

Chapter 8

After our exchange over messenger, I hop in the shower and clean up. *My god she is perfect... She also understands me and my fetish... and somehow can fulfil it... I don't care what cosmic power or witchcraft this is, just keep it coming!*

The afternoon turns to evening and I get a message from Mandy, a picture. She is out shopping somewhere and in a changing room by the looks of it. She has a T-shirt on that seems to be a bit small and I'd guess it isn't meant to be that low cut. The photo is captioned "I think I am too big for this top..."

Dan: You most certainly are, although it looks good.

Mandy: You would say that, maybe this is better? A look in the future perhaps?

Mandy is now bursting out of the T-shirt; she must've grabbed a smaller size because she is absolutely overflowing the top. Acres of pale flesh on show as the top seems to even be tearing in the front. She is pulling a shocked face as if she suddenly grew. *She is perfect.*

Mandy: I'll take that as a yes. To show you what I meant earlier when I said I'll reward you, here is a freebie.

A 10 second video comes through. The screen is filled by Mandy's beautiful face, her plump lips parted slightly as she is slightly panting. Then she tilts her head down but keeps staring into the camera. I then see a thick nipple for the briefest of moments before it enters her mouth, her lips envelope the stiff protrusion and she starts to suck. The action causes her to close her eyes and let out a moan as the video cuts out after a few seconds. The shock of the incredibly hot sight on my phone immediately gets me hard, it doesn't take very long at all for me to lose control and cum.

Mandy: Now I hope you understand I was serious. Tell me when you cum to my tits.

Dan: Message received.

Mandy: Good.

Dan: Also... I just did.

Mandy: Good <3 Gotta go take care of myself now... They won't mind if I use their changing rooms do you think?

Dan: I don't see why not; I wouldn't stop you.

Mandy: I know :P ttyl x

Mandy then goes offline. *Tomorrow will be interesting...*

I wake up before my alarm, excitement driving me out of bed in record time. No messages from Mandy overnight. I quickly get to work early as usual and do all my jobs so I can spend some time with Mandy before we start trading.

The doorbell goes. *She's here.* I feel a stirring in my pants.

I open the door and indeed it is Mandy. Since I last saw her on Saturday she has grown. Before you can fully survey the changes, she bounces forward causing her bust to quake, I swear I hear her shirt groan.

“Morning Dan” she says in an overly bubbly voice.

“Morning Mandy.”

“We need to talk” she says sternly, the bubbly voice gone.

“Er, sure let’s head to the office” she leads the way to your office. The excitement still coursing through you, you can’t help but stare at her plump ass as it sways before you.

It sounded serious, focus!

Mandy takes a seat by your desk and gestures to you to take a seat behind your desk.

“What did you wa-” you start but she raises a finger to her lips to silence you.

“I meant what I said on Friday night, we shouldn’t be doing this.” she frowns, as do you. “But over the weekend I realized something” she leaves a dramatic pause. “I don’t care, I’m having fun and so are you, so who cares.”

“If you are sure, you likely know my stance on it all” you chime in.

“I do indeed.”

“I don’t want to upset you or make things awkward; I think you are amazing and-” she raises her finger once more, cutting me off.

“I know and I know what you think of me but there is something else.”

I give her a puzzled look.

“Sometimes you are so observant but sometimes you are so blind” she giggles.

In one quick motion she thrusts her chest out and arches her back. Her shirt cannot stand the sudden change in pressure and the buttons on her shirt snap off exposing her vast cleavage within her much too small bra. My mouth drops as I just ogle her bust.

“You didn’t notice I grew, I had to inform you” she gives an innocent smile. “But more than that... *you* are the reason I am growing. I could actually feel them growing yesterday during our fun. You are the reason I can’t fit in my top today.” suddenly her demeanour changes, she’s on the attack.

“I’m growing... for you...” she rests her heavy tits on the edge of the desk. They take up a considerable portion of my desk. They look massive.

“How... How...B...” I stutter.

“Speak up Danny, what’s the matter, boobs got your tongue?”

“How...Big?”

“I thought you’d never ask” she reaches down into her bag and throws a bra at me. On quick inspection I notice the clasp is broken on the back.

“Read it” she commands.

I glance at the label and read aloud. “H cup...”

“That was Friday’s bra” she throws another broken bra.

“J cup...”

“Sunday’s bra” She throws another one, this time it seems to be newly acquired.

“L cup” I say shocked.

“That’s today’s bra... well, I’m yet to put it on.” She gives me a big grin before once again she thrusts out her chest. The effect is mesmerizing as her boobs seemingly expand across the top of my desk taking up more space. With an audible snap I notice her bra straps suddenly stop digging into her shoulders and her boobs surge forward an inch or so.

