

# ***He's Just Not That Into You<sub>rs</sub>***

A Novella by Near N. Far

This story was commissioned by Funky Munky. Contact me at [nearnfarstories@gmail.com](mailto:nearnfarstories@gmail.com) or [Patreon.com/nearnfar](https://Patreon.com/nearnfar) to inquire about commissioning your own story.

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## Chapter 1: What I Want

The familiar, faded sign on the bland office building reads Thompson Graphic Design. I walk through the cramped parking lot to the front doors. In my reflection, the harsh winter winds whip my long red curls across my face. The image vanishes as I throw open the door and enter. My hair shifts downward as the outdoor cold is replaced by the furnace-like blast of the ceiling-mounted heater. The warmth begins to drive out the chill permeating my body.

“Good morning, Caley!”

Cindy greets me from reception. I smile through the scarlet tangle I’m still fighting. The older woman eyes me with pity on her face.

She can think whatever she wants. I’m not the type of girl to get all in her own head about her looks—most of the time, anyway. Sure, my hair is usually a mess, but I know I’m adorable. At four feet, eleven inches, I’m a small package, but I’m packing a killer figure with plenty of highlights. Beautiful, thick ruby hair and emerald eyes thanks to Da. Narrow waist and wide hips, courtesy of Mam. My nicely plump lips are unique to me, though, as far as I can tell. There’s just one area I could have done with slightly better genetics...

“Hey, Caley. I left your usual for you.”

Tristan waves and adjusts his glasses as I walk past his desk. Ahead, I already see the glazed donut neatly placed on a napkin next to my keyboard. He brought breakfast for the office again. Tristan’s a cool guy like that.

“Thanks, Tristan.”

He smiles and returns to his work.

As I drop my bag and coat next to my chair, my supervisor and bestie Emmet strolls slowly over from the opposite side of the office. He’s locked in animated conversation with Simon, another designer whose desk is directly opposite Emmet’s from mine. They’re tight, and tend to get caught up in their chatter if not kept in check.

Emmet and I go way back. We had tons of classes together at Dryden College of Design, and I’m certain neither of us would’ve passed half of those without the other. I even helped him get hired on at Thompson after I did, and he jumped past me to supervisor in no time—

partially because the department head is a sexist dickbag, but partially because Emmet's a legitimately talented graphic designer.

Suddenly, Simon utters something I can't hear, but whatever it was, it has Emmet raising an eyebrow and smiling incredulously. He brings a hand up to rub his chin through his tightly groomed beard. The distance between us is too much for me to hear the low scratching sound the action generates, but I can imagine it perfectly. He performed the gesture many times when we worked on projects in college. It's his "I'm very interested" move. Whatever Simon is saying, he's got Emmet's undivided attention.

A second later, Emmet turns my direction, and his look of rapt interest is replaced by familiar affection. I smile softly and give a waggling wave with my fingers. He nods and returns to his conversation with Simon as the pair continue my way. Emmet and I have something of a morning tradition, so I remain standing and pick at the donut Tristan left at my desk.

"...absolutely insane! Truly! We're meeting up again tomorrow night. This time, she's coming to my place," Simon pumps his eyebrows suggestively as he wraps up his conversation.

"Nice!" Emmet offers as a button on their discussion.

Simon then casually breaks away, leaving me and Emmet standing near our desks. Emmet throws his arms wide and enthusiastically says "Bestie!"

I waste no time throwing my own arms around his waist. My head barely reaches his chest, but I lean in and hug him tight. The subtle scent of his bodywash fills my nostrils. His toned physique tempts me from beneath the blue cotton fabric of his shirt. To round out our little ritual, he pats me on my upper back. It's my cue to release him. I reluctantly do so.

"Morning, Caley!"

I return his greeting in kind, stepping back to look up at his face without snapping my neck. He wears the same warm smile he always does when we're together.

"Sounds like Simon met a new someone?"

Prying into his previous conversation would be a bit gauche, were I speaking with anyone else, but as close as the two of us are, I know he's dying to spill any tea he can.

“Yeah,” his lips curl inward the way they do when he’s nervous. That’s unexpected. “He met her when the office went out for drinks Friday.”

Emmet’s coyness drives my curiosity. Last Friday replays through my head. I was at the bar a block from the office with Emmet and Simon and pretty much everybody but upper management and stick-up-her-butt Cindy. It was a way to celebrate our latest deadline being crushed. Nothing stands out at first, but an eventual flash of understanding has me grinning knowingly.

