

Part 4:

Separate Ways

It was Bridget's final summer as a high schooler. Junior year had been straightforward enough—though not without a few unique challenges—and she'd turned eighteen right at the end of the spring semester. By all rights, she should have been out working for some spending money or to pad her college applications. She *wanted* to, but her body had other plans.

"Mom!"

"What is it, sweetie?"

"I'm stuck again!"

"Just a minute!"

Bridget lay in bed, trapped under the weight of her chest. She tried to sleep on her side, but sometimes she rolled over in her sleep. When that happened, she had to get some help to shift the titanic masses that were her boobs. They had grown non-stop since her last growth spurt. Sometimes it was fast enough to notice the next morning. Sometimes it was so slow that it was barely perceptible over the course of a week or longer, but they were always growing. Her mom had learned to alter her bras just so she would have something to cover up with at school. It saved them a bit of money, and she had gotten quite good at it over the last year. She was starting to work on her clothes as well and wasn't too bad at that either.

Catherine burst into her bedroom, and Julian toddled in behind her.

"Sissy!" He screamed, running awkwardly to one side of her bed. "Are you stuck?"

"Yup," she said, ruffling his golden hair.

She had grown to like her baby brother. He was too innocent to know any better, so he always told people what he thought. When the family had gone out to the beach for a vacation the month before, he had yelled at a creepy older guy to stop staring at his sissy's boobies. Once she had finished laughing, she'd taken him to get a snow cone.

"C'mon," Catherine grunted as she grabbed one of Bridget's arms and pulled. "Work those abs."

She clenched her stomach muscles and pushed herself up from the mattress with her free hand. As her breasts pushed forward, gravity took over, and they spread out over her lap. It overflowed with titflesh that encompassed her thighs and sank into the bed.

"Thanks, Mom. Sorry."

"It's alright," Catherine told her. "I need to get your dad to put in one of those pull-up ropes for times like these. What would you do if no one was home?"

"That or one of those hospital-type beds that lift you up," Bridget suggested.

"Maybe someday," her mom sighed. "Are you ready for breakfast?"

"I gotta pee."

Bridget shifted her legs over to get off the bed but left her upper body stationary. When she was ready, she shifted her chest over and let gravity take control. The weight of her boobs pulled her from the bed, and she planted her feet on the ground and took their weight onto her back. The hard muscles, particularly those of her lower back and shoulders, flexed and fought to keep her upright.

"Then I'll be right down. What are we having?"

"I made eggs and bacon. I can throw some of that raisin bread you like in the toaster if you want."

"Sure. Could you hand me a bra? My back is killing me."

Catherine picked up an enormous contraption made out of coarse, durable fabric. Each cup was big enough to be measured in gallons. The straps were as wide as seatbelts, and the band featured more than a dozen industrial-grade hooks. She handed it over, and Bridget began the arduous process of putting it on. She wrapped the tight elastic around her ribs and slipped the hooks into the eyes with a dexterity born of extensive practice. Then she worked the edges of the cups around her tits before kneading the soft masses like dough until they settled into a more compact shape. Once she was sure they were contained, she took her first few steps. She had to reacquaint herself with her center of gravity almost every day. Small changes in the size and weight of her boobs occurred from time to time, so she was always careful first thing in the morning. Once she was sure she wouldn't tip over, she gave her mom and brother a thumbs-up and wobbled off to the bathroom. Catherine made her bed for her and looked at her son.

"Let's go back to breakfast, Julian," she said, holding out a hand for her son.

The toddler grabbed it and followed her downstairs. Even as she busied herself with feeding her younger child, she wondered if her poor daughter would ever stop. Catherine was all too familiar with the drawbacks of large breasts, especially since Julian came along. Her heavy, milk-swollen breasts were nothing compared to what Bridget had to deal with, though. She was nearing a record-breaking size and weight, but the growth had yet to stop. Now that Bridget was a legal adult, she feared the day when someone from the media came sniffing around for a story. Whether for a news story or some less savory purpose, Catherine didn't want her little girl to become a public spectacle. She'd held that particular problem at bay a few times already.

Bridget made her way downstairs a few minutes later. Her face was freshly washed, and her curls had been brushed free of knots. She took each step methodically and held onto the railing with one hand. She had slipped once and bruised her tailbone before ending up in a heap at the bottom of the stairs. The mere memory of it encouraged her to be patient now.

"Did you have any plans for today?" Catherine asked as she entered the dining room. "What's Aidan up to?"

Bridget took her seat at the circular table her dad had modified into a sort of crescent shape. The large notch allowed space for her boobs to hang below the table so she wouldn't have to sit sideways to eat.

"I don't know," Bridget sulked. "Since he's such a hotshot now, I barely see him."

Someone had finally talked Aidan into trying out for the baseball team back in the fall. He had played informally for years, and everyone always wanted him on their team, so she guessed he had some rough skills, but he'd quickly proven to be a talented pitcher. As a left-hander, he had become their ace in the hole with some extra effort and proper coaching.

"You should be happy for him," Catherine told her as she set her plate on the table. "He's doing well."

"Well, I wouldn't know. I can barely leave the house these days."

She planted her elbow on the table and rested her cheek against one fist, snapping up a piece of bacon and chewing it with a sour look on her face.

