

## ABOARD THE VENUS

BY TROGDOR297

The atmosphere was peaceful as the Caribbean sun peeked over the horizon, heralding the dawn. The air was quiet, the sea carrying a gentle rhythm, waves softly lapping against the hulls of the numerous boats that floated just off the coast.

There were all manner of craft that lay in the waters just off the southern coast of Aruba: fishing boats, personal leisure vessels, a few aluminum dinghies tied up close to the shore. None were in the same class of vehicle as the massive white ship that was anchored amidst them, like a whale congregating with minnows.

The craft went by the name of 'The Pride of Venus' though its crew often shortened that to simply 'The Venus'. The gigantic boat was a super-yacht, the kind of craft that one would assume a billionaire owned a few of. This particular ship belonged to no oligarch, but was instead a chartered craft, catering to a very specific kind of clientele: Rich and preferring a very certain figure in their women.

It wasn't long after the sun had appeared in the sky that a beeping alarm went off in the belly of The Venus, rousing the trio of stewards from their sleep.

Adelaide, the Chief Steward, groaned with bleary annoyance. "Kori...turn it off!"

Kori, the Third Steward, yawned. "One second, one second. Fuck...where is it...I think I knocked my phone off the bed in my sleep..."

The incessant beeping continued, filling the dark cabin with noise. "Well find it!" Adelaide griped. "God, why do you have the most annoying alarm..."

Kori used both hands to rub the sleep from her eyes. "You could always just set your own alarm..." She muttered, quiet enough that the others didn't hear.

Kori moved to sit up, a motion that should've been second nature, if not for the foreign though increasingly familiar weight on her chest. Underneath the loose Paramore t-shirt that she wore as a pajama top rested the twin globes of her breasts, perky firm and large. Each one was a tight creamy globe a little smaller than a cantaloupe.

They were enhanced, their size a result of the specialty implant placed within. If she had to guess she'd reckon that they each held 1800cc's of fluid, though if she really wanted to know she could just trot down to the galley and check the monitoring panel. They were larger than she'd ever realistically considered getting before this job, though that felt like a completely different life now.

As she leaned over, reaching underneath the bunk to fish around for her lost phone, her implant filled bust pressed into her thighs, preventing her from fully bending over. Letting out a small grunt of frustration, she spread her legs to sit in a wide straddle, giving her breasts the space they needed so she could lean further. This proved to be sufficient, as her fingers brushed against the glass and metal rectangle that continued to beep at them from the floor.

Snatching it up, she braced herself with her other hand against the edge of the bunk and heaved herself up, feeling the weight of her enhanced breasts as she righted herself. In her opinion they were frankly too much at this size, but of course her opinion wasn't one that held any weight in the middle of a charter. At least there was the small comfort that she wasn't the same size as the other two...

As she turned off the alarm on her phone she looked up at her fellow Stewards, or Stews as they often called themselves. Both Adelaide, the Chief, and Sooyoung, the second stew, bore enhanced breasts like hers, except theirs were twice her size. Adelaide was the larger of the two, each breast a fat round globe larger than her head, though Sooyoung wasn't far behind. The second stew, a girl of Korean background, had a slimmer figure so comparatively her breasts looked roughly the same size.

"Good morning, Kori" Sooyoung said as she swung her legs over the edge of the bunk across from her. The second stew squinted her eyes as she stretched her arms over her head, shaking the sleep from her body. The motion made her breasts lift and surge forth, drawing attention to their considerable size. She wore a tank-top style pajama top that she'd brought with her, designed for her original body shape; it now just barely covered her breasts, the bottom of each globe peeking out below the lace hem.

"Morning" Kori replied, fingers digging into her chin-length copper red hair to scratch the side of her head as she tossed her phone on her pillow.

"You're looking good, girl!" Sooyoung said with a smile as she stripped off her pajamas. "I think this is the biggest you've ever reached?"

Kori shrugged as she grabbed the black miniskirt for her uniform and pulled it on "Thanks, I guess. I think I was bigger on the third charter. I'll have to check the monitor..."

"Later" Adelaide said, cutting their conversation short as she pulled a black spandex sports bra on, having to stretch it tight to reach over her enlarged bust. "Captain just pinged me, one of the guests is already up. Fucking tech bros and their stupid alpha morning routines..."

Sooyoung nodded as she hurried to get dressed. "At least they tip well..."

Adelaide nodded as she pulled on her uniform shirt, the same one all of the stews wore, a black short-sleeved shirt with the ship's logo on the chest and back. Only the buttons around her midsection were done up, the protruding mound of her breasts making it impossible for the remainder to be fastened. Of course, that was the point.

"Goddamn I look like a fucking goddess" Adelaide said, stopping before the mirror beside the door to admire herself as she pulled her sandy brown hair back into a ponytail. "I fucking *love* the last day of charter"

Sooyoung laughed as she pulled her own shirt on "I'm glad I'm not the only one! Come on, let's get up there. See if we can squeeze another tip or two out of them!"

Adelaide pushed the door open, holding it ajar for the second stew to follow. "You mean see if *you* can get another few tips? I know you're trying to beat me, Soo. It's not going to happen."

Sooyoung neither confirmed nor denied Adelaide's allegations as she followed her into the hall. "We'll see!"

Kori sighed as she finished getting dressed, pulling on her own tight black shirt. Hers she could button up more than her colleagues, though not all the way. She was still left with a visible line of deliciously deep cleavage where the top few buttons refused to meet. Standing up she ran her hands down her front, grabbing the hem of the shirt and tugging it so it sat snug in place. The motion made her breasts squeeze and bounce. Kori shook her head as she left the cabin; just a few more hours and then they'd be gone again.

'The Venus' was not unique amongst luxury charter yachts for the level of service it provided. Each of its crew members, both stewards and deckhands, were experienced and well trained, the strongest team the captain of a luxury yacht could ask for.

No, 'The Venus' was different for the type of experience it offered, one aimed at the connoisseur of the buxom and busty.

Each female member of The Venus's crew was enhanced with a very special type of implant. This implant, designed and patented for this charter company, was special in its unique functionality and flexibility. Putting it simply, these were implants that were capable of autonomous unlimited growth.

Kori had been shocked when she'd had her own set put in at the beginning of the charter season. The company specialist had shown them to her prior to installation; in their neutral state they were barely the size of a grape. She hadn't thought they'd be capable of the level of growth that the job posting had stated stewards should expect to endure. It hadn't taken long for her to be proven wrong.

Each implant had two segments to it. On the inside was a tiny motor that was capable of remote activation. When activated, its motion would cause the entire implant to vibrate within the breast pocket, a surprisingly pleasant sensation, though its purpose was not for pleasure. This vibration would cause the implant to stimulate the walls of the breast pocket, which would then coax the body to release fluid.

This fluid would then be absorbed by the outer shell of the implant, which was more or less just a high-tech sponge. Made of a custom formulated synthetic polymer, the outer shell is designed to absorb the fluid and expand. Unlike traditional saline or silicone implants, the polymer has no maximum size, or at least its maximum is far larger than anyone would feasibly need.

Each guest on the charter is given a remote with which they can activate any of the steward's implants, making their breasts grow right before their very eyes. Of course, this isn't something that can be done for free. To activate the remote requires the guest to offer a tip, the minimum amount of cash required increasing the larger the breasts get. At Kori's size, she'd need to receive a \$500 tip to grow larger. Sooyoung and Adelaide were probably closer to \$2000.

Kori's smaller size wasn't a result of poor service, or lack of favor from the clientele. She just wasn't present with the guests as often as her two colleagues. Kori's duties often revolved around laundry and cleaning cabins, something that was done while the charter guests weren't present. She wasn't completely exempt from client exposure, typically assisting during mealtimes, and so her breasts always ended up a decent size, though never as large as Sooyoung or Adelaide.

And Kori was completely fine with that.

She didn't share the other steward's love of the final day of charter, when their breasts reached their largest sizes. It's not that Kori didn't like her breasts, she just wasn't obsessed with them like the other two were. Yes, they gave her quite the striking figure, but they were also in the way a lot, especially when she was trying to clean.

It'd be a different story if each girl were bound to take home only the tips they earned, but that simply wasn't the way it worked. At the end of each charter all tips were pooled together and split between every member of the crew, both male and female. Since her pay cheque wasn't reliant on her swelling her bust as large as possible, she was quite happy to let the other two do it, especially since they seemed to enjoy it so much.

Kori's presence aboard The Venus alongside her ambivalence towards her dramatically enhanced breasts may seem odd without the context of her past. There were plenty of luxury yachts in need of experienced stewards, why choose the one that involved swelling your breasts into round taut spheres if you didn't absolutely love it?

The truth was that prior to joining the crew, she didn't know whether she'd love it or not. What she did know was that she'd grown somewhat unsatisfied with her current proportions. Her natural figure was athletic, her bust a comfortable B-cup. They were nice, but for some reason the men she ended up dating all had a thing for much curvier women.

Some of her exes had been subtle about their preference, not making it a point of contention, while others had been less gracious. Her most recent Ex-Boyfriend, Brett, who also held the crown of longest relationship, had been in the latter camp. He'd been quite open about his love for the bombshell aesthetic, to the point of being rude. He just couldn't let it go, and near the end of their time together he'd hinted that perhaps Kori could enhance herself. But then hints became suggestions which then became insistence.

Kori had put up with it all, being far too patient for what Brett was putting her through. He had his good qualities after all, he was funny, successful, ridiculously handsome. She just hoped that eventually he would stop pestering her about this one thing.

She hoped right up until she caught him in bed with another woman, his assistant at work, a tall blonde with natural G-cups named Lucy.

That had been the end for the two of them; Kori had too much self-respect to even consider forgiving him. Looking for an escape from everything, she'd gone into working as a steward abroad.

She'd done that for two years before this position had caught her eye. It held a taboo-esque allure to Kori, a chance to indulge an unspoken insecurity. She liked her body the way it was, but there was always that niggling doubt in the back of her mind. What if she'd like it *even better* with bigger boobs? She'd looked into getting implants (*after* breaking up with Brett, of course), but they'd been far too costly for just a hypothetical.

Now with this position she could find out for herself, without the cost. The role essentially came with a free boob job, and not only that but it came in various sizes. She could get a sense of how she'd look at varying levels of bust size.

So, what had she learned after eight weeks of having them?

That she could take them or leave them.

Did she look good with huge fake tits? Absolutely. But she looked good without them too. More importantly, after having them at this size for multiple occasions throughout the season, she knew for certain that they weren't necessary for her to feel better about herself. She felt confident that once this charter season was over, she'd never think about having huge tits ever again.

Walking into the galley, she yawned, still shaking off the last vestiges of slumber. "Morning, sleepy-tits" A snarky male voice said.

Kori turned towards the booth that served as the galley's dinner table, as well as impromptu hangout zone during work hours. In it sat the bosun Damian, a thirty-year-old Brit with an undercut, and the one who had spoken, as well his second in command, and lover, Kyle, a buff surfer type from Australia with shaggy blonde hair.

