

Part 5:

The Meeting

Aidan planted his feet and thrust his hips as fast and hard as he could. His cock slid easily in and out of the moaning, squealing slut bent over in front of him. Her face was practically flattened on one side as he held it against the wall. He wrapped her long blonde hair around his fingers to keep her under his control. The rest of it hung thick around her upper body, obscuring it like a curtain of gold. That suited him just fine. He was too focused on her ass to care about anything else. Her round, bulging cheeks bounced and shook with every thrust. They were firm and shapely but had a generous layer of fat to pad them out to a phenomenal size and make them pillow soft. Between every clap of her cheeks against his pelvis, he got a flash of the shiny steel plug in her asshole.

He slapped the left side of her ass hard enough for the resulting smack to reverberate through the room. The girl let out a throaty moan and pushed back against him. She wiggled her hips as his cock sank deeply into her folds again as if to ask for another, and Aidan obliged. She grunted and began pushing back in time with his thrusts, wordlessly begging him to fuck her harder, and he settled into a slower, more powerful rhythm. With a hint of regret, he stopped watching her ass bounce and closed his eyes to revel in the smooth and supple grip of her thick, sopping wet pussy.

He had been up close and personal with it just moments earlier. Aside from her beautiful ass and stunning legs, his latest conquest sported one of the most perfect vulvas he had ever seen. The outer lips were plump enough to form a noticeable cameltoe in her leggings, and eating her out had been a treat. It was so perfect that he could have done it all day if his dick hadn't been so hard that it almost hurt to go any longer without fucking her. The second he entered her, he wasn't sure he would ever be able to be with anyone else again.

"P-put it in my ass..." the blonde moaned.

"What? Right now?" Aidan said between grunts without slowing his rhythm. "I'm about two seconds from cumming, you know."

"Hurry up then! I want it all inside of me!"

Aidan grunted and stopped himself. He was edging closer to his release and wanted to keep going until he finished, but he willed himself to do as she asked. She let out a high-pitched whine as he pulled out of her and wiggled her ass at him again. The plug glinted in the light as she did it, so he grabbed a bottle of lube with one hand and the end of the plug with the other, squeezing a liberal amount of the lube over her ass as he pulled it out of her. Once he had set it aside, he held his cock steady and pressed it right up to her asshole.

“Are you rea—?”

Before he could finish his question, she threw her hips back with enough force to throw him off balance for a moment. His cock slipped into her with no resistance whatsoever, and he let out a groan of satisfaction that was drowned out by the blonde’s squeal of pleasure.

“You feel so good, baby,” she whined in a husky voice as desperate as it was arousing. “Fuck my ass!”

Aidan started thrusting again with long and powerful strokes. He could feel the blonde’s legs starting to shake a few minutes in, and they finally dropped to their knees to continue the fun on the floor. They both inched closer to what could be the holy grail of simultaneous climax. He could only do his best to hold out until she was done.

“I’m so close!” She whimpered. “Just a little harder!”

He gripped her hips and pulled her backwards with every thrust. Her whines and moans turned into sharp yelps and squeals, then she finally came. Her thighs spread open, parting her thick lips as she convulsed, and her cum oozed down her legs and onto the floor. Aidan grabbed her hair again and began to let loose. He roughly twirled a few locks of her hair around his fingers. With one overenthusiastic yank, it all came right off her head as fire-red curls tumbled free from their captivity.

“Fu—uck!” She screeched, heedless of her instant makeover. “Oh my god! Yes!”

Aidan moaned as he finished, and Bridget leaned forward to rest against her tits as usual. Her perfect ass twitched every so often, hovering just a few inches above the floor as she sank into a squat and panted for breath. Her juices continued to run out of her, forming a thick pool on the floor.

“So it was good for you, too?” Aidan wheezed.

“I told you,” Bridget murmured through a broad and satisfied smile. “Kinky sex is always the best.”

Aidan laughed and coughed as he gripped a stitch in his side. Bridget had a point. He hadn’t gone quite that hard in a long time.

“I’ve gotta admit, that pump really takes your pussy to the next level.”

“I *told* you it was worth a try!” She said. “If they’d just make some big enough for my nipples, I’d never *not* be cumming.”

“It’s probably for the best that they don’t,” Aidan laughed. “You wouldn’t even need me anymore.”

Bridget smiled at him over her shoulder and gestured for him to come closer. He crawled over to her and snuggled close, wrapping his arms around her and pressing into her back in a sort of crouched spooning position.

“God, we need a shower,” she chuckled a few minutes later. “Am I as sticky and gross as you?”

“You’re way worse,” Aidan mumbled into her back. “I’ll get it all rigged up in a few minutes. I just want to sit here for a while.”

“Just don’t fall asleep on me again.”

“Mmm.”



Bridget spent the next few weeks trying to get around the school with less help than usual. For most of their time at school, Aidan had always been there to help carry her bag, but now he was gone. She still caught herself shaking with rage whenever she thought about how he had just dropped her like a hot brick after the game. It was hard to believe he didn’t value their friendship to the same degree she had, but his words and actions had left little doubt in her mind. It was obvious he was more interested in being popular than loyal to his oldest friend. He was hanging around with a more upper-class crowd, and she was the same old loser.

Actually way worse, said a bitter voice in her head. *You’re a way bigger target than ever before.*

“Literally,” Bridget mumbled aloud to herself as she looked down at her boobs squashing against both of the neighboring lockers.

“You look like hell.”

Bridget heard a familiar contralto voice behind her and carefully turned around to see Jenna and Clara heading her way.

“Need a hand, Bridget?” Clara asked in her sweet, borderline girlish tone.

Bridget couldn’t help but notice her friend’s broad hips swaying as she walked. If it had been anyone else, she would have thought it was intentional, but she knew Clara, and her seductive strut was completely natural. She envied her effortless sex appeal. Her smooth, dark thighs—exposed by her tight gym shorts—were just thick enough to rub together every now and then, and her huge, perky bubble butt drove guys crazy. Meanwhile, Jenna was as tall and lean as ever. She wasn’t curvaceous by any means but still had a lithe and sexy athletic thing going on. Bridget couldn’t even imagine having such a slim build anymore. She needed at least two feet of extra clearance just to turn around now.

“That would be great,” Bridget said, trying to lighten her gloomy expression for their benefit. “Thanks. I’m just getting so tired of lugging everything around today.”

“No problem, girl,” Jenna said, holding her hand out to take Bridget’s bag. “But I can’t imagine how jacked your legs must be just from walking around these days.”

“*Jenna!*” Clara hissed through her teeth.

“Uh,” Jenna looked a bit pink as she grinned at Bridget. “I mean—”

“Nah, it’s cool,” Bridget said, waving one hand as if to shoo away their discomfort. “You’re right. My legs are looking pretty great these days.”

She grinned and tapped Clara on the butt.

“Wish I had a booty like this to go with them, though.”

Clara’s complexion darkened a bit as she blushed and slapped her hands to her rear end.

“I didn’t even say anything!” She whined, pointing at Jenna. “If you’ve gotta harass someone, go after her!”

Bridget laughed, mostly to disguise the hurt and shame she was feeling. Even her closest friends were finding it difficult to avoid bringing up her abnormality these days. She was getting so huge she wasn’t sure she would be able to walk for her graduation. Her parents were already discussing options with the school board to switch her over to a remote program. If she grew any more over the next few months, they would probably have to go that route whether she wanted to or not. She’d outgrown her biggest bra just a few days ago, and her mom had to order a new one just to give her something to wear at school while she tailored a few older models.

“Are you guys gonna be at homecoming this weekend?” Jenna asked, noticing Bridget’s face and changing the subject. “I wasn’t gonna go at first, but I was thinking about inviting this guy I met last week.”

“Nah,” Clara said, lacing her fingers behind her head and looking dreamily up at the ceiling. “But if my parents happen to ask, tell them I’m going.”

Bridget and Jenna looked at each other and huddled around Clara to question her further.

“What are you up to?” Bridget whispered.

“More like what her *boyfriend’s* up to...” Jenna grumbled.

Clara looked around and leaned in close.

“Matty and I are going to make a quick appearance,” she said, beaming. “Then we’re getting out of here. Don’t ask me how, but he got us a room at some fancy hotel in Wallis Island. We’re gonna fuck like rabbits all night!”

She was quivering with excitement as she finished telling them the plan. Jenna and Bridget exchanged looks again. For her part, Bridget could admit she was just a little jealous. Clara and Matty had been together for what felt like forever, and their relationship was still going strong. She tried not to think about what could have been with Aidan and focused on the conversation at hand.

“What if you get caught?” Jenna asked.

“That’s a problem for Future Clara,” Clara giggled. “Have I told you about that new tongue thing Matty—?”

“Okay!” Jenna interrupted, blushing. “I don’t need to hear about where he puts what.”

The girls went on giggling and teasing each other as they made their way down the hall towards their next class. Bridget usually had to wait for the crowd in the hall to thin out a bit before she went into a classroom. Wild as it was, her bust was getting wider than some of the doorways in the school. She had to be careful going in and out of them.

“I don’t think I’ll be there,” Bridget mumbled as they waited for the rest of the students to clear the road. “I’m not much of a dancer these days, and I don’t think I could avoid a run-in with the A-Holes.”

This time it was Jenna and Clara that exchanged a significant look. A-Holes was their codename for Aidan and Eva of late. It wasn’t all that clever, or subtle for that matter, but Bridget didn’t care. All they needed was plausible deniability. If someone tried to call them out for talking about the school’s newest power couple, they could say they were talking about anyone.

“Didn’t you hear?” Jenna asked, her eyes wide.

“I thought everyone would have heard by now,” Clara said, just as shocked.

“What are you guys talking about?” Bridget asked, narrowing her eyes.

“I guess they were arguing after chemistry this morning,” Clara said. “That’s what everyone was saying, anyway. *She* was bitching at *him* for not spending enough time with her.”

Clara took the opportunity to jump in as Jenna paused for breath.

“Honestly, he may not be as stupid as we all thought. Maybe he doesn’t like her shitty attitude?”

Bridget wasn't sure how to take the news. Even weeks later, she was still raging inside about the way Aidan had casually dropped the bomb that Eva didn't like him hanging around her while they were dating. She was also happy that they were making each other miserable. Strangest of all, she was surprised to find a small glimmer of hope that the two of them might find a way to patch up their own damaged relationship and be friends again.

Maybe more than friends... whispered a dreamy and conniving voice in the back of her mind.

"We should probably get in there," Clara said, pointing into the classroom.