"Do you want to go to a game next month? I have a schedule somewhere around here. Heather sent it over. I think there'll be one right after school starts back up."

Bridget gave a noncommittal grunt and shoveled a forkful of scrambled eggs into her mouth to avoid responding. She was pretty sick of Aidan lately. Whenever they found the time to hang out together, all he wanted to talk about was baseball. He told her about what his coach said, about the games he had watched on TV, and even the books he had read about famous players and strategies. She liked baseball, to a point, but she wasn't remotely attracted to the sports-obsessed jock Aidan was becoming. It seemed to her that he was letting his newfound talent consume his personality. That was probably why he had acted like such a pig the last time they'd hung out.

"Found it!" Catherine came back with a sheet of paper, waving it over her head. "The first game of the season is August 17th. We should go support him. His dad says he might get scouted this season if he plays as well as last year."

"Yay for him," Bridget sighed. "I don't know, Mom. The bleachers pretty much ruin my back."

"We'll get you one of those backrests and some cushions. I'm sure the school wouldn't mind making some extra space for you."

"I don't want to be on display for everyone at the game."

She was starting to get annoyed with this line of conversation. Why did her mom want her to go watch Aidan play so badly? It wasn't like he cared. He barely made any time for his "best friend" anymore. Catherine put a hand on her hip, always a danger signal, but Bridget didn't care.

"It's nothing they haven't seen before, Bridget," Catherine said. "You've been at that school for three years already. They all know you."

"Mom, I don't want to go to the stupid game, alright?" She set her fork down on her plate with a loud clink of metal on porcelain. "Aidan has been acting like a total jackass lately."

"What do you mean?"

"Last time I saw him—almost two weeks ago, by the way—he told me Eva had asked him out. He wanted to know if I would be mad if he took her up on the offer."

"Well, that's not how we did it when I was a teenager..."

Bridget could tell her mom was trying to defuse the situation and change the subject. Apart from little Julian, everyone in their household vividly remembered what they had since termed "The Eva Incident," and the last several years had done nothing to heal the rift between the two girls. Rumors spread around the school about Bridget, and she was sure Eva was their source more often than not. She stood up so fast her breasts pushed the table forward a few inches, but she paid it no mind.

"Yeah. He actually said that. To me. So, no, I don't want to watch that asshole play his stupid games."

"I'm sorry to hear that, honey."

Catherine looked like she meant it.

"To be honest, I always hoped you two would—"

"What? Start dating?"

Bridget's voice rose higher as emotion began to fill her voice. She tried to sound almost amused at the prospect. To mask it behind a facade of anger and contempt, but some of the hurt leaked out as well. She fought to keep herself from choking up. Even though he wasn't there and would probably never know, she didn't want to give Aidan the satisfaction of making her cry.

“Get married? Make babies? We were just kids hanging out together. Now we’re grown up and going—”

She stopped for an instant to choke back her tears, then cleared her throat and turned to leave.

“—going our separate ways.”

Catherine let her leave. She knew trying to talk her out of that line of thinking right then would only make it worse. She wanted to make her understand that Aidan might be slow to realize it, but girls like Eva weren’t worth his time. She had to keep herself close to him if she wanted to win in the end.

I’ll let her calm down a little, she told herself. Then maybe we can talk about this.

Bridget went straight to her room and locked the door. It was a reckless thing to do, considering she could become trapped under her breasts again, but she didn’t care. Things she had never truly admitted she wanted but always fantasized about on some level were now crumbling around her. She had grown up to be a freak, and Aidan had somehow gone from a middle school reject to a high school sports star. Every popular girl in school suddenly wanted to add him to their collection. Subconsciously, she had always expected Aidan to take their relationship to another level someday. The idea that another girl might make the first move and steal him away from her had never even entered her mind. Years of spending every spare moment together seemed like a natural progression to her, but Aidan had only proven once again that men were tactless, oblivious, unfeeling idiots.

She sat on the window seat like she always had on rainy days when she was a kid. Back then it was easy to pull her knees to her chest and sulk, but now she had a pair of stubborn obstacles in the way. Undeterred, she forced her legs into her cleavage and wrapped her arms around her shins from beneath them. Her tits squeezed into the empty spaces between her arms and legs and stuck out at odd angles, but she paid them no mind. She rested her chin on her thighs just above her knees and let the tears fall in silence for a while. She thought about how unfair everything had become since she hit puberty. Other girls—*normal* girls—didn’t have to deal with the things she did. Eva and her tight-knit group of rich bitch cheerleaders all got to look hot and take their mobility for granted. As much as guys obsessed over big tits, she knew that at her level they just looked wrong. There was nothing remotely sexy about the giant, fatty boulders hanging from her chest. She couldn’t even lift them on her own anymore. Without a bra, she would be lucky to make it more than a few dozen feet before her back spasmed and gave out. She was practically an invalid.

She found herself turning inward and asking herself the same question she had asked for years.

Why did this have to happen to me?

She stayed like that for a long time, eventually making her way to her bed and sulking there for a few hours until her mom came and knocked on her door a little before lunch. She managed to struggle to her feet on her own and let her in, and they had a long conversation about boys and the best ways to deal with their inability to understand emotions.

