

***Welcome to my fan translations of Breast Expansion works I find online. Translating is always about finding the right balance—between staying true to the original and making necessary adjustments. Sometimes, to align with Patreon’s content guidelines, parts of the original stories must be gently reshaped, even substantially altered. Please understand that these adjustments are not born from a desire to rewrite the authors’ visions, but from the necessity to remain within Patreon’s guidelines. So you might consider this more of an adaptation than a translation. My intention is never to diminish the soul of these works. Instead, I strive to uphold their integrity, essence, and emotional truths, despite the occasional adaptation.

Prologue

"It's finally over," Sakura sighed, slinging her bag over her shoulder. "Tsubaki, I don't have lab or meetings today. Want to go somewhere?"

"Sure! Where to?" Tsubaki asked. "I could go for a crepe. A real one. With strawberries and whipped cream and zero regrets."

"Perfect," Sakura grinned. "I've been craving one since last Tuesday."

The two of them stood just outside their lecture hall, voices threading together like old songs. Around them, others lingered, some chatting about weekend plans, others packing up or scrolling their phones with a kind of practiced boredom that only grad students had perfected. It was summer, mid-July, when the heat starts to hum like background noise and everything smells faintly of asphalt. There was a departmental meeting later that day, which meant no seminars, no labs, no scheduled obligations. It was an unspoken invitation to exhale.

They were halfway to the door when it happened.

Sakura stopped. Not because she saw anything, but because she felt something. A jolt deep inside her chest, like her heartbeat had stumbled and forgotten how to get back on rhythm. It wasn't just her. Across the room, several students had frozen too, blinking, shifting uncomfortably.

"Hey, Sakura—" Tsubaki began, her voice catching mid-sentence.

And then the floor opened up. Or maybe it didn't. It wasn't exactly the floor—it was a shadow, a slick blackness that surged from below, swallowing sound and light and sense. It enveloped the room in seconds.

Sakura reached out instinctively, trying to grab something, anything, but then her vision blurred, and everything slipped away.

When she opened her eyes, the ceiling above her was familiar. That was the first disorienting thing. The classroom looked untouched. The desks were where they should be, the lights still buzzed faintly overhead. For a second, she thought maybe she had fainted, or maybe they'd all hallucinated the same bizarre vision.

Then she saw Tsubaki.

"Tsubaki?!" she called out, scrambling over to her.

Her best friend groaned and opened her eyes slowly, as if waking up from a nap on a slow Sunday morning.

"Good morning, Sakura... what's the rush?"

Sakura stared at her. "You're kidding, right? Stand up. Something's wrong."

Tsubaki rubbed her eyes and sat up. "Yeah... the air smells weird. And the light... it's off. Too pale, too cold."

Together, they made their way to the window.

The schoolyard was still there. But beyond it, where rice fields should have been, was an endless expanse of forest. Wild, unkempt, unfamiliar. Trees like giants. Mountains that didn't belong.

Sakura pressed her palm to the glass.

"No way," she whispered.

"What... is this?"

There were no answers, only wind that smelled like moss and something ancient. Sakura pinched her own cheek, but it hurt. Which, unfortunately, was not the kind of dream logic she had hoped for.

They stood there in stunned silence until reality demanded acknowledgment.

"What do we do now?"

In the hallway, they found more students, three women sprawled just outside the door. Kaede Tsukishima, their serious-minded class representative; Mamori Kanzaki, a ball of caffeine and cheer; and Kyoko Fukayaki, who never once in her life looked underdressed.

After a round of groggy wake-ups and several double-takes at the window, everyone had the same reaction: awe wrapped in dread.

Kaede adjusted her glasses like it was the only thing grounding her to reality. "First things first—we need to confirm what we're dealing with."

She raised a finger, as if outlining a lecture.

"One: This is not a dream. Unfortunately."

"Agreed."

"Two: We're not in the same school we were in five minutes ago."

"Also agreed."

"Three: This is likely a form of... interdimensional or temporal relocation."

Tsubaki blinked. "Bit of a jump, don't you think?"

"It's a possibility," Kaede said, undeterred.

Mamori snorted. "Yeah, sure. And next you'll tell us aliens dropped us here."

"Don't be ridiculous," Kyoko said. "Obviously, we're all just really, really attractive. That's why we got isekai'd."

"Let's start searching the building," Sakura said before Kaede could spiral further.

"There are probably more students unconscious, and we should gather information while we still have sunlight."

No one argued.

They tried their phones. No service, just a blinking digital clock and a useless browser. The only thing that worked was the timer.

Their search revealed more students scattered throughout the school, each waking in confusion but relatively unharmed. Everyone had remained close to the place they lost consciousness, as though whatever phenomenon pulled them in had politely respected classroom boundaries.

