, now significantly bigger than her head, was compressed by what was left of her top. Only the top-most and bottom-most buttons survived, a massive opening in the center of her shirt where her tits squeezed through. Her stomach now completely exposed as all of her shirt’s fabric was now stretched across her tits.

Lacey finally woke up, still panting from the orgasm she had just experienced. She noticed that her chest felt different as she breathed heavily. As she began to sit up, the extra weight of her new breasts made it difficult for her.

“What the hell is going on?” Lacey groaned, still half asleep. She clicked the light on her end table on and was able to see what was causing her strange discomfort. She looked down at her destroyed top and saw the massive amount of cleavage that was now sitting on her chest.

“Huh?” Lacey said quizzically, bring her hands up to her tits, giving them a gentle squeeze. “OH GOD!” An amazing feeling shot through her chest as she groped her now gargantuan K-cup titties. “Is this real? I have huge tits now?” Lacey questioned, continuing to grope them, almost bringing herself to climax again.

“This is amazing, but…. How?”