

Part 1

Week 1 Outgrowing the Old

Abby had always been on the quieter side—content to sit in the back of the classroom, focus on her studies, and avoid unnecessary attention. But lately, she had started noticing something... different. Her clothes felt tighter, and every morning, her reflection seemed just a little more unfamiliar.

She tried to ignore it, chalking it up to an awkward phase. But when she pulled on her favorite B-cup bra that morning and found it refusing to clasp, reality hit her like a ton of bricks.

"No, no, no—come on!" she muttered under her breath, struggling with the hooks in front of the mirror. She twisted and turned, but no amount of tugging could make it work. With a sigh, she let it fall onto the bed.

"Great. Just great. Now what?"

She was already running late for school, and there was no way she could go without support. Frantically, she rifled through her drawers, but every single bra was the same size—B-cups that no longer stood a chance.

Then, she remembered something.

Her best friend, Megan, had stayed over last weekend and left some clothes behind. Abby ran to her closet, rummaging through a small pile of neatly folded items until she found it—a D-cup bra Megan had forgotten.

Would it even work? She hesitated for a moment, then shrugged. It wasn't like she had any other choice.

Sliding the straps over her shoulders, she adjusted the band and hesitantly fastened the hooks. To her shock, it fit. Perfectly. As if it had been made for her.

Abby stared at herself in the mirror, her cheeks turning pink. How had she grown this much without noticing? And more importantly—how much more was she going to grow?

A nervous excitement bubbled up inside her, a strange mix of fear and curiosity. Maybe this wasn't such a bad thing after all.

With one last glance at her reflection, she grabbed her backpack and headed out the door, her mind racing with questions she never thought she'd have to ask.

Week 2: Tight Fit

A week had passed since Abby had borrowed Megan's D-cup bra, and at first, it had been a relief to have something that fit. But now, as she sat in the lecture hall at her university, she could feel it—tightness around her chest, straps digging slightly into her shoulders. It wasn't unbearable, but it was noticeable.

Fidgeting in her seat, she glanced down subtly. Was it possible she had grown again? The thought sent a shiver of both excitement and apprehension through her.

After class, she wasted no time finding Megan. She spotted her friend lounging outside near the library, scrolling through her phone.

"Hey, Meg... Can I ask you something?" Abby asked hesitantly, shifting awkwardly.

Megan looked up and grinned. "Sure, what's up?"

Abby bit her lip before sighing. "So, uh... remember that bra I borrowed? The D-cup? It's starting to feel a little tight."

Megan's eyes widened. "Wait, already? Abby, that's crazy! You were just a B like... two weeks ago!"

Abby flushed, crossing her arms. "Yeah, tell me about it. I don't know what's happening."

Megan tilted her head, inspecting her. "Honestly? You look great, but maybe we should measure you again. I mean, if the D is tight, you might be bigger than you think."

Abby swallowed hard. Bigger than a D? That idea hadn't even occurred to her. But standing there in the sunlight, watching Megan's amused yet concerned expression, she realized she couldn't avoid this forever.

"Alright," she said, exhaling slowly. "Let's do it."

Week 3: The Pool Party Dilemma

Another week passed, and Abby could no longer deny it—her chest had grown even more. The new bras she had rushed to buy in a DD-cup were already feeling snug, and even her loose sweaters couldn't fully hide the changes. Every movement reminded her of how much heavier she felt, how much more space she took up.

And now, she had an even bigger problem.

Megan had invited her to a pool party.

"Come on, Abby! It's gonna be fun!" Megan had said excitedly. "It's just our friend group. No pressure."

No pressure? Abby stared at herself in the mirror, holding up an old bikini top that had once fit her perfectly. Now, it looked laughably small. She tried to tie it anyway, only for the strings to dig into her skin uncomfortably. There was no way she could wear this.

Her heart pounded. How was she supposed to show up when she wasn't even sure what size she was anymore? When every step made her hyper-aware of her growing chest?

She sighed and pulled on an oversized hoodie, heading out to meet Megan. Maybe she could get out of this.

"Megs, I don't think I can go," Abby said as soon as she saw her friend.

Megan frowned. "Why not?"

Abby hesitated before sighing. "It's just... my swimsuit doesn't fit. And honestly, I feel like I'm still growing. It's embarrassing."

Megan gave her an understanding look. "Abby, you look amazing. If you don't want to go, I won't force you. But if it's just about your swimsuit, we can totally go shopping for a new one."

Abby bit her lip. The idea of trying on swimsuits made her stomach twist, but maybe Megan was right. Maybe she just needed to find something that actually fit.

"Okay," she said softly. "Let's go shopping."

Abby and Megan wandered through the aisles of the swimwear store, racks of colorful bikinis and one-pieces surrounding them. Abby swallowed hard, already feeling overwhelmed. She had been dreading this shopping trip, knowing full well that her old bikinis were useless now.

"Alright, let's start with what you used to wear," Megan said, grabbing a few styles similar to Abby's old swimsuits. "Just to see where we're at."

Abby sighed and took the tops into the dressing room. She slipped into one she had worn the summer before—a cute blue triangle bikini. The moment she tied it around her neck and back, she knew it wasn't going to work. Her breasts strained against the fabric, bulging out at the sides and spilling over the top. She barely moved, but the thin straps already felt like they were at their limit.

She huffed in frustration and tried another. And another. Each one was the same—too small, too tight, completely inadequate.

"Megs," Abby called out, flustered. "I think we can safely say I've outgrown these."

Megan laughed. "Yeah, I had a feeling. Alright, let's try some bigger ones. What about a DDD?"

Abby hesitated, then reached for the larger top Megan handed over. She put it on and adjusted the straps, but even that was snug.

Her heart pounded. "Meg... I think we need to get me measured."

Megan's voice was smug. "Told you! Come on, let's go find someone to size you properly."

The store attendant took Abby's measurements carefully, wrapping the tape around her chest as Abby held her breath. After a few calculations, the attendant smiled.

"You're measuring at an F-cup now."

Abby's stomach flipped. "An F? Are you serious?"

Megan grinned. "Knew it. Alright, now we know what size to try. Let's have some fun with this."

Back in the dressing room, Abby tested out different styles. First, a tube top bikini—sleek and stylish, but the moment she adjusted it, her breasts practically spilled out over the top. She sighed, tugging at it uselessly. "Yeah, this is a no-go."

Next, she tried a micro bikini Megan had tossed in for fun. Abby gasped when she tied the strings—it barely covered anything. "Meg! This is ridiculous!" she called through the door, blushing.

"But does it look hot?" Megan teased.

"That's not the point!" Abby protested, struggling to contain herself in the minuscule fabric. She quickly moved on.

Finally, she slipped into a one-piece. It fit better, hugging her curves, but as she turned in the mirror, she realized something else—it had way too much inner boob exposed, the fabric barely covering the sides of her chest.

She groaned. "I don't know what to do, Meg. Nothing fits right."

Megan tapped her fingers against the dressing room door. "Looks like we'll have to find a specialty store next. Come on, we're not giving up yet."

Just then, the store clerk approached, having overheard their conversation. "If you're having trouble, I'd recommend trying a classic triangle bikini," she suggested. "They offer more adjustability and lift, and they tend to be flattering on fuller busts."

Abby hesitated. The idea of more lift sounded... risky. But at this point, she was desperate. She took the suggested top and slipped into it.

As she tied the strings and adjusted the cups, she felt the difference immediately. The fabric held her comfortably, supporting her weight while enhancing her shape in a way that made her blush. She turned slightly, taking in the view.

"Wow..." she murmured.

"Well?" Megan asked eagerly. "How does it look?"

Abby bit her lip, feeling heat rise to her cheeks. "Honestly? It looks... really good."

Megan grinned. "See? I told you! You've got to own it, Abby."

Abby took another look in the mirror, her confidence swelling along with the realization—maybe this wasn't something to be embarrassed about. Maybe, just maybe, she was ready to embrace it.

Week 5: The Gym crush

Abby adjusted the straps of her brand-new sports bra, feeling the snug support wrap around her chest. It was the most supportive one she had ever owned, promising to keep everything in place while she worked out. Yet, as she followed Megan into the gym, she already had doubts.

"You ready for this?" Megan asked, stretching her arms above her head. "We're hitting legs today, but let's start with some cardio."

Abby nodded hesitantly. "Yeah, sure."

She stepped onto the treadmill and started with a brisk walk, easing herself into the motion. The sports bra did its job—mostly. But as she increased the speed to a light jog, she felt it immediately. Despite the compression, her F-cup breasts bounced with every step, a subtle but undeniable jiggle that made her self-conscious. She crossed her arms briefly, pretending to adjust her ponytail.

Megan noticed and smirked. "You good?"

"Yeah, totally," Abby replied, though her cheeks burned. She focused on the treadmill display, determined to push through. But as she hit a steady running pace, the movement became impossible to ignore. Her chest rose and fell with every stride, straining against the fabric. And worse, she started noticing glances—subtle at first, but definitely there. A couple of guys at the weight machines had paused mid-rep, sneaking looks, while even some of the other women seemed to be doing double takes.

Her face flushed. She hated this kind of attention.

After a few minutes, she slowed to a stop, catching her breath. "I think I'm done with cardio."

Megan chuckled. "I figured. Let's hit the weights. Less bouncing, more lifting."

Still feeling exposed, Abby grabbed her gym bag and pulled out a hoodie, quickly slipping it on. The relief was immediate—at least, mentally. Physically, it was another story. The fabric stretched tightly across her chest, emphasizing her curves even more than the sports bra had. The jumper strained slightly, drawing more attention than she intended, not just boys, but girls too.

Megan raised an eyebrow. "Not sure that's helping."

"I don't care," Abby muttered, folding her arms over her chest as they headed to the squat rack.

She bent down to adjust the bar, feeling the weight shift on her chest. Even under the hoodie, she couldn't escape it. As she lowered into her first squat, she swore she could feel the fabric pressing in tighter, her cleavage more pronounced than ever.

Megan, spotting her, grinned. "Hey, at least you've got a built-in counterweight."

Abby shot her a glare. "Not helping."

By the time they finished their sets, Abby was exhausted. Her muscles ached, but more than anything, she was frustrated. No matter how much support she found, her chest was an unavoidable part of every movement.

As they headed for the locker room, Megan nudged her. "You survived."

Abby sighed, shaking out her arms. "Barely. I think I need an even better sports bra."

Megan laughed. "Or just accept that you're working out on hard mode."

Abby gave her a look but couldn't help smiling.

Adjusting her hoodie, she caught sight of one of the guys who had been sneaking glances earlier. He was tall, fit, and had a friendly expression—though she had definitely caught him staring more than once.

He hesitated for a second before stepping forward. "Hey," he said, offering a small, slightly nervous smile. "I hope this isn't weird, but I noticed you in there. You really push yourself."

Abby blinked, surprised. She had expected awkwardness or some dumb comment, but his tone was genuine.

"Uh, thanks," she replied, shifting slightly.

"I'm Shaun, by the way," he continued. "I don't usually do this, but... would you maybe want to grab a smoothie or something sometime? You seem really cool."

Abby's stomach flipped. Was he... asking her out? She wasn't used to this kind of attention in a positive way. Normally, people just stared, or whispered. But Shaun seemed sincere.

Megan, standing beside her, nudged her playfully. "Well, Abby?"

Abby hesitated for a moment, then found herself smiling, just a little. "A smoothie sounds nice."

Shaun grinned. "Great. Maybe after a workout sometime?" He said as he pulled his phone out to get her number.

"Yeah," Abby said, feeling a strange but welcome confidence bubbling up. "That sounds good."

As Shaun walked off, Megan smirked. "See? Told you people notice more than just your boobs."

Abby rolled her eyes but couldn't hide the warmth on her face. Maybe, just maybe, she was starting to believe it.

Week 6: Pool Party

Abby stood in front of her bedroom mirror, staring at her reflection with a mix of disbelief and frustration. Just a week ago, the bikini she had picked out had fit her perfectly—supportive, flattering, and secure. Now? Now it was a different story.

She adjusted the straps, but no matter how she positioned them, the fabric struggled to contain her chest. Her cleavage was far more pronounced than before, spilling out at the sides and drawing immediate attention. The triangle cups, which once covered her comfortably, now barely seemed to do their job. And when she moved—even just shifting her weight—her breasts bounced noticeably, completely unrestrained by the flimsy swimwear.

Abby sighed, running a hand through her hair. "This can't be happening again."

Megan, sitting cross-legged on the bed, smirked as she scrolled through her phone. "Oh, it's happening."

"But this fit perfectly last week!" Abby protested, turning to the side to get a better look. From that angle, the change was even more obvious—the fabric pressed tightly against her chest, struggling to contain the sheer volume of her breasts. "How is this even possible?"

Megan set her phone down and propped her chin on her hand. "I mean... are you really that surprised? You've been outgrowing everything lately."

Abby groaned. "I was finally getting used to the F-cup! What am I supposed to do now?"

Megan stood up and walked over, inspecting the fit. "Okay, real talk? It looks great. A little revealing, sure, but you look hot."

Abby turned red. "That's not helping! I don't want to be falling out of my bikini every time I move."

The next day, Abby stood in front of the mirror again, this time wearing the same bikini. She had tried on new ones at the store, but nothing had fit quite as well as this one—even if it was more revealing than she was used to.

"I don't know about this," she muttered, adjusting the straps again.

Megan, lounging on Abby's bed in her own bikini, rolled her eyes. "Abby, you look amazing. Stop overthinking it."

Abby frowned at her reflection. The triangle top pushed her cleavage together, and every slight movement made her chest shift. "I just feel like I'm... too much."

Megan sat up. "Too much for who? You? Or the people who won't be able to stop staring?"

Abby let out a nervous laugh. "That doesn't make me feel better."

Megan stood up and grabbed her hands. "Listen, you've been freaking out about this for days, and I get it. But you're hot, you're confident when you let yourself be, and you deserve to have fun without worrying about what anyone else thinks."

Abby hesitated, then sighed. "You really think it looks okay?"

Megan grinned. "I think it looks better than okay. Now come on, the Uber's almost here."

Still hesitant, but feeling slightly reassured, Abby threw on a loose cover-up and grabbed her bag. As they walked outside to meet the car, she could already feel the fabric shifting against her chest, reminding her just how much she had grown.

As she slid into the backseat of the Uber, she took a deep breath. Maybe Megan was right. Maybe it was time to stop worrying and just enjoy the party.

Even if she did turn a few heads along the way.

She hadn't even gotten to the party before it all started.

The ride to the party was anything but uneventful. Abby had opted to wear a light singlet over her bikini, hoping it would keep her covered, but as soon as she settled into the backseat, she realized her mistake. The soft fabric stretched tightly over her chest, clinging to every curve, and the deep neckline only served to highlight her cleavage.

Every bump in the road sent a ripple through her body, her breasts bouncing in response. She crossed her arms over her chest in an attempt to minimize it, but the motion only pushed them up further. Megan, sitting beside her, raised an eyebrow but said nothing, clearly holding back a laugh.

Abby shifted uncomfortably, glancing up at the rearview mirror—only to lock eyes with the driver. He quickly looked away, pretending to focus on the road, but Abby had definitely caught him sneaking glances.

Her face burned. She tugged at the hem of her singlet, trying to pull it down, but it was no use. With every turn, her chest swayed, threatening to spill out entirely.

Megan leaned in and whispered, "Maybe crossing your arms isn't helping."

Abby groaned. "This is going to be a long ride."

Megan smirked. "Or a fun one. Depends on how you look at it."

The Uber pulled up in front of the house, music already thumping from the backyard. Laughter and splashes echoed from the pool, and Abby could see groups of people lounging around, drinks in hand, enjoying the summer heat.

Her stomach twisted.

"I don't know about this," she muttered, gripping the hem of her singlet. She hadn't forgotten how tight her bikini felt, how much it showed. Even after everything, she still wasn't sure she was ready for all those eyes on her.

Megan opened the car door and stepped out, turning back to Abby expectantly. "You're not backing out now, are you?"

Abby hesitated. "I just... what if everyone stares?"

Megan rolled her eyes. "They're going to stare because you look amazing. You worked hard for this confidence, don't let doubt ruin it now."

Abby exhaled sharply. "Easy for you to say. You're not the one practically falling out of her bikini."

Megan smirked. "No, but I *am* the one who's going to make sure you own it. Now—" she reached for Abby's singlet, tugging it gently. "—take this off and let's go have fun."