Bridget felt better by the end of it.



"They fit last time I wore them!"

"You're still a growing girl, honey," Catherine said, keeping her voice low and calm to placate her panicked daughter. "Your hips are getting wider, and you're carrying a little more weight around them. It's natural."

"Great! So I'll have giant tits *and* a fat ass!"

Bridget rested her boobs on top of her bed so she could pull her jeans off without overbalancing. They were the fourth pair she had tried, and they'd all been so tight that she had to force them over her hips. She'd tried to stuff herself into them, but even then she couldn't button them up no matter what she tried. She pulled them off her feet and threw them across the room into the ever-growing pile of clothes she couldn't wear anymore.

"I won't be able to wear clothes at all if anything else gets bigger."

"Just wear a skirt for now," Catherine advised. "You're still well within the normal size range, so I'll ask Kaylie to send over a few things. We can order whatever you want."

She understood Bridget's nervousness. Her breasts had grown so huge over the years that suddenly outgrowing her pants was setting off alarm bells in her psyche. This was how it usually went for the women on her side of the family, though. They were late bloomers, but once they bloomed, they really went for it. She'd personally gone from beanpole to hourglass in a few months when she was sixteen. Bridget may have gotten an early start on the boobs, but now she was growing into the rest of the O'Guinn figure. A lot of her female relatives continued to grow into their early twenties. Suddenly putting on extra weight where it counted was pretty common. She just hoped Bridget's breasts didn't hog it all. They didn't need the help.

"This is so embarrassing..." Bridget was blushing as she pulled at the elastic around her thighs. "I'm gonna need new panties, too..."

"I understand, sweetie," Catherine told her. "I promise you, this isn't strange for our family. Most of the girls on my side are pretty thin right up until they reach adulthood. We put on weight, but we carry it well."

Bridget grumbled deep in her throat but said nothing. She adjusted her underwear and lifted her breasts from the bed to go to her closet and look for a skirt. She had one or two that Catherine had insisted on for formal occasions. It was as close to a dress as Bridget was willing to get, and even that was too formally girly for anything but a wedding or funeral. Catherine decided it was time to change the subject.

"Anyway, I'm glad you decided to go to the game. I already called the school, and they said they'd reserve a space for us."

"Can I just sit under the bleachers instead?" Bridget groaned. "Everyone is gonna stare."

"Just wear something loose and relax."

"I don't *have* anything loose, Mom. 3XLs are like crop tops on me now."

"Well..." Catherine appeared to cast around for something to say to that. "It doesn't matter what anyone thinks."

"Just save it. I don't want to think about how fucking huge my tits are right now."

Catherine put her hands on her hips and stared at her until she turned around with a skirt in hand.

"Watch the language, Missy."

"I'm eighteen."

"Yeah, and you still live in my house."

Bridget let out a growl of frustration and threw the skirt at her bed.

"Can you just get out of my room?" She snapped. "Please? I'm sick of you hovering around all the time."

"I'm just trying to make sure you can manage on your own."

"I'm not a cripple, goddammit!" Bridget screamed. "Just leave me alone!"

"Fine. If that's what you want, I'll go get Julian ready and wait in the car. You just take your time."

Catherine swept out of the room. She'd clearly been offended by Bridget's temperamental outbursts and coarse language, but she was too annoyed to care just then. She groaned in frustration at the empty room and pulled at her panties again.

These are gonna drive me insane all day.

She remembered what Kaylie had told her years ago when she'd asked why anyone would want to wear thongs. It actually made sense now, and she wished she had one to hold

her over until she could go shopping for new underwear. As long as the waistband was right, something *made* to ride up would fit no matter how big her ass got. She'd have to get a few of them. She guessed she could do with something a little more on the sexy side anyway. She looked down at her butt, which was in fact noticeably bigger now that she really looked at it, and then turned to look at her boobs again in a huff.

She didn't know why everything had to hit her all at once. Her tits had grown from nonexistent to B-cups in a single night several years ago. They'd gone through huge growth spurts at random times, as if to keep her on her toes, and she didn't see any sort of end in sight. She'd already been stuck with her current back-breaking, mobility-inhibiting monsters, but now it seemed to her that her ass was starting to get in on the fun too. She had mostly gone around in sweatpants since summer began, so she hadn't noticed her clothes getting tight before now. She didn't think she was getting fat, not that anyone could tell with her tits hanging to her hips. She touched her stomach to be sure and confirmed there was just the usual thin and stubborn layer of fat there. She could feel her abs underneath it, still rock hard from her years of carrying her boobs around and helping her keep her dubious balance.

She tried to ignore the constant wedgies and did her best to find a top that complemented the ankle-length blue skirt. She ended up in what should have been a loose, floral-print summer blouse, but it clung to her over-generous curves like a second skin. She had to watch herself in a mirror just to button it, stretching her arms to their limits to reach around her chest. With a sigh, she checked herself in the mirror, turning from one side to the other. She didn't like the way the extra material billowed out beneath her breasts. It made her look fat.

Fuck it.

