

## ABOARD THE VENUS – Flippity Tippity

BY TROGDOR297

The atmosphere was peaceful as the Caribbean sun peeked over the horizon, heralding the dawn. The air was quiet, the sea carrying a gentle rhythm, waves softly lapping against the hulls of the numerous boats that floated just off the coast.

There were all manner of craft that lay in the waters just off the southern coast of Aruba: fishing boats, personal leisure vessels, a few aluminum dinghies tied up close to the shore. None were in the same class of vehicle as the massive white ship that was anchored amidst them, like a whale congregating with minnows.

The craft went by the name of 'The Pride of Venus' though its crew often shortened that to simply 'The Venus'. The gigantic boat was a super-yacht, the kind of craft that one would assume a billionaire owned a few of. This particular ship belonged to no oligarch, but was instead a chartered craft, catering to a very specific kind of clientele: wealthy, powerful women hungry for meat.

It wasn't long after the sun had appeared in the sky that a beeping alarm went off in the belly of The Venus, rousing the pair of stewards from their sleep.

Jase, the Chief Steward, groaned with bleary annoyance. "Brett, god fucking dammit, shut that shit off!"

"It's *your* alarm, you fuck." Brett, the second steward said as he kicked off the covers.

"Oh...aha...right..." The beeping vanished seconds later.

Brett suppressed the urge to cuss out his superior. It's not like Jase would change now, the day before their last charter. The guy was a fucking idiot, but he had the face of a Calvin Klein model, and the body to match. His dopey charm, which only aggravated Brett, tickled their clientele and so Jase had been quite successful during his tenure aboard this boat. This was his third charter season, and from the way he talked he would definitely be returning next season.

The same couldn't be said for Brett. Not that he wasn't successful, he was also quite popular. His looks were more rugged than sculpted, alluring dark scruff coating his jawline, his body slightly bulkier than Jase's ultra cut look. Jase was always the immediate draw of attention, but after the ladies got over how dazzling the chief stew was, they tended to notice Brett and his more homegrown version of hot.

Brett had done quite well on his first season aboard The Venus, but despite this fact, he was leaning towards not returning for another season. It wasn't the pay; the money was good, and he found himself enjoying the work more than he thought he would. Brett never would've thought that he'd enjoy being objectified by snooty broads, and yet here he was.

On paper, everything about this job was perfect. But still he found himself eager to be done this season and off this boat. Maybe he was just lonely, or perhaps homesick. Either way, it didn't matter at the moment. They had one more charter to get through, the guests arriving later today.

After a quick shower Brett pulled on his uniform. It looked like a pretty typical uniform for the crew of a superyacht; black shorts and a short sleeve black buttoned shirt with his name embroidered on the chest. The only difference between theirs and other boats was the cut. Both the shorts and shirt were tight, easily two sizes too small.

The shorts only reached halfway down his thighs and were essentially skintight. The sleeves of the shirt scrunched up as they always did, unable to stretch over his biceps, while the shirt itself was only half done up, showing off a bit of chest hair as well as his bulging pectorals.

Their uniform looked like a getup that a male prostitute would wear...but then again, that's essentially what they were. While the guests were on the boat, Jace and Brett would serve on them hand and foot, doing anything that these women desired...anything. While the company that ran the charter had official rules in place about sexual contact between guests and employees, they were blatantly ignored. In fact, they were encouraged to ignore them.

During this season Brett had been groped everywhere a man could be groped, and done his fair share of groping as well, always at the guest's behest of course. A few times he'd received hand jobs, but more frequently he was the purveyor of pleasure not the receiver. At least once each charter, he'd provided oral service to one of the guests, though most charters he had multiple customers, once the first guest to take advantage of his skills spread the word about his gifted tongue.

The only thing that Brett hadn't done was actual intercourse, but only because of his own personal boundaries. A few guests had asked, and when Brett refused them, Jase was always willing to step in.

It'd been an exhilarating summer, living the life of a gigolo on this floating brothel in the Caribbean. Still, Brett was glad for it to be over and was ready to put it behind him. He was ready to get back to the real world, where everything wasn't about night after night of meaningless sexual encounters with strangers.

Stepping into the galley he passed the two deckhands, Chad and Thad, devouring a breakfast of eggs and sausage. The two were twin brothers and took care of the maintenance of the ship. They'd been selected for their nautical skills, not their looks or physique, so, by and large, they were ignored by the boat's clientele.

"Morning lads" Brett said as he headed for the counter to make himself a protein shake.

The two deckhands just grunted at him through a mouthful of food, not even bothering to lift their gaze as he passed. They hadn't been chosen for their cheery attitudes either.

Brett just shook his head as he began to grab ingredients out of the fridge. Perhaps this was why he was so eager to leave. He was ready to be amongst friends again, instead of having to spend every day with a moronic chief stew, and two misanthropic deckhands.

Once his shake was made, he didn't bother sitting down with the two brothers. He knew they wouldn't speak to him. If they did have a conversation while he was present, they'd be sure to pointedly ignore him.

Instead, he headed down to the gym that lay at the far end of the ship. They'd spent yesterday getting the boat in order, so he had nothing to do but kill time until the guests arrived. Might as well get a workout in so he could look his best for the ladies.

At some point through the morning, Jase had joined him at the gym, the two working out in silence together until at some point midday Brett's radio sounded from where it sat atop of the weight rack of the lat machine he was using.

"Boys!" Captain Bradley's slurred voice sang out. "Our final guests of the season are inbound. ETA 5 minutes. Get your fine asses up on deck to greet them."

The sound of iron clanking on iron rang once, then a second time as Brett and Jase racked their machines. Brett finished off his second protein shake as he swiped his radio off the machine. "Alright, you heard Captain Douchenozzle. Let's go"

Jase chuckled. "Captain Douchenozzle! Ha, that's funny! Have you told Bradley that one?"

Brett furrowed his brow as he looked over at his chief stew. "What? No...no I haven't told our Captain that he's a Douchenozzle..."

Jase grabbed his shirt from where he'd left it hanging over the bench press and put it back on. "You should! That's really funny!"

"Yeah...alright. I'll do that..." Brett said over his shoulder as he left the room. How had he put up with that idiot for this long...

Brett was the first to make it up to the rear of the boat where their guests would be dropped off by boat. "Captain" Bradley was already there, looking like a proper douchenozzle in his wrinkled white uniform, his face and neck tattoos acting as perfectly ironic accessories. When Brett approached, he could plainly see that Bradley's eyes were bloodshot. At least he didn't completely reek of weed this time.

The "Captain" wasn't really the captain. His father owned the charter company and had softballed this gig to his trust fund stoner son. He was captain in name only; he knew nothing about running a boat, or about managing people. He wasn't even allowed to move the damn thing. That's why clients had to be ferried out here into the middle of the bay.

"Captain" Brett said, successfully keep derision out of his tone.

"Ehh, Brett" Bradley said, clapping him on the shoulder. "Ready to give some ladies a fucking good time?"

Brett didn't answer the question. "Do you know anything about them?"

"Nah... I think they work for a pharmaceutical company or some shit like that? It's all in the file, but I didn't read that shit! Who cares who they are, it doesn't fucking matter. They're here to get drunk and have their way with you and Jase."

Brett sighed. Bradley wasn't wholly incorrect in his assumption, but Brett preferred to view it as they were here for a yacht vacation primarily, and helping themselves to him and Jase was a secondary motive at most.

Jase walked up, wedging himself in between Brett and Bradley, still doing up his shirt. "They here yet?"

"Nah, you're good, bro" Bradley said with a lazy grin.

“Hope they’re hot” Jase said as he tucked in his shirt. “We’ve had some real uggos these past few charters”

“Jesus Christ, dude” Brett muttered. “You are just...”

“Totally right?” Jase said, incorrectly finishing Brett’s sentence.

Brett opened his mouth to tell Jase off, but a loud knock from below silenced him. That had been the sound of the tender bumping against the stern of the ship where a small platform was present to allow the guests to board. Chad and Thad would be down below handling their baggage, and to direct them up the stairs that would lead them directly to the trio waiting for them. It wouldn’t be long before they ascended.

“Holy fucking shit...” Bradley muttered.

“Jackpot” Jase said with a moronic grin.

Brett said nothing, maintaining respectful silence, though his lack of response didn’t mean he wasn’t impressed by the women that stepped up on to the deck.

There were four of them, their leader standing front and center. She was a raven-haired woman in her mid to late forties with a toned athletic figure. Her clothes and accessories were all designer, her wealth implicit by her attire. Of course, none of the three men cared an ounce of hot shit about whether her sleeveless black top was Gucci or Prada. They didn’t notice the Birkin under her arm, or the Tiffany tennis bracelet around her wrist.