Bridget nodded and began the process of squeezing herself through the door. Her face went red as her bra caught on the doorframe and was pulled down far enough for one of her nipples to escape its confines. It was big enough to form a noticeable bulge in her top and so sensitive that she felt a warm tingle spread through her body. It went hard in response to her sudden arousal, and Bridget felt the eyes of every one of her classmates shift in her direction. She thought she understood what a boy called up to solve a math problem with a raging hard-on must feel like. The scale of her breasts left her feeling exposed and unable to hide, but this was a whole new level.

"Nothing to see here," Clara said, trying to assume a loud and authoritative tone that wasn't suited to her gentle, girlish voice while Jenna attempted to hide Bridget's disgrace with her body. "Mind your own business, people!"

Bridget tried to get herself under control as Jenna helped her pull her bra back up into place and stuff her tit back into the cup. Her scarlet face had darkened a few shades by the time she got back to her private table at the back of the classroom. Since no desk had fit her for a long time now, this was the best the school could do to accommodate her. Clara helped her get the right textbook out of her bag, and Jenna took Bridget's homework up to the teacher's desk for her. Then they took their usual seats a few spots in front of Bridget and waited for class to begin. Bridget caught a few of her less disciplined classmates sneaking looks at her. She tried to ignore him, but Gary Fuches, the creepiest guy in school, was staring at her again. It looked like he liked what he saw a bit too much for her taste.

I'd say I wanna crawl under a rock and die, but I don't think I can crawl anymore...



Two hours later, Bridget had finished all of her classes for the day. The time had helped her recover from some of her earlier embarrassment, but she didn't want to hang around any longer than necessary. As a senior, she only needed a few more credits to graduate, and it wasn't as if she needed to stick around for sports anymore. Once lunchtime rolled around, she was done for the day unless she opted to take a few electives to fill out her schedule.

Dr. Jackson had forbidden her from engaging in any strenuous physical activity, so she had signed up for a few of the less excruciating and potentially embarrassing options. Unfortunately, none of them had panned out. The art and pottery classes she'd tried had been low-impact enough, but she didn't think she had all that much artistic ability, and the amount of equipment necessary made them more of a pain than she thought it would be. She managed sketching well enough but had to stand sideways to work at an easel when they did paintings and kept smudging her canvas with one breast or the other when she tried to do more detailed brushwork. It was much the same for the pottery class. She could mold the clay and make simpler things like coil pots without issue, but her bust took up way too much space out in front for her to work a pottery wheel.

Her only other option had been a shop class, but she didn't think she wanted to risk getting too close to power tools and table saws if a pottery wheel made her uncomfortable. It had become pretty clear to her that most things were simply beyond her reach now—literally. She'd gone to the counselor for advice and decided it would be best if she dropped the classes and elected to leave school early from then on.

Since Clara and Jenna needed to run to lunch, she bade them goodbye and trudged to her locker to retrieve her phone. As she unlocked it to check in with her mom, she saw she had four missed texts from someone who wasn't in her contacts. She tapped the notification and immediately understood where they had come from.

Hello, Bridget! This is Dana Daniels. We met at the baseball game last month. Since I haven't heard from you for a while, I tracked your number down (sorry 😬). I hate to text you out of the blue like this, but there's something I had to ask you: would you be interested in meeting that woman I told you about in the next week or two?

Heart already racing, Bridget read the next message. It was timestamped ten minutes after the first. She was too excited by the prospect of meeting the mystery woman who shared her condition to care about the invasion of privacy.

She travels a lot, you see, and says she'll be in the area for a while. Let me know as soon as you can because I'll have to coordinate an interview with the two of you as well. Sorry to play hardball like this, but you can't just do things out of the kindness of your own heart in my line of work.

The next message was stamped an hour after that.

I just remembered you're probably in school this morning. Sorry if I'm bothering you. 😓 Just let me know what you think soon, alright? Thanks! 😊

The last one had been delivered a mere fifteen minutes ago.

Just heard from her again! Could you possibly do this Saturday at Eden's Cafe around 5 PM? Just a twenty-minute interview. Then the two of you can talk all you want. I'll even pick up your tab!

Bridget's trembling thumbs fumbled over her keyboard as she tried to type out a reply. She erased a line of half-gibberish and tried again.

Hi, Dana. Sorry I didn't reply sooner. I was in class all morning, but I finish early these days. I'd love to meet her on Saturday if you could arrange it!

She pushed send and stared at her screen. Just as she'd hoped, three dots appeared beneath her text within seconds. A breathless moment passed, and Dana's text arrived as Bridget began to head for the school entrance, still staring at her phone.

No problem, I get it! I just had a thought: if you're already done with school for the day, what if you and I went ahead and met for a short interview? It could save some time on Saturday if I got a few questions out of the way now. I could meet you anytime today.

Bridget thought about what her mom had told her. She didn't like Dana very much, but as Bridget understood it, that was just because of what *her* mother had done. Dana wasn't any more responsible for their mom's feud, or rivalry, or whatever it had been than Bridget was. And she had been right at the game the other day. Bridget was an adult now, even if she didn't feel like one. She needed to start making her own choices, and she wanted people to know her story. Even if only a few people around town heard about it, there was a chance it would make some of them realize she was a normal person living with a rare condition. She made up her mind and typed up another reply to Dana.

I'm leaving the school now. Could you come meet me at the park a few blocks away? I can't drive.

Bridget walked down the front steps, gripping the handrail and taking her time to avoid a painful and embarrassing fall. Even so, she kept her eyes on her phone. Dana's next text popped up by the time her feet hit the sidewalk that would lead her to the park in question.

Sure thing! I can be there in about fifteen minutes. Let's meet at the benches by the playground.

Sounds good. See you soon.

Bridget let out a deep sigh of relief. She felt better now that she had made the decision to do the interview. The anxiety that had eaten away at her for the last two weeks was melting away. She strolled along the city streets for a few minutes, trying to ignore the sweat forming under her boobs and soaking into her bra, and came to the gates of the park before she knew it. A pair of college-aged guys jogged past her as she walked in, and both of them did a double-take when they saw her. She tried to ignore them, but the leers they had given her made her feel self-conscious. It almost overshadowed the fresh confidence she felt about the interview. A vicious part of her psyche told her there was nothing normal about her ridiculous body, and everyone would just think she was even more of a freak when her story got out. She tried to ignore it and started looking around for anything to take her mind off of her own thoughts.

She walked by the fountain and saw a girl around her own age wearing a sort of goth outfit that always made her think of Kylie. She had a huge pair of headphones on and didn't so much as look in Bridget's direction as she balanced on the fountain's edge with her arms out like a tightrope walker.

Kylie, she thought with a smile. I haven't seen her for a long time now.

Just the thought of one of the first "adult" friends she ever made made her feel better again. Kylie had always encouraged her to own her curves, and she knew what she was talking about. She wasn't quite at Bridget's level, but Kylie was somewhat unusual herself. Almost six feet tall, with hips wider than her shoulders and an ass to match, pear-shaped didn't even begin to describe her. It didn't phase her, either. She went through her life one day at a time and didn't care what anyone thought about her. *She* had decided that she liked her body, and that was enough. Every time Bridget went to her store because she outgrew another bra or top, Kylie encouraged her to love her boobs and be confident. The way she saw it, they were lucky to get to be so unique.

I always wanted to be like that, Bridget thought as she watched her chest bounce with every step she took. But being a little tall and having a big ass just isn't the same as what I have to deal with.

She made her way over to the benches Dana mentioned in her text and saw that the reporter was already waiting for her. She stood up, flashing her gleaming smile and waving Bridget over.

"Hey, Bridget!" She called out. "It's really good to see you again! You look great!"

"Um, thanks..."

Bridget wasn't used to compliments on her appearance from anyone outside of her family or her small group of close friends. It felt good, but it was also embarrassing. She felt like she needed to reciprocate in some way.

"You, uh, you look good too, Ms. Daniels."

"Oh, you're sweet!" She laughed. "But just call me Dana. I'm not all that much older than you are."

"Um, sure," Bridget mumbled.

Now that she was face-to-face with the woman, Bridget was feeling bashful and nervous. Dana must have sensed her discomfort, because she sat down on a bench and patted the spot beside her.

"It's okay to be a little nervous when speaking to the press," she said with a smile. "But I promise my questions won't get too intimate or embarrassing. All I want is for my viewers to understand your condition a little better. We'll do a proper video interview this weekend, but

today I just want to get to know you a little more. It could help me formulate more questions for the big day.”

“Before that,” Bridget said, preparing herself to confront something of a touchy subject.

She wrapped one arm behind her back and gripped her opposite elbow, her substitute for crossing her arms, and took a deep breath.

“How did you get my number? I never give it out to anyone.”

“Oh, that,” Dana chuckled. “It’s really not hard to find someone’s number if you’re willing to throw a few bucks around. They aren’t all that secure, honestly.”

She watched Bridget’s expression slip from nervous to terrified and quickly changed tack.

“Oh, but don’t worry too much about that. You have to have a few details to track the right number. I only knew enough because I know your mom.”

Bridget nodded and looked at the part of the bench Dana had indicated a moment before. She blushed as she tried to explain her physical limitations where seats were concerned.

“I-I’m not gonna…”

She tried to speak, but her voice fizzled out before she could finish. Dana cocked her head at her, still smiling.

“What was that, hun?”

Red-faced and mortified, Bridget gave it another try. This time, the words tumbled out in a rush.

“I’m not gonna fit on these benches,” she said. “Can we go somewhere else?”

She wanted to disguise the swell of her chest and hunched her shoulders. As usual, it was a fruitless endeavor. Nothing she did could hide the way her breasts hung all the way down to her hips, nor how they bulged out from her body like she was smuggling a pair of beach balls under her clothes. Dana’s eyes dropped to Bridget’s chest, then refocused on her face. She almost looked embarrassed. It was the first time Bridget had seen her looking flustered since she first met her.

“Oh, goodness, I’m sorry,” she cringed. “I didn’t even consider…that.”

“It’s alright,” Bridget said, feeling more at ease now that she had seen a chink in Dana’s professional facade. “I sort of hang off of most seats, and it’s not very comfortable. It’s not exactly a common problem, so most people don’t think about it.”

“What should we do then?”

“I usually find a nice shady spot and just sit on the ground.”

Dana’s face scrunched into a look of profound distaste for an instant, but she covered it with a soft chuckle.

“This outfit costs more than I care to admit,” she said with a shrug. “But I guess I can stand for a little while. Just go wherever you feel comfortable.”

Bridget pointed to a small group of evergreen bushes and trees just off the jogging path a few yards away.

