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A Burden On Your Chest  
by TrebleClef

The woman flashed an evil eye as Layla approached with her check. "What in the seven hells took you so long?" the woman said, slamming a palm on the tabletop. The ice in the woman's water jumped and rang in the glass like a bell. Layla almost jumped.

"I'm sorry, ma'am! It's a very busy evening."

"Busy! I see you going about here, prancing around in those obscene clothes. Lazy young harlots and their excuses. Bah!"

"I-I'm sorry, I..."

"I'll give you a tip, so help me, gods."

"If-if you'd like to speak to the manager..."

"Young woman! May every dollar you make on this day be a burden on your chest!" The woman slammed a twenty-dollar bill on the counter. The ice skipped again. The woman stood, snatched up her snakeskin purse and stomped out of Imperial Bay Brewery, leaving Layla stunned and fear stricken.

Layla had thought of her attire as fairly conservative; not an inch of cleavage was showing. Her black tank top was pretty tight over her chest, sure, but her restaurant-issue black blazer obscured a good deal of her natural curvaceousness. And, Layla couldn't help being busty. Okay, she was sometimes a little...teasing with male patrons, yes, but only the single ones who really seemed to want the attention...and, a lazy harlot?!

Layla had no interest in flirtation; she was engaged. She'd been with Zachery for over three years. Even Zach understood: a little harmless teasing helped when she needed the tips. She had rent to pay!

Layla shook herself from her ruminations and looked about. Had anyone overheard the altercation? A couple from a nearby table innocently looked away; two men seated by a partition conspicuously resumed their conversation. Flustered, Layla took the twenty to the register and completed the purchase. The bowl of soup and the glass of wine that the angry woman had ordered came to \$13.32, leaving close to a seven dollars tip.

“Hey girl, are you okay?” said Sophia, approaching.

“Y-yeah. I’m alright,” said Layla.

Layla and Sophia worked the evening shift together on Tuesdays, which made the hours go faster than usual. Sophia studied Layla’s face to see that Layla wasn’t crying. Sophia had pretty brown eyes and long dark hair, pulled back in a ponytail on work hours. She was taller than Layla, slightly curvy but lacking Layla’s impressive rack.

“What was that crazy lady’s problem?” said Sophia.

“She said I took too long. And, apparently, the way I dress and present myself is ‘obscene.’”

Sophia dropped her mouth open. “What? No way!! You do NOT dress obscene, Layla. You’re not even showing anything!”

“I know...”

“Dumb bitch...”

“Sophia, does it ever...seem inappropriate when I...y’know, tease the male customers a little bit?”

“Pffft! Layla, all you do is stick out your rack out when you take guys’ orders. It’s no big deal. And anyway, it’s a job. We’re all making the best of it. Hey, are you alright?”

Layla was discreetly rubbing her ribs next to her breast. “Yeah,” said Layla, “my bra’s just... slicing into me a little.”

Layla glanced at the clock. “Oh shit, it’s already seven...”

“Really?”

“Yeah, time flies when we’re busy. The rush should be dying down by now.”

“If only,” Layla sighed. She wanted to go home now.

Sophia patted Layla’s shoulder. “Three more hours. Then we’re done!”

Layla did her best to put on a happy face. It being 7:00, several of her tables were winding down and ready to get their checks and Layla was not about to displease anyone else.

A table by the far wall, occupied by a 30s-ish woman and her mother, was ready for a check.

“Would you like us to wrap that up for you?” said Layla.

“Oh, no thank you,” said the 30s-ish woman.

“Are you okay dear?” said the mother. “That woman just...flew into a rage back there. We were worried about you!”

“Yeah, seriously!” said the daughter, her emphatic nods tossing her curly bangs to and fro.

Layla forced a smile. “Oh, I’m alright.”

“Don’t let rude people get to you, dear. We love your service!”

Layla might have appreciated the compliment had she not been embarrassed to know now that the angry woman’s rebuke was loud enough to hear from the far wall.

Layla brought them their check. The mother paid in cash and left a sizable tip. Ten dollars.

The next table to wrap up belonged to the two men seated by the partition. They said nothing about the angry woman’s outburst. One of them, however, a middle aged bald man, gave Layla an affable smile. It was kind, but Layla really wanted to put the altercation out of her mind. The men paid separately. Both tipped very reasonably.

Fifteen minutes passed.

“Layla, what’s wrong now?” said Sophia.

“Huh?”

Sophia set a hand on her hip. “You’re tense, girl.”

Layla rubbed her side and dropped her voice to a whisper. “Soph, I...swear I’m popping out of this bra. It’s really uncomfortable.”

“Hmmm,” said Sophia, “I guess maybe you are looking a little...” she lifted her palms in the air, “...more out there than usual.”

Layla snickered, reddening. “Oh, thank you.”

“You and I could go shopping this weekend. Dylan’s gonna be out most of Saturday helping a friend move. I’ve wanted to get some new workout pants.”