All their attention was drawn to the massive set of tits that dominated her upper body. They were obviously enhanced, their overly round shape and the way they sat high on her chest leaving no doubt in the matter. Each was a firm orb the size of a soccer ball, the skin smooth and bronze. Her silk top hugged each breast from the side but left the center almost entirely exposed. Her nipples remained hidden, but a sliver of tan areola was visible at the edge of the neckline.

“Welcome...uh...to the Venus! Ms.?” Bradley said.

The woman, who’d been focused on her phone the entire time she’d been present, didn’t look up to address him. “Margaret Sinclair. Director of sales for Saliform.” Her voice was a husky low alto.

“Never heard of it...” Bradley said with a shrug.

“We sell-” Margaret’s face twisted into a look of utter revulsion as she put away her phone and finally took in Bradley. “Please tell me *you’re* not who’s going to be looking after us.”

Her absolute disdain for him flew right over his addled head. “Nah, I’m just the Captain. Jase and Brett will be looking after you”

Margaret turned to look at the two stewards, tall and brawny in their too tight uniforms. Her expression softened into one of relief. “Oh, thank fuck. I would’ve been supremely disappointed if I ever had to endure *you* laying a finger on me.” She shot Bradley one final look of ice-cold disgust before she stepped over to the two stewards.

Brett had to fight to keep a smile from his face. Far more frequently than he would've guessed he'd witnessed their clients be charmed by Bradley and his stoner dirtbag vibes, seeing him as an outside the box appealing novelty. It was refreshing to have someone immediately see him for what he was; a piece of shit.

"Margaret Sinclair" She said as she stepped up in front of Jase, her stiletto heels clacking on the polished cherrywood floors.

"I...ah..." Jase mumbled, not bothering to give their client the courtesy of eye contact. His eyes were laser focused on the pair of delectable orbs that were planted on her chest.

Margaret frowned slightly, her brow furrowing. "What is it? What's wrong? Did I spill something on my chest?"

Jase shook his head, still not bothering to form coherent syllables. He'd almost collected himself when unexpectedly Margaret Sinclair's left breast bounced. It popped up and down a few inches, pulling away from its neighbor as it bounced in place. After a few oscillations it stopped, only for her right breast to start moving, bouncing back and forth in a similar fashion.

"What's the matter, boy. Speak up!" Margaret demanded as she stared sternly at Jase. Meanwhile her breasts were going haywire, both of them bouncing within her top, moving in tandem back and forth.

Jase shook his head. "I...I..."

Brett snickered, enjoying his imbecilic superior being taunted. Margaret's head whipped towards him, though now with a savage grin on her face. "Aha! Someone with a sense of humor!"

She began to cackle as she reached down to fix her top which had been displaced by the movement of her breasts. "I love watching silly men squirm when I mess with them. They're always so ashamed of staring. News flash handsome, I know my breasts are huge, I made them that way on purpose"

Jase chuckled nervously, his face tinted slightly pink. "Aha, right...how...how did you do that?"

"It's just muscle control" Brett said. "She's trained her pecs to move in isolation. I knew a girl at my old gym who could do it"

Margaret smiled as she flexed twice, making her breasts jump up and down together. "Smart boy. Alright, I've wasted enough time. What's your names?"

Jase and Brett offered their names, each taking a turn shaking Margaret's hand.

"Lovely to meet you. I'm Margaret, as aforementioned, and this is my sales team. Adelaide, Soo-young, and Kori".

Despite himself, Brett flinched at the mention of that last name. His ex-girlfriend was named Kori. He looked over at the three young women who still stood near the top of the stairs. In front was a tall sandy blonde, wearing only jean shorts and a bikini top. The top, pink and floral, was stretched tight over her own set of enhanced breasts, firm and round. They weren't quite as big as Ms. Sinclair's, but they were still impressive, the size of a small watermelon.

Beside her was a woman of Asian descent, with long black hair that reached her waist. She too owned a set of fake tits, which were slightly smaller than Adelaide's. The way that she occasionally shot glances at the blonde, gave Brett the impression that there was envy present.

The woman in the back was a redhead, though he could only see the top of her head as she was currently bent over, rifling through her bag. Definitely not his ex-girlfriend, she'd been a blonde. He'd been silly to even think it could be her. So what if they had the same name, there were probably thousands of Kori's in the world.

"Jase, show em to their rooms" Bradley said. "Brett go get the lounge ready"

Brett nodded, turning and setting off towards the lounge. There really wasn't a ton for him to do to get it ready, they'd spent hours yesterday cleaning this boat, so the lounge was spotless. Still, he did a cursory wipe of the counter tops and made sure the cushions were all nicely fluffed. After he was out of minor improvements to perform, he took his post behind the bar, ready to serve the women when they were finished with their rooms.

Adelaide arrived first, making a beeline for the bar. She hadn't changed, still wearing the too small bikini and ass hugging shorts. She eagerly slid on to one of the barstools, leaning forward so her breasts pressed the edge of the bar.

"Hi, I'm Adelaide" She said with a flirty grin.

"Brett" Brett replied with a warm smile. "What can I get for you?"

"Ooo, I don't know!" Adelaide giggled. "What do you recommend?"

Brett shrugged. "Well, that depends...what do you typically like?"

Behind Adelaide, Soo-Young entered the lounge, hurrying over to the bar. She'd changed out of her travelling outfit into a little black bikini with a white knit coverall slung over her shoulders. The robe like garment was tied snug around her waist, though the folds had been deliberately pulled back so as to not cover up a single square inch of her prominent bust.

"Soo, what should we get?" Adelaide said as her colleague plopped down on the stool beside her.

"Something fruity, we are in the Caribbean after all!" After taking a moment to fix her hair, pulling it back with her hands, she extended a hand across the bar. "Soo-Young. Pleased to meet you."

Brett shook her hand, his open smile never leaving his face. "Brett. How about a Sex on the Beach?"

Adelaide bit her lip as she tilted her head forward slightly and looked up at him "That sounds good...but what should we get for our drinks?"

Brett faked a laugh. He'd heard that joke every single time he'd offered that specific cocktail this season. "That's really funny. But seriously, does that sound good?"

Soo-young nodded, while Adelaide simply smirked. "I wasn't joking, Maggie's already getting in on the fun, why wait?"

Brett looked over his shoulder as he began to pour liquor into his cocktail shaker. "Maggie?"

"Ms. Sinclair" Soo-young said.

"Oh right" Brett said, nodding as he turned back to his work. He'd forgotten that Maggie was a short form of Margaret. "So...she's...?"

"Getting railed from behind by the other stew" Adelaide offered without hesitation. "She didn't even close the door to her cabin."

"Jesus...Alright" Brett said, shaking his head. Yes, they were often encouraged to look the other way regarding the no sex rule, but never this blatantly. But then again, it was the last charter, they couldn't fire him now if they wanted.

After taking a moment to properly shake the drinks, putting on a show of it as he shook his ass for the two girls seated at the bar, he poured the cocktails out and served them. "Here you go. Enjoy. Anything else I can get you?"

"I'll have what our boss is having" Adelaide said, leaning forward. Brett suddenly realized that at some point she'd slipped her bathing suit top off, her bare breasts resting on the bartop. Her nipples were delicate pink nubs, like two little eraser heads resting upon the outer circumference of each melon sized breast.

"Listen" Brett said. "That's a very lovely offer, but it's against company policy to engage in sexual intercourse with the guests"

Adelaide pouted, her full bottom lip jutting out. "Aw! Come on! If that's so, then why is Jax or whatever the fuck his name is pounding the shit out of our boss?!"

Brett sighed. "He's not supposed to...certainly not at two in the afternoon with the door open. That being said, there's quite a few things that I am allowed to do."

The two girls perked up, shuffling closer. "Like what?" Adelaide said, her pout switching to a coy smile.

"Whatever you'd like." Brett said, hitting them with a devilish grin. "What would you like to do?"

Adelaide sighed "Get laid...but if that's not on the menu. I guess it'd be nice to get some sun, it was beautiful outside"

Soo-Young nodded "That sounds great. Let me just run down to my room to grab my suntan lotion"

"Don't bother" Brett said, as he bent down and reached under the counter. "I've got some...and I'd be happy to apply it for you"

The two girls squealed with excitement as they hopped up off of their stools. Brett rounded the bar and approached them, large bottle of expensive sunscreen in hand.

"Me first!" Adelaide said, rushing over to stand in front of Brett. "Don't miss a single inch..."

Brett nodded. He was about to squeeze out a large dollop of lotion when Adelaide stopped him.