“If we go to the other side of those, no one should bother us. Does that work?”

“Sure.”

They took a short stroll toward the place Bridget had pointed out, and Bridget felt more awkward than ever as they walked in silence. She looked around to try to find something, anything, to chat about. It was a nice day, but she didn’t want to talk about the weather, and Dana didn’t seem like the type that shared many of her interests. Halfway to their destination, Bridget noticed the goth girl balancing on the fountain was now sitting on the edge of it with her phone pointed directly at them. She looked both stunned and amused and didn’t even bother to hide the fact that she was recording Bridget. Her lips moved as if she were talking to someone, but she was too far away to make out anything she said.

Dana saw the look on Bridget’s face and followed her line of sight to the girl. She looked back at Bridget and decided to ask one of her questions a little early.

“Do people have a tendency to disregard your privacy and personal space? I know this isn’t the same thing, but I interviewed a woman who underwent extensive plastic surgery once. She complained about people objectifying her like that. Any similarities?”

Bridget was trying to ignore the girl and focus on Dana, but her attention was split. She only half understood what she was asking.

“I guess so, sometimes,” she mumbled, facing the trees and not acknowledging the girl any further. “Mom says it’s best to ignore it. If anything ends up online or something, she said she can take care of it.”

“You deal with a lot of unwanted filming and photography, then?”

“Y-yeah.”

Bridget slipped her hands underneath her boobs and held them steady. Some part of her hoped that if they bounced and swung a little less, the girl might lose interest. She was probably talking to a friend when she saw the big-titted freak walking around in the park. The

video would most likely be circulated around her friend group. She looked like she was around late high school age, so Bridget guessed she would be a fresh spectacle for about a day and then they would—hopefully—forget all about her. She chose not to think about what any boys that saw the video might use it for.

They reached the treeline, and Bridget breathed a sigh of relief as she slipped behind them and out of sight. She turned to Dana, rubbing her eyes.

“Sorry about all this,” she muttered, more bashful than ever now. “I just hate being the center of attention.”

“I understand,” Dana said, crossing her arms and pulling out a small recording device. “Do you want to just dive right in?”

Bridget nodded and tried to prepare herself for the questions to come. She knew she was going to have to open up a bit to secure the meeting with the mystery woman who shared her condition. That didn’t mean she was going to like it. Her mother’s warnings to avoid Dana and the press at all costs murmured in the back of her mind, but she ignored them.

“Begin interview with Bridget Thomas,” Dana said in her more professional-sounding reporter voice. “First off, when did your condition become apparent?”

Put off by the sudden shift in Dana’s entire attitude, Bridget wasn’t sure what to say for a moment. Dana gave her a significant look, and she stuttered out an answer.

“Uh, it was, um, pretty early on, I guess.”

“How early, Ms. Thomas?”

“I-I mean, I was fifteen when I started outgrowing most of my clothes.”

Bridget considered leaving the next part out, then decided to go for it.

“But I guess even the beginning of my, um, development was kind of extreme.”

“Can you go into more detail on that?” Dana asked, nodding and looking like she’d just eaten something both delicious and exotic.

“Y-yeah,” Bridget said, taking a deep breath. “I hit puberty when I was about twelve...I started off pretty big for a girl my age. I grew so fast it hurt. I was really scared. My mom tried to tell me it happened like that to some girls, but when I outgrew *her* bras a few weeks later, we started getting worried.”

“That must have been very difficult for you,” Dana interjected, sounding genuine but looking even more thrilled than ever. “Were you officially diagnosed around that time as well?”

“Yeah. We had an expert fly in and everything. He told me I had what they called ‘virginal breast hypertrophy.’ It’s a sort of runaway breast development that makes girls grow

way too big from a young age. There aren't a lot of documented cases, but they tell me I have a pretty extreme case of it."

From there, Dana went on asking a few more questions about her life. She asked about her family, if and how her condition affected her school, and if there was anyone special in her life. The final question made Bridget's face redden from a combination of irritation, frustration, and embarrassment.

"I'm not sure—"

Her phone started to ring before she could finish answering the question. She pulled it out of her pocket and gasped as she noticed the time and saw that her mom was calling her. It was over an hour after she usually called to be picked up.

"I have to take this," Bridget said. "It's my mom."

"Go right ahead," Dana said with a smile. "I think I have all I need for now anyway. I'll be in touch."

She turned her recorder off and slipped it into a pocket in the lining of her jacket. Before Bridget could even accept the call, she was already walking away. She came up with a cover story and answered the call.

"Sorry, Mom! I went to lunch with Jenna and Clara and forgot to tell you."



"Hey, everyone!" Bridget smiled and waved up at a camera set up to shoot her from her left side. "Sorry, we haven't done this for a while. Little ol' me couldn't get things set up by myself, and my friends have been busy."

She sat on the floor with her knees bent and her feet and ankles out to each side. Most of her fans thought it made her look cute and vulnerable. She had learned a long time ago that embracing that vulnerability brought in more viewers, so she went with it. Playing up her helplessness and acting sweet and submissive turned more guys on than trying to act tough.

"God, I've had this itch next to my nipple for hours!" She giggled. "I wish you were here to help me out. Anyway, what do you want me to do today?"

She sent the poll to her viewers as soon as there were enough. She hoped they voted for some of the easier things, but she expected they'd want the usual masturbation scene. She pushed a button on her laptop that switched the camera angle to a view of her ass, then pulled her thong aside so everyone could see the gemstone butt plug shoved into it. A fan had sent it to her, so she thought it was only fair to let them see it in action.

"Mmm, this plug fits me so perfectly. Thank you, baby."

Bridget still felt stupid talking to her audience like that, but she had to make money somehow. The honest truth was that she made better money flashing her tits and masturbating on camera than she ever had working as a telemarketer. She felt less shitty about it, too.

She rubbed her ass with one hand and moaned as if it was the most pleasurable thing in the world.

“One more minute to vote, guys,” she told them. “Get your choices in!”

A notification flashed up on her laptop. Someone had just donated fifty bucks.

“Thank you, sweetie!” She sighed, still wiggling her hips and touching herself.

Whenever she got a tip like that, she liked to give the viewers a little something extra. It encouraged them to do it more often and it was only fair. Bridget switched camera angles again, this time to a camera hanging from a bracket on the warehouse rafters. The audience got a full view of her massive tits as she pushed a button to engage a showerhead hanging above them. It unleashed a sudden torrent of water-based lube that ran down her mountainous breasts, leaving them shiny and slick. It washed into her cleavage, bathing every inch of her chest in slippery fluid. She let out a muffled squeal and switched the camera back to her face.

“It was a little cold,” she giggled, biting her lip and moaning again as she started rubbing as much of her breasts as she could reach. “Oh, god, I wish I had a big, hard cock between them right now! I haven't given anyone a titfuck since high school.”

It was a fib, of course. She'd been way too big for that sort of thing by the time she was adventurous enough to try them. What they didn't know wouldn't hurt them.

A short chime went off and Bridget knew the results of the poll were in. She switched tabs to see what act she would be performing and gave the camera a devilish smile.

“You guys are so *bad!*” She laughed. “But this should be fun!”

They had bought a machine to keep Bridget satisfied during the times that Aidan had to go out of town, but there hadn't been much reason to put it to use yet. For whatever reason, she hadn't thought to use it on one of her streams until that very day, and she was looking forward to it.

“Hang on, I need to get into position. This might take a minute, so bear with me!”

She stood up with her tits still firmly planted on the floor and towering above her head. There wasn't a chance in hell she would ever shift their weight unaided again, and there hadn't been for a long time now. Still, she had found a few ways of getting around. They had placed her on a giant carousel, originally intended for turning heavy freight around, and she could spin herself 360 degrees if necessary. It gave her enough room to set up a few different options to entertain herself, so long as they arranged for it. She remembered that the fuck machine was

placed at three o'clock, so she grabbed a pendant switch hanging from the ceiling and pressed a button. With a groan of metal and a lurch, the carousel began to spin counter-clockwise, slowly positioning her in front of her prize. She switched the camera angle again, granting the same overhead view of her breasts as before, and watched her puny body appear on the feed preview as she spun. Even though she was attached to them, she sometimes forgot just how massive they had become.

"Alright, everybody," she moaned as the carousel ground to a halt. "Just let me get myself ready for this monster."

Bridget's lower half was positioned just in front of the fuck machine, which had a dark purple dildo attached to it that pointed threateningly at her crotch. It was almost a foot long and thicker than her wrist at its base. She wasn't sure she would be able to take it all, but she was going to give it a try. She licked her fingers and started rubbing herself. Her natural lubricant was flowing within a few seconds, but she also smeared a bit of the excess running down her tits around for good measure.

"Okay," she said, flashing a nervous smile to the camera as she switched back to a view of her face. "I have a confession. I've barely used this thing, but I hear they can be intense. Don't get mad if I cum too soon, alright?"

Her chat lit up with the typical words of encouragement and horny banter she had come to expect. These people just wanted to watch her get pounded by a motorized silicone shaft. She winked into the camera and switched the feed to a picture-in-picture view that put her facecam into a box in the upper right corner of the screen and filled the rest of it with a view of her thong-clad ass again.

"Do you guys like my panties, by the way?" She asked. "I thought they were cute."

The chat exploded with comments like "take them off" and "show us your pussy," but a few others expressed their appreciation for her choice of lingerie. Bridget giggled and blushed as she saw a few commenters acknowledging her ass. It wasn't her main draw, and she knew that, but it was a part of her body she actually worked on and maintained, so it was always nice to see people taking notice.

I want to bury my face in there.

Dammit, girl! The tits are one of a kind, but people sleeping on that booty!

I'd eat that ass all day.

Sit on my face, Bridget!

"Anyway, let's get this show on the road!" She announced. "I'm going for it!"

She reached between her thighs and grabbed the rubbery dildo with one hand. Scooting back on her knees, she braced herself with her other hand and slowly pushed back,

guiding the tip of the sex toy into her pussy. She moaned as her lips parted to accept it and threw her head back for her viewers' benefit.

"Oh, fuck!" She gasped. "That's just what I needed!"

She pushed it deeper into herself and checked the feed to ensure that her buttplug was also in frame. She wanted her audience to be able to see everything filling her up. Once she had taken around half the dildo's length, she worked her hips back and forth a few times and decided she was ready. She let out a single, sharp breath, pressed a button, and felt the machine stir to life. It was almost painfully slow at first but quickly built up speed once the crank got going. She dialed it back so it didn't surprise her with a full-speed pounding right from the start. She wanted to ease herself into the experience and take her time. Her viewers would want a proper show, so she had to go for at least fifteen minutes.

