

“The Resort” Draft by TROGDOR297

Last summer changed my life. Now, I know what you're thinking; “Yeah, okay Dan, that's what every 19 year old says”, which I guess is fair, but I do really mean it. Those 3 months, spent working at La Serena health spa, opened my eyes to both realities and mysteries of this world that had previously been unknown to me. Plus, I got to lose my virginity which was pretty sweet.

Now before I get into it, I will offer a warning. Some...no, not some, the vast majority of my story will sound...frankly ridiculous, so I understand if you take it with a healthy level of skepticism. But it's all true, I swear. Although...you probably won't believe me anyway. Certainly nobody else working at the spa that summer did.

I got the job working as a general worker for the health spa by some lucky connections through my dad's work. The spa was one of his biggest clients, so me getting hired was as easy as quick text with the owner. I was looking forward to an easy summer of fetching towels, and serving drinks to wealthy heiresses, the crowd La Serena typically attracted.

I arrived the first week of June, and was quickly shown around the expansive facility before being shown to my quarters, and handed my clothes for the summer. All the general staff, both male and female, wore the same thing; a short sleeve white buttoned shirt, with the spa's logo just above the left breast pocket, and a pair of equally white knee length shorts. Not exactly my personal style, but so be it.

I spent the first week, being shuffled around from role to role, giving me the full spa staff experience. The job I'd been hired to do wasn't specialized in any way, so I was expected to fill in wherever I was needed. An overload of drink orders? I'm your waiter. The pool's out of towels? You'll see me in laundry.

I appreciated the opportunity to view every aspect of the spa, and meet all the staff. Most of the main workers were similar to me in age, and had received employment through similar means. Their parents were wealthy, and had a connection with the owner. It was textbook nepotism, but seeing as I was also benefiting from it, I didn't really care. I quickly made friends with a number of the other staff, though none more so than Ericka.

Ericka was like me, someone who was there to fill in where needed, meaning we spent the most time together. More importantly, she was beautiful. Tall, slim, with long blond hair that she kept tied into a braid that reached her waist. Her laugh was delicate, and cute, her eyes bright blue like the sky. Her only regretful feature was a lack of a noticeable figure, and in these outfits it wasn't hard to be noticeable.

The white cotton buttoned tops were unisex, had a tendency to shrink in the wash, and had no consideration made for the female form. As such when buttoned up, they typically strained to close over even the most modest bust lines, buttons stretching the fabric across the front. The effect was incredibly eye-catching, and in those first few weeks I often found myself leering. The only one I never leered at was Ericka, something she definitely noticed, though I only learned that much later.

It was the Sunday after the first week and Ericka and I were posted together at the reception desk. Sunday was the main check-in day for most week-long packages, and so reception was always swamped.

“Alright, thank you for your patience, Ms. Vanderbilt. Here’s your keycard. You’re in room 202 which is-”

The snooty twenty something, with a massive pair of sunglasses covering half her face snatched the card from my hand. “I know where room 202 is, I get it every time I come here! I’m a member, you know!”

I stared blankly as she sneered at me, before strutting off in the wrong direction. Her hapless assistant, mouthed an apology at me before grabbing ahold of the cart piled high with Ms. Vanderbilt’s luggage, and trekking after the wayward snob.

“Ooooookay, then” I said to myself. Just to my left, I heard Ericka giggle. I turned and flashed her a smile, which she returned.

“Guess we’re going to have to get used to that kind of treatment?” She joked.

I shrugged “Yeah guess so.” I leaned on the counter and turned to fully face her. I took a deep breath, and steadied myself. “Hey, so...uh...what...what are you doing I-” Before I could finish my question her attention was pulled back forward to a gruff man in his 50’s.

I let out a deep breath, to relax myself. I could do this. I could ask out the most beautiful girl I’d ever met. Unfortunately for me, in that moment, fate had other ideas.

“Excuse me” Came the sultry feminine voice from across the counter.

I turned to face the voice and my jaw dropped. Ericka was the most beautiful girl I’d ever met, but standing before me was the most beautiful *woman*. She was breath-taking to the highest degree. Voluminous black hair fell from her head in thick curly waves to just below her shoulders. Her skin was lightly tanned and flawless. Her makeup was thick but impeccable, her lips painted bright red, her eyelashes long and luxurious.

