

Flash fiction based on this prompt:

Girl figures out way she can get bustier; goes overboard, and deals with the consequences.

Contains: Breast Expansion

Wren

Wren's eyes fluttered open with the obnoxious buzzing of her alarm. She reached one thin arm across the bed to grab her phone and silence the offending sound. She very much did not want to get out of bed, but she had class this morning, and she was one tardy mark away from failing *Econ 201*. The lithe redhead stretched her arms above her head and began the laborious process of getting out of bed. First she used both hands to shove her left breast onto her right side, then sat up. Her breasts rested on her knees, spilling over and nearly reaching the floor. Gathering momentum, Wren heaved herself forward to stand upright, twisting to let her spine make a few satisfying crackles.

Slipping her tent-like tee shirt off, Wren padded down the hall to her bathroom, where she squeezed herself into the standard shower stall. Her breasts pressed against both the back wall and the glass door of the inadequate space, but she managed to get as much of herself as she could reach clean. Wren had an extra long brush to reach the full expanse of her bosom, but decided she didn't have time for that today. Getting herself mostly dry, Wren returned to her bedroom to get dressed. After the complex process of putting on a bra large enough to make two hammocks for normal size girls, Wren put on a clean shirt and leggings. It was time for breakfast.

Wren stepped into her kitchen, feeling her breasts brush both sides of the door frame. She stood sideways to the counter to reach for a coffee pod and pop it into the machine. Before 'the incident' Wren enjoyed making complicated coffee like French press and pour-over; but that meant using both hands, and there just wasn't any practical way for her to reach the counter when she was facing it.

The redhead pulled a protein bar from the box in an upper cabinet. She hardly used the lower cabinets for anything anymore. Munching on her breakfast, Wren went through her daily routine of berating herself for drinking the whole bottle of serum. Sure, she'd hated being flatter than Kansas, but *this* was not the life she wanted instead.

The coffee was done, so Wren grabbed her tablet and slipped it into her expansive cleavage. Her back had enough to do carrying her tits around to deal with a backpack. Coffee in one hand and everything else resting safe in 'Wren canyon,' the redhead crossed her living room to her apartment door.

Wren had switched entirely to slip-on shoes. Between the effort of reaching her feet and the strain of squatting down and standing back up, it just made sense. Her brown Mary Janes were by the door where she'd removed them yesterday. The left slipped on easily, but the right rolled over wildly. Wren sighed and took several big steps backward to see where her shoe had gone. Spotting it, she stepped back up carefully, waving her bare right foot around until she found the elusive shoe. She rolled it right side up, slipped her toes into it, and stepped toward the door.

For a moment Wren forgot herself and slammed her front into the closed door as she walked with an arm outstretched to reach the handle. Chuckling, she twisted to one side and pulled the door open.

Wren's breasts brushed the doorframe as she stepped out of her apartment. As she rode the elevator down, she wondered if that weird shop in the mall had more of that serum.