"Wait! Before you start...can you take off your shirt?" She asked hopefully.

Brett nodded "Of course. Your wish is my command."

"In that case" Soo-young piped in. "Could you...tear off your shirt?"

Adelaide looked back at her friend with an appraising nod. "Soo! Nice thinking!"

Brett laughed as he set down the lotion on the bar. Then grabbing a hold of his already too tight shirt, he grabbed both sides and then tugged sharply. The buttons broke easily as he tore open the shirt as if he was opening a bag of chips.

Adelaide hummed with delight as she watched Brett throw away the spent shirt, eyeing his burly torso. "That was definitely a good call, Soo. Alright, Brett. I'm ready."

Brett squeezed out a large glob of sunscreen as he moved in close. As he rubbed his hands together to spread the lotion, he looked Adelaide in the eye. She stared back at him with overt desire. Brett had gotten used to clients being more forward than the average woman, after all this was what they paid for, but this group of guests was a step beyond that. The typical experience was a slow burn that would build into the second day; these women were eager for action, and they hadn't even been here an hour.

Brett lifted his hands up to apply lotion to Adelaide's shoulders, when she spoke. "Tits first please. I don't want them to burn"

Brett nodded his understanding. Alright then, he thought, here we go.

Softly he pressed his hands upon the round form of Adelaide's large, enhanced breasts. He'd never touched fake tits before and was surprised at how soft they were. He'd always imagined them to be firm and hard, but Adelaide's had a decent amount of plushness to them as he gently pressed upon her.

He'd also never held a pair of breasts that didn't fit in his hands. Fingers outstretched he could only reach halfway around her fleshy globes. Huge tits had always been a turn on of his, and these were definitely fitting the bill.

"Mmm" Adelaide moaned, eyes softly held shut. "That feels really good...you've got nice big hands...Don't be so gentle though! I can take it!"

Brett eagerly complied, hands pressing firmer against her as he mashed her breasts with both hands. Adelaide smiled as she adjusted her stance, bracing herself against his more forceful massage.

"Brett." Soo-Young said.

"Yes?" Brett replied, looking over her shoulder.

"What are the rules regarding nudity? I noticed you didn't say anything when Adelaide removed her top."

"That's because he's not an idiot." Adelaide groaned, thoroughly enjoying Brett's hands upon her chest. Her eyes shot open as she shot Brett an indignant look, as he'd moved on to applying lotion to her midriff. "Excuse me! I don't think you got enough on my breasts!"

Brett chuckled as he squeezed out more lotion then returned to applying it to Adelaide's already fully lotioned tits. "Topless is fine" Brett said. "We'd ask you to keep your bottoms on in public areas, but..."



"But?" Adelaide asked with a knowing grin. She gasped as his hands moved circles across the front of her breasts, repeatedly rubbing against her teeny nipples.

"But...we're not exactly going to kick you off if you break the rules" Brett answered. "I think that's enough..."

Adelaide looked down at her bust. Her tan skin was ghostly white from the amount of lotion he'd applied. She rolled her eyes in annoyance. "Ugh, fine. Do the rest of me."

"So...Saliform" Brett said as he crouched down to work on her legs. "I'm guessing from the name that you guys sell implants?"

"Yes, that's right" Soo-young said as she fiddled with the neck tie of her bikini.

"What tipped you off?" Adelaide snickered.

"So, what's the deal then...if you want to be on the sales team you have to get a pair yourself?" His hands moved up, massaging in lotion along Adelaide's upper thigh up to her bikini line. Goosebumps raised along her midriff at his touch.

"It's not a requirement." Soo-young said, finally freeing the knot and removing her bikini top. "But they're offered free of charge, and they pretty much only hire people who like the look. Why would you buy product from someone who thinks what they're selling is unattractive?"

Brett stood, rubbing lotion up to the underside of Adelaide's breasts before grabbing her by the waist and spinning her on the spot. She let out a yelp of surprise, followed by a giggle of delight. She flashed him a grin over her shoulder. "How did you know I like being manhandled?"

Brett just smiled as he finished off her back. After that it was just her arms and then she was done. "My turn" Soo-young said with a shy smile. "Mine are...a bit more sensitive"

Brett nodded "Don't worry. I'll be gentle"

As Brett retrieved more suntan lotion, Adelaide watched him, her hunger unabated. Then, to her utmost delight, she spotted something that tickled her.

"Brett..." She purred.

"Yes?" He said as he began to apply lotion to Soo-young's back.

"You said the rules say that we can't have sex...can we do...other things?"

Brett said nothing for a moment then nodded. These girls really were moving fast. "The official rules only directly reference intercourse. Any other sexual acts fall into a gray area. Ultimately that means that yes, yes we can"

"Mmm...good" She said as she moved to stand on his right. She leaned against him pressing her breasts against the side of his torso. "Those shorts don't leave a lot to the imagination" She teased.

Looking down for a moment, he immediately saw what she meant. The firm imprint of an erection was bulging through his tight shorts. Adelaide's hand reached out and slid across it, feeling his hardness.

Brett, despite himself, grunted. He usually had more self-control than this, but then again he'd never been around tits like this.

"May I?" Adelaide said as she looked up at him with a sultry smile.

"I'm here to do whatever you please" Brett said. "If what you please is to touch me...then go for it" Things had never gotten this wild this quickly, but Brett had decided that he was going to lean into it. This was the last charter after all.

Adelaide quickly undid the fly of his shorts, reaching in and pulling free his erect cock. "Dammit..." Adelaide huffed. "That is a really sexy dick...now I'm even more upset that you won't fuck us!"

Soo-young still facing away, peeked over her shoulder, letting out a quiet gasp. "Oh my..."

"Right?" Adelaide said, exchanging a look with her friend. "It's perfect."

Brett shook his head "You're being too kind. It's not perfect. It-hrmmm"

"It feels perfect." Adelaide teased as she tugged her hand up and down his thick shaft, pressing her body more firmly against him, his side sliding deeper into her cleavage.

"Hey!" Soo-young protested. "Don't forget about me!"

Without hesitation, Brett reached out with his left arm and scooped Soo-Young around the waist, pulling her in close. She let out a yelp of surprise, though made no attempt to resist being moved. With her back up against the left side of his chest, he was able to reach around with both hands and grasp each of her breasts in one hand. Soo-Young leaned against him, letting out a moan of contentment as he began to massage her breasts, the application of lotion as a cover story completely abandoned.

Brett grunted as Adelaide's hand moved faster on his meat, her other hand reaching up to run through his hair. Soo-young's desire for a gentler touch was quickly forgotten as she arched her back thrusting her chest forward as she moaned for him to squeeze them harder.

In moments like this earlier in the season, Brett had often felt cheap, used even. None of those feelings came to mind at this moment. He was genuinely enjoying himself. Perhaps it was their overt forwardness, perhaps it was their gorgeous looks...perhaps it was their tits. Regardless, for the first time this season, Brett felt like he could see himself doing this again next year. There was simply nothing that could spoil this moment.

"Brett?!"

Brett froze as he suddenly felt a perverse sense of déjà vu. That voice, in that tone, memories of being scolded for doing something that perhaps he shouldn't. Or more accurately something that *she* thought he shouldn't.

"Oh, hey Kori!" Adelaide said with a grin. "Come and meet Brett. He's really good with his hands!"

"Mmm...yes he is" Soo-Young moaned as she gyrated herself against him.

"I've met Brett." Kori, the redhead, said coolly as she crossed the lounge. "And I know he's good with his hands... that's one of the few pleasant memories I have of my *ex-boyfriend*."

Brett shook his head in disbelief. Somehow, against all odds, the Kori who'd come here as a guest was his Kori, though he barely recognized her. She'd dyed her hair a bright crimson, which actually suited her really well, though the colour of her hair was far from the most dramatic change she'd undergone. She, like all the other women on this charter, sported a pair of plump, round, enhanced breasts. She seemed to be the smallest of the group, but that would be like saying the humpback whale was one of the smaller types of whales. Her breasts, by any normal metric, were still very large, each the size of a ripe cantaloupe.

Adelaide abruptly stepped away, letting go of his throbbing cock that twitched involuntarily. "Oh shit. I had no idea, Kori! Soo!"

Soo-young continued to rub herself against Brett, enjoying the touch of his palms upon her breasts even though he was no longer actively massaging them. She clearly hadn't been paying attention to the conversation that had been going on, but upon hearing her voice she opened her eyes.

"What?" She said breathily.

"Brett is Kori's *Ex*" Adelaide said pointedly.

"Oh?" Soo-young replied. "Oh! Oh, oh, oh! Sorry!" she too pulled away, leaving Brett standing alone, almost naked with his cock hanging out.