And then there was her body. It had everything that Ericka’s was missing. Curves on curves on curves. She wore an elegant black dress, odd for someone visiting the California coast line, but on her it looked perfect. A plunging neckline showed off her pair of full, ripe breasts, each one juicy and round. They were simply divine, like two godly grapefruits, squeezed together by the dress. Beneath them her figure tapered to a narrow waist, before tapering the other way to a pair of thick hips.

Though the reception hall was cool, with powerful A/C blowing from the vent directly above me, I began to sweat. My mouth went dry, as my eyes raced to take in as much of her as I could.

“Excuse me?” She said again. Her voice was...odd, accented slightly, though I couldn’t place where from.

“Yes, hello! Sorry! Welcome to La Serena. How may I help you?” I blurted out the customary greeting, my eyes zipping back to lock onto hers, though I found it difficult to not let them stray. The 5-inch long line of her cleavage was just out of view, so tantalizingly close...

“I have a reservation. Madame Morgan” As I stared, focusing on her eyes, I found them incredibly intense, as if they were piercing my very soul. I said nothing for a moment, my eyes locked on hers unable to move, before I forcefully ripped them away, and turned to the screen, typing in her information. Sure enough her reservation popped up. She was staying in the penthouse suite of the facility...for 10 weeks. That suite went for \$1,000 a night and she was staying in it the entire summer...

“Welcome Ms. Morgan!” I said, overly-cheerful.

“Madame Morgan” She corrected me.

I blushed as I began to nod apologetically. “Of course, of course. Welcome, Madame Morgan. Here’s your keycard. The elevator to the penthouse suite is just down that hall. I hope you enjoy your stay at La Serena!” I held out the card which she delicately plucked from my hand, though she didn’t walk away.

She raised an eyebrow at me expectantly. I felt my blush deepen. “Ma’am?”

“Aren’t you going to take me? I need someone to carry my bags” She said, her tone flat. She didn’t say it like a demand, but as if it should be entirely obvious that I take her.

I looked around the room, but found no baggage personnel available. Immediately I remembered the instructions we’d received on the first day. *Above all, do whatever you can to improve the customers experience while here at La Serena.* This clearly fell under that prerogative.

“I’ll be back” I whispered to Ericka as I shuffled past her to get out from behind the desk. She frowned at me as I left, though I didn’t have time to ask her why.

I hurried over and grabbed the pair of bags that sat at Madame Morgan’s feet. Without waiting she set off across the room towards the hallway I’d mentioned. Arms aching from the weight of her bags I rushed to catch up.

Minutes later we stood together in the elevator. Sweat beaded on my forehead, both from the exertion, but also from being in close quarters with this supernatural beauty. She looked straight ahead, completely ignoring me. I found it difficult to give her the same treatment. Standing beside her, it wasn’t difficult to tilt my head to the side and get a direct look down her dress. Her breasts looked even more magnificent from this angle; the way they projected proudly off her chest. Her natural posture had her shoulders rolled slightly back, as if she was trying to thrust out her chest to emphasise them even further..

I'd been staring at them for a good ten seconds when the elevator door dinged. I looked up to see her head turned staring directly at me with one eyebrow raised. I gulped, mumbling an apology.

"Bring the bags" She said, voice unflustered, as she strutted out of the elevator directly into the penthouse. I grabbed them and trotted in after her, head down out of embarrassment.

As we entered the main room of the penthouse I found myself forgetting what had just occurred. The penthouse suite took up nearly the entire top floor of the building, and was furnished lavishly. We now stood in an enormous open concept room, with plush couches and loungers scattered about, which a massive bar filling the left wall.

"Put them there" She said, pointing to a spot on the floor nearby. I nodded, hurrying over and putting them down. I quickly turned to leave, when she spoke once more.

"Unzip me" She said.

I turned, unsure of what I'd heard. She herself had turned around, facing away from me. She'd slung the shoulder straps of her dress off, ready to remove the garment. All that stood in her way was the pesky zipper along her back.

"Uhh..." Was all I could get out.

"Hurry up, boy!" She demanded.

I gulped. "I'm sorry, Miss Morgan"

"*Madame* Morgan" She corrected me once more, voice getting irritated.

"Right, Madame Morgan. I'm sorry, but I think that would be inappropriate of me"

"Nonsense. What would be inappropriate is not doing all you can to assist one of your guests. Shall I call Mr. Fletcher to get this sorted out?"

