



The clack of a coffee mug pulls your attention away from your smartphone. The waitress slipped you a refill before you could notice. Shame too. You missed your chance to check her out.

Glancing back, you get a consolation prize— a peek at her backside. The long skirt uniforms of your usual haunt don't really do her any favors.

You didn't recognize her on the way in. She's probably new. The new semester just started, and this place loved to pick over new bright-eyed Freshman desperate for beer money. No worries. You'll catch her on the next pass.

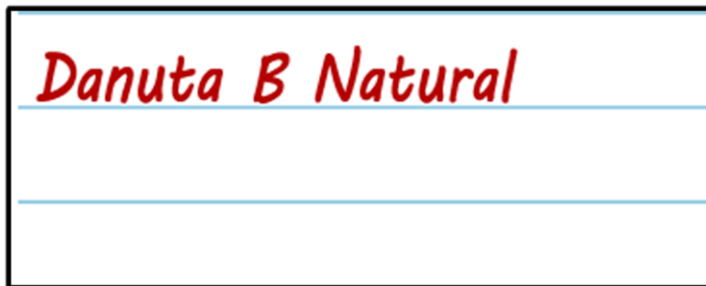
You take a sip, catching a glimpse of someone walking away from the table next to you. Some suit, probably has nothing to do with your college. Unless of course he's some sort of investor.

The table has no trace of a left tip for the waitress. What a dickbag... but there was something left behind. A notebook. Plain black.

You shrug, lean over and pluck it off the table. You figure you'll just take a peek, see if it's important and chase him down to return it. But the moment you pick it up a shudder of power creeps through your arm... not unlike getting zapped by static built from a carpet floor.

So, you open it up to find... names. Lists of names with letters next to it.

It doesn't take long for you to see a trend. All the names are girls' names... and the letters next to them had words next to them. You pick one out at random. Hannah D Natural, then a larger size next to that, in red ink, K Natural. Not all of them have two sizes, but the ones that do are generally a smaller size than the red being a 'correction' to a larger one. You flip through until you find a page that isn't full. And at the end...?



Danuta. B Natural. In red. You're pretty sure that's the name of the waitress.

There's no second size.

The B Natural on that one was red too... unlike the others 'first' names

on the page. When you look over it again, you see that the word natural isn't always used. Some of the before ones had 'B Reduction' or 'B Weight Loss' Others like 'C Implants.'

You can't help but find a list of names and boob sizes weird... but you get a strong urge to *fix* the last entry.

It puts you on edge, and the sound of Danuta's footsteps is enough to make you hide the book on your lap.

You make eye contact, on the approach and she settles before you with a warm smile.

"You need something?" Her voice is cute, but mature. The kind that really drives you brain into the gutter. It takes all your willpower to keep your eyes away from her perky breasts. You got a glimpse on the way in, but the book put her tits on the brain.

"...um? Hello?" she says. Your daydreaming left you frozen.

You try laying on the charm. Taking the opportunity to flirt. That makes it a bit easier to check her out without it being *weird*. Just the basics, you confirm she's a freshman doesn't live in the dorms. Local. Single.

And between that chat you find her chest hypnotic. Yeah, her breasts are a little on the small side, but her nipples refuse to be hidden by that corset style uniform.

You can't help but undress her with your eyes, theorizing she's probably like seventy-percent areolae. Sex with her is probably fun.

"I should probably get back to work," she says, fiddling with the hair clip keeping her bangs away from her eyes.

You glance around, noting you're the only person in the place. But... having her step away would be helpful. She turns to walk away, and you stop her. You ask for a pen.

She gives you one of hers and walks off to the back.

You've been here enough times to know where the cameras are in this place. Your seat is right in blind spot... and now that you think about it... so was the table with the suit.

Weird how the guy didn't come back for his book. Or maybe... he left it on purpose.

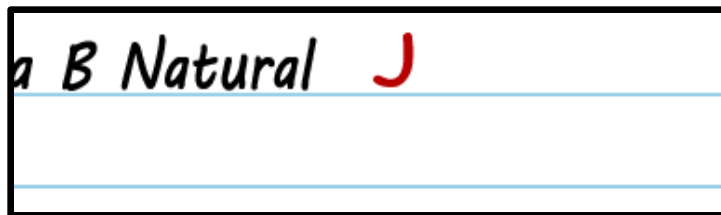
Either way, it's just a notebook so what's the harm in playing around? The question was... what size?

The other sizes in the notebook were all over the place. One thing was for sure, the person that owned the book really liked big tits and didn't really care for implants. Most of the stuff on the right was 'Natural'. The only D's on the page were on the left side of the page. The 'before'.

You look around for motivation and see the name of the shop. Javaland. So... J.

You write 'J' next to her name and presumed breast size. A moment later you realize you should have written the *other part*. But when you move your pen to write, the J turns red.

Danuta chose that moment to come out from the back, with her coffee pot. You hide the notebook and smile nervously, not quite sure what to expect.



"You need a heater?" She raises the pot.

You cover the cup with your hand—code for no more. You're jittery enough.