"Oh, that's good," she moaned.

She ran her fingers through her hair and gathered it together as if she were going to tie it up. She held her head in her hands and thrust her chest out as she threw her head back again. Since she couldn't lift them off the floor, her breasts didn't move a bit, but her arched back and groans of passion created the sensual image she was going for all the same. The machine continued to penetrate her at a steady pace, loosening her up until she had taken nearly the full length. As she prepared herself to bottom out on the thing, she smiled at the camera again. When she spoke, every other word was emphasized by the dildo pushing ever deeper inside of her.

"I've **never** taken **anything quite** this **big** before," she laughed. "But it **feels** great! I'm **so full right** now..."

A flood of messages poured into the chat as she sighed and dialed up the speed a bit. The dildo thrust in and out of her a few times a second.

Not that full.

You've got another hole!

Spitroast! Spitroast!

Ooh, yeah! I love watching her suck cock!

She always looks so cute with a dick in her mouth...

Bridget looked surprised for a moment, then laughed again. Now her voice was touched with a strange sort of vibrato as the uncaring machine fucked her harder.

"You guys are incorrigible!" She whined. "But alright! Let it never be said that I don't love my fans!"

She reached into the cavern of cleavage before her, where she had stored a few things for later use. After feeling around for a moment and trying to maintain focus as she was pounded from behind, her hand fell upon her prize. She pulled on it and revealed another dildo, this one of a more standard size.

“Ta-da! Bridget’s magic cleavage provides again!”

She giggled and rubbed the tip of the dildo in a circle against one of her breasts.

“You guys wanna see me deepthroat this thing?”

The chat unanimously replied in the affirmative.

“Here goes!”

She tilted her head back and opened her mouth wide with her tongue hanging out. As she slipped the rubbery shaft past her teeth, she swirled her tongue around it to lubricate it. She pushed the first few inches in and sucked it a few times to prepare it for her throat. She pulled it back and repeated the process, winking at her facecam again. She knew this was the finale for the evening, so she wanted to make it a show worth watching.

“Gghrrk!”

With a wet choking sound, Bridget forced the dildo into her throat. Her eyes watered a bit at first, but she quickly got into a groove. She had swallowed Aidan enough times to know she could handle it. She moaned through the silicone, stared straight up at her facecam, and worked her lips and tongue as if the fake cock in her mouth could appreciate it. Her throat bulged, and she rubbed the dildo through her own flesh with her other hand. All the while, the machine behind her thrust away. Her asshole reflexively squeezed the butt plug. She was seconds away from an intense orgasm, and she knew it, so she pulled the dildo from her throat.

“I’m gonna cum!” she whined, “I’m gonna cum!”

She shoved the dildo back into her mouth and started fucking her own face with it. She alternated with the machine behind her, sucking the shaft down her throat as the larger dildo pulled out of her cunt. Like an explosion in her brain, everything went white for a moment. Her muscles locked up, then spasmed out of control. She could feel her pussy gripping the dildo tight, but the unfeeling machine only kept up the same pace. Her ass flexed and relaxed around the plug. Everything felt so good, Bridget almost forgot she was recording by the time her body settled down again.

“There you have it, folks,” she mumbled as she sat up and looked into the camera. “If you want to make me cum hard enough to practically knock me out, just fill all my holes!”

That was hot.

Awesome!

Aw, it's already over?

How much to fuck you?

Machine in the ass next time!

"Gotta go, guys. See ya!"



The big day was inching closer. Dana had called a few days after their rendezvous in the park and given her the details for the next interview. She told her to wear something nice, do her makeup, and generally come camera-ready. Of course Bridget didn't do makeup, and she wasn't sure what constituted "camera ready," but she thought she had a plan.

Since she still didn't want her family to find out she was giving an interview, Bridget cooked up a cover story that would solve most of her problems. She invited Clara over one evening and filled her in on the scheme in the relative privacy of her bedroom. She didn't know what she would do if Clara said no. She had great fashion sense and knew her way around a makeup kit, but she was also the only one of Bridget's friends that drove a car big enough for her to fit inside of.

"So," Bridget said as Clara sat on her bed, looking perplexed. "I really need your help. I was thinking I could stay with you tonight and we could do my hair and makeup and stuff in the morning. I really don't know who else I could turn to right now."

She stood there, looking at Clara with a pleading expression and gripping her wrists behind her back.

"I'd just drive myself if I could, but I can't fit behind a wheel even if I did have my license."

"Are you *sure* you want to do an interview though?" Clara asked, standing up and cocking her hips like a model. "I get that you want to meet this lady. To be honest, I kind of do too, but this could go viral or something. And your mom is gonna find out once it goes on TV."

"Yeah, but I'll finally know who she is!" Bridget said, steeling herself to defend her decision to the last. "Once I have her name and we've met and everything, I'll be able to talk to her anytime. I've thought it over, and the pros outweigh the cons. So my mom will be pissy with me for a few days. Who cares? I've never met another girl like me, Clara."

Clara looked thoughtful and pinched the bridge of her nose.

"Girl, you're gonna get me into trouble," she sighed.

An uncomfortable silence filled the air. Bridget felt as if she stood on pins and needles waiting for her friend's answer. She wanted to say something to help influence Clara's decision but knew it would be better to stay silent and let her think. Finally, the silence was broken as Clara put her hands on her hips and tried to sound authoritative.

"I'll help, but you've gotta do something for me."

Bridget's face lit up with what could only be described as pure joy.

"Anything!"

"I want you to go to homecoming with us."

Her face fell again.

"Why?" She demanded. "Didn't you say you were going to some hotel with Matty?"

Clara held up one finger and stood about an inch away from what she liked to call "Bridget's Boob Barrier." It was as close to in her face as anyone could get without pressing against her breasts or slipping between them.

"First up, because I think you need to get out of your house more, and because I met a really hot guy that might be a good fit for you."

Clara held up a second digit.

"Second, we're gonna make an appearance. Just like an hour for our cover story and stuff. It'll be fun!"

Bridget wasn't convinced. She didn't think showing up to homecoming would do anything more than plant a target on her back. She hadn't shown up for school events like that since an athletic banquet in her sophomore year. Right before she got too big to play.

"What makes this guy such a good fit for me?" Bridget asked

The mention of a hot guy intrigued her, despite herself. Clara was a pretty good judge of character, and she had high standards.

"Check it out. His name's Les."

Clara held out her phone with the screen turned toward Bridget. There was a picture of Matty standing next to an equally tall and athletic boy with a handsome face and short brown hair. Bridget thought he looked cute, but she wasn't sure what made him so perfect for her.

"And let's just say that Matty got a glimpse at the kind of thing that turns him on."

She held her hands out from her chest, mimicking big, bouncing breasts.

"So he likes big boobs," Bridget shrugged. "Most guys do."

“You don’t get it,” Clara laughed. “They were talking about what turned them on. Matty told him all about my ass, of course, but Les got all defensive when it was his turn to spill. Matty said he finally got him to talk, and he had all this stuff on his laptop. Pictures of girls with gigantic, unreasonably huge tits. He loves *huge* boobs, Bridget.”

Bridget looked down at herself and blushed. She didn’t think guys liked them that big. She still wasn’t sure she wanted to go to homecoming with someone she didn’t know, but a vindictive part of her thought it would be pretty great to show up on the arm of some hot dude from another school. If Aidan and Eva were on the rocks, it might even make them both more miserable.

“Alright,” she said. “Deal.”

Clara beamed at her and clapped her hands as she bounced up and down a few times.

“But he isn’t some kind of creep, right? You’ve met this guy before?” Bridget asked.

Clara danced in place, wiggling her hips and smirking at her in victory.

“I’ve talked to him a few times. He seems nice, and he’s definitely got confidence to spare. I think you’ll have a good evening with him. Maybe you should finally let someone pop your cherry.”

Bridget’s face went red again, and she spun to face the wall. It was already embarrassing enough to be a virgin at her age without Clara bringing it up. Just because *she* had already had more sex than all of their classmates combined didn’t mean everyone else was so fortunate. She was the only person Bridget knew who was lucky enough to find their perfect match in high school.

“Clara!”

“What? We’re teenagers! We’re supposed to be getting out there and making questionable decisions.”

“It’s not the same for me, and you know it.”

“Oh, *please*,” Clara rolled her eyes and adopted a sardonic tone of voice. “You’ve had guys drooling over you for as long as I’ve known you. Your biggest problem is your total lack of self-esteem, not your tits.”

Bridget’s face twisted into a look of discomfort. As they always did when someone else brought them up, her hands shot up to her breasts and sank into them as she wished she could hide them somehow. It was a reflex. A bad habit that brought attention to them rather than the other way around. She felt more self-conscious about her chest than she had in a long time around one of her trusted friends. She found herself wondering why Clara would bring up something she knew was all but taboo in their friend group.

Because we aren't in a group, said a dry, logical voice in her head. *No Jenna to reign her in on your behalf. Clara's more of a straight shooter. Stop being so sensitive.*

Clara had always been more flippant about discussing what her friends considered delicate matters. Jenna thought she was tactless, and Bridget was usually inclined to agree with her, but this felt more like Clara was calling her out. Didn't real friends tell each other the truth? Her voice was tiny as she broke the brief and awkward silence.

"Do you really think so?"

"I wouldn't have said it if I didn't," Clara said. "You could be way more popular than you realize. I think you were starting to get there on your own by the time we won that big game and went to nationals, but then—"

Clara looked less comfortable about going any further, but Bridget finished for her.

"But then I started growing again."

Clara moved closer to give Bridget a side hug. She reached up and gently tugged at a lock of Bridget's auburn hair.

"You're also way prettier than you give yourself credit for. Not that looks are everything and all that, but your hair is gorgeous and you have such smooth skin. With a little more regular maintenance and styling, you'd be knocking 'em dead."

Bridget sniffed, on the verge of tears again. She never knew Clara thought of her like that. She had always been too preoccupied with steering all conversation away from her own appearance. In retrospect, that had robbed her of the kind of encouragement that may have made her see herself in a different light.

"I've been such a bitch," she groaned.

"What?"

Clara broke off the embrace but held Bridget at arm's length by the shoulders and looked into her face, confused.

"I always pushed back whenever you tried to talk about my looks. Or me in general, for that matter. I think I see how wrong and unfair that was now."

"It's not like I didn't get it," Clara mumbled, breaking eye contact and pretending to look at something over Bridget's shoulder. "But, well, I always thought you were kind of crazy for acting like there wasn't a line of guys that want to bone you wrapped around the block."

