

The Living Will

By Noble Sword

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When Phoebe was about seven, she would go to her Great-Grandparent's house to visit and help with odd jobs. As she got older, the complexity of the jobs would increase, washing and drying the dishes, helping to plant and tend the flower gardens, assisting with the laundry. She enjoyed the times they spent together. During time when they were relaxing after the chores were done, it connected her with her family's past. The stories they told of another era captivated her. They put life to the old family photo albums. When her Great-Grandfather passed away, her Great-Grandmother's sister, her Great-Great-Aunt Florence, moved in with her Great-Grandmother. Oh, the stories those two old sisters would tell! They were even better than when her Great-Grandfather was alive. Rainy days seemed to be the best as there were fewer tasks to help with and more time to laze over a cup of tea.

The old sisters were only four years apart in age, but, despite the wrinkles and weariness there were and had always been substantial differences in their appearance. Phoebe's Great-Grandmother had always been flapper thin while her younger sister had developed a voluptuousness that would have had Mae West blush. Even here in their mid and late eighties the differences were marked. Her Great-Grandmother, a centenarian looked frail and weak, yet she was still spry and had remained quite active, despite her substantial years. The younger sister on the other hand seemed to have aged better and had retained quite a number of her feminine curves, particularly in her matronly bosom. They looked like sisters, if you looked only at their faces, hands and feet, and they always had. When her Great-Grandmother passed away, Phoebe still frequently visited with her Great-Great Aunt.

Shortly after ninety-eighth birthday, Florence's health began to deteriorate, and the doctors gave her about an additional six months to live. Over tea one Friday late afternoon, Florence broached an odd subject.

"Well, Phoebe," she began, "have you ever wondered why I looked so different from my sister, and look so different from your Grandmother, your mother, or for that matter from you?" Phoebe's face wrinkled into a puzzled expression. She had given only passing thought to this old woman's physique which was so markedly different than the rest of the family. She had, however, given some thought as to why she, herself was bean-pole thin, having grown to a height of 5' 6" and never having rounded out with any womanly curves. On more than one occasion, she had cursed the genes of her family for not allowing her to conform to the current 'glamour' look of 'today's woman' with a well-padded chest and back-side; something her Great-Great Aunt still possessed despite her advance years.

Phoebe's blush answered Florence's question. "Well," she began, "when I was about your age and my sister, your Great-Grandmother, would have been?" she paused in thought, trying to recall a time long ago and also calculating the age of her sister at the time, "That's right," she confirmed to herself, "about a month before her twenty-first birthday, my Grandma Ruth, your Great, Great, Great Grandmother, came to me and told me a fantastical tale. She swore me to secrecy until I had the opportunity to pass the secret on. Now, as you know, your Great Gran and I were really close, and I was somewhat reluctant to make the vow that would keep the secret from her. But I did and to this date have told no one, even before she passed away, not even her." "No-one," she added for emphasis.

"Before I can say anymore," she continued, "I need to know if you are willing to be the recipient of my Living Will and to never tell anyone except the young woman or the young women that you will pass it on

to. I need you to swear secrecy." Phoebe looked cautiously at the old woman, wondering what type of secret had been hidden away in their family for four generations. Although she trusted this old Great Aunt, she didn't know what to make of this mysterious offer.

"What is it?" Phoebe asked.

Her Great, Great Aunt looked straight at her, locking old eyes to young. "I cannot and will not tell you until you have sworn to secrecy and therefore are then bound to accept the terms of my Living Will. There can be no other way. Every day that passes reduces the opportunity for the complete execution of the Will. My doctor has told me that I have been given only another six months to live before the cancer finally kills me, so I will need you to make your decision very soon," Florence continued. She finished her tea, struggled to her feet and put the cup and saucer in the sink, leaving Phoebe to ponder her offer.

Over night, Phoebe struggled to figure out what could be so secret that the secret was kept from her Great Grandmother her whole life by the one person she was closest to, her sister Florence. And then why did the Will had to be executed before her Great-Great Aunt died. That in itself was odd. And why was she the one selected as the recipient and not her grandmother or her mother? Why was her Great, Great Gran not the beneficiary of the Will, but her younger sister was? Couldn't it have be shared between the two of them? Something else struck her as strange. When her time came, why would she have to skip generations to pass on what ever Florence was going to give her? It all seemed so complicated, but curiosity more than anything else won her over. So, the next morning she hurried to visit Florence and over breakfast she made her vow of secrecy.

