

A Christmas Story



“Hoooooly craaaaap! *What a DAAAAAY!!*”

It was finally here. After several weeks of the tease that is Thanksgiving, I was *finally* heading into my Christmas break. Mind you, I wasn't just sauntering into these glorious days off; I was jumping headfirst with each and every day's pajama plans already solidified in my mind.

There were an entire two weeks of no work to look forward to. No paperwork, no unnecessary meetings, no Dan from accounting. Damn you, Dan From Accounting... This truly was the most wonderful time of the year and I intended to make every second of my vacation count, starting now and running through New Year's Day. If only there was snow on the ground instead of these puddles.

I didn't even bother cleaning out my work bag. It would still be there when January came around, right? Why worry about it now. The only things I needed to concern myself with were the couch, my butt, and a cheesy holiday romance. All in good time, but first I needed to get out of these work clothes.

Stripping naked and tossing every garment into a pile, I dug into my dresser drawer and pulled out the outfit I would be living in for the majority of the next two weeks. A soft, cotton pajama set warmed my hands. The front of the button-up shirt displayed my name in dancing embroidery.

Dawn

It was a Christmas tradition. Every Thanksgiving after our family meal, my mother, bless her heart, would give each of her kids a new set of pajamas embroidered with our names. Then we would have to suffer through the excitement until we were *actually* allowed to wear them once school paused for break.

A new pair of pajamas was a lot more useful back then when we were outgrowing last year's. I'm twenty-seven now, though. I'm not outgrowing my pajamas any time soon but they keep coming like clockwork every year. I think Mom is just trying to keep some of that old Christmas spirit alive. It's such an easy thing to lose as you get older. Needless to say, I pretty much have an entire bin dedicated to my treasured pajamas.

This year's were a dark, royal red with gold lines along the seams. Compared to my apartment, they felt far too extravagant for my blood. But they were made with a mother's love and that warmth never failed to hit me as soon as I ceremoniously pulled the pants over my legs and clasped the shirt's buttons. That's right; no bra *or* underwear. I'm serious about this relaxation thing.

The reflection in the mirror was satisfying. I looked ready for eggnog and a nap. Somehow Mom always knew my size. The pajamas belonged on my slender frame and for a second I felt like a magazine model. Like a dark-haired Rachel McAdams getting ready for bed. Had my boyfriend been there, I don't think I would be staying in these for very long. Pulling at

the fabric going across my bust, I found a fair amount of excess space. Far more than my A-cups required.

I couldn't help but giggle. "You know me too well, Mom..." She *never* forgot to account for an extra-loose fit in the bust of my shirt.

The couch caught me like a long-lost lover and a sigh akin to a mountain settling deflated my chest. I had the perfect Christmas movie in mind to start off my break. All I had to do was turn on the TV and--

There was something next to the TV remote. Something *far* more stress-relieving than *The Santa Clause*. The butterflies in my belly made me bite my lip with temptation.

It was my trusty Boosti-Breast, a well-used temporary growth device. Sorry, a *very* well-used temporary growth device.

Don't give me that look! It's more uncommon for a girl *not* to have one these days! When these magical pieces of invention came out years ago, the implant industry collapsed overnight. To a young Dawn going through puberty, getting my hands on one was all I wanted. Along with every other girl in my class. By law you couldn't have one before you were eighteen, though. Something about adverse effects on growth hormones.

I got Ol' Faithful the day I crossed that age limit. Took a year of financial planning in order for me to afford it. By that time they were fairly commonplace but still somewhat of a luxury item. She got me through some of my best years in college... Some of my best dates, too. Almost ten years later, she was still holding strong. As strong as the duct tape wrapped around her, at least.

I should explain. My Boosti-Breast isn't the most powerful female enhancement device on the market. It wasn't when I bought it, and it certainly wasn't now. Hell, it wouldn't have even broken the top five in the industry ten years ago! But it was what I could afford and it got the job done. I was hooked on it from the first use.

It was about a foot long with big rounded bulges and a dial or two. Similar to what you would see in an old sci-fi film or something Marvin the Martian might point at Bugs Bunny. Mine was dull blue with green accents, but a lot of the paint was worn off through the years. The trigger had been hot glued more times than I could count and more often than not it had a faint burning smell after I used it. That scent had actually come to be a bit of a turn on for me... A strip of duct tape wrapped around its oval muzzle to prevent the spreading of a devious crack from an especially drunken night during senior year of college. Don't ask.

Ol' Faithful didn't have much power behind her. The dial labeled 'Size' near the handle was turned to the highest setting as always. I put it there the minute I unwrapped it. The rest of the labels were long gone from wear and tear. Honestly I'm not even sure I *could* turn the dial if I wanted to. It was probably stuck.

Don't go getting too excited now. Maximum power is a relative term. Even at full blast I couldn't increase my cup size to anything substantial. If it was a good day and the electronic gods were willing, I could manage to get myself into the realm of say...volleyballs? *Maybe*

watermelon halves? The old models didn't go very large, especially the cheap ones. Nothing like what the newer models can do. Those things can make finding your belly button a treasure hunt. It depends a lot on your natural size. Going from A-cups, I don't have much for my antique to work with. Not to mention my duration dial only goes up to a few hours.

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 booby-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.

Click!

A familiar shiver ran down my spine when it sent a pulse of energy into my skin.

“*Ahm!!*” I bit my lip and squirmed deep into the couch cushions. Ol’ Faithful had come through yet again. If there was a right way to start two weeks off from work, this had to be it.

The booster clattered back to its position on the coffee table. My hands were free for only a second before I placed them against my chest and massaged the tingling skin below. The process never took long but I always made sure to make the most of it.

The closest thing I can compare the growth to is inflating balloons. Seriously. I know that might be a little cliché, but it’s true. They’re not airy or anything like that; their whole weight and mass are present and accounted for. Feeling those two little mounds rise off my chest and push into my hands though...*mmmmm*...God, it’s like just trying to contain a couple of sexy latex puppies. The rush of my skin stretching and pulling is such a magical sensation; like whole-body chills concentrated on my breasts before pouring into my nipples.

All too soon I was cupping a pair of Cs. I wasn’t done growing yet, but I’ve always thought C-cups were a fair size for my frame. Sometimes I think puberty skipped a step or two when it was my turn.

“*Mmmm!*” I loosed a moan and sank my fingers deeper. It was like greeting two friends I hadn’t seen in forever.

There wasn’t very much extra fabric across my chest anymore. Not with these assets filling it out. My breasts were swelling big enough to be worthy of the title of ‘tits’. I knew the cup sizes by sight alone. Years of experience and measuring for fun will do that to you.

“*D... E-E... Mmmmnghh... F-ffff...uuuuuck...*” My nipples were on fire. Seeing my buttons spread open never failed to make my blood rush. Little tents stood out over my pajama top where my nipples puffed up nice and firm. Unfortunately, the effects were slowing. “Don’t stop... J-Just a little...*nnngh*...bigger...”

Rising hills blocked my view of my own toes on the other end of the couch. The hem of my shirt flipped over my stomach and the fabric pulled around my back. Looks like Mom didn’t go *quite* big enough!

“*A-Ahh! Oooh!!*” My shirt was constricting around my tits. Heaps of jiggling flesh the size of my head were forced to deform as they ran out of room to grow. I really didn’t mind; there were *very* few things that turned me on more than feeling my body outgrow my clothes. You might say I have a thing for this... Not many girls do. Most wouldn’t use a booster if they weren’t chasing a man or didn’t have a boyfriend asking for it. I’m one of the rare ones, though. I *craved* this growth. The thought of my boobs outweighing the rest of me? *Yes please.*

A seam stretched against my side. This shirt wasn’t going to last much longer if I didn’t do something. As fun as it is to send buttons across the room, I didn’t want to ruin Mom’s present. With a shaking hand, I reached up and flicked the center button. A portion of my shirt blew open from its pressurized contents and bulging cleavage shoved itself into the air. Breath heavy and short, I flipped the remaining buttons in a flurry.

