

Neighbours

Chapter 3

My face must've painted a picture of my shock because Millie turns a deep shade of red.

"Sorry, I er-" I clear my throat. "Did I hear you right?" already knowing what my ears heard. "Did you say you've only been "big for about a year?"

She nods in response, I feel faint.

How on earth? She is massive, truly massive and she got this way within a year?

"Thereabouts... I started growing on my 18th Birthday..." She stares at the floor, unable to bring her eyes to meet mine.

I hear my heartbeat in my ears, thumping harder.

"But... How..." I trail off, unable to comprehend what she is saying.

"Here, look." She turns her attention to her phone, quickly swiping through some screens before she turns the phone to me. "Here I am on my 18th"

I stare at the picture, and it is Millie all right, that is her face, hard to mistake those cute features for anyone else's. Her Crimson hair is the same colour, but it is longer, going down to her waist. She has a big badge on her that indicates it's her birthday, and she is flanked by two girls with an arm each wrapped around her neck and some fruity alcoholic beverage in their other hand.

Looking at her chest I notice that indeed her breasts are around the B cup size at a guess. Much more in the realm of normal possibilities. Lastly, I notice the date is written on the bottom of the photo. 01/05/2021. I take in her face from the photo once more and then look back at the girl before me.

Definitely the same...

"Swipe right..." She says nervously.

I oblige, now seeing a new photo appear on the screen, much like the last photo the date is captioned on the bottom of the photo, I noticed it first this time, 07/06/2021.

"I had just finished my last exam, and this was taken of me at a local bar." Millie adds some context to the photo.

Studying the photo, I notice immediately that her boobs appear bigger. In the photo Millie is at an angle that means I can see the projection. Her bust now appears to be in the D cup range which is quite a growth for just over a month's time.

“I was an E cup here; within a month I had gone up 3 cup sizes.” She stares intently at my face, gauging my reaction. “Swipe again...” She says this time with more of a smirk.

Swiping again reveals another picture, this time it's Millie standing before a mirror in a large T-shirt, her face frowning, her eyes staring at the focus point of this picture. Her chest. Her boobs have grown again, this time they appear to be about as big as her Mum's just less perky, more natural. Straining her shirt with their immense girth.

“Here is when I realised something was wrong, I was having fun until this point. I don't know what size they were here as I didn't have any bras that could fit. My mum wasn't that big at this point either.” Millie trails off.

Her mum too... She got surgery after her daughter's tits blew up.

“I was so timid and shy; I didn't want to go outside or see anyone because I was too big at this point.” Millie looks sad momentarily before looking back at me, the warmth returning to her expression. “I thought they were... *Huge*... How wrong I was... Swipe.” I quickly note the date. 22/07/21.

Swiping again, same pose, this time in an extremely large bikini, the date is 30/07/21. The turquoise bikini top is doing an impressive job of covering up her boobs, the large triangle pieces of fabric cover a good portion of her breast but there is still so much on display. Millie's face is very neutral, serious in tone, standing straight, her breasts sticking off her chest like two balloons, easily dwarfing any other breasts I had seen to this point, they are now bigger than basketballs and in the latter half of the alphabet.

The straps of her stretchy bikini are cutting into her shoulders as she takes the photo. The mighty cleavage being formed is a remarkable sight.

“I had decided I wanted to take a photo every week, to document my growth, it was at this point I was seeking help from doctors. This Gallery is just now me posing in this position in the mirror. I would recommend you swipe quickly...” her shy demeanour seemingly vanished.

I swipe, see the date caption Week 2 and notice that there is more breast to stare at, I pause and just look once again over her humongous and still growing tits.

“I said quickly...”

Quickly I start to swipe with my index finger. The photos have Millie in the same position but with each swipe I can see that her boobs are growing, her breasts starting to strain the Bikini top more as the cleavage gets deeper and more compressed. Each swipe I increase in speed, wanting to see the growth in real time almost, wanting to see the conclusion.

“I was growing so fast... I must admit... It did feel good...” She whispers before blushing.

Week by week I can see her growing bigger and bigger, each picture closer to resembling the incredibly busty girl before me. She reaches over and grabs my hand, halting my swipes and looks at the screen.

“Week 26, Only a few more left... Go slow...” She says under her breath.

I give a swipe and week 27 appears, much like the other photos, she is larger but going slower. I now notice that she is paler, I guess this happened throughout the swipes but only stopping and going slow enough to take in her whole body did I notice this change.

“So, I stop growing in two more swipes, the doctors by this point have still got not no idea what is happening, you can see actually I have got plasters still where they took my blood.” She speaks. “I’d get my blood tested every two weeks and still they had no idea what was going on.”

I swipe and see the one before the last picture, the bikini top that was doing such an admiral job at the start, looks to be on its last legs. The straps cutting into her boobs now at this point, the fabric covering truly little of her breast in comparison to where it started. Her huge pale orbs are almost entirely on show for me to stare at.

Her shoulders are almost cut into two by the pressure from the straps and for the first time I notice her expression. A smile. Not a normal smile, a sultry smirk. As if reading my mind Millie chimes in.

“By this point I had accepted my changes, I was starting to come to peace with them. I liked them and I still do. They are me now. Last one is next...”

One last swipe and I see the best progress picture yet. Week 29 and what a picture. Immediately the reason as to why it’s the last picture is apparent. Millie’s hands are gripping the string of her turquoise bikini, holding up the front of her top.

“The strap snapped when I put it on... Guess I got too big...”

Her boobs were colossal, her huge tits now barely contained, the beginnings of her nipples starting to peak above the fabric. Her breasts, more like beach balls at this point, are protruding before her so much that she likely can’t reach her arms around them.

“I retired from taking photos after that point, I have probably grown but if I have, not much.” She adds.

Looking at her boobs, barely contained in her top, I see that they are stretching the fabric of her shirt as it is, likely this fit when she bought it.

“Last, *last* photo.” She quickly swipes once more, drawing my attention back to the screen.

This final photo is of Millie in the bath, bubbles strategically covering her nipples. Her breasts pressed against the sides of the narrow bath, causing them to bulge over the edges. Her face is bright red like she is embarrassed.

“Mum saw me and thought it was hilarious and snapped a photo.” She chuckles. “In hindsight, it was funny but at the time I was so embarrassed, I was stuck!”

“Stuck...” I stammer, the first noise I’ve made in a while.

“Yes. My boobies were too big for our old bath.” She giggles. I turn to her and see the smile on her face.

She looks proud.

“Did you know we have a hot tub?” She asks.

“I did notice when I looked out the window of my room.”

“Oh, you are overlooking the back, I’m sure you’ll get some nice views.” She gives an innocent smile.

Did she mean...?

Her face starts to turn red again. “Oh, I didn’t mean. Ah!” She squeals.

I can’t get a read on this girl; she seems so innocent and naïve yet sometimes she seems so flirty.

“So there, you have the story of my boobs.”

“I can’t believe it; I mean I saw the pictures, so I’ll have too but... wow...”

“Yeah, it is a lot to take in... Just like them...” She gives a knowing look.

“How big are they? If you don’t mind me asking?” I ask, treading new ground.

“I don’t know, never got them measured... they just kept growing, seemed a bit pointless. I mean, they are *this* big.” With a sudden movement she hefts her bust onto the table, her giant mountainous breasts come crashing down onto the table and the impact causes the mugs to bounce, thankfully they are empty.

Now looking directly at me are her boobs. Her head barely peeking above the vast horizon of the upper swell of her breasts. I can see her eyebrow raise.

“Pretty big huh?”