Abby swallowed. Her heart pounded, nerves buzzing through her entire body. But Megan's words lingered in her mind. She had spent weeks adjusting to her body, to the attention, to her newfound confidence. Was she really going to hide now?

Before she could overthink it, she took a deep breath and pulled the singlet over her head. The warm air kissed her skin instantly, her bikini-clad figure now completely exposed. She could feel her chest shift with the motion, her cleavage more prominent than ever.

Megan grinned. "See? You look *hot*."

Abby turned pink. "Let's just go inside before I change my mind."

Megan laughed, looping her arm through Abby's and leading her toward the backyard. As they stepped through the gate, heads did indeed turn, conversations pausing as people took her in.

The reaction was immediate. Some of the girls she had never spoken to before suddenly seemed eager to befriend her, approaching her with wide smiles and endless compliments. They asked where she got her bikini, how she kept her confidence, and if she wanted to take

selfies with them. Their warmth helped ease her nerves, and soon she found herself laughing and chatting as if she had always been part of the group.

But not everyone was so welcoming. A few girls shot her jealous glares, whispering among themselves. One girl even smacked her boyfriend on the arm after catching him staring too long, muttering something under her breath before dragging him away. Abby noticed the mix of admiration and envy, but for once, she didn't let it shake her. She focused on the people who made her feel comfortable, on the fun she was about to have.

After a few minutes of mingling, Megan nudged Abby toward the drink table. "Come on, let's grab something. You need to loosen up."

Abby nodded, following her friend through the crowd. The summer air was warm, and the chatter of partygoers filled the space. As she reached for a drink, a few guys nearby whistled and threw out comments, clearly trying to get her attention.

"Damn, you new here? Haven't seen you before," one of them smirked, eyes flickering down toward her bikini top.

Abby forced a polite smile but turned away, uninterested. Another guy leaned in, grinning. "You should come hang with us—we've got the best drinks."

Megan raised an eyebrow, stepping in. "She's good, thanks."

The guys exchanged glances before shrugging and moving on to their next target. Abby exhaled in relief. "Thanks for that."

"Please, they weren't even trying to be subtle," Megan scoffed. "You're too good for them anyway. Now, drink up. We're going to the hot tub."

Abby hesitated for a moment before following Megan toward the steaming water. The warm mist rose in waves as she stepped in, instantly feeling the heat seep into her skin. As she lowered herself into the water, she quickly became aware of how her chest responded—the buoyancy of the water made her breasts lift slightly, bobbing with every movement.

She crossed her arms at first, trying to keep herself covered, but as Megan relaxed beside her, Abby forced herself to let go of her insecurities. The water rippled around her, and as she shifted, she felt the gentle bounce of her chest, unrestrained by gravity. She noticed a few glances from nearby partygoers, some subtle, others not so much, but she decided to focus on the warmth and the soothing sensation of the hot tub instead.

Megan leaned back, grinning. "See? Not so bad, right?"

Abby smiled, finally letting herself enjoy the moment. "Not bad at all."

For the first time in a long time, she felt at ease.

Now feeling more comfortable, Abby followed Megan toward a group gathered around a beer pong table. "C'mon, let's play!" Megan grinned, grabbing her hand.

Abby hesitated. "I'm not really good at this."

"Neither am I, but that's the fun part," Megan laughed.

They joined in, quickly drawing attention. As Abby leaned forward to take her shot, the motion sent her chest shifting, making it impossible for the opposing team to focus. The guys on the other side stammered, their shots going wild, barely even hitting the table.

"Dude, come on!" one of them groaned as his teammate completely missed.

Megan burst out laughing. "Oh, this is *too* easy."

Abby, now caught up in the fun, smirked. "Guess I'm good luck for us."

As the game continued, the distractions only got worse for the opposing team. Any time Abby bent down to grab a ball or reached forward for a shot, their focus shattered. By the end, the other team was in shambles, barely able to make a single cup.

Megan high-fived Abby. "Victory never looked so good."

Abby giggled, feeling a rush of confidence. She was actually enjoying herself—more than she ever thought she would.

Just as they were about to step away, another team stepped up, challenging them to a rematch. Abby shrugged, feeling playful. "Why not?"

The game started strong, but midway through, one of their opponents took a shot, the ball bouncing off the rim of a cup and landing directly into Abby's cleavage. The table went silent for what felt like forever, until it was broken by Abby bursting into laughter, and everyone else joining in.

Instead of going red, Abby grinned and plucked the ball out. "Well, if you're gonna give me the advantage..." she said playfully. With a quick flick, she pressed the ball against her chest and bounced it into the final cup.

The crowd erupted in cheers, Megan doubled over laughing. "That was *legendary!*"

Abby laughed along with them, feeling lighter than she ever had. Maybe tonight really *was* about embracing it. Abby, feeling confident after a few drinks, was completely unaware of just how much her chest was bouncing with every movement. As she reached for the ball, laughed, or even just shifted her stance, her bikini top struggled to keep up. She noticed people staring but assumed it was just because she and Megan were winning.

Megan burst into laughter as another ball soared completely off target, the opposing team too flustered to focus. "Abby, you're *literally* breaking their concentration!"

Abby smirked, enjoying the unexpected power she had over the game. "Not my fault they can't handle a little movement," she teased, tossing the ball in her hands before taking a perfect shot into their last cup.

It wasn't until she stepped back to celebrate that she finally caught a glimpse of herself in the reflection of a nearby window. Her cleavage was spilling out more than she realized, her top riding up slightly with each bounce. Heat rushed to her face as the realization hit—she had been unknowingly flaunting herself the entire game.

The crowd erupted in cheers as Abby and Megan celebrated their win. One of the guys on the losing team chuckled, rubbing the back of his neck. "Yeah, uh... totally unfair advantage. We demand a rematch."

Abby hesitated for a second, still flustered from her sudden awareness, but the thrill of the game and the playful energy around her quickly overpowered any embarrassment. She leaned on the table, unintentionally emphasizing her curves. "Hmm... I don't know. Maybe I should give you guys a chance to recover first?"

The guy swallowed hard, his teammate nudging him with an amused look. Megan, grinning ear to ear, nudged Abby. "C'mon, let's grab another drink. You're on fire tonight."

As they walked away from the table, Abby still felt the lingering warmth in her cheeks, but there was something else too—excitement. For the first time, she wasn't hiding or feeling self-conscious—she was having fun, and she *liked* the attention or maybe it was just the alcohol talking.

She and Megan mingled with the other partygoers, chatting and laughing as the night went on. Abby found herself talking to people she had never really interacted with before, her confidence making her more approachable. She was so caught up in conversation that she barely noticed how often she had to adjust her bikini top, tugging it back into place as her chest bounced freely with every laugh or animated gesture.

"So, Abby, you're in Megan's program, right?" one guy asked, his eyes flickering downward before quickly meeting her gaze again.

"Yeah," Abby said, tightening her arms across her chest for a moment before forcing herself to relax. She wasn't going to shrink away—not tonight. "I'm in the same classes as her, but I swear she makes it look so much easier."

"That's because I'm a genius," Megan chimed in, grinning as she handed Abby another drink. "And also because I don't get *distracted* like some people do."

Abby rolled her eyes, but a small smirk tugged at her lips.

Week 7: The Date

Abby stood in front of the mirror at the lingerie store, her face a mix of disbelief and amazement. The store clerk had just confirmed what she had been suspecting for a while now—she was now an H-cup. It was hard to wrap her head around how much she had grown in such a short time. Just a few weeks ago, she had been squeezing into a D-cup, thinking that was the end of it. Now, standing in a perfectly fitted bra, she felt both exhilarated and a little overwhelmed.

"Damn, girl," Megan whistled, leaning against the fitting room doorway. "I knew you were growing, but *H*? That's next level."

Abby ran her fingers along the straps, adjusting them slightly. "I just don't get it. How is this even possible?"

Megan grinned. "Maybe you've been drinking magic water. Either way, you're rocking it."

Abby sighed but couldn't help smiling. Megan had a way of making her feel good about things, even when she was unsure. The past few weeks had been an adjustment, but instead of panicking, Abby was slowly learning to embrace it. And now, she had something new to focus on—her upcoming smoothie date with Shaun.

"Alright," Megan said, clapping her hands together. "Now that you're officially resized, let's get you an outfit that'll knock Shaun *dead*."

Abby rolled her eyes, but a small smile played on her lips. "It's just a smoothie date, nothing serious."

"Uh-huh, sure," Megan said, dragging her over to the clothing section. "Now, let's talk options."

Megan pulled out three different outfits, each one designed to highlight Abby's new figure in different ways.

First was an over-the-shoulder sweater, casual and cozy. "This one's low-key, but it hugs your boobs so well that there's no way he *won't* notice," Megan said, holding it up against Abby. The soft fabric stretched over her chest, emphasizing her curves while still giving off a laid-back vibe.

"Okay, that's nice," Abby admitted, running her fingers over the material.

Megan smirked and pulled out the next choice—a cropped top. "Now, this? This is for maximum impact. It pushes your boobs up, shows off that insane cleavage, and just screams *date night* even if it's technically just smoothies."

Abby felt her cheeks warm as she imagined herself in it. It was definitely bolder than anything she usually wore, but she had to admit—it would turn heads.

Finally, Megan revealed the last option, a sleek, body-hugging skim dress. "And if you really wanna drive him crazy, this is the one. It shows off your curves, accentuates your boobs perfectly, and gives that effortless 'I woke up like this' vibe."

Abby bit her lip, eyeing the three choices. Each one gave off a completely different energy, and she wasn't sure which route she wanted to take. Casual and comfortable? Bold and flirty? Or effortlessly stunning?

She grabbed one of the outfits and turned to Megan with a confident smile. "Let's see how this looks."

Megan cheered. "That's the spirit! Shaun is *not* ready for this."

As Abby stepped into the dressing room, she couldn't help but feel a spark of excitement. But the moment she started trying on the first outfit, she realized just how much of a challenge it was going to be.

The over-the-shoulder sweater was the first attempt. Pulling it over her head, she immediately found herself struggling as the fabric stretched tightly across her chest. She tugged at it, trying to adjust, but her boobs were making it nearly impossible. "Megan, I think I'm stuck," she called through the curtain.

A laugh came from outside. "I *told* you your boobs were a force of nature. Want help?"

"No, no! I got this!" Abby finally managed to wrestle the sweater into place, but the way it clung to her curves made her take a deep breath. It wasn't revealing, but there was no hiding the sheer volume of her chest. She then noticed something else—the fabric was slightly sheer over her bust, giving subtle glimpses of her bra underneath. It wasn't too obvious, but it was enough to make her feel just the right level of bold.

Next was the crop top. The moment she pulled it on, she could see why Megan had picked it. Her boobs were lifted, creating a deep, eye-catching valley of cleavage that even she couldn't ignore. Her now H-cup boobs looked absolutely enormous. Every slight movement sent a bounce through her chest, and she swallowed hard. "Megan, this one is... intense."

"Perfect! You *have* to show me."

"Not yet!" Abby frantically adjusted the fabric, trying to keep everything contained.

Finally, she reached for the skim dress. Sliding it over her curves, she felt the silky material glide against her skin, fitting like a glove. Her chest was accentuated more than ever, the neckline dipping just enough to tease, while the fabric molded to her waist and hips. Abby turned in the mirror, feeling both nervous and exhilarated at the same time. This outfit wasn't just highlighting her curves—it was embracing them.

Taking a deep breath, she pulled the curtain open. Megan's jaw dropped. "Holy *hell*, Abby. You look *insane*."

Abby felt a small, confident smile form on her lips. "Yeah?"

Abby looked at herself one more time, her heart pounding. This was new, this was bold—but maybe it was exactly what she needed.

She took a deep breath. "I'm getting the sweater. It's casual, but it still looks really good. And... I think I kinda like how it fits."

Megan nodded in approval. "Great choice. But..." She held up the skim dress with a knowing smirk. "You *have* to get this too. Trust me, you'll thank me later."

Abby hesitated, then let out a small laugh. "Fine. For a special occasion."

Megan grinned. "That's my girl."

Later that day.

Abby took a deep breath as she stepped out of the Uber, smoothing down her off-the-shoulder sweater. She had picked it for how well it hugged her figure, but now, standing in front of the smoothie shop, she wondered if it was *too* form-fitting. Her chest had grown just a little more since she bought it, and though she hadn't noticed before, the fabric stretched even tighter now. The slight sheerness gave an even more noticeable glimpse of her bra beneath, but she was completely unaware of just how much it stood out.

Shaun was already waiting outside, leaning against the railing with his hands in his pockets. When he saw her, his face lit up with a smile. "Hey, Abby. You look great."

She felt her cheeks warm as she tucked a strand of hair behind her ear. "Thanks. You too."

They walked inside and ordered their smoothies—Abby choosing a strawberry banana blend while Shaun went for mango. As they waited, they found a cozy bench outside the shop, sipping their drinks while watching the world go by. The late afternoon sun cast a golden glow over everything, making the moment feel almost surreal.

"So," Shaun started, glancing at her with an amused expression. "How's your week been?"

Abby let out a small laugh. "Eventful, to say the least. I had to go shopping *again* because nothing fits anymore. It's getting a little ridiculous."

Shaun chuckled. "Well, if it helps, you pull it off really well."

Abby blushed, taking a sip of her smoothie to cover her flustered reaction. The way Shaun looked at her was different from how some of the guys at the party had—he wasn't gawking, just appreciative. It made her feel... good.

After finishing their drinks, Shaun suggested a walk through the nearby park. Abby agreed, and they strolled along the paved pathways, passing by families, joggers, and people walking their dogs. The cool breeze was refreshing, but it also made her acutely aware of how snug her sweater had become. Every step caused the fabric to shift just a little, and she caught Shaun sneaking glances more than once.

She finally noticed just how much her bra was showing through when they passed a reflective storefront window. The outline of her lacy undergarment was undeniably visible. Her stomach dropped for a second, but surprisingly, she didn't panic. Maybe a few weeks ago she would have freaked out and crossed her arms over her chest, but now? Now she just shrugged and kept walking.

Shaun seemed to notice her change in demeanor. "You seem more confident lately. It's nice to see."

Abby glanced at him, her lips curling into a small smile. "Yeah... I think I'm starting to get used to everything."

He grinned. "Well, it looks good on you."

As they walked further into the park, Abby hesitated for a moment before speaking. "Shaun, can I ask you something kind of weird?"

He raised an eyebrow, intrigued. "Sure, go for it."

She let out a small nervous laugh, glancing down at herself. "It's just... I've grown so much, and it's hard to even tell what's normal anymore. I mean, you've noticed, right?"

Shaun's face turned slightly red, and he cleared his throat. "Uh, yeah. It's... noticeable."

Abby bit her lip before looking at him. "Would you... I don't know, just feel for yourself? Just to see how ridiculous this is?"

Shaun's eyes widened. "Wait, what?"

"Not in a creepy way!" Abby quickly added, waving her hands. "I just—Megan jokes about it all the time, and I guess I just want an outside perspective."

Shaun hesitated, clearly flustered. "Uh... are you sure?"

She nodded, and after a moment of uncertainty, he cautiously reached out. His hands barely pressed against her sweater, and even through the fabric, she could tell he was being extremely careful.

His fingers slightly sank into the soft swell of her chest, and Shaun instantly pulled back, looking like he was about to short-circuit. "Uh—yeah. Wow. I mean... yeah, that's... definitely something."

Abby burst into laughter at his reaction. "See? It's insane! Literally, almost bigger than my head at this point."

Shaun rubbed the back of his neck, still clearly processing. "I mean, yeah. I don't think that's up for debate."

Abby couldn't stop smiling. She had been so nervous about her growth at first, but moments like this made it easier. Shaun wasn't weird about it, and that alone made her feel more at ease.

"Thanks for humoring me," she said, nudging him playfully.

Shaun chuckled. "Yeah, uh... anytime, I guess?"

The next morning, Abby woke up feeling unusually energized. She stretched, but even the simple motion made her increasingly heavy chest shift. She sighed, knowing that today would likely mean yet another round of resizing. Pulling on one of her roomier tank tops, she frowned as the fabric clung tighter than expected. "Yeah... definitely grew again."

Megan was already up when Abby arrived at the kitchen, sipping on a smoothie. "Morning, superstar. How was the date?"

Abby grabbed a banana and peeled it with a small grin. "Really good, actually. Shaun's sweet."

Megan wiggled her eyebrows. "And? Anything *fun* happen?"

Abby rolled her eyes with a smirk. "Just talking, a walk, normal date stuff."