"Creative" Kori said giving the pair of them a fake smile. She pretended to yawn, lifting a hand to rub sleep from the corner of her eyes... except she only used the middle finger.

Kyle snorted, while Damian just smiled. "Coffee is in the pot" The bosun said, nodding towards the far wall.

Kori nodded back, opening the cupboard to grab a mug with which to fill with precious joe. She topped off the steaming hot liquid with two splashes of cream, before joining the two members of the deck crew at the table. In the center of the booth was a large plate of scrambled eggs and bacon, with some forks littered around it. Parts of the pile were conspicuously missing where other members of the crew had helped themselves. Kori grabbed one of the unused utensils and scooped up a forkful of breakfast food.

"So, Kori. What'd you think of your first season onboard the Venus?" Kyle asked, one hand stroking the back of Damian's neck.

Kori shrugged as she chewed. "Not over yet. It's been fun, but I'll be glad to go."

Damian lifted an eyebrow. "Not a fan of the jugs? They look really good on you, bitch."

Kori rolled her eyes. "They're fine. I just don't love them, like the others."

Kyle chuckled "No kidding. I passed them on the stairs; they were racing to be the first up to serve the guests. I swear they almost got stuck trying to go up at the same time, wedging their tits together in the staircase."

Damian laughed "Oh, I would pay to see that!"

Kori chuckled despite herself, as she scooped up another forkful. Behind her on the wall, an automated tone ringed, like a bell being struck. The two deckhands whooped with delight.

"Let's fucking go!" Kyle said. "Bring on the moolah!"

Kori didn't turn her head to look up. "Who got it?"

"Who do you think?" Damian said with a smirk.

“Adelaide” Kori said. Damian’s nod confirmed her suspicion.

Curious, Kori turned and looked up at the large display screen that sat on the wall of the galley. On it was a spreadsheet with four names listed, ordered in descending rank. At the bottom was Kori, her full name shown in the first column. The second column was a number, 1800. This was the current size of her implants in CC’s. The third column was another number: \$5500. This was the amount of money that she’d earned in tips this charter.

Above her on the chart was Sooyoung, currently at 2600CC’s, and then Adelaide, who’d just jumped up to 3000. The top and final row on the chart belonged to Captain Margaret, who had the same number in the second and third rows, a zero.

Kori’s earlier suspicion had been correct. This wasn’t the largest she’d been this season. She’d previously hit 2000 ccs in each breast, which wasn’t leaps and bounds above her current size, but still, the numbers didn’t lie.

Kori turned back to her breakfast, taking a sip of the coffee and helping herself to some more food. Across from her Damian studied her.

“Adelaide told me it feels good when they grow. Is that right?”

Kori shrugged, then nodded. It did feel pretty good, but nothing mind-blowing.

“So why do you want to leave then? We make, like, twice as much as other charters, and you get to feel good while doing it?”

Kori looked up at him. “They don’t feel like that all the time, dumbass. The rest of the time they’re just there, big and in the way. It’s not just the boobs though, I have other reasons.”

“Such as?”

“Well, for one, I’d like to have sex again! I’m not as lucky as you two!”

Kyle and Damian exchanged a look then nodded. She had a point there.

To avoid uncomfortable situations, the management of The Venus had handpicked their crew specifically. The women had obviously all been interviewed to confirm they were ok with the physical requirements of the job. The men had a simpler requirement: they all had to be gay.

Apparently in past seasons it’d become an issue with the male crew being aggressive and creepy to the point of making the stewards feel uncomfortable. Management had decided to nip that issue in the bud going forth and simply remove the possibility of sexual desire and tension amongst the crew.

“What about Bradley?” Kyle said with a friendly smile.

Kori frowned. “Uh...Bradley’s gay, just like you two”

Damian shrugged “Just cause he likes men, doesn’t mean he doesn’t like women.”

“Bradley’s Bi?!” Kori said, not hiding her surprise.

“Maybe?” Kyle said. “He’s never told us outright, but...we see things.”

“Like what?” Kori said.

“Just the way he looks at you three. He’s careful to not be a weirdo about it, but a few times I’ve caught him staring” Damian said.

Kori’s brow furrowed. Had she ever seen Bradley act like that? Not that she could remember.

On Kori’s hip her radio crackled. Across the table from her, Damian’s and Kyle’s made a similar noise. “Deck crew, can we get read to lift anchor?” Captain Margaret’s stern voice echoed from their devices. “I want to be moving in thirty minutes.”

As one, the three of them stood, Damian and Kyle hurrying off to begin the preparations for the ship to head off, while Kori made her way to the cabins to begin pulling sheets for laundry. She was so deep in thought regarding the mystery of Bradley’s sexuality that she failed to notice the presence of...well Bradley.

Turning a corner in the hall she walked right into the third deckhand. Her full breasts compressed against him, before rebounding her away. She would’ve fallen backwards onto her ass, if Bradley hadn’t shot out a hand and caught her by the bicep.

“Shit. Sorry, Bradley” Kori said.

Bradley smiled. “All good, K.”

Kori found herself smiling back. She liked Bradley, as a friend. He was her equal in rank, the bottom of the totem pole, just in the other department. As such they’d commiserated often during the season. Furthermore, he was Canadian like her, though she was from Toronto while he hailed from Charlottetown.

Tall and thin, with short brown hair and a well-trimmed beard, Bradley had the look of someone who took care of himself. He was also kind, and a bit of a dork, which Kori found charming.

“Heading to the rooms?” Bradley said, his east coast accent slightly tinting his words.

Kori nodded “Yup. Wanna get a head start on laundry.”

“Coolio, girlfriend. I gotta hustle, so I won’t see you until the departure” Bradley said, shooting her with finger guns.

Kori moved aside to let Bradley pass, watching him disappear around the corner. She smiled and rolled her eyes as she walked on. Damian and Kyle were idiots; Bradley was totally gay.

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“Thank you again for sailing with us, we hope you had a great time on the Venus” Captain Margaret, a serious woman in her forties with shoulder length black hair, stood at the head of the gangway, the crew lined up beside her. Before her the charter guests were clumped together listening to her, though their focus wasn’t upon the Captain.

Immediately beside the Captain stood the stewards, Adelaide directly adjacent. She and Sooyoung stood with proud smiles on their faces, chests thrust forward to show off their massive fake tits. There was no doubt that Adelaide was larger now, the tip she'd received at breakfast pushing her well into the lead. The cocky smile on her face was proof that she both knew it and was relishing in it.

Sooyoung stood beside her, trying her best to outshine her chief, though her efforts were fruitless. Beside her stood Kori, who wasn't trying at all. Instead, she was staring off into space ahead of her, counting down the seconds until the guests were gone and they could empty themselves.

"Thank you, Captain. We all had an amazing time" The lead charter guest said with a dumb grin on his face, as he openly leered at Adelaide's deep, deep cleavage. As he turned to leave, he stopped at the top of the ramp, letting his colleagues exit the ship. Turning around he met eyes with Adelaide and mouthed "Call me".

Adelaide just smiled, giving him a coy wave. The guest blew her a kiss and then disappeared down the ramp. As soon as he was gone, the smile fell from Adelaide's face.

"What a loser" She muttered.

"That 'loser' tipped you alone \$15,000 this charter" Sooyoung said with a chastising tone.

Adelaide rolled her eyes "Ok, so he's a rich loser? Come on Soo, the guy was a total creep, worse than the usual."

The captain eyed the two of them, not saying anything. Adelaide was a smartass at times, but she was also the captain's go-to for client relations. If she said the guest was an ass, then Margaret believed her.

"Alright" The captain said turning to address the entire crew. "We pick up our last charter of the season tomorrow. Girls, head below deck and get yourselves drained, then I want this ship spotless. Understood?"

Silent nods of affirmation were the crew's response.

"Good" The Captain said, before she swept off towards the bridge.

Minutes later the three stewards, as well as Bradley, stood in a small antechamber just off of the engine room. The only thing in it was a contraption attached to the wall, comprised of two mechanical arms with syringes on the end, medical grade tubing attached to the back. The three women stood in just their shorts, their bras and shirts removed, their firm round breasts exposed.

"You're first Adelaide" Bradley said as he inspected the device. He'd shown an aptitude for technology early in the season, and so after the first charter, the captain had taught Bradley how to operate the drainage device. He'd handled every drain since.

Adelaide huffed in annoyance. "Come on, why do I have to go first? Can't I enjoy these for just a little longer?" Her hands rested flat atop the shelf of her bust, fingers lightly tracing patterns on the surface of her skin. It must've felt good, as her thick nipples, each the size of a pinky tip, had gone stiff.

Bradley sighed with frustration, as he looked her in the eye. "Adelaide, you complain about this every charter, and every charter I tell you the rules are the rules. Biggest goes first because the pumps are fresh. If you don't want to drain first every time, then let someone else become bigger than you."

Adelaide smirked “Fuck that. Alright fine, stick me.”

Grabbing Adelaide by the shoulders, Bradley guided her to stand in front of the machine. Then, tapping on the touch screen attached to the device, he started it up. The mechanical arms swiveled then extended, the syringes rotating forward in an arc until their tips pierced Adelaide’s skin.

The only sound the chief steward made was a sharp inhale as the syringes penetrated her flesh. It was impressive how close to painless they’d made the process. Kori, who was historically bad with needles, had been pleasantly surprised how little she’d felt the first time she’d been drained.

Behind the wall of the ship, the whir of pumps starting up could be heard. The tubing stiffened as pressure filled the pipe, and within seconds clear fluid began to flow. Adelaide let out a sad sigh, arms crossed in annoyance beneath her breasts as she watched them rapidly deflate back to her natural D-cups.

“Next” Bradley said, gesturing to Sooyoung.

The process was repeated with the Korean, who shared Adelaide’s look of exasperation as her breasts were drained, the implant within shrinking down to being barely noticeable. As soon as Bradley removed the needles from Sooyoung’s chest, she grabbed her clothes off the floor and then left with Adelaide, leaving Kori behind.

“Ne-Oh...You’re already in position” Bradley said, looking up and noticing Kori already in place before the machine.

“Yup” Kori said. “Let’s go. Chop chop!”

Bradley smiled “So pushy.”

The machine whirred to life and the syringes plunged into Kori’s smaller, though still sizable breasts. She didn’t even wince at the sharpness. Kori took a deep relaxing breath as she felt her bust shrink. Gone again; now she could move freely once more.

“So...you coming out tonight?” Bradley asked as he gently removed the needles from Kori’s perky B-cups.

Kori shook her head. “Nah. I’m gonna stay in. Do some yoga, maybe watch a movie on my phone.”

Bradley nodded, though he couldn’t hide his disappointment. “Fair enough. Well...I’ll miss you.”

Kori looked up at him, shocked at his sincerity. “You will?”

Bradley shrugged “Well sure? You’re going to leave me with your vapid breast-obsessed colleagues, and a pair of insufferable twinkles!”

Kori giggled “Right, right, sorry. I’m sure you’ll have fun.”

