

He's Just Not That Into You_{rs}

A Novella by Near N. Far

This story was commissioned by Funky Munky. Contact me at nearnfarstories@gmail.com or Patreon.com/nearnfar to inquire about commissioning your own story.

Contents

Chapter 1: What I Want	4
Chapter 2: What I Get.....	16
Chapter 3: What I Learn.....	27
Chapter 4: What I Find.....	40

Chapter 1: What I Want

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

“Good morning, Caley.”

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

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

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

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

“Thanks, Tristan.”

He smiles and returns to his work.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Morning, Caley!"

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

"Sounds like Simon met a new someone?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Her name’s Jenna, but... yeah. Her.”

“So you noticed them, huh?”

I elbow him in the hip and dance my eyebrows.

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

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

“I... uh... she...”

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

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

“Time for pics!”

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

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

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

“That's us,” I shakily confirm.

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

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

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

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

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

And we've been awesome ever since.

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Hey. How was work?"

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

“Fine. Nothing special.”

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

“Nothing special, huh?”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Emmet getting to you again?”

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

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

"No more than usual," I finally answer.

"Uh huh."

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

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

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

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

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

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

"That's the girl from the bar?"

I nod.

Essie inhales slowly and lets out a beleaguered sigh.

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

"Seven..."

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

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

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

“Caley, look at me.”

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

“I mean it.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“It's the brand name of these.”

She again highlights her breasts.

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

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

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

“I would. Thanks, Essie.”

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

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

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

(.)(.)

Biological Implantation of Gel catalyst Around Stem cell Scaffolding.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

This is what I want.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Chapter 2: What I Get

The final five days off work are spent relaxing, shopping for clothes that better fit my new figure, and spending an absurd amount of time admiring my increasing bounty of bust in whatever mirror is nearest in the moment. It's a fun few days, to be sure. I can't believe how great and full my breasts are looking after the surgery. I'm not the only one who thinks so, either.

"Looking good!" Essie chipperly greets me as I enter the kitchen Sunday morning.

I smile at the compliment and look down at the tightness of my spaghetti strap tank. It's a lavender one I've had for years. I sleep in it often. The flat neckline has always rested sadly against the plain of chest south of my collarbones. Now, though, it bulges outward. Emerging from behind the fabric is a shallow valley that lies between my still-swelling breasts. It's not what I would call conventional cleavage, but it's a start, and a hell of a lot more than I used to have.

Where once lay feeble suggestions of curves, I now possess two prominent bumps of boob. My little nipples even seem to be drawing on some of the implants' magic, as they're on full display, jabbing through the cotton top. There's also the chance their erect-ness could be a byproduct of my constant low-level arousal. It's a surprise turn-on to feel myself bounce as I walk...

The thin straps over my shoulders no longer lay limp like they have for years, threatening to slide down my upper arms. Instead, they're pulled enough that all slack is gone. My chest actually fills out my top!

Essie's compliment redoubles my happiness.

"Thanks, Ess!" I say as I walk past to gather my breakfast.

"No more discomfort or swelling?"

"None! No surgical swelling, anyway," I giggle. "You were right about these things. It's barely been more than a week, and I've made a full recovery! And I'm still growing!"

"Yeah, that'll continue for at least another couple days, going by how my first injection went."

“Oh yeah, I forgot you had multiple...”

At my initial consultation with Dr. Ennman, he told me to expect up to 300cc's worth of growth from the first treatment. That should put me somewhere around a small D cup, he said. Based on yesterday's bra shopping trip, I'm getting close to that now. Seeing my present growth, D cups feel a lot smaller than I was picturing during that first appointment.

Essie mentioned once upon a time that she had a few rounds of injections for her implants. Somehow my brain never quite latched onto the implication that it would take me several rounds to get anywhere near her size, even after the doctor told me what kind of gains to expect. I just heard “D cup,” thought about Essie's impressive rack, and my brain said “here we go.”

When Dr. Ennman started talking about timelines for results and the wait times between injections and everything, I only half paid attention. I was too busy flaunting my rack in front of a drooling Emmet in my mind. All I remember is having to wait until growth is finished before I can get another round of growth catalyst.

I look at the depths of cleavage on display in the fuzzy-hemmed, plunging V of Essie's usual post-shift hot pink bathrobe. Then I look down at the shallow dip between my budding boobs. The difference is stark, and suddenly the wind goes out of my sails. I'm a lot bigger than I was, and I'm still getting bigger. But what I want are statement pieces. Gazongas. Sweater stretchers. I want a chest that can put Rika's to shame. Or Jenna's. A pair that will make Emmet see me as the smoking hot woman I am, instead of *just* his bestie. It's starting to dawn on me that it's going to take time and several more injections to get to that.

“Oh, what's wrong now?” Essie pries. I really can't keep anything from her.

“Eh... I'm just a little discouraged. I kinda thought I'd be bigger than this.”

“You've gained like three cup sizes,” she points out, waving her cereal spoon around and stabbing at me from many feet away.

“Two,” I correct. “But yeah, I know I'm being an idiot. I just see how awesome your results are, and I want that.”

“You can have it. It just takes time. For now, you’re recovering great, and the injections are doing their thing. Enjoy the change. Enjoy the attention. You’ll get where you want in due time. And people will notice. *Emmet* will notice.”

She’s right. I’ve got to be patient. Besides, tomorrow is my return-to-work day. It’s a big one, and I’ve got to figure out how I’m going to play this.

After breakfast, I spend the entire morning going through my wardrobe options, both existing and new. I want to find something that will show off my changes without looking like I’m trying to show off. It’s a little hard to pull that off in the dead of winter. Everybody wears big, bulky pullovers and sweaters, myself included. If I go walking into TGD wearing some skin-tight blouse, everybody’s going notice the implants right away. We don’t have an “office slut” yet, but it’d be a great way to claim the title. That could be fine if Emmet also takes notice, but I feel like I’ve got the best chance of success if I play this cool. My primary target is Emmet. I only need to make him realize how much I’ve grown. If nobody else is any the wiser for a while, that would be perfect.

An idea arrives sometime around lunch. I try on an old gray sweater of mine that’s always been an exceptionally loose fit while not being too thick. I can couple it with a scarf and a jacket, and the new features will be totally incognito. No one will look twice. It’ll be perfect. Working over my scheme in my head, I’m smiling so wide the rest of the day that Essie takes notice.

“I’m glad you’re in a better mood,” she remarks late in the evening. “Got something up your sleeve?”

“More ‘under my sweater,’” I laugh, “but yeah. I’ve been trying to figure out how I want tomorrow to go down.”

“Just remember,” she says, leaning forward and staring me down. I fight the urge to glance down at my possible future in her immense crystal balls. “Emmet has free will. He’s a person. You want him to notice you, and those will certainly help, from what you’ve told me about him. Still, noticing is the first stepping stone. You don’t control where the rest of the path goes. Remember that.”

“I’m not sure I understand.”

I do. The metaphor isn't great, but I get her point. I just don't want to. It's far more comforting to tell myself bigger tits will solve my jealousy problems and finally win Emmet over to my side.

Essie's right. He has free will. Even if he loves my bigger boobs, there's no guarantee he's going to want me the way I want him. A pit in my stomach aches at the thought.

"Hope for the best. Prepare for the worst," Essie clarifies her meaning.

She leaves me with that little tidbit. It stings. I don't reply. Instead, I head to my bedroom and sulk for the evening.

Emmet will notice the new, bigger me. I'm going to make sure of it. Then he'll want to be more than besties. I'm going to make sure of that, too.

The next day, I walk into the office, second guessing everything. Actually walking the walk has my nerves buzzing. I can't unring these bells, though. It's on.

I'm wearing the sweater I picked yesterday. My favorite oversized wool scarf lies in a forest green heap around my neck and upper chest. Beneath the sweater is a bra I bought just two days ago. It's a D cup pushup made to provide as much lift as physically possible. I spent some time admiring my new curves in it this morning before I pulled on the shapeless sweater. It provides enough umph to give me a knockout body shape and even creates a bit of that "real deal" cleavage I want.

Under this outfit and my usual overcoat, though, I hardly look any different. Maybe a slight boost is apparent, but nothing more.

Cindy greets me at the front desk with her usual plastic smile and a monotonous "Welcome back, Caley." As I pass by, I note her puzzled gaze following me. She can tell something's different, but if anybody would have a comment about me getting implants, it would be her. The outfit seems to be working.

"You're back!" Tristan beams as I pass his desk. He looks like his usual peppy self.

Simon gives me a silent wave and nod from across the space.

