Glorious Boobs

It had been a week since this craziness started. I *was* normal, you know? I worked at a grocery store, flirted with the hot guys that would occasional filter in amongst the masses, went home to watch Netflix and maybe fantasise about the people I’d flirt with. I’d occasional pluck up the courage and go out to a local bar. Sometimes I even get lucky and bring a guy home. Those nights were always fun, the morning afters… not so much. But I was content.

Then I saw a comet fly past my window. It rattled my few belongings and scared my cat, which I’ll admit was hilarious to watch, then it just seemed to disappear. I heard nothing about it the next morning, and apparently no one else had noticed it. The possibility that I was insane definitely crossed my mind, but I decided against it. It had to be a dream, after all, since I could’ve sworn the comet had been shaped like a woman. Only seriously curvy, like curvier than anyone I’ve seen.

Just a dream. Though the notion became increasingly weaker when I woke up. Insanity began to seem like a stronger possibility when I stepped in front of my mirror. Pretty is an outdated term if you ask me, so is beautiful. And sexy. And fuckable. And… you get the idea. I’ve never been the cheerleader.

Until that morning. Okay, I wouldn’t pass the try-outs so it’s technically still no, but there’s two very big, and vey noticeable reasons for that. Small, firm handfuls had been the definition for Grace Sander’s breasts, well no more and not by my choice. I liked being small; freedom of movement, no back pains, and less unwanted attention were a few perks. Now it’d be a miracle if guys didn’t wolf whistle at me.

I cupped the massive things that stretched nightdress taut. They stuck out several inches more than normal and seemed to pour between my fingers, not to mention how soft they felt. If I had to guess, I was at least a G cup. I had to see them properly, so I removed my dress and tossed it aside, freeing a pair of tits that porn stars envied. They sat on my chest like a pair of squishy cantaloupes and threatened to spill over my arms, yet they were no less perky.

Any guy or girl would do what I did next. I groped them. My fingers sank into their plushness, almost disappearing within it, and sent pleasant licks of excitement across every inch of my body. The fire naturally concentrated in my pussy, but I was much too busy. After a moment of play, my nipples came out to play. They were longer than ever, easily the size of a pencil eraser.

“This is so weird,” I moaned, though my hands never stopped. I pushed my boobs together, creating the cleavage I’d never had before, then let them fall apart to watch them regain their naturally pert shape, all while my nipples bounced all over the place. There was no way I could just ignore these things, but time wouldn’t pause so I could have my fill. My backup alarm blared and startled me into action. Today was either gonna be incredibly fun, or the worst.

As it turned out, it was a mixture of the two.

My boss gave me a misgiving look when I came in that morning. I couldn’t blame her, not when my breasts stretched out the store’s logo across my chest. Jealousy was plastered to her face, though she remained professional, which is more than I can say for the executive manager. He was always a pervert, but now I was in his sights. I would just get a couple of lecherous looks before, now his eyes were glued to my tits.

I’ll be honest, I still can’t decide if I appreciate the attention or not. Regardless, I got on with the days work. It was still the early hours, so I was out putting my above average height to use stacking shelves. Big boobs and stretching for high places are not a great match. My balance was already skittish with the sudden extra six inches piled onto my chest. Thankfully, my ass provided a bit of a counterbalance.

“Lookin’ good, Gracie,” the executive manager, Justin Crane, leered. He walked down the aisle, ignoring the few customers about. I was trying to shove a few cans onto the top shelf, forcing myself to stretch. My shirt was stretched taut by my new bust. The fabric did nothing to hide my equally engorged nipples either, as I could feel them poking against the items before me.

I turned my body slightly to try and hide my curves. A futile effort, and one that made my stiff peaks rub against the shelves. They sent shocks of delight across my much-improved breasts, nearly forcing a moan from my lips. I clenched my legs together at the lewd wetness that seeped into my panties.

“You feeling alright?” Justin inquired, somehow turning the friendly question into a lecherous jeer, “I know a killer back massage.”

“No,” I groaned and shoved the last of my cans onto the top shelf, then swiftly moved on to my next ordeal, “I’m good, thanks.”

“No need to be so cold,” he persisted, “Maybe a nice dinner tonight would help? My treat.”