"Oh, stop it," Bridget moaned, chuckling through a fresh wave of tears. "You're exaggerating. It can't be more than two or three."

"Bridget, you think of guys like *you* think of guys, but that's not really how they are."

Now it was the redhead's turn to look confused.

"I don't know what that means."

"You have this idea in your head of men as sweet and sort of dumb because they've pretty much always been nice to you, right? Always kind of awkward around you? Yeah, that's not how it is for most girls. Why do you think that is?"

Bridget blinked, and a leftover tear rolled down her cheek. Clara reached out and wiped it away with one thumb.

"They *like* you, kid. All of them. Guys like T and A, but they like really big T and A even more, and you've got *record-breaking* titties, girl. How do you expect them to act around you? Even Aidan started getting all weird around you once the hormones started flowing, right?"

A dark and underutilized part of Bridget's brain creaked into action like a set of rusty gears. Her entire view of the world was starting to change as Clara pointed out what should have been obvious all along. It was a true epiphany. Her hand shot to her mouth. Her eyes widened as everything Clara was telling her suddenly made sense.

"Oh my god..."

"And a lot of the girls that picked on you were jealous. They wanted to make you ashamed of your body. I'm not trying to say it's easy to live with. I know you struggle with it sometimes, but if you'd stop being so hard on yourself, you might find some small part of it you can have fun with. I mean, you can probably do things in bed that literally no other woman alive could do."

Bridget blushed at the thought of how she might put her breasts to use. Inexperienced as she was, it wasn't like she was a total innocent. She wasn't sure what sort of maneuvers she could try, but her mind conjured up a few interesting options based on some of the porn she had seen.

"And," Clara continued. "I'll bet you anything little Miss Rich Bitch will go off to college and get huge fake tits after graduation. She can't stand how much attention you draw away from her. I think she's got some kind of complex about it."

Bridget considered the facts where that was concerned. Eva had always been there to make her feel bad about herself. She tried to make her look stupid, ridiculous, and unattractive at every opportunity. She'd even manufactured a few opportunities earlier on. Was envy really the driving force there?

"I don't know about that," Bridget laughed. "But I definitely think it's true that she didn't like someone who could take the attention off of her. It wouldn't matter to her if it was because they were cute or just some sort of mutant."

“Stop talking about yourself like that!” Clara burst out. “God, it drives me crazy! You are *not* a monster! You’re not a freak! You just have...really, really...*really* big boobs.”

She put her hands on her hips and stared at Bridget for a few seconds.

“Sorry,” Bridget muttered. “Habit.”

“And one we’re gonna start breaking, right?”

Bridget nodded, looking humble and contrite but unable to keep her lips from curling upwards.

“Alright, we’re doing this. All of it. I’m gonna give you the makeover to end all makeovers. We’ll do that interview tomorrow, then you’re going to homecoming with Matty’s friend, and *then* you’re going to start owning your looks. Sound like a plan?”

Bridget remained silent but nodded her assent. She wasn’t sure she could live up to that last part, but she would try. Clara snapped her fingers and looked as if she had just remembered something.

“One last thing,” she said, turning around. “Do these shorts make my butt look big?”

Bridget stared at her friend’s big round ass for a moment as she bent over and looked back at her over her shoulder with a shameless grin. In that position, the tiny shorts she was wearing left her cheeks mostly exposed. Bridget wasn’t sure what she wanted to hear but assumed she was teasing her.

“Um, yeah?”

Clara’s mischievous grin twisted into a wicked smile as she stood upright and spun around again.

“Perfect.”



Clara and Bridget woke bright and early the next morning, and they spent the first few hours on hair alone. Bridget’s fiery curls were tamed with a judicious application of mousse and an intricate updo that featured at least three dozen hairpins and a few small braids. When they finally moved on to makeup, Clara accentuated her large brown eyes with winged eyeliner and a light touch of mascara. Then they softened her prominent freckles with a fine layer of foundation to smooth out her complexion so Clara could get into the more complicated process of contouring. Even her lips hadn’t escaped treatment. Clara chose to paint them a soft pink that was so close to their natural color Bridget didn’t know why they bothered until she saw how much softer and more vibrant they looked whenever she saw herself in the mirror. When it was all said and done, her skin looked so smooth and radiant it was almost eerie. She was so

used to her natural look she wasn't sure how she felt about all the flattering makeup at first. It felt like cheating, but she had to admit that Clara was an artist once she had some time to adjust.

She was so amazed by her transformation she couldn't stop looking at her reflection in the wing mirror during the short ride to the cafe that afternoon. She had all the same features, but Clara's skill had brought her best ones forward and made them more noticeable. As much as she hated to admit it, she was beginning to think she would have to learn a little more about cosmetics. She always thought taking part in a makeover would be a torturous experience, but she had fun picking out her look with Clara the night before. Even the hours spent untangling and styling her hair were fun, if a bit painful. She didn't want to go through it every day, but she finally understood why other girls enjoyed it

"So do you want me to just hang around while you do the interview?" Clara asked once they heard their destination.

"Only if you want to, I guess," Bridget replied. "After that's done, I may talk with the lady for a while. You're free to join us if you want."

Clara looked intrigued and bobbed her head from side to side as she considered it.

"I just might do that. It could be interesting to meet another girl with your condition."

"I just hope the interview doesn't take too long," Bridget said, closing her eyes and performing a distracting stretch that caught Clara's eye.

She pushed her chest out and raised her arms over her head, bending at her elbows and gripping her upper arms in each hand. Even in her most modest top, Bridget's immense bosom could not be denied. It *demand*ed attention as it rose from her lap to hang in a dazzling, gravity-defying display. Clara took in an eyeful and then realized she was ignoring the road. She snapped her head forward and swerved just in time to miss a signpost.

"Whoa!" Bridget cried, her eyes snapping open in shock.

"Sorry!" Clara giggled, shaking her head. "I don't know how they do it."

"How *who* does *what*?"

"How guys can keep their hands off of you. I'm a girl, maybe ever so slightly bi, but a girl, and even I have trouble taking my eyes off those tits of yours."

Bridget blushed. She wanted to cross her arms over her chest and slump down in her seat, but she resisted the urge.

"Pass!" Clara announced with a wide grin.

"Huh?"

“You didn’t try to cover up when I talked about your boobs!”

Bridget blushed deeper but flashed a tiny smile.

“Yeah, but I wanted to,” she muttered.

“That’s alright! You’ve taken your first step towards being more confident and owning your body.”

“Was it even remotely this weird for you?” Bridget asked. “Getting all curvy and hot?”

This time it was Clara’s turn to blush. Her deep ebony skin grew flushed and darkened a shade or two further.

“You think I’m hot?” she practically squeaked.

“Um, yeah?” Bridget laughed. “Easily top three in the school in my book.”

Clara’s chest swelled with pride and she grinned again. She kept her eyes on the road but looked as if she were thinking something over. After a brief silence, she answered Bridget’s question.

“I felt pretty uncomfortable at first, yeah. Even when I was still short and flat, my butt was already getting bigger. Puberty just made it extra huge. Some kids were calling me stuff like ‘Thunder Thighs,’ ‘Honey Buns,’ and stupid shit like that. My proportions evened out once I got a little taller, but I didn’t get real boobs at all for years. I guess you didn’t really know me back then. I tried to pretend like none of that stuff got to me, but I think I met Matty just in time. He always made me feel pretty. I started getting my confidence back after I met him.”

Bridget nodded. It made sense. Clara and Matty had met early on in freshman year and spent most of their free time together ever since. Having that support had to be a big part of what made Clara so confident. Although, in her opinion, Clara was underselling her natural charm and bubbly disposition.

“So you went through some of the same things I did, I guess.”

“Probably not as wild, but I had a target on my back for a couple years. But you had real grown-ass woman boobs when you were like thirteen, right?”

“Twelve,” Bridget sighed, looking out the window again.

Clara’s eyes widened, and she let out a long puff of air that fizzled out into a soft whistling noise.

“And growing ever since,” she muttered. “Yeah, that must have been hard enough. But that’s why you need to own it now!”

Bridget faced her with a weak smile. She wrapped her arms around her middle, between her stomach and breasts, cradling them before lifting them a bit.

“That’s what I want to try to do. This interview may be my chance to show the world there’s a *person* attached to these.”

Clara gasped and almost jerked the car off the road as she seemed to come to some great realization.

“Have you thought about how famous this could make you? What if you go viral or something?”

“The thought crossed my mind...”

“But, I mean, have you *really* thought about it?”

Bridget squinted at her friend in confusion. She wasn’t sure what she was getting at.

“There are, like, websites devoted to girls like you, but they usually aren’t *real*. What if you have a bunch of perverts trying to track you down or something?”

Bridget’s face relaxed for an instant; then it fell into a pronounced grimace of resignation.

“Uh, yeah,” she mumbled. “I wondered about that, but I *have* to do the interview to meet that woman. Dana made me promise, and she knows enough about me to make my life hell if I back out at the last second.”

Clara cut her eyes over to her friend, then returned her gaze to the road.

“I hope you know what you’re doing, is all.”

Bridget kept her mouth shut. She wanted to appear confident in her choice, but her insides felt as if they were tied in knots.

Me too, she thought. Otherwise, my mom’s gonna kill me and I’ll probably get stalked by about a million creepers all over the country.



Bridget was standing just outside the cafe. Clara had let her out at the curb and driven around the block to find a place to park, so she was alone with only her anxiety and apprehension to keep her company. She saw the Channel 5 van parked a few yards away with a pair of thick cables running out of the back, over the sidewalk, and through the cafe doors. Now that she was there, she felt too nervous to continue under her own power. Fortunately, or perhaps not, Dana came outside a moment later and saw her frozen in place.

“Bridget!” She cried, walking towards her with her arms spread wide and a gleaming smile on her face. “I’m so glad to see you made it! You look absolutely wonderful!”

Bridget’s cheeks went pink. She looked down towards her chest, but Dana was not to be denied. She slipped to Bridget’s left and gave her a firm side hug, gently herding her towards the door at the same time.

“Just head right in,” she said, stepping away and moving back for the news van. “I just heard from Vickie. She’ll be here in a few minutes.”

Bridget finally had a name and couldn’t resist asking the question. Her words spilled out so fast that Dana didn’t seem to realize what she said for a few seconds.

“Is that the one I’m here to meet?”

“Sure is,” Dana said, still moving for the van. “Mrs. Victoria Loar. She said she’s still very excited to meet you.”