My pajama top popped open like a party favor. No longer constrained, I watched my temporarily-engorged breasts rise into the air as full, supple mounds the size of decent cantaloupes. A slight breeze across my thimble nipples was enough to make me pant.

Technology is amazing, isn't it? I was considered flat-chested no more than a minute ago. Now I'm staring at a literal pair of fleshy melons filling the space between my biceps.

I was right to turn the TV on. I couldn't wait any longer and attacked myself. A generous amount of time was spent massaging my new assets. I've never gotten over feeling my fingers sink into my own skin like a pillow. I honestly don't know how busty girls don't play with themselves all day.

After a point, I couldn't handle the massage any longer. I needed more. The heat between my thighs was far too intense to ignore. Keeping one hand working overtime on my chest to knead and occasionally bring a needy nipple to my lips, my other hand slipped under my bottoms into what felt like a sauna.

"Mmmngh!!! OH!!" Yea, definitely a good idea to have the TV on.

I started masturbating furiously. Not that I necessarily needed the help downstairs; nipple orgasms were easy to come by when I was boosted. But the faster I enjoyed myself and my bloated knockers, the faster I could enjoy them in other ways, right? Hugging them while watching TV, walking around the apartment and feeling their weighty bounces, maybe pinching a nipple here and there to test the waters for another round on the couch...

I'll be the first to admit it; I get off on my tits. More than any other girl I knew. It's not a secret. They're just enjoyable, all right?? Everything about them is sheer goodness! They're so simple yet I'm never tired of them! The bigger they are, the more I, or a date, have to play with.

"Hah... Mmmmm!! H-Haaah..."

It was coming. The big reveal. The climax. The edge of the cliff. Just feeling how soft they were...and full...and my skin squeezing between my fingers...these massive mounds jiggling and...wobbling in every direction on top of me...pressing into my arms and chin...blown up like balloons from such small beginnings...it just makes me want to...to...

"NNGHHHH!!!!" Muscles squeezed my working fingers to a trampling standstill between my thighs and I could feel my pulse beating inside my chest from orgasmic release.

God I needed that.

I fell limp on the couch under heavy breath and an arm wrapped across my chest. I didn't dare remove the fingers from my crotch; I needed a moment before I could deal with any kind of friction down there.

"Mmmm..." I shifted on the couch, going onto my side and clamping my thighs on my hand. A kiss planted itself in my cleavage. "Good to have you girls back." I could enjoy them for a couple hours before the booster's effects wore off and I had to watch them return to their natural state. Of course I could just give them another shot afterward, but part of enjoying yourself is also limiting yourself, right? Self-control is what gives special treats their sweetness.

I sighed, enjoying feeling my breasts' soft warmth enveloping my arm and torso while I sleepily watched whatever had been happening on TV. Some girls hug a pillow when they relax; I do too, it's just self-heating and all-natural.

A high-end commercial faded onto the screen. Two women were putting their bikini tops through stress tests with a set of jugs I could only dream of owning. I *have* dreamed of having breasts that big, actually. No doubt it was an ad for a new booster model. It was the season, after all. It must be pretty pricey too if it managed to get those girls to dwarf beach balls. Honestly I didn't think such powerful boosters were available to the general public without connections. I watched as they both giggled at the gawking men passing by before an announcer introduced the product.

He informed, "Releasing just in time for the holidays for yourself or that special lady in your life! Attain the size, and attention, of your dreams with the Limited Edition Maximum-Strength Cup-Enhancement Booster from IncrediBust!"

My jaw dropped into my cleavage. This was actually real. This was huge. *Those* things were huge! I didn't understand how those women could stand, let alone walk! And they were just going to *sell* a booster capable of such feats?! To irresponsible girls like me??

Then they showed it. This booster was sleek, trim, and modern. Chrome and red flashed across its surface. This was the Porsche of the booster world. Based on the booster's specs, these models weren't even using it to its full potential. They could have gone *bigger*. The fools.

"Comes equipped with a full range of sizes, as well as customization for firmness and sensitivity! In addition, available only on this special edition, you'll find a maximum size duration of three days!"

Three days?! Are they MAD?! I would die from forgetting to eat or drink!

"On sale now for the affordable price of \$12,000! Or twenty-four easy payments of \$500! Now available for pre-order at any IncrediBust-certified dealerships."

There it is. There is that pesky dollar amount. Of *course* it's twelve grand. Why wouldn't it be?

I watched the commercial end, leaving me feeling more inadequate than ever before. I love the booster I have, I really do. But you can't blame a girl for just wanting to be *bigger*. Good job, marketing people, you succeeded at your job. Boosters like that were meant for the kind of people who didn't consider money to be an issue, not girls living in an apartment who enjoy popping their buttons after a long day.

The night drew on. By the time I was heating up a bowl of mac and cheese for dinner, I was also watching my chest shrink by the cup size as my booster's effects wore off. The IncrediBust commercial hadn't left my mind. I could never afford something so extravagant. I was not the target audience; rich men with hot wives were.

I watched my dinner spin and sighed, feeling the last of my boost shrink away. The image of that sleek, powerful booster hadn't left my mind for a second. If it wasn't meant for me, why couldn't I stop thinking about it?

“*Dawwwwn!!*”

My girlfriends cheered my name when I walked into the bar. It wasn't very hard to pick them out over the festive crowd, but their boisterous greeting led me straight to their table. It was obvious they were a few drinks ahead of me.

“Here! We already ordered a drink for you!” one of them, Jasmine, offered. She was extra energetic tonight. “Mojito, just how you like it!”

Kally chuckled and glanced at the cleavage I had pouring out of my little black dress. “Might be a little watered down by now. Running a little late? Looks like you're all done up for our girls' night out; that dusty old booster of yours acting up again?”

I sighed and sat in the booth, taking a healthy drink of my mojito. “Like you wouldn't believe. I had to go one cup at a time or it would overheat! Poor thing is on its last legs...”

“You know you don't *have* to boost yourself, right?” Jasmine asked. “You already have a boyfriend! Who are you trying to impress?? Kally and I aren't all that interested!”

“Well hey now! Let's not jump to any conclusions...” Kally leaned close to me and bat her eyes at my chest. “Dawn knows how to make those things look *good*. I've been caught staring one or two times. When she's nice and full, you could get lost in that cleavage.” A teasing hand walked across my thigh with two fingers. “You can try and impress *meeee*.”

“Oh shut up!” I slapped my drunk friend away and she laughed. How obvious was it that I was blushing? After all these years I still got flak for my booster-based fetish.

Jasmine pat Kally on the shoulder to help calm her down. “Stop teasing her! Some girls just like pumping themselves up! I've heard the noises Dawn makes when that booster hits her. That summer at the beach house? Sounded like both Mason *and* Dawn were having a blast with that thing!”

She and Kally burst out laughing at my expense. I couldn't very well deny any of it; it was fairly common knowledge in my close circle of family and friends that I enjoyed my booster for my own personal reasons.

“I don't think I've touched mine in months...!” Kally said after catching her breath. “Might be about time to start bringing the girls out again, though.”

I was happy to turn the attention elsewhere. “Oooh, ready to start dating again, are we? Maybe I should have brought my booster with me! A full shirt might snag you a guy tonight.”

Kally stuck her tongue out in response. “I'm not *that* desperate yet, but there might come a time soon enough. Seems like most guys only see you when you're carting around a giant set of jugs these days. Especially when they just keep making boosters more powerful. They won't even notice you if you're not blown up like a sex balloon.”

Jasmine agreed. She wasn't much larger than my normal A-cups, but she was far more confident with them than I. "It's not easy finding someone actually into small breasts anymore." She sighed and looked at me. "You're lucky you actually enjoy the whole booster thing."

"You don't?" I asked.

"Well...I mean sure it *feels* great when they're actually growing, but that only lasts for a minute! After that you're stuck with a sore back and tight shoulders for the rest of the night! Not to mention just a giant pair of fleshy things getting in the way!"

