

Too Much of a Good Thing

A breast expansion story by JohnManTD

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The reflection in the polished surface of my graphics tablet stared back, cool and critical. Not at the sleek logo design I was finalizing, but at *me*. Or rather, the lack of me. My favorite worn t-shirt hung loose, hinting at nothing beneath. Slender shoulders, slim waist... and then, disappointingly, just ribs. No gentle curve, no soft swell. Just... flat. It was a familiar inventory, a familiar pang of dissatisfaction that echoed deeper than just aesthetics. It felt like a fundamental lack, a missing piece of the feminine puzzle I saw reflected everywhere else – on billboards, in magazines, in the easy confidence of women walking down the street.

I pushed away from the desk with a sigh, wandering over to the window overlooking the bustling city street below. People moved with purpose, women in flowing dresses or sharp business attire, their forms filling their clothes in ways I could only dream of. I longed for that effortless presence, the subtle sway, the feeling of *substance*. My fingers unconsciously traced the flat line of my collarbone.

Later that evening, sorting through a box of inherited trinkets from a great-aunt I barely remembered – mostly costume jewelry and faded postcards – my hand closed around something heavy and cool. It was a locket, antique silver, tarnished with age but intricately engraved with swirling, unfamiliar patterns. It felt unusually weighty. Instead of opening conventionally, a tiny, almost invisible button on the side released the catch. Inside, there wasn't space for photos, but a single, milky-white gemstone, faintly luminous, nestled against dark velvet. Etched around the inner rim, almost too small to read, were tiny words in a language I didn't recognize. Yet, somehow, holding it, a strange resonance hummed through my fingers, a feeling of latent power.

That night, curled in bed, the city lights casting long shadows, the locket felt warm against my palm. Another evening spent scrolling through dating apps, feeling invisible. Another night comparing myself to curated perfection online. The familiar ache of inadequacy throbbed. The locket seemed to pulse faintly with warmth. The strange, intuitive feeling intensified. What if...?

Closing my eyes tight, clutching the locket, the desperation felt raw, overwhelming. I wasn't wishing for riches or fame. Just... this. This one thing. "I wish," I whispered, the words barely audible even to myself, fueled by years of quiet longing. "I wish I could wake up each morning with a fuller chest. A really beautiful, perfect chest. Just... let them keep growing until they're perfect."

The final word hung in the air, subjective, undefined. Perfect according to whom? Perfect how? But in my desperate state, specificity wasn't a concern. I just wanted *more*. Feeling foolish, yet clinging to a sliver of impossible hope, I placed the locket on my nightstand and eventually succumbed to sleep, the familiar emptiness pressing against my ribs.

Day 1

Sunlight streamed through the window, coaxing me awake. My first sensation was... odd. Not pain, not exactly tenderness, but a subtle, unfamiliar *awareness* across my chest. A faint pressure, like the ghost of a touch. Dismissing it as imagination, I rolled onto my back. My hand drifted upwards, as it often did in unconscious self-assessment. It stopped. My breath caught.

Was that...?

I bolted upright, heart suddenly pounding a frantic rhythm against ribs that felt... different. Throwing off the duvet, I scrambled to the antique standing mirror in the corner of my bedroom. My thin cotton pajama top, usually hanging loose, seemed to drape slightly differently. My eyes darted downwards, disbelieving.

There was a curve. A small, gentle swell rising softly from my sternum where yesterday there had been only flat planes. Barely an A-cup, perhaps not even that, but undeniably *there*. It wasn't just wishful thinking or morning puffiness. It was real tissue, soft and yielding beneath my tentative fingers. A tiny, almost imperceptible ache, like muscles waking after long disuse, emanated from deep within.

My logical brain screamed *hormones!* or *placebo!* It had to be. Magic wasn't real. Locketts didn't grant wishes. Yet... the locket sat on the nightstand, the milky gem catching the morning light, seeming almost to wink. And the feeling under my fingertips was undeniably real.

A giddy, terrifying thrill shot through me. Could it be? Even if it was just a hormonal fluctuation, it felt... good. Really good. I tentatively cupped the small new weight. My palms registered the subtle heft. Turning side to side, I analyzed the change in my silhouette. It was minor, perhaps invisible to anyone else, but to me, it was revolutionary.

