

A Growing Concern

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Sometimes I wish my breasts were bigger.

Then I remember that they are already a pain and I don't need them any larger.

"Hmmh, I swear these clothes fit last week," I groan, cupping my recently-enlarged bust. Is it ever going to stop? This might become a big problem (no pun intended) if things keep going this way.

I let go of the broom and the cleaning rags, tossing a look at the courtyard. It's a beautiful day in Mezekesh, as always. Even with my current circumstances and everything that caused me to get reincarnated in this place and with this new body, I have to admit that the city is as beautiful as they come.

I'm alone in the courtyard, for the time being. The Sisters Knights are all either attending service or out on a mission, so they won't mind it if I take a quick break, will they? Just enough to check on my tits.

"This would have been much easier if I had never come here..." I huff in my now-female voice, so high-pitched that I had a hard time recognizing it as my one the first few weeks I heard it. But by now I'm so used to it that I hear the voice of my own thoughts speaking like that, a young woman who's now working as a maid for the Order of Sisters Knights.

I know there is a bathroom nearby. I walk across the marble pavement, reaching for a secluded room where sunlight filters through tall and narrow windows. Everything is a clear shade of white or gold, or blue. The palace is the order's headquarter, so they have everything sorted

out, and every corner feels as precious and polished as a five-star hotel in my old world.

If it wasn't for me having to do my chores and... servicing the Sisters Knights in a certain way, I probably wouldn't even mind it.

"Now, let's see how much bigger these have grown..." I grumble, starting to disrobe. The silver mirror reflects the image of a beautiful girl, her soft blond hair falling gently against her narrow shoulders. Her blue eyes are large and bright, and they immediately draw your attention in. I know I have been turned into a sexy little morsel for every one of the Sisters here at the monastery...

This sexy morsel of a girl is a good head shorter than I used to be, and whatever height I retained went all to my legs. I have a slender body with long and supple legs, and I am sure the Knights have a great time spreading them and...

"Hmm, not now," I grumble, giving my round face a little slap. I'm starting to get horny again just thinking about it. And I can't waste too much time masturbating in the bathroom... they are going to find out about it and if a Sister finds out about it... it's not going to be pretty.

I take off my simple grey clothes as a servant and I stand in front of the mirror as naked as the day I was transformed into this shape. I gulp, checking on my body, passing my dainty fingers over my smooth neck and then towards my very narrow waist. I'm starting to get some training on the side and it has left me with a sexy belly with a hint of muscles, nothing too strong, but enough to give me a hint of girl abs.

But my hips flare out of my waist in a way that betrays my body has been made and remade for one purpose only.

"I hope I did not get too much weight..." I blush as I turn, rubbing my rounded tush. It's not growing, or perhaps not as fast as my breasts, but sometimes I wonder if my activities as a servant aren't leaving me with a larger butt as well. I can definitely feel it move more when I walk.

“Ah, I shouldn’t touch it...” I whisper, biting my lip as my fingers go even lower, hesitating in front of my puffy lower lips. They are a sexy pink shade and already swollen with arousal. I can smell my own scent in the small bathroom. My juicy clit throbs with need and I squeeze my thighs together, as it trying to catch the need between them. “Hmmm, no, I can’t do it now, I’m not a slut!” Or at least that’s what I try to tell myself.

Months of living with the Sisters have proven, time and time again, that I am in fact a bit of a slut.

Maybe more than just a bit.

“Huff... I just wanted to make a breast check...”

I cup my bust and I try to check how they feel against the palms of my hands. When I was sent to to this world and transformed I used to have a very small bust, maybe a B cup on a good day. I cup my soft tits, feeling their warmth against my fingers, my nipples immediately growing stiff. I can feel their skin getting taut, tender and needy. “Hmm, I would like someone to pinch them,” I whimper, but I catch myself.

This new body has been changing the ways I think about myself. I am starting to talk like a slut...

“And it’s all my fault. I just had to be an arrogant jerk to that reincarnation goddess, didn’t I?”

I sigh as I give my boobs a longer exploratory grope. Yes, something is definitely weird. I can feel how their softness overflows my fingers a little more, how they feel a little heavier and a little rounder. They are still extremely perky, and they sit high and inviting (maybe too inviting!) on my chest where a pair of pecs used to be, but they have gained a curve in their underside that wasn’t there before.

“I must be a little more than a B now... maybe even a C.”

I never would have thought I would refer to myself as a girl with a big pair of boobs, but maybe that's my destiny in this new world, besides being a good slutty servant...

