

Filling Fireworks by OllyOx

Posted under username: Redwood401

Notice: I've been writing this story for the Fourth of July and figured no harm in posting it a day early. Hope you enjoy!

---

"Sam? It's been like five minutes, is everything alright in there?"

"It's fine, I'm fine! Just... having a bit of trouble with my outfit is all."

"Oh! Do you need any help wit-"

"NO! N-No... Sorry for shouting, but really, I'm fine. Just... start things without me, I'll join you guys in a minute."

"Are you sure? More than welcome to lend a hand if you need it."

"I can put a bikini on perfectly fine without your assistance, thank you very much."

"Okay then. See you in a bit!"

"Yeah, I'll see you..."

The fading 'clip clap' sound of her flip flops, 'and perhaps even her own chest,' told me that she was walking away as I had asked of her to rejoin with the rest of the group, something I noted with a sigh of relief as I turned back to the mirror and let my true, doubtful thoughts slip out.

"At least... I think I can... can't I? What would it mean if I couldn't..." I murmured hesitantly from under my breath.

I knew the answer to that question, of course. It would only mean more constant fondling, more prodding at my skin with enticing fingers, more of the girls attempts to bury their faces within the depths of my so-called 'cushions' and clearly, more licking and teasing at my body to stare with wide grins and devilish eyes at how I blushed and groaned in response to their actions.

But it's not as if it was a meaningless hypothetical either, their current treatment and responses towards me as of late were proof enough of that. And if I continued to struggle in the way I was now in performing a normally simple task in other areas in my life then I may not have a choice but to rely on them. How much would their teasing increase then?

Even now, just tying on a bikini bra, for most woman an ordinary, simple and easy task, seemed a monumental effort.

I could barely see the string ends from behind me as I tried to sneak a glance at them from within the bathroom mirror but regardless I could certainly feel just how tense they were. My hands had as firm a grip on the two strands as they could possibly manage and yet, every attempt to bring the two ends together to tie them secure only caused them to slip from my grasp again and again. The two bra cups lying over the surface of my chest straining along their bottoms, the fabric being pulled forcefully further apart each time I pulled on their strings in their effort to grant me more slack.

“What little of that there is anyways.” I thought aloud as I took in the ample amount of taunt skin that reached well beyond the limits of the fabric, as well as that of my own torso, as I gazed past the cloth being reflected in the mirror and at my own outlandish looking self.

Abandoning the strings for now, I turned around in place to glance once more on the ample figure of the person being presented from within. My view focusing for the briefest of moments on the fading blond dye tainting the tips of my dark brown hair, ‘admittedly one of the worst decisions of all time,’ and my objectively pretty face before turning its attention again on the two largest and most obvious features of my body.

Erupting well over an entire foot from my chest and currently dressed and/or loosely concealed with an extremely ill-fitting and disgustingly tacky American flag textured bikini bra, were two overwhelmingly enormous breasts. Gigantic fleshy spheres which held within their strained canvas several ‘literal’ gallons of saline, the tanned skin and faintly hidden veins stretching dangerously thin over two of the largest overinflated implants the good people of California had ever seen.

And I was the one who carried them.

It’s not like they were the only outstanding features of my body of course, my thighs and glutes having outmatched at least two pants sizes with all the special dieting and exercise I had been pushing myself to do in order to help my body keep up with its... ‘lightly put’ enhancements but still, it was only their projecting shape, their massive size and extreme heft that managed to surprise me every time I caught a glimpse of them in my reflection.

Removing the gaudy top for a moment, I merely stood in place and once again, took in and processed all of my projected figure. Rubbing a hand over my hugely swollen breasts in long, sweeping motions and occasionally teasing at my comparably small teats, rounding their areolas softly with a finger as I briefly reflected on everything that had led to all this.

It’s still hard to believe even for me that just a few years ago these heavily massive breasts of mine were entirely absent, a chest as flat as a board once occupying it and that instead of the internet celebrity I am now, I was once simply your average ordinary office worker living in a one-bedroom apartment, a stark contrast to the two-story house and pool I had now.

If it hadn't been for my old high school friends getting in touch with me for the Fourth of July back then, it was easy to imagine myself still being there, working myself to death at a thankless job while living in absolute misery.