Kally nodded, quickly swallowing her drink to add, "Yea! Sure, I might make myself big enough to get a guy's number, but then I'm spending fifty bucks at the chiropractor the next day after they've gone down. I don't know how you do it, Dawn. I'm a D-cup and I would trade for your size in a heartbeat if it didn't mean I would be invisible." She caught herself a moment later and added, "No offense..."

"None taken," I waved. "Don't really have any evidence otherwise. I can't tell you the last time a guy showed interest when I *wasn't* boosted."

"That's because you're *always* boosted when you go out!" Jasmine prodded.

Kally was staring again. "She likes being top-heavy, can't blame her for that."

"Has Mason even seen you at your regular size? Like, he knows you're not *actually* stacked, right?"

Somehow the conversation was focused on me again. "Yes, Kally, he knows I'm an A-cup!"

"Just checking! I can't remember the last time I've seen you small..." She thought for a moment before her eyes lit up. "There was that time at the pool when it wore off and your top didn't fit anymore! *Everyone* saw them then!"

"Thank you for reminding me about that incredibly embarrassing moment in my life," I growled. It wasn't my fault the duration hadn't lasted as long as I set. I bet the IncrediBust wouldn't have had that problem.

Jasmine tried to console me. "Don't listen to her. No one remembers, Dawn."

I didn't know if people not remembering my natural chest was a good thing or not. More than anything I just wanted to turn the conversation away from my sexual urges. "Any plans for Christmas?"

Both shook their heads.

"I'll be here! My parents thought a cruise would make a good couple's gift, so unless I want to spend Christmas with my aunt and her four cats, I'm staying here."

"Just sticking around, I think. Money is tight so I can't exactly fly across the country for family," Kally shrugged and finished her drink. "But if we're all here... You know what that means??"

"Christmas at Dawn's?" Jasmine gasped.

"Christmas at Dawn's!"

This was news to me! "W-Wait, don't I--"

“Nope!” Kally drunkenly leaned on me. I wasn’t much support, feeling the effects of my own booze. One of her fingers sank into my bust as she poked me and said, “Too late! It’s planned now! We’ll be over first thing in the morning on Christmas!”

Jasmine was giddy. “If we didn’t already spend the night!”

“Actually I think Mason and I were gonna--”

“Oooohhh she wants to spend Christmas Eve with her special friend,” Kally teased.

“Don’t worry, we’ll wear earplugs. I’m sure you’ve got a sexy little Santa costume all picked out and ready to be filled up for him!”

“K-Kally!” I blushed and felt my chest heat up. How did she know?!

“I’m sure he has *nooo* issues with you always maxing out your booster, huh?”

Jasmine was beaming, no doubt coming up with ideas for their Christmas ambush.

“Maybe we can do this every year! We can make a tradition out of it! The three of us can buy pajamas for each other and we *have* to wear them for the day!”

“What...*hic!* What do you want for Christmas, Dawn?” Kally slurred. “What do you want Mason to...*hic!*...slip down your chimney? And *don’t* say a white Christmas! You *always* want snow.”

I knew my answer. I suspect you even know my answer. It popped into my head the second Kally asked and ordered another drink. Blurting it out was obviously the worst thing I could have done after finally getting the focus away from my booster obsession, but a drunk mind doesn’t work so well.

“I...I want the Limited Edition Maximum-Strength Cup-Enhancement Booster from IncrediBust!”

The table was surprisingly silent for the amount my friends had drunk. Even some of the people around us paused their conversation to look in my direction.

“*HAA!!*” Kally exploded with laughter, releasing a spray of her drink across the table.

Jasmine held her stomach and was trying desperately to catch her breath between gasps.

“D-Dawn...you can’t...*Haha!!*...be serious!!”

“Guys... Come on...” I shrank into the booth seat.

“*You’ll blow your bra open!!*” Kally howled. “The minute you get something like that, you’ll turn it to max strength and *blow your bra clean off!! You’re too dangerous with something like that!!*”

“You...You could shoot someone’s eye out!!”

Neither of them could contain their amusement. I blushed like a tomato as their laughter spread to a few others in close proximity. You want to know the worst part? They weren’t *wrong*. Kally was one hundred percent correct. The second I got a booster like the IncrediBust, I *would* put it to its highest setting and I *most certainly* would be wearing one of my A-cup bras when I did it. I’ve tried to blow my bra open for *YEARS*. Tried *so many* times to get those damn clasps to break. But even as small as my bras are, they’re able to hold on even when Ol’ Faithful gives it her all. There’s a lot of bulging, sure, but I’ve never blown any lingerie off my body. To

tell you the truth, the thought alone of my tits blowing my bra open was enough to make me sweat.

“Don’t those cost a fortune?!” Jasmine gasped.

“I’m pretty sure they’re more expensive than my car!”

“Ok, guys,” I motioned, trying to calm their laughter. “I was just telling you what I--”

A set of colored lights strobed at the bar. “*DAIRY RUUUUUSH!!!!*”

“*WOOOO!!!*” People at the bar were overcome with excitement when a bartender shouted over a PA system and music blared.

I could feel my face drain of color when my friends cracked devilish smiles. It was a dairy rush, one of the hot new trends sweeping the bar scene alongside other gimmicks to draw a crowd. Some willing girl would take a lactation booster at full force until she was engorged and leaking out of her clothes, then either she or one of her friends could drink a shot glass of her milk to earn a free round. Outside of any situation where everyone is drunk and horny, it would have sounded ridiculous.

“*Mmm!!!*” a tall blonde moaned, already jumping on the milk train. A man, who I assumed she had met within the hour, stood ready with a shot glass in hand. It was amazing how boosters had changed the dating scene.

“Who’s next??” one of the bartenders called out, holding a booster into the air. It was small and silver, no doubt obtained through a promotion with the manufacturer. Several women put their hands up with cheers from their friends.

“Over here!! Over here!!” Kally shouted.

I laughed. “Kally I thought you weren’t going to--” She wasn’t referring to herself. And there was a finger pointing at me. Jasmine was too, drawing the bartender’s attention. “*Guys!! What are you doing??*”

“She’ll do it!” Jasmine screamed.

“N-No! I can’t!!” The bartender was getting closer. The lactation hadn’t even been induced yet, but I could already feel the milk swelling inside of me.

“Please, you *know* you’re going to like it,” Kally teased. “Get her good, Carlos!”

“You in?” he asked, holding the booster ready. Spectators were staring all around at the girl already big enough to risk falling out of her dress.

“I-I...” My heart was racing. I had only used a lactation booster once before at a bachelorette party. My hesitation wasn’t from lack of want. On the contrary; it was because I didn’t think I could hide my orgasm from a bar full of people.

“Do it! I *dare* you,” Jasmine challenged.

“Hell, I double-dog dare you! Come on, girl!! I’m *thirsty!!!*” Kally was more excited than anyone, licking her lips and receiving a few male cheers in response. I really had to start monitoring her alcohol intake better.

“I *triple-dog dare* you!”

“You get a free rooooouuund!” the bartender sang, reminding me.

The peer pressure was crushing. The thought of bloating out of my dress wasn't so bad either if I'm being honest. Plus, how in the world could I ignore a triple-dog dare? There was no higher power. With the aid of my mojito, I took a deep breath and nodded. "A-Alright! Bring it on!"

"*Woo! Attagirl!*" Jasmine clapped.

Kally drained a shot glass and slammed it on the table in front of my chest. "Hit her, Carlos!"

Carlos stepped forward and pressed the booster into the side of my left breast. It sank several inches, my skin soft and springy from my own enhancement.

Click!

I jumped when he pulled the trigger and sent a bolt of gland-stimulating energy through my chest.

"*Ahh!*" I cried out. It was far more intense than I remembered. "How...How strong is that thing??"

"It's the new DairyGold Silver Edition!" he said with pride. "We keep the dial taped to the max setting."

My eyes bulged wide and I felt an intense tingle spreading over my already-swollen tits. Maybe I should have worn a bra under my dress; something tells me this might have been a good opportunity to finally blow it open. The next minute or so was about to get very intense.