Bridget unbuttoned the lower third of the blouse and twisted the excess fabric into a pair of thin tendrils. Then she tied them together as she had seen women do on TV and at the beach. The results were surprising. As she pulled the knot tight, it added just a little extra lift to her breasts and showed off a thin strip of her pale stomach. For the first time, she was able to appreciate her own waistline since developing a more womanly figure. Her hips were still relatively narrow, but there was a bit of a flare to them now. It made her waist look smaller and gave her some shape. As she turned to get a look at her back, she also found that she liked how the skirt accentuated her hips and butt.

Maybe this isn't so bad, she thought. I look kind of...hot.

Despite years of resisting her femininity, now that she saw herself wearing something so girly, she could see some of the appeal. She had never felt "pretty" before. She still didn't really, but she thought her body at least looked good. No one would ever pay attention to anything she'd worked for, though. Things like her tight ass or her muscular legs and back, earned through her tragically short stint as an athlete, were doomed to be overshadowed by her boobs.

She turned away from the mirror before she upset herself again and left the room. Once she hobbled down the stairs, she went to the driveway and found her mom sitting in the car. She was twisted around in her seat and trying to keep Julian amused with one of his toys. Bridget sighed, locked the front door, and went to join them. She knew she shouldn't have snapped at her mom like she had before. She was doing her best, and she had a lot to deal with between her overworked husband, her toddler, and her physically impaired freak of a daughter.

I guess I should apologize.



By the time they got to the field, all was forgiven. Bridget kept her brother entertained with a few videos on her phone to let Catherine focus on one thing for a change. She was still feeling tense about spending the day sitting out in the open surrounded by people, but she knew she had to try. Her mom was right about getting out more often. If she just did it and acted naturally while she did it, she would adjust. If other people were put off by her appearance, it wasn't her problem. She had to learn to be confident and live her life, or she would turn into a shut-in before she knew it.

"I'm going to pull right up to the gate," Catherine said. "Can you go ahead and help Julian out of his car seat? I'll come find you once I find a parking spot."

Bridget was preoccupied by a sunny and cloudless sky and almost didn't hear her. Her brain caught up to what her mom was saying, and she mumbled a distracted reply.

"What was that?"

"We brought sunscreen, right? We're gonna cook out there."

Between her pale complexion and the sheer amount of skin she had to protect, sunburns were a constant problem for her. The tops of her breasts had been covered in a spray of freckles since her last trip to the beach, and she didn't want to add to them. The ones on her face and arms were bad enough.

"There are a couple of bottles in the diaper bag. Make sure you put some on your brother too, ok?"

Catherine stopped the car, and Bridget saw a couple of her teachers from Richardson High were on duty at the gate. She breathed a sigh of relief when she saw them. She'd been worried about having to deal with volunteers at the entrance. Sometimes strangers insisted on asking dozens of questions to glean a few tidbits of information about how and why she had such gigantic boobs. They usually thought they were clever. They pretended to be interested in her life or concerned with her health, but Bridget had learned long ago they weren't interested in *her*. They just wanted to know about her tits. Creepy older guys, awkward teenage boys,

judgmental women and curious girls alike—people of all races, genders, and creeds were unified in their obsessive curiosity with her chest.

Bridget got out of the SUV and walked around it to extricate her brother from his car seat. Mr. Carroll flashed a friendly smile and a polite wave when he saw her, while Ms. Decker looked as bored and disinterested as ever.

“How ya doing, Bridget?” Mr. Carroll asked as she walked up to the gate to buy their tickets. “Just two of you? Who’s the little guy?”

“This is my baby brother, Julian,” Bridget told him, holding out a twenty to pay for their entry. “I’ll need the tickets. Mom’s right behind us.”

“Alrighty. You know, that friend of yours has some real talent. I caught the team warming up. It looked like he was trying to kill his catcher.”

Bridget flashed a polite smile and gave a noncommittal hum in reply. Mr. Carroll was a nice old man who had taught general science at their high school since before half of the faculty was born. He always did his best to treat Bridget like any other student and actually looked her in the eye when he talked to her. She appreciated his old-fashioned charm and chivalry.

“He’s a good-looking kid, too,” Ms. Decker chimed in, smirking at Bridget. “A real heartbreaker, right?”

“Why ask me?” Bridget said, not sure her look of confusion was convincing. “We’re just friends.”

Ms. Decker was a younger woman. Only a few years out of college and not all that much older than her students, she seemed to view Bridget as a distraction. Considering her big fake double-Ds and the low-cut tops she was always wearing, Bridget thought she knew where she would have preferred the attention to go. She wasn’t a particularly good or attentive teacher, and everyone knew the PTA had raised a few concerns about her, but the rumor was that she had dirt on someone higher up in the school board. Bridget had heard whispers about an affair with a superintendent, but she didn’t know if she could believe that. She didn’t like Ms. Decker very much, but she knew a thing or two about nasty rumors spreading just because you had big tits. Then again, hers were fake.

“No need to tease the poor girl,” Mr. Carroll said.

He looked at Ms. Decker, and his eyes flashed a warning. She rolled her eyes and propped her head up with one arm, looking bored again.

“You kids have fun. I’ll send your mom through when she gets here.”

He handed Bridget two dollars in change and three little blue ticket stubs.

“Ok, thanks, Mr. Carroll.”