I blanched. Mr. Fletcher was my dad's contact, A.K.A. my boss's, boss's, boss's boss. Being the focus of his attention, in any shape or form was the last thing I wanted.

"No, no. That won't be necessary." I stepped up behind her, gently grabbing onto the zipper. Holding on to the fabric with my other hand I slowly unzipped, not wanting to damage the dress in any way. When I reached the bottom I stepped back. Before I could turn to leave, she stepped out of the dress, letting it fall to the floor. She turned around to face me, fully nude.

"Thank you" She said, a slight smile on her face.

I didn't budge, eyes bulging as I stared at her naked body. The gentle slopes of her waist, the toned flesh of her midriff, the elegant stalks that were her legs. And those breasts. Perfect didn't begin to cover it. Round, full globes, crowned by a pair of petite pink nubs,

surrounded by a halo of pebbly flesh. Somehow they still projected clear off her chest, as if no one had told them that they didn't have the dress supporting them anymore.

"You may go" She spoke again.

My conscious mind returned in an instant, and I immediately aboutfaced, taking off at a near run back to the elevator. My breathing was heavy, as I rode the elevator back down to the lobby. Looking down, the imprint of my erection was visible against my shorts. With a grimace, I reached down and flipped it up into my waistband, before exiting the elevator.

I returned to find an annoyed Ericka dealing with a line of frustrated guests.

"Have fun?" She snapped at me, as stepped up beside her.

"What?" I said dumbly. "The lady asked me to help her with her bags"

Ericka rolled her eyes as she hissed. "We have bellhops for that, dumbass. Way to leave me high and dry. But hey, she had a great rack, so of course you just *had* to help"

I opened my mouth to rebut, but she was already in conversation with her next customer, and before I knew it, I too had a line in front of me. We said nothing for the next 2 hours as we dealt with the deluge of guests. When I handed over the keycard to the final visitor before me, I turned to see that she was gone. She'd slipped out while I'd been dealing with the previous guest, not at all interested in talking to me.

At the time, I didn't get what her problem was. I was just trying to help a guest in need, what's the big deal! Knowing what I know now... well, her annoyance with me makes a bit more sense.

That night I jerked off in bed, images in my mind of the nude Madame Morgan making me harder than I'd ever been before. I'd never seen a woman like her before. And she'd asked me to undo her dress! Obviously she was totally into me!

"Come on, Dan. Cum for me. Cum on my big round tits" I imagined her voice egging me on, and moments later I complied, shooting my seed like a fountain. Laying in bed afterward, I now had a goal for this summer; I had to see as much of Madame Morgan and her breasts as I could.

The next morning was the weekly staff meeting for the customer service staff, where my latest goal was promptly crushed by the customer service manager.

"We've got a special VIP guest with us for the same. I've never heard of her, but apparently she's a big deal? Her name is Ms. Morgan"

"*Madame* Morgan" I said under my breath. Only Ericka seated beside me heard, bringing a scowl to her face. I didn't notice as I was too focused on what our manager had to say about the mysterious busty beauty who'd graced us with her presence.

“Ms. Morgan is a very private individual, and has asked for us to appoint a single liaison to work with her. She actually requested someone by name, surprisingly?”

I leaned forward eagerly. Surely she meant me! The eager, handsome receptionist, who she'd willingly bared her naked form to!

“Aisha?” The manager called.

I slumped visibly in my seat. Across the room stood Aisha, one of the multi-year customer service representatives, an obvious choice. She was the resident queen bee amongst the service staff, and the oldest among us at 25.

Remember how I said the uniforms left little for the imagination when worn by the female staff? Nowhere was that more obvious than on Aisha. The white shorts were stretched tight, pulled across the round curve of her ass, the waistband cinched tight above her hips. The standard uniform shirt struggled to contain her bust, a pair of heavy full F-cup tits, a line of mocha covered cleavage in view where she'd been unable to, or perhaps simply decided not to do up her buttons.

A week ago I would've stared, as she was indeed gorgeous; her brown frizzy hair worn in a parted afro that surrounded her head like a celestial corona. But all I could think about was the mysterious Madame, and how I could get myself near her again. I was so engrossed in thought that I missed my assignment callout. It was only when people started to stand and walk out, and Ericka elbowed me in the ribs, that I snapped out of it.

“Shit, I wasn't paying attention. Where am I assigned?” I asked her.