“Yeah, I bet it is,” I muttered.

“Justin, leave the poor girl alone,” my boss, Carlie, stepped in. She was one of the few women I’ve thought of sleeping with, not that it was hard to see why. Red hair, a svelte frame but one with an ass to die for, and her face is a cocktail of soft and hard features.

“Fine,” he grumbled and left. The whole staff knew they’d had a one-night stand, and that she’d humiliated the hopeless perv. Carlie was the only one he listened to, mostly since she had a figurative strangle-hold on his balls.

“Thanks,” I sighed.

“Yeah, yeah,” Carlie waved off my gratitude and turned to leave, gorgeous rear swaying with her steps. The only thing that’d make her body even better would be a pair of tits to match her lower half. A couple of nice DD cups I think. She stopped partway past the shelves. I saw her shoulders rise and fall rapidly, as if she were having trouble breathing.

“Hey, you alright?” I asked as I came to her side.

“Yes… yes, I’m fine,” she stammered and turned to face me. My jaw fell open at the sight that greeted me; her shirt was filling out. Her nametag was pushed to the side as the small handfuls she’d possessed expanded before our eyes, quickly swelling into delicious softballs. They weren’t anywhere near my size, yet still huge on her slender frame.

“What’re you staring at?” Carlie snapped, catching my gaze. I blinked and tore my eyes away.

“Nothing, ma’am,” I hurried away, both shocked by what had happened and somehow disappointed. She looked about DD, though they didn’t seem nearly big enough compared to her ass. Maybe if she was the same size as me? A vapid yelp caused me to stop and turn. Carlie had fallen to her knees, rich butt stretching her skirt, and her hands seemed glued to her chest. I started toward her, then remembered how she had snapped before. Jobs were scarce, so I couldn’t afford to lose this one.

All I could do was observe her from a distance. Carlie recovered shortly and straitened out her clothes, then carried on with her day, though I could easily make out the curve of her breasts when her arms lifted. That’d make her at least my size. Just like I had thought.

Clearly, the stress of mundane life has gotten to me. I almost thought that *I* was somehow responsible for making my boss’s breasts suddenly double in size. It was probably a bug or something that made our boobs so big, to think that it was anything else only gave me a headache. The day continued in general normalcy, save for the number of stares I received. Well, my boobs received them, I only got fleeting glances at best. Shame that none of them did it for me.

Until one. She was a pretty thing, chestnut hair tied back in a loose ponytail, a splash of freckles across her nose, and a warm smile that almost distracted me from her unfathomable cleavage. Her clothes were splashed in muck and made from tough material, so I assumed she was a farm girl, possibly a horse rider, though I’d never heard of one with tits that big. They had to be a couple of sizes above my own.

If they weren’t, then they should be. Something about this girl just oozed sex appeal that needed a huge pair of breasts, but in the best way. I was on the checkout station, scanning her items while stealing glances at her audacious chest. Each time my eyes flicked toward them, which was often, I swore that they were bigger. Her low-cut shirt seemed to strain harder and harder, and her nipples became even more pronounced.

By the time she was leaving, her top was on the verge of ripping. I almost thought I heard cloth tearing a moment later, but I couldn’t see her. My shift finally came to an end without further issue. Carlie had kept to her office the entire day, probably trying to figure out what had happened. Which was exactly my plan for when I got home, though that’d have to wait until later. I’ve night classes to attend.

College didn’t agree with me, so I dropped out after my first year. But I’ve matured, hence the night classes to hopefully return one day. Religion and history are the only two subjects that interest me, though I’m mostly interested in deities and how their supposed existence has affected mankind throughout time. But that’s not what keeps me coming back.

Bi-curiosity is a strange thing. I’m usually confident in my heterosexuality, but there’s always a woman or two that tempt me. My history teacher is one of them. She’s an older woman at forty-eight, though that only gives her that sexy air of maturity, like she knows things that would blow my mind. In bed that is. I’m usually stoic when learning something, unless it truly is insane. Like growing giant boobs overnight.

“Good evening, Ms. Mara,” I shared a smile with her. We were on good terms, though I’d like to think she has a small thing for me. She’d mentioned experimenting a bit when she was younger, and I like to think I’ve caught her checking out my ass once or twice. Now she’s got another thing to check out.