Bridget gripped her brother’s hand and led him past the gates. She could hear the sounds of the growing crowd and saw dozens, if not hundreds, of people filling the bleachers. Richardson’s baseball team hadn’t done this well in decades, so it made sense that half the town would show up for the first game of the new season. Still, it was more than Bridget had bargained for. She’d already felt a few male gazes lingering on her longer than necessary.

“Thomas!”

A loud male voice was shouting her name from somewhere behind her. She turned and saw Coach James trotting up, red-faced and puffing. He was a tall man with a huge frame and a neck thicker than most people’s legs. Bridget wasn’t all that comfortable around him at the best of times, but he always made an effort to be nice to her for some reason. She almost wished he wouldn’t. His eyes had a tendency to let his drift down to her chest every few seconds. It made her think he had some creepy ulterior motive.

“Glad you made it. Crosse has been whining about never seeing you at our games. I think it’s been affecting his performance. We reserved a spot for you and yours because of your, uh, condition.”

He looked at her boobs for a few seconds longer than any normal person with an ounce of shame would have, then turned to point in the direction of the handicapped section. They had set up a large pop-up canopy beside the bleachers and put a few lawn chairs under it. On the one hand, Bridget was touched that her old friend had gone to so much trouble to give her space. On the other, separating her from the rest of the crowd made her even more of a spectacle.

“Thank you, coach,” Catherine said as she appeared from behind him with a small cooler in hand. “That was very sweet of you.”

The coach’s ruddy face turned a darker shade of scarlet than his usual complexion, and Bridget saw his eyes rove all over her mom’s curves. Bridget knew he wasn’t quite a pervert, though those sorts of accusations had been leveled at him before. It was more like he had no clue how to behave around women.

And he has a crush on Mom, she realized with a start. No wonder he was always trying to be nice. Oh, god...

She wanted to gag.

“Well, um...” Coach James cleared his throat and shuffled off in the direction of the dugout. “You ladies enjoy the game, and, uh, let me know if you need anything.”

He practically sprinted back to the dugout, shouting something to his team. Bridget heard her mom chuckle to herself and gave her a suspicious look as she took Julian’s hand.

"He's got a thing for you," she said.

"I know," Catherine said, not so much as a hint of shame or discomfort in her voice.

"You know?"

Catherine sighed and started to move toward the canopy.

"He asked me out a couple of years ago."

"You're married!" Bridget burst out.

"I know, and that's what I told him. He seemed to think your father and I were separated since he always had to work during school events and things. He was actually very sweet about it."

"But the way he looks at girls is so creepy," Bridget shuddered as she claimed one of the lawn chairs.

"Some men just aren't very good at controlling themselves like that. As a woman, you have to learn to live with it a little."

Bridget didn't think she could agree with that, but she didn't want to argue. She sat down and immediately knew the chairs wouldn't work for any extended period of time. Its arms dug into her tits, which piled on top of her legs and barely squeezed between them. Julian pointed at her and laughed. Bridget couldn't blame him; she probably looked ridiculous.

"This chair sucks," she grumbled.

"Yeah, that doesn't look comfortable."

Catherine grabbed Julian's diaper bag and pulled a neatly folded blanket out of one of its many pockets.

"You may want to go picnic style," she said, laying it out over the grass. "Bridget, you might be more comfortable if you stretch out here. Julian and I can set up our chairs behind you."

Bridget groaned. She wasn't sure she was comfortable with the idea of laying out on the ground for everyone to see. She couldn't think of any decent alternative, though, so she swallowed her pride and just did it. Once she settled down, she felt like she was a featured item at some bizarre garage sale.

Have you ever wanted to own your very own freak of nature? She quipped to herself. *Now you can!*

She giggled to herself. Her life was so ridiculous sometimes that she had to laugh to keep from crying. Her mom finished setting up Julian's chair and reached into the cooler.

“Do you want some water?” She asked.

“Sure,” Bridget said.

She twisted her head around to look at Catherine. She was bent over the cooler, and her loose top had pulled up to reveal her huge, deceptively toned butt straining her jeans. They had to be at least two sizes too small. Bridget knew she hadn’t had a chance to buy new clothes for herself since before Julian was born, and all their spare money these days went to replacing her wardrobe every other month. Bridget thought about what she’d said earlier about her family’s tendency to grow curvier as they aged.

We put on weight, but we carry it well.

It seemed to be true. She had some pudge around her belly and a pretty distinct muffin top, but it looked right on her somehow. Her hips were wide, her ass was round, and her thighs were thick, but everything else apart from her boobs was dainty and feminine. She had thin arms, the right kind of taper from calf to ankle, ludicrously tiny feet, and her waist was small even if her belly wasn’t quite flat.

I guess it wouldn’t be so bad, Bridget thought. Guys like big butts these days, don’t they? If I’m gonna be stuck with giant boobs, maybe I should try to emphasize the rest of my body a little more. Maybe then I’d find a boyfriend.

Her own thoughts surprised her. She wasn’t sure why she was thinking about boyfriends when her future was so uncertain. There was a genuine—if unspoken—concern in her household that her breasts would get so big she wouldn’t be able to move. Boys were the least of her worries. She still wasn’t sure how she could justify going to college if they became any more unmanageable than they already were.