The old woman smiled at her sweetly and began, "As odd as this may sound, every word of it is true." Phoebe began to regret her decision. "Firstly, let me explain that the transfer of assets must be concluded before I die for there is no way to collect afterwards. Unlike a Last Will and Testament, which must be executed after a person dies; the Living Will has to be completed before the benefactor dies. Also, there is one caveat about this remaining confidential until you prepare to pass it on to another. If you break the vow of secrecy, the assets will be revoked. It's never happened in our family, but I've heard of it happening."

"My Grandma Ruth told me that she would have loved to have split her assets with my sister and I, but by the time Grandma Ruth was ready to create her Living Will, my sister was then too old. I remember that I looked at her like she was crazy" Florence stopped and smiled at the long-forgotten remembrance. "Now, remember Phoebe, your Great gran was not even twenty-one at the time! Too old! I thought, 'pah-shaw!' But Grandma Ruth shushed me and went on to explain. Since I was still only seventeen, I had not fully gone through the change in life, where as my sister was a full woman," Florence stated, showing the discreteness of a different age, alluding to puberty and the age of majority without actually stating it.

Phoebe was rapt now, curiosity peaked. So many of the stories that the two old sisters had told her had a magical air about them, coming from a different time and age. This one seemed so much more mysterious.

"Well, I distinctly recall the day when Grandma Ruth summoned me to the sunroom of her house. Sitting at the small writing desk was her attorney. You know," Florence smiled again, "I looked just like you, all elbows and knees, lanky and skinny as a rail spike." Phoebe frowned at the description, which reminded her of her 'unpleasant' physique. "Grandma Ruth lay reclined on the day bed, her waist corseted, accentuating a bosom that to me then seemed huge. She reminded me of my vow of secrecy and she explained that the attorney had the documents prepared for our signatures for the Living Will. From the time I signed it until about a month before she died, I collected her wealth and became the person I am today." She grinned a toothy smile at the thought and her eyes glazed with the far away image.

"Raising her hands to her breasts, she continued, "These helped me capture the love of my life. Oh, what plans we had! Three or four children. Eventually to retire to an estate in the country. Then the Korean War erupted and unfortunately, I was widowed young. All our plans turned to ash. I never felt the desire to remarry. The right chap never came along who could replace my Hubert. Oh, there were a few that came close!" Florence smiled, a lusty glint in her eye. Phoebe shivered. At the moment, she was forgetting that this old woman was once young like her, and the image of this withered and wrinkled old woman being sexually active seemed creepy. Florence continued, "So I never was able to pass along some of this wealth to children of my own, nor, as a result do I have Grand or Great-Grand children to even be able to will my assets to. So, I have chosen you and you have decided to accept my gift to you. I will summon my lawyer here tomorrow."

The discussions she had been having with her Great Aunt had left Phoebe with no idea of what to expect. It had only left her more confused. She did not want to appear rude or greedy and openly ask Florence about the 'assets' were or what the 'wealth' was directly.

The following afternoon, Anne Cates, LLB sat in the living room of the house sorting through a small pile of papers in her lap awaiting the return of Florence. It was extremely hot and humid for the last day of May and Phoebe was bathed in perspiration. She had hurried on her bicycle from her home to that of her oldest relative's. The cool of the air-conditioned house had made her small nipples erect little 'bullets', giving some topography to her otherwise flat fronted button-down shirt. Another shiver from the cool air and the more turgid the small protrusions became. Phoebe, also waiting on her Great, Great Aunt Florence, studied the other woman.

The lawyer appeared to be in her mid thirties. From Phoebe's perspective, the older woman seemed reasonably trim with a slightly soft middle, which Phoebe figured was a result of the sedative nature of her job. The lawyer was dressed in a camel-coloured woman's suit, opting for a skirt, cut just above the knee. Her legs were gracefully crossed. The lace edging of her beige slip lay exposed as the hem of her skirt had become folded back when she had sat down. The surprisingly tall sand coloured four-inch pumps were a close match for the colour of her suit. She wore white pressed button-down blouse in which even the top button was closed. The swell of her breasts was reasonably substantial, Phoebe figured, slightly above the average size. Her straight raven hair was a contrast to the light colour of her suit and was parted on the right, unevenly framing her face.

When Florence entered the room, Anne stood up and helped the old woman to a seat. Phoebe silently cursed herself for not thinking of doing that herself. When the lawyer sat down, she began to speak immediately.

"Well Mrs. Westdale," she began, directing her discussion towards Florence, "I have the documentation prepared for your Living Will with Phoebe Elway as your beneficiary." Florence nodded and the lawyer continued. "As you know from our discussion on the phone, for this type of work there is no pro bono. I will require the agreed upon six percent paid upfront as soon as the papers are signed by all parties." Both women smiled at each other and Florence nodded in agreement. Phoebe's face frowned at the inside joke the two older women were sharing.

