

Once upon a time, in a remote corner of a distant ocean, there was an island called Kaila Makan. And on that island it was tradition that when girls turned fifteen, they got to decide how large their breasts would become.

Of course, it was not put so explicitly. Rather, the young girls of Kaila Makan did not develop breasts before that age, nor did their voices deepen, nor did they show the other signs of entering adolescence. These things were withheld from them by their Goddess of Beauty, Akamu, a vain and insecure spirit that demanded constant adoration. Thus, each summer solstice, all the fifteen-year old girls of the village traveled to the shrine of Akamu high in the mountains, and praised her as she wished to be praised.

“Oh, you’re lovely,” they would say, kneeling before a stone altar that bore her likeness. “Gorgeous. Wonderful. My husband would be a lucky man if I was half as wonderful as you.” And when they had flattered her with sufficient sincerity and scraped their knees with sufficient piety, Akamu would bless them.

She never manifested personally, not in the flesh, but at the base of her altar was a pool, and when she was sated that pool would fill with clear and cool water. This was where the girls were implicitly, asked to choose for by the side of that pool sat three stone cups.

The cups had been there as long as anyone could remember. Presumably someone had carved them long ago, perhaps a villager, perhaps the spirit. Nobody knew anymore. The cups were a fact of life: the little one, the medium one, the big one.

“Choose the little one,” some mothers said. “It will be easy on your back.” Others said to choose the big one to attract a good man. Some said to split the difference, and choose the one in the middle. But the girls made the journey alone, so it wasn’t up to their mothers what they would pick.

One year, when the summer solstice came, three girls made the journey up the mountain: Moi, Keone, and Laemoa. They were all fifteen and all friends and gossiped amongst themselves the whole way up. Mostly, they talked about how best to flatter Akamu. Moi thought that spirits liked it best when humans talked about their hair, Laemoa thought they should talk about her hips, Keone her sparkling eyes.

None of them ever saw the spirit’s hair, or hips, or eyes, but her statue was beautiful. It depicted a woman reclining over the stone, wide of hips, full of bust, naked in all her glory. They praised the statue from sunrise to sunset, and as the hour grew late, they began to hear a trickle of water at its base.

At first, none of them moved. They stared at the water and stared at each other, as though not believing what they were seeing. Moi was the first to step forward.

"I want to be beautiful," she said. "But I also like running and swimming and jumping, and the big women say that's hard. So I guess..." She looked at her friends for confirmation, but they only shrugged. So she said, "Thank you, Akamu," and picked up the medium cup.

Both of her friends watched as she filled it and drank, braced as though something was going to happen to her on the spot. But she finished it without incident, and then returned it to the side of the pool.

Keone was next. "The big women seem happier," she said. "And I want to make my husband happy too." So she picked up the big cup, filled it to the brim, and drank until it was empty.

Last was Laemoa. She took the big cup from her friend, filled it without a word, and drank all that was held within. When she stooped down to the side of the pool, instead of leaving the cup on the stone, she reached down to fill it a second time.

"Woah woah," Moi jumped in. "You can't do that!"

"I can't?" Laemoa asked, with a small smile. "Well, Akamu, great spirit, if it offends you that I'm taking two cups, please give us a sign."

Nothing moved in the jungle. The water in the pool burbled. Birds tweeted nearby.

"Then I take your blessing," Laemoa finished, and downed her second cup.

"You're going to be way too big," Keone said. "Your back will hurt."

"I'll take my chances."

"You're going to get in *trouble*," Moi added.

"Are you going to tell our parents?"

The thought of being a snitch made both of Laemoa's friends freeze in place. They considered that for a moment.

"No," Keone said. "But I still think it was a bad idea. That's too much."

"You'll feel different," Laemoa teased. "When I'm twice the woman you are."

"Yeah," Moi rolled her eyes. "I'll take my chances with *that*."

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All three of them walked back down the mountain together, and Laemoa's friends did not tell anyone what she'd done. Over the next year, all of them began to show the signs of puberty, maturing rapidly to the level of development which was expected for their age. Their voices deepened, their hair grew, their hips widened and their breasts developed. By seventeen, they all looked like proper adults, ready in a year's time to be married.

They were all beautiful. Moi was the least developed of the group, with pert C-cups and angular hips, but she made up for it in other ways. Her skin was like coffee with cream, smooth and soft to the touch, never scratched by island living or burned by the sun above. Her hair was black like crow feathers, and she grew it down past her shoulder blades, often tying it into elaborate braids or knots. True to her word, she had continued to run, swim, and jump, and she had the athletic body to match it -- toned and taut in all the right places.