It was just before I left that I saw Simon leaning against the bar and chatting up a woman four seats away from our group. Simon chats up a lot of women, so she was only remarkable to me because of her two most defining features. No doubt, they’re the reason Emmet is suspiciously reluctant to go into detail.

“Simon scored with Betty Big Boobs?” I quietly jab.

Emmet’s eyes go wide. He twists around to ensure that Simon hasn’t overheard. He’s twenty feet away, talking at Tristan who is clearly not interested in whatever he has to say. There’s no way he heard.

“Her name’s Jenna, but... yeah. Her.”

“So you noticed them, huh?”

I elbow him in the hip and dance my eyebrows.

Emmet has one major weakness. I’ve known since college. It came up a few times when we were drunk and discussing dating preferences. The man is hopeless in the face of a big rack. The bigger and perkier, the better. Wrap them in a formfitting top with a plunging neckline, and he’s a goner.

The pale skin above his dark beard goes pink. His lips are sucked in again. He looks around the office, maybe seeking a way out of the predicament I’ve put him in.

“I... uh... she...”

“Relax. I’m not going broadcast your love of big ol’ lady lumps to the entire office,” I whisper up to him just loud enough that my words can bridge the gap between our faces and not a decibel louder. “I hope things work out for Simon and whatsername.”

“Jenna. And yeah... me, too. I need... to...”

“Time for pics!”

Rika Kato's singsong voice interrupts Emmet's graceless fumbling as the recently hired social media manager materializes next to us. Emmet and I each give a start from the surprise. My eyes flit from my friend's embarrassed expression to Rika's face for any sign that she overheard what I've said. Her own chest is pretty damn impressive, and I don't know her well enough yet to know if she's cool or not. The last thing I need is for the new girl to think I was talking about her chest and lodge an HR complaint. I see no indication that she heard me, though. I got lucky.

Emmet and I each provide the requisite smiles as Rika holds her phone up to us. Her digital shutter plays a handful of times in rapid succession.

“Perfect!” she exclaims before poring over the images on the device. “Had to get a good shot of the Thompson dream team for the ‘gram.”

“That's us,” I shakily confirm.

“Good thinking,” Emmet chuckles self-consciously. Rika runs away as abruptly as she appeared.

With the interruption providing a handy off-ramp from the awkwardness, Emmet excuses himself to grab a donut and coffee. I let my teasing go and return to my desk to prepare for the day ahead.

Giving my bestie crap over his love of big milkers is second nature at this point. I don't do it often, but I'm happy to dredge up the issue when an opportunity arises. I tell myself it's because he's cute when he gets all flustered about it—and he is—but that's only part of it. There's a modicum of frustration buried in every needling I give him. It would be stupid of me to deny it.

Despite my looks, my chest is the polar opposite of Emmet's preference. Even super slim Rika sports a full, perky pair. I'm probably half again her overall weight, and I have to make sure that the B cup bras I buy aren't overly spacious. It never bothered me before that first night Emmet admitted he had a soft spot for soft tits. Up until then, I was convinced our friendship had the potential to bloom into something more romantic. I've always found him incredibly attractive. It's whole reason I first talked to him in class. Learning that little tidbit

about him, though, went a long way to helping me understand why he ignored my signals. It was a bitter pill to swallow, but once I did, I was able to really embrace our friendship.

And we've been awesome ever since.

Except right now, I keep seeing Emmet's raised eyebrows and chin scratching as Simon told him all about his date with Jenna the bar girl and her cans. My skin feels hot, and my stomach gurgles faintly. I can lie to myself, but the truth is I'm jealous. Jealous of Jenna for piquing Emmet's interest. Jealous of skinny Rika for having bigger boobs than I do. Jealous of all the women in the world who got the curves up top instead of down low. Right now, in this moment, I wish I could change my body. It's a thought that pops into my head from time to time, but it's more serious now than ever.

Across the office, Emmet carefully balances his breakfast as he winds through the sea of desks. Rika walks past him, and his eyes jump to her chest. It's so brief that no one else would take notice. He's not the type to stare. Still, I notice. My cheeks flush hotter. They're likely almost as red as my wild curls. I want a change. I want him to sneak glances at *me* like that. I want bigger tits.

I'm pulling the trigger. It's finally time to talk to Essie about her doctor. I just need to work up the nerve.