I hadn't known I felt that way at the time, living oblivious to the reality and depth of my circumstances and thinking it all normal. At least not until I had received the email talking about a little high school reunion from one of my old friends, Ashley Stinton, and saw the old group all sitting together at the restaurant they had booked, all them chatting with each other excitedly and happily, looking as closely knit as last I saw of them at graduation.

They hadn't remained entirely the same though, that much was clear just from first looking at them through the window, their tanned skin and dyed hair practically gleaming from behind the glass but the ample heft of their own enhanced bosoms weighing down the tabletop was the biggest contradiction. Every single one of them had at some point in time gone through a breast enlargement surgery, expanding their chests well beyond normal ranges and into areas extreme and frankly erotic but regardless of how much they had changed physically, the second they saw me walk through the entrance door, they welcomed me with cheers just the same.

Seeing them acting so friendly with each other and carefree, seemingly oblivious to the all the jealous looks and greedy stares from the men and women around them, waiters literally tripping over themselves as they approached the table and stared at the voluptuous models attending it and forgetting all about my own presence in the process, I couldn't help but feel a little jealous myself. Not just for their looks and all the attention they got, having to call an attendant over three times just to ask for a simple glass of beer and getting a water instead, but also for how they lived, their lives and homes perfectly resembling the ones we had talked about in our youths.

As they talked and gabbed while I sat quietly sipping on my glass of room temp water, I started to realize my own situation and become depressed, comparing their perfect lives and dream homes to my dead-end job and cluttered apartment and realizing that while they went on to achieve seemingly everything they ever wanted to do, I remained lagging behind holding the short end of the stick.

Our short little stint together in high school all of a sudden seeming the only highlight of my adult life.

At some point during the meal, one which I needed to have sent back once due to it being the wrong order, one of the girls seemed to notice my foul mood probably due to my barely touching my own meal, a measly salad that came with one of their meals and asked me what the issue was. Their compassionate invitation and evident concern tearing straight through the emotional dam I had built for myself and causing me to have a full-on breakdown right then and there in the middle of the restaurant, bursting into tears and impulsively letting forth all the complaints, issues and struggles I had gone through since graduation. Their gentle hands soothing my

heaving shoulders while the people around us were simply put off and tried to ignore the muffled sounds of the broken woman.

At the end of my tirade, when the tears had finally dried up and my breath began to return to me, one of the girls, Chelsea, had an idea and asked with her wavy pink/blonde hair bouncing from beneath her cap in time with her heaving chest; “If you’re that upset with your current life and work then... why not quit your job and come back with us?”

“W-What?” I recall exclaiming with a sore throat.

“Well, truth was, we were thinking of inviting you back to our place anyways to celebrate the Fourth like we always used to but... seeing our former Class Pres like this? Maybe it would be better if we all just got together and helped you out a bit.”

“Y-You would do that for me?” I asked the entire group in disbelief, thinking then that perhaps she was joking or only speaking out of turn, making an offer that certainly none of the others were liable to agree with. But instead discovered much to my surprise that immediately following, everyone began to agree with her, each giving an answer along the lines of, “Of course, anything for our friend.”

Ultimately concluding our little get-together with myself in tears once again, reunited with all my old friends once again and suddenly self-employed.

The following few months went by quickly, I handed in my three weeks’ notice much to the surprise and immediate anger of my abusive former boss and finally got out of the tiny apartment I had grown used to living in. Moving in with the girls and quickly forgetting my skills in customer service and file management for knowledge in photography, framing, lighting and color correcting for making and managing my friends’ social media posts as part of my attempt at repayment for all the kindness and consideration they had shown.

My struggle in these efforts, in the late nights spent learning how utilize photoshop and other such programs, had swiftly proven itself as after a while of improving my skills, so did the number of views and comments in their Twitter and Instagram posts. Magazines and other public media platforms soon began reaching out to them for sponsorships and product reviews all thanks to the contributions I provided.

After a bit of time had passed though, I was once again presented with a curious opportunity from the group.

“Why not try being an influencer yourself? You’ve certainly got the looks for it!” Asked Emily one day while we were hanging out by her pool, the two of us sat laying in deckchairs while Lily who was also with us, pulled herself up and out of from the water as the question was proposed. Water streaming from her hair and pouring from the valley of cleavage her two massive orbs had formed, droplets tracing their way across her skin and dripping rhythmically onto the stone tile surface as she bounced her way to the deckchair to the left of me and sat down to listen along.