"Here we go!" Kally rubbed her hands together, enjoying the flushing pink color rushing to my cheeks.

"*Ohh... Oooohhhh...*" It was impossible for me not to moan. I wasn't in control any more, like a girl sitting across from a guy with the remote to her vibrator. How could *any* girl keep her calm through something like this?! How do most girls *not* use their boosters all the time?! It's...*nnngh*...magical! My hands grasped the side of the table for support. I needed anything to hold on to, anything but my tits; the slightest touch would be enough to send me over the edge. I wasn't sure I could prevent it as it was!

"You might wanna step back," Jasmine warned the bartender, "She was already boosted."

"We've got a full one over here!" he announced, garnering more observers to our booth.

"*Augh! M-MMM!*" I was starting to pant. The milk was here, and it was coming in full force. My chest wasted no time in jumping forward two cup sizes from the initial flow. I reveled in the tightness spreading over my skin. I hadn't been this large in *years*, and here I was about to continue swelling!

Kally's eyes were wide. "Look at you go! You look like you're having the time of your life!"

"Bigger! Bigger! Bigger!" The bar crowd was cheering me on now, watching this petite girl's bust bloat impossibly large with milk.

“*Mmm... M-Mmmm!*” Didn’t they know what saying things like that would do to me?? I got off on getting bigger!! Hearing them chant about my boob blowing up wasn’t helping the mounting arousal in my nipples, core, and crotch!

I had to push back into the booth’s cushion. Skin was bulging out of the front of my dress as if I were trying to hide a pair of basketballs. The cleavage extending from my own body in such a perfect, soft line made me wet. Fabric pulled at my back as the dress started to complain. It couldn’t stretch anymore. The idea of milk swirling under my skin like a couple of balloons made me wet.

“Lookin’ a little full there, Dawn!” Jasmine teased. “Kally! Better get some glasses ready! I want som!”

“Waaaay ahead of you!”

“*A-Ahhh!!! Mmmmm guys!!*” I groaned. Below the table, my thighs were rubbing together in mad gyrations. With the lactation booster’s stimulation, my milk glands were working overtime to produce such an exorbitant amount of dairy. Deep within the depths of my udders, I could feel each of them swelling and filling like tiny balloons, engorging me from the inside out. “*Hah... G-God...!!! It’s not...stopping!!!*”

A creak came from a seam somewhere on my dress. I couldn’t tell you where; it was hidden below the mammoth udders heaving off my torso.

“*A-AAHHHMMMM!!!!*” I screamed before biting my lip when my strawberry nipples pressed into the edge of the table. Warmth was spreading across my fronts and I knew my capacity was nearing its limit. The warmth and leaking was a sure sign. I started leaning forward with the weight, hoping the milk falling in my lap would disguise other fluids.

“Uh uh! Keep ‘em above the table!” Kally demanded. A quick arm shot under my chest and lifted them onto the table, letting them fall with a bloated sloshing.

“*NNNGH!!! K-K-KALLYYYY!!*” I cried, using every ounce of my mental energy to keep my approaching orgasm in check. Her touch brought me dangerously close to losing it in front of everyone. It was bad enough they were about to see my--

POP POP!!

“MMMMM!!!”

“There they are!!”

My nipples sprang free of my dress like party favors. I swear Kally was drooling over the thin threads of milk leaking free. I was utterly exposed to anyone willing to look, and still I continued to fill. The chill of an ice water pressed into my milky skin and sent a bolting shiver through my body. Goosebumps speckled my chest and my nipples shot out at the chilly sensation like nozzles. The glass would have tipped over had Carlos’s reaction not been so quick.

“*A-Almost there...*” I told myself. “*Almost...nnnng!!...there!! I can’t hold it!*”

My lactation was peaking. Filled to the brim, a final bit of production started its way through my glands. Beginning at the base of my chest, I felt a wave of intense pleasure and heat

surge from my torso to the tips of my nipples where they puffed and hardened, making me gasp aloud.

“MMMM OOOHHH FUCK!!!”

SSPPPPSSHHHHH

Streams of milk arched over our table. I was filled like a couple of stretched beach balls.

“Ahhh!! Ahhhhhh!! Mmmmm GOD!!!” I couldn’t resist anymore. I had just outgrown my dress, dammit! How could I not orgasm after feeling myself get so big, milky, and--

“Looks like I’m up!!” Kally’s hand shot out and grabbed a plump nipple. She twisted and pulled, shooting a hot stream of milk into her shot glass like I was some kind of cow.

“W-W-WAIT!!!” It only intensified the rolling orgasm. My overly sensitive nipples flared and rocked my body to its core. I couldn’t help but throw my head back as Kally milked me in front of the entire bar. I would have been humiliated if my mind was on anything other than the pulsing in my panties.

Gasping for breath, I watched as Kally lifted an overflowing shot glass to her lips and guzzled down my fluid. A white mustache lingered before she wiped it away with her tongue and a coy smile.

Licking a finger clean, she said, “Mmmmm, your milk is *delicious*, Dawn... We could sell this stuff!”

“Free round over here!!!” Carlos announced.

“Yay!! Good job, Dawn!!” Jasmine screamed.

I received a standing ovation before everyone started going back to their own business. Several other women endured the same torture, but none were quite the show I put on.

“Way to go, Bessie,” Kally joked. “Doing all right?? You look like we just took you off a sex machine!”

“I...” Swallowing, I realized my mouth was bone dry. Producing so much milk took a lot out of a girl. Boosters had come further than I thought. “Water?”

“Here--”

“Augh!!!”

Kally poured me a glass of my own milk, driving me up the wall once more. “This will help!”

I didn’t care. I chugged my own milk without a second thought and I had to admit, it did taste delightful.

“Thanks for the free drinks,” Jasmine sighed, accepting her prize from Carlos when he returned. “And the show.”

Kally nudged my shoulder. “Do we need a mop for your seat? I think that scream of yours might have cracked a few windows!”

“I can’t...help it...” It’s not like it’s *my* fault the idea of my boobs getting bigger is my biggest turn on. I’m just a girl living her best life. “You guys...better have a plan for getting me home. I won’t be able to stand with these!”

“Oh we do!” Kally grinned and took an empty glass. “We’re going to drain the tanks!”

Christmas was right around the corner. Tonight was Christmas Eve Eve, as I liked to call it. Short of winning the lottery, I was certain I had no chances of getting my hands on that Limited Edition Maximum-Strength Cup-Enhancement Booster from IncrediBust. Not unless Mason had foregone proposing for *another* year in order to save up for such a luxury.

The thought alone humored me. Mason was a good guy. A *great* guy, really. And boy did he love tits. But spending over ten grand on something as frivolous as a booster? That was so far beyond the realm of reality it was laughable. Still...a girl could dream, right?

I stood in my closet meticulously choosing a dress for our traditional Christmas date. It didn’t have to be fancy, but skimpy enough to show off my body once Ol’ Faithful worked her magic.

A black dress hung in front of me. Usually it would have been an easy pick, but the front was warped and blown out from the lactation ordeal several nights earlier.

“God, I can’t believe I did that... What was wrong with me??” I groaned, finding the dress still devoid of shape. “I ruined one of my favorite outfits!”

Did you think I regretted the lactation booster? HA! Not in the slightest. So I flashed a few people and sprayed milk like a sprinkler; drunk me didn’t care and current sober me was able to push it out of my mind. The point was I got *maaaaassive*. I’ve had dreams like that before and I can assure you, they all measure up to the experience. Kally and Jasmine might have had a bit too much fun milking me like a farm animal, but that’s beside the point.

Mason was going to pick me up in less than half an hour and I wasn’t even dressed yet. There wasn’t time to reminisce about orgasmic letdowns! Deciding on a seductive appearance, I snatched a festive red dress and slipped it over my body. It fit like a glove, save for the drooping fabric over my breasts. I wasn’t even large enough to support a sufficient amount of fabric to cover my nipples.