"I can see that your practice has been very successful in this line of work," Florence said eyeing Anne appreciatively.

The lawyer smiled broadly. "Yes, I've done over twenty-five of these Living Wills since I opened my practice, however none of them have had assets as substantial as yours are. I just might have to see my tailor about a new wardrobe after we're done here." Both Florence and Anne laughed at this.

"I'm glad that we were able to agree on the terms," Florence replied.

Laughing, Anne replied, "Well, considering the size of your assets, I figured I should lower my percentage a few points. I don't want to get out of this legal specialty quite yet!" This got Florence laughing, too.

Phoebe now was annoyed at being left out of the 'joke' and it showed on her face and body language. "Well ...?" she asked, hoping to be made party to the discussion.

"Oh! So sorry, my dear," Florence apologized, realizing that the whole process and procedure was a mystery to the girl, "That's the thing about getting old, you tend to forget a few things. I thought I had already told you what was about to transpire and how it would affect both you and me. I am so sorry."

Phoebe shook her head indicating that she was in the dark on the proceedings. "Well, I guess you always thought that all women shrivelled up and died and the massive 'shrinking' was simply due to aging. For most, that's the case, but it also could be a tell-tale sign of the enactment of the legal document, the Living Will."

The puzzled look reappeared on Phoebe's face. This conversation was moving from weird to weirder.

Florence smiled, "My child, I am willing to you my voluptuousness."

Phoebe's eyes grew wide.

"According to the documents that have been drawn up, over the next six months you will be gaining some body mass in your hips and back-side, but primarily volume will go to your breasts, and it's I who will be supplying that body mass. Correspondingly, I will be losing and if I live long enough, I will return to what nature should have originally given to me. I will eventually end up looking very much like my sister, your Great Grandmother. Of course, if I were to pass away before the Will is fully executed, I will be taking some of my womanly padding to my grave. Now you understand the urgency."

Phoebe looked at her Great-Great Aunt with a look of disbelief. Glancing over to Anne, she noted that the woman was nodding in agreement, but Phoebe was hard pressed to believe it. Also, if what the old woman had said was true, the lawyer stood to gain some of the old woman's curves as her payment for overseeing the legalities of the transfer.

The look of confusion remained on Phoebe's face. Reading her thoughts, Florence stated, "I know what you're thinking. It began at in 1848. Landing in Boston after escaping the repercussions of the failed coup of the German Reformation, your seven times 'Great' Grandmother, Hildegard, at age fourteen, inherited this gift from another traveller on the ship from Europe to America. Within the year she was married, and your six times 'Great' Grandmother Helga was born. With another generation born to Helga, the transfer was made to Gretchen and it skipped one generation since until it came to me and now we get to you, where we've bypassed your Mother and Grandmother. Each generation that inherits tends to add volume and voluptuousness which is why the beneficiaries have been getting progressively larger than their donors. On top of that, one or two of the men that married your Great-Grands, came from families of buxom women and that just added more volume to the girl children they sired."

Continuing, looking over at Anne, Florence continued, "The lawyers fees for this transaction are usually higher than other legal transactions. It's a way to reduce some of the 'assets' given to the beneficiary given the additional mass from those men with voluptuous women in their background and of the natural volume that the recipient would also add. Despite 'paying' substantial lawyer's fees, our breasts, in particular have become quite large over the years." This brought a smile to Anne's face.

Florence continued, "Hildegard received this gift from a complete stranger because the woman believed she was too large and wanted to donate some of her bounty. It is said that Hildegard received about third of the woman's breast volume and it was that additional voluptuousness that helped her snag her husband, Hans," Florence winked at Phoebe indicating the implied sexual innuendo. "So, my dear girl, if you believe you have become too large, you can always 'donate' some to another, and it doesn't have to be a relative. But the secrecy of the pact must be maintained, so choose your recipients carefully."

Florence paused for a moment and changed the subject. "My poor dear child, I know you've been troubled by the lack of growth of your breasts," Florence continued, "Our whole family have been very late bloomers, and it seems you are following in that tradition. But that will change beginning today. Also, with your father coming from a family of buxom women, you stood a great chance of surpassing your mother's modest C Cup sized breasts for perhaps a D or Double D Cup size brassiere anyway. So, with the volume of breast tissue I'll be passing on to you, you conceivably could end up being quite a bit larger than I ever was because of the genes from your father's side of the family. Again, I'm sorry I've not mentioned all of this before."