“Hello, Grace, how’ve… oh my,” Ms. Mara’s eyes naturally found themselves fixed to my chest, wide and unmoving.

“Hmm? Oh yeah,” I laughed, acting as if I hadn’t hoped she’d notice them. Just because I hadn’t asked for giant tits, didn’t mean I wasn’t interested in people’s reactions, “Late bloomer, I guess.”

“I’ll say,” Ms. Mara gulped and tore her gaze from my bust, though it flitted back frequently, “They must weigh a ton.” Her comment finally brought my attention to the fact that I didn’t feel the weight like I should. Most women complain about back pain when they’re smaller than me, but I haven’t noticed. They bounced and jiggled, of course, however the pull on my back just isn’t there.

Not that it really surprised me. It’s weird, sure, but that’s literally all today had been for me.

“Yeah,” I laughed, “They’re a real handful.”

“I bet,” she chuckled with me as I claimed my usual spot at the head of the class, vision locked on the mature woman. Her face was lightly wrinkled, laugh lines decorating her eyes and mouth, that gave her a matronly appearance. Fitting, since she was a mother to three children. Those hips completed the look, as they were at least as wide as her shoulders. Shame about her bust. She’d had some work done, but they just didn’t fit her at all.

What would fit her, I wondered. She was tall, half a foot above my five and a half feet, so she’d need bigger than mine. The thought made me frown in wonder and I glanced down at my own chest, contemplating the curve of my enormous mounds. I looked back to Ms. Mara and imagined her with my tits.

Without a doubt, she’d need to be bigger than I am to suit her height. But by how much? I figured that I was a G cup, give or take an inch or so. Perhaps she’d need a J? Or maybe K cups? I froze the thoughts before they could go further, surprised at how much I desired to see them come to life. Did I also become a boob addict overnight?

“Okay, looks like everyone’s here. Last time we left off, we were covering the Inca culture. Anyone care to give a refresher for the class?” Ms. Mara began, taking charge in a way only an experienced teacher could. Her voice held authority, and patience, exactly what she needed. Though everyone would certainly pay more attention if she was sexier, wouldn’t they? I would.

Not that I had any control of that. I almost laughed at myself for thinking it. There was no conceivable way that I… okay, I knew where those thoughts were going. I wasn’t dense. Every comedy or porn story did the same set up.

Ms. Mara coughed, bringing my attention to her. Exactly as my mind had wanted, despite the implausibility of it, her breasts were bigger. Not by much. Her slight handfuls pushed her shirt out further, enough that a watchful eye could notice the change, but a mere glance wouldn’t see it. I licked my lips and imagined them growing slowly, constantly. Some part of me wanted to watch her shirt gradually lose the battle.

And that’s just what came to be. I pinched myself and winced at the pain; not a dream. Yet it had to be, granted it was easily one of my favourites so far, even if it didn’t involve any hunks showing up and fulfilling my deepest fantasies. Ms. Mara continued with the class while my eyes stalked her breasts like a hawk would its prey. She had a button-up shirt on and a plain black bra beneath it, both of which were showing signs of strain as her chest sluggishly expanded.

At her age, they’d probably sag a lot, especially after three kids. It’d be nice if they could fix that. Just like before, her tits reacted to my increasingly lecherous thoughts. They perked up within the simple bra even as they approached my size. Her top buttons were undone, letting my peer at her creamy flesh as more and more was added.

The pace remained slow and steady. Her shirt began to lift with her breasts, showing off a hint of her soft belly, not that I was interested in that part. I only had eyes for boobs at that moment, though my focus became divided. As she grew, so too did my arousal. I looked around at the others. They were all staring at Ms. Mara like I was or taking notes. No one would notice if I gave myself a little relief.

Eyes still firmly on Ms. Mara’s impossibly growing tits, I slid a hand into my pants and over my pussy. Holy shit, I was so wet. My fingers slid across the lips like they were covered in oil, brushing against my clit as it poked out to greet me. Ms. Mara was as big as me now, her once conservative shirt now showing off the swell of her breasts and a peek at her underwear. If she raised her arms, I could glimpse her panties. I licked my lips as I rubbed my other set.