Driven by impulse, I dug out an old bra from the bottom of my drawer – a pretty lace thing I'd bought years ago, hoping it might magically conjure something to fill it. It had always gaped sadly. Now, slipping it on, the delicate cups didn't collapse. They rested against actual flesh. The light underwire provided a gentle lift, creating the faintest hint of cleavage. Seeing it – that tiny shadow between two small mounds that were *mine* – sent a shiver of pure, unadulterated pleasure down my spine.

Could this last? The rational part of me doubted it. But the hopeful, yearning part clung fiercely to the possibility. Even if it was just for today, I would savor it. A fragile seed of confidence began to unfurl within the familiar landscape of my insecurities. Maybe, just maybe, things were about to change.

The awareness stayed with me all day, a secret hum beneath my clothes. I chose a slightly more fitted top than usual, just to see. Did anyone notice? Probably not. But *I* knew. I felt different. Stood taller. Walked with a little more swing in my step. The faint tenderness was a constant reminder, a tiny spark of possibility.

That evening, alone in my apartment, I found myself drawn back to the mirror. Undressing slowly, I studied the change again. Still small, but undeniably present. Hesitantly, my fingers traced the outline, then grew bolder. I explored the softness, the slight weight. Remembering the wish – *grow while I sleep* – a wild thought surfaced. What if this was just the beginning? What if tomorrow...? The idea was both thrilling and terrifying. Driven by a curiosity that overrode my shyness, I let my fingers drift upwards, brushing lightly over a nipple. It instantly tightened, sending a surprising little electric shock through me. Not intense, but... noticeable. Interesting. A faint blush crept up my neck as I experimented further, tentative touches eliciting tiny sparks of unexpected sensation. It wasn't just shape; something else was awakening too. Intriguing. Very intriguing.

Day 2

I woke with a gasp, not from a nightmare, but from pure physical sensation. There was a distinct feeling of fullness, a noticeable weight pressing gently against my ribs as I lay on my back. It wasn't subtle anymore. It was *real*.

Throwing off the covers, I didn't even need the mirror yet. Looking down, my pajama top was visibly stretched, pulled taut over curves that had undeniably blossomed overnight. My breath hitched. Yesterday's tentative swell was now a definite, rounded B-cup, perhaps even nudging towards a C. High, firm, beautifully shaped.

Heart hammering with a mixture of disbelief and exhilarating excitement, I rushed to the mirror. It was true. The change was significant, undeniable. Hormones didn't do this. This was the locket. The wish. It was actually, magically happening. A breathless laugh escaped me, half joy, half sheer nervous energy.

My hands went to my chest, easily cupping the new weight. They felt wonderfully full, fitting perfectly into my palms now. The skin felt smooth, warm, and exquisitely sensitive. Yesterday's tiny sparks were now definite currents. Tentatively, I brushed a thumb across one nipple. It instantly hardened into a tight peak, and a sharp jolt of pure pleasure shot through me, making my hips buck slightly off the floor. *Oh. Oh, wow.* The wish hadn't just granted size; it had dialed

up the sensitivity to an incredible degree. This wasn't just about looking good anymore; it was about *feeling* good. In a way I'd never imagined.

I spent a long time exploring. Admiring the shape, the weight, the way they bounced slightly when I moved. Testing the sensitivity with light touches, gasping and shivering at the intense erotic feedback. Fear still whispered at the edges – *how much bigger? Is this controllable?* – but the overwhelming sensations, the sheer intoxicating reality of this transformation, pushed it firmly into the background.

Getting dressed presented an immediate problem. Yesterday's hopeful bra was now laughably inadequate, cups spilling over. My other bras were useless. A shopping trip wasn't just desirable; it was essential. And the thought filled me with giddy anticipation rather than the usual dread.

Walking into the lingerie department of a nicer department store felt like stepping onto a stage. I felt... noticeable. Maybe it was my imagination, but heads seemed to turn. I found a sales assistant, an older woman with kind eyes and an air of quiet competence named Martha.

"Can I help you find something, dear?"

"Yes," I said, trying to keep my voice steady despite the thrill buzzing through me. "I need... new bras. I seem to have had a rather sudden... change."

Martha's eyes flickered down briefly, then back to my face, a hint of surprise softening her professional smile. "Ah, yes. Sometimes that happens. Let's get you measured properly."