Megan narrowed her eyes. "Uh-huh. I see that look. And, oh my god, your tank top is struggling. Girl, you *have* to get resized today."

Abby sighed dramatically. "I know. It's getting out of hand."

Week 8: Time To Go To Work

Abby stood in front of her mirror, debating what to wear for her shift at the bar. She had grown *again*, now sitting at a jaw-dropping J-cup, and most of her old work tops didn't even come close to fitting. After rummaging through her options, she finally settled on a *very* revealing spaghetti strap top and a pair of snug black jeans. The top barely covered her bigger-than-head-sized breasts, the thin straps doing their best to hold everything in place. The neckline dipped scandalously low, and with every breath, it seemed like she was moments away from spilling out.

As she arrived at work, she quickly realized just how much attention she was getting. Customers who usually ignored the bar staff were now eagerly placing orders, their eyes barely leaving her chest. Even some of the regulars did double takes, struggling to focus on their drinks.

"Damn, Abby," one of her coworkers, Jake, muttered as he passed by. "Did you always... uh..."

Abby smirked, leaning against the counter. "Grow overnight? Feels like it."

The night picked up quickly, and Abby soon found herself swamped with orders. But she also noticed something interesting—her tips were rolling in *fast*. Every time she bent forward to serve a drink or reached for a bottle, another bill would land in the tip jar. It didn't take long for her to come up with a fun idea.

With a playful smirk, Abby started tucking some of the bigger bills into the edge of her top, letting them peek out just enough to be noticeable. The moment she did, even more tips started flowing in. Soon, guys weren't just tossing money into the jar—they were personally slipping some of the larger bills into her top, grinning as they did so. She would giggle and give her boobs a little jiggle as a thank you, letting them get their moment, all while pretending not to notice just how much of a spectacle she was making.

Just then, as she reached for another drink order, she felt a shift—the strap of her top strained under the weight of her chest, and suddenly, with a sharp *snap*, one of the spaghetti straps gave out. Abby gasped, barely catching the fabric before it could expose her completely. Heat rushed to her face as she scrambled to tie the strap back up while still taking orders. A few of the customers—especially the ones closest to the bar—looked downright hypnotized, while others pretended not to stare but failed miserably.

Megan quickly swooped in with a knowing smirk. "Need a hand?" she teased, tossing Abby a hair tie. "Here, tie it up before you give these guys a heart attack."

Abby muttered a thank you, her fingers working fast to make a temporary fix, though her top now felt even *tighter* than before.

Meanwhile, she couldn't help but notice the glares from some of the other female bartenders and patrons. One of the servers, Lauren, scoffed as she passed by. "Oh, *please*. She's practically shaking them in people's faces. No wonder she's getting all the tips."

Abby rolled her eyes but decided to let it slide. However, as she continued working, she overheard more whispers, catching words like *attention-seeker* and *desperate*. It seemed not everyone was thrilled about the spectacle she was unintentionally creating.

Megan nudged her. "Jealousy looks ugly on them. Ignore it."

Abby smirked, stuffing another hundred-dollar bill into her top. "Oh, I plan to."

By the end of her shift, her tip jar was overflowing, and her top had practically turned into a second wallet. As she counted up her earnings, Megan—who had stopped by to visit—burst into laughter. "Oh my *god*, Abby. You're a *genius*."

Abby chuckled, pulling the cash out from her top. "Hey, if they're willing to pay, I'm not complaining."

Megan grinned. "You've got them wrapped around your finger. Or, well... your *chest* more like."

Abby just smirked. "Guess I'm just built for business."

Week 9: Time To Hit The Club

Megan was already texting her about a night out. It had been a while since they had gone clubbing, and with her ever-growing, watermelon-sized M-cup breasts, Abby knew she had to put some serious thought into her outfit.

She rummaged through her closet, eventually settling on a tight, low-cut mini dress that hugged every inch of her body. The fabric stretched dangerously across her chest, along with her push-up bra, her chest look insane, the biggest she had ever seen. Every little movement sent a ripple through her curves, but with a few drinks in her, she knew she wouldn't care.

When she met up with Megan and the rest of their friends outside the club, all eyes were on her. Megan gave her a playful once-over and whistled. "Girl, you're going to shut this place *down*."

As they stepped inside, the music pulsed through the floor, and Abby felt her confidence soar. Every turn of her hips, every bounce of her step sent her breasts jiggling in ways she was only semi-aware of. She didn't realize just how much attention she was drawing until she caught glimpses of wide-eyed onlookers, some of them nudging their friends, others completely mesmerized.

Dancing was a whole new experience. With every beat of the music, her chest moved wildly, bouncing uncontrollably despite the tightness of her dress. The deep neckline barely kept her contained, and the more she danced, the harder it became to keep everything in place. When the DJ switched to an upbeat song, the crowd jumped in excitement, and Abby instinctively followed—only to realize just how much her breasts were bouncing with her.

She gasped as the sheer momentum made them nearly spill out of her dress. Desperate to keep them in place, she crossed her arms tightly over her chest, pressing them inward. But that only made things *worse*—the pressure caused them to push up even more, practically spilling over the top. The dress's neckline dipped dangerously low, and she heard a few impressed whistles from the surrounding crowd.

Megan was in hysterics. "Abby, you might as well charge admission at this point!"

Abby groaned, biting her lip, unsure whether to laugh or hide. But after a couple more drinks and some encouraging cheers, she just shook her head and kept going, embracing the attention. If her boobs were going to be the center of the party, she might as well *own it*.

At the bar, a particularly bold stranger leaned in with a grin. "I think you might've stolen the DJ's job—because everyone's looking at *you*, not the booth."

Abby chuckled, adjusting her dress again as she took another sip of her drink. "Guess I'm just built for entertainment."

Megan nudged her. "You sure you don't want to do this every weekend? Because girl, you're *thriving*."

Abby just smirked, letting the music take over again, knowing this was only the beginning of the night.

Abby just smirked, letting the music take over again, knowing this was only the beginning of the night.

After a while, the weight of her massive chest started to take its toll. The constant bouncing, the strain on her back, and the sheer effort of keeping everything in place was exhausting. She needed a break. Making her way to the bar, she ordered a drink and leaned against the counter, sighing as she let herself rest for a moment.

After finishing her drink, she spotted an empty table nearby and sank into the seat, letting out a relieved breath. As she adjusted herself, a group approached her—mostly girls, with one or two guys tagging along. One of the girls, a bubbly brunette, smiled at her. "Hey! We saw you dancing earlier, and you looked like you were having so much fun. Want to join us?"

Abby blinked in surprise. She hadn't expected to be approached like this, but their friendly energy was infectious. She glanced at Megan, who gave her an encouraging nod. "Sure, why not?"

As she got up to follow them, she noticed a few of the guys sneaking glances at her chest, but for once, she didn't let it bother her. She was here to have a good time, and tonight, that meant making new friends.

Settling in with the group, conversation quickly turned to her. One of the girls, a redhead with an excited grin, leaned in. "Okay, we *have* to ask—how *big* are they? I mean, I swear they're the biggest I've ever seen in real life."

Abby blinked, a little taken aback but also amused. "Uh... I guess I'm an M-cup now."

There were gasps and impressed murmurs. "No way!" another girl exclaimed. "How do you even find clothes that fit?"

Abby laughed, adjusting her dress slightly. "Not easily. Most of my outfits either don't fit, stretch way too much, or just make everything even more obvious. Shopping trips are basically a workout."

"Do they hurt? Like, your back?" a guy in the group asked, looking genuinely curious.

"Oh, definitely," Abby admitted. "That's why I had to sit down. After a whole night of dancing, they feel like weights strapped to my chest."

A blonde girl playfully nudged Abby's arm. "Girl, I bet you could make a killing online. Have you ever thought about it?"

Abby blushed and shook her head, laughing. "Megan's been trying to convince me of that too. I don't know if I'm ready for all *that* attention."

The group laughed and continued chatting, throwing more playful questions her way as they sipped their drinks. Abby found herself enjoying the attention—not in a weird way, but in the sense that, for once, people were embracing her growth with genuine curiosity and admiration rather than just stares. It was refreshing.

Abby was in the middle of laughing at one of the group's jokes when she suddenly felt something cold splash against her chest. She gasped, looking down to see that someone had accidentally spilled their drink all over her. The liquid soaked into the thin fabric of her dress, making it cling to her curves even more tightly than before. Worse, it had become nearly transparent, leaving little to the imagination.

A few gasps and murmurs rippled through the crowd. Eyes darted toward her, some in shock, others with poorly concealed amusement or admiration. Abby instinctively crossed her arms over her chest, but it did little to hide the situation. Megan quickly grabbed some napkins, but the damage was already done.

"Oh my God, I'm so sorry!" the guy who spilled the drink stammered, looking genuinely horrified. "I didn't mean to—"

"It's fine, really," Abby muttered, her cheeks burning as she tried to dab at the fabric. But the more she moved, the more attention she seemed to draw. The sensation of the wet fabric clinging to her skin made her hyper-aware of just how much she was on display.

That's when a voice cut through the crowd—sharp and laced with sarcasm. "Well, at least now we know they're *real*, huh?"

Abby turned to see a girl standing a few feet away, arms crossed, eyes filled with barely concealed jealousy. A few people nearby chuckled at the comment, and Abby felt a deep pit form in her stomach. She had been having fun, finally embracing herself, but now the weight of all the eyes on her felt unbearable.

Megan was already stepping forward, ready to defend her, but Abby shook her head. She didn't want to deal with this—not here, not now. Without another word, she turned on her heel and hurried toward the bathroom, pushing past people as she fought back the sudden sting of tears.

Once inside, she locked herself in a stall, pressing her head down and burying them into her boobs, she took shaky breaths. She had come so far in feeling confident, but moments like this reminded her of how overwhelming everything could be. Would she ever be able to just exist without people making comments? Without feeling like all eyes were on her, waiting for her to slip up?

A gentle knock on the stall door broke her thoughts. "Abby?" Megan's voice was soft, concerned. "Come on, babe. Don't let some jealous girl ruin your night."

Abby sniffled, wiping at her eyes before slowly unlocking the door. Megan gave her a reassuring smile, holding out her jacket. "Here. It's not much, but it'll cover you up until we figure something out."

As they stepped out of the club, Megan hugged Abby tightly feeling the full embrace of her boobs pressing against her. Abby, still feeling self-conscious about the incident inside, the cool night air did little to soothe her nerves, but Megan, ever the problem solver, quickly sprang into action.

"Stay here," Megan said, her eyes scanning the street for a nearby shop. "I'll be right back."

Before Abby could protest, Megan had already darted across the street into a boutique that was still open. Abby sighed, leaning against the wall as she tried to push the night's events from her mind. A few minutes later, Megan returned triumphantly, holding up a shopping bag with a grin.

"Okay, you're going to love this," Megan said, pulling out a stunning hot pink dress. It had a high slit on one side and, most importantly, a supportive bust that looked like it could actually handle Abby's ever-growing figure.

Abby hesitated. "Megan, I don't know... I feel like I should just go home."

"Absolutely not," Megan insisted. "You're not letting one bitter girl ruin your night. Come on, put this on, and we'll go somewhere fun. You'll feel amazing."

Reluctantly, Abby took the dress and ducked into a nearby restroom to change. Slipping out of the wet dress, she pulled the new one on, instantly noticing how well it hugged her curves. The material stretched perfectly over her bust, providing enough support while still showcasing her figure. The high slit added a touch of elegance, making her feel both sexy and sophisticated.

She turned to the mirror, smoothing her hands over the fabric before her eyes trailed up to her chest. A moment of hesitation settled in as she cupped her breasts in her hands, lifting them slightly as if trying to gauge just how big they had become. They felt heavy, undeniably full, and

yet the dress managed to hold them well. A small sigh escaped her lips as doubt crept in. Was she becoming too much? Too noticeable?

Megan, always the instigator and trying to lift her spirits, nudged Abby as they walked past another bar. "Okay, new challenge," she announced. "Let's see how many free drinks you can get just by standing there. No flirting, no batting your eyelashes, just existing."

Abby rolled her eyes. "Megan, that's ridiculous."

"Is it?" Megan smirked, pulling her toward the entrance. "I bet you get at least five."

Abby sighed but let herself be dragged in. She made her way to the bar, ordering a simple drink while Megan hovered nearby, watching with anticipation. Almost instantly, two guys at the end of the bar noticed her and offered to pay for her drink. Then, another came up, chatting nervously before slipping cash toward the bartender. Abby didn't even have time to respond before another guy, trying to outdo the rest, bought her an expensive cocktail and handed it over with a wink.

Megan burst into laughter. "That's four, and we just got here!"

Abby, feeling a mix of amusement and second-hand embarrassment, tried to sip her drink in peace. But the attention didn't stop. By the time they left, Megan had won her bet—Abby had racked up seven free drinks without saying more than a polite "thank you."

The next morning, Abby woke up to an unusual number of notifications on her phone. Groggy, she grabbed it and squinted at the screen. Her social media accounts had exploded overnight.

She scrolled through the posts in confusion until she found the source—a viral video from the club showing her moment of wardrobe mishap, the wet dress clinging to her curves. The caption read: "When she doesn't even realize she's the main event 🤪🔥."

Abby's stomach dropped as she clicked on the comment section. Thousands of messages flooded in—some in admiration, some in shock, and others laced with jealousy or judgment.

"Who is she??" "I can't believe that's real." "Instant follow." "Someone tell her to start an OnlyFans."

Abby felt her face heat up as she kept scrolling. She had never had this kind of attention before—at least, not on such a massive scale. Some of the comments were supportive, admiring her confidence and beauty. Others were more lewd, with people obsessing over her body. Then there were the inevitable critics, calling her an attention-seeker or making snide remarks about how she must have "done it on purpose."

She groaned, rubbing her temples. "I don't know if I should be flattered or mortified."

Megan, still half-asleep, peeked at her screen and let out a low whistle. "Well... you're famous now."

Abby tossed her phone onto the bed and flopped backward. "This is insane. What am I even supposed to do with this?"

Megan grinned. "You could embrace it. Play it up, lean into the hype. Or just let it blow over. But, Abby, let's be real—people are obsessed. You might as well use it to your advantage."

Week 10: Embracing Her New Curves?

A week had passed since Abby's viral moment, and despite her best efforts to ignore it, her life had undeniably changed. She had gained thousands of new followers overnight, her phone constantly buzzing with notifications. Megan had been ecstatic, insisting that Abby should take advantage of the attention, while Abby remained unsure.

But before she could even decide on what to do about her sudden online fame, a more pressing issue made itself known—she had grown again.

Abby woke up the next morning feeling... off. Everything seemed heavier, and as she sat up, she immediately noticed it.

"No way..."

She looked down. Her chest was spilling out of her already large bra. The straps dug into her shoulders, and the cups barely contained her. She scrambled to the mirror, pressing her hands against herself in disbelief.

Standing in front of her mirror, Abby tugged at her bra straps, trying to adjust the fit, but it was no use. The cups, which had fit just fine a week ago, were now struggling to contain her. Her breasts were visibly spilling over the top, and even her loosest shirts felt like they had shrunk overnight. She turned to the side, eyeing her reflection with a mixture of amazement and frustration.

"Megan, I think I need to go shopping again," Abby called out, stepping into the living room, holding her humongous boobs with her hands, to no avail, as they were spilling out everywhere.

Megan!" she called, her voice panicked.

Megan rushed in and immediately froze, jaw dropping open. "Oh. My. God, they look like flesh coloured watermelons. Come on, let's get you sized properly before your followers start demanding answers."

Abby groaned. "Don't remind me. Speaking of which, do you really think I should be doing something with this whole social media thing?"

Megan's eyes lit up. "Absolutely. Abby, you could turn this into something big. You already have the following—just start posting some cute pics, maybe a little fitness content, fashion hauls. You could easily make money from this."

Abby hesitated. "I don't know... I never wanted to be known for just my body."

"And you don't have to be," Megan assured her. "But let's be real, you've been struggling with clothes and support for months. If brands see your reach, they'll start sending you stuff for free, and you won't have to spend a fortune on bras and dresses that only fit for a few weeks. Think of it as a perk."

Abby sighed, running a hand through her hair. "I guess it wouldn't hurt to try. But first—let's go figure out what size I even am now."

Abby and Megan hit the mall later that afternoon, determined to update Abby's wardrobe. Even though Abby was still nervous about all the attention, Megan insisted that this was the perfect opportunity to embrace her new look.

The first stop was a boutique known for catering to curvier figures. Abby picked out a few tops and dresses in what she thought would be her size, only for Megan to shake her head.