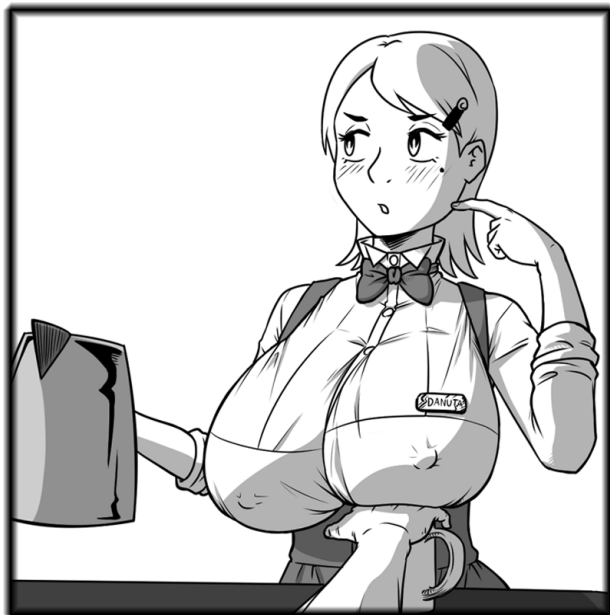
She glances down, catching the message and shrugs. A loud bubbling sound takes to the air, loud and obscene. Like an upset stomach. You're sure it didn't come from you...

You raise a brow at her, expecting embarrassment or making a quip about lunch. Maybe you could use it to Segway into a lunch date... but then her breasts swell, bobble and surge. They strain against the fabric of her uniform and swell outward and lower.

Wait... no. That's not quite right. Her shirt endures the growth easily. Almost like her top grows along with her. Or the white undershirt is pulled out to accommodate.

You can't help but stare. You can see and hear her breasts swell aggressively... and turn your gaze back to her beautiful baby blues... realizing she isn't reacting. At least not in the way you'd expect.

She looks away blushing. "Hey... I'm... really sorry."



You look down at realize what she's talking about. Where you'd put your hand over the coffee cup, her boob covered the back of your hand. The softness is intoxicating.

You pull back your hand casually and she steps back in turn. You boggle at the situation. The way she said it... the way she reacted... it's like she was *always big*.

You regain your composure, if not a little too late. You turn it into a compliment and get a little more obvious with your flirting. You're pretty sure she's not mad.

In the middle of that small talk and the battle to get her phone number, you put it together. Whatever you wrote in that notebook made her tits grow. Not just that? She didn't notice. She saw her boob

growing onto your hand as an accident. Like she... just stepped to close.

With the fresh memory of touching her chest, you steal glances at her. You get to see some nuance of her chest. Her breasts are huge and soft, but a little well... *low*.

It's probably not something you'd have made a big deal about in her original B-cups, but now that they're J's... it's noticeable. You glance down and realized you can barely see the book on your lap. And you didn't write a word next to her so...

Maybe you were better of writing implants? So, they'd be firm. Nah. You decide to try something else first. You scribble '*Boobs are really firm from good care*' next to the Red 'J'. And a moment later, the words turned red.

*Danuta B Natural J Boobs are really firm from good care*

You glance back up at her, namely at her breasts. The *sound* returns but her chest doesn't grow so much as firm up, rising higher on her chest and making her nipples poke through the fabric even more obviously.

Then and there you absolve to try the book out some more. You not only figured out how the guy that used the book before you had done it? You'd improved upon that. What's to say you couldn't go a bit further.

After adjusting Danuta's breasts, you note the firmer profile made the 'accident' impossible. Now her breasts were firm and high enough to be away from the table and the coffee cup. But... you knew another way to fix that.

Thinking fast you say you're in the mood for a specific dark blend. You know that would buy you just enough time to set things up. When she steps to the back, to make sure you have the space on your lap to make the change.

You don't want to miss a moment of this.

When she comes back, you don't hesitate. You put XX Natural Next to her name, repeating the bit about her tits being firm. When you see the flash of red you push it further on your lap so she doesn't see it.

You cover by admitting you're interested in getting to know her better, asking when her shift ends and if she'd be interested in coming by your dorm room. She seems interested and you'd love to see more of her. You're particularly interested to see how right you were about her chest... and if going that much bigger kept things in... proportion.

It doesn't take long for it to begin, to dare to reach out and tease her nipple through her shirt, just as the growth starts. It makes for an interesting contradiction. She doesn't notice she's growing, but the increasing sensitivity in her nipples is riling her up.

You wonder if you could push for a quickie in the back room... you don't see a manager around after all. Her breast swells towards your finger, mooshing against it alluringly. Danuta takes it like she pushed against you... and plays into it, flashing you a naughty little smile and dares you to tug on her now erect nipple.

Happy to comply, you do so. You don't have to wait to know how right you are. You can feel her nipple and trace the outline of her massive areolae through her bra and shirt. When you look closely? You can see where it ends and the rest of her tit begins.





The feel, the sound... it's delicious. Doubly so because you know it's you that did it.

It's hard to feel bad about it knowing how much she's enjoying it, and by extension, how much you'll be enjoying it by the night's end.

You show some restraint, backing off and giving her a coy smile. You offer her pen back and without prompting, she scribbles down her number. All the while her tits jiggle, burble and flump heavily on the table.

Lucky for you. You won't need to wait long to get to the main event. Her shift ends in thirty minutes.



END