In the fitting room, the cool tape measure felt electric against my newly sensitive skin. "Alright, let's see... thirty-two..." She paused, her eyebrows rising slightly. "Thirty-two... C. A very full C, maybe leaning towards D." She met my eyes in the mirror, a flicker of open curiosity in her gaze. "Quite the development overnight, isn't it?"

"You could say that," I murmured, flushing slightly.

She returned with an armful of gorgeous bras – silks, laces, supportive structures in jewel tones and classic neutrals. Trying them on was pure bliss. The feeling of being lifted, supported, shaped... it was incredible. Seeing the deep cleavage created by a plunge style, the rounded perfection in a balconette... I felt stunning, powerful, undeniably sexy. I bought three sets, including a particularly scandalous black lace ensemble, feeling utterly decadent. Martha bagged them with a knowing little smile. "Well, enjoy them, dear. While they fit." Her words, meant kindly, sent a tiny shiver down my spine. *While they fit.*

Clothes shopping was next. Tops that had fit loosely two days ago now clung enticingly, outlining curves that drew the eye. I indulged, buying pieces that celebrated rather than concealed – fitted sweaters, scoop-neck tops, a dress with a neckline that plunged just enough to be daring.

That evening, getting ready for my second date with Daniel (I'd moved him up from 'Leo' in my contacts after Tuesday), anticipation warred with nerves. How would he react to this much more obvious change? I chose a deep green V-neck sweater that showcased the new reality beautifully, paired with well-fitting jeans.

He arrived, took one look at me, and stopped dead in the doorway. His eyes widened, his jaw literally dropped for a second before he caught himself. "Elara," he breathed, his voice a full octave lower than usual. He stepped inside, his gaze fixed, mesmerized, on my chest. "Wow. Just... wow. You look... different. Amazing."

Dinner was electric. His attention was absolute. His gaze kept returning to my chest, a mixture of awe and undisguised desire in his eyes. He kept finding excuses to touch me – a hand on my arm, fingers brushing my back. Each touch felt charged. Back at my apartment, the air crackled.

The moment the door closed, he murmured my name and pulled me into a crushing kiss. His hands immediately went to my waist, then slid upwards, cupping the astonishing fullness through the soft knit of my sweater. A low groan rumbled in his chest. "They're... Elara, they're so much bigger," he whispered against my lips, disbelief and arousal warring in his voice. "How?"

"I told you," I gasped, melting into his touch, "late bloomer?"

He chuckled, a husky sound. "The latest bloom I've ever seen." He carefully eased the sweater up and over my head, revealing the black lace bra I'd chosen. It was already looking a little strained, the swollen curves pushing against the delicate fabric. His eyes darkened, pupils dilating. "God, you are incredible."

His fingers traced the lace edge, sending shivers racing over my skin. He didn't rush to take it off, instead exploring the shape, the weight, his thumbs brushing agonizingly close to my nipples through the lace. I whimpered, arching into his touch, the sensitivity almost unbearable. Finally, he reached behind me, fumbling slightly with the clasp. It gave way, and the bra fell loose.

My breasts spilled free, heavy, lush, swaying softly. They felt wonderfully full, the skin tight and incredibly sensitive under his hungry gaze. Daniel made a choked sound, dropping to his knees before me, looking utterly reverent. "Perfect," he breathed, hands reaching out tentatively, then closing around the heavy weight, thumbs stroking the soft undersides.

He buried his face in my cleavage, inhaling deeply, before his mouth closed around a nipple. The direct contact was a shockwave. I cried out, fingers tangling in his hair, my body erupting in

sensation. He suckled gently, then harder, tongue teasing, exploring, driving me absolutely wild. He devoted equal attention to the other breast, his hands never still, kneading, lifting, supporting, utterly captivated. My legs felt weak; I leaned against the wall for support, lost in the overwhelming pleasure radiating from my hyper-sensitive chest.

Later, lying naked and spent in my bed, Daniel asleep beside me, his hand resting possessively on the curve of one breast, I felt a deep, vibrating satisfaction. This magic, this transformation... it was intoxicating. The power of his reaction, the intensity of my own physical response... it was addictive. Fear was a distant echo. Surely this was approaching 'perfect'? Maybe just a little more fullness, a solid D perhaps? That felt like a reasonable, wonderful goal. The locket on the nightstand seemed to glow faintly in the darkness. The thought *keep growing* felt less like a danger and more like a thrilling promise.