She broke her bra. I sit there dumbfounded as she slowly traces the swell of her breast over the bra cup. With her index fingers she lowers her cups slowly and seductively exposing more flesh.

“Oops,” she says innocently. “Guess I’m just too big for my itty-bitty bra?” she pouts.

Arousal starts to take over as my erection starts to strain against my work trousers. My face feels hot, and my breaths become shallower. My eyes don’t leave her fingers as they finally remove the cups entirely and expose her L cup tits.

“I hope you don’t mind if I change right here boss?”

I’m incapable of forming words.

“I’ll take that as a yes. Can you pass me back the bra please?”

I struggle to think to move my arms, but it seems it was a rhetorical question as Mandy has already stood up and leans over my desk. Her heavy breasts hang before my face, a huge wall of cleavage fills my vision.

“I’m going to need your hands boss.”

I nod subconsciously.

“You hold the cups on my boobs, and I’ll do the strap... Easy right?”

I nod again as I gently hold the cups under her hanging tits. After a few moments she starts grunting.

“It doesn’t seem to want to fit. I’m going to need you to lift my boobs, so I have slack on the strap.”

I don’t know or care if this is part of the act but when my hands lifted her heavy tits, I was transported to cloud nine. Thanks to gravity they bulged over the cups and looked even bigger. The feeling of her soft expanse in my hands was so arousing I thought I might cum right then.

“Really squeeze them, don’t be shy, I need the slack.”

I lift her boobs more and squeeze them against her torso more. Her bloated tits feel even firmer with the added pressure. After a few moments she does the clasp up for the bra and lifts herself from the leaning position to fully standing in all her glory. Mandy was finally in her bra, her huge breasts sticking out from her chest mightily, I even noticed that her breathing had increased as her boobs were rising and falling rapidly as she tried to calm herself down.

“There, my monsters are contained” she says, smiling at me.

“Only just” I add.

Her breathing increases. *Maybe I can have some fun at her expense too?*

“Won’t be long until you bust out of that bra too...How long do you think it’ll be?”

She looks equally shocked and turned on by my sudden change in tone. I stand up on the other side of the desk. Her eyes look straight at my crotch.

“Maybe this afternoon? You said my cum will make you grow? We can test that theory... see how big those “monsters” can get, I’m ready to go” I say stroking my cock through my trousers.

Suddenly she jumps forward and grabs me by my collar and pulls me towards her over the desk, our lips collide, and she starts to make out with me. My hands rise to grab her boobs when the phone rings.

We both stop and jump, realizing that we are both in work and it’s almost time to open. I take a second to calm my breathing whilst Mandy stares at my crotch whilst groping her tits. *She is really helping huh.* I pick up the phone.

“Hello?”

“Dan, what the hell are you doing, its 5 past 9 and your shutter is still down!” Luke angrily barks down the phone.

“Oh, sorry Luke, we had an issue with the inventory. We will open now.”

“You better, luckily nobody is waiting but shit, get it together, I’m trying to run a business here.”

Mandy is still staring shirtless and groping herself in a daze.

“We’ve got to open now. You’ll need to cover up the girls.”

“Sorry... you go ahead, I’ll be there in a minute... I need to calm down” she says with a spaced-out tone.

I rush out the front whilst adjusting myself and open the shop, just in time to have the first customer head over. I serve them and as I finish, I notice Mandy heading out onto the shop floor wearing another left-over zip jacket from the staffroom. The glazed look has left her eyes as she beams a smile over to me. She jiggles herself toward me.

“You said I’m amazing, but you aren’t too bad yourself Mr” she says, quickly looks around and grabs my crotch which is already hard from the jiggle display moments ago. “I think we are going to have a lot of fun. Especially when these get bigger...” she inhales “and bigger...”

I look down and see the jacket which was formally fat Phil’s is now doing its best to hold her bust as it looks to be getting tighter by the second. Slowly after giving another look around, she slowly traces her fingers up and down my shaft a few times and presses her chest into mine.

“Although if you think you’ve got a chance at being better than me Danny, you are going to find out rather quickly, I always win.” still stroking my erection her free hand lowers the zip on the jacket revealing her pale orbs to me once more. She isn’t wearing her bra and she can see the reaction on my face.

“You noticed, good on you Danny. It was getting a bit tight” she says as she firmly grips my cock and gives it a few strokes. That is all I need to lose control and cum. I hold onto the till for support as my knees become weak and I hold in my moans with sharp shallow breaths.

“Oops, made a mess” she rubs her finger over the forming wet spot on my trousers and pops it into her mouth. “Mmmm, I. *always* win.”