

Lexi stood in front of the mirror, turning this way and that. She was wearing a cute black top & skirt and her auburn hair hung loose around her shoulders.

Her build was petite and slender. Well, it was at the moment. This was the problem. Her forced confidence gave way and she dropped to the floor with her back against the wall, looking at herself in the mirror.

“Just work with me for one fucking night!” She said in frustration to her body. A few tears slid down her cheeks, but she did her best to ignore them. “One. Fucking. Night! Aaargh!”

She balled her hands into fists and banged them against her thighs before taking a deep breath. Well, maybe this would still go okay. Maybe foolishly, she hadn’t told her date, a man she’d met online called Michael, about her condition.

The photos she used on the dating app were all of her with a fuller bust. Heavy chested, curvy, deep cleavage. That’s the Lexi that Michael thought he was going to be having a drink with.

She gritted her teeth and grabbed her bag, walking out the door.

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Lexi arrived at the bar & restaurant, a cozy quiet joint nestled in the corner of a building across from a park. She caught a glance of her slender form in the glass and cursed at it quietly before stepping inside.

The bar was quiet, only half full. She scanned the room and spotted Michael sitting at a booth on the far side, not far from the bar itself. She made her way over and cleared her throat when she arrived at the table.

Michael looked up from his phone and glanced up and down at Lexi.

“Sorry, I’m waiting for someone.” He said, looking back at his phone.

“I... I think I might be that someone.” Lexi said awkwardly.

Michael looked up at her in surprise, recognition and a frown flashing across his face. He stood and gave her an awkward hug before gesturing for her to slide into the booth opposite him.

“Lexi, hi, sorry. I didn’t recognise you. You’re a little, um... you aren’t like your pictures.” He said without fully disguising his annoyance. Lexi felt her stomach drop. She quickly tried to explain herself but Michael waved the explanation away.

They chatted amiably about work and their respective days for a few minutes, but it became increasingly clear to Lexi that Michael was fairly annoyed at the girl sitting opposite him. She didn’t know whether it was her current body or whether he just felt like he’d been tricked, but she couldn’t say she was surprised when he made his excuses and left.

Lexi groaned, dropping her head onto the table. She sobbed for a few moments before sitting up and drying her eyes. She slid from the booth and began to walk towards the bar.

She paused briefly as she realised the barkeep was watching her with sympathy. And damn, that barkeep was pretty. She was a few inches taller than Lexi with a slightly fuller figure. She was pale and black hair framed her pretty face perfectly.

She gave Lexi a sympathetic smile as she slid onto a stool at the empty bar. "That didn't feel like a full-length date, unless time is working differently over here." The bartender said with an awkward chuckle, trying to break the ice.

Lexi looked up at her with a flat expression and the bartender's eyes flashed in surprise to see the red eyes of someone who had just shed tears.

"Oh, fuck. Sorry. I was just trying to flirt. Shit, no, I meant to cheer you up. Um... erm... let me get you a drink on the house. I'll take you forgetting the last thirty seconds of me talking as payment. I'm Cass by the way." She stammered rapidly.

Despite her sour mood, Lexi couldn't help but smirk. That was a social stumble that was nice to see fall out of the mouth of someone other than herself.

"I'll take a glass of white wine." Lexi said. "And don't worry, you're pretty enough to get away with saying things like that."

Both girls paused for a moment. Cass turned away to hide her blush, and Lexi simply grew red as she stared straight ahead, taken aback by her own boldness.

Cass turned back and saw the embarrassment on Lexi's face.

"So... wanna talk about it?" Cass asked. At Lexi's confused look, Cass nodded to the empty booth she had come from. "Whatever happened over there. It's okay if you don't, just, y'know... when people trudge over to the bar like you did they normally need to vent."

Lexi smiled softly and thanked Cass as she slid over the glass of wine.

"Thanks. It's just... okay, firstly, I didn't *trudge* over here." She said with a smirk. "And secondly it's fine. It was just some dumb online date. My pictures were a little misleading. Well, they aren't always, but they are today, and he left anyway so it doesn't matter."

Cass nodded knowingly as though she'd fully understood the gibberish Lexi had spouted at her.

"Men." She said, pulling over a rolling stool on her side of the counter and sitting opposite Lexi.

"Who needs them?"