Catherine handed her a bottle of water and took her seat. Bridget turned back to the field, looking for a distraction, and saw Aidan leaning out of the dugout to wave at someone in the stands. She did her best to follow his eyes and felt her heart leap into her throat as she caught sight of Eva. She was standing up in the bleachers, dressed in team regalia, and waving her arms as she bounced up and down. She stopped hopping long enough to blow him a kiss before she sat down again and disappeared into the crowd.

Her stomach twisted and rage boiled in her chest. Her face felt hot, and she willed herself not to get emotional. Aidan was a big boy. He could make whatever idiotic mistakes he wanted. She didn’t care if he went out with a total psycho who would probably manipulate him into a long and miserable relationship. Part of her was convinced Eva was doing it just to torment her, and she didn’t want to give her the satisfaction.

You’re such an idiot, Aidan.

As if in response to her thoughts, Aidan turned to look towards their canopy and waved when he saw they were there. He was smiling as if nothing was wrong between them, and Bridget couldn't imagine how he could be so impossibly dense.

You know I hate her, Bridget fumed as she pointedly ignored her friend. *And I know she hates me. You can't have this both ways.*

She wished she had the courage to say that to his face. Every time she tried to work herself up to call him or sneak out and try to walk to his house, she wimped out. She was terrified he would choose Eva if given the choice.

Let him make his mistakes.

Bridget heard her mom's voice in her head again.

If he realizes he's making them on his own, he'll be better for it. If not, he's no good for you. At least not that way. But try to stay friends, whatever happens.

Bridget thought her mom was giving men way too much credit. She finally waved back just as Aidan looked like he was about to start sulking. His smile returned, and he cupped his hands around his mouth.

"First strikeout's for you, Bridge!" He yelled, pointing straight to her.

Bridget's face flushed. She looked around and saw a few people in the crowd turn to look where their new star pitcher was pointing. They caught sight of her on her blanket and the enormous objects that lay on the ground in front of her. Her modified top left enough skin exposed to leave no question of what they were. Most people had seen her around before, but it didn't keep them from staring right along with the first-timers. She gritted her teeth and tried to keep her face blank as she ignored the dozens of eyes now peering at her from the bleachers.

You fucking idiot...



At some point during the second inning, the Channel 5 news van pulled up and a reporter and cameraman filmed a story. Bridget recognized one of the local reporters. She was a pretty, well-dressed woman with short, dark hair wearing a skirt and blouse that hugged and accentuated her tight curves. Bridget assumed they were doing a report on the team and quickly lost interest. Catherine, however, bristled at the sight of them.

"Bridget," she said with a hint of a snarl in her voice. "I think you're getting too much sun. Why don't you back up a bit?"

Bridget held up her arms and looked herself over. There wasn't a trace of a sunburn anywhere she could see.

"I'm fine, Mom," she said. "What are you talking about?"

"Nothing. I just think you might be getting a little pink over there. You might burn if—"

She was interrupted by a loud and friendly female voice. Bridget spun her head around to see the reporter approaching them, her teeth cleaning as she smiled and waved at them.

"Mrs. Thomas?" The reporter said. "So *good* to see you again!"

Her eyes fell upon Bridget, who still lay on her side on the blanket at the edge of the canopy's shade. She scanned Bridget's massive boobs for an instant. Her smile turned into something like a devious smirk for one almost imperceptible instant.

"This *must* be Bridget!" She sang, squatting down and offering one hand. "I've wanted to meet you for months, dear. How *are* you?"

Bridget felt uncomfortable and looked around for the cameraman. He was still filming the game, focused mostly on Aidan, who was mugging for him between pitches. If she'd been a little less nervous about the reporter hovering over her, she might have rolled her eyes at his ridiculous display.

"She's just *fine*," Catherine said, rising from her lawn chair and stomping over to stand just behind Bridget. "And she's still not interested, *Dana*."

Bridget had never heard her mom take that particular vicious and threatening tone with anyone other than family. She glanced back and forth at the two women. The reporter, Dana, had pulled her hand away from Bridget, but remained in her squatted position. She smiled up at Catherine without a trace of fear in her bright blue eyes. Catherine's lips were curled in a derisive smile, and she was standing in the way she always did when she wanted to look scary and dominant. Her gorgeous face, sturdy frame, and thick curves made her look like a true battleax of a woman when she stood like that.

"Correct me if I'm wrong, but Ms. Bridget here is a legal adult, is she not?" Dana asked. "Which means I'm allowed to speak to her with or without your permission, Mrs. Thomas."

Bridget had no idea what was going on. She sat up and crossed her legs, shifting her breasts into her lap and looking up at her mother in confusion.

"What is she talking about, Mom?"

Dana rose to her full height and cut in before Catherine could even open her mouth.

"I heard about your *unusual* condition about a year ago and wanted to do a story on you, but your mother wouldn't allow—"

“Because she’s a *child*, Dana,” Catherine snarled in a voice like an angry bobcat.

“Legally, she *isn’t*. Not anymore.”

“Would you both stop?” Bridget snapped. “Mom, Julian looks like he’s about to cry.”