When the work day is over and I arrive back home, my roommate is dressed and chilling on the couch. Her outfit consists of a tight fitting auburn sweater dress over a pair of black leggings. It's good for the chilly weather outside, but I know she'll be ditching it as soon as she gets to work. The look feels like a poor fit for a strip tease.

A pair of wafer-thin plastic bags rest on the coffee table before her, filled with the nondescript plastic containers our local Thai place uses. Relief hits me upon seeing she's already sorted dinner. That's one less thing I need to deal with.

"Hey, Essie," I say flatly on my way in the door.

"Hey. How was work?"

I shrug. I could tell her it blew. I could tell her today was the day that my creeping insecurities finally got the better of me. I could tell her I want to go under the knife and end this problem once and for all.

“Fine. Nothing special.”

I stroll past her to the kitchen and pour myself a soda—in my head, Da's insistence I use the word “mineral” like a “true Irishwoman” makes me chuckle despite my sour mood—along with a modest glass of Merlot.

“Nothing special, huh?”

Essie gets up from the couch, trots over, and looks down at me with her usual matronly concern. For someone who has a body shape akin to a Barbie doll, Essie always manages an air of approachability about her. She's only six years older than me, but her tendency to jump to my aid with frequently sound advice has made her my backup Mam after living with her for only a few months.

I tense up, expecting her to hit me with a “You can tell me” or “Out with it.” Instead, she wordlessly pours herself a small serving of wine. Then she pours another few sips' worth into my glass. She smiles and shrugs as she helps me relocate the drinks to the dining table.

As I sit down, she throws a reality dating show rerun on the TV and brings our dinner over. The second she cracks the lid on my Panang Curry and I smell that familiar rich, nutty, spicy aroma, I feel the knot in my gut begin to loosen. A generous gulp of Merlot helps it along.

We spend the next hour eating and chatting about inconsequential things. We laugh at contestants on the dating show as they claim this is “true love.” Having seen this season before, we know full well that none of them end up lasting. I vent about an infuriating client who's only feedback on our designs has been “Can you make it *pop* more?” Essie updates me on the illicit romance going on between one of her fellow dancers and the club's head of security. It's apparently a big no-no, and now the girl might be pregnant.

The whole time, Essie keeps the wine coming, albeit at a measured rate. She really is awesome. Without me saying a word about my breakdown over Emmet and my lack of tits, she's come to my rescue.

I down the last of my second glass of wine, and decide to get it over with. Essie will be leaving for her shift soon, so it's now or never.

“I think I'm ready for implants,” I blurt, clinking my empty glass down on the wooden table.

“Emmet getting to you again?”

She's good. I'll give her that.

Essie tops off her own wine, as well as my own. I fix my eyes on the tower of unsorted junk mail at the center of the table as I debate how to respond.

"No more than usual," I finally answer.

"Uh huh."

She sips her wine pointedly and glares at me over the rim. I don't know why I'm trying to play it cool. Essie could see straight through a brick wall if I were trying to hide my feelings behind it.

"Simon at work is dating a girl he met at the bar Friday, and he and Emmet were talking about her. Emmet got all flustered when I pointed out the girl has..."

I nod at the twin bulges stretching out Essie's dress. Her own girls are big enough that the curvature where her breasts plunge into a central dip of cleavage is plainly visible in the contours of her winterwear. Her curves would put Rika and Jenna to shame, even if you combined them. I could smuggle cantaloupes under my top, and she'd still have me beat. I know they're not real, but I've seen the way they move and squish. They're the best fakes I've ever seen. She's pretty open about the fact that she's had work done, not that it isn't obvious. I want what she's got. I'm sick of pretending I don't.

Essie rolls her eyes and places her hand on top of mine. Her hot pink false nails tap gently against my wrist. It might tickle if it weren't strangely comforting.

"I'm assuming you didn't talk to Emmet about how it makes you feel when he goes on about big knockers around you. Did you?"

I shake my head in guilt before correcting her, "I was the one who brought up Jenna's figure."

"That's the girl from the bar?"

I nod.

Essie inhales slowly and lets out a beleaguered sigh.

"Why do you keep poking the bear instead of just talking to the guy you've been hung up on for, what? Six years?"

"Seven..."

“Seven years. My point exactly. It's too long to go on like this. Why won't you talk to this guy?”