Dylan was Sophia’s husband, a sweet guy.

“I’d love to,” said Layla, “but I should talk to Zach first. He may have something planned for us. Anyway, I thought my bra was fitting me just fine this morning. I wonder if I’m getting an early period...”

Layla got several more comments from concerned customers as she delivered their checks. Her tips were much higher than usual, from women and men alike.

By 8:00, there were only a couple campers left over from the dinner rush.

When a moment of downtime hit, Layla slipped into the staff-only restroom. Her bra felt tight and painful. She flipped on the lights, blinked under the fluorescent bulbs and examined her top.

The black, restaurant-issue blazer was always buttoned under the bust, giving her chest space to breathe. It didn’t fit Layla perfectly, but no button-up ever did. Too big in the waist.

Layla turned, examining her profile in the mirror. Her chest bulged out between the long lapels. This had never happened before, Layla was certain.

She arched her back and her heart took a plunge in her chest. Her boobs puffed over the cups through the black tank top. What was going on? This bra had never given Layla quad-boob before...

Layla gripped her cups and examined her breasts. They were constricted; even the tank top was looking a little stretched. What in the world was happening to her?

The evening diners gave way to the evening drinkers. A row of men took stools at the bar; already giddy fraternizers were shown to their tables.

Layla tried to keep her back hunched to minimize the overflow of her chest. On this particular night, at least, it was lucky that Imperial Bay was dimly lit and had an all-black dress code. As the last stragglers from dinner paid their checks and left, Layla found herself hunching lower and shrugging her shoulders to keep the blazer upright. The lapels kept digging into her bust, straining the two buttons at her waist. Layla’s movements grew more restricted as she worked and tried to keep down the straining and jostling in her top...

“You look uncomfortable,” murmured Sophia as she passed Layla on her way to the kitchen. Layla turned to Sophia and winced in response.

All the twisting, tensing and hunching was ultimately useless, as Layla found when she took an order for a party of three. They were a middle aged couple and a slightly younger man, the latter whose eyes darted repeated glances at Layla’s chest. The married, middle aged man was visibly trying to look away. Worst of all, his wife was clenching her teeth, keenly aware of the situation. A wave of embarrassment swept over Layla. Her face felt hot.

Layla held her notebook closer to herself than usual, obscuring her chest with her forearms as she took orders. This seemed to win her into the good graces of the wife, who granted Layla an empathic smile. The wife then made an admonishing eye movement at the inconspicuous younger man, which Layla was clearly meant to see. It was a wordless apology for the younger man's poor manners.

Layla needed help. She went to Sophia who was folding napkins into silverware rolls in the side station. She looked around to make sure no one else was near. "Soph...look." She arched her back. The upwelling of Layla's boobs was shockingly pronounced. They bulged a whole inch out of her cups and yanked at her band which dug into her back.

Sophia's eyes bugged out. "Holy crap, girl! Is your bra shrinking?"

"I don't know, but it's really uncomfortable and people are starting to notice!"

"You're not stuffing socks in there or anything?"

"No!"

Sophia arched an eyebrow. "I don't get it. You weren't sticking out like that half an hour ago..."

"Um, Soph?"

"Yeah?"

"That woman who flipped out on me...she said...something..."

"Huh?"

"You're going to think I'm crazy..."

"Say it."

"Do you...believe in...curses?"

Sophia chortled. "I believe in school loans, does that count?"

"Never mind."

"Hey, c'mon. What's wrong?"

Layla sighed. "That crazy woman said something before she left and I'm trying to remember what it was."

There was a pause between them. Sophia was blank. Layla closed her eyes, trying to piece together the woman's exact words. She had been so flustered at the time... 'A burden on your chest'... 'May every'...

Layla shook her head. The whole thing was silly. "Um, anyway..." she said. "What should I do? I'm still stuck here for two hours."

"You got a sweater here with you?"

"Yeah, but..."

"Wear it, Layla. Screw the dress code; I'll vouch for you if Jeff gives you shit about it. And, if you can help it, don't walk all stiff and tight like you've been. It's not helping."

Layla removed her name tag from the discarded blazer and pinned it to the navy blue sweater. It, too, looked a little snug. It had always gapped a bit between the buttons at Layla's bust but the gaps were wider than usual now. Her black tank top kept her decent underneath though, so, the sweater would do.

Still, her bra was more awkward and tight than ever and the overflow of her boobs was starting to crease at the cup line and hang over.

My boobs are not getting bigger, Layla told herself. That's silly, there's just something wrong with this bra... As much as she said it to herself, Layla's mind kept traveling back to the angry woman's last words. Forget it, Layla, she thought. Just finish this damn shift and go home.

It was a busy late evening. Giddy patrons became tipsy revelers and ordered more drinks, plus appetizers, occasional desserts. A half hour passed.