Anne stood with a sheath of papers in hand. Phoebe realized that this woman really did have a substantial bustline as her shirt was stretched across her braless!? breasts, and Phoebe guessed that before Anne left this house, she might be popping a few buttons from the shirt with the six percent her Great-Great Aunt Florence would be giving her.

Anne laid the papers on a small, wheeled table and pushed it over to Florence. Passing the ancient woman a pen, she indicated where signatures or initials were required. Florence signed or initialled in the required spaces and she handed the pen back to Anne. The lawyer then wheeled the table over to Phoebe and again advised where signatures or initials were needed. When Phoebe was finished, Anne then returned to the chair she had been sitting in and began to initial and sign as the witness and barrister. When she had finished, she put the pen down and stated matter-of-factly "That completes it."

Anne's demeanour and posture dramatically instantly changed. White knuckled she gripped the arms of the chair. "This is the part I like the best," she said through clenched teeth, "the collecting of my commission." She threw her head back and her fingers dug deeper into the upholstery. Arching her back, the shirt was now stretched so tight that diamonds of cleavage became visible where none had been before. She groaned and she shook her head. Phoebe watched, rapt by the display, seemingly so risqué for this seemingly reserved lawyer.

Then it happened. Anne's breasts bulged outward slightly, and she shrieked, "Yes!!" Suddenly the room took on the pungent odour of raw sex. Breathing heavily and now blushing profusely, Anne hoarsely whispered, "Sorry! Sometimes I get a little carried away." Still blushing, she gathered up some of the papers, her professional demeanour destroyed by her orgasm. She gave one set to Phoebe, one to Florence and kept the third, and breathlessly stated, "I've got leave now."

Phoebe watched Anne fumble for her car keys as she made her way out of the room. Although the changes were slight, there was a noticeable difference in the way Anne's clothes fit. The most obvious was the seriously stressed shirt, but her skirt now also seemed slightly askew and somewhat tighter.

"So, it's started," Florence remarked to no-one in particular, adjusting her brassiere to compensate for the sudden loss of volume. It was Phoebe's turn to blush.

"And what happens now." Phoebe turned a darker shade of red after asking the question.

"The most obvious will be that over the next six months you will predominantly and steadily grow substantially larger breasts, at a regular rate until I have nothing left to give you. Also, your hips and buttocks will round out, but they'll be less noticeable. I don't know how it's done, the transfer part I

mean, but everything else is natural. Your hormones will be all messed up and raging, and your appetite will pick up. Do you remember that I had mentioned that I could have passed on a portion of this bounty to children I might have had?" Phoebe nodded recalling their conversation of the previous day and the old woman continued, "Well, somehow, it gets into the genes and the changes are permanent, so you'll pass on a modest percentage to any children you might have, but not all the assets. But the young lady you pass this on to will reap all these benefits on top of what they would naturally acquire." My Grandma Ruth explained to me during our transition that in earlier generations, the men who married into the family tended to come from families where the women tended to be very small breasted and narrow hipped, and it has carried on to your mother and you. But that will now change with you."

Florence sighed a large lung emptying sigh. "Run along dear and take your copy of the Living Will with you and put it in a safe, secret place. You can use it as a guide when it is your turn to pass on some or all of your 'assets'." Phoebe smiled at the old woman and noted that she looked more tired than usual. Collecting her copy from the coffee table beside her, she went to where Florence sat. Putting her copy down on the table beside the old woman, Phoebe braced herself on the chair back and arm as she leaned over and kissed Florence on the forehead then leaned in and hugged the old woman. Standing upright, she grabbed her copy of the document and hurried out of the room, calling out "Bye," as the door to the house closed behind her.

Lying on her bed at home, Phoebe read Florence's Living Will thoroughly for the first time. It was filled with all kinds of legal gibberish but did explain that for twenty-six weeks from the date of signing, that she would inherit all that Florence had inherited from Ruth plus any residual that Florence would normally have amassed on her own. The only thing that would end the transfer before its legal termination would be if Florence passed away. There were no specifics, and the document was sufficiently vague so that if it was found by anyone else who was ignorant of the situation, they would not be able to clearly understand what was covered in the transfer.