Bradley nodded “I’ll do my best. Enjoy the night in.”

Kori stepped in and gave him a hug. “Thanks, I will”

The two held the embrace for a moment, a moment that made Kori pause. She liked Bradley; he was funny, cute, but he was Gay...wasn't he? The way his muscular arms wrapped around her...well she was less sure than she was this morning.

They only split when the radio crackled, the captain asking if they were finished with the drain. Kori hurried off to start cleaning as Bradley responded to the captain. They didn't see each other for the rest of the afternoon.

After the ship had reached a level of readiness that the captain deemed acceptable, the crew wasted no time before heading off for the night. Kori saw them off, waving from the rear deck as her fellow crew headed off into the night for a well-deserved night of enjoyment. Then she returned to her cabin, to enjoy *her* well-deserved night of relaxation.

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Just as they had the previous day, the crew stood in a line at the head of the gangway, Captain Margaret in the lead. Their final charter guests would be there soon, and then they'd be off. Three more days and then the season would be over.

Kori didn't know much about the guests. When she'd first started, she'd been so eager to find out who they'd be hosting that she'd pestered Adelaide about it for hours before the first few charters. Now, she knew the pattern and didn't care. They'd be men, they'd be rich, everything else was pointless details.

Metal footsteps tromping towards them signaled the arrival of their guests. "Welcome aboard The Pride of Venus! I'm Captain Margaret."

Kori didn't bother looking down to see what their guest looked like, he'd walk down and greet them all anyway, she just had to be patient. Sure enough, a few moments later a young man bearing aviators stopped before her, hand extended.

"Sup!" He said. "I'm Jase. Nice to meet you."

"Kori" Kori said, putting on her customer service smile. "I hope you enjoy your time on the Venus."

"I think I will" he said with a smile.

Frat Boy, Kori thought as she watched him walk on. Likely Trust Fund. She would try not to hold that against him; she just had a personal prejudice against frat boys. After all she'd wasted two years of her life with-

"BRO?! No. Fucking. WAY! Kori-bunny?!"

Kori froze. All at once her face went hot while at the same time a chill spread through her chest. There was only one person in the world who'd ever called her "Kori-Bunny". But...it couldn't be. It was impossible. How could the universe play such a cruel trick on her?

Kori slowly turned her head towards the person who'd spoken, the next guest in line: Her Ex-boyfriend, Brett.

“Fuck...” She whispered, eyes widening with shock.

Brett stood there before her, just as she remembered him. 6’4”, jacked, handsome as the devil, with his ocean blue eyes and perfectly styled blonde hair. He wore an unbuttoned white linen short sleeve shirt that she recognized as one of his favorites, his waxed chest and abs out for everyone to see.

Everyone turned to look at them. Sooyoung leaned her head towards Kori. “Kori, do you know this guy?”

Jase clapped Brett on the back. “Bro, you recognize this chick?”

“They’re my Ex” Kori and Brett said in unison, though with greatly differing levels of enthusiasm.

“Yo!” Jase said. “This is Kori?! What are the fucking odds, bro!”

“I know right? Fucking Serendipity, bro!” Brett said, giving her his idiotic charming grin.

Kori closed her eyes and took a deep breath. This...was a nightmare. But that didn’t change the fact that she had a job to do. She could be professional. She just had to minimize her exposure to Brett, which would be easy if she stuck to laundry and cleaning the rooms.

The final two guests on the charter were other friends of Jase, twin brothers Chad and Thad. Jase had heard of this specific charter from some friends of his and had decided to treat his school chums from University. Kori and Brett had gotten together when they were both 23, so she’d never known this group of friends.

“Before we set sail, please allow me a moment to explain the rules of the ship” Captain Margaret said, raising her voice to return their attention to her.

As the Captain ran through the various safety concerns and measures aboard The Venus, Kori found herself staring at Brett. She’d been so close to finishing the season without anything too awful happening, and then fate had dropped this on her lap. Now she was in turmoil; her feelings for her ex were conflicted, even a few years after breaking up.

The first thing she felt when she thought of him was disgust and anger. He’d cheated on her, broke her heart. She’d vowed to never forgive him after that. But at the same time, he’d been a big part of her life, and when things had been good between them, they’d been amazing. No one had ever made her feel like Brett had.

As Kori stared at his profile, he caught sight of her in his peripherals, turning his head slightly towards her then winking at her, that grin still on his face. Kori felt an uncomfortable heat flicker inside her. She couldn’t tell if it was revulsion or longing.

“Now that we’ve got the boring stuff out of the way” The Captain said. “We can cover the specialty features of this charter. Throughout the trip, each of you will hold on to one of our unique remotes.”

From the back of the line Bradley stepped forward, handing out a remote to each of the guests. The device was a small black rectangle with a simple touch screen on one face.

“These remotes” The captain continued. “Are how you can tip our lovely stewards. Whenever you tip them, they’ll grow. The more you tip, the bigger they get.”

“Fucking awesome” Jase said as he inspected the remote in his hands. “Is it true that every single woman on the ship has the implant?”

The Captain nodded. “That is correct”

“Even you?”

“Yes, even me. Though I’d be careful before you get any ideas.”

Curious about her meaning, Jase pointed the remote at the Captain. After a moment the device connected with the implants within the Captain’s bust, and the touch screen popped up with a prompt.

**MARGARET SAMUELS - Tip? MIN. AMOUNT - \$50,000**

“Jesus...that’s steep” Chad muttered looking over Jase’s shoulder.

The Captain chuckled. “That’s just for me. You’ll find our stewards rates a little more palatable.”

“So...” Brett said, holding up the remote and wiggling it for emphasis. “I can use this to make *any* of the steward’s breasts grow? Is there like...a limit?”

The Captain smiled and shook her head. “The only limit is your wallet.”

Brett turned to look at Kori, flashing his stupid perfect white teeth. Internally Kori groaned, while externally she fixed a professional smile on her face. She’d known this was coming. All throughout their relationship he’d longed to see her with curves, and now he’d have his chance.

Whatever, she could handle it. This charter would be no different than the previous ones this season. He’d toss her a few tips, make her grow a few cup sizes and then she’d retreat to below deck to hide out for the last few days. She wouldn’t let his presence bother her; just because her Ex was here didn’t implicitly mean things had to go sideways.

If only that were true.

His smile was plastered to his face as Brett aimed his remote at Kori, her name popping up on the touch screen. “Shall we?” He said.

Kori maintained her composure, giving a neutral smile. “Feel free. You are our guest, and we’re here to serve-“

**\*Beep\*\*Beep\*\*Beep\*\*Beep\*\*Beep\*\*Be-Be-Be-B-B-BBBB-Beep\***

Immediately Kori’s chest began to tingle, that familiar feeling blooming within her breasts as the implants within began to vibrate, minutely irritating her flesh. However, unlike every other time she’d received a tip this season, this time it didn’t stop. Instead, the feeling just kept on building.

“Holy shit, dude!” Jase said. “How much did you tip her?”

The buzzing in Kori’s chest continued to increase in intensity as the tip inputs compounded on top of each other. The pleasant tickle grew into a powerful tremor, enough to make her skin visibly shake. As the implant started to expand, absorbing the deluge of fluid released from her tissue, the implant refused to cease vibrating.

Kori's eyelids fluttered, as she sucked in air with a gasp of shock. The intense vibration of the implant took her breath away. It felt...*so good*. It was like the implant was scratching an itch that she hadn't known she'd had.

As the vibrations continued, her breasts swelled faster, the breast pocket continually releasing more and more fluid, all of it glutting the implant. Kori's eyes fell upon her chest, her shirt already extremely tight. The buttons pulled against their holes as her breasts surged forward, pushing out relentlessly as the implants hungrily sucked up the fluid that gushed from her tissue in waves.

There was a brief moment of discomfort, Kori quietly groaning, followed by a loud snap. The top buttons on Kori's shirt bounced across the deck, blown free from her uniform as her breasts grew to fill the space. She still had her sports bra on below, but it was stretched taut, flesh arcing up from the neckline and peeking out below the hem.

Kori let out an involuntary moan at the release of pressure as she burst out of her top. She would've fallen over from the pleasure if Bradley hadn't quickly reached out and caught her by the arm.

The buzzing stopped.

Her breasts stilled, their growth slowly tapering off until there was no more fluid for the implant to use.

Kori's chest heaved as she recovered from the experience. In one single set of tips her breasts had grown as large as they'd been yesterday. She'd undergone an entire charter's worth of growth in a single minute.

Slowly she stood up straight, shaking Bradley's arm off. Working to keep her breathing level she looked up at Brett and nodded, giving him an effortless smile. "Thank you for the tips."

"Dude!" Jase yelled, openly ogling Kori's recently swollen bust. "That was awesome! This definitely lives up to the hype!"

Brett just smiled, his eyes focusing on hers, though they did flick down to check out her rack when he thought she wasn't looking. "I knew you'd look good with them, Kori-Bunny."

Kori shook her head playfully, rolling her eyes. She was doing well maintaining her composure, not letting on what she was feeling within.

"Well then..." Captain Margaret said. "That was as good a demonstration as any on how the remotes work. Now, Adelaide and Sooyoung will show you to your rooms. Deck crew, let's get ready to set off!"

The two senior stewards gestured for the four young men to follow them deeper into the ship, while the deck crew all split up, heading to their assigned tasks. Kori was left standing with only the Captain for company.

"Ma'am, is it alright if I quickly head to my cabin to grab a different shirt? This one's...sort of ruined" Kori asked. Her tone was abnormally fast, the words rushing one after another out of her.

The Captain nodded. "Of course. When you're done, Adelaide will need your help seeing to the guests."

Kori nodded. "Thank you, ma'am". She spun on her heel, eager to scurry off when the Captain called her name.

“Kori...I didn’t know that your Ex was one of the guests. I’m sorry if that makes things uncomfortable.”

Kori shook her head. “It’s quite alright, ma’am. I can handle it” Kori shuffled awkwardly, dancing from one foot to the other. She repeatedly had to force herself to stop biting her lower lip, only to be gnawing on it seconds later.

Captain Margaret noticed her unusual behavior. “You’re sure?”

Kori gulped, then nodded. Sweat was beginning to bead on the back of her neck.

“Alright” The Captain said. “You’re dismissed”

Without waiting, Kori turned and walked as fast as she could without being conspicuous towards the stairs that led to the crew area. Taking the steps two at a time her hands gripped her breasts to prevent them from bouncing, though her tight hold on them just worsened the other sensations she was feeling.

Her breathing became hitched as she hurried through the crew hall towards her cabin. She only stopped briefly in the galley, eyes darting up at the monitor. Adelaide and Sooyoung’s names shone above hers, both of them now with 200 in their volume column. Unsurprisingly they’d already earned their first tips, but that’s not what Kori was interested in right now. Her eyes flicked down to where her own name was displayed, followed by a number.

2000ccs.

She let out a desperate whimper as she hurried on. Already at her record size and they hadn’t even left port.