It was true. Julian had been playing with a few of his toys beside Catherine’s chair, but now he was looking nervously back and forth at her and the reporter. He could tell his mother was upset by the tone of her voice even if he didn’t understand what they were arguing about. Catherine picked him up, set him on one hip, then turned to Dana again.

“You stay away from my family,” she said, flashing a smile that was more threatening than any weapon. “The last thing my daughter wants or needs is more attention.”

Bridget decided she’d had enough of the two older women talking about her like she wasn’t sitting right there. Her frustration reached a boiling point. She shouted just as the home team made a huge triple play and the crowd went wild.

“Mom! I can handle this myself!”

Julian started crying, startled and overstimulated by all the noise. Catherine walked off to soothe him, flashing one last dirty look at the reporter for good measure.

“I’m afraid we got off on the wrong foot,” Dana said, smiling and dropping back into a squat in front of Bridget. “I’m Dana Daniels. You might recognize me from TV.”

Bridget nodded, but said nothing. She wasn’t sure she liked Dana. She had a very unctuous—yet condescending—way of talking and seemed quite full of herself.

“I was hoping you might be willing to talk to us for a little while about your...*struggles*.”

Her eyes fell upon Bridget’s chest for a moment, then flashed back to her face.

“I’ve done a bit of research since learning about you, and your condition seems like a very interesting case. I was thinking it might be an opportunity to shed some light on an uncommon plight girls and women all over the country suffer with every day.”

Bridget opened her mouth to speak, but Dana rushed on without waiting for a response.

“You don’t have to answer right now,” she said, standing up and making a show of dusting off her immaculate black skirt. “I’ve got to go give my report, but I’d love to hear from you whenever you’re ready to talk.”

She adjusted the collar of her modest blouse and suddenly produced a business card from thin air. She held it out for Bridget, smiling and patiently waiting for her to take it. Overwhelmed and a little stunned by the encounter, Bridget remained silent. After a moment of hesitation, she raised her hand to take the card.

"I hope to hear from you soon, Bridget!" Dana said as she strutted away, her hips swaying seductively as her dark hair fluttered in the breeze.

Bridget looked down at the card and saw the reporter's name, number, and email address on the front. She flipped it over and found a Channel 5 News Team logo and a handwritten note that Dana must have prepared some time ago. She read it and felt a shiver of anticipation run down her spine.

I know another girl like you. She'd love to meet you. Ten minutes of your time, and I'll arrange a meeting.

Bridget had never heard of anyone else with her particular malady. It wasn't common, and Dr. Jackson told her cases were spread out all over the globe. Even in the US, only about two or three hundred cases had been reported over the years. The chance to meet someone willing to talk to her about it—even eager by the sound of it—was enticing. Someone else who could understand the isolation, loneliness, and embarrassment that came with being regarded as both a freak and a unique sexual conquest could be invaluable. They might even become friends and start a support group.

"I'm going to have to call her," Bridget muttered to herself.

"Please don't, sweetheart," her mother said from behind her.

Bridget almost jumped out of her skin. She hadn't heard her come back, but she turned her head and saw her mother standing just behind her, still bouncing Julian on her hip to keep him calm.

"She says she found someone else like me," Bridget said, her voice thick with emotion. "She only wants to talk for a few minutes."

Catherine sighed and looked at Julian.

"You feel up to playing by yourself again? Just for a little while."

Julian nodded, and she set him back down on the ground. He toddled off towards his pile of toys and sat down on the grass as if nothing had ever happened to upset him. Catherine turned to Bridget and sat down beside her on the blanket.

"Scooch over a little."

Bridget obeyed and then looked at her expectantly.

"I don't think we've ever talked about what I did for a living before I married your dad, have we?"

Bridget shook her head. She knew her mom and dad got married relatively young by modern standards, so she had always assumed she had been something like a waitress or a retail worker or something boring like that.

"I was a journalist for a couple of years, believe it or not. I did some freelance reporting, mostly for newspapers, but I always wanted a job as an anchor on the local news. I thought I got my chance when some big news conglomerate came around and built the Channel 5 station. I was inexperienced back then, but also young and pretty, so they hired me for a test run as a field reporter, but I had this...I guess you could call her a rival. She was about ten years older than me and way more experienced, but a lot of guys started to turn some of their attention my way, and I guess she felt threatened, jealous, or something. Long story short, she did everything she could to sabotage my work and make me look stupid in front of our bosses. She even stole a few of my stories and rushed them out before I could get them ready to present to the boss. I was pretty fed up with the whole thing by the time I met your dad. We got married about a year later, and I left the job behind for good once I found out I was pregnant with you. Best decision I ever made."

"What does that have to do with her?" Bridget asked, pointing to Dana while she stood in front of the field and gave her report to the camera.

She had remained silent during her mom's story, but this question was one she couldn't hold back any longer. Catherine stared at Dana for a while and sighed again. This time it was deeper and seemed to contain a lot of barely concealed emotion.

"She's her daughter," she said. "The woman I was talking about, and she's just like her mother. But beyond any personal grudge I may have, I don't trust her. She wants to use you, honey. She doesn't want to help you or anyone else like you. All she wants is a story she can sell to the public. She'd make you out to be a spectacle and try to use you to boost her career. Trust me, I know the business. The press is a lot like social media is now. They only want people to react; positive or negative doesn't matter to them."