“We're in the bar this week” She said, voice curt, stalking off ahead of me. Clearly she was still in a mood, though I'd given up on trying to understand why. I just followed her out of the room, my mind drifting back to thoughts of Madame Morgan.

It was after that when things started to get...weird. Weird in a good way.

The following day I started noticing the changes amongst the staff, well, just the female staff. The first few I saw, I remember thinking, “Were her breasts always that big?”. They might've been, for all I knew. I didn't know all the staff by heart, and so it was possible that I just hadn't noticed how well endowed some of them were.

But it was when Aisha showed up, looking to fetch a pitcher of iced tea for the Madame, that I knew something was up.

“Hey, Darryl. Pitcher of ice tea, like, yesterday” She said, clapping her hands in front of my face to draw my attention away from the lemon I was slicing. I looked up in a daze, my eyes nearly bugging out. Aisha's breasts were fuller, rounder, bigger. She looked like she was smuggling two coconuts in her shirt. Her cleavage sloped out almost horizontal from her chest, as the uniform squeezed each massive melon against her chest. She'd only buttoned the top up halfway, as it definitely wouldn't close any further now, so it was obvious that she wasn't wearing a bra underneath.

“Hey! Focus!” She snapped her fingers inches away from my eyes which were locked upon her chest. I gulped, nodding, before swiping the pitcher off the bar and filling it from the fountain. I set it on the tray she laid on the bar, giving an awkward smile. She picked up the tray and marched away.

“Thanks, Darryl” She said.

“It’s Daniel...” I called after her, though due to my dry throat my voice didn’t carry. When she disappeared into the elevator, I whipped around to face Ericka who stood at the other end of the bar, cleaning glasses.

“What the fuck!” I said, getting her attention.

“What?” She asked, confused.

“Did you see Aisha!?” I asked.

Ericka nodded. “Yeah, what about her?”

I shook my head dumbfounded. “Her boobs?!”

Ericka frowned, eyebrows furrowing. “Christ, you’re just a one note record, aren’t you? Dan, I know we’re friends, but I’m really not comfortable talking about things like...Aisha’s boobs, or anyone’s boobs! Go find a guy if you want to be a perv”

I ignored her rebuff “No, didn’t you see?! They’re bigger! Like so much bigger than yesterday!” I held out my hands in front of my chest for emphasis. This only deepened Ericka’s frown.

“Have you been drinking, Dan? What the fuck are you on about. Aisha’s always had huge tits”

“Not that huge...”

“Yes, that huge! She’s always been the biggest girl on staff. She even brags about it in the change room. Frankly she’s kind of a bitch about it”

I shook my head, mouth moving silently. It didn’t make sense, what she said. Aisha’s breasts were definitely bigger than the previous day. Then I saw it...or, saw them. When Ericka turned back to the glasses she was cleaning, I could see the slight slope of her shirt, as it was pushed out away from her body. Ericka had breasts. They weren’t huge by any means, certainly not with the recent comparison of Aisha’s body but...I’d spent all last week with Ericka and these definitely weren’t here before.

I turned back to the lemon, and began to chop it frantically, my mind beginning to spiral. What the fuck was going on at this resort! All the women’s breasts were growing, but they didn’t seem to know it!

“Dan? You ok over there?”

I looked up and over to where Ericka had called to me. Looking back down I saw that I'd absent-mindedly minced the lemon into a pulp. I laughed awkwardly as I looked back to her. “Yeah! Yeah I'm...ok....”

Ericka had cocked her head to the side, a look of concern on her face, but that's not what I'd noticed. I was focused on the two little points that had appeared in the front of her shirt. I guess Ericka wasn't wearing a bra either...

“I...I have to go!” I stammered, as I bolted from the bar to find the nearest bathroom, with which to relieve the erection that had made itself present within my pants. I was still hard after cumming, with thoughts of Aisha and Ericka's growing bodies racing through my mind, and so promptly took care of myself a second time. I returned to the bar 20 minutes later, brow sweaty, but my mind clear.

“Sure you're ok?” Ericka asked as I returned. Her nipples had not ceased their enterprise of doing all they could to push their way through her shirt. I took a deep breath and looked away, nodding. “Yes...Yes I'm good”. All throughout the rest of my shift, I stole glances towards Ericka and her chest. When I clocked out several hours later, her nipples had yet to abate. If it bothered her to have her headlights on display, she didn't show it.