"We'll...give you some space" Adelaide said as she wrapped an arm around Soo-young's shoulders and led her outside to the open-air deck where they could find a set of plush chairs to sunbathe in.

"Kori...this is a surprise." Brett said.

"That's funny." She said with a smirk. "Somehow I'm *not* surprised to find you working in a place like this."

"Jesus christ..." Brett sighed. "Really, straight to insults?"

Kori shrugged, her breasts bobbing in the snug emerald green one-piece she wore. "It wasn't meant to be an insult. Just an observation..."

Kori and Brett had been a couple throughout their entire tenure at college. All the way up until a month before graduation when Kori had dumped him. She'd told him that she didn't want to go through life attached to someone without ambition. He'd been fun, something to help distract her from the stress of college, but she wanted to get serious, and Brett was not a serious man.

Brett shook his head. "It's just a summertime gig to make some cash. It's not like this is my calling"

Kori nodded "Of course not. If I'd leapt to *that* conclusion then I'd also have to assume that you had a calling in the first place."

Nice to see that she hadn't lost her edge.

"Enough about me." Brett said, hoping to deflect "What about you?"

“What about me?” Kori said with a smug smile. “I’m killing it, thank you very much. I’m a successful saleswoman for a medical equipment company. I’ve got the fastest growing pipeline on our team and I’m in line for a promotion!”

Brett couldn’t help himself from smiling at her audacity. Kori always had been good at spinning things to put herself in the best light. “Medical equipment? You sell implants...you’re not exactly saving lives. And speaking of...”

Brett nodded down towards Kori’s chest. Kori looked down at her own full chest, a tight valley of cleavage visible at the top of her swimsuit. “What about them?”

Brett snorted. “Don’t pretend that this isn’t wildly out of character for you, Kori. We spent four years of our lives together, four years during which I got to listen to you berate and deride those who decided to go under the knife. I remember one time you caught me jerking off to a pair of tits like yours and you practically tore my head off!”

Kori rolled her eyes “The past is the past, Brett. People change. I was a self-righteous overly opinionated college girl. Once I got a little taste of life, I realized how wrong I was about many things.”

“Uh-huh. Right.” Brett said, unconvinced.

“Also, if I remember correctly, the pair of tits you were shamelessly beating your meat to weren’t quite as big as mine...” Kori said with a smirk. With both hands she grabbed the straps of her one-piece and lifted, perking up her breasts with a bounce before setting them back into place.

Brett averted his eyes. She was taunting him. She knew he’d had a thing for big tits, and now that she had a pair, she was going to lord them over him. “How big are they?” He asked, staring off over her head.

“2000 ccs. Expander implants. Saliform’s top of the line model.” She moved her hands to cup underneath her projecting bust, lifting them up and squeezing them together. “They look good, don’t they?”

Brett allowed himself a peek. She continued to gently bounce them in place before him, looking up at him with a coy smile. He’d once been very familiar with these set of breasts, had explored every inch of them, had held them, squeezed them, played with them for four years.

Now they were huge, round, delightfully full, though they were still the same pair of breasts he remembered. He could see the familiar freckle on the inside of the right one, and on the left he recognized the light blue vein in the shape of an upside down Y that surfaced just above the neckline.

“They’re alright.” He lied. “The others are bigger”

Kori clicked her tongue. “Maybe. But they’re not mine...Do you want to touch them?”

Brett met her eyes. His mouth went dry. “Excuse me?”

Kori chuckled “Don’t pretend like you didn’t hear me. I asked do you want to touch them? To feel them? To squeeze them?”

Brett frowned. Something felt off, but he couldn't deny that he did want to do all of those things. Things hadn't always been good with Kori, but still he often missed her. Her showing up, looking like this, had been a shock at first but overall, he was pleased to see her. Especially if she wanted to perhaps pick things up where they'd left them. Even just a little fling would be nice.

Brett cleared his throat, as he stepped closer. "Yeah...yeah I would".

Kori cocked her head to one side. "Yeah?"

Brett nodded as he drew closer. "Yeah. They...you look amazing. I would love to take you right here on the bar if you wanted. I'm not like Jase, I don't sleep with the customers but...for you Kori, I'd break my rule"

Kori gave a light airy laugh. "Aw, how sweet. So...you're saying you want me?" She continued to playfully bounce her breasts up and down in her swimsuit.

"Yes. Very much so"

Kori laughed again, before her face turned as cold as ice. "Too fucking bad. I moved on from you a long time ago, Brett. You should do the same."

Brett dropped his hands to his sides. They'd been out in front of him eager to touch her. He let out a long sigh. Once again, he'd let himself be strung along by her.

"Oh, and don't bother trying anything with Soo or Adelaide." Kori added as she absentmindedly inspected her long, painted nails. "Those two know better than to cross me. Now that they know you're my Ex, you're officially off limits"

Brett rolled his eyes "Fine. Whatever. Anything else?"

Kori gave him an evil smile "Yes, now that you mention it...how about you-"

Kori's request, which was likely going to be undignified at best and downright disturbing at worst, went unvoiced with the arrival of her boss. Margaret Sinclair strode into the lounge wearing only a thong, her enormous breasts proudly on display. Her body was even more impressive bare, her subtly toned musculature evident in every movement.

"Kori, why aren't you out on deck with the others?" Margaret said as she strutted over from behind Brett. Her eyes lit up as she walked past him, taking note of his exposed form. "Oh, I see! Having a little fun with our new toys! And here I remembered you saying that you had no interest in engaging with, how did you put it, 'shallow himbos'?"

Kori blushed, uncomfortable being the focus of Ms. Sinclair's scrutiny. "We were just talking ma'am. That's all." All of her bravado and venom had vanished, like ice melting in the sun.

"Then why is his cock out?" Margaret asked as she looked back and forth between them. "Nice package, by the way...Sorry, I've forgotten your name."

"Brett" He replied.

“Right. Again, lovely to meet you, Brett. And lovely to meet you Brett’s cock” Margaret reached out and gave his erection a dainty pat on the head.

“That wasn’t my doing” Kori said, her nervousness evident in the way her words rushed out. “Adelaide and Soo-young were in here first, they were the one’s...playing with him”

“Ah...That makes more sense” Margaret said. “Disappointing. You really do need to loosen up sometimes, Kori. That’s why we’re here after all”

Kori nodded, her blush deepening. “Yes, ma’am”

“Brett.” Margaret said, turning to him and flashing a smile. “Be a lamb and lotion me up with that sunscreen, will you?”

He nodded as he grabbed the bottle off the counter “Of course, Ms. Sinclair”

She wrapped her arm through his and led him outside, leaving Kori standing alone. “Please, call me Margaret. Now, I want you to take your time with the lotion, especially on my chest...you’ve got big hands and I’m looking forward to feeling them on me.”

Brett let himself be led away by the woman with breasts the size of basketballs. He spared one last look at Kori over his shoulder as they left the lounge. He’d expected her to be fuming or perhaps staring icy daggers. Instead, he witnessed her looking severely anxious, her lips twisted into a nervous knot. Odd...

Further thought on the matter was put on hold when a tug on his arm and the feeling of a very large breast pressing against his chest drew his attention. “Tell me Brett” Margaret said as they stepped into the golden glow of the afternoon sun. “Do you like big tits?”

“Yes, ma’am” He replied honestly.

She looked up at him with a ferocious grin. “Good”

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Twenty-four hours later found Brett alone below deck, emptying garbage bins. This wasn’t typically a task that was his responsibility during a charter, but with how things had turned out, he was just looking for anything to do to fill the time.

While guests were on board he was expected to play the role of manservant, catering to their every whim. Bring them drinks, serve them food, give them massages and foot rubs, so on and so forth.

The problem with that is, what if none of the female guests want anything to do with him?

Kori’s attitude towards him, unsurprisingly, remained frosty. She barely even thanked him the few times he’d brought her a cocktail or a plate of hors d’oeuvres. That was fine by Brett, there was no love lost there.

What was a little surprising was the shift in attitude from the remaining guests. From the years that they'd spent in a relationship together, Brett knew Kori to have a reputation for being all talk, and so he'd expected her promise of him being cut off from Adelaide and Soo-young to be nothing more than overly confident blather. However, apparently there had been some truth to what she'd said.

He didn't know if their avoidance was really a result of the two other sales reps being afraid of crossing Kori, or if it was just because they were polite. The real reason didn't matter; the result was the same. They were polite and cordial, which couldn't be said for Kori, but all flirting and sexual banter had been switched off. They avoided looking at him or touching him in any manner.