"I must check if some of the other girls has a bra or something..."

In this world it seems the concept of a bra is something unknown. Maybe they have chest bandages or something like that. I could use a little bit of help.

"I wouldn't mind them to be a little bigger, but... they will become heavy..." I sigh, letting my hands falling to my sides. "And if they get even heavier, they will start to wobble all the way around..."

And that will be the moment when horny Sisters will pick on me even more often than they do now. I just know they are going to do it.

"I better go back to my chores for now."

I pick up my clothes and put them on again. I have to wash and clean the entire inner courtyard, and then get the dinner ready, and then I will have to check with the other servants if someone wants to help me. Besides, I will also have to help the Sisters when they come back from their daily patrol, and they are going to...

"Hmmm..." I shudder as pleasure blooms between my legs. "I have to keep it together... I can't just..." my fingers inch towards my pussy. My throbbing, wet pussy, already wet and shining with my juices. I can feel my muscles clenching, waiting for a big, hard rod to spread them and...

"No. I have to do my job!" That's my place in this world, and that's what I was brought here for after all.

I sigh and get out of the bathroom, looking for my broom and the cleaning kit.

"Hey, bitch! What are you doing there?" And I freeze.

In the middle of the hallway stands one of the Sisters - a gorgeous blonde with a huge pair of rounded tits and dressed only in a linen dress. I gulp as I notice the outline of her big dick, already straining against her pants. She grins as she follows my gaze.

“Trying to skip work, hm? Well, how about you come here and get *me* clean instead?” She advances towards me, licking her lips.

Oh gods. I really got myself in a bit of a mess...

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A few days later I wake up in the middle of the night. Night birds flutter outside of the open windows and there's a pleasant cool breeze to kiss my naked skin. I am still aching from the pounding I received today, from the Captain-General of the Sisters and pretty much everyone who wants to use my holes.

“What a mess...” I groan, sitting on the bed as I check my body out. There had been a time when I used to be a proud man, before I got reincarnated into this body and into this situation, used as a fuckdoll by hung and horny futa knights who can just take without even asking. “Hmmm,” I groan as my hand reaches for my dampening pussy. By now all this sex has turned me into a bit of a slut and the thought of a nice hard cock stirring my insides up gets me going right away. Getting fucked day and night really did a number on me. And there's also the matter of my tits. “They have been growing a bit, haven't they?”

Then again, the Captain-General did promise she'd make my tits even bigger. And they ache so good. My hand leave my damp pussy as I squeeze my thighs and they reach for my slowly-expanding breasts as they cup their underside. Yep. Definitely more there. They feel heavier

and firmer. They probably are already growing even now, with all the cum I drained from the Knights. I am slowly turning into a fuck-cow for them to enjoy...

I give them a squeeze, feeling how yielding they still are. It still feels somewhat weird to grope my own breasts like this. I used to have no breasts at all, and now I must definitely be a C at least.

Wonder how big I will go by the time this is all over. Maybe a DD? Or even larger?

"Haaa..." I moan, pinching my hard nipples. They feel so good, so much better from when I used to be male. It's like having two pleasure buttons on your chest, and they feel so good when they get all stiff and needy like this. I can't wait for another sister to reach out and lick them. I push my tits together, creating a deep valley of cleavage, glistening with sweat in the candlelight. "They feel so good and they are getting so *big*."

I feel like checking them out a little better, so I stand up from my bed, leaving a dark stain on the sheets where my damp pussy used to touch them and I leave for the closest bathroom. At this hour of the night almost the entire fortress is asleep, so maybe, if I am silent enough, I will be able to check myself out without any horny Knight sneaking up on me.

Even though it would feel so good to get used like that, pushed against the wall and fucked like a whore...

"Hnnh, no I just have to check on my tits' growth, that's all..." I whisper to myself as I step out of my bed on the tiled floor. It feels cold beneath my naked feet. Who knows what everyone would think? A naked girl with a sizable pair of tits, flushed and horny, walking all alone by night. Everyone would want a piece of that.

I push the bathroom's door open and I come in to take a better look.

"Oh goddess, they are actually getting bigger!" I groan. Now that I can take a proper look in the silver mirror, it's clear that they have grown a

bit... and more than a bit! I remember how they looked, perky and a little pointed, resting softly on my chest. Now they look a bit wider, to the point the outer edges of my breasts almost touch my torso's width. Just a few more weeks, just a few more cocks sucked and I wonder how big they will get?