Ahead of me, I spy my quarry. Emmet swivels around in his chair and the combination of relief and excitement on his face makes my insides churn with nerves. It's go time.

He pushes himself up as I hastily toss my bag and coat over my own chair. Before I can peel away the scarf, he's towering over me, arms splayed wide.

"Bestie's back!"

"Hey, Emmet!"

I give up on the scarf and wrap my arms around him for our customary hug. With the cover of a happy reunion available to me, I squeeze his body as tightly as I can manage. My propped up new breasts press against him right above the waist. As always, he puts his hands behind my shoulders and embraces me back.

Then his hold falters. He gives me the typical "that's enough" pat faster than he ever has before. He's pulling the ripcord awfully fast. He appears to have noticed.

"I missed my bestie so much!" I say, refusing to release him. I can't keep it up forever, but I milk my absence for all it's worth, driving my points home. The longer I can hold my new and improved chest against him, the clearer he'll get the hint. That's my gambit, anyway.

At last, he stops tapping and grabs hold of my shoulders to push me firmly away from him. I give in, but play dumb.

"Sorry," I say. "I guess I got carried away."

Emmet gawks at me. His eyes dart around, and his mouth continually tries to articulate something. No sound comes out. His face turns as red as my hair. Eventually, he lets out a long, low breath through pursed lips. The forced exhale puffs his cheeks out.

"You okay?" I ask with feigned innocence.

"I... uh... I..."

He sputters. The poor guy is so flustered he can't speak. It seems my plan has worked. The rest of the office might suspect my upgrade through the rumpled sweater, but they won't know for sure. Not until I gain more size or switch to a springier wardrobe. Until then, they'll wonder if maybe I got a new bra. I did, but it's also more than that, and Emmet just got to feel how much more.

"You... uh..." he continues to flail.

"What? Do I look different?"

I flash a wicked grin and place my hands on my hips, taking care to pull the excess material of my sweater tighter over the hills. They're not all that hidden now. Everyone else is busy at their desk or chatting. Only Emmet can see just how much more shapely I've gotten.

"Diff... different? N-no. You... I, uh... I'm not... I mean you..."

He's flabbergasted. He takes measured step after measured step back from me toward his desk. He doesn't turn away, though. His eyes continually drop to my chest then return to my look of playful menace.

I couldn't have asked for a better reaction. I may not yet rival Rika or Simon's bar fling Jenna, but he's been put on notice. There's a new girl muscling in on his lust for curves.

I decide to up the ante even further. No sense in beating around the bush about this.

"I'm glad to be back. It was a *big* week for me."

I adjust my posture and stick my chest out a little more. My arms stretch out beside and behind me. I give him the full show. Understanding flares in his eyes. His eyebrows shoot upward. Panic begins to set in.

"You... uh... had a good family visit then?"

It's cute that he keeps trying to deny the obvious. Somehow it makes him even more attractive. I hastily close the growing gap between us and whisper so that only he can hear.

"I didn't actually visit with family. I had a... doctor's appointment, let's say."

He swallows.

"Well, I'm... g-glad you're back. I need to go... make some copies real quick."

He claps me on the shoulder and blitzes past me. I watch him glide between the desks and make a beeline for the back of the room. His pace doesn't slow as he powerwalks right past the copier. He's headed toward the restrooms. I guess he needs a breather after our run in. Maybe he needs some relief...

As I begin my day at my desk, I picture Emmet in the restroom, thinking about my embrace and touching himself. That's very likely not what he's up to. He's not the "jerk it at work" type. Regardless, I indulge in my fantasy. It makes me happy just knowing he sees me as a woman now. I made sure of that.

The rest of my colleagues gradually wander by in turn to welcome me back. Not one of them says a word about my chest. I'm relieved, and—if I'm honest with myself—a little bummed. There's a tiny part of me that wants someone else to be like "Holy shit, Caley! Did you get implants?!" No one does. The sweater did what I wanted it to do.

I tell myself it doesn't matter if anyone else notices. That I only need one person to know, and he absolutely does. I need to chart out my next move with Emmet. He's aware. Now, I need him to get excited.

I don't expect it to be a difficult task, but the next few days at work prove me wrong. Once the excitement of my return wears off, everyone acts like nothing has changed. For them, it really hasn't. For me and Emmet, things couldn't be more different.

On my second morning back, I opt for a bulky hoodie, tee, and a more casual bra. The message has been delivered. No need to make a big deal about my surgery until I'm ready to. Everything appears to be back to normal until I go in for my hug.

"Bestie!" I bellow from behind Emmet.

Instead of jumping up from his desk and throwing his arms wide, he greets me with a casual wave and an understated welcome. He doesn't even stand up. He barely even looks at me.

"Hey, Caley."

The air feels heavy, like just standing and breathing suddenly takes too much focus. This isn't how it's supposed to go. He's supposed to be thrilled to see me. To hug me. To get another chance to feel what I'm hiding under this hoodie.

Hope for the best. Prepare for the worst.

Essie's warning echoes in my thoughts. Have I ruined my relationship with Emmet so easily? He's never been this distant. Ever. Where did I go wrong? I was at least somewhat okay with the possibility that these implants would get me no closer to being *with* him. It wasn't supposed to drive him further away, though. I haven't considered this kind of reaction. Is he pissed at me?

"Everything okay?" I ask, hoping he'll tell me about a sick family member or rough night that's got him down.

No such luck.

“Yeah, I’m good. How are you, today?”

“...Good.”

“Glad to hear it. Hey, how’s that new Speedy Dash project coming?”

“It’s... it’s on track. I should be able to finish the logo draft this week.”

My voice trails into nothingness. He’s shifted right to business. He’s acting like my supervisor all of a sudden. Of course, he *is* my supervisor, but he’s always been my friend first. My extremities start to tingle and go numb.

“Great news. Keep it up.”

He goes back to his computer.

This couldn’t be more wrong. Why is he treating me like we have no relationship outside of work? Like we haven’t been inseparable for years...

Maybe he needs more time to adjust. I can’t handle entertaining any other option. I really can’t. I go about my day. As much as I fight against it, the possibility that I’ve fucked things up beyond repair tries over and over again to creep into my mind. For the remainder of the day, I keep my head down and do my work. I don’t talk to Emmet outside of the odd business item. I don’t talk to anyone. The closest I get is to answer Tristan’s upbeat goodbye with a meager smile and wave as we all file out of the office at the end of the day.

Wednesday and Thursday aren’t much different. My boobs continue to slowly grow on Wednesday and gradually fill out the remaining room in my new wardrobe items. I outgrow a few more old ones, too. By Thursday morning, the growth seems finished. I’ve got two nice, perky handfuls of breast now. I cup them as I get ready, and the weight is wonderful. They’re delightfully sensitive to my touch. They send a saucy tingle through my nerves as my fingers press into their supple flesh. It’s like they’re talking to me, telling me I can do anything now.

The truth is, though, I can’t. At work, everyone continues to be oblivious to my growth or at least they act like it. And Emmet is cordial but cold.

Each time I see his hollow smile at the office, I hate myself for thinking I could get what I wanted through plastic surgery. Making things worse, I’ve lost what I had in the process. Now

I'm left with nothing but nicer boobs. They're what I wanted. What I told myself I wanted. I thought I would be happier with them, even if Emmet didn't want to move past friends.

I should've really listened to Essie. She tried to warn me.

When Thursday afternoon rolls around, the office is abuzz with the prospect of another Friday night bar outing. It's been over a month since the last one. Unlike everyone else, I'm largely uninterested, given how miserable this week has been.

I'm buried in a project with an oncoming deadline when Rika's voice suddenly rings out behind me.

"Emmet? Simon? Caley? I'm taking a head count for the bar tomorrow. Who all's going?"

Simon says something about going with Jenna. I guess they're still an item. My face flashes hot at her mention. It was Emmet's interest in her big milkers that got me into this situation to begin with.

I tune out the conversation, caught between my project and my jealousy. Then I hear Emmet say, "I'll be there."

That certainly changes things. Maybe I can work to undo some of my damage to our relationship over drinks. It couldn't hurt to give it a shot.

I spin around in my chair so fast that I overshoot and slam my elbow into the edge of my desk. The jolt of searing pain makes me cry out.

"Gah!"

"Caley? You alright?" Rika asks.

"Yeah..."

I massage my elbow tenderly, urging my nerve endings to cease their screaming. When I look up from my not-exactly-crippling injury, Rika stands bent over me, looking on with genuine concern. To the side and behind her, Emmet's eyes are fixed on the space directly between her hanging breasts, wrapped in her skin-tight blue sweater dress, and my own jiggling assets, suddenly on display as my arm and elbow pull my sweater snug around them and prop my chest up.

