

Gotta be Love Part 1

“Ok, class! Let's quiet down now. Just because it's nearing spring break doesn't mean there isn't history left to cover,” Mrs. Lee announced. I looked up from my book, putting it back in my bag and replacing it with my notebook.

The professor continued while I found my most recent page of notes. “As you know, today we will be starting in our group project.” The class groaned in unison. I had to agree with them; a group project the week before break was the last thing I wanted to do. But I desperately needed this grade to keep my GPA up.

“If you don't procrastinate, it won't be so painful,” Mrs. Lee assured, “Just work together and you could even have it done in two or three nights.”

She continued to drone on while my mind began to drift. I had checked out of school. Officially. I was too busy thinking about my spring vacation: a fun-filled trip to the California coast with my two best friends. Being from the Northwest, a warm beach was hard to come by.

“June?”

I couldn't wait to feel the sand between my toes, get a nice bikini tan line, maybe meet a cute guy...

“June?”

But most importantly, I wouldn't have to worry about school for an entire week. In fact, at this point, I think my only worry would be dodging any wardrobe malfunctions with my swimsuit! I'll practically be living in my bikini. Maybe if our hotel has a deck I'll get some nude sunbathing in, that would really get me ready for the coming summ--

“June!”

I looked up, immediately blushing. Mrs. Lee was looking directly at me, as was the majority of the class. “I-I'm sorry?”

“So glad you could pull yourself back from the brink. As I was saying; June, you will be paired with Parker for this project. Your assignment is the evolution of feminism throughout the last one hundred years.”

“Yes! Got it!” I quickly confirmed. Some chuckles floated around, making me felt hot and claustrophobic in my shirt. Being the center of attention was one thing I hated. But with another few painfully drawn out seconds the moment passed and Mrs. Lee continuing to assign partners. The attention had shifted away from me, and I could feel myself cooling off. I could swear my forehead was sweaty.

Who is my partner again?, I asked myself. I had been so startled that I had forgotten to actually listen. *Parker!*, my mind flashed. *Wait, who's Parker?*

“Parker, you've already heard your assignment, unless you've joined June in her daydreaming,” my professor said.

“I heard.”

I seized the moment and looked towards the masculine voice. A taller guy sitting to my right looked back at me. His hair was red and looked long, but sat on top of his head in a mess of natural curls. He had a face so clear it made me ashamed of the few pimples I had. He smiled at me, and his teeth looked like his parents had spent quite a bit at the orthodontist in the past.

So that's Parker..., I realized, *He's not bad looking*. How I had gone through nearly this entire semester not learning his name was beyond me. How could I ignore someone like him?

I was blushing again. I felt a slight twinge of that feeling from elementary school when you have a crush on someone simply because they looked at you for more than two seconds. I quickly shied away. Had someone turned on the heater in my shirt again? I wanted to pop open a button to cool myself off, but doing so would have displayed a bit more cleavage than I'm used to.

"For the remainder of the period you can get together with your partner and start working. Remember, these presentations are *before* you leave for break." Mrs. Lee sat down with a huff and began looking over papers on her desk. I guess we were on our own.

The room erupted into talking and the screech of desks sliding across the floor. My own desk jolted suddenly as another was rammed into it. Looking up I saw Parker pulling out some notes.

"Ready to get started?" he asked. Parker seemed very driven; much more prepared than I was. I liked that.

"Uh..." I smartly replied.

He laughed a little, "I'm Parker, if you hadn't guessed already. I don't think we've spoken once all semester! You're June, right?" He held his hand out to me, and my hands went clammy. Thankfully my breasts were muffling the sound of my heartbeat; it was thumping so fast in my chest Parker might have heard it otherwise. I reached over my desk and shook his hand awkwardly.

"Ah!" I flinched as static discharge struck between our hands.

He chuckled. "Sorry, guess I just have a bit of an electric personality."

I laughed. Way too hard. Why was I so nervous around this guy? I was no amateur to the dating scene; I had had my fair share of dates and a guy here and there to keep me company during the night. And I'm fairly confident I'm at least *somewhat* attractive. I managed to keep myself fit, a toned frame well suited for my average womanly height. I had a unique matching of green eyes with dirty blonde hair that tickled my shoulder blades and a personality that I thought had a lot to offer. My body itself was nothing to sneeze at either; my chest had bloomed to a pair of full D cups early in high school, much to the envy of the girls around me. I got hit hard with the puberty stick, so to say.

So why was I having such a difficult time composing myself around Parker? I wasn't new to guys, and yet, I felt like if someone didn't open a window soon I would have to start stripping to try and cool myself down.

Parker was busy organizing his notes next to me. “So where do you think we should start, June?”

I stared at him blankly. “I-I’m going to be honest, I completely missed everything Mrs. Lee said since she walked in.”

I made him laugh, and it was a great feeling. There was a strong, hearty depth to his laughter. “I thought you looked a million miles away! Ok, I’ll catch you up. I’m your partner, Parker, and we have a lovely presentation to give together by the end of this week on the evolution of feminism in the last one hundred years.”

“Right!” I suddenly remembered. “Lucky for you, I’m a female.” *What the hell was I saying?*

“Yea, I, uh...I can see that!” There was that glorious laugh of his again.

Wait. What did he mean by that? ‘I can see that’? Does that mean he had been checking me out? Did some part of my body slip and flash him?? Did I forget to wear pants? My inner monologue needed to shut up. I think I was blushing so hard I actually made him blush in response. He quickly looked back to his papers.

My heart was beating my boobs into my bra. It felt tight and wound around me, and I suddenly became very aware of my size and how tight of shirt I had decided to wear that day.

I wonder if Parker was a boob-man.

Without thinking I crossed my arms under my bust, giving the girls a little boost. I think I liked Parker. Or was at least interested in him from the few words we had exchanged.

He collected himself, and I could tell he was straining to make eye contact. “Well, Ms. Female, how should we structure our presentation? I’m not quite sure if there are any visual aids we could really use.”

“We don’t wear those really pointy bras anymore! I could try and find one of those and bring it in with one of my bikini tops! It’s *much* more revealing than swimsuits were one hundred years ago!” A pocket of silence fell around us.

Shut up shut up shut up! You need to fix this and reel yourself in, NOW!

I stammered, “Y-You know, to show how women’s wardrobe has changed... Over the years...”

Nice... Expert save.

But it was too late. I could see that his great efforts had been broken, and his eyes had shot to my tits when I mentioned my bikini top. And why wouldn’t they? I all but gave him an invitation that read, ‘Hey! Have you noticed my rather well-developed chest? You should imagine it in a tiny pink bikini top!’

His eyes quickly rose back up to meet mine, but it was obvious I had caught him staring. His face looked as red as the bikini he was probably imagining, and I felt like my bra was about to burst. Literally, I felt like my tits were overflowing my bra cups. And if I wasn’t mistaken, my nipples were having a jousting match with my padding.

I giggled, trying to relieve the tension. A massive jiggle emanated from my boobs and I quickly realized that I wasn't helping. Luckily he laughed, clearing his throat. "Well...good idea, but maybe we'll save it for a backup?"