"Babe, I hate to break it to you, but you need to go bigger. Try these," Megan said, handing her a few tops in sizes Abby had never imagined needing.

In the dressing room, Abby struggled to pull a fitted sweater over her chest. The fabric stretched tightly, emphasizing every curve. She turned to the side and sighed. "Megan, this is ridiculous. Everything either fits my chest and is too loose everywhere else, or it fits my waist but won't even go over my boobs!"

Megan chuckled from outside. "Welcome to the struggle. That's why you gotta own it. Let's find stuff that works with your shape, not against it."

After a long hunt, Abby finally found a few tops that fit properly and even splurged on a couple of stylish dresses. Megan, of course, documented the whole experience for social media.

"Alright, next stop: lingerie. We gotta keep those girls supported!" Megan declared.

A little while later.

"You're now an N-cup," she said matter-of-factly, scribbling it down on her notepad.

Abby blinked. "I'm sorry... what?"

Megan let out a low whistle. "Damn, girl. You're officially in uncharted territory."

Abby covered her face with her hands. "This is insane. No wonder nothing fits."

The sales associate gave her a sympathetic smile. "We do carry some specialty bras in your size, and I can help you find supportive styles that will be comfortable."

A couple minutes later, she came out holding what looked like a parachute, Abby only realising it was the bra after holding it in her hands.

Abby nodded numbly, following her to the fitting room. Trying on the new bras was a struggle. Even the ones in her new size felt unbelievably full, and she had to be extra careful slipping them on, as if they might burst out at any moment. Each time she adjusted the straps, her breasts jiggled in response, making it impossible to ignore just how heavy they had become.

By the time she stepped out in a properly fitted bra and a new top, Megan was already snapping photos. "Okay, hear me out—your first post should be about the struggle of finding cute outfits in your size. This is relatable content, Abby. You could be helping other girls with this!"

Abby sighed but couldn't help but smile. "Fine. But I swear, if people get weird in the comments, I'm blaming you."

Megan wasted no time setting up a mini photoshoot right there in the boutique. She had Abby pose in a few different ways to highlight her figure in a fun but confident way. First, she had Abby bend forward, the camera catching the deep valley of her cleavage. Then, Megan instructed her to hold them in her hands as if she were trying to gauge just how heavy they had become, her hands could nowhere near reach the entirety of her chest. Next, Abby squeezed her elbows together, which only pushed her chest up even more, making the top work overtime to contain her curves. A cheeky one with her bottle of water stuffed inside her cleavage for size comparison. Finally, Megan snapped a candid shot of Abby adjusting her hair with her hands raised, her expression natural and relaxed.

"These are perfect," Megan said excitedly, scrolling through the images. "You're going to break the internet again." Abby laughed nervously. "Great. Just what I need."

Part 2

Abby never thought she'd be internet famous for outgrowing furniture, maternity bras, and gravity itself—but here she was.

Nine months in, and her belly looked like it had swallowed a beach ball factory. Her boobs? Now officially well past S-cups. Just how much bigger "big" can get.

Continuation of my previous story:

<https://www.deviantart.com/cassiecage999/art/Abby-s-Growth-a-macromastia-story-1176955772>

Please enjoy xx

And checkout my Pareon if you like my work <3 patreon.com/Cassiecage999

Week 12: The Answer No One Expected

Abby woke up to a sour twist in her stomach.

She barely had time to sit up before the nausea surged, violent and urgent. Stumbling to the bathroom, she barely made it to the toilet before she was retching, her arms braced on the cool porcelain. Her hair clung to her sweaty forehead as her body trembled from the effort.

When it was over, she slumped back against the wall, flushed and dazed. “Ugh... what the hell?” she mumbled, wiping her mouth with a shaky hand.

Maybe it was something she ate. Maybe one of the cocktails from last weekend had been dodgy. Except... that had been *a week ago*. And she hadn’t felt sick since. This wasn’t food poisoning.

From the living room, Megan’s voice called out. “You okay in there?”

“Yeah,” Abby croaked, “just... maybe the flu or something.”

Moments later, Megan poked her head into the doorway and frowned. “You *look* like death. And no offense, babe, but after everything with your boobs lately? We need to rule something out.”

Abby blinked up at her. “Rule what out?”

Megan raised a single eyebrow. “Don’t make me say it.”

Abby’s stomach dropped again, but this time it had nothing to do with nausea.

Twenty minutes later, Abby stood in front of her closet, towel-wrapped and hesitant. She had nothing that didn’t stretch like taffy across her chest now, and she was too tired to wrestle with zippers or layers.

She sighed, reaching for something simple—a soft gray tank top and a pair of short, high-waisted jean shorts. The tank barely reached past her belly button thanks to the way it strained over her chest, and her bra underneath was doing overtime just to hold everything up.

Megan peeked into the room and paused. “Damn. That’s what you’re wearing to the doctor?”

Abby shrugged. “I don’t care. I’m tired, bloated, and nauseous. Let them stare.”

Megan grinned. “Trust me, they will.”

As they walked through the medical plaza's parking lot and into the building, Abby could *feel* it—every pair of eyes turning her way. People didn't even try to hide it. Some blinked in disbelief. Others whispered. A security guard almost dropped his coffee when she passed.

Her breasts bounced heavily with every step, rounded and massive beneath the tight stretch of her tank. Her jean shorts clung to her hips, but it was her chest that drew every gaze.

A woman in scrubs muttered to a coworker, "Is that real?" Another gasped and whispered, "She has to be, like... post-op or something."

Abby bit her lip, cheeks burning, but kept walking, shoulders straight. She heard Megan mutter, "You're handling this way better than I would."

"I'm not handling anything," Abby whispered back, putting on sunglasses so she could block out the stares.

They reached the check-in desk, and even the receptionist had to do a double-take.

Abby sat in the small exam room, fidgeting with the hem of her shirt—well, technically Megan's shirt, borrowed again since Abby's own clothes were all stretched or bursting at the seams.

The door clicked open, and the doctor stepped in with a gentle smile and a clipboard.

"So," she said, taking a seat, "we got the results back."

Abby nodded nervously. "Okay. What is it? Something hormonal again? Or...?"

The doctor paused, then looked up at her kindly.

"You're pregnant."

Silence.

Abby blinked. "Wait—what?"

"You're pregnant, Abby. Roughly... ten to fourteen weeks, based on your hormone levels and symptoms."

Abby stared, her brain struggling to catch up. "But... but I've had *my period*. Sort of. I mean, I *thought* I did—"

"It's not uncommon," the doctor said gently. "Spotting can still happen early in pregnancy, especially if hormone levels are fluctuating wildly. And yours have been... well, extreme."

Abby opened her mouth to respond, then promptly closed it. A dozen emotions surged in her chest—shock, fear, disbelief... and the sudden realization that this *explained everything*.

The constant breast growth. The soreness. The emotional rollercoasters. The absurd hunger. The curves that seemed to inflate by the day.

Megan was right.

Abby walked out in a daze, the bright sunlight feeling strangely unreal. Megan stood up from the bench as soon as she saw her.

“Well?” Megan asked.

Abby didn’t speak. She just held up a single finger... and then another.

“Week twelve or so,” she whispered. “I’m pregnant.”

Megan’s mouth fell open. “*WHAT?!*”

Abby finally cracked a smile—tired, shaky, and absolutely overwhelmed. “I guess... that explains the boobs.”

Later that night, Abby sat in front of the mirror, wearing a loose cami top with zero support. Her breasts—round, swollen, heavy—rested like overripe fruit on her chest. She placed both hands on the swell of them, feeling the warmth, the weight, the undeniable life growing beneath the surface.

Pregnant.

It felt unreal. But also... right. Like her body had been trying to tell her something for weeks, and she had finally listened.

Megan stepped into the room, holding a tub of ice cream and two spoons.

“Okay, pregnant lady,” she said, flopping onto the bed. “We’re doing this the Abby way now.”

Abby smiled, her hands still resting on her chest. “What if I keep growing?”

Megan smirked. “Then we’ll keep buying bigger bras. Maybe build you a custom wardrobe. Hell, we’ll build a shrine to the boobs.”

Abby laughed, for the first time that day, full and unguarded. For the first time, it didn’t feel scary. Just... a new chapter.

Week 13: Reality Sets In

"It's just... not appropriate," her manager had said awkwardly, avoiding eye contact. "We've had customers complain. It's not personal—it's just company image."

Abby had stared at him in disbelief. She had done everything right—she wore the store polo, she kept to herself, she didn't flirt or even speak unless necessary. But the way her breasts filled out the company T-shirt had drawn *too much* attention. And apparently, that was a problem *she* was supposed to fix.

Now, with a growing baby, an expanding body, and bills that wouldn't wait, Abby was back on the streets—resume in hand, hope wearing thin.

She had done her best to dress *appropriately* this time. A dark button-up blouse that technically fit, though it gaped slightly between the buttons, and black slacks that hugged her hips without being too tight. No makeup, hair in a bun, flats instead of heels.

She *looked* professional.

She *felt* like a walking distraction.

As she walked into her first stop—a small bookstore—she could already feel eyes drifting toward her chest. The cashier barely masked his shock as he looked up.

"Hi," Abby said with a practiced smile. "I saw the 'Help Wanted' sign?"

The manager came out moments later—a kindly older woman who *also* blinked the moment she saw Abby, though she quickly composed herself.

They talked. Abby was articulate, polite, even a little charming.

But at the end of the short chat, the manager hesitated and offered a forced smile. "We're... holding interviews, but we've had a lot of interest already. We'll let you know, okay?"

Abby nodded, thanked her, and walked out—heart sinking. She'd seen that face before. The kind that said *we don't want the attention you'll bring in here*.

Her next try was a trendy local boutique—mostly staffed by young women, which gave her a glimmer of hope.

She walked in, resume clutched in hand, and asked the girl behind the counter if the manager was available. The girl gave her a once-over and nodded. "Sure, I'll grab her."

Abby pretended not to notice the sidelong glances from the other girls folding jeans nearby.

When the manager appeared, she was warm and bubbly, clearly used to dealing with all kinds of people. Abby gave her best pitch. She even joked about loving clothes "that *actually fit*," which earned a small laugh.

But as the conversation wrapped up, the woman smiled and said, “Honestly? You seem amazing. But I worry that our customers... might feel a little intimidated. You know?”

Abby forced a polite laugh. “Right. I get it.”

She walked out into the bright afternoon sun, head down, tears threatening at the corners of her eyes. She didn’t want to cry in public. She didn’t want to feel this *helpless*.

Abby sat cross-legged on the couch, a tub of ice cream in her lap, wearing one of Megan’s baggy sweatshirts. Her hair was down, her expression drained.

Megan plopped down beside her and held up a steaming mug of tea. “One rejection, I can handle,” Abby said quietly. “But two? For something I can’t even control?”

Megan sighed. “It’s not fair. People act like your body’s a costume. Like you’re doing it *on purpose*.”

“I hate how I feel,” Abby whispered. “Like I have to apologize just for existing.”

Megan rested her head against Abby’s shoulder, or rather, against the massive curve of Abby’s chest. “You’re doing the best you can. And honestly? You’re glowing. That baby’s turning you into a goddess.”

Abby huffed a laugh. “A goddess who can’t get a job.”

The next morning, Abby tried again—this time at a cozy café on the quieter side of town. She dressed just as modestly: a soft knit sweater (oversized, of course) and jeans. Her chest still strained the front, but she had layered it with a loose scarf and coat to minimize the impact.

The café manager was a young woman with a sharp bob haircut and kind eyes. She looked Abby up and down, and instead of the usual tight smile, she simply said: “You’re pregnant, right?”

Abby froze. “Um. Yeah. Twelve weeks.”

The manager nodded. “Then you’ll understand what it’s like when *none* of your work clothes fit anymore.” She gestured to her own curvy frame. “I’ve had three kids. You get used to the stares.”

Abby blinked. “Wait... are you saying—?”

“When can you start?”

Abby nearly cried.

Week 14: Bump and Bloom

The bell above the café door jingled softly as Abby stepped inside, bundled in a light jacket and scarf, her nerves bundled tighter.

It was her first official shift.

The little corner café smelled like cinnamon and espresso, with pale wood counters and soft acoustic music playing low in the background. The vibe was warm and welcoming—less corporate, more local hangout. Exactly the kind of place Abby hoped she could blend in, maybe even *belong*.

Except, of course, for the fact that she couldn't blend in *anywhere* anymore.

Abby had dressed carefully: a flowy maternity blouse she'd found on sale—cream-colored, soft, loose around the stomach. It was supposed to be forgiving. And yet, her belly already poked out, rounded and tight beneath the fabric. Just a small bump, maybe to anyone else... but to her, it felt like a billboard that read *pregnant and growing*.

Worse, her breasts were overflowing her bra.

The N-cup bra she had just bought a week ago was already losing the battle. The upper curves of her breasts pushed out above the cups, creating a constant threat of spillover beneath her shirt. She had to tug the fabric down every few minutes to keep things semi-contained.

"Okay," she muttered to herself in the employee locker room, staring at her reflection. "No popping buttons. No bending too far. Just... survive the shift."

The manager—Kayla, the woman with the sharp bob and cool, mom-energy—greeted her with a knowing smile.

"You look great," she said, handing Abby an apron. "How far along now?"

"Fourteen weeks," Abby said, tying the apron just above her bump. "I didn't think I'd start showing this fast."

Kayla smirked. "Oh honey, with your body? That baby had no room to hide."

They both laughed, and Abby felt the tight knot in her chest loosen a little.

It didn't take long for the café to get busy. Abby wiped down tables, refilled sugar jars, and learned how to balance a tray of three lattes against her chest without letting them bounce out of rhythm.

It was... challenging.

Even the most modest movements were amplified. When she bent slightly to grab a cup from the low shelf, she could *feel* her breasts press against her thighs. When she reached for a paper bag on the top shelf, her shirt lifted just enough to expose the underside of her belly.

Every time she passed customers, she could sense the glances. Some subtle. Others... not so much.

A teenage boy dropped his muffin when she handed him a napkin. One older woman muttered, "Disgraceful," under her breath, though Abby wasn't sure if it was about her chest or her bump.

Still, she kept smiling.

She *liked* being busy. It distracted her from how tightly her bra was clinging for dear life.

At the espresso machine, she worked beside another barista named Tasha, a tattooed girl with bright blue hair and a dry sense of humor.

"You okay?" Tasha asked, eyeing the strain on Abby's buttons.

Abby flushed. "Mostly. My bra's... losing the fight."

"Girl, I noticed that thing was at maximum capacity like two hours ago." She winked. "Let me guess—still growing?"

Abby nodded. "Apparently this is just the beginning."

"Damn. You're gonna need a harness, not a bra."

They both laughed. Loudly enough that Kayla looked up and grinned. "If you two are done giggling, I've got a table that needs clearing."

Late in the afternoon, as things quieted down, Abby was wiping down a table when a girl in her early twenties approached, phone in hand.

"Hey," the girl said cautiously. "Sorry to bother you, but... are you *her*?"

Abby blinked. "Sorry—who?"

The girl turned her phone and showed the video—the nightclub scene, the wet dress, the bouncing, the cheers. Her heart dropped.

Abby sighed. "Yeah... that's me."

The girl smiled. "Honestly? You look even better in person. And it's kind of cool, seeing someone from a viral video just... living life. Respect."

Before Abby could respond, the girl was already walking away.

Abby stood there for a moment, stunned. No mockery. No snide comment. Just... a compliment. Real, unfiltered admiration.

She returned to the counter, cheeks pink, but smiling.

By closing time, Abby was exhausted. Her back ached. Her bra had fully surrendered—she could *feel* her boobs sitting against the top edge of the cups, warm and heavy. Her belly was cramping gently from being on her feet all day.

But she had done it. She'd made it through.

Kayla handed her a paper bag of pastries and a hot cocoa. "You earned this. Go home, rest, and we'll see you next week. And don't stress about the stares. Just keep showing up."

Abby stepped into the cool night air, pulling her coat tight around her. She felt *huge*. Stretched. Exposed.

But also... capable.

Week 15: Gym Day

The idea hadn't been Abby's.

It was Tasha's, of course. The sarcastic blue-haired barista had mentioned it offhand during a quiet moment at the café earlier in the week.

"We do a gym night on Wednesdays after shift," Tasha had said, wiping down the espresso machine. "Nothing intense—yoga, elliptical, some grunting. You should come."