Keone had grown into an hourglass figure: full breasts, thin waist, hips that swayed with every step and a rear that made men love to watch her go. She knew she was beautiful too, being inclined to wear long grass skirts that showed off the motion of her legs, or to wrap her top around herself a little bit too low, to as to show off her cleavage. Her hair she brushed straight, letting it hang behind her like a curtain.

Laemoa though, was the one who got all the attention. She had swelled up and out, ballooned into maturity. By sixteen, she was one of the bustiest women in the village. By seventeen, she was bigger than any two women put together. And it wasn't just her breasts. Her hips grew wide, wider than anyone, her rear so full men joked she couldn't squeeze through narrow doors. Her hair was naturally shiny and dark, and it grew all the way to the small of her back in a matter of months.

She reveled in the attention. One night, at a party for one of her friends, another woman made an unkind crack about her two chest coconuts. So she rose, stalked up to the offender and said, "Wrong."

"Um..." The woman froze. "What?"

Laemoa leaned over. She used both hands to steady herself as she did, holding her massive breasts so they wouldn't burst out of her top. Despite the added support, they swayed when she moved, the soft flesh pressing around her fingers. "I said, you're wrong," Laemoa repeated. "I'm bigger than any coconut."

Then she turned to the crowd and said: "Any man who can find a coconut bigger than my tits can squeeze one of them."

For the next hour, she held court over the party, sitting atop a high chair as man after man brought forth coconuts they found around the village. She made a show of it, holding each one

up to her chest in turn, weighing it, and then pronouncing it smaller than her breasts. The girl who had made the joke fumed in the corner, her face beet red.

"That's not even a coconut," Laemoa laughed at one overly enthusiastic young man. "That's a mellon."

"But it is bigger than you." And it was, by a nose.

"They're about the same size," she insisted.

"About the same size," he agreed, a grin on his face. "Because you're a little bit smaller."

Laemoa smiled at the young man. "Hold it up next to me, would you?" And when he did, she reached hand forward and began to gently massage her breasts through her top. She bit her lip, looked him in the eye, smiled and let out a faint hiss of breath.

He smiled back and began to reach for her, but before he could touch her, she said, "Actually, if you'll measure again, I think you'll find I win."

And she did. The tip of her stiffened nipple, pushing out into the fabric of her top, took her just beyond the edge of the mellon. The young man smiled, and she kissed him on the cheek.

It would have been easy for Laemoa's friends to hate her. Certainly, she was an attention hog, self-important, at times a bit vain and flighty, but they knew she never meant any harm. She wanted to be admired, she didn't need them put down to make her look better by comparison. And so when they got together, she'd help her friends with their sewing, gossip with them just the same, act like she wasn't the most desired woman on the entire island.

But it would be a lie to say she wasn't different from the other two. After puberty, they all began to notice boys, but Laemoa didn't seem to notice anything else. She stared at boys, she gossiped about boys, she swooned over them.

One day, when they were all working on their sewing, Laemoa said: "Girls, I'm sorry to ask but... I need your help."

"Our help?" Moi asked. "With what?"

And Laemoa took a breath and said: "You need to make sure I don't sleep with anyone before my wedding."

A silence came over the room, and the other two girls paused in their sewing. It was Keone who asked the question that was on her and Moi's minds, a faint: "I'm sorry, what?"

"How often do you two touch yourselves?" Laemoa asked. "Every couple of weeks, maybe?"

"Eww!" Moi covered her face, scandalized. Keone just lifted her hand to her face, rubbing the bridge of her nose. "What kind of a question is that?"

"I do it twice a day," Laemoa said, matter-of-fact. Even a bit proud. "Every day. I wake up from my wet dreams, and use one hand on my tits and another between my legs. And in the evening, I slip off before dinner and do it again. You've seen me vanish."

Keone had noticed Laemoa sneaking off regularly, but that truth only left her at a greater loss. "Why?"

"I'm *horny*," Laemoa replied, with a faint sigh as though it was obvious and Keone was simply slow. "You're both becoming women, but -- and I say this with love -- I'm becoming twice the woman you are. I get powerful *urges*, and when I watch the boys swim, my nipples get hard and it's like there's a fire between my legs."

"Well," Moi said, at a loss. "One day you'll make your husband very happy."