When I awoke the next morning, I took a cold shower to calm myself. Perhaps yesterday had all been a dream. It had certainly felt like a dream... 30 minutes later I walked into the staff cafeteria for breakfast, and looking out upon the tables filled with my newly busty co-workers, it was clear that yesterday was only just the beginning.

I walked through the hall, eyes flitting this way and that. Every which way I looked I saw white uniform shirts stuffed with titflesh. The few who still wore bras were overflowing them, flesh bulging over the top of the cups. Most of the women didn't wear one at all, their nipples visible through the starched cotton.

I grabbed food and sat down at a table next to the one male staff member who I'd spoken to more than once, Jack. The women clearly were not aware of what was happening, but I couldn't be the only one noticing, could I?

“Jack...please tell me you've noticed” I said, voice hushed as I sat down.

Jack, another first year like myself, looked up from his bowl of cereal. “Oh, hey Dan. What'd you say?”

“I said, have you noticed what's going on...with the female staff”

“What about them?”

“...Their tits”

Jack snorted, almost shooting milk through his nose. “Ha ha ha! You’re only just now noticing that all the girls here are stacked? Where have you been?!”

I shook my head. “No, you don’t understand...they’re getting bigger”

Jack raised a skeptical eyebrow at me. “Uhh...what? What the fuck are you going on about?”

I nodded, leaning closer. “Yes! They’re all growing. They weren’t always this big!”

Jack smirked. “Yeah they were, dude. Why do you think I took this job?. I’ve been following Aisha on instagram for months now.” He opened his phone and scrolled through the photo app, showing me pictures of Aisha dating all the way back to the previous fall. In each and every one of them she bore the same pair of overly large, round breasts, that I could currently see just a few tables away. Some pictures were of her in string bikinis that covered very little flesh, and left very little doubt that they were indeed all her.

My mind reeled. I was going crazy, there was no other explanation. I’d seen Aisha two days ago at the staff meeting and her breasts were not this big, and yet here was photo proof that she’d had these colossal melons for awhile now...

I stood, leaving my muffin and coffee behind, and ran from the cafeteria. I returned to the shelter of my room, as I started to hyperventilate. I leaned my back against the door for a good minute as I just breathed in and out, trying to calm myself. Letting out a series of long controlled breaths I stopped panicking.

I’d realized that I needed to re-orient my perspective on the situation. Before that moment I’d been freaking out at the insanity of what was happening, and a lack of understanding of why it was happening. As I breathed in and out slowly, I realized that the “why” was irrelevant. It was happening, those were the facts. The breasts of all the women around me were slowly growing bigger and bigger.

I let out a short bark of a laugh. Why had I been freaking out about this? This was my ultimate sexual fantasy come true! All I had to do was enjoy my summer, and see just how big they’d all get.

I returned down to meetup with Ericka at the bar for our shift, a new sense of zen in place. I greeted her with a smile, and an apology for my freakout the day before. I noticed that she appeared to be slightly bigger than she’d been the previous day, her nipples still poking eagerly through her top. No surprise there. I let my gaze linger on her chest for a few seconds before I got to work. It was time to let the good times roll.

As the days went on, the busts got bigger, and I got hornier. When Ericka and I clocked out on Friday afternoon, her shirt was looking positively snug, as her newly swollen D-cups filled it delightfully, the button at the outer edge of her chest now starting to look strained.

“So, any plans for your day off?” I asked her as I leaned against the counter, waiting for the last few minutes of the day to tick away.

She shook her head with a smile. “No, nothing planned...why do you ask?”

I looked at her and gave her a smile. She'd been absolutely lovely before the mysterious events of this week, and now with just a hint of cleavage visible, she was approaching perfection. I'd spent the week getting to view a veritable parade of big-tit women, but still I couldn't keep my eyes off of Ericka.

“Well, if you're not busy...would you...”

“Yes?” She asked, leaning forward slightly, her smile getting wider.

I stepped closer, but as I opened my mouth, the phone on the counter rang. I turned to look at it, and then back at her. She nodded with a smile. “Go ahead, it's important we do our jobs, and I'm not going anywhere!”

I nodded, picking up the receiver.

“Hello?”

A feminine voice emanated from the headset. “Ah, Hello Daniel”

My eyebrows shot up. I recognized that voice. “Madame Morgan?”

“Yes, dear. I desire Lemonade, could you bring some up for me?”

My breathing hitched as memories of the last time I'd visited the VIP suite bounced around in my head. But as I turned back to face Ericka who patiently waited for me to get off the phone, my logical side won.