It's the most attention Emmet has paid me since Monday's disastrous attempt to get his attention. I'm not naïve enough to consider this a return to standard operating procedures, but it's something. A chance. I'll take it.

Seizing on the opportunity, I keep talking to Rika as I massage my elbow more vigorously. My breasts jostle and wobble emphatically from the motion. I steal another peek at Emmet and see his gaze drifting down to the show. I've got him.

Whatever his problem is with me or my new boobs, he can't deny his interest.

"I think it'll be okay," I finally say to Rika, brushing her off.

She nods. I don't think she's noticed my chest. Before she leaves, she presses me again.

"You coming to the bar tomorrow?"

Emmet is turned back away now, doing his best to be busy. He must've realized he was in dangerous waters.

"I uh... I won't be able to make it."

"Aww, that stinks. You're always so much fun to hang out with! You and Emmet both. You're the office besties, after all!"

"Yeah, we are," I say without much belief in the words. We may not be besties after my stunt on Monday, but this little incident gives me hope. The door isn't shut just yet. What I've taken as offense and upset could be as simple as embarrassment or uncertainty. Maybe I need to try a little harder. The growth has finished, after all. I could always go for round two of treatment.

"Well, I hate that you can't make it. Especially since you just got back from your trip. I hope you'll be at the next one! We're trying to make it a more regular thing."

"Oh, I'll be at the next one," I answer, making sure my voice is loud enough for Emmet to hear me. "I've just got another doctor's visit tomorrow."

"Well, good luck!" she says, unaware of the implication in my words.

I'm barely paying attention to Rika anymore. My statement was meant for someone else, and from where I sit, he seems to have gotten the message loud and clear. His right hand rests on the mouse to his computer, not moving an inch. He's frozen. Maybe he's trying to

He's Just Not That Into You_{rs} – Near N. Far

figure out what I meant by “doctor’s visit,” even though he knows. Deep down, he knows. I wonder if he’s imagining me with even bigger breasts right now.

I know I am.

Chapter 3: What I Learn

“Please let him have an opening. Please let him have an opening. Please let him have an opening,” I whisper to myself in the car as my phone rings over the Bluetooth.

In the moment, grabbing Emmet’s attention with my “doctor’s appointment” comment was a no-brainer. Having to set up the appointment, needing Dr. Ennman to have a free slot in his schedule with only one day’s notice, even making sure I’ve got the sick time available to pull this off—I didn’t think about any of it. I saw the look of awe on my crush’s face as Rika’s and my racks were inches apart right in front of him, and I made the call.

Now I’m dealing with the fallout.

“Innovative Surgical Enhancements. Marguerite speaking.”

His receptionist answers the phone. She sounds bored. I’m losing my mind right now, so the nonchalant apathy in her tone causes my blood to boil for just a moment. I take a deep breath and remind myself that I created this problem, not Marguerite. There’s no sense in biting her head off. My fate is likely in her hands, anyway.

“Hello?” she asks. I realize it’s been a few long seconds of silence as I calm myself.

“Sorry, yes, hi.”

“Hello. How can I help you be the best you today?”

Her wording causes everything to flash red again, but it’s just some dumb script. She’s said it every other time I’ve called.

Calm thoughts. I can get through this crisis of my own making.

“Hey, Marguerite. It’s Caley Sullivan.”

“Hi, Caley.”

She instantly shifts from bored and scripted to polite and friendly. My ire settles.

It takes the entire drive home to hash out a solution with the receptionist, but we make it happen. Thank god for last minute cancellations and Marguerite’s determination in getting me on the books.

The next day, work is pretty typical, at least for this past week. Emmet is still distant, but he’s starting to thaw. I don’t attempt our usual hug, and neither does he, but he at least jokes

around with me once or twice and says “hi” without being prompted. I notice his eyes wander all around the room anytime we speak, settling upon anything around so long as it's nowhere near my chest. I'm wearing a fairly loose-fitting sweatshirt today, and I don't go out of my way to tease. Besides, he'll get plenty to ogle after my appointment.

I duck out of the office two hours early and head to the good doctor's office. He gives me a checkup first to ensure I've healed enough after the surgery. Once he's convinced everything is in good shape, he has me strip, cover up with the paper blanket-bib-thing, and he breaks out two big syringes of greenish growth catalyst. The process is as painless as last time. However, the sensation of pressure inside my tits is markedly greater. By the time he's emptied the first batch of the stuff into my right boob, I find myself wishing for him to stop before I burst.

The paper covering rises steadily as the flesh beneath is pumped full. I grit my teeth and let out a reluctant grunt from how tight my skin feels.

“Feeling some pressure?” the middle aged man asks, looking up from his work as he trades out syringes. I nod, forcing myself to not answer with something nasty and sarcastic. “Sorry, but that comes with the territory. The good news is it'll pass after a few hours. Plus, we're halfway done!”

When the procedure is over, he leaves the room so I can get dressed. I take a moment to first admire myself in the mirror on the back of the door. My breasts are so full of catalyst that they're now a pair of perfect, flesh-colored hemispheres bolted onto my torso and visibly larger than they were minutes prior. My nipples stand erect, but I'm hardly aroused after the procedure. It's like my tits are so full that all that thick goop inside is trying to squirt its way out through my nipples. I shake the bizarre image of growth catalyst lactation out of my head. I look down, and I have to lean forward to see anything between my toes and my belly button.

The doctor assured me that my skin will adjust and settle quickly as the matrix takes effect. Right now, it's taut and looks plastic. I poke at my right breast, and my finger hardly sinks into the flesh, it's pulled so tight. I try my little move of standing up on my toes and dropping down. While the added weight of the catalyst makes gravity's pull more obvious, my girls barely budge. They really are full.

I look close at my reflection and the smattering of freckles that surround the upper reaches of my breasts. It's rare that I pay much attention to them. What catches my eye now, though, is that they're obviously further apart than they used to be. Two larger dots above my right breast are about twice as far away from one another as they used to be. It's a pleasant marker of how far I've come. Even if I look like I just got a boob job—which, I remind myself, is exactly what I did—I know that the tissue will settle and the matrix and stuff inside me will do its thing. Within days, I'll be up several more cup sizes and looking as natural as Essie. Come Monday, I doubt anyone in the office will be talking about tonight's bar excursion after I get there. It's gonna be hard to keep these things under wraps after this round of injections.

I monitor my tits closely over the next few days. Those little freckles continue to grow farther and farther away as I watch my jiggle return. By Sunday afternoon, I've got a legit wobble back, and I'm starting to wow myself with how much volume I'm gaining. The tip toe drop is back to sending a visible ripple through my soft pillows, and even without a bra, my shallow cleavage is turning into a well-defined cleft between them.

In the evening, Essie and I head out for some shopping before her shift starts. I pick up several new bras and a few tops. With my roomie's input, I sort out the sexiest options in a range of sizes that will give me even more room for improvement. The new gains have been more significant and faster than the past ten days. I'm already double the size I was before Friday's injections. I need some hot new outfits to properly show these puppies off tomorrow.

Just before bed, I'm testing the fit of a newly acquired sweater and bra combo. The bra is satin black with a tiny band of ruby red lace along the cups' edges. It's a G cup, and I expect tomorrow could be my only chance to wear it without major complications. Despite having just bought the thing, my pale breasts already overflow the top and sides of it. The spillage is breathtaking. Buying it was certainly a mistake, but it was the largest size this one came in. The impressive rise it gives, coupled with how well its plunge shows off my finally-noteworthy cleavage... I couldn't resist.

Pulling on the new charcoal sweater, those drifting freckles along the horizon of my growing breasts vanish beneath a curved expanse of straining knit fibers. Were the material

any thinner, I'm sure the contrast of black bra on creamy white skin would easily show through. It's a risky combo, but the silhouette I see in the mirror is absolutely worth it.

"Holy shit, Caley," I say to myself, smiling as I turn to the side and beam. My upper curvage finally holds a candle to my lower half. I've got a major hourglass look going on, and it's exactly what I've wanted. A second injection was a good idea. "You're looking *good*."

"Yeah, you are," Essie's voice sounds through my bedroom door, and I jump in place. The jolt of fear is knocked aside by the crashing quake in my bosom. Every little movement causes loads of ripples now, and it makes me feel so warm inside to picture Emmet enraptured by all this jiggle.

"Don't do that!" I laugh-shriek at Essie through the door.

"Can I come in, or are you staring at your naked body in the mirror?"

"I'm not naked," I say defensively, still taking in my reflection. Subtlety is gone. There's no way Emmet can resist me now.

"Coming in," Essie says, opening the door like she's afraid something might get out.

