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1,725 words.

<Busty Best Friend: Remastered>

by <Growing Desires>

Foreward

Hello and thank you for reading, supporting or even buying this book, I appreciate it immensely.

This is my first "re master" / Continuation of an older commission that I finished. I am very curious if you want to see more of these in the future so please do let me know.

This was originally a Patreon voted for story, the fans back in 2021 voted to see a story where a best friend, who knows about your BE fetish, starts to grow. The original story is available for free on my Deviantart page right here

Thank you for your support, to see all of my content, check my Linktree

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Chapter 3

“I want it more than anything...” She says lustfully.

“I never knew you wanted to be... So busty.” I try to avoid taking the conversation in a dirty place. A fruitless effort with Abi involved, especially after she just orgasmed on my floor.

“I didn’t know how good it’d feel... The feeling, the looks, all of it.” She moans softly as she gives her boobs a quick squeeze once more.

She lifts herself to a sitting position on the floor. Her heavy boobs extended towards her lap, still barely contained in their shirt.

“I think we should have a change in plans. I want to know how big I am... I think we should go shopping.”

I instinctively roll my eyes, shopping on a Saturday, I can hardly think of anything worse. Abi sees my reaction.

“I mean, if you don’t want to see me model a whole bunch of clothes then by all means, stay here. If you want to know how big these are then grab your keys and let’s go.”

She has a point.

I offered to drive; the midday traffic was awful but thankfully we managed to get a parking space in a multistorey. Abi has covered herself, just about, in her jacket. She struggles to stop them from jiggling too much with each step down the stairwell. I hear her panting as she takes steps.

Is she moaning?

I turn to wait for her to finish descending and I see her face flush, her arms holding her boobs tightly to her chest. I feel my face start to burn.

“Glad to see that it’s not just *me* getting turned on by them.” She says bluntly.

I look down and turn back around to open the door onto the street for her. She leans in as she passes me. “Don’t deny it Jack, I can tell... you are an open book” she whispers softly to me, she bumps her boobs into me as she passes. “oops” She winks and leads the way.

I take a second to regain my composure and lightly jog to catch up to her.

“I thought you were going to stay there and jerk it in the stairwell, glad you joined me.” She points towards the terribly busy looking clothes shop. A huge multi floored behemoth of a shop. “They do measurements on the top floor, let’s get these girls measured.”

She grabs my wrist and leads me into the crowd of people. Wading through the stampede of people, Abi rushes you straight to the elevator, quickly tucking us both inside and selecting the top floor.

“God, I hate crowds.” You say, turning to face her.

Suddenly she pushes me against the wall with her boobs.

“These are so heavy... hold them for me for a minute will ya?”

“I...w-w-w-hat?” I stammer.

“Jack, you are too easy.” She giggles and removes her boobs from my torso. “I wonder what size I am...” she ponders.

Taking a second, I take a breath and try to calm myself. “You are mean...”

“Mean? Oh, you know nothing about mean.” She looks at the elevator panel and sees we are only about halfway to the top. She turns her attention back to me. A sly grin on her face, she opens her jacket, releasing her big boobs. “Ooops...” she starts to jump on the spot causing her breasts to quake mightily. A huge grin covers her face which now also looks flushed. She bites her lip, and she takes her hands and lifts her boobs up towards her chin and stares at me longingly over the tops of them. “I’d maybe agree that this is mean...”

I nod, not taking my eyes off her chest.

“Then again, I think this is even more mean.” She suddenly lifts her shirt up, exposing her boobs in their full glory before me. I stare as they pendulously bounce on her chest. She places her hands on her hips and thrusts out her chest, an air of confidence emitting from her. “What do you think?”

Staring at her huge uncontained boobs, I can barely think, let alone form sentences. They are magnificent, she said she would get even bigger too. My trousers feel tight. We are both broken from the lust filled moment as the bell for the lift sounds. With lightning speed, she covers herself back up and turns to face the door. I am still reeling from what just happened, she leans her side into me and looks up slightly at me and leans closer, her breath soft on my face. “Was that mean?” Her palm slides up my thigh towards my rigid cock.