"I will!" Laemoa agreed. "But I don't want him to think he married the village slut. I want to save myself. And I'm worried... well, that I might have impulse control problems, if things keep going this way. So until I'm married, you can't let me be with anyone. No matter what I say at the time. Okay? Horny Laemoa's opinion on men is not trustworthy."

"Well..." Moi hesitated.

"Promise me," Laemoa insisted. And they both promised her.

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A year passed, and Laemoa's continued to develop long after her friends had stopped, not merely in her chest, but in a long and feminine adolescence. She grew like a teenager, shooting up until she was nearly seven feet tall. Her hips were so wide she had to shimmy through her hut's narrow doors, and her breasts swelled until they were the size of most women's heads. No top could fit her, so she went topless. Her hips kept growing out of skirts, so instead she wore a loincloth.

Her libido likewise grew. Her friends at points had to forcefully pull her away from the cuter boys of the village, and force her into her hut, insisting they would not leave until she touched herself. They stood guard until her muffled screams of pleasure halted, and she thanked them for saving her from herself.

It was tradition that women be married off on their 18th birthday, and while some waited longer, Laemoa was in a hurry. A grand celebration was being prepared in her honor, with drinking and games, music and revelry. Such parties often featured games where men would compete for the young woman's hand, and the winner of such games theoretically got the bride. In practice of course, the bride usually selected who she wanted prior to the festivities, and the games were rigged so he would win.

"Girls," Laemoa said, as her birthday approached. "I need your help picking my husband."

They met in Laemoa's hut. She could no longer lie upon a regular bed, and so had made a nest of blankets and woven things to sleep on like a cat. Her friends sat around her, considering the options.

Keone had assembled a list. "Pekelo," she said.

"No way," Laemoa answered, lying back as the list was read to her. "He's an idiot. I want a man I can have a conversation with."

A name was scratched off the list. "Akiliano," was read next.

"Oh, no," Laemoa answered. "No way. I heard his dick is tiny, and I want a husband who's a sex machine. Besides, he comes across as insecure and needy? Not attractive."

"Iokepa?" Keone raised an eyebrow. "I've seen you stare at him when he surfs."

"Oh yeah," Laemoa grinned. "He's good, he actually--"

"No," Moi said. "I like him." A silence came over the room, and Laemoa and Keone both stared at him. "I want to marry Iokepa," Moi repeated herself. "I'm only a month younger than you. Don't go stealing him right before my eighteenth birthday."

"I don't know," Laemoa laughed. "It's not guaranteed I'll get who I want anyway. We'll see what he thinks."

"I'm serious," Moi repeated, voice turning stern -- a frown touched her face. "Don't steal him."

"It's fine, Moi," Laemoa insisted. "He already copped a feel. I ran into him in the forest by the mango grove, and he said, 'Oh, something I wanted to tell you, before your two friends come back' then he reached out and squeezed my left tit."

Silence hung in the air, Moi's expression outraged. "And *then*?" she demanded.

"I told him, don't leave me hanging. You're going to touch one but not the other? And I arched my back and let him paw me for a bit until we heard you shouting, then he darted off."

"And that just means you get him, you bloated sea-cow?"

Silence hung over the room. Keone glanced between them slowly, not saying a word. Moi blushed, and for a moment looked at the ground, but then lifted her head to stare down Laemoa. Laemoa, for her part, slowly sat up.

"Excuse me?"

"You heard me," Moi said, though there was a faint tremor in her voice. "You've just about got your pick of all the guys in the village. So leave the one I want alone, okay? You can't have him just because you let him cop a feel. You're acting like you're all-that and I'm your sidekick."

"Okay," Laemoa said, speaking slowly. "I won't act like I'm all that. You're not my sidekick."

"Good," Moi fumed, looking back down at the list.

"I only thought, if Iokepa is into big tits, you might not want him," Laemoa said, casually. "It's not like I'll stop existing after I'm married. He'll still be able to ogle me. He'll still be able to see my absolutely titanic cleavage. He's going to see my breasts are so big I've burst every top I've ever worn. He's going to see that my hips are so big I bust my skirts. I thought you wouldn't want a husband who is always staring at another woman."

A blush rose to Moi's face, and like a petulant child she snapped, "Stop it."

"Say you're sorry for calling me a cow," Laemoa snapped back.

"You are a cow!" Moi snarled, the heat of the moment overpowering her judgment.

Laemoa rose then, standing to her massive seven feet in height, legs spread wide. Her comparatively tiny loincloth hung beneath her legs, while her breasts hung heavy over her chest. Each was as large as a common woman's head, and topped with a thick, dark nipple. Her body was strong as well as tall, with the muscle to carry such weight.