Behind my mirror self, I see her head poke into the doorway, framed by her sheets of blonde hair. She's already made up and dressed for work.

"The doctor's work is looking good!" she says.

"Thanks."

"I'm about to leave," she changes the subject, inching into my room now that she sees it's safe, "but I wanted to say something first."

"What's up?"

I reluctantly turn away from the smoking hot, busty red-head in the mirror and face her.

"I've already said plenty about you and Emmet and the implants."

My mouth falls into an involuntary frown. A pit forms in my stomach as I gather where this is headed. My shoulders drop.

"Go on," I usher.

"All I wanted to say is this: Emmet is your friend, but he's also your colleague. And your boss."

I roll my eyes.

“And sexual harassment is a thing.”

She gives a knowing nod toward my overstuffed sweater. I look down at the straining garment and the swollen mammaries crammed inside. These are the key to Emmet's attentions. Is it actually dangerous to keep flaunting myself in front of him? It's certainly not going to be as subtle if I wear this outfit tomorrow... Would someone else say something? *Could* I be getting into hot water if I keep down this road?

“I'm not... I was... It's...”

I don't have a response.

“Just reminding you. Be careful, and remember than Emmet is a person who exists outside your head. Consider possible consequences.”

“What's that supposed—”

Before I can get my question out, she waggles her fingers in a little wave and vanishes like a genie sucked back into her lamp. I let her go, plopping down on my bed and lying on my back. The increased weight of my growing chest presses down on me almost as much as her cryptic warning. My cheeks flush hot as I replay her words and consider their implications. Frustrated, I place my right palm against the flattened dome of my breast and give it a slow nudge. The weight rolls to the side inside the plush capsule of the bra cup, dragging my nipple across maybe a few millimeters of the snug, cushioning material. I close my eyes and slowly inhale. It feels good to be as big as I am. It feels better to know I'm still growing.

It feels awful to think that Emmet may never be mine.

It feels worse to think he could report me for harassment.

He wouldn't, though. He's my friend. Or he was my friend before I started all this...

The next morning is warmer than it's been lately. Outside my bedroom window, the remnants of snow piled in yards and along the sides of the road are visibly shrinking. Thankfully, it's still cool enough to warrant my new sweater. I check it carefully after getting dressed. The swelling of my breasts has continued overnight, but I'm still firmly shy of the see-through zone. The despair as my little freckles are flung farther apart from one another is palpable. A muffled giggle escapes through my reflection's faux pout as I picture the little specks calling out beneath my clothing for their lost kin.

When I arrive at work, it takes a full five minutes of second guesses to decide if I should ditch my coat and walk in on full display. It's the knowledge that everyone is going to see sooner or later that helps me settle on making a grand entrance. I step out of the car and wrap my scarf around my neck. I puff out my new mounds so that I can see them even past the ruffle of green fabric around my neck. I throw my bag over my shoulder, and the strap presses both itself and the sweater deep into my cleavage. I trot my way up to the office. With every step, my added mass bounces enticingly against the tight strap between the mountains. The reflection in the front door is a confident girl with a killer shape. Even in the muted image on the glass surface, my gains are obvious. There's no turning back now.

At the front desk, Cindy starts with her typically dry greeting.

"Good morning, Ca—"

She stops, her mouth hanging open. A dry croaking escapes her lips before she slowly brings her lower jaw back up like a drawbridge being drawn. She clears her throat and tries again while making aggressive eye contact and frowning while speaking.

"Good morning, Caley."

"Morning, Cindy," I say with a smile.

As I pass by Tristan's desk, he looks up and says nothing. I shoot him a smile and a "Morning, Tristan." By the time I'm well past him, I hear his ever-chipper greeting float after me.

"Good morning, Caley! Hope you had a great weekend!"

When I arrive at my own desk, Simon is chatting with Emmet. He faces me, while Emmet's back is turned. Beyond Emmet's shoulder, Simon's eyes go wide when he sees what I'm working with. Emmet keeps talking as Simon tries all manner of subtle hand and facial signals to get our supervisor to turn around. But Emmet's as oblivious as ever.

I relish the moment, dropping my bag and leaning my hip against my desk. I cross my arms directly beneath my breasts, putting them up on the pedestal they deserve. They're works of art, after all. Even held in place by my bra and sweater, they spill over my arms.

Finally, I hear Emmet exclaim in frustration.

"What is going on, Simon?"

He whirls around and stops as he sees me. His gaze lowers from the top of my mess of red curls to my green eyes, to my lush, smirking lips, to my struggling sweater, beneath which lies the not-at-all-subtle expanded curves of my breasts. His eyebrow shoots up as his Adam's apple bobs in his throat. He brings one hand up to scratch his chin through his beard.

I seem to have his attention.

"How was Friday?" I ask innocently.

"F-Friday?" he stammers.

"What happened Friday?" Simon mutters. It's unclear whether it's aimed at me or Emmet.

"The bar?" I add. "I was so disappointed I missed it. I had a doctor's appointment that day."

"Shit yeah you did," Simon says, gawking at my display. "Nice tits. Get some work done?"

He gives me a double thumbs up as he sucks both lips in between his teeth and throwing his eyebrows high. Emmet snaps his head back toward Simon and gives an unseen look. Whatever it is, Simon puts his hands up and takes an exaggerated step backward before turning and departing.

"Emmet," I say with a smile and a friendly nod. He says nothing. His eyes flicker across my body and face frantically like he'll find his lines written there. His mouth opens a few times, but he can't get out a word. I finally decide to put him out of his misery and finish my sentence, "You never answered my question."

"Wh... what question?"

"Friday. How was it?"

I let my shoulders do a little oscillating dance as I stand in front of him. The new bra is doing a good job of keeping me held in place, but the overflowing masses still slosh beneath the sweater's knit. Emmet's expression confirms he's noticed this little detail, as well.

"It was... it was good."

He looks away long enough to clear his throat and regain his composure. Then he turns right back and barrels on with his answer all while doing his best to keep his eyes on mine.

"Y'know. Same as last time. Cindy didn't come, and the way she told us all to 'Have fun at the bar' as she was leaving felt more like a hostile accusation. Same way she always is. Tristan didn't come either. He didn't get all snide about it, though. Pretty much everybody

else did. We had fun. Rika and I sang a duet during karaoke. Thankfully, my mic messed up so everybody could only really hear her. Sounded better that way...”

As he talks, I let myself idly bouncy and fidget. It would look innocent enough to anybody who sees. But to Emmet and his fixation on juicy jugs... it's torture. I'm working him over. I can see a bead of sweat form on his forehead as he exercises all the willpower he has to avoid looking down.

By the time he wraps up his recap of the festivities, I'm ready to make my move.

“Can we talk for a minute? Privately?”

“Can... private? Us?”

“Yes. Can? Us? Now?” I giggle as I imitate his sputtering. He rolls his eyes and sighs.

“Sure. Us. Now.”

He jerks his head toward the conference room. His voice is that of a defeated man, which causes guilt to stab into my gut. *Sexual harassment is a thing*. Essie's warning from last night replays ominously. I have to tread lightly. She's right. At least he's agreeing to talk. That's progress. My new boobs and me might pull this out, yet.

The two of us walk past our colleagues' desks and past reception, where Cindy sneers at me over her tiny glasses. Everyone else either ignores our passage or watches me closely. A part of me screams that I need to be offended or defensive at the stares, but it's exactly what I wanted. Even if I was aiming for Emmet, I caught more than that. It's a natural result of using a net instead of a pole, when you're fishing for attention. Hard to fault them for being interested in this particular show. Still, I feel like I'm starring in a one woman melon-juggling act.

We arrive at the empty conference room far from the rest of the office. It's never used unless a massive client insists on an in-person project meeting. I open the door and usher Emmet in. It smells faintly of stale cleaning chemicals. With the door closed and the shades drawn, we're finally in private.

“So? Talk,” Emmet hurls at me with irritation. His body language has shifted to borderline hostile. To be honest, I have no idea what I want to say. My plan basically stopped at “get

Emmet alone, and everything will work out.” It’s about as well-thought-out as any of my other plans throughout the past weeks.

“This past week sucked. I want to be friends again.”

The words escape my mouth as tears well in my eyes. I’m not sure why I said that. It’s true, but it’s half the truth. My net caught the metaphorical dolphin of our friendship, while I was fishing for the albacore of Emmet’s attention and affection. I haven’t given up on my prize, but I fear the collateral damage my broad approach has wrought. I’m really, truly afraid, and it all explodes out of me in that one sentence.