I immediately sat up straight as soon as she had asked, wincing a little bit as the sunburn gradually forming along my skin finally registered itself in my mind, the flaming sensation a consequence from laying down exposed for too long without wearing proper protection, before just stopping to stare at her. Asking after a moment or so had passed: “You really think I could do it?”

In response she only looked up at me from behind her sunglasses, tilting down the dark purple shades to reveal the glittery eye shadow underneath and wandering hazel eyes scanning over my form before cracking out her sparkling smile and saying smugly, “Well, you might have to put on some sunburn ointment first before we do anything just yet but... yeah, I think you could do it.”

Her answer had me on pause for a moment, thinking it over for a second or so before a startlingly serious question began slowly burning its way into my mind, teasing my brain the longer I thought on her offer. My eyes flicking rapidly to focus on the two of them, more specifically at their hugely inflated breasts before then hesitantly opening my mouth, wetting my dry tongue and asking, “...I don’t have to get breast implants myself, do I?”

This sole question, asked in a meekly-tone, immediately caused both of them to shoot up in their seats, Emily’s dark brown, shoulder-length hair swinging in sync with her wobbling bosom as they settled from the sudden motion as she stared at me for a solid minute without saying anything before bursting into loud laughter and exclaiming with a wicked grin, “Only if you want to! Heck, me and the girls will even pay for your first procedure if you’re up for it! On one condition, that is...”

“Hey! Emily, what are you doing?” Lily asked from behind me, a brief glance at her revealing her furrowed brow and confused expression, her palms held upward questioningly with her elbows rubbing either side of her floral print bikini.

“Relax. Just wait one moment...” Was all she got in response, Emily going dead quiet as she waited for me to respond with baited breath.

Gulping down my nerves, I mustered up the courage and dared to ask her, “Meaning...?”

“You... have to let us... decide on how big you go.”

Now it was me and Lily who were the ones left staring, both equally taken aback by the completely outlandish condition Emily had just made to me. Lily being the first one to break through the shock and shout back in return, “Emily! You can’t just say something like that! Besides, this isn’t what we agreed on!”

It hadn’t escaped my notice that apparently, this wasn’t the first time they had this discussion had come up.

“I never actually said I agreed with the rest of you and I saw my opportunity and took it, besides the point. What matters is that these are the conditions so... what’s it gonna be?” She finished, taking her glasses off entirely to look at me directly, her eyes directly meeting mine as she waited for my answer while taking both her hands and lifting up each of her largely augmented breasts, shifting both mounds up and down as if presenting them to me as a direct offer.

“Sam, you don’t have to agree to this... farce, if you don’t want to, all we want is the best for you... outside of a certain someone’s motives.” Lily chimed in, standing up from her chair and giving Emily a leer before walking over to her seat and promptly giving her a smack on the head so she’d stop presenting her chest to me before returning her gaze to me and waiting patiently.

As I processed their offer, my gaze couldn’t but keep returning to each of their massive tits, tracing the outline of each exaggerated curve and the tone of their unnaturally bulging skin, feeling the most flushed I had ever been in my entire life before turning my attention down to my own flat rack. The heat of my sunburn and the intense flame of arousal from within somehow growing more intense as I imagined myself with something similar, of having to deal with dripping cleavage as I left the shower or actually needing to wear a bra just to handle their weight, before gulping down my nerves and finally replying.

“...When do we start?”

A month and a half later and I found myself waking up in a hospital bed, a loose gown worn over my body and pain meds flooding through my system.

Following Emily and Lily’s announcement to the others that I had agreed with their offer including Emily’s self-imposed condition regarding it, my friends had gone all in on helping to prepare me for my first surgery. They had me on specific diet plans, doing demanding workout routines to help build up my back muscles, offered certain lotion brands to rub on my chest to improve skin growth and stretchability, even going so far as to find a doctor who specifically would agree to put in the exact amount of saline my friends had requested for me without letting me know any details during the initial consultation.

They did all this while smiling and making their plans, having debates behind my back regarding the size of implant that would be going into me and never revealing a single thing about it right up till the moment the mask was being placed over my face.

I thought I was prepared for what would happen after, that all the training and preparation would be enough to greet what was to come calmly but despite all the advice given to me by the surgeon and all the tips and details shared with me regarding my friends’ own surgeries, nothing could have prepared me for just how heavy and tight my chest felt upon waking up from the anesthesia.