Day 3

Sunlight, warm and insistent, filtered through the blinds, painting stripes across the bedsheets and Daniel's bare shoulder beside me. I drifted awake slowly, cocooned in the lingering warmth of shared sleep and intense pleasure. My first conscious sensation was a familiar, deep ache between my shoulder blades, more pronounced than yesterday. Then came the awareness of *weight*. Significant weight pressing down on my chest, making each breath feel substantial.

I glanced down. *Oh my god.*

My breasts, nestled against Daniel's side, had swelled again, dramatically. Where yesterday they were a full C/D, today they were easily pushing into DD or maybe even E territory. They looked enormous against my frame, impossibly round and full, the skin looking incredibly taut and smooth. The black lace bra from last night lay discarded on the floor, looking laughably inadequate now.

Just as I was processing this newest, shocking increase, Daniel stirred beside me. His eyes fluttered open, focusing sleepily on my face. He smiled, a lazy, contented curve of his lips. "Morning," he murmured, his voice thick with sleep. His hand drifted idly towards my chest, a casual, possessive gesture born from last night's intimacy.

His fingers brushed against the side curve of my breast. He froze. His smile vanished, replaced by wide-eyed shock. His gaze dropped from my face to my chest, and his jaw went slack. He blinked several times, as if trying to clear his vision.

"Elara," he whispered, his voice barely audible. He carefully propped himself up on one elbow, his eyes glued to my breasts, scanning them with an expression of utter, stupefied disbelief. "They're... they're *bigger*. Again. How... how is this even possible?" He reached out a hesitant

hand, not touching yet, just hovering above the impossible curve, as if afraid it might be an illusion.

A nervous giggle escaped me, mixed with a fresh surge of dizzying excitement at his reaction. "I... I don't know," I stammered, though the image of the locket flashed in my mind. "Maybe I'm just... really blooming?"

He finally touched me, his fingers tracing the upper swell with feather-light reverence. "Blooming doesn't cover this," he breathed, shaking his head slowly. "This is... exponential." His eyes met mine, filled with a mixture of awe, confusion, and undeniable, reignited desire. "It's incredible."

That look, that reaction, sent a fresh wave of heat coiling low in my belly. The aches, the faint flicker of worry about the relentless growth, momentarily forgotten. He leaned down, kissing me deeply, his hands immediately finding the heavy weight, cupping the swollen flesh, thumbs stroking the incredibly sensitive undersides. I moaned into his mouth, arching against him, the sensation already overwhelming.

"They feel amazing," he murmured against my skin, his hands exploring, kneading gently. "So heavy, so full." His mouth trailed downwards, leaving a damp path between my breasts before closing reverently over a nipple.

The effect was instantaneous, explosive. I cried out, gripping his shoulders, overwhelmed by the hyper-sensitivity. He suckled, laved, worshipped, alternating between the two peaks, his hands constantly caressing, supporting, utterly enthralled by the sheer volume and responsiveness. Being touched like this, with such focused adoration on the very parts of me that were undergoing this impossible transformation, was intensely erotic. The weight, the fullness, the almost painful sensitivity – it all combined into an intoxicating cocktail of pleasure and slight danger.

He moved between my legs, his eyes still locked on the magnificent sight of my breasts spilling across my ribcage. As he entered me, slowly, deliberately, he reached up, cupping them again, lifting their weight slightly as he moved. "Look at them," he groaned, his rhythm picking up. "Look at us." Watching him watch them, watching them bounce heavily with each thrust, feeling the deep pleasure radiating from both my core and my hyper-stimulated chest... it was almost too much. My orgasm crashed over me, intense and consuming, triggered as much by the sensations in my breasts as by the friction below.

Afterwards, lying tangled together, reality began to seep back in. Daniel traced the curve of one massive breast, his expression still dazed. "Seriously, Elara, how is this happening? Are you okay? Does it hurt?"

"A little," I admitted, shifting slightly, feeling the pull in my back. "My back is starting to complain. And none of my bras fit anymore."

"I can imagine," he said, his gaze still full of wonder. "You must have gone up another cup size overnight, at least." He shook his head again. "It's wild. Beautiful, but wild."