“Because I know he's only interested in big boobs! He's told me! He'll deny it when he's sober, but get him drunk and all he wants to talk about is motorboating big bazongas! He was all excited when Simon was talking about his date's rack! You shoulda seen the two of 'em going on about it! I know it's what they were talkin about! If I'm gonna talk to Emmet about being more than friends, it's gotta be once I've gotten some big melons like yours.”

It all just pours out of me. The frustration. The envy. The resentment. The longing.

“Caley, look at me.”

I don't want to. The desperation burning in my chest is something I want to hold onto. If I look up at Essie, she's going to start making sense, and that fire will be gone. Then I'll be just some flat chested girl who doesn't have a chance in hell with the guy she wants.

“I mean it.”

Her tone hardens. I give in and look at her. The stern expression I expect isn't there. Instead, she looks at me with concern and understanding.

“You can say and think whatever you want, but please believe me when I tell you the real way out of this is to just talk to Emmet.”

My throat is so dry it feels like it might close up. She's right, and I don't want her to be right. Talking this through is something I've needed to do for nearly seven years, but that requires putting myself out there, being vulnerable. Going under the knife and getting bigger boobs just requires physical pain and nominal financial burden and potentially serious health risks. Way simpler.

Essie continues as I thrash against the inside of my mind.

“Look. If you want Dr. Enman's info, I'm happy to give it to you. He does fabulous work. Cases in point...”

She thrusts her tits forward and gives a flourish of her hands like she's presenting a game show contestant with their brand new car. Given the choice, though, I'd take the prizes crammed in her sweater over an Audi ten times over.

“...but I really think you should *talk* to Emmet before you do something permanent. At the very least, you need to be certain this is something *you* want, not something you think *he* wants.”

Essie stands and retrieves her shoulder bag. She spends several seconds rummaging through it. Her heavy breasts energetically wobble left and right as she does. Through the knit of her top, I see the clearly defined boundaries of her bra where it digs into her. It's doing its damndest to keep those mountains from moving, but there's a lot to hold back.

Finally, Essie produces a battered business card from the depths of her bag. She slides it across the tabletop to me.

Dr. Hans Enman, MD  
Innovative Surgical Enhancements  
555-244-8487 ext. 5847

In the lower margin of the card, the words “Bigass Implants” are scrawled in purple ink. Before I can ask about it, Essie provides an answer.

“It's the brand name of these.”

She again highlights her breasts.

“It stands for biological implants... something something. I don't remember. The main thing to know is they're the best way to get major boobage that's a lot less fakey than the old silicone boob jobs. And all the girls at the club swear by them, not just me.”

I hold the card lightly between both thumbs and forefingers, staring. The answer is in my hands. I've told myself for years that I'm happy with who I am and I'm secure in my skin and all that other body positivity crap. The truth is I'm not. I can keep lying to myself, or I can admit some hard truths. I want Emmet to want me. I want to have the kind of body that Emmet wants. / want it.

“My ride's here, so I really need to run, but just remember,” Essie adds as she gathers her things at the door, “this might not get you out of the friendzone. If it doesn't, would you still want it?”

“I would. Thanks, Essie.”

“Talk to hiiiiim!” she calls exaggeratedly as she leaves for her shift at the strip club.

If all the girls at *Rack Em Up Gentlemen's Club* have results half as good as Essie's, then Dr. Enman has himself a new patient.

Seconds after the door latches, I'm dialing his number.

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**B**iological **I**plantation of **G**el catalyst **A**round **S**tem cell **S**caffolding.

B.I.G.A.S.S. Implants.

Essie's scribbled words on the doctor's business card were accurate. When I timidly ask Dr. Enman about the acronym during my initial consultation, he gives a boisterous guffaw and admits it was an intentionally provocative name meant to drum up discussion of the new augmentation technique he and his practice were pioneering. His wispy white hair bobbles as he continues to quietly shake with prideful laughter.

Half of what the doctor tells me goes over my head, but I'm able to understand the basics. The implant itself is a thin, sponge-like matrix seeded with stem cells. A series of injections of something he calls “gelatinous growth catalyst” cause the sponge to break down and create a growing mass of healthy breast tissue.

“It's a quick, simple operation. Minimally invasive. And within a week or two, you've grown your very own natural boobs... with a little prompting from *SCIENCE!*”

The doctor's love for his work is evident from the get-go as he explains the procedure. Between his confidence and Essie's impressive... testimonials... I know I want my very own BIGASS Implants.