The next twenty minutes passed surprisingly comfortably. Lexi and Cass quickly fell into a pattern of comfortable conversation, interrupted only by Cass occasionally having to make a drink for a customer.

They joked about dates, about men, and drifted into chatting about their own personal dating histories. Lexi found herself growing more animated and smiling more as Cass showed a genuine, authentic interest in her. She returned it in force. There was a clear underlying tension of attraction in the air, and both girl's minds drifted repeatedly back to the start of their conversation.

Minutes turned into a couple of hours. Lexi found less and less opportunities to talk to Cass for a while as the bar grew crowded, but she got them back as customers trickled out again. She felt a growing pressure in her core, a familiar feeling that she pushed back with all her might. Not here, not now. Cass liked *this* Lexi. Not. Fucking. Here.

Eventually the establishment was almost completely quiet. Cass had been pulled away from chatting about her studies in physiotherapy, which had been preceded by her listening with a smile as Lexi gushed about her favourite bands and genres of music.

Whilst Cass dealt with the customer on the other side of the bar, the pressure in Lexi's core suddenly intensified and jumped to her chest. Fuck. Fuck! Not here. Her eyes darted around. She might not have long. Could she leave her number? No pen. The pressure grew and she found she was using all her strength to hold it back.

Panicking, Lexi slid from her stool and ran to the door. She heard the voice of Cass behind her, but she didn't stop. She couldn't stop. Cass liked *this* her, and she couldn't take another person walking away because they felt catfished by her, or thinking she was some kind of freak.

Lexi's apartment was only a few streets away and she ran for it, thanking her past self for wearing sneakers. She released her grip on the pressure involuntarily as she ran. Her chest began to swell against her black top.

There was more bounce with every step, more sensation as swelling nipples were pressed into increasingly tight fabric. She felt like she grew a cup size a step, her bouncing chest moving from flat to apples, to grapefruits, with no sign of slowing.

She burst through the door of her apartment, struggling to breathe as her shirt constricted her. Her tits bloated rapidly like some time lapse of bread rising. She pulled the top off and stared at the swelling tits beneath it. They were roughly basketballs in size now and swelling rapidly. They always grew fast when she held the growth back.

Lexi walked down the hallway, numb, as the swelling slowed, her heavy chest dominating her torso. She thought about Cass, that pretty face, that silky hair. The way she looked at Lexi like she really cared, and listened to her talk. Cass had liked her. She'd liked the slender, petite Lexi who had trudged up to the bar.

Maybe, if years of teasing and embarrassing wardrobe malfunctions hadn't made Lexi resent her chest, she would have stayed at the bar. Maybe she would've asked for a jacket, or even tried to use her swelling chest to her advantage.

Instead Lexi sunk to the ground opposite her mirror. She looked at her reflection. Slender, petite, two huge, pale, beach ball sized breasts resting on her thighs. She cried in frustration at her chest for the third time that night.

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Lexi spent the next few days inside. She worked from home and didn't need anything, so was free to wallow in her self pity. She cursed her unpredictable boobs out, but found herself wondering more and more.

Cass had been into her. She'd stood there and listened, had shown interest in *her*, not her chest. Maybe... maybe she wouldn't call her a freak. Maybe she wouldn't get up and leave the table in frustration.

A couple more days passed. Lexi hoped that her chest would go down and give her some proper mobility back. It was a foolish hope, and she knew full well that she had just a big a chance at growing more next time as she did at shrinking.

Five days after Lexi ran out of the bar in a panic, she got dressed in the same black skirt and did her hair the same way. She stretched a *very* large white top over her chest. It outlined her beach ball sized mounds in detail, but she knew that any piece of clothing would.

Standing in the mirror, she traced her body from the ground up with her eyes. White sneakers, slender legs in black stockings. A cute black skirt, stopping halfway down her thighs. A pair of massive, torso-dominating tits stuffed inside a white shirt.

She took a deep breath and left for the bar again. She drew stares on the way there, men and women alike gawking. It was almost certain that these were the biggest tits any of them had ever seen, and Lexi wasn't even close to her record.

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It was a weeknight, and thankfully the bar was quiet again. She drew stares as she walked past the tables, and had to draw her full confidence not to cower away or, worse yet, run again.

