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1,978 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 2

The next morning the ringing of my alarm drags me from a dream that rapidly fades from my mind. I sit up and stretch my arms over my head, starting to think about a plan for today. I pick up my phone and see if Abi has already planned the day out, she usually likes to plan things out and take charge. Picking up my phone I see an itinerary of the day.

Never change Abi.

I quickly read through the plan; she wants to come over to my house, she is going to grab some snacks from the local supermarket, we can watch some movies and catch up. Sounds like a good plan for a lazy Saturday.

Abi still lived with her parents, so my place was preferable as I was lucky enough to have been able to get on the property ladder quickly. Truth be told it was for times like this that I was glad that things worked out the way they did. When Abi wasn't in university for a few days she would usually crash at my place. I was grateful for the company, and I think she enjoyed the freedom too.

I get up and shower and start cleaning the place up, just make sure that it looks presentable. It was for times like this I was less fond of owning my own place. The morning quickly disappears as noon starts to come around. With the cleaning all done; I start to set up the living room for Abi. I set the TV up with the surround system and put out some of the snacks I already had here. Abi has a bit of a sweet tooth so I put out extra bowls for the inevitable dozen or so bags of jelly sweets she

will bring.

Ding-Dong

Abi is here.

I rush to the door and open ready to stand aside and let her in but instead I stand frozen in place. Abi has changed, that was putting it lightly, I immediately noticed her chest. No longer C cups, they are a cup size or two bigger.

What? How? My brain goes into overdrive.

“Hey there Jack, I can see you noticed” She smirks. “Who am I kidding, of course you’d notice. Let me in, I’ll explain everything.

Still frozen, I feel her hand push my chest to get me to move. I stumble backwards and she passes me. It feels like slow motion as I see the projection of her boobs now leading the charge towards my living room. I hurriedly followed her.

“What? Abi, your chest? How? What? Why?” I blather as I follow behind her. She ignores me and places a bag of shopping onto the coffee table. I just stare wide eyed at her; she points to the sofa.

“Sit” she commands. Like a dog I obey.

“Right, so something happened after we last saw each other.” She starts, her head looking towards her chest. “I woke up the next day and I felt this tingling in my chest. I thought nothing of it, but when I put my bra on, I had to pay attention to it. My boobs were starting to bulge over my C cups.” She pauses to gauge my reaction.

Staring at her like a dog would at its owner if they had a gravy bone, I nod to show I am paying attention.

How could I not be paying attention? Real life breast expansion? Calm down...

“Well, seeing as boobs don’t tend to grow overnight, unless they are on your PC” she grins and giggles softly. “I booked an appointment with the doctor. They couldn’t see me until the next day. I went about my business and noticed that the tingling didn’t subside at all, by the end of the day I could’ve sworn my bra was tighter again. I thought I was growing again” Again, she pauses to

watch me, almost expectantly.

I nod once more, trying desperately not to blush and failing miserably at not getting hard.

“My suspicions were confirmed the next morning when my pyjama top felt tighter around my chest. How was that possible? The next surprise was even bigger.” She said in a low moan. I shifted in my seat to try and conceal the forming erection. “I had outgrown my bra, I guess you could’ve told me that.” She jiggles her chest as she laughs. I stare at the larger breasts on Abi’s chest as they bounce wildly in her baggy jacket, even in the large garment I can tell she is currently braless. My dick now standing at full mast in my jogging bottoms. Hope she doesn’t see.

“So, I went to the doctors and after an examination and taking some blood, she told me to wait until tomorrow for the results. I went back to uni to study for the exam. Went to bed still feeling the tingling in my chest. The next morning can you guess what I noticed when I woke up?” she says, staring at me intently.

My throat is incredibly dry, I try to respond but my voice cracks before I even can finish my first word. Abi bursts into laughter, I let out a nervous giggle.

“That voice crack was amazing, 14 again are you, Jack?” she says, still laughing.

I cough and clear my throat. “No... I guess you were bigger the next morning when you got up?”