Abby raised an eyebrow. "Are you trying to get me to accidentally break a treadmill?"

"Honestly? I kind of want to see what happens."

Abby had laughed—but she hadn't said no.

Now it was Wednesday night, and she stood in front of her bedroom mirror, *again*, trying to figure out what to wear. Most of her old workout gear had been donated months ago—there was no way she was squeezing into a size small sports bra again. And even the newer stretchy tops were struggling to do their job.

Her belly, now in Week 15, was suddenly more visible—round and tight, like she had swallowed a half-inflated basketball. And her N-cup bra? Laughable. Her breasts swelled above the cups, her maternity tank top clinging to their fullness like shrink-wrap. It didn't help that she had to double-layer with a zip-up hoodie just to feel *somewhat* contained.

"This is stupid," she muttered to herself.

But somehow, she managed to get everything on without bursting a seam and texted Tasha:
> omw. pls tell me this isn't a mistake.

The gym wasn't anything fancy—just a mid-sized local place with good lighting and friendly staff. She spotted Tasha and another coworker, Devon (a soft-spoken guy who made latte art that could win awards), already stretching by the yoga mats.

Tasha looked up and gave a mock bow. “Hail, queen of cleavage.”

Abby rolled her eyes. “That nickname better not catch on.”

Devon turned, eyes widening slightly. “Whoa—uh, you look great, Abby.”
“Thanks,” she said, tugging her tank down. “I feel like a balloon about to pop.”

They started slow—some light stretching, a bit of guided yoga from a video on Tasha's phone. Abby struggled to balance with her center of gravity wildly shifted. Every time she leaned forward into a pose, her breasts *heaved downward*, nearly knocking her off balance.

At one point, mid-stretch, she groaned. “Okay, downward dog is officially cancelled.”

Tasha laughed. “That pose is now known as *mammal collapse*.”

They moved to stationary bikes, and Abby found some relief—not too much bouncing, and she could just *pedal and breathe*. Her hoodie was already off, heat rising off her skin, and her tank top was visibly damp in the center from the effort. Her chest looked even larger soaked in sweat, her bra visibly digging in at the shoulders.

Devon glanced over. “You're actually doing great, you know. Most people wouldn't even try.”

Abby smiled, winded but proud. “I'm not most people. I'm currently two sizes of ridiculous.”

Afterward, she found herself standing in front of the full-length mirrors in the hallway near the locker rooms. Her tank top was clinging tighter than ever, her sports bra clearly fighting a losing battle. Her belly stuck out round and high, and her breasts looked even more massive in profile.

She ran her hand over the swell of her bump, then gently cupped the underside of one breast, lifting it just to relieve the pressure.

Tasha appeared behind her in the mirror. “Hey,” she said softly. “You okay?”

Abby gave a tiny shrug. “It's just weird. I feel like I've never looked more... *like me*. But I've also never felt more *watched*.”

Tasha tilted her head. “Let 'em watch. You're carrying life, boobs first. And you're still showing up.”

Abby chuckled. “Boobs first, huh?”

“Absolutely. The baby’s just along for the ride.”

After an hour at the gym and thirty solid minutes of convincing Abby not to collapse on the sidewalk, the trio—Abby, Tasha, and Devon—headed to a cozy brunch café down the street. Abby’s legs felt like jelly, her sports bra had lost all structural integrity, and her maternity tank top clung damply to her skin.

But despite all that?

She was *starving*.

“French toast or die,” she muttered as they walked in.

The host led them to a plush booth by the window—roomy, clean, and absolutely *not designed for a woman with an N-cup chest and a second-trimester belly*.

As Tasha and Devon slid in, Abby hesitated.

She tried. She really did. She backed into the booth, then twisted her hips, then turned sideways, attempting to wedge herself between the bench and the table. Her belly hit first, and then—inevitably—her breasts.

Her enormous, still-sweaty breasts, squished painfully against the edge of the table, flattening out like overfilled pillows.

“Nope,” she said flatly. “Not happening.”

With a groan, she slid lower, settling awkwardly so that both breasts rested in her lap beneath the table, the table edge pressing into her chest like a shelf. It wasn’t elegant, but it worked.

Tasha, grinning behind her menu, whispered, “We’ll call this ‘The Low-Ride Position.’”

Devon looked like he was trying very hard not to stare. Or laugh.

Their waiter arrived a moment later—and he was, unfortunately, hot.

Like *movie extra with a six-pack and soft boy smile* hot.

“Hey there,” he said with a smooth voice, glancing between them. “What can I get you guys started with today?”

He barely reacted to Abby’s awkward slouch or the mountain range clearly pressed under the table. If he noticed, he didn’t show it. Points for professionalism.

“Water, coffee, and a French toast stack big enough to smother a man,” Abby said, trying to sound casual.

He laughed. “Coming right up.”

Brunch arrived, delicious and chaotic. Abby managed to eat mostly in peace, even managing to forget, for a moment, that she was a human spectacle squeezed into an uncomfortable booth.

That was—until the hot waiter came back, refilled their water, and leaned toward Abby with a sly grin.

“Hey,” he said, tapping the table. “This is random, but... would you want to grab dinner sometime?”

Abby blinked. “Wait—me?”

He chuckled. “Yeah. Unless your boyfriend here objects?” He motioned toward Devon, who choked on his mimosa and shook his head furiously.

Abby flushed, stunned. “Uh—yeah, I mean, I’d love to—”

She pushed herself up to stand and—

THWACK.

Her chest rocketed up from under the table, knocking against the underside with enough force to shake every glass. One of the water pitchers tipped, splashing *directly* onto the waiter’s khakis.

He gasped, jumped back, and Abby covered her face in horror. “Oh my god—I am so, so sorry!”

The table fell into stunned silence—before Tasha burst into laughter.

“You *drowned him with a boob reveal!*” she howled.

The waiter, dripping but still smiling, wiped at himself with a napkin. “Honestly? Worth it.”

Abby, still beet red, handed him another napkin. “I’m usually more... contained.”

He winked. “Please don’t be.”

As they left, the waiter slipped her a napkin with his name—Luca—and number scribbled on it.

“Call me sometime,” he said with a crooked smile. “Just maybe warn me first if the girls are making another entrance.”

Abby laughed, blushing harder than ever.

As they stepped back into the sun, she looked at Tasha and Devon. “I don’t know what’s more unbelievable—that someone that hot just asked me out... or that my boobs have *literally* become a public safety hazard.”

Tasha slung an arm around her shoulder. “Both. But babe, own it.”

Abby sat in the passenger seat of Tasha’s beat-up little hatchback, the takeout box of leftover French toast balanced on her lap—and resting on top of it, her boobs, which had officially given up trying to be discreet.

“I still can’t believe I splashed him,” Abby muttered, her cheeks still warm.

Tasha smirked as she turned out of the parking lot. “Correction: your *boobs* splashed him. You were just the innocent vessel.”

“He asked me out *anyway*. After I hit him with a double tidal wave.”

“Yeah, because you looked hot even *mid-disaster*. He didn’t even flinch.”

Abby rolled her eyes but couldn’t help smiling. That *had* been kind of cool. Scary, but cool.

They ended up back at Tasha’s apartment—a cute little second-floor walk-up decorated with posters, plants, and one very judgmental cat named Mochi.

Abby stripped off her hoodie the second she sat down, her tank top stretched nearly see-through across her chest. She groaned as she unhooked her bra beneath her shirt, letting her breasts drop heavily into her lap, free and aching.

Snap.

Her bra strap had finally given up the ghost.

Tasha looked up from the couch. “That sounded expensive.”

“That was my *last functioning N-cup*,” Abby muttered, holding one boob in each hand like she was cradling bowling balls. “It’s like I’m smuggling twin beanbags under my shirt.”

“Careful,” Tasha said. “That might become your official nickname if you say it out loud at work.”

Abby laughed, then looked down at her body. Her belly was sticking out even further today, high and rounded, the curve of early pregnancy no longer something she could hide. Combined with her overflowing chest, she looked absurdly top-heavy—even to herself.

“I don’t recognize me anymore,” she said quietly.

Tasha’s teasing expression softened.

“You don’t have to,” she replied. “Just get to *know* this version of you. She’s still you. Just... upgraded.”

Later, as the two lounged in sweatpants and face masks, Abby scrolled through her phone. She'd taken a photo earlier at the gym—a side shot, her belly prominent, boobs pushing outward like a shelf. She almost deleted it.

But then she hesitated.

What if this was just her now?

What if she wasn't *breaking*—just *changing*?

She sent the photo to Megan with a caption:

> Week 15. Bigger again. This is wild.

Seconds later, Megan replied:

> You look so good it's *illegal*. Post it. You'll break the internet twice.

Abby stared at the message, then at the photo again. She didn't feel ready to post it yet.

But for the first time, she didn't hate the idea either.

Week 16: Streaming Surprise

It had started as a joke.

Megan, ever the schemer, had texted her that morning:

> You should stream. Like, actually stream. Play that game you're always yelling at. People would EAT IT UP.

Abby had rolled her eyes.

> I'm not flashing cleavage on Twitch.

> lol who said anything about flashing? Just wear a hoodie and EXIST. People will simp either way.

That last part was probably true. Since going viral, Abby's socials had exploded. Even though she kept things tame—no thirst traps, no risqué shots—people still followed her in droves. There was clearly *demand*.

And let's be honest... a little extra income wouldn't hurt.

That night, after a long shift at the café and a light dinner, Abby sat at her desk, nervously checking the angles on her webcam.

She wore an oversized zip hoodie (unzipped slightly but still modest), a stretchy maternity tank underneath, and a pair of soft joggers. Her belly had grown again—noticeably rounder now, especially when she sat down, pressing forward against the desk.

Her new O-cup bra (just bought two days ago) barely kept her boobs in place. They sat like two immovable planets on her chest, rising and falling with every breath. No matter how modestly she dressed, they were *there*, undeniably a part of the scene.

"Okay..." she whispered, hitting the button to go live. "Let's see if anyone shows up."

At first, it was quiet. Just a few viewers. She introduced herself casually:

"Hey, I'm Abby. This is my first stream. I'm pregnant. My boobs are out of control. Let's play something dumb."

She launched her game—*Baldurs Gate III*, because why not suffer publicly?—and started exploring.

The chat trickled in slowly at first. Then quickly. Then *explosively*.

user345: no way it's HER 😳
beanyboi: is this the Abby from the club vid??
lattechad: why is she actually good at the game
simpbattalion: I would die for this woman.
donation: \$5 – "For the baby's first controller."

Abby blinked. "Oh. Okay. Wow."

Ten minutes in, she had a few hundred viewers. Thirty minutes later, it was a thousand. People weren't just watching—they were *donating*. Constantly.

\$10 – "You're killing it, queen."
\$25 – "This is the most calming chaos I've ever seen."
\$50 – "Your boobs are bigger than my monitor. I mean that respectfully."

She covered her face, laughing. "I'm keeping the hoodie on, people! Calm down!"

Her chat erupted in emojis.

Two hours later, she was still playing—and winning. Her chat was popping off. She had made *more money in donations* than she had in an entire week of café shifts.

And she felt... good.

Confident. Smart. Capable. *Funny*.

Yes, she was still massively pregnant. Yes, her chest looked like it could tip over a dining table. But for once, people were there because they *liked her*. They stayed for her personality, her snarky game commentary, and the occasional eye-roll when a donation said something over-the-top.

“I am not starting an OnlyFans,” she said flatly at one point.
The chat responded: “**WE RESPECT THAT**” and another **\$20 tip**.

As soon as she logged off, her phone exploded with texts from Megan.

MEGAN: Girl you're trending again
MEGAN: Your boobs are now a Twitch emote
MEGAN: YOU MADE \$300 IN DONOS
MEGAN: WHEN ARE YOU STREAMING NEXT

Abby stared at the screen, dumbfounded. She looked down at her chest, resting heavily against her belly, and gave a tired chuckle.

“Guess I really *am* built for content.”

Week 17: IRL and Out There

Abby wasn't sure why she agreed to do it.

Maybe it was the money from last week's stream. Maybe it was Megan hyping her up with phrases like “*Queen of the Pregnant People*” and “*Built Different: IRL Edition.*” Maybe it was the fact that her old work pants didn't fit *again*, and streaming was starting to seem like a better career than squeezing behind counters.

Whatever the reason, Abby found herself standing in her living room, holding a selfie stick with her phone attached and a small mic clipped to her sports bra.

“Okay,” she said to the camera, adjusting her hoodie over her *very visible*, P-cup chest. “We're doing this live. Outside. Please behave, chat.”

She walked through a local outdoor market—nothing fancy, just a string of food trucks, small craft stalls, and musicians playing for tips. Her camera caught everything: the bustle, the sunlight, the way her bump jutted out beneath her hoodie, firm and round, with her massive breasts visibly shifting beneath every step.

People noticed. Of course they did. Heads turned, eyes followed.

But now? It wasn't just real-world attention—thousands of people were watching live.

chat: is it just me or is her belly HUGE for 17 weeks
chat: twins. has to be.
chat: she's carrying like someone due next month
chat: plot twist: she's hiding triplets
donation: \$10 – “For the future twinsies 🤪🤪”
donation: \$20 – “The boobs are growing with the baby. Coincidence? I think not.”

Abby paused at a lemonade stand and turned to the camera with a smirk.

“I’m not having twins,” she said, sipping her drink. “Probably. I think.”

More donations flooded in.

It happened when she was checking out handmade jewelry at a booth.

A tall guy in a tight Henley shirt strolled up beside her, clearly unaware she was streaming. He gave her a once-over—slow, lingering, and far too bold.

“Hey,” he said. “Did it hurt?”

Abby blinked. “Excuse me?”

“When you fell from heaven.” He smiled. “Seriously though—you’re glowing. I’ve never seen a pregnant girl look like that.”

The camera caught everything. Chat exploded.

chat: OH NO HE DIDN'T

chat: someone save this man

chat: sir she's got 30k watching you crash and burn

donation: \$5 – “RUN, BROTHER, RUN”

Abby bit back a laugh. “Thanks,” she said politely. “But I’m kinda... on the clock.”

The guy blinked, finally noticing the mic and camera. “Oh. Sh—sorry! I didn’t realize you were, like, *live*.”

She waved it off. “All good. Happens more than you think.”

He awkwardly retreated, and chat *lost its mind*.

clip saved: "IRL HIMBO TRIES TO BAG THE PREGNANT STREAMER"

#PreggoPower trending on Twitter

That night, as she curled up on Megan’s couch with ice cream on her bump and her boobs threatening to spill over her latest too-tight sleep shirt, her phone wouldn’t stop buzzing.

Emails. DMs. Tags.

“Hi Abby, we’re a maternity fitness brand and loved your stream. Interested in a collab?”

“We’d like to sponsor your next video—your authenticity is gold.”

“Hey, any interest in trying our *ultra-support bras* for streaming?”

“You embody what modern motherhood looks like. Let’s talk content.”

She stared at the screen.

“Meg?” she said, voice soft.

Megan looked up from her laptop. “Yeah?”

Abby turned the phone so she could see. “This... is actually *happening*.”

Megan grinned like she’d known all along. “Told you. Pregnant, gorgeous, funny, a little clumsy. You’re internet gold.”

Abby looked down at her chest—massive, visibly straining her bra—and at her belly, rounder now than ever. Her hands rested over the bump instinctively.

“I might actually need to go get a scan,” she muttered. “Because if I’m not having twins, then... what *am* I growing?”

Week 18: The Live Reveal

“Okay, deep breath,” Abby muttered to herself, balancing her phone on a tiny tripod next to the exam table.

The OB office had given her permission—as long as she didn’t film the staff directly—so she was streaming *live* from the clinic, her voice a mix of nerves and forced calm.

“Hey chat. Welcome to the weirdest stream I’ve ever done. You guys wanted answers? We’re getting them. Baby’s first ultrasound *on camera*. Try to behave.”

She wore a loose maternity dress with a stretchy neckline and no bra underneath—her **P-cup chest** had made it clear no standard bra was going to survive this appointment.

The chat had barely started, and it was *already* unhinged:

chat: WE’RE GOING TO SEE THE BABY 🤪

chat: or the boobs first 😳

chat: P for Pregnant. P-cups. And Powerful. And Probably twins.

donation: \$20 – “For the jelly fund 🍷”

chat: take it OFF 🙄

Abby rolled her eyes, laughing despite herself. “Y’all are feral.”