To her relief, Cass was manning the bar. They locked eyes as Lexi drew close, and Cass visibly stiffened, her mouth drawn in a thin line. Lexi could already see the hurt in her eyes and it stung.

Cass's eyes flicked down to Lexi's torso, and Lexi practically saw them trace the outline of her massive chest. Cass's eyes bulged for a second and she lost her composure for a moment before regaining it with what Lexi honestly thought was impressive speed.

Lexi hoisted herself up onto a bar stool and wheeled herself in. She couldn't get nearly as close to the bar as other people could before her chest pressed against it, but luckily there was nobody else sitting up here to ogle.

"I'm really sorry for leaving so suddenly." Lexi said. Cass glanced at her and went back to cleaning glasses. "Mhmm."

"I really am! I'm sorry, okay? I wanted to stay. I did. I was going to write my number before I left, but I didn't have a pen and I had to leave quickly. Something... something came up."

Cass looked at her again, her eyes flicking down and lingering on the massive chest of the girl who had been completely flat less than a week ago when they'd met.

She looked back up into Lexi's eyes and saw the genuine sorrow there, and her cold facade broke.

"Okay. Okay! Apology accepted. Stop giving me those puppy dog eyes. I've been here all week, you know. I've been hoping every shift you'd come back."

Lexi melted into her seat a little. "I'm sorry. I wanted to. I just had to... sometimes I need to work up the courage to go outside."

There was silence from both ends. There was a big, unspoken topic hanging in the air between them. Lexi found herself too self conscious to bring it up. Cass wanted to, more than anything. As if Lexi wasn't already the cutest girl she'd ever met five days ago, now she had this massive rack? To Cass, whatever the hell happened to Lexi was a dream come true.

She opened her mouth to speak but thought better of it when she saw Lexi's face. The two girls held each other's eyes for a moment, and neither of them could help but give a little smile.

"There's another bar down the road." Cass said. "Rosie's. We shut in half an hour but they go later. I knock off when we close. Can I meet you there?"

"Is... is that a date?" Lexi asked awkwardly. Cass smirked, and nodded. "Yeah, dummy. It is. Don't think I'm not still upset, but you made a good first impression, okay? Plus, you obviously had... reasons."

Lexi's heart jumped. That was the closest either had come to openly acknowledging her chest. She had come down here with her hopes low. An apology accepted would have been a win. She was expecting that more likely Cass would be mad at her. She had been, initially, but that smile...

Lexi nodded rapidly, leaning forward into the bar. The counter pressed against her chest and Cass gawked at it for a brief moment before coughing and looking away. Another customer approached the bar and broke the awkward tension.

Cass looked back over her shoulder at Lexi as she walked over to the man.

"I'll see you there, 'kay?" Then she hesitated, and added with a smirk, "No running away this time."

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Forty minutes later, Lexi sat alone at a table in the far corner of Rosie's, avoiding attention as she always did when she was... bigger.

She perked up when she saw Cass approaching her. She stood and stepped forward, then froze. She didn't know whether to hug, wave, anything. By Cass's frozen stance and body language, she didn't either. After a moment the two exchanged a *handshake* of all things and sat down opposite each other. They looked at each other for a moment before both bursting into laughter.

For the next few minutes, the conversation flowed as comfortably as it had the night before. They didn't speak of her chest, though Lexi kept noticing Cass's eyes flicking down to it. Soon enough the conversation died off, neither girl knowing how to move forward without addressing the obvious.

"I owe you an explanation." Lexi said. Cass just looked at her with a soft smile that made her feel too damn comfortable. Lexi's heart raced, but she owed Cass this. Plus, it had to come out sooner or later. Better she scare Cass off now when it'd hurt less, as she'd learned in the past.

"I have a... condition." Lexi said slowly, carefully. "I've had it since my late teens. Periodically, without much warning, my chest will get bigger or smaller. Usually rapidly, and unpredictably. Sometimes I'm flat as anything, like I was when we first met. Sometimes I'm anywhere between where I am now, and where I was five days ago. And sometimes..."

Lexi trailed off, gulping. She fidgeted with her hands on the table in front of her. Cass was going to think she was a freak, just some giant boobed weirdo. She was going to tell her as much, and she was going to get up and walk out of...

Lexi was snapped out of her spiral as Cass's soft, warm hands closed over hers. Their eyes met, and Cass still had that damn knowing, caring smile.