Dashing into the shared steward cabin, she slammed the door behind her. Without any intention of sparing her shirt, she grabbed the part that was still done up at her mid-section and yanked on it hard. More buttons went flying as she tore it open, flinging it under her bunk never to be seen again.

The sports bra followed, though this she at least took some care to remove without destroying the garment. With that gone, she was left standing completely naked from the waist up in the middle of her cabin. Her eyes fell upon her breasts, the source of the madness that had taken her.

They’d never felt like this before, but then again, she’d never grown this fast before. Her flesh was so fucking tight, having been forced to stretch so quickly over the rapidly swelling implant within. She would’ve imagined that after undergoing such strains that her taut overworked skin would be sensitive, irritated, painful even. Instead, it was the opposite.

Each of her round tight tits felt absolutely electric. Before disrobing, the faintest rub of cloth shifting against the surface of her skin had brought intense flashes of pleasure. Now, with them completely uncovered they called out to be touched, eager for stimulation.

She looked up, catching sight of herself in the mirror on the wall. The skin of her breasts was bright pink, evidence of her rapid growth. Furthermore, a number of veins stood rigid against the surface, tracing the front and tops of each full globe. Her nipples were engorged, sticking straight off the ends of each tit, pulsing wildly, as if trying to signal Kori. “Touch us!” They cried with each throb. “Squeeze and tease and play!”

Kori couldn't go back out there like this. She knew that the slightest touch would send her into a fit of desperate moans. But she couldn't just hide out in here all day, she had a job to do!

Closing her eyes she focused her breathing, taking long slow calming breaths, hoping that meditation would ease her body's frantic turmoil. She knew this wouldn't be a permanent condition, she'd been this size before, and the other two stewards had been even bigger. She was just overstimulated from getting so big so fast. She just had to ride it out until things calmed down.

After a minute of slow breathing, things had not improved. If anything, they'd worsened. She could feel her nipples twitching angrily at the ends of her breasts, quite cross with her at being ignored. Kori's brow was furrowed, her eyes tightly shut as she tried to repress the uncomfortably pleasurable sensations emanating from her breasts.

"Kori?" Adelaide's voice crackled through the radio at her hip. "Where are you?"

Kori opened her eyes, huffing with frustration. "Just getting changed, I'll be up in a minute" She said into the radio.

"Hurry the fuck up!" Her chief steward responded. Kori clipped the radio back on to her pocket, giving a groan of annoyance.

"What the fuck!" She cried as she looked at her breasts in the mirror once again. They were so round and full, the skin shiny from being stretched tight. The veins that had pressed against her skin had begun to recede under the surface, no longer forming rigid bumps, but her nipples had only gotten more swollen. Why wouldn't they stop?!

Looking over her shoulder towards the door, a desperate idea crossed her mind. She was overstimulated...so she needed release. Then she'd be fine. Just...just a little bit of indulgence.

Softly she rested her hands upon the top of her breasts sliding down over their round forms. Her eyes closed as she let herself enjoy the pleasure of her touch. When her fingertips lightly grazed the edge of her areola, tiny hairs all over her body stood up on end as a shiver passed through her.

Ok, she thought, just a little squeeze. Just enough to blow off some steam.

Her thumb and index found their place on either side of her nipples. They'd never been this big before, but then again, she'd never felt this aroused before. She hadn't even applied any pressure yet and it already felt incredible. Her nipples quivered within her grip, pleading for her to appease them.

Kori squeezed. Then she screamed.

Kori doubled over at the powerful wave of pleasure that hit her when she squeezed on her nipples. It was like each one was a giant clit. Just one touch wasn't enough to bring her to climax, but it wouldn't take long either.

"Ohhhh...Oh...fuuuuck" She moaned, ignorant of her surroundings.

Was this why the other two stewards loved this so much? Did it always feel like this for them? Kori reminded herself to ask them later. As for right now she was preoccupied with one of the most exhilarating masturbatory sessions she'd ever experienced.

Kori felt her orgasm building within her when there was a loud knock on the door. She shrieked in terror, jolted out of her sexual trance.

“Y-yes?” She responded.

“You ok, Kori?” Bradley called through the door. “I thought I heard something...sounded like you were in pain?”

“No, I’m ok” Kori said. Closing her eyes she took several deep breaths, bringing herself back down to earth. She hadn’t cum, but that was probably for the best. She was on the clock; she couldn’t be sneaking away to get herself off. Besides, her breasts seemed to have been satiated, they no longer felt on edge as they had minutes earlier.

Grabbing her sports bra from where she’d tossed it, she pulled it back on, stretching it out to embrace her cantaloupe sized breasts. Then she grabbed a spare uniform shirt, buttoning it up two thirds of the way, leaving the top open, her cleavage on display.

“Ok. Back to work” she said, stopping once before the mirror to fix her hair. Her face was still a little flushed, but she could pass that off as her being warm.

She opened the door and found Bradley waiting for her.

“Oh...you’re still here?” Kori said.

Bradley nodded “Yeah, I wanted to be sure you were ok.”

“Thank you. I’m fine, really” Kori said. “Don’t you have work to do?”

Bradley shook his head “Not at the moment. Bosun and Captain are just taking us out of port. I’ve already pulled in the lines, so I’ve got a bit of a break.”

“Right, right” Kori said. “Well...I do, so...”

Bradley blushed faintly. “Right, sorry...” He turned to the side to allow her to pass. Kori turned to face him as she slid passed, hoping to squeeze by. She failed to compensate enough for her endowments which pressed and dragged against him.

“Oops, sorry” Kori said with a nervous chuckle as she got clear of him. “Didn’t mean to assault you with my tits.”

Bradley laughed. “No worries! I liked it.”

Kori smiled, laughing along with him “Ok good!”

Kori’s smile shifted to a frown as she ascended the stairs to the main deck, his final words ringing through her head. Wait, she pondered, what did he mean by “He liked it”?

---

“And now for our main course this evening: Surf and Turf, featuring fresh lobster caught just this week and Triple A beef shipped from Texas.”

Adelaide stood holding a plate in both hands, each one covered with expertly prepared meat. Behind her. Sooyoung stood with two more plates. As Adelaide walked to the right side of the table, she walked to the left, the pair placing the dishes on the table in unison.

Both were bustier than they'd been this afternoon. Adelaide was up to 1200cc's, while Soo was at an even 1000. Jase and his boys were liberal tippers, evident in the already considerable size of the steward's chests.

Still, neither the chief nor second stew came close to Kori, who stood off to the side in the dining area, ready with a pitcher of ice water. Her breasts had grown since boarding as well, up to 2800ccs each...all of the tips from Brett.

Kori's plan was not off to a good start. She'd wanted to hide out below deck for the majority of the charter, but before that she had to get through the first day. On the first day the rooms didn't need to be cleaned and there was no laundry to do, so all of the stewards were on service, meaning Kori had spent the afternoon alongside Brett and the others, resulting in her breaking her personal bust size record.

They were visibly larger, cantaloupes swollen to watermelons. Looking straight out across the room, she could see them projecting forward in the bottom of her peripheral vision. More of her shirt was undone, meaning more cleavage was visible, which meant more attention. She'd been very aware of the less than subtle looks her Ex had given her this afternoon, often tactlessly leering.

On the bright side, Kori was thankful that the subsequent growth hadn't driven her into that maddened state again. Kori had an inkling that the Captain had talked with them about abusing the tip function, as not once did she or any of the other stewards receive repeat tips like Brett had unloaded upon her.

Instead, each time that she'd grown over the course of the afternoon it had been like before. Her implants would vibrate within her breasts for a few short moments then cease, followed by slow controlled growth. It was back to the way that it was supposed to be. Just a simple function of her job as a steward, mildly pleasurable and ultimately...disappointing?

Each time she'd received a tip she'd been cordial and professional, as the job demanded, but secretly she hid an unexpected frustration. When the implant had begun to buzz, she could feel that same feeling that she'd felt this afternoon building, the scratch to care for the hidden itch. But then, well before it had reached the level of satisfaction that she was hoping for, it stopped.

After the third tip without hitting that high, she'd begun to mull it over and had come up with a theory. Her guess was that that specific sensation, that heavenly bliss, that ultimate satisfaction, was triggered by the combination of mechanics at work. With a normal tip, the implants would vibrate and then she'd grow. Earlier she'd begun to grow while the implant continued to buzz, and that, she believed, was the key.

The added pressure was the catalyst, the implant pushing against her flesh as it swelled within her, stretching her. That, combined with the constant vibration, was what had delivered unto her ecstasy unbound.

It's all moot anyway, Kori thought as she stared blankly out ahead of her, barely taking in the actions of the other servers. It's just a theory, and it would stay that way.

Kori was attempting to avoid growing her breasts any larger than she could after all. These were already bigger than she'd ever been and were already becoming an issue. She'd gotten used to maneuvering within the ship with an ample bust, but these were more than ample. It wouldn't be long before she found it difficult to complete her tasks with these mighty globes in the way.

With her right hand she absent-mindedly scratched her chest, her cleavage feeling slightly sticky from the light perspiration that'd formed. Her fingers dug deeper, feeling the curve and swell of the two large breasts where they came together. Her eyes closed slightly as her nails grazed against the spot that was irritating her.

As she continued to itch, fingers reaching further into her cleavage up to her second knuckle, her mind wandered once again to that feeling when she'd grown. That superbly wonderful feeling, a feeling that she found herself craving, while simultaneously chiding herself for wanting to feel it again.

"Kori? Kori!" Adelaide said pointedly from the other side of the dining chamber. "Water?"

Kori blinked, pulling herself back to reality, jerking her fingers from her cleavage. She'd gotten lost there for a second, musing about her breasts. "Sorry! Sorry!"

Grabbing the pitcher off of the nearby shelf she walked over to refill the guest's glasses. She gave polite smiles to each of the guests as she filled each of their cups. All of them watched her with a smile...they'd likely seen what she'd been doing. Oh well...

"Can I interest any of you in some wine to pair with your meals?" Kori asked as she stepped away from the table, holding the water pitcher before her like a shield.

"Fuck it, why not" Jase said. "Let's be classy motherfuckers."

Kori nodded "Do you have a preference? We've got a wide selection."

Jase shrugged "I don't know shit about wine. Brett, you pick."

Kori maintained her neutral smile as she turned to look at her Ex. "What would you like?" she asked.

"I don't know..." Brett said, grinning at her. "Why don't you show me what you've got?"

Kori shook her head "Oh, that won't be necessary, just tell me what--"

"Nonsense" Brett said as he stood, cutting her off. "Lead on Kori-Bunny"

Kori looked pleadingly at Sooyoung and then Adelaide. Her chief steward just gave her a stern look as she nodded in the direction of the bar where they kept the wine. Kori sighed as she turned and walked away, Brett falling in step behind her.

Together they made their way to the barroom, Kori slipping behind the elegant marble topped bar. Opening the wine fridge she began to retrieve bottles.