The door opens before she makes contact with my rod and before I can answer, there are three women waiting to get into the elevator. They stare at Abi’s bust and look at my red face and shuffle into the lift. Abi grabs my wrist once more and pulls me out. I think if she had not, I might have been stuck there forever. I hear the three women giggling as I am dragged away.

She locks eyes with a worker and asks to be sized up before she buys a bra. The worker goes to get someone else to take measurements. “I don’t think they will let you in... shame really...” She winks.

A lady in her mid-50s walks over and takes Abi to the changing room so she can measure her up. I sit patiently outside waiting for the results. Taking a moment to rerun the events of today so far.

Fuck this is insane...

After a few minutes Abi returns from the changing room, her face flush, sweat forming on her brow, she has that look again... *desire*.

“So...?” I ask expectantly.

She comes close to me and lifts her lips to my ears. “Go into changing room three, sit on the bench and lock the door. I’ll meet you in five minutes.” She walks away towards the Bra section.

I followed her instructions and sat patiently. The longest five minutes of my life quite possibly. A swift knock and I hear her whisper “Jack, open up.”

Standing to unlock the door I let her in. Abi has a mountain of clothes piled up on her arms and she tosses them into my chest. “Be a dear and hang these up.”

I look down at the clothes and see the bras, before I get a chance to look at them, she snatches them from the top of the pile. I look at her and see her wagging her finger. “Nuh uh, no peeking!” she scolds. “Just hang the clothes up for now.”

Placing the clothes on the wall hooks I hear her moving around behind me, a few huffs, grunts and pants. Placing the final shirt on the hook, I turn around and I see Abi standing there. She has removed her ill-fitting shirt and jacket, and her upper torso is only covered by a large bra. I gasp at the sight which causes her to giggle.

“Hello there.” She giggles, her joyfully sweet laugh causing her boobs to jiggle.

I take this as good of a reason as any to look at how the bra fits. It does contain her girls, but her boobs are overflowing the cups already, generous swells of her boobs bubbling above each cup.

“How perceptive...” She traces a finger over the bulging cleavage. “A bit small huh...” She adds, twirling her hair around her finger.

“Y... yeah...” I manage to stutter.

“I think I might need to try the next one. It’s bigger. Here.” She undoes the clasp and before I know it her arm is outstretched with the bra, and she is handing it to me.

Standing shirtless before me for the second time today she just smiles, knowing the effect it is having on me. Not content with leaving it at just that she adds.

“Why don’t you tell me the size of that one, just to make sure I get the next size up.”

My hands shaking, I take the bra from her hand and look for the label. I gasp. “Thirty... Two... G...”

“Oh yeah...” She smirks. “Next!”

Abi struggles to squeeze her boobs into this second bra. “Shouldn’t be this tight... this is an

H cup... Fuck I am big huh?" she jiggles her chest before me.

I can't decide if I am in heaven or hell at this point. I take a seat staring at my amazingly busty friend with a throbbing erection is proving too much for me to remain standing. She looks at me and gives my crotch a quick glance. She walks over and playfully pats me on the head, her boobs right up against my face. They bulge slightly over the tops of the cups; the billowing flesh looks so inviting.

How I wish I could touch them...

"There, there"

Taking a step back she unclasps this still too small bra and puts on the next one. This one looks a bit big, surprisingly. Her boobs don't quite fill the cups, but they do offer her sufficient support.

"Looks like it's too big... but I'm still growing right?" she hefts her chest. "How long before I fill them do you think?"

"At the rate you told me you were growing, a few days tops..."

"Too slow... I think you might want to guess again." She looks down at her chest with burning desire.

Following her gaze, I can see why she is looking. Slowly but surely her boobs are rising within the bra.

"You're... growing?"

She looks up and smiles at me. "I told you I was still growing."

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