His concern felt genuine, but it was clearly overshadowed by his fascination. And honestly? Part of me loved that fascination. But another part, the practical part, was starting to worry. This much growth, this fast... it wasn't sustainable.

After Daniel left (with promises to call later, his eyes still wide with lingering disbelief), I faced the mirror. DD/E cup felt about right. They were magnificent, yes. Stunningly voluptuous. But they were also *heavy*. My posture felt different. My center of gravity had shifted. The backache was real. And the locket on the nightstand seemed to pulse with smug satisfaction.

Keep growing until they're perfect. The words echoed. What did 'perfect' mean to a magical locket? Did it have an endpoint? Or was 'perfect' a constantly moving target? A cold little knot of anxiety formed in my stomach.

Shopping was non-negotiable. Back to the department store, back to Martha. Her eyes widened comically when she saw me approach. "Miss Elara! Goodness me!" She ushered me quickly towards the fitting rooms, her voice hushed. "Don't tell me..."

"Yes," I sighed. "Bigger. Again."

The tape measure confirmed it. 32E, maybe F. Martha looked genuinely alarmed now. "Dear, are you quite sure you shouldn't consult a physician? This rate of change is... well, it's extraordinary. And potentially worrying."

"I'm fine," I insisted, though my voice lacked conviction. "Just... unusual."

Trying on bras was less euphoric this time, more frustrating. Finding something supportive enough in these new, larger sizes was difficult. The bras looked less like pretty lingerie and more like engineering marvels. I bought two sturdy, plain ones in a 32F, feeling a pang of loss for the delicate lace things I'd bought just yesterday. As Martha rang me up, her expression was a mixture of professional concern and sheer bewilderment. "Well," she said slowly, "Do take care, dear."

On the way home, I called Chloe. "Okay, you are not going to believe this," I started.

"Try me," Chloe said warily. "After yesterday, I'll believe anything."

"They grew again. A lot."

There was a stunned silence. "Again? Maya, what cup size are we talking now?"

"E or F, maybe?"

"E or F?! Overnight?! From a C/D?! Maya, that's not a growth spurt, that's science fiction! You HAVE to be joking. Or you need to go to the emergency room! Seriously, is this hurting you?" Her voice was sharp with genuine fear now.

"My back hurts," I admitted. "And it's... getting a bit much."

"A bit much?!" she shrieked. "Maya! Promise me you'll see a doctor if this happens again tomorrow. Promise!"

"Okay, okay, I promise," I said, the knot of anxiety tightening.

That evening, alone, I studied the locket. *Until they're perfect*. What was perfect? Was *this* perfect? They were certainly impressive. But the aches, the rapid changes, the sheer impossibility... maybe perfect was smaller than this? Or maybe... maybe the magic had its own definition. The thought was deeply unsettling. The thrill was definitely starting to curdle into genuine concern.

Day 4

I woke before dawn, not from sunlight, but from pain. A deep, grinding pain in my spine that made tears spring to my eyes. Sitting up was a slow, agonizing process, requiring me to use my arms to push myself upright, my chest muscles protesting under the sudden strain of lifting the incredible weight attached to them.

One glance down confirmed my worst fears. They were bigger. Again. Significantly. F-cup was history. These were Gs? Hs? They seemed to have exploded overnight, swelling into enormous, heavy globes that projected dramatically from my chest, pulling my shoulders forward, straining the skin into a shiny, almost transparent sheath. The network of blue veins beneath the surface was startlingly visible.

Panic, cold and sharp, washed over me. This wasn't thrilling anymore. This was terrifying. Chloe's panicked voice echoed in my ears. *Promise me you'll see a doctor*.

The bras I'd bought yesterday, the sturdy 32Fs, were clearly too small. Just looking at them made me wince. Getting dressed involved pulling on my stretchiest yoga pants and a huge, oversized sweatshirt, which still couldn't fully conceal the unbelievable contours beneath. Even wearing that felt constricting, the sheer mass pressing against the fabric.

My reflection was like looking at a funhouse mirror distortion. My waist looked tiny, my shoulders narrow, completely overwhelmed by the colossal scale of my breasts. They rested heavily against my upper abdomen, obscuring my view downwards completely. I felt... top-heavy, unbalanced, almost grotesque.

