

## A Christmas Story - Preview

*But Dawn? Why don't you just buy a newer, better one? The guys would love that, right? And you sound like you would have fun too!*

Yea yea, I hear you. Trust me. These things cost money though. They replaced implants, but they didn't replace the price. It might sound ridiculous to some of you, but unfortunately a girl has to pay her rent before she can go out buying a flashy new boob-gun. I can hear you moaning. I hate it too.

*What about everyday life? Wouldn't these devices change everything?? Can they be hacked? Can men use them on unsuspecting women?? How can I invest in these companies? Are they allowed in the workplace? What if they malfunction and end up making you grow and grow and grow and your boobs never stop and--*

You ask a *lot* of questions. Listen, for the most part life is a lot more fun than it was before boosters were invented. There's an entire porn industry built around girls blowing their bras and shirt open. You'll see all sizes walking down the streets. The wealthier the areas you go, the bigger you'll see. Big-production music video on a yacht? Yea, there are going to be a couple of girls filling out a bikini *and* their laps. Fancy restaurant or bar on a Friday night? You can expect some dressed filled to the max.

Some girls carry mini versions in their purses like an overnight toothbrush so they can maintain a good size throughout the day. Some even do it at work. *I* don't; I'm not that desperate for a raise...yet. Some can afford the higher-up models that will keep them at a nice size for a few days. Small-breasted women aren't much of a stereotype for Japan anymore, either. The cosplay industry is literally bigger than ever.

All in all, society adjusted fairly quickly. Better than you would expect. There are still plenty of women who are small chested and prefer not to mess with it. The majority of women don't boost themselves for their own enjoyment, actually. It's more become an aspect of dating. *I* don't mind boosting the girls every now and then for a bit of personal fun or a date night. I'm not ashamed to admit having a big pair of knockers makes my engine purr! Would I like to get a stronger gun? *Absolutely*; I routinely get off on my growth. Do you have a few thousand to donate to my cause? Crap... Didn't think so...

It's fine, though. Ol' Faithful has served me well. Even after all these years, my pulse still races whenever I reach for my booster. Right now is no exception. It took very little decision-making skills on whether to start my vacation off with a movie or some relaxing personal time. Just to be safe I turned on the TV to help drown the noises I was about to make.

The handle was cold in my hands. "Make it a good one," I whispered to the booster, looking over its dilapidated exterior before kissing it hopefully.

Placing the nozzle against my right breast, I pulled the trigger.