"Totally agree!"

Awkwardness expertly handled.

I didn't know why this felt like some fifth-grade crush. I could swear steam may have been pouring out of my shirt collar, and I could feel my cleavage rubbing together in my bra, slick wetness between my breasts as they stretched at my straps. Had it shrunk in the wash? I could feel my deodorant starting to fail me from my rising core temperature. At this point, a little extra cleavage on display was a small price to pay for this overheating I felt.

Taking a quick glance down, I double checked that I had the buttons and modesty to spare. My shirt had never looked tighter on me. It was just a simple pink women's polo, not meant to do too much. But now it looked more like one of those tight t-shirts you get at a concert, pulled tightly across my bust as my tits looked to be showing themselves off. I could even see the bulge from the portion of my flesh that was overflowing my bra and flowing into a nice shelf.

This shirt hadn't been this tight when I put it on, but it had been an early morning. My desperate need for ventilation won out. Glancing down at my bosom, I flicked open a button to release a wave of cleavage spreading my collar open. I had just turned my top into a v-neck, and it made my D cups look much bigger than they actually were. More like Fs. But at least I felt cooler.

I looked back at Parker. He was staring straight at me.

Shit! Had he seen that?? Had he seen me checking out my own boobs and then just pop open a button?! Did I really just do that in front of him??

Something told me from the way he shifted his legs, yes, he had. My heartbeat felt like it was swelling in my chest then. My boobs felt like they had a heating pad on them, and I was sure I had worn the wrong bra. There was no way this was a D cup, now how I was stuffed into it.

Luckily, after the button incident, there were no more awkward boob moments. We managed to talk a little bit about the project, more Parker than me. He seemed like a great project partner. And at the end when we exchanged phone numbers, my chest fluttered. We used the ol' so-we-can-communicate-about-the-school-work excuse, but his smile certainly didn't act like that was the only reason. He seemed about as nervous as any other guy who had ever asked for my number, and I gave it to him. Shaky, clammy hands and all.

That night I sat around the dinner table with my parents. Yes, I still lived at home with my parents as a Junior in college. It saves me nearly ten grand every year. And it's a five-minute drive to campus. Hard to argue with a setup like that. Plus, free meals and free laundry.

My shirt had remained tight, and although my flustered mind had been put to rest, I had neglected to button it back up. And as I later discovered, I had actually swelled a fair bit. My chest felt much bigger than usual, and driving home I actually had a difficult time keeping my hands off them! They felt enormous, multiple sizes bigger. Nothing to be concerned about, though; I was sure they just *seemed* much bigger than they really were. Every girl swells a little bit now and again. Besides, it felt kind of nice showing off a bit more cleavage than usual.

Before we sat down to dinner I decided to break the texting ice with Parker, sending him a link to one of the classic pointy torpedo bras on eBay, saying ‘Look! We can buy one here! This presentation is in the bag.’

“No phones at the dinner table, June,” my mother scolded, setting a plate in front of me. I put my phone away, anxious to feel that vibration of his response.

“Who are you texting?” Dad asked, picking up a spoonful of mashed potatoes.

“Guy from school. We have to do a project together.”

“A guy?” my dad asked concerned.

“A guy!” my mom exclaimed, “Do we know him?”

“No, I just met him today. His name is Parker.” I winced a little as I felt a twinge of pain from my bra. Maybe keeping it on all day when I was swollen wasn’t such a good idea. My shirt was starting to feel like a skin-suit. My phone buzzed in my pocket and my heart jumped, hoping that it had been Parker.

“Well, you’ll have to bring him over!” Mom decided.

“It’s just a school project... And I’m sure it would be much easier for him if we worked on it at school.” I leaned forward to bring a spoonful of potatoes to my mouth but was met with resistance as I felt my chest push into the side of the table like an airbag.

Well, THAT has never happened before...

“He’s not going on spring break with you is he?” Dad inquired, following his usual dad script.

“N-No, that’s still just my friends and me.”

Although having him there didn’t seem like a terrible thing. I couldn’t believe what I was thinking about this guy; I had spent only an hour talking to him and I actually found myself wanting to spend *more* time with him!

“Well just remember everything I taught you.” Dad doubled down. He had always been protective of me.

I sat back heavily in my chair with a huff, and I could feel my boobs bounce in front of me. They were actually rather high into my peripheral vision now, a line of cleavage pushing awkwardly out of my collar toward my collarbone. I saw my dad raise an eyebrow; maybe I should put on something else. The twins seemed to be wanting a bit more room today. I didn’t dare look directly at them though, despite how massive as they felt. They felt heavier than they ever had.

Another pinch hit my side when my bra shifted again. I desperately wanted to adjust myself, but I couldn't very well do so in front of my parents.

"So does Parker have any of the same interests as you?" Mom prodded.

"I've only just met the guy!" I sat up straight, waving my arms at both of my parents in annoyance. I breathed deeply, and a loud *SNAP* filled the dining room as I felt my bra release around my front. My tits dropped without support, and in a loud clatter, they landed on the side of my plate, smashing potatoes and broccoli down my shirt.

I looked in surprise and saw two boobs the size of well-grown cantaloupes resting on the table in front of me. My shirt looked full to the limit, gravy seeping into it and warming my chest. "W-What the hell?! My chest! M-My breasts!" I gawked.

Instant shame and embarrassment washed over me not a second later as I remembered my parents were only feet away, most notably my father.

My dad coughed, wiping his mouth and setting his fork down. "Jan, I think it's about time you told her. I'll be upstairs." With that he simply stood up and left me alone with my mother; her eyes were shining at me like spotlights.

"M-Mom, what's happening to me...??" I asked nervously. My tits looked like swollen fruits, well over triple their usual size. Maybe if I had taken a quick glance at them a few minutes ago I could have seen this and avoided my little display altogether! My dad leaving the room helped a lot though,

"Oh, June!" my mother cried, "I was so focused on learning more about Parker that I hadn't even noticed your breasts!"

"Mom?!" I cried, now becoming terrified as I could now feel myself growing larger. It was bad enough my chest had seemed to balloon up as big as my own head, but my mom actually seemed *happy* about it. As she smiled at me, I could feel my skin stretching and pulling as I continued to round out.

She actually hugged me. As best as she could I guess, considering two volleyballs were squished between us. I started hyperventilating, my chest pushing her away as I swelled even larger. How did it take me this long to notice that my boobs were doing something so weird??

Finally, my mom saw my panic and released me. "June, there's something you don't know about our family."

"Does this really seem like the time, Mom?! My boobs have turned this into a belly shirt!"

"That's exactly what this is about, Sweetie. Come on, sit down. I promise you'll be fine." she calmly said, trying to help me relax. Nervously I sat down, feeling my chest bounce against my stomach as I did so. Lovingly she grabbed some paper towels and began wiping the gravy and other food off the front of my shirt.

"Mom, please, just tell me what's happening to me." I firmly stated. If I was about to explode, I wanted to have time to prepare.

"June, you've met your true love."

I couldn't say anything for a minute. I simply stared at her, feeling my nipples press through my shirt and into the dining table. "What?"