"We've got a few bottles of this lovely Cab-Sauv from California. We've got a French Merlot which should pair nicely with the steak. If you don't like red, then maybe a Pinot Grigio; that should accentuate the lobster. Of course, if you just want to be stupid and blow the budget, we've also got a few bottles of Dom Perignon."

Kori turned around, standing behind the bar and the row of bottles that she'd lined up for Brett to choose from. Brett wasn't paying attention to them, his eyes were only on her, giving her the look that he'd given her so many times before, the look that'd used to make her melt.

"I've missed you, babe" he said softly.

Kori frowned "Don't call me that. I'm not your babe, not since you cheated on me."

Brett leaned forward, placing both hands on the edge of the bar, as he nodded. "That's fair. And I'm sorry for that Kori. That...that was the biggest mistake of my life."

Kori placed her hands on her hips as she rolled her eyes at him. "Oh please, you expect me to believe that?"

He nodded. "I do. We had something great, you and I, and I threw it away for something cheap. It was the stupidest thing I've ever done, and I'm sorry."

Kori narrowed her eyes at him. She wasn't entirely sure whether he was being sincere. "I think you're overselling how wonderful our relationship was" she said. "Things weren't always great."

"I disagree" Brett said.

"We fought all the time!" Kori said, voice raised slightly with emotion.

"So does everyone" Brett said, giving her a shrug. "We're just passionate people."

Kori shook her head, unwilling to agree with his thesis. "You also spent, like, the majority of the relationship trying to convince me to get a boob job. What kind of ass does that!"

Brett laughed. "Ok, I may have been a jerk about it, but...I think we can both agree that I did have a point. You look...fucking amazing with those tits."

Kori rolled her eyes "Fuck off."

"No, Kori, I'm serious" Brett leaned forward across the bar. "You are...without a doubt, in this moment, the sexiest woman I've ever laid eyes on. If you want proof, just peek over the bar and take a look at the imprint on my pants."

Kori was tempted, for only the briefest of moments, to lean forward and look over the bar, to catch an eyeful of her Ex-boyfriend's sizable bulge. The feeling passed as she held eye contact with him.

"Which wine would you like?" She said coolly.

Brett pushed back off the bar, frowning for a moment, before pulling out his charming smile once more. "The Dom. We're here for a good time, not a long time."

Kori nodded, grabbing the two bottles of Champagne and walking out from behind the bar. She was almost back at the door, when Brett called her name. When she turned around, he was pointing the tip remote at her.

Kori sighed "Are you serious? All I did was grab some wine... It has to be over a grand now."

Brett nodded "Sixteen hundred. Are you saying you don't want it?"

Kori said nothing for a moment, then shook her head. A small part of her felt like she'd just lost some sort of secret battle between the two of them, giving in to his desires. On the other hand, this was her job, and she wouldn't turn down free money.

Brett clicked the button, grinning. Within Kori's breasts the implants began to vibrate, the feeling within her rising and rising and then...the buzzing stopped and the feeling dissipated, well short of the sweet bliss she craved. Moments later her breasts swelled, expanding outward another half an inch. They pushed forward, slipping free from her shirt which had barely been hanging on. Now only the sports bra held them.

"Fucking gorgeous" Brett breathed, eyes locked on to her.

Kori just shook her head as she immediately turned and marched back to the dining room. She hadn't wanted Brett to see the small smile that had formed on her lips.

A few hours later Kori trudged into the galley, plopping herself down into the booth. She'd sat down harder than she'd intended, and her breasts, which stuck out nearly a foot in front of her slammed upon the table, bouncing heavily upon the wood. The only other occupant of the galley was Bradley who sat across from her. He'd been focused on his phone, until he jumped up startled by Kori's, and her breasts, arrival.

"Jesus!" He swore, sitting up right.

"Sorry" Kori muttered as she leaned her head back against the cushion behind her. Her breasts still rested upon the edge of the table, the wood pushing them up slightly towards her chin.

"Damn...those are..." Bradley said.

"Gigantic, I know" Kori said with a sigh as she closed her eyes. Bradley hadn't seen her since this afternoon, and she'd received quite a few tips since then.

"That's one word for them" Bradley chuckled.

"What am I up to?" Kori asked.

Bradley gazed up at the monitor above her Kori's head. He let out a low whistle before answering.

"3000cc's even"

"Fucking hell" She muttered, running her hands through her hair.

Bradley nodded "They look heavy...they certainly sounded heavy."

Kori smiled, not opening her eyes. "Once again, I'm sorry. They're not, though. The special polymer the implant is made of isn't very dense. Makes hauling these things around less of a chore."

"Huh" Bradley said. "Neat"

"Do you want to feel?" Kori asked, opening her eyes and lifting her head to look across her bust.

"Excuse me?"

"Do you want to feel how heavy they are?" Kori said, watching him carefully.

Bradley lifted an eyebrow. "Why are you offering? You desperate for someone to cop a feel, girl?"

"No, I was just...I don't know. If you don't want to feel them, that's fine, I don't care."

"Oh relax, I'm just teasing" Bradley said, sliding free from the booth. "Yes, I'll have a feel. I am curious."

Kori pulled herself out, sliding her breasts across the table then standing before Bradley. Placing her hands on the back of her hips she thrust her chest forward slightly. Bradley extended his hands and gently placed them on the underside of her breasts, then lifted slightly.

"You're right" he said as he bobbed them up and down a few times. "They are definitely lighter than I would've expected."

Kori nodded, watching Bradley like a hawk. Ever since Damian had suggested that Bradley may be bisexual, Kori couldn't help but second guess everything she'd considered about her friend. And yet, in this very interaction, she detected no sexual interest from the third deckhand.

His fingers hadn't groped her when he'd lifted her breasts, nor had they lingered for more than a brief moment. Similarly, his eyes had never once left hers, and they hadn't bugged out of his skull when he'd seen her walk in with these humungous tits.

Bradley *was* gay, that was the only logical conclusion.

Kori turned and walked over to the fridge to get herself something to eat. "So, what are you doing out here, anyway?"

"Damian and Kyle are...enjoying each other's company in the cabin." Bradley said.

"During a charter?!" Kori said, looking over her shoulder at him.

Bradley nodded. "Yeah. I mean...it's the last charter. Captain's not going to fire them now..."

"Fair enough" Kori said as she returned her attention to the fridge.

"So...that Brett guy is your ex-boyfriend?" Bradley said.

Kori groaned "Ugh, don't remind me."

"He's hot" Bradley said.

Kori stood up, leftover fish tacos in hand. "He is. He's also an ass."

Bradley smiled "The hot ones usually are."

Kori laughed. "True!" Taking a bite of a cold fish taco she sat back down at the table.

"This is all because of him." She said, patting the side of her bust with her free hand "He wanted me to get fake tits when we were together and now that he's got the opportunity, he seems dead set on making them absolutely colossal. He just gave me a \$1600 tip for grabbing some wine out of the fridge...it's so stupid."

Bradley laughed "Gotta love hot, rich, dumbasses."

"I don't know if love is the word I'd use" Kori said, finishing the first taco.

“Well...if he’s going to keep tipping you...why not make it worth your while?” Bradley said.

Kori looked up at him. “What do you mean?”

Bradley sat up, leaning forward. When he spoke next it was in a hushed tone. “The tip remotes...the amounts can be manually adjusted. That’s why the captain starts at fifty-k. If you want...I could try and figure out how to manually adjust yours. You could make the next tip cost twenty thousand instead of two!”

Kori chewed as she considered what Bradley suggested. Then she shook her head. “Thanks, but I don’t want to get either of us in trouble. I’m not as cavalier as Damian and Kyle about breaking the rules.”

Bradley nodded “Understood. If you change your mind...just let me know. I’m, like, 99% sure I know how it’s done.”

Kori finished the last of her meal then stood, delivering her plate to the dishwasher. “Thanks Bradley. You’re a good friend. Goodnight”

Bradley gave a wave as he pulled out his phone once again. “Night, Kori”

---

Kori awoke the next morning feeling exhausted. She hadn’t slept well the night before, finding it difficult to get comfortable with the two boulders on her chest. Up to 2000ccs she’d never had issues with sleeping, but now that she was at the 3000 level, she’d found they were too bulky for her normal sleeping positions.

She typically liked to sleep on her side, but with the size her breasts had become if she laid on her side they would stack uncomfortably on top of one another, forcing her upper body to contort and twist. She’d ended up forcing herself to sleep on her back. That had been more comfortable, the mass of her breasts upon her chest had been like a weighted blanket. The struggle had just been getting her head to not loll to one side or the other on her pillow, which strained her neck.

Swinging her legs out of bed she heaved herself free, collecting her uniform from the floor and donning it. She didn’t bother trying to button it past her navel, her breasts formed an impassable shelf that would take a much larger top to cover. And so, she walked out into the galley, forced to be far more exposed than she’d ever had to be this entire season.

“Morning” She groaned to the rest of the crew who were gathered around quietly eating breakfast.

“Morning, Sle-“ Damian started. Before he could finish, Kori whipped around and gave him a glare that promptly shut him up.

“Row” Kyle said, imitating a cat. Kori flipped them both off then turned back around in search of coffee.

“Morning Adelaide” Kori said as she stepped up beside her chief stew who was pouring herself a mug of coffee.

Adelaide gave her a once over then sneered, walking away without responding to her greeting. Kori blinked, shocked at the hostility of her superior.

“Hey! What was that about?” she asked, turning back around to face Adelaide.

“You know why” Adelaide shot back as she sipped at her coffee.

Kori shook her head “No, I really don’t...”

Adelaide walked back over until she almost stood chest to chest with Kori, her own breasts dwarfed by Kori’s cannons.

“No one likes a tip hog” Adelaide hissed.

Kori barked a short derisive laugh. “Are you serious?! You’re mad at me because they’ve given me the most tips!”

Adelaide pursed her lips angrily. “I’m the chief stew! I always get first dib on tips!”

Kori shook her head in disbelief. “This is ridiculous. Adelaide, you act like I did this on purpose. I didn’t want this to happen! *I don’t want these!* They’re way too big!” Kori reached under and hefted up her bust from below emphasizing their size.

Adelaide snorted, crossing her arms and cocking her hip. “Don’t lie to me, Kori.”

Kori let go of her breasts, letting them drop to where they sat naturally. They bounced heavily, the sports bra stretching before hugging them in tightly. “I’m not lying! These are, without question, too big! I slept terribly last night because of them. I do not want them!”

“I saw you last night at dinner” Adelaide said. “Staring off into space, while you fondled yourself.”

Kori rubbed her forehead with one hand in frustration. “Oh my god...I was not fondling myself, I was scratching an itch!”

“Maybe” Adelaide sneered. “But I recognized that look, because I’ve had it myself. You were thinking about your tits, thinking about how big they were, how good they felt when they grew.”

Kori opened her mouth, then shut it. Adelaide was right, she had been thinking about that. “Ok, yes, one moment of weakness”

“And then when you came back with the wine, you had a shit-eating grin on your face as you strutted in with your freshly swollen tits.”

Kori blushed “Oh, come on...it wasn’t a shit-eating grin...”