Bridget’s heart began to race even harder. She felt like she would explode if she didn’t calm down, so she turned to go inside and find a seat. Between the terror of what might come after the interview, the excitement of meeting another person like herself, and the nervous apprehension of being seen by so many strangers all over town, she wasn’t sure how she would survive the evening. She knew she had to calm down and try to be confident. Clara had coached her all night on how to stand and speak to look more poised than she felt.

She walked through the doors, careful not to trip on the cables, and found a pair of men setting up lights, cameras on tripods, and microphones around a booth. A few members of the cafe staff were looking on at the spectacle, plainly irritated, and Bridget felt what it was like to walk into a room and go entirely unnoticed for the first time in years. The two men setting up the cameras bickered with each other about the particulars of various angles and lighting configurations, ignoring Bridget entirely. Only one of the cafe’s waitresses turned to look at her, and her eyes gave a familiar bulge as they took in Bridget’s incredible proportions.

“Welcome to Eden’s!” She said, recovering her composure with a soft shake of her head and a few blinks of her eyes. “Are you here for the news report, ma’am?”

“Oh, um, yes.”

Bridget’s brain was taking a few seconds to process everything as she tried to reply. She forced herself to keep her arms at her sides and cock her hips in the lazy, self-assured stance of a supermodel. Just like Clara had told her, she couldn’t try to cover up or make herself smaller. She had to be proud of her body when people stared or acted shocked.

“Those guys have been at it all morning,” the waitress confided, speaking behind her hand. “So you may want to take a seat somewhere else for now. I don’t know if they want anyone going near their precious lights yet. Can I get you anything?”

“A coffee, please,” Bridget said. “With a few creamers on the side.”

“Sure thing.”

The waitress snuck another glance at her chest before bustling off to the kitchen. Bridget fought harder against her usual urges to shrink away, keeping her back as straight as possible while she walked to a nearby booth. One of the cameramen noticed her then, and she was faced with her biggest test yet as he pointed her out to his coworker. When other women looked at her, it was usually with a certain degree of pity, or even envy, mixed with a healthy dose of incredulity. Men were a different story. When they caught sight of her there was always at least an instant where she could catch a predatory glint in their eyes. She had always seen it as a bad thing before, but Clara had told her all about basking in male desire. It sounded more fun than being scared of them, so she strutted over to a free booth and squeezed into it.

It was a tight fit. She had to rest her breasts on top of the table, and they took up most of the space in front of her. One of the cameramen recovered before the other one and walked over to her. He adopted a strained sort of smile that Bridget expected was supposed to look friendly but came off as unhinged.

“Hi there,” he said, keeping his eyes on her face with obvious effort. “Are you Ms. Thomas? Dana said to expect you soon.”

“Yes.”

She replied simply, then turned her attention to the approaching waitress carrying her coffee. According to Clara, she had to act like she was in control of the conversation. She didn’t know if she liked behaving like some sort of spoiled movie starlet, though. It felt condescending and rude.

“Well, we’re almost finished setting up. If you want to have a seat at the booth, we can get your angles dialed in while we wait for Mrs. Loar.”

Bridget gave a theatrical sigh and immediately felt guilty about it. She didn’t feel confident so much as bitchy, which made her wonder if she was doing any of it right. When Clara had coached her through things, she had seemed like her usual charming self. She changed tack and held out one hand, trying to keep it from trembling.

“Help me up?” She asked with a smile. “I’m sort of wedged in here.”

The cameraman’s face went slack. Bridget suddenly felt in complete control of the situation. *This* was what worked for her. Playing the polite and defenseless shy girl was her defense. Growing up, the boys always got flustered when she asked for help, but she had never connected the dots before because she hadn’t been in the right frame of mind. She could summon up certain male instincts, which put them off balance when blended with their lust for

her. Even Aidan had always acted a little funny when she asked him to help her out of compromising positions. She wasn't sure how she could have missed it all these years.

Finally, the camera guy broke out of his stupor and took her hand. Bridget pulled against him, sliding her butt over the bench until she could twist around and pick her boobs up from the table as she straightened her legs and stood upright. The weight of her chest reasserted itself on her back and shoulders with a groaning creak of bra straps. She swung them around as she turned to face the dining room again.

"Thank you," she said, looking at the booth surrounded by lights and cameras. "But, um, will we both fit in there?"

The other cameraman finally spoke up, pointing at the booth and glaring at his counterpart.

"See, Jim?" He growled. "I told you! The whole reason for the interview is because these ladies are *big*! We need more space! Wider angles!"

Bridget chose not to react to the tactless way the man referred to her size right to her face. She maintained her calm demeanor, but a pink flush burned underneath her freckles.

"Would you *please* watch your mouth, Kyle?" Dana said as she crossed the cafe floor in a few strides. "Especially when Mrs. Loar gets here."

Kyle looked as if he wanted to argue but settled for grumbling to himself as he pretended to adjust a camera. Dana ignored him and gestured to the booth, smiling at Bridget.

"I think you'll both fit if that's what you're worried about. Vickie isn't quite as big as she used to be."

"So she was able to do something about them?" Bridget burst out, unable to disguise the desperation in her question. "She isn't as big as me?"

Dana shook her head.

"As far as I know, she was never quite your size. She can give you all the details once we finish the interview, though."

Just then, Clara walked in with a stunned look on her face. She glanced around the cafe, caught sight of Bridget, and rushed over to her before any of the waitresses could catch her.

"That side of the cafe is closed, ma'am!" The same waitress that had greeted Bridget called out to Clara.

Dana spun around to see what all the commotion was about as Bridget shouted to the waitress.

"It's alright! She's my ride!"

The waitress put her hands on her hips and looked flustered but threw them up in the air as she walked back towards the kitchen.

“And who’s this?” Dana asked, arching one eyebrow at Bridget. “A friend of yours?”

“Yeah,” Bridget said, nodding as she closed the gap with Clara. “What happened, Clara? You look like you just saw a ghost.”

“I think I just saw the mystery woman,” Clara murmured into her ear. “Even with you as a friend, I wasn’t quite ready for how huge she is.”

Bridget drew back, confused, tilting her head towards Dana.

“She just told me she wasn’t as big as I am.”

Clara shook her head.

“I mean, yeah, she’s not at your level. But I’ve known you for so long that I don’t really think about it anymore. This was a stranger who was still *big*.”

Clara held her arms out from her chest and mimed a pair of huge wobbling breasts.

“So she’s on her way inside, I guess?”

No sooner had the words left Bridget’s mouth than the doors creaked open once again. A moment later, a pair of perfectly round and well-supported breasts bounced into the doorway, followed by a very pretty woman with long, straight, dark hair and a rich, earthy complexion. Her boobs were nearly as big as Bridget’s had been the year before, each one twice the size of her head and nestled into a well-padded bra that lifted them until their peaks hovered near the level of her chin. She wore a wine-red dress with a plunging neckline, an eye-catching pendant that hung just above her cleavage from a silver chain, and designer heels that probably cost more than the average mortgage payment. The heels clicked on the tiled floor, and her boobs bounced and rippled with every step as she approached them.

“Oh, you must be Bridget!” she said in a sweet and musical voice. “I’m Victoria. Dana’s told me everything about you! Well, apart from where I could meet you, that is.”

She gave Dana a reproachful look and then turned back to Bridget and launched into a rapid series of questions. Bridget suddenly felt like she was in a doctor’s office.

“How have you been? Any aches or pains? Trouble sleeping? Anxiety? Is your cycle regular or all over the place?”

Bridget stared into the woman’s face, unable to process all of her questions, then let her gaze fall to her chest. She couldn’t believe she would choose to emphasize her tits like that. At her size, custom bras were the only way to go, which meant she must have requested a push-up design and paid extra for it.

Why would she want them to look any bigger?

Victoria caught the look of confusion on Bridget's face, looked down at her own chest, and reestablished eye contact with the younger woman.

"Wondering why I show off the goods?" She asked with a mysterious grin. "It's alright, I'll tell you. I used to do everything I could to try to disguise my breasts. It was impossible, of course, but I tried anyway. One day, when I was just a little older than you maybe, I realized that if I couldn't hide them, I should let them work for me instead. So I started dressing a little more boldly."

Bridget finally found her voice again.

"And that worked for you?"

"Maybe not at first," Victoria chuckled. "Some people told me I looked ridiculous. I got a lot of unwanted stares, catcalls, and things like that. But I felt good, and I started to like how I looked."

"Then why—"

Bridget started another question, but Dana slipped between them, grazing Victoria's breasts in the process and making them wobble seductively. Jim the Cameraman's eyes popped as he caught sight of them, and even Bridget had to admit it was a hypnotic display.

"I really hate to interrupt," Dana said without a trace of remorse on her face. "But we're costing the cafe a lot of business, and that means we're costing the network a lot of money. We're obligated to make it up to them while we stand here chatting, so I need to get the interview underway, Vickie."

Victoria rolled her eyes once Dana stepped away to order the cameramen to get ready. She casually placed her hands beneath her breasts to stabilize them as if it were a frequent occurrence and resituated them into her bra with a few sharp movements. Then she leaned in close to Bridget to mutter something into her ear.

"We'll talk more once Newsroom Barbie gets her precious story, okay?"

Bridget stifled a snort of laughter and nodded. She was already sure she was going to like this lady.

"If you'd please take a seat on either side of the table," Dana said, pointing towards the booth. "We're going to get a few establishing shots, then I'll walk this way to begin the interview. Just sit tight for a few minutes."

"Oh, we'll definitely be tight," Victoria said with a sneer in the direction of the cramped booth.

Bridget obediently squeezed herself into the left bench, where she was forced to rest her boobs on top of the table again. They spread out over an embarrassing amount of its surface, but Victoria sidled into the opposite bench and had just enough room to rest her own on top of it as well.

“Good thing I had that reduction,” she said with a grin. “Or we would have been all over each other.”

Bridget gave a nervous laugh and blushed as her eyes darted around the room. She wasn't sure what to do with herself. Dana said to simply wait, but she had never felt so awkward. She could feel Victoria's boobs bumping into hers as she wiggled in her seat to try to get more comfortable.

“Oh, sorry,” she said, turning from pink to crimson. “I have trouble keeping track of myself sometimes.”

“I understand completely. No need to apologize; just get comfortable. I can move around you if I need to.”

Bridget settled in and saw Dana approaching the booth out of the corner of her eye. She turned to watch as the reporter stood straight-backed and faced one of the cameras. She brushed her hair to one side of her face and greeted an invisible audience. It sounded strange, as if she was starting in the middle of a report, but Bridget had to remind herself it would be edited into a feature on the news later. The introduction would be entirely separate from what they were filming that day.