She sighed happily and smiled. "There's something you need to know about yourself. About our entire family, really. From my mom's side." She took a deep breath as if preparing herself. "The women of our family have a...condition, I guess you could call it. Whenever your true love finds themselves aroused, well...I think the rest is obvious."

"Really, this is no time for jokes, Mom!" I grabbed my chest, gathering them in my arms. "Call an ambulance or something! I feel like my tits are gonna--"

She cut me off. "Whenever your true love feels aroused, your chest grows. Relative to the level of their sexual arousal."

I couldn't believe she was still making a joke of my boobs. "Mom, really..."

"One hundred percent, cross my heart, honest," she said, looking me deep in the eyes.

I laughed. Hard enough that I had a difficult time keeping my boobs cradled in my arms. "Ok, come on."

"I'm serious, June! I'm not sure how it happens, or why, or how long ago it began. But it's something that has been passed down in the women of our family for generations."

"If this is true, then why hasn't it happened before? Huh?"

"Because you need to meet them first! That's the wonderful part!"

It took me a second to connect the dots she was laying out before me. "You don't mean... Are you saying... Parker? Parker is my *true love*?" I felt ridiculous saying a phrase like that. As if I was suddenly some big-breasted Disney princess.

"Your body doesn't lie, Sweetie. The proof is in the boobies, as your Grandma would often tell me when it first happened to me!"

My head was swimming. Here I was, sitting in our dining room with tits slowly swelling past over-inflated volleyballs, my own mother telling me it was because Parker, my *true love*, was horny.

"Ok, where are the cameras? This is a joke, right? You fed me some kind of food I was allergic to and I didn't know it?"

"No joke. Honest to goodness."

"Then why am I just hearing about it now? This is the sort of thing you warn your kid about! 'Hey, by the way, your tits might explode out of your shirt if your boyfriend gets a boner!'" I acted out. I felt my top ride up the bottom curves of my breasts, as if on queue.

"June, you can use better language than that..." Mom scolded. "And if I had told you, would you have believed me?"

I looked away from her gaze for a moment, feeling defeated. "No... Probably not..."

"Exactly. This is the sort of thing you need to see for yourself. Because it's truly unbelievable, am I right?"

She was right. As surprised as I was, I had to admit they felt incredible in my arms and hands with the way their weight overflowed and bulged in my palms and fingers. They somehow made me feel secure and reassured as well, as odd as it seemed.

“Then why haven’t I ever seen it happen to you? Or Grandma!” I shuddered as I asked that last part.

“Well, Grandpa died a long time ago... Hard for him to get aroused, isn’t it? And as for me, now you know why I always wear such baggy clothes!”

I thought for a moment. It did suddenly seem obvious to me. My mother *was* always wearing either a sweatshirt that was many sizes too large for her, or a baggy t-shirt that was more meant as a nighty. At least around the house.

“But not always... What about work?”

She actually blushed there. “To be honest, sometimes you and your soulmate have to work together. Your father has gotten quite...*talented* at controlling his urges. Simply for the benefit of me not flashing the entire office when I’m at work.”

My jaw dropped a little bit. The thought of Dad *controlling* himself didn’t sit well with me. “Mom! *Ew!*”

“I know, June, but it’s the truth.” She drifted away in thought for a moment. “But your father sure does know how to blow me up...”

“*MOM!!*”

“Sorry, sorry! This is about you.”

“Then what about Aunt Clara?”

“You have to meet your true love, remember?” Mom reminded me. “Notice how she’s been divorced three times?”

I sat quietly. As much as I hated to admit it, I couldn’t find a flaw in her argument. This seemed real. And the tits filling my arms in front of me seemed especially *really real*.

“I know how you’re feeling. I went through the exact same thing--”

“What the hell?! So at any point, my boobs could just *grow*?? How big are they going to get?!”

“As I said, it’s dependant on their level of arousal...” She looked away, listless again, as if reminiscing, “I remember one time I teased your dad on a drive home. I was stuck in the car for an hour! He could barely see out the windshield!”

“So you’re saying that right now, Parker is...”

“Right now, Parker is probably, well, you know... Having a small session of...*personal time*. If you get my meaning.”

Now it was my turn to blush. The thought of Parker grabbing his cock flashed into my head, and I’ll admit it took a bit longer for me to dismiss it than I would care to say. And it all matched up perfectly with the events from class. Maybe my joking text with the bra before dinner had set him off?

Is he imagining me in the bikini I mentioned earlier? I blushed harder.

Mom could see me pondering the situation. “I never said it was an easy thing to deal with. It can be a great curse at times, and you need to be prepared to conceal or hide yourself. Men are unpredictable, as you’ll soon find out. But, it is also an enormous blessing, June!”

“Yea? How so?” I was having a hard time buying that.

“We have been given something every other person can only dream of! A sure-fire way to know that we have found *the* one! And not only that but believe it or not, it’s actually an incredible bonding experience. Sex, oh my gosh, it becomes unbelievable, June!”

“Mom! Mom! Stop!” I begged. Talking about sex with your parents is always an end of a conversation.

She seemed to ignore my plight. “And, if they’re specifically thinking about you, the growth is even more intense. It’s like a multiplier. Random horniness from some picture they saw is one thing, but true arousal at their fated lover’s body, now *that’s* a real formula for growth.”

I honestly didn’t know what to say. “So what do I do now? They’re going to go down, right?”

“Of course! He just needs to get it out of his system...”

I blushed again. A part of me silently wished that I was there to help him. And that part was bigger than I had expected.

“It shouldn’t be long, your nipples are fairly hard. That’s a good sign!”

“Mom!! Don’t look at them!” I turned myself away and covering the bumps rising from my shirt.

“What?? We’re all girls here!” She laughed. “They’re like fingertips, June! That boy has about had it for tonight, I would say.”

My face felt beet red. Moreso at the fact that I was imagining Parker reaching him limit right at that moment. And I liked it. It didn’t help my nipple situation much.

“Why don’t you go up to bed, I’ll clean up. Trust me, they’ll be back to normal before you know it.”

“But what about the next time? What if his mind gets away from him during class??”

“That’s why you need to tell him!”

She couldn’t be serious. There was no way she was serious right now. “How am I supposed to tell a guy I just met about *this*?” I lowered my hands and let my basketball tits round out to their full glory, covering half of my trim stomach. I felt like a blimp.

“Well, he *is* your true love. That much is a set-in-stone fact. You’ll have to tell him eventually. That is of course, if you *want* to be with your true love.”

The thought of dating Parker sent tingles down my spine. Considering how I’ve been thinking about him all day, this ‘true love’ stuff might fit the bill. “Yea, I do... I-I mean he’s nice!”

Mom laughed. “You’ve only just met him and I can tell you feel much different about him than any past boy you’ve brought home. Trust me, June. The sooner you break the ice and

tell him, the better it will be. He might have a little fun with it at first--I know your father sure did--but he'll come around and understand. The boobs don't lie."