There was an additional page at the bottom of the pile of papers. It was obviously not part of the Living Will as Phoebe recognized Florence's shaky handwriting. She had picked up the wrong pile of papers when she had given the Great-Great Aunt the farewell kiss and hug. Curiosity had her looking at the numbers written in pencil on a spreadsheet table on the paper. After studying the numbers for a few minutes, it dawned on Phoebe that she was looking at Florence's 'breast reduction' table. Her mouth dropped open when she realized that the old woman's individual breast volume averaged over 1800 Millilitres. The calculations included the deductions for the lawyer's one hundred Millilitre commission and the regular steady decrease by a volume of about sixty-five millilitres per week. Phoebe transcribed the numbers by reversing their order and stared in disbelief at what would amount to her scheduled breast expansion. She realized that by her nineteenth birthday, at the end of August, right when she would be starting College, she would be well past the halfway point and gauging by what little she knew about bra's and their sizing, she calculated that would have surpassed a G Cup bra and be well on her way to overfilling an H, with little idea of just how big her breasts or these brassieres would actually be. She swallowed hard as she became conscious of the fact that if all of this worked, she would not just be big busted, she would be immense. She was both shocked and excited. She had hoped that some of her Dad's families genes resided in her own breasts and gave her something more than the apple sized breasts her mother has, but this forecast was almost frightening.

As she scanned the bottom of the column, it registered with her that eventually her Great-Great Aunt's column bottomed out at zero. The end of six and a half months. Florence might not even make it until the end of Summer, much less Hallowe'en when the transfer was complete. Phoebe had not realized that she had shed a tear until it splashed on to the paper. When that time came, she was going to miss this last person of the oldest generation.

Whenever she could, if time allowed after preparing the final assignments for the school year or after reviewing for her final exams, Phoebe visited with her Great-Great Aunt. It was an exciting time. Her body was slowly, yet visibly changing for the better and Florence was not yet showing much change yet, and the health of the old woman seemed no different than in previous months. Her last High School year was coming to a close and the massive changes to come would take place in the relative privacy of her home over the summer. Only her family and girlfriends would regularly see the not so slow changes that would happen in the coming weeks and months and that suited her just fine. The fact she would be attending College in the Fall also allayed fears of having to explain to the current crop of High School students about the rapid changes that would have occurred over the summer. She would enter College already being relatively large busted.

By the time she had finally written her last exam and was finally out of school at the end of May, Phoebe was almost overflowing filling her C Cup brassiere with breasts that seemingly had come from nowhere in the intervening month since she had signed the Living Will.

Phoebe correctly reasoned that the changes to her were so marked and conversely barely apparent on her Great-Great Aunt, because any slight volume increase in her own bust-line would be obvious, like adding something to nothing, while the same slight decrease in the older woman's bounty would seem like the loss of a drop from a bucket. Phoebe knew that eventually the opposite would become true.

Needless to say, Phoebe was glad for the changes. She was finally getting some looks from boys. Her girlfriends commented on her rapid changes with positive comments. They knew that her rail thin physique had been a bit of sore point for her, and they were glad for her that she was finally filling out.

What Phoebe couldn't figure out was why her Great Great Aunts reduction numbers, when reversed indicated a much lower rate of enlargement. According to Florence's calculations, Phoebe should only just now be trying on a C Cup brassiere instead of the D Cup she'd be getting over the weekend.

As Florence had mentioned, her appetite exploded. Her mom also noticed and quietly increased the grocery budget, and the amount cooked for dinners. However, she nor her husband mentioned anything about the girl's expanding bustline, just figuring that Phoebe was just taking after her father's side of the family, albeit rather quickly.

Phoebe secured a student summer job carrying mail from the neighbourhood Post Office. It meant early mornings and if she hurried through the assigned route, she could finish early. Often after work, she would visit with Florence, occasionally going with her on short errands to the corner store for incidentals, because for Florence it was a reason to get outside. The old woman asked her about the changes and also gave an account of her own reduction. Phoebe, still not sure how to broach the subject of accidentally taking Florence's reduction calculations and the substantial variation between them and her actual growth remained silent on the anomaly.

Summer for young women meant shorts, short skirts, t-shirts, crop-tops, retro tubetops, plunging necklines and assorted other items of clothing that demonstrated firm, fit bodies and recently acquired curves – in the front, back or both. Phoebe was no exception. Glad to finally be proud to wear a bikini, she finally blended in with her friends in the weeks immediately following the closing of school for the summer when they ventured to the pool or beach. Her hips and butt had filled out slightly and she was glad that there was some rounding out of her bodies lower half compared to her more noticeable upper body changes. As the Summer slowly progressed, she began to gradually down-play her rapidly growing assets. Comfortably housed in her new bikini top, her perky breasts were now substantially larger than

any of her friends, she had become the envy of the group when they decided to sunbathe topless at the beach in early July and Phoebe removed her tight fitting D Cup bikini brassiere.