I was expecting something like it mind you, having been given an example of it by having bandages and towels wrapped tightly around my flat chest with weights placed within the folds

to try and give me a slight experience of what it would be like beforehand, but comparing that experience with this one would be like comparing the moon landing with learning how to tie your shoes.

For one, it felt like my lungs were being compressed all the time, my shortened breathing constantly waking me up in the middle of the night and my chest aching as if I got the wind knocked out of me just by walking slightly faster than what my own body allowed me.

My back felt increasingly sore, the foreign weights on my chest dragging my torso forward and straining my muscles constantly, the pain convincing me that just as soon as everything had healed up and I was granted permission by the surgeon, I would return to exercising alongside the girls, anything to try and lessen it.

And lastly, and this was something that had the largest impact on me during the recovery process, I had to completely re-learn how to walk about normally. The heavy hidden mounds underneath the bandages constantly had me teetering off-balance wherever I walked, the house becoming a minefield of literal booby traps with more than once just a single trip forcing me directly onto the floor, landing on the ground with a loud, heavy and painful thud as a result.

A full month of dealing with all these issues put together had left me thinking that perhaps this surgery hadn't been such a good idea after all but when the bandages finally came off and I got my first look at the twins, bare and thrusting outward from my chest for the first time, all that worry and exhaustion vanished within an instant, entirely replaced with sheer, unadulterated happiness.

It was only after fully recovering that I was finally told just how much saline was stuffed into me; 500cc's per breast implant, a thousand all together which plucked me from an AA-cup and planted me firmly within D-letter territory. Whether that was a D-cup or DD-cup, I didn't know because up until then, I didn't need to use a bra and naturally hadn't bothered to learn about proper bra sizing.

Now though, I cut quite the figure regardless of which outfit I was paired with, bulging out of old t-shirts and button-ups once well suited for me and looking at the straining cloth as I stretched my back with an eagerness I've never felt before. My following internet debut as one of the girls causing both my popularity and general happiness to soar through the roof!

Before I was a nobody, just your average Jane doe walking down the street but now, people complimented me both during my walks and in my Twitter posts. I received emails and letters from the same model magazines as the others posed for, asking me if I was willing to work with them as well and best of all, I had finally started to feel like my younger high school self again. Bright, cheerful, eager to meet the future and all with my friends by my side.

I was on top of the world but eventually though, seeds of doubt began to creep into my mind once again, not in terms of just feeling simply that I wasn't fitting in with the others or I was just

lying to myself by pretending to be happy or anything like that but only that I... wasn't satisfied by what I was given.

...By what my surgery had given me.

...I wanted more...

The satisfaction I felt holding a dress in the mirror and seeing how my bosom pressed it out began to fade and only after stuffing my bra with enough tissues to fill the next two bra sizes did it return, did a strange sort of excitement return. I realized that I wanted to be bigger, that the idea of larger and larger breast sizes had begun to entice me, tease my thoughts with every waking moment and every picture took...

The girls had erased my flat, content self... and I was thankful that they did.

When I first told the girls of my thoughts, about wanting to go bigger, they all seemed to react in the exact same way, sheer excitement and encouragement, immediately going about making new diet and exercise plans and making calls to people who would help aid their naughty scheming. Thus it was unofficially decided that for the time being, our yearly Fourth of July tradition would be to take me into the plastic surgeon's office for more fill-ups and replacement implants until finally, both them and I were satisfied with the end result.

Six years, several trips outside the country and a large number of cc's later and I had firmly taken the official position as the largest of the group. That wasn't to say that the others were in no way small or that they themselves hadn't also gone in at times to undertake their own breast enlargement surgeries, but regardless of the fact that the smallest of us had breasts the size of their head, something she was sure to outclass following her procedure in August, none of them held a candle to my twin pair of medicine balls.

So enormous were they that to merely walk without falling chest-first to the ground required me to lean back harshly, their width-span such that I couldn't move or raise my arms at all without constantly bumping into them, the taunt skin-toned spheres shifting with every movement I made even if it was mere breathing.

That too had become a chore once again now that any and all slack in my skin had been forcefully stretched to contain the two newest sets of saline, their sheer weight pressing down on my chest constantly compressing my lungs, making even the most menial of tasks seem a chore.

My back ached all the time and my knees shook while kneeling down, a dropped pen potentially being enough to cause me to collapse under my own weight, the exercises the girls were forcing me through doing well in helping to relieve the strain with each and every day but still not nearly as quick as my liking.