Mom smiled at me, that same loving gleam in her eyes. She was happy for me, and as awkward of a situation as this was, I somehow felt ok with it. Then I felt my tits pulse larger still, like swelling time bombs set to go off with Parker. A bit of nervousness returned. "Do they...look alright after?"

"Better every time, actually." she assured me. She giggled a little. "Now if you'll excuse me, I think your father is trying to tell me that we've had enough time to talk." She stood up, and with I realized that her own breasts had swelled a fair amount, even visible under her baggy shirt. She was quickly approaching my own size even. "Just relax, June. It's what you make of it." With her final advice, I watched as she walked with amazing dexterity up the stairs to their room. When I heard their door close a moment later, I could only sit in the dining room dumbfounded at my family heritage.

I waited for who knows how long, just trying to absorb this seemingly impossible hand I had been dealt by genetics. Once I felt my nipples pop free out the bottom of my shirt, I knew it was time to go upstairs.

It all seemed so unreal. And yet, the weight that I had to heft up the steps from my watermelon jugs was undeniably real. My shirt didn't even reach over the front of them at this point, now wadded up across the top of my bust and under my arms. Despite it being a 'condition', I still wanted to preserve whatever modesty I had left after dinner. Dad had already seen my boobs smash into my plate. That was more than any father-daughter relationship needed.

With a heavy grunt, I collapsed onto my bed. I regretted it instantly as my chest rolled to my side and nearly pulled me onto the floor. With all my core strength, I managed to gather them up on top of my torso, my forearms acting like a boob-dam on each side.

My line of sight was my breasts. And only my breasts. My cleavage even reached my chin. For a minute I just had to marvel at them. This really did seem only explainable by some sort of ancient witch's curse. My mom hadn't really gone into detail on the origin. No one knew, apparently. Why would you want to keep track of something like this through history anyway? Doesn't seem important. Not at all.

I sighed. At least I knew what was happening to me now; no need to go to the hospital for an extreme allergic reaction. Knowing that didn't exactly make me feel much better about it. Had I been at the mall, or a movie theater, or even just at the gym, I'm not sure what I would have done. Probably ended up on the nightly news.

Local girl's breasts expand to ridiculous sizes! More tonight at 11, I joked.

But in all seriousness, I needed to figure this out. Parker seemed to have quite the stamina reserve. No sooner had I thought this, images of Parker lasting all night running through my

head, when my growth appeared to stop. It had seemed like my tits had taken just about all they could handle, river-like veins running down their forms and my skin tightened, when I felt a massive warmth encompass my nipples.

“*Ahh!*” I cried out in surprise, as I suddenly felt my nipples flare and puff out like a pressure had surged behind them, briefly doubling in size and swelling thicker than a roll of quarters, before quivering and sending waves of warmth and tension down over my tits. It was like a pressure-release valve had been opened to relieve my chest.

It was the most incredible sensation I had ever felt. It was like an orgasm in each boob, and each of those combined actually made my crotch quiver. I could have come for ages had I just rubbed my clit for even half a second. But I mustered every bit of self-control I could to resist the urge; I was pretty sure I would have screamed if I had touched myself.

I laid there for a good five minutes, breathing heavily and watching my mammaries wobble on top of me. Nothing any guy had ever done to me came close to what I had just felt. It wasn't until I noticed that my chest had started to shrink that it clicked; Parker had just came, and my swollen melons had reacted accordingly. Mom was right. Sex was going to be completely different now.

Everything is different now, idiot, I told myself. How are you going to exercise? Go out in public? Can you even have sex with someone besides Parker now? I wondered. What if I was with some guy and Parker started enjoying himself at the same time? I can't imagine many guys not freaking out, or believing my story.

And what about Parker? Supposedly we were meant to be together. The boobs had declared it.

Not to mention you're head over heels for him. I rolled my eyes at myself.

Just because we were meant for each other didn't mean he would believe me.

You have undeniable proof. You'll have to show him.

And just because he's my true love doesn't mean I'm his.

So get to know him. You already caught him staring.

Suppose I tell him and he takes advantage of it? What if he *wants* to see me swell up like this in the middle of class??

If you're meant for each other he'll understand and have sympathy.

I couldn't make myself find a way around it. And I was at least back to a manageable volleyball size now, and still shrinking. At least that process seemed fairly quick. All in all, the growth was kind of exciting. You know, in a fill-you-up-larger-than-you've-ever-thought-possible kind of way. Never thought I would get to experience *giant* knockers like those!

I huffed heavily, making them jiggle back and forth. The fact that they were out of my control didn't sit well with me. It was like I had given a guy I only knew on a first name basis a remote to my boobs. I giggled; I guess it was more of a joystick, technically.

I laid breathing and thinking for a bit more. I even wondered how big my mom was across the hall. It was an odd thought to be thinking about your own mother. I patted the tops of my boobs, nearly back to normal. Waves of flesh ran down their sides. Mom was right again; they looked better than they ever had, completely blemish free; firm and perky as ever. The same problems remained, though. *My poor bras...* I felt sorry for them. And I felt sorry for my back. As great as that tit-gasm had felt, these things were going to be a major pain, I could tell.

The next morning began my first full day of the boob lottery. And let me tell you, I noticed it right when I woke up.

Ever hear of a little thing called morning wood? Well, let me tell you about ‘morning tits’. For the most part, every morning, including this first one, I wake up with a nice pair of F cup breasts. And when I say nice, I mean they are *magnificent*. Like the kind of a pair of boobs that can make a straight girl question her tastes. They’re bouncy and firm, and my nipples tingle just the right amount, standing hard and straight out like the tip of my index finger. These are the kind of perfect knockers that you only see in magazine photos worked over with an airbrush. But sadly, by the time I’ve been up for about ten minutes and usually halfway through my shower, they’re gone.

The morning tits had been a bit of a surprise this first morning. I almost called in sick, thinking they were about to balloon up again. Luckily, that didn’t happen and I attended school with the other students; the ones who had total control over their sexual organs. Well, as close as you can get for hormone-filled college kids, I guess.

I wasn’t too sure guys had much control over themselves either, now. At least not Parker. And I had never realized how often guys were actually horny. Of course every girl thinks guys are thinking about sex a lot. But, at least as a girl, you don’t realize just how often men’s trouser snakes are active.

It seemed like every half hour he was experiencing a little swelling of his own. Because all day, at random intervals, I was finding that my chest would plump up considerably. It really scared me the first few times. They had all been during class. I would feel a pressure building inside of them suddenly, like a swirling warmth. Then my bra would start to feel tighter and tighter. These semi-hourly happenings never brought me past a G cup, thankfully, but I was very noticeably swollen. It was frightening to think that a simple boner could make me engorge *so much*, and it terrified me to think what might happen if Parker really started to daydream.

After the first day I had decided that regular bras had to become a thing of the past for me. From then on out, it was sports bras only. By my second class I had nearly popped out of my D cup five times, and I was positive my nipples were visible through the padding if you looked hard enough. I felt like an idiot for wearing it at all, to be honest.