Emmet mulls his response before blurting, “Then why are you getting fucking *plastic surgery* just to fuck with me? It’s so... dehumanizing. I like big boobs, okay?! I told you that when we were friends, and you shove it back in my face every chance you get. Now this. You don’t have to go this far for some kind of what? Prank? What the fuck, Caley?! You get how phenomenally beyond fucked up this is, right?”

There it is. The phrase “when we were friends” slams into me like hurricane force winds. I guess that confirms my fears. The net’s done its damage.

He throws his arms up and paces around the room next to the conference table before leaning against it and staring at the gray-purple corporate-chic carpet. His broad chest rises and falls beneath his well-fitting shirt. His knuckles go white and his forearms flex as he grips the edge of the table. Another time, I would’ve given anything to be that table.

“It’s not a prank,” I squeak feebly.

Emmet neither responds nor looks at me.

“Did you hear me? I said it’s not a prank.”

I speak more clearly this time.

Still nothing.

“You can think what you want, and yeah, I’ve been a shitty friend to you by stabbing at your insecurities. I’ve rubbed it in over and over and over and over and over...”

I keep repeating those last two words. My brain is stuck in a loop. I’m losing myself in the maze of desperation. I look down and see the twin bubbles in my sweater. Bigger tits aren’t bailing me out of this one. I have to come clean to Emmet or he’s gone forever. If it means

admitting my feelings instead of engaging in some misguided attempt at bringing him crawling to me, then so be it.

The loop breaks, and I let it all out. The honest truth.

“Finding out that you loved big tits killed me inside.”

He finally looks up. I push on. There's no stopping it all now.

“I've always wanted to be more than your ‘bestie.’ I wanted you to see me as more than that. I wanted you to see me as a woman. I resented you for overlooking me. Just because I didn't have tits like Rika or Simon's bar bimbo or all those others I've seen you stealing glances at. It hurt every single time. That's why I teased you. Because I was mad. And hurt.”

I pause my tirade for a second as I work to catch my breath. My chest heaves and the added weight from the second round of growth feels like hands clutching at me, dragging me down. The new bra feels tighter than ever.

Emmet stares. His lips are set firm, and his eyes show zero emotion. He looks directly at my face. I can't stand it, so I turn away.

“I didn't get these implants to fuck with you.”

Silence.

“I got them so you'd *notice me!*”

I'm shocked at my own honesty. This was supposed to be my moment to truly woo this tall, handsome, nice, funny, smart guy of my dreams, and I've just yelled at him. I clench my fists and throw my arms down at my sides in anger. I'm not certain who I'm angry at. It's probably a mixture of myself for this insane ploy, Emmet for his obliviousness, and Essie for letting me go through with this stupid plan.

As my hands reach my thighs, I let out a massive huffing breath, and I hear a snap. A sudden sensation of weightlessness overtakes me. It's immediately followed by a slamming weight that knocks me off balance. I'm fumbling for solid footing as the conference room wavers and tilts. I'm falling.

I lose track of myself and the world around me for a split second. When my brain catches up, I'm leaning forward on one knee. Emmet is there on the ground beside me. His arms are around my body, holding tight. My left boob is pressed hard into his toned forearm. My

sweater is pulled up and his hand grips my right boob, with my erect nipple driving into his palm. Nothing lies between them. I've somehow escaped the bra's confines. My sensitive nub is being cradled in his grip. His fingertips sink subtly into my swollen flesh as I ooze through the gaps between his digits.

He shifts his position and a crease in his palm folds over on my nipple. The gentle pinch causes my legs to go weak. I nearly collapse, but he holds me there, like a heroic giant.

"Are you okay?"

His face is close to mine. I can feel his breath on my cheek.

He must realize where his hands are because he begins scrambling to adjust my sweater and release my tit. Something inside me yearns for his touch to return to my sensitive breast, but I know I can't ask him. That's the line, for sure. Essie would agree.

"Yeah, I'm okay," I say, out of breath as much from my outpouring of truth and sudden collapse as from his touch. "I don't know what happened."

"No idea. You just started stumbling. Are you... light headed?"

I exhale hard through my nose at the innocence of his question.

"A little, but not for the right reasons."

His face turns redder than it already was.

"Sorry. Easy shot. I'm okay. I don't know what—"

As I get back to my feet, I straighten my sweater. I'm distracted by a scratching at my sides and breasts. The confusion turns to surprise and elation as I discover the reason for my episode.

"My... uh... my bra snapped," I say sheepishly.

"Your..."

Understanding overtakes Emmet, and his hand reaches for his chin. That got his interest.

"I won't go on about it, because I don't want to 'fuck with you,'" I begin with more venom than I intend. I guess I'm still getting some of my years of pent up resentment out. I dial back and keep talking. "The surgery I got makes me... keep growing. The bra I wore was already pretty outclassed, but I guess the way I was puffing and flailing around did it in. Snapped in half between the cups."

As I explain, I pull my arms into my sweater and do some gymnastics to retrieve the destroyed piece of lingerie. I toss it on the floor. The breakage also explains how Emmet ended up feeling me up when he caught me. The red in his face lingers, so I have to assume he's still thinking about the snafu, as well.

"Why didn't you ever tell me?" he asks suddenly, blowing straight past the fact that my boobs are still growing.

"Tell you what?"

"That you... liked me..."

"What would've been the point? I knew you didn't see me that way."

He swallows. His eyes look into the distance for a moment before his next words.

"I didn't. I don't. Sorry, Caley."

The confirmation of what I've known hurts. I feel like the world is starting to tilt again.

Emmet hastily adds, "But it's not because of your boobs."

"You mean lack thereof," I correct, coming back to myself.

"Well, not anymore, clearly," he laughs.

I can't help but chuckle a little, too.

"Right."

"It's because you're my best friend in the world. I didn't want to screw that up. Still don't. I couldn't care less about your boobs. You're my bestie. That's what matters."

I don't know how to respond. It feels so obvious now that he says it. I've been friend zoned so thoroughly that I convinced myself I was flat zoned. I've been a colossal fucking moron.

"Besides," he continues, "I've kinda got a thing for someone else."

I give an inquisitive look. I don't have to ask. He offers the info immediately.

"Rika," he says with a broken smile. "I think she likes me, too, but I haven't said anything to her."

"It'd be pretty stupid to not tell her how you feel," I say, feeling like I'm talking back through time to myself.

Emmet gives me a look of bemused pity like only he can. Then he steps forward and pulls me in for a hug. My breasts press into his stomach. I don't know if feeling my bigger size held

against him causes any kind of stirring in his loins. It might. I can't say. I'm just happy to get my hug again.

When he gives me his customary "hug's over" tap on the back, I pull away. He bends down and scoops up my discarded bra, handing it back to me, wearing embarrassment on his face. I tuck it into my pants pocket awkwardly, hoping not to start more rumors as we leave the conference room.

As we step back into the hallway, I turn toward the restrooms, hoping to fix myself up a little and maybe see if there's a way to salvage the bra. If not, I'll need to duck out to the car for my jacket. Can't be going braless in this top. It'll only make my coworkers' idea of me worse.

"So..." Emmet says as I start to walk away from him. "Just how big are you going to get?"

I smile at him. His question feels like a return to classic Emmet. There's not a hint of romantic suggestion present. Just legitimate curiosity.

"I guess we'll see," I answer.

Chapter 4: What I Find

After finally clearing the air with my bestie, I see everything more clearly. My insecurities about my body and my long held resentment-lust-awfulness weird hybrid emotion for Emmet were some kind of chicken and egg situation since the beginning. I hated my flat chest, so I blamed that for my inability to get past the friendship barrier. I felt so trapped, unable to be honest with Emmet, that I used my own inadequacies as a convenient scapegoat. That made me hate my body even more. It all fed into itself in a nasty spiral.

With our heart-to-heart, that knot of nonsense has been untangled. Emmet is the best friend I've ever had, and I've been a pretty shitty friend right back. That's obvious now. With no reasoning beyond my arbitrary decision that I wasn't the right shape for him. Now, though, I'm free of those burdens, free to be a true, non-scheming friend again, and free to do what makes me happy.

And what makes me happy is working toward having an overbust measurement that's as close as possible to my height. It's getting closer.

My third fill was two weeks after my breakroom moment with Emmet. That injection and its subsequent growth pumped me up into what Essie calls the "custom order bra" range. The lingerie company she recommended considered me an L cup after seeing my measurements. Same thirty-eight inch underbust as ever, but I was up to fifty for my overbust. Only nine inches less than my height!

As tight as things got during my second fill, it was nothing compared to the third. My skin truly couldn't have stretched another millimeter after the doctor packed the girls full of growth catalyst. Repeated treatments, as I learned, do have the great side effect of more resilient and pliable skin. I was looking more natural by the time I got up the next morning. Skin was relaxing, and boobs were growing.