“You like them” Adelaide said. “You like the attention.”

Kori shook her head. “I don’t. I really don’t. They’re too big.”

“There’s no such thing!” Adelaide yelled. “You’ve got Boob Greed just like the rest of us! Stop trying to pretend!”

Kori flinched, shocked at her superior's outburst. Adelaide, realizing that she'd perhaps gone too far, took a step back, collecting herself. "Sorry. Just...this is our last charter. I wanted to break my record...instead it seems like *you're* going to break it."

"No, I'm not" Kori said. "I'm not going back out there. I'm sticking to laundry and rooms from here on out. I don't want to get any bigger. Go get those tips, I don't want them."

Adelaide eyed Kori then nodded. There was something in the way that Adelaide looked at her that Kori hadn't seen before. It was...envy?

It made sense...Adelaide loved being the biggest, loved flaunting the size of her tits, and then here was Kori, so much bigger than her. Of course it was driving her mad. But it wasn't Kori's fault...she didn't want these...right? If so...why did she feel so satisfied right now?

"Captain to Stewards"

The sound of the radio cut through their confrontation. Adelaide grabbed her walkie from her belt and lifted it. "Go ahead Captain, Adelaide here."

"We've got a guest awake who's asking for some coffee" The Captain replied.

"Copy that. I'll be right up" Adelaide said.

"Negative. He specifically asked for Kori" The Captain said. "Make it happen."

Adelaide lowered her radio, face going red as she turned to look at Kori. Kori groaned.

"Adelaide...please, don't make me..."

"Just... go" Adelaide said through gritted teeth, before she turned and stomped away.

Kori sighed. So much for sticking to laundry and rooms. Pouring a cup of coffee, she headed up to the deck to serve her Ex once again.

"Morning, Kori-Bunny" he said as she approached with his drink. "You're looking absolutely divine this morning."

He was lounging on a deck chair on the top deck, an abandoned book resting face down between his legs. To the east the sun was hovering just above the horizon, making the sea shine with golden light.

Kori handed him the coffee, then stepped back, keeping her distance. "Anything else?"

"How about a little shimmy?" Brett said, giving her a wink. He mimicked the motion, shaking his own shoulders.

Kori stared at him flatly. "I'm not going to do that, you fuck."

Brett laughed "I know, I know. I just wanted to see the look on your face when I asked. You were always so much fun to mess with."

Kori rolled her eyes with exasperation. "I'm leaving"

"No, wait. Sit with me?"

"I can't sit; I'm working."

"Ok, well...then just stand with me? Keep me company? I'll tip you?"

Kori sighed, then shook her head. "No. I've got stuff to do, and I don't want you to tip me".

Brett sat up, leaning forward in his chair. "You...don't...want me to give you money?"

"Don't be stupid" Kori said. "It's not the money that I don't want."

Brett nodded. "You don't want to be bigger."

"Exactly" Kori said. "Apparently that concept is hard for some people to grasp."

Brett looked at her breasts, then at her. "Do you not like them?"

Kori shrugged "They're fine. They're just...a lot."

"Do they not feel good?"

Kori paused for a second. Was this a conversation she should really be having with Brett. It seemed harmless enough for now. "They feel fine. They're not heavy if that's what you mean."

Brett smiled "It wasn't actually. I meant do they *feel* good?" He waggled his eyebrows at her suggestively.

Kori blushed. So much for harmless. "That's...that's none of your business."

Brett sat back, holding his hands up defensively "Ok, fair. I was just curious. What about when they grow, do they feel good then?"

"I have work to do" Kori said, turning away. She hadn't made it a step when she felt her chest begin to vibrate. She whipped back around to find Brett holding his remote, pointing at her.

"What the fuck!" She hissed. "I *told you* I didn't want to be bigger!"

Brett ignored her anger, eyes focused on the sight of her breasts as they puffed up just a little bit larger, swelling outward barely noticeably. "That didn't feel good?" He asked, looking up at her once her chest had finished growing.

"It doesn't hurt" she said brusquely as she reached out to adjust the fit of her overstretched sports bra around her bust. She looked down at them as she fiddled with the garment, taking a moment to study the shape of their curves, the long line of cleavage. Fuck, they were getting massive...

Brett continued, stopping only to take a sip of his coffee "Ok...but the first time I tipped you...it looked like you were going to cum on the spot! That's a lot different from 'It doesn't hurt'".

Kori looked away, the colour in her face deepening. "I...I don't know what you're talking about."

Brett sat back up, grinning. "I fucking knew it! Ok, so what changed? Why was the first time so different?"

Kori looked back at him over her shoulder. She should just walk away. Continuing this conversation was pointless. Worse than that, it was reckless. She was already too big, she knew she was, and she also knew that if they kept talking about this it was inevitable that she would end up bigger. And all for what...a fleeting moment of bliss?

Kori looked back and forth, scanning to see if anyone else was around before she sat down facing him, straddling the end of his chair. Her breasts projected out before her proudly, twin melons the size of soccer balls; if Brett wanted to, he could easily reach up and touch them.

"It was multiple tips at a time" Kori whispered. Brett leaned in listening intently, an eager smile on his face.

"That's it?" Brett said.

Kori nodded, leaning in closer. "That's right...or at least...I think that's right. I've never felt anything like it before yesterday. I'm pretty sure it's because you tipped me a bunch all at once."

Brett edged nearer. "I guess that makes sense... That captain warned us against doing that...if it makes you girls orgasm on the spot I can see why the captain would want to avoid that."

Kori reached up and flicked him on the nose as she gave him a wry smile "I didn't orgasm on the spot! It just felt...really good."

Brett chuckled, rubbing the spot where she'd flicked him. "Alright, alright, fine. So...do you want to do it?"

Kori's eyes met Brett's. They were sitting...very close. Their faces were only a few inches away from each other...when had that happened?

Kori silently nodded, too conflicted to actually say the words.

Brett picked up the remote and pointed it at Kori. Then he tapped it once, and then once again.

Kori leaned back, grabbing the seat behind her and resting her weight on her arms. She felt the familiar buzz in her chest begin to grow as the implant vibrated within. It reached the point where it would usually stop and the growth would begin, when the second tip kicked in.

Kori's head rolled back as that pleasant vibration intensified into a heavenly storm of pleasure. Her eyes squeezed shut as she let herself indulge in a moan as that feeling overtook her. Rolling her shoulders back she thrust out her chest, which was the center of the vortex of ecstasy, the combination of growth and vibration fulfilling that secret craving that she'd intended to deny herself.

And then it was over. It had been a far shorter experience than that first time, but that was to be expected as it had only been two tips. Kori's skin tingled with excitement, feeling tight as a drum stretched across the swollen implants. They weren't at the point of driving her mad, but damn they felt really, really good.

Kori sat up straight, opening her eyes. Brett was gaping at her, lust and hunger in his eyes. Kori couldn't help herself from peeking at his crotch this time, where she saw the firm line of his cock pressing against his pajama pants. Kori smiled at Brett as she let out a satisfied sigh.

“That...was...so fucking hot” Brett groaned, his mouth dry. “Holy shit, Kori, you’re massive.”

Kori looked down at her breasts. Soccer balls had become basketballs, two undeniably gigantic tight globes riding high on her chest. The sports bra was struggling to hold them, the majority of their surface area visible above and below the spandex garment.

“Ah fuck” She muttered, as she stared at them. These were...definitely too big.

“You are...the sexiest...” Brett moaned as he leaned forward hands extended. Before he could touch her Kori slipped away, standing up and stepping off.

“Don’t be stupid” she said, condescension coating her words. “I’m not a prostitute, Brett, I’m just eye candy. Keep your hands to yourself.”

Brett looked up at her forlornly, then nodded. “Right, sorry. Can I...can I get another coffee?”

“I’ll send someone up” Kori said curtly before she hurried off.

That had not gone the way she’d wanted. And yet...she wasn’t entirely disappointed either.

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Kori woke up the next morning, nearly smothered by her tits.

Laying on her back they rose high off her chest, two enormous spheres of tight flesh, each one more than a foot across. She hadn’t slept in her usual T-shirt as it had been too small to fit over her bust. Of course, the same could be said about most items of clothing now.

“Fuck me” She whispered as she stared up at the two massive hills that rose from her chest. Things...things had gotten out of hand.

Confiding in Brett yesterday morning had been a mistake, a moment of weakness that had cost her. She’d known that if she told him how pleasurable getting double tipped felt, there was no doubt that he would give her what she secretly desired. What she hadn’t predicted was how many times he would do it.

Four more times he’d double tipped her yesterday, the last one being a triple. Each time she should’ve said no, and then each time she’d cracked and accepted.

She was addicted to that feeling, the ecstasy of her implant shaking and growing within her. Each time it felt better than the last, the larger surface area of the implant stimulating more and more nerves.

Brett had joked about Kori cumming on the spot, and she’d vehemently denied that reality...and then during the last growth session of the night she’d almost done that. She was lucky that it was the end of her shift, as after thanking Brett for the tip she’d bolted to the cabin and with only a single tweak of her nipples had climaxed.

Now, the morning after, she was facing the consequences of her choices. Her breasts were enormous; standing up they covered her torso all the way down to her navel, extending several inches past the edge of her body.

They were also starting to get heavy. The special polymer that the implant was made of was less dense than a normal implant, but with the volume she was packing that lesser density wasn't enough to save her.

Kori pushed herself up, arms straining for a moment to heave her breasts forward off her chest and on to her lap. Then she pulled herself out of bed, stumbling for a moment to catch herself, her center of gravity out of whack with the two weights on her chest.

In the bed beside her Adelaide rolled over. The chief steward's eyes widened at the sight of Kori's gargantuan globes as she walked past, jealousy and rage warping her face.

"Morning" Kori said, looking over her shoulder.

"Fuck off" Adelaide said, rolling back over in bed.

Kori rolled her eyes, though she found herself smiling. She couldn't help but feel good about knocking Adelaide down a peg. She'd always been a bit of a bitch about how she was always the biggest. Well, not anymore. There was a new queen in town and her name was Kori.

Kori paused, holding her sports bra over her head. Where had that come from? Was...was she *proud* of being the biggest?

Kori gave herself a small smile. Maybe she was a little proud...yes, they were too big but... If they were going to be too big, they might as well be *way* too big.

Pulling the sports bra down over her head she grabbed on to the edge and pulled, stretching it forward to reach over her bust, and ultimately falling several inches short. She tried again and failed again.

Kori grunted in frustration. She wore this yesterday! Why wouldn't it fit?!

"Adelaide" Kori called. "Can you help me get my bra on...I think it's too small."

Adelaide sat up in bed, her own 2000cc breasts flopping forward, tiny compared to Kori's titanic tits.

"Eat shit" The chief stew said before hopping out of bed and stomping past her out of the cabin.

"I'll help" Sooyoung said, clambering out of her own bed.

"Thanks Soo" Kori said with a thankful smile.

The second steward nodded, moving to stand in front of Kori. "I pull and you squeeze?" Soo said.