It wasn’t all that bad, really. There was absolutely no pain, which I had no idea how to explain. I *could* feel my skin stretching, if that makes any sense. It was kind of like stretching a

muscle, but it was only on the surface of my skin. But the feelings I got on the insides of my boobs are near indescribable. They felt warm and swirly, almost bubbling. You know that feeling when you're nervous and have really heavy butterflies in your stomach? Imagine that filling your tits, feeling the butterflies pushing out against your skin as if they were multiplying. I assume a cock must feel similar when it gets hard.

Apart from the occasional erection, Parker thankfully seemed pretty focused on his studies. Enough that he wasn't daydreaming about busty, naked playboy models. A few cup sizes in swelling every now and then was fine; I could handle that. The watermelons I was having to lug around last night? Uh uh. Nope. I *cannot* have that happen during school. I prayed it wouldn't happen during school.

There was a time I nearly thought it would though. The second day we were supposed to work on our projects, Parker and I moved our desks together again. I felt giddy around him, almost electric. I had stopped trying to deny my feelings; I liked this guy. I liked being near him, I liked listening to him, and I liked how he made my tits tingle when he spoke to me.

But then the big scare happened.

Mrs. Lee wasn't exactly flat. And she enjoyed showing it, to a degree at least. Something had fallen off her desk, and I had caught Parker looking straight down her blouse as she bent over. *Dammit!* had been what ran through my mind as I saw her ample chest pushed together for cleavage. I held my breath, fully ready to grab my bag and run to the restroom, hiding until school ended.

One cup size swelled into my bra. *Ok, get ready to go...*

Another. *Get your bag.*

Let's add cup and a half! *Holy tits, my bra can't take growth spurt! Go! Now!*

But that was it. I felt like I was sweating as I sighed, not able to breathe fully with my bra overflowing at the limits. At least I had been smart enough to wear a baggy shirt. Thanks, Mom!

Parker has a hard-on right now. A foot away from you. The thought just entered my mind. I felt myself get hot and my face flushed. The way he smiled at me as he looked up from his paper made me giggle. I could get lost in his blue eyes.

"Should we get together after class and work on this? I feel like we need to."

I feel like we need to get together too...

"Yea, there's a lot to cover for this stupid thing."

"I have baseball practice tonight, but I could meet at seven? In the library?"

"That works!"

Like you would have said no to anything he said, I told myself, *He could have asked you to meet him under the bleachers for sex and your head would have fallen off from nodding so fast.* Besides, if we're working on the project, he can't focus on something else. Like sex. I had to keep his mind clear.

Later that night, I met him in the campus library. I had run home to change into a sports bra, just in case of an emergency.

“Ready to get to work?” he asked, sitting down.

“Brought my bikini and everything.”

You’re an idiot. You know that? A total moron. Why not just tell him your bra size or something?

He laughed, opening his notebook. “That might be more suited for a library section students never go in, maybe the business textbooks.”

I know he was trying to play it off as a joke, but the boobs don’t lie. He was imagining a whole slew of library shenanigans right now. The swelling coconuts in my tightening sports bra told me so. I leaned forward to hide them under the table as best I could. This swelling was a bit more intense than the usual boner; it had been smart to change into a sports bra.

We began drawing out what we thought would make a good outline for the presentation. I could see that his mind wasn’t totally on it.

He doesn’t have much blood in his brain right now... My mammaries pulsed larger still, pushing past a G cup. I might be in trouble here.

We managed to get a good twenty minutes of work in. It was a measly twenty minutes, but a solid twenty minutes. And then the awkward boob brush happened.

Parker had been keeping his hands under the table when he wasn’t working, leaning forward on his elbows and knees. Meanwhile I could feel my boobs pushing into the side of the table, flattening them out and pushing them out towards my sides.

“I feel like we’re missing something significant for these two decades,” I said, pointing at our paper.

“Hmm...” Parker thought. I watched as he chewed on his lip, thinking. “Well, what if we--” he had begun to say, as he quickly flung his hand out from under the table, brushing against the side of my chest. And this wasn’t a small tip-of-the-fingers brush; this was a full back-of-the-hand-smashed-into-my-boob brush.

“Sorry! Sorry!” he apologized, waving his hand away as if to show he was clear of my breasts as I straightened up in my chair from surprise.

“N-No! Don’t be! They get in the way for me too sometimes!”

Why don’t you just dig your own grave?

We both laughed, but mine turned into a slightly scared chuckle. I knew he had seen my swollen size when I had sat up, and I could already tell he was thinking about them. I could already feel the cup sizes pouring into me.

“U-Uh, you know it’s getting a little late...” I started to say. I was getting too big for comfort now.

“It’s only 7:45 though,” he argued, looking at me, almost disappointed, “I wanted to spend more time with you on this...”

Did he just say ‘more time with you’? “My mom likes to have dinner at 8, and if I’m not home for it... You know how parents are...” I think my growth had stopped. I was busy covering my front with notebooks, hoping to make a getaway.

“This isn’t because of what happened just now, is it, June?”

“No! No! I swear, it’s not! I’m totally fine if you touch my boobs!”

Craaaap! Think before you talk! Just once!

I’m not sure which of us blushed harder. Based on how much my tits grew right then, I was surprised Parker had any blood left to color his face. I was pushing cantaloupes and surpassing them fast. Hold on tight, little notebook. I stood up, grabbing my bag and nearly falling over from my increasing weight. I could feel them bulging over the sides of the book, and Parker’s eyes bulged as I saw him catch a peek. Add two more cups to the girls!

“I-I-I’ll see you tomorrow! I really need to go! Good work today!” I called as I turned away, getting into a speed walk.

“Will you go on a date with me?”

Suddenly the library felt quieter than it had all night. As if a concert had been going on right before he had asked that, but the speakers suddenly turned off. I stopped in my tracks, feeling my heart pound in my engorged chest.

Say something! You want to go! Yes! Yes!

I stood silent for what seemed like a year, before finally asking, “Will there be food?”

You’re a credit to your gender. Really, you are.

Parker laughed that laugh that makes me melt. I actually felt my boobs go down quite a bit; he must be too nervous asking me out to focus on my chest.

“Yes, there will be food! My treat. Friday night work? Celebrate the start of spring break and the end of this project?”

“Yes!” I might have answered too loudly because every head I could see turned my way. “Yes, absolutely ” I said much quieter.

Parker smiled, seeming pleased with himself. “Wear something dressy, we’re going upscale.”

I gulped; suddenly my breasts seemed to be weighing very heavy.

The rest of the week was eventful, to say the least. Parker and I gotten to know each other pretty well during class and after. I even dare say his hand brushed mine once, and he didn’t even immediately pull it away.

The constant onslaught of boner-swellings continued though. There was no end to those, and I had accepted it. What was more surprising, however, was the strength of Parker's libido outside of class and sports. Nearly every night that week, I found myself locking my tits and me away in my room because they were outgrowing my shirt and my modesty.

I had even been taking a late shower on Thursday night when I could feel them rapidly starting to swell as I washed my hair. Opening my eyes was like a strange cross between a horror movie and a porno, as I was shocked to see my chest like two basketballs, the water sending tiny waves over them.