Walking was difficult. Each step sent a jarring shockwave through my chest and back. I had to consciously lean backwards to maintain balance, shuffling slowly. Forget leaving the apartment. Making coffee required careful maneuvering around the kitchen counter, constantly bumping the sensitive flesh against surfaces. Dropping the spoon felt like a major crisis, requiring a painful, awkward stoop to retrieve it.

The locket sat on the nightstand, its milky gem seeming to glow with smug accomplishment. I snatched it up, my hand trembling with anger and fear. "Stop!" I hissed at it, clutching it tight. "Stop growing! Please! This is enough! It's too much!" I pleaded with the inert silver, shaking it, desperate for any sign of response. Nothing. It remained cool and silent in my palm, radiating only that faint, disturbing warmth.

Keep growing until they're perfect. The words were a mocking refrain. My definition of perfect and the locket's were clearly, horrifyingly different. My careless wording, my desperate wish for *more*, had unleashed this relentless, uncontrollable magic.

Driven by a need for some kind of release, some reclaiming of my own body amidst the panic, I retreated to the bedroom. Locking the door, I slowly peeled off the sweatshirt, leaving my upper body bare. The sight was staggering. The sheer size, the weight pulling downwards, the overly stretched skin, the large, dark areolas and prominent nipples... it was both awesome and terrifying.

Hesitantly, my hands came up to cup the immense weight. They felt incredibly heavy, dense, yet soft. The skin was hot, radiating warmth. Despite the fear, a spark of the familiar sensitivity remained, perhaps even heightened by the extreme stretching. My fingers trembled as I traced the prominent veins, explored the heavy undersides. When my thumb brushed, almost accidentally, against a nipple, it instantly hardened into a tight knot, sending an almost painful jolt of pure sensation straight to my core, making me gasp and bite my lip.

Curiosity warred with panic. I experimented further, using lotion to ease the friction, letting my hands glide over the vast surfaces. Light touches elicited shivers, while firmer pressure sent waves of overwhelming, almost unbearable sensitivity washing through me. Focusing on the nipples, teasing them gently, then more insistently, brought wave after wave of sharp, electric pleasure, so intense it blurred the line with pain. My breath came in ragged gasps, my hips moving restlessly on the bed. It was terrifying, being aroused by the very things that were causing me such distress, but the physical response was undeniable, overwhelming. I rode the

waves of sensation until a shuddering climax ripped through me, leaving me trembling, slick with sweat, and more confused and frightened than ever. The pleasure felt tainted, inseparable from the horror of my body's runaway transformation.

Later, huddled on the sofa, nursing my aching back, the reality set in. I needed help. Medical help. Even if they couldn't explain it, maybe they could... do something? Stop it? Reverse it? The hope felt fragile, almost nonexistent, but it was all I had left. I booked an emergency appointment with a Dr. Evans Chloe had recommended, dread coiling in my stomach. How could I possibly explain this?

Day 5

The next morning was the same story. Growth. And lots of it. I needed help.

Getting to Dr. Evans' clinic was an ordeal. Chloe, her face pale and etched with worry, had to practically lever me out of the apartment and into her car. The short walk from the car park to the clinic door felt like miles, each step jarring my aching spine, drawing shocked stares and whispers from everyone we passed. I felt like a creature from another planet, freakishly deformed.

Dr. Evans was a kind-faced man, but his professional composure evaporated the moment he saw me. His eyes widened behind his spectacles, his mouth tightening into a thin line. "Ms... Elara Thompson?" he stammered slightly, recovering quickly but unable to hide his initial shock. "Please, come in. Sit down." The examination chair looked worryingly standard-sized.

The examination was humiliating and frightening. He measured, palpated gently, his touch careful but his expression growing increasingly bewildered and concerned. He asked the usual questions – hormones, family history, medications – and listened to my strained denials with mounting disbelief. "And this growth... you say it began... four days ago?"

"Five," I whispered. "It happens overnight. Every night."

He ran basic tests, blood pressure (elevated), heart rate (rapid). Everything else came back stubbornly normal. He stepped back, rubbing his forehead, looking utterly stumped. "Elara," he said, his voice low and serious. "Medically speaking... this is impossible. Your tissue appears healthy, no signs of malignancy or hormonal abnormality that could explain this extreme, rapid gigantomastia. The scale, the speed... it defies any known biological process. I've never seen or read about anything remotely like it."