Not *yet*, at least.

Ol’ Faithful was waiting on the bed right where I left her. It was time for her to earn her keep once again. The dial remained on the highest setting because you know, I’m always willing to branch out!

“Let’s see what you’ve got me tonig--*oh!*”

An end of the duct tape was losing its stick and a broken piece of my booster’s outer shell was hanging by one end. I held it back in place and pretended to have seen nothing. It was better for my sanity that way.

Fully charged, I held its end into my chest and pulled the trigger.

WRRRR

It whirred with strange effect, like a weak grinder working in the distance. The noise wasn't new, but it had never been so pronounced. Sometimes it could take a second or two for it to get its bearings and hit me.

"You can do it," I encouraged, still holding the trigger and waiting for that pronounced clicking sound.

WRRRRRRRR

"Aaaany second now!"

WRR-RRR-RRR--POP!!

"*Ahh!*" A small jolt made its way through my chest after a loud pop echoed through my apartment. It was weak; nowhere near what I was hoping for.

"No no no! Come on!" I groaned, pulling the trigger again.

Nothing happened. Ol' Faithful whirred like a car with a dying battery and only grew weaker. I didn't notice the increasing heat until it was too late.

KSHHZAP!!

"*Crap!!*"

Ol' Faithful jumped in my hands before a piece of her outer shell exploded and sailed to a corner of my room. Smoke and the smell of burning electronics reached my nose and I knew it was over. This was it, my booster was done for. They hadn't made this model in years; repair was a pipedream.

"*DAMMIT!!*" I yelled, throwing it onto the bed. "It didn't even--*mmm...*"

At least she didn't leave me high and dry. I glanced down at my chest with pure hope but I knew I couldn't expect much. The influx of energy had been so small I would be lucky to even have cleavage.

My breasts swelled as if they were tired. Perky roundness filled them out at a snail's pace. I was overjoyed just to see them gain enough weight for my skin to fold over and pass the pencil test.

"Come on! C-Come...on!" I begged, still enjoying the little bit of pleasure accompanying my enhancement.

The dress lifted across them and I started to fill into the cups. Padding tickled my nipples just before the growth peetered off.

"No! Please no!!" I was at a loss. I couldn't have been bigger than a C-cup. Can you believe it?! A *C-cup!* I couldn't even hope to form cleavage without the help of a bra! There was no justice. The world was going to be a dark, hard place from now on without my soft pillows. I had only a handful of hours until they shrank away and left me with nothing. In a kinder world, Ol' Faithful's malfunction would have sent some kind of rogue zap into my body to make my boobs blow up to some gorgeous, permanent size. But not here. This was the real world and boosters don't work that way. Ever wonder if you might have an addiction?

Mason was going to be so disappointed. No doubt he was expecting to find a girl overflowing her dress with a pair of wobbling, head-sized Christmas ornaments he could bury

his face in later tonight. I was barely big enough to make the dress modest. The shoulder straps would have to be tightened if I wanted any kind of support.

DING DONG!

The doorbell rang several minutes later. Still moping, I grabbed my purse and dragged myself to open it. My boyfriend stood there with a holiday-themed bouquet of flowers smelling of scented pinecones.

“Hey, babe!” he greeted. I followed his eyes to my lack-luster bust and saw his smile turn into a perplexed slant. “Going a little more conservative, huh? That’s new!”

“My booster broke...” I mumbled, crossing my arms over my chest. Normally, that wasn’t supposed to be possible.

Mason must have sensed my despair. If he was torn up about it, he was doing a great job of hiding it. The flowers pressed into my back when he hugged me. “Well that’s ok! I’m still taking the most beautiful girl out to a Christmas dinner! You don’t *have* to torture a dress every night.”

Looking at the floor, I grumbled like a child, “I like torturing my dresses...”

“We can see what we can do about fixing it!”

I frowned. “I was going to let you dress me up however you wanted and then make me grow into it tonight...”

Mason looked like he had just missed a prime investment opportunity. Bless his titty-loving heart though, he turned it around. “I just would have torn the clothes off you anyway!”

My stomach growled, betraying my sour mood.

“You hungry?” he asked.

“Yea...”

“You’ll feel better after you eat something. I promise!”

He was right. Within an hour, the smell of the restaurant alone helped ease my loss. As heavenly as the food was, it just wasn’t the same without feeling my boobs fighting against the table’s edge. Oddly enough, I still caught Mason staring down my dress.

“I couldn’t fill your hands right now and you’re *still* trying to sneak a peek??”

“Always!” he grinned, enjoying his steak.

“There’s nothing to look at!”

“I *very much* disagree!”

“You’re sweet...”

“We can find you a new booster, you know. It’s not a big deal!”

Compared to some of the women seated around us, I felt like one of the cutting boards in the kitchen. “It’s a big deal *to me*.”

Mason winked. “Well, there are a lot of sales going on right now! Maybe we can go shopping tomorrow before the department stores close. Is there a model you’ve had your eye on?”

You're damn-well right there was a model I've had my eye on. My eye and most of my conscious mind. It probably wasn't healthy how much it's been in my thoughts and dreams. Regardless, I wasted no time in blurting out, "I want the Limited Edition Maximum-Strength Cup-Enhancement Booster from IncrediBust!"

Mason coughed on his food and had to use his napkin to prevent spraying me in chunks from his laughter. Finding his composure after a check-in from our worried waiter, he looked at me with watery eyes. "Isn't that the one that costs around a down payment on a small house??"

"Y-Yes..." I shrunk into my chair, much like my chest soon would.

"Dawn, trust me, I would *love* to get you that--"

"Yea??" I perked up. I don't know what I expected.

--but you would absolutely blow your bra open!!"

No... No, not Mason too! Why was everyone so concerned about my bra's wellbeing?! It was strong! It's a fighter! It would *want* to go out in such a blaze of glory!

I blushed, feeling ridiculed for my sexual urges. "I would not..."

"You wouldn't waste a second setting that thing to max!" Mason leaned forward and I felt his foot rub my calf. "And I wouldn't mind seeing it, either."

You and me both. It was lightyears out of both of our budgets, though. Mason was well-off, but not *that* well-off.

"How about we go look at some of last year's models?" he suggested before teasing, "Those might be more affordable and more suited to your tendencies."

"*Big* is suited towards my tendencies."

"We'll see what we can find, ok?"

"Ok..." Whatever we might find even remotely in my budget, it wouldn't be the Limited Edition Maximum-Strength Cup-Enhancement Booster from IncrediBust. More than likely it would be less powerful than Ol' Faithful and designed to break in a year.

Mason's foot traveled higher and tickled the insides of my lower thighs. "Does it help that I still can't wait to rip that dress off you?"

I couldn't help but blush. Other diners could definitely hear us, but I found it a little exciting after my dairy rush at the bar. "A-A little," I admitted.

"Good, because I've been itching to get my lips on those perky little tits all through dinner. I can't remember the last time I saw you with those cute nipples!"

Needless to say, the check was paid within the next ten minutes and Mason was racing to my apartment before the clock struck twelve on the last of Ol' Faithful's boosts. We managed to enjoy a good amount of fun with my C-cups before I felt them wearing away. Mason's hands were on them with his lips latched around a nipple when they shrunk. I was strangely embarrassed, similar to what I imagine a man feels like when he loses his hard-on during sex. Mason didn't miss a beat, though. He sucked as if I were as big as ever, not to mention I was more agile in bed than I had been in a long time. I guess the night didn't turn out so bad,

considering Ol' Faithful's corpse was on the floor by my nightstand. That man was as sweet as they came and I felt as precious to him as ever.

Still, as I lie naked in his arms in the dark trying to find sleep, I wondered how long it would be until I could overflow my bra again. Chances were slim we would find anything affordable. Maybe a lost IncrediBust would find its way to me. Surely there was a *chance*. Christmas miracles happen, right? Maybe Santa is a boob-man. A girl can dream.

"Merry Christmas!!!"