One unsettling pattern began to emerge.

Kyoko's joke wasn't as much of a joke anymore.

All the girls who had reawakened were, to put it bluntly, beautiful. In the way that made you pause. The kind of beauty that came in all styles and colors, but was unmistakably present. No one voiced it directly, but it hung in the air like a strange, aesthetic conspiracy.

The group divided responsibilities: some interviewed the newly woken, others took stock of supplies. And when they finally reached the faculty room, they found a few professors. All women. All relatively young. All just as confused.

That's when the doors opened again.

And in walked Haruna Ichinose the kendo club captain, student council president, and the kind of person whose presence rearranged the gravity of a room. By her side: Ren Kiryu, vice-president, archery club captain, and known for her unflinching calm.

"Looks like it wasn't just students," Haruna said smoothly. "Good to see you, Sakura."

"Haruna-senpai!"

"We've accounted for all the third-years," she continued, addressing the professors. "No injuries, just confusion. Twenty-two of us, including faculty. Sakura, how about first-years?"

"Er, I... forgot to count," Sakura admitted, cheeks flushing. "But I think it's close. Around twenty."

"Understood," Haruna nodded. "Let's get everyone to the gym. We're running out of daylight."

Sakura turned to the window. The sun had begun to dip below the horizon. The clocks all read 5:00 p.m., but it looked more like evening. The sky was the color of low tide.

"Alright," Haruna said. "Sakura, gather the first-years. Ren, take the second-years. I'll handle the rest."

Later, in the gym, Professor Sayuri Kubo stood in front of the gathered students. There were seventy-three in all. She was only twenty-eight, with a daughter barely past toddlerhood waiting at home, but in that moment she wore calm like armor.

"Everyone," she began, "based on what we know, it's safe to assume we are no longer on Earth. There are two moons in the sky, both significantly larger than our own. The sun is unfamiliar and likely sets earlier. That said... we are alive. And that means something."

She gestured to the overhead lights, still glowing. "We have power—at least for now—likely thanks to solar energy. The plumbing appears to work. The buildings are intact. There is still hope."

Sayuri's voice was soft, but firm. No one questioned her optimism, no one wanted to.

"For now," she concluded, "we'll all sleep here in the gym. We need to stay together. Please help carry futons and food. Tonight, we observe. Tomorrow, we plan."

The sun dipped. Crackers and bottled water were passed around. Futons lined the floor. Conversations flickered quietly across the gym, a tapestry of half-whispers and uncertain laughter.

Sakura and Tsubaki laid their futons side by side, like they'd done at sleepovers when they were thirteen.

Staring at the ceiling, Tsubaki whispered, "What's going to happen to us?"

Sakura thought for a moment. "I don't know. The professor said we might go home tomorrow... but no matter what happens, we'll face it together."

Tsubaki smiled faintly. "Thanks. It kind of feels like an impromptu sleepover, doesn't it?"

That made Sakura laugh, really laugh, for the first time since it all began.

"You're weirdly positive."

"It's a defense mechanism. Let's keep talking until we fall asleep."

"Deal."

All around them, soft voices threaded through the gym, but none with the same ease and warmth as theirs. It was like their words knitted a small bubble of safety between them. Eventually, the air grew cooler, and the exhaustion caught up.

"I'm getting sleepy..." Sakura murmured.

"Mmhm... see you tomorrow."

"Good night, Tsubaki."

Chapter 1 Day 2: The Card

Sakura woke to the murmuring rustle of something unfolding around her—a gentle hum that quickly rose into an anxious buzz. Rubbing sleep from her eyes, she noticed the other students, their faces painted with confusion and excitement, huddled together, examining something small and curious in their hands. For one fleeting moment, gazing up at the familiar yet alien gym ceiling, Sakura entertained the hope that this was merely an elaborate, realistic dream. That comforting thought evaporated like morning mist as reality settled heavy and undeniable around her.

Beside her, Tsubaki remained blissfully unaware of the chaos, sleeping soundly. Sakura had known her long enough to understand that trivial commotions like this were nothing to someone who could snooze through thunderstorms. To wake Tsubaki required either deafening rock music or an emergency alarm shrieking inches from her ear. Anything less and she'd drift peacefully along her dreams. The clock on the gym wall read 6:30. Sakura stretched lazily, trying to calculate how much sleep she'd actually managed after lights-out at ten the previous night. Mid-stretch, her hand brushed against something unfamiliar in the pocket of her tracksuit.

"Eh? What's this?"

