

Chapter 4

Thankfully, I make it to my car undetected. Jess watching me with a smile on her face as I get in my car, she gives me one last flirty wave before I round the corner.

I can't believe this.

The events of the day running on repeat in my head. I get home and into the shower to clean myself up.

I can't be bothered to go back to my other class. Screw that.

I pick up my phone to send an email to my afternoon lecturer, but I notice a message from an unknown number.

Jess: Hi Kris, it's Jess. I thought it important that I had your number. Need to make sure that we keep in close contact especially with the tutoring sessions. Save this number and we can plan in any extra sessions where required

Kris: Hi Jess, good session today.

What a fucking nerd.

Jess: I agree, can't wait until next week.

-Photo-

A lecturer sending me a photo? And it's a one-time view. Jesus.

My handshakes as I reach to tap the open button. Suddenly my screen is filled with her tits. I fall into a nearby chair.

"Fuck!" I say aloud.

Her two giant melons, stuffed into the bra I saw earlier on her desk.

"32....k" I whisper aloud as my eyes are focused on the picture.

Although I was captivated by its size earlier, now I stare in awe. I finally understand how the bra earlier looked like it had rips in it. The caption reads: "Can't believe you made me so fucking. big."

My cock now hard and straining against my trousers, I absentmindedly start to stroke.

Her tits are bulging over the cups, giant swells of breast bubbling over like loaves of bread. Her perfect skin is devoid of stretch marks.

Must be a side effect of her power.

The K cup bra is absolutely at maximum capacity. The fabric looking visibly strained, I even think I can see more rips in the fabric. The straps cutting deep into her shoulders, I notice

her face for the first time. Jess is looking at her boobs and she is making an “o” with her mouth with some look of shock on her face.

Her hands outstretched either side of her bulbous melons, she looks like she just grew, and she is in utter shock at her new developments.

Ping

A notification appears at the top of my screen, another photo. Without thinking I quickly close the image and rush to this second image. This one is vastly different in tone but the main “points” are still very clear.

This time Jess is smirking at the camera, her eyes staring right through my phone screen and piercing every essence of my being. Her seductive smile on display once more, her plump lips look amazing, but my eyes don’t remain on them for long. I look down.

Her large orbs are now pushed up on her chest, the bra now more torn in the centre, more of her cleavage on show as a result, her huge boobs pressing heavily against each other thanks to the tight fabric of her bra.

She is massive... This is insane.

Staring for a few seconds I just look at the vast amount of breast on display before I even see the caption.

“You did this.”

Simple yet effective as I now start stroking myself, harder and faster.

Another message pings at the top of my screen, this time written, I don’t close the image lest I lose it.

Jess: I can see you’ve seen these. Quite quiet. Are you jerking off?

Oh my god!

Jess: Do it, faster and harder for my tits

She sends another photo. Forgetting my previous thought of not closing the picture down, I quickly open this new message. Much like the other times, my screen is filled with her tits but this time the bra seemingly has lost the battle with Jess’ expanding bust.

Her hands squeezing into the soft flesh, covering her nipples, her boobs bulging between her fingers as they overflow her hands. Her expression looks much more pleasurable this time, she is biting her lower lip and her eyes look soft and pleading.

She is so fucking big.

I continue to stroke.

Jess: Cum for me and my massive titties.

Needing no further encouragement, I cum, shooting ropes of cum into my hand. Leaning back into the chair, sinking almost down its back. Panting as I feel the orgasm wash over my body. I remain there for a minute or so as I enjoy the aftershocks before I get up and clean up once again.

Picking my phone back up I see one last message.

Jess: Good boy.

Kris: How did you know?

Jess: I didn't until then, thank you though <3

I'm a fucking moron.

Kris: I'm sorry, I don't know what to say...

Jess: Say you enjoyed it, I did

Fuck...

Kris: I enjoyed it, very much

Jess: Good. Until next week Mr Adams

Couldn't come fast enough if you ask me.

The next week does fly by, there are no messages from Jess, I wasn't feeling confident enough to reach out and message her myself. Monday morning and I wake up to a message from Jess, another photo

It is a photo of two bras on the bed, and the caption reads "Which one?"