Kori nodded, reaching forward to grab on to herself. Sooyoung grabbed on to the bra and then heaved forward, while Kori attempted to wrangle her breasts, compressing them so the bra would slide over them. After multiple attempts the two of them both sat back on opposite beds, exhausted and having made no progress.

"I'm sorry, Kori" Sooyoung said. "It won't fit."

Kori nodded "Thanks anyway. By the way you're looking good Soo. What are you up to?"

"2600" Sooyoung said with a smile. "I'm nowhere big as you though..."

Kori nodded "Yeah well...trust me...you don't want this. I don't want them. They're too much."

Sooyoung smiled “Is that why you can’t stop touching them?”

Kori was about to retort, when she realized that she had in fact just been touching them. She’d been sitting on the edge of the bed and her hands had just naturally fallen upon them and were stroking them fondly.

“l...l...” Kori stammered.

Sooyoung laughed “It’s ok if you like them, Kori! You look good with them!”

As Sooyoung dressed herself, Kori was left to consider what she really thought about her breasts.

Before this trip, she’d been confident about her ambivalence towards having her breasts enhanced. Then Brett had come and turned her world upside down.

The narrative she’d solely focused on was that they were too much, which was undeniably true. They were heavy, they were in the way, they made it difficult for her to manage simple tasks.

What she’d been neglecting was how they made her *feel*. Not just the undeniable pleasure she felt when receiving multiple tips, but the sum of all the other moments as well. The attention that she’d received from Brett, the burning envy from Adelaide, the glowing pride she felt when she looked in the mirror. The pride that she had never acknowledged before now.

Maybe...maybe she did like them. A lot. Yes, they were too much... and she loved them anyway.

Kori grinned as she stood up, feeling a whole lot more confident in herself. “Hey Soo” she said.

Sooyoung looked up from buttoning her own top. “Yeah?”

“Can I borrow your bikini top?”

Minutes later Kori strutted into the galley wearing barely anything at all.

“Good morning, everybody!” She said joyfully.

“Good morning, Sleepyt-Holy shit!” Damian cried at the sight of her.

Kori stopped beside the table, turning her head to wink at the Bosun. “I think ‘Sexytits’ is more appropriate, don’t you?”

Kyle guffawed, as Damian picked his jaw up off the floor. “About fucking time, Kori! Slay, queen!”

Kori giggled with delight “Thanks Damian!”

Unable to contain her massive endowments within her spandex bra, Kori had decided to embrace her newfound love of her bust and leaned into its appeal. She’d abandoned the uniform outright, instead wearing only a bikini that covered a very small percentage of her skin.

The thong bottom only barely covered her lips, and was pulled in snug between her cheeks, while the tiny top was basically just a lot of string and then two triangles that only covered her nipples. Working together with Sooyoung they’d cannibalized Kori’s own swimsuit top, stealing its strings to allow Sooyoung’s borrowed top to reach all the way around Kori’s mammoth bust.

Kori had been a little anxious walking out, unsure if she'd made the right choice, but now hearing the positive feedback from her colleagues she felt much better.

On her left Kori heard the sound of a toilet flush. Shortly after the door opened and Adelaide emerged. The chief steward looked at Kori, then did a double take.

"Please tell me this is a joke" Adelaide said.

"What's wrong Adelaide? Jealous" Kori said cheekily.

Adelaide's eye twitched, her nostrils flaring with rage.

Kori just smiled, rubbing her hands over the tight curves of her massive globes "You were right by the way. I *do* like them. I think I'd like them a little bit bigger too... Maybe I do have boob greed?"

Adelaide opened her mouth to unleash a torrent of vitriol, when the voice of the captain cut through the galley.

"Kori...what the hell are you wearing?" Captain Margaret said as she walked into the room, holding a bowl of unseasoned oatmeal.

"I don't fit in my uniform, Captain. I'm too big" Kori said, managing to maintain her composure while standing nearly nude before the Captain.

Captain Margaret studied her for a moment, spooning some oatmeal into her mouth. She turned and looked at the monitor, reading the numbers that followed Kori's name. 5600cc's. \$125,000.

"I see" The Captain said. "I suppose I can make an exception for such a unique situation".

Kori nodded "Thank you, ma'am."

Looking around to address the room, the captain spoke. "The guests have asked to spend the afternoon on the beach. We'll need one deckhand to drive everyone to shore in the dinghy, and then two stewards to serve the guests."

"Soo and I can handle it" Adelaide said, stepping forward.

Kori wanted to say something, but knew better than to butt in. Adelaide was still her direct superior; open rebellion wouldn't get her anywhere. Still, she would be awfully pissed if she missed out on that beach trip.

The Captain gave Adelaide a neutral expression. "I appreciate the initiative Adelaide, but in light of certain developments...I'm going to have to make my own selection."

"What?!" Adelaide cried.

The Captain nodded. "Sooyoung and Kori will go on the trip. They appear to be the most popular among these guests" The captain wasn't wrong; Adelaide had received the least tips this trip.

"Yes!" Kori cried, jumping up and down in place. Her enormous breasts flopped up and down wildly, almost immediately slipping free of the bathing suit top.

"Oops" Kori said as she rushed to fix her top, blushing deeply as the captain simply gave her a look.

“Damian, you’ll drive the guests and stewards to shore?” The captain said, turning her attention toward the bosun.

“Sounds good” He replied.

“Good” The captain said. “We leave in an hour.”

Adelaide waited until the captain had disappeared up the stairs before she rounded on Kori. “You bitch! You’re trying to steal my job, aren’t you!? You think just because you’re biggest you should be in charge?!”

Kori rolled her eyes, “Adelaide, you’re being insane. I don’t want your job. The captain made the choice for the beach trip not me.”

Adelaide stepped closer “You’re lying! You were lying about liking your tits, and now you’re lying about this!” At the word tits Adelaide jabbed a finger into one of said tits, poking Kori hard.

“Ow!” Kori yelled. “That hurt!”

“I don’t care!” Adelaide yelled. “I’m the chief stew, I’m supposed to be the guest’s favourite, I’m supposed to be the biggest!” With each angry exclamation she poked Kori again, her finger starting to leave a red mark.

The two deckhands remained sitting at the table, decidedly uninterested in intervening. Sooyoung however, was more courageous “Adelaide, leave her alone...” Sooyoung said, gently placing a hand on her shoulder.

“STAY OUT OF IT!” Adelaide yelled at her. The second steward flinched back, removing her hand. Satisfied that she’d cowed her second in command, Adelaide turned back to face Kori. “I’m going on that beach trip, and you’re staying here. That’s that. I’m chief stew. I choose who goes where! I CHOO-”

### ***WHUMP***

Adelaide had been about to stab Kori again with her finger, and at this point the third steward had had enough. Rolling her shoulders she’d curled her spine and then unfurled herself. The end result was her chest was thrust up and forward, her mighty bust surging out, unleashed. Both breasts collided with Adelaide, knocking her backward hard. The chief stew landed on her ass, with a pained groan.

The deckhands and Sooyoung all exchanged shocked looks, though none of them said anything. Kori sighed, stepping over the dazed Chief stew. It was time someone put her in her place, and Kori was all too happy to lend her breasts for the task.

She was on her way to the upper deck to begin preparations for the beach trip when she ran into Bradley.

“Sorry, Kori” Bradley said, taking a step back. His eyes widened with surprise as he took in what she was wearing.

Kori smiled “Like my outfit?”

"It's...uh...something. Aren't you supposed to be in uniform?"

"Doesn't fit" Kori said smugly as she stepped closer. "I grew too big for it. Too. Big."

Bradley nodded "Yeah, you are pretty huge. I always thought it was odd that the charter didn't provide uniforms of multiple sizes..."

Kori frowned, stepping back. Right, she'd already settled this matter. Bradley was definitely gay. "Excuse me, Bradley, I need to go."

"Sure, sure" he said. "Oh, wait, I wanted to tell you that I figured out how to manually adjust the tip amount!"

Kori tried to push past. "I'm good, Bradley, but thanks for looking into it".

"It's dead easy!" He called as she walked past. "You just enter your employee number into the remote and then it brings up a menu that'll let you adjust the tip-"

Kori didn't hear the end of his sentence as she turned the corner and climbed the final stairs to the deck. "Good morning, boys! Who's ready for a little beach trip with Kori!"

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"Another round of Pina Colada's?" Kori said, putting a seductive lilt on her words as she trod across the sand towards the guests. The four sat in line in beach loungers, having just returned from a dip in the warm Caribbean ocean.

All four sat up at her approach, openly ogling her as she moved. With each step through the bright white sand, her breasts bounced and swayed, the teeny tiny bikini fighting for its life to stay in place.

"That sounds great, babe" Brett said holding up an empty glass.

Kori smiled at him as she walked forward with the pitcher of creamy cocktail. One by one she walked down the line of chairs, leaning over to fill their glasses.

"Anyone want some food?" Sooyoung said from where she stood a few feet away next to the cooler of snacks they'd brought. She too stared at Kori, though her look was one of shock. This was an entirely new side of the third steward that none of them had ever seen before.

"Got any chips?" Jase asked from his seat in the middle.

Sooyoung nodded, opening the cooler to fetch the desired snack.

Kori finished off the drinks with Brett, leaning in close to fill his cup. Her breasts pressed against his shoulder and arm as she reached across him.

"Please, excuse my reach" she said with a knowing smile.

Brett grinned back "You're a real tease; you know that Kori-bunny?"

Kori gasped “Me?!” Then she broke into a fit of giggles, unable to keep up the charade for even a moment.

“How’s the drink?” She asked after collecting herself.

“Delicious, thanks” Brett said, lifting the glass towards her in cheers.

“You’re very welcome” Kori said. “How...about a tip?”

Brett looked up meeting Kori’s eyes as she smiled at him. She’d set down the pitcher in the sand, so that she could use both hands to squeeze her breasts together enticingly.

“Maybe in a bit” Brett said as he lifted the straw to his lips once more.

Kori frowned as she stomped away, not hiding her frustration. This had not been the first time she’d been denied a tip since arriving on this beach, which was total bullshit. Now, when she’d come to accept and love her giant fake tits, was the exact time that their formerly generous guests became misers?! What the fuck!

As Kori silently stewed behind them, Sooyoung finished passing out the bags of potato chips. After opening his bag and fishing out a handful of salty chips, Jase reached into his back pocket and pulled out his remote.

“What the hell!” Kori yelled as he pointed the remote at Sooyoung. Moments later she silently bit her lip as her breasts subtly swelled underneath her uniform.

“You tip her!?” Kori yelled as she marched around the chairs to the front. Each angry step made her breasts wobble precariously within her swimsuit.

“She...brought me chips?” Jase said, confused at the sudden hostility.

“I’ve been bringing you guys stuff all afternoon and you’ve given me nothing!” Kori cried with exasperation.

The three other charter guests looked to Brett, hoping he’d handle the confrontation. He sighed, standing up from his chair, reluctantly taking on the burden. “Kori, listen. It’s not that you haven’t been doing a good job, or that we don’t appreciate you...”