As for Margaret...she was a woman who was used to getting what she wanted. And so, when Brett politely declined the offer to bend her over the deck railing and plough her silly...she was none too pleased by that decision. No amount of explaining and referring to the company policies was enough to convince Ms. Sinclair that she hadn't been slighted, and so she too had cut off Brett.

So here he was, alone with nothing to do. He'd stayed close yesterday afternoon, as well as this morning, in case he was needed. Jase couldn't do everything, and so when he was busy Brett would be there to provide them with any service needed. What had instead happened was that the women all just waited until Jase was finished with his current task before asking him for something. Brett had spent the last two hours standing behind the bar in the lounge waiting for someone to order a drink, only for Jase to run in and make it himself whenever the need arose.

Finished with the garbage bins, Brett went to the galley for some lunch. He found the two deckhands in here munching on the remains of last night's dinner. He didn't even bother striking up a conversation with them as he grabbed the ingredients for a protein shake; he knew they wouldn't bother putting in any effort.

What an odd way to the end the season, he thought as he began scooping powder into the blender. For a little while yesterday, he thought this charter was going to be one to remember, and now it'd gone the complete opposite direction.

At least he hadn't gotten completely bored yet. Being around the guests but never being needed for service had put him in a unique position to observe. Already he'd learned a few things about the group that he normally would've been too busy running around handling tasks to notice.

Firstly, there was an unspoken but well defined pecking order. Margaret Sinclair was of course the queen bee, as she was the direct superior to the other three. There was no subtlety to her rule, but there was nuance to the group of sales reps. From what he'd gleaned they all held positions of equal seniority in the company, and yet they were most definitely not equal.

Brett had noticed it in the dynamics of how they interacted with the busty Ms. Sinclair. Their body language, their tone, their attitude, their demeanor. Adelaide was the head of the pack, the second in command. She always sat closest to Margaret when hanging out and had been at her right hand at dinner. She was the only one to call her Maggie and appeared to be the most comfortable speaking candidly with her.

Soo-young was next. She was more formal in her approach, but she wasn't uncomfortable. This of course left Kori in the rear. That nervousness, the anxiety that he'd spotted yesterday was a common theme regarding her interactions with Ms. Sinclair. Brett had assumed that Kori had likely been overselling her position when she'd said she was "Killing it", but that was no surprise to him. She'd always been overly focused on doing whatever she could to get ahead and was a strong believer of the old adage "Fake it til you make it".

It wasn't long after Brett had put this hierarchy in order that he'd realized a surprising coincidence. They were ranked in order of breast size. Margaret was of course the largest and reigned from the top of the pyramid. Adelaide was next largest and was Margaret's righthand woman. Kori was the smallest and was the least favored.

Brett wasn't sure if this truly was a coincidence or if Margaret's treatment of her underlings was directly related to how much they adopted the ultra-buxom bombshell look. They were all obviously enhanced, but there was a big difference when you compared the mega stacked Ms. Sinclair, to the merely busty Kori.

The more Brett observed, the more he decided that the concept wasn't as far fetched as one might think. It didn't take a master spy to deduce that Margaret Sinclair was obsessed with her breasts. Within an hour of arriving on the boat, she'd gone topless and had been the only woman to remain so for her entire stay aboard the Venus. Beyond that she was constantly touching them, bringing them up in conversation, and always positioned herself in such a way that they were the center of attention.

Whether the other women truly were as enamored by Sinclair's bust as she was, was irrelevant. For the most part they all played along regardless, complimenting her at every turn and wistfully wishing that they too could possess such a bountiful bosom.

Kori, for all her nervousness, had been the most vocal on the subject, which Brett found both surprising and expected. Expected as this was just another case of Kori being overly ambitious and willing to do whatever it took to get ahead. He remembered in their final year when she'd almost cheated on him with a professor just to bump up one of her grades by a few percentage points. Compared to that, this was a simple decision. If Margaret Sinclair valued large busts in her proteges than Kori would pump hers up as much as she could.

What surprised Brett about this development was her eagerness to go bigger even though he theorized that she'd only recently acquired her current set. She hadn't outright admitted it, but he'd noticed a number of details while watching her. More than a few times she'd bumped into tables and knocked over drinks with her projecting bust. She was also constantly fixing and readjusting her wardrobe which seemed to be ill-fitted to her current proportions, as if she hadn't had time to acquire proper clothes for this size.

If she'd only just recently gotten these implants then she wouldn't be able to upgrade for quite awhile, or at least that was Brett's understanding of the products. He hadn't done any venerable research on the subject, but he still felt certain with that base assumption. She shouldn't be thinking about making any changes for months at least.

If only he realized how wrong he was.



Finished with his protein shake Brett headed upstairs. His plan was to go to the bridge, see what Bradley was up to. Maybe the Captain had some spare weed that Brett could help himself to. Brett chuckled to himself. Maybe Bradley had spare weed? It'd be less of a sure thing to assume the sun wouldn't rise tomorrow.

The path to the bridge took him along the hall with the guest cabins. Last that Brett had checked, all the women were upstairs on deck enjoying cocktails and the sun with Jase, so he found himself stumbling with surprise when he heard a frustrated groan through the final cabin door on the left.

This was Kori's room, he remembered as he stared at the blank mahogany door. He wondered what she was struggling with, his curiosity deepening when she groaned again, this time followed by a curse under her breath.

Brett knocked on the door. Normally he'd leave a guest in their cabin alone, but this was no ordinary guest. Plus, he was already looking for something to do, might as well see if he could be useful here.

"Kori? You ok?" He called through the door.

"Fuck off, Brett!" Came her immediate response.

Brett shook his head, smiling despite himself. She'd gotten pricklier in their time apart; or perhaps he'd just never noticed before. "Are you sure there's nothing I can't help you with?"

Inside the room, Kori grunted again, louder this time, her frustration mounting until she snapped at him again "No! Go away!" Then much quieter she said. "Come on! Go in!"

"Kori..." Brett said, ignoring her demands to leave. "My job is to help the guests with anything they need. Anything. Let me help you. It's what I'm here to do."

Silence, followed by footsteps heading towards the door. He could see her shadow standing immediately behind the door through the crack at the floor. He stood waiting until finally there was a click as the door unlocked.

Brett opened the door, as Kori stomped her way back into her room. She was almost completely naked, wearing only a pair of black panties. Her breasts were fully bare, though upon Brett's arrival she'd placed her hands over their fronts, covering her nipples. Brett walked in, immediately noticing the mess of items laid out upon the bed.

There was several feet of thin clear tubing tangled up in a pile, as well as a number of large plastic cylinders which appeared to contain a transparent fluid. Laying off to the side near her pillow were two featureless squeeze tubes, both of them completely white.

"So...what's going on?" Brett asked, sliding his hands into his pockets as he looked at Kori.

"I can't get the needles into my ports" Kori huffed.

Brett cocked one eyebrow. "Pardon?"

"The needles!" Kori said, nodding towards the pile of tubing. "They're supposed to slide in so easily, but they're not! I've watched it done in promotional videos and they just stick them in easy peezy, but they won't FUCKING GO!" Her eyes flared at the end, her patience clearly at its limit.

Brett shook his head. "I don't know what the fuck any of that means..."

Kori jerked her head back at him. "Oh my god, you fucking idiot. THE NEEDLES WON'T FIT!!" As she shrieked at him, her hands flung towards the pile of tubing, gesturing furiously. Almost immediately she slapped her hands back to her chest, letting out a yelp of shock, her face going pink as she realized she'd just exposed herself. Indeed, Brett had gotten an eyeful of her delicate buds, which had made his breath catch.

"Ok" Brett said. "They won't fit. I get it. *Where* are they supposed to fit? Just assume I know nothing"

Kori took a slow deep breath, eyes closed as she calmed herself. She didn't open them when she spoke, as if just looking at Brett would set her off again. "My implants are expander shells, remember? I told you this"

"I remember"

"That means they can be expanded by filling them with saline. That's what's in the cylinders. The cylinders attach to the tubes which then feed the saline through the needles."

Brett nodded, a fruitless gesture with Kori's eyes closed. "Sorry" He quickly added, realizing she couldn't see him. "Yes, I get it"

"The needles," Kori continued. "Feed into the implants through ports. They're located at the base of each breast near my armpit. The needles are supposed to just slide in, but I can't get them in..."

"Alright, I get it now" Brett said. "So, you want me to put the needles in? I'm not a doctor, you know..."

"You don't have to be a doctor; they're supposed to go in really easy." She sighed. "Can you do it? If not, then please get the fuck out so I can continue without your annoying presence."

"Christ, calm down. I'll do it" Brett said. "Just...sit down"

Kori sat down at the edge of the bed, hands still held firmly against the end of her breasts while Brett leant over the bed and fished through the pile of tubing. Eventually he found the two needles, which he very carefully removed from the nest.