Layla was ringing up a check, impatiently tapping the side of the register with her fingernail when she dropped the customer's card. Layla bent over and picked it up off the floor. As she rose, two buttons of her sweater slipped out of their holes at the bust.

When she had a spare moment, she snuck into the restroom once more. The gaps between Layla's buttons were even wider than before.

Layla checked herself in profile.

Oh my god, she thought. That's not my body...my boobs look so big! The quad-boob effect now showed through the sweater.

She took the sweater off. Layla's boobs surged drastically over her cups. The crease line where it dug into the tender flesh was much deeper than before. Layla poked at the excess flesh with an experimental finger. This was no wardrobe malfunction; Layla's boobs had truly grown, quite

a few cup sizes.

Layla shut her eyes, clenched her teeth and searched her memory. 'A burden on your chest'... Yes, the woman said 'dollars! Every dollar I...'

There was a rapping at the door. "You almost done in there? I gotta go!" It was the voice of Quincy, a surly chef.

"J-just a minute!" said Layla.

She flushed the unused toilet and buttoned her sweater. The two buttons over Layla's bust yanked at their buttonholes.

Layla had to prove it; she would not believe it otherwise. She glanced around her area, found a recently vacated table where the patrons had left a few dollars for a tip. She took the cash.

Nothing happened.

The old woman had said, 'every dollar you make...' But, what even counted as 'making a dollar' anyway? Was it when you simply picked up the cash from the table? Maybe it was already 'a dollar made' at that point; after all, you made it, whether you picked it up or not. Did it become 'your dollar' when the customer decided to give it to you? And, did it matter whether it was a cash tip or a tip left on a merchant copy of a receipt? Layla had to test those possibilities, before she discounted the influence of her tips.

She got her chance ten minutes later when she rang up a check for a party of five. Layla brought them their card receipt and watched them from the corridor, making certain that no one saw her.

The apparent host of the party did some calculations on his phone and scribbled on the receipt.

Pop.

Ouch!

Three buttons of Layla's sweater opened all at once, a fourth strained to stay closed. Her cups felt suddenly narrower over her boobs and her band sank deeper into her back. The upwelling titflesh mounted and advanced against her cups. Shit, shit, shit, Layla thought. It's true!

"Hey, Soph. Do me a favor?"

Sophia turned to face her. "Yeah, what is—holy...Layla, what's going on?! You're so..."

"I know, I know, my boobs are even bigger. I have a theory! Look..."

She took a ten and a five out of her pocket, took Sophia's hand and put the bills in it. Layla shut her eyes and waited as nothing happened.

"Layla..."

"Dammit! Okay, okay. Put this money in your pocket. Okay? It's yours."

"What's..."

"Just do it. Please."

"Well...okay..." Sophia pocketed the \$15. Again, nothing happened.

"Fuck..." Layla muttered.

"What's going on, Layla?"

"I can't give the money away and go back down."

"Girl..."

"Sophia, I know this is crazy but I swear...that woman cursed me. Right before she left she said that every dollar I made this evening would be...a burden."

"I don't even know what you're..."

"Soph, every tip is making my boobs grow!"

Sophia's brow furrowed.

"I swear it's true!"

"Well...I...I...I guess you do look...definitely bigger than before. I mean...you're almost busting out of that sweater now..."

"Sophia, you have to believe me."

Sophia's brow remained furrowed.

"Or..." said Layla, "at least...pretend to believe me? Just for now? Okay?"

Sophia sighed, regarded Layla and shrugged. "Alright. I can do that. What do you want from me?"

“I need you to collect my tips.”

“And give them to you later?”

“No! Just take them. They’re yours. I don’t want them, now or later.”

“Girl, I can’t take your—”

“Please! Just do it once. So I can see what happens.”

Sophia laughed. “Alright, if you say so. But I’m not taking this.” She removed the \$15 from her pocket and handed it over to Layla. Layla recoiled.

“No, no! I don’t want...”

“Hey, hey, it’s fine,” said Sophia, sticking the bills back into Layla’s pocket. “Your boobs aren’t doing anything.”

Layla dawdled in the side station, regularly poking her head out into the front to check on her tables. Why won’t anyone leave, she thought. She was desperate to test her theory.

A voice came from behind. “Layla, I need you out there.”

It was Jeff, the manager. He had big ears, a beak nose and an overwrought, yet thoroughly unconvincing professional demeanor that Layla and Sophia liked to mimic for fun on slow hours. Layla had been trying to avoid him since she discarded her blazer.

“What?” she said.

“You’re standing around and it doesn’t look like you’re doing anything. And why are you wearing that sweater? Where’s your jacket?”

“The...the buttons ripped off and I didn’t want to look...underdressed.”

“Do we need to issue you a new one?”

“No. I can repair a couple buttons myself, Jeff.”

“Alright, well, check on your tables.”