"Say 'Cow,' one more time," Laemoa said, her voice low and commanding -- a threatening tone.

"Cow," Moi snapped, for she was still a teenager. "Cow. Cow!"

Laemoa lunged for her, but Moi was faster -- the small-breasted and athletic one, who didn't have to deal with a bouncing chest every time she moved. She leapt out of the door of the hut, evading Laemoa's grasp, and darted off into the island's interior.

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That night, Moi slipped away from the village, and navigated by the light of the moon up into the mountains. She found her way to the shrine of Akamu, where she had not been since she was a child, and prostrated herself before it.

“Oh great spirit,” she said, “I require the sacred waters you grant us. Please, most beautiful and wonderful of all creatures, grant me this blessing.”

She prayed, she supplicated, she flattered the statue every way a statue could be flattered, and when the night was darkest and she could not see her hands before her own face, a shimmering form appeared on the altar. “It is true,” she said, her voice so far away, “I *am* wonderful. But that blessing is granted only to the young ones. I will not give it to you again, because you are unsatisfied with your choice.”

“I don’t want bigger breasts,” Moi snapped. “I want *revenge*. Another woman said she was more beautiful than me and that she would steal my man, and I will see her *suffer*.” Thinking quickly, she added, “She said she was even more beautiful than you. She said her tits were bigger.”

“Ah,” the spirit said, “I understand completely.”

Moi filled the large stone cup, and did not return it to the stone, but carried it down into the village with her. She waited for another day to pass, and the next evening, when there was to be a fire-side party with many of her friends, she approached Laemoa.

“Water?” she offered, and Laemoa drank.

Then, she said the worst thing she could possibly say -- a thing that absolutely devastated Moi, and left her heart a ruin.

“Moi,” she said, “I’m so sorry for how I treated you earlier. You set me off when you called me a cow, but I shouldn’t have acted like I did. You’ve been a wonderful friend to me, and if you want to call dibs on any man, they’re yours.”

She didn’t understand why Moi stared at her with a look of shock and guilt. Moi’s eyes darted to the stone cup. It was empty.

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As the month of Laemoa’s eighteenth birthday arrived, she was startled by her last moment growth spurt. She’d thought she had reached close to her final size, but she seemed to be



getting faintly larger each day. Not that she was displeased, it would only make the festivities more enticing.

When her birthday finally came, all the village was made up for her party. Stones were arranged to mark courts for the games, a throne was assembled for her out of beachwood and shells, and the good alcohol that had been hardening for months was rolled out for inspection. A delighted mood filled the air, and everyone expected a joyful and perhaps lurid party.

Laemoa's arrival stole every eye, silenced every conversation. She sashayed into the party, hips swaying, breasts bouncing, the most sensual walk she could manage. She did not walk directly to her throne, but to her two friends by the fire, putting a hand around each of their shoulders.

"Hello, everybody," she said. "Thank you for coming to my engagement party. It's been a lot of fun getting the attention from all the boys," she rested a hand on her bust, and a few people laughed. "But now I'm eighteen, and it's time to pick one to be mine. So everybody drink, have fun, and over the course of the evening, we'll see who makes the best proposal."

People laughed, some drank, games begin, but Moi rested a concerned hand on Laemoa's side. "Are you feeling okay? You were a bit late."

"Just..." Laemoa hesitated, then lowered her head to answer in a whisper. "Had to run off into the bushes to touch myself. I've been so horny lately, even for me. I can't seem to get enough."

"Oh," Moi looked at the ground and cleared her throat. "Maybe we should put the party off. What if you lose control?"

"Put it off?" Laemoa laughed. "Don't be absurd. If anything, that means I want a husband *right now*."

The festivities went on, she laughed, she flirted, and when the time came for a man to win her hand, she settled on the throne they'd made for her. It was a tight fit, though they'd made it specifically for her measurements several weeks ago. Her enormous breasts hung over her torso, perfectly shaped and plump. Men competed in athletic events, games of luck, games of poetry, all for a smile.

But then one young man came up. It was Mohala, the boy who had once publicly challenged her that he'd found a coconut larger than her. "I have a question for you, Laemoa!" he said, projecting his voice to the entire party.

Recognizing good sport, she smiled and waved. "Go ahead."

"Does your offer from years ago still stand?" he asked. "If I can find a coconut bigger than you, do I still get to cop a feel?"

“Are you joking?” She laughed, a few other people laughed as well, and she called to the crowd. “Who wants a show?”