However, by the end of the month Phoebe found that the triangles of her latest bikini top no longer fully covered her expanding breasts. With the band tight across her chest under her breasts, her areola peeked across the top like the sun rising. The rate at which her breasts were filling out was at an unheard-of rate of just over twelve and one-half millilitres a day. Her parents were now very worried about her rapid breast expansion and twice in July had she been to the family doctor. She quickly learned how to button the top button on her pants and those on the bottom of a button-down-shirt without seeing them. Checking for tied shoelaces was becoming an act of contortion. Pleased with finally having an inverted heart shaped ass that rounded out her jeans gave her as much joy as the continually larger brassieres she needed. As much as she wanted to explain the reasons for the rapid growth and to a size not seen in the family excepting for Florence, she had to remain mute. But Florence was her rock in the storm and provided the support and sounding board for the stresses that her rapid growth was causing to her and to the people around her.

The first of August saw her purchase a 30 I bra to hold the litre of volume that was each breast. It was at this point that she realized that she and her Great, Great Aunt should have had breasts of equal size, as she had reached the halfway point in the endowment that the Will provided. But she was noticeably larger than her Great, Great Aunt.

She found that she was spending more time with Florence than she had in the past, sharing almost every afternoon with the old woman. While doing Florence's laundry one afternoon, Phoebe came across one of the old woman's bras. Startled by the size, she blurted out, "32 G!". The 'numbers' didn't add up. After loading up the washing machine she marched upstairs to confront Florence.

Angrily she accused the old woman of deception regarding her own growth and the gradual reduction of her Great, Great Aunt. Inadvertently she let out that she'd taken Florence's reduction calculations. The old woman held up her hand, palm facing Phoebe. The girl never seeing that from her and it startled her to silence.

"I wondered where that paper went", the old woman began. "It seems our late bloomer has begun to come to flower," she said with a smile. "Yes, I can see you've filled out more than I would have Willed to you at this time. I'd guess your own genes, from your father's side are finally making themselves known and adding additional assets to your inheritance."

Being very familiar with larger brassiere sizes, she asked the girl what her current bra size was and quickly calculated that Phoebe was now a couple of cup's volume larger than she was. Her mind still sharp as a whiplash, she gasped when once she'd calculated the girl's approximate end state. She stated to Phoebe that each of her breasts would end up at about two and a quarter litres – each! Already feeling encumbered by their current size and volume, Phoebe burst into tears. Her own calculated end state ranged from Florence's sizes before to after the lawyer took her commission, not half to three quarters of a litre larger! Florence grabbed the girl in a tight hug and consoled her, advising that she'd be alright after the shock wore off.

Most evenings she spent with her girlfriends, either in person or on the phone, chatting or texting. But, she started to notice that some of her friends were beginning to act a little strange. Sideway glances, whispers to others in the group when they all got together. With her breasts now the prominent feature of her body, she worked to minimize their projection when she was with her friends, but with their substantial volume, all of them could tell that Phoebe was substantially 'stacked'. However, Florence's

words bore true. As the days passed to weeks, she became more at ease with the idea that she still had a lot more growing to do. Her circle of friends became progressively smaller the larger her breasts grew. Sure, it was a time in her life where friends were very important, and she felt the loss of each one as envy, jealousy, and cliquishness of the late teen years winnowed down the numbers.

At home in the evening, all alone in her bedroom, she revelled in the steady enlargement of her frontage. Having been flat chested just three months earlier had Phoebe hefting their mass, admiring her profile, moisturizing in an attempt to minimize stretchmarks despite the fine print in the Will specifying that the recipient would experience the full volume of the transfer without incurring stretchmarks. Rotating around, she marvelled at the beauty of her tush. It was like it made by an artist. Reaching behind she was squeezing the fullness of each cheek to verify what her eye registered to be true. To this point, her bodies outward appearance was like a dream come true.

Although relatively large on her average sized frame, their mass was barely noticeable, adding about six pounds to her body weight. Two weeks into August, Phoebe perceived a gradual slowing of the growth of her breasts. It was the 'small' amount being added to a 'large' container being an obvious reason, but also there was also seemed to be a slight decrease in the transfer volume. She could tell because Florence's breasts, now substantially smaller than hers, were depleting at a slower rate than they had been during the height of the Summer. Florence had explained that the changes between them were not quite linear, but that they started out slowly, reached a peak and then slowed down again to nothing. Phoebe had experienced the gradual ramping up of the transfer volume when the transfer first started and now, getting to the other end, the same applied to Florence as her breasts shrunk and her skin tightened around the shrinking mass as though the breasts were never monumental in their glory. She explained that gradually Phoebe would barely even notice her breast volume increase the last month to month and a half. With this knowledge, Phoebe prepared for the new school year, outfitting her breasts with a new 30K bra.