His frank admission, the sheer medical impossibility of my condition, extinguished the last flicker of hope that there might be a conventional solution. "So... what can you do?" I asked, my voice trembling.

He sighed heavily. "Honestly? I don't know. I can refer you to specialists – endocrinologists, geneticists, perhaps even consult with researchers in anomalous growth... but I suspect they'll be as baffled as I am. We could discuss surgical reduction, but given the ongoing, rapid growth..." He trailed off, the implication clear: surgery would be futile, quickly undone by the relentless overnight expansion. "For now... pain management for your back, perhaps custom support garments, but stopping the growth itself? I have no medical tools for that."

Leaving the clinic felt like stepping off a cliff. Science had no answers. My body was operating under rules unknown to medicine. The locket felt like a lead weight in my pocket, a tangible symbol of the inexplicable force reshaping my existence.

Daniel called that evening. His voice was hesitant. "Hey... just checking in. How did the doctor's appointment go?"

"They don't know what it is or how to stop it," I said flatly, exhaustion and despair making my voice dull.

"Oh." A pause. "So... they're just going to keep...?" He didn't finish the sentence.

"Apparently."

Another pause, longer this time. Then, his voice shifted, regaining some of its earlier fascination, though tinged with something new, maybe apprehension. "Wow. So... how big are they today?"

The question, so detached from my fear and pain, snapped something inside me. "Daniel, I can barely walk! My back is agony! I'm scared out of my mind! And all you can ask is how big they are?!"

"No, I mean... I'm worried too! It's just... it's also... incredible," he stammered, clearly flustered. "Can I... can I come over?"

"No," I said, the word tasting like ash. "Not tonight, Daniel. I need... I need some space." I hung up before he could reply, tears finally spilling over, hot and bitter. His fascination, once thrilling, now felt like a betrayal. He didn't see *me* anymore; he only saw the ever-expanding spectacle.

That night, sleep was impossible. The weight felt crushing, breathing required conscious effort. The pain was a constant, grinding presence. The locket lay on the nightstand, mocking me with its silent power. My wish, my stupid, desperate wish for *perfect*, was consuming me.

Day 6

Waking, if the shallow, pain-filled state I existed in could be called waking, was simply becoming aware of *more*. More pressure, more weight, more agonizing strain on my bones and skin. Sitting

up was unthinkable without assistance. Chloe had arranged for a home-care nurse, Sarah, a strong, no-nonsense woman whose initial shock quickly morphed into quiet, professional competence. Even with her help, getting me shifted into a sitting position on the edge of the bed was a ten-minute operation that left me gasping and Sarah sweating.

Forget cup sizes. The alphabet was laughably inadequate. My breasts were colossal, pendulous entities that spilled off the bed, each easily the size of a small beanbag chair, maybe larger. The skin was stretched to an impossible, gleaming tautness, showcasing intricate maps of veins. They looked... geological. Less a part of me, more like immense, soft boulders I was somehow attached to.

My world had shrunk to my bed and the specially reinforced armchair Sarah had managed to procure. Moving between them was the day's main event. My perception was dominated by the immense, soft barriers that blocked my view, muffled sounds, and dictated my every limited movement. Dressing involved shapeless, tent-like gowns Sarah helped me into. Bathing was a sponge bath, conducted with awkward efficiency.

Dr. Evans called, checking in. He sounded helpless. The specialists he'd consulted were intrigued but offered no solutions, only requests for data, samples, perhaps observation. Talk of transferring me to a specialized research facility began, framed as being for my own good, but sounding chillingly like becoming a permanent lab exhibit.

Daniel tried calling again. I ignored it. What could we possibly say to each other now? His world of desire and mine of overwhelming physical consequence had diverged too sharply.

Yet, amidst the fear and limitations, strange echoes of the initial erotic charge remained, warped and amplified by the extreme scale. The sheer, overwhelming *presence* of my breasts was undeniable. Sometimes, Sarah would apply lotion to the stretched, aching skin, her professional touch inadvertently brushing a still-sensitive area, sending an unwanted but powerful jolt through my system. The contrast between my helplessness and the sheer magnitude of my body held a bizarre, almost perverse allure, tapping into the core of the expansion fetish – the surrender, the abundance, the sheer spectacle.