"You don't have to finish if you don't want to." Cass said. "I don't imagine you talk about this often."

Lexi nodded, wiping a tear from her eye. Was that... a happy tear?

"Sometimes I get too big to move. I spend days dragging myself around my apartment, if I can even manage that. Sometimes I can't. I become a prisoner to my own fucking room-filling chest."

There was a silence between the two of them for a while. Cass kept holding Lexi's hands, until eventually she pulled them away. Cass procured a piece of paper and pen from her bag and wrote out her number before sliding it across the table.

"If you're ever looking for a warden." She said with a blush. Lexi stared at the paper, trying to figure out what she meant. She was slowly filling with happiness; this was Cass's number! But...

It clicked and Lexi laughed. "Was that a 'prisoner to my own chest' joke?" She asked. "It seemed appropriate. Or, well, it didn't honestly, but I wanted to give you my number and needed something to say." Cass said.

"Don't apologise. Honestly the fact that I told you what I did and you didn't freak out is more than most people give me." Lexi replied. "Also, you believe me?"

Cass shrugged. "I mean, if you'd told me about this condition of yours when we met earlier this week, I would've probably thought you were nuts. But it's hard to argue with... well..." she trailed off, gesturing at Lexi's chest. Her breasts, stuffed into the white shirt, currently rested on her legs and pressed gently into the table edge.

Another silence fell over the two, quiet and contemplative. Cass fidgeted and opened her mouth a few times, not speaking. Eventually it was Lexi who had to take the confident role.

"Just ask." She said.

"Ask what?"

"I dunno. Whatever questions you look like you're gonna explode with! Don't feel awkward. I'm happy to answer."

Cass bit her lip, thinking. It was true, she was brimming with questions, but Lexi seemed to have such a deep seated insecurity tied to this condition, and she didn't want to scare her confidence away. Better to start small. Maybe when it started, or something trivial like... how many sizes of clothes did she have to buy?

"Does it feel good?" Is what Cass managed to blurt out before going a deep red. Lexi stammered, but recovered quickly.

"I, ahem, erm... I mean, yeah. Yeah, I suppose so. They do feel pretty good. Especially when they..." she held out her arms, miming growing.

Cass tried to keep a straight face, to hide how insanely hot the concept was to her.

"How often does the growing or shrinking happen?" She asked. Lexi thought for a moment before replying.

"It varies. I don't really know why. At least once a week, maybe twice. Sometimes I have periods where it's several times a day for a week or two straight. Maybe it's hormonal, but I'm not sure."

Cass nodded, again trying to keep a straight face at the idea of Lexi's boobs uncontrollably shrinking and growing several times in a single day.

The date continued in a similar fashion for a while. Cass asked every question she could think of. Lexi explained when it had started (19, in the middle of a college lecture). She told Cass about the biggest she'd ever been, and the bill for repairs to her living room walls & ceiling. Cass learned about Lexi's large walk in wardrobe, arranged in sizes from small to tent canvas.

Lexi was surprised and in some ways joyous to find how easy it was to talk to Cass about her boobs. She was even happier, however, when Cass naturally diverted the conversation away from her chest and continued getting to know her like they had five days previous.

Two hours slipped by, and they were startled out of their conversation by a waitress who told them that they were about to close up. They settled their bill and headed out into the street and into the crisp night air.

They stood in comfortable silence on the footpath for a while before Cass cleared her throat. "Well, I'll um... I'll see you around. I'd like to do this again, if you wanted to." She said. "I would love to. I really would." Lexi said in return. She found herself feeling surprisingly sad at their parting.

Cass stepped in for a hug, and faltered in front of Lexi's chest. Lexi smirked and reached out to grab the taller girl. She pulled her in between her chest, holding her in a tight hug. Cass returned it, though her mind was focused on the fact that Lexi seemed to not be wearing a bra under the shirt.

They parted, and Lexi seemed to read the thought on Cass's mind. "Nipple pasties." She said simply. "Can you imagine what custom bras this size would cost?"

Cass chuckled, and the two said goodbye for real. She watched as Lexi turned and walked away, Lexi assuming that Cass was doing the same. Cass smirked as she watched Lexi, fifty or so meters down the street, pull the scrap of paper with the phone number from her pocket and squeeze it tight with a girlish squeal.

She couldn't wait for that call.

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