Maybe by then they will feel so heavy and so large I won't be able to properly cover them anymore.

"Fuck, I'm in it deep..." I moan, groping my slowly-enlarging chest. They must be pumping up bit by bit even as I speak. I remember in my old world there was this saying that you could get bigger breasts by groping them and massaging them. Maybe I'm already helping with the growth just like that? "I wonder how soon I will hit a D cup? Maybe more?"

Still, even if I got three more cup sizes, I will never reach the sizes of the Knights. They all have huge tits, and they look so sexy, firm and round like that. There must be some secret behind it...

And now here I am, looking at my tits and waiting for them to get even bigger! What a mess... maybe I should just get back to sleep. I can't spend all the time masturbating and groping my tits, I have stuff to do by morning. After all, I'm still a maid.

But it feels so good to grope my growing tits...

"They are getting bigger and bigger..."

I weigh them on my palms,. Every time I spend some time checking them out it feels like there's more there, like there's more taut flesh overfilling my hands. If only could have a bra, I would get a better sense of how big they are getting.

A yawn catches me by surprise. Maybe I am getting a little too tired for this. I should be able to do my work tomorrow or I will get a spanking. Not the fun kind.

I turn away from the bathroom and the mirror, walking to my bed once again, trying to make as little noise as possible, while I still feel my tits hanging from my chest as they wobble with each step.

As I lay on the bed once again, I keep thinking about how big they are going to grow in time... and to think I used to be a man.

But, laying on the bed like that with two nice tits to keep me company, I find that it might not be that bad.

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Alright, this is in fact a bit bad.

It's been a few more weeks since my latest sizing, and I'm *definitely* a D cup now. I lay on my bed, still wobbling from all the fucking I received from the Sisters' big fat cocks. I have lost count of how many times I came, and by now my pussy is well-adjusted to their dicks. And by adjusted I mean that they have definitely turned me into their little maid cumrag.

"To think I used to be against this... ah, it's so tiring," I whine, kneading my neck. As it turns out, my boobs have definitely grown even more, and now they are so large I can't hold them in one hand anymore, in fact I might need more to just cup them. They are surely in D-cup territory and I know that, even slowly, they will keep swelling.

And as they swell they surely also get heavier and heavier. By now I can feel them pulling down on my chest and neck muscles with each time I move.

"They feel so heavy." I cup them, watching my supple flesh overflow my palms. My nipples jut out like pencil erasers. If there were pencil erasers

in this world. I push them together and I try to pull my nipples into my mouth, but I can't reach out.

Not yet.

Maybe in a few weeks... or maybe I will one day find out why all the Knights are so busty. What's the secret behind their huge, rounded chests.

For now I surely am getting a lot of experience with their big fat cocks. Not the same thing, even though I hardly have anything to complain about...

But they do feel heavy. Especially by the end of the day.

"My neck is killing me... these boobs are killing me. Goddess..."

I lay on the bed on my back, massaging my oh-so-slowly enlarging boobs.

"How big are you going to get, hmm?" Maybe they will stop one day, when I finish sucking and fucking all those delicious cocks.

Maybe they won't. I am sure the Sisters have more than one surprise up their sleeves, they have shown as much to me time and time again. There must be some part to this I don't know yet.

But I'm sure I will find out soon.

And maybe I will get boobs as large as the Knights: I picture myself walking the corridors with tits as big as my head. I couldn't hide them. I would show everyone what a slut I am, ready to get fucked at any moment. I would have a body built for sex, built for fucking.

"And these are going to be so fucking heavy and so much larger..." I bite my lip as I roam my fingers over my already-large chest. It seems like yesterday I was just a B cup and now look at me. I'm what would be considered a busty girl back on Earth, and I know I'm surely not going to

stop here. “Those two goddesses really played a trick on me by reincarnating me like this.”

But again, laying like that on the bed as my hands keep massaging and groping my large and soft boobs, I find out that maybe, just maybe... it was all for the better. At least I can grope tits whenever I fell like it!

+++ the end (for now?) +++

Thanks a lot of reading! I wanted to start writing a BE piece after a long time, and I wanted to use the protagonist of one of my novellas. There is slow BE through the entire story, and if you are interested you can find the link below.

I always find transformation scenes a bit hard to write, so I hope you found it interesting. Thanks again for your time, I hope to see you soon.

Link to the novella below, if you want to read more BE (and a lot of futanari fucking) -



[**Find the book here!**](#)

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