Responses in the office have been mostly positive, while also being pretty much what I expected. Simon catcalls me on the regular, but he never takes it over the line. Apparently things didn't pan out with Jenna, and he's yet to court another victim. My morning walk to my desk is the closest he gets to laying his hands on a killer set of tits these days. Sucks for him.

I don't mind him ogling a bit now and then. It would be cruel to expect anyone to keep their eyes off the show I put on anymore.

Things with Emmet are back to the way they were before, minus my immature chip on my chest about his preference in women. Even our morning hugs are back. He's always careful not to pull me too close, especially after the hard-on he ended up with the day I woke up without a bra that would fit me. The weather was still cold enough that my nipples went in for a double stabbing that day. His arousal was instantaneous. I consider it a good indicator of how far I've come as a person and friend that I neither reacted to nor teased him about it.

As for the rest, it's been a wide range.

Cindy doesn't greet me anymore when I walk in. She does her absolute best to totally ignore my existence. No huge loss. Tristan stares at me sometimes, I've noticed. He hasn't said anything—and I don't really expect a quiet guy like him to—but I get the impression he likes my new look. Rika took longer than the rest to acknowledge my growth. When she did, though, it was with a polite "Are you doing okay since the surgery?" I laughed it off, and eventually had a great chat with her over lunch. We're getting a lot closer now that I don't see her as a potential guy-stealer. That was never fair of me, anyway.

The only other real changes to daily life have been the increased tension in my shoulders and upper back and the way higher ups in the company make a lot less eye contact with me. Plus, my "new clothing" budget has skyrocketed.

After our third shopping spree in two weeks, Essie introduced me to a seamstress who does work for a lot of the girls at *Rack Em Up*. She's a pro at making rapid adjustments, particularly at adding space to an outfit's chest. The ability to wear some of my new purchases for more than a week or two should hopefully save some pain in the pocketbook going forward. Holding off on fills would accomplish the same, of course, but I'll consider that once I'm sure I'm the size I want.

Between Dr. Ennman, this seamstress contact, and the custom bra shop, the club's dancers seem to have their own little economy going on, and now they're starting to export to allies like myself.

Three days after the last noticeable growth from fill number three, I was struck by the drastic changes to my silhouette. I was in a pair of tight blue jeans and a new blouse, buttons already praying for deliverance from the massive strain of compressing my L-cup monsters. The cinching of my figure at my waist, flaring wide both above and below, looked so damn good in the mirror, and for once, my breasts were the more prominent set of curves.

They weren't "bigger than before." They were "big." Just big. By any metric. The tightness from the fill was long gone, and they wobbled with serious weight behind them. If I took a step. If I bent forward. If I stretched my arms and back. If I crossed my arms so that my bust was propped up and displayed. If I did anything at all, my new breasts moved with more life than a mosh pit.

The moment of clarity came as I watched them in the mirror. I cupped, lifted, and released. I've seen footage of tsunamis with less intense waves. Still, my biggest takeaway from that instant was how perfect it would be to have more. More weight. More jiggle. More mass. More volume. More curves. More me.

I made up my mind right then and went out to tell Essie.

(.)(.)

She, Dr. Ennman, Emmet, and Simon all have their own opinions as I break the news and put plans in motion over the next few days. They're predictable opinions, and I have zero intention of listening to any of them.

"Be careful. I only did three rounds. Four is going to be *big*. And you'll be growing *fast*."

"You should know: the more injections you get, the faster you incorporate the catalyst and the faster you grow."

"You're getting a fourth treatment? Can you handle being any bigger? Not that I'm complaining..."

"Jesus, Caley! Go easy! You're gonna need a second desk at this rate!"

I know what I'm doing.

I think.

(.)(.)

Dr. Ennman tells me for the third time this visit that I'm the one and only person to pursuit a fourth fill since initial tests for his BIGASS Implants. I'll give him this, though: he never once tries to talk me out of it. He just seems shocked anyone would want to go this big. I'm only one cup size behind Essie now, so this will put me past her. Given how much the doctor emphasizes the cumulative effects of every injection, I expect it'll be by at least a couple cup sizes. I was gaining a cup a day for five days straight with round three.

"I can handle it, Doctor. I want to go big."

"Big, we can do."

Minutes later, I'm topless but for that sad little sheet of paper cloth as he fills me once more.

The tightness is unbearable. I feel like another single drop will make my boob pop like a water balloon. Then he depresses the plunger another few millimeters, and I'm even more full of growth catalyst. When I assumed the third fill was as full as my boobs could ever possibly get, I was way off-base. That was nothing.

"How much more?" I groan.

"Thought you could 'handle it'?" he chuckles, tufts of thin white hair bobbing in the space beside his nearly bald head.

"I can," I say, setting my jaw and pushing through the intense, building pressure. "Just curious."

"I see." He smiles as his thumb drives the last of the catalyst into me.

The moment he pulls the syringe back, I release a breath I didn't realize I was holding. Wiping my forehead with the back of my hand, it feels clammy and coated in sweat.

"One to go!" says Dr. Ennman, wagging a second syringe in the air above the paper sheet that barely covers my rolling hills of boob. I inhale deep and give him a nod of affirmation. His smile has me wondering if he's enjoying this test of his implants' limitations as much as I am. It feels unlikely, but it's a truly gleeful smile, I have to admit.

(.)(.)

Leaving the doctor's, the tightness is making things *very* uncomfortable. I couldn't bear to slip into a bra, so there's not a thing in the world standing between my bare breasts and the huge sweatshirt I chose for the outing. Each of my nipples is acutely erect as they always are after these appointments. This time, though, the sensation of my top's fleecy interior dragging across the twin bundles of overtaxed nerve endings has me shaking from head to toes with even the smallest movement. I tuck my hands under the lower hem and push forward to keep some space between me and the shirt. It helps. Not much, but it helps.

When I reach the car and drop into the driver's seat, the narrow gap that remained between the steering wheel and my chest where it lies in my lap is practically gone just from the injection gains. I adjust the seat back a few inches, checking to ensure I can still reach everything with my short arms and legs. It's trickier than it was weeks ago, particularly with the two spherical masses between my body and the wheel. I can drive safely, though.

Before venturing to drag my seatbelt through this minefield of sensations, I use my fingers to do some exploratory prodding. My nipples don't scream. The flesh around them, while pulled close to its limits, gives a little more than I anticipate. I'm maybe thirty, forty minutes past the doctor pumping me full, and already, I'm recovering. My body's incorporating the catalyst much faster, just like he said.

I went into this fourth fill expecting to be totally fine to go to work tomorrow and the bar for drinks afterward. I've made the last few outings. There's no doubt my continued socializing with everyone has gone a long way to helping with the acceptance of my continued growth. It's possible I'm only assuming that because Cindy has been a real bitch about the whole thing, and she's the only person outside of management who *never* comes out with the rest of us. It's possible I'm right, though.

Either way, this rapid kick-off of recovery makes me doubly certain I can make tomorrow's gathering. The biggest hurdle is choosing my clothing to ensure I haven't outgrown it between the start of my day and the last round of drinks...

(.)(.)

Just as expected, I'm more than fine by the time the morning rolls around. I awake to another inch and a half tacked onto my bust. In the mirror, I watch the thin, flexible measuring tape fall away from my positively enormous tits like a lifeline being cast between those two conspicuous freckles. They're so far apart now that they couldn't possibly hope to see one another again. It's almost sad until I remind myself that I'm anthropomorphizing body's markings. The laugh I let out at that thought catches my attention with shudders and wobbles all throughout the new reaches of my body.

Weeks on, and I'm still getting used to thinking of this as *my* body. It feels so new, still. I know it'll eventually fade, especially now that I've crossed the mental hurdle that was my hopeless obsession with seducing my best friend.

Knit sweaters have treated me well throughout this process, and it's starting to warm up outside. The window for them is finally closing. I pick a new one that's still got a fair amount of room to stretch. It's a lovely shade of muted lime. Colorful, but not overbearing. My shape makes enough of a statement without bringing neons into the equation.

Beneath the sweater is a new bra I ordered specifically for use after fill number four. It's a flesh tone with flexible N cups and adjustable straps. I can let it out through the day as I grow. The max size on the thing is supposed to allow for a comfortable fit up to P cups. I'm still marginally smaller than what would fill its smallest fit, so hopefully a little more than two cups is room enough for the day's growth.