Two weeks after the initial appointment, I sit in a beige room, reclined on a perfectly normal and perfectly uncomfortable exam table. A thin paper bib covers my chest, not that I can feel it thanks to the local anesthesia. The implantation is finished. It took a while, but it was totally painless. All that remains is the first round of growth catalyst.

“Here we are!” Dr. Enman says, entering the room with a huge, intimidating syringe in his hands. It's filled with a viscous green-clear substance that could easily double as aloe vera.

My apprehension must be visible, because he hastily puts up a calming hand and says, “I promise it won’t hurt. You’ll feel some pressure, but that’s it.”

He’s right. The injection process takes about a minute, and—just as the doctor said—all I feel is a steadily growing tightness in each of my small breasts. The action is all hidden under my paper covering, but from my viewpoint, two subtle mounds bubble up slowly, one at a time. My first look at my new breasts. It’s like watching twin sunrises.

The surgery takes about forty minutes, start to finish. After that, I’m carefully pulling the recommended tight sports bra over my torso. As I do, I gaze into the mirror on the back of the door. My breasts don’t look how I expected. They’re not so much bigger as they are swollen. My nipples are puffy and sit at the front of two almost conical bumps affixed to my chest. The underside of each sports a small cotton bandage covering the incision site. I remind myself this is how they’re supposed to look at first. Dr. Enman was adamant that the swelling will reduce in a few days as the sponge matrix settles and the growth catalyst gets to work. I hope he’s right. With the addition of an oversized t-shirt borrowed from Essie’s wardrobe, I’m dressed and ready to leave.

In the parking lot, my roommate waits in her car. Because it’s an outpatient process with only local numbing, I could’ve driven myself, but she insisted. She’s been incredibly supportive since I told her I was sure I wanted to get the implants. I even psyched myself up for a fight to get her to listen to me, but it never came. After saying her piece several days back, she hasn’t pushed me to talk to Emmet anymore. I think a small part of me wishes she had. Most of me is relieved, though.

This is what I want.

I’ve got a week off work for my recovery. I told everyone at the office I was visiting family. Even Emmet. I plan to spend this time relaxing and monitoring my growing chest and not thinking about kerning or color matching or project deadlines. However, there’s a decent chance I spend it thinking about the look on Emmet’s face when he sees his little bestie with her own set of cannons.

By day three of recovery, the swelling is down, and my breasts are far less tender. In terms of size, I’m visually bigger. As my chest relaxes from the operation and the catalyst does its

thing, the growth is evident from day to day. I fall into a morning routine of jumping out of bed, running to the mirror by my closet, and gently cupping, prodding, and examining my developing assets.

Until day four, I spend most of the time wearing sports bras on doctor's orders, but once day five arrives, I waste not a second before digging through my dresser for every sexy bra I own. The black lace demi I bought to impress an ex who ended up hating it, the cherry red bralette I've had forever, the purple balconette with flowers in the lace, the black halter bra that's just the right amount of sheer to be salacious—I try on each and every one of them to see how much progress I've made. Each one of them was previously somewhere between “a little loose” and “honestly too big for me.” Now, they're all delightfully tight. Some, very much so.

One by one, I marvel at myself in my little old bras as my enhanced handfuls bulge and squeeze from beneath the edges and cups. Not one of the bras is suitable to wear at this point, and I'm only five days in! The biggest boost to my confidence is a black strappy number that I got when feeling especially daring one day. It has me looking like flesh-colored Play Dough being extruded from every gap in the lingerie.

The entire experience is electrifying. By the end, I can't stop myself from bouncing on the balls of my feet as I stare at the reflection of my naked chest. The intoxicating combination of elation at my growth and the desire to watch my boobs actually jiggle takes hold of me. I catch myself audibly giggling as I lift and release my little budding boobies over and over.

In five days, I've more than doubled my pre-implant size. By the time I go back to work next Monday, there's no way I'll come close to fitting into any of these bras.

I can clearly picture Emmet's wide-eyed, slack-jawed look of surprise when I walk into work, well on my way to the body of his dreams. He won't know what hit him.

Once more, I cup my hands under my bigger breasts, feeling their soft weight nestled in my palms. They're still firm from the growth. My skin is noticeably tight as it stretches to accommodate.

In just five days, Emmet starts thinking of me as his “breastie.”