“We've come to Eden's Cafe for an exclusive interview with two women, both of whom live with very acute cases of gigantomastia, a form of breast hypertrophy, which causes the breasts to grow much larger than usual. Those who live with this condition are often forced to make many accommodations in life. Very few retailers carry bra sizes large enough, and they are often forced to order custom products from specialists.”

She walked smoothly to one side as she spoke. The camera swung to put Bridget and Victoria properly into frame behind her.

“Bridget Thomas is a local high school senior who has struggled with gigantomastia for nearly half of her life...”

Well, that's not quite true, Bridget thought. *I guess she's exaggerating for effect.*

“And Victoria Loar is a self-help writer and motivational speaker who works to bring confidence to women of every age, shape, and size.”

Dana stepped away from the table and moved for a chair that Kyle the Cameraman put into place for her between two of the cameras pointed at the table. Bridget assumed that

another camera must have been set up to capture Dana as well, because she sat down and crossed her legs as she pulled out a notepad and pen.

“First off, thank you both for being here today,” she said.

“My pleasure,” Victoria said, beaming towards the cameras with a fearless and experienced energy. “Always happy to speak with the press.”

Dana and Victoria both looked expectantly at Bridget.

“Oh, um, yeah,” she stammered, mentally berating herself for the rough start. “Thank you for having me.”

Victoria gave her an encouraging smile, while Dana simply ignored the flubbed introduction and launched into her first question.

“How long have you both lived with your condition? Mrs. Loar first, if you don’t mind.”

“Oh, I’d say almost twenty years,” Victoria said as she leaned back into her seat and made a show of thinking it over. “Although I was fortunate enough to undergo a successful reduction around five years ago.”

Dana scratched a note on her pad and looked towards Bridget.

“And you, Ms. Thomas?”

This time she was more prepared. She took a deep breath and kept her voice clear and even.

“It all started when I was around twelve or thirteen, so about five years, give or take a few months.”

“And when did you first realize things were *different* for you?”

“Almost immediately...”

Bridget’s voice caught in her throat. She felt a surge of unexpected emotion as she was forced to relive the events of her traumatic entry into puberty. Determined to stay strong on camera, she cleared her throat and continued.

“I woke up one morning and realized I had grown a *lot* overnight. My skin was all red and tender because it happened so fast and my mom took me straight to the doctor.”

“That must have been difficult,” Dana said, nodding and jotting down another note. “What about your experience, Mrs. Loar?”

“I developed normally at first,” Victoria said. “But I grew faster than most of my classmates. By the time I was thirteen, I was more than twice the size of some of the grown

women I knew. I suppose it was around then that I first suspected I was different, but I wasn't formally diagnosed until I was around fifteen or so."

"And what happened once you were diagnosed? Were you relieved to have an answer or worried about the future?"

Victoria stroked her chin, rubbing the knuckle of her index finger just beneath her lower lip.

"I would say I was...ambivalent. On one hand, I had a medical condition I could blame for the mounting difficulties in my life. On the other, there was no treatment for that condition. At least nothing a teenage girl wanted to think about doing to herself just to fit in."

Bridget listened with rapt attention whenever Victoria spoke. She felt like someone was putting her own thoughts into words. Even if Victoria wasn't as big as she was, she had the same sorts of experiences growing up. She could relate in a way no one else Bridget had ever met could do. Victoria was articulate and vibrant where she was awkward and shy. She believed she had finally found a role model.

"Ms. Thomas?"

Bridget realized she had stopped paying attention. She had no idea what they were talking about, and Dana was staring at her expectantly.

"I-I'm sorry," she said. "What was the question?"

Dana turned and gave some sort of signal to the cameramen, then turned back around in her seat. She pasted the big professional smile back onto her face and went on like nothing had happened.

"Things are very different now with smartphones all over every school and social media keeping people in touch no matter where they go. Has your condition caused many difficulties in your social life, Ms. Thomas? Have you ever fallen victim to cyberbullying?"

Bridget thought back to one of the worst and earliest memories she had post-puberty. The first day back at school in eighth grade, when Eva and her cronies had goaded her until she reached a breaking point and her temper had exploded. Her outburst had been a popular topic of conversation for weeks after that. It only died down because they switched to talking about how huge her boobs were getting.

"There was a lot of talk early on," Bridget said, keeping her voice flat and even. "Nicknames, gossip, and rumors—that kind of thing. My parents supported me and made sure the school helped keep the bullies in line. Especially my mom. I still got a few nasty notes in my desks and lockers here and there, and that was upsetting at the time, but I guess it wasn't too bad in hindsight. I kept my grades up and even managed to play sports for a few years..."

Bridget looked sadly down at her breasts, which had settled into a pair of fleshy mountains on the table before her.

“...until I hit another growth spurt.”

“So you hit a physically debilitating level of growth by high school?” Dana asked as soon as she finished talking.

Bridget wasn't sure she liked the ravenous tone in Dana's voice. She was starting to pick up on the way her questions pushed and prodded into subjects she didn't want to talk about. Especially not on TV.

“I was *advised* to stop playing volleyball in sophomore year,” she said, trying to keep the irritation out of her response. “I might have been able to continue, but at the time it felt hopeless.”

Dana didn't seem to get the juicy morsel she hoped for because her eyes slid over to Victoria halfway through Bridget's answer.

“That must have been difficult. Mrs. Loar, did you experience something like what Ms. Thomas has described?”

“Oh, yes,” Victoria chuckled. “I was bouncing out of my gym clothes and was pulled out for being ‘a distraction.’ That was fairly typical, in my mind. Why tell the boys in the class to show a little self-control when you can just shuffle Vickie Loar out of physical education and off to home economics with the other girls?”

Dana latched onto this line of reasoning and scratched down a note on her pad.

“While we're on that subject, you've written extensively about the alleged sexism at play in your childhood and our society at large. Would you say combatting that kind of attitude is the driving force behind the work you do today?”

“A big part of it, sure,” Victoria said, grinning to one of the cameras. “The way our society caters to the male population in matters of sex is pure insanity. Women are expected to be attractive, understanding, and available but also told not to be a distraction at work, school, or...*anywhere*, really. We're like a coveted object half the time and second-class citizens the other half. Those of us with visible differences, especially on the more *sensual* side, are told to disappear on a regular basis, and I speak from experience when I say so. I aim to change that.”

“A formidable goal,” Dana said, nodding again. “As you said before, you've undergone a breast reduction, but you're still rather above the average. Was that by choice, or were there limitations on what the surgeons could safely remove?”

“Oh, I aimed for this size and got it. I thought it would be rather hypocritical if I reduced my size to the point of being ‘normal.’”

Victoria raised her hands to form air quotes and put a mocking edge on her voice as she said the word.

“...my words would ring hollow to my clients. The only reason I underwent the surgery at all was because my spine couldn’t take the weight of my chest any longer. I was going to end up in constant pain or paralyzed if I didn’t take action. I left them as large as I could without destroying my back, and I do regular physical therapy sessions to keep my muscles strong enough to support the weight. I lost a few fans even so, but most understood my position. I went down ten dress sizes and lost a little over thirty pounds, too, so not all bad.”

Victoria chuckled to herself and leaned back in her seat, signaling that she was done. Dana looked at Bridget again, and she had an almost pleading look in her eye as she asked her next question.

“Ms. Thomas, you’re still young and have a full life ahead of you. Have you considered what your career might be? Are there any medical concerns or physical limitations preventing you from achieving your goals?”

Bridget immediately thought about her childhood dream of becoming a helicopter pilot. She had asked about information on training programs before the “Sophomore Spurt” had taken away all hope of living a normal life.

“I wanted to be a pilot when I was a kid,” Bridget said, trying to keep the emotion from her voice. “But they told me I can’t even fit into a cockpit anymore, let alone learn to fly.”

A look of triumph flashed across Dana’s face, and she prodded Bridget on with a follow-up question.

“Did anyone offer any alternatives or solutions to your problem?”

“My doctor said I might be able to have a double mastectomy if I wait a couple of years...”

Bridget’s voice began to quaver a bit as she spoke. As much as she complained about her breasts, she didn’t like to think about going through life as a woman with no breasts at all. It was a possibility she had struggled with since the solution was first brought up to her. She cleared her throat and went on, eyes glistening.

“That would pretty much solve my problem, but I don’t think I want to go that route.”

“Are you worried about undergoing surgery?” Dana asked, looking more excited than ever.

“Maybe, but—and this may sound crazy—I also can’t imagine just *removing* so much of myself. My breasts are a part of me...”

She stopped talking. She wasn't sure she would be able to go on without crying. Dana looked disappointed, but Victoria leaned forward and put a hand on Bridget's shoulder. Her smaller, yet still massive, boobs pressed against Bridget's as she stretched across the table, half standing to reach over the huge mounds of breast flesh on top of it.

"I understand completely, honey," Victoria said. "Nothing crazy about it."

She turned her head and locked eyes with the reporter. Her voice was serious and commanding when she spoke a moment later.

"I think we're done here, Dana."

Dana looked like she wanted to argue, but she stood up and nodded.

"I'll leave the two of you to talk and go review the footage. Take your time and enjoy yourselves, ladies. Thank you for agreeing to the interview."

Despite her words, her tone was tense and clipped. It sounded like someone had dumped ice water down her back, and her mouth was set in a strained grin as if she were trying not to grit her teeth. Victoria turned her attention back to soothing Bridget and reached her other hand behind her, flicking her wrist to shoo the news team away. Dana's face reddened, and it looked like she was an instant away from saying something she might regret before she complied and signaled for the cameramen to follow her out. They kept their cameras pointed at the collision of femininity before them, reveling in the sight for a moment before leaving the dining room.

Once they were gone, Victoria leaned back in her seat and looked Bridget over. Clara, who had remained silent in one of the booths on the opposite end of the cafe up until now, noticed the news crew was leaving and approached them as they began to talk.

"Are you feeling alright?" Victoria asked.

Bridget sniffed and pushed her hair back behind her ear and looked into Victoria's face once again.

"I'll be alright," she said. "Sorry for getting all weepy again. I swore I wouldn't do that."

She noticed Clara standing awkwardly to one side and resisted the urge to wipe her eyes and smudge her makeup.

"Do you mind if my friend joins us, Mrs. Victoria? She's my ride."

"Not at all," Victoria said, smiling at Clara. "What's your name, beautiful?"

Clara's cheeks darkened as she blushed, but she was smiling as she squeezed into the booth beside Bridget.