Her fingers wrapped around an oddly textured card, about the size of her palm. It felt strangely durable, unyielding even as she tugged it free. One side was blank, mysterious, giving nothing away. Turning it over revealed a cartoonish drawing—unmistakably a caricature of herself—next to some rather unsettling information:



Sakura Miyamura

Age: 22

Ph.D. Student (Born December)

Height: 1.54m

Weight: 49kg

Measurements: 76-57-84,

A-cup (small)

Special Ability: Wind Manipulation

Her face burned immediately. “What the hell?! Who wrote this? And what do they mean by ‘small’? Are they picking a fight?”

Sakura had always carried a quiet self-consciousness about her petite frame. Her modest height, small chest, and somewhat wide hips contrasted sharply with her lean, athletic legs and—she reluctantly admitted—noticeably prominent ass.

Embarrassment flared into frustration. Trying to snap the card in half out of spite proved futile; the thing refused to bend even slightly. After a brief sigh, one detail eventually broke through her irritation: “Wind manipulation.”

A superpower? Well, maybe there was an upside to this embarrassing ordeal.

Sakura had grown up wielding a bamboo sword in the kendo club, but she hadn’t exactly lived and breathed martial arts. Shopping trips, cafe visits, novels, manga—they were just as much a part of her life as the dojo. She recalled stories of heroes controlling elements like wind, usually portrayed as noble and powerful. Not a bad deal, after all.

Tentatively, Sakura eyed Tsubaki’s sleeping form, specifically the curtain of silky black hair cascading to her waist—a sight that often stirred envy in Sakura. Her own hair was shorter, practical for sports, though lately she had been contemplating cutting it even shorter. Reaching out hesitantly, she thought quietly:

“Gentle breeze, come!”

Instantly, warmth surged from her fingertips. Air began to stir softly around her, gently rustling Tsubaki’s long hair. Sakura gasped softly.

“No way!” she whispered, incredulous. She tested again to be sure. Once more, the hair fluttered obediently. Excitement surged through her, and she shook Tsubaki awake.

“Tsubaki! Tsubaki, wake up!”

“Wha—what happened?” Tsubaki jolted awake.

After hurried explanations, demonstrations, and convincing Tsubaki she wasn’t dreaming, they discovered she, too, had a card:



Tsubaki Homura

Age: 23, Ph.D. Student (Born May)

Height: 1.61m

Weight: 50kg

Measurements: 85-58-85, D-cup (normal)

Special Ability: Fire Manipulation

"Why is this information here? Isn't this an invasion of privacy?" Tsubaki exclaimed indignantly.

"That's what bothers you? You can manipulate fire!" Sakura exclaimed.

"Oh, true...that sounds pretty intense, actually."

Fire manipulation felt dramatic, something heroic and fierce from a novel. The two girls agreed to experiment cautiously later. By now, the gym buzzed louder as other students discovered their abilities. Soon, their professor, Sayuri Kubo, took the podium, bringing everyone to silence.

"Good morning. It seems we've all found cards with personal details and special abilities. Mine says 'X-ray vision.' Ridiculous as it sounds, it works—I just saw through a wall. These abilities are completely unknown territory, so please exercise caution. Also, we urgently need to find food; what we have won't last beyond today. Anyone who feels their powers can help, join us for an exploration at 8:30. We'll split into groups. Prepare yourselves accordingly."

After the speech, Sakura and Tsubaki immediately volunteered, Sakura confident in her strength as a kendo champion. Tsubaki, despite initial hesitation, agreed, smiling bravely.

At 8:30, they assembled at the entrance—three professors and twelve students, including student council president Haruna Ichinose, their lively classmate Mamori Kanzaki, and cohort representative Kaede Tsukishima.

"Kiryu-senpai isn't joining?" Sakura asked Ichinose.

"Her ability is 'loan.' Useful, but better to help those staying behind. Besides, Sakura, you're our strongest. But please, don't go charging recklessly ahead. Save your strength; leave the heroics to the seniors, alright?" Haruna's voice was gentle yet stern, concern evident beneath her calm exterior.

"Understood!" Sakura answered, determined and energetic.

They discussed each other's abilities, discovering Mamori's incredibly convenient "interdimensional storage," and Miho Sato's "appraisal," which immediately proved vital.

Excitement mingled with nerves as they ventured toward the forested area visible from the rooftop—an uneasy path into unknown territory. Amid whispered fears of insects, uneven ground beneath tired feet, and rustling grass whispering secrets, they finally saw something ahead. Breath caught quietly in someone's throat as they murmured in awe:

"Amazing."

Chapter 2:

"Incredible," someone whispered.

Everyone nodded, wordlessly staring at the sight before them. The grove ahead was lush with trees, each heavy with round, plump fruits. They resembled peaches but were marked by deeper grooves, their skins shimmering in six distinct colors.

Without hesitation, a few students began moving toward them until Kaede Tsukishima raised a cautious hand.