Feeling particularly fierce, I opt to go bold with the makeup. Eyeliner, shadow, and a deep red lipstick that looks astounding next to my curly mess of hair. Over dark leggings that hug my massive hips, thighs, and butt, I slip into a tight black skirt that straddles the line between mini and above knee.

The girl in the mirror is a knockout. This is how I'm supposed to look. How I'm supposed to feel about my body.

Emmet's going to shit a brick when he sees me. Not because he'll want to bed me. I love that I don't care about that anymore. Not even a little.

No, he's going to shit a brick because he's an awesome friend who turned out to be super supportive of my choices—once I stopped using those massive choices to mess with his head, that is.

The path from the bedroom mirror to work and then my desk includes positive comments from a fresh-off-shift Essie—"That's a *LOOK*, Caley!"—as well as a chipper Rika—"I've GOT to get a pic of you for the socials! You're on fire!" I smile and laugh them off, but inside, my heart flutters with every bit of approval. Tits this big make a statement. It's good to know that the people who matter see it as a good statement.

Twice during the day, I steal away to the restroom to de-bra myself and adjust things. Both times, the straps have begun to dig in, prompting me to look down where my twins are overflowing the bra. They create a visual through my sweater's skin-tight knit like two fleshy mushroom clouds inching over the horizon. The growth is happening faster than I expected, with me starting to worry a little whether I'll have as much time as I thought before I outgrow this adjustable thing.

During the second loosening, I'm leaning against the sink in the single-toilet unisex restroom. So intent am I on fixing my underwear that I forget to lock the door. I learn this when Cindy barges in. I'm covered by my sweater, but with the bra in my hands, my nipples—now rather large and, as is normal these days, erect and puffy—are on full display through the stretched cotton fibers.

"Occupied!" I blurt, jumping like I've been caught in a heinous act.

Through the gap in the door, Cindy huffs and mutters what sounds like, "indecorous," but she slams it back and disappears before I can be sure. I giggle as I let another inch out of each strap and unfasten a hook on each of the cups' undersides.

Checking the lock multiple times first, I strip off the sweater and admire the heft of my breasts before putting them back into confinement. Pulling the sweater back on, I note the gaps in the green knit at the farthest points of my curves. They're so much bigger than the gaps elsewhere. A black bra would absolutely show through them, but I don't hate the

thought of the look. Probably not something for work, though. In my head, I file away a reminder to contact Essie's seamstress for some work on this sweater. I'll want to wear it again next year.

When closing time comes, the crew all get together for our group walk to the bar one block away. Each of our dozen graphic designers and office personnel is chattering amongst themselves in varied subgroups. Emmet, Rika, Simon, and I are all in a huddle, talking shit about the project we just finished. The client had the most asinine taste, but we gave them what they asked for. Now it's over and we don't have to deal with them again.

As Rika is asking the three of us what job we think is the next nightmare, Tristan cuts in, talking to Simon.

"Think we should push for the besties to do another number for karaoke?" he jokes.

He's referencing our outing two Fridays prior. It was days after my third fill. Emmet and I were pressured into a duet of "Islands in the Stream." Personally, I think we did far better than anyone expected. I'm not sure that's saying much, as everyone, myself included, expected pure torture. We probably landed just shy of that, somewhere in "why would you do this to us?" territory. Tristan was the sole person in the bar whose clapping afterward seemed earnest and not purely in appreciation of us finishing.

"Nah," Simon dismisses. "Nobody needs to hear that cat screeching horror again."

He gives Emmet a pointed look. Emmet pretends not to hear while barely holding back a smile.

"Besides," Simon continues, "I've got a better idea."

"Oh yeah?" Tristan asks, eyes sparkling. He turns to me and smiles. I return it, quietly wondering what new torture Simon has in mind.

It turns out his better idea is having me and Rika both sing "Brick House." His reasoning isn't lost on either of us. That much is clear from the joint eyeroll we give one another as the host calls our names while Simon catcalls us both and shouts "get it, ladies!" While I'm much bigger than Rika at this stage of my enhancements, she's got an impressive rack by more... typical standards. There's no getting around the fact that we're the two curviest women in the office.

Despite Simon's jocularly sinister reasoning for setting us to this task, we don't do half bad.

I'm not a singer. Never have been. Sure, I sing along with my favorite songs when I'm driving or showering or home alone. Everybody does. It doesn't mean I'm good at it. That aside, Emmet's talents go beyond "not a singer." He's an expert in auditory warfare. That much was made clear during the duet incident.

By comparison, Rika is a natural born pop star. Trading Emmet for her proves to be enough of an upgrade that our rendition of "Brick House" is able to pass for music. It doesn't hurt that, by the time we hit the stage, we're already a few drinks in and willing to really get into it. I put on a hell of a show with my new confidence and size. Rika is throwing her own curves around as she moves her body to the rhythm of the song.

The rest of my face reddens to match my lipstick, however, when I become acutely aware that I've overdone it with my own grinding and gyrating against my mic stand. It's the sudden shift of my bra that alerts me as my twenty or thirty pounds of boob go slinging around beneath my sweater's knit. Something pops, and I pull it together *fast*. I can't have a repeat of the bra-busting disaster from the conference room. Certainly not while I'm performing live on stage.

After the close call, I cool it a bit with the dance moves and finish out the song. Rika and I each take a deep bow to a roar of applause. My bra doesn't appreciate the sudden need to hold up every ounce of boob weight all on its own.

Whether it's due to our singing, the show we put on, or just the simple fact that Emmet wasn't involved, I can't say, but the modest crowd really celebrates our performance. As we leave the stage, we're handed a pair of shots each by the bartender for "being good sports." I'm not sure it's the whole story, since he didn't offer any to me and Emmet last time. As for the shots, one is some kind of schnapps I've never had. Peach, maybe? The other is Fireball. Both are delicious.

After downing the booze, Rika and I pass by our adoring fans, both the strangers and those we work with. We break away from the others and retreat to a more secluded table, just the

two of us. Neither of us says we want to talk alone at any point, but something in the atmosphere demands it.

“I had no idea you could bust out moves like that, Caley!” she says loudly, leaning in toward me and still barely overpowering the stranger now getting started on a soulful take on “Billy Jean.”

“Neither did I! Pretty sure it’s the three, four... however many drinks!”

We both laugh.

“Can I ask you something?” Rika lowers her voice and shifts her chair so that she’s much closer. Not a soul around could hear us now with the music blaring. I nod her on.

“What’s up with you and Emmet? Are you guys really just friends or is there some kind of... other thing there?”

I fight the urge to cackle at the question. She has no idea.

Instead, I answer, “We’re just friends. And I have a hunch I know why you’re asking.”

She goes redder than me nearly slinging myself out of my bra live on stage. Her gaze turns down toward the tabletop that could use about four good cleanings to remove the maze of sticky residue from who-knows-how-many drinks.

“Am I that obvious?” she demands bashfully.

“I’m not the best at navigating social cues, so don’t give me too much credit. I only guessed because someone else already had a feeling.”

“Not...”

I bow my head silently.

“Oh god, kill me now.”

She buries her face in her hands. I jump to the rescue with a hand on her shoulder.

“It’s all good,” I say as she peaks out from a mess of dark hair and fingers. “He likes you, too. Really.”

She sits up straight at that news.

“He does? He said that? Or is this just a guess?”

“He did. You could go talk to him right now, and he’d jump at the chance. Fish in a barrel. Guaranteed.”

The thrill and panic in her eyes shimmer together in one bizarre, exhilarating blend of emotion. She jumps up from her seat, and I have no sense of what she's got in mind. When she hits the bar and motions to the bartender, though, I understand. She returns with another pair of shots. Fireball again. She sets them down, and I need no urging to partake. I can't do more than this, though. I'm at the threshold of drunkenness, as is.

"Thanks for telling me," Rika says after finishing hers.

"You got it."

Maybe this newfound confidence and self-actualization I've attained is to blame. Maybe it's all of Essie's urging to remember that Emmet's a real person. Maybe it's the new closeness I feel with Rika. Maybe it's the three shots in somewhat rapid succession. Maybe it's a bit of all of these.

Whatever the reason, I decide I need to share one more thing.

"This might be a little weird," I begin, fumbling for my phone before remembering I shoved it into my cleavage for safekeeping. The fact that I can do that now is mind-blowing to several-drinks-Caley, forget being able to lose track of the thing in there. I dig around wildly, hand shoved down the neck of my sweater and pushing the mounds from side to side in search of buried treasure. "I have something... for... you..."

Rika starts laughing uncontrollably as I fish the thing out, boobs swaying and slamming against the table enough to rattle the empty glasses.