A knock on my door tore me from my sleep far sooner than was fair. My joyous pair of friends lunging at me with open arms and well wishes nearly took me off my feet.

"Heeeeeeey, guys!" I couldn't believe they were actually here at eight in the morning. A morning I was supposed to be sleeping in with Mason in my cozy bed away from this cold, snowless Christmas devoid of breasts. "Were we...actually serious about doing this?"

"Duh!" Jasmine pulled away from her hug and entered my apartment after wiping the water from her boots.

"Am I right in assuming you didn't get us anything, then?" Kally feigned a pout.

"W-Well, I wasn't planning on *actually* getting together at eight a.m. and--"

"I'm just messing with you! The show you put on at the bar and the free round was present enough as far as I'm concerned!"

"*Oh my God! I LOVE your tree, Dawn!*" Jasmine was beaming with Christmas cheer. "And don't worry! We got the pajamas!"

"We were serious on that too, huh..." I moaned. Christmas Eve had been a little rough on me, all right? I'm allowed to be a bit slow. Sex can be rough and drawn out when your two favorite toys are missing.

"I didn't know we were having a party...!"

We turned to see Mason shuffling from my room. Sleep was heavy in his eyes but I could still make out a child-like twinkle present only for Christmas morning. Poor guy was dragged around town all day yesterday looking for a new booster. Most department stores were closed and even those who were open had boosters with prices it hurt to look at. I think he enjoyed the few demos they had available to try, though. Even if they did only last five minutes.

"Morning, Mason! You look tired. Up all night playing with Dawn's big--" Kally stopped, noticing my mom's pajamas weren't filled out. "Tell me my eyes deceive me! Where are your boobs, Dawn?? Are you feeling all right??" She gasped, putting a hand over her mouth. "We didn't interrupt you two at the start of some sexy booster role-play did we??"

"We *must* be early if she hasn't had a chance to have her morning swell yet!" Jasmine joined in on the teasing.

It hurt me to say it. I was even wearing a bra to help give myself *some* kind of size increase. “Nothing like that... My booster actually broke the other night, so this is what I get for now.”

“Oh no,” Kally gasped as if there had been a death in the family. “You were our main source of free drinks!”

Jasmine at least tried to console me. “Stop it, can’t you see she’s sad? Dawn loved that thing. I’m sorry...”

Kally turned to my boyfriend. “How are you holding up, Mason? Did you need to use a real pillow for the first time last night since dating her?”

I could tell Mason was shocked by her accuracy. “He’s taken it much better than I have!” It was time to change the subject. I tried to mentally slap myself awake and into the spirit. The gentle drizzle outside wasn’t helping. What’s Christmas without snow? “Who wants coffee?? I have eggnog!”

“Eggnog, yes please,” Mason swooned with sleep deprivation.

“We already had one or two energy drinks!” Jasmine confessed. That explained a lot.

Kally set a stack of gifts in my living room. “I love your tree, Dawn!”

“Thanks! I got it at the last minute!” It was full and heavily flocked with fake snow.

Coffee was the savior I needed. I wasn’t going to let my lack of breasts spoil a perfectly good Christmas morning with my lover and friends. There was mountains of merriment to be had! I could worry about filling out my clothes later.

“Let’s do presents!”

Mason and I hadn’t even had a chance to catch our breath. Handling my friends made us feel like an old married couple surrounded my children and their new toys hidden under shiny paper. I was starting to understand why Jasmine’s parents needed a cruise; somehow my friends regressed to children on Christmas morning.

No sooner had I sat down than a long, flat box was shoved in my lap. Jasmine looked ready to burst. “Here, Dawn! Open your pajamas first!”

“Are you sure we don’t want to relax and wake up a little bit before we--”

“*Open it!*”

She was going to wake the entire apartment building if I didn’t do what she asked. Setting my coffee on the table, I tore open the wrapping paper and lifted the lid.

A pair of long, pink bunny ears sprang into the air. “Oh...my God...” I stared in horror.

“Do you *love it*?? Kally and I spent all weekend looking for the perfect pair of pajamas to give you.”

It was a pink monstrosity. A full-body, fleece bunny suit complete with bunny-head slippers. A zipper ran up the front designed to encase some poor sap like me.

Mason snorted back a chuckle beside me. “Sorry,” he laughed, “But you’re going to look *adorable* in that.”

“I-I’m not actually going to--”

“Put it on! Put it on!” Jasmine clapped.

“My mom already made pajamas for me! It would be rude to--”

Kally smirked. “It’s the *least* you could do after you forgot we were coming. Jasmine was *so* excited about our new tradition... Look at that face...”

I had to admit, Jasmine was a certifiable expert with the puppy-dog eyes.

“You gotta put that on,” Mason agreed. “I promise it *might* not go on YouTube.”

Groaning, I pulled the costume from the box and dragged it towards my room. “Fine. Fine!! I’ll be the Easter Bunny for Christmas!”

Jasmine was ecstatic. “I knew she would love it!”

“Merry Christmas!” Kally called out. I held up a loving finger in return before I closed my bedroom door. These were going to be the best pictures I could hope to find all over my social media.

I undressed down to my bra and underwear before standing in front of my fate. “I really need to stop letting them drink so much,” I sighed. The sooner I put it on the sooner I could take it off.

I emerged as a giant pink rabbit to a room full of grins. My ears slapped the top of the door frame when I stepped out. Kally was enjoying my torture while Jasmine was actually overjoyed. Mason was more than amused. If he was actually imagining me stripping for him while wearing this, I might have to reevaluate my taste in men.

“*Oh my God! You’re so precious!!*” Jasmine squealed.

Kally twirled a finger, holding her phone into the air. “Turn around! Show us the whole package!”

I could almost hear the internet giggle when I spun and showed off the giant white cottontail on my ass.

“Mason, how does this make you feel? Awaken anything inside of you?” Kally asked.

“Dawn,” he said, trying to hold back his smile on my account, “I think we might have a new tradition.”

“Yea? Just wait until you see what I find for you next year then!”

“My turn!” Jasmine grabbed a present from the pile. Of course her own pajamas were normal for an adult her age. “Thanks, Kally! I love them!”

“Go put ‘em on!”

Jasmine ran past me while I slumped into the couch next to Mason. A hand flipped an ear on my head like a cat. “Should I get you a carrot?” he asked.

“Mmmm, sorry, this bunny only eats sausage,” I breathed hotly, brushing a finger against his crotch. I knew he wasn’t wearing boxers and I delighted in seeing his face go red and the front of his sweat pants tent up. Kally seemed to as well. If I had to suffer so much embarrassment, Mason was getting a healthy dose as well.

Kally purred. “Get a room, you two! Mason, I could help you tie a bow around that for her if you want...”

“How do I look??” Jasmine interrupted, clad in bright blue pajamas. She didn’t wait long before sitting on the floor ready to continue. “Your turn, Kally!”

Kally’s face lit up when she pulled silk and lace from a bag. It was a spaghetti-strap teddy with only enough length to cover the top half of her hips. Somehow it looked *more* revealing than just being naked.

“Do I know you or what??” Jasmine giggled.

“I think you might get a thank you card from the next guy I bring home!” Kally gaped. A devilish smile flashed. “Guess I should put it on huh?”

I tore it from her hands before anyone could answer and stuffed it between a couch cushion. “Nope!! We’re one skimpy outfit and a group picture away from having the strangest Christmas card on record.”

“Aww...” Jasmine was disappointed, sad Kally couldn’t take part.

“Don’t worry, I’ll put it on when she’s not looking,” Kally whispered.

After the pajama fiasco, Christmas morning continued as expected. Gifts were passed around and we all fawned over everyone’s thoughtfulness. Mason bought me a beautiful sweater I would have loved to fill out for him. He could see the longing in my sad bunny eyes and hugged me all the same. Despite the constant teasing and humiliation, I was really surrounded by some great friends. Luckily I had presents under the tree for Kally and Jasmine, they were just meant to be given at a later time. Before long, the flurry of torn paper died down.