However, beginning in the middle of August saw an inexplicable bump up in the mass added to her breasts than in the previous two weeks. It was slightly larger than any previous expansion and the two-week-old 30K needed to be replaced by a 30L in time for the first day at college. Florence hypothesized that "some girls bloom into womanhood early much like snowdrops, crocuses, and daffodils, the first flowers of spring, but our family blooms late, like asters and chrysanthemums the flowers that bring colour to the autumn. I'm guessing that you are experiencing in the autumn of your teen age years that flowering." Phoebe smiled at the analogy. Florence continued, "I'm guessing that the additional blessing you are receiving is coming from your father's side of your family. I'd fathom a guess that the additional volume you've received would be a bit larger than a grapefruit, looking at you now! But never mind, child, your breasts as they are, are a beautiful addition to your physique."

As the weeks in September marched on, the slow draining of Florence's breasts was not matched by the substantially larger volume that was filling Phoebe's. From the time she received the 30L until it was feeling tight was a little over a week. By this time Florence had figured out what was happening. Phoebe was reaching the peak of the late blooming as supplied by her father's side of the family, and she was now receiving the maximum hormone driven enlargement she would have received anyway without the extra from the Will.

In the third week of September, the M Cup bra was beginning to feel tight, filled with over 1930 millilitres of flesh. As brassieres were expensive and she was requiring a steady stream of gradually larger ones, her parents again purchased the next size up – this time an 'N'. Phoebe was beginning to feel the stresses of the additional size and weight.

Her circle of close girlfriends from High School had narrowed down to only two as most of the others moved on to colleges out of town, while one landed a job at home and the other attended the same college as she did. It seemed that the women at her College were intimidated by her exaggerated physique and only gave her cursory greetings and the men from freshman through to senior were asking for 'dates'. Her mother had warned her that because of their size and 'novelty' of her breasts, all the 'boys', as she called them, really wanted to do was to grope at her breasts. Getting into her pants was secondary despite her having one of the best-looking butts at the College.

On a personal level, the fullness and firmness of her breasts, due to their rapid growth and volume, made it difficult to part them to gaze between them as the outer covering struggled to keep up with the inner increasing volume. Projecting almost nine inches from her chest wall, looking down all she saw was cleavage. And now their weight was beginning to become more noticeable. Her Great, Great Aunt guesstimated them to be about fifteen pounds all together. The parent insisted upon Doctor's visits were now weekly. All tests came back normal, including the weekly testing for macromastia hypertrophy and gigantomastia hypertrophy which came back negative.

The nightly naked stand in front of the mirror had taken on a surreal atmosphere. Despite her breasts being what they were and the resulting loss of a few of her girlfriends and being forced to be aloof with the College men, Phoebe still relished in the heat and increasing mass of her breasts. She was, by far, larger than anyone else she'd ever seen, including Florence. In profile she was a true 'letter P'.

Negotiating the newness of her circumference occasionally was a challenge. This was particularly true during the change over of classes at the College where the hallways would be choked with students and a number of the more brash would purposely bump into her to 'test' the resiliency of them. Changing for sports or at the pool had most had the women surreptitiously looking her way gawking at the masses hanging from her chest. Just as surreptitiously, Phoebe would glance back noticing the range of expressions of envy, awe, jealousy disgust and surprisingly, lust. It always brought a smile to her face. Knowing that the sheer size of her breasts was intimidating, infatuating and awe-inspiring to so many of her peers, of both genders, she was careful to downplay her vastness, be it with her demeanor, clothing or personality and attempt to play up her intelligence and the other features of her anatomy, particularly her bum.

Although her visits to Florence were less frequent during the weekdays due to her college lecture times and the homework they provided, she spent some time every weekend with the old woman. Although she knew better, Phoebe still felt that the deteriorating health of Florence was directly correlated to the reduction of the old woman's breast volume as the two seemed to go hand-in-hand. The walking trips to the store became less frequent and the old woman tired quickly just manoeuvring around her home despite her now smaller but still pert breasts.

For the two months beginning in the middle of August through to the end of September, regardless of their already huge size, the increase in the volume of her breasts was still noticeable. Following a week of slowed growth, another small growth spur occurred through to the end of October.