Luckily, Jeff was too busy listening to the sound of his own voice to catch Layla’s bulging chest in the dim light of the side station. One of Layla’s buttons would not close now. The other buttons were strained. Layla’s shape was now comically top-heavy. And heavy it was indeed;

the weight of her boobs pressed down on her now useless cups, making her underwire dig deeper into her ribs. Her bra felt like a bear trap around her torso.

The staring eyes of Layla customers made her uncomfortable too, but no one actually said anything. Until, that is, she got to a table occupied by a flamingly drunk, skinny brunette in a party of four girls. The brunette loudly said, “damn, girl, I never noticed that you had such a RACK! You need a bigger bra...”

Oh, the embarrassment.

An Asian girl beside the brunette set a palm on her friend’s shoulder. “Okay, Leslie, please stop.” The Asian girl turned to Layla. “Sorry about her.”

“It’s alright,” said Layla, who did not feel right at all.

The brunette lifted her hands in the air as if cupping Layla’s boobs and indiscreetly mouthed the words SO BIG with her lips. Layla tried to ignore it.

The girls ordered another round of drinks, as did other tables.

The leering, from both male and female patrons was starting to make Layla upset. The worst of it was from a man who sat alone at a two-person table. He had two empty beer glasses that Layla gathered up as he requested another. This guy was shameless. His eyes were absolutely locked onto Layla’s bosom. He smiled pleasantly and Layla could smell the alcohol on him. These weren’t his first two drinks tonight.

Sophia would have found a catty way to tell him off. She would have said I’m up here, sir, or something like that. But, Layla had none of Sophia’s nerve.

Minutes passed and finally a table in Layla’s area wrapped up. Layla flagged Sophia down.

“Sophia, that table is ready. Could you please ring them up? Here’s the order.”

Layla was worried that she would have to talk Sophia into it but Sophia smiled and took the piece of paper. “You got it.”

Sophia took the customers’ cards to the register and brought them their receipts. Then, she returned to the corridor where Layla was watching, heart pounding in her chest.

“Well, that’s that,” said Sophia. “Anything happen?”

“No...” said Layla.

Snap-snap...

Two buttons broke off Layla's sweater. It opened once more. Layla's teeth clenched as she felt her breasts surging out, spilling over, mounting up and up on her chest. She felt her nipples begin to peak over her cups. Her boobs had grown halfway out of them.

Sophia's mouth fell open as she watched Layla's tank top stretch over her huge breasts. It was pulled down her neckline, showing off an inch of cleavage that her mostly open sweater could no longer conceal.

"Holy shit, girl!"

"Dammit..." said Layla. The experiment had failed. She couldn't just let Sophia collect her tips for her. It still counted as 'dollars made' for Layla.

"Is this really..." Sophia moved in and tested Layla's bosom gingerly with her fingertips. "Damn. It's all titty under there, isn't it?"

"Yeah..."

"You weren't kidding about...curses, huh?"

"No."

Layla listened discreetly from outside Jeff's office.

"C'mon Jeff," said Sophia, "it's less than an hour left."

Jeff said, "Right, that's my point. It's less than an hour. Unless she's about to throw up all over the floor, I think she can probably stick it out. She's an adult."

"She needs to go home now. She's sick."

"Why are you coming to me with this, Sophia? Why doesn't Layla just come to me herself and say she needs to go home?"

"I can take care of her tables, Jeff."

Jeff sighed. "Sophia, I know how you are with Layla."

"What are you talking about?"

"You're protective of her, I've seen you two. And I'm fine with that if it doesn't get in the way of your duties. But—"

Layla's eavesdropping was cut short because Cindy, a server, appeared at the far end of the corridor.

"Layla! There you are. Two of your tables are all ready to go!"

Shit.

Layla darted past Cindy and made way for the front.

Jeff, the smug bastard. Layla hated him. Hopefully he had not heard Cindy's voice over his own. Layla was close to tears as she emerged into the front. Her unbuttoned sweater was draped sloppily over her horribly squeezed boobs.

She was embarrassed to be seen but many of her customers were too drunk and sleepy to really look closely at her now. The all-girls table got their check and barely batted an eye at her. The once loud and inappropriate brunette was now resting her head on her Asian friend's lap, eyes closed. Layla's next table, all men, threw some curious glances at Layla but nothing awful. Nonetheless, the inappropriate drunk still eyeballed her savagely as she passed.

Layla rang up the orders, took the checks to her tables, and swiped the cards. As she waited for the purchases to transact, Sophia appeared.

"You're gonna have to talk to Jeff yourself. He won't listen to me."

"Fuck him," Layla hissed. "I'll finish off my shift."

"Are you joking?"

"It doesn't really matter now, does it? I only have a few more tables to finish up with and then I'm out of here."

"Layla," said Sophia, "you're making a mistake. You need to leave now."

"Sophia, I don't want to see Jeff. I don't want Jeff to see me. I'd rather have that gross drunk in the corner see me, than have Jeff see me." Layla's eyes were welling up with tears.