"Wait—something doesn't feel right. Look around. With all this fruit, shouldn't there be animals eating them? They might be dangerous, or maybe poisonous."

She picked up a rock and hurled it at the nearest tree, striking a large fruit, which fell gently to the ground. After several tense seconds of silence, the group released a collective breath.

"Well, at least it's not some sort of predator," someone muttered.

"I'll go check first," Sakura offered. "I have quick reflexes."

"Sakura," Haruna Ichinose, the student council president, interjected gently but firmly, "did you hear what Kaede just said? Let me handle this."

"Sorry," Sakura mumbled, stepping back, cheeks flushed with embarrassment.

But Haruna didn't get far before Professor Sayuri Kubo calmly stepped ahead. "Let me do this. If anything happens, it's my responsibility."

Unable to argue, Haruna backed down respectfully. Sayuri walked cautiously to the tree, touched its bark, and, after a nervous pause, clipped one of the fruits with a pair of scissors before hurrying back to the group.

"Sato-san, please use your appraisal skill."

Miho Sato nodded eagerly, scribbling her observations on paper. After a quick glance, her face lit up:

[Fruit of Abundance]

[Harvested from the Tree of Abundance. Safe. Highly nutritious.]

Cheers erupted around them. Safe, nutritious fruit within easy reach—only an hour's careful walk through unfamiliar terrain, likely shorter once they became familiar with the route.

"Our food worries are solved!" Kanzaki declared excitedly.

"'Fruit of Abundance,' huh?" Sakura said thoughtfully. "I suppose the name fits."

"Kind of peach-like," Kyoko remarked, squinting at it. "Or maybe... like someone's backside?"

The girls giggled, though Kaede's expression remained serious.

"Still strange," Kaede murmured softly, mostly to herself. "Why are no animals eating these? Maybe they're edible only for humans? Something's not right here..."

But hunger took precedence. After rinsing the fruit with water from her bottle, Sayuri bit into it tentatively. Her eyes widened slightly, and she smiled with relief.

"It's delicious. Tastes exactly like peaches."

Reassured, the students rushed forward, grabbing fruits of various colors, rinsing them, and tasting them eagerly.

"Oh, it's sweet!"

"This one's... okay."

"Ugh, no, bitter!"

After some shuffling and swapping, each girl eventually found a fruit to her liking. They ranged from peach-like sweetness to refreshing citrus.



"They're pretty juicy too," Tsubaki noted. "Hydrating, even."

"Perfect. Now, at least food won't be an immediate worry," Kaede conceded reluctantly.

Under the shade of the strange, abundant trees, their group enjoyed the simple luxury of being full, the relief easing tensions that had hovered over them since their arrival.

Mamori Kanzaki sighed dramatically. "I expected survival would be harsher. Maybe this will be easier than we thought."

"Don't get complacent, Kanzaki," Sayuri gently chided, though she too was visibly more relaxed. "Still, it's a relief."

They rested for ten quiet minutes before Kaede raised her hand once more. "By the way, we tested Mamori's interdimensional storage. It safely preserves food. We should gather enough fruit for three meals, to feed everyone at the campus."

"Good thinking," Sayuri agreed. "We'll split the work. Three meals for roughly eighty people makes around 240 fruits. Divided by fourteen harvesters, that's about eighteen fruits each."

Harvesting was swift and effortless, taking less than ten minutes. Soon, they were heading back, buoyant from their success—until twenty minutes later, when voices carried from deep within the woods.

"HEY... HERE... SOME..."

"FOUND THEM... OVER HERE!"

The group froze instantly. Sakura and her kendo teammates instinctively formed a defensive line, while Tsubaki nocked an arrow, her fingers trembling slightly. Suddenly, small, green-skinned creatures wielding crude stone weapons emerged from the bushes—thirteen in total.

Kaede shouted urgently, "Those look like goblins! Everyone stay close!"

Haruna's voice was sharp and controlled. "If we move carefully around them, we can escape!"

The goblins watched carefully, blocking one side of the wide path, grinning confidently. Carefully, the students shuffled sideways along the opposite edge, the kendo and archery club members keeping guard.

Then, abruptly, more goblins emerged further down the path, blocking their escape route. Sayuri stumbled, terrified, as one reached for her wrist.

"They've got me!" she cried.

Sakura's pulse quickened. She stepped forward decisively. "President, take everyone else—I'll hold them off!"

Haruna hesitated for just a moment, eyes full of conflict. "Stay safe, Sakura. We'll come right back!"

Most retreated swiftly, but Tsubaki remained at Sakura's side, determination overcoming fear. "We have no choice now."