She pulled the dress up from the bottom, exposing her belly—round, taut, and clearly bigger than a typical 18 weeks. Her breasts, unsupported, *spilled forward* slightly as the dress bunched beneath them. Chat *exploded*.

chat: THE BELLY OMG

chat: THAT'S A WHOLE PLANET

chat: gravity is working overtime

donation: \$10 – “Lift with your knees, not your knockers.”

Abby smirked. “Okay, settle down. You’re lucky I like you.”

A nurse applied the warm gel to her belly, and even that earned an inappropriate wave of emojis in chat. Abby grunted and looked to the camera.

“This is what you signed up for, folks. Preggo jelly and possible heartbeats.”

As the probe glided over her stretched belly, the doctor’s face shifted.

“Huh,” he said, eyes narrowing.

Abby tensed. “What *huh*?”

“I’m just... give me a second. Turning up the gain. And—yep. There it is.”

Thump-thump. Thump-thump.

Two distinct, rapid heartbeats echoed from the machine.

“Abby,” the doctor said calmly, smiling now. “Congratulations. You’re carrying twins.”

For a second, everything went *quiet*—even the chat slowed.

Abby’s mouth dropped open. “I—what?”

“Twins,” the doctor confirmed. “They’re side by side. One’s slightly higher than the other. Explains the size of your uterus, the symptoms... and probably the dramatic breast growth.”

chat: WE CALLED IT

chat: TWINS TWINS TWINS

chat: Bro she’s gonna be an H-cup by month 6

donation: \$50 – “Name them Chat and Stream”

chat: Boob growth arc: UNLOCKED

chat: DOUBLE THE BABY, DOUBLE THE BOUNCE

Abby blinked at the screen, still processing.

“Okay,” she said slowly. “So... you were right. I’m *actually* having twins. This is real.”

She laughed—half disbelieving, half giddy.

She turned to the camera, hand resting protectively on her glistening belly, the curves of her chest slightly rising above it.

“I hope you guys are ready for the ride... because I’m *definitely* gonna be huge.”

As the nurse wiped her belly clean and Abby carefully tugged her dress back down—chat respectfully (?) mourning the covered skin—donations and followers kept rolling in.

donation: \$100 – “For the twins. And your poor bras.”

chat: we need merch that says “Team Double Trouble”

chat: imagine the kicks later on... she’ll have *earthquakes*

Abby stared at the viewer count: 47,000 and climbing.

Her inbox was already pinging—another maternity brand offer. A message from a magazine. A follow from a verified gaming account.

Week 20: Table for One

It had been a weirdly normal week.

Well—as normal as it gets when you’re 20 weeks pregnant with twins, and your boobs barely fit through doorways, and you’ve gone viral twice in a single month.

Abby’s belly was undeniably pregnant—round, full, jutting forward like a globe stuffed under her shirt. People stared everywhere she went, especially at work. And her boobs? Her latest P-cup bras were holding on, but only barely. Every shirt clung to her like paint.

Still, she liked the café. Kayla was chill. The tips were decent. And most of the customers were regulars who had already gotten over their shock.

Until *he* walked in.

Abby was refilling the sugar jars when she heard it—that little chime above the front door.

She looked up. Froze.

Ethan.

Tall. Familiar. The same messy hair and dumb grin she remembered.

He looked around the café with bored curiosity—until his eyes landed on her.

His whole body went still.

He blinked. Looked again. His mouth opened, closed, then opened again.

“Abby?” he said, slow, like he didn’t believe his own eyes.

She straightened, trying to appear calm—despite the heaving curve of her chest, the way her belly brushed against the counter, and the very *real* truth she was carrying his twins.

“Hey, Ethan.”

His eyes raked down her body, disbelief stretching across his face. His jaw dropped as he took in her enormous bust, her tight, stretched-out uniform shirt, and the round bulk of her pregnancy pressing out in front of her apron.

“You... you’re...”

“Pregnant?” she offered dryly. “Yeah. Twenty weeks.”

He stammered. “I mean—yeah—but you’re *huge*.”

The regular at table four *snorted* into her latte.

Ethan slid into a booth, still gaping.

Abby took his order like nothing was wrong—iced coffee, avocado toast—but her hands trembled slightly as she wrote it down.

He kept sneaking glances. His voice was lower when she returned.

“So... who’s the dad?”

She paused. Looked him dead in the eye.

“Don’t worry about it.”

He blinked, clearly thrown.

“I mean... I just didn’t think I’d see you again. Especially like this.”

She crossed her arms instinctively—only for her giant watermelon tits to push up dramatically, nearly overtaking the top of her apron.

“Life’s funny like that,” she said flatly.

Tasha leaned over. “Is that the guy?”

Abby nodded.

“Holy crap. He looks like he’s seeing the ghost of boobs future.”

“I’m not telling him yet,” Abby muttered. “He doesn’t get to know. Not yet.”

Tasha handed her a plate. “Then make sure he tips well for the show.”

Ethan stood awkwardly by the door, coffee in hand, eyes still glued to her. He opened his mouth like he wanted to say something—then thought better of it.

“You look... amazing and huge,” he said quietly.

Abby raised an eyebrow. “You should’ve said that twenty-one weeks ago.”

He froze.

She turned away before he could speak again, letting the café door’s soft *ding* signal his exit.

Week 22: Double Trouble Channel

Megan sat cross-legged on the living room floor, surrounded by lights, camera gear, and tangled cords.

“Okay,” she said, holding up a piece of tape between her teeth. “If this ring light doesn’t blind us, we’re doing it wrong.”

Abby groaned from the couch, already red-faced and out of breath. She’d spent the last five minutes just trying to zip up the maternity hoodie Megan insisted she wear.

Her Q-cup boobs were no longer simply *big*—they were a comedic burden, resting heavily atop her round belly, which had grown so large it had officially outpaced her wardrobe, her dignity, and her ability to get up from the couch unassisted.

“Can we just call the channel *Help I’m Too Pregnant To Function?*” Abby muttered.

Megan grinned. “Nope. We’re calling it *Double Trouble Channel*. Because, one: twins. Two: those things.” She pointed at Abby’s chest. “You’re welcome.”

With everything in place—camera, soft lighting, mic taped to Abby’s tank top (and immediately swallowed into her cleavage)—they went live on Twitch.

“Welcome to our first official stream!” Megan beamed at the camera. “I’m Megan. This is Abby. She’s growing two people inside her and approximately thirty pounds of boob.”

Abby gave a small wave, already sweating. “Please be nice. I’m afraid to sneeze.”

chat: SHE’S BACK OMG

chat: IS THAT A WHOLE BELLY OR A PROP??

chat: Boob physics: DLC unlocked
donation: \$25 – “Bless your back, girl.”

Segment 1: Maternity Fashion Haul

First up: trying on maternity outfits sent by fans and brands.

Outfit one: a cute floral top that used to be “bump friendly.” It *shrieked* under pressure.

Outfit two: a stretchy bodycon dress. Abby stepped into it, wiggled... and immediately got stuck halfway up her thighs.

Outfit three: Megan’s idea of a joke—a crop top that said “*Loading... Please Wait*” and leggings with arrows pointing to Abby’s belly. It fit like cling wrap over two watermelons, not even reaching her belly.

“I look like a fertility totem at a rave,” Abby deadpanned.

chat: This is the content we signed up for
donation: \$50 – “Please never stop dressing like this.”

Segment 2: Q&A Chaos

Megan pulled up questions from chat.

“How do you stay balanced?”

Abby: “I don’t. I lean against furniture like a sexy refrigerator.”

“What’s the weirdest symptom?”

Abby: “I swear one of them kicked me in the bladder while I was sneezing and I almost time-traveled.”

“Will you show the bump close-up?”

Megan zoomed in. Abby lifted her shirt carefully, revealing her **tight, veiny belly**, navel stretched out like a button under tension.

chat: 🙄🙄🙄🙄🙄

donation: \$100 – “Those babies are ready for launch.”

Segment 3: Daily Tasks – With Belly

It started with Megan pointing the camera at Abby standing in the kitchen like a 1950s housewife who had been inflated by cartoon logic.

Abby wore an apron that was comically too small, tied above her round belly, with her Q-cup boobs resting like shelf-stable watermelons just under her chin.

“Today’s content,” Megan narrated dramatically, “is brought to you by domestic struggle and the letter Q—for ‘Questionably top-heavy.’”

chat: oh no

chat: that belly could knock over a spice rack

donation: \$10 – “I’m just here for the apron physics.”

Dishwashing Drama

Abby turned to the sink, trying to wash a pan. She couldn’t reach the faucet without tilting sideways—her boobs physically blocked the counter.

She leaned forward.

Her breasts pressed the soap pump, causing a stream of suds to shoot straight up into her hair.

“...Perfect,” she muttered. “Truly, I am thriving.”

chat: AUTOSOAP ACTIVATED

donation: \$20 – “Pour one out for the shampoo bill.”

Sweeping Disaster

Next, Abby attempted to sweep the kitchen.

Every time she turned, her belly bumped the broom out of alignment.

Worse, her boobs knocked over the dustpan *three times*.

“I’m fighting gravity and dirt,” she said flatly.

Megan: “You look like a Roomba with attachments.”

chat: SHE’S A WOBBLING GODDESS

donation: \$15 – “Give that broom hazard pay.”

Cooking Chaos

Abby moved to the stove to make eggs.

- She couldn’t see the pan without leaning back.
- Her belly rested on the oven door like a shelf.
- When she dropped a spatula, she *froze*, stared at it... and just sighed.

“I’d retrieve that, but I think the babies are blocking signal to my knees.”

She eventually tried to squat—a full minute-long event involving grunts, a pillow, and Megan laughing so hard she dropped the camera.

Abby dragged a laundry basket across the floor like it owed her money.

She tried to bend over to pick up a towel... but her belly stopped her halfway. So she tried squatting again.

Halfway down, she lost balance and toppled back onto the beanbag chair.

“Okay,” she announced, flailing. “The laundry can wait until I give birth or evolve a second set of arms.”

Megan, wheezing: “This is peak performance. Don’t let anyone tell you otherwise.”

chat: Someone animate this PLEASE

donation: \$100 – “For the beanbag fund and Abby’s future robot vacuum.”

“I used to be a functioning human,” Abby wheezed, resting her boobs on the kitchen counter. “Now I’m just... tit-powered cargo.”

chat: CAN THIS BE A SERIES

chat: tit-powered cargo 🐼🐼🐼

donation: \$200 – “This is art.”

Just as the stream was winding down, the chat went wild.

[RAID: JETFIRE77 HAS JOINED WITH 14,000 VIEWERS]

Abby blinked. “Wait. Jetfire? *Jetfire*?!”

The *massive* variety streamer—famous for FPS chaos and shirtless cooking—was suddenly watching *her*. And chatting.

Jetfire77: Yo this is hilarious. You’re iconic.

Jetfire77: Also like... you’re really cute.

Abby froze.

Megan screamed off-camera.

chat: HE’S FLIRTINGGGGG

chat: new ship unlocked

chat: DOUBLE TROUBLE x JETFIRE IS REAL

donation: \$150 – “Boob cam when??”

When the stream finally ended, Abby collapsed into the couch, breathless.

“I think my boobs just earned us a career,” she said.

Megan was already counting donations. “You made \$1,700. Also, *Jetfire followed you back.*”

Abby stared at the screen, her hand resting over her belly as it shifted beneath her.

“Guess this is my superpower now.”

Bonus Segment: Fan Q&A – “Cup Confessions”

As the stream started to mellow, Megan leaned over her laptop and burst into a grin.

“Ohhh, this one’s good,” she said, barely containing herself. “Abby, the chat wants to know...”

She paused dramatically.

“...what size are those bad girls *now?*”

Abby, mid-sip of water, nearly choked.

“Seriously?!”

chat: ASKING THE REAL QUESTIONS

chat: scientific curiosity

chat: For research purposes.

donation: \$20 – “**WE NEED TO KNOW.**”

Abby sighed theatrically, pressing both hands into the sides of her *planetary* chest, which bulged against the straining tank top like two sentient beanbags trying to escape.

“As of last week... Q-cup.”

A beat of silence.

“And yes, that’s real. Yes, that’s a size. No, it does not stand for *queen*, but it *should.*”

chat: Q for QUAKING

chat: that’s not a bra, that’s a shipping container

donation: \$100 – “**Bless you and your overworked shoulder straps.**”

chat: When the baby’s born she’s going to feed the *nation*

Megan cackled off-camera. “She had to special order it. The delivery guy thought it was a hammock.”

Abby nodded, solemn. “He wasn’t wrong.”

Follow-up Question: “What About the Bump?”

chat: And the belly? You’re only 22 weeks???

chat: TWINS? ARE YOU SURE IT’S NOT FIVE???

Abby stood slowly, lifting her tank with effort to give them a **full view of her belly**—round, high, and tight enough to shine under the lights.

“Still twins. Allegedly. I have another scan soon. But yeah... doc says I’m measuring, uh... *a little ahead.*”

chat: YOU’RE MEASURING *PLANET*

donation: \$75 – “That’s a third-trimester belly at halftime.”

chat: She’s smuggling a whole preschool in there

Jetfire77: I’ve seen boss fights smaller than that belly

Abby snorted. “You’re all fired.”

Week 24: Beach, Please

“Okay,” Abby muttered, squinting at herself in the mirror, “this is either brave... or insane.”

The maternity swimsuit Megan had picked out was—mercifully—stretchy. Black, ruched on the sides, with a built-in bra that was trying its best. It hugged her massive belly, now dominating her torso at 22 weeks, and framed her R-cup breasts in a way that was somehow both flattering *and* mildly alarming.

The last time she’d worn a bikini was sophomore year.

Now?

She looked like a cartoon pin-up drawn by someone with a thing for fertility goddesses.

Megan poked her head into the room and whistled. “Girl. You look like a beach ball with boobs. I love it.”

The beach was crowded. Of course it was.

Abby waddled down the path in a long flowy cover-up that billowed around her like a cape, her towel slung over one shoulder, and her belly sticking out like a torpedo.

“Why are all the parking spots so far from the sand?” she groaned.

Megan carried their snacks, umbrella, and a camera tripod—for “just in case we want to do beach content.” (Translation: she absolutely planned to film.)

Heads *definitely* turned as they passed the sunbathers and volleyball players. Abby could feel the double-take energy like heat on her skin.

Some people stared at her belly.

Others? Very much at her chest.

Once settled on their blanket, Abby peeled off her cover-up. It was... dramatic.

She eased herself into a reclining beach chair with a dramatic grunt, her belly doming out proudly under the sun. Her breasts overflowed her suit like they were trying to take a nap *on* her bump.

Megan adjusted the camera. “Smile, Mama. You’re glowing.”

“I’m sweating,” Abby said. “From effort.”

A group of college-aged guys walked by, trying *very hard* not to look—but absolutely looking. One finally turned back and called out:

“Hey, congrats! That’s gotta be... what? Triplets?”

Abby smiled sweetly.

“Just twins. The boobs count as bonus.”

The guys *died*. Megan wheezed behind the camera.

donation: \$100 – “For being the funniest person on the planet-sized bump.”

Abby *insisted* she was going to float.

She waddled down to the waves, holding her belly with both hands like it might pop off and roll away.

When she got in, she didn’t exactly float—she bobbed, like a buoy, her belly rising to the surface while her boobs threatened to capsize her.

“I am a human boat!” she shouted. “Megan, take the photo! This is peak pregnancy!”

Back on their blanket, sun-dried and full of juice and fries, Abby scrolled through her phone.

After a full hour of sun, sand, and bouncing belly footage, Abby was ready for one thing:

Ice cream.

“I am overheating,” she declared, fanning herself with the beach menu. “I’m carrying two portable furnaces and enough boob to shade a minivan. I deserve a cone.”

Megan—who was now expertly filming Abby with one hand and sipping iced lemonade with the other—grinned. “Lead the way, Queen of Cones.”

They waddled (well, Abby waddled, Megan strolled) toward the beach shack. The line wasn’t long, but Abby could feel the stares multiplying like mosquitoes.

She tugged at the top of her swimsuit, which was now visibly straining against the weight of her Q-cup cleavage, already glistening with sunblock and effort. Her massive belly bounced gently with every step, dark stretch marks glinting beneath the bump as it peeked below the hem.

The man behind them in line dropped his sunglasses.

“Strawberry swirl,” Abby sighed in bliss as the vendor handed over the cone.

Megan got cookie dough and a second scoop *just to bribe Abby later*.

They sat at a picnic bench under a striped umbrella, Abby settling in with an *unmistakable oof* as she cradled her belly with both hands.