Crouching down on Kori's right, he peered at the side of her breast. "So...where exactly?" He asked, unsure of what he was looking for.

"Here" Kori said, reaching over with her other hand to point at a spot near where her chest met her armpit. Brett leaned in squinting, trying to discern what he she was pointing at. There was a tiny hole there, or at least he thought that's what it was. Slowly he lifted the first syringe and fed the tip into the port. It slid in painlessly, the needle sinking an inch deep into her flesh. The angle was awkward, Brett immediately understood why Kori would've had trouble doing this on her own.

"Got it" Brett said.

Kori let out a sigh of relief "Oh thank god, alright do the other"

Brett crossed over and fed the next one in with little difficulty. "Now what?"

“You just need to press down the plunger on the end of the cylinders. The tubes are already full of saline, so you don’t need to worry about air getting in”

Brett lifted the first large cylinder and pressed down the plunger. It was stiff at first, but the more he pressed the easier it got. Squeezing the plastic tight he pressed his palm down on the plunger, forcing the saline down the tube.

Sitting on the bed Kori softly moaned as she leaned back and rested on outstretched arms. She seemed to have gotten over Brett seeing them exposed as she said nothing when Brett leaned over to have a look. As he continued to press the plunger he was surprised to see that he could actually see it grow. Her right breast was visibly swelling as it filled with the saline that he pumped into it.

By the time he’d fully pressed the plunger in, her right breast had expanded outward by just over a full inch. It looked funny sitting on her chest next to its smaller cousin. Luckily it wouldn’t be smaller for long.

Brett grabbed the other plunger and pushed down, this time watching from the very beginning. A smile crept to his face as he watched her left breast slowly grow to match her right, pumping out bit by bit as it filled with more and more saline.

“Goddamn” Brett said as the left finished, once again symmetrical with the right.

Kori sat up straight, carefully reaching to her side to slide the needles free. “Pass me the lotion” she said, extending a hand towards him without looking at him.

Brett rolled his eyes as he grabbed one of the squeeze tubes from the bed and handed it to her. She popped the lid open and emptied half of the tube onto her chest. With that done she began to vigorously rub the lotion in.

“What’s that?” Brett asked.

“Patented Saliform elasticity enhancer. It helps my skin recover quickly...far quicker than normal”

“Huh, neat”

She nodded. “With this...I’ll be able to do another fill tomorrow”

Brett was mesmerized watching his ex-girlfriend spread lotion into her recently swollen breasts, hands moving in wide lazy circles, to the point that he almost hadn’t registered what she’d said.

“Wait...tomorrow?!”

“That’s right” she said, smiling confidently.

“You just went bigger, and now you want to go bigger again?” Brett asked.

Kori nodded “I’m pretty sure I’m bigger than Soo now, but I’m still smaller than Adelaide...” Her hands moved underneath her breasts, rubbing the lotion into the vast expanse of underboob.

“And that’s something you want? To be bigger than her?” Brett said incredulously.

"It's not about want, it's about need" she said haughtily. "I *need* to be bigger, because I *need* Ms. Sinclair to recommend me for that promotion. They're opening a division in Europe and are trying to decide the head of sales. I'm the obvious choice"

Brett stared at her with bewilderment before he broke out into laughter. "Holy shit..."

"What?" Kori said looking up at him.

"I can't believe I was right!" Brett said. "She really does rank you based on your breast size!"

Kori nodded "I know, it's ridiculous but...she's the one in charge"

She stood from the bed, finished with the lotion. She wobbled slightly as she adjusted to the change in weight. "How do I look?"

"Great, but you already knew that" Brett replied.

Kori gave him a small smile as she fished a bikini top out of her luggage. "Good answer"

With her newly grown breasts stretching her top tight, she made for the door, brushing past Brett as she did. She stopped on the threshold looking over her shoulder. "You coming?"

Brett grinned, nodding. "You're welcome, by the way" he said as he closed the door to her cabin behind him.

"Oh please" She shot back. "Just be happy you got to look at them"

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The next day around the same time, Brett was eagerly waiting around Kori's cabin. Ever since he'd helped her with her fill yesterday, there'd been a shift in the atmosphere.

Kori's gratitude for his assistance extended beyond the unintended peep show she'd given him. Her entire attitude had changed. She no longer averted her eyes, deliberately ignored him. He didn't have to worry about finding things to do that afternoon, as she kept him quite busy, topping off her drinks and bringing her snacks. She'd even smiled once or twice, though if he showed any sign of noticing it, such as smiling back, the expression quickly vanished from her face.

Kori's change in demeanor wasn't solely about him either. With her new, larger breasts, her rank had shifted within the group, and so her confidence had grown. She'd contributed more to the conversation, shared jokes and anecdotes, and overall been a far more magnetic personality. It seemed odd to Brett that so much should change with just a thousand extra ccs of saline, but there was no ignoring the reality.

Her change also hadn't gone unnoticed by her colleagues. When she'd strode out onto the deck with her breasts freshly swollen with saline, she'd smiled smugly while both Soo-young and Adelaide's jaws had dropped. Kori had settled into a lounge beside Margaret Sinclair, laying down and arching her back to thrust her chest forward just slightly, content to wait for her manager's approval.

Brett had watched Margaret turn and study Kori, then smile. "Looking good, Kori" she'd said, popping her breasts up and down with her pecs, as she often did when she was pleased. "Looking very good"

After such a reaction, Brett had assumed that perhaps Kori would no longer need to go bigger, having won her manager's approval. That all went down the drain at dinner, when Adelaide showed up topless, adopting her managers fashion style. Margaret had been thoroughly pleased to see someone else go au natural. Plus, there was no denying with her breasts out in the open that Adelaide was still bigger.

So, at breakfast, Kori had pulled Brett aside and demanded that he visit her room shortly before lunch. And so now Brett waited. He wasn't sure if she expected him to knock or not. He lifted his hand to rap once on the door, when it swung open before him.

"Good, you're here" Kori said, grabbing him by the wrist and pulling him in.

"Whoa!" He yelped as he was tugged in.

The syringes and tubing lay on the bed, though not nearly as tangled as they'd been the previous day. Beside them lay four cylinders, though only two were attached to the tubes.

"I'm ready when you are" she said with a no nonsense tone, plopping herself down at the edge of the bed and stripping off her t-shirt.

"Sure..." Brett said as he walked over to the bed to grab the syringes. "You're sure about this?"

"Damn sure" Kori said. She didn't bother covering her breasts at all today, hands moving expressively as she spoke. "I don't have a choice, do I! Fucking Adelaide, that bitch. She's always like 'Ooo, I'm a girl's girl, bestie!' but then she does what she did last night, showing up with her tits out just to show me up. Fuck her."

"Right." Brett said as he slid the first syringe in. "But why does that mean that you *have* to do it?"

"Because, if I don't then Adelaide will get the job! That's *my* job!"

"Will she though?" Brett asked.

"Margaret will absolutely recommend whoever of us is the biggest." Kori said.

"I get that, but surely they're going to consider more than just her recommendation. You did say you have the largest sales pipeline on your team."

"What's your point." She snapped.

"My point," he said with a sigh. "Is that I think there's more to this than you're willing to admit".

Kori snorted. "Oh good, insight from the yacht stripper..."

Brett stopped and gave her a look. She rolled her eyes but then apologized "Sorry, sorry."

"I'm just saying," Brett said as he moved to her other side, gently sliding the second syringe in. "I don't think this is really about the job. I think it's about you."

“What?” Kori said. “What are you insinuating?” She idly reached up and scratched around her right nipple, nails grazing against her smooth skin.

He knelt down in front of her. “I’m insinuating that you’d be doing this even if there wasn’t a promotion. You didn’t get these just to impress Sinclair. I think you really like them.”

Kori blushed, though her voice remained firm. “You don’t know what the fuck you’re talking about.”

“No?” Brett said as he grabbed the first plunger. “So, I guess I just imagined you strutting about proudly with them yesterday. I was just seeing things when I watched you finally act comfortable for the first time since boarding this ship.”

Kori pursed her lips as she planted her hands on her hips in annoyance. “Yes, you did imagine it. I didn’t strut, I’ve never strutted. Believe me, I just want these to be big enough that I beat out Adelaide so Sinclair will give me the job.”

Brett pressed down on the plunger, sending saline flowing through the tube. On Kori’s chest her right breast began to slowly swell as the fluid surged into the implant within. “Alright, alright. I believe you. Just answer one more question...”

“What...?” Kori mumbled. Her attention was focused on her chest, watching her one breast slowly expand larger as it was filled.