The most exciting part for me is that one is clearly much smaller than the other, one looks to be a C or D, it is black with blue highlights whilst the other looks G or H, this one is a purple bra with a woven in flower design on it.

Kris: They are different sizes...

Jess: I know, I'm asking which one do you want to see me in?

Kris: What happened to the K?

Jess: Cheeky boy! You do like big ones then. I guess the red one it is. See you soon Mr Adams.

Kris: That isn't what I meant, I was just curious

Jess: It broke, you made me too big. Now if you excuse me, I've got to get ready for work. See you later.

I look at the time and realise that I need to hurry up if I am to beat the traffic and get to class on time.

I rush through my morning routine, jump in the car, a slice of toast in hand and I rush to school, not wanting to be late.

I make it just in time, rushing to my seat I notice that Jess hasn't got into the class yet. I unpack my stuff and quickly look towards the front of the class, my eyes glued on the side door as I wait for her to enter the class.

The door handle shifts, and Jess enters, she appears the same as she usually does. A little disappointed, I think about the bra she talked about this morning.

No way she has kept that under there or she hasn't filled it.

She looks over to me and gives a wink and she hops on her feet, I notice that my initial assessment was wrong, she is bigger than normal, her jiggling bust confirms it for me, She is overflowing her Bra, I notice the colour through her white top, the unmistakable blue highlights I saw from the photo earlier.

My eyes glued to her chest, I watch her bounce and jiggle around the front of the class. I feel my phone vibrate in my trousers.

Jess: If you keep staring, I will burst out of this bra. I can feel you making me bigger already.

My eyes shoot back up to her. Jess shoots me a quick grin; she bites her lip and rolls her eyes into her head slightly as she looks like she takes a deep breath. Her blouse is straining already, her bust looking like it's growing again. It happens so quick, and I see her exhale, but her bust doesn't really shrink down at all.

Her eyes look down and she sees her slightly expanded bust and quickly grabs her phone from the desk. I see my phone light up on my desk and read the message in the tray.

Jess: You are too much.

"Right then class, thank you for all turning up on time, let's get onto some maths!" She says with that teacher level enthusiasm.

The class is quite uneventful other than I see her adjust her top a few times over the course of her teaching us some new formula to use to work out something. Again, I am thankful for the fact I have already learnt this stuff because today's lesson isn't sinking in at all.

I am focused on Jess' bust, it doesn't seem to have grown any further from what I can see but she is adjusting her top every now and then.

“Right, turn to page 36 in your textbooks, there are some exercises there for you to work through. Raise your hand if you need help.” She quickly rushes over to my desk.

She leans in and says in a low whisper with a hint of annoyance in her voice. “I need you to stop staring, this bra is almost cutting me in half! I’m sure you can tell” She motions towards her chest; her boobs don’t appear to have grown too much but they certainly are much too big for the bra she is wearing. “I guess you get what you wanted.” Jess huffs with a feigned annoyance, her grin gives her away.

“What?” I say dumbly, my brain not following along, too captivated with Jess’ bust.

“I’m going to change into the purple bra.” She winks “Can I please make it to the end of the lecture before you have me busting out of that please.”

Before I answer she walks to the front of the class and through the side door to her office.

Jess: This one is four sizes bigger than my D I was just wearing. I’m about two sizes too small for it. Can we keep it that way please Mr Adams?

Oh wow.

Jess: No staring, I’ll know if you do, I’ll feel myself growing... filling out this bra... I bet you’d like that wouldn’t you...

As I finish reading, Jess re-enters the room, now wearing a jacket, likely to cover up her bust. She looks behind me and starts to walk down the aisle of tables and as she approaches my desk, she looks behind me and says, “Just one second Mark.”

She leans in on my desk and points to my textbook, covering up her real motive. As she points, she drops four buttons onto the page. My eyes go wide, and I turn to look at her, she smiles and looks down to her bust. The zip on her jacket parted, giving me a pleasant view in.

I see a deep valley of cleavage, no longer by the blouse that she started the day with, her buttons function as a souvenir of the loss suffered.

“Bigger...” she whispers as she stands back up, zipping up her jacket and walking towards Mark behind me.

Bigger...

Her voice rings in my head.

Bigger...