By this time, Florence's once mighty breasts had dwindled down to a C Cup size, one bra size larger than her sister had had throughout her life and they no longer presented the burden to the old woman that they had just five months earlier. The bright spot for Florence was always the visits from Phoebe and the conversation always eventually focused of the changing breast sizes of the two and how they were managing the changes. Florence was particularly proud of Phoebe and how she was adapting to the rapid changes to her life that her Brobdingnagian breasts had caused.

Phoebe mentioned that she was now substantially bigger than what her Great, Great Aunt had calculated in early August and that it was probably from her Dad's family, and she didn't have a clue where this minor bump in volume was coming from. Florence had Phoebe go and extract old woman's copy of the Will from her writing desk. On the forth page was written that Florence would also donate everything she had to Phoebe. It was written vague enough that Phoebe had missed understanding it's full meaning. Florence explained that she was also Willing to Phoebe the volume that Florence had received from Ruth as well as what nature would have given her. Florence stated that she knew the teen was particularly sensitive about her physique and particularly the volume of her breasts, so Florence created a caveat that Phoebe's breast expansion would end up leaving Florence entirely flat chested. This bump would occur in the last weeks of the contract or in the immediate weeks before Florence was to naturally pass away. When the girl asked why, the old woman stated that she wanted Phoebe to have as much as she could possibly give because at the beginning of the transfer, Phoebe was so concerned about her lack of breasts that Florence wanted to ensure that Phoebe would have as much as she could give, even if she died before the terms of the Will could be completed. Phoebe broke down and cried.

Hallowe'en arrived and with it coincidentally the termination of the Living Will between Florence and Phoebe. Stopping in to spend the evening 'shelling out' for her Great, Great Aunt, Phoebe was shocked to see that Florence was entirely flat chested despite knowing it would come to pass. This woman had literally given her everything because she was so concerned about this child who was not even of her lineage, but that of her sister's. Answering the door together, they 'ooo'd and awed' over the visiting children's costumes and shared a laugh once the door closed, discussing the reactions to the size of Phoebe's breasts by the children and particularly the accompanying parents.

Once the candy had run out and the lights outside at the front of the house turned off, the two sat for tea in the kitchen. Phoebe mentioned that she now wore a 30P Cup bra. She laughed as she mentioned it and finished the statement that just over six months ago, she didn't think they made bras bigger than a D Cup and had no idea about what her Great, Great Aunt wore if anything. Florence asked if Phoebe knew the actual size of her breasts to which the girl laughed and simply stated, "Big!" It was Florence's turn to laugh.

"Girl, you are quite a bit bigger than I ever was and my breasts were over a litre and three quarters each. Go fetch two pots and my large measuring cup and we'll see just how big your 'girls' are!"

After assembling the items, Florence and Phoebe placed the smaller pot inside the larger one and filled the smaller of the two pots to the brim with water.

"Okay," Florence exclaimed, "bring 'em out!"

Phoebe removed her shirt and bra and stood topless by the kitchen table. Slowly immersing her right breast into the pot of water, the overflow sloshed into the larger pot. Carefully filling and emptying the measuring cup the two determined that Phoebe's right breast's volume was 2,530 millilitres. Repeating the process for her left breast revealed an almost negligible difference of 2,550 millilitres.

Florence broke into laughter, "Oh, my sweet child, your breasts are almost three quarters of a liter bigger than mine ever were and to think I was so worried you'd not be big enough! Phoebe, I'm so proud of you. You've handled this transition better than I ever did. I was so worried about my sister as I was getting so much bigger than her as I wanted to share this with her but couldn't and I had to put up with her sniping as she felt gyped. I certainly made the right choice for whom to Will my 'assets' to."

That got Phoebe laughing, her voluminous breasts bouncing and swaying as she did. "Thank you, Auntie."

After drying off, dressing and packing away the pots and dirty teacups, Phoebe gave her Great, Great Aunt a peck on the cheek and wrapping her arms around the frail old woman hugged her tightly, mashing her breasts into Florence in much the same manner that Florence had done with Phoebe in the past decade. Bidding adieu to Florence, Phoebe promising to return the next afternoon to pack away the Hallowe'en decorations lining the walkway to the front door. Another kiss and a hug later and the elated Phoebe went home.

The phone rang. It was just after five in the morning. Phoebe was aroused from her sleep by her father shortly there after. He didn't have to tell her. She knew.

It wouldn't matter what was in the traditional Will as Phoebe knew that the most important asset her Great, Great Aunt ever had, had been bequeathed to her and she now proudly wore it on her chest. She never cried. At the funeral, she sat in the pew, head bowed, with her arms wrapped around her body knowing she was hugging the most important person in her life for the last eleven years.