“If I drop this, it’s going into The Canyon,” she warned.

“The Canyon?” Megan blinked.

Abby motioned to her cleavage. “You know. The crevasse. Boob valley. The busty abyss.”

It happened fast.

One distracted lick. One wobbly bump from the wind.

And then—

Splorp.

A bright pink glob of strawberry ice cream fell directly into Abby’s overexposed cleavage, vanishing between the hills like it had never existed.

“NOPE!” she yelped, sitting bolt upright. “That was *cold*. That was UNFAIR.”

Megan: “OH MY GOD—DID IT MELT INTO THE VOID?”

Chat: ICE CREAM SACRIFICE ACCEPTED
donation: \$20 – “A sticky situation 🍦🍓”
chat: someone animate this in slow motion

chat: we have reached peak stream content

Jetfire77: I demand justice for that scoop

Abby stared down into the deep, cooling depths of her swimsuit.

“I think it’s gone,” she said solemnly. “Like... spiritually gone.”

Megan: “Your boobs have claimed their tribute. They demand more.”

Abby waddled to the beach restroom, still dramatically muttering about betrayal.

Week 26: Dealbreaker

It started with an email titled:

“You’re the Future of Maternity – Let’s Talk.”

Abby blinked at her inbox, still bleary-eyed from a rough night of sleep (one of the twins had spent the entire night doing *acrobatics* against her bladder). She’d barely made it to the bathroom in time and had waddled back to bed hugging her belly like a beanbag chair.

Megan, hovering over her shoulder with cereal, gasped.

“That’s *The Nestwear Company*. They’re huge! They make the leggings all the Instagram moms wear!”

Abby scrolled. The offer was big. Like, *pay-rent-for-a-year* big. They wanted her to be the face of their new maternity line: “Real Bodies, Real Moms.”

“Okay,” Abby muttered. “That sounds... kinda great?”

But Megan narrowed her eyes. “Keep reading.”

They did. And it got weird.

The campaign description was loaded with phrases like:

- “*unapologetically huge*”
- “*spectacle of growth*”
- “*watch her expand week by week!*”

“Are they trying to turn me into a balloon animal?!” Abby yelped.

Even worse? The *sample photoshoot concepts* included things like:

- “Model lies sideways on a couch, surrounded by fruit to show scale.”
- “Her belly being used as a serving tray.”
- “Wearing a see-through top, sipping tea, while someone holds up a sign that says ‘twins incoming!’ like it’s a sale.”

“This feels less like body-positivity,” Megan growled, “and more like a freaking circus poster.”

Abby sighed, her massive belly wobbling as she sank onto the couch. “I don’t know... I could use the money. I mean, do you know how many maternity bras I go through a month?”

Megan crossed her arms. “Yeah, but at what cost? Your dignity? You’ve worked so *hard* building a platform on being real—relatable, not ridiculous.”

Abby was quiet. She looked down at her belly, round and heavy in her lap, her shirt stretched so tight the logo on it looked like a ransom note.

“They want me to be *memed*, not seen,” she finally whispered.

Later That Evening...

Abby was folding laundry—well, attempting to. Each time she leaned forward, her belly pressed into the basket and *re-fluffed* everything she’d already folded. She sighed, pressing her R-cup chest against the edge of the table just to reach a sock.

“I swear I need a forklift,” she muttered.

That’s when the doorbell rang.

“Megan? Did you forget your keys again?” she called, waddling over with one hand on her lower back and the other under her belly.

She swung open the door—
And nearly dropped the basket.

Ethan.

He stood awkwardly in the hallway, holding a small duffel bag, wearing the same leather jacket from their final date... six months and about 80 pounds ago.

His eyes widened, scanning her from head to toe. He stammered something inaudible, gaze stuck somewhere between her belly and her chest.

“Hi,” he finally croaked. “Wow. I mean—hi.”

“You’re not supposed to be here,” Abby said, trying to cross her arms... or at least *rest them awkwardly on her chest*.

“I know. But I... I saw a video of your stream.”

He swallowed. “And your... beach photo. And then I saw the *ultrasound*. And I *did the math*.”

Abby’s stomach turned. Not from pregnancy—though the babies were doing somersaults—but from sheer emotional vertigo.

“You ghost me for months,” she said, “and then what? You see me on a viral clip and decide to drop in like it’s a sitcom reunion?”

He looked down. “I messed up, Abby. I panicked. We weren’t even serious, and when you disappeared after that night—I figured you were done with me. Then seeing all this...”

He gestured helplessly at her belly.

“They’re mine, aren’t they?”

She hesitated. “Yes.”

Ethan took a shaky breath. “I’m being deployed in a month. Military. Overseas. I had to come now... to say I want to be involved. Before I go.”

Abby froze.

The words hung in the air like a tight bra strap on laundry day.

Megan came home to find Abby curled up (well, curled *as much as humanly possible*) on the couch, hugging a heating pad and staring at the ceiling.

“So. That ex of yours? You want me to throw a shoe at him?”

Abby let out a breath. “He wants to help. Maybe even co-parent.”

“Classic. Shows up *six bellies too late*.”

Abby chuckled, rubbing the side of her bump. “It’s not that simple. He looked genuinely scared. Not of me, of missing this. Missing *them*.”

Megan sat beside her. “You don’t have to decide tonight. But whatever happens, I’m here. Jetfire’s here. Your fans are here.”

Abby glanced at her phone. A new message pinged.

Luca:

Hey, I saw your new post. You looked beautiful. Hope you're okay. If you need a walk or ice cream, I'm just a text away.

She smiled faintly.

Week 30: Numbers

The thumbnail on the stream was simple:

"Ultrasound Day + Belly Tape Check "

Chat exploded within seconds of going live. Abby sat in her usual chair, belly so large and round it peeked up past her desk like a rising moon. Her maternity tank top read:

"Yes, I'm Still Growing"

...with an exasperated smiley face underneath.

"Okay, guys, calm down," she laughed, adjusting her mic while Megan hovered nearby. "I know you've all been waiting for this... No, we're not announcing triplets again—*probably*. But today's ultrasound was... enlightening."

Megan held up a blurry printout.

"We have two VERY big babies in here," she said. "Like, cartoonishly big."

Abby smirked. "I measured 36 weeks. I'm 30. Let that sink in."

Chat went feral:

"SHE'S HUGE 🤯🔥"

"Early arrival incoming?"

"So it's a sumo match in there??"

"I literally waddle like a bowling pin," Abby added. "And I'm not even at full term."

Megan held up a yellow measuring tape like it was an Olympic event.

"Okay, chat, last time she was 52 inches. Any guesses today?"

"Fifty-seven," Abby guessed, eyeing her midsection. "Maybe 58?"

She stood slowly, bracing her back with one hand and holding her belly with the other as Megan knelt down with the tape.

“Drumroll...” Megan said, dramatically pulling the tape around Abby’s bump.

“*Sixty-two inches.*”

Abby’s jaw dropped.

“WHAT. Excuse me?!”

Megan giggled. “That’s like... the circumference of a small kiddie pool.”

“Okay, that’s rude—accurate—but rude.”

Chat lit up with reactions:



“TWINS? More like TRUCKS.”

“She’s gonna POP on stream and we’ll all pretend we didn’t manifest it.”

Week 32: Water you looking at

By Saturday morning, Abby stood in front of her mirror, adjusting a black maternity one-piece that bravely tried to hold in her curves. Her breasts strained against the top—now up to an R-cup, the spillage and overflow was massive—and her beach cover-up was *more suggestion than shield*.

“I look like I smuggled a beach ball and two watermelons under a towel,” she muttered.

Megan peeked in and nearly dropped her sunscreen.

“You look like the hottest flotation device on the planet.”

Stepping through the gates, Abby immediately noticed the stares—some wide-eyed, others admiring, all impossible to ignore. It wasn’t just her size—it was the way she waddled with determination, one hand under her belly, the other gripping her oversized tote.

“People are looking,” she whispered.

“They’re probably wondering how you’re not tipping over,” Megan whispered back.

At the locker station, Abby tried to fit her stuff into a cubby and ended up knocking over an entire row of sandals with her belly.

“Oops.”

“Ma’am,” Megan said in her best lifeguard voice, “you are *too thicc* for this locker zone.”

Once in the water, Abby finally sighed with relief.

“Oh thank God. I can float. I feel like a goddess.”

Her belly bobbed at the surface like a buoyant island, gently rocking with the waves. Megan floated beside her, snapping stealthy pictures while chat notifications from their live story buzzed constantly.

Megan captioned one: “Belly Island: Population 3.”

A kid floated by and pointed:

“Mommy, that lady has babies AND built-in water wings!”

Abby burst into laughter, nearly tipping her float.

They made the mistake of entering the wave pool.

Abby held her chest with both arms as the waves surged—only to realize her top had slipped a bit too low.

“Megan, it’s a boobalanche!”

Megan howled.

“You’re gonna start a splash zone just by jumping!”

Later, they hit the snack bar for frozen lemonades.

Abby balanced her drink on the top of her belly, proudly declaring,

“Table for one.”

A nearby teen whispered to her friend, “That’s the girl from the tape measure stream!” Abby winked.

Megan chimed in:

“You should start signing bellies.”

Abby rolled her eyes, sipping her drink, until a *bit too much* brain freeze hit. Her face crunched—and the cup slipped, lemonade sliding right down the front of her swimsuit and into her cleavage.

“OH. COLD. SO COLD.”

Megan: “Not the twins’ first brain freeze!”

They both collapsed in laughter.

Soaked, exhausted, and still laughing, Abby waddled back to the parking lot, towel slung low and belly glowing under the sunset.

“I think I’m done with gravity for today,” she said.

“I think you broke the laws of flotation,” Megan replied.

As they pulled away, Abby uploaded a photo: her lounging in a pool float, her belly front and center with sunglasses resting on top.

Caption:

“Built-in beach balls. R-Cups. 32 weeks. 2 babies. Zero regrets.”

Abby wasn’t sure if it was the wave pool...

Or her presence in the wave pool...

...but she was pretty sure she was the reason *half the lifeguards were distracted*.

Floating in the shallows, her gigantic belly bobbing above the waterline like a glossy beach ball with veins, Abby felt half-weightless and half-ridiculous. Her R-cup boobs rose like buoys every time a wave rolled past. Her swimsuit straps creaked in protest.

“I swear I’m breaking physics,” she muttered.

Megan floated nearby on a foam noodle, snickering. “They should be paying *you* to generate the waves.”

From her position, Abby could clearly see two male lifeguards up on their towers.

They were whispering. Definitely looking. One of them fumbled his whistle. The other subtly lowered his sunglasses like they were in a teen rom-com.

“Are they seriously checking me out?” Abby whispered.

Megan nodded. “It’s either that or they’re worried your belly’s going to hatch live on deck.”

Just as she said it, a small splash erupted nearby—followed by a *high-pitched scream*.

A little boy had toppled off his float near the deep end.

Abby sat up in the water, squinting. “Oh—oh my god. Is he okay?!”

The lifeguards were *still staring at her*.

“HEY!” she bellowed, slapping the water with both hands. Her boobs jiggled violently, almost escaping her swimsuit. “*LIFEGUARDS! KID! RIGHT SIDE!*”

It worked.

Both men snapped out of their daze, one of them immediately diving in with a splash.

The boy was scooped up and coughing, but okay. His mom came rushing over, flailing her beach bag and yelling.

Megan floated up beside Abby, wide-eyed. “You literally had to break their trance with your boobs to save a drowning child.”

After soaking in the wave pool and gathering enough whistles, giggles, and lifeguard double-takes to last a lifetime, Abby and Megan found themselves eyeing the towering water slides.

“The Typhoon,” Megan said, pointing to the massive, spiraling blue slide overhead. “Come on, you *have* to.”

Abby raised an eyebrow and stared up at the seemingly endless flight of stairs. “Are we sure this thing is reinforced for... structural pressure?”

Megan cackled. “It’s made of reinforced plastic, not hopes and dreams. Let’s go!”

They climbed—slowly. Abby’s enormous belly and breast combo made every step a struggle. Halfway up, a dad carrying a pool float took one look at Abby, did a double-take, and politely stepped aside as if yielding to royalty—or a rolling boulder.

By the time they reached the top, Abby was panting.

“I feel like I just climbed Mount Everest with a watermelon strapped to my belly and two yoga balls taped to my chest,” she gasped.

“You got this,” Megan said, giving her an encouraging pat on the back. “Just keep your arms in, legs crossed, and try not to go airborne.”

Abby looked down at the slide’s narrow opening with suspicion. “I cant cross my arms though, i cant even reach my other hand.”

Still, she took a deep breath and carefully lowered herself in. The lifeguard up top tried very hard not to stare, but the sight of Abby wedging herself into the slide was one for the books.

“Ready?” he asked, pretending to be professional.

“No,” she muttered, and then shoved off.

The ride started slow, but quickly picked up speed. Abby whooshed around corners, belly wobbling, breasts bouncing with each twist.

Then it happened.

A hard turn to the left. A bump. A splash.

And suddenly—*pop*—one boob slipped *entirely* free from her top.

She flew out of the tube with a loud *SPLOOSH*, landing in the shallow pool like a beached seal. Her face broke the surface just as the lifeguard blew his whistle.

“MA’AM! ARE YOU—”

“I’M FINE!” she shrieked, face red, arms clutched *tightly* to her chest. “But we’ve got a breach! Code ‘double scoop’ emergency!”

She desperately tried to hold her loose boob in with both arms—but there was simply too much to contain.

Megan was at her side in seconds, crying with laughter. “Oh my God, it’s like you’re trying to hold an inflatable raft with spaghetti noodles!”

Abby hissed, whispering through clenched teeth. “It’s escaping! I can’t get it back in!”

Megan, still giggling uncontrollably, grabbed a towel from the lifeguard’s stand and leaned over. “Okay, I got this. Left side—on three.”

They wrestled with Abby’s top like it was an overfilled backpack. One lifeguard turned his back, muttering “I’ve seen too much,” while another slipped and fell into a deck chair trying not to look.

“Got it!” Megan declared, as the rebellious boob finally sloshed its way back into Abby’s now completely waterlogged and hopelessly stretched swimsuit.

Abby exhaled in relief, soaked, mortified, but also shaking with laughter. “We are never speaking of this again.”

Week 36: Popcorn and Pressure

“Okay, hear me out,” Abby said, lowering herself onto the couch like she was docking a blimp. “If I eat enough popcorn, maybe the babies will shift down and give me back at least one lung.”

Megan burst out laughing from the kitchen. “That’s optimistic coming from someone who had to do a three-point turn just to sit down.”

It was movie night, the one tradition that hadn't been swallowed by Abby's expanding body. But tonight, everything felt bigger. Her belly was now so round, so dense, it rose up like a yoga ball stuffed under her stretched maternity T-shirt, not even able to reach her belly button, nor could her arms. Her S-cup boobs had only gotten heavier, sprawling across her chest like dramatic throw pillows.

Even her ankles had filed a complaint.

"I don't *sit* anymore," Abby muttered. "I just sort of... slump and hope for the best."

Megan walked in balancing a giant bowl of popcorn and a bottle of fizzy grape juice. She took one look at Abby and snorted. "You look like a goddess statue someone left in a beanbag chair."

Abby groaned as she shifted sideways, trying for the *fiftieth time* to get comfortable. Her massive belly—rounder than a pumpkin and just as festive—was firmly wedged between her and the popcorn bowl.

"Okay," she huffed. "New rule. If I can't reach the snacks, we pause the movie and relocate them."

Megan laughed from the other end of the couch, already grabbing the bowl. "You're literally a beanbag with boobs. Just tell me when you want more."

"Don't make me roll over there."

"Don't tempt me," Megan grinned. "I'll roll you like a sushi burrito."

They both laughed, and Abby gave up, sinking into the cushions as her belly rested like a boulder in her lap. The babies were kicking wildly—clearly fans of romantic comedies. Her shirt had ridden up again, exposing the underside of her taut stomach like a drum.

By the time the credits rolled, Abby was half-asleep and half-certain she couldn't get up without mechanical assistance.

The next morning, Megan announced a mission.

"We're getting groceries. Also... paint."

Abby blinked. "Paint?"

"For your belly. It's spooky season. I say we turn you into a giant jack-o'-lantern and surprise the trick-or-treaters."

"I can barely waddle to the kitchen," Abby said, rubbing her belly. "Let alone dress like a Halloween float."

Megan grinned. "Then we roll you to the front door and scare children from the couch."