She looked hotter by the second. I shouldn’t be surprised, since breasts seemed to determine how much I liked someone at that moment. Or was it something else? A frown settled on my face as I, finally, managed to glance away from her ever-growing chest. It wasn’t just her boobs turning into youthful mountains, but her entire appearance looked… healthier.

There was no refuting that she was an older woman. Her wrinkles were still present, and her hair a brilliant silver, but she could pass for someone in their mid to late thirties. Whatever was happening, I hoped she wouldn’t turn out too young when it ended. That was part of what made her so hot to me, the fact that she was old enough to be my mother. Yeah, I thought with an eager poke at my folds, I wouldn’t mind sucking out her milk.

Ms. Mara gasped and her back went rigid for a moment. She quickly recovered and went back to detailing how the Inca’s impacted modern society, though I think very few of us were paying attention. I caught sight of a man rubbing his crotch from the corner of my eye, though I immediately returned my attention to Ms. Mara.

Her bra was struggling to contain her tits now. They spilled out from the cups, pushing her shirt apart. A sharp click almost distracted from the visage as one of her buttons popped free. She groaned and rolled her shoulders, clearly in discomfort from the bra. Just a little longer, I thought, spying how the undergarment was losing the battle. It’d lose in a moment, the J cups eagerly growing toward K.

I had no doubt about her size. Naturally, I had no idea why, but I was certain that she was a J cup now. Make that a K. Come on, I silently urged the bra. Ms. Mara’s areolae peeked above her bra, little bumps along the otherwise smooth surface leading to her erect nipples. Her breasts looked tight in their prison, a gorgeous circuit of blue veins webbed across their surface. My fingers slid into my sopping cunt to resist reached out to her.

She passed L cups and still her bra held on. Stubborn asshole, I silently cursed while my pussy rippled in delight. I’ve never seen anything as hot as this before. None of the porn I watched or read ever made me this fucking wet. If I wasn’t worried about being discovered, I’d have cum minutes ago. The next button in line was beginning to strain.

Ms. Mara turned away from us and breathed deeply. I could tell that she was deciding whether to leave and get help, or if she should just covertly remove her tortuous bra. She did neither. Possibly because I wanted to see her tits wreck her clothes, but, like the idea that I was somehow making her tits grow, the notion was impossible. Regardless, I was glad when she turned back around. Just in time, too, her button gave out and came flying.

A tiny glimpse of her nipples peered over her bra now. It didn’t seem like it was going to give in, not with all the hooks done up. Maybe if it was just the one? To my shock, and Ms. Mara’s if her expression was anything to go by, she reached under her straining shirt and undid all her hooks but one. Holy shit… I really must have power over her.

Unless it was just a coincidence. The thoughts were pushed aside as a sharp snap resounded through the room. All eyes, at least mine, locked onto her chest as her boring underwear slid down to reveal her unbelievably perky, tight and smooth N cups. Now free, her nipples fell to the sides and caught on her shirt. They were big and puffy, like a pregnant woman’s.

“Ms. Mara,” I moaned softly and pushed three fingers into myself, pumping them slowly to savour my sopping snatch. They easily sank to the hilt, stretching my walls like a latex glove. The more Ms. Mara grew, the better I felt. My other hand joined the action and slipped under my shirt to grope my own breasts. They seemed so small compared to Ms. Mara’s now.

“Y-yes, Grace?” She responded and looked directly at me. Her face was flushed, gaze wild with fear and what I think was arousal. Our eyes met and held each other. This had to be a dream, albeit a stupidly realistic one. In that case, I had all the power here, didn’t I?

“Keep going, please?” The words breezed past my lips without thought. She turned around and resumed the lesson, even so I could still see her breasts expanding. Her shirt was just as stubborn as the bra, refusing to give in despite the O cups that strained it. I had to see them up close.

I stood, one hand still buried in my pants and fingering my cunny, and walked over to Ms. Mara’s desk. She glanced at me, but didn’t seem to bat an eyelid when I pushed my pants down and sat in her chair, sullying it in my juices. This was certainly a dream. I’d have been thrown out otherwise.