It was at that exact moment that that shower had turned into a bath. And I actually found it entertaining to see how big I was going to get. Lying in the water watching my boobs slowly rise higher and higher in front of me was truly an experience I would try again. I even felt emotionally connected with Parker for that hour. As my hand slid down my stomach between my thighs, I knew exactly what he was doing to himself back on campus. And as I felt my tits pass beach balls, overflowing the sides of the tub, my nipples puffing and expanding as a tit-gasm rocketed through me, my hand finished its job as I was sure Parker's was finishing its.

I had to put my head under the water so I could scream from the pleasure. If you've never had a tit-gasm and a clit orgasm at the same time with boobs bigger than car tires, well then let me tell you something; it's something that should be on every girl's bucket list. I felt so dirty that I took another shower.

I didn't know if Parker had felt the same connection I had that night, but I felt more intimate with him than ever. If there was any bit of uncertainty in this whole 'true love' thing, I sure wasn't seeing it.

As fun as the outgrowing the bathtub had been, it taught me something: I needed to tell Parker. Giving him knowledge of my condition was less risky than not knowing when I would balloon up. At least then maybe I could have a little more influence over his arousal, dare I say, as his girlfriend. There was no possible way I could live my life otherwise. I had been rushing home to hide every day this week. My friends thought I didn't want to hang out with them anymore. And I wasn't about to spend spring break hiding in my hotel room.

That's why tonight's date *had* to go well. I'll tell him tonight, assuming it's not a disaster first, then wait for the laughter to die down.

There's no way he's going to believe you.

I know, stupid voice, I know.

'Hey by the way, unlike every other girl on the planet, my tits turn into giant jiggling mounds when you get a hard-on', what do you think he's going to say?

I had to ignore my inner voice. I know it was a long shot. But apparently, every other woman in my family had figured it out. Even my own mother. I can do it too.

That's why I had to make a good impression tonight. Luckily, he gave me a great excuse to dress fancy and show off the girls. The bad news was that I had to dress fancy and show off the girls. It was a bit of a catch-22; I needed to dress sexy to help attract him, but in doing so I opened myself up to turning him on and causing public growth.

It was a risk I had to take. I slid into my favorite little black dress, a trim thing that went halfway down my thighs and had a plunging neckline with two triangular pieces of fabric that wrapped over my breasts and around the back of my neck, crossing over my back. I also wore it because it let me go braless, which was basically a necessity now unless I wanted to wear a sports bra to an high-class restaurant.

I made my way down the stairs, expecting him at any moment. Already I could tell I was a full cup size or two bigger than normal. But the dress handled it well. I prayed it would handle the rest of the night.

“Don't you look sexy tonight!” Mom teased, seeing me pacing by the front door.

“He said dress classy...”

“Well you nailed it. He's going to love that cleavage you've got going on.”

I looked down. *Crap*. I looked like an escort from the way my boobs were pushing together. A very, very expensive escort.

“Just be honest with him. And remember that it's meant to be!”

I nodded nervously. “What if I get too big?”

She looked around her shoulder. I think she was checking to see if my dad was around. “No harm in finishing dinner early and putting out on the first date then, wouldn't you agree? I'm sure he wouldn't argue.”

I flushed pink. I wasn't really a first date kind of girl. But the thought made me sort of giddy. I doubted he would protest at all.

I heard a car park outside and a door slam.

Showtime, Tits McGee.

DING DONG

The doorbell rang, but I still jumped a little. I shoed my mother away, hoping she wouldn't grab the camera and treat this like high school prom. Maybe it was time I moved out.

I answered the door and saw Parker neatly dressed in a button up and tie. Even his curly head of hair had been tamed a little. If he was looking to make a first impression, he made it.

He looked to be thinking similar thoughts about me. I caught him lingering at my front for a second. I couldn't blame him; I was probably sporting a pair of solid F cups. I felt them grow slightly as he quickly made eye contact.

“Wow... You look...”

I giggled as I saw he was at a loss for words. This made me jiggle and I quickly remembered that I didn't have any support. Had to keep it under control.

“Ready to go? Let's see how the upper class eat!” I walked through the door, following his lead to the car. It was a bit of a fixer-upper, probably from the 90s, but it had character. I think it was an Isuzu. I loved it instantly.

We seemed so natural together. I don't think a single awkward moment of silence passed between us. We talked about our plans for spring break, and how happy we were to be finished with our school work for a bit.

And yes, in case you were wondering or had forgotten, our presentation went well. We did actually use the pointy torpedo bras as part of it too. We even got a 90%. But you're not interested in that, I'm sure. You're here to listen to me talk about my growing breasts.

And trust me, they were really starting to swell. By the time we sat down at our table, there was no doubt in my mind that Parker wouldn't hesitate to follow me if I led him away by

the hand to a dark corner. I had some serious cleavage on display at this point, the kind you see from a woman trying to seduce James Bond in a casino.

“Wooooow...” I awed, looking around the building. It was all very dimly lit, a romantic candle placed on every table. There were rich dark colors covering the walls, and heavy scarlet curtains around the windows to frame the reddening twilight sky outside. It even overlooked a rather large pond that seemed to sparkle. He must have spent a fortune on this; Parker had my permission to make me as big as he wanted.

You haven't even had anything to drink yet and you're swooning! Parker really knew how to treat a woman.

I took a quick glimpse down my front. The candlelight was making my boobs look like a sexy painting, deep shadows being cast down between my private mountains. They had a sheen to them that looked alluring to me even. Hiccuping from nervousness I saw them bounce softly.

“This place is incredible...” I told him.

“You like it? I was worried it would be too much.”

“I would still be worried if I were you! You haven't seen the way I eat yet.”

I actually made him snort, and people turned around to look at us wondering who let two kids in here. It made me start to laugh, and I had to drink some of my water to force myself quiet.

Parker looked at me, still chuckling. “You look incredible.”

“You like it? It's really the only dress I own. It's from high school, so I might be outgrowing it soon.” That was truer than he could possibly realize.

Even in the low light I could tell he was blushing. He was having a hard time keeping eye contact, and it must have been hard because I hadn't stopped growing since I left the house. It was a very slow, steady growth. But I was pushing some limits. I was nearing twice my natural size, in a dress meant for my usual D cups.

Well? Go ahead and tell him! I couldn't tell him yet. Not before dinner had even started. That kind of crazy too early could ruin any date.

“Do you see anything you like?” I asked, leaning towards my menu. My arms crossed in my lap and my biceps pushed my chest together. I think I heard him gulp. Quickly I straightened up and held the menu in front of me.

“U-Uh, the lobster pasta sounds good...” he told me, scanning the menu as if he hadn't just seen me bulge my cleavage at him. Poor guy. We were both in a dire situation. He probably couldn't stand up from the table, and I could feel the twins starting to swell out the side of my dress. It was not made to show side boob. The triangular pieces of fabric that ran on both sides of my neck and over my chest were slowly changing from a showy dress to a tight fitting bikini top.

We had chemistry between us. More than I had ever felt with any other guy. Boobs or not, I really wanted this to work out between us.

“The chicken brea--” he stopped short, coughing a little, “the chicken looks good too!”