“Bingo!” she takes a big stride towards me which causes her boobs to quake in her jacket. “They were bigger, I guessed that they were now a D going onto an E cup.” She says proudly, drawing in a breath to puff her chest out. “Of course, I am bigger now” she adds with a slap to the side of her generous bosom, causing a wave of motion to spread from her right boob over to her left. “Getting ahead of myself, anyway, So Friday morning, my tits were now pressing against the previously baggy pyjama top. My bra wouldn’t even get close to covering my expanding boobs, so I had to go braless, much like today” she giggles and gives another shake of her chest. “Not that I had to tell you that.” My eyes focused on them as they shook side to side, each sideways motion stretching the fabric of her jacket, her hard nipples outlined perfectly against her jacket.

Either her nipples are much bigger too or that jacket is tighter than she is letting on...

“I did the exam; it was a bit hard to focus with my nipples rubbing against the desk.” Abi presses her hands into her boobs and looks down. “They aren’t showing now, are they?” She tries to look over the swell of her boobs to see if she can see the nipples pressing against the fabric.

My best friend for all these years, now busty, suddenly, and seemingly overnight, standing in my living room practically groping her boobs.

If this is a dream, I don't want to wake up.

“I can’t see, awh well, I’m sure you wouldn’t mind playing look out for me?” she giggles. “Anyway, I finished the exam and I turned my phone on. A missed call from the doctor, I called her back and she told me what was wrong.” She pauses again.

I am on the edge of my seat, “W-what’s wrong.”

Abi stands there and slowly raises her hand to the zip on her jacket. “She started to explain how I’ve had a hormone change in my blood, and some other science stuff but to get straight to the point, I’m growing.” Her hand unzips an inch in a quick motion.

Zip.

“I’m going to keep growing.”

Zip.

“She doesn’t know how big.”

Zip.

“Can you believe it?”

Zip.

“I’m going to be massive; I can feel it.” In one final motion she unzips the remainder of the jacket

Zip.

She is still holding the jacket closed around her. She looks directly at me. “You want to see them, don’t you?”

I nod, slack jawed.

“What is the magic word?” she teases.

“Please...”

“Please what?”

“Please can I see your boobs...”

“Seeing as you were so polite, yes you can see my huge boobs.” She opens her jacket revealing her braless breasts. They are covered in a very tight white tank top that leaves very little to the imagination just because of the fabric stretching mounds beneath.

Her boobs bulge against her shirt, the compression from the fabric flattens them and makes them appear perkier and firmer than they likely are. Her nipples can clearly be seen through the shirt as they form two stiff peaks. Realising that I had just stared at my best friends’ tits for the last... However long, I lift my gaze to her face and see a satisfied smirk on her face, her cheeks flushed, mouth open as she seems to be taking laboured breaths.

“Do you... like them?” Abi says breathlessly.

I nod, unable to form words.

“Me too” she says as she raises her hand to pinch her nipples. She lets out a big gasp. My dick is rock hard in my joggers, my own breath starts to become laboured.

“Is this what you imagined it would be like? Breast expansion?” she seductively says whilst she continues to pinch her nipples. “One day you just see your basically flat chested best friend and now... *Now* she has real tits.” Her hands squeeze tightly at her breasts causing her clothed flesh to bulge between her fingers. Abi’s legs start to tremble, and she starts to moan softly, her pace increasing. Lost in a sea of lust she slips a hand down her pants, in no time at all, before you can even react. Abi orgasms, her pleased gasps turn into moans as she starts to become louder as her legs give way. She lays back as she continues to masturbate and squeeze her tits for a few moments before she starts shaking from over stimulation.

Horny as hell but not wanting to upset Abi, I show herculean strength by resisting touching my throbbing cock. I just stare at my busty friend writhing on the floor, making sure to commit it to memory.

Between breaths Abi mutters “Fuck... I am... so horny... who knew tits would... do this to a girl...”

Stoically I sit on the sofa staring still. I watch as she starts to calm down, her body coming to a rest, her hands leave her tits, and she places them on the floor beside her.

“I meant what I said by the way Jack.” Abi says from the floor on her back.

I barely hear her, I am just glued to her boobs, watching them rise and fall with each deep breath she takes. I can’t help but notice how they jiggle and wobble on her chest from her still exaggerated breathing.

“I am still growing; I am going to get bigger.” She continues, with a mix of determination and lust in her voice.

“And do you want that?” I break my silence.

She bolts upright and stares at me, hands holding her breasts for support. “Oh God Yes.”

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