“Looks like you have the last gift, Dawn!” Kally announced, grabbing a smaller box from her feet.

“Hang on!” Mason jumped up and ran into our bedroom. My comically-large bunny ears could hear him rifling through some of my things on the higher shelves. He returned soon enough with a box wrapped in sparkling silver paper. “I’ve got one more for her!”

“Where the hell was that??” I gaped. I knew my closet like the top of my cleavage.

It was placed in my lap like a child. “I hid it while you were sleeping. Open it!”

The box was a little larger than a toaster. I could tell from the paper and folds that it was not Mason who wrapped it. There was a satisfying weight to it, too. My desperate, titty-starved mind likened it to Ol’ Faithful.

“What is it??” I stared.

Kally was impatient, bouncing her remaining gift on her knee. “I bet I know how you could find out!”

I tore into the paper like an animal. I knew there was little chance of it containing anything remotely close to what I hoped. The first glimpse of the box’s design made my heart palpitate.

“Mason, no...” I gasped, seeing the letters ‘crediBu’ showing through a tear in the paper.

“Open it!” he encouraged.

I don't remember tearing the rest of it off. Suddenly there was just a pristine box illustrating the booster of my dreams sitting in my pink bunny lap. Across the top read 'Limited Edition Maximum-Strength Cup-Enhancement Booster', by who other than IncrediBust.

"Mason... M-Mason..." I couldn't breathe. Kally and Jasmine's eyes were just as wide. "*Mason if this is some kind of a joke!! This better not be some kind of joke!!*" I think I was screeching. "I swear to God, if there is a rock inside this box!"

There wasn't time to wait for any kind of assurance. The box didn't stand a chance against my strength. It flipped open and there sat the IncrediBust I had dreamed about, nestled so precisely in a bed of black foam. It was even shinier in person. Crisp red stripes reflected a dark crimson.

"Wow..." Jasmine gaped. She was speechless for once. Kally looked like she forgot how to blink.

"*MASON!!*" I screamed, diving into a hug. My bunny ears slapped his face. I felt like a child on Christmas morning opening their dream gift. That kid screeching about a shiny new N64 and Mario Kart? That was me right now. "How?! HOW?! I-It's so much!!" Honestly the TV commercial undersold this thing; it was a gorgeous piece of titty-based technology. I felt like I was about to explode from excitement. "*How...?? WHEN?!*"

Mason must have noticed my getting overwhelmed and gave me a hug to calm me down before I passed out. "Easy, easy! I've had it for a few weeks now."

"...*WHAT?!?!?*"

"*Mason!* Are you actually some kind of secret millionaire??" Kally wondered, eyeing my new toy.

He was getting far too much pleasure out of my ordeal. "I swear I'm not! It's a funny story, really. You should really be thanking Kyle."

"Kyle from college??" I asked, heart racing. I hadn't even touched it yet; it was too exciting and precious to mess it up with fingerprints.

"That's him. He works at IncrediBust! We had drinks a few weeks ago and it turns out they were raffling off a few of these babies at their company Christmas party and he was lucky enough to win one! But you know, Kyle is--"

"Gay," I finished for him.

"Yea, so he's didn't have much use for it. So he offered it to me!"

"Holy crap! *Holy crap!*" What were the chances? I didn't know what to think or how to act. "Thank you, Mason! Thank you!"

He chuckled and sipped from a spiked coffee. "We'll see if you're still thanking me when I'm booked helping Kyle put in his paver patio for a month come Summer."

"I think you might have earned yourself a good time tonight, Mason," Kally giggled. "Look at her! Dawn is like a toddler with a new puppy!"

Jasmine was loving the energy. "I'm starving! We should all go get some breakfast and--"

A high-pitch whirring filled the room before she could finish her thought. All three pairs of eyes turned to me in horror. What? Did you think I was going to *wait* to try this thing out?? Have you been *listening* at all?!

Mason's eyes bulged when I turned the dial to max strength. The booster's whine heightened, the mechanics priming a charge for my waiting bunny body. "U-Uhhhh, Dawn maybe we should hold off. Or at least make start a little slower?"

Hell no. His warning went in one ear and out the other as the booster pressed against my chest through the bunny suit.

"Oh this should be fun," Kally grinned, watching me finger the trigger.

Click!

A pleasure bomb erupted in my chest. This was nowhere close to what Ol' Faithful felt like. This was pure power, refined and reworked over many years for the sole purpose of enlarging breasts. From the surge of energy alone I was actually worried about my rash decision. Only for a moment. After that, I stopped caring.

"Oh.... OOH!! Holy shit!!"

"Dawn? Are you all right?" Jasmine asked, seeing me double over on the couch. I wasn't expecting such a rush, nor were my little A-cups. Maybe the instructions would have told me not to hit such small boobs with the highest setting.

Kally snorted. "Oh I think she's more than all right. I have a feeling you might want to move, Jasmine."

"Hey," Mason said, putting a hand on my trembling back. "Do they feel--"

I panted with my head between my knees and my hands clenched to my boobs. I could feel them heating up in my grasp like a couple of tiny engines. "M-Mason...oh God...We are going to have...s-so much...fun with...nnngh...this...thing."

I shot back into the couch. It was starting. There was no stopping the process now, nor would I ever want to. Arching my back, I lifted a pair of grapefruits already blooming off my chest into the air, tenting out my bunny suit with erotic hills.

"Ahh!! Ah ahh!!" I was ecstatic. My growth was so intense I hardly had time to guess my size before the cup was irrelevant.

"Oh damn!" Kally awed, eyes widening as I swelled like a couple of ripening melons.

I was filling out my bra faster than a college test in the last thirty seconds of class. Within a few short gasps, I could see the outline of its padding pressing against my pink PJs. Around it was an onslaught of heaving flesh threatening to engulf the tiny cups into their mass. The bra wasn't budging, and it sure as hell wasn't loosening. The excitement of feeling it cut into my torso was almost frightening.

"T-They're not...stopping! MMMMMM they're not stopping!! Look at my tits!!" I cheered. I could no longer see my legs over the pink mountains rising before me. Under my suit, skin was seeking out any available room for its weighty girth. My bloating knockers stretched and shifted,

rubbing over the top of my stomach and pushing into my collarbones. I was starting to look like an awkwardly pregnant Easter Bunny.

“Heeeey! Don’t break your pajamas!” Jasmine complained, “We just got you those!”

She was right. As much as I wanted to, tearing them to shreds would be rude when I hadn’t worn them for more than an hour. Besides, I wanted to stand up. Feeling two watermelon’s worth of weight wobbling on top of my arching chest was bliss, but I wanted to feel gravity *really* give me a run for my money.

“Careful, careful!” Mason worried when I let my chest carry me forward.

I ignored him, using the momentum to stand to swaying feet.

CREEAAAAAK

My bra complained when It actually had to support me. I felt like a whale suspended in a hammock from the way I was overflowing my little A-cups. A pink slope extended from my chin and inflated the bunny suit like a fat man. Had it not been for my bra slung under my tits, I think they would have reached my hips with ease.

“W-Whoa...” I swooned, wrapping an arm around my chest and flailing another for balance. Now I knew what an upside-down bowling pin felt like. “These are...*m-mmm!!...heavy!*”

CREEAAAAKK

POP!!!

Strange noises were coming from my clothes. I didn’t know if stitches were blowing on my bra or the suit, but something was going to give soon. In fairness, I did try to unzip and release my expanding assets. Lucky for me, the zipper was cheap and jammed under my chin.

“I-It’s stuck!” I gasped, feeling the cocoon of fabric deforming my chest. “*Mmmmm ooohhhh it’s stuck!! It’s getting...tighter!!*”

It’s possible I was enjoying myself *way, waaaay* too much. No one seemed to mind, though. Mason was rock hard and made no effort to hide it. Kally was simply entertained and smirking with a strange smile. Jasmine... Well, I never really know what Jasmine is thinking, but she had a goofy smile on her face.