She fired an arrow, striking a goblin squarely. Enraged, the rest charged. But something had awakened inside Sakura—a clarity she'd never experienced. She pivoted smoothly, striking down one goblin with her wooden sword and quickly stepping away to avoid the next. Tsubaki's arrows flew accurately, another creature falling to the ground.

Four goblins lay defeated, and the remaining creatures hesitated. Sakura's hands trembled. She'd never taken a life, not even that of an insect. She despised violence, even now, seeing these goblins as unsettlingly humanlike. Yet Tsubaki showed no hesitation, releasing another arrow.

The surviving goblins began to retreat, cursing and yelling as they fled.

"Tsubaki!" Sakura gasped. "They were already running away!"

"If they come back with more, it'll be worse. We have to scare them off now."

"You might be right, but still—"

Sakura fell silent, conflicted, as they rushed to Sayuri, who was shaken but unharmed, save for dirt smudging her shirt.

"I'm so sorry... I was careless," Sayuri said softly, wiping tears away. "Thank you, both of you."

"It's alright," Sakura reassured her gently. "Let's hurry back."

"From now on, I'll use my X-ray vision to keep watch. Everyone, be ready to use your abilities."

Kaede noticed something glinting near the fallen goblins. Small, purple stones were embedded in their chests.

"These weren't here before," Kaede pointed out.

One goblin was still breathing, and notably, it lacked such a stone.

"Looks like they form after death," Tsubaki observed coldly.

Kaede winced. "Let's just leave it. We've had enough for today."

Back at the campus, everyone quickly heard about their fruitful discovery—and their narrow escape. By 2 p.m., the group dispersed, experimenting carefully with their newfound abilities.

That evening, some second-year students announced their ability to create items from the strange purple stones. Sakura volunteered to test the first item they created—a small, glowing gemstone labeled simply, "Defense Gem."

Pressing it to her skin, Sakura joked nervously, "Nope, not suddenly superhuman."

After gentle teasing and discussion, Haruna lightly struck Sakura's arm with a practice sword. To everyone's surprise, Sakura felt only mild discomfort, but her shirt had burst open around her stomach.

"Whoa! What happened?!" Sakura exclaimed, mortified.

Kaede tilted her head thoughtfully. "Maybe the stone redirects impact onto clothing?"

"Class rep, exactly what kind of novels are you reading?" Sakura demanded.

Kaede blushed, pretending sudden deafness.

Sayuri reassured Sakura, "Don't worry. We have spare clothes. Some students can even craft garments using their abilities."

"I'd prefer a gem that doesn't explode my wardrobe," Sakura grumbled, prompting laughter from the group.

As evening fell, discussions turned practical—obtaining water and fuel, securing better gems, and eventually sleeping in their own rooms rather than the crowded gym.

Despite their relief, Sakura couldn't shake the nagging feeling they were underestimating this new world.

She was right.

Because tomorrow would bring disaster.

Chapter 3 Day 3: Swollen breasts ☆

"Mmh? Something feels off..."

When Sakura put on a shirt, she realized something.

After what happened yesterday, she was going to start practicing every morning again but noticed something was off as she was changing.

It took her a few moments to pinpoint what it was: her bra.

"D-Don't tell me..."

She immediately pulled out her card. In it was written:

Sakura Miyamura

Age: 22 (born in December)

Height: 1.54 m

Weight: 49 kg

Three sizes: 77, 57, 77,57,84 | B-cup | Average | (virgin)

Special ability: Wind manipulation

"L-Let's gooo!"

Sakura's voice echoed throughout the changing room. The rest of the kendo club members came in a rush.

"Wha... happened?!"

"Senpai! I became a B-cup! The card no longer says 'small'; now it's 'average!'"

"I see... Well, I'm glad. Growth spurts are always a good..."

Haruna froze before finishing her sentence.

Before Sakura could ask her what was wrong, she took out her card and checked. She immediately dropped it and fell to the floor.

"No! In some cases, it could be terrible!"

"Don't worry, senpai, I won't look down on you even if I end up surpassing you!"

"That's not it! The rest of you, check your cards too!"

One of the girls didn't see any changes, while the others saw their numbers increase. Hurriedly, they brought a measuring tape, got naked, and started taking measurements.

"Morning practice is canceled! Everyone, let's go to the gym!"

After taking some measurements of the girls at the gym, they found that almost everyone's busts had grown 5 mm. A few more members from yesterday gathered and started talking.

"If this continues, who knows what'll happen..."

"Why do you say that? How is having a bigger chest a problem? You could use some more yourself, senpai! C'mon, don't you want them bigger?"

"Sakura, please calm down and listen carefully. First of all, that food was obviously the cause. If this keeps happening for 100 days while we try to survive here, what do you think will happen?"

"You're right! I could become a gravure idol! I could go out with you to eat crepes, and people would ask me if I'm the bigger sister!"