"Clara. How have I never heard of you before today? It sounds like you're famous."

“Only in certain circles,” Victoria chuckled. “I’m not the kind of woman you see on TV all that often. My ideas make a lot of male executives uncomfortable. Some people think I’m too overtly sexual for the morning talk shows. Do you girls read much?”

Clara shook her head, but Bridget nodded.

“I’ve been reading a lot more since I started having trouble getting around. Mostly just fiction, though.”

“Well, I make most of my money from my self-help books. That’s how most people know me. Outside of that, some workshops on living with our condition and the occasional tour in support of my books, I don’t have a lot going on. But enough about me; I want to hear about you, Bridget. How’s life treating you?”

The redhead tried to look down at her lap, but her chin sank into her cleavage before she could drop her head more than a few inches. She quickly readjusted her posture a bit.

“I guess I’m lucky in a lot of ways,” she said. “My friends and family are supportive. The bullying hasn’t been too bad in the last few years, and I haven’t gotten too big to move yet. Not that they haven’t tried a few times.”

Bridget gave a weak chuckle to try to drive home that the last bit was intended to be a joke. Victoria smiled but carried on without pausing for long.

“Have you experienced anything odd or unexpected, like lactation or an irregular cycle?”

Bridget looked confused and let out a small, strangled sound as she tried to reply. She had expected more of a two-way conversation.

“I understand this is personal,” Victoria reassured her. “But I’ve worked with hundreds of women all over the world, and I promise I only want to help. Sometimes a tiny clue can lead to a way to get control of your condition.”

“I’ve never...lactated...” Bridget murmured, embarrassed by the very thought of giving milk. “And, um, everything has been on a pretty regular schedule since forever.”

She didn’t know what she had expected to talk to Victoria about, but it hadn’t been this. She imagined a few scenarios where they would commiserate over their shared afflictions, but this was shaping up to be more like a medical consultation. She’d hoped for advice—maybe even some encouragement.

“That’s good,” Victoria sighed. “Some of the younger women I’ve helped have had undiagnosed hormonal disorders. One of them turned out to be *highly* resistant to testosterone, and it caused all kinds of medical problems. This seems like a more typical case of VBH.”

“That was the diagnosis a few years ago,” Bridget said, lighting up as she finally heard something familiar. “Have you ever heard anything about what causes it?”

“Most experts seem to think it’s just an unusual sensitivity to hormones, but there really isn’t much research considering how rare it is. I’m not a doctor or anything, so I couldn’t begin to say.”

“What made *you* grow?” Clara asked, giving voice to Bridget’s innermost desire.

Bridget’s eyes went wide at the question. It was so forward and direct. Borderline impertinent, but at the same time she was curious. She opened her mouth to scold her friend, but Victoria threw her head back and laughed.

“I guess it’s only fair, huh?” She said, every one of the gleaming white teeth in her perfect head on display. “It was a side effect for me. Took almost three years for anyone to realize the growth started just a little after I got onto birth control.”

“That can happen?” Clara breathed, her jaw dropping and her voice barely above a whisper.

“It’s very rare,” Victoria said with another soft chuckle. “But so is pretty much everything that makes women grow tits bigger than their heads.”

“I never heard of that one,” Bridget muttered. “And I thought I did a lot of research.”

“Big Pharma doesn’t like to admit its mistakes,” Victoria said, shrugging.

Her breasts bounced a bit with the gesture, and Bridget had to force herself to maintain eye contact. Clara, on the other hand, failed to do the same.

“The company that made my prescription dumped a lot of money into keeping the whole ordeal under wraps. A few others seem to have done the same thing. I probably would have fought it out in court if I’d had my way, but my parents settled on my behalf since I was a minor at the time. They didn’t think we could win and got greedy when they heard how much they were offering. It took me almost ten years just to find the other five women who had the same side effects as me, but they had settled too. They didn’t want to—or couldn’t—talk to me about it. I guess they were afraid the company would come after them for breaking the settlement. They weren’t all that big, anyway. They got off easy.”

“Is that why you do what you do now?” Bridget asked. “It sounds almost like a superhero story.”

Victoria laughed again.

“I don’t know about *that*,” she said, swiping a tear of laughter from her eyelash before it could smudge her mascara. “But, yeah, it was a big part of why I went into counseling and

started writing. I wanted to bring down some of the companies playing around with our biology and help some of the big girls along the way.”

“How have I never heard of you?” Clara asked again. “You’re so fucking cool.”

Bridget agreed but didn’t voice her opinion. She was staring at Victoria as she shook her head and rolled her eyes at Clara’s statement. Open admiration shone in her eyes, and she wanted to stay here and talk all day if she would allow it. Unfortunately, she knew Victoria was a busy woman, so she decided to ask a few questions of her own.

“Is there any advice you’d give yourself back then?”

Victoria cocked her head and gave Bridget a long, searching sort of look.

“I guess I would tell myself to hang tough,” she said. “And to buy nicer clothes.”

She laughed again but shook her head and let her smile drop.

“But, honestly, girls like you and I have to stay strong. It took me a long time to come to grips with how I looked and what people thought of me, but once I did, I realized that it was everyone else who had a problem. As long as they aren’t hurting anyone, people need to be allowed to live how they want. If you learn that lesson now, you’ll be just fine.”

Bridget nodded, trying to take her words to heart.

“Can I ask for some advice?” She asked, blushing again. “I haven’t really had anyone else to talk to about my problems.”

She felt Clara shift beside her, realized how that must have sounded, and corrected herself before Victoria could reply.

“Not anyone that went through it, that is. Sorry, Clara.”

Clara shrugged but didn’t take her eyes off of Victoria. She seemed to hang on her every word now, and Bridget couldn’t believe the raw charisma the woman exuded. She had to find some way to conjure up at least a fraction of that kind of confidence in her own life.

“I’m always happy to help,” Victoria chirped with another grin.

“What should I do if I don’t stop growing soon? My mom and I measure every day, and I’m still getting a little bigger every week or so.”

Victoria looked thoughtfully at the ceiling and hummed to herself as she brushed a stray lock of hair out of her face. Bridget was struck over again by how effortlessly beautiful she was.

“I wouldn’t know too much about that,” Victoria finally said. “I wasn’t as big as you even before the reduction.”

Bridget hung her head, disappointed.

“Don’t go all mopey on me already!” Victoria chuckled. “I didn’t say I couldn’t help at all, just that I wouldn’t know from personal experience. I met a girl who kept growing into her thirties. It was pretty slow, but it just went on and on until she was a little bigger than you...”

She looked Bridget’s chest over once more and smiled.

“Well, maybe not. The point is, she said what finally stopped it was changing her diet to exclude anything with more than a slight trace of estrogen. A lot of our processed foods are loaded with the stuff, so she switched to a mostly raw diet and cut out dairy.”

Bridget thought that over. She could probably do with a diet anyway. Jenna was vegan, so maybe she could give her a few tips.

“Can you put me in touch with some of the other girls you’ve met?” Bridget asked. “Is there a group that meets anywhere or anything like that?”

“Not really, no,” Victoria said, shaking her head and looking disappointed. “I tried to organize something like that a while back, but most of the girls like to stay out of the spotlight. Getting a bunch of extra-busty ladies together is bound to attract attention, so it never quite worked out. The one time I got more than just a couple of us together in one place, we were practically assaulted by a pack of perverts.”

Bridget nodded. She’d heard enough catcalls and experienced enough weirdos ogling her to last a lifetime. She couldn’t blame the women for wanting to maintain their privacy and stay below the radar.

“But I’d be happy to give you some info for a couple of the more outgoing girls,” Victoria went on. “They told me to put them in touch with anyone that needed to talk. My time is sort of limited, and I meet a lot of people that want my advice, so they help me make sure everyone gets some kind of support.”

“That would be great!”

The words burst out of Bridget’s mouth before she could stop herself. In her excitement, she sat up so fast it sent her flesh bouncing all over the table. Clara giggled at her friend’s sudden enthusiasm, and Victoria looked politely amused. Bridget sank back into her seat with a look of embarrassment and went silent.

“No need to be bashful,” Victoria assured her. “It’s normal to get excited when you find your tribe.”

She reached into a bag at her side and pulled out a pen and a business card, flipped it over, and scribbled a pair of names, phone numbers, and email addresses.

“These should get you in touch with a couple of friends of mine. They like to talk, so be ready to go on for a while. Try to have some questions ready ahead of time so you can steer the conversation the right way. They’ll make you lose your train of thought.”

She stood up and slipped the card over the table to Bridget’s side, then stepped sideways out of the booth.

“And I’m really sorry about this, but I have to run. I have to do a meet and greet at a bookstore a few cities over tomorrow morning and if I don’t hit the road soon I’ll be late. Then there’ll be hell to pay. The card has my number on it as well, but I can’t always get back to people very quickly. Feel free to leave a message, but I’m pretty busy this time of year, so remember that I’m not ignoring you or being malicious or anything, alright?”

Bridget stared down at the card for a few seconds. When she finally looked up again, her expression was a confused blend of disappointment and surprise.

“You’re leaving?” she asked, a bit of a petulant whine squeaking out despite her efforts to be mature about the situation. “Already? I thought we’d get a chance to talk for a while after the interview.”

Victoria cursed under her breath and looked angrily towards the cafe doors. Bridget followed her gaze and saw that the news van had already left at some point during their conversation.

“Dana told you that, didn’t she?”

Bridget nodded.

“Listen, hun, seriously,” Victoria said, gathering her things and rubbing her eyes and forehead with her fingers in irritation. “That woman is a bit of a snake. Useful in a lot of ways, but just as likely to use you up in the process. Be careful with her. I hate to leave like this if you thought we’d have more time, but I really can’t get out of this event...”

“You don’t have to explain,” Bridget said, redoubling her efforts to hide her frustration. “It’s not your fault.”

Victoria looked at her, slung her bag over her shoulder, and bit her thumbnail as she thought something over for a moment.

“Call me tomorrow night around nine, alright? I’ll leave my schedule open to make it up a bit. Us girls have to stick together, you know?”

Clara got out of the way so Bridget could struggle out of the booth and shake Victoria’s hand. She said goodbye and gave Clara a bosomy hug since she could get her arms around her. She went to the register to pick up the check, which Bridget now realized Dana had stuck them with, and then rushed out of the cafe with another round of apologies.

Once she had left, Bridget turned back to Clara.

“Well, ready to leave, then?”

Clara continued to stare at the door and didn't reply.

“Clara?”

“I would go gay for that woman. No regrets.”