I was making him nervous. And very aroused. How far can a guy's libido go in public?? I had no idea. But if my boobs were anything to go by, it seemed infinite. “The pasta looks good.

Can't beat a well-made marinara!" I smiled at him. I think hiding myself behind the menu was helping keep his mind at bay, and the pasta was a perfect excuse to cover my front with a napkin.

After a few minutes the waiter took our orders, and I was dismayed to see my boob shield go. Parker didn't seem too unhappy about it, though. I felt like I had just revealed a pair of party balloons.

One of us had to break the tension. I think he knew something was up, but what kind of guy is going to come out and say 'hey, are your tits bigger than they were a minute ago'? He was such a gentleman. I said, "I'm really glad you asked me out..."

"You are?" He seemed surprised at my confession.

"I am..." I was blushing hot as the candle. "You made a really great partner in class. I almost didn't want the project to end! Almost."

His laugh made me simmer. "You were a good partner too. Despite your bikini suggestions."

"Hey your loss, you could have seen me in it. I'm a beach goddess."

"And yet you live in Washington. Well known for its warm beaches." he teased.

"Hey, I..." I didn't know what to say, his logic was sound.

Maybe say something about how you're about to pop out of your dress?

The waiter approached us then, carrying our food. "Shrimp marinara for the lady, and the chicken breast for the gentleman. Will there be anything else?"

"No, thank you," Parker said politely. The waiter left us alone and we both ogled our food that probably cost more than my phone bill.

"I've never seen a breast that big!" I said without thinking, seeing his plate.

He started laughing but tried to hide it, not doing a very good job.

"What is it?" I asked, now fully aware of what I had said. It was kind of fun teasing him. He was definitely a boob-guy; what a coincidence.

"Nothing, nothing!" he tried to get out, cutting into his dinner.

"No, come on!" I was starting to feel a little frisky, my nipples massaging themselves against my dress padding. I leaned forward, pressing my boobs into the table to give me a bit of bulge. "You can tell me..." I knew for a fact that I had used my most alluring voice possible. Mostly because I saw Parker nearly choke on a bite, following by his eyes widening.

I think I grew about three cup sizes in the time it took me to inhale. They even pushed me away from the table a bit as they entered into sports ball sizes.

"Weeeeell...?" I cooed, following my bobs' lead.

"It's... It's just, well I don't think you need to worry about drowning when you're at the beach over the break, is what I'm trying to say I think..." He seemed so flustered that he couldn't hold his fork steady. He took a nervous gulp of water.

I giggled, sitting up and jiggling myself for him a little. I was really laying it on thick now, and I was past the point of no return. Something about being so close to him when I knew exactly how turned on he was by me was intoxicating. "Oh, you're talking about these!"

“R-Right, those!”

I would have felt bad if I didn't know for a fact that he was enjoying every second of this. And yet he was still trying his best to be a gentleman. “Do you like them?” I cooed softly.

“What?” He seemed almost startled.

“My breasts. How do they look?” I sat up straight, fully showing myself off. My dress straps pull tight across my back as my mounds strained against them. I was overflowing out either side, two volleyball boobs taking up my entire front. I figured at this rate my nipples didn't have long before something started peeking out. I watched his mouth drop as I brought a bite of pasta to my mouth, and my arm couldn't raise up without brushing against their sides, causing a massive wobble. “Well? How do they look?”

“B-Bigger...” he seemed flabbergasted.

“Ha!” I laughed loudly.

Maybe now? It's a great time. Tell him.

I looked down at my golden-lit cleavage, feigning confusion. “You know, I think they *are* bigger than usual!” I was having too much fun teasing him.

“I-I didn't want to be rude or seem creepy by saying so, but you really do look a bit swollen. You're not allergic to shrimp, are you? Are you feeling alright?” He seemed concerned about my safety.

“Oh, yea, I'm fine.” I grabbed their fronts and hefted them a little. They pulsed larger still. *Hang on there, Parker.* “This is nothing; you should have seen them the other night when I took a bath.”

Saying that brought me to basketballs in about three seconds, and I heard some strands giving out on my dress as I bulged and folded around it. I could almost hear my chest growing.

But his concern and confusion seemed to be overpowering his arousal, and I felt them slip back down quite a bit. I realized I might be scaring him, and people were starting to stare.

“Are you sure you're ok?? Y-Your boobs are--”

“I'm fine, I promise.”

“Are you certain? June, you look like you're about to--”

“Do you want to inspect them for yourself?” That stopped his words in their tracks. And brought me back up a few cup sizes.

Now. Tell him now.

I sighed. After a drink of water, I sighed again. It was time. “Ok, look, I have a condition.”

He looked at me kind of funny. “What kind of condition ca--”

“Can make my tits bigger than my head?” I finished for him.

He nodded.

I really couldn't believe how I was behaving. I felt like I was drunk, but I hadn't had any alcohol. I was drunk on growth, and I wanted Parker. I was through fighting it. And I think he was too, from the way my nipples felt.

“It's an old family curse. Or a blessing. I don't really know! But the fact is, I grow relative to my soulmate's arousal.”

He pursed his lips. “And your soulmate is...?”

I leaning my elbows in the table and cradled my head in my hands as I looked at him, giving him a wink. “I'm having dinner with him.”

He seemed weirded out. And why wouldn't he? A girl had just told him they were soulmates on a first date while her dress was threatening to pop off. He looked around nervously looking for an exit or the cameras for a prank show.

“I can prove it,” I said.

“N-No, that's really ok. I think we can just get the check and--”

“Look I know it's crazy sounding. But it's true. You're turned in right now, right? Don't lie.”

“Yes...” he admitted quietly. He looked like he was about to run.

“And you agree that my chest is much bigger than it was earlier?”

“It's much bigger.”

“Still don't believe me?”

“It's crazy.”

“Well let me prove it!”

“How?”

“Oh, that's easy.” I sat up, reaching towards my front. “I just gotta do a little something-something...” I gently massaged my boobs. Right in front of Parker, in the middle of the restaurant. I could feel my skin tightening; growth incoming. With a sudden sex-driven urge, I lifted away part of my dress, flashing him my engorged nipple with a bite of my lower lip. That did the trick.

He shifted in his seat, and my tits surged ahead in growth, quickly reaching basketballs and even bigger. I brought my hands away, wrapping my arms around my bust as sanity returning for a second. “Whoaaaaa there!” I steadied him, “Calm down just a *little* bit. Sorry, I might have tried to prove a bit too much!” Giggling, I tried to hide myself as best I could.

I watched his face go through a range of emotions. It looked like he wanted desperately to believe me, but his brain wouldn't let him.

“Well? Believe me?”

“I-I... We're soulmates?”

“Listen, you don't need to buy that part right away. But right now, you do need to believe that my boobs are controlled by that thing in your pants.”

“You know how crazy this sounds right? If this is a prank you need to tell me. I really liked you.”

“No prank.” I tried to cross my heart, but my finger mashed into a pile of tit flesh. “But, I think I might have overdone it on the ‘proving’ part. If we leave right now before my dress

breaks, I'll prove just how big you can make me." I looked at him pleadingly, my tits like balloons in my arms under the table. A stitch burst loudly and my eyes began to beg.