“Sure, I can take care of that for you. Let me just find Aisha and I'll have it sent up”

“I'm afraid that won't be possible. I let her go early today. So I'm all alone up here...won't you come and...give me some company?”

I visibly shuddered as her invitation snaked its way into my ear. There was no mistaking the tone of her voice. Ericka was beautiful and lovely, but...she wasn't Madame Morgan. An image of the mysterious guest flashed into my mind, of her nude form standing before me. Madame Morgan and her amazing tits...but that had been on Sunday. Had she also grown this week as well?! I just had to find out.

“I'll be right up” I said.

“Thank you dear. See you soon”

I set down the receiver and turned back to Ericka to find that she'd left. I let out a sigh of relief. I hadn't been looking forward to telling her that I actually couldn't do anything with her this weekend, but thankfully she'd just up and left. I wondered where she'd run off to, but put it out of my mind as I filled up a pitcher with ice and lemonade, then hurried for the elevator.

The elevator opened with a ding at the penthouse suite, and I eagerly walked in.

“Hello? Madame? I’m here with the Lemonade?”

Silence. I walked deeper into the massive set of rooms, head eagerly looking about. The place was just as I remembered it, and was still spotless. It was like no one had stayed here at all.

I entered the main room, walking over to set the pitcher of lemonade on the counter of the bar. I called out again, but after receiving no response again, I let out a sigh and began to walk back towards the elevator.

“Leaving so soon?”

I turned around in shock to see her standing in the door just to the left of the bar. She was as supernaturally beautiful as I remembered her being, and I was very pleased to learn that, yes, she had not been exempt from whatever phenomenon gripped the resort.

Her breasts had already been quite large when she’d arrived, and the week had been quite good to her. Each mammoth mammary was impossibly full and round, curving out from under her collarbone in every direction. They were like a pair of flesh-colored basketballs hanging off her chest. She wore a simple black bikini, though surprisingly it fit her current size remarkable well. Each of the triangular swatches that covered her nipples was large enough to cover his face entirely, but still they only covered a fraction of each humungous tit.

She walked forward with an easy smile, each step causing them to bounce in place. I swallowed, feeling my mouth go dry, and my cock harden. Her eyes flicked down towards my crotch, and her smile widened.

She stepped up beside the bar and lifted the pitcher. “Mmm, thank you for the lemonade” Without hesitation she brought the spout up to her lips and tilted it up. A satisfied moan echoed from her throat as the ice cold drink flowed into her mouth. She tilted the jug more and the liquid sloshed forward. The lemonade splashed against her face and over the side of the pitcher, spilling on to the expansive shelf of flesh that was her bust. .

She lowered the pitcher, closing her eyes and giving a little shiver. “Ooo, cold” She purred, locking eyes with me. She grinned, as through her swimsuit, two large nubs appeared; her nipples forced to stiffen through exposure to the cold lemonade. They’d grown over the week as well, the two points each the size of a thumb tip.

“I seem to have spilled. Could you be a dear and help me clean up?” She asked teasingly.

I nodded eagerly, jumping into action. I grabbed a towel off the nearby shelf and rushed over, holding it up towards her chest, mouth watering. I got within a foot of her when she held up a hand, palm out toward me. I stopped, confused. She pointed down. “The floor? Surely you didn’t think I was asking you to help *me* get cleaned up?”

I blushed, shaking my head vigorously. “No, no, of course not, Madame!” I fell to my knees and began to wipe up the lemonade on the floor, as she walked past me to grab a towel with which she dried off her own chest.

When I stood up after finishing with the mess, she’d moved to the couch, where she currently lounged. Her breasts, supported by the herculean bikini top, stopped just short of resting in her lap. Goosebumps were visible on her skin, and her nipples had only grown larger and stiffer.

I stared openly and unabashedly. I didn’t care if she thought I was rude, I couldn’t help but stare at them.

“That’ll be all, thank you” She said with a smile.

Author’s Post Script: My attempt at a “No one knows the growth is happening except the guy” story. I didn’t finish it because it just wasn’t appealing for me. Probably because an important part of what draws me to my stories is the reactions to the growth. The desire, the greed, the annoyance/discomfort turning to appreciation/lust etc. If they don’t even know it’s happening...you lose all that. Not worth it to gain the occasional “Why doesn’t this shirt fit? I’ve always been this big?”