But I loved it! I. Loved. It!

Needing to wear a back brace most of the time was annoying and having to get most of my clothing custom tailored just to suit my outlandish form rather than just get shirts stretchy enough to fully contain them or ones big enough to rest over them, both of which weren't very viable since I would just wear out one and look like a curtain in the other, was expensive as all hell but it was worth it!

I hadn't gotten any of my clothing upsized yet following my most recent surgery so a lot of them, much like the bikini I was attempting to secure now, didn't fit properly. Folds in the fabric and diamond shaped gaps between the buttons forming in most of my casual wear, sweaters and tube tops being pulled out far enough to leave a massive open gap where it would usually cover my stomach, even with the ones that were tailored specifically to have extra fabric across the chest. And to see me just wearing them... the extreme protrusion of my breasts being outlined in every available inch of fabric, portraying orbs that far overpassed even the width of my own shoulders in stressed patterns and slowly tearing cloth... was major turn-on.

Simple tasks such as filling a cup of water or getting up from a chair required more complexity than would a normal person, forcing me to adapt by running the tap with just one hand or using the back of the seat and its arm rests to push myself upward. But the fact that my sheer enormity was what caused me to rely on such methods, that when I rose or leaned a hand over the two giant orbs on my chest rocked and rolled along my torso in huge heavy waves, made even those chores a teaser excited me.

Bed was the best by far.

Silk pajamas and a nice cool comforter had always been my preferred choice in sleepwear but my means had since changed. Long had the time passed since I was able to sleep with my back to the ceiling, just the first surgery being enough to present to me problems that only woman with larger chests than the ones I once had could experience but to have to mammoth mounds for breasts resulted in even bigger problems.

Sleeping on my back would have placed too much pressure on my lungs and was liable to have me choking to death in my sleep and resting on my side would have stretched and stressed out my already fragile skin, the pressure and weight of one breast alone being enough to cut off the blood flow of the other so obviously the only viable solution would be to rest on them directly.

Which... is absolutely incredible.

It's uncomfortable or at the very least was at first but being forced to take such a position also invited with it so many opportunities for exploring the limits of my flesh, for teasing my strained skin and tight tits, of rolling myself over the top of them like one might a yoga ball. And once my skin had fully adapted and become pliable and soft once again, I could press and paw into my breasts like a cat might, enjoying all the sensations and pleasures it would most normal women. Just at a much bigger, grander and exaggerated level.

The attention they brought just by their presence was insane and is probably one of the only things about them that I did actually mind, being something of a private person myself but if I'd let that affect me so much, I wouldn't have bothered getting them in the first place. But despite saying that to myself and having my friends state the same things to grant me some relief, the stares from other people... the glares and sneers from most women and the half-lidded imaginative gazing from the men around got to me sometimes, thankfully somewhat swayed by the presence of the other, equally beautiful women I surrounded myself with.

But it's not like they were much better either.

Everyday it was that one of them made a move on me, pressed their hands into my chest and teased at my skin, pointing out my exaggerated features seemingly without care as to how flustered it all made me. Their attention portrayed as caring but pointedly obvious to be greedily eager in taking every advantage of my sensitivity and large heft.

Some of them thankfully more covert than others, choosing only to take a feel while helping me up to my bed or aiding me in getting out of the bath and drying off, being currently unable to do it entirely by myself without becoming pinned to the ground by the weight of my own breasts. But others were less so careful and more obvious, acting loudly about their favoritism towards their former class president's saline-inflated chest, poking at my nipples out of nowhere when I'm reading a book or even going so far as to start undressing me while I was still eating breakfast.

'And that was just this morning.' I reflected to myself, taking one last prolonged gaze at my figure in the mirror, at my enormous protruding chest, its stiffened tits and the bikini cups attempting to cover them before turning back towards the door.

"And now I have to introduce you two to the rest of them..." I murmured, thinking of the numerous other gals currently stationed by the pool, swimming, sipping drinks and basking in the warmth of the California sun. All waiting to see the results of my newest breast enlargement.

Only two of them knew just how much this last surgery had given me, my two roommates who both lived with me and were helping me in the recovery process but none of the others knew. None of them were told details of the surgery. None of them had even seen a single picture of me following the procedure.

And here I was, about to reintroduce myself to all of them while being unable to tie on my own swimsuit.