He looked around a little, then seemed to make a decision. He opened his wallet and threw a \$100 bill onto the table before standing up and taking my hand.

"Can you make it to the car?" he asked, his eyes shining.

I giggled, "If you help a girl out!"

He helped me stand, giving me his shoulder to lean on as we left the restaurant. My boobs looked like sloping watermelons, my dress warped, distorted, and riding higher on my thighs than my modesty should have allowed.

Hefting me into his Jeep, making sure I was alright when my boobs bloated even more. Little did he know that this wasn't my first rodeo; I knew exactly what to expect the bigger I swelled.

He climbed in next to me, starting the car. "Can you make it until campus?"

"Heh, I will, but this dress might not!" I laughed.

He looked over at me and saw my tits engorging and overflowing my dress like rising dough, my bust jumping outwards five inches. The dress exploded off my front, and my boobs dropped against my stomach, my nipples looking like half thumbs in the cool night air. "Easy there, tiger!" I cried out, "I'm linked to how turned on you are, remember?? I gotta be able to get out of the car!" I was starting to have fun with this, despite the obvious dangers.

Parker seemed overloaded. I think his eyes were on me more than the road. And still the entire time we drive I only grew larger.

By the time we had arrived at the house he shared with his friends, I was overflowing over my seat, tits like beach balls resting in my lap.

Parker looked around. "Driveway's empty, they must all be out."

He jumped out of the car and ran to my side, helping me with my seat belt. I shuddered as I felt his strong hands grasping around my boobs to find the belt release. He could have taken me then and there, bending me over the seat of his car. "Hurry and get me in before you make me much bigger..." I begged. We were both desperate.

I lost my mind when he picked me up in his arms. I must have weighed over 200 pounds with my chest that large, and yet Parker cradled me like I was a doll. Either he must go to the gym, or testosterone is a hell of a drug.

My dress slid up my back as he carried me and I knew I was flashing my pink panties down the street. I prayed Parker wouldn't notice; if he had he might have made me grow too large to carry.

Burst into his room I saw he kept his living area somewhat neat and tidy. Despite our urgency to hook up, he didn't throw me on his bed. He made a point to lower me down with care. I felt adored like he had just found a treasure. It was then that he could really take me in.

We had left the realm of realistic breast sizes. As I lay on my back they engulfed my entire torso, held up by my straining arms. My dress was only covering my belly, and I could tell

he was staring at a sight to behold; this panting, giant-titted girl with a tattered dress and exposed soaking pink underwear between quivering thighs. I must have grown five inches around my bust right that moment.

Parker stood over me, and I could see the bulge in his pants. Butterflies bloomed and swarmed inside of me as I could feel his arousal swelling. "Come here," I demanded.

He stripped in seconds, shirt and pants onto the floor before finally his boxers to reveal the most satisfyingly-hard cock I had ever seen. It literally made me feel hungry. I had really done a number on him tonight, judging by how stiff it looked. He was much more muscular than I had thought as well. It was no wonder he was able to carry me like a bag of groceries. I *needed* him inside me.

At this point, you might be able to imagine how Parker was feeling. Guys' sex drive can ramp up with insane speed sometimes, and this was no different. My tits were blowing up at a fast steady pace now, mounting higher and higher on top of me. His bed even started creaking as he climbed on.

I couldn't move. My chest was a jiggling mass of weight pinning me down. My hands couldn't even reach my nipples, and my skin was beginning to tighten and firm, a map of veins decorating me. My previous size record from the bathtub was broken long ago. Parker slide off my underwear like a bow, and I felt like an avalanche of flesh hit my face as I ballooned even more when he looked at my exposed crotch.

"June, are you sure you're ok??" He asked, straddling my naked body. "Your boobs are almost as big as you are!"

"YES! *Get inside of me.*" I was done pleading. I needed release, and I wanted Parker. Now. I spread my legs before him, stretching to gently massage my clit as he watched. I didn't know how much more I could invite him in.

A soft tremble came from my chest. When Parker grasp my thighs in his hands and slid himself into me, we could both hear an audible rumble coming from my boobs. They started inflating as if a fire hose had been shoved into my nipples, bloating monstrously huge.

"*Ooohhhh...*" I gasped when I felt them press against my bent thighs.

I was buried from the neck down under my own mammaries, and my head sat in the shadow cast by them as they eclipsed the light in his room from my view.

"Grab my nipples!" I yelled, squeezing at the taut skin of my mounds.

His cock throbbed inside of me as he began thrusting, and I felt his full length stretch me inside my belly as he reached for my nipples. He grabbed onto them as if he were rock climbing handles, each once large enough to fill his palm.

CRASH!

His bed gave way under my weight, but he didn't miss a step. Even as my tits wobbled and bobbed like water-filled bean bags overflowing the sides of his mattress, he continued to thrust.

I was completely losing myself. My chest was bigger than I was at this point; I was more boob than June! And Parker was anything but inexperienced. He knew all the tricks, and it was driving me crazy that I couldn't kiss him. I wanted to feel dick in my hands and mouth, feel his shaft sliding between my tits.

But most of all right now, I desperately needed him to come. I could feel myself getting out of control, and even my head was getting swallowed into my cleavage as it flowed over me. I felt my girth knock over his nightstand as I pumped fuller.

“H-Harder, Parker! I'm so *close!*” my muffled words screamed.

I didn't know what he was doing. It's like he already knew every one of my buttons. Our bodies seemed to just fit together as if they were made for each other. I was quickly reaching my limit, and I all but hoped that my engorged knockers didn't have a limit of their own.

“I-I'm gonna come! I'm gonna coooooome!” I screamed. “*BLOW ME UUUP!!*”

As if we had practiced, our bodies tightened in unison. I felt him throb to his fullest, stretching my insides as he filled my body with his fluids.

“A-A-AaaaaahhhhHHHH!!” I gasped, feeling my nipples expand and contract. I puffed so large enough his fingers broke their hold on me, my boobs quaking from release and pleasure. Tightness shot through my skin in a massive wave of intense orgasmic pleasure. My body was made of electricity and I was thundering down a track of ecstasy, shaking as my nipples and pussy throbbed. I actually thought I was going to black out from pleasure for the first time in my life.

A full minute later as it subsided, I could feel Parker leaning on the top of my chest, breathing heavily. “June? Are...are you ok?” he asked again. “You're *really* big... I think you're bigger than my mattress.” I felt him climb on top of my chest, spreading my cleavage to find me panting below with a mess of hair.

Every so slowly, he came closer to meet me as his arousal dwindled, my chest growing smaller. I couldn't help but giggle a little as he came closer and closer, excitement bubbling up. I really liked Parker.

Finally, when I had come to be about the size of beach balls, Parker leaned over and took my head in his hands, kissing me with enough passion to light a campfire.

He pulled away, smiling at me. “What'd you think?”

I knew he was talking about the sex, but that wasn't what was on my mind. “Best part of the night,” I confessed, kissing him again.

To be continued...