"Homura, please hit Sakura for me. [SMACK!]. Listen well, everyone's chest grew by about 5 mm, so it's clearly artificial."

"The only ones that didn't see a size increase were the ones that didn't eat that fruit, but instead had snacks and candies that they already had with them."

"Currently, our only food source is that fruit. Now try to picture what that's going to look like in 100 days; I'm sure you noticed by now."

"A-Amazing! A bust size of almost 127 cm... Wouldn't that be a world record?!"

"Try to imagine fighting against yesterday's goblins with that body! By the way, that would increase your cup size by 20; do you know how much U-cups would weigh?"

"Mmh... About 13 kg each."

Ren, the student council vice president, answered with a calculator in her hand. Hearing that, Sakura thought:

(Erhm... I weigh 49 kg. If each one of my tits weighed 13 kg, then... Huh? It'd be about 25% of my weight.)

(They said that if you try to do sports with an H-cup or more, you need a sarashi or something to hold them. There are 14 cups of difference between H and U, so...)

Wouldn't they still shake a lot even with a sarashi? Sounds like it'd hurt... Can you even do kendo with that size? Would the protective gear fit?)

(For starters, swinging the sword could be difficult. No, even before that, it'd get between my breasts when I put it in front of me.)

(I would lose my balance with each step, they'd make a bigger target, I'd be carrying more weight around, and there'd be even more ways in which they'd screw me over.)

Sakura imagined herself with U-cups.

=====

She saw herself charging head-on against a goblin and striking it in the face.

Then, while taking a leap backwards with her gigantic breasts swinging around, an arrow from Haruna in the rear came in support, giving her time to prepare for her next attack.

Sakura praised Haruna in her imagination.

"Huh... That could w-..."

"Let me tell you, firing a bow with an F-cup already requires a tightly wrapped sarashi. Homura, for example, is an E-cup. In 100 days she'll be 3 cups above you, all the way to an X-cup."

"That would be 17 kg each."

"FIRST RATE SOWS!"

"LOTS OF 'EM!"

"FIRST RATE SOWS!"

"LOTS OF 'EM!"

There are 13 green-skinned creatures wearing loincloths and wielding stone weapons in total. Kaede saw them and screamed...

"They're probably goblins! Whatever happens, don't let them capture you!"

"Let's try to move down the road while circling those goblins or whatever they're called! If we can make it to the other side, we can make a run for it!"

Sakura was carefully gauging her distance to the goblins.

The goblins too, with a grin on their faces, moved cautiously while maintaining an eye on the road.

Luckily, it was wide enough to let the girls escape one by one, but all of them already had U-cups or larger.

Two of them tripped and fell. Even though the ground was packed firm, it was still uneven, with tree roots sticking out; that's what tripped them up.

Their huge breasts were in the way, obstructing their view of what was below them.

Had they been in the same shape they arrived in, they could've stood up immediately and run.

However, the two 13 kg mounds they carried around with them at all times made it so it took no less than 6 seconds.

Not to mention the constant arousal was constantly distracting their mind from the fight and took their minds to the hefty cocks each goblin seemed to carry.

The expedition party members that were able to run did so while holding their breasts with their hands.

Even with sarashis and bras holding them, you still needed to carry them; otherwise, they'd swing all around. However, even touching their chests brought immense arousal, their legs beginning to feel slick.

They ran with all their might, while 4 members of the kendo club and the kyuudo club member blocked the way. And once they were far enough, about 40 m away, Sayuri yelled.

"Thank you for gaining us some time! Now run you t-...!"

"BREED THE SOW, BREED, BREED!"

"IMPREGNATE THE WOMB!"

"DO IT!"

"BIG TITS!"

"LOVE THOSE TITS!"

Suddenly, a number of goblins came out the side of the road where the girls were escaping. Someone yelled. Sayuri fell to the floor and started screaming.

She was originally an F-cup and already had trouble running, but now that she had Z-cups, with each breast weighing 20 kg, she couldn't get up.

But she wasn't the only one; everyone's breasts put them at the same disadvantage and could be easily toppled. And to make matters worse, there were 10 of them and 10 girls.

The girls that fell on their backs had to endure two 13 kg bags on top of them that not only restricted their movement but also their vision.

They couldn't even lift their arms without their breasts getting in the way. Some of the girls fell forward.

And if you managed to get yourself up. You had to hold your breasts up which would make you extraordinarily aroused and bring weakness to your legs all over again.

In those unfortunate cases, the ground surface occupied by their breasts was so large that they had trouble finding anything to properly push themselves back up.

Those girls were unable to get up.

At this point, since their breasts always got in the way, all of them wore oversized, easy-to-remove shirts to help them undress.

(If we all turned around right now...!)