She knew Sophia was right. Alas, Layla was not going to listen to her, even as her underwire was almost tearing into her ribs.

If Jeff had the decency not to ask embarrassing questions outright about why Layla was visibly popping out of her bra, he would nonetheless do two things. He would press her on why she had to leave early when there was only 40 minutes left on the clock, and he would take advantage of Layla's humiliating situation and exercise his authoritative chops, lecturing her on the importance of following the restaurant's dress code. He was always haughtiest when he was

propped up at his desk.

But, Jeff was an avoidable obstacle; Layla could just leave the restaurant without even talking to him. Layla wasn't staying because of Jeff; she was staying because she was angry. She would gladly have allowed even more problems to fall on her right now, just to prove how unfair life was. Layla had once heard someone say that holding onto anger is like drinking poison and hoping another person will die. Too true. "I've got receipts to drop off," Layla said. "I'll be right back."

Sophia didn't stop Layla.

Layla delivered the card receipts and made a beeline for the corridor. Sophia followed as Layla slipped one last time into the staff-only restroom.

They studied Layla's big, squished chest.

Sophia said, "is...is anything going to..."

The black tank top stretched, its once high neckline plunging to reveal inches of deepening cleavage. Layla's bra sank into the burgeoning swell of her boobs. Her nipples popped out over the cups, getting fuller and puffier. The band sank deeper into Layla's back and she could feel the little clasp hooks jabbing into her skin. "Ow...ow. Shit!"

Sophia helped Layla out of her tank top. "Holy mother of..." said Sophia.

Layla's boobs poured out of her bra in every available direction. They tested the mesh on either side, bulging over and through it and spilled over Layla's cups like rising baked pastries. The cups held no more than a third of her boobs' incredible volume. Layla tried to unhook the bra but the hooks wouldn't budge. She switched to plan B, pulling the bra down her torso. "Help me," she grunted.

Sophia took the band between her fingers and pulled down as Layla grabbed her billowing boobs and pulled their fleshy mass upward. They popped out of the cups and the bra gave. Layla gasped in relief. There was a deep red line where the underwire bit into her skin.

"Wow... Look at you, girl."

Layla looked. The growth had stopped. Her boobs were big, fleshy pillows, eight or nine inches in diameter, each. They swelled out to the sides and brushed Layla's biceps. There were only a few inches between Layla's boobs and her belly button. Her nipples were wide as pennies, piercing the air at odd angles.

A moment of stunned silence passed. Layla unhooked her ruined bra and wordlessly donned her tank top. Her nipples poked at the stretched fabric. The outlines of her garmentless boobs

were so prominent she was virtually naked.

Sophia said, "you're going home now. Did you drive here?"

"No."

"Well, you're not taking the bus tonight. I'll drive you. You take my keys and wait in my car 'til I'm done here."

Layla sighed. "Thanks."

There was a half hour left on the clock when Layla gathered up her outdoor jacket and purse. The jacket, once form fitting, no longer closed over Layla's huge, squishy bosom. She left it zipped up to her stomach. At least the sides of the jacket covered her nipples and obscured the fleshy side-swell of her boobs.

Layla had two tables left unaccounted for: a chatty party of three and the drunk in the corner. Sophia would have to take care of them.

Layla planned on taking the back door exit, which opened out on the parking lot where Sophia's car was. But, as Layla made her way up the corridor alongside the kitchen, Jeff's voice echoed around the corner. He was bloviating at Cindy. Layla turned around. She would have to take the side door, and that meant a brief passage through the front of the restaurant, close to where the drunk was. It was a choice between being seen by Jeff or by the drunk. Decision made. The drunk wouldn't accost Layla with questions.

But, oh, did he stare at her. His table was littered with sudsy glasses. His face was red and his eyes beheld Layla's bust in blurry wonder, even as Layla crossed her arms over her boobs to obscure his view.

She exited the restaurant, made her way through the alley to the parking lot, found Sophia's car and took the backseat where she would be harder for onlookers to spot.

Layla tossed her head against the seat. She was still in shock, still trying to rationally come to terms with the six or so pounds of extra tit on her chest. Layla had never in her adult life wore a small, or even ordinary size bra. She was a big-breasted woman who, in a single night, had grown much, much bigger. Her mind traveled back to the show-stopping image of herself in the employees-only restroom, topless, adorned with breasts bigger than her head. There was surely no cup size in the market for boobs this size.

Had it been a mistake, in her anger, to keep serving customers when she knew what would happen? A few more inches on her bust seemed a trivial difference now. She would have been enormous anyway...

Layla checked the time on her phone. 9:44PM. She was anxious for Sophia to take her home.

Minutes passed. Then, Layla felt her nipple pressing into her jacket.

Oh no...

She watched as the jacket slowly parted, centimeter after centimeter. Layla felt the jacket's zipper sliding down on its own, notch-by-notch. Weight grew on her chest. Titflesh expanded, blowing up inside her stretchy tank top like water filling a balloon.