Then she arched her back, slowly pushing her breasts out. The crowd gaped, watching her groan with the weight. Her nipples pushed high into the sky, and each breast swayed with her motions. “I’m bigger than any coconut.”

“Maybe.” Mohala pressed. “But what if I find one?”

“Mohala,” Laemoa said. “If you find a coconut bigger than my tits, you can marry me.”

As the evening went on, Laemoa got both drunker and hornier. She fed on the crowd’s adoration, pushing away unworthy suitors, telling crude jokes, making people laugh and then basking in their stares.

One man walked up to her and said: “I’m the richest man on the island. You could live in my house -- you’d have three rooms all to yourself.” But she pushed him away and replied, “My hips are too big to fit through your tiny doors!”

Another man walked up to her and said: “I’m the strongest. Feel these muscles.” She did indeed feel his muscles, and licked her lips as she did so, but then said, “My husband will *grow* strong. I’m a lot to hold.”

Finally, Mohala walked up to her again, when she was in the middle of telling some joke. He dropped something on the ground before her throne while she was still distracted, then got her attention by clearing his throat.

“Oh, hello,” Laemoa purred. “Found a coconut, have you?”

“I have,” he grinned.

“Is it bigger than my tits?” She wiggled them for emphasis, and the crowd laughed.

“Sure,” he laughed as well. “Way bigger.”

“Well, where is it?”

“I’ve laid it at your feet. Just there.”

He pointed, and reflexively, she looked down. But she didn’t see a coconut. For that matter, she didn’t see her feet. Sitting as she was, and looking straight down, all she could see was her own cleavage -- her own breasts, filling the view in front of her.

She tried to twist around, but drunk and top heavy as she was, she fumbled. Then she tried to stand, but her massive hips wedged in the tight chair. Then the giggles started in the crowd.

“Oh my gosh,” some drunk girl laughed -- the one Laemoa had slighted at the previous party. “She can’t see her own feet!”

Laemoa finally forced her way to her feet, tearing out of the wooden throne, but she staggered with the motion and stumbled to the fireside. Mohala had to catch her, and her too-small skirt burst off her hips. The giggles turned to laughter. “Look at this cow!” someone shouted. “Between those giant tits and those giant hips, I bet she can’t even see her own pussy. She’s got to feel around for it.”

“Hey, hey!” Mohala shouted. “It was a joke. I found a rock shaped like a coconut. I wasn’t trying to embarrass her. Cool it.”

“She’s the one who acted so high-and-mighty!” the girl in the crowd shouted. Laemoa flushed, her face twisted into furious outrage, her hands balled by her side. “Look at her nipples. She’s still horny.”

“Mohala,” Laemoa ordered. “The deal stands, cop a feel.”

“Come on,” Mohala said. “If you fight her in front of everyone, you’ll just make her look smart. She’s a dumb, flat-chested bitch. You’re way hotter than her. Walk away and let her stare at the ass she’ll never have.”

Laemoa drew in a slow, deep breath. “Mohala.” Her tone became sharp and commanding. “*Cop a feel.*”

In front of the entire party, the young man who’d thought to win her with his cleverness grabbed her left breast, and squeezed. His fingers sank into soft, supple flesh. Her nipples stuck out, sharp and erect, as a shiver passed through her body. She stared down the girl who jeered, daring her with her eyes to say anything.

The other girl looked away, flushed and ashamed. It was a powerful, commanding moment for Laemoa, and that might have been the end of it.

But her skin became flush, and all saw it. Her breathing quickened. She licked her lips -- and hesitantly, she said. “Mohala, you can keep going.”

“In front of everyone...?” he hesitated. In the dim firelight, he would swear that Laemoa was still growing, getting bustier before his very eyes.

“What?” she commanded, breaking out in a sweat. “Weren’t you trying to get to be my husband?”

And so he reached out to grab her bust, and with another hand grabbed her ass, and the entire party stared. They weren't staring just because they were watching a man fondle a busty woman, but because they could all see by that point what Mohala had seen.

Laemoa was getting bigger, her bust swelling in real time -- and the bigger she got, the less she could control herself. She sucked in tight breaths, ground her legs together, grunted and moaned and bit her lip. Until finally, she could take it no longer.

“Mohala is my husband,” she said, grabbing the man by his wrist and hauling his arm up. “He wins.”

“This isn’t,” he started to object, but she leaned down to whisper sharp into his ear.

“I want to know what it’s like to have your dick inside me.”

She dragged him away from the campfire, and her screams of pleasure could clearly be heard throughout the village.