Kori walked up to him, hands on her hips with a defiant glare. “Then what! Don’t tell me you think that I’m too big?! You’re the one that made me grow this big, and now what, you don’t like it?!”

Brett placed his hands on her shoulders gently. “Kori, you’re not too big...you’re too expensive.”

Kori blinked “What?”

Brett pointed his remote at her, then turned it around to show her. The next tip for Kori would cost twenty thousand dollars. Kori’s eyes bugged out of her head at that. When did those tips get so high?!

“I’m sorry, Kori. But...I’m not a billionaire, even I have to draw the line somewhere” Brett said with a shrug.

Kori was sad for only a moment before she lunged for Brett’s remote, swiping it from his hands.

“Whoa, hey?! What the fuck, Kori!” Brett cried out in surprise. He reached to take back the remote, but Kori dodged backwards out of the way. She was furiously tapping on the touch screen, as she continued to skip away through the sand remaining out of Brett’s reach.

“I swear to god, I’m going to sue you and this charter company into oblivion if you force me to tip you!” Brett yelled as he chased after her. He was almost on her when Kori unexpectedly tossed the remote back to him.

“What the hell was that about!” Brett said.

Kori just smiled at him. “Point the remote at me, Brett.”

Brett frowned but did so. Kori’s name popped up, as well as her tip amount: \$1.00.

“What the...how?” He muttered.

Kori grinned as she undid the knot at her neck for her bikini top, tossing the skimpy garment into the sand. “Have at me boys, give me everything you’ve got!”

Brett, still unsure if this was some sort of trick, hesitantly pointed his remote at Kori then pressed the tip button. The screen flashed as the tip was processed, before a new tip amount showed up on the screen: \$1.25.

Kori moaned as she felt her breasts begin to vibrate. Once again, she pressed the two enormous globes together as she relished the feeling as they swelled larger. It was a good start, though not what she’d had in mind.

“Just the one tip?” She pouted. “Surely you can do better than that? Maybe I need to make myself clearer... *I want you to make my tits gigantic.* I want to be more tits than woman. Can you boys do that for me?”

Brett looked over at his three friends and nodded. As one, all four pointed their remotes at Kori and began to tip her repeatedly.

Kori let out an exultant shriek of delight as the implants within each breast went berserk, vibrating wildly as they struggled to process the overflow of tips coming in. It took only seconds before her breasts began to rapidly grow.

Kori was swept away in a flood of pleasure as her breasts ceaselessly grew. With both hands she squeezed them, amplifying the buzz from within that drove her into ecstasy. From mere feet away she could hear the guests still tipping her, the beeps from the remotes piercing through her haze of joy.

Kori had to force herself to keep her eyes open, but she knew she’d enjoy it better if she did. She watched as her breasts expanded before her very eyes. They went from basketballs, to beachballs, to yoga balls. She couldn’t reach around them anymore; she could barely reach to the side of them. They were so huge already and they were just starting to get bigger.

Overcome by pleasure she collapsed, falling forward, only to land upon her breasts. They were so huge that she was actually laying on top of them. Cackling with glee she pressed her face in between them as she reached her hands out as far as she could. She could feel the skin stretch and slide beneath her palms as her breasts continued to expand, her flesh expanding as the implant within grew ever larger.

“Bigger!” She screamed. “Bigger!”

Kori kicked gleefully as her body rose higher and higher, held aloft by the two mountainous spheres that her breasts had become. Each one was longer across than she was tall, and they hadn’t yet finished expanding.

Her entire body trembled with pleasure, the sensitivity of her breasts driving her wild. Just the feeling of the soft sand crunching and shifting beneath her as she grew was enough to get her off, pushing her to climax more than once.

Then, unexpectedly, the growth slowed. Kori, caught in a tsunami of bliss, came to her senses as the maddening pleasure slowly died off.

Kori lifted her head, looking out around her. All she could see for several feet in front of her was tits. The same could be said for either side of her and behind her.

“Oh...oh my god...” Kori said, breathlessly. “How big am I...?”

The answer was very big. Each breast had swollen into an immense sphere, that in a vacuum would’ve been twelve feet in diameter. However, laying on a beach they’d naturally flattened slightly, gravity pulling their mass down, so they were slightly fatter around than they were deep. Regardless, they were without a doubt the largest breasts any of them had seen.

“Oh... my god! Fuck, that...that was incredible!” Kori moaned. “I think I came like three times while growing! Oh god, my skin felt so tight, it was so sensitive! My entire boob felt like a clit!!!”

There was no answer to Kori’s cries of delight, no acknowledgment from anyone else on the beach.

Kori frowned “Brett? Brett!”

Kori heard movement below her, though she couldn’t see who it was beyond the edge of her colossal breasts. Eventually they came into view, jogging out ten feet away from her so they could make eye contact. It wasn’t Brett, but Jase.

“Jase!” She yelled. “Where’s Brett?!”

Jase grimaced “He’s...he’s on the phone.”

“On the phone? With who?!”

“Well, uh...his fiancée”

“WHAT?!” Kori shrieked.

“Yeah...he’s engaged. I think her name’s Laura, or Linda, or-”

“LUCY?!” Kori yelled, furious.

“Yeah, that’s it!” Jase said, giving her a thumbs up. “You know her?”

Kori let out an unintelligible shriek of rage, her entire body flailing angrily atop her gigantic breasts.

“Uh...did you still want to talk to him?” Jase said.

“No” Kori said after calming down. “I never want to speak to him again.”

Jase nodded “Yeah, that tracks. Well... we’re gonna head back to the ship now. You were great! Thanks for making this trip unforgettable!”

“You’re welcome” Kori groaned, burying her face into her breasts.

There was silence for a minute before another voice spoke, this time Sooyoung.

“Kori?”

“Yes, Soo?”

“I...I’m sorry, but I called the captain.”

Kori sighed “I figured. Am I fired?”

“Something like that...”

“Super”

“Someone’s coming to get you and then they’ll take you back to port.”

“Thanks Soo. I’ve enjoyed working with you.”

“You too, Kori. Do...do you want me to tell Adelaide what happened?”

Kori thought about it for a moment then said “Yes. Let her know what happens when Boob Greed takes over...”

“Ok...I will. Bye!”

“Bye, Soo” Kori said. And then she was alone again.

There she lay in silence, the ocean breeze blowing through her hair as she lay immobile atop her mountainous melons. Far off, seagulls cried their honking cry, as the waves crashed endlessly upon the shore. Kori rested her chin on folded arms as she gazed out at the setting sun, contemplating where her choices had gotten her.

Of course, Brett was engaged to the woman he’d cheated on her with, and of course he’d tried to cheat on *her* with Kori. Once a cheater, always a cheater. She’d known from the beginning he was a piece of shit, and she’d been right. At least nothing had happened that she’d truly regretted...well, losing her job was kind of a bummer.

Even still, this was an alright end... Not only had she come to learn a little something about herself, but she’d also had the chance to live out a fantasy she hadn’t known she had until she was in the middle of it. All in all, not a bad time...

An hour later, Kori lifted her head when she heard the sound of footsteps in the sand, though she couldn’t see who they belonged to.

“Hello?” She called.

“Hey Kori” A voice replied.

“Oh, hey Bradley” she said laying her head back down upon the vast bed of her breasts. “Come to fetch me?”

“Drain you and fetch you, yes.” Bradley said. A sharp pierce in each breast punctuated his words.

“Ow! Come on, you could’ve been gentle!” Kori huffed.

“And you could’ve not made yourself into a mountain of boobs” Bradley retorted.

“Technically I didn’t do it, the-”

“The guests did it, *after* you used the manual adjustment method that I told you about. Guess who got in shit for *that*?”

“Oh right...” Kori said sheepishly. Slowly she could feel herself lowering, her mighty mammaries gradually draining.

“So, why’d you do it?” Bradley asked. Far below her, Kori could feel the weight of his body as he leaned against one of her breasts.

“What do you mean?” Kori replied.

“Well, when you and I talked after the first night, you told me that you expressly did not want them to get bigger *and* that your ex-boyfriend was an ass.”

“He is an ass” Kori said. “And well...I changed my mind, I guess. I realized I liked having huge boobs a lot more than I thought I did.”

“Ah...I see. Well...good for you, I guess. Personal growth, right?”

Kori nodded “Exactly.”

It was an odd sensation, feeling her breasts shrinking from such a titanic size. It’d been difficult for her to brain to handle just how large she’d been, so as she slowly shrank, she became more cognizant of the scale of her bust, her brain slowly tuning into the madness that had occurred.

“So...what’re you doing tomorrow night?” Bradley asked.

Kori lifted her head. “What do you mean?”

“I mean...do you want to go out tomorrow night?”

Kori frowned, still confused. “You mean, like...with the crew?”

Bradley chuckled. “No, I mean like you and me.”

“Like a date?”

“Yes, exactly like a date” Bradley said.

Kori shook her head. “But...you’re gay?!”

“No, I’m Bi. I didn’t think it was a secret...Do people not know? Did you not know?”

“No!” Kori cried.

“Huh. You really thought I was gay this whole time?” Bradley said.

“Yes! And can you really blame me? You didn’t stare at my tits once, when I offered to let you touch them you didn’t seem to care, even today I practically ran into you in a tiny fucking bikini, and you didn’t give a shit!”

Bradley laughed “Do you think all dudes love huge tits?”

“In my experience yes! Every single one!” Kori cried out with exasperation “And if you may recall, we work on a ship specifically catered to men that like huge tits. A ship that specifically doesn’t hire straight guys, so they won’t creep on the crew with said huge tits!”

Bradley snickered “Alright, alright, you present some compelling evidence. Also, I really shouldn’t be giving you a hard time because, yes, I do like big tits. I just have above average self-control.”

Kori nodded with understanding before she asked “So...you want to go on a date with me?”

“Yeah, I do” Bradley said, turning around and stepping away so he was no longer leaning against Kori’s breasts. “I didn’t ask before now because I personally have a strict no dating coworker’s policy, but since you got canned, I thought I’d shoot my shot”.

Kori shrank down past his eye level, her breasts shrinking faster and faster until her knees hit the sand. Soon they were back to the size that she’d started the day with, and seconds after that they were empty. Kori was left lying face down in the sand, the two needles still stuck into her breasts.

“Uh, Kori?” Bradley said, standing beside her. “You, ok?”

“Fine” she said without lifting her head from the sand. “Just coming to terms with living life without my beautiful huge tits...”

Bradley laughed “Come on, let’s go.”

“Yeah, alright” Kori said pushing herself up off the beach.

“So, what do you want to do on our date?” Bradley asked as they trudged down the beach to the dinghy that waited for them in the surf.

Kori shrugged “Dinner, drinks, maybe fuck if you’re up for it.”

Bradley chuckled “Yeah that could be arranged... we could also skip the first two and just have fun with this?”

Kori looked over at Bradley and grinned. In his hand he held a tip remote, the tip value on it set to \$0.

**THE END**