

One thing I always knew about myself is that I always loved large women. Curvier the better. It is a very key reason why I decided to drunkenly stumble across the bar to Kate. The brunette was more than a few shots into the night herself but despite probably failing every charisma check that night due to our intoxication, we hit it off.

One date turned into two into moving in together. It was going great.

When I met Kate, she was bordering 180 lbs and was certainly considered plus size, but she held it on her frame well. She had curves in all the right places, and she was well aware of that. Her wide hips supported her generous ass that filled out her dress that first night, so much so that the hem of the dress rode up more than once and you could get a glimpse of the underside of her perfectly plump cheeks.

Her midsection was plush, it wasn't flat and firm like most of the women at the bar trying to get a drink from one of the other single people present. It was soft, it wasn't hidden as her dress was too tight, but she didn't seem to mind. It wasn't a turn off for me, I did love feeling it squish between my fingers. To my surprise, Kate wasn't opposed to it.

However, Kate was much more about what she had going on up top.

Kate was busty. Very much so.

When I met Kate, she was stacked, her tits were her most prominent feature. I didn't notice them from across the bar, I heard her laugh first and that drew my attention to her, I saw how she stood out from the crowd. She was unashamedly plus size, she flaunted it and was happy with her figure. Imagine my surprise when she turned around and I was greeted by her tits.

Huge.

Tits.

I later found out that they were H cups. I didn't even know that bra's went past D. How wrong I was.

Her breasts were a fixation for us both. She loved the effect they had on me; she would often tease me with them even if we couldn't do anything about it. She just loved seeing how enamoured I was by them, and she loved my lustful gaze on her.

It was quickly apparent that we were both suffering from a big tit fetish. It wasn't long before Kate admitted that she had looked into NBE. I had never heard of it, so she filled me in.

Natural Breast Expansion.

I can still remember the shock I felt when she said it. I remember thinking "She wants to be bigger?".

My shock was quickly turned into arousal once I had processed it. Of course, It certainly helped that after her admission she pressed her chest into mine and started to ram her tongue down my throat.

Breast expansion.

Two words that once looked out of place when sat next to each other, they were now the words of fantasy. Kate had a breast expansion fetish, she had seen stuff when she was younger, just as she started to develop her own boobs, she found it arousing. Every few nights she would measure herself and masturbate to BE porn.

She didn't want to get implants, she didn't like the fakeness, no, for her it was real homegrown or nothing at all.

Thankfully for her, she had developed a sizable pair. But it was not enough.

We started to roleplay scenarios to feed into her kink and my rapidly growing obsession. I remember one particular night well; it had been about two months since she had introduced me to the wonderful world of BE and every night we had been keeping up with our massages to stimulate the NBE and she was already seeing growth.

I arrived home and as I walked through the door, I had a message from her.

“Come to the bedroom...”

Ominously aroused, I kicked my shoes off, dropped my laptop bag and rushed up the stairs. I can remember the excitement so vividly. I practically bust through the door and found Kate standing by the mirror. From my angle I couldn't see her front. I started to rush over but Kate's hand rose to signal me to stop.

“Slowly...”

I cautiously approached her.

I remember feeling the hardest I have ever been until that point; it took everything for me not to rush her right then and there.

Standing behind her, I couldn't quite see her front, but I looked over her shoulder and I could see her breasts hiked up high. It looked like a shelf of titflesh. To get a good glimpse of her bra, I needed to look in the mirror. How her breasts had bulged so obscenely over the cups made me lose my restraint.

I wrapped my arms around her, and my hands went straight to her magnificent tits. In my hands I could feel how much larger they felt, in hindsight, it was my brain playing tricks on me. At that moment, I felt almost ready to bust. Kate ground her ass against my cock, and I started to kiss her neck and join in her gyrations.

She spun around and pushed me backwards, holding me at arm's reach away. She stood before me in only her underwear. My eyes were fixated on her chest, taking in every new

inch that I thought I saw. The bra was so tightly packed that I wondered how much longer it could hold on.

Not long.

No words were needed, Kate gave me one more push and I took a step backwards and sat on the bed. I looked at my lover from this new point of view and I could see how much strain the bra was under. She arched her back and took a deep breath. The creaking of her bra filled the room and then a sudden snap.

I watched as time seemed to slow and a tidal wave of tits burst free from their lacey prison. Her huge melons jiggled and quaked as they bounced against each other. I couldn't react fast enough, and I found them being shoved into my face.

That night was the first time she outgrew a bra. It wouldn't be the last time she outgrew her clothes, but you never forget your first.

As we grew older, inevitably, her metabolism slowed. This meant my plush 180 girlfriend had turned into my 220 fiancé.

Her ass bulged, her hips widened, her legs thickened as did her arms, but her tits exploded. Two cup sizes in six months. She kept her "puny" H cups and would wear them after I had a hard day at work to rile me up when I walked through the door.

Still, despite her growth, it wasn't enough. We found ourselves still looking for more. She would stuff herself silly in hopes that she would grow but every calorie was settling on her waistline rather than her tits.

I left Kate that morning for work and she was feeling quite different, something was off. I didn't like to see her like that, let alone leave her.

I asked if she wanted me to call in sick to work and she declined. She said she had some things to sort out before she went back to work.

I begrudgingly left her.

The whole day it was either radio silence for long stretches or one-word answers. I popped to the florist on the way home, picked up some chocolates and ordered a takeaway so that we might be able to drown our sorrows in some food.

I got out of the car and grabbed the flowers and chocolates and entered our home.

"Kate?"

"I'm in the den." Her sweet voice called.

I walked through the hall, into the kitchen and towards the den. I stopped because on the floor there was some tattered fabric.

I crouched down to pick up the torn fabric and quickly came to realise what it was.

That is one of Kate's shirts...

Holding the shirt up, the shirt had torn on the armpits and around the collar.

She's setting me up.

I knew that the ripping pattern implied that she had burst through her top, I saw a bra closer towards the doorway to the den and I picked that up as well. Upon inspection I saw the clasp on the front hadn't just snapped: it was utterly destroyed.

My cock twitched and I was eager to walk around the corner into the den to meet Kate.

I was wholly unprepared for what I was about to see.



"Hey babe..."