“What are those two cylinders for?” Brett said as he forced the last of the saline out of the cylinder with a firm shove.

Kori gasped then let out a groan as her right breast surged with the sudden rush of saline, jumping in size in a single moment. “Wh...what?” She breathed.

“The other cylinders” Brett asked, as he grabbed the cylinder attached to her left breast. “Those two on the bed. What are they for?”

“What do you mean?” Kori said, looking at him over her shoulder. She’d momentarily regained her composure, though her right hand was firmly planted on her freshly swollen breast, fingers sliding across it, feeling its new size. “You know what the cylinders are for?”

Brett nodded. “I know what these two are for” He shook the empty cylinder that he still held in one hand, and the full one that was in the other. “They’re to make you bigger than Adelaide, which, after I finish with this plunger, you will be. That was the goal correct?”

Kori nodded silently, not looking him in the eye.

“So, what are these two for?” He prodded. “They’ve been clearly set out to be used.” He began to push the second plunger, sending saline into her left breast. Kori audibly moaned as her other breast, began to grow to match the first one.

“They’re...they’re a backup.” She stammered. “Just in case some of the cylinders didn’t work...or if they didn’t make me big enough.”

Brett leaned down as he squeezed tight on the plunger. "Bullshit." He whispered in her ear. Kori let out another moan as her left breast plumped outward to match the right, the flow of saline stretching her beautifully.

"Just admit it, Kori" Brett said as he discarded the used cylinder on the bed. "Just admit that you like having huge tits. Admit that you want them bigger."

Kori stared at her chest, gazing with reverent awe at her breasts that had now surpassed Adelaide's. They were massive, firm orbs, hanging off her chest, projecting out eight inches easily. Her pale flesh was smooth and tight, stretched obscenely over the expander implants.

"Admit it." Brett repeated.

She looked up at him frowning. "Why? Why do you care?"

Brett shrugged. "Isn't it obvious? When we were together you knew I liked huge boobs, and you always shamed me for it. It'd be nice to know that you finally came around to my side on at least this one thing"

Kori looked at him blankly, then gave a short sarcastic laugh. "God, you're pettier than I remembered..."

Brett laughed "Maybe. So? Ready to admit it?"

Kori crossed her arms, resting them upon her bust. "I admit nothing. These are simply a means to an end."

Brett nodded "Great. So, I guess I can do this then." Leaning down he reached out and wrapped a hand around the syringe closest to him.

Kori's eyes shot open. A hand flew out to grab Brett's wrist. "What-what are you doing?!"

"I'm removing the needle" Brett said. "You're bigger than Adelaide now, you don't need these in anymore"

Kori bit her lip, refusing to let go of Brett's wrist.

"What?" Brett asked. "Did... you want more?"

Kori's lip squirmed as she looked away. "Fuck off..."

"Alright then" Brett said as he tugged against her wrist, moving the syringe free.

"No!" Kori yelled.

Brett held still, his eyes on his ex-girlfriend. Gently he slid the syringe back in, so it was fully docked within the port. Silently he stood, then reached across and grabbed the fresh cylinders of saline. Wordlessly he unscrewed the empty canisters and attached the full ones.

"What are you doing?" She asked, her voice nervous.

"Giving you what you want" Brett replied.

"That's not...it's...I..." Kori mumbled.

"Tell me to stop and I will" Brett said, holding the fresh cylinder up to her.

Kori's eyes met his, her lip trembling. It'd been a long time since he'd seen her this vulnerable. He was about to unhook the entire assembly when she quietly whispered.

"Do it."

Without looking away, Brett nodded, then squeezed on the plunger. It was harder this time, more resistance present in the lines with the added pressure. Holding the cylinder against him he heaved on it, forcing it down.

"Ohhh!!!!" Kori cried suddenly as her right breast jumped out half an inch. "Oh fuck! Fuck, fuck, fuck!"

"You, ok?" Brett asked.

Kori's head hung over her chest as she gripped the sheets with both hands. Slowly she shook her head, then paused, then nodded. "I...I think so. They're really fucking tight. Fuck!"

"Shit, ok, I'll stop"

"What?! No!!" Kori blurted out as she looked up at him, a desperate expression on her face. "Fuck that!"

Brett hesitated, surprised by Kori's sudden shift in mood. "Kori..."

"Brett" she said, turning at the waist to face him. Her massive breasts swung around before her, almost hitting him. "You're right...about me"

"Kori..." He started, but an upraised hand from his Ex silenced him.

"You were right, Brett. I...I do like them. I do want them bigger...like a lot."

Brett said nothing, sensing that Kori had more to say.

"It was just about the job at first. When I started, I noticed that all the other girls were enhanced, they all shared that experience, and it got them Sinclair's attention. So, I got mine done too. If this is what I needed to do to get ahead, then I'd do it. It's not like they're permanent. They're just implants; they can be removed..."

"What I didn't anticipate was how much I'd like them. You're right that when we were together in college, I was cruel to you regarding what you found attractive. I realized, after getting these, that my anger was born out of insecurity. Subconsciously I wanted to look like that, to be that big titty bimbo that you lusted over."

Brett sat down beside her, resting a hand on her knee. Her right breast, swollen noticeably larger than the left, extended out over his own lap, visible in his peripherals as he looked her in the eye. "Why not just say that? Why all the theatrics?"

Kori sighed, looking down. "Because it's you, Brett. I didn't want you to see me as a weird breast obsessed psycho. Especially after everything that I did to you. I didn't want you to judge me."



Brett shook his head. "I find that a little hard to believe. Why do you care about what I think of you at all? You're the one that dumped me. You said I was a lazy slacker who was holding you back."

Kori looked up at him. "I'm sorry for that. I was wrong. I mean...you are lazy, but you weren't holding me back. You were keeping me grounded. Once I started living life without you, I stopped taking the time to enjoy things. I just kept constantly rushing on to the next goal. I mean, look at just the past few days. I pumped these up to 3000ccs only yesterday and I'm already chomping at the bit to go bigger!"

Brett rubbed his chin as he looked down at her breasts. "So...what do you want to do?"

Kori placed her hand upon his own resting upon her knee and squeezed. "I want to keep going. I don't really have a choice at this point. Once the saline is in the implant you can't pull it back out. I guess we could stop with the right...but then we'd have to just sort of guess how much to put in the left to make them symmetrical. Might as well...might as well go all the way."

"You're sure? They're not too tight?"

Kori let go of his hand and gingerly slid her fingertips across the surface of her right breast. "It's not as bad as it was...I think...I think I can take it."

"You think?" Brett said.

Kori looked up at him with a confident smile. "I know I can. Fill me up"

Brett nodded, settling the half-filled cylinder into the crook in his arm to brace it. Then he set his right hand on the plunger and heaved.

"Oh fuck..." Kori groaned as the saline resumed flowing into her breast. "I can feel it growing! Goddamn that feels weird...but...I kind of love it!"

"Not too tight?" Brett asked as he continued to push hard on the plunger, his arm and chest muscles bulging as he exerted his strength.

"Oh, it's *really* fucking tight" Kori said with a nervous laugh. "I just don't give a fuck."

Brett pushed with all his might on the cylinder squeezing the last of the saline out. Beside him Kori was breathing heavily, brow furrowed, eyes squeezed tight. Brett watched as the last of the saline surged into her right breast, swelling it outward with one final surge of growth.

The difference between her two breasts was very obvious. The left was huge, yes, but the right was gigantic. Sitting upright it almost rested in her lap, a massive smooth sphere of skin. Her flesh was a deep shade of pink, a visible shine on its surface. Veins pressed against the surface of her supremely stretched skin, the surface tighter than the head of a drum.

"Fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck" Kori moaned, as she sucked in air rapidly through pursed lips.

"Too much?" Brett asked.

She shook her head vigorously. "Fuck no! Just...really goddamn tight...the lotion...I need the lotion"

Brett stood scrambling to find the squeeze tube that would provide Kori with relief, eventually locating it beneath her pillow. He held it out to her for her to take, but Kori shook her head.

"I can't" She whimpered. "It's too much...Please, Brett, help me..."

Brett didn't wait a single second. Flipping the cap, he turned it over and emptied the entire tube out onto Kori's breast. Then, very, very carefully, he began to massage it into her taxed flesh. Kori cooed softly as Brett's palms rubbed in slow circles, encompassing the globe of her breast with the rejuvenating lotion.

As he worked Brett remembered feeling Adelaide and Soo-Young's breasts briefly at the beginning of the trip. There's had been firm but with some softness to them, some plushness to the flesh. They had give. Kori's had no give whatsoever; the flesh stretched obscenely over the implant.