"Still getting used to them," I laugh back at her, finally producing my phone. I've got a few credit cards and my driver's license slotted into a holder on the case. Behind my license is the business card Essie gave me so many weeks and cup sizes back. I remove it and slide it across the table to Rika, who's just getting herself collected.

"What's this?"

"It's... it's the info for my doctor."

"Your... oh..."

Understanding spreads across her face, followed by confusion.

"I'm not saying you need any help," I all-but-slur, really feeling those shots creep up on me. A quarter of the way around the small table is Rika's chest, so tiny compared to my massive

curves. Those mounds of hers were the most threatening thing in the world to me at one time. “It’s... just in case. Don’t tell him I said anything, but Emmet’s a boob guy. *Serious* boob guy.”

“Am I too small to be his type?” Rika asks, face flush with panic. “Is that why you...? Why you’re so much...?”

“Long story, but you’re totally fine. He likes you. You like him. You don’t need surgical help to win him over. *Trust me* on that one.” I pause to drive the point home. “You’ve been a good friend since I started going bigger, and you said you liked how they looked. Whatever. I just want you to have the info in case you ever decide you want to go that route. Like if you want to be able to upstage me during our next duet, for example.”

There’s a long moment before Rika pulls up her handbag and tucks the card away. Then we dissolve into drunken laughter again. We continue until she leans in and whispers to me.

“Since we’re offering helpful info, I’ve got some for you.”

“Oh?”

“Tristan would die for you. I don’t know if you realize how bad he’s down for you.”

This is a surprise, for sure. Tristan? From work? Crushing on me?

“No!”

“Seriously! A bunch of us see it. Not sure how you don’t. The breakfast. The way he greets you when you walk in.”

“There’s no way. He’s just a really friendly guy. He buys everybody in the office donuts and coffee.”

“But he always makes sure your favorite is on your desk.”

“He says hi to *everybody* every morning.”

“And you’re the one he watches walk all the way to your desk. You could order him to kill a man for you, and I’m pretty sure it’d be done within the hour.”

I think back to all those mornings. All those donuts. All those greetings.

“How the hell did I not notice?!”

My volume is hard to control with this much booze in me. I dial it back and scan the room until I see Tristan with Simon, Emmet, and a few others, all laughing.

“Maybe you were too busy trying to get Emmet to notice your new tits.”

I fire a glare at Rika. The audacity to say something like that. Never mind the fact that she's spot on with her assessment.

"What are you—"

"Caley, it's okay. Not judging. But you were *not* subtle about it."

I sigh and feel my entire chest quake.

"Don't feel bad," she goes on. "You make a great short stack. I probably will call your guy, because... DAMN!"

We carry on for some time, but we switch to water and split an order of fries to help sober ourselves up. We take a deep dive into our feelings about Tristan and Emmet and speculate a bit on who else in the office is into who.

As it gets later, our colleagues have begun to filter out of the bar. Simon heads home with a girl he evidently knows from his gym. Emmet joins me and Rika at our little table. Before long, Tristan is sitting alone at the bar, scrolling on his phone.

This is it. He's alone. Emmet and Rika are chatting idly about Rika's next big media project. There's not going to be a better time.

"I'm... gonna try something. Here's your opening with Emmet," I whisper to Rika. She cranes her neck, sees Tristan seated alone, and gives me a solemn nod and a silent "You, too," before turning back to her conversation with a clueless Emmet. I tell him, "Night, bestie." He returns the sentiment with a smile.

I don't know why I'm bothering to straighten my outfit as I stand. My fears of outgrowing the bra have come to fruition. It's at its limits and through my lime sweater, I'm obviously spilling out of the top and sides of the thing. Oh well, Tristan's had a few drinks, and so have I. I'm not letting a minor wardrobe malfunction stand in the way of shooting my shot.

Walking toward him, I'm struck by his appearance in a way I never have been. His long black hair that hangs low. The glasses that don't quite fit his face. His thin, lanky build.

I've always considered him to be a bit awkward looking. But here in the thinning crowd of the bar, with a great buzz in my head, armed with the knowledge that he likes me and the confidence in my own body and mind to admit I've been obsessed with many of the wrong things—awkward isn't the way I would describe him. No. He's got an understated

attractiveness about him. My Emmet problem really was keeping me from seeing things clearly.

“Hey, Tristan,” I say, leaning against the bar beside him, very well aware that it emphasizes how short I am. Sitting up on his lofty barstool, Tristan has to look downward a little to meet my eyes.

“Caley, hey,” he mutters, shoving his phone aside. “You and Rika were really good tonight. That was... you were... I mean, I liked the song...”

The stammering is more cute than anything. He's flustered. Rika was right, no doubting that now. How did I miss it?

“Thanks. What about the show?” I ask him, throwing my outsized chest forward. The bra screams at me. The knit of my sweater strains.

“The... show?”

“Did you like my dancing?” I ask. My arm threads past and under a weighty tit and to his own arm, where I lay my fingertips lightly. He instinctively begins to pull away but thinks better of it. He catches on quick enough, it seems.

“I... yeah. I liked your dancing. You were good. Really good. Yeah.”

His eyes fill with fear, uncertainty, exhilaration, vulnerability, intrigue—all those sensations I remember within me when I was finally honest with Emmet. His searching for something to say is apparent. His gaze flickers down to my chest, and I beam inside. He looks away quickly. The poor guy hasn't the first clue where to start.

So I give him a push.

“You want to take a walk?”

Tristan continues to stare before eventually nodding with so much enthusiasm his eyeglasses nearly flop off his face. Paying our tabs doesn't take long, as the bar's getting pretty cleared out by now. The few of us from work still here make up a third of the patrons. When the bartender hands my card back, Tristan steps up to pay his. I look around to see Rika practically hanging on Emmet. His back is to me, but I can read his body language like a book. He couldn't be more content. She catches my eye, raises an eyebrow, and winks. I'm happy for them. Honestly happy.

Once Tristan squares his bill, the two of us step away from the stools and into the emptying center of the establishment. We make our exit. I give only the briefest of waves to Rika and Emmet as we sidle past. Tristan does, as well. Emmet looks puzzled as to why the two of us are walking out together. Rika doesn't.

The cold air sobers me up a lot on the short journey back to the office. Enough that I'm able to engage Tristan in actual conversation and get to know him beyond "nice and somewhat awkward guy at the office." His favorite movie is *Road Warrior*. He's a video game fan, but doesn't really do much of that these days. Graphic design became his career after he got a lot of recognition for his art in school. His whole family supported the choice, and he's still relatively close to them. He doesn't want to move up in the company because it would mean less work on the projects themselves.

He's liked me ever since he started, but he thought there was no way I'd be interested in him.

His lips are soft, warm, and taste incredible.

He likes to use a lot of tongue, but he does it well.

He's cool with deep kissing in public when there's no one around but—like me—prefers to be some place more private for anything more.

His hands are strong, and he enjoys sinking his fingers deep into mounds of soft flesh once things start getting heavy.

The back seat of his crossover has roomy seats and tinted windows.

He's pretty good at ripping a bra off, even when it's under explosive amounts of pressure from the tits crammed inside. To be fair, the bra was ready to explode off me on its own.

His favorite music is electronic, which has the perfect rhythm for a good back seat fucking.

He can hold his breath long enough to get all the way up inside my immense, deep cleavage for one hell of a motorboating.

His mouth can generate a *lot* of suction.

About myself—I'm now plenty big enough for both of my nipples to be suckled at once.

Back to him—he's the world champion of nipple sucking, as far as I'm concerned.

His cock fills me up nicely. Very nicely. Orgasmically.

He's able to last quite a while, even when a girl is riding his fuck stick like it's a bronco in need of breaking.

He likes me for who I am. Which makes two of us.

Somewhere over half an hour after leaving the bar, we're spent, lying half naked in his car, wrapped up in a tangle of sweaty clothing as the sound system serenades us with energetic beats at a soft volume.

A knock comes on the driver's side window. We've got everything so fogged up, there's no way to tell who it is. Could be the security guard. Could be someone else from work curious why the vehicle's sitting here idling so late at night.

"We're all good!" I say loudly, hoping they'll buzz off.

"Yep!" adds Tristan, giggling at me as he softly runs a hand across my expanse of freckled breasts.

Outside, two voices break into uproarious laughter.

"I told you!" I hear Rika cackle.

"See you guys Monday!" Emmet yells through his own laughs.

Then we're alone again. I don't know how long we'll stay here, but I don't care right now.

This feels right.

Finally, it feels right.

I feel right. The real me. The massively busty me. The me with both a best friend and a new guy *and* they're not the same person!

It took a lot of looking, and some stupid mistakes along the way, but I've found what I wanted. At last.

The End