Bridget thought it over. She trusted her mom, obviously, but she couldn't stop thinking about the possibility of meeting another woman who could understand her pain. She decided to leave her reply as vague as possible.

"Alright, Mom. I get it."

Catherine looked at her daughter for a long time. She was worried she would do something she'd regret, but she had to admit that Dana had been right about one thing. Bridget was an adult, and she needed to start making her own decisions.



Though Bridget found it difficult to focus on following Dana's offer and her mother's revelation of her past, Aidan played a great game. He came up short of a no-hitter, but Bridget

had to admit he was good. He might not ever make it to a professional level, but talent and potential were certainly there. She was happy for him, and her anger had softened as she watched him play. It rekindled a bit each time she heard Eva shout his name from the stands, but it was directed squarely at her now. Eva had asked Aidan out and started the whole mess between them. Bridget hadn't wanted to admit it, but she was angry with herself for not having the courage to do the very same thing before her. She had worried about ruining their friendship if she admitted how she really felt about him, but now things were a million times worse. She didn't want to risk what remained of her relationship with Aidan by confronting Eva, but she also couldn't stand the thought of the two of them at homecoming the following month. Not that she would be there. She hadn't gone to a school dance since her sophomore year. There wasn't a prom dress in the world she could squeeze her tits into without extensive tailoring.

Since the game was over, Bridget did her best to help her mom gather up their things and wrangle Julian, who seemed to have grown oddly attached to the baseball field over the last couple of hours and didn't want to leave. To her surprise, Aidan came galloping up to them, looking sweaty and exhausted with his glove under one arm.

"Heya, Bridge!" He puffed before he leaned over to catch his breath. "Thanks for coming guys!"

Julian ran up to him and patted him on the thigh.

"Good job, Aidan!"

"Thanks, Jules!" Aidan laughed, squatting down and pulling a baseball out of his glove. "Is it alright with you if I give Jules the game ball, Mrs. Thomas?"

"I don't see why not," Catherine said, smiling at him. "That's very sweet of you."

He handed it to Julian, who held it in both hands and smiled up at him.

"What do you say?" Catherine asked him.

"Thank you!" Julian crowed before he ran off to throw it around in the field.

"Julian!" Catherine shouted. "Oh, god, would you two keep an eye on him while I pack this up? We need to get out of here soon or dinner's going to be late."

"We got it, Mrs. Thomas," Aidan said. "C'mon, Bridge."

As Bridget went to follow him, he leaned in and muttered something in her ear.

"I wanted to talk to you anyway."

She narrowed her eyes at him but didn't say anything. They posted up a few yards away from the canopy so they could watch Julian as he did his best to mimic Aidan's form and pitched it to an imaginary batter over and over again.

"Keep it up, Jules!" Aidan shouted to him. "You'll be a pro in no time!"

"So?" Bridget said, putting one fist to her hip and tapping her foot. "What did you want to talk about?"

"You, uh, you look nice today," he mumbled with an awkward grin.

"Thanks," she scoffed. "But I *know* that's not what you meant."

Aidan groaned and looked up at the sky. He hung his head for a moment and finally looked up again, though he still avoided making eye contact with her.

"I'm no good at this stuff," he sighed. "But I—I mean Eva—"

Bridget bristled at the name but managed to keep her cool for the moment. All she knew was that he needed to choose his next words *very* carefully. He finally muttered the rest of his sentence.

"She said it was weird that my best friend is a girl."

Bridget blinked at him.

What is he saying?

"And she said she wasn't sure she liked me hanging out with you so—"

"So Queen Fucking Eva gets whatever she wants, right?" Bridget snapped. "No worries there. I don't want to see you either, fuckhead."

"Bridge, I—"

He reached out to stop her as she turned, but she slapped his hand away. The loud crack of flesh on flesh reverberated through the emptying field, but no one seemed to notice.

"Don't *fucking* touch me, Aidan," she snarled, doing her best impression of her mom when she was angry. "I hope you and that miserable cunt have a nice life. You deserve each other."

He looked pitiful and upset, but she didn't have an ounce of sympathy to waste on him. She let out a barely muffled growl of rage and spun around, heedless of her breasts as they slapped together, wobbled, and nearly fell out of her top. It only made her angrier. She wanted to retreat with some righteous indignation, but her tits were trying to rob her of what remained of her dignity even now.

“Julian, come on!” She shouted, a little too harshly. “We’re leaving. Now!”

Her little brother looked up at her, terror plain on his face as he registered the anger in her face and voice.

“Bridget, don’t yell at your brother like that!” Catherine said, walking up with the cooler in hand and Julian’s bag slung over one shoulder. “What on earth has you so worked up?”

She glanced over to Aidan, who had already turned and walked away. He looked totally dejected and put the pieces together.

“Oh, no...” she groaned.

“Can we just go home?” Bridget nearly sobbed.

Her anger was already sliding headlong into despair. She had just written off her oldest friend. She only had a few friends to fall back on, but they were all busy with extracurriculars this time of year, and the bonds were hardly the same. No one else would really understand what she had just lost.

“Please?”

Catherine nodded.

“Come on, Julian,” she said, holding out a hand for him. “We need to get home.”