Layla pressed back on her spreading mamms as if trying to force them down to a more manageable size.

The jacket, no longer able to cover up most of Layla's boobs, fell from around them. Layla placed her palms over her nipples and felt them fill, bit by fleshy bit. The new breast weight pulled on Layla's back. If the growth kept up, Layla's boobs would soon be sitting in her lap.

Layla heard a sound. The back door of Imperial Bay had swung open. It was Sophia, dashing for the car. Sophia ran up to the window, her eyes wide. Layla unlocked the backdoor and Sophia climbed in.

"They won't stop growing!" said Layla.

"Holy shit, holy shit," said Sophia, who turned her back to the window to obscure the view into the back of the car.

Layla's boobs were filling out her arms; her nipples advancing further and further. The tank top filled and stretched. Little dots of creamy titflesh peaked through the straining threads.

"Oh my god, I'm getting so..."

The threads of the tank top pressed harder into her nipples. The garment was out of stretch, pressed to the limit by Layla's ginormous, burgeoning boobs. She felt their warm mass creeping down to her navel, covering almost her entire torso.

Sophia pressed her hands against them, as if trying, like Layla, to squeeze them back down to size.

"Soph...I'm gonna...I'm gonna bust my..."

Thread by parting thread, the tank top ripped, making gaps where Layla's ever mounting titflesh peaked through, surging out like water through a flimsy dam.

"Oh no, Sophia! Oh no..."

Layla's boobs bubbled out of the emerging gaps in the fabric, overtaking it. Soon there was more bubbly flesh than thread. And then...

Rrrrp!

...there was no thread at all.

Layla's fleshy globes sprung forth in their huge, naked glory and still grew. She felt her nipples getting fatter and fuller, rising exposed on peaked aureoles. Sophia wrapped her arms around Layla's boobs, trying to hide as much naked flesh as possible.

Layla's boobs filled up the cramped space between the two women. Sophia was backed up against the car door, soft titflesh filling her arms. Layla was jammed against the seat. Her heart pummeled in her chest. She was less scared by the growth than by the thunderstruck look on Sophia's face.

The weight of Layla's giant, growing boobs eased on her lap. They were as big as full bed pillows now, industriously billowing out between the two women. They grew bigger and bigger, filling up the limited space. The prodigious flesh quivered and trembled as Sophia kept trying to wrap her hands around it to cover its spreading volume. Layla could no longer see her nipples but they felt plump as jumbo olives.

Layla's mind was frantic. She couldn't believe her eyes. A small wail rose up inside her and grew, louder and higher as her boobs grew bigger and fatter. Soon, it was an ear-piercing shriek and Layla was scarcely aware that it was still coming from her own mouth.

"Layla..."

The scream continued.

"Layla!"

She couldn't stop it.

"Layla, girl, shut up!"

She shut.

"You stopped growing."

"H-how-" Layla tried to say.

Sophia, who was squished into the window and front seat of her car by a mammoth boob,

slipped a hand into her pocket and drew something out. “That drunk guy, y’know, the guy sitting at the little table in the corner? He said to me ‘would you please give this to the sweet woman who served me tonight?’” Sophia held the thing up. It was a fifty-dollar bill.

“A fifty?!”

“I knew what would happen next so I ran out...”

“Oh, Sophia...look at me...”

“I’ve got a blanket in the trunk, let me get it. Then, I’ll drive you home.”

Sophia clambered out of her car, escaping the soft, squishy clutches of Layla’s monstrous boob.

Layla studied the humongous, fleshy mountains that burdened her chest as Sophia opened her trunk. She experimentally put her arms around them. It was like hugging two huge, soft, warm teddy bears.

The next Monday...

Sophia entered Layla’s apartment.

“Over here!” said Layla, waving Sophia over to her small table on the far side of her kitchen. Layla’s kitchen counters were covered in dirty dishes. Only a week ago, Layla would not have let a friend see her apartment so messy. But, house cleaning was not as easy now as it used to be. Sometimes you just had to let things slide...

“Wow girl, you look even bigger than I remember,” said Sophia as she passed through the corridor and kitchen into the living room, which doubled as a dining room in Layla’s modest space.

Layla did not answer because she was busy puzzling over the sight of Sophia. Her friend and former co-worker wore a huge, open, beige long coat. It was not typical outdoor attire for Sophia, who usually wore tightly fitted pea coats and clingy hoodies on weekends. Sophia wore tights, a purple skirt and a lace button-up white top.

“Are you comfortable sitting like that?” said Sophia.

Layla glanced down at her humongous, naked boobs, which rested on the table, taking up two and a half square feet of table space in front of her. Beside her mountainous tits were a laptop, a cell phone and a pad of paper. She had been calculating expenses and planning for the future. Layla’s cheap table, fortunately, was adjustable. It was lowered just enough to support Layla’s boobs while sitting without them mounting up in front of her face.