From this angle, I could easily see her tits swell. That and a growing wetness on her shirt where her nipples stretched it. She was lactating? It took all I had not to cum at the realisation, or when she turned to face me, showing off how her next button was losing its battle. I licked my lips and glanced up at her eyes.

“It’s a dream,” I muttered, “Ms. Mara, let me suck on your tits, please?” Just because it was a dream, didn’t mean I shouldn’t be polite. She strode over to me and lowered herself until her tits were level with my face, the moisture around her nipples spreading. My throat suddenly felt dry.

“I don’t know what’s happening,” Ms. Mara mumbled and pulled one side of her shirt away to reveal her teat, “Are you… are you doing this, Grace?”

“It’s only a dream,” I breathed and leaned in close, captivated by a river of thick, creamy milk that leaked from her nipple, “Just roll with it.” She gasped when I trapped her puffy tit in my lips. It tasted amazing. So rich and sweet and smooth that it just seemed to slide across my tongue, down my parched throat.

I moaned around her boob and suckled harder. My teeth nipped at her flesh, earning a pleasant sigh. Ms. Mara’s hands stroked my head, urging me to drink from her still growing breasts. They were bigger than watermelons now and obscured her bellybutton, yet I didn’t want them to stop. Her teat grew to fill my mouth in her spongy flesh, from which her milk gushed like a busted faucet.

“I wish this wasn’t a dream,” Ms. Mara cooed from above. She straddled me, the chair just big enough to fit us both, and rolled her hips against me. So it’s true, I thought excitedly as I swallowed her fresh, delicious milk. Honestly, I’d happily never buy milk again and just have hers for the rest of my life. But I would settle for until I came and woke up from this dream.

“Let me,” Ms. Mara whispered to me. Her hand found its way into my pants and pushed mine away, then plunged four of her fingers into me. She certainly had experience with this as her thumb expertly massaged my clit.

“Fuck!” I cried and popped her nipple from my mouth, milk splashing onto my face and her breast, “Gonna… gonna cum! Oh fuck, make me cum, Ms. Mara!” She thrust her hand to and fro, fucking my cunt like a sex-starved man. Every knuckle made my body burn ecstatically, and her nails scratched blissfully against my walls as she worked. I didn’t want the dream to end, but I was too far gone. The world dimmed around me as pleasure exploded inside my pussy. It reduced my consciousness to ashes.

When I came to, I was back in my bed. Of course, it was all just a dream. I groaned and rolled over, pawing my soft, squishy pillow. It was wet with something – probably my drool – and smelt sweet. Did I wash them earlier? I shrugged and snuggled closer, waiting until my alarm forced me to go to work.

“Hmm, fuck that was a good sleep,” a familiar, if unexpected, voice broke me from the post-slumber lethargy. My eyes burst open and were filled with the sight of skin that wasn’t my own. I looked up and saw a huge, rigid nipple cap the landscape of flesh. This was a breast? But it was way, way too big. It had to be triple the size of my head.

A trickle of yellow-whiteness ran down the huge mountain. The taste of rich sweetness resurged in my mouth at the sight.

“Ms. Mara?” I rasped and raised my head to look up. There she was, the teacher I had, admittedly, wanted to wake up next to many times before. She laid here in my bed, with my body spooning hers. Then the softness that I was laying on was her breast.

“Yes, Grace?” She murmured. A hand stroked along my back, nails lightly scratching me.

“Everything was real,” I stated, recalling every detail from yesterday, except for after I came. Then that also meant… “I need to test something.”

“Hmm?” Ms. Mara arched an eyebrow at me when I sat up spontaneously, naked tits bouncing as I did so. I focused on her breasts, each bigger than any I had even imagined before, and pictured them growing. My eyes went wide as they responded, gaining another few inches in a matter of seconds. The alphabet was useless for these milk tanks.

“It really worked,” I whispered as I reached out to play with her humungous bust, hands disappearing into the gorgeous mountains, “Ms. Mara, I can control breasts!”

“I already knew,” she giggled at my enthusiasm, “What do you think we did half the night?”

“I, uh, don’t really remember it all that well,” I admitted, then yelped when she lunged up and kissed me, seemingly unencumbered by her giant tits.

“We have plenty of chances to remedy that,” Ms. Mara breathed against my lips, “And call me Jade. I think we’re on a first name basis now.”