Abby gave her a deadpan look. “You’re very obsessed with rolling me this week.”

“Your center of gravity is comedy gold right now, babe.”

At the grocery store, their usual chaotic energy was slowed to a crawl.

Abby moved at a glacial pace, one hand cradling the bottom of her belly, the other resting on the cart for balance. Her giant bump stretched the front of her oversized black hoodie into a perfect orb, and her maternity leggings were practically screaming.

Kids gawked. A guy bumped into a display of chips while staring. One woman whispered, “Triplets?” as she passed.

“Quadruplets,” Megan whispered back jokingly, with a wink. “And maybe a fifth one hiding.”

By the time they got to the paint aisle, Abby was breathless but determined. She picked out orange belly paint, black eyeliner for detailing, and glow-in-the-dark stars “just in case the babies want a galaxy theme instead.”

Megan grinned. “Abby’s Belly: The Haunted Edition.”

Back at the apartment, Abby changed into her comfiest outfit: stretchy shorts and a black tube top that had long given up trying to hide her underboob. Her bare belly was monumental—round, firm, and practically begging to be turned into a festive canvas.

She eased herself onto a chair covered in towels, legs splayed for balance, belly front and center like a planet in orbit.

Megan cracked her knuckles and surveyed the blank and tight surface. “Alright, Picasso. Ready for your debut as a seasonal decoration?”

Abby gave her a look. “If I sneeze, I might pop like a water balloon.”

“Great. Extra realism.”

Megan dipped a brush into the bright orange paint and got to work. Abby squirmed as the cold bristles touched her skin.

“Gah! It’s freezing!”

“Beauty is pain. Or in your case, roundness is art.”

Megan carefully painted large orange stripes, turning Abby’s stomach into the perfect jack-o’-lantern base. They laughed the whole time—especially when the babies kicked mid-stroke, smearing the lines and making the face slightly crooked.

“You’re messing up your own look!” Megan scolded, aiming the brush like a wand at Abby’s belly.

“Don’t yell at my children,” Abby teased. “They’re trying to contribute.”

After a bit more giggling, Megan added a cartoonish jack-o’-lantern face across Abby’s belly—big triangle eyes, a goofy grin, and even little sparkles around the edges. To finish it off, she stuck a green bow on Abby’s head.

“Tada!” Megan stepped back dramatically. “The Great Pumpkin lives!”

Abby looked down at herself, then slowly burst into laughter. Her massive belly jiggled beneath the face, the pumpkin expression warped hilariously by her movement.

“Oh god, I love it,” she said, wiping a tear from her eye. “This is so dumb. I love it so much.”

Megan nodded proudly. “You’re ready to scare, delight, and confuse an entire generation of trick-or-treaters.”

Halloween evening arrived with a light breeze and the smell of caramel apples and impending sugar crashes in the air.

Abby sat majestically in a chair on the front porch, her massive, freshly painted belly fully on display. Her belly had been transformed into a bright orange jack-o’-lantern, complete with a goofy grin and a tiny glow stick tucked into her navel for *luminosity*. A green ribbon rested on her head like a stem.

She was wearing black leggings, fuzzy socks, and a stretchy maternity hoodie that she’d zipped open just enough to show off the “pumpkin.”

Megan stood beside her holding the candy bowl, dressed as a witch—complete with a crooked hat and gummy bats stuck to her sleeves.

“Alright,” Megan said, handing her a mini speaker that played spooky sounds, “time to terrify some children. Lovingly.”

The first batch of kids came bouncing up the steps—two princesses, a Minecraft creeper, and a very determined toddler in a banana suit.

They paused when they saw Abby.

One of them whispered, “Is that her *real* belly?”

Abby leaned forward slightly and gave them a big grin.

"I ate a pumpkin seed. It grew."

The banana gasped.

"MOM SHE'S A MAGIC PUMPKIN LADY."

The parents chuckled from the sidewalk. "Amazing costume!" one mom called out. "And... congrats, I think?"

As the night wore on, more and more trick-or-treaters came. Some admired the belly art. Some gently poked it. A few parents asked if they could take a photo (with permission, of course).

A pirate boy pointed at her belly and said, "Does it move?"

Abby smirked. "Only when the pumpkin gets angry."

Right on cue, one of the babies kicked.

The kid screamed with joy and ran down the driveway yelling, "IT'S ALIVE!"

Later in the evening, a group of teens showed up dressed as ghosts and skeletons. One of them stared at Abby for a long moment.

"Wait... are you the girl from TikTok? With the tape measure? And the slide video?!"

Abby gave him a finger-gun. "In the stretch-marked flesh.""

Megan handed out extra candy. "Fame looks good on her."

As the night wrapped up and the candy bowl emptied, Abby leaned back in her chair and sighed, rubbing her belly with both hands. Her breasts—now comically oversized even for her—tested the very concept of fabric physics. Her thighs rubbed, her back ached, but her spirit? Unbothered.

"Okay. I think this is my final form. Glowing, painted, exhausted pumpkin queen."

Megan wrapped a blanket around her shoulders.

"You pulled it off. Most people just hand out candy. You *became* the holiday."

They sat together under the porch light, listening to the last echoes of laughter down the block—two best friends, a pumpkin belly, and the calm before the storm of labor.

Week 38: BBQ Belly Royalty

Tasha opened the door and burst out laughing before she could even say hello.

“GIRL. That shirt is a crime against physics.”

Abby grinned. “I wanted comfort. I got compression.”

Tasha gave her a careful hug—well, more of a polite arm-flap around Abby’s shoulders since the boobs and belly combo prevented all real contact.

The backyard was buzzing—floaties bobbing in the pool, smoke rising from the grill, music playing from a too-small speaker that someone had balanced on a lawn chair. Megan was already splashing around with a drink in hand when Abby waddled out from the house.

And when we say *waddled*, we mean it.

Abby’s entrance stopped the whole party.

She wore her bright pink maternity bikini underneath a tight white XXXXL tee, the kind with pastel hearts printed across the chest. Of course, that would’ve worked fine if she had regular large-sized breasts.

Instead, her S-cup boobs shoved the shirt upward like a pair of inflatable balloons. The hem of the shirt sat a full five inches above her belly button—casting a visible shadow over her enormous baby bump, like a shelf.

Her soft maternity shorts, rolled under her bump, clung valiantly to her hips as she shuffled forward, and a straw hat teetering uselessly atop her head like a cherry on a sundae.

Out by the pool, guests milled around the grill, sipping mocktails and lounging under umbrellas. One of them—Jenna, a glowing 7-months-pregnant woman in a floral sundress—spotted Abby and waved.

“Oh yay, I’m not the only one waddling today!”

She walked over and smiled. Her bump was petite and cute, just starting to round out. Her D-cup chest looked well-balanced, resting comfortably against the empire waist of her dress.

And then... she saw Abby.

Her eyes widened. Then she looked down at herself.

Then back at Abby.

Then down again.

“...Oh.”

Megan tried not to snort. “It’s okay. Abby’s not due soon. She’s just hosting the *entire maternity ward*.”

Abby patted her belly affectionately. “Apparently they installed a duplex in here.”

Jenna’s jaw dropped. “Are you sure it’s just twins?”

Abby leaned against the patio railing, chatting with a few of Tasha’s friends near the grill. The conversation drifted from favorite baby names to horror delivery stories—but Abby was *barely following it*.

Not because she wasn’t interested.

Because her gigantic boobs kept trying to climb out the top of her shirt like they were on a mission.

“Hang on,” she muttered for the tenth time, tugging the hem of her tight white XXXXL tee down over her ribs—only for it to snap back up again like a spring-loaded blind.

“I swear, this shirt is working *against me*.”

One of the women laughed. “Honestly? I’d have given up hours ago.”

“I *have* given up,” Abby sighed, slipping a hand beneath her underboob like a forklift. “I’m just pretending I haven’t.”

The heat didn’t help. Her belly shimmered with sunscreen and sweat, the sun casting a glow across her taut, round bump like a spotlight. The shirt was clinging to her like plastic wrap, highlighting every inch of the belly it failed to cover, unable to constrain her huge valley of cleavage..

Finally, she’d had enough.

“You know what? Screw it. I’m going in.”

With one dramatic motion, Abby peeled the shirt up over her chest—though she had to fight to get it past her S-cups—and revealed what had been lurking underneath:

A shiny, stretched-to-the-max baby belly, taut as a drum, glowing a slight pink hue from the sun, with angry but proud stretch marks fanning across her sides and down toward her hips like war paint.

Conversation stopped.

“Ugh, it’s like this shirt *wants* to die,” she muttered, fighting to lift it over her chest.

With a determined grunt, she yanked it upward—
—but the neckline caught under the full shelf of her breasts.

Everyone turned to look. Time slowed.

Sproing!

The shirt finally popped free—and her enormous full boobs dropped like bowling balls, slapping down against the top of her shiny, sun-warmed belly with a comical *smack-smack!*

They jiggled like crazy, bouncing in her strained pink bikini top as if they were trying to escape in opposite directions. Her entire chest shook, sending a ripple effect through the yard's collective consciousness.

The crowd stared.

Someone dropped a plate.

The wind chime fell silent.

“...That's illegal in at least three states,” Megan whispered from behind a pool float.

Abby, now standing in nothing but her tiny maternity bikini, her belly taut, huge, round, glowing, and straining against the last inches of fabric.

She marched confidently toward the pool, glowing pink in her barely-there bikini, her belly leading the way like a parade float and her breasts jostling like two overinflated beach balls taped to her ribcage.

Reaching the pool ladder, placed one foot on the first step... and paused.

Then frowned.

Then tried to *angle* herself sideways like a fridge going through a narrow doorway.

Her left boob immediately slammed into the top rail with a wet *SMACK*, rebounded, and took her right one with it in a synchronized jiggle so violent, Steven dropped his drink.

“Oh no,” Megan said. “She's wedged.”

“I AM wedged,” Abby confirmed, breasts now pinned between the handrails like two defiant puppies, her belly hovering over the water like a low-hanging moon.

The guests watched in awe as her bikini top—doing its best to cling to its dignity—squeaked audibly from the tension.

“Okay,” Abby huffed. “New plan.”

Steven and Megan rushed over, trying not to laugh.

“Okay, okay,” Steven said, cracking his knuckles. “I’ll take left boob, Megan you take right. On three.”

“DON’T YOU DARE,” Abby snapped, red-faced.

Instead, the two friends carefully flanked her, helping support her under each arm. Megan guided the belly. Steven braced her back. Abby held as much (little) of her chest as she could manage. Together, they gently lowered her into the water like a priceless marble statue being set in a museum fountain.

But as soon as her belly hit the surface—

BOUNCE.

Her boobs launched into orbit, sloshing and spinning in all directions, water flying everywhere like a synchronized splash team from hell.

Across the pool, Jenna’s husband—trying very hard *not* to look but failing miserably—got one lingering glance too many.

SMACK!

Jenna slapped his arm. “Eyes. Over. Here.”

“I’m sorry!” he squeaked. “It’s like watching a physics documentary!”

Abby finally settled into the water, floating, her body now weightless and free.

She sighed, eyes closed, arms stretched out wide.

“I belong here now. Someone toss me snacks.”

Megan grinned. “Should we rope off your section?”

“Nah,” Abby murmured. “Just post a sign: ‘Wide Load – Use Caution When Approaching.’”

Abby was finally at peace—floating gently on her back, half-submerged in the pool, her belly bobbing like a glossy island, and her bikini-clad boobs swaying like twin pool toys barely kept in line by elastic and hope.

The relief was *immense*.

“I haven’t felt this light since junior year,” she sighed, closing her eyes, arms stretched out like she was sunbathing on the moon.

Megan floated nearby, sipping from a cup with a tiny umbrella. “You’re basically your own inflatable raft now.”

“Shut up,” Abby mumbled, blissfully content.

That’s when Liam, Tasha’s 19-year-old cousin, slid into the water with a GoPro strapped to his head.

“Totally just doing a slow-mo cannonball edit,” he told his buddy.

But as he swam past Abby underwater, the footage... took a turn.

From the GoPro’s point of view:

A glowing pink belly, stretched tight and round like a beachball, rising into view. S-cup bikini boobs, distorted slightly by the water, swaying like submarine blimps. Tiny stretch marks flickering in the sunbeams filtering down from the surface.

The camera circled like it was filming a mythological sea goddess.

And then—just as Liam surfaced—he caught Megan’s glare from across the pool.

“You filming a nature doc, Jacques Cousteau?” she barked.

“NOPE!” he said, panicking and fumbling the GoPro off his head.

“Delete it,” Abby said without opening her eyes. “Or I’ll bellyflop onto your car.”

Week 40: The Final Measurement

Abby sat gingerly on the edge of the couch, arms propped back behind her like scaffolding, as her belly jutted forward like a prize-winning pumpkin about to roll off a ledge. Her U-cup breasts rested atop it like overambitious shelf decor, heaving slightly with each breath, barely contained in her biggest maternity sports bra.

Megan stood beside her, phone propped up on a ring light.

“Alright, folks... you asked for it. It’s time for the *final measurement stream!*” Megan announced.

The chat exploded with emojis, donations, and size guesses.

“She’s gotta be over 90 inches!”

“Bet the boobs broke the tape again 😊”

First up: the boobs.

Abby leaned forward slightly—though it was more of a *rocking motion*, like a buoy in a storm—trying to give Megan access to the underbust.

Megan unrolled the soft measuring tape with a dramatic flair.

“Please hold still. This is *dangerous territory*.”

She stretched the tape across Abby’s chest. There was a pause.

Then the tape snapped loose from her hand and *ricocheted* off the ceiling.

“Abort! The gravitational pull is too strong!”

The chat went wild. Abby wheezed with laughter.

Eventually, Megan braced her foot on the couch and managed a reading.

“Bust... 71 inches.”

“YOU’RE LYING,” Abby gasped.

“I would *never* insult science like that.”

Next, Megan squatted down, trying to locate the widest part of Abby’s belly. But it was like measuring a glossy beachball under pressure, pink from strain, veiny and impossibly tight. Stretch marks glittered like battle scars.

“Okay, deepest part of the equator... got it.”

“Might need GPS coordinates,” Abby muttered.

She held her breath as the tape wrapped around. It took both of Megan’s hands to keep it flat.

“Drumroll please...”

“BELLY: 85 inches!”

Abby slapped the top of it proudly.

“New personal record. Send me my trophy.”

The chat was losing its mind.

“She’s more belly than person.”

“I swear her boobs have moons orbiting them.”

“Twins?? No. That’s a boss-level pregnancy.”

Donations poured in. Someone offered to 3D-print a scale model.

Abby had reached the finish line.

Her breasts were now officially a U-cup, the size of bowling balls, and her belly had grown so taut and round that even lying down had become a feat of engineering. She shuffled rather than waddled, leaning back slightly to counterbalance the weight in front. Every step made her feel like a human earthquake.

That morning, Megan gently rolled over in bed and blinked at Abby’s silhouette, cast against the bedroom wall by the soft sunlight.

“Okay, I know I say this every week... but you’re enormous,” Megan whispered, half in awe.

“I know,” Abby groaned, struggling to roll upright. “I look like a maternity balloon float.”

They had planned a low-key, comfy day at home, knowing the due date was technically tomorrow. Abby live-streamed one final “Q&A and measurement” session with her fanbase. Megan narrated while Abby stood in just her support bra and belly band, arms akimbo, letting the tape measure do the talking.

“Bust: seventy-one inches. Belly: eighty-five and counting. Waist? What waist?”

The comments exploded:

“👁️👁️ she’s gonna *pop!*”

“Someone pack a hospital bag, STAT.”

“How is she still walking???”

“Queen Abby about to give birth to a watermelon army.”

They ended the stream with a laugh and a thank-you for all the support. Then, Megan handed Abby a gift box.

“What’s this?” Abby asked, sitting carefully on the couch with a *fwump*.

“Your pre-baby push present,” Megan said proudly. “Open it.”

Inside was a soft maternity robe—pink, stretchy, and hilariously embroidered on the back with “Final Boss: Twins.”

Abby burst out laughing. “I love it.”

Later that night, as they curled up on the couch for one last quiet movie night—popcorn in Megan’s lap since Abby’s tits and belly blocked everything—Abby sighed and gently cradled her huge sphere of flesh.

"You know... I think I'm finally ready."

Her face froze. She looked at Megan.

"Was that...?"

Another stronger cramp hit.

"Oh."

Megan dropped the popcorn.

"It's happening, isn't it?"

Abby just nodded, wide-eyed.

"Let's do this."