Even in the presence of Sophia who had already seen her boobs exposed and enormous, Layla felt self conscious in nothing but jeans and socks.

"I'm okay," said Layla.

"So, are you going to tell me what Zachary said when he saw you?" Sophia was fighting back a smile.

"Hah," said Layla. "Oh my god Sophia, I don't even know. I was so upset that night. He just cuddled me in bed and said whatever happened, everything would be okay."

"Well," said Sophia, "I've got a story to tell you. Your bitchy old witch friend came back on Friday."

"No!"

"Yep. And guess who served her?"

"Oh my god..."

"And I took her order and then spoke in the nicest, sweetest, calmest voice. And I said, 'my good friend served you the other day. She feels really, really bad about inconveniencing you. She's learned her lesson. Could you please change her back? She can't even work a job now...' Well, guess what happened?"

"What? Tell me!"

Sophia threw the giant long coat to the floor. Layla gasped.

Sophia's hips swelled out on either side, widening her midsection to a good two and a half feet. Her thighs, once cute and just a teensy bit fleshy were now big and thick beneath the skirt, which ended a couple inches above her knees.

"Keep watching," said Sophia. She turned ninety degrees. Her skirt was just containing the last square inch of her now huge, prodigious bottom. It bulged cartoonishly from her still narrow waist.

Sophia turned one more time and showed off the incredible swell of her immense ass, testing the eye-and-hook clasp of the skirt. "Ta-daaa," she said sassily.

Layla was stunned. Sophia had gone from slightly curvy to a wildly exaggerated pear shape. Hips, thighs, rump...all had blown up into ripe, round girl meat.

“Oh no, Sophia!”

Sophia turned again. “That lady gave me the nastiest look and said to me, ‘impetuous girl! On this day, may your business all go to your bottom!’”

“Sophia, I’m so sorry...”

“Pffft,” said Sophia. “I was close to finishing off my shift then but all the tips I made that day... well, y’know, they all went into my butt. And now, I’m fifty percent ass, just like you’re fifty percent tit. I went home to Dylan and he was so sweet, like Zachary, but oh man, he had a hard-on right through his jeans. Couldn’t help himself.”

“Yeah...Zach too.”

“So then, fuck workout pants, I have to change half my fucking wardrobe! I did a whole day of shopping on Saturday. That stupid bitch... Layla, girl, we can’t take any more chances with that lady. Even if we begged, the way she is, she’d do something even worse. Like, give us fucking boils or turn us into newts or something...”

Layla nodded slowly. “I get it.”

“Really, Layla? Between us, I got the long end of the stick. I can still walk around and serve tables, even with a really fat ass. You, on the other hand...”

Layla took in a huge breath, sighed and said, “I’m slowly getting used to it, Sophia. I was kind of lucky, because Zach just got hired at the company he was interning at. He’s going to get a new apartment soon and we’re finally moving in together. He’ll be making lots of money and he can easily support me while I figure out what kind of job I want to do now...y’know, at home.” She gestured at her incredible rack. “I know life’s going to be different, but everything’s changing so fast now, I’m actually a little excited. Scared, but excited.”

“Well that’s great, Layla. You’re okay then?”

Layla made a little smile. “I have the biggest natural boobs in the world now. It’s a lot of work living with them but it’s also...kinda cool. Everything’s unique. Showering, eating, sleeping. It’s all new to me. And, I can’t work customer service anymore, which is kind of awesome.”

“Well, if it’s anything to you girl, your tits look amazing.”

Layla smiled. “Thanks. You don’t look so bad yourself.”

Sophia smiled too. “So, why’d you call me here?”

“I wanted to thank you. For everything you did for me. But, it looks like I have even more to

thank you for than I thought.”

“This?” said Sophia, turning to the side and flaunting her huge bottom, “hah! I’ll live. Dylan probably wants to thank you.”

They both giggled.

The sweetness of the moment was interrupted as Sophia’s palm flew mechanically to her hip. There was an inquisitive look on her face. “Is...is tha—” she began. She was interrupted by Layla’s shriek.

“Oh my god, it’s...” said Layla.

“Aw fuck,” said Sophia.

Layla got to her feet, not an easy task now that she had so many pounds of titflesh to sustain. She took her boobs in her arms, feeling them swell, taking on new mass and volume.

Sophia was reaching behind herself, fiddling with the eye-and-hook clasp of her skirt. “Dammit, I knew I should’ve gone a size bigger!” she said. The widening of her hips already filled the skirt out, testing its give.

“Oh god,” moaned Layla, mouth agape, eyes wide and glassy. Layla’s hands clutched her nipples as they grew thicker and thicker, filling Layla’s fingers. They traveled further and further away from Layla as her boobs grew, inch by inch into even bigger sizes.