“I like that,” I smirked and kissed her back, deepening it until my tongue threatened to sink into her throat. Then my alarm went off, forcing me to pull away with a whine, “But I’ve got work.” The fact that yesterday was real brought something else to my attention.

“Oh crap, Piper’s gonna be there too,” I groaned and flopped back onto my bed, “She’s a real bitch,” I explained for Ms. Mar… Jade. That’s something I don’t think I’ll ever get used to.

“Normally I wouldn’t want you to use such a gift for ‘evil’,” Jade began, sliding her breasts up my stomach until they framed my face, “But, you do have a way to get back at her.”

“Are you telling me to use my new booby powers to make Piper’s breasts inflate until they’re as big as blimps and secrete a swimming pools worth of milk every minute until she swears her loyalty to me?”

“Whatever floats your boat,” Jade laughed and angled one of her huge, milky nipples at my lips, “Now drink up, can’t have you going to work on an empty stomach.” I didn’t need to be told twice. I latched onto her tit and practically inhaled her delicious milk. There was no comparison to the taste. Though it could stand to be a little thicker. As if hearing me, the fluid thickened.

Oh, I was going to enjoy seeing Piper today.

The worst part about Piper isn’t necessarily her attitude. It’s shit, don’t get me wrong, but the thing that made her insufferable was how hot she was. She wasn’t like Jade or Carlie, who had something of a forbidden fruit allure to them. No, she was hot as fuck, plain and simple. Tits as big as mine, perfect, strawberry blonde hair, luscious lips, a big, perky ass with hips to die for, and long legs to boot. Yeah, the perfect textbook hottie.

And I was going to make her so much better. The fact that I was now enamoured by boobs didn’t really cross my mind until then. Cocks didn’t seem to really get me going like they did before. I still wouldn’t mind one, but I was convinced that nothing could beat a pair of oversized tits. Speaking of which, mine didn’t seem that big anymore. Not after seeing what I’d done to Jade.

Another few cup sizes couldn’t hurt.

I was right, they didn’t. My shirt was tighter than ever around them, and they felt so good when they jiggled with my steps. No one at work could look away from them, not even Carlie, until Piper came in. Late as usual.

After enduring the harsh comments I’d expected from her, I finally got the bitch alone in the staff bathrooms. She was fixing her outfit, which I had ruined for her. From the moment she entered my sight – which might be the only limit on my ability, though I haven’t tested it yet – I made her grow. It was about the same pace as it had been with Jade’s, but Piper’s were bigger from the start. Her shirt began to tear in less than ten minutes.

“Hey there, Miss Perfect,” I smiled warmly at her as she struggled to adjust her top to avoid getting kicked out, “Shirt trouble?”

“Duh, what does it look like, dumb bitch,” she snapped.

“Here, let me help,” I silently demanded that her growth jump ahead about an hour. Exactly as I’d willed it, her breasts ballooned into massive beach balls. They pulled her down and pinned her to the floor. I wanted her to feel the weight, unlike myself and Jade. Only the sleeves and collar from her shirt remained intact.

“What the fuck?!”

“My thoughts exactly,” I feigned my shock and reached down to stroke her breast, while willing them to be incredibly sensitive. Piper moaned in shock and pleasure, “Did you just moan?”

“N-no, ahh…” she moaned again as my fingers danced toward her nipple.

“I think you did. Do you like being pinned by a pair of giant tits?” I teased, enjoying it as her voice dissolved into a low groan of pleasure, “I’ll take that as a yes. How about we get you even bigger?” She seemed to understand the implications of my words, but couldn’t respond when I tweaked her soda can sized nipple. I bit my lip as I willed her growth to triple in speed.

“I’ll be outside,” I notified her, though she was too preoccupied with how good her hands felt on her rapidly rising tits, “I wonder how long it’ll take you to outgrow the bathroom?”

I’m not heartless. Once I’d had my fun, I reduced her back down to normal. Well, not quite. I figured I should leave her a souvenir. Piper was once a G cup, bordering on H, now she’s a delightfully stacked ZZZ cup. I made sure she can handle the weight, when they’re empty at least. She still needs to deal with the weight of her constantly filling milk.

That was all in just a couple of days.