Sayuri and the others' situation was critical.

Sakura, realizing the danger of having all of their backs turned towards a group of enemies, screamed.

"President, leave this to me! I'll fight to gain time!"

"Kuh! Understood! I'll be right back!"

Three members of the kendo club and one from the kyuudo club ran away. But the time when they used to have C-cups was long past them.

The 13 kg bags in their chests bounced violently up and down with each step, causing them pain, even with their supporters and sarashis.

Moving so much weight around was hard, especially while carrying weapons. Their full speed at the moment was less than half of what it used to be, and even 40 m seemed very far away.

At the same time, 8 goblins came attacking from Sakura and Tsubaki's direction.

Tsubaki stayed. With glassy eyes, she said...

"We can't keep being cautious!"

She shot an arrow at the goblin that was chasing Haruna, but it didn't even graze him.

Tsubaki used to be an excellent archer. Her accuracy against stationary targets was over 90%.

Even when her breasts grew to F-cups and she wrapped them with a sarashi, she maintained that accuracy.

But ever since she surpassed G-cups, it started to decline. That's when her breasts started getting in the way of the bowstring.

If she only had a normal chest size, she wouldn't have any problem, but now those two mounds forced her to prepare her shot at her head's height, complicating the whole process.

And since their size kept growing each day, she had trouble getting used to shooting. In the end, her accuracy fell to less than 10%.

"Haruna-senpai!"

The warning came too late. The slowest kendo club member got pushed from her back and fell. The other 3 girls running away turned around and faced the goblins again.

Not counting the one that just toppled the club member, there were 7 of them, too many to face.

Haruna stepped forward without hesitation, positioning herself at the front to bear the brunt of the pressure.



Sakura followed through. She squared off against the remaining five, her guard unwavering.

"Kyaaaah!"

Sakura instinctively swung forward.

Behind her were the kendo club member that got pushed over and the kyuudo club member, but they were so focused on the enemy in front of them, they didn't realize that two goblins from Sayuri's group broke away.

Next thing they knew, they were tackled from behind. Luckily, their breasts acted as a cushion and softened their fall.

At that point, the only ones left standing were Sakura, Tsubaki, and Haruna. They heard screams coming from behind them.

"Ahhh... Ha-ha... I can't resist!"

"Look at their big meaty cocks"

"I'm tired of running! I just need it inside me now!"

"Please, be gentle! It's... Mmmhh...!"

"This feels so good,... Phwaa... I'm beside myself!"

"This is crazy! I love this... I love it so much?"

Sakura leaped forward without thinking in order to defeat the enemies and go help the girls not give into their lust as soon as possible, but they avoided her attacks easily.

She then felt an attack coming from the side, but quickly spun and deflected it so quickly that the recoil from her breasts caused her pain.

Even though she tried to strike back, she was too slow and none of her hits connected, same as with Tsubaki's arrow.

Haruna's situation looked similar. When she tried approaching the goblins, they got away. Then when she stepped back, the goblins followed, maintaining their distance.

She was trying to help her fellow members, but the 5 goblins guarding them didn't budge. The strain on her body from moving all her weight around quickly depleted her energy.

Although Sakura, who had to fight 7 goblins, was depleting her energy faster.

Then the time came also for Haruna.

"?!"

She spun around to defend from an enemy coming from behind. Her bra wasn't able to support such movements. Haruna's style of fighting swiftly backfired.

If she only had been wearing a sarashi, it would've only loosened a little, giving her more time.

With a burst sound, those 15 kg masses were let loose, and with the inertia of her spin, they stretched outwards.

"Kuh?!"

Haruna tried to pull her back, but it was useless. The moment she fell forward, she felt shocks of arousal through her body. She could feel her lust flare up from her midsection outwards..

All the other girls seemed like they felt really good.

Maybe you could feel good

She pulled her shirt down halfway

"Take me! Make me feel good!"

Two goblins raised her from the hips, leaving her in a suggestive position irresistible for both parties.

With her legs open and her upper half being supported by her own breasts, she pulled down her own underwear leaving her parts exposed.

At that moment, Haruna moaned with unprecedented delight, as if she was secretly looking forward to that happening.

Another side effect of the exotic fruit, perhaps?

Haruna made a lot of effort to master kendo. She trained and went to practice every single day. Maybe she wasn't at the national level, but she did enough to win at the prefectural level.

But even so, she was unable to do anything. Not a single strike. It was a shameful martial display.

Haruna looked forward and saw a glimpse of her near future.

All of her fellow club members that trained together with her, the kyuudo club member, her teacher, and the rest were all moaning loudly with pure bliss.

They moaned so sweetly without any foreplay..