"...Can't put this off forever. C'mon girl, you got this!" I reassured myself and grabbed ahold of the strings once more, a new energy filling me as I reached my hands back and with as much force as I could manage, pulled the two ends together.

The bikini bra went tight at the bottom instantly and began to scream as I strained both my arms and my teeth to try and wrestle the strings into position, light pops from the cloth either being

from strands breaking or my own hands slipping but still I pulled. Tighter and tighter, closer and closer, pulling until I felt I had enough cord there before as quickly as I could before I had the chance to lose my grip, tying them together, double knotting them just to be sure before letting go.

The second my hands let go of the freshly secured string it clung to my back, digging into the skin harshly, enough to make me wince just looking at it from within the mirror and start worrying about it cutting off my blood flow. The two cups maintaining my modesty tight and straining in the middle with their coverings pulled far enough apart to let slip the faintest hint of both my areolas with any attempts at fully concealing them yielding no results.

For a second I considered just not going out at all, of cancelling my reveal celebration and postponing it at least until I had a full set of properly fitting clothing to wear but quickly decided against it. Everyone was already here after all.

“Best not keep them waiting.” I said to myself, trying to grant myself some form of relief as I once more attempted to shift either bikini cup till it properly maintained my modesty with no such like, before turning away from the mirror, letting out a sigh, and unlocking the door.

Turning out the lights and walking out into the hall, my eyes briefly caught sight of the picture hanging on the wall directly in front of me, one taken during our school days of me and the group all hanging out together at the old roller-skating rink that closed a while back. All smiling together and eating mediocre pizza, looking both all too familiar and all too different to how we were now.

“We’ve changed so much since then.” I murmured to myself, looking at it and at all our younger selves before turning my sight over to the living room and at the other woman like myself standing beyond the far glass windows and walking over to it. Approaching the sliding glass door and pulling it open, a collective singular gasp of multiple women ringing out before cheering abruptly erupted.

Walking out onto the patio and into the bright sunlight revealed fourteen other women, all dressed in equally scanty clothing, all with their own set of saline infused orbs bouncing along their chests and all looking at me and shouting in celebration.

Amanda, who moved here from Texas with her family when she was young, was stood by a grill serving up a freshly grilled hot dog to Rebecca who had quickly gone from drooling over it to drooling over me, both staring at me even as burger patty began to char over the flames.

Tess, Joyce and Esmie ‘short for Esmeralda’ were all sitting together sharing videos and taking selfies when they took notice of me, each of their augmented chests carefully rested on damp towel clothes so’s not to burn them on the hot table surface with Esmie being so surprised by my most recent advanced that she just barely managed to avoid accidentally dropping her phone in

her glass, the device just barely bouncing off the edge of the plastic cup kept tucked between her plump cleavage.

Penelope was lone-ing beneath the shade of a tree, finding it preferably to standing out in the sun while Lucretia was stood directly in the sun just outside of the shadows range, dressed in a sunhat and trying to lure Penelope out of the dark and into the pool with little success, both cheering at me with a glass raised. Nellie, Sarah, Michelle and Jamie were all laid in beach chairs, some sipping at their drinks but most just basking in the light of the sun, all turning to look at me tilting their sunglasses down at the same time to stare at me with a wide-grinned smile.

Ashley, Chelsea and Lily were the only ones actually in the pool, Lily laying on an inflatable pool float and just drifting around while Ashley and Chelsea both played around with a brightly colored beachball. The second their gaze caught mine and more specifically, on my freshly enhanced assets, they each just stopped and stared. Ash eventually recovering and breaking out into a smile, being in the know having helped me recover in the days following surgery but for a moment stunned by my overall appearance, having not seen me in a bikini until now but Lily and Chelsea continuing to stare for a full minute afterward with her mouth hanging open, the beachball hitting Chells in the head and in my mind I knew that right now she was comparing my own size with it.

The only person who wasn't here was Emily which was a little weird.

“SURPRISE ATTACK!”

“ACK!!!”

Out of nowhere, two hands reached out from behind me and immediately placed themselves on the undersides of my enormous breasts, thankfully unable to reach my nipples because their sheer size placed them out of range but doing their best in teasing my skin. Lifting and lowering each mound individually as they toyed with them and slid their hand across their plump surface, making me moan and whine with every breath.