At night, alone in the quiet darkness, sometimes my hands would find their way to the warm, immense softness beside me. Not seeking arousal, but simply... acknowledging the reality. Feeling the incredible smoothness, the yielding weight. It was terrifying, yes. But it was also, undeniably, *me*. The result of my wish. *Keep growing until they're perfect*. The locket's mandate continued, relentless and unstoppable, pushing me further into uncharted territory, beyond measure, beyond comprehension.

Days Turn to Weeks

Time dissolved into a cycle of pressure, assistance, and the quiet hum of whatever monitoring equipment Dr. Evans had arranged. Days blurred into weeks. Sarah became a constant, calming presence, managing my basic needs with efficiency and compassion. My apartment was transformed into a care facility – reinforced flooring, hoists, a bed that resembled a docking station more than furniture.

The growth continued, perhaps slower now, but inexorably. My breasts achieved truly monumental proportions. 'Room-filling' wasn't hyperbole. They flowed outwards from my torso like living glaciers of flesh, consuming the space around me, pressing against walls, spilling over the sides of the enormous custom bed. Each mound was larger than any furniture, soft yet immensely heavy, dictating the geography of my existence. Moving me, even with hoists, required careful planning and execution, like maneuvering priceless, fragile sculptures.

My sensory world was entirely filtered through my body. My vision was permanently eclipsed by the pale, veined mountains rising from my chest. Sounds were muffled. My own breathing felt shallow, constrained by the internal pressure. Sensation was a strange mix of numbness from compression and zones of startling, residual hyper-sensitivity, especially around the gigantic, stretched areolas and nipples, which were now the size of dinner plates. The sheer scale was difficult for my own mind to process. I felt less like a person contained within a body, and more like a small consciousness anchored somewhere within an immense, ever-expanding biological phenomenon.

Occasional visitors – Dr. Evans, concerned but helpless; Chloe, brave but clearly distressed by the sight; even government officials, discreetly observing the 'anomaly' – moved through the periphery of my awareness. They spoke in hushed tones, discussing logistics, structural integrity, scientific curiosity. I was the epicenter of a bizarre event, the subject of studies, the cause of architectural concern.

Daniel appeared one afternoon, unannounced. Sarah let him in hesitantly. He stood in the doorway of my room, his face a mask of shock, awe, and something akin to fear. He looked small, insignificant against the backdrop of my impossible scale. My breasts filled the room, vast, undulating landscapes of pale flesh rising and falling with my breath. He couldn't even see *me*, not really, just the foothills of the immense territory I occupied.

He stepped forward slowly, reaching out a trembling hand, not towards where my face was, propped up on pillows, but towards the nearest slope of yielding flesh. He touched it tentatively, his fingers sinking slightly into the soft mass. "Elara?" he whispered, his voice choked. "It's... it's unbelievable."

He spent almost an hour there, not talking much, just... observing. Touching reverently. His initial desire seemed to have morphed into sheer, stunned fascination, overwhelmed by the sheer

magnitude. He tried to kiss me goodbye, leaning awkwardly over the mountainous curve, his lips brushing my forehead. It felt distant, disconnected.

Could intimacy even exist at this scale? Later, drifting in the strange twilight state that passed for sleep, I wondered. The memory of his touch, the lingering sensitivity in certain areas... perhaps. Maybe sex wasn't about movement and positions anymore, but about worship, about surrender to the sheer spectacle. A scene flickered in my mind – Daniel, lost against the mountainous curves, his hands, his mouth exploring the vast territory, overwhelmed yet drawn in, his pleasure derived not from conventional acts but from the sheer awe-inspiring, terrifying abundance. His climax echoing against the soft mass, a testament to the impossible made real. It was a disturbing, yet undeniably erotic thought, born from the heart of the fetish itself.

Lying there, encased in flesh, the world beyond a distant rumor, I felt a strange calm. The panic had receded, replaced by a profound, weary acceptance. The locket, wherever it now resided amongst my few possessions, had fulfilled its promise. *Keep growing until they're perfect.* Perhaps, in its alien magic logic, this was perfect. Maximum. Absolute. All-consuming. My wish, whispered in a moment of lonely insecurity, had bloomed beyond all imagining, reshaping my world, my body, my very existence into this living monument of softness and scale. There was no going back. There was only... more. The finality of it was absolute, as vast and encompassing as the flesh that now defined my entire reality.