A goblin stood behind Haruna, and then she felt something hot against her crotch. She tried moving her hips, but her own body didn't abide by her order.

The most she could manage was a small movement from left to right, a playful invitation for the goblin behind to penetrate her.

"I-I want it so badly?"

A shocking sensation ran through her.

"S-senpai?"

"Calm down, Sakura! Don't let them get behind you!"

When Tsubaki needed to ready an arrow, Sakura attacked; that was their strategy. But even so, they were unable to land any hits.

Eventually, they were surrounded by 9 goblins forming a circle around them. The situation was critical. All of them grinned and laughed.

"TURN ME ON AND MAYBE WE'LL BE NICE!"

"YOU'LL BE FEELING GOOD IN NO TIME, JUST LIKE THEM!"

"Stop messing with us!"

"Don't let them get to you!"

Sakura gritted her teeth and repressed her impulses to leap forward. But some goblins started yawning, and then...

"TIME TO STOP, SOW."

"I CAN'T WAIT ANYMORE."

They all charged forward at the same time. Tsubaki shot an arrow, and Sakura swung her sword, but the goblins avoided the attacks.

Completely surrounded, they were both toppled over like the rest of the girls.

"Aaah... All of a sudden... I'm so aroused... Mmmph..."

"Oh, yes... I'm feeling it! What's... Phwaa... What's wrong with me?"

They took off her shirts and raised their asses.

"LET'S DO THEM AT THE SAME TIME."

"NICE IDEA."

"Y-Yes, please! But be careful! I... I haven't done anything like this with anyone yet!"

With a snap, both girls' underwear was pulled down and then thrown away. Their genitals were left completely exposed.

"I'LL START WITH THE BIGGER ONE."

"I'M NEXT."

"WELL, THEN I'LL TAKE THE OTHER ONE."

While speaking, they were holding their own members in their hands, each measuring more than 20 cm.

Both Sakura and Tsubaki stayed put, their faint hip movements effectively seducing the goblins.

The moment one goblin put its hands on Sakura's hips from behind and pushed something big against her crotch, she started to moan ecstatically.

"Mmmphh! Yes! P-Put it in! Make it fit inside of me! I can't wait anymore...!"

"I want it so bad that I... Mmmhh... can't express it with words!"

A shocking sensation ran through both of them.

=====

"That would be pretty bad.... I think"

"I bet it devolved into a horny fantasy, perv. Focus! Notice the problem sooner, you idiot! For now, let's just try eating only one a day and only drink water the next one. That way the enlargement will slow."

"Excuse me! I've realized something!"

From outside the group came running Miho Sato, the user of the appraisal skill, with a fruit of abundance in her hands.

"Yesterday Tsukijima-san told me that I might be able to understand my skill better after using it a lot, so after trying to appraise many things..."

"Turns out now I'm able to obtain a lot more information! The first thing I did then was try to appraise the fruits of abundance, and..."

Miho Sato appraised a fruit in front of everyone and stood there just blinking. Then said...

"It says it makes your chest grow! Amazing, isn't it?!"

"We already know that! What else does it say?!"

Miho took out a piece of paper and started writing hurriedly.

[Fruit of abundance]

[From tree of abundance, plant]

[Non-toxic, very nutritive]

[Has the effect of enlarging female humans' breasts by 4 to 5 millimeters.]

[Able to transform A-cups into X-cups in a matter of weeks.]

[In addition to the increase in size, it also develops the mammary glands and supporting tissue, avoiding sagging and enabling them to produce good-quality milk.]

[The fruit doesn't act only in the breasts; it also has a smaller effect on the buttocks and surrounding area, facilitating childbirth.]

Furthermore, the fruit starts taking effect after consuming 50 g, the point from which it'll continue for the next two days. (Personal differences may apply).]

[Additional effects: Resistance to diseases, skin beautification, nutrition.]

Everybody was lost for words.

There went the plan of only eating every other day.

Their chests would grow regardless unless they stopped eating for two days. The body can probably withstand not eating for a day, but movement would start getting harder after the second.

They had water in the tank at that point, but it would eventually run out, and the girls will need to collect from somewhere else in the future.

Other tasks would also arise sooner or later. Doing all that with long periods of not eating would be pretty hard.

Even if they managed to not eat for two days, eating on the third day would just resume the effects. They needed to find another source of food in great quantities as soon as possible.

The girls thought to themselves, and after a few moments of silence, Kaede Tsukijima spoke.

“Fruit of abundance, huh. It sure is. It’s as if it’s telling us to give birth, multiply, and fill the earth. What an awful world.”

ORIGINAL AUTHOR’S COMMENT:

If this was a doujin game, the battle against the goblins would have been the tutorial battle. And the opening movie would start playing here.

I’m going to upload the character profiles and world setting next.

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