“Damn girl! These have some heft to them. How do you carry these around all day?” Emily asked, leaning over my shoulder to stare at my cleavage and bright-red blushing face, her dark brown hair tickling at my neck and making me involuntarily chuckle all while groaning at the same time.

“E-Em...” I barely managed to wheeze out, looking around and feeling flushed to see everyone else staring at my bright and blushing expansion, victim to the temptations and whims of the tortuous Emily. Her fingers grazing along the string cutting into my breasts and skin and toying with their barely tied ends.

“And Jesus, is this tight! You sure you don't want me to take that off for you? I can get you a towel or something. I'm sure Amanda has an apron lying around you can use.” She offered,

propping up ideas that wouldn't actually be of any benefit towards me and would only satiate her naughty illicit thoughts.

"N-No..." I whimpered in response, trying to get away by creeping closer towards the pool but Emily following me step for step.

"It wouldn't take long, it'd just be a moment and beside, I'm sure you're in some amount of pain-"

"I said NO-" I tried to argue, closing my eyes and taking another step forward, feeling the string lift free from my back as she tugged on it.

But I made the slight mistake in not recognizing just how close to the pool we were when I tried to escape her grasp because instead of just walking away from her and out of reach of her troublesome fingers, I instead fell directly forward, my chest bouncing extremely as I for a moment felt myself become free of gravity before making direct contact with the water. My ears just barely recognizing the sound of a second splash following me before the water shut off my hearing.

Recovering quickly, I spun myself around until I could stand up from the water, the quick change in temperature causing me to shiver and goosebumps to form along my arms as I stood back up and felt drops dripping from my hair and sliding along my skin. Panting and taking a moment to clear my eyes before looking around, quickly noticing how every woman in attendance seemed to be staring at me and not just because of my recent enlargement.

All except for Emily who was recovering the same as I was with her hair wet and dripping, the strands streaking down the curves of her face making me picture a wet cat, my gaze briefly focusing on her impressive cleavage, water pouring down from the center line and falling randomly to collect back with the rest of the liquid in the pool before going over to her hand and recognizing the color of the strap held within it...

Slowly, I looked down at my own impressive chest, staring down at the small puddle collected within the middle of the line that marked where the two giant mounds separated and the drops that slid gradually off the overstretched skin to gather with it, feeling each impressive orb bounce and roll with the water before stopping them with my hands the moment I reached my hands to cover up my now bare tits.

I screamed and immediately ducked my chest down further into the water while I snagged my bikini bra from Emily who was still stood recovering, swiping away her wet hair and focusing her gaze on me while I tried my damndest to get myself clothed as quick as I could. Resistance meeting me as my fight for public decency was being challenged by my breasts right to surface, buoyancy forcing each massive orb apart to try and raise themselves above the water while I took the bikini and...

Saw that it had completely snapped in the middle.

Seeing and knowing now that there was no means of leaving the pool that didn't involve exposing my naked breasts before the rest of the group, I clutched tight onto the broken fabric and did the only thing I could think of, lowered myself into the water until it reached just below my nose, clutching my bouncing chest and my face probably looking like a fishing bobber peeking above the surface from how red it likely was.

All while my friends burst into screams and cheers from all around me.

"Please tell me somebody got that?!"

"I recorded it with my phone!"

"Send it to me!"

"Send it to you?! Send it to everyone!"

"That was awesome, girl!"

"Let me at this!"

Within a matter of moments, every woman standing around the outskirts of the pool, including those who were actively avoiding it, had jumped in and immediately surrounded me, splashing about with a shower of white water and a flurry of hands hoisting me up into the air so they could get at the treasure I was hiding below.

Every moan and whimper I made was ignored, drowned out by a cheer of compliments and praises, at one point five hands being laid on one breast at the same time, my hefty orbs being raised, pushed, fondled and teased from every way to Sunday. Each giant ball of saline wobbling and shifting with every movement and touch made and before I knew it, I was being praised at someone to be an example of, of a limit that each of them should aspire to reach and lastly, an example of just what might their own futures bring them.

One even going so far as to ask just when my next surgery might be.

And to this I only whined, giving myself into every touch and tease, shouting as some became brave enough to place their mouth around my nipple and attempting weakly to fight them off, basically caressing their heads and faces with a so called 'slap' while I moaned loudly into the air. Turned on by both their rapid teasing and the thoughts of a future visit to the doctor as my breath became quicker and my head rolled backward, my entire body rocked as I came to an explosive climax.

Happy Fourth of July!