My bra cups were overflowing with my nipples. A gentle touch of my hand was all it took to feel my areolas bulging around it in swollen domes and send a violent shiver down my spine. Still my tits burned with growth, the IncrediBust’s work not done.

CREEAAKK!!!

“M-My...BRA!! It’s so...damn tight!!! It’s *overflowing!*”

Skin was pushing into the sleeves and out of the collar. I could only imagine the true shape and size of my udders; deformed by the straps of my resilient bra, I looked closer to a pink raspberry.

“Grow...*G-Grow!! I want to be big... Oooohhhh I wanna be big!*” I started gasping, taking as deep of breaths as I could muster. This was bra coming off, one way or another.

CREEAAAAK!!!!

“Jesus, Dawn! How big are you going to get?!” Kally laughed while watching me totter like a human balloon.

Sweat was pouring down my body. I could feel my cleavage sliding against itself and I grew afraid I might tumble out of my bra before it met its maker. Wrapping my arms around the bottom of my chest like a pregnant belly, I sentenced my bra to death.

“C-Come...nnngh...on!! *God I’m so big...!! How the fuck is it still--*”

BANG!!!

A shockwave rocketed around my chest at supersonic speed. I couldn’t tell you where, but my bra snapped at several places simultaneously as I engorged well beyond the size of beach balls.

“*MMM!!! MMMMNNNGHHH!!! GOD!!*”

It was everything I hoped it would be and more. My nipples sang with the sting of snapped spandex, their sensitivity through the roof and their puffed cylinders sticking into the thinning bunny suit like small jars. Without its support, my chest rushed to as natural shape as much as the suit allowed. Hot skin rubbed across my hips before stopping at the legs. At this point I looked like a bunny bloating from the bottom up.

“She’s actually going to fill that thing!” Kally predicted.

Mason was speechless. His hand was twitching from the mental effort of not touching himself, or me.

“*Mmmm that booster is...more powerful than...I thought!*” I breathed, my tits relentless. Skin rubbed and squeaked against my body, the tightness rising higher and higher up my torso as the suit ran out of room by my hips. It looked as though I had a massive belly extending a foot on either side of me and two fists sticking angrily outward where my nipples should be.

Running my hands over my growing form, I cupped my nipples and felt an orgasm shoot through me. I used to not even be able to fill my hands with my breasts. Now my nipples were big enough to overflow my palms and massaging fingers. My knees knocked together from the pleasure. I would never be able to stand fully upright again; it was all I could handle just to stay still with so much weight.

POP!

POP POP!!

Stitches were sounding the retreat on the bunny suit. Seams deformed and warped in every direction as I rounded out near my shoulders. A pair of tits like exercise balls were stuffed inside the poor pajamas and they were dying to get out.

“It’s...it’s too much...” I moaned, the tight fabric massaging my nipples for me. I felt like a blimp stuffed inside a sock. Could they see the wet spot soaking the crotch? My legs trembled from pleasure and orgasms, their muscles weakening from the strain. “*Ooohhhh MMMM GOD IT’S...SO GOOD!!!*”

WHAM!!

I fell backward and landed in a mighty heap on my butt, knocking into the coffee table and spilling someone's coffee. I didn't care, I was too busy feeling like a water balloon as the force made my chest flatten and spread in all directions around my body. The suit was almost able to handle the pressure until--

POW!!!

The zipper burst open. An avalanche of freed tit-flesh rushed from my front before I could react. Leaning back on my arms for support, I stared at the jiggling piles dominating my torso and flowing around my thighs. Had my knees not been bent up, I would have been buried to my ankles. Sitting atop my cleavage was the remains of my bra, tattered and torn. With a moan I felt my growth come to an end. Putting a hand on top of my right breast with overwhelming fulfillment, I looked up at my observers with a sheepish grin and proud nipples.



“Heh... S-Sorry about...*mmm*...that...” I panted, my ears drooping from exhaustion. It was unbelievable how much my hand sank into my chest. I was massive yet more luxurious than memory foam. Based on the pillow covering Mason's lap, I think he enjoyed the show as much as I did.

“What did I tell you?? You blew your bra open!!” Kally laughed. “It didn't take you more than thirty seconds before that thing was turned on high! Are you nuts?!”

“Wow...” Jasmine's eyes were like full moons. She crept closer on the floor before poking a finger into my depths.

“*M-MMM! Careful...!*” I cried out, crotch throbbing. Every inch of my jugs was alive and packed with engorged nerves.

“Hehe, they’re so soft!” she giggled, pressing hard and sending a wave across my body.

I didn’t even know how long the growth was set to last. The intensity was the only dial I had been concerned with. I might be stuck with these giant knockers for the next three days! What could be better?

“How was that for you?” Kally asked Mason. He stammered to answer but she interrupted. “Hope you’re not wiped out! We still have one present to go!”

That’s right, Kally was about to give me something before Mason dropped a massive titty bomb. I was grateful, but whatever it was, it wasn’t going to be as magnificent as the IncrediBust. Mason had won Christmas for the next decade or more.

“I’ll open it for you,” Kally winked as I sat trapped on the floor, “You look a little *indisposed.*”

The paper tore away and Kally donned a devilish smile. When she held up a box depicting a small silver booster I knew why.

“Hmmm, I wonder what this is!” she hummed.

Was I dreaming? I didn’t deserve any of this! “Kally, oh my God! Did you--”

A small booster was pulled from the box, resembling the one from the bar. I gulped.

“After seeing how much you enjoyed that lactation booster the other night, I couldn’t pass this up when I saw it on sale! It’s not as new of a model, but it packs a hell of a punch. And your old booster was on its last legs... But I had *no* idea Mason was going to show me up like that! Way to take my thunder,” she growled.

“What can I say?” he shrugged, more than happy with his deed.

“Kally, I don’t know what to say!” I said in total shock. “T-Thank you! I can’t wait to try it! I-If I wasn’t...*mmm*...stuck right now, I would hug you!”

“Don’t mention it,” she waved before standing up and approaching me. She stood over my stranded form. I was expecting a warm hug until I heard her flip a switch. The booster was still in her hands. “Why wait??”

I struggled, trying to stand. “W-Wait, Kally! Maybe we shouldn’t--”

The tip of the lactation booster sank into my chest a split second before she pulled the trigger and delivered her gift.

GRRRMMMBLLEE

“Merry Christmas!” Kally wished over the sound of a deep, rumbling slosh emanating from my mammoth tits.

“*W-W-Wait! Ohhhh... My...M-My tits!! Kally! What did...MMMM...you do?!*” I moaned, watching my cleavage start to shift and rise.

The gurgles were getting louder as each and every one of my stimulated milk glands sprang to life. There wasn’t room for something like this! I was bigger than our coffee table and I was about to fill to the brim with milk! My legs were already being forced to the floor by my

soon-to-be-titanic udders' engorging weight. If my previous growth was a garden hose, I was about to feel the wrath of a milky fire hydrant. A small leak was already running down my front from my swollen nipples as they flared and quivered.

"And a happy New Year!" Jasmine cheered, leaping towards my chest with a growling stomach. My eyes bulged realizing my nipples were unprotected from her hunger.

"Jasmine! *J-Jasmine!! AUGH!! Wait! Mason do something!! I'm about to--*"

He had his phone out. He was fucking recording this like some kind of home movie we would watch years from now and laugh at!

"S-Seriously?! Guys my milk is going to come in and--*AHH! Jasmine! Be gentle!! A-Ahh!! MMM!! GOD!! I'M GOING TO BE SO FUCKING FUUUULL!!*"

I was forced onto my back when my chest engorged in all directions, bloating larger by the milk surging against my skin. Feeling my tits pulse and stretch across my body was pleasurable beyond imagination. My lactation was nowhere near completion; I could feel my body just getting started. This was a dream come true. I bit my lip and let the ecstasy take me away as my production gurgled and increased, spraying milk from my nipples like dairy fountains coating everything and everyone in sight.

As it turns out, I was going to get my white Christmas after all.