Sophia’s desperate attempts at her skirt clasp came to an end with the sound of breaking fabric. The skirt split open from the back, and, like a banana peel, it burst and fell in a torn heap at Sophia’s feet. She looked like a flower blooming from its constricting bulb. Sophia’s nude-colored tights stretched to hold in her great and burgeoning lower half. Her thighs thickened, her hips widened, her bottom ballooned.

Layla was light-headed. Her fingers were losing contact with her fattening nipples as her gargantuan, jiggling breasts thrust them forward and filled the space in front of her. When she realized her boobs could just about rest on the table as she stood, Layla tried to set their ever-burdening weight back on the tabletop. Either her aim was off or her boobs were too massive for the table because it toppled over with their weight, taking Layla with them. She collapsed in a huge, quivering, billowing fleshy heap, face first in her boobs. “Ow,” she said.

“Layla, are you o...” But Sophia had problems of her own. Her hands pressed at her swelling hips. Her tights grew thinner around her massive midsection. Tears formed all about the nylons, exposing Sophia’s cotton pink underwear beneath. The tears widened and multiplied. Then, the tights split at Sophia’s crotch and, like the skirt, they parted. Sophia’s thickening thighs helped them split further and further down until they fell into a tattered pile at her still slim ankles.

On the floor, Layla dragged her tremendous boobs away from the fallen table. She tried to get closer to Sophia but she was weak with lightheadedness and couldn't take the weight of her amassing boobs very far. In fact, she couldn't even crawl. Layla's boobs had gotten so huge beneath her that her upper body was pitching in the air. She soon gave in, dropping her arms and face over her super-colossal boobs as they rose like zeppelins. Her nipples felt terrifically full and sensitive. It was as though their nerve endings had cubed in number.

"Shit, shit shit, not my panties..." said Sophia as the cotton, pink underwear stretched across her midsection like a rubber band and began to tear. She had grown into three feet of massive, fleshy hips and who knew how much ass. Sophia reached back and gripped her swelling cheeks. "Oh shit, my ass is so...so..."

*Rrrrrp!*

Her panties split in the back as they had split in the front. Then they split over each of Sophia's huge, lumbering thighs, leaving her exposed and absolutely giant between her waist and her knees. Sophia dropped to the floor as Layla did.

Layla closed her eyes and rested her head in the cleavage of her towering boobs. She was lifted as they grew and grew and grew. Her torso was lifted from the floor, followed by her pelvis, then her thighs. Layla's boobs grew still more, making contact with the table and chair once again, the sensation sending a shiver down her spine. Her mountainous flesh quivered, her nipples clenched. It seemed like she would grow and grow forever...

It stopped. Layla sighed in relief. Her knees still touched the floor.

"Hey, girl?" said Sophia. She crawled over to Layla, evidently just as dazed as Layla was. Hovering behind Sophia were the twin cheeks of the biggest, roundest, most globular ass Layla had ever seen. It hovered in the air, buoyant like a Macy's Day balloon, wiggling slightly from side to side as Sophia crawled. "Holy shit, girl, you're as big as a couch now," said Sophia.

"Right," said Layla, "good luck squeezing through door frames yourself."

Sophia rolled over on the floor beside Layla and sat up. Her thighs were thicker than her own torso. Her hips were over three and a half feet across, sitting down. Layla glanced behind Sophia and saw so much huge, fleshy bottom bulging out that another wave of lightheadedness swept across her.

The crests of Layla's gigantic boobs were about three feet in the air. They were like huge, fleshy cushions. Her arms sank into their warm, soft mass.

A couch was a good yardstick for comparison. Each young woman would've taken up a two-person sofa with her cosmically curvaceous body.

Sophia experimentally gave her butt cheek a slap. The firm flesh quivered. "At least it doesn't look all creasy," she muttered. Indeed, Sophia's incredible ass and hips tapered nicely to her calves in smooth, curvy diagonals.

Layla ran her palms over her behemoth boobs, barely fathoming their incredible size. "Soph," she said. "How big are my nipples? I can't feel them with my hands now, they're too far away."

"Well," said Sophia, "about as wide as soda cans."

"Oh, my god..."

"Man. Dylan'll be frothing at mouth by the time I drag this ass home," Sophia chuckled. "I should sit on him. He'd like that."

"Hey, Sophia," said Layla.

"And Zach'll be happy too, huh?" said Sophia. "He's going to marry a beautiful girl and get two beautiful bean bag chairs in the deal."

"Soph! You know something?"

"Mm? What?"

"Payroll must have just processed our checks."

"Huh?"

"We just got paid for the days we worked when we were cursed! How many more dollars did we make?"

"Aw, shit...all that money..."

"Oh my god, we got so huge."

Sophia sighed and gave Layla's super bulbous nipple an experimental tweak.

Layla yelped slightly.

"I guess we'd better watch out for our tax returns," Sophia said. "We probably got a few more dollars left to grow."

End