"That's enough" Kori said, her voice no longer strained. "I can take it from here. Do the other one"

As Kori moved to massage the lotion into her massive right breast, Brett moved to inflate the left. This time he didn't take any breaks, he just heaved hard on the plunger pushing it all the way down in one steady motion. With a grin he watched as her left breast expanded outward, skin stretching tight as it grew to match the right.

Kori winced as the left one reached its max size, though she seemed to have a better handle on it now. Brett grabbed the second tube of lotion and began to apply it to the left while Kori continued to work on the right.

"Jesus christ" She whispered. "These...these are really big!"

Brett nodded with a grin. "Yup. Not too big?"

Kori looked up from her work with a smile "Nope."

Together they continued on in silence until the lotion had been fully absorbed by her desperate skin. Brett shuffled back on his knees to give her some space.

"I can't tell from this angle" Kori said. "Are they...bigger than Ms. Sinclair's?"

Brett studied her for a moment, then nodded. They were definitely bigger. Each was a huge taut orb nearly the size of a beach ball. They covered most of her torso, bumping against one another in the middle, extending out past the edge of her chest. They were magnificent.

"Ready to go earn that promotion?" Brett asked as he stood, extending out a hand for his Ex-girlfriend to take.

Kori grabbed on to his hand but didn't stand. "Not yet" She purred. "I have to thank you first"

Kori pulled him towards her until the outer edge of her breasts pressed against his thighs. "Stay" She demanded as she let go of his hand.

"Kori" Brett said. "You don't have to do this. I was happy to help. I know you don't want to do this; you've been pretty clear that your feelings towards me aren't exactly affectionate."

Kori smiled as she reached over her breasts for his belt buckle "Oh my god, shut up Brett." Her smile widened into a hungry grin as she wrenched down his shorts and underwear freeing his already erect cock.

“For all the insight you seemed to have about me, you missed a pretty obvious detail” Kori said as she licked her lips.

“Since we first met, I’ve always thought that you were the most handsome fucking thing I’d ever seen” She reached out with one hand and grabbed his cock around the base. Brett let out a soft groan as her fingers clasped tight around him.

“We broke up because of my ambition, not because I fell out of love with you. I’ve missed you Brett, so much. I’ve kept you at arms reach this trip because I didn’t need the distraction from my goal of outdoing Adelaide. But being around you again made me remember that I need to slow down and enjoy things, not always be focused on what’s ahead. And baby?”

“Yeah?” Brett whispered.

“I plan to enjoy this” Kori said as she looked up at him with a devilish smile. Then before he could react, she reached forward, grabbed him by the ass and hauled him close. Her breasts pressed tightly against his legs as she craned her neck forward, mouth finding its way to the tip of his cock. She tried to plunge herself deeper but found herself stymied by her own bust. With them in between her and Brett she could only close enough to fit his glans in.

She pulled off of his cock laughing. “Oh my god, these things are so fucking big!”

Brett smiled. “Then let’s make use of them”

“Oh?” Kori said. “Oh!”

Kori let out a squeal of shock as Brett grabbed her beneath the armpits and heaved her up on to the bed. She landed amidst her pillows with a soft thud, enormous breasts swaying wildly atop her.

“You were never that strong before!” Kori said as Brett clambered on top of her, pulling off his shirt.

“Yeah, I’ve bulked up a bit over the years” he said as he shuffled forward, straddling her midsection.

“I like it” Kori said, smiling up at him past her breasts. “So? You said you wanted to make use of them?”

Brett placed a hand on either side of her tits holding them steady as he slid his cock in between them. With his erection hovering in place, he pushed her breasts together completely sandwiching his meat.

“Oh fuck” He groaned feeling the immensity of her breasts surrounding his member.

“I know” Kori breathed, running her hands through her hair. “I can feel you between them. Mmm, I’ve missed your dick”

Brett began to thrust, sliding himself in between the two giant tits he held together. His motions sped up as beneath him Kori moaned with increasing intensity. It didn’t take long for him to cum, his cock emptying his load deep within her cleavage.

“I hope you’re not done” Kori said as she reached up to run her hands over her breasts.

He was not.

Kori folded her legs, planting her feet on the mattress and spreading herself wide for him. Brett looked down at the glistening pink flower that awaited him.

Throughout the entire charter season Brett had been a model employee. The official rules of the company forbid employees from engaging in sexual intercourse with guests. He'd been tempted often, but in every single moment of craving he'd held strong. Until this one.

Not a thought in his mind was telling him to stop. He practically dove into her, slamming himself up to the hilt as his hands found their place upon her breasts. Kori screamed with delight as he filled her as he once had long ago.

"Oh god, yes" Kori moaned as Brett began to work in her. "I don't care how much I scream, how much I cry, how much I wail...don't you fucking stop"

Brett, as always, was there to give the guests *whatever* they wanted.

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By the time they'd finished it was dinner time, and so after enjoying a shower together, the two ascended to the upper deck. There they found Margaret and Soo-young waiting for them at the table.

"Kori!" Margaret said, with an appraising smile. "Well, well, look at you!"

"Evening, ma'am" Kori said, sitting down beside her. She too had taken up the topless look, though that was mostly because none of her clothes would come close to fitting her now.

"I'm impressed" Margaret said as she eyed Kori's titanic tits. Brett could tell seeing them side by side that indeed Kori was bigger. That job was hers.

"Thank you" Kori said. "I hoped you'd say that"

Margaret nodded "I'm sure. Although..."

"What?" Kori asked.

"Knowing now that this was your plan...I wish you'd come to me" Margaret said.

Kori pursed her lips as she studied her superior. "I don't understand..."

"I respect the efforts you've made on your own, Kori" Margaret explained. "But if you'd talked to me, then I could've helped you really make a splash..."

Kori snorted "I think I did alright on my own, Ms. Sinclair. I'm easily the biggest in the company now. I'm bigger than you!"

Margaret smiled, bouncing one breast with a flex of her chest. "Yes, you're bigger than me, something I intend to soon rectify...but unfortunately darling, you are not the biggest in the company"

Margaret looked over Kori's shoulder. Kori, and Brett, turned to look in the direction that Margaret's eyes were pointed at. There, being wheeled into the room, was Adelaide.

She was humungous. Her breasts were each the size of yoga balls, tight round globes over two feet across. She walked with them resting upon one of the galley's rolling carts, used to move supplies around. She moved awkwardly, unsurprising with two breasts hanging off her that likely weighed more than the rest of her combined.

"What the fuck?!" Kori yelled.

"That job...is mine!" Adelaide said through gritted teeth as she stopped beside the table, breathlessly leaning forward to rest against her breasts.

"Adelaide recognized what you were doing yesterday afternoon" Margaret explained. "And didn't want to be beaten. I was all too happy to lend a hand. My position gives me access to unlimited supplies of saline, as well as prototype lotions. That could've been you if you'd just came to me instead of sneaking around."

Kori stood up and stomped away, furious at being outdone. Brett, took one last look at Adelaide, currently struggling to move her colossal cannons off of the tray and on to the table so she could sit down, before he followed.

"Kori!" He called. "Kori! Wait up!"

"What do you want, Brett?" She snapped back at him.

"I wanted to see if you're ok?" He said, following her into her cabin.

"I'm annoyed" she said. "I hate being outmanoeuvred. But, I'll be fine"

Brett nodded, watching her as she began to pack. "Ok, good. So...what's next?"

Kori looked up at him. "Next? What's next is I go home and start re-strategizing. Europe is clearly off the table now; I'll never be able to catch up to Adelaide. But I hear we may be attempting to branch out into South America as well. I'll have to get ass implants..." She shrugged, as her face fell into an expression of resigned acceptance.

Brett shook his head. "I meant about us."

Kori stopped, turning to give him a sad smile "Oh Brett... there is no us. This was fun, really fun. I enjoyed myself, and I appreciate you helping me get out of my own way regarding my love of the girls" She reached out with her hands and hefted her breasts up for emphasis "But... nothing foundational has changed about either of us since we've broken up. You and me together? It would never work..."

Brett sighed, nodding. He should've expected as such out of Kori. "Alright...well, it was nice to see you again..."

"Don't look so sad" Kori said, fishing around in her purse. "Here. Take my card. Text me. Whenever we're in the same town let's meet up. Just because we aren't right for each other doesn't mean I won't miss that body."

Brett took the card and left Kori to pack. He sighed as he walked down the hall towards his cabin. As he closed the door behind him, he pulled out his phone and sent a text to the number written on her card. Seconds later she responded...with a topless photo of her and her glorious tits in the mirror.

Brett grinned as he began to write out a reply. What a way to end the season...

**THE END**